



'52

WHITE TWIST



THE WHITE TWIST

1952

Salutes

EATON'S

THE OFFICERS,
CADETS AND MEN
OF THE

ROYAL CANADIAN NAVY

AND WISHES THEM
EVERY SUCCESS
IN THEIR SERVICE CAREERS



EATON'S... CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION... STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

THE WHITE TWIST

– 1952 Edition –



*Published by the Cadets of the Royal Canadian Navy
and Royal Canadian Naval Reserve from the
University Naval Training Divisions at:*

BRUNSWICKER
CABOT
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QUEEN
QUEEN CHARLOTTE
SCOTIAN
STAR
TECUMSEH
UNICORN
YORK

And the Canadian Services Colleges:

ROYAL ROADS

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE

On Summer Training at the Reserve Training Establishments:

H.M.C.S. STADACONA, HALIFAX
H.M.C. DOCKYARD, ESQUIMALT



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THE HAPPY WARRIOR



*Who is the Happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?*

It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable twain!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves,
Of their bad influence, and their good receives;
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more, more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also more alive to tenderness.

'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon the law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality of act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labors good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows;
Who, if he rise to station of demand,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, or lie in wait,
For wealth, or honors or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,

Like shower of manna, if they come at all:
Whose power shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;
And through the heat of conflict keeps the law
In calmness made, and seize what he foresaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need:

He who though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
To home felt pleasure and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! Which, where-so-ere he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love:—
'Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted high
Conspicuous objects in the nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward thought,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Were what he most doth value must be won:
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self surpass:
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,
For he must fall to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name,
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of heaven's applause:

*This is the Happy Warrior; this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be.*

—WORDSWORTH.



From The Chief of Naval Staff

The past year has witnessed the growing strength of NATO countries and the whole of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization both in terms of military might and improved morale born out of greater confidence in the future.

This increased sense of security has a natural reaction in our reluctance to pay the cost—high taxes and the need to give our services to our country.

There is nothing which can support the view that the Communist long term aims have changed. Their aims, clearly stated by their leaders, remain as before. I am convinced, however, that in any test of strength we shall win, providing we both understand the nature of the threat and are willing to pay the price of full co-operation with other members of NATO.

Part of the cost and the part I am vitally interested in, is the maintenance of Canada's Navy. We need a strong Navy served by well-trained officers and men, capable of assisting our Allies in gaining and training control of the sea lines of communication so that in emergency, our forces and equipment may be sent to the aid of those countries threatened and at the same time ensure that raw materials essential to the industries of North America may reach our shores.

You may choose to serve Canada by joining the Permanent Force through the University Naval Training Divisions. The Navy needs a constantly increasing number of young men as officers, and today there are excellent opportunities. No doubt you are well aware of the methods of entry and the programme for assistance to candidates in the completion of their university courses. If you do not choose to enter the Permanent Force, you may do your part in the Reserve and I do not underestimate the importance of the part which the Reserves must play and have played in Canada's wartime Navy.

You are, no doubt, well aware that in a democracy it is necessary to rely upon the Reserves to build up Canada's forces to the strength required as soon as possible after mobilization. This means that our Reserves must be well trained and keep themselves constantly up to date with current developments.

It is my hope that the Navy will, within the next year or two, be in a position to place greater emphasis upon Reserves and to offer them more adequate opportunities for training with the Fleet.

Apart from our contribution to the Armed forces of Canada, it is essential that both you and I understand the threat with which we are faced today and pass on our understanding and knowledge to others so that Canada is prepared to accept the price of continued peace.

May I thank the Editors for this opportunity to express my thoughts and wish the Naval Training Divisions every success in the coming year.

E. R. MAINGUY,
Chief of the Naval Staff.



FOREWORD

EARLY IN SEPTEMBER, we will have completed another year's summer training as Cadets in the Royal Canadian Navy. For the majority of us, it was our first introduction to the conditions of day-to-day living in the service of our country, and quite possibly our first experience of the sea as well. A good many of us have returned for our second summer with the Navy, seeking the opportunity of renewing the comradeship and good times of the previous year, and to expand and extend what knowledge of the sea we had acquired. A smaller group still, have returned for the third and, what is normally the last year of training as a Cadet. Those of us whose privilege it is to be advanced to commissioned rank this fall will have fulfilled the final aim of the UNTD scheme: the production of a naval officer. We have incorporated in our lives something of the technical knowledge and of the ideals which are, and for so long have been, associated with naval officers.

For all of us, the summer training of 1952 will be a most pleasant memory in the years to come. Let us not forget the great debt we owe to our officers and instructors for the part they have played in our education. Most of all let us not fail to realize the importance of the contribution which, however small, we have made to the moral fibre and the militant spirit of our country. Canada today is young, but growing. She must be strong. So also must we young Canadians be strong. We have gathered strength from the Naval Service of our country and Canada has gathered strength from us.



THE WHITE TWIST

— 1952 —

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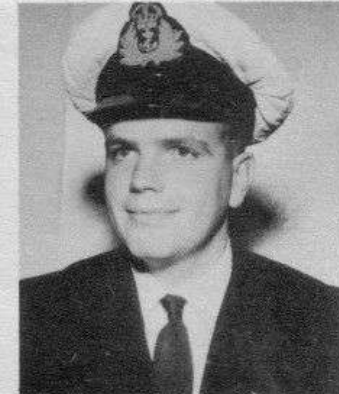
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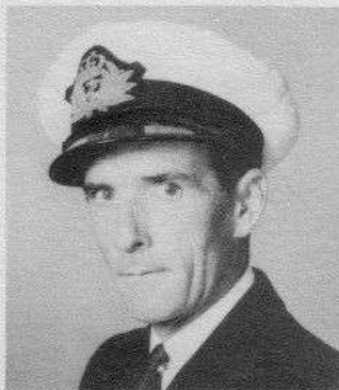
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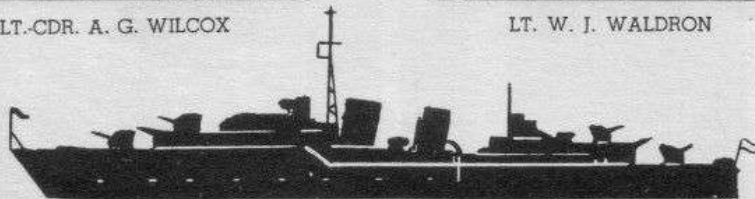
EAST COAST OFFICERS



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LT. W. J. WALDRON



A Passage: Halifax

They all in? Okay, let go the lines.
Slowly the yardcraft nosed away.
A few eyes turned back to see
Encrusted jet black pilings fading lighter
And quietly a thin oil slick drifted toward the jetty
Like years of forgetfulness covering an event
Leaving the event to remember itself.
Skies hung low and ominous,
Wind moving against the little craft
Cutting the water into grey and white,—
Superstructure grey and surplise white.
We were anxious about the passage
Looked for reassurance to the aged helmsman
Who held the wheel and watched only ahead.
His was a face that showed a thousand years
Of crossings to the nether shore.

An eternity looked out of his hard eyes,
Silencing question, he who might have told
Of ill-starred Achilles or sad Niobe
How they like us were guided across water,
They, to drink libations in eternal fields,
We, to celebrate a death with bread and wine.
Not a word as we moved toward the shore
Dim forms growing into jet black pilings
And the oil parted as we nosed in.

I looked back as the vessel faded,
Helmsman only a dark form in the stern,
Then nothing but jetty and grey water
And road under foot
Leading to the welcome of a bell.

B. KAY.



The Last Evening: Esquimalt

In the evening a sailor appears
Heels click softly on asphalt as
Road lifts and comes upon
Concrete clearing on rocky point
High over water
Where years ago they waited for a speck
Waiting high over still water
Three shapes sit silent and square looking over the brow,
For them the time is always past.
August moon sifts slim grasses down the hill, and far below
Black rocks like ancient washerwomen hunched over water.
He looks across his navy's main street
Eyes review a dotted line of lights
Perhaps Port Angeles
Gentle reassurance of coexistence
And deep in distance
A white lump of mountains sits coolly
Between him and them the air is clear and cold
Like the distance between you and a stranger,
For them the time is always now.
Lights a cigarette, thinks of the next day
End of training
Walks around the battlement, hops down
Heels click softly on asphalt as
He disappears into the night.

B. KAY

Navy Day

AT VICTORIA

There is a day set aside every year by the Royal Canadian Navy for the express purpose of showing the people of Canada just what is taking place in their expanding naval service, and this day is known from Halifax to Esquimalt as "Navy Day." The participants in this year's Navy Day (the twenty-sixth of July), kept up a growing tradition by putting forth an all-out effort to better the records set in previous years by their ship-mates, and their success in so doing will be attested by the thousands of Canadians who observed and cheered.

In Victoria, the Naval Cadets played a big part in the festivities. The Bugle Band from the Reserve Training Establishment stood out conspicuously during the mammoth parade in the morning. Their smartness and skill won the applause of the hundreds of Victorians who lined the streets to watch them pass in review. Later in the day, the band took part in the very impressive sunset ceremonies held in Beacon Hill Park. Earlier, Cadets from Royal Roads competed in a gun carriage race against the ship's company of H.M.C.S. "Ontario." Another group of R.T.E. Cadets took part in a pantomime featuring several well known and not so well known sea chanties. Aboard H.M.C.S. "Antigonish" and "Beacon Hill" Cadets showed visitors around the ship during the arranged cruises and acted as guides for the rest of the day.

All in all, Navy Day was a huge success at the West Coast and the Cadets were glad of the opportunity to play their part, as their hard work and enthusiasm won for them a lion's share of the plaudits.



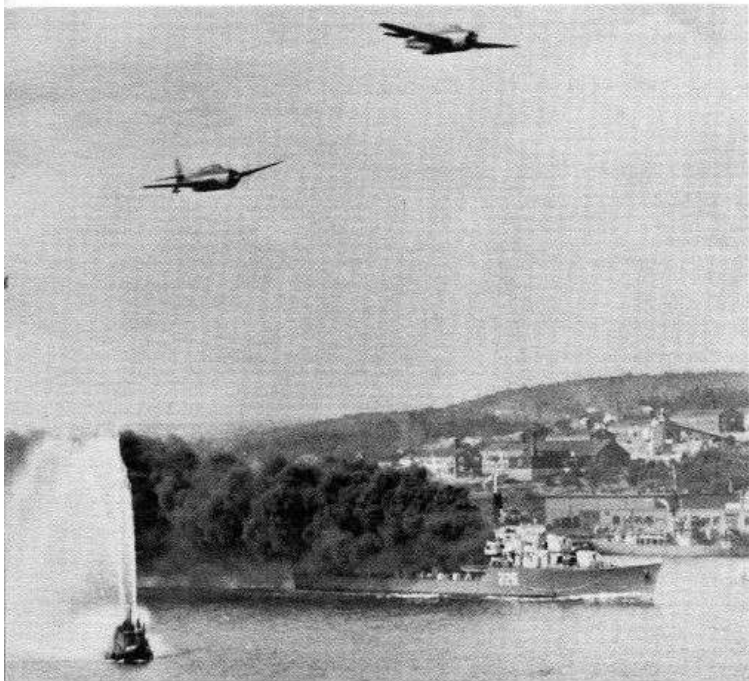
CADET BAND FROM R.T.E. PARADES THROUGH VICTORIA

AT HALIFAX

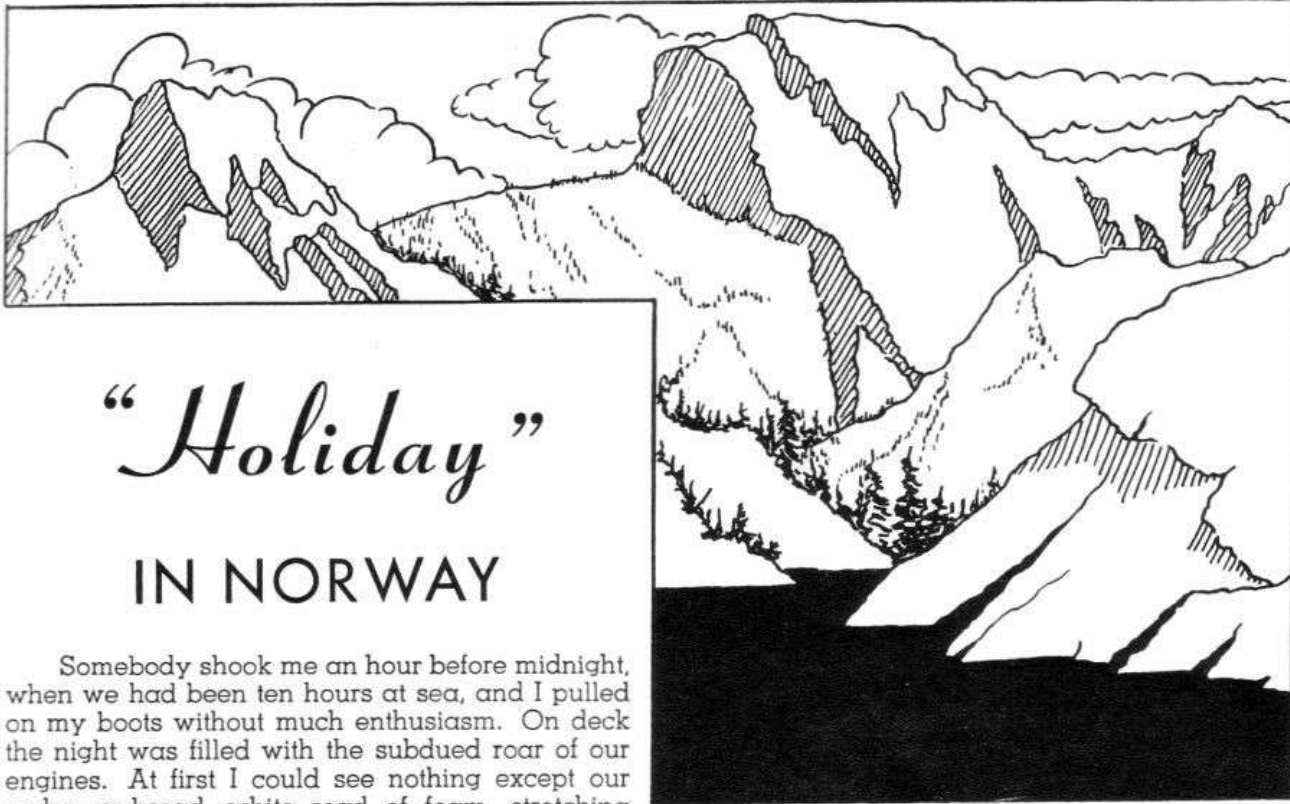
Navy Day at Halifax has always been an occasion for parades, bands and cheering thousands, and on Saturday the second of August the R.C.N. outdid itself for Haligonians and visitors to put on an elaborate spectacle, the biggest Navy Day celebration in seven years. "All the ships at sea" returned to port for the weekend, opened wide their gangplanks to visitors. On hand were R.C.N. ships, the U.S. heavy cruiser "Columbus" plus four escorting destroyers, and a British submarine, the "Alderney."

Puffs of orange smoke, gun blasts and chemical fog filled the air when a mock battle was staged between H.M.S. "Alderney," H.M.C.S. "Crescent" and twelve naval aircraft. Hundreds of spectators crowded jetties and roads around the dockyard to watch as the submarine crash dived under fire from the aircraft and then returned to attack the destroyer.

Unlike previous years, which usually featured a Cadet route march of elephantine proportions, U.N.T.D. participation consisted of two crack field-gun crews, drafted from "Huron" division. Under command of Sub. Lt. Morton they pulled the guns through the city to the Garrison Grounds, where a field-gun exercise was carried out, their precision being noted by the assembled multitudes.



H.M.C.S. CRESCENT LAYS DOWN SMOKE SCREEN IN HALIFAX HARBOUR



“Holiday”

IN NORWAY

Somebody shook me an hour before midnight, when we had been ten hours at sea, and I pulled on my boots without much enthusiasm. On deck the night was filled with the subdued roar of our engines. At first I could see nothing except our wake—a broad, white road of foam, stretching toward Shetland—but after a few minutes I became aware of many oilskinned figures, all looking ahead through glasses or with hands cupped against the dim white glare of the shrouded moon. As my eyes gathered strength, I made out the faint skyline of a high, mountainous island among the clouds ahead. Long seas from the south were rolling in the moonlight between us and the island, and there was no other land in sight.

The Norwegian pilot was close beside me; he stood quite still, gripping the bridge-coaming and staring at the island. For a while after making the coast we could see only the distant mountainous shapes of inshore islands; later low islets showed black when they came in the moon's path. Rocks and breaking reefs began to appear close at hand on either side, and at one time, we came into the lit sector of an occulting light that winked at us until an island hid it.

The winking light had seemed so personal and friendly that its final eclipse left me feeling lonely. In contrast, the mist-draped mountains, the dark rolling sea, and rocks with their dim surge of white, made a sombre and uninviting picture.

“Don't forget to come back”

Shortly before midnight we reduced speed and came slowly round a low headland into a sheltered bay where the motorboat lay stopped, rising and falling with the swell. Instead of the silent watching, which had kept officers and men almost motionless since first sighting land, there was a bustle of movement as a boat was lowered into the water and my baggage was brought up from the cabin. The second pilot—a young Norwegian—dropped into the boat, and I followed

him. A seaman passed my rucksack down to me, commenting cheerfully on its weight, and an officer leaned over the rail to see the boat clear.

“Cheerio!” he said, “Don't forget to come back.”

“No,” I answered, “No, rather not!”—and cursed myself, during most of the pull towards the shore, for not thinking of a less trite farewell.

Despite the comparative calm of the bay, the dark waters were creaming into a froth along the rocks beside us as we rowed toward the head. After five minutes of pulling, when the motor boat was already only a dim shape against the seaward islets, we found a beach of coarse stones, and ran the boat ashore on the top of a wave. We hid a spare sack of food among the heather by the shore, and when this was done the Norwegian was evidently anxious to get away, so I dropped my discarded seaboots into the boat and helped to get her afloat. When I had finished with lacing my climbing boots the boat had already merged into the shadow of her parent motor boat. Five minutes later, when I looked back, that shadow too was gone and the bay was empty.

I stumbled inland in the darkness. The very inadequate map which I had been able to get, had indicated a possible way of access to the summit of the island, by skirting a lake beyond a rocky saddle, but I had scarcely expected such difficult going. Steep and apparently bare rock slopes rose on either side and the floor of the narrow pass was covered knee deep with some kind of furze, which hid stones, boulders, rivulets.

(Continued on Page 60)

IN THE *Gunroom*

To relations, girl friends and other associates of Naval Cadets across the country, the "Gunroom" is a mysterious quantity, often mentioned but rarely described. The "Gunroom" has neither guns nor any other offensive weapons but rather is a lounge equivalent to the Naval Officers Ward room and the Army Officer's Mess. Upon the walls are usually to be found pictures of Cadet life and sea-lore in general. In one corner will stand the inevitable bar, and, close by, a radio-phonograph. Like other messes, various rules compiled by committees of the members govern the actions of the Cadets within the Gunroom. Besides the lounge facilities, the Gunroom, as an organization, arranges various social and other activities.

This year on the West Coast, the first big function was the General Mess Smoker held early in June which was a "lively" success with an open bar and Cadet entertainment. Later in June, a Ball was held on the Royal Roads quarter deck—a setting that is almost impossible to surpass for its beauty and dignity. In the Gunroom itself, the Committee purchased three irons so its members could have that "well-pressed" look. Also sponsored by the Gunroom, was the Library which has now expanded to four hundred and thirty-two volumes including an Encyclopaedia Britannica. To enliven the final day of the cruises, "Banyan" parties were held in Bedwell Harbour, all of which were organized and subsidized by the Gunroom. Throughout the summer, as various Cadets "visited" the Royal Canadian Naval Hospital, representatives of the Gunroom Executive took small comforts to their recumbent contemporaries. In appreciation of his services as Wine Caterer, Tom Hutchings was presented with a wedding gift as was John McMillan who had served as social secretary. In these and other activities, the Gunroom Executive, led by President Bill Law with Vic Fast as Treasurer and Bill

Howie as Secretary, showed themselves to be conscientious workers.

The busy days for the Stadacona Gunroom mess committee began in early June when Cadets began preparations for the visit of four hundred United States Midshipmen from Annapolis. A command ball was planned, with each Cadet securing two dates, and more or less taking two Middies under his wing for the night. Gunroom president Aubrey Russell was in Virginia on Operation Camid, so the organization fell upon the shoulders of Ron Boucher, vice-president. Command Ball Mark II was a complete success, with practically every Cadet at "Stad" attending or helping on the numerous committees. Volunteers were heaviest for the job of serving punch, but a select dependable group were scrupulously picked by the Committee.

With the dance came picnics and return engagements for the Middies. When they sailed away after four days the Gunroom turned to giving Mess dinners for eight divisions. This year's Mess dinners were really events, with four wines and four courses served, the last usually a delicious "Baked Alaska."

On June twenty-eighth the French speaking Cadets were hosts to the rest of Stadacona at "un cocktail" in the Gunroom from five to eight. The celebrants then had their own banquet, after which dancing and refreshments were served to the hangers on, and there were many!

Two more command balls, two more receptions after the Cadet Variety Shows and the perennial smokers rounded off a gay summer. Cadet Norm Hall and John Guyon were the social conveners, and took the strain of organizing the date lists, advertising and collecting funds. The man who worried about the bills, and they were huge, was Mess Sec S/Lt. John Toogood. All together, this year's Mess Committee made the Gunroom an enjoyable place for relaxation (?) after the brouaha of the usual Stadacona day.



COMMAND
BALL
AT
HALIFAX

Mess Executive

ESQUIMALT

HALIFAX



W. LAW, President



AUBREY RUSSELL, President



LT. (S) J. E. MACDONALD



W. HOWIE, Secretary



S/LT. JOHN TOOGOOD, Mess Secretary



RON BOUCHER, Vice-President



B. C. HOFLEY, President



J. McMILLAN, Social Secretary

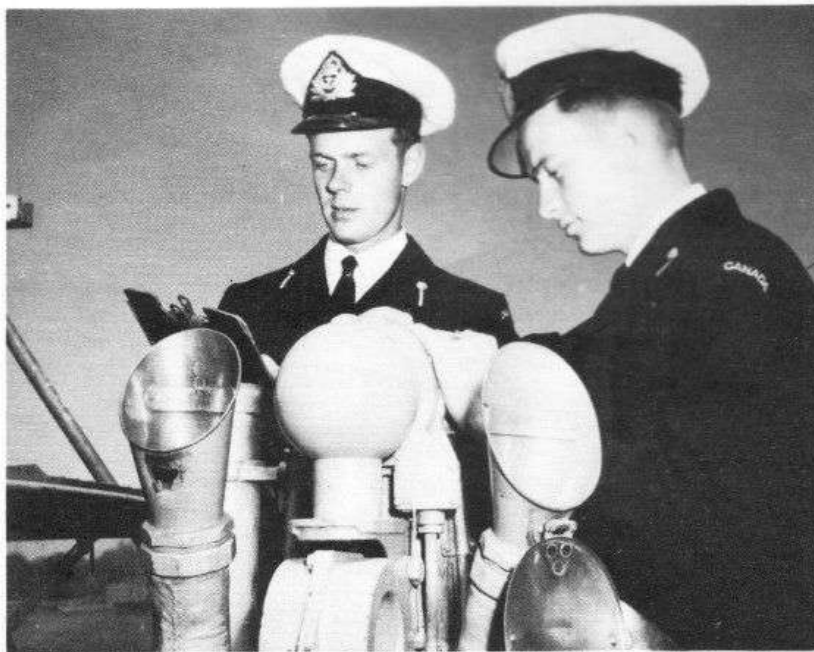


JOHN GUYON, Social Secretary



NORM HALL, Social Convener

CANGEN 170



ON THE BRIDGE

The Royal Canadian Navy has opened a new door to the Cadets of Canadian Service Colleges and Universities who intend to make their career in the Navy.

If you were sixteen but not over twenty-one on the first day of January of the year you started at a Canadian Services College or a University, you are eligible for this scheme.

If you are a Cadet who has successfully completed both second summer Naval training and two or more years (after Senior Matriculation level) at a Canadian Services College or at a University—you can now be enrolled as an Executive Midshipman on full duties in the Naval Service.

If you are a Cadet who has successfully completed both first summer Naval Training and at least one year at a Canadian Services College or a University—you can now be enrolled as a Cadet in one of three categories:

- (1) A Cadet may complete two years of a General Arts course, and then join the Fleet as an Executive Midshipman.
- (2) A Cadet may complete to degree standing in an Engineering Course, and then join the Fleet as an Acting Sub/Lieutenant. Moreover, CANSERVCOL Cadets may be authorized to proceed to a selected University for one year over and above their regular four-year course, and receive a degree in Engineering.
- (3) A Cadet may complete three or four years, as degree completion requires, of a technical or other specialist course as required by the Navy.

To be eligible for any one of these three cate-

gories, you must have completed at least Senior Matriculation in your last term at University.

Of particular interest to students in Medicine, is the fact that the new plan allows the Cadets to enrol for the last four years of his study, and the intern year is counted in the last four.

Seniority in Commissioned rank between all these schemes will be equated upon graduation.

Enrolment in any one of these schemes brings valuable financial benefits to successful candidates. Tuition is paid in full by the R.C.N. A gratuity of thirty dollars per month for the first year after enrolment is allowed. This gratuity is in addition to the regular subsistence allowance of sixty-five dollars per month. For book and instrument allowance, medical students receive seventy-five dollars per academic year while all other students receive fifty dollars. During summer training periods, Cadets will draw the pay of an Acting Sub/Lieutenant.

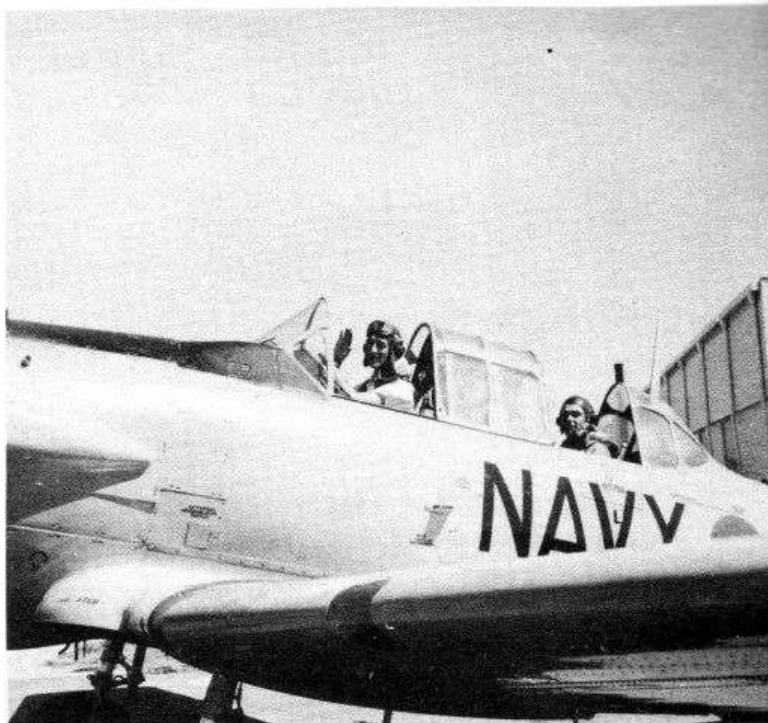
If you are successful when you apply for one of the above schemes you will be enrolled in the Regular Force for an indefinite period of engagement. Indefinite period means on a permanent or career basis at the Queen's pleasure, the same terms under which career Commissioned Officers serve. However, on completion of three years service after the termination of academic training, an individual will be permitted to resign his Commission, provided that a period of national emergency does not exist.

For more detailed information about these schemes you can contact your Commandant of the Services College or Commanding Officer of your University Naval Training Division.

"No. 1 C.F.U."

THE SKYS THE LIMIT

Until this year, flying for Naval Cadets had been considered as strictly an East Coast evolution. Now, thanks to the commendable efforts of Lt. D. McKenzie and Lt. W. Davidson, West Coast Cadets are able to avail themselves of the opportunity of taking to the air in two gleaming Harvard trainers. This organization, known as CADET FLYING UNIT No. 1, and located at Patricia Bay, enabled over three hundred Cadets to take to the air for forty-minute hops for a look at Victoria from the air, and a chance to find out some of the things that are involved in flying an aircraft. The object of the exercise was to familiarize Cadets with flying in general, and to awaken interest in the increasingly important Fleet Air Arm. The response was immediate and enthusiastic. It is hoped that next year the group will be able to carry out an expanded program. Cadets are indebted to Lts. McKenzie and Davidson for flawless demonstrations of the fine points of flying, and acquainting the odd Cadet with the fact that there are other things in this world as unaccountable and as urgent as seasickness.



LT. MACKENZIE AND CADET J. NORMAN

★ FROGMEN

Let no one say that the courses available to Cadets during their period of summer training are dull or lack excitement. This year on the West Coast, for instance, one of the more unusual courses in which Cadets took part was the Frog Man course. Candidates for this instruction had to meet some fairly stiff requirements; all their required courses and sea training had to have been completed, they had to pass a Diver's Medical examination, have above average swimming ability, and be accepted by the Diving Officer.

Once enrolled, the students first had to acquire a comprehensive knowledge of the construction, maintenance, and operation of shallow water equipment. Lectures, drills, and practical study gave Cadets this background. Having mastered these fundamentals, a definite under-water job was assigned. The task might be anything from cutting through a steel plate with a special under-water cutting torch, to working out "plumber's puzzles" below surface. All this makes for confidence and ability to think while down below.

The purpose behind all this under water training is to make available technicians in the art of rendering mines safe, which leads to the final phase of Frog Man instruction. Here are studied demolition principles as well as identification of the various types of mines and "booby traps."

Everyone who took the course agreed that it was both interesting and educational, and that the only thing that can be said against it is that it makes ordinary surface swimming seem rather dull and commonplace in comparison.



CADET VAL HINCH EXPLAINS FROGMAN SUIT

What Is This Place - THIS R.T.E. ?

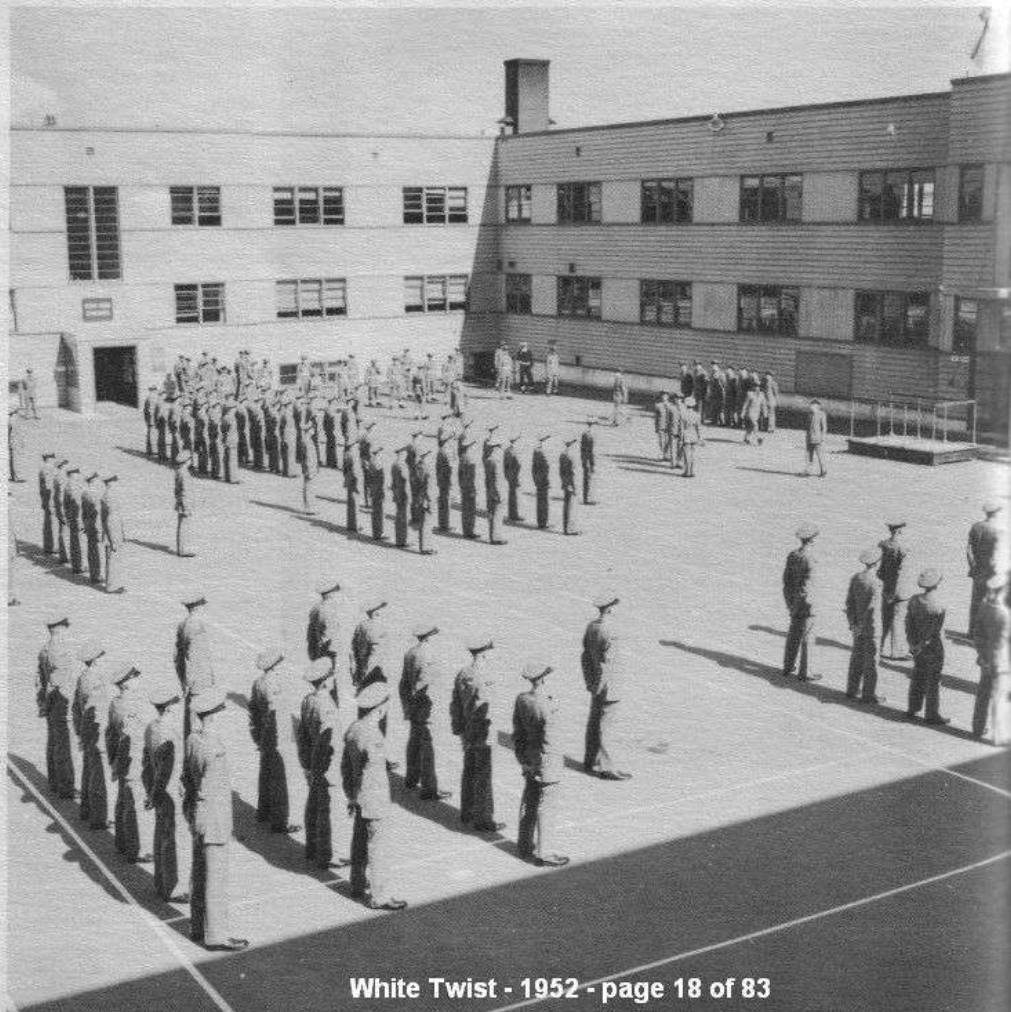
To the uninitiated, the uninformed, the three letters "R.T.E." are meaningless. To those who have "marched past" on its parade deck, dined in its dining room, availed themselves of the facilities of its Gunroom, and slept soundly in its cubicles, the letters "R.T.E." have a very special meaning. These letters stand for "Reserve Training Establishment," and it is here that the young men of the U.N.T.D. are billeted, fed, and where certain phases of their training are executed. Back at the home Divisions one hears the "old salts" casually making reference to "R.T.E." without knowing just what the reference implies or entails. Perhaps by means of this illustrated description you will see just what life and living conditions are like.

At the West Coast, for instance, the R.T.E. is a small part of H.M.C. Dockyard which is situated on the outermost limits of the municipality of Esquimalt, twenty minutes, by bus, from the centre of the city of Victoria. Its buildings are laid out in the form of a "U", broken at the lower left hand corner. Within the arms of this "U" is situated the parade deck on which parade training, Divisions, and Evening Quarters are held. Painted thereon, are courts for volley ball, tennis, and deck hockey so that the parade deck serves a two-fold purpose. The two-storey frame blocks which enclose the parade deck on three sides are known as "A", "B", and "C" blocks. 'A' block houses the Chapel, one dormitory, the Dining Room, and the Gunroom. In 'B' block is situated the Officers cabins, Term Lieutenants' offices, Ships offices, and the Ward Room. "C" block has four separate Cadet dormitories.

Of most interest to the reader will be those places within which he will spend most of his time. These places are the Dormitories, Dining Room, Gunroom, and Recreation Space. The Dormitories are units of ten separate cubicles, each of which has accommodation for six Cadets. A writing desk, reading lamps, and rugs, in addition to comfortable beds and spacious lockers, are found in each cubicle. Each Dormitory has its own "heads," showers, and washroom. Large windows in the cubicles overlook the parade square or, in some cubicles, out over the Straits of Georgia to the Olympic mountain range on the American side.



DIVISIONS



The Dining Room is found on the left as one enters "A" block. It is set up on a cafeteria basis. In front of a spotless galley are a battery of steam tables from which are served sumptuous meals by a capable staff. Cadets eat at tables set for four people, the dishes and silver being removed as the meal progresses. On one's right, as one enters the same block is found the Gunroom. Herein are found deep, leather upholstered sofas and easy chairs, placed on wall to wall rugs. Around the walls are placed reading lamps, end tables, coffee tables, and magazine racks in which are placed periodicals and timely literature at regular intervals. At the far end of the Gunroom is situated the Bar where one can obtain everything from cool "suds" to salted peanuts. Needless to say, this is the focal point of the Gunroom. Tea is served in the Gunroom at four o'clock each afternoon and Cadets are encouraged to bring guests to tea on Sunday, or to bring them aboard to the Gunroom on Saturday or Sunday evening. The Cadets are very proud of their radio-phonograph and record collection. The Gunroom is, in effect, the Cadet's home away from home.

The Recreation Space is another place for relaxation during the off-hours. Here are found ping-pong tables, Coke and Beverage dispensers, dart board and ship's canteen. The Canteen is adequately stocked with daily needs in addition to confections, novelties, sporting goods, smoking needs, and reading material. The Canteen is staffed by Supply Cadets who thereby gain valuable experience in the work of their branch.

All play and no work makes Jack a big jerk, and so one must not assume that a Cadet's summer training period involves nothing more than recreation in the above mentioned places. The Reserve Training Establishment usually sends Cadets to the training schools at Naden for their courses of instruction. Gunnery, Torpedo Anti-Submarine, Damage Control and Fire Fighting, Communications are a few of the more prominent courses offered by Naden. The Supply, Technical and Medical branches also provide courses for Cadet training at Naden. The trip from R.T.E. to Naden is made by "Blue-Boat" across Esquimalt Harbour. It has been said that certain Cadets



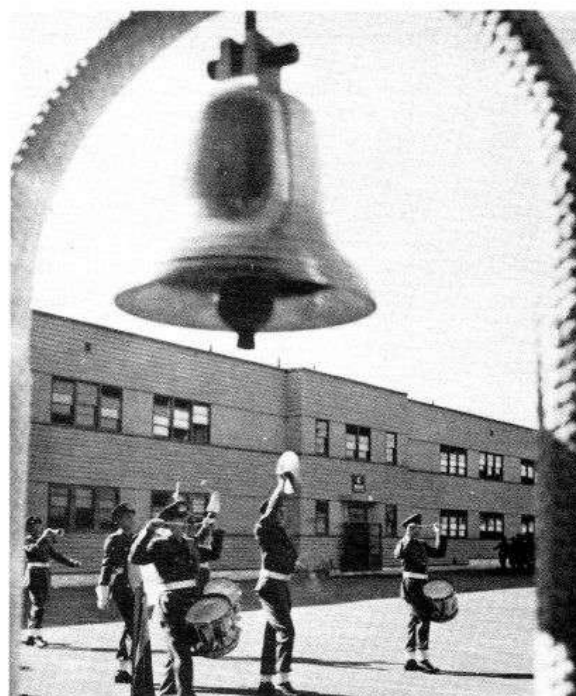
IN STOMACHS

have put in more sea time on these harbour craft than they have in the Training Task Group.

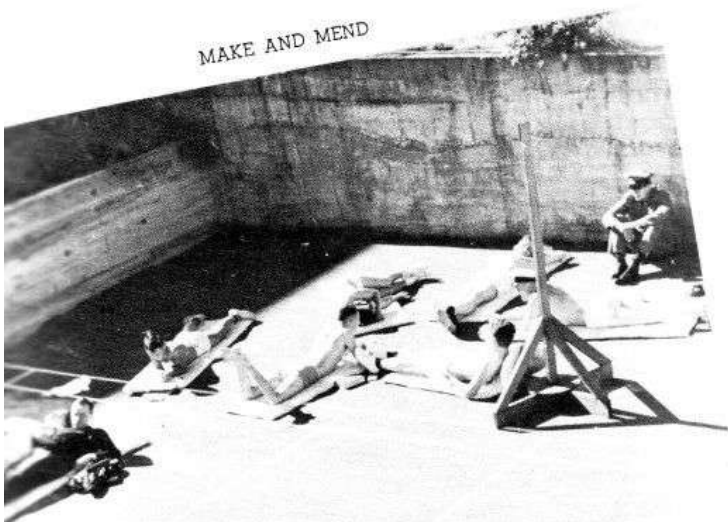
This is not, of course, the complete story of the meaning behind the words "Reserve Training Establishment"; it is but a part of the picture one gets by spending one or two summers at the Reserve Training Establishment.



THE CADET BAND MARCHES PAST THE SHIP'S BELL



MAKE AND MEND



NAVAL READING

The gentleman referred to in the dedication of this article will in all probability "not have the time" next year, either, to do any background reading. This article is written in the hope that he may at least have a nodding acquaintance with certain selections of Naval literature. For the great part, these books are available from your local public library, and, indeed, it might be worth while to spend part of an evening browsing in the Naval History and First and Second World War selections.

A good book, to begin with, no matter what branch you may be in, is Michael Lewis' "ENGLAND'S SEA OFFICERS." Mr. Lewis, professor of History at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, presents a very readable account of the development of the Royal Naval Officer. What makes this book particularly valuable, is his research into the origins and change of status of the various branch officers—Supply, Engineer, Surgeon, Instructor—a very interesting study to be sure.

Embryo Supply Officers (and others, too) will enjoy "THE LAW OF THE SEA" by William McFee. The chapters on mutiny, piracy, privateering, and Lloyd's of London are the most interesting, but the sections on the salvage and medieval sea law, and its development are also both enjoyable and informative. This book is by no means a text, however, either in its style or content, being designed purely for general knowledge reading.

The fine old R.N. custom of perpetuating cer-

tain names in the ships of the Fleet provides the *raison d'être* for "NINE VANGUARDS," written by Lt. Cdr. P. K. Kemp, RN. The first "VANGUARD" was launched in 1586, the ninth in 1944, and between these two stretch a long line of ships bearing that illustrious name. La Hogue, the Nile, Jutland; these are but a few of the many battles and operations in which ships bearing the name "VANGUARD" have taken part, and the author describes them in a manner that is both readable and absorbing.

A book of a slightly different nature is "FORCE MULBERRY" by Cdr. Alfred Stanford, USNR, Deputy Task Force Commander of that operation. Complete with drawings and photographs, this narrative traces the story of Mulberry Harbour from the planning stages in London, through the construction progress in Britain, the towing across the Channel, and the final installation and operation during the assault period.

"YANGTSE INCIDENT" tells in vivid terms the heroic action of H.M.S. "AMETHYST" in her struggle to free herself from the Communist trap on the Yangtse River. The author, Lawrence Earl, has pieced together a very stirring account of this now famous action from interviews with members of the Ship's Company.

These are but a few of the many interesting books, all part of the essential knowledge of any Naval Officer, which are available either from the Gunroom or your local Public Library on Naval History.



CAMID

By CADET GUY LEGAULT

A precedent was set this summer when American Naval authorities invited a group of Naval Cadets to take part in a three-week amphibious training course. Although such operations have been held annually for seven years, this was the first time in its young history that any but Americans were invited to take part in CAMID. The word comes from a combination of two short forms, CA standing for "army cadets," and MID for "midshipmen." As the name indicates, CAMID brings together future officers of both services.

The RCN hastened to reply to the American invitation, and a bright morning in early June saw twenty-four Cadets leaving Halifax for Little Creek, near Norfolk, Virginia.

The trip offered great opportunities for cadets: they received training which is unique on this continent, and were able to take a quick look

at the southern states, to visit Washington and a few other cities. The mission also gave the satisfaction of being able to reaffirm those ties of friendship which have always existed between the two countries. From both points of view encouraging results could be expected. I believe I am speaking the truth in saying that while amphibious training was the first object of the exercise, its final justification lay in establishing friendly relations between future officers of Canada and the U.S.

The expedition was successful on both counts. The U.N.T.D.'s profited greatly from participating in the manoeuvres, for it must be admitted that the Yanks are past masters at amphibious tactics, as seen in their contributions to the success of World War II, both in Europe and the Pacific, and quite recently in Korea. Cadets were able to profit from that bitter experience which comes only from the shedding of blood in battle.

ARE THE HARDEST

EXECUTIVE TRAINING

Late in April and early in May nearly one hundred Cadets, who felt themselves "real old-timers" began to collect Travelling Route Orders directing them to proceed westward to Esquimalt for NT and VS. Being veterans, they knew exactly what these intriguing letters meant.

On arrival at the Coast, expectations were fulfilled. For the first to arrive, including the Canservcol Cadets, the big business of the summer began at Royal Roads—Navigation II and the toughest academic six weeks in the Executive course. After that, C1, C2 and C3 left Royal Roads in good order and boarded the ships for Bedwell Harbour, Los Angeles, Long Beach and way points. They soon became familiar with the sextant and other weird and wonderful devices while they reveled at the sight of those inferior men, the first year Cadets, working part-ship and rubbing the brass off ventilators and other key equipment(?)

As C1, C2 and C3 embarked, their places were filled by a nondescript collection of RCN (R) Cadets, half from that bastion of finance and easy liquor, Toronto, and the remainder from "Prevost," "Hunter," "Chippawa," "Discovery" and good old "Malahat." After four weeks had passed within the confines of Naden at courses in Communications, Damage Control and Fire Fighting, C5 and C6 were on the bit once more. Having accumulated one hundred days of slack party among their twenty-five members, they felt ready to take over Royal Roads to fill the gaps left by the mighty men of the first three divisions. Six weeks of hard labor, frequent stoppage of leave and innumerable escapades saw the Navigation course safely traversed. Going to sea three days later than scheduled to replace the three lost while they prepared a mock gun's crew for Navy Day, C5 and C6 went aboard the ships and sailed for Bedwell, and Southern California, this time to San



CADETS BRODEUR AND BALSILLIE ON THE BRIDGE

Diego where many made a gallant effort to invade Mexico.

The third year executive Cadets, forming classes G1, G2 and G3 spent the majority of their time as Cadet Captains gaining valuable experience as Second Officers of the Watch and as leaders of the junior Cadets. While ashore, they worked on their Lieutenant's qualifying courses which included a four-week T.A.S. course and a six-week Gunnery Course. At R.T.E., the third-year types rotated between the positions of Cadet Captain and Regulating Cadet, a system which has proved vastly superior to previous ones. The small number of senior Cadets on training this summer has made it possible for them to have more individual attention at the schools and also to have more opportunity in the various positions of authority. This third summer training provides a rounding out period for the experience gained in the previous summers and in addition, it is possible to gain a more accurate picture of the modern naval officer and his duties.

By the end of the summer, many executive Cadets had been fortunate enough to spend up to twelve weeks aboard ship and no longer could the criticism be made that the time spent in practical training at sea was too short.



INSTRUCTION

★ Technical Branches ★

ENGINEERS

Some people despise them, some people tolerate them and some people enjoy them. To some people they are the biggest "scullers" in the service, to others they play their part and to some they are indispensable. Despite what others think, Engineers are exceptionally proud of their Branch, and among Cadets they have a strong representation.

The work of the Engineering Branch is obscure to most people. Their responsibilities and duties are many in number, the most important of which, is the maintenance and operation of the main propulsion machinery. The Engineering Department also looks after the ship's hull and fittings, diesel and turbo generators, refrigeration, air compressors, small boat engines, and steam for cooking and heating purposes. All of the water used for the engines, for cooking and for drinking at sea, is distilled in the engine room. The personnel must be efficient and experienced in the technical and practical aspects of their department.

1952 was one of the finest training years for Engineering Cadets as they came from the Universities across Canada, Royal Roads and the Royal Military College. On August 1st, six of the

class left for home, and later, further training at the Royal Naval Engineering College in Keyham, England, as Midshipmen (E).

The course began with machine shop practice at Royal Roads followed by a five-week cruise on board H.M.C.S. Ontario. The cruise went to San Diego, Vancouver, Prince Rupert and Juneau. The Engineers had practical experience in all of the branch departments, since the cruiser furnished a complete picture of the machinery in operation and the duties of an Engineering Officer.

Back again in the R.T.E., they ran up against a solid wall of routine and for the first few days it was confusion plus. After the initiation, however, they settled down to a steady pattern of lectures (more aptly Duty Sleeping Periods) and you could almost say they enjoyed the brief perio dashore. The thought of the final exam had everyone worried—perhaps it was a good time to wake up.

Time flew fast at R.T.E. with a continual round of parties and the Friday night stampedes at Vic High. Soon there were prospects of another cruise aboard the destroyer Sioux and the end of a successful summer's training for the Cadets (E).

ELECTRICALS

An orphan division was adopted by the Manager of Electrical Engineering, West Coast, this summer. For the first time in the history of the U.N.T.D., Electrical Cadets were posted to Esquimalt in spite of the fact that the Navy's only Electrical training centre is at Stadacona.

Headquarters decided that due to the shortage of instructors during the summer season and the shortage of time available to Cadets, an adequate course in electrical theory could not be offered to Cadets by the school. Thus an experiment would be attempted. A small number of Cadets would be posted to the West Coast where they would be employed as Electricians Mates, training on the job, assuming that the theoretical training gained at Varsity would suffice.

Upon arrival at the Coast, the Electrical Cadets spent three weeks in rotation between the office of the Manager of Electrical Engineering, the Electronics shop, the Electrical shop, and the Gun Mounting shop. Much diversified experience was had at the various positions. In the office, the Cadets were engaged in checking and filing "Defects lists" and "Alterations and Additions" lists, compiling conversion lists of electrical equipment for various ships in refit, and drafting. In the Electronics shop, each Cadet was introduced to the feats of trouble-shooting in transceiver sets, power amplifiers, and radar sets. The Electrical shop and Gun Mounting shop unveiled to the Cadets the intricacies of motor and generator windings and of gun mounting wirings.

Late in May, the Electrical division was posted to H.M.C.S. Ontario for departmental train-

ing. For most, this was novel, as on board the big ship, the Cadets were regarded as Junior Officers in training and enjoyed privileges as such.

The ship's Electrical Office distributed the five Cadets among the Radio Maintenance Room, the High Power Work shop, the Low Power Work shop and the Engine Room maintenance department. One week was spent in each of these departments.

During that month, valuable training was gained, for the Cadets worked under existing conditions in a warship and on authentic jobs. The occupations varied from changing light bulbs to repairing radar and radio sets and included



Cadet George Bot Explains Changing Routine of Oil Sprayers in One of Ontario's Boiler-rooms to Cadet Art Griffin.

the daily maintenance and repair of electrical gear.

On leaving the ship, the Cadets once more returned to R.T.E. and the guiding hand of the M.E.E. The first major operation was the dismantling of radar sets of H.M.C.S. "Cayuga," after which, Radio II and Radio IV. of H.M.C.S. "Ontario" were entirely renovated with modern transceivers. Very shortly afterward, work was started on H.M.C.S. "Athabaskan" and finally the Dockyard radio stores. The latter provided extensive opportunity for acquainting Cadets with all types of radio components. It was here that the Electrical Cadets undertook to devise a simplified card cataloguing system of electronic components for H.M.C.S. "Cayuga." If this scheme proves to be satisfactory upon the recommissioning of the "Cayuga," it may be made standard for all R.C.N. ships. This would eliminate the duplication of hundreds of electronic components and thus economize on valuable space and weight.

The new Electrical training scheme has undergone a trial, and has undoubtedly proven to be enjoyable to the trainees, since no examinations were given. However, it remains to Headquarters to decide if such training shall be deemed adequate to mould an officer with a green stripe.

ORDNANCE

The Ordnance Cadets were six in number this year, four second year and two third year Cadets. The two third year Cadets had the honour of paving the way for the first third year course offered by the Ordnance School.

The Ordnance Branch is responsible for the maintenance of all weapons; that is, to ensure that they will operate when required. The Cadets therefore do a fair amount of practical work in the line of stripping down, testing and assisting in the repairing and routine (oiling and greasing) of the armament. The cruises in the main, are composed of this form of instruction while the School gives the theory behind the design and operation of the machines.

The summer started with a five-week cruise in H.M.C.S. "Ontario" during which we visited San Diego, Vancouver, Juneau and Prince Rupert.



Although the cruise was enjoyable, much practical work was undertaken. The third year Cadets worked on torpedoes, fire control, installations, and six-inch gunnery, while the second year Cadets had close-range weapons, four-inch gunnery, and six-inch gunnery.

We then returned to the school and started our respective courses, each of eight weeks duration. The second year course was very similar to the course given last year, consisting mainly of classwork and theory, while the new third year course was almost entirely practical.

A new addition to the course was the "Explosive Disposal Unit" section. Here all Ordnance Cadets received one and one half weeks instruction. The underwater training phase of this course proved to be the most interesting.

CONSTRUCTOR

Two English and Two French speaking Cadets formed the training group in the Construction branch, HMC Dockyard, Halifax, this summer. The training was under the supervision of Constructor Commander C. V. Green and Lieut. Cdr. C. Booth.

The two English Cadets were W. T. Swyer from Nova Scotia Technical College and A. H. Abbott from the University of New Brunswick. Cadets P. Beaudry from University of McGill and Y. Dagenais from University of Montreal.

For acceptance into the Construction Branch a Cadet must be in his second year of summer training and taking a course in Civil Engineering at his respective college.

This was the first year the Construction branch was open to Cadets. The syllabus was drawn up by M.C.D. and briefly was as follows:

"The first five weeks were spent with the Hull Inspector, next two and a half with H. G. Ivany on Tribal Class Destroyers. One and a half weeks were spent in each of the three shops (Boiler shop, Plumbing shop and Shipwright shop). One week was also spent in the Paint shop and Boat-swain department.

It is the wish of these Constructor Cadets that those who follow them will enjoy and take as much pride in the Branch as they have.

Maintenance of Depth Setting Gear on Ontario's Torpedo Tubes.
Aubrey Ward and Tom Deacon.



2nd and 3rd YEAR SUPPLY

The Cadets that were seen trundling over to Naden every day with QRCN's under their arms belonged to that miopic, good natured happy-go-lucky branch of the service known as the Supply Branch. Without which, I might add for the benefit of Executive Cadets who might not know, the officers and men of the Royal Canadian Navy would go unpaid, naked, hungry and thirsty.

"E" Company came from all parts of the Dominion. It contained introverts, extroverts, endomorphs, ectomorphs, mesomorphs, as well as the odd type that defies any sort of classification whatsoever. Our interests were many and varied. We were interested in: girls, baseball, sex, tennis, women, literature, having a good time at a beach party, music, magazines, sculling and even the RCN.

We went breezing through our six weeks supply course in Supply where we were taught the nucleus of what it takes a commerce student four years to learn, but with that particular naval slant. So the marks **were** low—heck, how could we learn all that and still keep up our many and varied interests?

We learned how to stow rum casks, how to add and subtract, how to slaughter livestock, how to measure the spirit issue, how a court martial

works, how to measure the strength of rum, how to juggle the books, and how to water rum for grog.

The Supply types came to be known not only as the intellectuals and cosmopolites of R.T.E., but also as the athletes. "E-1" and "E-2" took first place in the Supply School Track Meet, and "E-3" and "E-4" were first in the RTE-ROYAL ROADS track meet.

Second only to our record in athletics, studies, and social activities, was our reputation on the parade deck which managed always to draw some witty little quip from one officer or another or perhaps an unsympathetic G.I. Slack party has been a huge success this year for the members of 'E' company and there is an ever growing loyal alumni following this august and exclusive group. It is also a wonderful place for meeting new people, all drawn together at the same hours for the same purpose. What a spirit of comradeship arises within us at the sight of so many travellers along life's more rocky path.

In concluding, may I comfort all new entries who, when asked to read the letters of the eye chart, stare at the blurred wall and are speechless, . . . Cheer up, Boys! The Supply Branch is fine, and a lot of fun too.



CADET HOWIE FLEMING: Assistant to the Chief of Staff's Secretary.

SURGEONS

The Medical Branch of the Royal Canadian Navy has its part in the training scheme for Cadets at both coasts.

At the West Coast, medical students in the early years of their study were trained in the various departments of the Royal Canadian Naval Hospital in H.M.-C.S. "Naden." Time is also spent in Sick Bay, working on Medical Records, in the Laboratory, in the Operating Room, and with the X-Ray equipment. The Surgeon Cadets attended a series of formal lectures, films and demonstrations given by

RCNH staff. The "meds" also saw duty afloat with the Training Task Group and in "Ontario."

Senior Surgeon Cadets had the opportunity of standing regular interne watches in the Naval

Hospital wards, spending six-week periods at St. Joseph's Hospital and the D.V.A. Hospital as well. This valuable experience was one of the outstanding features of Surgeon Cadet training.



Working under Training Officer Lt. Cdr. W. McCorkrell, and assured always of the help and advice of term Lieutenant W. Jackson, this year's group of Surgeon Cadets count their summer training

as four months well spent on the hard professional road they travel.

LES CADETS MEDICAUX

CADET CLAUDE GRODIN,
3rd Year, Surgeon Cadet.

Un fait est à remarquer à Halifax cet été. C'est que la plupart des cadets de troisième année de langue française font partie de la branche médicale. C'est donc que la branche a pris une importance qui ne fera que s'accroître, si on en juge par le nombre de futurs médecins parmi les cadets de première année.

"Mais qu'est-ce que cette branche médicale," pourraient se dire les non-initiés. Qu'est-ce qu'un cadet médical? Que diable viennent-ils foutre dans la marine? On semble croire qu'un officier médical n'est bon qu'à donner des permissions et des excuses, que la clinique est le meilleur endroit pour passer le temps, en même temps que très utile pour l'approvisionnement de certains instruments très appréciés pour certaines actions. (On est marin ou on ne l'est pas.) Mais il y a plus. On dit que le médecin est parfois appelé à jouer le rôle du prêtre. N'est-ce pas le cas du médecin de bord? Un marin vit avec des compagnons qui ont leurs propres problèmes et qui ne sont pas disposés à écouter les petites misères des autres. Il y a l'officier de division. Mais on hésite à aller le trouver. On aime mieux se montrer devant lui à son meilleur et non pas sous le coup d'une dépression; on a un peu peur du rapport qui pourrait s'en suivre. Mais il n'y a pas de crainte avec l'officier médical. Il n'a pas de rapport à faire et il a le temps d'aider.

Et nous, cadets de la branche médicale, que faisons-nous? L'ouvrage qui nous est assignée dépend du nombre d'années passées à l'université. Tout d'abord, plusieurs nous ont rencontré à la clinique. Là, nous assistons les gardes-malades et les infirmiers.

D'autres cadets travaillent aux dossiers. Ils passent de grandes journées à écrire sur divers papiers les résultats d'examen médicaux effectués à l'hôpital. Ils ont ainsi l'occasion de lire les rapports des médecins sur divers genres de maladies, ce qui pourra leur servir plus tard. De plus, ils se familiarisent avec les liasses de documents et de rapports, pratique si chère à la marine.

Mais ce qui nous intéresse le plus, c'est l'examen médical annuel de chacun des membres de la marine, officiers comme marins. C'est une tâche d'importance, et qui dure plusieurs semaines, employant plus d'une douzaine de cadets. Le tout consiste tout d'abord à mesurer et à peser le patient, à lui examiner la vue, à faire une analyse chimique de son sang et de son urine, à lui donner un piqûre de T.A.B.T.D., à le vacciner au besoin, puis à lui prendre un Rayon-X.

Les cadets infirmiers ont donc quelque chose à faire ici; ils ont leur place dans la marine. A chacun sa tâche!

Pity — WRONG NUMBER

(Dedicated to the Cadet whose sole contact with the Gunroom Library takes place the day he does his "Out Routine.")

By T. J. CAHILL

THE SCENE: (a hotel room with bed, desk and chairs. Telephone on desk. Two Cadets with khaki's on stage.)

1st Cadet.....Yippeee! What a swindle . . . know what I did?

2nd Cadet.....No . . . what?

1st Cadet.....Oh, a cinch. They wouldn't give me a week-end pass, so here I am anyway, with a nice comfortable room at the Half Nelson!

2nd Cadet.....How did you do it?

1st Cadet.....I forged the R.T.C.'s signature on a chit, and stuck it in my card. It's in the Reg. Office now.

2nd Cadet.....My God! Let me out of here; this place will be raided any minute!

(EXIT)

1st Cadet..... Well; now for the lighter side of summer training . . . (he collapses on bed . . . picks up phone, takes out little black book.)

Let me see . . . who will it be tonight . . . hmmm . . . nol . . . nol . . . nol . . .
aaaahhhh yes! Hollis Street, of course. (into phone)

Outside please . . . 6560L Please . . . (long pause)

What's going on . . . (loud clicks)

Hello . . . hello . . . What's wrong? Aaaaah, here we are.

Hello . . .Hello . . .ooooooo oh!

1st Voice.....Cadet Control . . .Hello?

(He drops phone . . . picks it up again . . . listens intently)

2nd Voice.....Staff officer here, get me the R.T.C., quick!

1st Voice.....Right away.

2nd Voice.....Right away what?

1st Voice.....Write away to Simpson's and get your catalogue!

2nd Voice.....Get me the R.T.C. immediately.

1st Voice.....Yes Divinity!

(a pause . . . Cadet listens)

3rd Voice.....Hello?

2nd Voice.....Hello . . . is that you J. B.?

3rd Voice.....Yes, R.T.C. here . . . who's this?

2nd Voice.....Metcalf here.

3rd Voice.....What are you doing up this late, impersonating Charles Laughton again?

2nd Voice.....I had a feeling I'd catch a Cadet tonight . . . and by gad I did!

3rd Voice.....What's up?

(there is a loud click . . . other telephone sounds)

Cadet..... Hello . . . Hello . . . Hello?

Operator..... This is the desk, what number were you calling?

Cadet..... 6560L . . . Hollis Street.

Operator..... Sorry, the line is busy. As usual.

Cadet..... Hello . . . hello . . ., desk?

Operator..... Yes Cadet? (bored)

Cadet..... A minute ago you gave me a wrong number. Can you get it back again? It's a matter of life or death . . . probably death.

Operator..... One moment please.

Cadet..... I wonder if its me? . . . Slack party . . . extra duty . . . a bird . . . at my tender age . . . no . . . it can't be . . . Operator . . .(screams) Operator . . . did you get that number?

Operator.....(very bored) I'm trying, Cadet.

(a loud click . . . other telephone noises)

3rd Voice..... Yes Metcalfe . . . yes . . . go on . . .

2nd Voice..... I found it see. I've got it here now. We have him cold.
I tell you. Cold! haha haha haha hahahahahahahahah! (insane laughter)

3rd Voice..... Here Charles . . . Get hold of yourself. (more insane laughter)
Stop it, I tell you. Have you really got him?

2nd Voice..... He's a dead duck . . . but listen . . . I want him on my report!

3rd Voice..... No, Charles. That's an R.T.C.'s offence.

2nd Voice..... No J. B., I found the card, he's all mine . . . heh hehe
(more insane laughter)

3rd Voice..... No, he's mine, and that's an order! Stop crying!

2nd Voice..... What do you say to a caning J. B.? It will be a novelty anyway? Twenty
lashes, huh?

3rd Voice..... Right, when do we pick him up?

2nd Voice..... I've sent the boys for him now . . . he's at the
(loud clicks . . . static . . .)

Cadet..... Operator . . . desk . . . that conversation! Was that a joke?
I'm asking you . . . (screams) was that a joke?

Operator..... Settle down Cadet, it's late!

Cadet..... Listen to me . . . listen to me . . . please. I'm all alone up here. All alone . . .
and they're coming to get me. I'm sure.

Operator..... Who . . . the gravediggers?

Cadet..... No, the Duty Watch . . .

Operator..... Take another drink, and go to bed.

Cadet..... No. I'll go mad I tell you . . . mad . . . mad . . . mad . . . (falls on bed sobbing)
Operator . . . desk . . . (screams) Operator!

Operator..... Yes Cadet?

Cadet..... Barricade the doors. Tell them there's no one here . . . do something . . . stop
them . . . Metcalfe . . . Bugden . . . I didn't mean it, I swear I didn't. I want to
be a civilian. That's it! A civilian! Down the laundry chute with my uniform!
Down the laundry chute! Where's my case, my civvies?
(Tears suit out of attache case, unbuttons jacket feverishly. STEPS
ARE HEARD SLOWLY ASCENDING THE STAIRWAY OUTSIDE.
THEY GET LOUDER. LOUDER. LOUDER. THE DOOR OPENS. A
CADET CAPTAIN: FOLLOWED BY FIVE CADETS COMES IN. AD-
VANCE TOWARDS CADET.)

Cadet..... No! No . . . I won't go . . . you can't make me!
(they grab him . . . take him off screaming) THE CADET CAPTAIN
REMAINS. PHONE RINGS ONCE. HE GOES TO IT—PAUSES. IT
RINGS AGAIN. HE PICKS IT UP.)

4th Voice..... Hello . . . hello? . . . This is Hollis Street. Is that you Cadet Bland?

Cadet Capt... (heavy English accent)

Pitayh . . . wrong number!

CURTAIN



SPORTS

EAST

The great success of the East Coast sports programme was due to the variety of sports available, the abundance of new equipment and the improved "regimentation" of Cadet sports.

Interdivisional softball, basketball and volleyball, were very keenly contested. In softball, "Cayuga" Division, led by Brown; "Algonquin," led by Beard; and "Crescent," by Fowler; managed to come out on top.

Basketball saw "Crescent," led by Dave Moore; and "Cayuga," led by Doug Brown; snatch the honours. Providing perhaps the highlights of our sports season were the various and sundry diabolically planned events designed by our sports officer, and the powers that be, to keep the Cadets in a state of exhaustion and submission. Successful meets were held in swimming (won by "Crescent"), track and field ("Algonquin"), and a three-mile run taken by Waterfield with Cadet Captain Mike Scarlett coming in a close eighth. This year also provided a great spectacle, as many determined Cadets mustered at either end of one small rope under the close scrutiny of kibitzing officers. The strongest team proved to be "Algonquin" as "Crescent" was hampered by the "unforeseen" departure of her 285 pound anchor man "Slim" Hollinger.

Although there were ladders in tennis, squash and badminton, these sports were not as keenly contested.

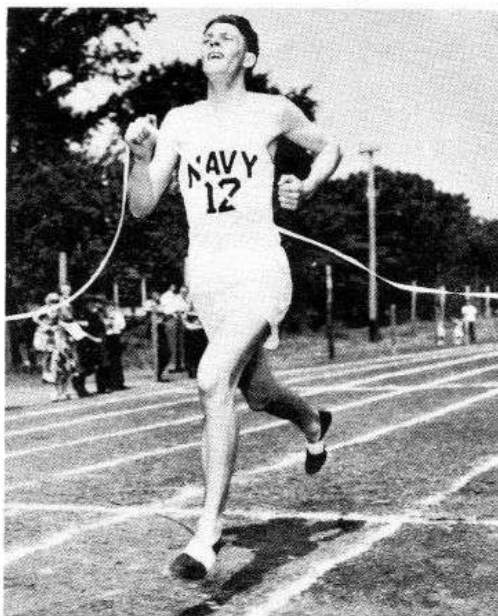
Our A and B representative softball teams slugged their way through the interpart softball loop at Wanderer's Grounds. They finished one-two over all the other teams in Stadacona.

We had a great week-end sports trip to Cornwallis. The softball team, piloted by S/Lt. L. K. Lodge, utilized the powerful bats of such stalwarts as Jack Hagemester and Tom Davies, and Dave Beard's sensational pitching to rack up a score of 18-2 over the Midshipmen. S/Lt. "Chubby" Middleton's basketball squad walloped these Mids as handily as did the soccer team. But in golf the Cornwallis officers' four, each hit in the conservative low eighties while our "team" and Doug Rowland couldn't crack 100. They blamed the course but as was later announced "the golf team also went on the trip."

Our track and field team, sparked by Chuck Taylor, heaped glory on the Cadets in every one of the many meets they entered.

Both times when the USS "Midway" and her convoy came in we played the Midshipmen with our representative teams in softball, basketball and soccer. The soccer team, sparked by young Nat Butterfield, cleaned up on the Mids every time. The softball boys, with the aid of our only fourth year Cadet (Don Butcher), in the umpire's

suit, won, lost and tied their efforts. Our hurlers, Dave Beard and Art Abbott, really came through in these games with the Yanks. In basketball, the Mids, who had an All-American ranked 6th in the U.S., came out on top in all four games. McGinnis and Hill were really fighting in there, too.



Jud McSweeney Cuts the Tape to Win Three-Mile Run at Antigonish Highland Games.

MAURICE SLAUNWHITE PHOTO

WEST

One Friday afternoon, as I was standing recuperating after Ceremonial Divisions, a visitor who had been watching, remarked to me, "I can see from this afternoon's activities that a large part of your training is devoted to parade drill, but does the Navy make any allotment of time for more enjoyable activities?"

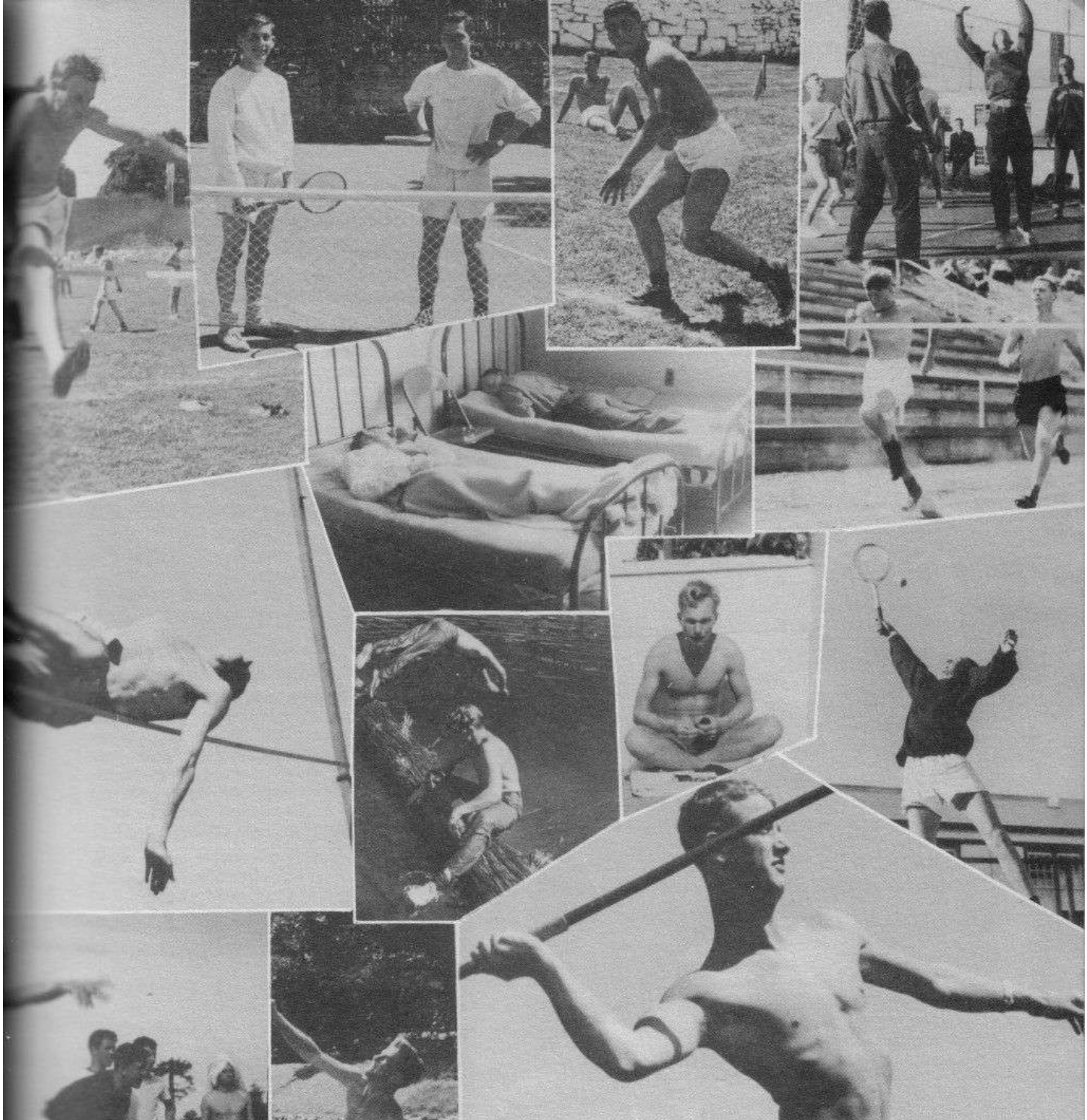
"Is there anything," I countered, laughing weakly as I wiped the perspiration from my brow, "to indicate that we don't quite find drill on the parade a most enjoyable activity?"

After a friendly laugh at that *bon mot*, I told him that if he had observed the Cadets on any afternoon other than Friday he would never have suspected that the space he was gazing at was a parade square at all.

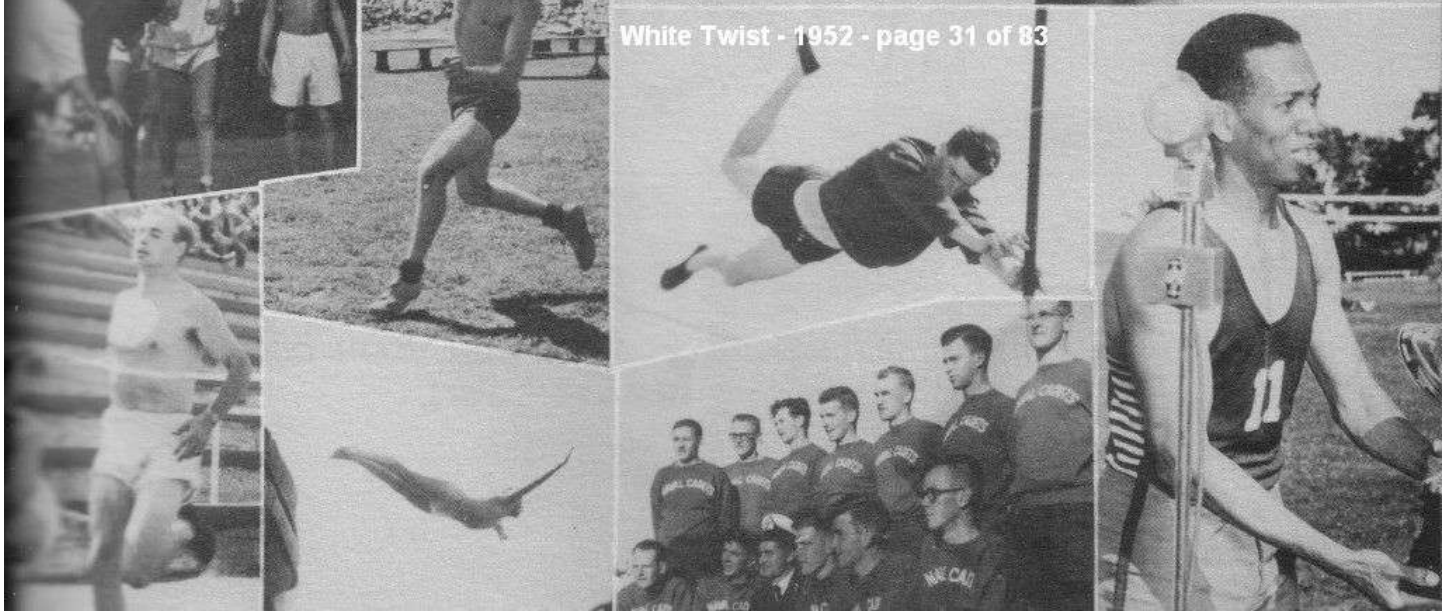
"It is a parade square," I explained, "but it also doubles as a gymnasium, a volley ball court, a tennis or badminton court, and a playing field," and I went on to explain the part played by sports in the life of the Cadets.

An important part in the training of any officer is the development of well co-ordinated bodies and well disciplined minds. One aspect of the training of the Cadets at the West Coast which was certainly not neglected was the athletic. The sports programme for a Cadet was incorporated directly into his daily routine; his time for an hour after evening quarters was devoted to athletics.

The principal activities were softball, track, swimming, volleyball, tennis, badminton, and, of course, boat-pulling. The softball diamonds were situated directly behind the Gunroom, in a huge field overlooking the ocean. Inter-divisional games were varied from time to time with more



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SPORTS (Continued from Page 30)

interesting contests, like the ones between the Cadets and the R.T.E. staff, in which competitive spirit ran very high.

Cadets who were stop-watch conscious could practise with the track team at Royal Roads where running has always been popular. The track team was, in many ways, the most consistent of the Cadet groups which specialised in one sport. Their record in the various meets in which they competed is a creditable one. In the British Columbia Olympic trials, for instance, Cadets Boivin, Young and Dawe teamed up with Instructor Lieutenant D. McKenzie (an old hand at the Olympic Games) to win a second in the sprint relay. Matson personally accomplished a very fine second in the 500 meters event. In the Vancouver Relay Meet, Watson and Conn filled the spike-shoes of Lt. McKenzie and Young and brought home a second in the sprint relay and a third in the mile relay. In the Victoria Y.M.C.A. meet Boivin, Watson, Matson, and Dawe won another third in the mile relay.

The swimming team was bound by one very strong tie to the track team—transportation, for both teams left each day at the same time, and dropped the swimming team at Naden pool before continuing to Royal Roads. The activities of the swimming team culminated in an exhibition at the Cadet Command Ball at the Crystal Garden in Victoria, where the swimmers provided the intermission entertainment. The water antics of the group were a great surprise to those who did not suspect that such versatility and facility existed in the Cadet body.

Volleyball throughout the summer proved its

value as a group game providing a medium of activity for four classes of Cadets at once on the two courts. It required no special aptitude and practice like basketball, and yet it had an abundance of action for all. Tennis and badminton, restricting as they are in the numbers which can participate, were still popular among the Cadets, and both nets showed signs of extreme wear at the end of the summer.

Inter-service sports meets were arranged periodically throughout the summer, and the Cadets looked forward to seeing their representative baseball, tennis, and pistol shooting teams lock horns with their comrades in arms from Work Point Artillery Garrison. The Navy was out for a clean sweep every time, and on one or two occasions succeeded in winning every event.

Need boat-pulling be described? It was the duty of each division to provide a whaler crew of six men for both inter-divisional competition, and for boating pulls against rival teams from outside the Reserve Training Establishment. With regular practice the Cadets seldom failed to leave behind their luckless rivals.

But two events in particular proved the value of athletic competition as a producer of enthusiasm and *esprit de corps*. The tabloid sports meet brought all classes then at the R.T.E. in open competition with one another on a team basis. By attaining the highest points per class per event in the tabloid, the E-3, E-4 combo won the cock of the R.T.E. walk, closely followed by B-4 class.

Credit for the West Coast sports programme must go to Instr. Lt. McKenzie, Lt. Pennock, Chief Potts and Petty Officers Kinch and Bryan.



- WHAT IS THIS DIRTY WHITE SPOT ON YOUR BOOTS?
- IT IS ... EUH! EUH... YOUR FACE SIR!

STE. JEAN-BAPTISTE

CADET ROBERT CHARBONNEAU
3rd Year, Exec.

Party de la St. Jean Baptiste.

Un peuple est d'autant plus noble qu'il se crée des traditions et y adhère fermement. Pour nous, Canadiens Français, notre patrimoine traditionnel est d'une richesse peu commune pour deux raisons; en premier lieu, nous avons hérité dès notre naissance en ce nouveau monde, d'une galaxie de traditions de notre mère patrie, cette belle France qui nous est si chère. D'autre part, avec la croissance de notre peuple dans la saine province de Québec tout particulièrement, d'autres coutumes prirent bientôt naissance et ainsi s'ajoutèrent peu à peu ce que nous considérons maintenant comme traditions.

Parmi ces dernières, une des plus belles, sans parler de celles qui se rattachent directement au culte Divin, est sans doute la célébration annuelle par toute la province de notre fête patronale, la Saint Jean Baptiste.

C'est ainsi que, pour le troisième été consécutif, les cadets de langue française au H.M.-C.S. Stadacona, se sont affairés à préparer la plus belle fête jamais organisée. Contrairement à ce que les profanes pourraient penser, ce n'est pas une petite soirée pour les Français seulement — bien loin de là, car nous invitons aussi les cadets de langue anglaise à se joindre à nous.

Dans l'après-midi, nous avons servi un pétillant et rafraîchissant coquetel, auquel étaient invités le consul de France à Halifax, M. Picard, notre commandant, M. J. B. Bugden (peut-être que J. B. tiennent pour Jean-Baptiste!) ainsi que le commandant des U.N.T.D.'s pour tout le Canada, Cdr. Little. Le Gunroom était magnifiquement décoré pour l'occasion et le cadet Lett dirigea un petit chœur de folklore français.

Grâce à la courtoisie du gouvernement de la province, il nous fut possible d'assister, après le souper, à une représentation cinématographique en couleur, traitant de la merveilleuse Gaspésie, ainsi que de l'intéressante ville de Québec.



St. Jean-Baptiste Party. Left to right: R.T.C. J. B. Bugden, Cadet Guy Gilbert, M. Picard, French Consul; Cadet Marc de Goumois, Cadet Jean Vincent and Commander Little.

Le soir, nous avons un "Open House" où tous les cadets étaient invités, seuls ou accompagnés. La bière s'abattit bientôt comme une pluie bienfaisante et tous, dans un esprit de franche amitié et de jovialité s'en donnèrent à cœur joie.

Pour cette journée extraordinaire, remercions sincèrement ceux qui s'y devouèrent corps et âme: les cadets Marc de Goumois, Guy Gilbert, Jean Vincent, Guy Vinson et tous ceux qui coopérèrent tant aux décorations qu'aux divertissements. Souhaitons aussi, pour terminer, que cette tradition se perpétue chez les cadets, et qu'elle prenne un jour tout l'ampleur qui lui est due!



★ Confessions of a Cadet ★

I have spent "N" years as a Cadet ("N" equalling any integer), and I would like to tell you a little about it. I describe:

I arrived at Stadacona well prepared for the summer, with golf bags, a typewriter, four suits and a subscription to "Flash." The Master at Arms promised to keep it all for me in a safe little room called the "Scram" locker. I was given a number but, if Cadets prefer, they will be called by their pet names such as "Percy," "Guts," "Knuckles" or "Blandford."

The first man I met was my term Lieutenant.

He was a chain smoker, although the rest of us preferred cigarettes. We called him "Shackles" for short. After a few days touring with the Chief Cook, I got my first glimpse of Clothing Stores. The servers fell all over each other trying to get a uniform to fit me perfectly. My "Five B's" were so tight I had to use a shoe horn to get into them.

On my second Thursday at Stadacona I was strolling across a large asphalt square, used for parades, when I heard a noise behind me. I butted my cigarette and said to myself, I said: "Is that the tramp of approaching footsteps, or the footsteps of an approaching tramp?" It was the Commander "G".

I hope you will enjoy meeting this genial soft spoken man, whose tact and general restraint will warm the heart of every Naval Neophyte. He kindly invited me to a "do" that the Gunnery people were holding the following Friday afternoon at three. Naturally, I accepted. Just about everybody who was anybody in Stadacona was there; except those agreeable people in the Supply branch.

One morning I arose early to watch the sun rise, over beautiful Halifax (Ugh!) Harbour. I noticed people **running** around the block. They were the slack party, sometimes referred to by the ignoble as "birds." Standing on the steps watching them was an infamous institution called a Cadet Captain. He had a face like a fried moccasin. As they ran they kept chanting a song to the tune of "Clementine" which went:

"I'm a Birdie, I'm a Birdie,
I'm a Birdie, I regret,
But I'd rather be a Birdie
Than a Royal Roads Cadet."

I swore on my hairy oath that I would never be a bird.

Ever since my mother was frightened by a Fuller Brush Man, I have hated brushes! One day my termite Lieutenant booked me for not having my uniform clean. He said it looked like a dog's breakfast. You guessed it! I got Slack Party.

I was brought before a man called the "S.O.C." Someone told me this stood for Staffs Odd Character, but I knew it couldn't be true. He was surrounded by a group of others all trying to look desperately merciless.

"I give you five days Slack Party," he said.

"Don't let this jar you old man," I replied casually, "But I ain't takin' it!"

"My God!" screamed the S.O.C., "I've been waiting fifteen years to hear someone say that. Recommend him for further training, QUICK!"

The Master At Arms was carried out prostrate.

My first course was Navigation. I thought a "fix" was something people put on horse races. Now I'm sure of it. One Cadet told the instructor that a "sextant" was a ladies' girdle. The instructor shoved a banana down his throat and peeled it. Next day he stated a grievance to the R.T.C., bananas were out of season. Our Navigation teacher was very strict. If we got a wrong answer he gave us a four digit number. We had to square it, desquare it, integrate it, find its double derivative, cube it, and multiply it by "N." Then we had to eat the paper upon which we had done our calculations. Once we did our calculations on sand paper. For a while the going was rough!

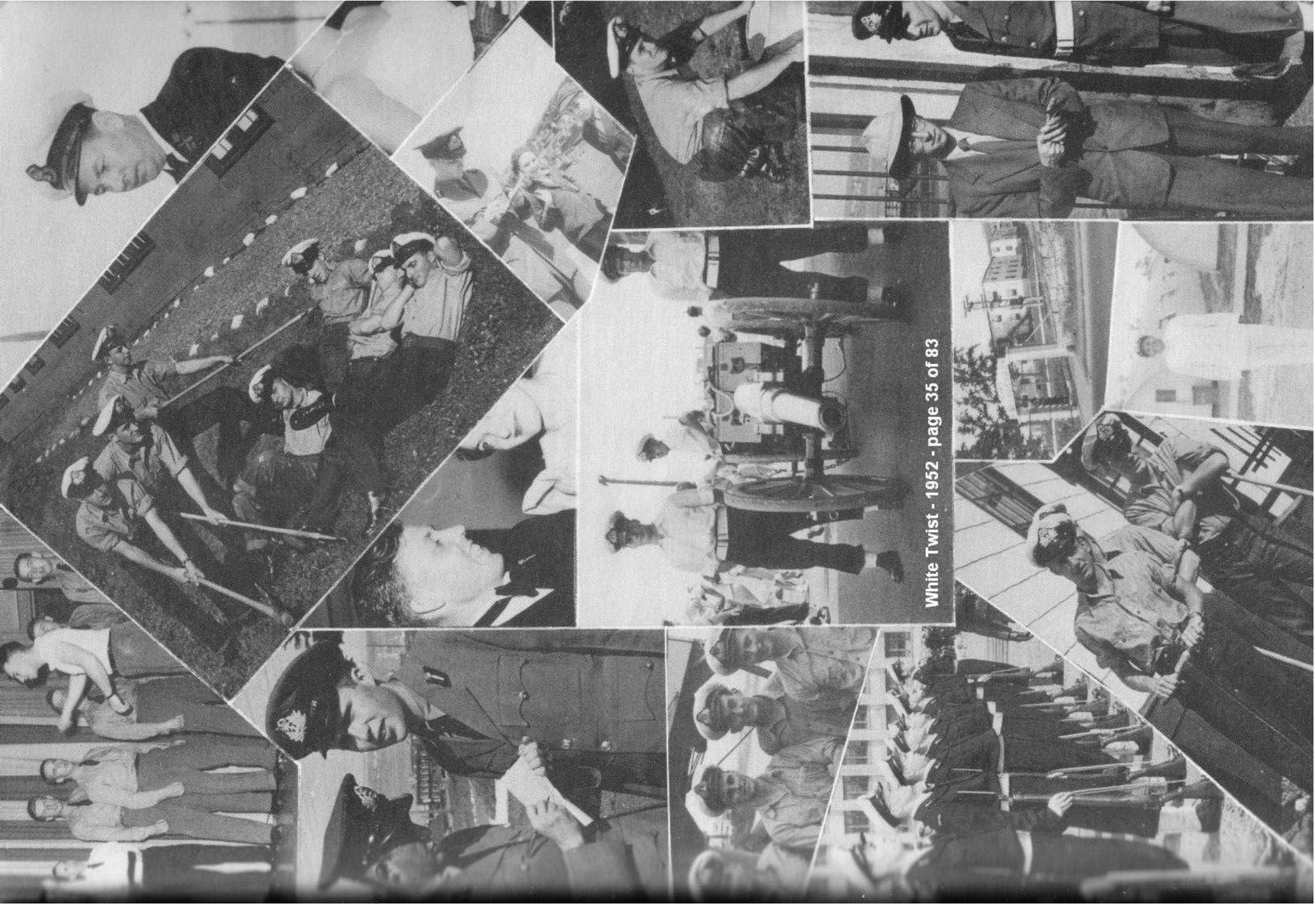
One day in the Gunroom a Cadet was complaining about cold dinners. "Did you call that cook an idiot?" screamed a steward.

"Yes," said the Cadet, "but who called that idiot a cook?" Once I said to a server, "This soup tastes like dishwater!"

"You fool," she cackled, "It is!"

Well, I think I have given you an idea of life at Stadacona. I am now very busy on a novel about the Navy, called "Some of Them Do—and Some of Them Don't—Remember Me Always—Margie!" You will have plenty of time to read it during your first year at the base. The Gunroom has ordered five hundred copies for our Library. We will now have a selection of books. That, and "The Far Distant Ships." Bye now.—U-12385.

★



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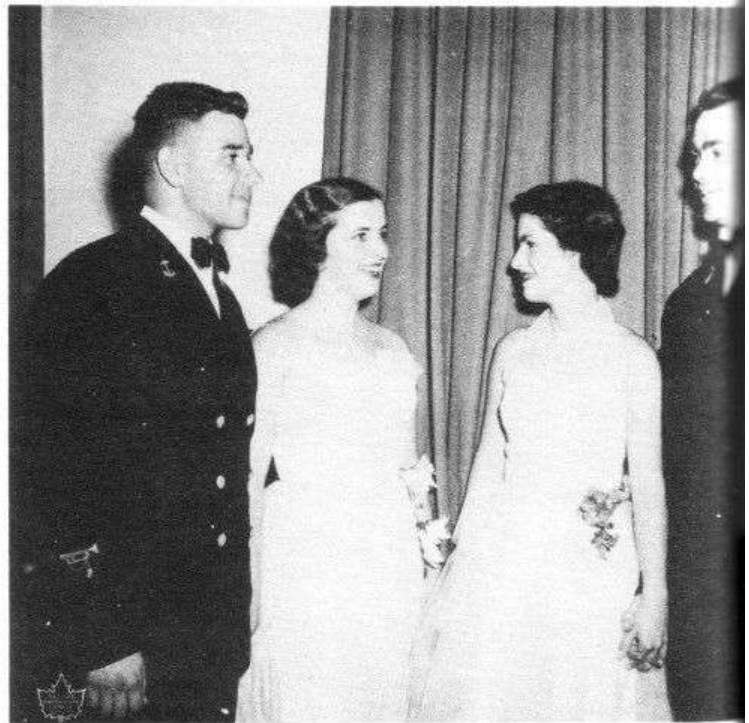
MIDSHIPMEN'S VISIT

Canadian-American relations, unfailingly cordial since the days of the "Shannon" and the "Chesapeake," were further improved by two visits of an American task force to Halifax this summer. Receptions, balls and dances were the order of the weekends as officers, Cadets and men of the R.C.N. joined with the people of Halifax in greeting our American allies.

The U.N.T.D. was not to be outdone by any group, and we can but trust that our efforts were successful. This writer was present at the second weekend, festivities commencing on Thursday evening. Doors of the Gunroom were thrown open in welcome as a huge stag party was featured. Proof of many newly formed friendships was easily evident if one might judge from the twining of arms and lusty singing as the evening wore on. In fact some Cadets and Middies actually appeared to be leaning on one another. Such a spirit of comradeship is most rare and highly desirable in this bitter world.

Friday night was of course, the "Big Night"—the occasion of the Command Ball. The actual dance was held in the cafeteria while refreshments, liquid and otherwise, were served in the Gunroom poper. Decorations were quite novel and reflected originality, good taste and industry on the part of the Decorations Committee. Music was supplied by a U.S.N. band, playing from a bandstand which was actually a small model of "Old 41"—the USS MIDWAY. The Maple Leaf and the American Star were everywhere in evidence as hundreds of young couples made merry beneath the name plates of greats of each of the two mighty young nations.

Saturday night the Middies played host as another formal was held, on the hangar deck of the massive MIDWAY. Equal success crowned the efforts of the Middies, and 0300 Sunday saw the last of the Cadets return to "Stad," obviously



COMMAND BALL AT STADACONA
Cadet Bob Charbonneau Chats With Guests

tired but equally obviously happy.

But all good things must end. Sunday night Cadets and their Middie friends and partners gathered in the Gunroom to say good-bye at a more or less impromptu get-together. It is hard to believe just how quickly friendships are formed, fostered and cemented. It is equally hard to see friends part. Who knows under what circumstances they may meet again? We can only hope that they will be as pleasant as the first meetings.

Some of our readers may want to know just what do Cadets and Middies talk about when they get together. One Cadet, obviously a veteran "bird", was diligently probing into American counterparts of slack party and extra duty. Another group was discussing the relative merits and demerits of gunnery instructors of both nations. One Middie asked a Cadet how the "Maggie" compared in size with the MIDWAY. The Cadet stared for some time at the MIDWAY, which, after all, is the largest type of carrier in existence, and formed the questionable opinion that the "Maggie" would fit in the MIDWAY'S scran locker. No one was so tactless as to mention dollar values.

Finally, let us thank the Decoration Committee, the Date Committee, the Ticket Committee, the Refreshment Committee, the Liquor Committee, the Serving Committee, the Taxi Committee, the Duty Committee, the Entertainment . . . Ahhh!! Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night. Oh yes, and the Mess Committee.

—ALAN CAULE.



MIDSHIPMEN'S DANCE ON BOARD U.S.S. MIDWAY
Left to right: Miss S. Burnell, Dave Coon, D. Murray, Miss J. Mcleod, Miss B. Pohnes and Midshipman R. Shields.

U.S.N. PHOTO

PACIFIC COMMAND ★ BALL ★

With their usual gay abandonment, the West Coast Cadets gave themselves up to the pleasures of the Command Ball on the evening of August first held in the Crystal Garden.

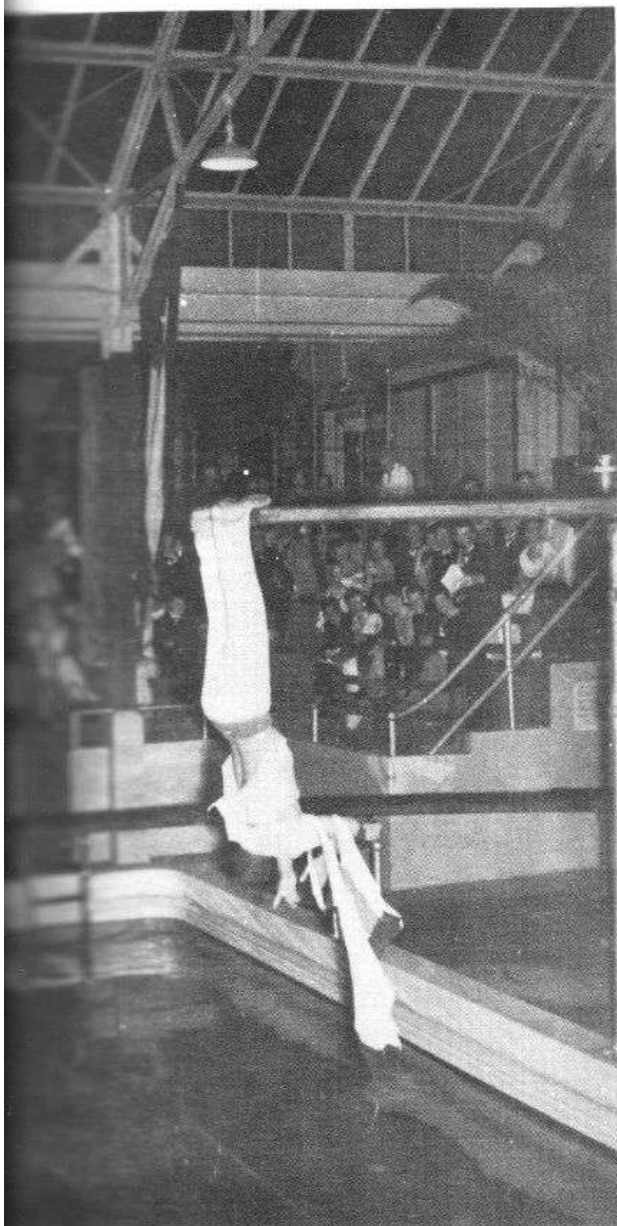
This much anticipated event had been in the planning stages for many months, for, as everyone knows, a function such as this is not born overnight. The tremendous amount of work and planning that had been put in was apparent to even the most impervious as soon as they arrived at the "Brow."



Cadets and their ladies, many coming from pre-ball functions were met by a smartly turned-out guard, an impressively spotlighted "Tudor Crown" and a receiving line. Once inside the "gardens" the effectiveness of the other decorations was immediately noticed. Large panels decorated with crowns and the names of the home Divisions, multitudinous flags from states both large and small, known and unknown. Not to be forgotten were the two "first aid" stations with their usual white-coated attendants.

Two good orchestras gave a choice of excellent dance music with Len Acres leading one and Charlie Hunt the other. The Cadets were honoured by the presence of a number of distinguished guests including Commodore K. F. Adams, Combrax Esquimalt, and other senior officers of the three services.

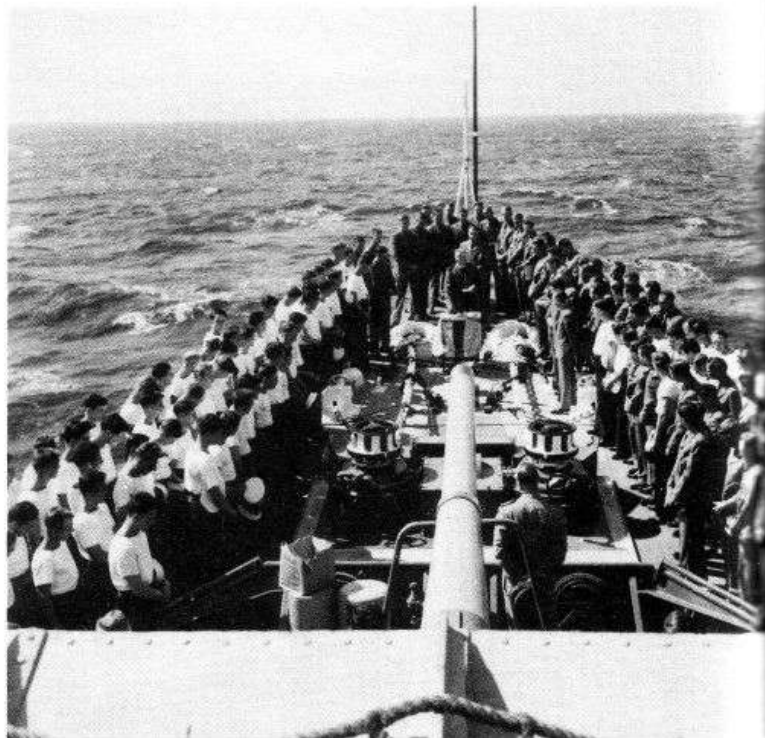
Intermission brought a welcome rest to weary feet, and all gathered round the pool for what was perhaps the highlight of the evening. Entertainment for a dance of this nature is always one of the hardest things to arrange. This year the entertainment under the able direction of Peter Price was an unqualified success as the aquatic display featured both the serious and the not so serious side. Neil Boivin was the star in the serious mood while Barney Hughes was the chief comic. The outstanding single act which came at the end of the show, was a dive into a flaming hoop performed with the lights out. This rather fearsome spectacle seemed to put everyone into a mood for eating, judging by the way in which the appetizing refreshments, ably arranged by the ever busy John McMillan, disappeared. The supper was typical of the highly informal atmosphere created throughout the function. After the supper, dancing was resumed, to end all too soon at 0100. However, this was not the end of the evening for most of those in attendance, as many proceeded to private house or beach parties thereby rounding off a truly enjoyable "Naval Occasion."



CRUISE WEST

Lured on by stories of the trips to Hawaii in 1951, Cadets on the West Coast this year, held high hopes of seeing more distant romantic lands. Cruise Able was bound for Juneau, Alaska, and other ports in northern British Columbia and Alaska. Northward to the land of totem poles and fjords. The second Cruise changed direction and went south to Long Beach and adjacent Los Angeles where the Cadets visited some of the more well-known attractions and some not so well known. Cruise Charlie also went south to neighbouring San Diego and not a few of the Cadets made the trip across the border to Tijuana, Mexico. And of course, all the cruises spent their first two weeks in Bedwell Harbour, that gem of the Pacific. Because the training undergone on the three cruises was essentially the same, Cruise Able is here presented in some detail as representative of summer training afloat.

Early on the morning of Monday the 12th of May, the first West Coast training cruise began as forty Cadets from the Reserve Training Establishment went on board H.M.C.S. "Sioux." The other Cadets proceeded on board the frigates "Beacon Hill" and "Antigonish" later in the same week and commenced preparing the ships for sea. The actual cruise started the following week on Tuesday, May 20th, when the Sioux and Antigonish proceeded to Bedwell Harbour, for training in the form of lectures and practical instruction.



MORNING PRAYERS ON THE FORECASTLE



CADETS OPERATE OERLIKON GUNS

The main purpose in the cruise for first year Cadets, was to try to attain the general knowledge and seamanship capabilities of an Able Seaman. Nearly every class was of a practical nature, and after a few days of work aboard ship, every one was talking like old hands. New words were being added to vocabularies every day.

Because the Beacon Hill was still undergoing her annual refit, she was unable to proceed with the others to Bedwell Harbour. Antigonish after a short stay joined this category when she was forced to return to Esquimalt because of evaporator trouble. However, she soon returned to Bedwell. While there, life was anything but dull as pulling and sailing teams were organized and the opening games of a softball league were played. Another spare time activity was the painting of the Sioux's name above that of the Crusader (in bigger and bolder letters, of course) on the rocky walls of Mount Norman.

On May 26th, the two ships moved out of Bedwell Harbour and started north along the east side of Vancouver Island with Prince Rupert as their immediate destination. On the way up, the Cadets were introduced to the duties of sea watches such as standing at the helm, standing lookout watches and engaging in drills as seaboat's crew. The route was ideal for instruction in pilotage and a good deal of time was spent on the bridge taking "fixes" on the numerous landmarks along the coast.

Overnight stops were made at various points including Nanoose Bay and Port McNeil. This practise left the Cadets with ample time for "sky-larks," and one evening it was decided that the Sioux was badly in need of a coat of paint on her bows. The task was completed swiftly and efficiently by the more than willing Cadets in Antigonish and upon admiring their handiwork the next morning, they found to their surprise that they had been much more successful than they had thought or planned; they had used pink paint.

Since the cruise was made almost entirely in coastal waters, there were many opportunities to work on pilotage, the knowledge of which was another prime objective. It was rather exciting to be doing navigation under actual conditions. Pilotage also gave them ample opportunity to observe the beautiful scenery along the coast. It was unfortunate that the weather did not hold, for the sky was overcast all the time and it rained almost every day.

While the Antigonish stopped off at Port Hardy to await the arrival of the Beacon Hill, the Sioux proceeded alone to Prince Rupert and arrived there on Thursday, May 28th, the frigates arriving two days later. The Beacon Hill's stay was cut short when she was called out late the same night to search for a mine that was reported to be off the coast near Prince Rupert. The other more fortunate Cadets who remained in port, were taken on a tour of the cellulose plant near the city. A visitor's day was held on Sunday with the Navy playing host to the citizens and whenever possible the visitors were taken on tours of the ships by Cadets and members of the Ship's company.

On Monday, June 2nd, the two ships slipped and continued up the inland passage. They were rejoined later the same day by the Beacon Hill, who reported that the "mine" in question had been a buoy. Evolutions were commenced the same day, with Antigonish being towed by Sioux. The trip to Juneau Alaska, was then made non-stop and the three ships arrived there on the afternoon of June 4th.

The stay in Juneau was highlighted by a dance given for the Cadets and ships' companies on the night of their arrival. Cadets were also taken on a sightseeing tour of the surrounding countryside, including a visit to a glacier.

The return trip was begun on June 6th, with the ships travelling by the open sea, down the west side of Vancouver Island. Inter-ship competitive evolutions were conducted en route, as the Cadets raced against time rigging shear legs,

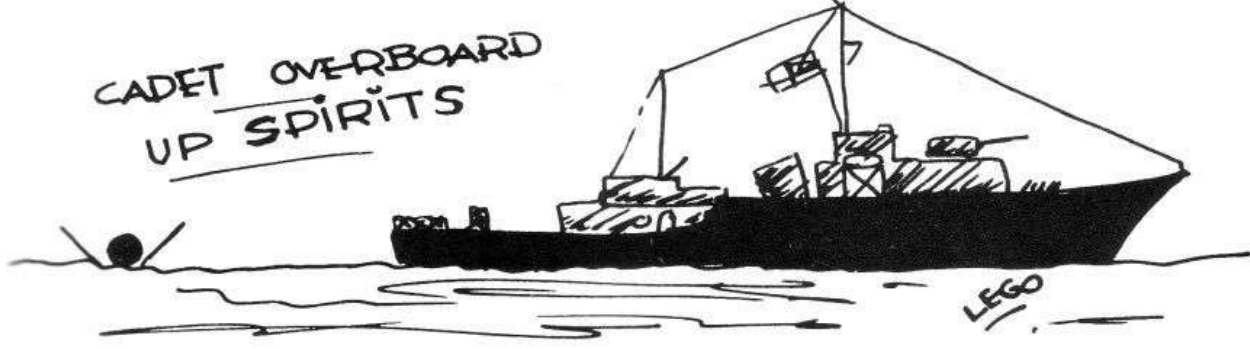


AWAY SEA-BOATS CREW

ammunition derricks, dan buoys, sounding booms, and many others. Towing forward, towing aft, and passing a jackstay were also practised.

Gunnery training was given and was highlighted by a shoot held on Sunday, June 8th. Cadet gun crews manned and fired the ships' heavy armament with surprising accuracy and efficiency. The "Bofors" were also manned with each Cadet firing five rounds. These activities terminated with an anti-submarine display; the two frigates firing depth charges and the Sioux firing her still-secret Squid bombs.

The final week of the Cruise was spent at Bedwell Harbour completing the Cadets' training syllabus. Competitive drills were also exercised to see who would fly the coveted "Cock o' the Walk" on the return to Esquimalt. The final competition was the regatta held Thursday afternoon, which included whaler and dinghy races and ended with a canoe race. "Antigonish" swept all events and by Thursday night there was no doubt as to who was "Cruise Champion." That evening the traditional "Banyan" party was held, with Cadets and officers from the three ships attending successfully completing Cruise Able.



CRUISE EAST

The welcome accorded to the Canadian ships "Crescent" (Cdr. J. C. Littler, R.C.N.), "Swansea" (Lt.-Cdr. J. R. Coulter, R.C.N.) and "La Hullose" (Lt.-Cdr. McDonald, R.C.N.), as they entered Dieppe on the afternoon of Bastille Day will remain long in our memories. To the cheering crowds lining the mole, the embankments, the quays and the neighbouring buildings, the sight of Canadian ships being piped into harbour by a pibroch must have recalled not only the Liberation of September, 1944, and the raid of August, 1942, but also ancestral pride in these sons of the Canada they had helped to build.

As quickly as the crowd would permit, a cadet guard under Lieut. S. G. Machan, R.C.N., and three platoons of men were landed. A band consisting of Dieppois, young and old, dressed in vivid blue uniforms formed at the head of the parade commanded by Lt.-Cdr. D. L. Davies, R.C.N. A march of three-quarters of a mile through the streets thronged with cheering onlookers brought the parade to the "Monument aux Morts" where the Mayor and other civic dignitaries together with representatives of veterans' organizations were waiting.

While the guard was being marched off, introductions were made between the Dieppe authorities and the Canadian officers participating. To conclude the interval, a young lady of more than passing beauty presented Commander Task Group with a spray of flowers as a token of honour. This was later placed at the memorial.

The three Captains from the Royal Canadian Navy then marched up to the monument and laid wreaths. Cadet J. P. E. Colombe sounded the Last Post, Cadets D. G. Kennedy and A. J. MacGillivray played the infinitely sad "Flowers of the Forest" and Cadet Coulombe concluded with Reveille. The simple ceremony ended with a prayer and benediction pronounced by Father MacKinnon.

In the evening, leave was granted to all who could be spared, so that the training squadron might contribute its maximum to the celebrations of France's National Day. The city tendered a dinner at which the three captains, Cdr. Littler and two R.C.A.F. officers representing the Canadian Ambassador were honoured guests. Whatever may have befallen France since 1939, no one can deny that her cooking and her wines are unsurpassed. It was a very happy and replete group who walked through the streets of Dieppe to the Cathedral Square to view a superb display of pyrotechnics as offered by the local Fire Brigade, and later back to the ships, lying quietly outside the town.

In 1639, three sisters of the Hotel Dieu, Dieppe, journeyed to Canada to found the Hotel Dieu of Quebec City. In July, 1942, many Canadians who had returned to Dieppe by the cruel path of war, were nursed in the original hospital. These and many other ties were noted on Tuesday when the sisters welcomed one hundred or more officers

and men to a garden party and tour of the hospital. It was very pleasant and restful to sit in the sun, to sip golden wine and to talk of Canada and France and of the lasting values that unite them. All the while an orchestra provided a perfect background and the sisters rustled about plying their guests with refreshments. An eloquent speech by the chairman of the Hospital Board was replied to by C.T.G., first in French and then in English, where we noticed more of the authority to which we were accustomed.

In the meantime, the first of many excursions to Paris had been undertaken. Paris—what a scene it conjures up to every mind! City of Light and Pleasure and Dreams: The Louvre, Montmartre, Notre Dame, the Eiffel Tower, and a host of other magnets—not forgetting of course Les Folies Bergères, and Moulin Rouge. Nearly everyone in the group got to Paris—some hardly got back,— and to all, this meant the fulfillment of a long-standing ambition.

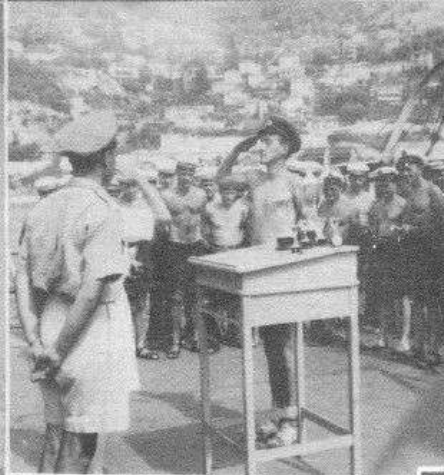
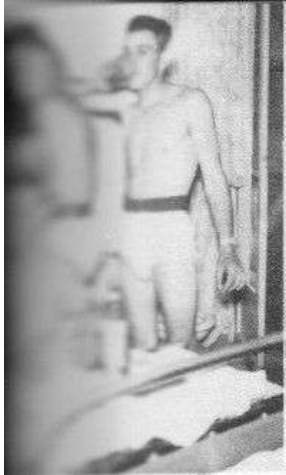
Wednesday in Dieppe was notable of a reception given by the president of the Chamber of Commerce in the garden of his home, which dates back to Louis XV. There was a fine exchange of compliments, a sincere welcome from friendly people, and what is best described by the phrase "lashings of champagne."

On Thursday, 17th July, a fragment of R.C.N. history was enacted. With the approval of the French Government, a wreath was laid on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Present at the occasion were the C.T.G., Cdr. Littler, Lt.-Cdrs. Coulter and McDonald, officials from the Canadian Embassy and the Government. After observing one minute silence and signing the book maintained by the Keepers of the Flame, the ceremony was concluded. It was the more impressive for its brevity and sincerity.

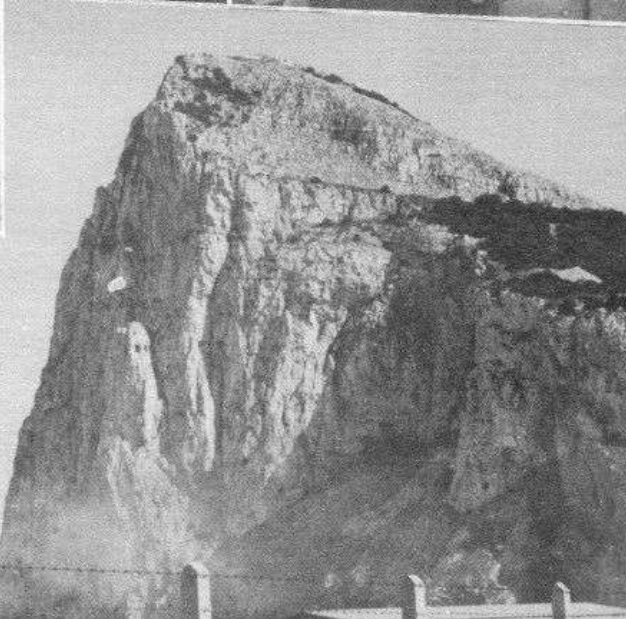
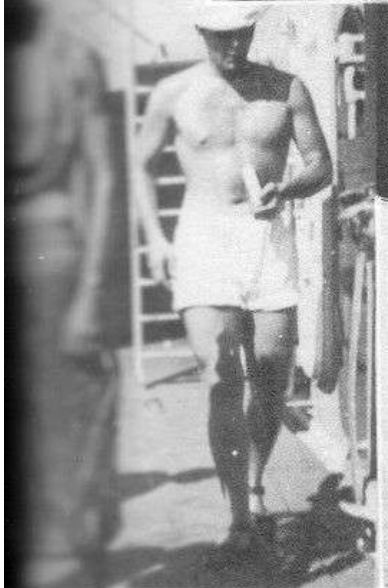
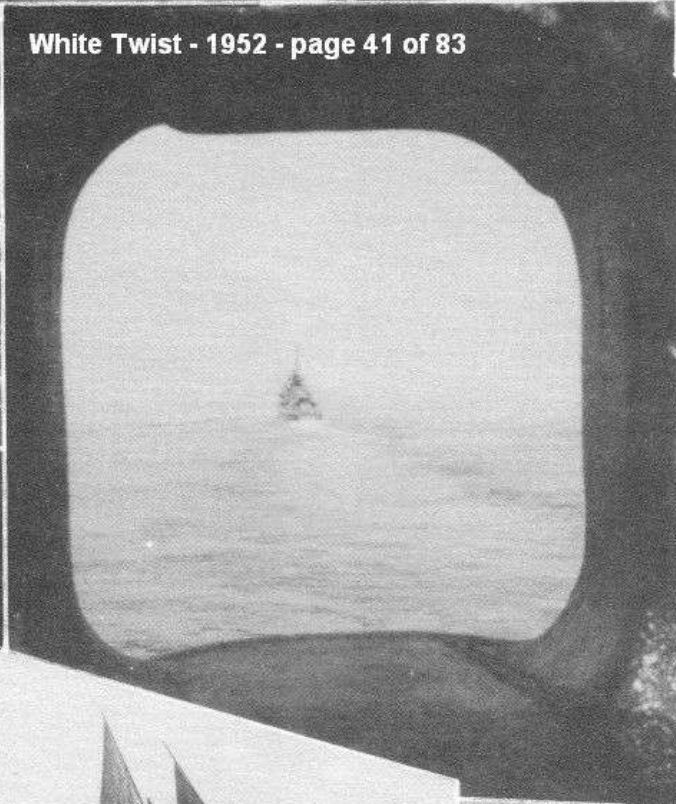
The Dieppe raid of August 19, 1942, holds a special place in the annals of war. It also holds a special place in the hearts of the Dieppois as is evidenced by the beautiful cemetery consecrated to Canadians who gave their lives for freedom. The cemetery had been visited by many during preceding days but on Friday a simple remembrance service was carried out by local civic authorities in the presence of over a hundred from the group. It would be difficult to create a lovelier resting place within sight and sound of the Channel on one hand and of the peaceful Norman farms on the other.

Inevitably, 0800 Saturday came round at last and it was time to sail. Gone were the excitements of Paris, the boat pulling in the inner harbour, the visits to Féchamps, where the world's supply of Benedictine is made in a former abbey, the leaden hours of watchkeeping in harbour, the pleasures of such beach resorts as Veules les Roses. But new friends had been made, new memories stored away, new hopes born for the future. These would remain.

★



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A Letter From Sonny At Sea

Aboard H.M.C.S. "Sioux"

Dear Mamma,

We have now been on this gallant fighting ship for nigh on four weeks. It is high time I wrote you a short letter. I know that your knowledge of the Navy is more limited than mine, Dad being a Private in the Boer War and fighting his way up to a Sergeant by the First World War. First of all I would like to stress how much the ship has become our "home." Believe me, home was never like this. Not that I'm complaining about how you and Dad run our home, but it's just that the Navy has a way all its own. For instance, in the morning I miss your gentle call at 10:15, a kindly shake with one hand, whilst in the other, steadying, delicious Ovaltine. The Navy does it differently, Mamma; much simpler than your system—I don't recommend it. At 6:30 a voice blares out "Wakey, Wakey!" throughout the length and breadth of the ship. The tone of the voice carries a profane implication—"You'd d . . . well better get up, or be kicked up!" (Pardon me Padre, I mean Mamma). As I say, Mamma, it's efficient—but please Mamma do it your own way when I get home.

Now you take Long Beach, Mamma. I did all those exciting things that I've wanted now that I am 26 years old. I spent a fascinating hour in the Art Gallery. Some guy named Goya painted a lot of pictures, but I remembered the slapping around Dad got over one of them, so I closed my eyes as I passed by them. Do all girls look like that Mamma? Gee, it's nice to be 26 now! I also went to the Public Library, where they were demonstrating a llama skin bathing suit—but I left before the models came on. Now let me see—was it a Library, Mamma? Anyway, you know what I mean.

One of the exercises that is very popular with those big men on the Bridge is sending the sea-boats crew away to pick up a float that somebody deliberately threw overboard. Then when the sea-boat has returned, someone shouts "Clear lower decks of Cadets, man the whaler's falls." Whoever it is that shouts is smart, Mamma, he always knows where I am and I come out. Once he even caught me in the Heads. That means Mamma the outhouse (without the flies, none at sea).

The Officers have quite a sense of humour. Imagine sending five little Cadets like me to the foc'sle (pointed end of the ship) to weigh the anchor . . . and it weighs 6,000 pounds Mamma. As if they didn't know that! One Chief thought he would fool me Mamma, he sent me out to paint the Las Post white. You know me, sharp as a tack, I painted it blue! To make the ship more like home we are equipped with a radio system called an S.R.E. which means SLEEP RESISTING ENTERTAINMENT . . . Well, Mamma, I must finish this letter. I have written it very slowly, I know you can't read fast.

Filidly,
HORATIO NEPTUNUS.

Reprinted from the "HALYARD,"
published in H.M.C.S. "Sioux."

PREMIERES ARMES

CADET ROGER CHARRON

1st year.

Tout novice qui pour la première fois fait du camp avec les Divisions universitaires de la Marine, en a rêvé de bonnes . . . et de moins bonnes sur la vie ici, à Stadacona, sur la fameuse croisière, soit-elle chimérique ou pas, et sur quoi encore!

Chez lui, à sa propre division, les "loups de mer" de deuxième refusent de lui parler. "Ll n'a pas connu la mer, il n'est pas salé," dit-on, selon l'expression, mais au fond. . .

Et puis, il arrive à Stadacona, le novice. On le croit un peu niais, pas débraillé, car il ne parle pas . . . il écoute et constate.

La première semaine, il la passe entre les quatre murs. Pleurs et grincements de dents! La seconde, il visite Halifax. . . Le temps passe et le novice écoute moins, parle un peu plus. Après tout, il y a droit, il devient ancien, bientôt il sera de deuxième!

La vie ici? Oh! oui, le novice aime bien ça la Marine, s'il est normal. Il y a les bals, les piqueniques occasionnels, les danses hors cédule, les week-ends un peu partout dans la province, sur les côtes de l'Atlantique ou ailleurs; c'est là l'aspect extérieur, ce par quoi on le juge. Mais le novice est aussi étudiant, même s'il se croit en

vacances parfois. Il a la chance de connaître ce qu'autrement il n'aurait peut-être jamais connu.

Il étudie la navigation surtout. Il s'y plaît grandement car naviguer c'est être marin et, lui, il envisage peut-être encore la possibilité de le devenir. A le voir, il étudie mieux que ses aînés; en fait . . . la discussion ici se termine.

Au physique, on l'endurcit. Il devient habitué à la fatigue et c'est une excellente source de formation. On le dresse à l'esprit militaire, à l'esprit de discipline qui forme le caractère, s'il est bien accepté. On lui montre à obéir pour pouvoir mieux commander.

L'emploi de son temps est minuté; jamais auparavant ne s'est-il senti si pressé à la ponctualité. Le soir, aussi, est-il heureux de sa journée bien remplie.

Avant la croisière, le novice pose des questions à n'en plus finir. Par suite des réponses, il demeure souvent perplexe, un peu dans le doute, mais il a hâte tout de même. . .

Le retour à la maison est très sec. Il a passé sa première année avec succès; il est allé en croisière. On n'ose plus en douter, il est marin maintenant, voilà!



LES AINES

CADET GEORGES LETT

3rd Year Executive

Quel doux son apporte le nom d'ainé à l'oreille de celui qui le porte! Bien que ce titre en réalité amène plus de responsabilité que d'avantages, tous le portent avec fierté et respect.

Les cadets de troisième année ont complété la plus grande partie de leur entraînement durant les deux étés précédents. Les plus brillants ont déjà, reçu leur brevet d'officier; les aînés le flairent avec plaisir. Ces derniers n'ont officiellement que deux semaines d'entraînement obligatoire à faire. Un certain nombre tournent leurs yeux vers la marine permanente et sont acceptés à bras ouverts. Ils prennent ici leurs derniers cours et à l'automne ils recevront leur premier chevron d'or.

Les premiers arrivés à Stadacona cet été, ont eu l'occasion inespérée de participer à des opérations "amphibies" avec la marine américaine de Norfolk, Virginie. Tous en sont revenus enchantés, et pleins de vues nouvelles. Quelques uns n'en sont revenus . . . que fatigués!

La plupart demeurent plus que deux semaines sur la côte. Ils en profitent alors pour parfaire leurs connaissances générales et illuminer leurs points faibles. A ceux qui

veulent compléter par un séjour en mer on donne la préférence des croisières en leur offrant, autant que possible, un poste de commande. Durant les heures de devoir, ils agissent comme second officier de bord, ce qui les prépare à prendre la charge d'officier en tout temps et à une seconde d'avis.

D'autres en plus, se dirigent vers les écoles de défense anti-sous-marine, de communications et d'artillerie, pour y suivre des cours qui les qualifieront pour la lieutenance.

Malgré leur allure sérieuse, tous participant avec entrain aux activités sociales qui abondent cette année par exemple. Aux sports, leur petit nombre étonne toujours, mais tous jouissent d'une si grande vigueur et possèdent un esprit si combattif, que leurs équipes sont partout redoutées et souvent victorieuses.

L'an prochain, ils ne seront déjà plus de ce petit nombre où ils ont vécu des heures intenses et d'une diversité incroyable. Souhaitons leur pour l'avenir, tout le dévouement et tout le sérieux que le pays attend d'un officier de sa marine.

1952

GRADS



JOE GALLANT, Executive



MARCEL MERCIER, Medical



LEE CURLEY, Supply



ION SIGOUIN, Supply



CLARE MACDONALD, Supply



AL RICHMOND, Executive



BOB COCHRAN, Executive



J. GRAY, Medical



J. WILLIAMS, Medical



L. COX, Supply



A. FOXGORD, Executive



DOUG SWAN, Supply



H. JONES, Executive



F. WANKO, Executive



V. F. PENFOLD, Executive



L. FOX, Supply



W. HARASYM, Engineering



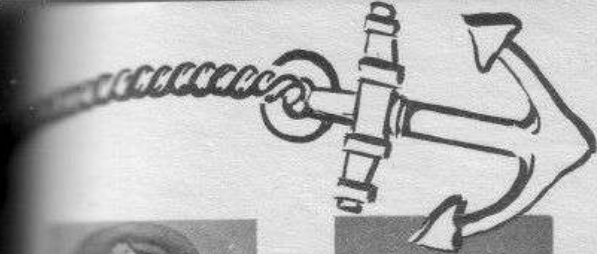
D. BREWER, Ordnance



A. WILSON, Executive



D. CODE, Executive



J. CAFFREY, Executive



G. MILLS, Executive



J. PENNER, Supply



DOUG HALL, Executive



R. LEDUC, Executive



D. TREBLE, Ordnance



R. MURRAY, Supply



A. DOWNS, Medical



VAL HINCH, Instructor



A. M. EBERWEIN, Executive



D. R. TAYLOR, Executive



B. HOFLEY, Executive



J. COLLINS, Executive



S. COLE, Executive



F. CARTER, Executive



M. LAFLAMME, Supply



W. C. SELLENS, Ordnance



J. R. BLAND, Instructor



R. E. PRITCHARD, Executive



D. C. BEACOM, Executive



A. LITHGOW, Executive



D. R. SKJEIE, Executive



P. MASSE, Supply



M. COPITHORNE, Supply



T. HUTCHINGS, Supply

GRADS



H. FLEMING, Supply C. M. HAMILTON, Surgeon W. N. LAWTON, Supply A. G. WARD, Ordnance P. MATSON, Supply



H. GILLARD, Executive



C. T. WOOD, Executive

Camera

- J. ADAMSON
Surgeon
- J. R. BLAND
Instructor
- R. M. BROWN
Supply
- F. H. W. CARTER
Executive
- D. CHALMERS
Executive
- MO CHERNESKY
Supply
- B. DEWAR
Executive

- R. B. DOUGAN
Executive
- A. DUNN
Surgeon
- B. GREY
Surgeon
- G. HESELTINE
Executive
- G. G. LEE
Executive
- A. H. LITHGOW
Executive
- P. MIKI
Surgeon

- J. J. MOGAN
Executive
- G. T. PATTERSON
Executive
- P. PRICE
Executive
- R. E. PRITCHARD
Executive
- W. W. RUSSELL
Executive
- J. WALLACE
Surgeon
- J. WILLIAMS
Surgeon

Shys

SAILING PARTY FALL IN!



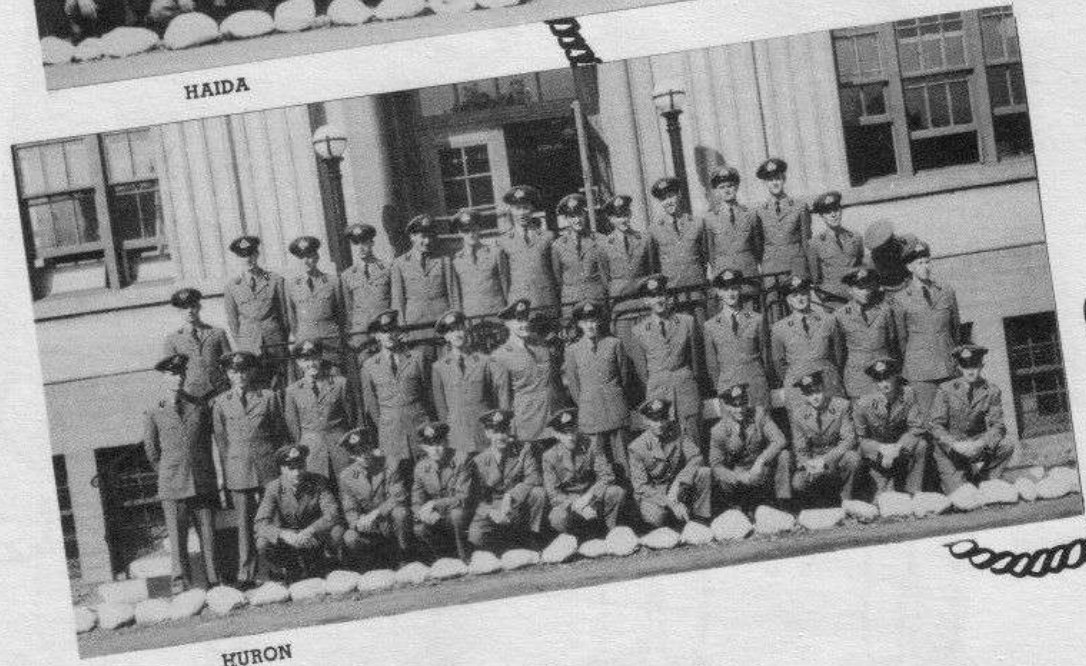
CLASSES EAST



ATHABASKAN

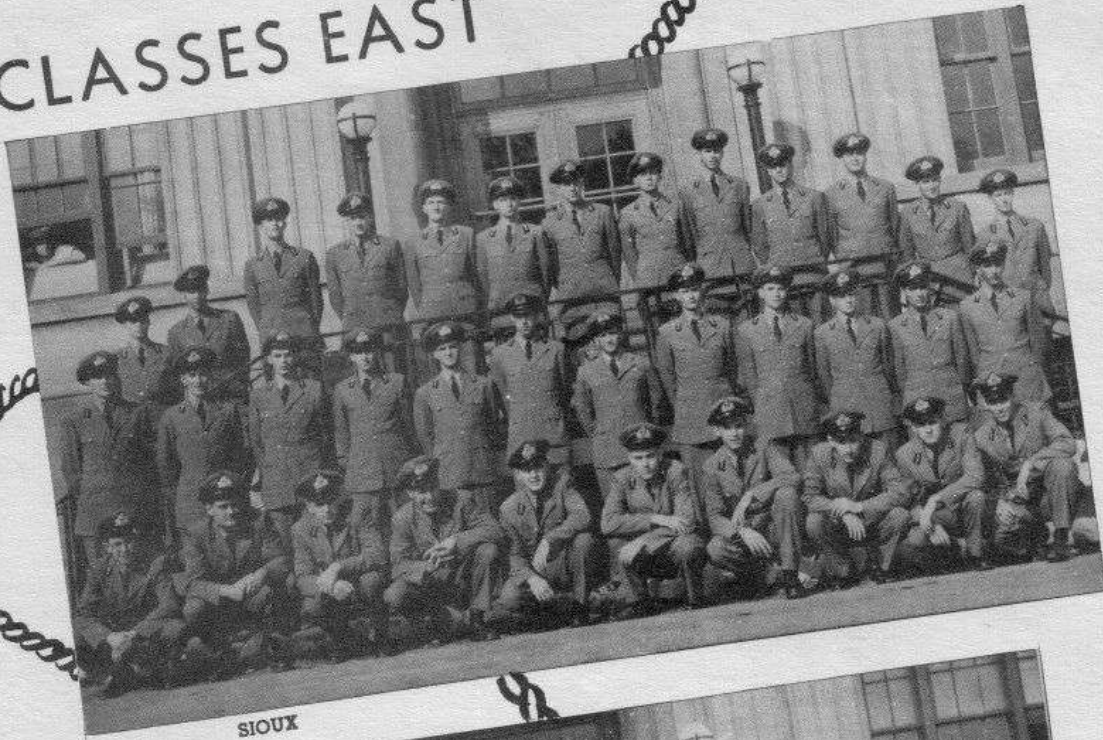


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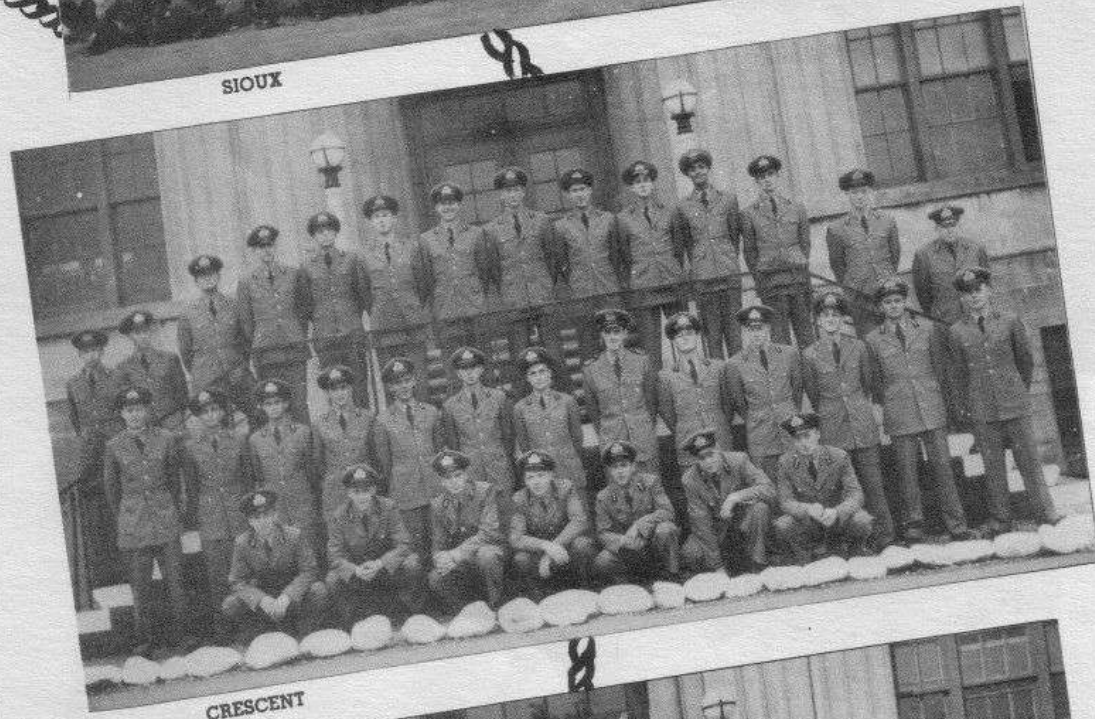


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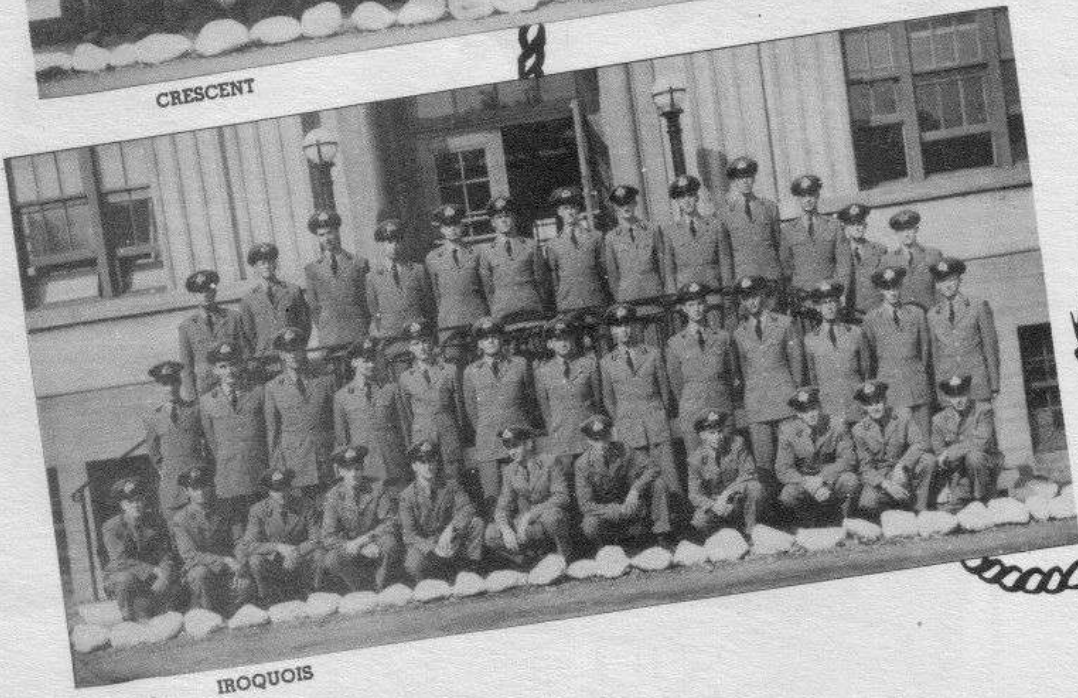
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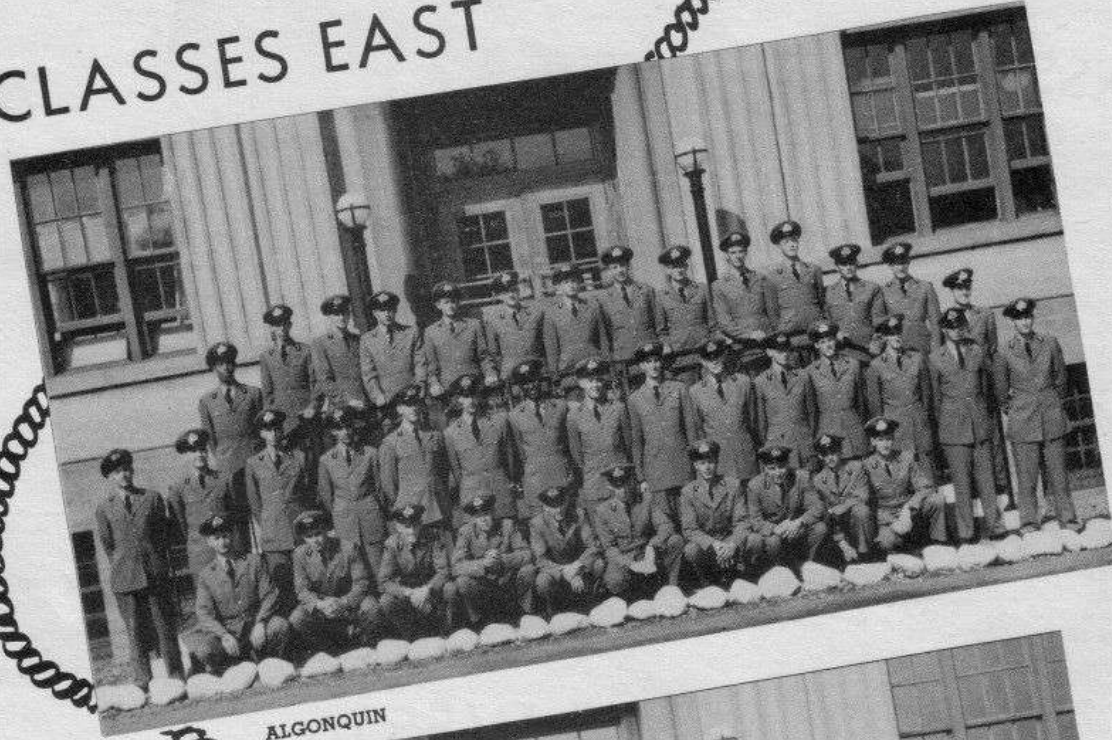


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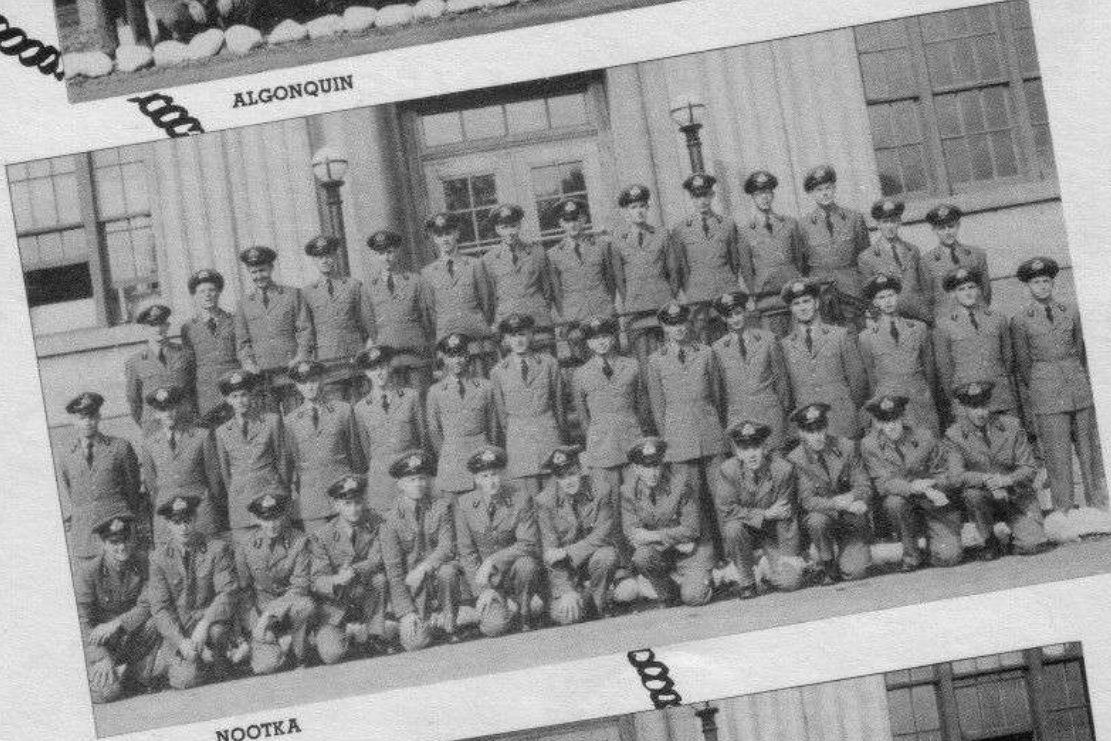


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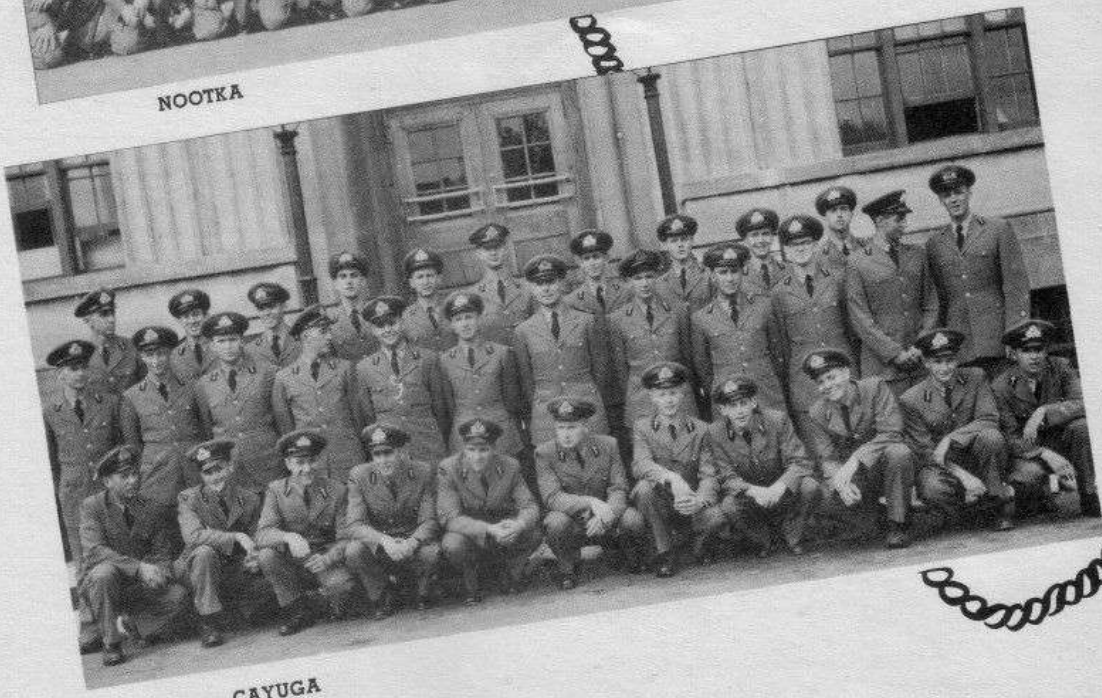
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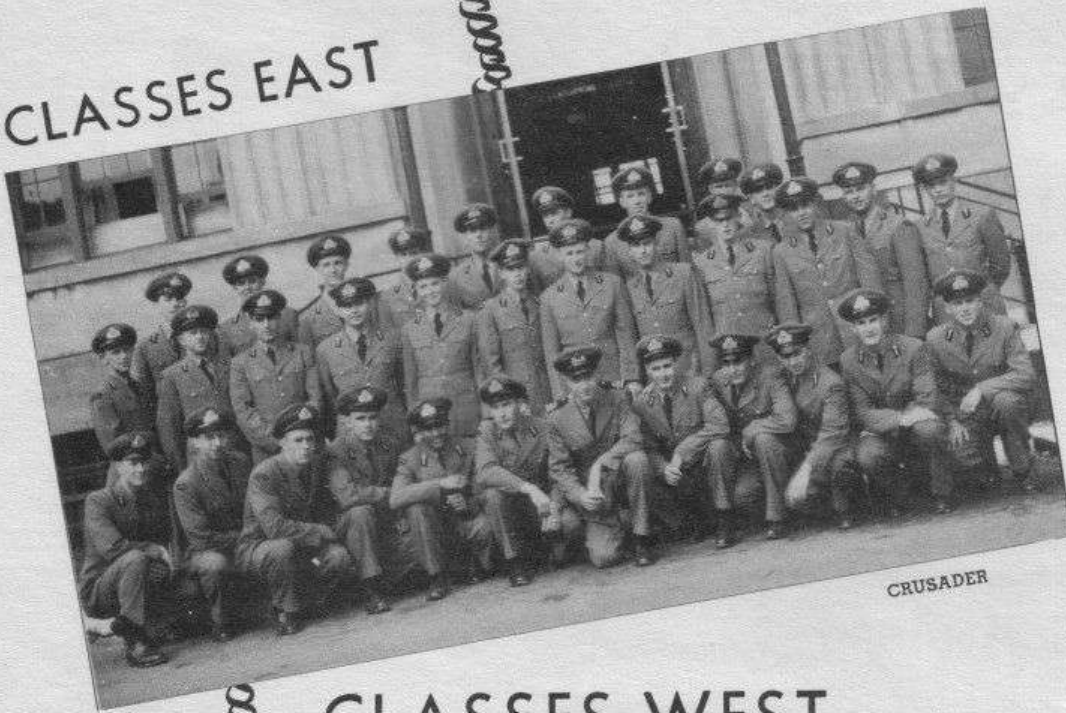


NOOTKA



CAYUGA

CLASSES EAST



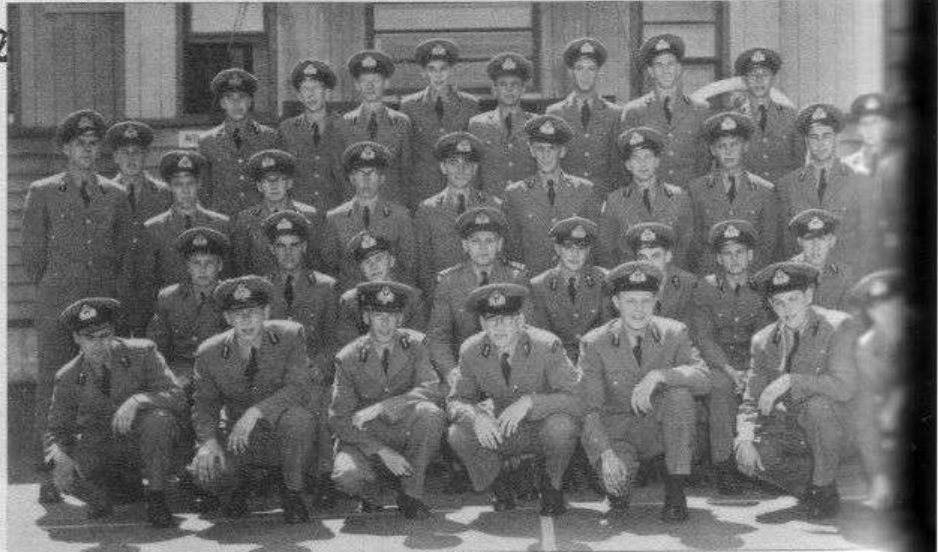
CRUSADER

CLASSES WEST

Class A-1 Class A-2

- R. J. ALLISON
- W. B. BALLYN
- G. R. BACKMAN
- D. R. BEASLEY
- V. BEISCHLAG
- D. A. CAMERON
- G. P. FRENCH
- D. I. GALLAGHER
- D. H. GOWAN
- P. R. GROGEN
- T. FERENS
- E. G. HEAVEN
- P. M. JESSOP
- D. E. McREA
- R. L. McPHERSON
- D. F. W. MILLIGAN
- D. W. MORRIS
- M. J. PEROZAK
- D. I. REVEL
- P. O. RICHARDSON
- D. J. ROBERTSON
- R. B. SPEVAKOW

- P. A. ADAMS
- D. H. AIKENHEAD
- B. J. BOURIS
- L. BREDESON
- R. CHALK
- D. JEBSON
- J. MEDLAND
- W. D. McKEOUGH
- R. BROCK
- C. HAMPLE
- R. J. ROLLS
- D. S. ROLSTON
- J. SCHWARTZ
- J. SINCLAIR
- W. P. SOMERS
- R. H. SPINNEY
- R. H. WARD
- J. R. WILKES
- R. WILLSON
- R. C. VAN DUZER



Class A-3

- R. F. ANGLIN
- T. D. BOUCLAS
- G. P. CASSADY
- G. K. EDGETT
- N. ENNS
- R. G. HEASEMAN
- W. HEWKO
- K. E. JEWETT
- C. R. KING

- W. S. LUNDY
- J. McDONALD
- J. D. O'NEIL
- J. R. STANDEN
- G. T. STONE
- G. F. T. TATE
- D. WRIGHT
- T. S. WOODCLIFFE
- R. J. VOLKER



CLASSES WEST



Class A-4

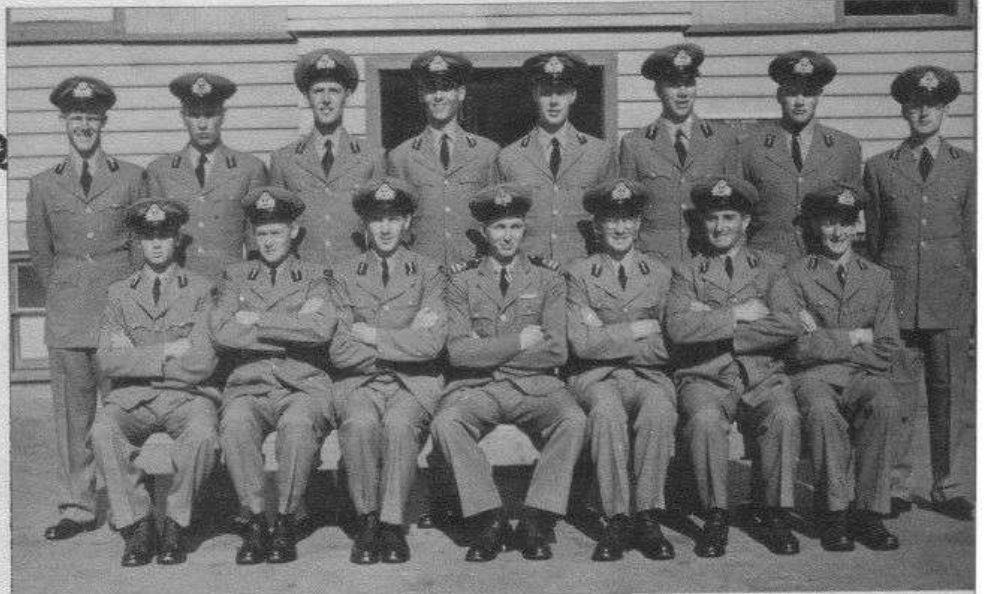
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E. C. BRADY
D. BUSS
R. CAIRNS
H. T. CARSWELL
G. C. FITZGERALD
D. G. JACKSON
R. W. KENDRICK
S. A. KYLE
R. J. LEDINGHAM
A. I. MAIR
D. I. McDONALD
A. G. MIDDLETON
R. H. ROBERTS
G. W. SEYMOUR
D. A. SHERRIN
J. SOMERS
E. T. SORTWELL
B. WHITMORE

J. A. BECKER
C. S. BLACK
W. BILOGLOVKA
J. S. BROWNLEY
P. BROMLEY
G. R. COULSON
L. G. COULAS
D. R. CLUNES
G. G. CONN
M. H. CONROY
N. R. CUMMING
D. A. DEFC
R. J. FOOTI
R. HARRINGTON
R. C. MAJOR
C. E. MARTYN
I. F. MORGAN
I. W. MURREY
N. NEWELL
D. ROSS
J. L. SCOTT
K. F. STEFCZY
D. E. WYLIE

Class A-6

J. A. ANDERSON
D. ATKINSON
T. R. BARWICK
B. A. BICKNELL
W. A. BREUKELEMAN
L. T. DIDUCH
A. F. HAYWOOD
G. T. HANNON
J. R. HARLE
D. E. HODGSON

A. KROEGER
A. A. LEVEY
J. H. MacKENZIE
R. A. MacLEAN
W. B. McMINN
E. R. SCHWARTZ
S. SWERYDA
P. H. PEARSE
J. J. WHITE
W. A. YOUNG



Class A-7

R. BAYNTON
D. BJARNASON
E. BOWKETT
B. BUCKLAND
R. CONNER
P. DUFORT
G. FRASER
A. GOLDSTEIN
S. GOLDSTEIN
D. HEYS

R. KINNEY
N. KRUGER
J. MILLAR
J. NORMAN
G. P. McLELLAN
W. PATTERSON
W. RILEY
A. ROSS
W. SIMONSEN
L. WIZNURA

CLASSES WEST

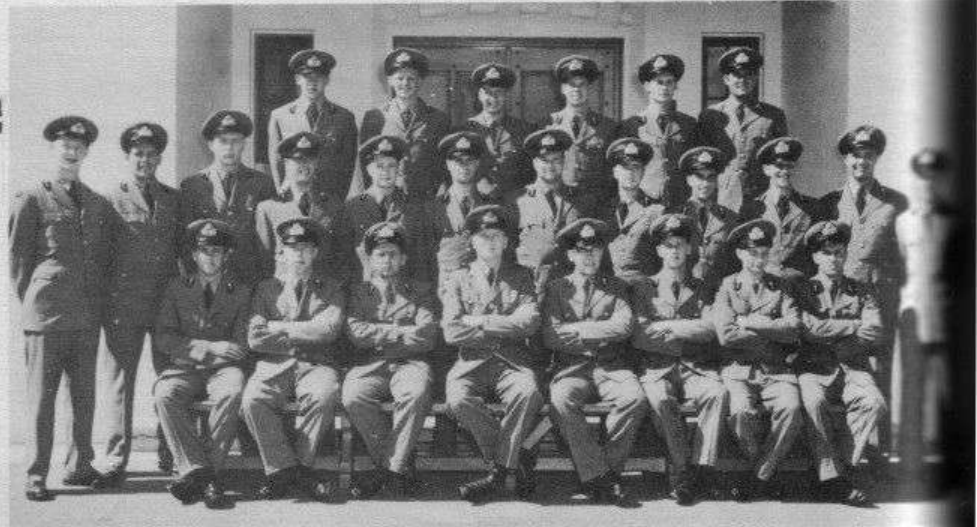


Class B-1

D. L. CHIDDENTON	G. F. McCANN
L. W. FRASER	J. R. McDOWELL
L. L. GORDON	T. G. McINTYRE
B. F. GRAY	W. J. MARA
I. R. HECTOR	C. I. MASON
D. J. HORAN	A. J. NICOL
J. M. HUNTER	H. B. RUSSEL
D. H. JOHNSON	D. R. STEPHAN
P. R. JEWELL	G. K. STRATFORD
P. W. KEILLOR	R. J. WONNACOTT
M. M. LAING	R. D. WOLLATT
P. H. McNAMES	

Class B-2

W. L. BAMFORD	J. R. MacGILLIS
J. R. BECKETT	D. A. MATHER
D. G. J. BOUTETTE	C. R. McKIM
G. W. BURGE	J. K. MURRAY
G. E. CARRUTHERS	M. J. NADER
J. D. CARSON	C. I. PARENT
G. F. COULTER	G. T. L. READ
J. W. DANIELS	H. T. ROBER
H. G. FINN	I. J. J. RYAN
J. GAUTHIER	A. G. SIMS
H. HAZELTON	E. TAYLOR
B. HUGHES	

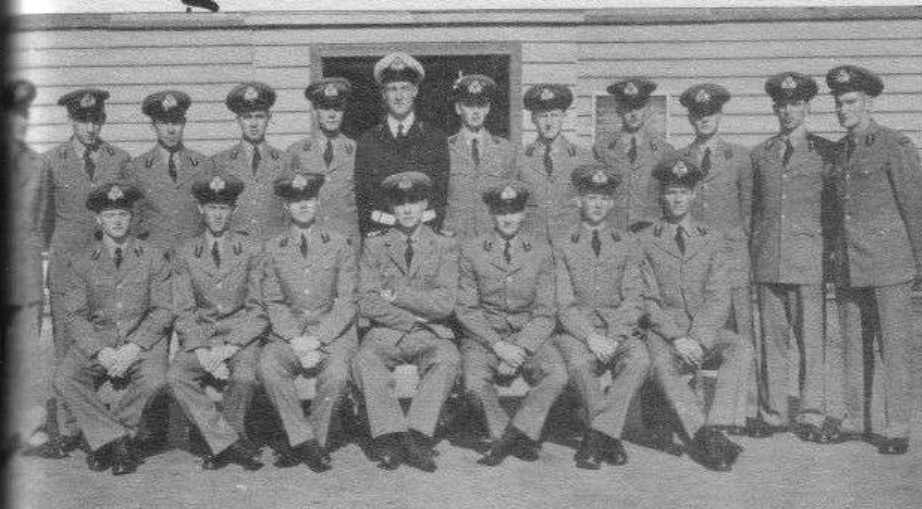


Class B-3

C. BAKER	E. F. HORSEY
B. CARSON	D. G. NASSR
I. F. COWIE	B. C. O'NEILL
A. D. DAWE	R. A. B. PRETTE
J. C. S. EDWARDS	I. F. ROGERS
U. S. EMERY	M. F. ROSE
E. A. ERIKSEN	O. SALONEN
H. R. ERSKINE	H. E. TUISKEAU
F. R. GOVEAU	J. G. TURNER
J. H. GREGG	S. J. WILSON
F. W. KNIGHT	W. D. YOUNG



CLASSES WEST

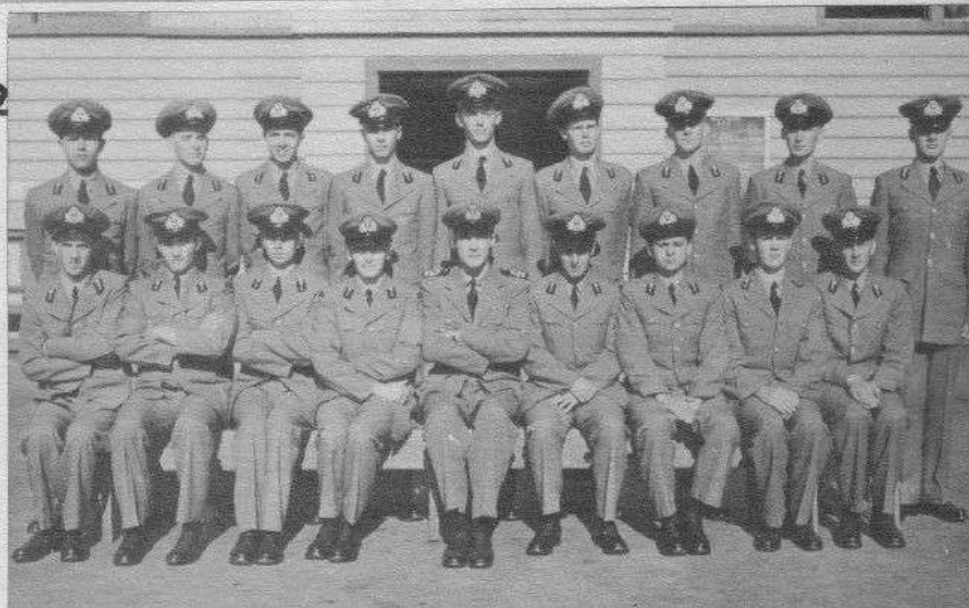


Class B-4

W. H. ATWOOD	C. D. HARDWICK
P. H. BAKER	J. HARWOOD
R. J. M. BARBEAU	N. J. HASSLET
D. J. BOWIE	G. E. JACKSON
J. D. BUCHAN	T. W. MAXWELL
H. R. BURNAM	J. N. NAUDIE
B. BROOKS	C. W. KINGSTON
J. A. CRAIG	P. R. HYLTON
D. J. CRAVEN	P. A. KOURI
R. B. CURTIS	M. Y. POIRIER
R. G. CABBELL	W. L. SCOTT
R. D. DETWILLER	P. WALFORD
J. B. ELSON	R. J. REYNOLDS
E. H. GERRARD	

Class B-5

M. A. BISAL	J. G. H. MacKEEN
J. H. CAMERON	A. C. H. HENNING
R. F. CRITCHELY	S. M. MATHESON
E. D. FARNDEN	E. E. SANDE
W. J. GREENAWAY	C. J. M. SMITH
P. GIFFORD	D. A. P. SMITH
M. W. HEWITT	R. L. W. TILL
H. JECKYLL	G. F. SMITH
O. KELLY	R. D. McRAE
D. L. HICKS	R. T. WILSON
W. KOCHANSKI	R. D. YANOW
T. LANGHILL	



Class C-3

R. BOCKING	G. R. MATTHEWS
R. W. CLEARY	G. L. McGAUGHUI
K. GUTTORMSSOM	L. C. MENDOZA
D. HOLMES	T. MILLMAN
I. C. JOHNSON	W. PARKINSON
A. KOVNATS	H. T. SHULTZ
J. LINDSAY	B. STACKHOUSE
G. W. LEUTKEHOELTER	W. D. STUART
J. M. MacNICOL	A. TORRIGAN

CLASSES WEST



Class C-5

D. U. ALLEN
 D. M. ARMSTRONG
 G. ATWELL
 J. E. DUBE
 F. G. EDWARD
 D. A. ELRIX
 R. M. LESTER
 A. MARCINKOWSKY
 J. E. MCKINNEY
 R. B. ROBERTSON
 N. D. SCOTT-MONCRIEFFE
 A. TINANT

Class C-6

W. BODRUG
 G. R. B. CASE
 E. K. CORK
 G. P. DALGLEISH
 G. DEVEBER
 J. B. DUNLOP
 J. M. GEE
 T. GREEN

J. LANGFORD
 H. D. LAFAVOR
 W. J. MacLEOD
 J. D. PHILLIP
 D. N. ROSS
 G. E. SOMERS
 D. P. TAYLOR
 M. L. WARTMAN



Class E-1

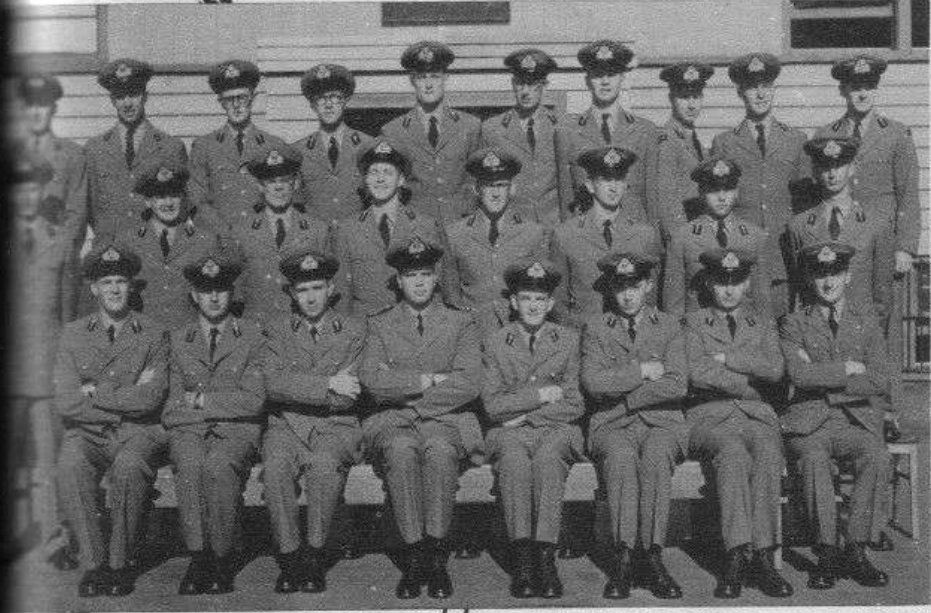
Class E-2



E. RUBIN
 T. W. BREITHAUP
 D. A. ROSCOE
 J. W. BROWN
 E. T. PRICE
 F. J. BURN
 J. R. BARNSLEY
 R. M. BURTON
 V. H. FAST
 T. H. HUTCHINGS
 G. CHERTKOFF
 W. S. SHIELDS
 L. W. COX
 W. J. BAILEY
 G. H. LUSTY
 R. M. PATON
 I. G. RAMSEY
 R. J. ROBINSON

R. J. RUSHFORD
 V. H. NOONAN
 M. G. MCGINLEY
 J. C. RESTON
 L. C. GRAY
 D. R. JOYCE
 J. G. G. UNDERHILL
 R. GIBSON
 M. T. CHERNESKEY
 T. A. JONES
 A. A. BOURDON
 D. PARLIAMENT
 J. K. COLLINS
 J. MERRETT
 M. CHUPIK
 W. H. TOWER
 H. H. RICHARDSON
 L. LAPOINTE

CLASSES WEST



Class E-3

N. W. BOYD
 J. R. BRACKIEY
 D. I. B. BRISTO
 C. E. P. EARL
 T. M. EARL
 T. E. EVANS
 W. C. GRAY
 B. C. HAWKINS
 K. KAVANAGH
 J. P. MASSE
 G. F. PLAXTON
 D. O. PENGELLY
 D. W. ROSS
 J. THOMSON

Class E-4

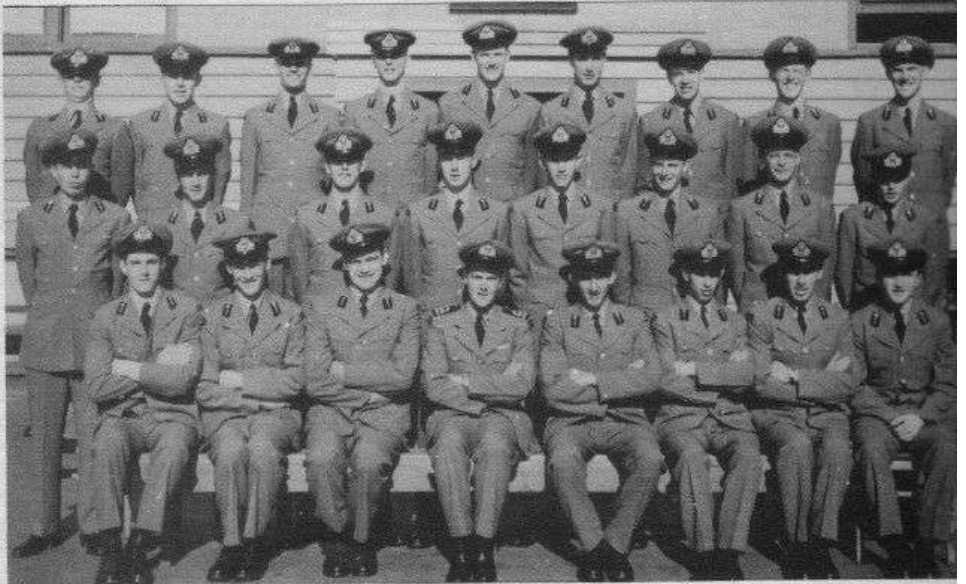
W. U. WASHBURN
 O. W. BUTCHER
 A. MCGLEAN
 M. A. LaFLAMME
 J. DESJARDINS
 J. R. JOHNSTON
 C. A. MORRISON
 J. L. McAVOY
 J. J. MALLOY
 R. E. JACKMAN

Class D-1

C. C. M. BAKER
 M. A. BARBER
 G. A. BEAMENT
 J. R. BUTTLE
 G. M. BOLT
 W. H. EVANS
 T. A. P. EYRE
 J. A. INGLIS
 L. KOWAL
 D. W. STEWART
 R. E. STONE
 A. H. WAGNER
 A. H. RIDGERS

Class H-1

W. HARASYM
 K. W. MOORE
 D. NORQUAY
 A. D. PETERS
 M. SAWKA
 M. SKEAFF
 D. TREBLIE

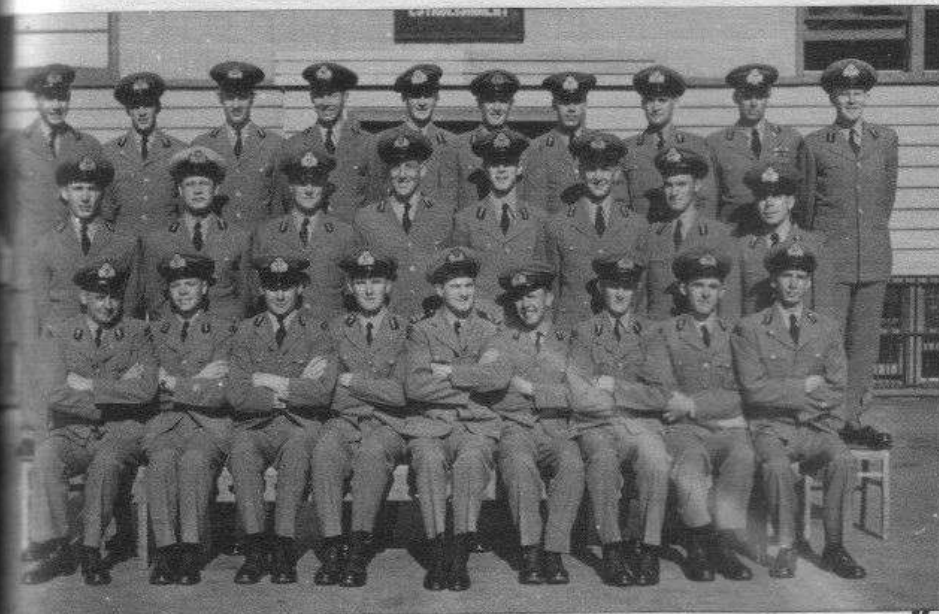


Class D-2

M. BROCK
 T. A. DEAKIN
 A. H. MARTIN
 W. C. SELLENS

Class H-2

N. BREWER
 A. G. WARD



Class G-1

D. C. BEACON
 R. S. BIGELOW
 F. H. CARTER
 J. D. CHALMERS
 D. B. DEWAR
 E. H. GILLARD
 D. J. HALL
 F. V. HINCH
 W. J. LAW
 G. LEE
 G. MILLS
 J. J. MOGAN
 G. C. McGAFFERY
 D. G. PATTERSON
 P. M. PRICE
 B. WANKO

Class G-2

A. N. FOXGORD
 B. HOFLEY
 W. HOWIE
 C. SINCLAIR
 D. R. SKJEIE
 J. TAYLOR
 C. T. WOOD

Class G-3

J. R. BLAND
 D. E. CODE
 S. H. COLE
 R. B. DUGAN
 A. EBERWEIN
 G. HESELTINE
 C. JONES
 R. LEDUC
 A. H. LITHGOW
 V. F. PENFOLD
 W. W. RUSSEL
 A. R. WILSON

Cadet Revue of '52

Taking their cue from West Coast Cadets who have had Variety Shows for a number of years, East Coasters gathered over four hundred strong in the Stadacona auditorium on June 29th, to await the opening of the "Cadet Revue of '52."

The idea of a Cadet Variety Show for Stadacona was bandied about for the first few weeks of the summer, but up until the middle of June, nothing definite was announced. A glee club, formed by Lt.-Cdr. Crilly, proceeded with a few impromptu rehearsals, and heavy sounds from the gunroom piano indicated the presence of talent. Finally, just twelve days before the second cruise was scheduled to leave, a forty-five minute skit, "Julius Caesar," written by Cadet Tom Cahill was secured, and the race was on.

June 29th was set as the show date, and feverish rehearsals of skit and Glee Club began. Cadets rallied round, singers and actors gave up two weeks of their free time to rehearse every evening. More talent was recruited from the returning cruise in the persons of versatile Bill Langstroth and Bob Godson.

The Glee Club, under the frantic direction of Marc DeGoumois, sang "Oklahoma" and "Blow the Man Down" as opening selections. Solos by Ted Cleland and Murray Cain, and Mozart's 29th Concerto for Flute, by Art Pennington made an impressive show. Godson and Langstroth kept the audience in stitches for forty minutes, while professional hisses of "we're running overtime" came from back stage. Bob and "Jerry" Swim, both "Cadets," gave a professional exhibition of ventriloquism. Finally the curtain opened upon the "orchard" of Brutus in Rome, revealing a Roman draped casually in a bedding stores sheet, and wearing pusser sandals; expecting a visit from "Cassius and het boys." The capacity audience roared at Antony's gastric funeral oration, as he wept copiously through soaked sponges, and a very active, though "murdered" Caesar, thumbed his nose from an off-stage coffin.

The show drew compliments from all personnel at Stadacona. "I only hope," said Reserve Training Commander Bugden, speaking to the Cadets the next day, "that this will become a yearly institution, keeping the same standard set by the Cadets this summer."

Stop the press! Another baby has been born! Once again thespians of the Gunroom have gathered to produce the Cadet Revue of 52 Mark II. Bigger and better was the cry as we went into a last phrenetic week of rehearsal. The Glee Club had a much larger share in the program this time,



ANTONY ADDRESSES THE ROMAN MOB IN SCENE FROM JULIUS CAESAR

Left to right: Burf Kay (Caesar), Mac Drover (Trebolius), Tom Cahill (Brutus), Jens Gothardt (Metullus), Andre Potvin (Cassia), John Wilkie (Lucilius), Tony Duggan (Mob), Dino Narizzano (Antony).

and were better rehearsed, though we never did have a complete run-through before opening night. * Bill Langstroth was on deck again, as an inspecting admiral from five different countries, and as a Britisher-to-the-core, complete with ruddy face and moustache, who sang a very British "Mule Train, smashing along, through the rain, through the sleet, through the fog, through the slush . . ." Lt.-Cdr.'s Crilly and Price were protagonists of An English Romance (found somewhere in this slim volume). A recitation of The Saga of Mad Carew was attempted by Burf Kay, with voluble interruptions by Admiral Cahill and Colonel Narizzano. The entire company, with Bob Godson doing a terrific job at the piano, marched on stage for a breezy finale, leaving everyone humming the tune. Weeks afterward the cast will still be singing:

The siren's screaming,
The showboat's steaming,
So let's shout Anchors Aweigh . . .
We'll send a signal flashing,
Cause now we're dashing
To end the show!

* Tom Cahill, the Oscar Hammersjein of Stadacona, created the lyrics, with music by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Robert Godson.

Clothing Stores: FRONT OFFICE

At eight-thirty the wicket opens. Everybody puts away their newspapers and the ledgers are taken down from the shelf. There is nothing to do yet, but the ledger-keepers rustle pages, open filing cabinets, and all the odds and ends of the day before are collected together.

See who that is, will you? What does he want, lanyards? Out of stock right now, tell him maybe next week. Petty Officer Hiller, "Rusty" to the office staff, lit a cigarette, rubbed a hand over his forehead, and looked at the "In" Basket. It wasn't very full, but it worried him to see more than two papers not actioned in the ledger. He never believed us when we told him everything was finished to date. Sometimes he got on our nerves, nattering about work being behind, but usually we just laughed at him.

A seaman put his head in the wicket. Will one of you stamp my routine? You print his name on a sheet, get him to sign, reach in a drawer for two cap tallies, stamp his routine and initial it. Some look at you and say thanks; some look at your hands as you print the name. They're all glad to get their tallies.

Sales begin about nine. If the door doesn't open on time there are usually two or three people looking in, wondering if Stores is going to open. I had started on the ledger when a lieutenant leaned over the counter and tipped his hat back and looked around. He was in a hurry. He asked us how long we took for stand-easy, and when could he buy a pair of collar badges? Stadacona personnel were to wear khakis next week and he didn't want to be in blues any longer than he had to. I said I thought Stores would be open soon, but he couldn't wait. There was a standing belief on the base that nobody in Clothing Stores did any work. It wasn't true but they still believed it. It was always a good joke.

A guard came in, and behind him two seamen dressed in those long blue coverall suits that cell prisoners wear. They were on discharge routine

and had to return their hammocks. I made out two bedding return vouchers while they undid the clews, and the guard sat down and lit a cigarette. Both were missing a blanket, so the voucher had to go to the pay office. While they were straightening out their bedding, Rusty talked about life in detention camp ten years ago. You were told to clear the coal out of one end of a cellar and paint the walls and floor. Then you shovelled coal back into that half and painted the other half, and you couldn't talk to anyone. If you did you got solitary. I looked at the two prisoners. This was all for their benefit, but they went on with the clews and didn't say very much. They were young, not much over 18, and looked tired. I wanted to tell Rusty to lay off the cell stuff, but you couldn't tell him anything.

Afternoons were quieter than mornings. Perhaps the seamen didn't feel like doing routines after dinner unless they were urgent, or they always finished them before noon. It was a good chance to get caught up on our ledgers for the day. Then we'd take a stand-easy and go down to the canteen where it was cooler. At first I would ask Rusty if we could go, but Harrison said, don't waste your breath, just leave. Going to the canteen became a sort of ritual, like breakfast and dinner.

About four the wicket closes. The men who are going ashore put on their No. 3's. Hasler had a good uniform that fitted him snugly, and he always looked smart when he left the office. Rusty butted a last cigarette, tossed a few papers into the "In" Basket. "Okay, my sons, let's get this place cleaned up. Square away the desks, don't forget the loan cards, be sure and lock that filing cabinet." He picked up his coat and was gone, leaving a litter of vouchers on the desk. Tom finished his ledger and I held his coat for him and we left. Harrison told us not to get drunk in town, and we laughed. The storesmen were good types. We were all part of the family to them. We said so long and went down to the Gunroom.

B. KAY



The Bunga Bunga Incident

Just around the turn of the last century, or about 1906 to be exact, Plymouth naval base underwent the inspection of its career. Signals, as we now know them, had not at that time been introduced into the Navy, and Plymouth had to depend on the telegraph system, much the same as the Canadian Navy used prior to 1929. One Saturday morning at 11 o'clock a message was received saying that on that afternoon the Sultan of Zanzibar would arrive to pay an official call at Plymouth. It was signed "Admiralty."

Everything was made ready for the ceremonial occasion; the band was prepared, a royal guard was formed, and the flagship dressed and ordered to fire a royal salute.

Promptly at two that afternoon a train arrived at the station. The last car was a coach, resplendent with blue paint and bearing a dazzling coat-of-arms on its side. From the car emerged a figure dressed in white with a shiny black face, followed by an entourage similarly garbed. The party was escorted to the guard of honour, made an inspection, received a 21 gun salute, conducted to the flagship which they examined closely. At every

point of interest the Sultan would stop and exclaim "bunga-bunga," and the others in his suite would chorus the same words in unison. No one knew what bunga-bunga meant or even implied, but nevertheless received it with dignified appreciation.

Time passed and at four o'clock the Sultan and his party made their official departure. Peace descended once more on Plymouth. The Admiral, with the words "bunga-bunga" still ringing in his ears, sent a relieved telegram to the Admiralty informing them that the Sultan had departed, and that his visit had been a spectacular success.

In record time a disconcerting reply came from the powers that be. A resulting search of Plymouth revealed a coach on a deserted siding, resplendent with blue paint and a coat of arms, containing some discarded sheets and hastily removed grease paint.

The Admiralty telegram had stated tersely: "The Sultan of Zanzibar is still in Zanzibar."

To this day there is a certain Admiral secretly referred to as "bunga-bunga."



An English Romance

T. J. CAHILL

THE SCENE IS A LAVISH APARTMENT IN THE SAVOY HOTEL IN LONDON.
A BEAUTIFUL LADY IS RECLINING ON A DIVAN. A MASKED MAN ENTERS.
HE IS HOLDING A GUN. HE SPEAKS:

How do you do?

How do you do?

This is a holdup.

Really?

Quit!

What do you want?

I'm awfully sorry old girl, but I'm simply desperate for money so
I must have your jewels.

Oh, Please. I've worked so awfully hard for my things.

Pity.

Won't you have something—else?

Perhaps.

Tea?

Thank you.

Sugar?

Two.

Cream?

Trifle.

Cheers.

Bung-hol

Why are you looking at me like that?

Your eyes.

Scared?

No—fascinated.

Love me?

Terribly.

Want me?

Desperately.

Marry me?

Immediately.

Oh, Reggie!

"Holiday" IN NORWAY (Continued from Page 13)

and patches of bog, so that I fell heavily and repeatedly. The weight of my rucksack combined with some dizziness left over from the sea passage in the motor boat, made my movements clumsy, and I was glad that the noise of my progress was covered by the rush of wind through the valley. The moon was high over the mountain ahead of me but it was hidden by driving clouds and I moved more by touch than by sight. A house was marked on the map as being close to the landing place; I had seen no buildings there, and did not know whether one still existed, but it was necessary for the success of my plans that nobody should know of my arrival on the island, and it was therefore important for me to get clear of the beach as quickly and as quietly as possible.

Just before three o'clock in the morning, I came to the top of the rocky saddle, and saw the dark glint of water under the mountain side beyond. Now I found myself moving about great boulders that loomed out of the night at every step, while the rising gale whipped thin rain into my eyes. I took shelter under the lee of one of the boulders and unrolled my sleeping bag there, and, lulled by the wind, I slept for three blessed hours.

My plan was to reach a gully . . .

When my little alarm clock rattled under my ear, the first glimmer of grey dawn was lighting the valley. I was surprised at the magnitude of the whole scene, compared with the impression gathered from the map; the mountain ahead looked formidable against the driven clouds and I was glad that I had not attempted to climb it in darkness. It took about two hours to reach the head of the lake, for the ground was very rocky except for an area of marsh which I avoided as I did not wish to leave boot tracks in the mud. A small flock of sheep clattered away as I passed by the marsh, and through a narrow valley I saw a large motor fishing boat lying to moorings in a bay. These signs of civilization seemed somehow incongruous.

The weather was now clearing, and in the valley, the wind was little more than a light breeze. I found a sheltered spot beside a bright, rushing burn under the shadow of a mountain, and here I cooked breakfast of tea and porridge. The glen was very rough, with much heather and furze and some birch trees, and all around the air was alive with the cheerful splash of streams and waterfalls. Below, the lake formed a tranquil pool, dotted with wooded islets and fringed with larch trees that showed golden in the morning light.

To lighten my pack, I dumped the sleeping-bag and most of my rations after breakfast, and by about ten o'clock, I was above the glen and in rock-climbing country, difficult to negotiate and at times hazardous because of the weight I still

had to carry. My plan was to reach a gully at the head of the glen as soon as possible, so that I should have some cover for the rest of the climb to the summit.

When edging my way round a prominent rock-shoulder, I was startled to hear voices. I dropped behind the partial cover of a boulder, and almost immediately the figure of a boy appeared on the skyline above the part of the glen where I had cooked breakfast earlier in the day. After a short interval a man joined the boy, and the two together descended into the glen, where they spent some time pursuing an animal which looked to me like a brown bear and which lumbered heavily over the rocks below. The boy, whom I was able to watch most of the time through my binoculars, glanced frequently in my direction, but I could not tell if he had picked out my figure against the rocks. After a while the animal (which was probably only a sheep) disappeared down the glen, followed by the man and boy.

I had scarcely started moving again, when two men appeared from the opposite direction over a small saddle of land between me and the mainland to the eastwards. I was now in full view, with no cover of any kind except the neutral colour of my clothes, but the hillside was so steep that it needed only a slight movement for me to lie on my side, and fortunately I still had my khaki woollen cap over my face.

After advancing a few yards the men sat down on the grass, and one lit a pipe; in the instant of "freezing" I had been able to bring my binoculars to my eyes, and so had a clear view of every movement. The men were dressed in the normal clothes of Norwegian longshore fishermen, and I was surprised that they should climb so far from the sea for no apparent reason. They looked toward me several times but they were either very cunning or they did not see me, for their gaze passed by, much as a polite person will glance over a stranger in a railway carriage, without appearing to do so. Even had I thought myself discovered, I could have done nothing to stop the news from being carried away, divided from the men as I was by the deep head of the glen. After about fifteen minutes the elder man pulled out a watch; the two then rose to their feet and moved away in the direction from which they had come. A short while afterwards I arrived in the narrow gully for which I had been aiming.

. . . and from there to the lookout

Reconnaissance took some time, this side of the island being directly opposite a small town and harbour on the mainland, and towards the end of the afternoon, when I was returning to collect the rucksack, some whim induced me to take a cautious glance downwards in the direction of

"Holiday" IN NORWAY (Continued)

the saddle of land where I had seen the two fishermen four or five hours earlier. Below me and scarcely fifty yards away, the elder of the two fishermen was moving up the mountainside, dodging from rock to rock. Without pausing to think I rolled backward and behind a rock, but he did not appear over the crest, and when I next looked down the hillside was empty. By five o'clock I was installed in my selected lookout position over against the mainland.

The view was superb. Far below me lay the broad deep shipping channel, with a roomy anchorage on the mainland side. In the far distance the land was a pale blue silhouette against a paler blue sky. But up to fifteen miles on every side I could see every detail of the calm sounds, green fiord, shore pastures, toy wooden houses, and tiny white-painted lighthouses. Inland, heather clad hills rose to barren black mountains with snow peaks along the skyline. It would be difficult to conceive any scene at the same time majestic and so peaceful.

By nine o'clock I was sleeping soundly under a rock, but at that latitude, altitude, and season, (mid-October) the nights were very cold, and within two hours I was awake again. The mountain tarns were already beginning to freeze under the starry sky, and I decided that even another trip on the mountainside would be preferable to a sleepless night spent in jumping up and down to keep warm. I had had enough time to fix the position of my dump in the glen by compass bearings of the lake and hills and shortly after one o'clock in the morning, I was able to wriggle into the sleeping bag's delightful comfort.

The comfort was evidently too delightful for my strength of mind, for the alarm clock failed to wake me, and in consequence I found myself facing another hurried daylight climb. Thus it was that I still had several yards to crawl to my lookout position when the first ship of the day appeared in the channel below. Soon a whole convoy was in sight, with its escort of variegated minesweepers and patrol-craft, and with such short warning I found the photographing and recording of the ships to be a most confusing job. One of my sketches took wing on the breeze before I was finished with it, and it was only by a quick roll down the mountainside that I was able to stop the piece of paper from soaring out over the sound.

Once installed in my watch post the work was easier, for I was able to see each convoy at least two hours before it passed below me. There was something happening on the sea nearly all the time, and in the intervals between the convoys, I studied the life of the harbour town far below. With the aid of glasses the tiny and silently curious figures took shape and became children going to school, women gossiping, fishermen leaning against warehouses, and garrison troops wandering aimlessly into the town. I was

particularly amused by a group of slouching figures which could be seen even from that distance to stiffen into a few seconds military precision on meeting a single strutting figure on the road to town.

In the evening two convoys met in the sound. The north-bound ships continued on their way, but the south-bound group turned into the harbour and came to anchor, so at seven o'clock I crawled up to the split rock to tap three letters on the W/T set. There was no answering note in the headphones. I spent nearly two hours on the rock, with the night wind whistling past the rod aerial beside me; finally at nine o'clock I put the matter out of my mind with an effort, and rolled into my sleeping-bag for a good night's rest. When I awoke the convoy was gone.

The afternoon passed quietly

I celebrated my third sunrise on the island by changing underclothes and washing the discarded garments in a cool mountain tarn. After breakfast I lay on the dry heather, and lazily scanned the pattern of the fjords and sounds, while the washing dried beside me. The day was fine and warm, and fleecy clouds drew dark blue shadows slowly across the mountains and islands. I still could not get a reply to my signals, but it was impossible to feel anything but contentment on such a day in this place.

I was just thinking of collecting my washing, when I heard a shout and looked around to see a man and girl sitting on a hillock some distance away, waving to me with every indication of recognition. I turned my back and looked studiously in the other direction, feeling quite foolish as the couple continued to shout. I hoped that I had been mistaken for some friend from a neighbouring village, in which case lack of response might discourage further advances; for it seemed unlikely that the couple would be making such a noisy demonstration if they had recognized my uniform. The shouting stopped at last, and a glance over my shoulder showed them to be strolling away. When they had gone I gathered my washing together and retired, duly chastened, to my niche.

The afternoon passed quietly, but at about four o'clock, when boiling up my little billy-can of tea, I heard a whistle followed by a loud hallooing. A tramp of heavy boots was followed by a shout close above my niche. A shadow passed before me, and suddenly a man was standing on the ridge ten yards away. For perhaps half a minute he stood quite still, then the sound of an answering shout came faintly from the glen, and without looking in my direction the man moved away. Voices faded into the valley. I put my revolver back into its holster and turned my attention to the tea, which had boiled over and drowned the flame.

"Holiday" IN NORWAY (Continued)

If W/T communication should fail . . .

As the sun went down over the North Sea the mountains turned golden brown, with rosy peaks where the snow lay. Islands became dark blue silhouettes against a sea and sky of pale blue-green, and tiny lighthouses began to wink yellow, green and red. Away to the north a brighter white light stabbed the dusk where two convoys were meeting; even with my limited knowledge of German signalling, I was able to read parts of the message as one convoy told the other to keep by the mainland shore.

The flashing stopped, and in darkness I moved cautiously up to the split rock. Receiving no answer to my last signals, I hid the set under the rock in an oilskin wrapper, and lowered myself over the ridge. Some haste was necessary; the plan had been that if W/T communication should fail, the motor boat would take me off the beach after two days, but the time allowed between the last attempt to signal and the hour of rendezvous was all too short. Fortunately I had a clear view of the bay at the appointed time, and was able to satisfy myself that the motor boat was not at the rendezvous.

The last part of the night's trek was exhausting work. I thought it wise to keep in shadow while near the shore, although this took me sometimes through rough furze and marsh in the glen and sometimes over uneven treacherous boulders by the sea. My sack of food had not been disturbed, and I left it in its place among the heather for the time being. At the first light of dawn I reached the tiny cove, the rendezvous.

I did not like this position. Daylight revealed the upper windows of a newly painted wooden house looking over the cove from a short distance inland; and, apart from the lack of shelter from the public gaze and from the elements, the idea of spending a night actually at the rendezvous was most unpleasant. I believed that the motorboat had now returned to her base, but for all I knew she might have been sunk and one or more of her crew might be on the way to the rendezvous—or might be facing interrogation on the mainland. The arranged signal was an owl-hoot, chosen simply because it was easy to produce (I do not believe that real owls ever visit those islands); the prospect of having to come and hoot in this unfriendly spot at intervals each night was bad enough, but the possibility of suddenly hearing a hoot close at hand in the darkness was positively terrifying.

So, following an uncomfortable day in a shallow crack by the shore, I moved my belongings after dark to a slightly more capacious hole farther inland. I then set out on hands and knees to look for drinking water. Negotiating the deeply fissured rock silently in the darkness was extraordinarily difficult, but at the end of an hour's

search I fell upon a shallow pool. When I had filled my water bottle, there seemed to be no reason why I should not take the chance of having a bath; this was confusing work, especially when it came to recovering my clothes, but I eventually found my way out of the pool and back to my crevice, where I went to sleep in a luxurious glow of cleanliness.

I had sometimes heard aircraft

The nightly watch period at the rendezvous had been set, unkindly, from 11 p.m. to 3:30 a.m. At about three in the morning I returned from giving a final owl hoot at the cove, and rain was falling heavily.

My holiday was now beginning to be too much like work, so after two hours' heavy sleep in my wet sleeping-bag I set out on a determined search for a more comfortable home. This time I found a really palatial crevice, which ran down the rocks towards the shore for a distance of about ten feet, with a width of thirty inches and a depth of four feet at the roomiest part. Half an hour's roof construction with furze in the half-light made my new home proof against the weather and against detection, while still allowing a free view of the shipping channel to the north-eastward.

I spent the day in my sleeping-bag (already partly dried by the dawn wind), with my back comfortably against the rucksack frame. The big ships kept to the deep channel, but smaller craft sometimes passed close enough for me to take a photograph. When I was not sketching ships or cooking meals, I darned socks and repaired the various tears in my battledress—one of the "Royal Navy" shoulder-flashes was hanging by a thread.

During my stay on the island I had sometimes heard aircraft engines in the distance, but on this afternoon the sound was unusually persistent and at about three o'clock a distant rumble changed suddenly to a harsh snarl as a single-engined fighter came over the hill and swept past the cove. Immediately afterwards there came the sound of a second fighter, and the pair then settled down to a series of dives, most of which seemed to be aimed at my lair or at the cove. This was most aggravating, because my furze roof prevented me from seeing what was happening, although the swooping shadows often made me duck. After about half an hour of this cat-and-mouse play the first ship of a large and heavily escorted convoy appeared round the headland, and a few minutes later the fighters went away as suddenly as they had arrived.

At eleven o'clock, after a short sleep, I dragged myself reluctantly on to the rocks above, to keep watch. The weather was dry, with a gentle breeze off the land, and there was some light

"Holiday" IN NORWAY (Concluded)

from the stars in a partly clouded sky. A pair of patrol craft, which had been prowling around at sunset, had now moved away, but two lights were shining brightly from among the islets to the northwards. I could make nothing of these lights through the glasses, so I put the sleeping-bag on a rock to dry, filled my water-bottle from the pool, and settled down to pass a long night watch with the pleasant thought of a really dry bed at the end.

Whispering voices asked my name

Shortly after one o'clock in the morning I thought I heard a very faint throb or hum, away to the north-eastwards. Without much expectation of seeing anything unusual, I lifted my glasses. Islands and channels, dark and silent, passed across the lenses, and the two lights blinded me for an instant when I accidentally looked towards them, but there was nothing else in sight. I was about to resume my meditations, when I noticed one island that seemed unfamiliar. It was a fair distance away, small, dark, and unmoving, but as I concentrated on it I saw that it was slowly changing silhouette. Then there was a scarcely perceptible sideways movement, and I realised that a ship or large boat was coming towards me at a speed so slow that no bow-wave was formed. As the minutes passed, the faint hum became a definite low throb. The shadowy shape lengthened, and soon I could see four spouts of water gushing from its side. I turned my dimmed torch towards the ground and pressed the switch. There was a pause; and from above the dark shape there came the soft flicker of light, less than the spark of flint on steel.

The shadow began to move faster. I crammed my sleeping-bag into my rucksack and stumbled over the rocks to the cove which was the rendezvous. A few minutes later the dark hull of a large motor boat came around the headland, swung towards the cove, and pushed gently into the abrupt rock shore until the flare of the bow loomed high above the water's edge where I stood.

Whispering voices asked my name, and then a rope swung down. While I was still scrambling awkwardly over the bow, the motor boat was backing into deep water.

On the bridge I found an old friend in the Norwegian Commanding Officer. He was surprised to see me, as he had been told that there was little chance of finding me, but that he might expect signals from two Norwegian soldiers who had disappeared on the island some weeks earlier. My friend's main interest was enemy shipping, and he asked me about the two lights; but I could tell him only that if they belonged to a ship she had arrived after dark and while I was asleep.

The outline of an anchored merchantman was now just visible, and conversation ceased while the motor boat was brought on to a steady course. The night was very still; the only sound was the soft purr of our engines.

With great sighs and shudders, two torpedoes left their tubes; and after half a minute of suspense a column of water began to rise against the night sky. At the same instant a machine gun spattered viciously from near the shore, where a German escort boat lay in the shadow of the target. Our many guns burst into joyous life, and the lines of bright tracer cut to and fro across the darkness. The hull of the motor boat leaped beneath my feet to the roar of four thousand horsepower, and we turned seawards, leaving the sinking merchantman astern. The guns stopped reluctantly.

So I left my island, as I had found it, in darkness.

Not revealed to the pawns

When we reached Shetland I learned how a Norwegian inhabitant had appeared at the lurking-place selected by the motor boat, and how this man had spoken so urgently and convincingly of the danger of the situation that the boat had put to sea in daylight—only to meet prolonged attack by German fighters and to return eventually, to an English port remote from our base.

It is probably that this Norwegian's misleading and disastrous advice was prompted by nothing more sinister than his natural dislike of having a motor torpedo boat hiding among the rocks at his back door; but various happenings on the island were not so easily explained. I have never discovered whether the two "fishermen," seen on the saddle above the glen, were the Gestapo agents I feared, or our own people, or innocent natives. I only learned indirectly that anyone had been landed on the island before me, for these things are not revealed to the pawns in the game. The running, crouching man, who startled me when I was searching for my rucksack, may have been stalking me as I supposed, or perhaps the figure was an hallucination brought on by fatigue. As one disturbing occurrence followed another I could never be certain whether the people I saw, and the German activity which culminated in the appearance of the fighter aircraft had any connection with my own movements.

It may be that a net was closing around me on the island, and that I was saved by the appearance of the Norwegian motor torpedo boat on offensive patrol; but for myself I could see my departure from Norway only as the end of a holiday and as the conclusion of a dream-like interlude in the mundane progress of the war.

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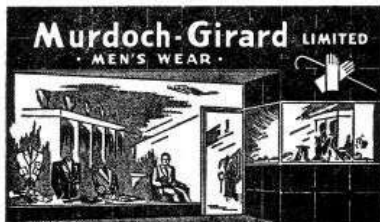
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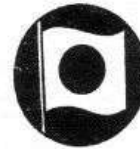
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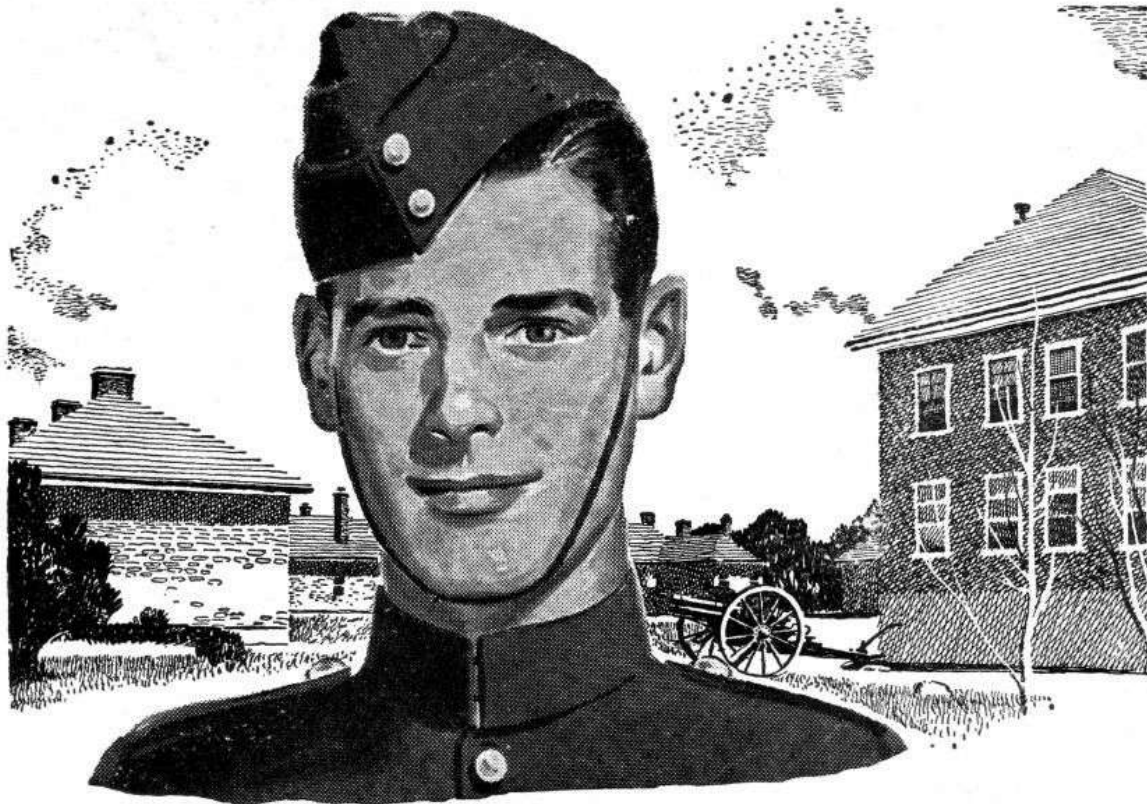
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Announcing the opening of the
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for young Canadians speaking either
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The Registrar, Collège Militaire Royal de St-Jean,
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