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"WITH ALL MY HEART"



See story on page three

Eight Missing As "Clayoquot" Sunk In North Atlantic

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

THE CROW'S NEST

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"Fennel" Saves Seventy-Three After Orderly 'Abandon Ship'

OTTAWA—The Bangor class minesweeper HMCS Clayoquot has been torpedoed and sunk in the North Atlantic, it was announced Wednesday, Jan. 31, by Naval Service Headquarters.

Eight of her complement of 81 are reported missing. The remainder were picked up and taken ashore on board the corvette HMCS Fennel.

"Clayoquot" is the third minesweeper and the 20th Canadian warship to be lost in this war.

Praise for the courage and cool behaviour of every man in the ship after the torpedo struck was given by Lieut. Cdr. Campbell, the C.O. and by the other surviving officers, Lieut. Milton L. A. Cameron, Montreal, the executive officer, and S/Lt. Victor I. Graves, Nelson, B. C.

"They came up from below decks and abandoned ship as calmly as if it had been a practice drill," Lieut. Cdr. Campbell said. "They even joked about it. I heard Batt (Coder Alex Batt, Islington, Ont.) on the Carley floats give a news bulletin—'Flash! Canadian minesweeper destroys German torpedo.'"

Orderliness of the "Abandon ship" was shown by the fact that the seabot was lowered and enough Carley floats cut loose to handle the entire crew. All were wearing lifejackets, the boat and floats were kept together and not a man was lost after abandoning ship.

When the rescuing corvette reached the scene the men had been in the water and on floats about half an hour. The survivors' teeth were chattering, but they were still bravely singing "Oh, Come, All Ye Faithful" as the corvette steamed up.

Fennel, under command of Lieut. Cdr. Kenneth L. Johnson, Quebec City, stopped engines in spite of the U-boat and took all survivors aboard by means of scramble nets in 10 or 12 minutes. Fennel's boat was lowered, in charge of Lieut. J. K. H. Mason, Toronto, to assist in picking up survivors, but according to Lieut. Mason, was not needed.

"We took four men from Clayoquot's boat, as it was overcrowded with 18 or 20 in it, but that's all," Lieut. Mason said. "All the others were on floats and were able to climb the scramble nets, so we didn't have to pick anyone from the water."

After the corvette had landed the survivors at an Eastern Canadian port, tribute for the workmanlike job of rescuing the men was given Fennel's ship's company by Captain W. L. Puxley, O.B.E., RN, Captain (D) Halifax, who told the assembled complement: "You've done a damn fine job. You've picked out of the sea almost the entire ship's company of one of your sister ships."

Lieut. Cameron was seated in the wardroom when the explosion lifted him from the chair and bounced him against the deckhead above, he said. It knocked him down again as he was clambering to his feet. He was cut near the left eye when he hit the deckhead, and didn't recall clearly how he'd gotten out of the ward-room.

Narrowest escape was reported to be that of Stoker Peter Bewzak of Kapuskasing, Ont., who was in the aftermost part of the engine room with 60 feet to travel to the upper deck. Bewzak, 5 foot 1, and 180 pounds, made it up the ladders in jig time, but had to go the last seven feet through a ventilator shaft. His shipmates declared they didn't think it

possible for anyone to get through the small, cramped shaft, but Bewzak did.

Others were credited with safety measures aboard the ship or of helping their shipmates. On duty in the boiler rooms were Stoker Petty Officers Albert Ohlson, Stettler, Alta., and Paul Hayston, Nakina, Ont., and Halifax, and Stokers Owen Greenfield, Edmonton, and V. H. Sibinski, Dauphin, Man. They stayed below turning off fuel and making things safe—Hayston even taking time to light a cigarette before making his way to the deck.

Two seamen were credited with getting the seabot away by cutting the falls with axes. They were A. B. Mervyn Crane, Mount Forest, Ont., and AB R. Nordlund, Vancouver.

Shipmates praised the work of A.B. Bruce Williams of Toronto (171 St. Clare Ave. E.), a strong swimmer, who swam about in the water helping others to Carley floats.

Ldg. Snn. Austin Jones, St. Lambert, P.Q., prevented an underwater explosion by removing the primer from a depth charge before abandoning ship.

Engine Room Artificer Arthur Mountain, Toronto (83 Rockwell Ave.) when he reached the deck with his lifejacket, ready to go over the side, saw that some of the men on deck

CASUALTIES

MISSING Officers

Finlay, Paul William, Lieutenant, RCNVR. Mr. William Howard Finlay (father), Hotel St. Maurice, Three Rivers, Quebec. **Colbeck** Arthur Wayne, Sub-Lieutenant, RCNVR. Mr. John W. Colbeck (father), Box 66, Crandall, Man. **Munro**, William James, Sub-Lieutenant, RCNVR. Mrs. Ruby Munro (mother) 224 Chateauquay St., Huntingdon, Que. **Neil**, John David, Sub-Lieutenant (E), RCNVR. Mrs. Muriel R. Neil (wife), 6 Coventry Street, St. Catharines, Ont.

Ratings

Hilyard, Edmond, Able Seaman, RCN. Mrs. Georgina Hilyard (mother), 17 Stephen St., Kingston, Ont. **Bate**, John Redvers, Ordinary Seaman, RCNVR. Mrs. Alice Bate (mother), Stavebank Road, Port Credit, Ont. **Brozovich**, Walter, Ordinary Seaman, RCNVR. Mrs. Frances Brozovich (mother), 2860 Metcalfe St., Windsor, Ont. **Smith**, Lloyd Wesley, Able Seaman, RCNVR. Mr. Chester Smith (father), 10 Chestnut St., Charlottetown, P. E. I.

had no lifejackets. He went back down into his messdeck and brought up two jackets for them.

Engine Room Artificer Leslie Lott, Edmonton and Halifax, was surprised to find after he reached hospital that he'd been getting about on a broken leg.

ASHORE AND AFLOAT WITH THE O.A.'S

by C. E. McBurney, COA.



Sad to state your new reporter isn't quite as long in the legs as the Regulating Chief. Hence his appearance under this handsome heading—Oh, but yes, strictly "a volunteer." And tell me, how long does it take a broken arm to mend?

But to speak of things of far greater importance, all of us would like to

extend to you, Jack Elwell, a big hello and congratulations on earning the DSM. Likewise to "Joe" Macdonald, cheers for being worthy of a recent mention in dispatches. This department is proud of the service record being attained by the honest efforts of all those at sea.

Durnig the holiay season and since it's reluctant decline, draft notices have been scattered liberally in several directions here at Cornwallis. For instance COA Mark Donnelly our long time Regulating Chief and long chomping at the bit, finally kicked over the traces and is at present back in familiar quarters at SNAD, Halifax. With him went "Zack" Smith and the curly-haired boy, Art Forrest, smiling craftily and disgustingly happy.

Bob Wight, after many worried glances toward the shop's "Bridge" and much pulling at the collar, has finally returned "home" to "Newfy," having just completed, along with several others, a course at Hamilton, Ont.

Not so long gone, are the three stalwarts, Harv. Rutley, COA, Bill Johnson COA, and Murray Demone OA3/c. We hear they find their new stations not too uncomfortable.

Also to a couple of floatin' fightin' ships have gaily gone Ralph Pratt and W. G. White, recently qualified OA's.

A new arrival to the base is the new Regulating Chief Stewart Mein, COA. "Stew" spent 16 months on one of our busiest Tribal class destroyers and,

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.

Unicor(o)net

Dear Sir:

Many of the old gang of sport lovers around good old "Unicorn" (at Saskatoon, Sask.) have at one time or another put forth the suggestion that a line or two of appreciation be forwarded to W/O Tommy Graham. And so, we finally scrounged a typewriter (a writer to do the thing for us is out of the question) and we will now try to put on paper the thought that has been buzzing around in the old noggin these many moons.

Under the present paper restrictions and such, it is really something for us to find the teams from Unicorn given so much space. This also applies to our regular column, which at the present time is looking for a new editor. Our likeliest prospect is the right hand man of the sports department, Pat Gair.

So once again, from us away out here in the west, many thanks for publishing our so-called news items. We feel that it is pretty nice to figure so much in such a fine paper.

R. T. Bothwell,
Sports Officer,
HMCS Unicorn.

Tommy bows low in acknowledgement of your kindly remarks but asks us to point out that the West is likely to get its fair share of play from the Crow's Nest Sports department since he names Edmonton as his home town and O/Sea Jack Patterson, to whom much credit for recent sports column editing must go, comes to us from the sunny (he insists) sidewalks of Vancouver where he followed the sports trails of the world for the Vancouver Sun—Ed.

Memory Book

Dear Sir:

I must tell you how much I have enjoyed The Crow's Nest. My husband is an Able Seaman and he sent a subscription to his mother and that is how I came to know there is such a paper. We enjoyed reading the articles written about Niobe for he was stationed there, and it gave us an idea of the place he was at and brought him closer to us. I am going to make a Scrap Book of the papers and keep it for my husband and when the war is over and he is once more back in civilian life he'll be able to look back and enjoy painting mental pictures of places and things he has seen.

Mrs. J. A. Hewitson, Jr.,
Jerseyville, Ont.

though he doesn't talk much, you may depend on it he wasn't given an Oak Leaf to wear for putting Pom Pom strikers in 4.7 inch breeches!

Alex McKay, after a few months bobbin' about on the briny, dropped in t'other week just long enough to run the "Gimme-twenty-eight-days-or-else" gauntlet. P.S. He got it. Another winner is Bill Graham now away on 21 of the best.

Congratulations to our local torch-bearer "Mac" Mackenzie on recently being rated OA 1/c.

The "Coach and Horses" just down the road saw a busy evening when the 11th OA's celebrated completion of their course a short time ago. They are to be commended on a very nice average indeed, with Bill Pirzeck "the mauler" copping the top marks. Of course it's just a "Killer" Kovacs says, quote, "A wrestler CAN have other qualities!" unquote.

Incidentally, the past year saw 13 classes of OA's launched, to say nothing of 26 classes of QO's. This guy thinks that's a pretty good batting average.

It's Probable

Dear Sir:

I have a complete set of all of the issues, which I prize and hope that the paper will be encouraged to continue publication after the Peace is won.

Douglas S. McMurray,
Winnipeg, Man.

You're Very Welcome

Dear Sir:

For nearly three years we have had The Crow's Nest, either by subscription or single copy, sent to us by our ton. I treasure every copy. You save a splendid little paper. Thank you for it.

Mrs. W. L. Steeves,
Albert Co., N. B.

How's This?

Dear Sir:

My paper "Navy Notes" is one of a much smaller scale than yours, but it is seemingly greatly appreciated. If you have space you might mention the fact that the Edmonton Navy Mothers are placing it on all our ships.

Thank you for many hours of pleasant reading.

Phyllis R. Malden,
Edmonton, Alta.

We were pleased to get the copies of your paper "Navy Notes" Mrs. Malden and congratulate you on the splendid and worth-while work you are doing in keeping up the news about Edmonton's sailors. About the jokes—we copy them, too—Ed.

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S. G. Parker, Mgr.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.

INSIDE DOPE by an INSIDE DOPE

By Henry Sherman, A/B



Wanna buy a bug?
We have six hundred million each of "H influenzae, N catarrhalis, streptococci pyogenes (haemolytic) Type 1, Type 2 and Type 3; shake well and store in a refrigerator." That's for sure. And if the fool things got any ideas in their heads since our innoculations and started breeding there is no way of telling how many of the little varmints are now paddling up and down our blood stream.

To begin with we had a cold, one of those sneezy, sniffing things about which no one seems to know very much. We picked the cold up one day many years ago when we fell down a well,

and she (anything that hangs on so tenaciously must be of the female genus apoplectic) has been our constant companion ever since. We grew up with that cold and we loved her like a cistern.

But one thing led to another and the cold grew irksome. There are times when a fellow wants to be alone. So we approached one of the local medicine men who assured us he had "just the thing for it!" Cold vaccine.

Now vaccinations and their companion ills have always been a source of no little irritation to ourself and kindred souls who have requested injections where the scar would not show. Gives you muscles in the strangest places. Therefore, we hid ourself off to the Naval Service Library and Volume 22 of the Encyclopaedia Britannica (Textiles to Vase) and here is what we found:

Vaccine Therapy:

"The introduction into the body of a suitable-vaccine, in order to stimulate the tissue cells to elaborate a sufficiency of specific antibodies to resist the subsequent invasion of a particular micro-organism; or in the case of an already infected individual to prevent the further multiplication and diffusion of the invading bacterium....." or, translating this into English, they give you a shot in the arm by way of introducing a few odd cold germs (200 million of them per c.c.) into your habemus corpus. These set up house, making themselves nice and comfy, and if any other bugs try to horn in on their racket they (the first bugs) knock the socks right off them (the second bugs) as sure as there are little green apples.

And that is what keeps you from catching cold, if we are to believe old morocco-bound-in-twenty-four-illustrated-volumes in the book bin.....

"The benefit of vaccination proved itself in the eyes of the world by its apparent success in stamping out smallpox; but there continue to be people, even of the highest competence, who regard this as a fallacious argument—*Post hoc, ergo Propter hoc.*"

Some people are never satisfied.

There was a faint yet omnipresent scent of the Orient about this room. Soft yet prevailing it stole upon one's senses and fastened there. The nostrils twitched and breathed deeply of the mystic aroma of the Near East. A camel crossed the stage.

The curtains parted. Gems glittered. Heavy drapes of vivid red, purple, green and gold dropped in dazzling pools of brilliant colour. Princess Mustafa Leaf hit clapped her hands and dropped an eyelash. Drums throbbed. A sultry sheba, a medium medium, stole in from the wings, her writing figure making eyes at every angle. She wore a gauze yashmak that reached to her toes. Nothing more.

Somewhere a reed instrument quivered on the night. The weird insinuating music of the Moslem lifted its liling leg. Shades of Salome flitted, about in ghostly abandon. The harem girl felt the spirit of ancient rhythms enter her unprotesting limbs to throb there enticingly. The music beckoned to a world of shades and phantom shadows. The drums called wildly. She went into a trance.

Caliph Hafa Leegonward scrutinized the whirling figure, the flashing arm bands, the glittering jewels. But something obscured his vision; a thing translucent haze that hung from her shoulders, clinging to all her finer features.....More darned gauze!

"I love dat girl!" he said, following her quivering contours. "Jest lookit her dance! Makes me think of a Cohnwallis telephone operatah! Every line is busy!"

'Twas Christmas at Cornwallis
And all through the base,
All eyes were on the dancing girl—
But none were on her face!

It was the harem scene from the new ship show presented by Special Services on Christmas night in the Drill Shed. Never had so many seen so much of so few.

But this was only one item on the gala programme drawn up for the holiday season by the Cornwallis Canteen and Special Services Office. There were dances and prizes (\$2,500 worth) and skating and movies and carol singing and band concerts and boxing and wrestling and lots of good things to eat. Indeed, both departments deserve a mild pat on the back for their unstinting efforts to bring the Christmas spirit, great big gobs of it, to all the Wrens and ratings of this establishment.



by Instr. Lieut. John H. Pepper

Most-exciting-news-of-the-month is Wren Margaret Ramsay's draft to U. K. Wren Ramsey made a pier-head leap from Unicorn when she packed and left in 12 hours flat.

Newcomer-of-the-month is Wren Messenger Gwyneth Howell from HMCS "York" who is now doubling as a switchboard operator.

Visitor-of-the-month was Lt. Cmdr. Evelyn Mills, assistant to the director of WRCNS who brought hopeful news for Wrens who long to go overseas.

Luck-of-the-month went to L/Wren Mary "Hazel" Evans who won the complete doll outfit drawn for by the Officers' wives and Mothers Auxiliary of HMCS Unicorn.

Parties-of-the-month include a jolly stagette Christmas party in the Wren's mess; and Lieut. Dorothy McQueen was hostess to Unicorn's Wrens at a party to celebrate the re-opening of our newly-decorated Wren's Mess.

Songstress-of-the-month is Wren Wyma Rhodes who does a smooth, big-time job on the vocals in Kenny Peaker's Band at Saskatoon's Bessborough Hotel Saturday supper-dances.

Unique-event-of-the-month was the visit of Captain Margaret Rose, A.T.S. Officer from England, who was extremely interested in our prairie man-of-war.

Educational Note

About 100 recently discharged servicemen enrolled during January in the special classes organized for them at the University of Saskatchewan. Under this new plan the ex-servicemen will complete one full college year by next Aug. 14. They will take three subjects from now until the end of April, one subject from Mid-May until the end of June and the remaining subject during the summer school from July 3 to August 14.

Disa and Data

We hear that W. E. Elliott, whose fine oil portraits in Unicorn's wardroom draw so many favourable comments has been studying art at the Ontario College of Art in his free evenings while taking his E. A. course. We predict that this lad will someday make a fine name for himself in Canadian Art.

Au Revoir

This is the last Unicorner column that we will have the pleasure of contributing. Recording the doings of our happy and efficient ship has been an enjoyable job. Au Revoir HMCS "Unicorn"—Hello HMCS "Discovery."

Stoker Chiefs And P.O.'S Celebrate At Banquet

High on the list of socia events of the past month at HMCS Cornwallis was the annual banquet of the Chiefs and P.O. Stokers. This year it was held at the Canadian Legion Hostel at Annapolis Royal and was attended by close to 350 of the men of the stoker branch and their guests.

After a delightful turkey dinner with all the trimmings, roastmaster Chief Stoker P.O. Walter Kilburn welcomed the various guests, to which Lt. Simmons replied.

A dance band from the Base was on hand soon after the speeches were concluded and dancing rounded out an enjoyable evening until well

Continued on page 11



Player's Please
MEDIUM OR MILD

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

THE FRONT PAGE

The young lady with the very large heart who appears, dimples, big brown eyes and all, on our front cover this month is Wren Eleanor Coulson, one of the cashiers at the clothing store, HMCS Cornwallis. Just about a Year ago this Valentine's Day Eleanor started sailor hearts fluttering by joining the Navy at her native Toronto. She is the daughter of Mr. and M Mrs. Arthur Coulson, whose home is in the Queen City and prior to joining the Navy she attended Trinity college, University of Toronto, later taking office positions in that city.

Besides accomplishing a most enticing smile she has added to her talents that of playing a piano with marked ability and is at present assisting with rehearsals of the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta "Trial By Jury" soon to be presented at Cornwallis by the Special Services Department.

PROTECTOR CHIEFS' and P.O.'S CLUB

by H.T. Davis ERA



In the spirit of the New Year and goodfellowship the Commanding Officer, Cmdr. Orde and a number of officers spent an enjoyable hour or two among the men in the Canteen on New Years' Day, as guests of the Club. Many happy memories of 1944 activities were mulled over once again as well, as some that were perhaps not quite so pleasant. In any event the visit of the Captain and his associates was enjoyed by all those present.

The New Year was ushered in, in grand style by all the members, who were on the Base, and able to attend the Gala Dance. The evening commenced with a terrific downpour but the dance was certainly no "wash out." In spite of the inclemency of the weather there was an exceptionally good crowd in attendance and being a New Years' celebration they managed to give a very good impression of how to start the New Year right. The

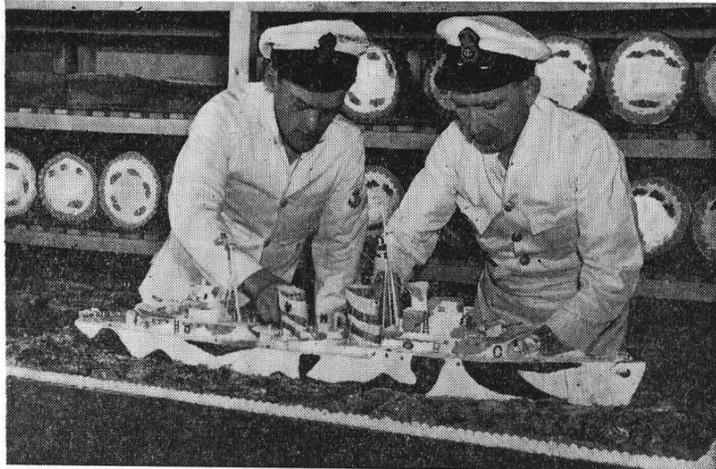
hall was orrilliantly decorated in grand style for the occasion and a great deal of credit is due to the committee members, who spent hours pinning up streamers and decorating the Christmas trees. We feel quite confident we had one of the best decorated buildings in the base. That was before the party started. There were horns hats, streamers and favors of all kinds to add to the merriment. Refreshments served at our new modern snack bar were heartily enjoyed by everyone.

Due to the number of members on Christmas and New Years' leave the Sunday night "At Home" was discontinued for the festive season but with the coming of 1945 this affair which is so popular and which so many enjoy every week will once more be inaugurated.

January 8 the club-room resounded with the sound of voices. Many voices. It was general election time once again and excitement ran at fever pitch.

With CPO Nolan presiding as chairman for the election, the meeting got under-way with plenty of action. A heated contest for the Presidency between Ch/Sto. Hayden and Past President Ch/Shpt. Hay was won by Hay. P/O Martin was reinstated as secretary, by acclamation.

ANOTHER TRIBAL BUILT IN CANADA



The cooks of the navy, while often taking the brunt of a lot of "griping" about meals, are, on the whole, a pretty accomplished group of men. Above you see two members of the department at Cornwallis, L/Ck. P. Brygadyr, of Winnipeg, and Chief Ck. T. Crabbe, of Halifax, with a 45 pound tribal class destroyer, built to scale, and made entirely of cake and icing sugar, with the exception of the gun barrels which are steel. The men worked three hours every evening for 10 days to complete the vessel, Crabbe doing the rigging of the ship and Brygadyr the decorating. RCN Photo by L/Photog. N. Keziere.

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TOTS WHA' HAE'

By Henry Sherman

"I have always been fond of tots," said Surg. Lt.-Cmdr. R. L. Denton, late of Cornwallis. "I guess every man has a great affection for them although," and here he smiled good humouredly, "some off us try to conceal that, er, natural craving."

"I'll say," I said, "I hate to admit it, but I sort of like kids myself."

"Of course," he continued, "We all do or why should we go to all the trouble of having them?"

"That's right, doctor; why indeed?"

We were discussing the "Well-baby Clinic" at Cornwallis, a medical bureau which believes an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of pills—or a shot in the arm is what you make it.

Splendid Response

The clinic opened last October when a form letter was sent out to all naval personnel on lodging allowance, offering the free use of its services to their children, up to school age. There were approximately 150 replies, and at the year's end 170 children had passed through the preventive portals. At the present writing there are 148 children on the "active list." The others have been drafted we presume. Or cells.

The prime purpose of the Well-Baby Clinic is to supervise the welfare and general health of the offspring of all officers and men who may be living in the immediate vicinity of the base.

Toys Supplied

This clinic differs from the one at Halifax in that officers' children as well as those of ratings here are permitted the use of the clinic, and it is a common sight in the waiting room for an A.B.'s progeny to poke a commander's scion square on the snoot with "So your paw would give my paw 14 days number 11, would he? Well, I'm gonna fill you in, you quarterdeck guinay!" It is even more common, however, to see them opening a common front against the box of toys provided for their amusement.



Is everyone happy at the Clinic? Well, we should say so!

ing. As a matter of fact, we have seen approximately one dozen sick children who have been referred to us for diagnosis by local medical men, since we can give them the benefit of our expensive X-ray and laboratory equipment. But the treatments were carried out by their private doctors."

The clinic operates every Thursday afternoon in the quarters of Medical Drafting on the lower deck of the RCNH. M.D. moves out and the little ones move in, each and every one of them marching through a doorway tastefully identified as "Medical Drafting—in and out." The Junior Commandos are given numbered tickets as they come in (try and tell me they're not station cards) and fall in for their appointments by number.

"They usually last a day," said Wren SBA Bernice Stansfield, who has been with the baby clinic since its conception (whatever am I saying?) "The toys I mean. The kids attack them, as if they were carved out of RPO's." Up until recently, Dr. Denton supplied most of the kiddy cuttery. He stole them from his little daughter who can't read this yet, praise be to Allah. She still thinks they're like elephants and crawl away to die.

Bernice has been at Cornwallis since, July, 1943, and likes working with babies. Her husband, Pay-Lieut. David Stansfield, is aboard the frigate HMCS Orkney and, while they have no children of their own, she figure "it's a good preparation. Here I can practice up on every one else's."



Mrs. Robert S. Johnson of Stratford, Ont., checks her baby's chart with Nursing Sister Doris Bateman of Winnipeg. R C N Photo by Lieut. W. Halkett.

PALSIED POETRY

By Hermes

No. 11 Can I help it if I ca:ch cold so easy?

St. Valentine's and April Fool
Are one and same to me.
On April one I'm stuck with tacks;
On Feb. fourteen—with me.

I wander down deserted streets,
Through gutters choked with snow.
For though I'm young and fancy free
I have no place to go.

And don't think I don't daily dip—
Of B.O. I've no trace.
I gargle twice before each meal
And "after shave" my face.

My clothes are picked with matchless
taste:
(Ask K.R. and A.I.)
I've read Carneigie through and
through—
"How to Win Friends!" my eye!

For when the summer smiles on me
I never lack a date.
But when grim winter settles in
Mine is another fate.

For girls will smile on straggle beards,
On shoulders, dandruff flaked.
They'll tolerate a yen for gin;
Heroics, glibly faked.
And acne gives no cause for pause
Nor lenses though bi-focal.
With men as scarce as men are now,
Gals vamp the local yokel.

But from first frost until last thaw
My life's a dirt grey panel,
Since gals found out my shorts are longs
And always made of flannel!

Four officers' wives have been turning out every Thursday to lend a helping hand to Dr. Denton and the Nursing Sister in charge. Mrs. Aldeth Loosemore, Mrs. Margaret Macleannan, Mrs. Norma Martin and Mrs. Diana Denton have all provided some wonderful assistance at the clinic, particularly in the production of cooing and clucking noises designed to take the child's mind off the puncture he or she is about to be presented with in the left arm.

Up to the New Year the total number of visits was 275, total vaccinations 110, and diphtheria and, hooping cough inoculations 58. And that takes a lot of clucking, believe me.

Make Home Visits

In the same period of time Nursing Sister Doris Bateman, of Winnipeg, who, with Dr. Denton, helped organize the clinic, made 204 home visits to check up on inoculation reactions and give the mothers expert advice on how to make the best of their environment with special emphasis on the proper utilization of the child's playing space and the ensuring of its receiving an adequate amount of sunlight.

"We have more behaviour problems than disease," Dr. Denton told me. "The climate here is very good for children even though we old ones seem to find it a bit strenuous."

"Through the nurse's visits and the "home visit" chart she draws up we have an accurate picture of the child's surroundings and other stimuli. This is an invaluable aid in the clearing up of behaviour and habit training problems. We cannot change the child's living conditions but we can help the parent to utilize them to the best advantage.

"Gosh," I muttered, "no one looked after me like that when I was a baby." Wren Stansfield smiled demurely. "Yes, but look how you turned out." I slugged her with a handful of cotton wool.

Unfortunately, both Nursing Sister Bateman and Dr. Denton have recently left our midst—Miss Bateman to Newfoundland and Dr. Denton to a six-months appointment at the Harvard research labs. Blood, you know. But the good word is being carried on under the capable direction of Surg. Lt.-Cmdr. L. W. Waters of Medical Drafting (Ah! Prospective RCN rates! And how would you like to be a boy seaman my little fellow?) and

NAVY SHOW SHOTS

By "Gersha"

"Somewhere-in-England." One of the happiest young men in the Navy Show is L/Bnd. Victor Feldbrill of Toronto, who joined the Navy in June, 1943, following a successful career as a violinist with the Toronto Philharmonic and as Conductor of the University of Toronto Symphony at the age of eighteen. On two occasions "Vic" was guest-conductor of the Toronto Symphony at the request of Sir Ernest MacMillan, as a result of his work with the University.

During the Navy Show's visit to Glasgow, "Vic" was privileged to attend rehearsals of the Scottish Orchestra, through the courtesy of its Conductor, Warwick Braithwaite, through whom he received a letter of introduction to John Barbirolli. "Vic's" biggest thrill came at Birmingham, when he made a visit "backstage" during the appearance of the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Armed with credentials, and with his "heart away up here somewhere".....Vic bearded Sir Thomas Beecham in his den, to find the great man as genial and understanding as great men traditionally are. He had, also, an interview with Sir Adrian Boult, who is, in a sense, his "musical grandfather." "Vic" studied conducting with Ettore Mazzoleni, and violin with Sigmund Steinberg, both of Toronto.

Another Torontonian has achieved the ambition of a lifetime. Petty Officer Carl H. Tapscott, making a sidetrip during a north-of-England tour, attended Evensong at York Cathedral, later meeting the Organist, Sir Edward Bastow, and being permitted to play the great organ. Carl, who is responsible for the splendid original arrangements of the "Sea Chanties" and for their inclusion in the Show, is an organist of considerable note, having sustained tenure in a number of churches, including more recently, Rosedale Presbyterian in Toronto, for some 15 years. In the field of radio, too, he can claim an unbeaten Canadian record of 10 years on a single sponsored programme, with appearances on radio in the United States just prior to enlistment, (apropas

of which, Carl's newest venture in the field of "histrionics" with "Port and Starboard" Troop Show is something to make the world wonder. (Truly "he hath suffered a sea-change"—(or sumpin!))

Amongst others who spent part of their furlough having a "busman's holiday" were Sto. 1 Frank Thrasher singing in an exclusive Detroit Night Club, O/Sea Val. Kukuruzza conducting a choir in Toronto; SBA George Young and Lieut. Lionel Murton making radio appearances. Wren Gwen Tassé was privileged to take part in the Wrens' second anniversary program at Carleton House in Ottawa, while Wren Mary Judge took part in the broadcast of the same from Vancouver.

Amongst those who are being "tempted" with professional offers is PO Ivan Romanoff of Toronto who has been approached personally by one of the prominent British Theatrical Agencies to return after the war to take full charge of a Russian Ensemble (Balalaika Orchestra and Chorus) for stage appearances. PO Romanoff is well-known over CBC networks for his weekly programme of Soviet music: "Songs of the Soviets."

Notable additions to the ranks of musicians in the show, are L/Sto. "A." Bullen, of Toronto, who completes the Accordion Trio, and Sto. "Don." Parrish, of Chatham, who contributes a substantial bass to the "Russian Ensemble" and "Sea Chanties."

Nursing Sister Catherine McNeil who came here from the Halifax Clinic. At present they are dicking with a bus company for some suitable arrangement whereby the children, who are scattered in an area 30 miles long by 7 or 8

miles wide may be picked up en masse, delivered en masse, and then taken to their respective homes in one lump litter instead of straggling in and out on their own.

Ye gods! Liberty boats, yet!



"Him? Oh, he's the Old Man."

DOWN THE HATCH!



"It's the paws that refreshes!" "Rags," coal'er-spaniel mascot of the corvette HMCS Guelph, has a consuming passion for "coke." He drin's it out of the bottle, steadying it with his paws while being assisted by his commanding officer, Lieut. G. H. ("Skinny") Hayes, DSC, of Winnipeg and Halifax. The glossy-coated little dog, a native of the ship's sponsor city of Guelph, Ont., is shown wearing a warm jacket of heavy "fermat" flannel which keeps him cozy on the North Atlantic. The jacket was tailored by a shipmate, Able Seaman Joe Courcy of Montmorency, Que., and lettering on it reads: "Rags," HMCS Guelph. The dog is a salty sailor and never gets seasick, but takes a relaxed view of stern naval discipline. "One word from me," says his captain, "and he does what he pleases." RCN Photo by W/O G. Murison.

HMCS "STETTLER"

(A Canadian Frigate)

She lies at ease, at anchor, head to tide,
The wind blows by in vain; she lets it be,
Gurgles of water run along her side;
She does not heed them: they are not the sea.

She is at peace from all her wandering now,
Quiet is in the very bones of her.
The glad thrust of the leaning of her bow
Blows bubbles from the ebb, but does not stir.

How shall a man describe this resting ship?
Her lovely power of lying down at grace;
This quiet bird by whom the bubbles slip;
This iron home where stalwart seaman pace?

One slender pinnace, a-sloping fore and aft,
Climbing the sky, upheld by steely strings
That seem too slight to anchor this high mast,
Yet stand the greatest strain the sea-wind brings.

Then underneath, the long, lean, fiery sweep
Of this proud hull, exulting in her sheer,
That rushes like a diver to the leap,
And is all beauty, without stain or peer.

A ship of Vickers build, of fourteen hundred tons;
White-sided, with a line of circle ports;
Red lead just showing where the water runs;
Her bow a leaping grace where beauty sports.

Keen as a hawk above the water-line,
Though full below it: a semi-counter stern;
Her attitude a racer's, stripped and fine,
Tense to be rushing, her every line a-yearn.

Her wind's a gale; her joy to ride the crest,
Some two points free before it.....
Thus, her dream,
As back in her home port for fuel and rest,
The "Stettler" lies at anchor in the stream.

Ross Cameron, A/B

The despondent CO left Headquarters, climbed into his jeep.
"Where to, sir?" asked the driver.
"Drive off the cliff, Corporal," he replied. "I'm committing suicide"

woman. He has the mother say that she is proud to have been able to bring up and educate her sons so they could give their lives to their country, and terrifically pleased with having been able to do this. The only thing he didn't have her add was that she was very sorry she did not have eight sons to sacrifice to the Greater German, oh we mean Greater Allied, cause. Maybe this reporter was working for his "How to Annoy Women Readers" badge.

Men profess confusion when they look from 24 inches of snow at the roadside, to a dress store window enchanting the ladies with "cool summer cottons." It is almost as irrational as the way the men dress in a certain manner all spring—and then recklessly take off their gloves during the heat waves!

So many appeals were broadcast to feed the birds this winter, that sections of sparrows were completely spoiled with the varied diet. "The birds won't seem to eat what we put out for them unless it is soft, buttered bread," worried one householder. "That is nothing at all," his friend answered, "Our sparrows send us insulting letters unless we provide them with full course meals on bone china—and not forgetting fish on Fridays."

BOOK REVIEWS

Anna and the King of Siam by Margaret Landon. Anna, an attractive English widow, took upon herself the task of "doing her education" on the household of His Royal and Eccentric Highness, the King of Siam. Hereby hangs a tale of two striking personalities at one moment in bitter conflict, the next working in close harmony for the enlightenment of the backward people of Siam. The entire story is a-glimmer with the sumptuous colour of an oriental court of the 19th century and is an intriguing combination of factual biography and sheer Arabian Nights entertainment.

Green Dolphin Street by Elizabeth Goudge. In the quaint Channel Islands, lived two sisters. Both Marianne and Marguerite were in love with an adventurous young sailor. In China, through an unfortunate chain of circumstances, he is obliged to leave the Navy, and to make his way as best he can. After some years of adventurous wandering, he settles down in the new colony of New Zealand. After prosperous years there, he makes an important decision, the outcome of which, will change his entire life. He writes to his love whose name he has always confused with that of her sister. With the arrival of Marianne, he realized that he has

again confused the names. Marianne, however, proves to be the fulfilment of his destiny.

The rapidly changing scenes from the charm of the old-world Green Dolphin Street to the lusty pioneer life in New Zealand provides fascinating reading. The characterization is well-drawn, and the book most enjoyable.

The Hollow Men by Bruce Hutchison. This is the story of a Canadian newspaperman who wanted to live peacefully on his farm in a British Columbia valley, but who was driven hence always by an inward urge to find the meaning behind the turmoil of our times. Always seeking and questioning, he accompanied Wendell Wilkie's presidential campaign tour; talked with countless reporters in Ottawa and Washington in the weeks just before the United States entered the war; watched and listened to the great leaders, the politicians and the folk of his own quiet valley. You should try to find time to read this Canadian novel.

Ten Years to Alamein by Matthew Halton. This is contemporary history as related by a distinguished Canadian foreign correspondent who watched the rise of Naziism in Berlin and fore-

SAY IT WITH CARROTS



Sailors and whittling go hand in hand but Royal Canadian Navy Cook A. Jorgensen gives it a new twist by using vegetables instead of wood for his carving efforts. A pan of potatoes, beets, carrots, and turnips, some parsley, a carving knife and a couple of hours spare time are all Jorgensen needs to produce a bouquet of roses. Jorgensen joined the Navy at Montreal, after ten years' service with the merchant marine. Photo by PO Photog. E. Dinsmore.

warned an unheeding people of the threat of a Germany rearmed.

THE SAILORS' LADIES

by M.F.R.



According to all records, the schoolchildren have co-operated zealously in the war-time scrap paper drives. One father told us that when he starts reading a serial story in his favorite magazine

he is now smart enough to finish each instalment in the tobacco shop which sells him the magazine—then he goes home, resigned to the mysterious way the magazine vanishes from the room as soon as the junior collectors see it. "We are right down to recipe books and a couple of insurance premium folders in our home now," he added sadly.

Advertising in this war has struck an all-time high in successful attainment, it seems. One sailor's lady said that she has very little time for housework, shopping or reading as she writes so many letters to the "boys over there." "Every time I relax and figure I have done enough writing for that week, I see a ghastly ad in a street car or bus asking me if I know what a letter to him means, and I am at it again!"

After five and a half years of war, the general reaction to notepaper and envelopes seems to run all the way from "after the war I will never write a single letter again," to "after the war I won't even buy a postage stamp."

Every once in a while some male reporter decides to produce something on paper which will hew to the "woman's viewpoint" and often finishes with such a confusing mess that we all wonder if he didn't have the German Reich dogmas in mind instead of the Allied ideals. Recently a British woman was told that the fourth and last of her sons—her whole family—had been killed in this war. She lost her husband in the last one. The reporter decided to interview her for her reactions (he probably worked in a leper colony before the war, sardonically assuring the patients that they'd never recover) and the resultant story is supposed to thrill every

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THE HUTCHINSON 'TWINS'



The two girls pictured above are the closest of pals and, while the one on the left is in Cornwallis and the one on the right in Halifax, whenever they get a chance to be together they go dancing, to shows, everywhere—together. A great many people think they are sisters and some even take them for twins—but t'ain't so. No, these two Wrens, Photographer Wilma Hutchinson and Cook Margaret Hutchinson, are daughter and mother, respectively. Wilma is very proud of her mother's youthful appearance and doesn't object to people thinking they are sisters.

Mrs. Hutchinson joined the Navy in October, 1943, and by May of the next year had talked her daughter into joining, too. Mrs. Hutchinson is now stationed at HMCS Kings, Halifax. She has a son, Harry, in the RCAF.

The girls have always chummed together and have a wide circle of mutual friends who are always amused by Mrs. Hutchinson's liking for dancing and the fact that Wilma isn't so fond of the art. Both are from Winnipeg, Man. RCN Photo.

YOU JUST CAN'T TELL ABOUT CERTAIN PEOPLE—CAN YOU?

When Botz retired at midnight hour
He dreamt of Kant and Schopenhauer
For full of knowledge sad and drear
Was Herman Botz—the sage and seer.

He loved Spinoza with ardor bright
Nor counted cooler Kant a mite;
As for Ellis and I. Toyolo

They Botz preferred to Sipsi Kolo.
Hemingway, Shaw and the Bard
Botz knew them all and with regard
To Socrates, why now and then
He told complete the Master's pen.
Historians, his heart gave out they say

He died whilst on his knees to pray.
But what forsooth caused his demise?
Why fire gutted the town strip tease!

By Lieut. C. A. Watman.

dark was not required in the Navy. He was quite serious about it so we called in three other new entries and found that two of them had the same idea.

Not For Just the Day—But Always

Now our Canadian Navy has considerable tradition, expression and customs of its own, as well as what we have borrowed from the Royal Navy and we are adding more as we grow older. I think, however, that we should dispel this brand new one, for I doubt very much whether it will ever become popular. We may be getting mixed up with "Colours" and "Sunset" or "Morning and Evening Gun" but on looking in the good book—King's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions—we find that Officers and Ratings are to pay and return salutes at all times. That alone would upset the "after dark" theory, wouldn't it? As a war-time measure in the Royal Canadian Navy, however, naval personnel are excused saluting in Railway Stations (except on Service premises), when riding a bicycle in heavy traffic or when riding in a vehicle. Another new "custom" which is contrary to regulations is the saluting by the senior rating only of an unorganized group. The senior rating or rating in charge of a party should always salute, calling his party to attention if standing at ease, giving "eyes right" or "left" if marching, but ratings moving or standing about in independent groups should all salute.

The saluting regulations are equally applicable to all Naval personnel, which includes members of the WRC NS. The present Naval Personal Salute, when carried out properly, is a graceful acknowledgement of respect for each other, of comradeship in a great fighting force, and is as natural as the day is long.

Custom of Courtesy
I recall an incident that took place early in 1932. Rear-Admiral Dudley James, RN, on taking over command of the 2nd Battle Cruiser Squadron, hoisted his flag in HMS Hood. Lower deck was cleared and the Admiral spoke to us of future plans for the squadron and of his pride in taking over command. He dealt with morale and comradeship and confessed to the thrill he experienced in returning the salute of "his people"—an expression used widely among officers in command of ships. That speech quickly chased away any inhibitions I had as



THROUGH A SCUTTLE

by Commissioned Wtr H. McClymont

Last month we "secured" just as we were going to talk about the origin of the name Writer and, as space is limited, let's get on with it. We find very little factual literature on the subject but it goes back to the days of the Purser's Clerk. This character was especially recruited for his ability to write a fair hand and to keep accounts. The Purser, in those distant days, as we learned from "Mutiny on the Bounty" was not a particularly scrupulous sort of gentleman when it came to issuing clothing, tobacco, food or pay. Many are the stories told of the niggardly transactions carried out by the Purser, such as "Widow's Meh"—dead men's names carried in the Ship's Ledger for whom he claimed pay, which he pocketed.

Penny-wise

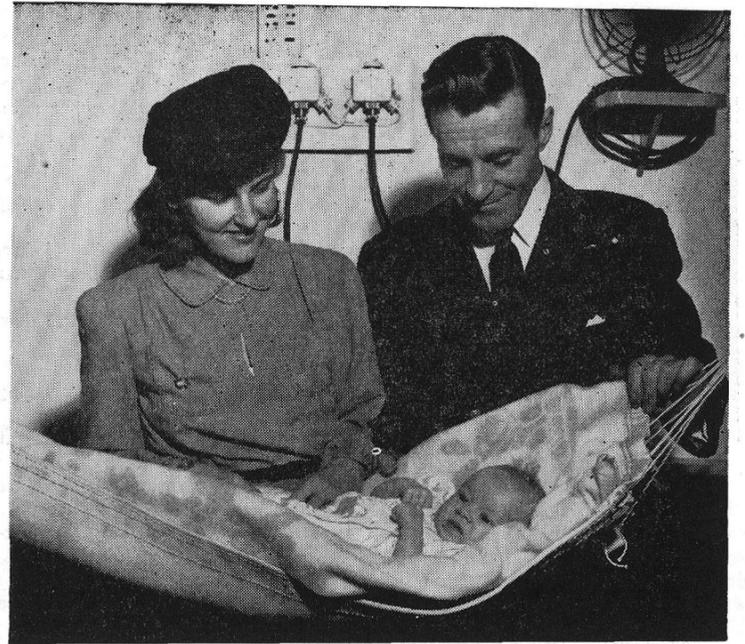
His Clerk, I imagine, would not be much unlike his superior. The Clerk's pay is said to have been computed at £1 yearly for every gun the ship carried. To supplement this stipend, the Clerk put his hand to several money-making ventures, one of which was the reading of such literature and letters which came to the hand of members of the Ship's Company, and the writing of letters on their behalf to relatives and friends. It must be remembered here that the Clerk existed in the days when press-gangs flourished and while the pressed men were not very literate, they were human and would want their families to know of their whereabouts. Very often the parish or village clergy attended to the reading and writing ashore, for the families of these men.

Well.....Maybe

It was natural then, in time, for the Clerk to be referred to by newly joined men as "The Writer." Just when this title was officially adopted we do not know exactly but it was late in the 19th century. So the Purser and Clerk mended their ways and became Paymaster and Writer and I think we can agree that the change is quite noticeable.

The face that appeared at the scuttle as we were packing up in January belonged to an Ordinary Seaman who had a slight grievance to air. It seems that while walking down a road in the dusk of evening he had passed an Officer and failed to salute, whereupon he had been reminded of his omission. He offered no explanation at the time, of course, but to me he stated that he thought saluting after

WAKY, WAKY, MY DAUGHTER



Christening aboard HMCS Smith's Falls: When Bonny Lynn Thomson, infant daughter of Lieut. and Mrs. Robert Thomson of Vancouver and Dartmouth, N.S. arrived on board her father's ship for a naval christening, the crew of the corvette, HMCS Smith's Falls, presented her with a seaman's hammock they had made as a special gift for the occasion. Bonny tries out the "mick" while her cautious parents test it for stability. RCN Photo by PO Photo. E. Dinsmore.

FOOTLIGHT FANFARE

by Gib Potter, S.A.

Concerttime opened with a Bang-up show at HMCS Scotian Gym with Phil Nichols emceeing a Star-packed bill for a Tar-packed building.....

A high spirited young Navy man from Montreal, George Cummings, won an all-expenses-paid date with pretty Kay Timmony in the hilarious Silhouette contest.....

Arranged by Special Services, the show opened with Bill Theroux singing, followed by Ex-newbiejohnner CPO Ted Ivay in a clever cartooning skit, Elizabeth Lynch's smart tap dancing, the ever popular Vera and Mitzie Rhodes, Ernie Fullerton accordion expert, Peter Debree and Ken McCrindle pianist extraordinary and Francis Johns accompanist.....

It's "Make with the Music" aboard HMCS Goderich, when Alf McCrae of St. Catherines and Armon Brown of Vernon, B. C., bring out their violins, with Windsor's

Dave Mills' guitar and Toronto's Lloyd Vanderlip's banjo tuning in for a Jam Session.....

Magician L/Wtr. Martin Grinstead who is now Frigate-ing around informs us that at times you have to be a magician to keep up the Disa and Data of ships paper work.....

Rumour has it that Saxaphoning Earl Jacks, Clarinetting Anthony Pascele, Trumpeter John Dillam and guitar strummers Robert Coull and Bill Murdock aboard HMCS Sorel are no slouches when it comes to giving out melodiously.....

Acquacade act reminiscent of the "How-to-get-rid-of-a-stray-cat" formula; Its in the bag for P. O. Woodward when, after being securely tied in an over-sized laundry bag, he hops off the high board into the H2O...Shades of Houdini! What rates will Lloyds give him? A chiller-diller.....

Continued on page 8

a youngster of six months' service with regard to the Naval Salse.

"Goodbye to the Chief"

The recent news that Vice-Admiral P.W. Nelles, CB, RCN was promoted to Admiral and retired recalls to us that the Royal Canadian Navy in 1945 is entering its 36th year of existence. It as in 1910 that the Dominion Parliament passed the Naval Swrvice Act and Canada thus officially acquired a Navy. She played a great part in the Great War and has succeeded in doing a great job of work in this one. Admiral Nelles has had no small part in the making of our Navy as we find it today, assisting to bring in the great victory, and laying plans

for the post-war Navy, and so it is with good wishes that we see him depart and hearing the last "Piping over the Side" say "Glad to have had you aboard, Sir."

And now before securing the scuttle for another month may I remind our readers that this column hopes to be of service to you. Mothers and Dads, have you ever thought of questions to sask your pride and joy in Naval uniform, and refrained because you didn't want him to think you knew so little about his work? Now is a good time to do it, so do write us a post card if we can do any little thing. For now, then—cheerio.

ROCKY BOTTOM

by HENRY SHERMAN & DOUG. CHISLETT



CHARMING ENTERTAINMENT



They've all seen snakes before under varying circumstances in British Columbia but this is the first these coast sailors ever saw one dance in the street. While a native charmer blows his pipe a King Cobra entranced by the music brings up his majestic hood to please his audience. The British Columbians, members of the RCNVR and RCN on loan to the Royal Navy, ashore at an Indian Ocean Port, from left to right are: Midshipman Ron Charlie, Vancouver; Midshipman John Walls, Vancouver, who by the action of his right hand seems to be calling the reptile as you'd call a chicken; Midshipman Tony German, Esquimalt, B.C. and Lieut. Bob. Hayman, Kelowna, B.C. RCAF Photo for RCN.

GASPE GOSSIP

By Norm. Horn, S.A.

This is Gaspé, otherwise known as "Fort Ramsay," reporting, and giving you all the latest gossip and bits of news about our gang of fellows and their girls. Well, anyway, here is the latest report of our New Year's Eve celebration. The gang left the base on the 1900 liberty boat, and when we say "gang left," we do mean just that. The officer of the day just about passed out when he saw how many of us were going ashore. As soon as we were safely delivered in town, the boys made a bee-line for the Y Hostel, where an enjoyable party had been arranged for us. The evening started off with a show, the film being "Together Again," starring Charles (what a technique) Boyer, and Irene Dunne. After the show we cleared the hall in preparation for the dance which was to follow. At midnight, we observed the old custom of joining hands and singing "Auld Lang Syne," yours truly thinking back to a similar moment when he was attending a formal, thousands of miles from here. At the stroke of midnight, the roof was literally raised with shouts of "Happy New Year," then the music started!

Lasting Effect

We didn't stay to the end, but judging from the comments flying around the next morning, it must have lasted and lasted and lasted. We also heard the next morning, that two of our boys, Western ratings at that, returned to the base.....via toboggan. Now we have heard everything.

New Year's Day got away to a good start by the buffer grabbing us by the leg, and shouting—"If you want any dinner, get the dickens out of that cart." Well needless to say, we got out of 'that cart,' crawled into some clothes, and tripped merrily below to dinner—and we do mean tripped! Anyway, we finally swung into the dinnerline, and were soon served. Wow, more stuff than a guy could (or rather, should) eat, but none of it was turned away.

A couple of our former seamen have forsaken their seamen's rig, and have acquired square rig. Our RPO Bob Landgraaf, of Port Arthur, picked up his brass buttons, and the other guy (Here we find it fitting to use the word "guy," as he has transferred) is now a Supply Assistant, the traitor. But you really should see the boys now—why a while ago at rounds, Bob turned,

out in shiny buttons and all his finery, but where was Norm? He didn't dodge rounds, but we hear he didn't think so very much of his issue finery, and that he has firmly vowed not to go ashore until his tiddley gets here.

Hockey is King

At the moment, hockey is the main item of sporting interest. As the ship's complement has been cut down somewhat, due to drafts and leaves, we haven't as many men active as we would like, but with what there are, there sure is a competitive spirit. At the moment, we have about 5 teams lined up representing different messes. So far, the Cooks, have played 2 games, the first with the Stokers, winning 7-4, and the second, with the Seamen losing 5-3. Future nights games should be good. We haven't seen the PO's in action yet, maybe they aren't in the mood. Recently we saw the first game of our interservice league. The Navy played the Army, and won 10-5. The game was quite fast, but as can be seen by the score the boys aren't quite on the bit yet.

Another popular pastime here, is skiing. To prove just how popular this pastime is, just try to get a pair of skis on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon, just try, we dare you. Trying to get skis on those days is like trying to get a pair of nylons for your best girl. One of our SBA's (Doug Ireland, Winnipeg) has made quite a name for himself since the

skiing season has been open. No—Doug doesn't ski—he is the fellow who puts on all the casts required for the boys who come back in more than one piece. Just as long as all enjoy themselves, Lt. H. Caine, our Special Services officer, doesn't care whether they skate, ski, toboggan, play badminton or just sit and play crib.

EDMONTON NAVY FATHERS HOSTS TO 'NONSUCH' TARS

With the kind permission of Lt.-Cmdr. J. Dawson, Officer Commanding HMCS Nonsuch, Edmonton Navy Fathers were hosts at a "smoker" aboard the ship on the evening of January 10. Among those present were: His Honor Judge Crawford, S. W. Field, K.C., Chief Constable K. Jennings, Harry Pinsky, H. Tanner, President Canadian Legion, Harry Lynn, President Army and Navy Veterans and R. P. Lefroy. The following special guests were in attendance, His Worship Mayor Fry, J. Nickerson and R. Steele of the Navy League, and H. Weir, War Services Council.

Some 130 fathers spent an enjoyable evening with the Ship's Company and about 40 navy personnel on leave from overseas; in all a gathering of about 300. The program opened with the Senior Officer present, Lieut. J. Webster, giving the toast to the King. For the entertainment part the following persons should be especially mentioned: J. Enright, of the K. of C. Entertainment Board, Dennie Clayton, pianist, Jack Jones, Song Leader, F. Betts of the Magicians' Club, James Grant, for his wonderful songs and imitations and Ronnie Morris with his piano accordion. A special item was the recitation "Nelson at Trafalgar" by Lt. (E) Ed. Miller.

A word of thanks is due to Lieuts. McBurney and Gloeckler for the splendid set up, and PO Ck. Fleming for his wonderful services in the galley. The Commanding Officer's presence was sorely missed because of his temporary illness; but his kindly co-operation was appreciated. Much of the success of the evening, was due to the local newspapers and radio stations for their special announcements.

"But, judge, I'm a sick man. I can't do a 40-year sentence."
"Well, just do what you can."

'Peregrine' Planning Big Show For Ship's Company In February

O/Sea. Perry Green

Shaded from the blazing sun by a friendly old Peregrine evergreen, your little mate Perry finds it difficult to concentrate on writing. There's something dreamy in the very air as the bumble bees buzz around the first flowers of the new spring—and yet I have to turn out this column when I'd rather just count the anemones sprouting up all around. In January Halifax seems filled with anticipation of the gay summer just around the edge of next month. For in this city of sunshine, February brings tropical weather, with hot days for swimming in the tepid North Atlantic, and warm moonlit nites for other things.....

It's easy to fall asleep like that, huddled up against the galley stove for few minutes before going out again into the blizzard. And now that my fingers have thawed out, and the ink has melted, let's get out of this dream.

A lot of awfully nice people besides Santa Claus and his Wreendeer came to Peregrine to help entertain last Christmas eve. Frank Guy Armitage, of the YMCA War Services, fascinated us with his famous one-man show; and the U.S.O. show under the direction of Tommy Hanlon more than made up for having to pay the surpeme penalty of a Barracks-Christmas.

Ever since 1st January, 1945 at 1400 I have been wondering what time Peregrine's New Year's Eve dance ended. Any of the other 2,999 people who were there and are in possession of information leading to the solution of this problem are urged to send in their evidence. If a paper hat from the party is enclosed, I shall be pleased to send, free of charge, three ice cubes and a week's supply of seidlitz powders. I was fine until Uncle Mel left: then came all that business about 1945 and happy new year when they started kissing me.....

promised to play the piano, and Stan Florkow's man "Seaweed" has been drafted in for the occasion. Stan is also going to drink enough gasoline to blow himself up if Motor Transport will let him steal a pint from the jeep. (Stan's AA card never sees him through the whole year).

Fred Martin learned a lot of new games aboard his last gate vessel, and says he is going to open up a "joint" in Peregrine. Helping him to clean the public are Bob Ambrose and Fred Masters. Round-riggers! Sew up your pockets while you still have them—you've lost your shirts already, and Fred is ready to take anything on which Warrant-Master-at-Arms Thorniley hasn't a priority. Fred is calling it a Millionaires' Club, and tells me that he already has \$500,000 printed. Millionaires' Night is February 17 in the Recreation Hall, provided that Fred can get the gadget on the roulette wheel working again.

Big Show Coming

"Ollie" Dowie, who clowned around Cornwallis until the management complained, is spending a few days in Peregrine visiting friends. Result: a very special variety show early in February, with Eric Finch to look after staging, Jean Coulter costuming and settings, and Beth Neale training the chorines. Lloyd MacDonald has

Hotel Clerk—Of course, you will want running water in your room?

Guest—Why? Do I look like a trout?

She was only a corset manufacturer's daughter, but she lived off the fat of the land.

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As A Natter Of Fact---

BY JACK PATTERSON



L/Wren Pearl Milne, who hides out in the photographic department atop the Gun Battery down here at "Cornwallis," has a record in athletics that is very little short of terrific.....She hails from Prince Albert, Sask., where she attended school at Prince Albert Collegiate..... During one hockey season the hockey team she played for there scored a total of 22 goals.....Pearl scored 21 of 'em and assisted in the other.....That's not all.....Pearl went to the quarter-finals in the Alberta Women's Golf Championships and was doubles champion at tennis for two years in Alberta and for four years in Northern Saskatchewan.....Still more.....She won the Wrigley mile swim, symbolic of the Saskatchewan title one year and, while racing against five men in a three-mile swim marathon, out-swam four of them to place second.....During another season she placed second in the provincial speed skating championships..... Is this getting monotonous?—there's still more.....In 1936 she was in England and played hockey for England against France in an international series.....England won both games, 1-0 and 2-0.....In the 1-0 game our chum did the scoring.....Pearl comes by her athletic ability honestly..... Her father played soccer for the famed Glasgow Rangers and her brother, "Scotty," has played for hockey for Wembley Canadians and twice represented England in international matches on the continent in pre-war days.....Last season he played goal for Winnipeg RCAF.....Quite a family.....

Red Martin, the former Victoria Domino and member of the bewhiskered House of David basketball team, is coaching the hoopers down at "Peregrine".....Ernie Cook and Reg Todd, two writers from "Discovery" out in Vancouver, are now doing their sculling down at Stadacona..... Keith Matthews who formerly wrote sports for the Vancouver Sun, is lending a hand on the sport pages of the; Signal Log, St. Hy's bright news sheet..... Master-at-Arms Dave Thompson has moved his gear from "Cornwallis" to "Stad," and in his place at the base of Master-of-Arms Roy Rogers who is well-known out around Calgary.....Incidentally, Dave Thompson used to be a proficient exponent of all three brands of pigskintoting played in this country—English Rugby, Canadian and American football.....Lt. Charlie McDonald, popular sports officer at the P. and R.T. School at "Cornwallis," will soon be back on his feet, after a lengthy bout on a hospital cot.....

You can never tell who you are liable to find in a seaman's uniform..... recently down at "S" galley a lawyer, a former Army lieutenant, a civil engineer and a bacteriologist were among the messmen battling dirty dishes.....and a former school principal is the 'O/D' who hands out the hockey gear down at the Arena.....Bob Goldham tells me the two biggest wolves in the world are Chase and Sanborn—they date every bag..... S/Lt. Gaye Stewart of the "Cornwallis" hockey club, and Murdo McKay of the "Stad" squad, are two of Fort William's most noted hockey sons.....but they had never met until those two clubs tangled at the Arena here a few weeks ago.....Lt. Bobby Pearce, former world's champion sculler (as in rowing, not as when referring to block sweepers) and noted wrestler, is taking a course and some weight off at the P. and R.T. School here.....

There are two young men who answer to the name of Tommy Park down at the P. and R.T. School.....Did you happen to notice at the last hockey match, that after the fans had been requested NOT to walk across the ice on their way out, the traffic was terrifically heavy over same?..... and that at the head of the parade of offenders were no less than half a dozen officers?.....Overheard at the Wet Canteen: "It was raining so hard we picked up an aircraft 'ping' on the asdic".....PO Reg Chilvers, who instructs at the Seamanship School, says that a seamanship lecture is a process whereby the notes of the instructor become the notes of the trainee without passing through the minds of either.....Out on the West Coast HMCS Discovery's soccer, team is making quite a name for itself in senior company.....they did the same in lacrosse last summer.

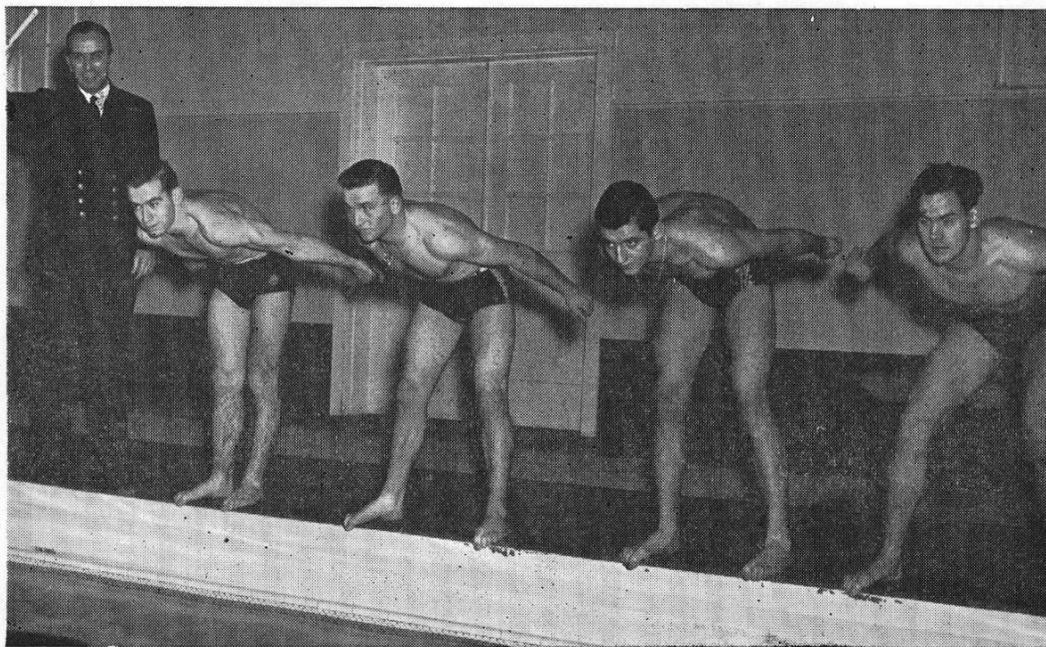
Lt. John H. "Pep" Pepper, former sports officer at HMCS Unicorn in Saskatoon, is now at "Discovery".....He will continue his welcome journalistic contributions to The Crow's Nest from his new headquarters..... And Lt. Amyot, Special Services officer at HMCS Naden, has joined the list of contributors to these pages.....Wren Betty Muir is back at the Base after a short leave and her name now is Mrs. Meredith.....Hubby is Lt. Tommy Meredith of the Canadian Army, on leave after 2½ years overseas.....both are from Vancouver.....Another double-harness event took place at the Chapel on the Base recently and united Wren Opal Pound and AB Arthur Watt.....both hail from Craik, Sask.....And Chuck Millman of the senior hockey club is under a brand new contract.....Pretty Wren Grace Spargo of the New Entry Reg has the proof in ice on her third finger, left hand.....Which reminds me, lads, a wedding ring isn't much different from a tourniquet—both stop your circulation.....And speaking of things now out of circulation.....Tommy Graham, sports ed. and R.C.N. Public Relations Officer pulled the surprise of the month when he hopped out to his home town at Edmonton, Alta and took unto himself a bride in the person of Bernadette A. (Babs) Beckett, also of Edmonton.....another Naval couple boarding the good ship "Matrimony" Wren Pearl Nelson, Dalhousie, N.B. and L/Sea. Russel Stevenson, of Boissevain, Man., said required "I do's" at Halifax, recently—both are stationed in "Peregrine."

FOOTLIGHT FANFARE

Continued from page 6

After an absence of two years the Halifax Concert Party Guild group played performance No. 2115 for an enthusiastic capacity audience at Stadacona Auditorium recently..... Emceed by 'Uncle Mel' the fast-moving show scored, with vivacious Fay Weber in sophisticated songs and

taps; winsome Irene Spence in toe, hula and novelty dances; Ann Graham hula-dance-tranced the matelot audience; Lila Treadwell and Charlotte Guy, smooth accordinists; deadpan Bert Coote, comedy monologues; Peter and Ivan, clever Tchaikowsky parodyists; cute twosome Mary and Marjorie West singing 'I'll Walk Alone' had numerous convoy offers from audience.....



Toeing the mark for the first official plunge into the smart new swimming pool at HMCS Naden at Esquimalt, B.C., are these members of the "Naden" and "Givenchy" swimming teams who met in the opening gala at the pool. Starting them away is Commander McCrimmon, C.O. at "Naden," and the swimmers are, left to right, SBA A. Lalor, "Naden," C/M/M Hibbertson, "Givenchy," Sto. J. Heselgrave, "Naden," and AB Bacon, "Givenchy."

TIFFY-TALK

By L/SBA Bill Newman

Judging by the results of recent games, our Medical Staff hockey and basketball squads require a larger quota of vitamin pills. The hockey team, after leading the writers through most of the game, wilted in the third period to lose, 7-6. Surg./Lt. F. Denis scored 3 goals, Chief Bob Johnston tallied twice and P/SBA J. Lynch scored the other.

The basketball team also lost a very close game to the CPO's recently, 27-23. One suggestion has been made that in future the opposing teams be called in for their needles, just before the games. P/SBA's G. Fulton, I. Hovey and Jim Low are the pick of the medical team.

Cliff Hopmans made his first appearance of the season and with a bit of conditioning bids fair to bolster the team considerably.

Bowlers Sweep Clean

Our bowling teams got away to a good start on the opening night of the Ship's Company Bowling League, all but one of the five entries making a clean sweep of four points from the opposition. The team-captains are, RCNH: "A" Phil Reynolds; "B" Bert Lawford; "C" Bill Lloyd, Sick Bay; "A" Jerry Patz; "B" John McCormick. A lot of good entertainment is anticipated in this league.

Grant Hall, who was recently drafted to Ottawa, plaster cast and all, writes that he is happy over being so close to home. Another correspondent is Ross Hodgins, who is now living on civvy Street. Ross says he's working very hard but has no complaints.

The S.B.A.'s Recreation Club, originated by Cd./Wardmaster G. Slomb, has concluded a very successful year of activities and started another with a new committee: Pres., J. G. Frid; Vice-Pres., L. Sommerville; Sec'y-Treas, Wren B. Stansfield. Entertainment Committee: Vic Smith and Grace Bain. Your reporter was elected to supervise the sports.

Highlights of the show, which rated several encores, was Fred Stone's Violin Wizardry, which included imitations of bagpipes, mocking bird whistles, etc.....

Judging from the amount of favourable comment heard, the 'Oscar Award' for "Tops In Entertainment For Naval Personnel for 1944" should go to Lt. C. Harris, Lt.-Cdr. F. Cook and, their Staffs for presenting Stadacona's super-colossal Three-Day Fair which climaxed the season's activities. Attended by several thousand happy Navyites and their guests: Were they Happy? Oh, Brother! Why even an RPO was seen to smile! (Of course he rattled himself for it afterwards).....

When in hot water, be nonchalant —take a bath!!

Givenchy Drops Close Decision To Naden Natators At Opening

By Instr. Lieut. G. L. Amyot.

The red-letter event of the past month in the sports world in Naden was the opening of the new swimming-pool. This new up-to-date tank is one of the best on the west coast. It is 75 ft. long and 35 ft. wide with 10 ft. of water under the 1 meter and 3 meter boards.

Thanks to the generosity of the canteen committee the pool is lined with white and black tile and the walks are paved with brick red tiles. Efficient filtering, heating and chlorinating units treat the fresh water before it is circulated through the tank.

Commander McCrimmon officially opened the pool by firing the starting gun in the first race of a "Givenchy Naden" challenge meet. This proved to be a bitterly fought battle throughout, the lead changing hands three times during the evening before Naden eked out a close victory by winning both the medley relay and the free style relay.

Outstanding star of the meet was Naden's hardworking A/B Don Burgess who won two "firsts" in the open events and was also a valuable member of the victorious relay teams. Givenchy was best served by A/B Bacon and C/M/M Hibbertson.

This win gives the Naden swimming squad possession of the O'Neill challenge trophy till the next meet early in February.

Another aquatic show coming up is the MTE interclass swim gala. The sports representative of each class is busy selecting and training his best swimmers. A healthy sign is the keen interest being taken in the teams training for the relay events.

A number of the periods assigned for P.T. in the M.T.E. training classes are now spent in the swimming tank. This should help the P.T.I.'s discover some Weismullers for the next meet.

A/B Freddy Schick is a new addition to our P. and R.T. staff. Freddy joined us late in December but he is already hard at work and he is the friend of the Art App. classes because he relieves the monotony of their long Saturday morning P.T. grind, with interesting R.T. games. Even stokers like to play rather than work.

The Naden inter-part basketball league which plays all its games during the lunch hour continues to draw bigger crowds every day. The brand of basketball is improving and the

games are uniformly good. Due to the expert coaching of Yeoman Cole the flashy Signal School quintette finished on top at the end of the first half of the schedule. The Writers were one point behind closely followed by the "Art-Apps" and the S.B.A.'s The second half of the schedule is now under way.

The most popular sport among the officers is badminton. On Wednesday evenings and Sunday afternoons courts, rackets, shuttlecocks, etc. are available in the Naden drill hall. Several Naden and Givenchy officers are taking, advantage of these arrangements and most of them wind up their workout with a plunge in the pool. It is regrettable that more officers from the ships do not attend these sessions.

The ratings and Wrens are also "badminton-conscious" and play on Monday, Friday and Saturday evenings.

Recently the Naden table tennis tournament was played in the lower deck of the men's canteen, during the lunch hour. A consolation draw was arranged so that everyone who entered played at least two matches. One of the highlights was the brilliant play of the Captain who stroked his way to the semi-finals before bowing to the tricky spins and chops of Stoker Gillespie.

Major upset of the tourney was the surprise defeat of Lieut. "Ken" Ross by Leading Wtr. Carriere. After dropping the first game to the smooth stroking schoolmaster, Carriere staged a determined rally to win a very close match 17-21, 21-18, 21-19. Carriere then went on to defeat Gillespie in a "marathon" match to win the silverware.

Stoker Champagne was declared the winner in the consolation event. The sports office is continually being

Continued on page 10

Meet The Professor

A Feature Article Based on an Interview with Professor Fred Baldwin, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada's Foremost Tattoo Artist.

BY JAMES A. TAPP

From Shanghai in the mystic East, to Australia away down under, from Liverpool to Bombay, and from Vancouver on this continent to his abode in Halifax, the masterpieces of Professor Frederick Baldwin are today in evidence. Unlike the old masters the ubiquitous works of the Professor are not hung in canvas, nor do they adorn the walls of the sumptuous art galleries of the world. Rather, he is the proletariat's artist and his creations are effected on the human epidermis of all and sundry who would desire to adorn the anatomy with picturesque memories of loved ones and cherished places. In fact the Professor is pleased to impress any caricature or drawing on the human body that the subject may request. In lieu of the artists' brushes Professor Baldwin's tools consist of a conglomeration of fine needles operated by a small electric motor. For if you have not gleaned his profession thus far, we hasten to inform our gentle reader that the Professor is one of Canada's most illustrious exponents of the "Tattoo."

Needle—ss To Say

The Professor is a kind, pleasant, philosophic little man with a ready smile and a deep sense of humour. His profession has afforded him an insight into the romantic life of his patrons and the pitfalls and tribulations encountered in their amorous aspirations. He relates with a chuckle on the case of one particular sailor who at the criterion of his affaire d'amour, had his loved one's name inscribed on his right forearm. But alas, all did not go well; there was the inevitable lover's tiff, and they came to the parting of the ways; the sailor now visibly marked with a memory of a discarded love. Time, the great healer, together with a new object of this sailor's affection had healed the old wound but the new damsel in his life was unhappy, indeed, when she discovered that "Jennie" was emblazoned in pretty red letters on his right arm. So the Professor was consulted and "Suzie" was imprinted in the centre of a bleeding heart on the sailor's chest, which was surely ample proof that "Jennie" was a mere overture to this new affair with "Suzie". But the latter maiden refused to be pacified and the Professor was again visited; this time "Jennie" was obliterated by a colourful red rose and another romance destined for oblivion was rescued by the artist's needles.

Offers Much Variety

With a galaxy of over 3000 standard designs to choose from, sailors, as a general rule are prone to choose patriotic designs or items indicating a leaning towards superstition rather than the "nudes" at one time popular. And the time-worn adage of seafarers, "a pig on the knee means safety at sea," is still faithfully to, Professor Baldwin claims as he is frequently called upon to tattoo the little "Porkers" on sea-going knees. Shortly after the sinking of the "Margarete" and the "Fraser," he was swamped with "In Memorium" orders from former shipmates of the men who lost their lives. But the old standbys such as "Sailor's Grave" and "Death Before Dishonour" still retain their popularity with sailors both in the Navy and in the merchant service.

Although the Professor has decorated

people all over the world with thousands of different drawings, his masterpiece he feels, was done in Montreal. It was a scene depicting the Ascension of Christ replete with the 48 angels and including every colour in the spectrum. The job, which was done on the back and shoulders of the patron, took over three months to complete, and Professor Baldwin considers his top fee of \$75 was well-earned. He himself is a strong exponent of his art as he proudly proved to us by revealing cavorting dancing girls, snakes, and a host of other tattoos, which practically cover his body from his ankles to his neck. As we admired each work in turn, the Professor took us on a veritable Cook's tour: a snake done in India back in the 1890's—a laurel wreath in subdued pastels designed by a fellow artist some where in Africa—a Union Jack bearing memories of his native London, England, and variety of names recording otherwise forgotten romances.

"Free-Hand" is Art

As he lit a cigarette the Professor undertook to explain the operation of the tiny needles which are inserted into a holder resembling a jeweller's engraving tool. Electrically operated, needles which strangely enough are referred to in the Profession, as "brushes", penetrate the skin at approximately 3000 jabs per minute to only on fortieth of an inch. He has never witnessed any ill effects from the operation in his forty-five years of tattooing and remarks that nervous tension is the sole reaction to the whirring electric pencils. For more elaborate designs, a stencil is first cut in celluloid, the outline being later traced on the epidermis of the subject, "But" he added, "most fellows like to brag about a 'free hand job' so unless the stencil is requested or especially necessary he rarely uses it. Contrary to a common belief, the tattoo can be removed, and in support of this statement the Professor handed us a brown envelope containing a browner object resembling a piece of dry leather and bearing a faint impression of a butterfly. "It's part of a girl's leg," he explained "her fiance refused to accompany her down the middle aisle unless she had her tattoo removed." The

Professor is not too keen about undertaking the tedious and painful operation, but it can be done with a certain combination of carefully prepared chemicals. "So" he continued with a grin "I removed it."

Among his more delicate assignments, Professor Baldwin recalls tinting a woman's face a subtle shade of pink. To get the desired result, the woman first applied makeup to one side of her visage and the Professor duplicated the colouring on the other side. He considers this type of tattooing a little too nerve shattering for every day work, however, and he is not keen on repeating such a task.

Elucidating on the more practical values of tattooing, the Professor mentioned many incidents where tattoo marking have served to identify criminals and unidentified bodies. Service men and women have flocked to his little place of business in droves since the outbreak of war to have blood grouping data and official numbers permanently inscribed on their arms. "You meet a lot of funny gazabos in this business" he went on "one of my customers was a religious fanatic, and he came to me regularly to have bible quotations tattooed on his chest and back," but when this fellow insisted on having five commandments to grace each hip, Mr. Baldwin decided to call it quits.

Pate-Riotic

Once in retrospect, our genial friend delved deeply into the inexhaustible repertoire of anecdotes which polka dotted his illustrious early days in the profession. He continued with a resume of an operation which we consider paramount in outstanding tattooing. It involves a character referred to simply as "Little Joey" a native of Quebec where Professor Baldwin was in business at the time. It seems that "Little Joey" was a staunch advocate of the Liberal cause and a fervent admirer of Sir Wilfrid Laurier who currently championed the party. As a manifestation of his fidelity the fellow had his head shaven and Professor Baldwin was called upon to impress on "Little Joey's" now hairless cranium, a tattoo bearing the image and likeness of the grand old man of politics. The work continued for a period of several iweeks after which "Little Joey" joned a carnival troupe then touring the country; being billed as "The most Patriotic Man in Canada" The two-headed man" and other misleading captions. "Little Joey" only weighed about 125 pounds" the professor remarked "but it was amazing the amount of punishment that little fellow could stand."

Sometimes there are boomerangs too, as in the case of an army Corporal who was desirous of transferring to the navy. Anxious to impress the naval authorities of his nautical trend of thought, the Corporal had a very formidable battle wagon designed on his chest prior to his interview. Medical examination revealed that his eye sight was below navy requirements, however, and the corporal sadly returned to Army life with naught for his gallant efforts, save the elaborate battleship tattooed on his otherwise uhsalty chest.

Professor Baldwin confessed that he achieves a modicum of secret delight in adorning the human anatomy, but he likes to impress upon the potential customer's mind before he makes the final impression on their epidermis, that the work is permanent. Apropos of tattooing are the brilliant lines of Omar Khayam:

"The moving finger writes and having Writ moves on,
Nor all they piety nor wit can lure it
Back to cancel half a line
Nor all they tears wash out a word of it.

A disconsolate seaman was complaining to a civilian friend about the cook, who insisted in putting onions in everything.

"Why, he served then raw, fried, broiled, stewed and in soup. And the darned things always disagreed with me," he moaned.

"Well, it's too bad they don't disagree with your cook, too," the friend consoled him.

"Oh my gosh!" said the little man, "They wouldn't dare!"

ALONG JETTY ROW

by Hermes

(In which we learn more about the Merrittonia's crew)

"It was 11:30 at night, September, 1940. We were waiting for the ship just outside the three-mile limit when she tried to make a dash for the open seas and Germany. At first I wasn't sure just what she was. We fired across her bows, then turned a searchlight on her. Before she knew what was happening, we had a cutter over the side and a boarding party under command of our Jimmy was shoving off. I was one of the boat's crew. That's how P/O Ted Nordman, Mattawa, Ont., began his story of how they captured a German cargo vessel when he served in "Prince Robert."

"With the. Jimmy was another officer and Petty Officer Moist, now a Warrant Bos'n. When he got his half-stripe, he was the only VR bos'n in the Canadian Navy. I don't know about the present time.

"We took most of the German crew in the cutter and took them back as prisoners aboard the Prince Robert. A few key men were left at their stations, under guard, and we brought her in to Vancouver with a prize crew aboard. We were out alone at the time, and there were just the two of us making the return trip.

"The papers were full of it, but we were only in port for two days before we were back in the South Pacific. Didn't give us much time to celebrate. Our skipper, Commander Beard, RCN Temp., retired soon afterward. Maybe he was mad."

One of the newer hands aboard the Merrittonia is Able Seaman Art Wilson who was cutting a mean caper at Cornwallis about this time last year. Art haunted the Special Services office for many many weeks while ostensibly on manual party, but, contrary as ever, helped make the place much more liveable than usual, proving that he could not even be a respectable banshee. He was a great man to have around for ship shows, but early in '44 he left to take part in a bigger one, on a larger circuit.

He joined the Sackville in Halifax, and, with typical Wilsonian luck, landed down at Galveston Texas for more than two months while the ship was refitting.

"We lived at an American Naval section base for a month then moved up to Fort-Crockett where they keep a lot of German Prisoners. They kept telling me I was only a guest, but why did they shine all those bright lights on me every morning? And ask those silly questions? You might almost have thought I had done something wrong. Imagine that!"

Actually the ship's company had a good time. They had a dorm to themselves, there was good swimming, they caught sand crabs, and our old chum the Artful Dodger gave five exhibitions of solo skating at a local roller rink.

"I went overseas with the Sackville, but all we bagged was our pants. We did get two mines though. Yes, sir! We filled them full of lead. Oh, what a time! You know there's little things sticking out of a mine that you're supposed to hit to blow them up? Well, we shot at them with pom poms, orelikons, 303's, Sten guns, Lewis guns—I guess that's enough—and we couldn't hit the darned things. So we filled them full of lead and they sank.

"Once, when we were three days out of Derry, we blew one of our boilers. How did it happen? I don't know. It just went pffftttt! And it was full of holes. We turned around and went back to Derry on one boiler. Sat there a month trying to fix it but couldn't do it. So we came back in the middle of a convoy, screening the duty carrier of the three MAC's that were travelling with us. The duck boats were converted Dutch grain ships, and one of them was on duty every night, while the pilots of the other two rested up.

"One day a plane crashed. It came down for a landing, the stern of the carrier heaved up and the plane tottered then fell over. We picked up the three crew members, uninjured, but one was suffering from shock—I don't know if it was the crash or me helping him over the side that did it. He was better that night and all three of them were taken back aboard their own ship.

"There were about 85 ships in that convoy, bound for various American and Canadian ports. Our ship stayed on at Newfie for a couple of weeks, and I saw Amy Jonason there." Amy was a boogie woogie pianist down Deep Brook way at the same time that Art was committing his maerry mayhem there, but her 10 little fingers are busy at work in one of the ship's offices aboard HMCS Avalon at time of writing.

Art is looking forward to evolutions again, strange as that may seem.

"Lovely swimming," he said.

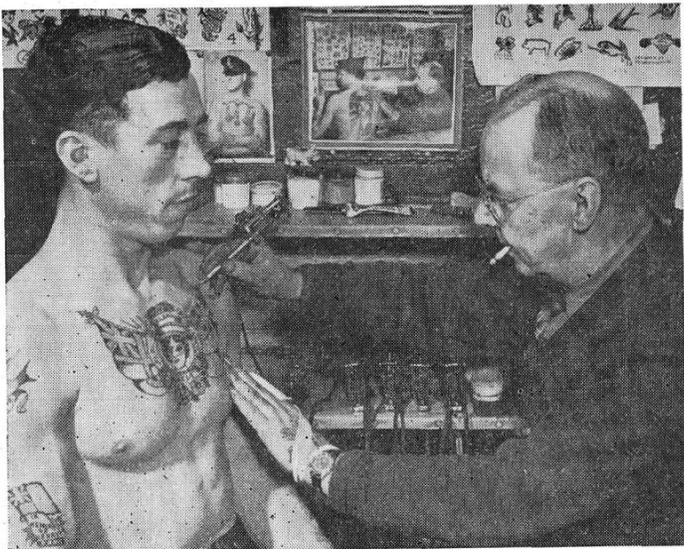
"How's the fishing?" we asked.

"There isn't any," he replied. "All the women are coloured. There are a few white ones though. But they've got six rings on their wedding finger. Married twenty times; some every day. See some one they like and pffftttt! Married!

"Any one like you, Art?"

"Nope, didn't get that close," which is speaking darned highly of the swimming.

For a new ship—she was commissioned November 10, 1944, the Merrittonia carries a fair assortment of "old salts", but more than half of the crew is green and has never been to sea before. For many of them it was their first Christmas afloat, but they embraced the Yuletide season with a mighty fine ship that had to be their father, mother, brother, sister, and old St. Nick all rolled in on for many months to come.



The Professor does a "Canvas"

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"Cornwallis" Plans Big Cage Conference In March

Inter-Service Play For All Maritimes

Something really big and up-to-date in basketball is in the sports wind at HMCS Cornwallis these days. While it is still in a very tentative state, there is a pretty good chance that a huge basketball conference will be run off at the Base sometime during March.

While the whole thing is in the embryo form at present, Lt. Jake Edwards, manager of the strong senior squad at Cornwallis and one of the sports officers, is working out details which would make this conference, if it is held, not only the biggest basketball show of the season in the Maritimes, but the first time such a conference has been staged on such a large scale in Canada.

These conferences are very popular in the United States. Most States hold their state championships as such and each season Madison Square Garden invites the top teams in the country to compete there.

Inter-Service Show

The "Cornwallis" conference would be an inter-service show and invitations would be sent to all the service teams playing in the Maritimes. Present plans call for a two-day weekend show which would see basketball games played on the large gym floor in the P. and R.T. School at the Base all Saturday afternoon and evening and all Sunday afternoon and evening until the final winner of the tournament is decided.

Usually these tournaments are run off so that each team plays at least two games. All teams are drawn in the first round, the winners making one bracket and the losers another for the ensuing knockout competition. The final game brings together the winner of each bracket for the title.

While plans for this big basketball show are in the making, the strong "Cornwallis" senior men's team is running up a string of victories both in league competition and exhibition games.

Their most recent victories were a pair scored over a smart team from HMCS Peregrine played at the Base. In the first game the Cornwallis team had the upper hand throughout to finally windup on the long end of a 48-37 count.

Came From Far Back

The second game of the series was a bit different. "Peregrine" got off to a good start and held the lead until the last three minutes of the contest. Five minutes from the end the Base team rallied and came charging from ten points behind to win 48-45.

The rally was sparked by PTI Don Whalen while Ruddy and McKeachie added the necessary points to pull the game out of the fire. McGowan was a very handy man for "Peregrine," getting 13 points in each of the two contests.

In a previous series in Halifax the two teams broke even, "Peregrine" winning the first game 46-42, while "Cornwallis" ran off with the second game, 57-37.

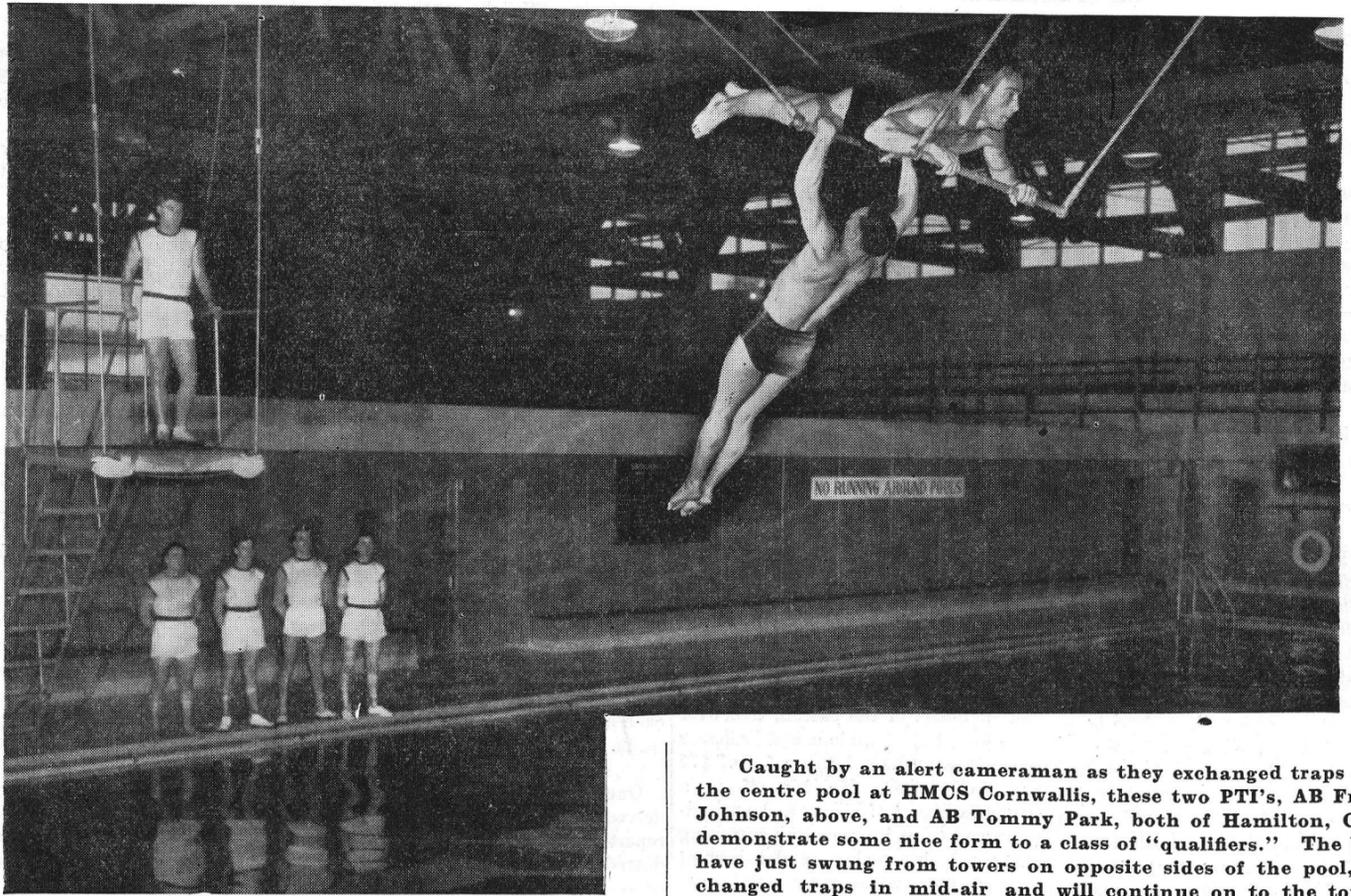
In league competition the "Cornwallis" squad has an impressive record. They have beaten the "Cornwallis" 'B' team 78-41, trounced Aldershot Army 50 to 9, and repeated their win over the Base 'B' squad, 59-34.

GIVENCHY DROPS

Continued from page 8

asked by officers and ratings, "What about hockey?" Unfortunately there is nothing that can be done. The local arena burned down last spring and the closest ice surface is in Vancouver. It is very sad indeed as there is enough top-notch senior hockey material in this base to produce a real hockey club.

The S.B.A.'s, hardy souls, have



Caught by an alert cameraman as they exchanged traps over the centre pool at HMCS Cornwallis, these two PTI's, AB Frank Johnson, above, and AB Tommy Park, both of Hamilton, Ont., demonstrate some nice form to a class of "qualifiers." The boys have just swung from towers on opposite sides of the pool, exchanged traps in mid-air and will continue on to the towers again. This trapeze work is part of the routine training of a PTI in this Navy. Some of the trap displays put on by the instructional staff at the P. and R.T. School make for one of the most thrilling shows seen at the Base. Oh, yes—they sometimes miss and fall with a splash into the pool many feet below. RCN Photo by L/Photog. Norman Keziere.

Spectacular Trapeze Work Part Of Course

One of the most difficult and exacting courses in the Canadian Navy's training program is that which the Physical Training Instructors are required to go through. It calls not only for long hours in lecture rooms but various feats of physical endurance and ability in all fields of sports and exercising.

Among the various requirements of the qualified PTI is a proficiency on the flying trapeze. The swimming pools thus become one of the important departments in the training program at the P. and R. T. School at HMCS Cornwallis, where all the PTI's are trained.

In the photo above two of the instructors at the School are shown going through one of the spectacular drills on the traps which are rigged high above the centre of three large pools in the School.

The two gentlemen above are, incidentally, accomplished tank performers in their own right. AB Frank Johnson is the diving champion at the Base while AB Tommy Park is current Dominion champion in the 2-mile, the mile and half-mile swims and holds the Dominion record for the

40-yard breaststroke.

Latest in Swim Pools

All the instructors under Chief Petty Officer Charlie Olford are able to perform on these traps and some of the best shows for the personnel at the Base are when these trapeze performances are put on during swimming galas.

The pools themselves are among the best and most up-to-date in the Dominion and are the only ones to be rigged with two swinging traps. Each of the three pools in itself complies with Olympic standards and measures 82 feet by 60 feet, is built with a spoon-shaped bottom and has a depth of four feet at the shallow end and 10 feet at the deep.

During the course of all training both ratings and Wrens are required to pass swim tests of forty yards and to float for three minutes dressed in a duck suit. Ratings are also required to be able to jump from the high tower clothed in the duck suit.

That's a Lot of Water

For exhibition purposes and for the pleasure of the personnel the pools are equipped with a one-metre board, a three-metre board and a three-metre tower.

Temperatures in the pool are kept constantly comfortable so as to enable swimming all the year 'round. And each pool gets a complete turnover of water every eight hours through a filter system. It requires a total of 220,000 gallons to fill each pool.

Aside from instructional purposes the pools are a source of great entertainment for the personnel at the Base. During recreational and off-duty hours they are constantly in use and the regular swim galas which are held for all departments are turning out some high calibre water stars.

Conductor—Madam, that child is over 5 years old and he will have to pay full fare.

Lady—But I've only been married four years.

Conductor—Gimme the fare, lady. I ain't interested in your past.

Base Puckmen In Valley Loop

Having been firmly established at the top end of the Halifax Senior Hockey League since early in the season, HMCS Cornwallis is now making a bid for more hockey laurels. The sailors from Deep Brook have a team entered in the recently formed Valley Inter-Service League.

Coached by Warrant Officer Charles Rhodes, the sailors got off to a good start, winning 6-2 decision over the Air Force from Greenwood in a game played on the Base.

Other teams in the loop include Army squads from both Windsor and Aldershot and a team from the Acadia University.

started a 3-team deck hockey league which operates in the drill hall. The fur certainly flies and no doubt their enthusiasm will be contagious and other branches will organize teams.

"Cornwallis" Puckmen Rolling On Unchecked

HMCS Cornwallis' powerful hockey machine is continuing to roll on unchecked in the Halifax Senior Hockey League although they are far from having the easy time of it they had last season in winning the Maritimes crown.

"Montcalm" Puckmen Off To Splendid Start

By A/B Jim Einarson

Sport is gradually coming into its own at HMCS Montcalm with something to do for everybody.

The main attraction is the skating rink which was opened for the first time this year on a lot located directly across from the barracks. Largely due to the untiring efforts of L/Smn. Ed. Smith was the rink possible. Smith toiled industriously with his working party to get it into shape.

The hockey team, which many consider to be of Allan Cup calibre, was weakened considerably when Bill Reay received his discharge due to medical reasons. It is believed that Reay will line up with the Detroit Red Wings in the NHL.

Other well known players on the team include Eddie Dartnell, Douglas Baldwin, Norman Larson and Bill Robertson. All played with the Quebec Aces in the Quebec senior loop. Larson however did not team up with the Allan Cup champions of a year ago.

The team has finally found a league to play in and in two games in the Quebec City Intermediate has won both.

A team is entered in the Quebec Garrison Basketball league and is giving a fair account of itself. L/Smn. Dave Burns is in charge. Tommy Wood, Lyle Dowell and Matt Bouchard form the nucleus of the team.

Bowling is also in full swing and at the time of writing they are in a presentable position and are looking forward to retaining their laurels won a year ago.

Freddie Bertrand, a member of the

The standings which appear below indicate the enormous lead in points piled up by the Base team. But it fails to give much indication of the nip and tuck battles which take place almost anytime any of the three teams tangle. In the majority of games played this season in the league only one goal has separated the clubs at the final bell.

Here is the way the league stacked up in respect to points, etc., at press time.

	P.	W.L.	For	Agst.	Pts.
"Cornwallis".....	8	7	1	46	33 14
Halifax Navy.....	7	2	5	31	40 4
RCAF Dart-					
mouth.....	7	2	5	28	32 4

Both the RCAF and Halifax have shown considerable improvement in their most recent games and competition has been good enough to pack both the Forum in Halifax and the Arena at Cornwallis for every game of the season so far.

The league schedule comes to a close this month after which a playoff series will be arranged, winners then taking on whatever opposition offers in the other leagues in the Maritimes. And it is a pretty good bet that whichever team comes out on top in the Halifax Senior League will win the Maritimes crown currently held by the boys from "Cornwallis."

team holds the single game mark of 232 which should take some beating.

The officers are also having their sport. They have a smart volley ball club and are open for challenges. They engaged and defeated the PO's and Chiefs. In addition they have a good hockey aggregation with Lts. D. P. McLennan, Lemay and J. G. Fraser being outstanding.

It is the intention of Lt. Frank Starr to hold monthly boxing shows and judging by the success of the last show they should be all right.

Effingham Nails Hawke For N. E. Hockey Crown

Avalon Sports Shorts

by "Sully"

Whoever wrote that song-hit "Time waits for no one," certainly knew his onions! Due to a spot of leave, I missed the last issue of the Crow's Nest; but here I am again—trying to figure out exactly what happened to all the time, between November and January. Oh well—"Ours is not to reason why," etc !!

On my return to Avalon I found that the Navy was living up to its steady reputation, and was even trying to out-do itself. Naturally the weather is strictly opposed to all of our efforts, but everything else is ready—when the weather is.

"Back-Check"— "Chuck" Vuohelainen, our genial senior hockey manager, and "all around athlete" is tearing his hair out these days. With tons of top notch talent, and plenty of good gear, he has no ice to play on. Organization of this year's team is way above par, and it's a crying shame that so much work, actually is wasted. We've had ice for exactly two days so far this season, and prospects for the future are not promising. In fact, I expect to see robins hopping around the rink, any day now.

In their first game of the season, R.C.N. players trounced St. Bons College, 9-7 in a very good game. We feel that the score would have been much more lopsided, had the ice been fast; but the slush slowed up our forwards terribly.

And we do have quite a roster! Hergensheimer (Black Hawks), Little (Buffalo Bisons), Adams (Baltimore Orioles), Petterson (Cornwallis Sr.), Larabie, Gluck, Rowe, Slifka, Fitzpatrick, Wade, Pion, Cleary, Gesecyk, Pat Harvey as coach, and Rowley (Jessie James) Lewis as trainer. We'd like a crack at Halifax and Cornwallis.

"Hopping With the Hoopsters"—Senior basketball keeps pace with senior hockey in organization, but has the advantage in playing facilities. P.T.I. "Ned" Larsen manages the blue and white, and P.O. Borton was playing coach prior to his western draft. We miss "Bort," but his shoes are being ably filled by S/Lt. Ed. Mohone. Roy Lowe, and Al Seed play outstanding forward games, while Lt. Mitchell plays one of the best defensive games we've seen.

Against a fair civilian team R.C.N. as 33-22 winners, and their first league game against the Canadian Army, they chalked up a decisive 63-22 victory. Teamwork is very evident when these boys start to move, and big things are expected from them. Good Luck Boys.

"Lake Placid?"—Something new has been added in Avalon. A winter camp has been set up just outside of town, and if the weather will play ball with us, Naval ratings will be able to have a skiing good time. A building has been rented near one of our many lakes, and all equipment for a winter resort has been moved in. Toboggans, skis, skates etc. are ready at a



moment's notice, and transportation is obtainable when needed. It's discouraging to be so well prepared, and then wake up to the fact that, from appearances, old man winter is working against us. Lots of time yet, though.

"Interpart Basketeers"—In a pre-season league, much enthusiasm was displayed by all participating teams, and now that the real schedule is underway business goes on as usual. Central Victualling Depot nosed out the Communications team in the warm-up league, and now everyone is back in there with plenty of oomph!! Our Drill Hall sure has a busy season ahead of it.

"Our Girls"—The Wrens Basketball addicts after a hectic time trying to get organized, finally have a very decent team lined up. Main trouble in this circuit, is the lack of competition. Outside of the Air Force, there is no one to play, but a darned good time is had when these two battling female aggregations meet.

In their first game, the Wrens surprised everyone by playing a bang up game to lick the W.D.'s. Now it's do or die, and the coming weeks hold promise of some real tussles. We are beginning to feature double-headers of late. First the girls play, and then come the Senior teams. It makes quite an evening's entertainment.

"Just Like the Birds"—Badminton has definitely become the outstanding sport for Naval ratings in Avalon. We have a number of additional courts this year and equipment is plentiful enough to ensure that Ratings and Wrens can play out the season with no trouble.

Not only lovely to look at, but these Wrens of the HMCS Cornwallis basketball team can play basketball, too. They have a thoroughly impressive record for their brief season to date, their most recent victories being in a double-header at the Base in which they defeated a team of gals from HMCS Peregrine, 51-7 and 24-14. Previously they had knocked off "Peregrine" in Halifax, 37-6, and played a thrilling overtime tie with "Stadacona," 23-all. PTI Don Whelan of the "Cornwallis" senior team has been coaching the girls but has relinquished those pleasant duties to PTI Bob Beatie. The ladies from left to right include Audrey Snyder, Windsor, Ont., Win Mathews, St. Catherines, Kathleen Hopkins, Oshawa Kathleen Morley, Owen Sound, Bernice Marsh, Calgary, Helen Rathwell, Medicine Hat, Joan MacDonald, Hamilton, Ont., Dorothy Dales, Newmarket, Ont., Kathleen Pamplin, Trill, B.C., Moira McKinley, Regina. RCN Photo by L/Photog. Jimmy McDonald.

Big League Players To Perform For Personnel At 'Hunter' Soon

Windsor, Ont.—With this issue of the "Crow's Nest" a new contribution is added from HMCS Hunter, situated here. An endeavour will be made to try and keep all those who have passed through "Hunter" at one time or another, posted on the happenings here.

To those who are not familiar with our ship, we have a fine large main deck, and are able to carry on all winter with a fine sports program. Owing to the curtailment of sports in general during the war, we do not have the opportunity of entering teams from the ship in very many outside competitive leagues as they are practically non-existent, but we do have our own competitions right aboard amongst the various training divisions and branches of our ship's staff.

Recently, a basketball team from "Hunter" was organized and home and home games with HMCS "Prevost" were arranged. "Prevost" was victorious in both encounters. In local competition games were arranged with various schools in Windsor and we have been able to cheer our team on to three victories in five games.

We have had four badminton courts marked out at one end of the main deck, and great interest has been taken in the game ever since by every one on board. For those who were new to the game, L/Smn. Stan Willimott arranged instructional periods, and some of the material he turned out in short order certainly did him credit. Atournament was run off just before Xmas, and was featured by O/Smn Harry Legue winning the singles crown. A second tournament is about to get under way, to be completed during February.

A ship's company deck hockey league was formed, and captured the interest of about 100 players. After a hard schedule the cooks from the galley staff carried off the silverware. They were a hard team right from the start, and outweighing the average opposing team by approximately one ton, it took a real rugged sailor to break through their defence.

The Hockey picture does not look

so bright this season from the standpoint of having Hunter represented in a league this winter. The Stoker Petty Officers, and ERA classes have arranged a House League. Some of the lads are also playing with the Sea Cadet team who have an entry in a local league.

We hope to see a game shortly that should satisfy all rabid hockey fans aboard. Tentative arrangements call for a tangle between Detroit Red Wings and Toronto Navy here in Windsor, on February 7.

Every Wednesday night the Ship sponsors a mixed sports night for ratings and their wives or sweethearts. Competition is keen in group games, volleyball, basketball and badminton.

Saturday morning has recently been set aside for sports events for those not on duty, and we have been fortunate in being able to secure a local swimming pool for use on these mornings.

STOKER CHIEFS' AND P.O.'S.
Continued from page 3

after midnight. Those on the committee in charge of arranging the highly successful affair included C. Beck, J. E. Newsome, T. A. Stewart, S. Hussey, R. Seale, W. Kilburn, R. H. Carter, O. J. Paton, G. R. Hartley.

Keen Sports Spirit In White-cap Ranks

Effingham's stout hockey squad has finally ended the long string of victories rung up by Hawke Block in the New Entry Seamen's sports competition at HMCS Cornwallis. In a thrilling playoff series, Effingham won the opening hockey league competition of the season defeating Hawke Block in the finals, 2 games to 1.

Favored to add another pennant to their sports mast the Hawke team got off to a good start in the final playoff series by beating Effingham 4 goals to 3. The second game of the series went to Effingham by identically the same score.

The final encounter which drew a very large house of New Entries, was another 4 to 3 count with Effingham again on the long end. Toting much of the load for the winners were Ord./Smn Dip Thompson, Don McGillivray and Chuck Forth.

Another league is already under way amongst the six New Entry Blocks and will not wind up until some time in April, at which time the ultimate winners will enter into competition for the Base championship.

Hoop Title at Stake

PTI Chuck Millman is in charge of New Entry sports now and there is plenty doing in his department. Currently the first basketball pennant is being decided with Drake, Effingham and Grenville still in the running.

Drake recently eliminated Anson 2 games to 1, and will meet the winners of Effingham and Grenville who are still battling it out in the semifinals.

The Drakes already have a new pennant flying from their stick, having placed first in a recent swim gala. And Benbow are pointing with pride to the tug-o-war pennant they won during a recent inter-block contest.

The New Entries, are also busy every Tuesday evening down at the Recreation Hall with their bowling league. This loop has just been launched, with two teams representing each block, and will continue on for another couple of months before the crown is settled.

Another Coming Up

One of the recent high lights in New Entry sports competition here at Cornwallis was the skating carnival staged at the Arena. Regular competition and a string of novelty events provided a keen battle for points and plenty of laughs for the non-skaters in the stands.

Hawke Block eventually won the competition, copping the last race on the card to push them over the top.

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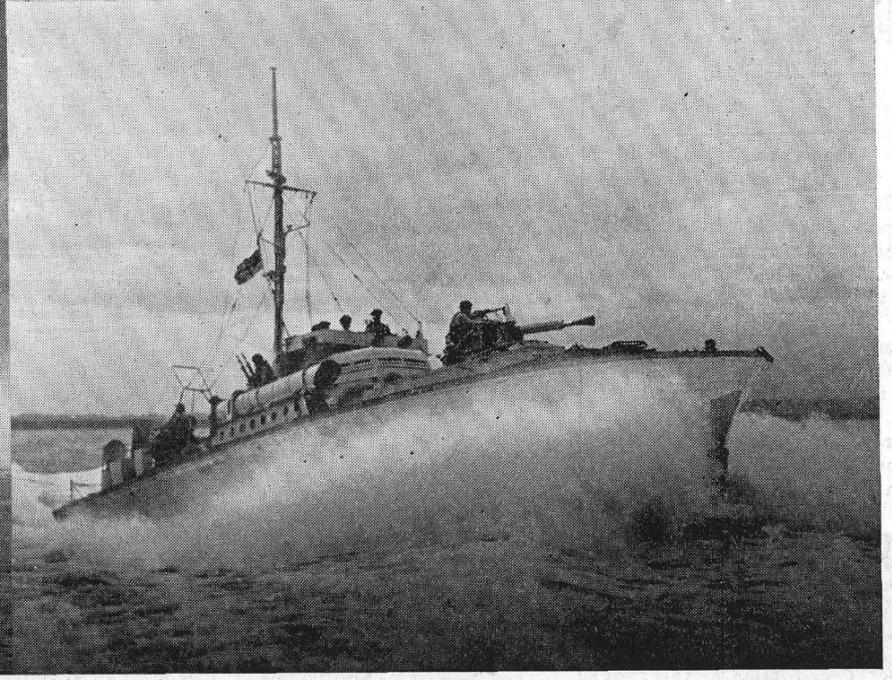
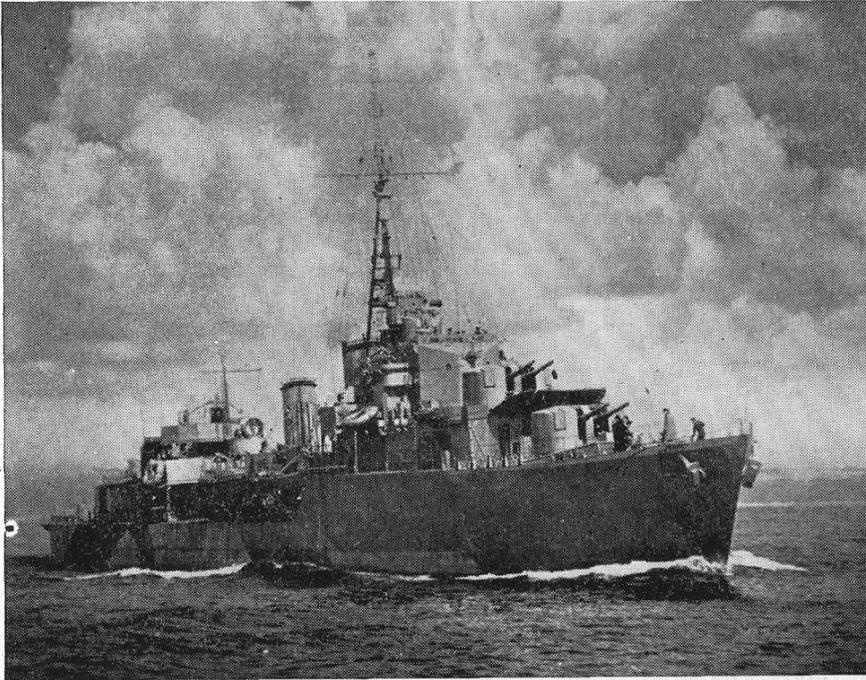
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The Crow's Nest—H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis", Cornwallis, N. S.

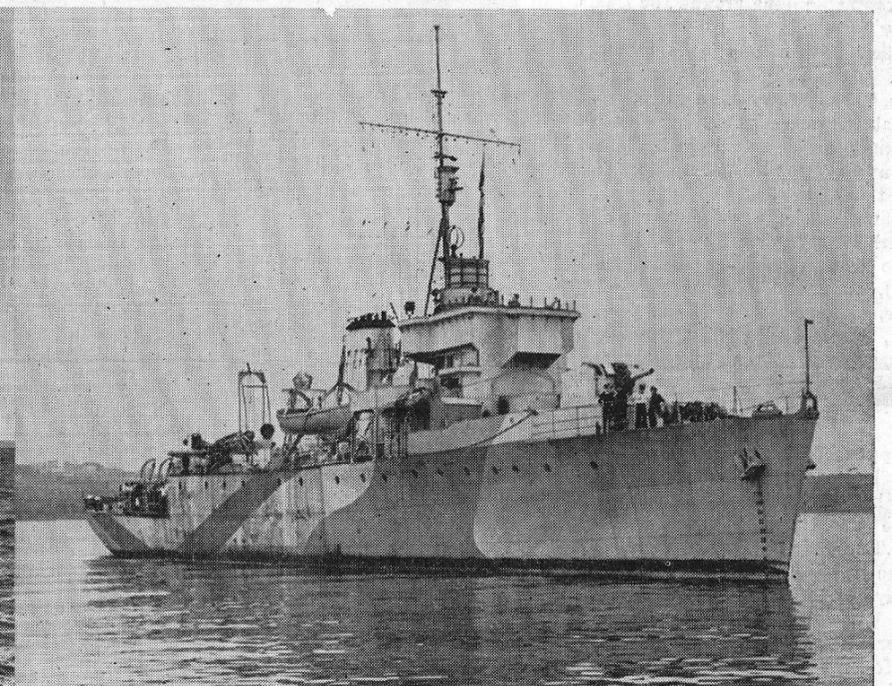
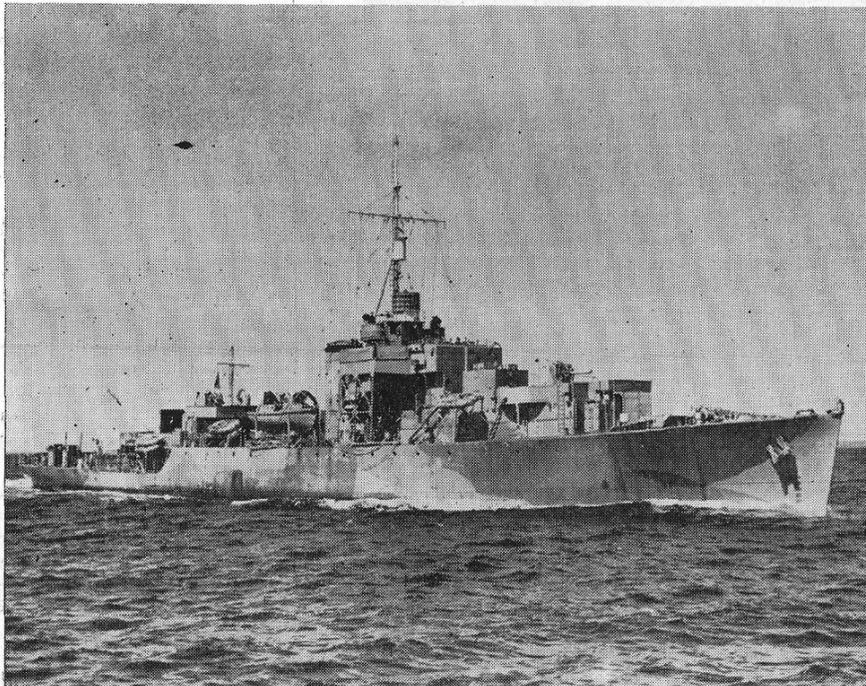
THE LITTLE SHIP NAVY--AND SOME OF HER BIG ONES

Shown here is the first of two pages of pictures of types of vessels used in this war by the Royal Canadian Navy. The pictures have been procured through the courtesy of the Photographic Section of The Department of Naval Information, Ottawa, and are being offered in answer to repeated requests from both Service and civilian readers. More "ship" pictures will appear in the March edition.—Ed.



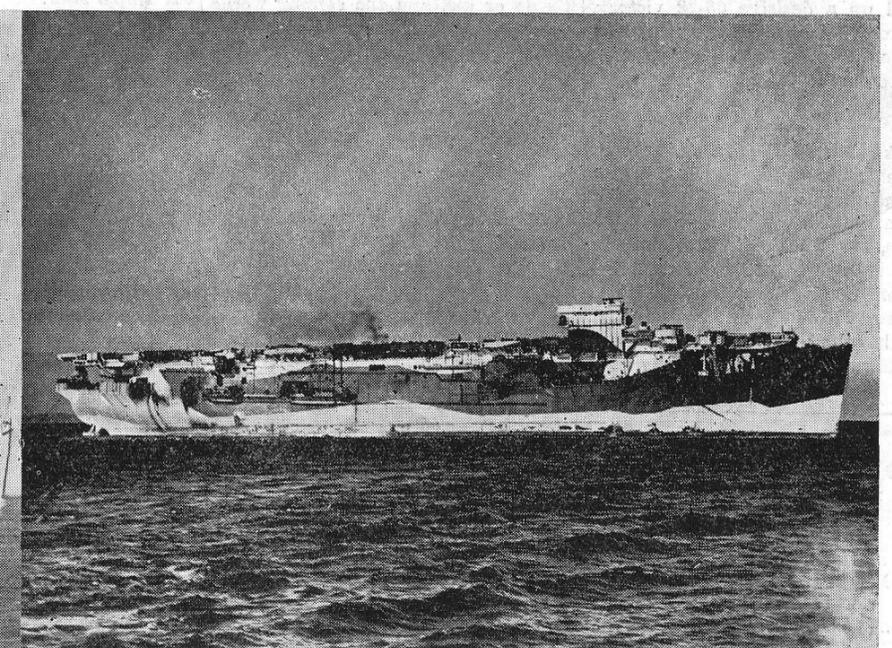
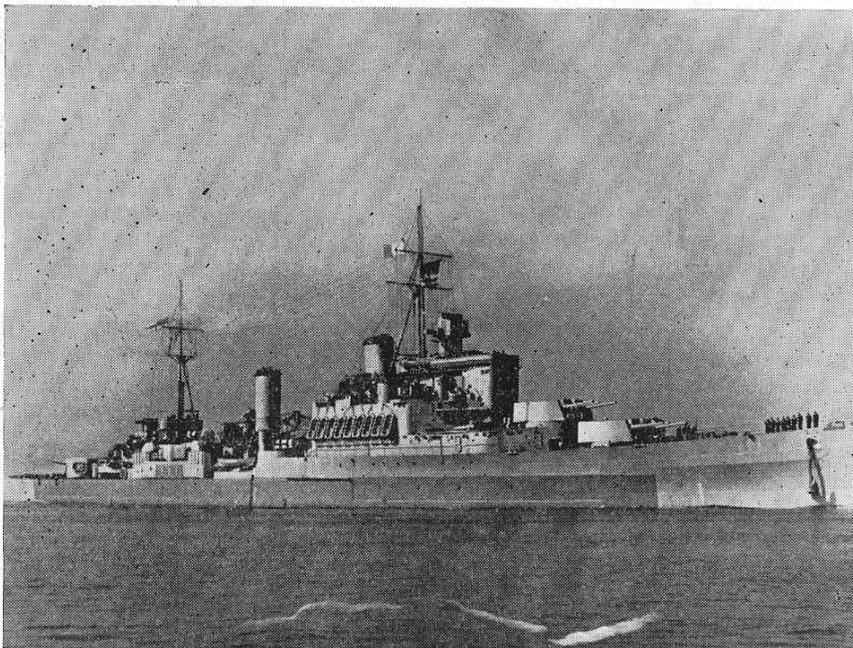
TRIBAL DESTROYERS: Canada now has four destroyers of the famous Tribal Class in service and more being built. Practically equal to light cruisers in weight of armament, they are about 375 feet long, displace about 2,000 tons and carry double the firepower of River Class destroyers. They are the largest class of warship ever built in Canada.

MOTOR TORPEDO BOATS: The furious speed and power of the motor torpedo boats of the flotillas manned by the Royal Canadian Navy is demonstrated in this picture of an MTB racing over the waters of the English Channel. Particularly important is the work the young Canadians on board are doing in driving off German E-boats and destroyers trying to interfere with the movement of men and supplies.



FRIGATE: The Frigate is one of the newer types of Royal Canadian Navy escort vessels. Over 300 feet long, with a tonnage of 1445, they rank about midway between corvettes and destroyers in speed, armament and manoeuvrability. Their normal complement is about 120 including six or seven officers.

ALGERINE MINESWEEPERS: Newest type of minesweeper being built in Canada is the Algerine, larger and more powerful than its predecessor the Bangor. Designed as fleet minesweeper, ships of this class are equally useful as convoy escorts and are equipped with the latest armament, antisubmarine and sweeping gear.



HMCS UGANDA: During a brief but impressive ceremony, held recently at an Eastern U.S. Navy Yard, the powerful 8,000 ton cruiser "Uganda" was officially transferred from the Royal Navy to the Royal Canadian Navy. The first of two cruisers of Canada's fast-growing Navy, HMCS Uganda shown here, is 549 feet in length, mounts 9 six-inch guns, 6 twenty-one inch torpedo tubes and is equipped with the very latest anti-aircraft armament. "Uganda" has a speed of more than 30 knots, carries a complement of some 800 men, and is entirely Canadian manned. Completed and originally commissioned for the Royal Navy late in 1942, "Uganda" played an important role in the invasion of Sicily and Italy. Later she moved up the Italian coast in support of the land-

ings at Salerno where she was damaged by enemy aircraft. She subsequently made her way to the United States for refit.

ESCORT CARRIERS: Newly added to the fast-growing fleet of escort carriers of the Royal Navy, this carrier is one of two commanded by Canadian officers and largely manned by personnel of the Royal Canadian Navy. A development of this war, the escort carriers have already proved their worth in the ceaseless war against U-boats in the Atlantic and for fleet reconnaissance. A broadside view of the carrier shows the length of her flight deck and the "island" situated well forward.