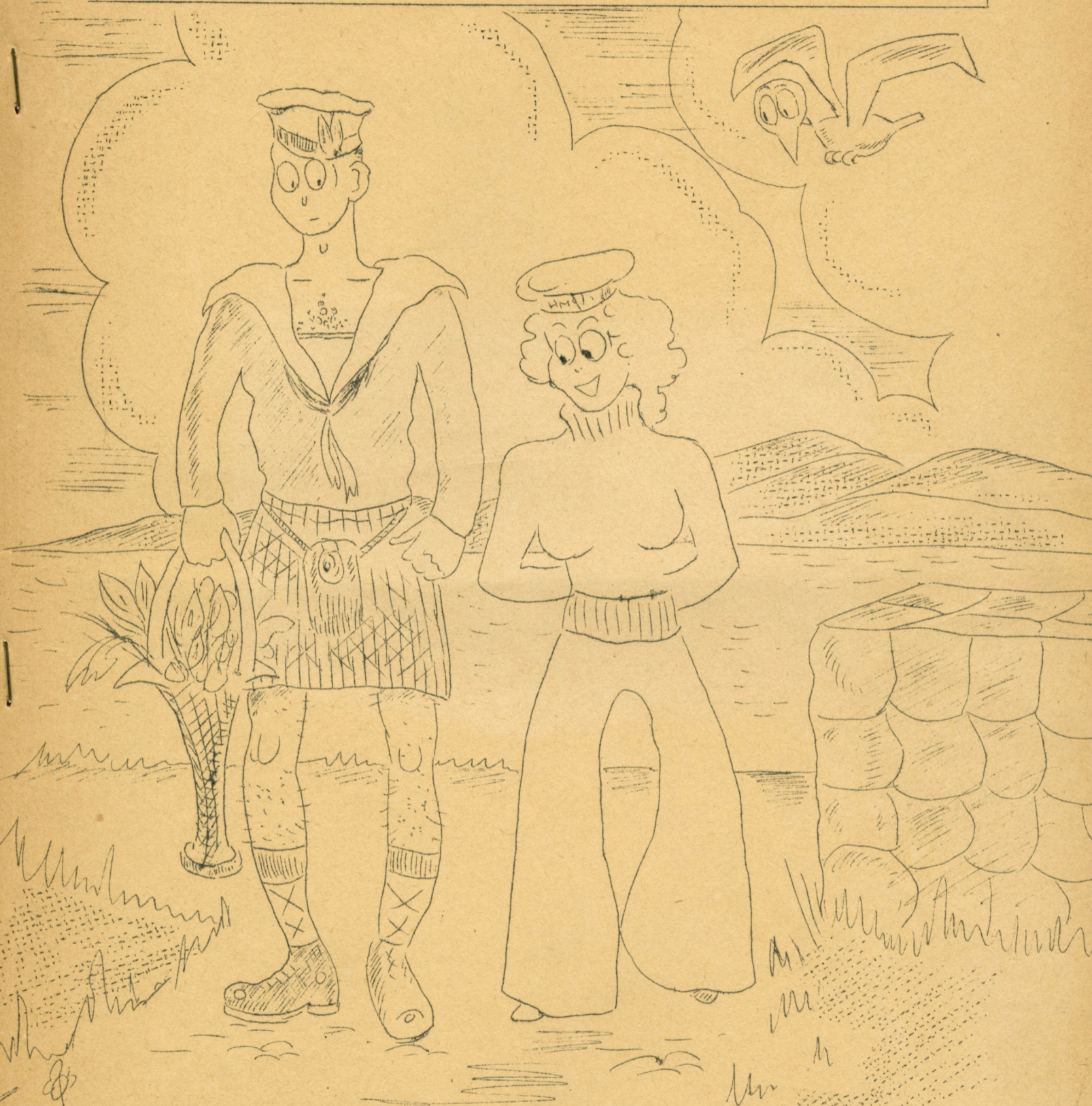
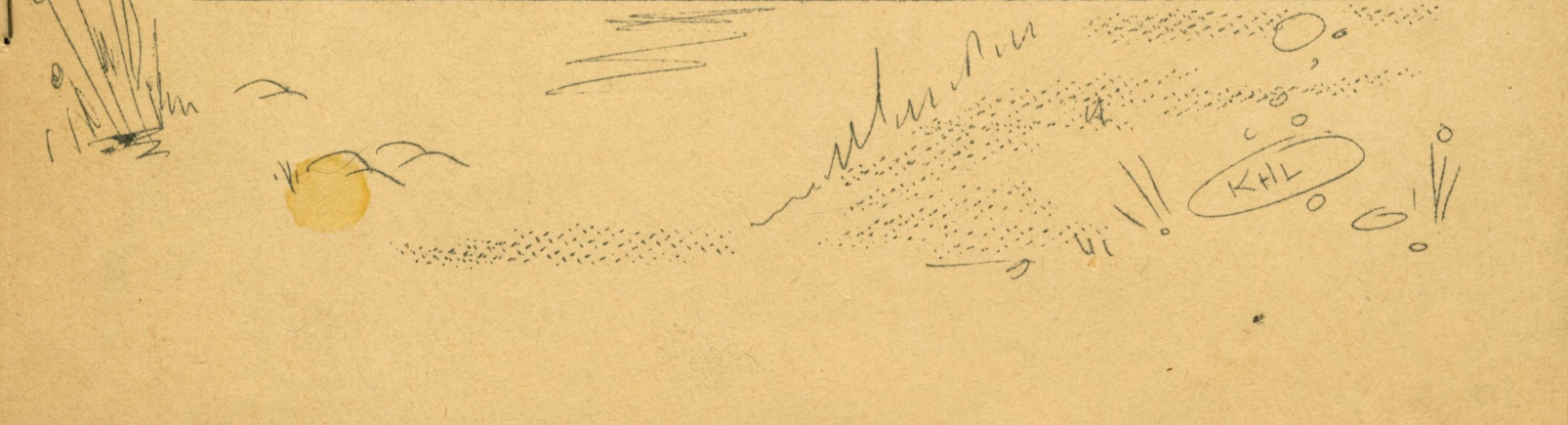


THE
NIOBE

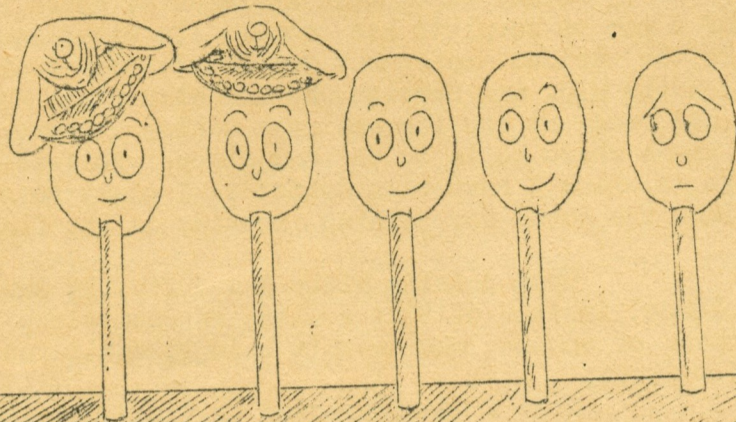
HAILER



VOLUME 2 MARCH NO 3



H.M.C.S. "NIOBE" "HAILER" STAFF



PATRON: A/CAPTAIN J.R.HUNTER
HON. PRESIDENT. A/CMDR. E.M. DETCHON
EDITOR: Writer B. Ford
PRODUCTION: Wt. Wtr. W. George
A. B. R. Schoenhals
TYPING: SBA R. Burrell
COVER: KHL
CARTOONS: KHL, EJH

H.M.C.S. "NIOBE"
GREENOCK
SCOTLAND

GUEST EDITORIAL

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Henceforth it will be the policy of the HALLER to have a guest editorial appear on this page each edition. The first in this series of guest editorials is written by Ldg. Stwd. Charles Halfyard who came to Canada on the "Sans Peur" and joined the R.C.N. at the outbreak of war)

"I was duly impressed with the lack of fuss and bother with which a draft is put through joining routine, and the efficient manner in which it is carried out.

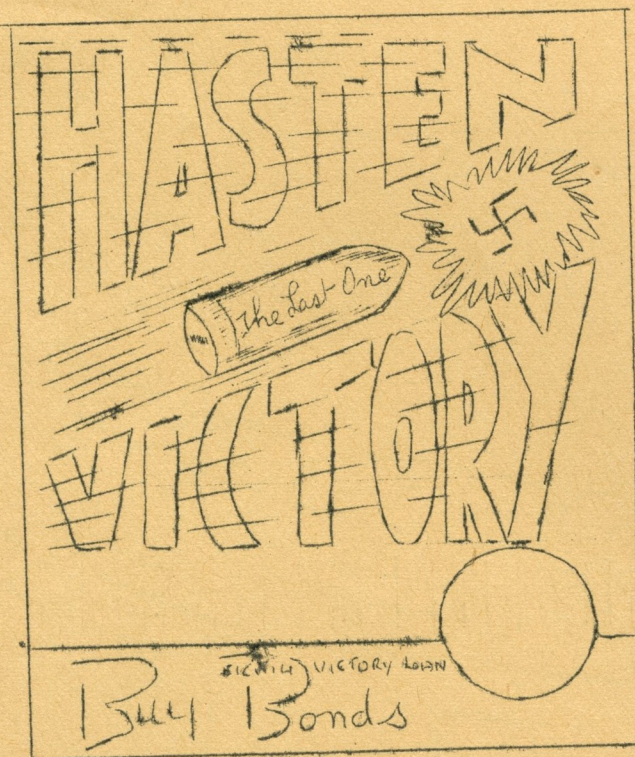
Other bases take at least 24 hours, sometimes two or three days for a man to complete his rounds. In Niobe you are ushered into The Theatre where the various department representatives await you. By the time you have seen the M.O. and Dentist who are also right on the spot, your card is stamped and ready at the far end of a table. Before he is in Niobe many minutes he knows where he is to eat and sleep. This is a vast improvement over any barracks to which I have been drafted. I might go so far to say that right here in Niobe the setup for joining routine is the finest in the Naval Service.

Upon joining Niobe I was firstly impressed with the atmosphere of welcome, instead of that feeling one sometimes gets of being an inter interloper, or someone who doesn't belong, until you have been around barracks for a few weeks.

Next I was impressed by the X.O.'s informal chat and explanation of the rules and regulations to be observed, instead of being pulled up for something that was in order at your last base. This makes a man at ease right away, and makes for everyone being happier and more efficient.

I'm really sorry t at I'm only spending a short time at "Niobe", but will go away cherishing many pleasant memories.

"NIOBE" SCORES ADVANCE ON 8th VICTORY LOAN



L/S.A. Doug. Philips does more than sit supply assisting!! Burning a little midnight oil he whips out some very artistic bits of work.

Just recently in the competition for the 8th Victory Loan Poster, his first attempt in this line, Doug submitted three designs. Of the three, the one he worked the least at and figured would not do, won second prize - a fifty dollar bond.

L/SA Philips joined the Navy at "Chippawa" Winnipeg, his home town, is married and has one little girl, Carol Lynn. Started Art Work in grade school, Daniel and Winnipeg School of Art. Worked later on for the Advertising Department of the Great West Saddlery Co. Ltd., Winnipeg, for ten years. Not content with the pencil and brush, he dabbled in photography and has plans to do studio work and retouching and color as well. While in Halifax, Phillips made a request for transfer to the Painter Branch and asked for a trades test but was refused by the A.P.O.

His secret ambition, a little odd (?) - to get back into civvy street.

A.B. Barber, a survivor won the first prize of one hundred dollars, with an excellent drawing looking into the future. He was recently in Niobe and put in a claim for lost gear which included forty dollars worth of paints and brushes. As he did not get his forty dollar claim for this equipment, it cost him alot of money to win the hundred dollars.

TO THE EDITOR "NIOBE HAILER":

Captain Hunter has invited me to contribute to your "Niobe Hailer" - an up-and-coming illustrated periodical that I have just seen for the first time and which has impressed me very much. Having started at least three ship's newspapers or magazines during my time I feel I can speak on this with some authority. An excellent job and I wish it well.

You will appreciate that in my present position as head of C.N.M.O., I am able to get a good overall view of the R.C.N. stake in this theatre of war, and in this respect there is a word or two I would like to say.

You all know that in a point of numbers of men and ships, the R.C.N. is the third largest Navy of the United Nations, if not in the world. This is clearly something to cock a chest over. But size isn't the only thing by a long chalk - it's what we can do with those ships and men that counts. It all goes into one simple phrase - fighting efficiency. This phrase has a far deeper meaning than you might think on at first glance. Fighting, as such, is only the culmination of it - it's the preparation for it that counts so much. It means training - training - and then more training. It means fitness, both physical and mental; and it means a lot of hard work. But above all it means that everyone, whether he be Commanding Officer, or Gunlayer, Stoker or Cook, Supply Assistant or Writer, has his part to play on the team. We are just that, one big team, and we all know how one weak sister can let the side down, or as Admiral Hopwood put it in "The Laws of the Navy" -

"On the weakest link in the cable
Dependeth the might of the chain".

This sounds a bit like a sermon, though I didn't mean it to be. I've said it because, like all of us, I'm jealous of the reputation the R.C.N. has made for itself, and I want to see it keep on growing even after these more than five years of high endeavour. We have at last almost arrived at our goal in the European theatre, but we still have the war to win. Let's play the last period with a spurt that will stick in the memories of our millions of "fans" for many years to come.

Those of us who are serving on this side of the Atlantic - afloat or ashore - can count themselves fortunate to be so near the mainspring of the tremendous fighting organisation known as the United Nations.

Each and every one of us in his own job, whether serving in a ship or in an establishment ashore, has the opportunity and the privilege of helping to add greater lustre to the well-founded fighting reputation of Canadians.

Good luck to you all.

F.L.HOUGHTON
Captain, R.C.N.

3rd March, 1945.

PARADISE LOST *Milford Haven*

After two months away from H.M.C.S. "NIOBE" it was a treat to get back again for a few days and see some of the old boys and also the Wrens. I used to think recreation facilities were pretty poor up here but it is a paradise compared with Milford Haven.

We have tons of Sports gear aboard such as basketballs, footballs, tennis rackets, etc., etc., but it is kind of tough whipping up a game when you're always anchored in the stream. Reading material is badly needed. Any Canadian papers or periodicals go from one mess to the next and to keep a copy for any time you have practically to nail it down. We have a very fine piano aboard and I have just been on the scrounge getting some song sheets from the Special Services. We have some other musical instruments on order and plan on whipping up a bit of a band.

In the past most of the boys aboard haven't bother going ashore as Milford has nothing to offer. The Masonic Temple is the local dance hall. The floor space is about the size of the "Y" down the road. The band consists of three accordians, a set of traps and a piano. The Welsh people have lots of folk dances just like Scotland, only they have there dances more often than the people up here. Consequently you have to sit two out of three out. The beer in Milford is about one degree better than eye wash, and if any of the lads manage to get a whiskey or even a bottled beer it is the talk of the ship for days to come. There is another dance held regularly in the school house. The band is very similar to the above mentioned. The School House has one draw back though. Occasionally as you're dancing around, your foot slips in a hole but you get used to it and pull your foot out and carry on.

The feminine situation is really awful! They must have drafted all the young stock out because the women that go to the dances are a pretty grim lot. Ninety per cent of them should be looking around for a quiet place to die in and the remainder haven't been issued I.D. cards as yet.

A Canadian Hostel has just been opened and the boys are looking forward to better times. The club has only been open for about a week and the only beef I have heard yet is that you can't get in after twelve. I'm going to try and find where the boys get to between ten and twelve. It sure has beat me.

To size up the whole thing it is really a treat to get back up to Scotland. Hospitality up in this neck of the woods is really great.

Ldg/Wtr. A. McKerron.

AH YES! NIOBEE IS THE PLACE FOR ME

ROTHMAR
Weymss Bay

by Doug. MacPherson,
Chief Helper-outer to S.S.O.
for Rothmar.

One of the largest drafts of boys left here recently to return to their "native" land for a well-deserved leave. They were notified on the eve of Camp Rothmar's first dance of the season so consequently a lot of smiling faces were noticed on the dance floor.

Thanks to the S.S. and the Officers who supported and made it a gala affair

There will be a lot more entertainment in the near future for the personnel of "Rothmar". Monthly dances and a weekly stage show will help break the monotony of the 'castle' ship. Invitations are extended to neighbouring establishments to attend and enjoy it with us.

Sports, at present, are a predominating diversion of the boys. Chief Petty Officer Adams is in charge of the branch and is quite anxious to contact any team desiring a soft ball game.

Any enquiries as to who our new Officer-in-Charge is, should be answered as none other than Lieutenant "Moose" Hargadon.



This is the C.F.M.O. calling from high atop the Pearl Assurance Building overlooking the beautiful city of Glasgow, Scotland.

Of all the addresses, both business and personal, ours is the only one known to every Canadian who passes through H.M.C.S. "NIOBE", for it is on every letter, both incoming and outgoing. How many of you have stopped to gaze upon the stone structure with the iron gates, while walking by dear old 45 Renfield Street? It brings thoughts of home and loved ones for here is a little island of Canadians who work right in the heart of Glasgow. Mail, as everyone knows is the greatest of all morale boosters. Sure, movies are your best entertainment, but, you can't beat that old letter from home to bolster your spirits. What, no White Horse?

Right now, we are literally up to our ears in work with men away ill and increasing flood of mail to handle. There are a hundred and one things to contend with in regards to mail which does not meet the public eye. Records are a constant bugbear, especially in such a transient base as Niobe. They must be kept right up to date or mail goes astray. Then there is financial and registration, couriers to London and mail trucks to Niobe.

Make and mends and early secures are something we hear about the next day from the Niobe office.

Recently the staff lost one of its more famous members when Clifford "Porky" Hulme of hockey fame left us for Plymouth. P.O. Hulme hails from the pretty city of Saskatoon and played there for the Quakers. His boyish humour and ready smile has been missed by the entire staff.

By Warrant Officer Fred Allen RCVR
Canadian Fleet Mail Officer, Glasgow

MASTER-AT-ARMS SWITCH

Warrant Master-at-Arms Nick Evonic, R.C.N., he of the salty hat and smiling countenance departed hence the other day for a berth at Peregrine. Nick, we are sure, was reluctant to leave the good ship NIOBE and many are they who were sorry to see him go. Bon voyage and best wishes on your new appointment.

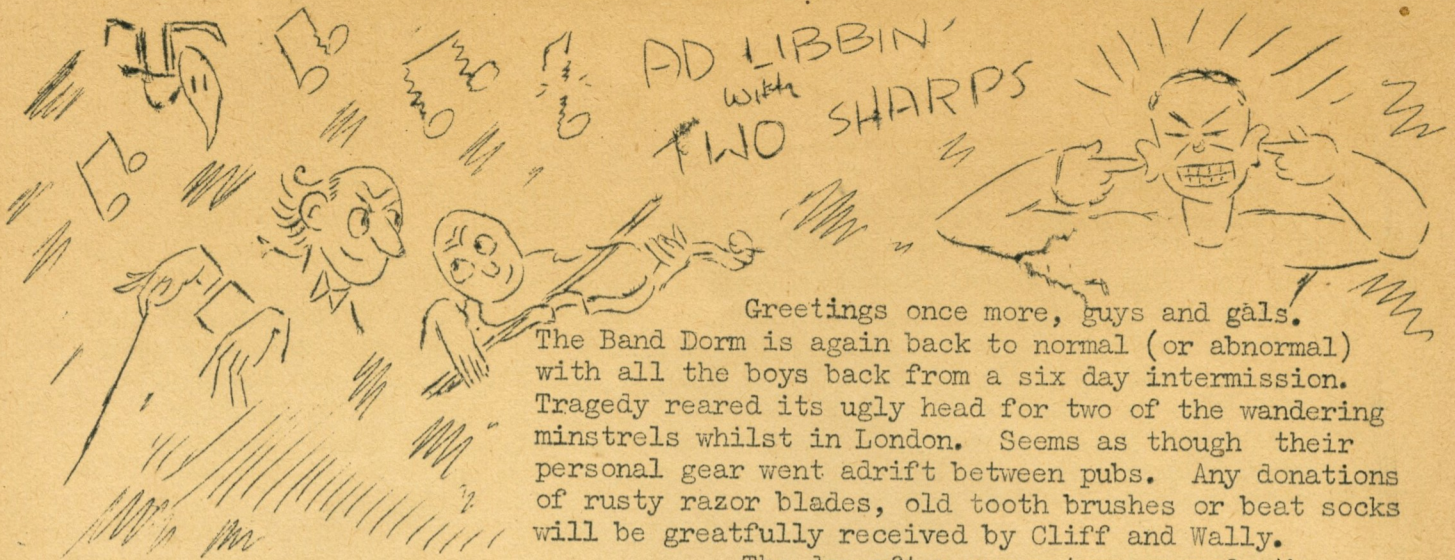
Warrant Master-at-Arms Joseph Thornily, R.C.N. (T) arrived at this establishment from Peregrine as Nick slipped away and Niobe welcomes Joe to this high neissen hut carrier. Born in Stockport, Eng., he was in the R.N. 1911-24 and the R.C.N. from 1939 until the present. Civvy occupation, Sun Life Staff Electrician; home, Montreal. We see by the papers Joe did a pretty smart job as producer and author of "A Cup of Tea" and co-director of "Rainbow Varieties" also being instructor in Hobby Lobby. "What did you do with your spare time, Joe?"

"BARON OF ROTHMAR"

Lieut. "Moose" Hargadon rules his sturdy castle ship with an iron hand!!

Overlooking the blue waters of the Clyde, Baron "Moose" peers out of his crow's nest every morning at early sunrise, 1030, and sees the Chiefs and Petty Officers who slave away on the ship, preparing for colours. With ponderous tread, Lieut. Hargadon walks down the worn stone steps onto the dewey deck (grass) !! The clear note of the bo's'ns pipe raises the Ensign which proudly waves its challenge to all passing subs. Stalking off to the strains of some sprightly march, whistled and sung by the Chiefs, the Baron goes off to feed "Homer" -- Now, Homer is a little duck, who, rain or shine, has never failed to stick by the ship to warn Rothmar of subs. Lt. Thompson former C.O. of Rothmar, discovered "Homer" and left him to guide the destiny of the Castle Ship Rothmar, come who may, to take the helm.

Baron "Moose", please don't forget that "Homer" eats marshmallows.



Greetings once more, guys and gals.
 The Band Dorm is again back to normal (or abnormal) with all the boys back from a six day intermission. Tragedy reared its ugly head for two of the wandering minstrels whilst in London. Seems as though their personal gear went adrift between pubs. Any donations of rusty razor blades, old tooth brushes or beat socks will be gratefully received by Cliff and Wally.

The day after our return we made the pre-dawn trek to Glasgow to broadcast on the "Music While You Work" program. Despite the haggard appearance of the men of note, the job was highly praised by musical circles of the B.B.C. We hope to follow along soon with more mike work for the entertainment of all.

Swinging the spot around to the jazz department, the dance band makes its appearance in Ye Old Drill Hall every Tuesday and Thursday in the noon hour bash. March 8th marked the beginning of these concerts when the hall was packed with those who go for the sweet and hot dished out by Keith "The Brow" Heselton and the 13 piece combo. Requests are in order for all you lads and lassies who would like to have your favorite tune played at these sessions. No pusser request form is necessary; just pass 'em on to any member of the swing aggregation.

'Skin' Foord-Kelcey's fine tenor sax work has been knocking the boys out of late. At the Accountant Branch dance he particularly excelled himself on those out-of-this-world choruses of "My Blue Heaven." More of the same please, Johnny.

Clif Rutledge, Slip-horn man of the orchestra and of the obvious limp, got same from an unfortunate collision in our congested instrument room. Despite his handicap he is still holding his jazz seat and is on the job with the full band.

With the coming of Spring the band's fancy turns to softball 'n stuff. Hope we can follow on the diamond the fine example of the volley-ball team

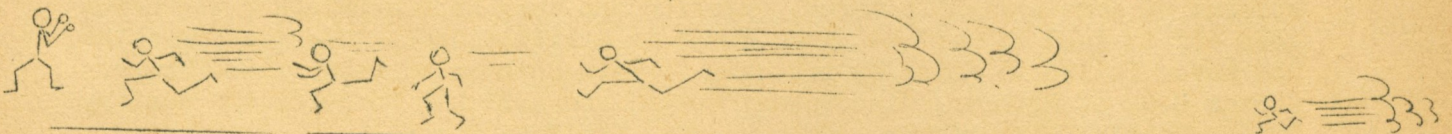
End of the chorus - See you next edition


L/Bandsmen Eric Muir and Doug. McCartney

JETTY JIVE

Lieut. "Monty" Thompson and his ship's company had the super-six section from the Niobe Dance Band up to the jetty where the ship was tied and proceeded to have a session such as Scotland had never witnessed. Hep cats in kilts, matelots and Wrens in pusser rig, Officers in No. 5's negative swords, and civvy guests become glassy eyed with the hypnotic spell cast by Keith Heselton and the lads.

Monty's "Korny Kats" will soon be honking out their own jive what with the new Legion instruments soon to arrive aboard. Hope they play a session at "Niobe" before it's all over. Look out Keith! There will be a battle of music when both the outfits meet.





- LONDON -

By Leading Stwd. Charles Halfyard, R.C.N.

(EDITOR'S NOTE - This is a Londoners impression of London after six year absence during which time he has served in Canadian Naval ships to Hong Kong, South America, New Zealand and Australia. He is at present in Niobe waiting to join one of Canada's most powerful fighting ships)

"We landed at Liverpool in typical English weather, damp fog and rain. I was home. Somehow I felt very unlike I was home again and felt slightly homesick for the West Coast of Canada.

After joining H.M.C.S. "NIOBE" I applied for leave. The Executive Officer granted my request for six days leave. The trip from Glasgow to London was long and uneventful and I immediately went to my home in London.

My first impression of London was the cleanliness and tidiness of the city. I had expected to find ruins, craters in the roads and the public services disorganized. Here views of London opened up where blocks had been flattened. I think the beauty of London, especially the city would be improved if many places were left open and not built up again.

The Old Familiar Haunts Beckon Me

Seeing so many Yanks and uniforms, hearing so many dialects and twangs I wondered what had become of the far-famed cockney accent. After spending so much time in Victoria and Halifax - small towns compared to London - I felt lost and a stranger in my own home town. Was surprised however to see how much I did remember when I got organized.

I found the old familiar landmarks still intact. It seemed that the business and residential areas had been hit most. I had a feeling of nostalgia seeing Ack-Ack Batteries in Hyde Park, where sheep formerly grazed.

Brother Can you Spare A Sixpence

Most of all (and I firmly believe this was the greatest change) I was stunned at the prices of commodities. Before the War I could do a show, supper, drinks and taxi home -- with partner-- on £1 to 30s in the best places. I now felt broke with a like sum.

The cost of clothes is terrific. I never paid above 100/- for a good suit or overcoat. You now pay 150/- for a suit equal to the 50/- Tailors pre war value.

I found Londoners less reserved, more broad in outlook and generally inclined to be more friendly. They are still very proud, more so, of their city. Surprised to find how neat and tidy everyone looked despite severe rationing and inferior quality of clothes. I really had the rationing brought home to me when visiting restaurants. Places which formerly had pages of items on menus now had but one small typed page with less than a dozen items. The beer is inferior to pre-war, and prices over 100% higher. The cigarettes taste like chaff, where they used to be superior. The Variety and Show business which used to be painfully clean, is inclined to sail pretty close to the wind.

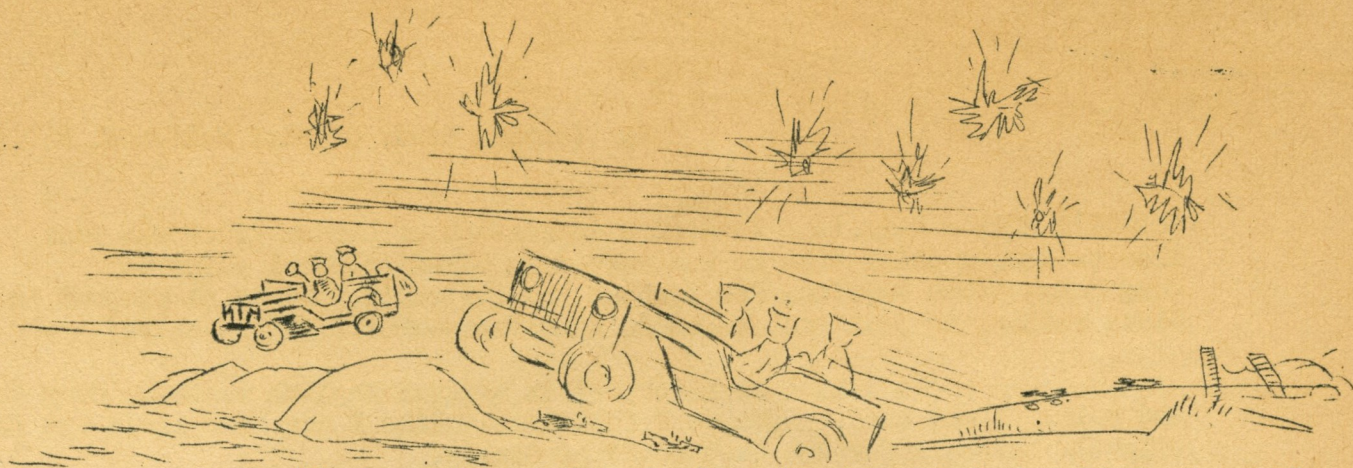
The Old Town is Slightly War-Torn and Dilapidated

Tube, Underground and Bus Services look a little worn out; however, it is the same excellent service during the day. At night it is difficult to get to the suburbs and outlying districts after 10 p.m. It used to be excellent 24 hour service.

There are lots of dives and honky tonks around Soho, Wardour Street, and Picadilly which were never there in peacetime. Pre-war night life was gay and varied, but places seldom "jipped". Places now seem to seldom do anything else.

Store employees, waitresses, etc., in London are still polite and helpful. Quite a contrast to certain parts of England and Canada where "Don't you know there is a war on?" is the predominant attitude.

The Yanks have brought ideas to stores and restaurants - making for improvement in the future. I felt the Americanism which never existed before might make London a little more "pushfull" than in the past. But, all in all, London is still the same except for the cost of living."



"You've got a soft number" or "I wish I had that kind of a job" is the comment that most matelots seemed to make to the photographers and cameramen of the R.C.N. Movie Unit. It's not a bad job, fellas, if you like travelling.

When we are not out on a job we stall around London checking over our previous jobs and running through our footages. There is always some one dashing madly around, tearing out their hair and screaming "Has anyone seen that shot of A.B. Bill Messdeck raising binoculars to his eyes?" or "Where is film can so and so?" Leading Wren Albery who has been with the Unit since around D/Day usually has her fingers on things and tries to keep a control on the "tempermental types" and give them the film they want.

Then one day after perhaps sitting around Picadilly for a week or two a couple of us go out together on a job. There is usually a train ride and sometimes a plane ride. Two members of our unit had a small trip to the Med this year. They flew from England to Italy to get aboard one of our Canadian ships in the Med. They went to Athens during the E.L.A.S. uprising, and from there to Corfu and then to Alexandria where they made a train trip to Cairo to visit the Pyramids, back to Alexandria and on to French Morocco. From French Morocco they flew back to England. That was a prize trip but we all at different times have had our own little prize trips. When I went to France with the R.C.N. W Commandoes to show the kind of job they were doing there and how they lived in a German beach fort, I managed to get away for a couple of afternoons and to hitch-hike up to the Canadian front. I went near Caen to the town of Carpiquet on the first afternoon and used everything for transport, amphibious trucks, jeeps, armoured cars. Just up with the old thumb and climb aboard. Near Carpiquet the MPs. were very obliging. "How far down the road is it safe to go?" and they pointed to a barn down the road and a stray shell landed near in a field. I said "Thanks" and beat it back the way I had come. When I got back to Camp, I learned that the Canadians and British had taken Caen that afternoon. The next day I made the same trip but this time a Major and Sergeant in a jeep drove me right to the Town Square in Caen. The Canadian Army and Air Force Film Units were busy recording the ruins and refugees of Caen. Outside the Cathedral, we watched four German planes make a "scalded cat" raid over the City. Inside the Cathedral, the homeless were bunked on straw strewn on alters and chapel floors. William the Conqueror, is buried there. I was trying to talk French to some of the refugees, when "Monty" came in the Cathedral and, I guess, aired some of his French too, but I was so busy I never saw him. It was late afternoon by then and I walked through deserted streets from one M.P. to the next. I kept my hand on my revolver. It was creepy. I guess our Army boys know the feeling well enough now. Everything seemed so deserted and there was a stench of dead in the air. Scrounged a lift in an armoured car and eventually got back to the 'canvas barracks' where I was staying in France. The fields where the tents were pitched were covered with little bare patches where the sod had been removed by our sappers to take out the mines. I guess the sappers did a good job. The English fellows played rugby on the field!

Sometimes our jobs are to film planned action and sometimes we stumble on action accidentally. D-Day was a planned action. The Film Unit was split into groups and everyone assigned to different landing craft and ships. Friday before D-Day, Admiral Nelles wished the P.R.O. "good hunting". Saturday a.m. we attended the conference for Naval War Correspondents at Admiralty and learned that the invasion was about to start. "This is it, gentlemen" said the British Commander as he proceeded to inform us of the disposition of the main Naval Forces to be engaged in the invasion, and their fire-power. We made notes in our pocket books and then were bundled off in buses to our ports of departure. My lot was a British L.C.G. It was disappointing to me because for about two months I had taken a lot of color movies on our Canadian L.C.I. (L)s on two pre-invasion exercises and had hoped to go with

them on D-Day. The L.C.G. however, proved "interesting" to say the least, and I found myself fascinated watching four inch shells from our two guns as they shot towards their targets - houses on shore at about 500 to 100 yards range. The houses seemed to fly apart when hit, except one pretty little "house" off which all we could do was chip a bit of cement. It was a camouflaged fortification.

The Haida-Athabaskan fight with two German Elbings in which one Elbing was destroyed and the "Ashcan" sunk could be called accidental action. We went out without expecting to run into it. I was aboard the Haida. The heroic story of the fight is well-known to Canadian Navy men.

I have seen alot of fellows from the 29th MTB Flotilla. I met them once in their port of operation and attempted to go on a "banger" with them. Waited a week and made a couple of false starts but returned on account of bad weather. These men are as good a bunch of fellows that you could wish to knock around with anywhere. The beer I drank with them was good too! The Film Unit has just finished an R.C.N. Newsreel in which the 29th is saluted for its bravery. Good luck wherever you go, fellas.

This year I made a trip to Antwerp aboard an American Liberty ship. It was part of some footage I was shooting on Channal Convoy. The ship was loaded with oranges and the crew ate better, I bet, than the King and Queen of England. What food! Grapefruit and oranges, eggs and bacon, turkey, chicken, steaks, asparagus, pineapples, etc., and as much as you could eat. And the coffee. Well, this side of the Atlantic has never seen anything like it. In Antwerp, the Dutch and Belgian Dockyard mates came aboard and they saw us eating this wonderful food, and I saw them scrounging stale white bread from the garbage pails. I came back on a British merchant ship and I'll never forget when I was served well boiled cabbage, for breakfast.

You know a job like this will have you in Derry one week, London the next, Antwerp the next, Scapa next or maybe off Norway or on some convoy at sea. It can be anything with which the R.C.N. has some part to play. And you can meet interesting people.

On the way back, a Dutch Scheldt River pilot gave me an interesting ceremonial dagger which his brother had taken from a Captain of the German labour corps when the Germans retreated. He told me of smuggling allied pilots to safety and a little of the work he had done under the noses of the Germans.

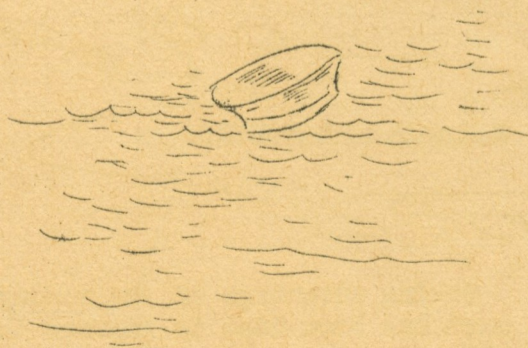
The movies on return are rushed to the Laboratories for processing and are then censored and the remaining film borrowed by the newsreels or sent to the National Film Board in Ottawa for their library of R.C.N. material. From this library are chosen shots of the R.C.N. when needed for the making of finished documentary pictures.

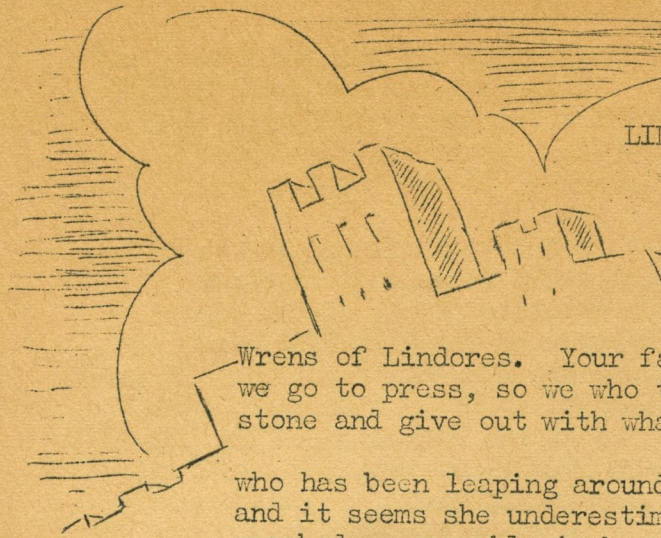
It is good, fun, this movie business. Sometimes you stick your neck out too but what operational types don't in this man's Navy. The thing you have to get used to is living from a rucksack and carrying sixty-five pounds of equipment, and travelling. My gawd, these trains!

G'night fellas.

By

Charlie Beddoe, P.O. Photo.
R.C.N. Film Unit.





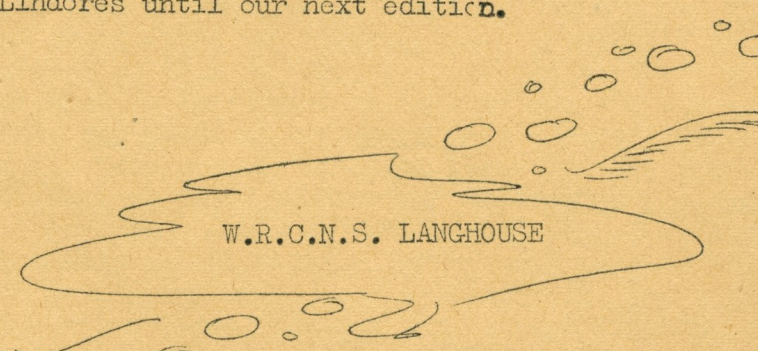
LINDORES W.R.C.N.S.

by Wren N.R. Perry

Once again we bring you news from the Wrens of Lindores. Your favourite correspondent "Woodie" is on leave, as we go to press, so we who take over put our news-type nose to the grindstone and give out with what we've seen and heard around the establishment.

In answer to many queries about the Wren who has been leaping around the Quarters of late she is Molly Qua and it seems she underestimated the size of the back gate one a.m. and smashed up an ankle in her encounter with the wall which exists there. At first we thought she had taken up pogo-sticking with a vengeance but we were amazed to discover that she was making these feindish leaps through the mess hall on one foot, unaided. (three leaps from one end of said hall to t'other!!) We are happy to report that she is now down to a slight bounce and hopes to be back to normal very soon, so people will stop thinking she springs from Australia instead of Canada.....If Marg. Dunning tells you her hair is naturally curly don't believe her. She is only fooling..... We have found something new to do in our lunch hour besides eat and wait for Lemereux to arrive with the mail. Our piano has been tuned and Lorna Young of Langhouse, who eats with us each day, makes our life more beautiful with her impromptu piano recitals. Thanks, Lorna. A spot of culture is just what we have been needing..... Several of our Leading Rates are going slowly mad preparing for the E.T.I. Leatherbarrow says she doesn't care if a three hundred foot train goes through a tunnel in three minutes or over it, or if the engincer's name is Harry and his age is half the serial number on the engine devided by seventeen to four decimal places. Never mind. Somebody has to be a P.O. Two of our Cooks are also trying for their hooks, but I don't see how the food could possibly be any better. Good Luck, Paddie and Marion..... We wonder if Ethel Barnsley really didn't know that ship was under way the other evening when she was delivering that signal. If you are not happy here Ethel, put your request in through the proper channels for a trip home. Hike-hitching on naval vessels is taboo, old girl..... We said goodbye recently to Cathie Orser (nee Parkin) who has left for Canada. Cathie is one of the original Lindores Wrens and we certainly hated to see her go..... The recent arrival of army lads from Italy, here on leave, was a pleasant surprise to two of our Wrens, in that Mary Desjardin's husband and Joan Chaldecott's brother were amongst them..... No. Audrey Robinson hasn't been drafted to Troon but she says that it is a fine place to spend a week-end..... Our basketball enthusiasts are really playing their hearts out each Friday evening. Our coach, Ray DeProy, te-date hasn't made a statement as to our possibilities for competition for the Edmonton Grads, but we keep trying..... Of course, dances still seem to be our main source of entertainment. We would like to thank the Chiefs and PO's of Rothmar for the wonderful evening we had with them recently. Then there was the Accountant Branch and also the R.N.M.T's. dances which were enjoyed by all who attended.

So tired but happy, we leave the languid ladies of Lindores until our next edition.



W.R.C.N.S. LANGHOUSE

Taking advantage of the wonderful weather we have having lately, much has been done to improve the appearance of things at Langhouse. Working parties have swarmed over the place, leaving definite improvements. The road is getting into A-1 condition - even a bit of paving. Tch, tch. Much has also been added to the appearance of the grounds. The gals expect to become gardeners 'shc ly as Stoking has become rather dull.

Many of the girl are taking advantage of the lovely

days to go cycling. Aside from the enjoyable tours that they have taken, Wrens on bicycles are very much in evidence on the road to and from Lang House, into Greenock.

Wrens who have been lucky enough to get leave so far have all come back with favorable reports on their leaves. Though the road leads to London for most of them, some have ventured even further afield.

M.A.A. Sanderson is welcomed back to Lang House following an absence of a week during which time she followed Lieut. Dunlop who also took the gas course.

The girls have turned out in large numbers for Badminton and Basketball games held in the gym at Niobe, and it is expected that keen competition will be seen in the future.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place in St. Alban's Church, Frant, Sussex, 3rd March, when Wren Joan Dryden, of Westmount, Quebec, became the bride of Lieut. T.E. Lamb, also of Westmount, Quebec. Another wedding which took place recently was that of Wren Fedora Boissonault, of Dalhousie, New Brunswick, to P.O. Shillington of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. We hope that they will be very happy and wish them the best of luck.

BARNEY BLURP JOINS THE NAVY

The young Lieutenant smiled a welcome as the door opened. "Ah! Good morning," he said. "Sit down here and be comfortable. Cigarette? Light? Now, young man, I can see by the light in your eyes that you are contemplating joining the service. Well I must say that the Navy can certainly use such a fine, intelligent young man as you. I think that you will like the Navy after I tell you what it is like. Listen to this.

Three good meals a day - you should see the menu! Everything from soup to nuts. Your living quarters will be like nothing you have ever seen before, your own hammock and blankets! It is just like being on your own front porch in a seat swing. You'll get leave every six months and a promotion after your first year. Why in three years you will probably have my job. If you are worried about the work, there isn't any. Now what do you say?"

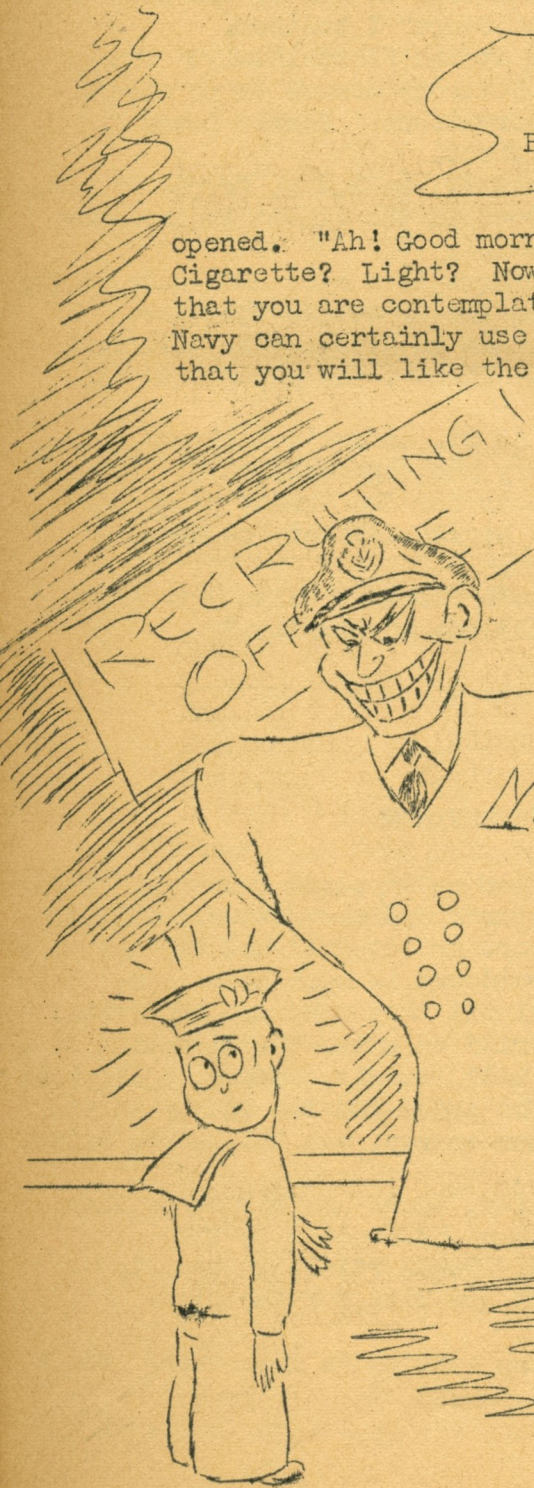
"Gee" said Barney, "it sure sounds good to me. When do I start?"

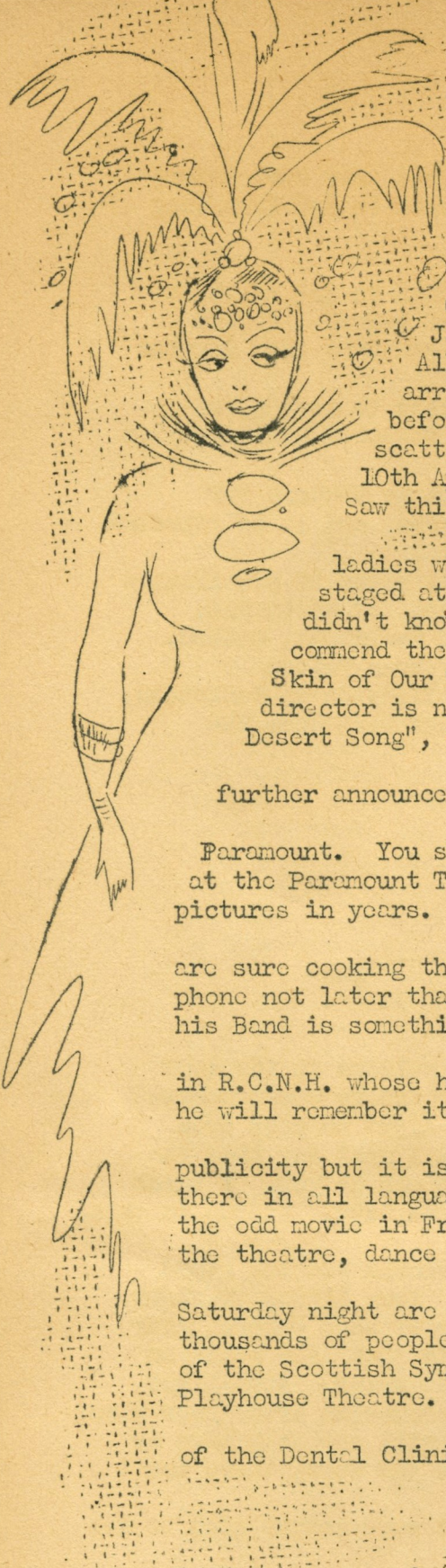
"Just sign your name here and you'll be all set."

BARNEY SIGNS

"Put out that cigarette", roared the Lieutenant! Stand at attention! and when you speak to me say SIR.!! You are in the Navy now and don't forget it.

(If the Ed. Prints this - you'll be hearing more about Ordinary Seaman Barney Blurp)





by E.R.F.

There are still a good many seats left for the two top pantomines, one starring Will Fyffe and Harry Gordon - in "Robinson Crusoe" and the other with Jack Anthony in "Babes in the Wood". The former is at the Alhambra and the latter at the Pavilion. For the boys recently arriving from Canada, a pantomine is something they should see before returning to Canada with Hitler's scalp for the Indians scattered all over Canada. Commencing at the Alhambra Theatre 10th April is the the famous George Black musical "The Lisbon Story" Saw this in London some months ago. A great play.

Then we have on 2nd April, the grand old tea-drinking ladies who murder for fun. This favorite stage production will be staged at the King's. It is called "Arsenic and Old Lace" - as if you didn't know. During my recent London visit I saw the film but I really commend the play first. Vivien Leigh's much talked about play "The Skin of Our Teeth" commences at the Royal Theatre, 26th March. Its director is none other than her famous husband, Laurence Olivier. "The Desert Song", a grand musical follows Miss Leigh's play at the same theatre. The opera season will start in April. Watch for further announcement.

"Laura" is a good picture that I recently saw at the Paramount. You should put this on your "must see" list. "The Climax" is now at the Paramount Theatre in Glasgow. London considered it one of the best pictures in years. Something like "Phantom of the Opera" I believe.

Have you had an evening at the Plaza lately? Things are sure cooking there. Small parties attending Saturday dances there should phone not later than Wednesday night for sure reservations. Bennie Loban and his Band is something to write home to your wife about.

Following the dance recently, an S.B.A. friend of mine in R.C.N.H. whose head made contact with a lamp-post in the dimout swears that he will remember it to the end of his daze (SMILE NOW)

The Cosmo theatre in Glasgow is a spot that gets little publicity but it is amazing what a wonderful collection of movies they have there in all languages. For the French-speaking lads in Niobe, they will find the odd movie in French. Keep your eyes on the "TIMES", the paper with all the theatre, dance and musical news.

The symphony programs at St. Andrew's Hall on Saturday night are still growing strong and are very much appreciated by thousands of people. Then you may also secure seats for the Sunday programme of the Scottish Symphony, its conductor being Mr. Braithwaite at the Green's Playhouse Theatre.

"You cannot keep your teeth forever," says Sgt. Ellis of the Dental Clinic. "Oh well" I said, "tooth will out eventually."

Cheers until next issue.

COMMENTS FROM YOUR Y.M.C.A. SUPERVISOR

With the coming of the longer days and evenings, there will, no doubt, be greater emphasis on out-door sports and recreation. This is as it should be, particularly since our winters here are so dull and the amount of sunshine we get so limited. We all need to get outdoors as much as we can. In order to help fill the bill in this direction will all those who are interested take note that there are several sports being carried on under the direction of the Sports Qand his staff in the Sports Office. Softball, tennis, soccer, volleyball and basketball offer a good variety to which can be added the two indoor sports, skating and swimming. For advice on these or other sports, see the Sports Office staff.

For those who like cycling, there are bikes for loan from the Y.M.C.A. Cycle Shop. Several new bikes have been added to the stock and more will be added as they are required. Funds raised in rentals go towards upkeep, repairs and purchase of the odd new bike for the Club. Bookings may be arranged one day in advance.

Our cleaning and pressing service is improving. Watch

should call and pick up their uniforms. We shall try to be as prompt as we can in getting the work done for you and we will appreciate if you call when you see your name on the lists. It takes from seven to ten days for the uniforms to be completed.

A word about the motion-picture programme. The films are the best we can get under war-time conditions here in the U.K. With the equipment we have to use and the conditions of projection in the Theatre we are doing all we can to give you good entertainment. Lists of the current films, one week in advance, will be posted up on Mondays and Thursdays

Now just a tip or two. I have been reminded by a Bulletin from London Headquarters that I am to mention that all those who have received cigarettes from the Overseas League Tobacco and Hamper Fund should acknowledge receipt of same by sending back the reply cards. This practice not only assures the donors that you got the cigarettes, but increases the chances that more fags will be sent to you. All cigarettes should be acknowledged of course except in the case of a person buying from the Cigarette Pool now in operation.

Loss of Mails

It has been reported through official channels that part of the following mails posted in the U.K. and N.W.E. for destinations in Canada, U.S.A., Newfoundland and the Central Mediterranean have been lost in transit.

Air Letters posted approximately 20/23 January, inclusive
Ordinary Letters posted approximately 20/23 January, inclusive.
Registered items posted approximately 20/23 January, inclusive.
Parcel Post posted approximately 18/23 January, inclusive.

HOSPITALITY AND ROOM BOOKINGS

For the assistance of those who wish to spend weekends or regular leave at points in Britain, our Office, in co-operation with the Knights of Columbus, will place you in a hotel, hostel or Club. Sometimes, if notice is short, it is not possible to get just what you want, but the service is working well and anyone is welcome to come and let us help you with your leave problems. Good advice as to where to go and how to get there can be obtained from any of the Hospitality Bureaus, a list of which we have in the Office. Call in and find out what can be done for you.

There is a riding Club in Glasgow which will book in advance for small groups only. Apply at the office for rates and details.

SENIOR SUPERVISOR IVAN HALLETT.

THE MIRAGE

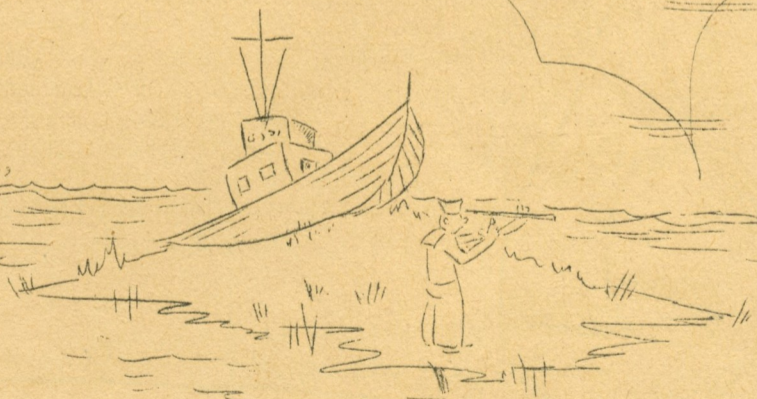
Fire Watch from three 'til six
My lot the other morn,
A tedious tiresome chore, boys
When the day is slowly born.

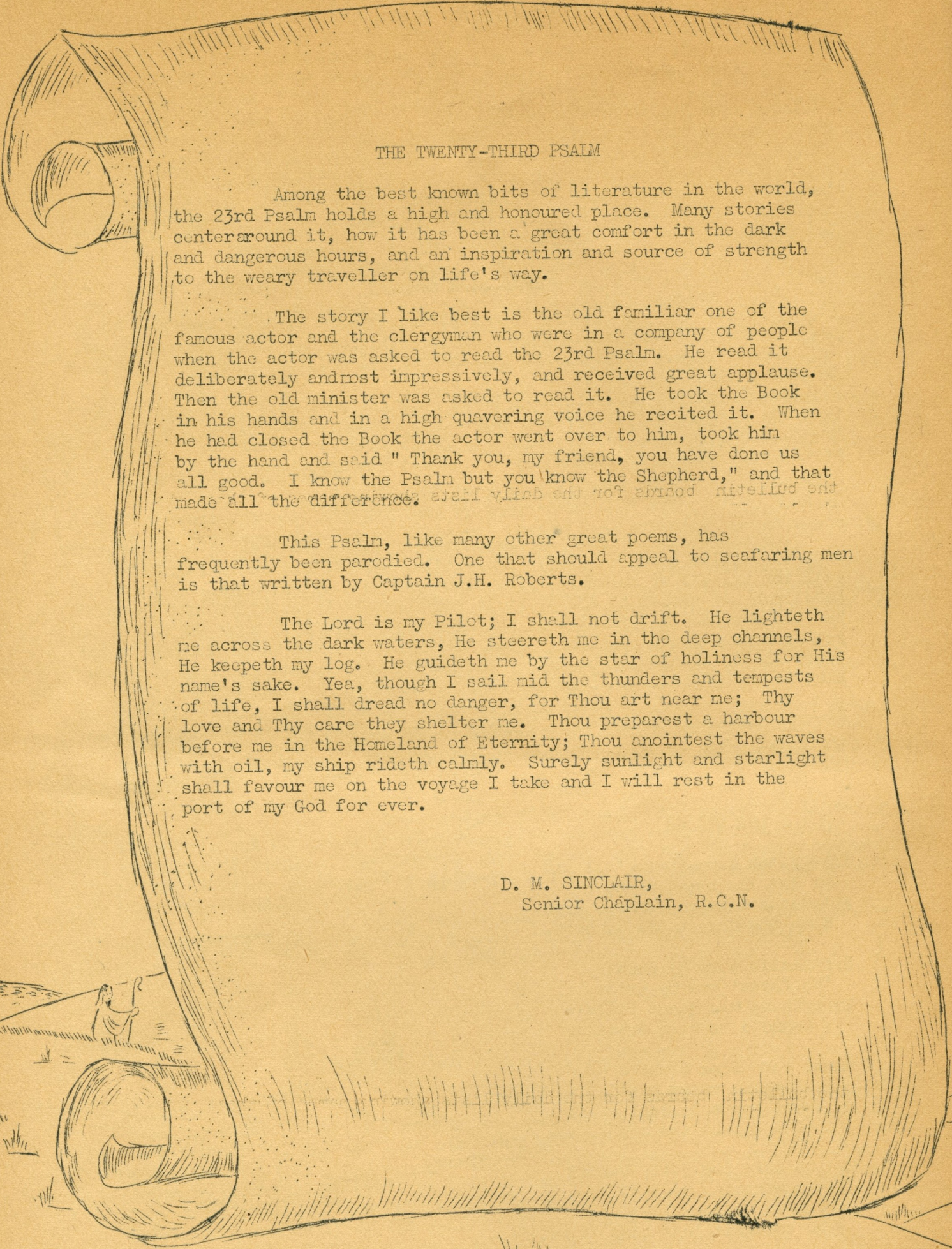
Systematic were my rounds,
'No fires' was my pride,
Everything was quiet 'til---
I chanced to step outside.

Smoke came from Niobe's stack,
I, lapping water heard,
My heart began to beat a bit
Should I pass the word?

Had we left our jetty berth?
Were we going to sea?
Evolution visions, were
The thoughts that came to me.

Sorry boys, to raise your hopes
But such was not the case,
Our ship is still a jetty craft
At sea she has no place.





THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

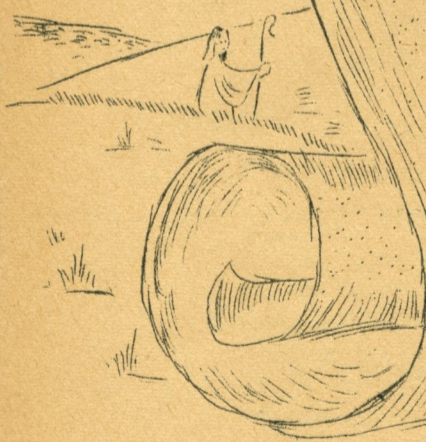
Among the best known bits of literature in the world, the 23rd Psalm holds a high and honoured place. Many stories center around it, how it has been a great comfort in the dark and dangerous hours, and an inspiration and source of strength to the weary traveller on life's way.

The story I like best is the old familiar one of the famous actor and the clergyman who were in a company of people when the actor was asked to read the 23rd Psalm. He read it deliberately and most impressively, and received great applause. Then the old minister was asked to read it. He took the Book in his hands and in a high quavering voice he recited it. When he had closed the Book the actor went over to him, took him by the hand and said "Thank you, my friend, you have done us all good. I know the Psalm but you know the Shepherd," and that made all the difference.

This Psalm, like many other great poems, has frequently been parodied. One that should appeal to seafaring men is that written by Captain J.H. Roberts.

The Lord is my Pilot; I shall not drift. He lighteth me across the dark waters, He steereth me in the deep channels, He keepeth my log. He guideth me by the star of holiness for His name's sake. Yea, though I sail mid the thunders and tempests of life, I shall dread no danger, for Thou art near me; Thy love and Thy care they shelter me. Thou preparest a harbour before me in the Homeland of Eternity; Thou anointest the waves with oil, my ship rideth calmly. Surely sunlight and starlight shall favour me on the voyage I take and I will rest in the port of my God for ever.

D. M. SINCLAIR,
Senior Chaplain, R.C.N.



PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA

Among the letters on my desk recently was a significant one from a mother with at least two sons in the Navy. In case we have any ideas of softening up, here is what some of the women folk think.

Says the lady:

" Frankly the problem of the returning Serviceman and his adjustment to his old life is being discussed to the point of nausea in the press. The magazines are full of it. It seems to me that the man who cannot meet the problems of adjustment on coming back is just as poor a character as the one who cannot meet them on entering one of the Services.

After ten or eleven years of life in war-time (two wars) it seems pretty clear to me that people nowadays must make up their minds to honestly attempt to solve problems of both war and peace without continually probing their emotions and reactions to this and that. I must admit that I have read more tripe on the subject than any I can think of at the moment.

I have little sympathy for those who haven't the guts to get into the fight and less for those who whine when they get out of it. TO BE ANY GOOD IN OUR WORLD, YOU HAVE TO BE ABLE TO TAKE BOTH, the fortunes of peace as well as the fortunes of war." (Unquote)

Over to you, Sailor. Check. Check. Check.

CAPTAIN J.R. HUNTER.

WORKING TOGETHER

We have all a share in the beauty,
We all have a part in the plan,
What does it matter what duty
Falls on the lot of man?
Someone has blended the plaster
And someone has carried the stone;
Neither the man nor the master
Ever has builded alone.
Making a roof from the weather
Or building a house for the King,
Only by working together
Have men accomplished a thing.

Contributed to the "HAILER"
by a V.R. Division in Canada.

BABY BUGGY SPECIAL

On July 1st, 1943, a sum of money was raised in the Officer's Wardroom here at H.M.C.S. "Niobe". This sum of £30-7-3 was set aside to be spent for things needed at the Kiddies' Hospital and Orphanage here on Niobe's grounds. Out of the money, Padre Ploughman who got the job of making the necessary purchases bought six chairs (solid bottoms I think) candy, one pram and Christmas treats, totalling £16-18-10. These gifts were gratefully received by the staff at the Kiddies' Hospital on behalf of the children there.

Last Spring Padre Ploughman left for Canada and passed the funds over to Padre E.G.B. Foote, the balance amounting to £13-8-7. This amount lay in Padre Foote's possession until he left H.M.C.S. "NIOBE" last fall. Before he left though he added to the balance a sum of £2-6-4, this amount being thrown into his hat by the audience at a concert last April. Padre Foote was actually trying to pull a joke on someone and passed cap in fun to his next-door neighbour, whereupon this loyal person placed some dough in the cap and passed it on. When Padre Foote got his cap back he was richer by £2-6-4. Now don't get ideas fellows; it won't always work out that way. Oh boy. If off-caps would net a guy £2-6-4 every time it would be really something wouldn't it?

Well anyway, when Chaplain Foote left he turned the sum of if £15-14-11 over to me and I kept it until something could be done to spend the money for the Children's Hospital. After some scouting around, some good prams were found at bought in Greenock at Phillip's Cycle Shop. The other day these shiny new buggies were wheeled over to the driveway below the Quarterdeck and Captain Hunter and Commander Detchon each wheeled one over to the Orphanage. There the prams were presented to the Matron, and the kiddies. The Matron and the staff expressed their thanks to Captain Hunter and Commander Detchon for the gift. They assured us that it was a gift which will keep on giving service for a long time.

IVAN MALLETT,
Senior Supervisor Y.M.C.A.

BUGLER ROUSE in BUGLE BLASTS from the Q PATCH

There was peace and quiet in Niobe for eight days while Wren Assistant Bugler Rouse was on leave but alas he is back with those grim and purposeful notes. (Grim anyway) !!

Sorry to see that S/Lts. Livingstone and McKenzie have gone from the Q-Patch. S/Lt. McKay has duties to perform elsewhere.

I wonder who the tall blond officer was who led Niobe's 2nd eleven soccer team to a 3-1 victory over H.M.S. "Wells" You guessed it right. None other than Sub. Lieut. McKay. Basketball and soccer will benefit with the services of this officer.

The Q)patch's staff seemed to be a big factor as far as soccer was concerned in Niobe what with S/Lts. McKenzie, McKay, Thompson and Bugler Bailey on the 2nd eleven and Wren Assistant Rouse on the first.

Congratulations to Quartermaster Howley on your marriage to a lovely Scotch lass. May you have all the luck in the world. Best wishes from the Q)Patch staff to you and your wife.

You remember on payday you were given a chance to fill out priority discharge forms. Quartermasters Murphy and Crayford are telling the rest of us that we will receive ditty bags from them next Christmas. Maybe it will be vice versa.

A certain young S/Lt. who plays soccer for Niobe has been keeping his face hidden these days. I wonder if it is because he missed that sure goal in the last game. Suppose though it was because of a certain little Wren being at the game.

Quite a ceremony took place last week when Bugler Rouse was sworn in as Wren Assistant. After the ceremony he received a telegram from Jarry Hames which read: Quote- Any notes sounding on your bugle like I blow on my trumpet are purely accidental. Never mind Al. These are grim but they serve their purpose.

We wish to welcome Bugler Jack Smith to our staff. Jack is one of the original boys of H.M.C.S. "CHIPPAWA'S Bugle Band which was under the direction of S/Lt. Linder. Smitty sho nuff blows a mean bit of copper -



Alas and alack those manly beards are coming off like clothes in a nudist colony. My spys report that the blade business operated by Mr. King C. Gillette of the 'You-can't-get-by-without-shaving' Gillettes is on the upswing in Niobe. No doubt some of the cream manufacturers are also lathering their palms in glee at hearing the joyful news.

Old salts whose faces are still adorned by the foliage are bashing their heads against the yardarm grieving over their shipmates who have deserted the beard club. "Sure it has its disadvantages" piped up one old salt. "It cramps your style with a gal friend, but has advantages too. It saves on blades and wear and tear on my schoolboy complexion and keeps me warm in cold pubs".

It begins to look like H.M.C.S. "NIOBE" is the burial place for beards. Perhaps it is the warm barracks which makes the skin hidden deep under become itchy which tempts the boys to request to resume shaving. More than likely however it is the large number of "wee smashers" which abound in Greenock, Paisley and Glasgow.

The following was found in KR&AI while browsing through looking for something on beards:-

"BEARDS AND MOUSTACHES- The Captain is to permit all the Officers and men of the ship, including the Royal Marines, to wear beards and moustaches if they so desire.

When the permission is taken advantage of, the use of the razor is to be discontinued entirely, as moustaches are not to be worn without the beard, nor the beard without moustaches, except in the case of Non-C.S. Officers' Steward, Officers' Cook and Cook (O) ratings, and Royal Marines who, whether afloat or ashore, may wear their beards and moustaches, or moustaches only, or to be clean shaven, as each may elect.

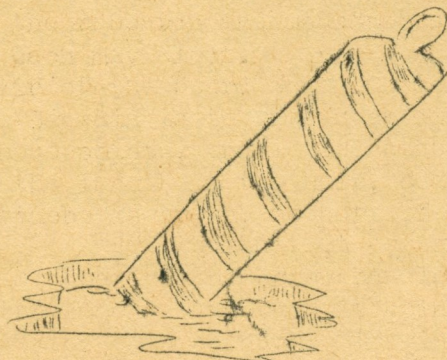
2. The hair of the beard and moustaches or whiskers is to be well cut and trimmed. The Captain is to give such directions as may seem to him desirable upon these points, and is to establish, as far as practicable, uniformity as to the length of the hair, beard, moustaches, or whiskers of the men. If the moustache is grown, no part of the upper lip is to be shaven."

Wouldn't it be touching (for the ladies) if all the cooks and stewards aboard a ship grew handle bar moustaches, complete with waxed tips. In the second paragraph it points out that the Captain is to use his judgment as to the chin spinach. Imagine a captain with a flair for the ultra sophisticate (if any beards are sophisticated) Van Dyke. The boys would sure look nice going ashore with the pointed foliage instead of the full King George.

Some of the more recent beards to come off for various and obvious reasons have been those of P.O. Wtr. Jack Beer who has since departed for Canada, Wtr. Bill Adams, Big Alex Passmore, the pride of Hamilton, Ont., and the even larger Gibby "The Great" Gibson who sprouted as neat a crop of whiskers as ever seen in these parts and Eric Hamilton of the Saskatoon Hamiltons.

It begins to look as though there is a bounty on beards in Niobe. If anyone knows the price will they please inform this office and if the price is right the staff will succumb to the anti-blade union. After a few months, you can bring around the scissors and most of all pay at this wicket.

What next are these he-men going to do for the feminine side of the household. The men are becoming more civilized every day what with cigarette holders while the women are becoming rapidly more masculine with long pants and all. First thing we know, they'll be invading man's last stronghold - the Pool Hall.



"SHOWDOWN"

During the past year great strides have been made in the right direction as far as movies and entertainment are concerned in "Niobe". The many improvements I am sure are appreciated by all. Yet, no matter what advance towards perfection has taken place there is always more to be done.

Where else can a rating enjoy a show, a turkish bath, and a reproduction of the London blitz over the dual speaker in one evening. The excitement and thrills are evident on the faces of the patrons as the crowds gently and in an orderly manner spew forth two seconds before the film gives out, to brush off the pathways that have been trodden to that favourite tune " 'Thrills' go up and down my spine" (I sent mine to the cleaners)

When at bng last the sound man has decided to deliver the goods there is that inevitable "Call for Phillip Morris" or in the dim offing can be heard the bugle boy. One or two of the more conscientious think they have heard "Hands to Muster for Monthly Payment" and consequently those standing in the inner lobby at last get a seat - excuse my corns!

We have also had some mighty fine concerts - some mighty fine. None of us will forget the "Racketeers". Given time, they may make it, which proves that they should be given time.

Hats off to those who work so hard to provide and give entertainment. I for one have enjoyed every minute of it, the tough and the smooth.

- Observer -

Wdr. Lieut. P.A.R. Gleave, R.C.N.

GAME YOUNG REGINA SCRAPPER LOSES BATTLE WITH GRIM REAPER

Able Seaman Claude Warwick of Regina, the Canadian Featherweight Boxing Champion, died in Montreal as a result of a railway crossing accident at Sydney, Nova Scotia, on 17th February.

The game young sportsman whose memory will ever be cherished by all who knew him passed away in prime of life when it looked as though his name would go down in boxing annals as one of Canada's finest boxers.

It was a double tragedy all around as Claude Warwick passed away a day after he was to trek to the alter with pretty Jessie Balfour who arrived in Sydney N.S. from Regina a few days before the accident.

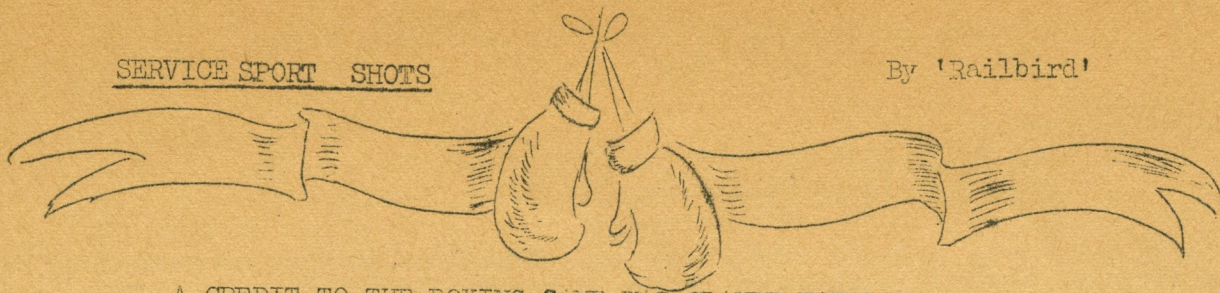
When his childhood sweetheart arrived the two went about dreaming of their wedding and making final arrangements for the event. Then suddenly a bus collision on the 17th February at a level railway crossing put an end to their dreaming.

Rushed to a local hospital with a seriously fractured skull, doctors worked for nine days to save the young sailor's life as the girl and mother stood by. At last as a final resort, he was put on board a plane with the two women, with an attendant doctor and nurse, and rushed to the Neurological Hospital in Montreal. The flight was in vain however. They arrived on Wednesday, the day set for their wedding, and he died the following morning.

What was first scheduled for a simple and private funeral was turned into an impressive ceremony as the Navy turned out to honor a man whose father is at present fighting Overseas with the Canadian Army. The Venerable Archdeacon Gower-Reas conducted the service in the Chapel and six sailors, most of them westerners, shouldered the flag-draped coffin, and at the slow march, carried it to the limber outside.

A detachment of blue-clad ratings stood at the present, honoring their dead comrade and as the procession moved off, the Dead March played by H.M.C.S. Donnacona band, with arms reverse, the guard of honor and officers followed to the station.

The body was taken to Regina for burial.



A CREDIT TO THE BOXING GAME WAS CLAUDE WARWICK

The death of young Claude Warwick of Regina is one which sportsmen of Canada will ever regret. It seems almost incredible that such a clean cut modest chap as Claude should be snatched by the Grim Reaper just when he was to experience his happiest years. For Claude was about to tie the marital knot with pretty Jessie Balfour, also from Regina, when he died on what was to have been the first day of his honeymoon.

While working on the "Gangway", a West Coast Naval publication, I had the pleasure of running his picture on the sports page. In July, 1944, when I was at Stad. 11 (now Peregrine) Jim Arnott staged one of his fight cards. On the card was Claude Warwick. PQ Photographer Jim Ryan, also from Regina and ex-"Gangway" staff photographer was elated to see his old friend Claude. The Ryans, Metz and Warwicks are three of Regina's sportingest families. They chatted about Grant Warwick, Claude's brother, on the New York Ranger's Hockey club, Billy, another brother, on the Hershey Bears of the American Hockey League, brother Archie playing hockey in Philly and Claude's sister, Mildred, is rated one of the softball stars of Saskatchewan.

Claude's opponent was a Montrealer who had fought on twelve Garden shows in New York. Young Warwick slipped a few punches, moved in with a left hook which swung his opponent off balance, crossed a right hand and the fight was over. The time was a minute and ten seconds of the first round.

Jim Ryan photographed his good friend Claude shaking hands with Commodore Beech and receiving his prize in the centre of the ring. To the best of my knowledge that was the last picture Jim Ryan ever took of his friend. It grieves me to know that he will never photograph Claude Warwick again.

NIOBE HOCKEY SEXTETTE TO PLAY FOR UNITED KINGDOM SERVICE TITLE

What all started as a gleam in the eyes of the Sports Officer, Lt. Cndr. Chilcott has now become a reality.

At first it was a fond hope and nothing more on the part of Lt. Cndr. Chilcott, Hazen McAndrew, the hockey coach, and a few erstwhile fourth estaters in Niobe. Now the dream has crystalized into an actual fact for our own Niobe hockey team are entered in the playdowns at Brighton, England, for the Canadian Forces Hockey Championship of the United Kingdom.

So far the Army and Navy are entered in the championships with the R.C.A.F. sitting on a very shaky fence. Army are at present in the throes of their own playoffs to determine their representative for the series. The strong Base Workshops, the railbirds report, are top heavy with N.H.L. calibre players, and are favored to cop the Army bunting. The Army teams entered are the eight team Bourley League (half way between London and Brighton) and the twelve team Brighton League. As H.M.C.S. "Niobe" has the only Canadian Navy hockey team in the U.K. they will automatically represent the R.C.N.

R.C.A.F. Strengthen

The vaunted R.C.A.F. are a bit dubious about entering the playdowns as they may figure their club is not strong enough. In December, the Niobe team defeated the all star Milt Schmidt-Porky Dumart team on a road trip. After the games Milt Schmidt announced the Navy had defeated not just a team but the best team the R.C.A.F. could assemble in the United Kingdom. Rumour has it that the third member of the Kraut Line, Bobby Bauer, is back from Canada which bodes no good for the Army and Navy should the R.C.A.F. decide to enter.

If the R.C.A.F. are invited to enter and decline, they forfeit all claim to the championship

Games are tentatively slated to be played on the Brighton surface on 7th and 8th April. Capacity of the Brighton rink which was formerly a swimming pool is estimated at 2,500.

Our Bill Fills The Bill

The team suffered a loss in personnel recently when Ken Stewart, a smooth working winger, was sent to Cornwallis for a P.T.I. course. This gaping hole was filled by the return to barracks of P.O. Bill Nicol who

works well with the Gardner-Vickers duo. One more change in the lineup has been made, this one a surprise. Sub. Lieut. Bob Ballance, the demon of the flying blades has dropped back on defence to add his 186 pounds to that of McAndrew and Cromar and Lilley, owing to the shortage of first line defencemen. Ballance looks good in his new spot and really jolts the forwards around until they give him a wide berth. The other wingman for the McKeown-Petrie line is undecided. Beaumont, a former Toronto Marlborough player, signed by the Toronto Leafs who played at Falkirk with the team, has left for Canada, as has Powell, a former Regina Ranger defenceman. It is rumoured that Billy Haman, ex-Halifax Navy dynamo at Londonderry

may play, while also mentioned is Freddy Weaver, a Saskatoon (Unicorn) stalwart, at present in barracks awaiting a sea draft. Weaver played with Tony Leswick at Saskatoon and did a hockey stint with the New York Rovers.

Just a Dreamer

Still another rumour has it (although it seems too much to expect) that Gallagher, a stout defenceman from Winnipeg and Charlie Rayner, former New York Amerk and Victoria Navy goalie may soon join the club.

While with the Americans' Chuck Rayner was rated the best goaltender in the N.H.L. and once stopped 123 shots in two games while only fanning on three. Some nights (usually) the opposing team had night just as well board up the net.

In the meantime the team are getting an increasing schedule of games and practices, at least as many as the exigencies of the service permit, in preparation for their tough tilts in Brighton. Since the start of the season the team has improved about 300% with the boys scoring both ways and laying down neat accurate passes.

BASKETBALL U.S.N. STYLE

By L/Wtr. R.I. Baldwin

We invaded Rosneath and got soundly taken by two sharp U.S. quintets.

On the night of Thursday, 14th March, two teams from Niobe (or as the Wrens call it - "Nybee") were guests of the American Navy stationed across the Clyde and showed proper courtesy to their hosts by politely dropping a pair of exciting tilts.

The floor at the U.S. Base is about fifteen feet longer but considerably narrower than our own beloved drill hall. The unaccustomed cement surface left marked impressions on our players' feet.

In the initial game, our all star aggregation of ratings opposed a squad of their enlisted men and came through on the short end of a 43-24 count. A fourteen point third quarter splash proved the deciding punch for Uncle Sammy's pride and joys. Standouts for the Canucks were Smith, Parr and DeProy. Two ex-mid-Western college slickers by name of Ronberg and Dowden piled up most of the U.S. total.

Our Officers fielded only four of their regulars but were ably assisted by Sick Berth Petty Officer Art Pastro. This game moved at a much faster pace than the first and lots of flashy ball handling was featured.

A six foot four inch Texan named Boaz added to Niobe's handicap. The U.S. N. Sport's Officer, Lieutenant Conrad, an ex Dartmouth University, whiz casually wafted a sixteen point total through the hoop. Al LeMarquand played in his usual top-notch style but was not in his favorite centre slot. Pastro was high man with nine points. New First Lieutenant Crawford surprised with a smooth performance at guard. Final score of this game 52-26.

A dream which has only been in the minds of many entertainment-conscious people in "Niobe" will soon come true. H.M.C.S. "NIOBE" PRESENTS!! -----

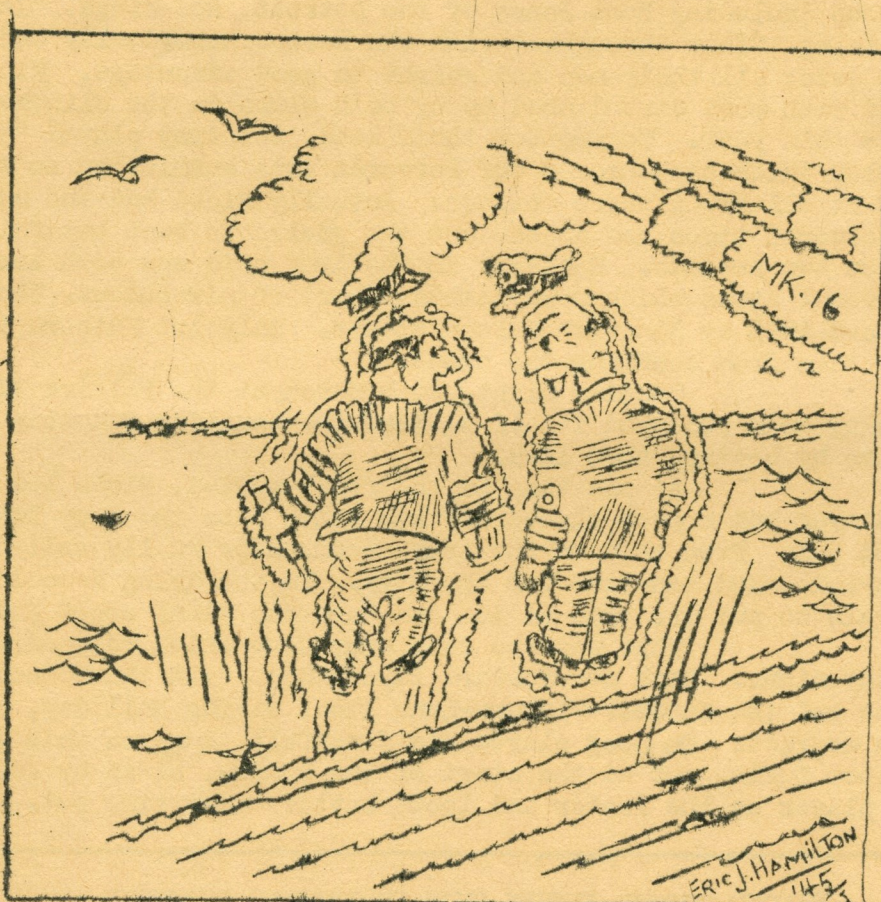
Anyone who can sing, dance, play any instrument etc. etc. will be signed up for a show which is being whipped together.

Special Services have now heaved a large sigh of relief because of the arrival of the new Warrant Master at Arms - Joe Thorniley a guy wot has a lot of experience with the production of every manner of show - - and we don't mean the shows on the Quarterdeck!!

Soon the surrounding hills will be ringing with the clicking of tap dancers, voices of the opry singers and screaming of trumpets etc.

A super-delux dance line has been lined up by the Wrens and beauteous gals will be flashing their teeth across the foot-lights

We await with bated breath!



TERRIFIC CONCUSSION, ISN'T IT?

"OUR REFEREE"

Our hockey referee is blind
At least they tell me so,
But even though I know them well,
I really wouldn't know.

At any hockey game you'll see
Him skating to and fro',
He says the smoke is dense but no-
I wouldn't really know.

He's got some colored glasses
And a little cup you know,
But don't ask me what they're for-
I wouldn't really know.

Now if there was a pretty girl
In a corner where lights are low,
Do you think he'd see? Well don't
ask me-
I wouldn't really know.

When he sees this note about his
fame,
He'll surely want to know
Who I am and what's my name- but
I wouldn't really know.

-Done by Dunne

SENIOR HOCKEY ROUNDUP

A powerful West Coast sextette defeated the East Coast 14-8 at Falkirk on 5th March, in a game which had the pack Falkirk Rink on its feet. The Petrie-McKeown-Nicol line used checkerboard passes to bend the hamp more often than the opposition could shoot the puck past Hanney in the West Coast nets.

Niobe went all out to stand the Scottish Select squad on their collective ears Friday night 12th March at the Paisley Palais de Hockey. The sailors did just that in the first period to literally burn up the ice paths. The team hit 'em and checked 'em hard and close while Kirkland Lake's Hanney might just as well have been on the bench as he did not have a shot on his citadel. The final count was 11-3 for the R.C.N. The spectators were treated to two good fights for no increase in admission.

Just to show the good burghers of Paisley it was no accident Niobe added another goal (Niobe 12, Scottish Select 3) at Falkirk Monday night 12th March. Big Cross is the Select net again was bombarded from all angles and only his steller performance prevented the score from reaching astronomical heights.

It was "Black Friday" on the 16th March when Niobe took it on the chin twice to absorb a double lacing. The regulars were whipped 5-2 by a star studded Canadian Army Club who had no less than four pros in their lineup including Buck Jones of the Detroit Red Wings. It was a rough tough bruising affair throughout with the larger numerically and physically Army team using all their men and weight to good advantage. Play was fast and rugged with more dirt dished up by both clubs in the clinches than seen in Paisley this year. To protect their lead, the Army played "kitty bar the door" hockey which backchecked our forwards into submission so they could seldom if at all break three abreast. Actually Niobe had the most shots on goal and several times had no one but the goalie to beat but failed to score in the last two periods. Halliday in the Army nets was both lucky and good, making several stops which were nothing short of miraculous. The "Yannigans" were whipped 10-3 by Scottish Select at Ayr. Only Art Muthern in the Navy nets prevented them from doubling the count.

Tuesday night, 20th March, at the Falkirk Rink, the Niobe hockey team redeemed itself against the bruising Canadian Army aggregation by beating them 11-9.

At one time in the first period, Niobe led 8-0. Later an Army player had a puck glance off his skate into the Navy Twine to end the period 8-1. From then on the Army steamroller really rolled and the second period ended ten-five for the Navy. In the dying seconds, Navy scored again to put the game on ice and make the final score Navy 11- Army 9.

This was the same Army Club which whipped us 5-2 at Paisley last Friday night. Both our forward lines shone with the McKeown, Petrie, Nicol line and the Gardner-Vickers-Long line, giving Halliday, the Army custodian no rest. Er Long played his first full game on this line and went well. Since turing out at the start of the season, he is by far the most improved player on the roster and looks better every time out.

SECOND SOCCER ELEVEN SHOW SURPRISING STRENGTH

On a brisk March day, Friday 2nd March to be exact, the Niobe Second Eleven won a hard fought game from HMS Wells by a 3-1 score.

Ideal weather presented itself for this match even though the field was a bit on the muddy side. The game was clean and keenly contested with Cummings in Niobe's nets in top form. He was aided by a pair of smart fullbacks. The halfbacks kept the forwards on the move with many neat passes. Sub. Lt. Don McKay had a field day and completed the "hat trick", scoring all three of the Niobe points. S/Lt. Bob Ballance looked like a prospective left winger and made many smart crosses. He moves just about as fast on the soccer pitch as he does on a hockey rink. This team has shown a decided improvement.

Scores of other games played recently are as follows; March 8th at Paisley, Niobe 11 Eleven 1 Abbotsinch 2. March 15th, Niobe 1st Eleven 1, Community Centre 4. Niobe 2nd Eleven 1, HMS Escapade 1. March 21st, Niobe 2nd Eleven 4, HMS Loch Tarbert 0.

BAND MELON BATTERS TAKE MEASURE OF WRITERS

A twin bill semi-finals was enjoyed by all the devotees of the art of volleyball in the Drill Hall Monday night, 9th March. Band took the measure of the Seamen to straight in the best of a series of three games to enter the finals for the Niobe league title.

In the second half of the bill of fare served up to the rabid fans, the Writers edged out the Officers in the best of three games by taking the odd tilt.

The volleyball finals were held 13th March with an air of tenseness. The band, first in music and last in the inter-part hockey league went all out to cop the title.

Leading Bandsman Bud Kellett, the team captain, had his charges whipped into good shape and had them shooting the works against the hard pressed Writer squad.

The scores (which smacked of a cribbage game) were 15-3 and 15-1. At no time did the band relinquish the offence and constantly had the Writers with their backs to the wall.

After the game the Writers gave three rousing cheers to the new Niobe Volleyball title holders.

The winning Band Team: L/Bdsman, Bud Kellett, Les Palmer, George Kraeling, Walt Davis, Bob Mauro and Bandsman John Schoen. Spares Charlie Griffiths and Dick Thorne.

INTER PART HOCKEY LEAGUE STANDING

	G	W.	L.	D.	Points
Stokers	5	4	0	1	9
Seamen	5	2	1	2	6
Communications	4	2	2	0	4
Chiefs & POs.	4	1	1	2	4
Accountant Branch	5	2	3	0	4
Co-Ops.	4	1	2	1	3
Band	3	0	3	0	0

Scoring three goals in the final period with a great last stand splurge the "Curly" Cobbald coached Chiefs and POs evened the count with the Communications hockey team at the Paisley Hockey Rink Sunday afternoon 18th March.

The game ended at three-all with the Chiefs and POs still pressing hard for the winning counter. in what was by far the more interesting game of the day.

The second game was a landslide for the top place stokers over the Band. The game which was poor from a spectator's standpoint ended in a 9-0 whitewash for the Stokers.

P.O. Cece McRae, the pride of Hanna, Alberta, missed a sure goal after picking his way through the Seaman team and after drawing the goalie out fired wide of the net. In all it took the Seamen two periods to get warmed up but once they found their hockey legs they sallied forth with gusto.

All the clubs have now separated the wheat from the chaff and as a result the calibre of the hockey has increased tremendously.

For the first place Stokers who have yet to be on the losing end of an encounter, Hay, Eade and goalie Ernie Greenhalgh have been the pick. Greenhalgh has had shutouts in his last three starts and really shines between the Pipes. Stars of the second place Seamen have been Bugler Bailey, Jacks and Robinson. Mailman Patterson has been stopping them cold on defence and nips around like a young colt despite his thirty-four summers. Pick of the hard fighting Communications team is centre-ice man Harold Webber and Trudell. C. & P.O.'s main springs have been Curly Cobbald, now Coach, Yankoski, Soubiliere and John Hancock. The Accountant Branch are evenly balanced, however for the stars sake the plaudits may go to defencemen Slim Bowen and Jack Aikman. As the co-ops have had a tremendous turnover in playing personnel with new players each game, the pick so far has been Moran. For the basement dwelling Band Captain W. Delamont has been outstanding.

