

CANVAS



Vol. I Number 3

August 15, 1955

Page 1.

"CANVAS" (WITH SOME MISGIVINGS)

presents

JABOUR & BUTT:

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Dear Everybody

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In response to great public demand, pressure from the training staff, and because we had more cash to pay off the editor with, you will find this by-line a weekly part of CANVAS. That is you would have except for the fact that we are leaving this (censored). Mind you, it's not that we're unhappy with Halifax (Stadacona understood), but Mr. Jabour has five pounds of heroin he must run out to Vancouver, and Mr. Butt is going to be investigating the possibilities of taking the cadet Revue to Aklavik for the Christmas holidays. Therefore, before we leave we want to thank you all for the kind letters, cards etcetera. Our particular thanks to the conscientious first year cadet that sent Mr. Jabour the can of floor wax for his cabin. Thanks also to the lovely lady from Pictou who sent Mr. Butt six pounds of peat moss and a galvanized baby blanket. We needed some clean linen.

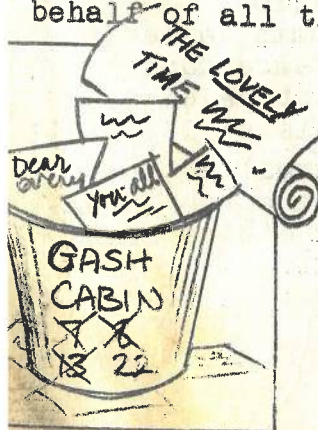
Since this is our last column, we shall forsake our usual topics - politics, religion, and sex, and devote the remainder of this article to thanking those of you, our happy readers, who have made our stay so unbearable.

To those who plan the menus - our heartiest. If we could discover who you are we would happily give you the six remaining alka-seltzer tablets left from the gross we bought in May; and to the laundry - we're indeed sorry that your machine broke down in the middle of July - she was such a nice little girl. Have you thought of Sam Lee? Anyhow, please don't worry, it's really quite convenient. Mr. Butt has had his sheets for so long that they get up themselves and make his bed in the morning.

And lest we forget the C.N.R. - we suppose that if you did have to run over our luggage, the Ocean Limited was the best train to use. Thanks for only having on five cars. And too, on behalf of all the Tramid gang, our best to the U.S. navy for teaching us how to march. Thank you Gunnery School for giving a new meaning to elocution. We bid fond farewells to the A.B.C.D. School. You do have such a nice gas chamber, and where do you get those sweet little smoke bombs. Perhaps this is a good place to thank the hospital personel for their anti-gas treatments. Incidentally, where did you get that lovely Cadillac ambulance? And of course the Lord Nelson, citadel of pickled eggs and 45¢ pints of beer. All of us will miss you; but before we go please tell us your secret - where do you hide that dartboard?

We must not forget all those who have helped us so immeasurably throughout the summer. Thank you Chief Rhodes for generously and good-naturedly giving up so much of your free time to be with us every morning. Your encouraging compliments

(continued on page 2)



DEAR EVERYBODY - continued from page 1.....

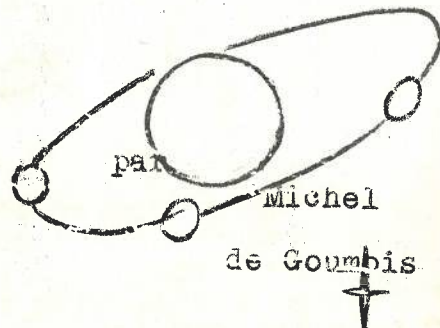
were such a help to us all. Good-bye Chief Taylor. Thank you for the lessons in etiquette; when we go home now we wont put our feet on the coffee tables - oh, we just remembered we don't have one at home anymore; the folks wrote and said that they had pawned all the furniture so that I could pay off the Reliable Cleaners and get my khaki cap cover back. Cheerio Chief Roberts, and thanks for all the parcels and telegrams. So kind of you to remember my birthday.

And to the Bill Lynch Shows that played on the Commons awhile back; have a good year. We wont be back next summer so perhaps you can lift somebody else's wallet. And to the little coachman in red at the Green Lantern - we have saved over fifty pounds of foil from your chicken and chips. Perhaps we can sell it to the Japanese for scrap. And to the Halifax Transit Commission - we're glad the Edmonton bus tickets are the same colour as yours. To the man who cleans the upper G-Block showers, thank you for the atheletes foot. Sorry Dartmouth Ferry Commission that your business is dropping. You might sell your boats to the Government for the Newfoundland run. Perhaps they would fit into that harbour over there.

Many thanks to the man that ran over my blind date on Barrington Street.

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GETTE SEMAINE DANS LE MONDE



La Conquête de l'Espace

Les journaux ont annoncé presque simultanément aujourd'hui que les Américains et les Russes préparent tous les deux le lancement d'un satellite qui "naviguerait" autour de la terre. On avait discuté sur ce sujet pendant des années. Certains magazines avaient publié des compte-rendus détaillés sur les travaux mystérieux de scientifiques étrangers. Mais jusqu'aujourd'hui les gens bien pensants avaient refusé de voir là-dedans autre chose par que l'imagination fertile des éditeurs de revues. Le rêve n'est pas loin de la réalité. Quand on pense qu'un écrivain comme Jules Verne a pu prévoir un demi-siècle avant leur arrivée la plupart des inventions modernes, il ne faut pas s'étonner de voir se réaliser une chose aussi évidente et naturelle que les voyages dans l'espace. Les enfants dans ces choses ont plus de prescience que nous. Ils se préparent déjà, eux, pour les explorations de la planète Mars.

Les débuts, qui sont presque fantastiques au yeux des terriens, n'en sont pas moins modestes au point de vue interplanétaire. Ce misérable satellite aura la dimension d'un ballon panier. Il ne contiendra que des instruments pour mesurer les radiations cosmiques et autres ingrédients de l'éther. Après quelque semaines de navigation à 18,000 milles à l'heure (1½ heure pour le tour de la terre), il disparaîtra en flammes dans la haute stratosphère. Ce sort ingrat servira cependant à recueillir l'information nécessaire qui permettra à l'homme de la lune d'atteindre sa destination.

En attendant, la grande question est de savoir si cet homme de la lune sera russe ou américain. Car les russes proclament déjà une avance dans la fabrication du satellite. Le leur doit être lancé six mois avant celui des américains. Et, par surcroît, il doit être plus gros. Je ne sais si l'orgueil national des américains, touché en son point sensible, va se réveiller pour rattraper le temps perdu. Nous allons assister sans doute à un match intéressant. Dans l'intervalle vous pardonneriez votre chroniqueur d'être sorti un peu des limites de son sujet.

Editorial

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 Associate Editor...D. Millar
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 Sports Editor.....C.S. Macdonald
 Liason with Mass Committee..
 J.L. Toupin

Staff this issue...
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 D. Jabour
 J. Lutt
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EDITORIAL

The UNTD's are members of the youngest branch of one of the youngest navies in the world. Yet in a few short years, like the navy as a whole, they have in their own way created an outstanding record. Not that cadets can be expected to contribute in any direct way to the record of the navy in the "cold peace" of today, but rather to create a spirit and keep alive a certain attitude which must be typical of a good naval reserve.

By participation in some of the events which concern the navy as a whole, cadets take the responsibility of being public relations officers, both at home and abroad. The spirit which motivates their conduct at such times can be only partly spontaneous. It is as much made as born.

Such an event was the Spithead review in the Coronation Year of Queen Elizabeth. In a smaller way, each cruise, each contact with other services and countries, and each activity of summer training, is such an event.

Now, for the first few years of its inception, the UNTD was regarded by a number of its members as a sort of

glorified Sea Cadets or Boy Scouts, a free ride at navy (and taxpayers') expense. This attitude has, in some ways, changed, and we hope that cadets now and in future will regard their stint in the navy as, not just another job, or an all-expense-paid tour of foreign ports, but as an avocation. For what the best of the former cadets brought to their tasks, we must bring also. We must bring the interest and care of the dedicated non-professional, the amateur in the best sense of the word.

What has all this got to do with tradition? with discipline? with a love of the sea? with "conduct becoming to an officer and a gentleman?" Just this - it is a part of them all, as they are integral parts of it, a spirit which can be expressed but scantily in such words as "morale", "courage", "discipline", "tradition." None of these must die. This is not mere advocacy of the status quo as such; but it is the motivating force which gives to these words more than a name. It gives them a meaning.

Gouge

CAPITOL...Aug 15-18...we're No Angels
 Aug 19-20...You're Never Too Young

PARAMOUNT...Aug 15-17...Aida
 Aug 18-20...Tall Man Riding
 ..Runaway Bus

CASINO...Aug 15-16... Melba
 Aug 17-20... Land of the Pharoahs

OXFORD...Aug 15-17...Magnificent Obsession
 Aug 18-20...Jupiter's Darling
 ..White Feather

VOGUE...Aug 15-17...Americans
 ..Adventures of Robinson Crusoe
 Aug 18-20...7 Brides for 7 Brothers
 ..Wells-Fargo Gunmaster.

Deux Sommets de l'Évolution: L'HOMME et L'INSECTE -

Dans le domaine de l'évolution: l'homme et l'insecte sont en effet les deux meilleurs exemples connus d'animaux vivant en société; mais ces sociétés sont constituées sur des bases bien différentes. Des auteurs bien documentés nous expliquent que les insectes doivent la perfection de leur vie sociale, à la simplicité de leur vie instinctive et à l'ankylose d'habitudes acquises depuis des millions d'années. Dès l'éocène, il existait des espèces de fourmis absolument identiques aux espèces actuelles: en 50 millions d'années, elles n'ont pas progressé d'un pas.

Les civilisations sont toutes récentes et l'homme comme l'écrit C. Haskins, est: "l'animal social le plus jeune de la terre." Son organisation sociale est encore aux premiers stades, et ceux qui vient la possibilité d'un progrès social ne tiennent pas compte de ces données. On peut supposer que l'insecte n'est pas capable de progrès, étant donné la perfection de ses habitudes, si élémentaires soient-elles; mais il est absurde de dire que l'imperfection rend le progrès impossible. On est précisément l'argument qu'invoquent les sociologues pessimistes pour faire accepter l'état actuel de la société comme immuable.

UNE NOUVELLE ESPÈCE
Biologique est en voie
de formation:

L'évolution organique est lente mais continue. Les éléments endocriniens stimulés peut-être par le caractère émotionnel de la vie moderne, les changements du milieu. La vulgarisation de la thérapeutique, l'usage et l'abus des antibiotiques, tout cela tend à produire des variations somatiques imperceptibles. En outre dans le domaine propre de la cybernétique (relation de l'homme et de la machine), qui constitue une réalité indiscutable, on se trouve parvenu à un moment critique. L'évolution mentale est étroitement liée à celle de la culture. Le développement de la raison au cours de l'histoire transforme la mentalité individuelle et sociale de l'être humain, en lui imprimant sa marque.

On a pu croire jadis que la machine allait dominer l'homme, inhiber l'activité mentale. Mais les réalisations de la technique moderne ne peuvent atrophier le cerveau humain, car elles sont incapables de fonctionner sans lui. Un plus grand danger que celui de l'homme du 20^{ème} siècle, en effet aujourd'hui deux grands facteurs tentent par tous les moyens, d'annuler l'effort intellectuel. Ce sont: "Le matérialisme outré" et "la loi du moindre effort". Ces deux facteurs séduisent l'

homme et s'infiltrèrent partout en utilisant: la radio et la publicité qui nous dictent les décisions à prendre et décident pour nous des choses à faire: les journaux, les revues et les annonces qui pensent pour nous: le cinéma et la télévision, devant lesquelles après quelques instants d'observation nous envoutent et paralysent toutes nos activités.

L'homme n'a plus besoin de penser, ni de raisonner, ni d'agir, il n'a qu'à se laisser conduire par le flot des événements de la vie, tout est facile, il n'a qu'à suivre, c'est un instrument voilà.

Seuls les esprits forts et vigilants peuvent résister à ces sournoises attaques, contre ce que l'homme a de plus précieux "son intelligence".

L'ÉVOLUTION MORALE EST EN RETARD

Les rapides progrès du dernier demi-siècle sont en avance sur l'évolution morale; le comportement humain n'est pas encore adopté aux nouvelles conditions de la vie intellectuelle et collective.

A ne considérer que sa capacité de perception, les forces qu'il transforme et les fonctions qu'il exerce, l'homme moderne est le représentant d'une nouvelle espèce.

Cette espèce nouvelle exige une culture nouvelle, et cette culture nouvelle est et sera ce que nous l'avons ou l'aurons faite, suivant notre

préparation intellectuelle et notre maturité d'esprit, en vue des prévisions prochaines et futures.

Qu'on le veuille ou non, nous sommes embarqués dans une grande aventure biologique depuis que l'homme équipé d'instruments formidables, à rompre avec sont passé pour s'élever vers des sphères inconnues.

C'est la pensée humaine qui dirige et oriente la cours de ce grand navire au milieu des tempêtes, et seule l'intelligence humaine peut discerner la bonne route dans les ténèbres de cette étape de transition. Aussi je crois que notre unique bouée de sauvetage est la victoire du spirituelle sur le matériel laquelle permettra à l'homme de dominer toutes les sphères peu importe l'évolution vers laquelle il est destiné.

L'Homme :
L'ANIMAL SOCIAL
LE PLUS JEUNE
DE NOTRE PLANÈTE
PAR !! H. SAUVÉ



THE END OF A "QUESTION" IS

NOT ALWAYS THE ANSWER



The latest development in the so-called "constitution question" is that certain legislation regarding fees as adopted by the Mess has been disallowed by authority of the Reserve Training Commander. One of the main issues arising from the last General Mess Meeting concerned a provision in the proposed constitution requiring that Mess fees be paid while cadets are on cruise. A motion backed by a large section of first-year cadets came from the floor of the meeting and was passed with a substantial majority. It provided that, retroactive to the beginning of cruise Able, Mess fees would not be required of cadets on cruise. Now the clause has reverted to that originally proposed by the Mess Committee, so that cadets on cruise will, starting next summer, be required to pay up. For this summer, however, the Mess Meeting's motion will stand, and cadets will be spared the burden of paying.

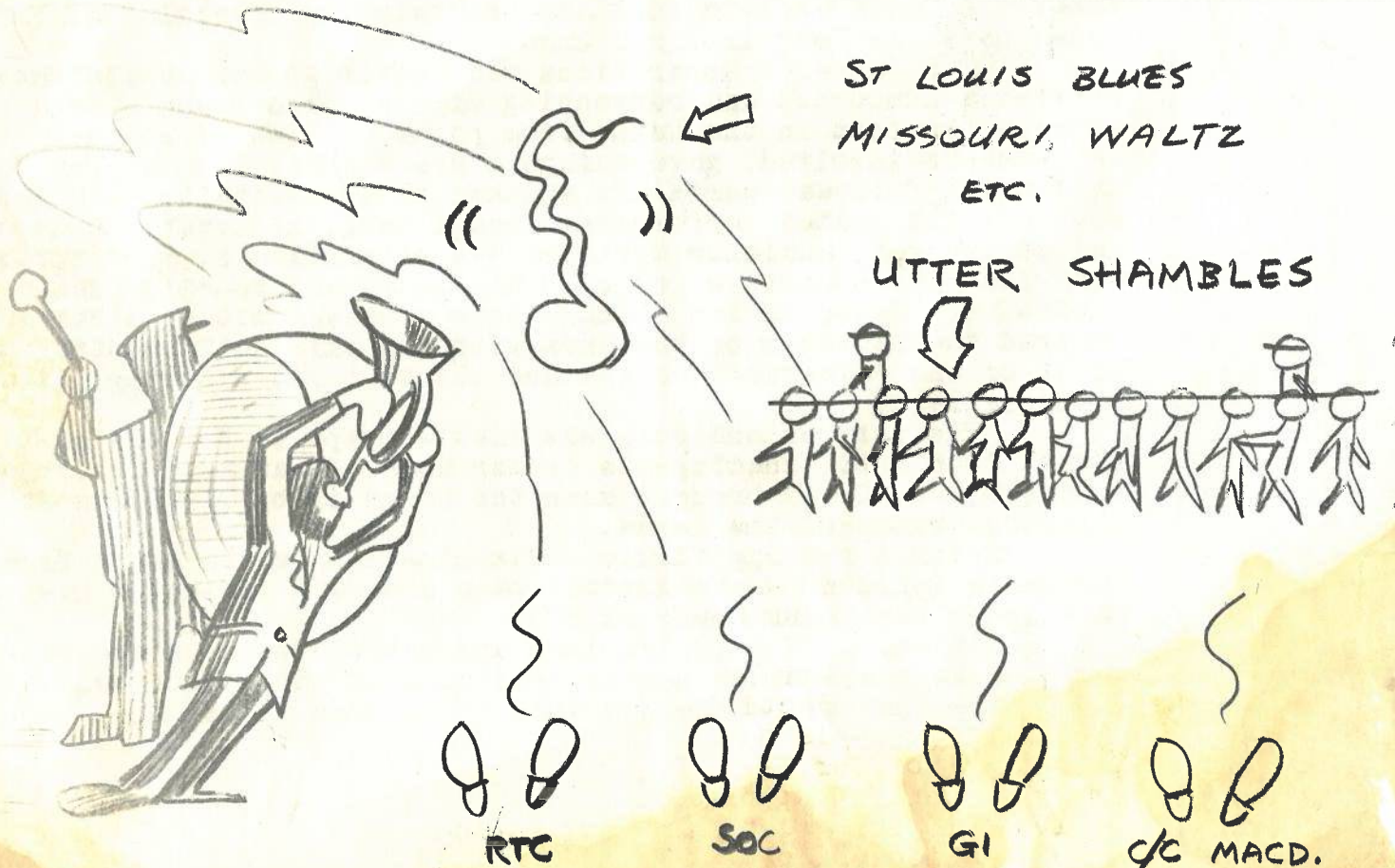
The General Mess Meeting, which was devoted almost entirely to ratification of a proposed constitution, provoked considerable argument. From the

time Mess President Hendrie opened the meeting until its adjournment two and one half hours later, opposition was voiced to several of the clauses in the proposed constitution, and the method by which they should be discussed.

The meeting, after lengthy argument, changed the provisions of article 22 on a motion by cadet Jabour, to provide that all expenditures exceeding \$100.00 be approved by a General Mess meeting, as well as all expenditures classified by the Mess Committee as unusual.

On a motion introduced by C/C Matthews and subsequently amended, the required number of names on petition was dropped from 50 to 35. A motion that retiring Mess presidents and heads of committees be required to leave reports was passed. Last significant change in the proposed constitution excluded from Gunroom membership cadets at sea and not paying Mess dues.

Upon motion by C/C Toupin, drafter of the document, the amended constitution was adopted by the meeting.



ST LOUIS BLUES
MISSOURI WALTZ
ETC.

UTTER SHAMBLES

RTC SOC GI C/C MACD.

THE BIRTH OF THE BLUES

(THURS. AUG. 11, 1955)

THE CANVAS PROJECT

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Bouquets to the directors, cast, and people backstage of the Cadet Revue Mark 55 ! Two weeks previously we had frankly wondered if any production could not only be staged, but written as well in such short order. We were a part of the enthusiastic first-night audience, and sat quite amazed at the amount of work which had so obviously been put into making a very entertaining evening. Those concerned deserve every credit.

With the well-modulated English tones of narrator Paul Bacon, who throughout the production was outstanding, we were transported fifty years hence, from where we could look back on those memorable cadet days. From then on, well nigh every aspect of cadet life came in for much good-natured spoofing.

While the opening songs, with music borrowed from Brigadoon and Guys and Dolls, reflected perhaps a bit of first-night jitters, the lively rhythm which opened the Selection Board Skit swept the audience into the mood of the Revue. We could not help but be impressed with the seeming spontaneity which the chorus, led by director Gord Bissessar, managed to achieve. In the skit which followed, comedian John Butt came in for a grueling cross-examination by an outrageous selection board. While we might perhaps question the advisability of some portions of the dialogue in view of the nature of the audience, everyone certainly enjoyed several good "belly" laughs.

A Revue high-point appeared as the Jabour-Gurney-Sedge-wick trio gave us their version of the "In Routine". The well-produced scene and the exuberance of the performers gave it a distinctly professional flavour.

One of the summer's more memorable events was portrayed in the Dagnet-inspired production "The Cap Badge Incident", where "Jack Thursday" turned in a humourously cool and convincing performance. Generally, musical portions of the Revue played better, and with but one exception were better received by the audience than those which featured spoken dialogue. The first act curtain was rung resoundingly down on an exciting and polished musical number - "The Crap Game".

The Second Act, with its cleverly contrasting scenes contributing to the dramatic build-up, really captured the imagination and enthusiasm of the audience. Smooth-flowing production with well-trained choruses singing several familiar tunes never let our interest lag.

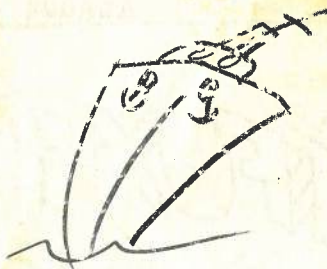
The Dance of Apparitions with their grotesque costumes offered a humorous and refreshing change. The Bosun's Song scene perhaps the best in the Revue from point of view of production and numbers involved, gave things a great lift. The Calypso routine which followed certainly smacked of authenticity with its several West Indian performers. Though long, it never became dull, and at its end, audience applause was enthusiastic. The "Uprising" with its chorus of tars led by D-Willmott, and rousing music, carried the Revue to its climax. Here a clever bit of directing stopped the momentum of the show with the skillfully contrasting quiet of the "aftermath" scene and the soft yet pleasing voice of P. Drouillard.

The sobered audience was little prepared for the next scene. John Butt, reading his letter home - "Dear Mom"....."please send \$20,000.00..." brought down the house in by far the most hilarious scene of the Revue.

With a rousing finale - "termination Day" - music from "Finian's Rainbow" - the curtain came down and the house lights went up on the Cadet Revue Mk 55.

It was a fine production, and great credit is due those who thus kept alive the worthy tradition of the cadet revue.

By the way, where did that woman come from?



THIS

was

-by G.Oscar Wells

The cadets on Cruise Baker went on board shortly before the first Command Ball and they all seemed to be anxiously looking forward to the cruise. The Ball left a few very large heads but these were soon lost amid the excitement of setting sail for Eastport, Maine. To the old hands, i.e. the third year cadets and Cadet Captains who never got sea-sick, the sight of so few first year types being sick was quite disturbing. We aboard Quebec took comfort in the assurance received from those aboard the destroyers that matters were much worse aboard their ships.

Eastport would have been a fair spot but we strained its facilities to the limit. The town was called upon to double its population for three days and whereas it tried bravely to accommodate us, it was just not equal to the strain.

After leaving Eastport we took out time and slowly headed for the next stop, Argentia, Newfoundland. While at sea Jackstays, Dan Baoy's, sneer legs and other evolutions were frequently carried out and they usually were quite interesting. A pleasant addition to life at sea this year was the selling of beer every evening. Each cadet was entitled to a pint of beer every day and everybody bought his quota religiously, including those who never took a drink, so there were inevitable results.

We were to remain in Argentia just long enough to obtain fuel but owing to a heavy fog we stayed there for five pleasant days. The cadets moved into all the messes and clubs that would accept and made up in other directions (the bar is that-a-way) for the desperate shortage of members of the opposite sex.

By this time we were settling into the ship's routine very nicely. The big event of the week for Quebec was always the Captain's Saturday morning rounds. On these occasions we were over-awed by the Captain and a battery of Commanders with flash-lights. Behind these were a mass of lesser lights, the whole party often stretching through three messes. Each mess was cleared except for one man who reported it. In the meantime the remainder of the cadets stood around on the upper deck anxiously awaiting the verdict. These were consistently favourable until Boston when the Captain unfortunately nearly stumbled over a pile of gash in Mess 40. That was too much, and the leave of all Cadet Captains was stopped until the powers were satisfied.

We were aboard ship for the whole month of July but never spent a week-end at sea. It was very hard on the constitution. One usually had just recovered from one week-end ashore when another one cropped up.

By the time we sailed into Charlottetown the cadets were becoming quite used to the pipe: "Hands to stations for entering harbour, special sea-duty-men close up." We had by now stood in and out of two harbours and were looking forward to a week-end on Prince Edward Island. P.E.I. may stand for Poor Every Inch but it certainly appeared lush, attractive and prosperous the day we came in. The two destroyers were able to go alongside but Quebec had to remain in the stream. Charlottetown gave of its best with the result that the week-end was highly successful. Surprisingly there was even a dance laid on especially for cadets. On Sunday there was a Church Parade with all Protestants being hustled into a United Church.

We slipped early the next morning and spent the next few days exercising constantly at sea. There was the never to be forgotten occasion when a cadet nearly disrupted a complete night exercise by turning on all the radar sets he could lay his hands on. This gentleman was promptly described as a menace to navigation and sent ashore. On the way back from Boston we had a bit of Gunnery which cadets were only allowed to observe but which they nevertheless enjoyed.

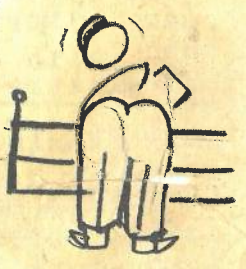
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CRUISE BAKER STORY continued....

The middle watch on the morning we were to arrive in Boston was quite amazing. There was a host of ships constantly around us and hazards of navigation were forcefully brought to our attention. On at least three occasions drastic alterations to port or starboard had to be made, and even the third O.O.W. (cadet captain) found himself busy.

Boston lived up to all expectations and it would be impossible to list the variety of activities that cadets were engaged in that weekend. Sufficient to say that by the following Wednesday when we left, nobody had any money, everybody was very tired, and we were all happy to leave. The keyword now was rest as the cadet regatta was scheduled to take place in Manono Bay on Friday July 29. The cadets on destroyers had had a fair amount of boat pulling all during the cruise, as each destroyer only carried one division. The number of cadets on the Quebec however made it difficult to get in the requisite amount of boatwork, and consequently the cruiser cadets were not as well prepared as they should have been for the regatta.

The regatta consisted of three whaler races and the finals, a war canoe race and a dinghy sailing race. The destroyer cadets, Sioux and Haida division had the best of the day, Sioux taking off the most honours. They won both the whaler race and war canoe race in an over-all splendid performance. Aboard the Quebec, Algonquin cleaned the other divisions as had been expected. They won the sailing and came second in the whaler finals after winning one of the heats. Despite the humiliation that Quebec received it was a very pleasant day, and we "entertained" the destroyer cadets to lunch aboard the "Q".

At 1400 the same day we slipped and made for Halifax. Spirits ran high as the old port came into sight, and as we approached the jetty we became aware of the large crowd which was standing by to greet the ship. The brow was hardly out before the mob was aboard. In the next few minutes all the gripes, crowded mess decks and difficulties of the cruise were forgotten and only the pleasant memories of beautiful days at sea, and happy nights - Boston and Charlottetown were recalled.

DEAR EVERYBODY..continued from page 2..

And good-bye Dr. Michaelson. Your morning broadcasts were a great help. We sent you a letter but didn't receive our mustard seed encased in lucite.

Thank you all again for the lovely time. 'Bye for now:

J. & B. (X's & O's)



Back in my old home town when the fall season rolls around and the potato are all picked the men-folk of the tow head for the ponds and the marshes. Wh for?; you ask. To shoot ducks, of course.

Well, of course there are duck shooters and duck shooters and all of them have their stories. But I guess that J Silax, the local mouthpiece, tells the best one. Jim's one of the best shots in town but this story is much better than his best shot.

Now, one of these blustery fall mornings Jim was down at the pond on the Webster property. He'd just fixed up a blind, laid out his set and settled back among the reeds when the fun began. As he was uncapping his flask he looked out at the set and saw one of the decoys moving around. Well, folks, you can imagine Jim's reaction. He dropped the flask and was about to swear off for life when he decided there must be some logical explanation and it would be awfully rude to join AA just because a wooden duck was paddling around.

Jim took out his glasses and saw that a fox had that old riddled hen Red-leg decoy between his teeth. Now, for those who don't know, a moving duck in the water attracts a flying duck. So, at this very same moment, a pair of black came over, saw this decoy moving around in the water and peeled off and started to light into the set.

Old Jim shouldered his gun, a pump with the plug in, and shot. He shot once, twice and three times. And you know, he missed both Blacks. The fox dove and the old wooden Red-leg sank under an overload of buck-shot.