

# WALLACE SHIPBUILDER



**OUR WAY OF  
LIFE**

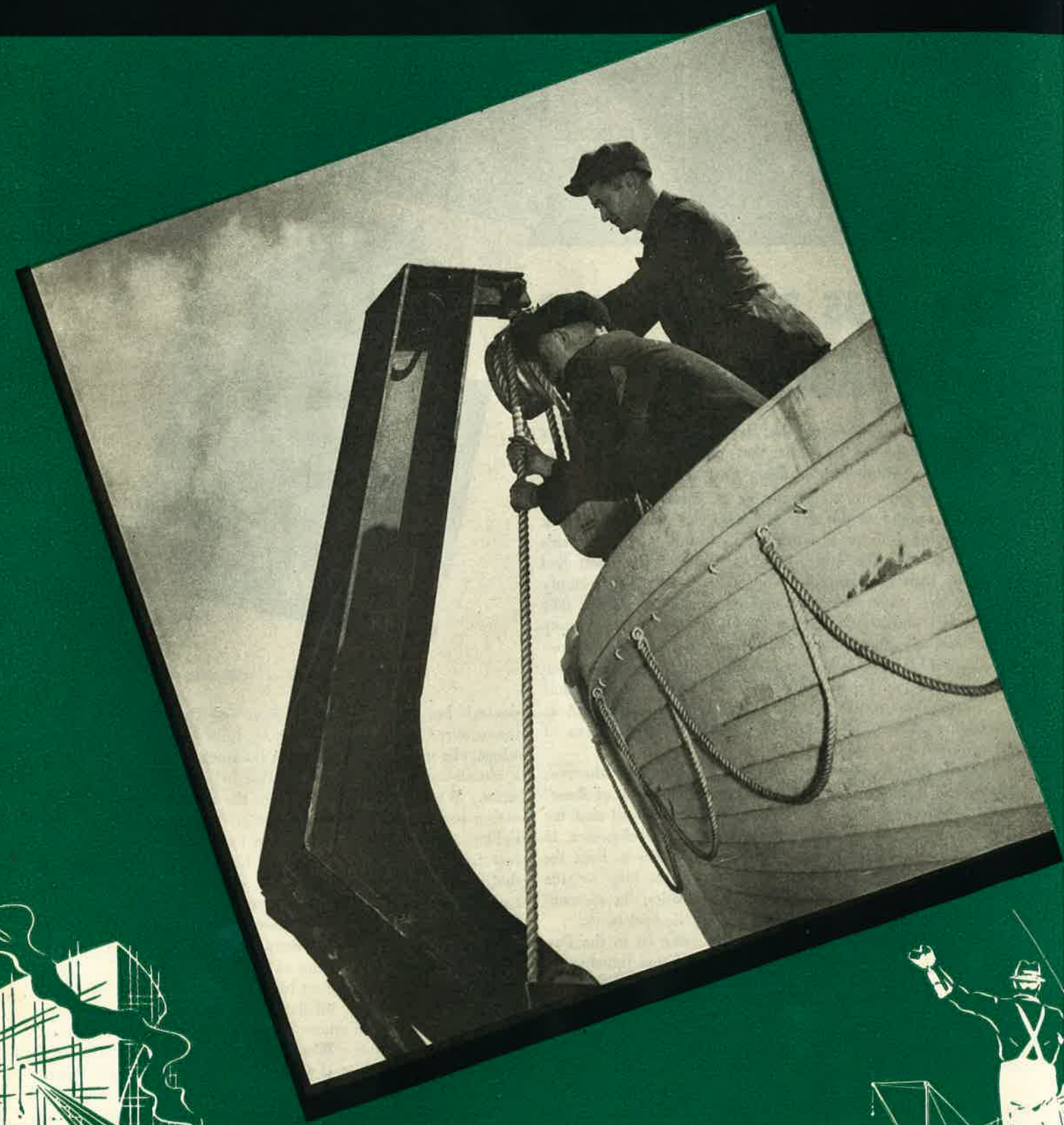
*Our dollars already invested in previous Victory Loans have helped to sustain our Canadian way of life . . . with the right to spend our recreational hours where and how we please . . . skiing over the vast snow fields of Grouse Mountain, for instance, as these North Yard boys are doing.*

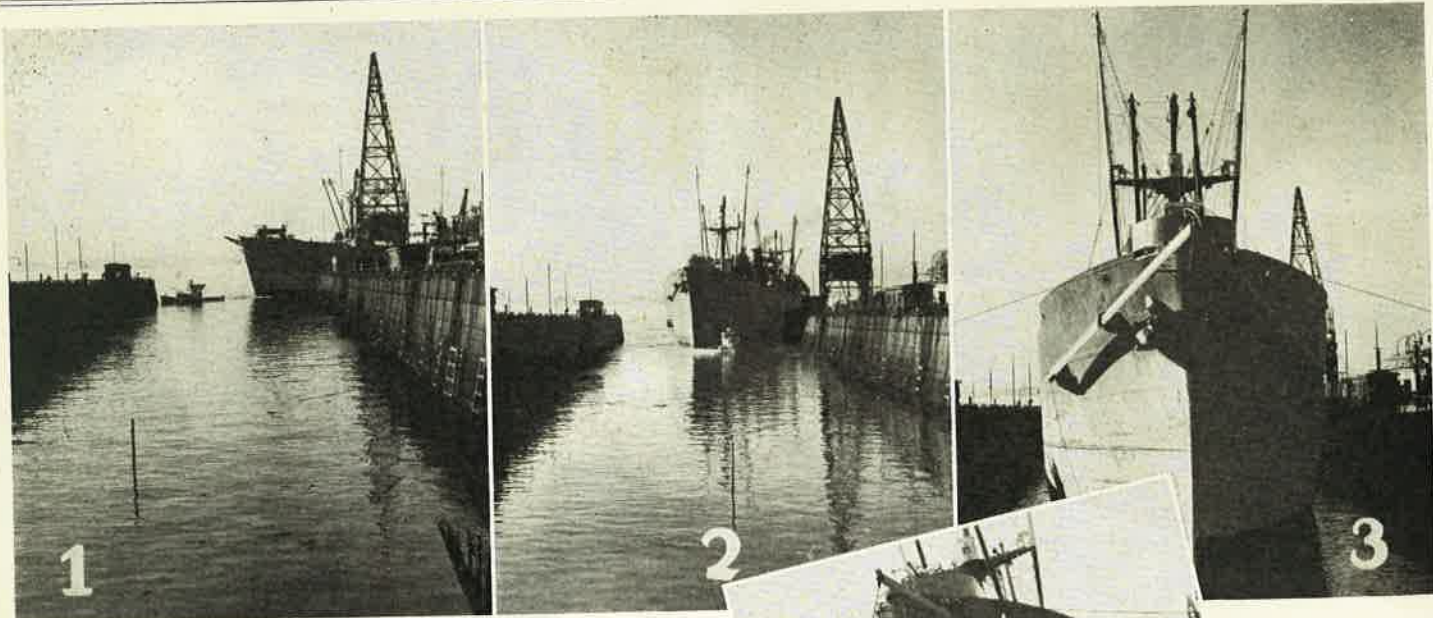
*Our dollars invested in the next Victory Loan will help to bring about a successful peace . . . to bring our soldiers and sailors and airmen home again . . . to give them — and your boy may be one of them — the financial boost they may need to re-establish themselves in civilian life.*

*Our dollars invested in the Eighth Victory Loan will help those here on the home front — and you may be among them — to return to pre-war tasks . . . or perhaps to an entirely new life where war . . . thank God . . . will play no part.*

*Our Victory Loan quotas are stiff this time . . . the North Yard objective is \$1,000,000, the South Yard \$240,000. Let's Go!*

**We Lead Building Boats . . . Let's Lead Buying Bonds!**





## The Ups and Downs of Drydocking

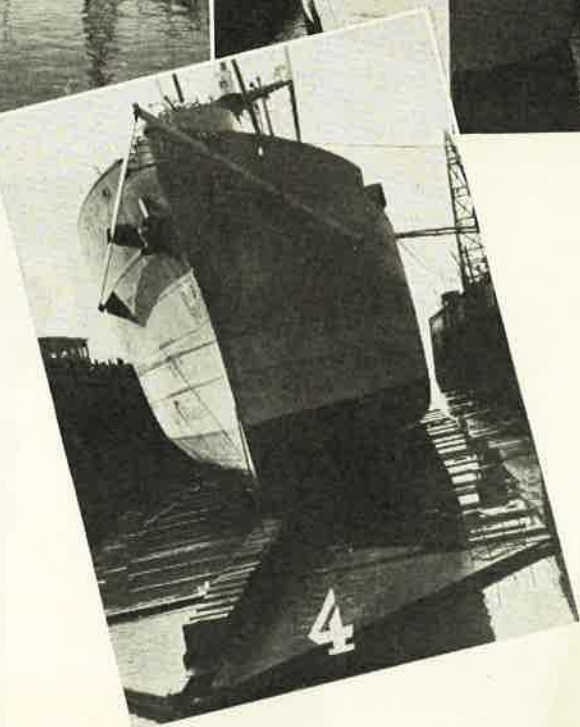
Ships come and go on the Dry Dock and nobody says much about it but it's a safe bet that most everybody wonders to themselves how the whole thing works.

Well, if you were a herring or a flounder or a cat-fish swimming around in the murky waters below our Dry Dock the first thing you would collide with would be 11 pontoons—one right after the other, each one individually controlled to sink or float as required. When these pontoons are empty of water they float and thus surface the Dock. When they are full they sink and submerge the Dock with them. A pump at each end of each pontoon, controlled from the wings—those two slope-sided red walls—empties the water out; gates controlled by valves, also operated from the wings, let the water in. There's lots of lift power in this simple arrangement as you realize when you see the Dry Dock "up" 20,000 tons of ship without any fuss at all.

Every ship afloat carries its own Docking Plan wherever it goes, and it is from this Plan which gives the "rise of floor"—the difference in distance between the actual keel and the bilge where the ship begins to bulge—that the Dockmaster, in any Dry Dock, knows where to place his blocks to hold the vessel upright. The keel block is stationary; the bilge or side blocks are moveable and are pulled into position the moment the bottom of the ship has come to rest on the keel block.

The job of getting a ship from the water on to the Dry Dock is a ticklish one and calls for skill and fine figuring on both the part of North Burrard's Dockmaster, Alf Wills, and the Dockpilot, usually Jim Andrews. The Pilot sizes up the ship, takes stock of the weather, goes aboard, gets his tugs in position—two, unless wind and tide demand more—and jockeys the craft into line for entrance to the Dock.

At the forward end of the Dock you may have noticed a tall stake . . . but for gosh sakes don't call it that because if Alf or Jim heard you refer to it as anything other than a *bootjack* they'd submerge you with the Dock! When the ship-to-be-



The four steps of drydocking.

docked has been towed in over the Dry Dock floor and manoeuvred into exact position by lines from the ship to the wings, she must line up with the bootjack at the bow and with a plumb-line, suspended by a cable between the wings, at the stern. When finally she's in place the pumps are thrown into action and the water pumped out of the pontoons. As they lighten, they rise, and as they rise Dockmaster Alf does some fast figuring because he's got to bring different sections of that dock up to meet the different ship bottom elevations and get them all there at the same time. He does this, of course, by pump control but he must know to the fraction of an inch of water level what each pump is doing and how fast its action will raise that portion of the dock.

When the ship's bottom hits the keel block and the bilge blocks are snugged in, all danger of the ship listing or toppling over is past. Workers relax and the Dock steadily rises bearing the ship aloft. When fairly close to surface it breaks water quickly and then if you were not a particularly smart herring or flounder or catfish you'd find yourself suddenly flapping and gasping on the bare floor. Many a bucketful of herring have gone into Jim's pickling pot before now—just a by-product of the difficult art of Dry Docking!

## Clay Is His Medium » »

A cayuse bucked . . . the five-year-old, straddling its hurricane deck, sailed off into the air . . . landed fair and square in a clay bank . . . and a sculptor was born! That boy was Carl Robinson, now a South Yard Pipefitter's Helper, and he tells how with nothing damaged except his dignity, he lay for a minute where he had landed, each hand plunged deep into the sticky soil. Something comforting about its feel, its smoothness, its coolness, its malleability caught his interest. He sat up, gathered himself a double handful of mud squeezed it this way and that, smoothed it, shaped it, added a dab here and a dab there, and found his grubby fingers had coaxed the likeness of a human head out of the hunk of dirt!

The major result of that tumble, says our Pipe Shop man, was that he knew from then on that clay was his medium, and although he didn't realize it at that stage, he found later he had a "three-dimensional eye" — a sculptor's solid outlook rather than the flat view of an artist who works on a one-plane, two-dimensional medium such as paper. Having once made his exciting discovery about the clay soil in that part of Saskatchewan where he was brought up, the boy, Carl, modelled and worked continually in his newly-found material, experimenting with everything from farm animals to people's faces. But, he says, it was always the human head that appealed to him most.

Then, one thing leading to another, after working a while with his hands this young sculptor began to work with his head and developed an insatiable thirst for real knowledge to add to his artistic talent. That's why, says Carl, when he studied sculpture in Paris some years later, the intricacies of anatomy and the classes in practical dissection absorbed him so much. He found himself, even then, enquiring into the causes that had changed prehistoric man to the human being we know today. Then when he returned to Canada after active service in the First World War, he discovered endless material for research in the relics dug from Vancouver's *Marpole Midden*—that world-famous burial ground of the Coast's old-time Indian tribes.

Carl's sculptor's eye, trained to read character that lies bone deep, found these ancient skulls a fascinating study and gave him an understanding of the kind of people they had been, and an appreciation of the fact that they once lived, loved, fought, worked for a living as we do today. It was possibly this very human approach

*Buried at least 1200 years ago in the Marpole Midden—richly sheathed in beaten copper and crowned with dentalium shells—all that is left of this Indian Prince, today, is his fine skull and his reconstructed head and shoulders, sculptured by Carl's knowledgeable fingers.*

to his subject that eventually won for Carl Robinson the rare honor of being made a Fellow of the Royal Anthropological Institute this year, for which he was recommended on account of the "contribution to human knowledge" made by his *Thesis on the Reconstruction of the Prehistoric Skulls of the Lower Mainland of B. C.*—written for the Royal Society of Canada.

"That's a whole string of dry-sounding words," smiled Carl, the Pipefitter's Helper, looking up from the pipe he was packing with sand. "All they mean is that I have a mixture of knack, skill and knowledge that makes it possible to visualize and create life-like models of long-dead people."

This reconstruction that Carl specializes in amounts to taking an ancient skull and making a careful study of all the available scientific facts about the types and characteristics of the people of that period. To this he adds accumulated knowledge of such details as skin textures, hair growth, probable eating habits that might affect the lip and jaw structure, and other information pieced from decorations on old carvings and utensils. Then, only, is Carl ready to go to work, first modelling an exact replica of the skull in clay, then building up carefully-planned features on this base in accordance with the results of his research. That he achieves both realism and understandable human expressions in his finished heads is proved by the interest they hold even for casual visitors to the Vancouver Museum where many of his pieces have places of honor—and where Carl was, incidentally, made a Director in 1944.

"When I'm working on a subject like that," explains this

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*They've worked together for years but it's still anybody's guess who's boss!*

# DICK... and Danny!

The windows in the tar-papered mess-hall shone cheerfully, the roof shook with gusts of hearty laughter and the plank floors and thin walls echoed to the stomp of work boots and the clatter of applause.

Inside, on an improvised platform, a slim young man bent reprovingly over an impertinent little figure that perched on his knee, rolling his eyes, winking at the audience and sass-ing his boss back with split-second timing and a complete disregard for dignity . . . Dick and "Danny" at work bringing cheer and laughter and entertainment to one of those rather grim spots known as a relief camp where they played whenever possible en route to their regular B. C. bookings.

Dick—or Hugh Dickson, to be exact—is well known in the North Yard as a Plater, and Danny is his back-talking dummy. They were both professional performers before they joined Burrard.

A ventriloquist's dummy is just a doll with fairly simple controls in its back-bone that operate its facial expressions and give it a certain amount of movement, Dick explains. He insists that making it talk isn't a special gift—says anyone with enough perseverance can master it. He does admit, however, that there are three qualities absolutely essential to a first class dummy act . . . showmanship, an understanding of audience reaction and the mastering of perfect timing for repartee. The smaller-town an audience is and the more personal, the easier this reaction is to judge. "When we really click with an audience," Dick's sincerity made his statement sound logical, "Danny gets away on me. He cuts loose with back-talk and wise-cracks that aren't in the script at all, and ad libs to the point where it surprises me as much as those out front."

Dick started playing around with "throwing the voice" while he was still a bank clerk in Saskatchewan. He got so good at it that the first thing he knew he was a variety entertainer and bit-part player with the Richard Kent Stock Company, then playing in Moose Jaw. It was more fun than a cashier's cage and he stayed with it and went on the road with them as one of their regular players. After two years he quit them to join a travelling carnival. Here he featured a disembodied head, caught in a giant spider web, that smiled and joked with the customers. Later his preference for small audiences and remote out-posts decided him to join up with five other entertainers on a 42-foot showboat . . . the *New Deal*, with ports of call at every cannery, logging camp and Indian village from Vancouver to Alaska.

"It was a swell life but Ir.'ian audiences were a new type to Danny and me. Our sure-fire gags left them as solemn as owls and just when we'd get about to the point of giving it up



as a bad job they'd suddenly roll in the aisles at something we didn't even intend to be funny!"

But wherever she went the arrival of the *New Deal* was a great event and people would gather from miles around to see the show and take part in the dance that was sure to follow. "Once, though," and Dick chuckled at the recollection, "we figured we were stuck to play to a two-person audience. It was at Echo Bay and if you've been to Echo Bay you'll know what I mean." When the *New Dealers* made fast at the wharf they found nothing but a wooden "hall" half a mile up the valley and an old man and his daughter living in a house-boat. But the artists were real troupers. They'd advertised by hand-bills ahead of time and the show must go on! "We worked hard all afternoon getting ready," says Dick, "and at dusk when we stopped to rest we looked out across the water. The whole bay had come alive!"

Canoes, rowboats, sailing and gasboats were scurrying toward the little wharf and solitary bewhiskered loggers and natives with whole families were hiking up to the door. By the time the show began it was a Standing Room Only proposition. Everybody brought their own refreshments and to make sure of share and share alike everything was poured into a white enamel pail and served out by the dipperful! "That night was a humdinger," Dick declares, "and they sure were crazy about our singer—but then, so was I! She's Mrs. Dickson now!"

The urgent need of men in the Shipyards brought this seasoned entertainer to North Burrard when the war began and he says he likes it fine, but the lure of the footlights still calls and Dick claims it won't be long after the emergency is over before he and Danny will be back on the road again, making new friends and renewing old acquaintances in small towns and villages all over Canada.

# The Flying Fitter

*From the North Shore Press, May 27, 1930*

"One of the most thrilling outdoor spectacles ever staged on the North Shore, was provided for 6000 persons attending the May Day Festival at Mahon Park on May 24 by Ishar Singh, Sikh aviator, whose daring 3000-foot leap from his aeromarine plane, piloted by J. A. Baird of Seattle, attracted hundreds of visitors from all parts of the lower mainland. All eyes were trained on the plane . . . when it reached a point slightly over half a mile to the West. A tiny figure was seen to move slowly out of the rear cockpit, and but a few minutes later that tiny speck was hurtling through the air at a terrific rate. Ishar travelled several hundred feet then pulled the cord of his Irwin Parachute . . . it "blossomed" and he commenced his drift toward the earth.

"Daring leaps from planes travelling at 80 miles an hour have been witnessed, but very seldom in this province . . . The diminutive Sikh aviator had not drifted far toward earth when it was obvious that he had allowed too much for the wind and would not make his landing in the Park."

"As a matter of fact," says Ishar Singh Banns, now in 1945 a North Yard Engine Fitter's Helper, "I landed up perched like a bird in the treetops of Capilano Canyon!"



*Above: 1930: Ishar was a high flier then and is shown here at the Vancouver Airport, about to take to the skies in his own plane.  
Top right: 1945: Ishar still likes the high places! His job this time is on the flying bridge of a ship in for repairs.*

This North Vancouver jump was the fourth made by our Engine Fitting friend. He had already made one in Los Angeles, one in Stockton, California and another in Victoria, B. C., when he made the Nor' Van leap. That first Los Angeles jump made by this dark-skinned, determined little man—admittedly quaking with fear but courageous enough to overcome it—was the worst. "I was scared every inch of the way down! I suppose it's more or less commonplace now, but in those days a parachute jump was still a gamble and not many private flyers had any ambition to hit the silk!"

Ishar Singh didn't *have* to make that jump 15 years ago. He did it as part of a plan to bring his East Indian countrymen into the limelight . . . to prove that they could do anything Canadians and Americans could do and that they were worthy to become fully recognized Canadian and American citizens. That's one reason why he took up flying—and be-

came the first Canadian Sikh aviator—in those days when civilian birdmen were rare and parachute jumpers very much of a novelty. The other reason is that he was badly bitten by the aviation bug himself.

This adventurous young Hindu began 'chute jumping shortly after he had learned to fly at a Los Angeles Flying School and it took him three months to pile up the 10 hours dual necessary before he soloed—each hour paid for by plunging his hand into the very bottom fo his pocket! Ishar's next move was to buy a plane in which he promptly took off from L.A. to Vancouver, B.C. With comparatively scanty meteorological information, no cross-country experience and a U.S. Air-

ways Map to help him stick to his route he says luck was with him until midway between Portland and Seattle when the one and only engine of his open-cockpit Waco coughed a couple of times . . . and died. About 3200 feet below him Ishar Banns spotted a tiny green patch of field and, with what he now admits was a mixture of beginner's luck and some pretty neat judgment, he switched off the ignition and glided earthwards. Making a few experimental turns over the five-acre clearing, our aviator side-slipped in over some tall timber and cushioned his landing in the branches of a young orchard. The plane, says Ishar, was wrecked beyond repair—and the fruit trees took quite a beating, too—but all the damage he got was a cut above his left eyebrow and a bad shaking up.

As soon as finances allowed, however, Banns was off to Missouri to get himself another plane—an experimental Nicholas Beazly trainer, so light that, when he encountered a heavy windstorm on his way home, he was tossed around like a shut-

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# WALLACE SHIPBUILDER

DOROTHY BELL—EDITOR  
JOAN GREENWOOD—Associate Editor  
JACK CASH—Staff Photographer

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## Stripping It Down

Let's strip the Victory Bond down to its bare bones!

Let's take away the razzle-dazzle of patriotism; the ships, guns, ammunition and equipment that Bond money buys; all the dependents' allowances it pays; all the good work it does toward rehabilitation—and will do in a post-war world.

What have we left?

A darned good personal investment.

A security that's gilt-edged and pays 3 per cent.

A borrow-from-the-bank-without-argument proposition.

A piece of paper that can be turned into cash money in an emergency.

A Bond—if it's a \$100 Bond—that will pay you \$154 at maturity.

Invest in the best!

## Paris or Daffodils

"Boy oh boy! Could I have myself a time in Paris . . . like those army boys . . . if I got the chance!" Sez you? Well, could be you'll have it someday, if you want it badly enough. But meantime don't forget that most of those hundreds of fellows over there, as like to yourself as one rivet hole to another, who *do* have a chance to throw their weight around the French capital would trade it all in—at the drop of a hard hat—for a Sunday in their own back yard watching the daffodils open yellow trumpets to the April sun.

Those are the boys who have bought their hours of leave by other hours, days, weeks, months, even years of slogging through mud, sleeping in shallow, scooped-out holes, hauling ammunition and supplies under shell-fire, pushing ahead to attack at the word of command.

We're not asking you to get sentimental over their heroism. We know you'd be out there with them if it wasn't for a hundred reasons such as your age or your skilled trade that makes you more useful here. But we are asking you to help get them back to their daffodils . . . and at the same time help your own dream of Paris come true, maybe!

There's only one way you can do these two things at once. You can buy Victory Bonds . . . as many as possible . . . And you can hang on to those Bonds when you've bought them! The money you spend on Bonds, now, will buy ammunition, equipment, tanks, guns, ships and supplies to end the war and bring those fellows back home. At the same time the Bonds you save will be yours to spend when the war is won—plus a tidy little chunk of three percent interest! Invest in the best, they say—you can't lose in this Eighth Victory Loan Drive!

## Why? Because!

*Why has the objective for Canada's Eighth Victory Loan—one billion three hundred and fifty million dollars—been raised to such a new high at this late stage of the war?*

Because it is dangerous to think that the end of the war with Germany will mean we can stop saving and start spending. Even after victory in Europe, next year's borrowing needs and outlays will continue at about the same level as last year's.

*When the actual fighting in Germany is over what will these expenses be?*

Hundreds and thousands of men must be brought back from overseas. The wounded and the sick must be restored to health, the disabled taught new ways of life. Thousands must be enabled to return to schools and universities and be trained for peace-time jobs. Hundreds of millions of dollars must be paid out to veterans in the form of war service gratuities and re-establishment grants.

*Can we think of this Loan, then, as a peace-time and rehabilitation Loan?*

Not entirely. The Japs are still to be beaten. The Pacific War is a huge business and the Japanese question is almost more vital to Canada than to any other country.

*How can this Eighth Victory Loan help war-shattered countries in Europe and Canada at the same time?*

Our government will have to send immense supplies overseas. Production of these will give jobs and incomes to Canadian workers and meanwhile, by keeping your money out of your pocket, Bonds help curb inflation. Canada's record along these lines is one of the best in the world. Keep it that way!

*Is there enough money in Canada to subscribe to this giant Bond Drive?*

Yes. Personal incomes and savings have been steadily expanding. Industrial incomes and farm employment are at a high level. Money to spend still exceeds things to buy.

*Who has all this money?*

The "little people" have a lot of it. Out of the five million Canadians at work or in uniform nine out of ten have incomes of less than \$2500 a year and statistics show that these are the people who handle \$8.00 out of every \$10.00 of the national income.

*Does Payroll Deduction for War Bond sales bring results?*

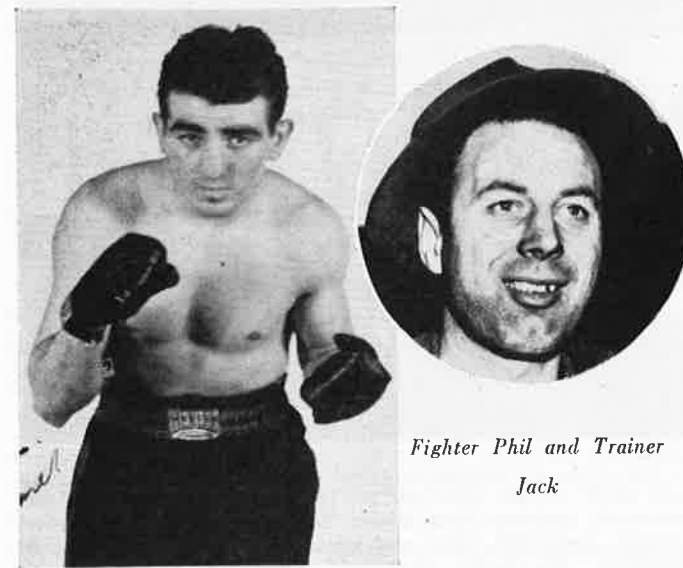
Yes. Workers all over Canada respond magnificently to this form of Bond purchase.

*Why will it be all right to begin to spend our Bond savings later on?*

Because post-war purchasing power will create post-war employment. Your savings, accumulated through war-time jobs, will help make peace-time jobs and keep money in circulation.



# Sports in the Spotlight



Fighter Phil and Trainer Jack

## Smash Smith

Last summer the North Yard had a Heater who was a pretty good Heater and liked by all the boys. To some he was just plain Phil Palmer, a good guy with no nonsense about him. To others he was "that kid who's done his stuff in the Navy." But to most of the fellows, and especially to boxing fans, Phil was known as Vancouver's most up-and-coming welterweight mitten-slinger and a promising successor to world-famous Jimmy McLarnin.

This quiet-mannered, curly-haired kid with black eyes that looked straight at you from under heavy eyebrows, had already piled up some good records for clean fighting both here and in the East when he came to the North Yard and met up with Jack Allen, Plate Hanger. Jack was an amateur boxer in Australian welterweight championship bouts himself and still takes a keen interest in young fighters.

"I'd seen Phil box," tells Jack, "and I knew he was good. A natural fighter—but he needed polishing. We talked it over and he agreed to train with me, quit smoking, eat right, live quiet, work hard, and see how far he could go."

How far Phil can go is as yet undetermined. How far he has gone since his rivet-cooking days in the North Yard is a matter of great pride to Trainer Jack and of interest to all boxing enthusiasts because this kid didn't pick a place where competition was easy to make his mark. He picked New York—and New York sports writers picked Phil! Almost from the first, Vancouver's Palmer was spotted as a clever newcomer who never failed to provide plenty of action, who thrilled fans by his willingness to swap punches and could usually be counted on to provide an exciting finish in the form of a knockout blow.

Undeclared in 23 fight fests in New York City, Phil stepped into top spot as a boxer when he met and fought Peralta for eight action-packed rounds in Madison Square Gardens, March 27, and won!

"Phil's got everything a fighter needs," says Jack. "He's

tough, game, fast on his feet, packs a mighty good punch and has lots of ambition. The welterweight division is a hard one, but I'm watching that boy. He's got all the makings of a future Champ!"

## Well Salted

If surprise is the salt of bowling then South Yard's Mixed League was seasoned to everybody's taste when the spunky *La Pointers* refused to know they were beaten and provided a flurry of excitement by coming up like whirlwinds to trounce the *Tornadoes*! This former top-place team took its shellacking in good part and is showing great interest in the forthcoming battle between *La Pointe* bowlers and *Luckies*. All are good sports, so—may the best team win!

## High Score Shirley

The Highest Ladies' Singles' score for the whole city, during the month of February was 335 and Shirley Ware, North Yard Electrician's Helper, was the clever bowler who chalked up this nice total, winning a three dollar prize presented by the Vancouver Five Pin Association for her score. Shirley bowls for the *Ramblers* in the North Yard's De Luxe Mixed League and the boys and gals are plenty proud of her. Congrats!



## A Handicapper's Dream

By Tom Tohill.

A Handicapper's dream came true, Wednesday, April 4, when the North Burrard Billiard League's winning team of the season was only decided with the last shot of the game. Wow! Members of the top team are: Captain Bob Simpson—he can hit the balls with a feather-like touch in spite of his Blacksmith's wallop; Ian McRae, who knows the where, what, when and why of everybody; Frank Hallow, whose game has improved dramatically; Tommy Walker—too bad he hasn't more time to play because he's good; and Frank Alexander, who wouldn't trade this first billiard prize of his for any money.

With billiards over, golf comes next . . . and remember this . . . your golf is only as good as your putting, and the best putter is putting his money in Victory Bonds!

## It'll Be Good

Those enthusiastic bowlers of the North Shore Mixed Division are getting all excited about their end-of-the-season banquet to be held this month. *The Ranch* will be the place; Friday, April 27, the date. Tickets may be had now from all team captains. Come one, come all! It'll be good!

Once upon a time a Shipwright was the whole Salvation Army. He built his ship from beginning to end and there were no other trades to get in his hair! Those were the days, of course, when he went into the woods, selected his trees, hewed them down, hauled them to the seaside



Outfitting Shipwright Foreman,  
Jimmy Doidge

and whip-sawed them by hand into keel, timbers, spars, planks and masts; those were the days when he carried his wooden templates into the forest and placed them against the bent and twisted limbs that would lend themselves most naturally to the shape of frames and knees.

Then around about 1880 along came iron ships and, with the turn of the century, steel ships. Did the Shipwrights take a back seat? Not they! They leapt from wood, to iron, to steel with the greatest of ease. Today they are allied to practically every other trade in shipbuilding and continue to be mighty important men . . . the first on the job, the last off. Though their work interlocks with many other departments in the business of installation it is their skill as Shipwrights that plumbs up a ship and puts her on the square.

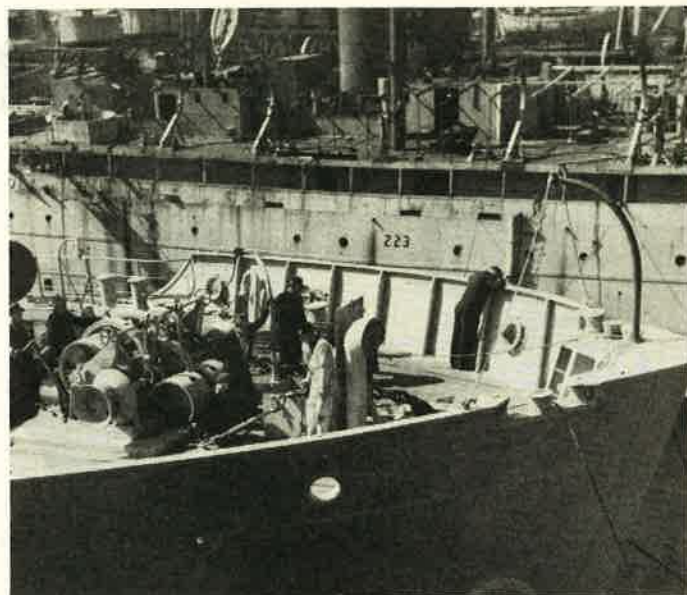
Shipwrights fall naturally into two groups—Ways and Outfitting, both under the general foremanship of Alf Wills. Outfitting Shipwrights, under Foreman Jimmy Doidge, break down again into five divisions—Deck Outfitters, Carpenters, Hold Outfitters, Sparmakers and Deck Layers and Caulkers.

In previous articles of our shipbuilding series we told something of the work of Ways Shipwrights whose job it is to line up the keel blocks, horn the hull, fair up the steel plates, true up everything in connection with the actual erection and fittings of the hull and, finally, when the ship is through on the ways, to launch her.

So it is with the Fittingout boys on the water. Let it be remembered that everything on a ship's deck must be squared up, not from the deck itself, which is cambered or curved, but from the keel. Therefore every stanchion, every deck-house, every davit, every structure, no matter how big or how small, must be gauged by a plumb-board.

This board, the Shipwright's

Lowering the 8-ton mainmast down through the after-deck house. The men standing by to ease 'er in are, left to right, Riggers Bob Sinclair, Chargehand Louis King, Ernie Pallot. Behind Ernie is Shipwright Alex Allen. Right of the mast are Shipwright Jack Redden and Rigger Bill Wilson.



This shot of the fo'c'sle head of a Victory Ship tells much of the Shipwright story. At the peak you see the Suez Canal davit, fairleads, hawse pipes, spurling pipes, winch, bollards, breakwater, wire-reel, ventilators, ship's bell, hatch and hatch covers . . . all work of the Shipwrights. *Bea Lockie, Shipwright's Helper, is on her knees in the foreground fastening a devil's claw to the deck. Assistant-Foreman Dick Elworthy holds the claw.*

## They Put Victory Ships on the Square

most important piece of equipment, is something the shape of a bootjack, V'd like a swallow's tail at the bottom. A string with a weight or plumb-bob hangs from the other end. The board is marked from a permanent plumb mark on the mast-house and is placed against the object to be faired. The difference in distance from the plumb-bob to the point of the V is the distance that must be allowed for the ship's thwartship list or fore and aft declivity. Sometimes, however, you'll catch a real old-time Shipwright sighting his structure against some other part of the ship already faired.

Though we can't hope to cover all that Fittingout Shipwrights do on a Victory Ship, we'll at least begin at the beginning. Those hawse pipes, for instance, at the very bow of the vessel where the stocks of the anchors are stowed to bring the flukes snug against the hull—all fittings and covers for these are the work of our Outfitting Shipwrights. So are the spurling pipes which load the anchor chains down to the lockers below . . . and the steam windlass that operates the hoisting and lowering of those chains and anchors . . . also the devil's claws, one on each side of the fo'c'sle head, that hold them fast.

Then there's that single out-of-place looking davit that swings over the port bow. Wot the hell for? is many the thought. But Shipwrights who ship it into place call it the Suez Canal davit. When the ship hits that zone a pilot and crew come aboard to take her through. They bring with them a wooden box, search light and light operator. If it's at night the operator and his box of tricks are lowered over the side, via the davit, and thus show the pilot on the bridge the way through the desert darkness.

The next time you look at a mast standing fair and square to the keel, take a little extra time, will you, to crane your neck and have a good look aloft? You'll see, then, other details of assembly that Outfitting Shipwrights are responsible for. The shipping of the mast itself and, at the top, the crew's nest or lookout tower; a pair of boom stowages where cargo booms can be locked into upright position; the booms themselves, complete with attached sheaves or welded-on running blocks; steel ladders and strengthening plates. All these details, small as some of them are, have to be as accurately plumbed as any of the larger and more important appearing jobs. In fact, no one job is any more important to Shipwrights than another. They'll take just as much care in lining up some little thing on the deck to trip over, such as an eye-pad, a rope stop, a cargo-cleat or a staple, as they will in installing the big winch.

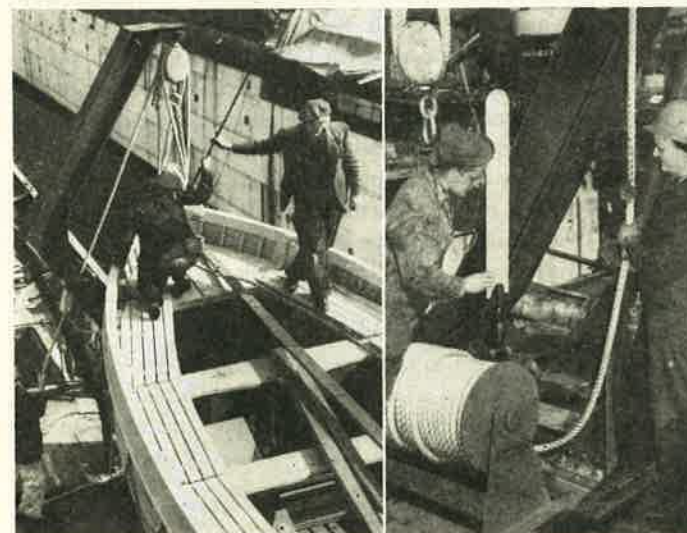
An interesting thing, by the way, about their winch installation—and it applies to any heavy piece of machinery, though few of us not Shipwrights, would know about it—is that before it's put in place it's cushioned on a pad of felt and red lead. This isn't just to provide a soft seat for the machine in question but to keep water from seeping under and rotting the deck.

housing installation, both on the island and in the pilot-house, are the work of the Shipwrights, too.

The whole bridge, in fact, bristles with the results of Shipwright energy — little things that a non-Shipwright, bustling around on his own job, might never notice. For example . . . a rocket release in the top of the pilot-house that can send a signal flare into the sky quick as a man's hand can move to the release cord; the log, extended out from the taffrail with a ship's "speedometer" on the end of it to gauge speed and distance; the sounding machine that records depth of water found by the sounding lead.



Shipwrights Fred Boucher and Les King are lining up a ready-use locker for ship's ammunition.



Left: Anton Wirachowski and Harold Kilduff shipping a life-boat into place. They are just about to trans-ship it from crane sling to falls blocks on the davit.

Right: "It's plumb, Ronnie, but what'd you do if it wasn't?" says Shipwright's Helper Kaye Tribe to Shipwright Ronnie Hall as they check a davit with the plumb-line. She knows darned well that with Ronnie on the job it's bound to be plumb!

A lot of monkey business goes on among Shipwrights . . . up on the flying deck. Here they install what is familiarly known as Monkey Island, the small, railed, wooden platform where the master compass stands, free from the interference if iron and steel magnetism. The actual binnacle or compass

Shipwright Carpenters also play a big part in Outfitting. They build Monkey Island in the mill; they turn out all the small spars, vent covers and boom and boat chocks. They make a lot of the hatches, all wooden pads, gangways and small spars. Hatch wedges they cut by the thousand!

Many a sailor owes his life to the dependability of Shipwright judgment, for practically all emergency equipment is in their hands. Guns, gun emplacements, ready-use ammunition lockers, magazines and bridge armament are their responsibility. They have to make sure that life-rafts shoot free of the ship with one crack of the hammer; that life-boats

Continued on Page 10



Shipwrights Henry Anderson (standing) and Mac Donell fair up the railing around Monkey Island on the flying bridge.

## VICTORY SHIPS

Continued from Page 9

are securely chocked; that davits will swing free and that skates—those wooden belly-bands around the boats to protect them from banging against the ship's side while being lowered—are in exactly the right place to take the jolts; that life-belts will shoot from the side of the ship when the "man overboard" alarm is given. If the telemotor breaks down it's the Shipwright's skill that helps the steersman out of his jam for it's the Shipwrights who install the aft binnacle and hand-steering-wheel on the after-house top. They go farther than that and do an emergency-emergency job by cutting holes in the deck for cables that can run directly from the steering-quadrant below up to the warping winch. Thus, if the steering-engine is completely disabled, the ship can be steered by winch.

Before we leave Main Deck Shipwrights and go on to other aspects of the trade, let's climb up to the flying bridge—up to the Monkey Island we were talking about—look down on the deck and see what we've missed in the way of Shipwright doings. Plenty! There are all those hatch covers for holds and bunkers. Every plank is marked and put into place by these men whose work goes on from stem to stern, from start to finish. There are the Samson posts, those strong vertical posts that support amidship derricks; the ventilator combings that keep the huge deck ventilators secure, yet free to turn. The railings, all around the ship, and the rail and awning stanchions all go on to Shipwrights' time sheets. The accommodation ladders and platforms that drop overside where the second mate can watch the whole length of the ship as she comes alongside, are shipped into place by Shipwrights. The ship's bell-stand forward . . . even the potato locker, aft, are the work of these men who are so integral a part of the long and the short of shipbuilding.

Next month we'll offer ourselves to the tender (oh yeah!) mercies of Shipwrights again—this time the Holds Outfitting Gang, the Sparmakers, and the Deck Layers and Caulkers. If they don't drown us in a bilge, string us up to a spar-ceiling or drop us into a pitch-pot we'll be back with the story of the struggle!

## CLAY IS HIS MEDIUM

Continued from Page 3

scientific sculptor and painstaking Helper, "I try to shove my thoughts back into the life those Indians lived and imagine their everyday existence, their pleasures and their sorrows, because these are the things that mold faces."

Another and different example of Carl Robinson's work, also in the Museum, is a beautifully articulated skeleton of an Indian woman which was discovered near Crescent Beach. It took him nine months to sort out the jumbled bones, assemble them and wire them together. "But there was nothing monotonous about it," he insists. "I like bones—and in this case there were some missing ones which added to the interest. I had to go back to Crescent, dig up a lady's lawn and sift the soil through to find some of them!"

Missing bones, as a matter of fact, accounted for one of the queerest little jobs Carl ever had to do—to re-assemble the hand of a St. John's Ambulance skeleton which had been found early one morning in the bottom of a flower pot in the same building where the skeleton was kept. While re-wiring the knuckles and joints of the fleshless fingers Carl busied himself also with re-constructing the story of how they got

## THE FLYING FITTER

Continued from Page 5

tlecock! He came down, at last, at a small-town airport against a head wind so strong that the plane stopped rolling within a few feet. "I jumped out of the cockpit and grabbed the wing to keep the machine from being rolled over. Some of the gusts were so terrific they lifted the plane 10 to 15 feet off the ground, blowing it back 100 feet at a time—with me dangling on the wing!" he relates. He battled with it for half an hour until two airport employees came to his rescue and staked the rearing plane to the ground.

"I was plane crazy," admits Ishar, "and plane expenses kept me broke year after year. I had one great ambition, too—to make a Tokyo to India flight—but the Japanese authorities would not give me permission to fly across their country so I had to give it up."

Adventure-minded since he was a boy, our East Indian Engine Fitter came to Canada when he was 11 years old after running away from his Punjab village home. In company with a distant cousin he arrived in British Columbia, got a job clearing land, then, as soon as he was big enough to lift a two-by-four, went to work piling lumber. Convinced that what he needed was as much experience in as many lines as possible, he eventually left the lumber business and went to the Prairies, first as a co-partner in a Calgary general store, later as a helper in a Winnipeg garage. Then he returned to B. C. and started a sawmill of his own, but, being definitely air-minded by then, as fast as he made money he put it into aeroplanes and watched it fly away!

All this time Ishar was deeply concerned about the unhappiness of his countrymen on this continent. Realizing their potentialities as good citizens he put all his energies into trying to prove to Canadians that his Hindu colleagues were good people, and that Hindu youth was ready to work, to learn and to contribute to modern Canadian life. "My people are cultured," he said enthusiastically. "Spiritually they are far advanced; scientifically and artistically and humanely they are rapidly progressing as they did in the days before they were conquered by the Mohammedans."

It was in the hope of furthering this progress that Ishar contacted Dr. Pandia, Member of the Indian National Council who toured Canada in 1939, and who was, at one time, Private Secretary to Mahatma Gandhi. Together they went to Ottawa and Washington and worked, these two East Indian moderns, on immigration and other problems pertaining to the Hindu population of Canada and the United States. In Washington on one of these trips Ishar met and married Ida Muriel Mongal, an East India born University student.

Ishar Singh has never been back to India. After the war he hopes to go—but only for a visit. "Meanwhile," Ishar flashed the quick smile that his shipyard buddies and diplomat friends alike are so familiar with, "I am doing the best war job I know how, in the country I like best to call home!"

into the flower pot. A prowler, he says, had evidently broken in, encountered the skeleton in the dark, clutched at it in terror and then, gripped by unreasoning fear, ran for the door with the bones still in his hand. "But why," mused South Yard's Anthropologist-Pipefitter, running his own strong, well-shaped fingers over the smooth surface of the pipe he was working on, "did that fellow stop to place those human pieces so carefully out of sight?" He shrugged. "After all, living human beings are almost as mysterious as the ancient people whose lives concern me most!"

## Safety First

"I pledge myself to practise Safety First during the entire time I am working on Hull 237—with due regard for the safety of my fellow workers—to enable the crew that build this ship to obtain the first safety record for launching a hull without a lay-off accident occurring throughout its entire construction in this Yard."

This is the pledge signed by every South Yard Shipbuilder whose work takes him or her on to the hull of the "Safety Ship" and, once they've signed up, they take it one hun-



dred percent seriously. Result—not only have there been no lay-off accidents, to date, on 237, but also a very satisfactory record as far as minor injuries are concerned.

With five successful weeks already chalked up on March 26, and eight weeks still to go, South Yarders and their Safety Department are as proud as punch of their record breaking hull. "Keep up the good work, boys!" says Joe Logan, Safety Inspector, "I'm taking this seriously!"—so seriously, in fact, that Joe wouldn't even crack a smile for the camera when he went up to adjust the eight-weeks-to-go sign on the staging.

## Front Cover

Shipwrights Anton Wirachowski and Harold Kilduff make fast the life-boat to the davits. The boats come to the Yards already made by outside boatworks and are either towed or shipped by scow to Burrard. They are swung aloft from the water into the arms of waiting Shipwrights who transship them from the crane sling to the fall blocks on the davits, then settle them securely on to the chocks.

## Back Cover

Half a dozen North Burrard boys and a girl spend a sunny Sunday on the snowy slopes of Grouse Mountain. Left to right: Eric Laurillard, Pipe Shop (all you can see are his legs); Johnny Melville, East Gantry; Elsie Holder, East Gantry; Ernie Good, Engine Fitter's Helper; Fred Marks, Plater, and now in the Navy; Eddie Spray, Sheet Metal; Bill Swarbrick, Machinists' Apprentice.

Lower left: Eric Laurillard on the fly!

## It All Depends

A conk on the head—a bash in the eye . . . they pack the guy off to First Aid, then rush him to the hospital. "Poor bloke," remarks someone who's helped to lug him in, "he'll be on Compensation for a long time." Will he? That depends on whether he was wearing his hard hat . . . or his goggles, whichever the case may have been. Because, you see, if he wasn't wearing the safety equipment that the Yard provides for certain jobs free of charge *he won't get compensation*. Now listen, fellas . . . but for gosh sakes haven't you seen those two little books dealing with Compensation Rules and Regulations? If you haven't, get them from the Safety Department and read up on them. It may be the means of saving the eyes you read with and the brains you think with!

## Navy Cross Award

Mrs. M. (Nonie) Champion, formerly a member of North Burrard Secretarial Staff, received a signal honor last week when she was presented with the Award of Merit Cross by the Navy League of Canada in recognition of her outstanding service to British and Canadian Seamen.

Due to the fact that Mrs. Champion was in hospital at the time, the presentation was made informally by Mrs. Hubert Wallace who also brought a telegram from David Gibson, C.B.E., President of the Navy League of Canada, and letters from Clarence Wallace, Vice-President of the League, Dominion Council, and Chairman of the Vancouver Seamen's Club; Captain W. Rankin, Provincial President Navy League, B. C. Division, and K. J. Burns, President of the Greater Vancouver Branch.

Mrs. Champion was the first president of the Women's Auxiliary to the Navy League Seamen's Club, 111 Dunsmuir Street. It was she who first glimpsed the important war-time job waiting to be done by women to augment the original programme mapped out for Merchant Seamen by the Navy League. So it was to her that the chairmanship of the Auxiliary was given when, in February, 1943, women of all four major shipyards in Vancouver were invited to organize the Auxiliary. Under her chairmanship the Auxiliary was launched into its unique war-time service and much of the enthusiastic progress it has made must be attributed to her spirited and inspiring leadership during the first six months of its existence.



Navy League Award of Merit.

*Brace yourselves, boys . . . Another blitz coming! The Eighth Victory Loan Campaign opens in the North Yard Wednesday, April 25, and in the South Yard Monday, April 23.*



"There've been some changes made . . ."

## A L-O-N-G TIME AGO

Bears and tall timber all the way from Burrard Inlet to New Westminster . . . joy-rides with old-fashioned sweethearts in a rubber-tired buggy . . . twelve-horse teams hauling logs in forests that are now paved streets . . . these are Peter Frank Deluk's memories of Vancouver as it used to be.

"The world has changed a lot since I was young!" The kindly wrinkles around this South Yard Sweeper's blue eyes creased into a smile as he went on. "There was a bear I shot once, in the depths of the Point Grey woods . . . his carcass brought me what would be a fortune in these days!"

This bear story—old Pete's best—began with a neat shot from his favorite .32 Special. He says Bruin never knew what hit him, and without more ado Pete and his pals toted the dead bear down to the shore, loaded him into a boat and rowed lustily all the way around to the foot of Cordova Street where a butcher, Billy McIntosh, had his place of business. Here Mr. Bear changed hands for 10 silver dollars, and those dollars—hold your horses, fellows, this was a l-o-n-g time ago! —changed hands again for as many bottles of imported scotch!

"We were sure popular back at the Mill that night," remembers Deluk. "We were the centre of everything—and Hastings Mill was the centre of the city! It was the first place I worked in Canada and I had a good boss—a Jim Andrews, same as today!"

This other Andrews whom Pete worked for was none other than South Yard Rigging Foreman Jim Andrews' dad, and 75-year-old Pete clearly remembers his present boss, as a long-legged little boy. "A smart lad, Jim, says old Deluk!"

The lumber business, and logging in particular, was far different then from the modern industry of today, Pete recalls, and he still talks with pride of the magnificent 12-horse teams he handled in the bush between here and New Westminster. Fashions have changed, too, since he sailed round the Horn to Vancouver 60 years ago. "And I can't see that short skirts and automobiles have made the girls any sweeter than they were," says Peter Frank Deluk. "But there, I'm an old fellow now, and as I said . . . the world has changed a lot since I was young."

## SHIPYARD GIRLS GET PLUG!

"There's nothing to compare with it anywhere in Canada," said David Gibson, C.B.E., Toronto, Dominion President of the Navy League of Canada, after reviewing the work of the Women's Auxiliary to the Navy League Seamen's Club in Vancouver, following its recent annual meeting.

Since the inauguration of this auxiliary, comprised of girls from yards and offices of Vancouver's major shipbuilding firms, two years ago, these shipyard women have done a grand job of catering to the entertainment and comfort of Merchant Seamen in the port of Vancouver. Originally led by Nonie Champion, previously of North Yard, and now under the presidency of Mae Caesar, West Coast Shipyards, this unique organization has grown from a mere idea to a many-sided programme that keeps dozens of Vancouver's shipyard girls busy four or five nights a week at the Club headquarters, 111 Dunsmuir Street.

Here, during its second year, Auxiliary members, with Mabel Inkster, South Yard, as Entertainment Convener, served refreshments to over 66,000 men, arranged 84 dances, as well as summer picnics, bingo nights, floorshows and the mammoth Christmas party when 320 seamen received individual Christmas gifts. The North Yard girls' contribution to this party was the providing and wrapping of these gifts—four to each man—for which Mickey Kennedy, North Yard Receptionist, personally raised \$1,000. Ada Knowles, Pipe Shop, and Marj. Mann, Sheet Metal, led entertainment activities for North Yard girls during the year.

Hospital visits under the chairmanship of Verona Ash, Secretary to Mr. Davie, totalled 288, each Yard taking over this duty in monthly rotation.

New to the W.A. Executive this year for North Yard are Eleanor Wiles, Drafting Office, who has taken over the duties of Corresponding Secretary, Betty Pilgrim, Women's Department, Membership Chairman, and Marj Mann, Sheet Metal, Entertainment Chairman.

During the past year, Auxiliary members have received letters from boys all over the world, thanking them for the good times they have enjoyed at the Seamen's Club.



Eleanor Wiles, new Corresponding Secretary of the Seamen's Club.

## SHIPYARD QUIZ

You work in a shipyard, not a menagerie and things are not quite what they seem. Nevertheless, all the following animals have their place on the ships or in and around the Yards. You should know where some of them belong. Test your knowledge. If you get 9 out of 12 you're good; if you get half of them you're not so bad; if you get two you're as dumb as we are.

You'll find the answers on Page 15



1. BEES—not those trouble-makers you find buzzing in the boss's bonnet . . . not those famous progenitors whose sons turn up everywhere, but . . .



2. BLUE PIGEON—not a tasty ingredient for a pie . . . not a fast-flying clay target that hunters use to keep eye and aim good between seasons, but . . .



3. CAMEL—not that rare piece of Americana, a cigarette . . . not a supercilious, splay-footed, hump-backed quadruped of the desert who rarely needs a drink, but . . .



4. CRAB—not an armor-plated, stalk-eyed sand tank with powerful claws . . . not something you catch with your oars when rowing too fast, but . . .



5. HOG—not umpteen rashers of breakfast bacon on the hoof . . . not that driver who takes his half of the road out of the middle and to-hell-with-you, but . . .



6. JACKASS—not an Aussie-bird that haw-haws and hee-hees when it sings . . . not the father of that much-abused, long-suffering army mule, but . . .



7. LIZARD—not an earlier generation's elegant form of lazy zoot-suiter . . . not a quick-moving cross between a snake and a beetle, but . . .



8. SNAKE—not something you see when it ain't there the morning after the night before . . . not a reptile guaranteed to scare women silly, but . . .



9. HOUNDS—not the flop-eared canines that red-coated Englishmen ride to . . . not the thing that insurance salesmen do to you when you're reluctant, but . . .



10. WHELPS—not a litter of cute little hound pups . . . not a dictionary word meaning an unmanageable and unmannerly child or youth, but . . .

## SEVEN-DAY SHIP

Burrardites thought they were pretty smart when they built a Victory Ship in 60 days. Fact is, it was no kind of a record at all. Long before Victory Ships were ever thought of a vessel of even greater proportions was ordered to be built in seven days.

Detailed requirements were three decks, one window and a door in the hull for loading purposes, something like the drop opening in an LCT. There was no welding, rivetting, or prefabrication in those days to help speed things up, no established ways to build on, no Stores to draw from, no Purchasing Departments or Sub-Contractors. What's more the ship was built entirely with unskilled labor. Her building material consisted of gopher wood, and she was pitched "with-in and without" and caulked no doubt with rushes—a system still used in Eastern Mediterranean countries.

While there is no record as to her actual shape it is believed she took the form of a barge without superstructure, power unit or sails. Orders re her specifications were simple and concise. "The length . . . shall be 300 cubits, the breadth of it 50 cubits, and the height of it 30 cubits," resulting in a ship some 425 feet long with a 75-foot beam and 45 feet deep. The colossal task of building her was completed in the required seven days, a feat which won top place among all shipbuilding records of all time. Her launching, fortunately, was automatic and so was the beaching accomplished after her 40 days and 40 nights trip was over.

Her name was *Noah's Ark!*

### Bowling Banquet

A very exciting finish for the Second Half of the North Yards' De Luxe Alley Bowling League is fast approaching. Then come the Championship Play-offs, then the Banquet, Trophy Presentations, Floor Show and Dance! This big "do" is scheduled for May 23 at the *Commodore* and tickets are available from Bill Morris, Treasurer, in the Time Office. All members wishing to attend receive one free ticket and may purchase one extra ticket for \$2.00.

This affair promises to be a bang-up party as usual—even a little more than usual this year because the floorshow is to be provided by the all-Yard talent of our own North Burrard Entertainment Club. They've got some mighty fine professional variety turns up their sleeve and almost anything in the way of music you want to hear from classical to combo. They're going to trot it all out at the *Commodore* on the big bowling banquet night, May 23. So be there with bells on!

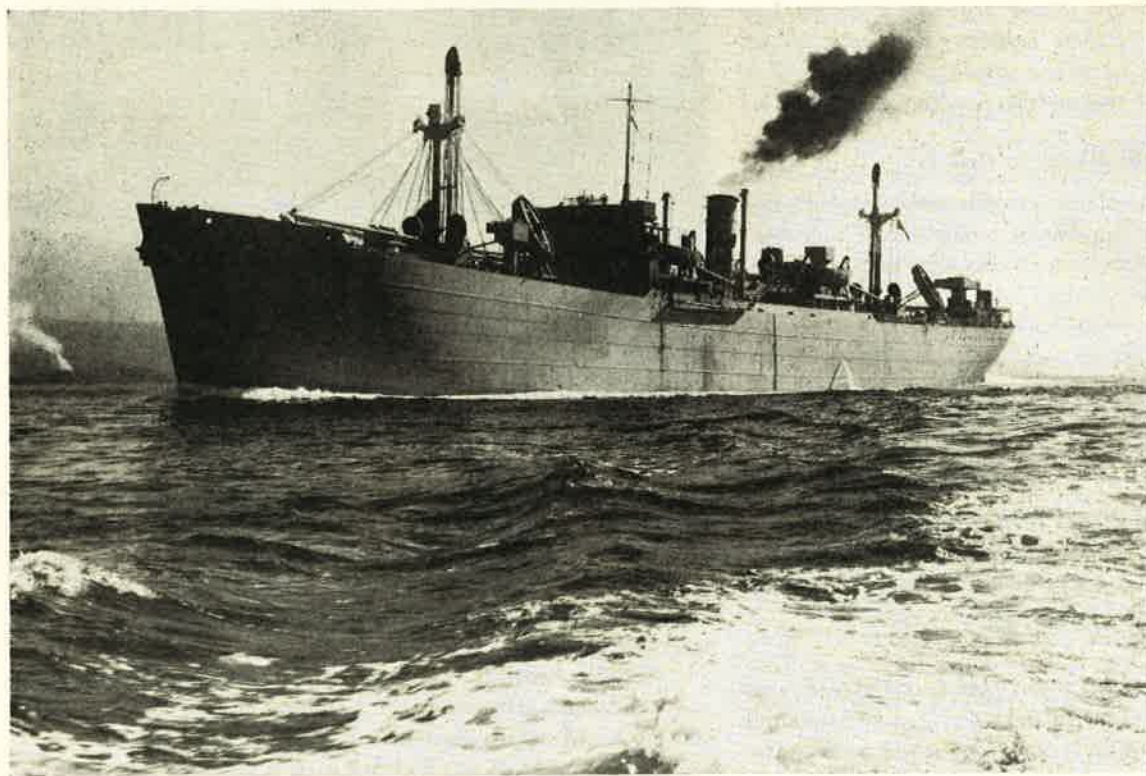


11. SPIDER—not a camp-cook's frying pan with long legs that stands over the fire . . . not Nature's most expert spinner and professional fly-catcher, but . . .



12. WILDCAT—not pussy's cave-man type relative . . . not the girl friend who catches up with the fact that you've been dating a blonde, but . . .

# ★ ★ Around the Yards



★

Full steam ahead! Our 230, the Princeton Park, is on her way! Strong in every frame, sound in every plate, complete in every outfitting detail she is as seaworthy as Burrard can make her. Which, say members of her crew, is good enough for them any day! Good luck, 230!

★

Well, of course, George Denham, North Yard Angle Shop Foreman, didn't know quite what to say and said it very well. The poor guy was completely overcome when his Angle Shop crew ganged up on him and presented him with a \$50 Victory Bond and handsome wallet the day before he left the Yard to take over the job of Loftsmen Foreman at Prince Rupert Dry Dock. George served his time at Burrard and made himself a lot of friends both before and after he became a boss. He was that kind of a guy. Our loss, Prince Rupert's gain.

The lads in the picture are, left to right: Jack Taylor, John Sivucha, Bill Mundigall, Harry Hambson, Carl Folgering, Nick Monjo, Ben Wong, Mel Jardine, Joe Falz, Vern Clark, George Denham, Clarence Johnson, Jack Laurie, Alex McKay, Sid Scott, Fred Fischer, Vic Hart, Jock Melville, Bob Lote, Chris Christanson.



It's a boy—and George Sims, popular South Yard Burner and Shop Steward, is the proud poppa. Congratulations, George!

Another South Yard Passer Girl said "Yes" to orange blossoms and the former Margaret Butz is now Mrs. Margaret Willson. Hubby used to be a Welder here, is now in the Army, and Margaret plans to stay with her job. Her friends and fellow workers made a presentation—"Buckwheat" doing the honors—on this happy occasion, and all wish her the very best of everything.

There's more to running a Shipyard than building ships and one of the important jobs that the man-in-the-Yard doesn't see is the setting up of the accounting system and the keeping of the accounts. Praise for the efficiency with which this has been done in the South Yard was well expressed by Harry Botham, Office Manager, on the occasion of a farewell presentation to genial Bill Radford, former Head of South Yard's Accounting Department, who has left to take a position in Victoria. Bill will be missed on all sides both as a lovable personality and a most efficient worker.

He's almost three months old now but here's belated birthday greetings to little Jack Allen, son of "Aussie" Jack Allen and Mrs. Jack, the former Pearl Ferguson, North Yard Passer. Jack says the little fellow's-making passes with his fists already but hasn't registered any knockout blows to date!

To the Rivetting Crew, North Yard, Alexander Petrie sends sincere thanks for the kind expression of your sympathy.



★

Shipyard sunshade! Or if it should be rain George Crowe, Tackle Rigger, tips the big 30-pound, 30-inch circular saw a little higher above his head as he totes it from Boiler Room to Carpenter's Shop to have its teeth sharpened for the colossal job of chewing up all the North Yard's waste wood into fuel for the boilers.

★

To Earl Campbell, North Yard Guard, and Mrs. Earl, on March 14, a boy.

It is with deep regret that North Yard Swing Shift Pipe Fitters hear of the death of "Young Smithy"—Roy C. Smith—former Pipe Fitter. Roy joined the Canadian Army, April, 1944, went overseas early this year and died as a result of an armored car accident in England, March 15. His chum, "Nick" Nicholson, former Pipe Fitter's Helper, wrote to Roy's uncle, Tom Smith, Pipe Fitter, saying that Roy had been one of the most popular fellows he ever knew in the Army. We all extend our sympathy to Tom who was always more of a father than an uncle to "Young Smithy."

If any of you chicken-raising enthusiasts think that a hen is the only fit mother for a family of baby chicks you've got another think coming! There's a year-old capon, property of Ralph Tweedie, North Yard Derrick Operator, that knows all the angles! Ralph says he had to talk the bird into doing it but Mr. Capon soon learned how, looks after 50 foster chicks without any trouble and seems to consider himself a high-priority specialist now. Ralph has snaps to prove it, too!



"I took this off a dead Jap," writes York Monjo, formerly North Yard Angle Shop, now somewhere in the Pacific with the American Forces. "The Japanese Government wasn't going to have its troops arrive broke if they conquered Australia!" he adds.

Lieutenant Robbie Robinson, who used to be Naval Inspector of Corvettes and who has for some time now been on active service with the Navy, is home on 30 days leave and has been contacting some of his old pals in the North Yard. Good to see you, Robbie.

Wedding bells rang out on March 28 for Dorothy Tebb, Temporary Lights, North Yard, and Cecil Stephenson of the Prince David. Cec will be going to sea again after his honeymoon and North Yarders expect to welcome Dot back—but not till then!

## Answers to Quizz, Page 13

1. Strips of wood or iron fastened to each side of the bowsprit.
2. A sounding lead.
3. A float designed to act as a fender between ships and piers.
4. A hand-operated winch.
5. The hump a ship develops amidships when she sags at both ends.
6. An oakum-filled bag used to prevent sea water from coming up through a hawse pipe.
7. A leader rope with an eye in the end.
8. A tool used by ships' plumbers to open up stoppages in curved pipe.
9. A type of sling with a number of legs on it to distribute the load.
10. The projecting ribs on the barrel of a capstan.
11. Lugs fastened to the masts that support the cross-trees.
12. A drum on a windlass.

*The big feature of the North Yard Victory Loan Campaign this time is the fact that their own Burrard Entertainment Club will be responsible for all shows during the drive. Actual North Yard talent will take the platform on both shifts and employees will have the fun of seeing their fellow-workers do their stuff.*



North Yard Chummy Number 3 goes to town, spite hell and high water. Built in the Yard last fall, engined by the Machine Shop, wind and waves are nothing to her. She works in all weathers. Carl Simpson is at the wheel.