

## “NEW LOOK” FAILS TO IMPRESS

Has the “New Look” stolen past the guards, and entered the Royal Canadian Navy? — Will it stay?

In answer to these questions, I can definitely say a type of “New Look” has arrived among certain of the newcomers to the R.C.N. I can also definitely say it won't last — except maybe over the dead body of the last R.P.O. in the Navy.

Nowadays when a New Entry buys his first set of number ones, no longer does he nip up to a local haberdashery and order a plain, tailor-made uniform with 32-inch bottoms, with maybe a zipper in the jumper to make for easy entry and exit. Bottoms now range anywhere from 30-inch to a size slightly smaller than “Ontario's” quarter-deck awning.

The “flap buttons” on the sides of the trousers have given way to a stylish pair of zippers. These two silver streaks give an added touch to trousers, especially when the jumper is rolled up for comfort on coffee shop stools.

Then of course there are the red and green linings on the jumper cuffs. I couldn't figure this one out at all, so I organized a small “gallop poll” of my own. A Petty Officer Stoker said maybe it was to make sure they didn't put their jumpers on backwards. Leading Seaman “Dusty” Miller thought it was to make certain that the words “Port and Starboard” would be used, instead of “Gee” and “Haw”. Anyway, it looks quite nice, because in local dance halls, when the troops roll back their cuffs, it always reminds me of Christmas — and I love Christmas.

I ran into a “sport” the other day who had the underside of his jumper collar covered with Scotch plaid ( I think it was Royal Stuart). Anyone walking astern of him in a high wind



will know that his Ma and Pa came from the land of the heather, without having to ask.

All I have to see now is a character galloping down the steet, shoulders rolling to the sway of the sidewalk, and having a maple leaf in each corner of his collar — then I'll let the man with the “net” catch me.

With every new fashion or fad adopted by us mortals there always come a whole set of new mannerisms and new usage of the English language.

I have read somewhere, and have been told by ancient mariners, that “a sailor can curse in any language.” Admittedly, it sometimes helps to let off excess steam. However, busses, trains, cafes, and busy street corners are hardly the spots for telling your chum what you think of his ancestry. I know “mamma” is a few hundred miles away and can't wash “Little Jack's” mouth out with soap, but somebody else's mother, wife or sister may be nearby, and they're not interested.

If you hear of anyone intending to build a cafe near the training base, save him some expense by telling him

to omit coat hooks and hat stands. Today a great many young navy men believe that every citizen has designs on their skimmers, or are afraid their hair isn't properly combed. Whatever it is, they love to keep their hats on — usually flat-aback — when eating in a restaurant. I know the brand-new tally looks nice staring back at you from the mirror — and oh, that lovely bowwave in front. Nevertheless, it looks 100 per cent better, and is much more civilized, to eat in a public place bare-headed. If you are afraid someone will swipe your hat — put your foot on it. With a size 12 pusser boot planted thereon, a bull-dozer couldn't budge it.

These coast ports may not be like a lot of the fellows' home towns, but a great many of us have set up our homes here. We think a lot of the local citizenry, and it helps if they think well of us. Remember, we're servants of our Country. The countries where servicemen were little tin gods fell with the axis. So we like to look up to the public and have them look up to us.—Ldg./Seaman J.H.B.

### Unique Classroom

Children of R.C.N. and R.C.A.F. personnel serving at the R.C.N. Air Station, Dartmouth, N.S., attend school in a unique classroom. When it was found that the children could not be easily accommodated at nearby schools, due to overcrowding, a four-man board was formed to solve the problem. “A school of our own” was decided upon and was set up in a former officers' mess at the air base.

The school opened, under the principalship of J. R. Eadie, Antigonish, N.S. and 63 boys and girls became the nucleus of a school which is believed to be the first of its kind in Nova Scotia.

One of those who was particularly active in working out this solution to the educational problem which faced servicemen at R.C.N.A.S. was Chaplain G. A. Stone.