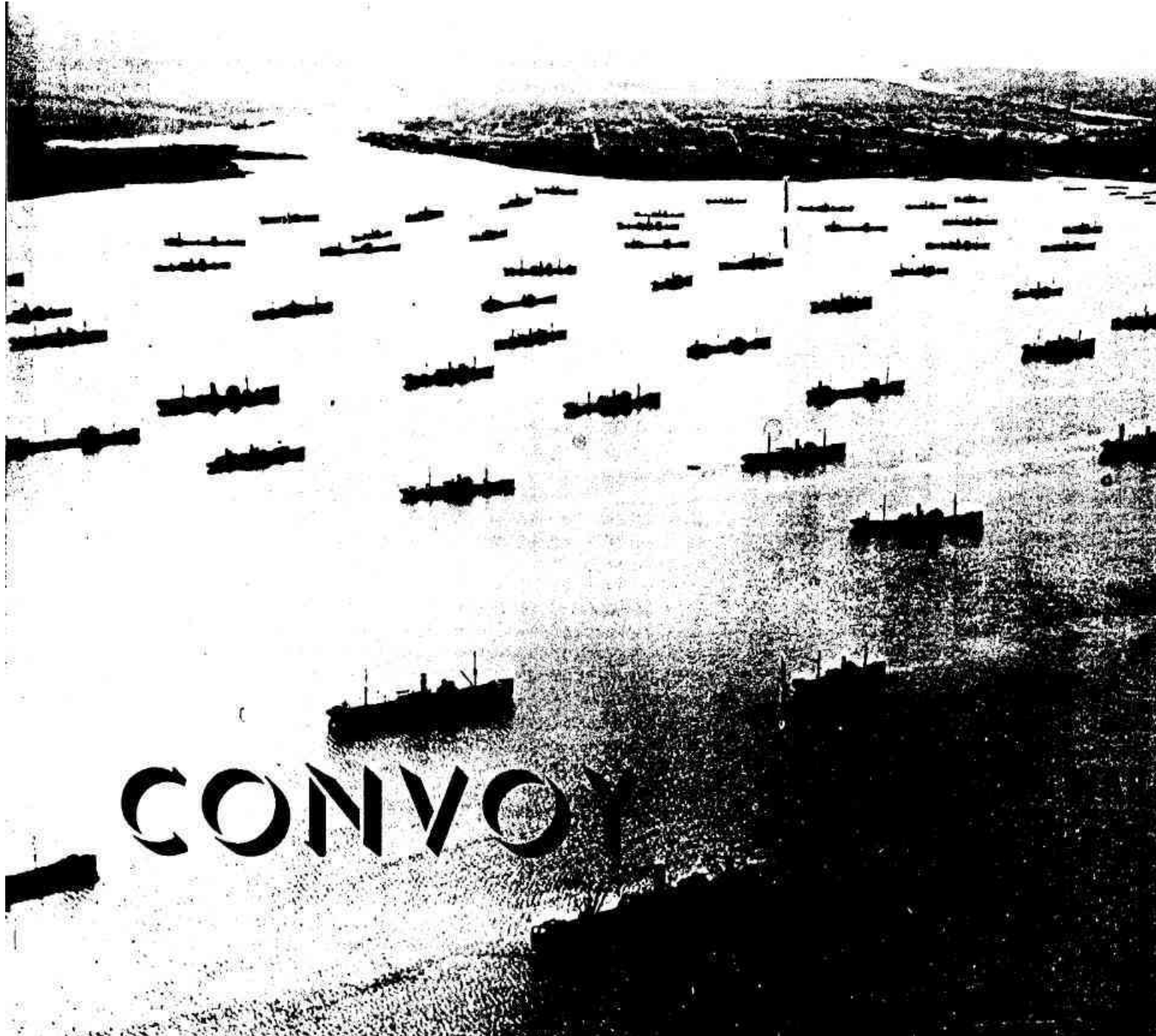


May 1951--Halifax



Rendezvous at Halifax! Throughout two world wars the ships silently assembled and as silently slipped out into the danger zone. The weak travelled bow-to-stern with the strong. The convoy's pace was geared not to the fastest ship, but to the slowest. Then, defying the terrors of a sub-infested sea, they did *together* what none could have done alone!

For AAs the comparison is obvious. Alone, each of us was a sinking ship. Always at sea without chart or compass, we floundered in a perpetual fog unable to discern the telltale periscope of our submerged, always invisible enemy!

Then, the miracle! Over the wet horizon came *our* convoy! A ragtag fleet it looked — tankers, tramps, bumboats, interspersed with sturdier craft. Yet withal it sailed with a certain grandeur.

The miracle convoy caught us up and immediately we moved forward. On course at last! A stronger, surer Hand was on the wheel. And, as has happened long before on the Sea of Galilee, the turbulent waters were somehow calmed.

If we stay 'in convoy' we'll make port—*together*! But the enemy still lurks alongside, waiting to strike at any 'strays' who may wander off course. So check your compass, mate! Keep a sharp lookout for derelicts off the starboard bow and a keen ear for his feeble SOS. Meantime, we'll all be looking out for each other — from here to Halifax!