

1951

White Twist



The Laws of the Navy

Now these are the Laws of the Navy,
Unwritten and varied they be,
And he that is wise will observe them,
Going down in his ship to the sea.
As naught may outrun the destroyer,
Even so with the law and its grip,
For the strength of the ship is the Service,
And the strength of the Service, the ship.

Take heed what ye say of thy rulers,
Be thy words spoken softly or plain,
Lest a bird of the air tell the matter,
And so ye shall hear it again.
If ye labour from morn until even,
And meet with reproof for thy toil,
It is well,—that the gun may be humbled,
The compressor must check the recoil.

On the strength of one link in the cable,
Dependeth the might of the chain.
Who knoweth when thou mayest be tested?
So live that thou hearest the strain!
When the ship that is tired returneth,
With the signs of the sea showing plain,
Men place her in dock for a season,
And her speed she reneweth again.
So shalt thou, lest, perchance thou grow weary
In the uttermost parts of the sea,
Pray for leave, for the good of the Service,
As much and as oft as may be.

Count not upon certain promotion,
But rather to gain it aspire,
Though the sight-line shall end on the target,
There cometh, perchance, a misfire.
Can'st follow the track of the dolphin,
Or tell where the sea swallows roam?
Where Leviathan taketh his pastime?
What ocean he calleth his home?

Even so with the words of thy Rulers,
And the orders those words shall convey.
Even law is as naught beside this one—
"Thou shalt not criticize, but obey!"
Saith the wise "How shall I know their purpose?"
Then acts without wherefore or why;
Stays the fool but one moment to question,
And the chance of his life passeth by.

If ye win through an African jungle,
Unmentioned at home in the Press,
Heed it not, no man seeth the piston,
But it driveth the ship none the less.

Do they growl? It is well: be they silent,
So that work goeth forward amain,
Lo the gun throws her shot to a hair's breadth,
And shouteth, yet none shall complain.
Do they grovel, and the work be retarded?
It is ill, speak whatever their rank,
The half loaded gun also shouteth,
But can she pierce armour with blank?

Both the paintwork make war with the funnels?
Do the decks to the cannon complain?
Nay, they know that some soap or a scraper,
Unites them as brothers again,
So ye, being Heads of Departments,
Do thy growl with a smile on thy lips,
Lest ye strive and in anger be parted,
And lessen the might of thy ship.

Doest deem that thy vessel needs gilding
And the Dockyard forbear to supply?
Place thy hand in thy pocket and gild her,
There be those who have risen thereby.

—By Ronald A. Hopwood.

Doest think in a moment of anger,
'Tis well with thy seniors to fight?
They prosper, who burn in the morning,
The letters they wrote overnight
For some there be, shelved and forgotten,
With nothing to thank for their fate,
Sabe that on a half-sheet of foolscap,
Which a fool "had the honour to state—"

If the fairway be crowded with shipping,
Beating homeward the harbour to win,
It is meet that, lest any should suffer,
The steamers pass cautiously in.
So thou, when thou nearest promotion,
And the peak that is gilded is nigh,
Give heed to thy words and thine actions,
Lest others be wearied thereby.
It is ill for the winners to worry,
Take thy fate as it comes with a smile,
And when thou art safe in the harbour,
They will envy, but may not rebile.

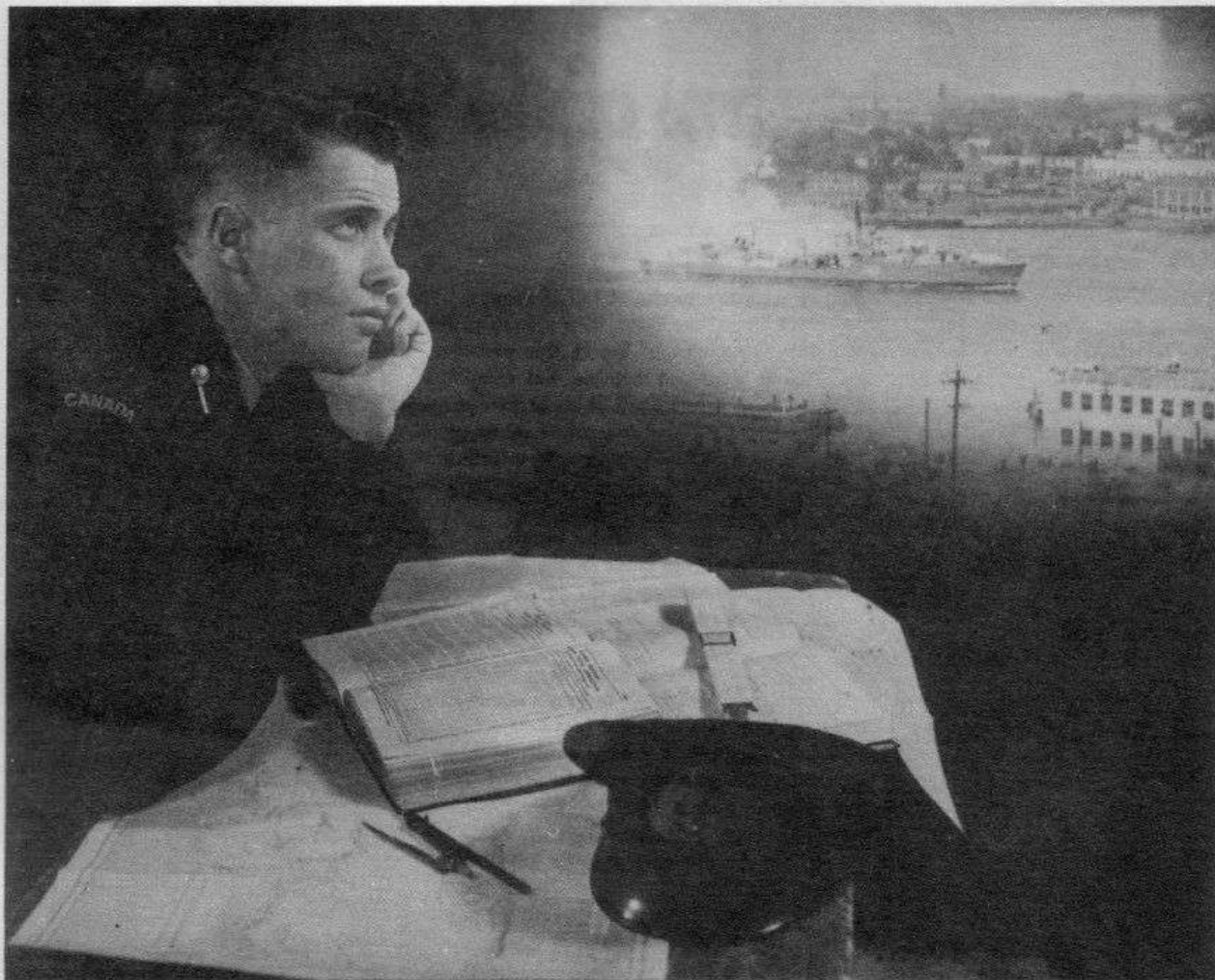
Uncharted the rocks that surround thee,
Take heed that the channels thou learn,
Lest thy name serve to buoy for another
That shoal, the Courts-Martial Return:
Though Armour the belt that protects her,
The ship bears the scar on her side,
It is well if the Court shall acquit thee,
It were best hadst thou never been tried.

Now these are the Laws of the Navy,
Unwritten and varied they be;
And he that is wise will observe them,
Going down in his ship to the sea.
As the wave rises clear to the hause pipe,
Washes aft, and is lost in the wake,
So shall ye drop astern, all unheeded,
Such time as these laws ye forsake.



The "White Twist"

— 1951 Edition —



NAVAL CADET'S YEAR BOOK

The Reserve Training Establishments

H.M.C. DOCKYARD
ESQUIMALT, B.C.

H.M.C.S. "STADACONA"
HALIFAX, N.S.

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



VICE-ADMIRAL H. T. W. GRANT,
C.B.E., D.S.O., R.C.N.,

From the Chief of Naval Staff

The Services today are very much in the forefront of our Canadian news for two valid reasons.

First, they are spearheading the resistance movement against the evils of communism by that oldest of all methods—force of arms, and secondly, they are costing the citizens of our country vast sums of money in taxation.

Both these reasons make such excellent copy that they are fully exploited for their news value and often to the detriment of the principles underlying their necessity.

Similarly, it is all too easy to lose sight of certain fundamental principles pertaining to the induction and training of personnel for our Armed Forces. In an endeavour to clarify the Naval view, I am glad to accept your Editor's invitation to write a brief foreword for "White Twist."

First, let me make it quite clear that for the active service Royal Canadian Navy a short term engagement for either officers or men is inefficient.

For reasons which are obvious to all who serve afloat, but possibly less so to those in civilian life, the Navy needs men who at an early age will make up their minds to forego the amenities of life ashore with all its fluctuating trends, for a life of loyal service to the King's uniform and to Canada. Some self-sacrifice is the rule, not the exception.

The seaman becomes of real value to the Navy after five years. An officer can absorb the technical knowledge and professional seaman's skill and experience to command a ship efficiently in action after ten years. Not before.

Secondly, the hard experience of war has shown that a Navy can absorb only so many partially trained men if it is to maintain optimum fighting efficiency and morale. It follows that the percentage of permanent force personnel after mobilization must be relatively higher in the Navy than the sister services. This is equally true of Naval Aviation where we believe, again as a result of bitter experience, that an officer or man must be naval minded first and a specialized flier second.

Notwithstanding these principles, it is patently clear that in time of war, the Navy will depend in a very large measure on the strength and efficiency of the Royal Canadian Navy Reserve and it is of paramount importance that the Reserve Training Programme should be thorough, realistic and continuous.

To stretch our UNTD and Reserve training effort as efficiently as we would like throughout the length and breadth of this great Dominion would require a professionally trained force, having sea experience, far in excess of that now obtained, or alternatively, a drastic reduction in the operational fleet.

Since the fleet is the yardstick against which all UNTD and Reserve training must be measured, this would be a short sighted policy indeed.

Thus, with the current Naval expansion and our operational commitments in Korean waters, sea and professional training of the permanent force assumes greater importance today than ever before and for this reason we want at once young men for every branch of the permanent force from the universities and the joint services colleges. Most important of all, we want them on a career basis. This is not to say that we do not want UNTD officers for the Naval Reserve. We do want them in every branch but we hope that at this time, if you are considering joining the colours, you will give the permanent force your first consideration.

I would like to take this opportunity of extending the thanks of the whole Navy to those members of the universities' faculties, Commanding Officers of the UNTD, Officers of the Naval Divisions and all who have given unsparingly of their time and effort to make the UNTD the success it is.

Finally, good luck and a happy commission in your first ship to all the young readers of "WHITE TWIST."



In Search of the Sea . . .

I sat upon the weathered rocks with old Lewis Crooks for most of the afternoon, avidly listening to the old mariner tell of the sea and of its spirit. As his deep voice rolled on over the hours the whitening surf rose higher and higher upon the faces of the huge stones. I watched the flood-tide come in churning eddies and sparkling billows with a fascination that is instilled by the deep alone.

As the light faded in the cove and the old man's tales were told, I began to wonder whether we who came down to the pounding shores from land-locked places could ever know and feel the spirit of the sea. Could we discover the incredible appeal that finds expression in "Uncle" Lew's clear blue eyes fixed on the waves; in Captain Tom Creasors' hand made sou-westers and oil skins for the men who fish off Sable; in foreman Ed Zwicker's proud little fishing boats, built to withstand the roughest seas? Could we ever sense the unquenchable thirst for the sea that is so much a part of the life and philosophy of these remarkable men?

When "Uncle" Lew and I had walked back across the weather smoothed rocks of Peggy's—back within the shelter of the lighthouse—I set myself to find the answer to my question, for it must be found.

I may say with some satisfaction that I have diligently searched. My quest has carried me across these Maritime Provinces. I have scoured the secluded coves of the two great bays, the roughened South Shore, the head of Fundy Bay, the sand flats and dunes of Pictou county and the green Isle of Prince Edward, as well as the highlands of the Cape. I have delved into the histories of the old settlements up and down the coasts. Long forgotten tales of proud, simple people have unfolded before me. Standing on deck and headland I have for long periods surveyed the rolling of the waves.

Despite all, a year of my quest, my search was fruitless, my question remained unanswered. Then perchance I returned to the rocks of Peggy's Cove. While I stood there pondering the problem that had burrowed into my soul, the old man came again across the stone whale-backs to watch with me the rising surf. As he began anew to tell of his past

the answer came over me like the flood of a high spring tide over treacherous shoals.

My searchings had previously brought to my understanding three easily reasoned factors in the make-up of the sea's complex spirit. The first is CHANGE. The billows, waves, crests, winds, currents, eddies and moods render the ocean a constantly varying panorama. There is no static monotony in the deep. Its face and soul are always changing and by doing so it captures the fascination, the inborn desires, of restless humans.

The second factor is CHALLENGE. Each and every man feels to a greater or lesser degree this insatiable sensation. It disturbs him, worries him, gives him no rest and finally prods him to action. The sea is perhaps the greatest challenge that a man can feel stirring him.

The reason for the intensity of this challenge presents itself the third factor. Every aspect and phase of the sea is huge and powerful. The tremendous expanse, towering waves, shattering force—in short the incalculable bigness of the sea is in itself an irresistible fascination for the limited perception of puny humans.

These three were easily found, yet the problem had not been solved. What was the fourth factor? The old man standing with me on Pulpit Rock, just below the famous whitened lighthouse of Peggy's Cove, found it for me with his simple words.

He had stood in silence for a long time, seemingly examining each frothy crest rising before him in the onrushing surf. Then, reaching back over the years of his memory he recalled words learned in the bygone days of his childhood.

"I thought to understand, but it was too hard for me, until I went into the Sanctuary of the Lord."

I had failed to see what the sincere old man knew so well. That the mighty ocean is but a sanctuary of its Creator.

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Lt. D. G. Wales



Lt. S. G. Machan



Lt. H. A. Crilly



Sub. Lt. (S) J. D. Thornton

Reserve Training Establishment,
H.M.C. Dockyard,

August 18, 1951.

August 19, 1951.

August 20, 1951.

Dear (Mom.... Dad.... Sis.... Friend.... Darling....):—

I expect you are well and that all is fine at (home.... your place.... the old home town....). Things are pretty (swell.... good.... lousy....) here and I think I'll have to (survive.... resign....).

I hope you are (amused by.... enjoying....) these duty letters; they sure (save.... give....) me a lot of (time.... expense worries....) and I (may be able.... can.... will be able....) to send you one every (week.... 2nd week.... month....) to keep you (informed.... happy.... confused).

We were paid three days ago and I have (spent.... wasted.... saved....) (all of.... half of.... most of....) it (on wine, women and song.... for the winter.... on my laundry....). I (think.... don't think.... 'm sure....) that I (am.... am not....) getting (enough.... too much....) pay for (my services.... my OLQ's.... the work I'm doing....).

I (have.... have not....) been run for (dirty collar.... insubordination.... foul socks....) and therefore I am (a bird.... on leave.... unique....). This Saturday I hope to go to a (party.... dance.... do....) with some (of the boys.... girl.... of the officers....) and it should be a good (smash.... time.... skylark....).

Received a note from (Household Finance.... the University.... the R. T. C.... Canavhead....) asking for, of all things, (money.... my intentions.... my resignation....). I told (him.... them....) I was (in Korea.... willing.... dead....).

You were asking me about the food here. Well, we are still being (well.... badly.... pretty well....) fed and I (hate.... enjoy.... can't eat....) my meals but I am keeping alive (on beer.... on them.... on the canteen....).

I am "writing" this (in bed.... in class.... in the Gunroom....); the (noise.... bed.... beer....) is (overpowering me.... comfortable.... deafening....) so I'll return to (it.... sleep....) at once.... forthwith.... at the double....).

(Love.... Sincerely.... Anxiously....),

Your (son.... friend.... 's always.... only one....).

P.S.—Will "write" again soon.

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Discipline Through Naval History

By LT. E. C. RUSSELL, R.C.N. (R)

One evening last winter, one of our senior naval officers afloat paid a visit to H.M.C.S. Discovery. In the course of a most inspiring yet informal talk, he made a statement to this effect: "On my bridge, give me the officer-of-the-watch who has a sound grounding in naval history, and almost invariably I'll show you a young officer who has that happy faculty of working well with subordinates and superiors alike; who is particularly keen about all aspects of conning, working and fighting the ship; and has a profound sense of duty and responsibility. He coolly analyses problems in their proper perspective yet evinces quick judgment where quick decisions are necessary, and possesses the initiative, resourcefulness and imagination required to cope with complex and unusual situations."

To those who have not been initiated into the fascinating wealth of knowledge, understanding, and enjoyment that is naval history, this may seem something of an overstatement. Yet no one will deny that these qualities are essential for the sea-going officer, learned in the ways of the sea and capable of command. Of course, it goes without saying, that sound professional training is the basis of a naval officer's career; but the point is, that history, among other things, gives a broad understanding of the nature of development and change. Whether we desire it or not, all human organizations are in a constant process of change.

Nothing in society stands still; there is progress or there is regress. Because of this, those in high office in the navy have a profound responsibility. It is they who must see that the naval service not only keeps abreast of conditions but must actually foresee and anticipate change.

This concept of executive responsibility is fairly well understood. But what is not generally grasped, is how the junior officer and the naval cadet fit into the scheme of things. Granted, he is an apprentice under training. Granted, he is one of a very important group, for one day some of his group will command ships and the fleet; but, before doing so, he must learn the ways of the sea—his professional training, and he must learn to receive direction cheerfully and intelligently in order that one day he will be prepared to accept all phases of responsibility that go hand in hand with command. That is where discipline comes into the picture.

No fighting organization has yet been devised that eliminates discipline. It is highly doubtful that it ever can be. Plato, in his "Republic," gave it as his opinion, that human nature has three components: reason, desire and impulse (which in humans are controlled by reason); and will-power, to control the passions. Discipline then is the successful interaction of these forces within the human mind. Considering the ship's company as a team, discipline is required of every man on board to ensure that there is no wastage of effort and that there is oneness of purpose and goal. Only in this way can peak efficiency be reached.

A few days ago, an interesting press dispatch appeared in the newspapers across Canada. By radio from a ship of our Atlantic Training Force, a newspaper correspondent undertook to analyse the opinions of the Cadets in the mess decks concerning the UNTD program at sea. (1) It is not the intention of this paper to examine the individual "beefs" as listed in this article (though I am certain that no Cadet would care to oil empty cartridge cases wearing No. 5 B's nor would he want to dine in dungarees). The system of requests and the divisional system properly conducted are quite adequate for the redress of grievances and the correction of misunderstandings.

This article suggests, perhaps, this important element: concrete dissatisfactions are easily recognized and, as a rule, easily adjusted. But, quite often, such surface tensions obscure less tangible undercurrents. Here, keen insight and realistic thinking is required of those who direct. The correspondent writes in part:

It may be a reflection on today's undergraduates, but they won't seem to take to discipline as quickly or as quietly (an unfortunate word) as the navy would like.

From my own observations, the boys are ready and willing to tackle anything that they consider makes sense.

Unfortunately a lot of Canadian Naval procedure aboard ship doesn't impress them as belonging in that category.

Admittedly, this doesn't jibe with R.C.N. tradition, and might conceivably make for a mighty poor crew were it allowed to run rampant. (2)

There is food for thought here in the realm of fundamental thinking. No aspect of human activities ever really stands still. Thus it is obvious, that if progress is to be assured, an ever constant watch must be kept for better and more effective methods of training our future leaders. That, in a nutshell, is the unvarnished duty of all directors of education and training. But direction is only a part of the story. What of the trainee? What is his duty and responsibility? What part does he play in becoming a well-adjusted mature man; an effective leader; to the point—an efficient naval officer having all the qualifications that the word "efficient" connotes?

Immediately we are brought back to that word, "discipline." This is a perfectly honorable word; yet even by individuals within the Navy, its meaning is often confused with ideas of punishment, servitude, and even subjection of the individual into a common colourless mass-like machine. Like most misconceptions, such ideas are born of ignorance. A little careful reasoning and fundamental thinking will serve to put us on the right course.

Dr. A. L. Reid, of the University of London, defines discipline as "the relationship of obedience to some kind of order." It is axiomatic that where there is no order, there is chaos and anarchy. Order, then, is by necessity, an externally imposed restriction upon "freedom from restraint." There is no virtue in restriction as such for its own sake, but only in so far as it is a condition contributory to the freedom to choose for better (human fulfillment) or for worse (a course which may be attractive and interesting, but in the end, frustrating). For example, we as drivers accept the restraint of keeping to the right hand side of the road (a restraint on our freedom and a discipline) in order to enjoy the broader freedom of driving with relative security.

It is obvious then, that order, a form of restraint, is essential to freedom in any social organization. To institute order, the individual must either be self-disciplined or be disciplined by conditioning and education to become in a position to freely choose the acceptance of some variety of order that contributes to his freedom. Therefore, freedom, and submission or obedience to some kind of order, are one and the same thing.

Because the training of the future officers of the fleet is the preparation of men for leadership in what is first and foremost a social organization, each and every naval cadet must develop an attitude towards training and indoctrination compatible with the above process of thought. It naturally follows that discipline confused with ideas of coercion is erroneous. It is quite true that discipline may draw sanctions, i.e. punishments and rewards, but this does not alter the fundamental relationship between, order and discipline, and freedom or non-regimentation. It may readily be seen how this philosophical analysis coincides with Plato's ideas on the components of human nature.

I submit then, that the naval officer who enjoys the most freedom of mind is he who knows his professional job backwards and forwards, who has learned how to learn and how to lead, and who has the welfare of his ship-mates and the efficiency of his ship at heart. These qualities he has acquired through discipline, both self-imposed and externally imposed.

If this approach is acceptable, how does the naval cadet acquire these essential qualities? The answer is that the process of being subjected to externally imposed discipline begins in early childhood. That is why the environmental background of potential naval officers is so important. By observation, by conditioning, and, by formal education and training we become what we are. Moreover, there are many ways in which this process may be made a rich experience and one of these is an understanding and knowledge of naval history.

Naval history is a vast repository of certain great human truths. The accounts of traditional valour and technical skill in naval war are well known. But on this subject of the relationship between discipline and the training of a naval officer, consider the accounts of the notorious, yet in many ways admirable Lieutenant William "Bread-fruit" Bligh, R.N., of H.M.S. *Bounty*, and her voyage to Otaheite in the South Seas in 1787.

The naval history of the British Columbia coast is brim-full of remarkable accounts, relative to naval discipline. Compare the versions concerning social conditions in H.M.S. "Discovery" and "Chatham" on the North-west coast of America, 1792-95, as revealed in Vancouver's and Menzies' journals. (3)

There is much to be gained by a study of the following sailing orders dated January 14, 1846, at Valparaiso, by Rear-Admiral Sir George Seymour writing from his 80-gun line-of-battleship H.M.S. "Collingwood, flagship on the Pacific Station. These directions were handed to Captain John Alexander Duntze, R.N., of H.M.S. "Fisgard," frigate, which ship duly arrived off Fort Nisqually at the head of Puget Sound. This was the time of the "Oregon Trouble" when the whole British position on the North-west Coast was gravely endangered by the American theory of "Manifest Destiny" and westward expansion.

These were the orders given to Captain Duntze (4):

"You are hereby directed to put to sea in Her Majesty's Ship under your command, on Thursday the 15th Inst., and make the best of your way to San Blas in Mexico, where you are to report your arrival to the Honourable Captain Gordon of the "America" should he be on that coast and take his directions regarding the time of your proceeding to the Northward in consonance with the following Instructions.

"In the event of Captain Gordon not being within reach, you are to communicate with Her Majesty's Consul at Tepic, and inform yourself from him of the State of things in Mexico, and the countries to the North; and if recent Public Dispatches should have arrived for me, you are at liberty to open them and make copies of such parts as may place you in possession of the views of Her Majesty's Government relative to the Oregon or Mexico and California, in order to assist in carrying them into effect to the utmost of your power.

"You will however, keep in view that the principal object for which you are detached is to afford protection to Her Majesty's Subjects in Oregon and the North West Coast early in the approaching Spring, and in the event of no urgent cause appearing for your postponing the execution of that important Service, you are to proceed to the Straits of Juan de Fuca, timing your arrival as early as possible in the month of April.

"You will endeavour, on your arrival, to communicate with Fort Victoria, a settlement of the Hudson's Bay Company, on the South side of Vancouver's or Quadra Island, in the above Straits. There you will be probably able to gain intelligence of the state of affairs in Oregon, and to procure the assistance of a Pilot, or the Steam Vessel of the Company to facilitate your entry into Puget's Sound, to which you will proceed.

"From Fort Nisqually at the upper part of that Inlet, or other convenient Anchorage, you will place yourself in communication, by way of the Settlement on the Cowlitz, with Fort Vancouver on the Columbia, employing for that purpose, Officers whose prudence and intelligence may be relied upon; and you will cause them to be accompanied by a sufficient party to secure them against the attacks of predatory Indians, or other ill-disposed persons, avoiding any Military display if the Country is in Peace, and being guided as to the number, by the intelligence received at Nasqually or Fort Victoria.

"You are to obtain every information from the Heads of the Hudson's Bay Company, or leading British Settlers, and will form your opinion in what manner the Rights of Her Majesty's Subjects in that Territory may be best secured; observing that no infraction of the rights of the Settlers of the United States in the Country, under the Convention at present in force, is to be attempted, and that it is desirable the peace of the Territory should be preserved during the pending negotiations, while hopes remain of the question between the two Governments being brought to an amicable issue.

"If you should find that under the influence of a Contrary Spirit, the Citizens of the United States have entered upon any proceedings which are of a hostile character to the just

rights of Her Majesty's Subjects, or that they are employed in the erection of Forts and Strongholds to enable them to hold an adverse military possession of the Country, you are to remonstrate against such proceedings, and if necessary, to cause the entrance of any of Her Majesty's Sloops of War which may be ordered off the N.W. Coast into the Columbia and even of the "Fisgard"; but as the difficulties of the River are Considerable, you are to abstain from that step unless it should become essential, and that you have reason to believe your presence will afford British Subjects due security.

"In case of your requiring fresh supplies of Provisions beyond those which may be obtained from the farming Establishments of the Hudson's Bay Company, you are to communicate with Her Majesty's Consul General at Honolulu in the Sandwich Islands in order that he may forward to you by any Freight Vessels which may offer, such Provisions as you may require from the supply under his charge.

"At, or towards the conclusion of the Summer, if you should have reason to consider the continuation of the "Fisgard's" Services are no longer essential to protect Her Majesty's Subjects on the North West Coast, and you shall have received no further directions for your guidance, you are to return to San Blas by the latter part of November, calling at San Francisco or Monterey, on your way to ascertain if British Interests require your aid.

"It is probable a Supply of Provisions will arrive at San Blas about that period, for the "Fisgard" as well as the Surveying Ships which may then be expected.

"While on the North West Coast, you are to make it your endeavour to preserve a friendly state of feeling on the part of the natives, Canadians, and all others who frequent the Shores, and you are to obtain every information in your power as soon as possible after your arrival, whether the Coals which are represented to abound on the Northern part of Vancouver's Island can be collected in sufficient quantity to afford a supply for Steam Fuel, and respecting the Provisions which the Hudson's Bay Company may have the means of affording to your Ship's Company.

"You are to communicate with me by every opportunity of Vessels proceeding to Mexico, and when the intelligence shall be of sufficient importance, you are to send Copies of such communications to the Secretary of the Admiralty by any favorable opportunity; and you are to write Her Majesty's Consul General at the Sandwich Islands, from Mexico, and inform him of your destination, that he may avail himself of favourable opportunities of sending you information which he may receive by the Vessels which trade between those Islands and the Oregon; and you are also to send him from time to time, information of the State of Affairs in Oregon.

"It is possible, although improbable, that before you may proceed to the Oregon, you may ascertain that hostilities are impending between Great Britain and the United States. Should you or the Senior Officer on the Coast of Mexico have good reason to expect that this should be the case, it will be a paramount duty to keep such of Her Majesty's Ships and Vessels as are in the Northern Pacific until they are joined by the "Collingwood" or other additions to their forces, within the limits that will admit of their concentration to meet any Force the Americans can collect in the same Quarter."

These orders are all the more interesting when it is realized that they were issued to several ships other than H.M.S. "Fisgard," and that they were carried out to the letter by each of the detached ships. Lieutenant William Peel, R.N., of H.M.S. "America" actually made the journey overland to Fort Vancouver and successfully delivered the information to the Admiralty in London before the Treaty of Oregon was signed.

- (1) Edge, F., "Students Shy Away From Navy Careers," **Vancouver Daily Province**, Vancouver, 10 July, 1951.
- (2) *Ibid.*
- (3) Vancouver, John, ed. (**A Voyage of Discovery to the North Pacific Ocean and Round the World**, London, 1798, 3 vol. Newcombe, C. F., ed. **Menzies' Journal of Vancouver's Voyage**, Victoria, 1923.
- (4) This document is preserved in the Public Records Office, London, and is reproduced by Major F. V. Longstaff in "Notes on the Early History of the Pacific Station, etc." **Canadian Defence Quarterly**, vol. 3, (1926), pp. 314-316.

GUNROOM

Night is darkening the historic and love(ly) city which enfolds the Gunroom. It is nearing 7:30 p.m., Friday night, or 1930 within the confines of the gates. Cadets are turning to something more predictable than women, namely the companionship of MEN.

Bodies are moving into the Gunroom. Some will not stay but the SPIRIT will overlook them this evening, in order to portray more general fixtures such as the leading songster. The post-supper routine is composed mainly of smoking and quiet conversation. Slowly, laughter swells; music is played louder; and songs are heard. The aforementioned Cadet is now singing a sea-shanty and then swings over to a ski song from an unlimited repertoire. The piano begins to throb as the accompaniment of hearty guffaws rises to the rafters.

Move deeper into the Gunroom and hear the rhythm of "How High the Moon" . . . from

the record player, girded by a maze of lounging forms and thumping feet. A crazy laugh from the far corner rises above the music for a moment . . . here a group is recalling R.T.C.'s words of advice on the coming cruise. Four stalwart characters are attempting to play a deciding hand of bridge, kibitzers and all . . . and so the evening wears on and soon the SPIRIT sleeps.

Dreams are numerous before the Cadets return, some rather groggy and late to partake of breakfast. Talk is slower and thoughts are tuned to the new day—Saturday—work party and late leave.

Vigorous language increases as the morning work parties carry out their duties, efficiently, of course. Lunch time arrives to see the late daters eating fast for slack party will muster soon.

The sun begins its downward path to shine on quiet circles of serious conversation. Numerous Cadets sit with the Padre, a centre of friendship wherever he goes.

After supper a wishful look comes into the eyes of the Cadets, a weekly occurrence, brought on only by the thought of late leave. Groups of Cadets in plain clothes merge for a beer, and disperse slowly to pick up their girls—and some-

OFFICER'S CLUB



"Tell me, young man, just what is the function of the Navy in modern warfare?"

"Well sir, I suppose to add tone to what should otherwise be a mere vulgar brawl!"

(Apologies to Punch.)

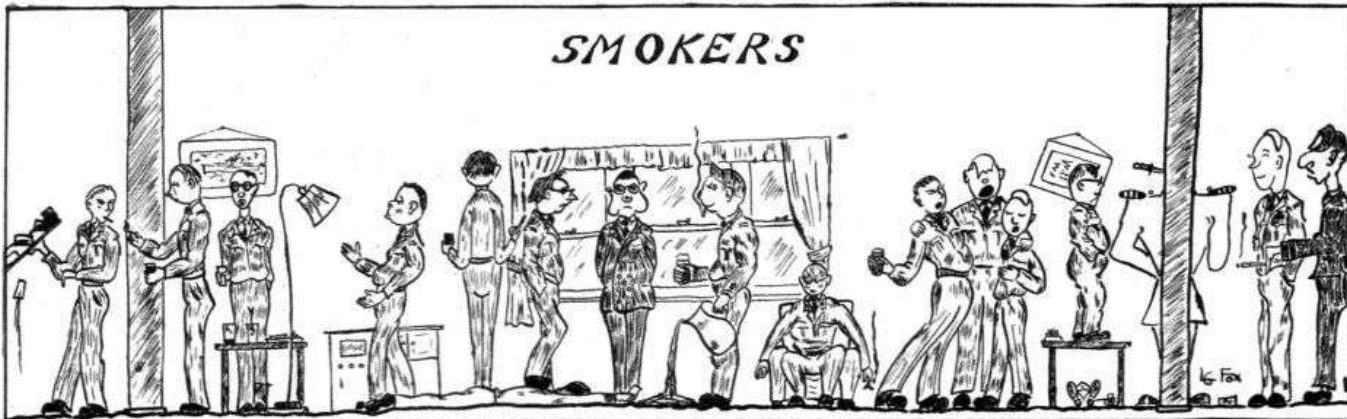
times other fellows' girls. The room almost empties for a short time; a fellow is seen sitting alone.

Stop everything! Bow down! The first girl has arrived on the arm of—on the . . . you'll see better if you raise your head. Notice the difference in the room as it again fills with people. You will notice the members offer lavish hospitality, which is sincere and modestly given. Do not conceive it is handicapped by the bill of fare at the bar. This "Humble Hall" is now at its finest.

A talented showman is heard singing imitations or one of his originals to an increasingly large audience. Applause is long and loud, after which dancing continues, while others return to their circle of chairs.

Yes, what the SPIRIT sees and hears is somewhat disjointed in the abstract but what is homogenous in body and feeling. Whether it be for three minutes or three hours the Cadets will be found in the Gunroom. The entertainment, relaxation and enjoyment found there is only surpassed by the friendships started and strengthened. There is no time element, no limited space, and no exact location for the Gunroom SPIRIT—but Cadets know where they found it and where it can be found again.

SMOKERS





CADET (S) R. B. BEAUMONT



CADET (S) G. P. SMITH

HALIFAX



SUB-LT. K. M. KELLEY

G

U

N



CADET W. HANSON

R



SUB-LT. (S) D. SHERLOCK

O

O

M



CADET R. HICKERTY

ESQUIMALT

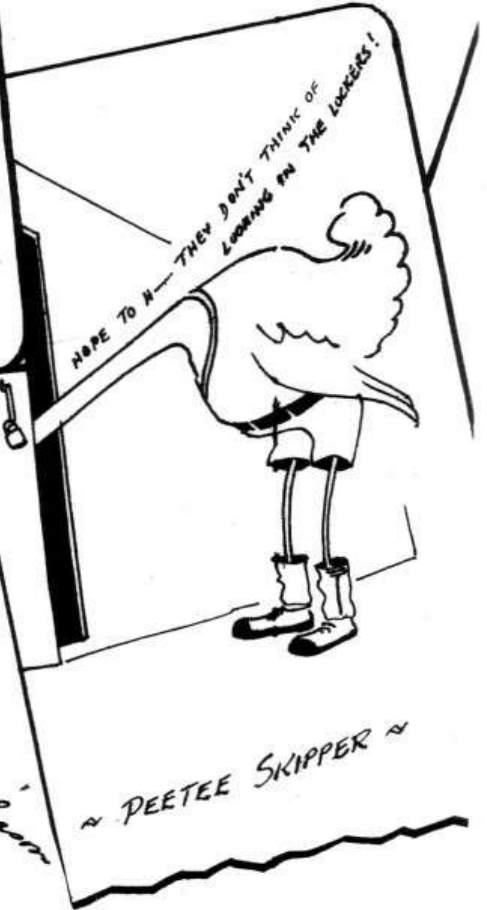
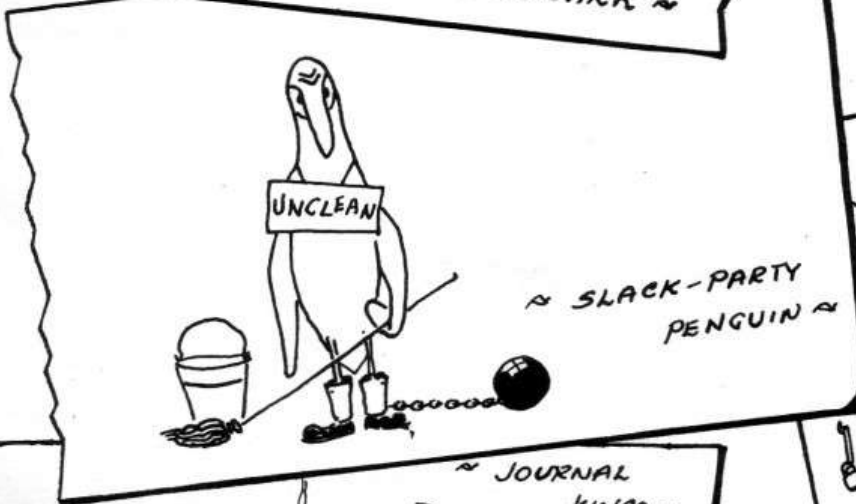


CADET (S) E. VAN ALLEN



CADET D. CARMICHAEL

Leaves from An Ornithologists Sketch Book



Blasphemy

SKYLARK: A fun-loving nocturnal bird with a passion for moving and decorating various articles. Its habitats are those areas of STADACONA fronting the Gunnery School and Esquimalt lagoon. This species displays a strong collecting instinct, and has been known to carry away fairly large objects. It bears a striking resemblance to the Slackparty Penguin, and may be discovered roosting with the latter for long periods.

SLACKPARTY PENGUIN: Despised by its superiors and venerated by its fellows, the Penguin is one of the commonest spectacles to be seen around the R.T.E. As will be noticed, it wears an expression of bewilderment, due to the fact that it has not yet realized what hit it. Like the Skylark, it has one driving passion—in this case cleanliness, and it may be observed at all hours diligently applying mop and scrubber around the block.

JOURNAL JUNCO: This bird is both diurnal and nocturnal, hence displaying a perpetual aspect of fatigue. Indeed, at times it is scarcely capable of doubling the requisite three times daily around the block. It appears to be a home-loving bird, never having been seen to leave the confines of the R.T.E. One of the most persecuted of birds, it is fast becoming extinct.

GUNROOM GANNET: Of all the birds, the Gannet is most consistently to be found in its habitat. The specimen depicted is of an advanced age, and is typical of the species; displays already many of the characteristics of its close cousin, the Wardroom Warbler. It frequently attempts to appropriate the mates of other birds. Diet is almost entirely liquid.

PEETEE SKIPPER: This widely prevalent bird is essentially nocturnal and, when awakened during daylight hours, seeks to shield its hypersensitive eyes from the light. This it does usually in a locker where it may be found regularly at 1630. The Telltale Tit is its mortal enemy.

This is Real !!!

The Gunnery School is far too soft. I have come to this conclusion after a long and careful diagnosis of their attitude.

Ever since I can remember they have been this way. A prize instance of their easy-going policy took place the very first time my division was taking rifle drill on the Parade Square. It was one of those sweltering days, and at "Stand Easy," being a rather aggressive type, I fell smartly out of the rank, went up to the Jetty Officer (I think he's called a Jetty Officer, I'm only a second year type and don't know too much about these things) presented arms, saluted, and asked him if there would be any lemonade for the division. Now don't misunderstand me, I asked for lemonade only because it was the first thing that came into my head. I'm sure that no one in the division would have minded if they had been presented with ginger ale, lime rickey, iced tea or even rum. The J.O. gave me one of those big, broad smiles for which they are famous from coast to coast, and said that the lemonade would be ready shortly, but first an awning had to be put over our heads because of the hot sun.

I said that it was quite unnecessary, but the J.O. vigorously denied this, stating that since we were down here for a summer of rugged training, torn away from our loved ones, and over-worked (under paid to boot), the least he could do was make our time at the Gunnery School as painless and as enjoyable as possible.

Another time, oh yes, I remember it well. A volunteer guard of thirty-five Cadets was required from my division to meet a Swiss Admiral the next day. Since there were only thirty-five Cadets in the division, and all of them very keen, no trouble was had in securing the volunteers. One Cadet was bothered a bit by the heat, and so decided to wear his dungaree jacket instead of his 5B jacket along with a pair of sun glasses. I must say I thought he looked quite fetching. On arrival at the Parade Square, it was obvious that the J.O. was not overly impressed with the rig because he kept frowning at the Cadet. Now I know that trying to imagine a J.O. with a frown on his face falls into the same category as trying to imagine a square circle, but dear reader, believe me, he was actually frowning.

Well, that wasn't too bad, but when the same Cadet dropped his rifle three times in a row, the J.O. went completely berserk and made him write out, "I am a sloppy boy," thirty-five times. Personally I think he was too lenient.

By the way, next day the Swiss Admiral said that we were smarter than any Swiss Naval Cadets he had ever seen.

The above example should suffice to convey my point, but for the express benefit of the skeptical ones, I will narrate the piece de resistance; all of which has convinced me that the Gunnery School discipline has broken down entirely and is breeding a condition which, to say the least, is prejudicial to good Naval order.

About seventeen days ago (17 to be exact) the division was inspected by a Gunnery School Officer and a J.O. This officer had three gold rings on his sleeve (I never could learn all those ranks, I must ask my Derisical Officer what he was) and carried a large black satchel in his left hand. Behind him walked the J.O. with a brush, a cloth, and a note-book. If anyone needed a shine or a brushing, the J.O. would take care of him. I felt rather sorry for him once because he was trying to shine a pair of shoes for five minutes before he realized that they were running shoes. If anyone had a stained or wrinkled uniform, the J.O. would mark his name down in the note-book, and have the uniform cleaned and pressed at Gunnery School expense.

The J.O. was very conscientious because I remember he sent a Cadet to the cleaners because he looked rather stained and wrinkled. If any of us looked neat and tidy, the man with the three rings on his sleeve (now that I think of it—he's called a Demander) would dig into his satchel, and give him a little prize. Nothing expensive mind you, but it was the spirit behind the gesture which I found so touching. I don't want to boast, but I was presented with a Mark IV Gyro Gunsight for looking so smart.

(Suddenly someone shook me, and told me that stand easy was over. I was just getting off the bench in the Drill Shed when the P.O. yelled out, "Alright you Cadets, get out here on the double, stand easy was over 3¼ seconds ago." Never again will I doze during a stand easy at the Gunnery School.)



Cadet Varieties of '51

As the jazzed notes of Wakey! Wakey! flowed from a mournful trombone manned by Cadet Ogilvy resplendent in wine pajamas and khaki gaiters, lights dimmed, the audience hushed and "Cadet Varieties of '51" was underway.

Opening with a chorus of Cadets bewailing the fact that although they had "apples and bananas handed out by R.T.E." but "no dames," all attention was soon centred on Surgeon Cadets Cormack and Norton (R.T.E.'s answer to Rogers and Hammerstein) who rollicked their way through an amusing original parody on life at R.T.E. which carried the constant warning that "Some Lieutenant will get you someday!"

As the parody came to an end "lights out" was heard from off stage, lights went out and Cadets Hergott and Brown, the directors and spark plugs of the show, retired to bed. Cadet Brown, having trouble sleeping, was disturbed by visions of daily routine which haunted him at night. Lt.-Cdr. Hudson's "Very good" seemed most disturbing! During this dream Cdr. Leeming (in the personage of Cadet North) was seen to enter. Brown and Hergott, on suggesting a small party, found "the Commander" ready and willing to carry on.

While proceeding to "Club R.T.E." they met a bewildered little man at the corner of Douglas and Yates who was experiencing considerable difficulty with the English language. Cadet Morlock as Victor Borge went through his phonetic pronunciation routine much to the delight and merriment of a very appreciative audience. As "the Commander," Hergott, and Brown drew closer to "Club R.T.E." the blue notes of "Basin Street" wailed through the parting curtain and there we were with a Red Hot and Blue Combo consisting of piano-man C. Sinclair, Laychuck on trumpet, Chisholm on clarinet, Ogilvy on trombone, Holman on guitar and drummer-man Hamilton. The deep bass voice of Heseltine rolled over the lyrics of "Basin Street" and the mood was complete. While the members of the party became comfortably ensconced in comfortable chairs with tall glasses and seductive females in hand, the combo, under the able direction of C. Sinclair, changed tempo and style with a smooth mellow version of "Honey Hush."

Music was interspersed with repartee by Hergott and Brown, often at the expense of Staff Officers and Term Lieutenants present.

"The Chippewa Indians"—a vocal quartet from the very outstanding aforementioned Division—further enhanced the show with terrific renditions of "I Had a Dream Dear," "Mademoiselle" and a Negro Spiritual. Cadets C. Sinclair, Morlock and McMillan proved to be real high class entertainers. Perhaps even more "high

class" were two piano selections by Cadet Kay. A selection by Rachmaninoff and DeBussey's "Claire de Lune" captured the rapt attention of the audience and held it hushed and deeply moved. 'Twas most enjoyable.

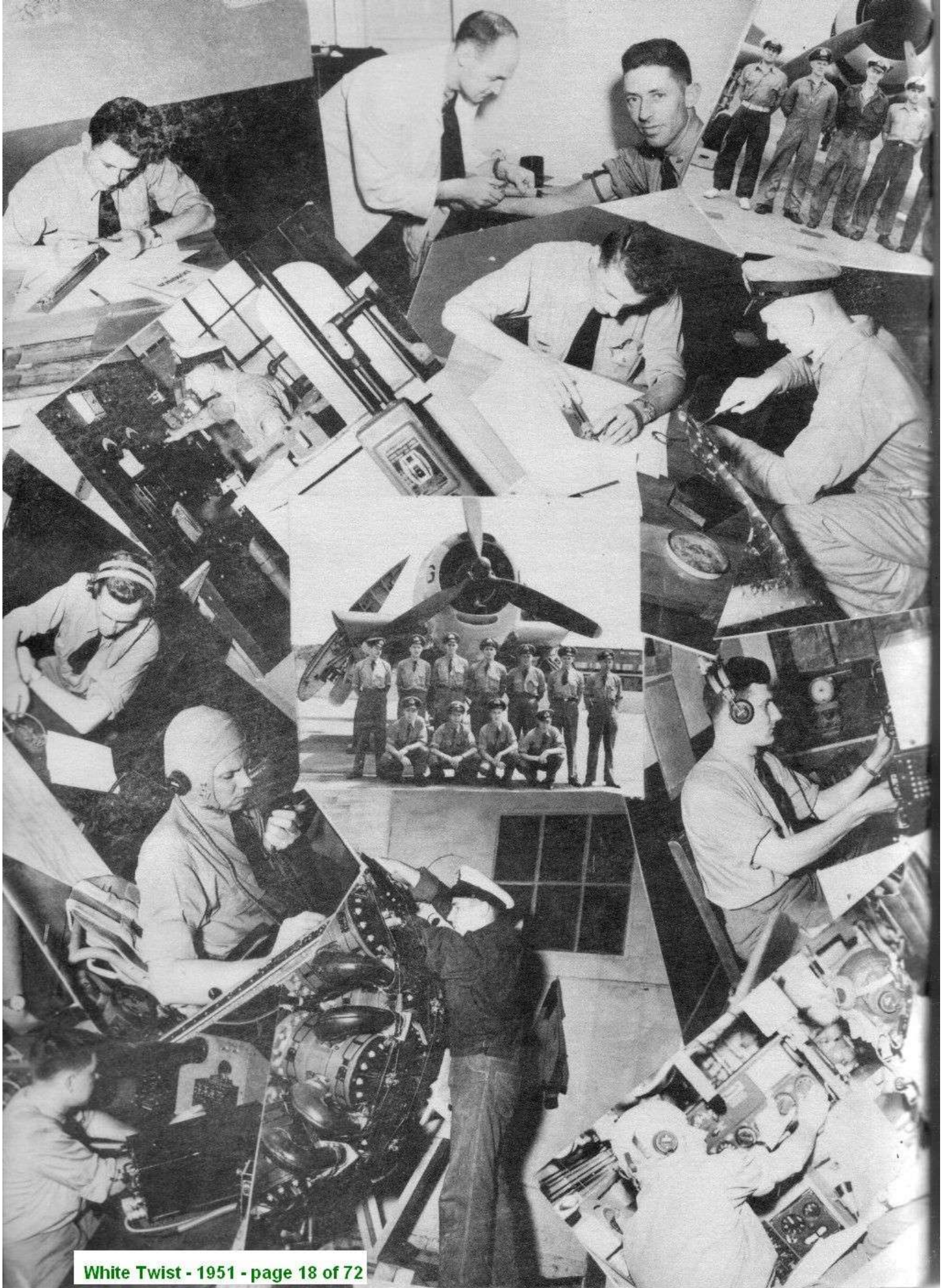
Shades of Freddie Slack! Cadets Lee, Heseltine and Hamilton did a repeat of last year on "Down the Road a Piece" and added "Caledonia." It fairly rocked the Gym. To change the rock to a rhythmic roll, back came the combo with "Nina" and a medley of three "jump" tunes. These selection seemed to stimulate "the Commander" who suddenly began asserting himself all over the place and stage about Kisbey floats and plastic tipped shoe laces much to the delight and merriment of all who have previously encountered or incurred the wrath of Commander Leeming. Commander Leeming, head shining in the front row was observed to get a terrific bang out of the "take off" on himself. As time passed on glasses emptied, heads rolled, and back went the party to the cubicle.

At this point Commander Leeming (the real McCoy this time) stepped into the spotlights, front and centre and presented some choice "gems of knowledge" gleaned from the selection boards of last spring. Tsk! Tsk! to think that in the hands of such as these lies the future of our Navy! At least it won't lack the power to improvise!

Once again lights dimmed, the curtain rolled back and in the shadows were seen the recumbent forms of Hergott and Brown as "Wakey! Wakey!" sounded in the distance. On fully awakening both Brown and Hergott recounted tales of a strange, fantastic dream which, strangely enough, both had experienced and with the same ill effects which led to a mutual moaning about Reveille. As S——Kee with his "Tickee Tickee Tee Tee . . . S——Kee Laundlee!", ambled across the stage (thanks to Cadet Sutherland), Hergott and Brown were joined by all members of the cast in "Oh How I Hate To Get Up in the Morning"—and down came the final curtain.

Lunch in the Gunroom followed the performance and suitably ended a very enjoyable evening—one ranking with the Annual Cadet Ball.

Commendation is due Cadets Hergott and Brown for Production and Direction, Cadets Moore, Eberwein and Truesdell for staging, Cadet Colin Sinclair for his terrific musical arrangements and enthusiasm, Cadet Wood for his capable assistance on make-up, Cadets Holman and Shea for lighting effects and to the many Cadets who gave so freely of their time, energies and talents which, in short made Cadet Varieties of '51—"A Jolly Good Show."



Airborne!

Two new schemes for providing Naval Aviation training for Cadets R.C.N. (R) commenced this year. Eleven began training as Naval Observers at H.M.C.S. "Shearwater," the R.C.N. Air Station at Dartmouth, N.S. While at R.C.A.F. Station Trenton, Ont., nine Cadets began training to qualify for pilot's wings. The plan is designed to provide the Navy with a reserve pool of qualified air officers to serve in an emergency.

Being the first summer course, the Observer Class has been asked to outline the setup for Observers, with a view to our counterparts, the Pilots.

All applicants went through a series of tests to determine which of the two branches they were best suited. The first Cadets began to arrive in Shearwater and Trenton in mid-May, but the course was not scheduled to start until early in June and the job of familiarization with the air bases and the equipment began. We were placed in such centres as the Tower, Air Detection Centre, Operations and Safety Equipment. We also became accustomed to the daily routine of an air station.

Our course got underway on June 5th in the Observer's Mates' School. The head of the school, Lt. (O) Brooman, outlined the course; the first six weeks of which would be straight ground school, followed by ten weeks of flying training, bringing us into late September. The training is so planned that a Cadet may earn his "O" wings in two summers, which is quite a step down from the regular fifteen months in the Royal Navy. It is hoped to graduate ten fully qualified Observers every year commencing in 1952.

Emphasis is on Navigation in the courses, with the next most important subject being Communications—Morse, flashing and procedure on which is spent one and one-half hours daily, apart from regular periods of communitary procedure. Other subjects included are: Radio and Radar Equipment, Meteorology, Map Reading, Ship and Aircraft Recognition, Air Photography, and Anti-Submarine Warfare. We also have dinghy drills and watch films on survival, etc.

The modern Observer's main tasks are Navigation, Radar, Sonobuoy, A/s Warfare and Reconnaissance. Aiding him is the Observer's Mate who handles all the radio communications. He

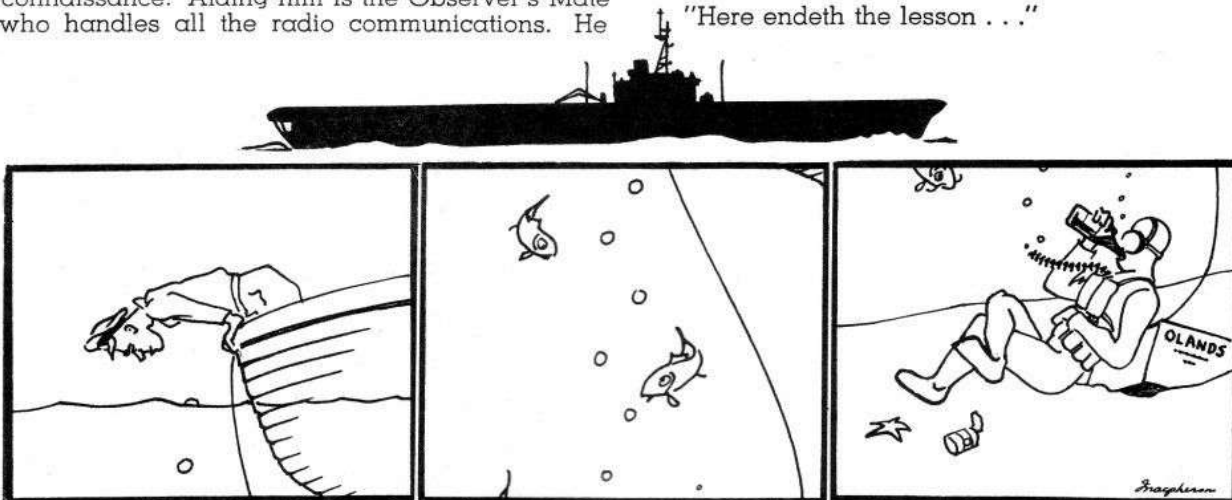
also assists in Radar, Sonobuoy and Windfinding. During our air training we fly in pairs; one as the Observer, and the other doing the O.M.'s job. The first few weeks of our flying training were done in Ansons, practising Map Reading, pin-pointing, bearings and fixes. From there we graduated to the T.B.M.'s, using TAG facilities. With the fundamentals over, we began flying on Navex cross country runs, keeping in constant radio contact with the base.

As soon as concentrated flying started, it was evident that some sort of penalty system had to be instituted because of the many careless mistakes which were being made. That is: forgetting Mae Wests, pencils, instruments, etc. Therefore a fund was instituted, with a list of fines ranging from ten cents to seventy-five cents for various "blacks." The money in the fund is to be used, at the end of the term, for entertainment at a final party. The day after it was started one Cadet forgot his parachute, which cost him fifty cents. Fewer mistakes are being made in the latter part of the summer but fines are enough to keep us on our toes and help with the expenses at our closing party.

It is surprising how quickly one picks up naval aviation lingo, while studying the difficult technical aspects of the course. Green as we were, we soon found out that a plane is a cab; when you look around, you goof; the ocean is the oggin; anything you cannot find a word for is an urfie; you don't crash, you prang; lots of power is lots of jippers; you do not fly along, you bog along; all of which helps to make a Cadet's life confusin' but amusin'.

The group of Cadets appointed to Trenton take classes and flight training with R.C.A.F. Flight Cadets of the Reserve University Flight. Their entire course will extend over three years and will consist of three twelve-week summer periods. The substance of the course will consist, to begin with, of basic flight preparation. After that half their time will be spent in actual flight training and half at ground school. They make their all-important solo flight after twenty-five hours in the air and approximately two months after their flight classes begin.

"Here endeth the lesson . . ."



England!

H.M.C.S. "Crescent" left Halifax on its second Summer cruise, July 3rd. Aboard were seventy-one eager Cadets and Midshipmen, also one civilian journalist. The Cadets were of the Medical, Electrical, Engineering and Executive branches; the majority being in the latter. Training officers were Lt. Thillyae, Lt. Hayward, and Lt. Vondette, the Cadet Term Lieutenant.

Our high spirits were, however, soon dampened, for we went out from Halifax into a stiff wind. The rolling and pitching of the ship was too much for some sensitive stomachs, and the owners of same were to be seen gazing forlornly at the cold green ocean. Next morning the weather was better and for the following two days we enjoyed beautiful calm seas and warm sunshine.

During this period we did numerous evolutions with the "La Hullose" and "Swansea." Fernand Desrosiers of Quebec City will testify to this, for it was he who took a ducking whilst being passed by Jackstay from "Swansea" to "Crescent."

For amusement we had movies, and the salty yarns of some of the Messdeck characters to watch and listen to. John Guyon of Montreal surely took the prize in this class. Most of our free time was spent endeavouring to catch up on our sleeping time, in true Cadet fashion. We were standing nonnal sea watches as well as working part ship and receiving instruction.

After seven days at sea we finally sighted land—England. Being a little ahead of our schedule we anchored in Falmouth Bay, off the coast of Cornwall. Here we scoured the sides of the ship before proceeding on to Portsmouth.

Wednesday, July the eleventh, was the day we hit Portsmouth; and when I say hit, I mean just that. Cadets seemed to be everywhere; the Queen's and Royal Beach Hotels, the Savoy Ballroom, Hillsea Lido, South Parade Pier, and numerous good old English pubs. Two Cadets, Ron Costar of Fredericton, N.B., and Tony Dunn of Ottawa, were returning to the land of their birth and were very excited about our visit.

Our forty-eight hour leave periods were started as soon as we came alongside. Most Cadets headed for London where they saw all the sights—and a lot more! Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower of London, the Houses of Parliament, Madame Tussaud's, the Festival of Britain, and of course the Follie Bergere, and Piccadilly Circus—after dark. The stories some Cadets had to tell sound too fantastic to put on paper. All however did enjoy their visit immensely and only wished they could have stayed on leave for a longer period.

There was training to be done in Portsmouth as well but this was of a very pleasant nature. Tours were arranged to H.M.S. "Hornet," the M.T.B. base, where we experienced the thrill of skimming over the water in excess of thirty-five knots; to H.M.S. "Daedalus," the big Naval Air Station at Leigh on Solent; to H.M.S. "Excellent," better known as Whale Island, the training station of our friends the Gunnery Instructors; to H.M.S. "Victory," Admiral Lord Nelson's Flagship, which though nearly two hundred years old is still in excellent condition; to H.M.S. "Phoenix," the Portsmouth Command Damage Control School; and to the battleship H.M.S. "Duke of York," now in the Reserve Fleet.

On these tours we could not help but be impressed with the courtesy extended to us by the Royal Navy, and also by the apparent efficiency and discipline in their great navy. During our stay in England some of us were also fortunate enough to visit Brighton, one of Britain's largest seaside resorts; and the Isle of Wight, a uniquely beautiful place.

This stay in Portsmouth came to an end all too soon; the morning of July eighteenth we sailed out to sea once again. Most of us were sorry to say goodbye to England, and some of us had our ideas radically changed about England and the English people. Her ignorant and loud mouthed critics would do well to get over there and see this great country. They too might change their ideas.

From Portsmouth we sailed up the Solent and around the northern tip of the Isle of Wight, steaming past Cowes, Southampton Waters, and the Needles in the English Channel. We

proceeded in company with the Frigates until early the next morning, when "Crescent" changed course. Our destination was the Menai Strait between the Island of Anglesey and North Wales. We reached there 1000, and were amazed at the beauty of the countryside. We passed Caernarvon Castle, a magnificent structure dating back to the twelfth century, then we moored in the Strait near our Captain's old training ship H.M.S. "Conway."

"Conway" is an old British Man of War, centuries old, now used to train boys, from the age of fourteen to seventeen, in the art of seamanship, giving them a good general education as well. They lead a rather Spartan life under strict discipline; a training that is an excellent one to make them good officers in the Royal Navy and the Merchant Marine.

It was here that "Crescent's" Cadet boat crew, pulling in Gigs, scored a tremendous victory over the Conway Cadets' champion crew. The race was over one mile in length. Our Gig won by one length in a new record time of nine minutes and two seconds. This was indeed a great feat for our crew consisting of Harry Palmer, Bob Corbett, John Deacon, John Guyon, Tony Dunn and Gord Mills. The boat was coxwained by Lt. B. C. Thillyae.

After a stay of twenty-four hours in Menai Strait, we sailed for Lamlash, situated in the Isle of Arran, off the West coast of Scotland in the Firth of Clyde. We travelled at over twenty knots for most of the journey and arrived at our destination the same evening to find that "La Hullose" and "Swansea" were waiting for us.

Next morning the Regatta got under weigh. Sad to relate "Crescent" had to take second place to "Swansea." We did however win the war canoe race in great style and this raised our feelings.

The same evening we had a ship's company wiener roast and a sing-song on nearby Holy Island. This was much enjoyed by everyone from the Captain downwards.

The following evening we said farewell to Scotland and set sail for Bangor Bay, Northern Ireland, where we anchored later that day. We proceeded on to Belfast the next morning, July the twenty-third, and came alongside about noon.

Belfast received us royally, and with characteristic Irish hospitality. The Overseas League put on a reception for us upon our arrival and on the last night in port organized a dance that was attended by about thirty Crescent Cadets. We were shown over the beautiful Parliament Buildings, and were introduced to some of Northern Ireland's Cabinet Ministers.

We were given free tickets to a big Ice Show; and some of us had an opportunity of taking a tour all around Northern Ireland that lasted over fourteen hours. Among the many wonderful things seen on this tour was the famous Giant's Causeway, near Portrush. Some also visited the Belfast section of the Festival of Britain.

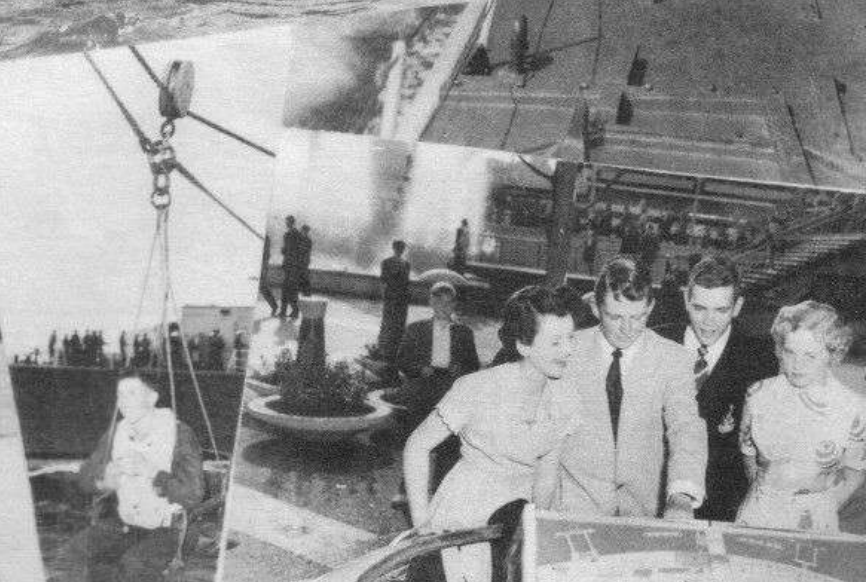
However all good things come to an end, and after forty-eight hours of pleasant liberty in Belfast we sailed farther north to refuel in Lough Foyle, near Londonderry.

We certainly gained a great deal from our cruise. "Crescent" is a happy ship, and the keen interest of our Term Lieutenant, Lt. Vondette, and of our training officers, has we trust made us "officer material." The way in which our Cadet Captains: Al Squire, Gord Mills and Bob Williams have looked after our troubles went a long way towards making our fairly stiff routine a pleasant one. We are also indebted to our Captain, Lt.-Cdr. G. H. Hayes, and his officers and ship's company for the excellent way in which they both trained and assisted us.

We returned to Halifax the first week of August, but it will be many a year before most of us have forgotten our cruise in H.M.C.S. "Crescent"; the interesting places we have visited and the hospitality of their people; the great comradeship we have shared together in the ship; and the sea-training we received. The Cadets aboard H.M.C.S. "La Hullose" and H.M.C.S. "Swansea" on all the cruises will surely share with us these feelings.



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FINEST CIGARETTE**

"Sunday Sailors"

The following thirteen lucky Cadets were given leave to act as crew pool for the Pacific International Yachting Association Regatta held at Victoria, June 29th to July 6th, 1951. J. R. Baker, A. E. Collin, E. F. File, E. G. Harley, D. Harley, T. D. Moore, J. Foote, W. E. Razzell, L. G. Stolee, J. Speight, G. A. Frost and R. B. Crewson.

The first races in the regatta were held on Sunday, June 30th, when all classes from Stars to AA- beat down from Bedwell Harbour to Cadboro Bay. Over 150 boats were on the quarter of a mile starting line just outside the mouth of the harbour. With a good breeze making them move quite smartly, they leaped forward at the 1030 starting gun. The sloop "Circe" was soon out in front taking the main channel while "Dorade," followed by many of the smaller craft, went inside by way of Sidney to get away from the current. The fog which had settled over the finish line cleared just in time as "Circe" came in between Discovery and Jimmy Jones Islands to finish first at 1440. Most of the boats were alongside by 1630 and a rather quiet evening with a few fireworks followed.

On Monday the races for all classes on marked courses began. The course was laid out with the first leg parallel to the shore, from Ten Mile Point to a marker just off Gordon Head, thence S.E. to a marker off Zero Rock, and from there shoreward again. The complete race was around these points twice, a total of six miles, and a fair wind made for rapid but easy sailing.

Tuesday, with a near gale making in the morning, all races for boats smaller than Stars were cancelled, but many decided not to race even though they were eligible.

Wednesday, with no races scheduled, was the day for drying sail, bending new sheets, repairing tears and halyards, scrubbing down, and generally restoring the boats after the last three days' races. Many attended Commodore Wallace's swim and coke party in the afternoon, although the bluish-tinted bodies were mute evidence of the coldness of the water. Another pleasant evening was spent at the Senior

Dance, keeping the barmen busy, and doing a fair amount of boat visiting in between times.

Thursday's races were held in an almost flat calm, when only "Dorade," "Alatola" and "Spirit" of the larger boat classes got past the upper mark before the tide sent all others down-wind for almost an hour. Freshening breezes made the latter part of the race more interesting, but the full two laps were raced instead of the single which the wind warranted. Many did not finish until 1800, although a freshening breeze was felt about 1630.

In the evening the cups and race prizes were given out, "Alatola" receiving the prize for first in the fleet, "Dorade" winning from "Circe" for the long distance race by sixty-eight seconds, while Hans Otto in his yellow six-meter, gained the small boats' trophy. The Gala Dance in the evening marked the close of an extremely enjoyable regatta.

The skipper of the "Circe" was short of crew to sail her to Seattle and requested that Cadets Moore and Razzell, who had been with him since the previous Saturday, be granted more leave in order to take her down. Permission granted, she was stored and provisioned on Friday, leaving with the ebb tide Saturday morning. The cruise across was made quite leisurely on a broad reach in a light breeze, while twelve Corsairs provided entertainment. Rounding Point Wilson at 1630, she sailed down with the flood tide to spend the night in Port Ludlow on the western shore of Admiralty Inlet, accompanied by two Dragons and half a dozen power craft. Very light breezes the next day slowly pushed her to Port Madison where she spent another night. Next morning the run across to the Canal was made, and the auxiliary power sufficed to travel up the Canal to the Seattle Yacht Club Berth. Customs and Immigration officials boarded, and all was cleared away and secured by 1415. A short trip to the airport, a quick change to proper dress (what a strain) and two bronzed Cadets were flying back to R.T.E., not without regrets at having to leave such a beautiful boat and the crew of which they had become so integral a part.

Regattas?

Seven Cadets, nine hammocks, a number of small duffle bags, three cases of beer, two boxes of food containing potato salad, cold meat, wieners and jam, one compass, and one chart were the crew and items that made up Boat No. 7. I found out later that it was called a Whaler. Our destination was Herring Cove where a Regatta was being held on the following day.

After someone thought of letting go aft, "Luck 7" left H.M.C.S. "Stadacona" with a flying start. The only trouble was that we flew west instead of east. The difficulty encountered with our course was clarified by "Old Salt" Tremblay who claimed that he had heard that the steel thing in the centre of the boat was supposed to be lowered when under-way. This hypothesis created a split in the ranks, and it was only proved correct when Amyot decided to personally investigate the bottom of the boat. With the Cox's, Cadet Verriers, kind permission Amyot proceeded to lean overboard while his cap carried on independently. The result was catastrophic.

"Cap overboard," was the call, and Clarke, up in the pointed end of the boat, frantically started looking for a round thing that you threw overboard when somebody falls in the water.

At first we had a little difficulty in turning the boat around the other way. Someone suggested that we had to be careful because he had read in a book that it was the wind that made the canvas things puff out. I didn't believe him, but after taking a vote, we tried his suggestion—it worked reasonably well.

After turning around several times, we proceeded on a new course eastwards. Away to the east little boats could be seen. Clarke suggested that they were the other whalers going to the race. Of course, he didn't know what he was talking about; the other whalers had reached Herring Cove hours ago. But, they had made one mistake; Boat No. 7 was the cargo boat; we had the beer and grub aboard.

At eight-thirty that night (we had been underway four hours) we miraculously reached the end of the Arm, and under sail too. Then, the wind dropped. Fortunately somebody had

thought of bringing along those long wooden things you put into the water and pull on, but everybody knew the wind would pick up again. Three hours later, pulling merrily and still waiting for the wind, Herring Cove found us. Varrier, being a skillful navigator, then endeavoured to run the boat on the rocks; he said he wanted to anchor it for the night. Eventually he was persuaded to use the orthodox manner of securing a ship as laid in K.C.R.N. We therefore secured to a fishing wharf.

The next morning Crew No. 7 was up bright and early, ten o'clock, to prepare the boat for the race. At two o'clock a Sub Lieutenant was seen puffing towards the fishing wharf and Boat No. 7.

"Did you fellows hear that gun a little while ago?" he gasped.

Yes sir. Somebody shooting ducks?" our Cox innocently returned.

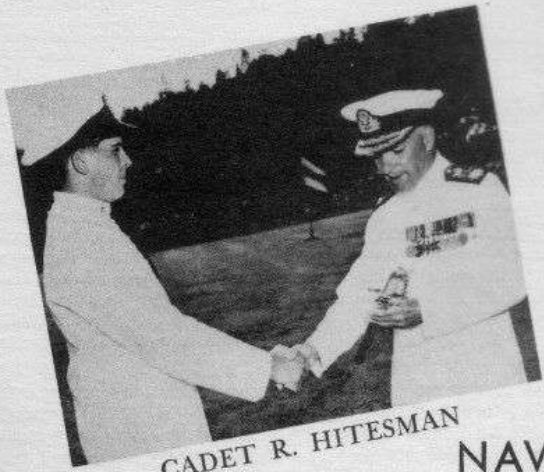
"Ducks nothing. That was the start of your race."

"Well, why didn't they tell us before," the Cox muttered.

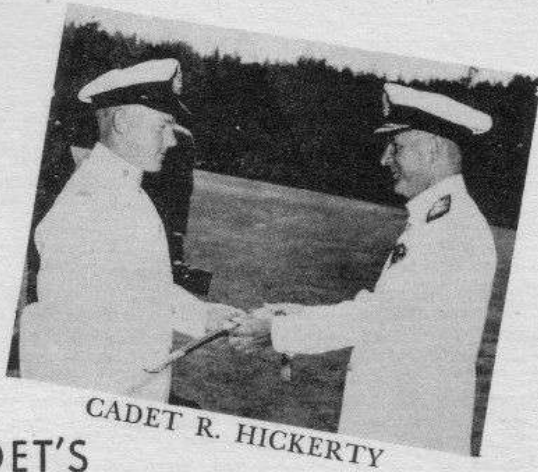
With this cheerful news, we immediately decided to leave the long wooden things and a few bits of the boards from the floor ashore and shove off. Wartman suggested we remove the heavy iron thing in the centre of the boat.

Under the "skillful" hands of Varrier, we were soon several miles out to sea. This would have been a good course if the wind had not dropped, but it did. Bostock thought we could use those long wooden things for propulsion, but he said he couldn't find them anywhere. By this time we were outside the three mile limit, and had plotted our course to Britain. We were stopped in our attempt by the far reaching arms of the Canadian Navy who dispatched a tug to our "rescue." Our distress signal was a beer bottle hoisted up the Jib Stay.

A week later, the Reserve Training Commander remarked that subversive elements were active in the ranks of the Royal Canadian Navy. In fact, it was known that one Cadet was guilty of sabotage—he had left a set of long wooden things at Herring Cove.

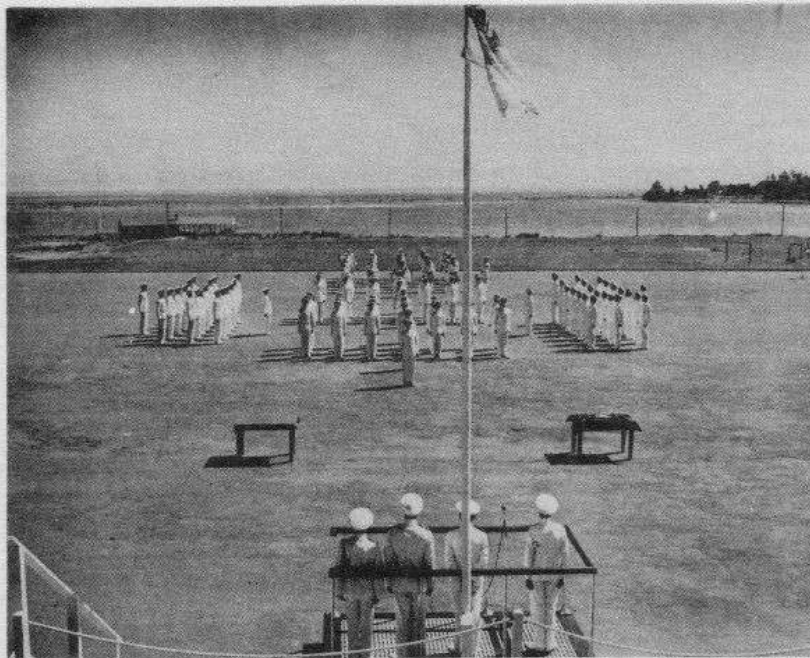


CADET R. HITESMAN

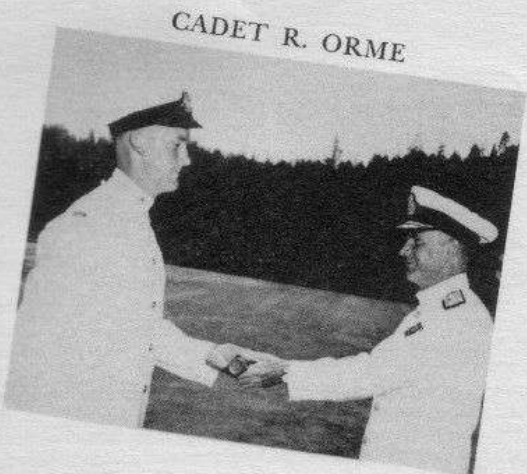


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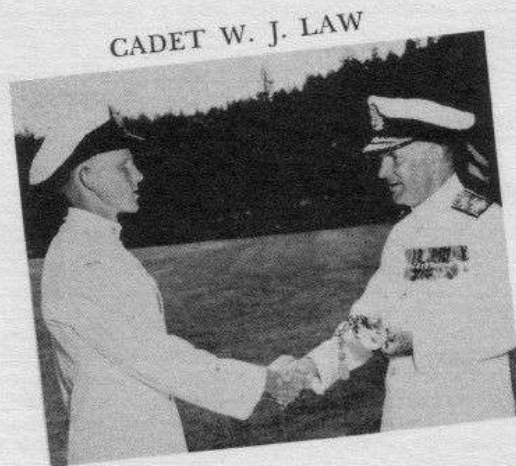
NAVAL CADET'S
Graduation Ceremony
Royal Roads — 1951



INSPECTING OFFICER
REAR ADMIRAL WALLACE B. CREERY, C.B.E., C.D., R.C.N.



CADET R. ORME



CADET W. J. LAW

CAN SERVCOLS

In "Royal Roads: No Place for Softies" (Saturday Night, December 19, 1950) Michael Barkway, a perceptive and outspoken writer, had many good things to say about the Canadian Services College, Royal Roads. Although he based his observations in Royal Roads, most of what he says applies equally to R.M.C.

Barkway wrote, "I should say it's the toughest educational course in Canada . . . This is the best-mannered group of young Canadians I have ever met . . . they (the Cadets) believe they are getting something extra that a university cannot provide . . . I was told which boy's father had pawned a suit to get him to Royal Roads. I heard about the rich man's son who had never shaved himself before he got there. (Alas, he didn't stay the course). There are admirals' sons and railwaymen's sons and a Cabinet Minister's son. There are boys of German and Polish extraction, French-speaking Canadians and every branch of the Anglo-Saxon race." In a few thousand words, Mr. Barkway presented an astonishingly comprehensive picture of the organization and operations of the College.

The R.C.N. has been proud of Royal Roads since it opened as the R.C.N. College in October, 1942.

The Army has drawn its Chiefs of Staff and many of its finest officers from R.M.C. for over 75 years.

Today, many officers of all three services are confident that the new approach to officer-training will pay dividends. The first tri-service class will graduate from R.M.C. in 1952, however we will not be able to assess the results for some years.

Mr. Barkway stated the premise very neatly: "The object of the College is to train men for command, and they hold to the simple, old-fashioned principle that you must learn to obey before you can command." Perhaps this is oversimplified, but in essence, that is where the whole organization starts.

The Royal Military College came into being in 1875, by act of Parliament. It was to be "an institution for the purpose of imparting a complete education in all branches of military tactics, fortification, engineering, and a general scientific knowledge of the military profession, and qualifying officers for command and staff appointments."

Point Frederick was chosen as the best available location. This locale has a military tradition dating back to 1673, when Count Frontenac established a military post there. In 1789, Admiralty built a naval depot to supply ships operating on Lake Ontario. R.M.C. is a significant part of the Canadian story. The College did not operate during the Second World War as a Cadet training establishment and its reopening in 1948 was a solemn occasion, welcomed by a great many officers in the service and civilians in every walk of Canadian life.

The Royal Naval College of Canada was established in 1911 as a component of the newly formed Royal Canadian Navy. The disastrous Halifax explosion in 1917 necessitated the removal of Cadets and staff to R.M.C. A prophetic alliance which was not to be truly consummated until 30 years later.

The College next moved west to Esquimalt, B.C., but its influence was short-lived. In 1922, it was "economized" out of existence.

In 1942, it reopened as the R.C.N. College, H.M.C.S. "ROYAL ROADS," on the Dunsmuir property, one of Vancouver Island's beauty spots. Its two-year course trained subordinate officers for the Navy from the knots and splices stage onward through the intricacies of radar and celestial navigation. It became a part of the Navy, as did its Cadets. The naval flavour still lingers, despite the new influences of the Air Force—which joined in 1947 to make it an R.C.N.-R.C.A.F. College for one term and the Army, which became a part of it with the establishment of the two Canadian Services Colleges in 1948.

Defence Minister Claxton outlined the theory of the tri-service colleges when he spoke to an annual dinner of the R.M.C. Ex-Cadets Club. He said, in part:—

"In the years between the wars there was often a dividing line, a cleavage, between members of the permanent and Reserve forces. There was also frequently a cleavage between graduates of R.M.C. and those who had not had that good fortune (as you would regard it). Then there was the division

between the Navy, the Army and the Air Force. Finally, there was the division between the services and civilians.

"All those divisions, I want to see wiped out.

"At the Services Colleges, I want to see the three services working as one team. Perhaps they might keep the habit.

"In summer training I want to men from Royal Roads and R.M.C. mixed up with men from the universities and from Reserve units, in the ships, at the camps and on the flying fields doing the same work, learning to like each other because they know each other.

"I want to see Active and Reserve forces working side by side, wearing the same clothes, getting the same pay, achieving the same standards, as citizens and servicemen.

"And because we have done those things, then we shall see no difference between the members of the civilian and the service community—both are citizens—but the services will earn the respect and support they deserve; because in addition to being citizens they serve their country all the time."

In practically all respects the two colleges operate to the same pattern. However, at this point, only the first two years of training may be taken at Royal Roads. Except for certain technical branch candidates, who go to university, third year Cadets from Royal Roads join their colleagues at R.M.C. for the last two years of the course.

Each year is divided into three terms. The fall and winter terms are spent at the Colleges, and the summer term is spent in ships, training camps and air stations according to which arm of the service a Cadet has chosen. The fall and winter terms involve 85 percent academic subjects and the remainder is general service training, including P.T. and Sports.

Candidates must be Canadian citizens, or British subjects normally resident in Canada. They must be more than 16 years of age and less than 20 on the 1st of January of the year of entrance.

Candidates must pass a detailed medical examination and, provided they are physically fit, will then appear before selection boards for a personal interview.

Candidates must have University Junior Matriculation or equivalent standing, including French and University Senior matriculation standing in the following subjects: English, Physics, Mathematics (Algebra, Geometry and Trigonometry), Chemistry and one of History or a language, and they must achieve satisfactory standards in a qualifying examination in Mathematics and English or French.

Half the candidates each year are selected on provincial quotas according to provincial populations. The remaining billets at the Colleges are allotted in open competition.

The tuition and other fees are remarkably low considering the manifest advantages. There is an annual tuition fee of \$100, plus a charge against the cost of residence, board, uniforms, books, laundry, etc., of \$450 the first year and \$200 in each subsequent year. Transportation allowances are paid each Cadet for the return trip from the railway station nearest the Cadet's home to either college with a cost to the Cadet of \$25 each way.

The summer training period gives Cadets the opportunity to save enough money to pay the tuition expenses for the next year. Naval Cadets are appointed to a ship or establishment with the rank of Cadet R.C.N. (R). They receive \$162 per month, in addition to free board, lodging, clothing and medical care. They study and practice Navigation, Seamanship, Engineering, Communications, Gunnery, Torpedo-Anti-Submarine operations and other naval subjects. The highlight of the summer training program is the four to six week period at sea in one of H.M.C. Ships. This year ships of East Coast Training flotilla made three cruises to the United Kingdom, while the West Coast group voyaged to Los Angeles and Pearl Harbour.

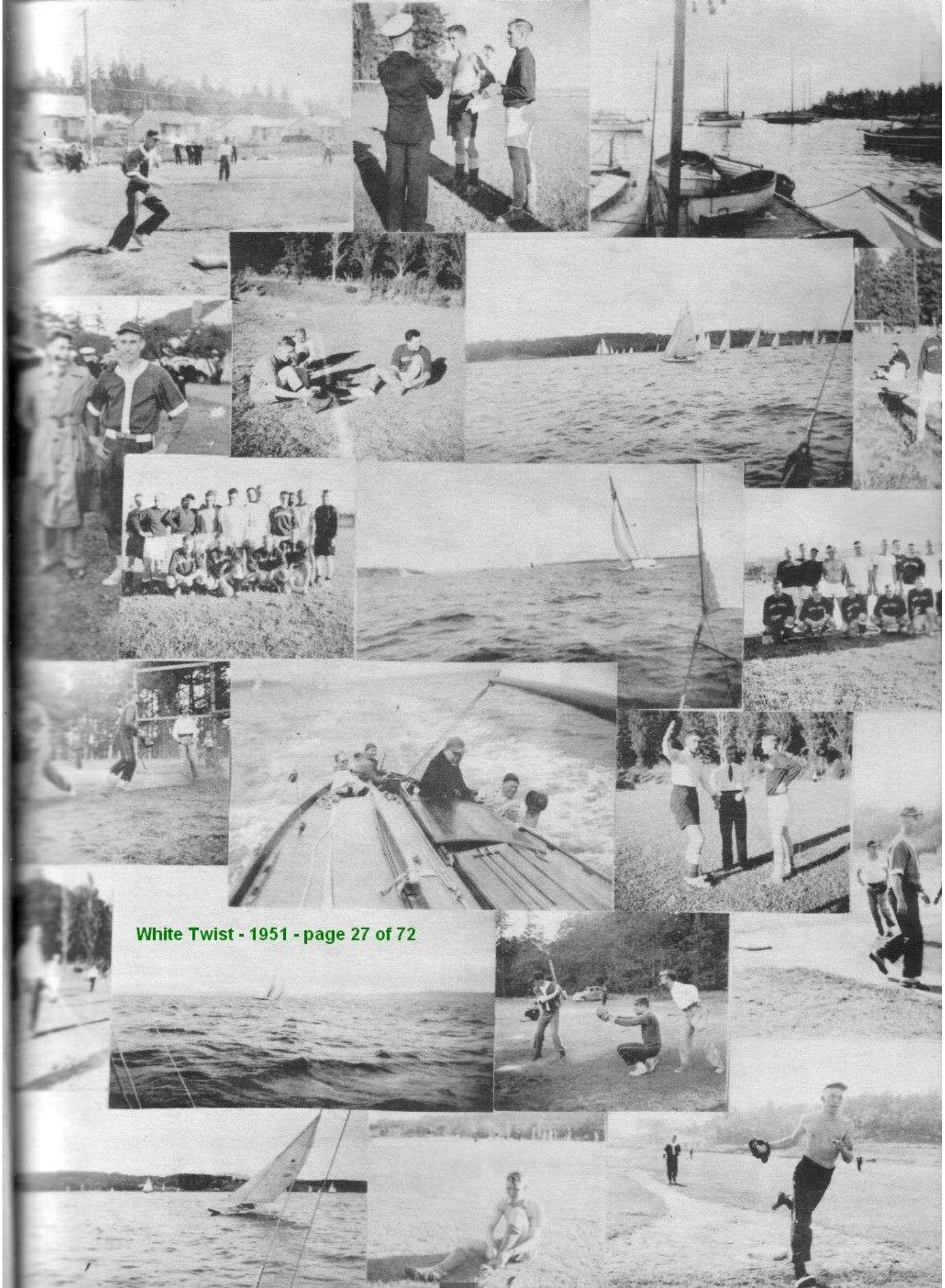
For many candidates it will be possible to win one of many scholarships, cadetships and bursaries which will defray in whole or in part the College tuition expenses.

Graduates of the course may enter the final year in Engineering courses at certain Canadian universities. Graduates who accept permanent commissions in the technical components of the R.C.N., the Canadian Army and the R.C.A.F., will be sent to Canadian universities at public expense to complete studies for their appropriate degrees.

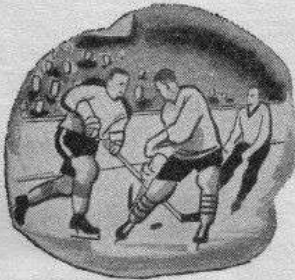
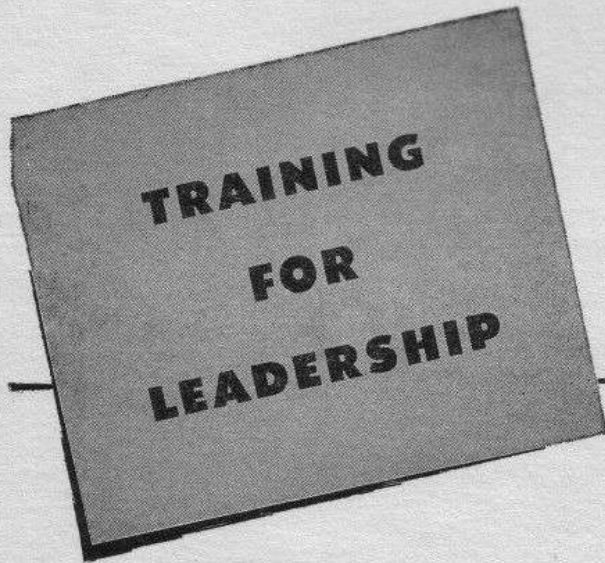
ROYAL ROADS



VICTORIA, B.C.



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The Canadian Services Colleges Are Now Receiving Applications

The Canadian Services Colleges (Royal Military College and Royal Roads) provide education of recognized university standard with military training that emphasizes academic proficiency, character building, personality and physical development. It is a combination which helps develop valuable qualities of inner discipline and leadership.

The Colleges provide a four-year course of University standard in Arts or Engineering.

Sports play a large role in the activities at Canadian Services Colleges, including intercollegiate competition.

Graduates qualify for a commission in the Active or Reserve Forces of the Royal Canadian Navy, Canadian Army or Royal Canadian Air Force.

APPLICATIONS for the term commencing September, 1951, are now being received . . . Candidates must have passed examinations generally acceptable for entry to science faculties of Canadian Universities; have reached their sixteenth but not their twentieth birthday on the first of January preceding entrance. Naval applicants, except in the case of candidates from French classical colleges, must not have reached their nineteenth birthday on the first of January.

For full details apply to:

The Registrar,
Royal Roads,
Victoria, B.C.

The Registrar,
Royal Military College,
Kingston, Ont.



THE CANADIAN SERVICES COLLEGES

Jutland

By CADET D. Q. PATTERSON

It was the year 1915, and the war had become a contest of endurance and attrition—the armies entrenched on fronts hundreds of miles long. It was the year of gas warfare, the development of aerial combat, and of plans for the first tank. New words came into the vocabularies of the nations—Barrage, Shell Shock, "Blighty" . . . "Old Bill" was a British national character, and everyone spoke anxiously of Flanders . . . war no longer meant cavalry charges and Napoleonic manoeuvres, but the annihilation of masses of men by explosives flung from an invisible distance—the enemy was the hated mystery rarely seen, the source of death, violence and misery.

That year also marked the period when the British Grand Fleet under Admiral Jellicoe waxed strong and yearned to prove its mettle against the German High Seas Fleet. But the enemy remained behind impregnable defences. 1915 was not the year of the fleets. It was the year in which the German and Allied Armies embarked upon colossal, abortive ventures, while the fleets remained at stalemate.

The end of the year found the North Sea a desolate ocean, deserted save for an occasional lonely speeding man-of-war, an occasional Scandinavian tramp which risked the submarine menace to make fast profits for its owners; an occasional submarine, running warily on the surface to charge batteries. There were sharp clashes between flotillas of enemy destroyers off the Flanders coast, and then for three or four days, the northern half of the North Sea would witness a great spectacular pageant as Jellicoe stood out on one of his periodical, tireless sweeps—ventures in which British seamen waited in vain for the sight of a foe.

It seemed that the North Sea stalemate would continue indefinitely. No power under Heaven could bring the fleets together as long as the High Seas Fleet was kept in its bases. Only a simultaneous advance, each side convinced that it had something to gain by a fleet action, would cause the battle lines to join.

1916 was to be a year in which two historic names, Verdun and Jutland, became graven into the record of mankind, to stand beside those timeless battles, Trafalgar, Waterloo, Salamis—tragic imprints of the savage, unending struggle to preserve a way of life.

Jutland, battle of the Fleets, came to pass after men had given it up as improbable—two hundred and fifty ships in a deadly contest for mastery of the seas. It was the German Fleet's great challenge to Britain's ancient guardianship.

The German strategy was based on the idea of luring a detached unit of the British Fleet to sea and annihilating it; this, coupled with successful submarine attack and surface raid, would give, it was hoped, a near numerical equality with their antagonists.

This strategy depended entirely upon what success the submarines could achieve in 1916 with major units of the fleet as targets, and on the advantage Vice-Admiral Scheer might gain by the use of his zeppelin scouts. His basic plan would include submarine and mine traps before the enemy bases; the High Seas Fleet being sent to sea as a lure; zeppelin scouting to warn of the approach of enemy forces, so that the German ships could escape any action dangerous to themselves; and the battle-cruisers used for a demonstration that would entice the British to a limited action. As his most tangible objective, Scheer would concentrate upon Vice-Admiral Beatty, the aggressive Commander of the Battle-Cruiser squadron, whose units he considered the most vulnerable in the enemy fleet.

Between Scheer's decision to attack, and the late spring day when the fleets finally joined in battle, there were three months of tense North Sea activity on both sides. Like two giants fighting and sparring before combat, these enormous forces—now grown bold—felt for grips in anticipation of the clash that must follow. Officers and men cared little for policy,

and less for grand strategy. They wanted one thing, to join the battle. They were tired of inactivity, tired of months of waiting.

On May 31, 1916, two Titans met to the West of the Jutland Bank, off the coast of Denmark; each in full force, the British because they had intercepted the German signal and knew of their plan, the Germans because they were expecting to trap and crush a segment of the Grand Fleet.

Lack of space prevents even a cursory review of the Battle; suffice it to say that deeds of valour and skill were credited to both sides. Each side also suffered heavy losses in ships and men.

The crux of the Battle had been the actual meetings between the fleets. Jellicoe was ready with every bit of his power concentrated and brought to bear; while Scheer, now numerically inferior, was employing his ships in such a manner that only a fraction of his gun power could be directed at the enemy.

The Grand Fleet rose to the occasion. The British dreadnoughts' gunnery had been the factor which actually stopped the German advance—the ability to find the target and hit. At the most crucial moment of the Naval war, the Grand Fleet was most effectively led and proved itself admirably.

In tonnage and the number of ships lost, Britain had sustained the greater damage—fourteen ships, 112,000 tons, as compared with eleven ships of 60,000 tons. On the way back the Grand Fleet steamed through the scene of the night fighting and of yesterday's action—waters littered with the flotsam of naval battle—vast slicks of oil, hundreds of seamen's hammocks, stiff corpses floating in the uniforms of both navies, drifting life rings, pieces of wood, desolate memories of the destruction which had been the price of this sea encounter.

After the experience at Jutland, the High Seas Fleet never again offered action, and made only three limited sorties during the entire remainder of the war. The Fleet ceased to be in any way a positive factor in German arms—its sole value was the negative one that the Allies were required to maintain a force to match it. As a checkmated "fleet in being," it became the breeding spot of mutiny and dissolution—an important contribution to the total defeat of the German nation.

From the bridge of the "Iron Duke," the small tired Admiral returning from the Battle showed the effects of the seventy hours of uninterrupted tension. As he watched his ships, he knew they had performed in the best traditions of the Naval Service. At Jutland, Admiral Jellicoe displayed every quality of a good commander—he was courageous, an aggressive fighter, a cool and brilliant tactician, and a strategist of the highest calibre.

The effect of the Battle of Jutland was decisive and fateful. It influenced profoundly all the military and political events which came after it. In the long range view, Jutland gave the palm of victory at sea to Jellicoe and Britain.

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Hawaii

Hawaii! Honolulu! Waikiki! These magic names had been on the lips for many a month. Now they had come to have a fuller meaning for the very places they represent would soon be within our grasp.

It was an exciting day when we boarded our ships, the destroyer Crusader and the two frigates of last summer's acquaintance, Antigonish and Beacon Hill. Crusader, the senior ship of our task group, had on board sixty-three second year Cadets straight from a Celestial Navigation course. In this group were the Royal Roads students who were to graduate on completion of their sea-time. The Frigate Cadet complements consisted mainly of first year Cadets along with some second year Cadets as Cadet Captains.

The first week and a half was spent in and around Bedwell Harbour where we gradually became adjusted to ship life. Then finally, on Thursday, July 28th, at 0630, we got underway for the long cruise—the cruise to Pearl Harbour. Cape Flattery was the last part of North America we were to see for three weeks . . . and for once it was calm. On leaving the Strait we set our course in a south-westerly direction, and settled down to life on the ocean wave . . . nine days without sight of land.

The sea was rough enough to make things a little unpleasant for several of us—seasickness is no laughing matter. The trip was packed with instruction, practical Navigation and seamanship. "Wakey-Wakey" was at 0600, and at 0630 came the pipe "Cadets to Flashing." Instruction in communications, anchors and cables, gunnery and boatwork, was given during the day to those who were not on watch, or who were not doing their day's work in Navigation. Every fourth day each watch took its turn doing practical Navigation for a twenty-four hour period during which it was excused from all classes.

This involved shooting morning and evening stars, sun-run—meridian altitudes, and an afternoon sun-run-sun. It also meant a little less sleep; however, we had only a very short period in which to absorb a great deal, and the strain was deemed necessary.

For the first couple of days the weather was much the same as Victoria's, with fair days and cool nights; but gradually we began to notice the change. The nights became warmer and the days become hot. Then on Monday we discarded our dungarees and boots in favour of tropical rig, shorts and sandals. Each day the sun rose higher and higher in the sky, its passage growing close to ninety degrees. Under the tropical sun, classes were carried out "negative shirts" and it was not long before we developed deep brown tans. Anything over half an hour in the sun was bound to produce a burn for the uninitiated. Finally, as we neared our destination the sun passed over our zenith, directly overhead. In fact, for a little less than a day the sun was actually north of our position.

On the ninth morning, we sighted land, volcanic islands rising out of the waters of the Pacific. As we neared the Island of Oahu, on which is situated Pearl Harbour and Honolulu, we sighted three American submarines. American jet aircraft whistled overhead. After taking a pilot aboard we proceeded into harbour. As we approached the inlet the sea turned in colour from blue to a beautiful green. In the distance we could see the famous Hawaiian surf as it rolled in and broke before reaching the beaches.

The entrance to the harbour is long and winding with the shore on either side lined with luxuriant tropical vegetation. Soon, however, the lush green trees and undergrowth gave way to large Naval buildings and jetties, and huge derricks in operation. Indeed, Pearl Harbour is a very large place.

Leave! That was the thing that was foremost in our minds, and that, we were given. Leave commenced each day at 1100 and carried on till 0730 the following morning. Needless to say we made full use of it. Four days hardly seemed long enough to visit all the places and do all the things we wanted. Honolulu was the first attraction. Several Cadets reserved rooms at the Y.M.C.A. where accommodation was very good. Then on to Waikiki for an exhilarating swim in the surf. It was Waikiki, not Honolulu, that had the best

night spots to offer. A place we were all anxious to see was the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, a magnificent and luxurious structure, where rooms cost twenty-five dollars a night, and where Hawaiian music and entertainment was at its best. A further attraction was the Moana Hotel with its open-air dance floor and stage, its Hawaiian orchestra, and its Hula girls. But the place where a truly South Pacific atmosphere was best created was at "Don the Beachcomber's," where "drinking good rum is immortalized."

The days, we spent swimming, shopping around Honolulu, and making tours of the Island. Certainly, U-Drive concerns did a thriving business during our stay, for a good number of Cadets rented cars in order to see the many natural wonders, the Hawaiian landscape and scenery in general, the pineapple, sugar-cane and banana plantations, and life itself on the Island.

We found the natives, made up mostly of Japanese, Portuguese and Hawaiian, to an easy going, friendly and carefree people. Of course, that is to be expected in a climate such as theirs, where it is warm night and day with little change throughout the year.

The United States Navy, in particular, treated us royally, opening all their recreational facilities to us. Officers' clubs offered their hospitality generously. The Americans also found time to give us a fire-fighting course which was extremely well organized and realistic. Moreover, they made submarines available, and took many of us out on a seven hour run. Without leaving the base it was possible to enjoy doing a great number of different things. Service personnel, and their families, have a complete, well integrated community life. Movie theatres, clubs of all sorts, sports of every nature, as well as other recreational facilities, are all found within the boundaries of the Naval Station.

The return voyage was calmer and somehow slipped by much faster. For by now we had become accustomed to ship-life and had learned how to relax. Classes and practical training, carrying out evolutions, were emphasized more, but the strain was less. Time flew by; the sun lost its strength and faded back into the South, the nights grew colder, and in no time at all we were back in Esquimaux Harbour.

Well, all good things must come to an end, and so it was with our stay in Hawaii. We all regretted leaving so soon. Hawaii is a thing of the past, but pleasant memories remain with us. Our sea-time is complete; in fact our Summer training is drawing to a close. Soon we will be back at our respective universities scattered across Canada, where Hawaii is but a name. Yes, then we can tell our friends to "join the Navy and see the World."



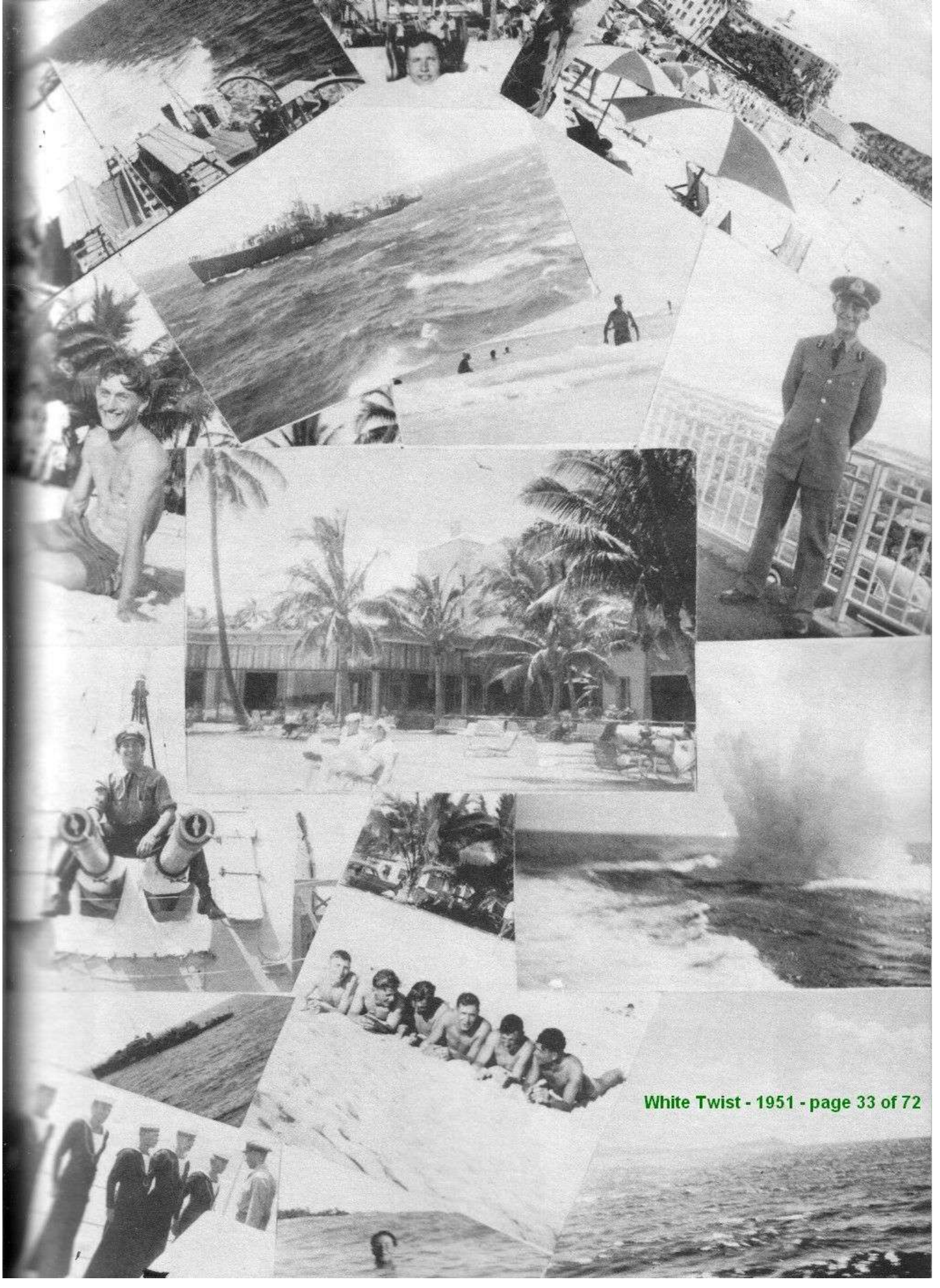
Night Watch

Flashing light on the starboard quarter,
Golden moon on the starboard beam,
Firefly lights in the churning water,
The ship rolls on in a restless dream.

Shudder and crash and the white spray flying,
Silhouettes on the silent bridge,
Wind in the rigging, screaming, crying,
Wailing the tune of a funeral dirge.

Down below there are bodies snoring,
Tousled hair and bony hip;
Lulled by the noise of air-vents roaring,
Rocked by the surging, rolling ship.

Here is a speck on the heaving ocean,
These are men with a matchless faith,
Safe in a cradle of ceaseless motion,
The sky, the sea, and eternal space.



Routine !!

"Wakey! Wakey! Rise and Shine . . ." is without a doubt the most popular pipe of Daily Routine—providing you are on the right end of the pipe. However, wakey, wakey is only one of the necessary evils that are prevalent at H.M.C.S. "STADACONA."

Thud! You're on the deck; clap! clap! clap! you're in the washroom. Swish! swish! swish! mmmmm! there, that does it. No sooner have you brushed your boots, etc., and sunk your teeth into a piece of crispy toast when "Cadets out pipes" screeches over the P.A. System.

There is then a rush with which the charge of the Light Brigade has no comparison as Cadets fall in in front of their block. From there they march to the familiar, well-trodden parade square for Morning Divisions.

When the G.I.'s melodious voice croons, "Hands to Divisions—carry on," everyone just flies towards their markers. After the preliminaries are over, the anxiously awaited inspection takes place. I recall one Term Lieutenant who, noting the unshaven face of a bleary-eyed Cadet, demanded:

"Did you shave this morning?"

"No," was the reply.

"No what?" the Lieutenant said angrily.

"No blade, Sir," was the quick retort.

At H.M.C.S. "STADACONA" we are told that a Naval Officer should possess the qualities of politeness, kindness, consideration and graciousness. It is very considerate of the Navy to get us up at 0630 on week-days and 0730 on Sunday. Then too, the graciousness displayed by a peeved G.I. is far from reproach.

Kindness is probably the most important quality of all, and so the Navy encourages parties every day; the Boat Keepers Party, the Cafeteria Party, and best of all, the Slack Party, are just a few of the extravagances that are practised.

It is not unusual to be disturbed from resting during lectures. "We must be considerate of others because . . . that Cadet, wake up! Go out and double around the Parade Square three times."

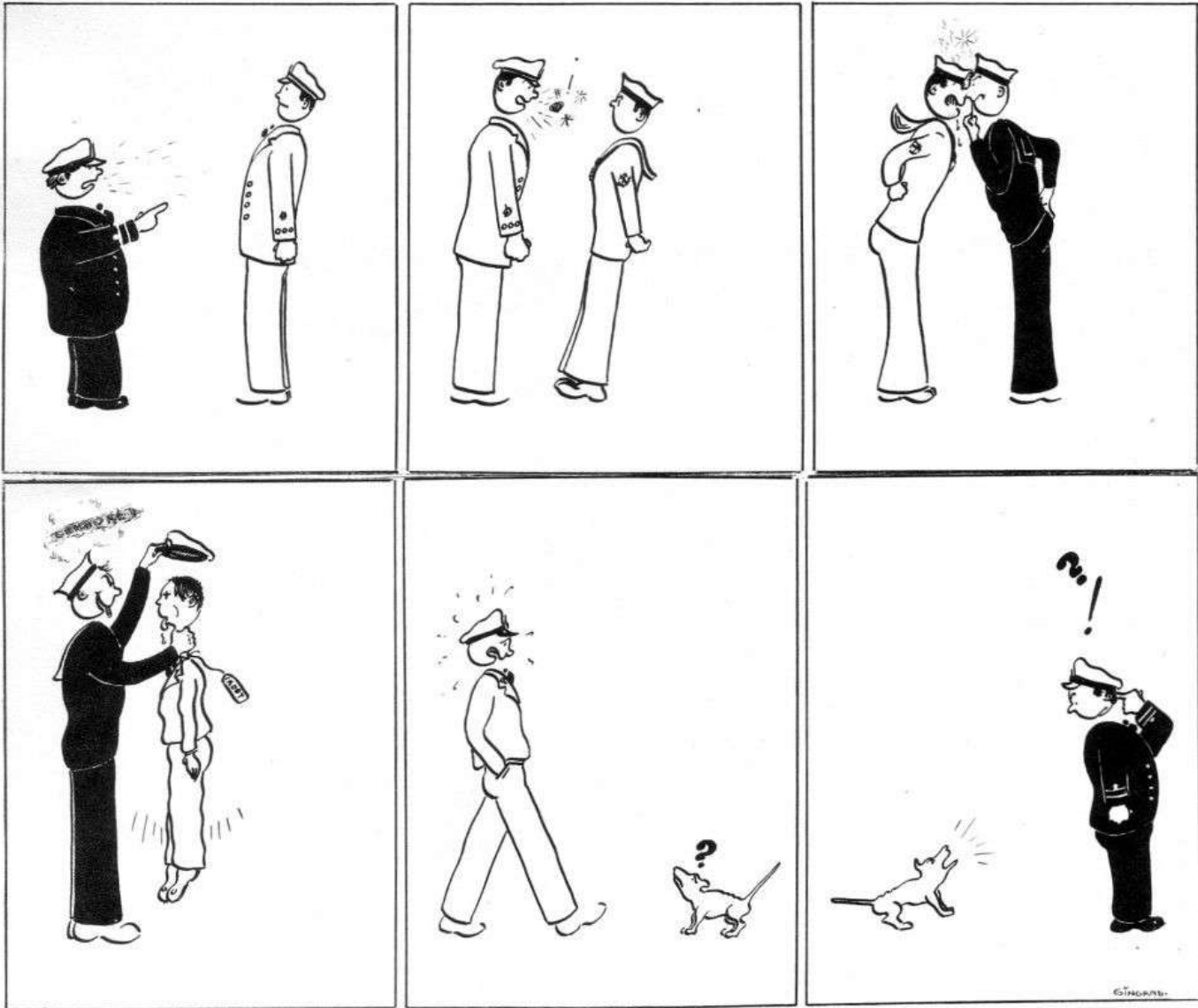
Finally dinner hour arrives, and just when we are munching our first mouthful of potatoes, the P.A. System blares out, "Cadet Jones, report to the Regulating Office." By the time you find out what you are required for, the P.A. System again beckons, "Cadets—Out Pipes!"

Once again we line up in our respective divisions and await more orders. At this time the S.O.C. usually has a word or two to say, "Laxness seems to be the trend of the day. You must buck up your ways and look smarter in the future. Carry on please."

At 1630 we attend sports in rear of the Communications School. The game is to see how many little flashes of light you can count in a minute.

Supper is comparatively quieter than the noon meal as there are fewer pipes. This fact is a direct result of the absence of the Regulating Branch from the Cadet Block.

2230 "All Lights Out," is piped and the response to this pipe is remarkable. One can hear a pin drop anywhere in the Cadet Block. Thus ends another normal day of Cadet training. Oh, won't they hurry up and pipe "Wakey wakey"; I do hate wasting time in bed



H. Q. for Officers . . .



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Korean Venture !!

By W. L. JACKSON, Ex-Cadet, R.C.N. (R)

It was June, 1950, and war had just broken out in Korea. At that time three of our destroyers, H.M.C.S. "Cayuga," "Sioux" and "Athabaskan," were outfitting in Esquimalt for a proposed cruise in European waters. When our military leaders pledged their full support to the United Nations, it was decided that these three ships would make up Canada's initial contribution.

So it was that I, a Reserve Sub Lieut. spending two weeks seetime aboard a temporarily "jetty bound" vessel, was suddenly faced with the opportunity of taking part in what might prove to be the opening battle of the Third World Conflict. Although hesitant at first, remembering my forthcoming school term, I soon yielded to the infectious "war-fever" prevalent at that time; thus, much to the satisfaction of the remainder of the ship's junior officers who had been hoping for another Sub to round out the duty list, I officially became a member of Athabaskan's wartime complement. At that time I was the only reserve officer attached to the destroyer, but was soon joined by Sub Lieut. (S) D. Sherlock, R.C.N. (R) also a former Cadet.

Within a few days, on July 5 to be exact, the other two destroyers and ourselves in company with the cruiser "Ontario" slipped from Esquimalt and proceeded to sea. The adventure had begun. This was no training cruise; here was the real thing with an operational ship working up her crew for action.

We crossed the Pacific in four legs after fueling from "Ontario" three days out of Esquimalt. The first stop was Pearl Harbour followed by Kwajalein and then Guam. We arrived off Kyushu, the southern-most island of Japan, on the evening of July 28; and by mid-morning of the 29th we were navigating the swept channel through the mine fields guarding Sasebo, the former Japanese Naval base which was now the chief port for the United Nations Naval Forces in that area.

The war had been in progress for a month, and the American and Republic of Korea forces were holding on in grim determination to a narrow 35-mile perimeter around the port of Pusan. On arrival "Sioux" and "Athabaskan" were assigned to escort duty, and for nearly two weeks plied swiftly between Sasebo and Pusan conveying thousands of American troops and tons of equipment which were soon to stem and turn the tide against the Communists.

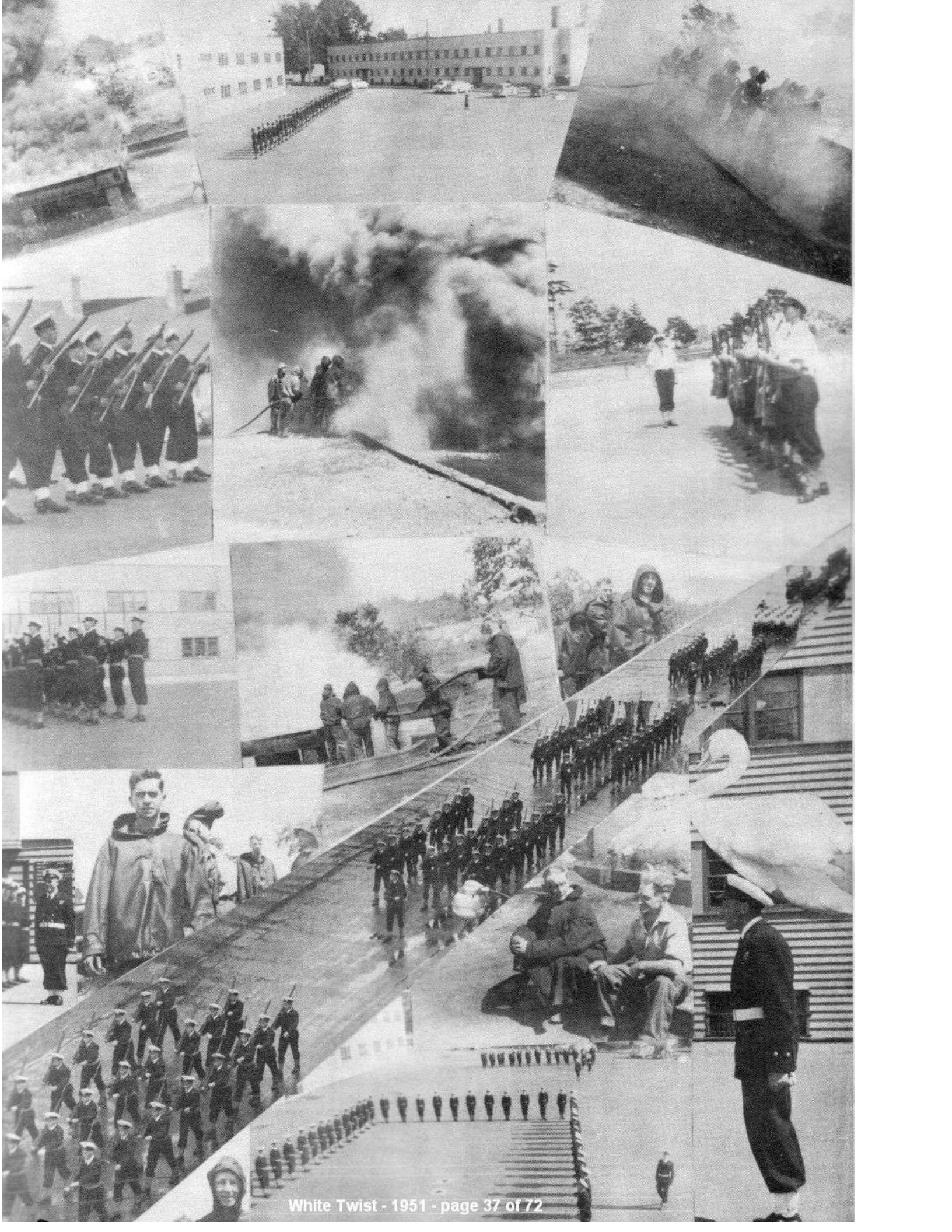
Despite the fact that such a task resulted in a certain amount of tedium, there could be not let up in the efficiency of the ship as a weapon of war. Consequently in "Athabaskan," as in other United Nations Naval vessels, the ship's company was expected to make few if any mistakes in the extensive action drills which were carried out daily and often at night. In such an environment one has to learn quickly (as I found out to my embarrassment several times).

Although our periods at sea were long and often monotonous, our periods of leave in Japan were rather pleasant. Believe me, there is not a more enchanting way to combat boredom than by sipping tea or saki while beautiful Japanese Geishas play fascinating native music and perform exotic traditional dances in that fairyland of paper, porcelain and silk.

The highlight of "Athabaskan's" activity in the Korean Theatre (up to the time when I returned to Canada) occurred during the latter half of August when she was working with the West Coast Patrol Force. For six out of ten days our guns hammered at Communist targets on the mainland. The actions began on the third day of the patrol with the shelling of a battery of 120mm. guns near Kunsan, and ended nearly a hundred miles north with the capture of a group of islands within sight of Inchon. Among these was a little island called "Hachibi To" which was taken entirely by Canadian sailors led by the First Lieutenant of "Athabaskan," Lt.-Cdr. T. S. R. Peacock. It had been an eventful ten days for "Athabaskan" and her crew because, for the first time, she had fired her guns in anger, and, for the first time, she had seen the devastation of their shells. We had made our first landings, and seen our first casualties of the Korean War.

August had seen the tide turn in favour of the United Nations forces, and at the end of the month Sub-Lieutenant Sherlock and myself were given the opportunity by our captain, Commander R. B. Welland, D.S.C., to return to Canada to continue our university courses. And so it was, although we had volunteered for an indefinite period, that we were able to return for the Fall registration.





Cadet Trial Finished

ESQUIMALT, B.C. (AP)—Completing a three day sitting to-day, Naval Courts found Cadet I. M. Dence guilty of subversive acts in attempting to slander the Reserve Training Establishment, Esquimalt.

DEFENCE

Cadet Dence based his defence on the fact that he was left to his own devices too much while in R.T.E., and attempted to write a short story in a jocular manner about his training.

Your reporter, sighting Cadet Dence for the first time in court, was amazed at the subdued manner in which he testified. However, there was no evidence of drugs being used to force information as was alleged by various sources not at all friendly to R.C.N. (R) Cadets.

HIGHLIGHT

The highlight of the trial was the submission of the essay Dence was found writing by the prosecution; it read as follows:

It was one of those typical "Blue Mondays," the rain dripped down with an incessant patter, the Commander's back was giving him trouble, the X.O. was feverishly working himself into a "hate," and the 1st Lieutenant's ulcers were bothering him; in fact, things were normal at R.T.E. That is, all but with the Staff Officer Cadet; he had had a whispered conversation from a pay phone in town.

"Sir, my name is Bodkins, and I have fifteen little men with me—we're Cadets, and please may we have a ride from the C.P.R. Jetty to Leeming's School of Correction?"

"Oh, very well Bodkins, we'll be glad to lock . . . er put you up."

"Oh, thank-you, Sir."

With that the conversation ended, and the Staff Officer Cadet snarled into the inter-office communication system to annoy the Commander, heckle the X.O., and insult the 1st

Lieutenant—"Ah Ha!" he thought with sinister mirth, "they don't know it, but now we're ready to receive the Cadets!"

Then it happened! A cattle wagon (called a personal carrier by the R.C.N.) squealed to a stop; a gunner's mate roared "Fall in there—no! not there, THERE!!!" The Commander and his minions, the X.O., the 1st Lieutenant, and the Staff Officer Cadets grabbed their caps and bull whips, and as one left for the parade square.

"I have something to say to you," droned the Commander, as he unfalteringly walked with measured steps towards the petrified Cadets. "When you are in this institu . . . er establishment, you shall do as I say, not as I do; that is all, thank-you."

"Carry on Term Lieutenants," bellowed the X.O.

"Hold your heads up," roared the 1st Lieutenant.

Cadet training was underway, and with the scurry of hens rounding up their chicks, the Term Lieutenants chittered and clucked around the body, alternately cajoling, screaming and snarling, trying to impress these poor unfortunate souls, these future leaders of Canada!

So this was R.T.E. I must admit tha . . .

I hereby certify that without duress or coercion the above is a farcical picture of R.T.E., and in fact, the direct opposite to that which occurs.

Given under my hand at Esquimalt, British Columbia, this twenty-fifth day of May, nineteen hundred and fifty-one.

Signed: I. M. DENCE.

Cadet Dence has been sentenced to 10 years in the Salt mines.

Initiative, Taking the

On Friday the Navy has Ceremonial Divisions. Well, this Friday it was hot, and there was not a cloud in sight. In the Block, the Cadets were patiently waiting for the "fall in" pipe. They were obviously restless, and some of them were bored. After all, there is a limit to what one can find to do in his spare time. Most of the lads had been shaved, dressed, brushed and rebrushed for quite some time, and now they were sitting around listening to some old salt tell of his adventures during the last cruise.

"Oh, we really had some clueless guys on that last trip," he said, as he swung his cap around his extended finger. It was a beautifully misshapen cap, with a badge as green as lettuce, attributable to his efforts with a salt shaker. Elaborating his last statement, the Ancient Mariner went on to describe a chap who had become so demoralized by the repercussions resulting from reporting the rising moon as a flashing light at red six-zero, that he could no longer think very well.

At this point, the old salt was rudely interrupted by the blare of the P.A. System: "Cadets out pipes. Burberries will be worn."

"What's the idea?" said the salt, dumfounded, "It's stifling outside."

"There must be some reason," added another Cadet who was a bit of a philosopher. He thought deeply a moment and then announced that he had the answer. "Remember about two months ago, it started raining when we were at Friday Divisions?"

The others remembered vividly. It had been a cloudy day, and they had been told to carry their burberries. After

they had numbered, dressed and redressed to everyone's satisfaction, it started to rain. One of the Cadet Captains saw the plight of his men in their up to now spotless uniforms, and so, apprehensive of giving the obvious order, he turned to the Lieutenant in charge of the division: "Permission to give the order 'on Burberries,' Sir."

The Lieutenant, faced with this dilemma, hesitated, glanced at the officer in charge of "A" Company out of the corner of his eye, and said, "Just a minute, please." When he reported his division to the Company Commander, he repeated the Cadet Captain's request.

"A" Company Commander hesitated, glanced out of the corner of his eye at the Parade Commander, and, waiting for a raindrop to fall from his nose before he spoke, said, "Just a minute, please."

The Parade Commander, in making his report to the Commodore, had to halt in a large puddle in order to bring himself to the standard distance from the latter. In the meantime, the Cadets had lost the train of events at the Parade Commander stage and had assumed that the request had gone to Ottawa for deliberation and clarification.

"So you see," said the philosopher cleverly, "it's as plain as the nose on Durante's face. After two months of careful consideration of the Cadet Captain's request, an answer has been received from Ottawa. Permission to don burberries has been granted by the Minister of National Defence. Therefore, we have to wear them today."

"Yes, that's the answer," said the Ancient Mariner, adding a pinch of salt to his cap badge.

The Challenge of the Mast

Maybe you'll remember from our pleasing past,
Tales and tiny fragments of the years before the mast;
Of the days of swiftly sailing upon that stolid sea;
Of the countless, endless ventures, and the nights of revelry.

When the Pitching North Atlantic threatened us with doom,
And the omnipresent dangers shroud us all in gloom;
As we stood upon the foc'sle flanked on either side,
By the towering, trembling water—this was ours to ride.

On thunder did its challenge roll, titanic in its note,
Scorning men with human soul with hope to stay afloat.
Its laugh became a thing of awe, of fear, and then of hate;
A cyclops mad with urge to kill—its power never to abate.

Through blackened days the storm did hold, potent in its blast;
And blacker nights the turgid seas leered and sped on past;
While in that kaleidoscope of time the world became a whirl,
Aspinning, surging, swirling mass—and we the treasured pearl.

We plumbed the sky's supernal seat with one mad swelling sweep,
Faltered, pitched, and plunged our way, down to the briny deep;
From crest to trough, an instant age, one fleeting pang of fear,
The final glimpse of billowed crests that one to all was dear.

And while we floundered in that pit the main was heard to crack,
The clefting knell of shattered mast—the bark had broke her back.
Not main alone, but fore did fail, crashing to the deck,
And with it—any hope at all to free that fated wreck.

The time for thought was twinkling scarce, the sea had other planned,
She swamped our decks both fore and aft before the boats were manned;
The dorries from their davits torn and flung down to the sea,
Both boat and soul were swallowed whole—that left just you and me.

We tottered on that giant jaw, that brink of black abyss,
And heard the sea's triumphant roar with fearful rending hiss;
With frantic haste we scanned the crests for any sight of land,
And then, too late were crushed to sea by some gigantic hand.

Our ship was lost and did not rise, her frame a battered hulk
Could not withstand the dire defeat and fled away to sulk;
The troubled depths did cleave a path—prepared a bed of kelp,
While I still struggled far above in vain recourse for help.

I smote the waves with puny hands as only humans would,
And pitted all my feeble strength to hold whereon I stood;
To keep my head above the waves and fill my lungs with air—
Fulfillment of a worldly wish: Grasp firm of LIFE'S short hair.

I felt the waves break o'er my head and drank the choking brine;
My senses tortured by the sea with sights that were not mine.
The world did seem a flashing orb, wending through the night,
And round it spun the blinding stars with me in hasty flight.

I feel my sight slip from my grasp, my mind begins to dim;
The colours in spasmodic change allow the black to win.
The pulsing pain that beat my chest I now can feel subside,
And here I do relinquish life—prepare my downward ride.

I know the kelp is waiting there for captain and his ship,
And maybe you will find us there if 'hap you take the trip.
Yet if I had it all again, I ne'er would make a change;
I'd sail the high and stormy seas, from Heav'n and Hell to range.

The Gunroom Library

One of the most recent additions to the facilities of the Reserve Training Establishment, West Coast, has been a library, an addition advocated in numerous Cadet journals over the past two years. Located in the former Wardroom, the actual facilities have been built at government expense, while the greater part of the books have been provided by the Cadets themselves. In addition to providing reading material, the Library acts as a source of supply for textbooks used in the summer training programme.

Naval libraries in the past have generally fallen into two main classes: first of all, the general library usually found in the ships of the fleet containing a wide variety of current (and not so current) fiction and non-fiction of a rather general nature; then there is the large technical reference library maintained in the staff college. In between is the fleet establishment library such as "Naden's" which is to the Navy what the public library is to the city. Our problem has been to determine the function of the Gunroom Library: to what extent it is to be general, and to what extent it is to be reference. In making the decision there were certain factors to be considered.

First of all, Victoria possessed a fine general library. This was counterbalanced by the necessity of providing reading material for the Cadets taking the divisional courses who were not allowed leave on week days. In addition it was felt that many Cadets would prefer to draw books from the establishment's library rather than make a special trip ashore.

On the other hand, Cadets are only available for training four months of the year, and if they are to be given a well-balanced training in that time, it is absolutely essential that they have some sort of background in naval history and tradition. To assist in this, the Naval Service provided the Library with 150 copies of "The Far Distant Ships," the Gunroom 300 copies of "The Battle of the Atlantic." These books form the basis for a program of reading which commences with the first year Cadets, and which will be added to as the Cadet continues on through his years of training. At the same time, it was felt that the Library must try to provide material on naval and related subjects of sufficient interest that this process of familiarization would be, as enjoyable, and as profitable as possible.

Eventually a compromise as to the nature of the Library was reached. The predominant stress would be on reference material, but general reading material would be given a prominent place.

Unfortunately, this policy is a little difficult for the Cadet body to appreciate inasmuch as they are the ones who are paying the shot. In return for their monthly Library fee they

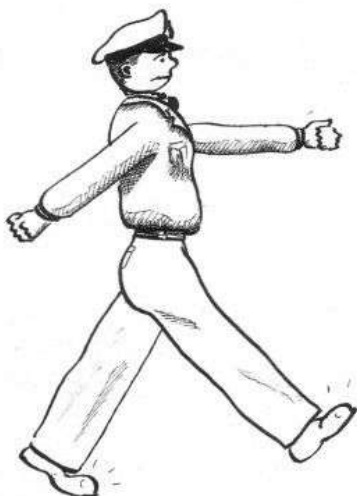
expect to see results—immediate results in the form of books on the shelves that they will wish to read. They are not at the moment interested in "The Background of Eastern Seapower" or "The Grand Fleet, 1914-1916." Granted that Cadet training is still in its early stages, and that at the present moment there is no time to delve into the mysteries of naval operations in the First World War to any great extent, nor into the growth of eastern navies, yet the time is at hand when a thorough understanding of these topics will be a necessity for every Cadet, a necessary background for a thorough understanding of contemporary naval problems.

Provision of adequate time for this type of reading is being taken into consideration in the planning of future training programs, and if full use is to be made of the time thus spent, adequate library facilities must be ready for immediate use. Granted that some of the Cadets who are paying for these books will be elsewhere next year, their successors will have, close at hand, a ready source of information, and they in their turn will make additions to it for succeeding classes of Cadets, so that in time, the West Coast will be able to boast of a source of naval reference material second to none in Canada.

Eventually the Gunroom Library should be able to provide all the reading material necessary to form the basis of the well-rounded education required of a naval officer. In providing for this ultimate end, there must be included in the Library books on Canadiana, naval history and development, technical material in specific fields, political and social histories of other peoples, and finally, what is the greatest of all, the broadening influence of the world's great literature.



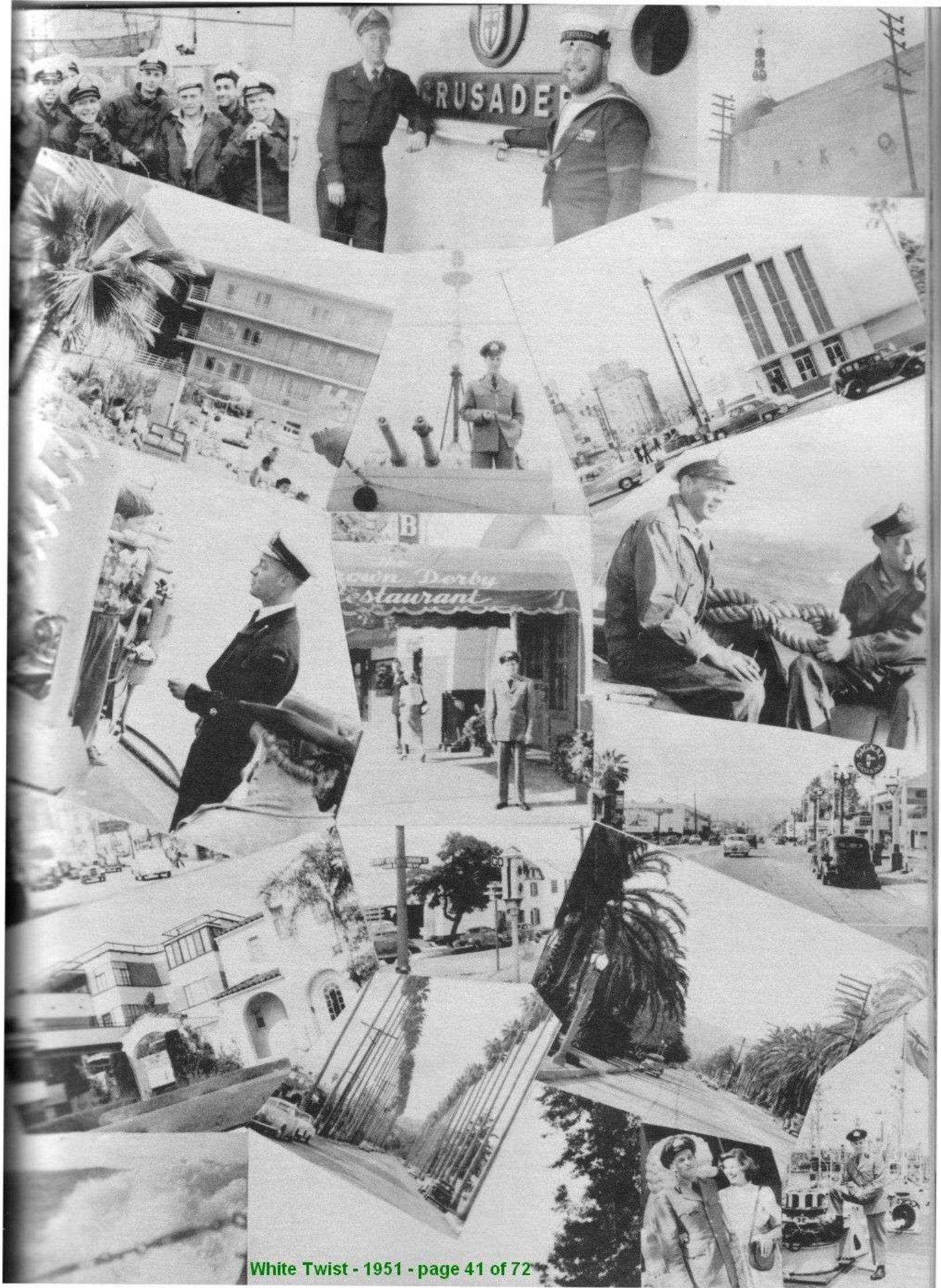
BEFORE



DURING



AFTER GIVINGS.



University Naval Training Divisions

Wartime and Peacetime

Being still little more than a babe in the great wilderness of naval organization, the U.N.T.D. has really not much in the story of her young life that could fill the pages of history. But she has, it is true, been a precocious child; and perhaps it would not be presumptuous on the eve of her ninth birthday to make a few modest jottings that may serve as notes for a future biography.

The story begins in April, 1943. Just before writing examinations students were asked to join the new-born University Naval Training Division. Few did. Most students had their summers planned, and few were daring enough to throw over these plans.

The group took the full training course for new entries: three weeks of gunnery, three of seamanship and two of torpedo . . . drill being done on the highway since there was still no parade ground. Training was rigorous and it was not certain which part of it was the worst: some claimed it was duckwalking up a certain hill in the baking sunshine; but there was much to be said in favour of the five-minute run through the thigh-high grass still wet with the morning dew . . . especially when carrying a rifle at arm's length horizontally.

Summer turned quickly into autumn, and winter training began. Each Wednesday and Saturday afternoon it went on—drill, navigation, signals or whatever anyone who was free to teach the U.N.T.D.'s happened to know. The pay, by 1951 standards, was meagre, twenty-five cents a half day . . . half of which was deducted and placed into funds for the purchase of mythical gymnasia, etc.

Training with one of the services had become compulsory for all university students; and within a few months of the opening of the new school term, almost twelve hundred of them had joined the U.N.T.D. By the summer of 1944, there were so many that one was allowed to spend only two weeks at the Coast, instead of a couple of months as in the previous year. Seaside was still not taken for granted as being part of training. Some groups were lucky enough to be given exciting little box-lunches and sent on boating parties in H.M.C.S. "REINDEER," a converted luxury yacht, but in the main our only taste of life on the salty wave was gleaned aboard the Princess Helene on the Digby to Saint John run.

Training continued to be assiduous through the winter of 1944-45. Across the country, whenever a national or civic occasion required service participation, the U.N.T.D. often represented the Navy. Thermometers for Victory Loan sales were seen to scar as their platoons approached. In the V-E Day parades all over the country, the U.N.T.D. once again marched for the Navy.

In August, 1945, while many U.N.T.D.'s were still training at the coast, the war came to a sudden end. It was almost the end of the U.N.T.D.; for military training was no longer compulsory, and thankful students resigned in droves the dubious pleasure of being Ordinary Seamen U.N.T.D.

The dawning of peace on a war that had lasted six years relieved much of the tension and confusion of the training program which had been developing. But peace brought new perplexities to the U.N.T.D., and meant that many old problems—deep challenging problems—that the Navy had been too busy to deal with would now have to be faced.

We, university students, wondered whether a country that was constantly prepared to defend itself against a full-scale invasion was worth living in. Were military training and discipline compatible with independent thought and the liberal tradition we had learned to cherish? And what would happen to the search for truth if the universities were converted into peacetime factories mass-producing soldiers, sailors, airmen and scientists to fight a third world war? Besides, when one could make ten dollars a day in industry, not even the most idealistic could afford to be an Ordinary Seaman at fifty-eight dollars a month.

The Navy, however, felt more keenly than students the need to defend our country, and urgently called for a reserve pool of young officers. The universities were the obvious source of suitable men, but how to make the students want to take the necessary training; how, without compulsory service, could education for war appeal to a land that had been thirsting for peace?

The dizzying complex was not easily cleared; and through the winter of 1945-46 the fate of the U.N.T.D. hung uncertain.

Gradually, though, thinking on the campus showed some sign of change. Isolationism, a natural reaction from the underrunning fear of another war, melted slowly into deeper concern for world affairs.

The Navy too, slowly shifted away from the position it had formerly held. In June, 1946, it appointed an officer whose sole duty was to guide the destiny of the U.N.T.D., and it chose a man with deep insight into the problems of both the Navy and the university student. Commander C. H. Little had been a Canadian Rhodes Scholar, and during the war was Director of Naval Intelligence, acting as interpreter in four languages and serving both in Europe and the Far East. Under his leadership the U.N.T.D. showed signs of a recovery of good health, and soon began again the difficult path towards ultimate maturity.

In fact, the U.N.T.D. fairly buzzed with new life. The seaman's square rig was continued; but a white band was added to the cap. It was also decided to have "Untidies" go before an Officer Candidate Selection Board after one year's training on the lower deck instead of after graduation; and the rate of pay for those who became Officer Candidates was made that of an Acting Sub Lieutenant—then \$143 a month.

Cruises, like uniforms, took on a new aura of glamour. In the summer of 1946 many U.N.T.D.'s sailed in "WARRIOR" to England, and others to Bermuda in the "NEW LISKEARD." The following year many were lucky enough to take the cruise from Grand Maman and Halifax through Panama to the West Coast. In 1948 exotic cruises came to an end—Newfoundland, Powell River or Bedwell Harbour had to suffice.

The winter of 1948-49 had seen another change in the U.N.T.D. Students went before a selection board in their first year; those who were successful became Cadets instead of Officer Candidates, and were issued newly designed officers' uniforms (an issue of twelve per Cadet is the latest count and possibly fifteen if a mistake is made).

The Summer included trips of moderate but not great interest that took Cadets on the East Coast to ports in the Maritimes and New England, and those on the West to Alaska and Seattle. The first steps to co-ordinate the U.N.T.D. and Canservcol training were taken. Royal Roads and R.M.C. Naval Cadets would wear the same uniform as university students in the summer, and take identical naval training. Both groups were secretly pleased with the scheme; and to welcome the new brothers into the fold, the U.N.T.D.'s led a famous raid on Royal Roads on the night of July 7, 1949, cutting loose all boats and thoughtfully deplugging them.

In the Fall of 1950 a new scheme was added to the U.N.T.D. training program—Naval Assistance to University Students. Cadets beginning their final year in university could now become Sub-Lieutenants in the R.C.N. and receive full pay, free tuition, and free books. As this scheme becomes more widely known, greater and greater numbers will probably take advantage of the offer.

And so the story goes from year to year; a quaint mixture of the comic side of Service life, and the serious business of training officers for the Active and Reserve Navy. The post-war U.N.T.D. has grown into a broad and complex organization that embraces over forty universities and colleges, in twenty-six cities, and at present numbers 1,250 students. In wartime it contributed perhaps 600 officers to the R.C.N.V.R.; and already in peacetime it has given 72 officers to the R.C.N. and 316 to the R.C.N. (R). The new Cadet programme of 1948 will yield its first real harvest in 1952, and is expected to add 250-300 officers annually to the strength of the R.C.N. and R.C.N. (R).

We have come a long way from that day early in the summer of 1943 when the first draft of Ordinary Seamen U.N.T.D. huddled together on the jetty at Digby. What the future holds for us, time alone can tell. One fact, however, is certain: no longer is the U.N.T.D. an experiment, unknown and untested fibre in the Naval fabric. Its strength has been proven, and in the expansion of the permanent force to an estimated strength of 20,000 by 1954, and in the proportionate increase in the Reserves, it is to the universities, primarily, that Canada looks for the officers needed.



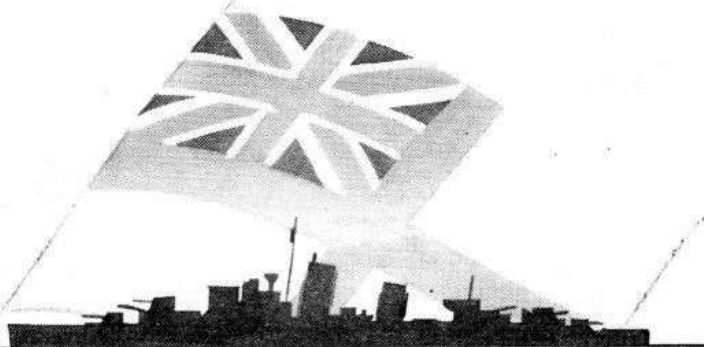
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Battle of the Atlantic Day

In Halifax, just off Barrington Street, there is a small square. There is nothing unusual about this small square; it has a Cenotaph, a few flowers, and twenty-three stately Maple trees. Surrounding it there is a motely group of buildings. With the exception of a small wooden church which faces one end, it is very similar to any small square in any large city. However, on May 20th, 1951, there was one notable exception to the simplicity of this plot; under the shadow of the church, a large number of people had gathered, and, in front of the Cenotaph, even files of men in navy blue were standing with bared heads. At the base of the memorial there was a freshly laid wreath. You see, it was Battle of the Atlantic Day.

After a simple service, the crowd left the little square. A somnolent breeze drifted down upon the empty plot; it played about the Cenotaph and then whisked skywards, carrying with it the sorrowful memories that the occasion had recalled. Now the little square would return to a peaceful oblivion for another year.

In Victoria, this great Battle was not forgotten either. Officers, Cadets, and men from H.M.C.S. "Naden" took part in a commemorative church parade making Victoria alive with uniforms on this day of memories never to be forgotten.

To many, the Battle of the Atlantic is of nominal significance, but to others, it is a blunt reminder of the turbulent period between 1939 and 1945. To the men who manned our ships, it meant tedious watches, constantly on the vigilance for the sight of a periscope, the long, slim, grey hull of a submarine, the drone of an unfriendly plane. Heavy seas, fog, rain, snow and ice, added to the discomfort of the men. Many did not live through this exhausting ordeal; proud ships and men were victims of the vicious torpedo. Others, perhaps more fortunate, survived torpedoing only to flounder in small boats, on rafts, or pieces of wreckage for hours, days, and even weeks.

Yes, today was a day of remembrance. We, alas, lost heavily in men and ships; men whose ideals were based on the same foundation as ours of today. Yet today, we are faced with the same threat as our brothers of the 1939 era. How many more men shall die; how many more homes shall feel the sharp pang of loneliness? Sunday, May 20th, 1951, was not only a day of remembrance, but it was a day of hope; a hope for a peaceful future.



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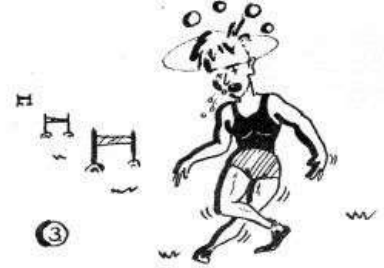
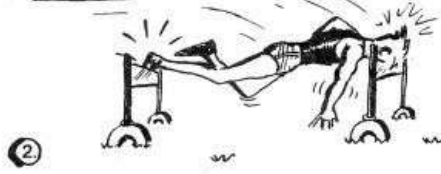
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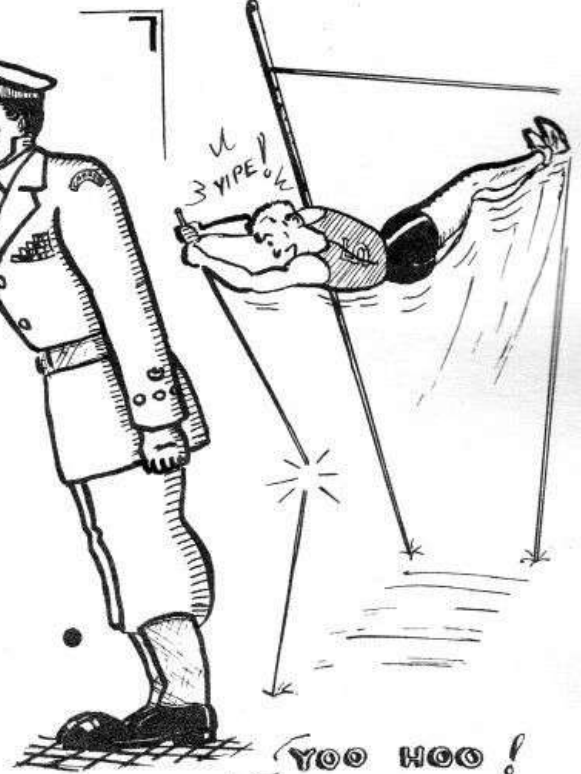
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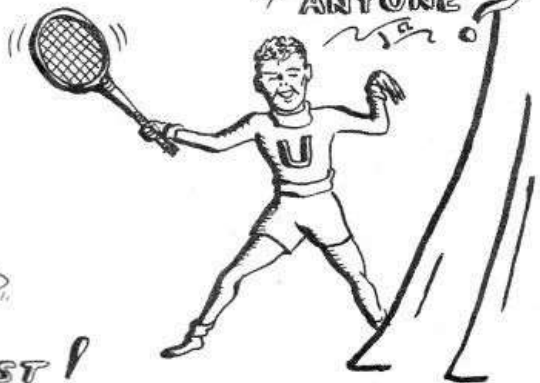
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Sports at Halifax

A change in policy eliminated early morning P.T. this summer and introduced a new program called Recreational Sports. These consisted of organized games such as Softball, Soccer, Swimming, Fencing and so on, which were practiced in the First Dog Watch and on Saturday mornings. They were voluntary in that every Cadet could choose to play whatever sport appealed most to him, the only condition being that he had to take part in something.

At first glance this may appear to have been the ideal approach to the sports problem—which in fact it was. However, like most idealisms it did not anticipate the mass of practical difficulties that quickly arose and did their best to create confusion. To begin with, the New Arrivals who descended upon Stadacona in droves during the early part of the season, were whisked off to Parade Training every day in the Dogs until they were considered ready to appear at the hallowed function of Divisions.

The decision in this case was made by the G.I.'s and the probable date of release was most uncertain . . . indeed, it is rumored that some Cadets are still being chained to the rifle racks at night. These Cadets' sport activities are necessarily limited.

Next it was discovered that Sea Training was viewed with more importance than organized games, and on the 21st of May all the Cadets who had been bailed out of the Drill Shed Dungeons suddenly departed for England.

In spite of such discouraging circumstances, schedules for Inter-Part Soccer and Softball, and also for Inter-Divisional Softball and Basketball were drawn up, mostly on a week-to-week basis, which, after a few careful manipulations began to run reasonably well. An enthusiastic interest in league games was manifested, while those Cadets who did not take part in the three major sports found numerous pleasant ways of keeping themselves fit at the Gymnasium, either swimming, fencing, weight-lifting, boxing, wrestling, playing badminton, or squash.

This happy routine was soon shattered by the introduction of compulsory flashing exercises three times a week in the Dogs. All but the Technical and Supply Cadets were involved, so sports once again came to a crashing halt—but only momentarily. Once this latest shock to the schedules had been absorbed, revisions took place, and the program continued, somewhat reduced in scope.

Hardly had the wounds healed, however, when the Gunnery School fired another broadside in the form of Guard

Training, which of course had to take place in the poor, old battered sports period. Guard Training eliminated at least one and sometimes two complete Divisions, but even then the great elasticity of the program was able to take up the slack, and a hardy skeleton crew continued the battle.

In reality the picture was probably brighter on the whole than one would gather from the foregoing description. Most of us feel that sports were far more successful, and more enthusiastically engaged in by a larger number of Cadets than in previous years. In addition to the games already mentioned, enough time and Cadets were found to participate in extra-curricular events. A whaler sailing regatta at Herring Cove in July was won (both first and second places) by Stadacona Cadet crews; visiting foreign ships were accommodated in softball and basketball tussles as well as other games suitable to the occasion, and nationality of the visitors.

Particularly worthy of mention were softball and basketball contests with the Midshipmen of the Cuban Frigate "Antonio Maceo" on July 12, in both of which our Cadets were the winners by slender margins. The very high level of good sportsmanship displayed by both players and spectators, in spite of language difficulty, was an outstanding feature of these events.

Softball games between the Cadets and the Staff of the R.T.E. were another feature of summer sports that attracted hearty interest on both sides. During the week of the Admiral's Inspection (July 17-20), a field day of Tabloid Sports was held on the Stadacona Playing Field, and as has happened in former years, the Cadet teams walked away with most of the events.

Navy Week featured visits from British and American Fleet Units on a grand scale. A variety of sports took an important part in the over all program which provided entertainment for the British and American Midshipmen.

At this time the most attractive part of our sports schedule is still ahead of us—the final elimination matches, presentation of trophies for the Inter-Part and Inter-Divisional Leagues and so on. It is unfortunate that we cannot present the completed picture in time for inclusion in "White Twist," but we believe it can be safely said, that regardless of past obstacles and in spite of those that will undoubtedly rear their ugly (however necessary) heads in coming weeks, we will have carried out a very successful and enjoyable program of sports before training terminates at the East Coast this summer.



Cinder Track

Under the direction of Instr. Lt. D. McKenzie, of the British one-mile relay team in the 1948 Olympics, the Cadets pounding the cinders this year made an exquisite showing.

The training was done at Royal Roads on the lower playing field, where a 440-yard track was laid out. Cadets came from Royal Roads and R.T.E. daily to work out. Each day, the coach would drive down in his Prefect, put on his track shoes, and train with the men. This alone was more than enough inspiration to all concerned.

After several weeks of very stiff training, the Cadet team ran in the Y.M.C.A. Annual Track and Field Meet at Victoria High School. This was an invitation meet where track stars came from Vancouver and many of the top Pacific Coast universities. The outcome showed several placements in the middle and long distance events and the high jump. Lt. McKenzie stymied everyone with a tremendous 220-yard dash in the time of 22.2 seconds.

This competition was rather rigid for the team in its early stages. However, the team plugged on with conditioning, and were soon ready for the Vancouver City Invitation Meet. Seven of the top performers represented the Cadets to win the medley relay, the half-mile relay, and a third place in the high jump. The final standing placed the Naval Cadets' team third for total points. Running against Track Clubs and university track teams, the showing proved to be a feather in the cap.

Several weeks later, and many more hours of training, the Cadet team took part in the trial meet for choosing Naval representatives for the Tri-Service Meet. This almost ended as an inter-squad meet, because only three other Naval personnel participated.

The highlight of the season came on July 21st, when five members of the team again made a trip to Vancouver to participate in the Canadian Championships for Track and Field.

Lt. McKenzie roared through a stunning quarter in the mile relay, with a time of 50.2 seconds. Through his marvelous efforts, the Cadet team placed second. The time of the race was 3 minutes, 27.2 seconds; and because the Cadet team was behind by only a yard or two, they also turned in a time which beat the existing British Columbia record. The team was composed of Cadets Ian Coughlin, Robert Scoren, Phil Matson and Lt. McKenzie, in the order of running.

Don Thornton placed third in the open high jump, beaten only by a Swedish decathlon champion and a McGill University jumper clearing six feet four inches.

Phil Matson ran a pressing race in the mile run, being edged out by top United States distance men to place fourth.

This marks the first time a Canadian Naval team has ever won honours in a Dominion meet, as such. It was a gruelling struggle, but the team came through with flying colours.

Back in Victoria, on July 25th, the Naval Cadets track team again flashed its talents. Forming the greatest part of the Navy team, at the Tri-Service Meet, the Cadets annexed first place in every event they participated in, as well as gaining valuable seconds and thirds. This all helped to build up the Navy's fantastic margin of 119 to 43 points for the Army and 11 for the Air Force.

The highest aggregate trophy went to Cadet Phil Matson and Leading Seaman Fenwick, each garnering ten points with two first place medals.

The team itself had several inside men, like Bill Lawton, who helped coach, as well as several stalwart athletes like Larry Sterns, Grant Showers, Ken Wrong, and John Campbell, who deserve mention. The team was able to produce valuable advertisement for the Navy plus keen competition for all concerned. Let us hope that next year the Naval Cadets will exhibit an even greater powerhouse and maintain the high reputation in track and field set in the past three years, and improved in 1951.

At Royal Roads

In its seclusion, Royal Roads is a rather forgotten place for those Cadets who have passed through the gates for good. However, there is a great deal of sports activity buzzing in this hive.

During the compulsory sports period in the afternoon, Chief Brien, P.T.I., organized numerous teams in every sport practical enough to play. The division was divided into teams on a voluntary choice basis by each individual. This system gives everyone a chance to exert his energy on something he enjoys.

Of all the events, basketball and sailing seemed to draw the largest numbers. Close behind were tennis, track and field, volleyball and golfing. The latter was known as the legal scull, and gained members most rapidly. Other attractions were badminton, lacrosse, fencing, Canadian football, archery (when there were arrows), and swimming when it was hot.

The activities were not limited to the laid-on period by any means. A duty sports Cadet opened the sports locker at 1830 each day for the benefit of all. During the evenings, tennis and basketball were most popular. Then there were also a select few (Cadet captains) who could enjoy a relaxing game of snooker in the castle. Most evenings, including the week-ends, the tennis courts were occupied, and a scrub game was being fought out on the basketball court.

A popular weekly event was the basketball game between the first-year men and the second-year "men." Surprisingly, the games were well organized and quite expert ball resulted.

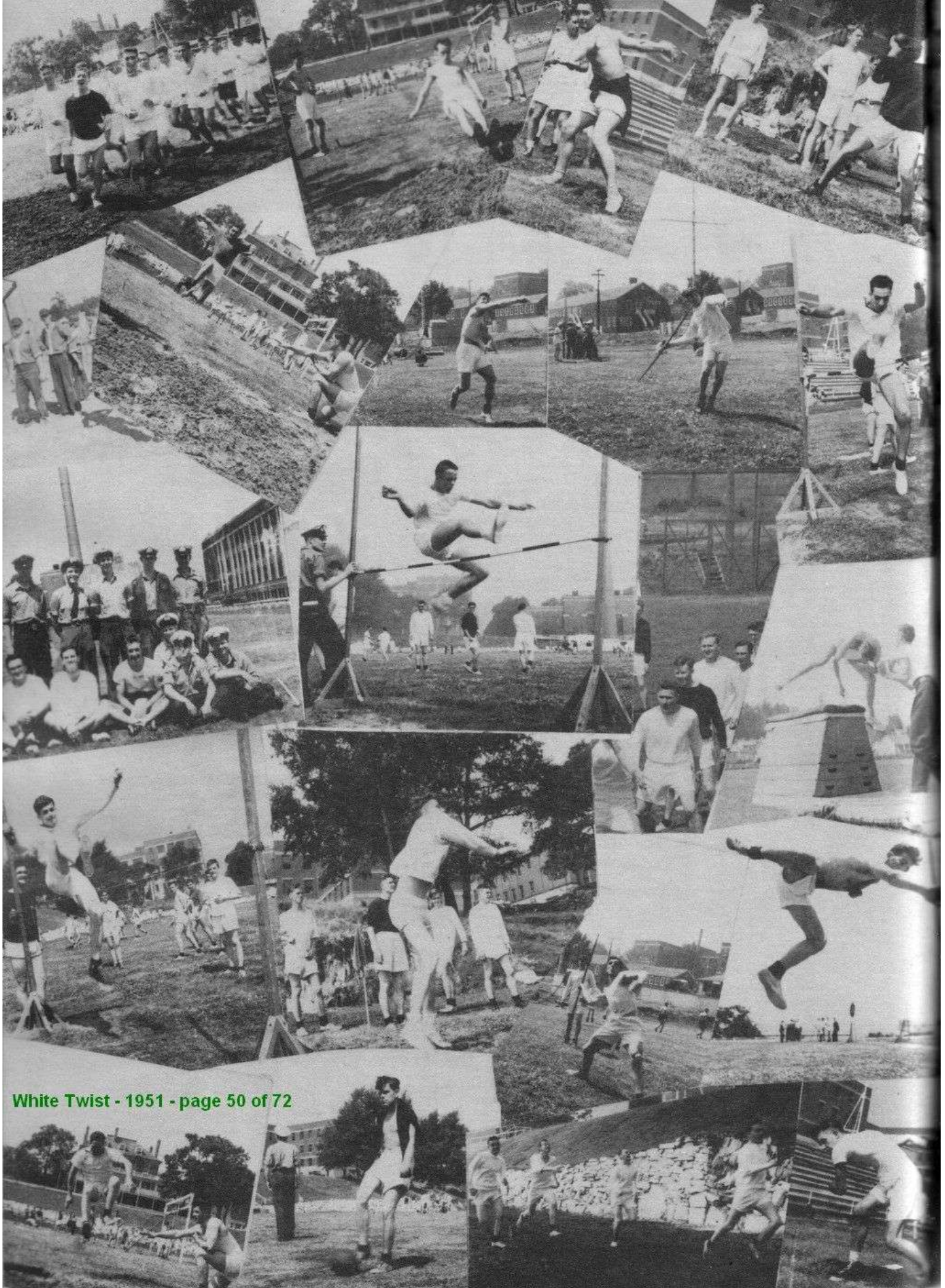
In addition, there was a thriller played against the staff. Although they were badly beaten in the end, Padre Edwards sparked the oldsters to a keen battle all the way.

Another highlight in sports was the mammoth sports night between R.T.E. Cadets and those at Royal Roads. Four teams represented each group in softball, basketball, tennis and volleyball. In addition, a soccer game between the shins of the staff and a combined Cadets' team proved very interesting. This battle ended in a 3-1 shambles, with Lt. McKenzie, the flying Scotsman, the hero, scoring the staff's only point.

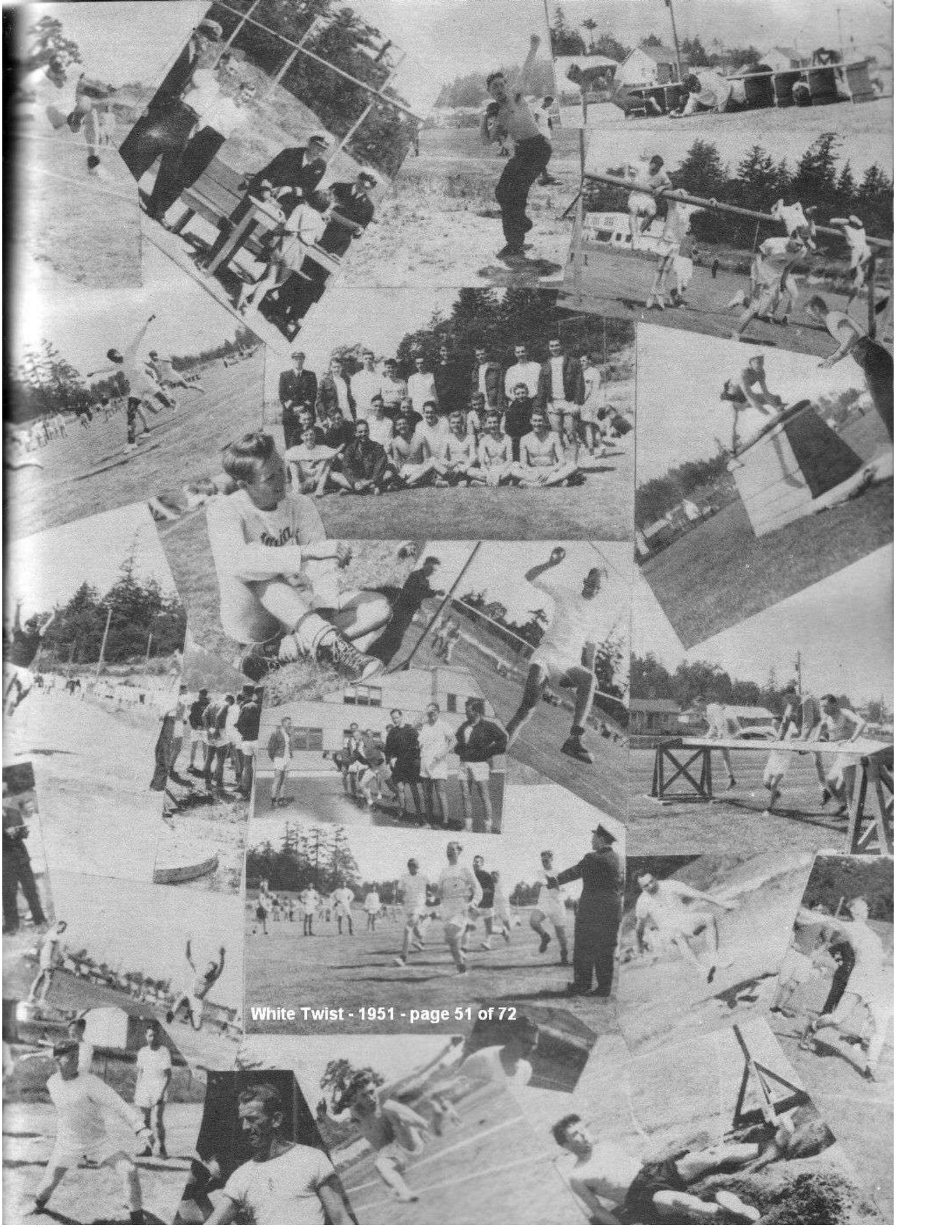
The rest of the games were split. R.T.E. won softball and volleyball handily, while the Royal Roads men fought out a win in tennis and basketball.

A group of games such as those staged at Roads are an ideal means of inducing teamwork and competitive spirit. Unfortunately, time did not permit another this year.

Truly the sports activities were extremely successful in their purpose. This everyone will agree, is due to the efforts of the organizer, Chief Brien and his supervisor, Instr. Lt. D. McKenzie.



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On Exercise

It is a commonly held delusion among the human race that physical exercise is a good thing; and that such exercise is of unparalleled virtue if taken before breakfast. Admittedly the human race shows its sturdy common-sense by refusing to act on this absurd belief, but nevertheless it still holds it. And a not small minority do, in fact, religiously exercise their bodies as wiser men exercise their minds.

It is our business here to examine this belief, to reveal its palpable falsity, and to expose in all its pathetic nakedness the anti-social behaviour of these devotees of physical fitness.

The belief appears to be, so far as we can ascertain, that physical exercise is necessary, and that it is impossible to have too much of it. Its devotees frequently declare that it is good for us, though wherein this virtue resides they are unable to say. Presumably they believe that by keeping themselves fit, as they term it, they will enjoy an active old age. It is worth noting that they dread being bedridden more than anything else. Now, this idea is absolute nonsense. The only means of avoiding senility is to die young. We all know of once famous athletes who cannot now make the slightest exertion. What a pathetic figure they cut in the eyes of the world! Old age overtakes the energetic as surely as the inactive. Indeed, so far from enjoying an active old age as a reward of their efforts, they merely render themselves singularly unfit to deal with it. While their inactive neighbour amuses himself with a thousand simple diversions, they lie chafing because they can no longer use their body as they were wont to do. What is more, the decay of their bodily powers is often accelerated rather than retarded as a result of their intemperate exertions in early life. An odd error which these people constantly make is that there is no limit to the amount of exercise which may be taken; the more, they say in the face of every canon of common-sense, the better. Why exercise should thus be the solitary exception to the universal rule that one can have too much of a good thing they do not explain. It is readily apparent to every clear-thinking person that it is as easy to dissipate one's energies on the playing-fields as it is with the aid of wine and women. It is possible to cite instances of men who, solely through the reckless manner in which they have squandered their physical vitality in playing games and the like, have had a complete breakdown, and have had to devise a new and wiser mode of life. The most debauched profligate can do no more.

Before going any further, it would be as well to try and define their real attitude toward this question for we have already demolished the one they present to the non-athletic. It may, I think, be expressed in a phrase, "Exercise for its own sake," is their guiding maxim though it is manifestly ridiculous; it is easy to see how they arrive at such a strange conclusion. They have spent their schooldays in a blaze of glory owing to the chance skill they have inherited in some game or sport, and have been encouraged from their earliest days to think in terms of physical prowess. They have had expounded to them all the fallacious beliefs we have examined, and since they have neglected their mental development, they are unable to detect the flaws in the reasoning. Indeed, why should they wish to? For these beliefs are entirely in accord with their inclinations. It is a small wonder then that they exalt them into something between a science and a religion, and in turn pass them on to a younger generation.

Even so, it is strange that the fallacy of their doctrine of "exercise for its own sake" does not strike them; for they would scout as ridiculous the notion that the best way to read a book is to do so as fast as possible, paying no attention to any enjoyment we might get from what we are reading. Yet the two cases are in every way analogous; in each, the enjoyment is the factor which is ignored. We have already shown that exercise is unnecessary, so the only possible reason for taking it is that it affords us pleasure—or rather the mode of taking it affords us pleasure. Therein lies the difference. The athlete swims because swimming is exercise, whereas we swim because we like swimming. It is the same with games and every other form of exercise. To the athlete it is a form of exercise, but to us a form of pleasure. To him the exercise is first and the pleasure second; to us the pleasure is first and the exercise purely incidental. In short, they put the cart before the horse.

Now, all this would not matter were it not that some of them feel they have a divine mission to preach the salvation of the body to their more sensible brethren; such a notion is simply a piece of brazen impudence. If it pleases these misguided wretches to crawl miserably from their beds on winter mornings and perform a series of acutely uncomfortable motions, they are welcome to do so; but that they should attempt to impose this ridiculous regime on their more sensible acquaintances is a piece of dogmatic tyranny alien to the heart of the true Canadian. We pride ourselves on being a tolerant nation; and we show our native tolerance to no greater advantage than in our treatment of these savages.

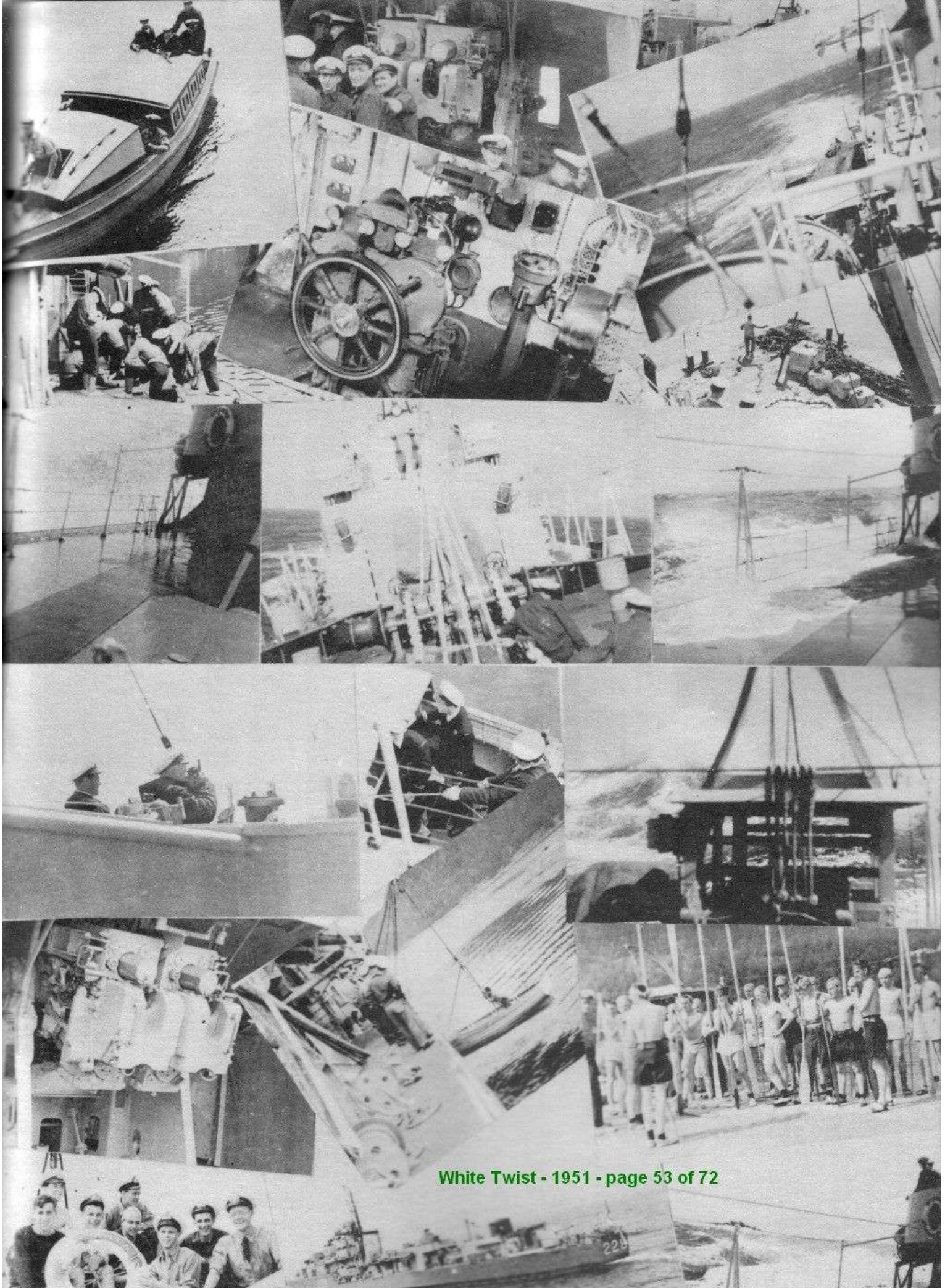
For, viewed in this aspect, they are savages indeed. They have not yet learned that in civilized society the prime law of conduct is that no man shall interfere with his neighbour. Civilization has established an admirable device known as law which deals with those who interfere with their neighbour to his detriment; it is a pity that a similar device has not long since been established to deal with those who interfere with his good. When we review the improving onslaughts from which we are compelled to suffer, it appears likely that life would be pleasanter if the burglars and murderers were set free, and the temperance societies and fitness fanatics incarcerated in their place.

It is customary to concede these social primitives the right to enthuse on the glories of physical fitness; but their abuse of the privilege has become so flagrant that it can no longer be tolerated. The truth is that they suffer from a monstrous superiority complex. They believe that they are a superior breed to us who take a more balanced view of life. Such a view is an indication of the undeveloped state of their minds; they honestly think that a great athlete is greater than a man who probes the mysteries of the universe, composes divine melodies, or expresses great thoughts in beautiful words. And so vast is their conceit, although it is unconscious conceit, that they are justified in attempting to impose their ideas on us. They attempt to drill their principles into the minds of the young. From the day he first goes to school, a boy is taught to look with reverence upon the mighty games, and regard with contempt the so-called bookworm. It is no excuse to say that this tendency is inherent in most boys; it is rather an additional condemnation of their methods that they should thus seize on the already biased and attempt to increase their prejudice, instead of dealing with those who are open-minded and old enough to think for themselves. As a result, many boys have their schooldays made a misery for them by the mental persecution of these Philistines; while many others have their minds irretrievably warped by this early teaching. It is noticeable that in any school the line of cleavage runs not between the stupid and the clever, the tall and the short, or the fat and the thin. It runs between those who excel at games and those who do not; it is rare indeed for a friendship to be formed between the members of these two sets.

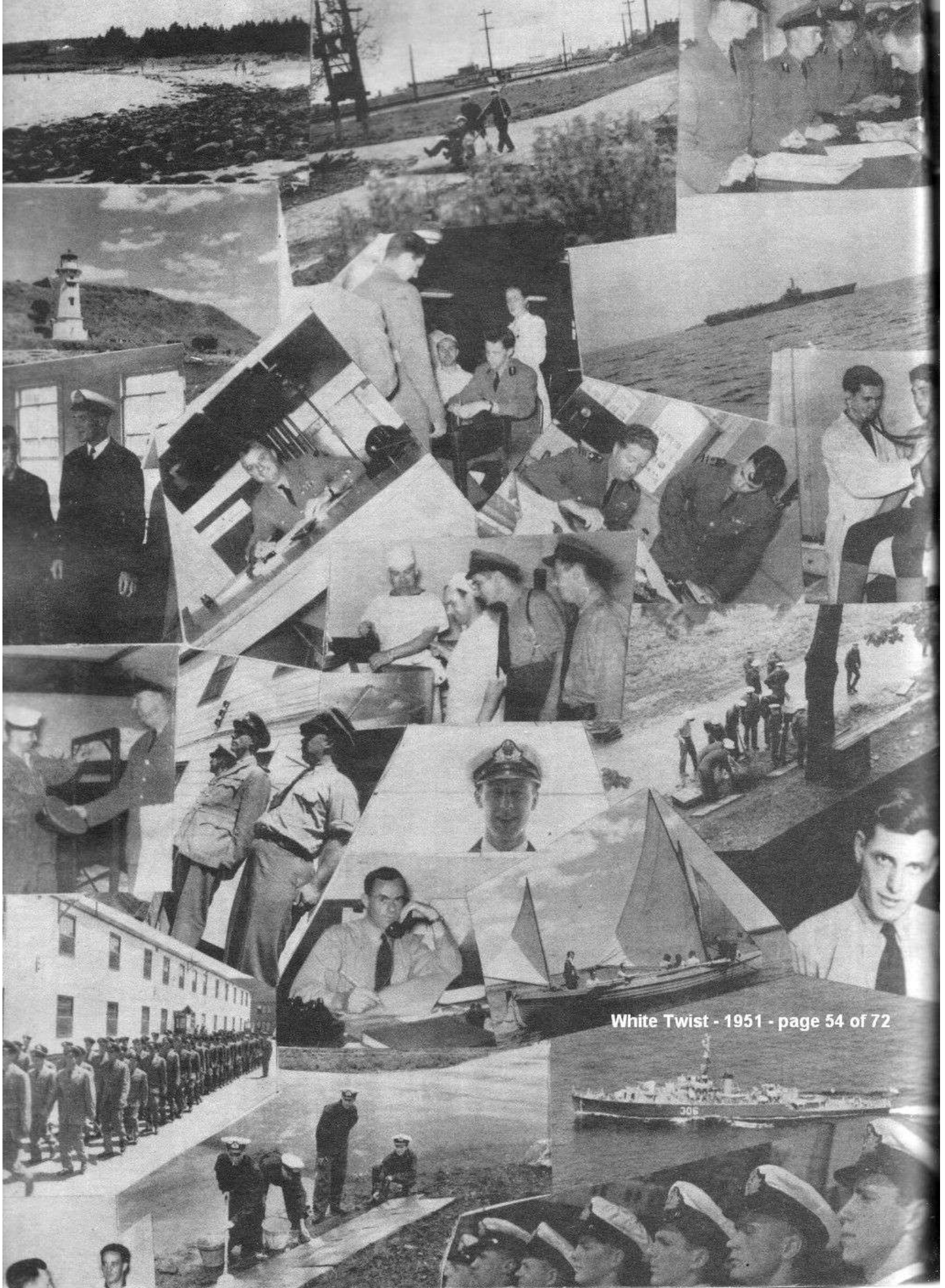
Perhaps the worst thing the fanatics have done is to coin that odious phrase "team spirit" which is utterly abhorrent to every free and independent Canadian. That they should thus confound the great virtue of loyalty to some cause greater than oneself, with a mutual desire to convey a ball from one place to another with every mark of savage ferocity, is an unequalled instance of mental degradation.

There is no better instance of their intolerance than their behaviour when put in the position of authority. Then they openly abuse their power, and compel their wretched subordinates to play at the games they so abhor, and worse still, make them take physical exercise before breakfast. How would they like it, we wonder, if when we were set over them, we compelled them to read our favourite books, and severely restrict the amount of exercise they might take? But, of course, it never occurs to them that their private whims and habits are anything but eternal truths, so convinced are they of their own infinite superiority and rightness.

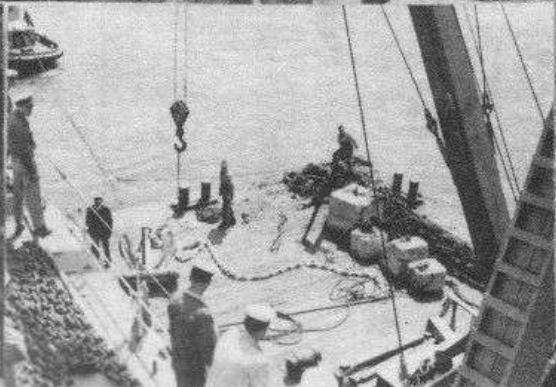
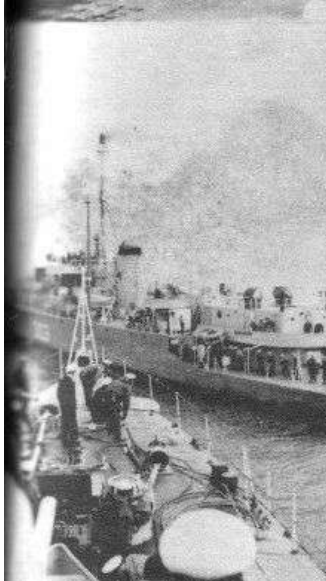
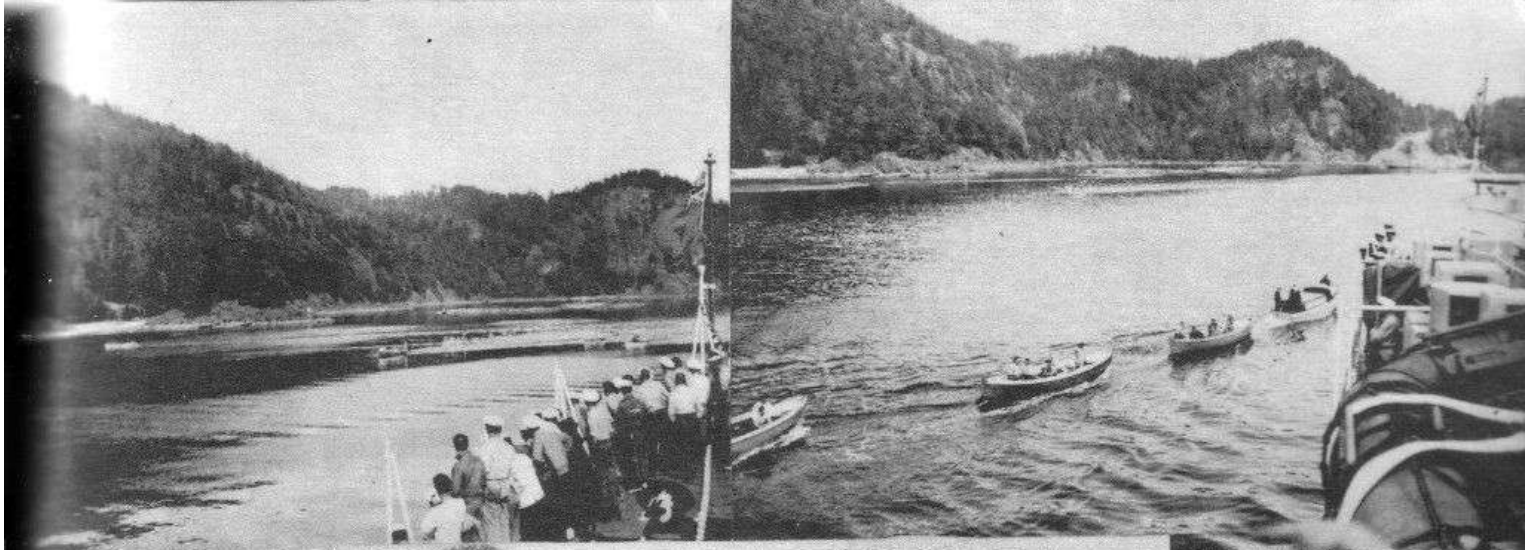
One thing is certain; though they may declare until Doomsday that the only true way of life is to exhaust ourselves pursuing a leather ball on the playing-fields, and that it is desirable and even necessary to contort ourselves into some absurd posture twenty-five times on an empty stomach, there is indeed not one single reason why we, the sane and slothful millions, should be sacrificed to make an athlete's Utopia.



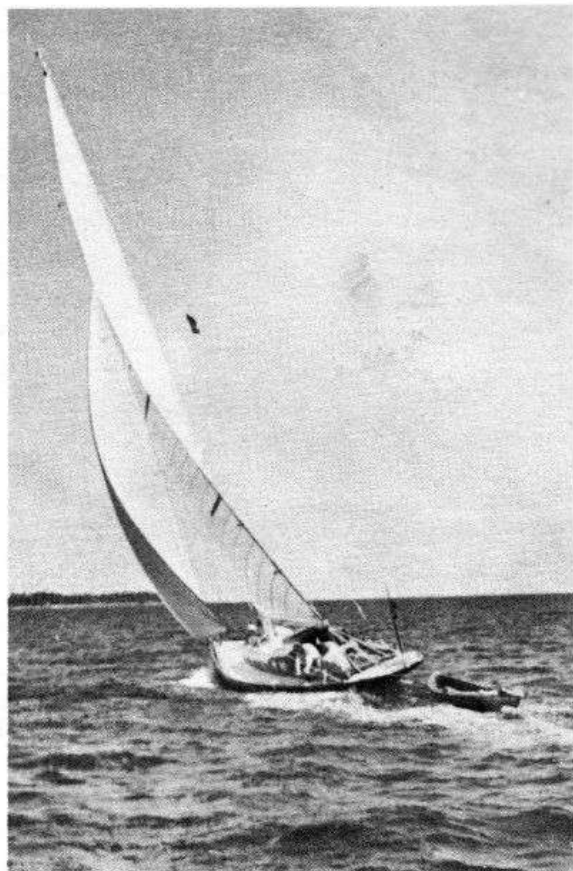
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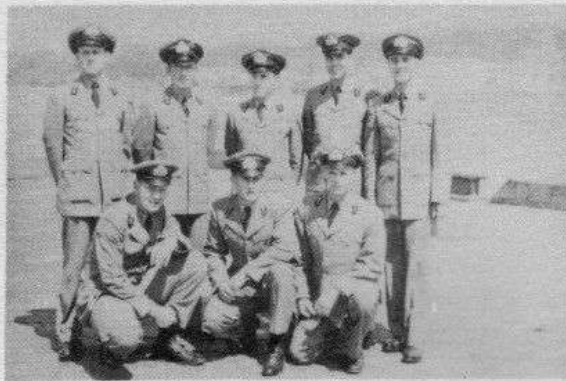
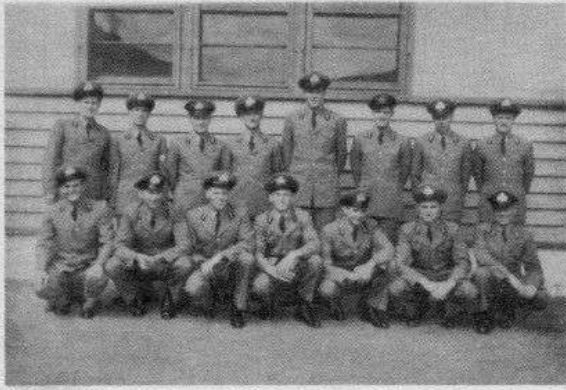
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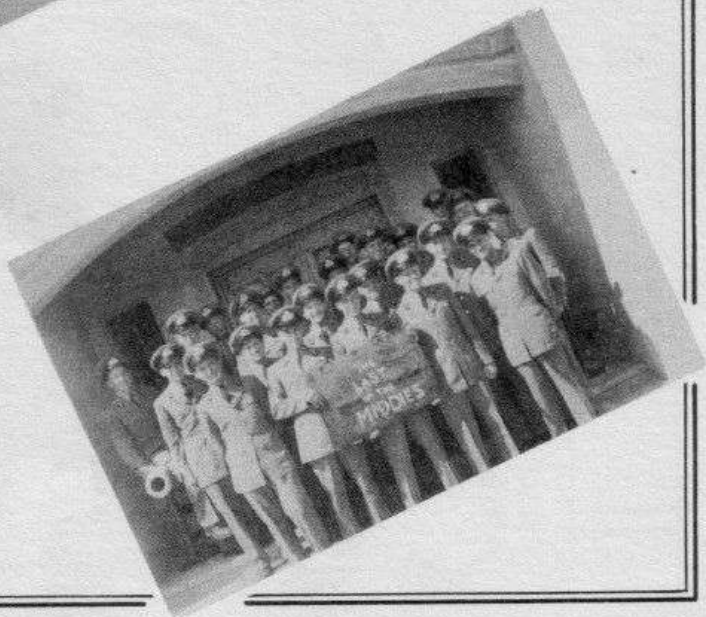
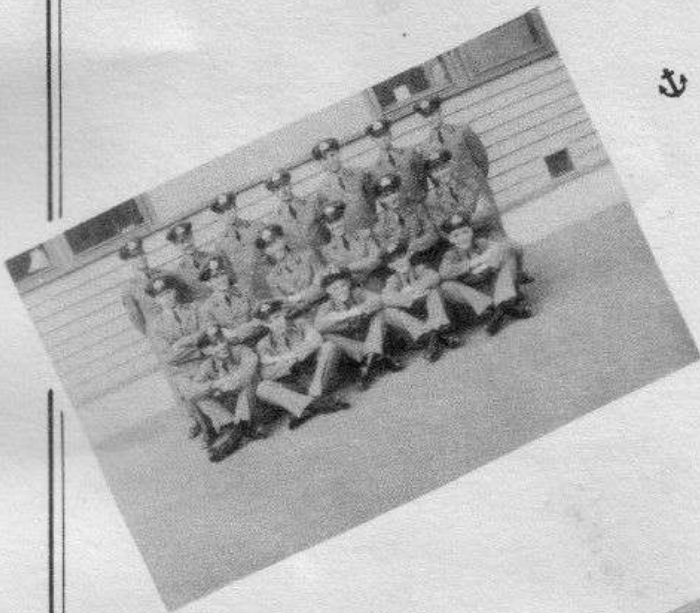
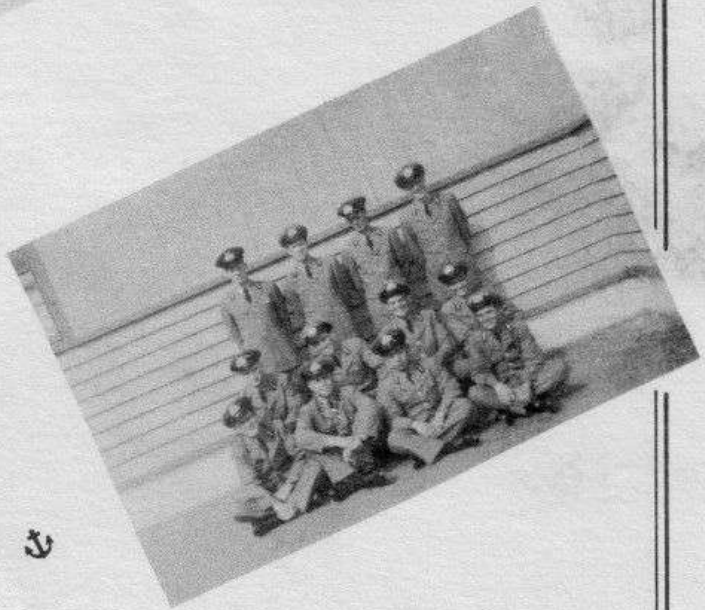
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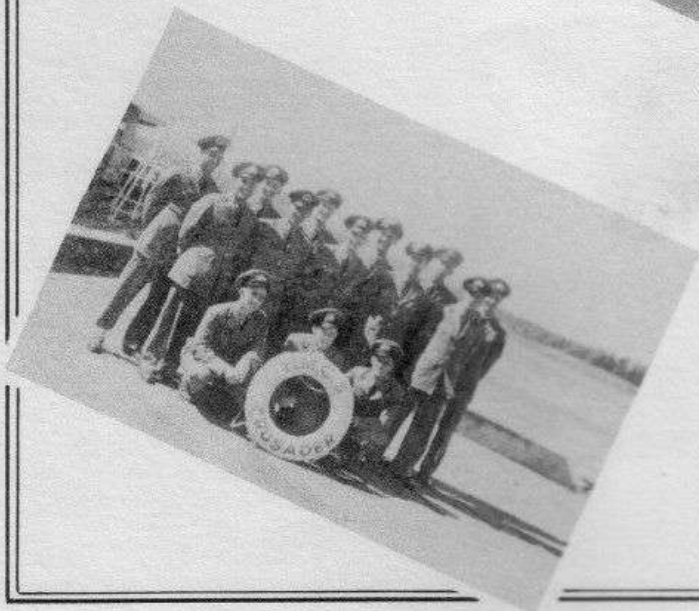
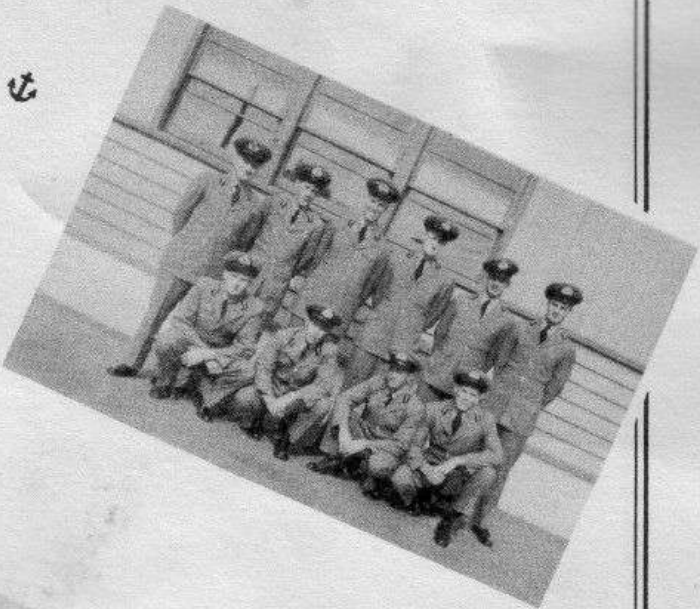
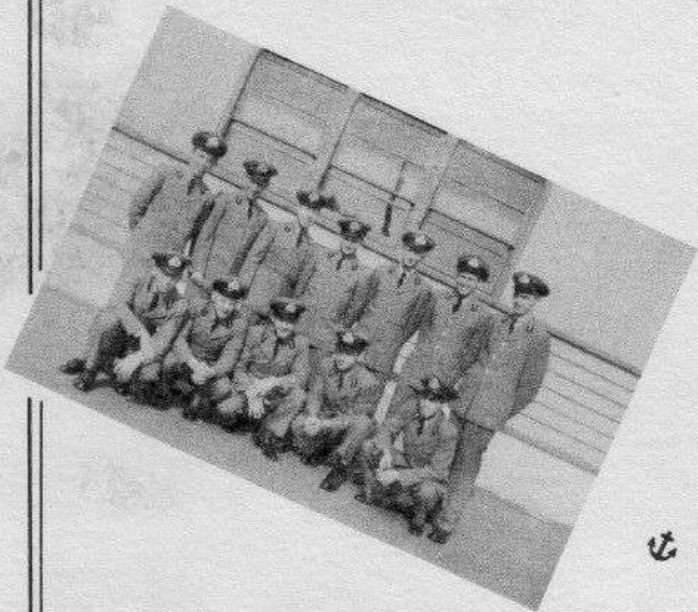
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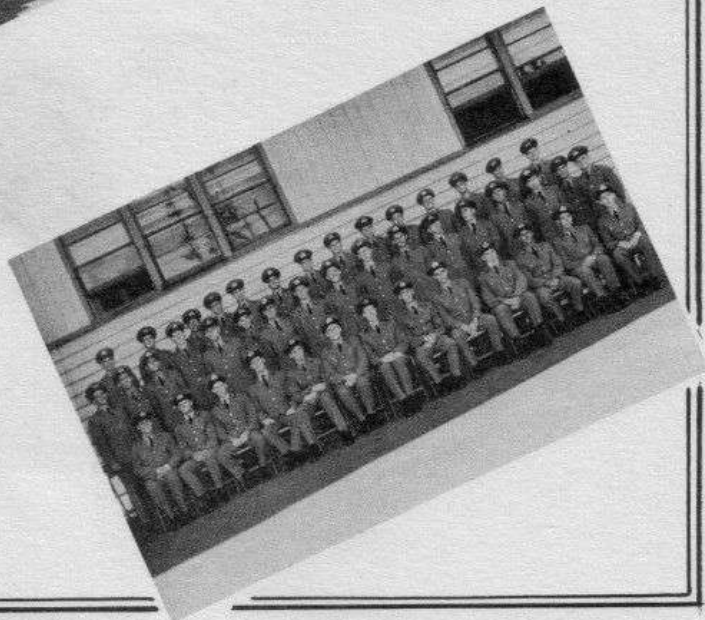
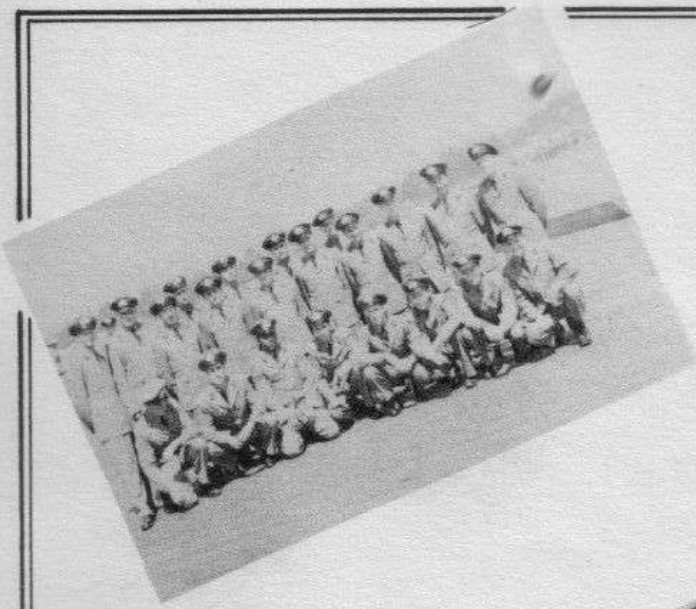


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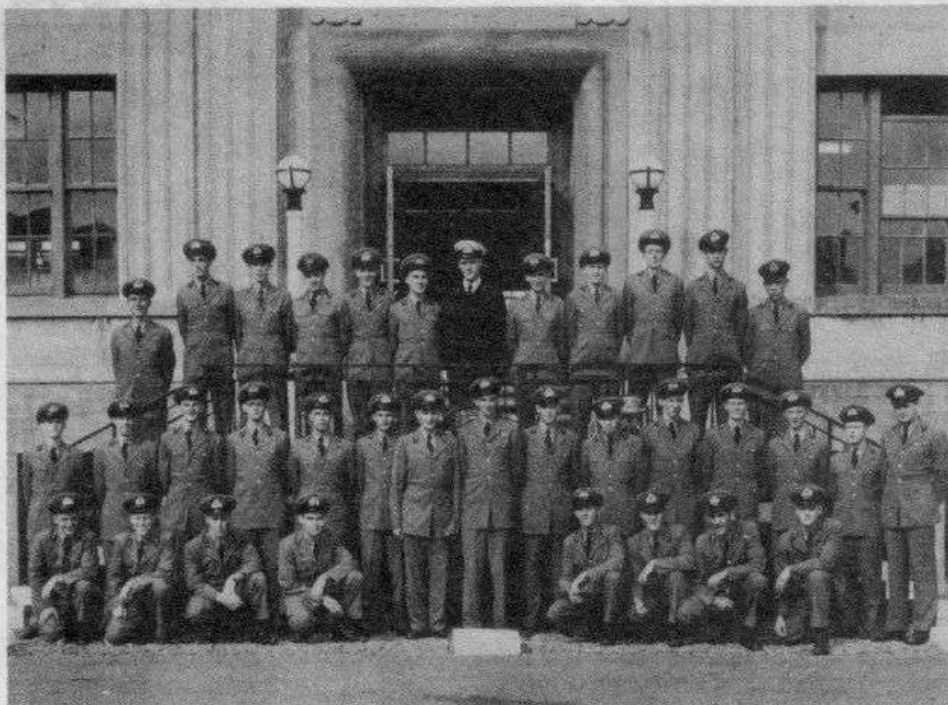
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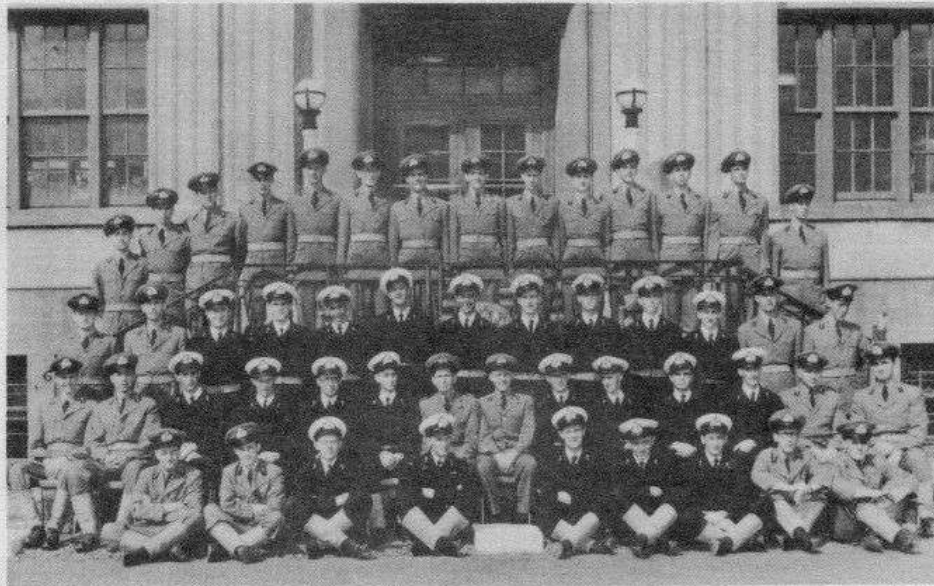
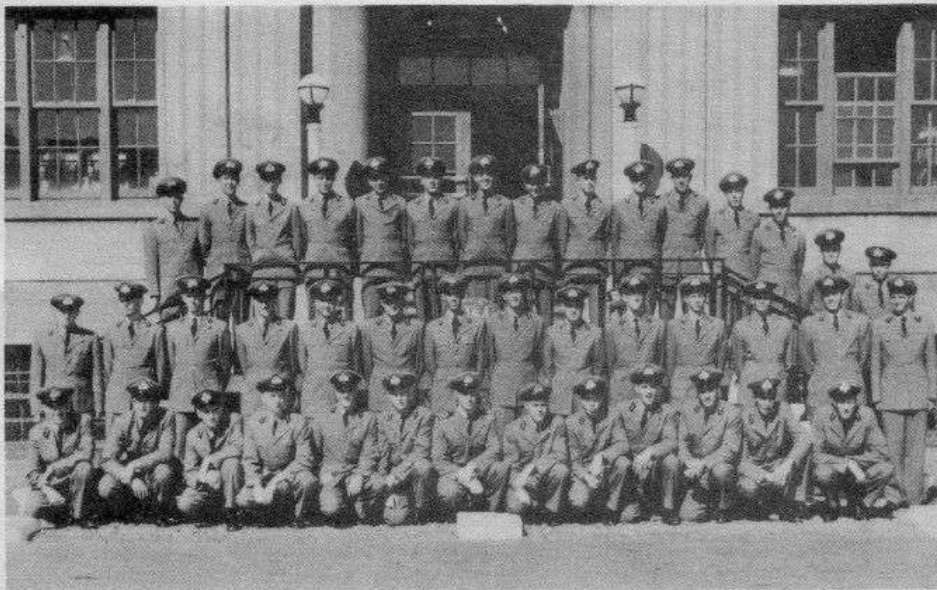
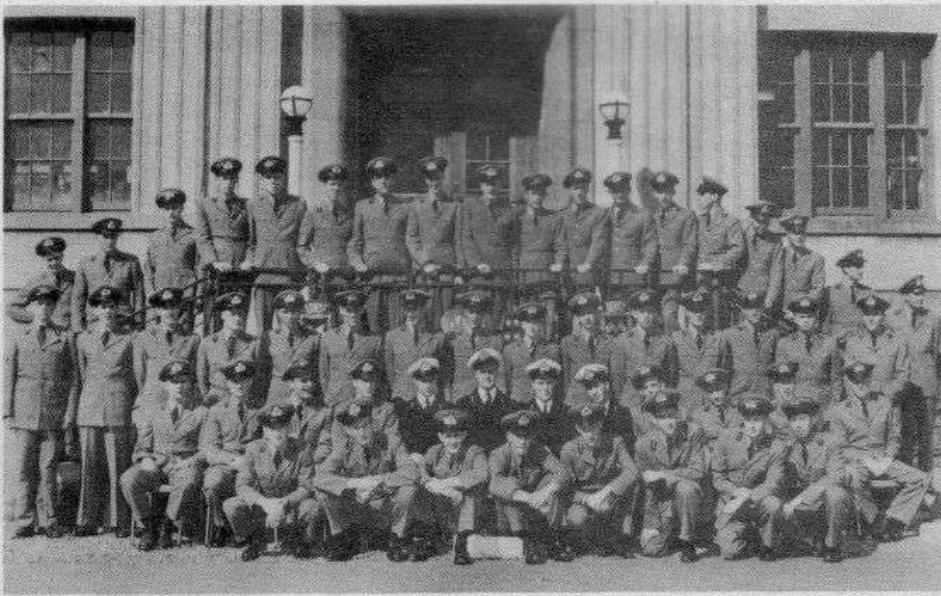
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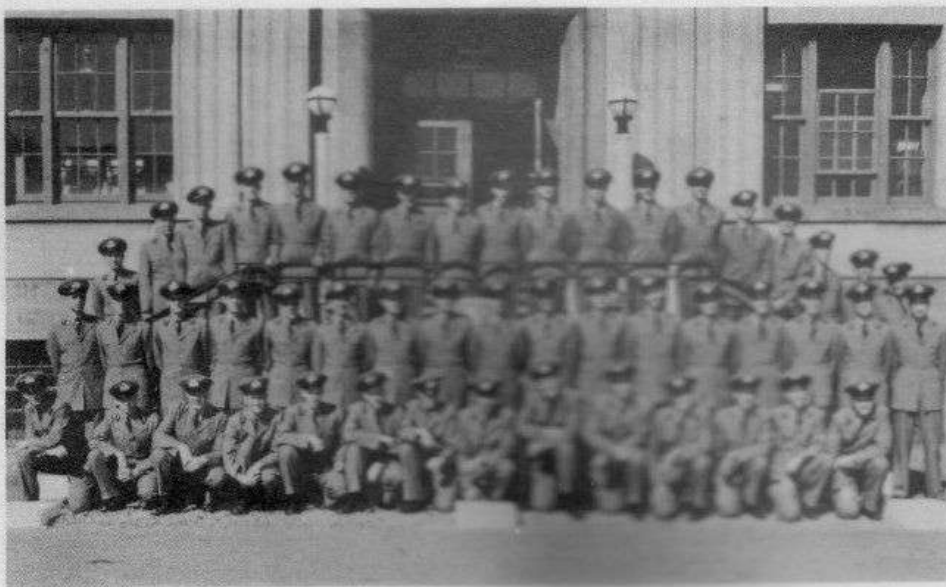
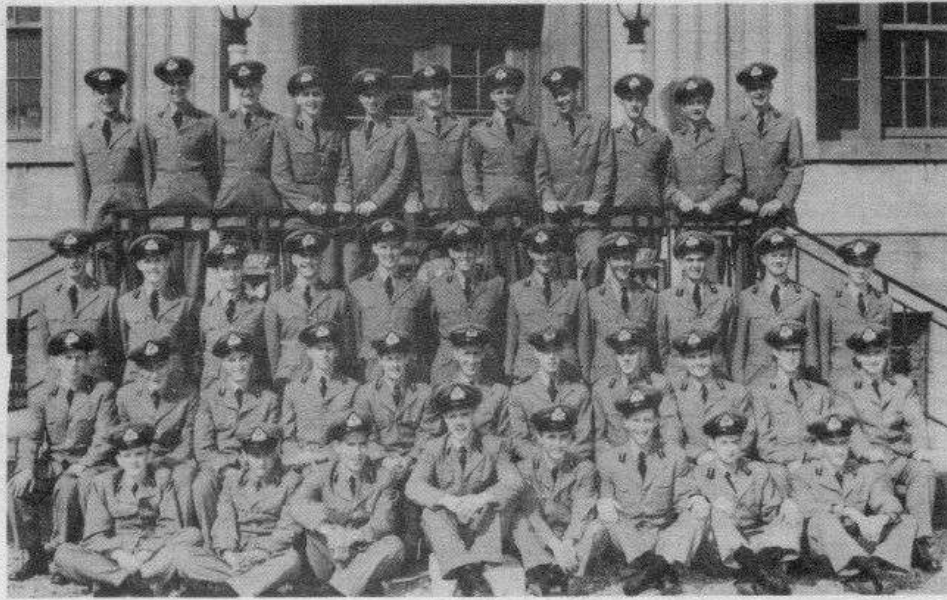
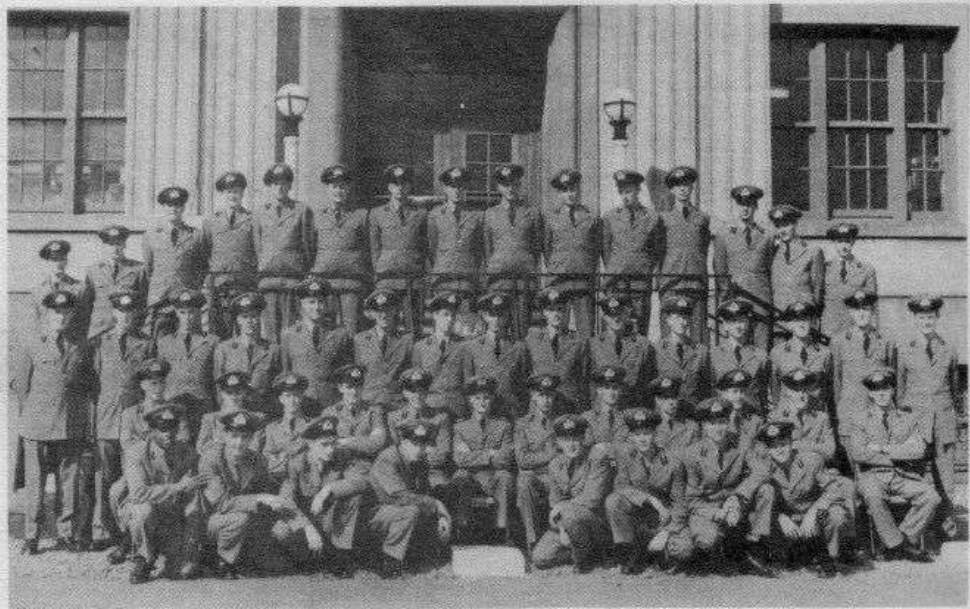
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