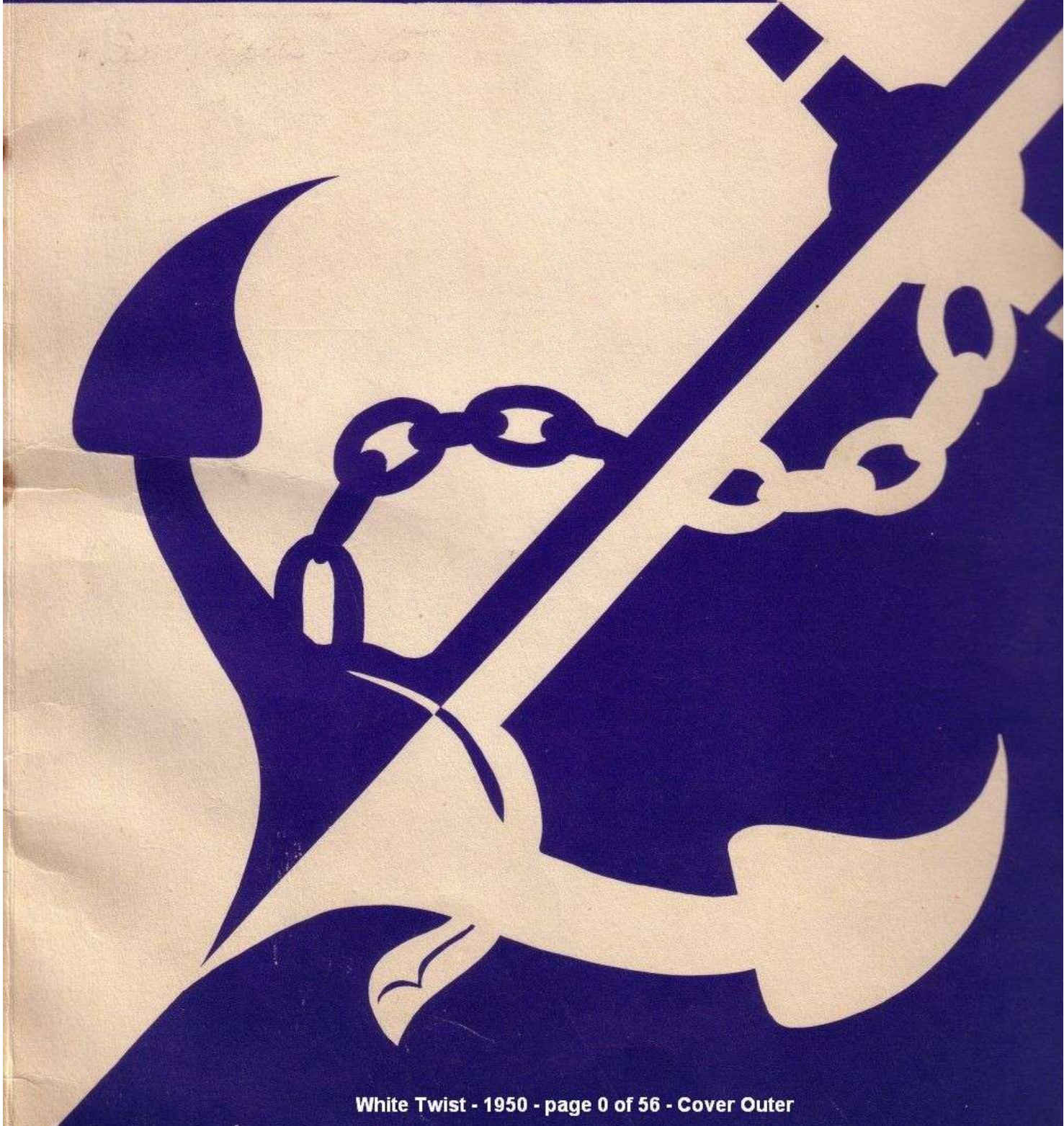


1950









# WHITE TWIST



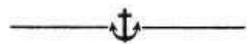
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The Pacific Coast Year Book "White Twist," has been published at H.M.C. Dockyard, Esquimalt, B.C., with the kind permission of Commodore G. R. Miles, O.B.E., R.C.N., and with the co-operation of the Cadets as a body.

Our sincere thanks to all those who have united their efforts to make this publication possible.

COMMANDER J. M. LEEMING, R.C.N.







COMMANDER J. M. LEEMING, R.C.N.

## *From the Commander*

I appreciate being asked to write a foreword for this second issue of the White Twist.

It is very difficult for four months of the year to suddenly find yourself engulfed with Naval routine and the ways of the Service, but I have been impressed with the willingness of all Cadets to learn and the spirit displayed in the various courses required in the Summer Training Programme.

The student who follows the Cadet training programme throughout his college and university career will, without question, add materially to his qualifications for professional leadership whether he choose the Service or civilian life. If the latter, he will be far better equipped to carry out the double responsibility of all citizens to perform his civilian duties and to contribute to the defence of his country in times of emergency.

Since 1945 the world has been plagued by a cold war which appears to be coming to the boiling point. If Canada should be called upon to defend herself or to go to the aid of an oppressed people, you who are graduating will start forth with a solid background to take your place as an officer to add to the power and further the cause of your country.

Wherever you may go and whatever you may do I wish God-speed and good luck.

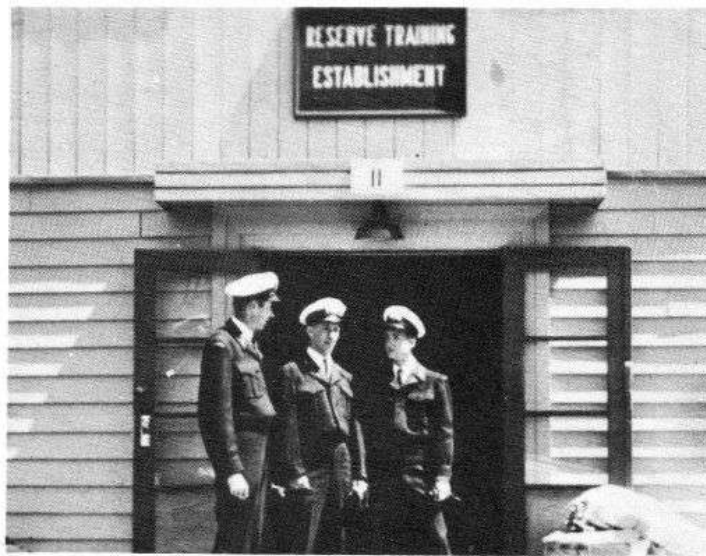


# TRAINING ORGANIZATION

Well, it is really impossible to segregate "Training" *per se* from the whole aspect of Cadets, because it must be considered that Cadets gain their practical knowledge of the Navy from what they do on the Coast. It may, however, be advisable to say a word about the more formal aspects of "Training."

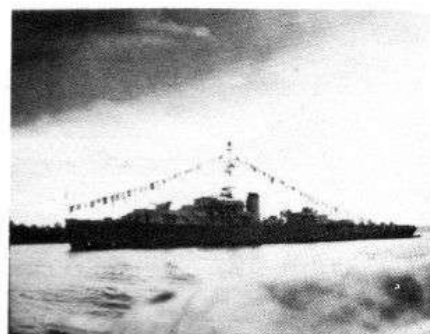
Perhaps the most notable innovation of the summer was the Training Programme, which was closely followed. This was particularly evident aboard the Frigates "Antigonish" and "Beacon Hill," where dead time in the past had inevitably spelled that demon "Part of Ship." This summer everyone knew well in advance just what he would be doing from week to week, and furthermore knew that there would be an officer or petty officer there to supervise, instruct, or demonstrate. Of course there was the odd time when the routine became fouled up, but there had been allowances made for even this. All this took a bit of organizing and coordination.

But there were not just the two Frigates involved. We had "Ontario" carrying at times as many as sixty Cadets, and "Royal Roads" with up to one hundred and fifty, in addition to the throngs at R.T.E. Now getting the proper groups to the proper classes at the right times, etc., required further organization—especially when there was a big movement on a Saturday morning. But the biggest task of all in this scheme was the planning and implementation of the Master Training Schedule. This plan arranged dates for courses, then instructors (through Training Centres) and so on,—and working on a basis of weeks as opposed to days or hours, could not allow for errors. It was therefore revised several times before, and once after, the Cadets began arriving.



This Master Plan was a hybrid product of laid-down syllabi, last summer's programme, and the foresight of last year's Training Commander and his staff. Continuity was maintained throughout the winter by Lieutenant Parsons and a miniature staff,—the nucleus of the group that administered the plan, with the position of Training Officer filled by Lt. Parsons. This was a task of formidable proportions, and the Training Officer will most certainly subscribe to that old saw about "The Best Laid Plans of Mice and Men." How was he to know that fifty Supply Cadets all preferred an Engineering Course on "Ontario"? Or that the day he planned on ten men arriving, the C.P.S.S. had run a second section of the boat to accommodate the Cadets; and that two weeks later six seventy-five passenger Personnel Carriers would return from the wharf with four Cadets, one cat and a parrot?)

Through it all (or nearly all) that same Training Staff carried on, saying only . . . "These little things are just sent to try us." But the reply to that could be heard above the clatter of the typewriters, the voice of the ghost of Lt. Parsons' once-black hairs, bitterly whispering "Yes, I know, six hundred of them,—and every one with a different problem. "May he rest in peace.





# One Wavy Stripe or Three Gold Rings

Ask any man in the service . . . ask any man on the street, they'll all tell you of the Quality you'll find at Wilson's. Uniforms, off the peg or tailored to measure, these carry the same stamp of impeccable tailoring, of distinctive quality that is found throughout our huge stock of smart sportswear, formal attire and everything in Civies.

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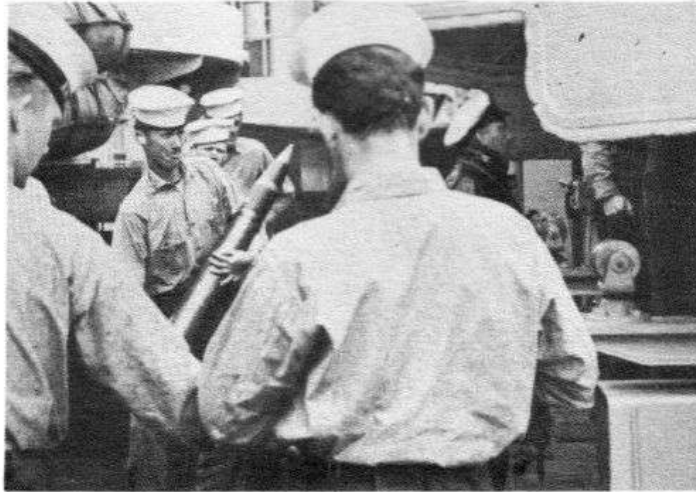
# THE KEEL WAS LAID ...

Hostilities over, the Royal Canadian Navy immediately set to work "putting its house in order" for peacetime training and, quite naturally, no small part of this work consisted in the establishing of a well organized Reserve Force to swell the ranks of trained personnel should any national emergency arise.

There had to be made some provision for the training of officers as well as men, not only to add to the numbers of officers trained during wartime, but also to replace them as the years passed. The problem then arose of finding a system suitable for the training of these future officers and this was solved by an already existing wartime organization, the University Naval Training Division, which had originally been formed as a means of giving naval training to those students whose courses were such that they were permitted to carry on their studies throughout the war years.

However, there were many difficulties to be met and chief among them was that under the U.N.T.D. scheme as it had existed in war time, the members, or "Untidies" as they were called in the service, while being trained as officers, were, in all respects, including uniform, ordinary seamen. Although such a scheme was practical in time of war when promotion from the lower decks was frequent and training rapid; it could not operate with any efficiency during the more thorough peacetime period. However, in the summer of 1948, a standardized set of courses was offered to trainees and U.N.T.D. which became more than just an awkward situation. The largest change came about in 1949 with the creation of the now rank mentioned above and as a result the "Untidy" became a Cadet on an equal par with those trainees serving at the two tri-service colleges, Royal Roads and Royal Military College, Kingston. Now, training could consist of more than courses, which, fine as they were, covered but one phase of the training required by a competent naval officer.

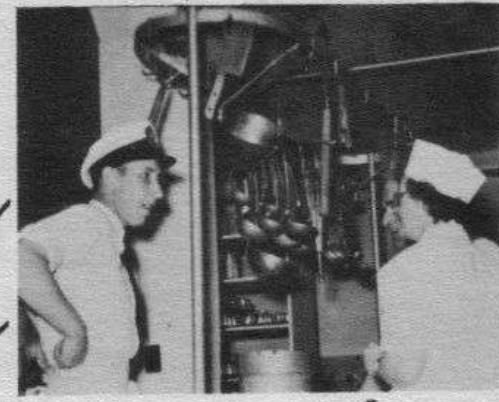
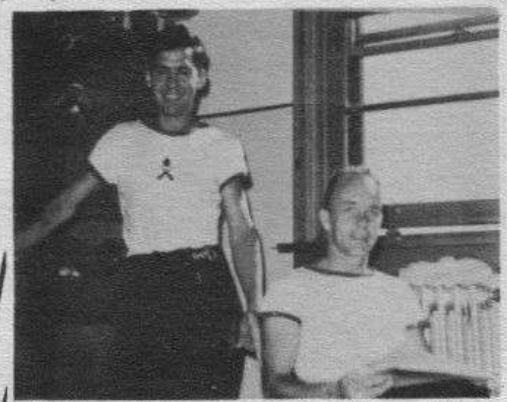
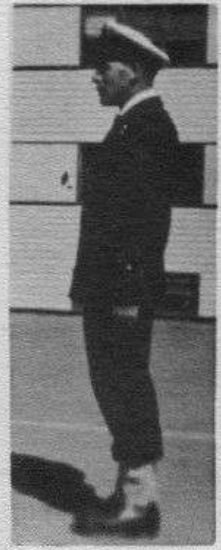
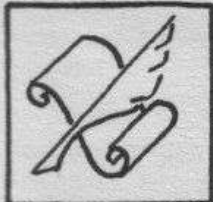
Training in the other phase of officer life was facilitated by the assigning of a separate Reserve Training Establishment in H.M.C. Dockyard, Esquimalt, B.C. Here, in an atmosphere of partial seclusion, the trainees could be given experience in



leadership, organization and those special graces expected of the naval officer. Nor was sea-time forgotten, for H.M.C. Frigate "Antigonish" and "Beacon Hill" were made available entirely for Cadet training, in order that Cadets might put to practical use those facts and theories learned in the class room. Further, with an establishment and ships of their own, the Cadets gained that important something so aptly called by the French, "esprit de corps."

The final step in the revision of the U.N.T.D. scheme came with the inclusion of service Cadets in the reserve training system. Too long had there been a separation and consequent lack of understanding between the potential officers of the permanent and reserve forces. Now, however, the way had been opened for a greater spirit of co-operation and friendship between the R.C.N. and her reserve counterpart so that both, united in a common bond of comradeship may better, should the need ever arise, serve Canada, the Empire and the world.





# RCN





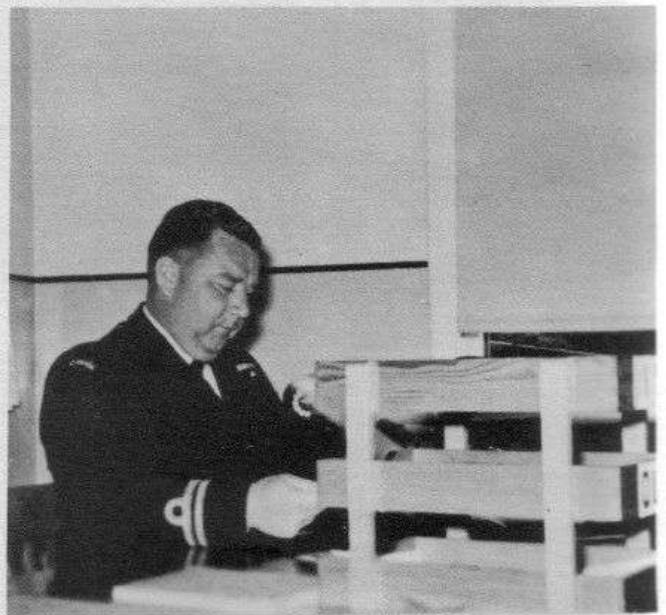
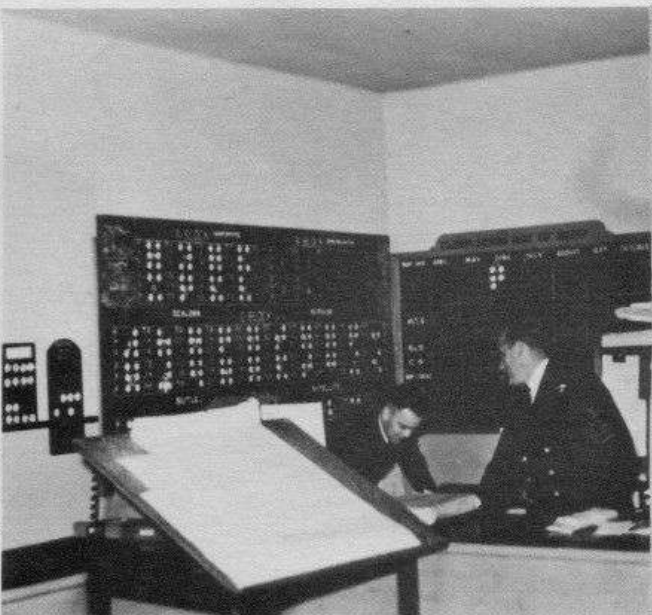
TOP RIGHT: Lt. Walkley working at his desk in the Term Lieutenants' Office.

TOP LEFT (left to right): Lt. F. Little and Lt. W. Waters working with Commander Leeming in his office.

CENTRE: The Training Office with Lt. Parsons at his desk, Petty Officer E. H. Hamilton across the desk and J. V. Dovey with his back to the camera.

BOTTOM LEFT: The Regulating Office with Master at Arms R. Price and R.P.O. W. Leggett at work.

BOTTOM RIGHT: Lt. F. Little, Executive Officer of R.T.E. busy in his office.





# RESERVE TRAINING OFFICE

The Reserve Training Office is the focal point of activity for Naval ships, establishments and personnel in the training scheme for Naval Reservists in the Pacific Command.

Lieutenant A. E. Parsons, the Training Officer, is responsible for the direction of this training programme. Assisting Lieut. Parsons with the maintenance of personal documents, signals and correspondence, are Lieut. Butters, C.P.O. Dovey, P.O. Hamilton and Mr. Dick. In the far corner sit the three pretty civilian typists. Any errors the staff may make cannot be attributed entirely to negligence.

In another section are perhaps the most appreciated people here—the Pay Department which administers the accounting and general payment. Supervision of this department is undertaken by Lieut. (S) Monckton. Sub-Lieut. J. Macdonald, a product of Cadet training, helps supervise Gun-room Mess accounts, in addition to his other duties. Sub-Lieut. Sachkiw, now the S.O. in H.M.C.S. "St. Stephen," is the man we have to thank for our Tap Room organization, and who also handled the weird and wonderful T.R.O.'s of the Cadets, a job now carried on by P.O. Langley.

C.P.O. Gray is the guardian of the Pay Records and together with A.B. Kubisheski he has a full-time job trying to see that everyone gets paid on time.

The Master at Arms, C.P.O. Price, together with P.O. Leggett, constitute the Regulating Department. They are the boys who issue or receive "breathing licences," handle the all important mail and put a semblance of order into the "IN" and "OUT" routines.

Among all the activity one can sometimes distinguish Commander Leeming, who has come in to clear up some of the more important questions in his own inimitable manner, and of course No. 1, Lieut. Little, in whose presence all problems seem to dissolve themselves into some clause in regulations.

Space does not permit us to tell of the oil or sand (call it what you will) which is eternally being poured on the wheels of progress by these "Senior Cadets" Thornton, Plotkins, Berman, Hubbard and Stoddard; but whatever our contribution we will all vouch for the efficiency and jollity which characterizes the Training Office.

## TERM LIEUTENANTS

How many newcomers to the Reserve Training Establishment, after wondering for hours whether they would get respite from vocal blasts long enough to ask a question, finally did so, only to be told:

"Don't bother me; take your problems to your Term Lieutenant"?

After hearing this reply for the third time, visions of a T.L. took shape in the tired Cadets' minds. He would be a kindly man, quiet-voiced and ready with soothing advice, a very large ear, and a towel on his shoulder. He would help them over the rough spots, he would . . . but why go on!

To prevent a complete compromise of next year's recruiting program, it is only fair not to publish the reactions experienced when the "Termies" finally appeared on the scene. It is also out of compassion for Lieutenant Commander Golby; Lieutenants Coupar, Green, Gruetzner,

Huntington, Jamieson, Keith, McCorkell, Parker, Walden and Walkley and Sub-Lieutenant (E) Galbraith, that we leave it at that.

Seriously, however, Term Lieutenants are charged with very important duties. They maintain service documents for Cadets and accompany the classes to the various training centres and to the ships for cruises. All this is in addition to normal divisional officers' duties such as requestmen, defaulters and the like. In these tasks, they are substantially aided, of course, by their respective Chief Cadet Captains.

It will be appreciated that the Reserve Training Commander is scarcely in a position to know six hundred Cadets well enough to write reports on them at the summer's end, and so it is here that the Term Lieutenant's responsibility is most evident. Thus it is that although not always a pleasant task, that of the Term Lieutenant's is unquestionably interesting and of the utmost importance in the Cadet scheme.



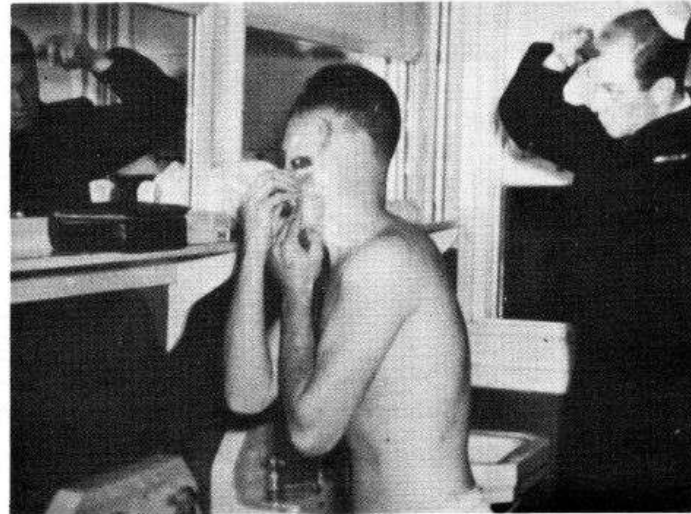
# THE BLOCKS

A visitor to the Blocks at R.T.E. sees in the first cubicle half a dozen bright and eager youths. They are dressed in fresh new blazers and draped trousers. They stand in a little circle; talking excitedly and when they move about there is much dodging and stepping over suitcases, golf bags, tennis racquets and other paraphernalia. They are from "Greenland" division—just arrived this morning.

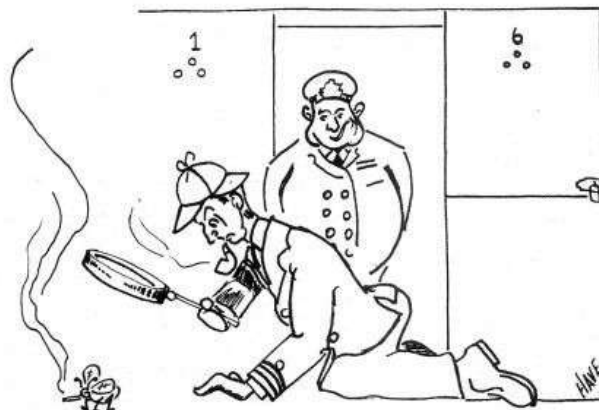
Proceeding further you see the "just settled." The room is empty; these boys have discovered the bar and there before you are six neat beds standing on a spotless floor. All the lockers are secured and stray boots and towels are noticeably absent—a model of naval efficiency.

The sound of music draws you down the corridor to a cubicle bedecked with various comforts. There is a sign on the door announcing that this is the "Cubic Hole" and that the following Cadets live therein. A desk stands at the far end with an Esquire calendar and on the beds are several Cadets; negative blouses and collars, listening to a blaring radio (joke).

There is only one cubicle left now and this one gives a bit of a shock: it is full of inert Cadets. Snores and exhausted gasps are the only sounds and it does not take the sea bags and lashed micks to tell you that this group has just returned from a cruise.

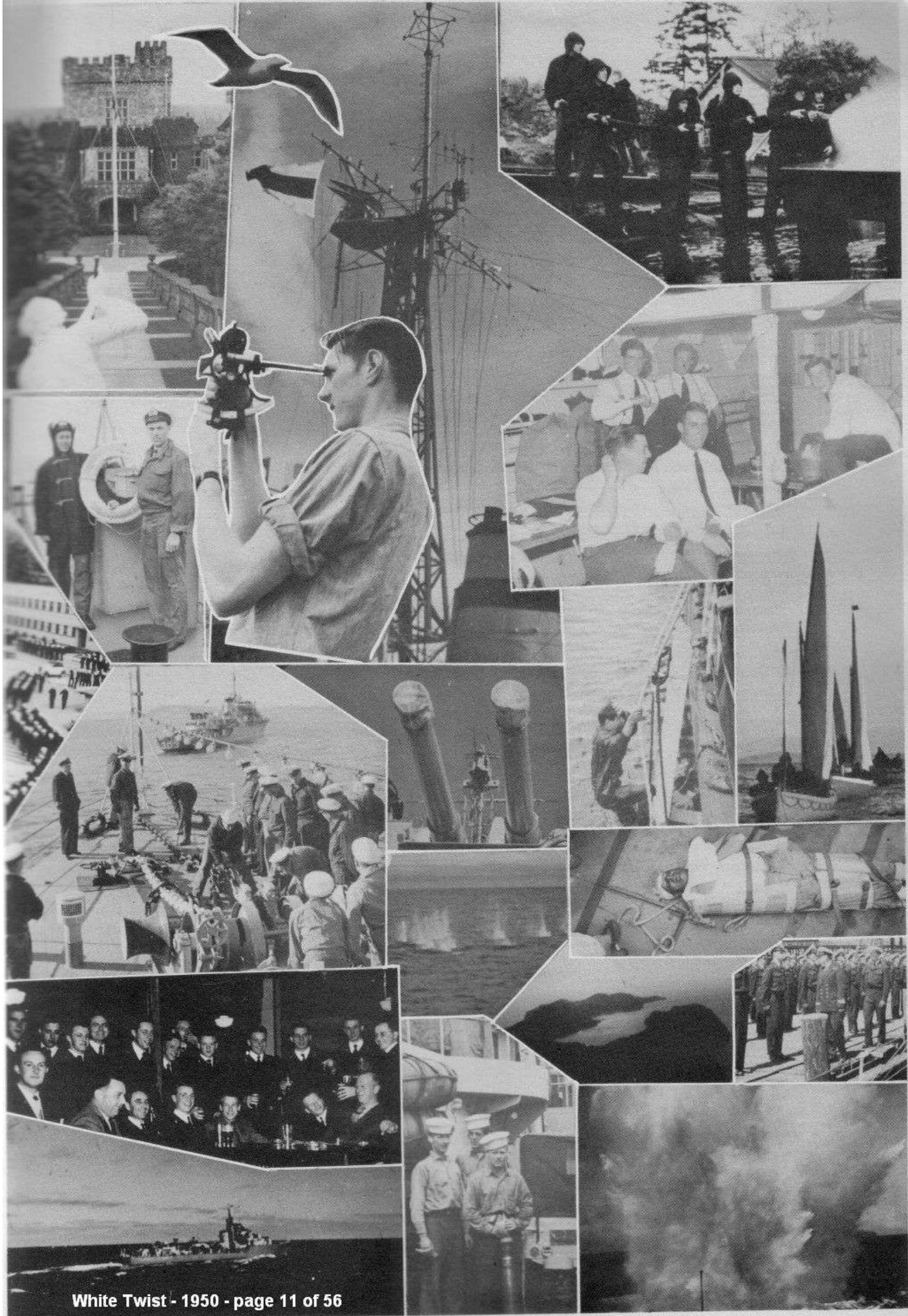


## SATURDAY MORNING "ROUNDERS"



EGAD! NUMBER ONE, OBVIOUSLY HE'S NOT A CADET







# PARTS SHIP

**QUARTERDECK . . .** Possibly the busiest centre of activity in any naval establishment is the quarter-deck. This is the domain of the quartermaster, who makes all pipes, strikes the ship's bell, makes rounds with the Officer of the Day and assists in checking "Libertymen." This year's R.T.E. quarterdeck staff included: Able Seaman A. Wright, H. Mutter and J. Bridgman, all under the leadership of Petty Officer Terry Whitley, Chief Quartermaster.

**BOSN'S STORES . . .** Responsible for much of the quarterdeck traffic was the bosn's stores, to whose door dungaree-clad Cadets could be seen trooping at all times of the day. Here was the home of brooms, buckets, scrubbers, mops and other like implements. Presiding over this cleaners' paradise, as well as over the various parties working from it, was our "Buffer" Chief Petty Officer C. R. Cockrill.

**PARADE GROUND . . .** Also located in the bosn's store are several racks of rifles, cutlasses and other weapons, "Cadets, for the use of." In charge of this department were, of course, "these honey-throated gentlemen of song," our gunnery instructors, Chief Petty Officers E. A. Moore, R. J. McLellan, N. J. Bigelow, as well as Petty Officer P. A. Boyd.

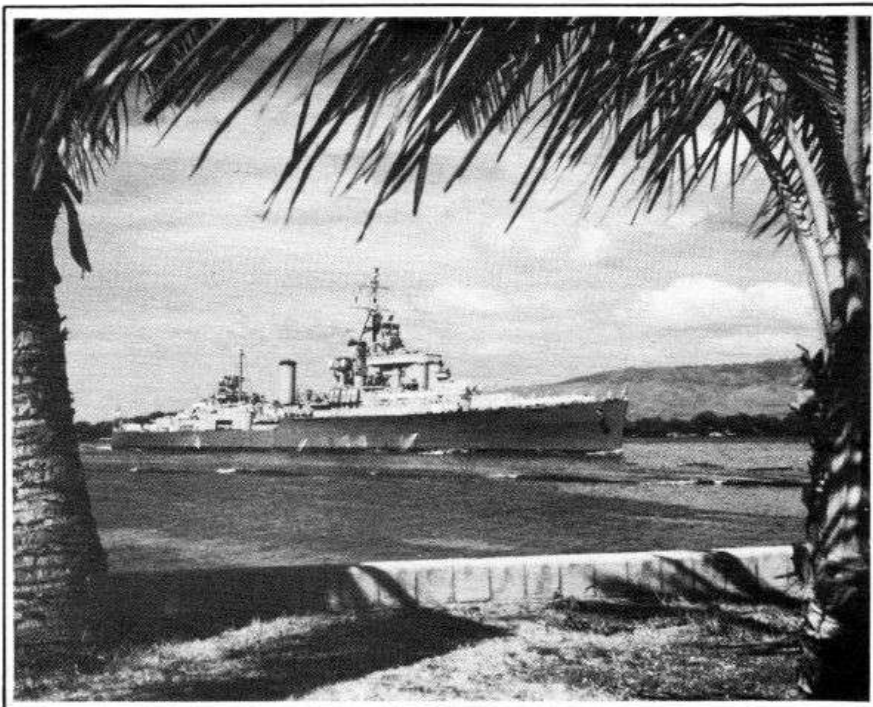
**SPORTS LOCKER . . .** On the opposite side of the parade ground and away from all the rifles and ragmops, is the sports locker. Here, all things athletic, both equipment and schedules, were well looked after by Chief Petty Officer C. Bryan and his assistant, J. le Blanc.

**SICK BAY . . .** From the sports locker, we carry on in logical sequence to the sick bay, just as many athletically ambitious Cadets have done before us.

Here in the midst of vitamin pills for amputation cases and aspirin for broken necks, we find Chief Petty Officer D. C. Emberly the most important person in the establishment—when it comes to being excused from morning P.T.!

**GALLEY . . .** Recipient of more moans and groans than the sick bay "tiffy" was Chief Petty Officer A. Stockley under whose supervision the galley staff turned out many excellent meals as well as some—well, you know what we mean! Assisting Chief Stockley in his efforts, was Petty Officer A. Lacey, as well as a large civilian staff.





## SHIPS' PRAYERS

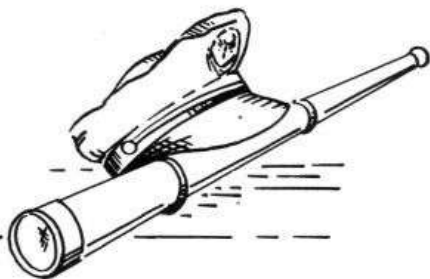


Late broken colours touch the gentle breeze  
That stirs the morning, fogdrenched, sundried air,  
Waving farewell,  
To by-passed, foam swept seas.

Down swooping white wings, hovering, uplift,  
Awaiting messages to upward wing,  
Following along,  
A pass propeller whipt.

Uprising from silent company,  
Their homage, ever reigning ocean King,  
Captain and crew,  
Sea conquering man, hails Thee.

—D. L. DRISCOLL.





# CHIEF CADET CAPTAINS





# MOTHER WATSON BAKES BREAD

(Written after baking some 550 loaves in  
H.M.C.S. "Ontario")

Perhaps you too have long wanted to try your hand at the ancient craft of breadbaking.

You have? Splendid! Nothing simpler. From her vast store of esoteric knowledge Mother Watson will impart to you the ancient secret passed from generation unto generation.

Now first you must decide how many loaves you need. About two, you say? OH NO!! Why man, for all you know all your friends and relations may drop in on you tomorrow. You may have to hold a civic reception. You will need at least . . . say . . . one hundred and ten loaves.

Did you say something? No? Then now that we have agreed like such good friends on the amount we will need for tomorrow, I shall untwist your arm and we are all ready to begin this great adventure.

Or rather we are almost ready to begin, for there is still the matter of your hat. A white hat is really quite indispensable. Some people are under the illusion that its purpose is to keep your hair out of the dough (how silly), but we who know better realise that without a hat the baking will be a dismal failure. Now it matters not what shape the hat is; what really matters is that it be placed correctly on your head. Stick it over your right eyebrow so that the right ear is covered while the left side of the head is quite bare, and presto! you are an artiste (accent that last syllable please). For bread baking is indeed an art. And baking bread is a very, very solemn business.

To begin with you will need one hundred pounds of hard white flour. Now flour comes in ninety-eight pound bags, alas; but do not despair: buy two bags and use Mother Watson's leftover flour recipes to dispose of the other ninety-six pounds. Or you could always start a macaroni factory. With a flick of the little finger you empty the flour into a suitable receptacle. If you have none large enough you might try the kitchen floor, although this is not according to the ancient tradition.

Add two pounds of shortening and two pounds of milk powder and mix thoroughly. If this proves somewhat strenuous, you might see if the U-Drive people will rent you a cement mixer.

While the cement mixer is humming away merrily, you mix three ounces of sugar, seven pounds of water and eighteen ounces of "Fleischman's Active Dry Yeast." This yeast looks like quite innocent brownish seeds; and then, all of a sudden, they dissolve mysteriously in the water, leaving you a sinister liquid. Shortly, this huffs and puffs and throws its chest out, and you have quantities of bubbling fluff. Add this to your mixture and stir again. Into this perfumed conglomeration pour a solution of one and one half pounds of salt, fifteen ounces of sugar and one pound of paromalt in fifty pounds of water. (This paromalt is just the thing for home brewing, write me personally for the recipe. Mix the whole damnthing furiously for about twenty minutes until thoroughly kneaded.

Then you have your dough. Cover it while rising for ninety minutes. Then lift the lid ever so stealthily, peek with one eye, and lol you will find that your mix has surreptitiously flowered into a beautiful white puff-ball about three feet in diameter. And now you are pressing your fists down to the bottom of this lovely creation. Ooh . . . what lovely stuff! . . . so gooey! . . . down, down, down . . . and what a wonderful sme . . . Whew! Bon Dieu! Quelle odeur! PE-YEW! Never mind. You are letting out the gas from the yeast; plunge in again and turn the dough over six times.

Now you should cut the dough into three great oozing slabs, and pick up one. Quickly before it—oops—flops all over the floor, get it into that bowl over there. Transfer the other two as well, how very squishy the dough is now! How very delightful it would be to put seventy pounds or so of this into your husband's side of the bed when he is returning late from a boisterous stag. Or could you accidentally let fifty pounds slip out a window just as your worst enemy approaches your welcome mat? In this case it would be advisable to double the recipe.

Now this dough should be allowed to stand for half an hour before work begins in earnest. Then slice off twenty-two ounce chunks and beat each mercilessly (you can try imagining you are a Chief Cadet Captain), stretch and slap down,



fold down from the top and press the seam with your knuckles, roll the seam; and voila the embryonic loaf of bread. Your batter should give you exactly one hundred and ten of these little dears. Tenderly drop each cozily into her compartment in the pans, and put them to bed in the wet-proffer for twenty minutes at one hundred and twenty degrees. Then into the oven at four hundred and twenty-five degrees for three quarters of an hour.

What a thrilling moment, forty-five minutes later, as you open the oven door, to see the bread you baked yourself, all one hundred and ten

loaves, sitting row on row, brown, crisp and aromatic.

Bravo ! !

Quick, take one out, slice off the top crust, drench it with butter and enjoy yourself. Have some more. Soon, sick but supremely happy, you will realise with the greatest men that the necessities of life are so utterly unnecessary; it is the luxuries, such as hot bread, that are so indispensable to pleasant living.

May you often have the exquisite pleasure of making yourself quite ill on the fresh bread you have baked yourself.



## THE GLEE CLUB

Around May 20 a Glee Club was organized by Cadet Don Sharpe, and many interested Cadets turned out for the dawn practices. It is suspected that this interest may have stemmed in part from the fact that these practices were held during the morning P.T. period!

Pianists came and went as the weeks passed, with Bob McArthur and Doug Hall perched on the stool during the early life of the club, and Bob Howard dextrously manipulating the keyboard towards the end of the season.

Colin Cann took the baton in hand when

Don was called to other parts, and was in turn replaced by Cliff Hergott, dislocated shoulder notwithstanding. Cliff was very ably assisted by Merv Crewson, who played a big part in the formation of several quartets and quintets. Also deserving of special mention in this field were Cadets Bill Gormley, Jim Craig, Dave Bennet, Bob Lindsay, Jim Houston and others.

The Glee Club, it is hoped, will continue to function in coming years, and the future should see both Glee Club and Choir rendering a number of delightful selections.









# THE OLD FORT

(By André Barbeau)

It is a very little fort, a bastion, and nothing else. As a defensive weapon it had no significance; as a sight for tourists it was unpopular because it was lost too far out of town. It stood there as silent and incomprehensible as time. Its grey walls, worn out by storms and rain, covered with grass, were falling apart forming a refuge for a noisy world of birds, reptiles and scared rabbits. No one had visited the place for a long time. The long tortuous road that led to it could hardly be seen amongst the jungle of trees and bushes.

How I happened to discover this relic of the past I could hardly tell.—It appeared all of a sudden, without warning or noise. It just stood there at the top of a rock, infallible guard of the barren land. My first reaction is hard to describe: I felt this kind of joy that my youth had known so often when I found something new, something that could be my own secret . . . I ran up the lost path, fell and scorched my leg, incapable of containing my impatience. But all emotions must give in front of eternal silence.—Those walls, that cannon, these huts seemed to refuse the curious inspection of a stranger. Ashamed, shy, they would not let out their secret story and those branches that swung about in a rhythmic movement did not change their pace.

And yet a short glance was sufficient to tell that story, an inscription hidden underneath the leaves revealed the whole legend: "1753"!—This was only a date far away in time, lost somewhere amongst the pages of a history book. To me it meant nothing special but the impression of age and reverence. This fort had probably known many battles. It had for many generations been a protector to some of our forefathers. It had helped in a humble way in the building of our noble country! But the meaning was not only historical, it symbolized the will of man to live, to fight for his survival, to protect the homes in which he lives, the fields in which he works!

And I asked myself why?—Why should man always want to fight in order to live? Why must he build those forts, those warships, aircraft and tanks, why should he desire to increase his menace, to frighten more people with more formidable weapons? When this bastion of stones was built on the rock, facing the raging sea which came dying at its feet, men used muskets, stones and maybe arrows. Their wars, cruel as any, killed dozens in a battle and appeared disastrous. How could those mortars compare with our bombs? The victims that we found in hundreds are now counted in millions. Our daily preoccupation is not anymore to prepare a good crop or prevent the disasters of winter but rather to keep inventing engines, mechanisms of destruction that will better those of our potential enemy!

Would this instability be a direct result of our ideology or the conclusion of a given chain of events? Insoluble problem for the man who remains a wheel in the machinery of our Society, questions that our fore-fathers could probably have answered better. What they built was to remain forever, their houses, forts, roads paralleled their thoughts: nothing hasty, all solid and lasting accomplishments. Their progress followed the pace of their oxen, but it was steady . . .

In the solitude of the fortress my thoughts were free and all these questions seemed to rise in a normal sequence . . . The stones were still silent and the sun had set! No wind could be felt behind the bushes, no waves could be heard from below. Everything again was quiet; and the gun, aiming at the stars, seemed to recite a prayer.—Then only I understood the secret of the fort, the stones and rocks lost instantly their meaning as such, they became only part of the symbol I finally had seen, a symbol of joy resting not on the constant struggles of our international relations, but on a profound and silent contemplation that man calls Peace and that God calls Happiness. And I was conscious of the moon that had risen.



# OUR HERO

It was shortly after midnight and our hero, Cadet Joe Doaks, was returning to the Reserve Training Establishment via bus after an evening's entertainment in town. Our hero was quite perturbed. They had no right to insist on his being back by 0030. The night was just beginning and he was having such a wonderful time; Patsy was indeed a lovely girl with those green eyes and that long brown hair—yawn—oh well, he was a little tired at that and he would be seeing Patsy the day after tomorrow.

Our hero arrived at the quarterdeck and picked up his card, and none too soon for the clock was just striking the half hour after midnight. A little wash and our Joe fell into dream-land the moment his blond curls struck the pillow.

0545, seemingly some twenty minutes later to our hero, a shrill whistle followed by a most familiar ditty: "Wakey! Wakey! Rise and Shine! Get up my boys, you've had your time." At 0615 our hero was on the parade ground ready for physical training exercises. His eyes were closed so that he couldn't see the ground, but that didn't matter since they were only going for a two or three mile run up the road. After the first mile Joe thought that the instructor had surely gone mad but then they were training him to be another Glen Cunningham—What else?

0700—Breakfast—By this time our hero had decided that he really wasn't suffering from anything except pangs of hunger. He could smell the bacon and eggs now. At the head of the line at last Doaks picked up his break . . . What was this? "Red Lead"! Our hero was not impressed with the strip of bacon which was accompanied by boiled tomatoes, and coffee that tasted like arsenic so he decided to do without.

Class was both amusing and interesting that morning, that is to Joe's classmates. They were all intently watching our hero. Promptly at two minute intervals Joe's eyes would close and his head would hit the deck. Then of course they would open again. Joe was getting impatient for if he couldn't sleep he could at least anticipate the lunch hour which seemed as if it would never come. "Anticipation is greater than realization." So say the prophets, therefore we will pass over the noon meal.

The final period of the afternoon was sailing instruction and our hero was cox'n of one of the boats. Everyone was watching the sternsheets carefully, that is all but our hero, who was following his usual and favorite occupation—slumbering. When Clancy (Hero Mk II) lowered the boom, Doaks forgot to duck and the most beautiful stars were added to his dream.

Sometime around 1600 Doaks awoke and arose from his position on the jetty. The day's work was over and he could now retire for his much needed rest. Then he really awoke with the realisation of a fire watch from 0200 to 0400. At 2030 after mustering for watch and retiring for the night, he was once again awakened by that shrill whistle "For exercise for exercise! Fire in the Gunroom! Clear the blocks"! Joe ran out in his pyjamas, fire extinguisher in hand, and promptly squirted half the contents over the Officer-of-the-Day. That's what comes of sleeping through Damage Control. "The language Joe, the language."

At 0200 they tried to arouse our hero but all the valiant efforts were in vain. A substitute had to fill in while the remainder of Duty Watch rigged shearlegs to replace the body of Doaks.

In the morning the powers that be voiced their disapproval:

"Doaks, this outlook of yours will never do. Cease this practice of sleeping forthwith and buck up on your way of life. Think it over Doaks—Seven days number twelve . . ."

"But Sir, I must go ashore for I have a date with Patsy."

"Oh you have Doaks, well in that case we will amend that sentence to read—Fourteen days number twelve . . ." Have you anything to say, Doaks?"

"No Sir!"

"Carry on Doaks."

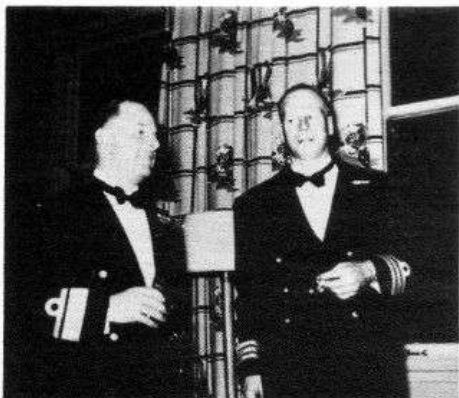
"Aye Aye Sir."

No Patsy for two whole weeks—No green eyes and no long brown hair . . .

"It's the same the whole world over,  
It's the poor what gets the blame,  
It's the rich what gets the pleasure,  
And it's all a bloody shame!"



# MESS DINNER



The second of a series of Mess Dinners was held Tuesday, July 18, 1950, in Naden Wardroom. The classes attending were A-1, A-2, A-3, A-4 and C-5. Honoured guests in attendance were Commodore H. G. Miles, Commander J. M. Leeming, Lieutenant F. Little, Lieutenant H. Walkley, Lieutenant F. Walden, Chaplain M. Gillard and Cadets R. Duke, and E. Berris, C.O.T.C.

Cocktails were served at 1930 in the Wardroom Annex after which more than ninety Cadets and their guests sat down to a delicious dinner consisting of fillets of sole and fricasseed chicken.

During the course of the meal "social misdemeanors" were many and these were duly reported to the Mess President Cadet L. T. Blair, who judged the validity of the charges and pronounced punishment. Cadet R. Blais was charged

with being improperly dressed by reason of the fact that he was wearing only one boot. Time was consumed in placing blame for its disappearance but "THE BOOT" was eventually returned after an extended trip under the tables in service as a combination ash tray and garbage. Considerable difficulty was experienced with the candle-lighting and on being brought to the attention of the President he decided that while hot air from several positions around the table might be responsible for the problem, the chief offender was Cadet G. Vosper. Cadet Vosper was delegated keeper of the flame and was ordered to keep lit for the remainder of the evening. The task proved a difficult one and it was later necessary to appoint Cadet Anderson as assistant in this most worthy undertaking.

Some discussion resulted from Lieutenant Walkey's and Lieutenant Walden's manner of dress but the crime was explained away by Lieutenant Walkley with several pointed references to Royal Navy Mess Dinner Dress regulations and as the majority of those present were unfamiliar with the said regulations, the entire subject was dropped. Later in the evening Lieutenant Walkley was again charged, this time with being in possession of a small and deadly weapon



members of A-4 division with an original rendition of the latest R.T.E. hit song. The vocal number was requested by Commander J. M. Leeming, who appreciates good music. It was suggested afterwards that perhaps A-4 division, led by their Term Lieutenant, Mr. Walkley, would offer their services on Sunday mornings, however no popular support to this suggestion was forthcoming.

Several minor misdemeanours were reported to Vice-presidents Durham and Hickerty and on conclusion of the dinner the offenders formed a work party to assist the Stewards in clearing away.

After the toast to the King, Commodore Miles gave a short address on mess dinner customs, past and present, which was very much enjoyed by all present. The Commodore then thanked the President for his invitation and stated that he would look forward to attending future dinners. Vice-president R. Durham ably responded to the Commodore's talk and on behalf of the Cadets, thanked all the guests for attending.

On removal of the gavel, guests and Cadets retired to the Wardroom annex where a small bar had been set up. The remainder of the evening was spent in singing and in spinning of salty dips.



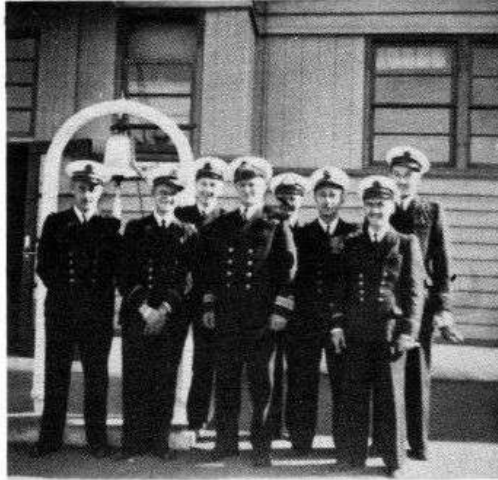
but in spite of much conscientious detective work on the matter, nothing was proven. Lieutenant F. Little was asked to explain some very annoying explosions at his corner of the table and while he was able to exonerate himself completely he was handicapped to some extent when he found it necessary to dodge olive pits and remove same from his uniform, during his explanations.

A pleasant break in the proceedings was provided by Cadet L. Stolee and the mem-



# CADETS PLAY HOST TO FRENCH MIDSHIPMEN

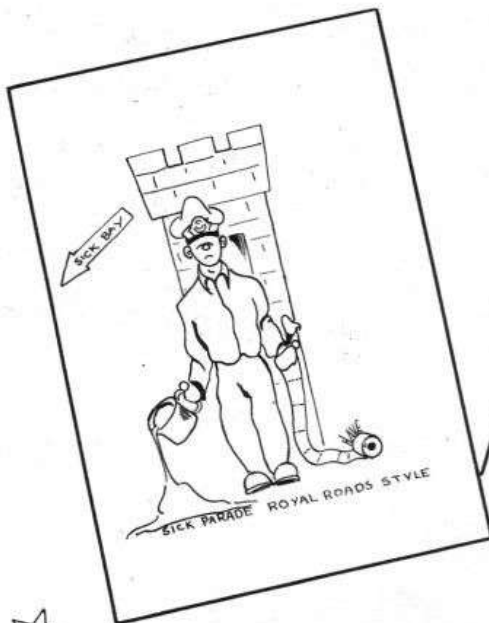
On Sunday, July 30th, the Cadets took pleasure in welcoming a group of six junior officers of the French Navy, on the occasion of their visit to Canada. Recently arrived from French Indo-China, our distinguished visitors will be appointed to the naval stores depot at Bremerton, Washington, where they are to commission a flotilla of naval units to be turned over to the French Navy as part of the American Aid programme. Although their visit was too short, our brothers in arms after being taken through the gaily decorated streets of Victoria, were driven to "Butchart's Gardens" and "Royal Roads." This pretentious



This photograph, taken by Cadet A. C. Houston, shows French midshipmen Guy Bluet, Georges Barthe, Jacques Chaussy, André Gregoire, Michel Large, Dominique Denoyel with Lt.-Cdr. Golby and Cadet Jean-Yves Grenon of R.T.E.

establishment (sic) particularly impressed our guests! At the "Reserve Training Establishment," the Officer of the Day, Lieutenant-Commander Golby, welcomed the visitors cordially, following which they were entertained by the Gunroom Officers. Both the French Midshipmen and the Canadian Cadets profited from a most interesting discussion of our respective reserve training programmes.

In addition to their miniature totem poles, they will, we hope, take back with them to Indo-China pleasant memories of the Cadets, and of Canada. We wish them smooth sailing to Saigon and sincerely hope they will visit us again.







# ROYAL

At the beginning of this summer's training the average Cadet had only a hearsay knowledge of Royal Roads. His thoughts on the subject were all of strict routine, harsh discipline and very little leave. Now, as the summer passes on, that same Cadet has a much better insight into life at Royal Roads, having spent four weeks there under instruction.

True, the routine is strict and the leave is not identical to that at R.T.E., but there are very few Cadets who did not enjoy their stay. The harsh discipline, we found, was easy to take because we ourselves were responsible for the maintaining of it. Very few cases had to go through the capable hands of the Term Lieutenants.

The quarters and meals were of a standard that can be found in no other training establishments in Canada. We also found that the instructors were of a high calibre and although Navigation and Engineering seemed to be the driest and most sleep-inducing subjects in the world, somehow the major-





ity of us managed to stay awake in class long enough to absorb enough knowledge to pass.

In the capable hands of the P.T.I. we underwent an extremely tough session of P.T. and I don't think anyone will ever forget the two and one-half mile Colwood run. Apart from P.T. there was a full schedule of softball and volleyball. Boat pulling was occasionally (twice a week) our lot instead of P.T.

In the entertainment line, so far two dances have been held by the Cadets at Royal Roads; the first, held at Crystal Garden, was a huge success socially, but not financially. The second was held on the quarterdeck at Royal Roads and was an all-round success. In that respect A Company did much better.

In closing may I take a moment to remind the persons who will remember the incident that "If you must act like children, you'll be treated like children!"

# ROADS



# FIRST DOGWATCHMEN TO TEA



On June 12th the "Antigonish" Cadets of "A" Company disembarked after four short weeks afloat. There were few who would not have chosen to spend the remainder of the summer on board, had this been possible, since our allotted sea-time had passed all too quickly.

On going aboard, a pleasant surprise awaited those second year Cadets who had done their sea training in "Antigonish" the previous summer. Training facilities and the training program, as a whole, showed vast improvement and was, in many spots, even more than interesting. Chipping hammers and paint brushes, while conducive to improvement of general ship appearance, became only necessary evils this year when allocated a very restricted usage. Further, the time-honoured art of "sculling," Cadet variety, was only a ghost of a year ago, thanks this time to the efficiency of the training staff and the ingenuity of the "Task."

Bedwell Harbour was like an old friend (?) and when we arrived there during the first week of the cruise, it hardly seemed possible that an entire year had passed since we were playing ball in "Beacon Hill" Park and pulling Whalers around the bay in the cold, damp, half-light of the dawn.

Our second week took us northward to Nanaimo for the 24th of May celebrations, where we participated in a parade, gazed longingly at twenty-seven "pubs," thought briefly of "Mac's" ominously uttered warning, and then slipped silently to the coolness and "suds" inside.

The long-awaited and much talked-of Portland trip began our third week. Leaving Esquimalt and Race Rocks behind, we rounded Cape Flattery and headed into the open sea. The mighty Pacific lay open before us and at last we could classify ourselves as deep-sea sailors. The

quarterdeck was covered with laughing, shouting Cadets, rocking to their first sea roll and dodging salt spray in unreserved glee. A few hours and many seasick pills later we were rocking in a manner very unlike that of seamen, and were providing our own "spray" to feed the North Pacific fish. Sea watches added something to our misery and fresh meat to the conspiracy to keep us awake twenty-four hours every day. "Star time," for all its romantic connotation, lost most of its appeal under the coldly expert direction of Lieut. Pearson.

An intership regatta at Bedwell Harbour on our return from Portland was the highlight of the fourth week. Harbour drills and evolutions in quick time found us on the short end in competition with "Beacon Hill," but when it came to noise and beer at a stag "smash" on Skull Island "Antigonish," ably led by Lieut. Withers and his "Songs for Lewd Old Men," elevated us to a class by ourselves.

Each of us has carried away some particularly remembered incident that occurred on the cruise, but all of us, whether we become sailors in this man's navy or not, will remember with a touch of nostalgia (must be the scientific name for Mel de Mer), the four weeks of 1950 spent on board His Majesty's Canadian Ship "Antigonish." It may be that blonde in Nanaimo, that bar in Portland, that familiar spot on the port rail where you spent so much time, the all-comers' paddle race and the water battle afterwards, but regardless of the nature of the incident each of us will carry away a remembrance of OUR ship and its activities. If "Antigonish" is our first ship in a long naval career, then, in tribute, we can cheerfully say . . . "They won't come any better!"

—JIM REDDON, A-4.



# H.M.C.S. ONTARIO

When looking back over the activities of C-5, the engineering division, during the past season, we see that its story is largely one of sea going adventure and courtesy calls to the thriving towns of the northern hinterlands of British Columbia. Yes, beyond a shadow of a doubt the engineers of C-5 are the most sea-legged, salt-encrusted Cadets ever to pass through the swinging wire gates of R.T.E.

This sea saga began in early May when the "Ontario" was sent back to Esquimalt from Honolulu to pick us up. The departure from the training establishment could not be called a "mourning departure" in any sense of the word. It seemed that everyone was only too glad to get back to sea away from the intensive lecture courses and the exhausting routine of "part ship."

The first leg of the trip took us around the foot of the Island, up to within radio range of Alaska. The name of the town was Port Simpson, one of the most productive fishing villages on the coast and one of the most amusing places in the world. The only Cadets who went ashore were the ball team to beat the stewards, and a few camera enthusiasts to get some shots of the quaint fishing craft and totem poles.

Mayne Bay was the next anchorage. At first it looked as if it were going to be another dead loss, socially speaking. However on the last day one of our Cadets (S) suggested and organized a beach picnic complete with beer, cheese, and admiralty pattern sandwiches. You've probably heard the little ditty about engineers being able to consume a total of 40 beers plus quantities of rum. Well, this theory was proved false that afternoon, because although we took along ten cases of beer the average consumption of each man was just a little over one and a quarter pints, and most of that total went to one man and was later lost in the heads. Even despite the sobriety of the party one of the . . . whalers' crews told us afterwards that on the way back a killer whale kept trying to capsize their boat to get the remnants of pusser sandwiches.

So much for the first cruise. On the second one we had the honour of having with us E-1, a first year executive class. Needless to say we were overjoyed to have them aboard, and were

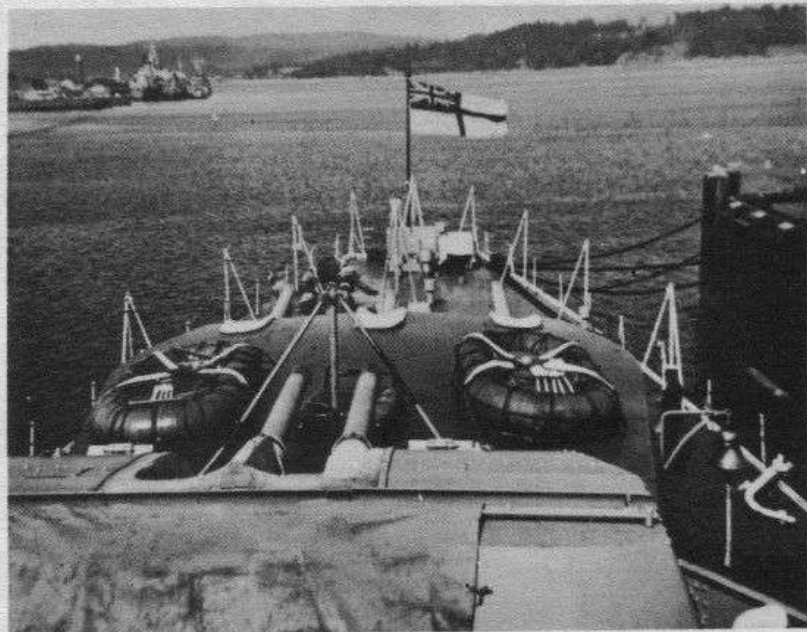
delighted to give up our extra lockers to them. We went to a great deal of trouble to make them feel at home, directing them to the Captain's galley to draw their food and telling them that it was all right to lounge in the Officers' Wardroom in dungarees after quarters, and in general fostering brotherly feeling in every way possible.

During this next cruise we again sailed forth but this jaunt in spite of the fact that the training was more intensive and we had much less time to ourselves. Port Alberni, the first port of call, was by far the most hospitable C-5 has ever visited. We liked it so well that we decided to stay three days during which time we were treated like the officers and gentlemen we are supposed to be. The town council put on a Cadets' dance for us and provided us with all the ingredients necessary for a good party, namely: a bar, a band, a floorshow, and oh yes, even girls. Another highlight of this stay at Port Alberni was the Officers' cocktail party. A limited number of the better-looking Cadets were invited to attend, and proved to be the "social lions" of the party until we were told in succinct Naval manner to "shove off."

The next two stop overs, Queen Charlotte City (pop. 150) and Topaz Harbour (pop. 0), are of scenic value only and hardly rate any comment in this article except to say that we again beat the stewards at softball. When we arrived in Vancouver we were told to put aside our penguin suits and don civies. This order was carried out a little prematurely, for when hands were fallen in for entering harbour there were the Cadets neatly fallen in on X gun deck . . . nattily dressed in suits or blazers, with rain hats and sling camera, as if they were millionaire tourists on a pleasure cruise. Despite this little faux-pas the two days in Vancouver were a great success, the festivities ending with a smash-up party at H.M.C.S. Discovery.

The middle of July finds us back at R.T.E. once more, sleeping through lectures, doubling after six p.m., standing fire watches and in short enjoying all the comforts of Dockyard, enriched with seven weeks of sea experience, and with grateful memories of all the personnel of H.M.C.S. "Ontario" who co-operated so well with us both in our training and in our extra-curricular activities.





## Gunnery





# GUN ROOM

RULES



RULES



SPORTS



SECRETARY



TREASURER



RULES



RULES



RULES



SOCIAL SEC.



WINE CATERER



PRESIDENT



# THE GUNROOM ORGANIZATION

## ORGANIZATION

May, 1950, marked the start of a long-awaited Gunroom Organization for all Cadets serving in the Pacific Command. The membership is composed of Naval Cadets from twenty-one Canadian Universities and the Canadian Services Colleges, under training with the Royal Canadian Navy.

The Gunroom Committee is composed of the Mess President, Secretary, Treasurer, Wine Caterer, Social Secretary, Sports Representative and Rules Committee. The President and Secretary of the Gunroom of "Royal Roads" and one Representative from each of the Training Ships attended meetings of the Committee to present the views of Cadets not in Reserve Training Establishment. There was also an Advisory Committee composed of one Representative from each Cadet Class to bring to the attention of the Gunroom Committee any suggestions from their classes and to keep the classes informed of all Gunroom activities.

## GUNROOM COMMITTEE

Much of the credit for the success of the Gunroom must go to our Mess President, Cadet Laverne Blair, an Agriculture student from U. of A. Laverne has been the patient and untiring worker who guided the Gunroom Committee through many difficult problems. He has been the key-stone of the Gunroom Mess.

The original Mess Treasurer, John MacDonald, resigned from the Committee on being promoted to Sub-Lieutenant (S), but in an unofficial capacity has rendered much help to the Gunroom. He was superseded by Cadet Jack Kennedy, an embryo Chief Justice from U. of A., who had to leave us in the middle of July to take the nuptial flight. Cadet Peter Stewart is now Treasurer, and has handled his difficult task with diligence.

Cadet Ken Yeomans, a U.B.C. Commerce student, is the Mess Secretary. His has been the job of attempting to minute the frequently fiery Gunroom Committee sessions.

Our Social Secretary, Charles "Chazz" Clayton, has "fixed" the Cadets with so many blind dates that he has been under suspicion from higher places. His alphabetical file of love letters was the envy of all. In addition to his Social Sec. duties, "Chazz" has been active on many Gunroom sub-committees.

Our Wine Caterer, "Barney" Barnes, was entrusted with the job of keeping kegs of beer and cases of wine for the Gunroom. The job was very capably carried out. Barney, no doubt, now plans to open his own pub in Vancouver.

"Rosy" Bob Hicketry, when not involved in some secret social pursuit, has been working as our sports representative. We have learned to expect big things from the little man.

The Rules Committee has kept the Cadets happy by trying to make as few unimportant regulations as possible. Sub-Lieutenant Jock Morrison was Senior Member of the Committee but received his commission before he was able to draft the Gunroom constitution. Cadets Jim Reddon, formerly of U.B.C. but now of U. of A., and Bob Durham from Canada (Ontario that is) could always be counted on to help with the many tasks, large and small, encountered by the Gunroom Committee.

Many thanks must go to the hard working representatives from "Royal Roads" and the ships. They have included Cadets Stebbings, Law, Ployart, Pearson, Lee, Hoffman, Rubens, Roberts and their associates. They added much to the Gunroom Committee discussions.

## ACHIEVEMENTS

Recreation forms an important part of any training scheme. The term "recreation" has a very broad meaning. Each Cadet has his own opinion on how to spend his "Time off"! For example he might enjoy a fast game of baseball; perhaps a full social life or even a "quiet evening at home." It has been the responsibility of the Gunroom Committee to provide facilities for practically every conceivable taste in recreation.

The largest project of course, is the Gunroom itself. The bar and all its equipment has been installed. A supply of refreshments has been made available. Card tables, cards, magazines and records are but a few of the things placed in the Gunroom to provide the Cadets with a place to entertain or just relax.

The "Rec Space" is the start of what will, in time, become a well equipped Games Room. The Mess Extra Store (Canteen) is operated by the Gunroom Committee to enable Cadets to purchase at reduced prices any of a thousand needed items ranging from Aspirin to writing pads. The instal-



lation of a Coke Machine has been a great convenience to all Cadets.

Twice-weekly movies have provided many enjoyable evenings for those remaining on board.

An attempt has been made by the Gunroom to increase the variety, quantity and quality of books in the Library for Cadets who wish to spend some of their time reading or studying.

The social side of a Cadet's life has not been overlooked. The Committee has attempted to make it as varied as possible. Monthly Mess Dinners, Class Parties and Guest Nite Dances have taken much planning. A most efficient date service has been operated in conjunction with local hospitals, Y.W.C.A., Normal School, and other interested and interesting parties. The social event of the year, The Cadet's Annual Ball, held in the Crystal Gardens on August 4th, was a great success.

Sports activities play an important part in the life of a Cadet. The Naval Service provides little in the way of sports equipment. so it has been necessary to establish a Cadet Sport Fund. The Gunroom Committee has administered this fund to purchase gear for a well stocked P. and R.T. locker. The baseball and track teams have been provided with all needed equipment. Tennis racquets, balls, boxing gloves are but a few of the items purchased out of the fund. Money has

been provided to improve the grounds at "Beacon Hill Park," the sports field at Bedwell Harbour. Cadets have become athletically-minded when they discover the sports facilities provided for them, and many have found a perfect form of recreation in sports, as participants or as spectators.

It was felt by many Cadets that a suitable souvenir of their Summer Training should be prepared. The Gunroom Committee undertook the publication of the "White Twist," a yearbook covering every phase of Cadet activity on the Pacific Coast. A sub-committee was appointed to do editorial, advertising, photography and art work. This magazine is the result of their efforts.

Many minor projects have been undertaken by the Gunroom Committee from providing the "Duty Nescafe and Cake" on guest nights to paying the veterinary bills of "Cordite," the R.T.E. hound.

The Gunroom Committee has not escaped criticism. It has been assailed from above and below. Any suggestion has been most thoughtfully considered before being acted upon or discarded. It is hoped by this year's Committee that a firm foundation has been laid for the future. The one aim has been to provide everything possible to make the life of every Cadet more enjoyable.



# PHONEY ROUTINE



Here we find the journal entry for what U-777777 Cadet R.C.N. (R) calls an average day.

I got up this morning at the regular time, 1000, but the coffee was cold and by the time the Duty Chief Cadet Captain brought me another cup, my breakfast had arrived. For breakfast, of course, we had the usual garbage—fruit cocktail, choice of cereal, eggs fried in butter, pheasant under glass hot buttered toast, and a choice of milk, tea or coffee. Next I had my usual warm bath, followed by a brisk rubdown and massage from the Chief P.T.I. (I'm one of those people who enjoy morning exercises). By this time the "Buffer" had laid out my clean set of draped nylon dungarees with the padded shoulders and patch pockets (just like the Commander's except that his jacket is double breasted).

I had to hurry the quartermaster in dressing me though, so as not to miss standeasay even though the quarterdeck floor-show was very poor today. The G.I.'s jokes were corny and the "Tiffany" did a poor job of sawing the Chief Cook in half. However the cocktails were good, and those sponge rubber garden seats which have been installed on the patio (I think it used to be called the parade ground) are certainly very comfortable.

After standeasay, I left for "Naden" classes in my cream convertible "Cattle-ac". My chauffeur seemed to have difficulty in driving over the bodies of the seamen who had prostrated themselves in front of the car. Nor did my gunnery class go very well this morning—only hit the Parade G.I. three times out of five.

Following luncheon (the steaks were very good today and so were the banana splits) I lay down for an hour or two. Then my nap over, I found the Commander waiting outside my door for requestmen. He said something about terminating service, but naturally I had to turn him down. Definitely not officer-like material I'm afraid. Then one of the Term Lieutenants came in to apologise for not having locked the door to my suite when he saw it was open this morning.

Requestmen over, I dropped down to the poolroom for a short beer and a fast game with

the quartermaster—he dropped a hundred or two, but that's nothing to him with the money he earns. By this time I was ready to go to classes and so had the Duty C.C.C. run me down to the jetty in his rickshaw. The trip on the "Blueboat" was rather uneventful, although the stewardess did spill my drink when she sat down on my knee. I did have a little trouble with a Chief Cadet Captain—the imbecile seemed to think he was entitled to remain on deck in the fresh air!!!

I spent the earlier part of the evening in the usual manner, watching the "Dogwatch Derby," but my pony let me down. Then, to top it off, I had to double with the slack party—it wouldn't be so bad if she had the figure for it. However, at least I was on duty watch and was able to stay aboard. As usual we had to post an extra heavy guard to keep the mobs of screaming women out of the Dockyard, and after screening out the better looking ones, sent the unfortunates away. I always feel so sorry for them, thank goodness there weren't any suicides this time.

This unpleasantness over, I nipped into the Gunroom lounge for a cocktail, served by the Officer-of-the-Day who was standing by for the Petty Officer Steward. Apparently the fellow's model "T" broke down and he couldn't afford to buy gas. Feeling somewhat refreshed I headed for the dance floor, but first dropped in at the Free Five Minute Laundry to have my shirt touched up. In the Ballroom I turned down several offers, until finally one rather cute little thing managed to break through the chain of frenzied females which always surrounds the stag line. It was her voice which really attracted me. I don't really remember her name, but I think it was Day, yes, that's it Doris Day, although it really isn't important. However since I was tired we didn't dance for long, and after a dip in the pool I sent her home in the duty convertible.

At the moment, I'm lying in bed having one last cigarette and listening to my Mk III combination radio and television set. As soon as the fire sentry (some junior officer from "Naden") manages to get here to tuck me in I'll turn out the light and go to sleep.



## WE REGRET TO INFORM YOU . . .

Through the door you could see them, sitting almost motionless and with a look of despair mingled with resignation on every face. You could feel the tenseness in the atmosphere only too well indicated by the figures in crumpled uniforms huddled about the laden ashtrays. The conversation was low and passed out between almost motionless lips. They were not happy now as they had been when all the world was at peace. Each little group was a unit in itself. Men from the same town, men who had received their initial training at the same base and who had gone to the same schools "back home" were together in small knots. But it was different now, gone were the happy times, each one was now fighting for survival. Survival in a cruel world that each day carried off one of your friends and tomorrow might carry you off.

In the Mess there were now empty seats, seats that even yesterday had held happy and carefree youths. Here the talk was all the same, "Wonder what's happening to Jim now?" Every sentence a question, every speech a search for assurance. They all knew that it couldn't be helped, that if you were not alert, clever, and quick to seize an opportunity you could not last in this life. Only the best and the lucky survived. Still it seemed a terrible waste, as it always does to those that are insecure, for after all might not they too become a part of this terrible waste? In a little while they turned in, some stood watches and the rest managed to catch some sleep, some slept too well!! But they all arose in the dawn and went to meet their fate unhesitant if not unafraid. That is the power of discipline, the pride of the Service, and the Country's strength. As they stood on Divisions—" . . . stood on Divisions?" you say. But certainly. This isn't an R.A.F. base during the Battle of Britain, it is R.T.E. during the "Purge Period."

(The Editors regret to inform you that the author of this article is missing in action. Repeated attempts to find him in R.T.E., the Frigates, or at Royal Roads have proven unsuccessful. The latest reports seem to indicate that somewhere an axe has fallen.)



# ENTRAINEMENT D'ETE

par André Barbeau

On se demande souvent pourquoi tant de jeunes gens, étudiants à l'université, viennent passer l'été à l'une des côtes de notre immense pays, et là, enrégimentés dans des cadres si vastes, recevoir un enseignement si étranger à leur cours universitaire. Serait-ce l'appel de l'inconnu, le désir du voyage ou mieux encore un idéal commun?

Il serait difficile de généraliser notre réponse, ou même de la limiter à certains groupes, car en chacun de nous il y a un peu de tous ses attraits. Pour la plupart d'entre nous, la côte se révèle une région nouvelle, abondante en surprises, où les beautés des panoramas et des villes ne cessent de nous émerveiller. Ah! que le changement est bienvenu après les rigueurs de l'hiver.

Mais toutes ces raisons ne font que vanter notre chance, elles ne l'expliquent pas! Car enfin, tout n'est pas aussi plaisant que les paysages victoriens . . . Les heures interminables passées tant sur la parade, qu'en classe devant un instructeur qui s'évertue à nous expliquer diverses inventions, les moments en devoir alors que nos camarades se reposent, tout cela doit entrer dans la pesée de notre précieuse expérience et peut influencer sa balance.

Quelques soient nos raisons, quelque soit notre but, un fait demeure accompli: celui de permettre une réunion de jeunes gens de toutes les parties du pays, de religions, de langues et de coutumes différentes, qui tous reçoivent les mêmes joies. Car ce n'est que par l'union intime de tous les éléments de notre pays, par la col-

laboration dans l'industrie, la politique et les sciences que notre idéal sera réalisé.

Quel est donc cet idéal? Ce n'est, certes, pas une division continuelle produite par d'incessantes frictions; au contraire, le Canada est maintenant un pays qui se suffit à lui-même, un pays qui a fait ses preuves au cours des deux dernières guerres. Ce qu'il veut, et ce que chacun de nous devrait s'efforcer de réaliser dans sa propre sphère, c'est une unité complète et absolue aux yeux des autres nations comme aux yeux de nos propres habitants.

Est-il donc possible de réaliser cet idéal? Deux années passées au milieu de ce groupe divers de camarades nous ont convaincus d'une telle possibilité. S'il existe tant de différences, tant de frictions entre les divers éléments du pays, ce n'est pas entièrement dû à son histoire, mais bien plutôt à une impardonnable incompréhension. Ne sommes-nous pas tous des êtres humains, nés au même endroit et vivant de la même nourriture?—Il n'est qu'un moyen de maintenir cet état de prospérité que nous connaissons et que malheureusement trop semblent ignorer ou méconnaître; c'est de conserver un même désir de vivre qui résistera à toute tentative étrangère, apte à nous ruiner sans crier garde.

Il est possible que parmi nous plusieurs ne réalisent pas que cet entraînement les place un pas en avant vers l'idéal, que cette unique chance de vivre avec des camarades des quatre coins du Canada ne se répètera pas à tout moment au cours de leur vie, mais pour ceux qui ont compris il n'est pas de meilleure récompense.



# CRUISE ROUTINE

During the summer we have seen four groups of Cadets put to sea in the frigates "Antigonish" and "Beacon Hill." Cruises usually commenced in the middle of the month and after the Cadets had embarked the two frigates sailed for Bedwell Harbour. Navigation classes were held on the way and exercises such as the lowering of sea-boats took place during the interval between "secure" and dinner. The arrival at Bedwell was generally around 1600.

The first two weeks saw us sallying forth every second day for exercises; navigation periods were held on the Cadet Bridge while lectures on rigging, damage control, fire fighting, submarine detection, communications and the divisional system were held in various other parts of the ship. Flashing exercises for the duty watch were held in the evenings. Upon our return to anchorage leave was piped and many Cadets attended inter-ship softball games between ships' companies and Cadets, while others preferred dinghy and whaler sailing or exploring. Thursdays were "make and mend" days and all hands set about scrubbing, chipping, painting and polishing. The frigates returned to Esquimalt Fridays and remained until Monday morning.

The Cadets' mess was divided into four smaller messes, each one having its own system of electing cooks. 'Micks were slung in every available inch of space in the mess and canteen flats and the overflow usually retired to the after charthouse and several strategic positions above decks.

On the third week the ships left Bedwell; they went to Portland, Oregon, on the first cruise while on subsequent cruises Astoria, Oregon, was the port of call. Extensive Depth Charge, four-inch and Oerlikon gun drills took place while at sea affording the Cadets what was in some cases their first experience in handling these weapons. The ships then proceeded south west and through the standing of sea watches the Cadets were able to gain much practical knowledge of Radar, Echo Sounding equipment and other devices.

The only disappointment felt by the majority of men who went to sea this summer was that the cruises only lasted four weeks. We look forward to future cruises and may they be as successful in every way as those of this year.

# EMERGENCY TRIP

One of the outstanding highlights of the B-3 and B-4 cruise aboard "Antigonish" was Cadet Bob Addy's hurried trip from Bedwell Harbour to Pat Bay aboard one of the R.C.A.F. Crash Boats.

Bob reported ill after the first week aboard, and was admitted to Sick Bay under the care of Petty Officer Medical Assistant Arrowsmith.

Cadet Addy's temperature grew alarmingly high and on the advice of P.O. Arrowsmith a Crash Boat was requested to make the emergency trip to hospital.

No time was wasted and in a matter of a few hours the Crash Boat roared into Bedwell Harbour causing no little excitement amongst the Cadets, who had been growing quite concerned over their shipmate's condition.

Preparations having been completed Bob was transferred to the Crash Boat, and Surgeon Cadet Malcolm of the "Beacon Hill" was placed in charge of the patient for the trip back. With no further delay the Crash Boat sped out of the Harbour bound for Pat Bay.

Bob saw little of his journey back, as he spent the trip securely strapped to a stretcher,

with Surgeon Cadet Malcolm giving a blow-by-blow description of the proceedings.

In what seemed no time at all the emergency craft pulled into Pat Bay where an ambulance from R.C.N.H. was waiting to complete the trip.

Twenty minutes after arrival at Pat Bay Cadet Addy was admitted to the Royal Canadian Naval Hospital in Esquimalt, here to baffle all the medical authorities. Bob was definitely the riddle patient of the summer.

However, under the expert care received at R.C.N.H., Bob was able to be discharged after two weeks. Fully recovered he spent a restful seven days sick leave at Cadet Richard Vogel's home in Victoria.

We are happy to say that Bob is now as fit as ever, and has completed his summer's training with no further mishaps.

Although he was in no position to enjoy his ride, Bob is not likely to forget it, and to the rest of us it showed the cooperation, speed and efficiency with which the combined services can handle an emergency when the occasion arises.

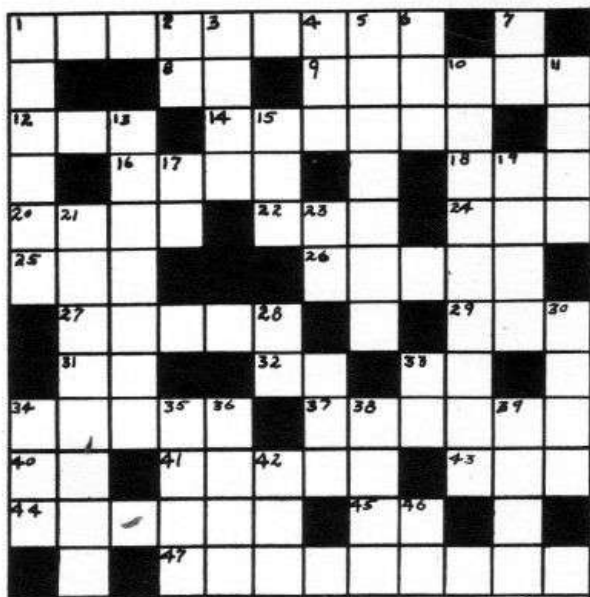
It is also satisfying to know that while we are in training here we have at our disposal immediate and expert medical attention and care.







# BY LIEUT. WALKLEY



## Across

1. Look again in the woods for this little ship. (9)
8. I don't have tea at M.T.E. (2)
9. This insect is well dressed. (6)
12. Cheque the Cadet's credit. (1, 1, 1)
14. Either doubled or stingy, mon! (6)
16. Greek atom. (4)
18. Mal-de-mer, or just plain Morning After. (3)
20. This damned thing has a grain in it, but Cadets never use it, of course. (4)
22. Foot firmly on its rail, and get your 14 across. (3)

## Down

1. A Royal Steal, but just for a day. (6)
2. I'm sure this is the abbreviated word. (2)
3. What short-service Cadets do in class. (4)
4. In the beginning, Pogo lacks a vegetable. (3)
5. O, what a big ship you have, my dear. (7)
6. This cad is going in reverse. (3)
7. T'wind blew 'is horf, guvnor! (2)
10. Part of this do-jigger is in everything, I think. (9)
11. Dont worry, the G.I. always uses this tone. (4)
13. Proper uniforms have this before, and are this after. (7)
15. There's one in back,—take it if you're late. (3)
17. "Say, can you see" something is missing. (2)
19. He thpeaketh with thith. (34)
21. A curse or a blessing to a sick University student. (8)
23. Dit daw dit daw dit finishes the message. (1, 1)
28. and 32 across. Drink for the sailor's nipper. (3)
30. These silly chaps are in the ground. (4)
33. See 33 across.
34. I don't care a hoot for this fruit. (3)
35. Bubbly. (4)
36. Wolfe sailed in this rort of day. (4)
38. The cook threw the meat in my direction. (2, 2)
39. Figuratively, a Gunner's favourite dish,—the Cannibal!! (4)
42. I'll wager you lose money on this. (3)
46. Initially on leave, then over leave. (1, 1)

24. This zero is in line. (3)
25. Clean in Quebec but necessary for fishermen. (3)
26. A Cadet may dance these when he gets them, but not on his fingers. (5)
27. The First Lieutenants voice and memory match his avoirdupois this way. (5)
29. We sup, but not on the downs. (anag.) (3)
31. That "other" Navy, briefly. (You should pardon the expression, nowadays.) (1, 1)
32. See 28 down.
33. and 33 down. Now let me see, Mother . . . (3)
34. This kind of dew was a weaver's downfall. (5)
37. Did male sheep do this to Naval jetties in "Mare Nostrum"? (6)
40. In this, and this is what we've waited for, men. (2)
41. This mechanical fellow has to rob. (anag.) (5)
43. Major Hoople concurs. (3)
44. Lots of young ladies in the mine, I think. (6)
45. Give me more in the Deep South, 'cause I'm from Missouri. (2)
47. Lose ye thyself. (3, 2, 4)







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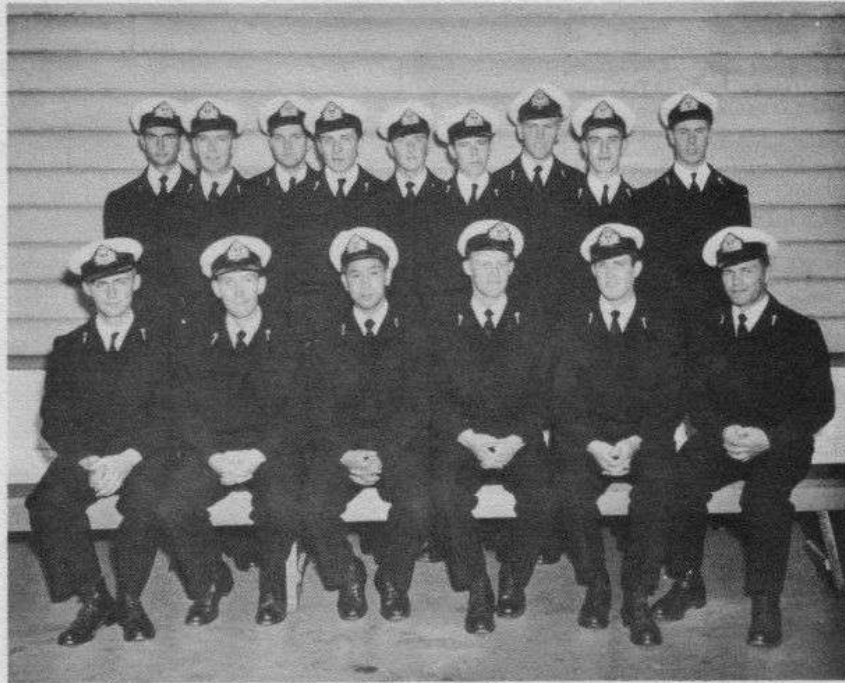
●  
ESQUIRE  
CLOTHES



# A1

"Want to join the Navy?" When we of A-1 first heard that question, we wondered about it, we tried it and liked it. Young University men from nearly every province in Canada. Some had never seen the ocean, others had been born and raised by the sea. But all came with the same purpose: to learn and become a part of one of the oldest and finest services in the world.

We of A-1—, we who have been to sea, to Royal Roads; we who have sat through lectures on every Naval subject imaginable; we who have remained undaunted from the verbal thrashings of husky G.I.'s and the unsympathetic marks of our examiners. We are the ones who look forward



as the Navy molds our minds and bodies into those of Officers and Gentlemen.

We are proud that as a

part of the Canadian way of life we stand trained to assist her whenever the need should arise.

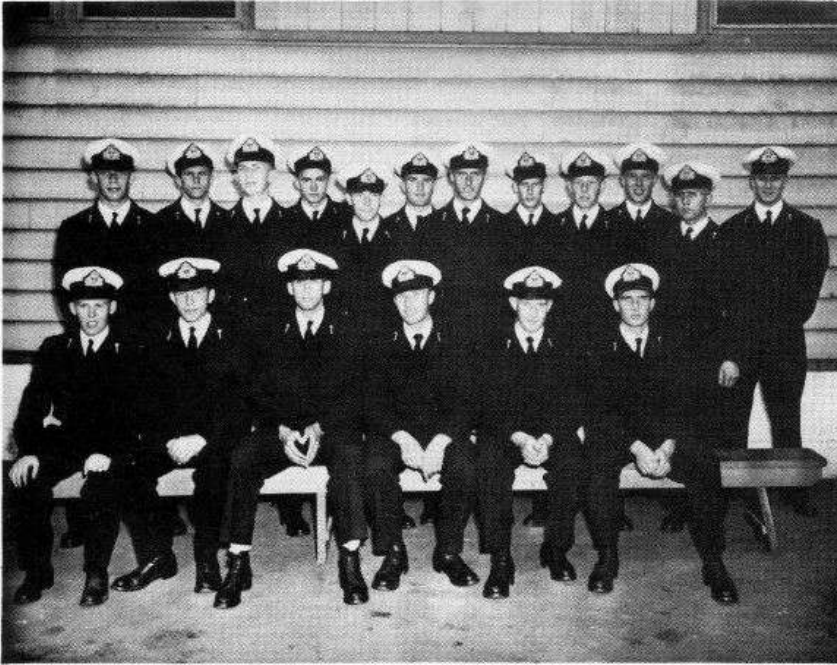


# A2





# A3



At any time when anyone looks back at the body of men, boys, dogs and otherwise at R.T.E. during the summer of 1950, what platoon seems to stand out in every respect? Why good old A-3 of course!

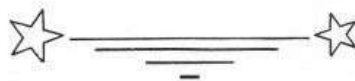
The boys came all the way from Montreal to Victoria and when we joined forces in April, A-3 was really the most mixed up division on parade. There were some in seaman's rig, 5B's plain clothes and dungarees. Poor Chief Bigelow was ready to give up, but after a week on the parade he finally beat it into us.

Then we were packed out to sea. Two things aboard ship will stick in our memories, first is the

number of little white doors along the starboard flats that were closed during "Part-Ship." That incident, along with the huge number of green Cadets on the way to Portland really got in Chief Boddy's hair.

After four grand and glorious weeks at Royal Roads we wrote navigation and engineering exams that were so easy that everyone got first class honours (chuckle!). From here the ragged twenty-four moved back to R.T.E. to complete the summer with a few short courses.

The biggest lesson we learned this summer is how to get along with the Navy and the routine. If it is small—pick it up. If it is big and doesn't move—paint it. If it is big and moves—salute it. If it shines—take a bearing on it.



# A4

I had a dream, a horrible vision. Beside my bed stood a character in black with an axe in one hand and three blank files in the other. In a hollow voice he proclaimed: "The shadow of the Big Chop hovers over R.T.E. Write the chronicles of A-4 before there is no A-4! Make haste, for the axe cometh when no man may write."

So I write here in nervous haste, praying for time to finish our memoirs before we too are gone.

Of the glories of A-4 I shall say little, since you know them already. I should just like to ask a few questions of my eager reader, knowing that he already knows the answers. Why do I ask them? To give you the thrill of talking about the best division.



Who has the wildest weekend brawls? A-4 of course. Who has the best and fastest ladies? A-4 of course. Who haul their ladies around in a hog-truck? A-4 of course. Who drinks the most beer and gets violently drunk? A-4 of course. Who has the best seamen and the sickest? A-4 of course. Which class strides the torrid scale of Navigation from highest to lowest and comes out with intercepts from .001 miles to 3000 miles in an Astro final? A-4 of course. Which division has a seal, chipmunk, pelican and baboon as staunch members? A-4 of course. Who has the "Sweet Song" of R.T.E. and who sings loudly about the "Wings of an Angel"? A-4 of course. And which platoon won't be able to muster more than three blank files after the "Chop?" A-4 of course.



Gentle reader, you see and admire us every day. We swing past the dais, out of step, and the class leader out of his mind. Are we out of step because we are ignorant, can't learn, stupid? No! It's because we are independent. But A-4 has suffered a mortal blow. We are in disgrace. We gnash our teeth in the dark of the evening and weep softly into our little pocket handkerchiefs in the small hours of the morning. Why this stigma? Why this deep disgrace? The truth must out. We, a squad of nuts, have produced a crop of apples. "Apples"? you ask—yes, apples. What kind of apples? Crabs! Horror of horrors! But don't leave, gentle reader. We are under the curse of the Ancient Mariner. We'll shoot the Apple-tross. Draw taut cross-bow for I must go. My time is up. Tomorrow we disintegrate—Sob, chop, sob, chop, sob, chop, chop, chop.







# B1

This is the history of the summer term of Royal Roads Junior Naval Cadets. These Cadets come from all across the Dominion to make up B-1 Class for the practical Naval training period.

A few days after graduation we began a week's Introductory Course during which we changed from Canservcol to Naval drill and took basic Seamanship Courses such as Boatwork and Rigging. At the end of the week B-2 and B-3 classes joined us for Navigation and Engineering. The Navigation, consisting mostly of Pilotage, was found to be a fairly heavy course. The course ended with a ball at the Crystal Gardens which everyone enjoyed immensely.

From Royal Roads we moved straight aboard H.M.C.S. Beacon Hill. After the usual two weeks

at Bedwell Harbour we sailed for Astoria. The second cruise was the first to visit Astoria and the tremendous welcome we received there will not be forgotten. The people were extremely friendly and the Cadets had a marvelous time. The cruise ended with general drills and passing-out exercises, with which all the Cadets are very familiar.

We are now at R.T.E. being broken into the luxuries of daily leave and a wet canteen. Neither of these pleasures has been hard to bear, except perhaps the "Morning After." Our courses have included Divisional, T.A.S., Gunnery, Damage Control and Firefighting, and Communications.

Since we have been at R.T.E. a close group has formed about an infernal contraption of metal, baling wire and flapping canvas affectionately called "Oscar." This class institution (it may scarcely be termed a car), is under the command of "Admiral" Traves, Dick Grant and Scotty Campbell.

The class has enjoyed its summer training as a whole with only occasional sour notes. We are looking forward to the Midshipman's parade and ball at Royal Roads and even more than that to the month's leave immediately following. It will be the first time since Christmas that many of us have been home.



# B2

There is at least one platoon of hardened veterans at R.T.E. this summer. I am referring of course to B-2 class. We have survived "Part-Ship", Royal Roads, and four weeks at sea, and have come through the screening process with only minor casualties. We started in May with twenty-four eager Cadets; we stand now with eighteen cautious souls, tested under fire. We learned much during those weeks; there were mistakes, such as when Travers-Smith, reporting after lookout duty, saluted smartly and said: "Port light reported sir, all objects in sight burning brightly," and Bob Shipley's almost successful attempt to march us off the jetty at Naden. There was a lot of fun also. We



will never forget the Eukers party at Bedwell, and the moment when Paterson carried off Beacon Hills Bell clapper. There was Sammy Hill our softball star, who also sparked the team that beat the staff at Royal Roads. Then came the cruise, and Don Taylor moved out of the mess deck and lived in a coil of rope near the port rail for several days. The last days of the cruise saw us painting, with David Molliet the only Cadet not requiring a ladder to paint the crow's nest.

We must of course mention here that "Antigonish" carried off the "Cock o' the Walk" during the evolutions at the end of the second cruise, an event all the more worthy of note in that it is the first time in two years that this has happened.

We were lucky to have some R.C.N. "salts" in the class: Paddy Claxton, who is undergoing a minor operation in R.C.N.H., and John "Red" Chute, who is always willing to enlighten new entries concerning the mysteries of H.M.C.S. Magnificent.

Well, that is B-2 class; boys from Malahat, York, Queens, Chippawa, and Unicorn who have worked and played together all summer; next year we will be back—all in different classes perhaps, but we will be back.



## B 3

One of the more intrinsic factors offered by the Cadet's summer training is the opportunity to meet, associate and live with fellow University men from all over the Dominion.

In our division, known as B-3, we are fortunate in having a fairly good cross country representation, from British Columbia to as far as Montreal. The greatest weight is contributed by H.M.C.S. Malahat and H.M.C.S. York. The Prairie men seem somewhat outnumbered in this class, but are definitely not outclassed.

Our many informal discussions and friendly arguments have given us all ample opportunity to exchange ideas, compare universities and in general learn a little more of what is going on in the rest of our great country.





Looking at B-3's training program for the summer we see that our first big experience was Royal Roads. We were the first of the Cadets to enter those hallowed halls and establish a beachhead.

We spent a month at the college under Navigational instruction, and formed a general picture of life at Royal Roads. I am sure we all benefitted by our stay there, and I am also happy to say that most of our class were successful in the exams at the end of the course.

Following our month at the Canadian Services College we joined B-4 and part of B-2 for a very enjoyable and educational cruise. Parts of it we will always remember, such as the actual time spent at sea, and the two very enjoyable days in port provided for us by the people of Astoria, Oregon. Among our achievements while aboard the "Antigonish", was the sound 17-3 trimming our softball team handed to Beacon Hill Cadets, and the winning of the evolutions in a very close and exciting contest.

Another very important goal that must be achieved by every man who goes to sea is to a good shipmate. He must learn to live with his fellows under conditions much different to what he is used to in civilian life. It is here that he must learn to give as well as take. It is here, more than in any other part of the summer's training, a man's true personality comes out. The ability to be a good shipmate is one of the most important of the Officer-like qualities, and men who have this attribute will go a long way toward producing a happy ship, and a spirit of teamwork.

We of B-3 feel that our division was fortunate in having a very high degree of good fellowship and team spirit throughout the whole summer, and that we would be quite happy to go back to sea again with these men as our shipmates.

All in all we have had a good summer, and have had a happy division. Much of this, we believe, is due to the tireless efforts and interests of our Term Lieutenant, Lieutenant Coupar. The work he has done with us, and the example he has shown us as a Divisional Officer, have both added a great deal to our summer training. As we close the books on another year we look forward to our future training, hoping that next year will find us in an equally good division whether we be here at R.T.E. or on the East Coast.

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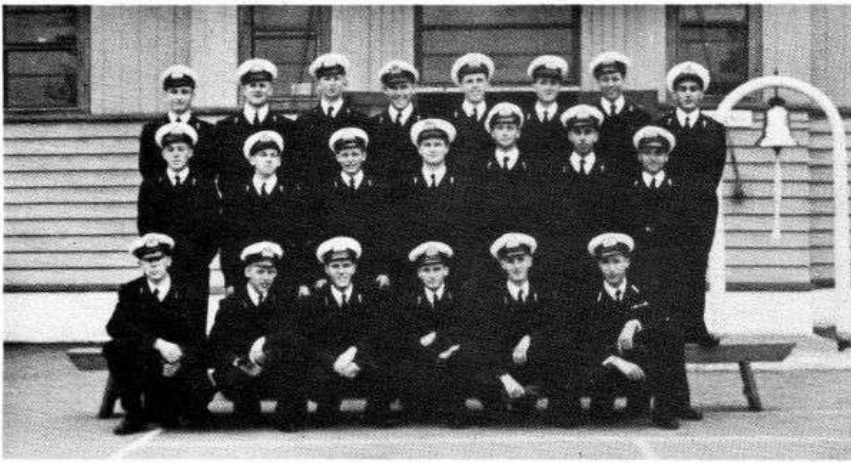
## B4

B-4 had the distinction of having twenty-four and a half outstanding examples of Canadian youth in its ranks. At all times the class spirit has been exceptional due mostly to the majority of the class having been R.M.C. boys. The Canservcol members gave the necessary enthusiasm towards the Navy.

We finished the term with a class party which went over with a bang. The Victoria boys proved to be excellent hosts to the remainder of the class, providing everything from waffles and whiskey sours to romantic porches.

The Cadets of B-4 will always remember the pleasant times they had together, whether at work or on leave, and the fellows that made the good times possible. In years to come we will still see: Bart whooping it up with his cowboy jokes and yelps, MacArthur still beating it out on the piano, Palle and Fatty still trying to get their girl-friends home, Dick, Gerry and Donn still clearing up after class parties, Connla showing up with the best women (that English accent), Dargy and the Buffer talk-





ing over old times, Freddy still trying to raise the standard of the R.M.C. boys while Chuck and Roby will be taking sewing lessons in expectations of gold braid; Mel—our toothless wonder—and Art will still be studying heavenly bodies, Herb still surprising everybody at parties and Al in one corner practising how to say "I do." Then we see Dogger still trying to get something to eat as president of a mess dinner, Jim still taking his girl to work at midnight on Saturday nights, Dave still leading the class in more than one way, and of course John Campbell still

taking punishments for other Campbells; Reggie, our muscular boy, will still be very broad-minded, Drew still on the links trying to improve his golf and last but not least Ian on the parade square with his shorts down.

Well, that's it, and until we check again on the steps of Branksom, "So-long," and Good Luck mates.

## B5

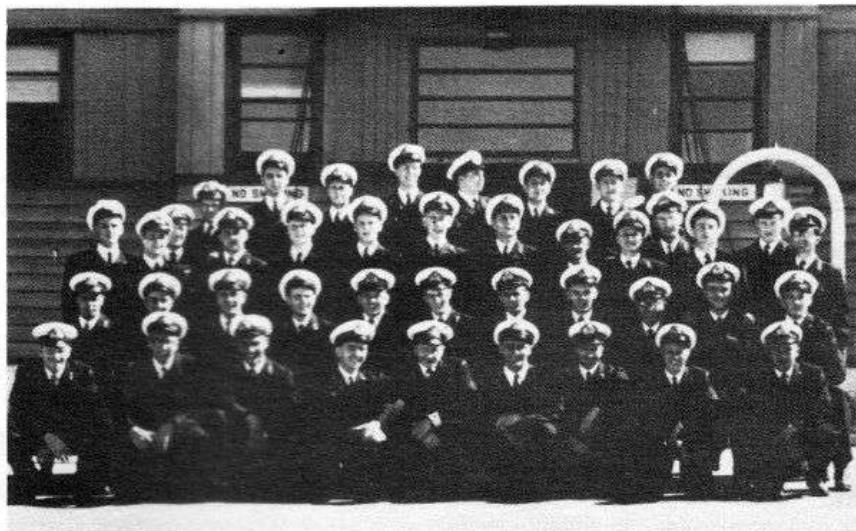
Some cynics have noted that the majority of us come from east of Hamilton; but that, as we all know is one of those mysterious, never to be explained quirks of fate. Only those fully cognizant of the true pleasures of intellectual pursuits can ever really appreciate the higher ideals of those who enter this branch of culture. We are indeed the best division!

Although most of us look back on much we have endured with something less than nostalgia, the summer has been a happy one, sparkling with those bright colored birds that flit across one's memory. I remember our blackened faces, the dazzling heat of burning oil, and stench of inky fumes during fire fighting training. I remember how our class escaped by a breath complete annihilation from a train which sneaked upon us outside the Naden gate; the laughing faces, the clink of beer bottles, and bagpipe music at our beach party; our aching bones after the tabloid sports; the tangle of arms, legs, benches and hammocks and cuss words the first day in "Ontario"; the aroma of the fresh bread we baked and those supremely pleasant afternoons we whiled away in the W.O.'s Mess talking politics, religion and the Navy, with the serious faces so un-becoming to our tender age.

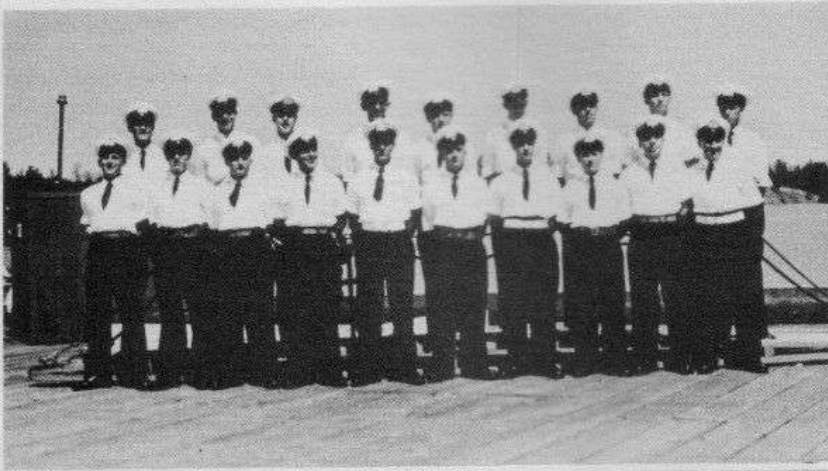
Someday, ten years from now, we must have a grand reunion, a glorious brawl. Then, long after time has polished over the rough spots of our early youth, as the campfire embers glow and crackle, we will put our arms over one another's shoulder, "Chug a Lug" a bottle or two, and sigh: "WE IN B-5 ARE SUPPLY BOYS."

"Remember that terrific summer of '50 we spent in B-5 at H.M.C. "Graveyard"?"

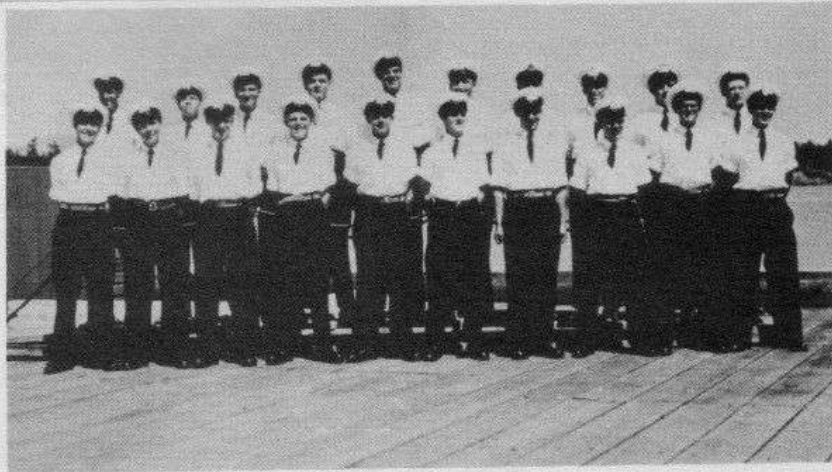
You will remember won't you?



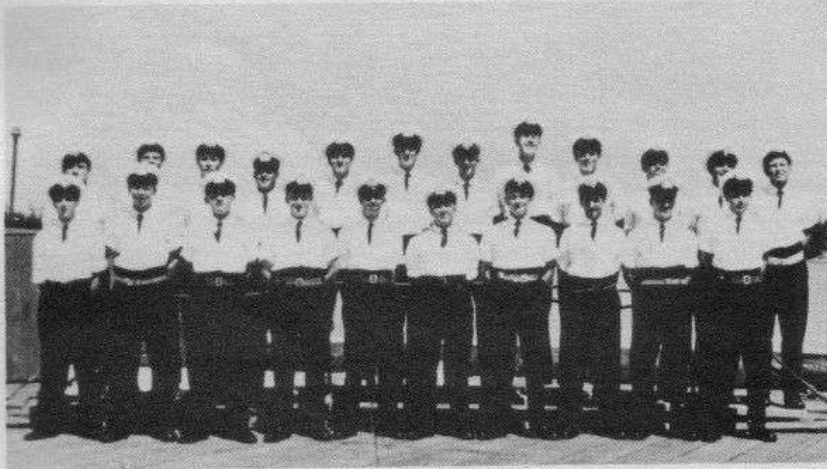




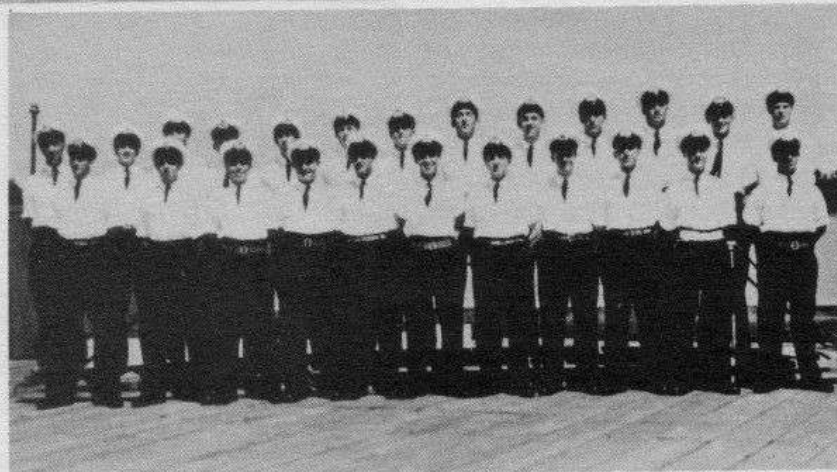
C1



C2



C3



C4



The Navy has long recognized the fact that the most aggressive, intelligent and good-looking officer material comes from that metropolis of the prairies, Winnipeg, Manitoba. C-2 division proves this point emphatically. True, two of its members are from other parts of Canada; the likeable "Timmy" Evans and Val "Daddy" Hinch form the complement of foreign representatives.

Musical talent abounds in C-2, both vocal and instrumental. Contributing to a Barber Shop Quartet, which ran open competition with the R.T.E. choir, were such gifted performers as Don Sinclair, Don Shannon, Paul Otko, Ross McNab, Art Eberwein and Colin Sinclair. C-2 took its music wherever it went and won universal acclaim from the quarterdeck at Royal Roads to the bilges of "Antigonish."

C-2 also has a restricted group of fledglings who spent long hours of their own time striving to achieve perfection in marching in gaiters. Many of us spent lots of time running "circles" or chipping off layers of paint from "Antigonish's" sturdy decks.

We've had quite a few laughs in C-2. Don Rae's nightmare at Royal Roads gave us all a bad scare, especially those on the raiding party in the galley. We've all had a wonderful summer, and will have many salty dips to spin during the pleasant Manitoba winter.

Arrival at the Reserve Training Establishment on the 8th of May was a repetition for most of the C-3 class. Being second year Cadets, we were able to give the impression of being "old salts." The majority are from Unicorn and Chippawa, although there are some of "dem dar Easterners" in our midst.

One of our crowning achievements was the winning of the tabloid sports meet one fine June afternoon. It was this event which clinched the development of our team spirit. Several of the boys received a perfect score, and John Buhr tried hard enough in the high jump to be placed in the hospital with a cracked vertebra.

Our six weeks of navigation was a difficult but enjoyable period which culminated, as all courses do, with more difficult and less enjoyable examinations. It was after these exams that the class packed and boarded the Frigates. Thus the class was split between "Beacon Hill" and "Antigonish." I know that this will be an issue for further arguments when we get together again on shore.

Like all organizations classes C-3 and C-4 had a "do" in the form of a beach party. All were happy to have Commander Leeming, Lieut. Little and our Term Lieutenant Lieut. Keith attend. The party, organized by Cadets Speight and Nelles, was a huge success.

At this time our ships are proceeding to Astoria, Oregon, and we all know that this chapter in our sea career will be most enjoyable.

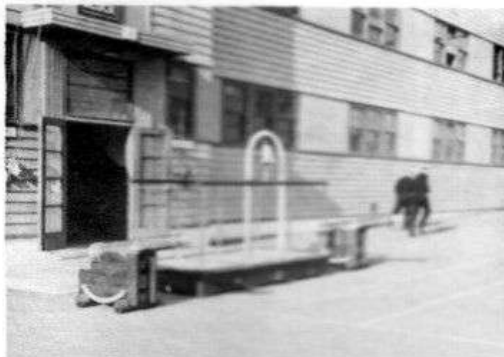
Writing an article on a group like C-4 is not always very easy. For part of the summer, arriving directly from Royal Roads, we were stationed at R.T.E. where the bulk of our time was taken by studies on gunnery, communications and of course Navigation II. There is not much to say about these nine weeks that has not been reported elsewhere in this White Twist. The daily routine was always the same: Blue boats, doubling, divisions, evening quarters, leave except for the days on duty.

But there is one point we must stress about our experience: this was the first year that Cadets from Royal Roads, or better, from Canservcol, followed their summer training in conjunction with the U.N.T.D.'s. The result is still uncertain, but it is believed a success.

Faithful to its tradition, the group distinguished itself by smartness on the parade square (oh well, we think so!), by smashing successes during the sport meet despite the fact that we lost to C-3 in a headheat, and also by providing the crew of the winning all comers on the 24th of May. The whole class had also the honour (?) of participating in the parade on that memorial day.

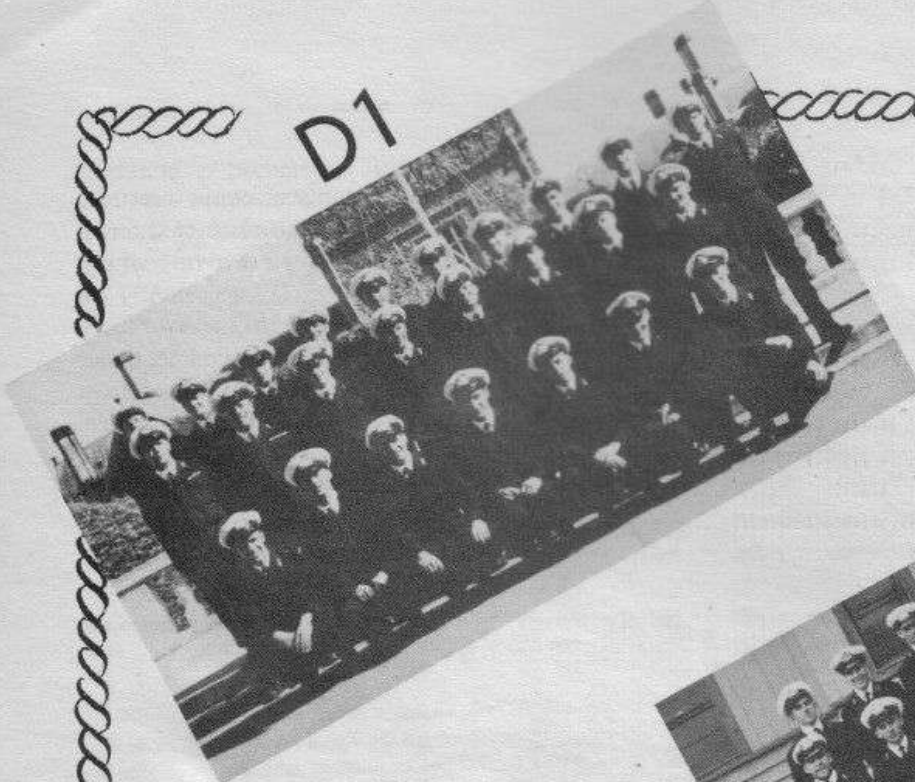
But the Navy's real training is only given at sea and we finally got the opportunity to go away for a month. Most of us found ourselves on board the Beacon Hill, while the remainder were lucky enough to be on board the Antigonish (Cadets of the Hill please take note). A spirit of friendly rivalry existed between the two ships, during the whole cruise and accounted for many of the interesting events. Astoria for most of us was a very nice place to visit. Seaside with its beaches and the surf offered pleasant afternoons of recreation.

The trip back to Bedwell Harbour gave an opportunity to every one to become a real sailor (and also to find the lee side of the ship!). One more week at Royal Roads will complete the summer training of the first Canservcol Cadets under the new scheme and a very important graduation will finally transform us all into joyous Midshipmen.

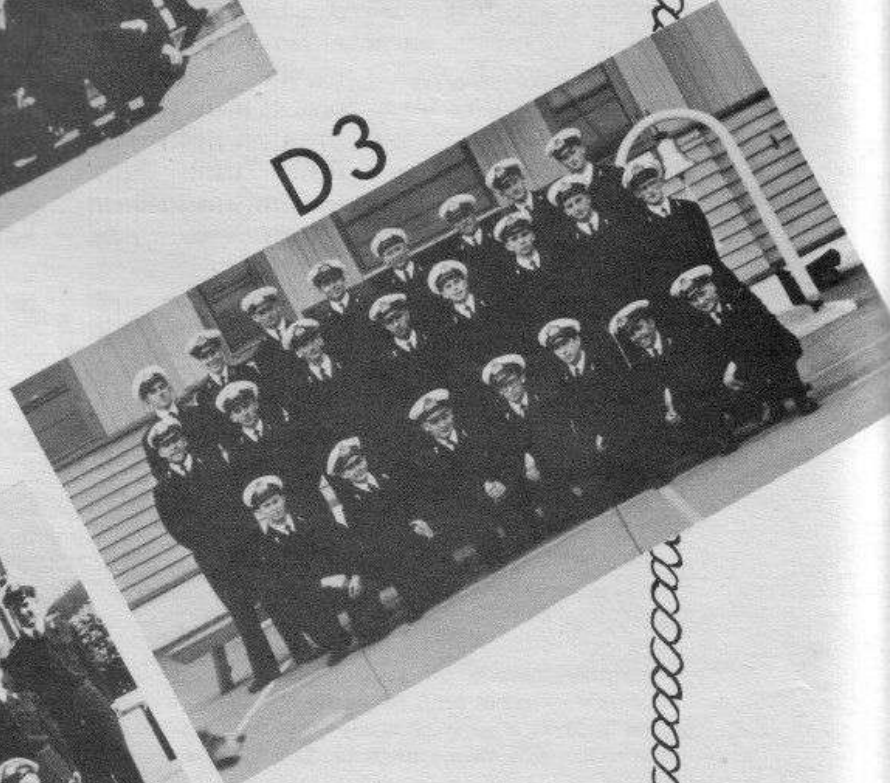




D1



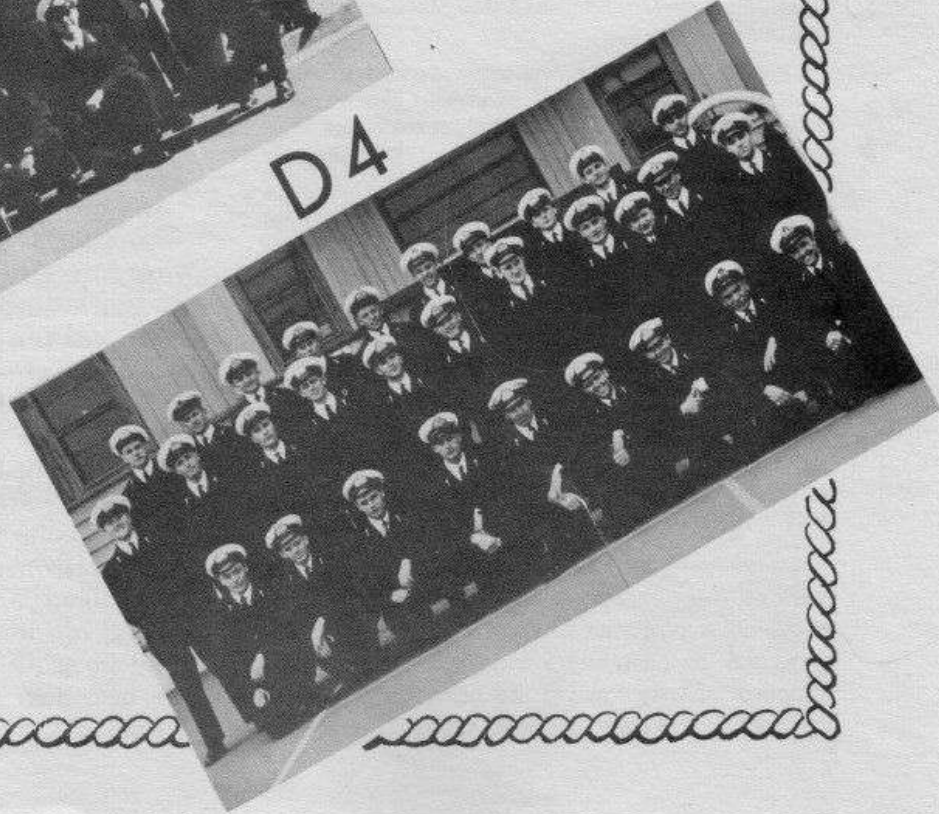
D3



D2



D4





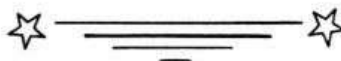
# D1

Considering every platoon of Cadets on the West Coast it is quite evident that D-1 is the pride of the Reserve Training Establishment. First of all, it is the pride of "D" Company, having already received two "Honourable-mentions" on morning march-pasts, a feat made possible by repeated practice, voluntary, you must realise, in the dog watches. Secondly, D-1 is the pride of the daily sick-parade, being able to boast of more men, as well as the most consistent types, on sick parade than any other division at R.T.E. Finally, D-1 is the pride of the Term Lieutenants in that it is comprised of intelligent young men as shown by the class marks, men with an abundance of officer-like qualities.

In the field of sports D-1, in conjunction with

its friendly rival D-2, has unleashed a baseball team with the unusual capability of being **average**, having won and lost an equal number of games. It was the Tabloid Sports Meet, however, which brought out the driving spirit of D-1 especially as its members took the initial lead and fought hard to retain it. Unfortunately the lead was lost, but the hope of regaining it carried D-1 Cadets to a position only seven points behind the winners.

In the social world, D-1 has had one glorious beach party, held at Thetis Lake, to celebrate the departure of the class for Royal Roads. The success of the party, held in conjunction with D-2, whose members originated the idea, was due chiefly to the work of Cadets Ken Wrong (D-2) and Ron Brown (D-1).



# D2

To the chiefs and other instructors D-2 stands for "Dumbells, second class"; however wherever girls are to be found in Victoria, D-2 stands for "Darlings." To the twenty-five fellows who swell its ranks D-2 stands for "The best platoon ever to emerge from the Reserve Training Establishment."

We came to know one another quickly, and before the first week at R.T.E. had passed we had learned that the funny little guy with the man-of-the-world vocabulary was "Bogey," that Lysack could get away with more sculling than the rest of us dared dream of, that Bill Jarvis wrote a letter every day in class to "Dark Eyes" and that Wilson was quite a Casanova.

The spirit which developed even manifested itself on the playing field where we taught many of the other platoons that we could play ball, and good ball at that. Every man in D-2 spent his last ounce of energy toward the bringing home of top honours in the tabloid sports meet. However luck

was against us and we were pulled down to third place.

Up to the time of writing our social activities have been limited to one—but what a one!—weiner roast. After we had waited rather impatiently for what seemed hours Ken Wrong arrived at Thetis Lake with the blind dates. However there was one blue note for Wee Willie Poulton wandered around all evening bemoaning the fact that this was the third time he had gone to a beach party negative female companionship. However, as consolation, Bill did manage to drown his sorrows successfully in Coca-cola and other refreshments. At least there was no complaint of a food shortage. In fact the nearby Malahat Mountains were only slightly larger than the mound of "weinies" and buns provided. Naturally the sequel to this story was written at dinner the next day, the principal fare consisting of—weinners!



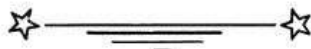
# D3

At the time of writing Cadets of D-3 Class have completed the first six weeks of training at R.T.E. and are preparing for embarkation to Royal Roads. After four weeks time they will move on to complete the summer by viewing the Pacific from a bent position over the rail of a Frigate, and thus another twenty-four naive, first year Cadets will be converted into salty, cynical second year Cadets.

To date, D-3 has been subjected to instruction in parade training, softball, beach parties and other equally important phases of Naval life. The "esprit de corps" of the platoon is well signified by their participation in these various affairs of the year. At the joint D-3, D-4 beach party held at Thetis Lake, as organized by Cadets Thornton

and Barron (D-3) and Archibald and Campbell (D-4) D-3 was in almost one hundred percent attendance. At this affair Cadets experienced the problem of accommodating some 20 Cadets plus their dates in a covered truck which had been amputated about three feet aft of the driver's cab, and later in the evening they studied the physical effects on an able-bodied Cadet of toppling (no doubt followed by tipping) from a rocky cliff in the dark. The week-end sailing cruise to Salt Spring Island was also attended by D-3 Cadets.

In all, up to now the year has been a good one and as far as the future is concerned it is safe to say that one way or another, big things may be expected of D-3 platoon.



# D4

This is the saga of a noble class of future Captains, Commodores and Admirals. It began as a trickle with a small group of Cadets from H.M.C.S. Prevost, and gradually grew until it is now a full fledged drizzle with thirty-two members from all parts of Canada. We began the summer's training with short courses in Torpedo and Anti-submarine, Electrical, Gunnery and Communications, took two weeks of Navigation II at R.T.E., and were then moved to Royal Roads for the last four weeks of Astro Nav. Our social life has been restricted to one organized beach party at Thetis Lake with D-3, and to individually painting the town red whenever it needs painting.

We have among the class many outstanding characters who cannot go unmentioned—there's "Casanova" Kilbourne, "Brilliant Bill" Bridgett, "Smasher" Lippert, "Lover" Lawrence who hopes he will be unattached when he goes home to his girl friend, and "Angel-Face" Arthurs who has one helluva time looking after a blonde and Nav. II at the same time. Al Gray loves little girls and big ones too—this time he hit the jackpot. "Lucky" Lamontagne's ambition is breakfast in bed. Brookbank wonders if he will ever get to Vancouver, and Wilson wonders why she wrote

him only six letters this week. As for Murray Williams—"Girls, parties—love that stuff." Bob Williams finds it easier to sweep a girl off her feet roller skating. Then there's "Stone-leg" Sadler and "Old Armour-plate" Buhr who keep the classroom looking like a hospital ward.

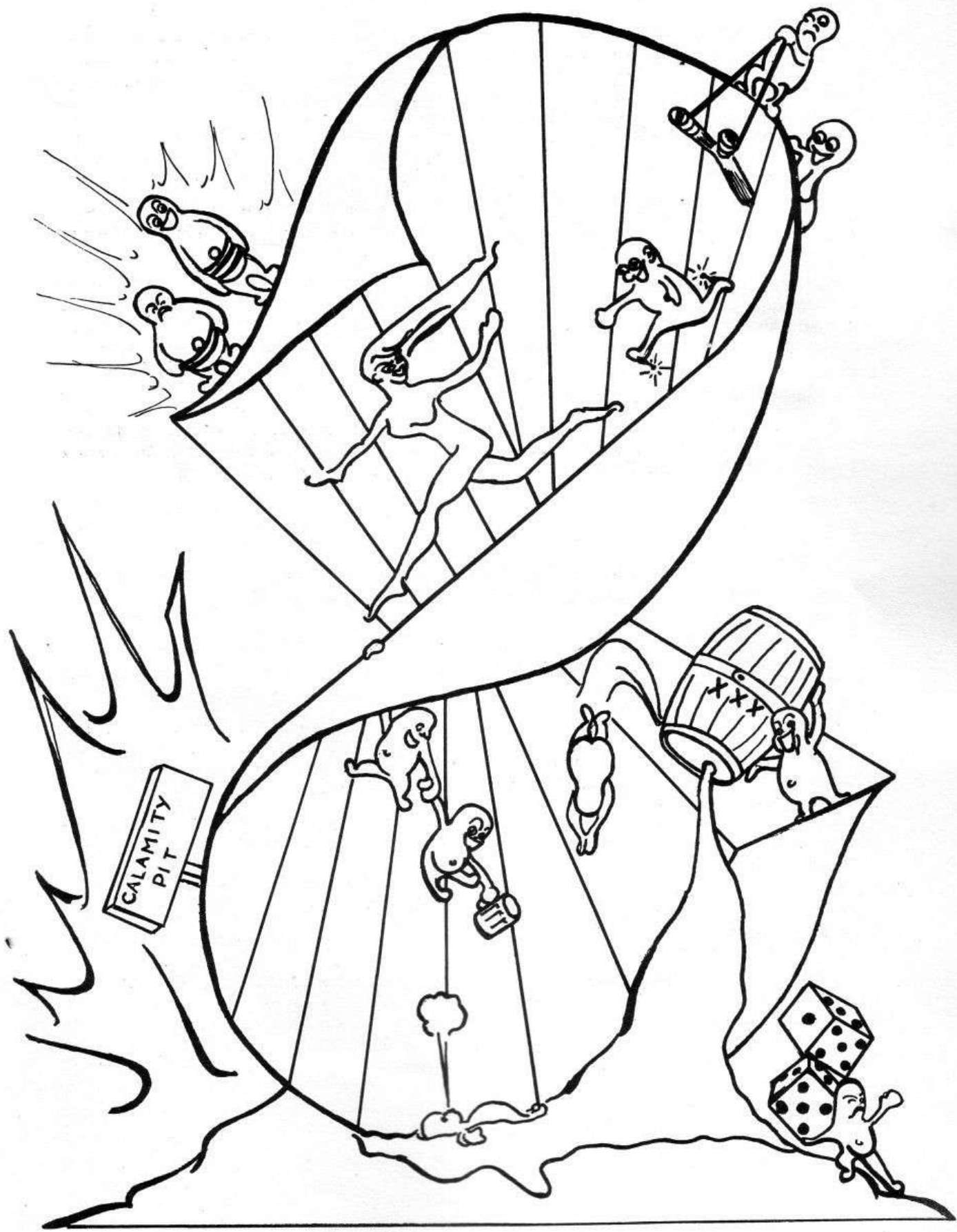
Hunter is the last "Imperial" link in D-4—fights a good rearguard action. Avery—"honest fellas, it was as big as a small baby." Then there's "Boom Boom Schofield, who got a bang out of that drum. Campbell has taken over in Schof's place and thinks it's all a damned good show—"Nelson would 'av liked that."

At this point we branch off to the famous last words department where we find Bud Archibald—"But I have a grommet, sirl"—which in turn leads us to a short obituary for three who found interests in other fields—Ted Olsen, Jack Ranger and "Jeep" Mark—"Three rings don't scare me!"

To all those other members of D-4 who have gone unmentioned may we say that each one of them is definitely the most outstanding Cadet of the class and that they were lucky their name didn't get into print.



# CADET SPORTS



HAVERLOCK



# THE TABLOID SPORTS MEET

On the morning of Saturday, June 3rd, 1950, B, C, and D companies held a tabloid sports meet on the lower playing field at Naden. Under the direction of Chief Petty Officer Bryan and Cadet P. Robinson nine teams of twenty-two Cadets ran a gauntlet of ten events in less than three hours.

The first event was the 100 yard dash, which was passed by eighty percent of the participants in the twelve seconds allotted. A bugle punctuated the forenoon at five-minute intervals, when the teams changed rounds.

Next came the broad jump, where a minimum of fifteen feet was demanded. This seemed far too high to some fellows, but after several attempts most made it. The third event, the cut vault, was a snap, and all made it except a very few die-hards who missed, but not through lack of trying.

The shot-put was event number four, and the best class could produce only ten men capable of putting the 12-pound shot fifteen feet.

The shot-put was followed by a short stand-easy, and at this point, to everyone's surprise, the Supply Cadets from A-5 division were found to be leading the parade.

The high-jump claimed the only major accident when Johnny Buhr missed his footing on the four and one-half foot jump, breaking one rib.

At the discus throw several near misses were scored and the teams found the five minutes running out much too rapidly.

The highlight of the forenoon was the obstacle race. Here, in thirty seconds, groups of six scrambled their way through two foot square boxes, dived under a bench, leaped over a high hurdle and by sheer ingenuity and brute strength made their way over a horizontal pole six and one-half feet off the ground. C-3 and C-4 classes tied for first place, and the early leader, A-5, ended in last place. A relay was run to break the tie, and C-3 won by two lengths.

## BOXING AT R. T. E.

Boxing is no longer a base sport. In fact, I regret to say it doesn't even exist on the base at all. However I think it only fitting to say a few words on its sudden death and expectant resurrection.

The reason for this state of affairs is that our Coach, Arnie Holmes, has gone back to greener pastures, Alberta of course, to take a summer course consisting of folk dancing. He should be back in a month, maybe a worse boxer, but a vastly improved dancer.

While he was here we fell out every morning at P.T. and headed for the side of "C" Block. Then we all stood around trying to look deadly with big oversized gloves hanging from the ends of our limp arms. Then at a harsh word of command from our coach we lined up and actually hit one another. No—Gentle Reader—I am not

making up a horrible story to scare you. We actually hit each other, sometimes even violently and wrathfully.

This gruesome practice would go on until Secure, and some of the boys used to get so hot under the collar that they would stay after Secure and go on slugging.

A better use was found for the gloves by the more ingenious and slothful Cadets. They always picked out the oversize gloves and used them for pillows and slept off the effects of the last nights indulgence.

A few of the Cadets were conscientious and practiced at this brutal sport. They even became quite proficient at the art. Let the Veil of Decency descend on these few who did not show the breeding and good manners required of a naval officer.

—LIEF STOLEE.



# LACROSSE

During training this summer, several of the Cadets played Lacrosse on the Navy team. The team, which was entered in the Victoria Senior "B" Boxla League, played every Monday and Friday evening in Memorial Arena. Although the sailors have won no games to date, the team has upheld the honour and tradition of the Navy by

fighting to the last second no matter what the score. The fans appreciated the fact that the Navy played a clean, hard game and our team always received the support of the spectators.

The Cadets playing for the team were R. La-Roche, M. Clarke, K. Hutcheon, R. H. Lott, R. J. Julian and Diakin.

—R. J. JULIAN.

# SOFTBALL

This year as last, softball held the sports limelight at R.T.E. However, whereas last year's teams were superb, this year's are phenomenal. Formerly the diamond was just a place where games were held, but this year, the cropped green outfield and the table-top infield have added much to our prowess.

The first draft of Cadets had barely settled in their new quarters before they were confronted with a schedule of inter-divisional games. Softball started out with the suddenness of a pistol shot, the trigger man being Chief P.T.I. Bryan. The inter-divisional teams were extraordinarily good and managed to dish out a considerable number of fine games. However, and it is mentioned with regret, very few people came to support their teams. Nevertheless there was always one supporter who could be counted on, no matter who was playing, and that was our Commander, "Mac" Leeming.

Those who did see the games will remember the winning ways of "Rapid Robert" Crofoot whiffing one "helluvalot" of opponents, and "Flash" Bodner, picking them up at the "Keystone Sack"—They just couldn't lose.

A-1 and A-2 classes also provided winners in the persons of "The Whip" Naka and "Maulin Mike" Pundik, both of whom made wins look natural. Nor can the "All Stars" under the pilotage of "Casey" Jim Thornton, be forgotten. Their last game was against the Reserve Fleet and it was in this tilt that Thornton really tore his scalp as "Smasher" Ployart, the clean-up man, went down swinging, for the fourth consecutive time, and as "Peg" Hickerty hurled a lethal throw intended for third base, out into left field.

Challenge games also grew in impetus when, with the "Fall of the Farmers," "Hickerty's Henchmen," from Saskatchewan, were nosed out by

"Bruno's Batsmen" from Ontario. General opinion has it that here was the best game of the season.

The Reserve Training Staff built up a surprisingly fair team of "old men" which managed to hang a convincing defeat on the Chief Cadet Captains, but were later humbled by a rejuvenated group of the same opponents.

Baseball at Bedwell Harbour swung right along with the same sport at R.T.E. Salient features of the several Bedwell leagues, were doubling up to the ball diamond and whipping the ball around white sacks set on a broad green plain. The outstanding wheels of this diamond were Lieutenants McMorris and De Rosenroll along with the outstanding sport of them all, Chief Petty Officer "Zip" Rimmer. These three, more than anyone else, contributed to the style and changing temperament demonstrated throughout the many games.

The All Star game which was played at the end of the regular schedule, produced far more than was expected. In the midst of Lieutenant-Commander "Bill" McCully's flailing legs and Chief Rimmer's squawks, the Cadets were forced into combat with the ship's officers. Lieutenant "Fred" Walden who arrived with a lovely pair of white tennis pants, was later seen grovelling his way around the diamond, trying desperately to prove himself a willing and capable student of the game of "Charge." Star of the game for "Antignoish" was Lieutenant "Bob" Coupar, whose winning run in the last inning, sewed up the game.

Thus, we have a picture of the softball activities for the summer. In future let us hope that both the number of games and the spirit of sportsmanship which was so evident this season will steadily increase.







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