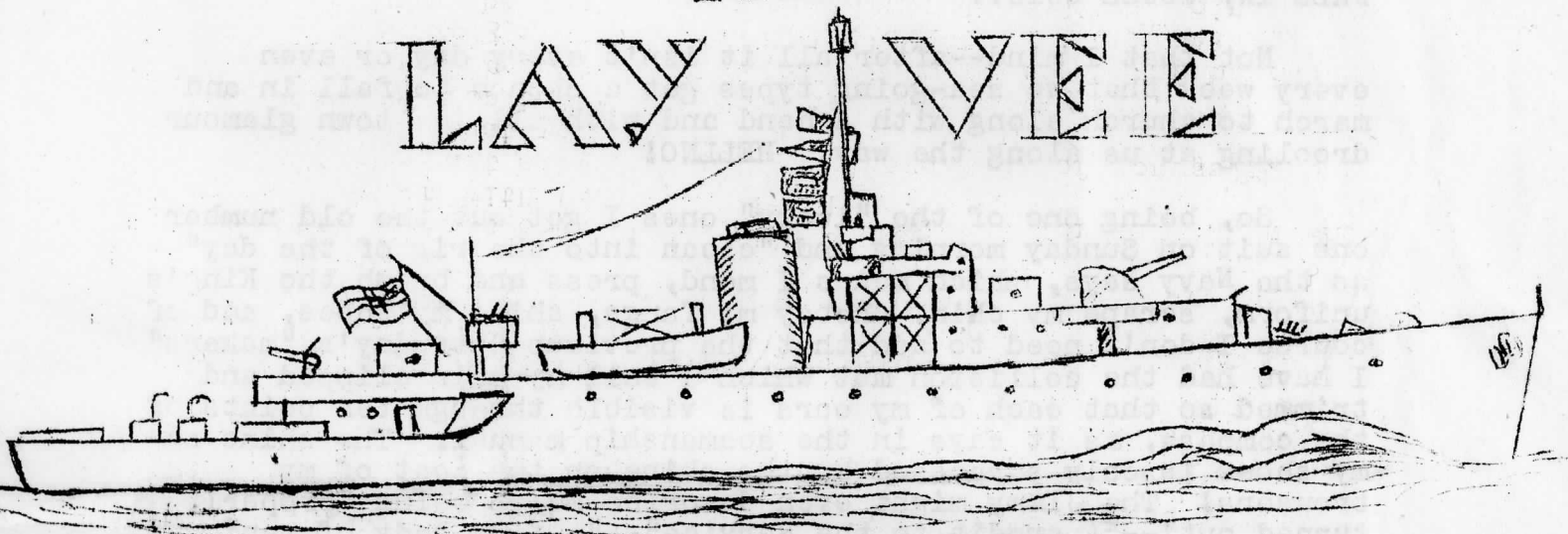


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# THE LAY VEE



# LIGHT

Sept. 28, 1945.

Vol. II Number 6

## THIS IS FRIENDSHIP

- I like you not only for what you are, but for what I am when I am with you.
- I like you not only for what you have made of yourself, but for what you are making of me.
- I like you for the part of me that you bring out.
- I like you for putting your hand into my heaped up heart and passing over all the frivolous there; and drawing out into the light all the beautiful, radiant things that no one else has looked quite for enough to find.
- I like you for ignoring the possibilities of the fool in me, and for laying firm hold of the possibilities of good in me.
- I like you for closing your eyes to the discords in me, and adding to the music in me by worshipful listening.
- I like you because you are helping me to make of the lumber of my life, not a tavern, but a temple, and of the words of my days, not a reproach, but a song.
- I like you because you have done more than any creed could have done to make me happy.
- You have done it without a touch, without a word, without a sign.
- You have done it by being yourself.
- After all, perhaps this is what being a friend means.

(Author Unknown to us.)

# Our Church Parade Sunday!

FALL IN, YOUSE GUYS!!

Not that I mind--after all it isn't every day or even every week that we sea-going types get a chance to fall in and march to church along with a band and with all the town glamour drooling at us along the way. HELLNO!

So, being one of the "lucky" ones I get out the old number one suit on Sunday morning and "clean into the rig of the day" as the Navy says, which means I mend, press and brush the King's uniform, scrape my chin, dhobey my fangs, shine my shoes, and of course I don't need to add that the previous Saturday's "makers" I have had the collision mat which I call my hair clipped and trimmed so that each of my ears is visible through ten points of the compass, as it says in the seamanship manual. The shine on my shoes is only surpassed by the shine on the seat of my trousers! The Jimmy might even describe me as being "properly turned out"--"A credit to the Service"--"a fine body of man", or some other expression which makes me tingle with pride.

We're "fell in" in plenty of time (the Navy always takes plenty of time--plenty of your time, that is) by our coxswain in the approved "pusser" manner. Our coxswain is a good guy and lets us "stand easy" as much as he can. He doesn't mind if we smoke--in fact I don't think he gives a damn if we burn! However in due course we're dressed sized and herded into several bunches known in the Navy as "platoons", after which the platoon P.O. reports us to our platoon commander who reports us to the Parade Commander who reports us to the Senior Naval Officer and I think that we're eventually reported to God, but I couldn't be sure about that.

After the usual amount of screaming by the gold braid sprinkled about we march off and make a rendezvous with the Sea Cadets and their band. The Sea Cadets, I might remark, look very smart and tiddly and remind us of our divisions where we joined up as "eager beavers" three, four or more years ago.

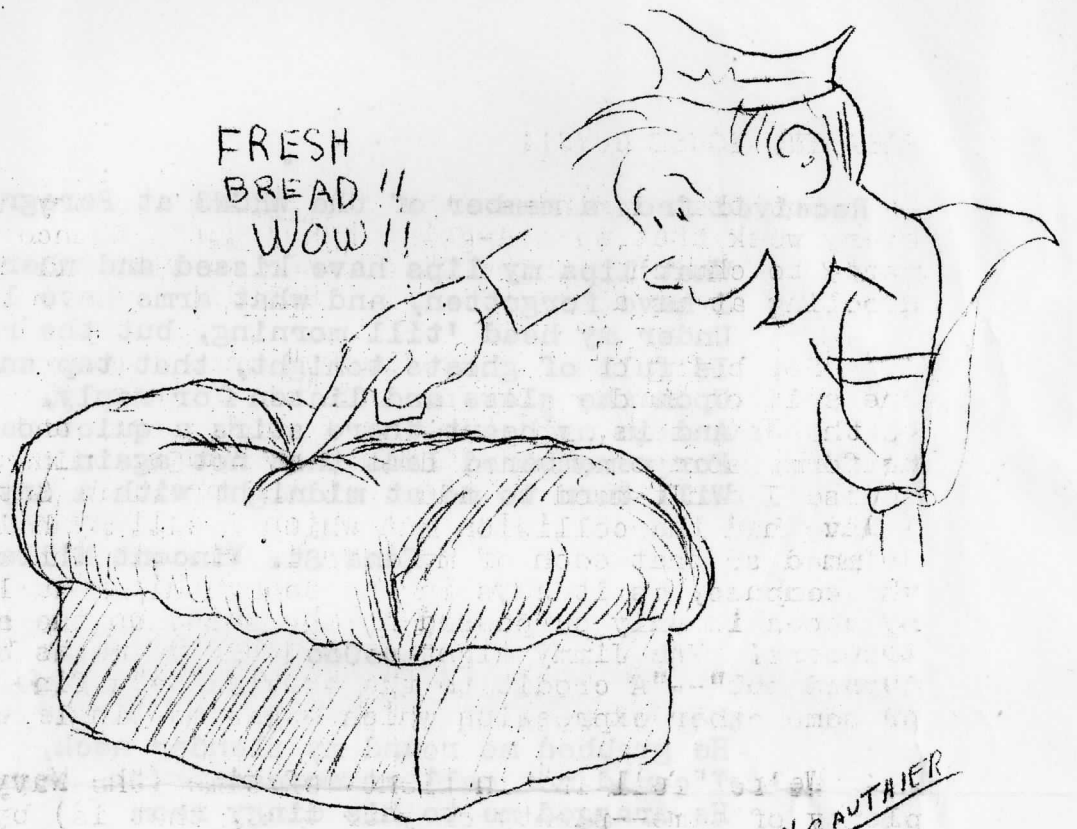
Now we stop off again with the band booming out. Boy, that's the treatment! You're on parade now, Jack--chin up, arms swinging--the Navy's here! You should see your girl friend somewhere along the way, and don't forget to give the Wrens the nod--maybe they work in Peregrine and can fix up your discharge! As we turn up to the Church the band gives out with "Onward Christian Soldiers" which really bucks up our morale--forgotten are those nights on the beach, crocks of "Golden Glow", and many other things already forgotten, and we go stepping into Church with halo's "close up".

In church everyone is very nice to us--we're thanked for coming, told that Lunenburg has enjoyed having the Navy with them through the War. I guess we feel the same way about it, and if it wasn't for the fact that the War is over and we have to shove off for the old home port we'd try and swindle a shore number here.

We manage to get through the Service O.K., although some of us don't know the drill very well. Stand up, sit down, kneel, etc. "Hey you! Get your hot little fist out of there! That's the collection plate, not a bag of peanuts!

Now we're outside again and with a full dress repetition of all the tumult and shouting we start off for the ship. Hell! Why do they always pick a parade C.O. with long legs--he's going down hill now and we'll never catch him! But we've made it and we're back at the Foundry. Here it is--"Fall out the officers". There they go--the last to fall in and the first to fall out". "---the Chiefs and P.O.'s" Wait 'till I get this

"- - - - DIISSS SMIISSS"



FRESH  
BREAD !!  
WOW !!

ROY GAUTHIER

PIN-UP OF THE WEEK

CHURCH PARADE



BLAH

BCSC

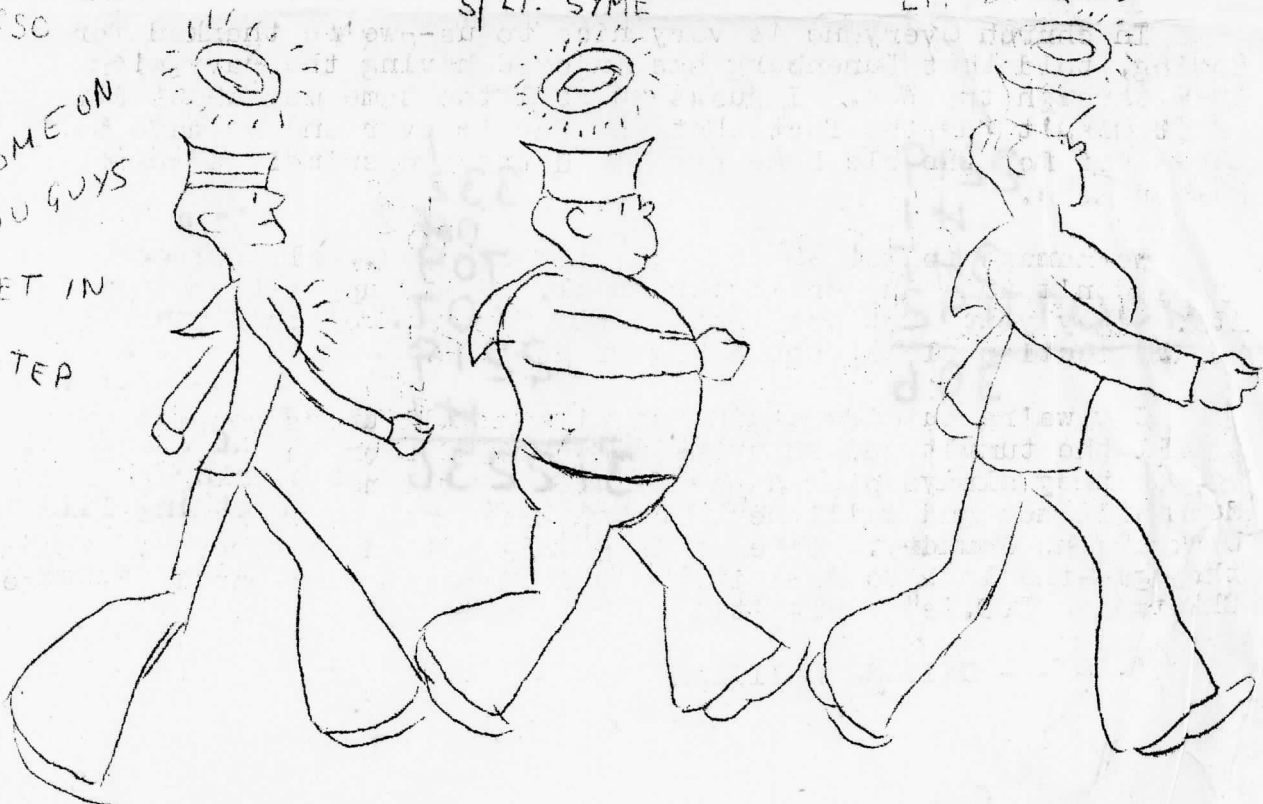


S/LT. SYME



LT. DOUGLAS

COME ON  
YOU GUYS  
GET IN  
STEP



Received from a member of the WRCNS at Peregrine.

What lips my lips have kissed and where and why  
I have forgotten, and what arms have lain  
Under my head 'till morning, but the rain  
Is full of ghosts tonight, that tap and sigh  
Upon the glass and listen for reply,  
And in my heart there stirs a quiet pain  
For remembered lads that not again  
Will turn to me at midnight with a cry.

Edna St. Vincent Millay.

ooOoo

He grabbed me round my slender neck,  
I could not call or scream  
He dragged me to his dingy room  
Where we could not be seen.

He tore away my flimsy wrap  
And looked upon my form  
I was so cold and damp and scared,  
While he was damp and warm.

His feverish lips he pressed to mine  
I gave him every drop  
He drained me of my very self  
I could not make him stop

He made me what I am today  
That's why you find me here  
A broken bottle thrown away  
That once was full of beer.

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AFTERGLOWS

We should soon know whether Lieut. (S) Gunnar Rostrup gets results when he goes to Halifax, or whether he too gets stranded up there with our monthly insult.

The Bridgewater nurses preferred a challenge to the officers to play their softball team, but withdrew it almost immediately for some unknown reason.

Just about two weeks to go now until the big cross country race, and early every morning, (about seven o'clock to be exact) up to five of the officers can be seen heading out towards the golf course, but not with golf clubs. First thing that you know mister Syme will be in tip top condition and will have to give first prize to himself. Maybe that's the idea in getting out for a run every morning.

It is easy to see what a little bit of training can do for you, witness Lieut. Dave Douglas leading the Church Parade down hill on Sunday. If everyone had been out on the road training they would have been able to keep up with him easily.

"Judging" from S/Lieut. Don Osborne, the situation could be better.



*A letter received from the  
mother of our ship-mate who  
was drowned last month!*

COPY

304 High Street,  
Moncton, N.B.

19th September, 1945.

Lieut. D.B. Douglas, R.C.N.V.R.,  
Pres. H.M.C.S. "LEVIS" Canteen,  
H.M.C.S. "LEVIS"  
Lunenburg, Nova Scotia.

Dear Lieutenant:

I received your cheque for Two Hundred  
and Fifty Dollars.

Thank all the members of the ship's  
company for me, please. I understand the spirit in  
which it was sent. (Do I put this badly?)

It makes me feel so good to hear in what  
high esteem you held my son.

As for me, I could go on and on telling  
what a fine boy he was. It seems all a dream, that I  
am not going to have him come home to me.

Wish all the boys luck for me.

Yours truly,

Signed  
"Lilian Wortman"

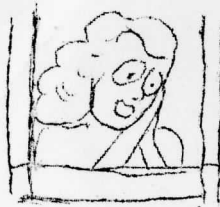
ooOoo

The night is young but all is still,  
And we our watchful vigil will  
Keep till morning brightly dawns.  
The lights all dimmed save for the red,  
Which marks each exit clear  
The off watch hands are all in bed,  
And trust us with their lives most dear.  
It may seem foolish but 'tis wise,  
'Tis done that each brave heart may rise  
And sally forth to fight again,  
To sail once more the ocean main.  
To work throughout each convoy trip,  
For love of, and faith in his ship.

The seas may rage in anger foul,  
The winds may blow and fiercely howl,  
But still each man his watch will keep,  
So that his fellow men may sleep.  
None ever fear and none grow frantic,  
With watch well kept who'd fear the Atlantic.  
Oh God of love who makes't us brave  
Save our ship from each towering wave.  
Oh spare our ship, let her fail ne'er,  
The ensign she with pride does wear.  
And from each tangle with the Hun,  
Let her in splendour homeward run.

D.F.F.

Dec./44.



OH FREDDY!

WAA-SHE'S GONE!!

NEVER MIND DON-THERE ARE OTHERS



### MESS DECK CHATTER

Somebody ought to give a certain Stoker a kick, or has he forgotten what he said at the corn boil.

We wonder why Norm Tapping is all fagged out when he returns from ashore, they tell me he has a new love. Someone says that he has taken Burgess' so called love from him. Perhaps he will receive a box of slippers too. Or does he need them?

It looks as if the stokers have sprouted fins, for they can be seen on the Q Patch almost any time with hook and line.

THE LEVIE'S NEWEST ROMANCE

A new cook has joined our ship. He claims he is a C/ERA, but we think he's just a C/cook and bottle washer.

Charlie King our one and only Stoker P.O. is a funny guy when under the influence of tomatoe juice. He has even been seen out with his daughter. Who's the daughter Charlie?

We have heard of several kinds of languages but there seems to be one that we missed. For a personal hearing you are invited to see Stoker Roberge. It goes something like this, "dis or dat, or dos or dem".

It is rumoured that a certain Stoker's girl friend is a juggler. One of Billy King's old friends so I hear. D---s you've had it.

Well we lost our old friend bone crusher Powell, but it looks as if we have another in McKie, an ERA from B.C. He has more stories about Japs than Powell had about wrecking cars. PS He even says the Japs had all the gass they could use.

We thought that we only had one EA aboard the ship, but if you happen to go into the stokers mess you will find a toaster that stoker Dynes put together, and he has 29 parts left over.

HERE'S THE KEY TO THE BOX NORM



THANKS BURGIE, I'LL KEEP IT WELL PRESERVED

R is for wreck, he really would be  
O is for the ocean, of which he has seen  
U is for U Boats he sank in his dreams  
S is for sailor, he thinks that he is  
E is for everything he'd like to be

Put them all together, they spell ROUSE and what a mess he turned out to be.

Stoker Putman is a modern Lil' Loner, ask him if he would like a date, and his "I'd ruther fish".



FREQUENT SCENE ON DR OFF THE QUARTER DECK —

Nipe!

"Excerpts from an Address by a Feminine Candidate  
for "Prime Minister"

"We must have what the men have. It may not be much, but we mean to have it. If we cannot get it without friction, then we will get it with friction. If we cannot get it through our organizations, then we will get it through our combinations, or both if necessary".

"We refuse to be poked in the gallery any longer and insist on being placed on the floor of the house".

"We are willing to look up at the men, but we don't always want to be forced or held down without being able to make a few motions of our own."

"We want to hold our ends up to the men, and show them our possibilities whenever anything arises that will fill our expectations".

"Nothing that comes will be too hard for us".

"We women have always been interested in good movements, and will take any load that is given to us".

"We are willing to work under men that are now above us as in the past, to the point of exhaustion, if necessary, but we are beginning to become disgusted with their failures and shortcomings".

"Never, when anything arose that required our presence and attention have we failed to come, and come again if the occasion required it."

"But too often our enthusiasms have been aroused with false promises and too often have our hopes and strivings been met with feeble performance which left us disappointed and dissatisfied".

"How have our efforts to push forward our ends been met in the house, with the cry, "Down with the petticoats". Now I say, "Up with the petticoats, and down with the pants". "Then things will be in the light".

"As long as we women are split up as we are, the men will always be on top".



VOTE  
MADAME BLAH  
FOR  
PRIME MINISTER

ooOoo

The first formal reply to our practice of mailing one copy of the Day We Light to each man after he has been discharged, was received from G.A. Wells, (formerly PO Wells). His letter is posted on the notice board, so there is no sense in re-producing it here, but if any of you have heard from men who have left the ship, let's hear about it so that we can pass the latest info on them on to everyone else. I'm sure that you can readily realize the impossibility of sending every edition to all of those who have left us but in cases where they specifically request it, copies will be forwarded in our regular mailing list as far as possible.