wality counts most—for that AIR FORCE rich, satisfying flavour which HAS SHOW only a fine quality tea yields, use. "Washout of 1943" Has Prem-

TEA

THE DAILY NEWS

PRINCE RUPERT, BRITISH COLUMBIA

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DAILY EDITION

uesday. November 23, 1943

The Man on Watch...

Somewhere in the North Atlantic night (and it York City. may be on the Pacific before long) there is a corvette and to the quaking vessel clings a man. You can see neither ship nor man, of course, anymore than he can see—and he's on watch.

Close your eyes. Tight. Now you see what he sees. Nothing. To you it is but a momentary blackness. To in particular, held the audience him it the unending blackness of a theatre without light of any kind; a theatre with nothing but a soundtrack which grinds out a cacophony of distress to an trade of every first-rate magaudience packed with Fear, Alarm, Monotony and ician were manifest in P.O. their haunting offsprings. Nerves.

He might as well be below enjoying the warmth of the engine room, for all he can see. And yet, as ing the audience amused with These classes are held at the black as the blackness is, he strains and searches through it. A million dollars worth of ship and sixty hand-picked lives with their hopes, their fears, their was the inevitable barrack room can give her time so freely I futures, all depend on him. And as he strains and had a modern twist to it. In ten girls willing to do so from searches, the names of larger, stauncher ships than stead of showing male members the Junior Hostesses, Red Cross. his sail by in bas-relief against the screen of his indulging in the usual hi-jinks. Knights of Columbus, U.S.E.D. imagination—ships crushed and smashed by icebergs, there were all girls who engaged or Civilian Women's barracks ships accidentally ripped and gutted by other ships, that is associated with the barships formless and forsaken hulks, all because a man rack rooms in the services. like him saw too late.

Close your eyes. Tight. Slip and stumble through show to a climax when lead- vices who have been much too the darkness, hand in hand with Doubt. Have your with the rest of the cast ar- one thing and another to learn fingers, which you cannot feel, fumble with the ice ranged behind him in "V" for- to read please ask your Mummiy which surfaces everything about you. Fight your mation, recited Pilot Officer or Dad to read the very imway through the wind's million icy pounding, punch- John Magee's now-famous son- portant notice to you? I receiving fingers which try to hold you, which gouge at a 19 year-old American pilot Santa Claus to tell me that he you and choke you, bind you and blind you, and heave in the Royal Canadian Air is looking forward very much to yourself panting and sick up beside him. Then stand close to him, so close you are inside him. Hold your breath as you can hear against the wildness of a raving maniac men call Ocean.

Of course you won't see it, but you feel it and hear it, as the deck leaps and the sea pounds on the forecastle and a ton, or thereabouts, slaps at you like the cold unseen hand of something God forgot.

No use ducking. Every fifteen seconds that living mass of salt and water will attack you and leave you breathless and shaken, whimpering inside from sheer frustration; from exhaustion, cold and hunger; from the feeling that you are smaller than the smallest, lost somewhere in the void before creation.

Every fifteen seconds-four times each minute. And there are sixty minutes in an hour. Four times to a watch.

And two watches in a day.

Change of a watch? So down you go. fighting your way to your bunk. What are your thoughts? Nothing. Nothing, that is, except a thought of warmth and a thought of sleep as the man who relieves you on the bridge takes over your watch and your - counting of the seconds, the minutes, the hours.

A shipmate helps you off with your things. He doesn't use a chipping hammer or a chisel, but he could. You rub and blink away the ice which sheathes your eyes and lashes. You numbly change into the warm layers of things and shiver miserably into your bunk and fitful sleep. Your ice-matted coat is hung to drip and steam in the pulsating warmth of the engine room.

And then the shipmate is back—or seems to be before you're asleep, saving as he always does, "It's your watch, I believe." And as you wearily drag on your coat, which has dried with the salt as stiff as glass and crackles with each move he says, as he has said so many times before: "Sorry about your breakfast, but the galley stove is flooded again. This is the best I can do . . . water and crackers."

Grimly you battle your way back to the deck de-

termined to keep dry. but . . .

This is Navy Week. It is the one week in the year when attention is especially directed towards the men of the sea and the work that the Navy League of Canada is doing to make their lives a little brighter. It is a time to remember the heroes who kept-the sea lanes open throughout the darkest days of the war and who, today, make it possible for men and munitions to flow in ever-increasing numbers towards ultimate victory.

iere at Local Station.

and airwomen of Royal Canad- music. packed house at the Cove last Rigate and Cpl. Walter Black. night. The same show will be Every Airwoman and Air shown in its entirety for serv- man in the cast, performed ice personnel this coming Sun- steadily and supported well at day at the Capitol Theatre.

"Washouts" consists of single | The complete show was staged acts, skits, songs, music, and and directed by Jack McLelland general all-round fun and non- and Douglas Badger, Young sense, balanced with a few ser- | Men's Christian Association lous moments. It runs all of one supervisors at these Air Force hour and forty-five minutes and stations. All talent was culled is nicely paced.

Rupert composed a song cessions were made for "That'll Be The Day" which was youthful thespians nor the "Y used in the show, last night. It supervisors, in their attempt was well received by the audi- put together what proved to be

Individual honors were dided between Pilot Officer Wiley Brackett, magician, and Leading Aircraftsman Lorne Vatson, pianist. The latter is the possessor of a schölarship from the Toronto Conservatory of Music and prior to enlistment, was studying in New

For his repertoire, last night L.A.C. Watson selected Greig's ever-popular "Piano Concerto," Brahm's "Lullaby" and Rachmaninoff's "Prelude in G. Min-His playing of the prelude.

ement of surprise, the stocks-in Brackett's black magic. worked smoothly and with an easy grace, meanwhile keepa bright line of patter.

number. This time, however, it know that there will be another in horse-play and abandon groups.

Force when he wrote this beaut iful poem. He was subsequently killed in action, overseas.

The musical trio of Sgt. Alfred Brooks, clarinet, Sgt. William Toddington, bass violin, and Leading Aircraftsman Morris Spence, guitar, harmonized in fine fashion and was equally at how presented by the airmen lar tunes, or old-time barr

ian Air Force at Seal Cove and | Vocatizing was in the capable No. 4 Group Headquarters, was hands, or rather throats of successfully presented before a Leading Airwoman Margaret

entirely from station personnel. Of local interest is the fact Rehearsals were held after serhat Mrs. Jean Elkins of Prince | vice hours and no special con-I highly diverting variety show. Margolese.

ACTIVITIES OF Y.M.C.A. AND Y.W.C.A.

By DOROTHY GARBUTT

Jessie Storer, one of our Young Women's Christian Association junior hostesses, has been offer-Manual dexterity and the el- week for the past three months giving dancing lessons to the service men. She says they now know all the steps well enough to need partners and would like about ten girls to come down each Monday and act as such. Empress "Y" Hall. If Jessie, who Best of a good lot of skits is as busy as any of you girls.

Will all you smaller boys and A dramatic scene brought the girls with daddies in the Ser

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scarcity is that there are so many more buyers today than

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being in Prince Rupert this Christmas party at the Navy Christmas and especially to be- Drill hall on December 20. And

ing at the All Services Children's he has asked me to ask all these years old or under to register their names with us at the "Y." He says it will help him no end if you do this and we certainly all want to help Old Santa, don't BARS SO OFTEN "SOLD OUT?" we? Funny thing but it is written on Y.M.C.A. notepaper which he says Alex Hall our Y.M.C.A. supervisor gave him last time he was in Whitehorse. The letter is in the registry book if you'd like to see it.

visitor, says that Sharon Cail her mother who found a last Sunday as did Mrs. Barbour and Sandra. And also that little Miss Le Ross made her appearance at the Rupert Hospital on Friday, November 19 at 8:45 p.m. and weighed 81/2 pounds. Her daddy is Lieut. Pierre Le Ross who is a Prince Rupert boy. Congratulations, proud parents!

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