

H.M.C.S. PEREGRINE

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OFF TO SEA AGAIN *Under The* 2 YEAR VR PLAN



For ratings who are interested in following the Navy as a career, but who want to find out what peacetime life in the Service is like, without committing themselves to an RCN term, an opportunity is offered in the new "continued service" arrangement announced by the Chief of Naval Staff.

The plan, which allows men who joined "for hostilities only" to sign on for an additional two years, will also be of benefit to those who have no definite civilian job to go back to and who are worried about their chances of finding security in the midst of the transition from war to peace. Personnel who take advantage of the offer will be paid Active Service rate of pay and allowances, as well as receiving all the benefits of wartime service, including complete medical and dental care.

Under the new set-up, ratings who agree, can have their periods of service extended until Sept. 30, 1947. Those who sign this way "will receive special consideration if at any time they apply for transfer to the permanent force", the CNS states.

"Under this plan, War Service Gratuities and other post-discharge benefits will continue to accumulate until March 31, 1946".

"In addition to the foregoing, a short-term engagement of five years has been authorized for ratings attesting in the RCN. Four such terms will qualify a rating for pension.

In the NSHQ signal which outlines the plan, the CNS gives the reasons for instituting the two-year term.

"The purpose is twofold", the CNS says "To assist during the transition period in manning the ships which will make up the postwar fleet, and to give personnel interested in the Navy as a career an opportunity to serve under peacetime conditions".

In Peregrine, inquiries about the new plan are at present being handled by the First Lieutenant. Engine room ratings who are interested in transferring to the permanent force may obtain information through an interview with Warrant Engineer L. R. Johns, RCN, who has an office in Room 5 of the Administration office.



"Peregrinations" by O.S. PERRY GREEN

PLATTER BATTLE

Anyone interested in studying the fine art of nattering should drop around to the open lounge in the drill hall some evening when one of the ship's classical music addicts has control of the record player.

Ever since the smaller reading and music room was converted into a class-room and the followers of the classical and popular schools of music have to make use of the one record machine, a funny sort of internecine strife has been going on.

It doesn't happen any too often that a classics fan gets control of the machine, but when he does, the jivesters put up a terrific battle.

RAPT UP

Take any evening when a group of swing aficionados saunters into the lounge, aesthetic sensibilities all athirst for an hour or two of Spike Jones or Benny Goodman, only to find that a Dvorak devotee or a Stokowski sycophant has beaten them to it, and is already flaked out in an armchair near the machine, listening rapt to the strains that issue from the loud speaker.

The group stops suddenly in mid-progress; a look of blank dismay comes over the faces of its members; mouths fall open and the jivesters look at one another with an expression that seems to say "We been crossed up! We been had!"

HEPS! HUDDLE

Then the team wanders over to a chesterfield where it clusters around in a sort of sullen circle the members muttering among themselves and casting furtive glances at the figure in the armchair who is pointedly not noticing them--although everybody else in the lounge is watching.

From the huddle around the chesterfield, the odd phrase drifts out, loud enough to be heard by the classical exponent--"phoney ruddy music"... "puts me off"... and the like. The man by the record player flushes a bit, sets his jaw in readiness for the coming battle, and turns a record over.

SWINGSTERS' SALVO

The hep-cats next move is to open the offensive. One of their number strolls over to the armchair and asks innocently: "How long are you going to be, fella?"

The classicist accepts the challenge--his head goes up, his eyes flash fire: "Quite some time", he answers.

The swingster opens up his heavy artillery: "Well, there's quite a bunch of us here who would like to hear some popular music. Now I like this kind myself, pretty well, but you know how a lot of the fellows feel..."

The classical man falls back on the common law for support, claims squatter's rights "After all, I got here first, you know", he says, mildly.

"Yeah, but most of the guys around here would rather hear the popular music", the spokesman insists "Yeah, vote on it"... "This is a democracy, isn't it?"

REBUTTAL

The classical man takes a deep breath and lets go his big speech "Jive, jive, that's all you ever hear around this place. You go to jam sessions at noon, to dances at night, all you ever hear is jive, jive, jive--come up here to try and sneak in a moment or two of Bach or Beethoven and what happens?--people come badgering you for more jive! It's more than a man can stand..." At this point, the classicist loses his temper and snarls savagely at his opponents "Go on, scram!"

FACILITIES BETTER FOR BOWMEN NOW

Peregrine's budding Robin Hoods are getting more opportunities to try their hand at drawing the longbow these days as new equipment and extended "shooting hours" give more and more chances to more and more people to spend some time at the butts.

With a new shipment of arrows just arrived, and with the archery range behind the drill shed open now from 0800 to 2000 every day, AB Bill Kiser, who, with Fred McMann, runs the longbow locker, expects more and more would-be archers to turn out every day.

"None of the fellows who have come down here to shoot have known anything about it until they got down on the range with a bow in their hands", Bill says, "but after they've been down for a few shoots they get pretty good at it". Bill himself had never dabbled in archery until he joined.

Stadacona and Cornwallis both have been after him to get a team organized to shoot in an intra-service tournament, but to date his efforts along this line haven't been successful.

Special equipment is provided for Wrens who want to make use of the range, women's bows and lighter arrows are provided, Bill points out.

TIFFIES RECOVER AFTER BIG PICNIC

The scars of the Shad Bay picnic have worn off; the boys and girls no longer suffer from V-J Day beer d.t.'s, the tired tiffies are swallowing vitamin tablets to retrieve that lost energy, so everything is more or less normal along medical row once more.

True enough, a certain chief still insists that he never went swimming clad in his clothes and pipe, and a west coast killick denies frightening the little children by sitting in a puddle of dry-ice minus his clothes (just the opposite of the chief) but outside of that things are pretty much the same in needle alley.

Chief among this week's items in the news that Surgeon-Lt. Commander Farmer will return to Montreal and Geivy Street. The P.M.O. will be missed, not only for his ability to ride surf-boards, but also for the fact that he was a good boss. It was a pleasure to work with him and for him.

Things we would like to know...Why "Gums" Barran, and Dave Sim always cheer for the Stadacona girls in the softball games. And why Dave is so anxious to go for the laundry these days...If it is the architecture that causes Emberley to hang around the Lord Nelson so much...If that night-staff duo of Shaw and Dobson set off the recent Halifax fireworks as part of a welcome to their wives...If Eddy (just call me star) Sully ever explained to his wife why he never sent those snapshots home...Where "Salty" O'Rourke got the walk--at sea, through flat feet, or riding Halifax street cars?

Usually at this point, the jivesters retire to the chesterfield formation again and proceed to get on the classicists' nerves by more audible mutterings of "dog in the manger"... "who does he think he is, anyway?"...or by just sitting and staring at him.

This seems to work pretty well, because sooner or later the Beethoven boy gets up and muttering to himself, stows away his records, and flounces out of the lounge to the ill-concealed delight of the men on the chesterfield.

WOTTHEHELL

It's funny that the classical coterie never tries the same sort of thing when there's a bunch of jitterbugs hunched around the record-player. Maybe they figure it isn't worth while--or perhaps they realize that there's no use trying to make yourself heard over the noise of a Spike Jones record, anyway.

THUMBS 10 000 MILES PEREGRINE WREN "BUMS" PLANE RIDES



Comely Leading Wren Lola Mays, of the Captain's office, is the leading contender for the title of "Peregrinator De Luxe", after a two-week leave in which she "thumbed" 10,000 miles by airplane, across the United States and back.

Lola began her peripatetic holiday in New York, and hitchhiked in US Army planes all over the country, ranging from Savannah, Ga., to Fresno, Cal., and back.

"I've done a bit of flying in civvie life", Lola, a former member of the Hamilton, Ont., Aero Club, will explain, "so it just naturally occurred to me to try and get a ride in a plane."

She was standing around the despatcher's office in Mitchell Field, N.Y., when a Flying Fortress pilot overheard her inquiries and offered a lift as far as Savannah.

"He was tall and handsome, so I sort of accepted", she says. At Savannah, she met with a group of pilots who were helping transport personnel from a Georgia airfield to a post in California. She bummed a ride in one of their C-47 troop transports and travelled as extra passenger in a plane that also bore 10 top sergeants and four WAC's. After stops at Dallas Tex., and Las Vegas, Mexico, they stepped out at Fresno, Cal.

Lola's C-47 was one that had been used to transport wounded men from the island of Guam and was still outfitted with stretcher racks--"They had a stretcher rigged up with a parachute for a pillow so that I could sleep whenever I felt like it", she relates.

She rode with the same group on their return trip to Savannah, where she hooked another ride as far as Columbus, Ohio. Here she connected with the pilot of a B-29 Superfortress, who gave her a lift as far as Reading, N.Y. She started the trip riding deep in the bowels of the monster plane, in the midst of a maze of wires and complex equipment, but later the pilot offered her more comfortable quarters in the bombardier's turret, so she rode to Reading in a plexiglass blister, with a Norden bombsight between her knees.

From Reading, she took a train to New York, and thence continued back to her Hamilton home.

Lola spent much of her time in WAC Barracks and mess halls and is loud in her praise of the hospitality offered by the girls in khaki.

"One night a WAC officer came up to me and said 'I heard we had a British WAVE around, and I want to see that you get properly looked after!'", she recalls.

She evolved a routine for getting accommodation for the night in WAC barracks that consisted chiefly of walking up to the first Wac she saw and saying "Hiya". The Wac would look at her uniform, do a "double take" and exclaim "For goodness sake, what are you?". By the time Lola got through explaining they were old friends.



Since the inauguration of the "stream" system for discharges, it is little wonder that a particular lad was "pre-documented, controlled, boarded, dentalized, selective-serviced, counselled, released, railroaded, reimbursed and discharged" before it was finally discovered that he had merely stepped into the hall-way of the Administration Building to deliver a telegram.

No major events have taken place since last going to press, but a hic-tic time is foreseen for Saturday night when Release Centre personnel go all out for the dance in the Airmen's Mess. This is the first dance since V/J day--of which day some of us bear pleasant memories, others can't remember, and still others are trying hard to forget.

We understand that the occupants of Barrack Block 2 are clamoring for more bed-time stories from Johnny Welham. How about it, Johnny? And while we are speaking of stories--have you heard that "Sandy" finally found the "balance" for which the midnight oil was kept burning?

Pun of the Week: Since little Audrey has had to forgo those "Pow-wows" we imagine her life must be a little on the M.T. side.

Dear Messdeck Annie: During a hot argument the other day a matelot told me I had a head like a "soogie" pot? Is that good, bad, or indecent? Puzzled Pigeon

CORRECTION DEPARTMENT

In last week's story on the Wrens' 3rd anniversary celebrations, we gave the cooks of #6 Galley credit for baking the ship-shaped cake that was used at the party. We are now informed that the staff of the Chief and Petty Officers' mess produced the confection in question, and that culinary kudos should go to them instead.

"WINNIE"



**DON'T TALK SO LOUD
EVERYONE'S LOOKING AT US**

PEREGRINE NINE SCORES 2 WINS

Peregrine's Senior Softballers put on a good show over the long week-end when they came out on top in two exhibition games.

The first, played Sunday afternoon at Aldershot against Aldershot Sergeants, resulted in a 10-7 victory for the navy nine.

The second game played on the home diamond of the Kentville All-Stars, resulted in a spectacular win for the Peregrinians, who chalked up 18 runs against the Kentville 4.

S/Lt John Eccles, new sports officer and former pitcher for the Toronto Leafs, did the hurling in both games, while strong hitting Knapp and White helped pile up runs.

PUSSER POST

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DEPOT DOINGS

Big news of the week came when Special Services asked for volunteers to join the Navy Show now playing to service audiences somewhere in Holland. Of those selected to go overseas the Depot's representative will be Wren Merion Bunker. Merion was in Peregrine's "Shattered Nerves" show last summer and is very happy at the thought of going into the show business in pussier style.

In the sport world the Writers' team now deftly termed "The Scribes", scored another triumph in clipping the Air Force wings to the tune of 8 to 4 in the first game of a best-three-out-of-five Championship Series. Smitty Mosley pitched masterfully for the winners while George Flynn and Leo Roach notched a homer apiece to put the issue beyond doubt.

DEMOBILIZATION FIGURES

24041
DISCHARGED, DEMOBILIZED TO DATE
3557
PASSED THROUGH CENTRES LAST WEEK
1652
OF THESE THROUGH PEREGRINE



MESSDECK ANNIE

Se3

Lots of people have wondered why more women didn't join the services to release men. Way we figure it, most would rather stay home and hold onto one. Pipsqueak Pete says the Navy is getting so pussier these days, that even the spaghetti stands up straight when the Captain makes rounds.

Dear Messdeck Annie: I'm in love with a C.P.O., much older than myself, he even has white hair. My friends say I'm crazy.

Killick Wren Coder Kitty
Dear K.W.C.K.: Forget the white hair, Kitten, you know the old saying "Just because there is snow on the roof, it doesn't mean the fire's out".

Dear Messdeck Annie: I've heard of Wrens, Wac's and WAAF's; what the heck is a WOC?

Worried Wart
Dear W.W.: Way I heard it, a WOC is a fmg you frow at a wabbit, you silly thing.

Dear Messdeck Annie: How do I get rid of hay fever?
Casanova Joe

Dear Cas: Stay away from grass widows, old pal.