1954

THE 1954 White Twist

Published by the Cadets of the

Royal Canadian Navy and
Royal Canadian Navy (Reserve)

from the

University Naval Training Divisions at:

BRUNSWICKER	DISCOVERY	NONSUCH	SCOTIAN
CABOT	DONNACONA	PREVOST	STAR
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And the Canadian Services Colleges

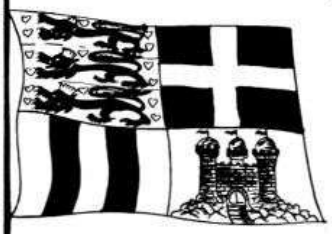
ROYAL ROADS — ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE
COLLEGE MILITAIRE ROYAL de ST. JEAN

On Summer Training at the Reserve Training Establishments:

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

Published by kind permission of Commodore K. L. Dyer, D.S.C., C.D., R.C.N.

The Duke's Visit



THE British Crown has long been closely associated with the navy. For the navies of the Commonwealth, the Crown is the symbol of authority. All our monarchs, within the memory of anyone living, have been trained as officers of Her Majesty's Navy. All, that is, except our present Queen. As if to repair this break in tradition, fate decreed that her consort, the present Duke of Edinburgh, should be trained as a naval officer.

The Duke is especially beloved by the Royal Canadian Navy for two reasons. First, the Duke's rise to the rank of Commander was by the path all naval officers must follow; secondly, when his wife was the Royal Princess, and they made their first visit to Canada, it was the R.C.N. that carried him from the mainland to Victoria. On that trip in H.M.C.S. CRUSADER, the Duke showed himself very much the naval officer. He spent some time on the bridge during the passage and took a keen interest in the ship's performance.

Now that the Duke was the Queen's Consort and Admiral of the Fleet, the R.C.N. would be doubly honoured to have him as its guest. For H.M.C.S. NADEN, this would be an historic occasion. It would be the first time that an Admiral of the Fleet had been aboard.

When the Duke graciously consented to be patron of the British Empire and Commonwealth Games to be held at Vancouver, he also expressed a desire to visit West Coast Naval Establishments.

At an early date, it was planned that Cadets would form three companies at the Review. With the rest of the parade, Cadets were to be inspected, receive awards from His Royal Highness, and march past. Afterwards, they were to line the route from the Admiral's House to the Dockyard gate.

For all this, Cadets at C.T.E. and Royal Roads underwent weeks of training. However, the special preparations were far more intensive. A Royal Guard was trained; two field gun crews were trained for the Royal Salute of 21 Guns; stands were built around the football field, and invitations by the hundreds were sent out to all dependents of Naval Personnel in the Pacific Command, and to prominent local citizens.

Finally, on the eve of the Duke's visit, there was a dress rehearsal and all was declared ready.

On Monday, August 2, the City of Victoria awakened to a beautiful mid-summer's day; a day tempered by a slight breeze and with only the merest wisp of a cloud to canopy the proceedings at the Review. The temperature was ideal.

When we, the Cadets, marched onto the Field, the stands were already packed. It seemed as though a bright mottled tapestry hung about the grounds. The NADEN Band struck up "Hearts of Oak" and every officer and man felt a surge of pride in the service.

The Parade formed into eight companies facing the Dais, with the Band at the centre behind the Royal Guard, and with the six winners of Cadet awards on the extreme right flank facing inboard.

The Queen's Colour was then shown while the Band played "By Land and Sea." This ancient and thrilling spectacle captured the hearts of everyone there. The Colour was then returned to the Guard, the applause subsided, and all awaited His Royal Highness' arrival.

As the throb of motorcycles announced the Duke's approach, the buglers sounded the alert. On the dot of ten, his car stopped at the Wardroom steps. The big moment had arrived. From every direction eyes strained. All were eager for a glimpse of him.

The Duke of Edinburgh was greeted by Rear Admiral J. C. Hibbard, D.S.C., C.D., Flag Officer Pacific Coast, who presented Commodore K. L. Dyer and Captain P. D. Taylor. The whole party, which also included Commander Parker, R.N., Group Captain McNab, R.C.A.F., and Squadron Leader Horseley, R.A.F., proceeded at once to the dais.

The Duke's Royal Standard broke at the Wardroom masthead. A royal salute was sounded and the assembled guests cheered as one as the distinguished Admiral of the Fleet took up his position.

The Parade Commander and the Officer of the Guard then reported the parade and guard ready for inspection. The Duke, accompanied by Rear Admiral Hibbard, Commodore Dyer, Commander Parker and the Flag Lieutenant proceeded to inspect the Guard and the Parade. Here and there the Duke chatted with Cadets and Men in the ranks. He enquired of Cadet Romeril concerning his home town and his naval courses. Cadet Romeril hails from London, England, and is a member of the U.N.T.D. Wherever the Duke's course of inspection lay near the guests gathered in the stands, there was cheering.

On his return to the dais after the inspection, the Royal Consort presented awards to outstanding Cadets. Chief Cadet Captains George P. Cassady and Peter R. Grantham, Cadet Captains Russell J. Volker and Morrisson W. Hewitt, and Cadets Charles C. Gunning and John Emery were the recipients. With each presentation, the Duke paused to chat for a moment. He asked about their home towns, their University courses and their intentions concerning the R.C.N. as a career.

Following the presentations, the Parade was marched past and the "Eyes Right" given. The Royal Guard led, followed by the Cadets and then the remaining companies. Judging by the response of the crowd and by the pleased smile on His Royal Highness' face, the whole display must have been indeed impressive.

Our next move was to rush back to C.T.E. where coffee and biscuits awaited us. After a brief respite, we were fallen in again at 12:10 for the street lining. As we awaited the Duke's arrival from the Admiral's House, dockyard employees laid down their work and came out to catch one last fleeting glimpse of the Duke as he went by—and away.

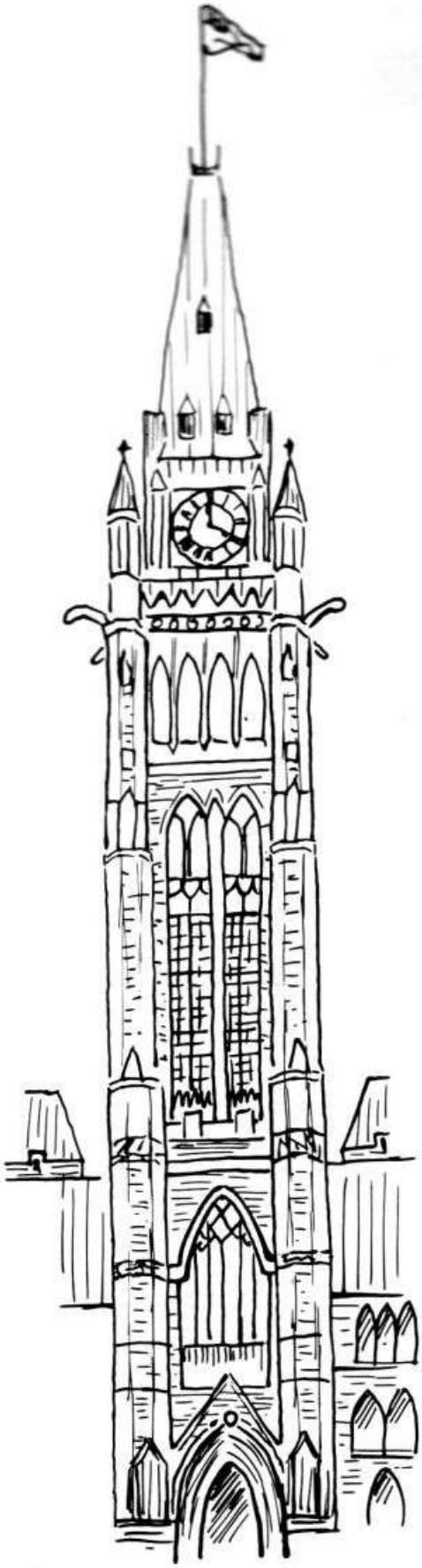
Then we drew a deep breath, went back to C.T.E., to Royal Roads, and to the ships, after being complimented by the O.I.C., C.T.E., Lt. Cdr. Price, for a job well done.

—Royal Command Portrait by Baron.

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, K.G., K.T.

British Empire and Commonwealth Games

Year...1954



Message . . .

from the Flag Officer Atlantic Coast

During the past few years, it has been my pleasure to observe the tremendous strides which the Cadets of the University Naval Training Divisions have been making on the East Coast. Whether at work or at play, they have been showing energy and enthusiasm which augur well for the role which they might be called upon to play as Naval Officers in case of a national emergency.

It is a well known fact that although men can be trained within a comparatively short time to take up their various duties at sea or in shore establishments, the formation of a naval officer is a long process which not only involves professional training but also the development of officer-like qualities and leadership. It is a source of pride and satisfaction to the Permanent Force to know that we have in the Cadets of the University Naval Training Divisions a reserve of well trained young officers whose services can be relied upon at very short notice.

I do hope that those of you who have had an opportunity of observing the Navy closely and of appreciating it, will seriously consider a career in the Royal Canadian Navy. Compared to the "high pressure" business life, the Navy's rates of pay might at first not seem attractive. However, there is much more to a naval career than money: There is close comradeship; there are constantly changing horizons; there are excellent opportunities for promotion; there is security for you and your family and, most important, you will know the pride of serving your country and of belonging to one of the finest fighting services in the world.

R. E. S. BIDWELL,
REAR ADMIRAL, R.C.N.,
FLAG OFFICER ATLANTIC COAST.

Foreword

As this is being written, another pleasant island summer is nearing its close. Many of the cadets with whom we have spent happy summers of training will be departing in their ones, their twos or their twenties for their homes all over our great country. Many of them will be graduating from their Universities and from the U.N.T.D. Most of them we will never see again—except . . .

It is about that "except" that I want to talk. As we go about our training from day to day we are happy and carefree. Each of us is no doubt aware, under the surface, of our commitment in the defence of our country, and of the full extent and significance of our obligation.

Every fragment of world news that discloses new international dissent, or scientific progress in destruction, adds up, to us, to that dull belligerent rumbling somewhere in the distance, that indistinct but definite rumbling that seems now to advance and now to recede, while we continue from day to day to live our normal lives as if it did not exist.

But in our hearts we know that it is there, and we know that "except" can engulf us in that rumbling and bring us together again. And over and above all the pleasant forces of our common life and all the forces of long revered tradition, it is this common possibility that makes us feel ourselves members of a special fraternity.

With all Canadians and all people everywhere, we hope that there will never be that "except" But if it comes, we are prepared to come together as brothers to meet our commitment as did our fathers and their fathers before them.

Showing the Queen's Colours

THE "Showing of the Colour" is a ceremony both traditional and extremely significant in the British Commonwealth today. It is an event signifying such factors as allegiance to a Mother Country, a spirit of national unity, and true military splendour. Colours as we know them today, whether they be sovereign or regimental, are equally symbolic, embodying the spirit of those who serve under them. They have always been connected with bravery, greatness and military achievement. They represent a high degree of honour to their following. Their presence to a nation is a tangible standard of power and supremacy which is characteristic of very few countries.

The possession of a Naval Queen's Colour is a recent outgrowth of the Army practice of carrying Colours for each Regiment. It was not until 1925 that King George V approved the possession of King's Colours by the Royal Navy. The Army has been in possession of Regimental Colours for over 300 years. Originally they were important rallying points in battle but now are symbols of pride in one's unit.

There are only thirteen Naval Colours in the Commonwealth; eight are held by the Royal Navy, two by the Royal Canadian Navy, two by the Royal Australian Navy and one by the Royal New Zealand Navy.

The Queen's Colour is never paraded unless it is accompanied by a guard of 100 men, and it is treated with the same respect and the same marks of respect as if Her Majesty were present herself. The Colour is a white ensign of silk with a crown and royal cypher superimposed at the centre, and is secured to an ash staff mounted with a gilt badge consisting of an anchor on a three-faced shield with a crown superimposed. The Colour is secured to the staff by gold and blue wire cord.

It is interesting to note that Canada was the first overseas Dominion to be presented with a King's Colour, and the Royal Canadian Navy can feel proud to be the possessor of two such Colours located, one in H.M.C.S. "STADACONA" and the other in H.M.C.S. "NADEN".

The Colour which is held in H.M.C.S. "NADEN" was presented to the Royal Canadian Navy by His Majesty King George VI at Beacon Hill Park in Victoria in May of 1939. It was consecrated by the Catholic and Protestant Bishops and was received by Lieutenant J. C. Hibbard, who is now the Flag Officer Pacific Coast.

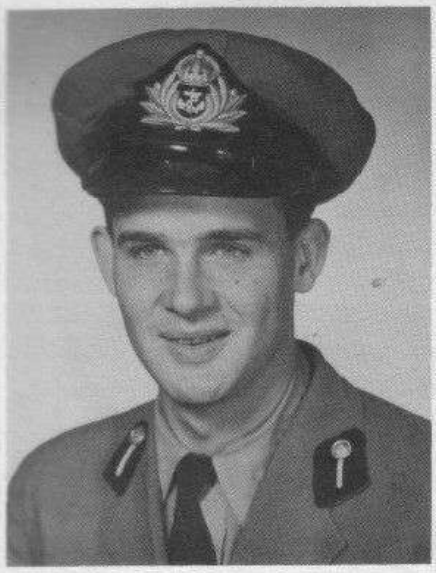
On the 24th of May, 1954, on the occasion of the Queen's birthday, the Colour was paraded before His Honour, the Honourable Clarence Wallace, Lieutenant Governor of British Columbia, and Rear Admiral J. C. Hibbard, D.S.C., C.D., Flag Officer Pacific Coast.

The Cadets were not forgotten at this commemorative occasion inasmuch as the three gun's-crew teams required for the firing of the twenty-one gun salute were made up from over 100 Cadets from Royal Roads and the Cadet Training Establishment.

The drill consisted of marching the three field guns into position in front of the British Columbia Parliament Buildings, unlimbering the carriage from the guns and assuming firing positions preparatory to the firing of the gun salute. Meanwhile the Colours were being shown to the men on parade, in accordance with the traditional Queen's birthday ceremonies. As only two cannons were used in the salute, any cadet in number three gun's crew having any visions of greatness soon had them shattered because neither of the first two guns misfired during the ceremony.

After the Royal Salute had been accorded, the cadets reassembled the guns, carriages and drag-ropes and proceeded to march off toward the reviewing stand where a smart "eyes left" was given to the dignitaries present. Then with arms swinging high, the crews paraded back through the streets of Victoria.

It was indeed an honour for the Cadets to be chosen for this memorable event. We felt justly proud on hearing the Lieutenant Governor's commendation: "I do not recall any Service Ceremony during my regime at Government House that has given me more intense satisfaction." It was certainly an adequate reward for the many hard days of practice.



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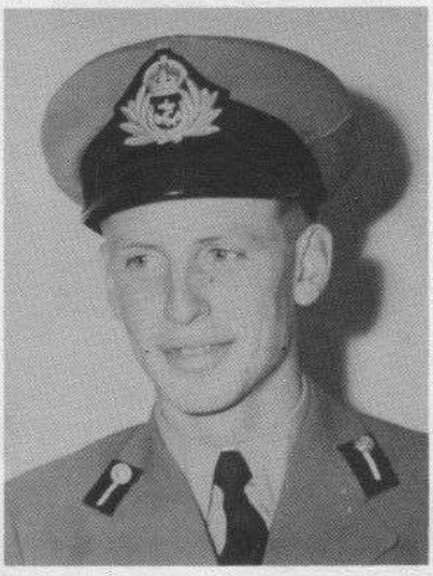
East Coast Editor



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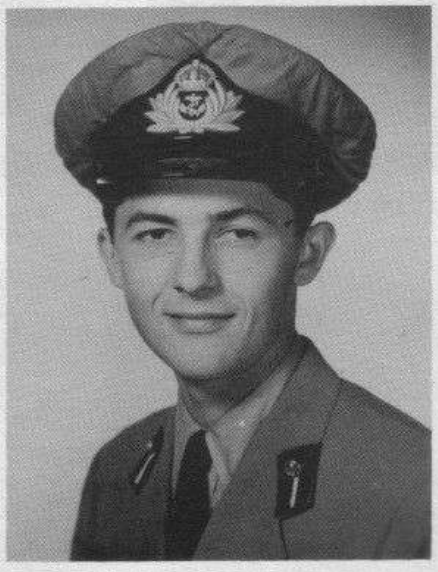

A. S. TROUBETZKOV
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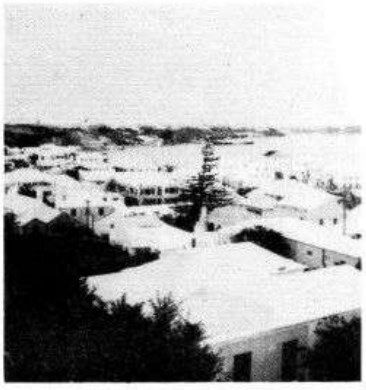


BERMUDA
EAST COAST DREAM CRUISE

A CADET VIEWING THE HARBOUR AT HAMILTON

VIEW OF ROYAL NAVAL BASE
BERMUDA

WELL, while the muse is looking my way, I'll just dip the old swizzle stick in some of the blood that's always handy in this place of travail (sweat and tears wouldn't be as suitable), and grind out this little tome, thus injecting a bit of romance into the otherwise dull lives of those who cannot lay claim to membership in the Athabaskan brotherhood.

June seventh, 1954, was a momentous date in the history of the R.C.N., for it was on that day that the pride of "STADACONA"—the crack Athabaskan Division, embarked in the pride of the fleet, H.M.C.S. "WALLACEBURG," and set sail for the Isles of Rest in the sunny southern sea. Leaving Halifax that morning brought great pain to most of us, for we knew that we were going to miss it's exquisite atmosphere. However, other matters soon forced all thoughts of the charming city out of our minds—such matters as trying to restrain various parts of our respective anatomies, which were trying to slip out along with what we had eaten for breakfast. The thought occurred to me, during one of my rare periods of equilibrium, that the old Wallaceburg could have been given a dandy paint job if someone had thought to put a few gallons of ship's-side grey in the soup and then mustered us along the rail on the windward side. During the next few days, however, the delicate pastel green shade began to transfer itself from our faces to our cap badges, the sea-legs began to sprout, and we entered the great metamorphosis from which we were all to emerge as "old salts," ready to stick out our weatherbeaten jaws and snarl the healthy phrases of the seaborne species.

Until we reached the Gulf Stream, the sea really lived up to the adjective applied to it by Mr. Monsarrat. It wasn't only cruel, however, but positively sadistic. Whoever designed the ship must have been rather undecided as to whether the marvelous craft was to be a minesweeper or a submarine, but he must also have had a touch of genius, for she was able to pitch and roll simultaneously and still stay on the surface most of the time. One piece of equipment he should have thought of was a schnorkel on the quarterdeck for the lifebuoy sentry, as it was here that the green waters really gave vent to their wrath.

These were hard times for the poor souls standing their first watch in the wheelhouse. They were soon given to understand that tossing the captain every so often out of his chair by applying a little too much wheel was definitely not very humourous (especially from the Captain's point of view), and that being twenty degrees off course was a situation in need of immediate remedy. The bridge-wheelhouse voicepipe really blew its gasket on several occasions, the remembrance of which causes me great pain. In short, this part of the duty watch was usually in a state that can best be described as "bewitched, bothered and bewildered." There were hard times too, for those in that weird and wonderful place of chaos and raucous ribaldry—the starboard diner. One finds it extremely difficult to be philosophical when he suddenly finds himself on the deck with his face in a pile of strawberry jam, and his rear in a pool of gravy, just after he has managed to battle his way to the table for dinner. One finds also that leaving a scuttle open in a heavy sea isn't showing much wisdom, for mopping up those gallons and gallons of water takes a long, long time.

On the third day out, the weather changed, as did our general attitude toward the cruise, and life seemed almost worth living again. The gaunt spectres dragging themselves around the deck all morning took on a more human appearance by noon, and some of the less seaworthy among us even began to take a slight interest in food. The balmy southern breezes, the aquamarine sea, the flying fish, those lazy hours spent at shuffleboard or just lounging in deck chairs with L/S Allison coming round to tuck us in and serve us our mint juleps. But forgive me for wandering like this. You all, no doubt, have your own precious memories.

Bermuda welcomed us with open bars and outstretched arms, grasping for those good old greenbacks. However, on the first afternoon in port, the bars were deprived of our presence and the outstretched arms remained empty. Why? Well, let me tell you. There we were, in romantic old St. George's, with the sun reflecting from the little whitewashed cottages, giving a jewel-like quality to the water. With the gulls circling lazily overhead, with the bathers lolling about on the warm white sand—there we were, frantically slapping gallons and gallons of paint on the ship's-side, cursing madly every time someone farther up dropped paint in our hair or down our necks, and hurling the entire extent of our off-colour vocabularies at those responsible for dreaming up the day's activity. We finished by the end of the afternoon, however, and then proceeded to do more painting—the town, that is. During the next few days, amongst the lot of us, I'm quite convinced that we saw everything there was to see, and did everything there was to do. At any rate, we covered the islands from end to end, swimming, cycling, dancing, sightseeing, and forgetting all about the W.C.T.U. Generally speaking, we spent the time in Bermuda recovering from the trip down, and then we spent the time in New York recovering from the time we spent in Bermuda—but that's another story.

When we reached New York, they didn't exactly parade us down Broadway and fling ticker-tape at us, but despite this, we didn't do too badly in the Big Town. We had very little time, and very limited resources, but we managed to make the most of what we had, always keeping somewhere in the back—the very back of our minds—that we were officers and gentlemen. By the time the diversion had spread itself over Manhattan Island (with a heavy concentration on Greenwich Village around 3 a.m.) we must have caused the Statue of Liberty to split her copper seams as she peered over her shoulder to see what was going on. We

(Continued on Page 63)

ROYAL ROADS '54

"TUCKING THE C.C. IN NEPTUNE'S POOL"

YOU may have heard many things about Royal Roads; most of them true in some way or another, and all of them somewhat exaggerated. Someone once likened the routine at 'Roads to a "rat race with an excellent chance of being caught in the trap along the way." It is true that there is the famous "circle" from which you may admire the very beautiful landscape as you double by. Nor would it be an exaggeration to state that if the sheets on your bed are folded back eight inches instead of nine, or if your socks are stored in the left-hand corner of the lower drawer instead of in the right-hand corner of the upper drawer, you are likely to be quite familiar with the various forms of vegetation around the circle. I am also certain that no one will correct me when I say that very few days at Royal Roads are spent in the gloomy calm of idle vacancy. But here, as in so many other instances, in order to bring together the complete picture, it becomes necessary to disregard the details lest they distort both picture and purpose.

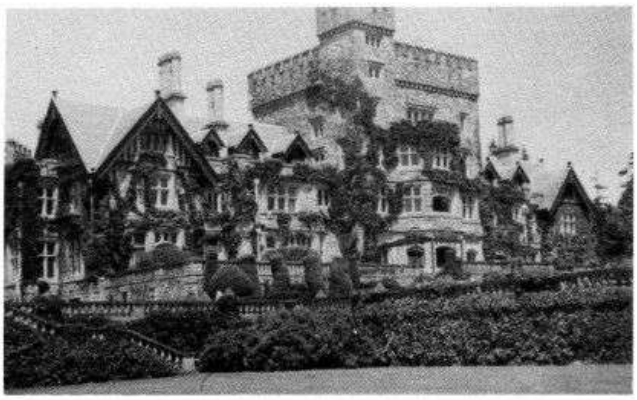
With its six hundred and fifty acres of lakes and streams, parks and flowers, the estate of Royal Roads reaches down to Royal Bay off Coburg Spit. Beyond, and further towards the south, there are the magnificent snowcapped mountains of the Olympic Peninsula in Washington State, reaching towards the skies, and dimmed only by the distance.

From 'Roads graduate some of the finest Naval Officers which this country can produce. They did not come by their skills and knowledge easily. Only through dogged determination, painful perseverance, coupled with sportsmanship and good cheer did they achieve their final goal.

It would, however, be wrong to assume that life at 'Roads is all work with little or no time for play; athletic activities on the extensive sports fields or in the gymnasium, as well as sailing experience in the lagoon near the "swimming hole" form an important part of the Cadet training programme at 'Roads. Nor must we forget the "extra-curricular" activities, such as pillow fights and the raiding of dormitories. Even the Cadet Captains are occasionally the (somewhat reluctant) recipients of the affectionate care and gratitude of the Cadets as they are being "tucked in" Neptune's Pool.

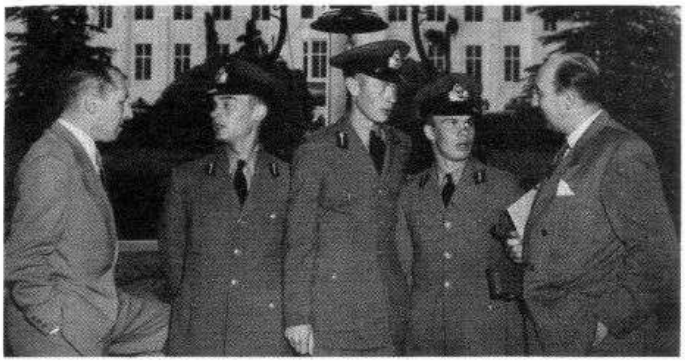
It is surprising as our tenure draws to a close to see how much our initial opinion of 'Roads has changed. We have developed a spirit here which I feel could seldom be equalled elsewhere. Our six weeks spent at this beautiful spot will be long remembered as some of the finest we have ever experienced, while the friendships we gained will not soon be forgotten.

You may like to stay at C.T.E.; you may prefer to stay at Stadacona, but you will be proud to stay at Royal Roads!



"THE CASTLE AND GROUNDS"

Hands Across the Sea



BELGIAN N.A.T.O. EXCHANGE STUDENTS MEET JOURNALISTS FROM HOME

Left to Right: WALTER HAUTEKIET, HET LAATSE NIEUES, CADET JACOBS, CADET DEWILDE, CADET SEGERS, R. CRABBE, LA LIBRE BELGIQUE

On September 15, 1953, three bewildered Belgian boys arrived at Royal Roads to begin an intensive two-year training programme with the R.C.N.

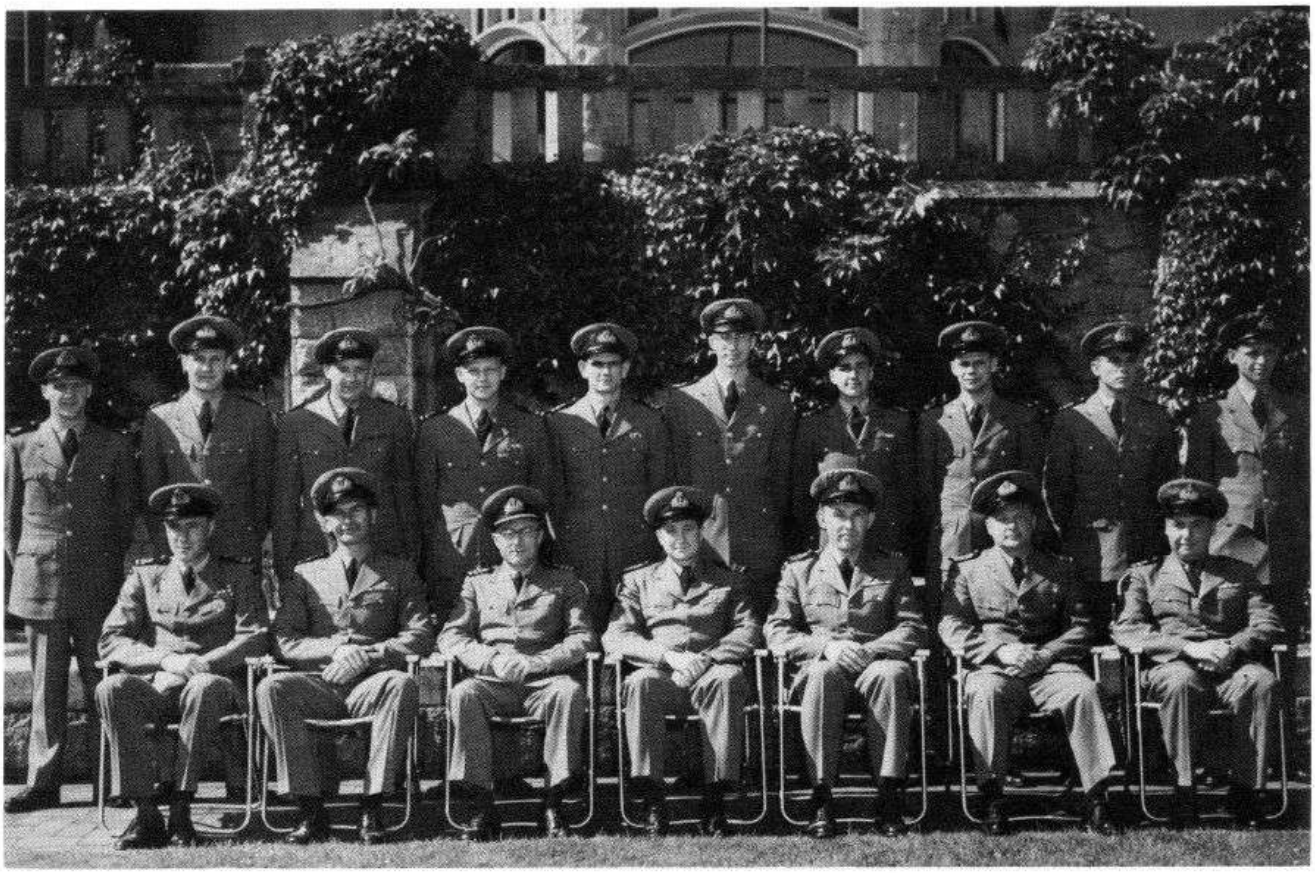
Under the auspices of N.A.T.O., Cadets Segers, DeWilde and Jacobs were chosen for this unique visit to Canada.

In their homeland they had just completed one of two years' compulsory military training at Konenklyhe Militaire School in Brussels. Before entry, all cadets are subjected to rigid written and oral examinations. The selected candidates are then assigned to a section of the college, either Infantry or Technical. Although the college is run on a tri-service basis, Army routine is the rule.

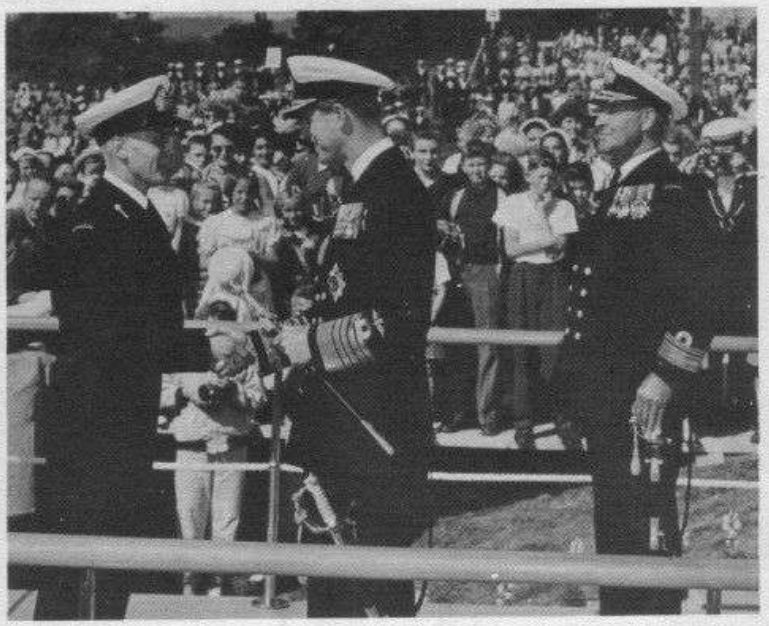
In contrast to the R.C.N., whose main purpose is anti-submarine warfare, the Belgian Royal Navy has a dual purpose. One is the wartime minesweeping of the English Channel, while their prime function in time of peace is escort duty for ships plying the Atlantic between the Mother Country and the Belgian Congo. This is all important due to the precious cargo borne by them from the Kamirna Uranium Mines, the largest producers of uranium ore in the world today.

Since their arrival in Canada less than a year ago, these cadets have added an adequate understanding of English to their already proficient knowledge of Flemish, Dutch, French and German. They have learned a new way of life and have made many new and enduring friendships both at Royal Roads and in the U.N.T.D.

Let us wish them every success in their endeavours in Canada, and, when they return home, may they take with them a sound impression of Canada, her Navy and her people.



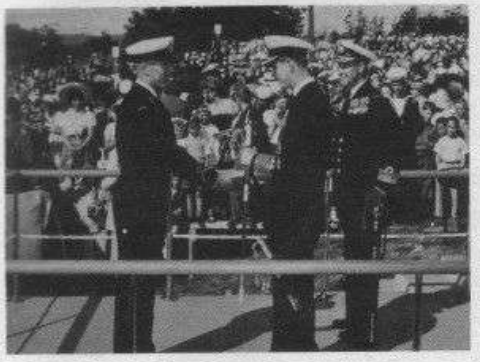
NAVIGATION INSTRUCTING OFFICERS, ROYAL ROADS, 1954



Above: CADET CHARLES GUNNING IS PRESENTED WITH THE QUEEN'S CANADIAN DIRK BY H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET

Left: CADET CAPT. MORRISON HEWITT IS PRESENTED WITH THE DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENCE SWORD

Right: CADET CAPTAIN (S) RUSSELL VOLKER RECEIVES THE DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENCE TELESCOPE FROM THE DUKE



Left: CHIEF CADET CAPT. GEORGE P. CASSADY RECEIVES THE DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENCE (U.N.T.D.) SWORD

Right: CHIEF CADET CAPTAIN PETER R. GRANTHAM AT THE PRESENTATION TO HIM OF THE DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENCE TELESCOPE

CADET JOHN EMERY
IS PRESENTED WITH THE
NIXON MEMORIAL SHIELD

P. C. FORTIER
President

J. D. BROWN
Vice-President

B. F. GRAY
Secretary

HALIFAX GUNROOM

PETER GRANTHAM
President

F. GOYEAU
Treasurer

STADACONA MESS SECRETARY—S/LT. (S) D. ROSCOE
C.T.E. MESS SECRETARY—S/LT. (S) G. M. McGINLEY

ESQUIMALT

GEORGE P. CASSADY
Acting President

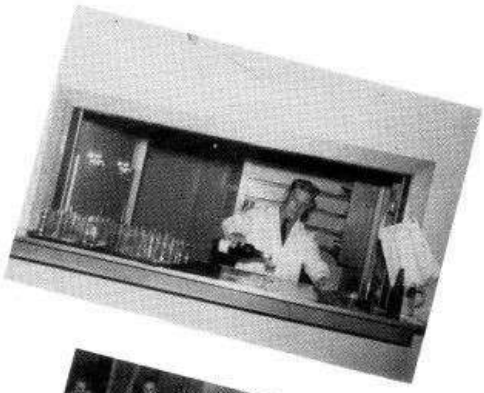
ROSS HERMISTON
Treasurer

RONALD ROLLS
Secretary

Below: "SKIP" CASSADY AND LT./CDR. PRICE, O.I.C., AT THEIR USUAL WITTY BEST

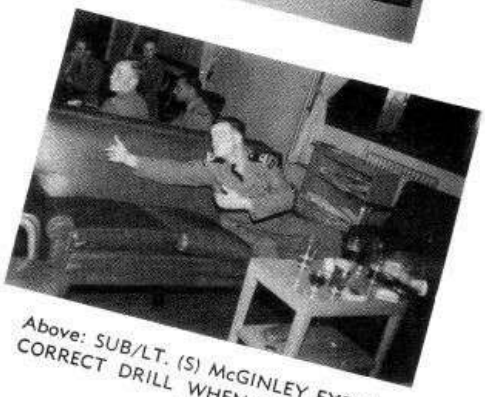
A TYPICAL GUNROOM GROUP—SATURDAY NIGHT PARTY

Below: ROY PERLSTROM HAVING THE USUAL BUSY NIGHT AT BAR—NOTE EMPTY GLASSES BY SCORE



Above: MRS. PRICE DRAWING THE NAMES OF THE DOOR-PRIZE WINNERS

Below: THE CAFETERIA WAS RIGGED AS A DANCING SPACE—NOTE THE COLOURFUL SIGNAL FLAGS



Above: SUB/LT. (S) McGINLEY EXPLAINING THE CORRECT DRILL WHEN CLOSED UP AT DUTY CHESTERFIELD

GUNROOM C.T.E. (WEST COAST) 1954

THIS summer, C.T.E. saw the Gunroom take its initial step into the social web of the Capital City. Under the able guidance of Mess Presidents Peter Grantham and George "Skip" Cassady, the Gunroom got off to a fast start by holding a well-attended and much enjoyed party on the second Saturday of the summer, the success of which moved the Central Mess Executive to initiate regular Saturday evening functions in the Mess. In addition, the Gunroom also arranged for the showing of many of the best-known motion pictures produced by the J. Arthur Rank Corporation. These productions were shown each Sunday evening throughout the summer and were attended and enjoyed by both cadets and their feminine guests.

Over and above the regular C.T.E. Gunroom functions, there were several formal and informal parties of varying nature and degree. The beautiful Quarterdeck and gardens of Royal Roads served as the setting for three formal dances, the first two being held in honour of the respective Navigation Classes, while the third was the culmination of West Coast Cadets' social activities, namely the Pacific Command Ball. The Ball saw close to three hundred couples dine, drink and dance in an atmosphere not soon forgotten for its brilliance and novelty. From the blue and white theme of the Quarterdeck, couples wandered from the subdued candlelight of "Le Cafe des Caresses" on the lower deck to the slightly brighter bulbs of "Heaven" and "Hell" which were conveniently situated just within earshot of the twelve-piece H.M.C.S. NADEN band on the Quarterdeck. Nor was the Ball quickly forgotten by most cadets the following morning.

Cadets' social activities were not, however, confined to those of a formal or semi-formal nature. Mid-July saw forty-five cadets and their lady companions discover the way to the white sands of Weir's Beach, where two blazing fires served as beacons for an evening of bliss which extended well into the dawning hours of that gorgeous Sunday matin. The reception with which the July beach party was received inspired an even more enjoyable sequel. On the eve of most cadet terminations, a second such gathering was held on Weir's Beach—a gathering which was highlighted by free transportation, food and beverages. As a brilliant harvest moon looked down with approval, many a cadet bade farewell to another summer's training . . . a summer which would be reminisced upon during the coming winter when books and studies weighed heavily upon him. Many who had previously accepted western hospitality reluctantly had to admit that western ways of partying left little to be desired.

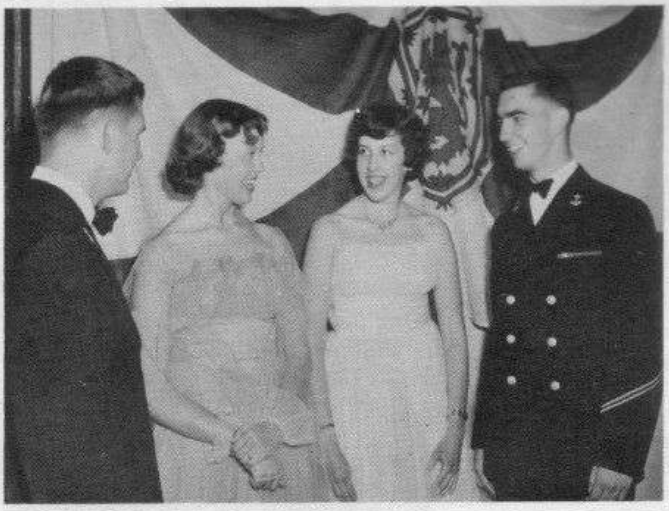
Although these extra-curricular activities occupied much of the cadets' social time, there still continued to be at least a small gathering of cadets in the Gunroom each evening of the week. (Matters were sometimes rough for the Duty Watch).

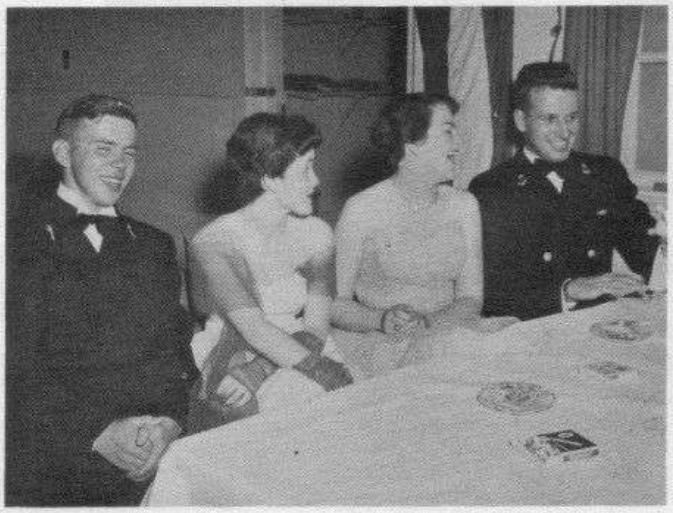
Due to the kindness of a Victoria department store, the Gunroom was fortunately provided with a television set, which was most particularly enjoyed during the period of the British Empire Games in Vancouver. It was a sad day when the set had to be returned to its generous sender.

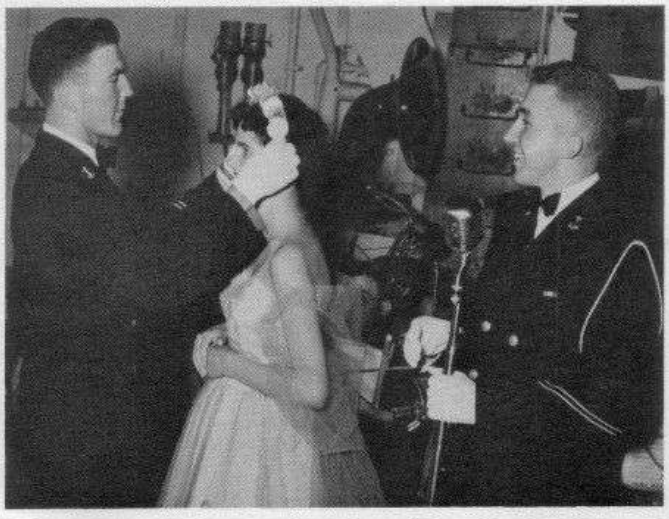
From the confines of C.T.E., the Gunroom further extended its reach to the three West Coast cruises in the form of three smashing Banyan parties on the silent shores of South Pender Island. There the victors and vanquished of the "Cock-of-the-Walk" competitions could avail themselves of hot-dogs, brew, and return trips to the ships via motor cutter. All in all, this was an extremely refreshing way in which to wind up a cruise.

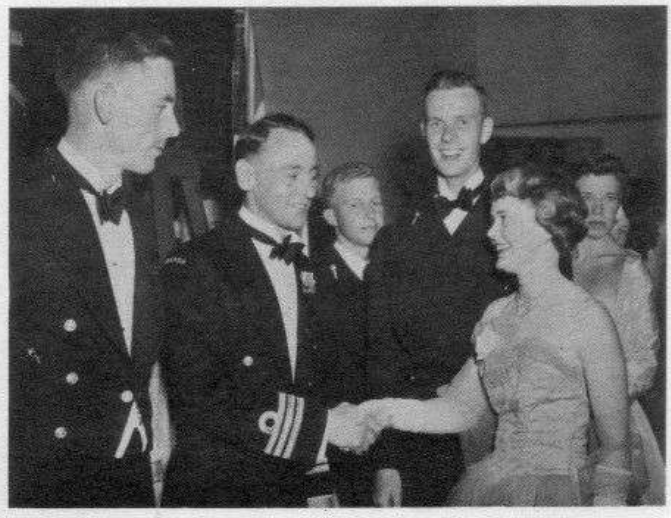
The summer of 1954 proved to be a successful period for the West Coast Gunroom, and one which has served to elevate the Gunroom to the social position that it should always command.

GUNROOM EAST









GUNROOM ACTIVITIES . . EAST COAST

THE Gunroom Mess completed a very full and enjoyable social season through the co-operation of Staff and Cadets.

The first opportunity for the Gunroom to play host came at the visit of the Netherlands carrier Karel Doorman to Halifax. Dates were arranged and informal entertainment followed when the Midshipmen borne in the carrier were guests of the Cadets. Many were fortunate enough to dine aboard the Karel Doorman and to have the opportunity of comparing customs with the Netherlanders.

The first Cadet Ball was staged on the arrival of the U.S.S. "Valley Forge" in honour of the four hundred visiting Midshipmen from the U.S. Naval Academy. This dance proved delightfully unique in that the worst thunder and lightning storm in Halifax for fifty years extinguished the lights for over two hours and forced the use of a half dozen rather inadequate candles. Despite the light situation and the stopping of a minor flood in the Gunroom, the Ball was an enjoyable one and many favorable, though sometimes humorous, comments were received. The following evening, Mess members were the guests of the Midshipmen at a formal dance on the hangar deck of the carrier, an experience novel to the majority of Cadets and equally enjoyable.

This year the Gunroom commenced a series of Sunday evening buffet suppers for Cadets and their guests. Although a nominal fee was charged for each guest, the suppers were successful and proved a suitable prelude to an evening's entertainment.

The French-speaking Cadets again held their annual St. Jean-Baptiste cocktail party, at which Officers and Cadet Captains were guests. A choir of French-Canadian Cadets singing French songs, along with an abundance of liquid refreshment, made this St. Jean-Baptiste Party stand out amongst its predecessors. The evening was well-rounded out with a succession of novelty dances.

On July 23rd the second training cruise for American Naval Academy units arrived at Halifax. A very successful Cadet Ball was held, again followed by a return dance in the carrier U.S.S. "Antietan". Enhancing this visit was the reciprocal presentation of swords between Cadets and Midshipmen, in honour of the existing friendships and in memory of their 1954 visit. The presentation, a very impressive ceremony, took place on the flight deck of the huge carrier. Three platoons of Cadets, the colourful Cadet pipe band and an armed escort paraded to the carrier, where the Admiral commanding the carrier group took the march past. In the special ceremony, the Executive Officer of the 2nd Regiment accepted the sword from the Gunroom Mess President on behalf of the Midshipmen, Class of 1956. The Gunroom, in turn, was the recipient of a sword from the Midshipmen, to be displayed in the Mess Trophy case

Coinciding with the Midshipmen's visit, another Cadet Revue was produced. The Revue was extremely well done considering the hectic rehearsing that had to be done during one week's preparation. The show featured humorous scenes of naval life with caricatures of certain Officers in Stadacona. The whole was ably backed by a male chorus and excellent piano compositions. Unfortunately, due to terminations and appointments to sea, the Revue played only twice to packed houses, disappointing many who were unable to obtain seats previously.

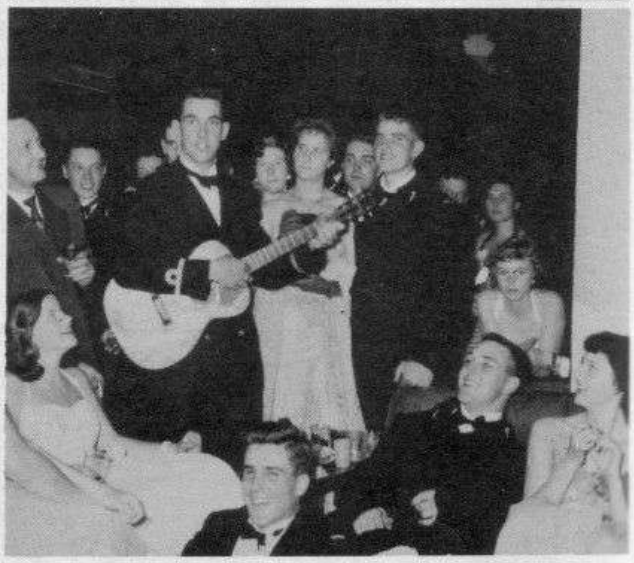
During August, a whole round of social activities took place. Friday, August 13th, the Gunroom was the stage for an Olde Tyme Dance, complete with appropriate dress, square dancing and "Golden Glow" cider. The following week, a Gunroom stag was held at which Chiefs and Petty Officers connected with Cadet training were the honoured guests. Without leaving anything to the imagination, this was agreed the "Party" of the year.

Throughout the summer, each Division held a Mess Dinner, featuring good food, good wine and good entertainment. These evenings were highlighted by the after-dinner comradeship and informal attitude of the staff officers present. On two different occasions, the Cadets were honoured by the opportunity to dine Admiral Bidwell, Flag Officer Atlantic Coast, and Commodore Tisdall, Combrax, Halifax.

At an impressive Graduation Ceremony on the 24th of August, Admiral Bidwell presented awards of a sword and telescope to the two best Cadets who had successfully completed three years' training and the Reserve Training Commander's Shield to the best first year Cadet. The presentation was followed by a buffet luncheon served in the Gunroom to Cadets and guests.

Divisional parties, some preconceived, others impromptu were held from time to time in the Gunroom Lounge. Through these and other means, friendly interdivisional rivalry was heightened. The usual Saturday and Sunday evening routine of informal Gunroom dancing and fellowship was followed by a regular Sunday evening movie for more diversified entertainment. The Gunroom library was increased by the addition of many very fine volumes of both naval and general interest.

In addition to the social functions sponsored, the Gunroom purchased needed replacements and additions to Mess furnishings. Records for dancing and silver mess service for Mess Dinners were concentrated upon, while plans were laid for further expenditures using excess funds. These suggestions include a new piano and stool, a push-button type phonograph, a cash register and adding machine, a new and enlarged bar and more silver service.



MIDSHIPMEN'S BALL

Upper left: Group of Officers.
Middle left: Cadets and their guests.
Upper right: A "Middie" crossing the quarterdeck.
Middle right: The Bunny Hop.
Lower right: Sub. Lt. Langstroff and spellbound guests.

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COMMAND BALL WAS HELD ON 'ROADS QUARTERDECK

COMMAND BALL . . WEST COAST

IT was the evening of the first Saturday in August, and the annual Command Ball was under way at Royal Roads. Greeting the five hundred guests were Commodore and Mrs. K. L. Dyer, Commander Chenoweth and Miss Jackson, Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. E. S. Price, and Chief Cadet Captain Cassady and Miss Pendray.

The decorations were under the very capable direction of Cadets Bob Yanow and Yves Audet. Four themes were used: the two Gunrooms were decorated as Heaven and Hell; the reference library was rigged as a cocktail lounge and the writing room became for the evening a dingy old Paris cafe. The Quarterdeck itself was done entirely in blue and white; large posters painted with the crests of the naval divisions were placed at regular intervals along the bulkheads and seagulls and stars, suspended from the deckhead, shimmered softly under the blue lights. The evening was warm and a stroll through the gardens, which were lighted by Chinese lanterns, provided a pleasant interlude between dances.

Toward midnight, the guests proceeded to the dining hall to partake of a magnificent buffet supper prepared by the staff at Royal Roads.

Music for the ball was provided by the H.M.C.S. NADEN band under the direction of C.P.O. Michaud. Toward the end of the evening, they set a fast and furious pace for the dancers, with solos on the traps and on the clarinet.

The gratitude of the cadets is extended to all those who helped to make the evening such an enjoyable one. May we have many more in the summers to come!

A FEW VICTORIA GIRLS WERE THERE

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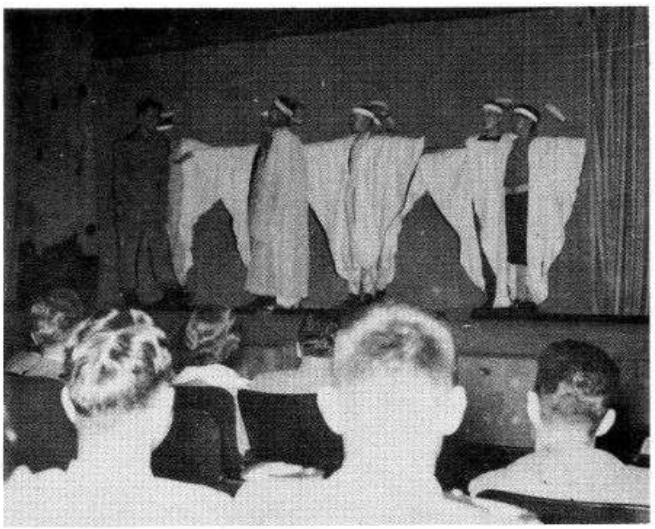
Cadet Revue of '54



FOLLOWING the lead set by other cadets in previous years, the Cadet Revue went off as planned on July 25th and 26th. The play this year was "Jackson," a lively skit performed before a capacity audience in the T.A.S. Auditorium. In the audience were Rear Admiral and Mrs. R. E. S. Bidwell together with an encouraging number of officers and midshipmen from the visiting United States aircraft carrier, "ANTIETAM".

The variety show this year was written, produced and directed by Sub Lt. Marc deGoumois, who was assisted in the writing by Cadets Richard Van Sickle and "Doc" MacGillivray. All musical numbers were in the hands of Cadet Captain Robert Godson and Cadet Charles Chapman; the latter also accompanied the Glee Club while the former put on a brilliantly hilarious musical side show between scenes.

Only a week and a half elapsed between the first rehearsals and opening night, yet both performances were a complete success.

The part of Jackson was played by Cadet Charles Bruyere and the skit covers some of the events in his career as a cadet entirely unsuited to naval life. At the outset he runs up against Commander G. (Van Sickle) and later takes off on a world cruise to London, Paris and Moscow. During these scenes, solo numbers were sung by Gil Middleton, who played the part of the Commodore; "Doc" MacGillivray as the Captain, and Jean Coulombe who, together with the leading lady, Carol McKinnon, lent a more serious note in their rendition of "My Hero" by Oscar Strauss.

Towards the end, Jackson arrives in the U.S., where he is investigated by Senator McCarthy (Timmins). This amusing scene is devoted to a clever take-off on our friends south of the line in general and to un-American activities in particular.

Much of the music was adapted from Gilbert and Sullivan but the words were entirely new. During the show the Glee Club, consisting of some thirty cadets, showed their talent by singing "Oklahoma", "Roving", and in a more serious vein "Men of Harlech" and "Dear Land of Home". Two French songs, "A la Claire Fontaine" and "Le Petit Mousse Noir", were also sung during the Paris scene—the solo parts being taken by Cadet Remy Giroux. It was agreed by all that the Glee Club did a fine job throughout and much of the credit for this must go to Art Kroeger, who used what little time there was alternately to praise, cajole and browbeat the volunteers.

No cadet variety show would be complete without a good-natured impersonation of the Reserve Training Commander: This part was done by Cadet Lloyd Bolduc. The S.O.C. managed to escape the same treatment but his voice was mimicked from off stage by C/C MacGillivray.

In passing, it is only fair to record the invaluable services of those invisible men behind the scenes who, with the help of their assistants, do so much toward making any stage production a success.

In particular, thanks go to Michael Lansdowne, the stage manager; G. M. Hogarth, the makeup artist, and Bernard Beare, who did well with the lighting.

TRAMID '54

DURING the first three weeks of June, 1954, twenty-six third-year cadets from H.M.C.S. "STADACONA" participated in amphibious exercises with midshipmen from the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis and elements of the U.S. Marine Corps at Norfolk and Little Creek, Virginia. The operation, which goes under the general title of "TRAMID (Training-midshipmen) '54", is designed to familiarize the cadets and midshipmen with the workings of an amphibious exercise and is held annually. As in previous years, Canadian Naval Cadets were invited to participate.

The detachment left Halifax by train on the morning of June 3rd, and arrived in Washington, D.C., the following evening. Since the bus which was to take them to Annapolis was not due to leave until late the following morning, the cadets had an opportunity to do some sightseeing in the nation's capital, both privately and on a tour which was provided for their benefit, taking them to such points of interest as the Washington Monument, the Lilcoln Memorial and the Capital Building.

Upon arrival at Annapolis the following day, the cadets were embarked in a waiting troop transport for the last leg of the trip down Chesapeake Bay, and it was here, in the troop compartments and the mess, that they met the 775 midshipmen with whom they were to spend the next two weeks. Service personnel, perhaps by virtue of their position, seldom have trouble in striking up acquaintances, and the groups involved here did not prove to be exceptions. The vessel was barely under way before conversations and card games on upturned suitcases were well established in all parts of the ship.

Early the next morning the cadets disembarked at Norfolk and were taken out to the naval amphibious base at Little Creek, where they were issued with the necessary gear for the coming training and quickly settled into a routine that was not too unlike that to which they were accustomed at home. The following morning the cadets and midshipmen were given addresses of welcome by Rear Admiral Rose, officer in charge of the base, and the mayor of Norfolk.

Very little time was lost during the next two weeks. As the program unfolded, the "troops" found themselves taking lectures in amphibious organization and climbing down rope nets into personnel boats that make up the amphibious fleet. Because the purpose of the program was to provide a general introduction rather than intensive training in any particular field, the great emphasis was laid at all times on the provision of an over-all picture. To serve this end, every form of training aid was employed, and the resulting program was high in interest and variety. Movies, slides, demonstrations and displays were interspersed with periods of practical training which became more advanced as each day of the program passed. Throughout the two weeks, the Canadians were distributed to various platoons of midshipmen, so that near-complete integration was achieved and the cadets had the opportunity of meeting and training with the maximum number of their American counterparts.

All was not work of course during the two weeks of TRAMID. None of the Canadians went short of entertainment, since several parties and functions, including a reception by Rear Admiral Rose, were attended by the entire group as well as by a number of midshipmen.

On Friday night of the first week a formal dance was held, and on the weekend most of the cadets visited nearby Virginia Beach, where they were reminded that a beach may possess other assets than mere suitability for invasion purposes.

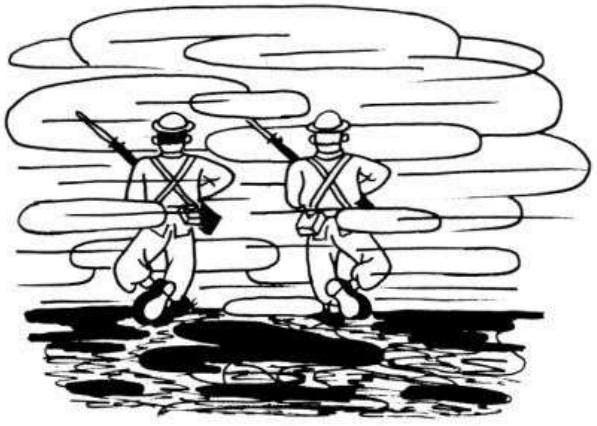
The training at Little Creek culminated in a dress rehearsal and a full scale "invasion" at the end of the second week. Three battalions of midshipmen and units from the Marine Corps acted as combat troops, while members of the fourth battalion, which included the Canadians, were allocated to various positions on the ships of the invasion fleet. The exercise had all the elements of a full scale landing, including a 26-ship task force, shore "bombardment" and "strafing" by ships and jet fighters, demolitions by frogmen, and "behind the lines" landings by paratroops.

On completion of the exercise on Saturday afternoon, June 19th, the cadets and midshipmen were taken back to Annapolis by one of the attack transports of the invasion fleet. Most of Sunday was spent in touring the Academy before the cadets caught a bus to Washington, where they spent a final evening before beginning the trip home. They had left their midshipmen comrades behind them, but not for long, as the latter were due to visit Halifax on training cruises during the following month, at which time the Canadians would have the opportunity of reversing things and playing the host.

One of the cadets summed up the value of TRAMID in the following way:

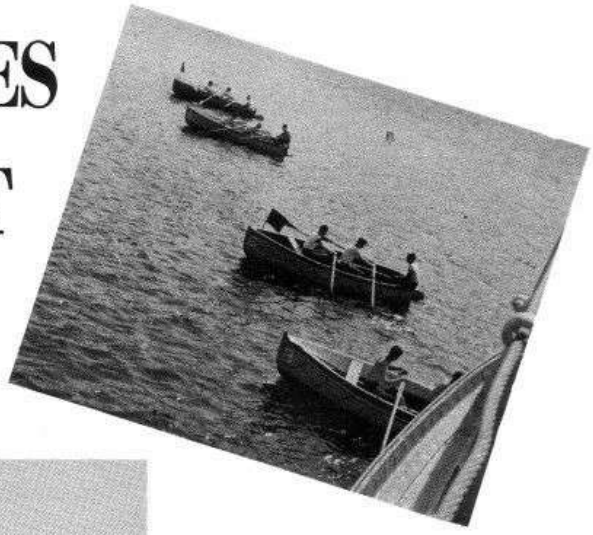
"Perhaps the most important thing about it was the amphibious training. Perhaps it was the international gesture. Perhaps it was what it taught us about our own country by giving us a standard of comparison."

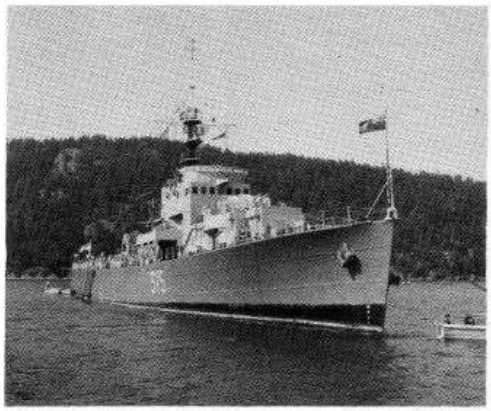
It doesn't really matter which of these it is—any one would be quite enough to make it well worthwhile.

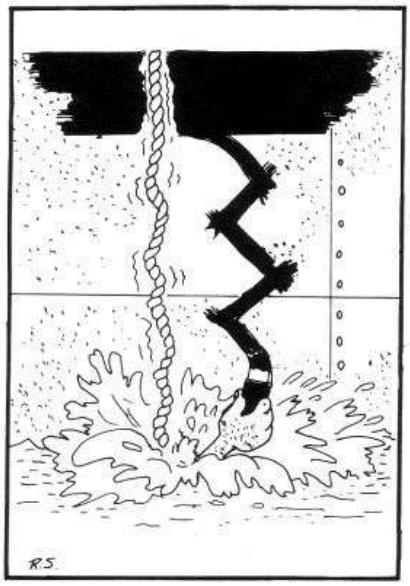


"YES, WE ARE STILL IN THE NAVY – NOW STOP WORRYING.

CRUISES WEST







Above, Left: CADETS ABOARD A WEST COAST TRAINING FRIGATE AT GENERAL DRILLS

Above, Right: THE START OF THE CADET DINGHY RACE AT BEDWELL HARBOUR REGATTA, CRUISE BAKER

Centre: A TYPICAL TRAINING FRIGATE H.M.C.S. "NEW GLASGOW," F.F.E. 315

No one has ever quite decided whether the first or the last cruise is the best of the summer. However, whatever the system used to assess the cruises this summer, it is certain that Cruise Able will rate with the best. There can be no doubt that the training was well planned and executed so that the atmosphere aboard ship was such that we could not fail to be happy.

We went aboard the ships on May 10th, and spent the first week in Esquimalt getting accustomed to the routine. It did not take long to feel at home although the first few days were a little strange. We knew that after leaving Esquimalt on May 17th H.M.C.S. Stettler and H.M.C.S. New Glasgow were scheduled to spend two weeks in training at Bedwell Harbour. After this there were to be eight days spent at sea with a weekend break in San Francisco. The cruise was then to terminate with a final weekend in Esquimalt and a few last days at Bedwell ending on June 18th. Apart from this we weren't quite clear what our time aboard ship would involve.

We left for Bedwell late in the forenoon of May 17th. After the vicious rumours that had been circulating, the sight of the harbour itself was pleasant indeed. It is inconceivable how anyone with any interest in natural beauty could fail to find the harbour most charming. No doubt a few months in the place could become somewhat tedious, but for two weeks' training, no better choice could have been made.

Our days were fairly full. Up at 0615, we were in the whalers and dinghies pulling by 0640. This was usually a chilly business and it took us the better part of our time in the boats to get thoroughly awake. The seasoned scullers chose the dinghies, and there was one crew in particular that used to pull out from the Stettler and make the supreme effort necessary to gain the far side of the New Glasgow where they would relax until about 0655, before returning to their ship. But that was only for the privileged few.

The routine changed often enough so that interest did not lag. After cleaning stations at 0930, those of us who were not working part ship would go to classes. These could range anywhere from Sonar, to the method of rigging a jackstay. The same held for the afternoons while our evenings were perfectly free unless of course one happened to be on watch. This was an average day, but certain days stood out quite distinctly. One in particular was spent aboard H.M.C.S. Porte Quebec which every day for about a

week took out different groups of us for practical navigation in the Straits. Chugging along with the sun beating down, taking fixes, calculating tides, and engaging in other navigational activities in one's own time was really very Pleasant training. Then there were the days that were devoted to evolutions; Cadets virtually took over the ships; acting as Commanding Officer, Navigation Officer and various other responsible positions on deck. It was certainly hard on the nerves at times but well worth while.

Sailing was one of the pleasant recreations at Bedwell; setting off on a sunny afternoon on the quiet sea with only the lingering thoughts of an overdue journal to bother one. Then there were the whaler races and softball games between every department on both ships. In these competitions New Glasgow increased her already considerable lead in points over the luckless Stettler.

But peaceful Bedwell was soon to be vacated as we were to set sail for San Francisco the morning of May 31st. All Cadets aboard were quite excited at the prospect of the open sea and of " 'Frisco." It was calm in the Straits of Juan de Fuca until we came abeam of the notorious Cape Flattery. We had heard much of this place and were not disappointed. It was rumoured that the Term Lieutenants were the first persons ill. At any rate by 1600 of the first day about half of the Cadets had fallen in abreast the guard rail. These few days were sorry ones for many aboard.

Finally the day to which we had all been looking forward during two weeks in the beauty spot of the Gulf Islands arrived. The sky line of San Francisco looked most impressive from our vantage points along the starboard rail of the ships. We were all impressed with the hills, large buildings, white houses, big bridges, and above all, the Chateau Alcatraz, where everyone, lucky people, have private rooms and chambers.

At 1300 we berthed at Treasure Island Naval Base, a large man-made island in the middle of San Francisco harbour. Besides being a Naval Base, "T.I." supports part of the Oakland Bay Bridge. With the pipe "Hands fall out" the furious preparation for shore leave began, including for most, a trip to the celebrated P.X. stores. As we had only three days off watch in San Francisco, time ashore was scarce. On Friday, H.M.C.S. Stettler had the misfortune to be chosen as playmate for the Lancaster aircraft that accompanied us wherever we went. As a result, the Cadets on board were at sea until late that afternoon. However, judging by their alacrity in getting ashore, their desire to see the town had not been dulled by a day at sea.

With much to see, the Cadets took off in all directions Some enjoyed the nationalism of Chinatown, while others preferred the cosmopolitan atmosphere of the International Settlement, formerly known as the Barbary Coast. Others, and we believe they were in the majority, crossed the bridge to Oakland for more aesthetic stimulation. As to the exact form of this stimulation, we were still in doubt, although we suspect it was attributable to the prominent American "artist of the dance" playing at the El Rey Theatre.

San Francisco is built on a series of ridges, with the business section at the bottom of the first one. Chinatown and the International Settlement, which are close to the direct centre of the city, attracted many cadets as well as normal tourists. The best view of this whole section is undoubtedly from the "Top of the Mark," a famous restaurant and bar.

To use an oft-repeated phrase, all good things must come to an end. It was with sad hearts and flattened wallets that we left the hills, the bridges and the cable cars of San Francisco.

Slipping from Treasure Island early Monday morning, we left our two companion ships, the Ontario and Sioux, who proceeded to San Diego. The return trip was uneventful though somewhat altered by rumblings in the New Glasgow's engine room which precluded any extensive manoeuvres. However, training did not stop. Seaboats were exercised as usual and competitive general drills resumed. Throughout the cruise, the Stettler had been far superior to the New Glasgow in seaboats, but the reverse was true for general drills. This pattern was not drastically changed on the return trip.

Much enthusiasm was shown by the cadets during the Bofors and four-inch shoots. We had taken several classes in four inch drill and on our last day at sea, we were given the chance to put our meagre experience to the test of actual practice.

After three days in Esquimalt, Stettler and New Glasgow proceeded to Bedwell Harbour for Seamanship examinations and a sailing regatta to determine the winner of the "Cock of the Walk." We found Bedwell as beautiful and as peaceful as we had left it. However, it could never be the same, for the two new additions to the West Coast Fleet had left their marks high on the cliffs surrounding the harbour.

On the final day there, one of fitful breezes, the race was held. The Executive Officer of the Stettler, recognized as one of the finest sailors in the R.C.N., took a convincing lead and held it throughout the course. It was quite a sight to see all the jury rigs on the various whalers. The sailing regatta ended in a 13-13 tie and the "Cock" went to the New Glasgow. It was hoisted with full honours. The guard, commanded by Cadet J. Graham proved a source of amusement to officers and ship's company alike. The Banyan Party held that night proved a fitting conclusion to a most enjoyable cruise.

We believe we speak for all the Cadets on Cruise Able in expressing our thanks to the officers and men who combined to make this cruise the success it was. Special words of appreciation are due to the two Commanding Officers, Commanders LaRue and Edwards, and to the two Sea Training Officers, Lieutenants Hughes and Bridgman. We can only hope that future cruises will be as successful.

Oh Combien de Marins, Combien de Capitaines

Cette poesie de Victor Hugo, maintes fois repetee et maintes fois aimee ne peut trouver sa veritable valeur que dans la solitude estoilee d'une nuit tropicale. Berces doucement par le cliquetis des vagues sur la proue vaillante, et enveloppes par le silence profond qui regne sur la mer, combien de marins ont reve aux leurs so loin par dela l'horizon. La-bas pres du foyer une vieille tricote et une Jeune maman berce le petit; la-bas sur la veranda, une fiancee laisse errer par dessus les toits son regard noye de larmes; la-bas des amis sinceres travaillent, s'epuisent ou s'amusement comme si rien n'etait. Parfois un mot perdu rappelle votre image, parfois un soupir est echappe pour vous . . . mais la triste verite est beaucoup plus simple: On vous a presqu'oublie.

Car on sait bien que le marin n'a qu'un amour, qu'une passion: Son navire et la mer qui l'engouffre! Vous qui voguez sur les oceans lointains et vous qui bordez la cote sur les calmes rivieres, savez ce que je dis. Il n'y a pas de paix plus intense que celle d'etre seul sur le pont, par une nuit d'ete, alors qu'au dessus le firmament scintille dans une symphonie enflammee. Tout autour, les flots noirs refletent l'immensite de leur mystere et la profondeur de leur abime. Parfois, une raie d'argent se dessine sur l'encre de la mer pour se perdre au sommet d'une vague voisine. Quelque posson-volant, fier et elegant, vient de briser le calme de la nuit.

Maitre du monde, roi de l'ocean et pourtant seulement un atome dans l'immensite de l'univers! Des milliers et des milliers d'annees-lumiere plus loin quelque galaxie abrite peut-etre un autre monde comme le votre, mais la distance n'existe plus pour vous. Un commun sentiment, une meme priere, unit en ce moment tous ceux qui sont seuls en face de la mer. Partout un acte d'adoration s'eleve vers Celui dont la Grandeur est telle qu'il surpasse sa Creation.

Mais la mer n'est pas toujours berceuse de poesie. Parfois, comme une maitresse outragee elle montre sa fureur et veut detruire son amant. Alors deferlant sur la coque impassible ses montagnes d'ecume, elle eprouve la veritable valeur du marin. Seul le vaillant, seul le brave, peut survivre a sa rancoeur!

La mer, douce ou magnifique, ne peut qu'etre aimee. Il n'est pas de marin qui ne lui reserve dans son coeur une place de choix. Son attrait est indisible, son amour infaillible. Des generations ont tente de la dompter ou de la cajoler, mais d'Ulysse a nos jours, elle est sortie victorieuse.

Epouses, amantes, fiancees, pardonnez a ceux que vous aimez cette rivale indomptable. La mer accepte de partager son amour, mais elle ne permet pas une semence de haine; le marin qui la rencontre le coeur brise n'a pas droit a l'espoir.

Le Party de la Saint-Jean Baptiste

C'est tout de meme surprenant qu'il y ait a Stadacona de ces fetes pour lesquelles personne n'oserait manifester la moindre allergie. Et, l'assertion n'est pas tellement gratuite si l'on songe, abstraction faite des slack-parties, cafeteria parties, etc. . . . (continuellement a l'ordre du jour), a celui dont tous les canadiens-francais se souviennent particulierement celui du 26 juin dernier a l'occasion de leur fete nationale de la Saint Jean.

Et ce qu'il y avait de plus rejouissant pour tous, c'est la presence d'un nombre impressionnant de cadets de langue anglaise venus celebrer la fete de leurs compatriotes canadiens-francais.

Que l'on revive un peu l'atmosphere de la soiree, que l'on se retrempe dans l'emballement qui nous animait tous ce soir-la. Au debut, un jeune homme distingue, revetu de la cravate au fleurs de lys, souhaite a tous la plus cordiale bienvenue. Avec le piquant et l'humour qui lui sont caracteristiques, le cadet G. Chapdelaine, explique dans les deux langues le sens de cette rejouissance. Aussitot, l'affaire est lancee, le punch est servi. De jolies jeunes filles, de "gentils" cadets d'une tout autre mentalite, d'une tout autre culture, se mettent a danser au rythme de nos chants folkloriques. Emportes par je ne sais quelle liqueur insoupconnee, et aussi par un enthousiame impondere, les cadets oublient qu'ils connaissent quelques differences, ils entreprennent le traditionel plumage de cette pauvre Allouette, se joignent a la fanfare de "Bonhomme, Bonhomme," sautent en rond sur le Pont d'Avignon, puis se prosternent gracieusement jusqu'a terre pour saluer leurs belles dames. C'est la fete de tout le monde! On a chaud, on chante, on danse, on boit, pendant qu'au dessus de tous il y a un intrepide lieutenant qui part en guerre avec Malbrough. Sans se lasser il s'evertue a coordonner les manoeuvres de la chorale et de la foule a travers les plus captivantes partitions de notre inepuisable repertoire.

Entre temps, des tonnerres d'applaudissements saluent la montee en scene des gars de chez nous. Un sous-lieutenant, Marc de Goumois, avec toute la bonhommie et la fecondite de paroles qu'on lui connait improvise un vaudeville bilingue et tres original qui tient meme du language universel . . . Le cadet Champagne le releve, la farce continue. L'un avait jete un regard sur les grandes epoques de sa carriere artistique, l'autre evoque avec une eloquence enfantine et . . . combien realiste, "La Cigale et la Fourmi." Et pourtant un autre cadet, Tranquil celui-la, il la savait bien sa chansonnette, si l'on en juge par l'intervalle de temps du premier au dernier mot!

Puis les danses, les chansons reprennent de plus belle— La soiree continue pendant que s'effectue graduellement le retour a la danse plus conventionelle. Helas, le tout devait se terminer trop tot.

Mais, derriere une telle realisation, on peut compter de nombreuses heures de travail obscur. A ceux-la dont les noms doivent demeurer obscurs, de la part de tous les canadiens-francais ou anglais presents, j'addresse non pas seulement des remerciements, mais surtout des felicitations pour avoir ainsi concu et realise un tel party, pour avoir si bien concilie le sens de la fete et le sens d'une celebration navale. Je m'en voudrais de ne pas nommer le Lieutenant Andre Barbeau et ses acolytes, le cadet-capitaine Vinson et le cadet Singher. A l'an prochain!

CADET CAPTAIN (NEOLITHIC) (R)

CADET CAPTAIN (MODERN) (R)

THE APPEARANCE OF CADET CAPTAINS HAS ALTERED CONSIDERABLY SINCE NEOLITHIC TIMES

AN EARLY HISTORY OF THE NAVY

EIGHT million years ago, in a dark dungeon-like cavern, the first member of the instructor branch lumbered about, his knuckles dragging slightly, his face wizened; needless to say, our primitive lecturer was well armed with a club which instilled in his students an eagerness the like of which has never been seen since.

It was there, in that cave, that our fur-covered teacher supervised the chipping of the first granite speed triangles. We are forced to agree that things were more difficult all around in those days. For instance, our Darwinian friends experienced truly profound difficulty in taking soundings. To be really accurate required great preparation. The first step, it seems, was to select a plump cadet; then, after firmly securing a large boulder about his neck, he was dropped overboard. Sometimes the delay in waiting for the cadet to return to the surface to give his estimate of the depth was such that it necessitated moving on, leaving our submerged friend to fare for himself. At best, this was an unreliable method and, at worst, it led to a great expenditure of cadets.

Weapons, too, were of a primitive nature. At the beginning, the Neolithic Navy's chief weapon consisted of sharpening one end of a log boat (a tradition which we still maintain today). This, of course, meant that a tremendous advantage was enjoyed by those going down hill . . . so to speak; this in turn, prompted the victims of such dastardly manoeuvres to seek out some method of detection. Although they missed the principle of Radar, a simple solution was arrived at: By always choosing a day with a strong wind on which to fight, the clever people were seldom surprised—for in those days, nobody bathed too regularly.

With our modern Battlewagons, we chuckle and chortle at their obsolete firing power, but really these creatures were ingenious. By way of example, one popular weapon, of which there is record, was called the Boomba.

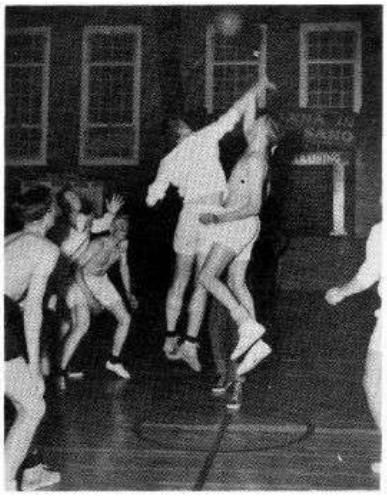
To set the machine ready for firing, a cadet climbed a tall tree and after he had reached a suitable height he had selected, he crawled out upon a supple branch. Naturally, his weight hanging at the end of the limb made it bend. When the observers below decided that the moment was opportune, they lassoed the feet of the dangling cadet. At this point a hefty gang of marines (cave-man style) stepped into the picture and hauled the rope taught until, at last, the cadet and tree branch were stretched to their respective limits. At the signal the rope was freed from its moorings and the tree climber was hurtled a considerable distance. If weight multiplied by velocity is an indication of momentum, we can then calculate the firing power of this novel invention. Naturally, the repeated use of the Boomba led to a discouraging decline in the recruiting rate and a rapid depletion of one's forces . . . still, it was a step forward.

Not long after this, a singularly bright Admiral conceived the idea that his navy might well be helped by the addition of a women's branch. Of course, a poverty-stricken imagination on the part of some dull clods led to a definite restriction in the tasks that the first wrens performed—however, all information available gives testimony to the fact that the male of the species enjoyed this immensely.

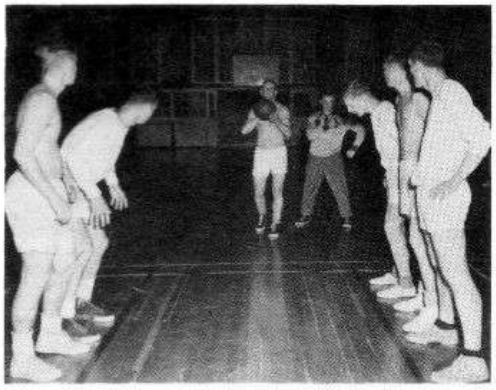
Later though, the Wrens were to bring about some remarkable transformations in the Neolithic Navy: Summer uniforms were introduced (one discarded one's bear skin), also, the food was cooked and lastly inspections were introduced—(at first these cursory affairs, consisting of nothing more than a superficial glance to see if any crawling species had invaded the fur, took place in the morning, but at the insistence of an enterprising Admiral the time was switched to evening and the examination became more detailed).

It was then that man, feeling more confidence in himself, began to get the explorer's itch. The first forages consisted of little more than a visit to another man's cave downstream; however, at least one mariner became involved in domestic difficulties because of one of these nocturnal sojourns, and this necessitated his going farther afield . . . hurriedly. In the centuries that followed fur-covered sailors sailed Great Square routes (for the world was not round) everywhere. Indeed, progress was so rapid that it is difficult to log it all. Today, eight million years later, we in the Navy, can look back on a heroic past and a great tradition . . . Let us not forget our furfathers.

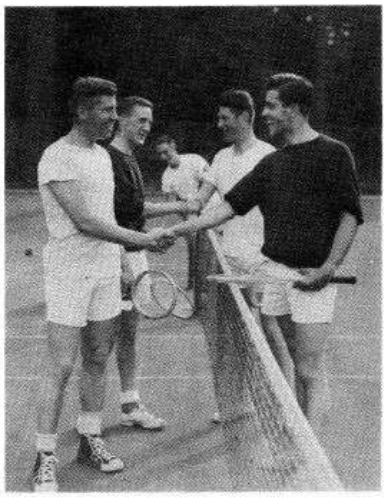
SPORTS WEST



JUMP BALL DURING GAME BETWEEN CADET TRAINING ESTABLISHMENT AND H.M.C.S. ROYAL ROADS



CADET BOB MALLOY SHOOTS "ONE AND ONE"



"SKIP" CASSADY and ED HORSEY (L) CONGRATULATE HARVEY OXSPRING and ED MORTIMER (R) AS JIM McKEOWN LOOKS ON IN THE FAR BACKGROUND

SOCCER

Cadets at C.T.E. were given a rare treat during one Wednesday's dogwatch. The annual grudge match between the Chief Petty Officers at Naden and the Cadets from the Cadet Training Establishment was slated to be played on the field in the rear of A block.

After a slow start during which time the aged Chiefs loosened up their creaking limbs and the youthful cadets amazed the crowd with their spirit, evidence of much practice, and clever team plays, the excitement commenced. At times the multitude of Cadets would rise as one to watch these clever old Chiefs display the result of many years of soccer playing, and the fact that it was raining steadily did not seem to affect the rapt attention of the forced assemblage. The old men of the sea drew first blood on a fast play that dazzled the over-confident Cadets. However, the second half told a different story. The Cadet team returned to the field determined to avenge their humiliation. Bolli and Ablack were the two who saved the day and the team's proud record, as one after the other they sank two hard shots that baffled completely the ancient mariner guarding the nets.

Next year we hope this series for the Strath Goddard Cup will be continued. It is interesting and amusing, and it proves some Cadets are athletically inclined.

SWIMMING MEET

Some Cadets came as close to water during this dogwatch as they have all summer. We are speaking of course of one of the most unique and outstanding sports attractions in Canada, the Inter-Establishment Swimming Meet between Royal Roads Cadets and the youths from the Cadet Training Establishment.

It was evident from the moment that they took to the water that the Royal Roads Cadets had spent many intensive hours training for this great event and they proceeded to soundly trounce C.T.E. 40-30. C.T.E. did not go down to an ignominous defeat however; the relay team, led by Cadet Bob "Weismueller" Yanow (who built up a convincing lead), left nothing in their wakes but the water-logged Roads team.

A fitting end was provided by two well-known Cadet Captains from this Coast. Their display of swimming "fully clothed" was definitely the highlight of the afternoon. That they have a sense of humour was shown afterwards, when one of them jocularly claimed that he was "pushed in."

REGATTA

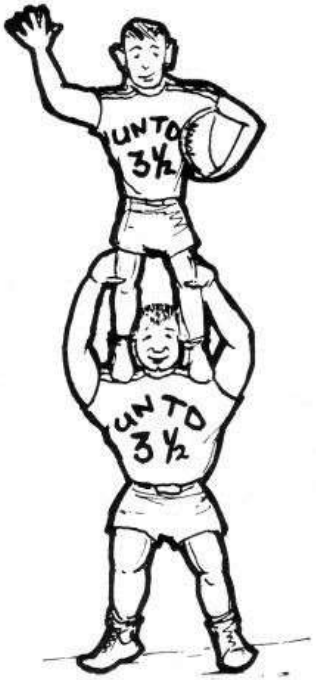
In place of the dreaded O.I.C.'s rounds this morning, a pleasant change was in order for the Cadets from C.T.E. and Royal Roads. The event, which was to take precendence over all else, was the annual Compulsory Attendance Regatta between the two above-mentioned establishments.

Those Cadets who have bookmaker contacts in Victoria told us that before the race the odds were very much against the weakened numbers from C.T.E., but the results showed that even "Bookies" can be wrong.

As it turned out, the match was very close, with the highly-touted Roads' team emerging on top by the close margin of three points. The final score, 36-33. When the totals were announced, an angry roar was heard to arise from the C.T.E. ranks who claimed a foul on the last event, the Jousting.

Fortunately, everything was ironed out and although the final result remained in favor of Roads, the teams from C.T.E. left, knowing in their own unsullied hearts that they had won this coveted sports event.

SPORTS EAST



SPORTS are a natural channel for the healthy energies and spirit of aggressiveness that the navy tries to foster. S.O.C. has placed considerable emphasis on a complete sports programme this year, and, the cadets have made good use of it. Some games were defaulted for various reasons and some were cancelled unavoidably; but almost everyone made full use of "Stad's" excellent facilities.

Interdivisionally, there were approximately twelve divisions engaging each other in water polo, softball, basketball and volleyball. Makeshifts were sometimes necessary because of the sudden disappearance of teams on cruises, but the schedules ground on regardless. Most of the trouble came from conflicts between representative team practices and interdivisional games. Players were often torn between two loyalties, and one or the other suffered accordingly. Not too surprisingly, perhaps, many cadets lacked knowledge of how to play some of the games. Little instruction was available formally, but with spirit, desire to learn and fellow cadets to supply pointers, an amazing amount of headway was made by some of them. Referees, umpires, etc., were recruited from among the divisions playing the games and, despite momentary criticism, did a good job while gaining experience.

The representative teams have had their troubles, but lack of talent is not one of them. It is only to be expected that the U.N.T.D. should attract athletes, and each coach has found a good supply of men. What they suffer from is few practices and inability, often, to work games in on a timetable already heavily crowded.

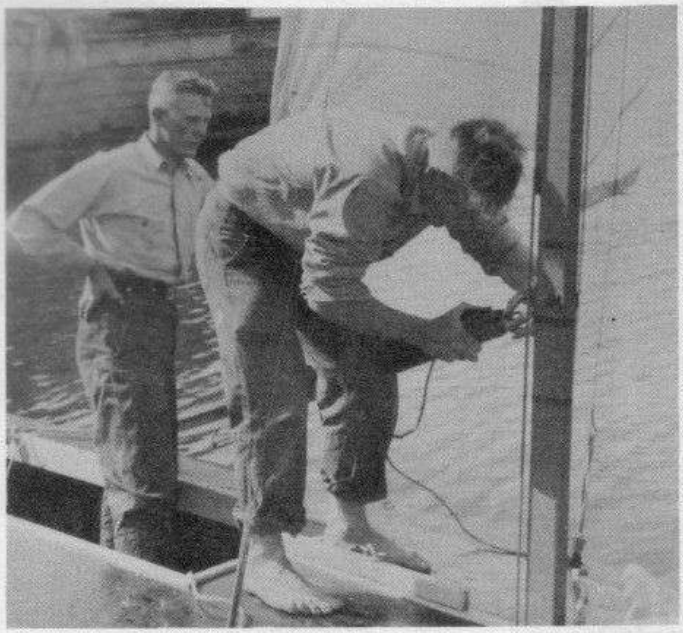
There are five such teams: water polo, volleyball, softball, basketball and soccer. Each has had its own problems and successes. The water polo team started late and had only two games. One of these they lost by a wide margin to the fine "STAD" team and in the other they gave a similar trouncing to the Cornwallis Midshipmen. The basketball team was largely a Shearwater effort. Organized to play visiting American crews, they showed up well though losing all except one game.

The soccer team deserves much credit for effort. In a dozen games, they outscored and outplayed all except the "Stadacona" and "Shearwater" base teams, to whom they lost, and two local teams whom they tied. The showing of the volleyball team has been a powerful one, but the evidence is limited. In their games, they defeated Cornwallis "Middies" and a visiting American team by lopsided scores, and took several challenge matches against divisional teams with ease. Sportswise, the U.N.T.D. softball team has also shown to good advantage. They defeated two visiting American teams and the Cornwallis club by scores that indicate great strength. These last two "rep" teams just do not seem to have had the kind of opposition needed to make them extend themselves.

Finally, there were occasional sports days and several track and field meets where U.N.T.D.'s carried off a good share of the prizes. In the last analysis, however, the efforts of, and statistics on, all those fine individuals who represented the navy in various ways are chiefly important as a valid indication of the strength, sportsmanship and essential soundness of our U.N.T.D. organization. By their commendable efforts then, in reflecting honour on both themselves and us, they have earned our recognition and continued support.

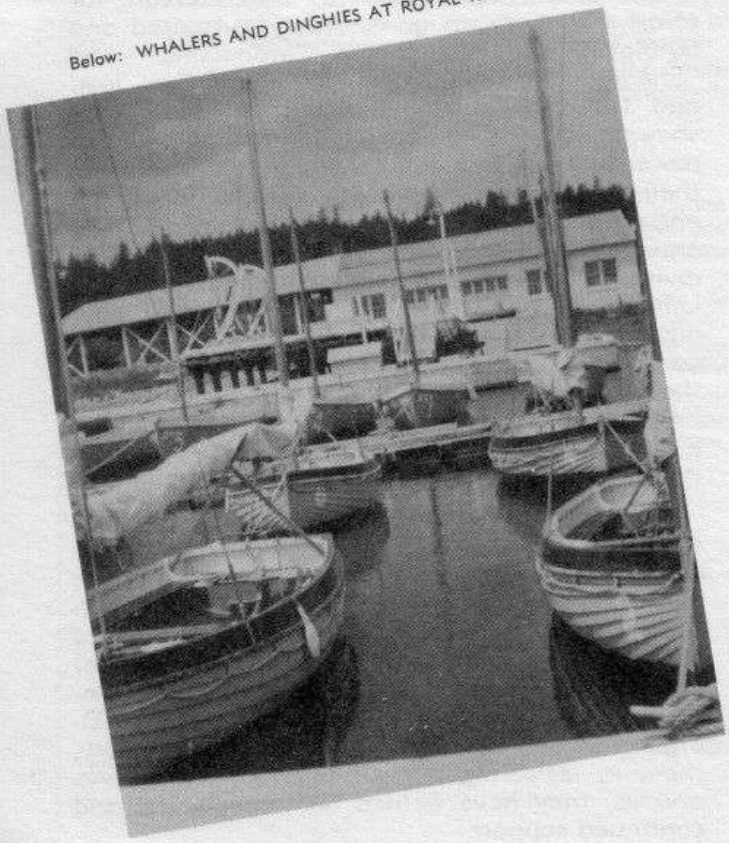
—Sailing 1954—

Above: AFTER A HARD DAY'S SAILING

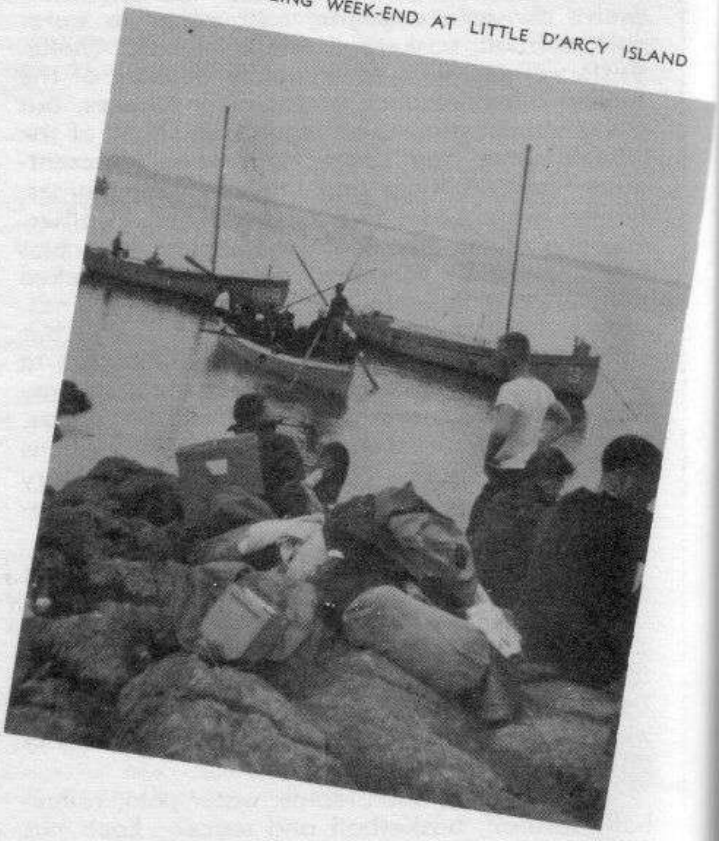


Above: BOOM TROUBLE

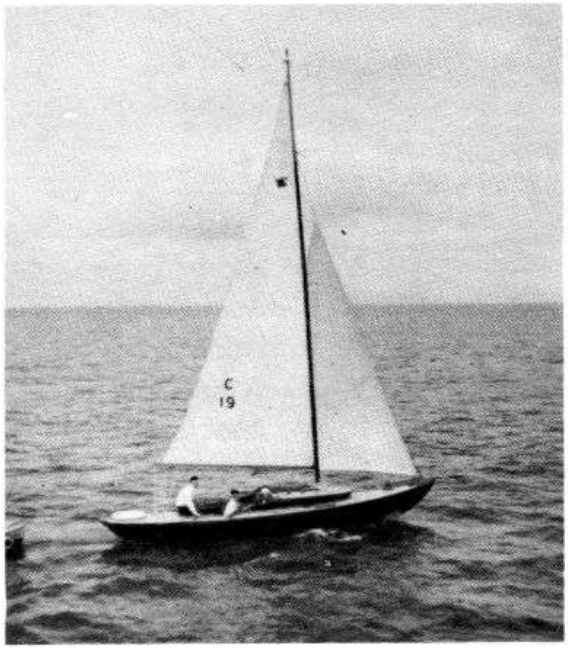
Below: WHALERS AND DINGHIES AT ROYAL ROADS



Below: SAILING WEEK-END AT LITTLE D'ARCY ISLAND



THE CADET SAILING ASSOCIATION



R.C.N.S.A. YACHT "REDSTART" WITH CREW ARCHIE BEARE, TOM CROIL AND LT. JOY OF ROYAL ROADS

FOR some years cadets on summer training at the West Coast have had the privilege of membership in the R.C.N.S.A., but theirs was a junior membership. It afforded them pleasant hours of sailing at the regattas which the R.C.N.S.A. held or entered, but they had always to act as crew.

This summer, thanks to the inspiration of Lt. Henley, himself a sailing enthusiast and a member of the R.C.N.S.A., several cadets of the West Coast got together to form the Cadet Sailing Association, hereafter referred to as the C.S.A. The idea was that the cadets could still act as crew for the members of the R.C.N.S.A., but would also enter their own boats in all possible regattas.

At our initial meeting, the ten foundation members elected a slate of officers including Otto Salonen, Commodore and John Jorgenson, secretary, later replaced by George Atwell. Other members of the executive were Bruce Hayes, John Romeril and Gordon Bale.

Early in the summer the Gunroom had rented from the R.C.N.S.A. for the summer's duration two snipes. This was a real start. We seemed set for the season. But our snipes needed much work to render them usable and, under the able and cheerful direction of Bruce Hayes, members of C.S.A. quickly whipped them into shape. We named one snipe "Otto", after Commodore Otto Salonen. who was first member and organizer of C.S.A.; the other we called "Alice", to honour a gracious lady of whom C.S.A. members think fondly.

In our first regatta, the R.V.Y.A. regatta at Cadboro Bay on July 18th and 19th, we entered one snipe on each day and came 8th and 7th out of twelve. Crews were John Romeril with Otto Salonen, and Bruce Hayes with Joe Lackner.

We planned to enter both snipes in the R.C.N.S.A. race on July 24th, a qualifying race for the Admiral's Cup. Three crews arrived but only two started, as "Alice" could not be entered since her sails were safely locked away by the organizer of C.S.A. crews, who had left for a long weekend.

John Cleave with Rudy Specht sailed a borrowed snipe, and John Lusher with Pierre Boileau sailed "Otto" to fourth place, slipping from third place within a hundred yards of the finish line because of an urgent need to bail.

At the time of writing we look forward to entering snipes in every regatta within reach until September 6th. We have high hopes of doing better.

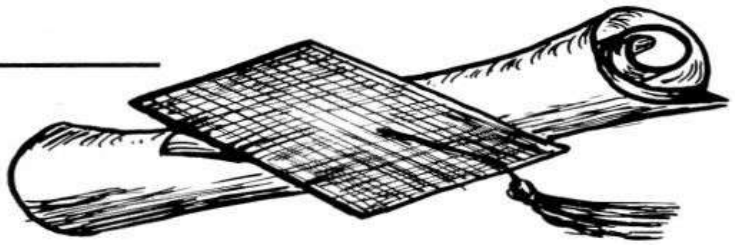
C.S.A. SNIPE WITH CREW OTTO SALONEN AND JOHN ROMERIL AND CADET DINGHY (IN BACKGROUND)

Graduates West Coast

G. H. Ablack
P. Adams
S. R. Adams
J. A. Anderson
G. T. Atwell
Y. Audet
E. C. Ball
G. C. Bardon
T. K. Barwick
M. A. Bisal
E. T. Bolli
E. C. Brady
W. Breukelman
R. R. Brock
B. R. Buckland
J. R. Bunyan
V. D. Burke
J. H. Cameron
M. A. Cameron
C. A. Cantley
J. C. Caron
G. R. Case
G. P. Cassady
J. Cleave
A. J. Comeau
P. D. Connelly
M. H. Conroy
B. G. Cote
L. E. Cousineau
J. F. Cowie
R. N. Cumming
L. T. Diduch
C. A. Duckett

E. A. Duggan
G. R. Dumais
J. E. Emery
V. S. Emery
W. O. English
D. M. Ferne
M. C. Fortin
J. A. Francoeur
E. H. Garrard
P. A. Gifford
J. Gotthardt
L. L. Gordon
D. Gowan
P. R. Grantham
C. J. Gunning
R. F. Hall
C. D. Hardwick
B. E. Hargadon
G. B. Hayes
H. A. Heggtveit
A. C. Henning
F. W. K. Herndorf
M. W. Hewitt
D. L. Hicks
A. A. Horn
E. F. Horsey
G. E. Jackson
R. W. Jackson
B. Jean
P. M. Jessop
J. G. Jorgenson
J. E. Kean
M. F. Keating
P. W. Keillor
F. W. Knight
S. Kobay Ashi
W. Kochanski
J. L. Lackner
L. M. Lafontaine
C. N. Lapointe

M. M. Laing
A. P. Mackdonald
P. T. Mace
W. D. MacGrath
P. M. MacGregor
C. W. MacKeen
A. I. Mair
C. I. Mason
G. F. McCann
D. W. McKeough
P. Michaud
D. F. Milligan
W. J. Milne
R. W. Misener
G. A. Monfette
L. C. Munroe
J. K. Murray
A. J. Nicol
J. J. Nuth
W. G. Paterson
Y. Parisien
D. C. Reed
W. R. Robinson
R. H. Roberts
R. J. Rolls
M. F. Rose
J. J. Ryan
E. E. Sande
L. R. Sands
D. A. Selby
D. Swim
P. B. Taillon
A. J. Tardiff
A. N. Thompson
C. P. Tisdall
C. M. Townsend
H. E. Tuisku
A. J. Walsak
J. D. Wilkie
R. D. Yanow

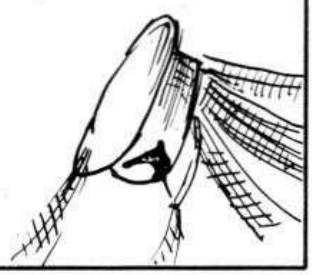


Graduates East Coast

G. Arvisais
C. C. Baker
D. S. Beanlands
J. A. Becker
B. A. Bicknell
C. D. Brooks
D. C. Brown
J. D. Brown
C. W. Burge
H. R. Burnham
D. R. Campbell
L. A. Clarkin
L. G. Coulas
J. B. Cox
R. A. Curry
P. B. Curzon
P. E. Darby
R. D. Detwiler
J. B. Dunlop
H. R. Erskine
T. A. Ferens
J. Forrester
P. C. Fortier
J. Gardner
R. G. Godson
F. Goyeau
B. F. Gray
N. R. Gwyn

D. J. Hambrick
G. R. Harington
N. Haslett
A. F. Haywood
W. H. Hill
P. Janecek
F. Jardine
C. W. Kingston
P. Q. Kouri
A. Kroeger
F. R. Langill
M. Lansdowne
G. F. Lecomte
J. H. MacKeen
A. J. MacGillivray
D. N. MacGillivray
P. H. MacNames
J. D. MacGregor
A. E. Marcinkowsky
M. R. McKay
W. B. McMinn
R. L. McPherson
J. D. McNeill
A. G. Middleton
M. C. Monaghan
J. D. O'Neill
H. W. Paul
M. J. Perozak

D. G. Pittet
M. X. Poirier
R. Poirier
M. V. Price
D. H. Ross
R. Singher
D. A. Sherrin
W. S. Shields
C. P. Slater
H. E. Slaunwhite
E. T. Sortwell
F. R. Stefczyk
J. St. Onge
R. L. Sullivan
R. M. Sutherland
N. F. Swann
E. A. Taylor
G. Vinson
W. H. Waring
B. Waterfield
R. A. Wedge
R. I. Wonnacott
D. E. Wylie



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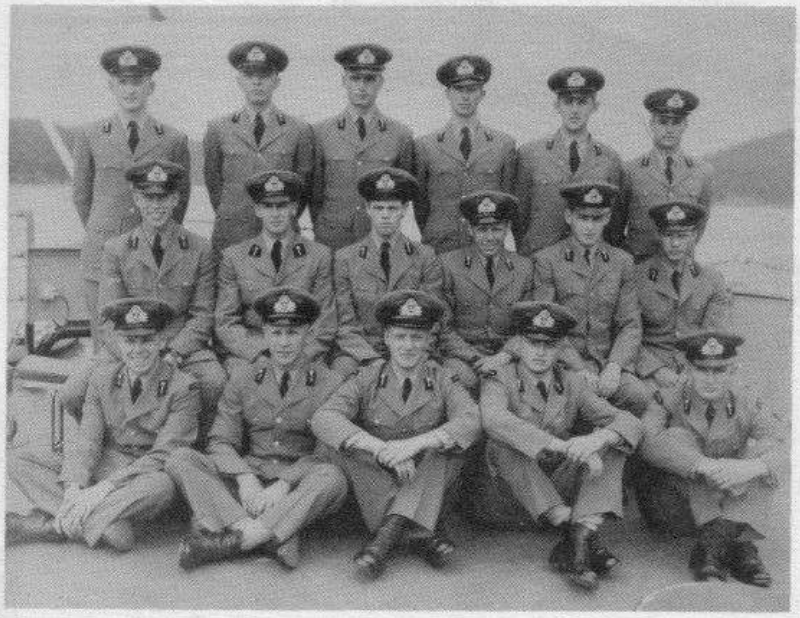
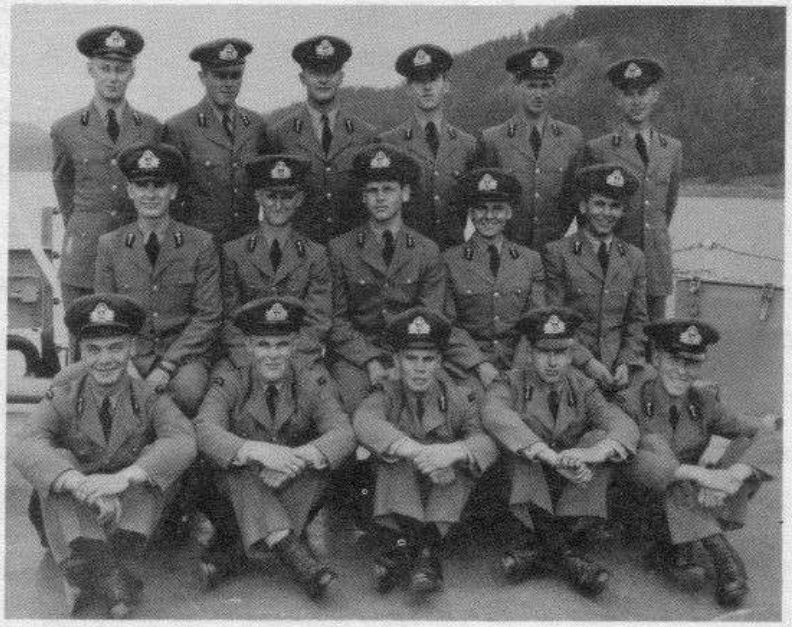


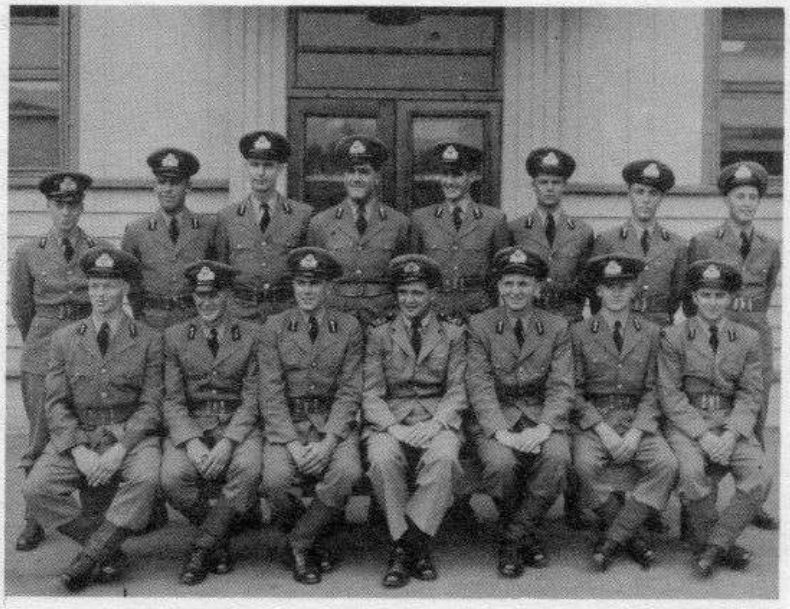
A-1

Classes West



A-2

A-3



Classes West Coast

Classes A-1 and A-2

Since 95% of our class members are R.O.T.P., someone early in the summer dubbed us as the "cream of Canadian youth". Also, since many of us are Roads men, we felt no fear when we learned we were to spend six eventful weeks there, while in the process of taking Navigation I.

At Roads we had our share of skylarks. By some strange quirk of nature, a guard house appeared atop the dais one morning. We were ordered to remove it, intimating that we were responsible. At the same time we deposited the Duty Cadet Captain in Neptune's Pool (something that has become a bit of a custom at Roads), which is overlooked by the spacious Cadet Block.

A welcome rest from the long weeks of Nav. I was provided by a two-week divisional course which included two action-packed days at Heal's Range. This included many difficult obstacles and we almost had them licked when Pete Lawes fortunately (or unfortunately) fell from a tree on top of the "Tiffy". Neither was hurt, but there is one tiffy in the R.C.N. who will forever suspect cadets of attempts on his life.

The last month and a half of our training we spent aboard H.M.C.S. "NEW GLASGOW". The only highlight of our long stay at Bedwell Harbour was a surprise visit paid by eleven young ladies from Ganges in search of "youthful" male companionship. Perhaps it was due to this female inspiration that the "NEW GLASGOW" cadets did so well in eventually winning the "Cock-of-the-Walk".

Bedwell was soon forgotten after we arrived at Long Beach, where the prime form of entertainment was watching various American artists of the dance perform, and swimming at the famous beach.

Much credit is due to our term lieutenant, Lt. Birch-Jones, who provided much valuable guidance and instruction and possibly interested a few of us in future courses at Whale Island.

Class B-4

A TYPICAL FIVE MINUTES IN THE LIFE OF B4 CLASS

Scene: Classroom 1, Royal Roads. (General Confusion).

Time: 1520.

Lt.-Cdr. Poisson: . . . now it's obvious that the method here of applying the facts to the plot is far superior to any of the other eight I've shown you . . .

Patterson (yawning): Oh sure!

Scott (over shoulder): But I tell you it was Lord Cardigan who . . .

Copelin: Pipe down! Let's get some work done.

Smith: See y'around.

Flegg: Owstie, what did you get for number eight?

Owston: High noon, low tide.

Macdonald (singing): "And the tide musters in . . ."

Davidson: Doesn't anyone want to play shuffleboard this afternoon?

Smith: See y'around.

Comeau: I think these tables are printed wrong, Sir.

Connolly: Slack-off, boy! You're overtrained.

Lovering: How do you start this problem?

Cousineau: You guys must be awfully stunned!

Lt.-Cdr. Poisson: Now it's obvious that . . .

Milford (to Denton): Remember back on the East Coast . . .

Tyber: As class leader I must remind you . . .

Connolly: Speak into the tube, please.

Smith: See y'around.

Francoeur: Major, is that a sun-run-sun or an apartment building?

Lt.-Cdr. Poisson: So we can conclude that . . .

Ross and Tardiff (in unison): We can?

Voice from loud speaker: "Secure-stow-away-books-Cadets-to-tea."

Smith: See y'around.

Class B-5

This mixed-up, feather-brained class of cadets with an O.L.Q. rating in the minus scale could not possibly have been thrown together by accident. A veritable stroke of genius was necessary to gather in one geographical location in one period of time such a remarkable group. The gods must have spent many a sleepless night hatching the plot.

The class was distinguished by having in it the tall, handsomely bearded Yves, who was ever attempting to straighten out confused persons who thought he was everything from a prophet to a Communist spy.

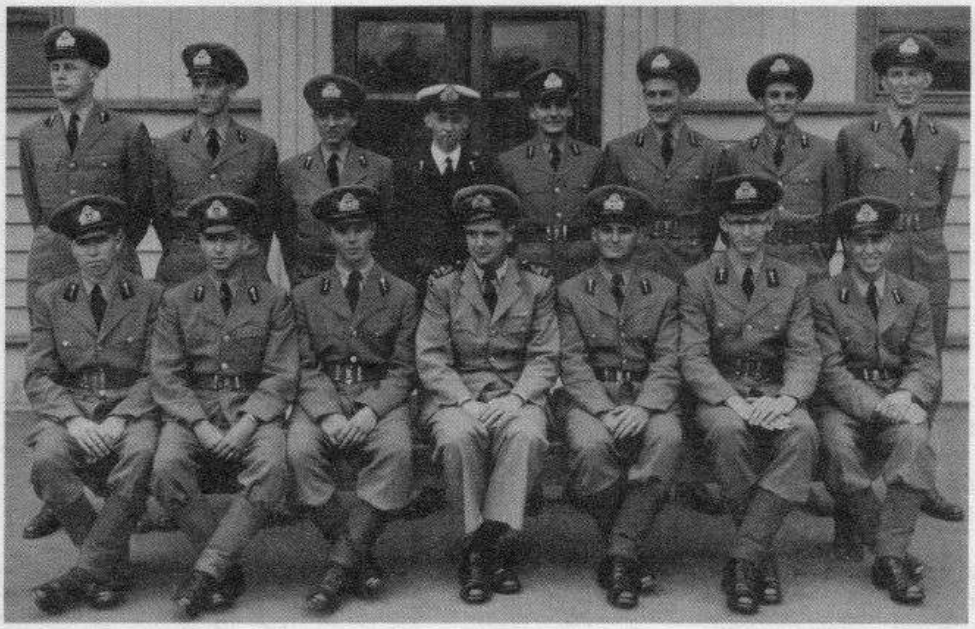
Professor Sands was always to be found sitting with his nose in the middle of a book, periodically muttering in awed tones—"Fantastic!"

Hayden goes down in the Royal Roads annals of history for commanding "Royal Roads will march past. Move to the right (or left) in column of threes".

Langford used to waken up occasionally in order to exchange "grrs" and "woofs" with Roy—the resemblance to hounds being such that the Darwinian Evolution could hardly be held in question.

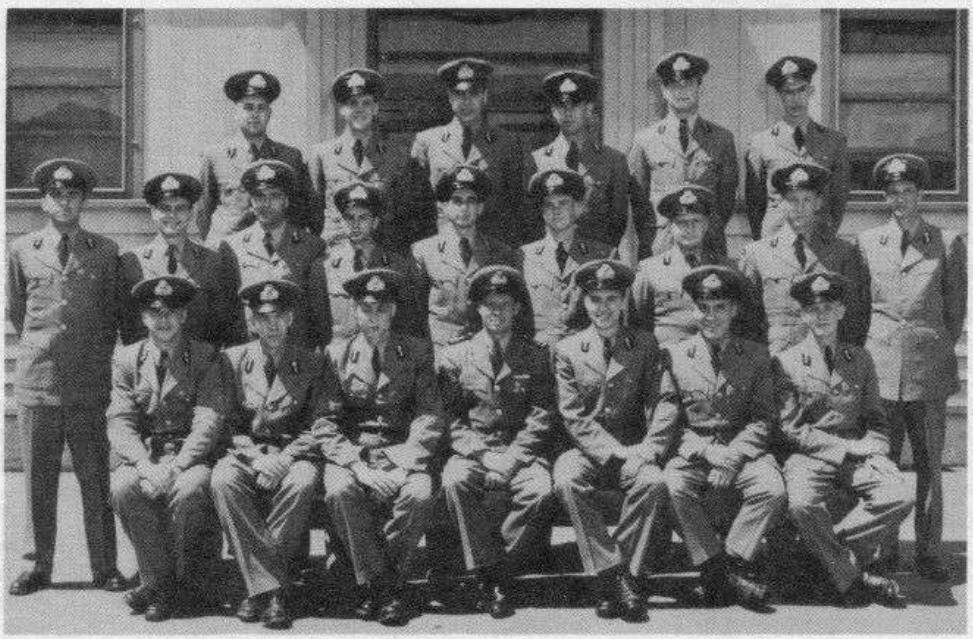
Reid, whenever he became tangled in a mass of astronomical figures, would rationalize by saying, "I suppose I shall be able to use this in the Air Branch," while Atkins would lean over and say, "Now if you did it my way . . ."

But in spite of all these major handicaps, B-5 managed to spend a happy and profitable summer. We did manage to win an inter-class tabloids between C.T.E. and Royal Roads. Our marks in A.B.C.D., communications and A.I.O. could have been worse. Two of our group were bandsmen. And among all the other shining achievements was the fact that five of our number had the misfortune to be chosen as Cadet Captains at Roads.



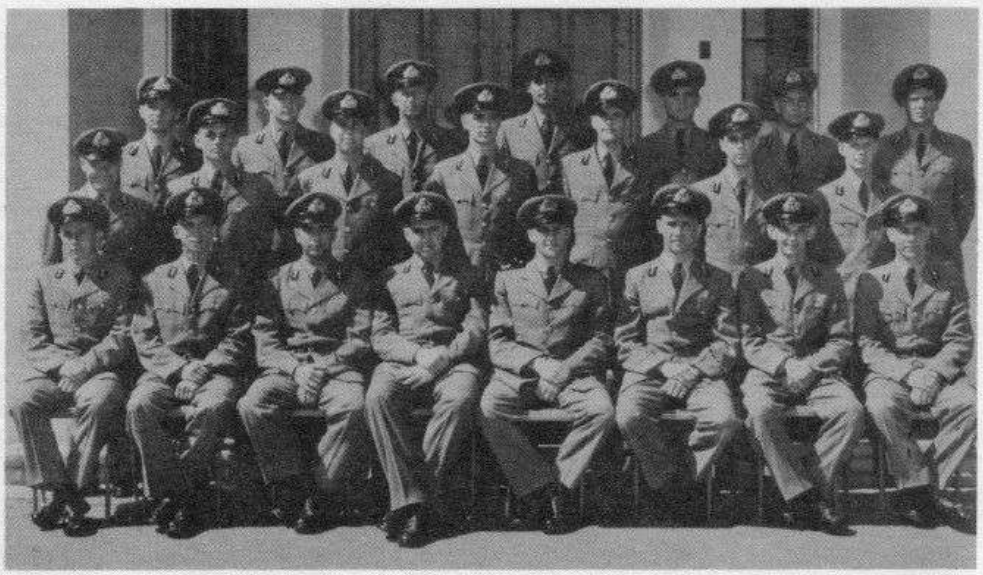
A-4

Classes West



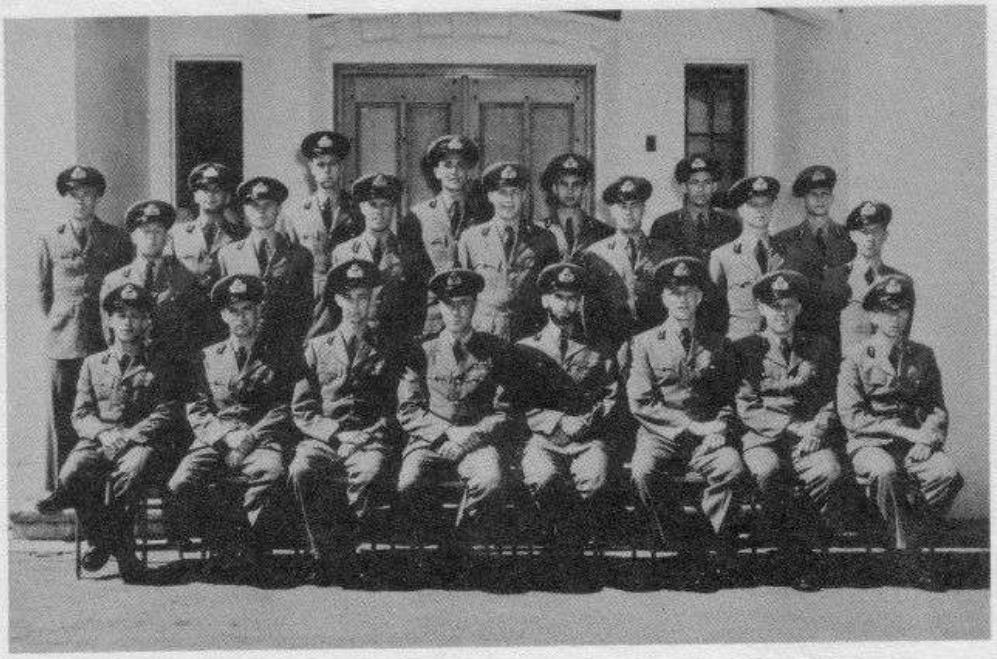
B-1 and B-2

B-3

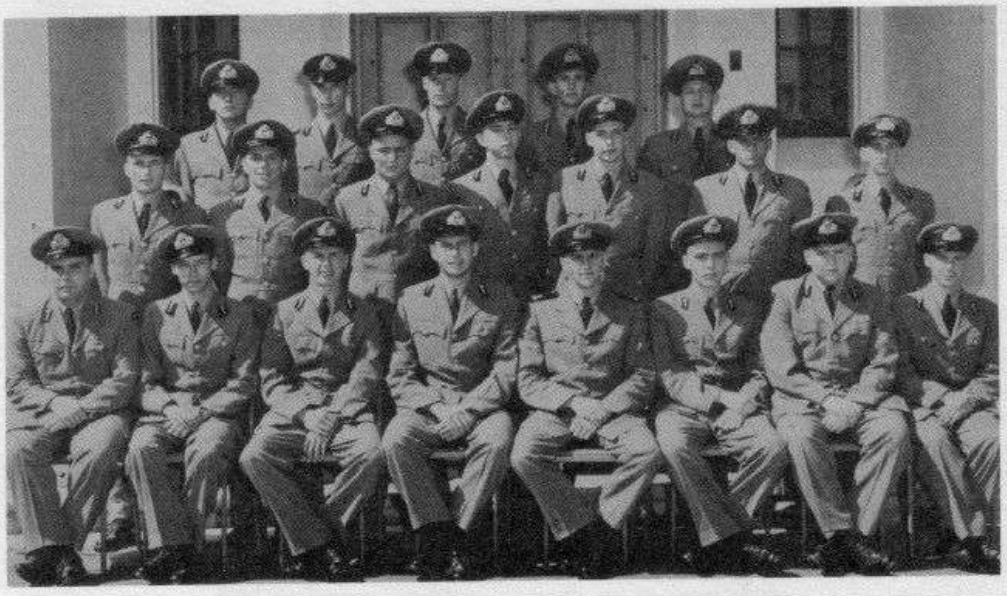


B-4

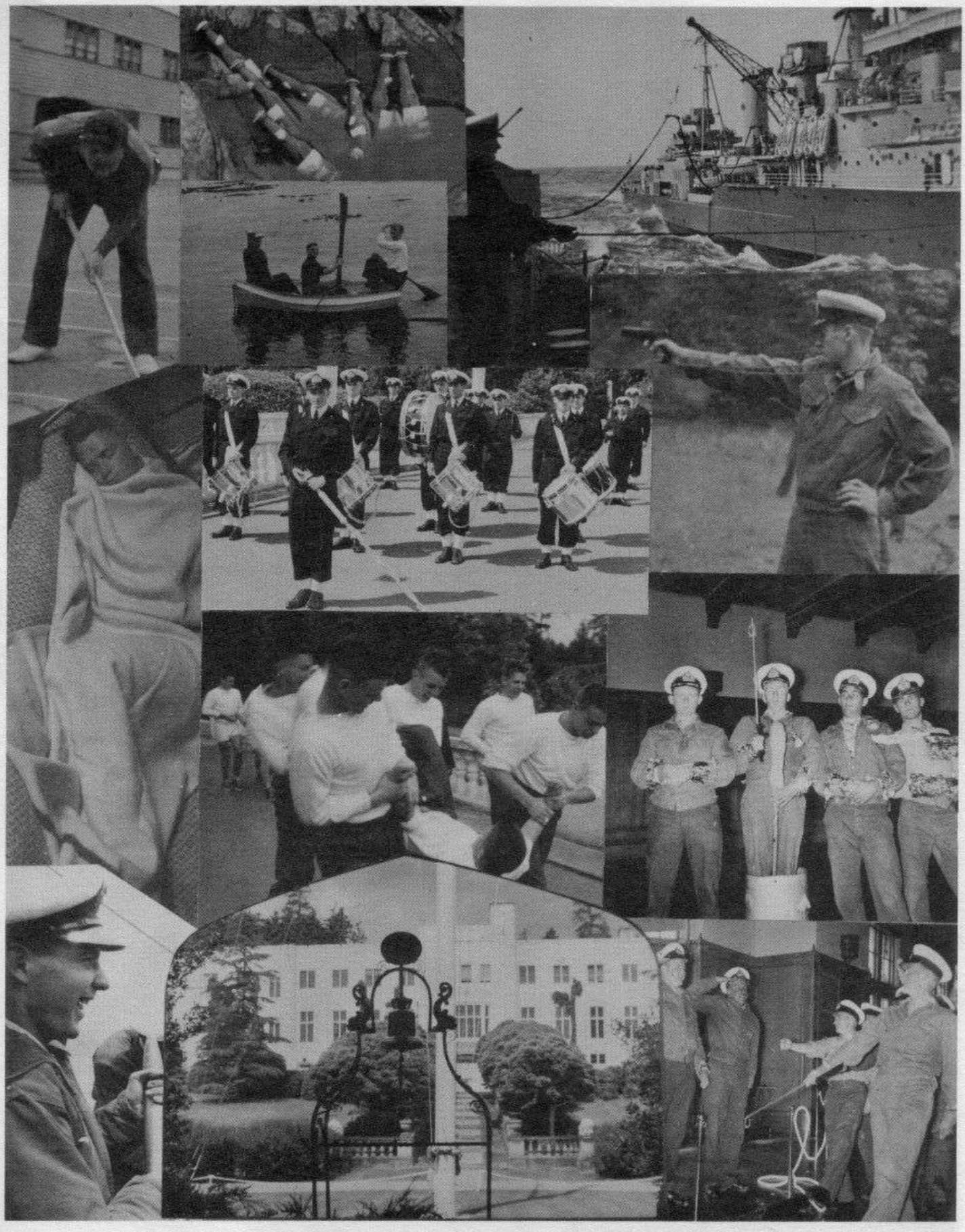
Classes West



B-5



B-6



Class B-6

AND THEN THERE WAS CLASS B6 . . .

The birth, growth and progress of B6 is remarkably analogous to that of man himself, with the exception of the time element.

The embryo stage covered a period from May 1 to June 1. During this period the members of this illustrious class congregated from many sections of the country, notably from Eastern Ontario, at C.T.E. This is where they came forth as a homogeneous body.

To bring about its remarkable progress, B6 was fed generous portions of various courses. In its infancy it was nurtured by Naden and fed A.B.C.D. and Communications II. By the middle of June it had matured sufficiently to begin its formal education at Royal Roads. For six weeks it received an intensive course in Navigation II from an extremely competent staff of instructors. This course was also liberally spiced with sports, sailing and various social undertakings. By the end of July, B6 had two tabloid meets to its credit. It seemed only fitting that this adult should be rewarded for its rapid growth and afforded an opportunity to apply his newly acquired knowledge for practical purposes. That is why B6 spent the month of August on board H.M.C.S. "STETTLER".

One may wonder where this phenomenal progress would have led had B6 not been dissected in early September. Even though its members are once again strewn over this great land of ours, you would do well to keep an eye on each and every one's progress from now on. For the training that B6 received this summer will inevitably be put to good use both in naval and civilian life by each of its members.

Our French speaking colleagues will agree with me when I say "Adieu B6, nous conservons un bon souvenir do toi".

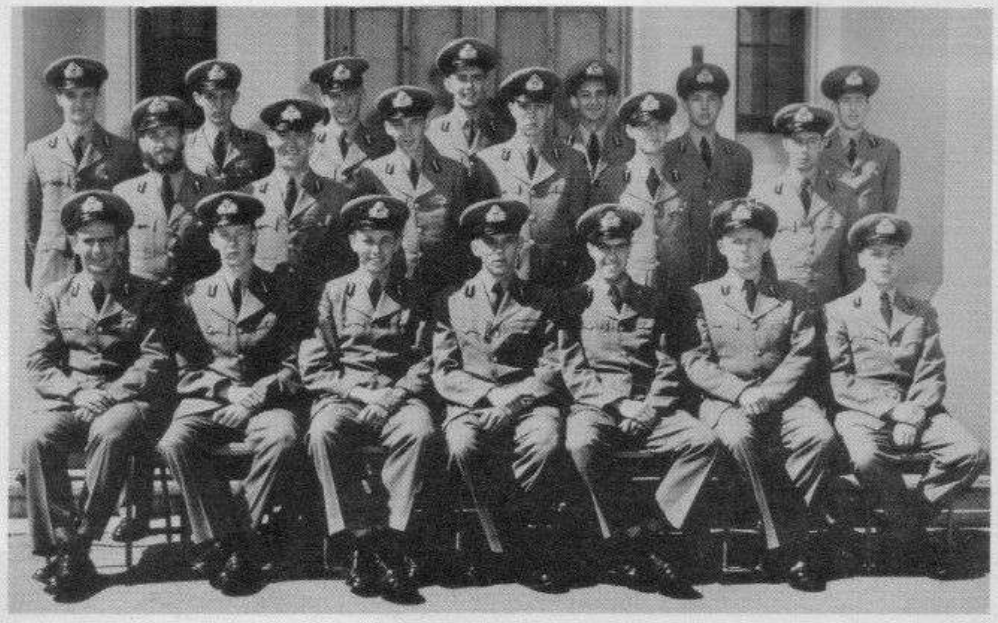
Class B-9

The name which any Cadet division leaves behind it and the spirit which it carries depends to the greatest extent upon the individual members themselves. B9 can be accounted for not as a collective group but as a sort of a zoo in which each animal adds his own personal touch of colour. Take for instance the "crow", who can be found at most times holding forth on or against Navigation and Philosophy and their various connotations and combinations in the most vibrant Churchillian style.

Navigation, of course, took up a great deal of our time and patience, but certain somewhat subnormal beings seemed to be able to take it in their stride. We are thinking now of course of the "machine" Sedgwick. (All R.C.N. ships should be equipped with a sedgwick).

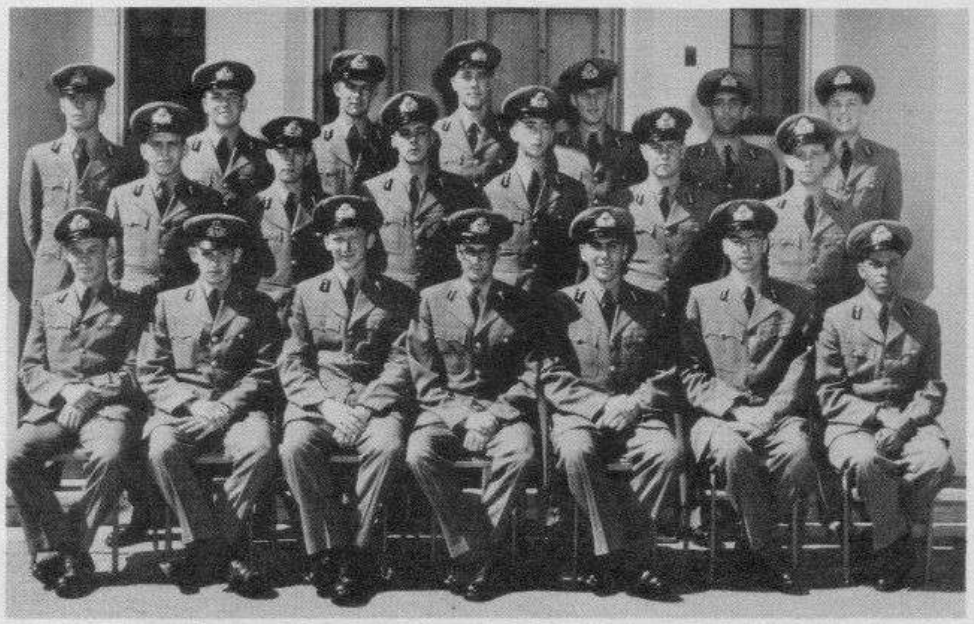
As far as the furthermost boundaries of Royal Roads, Rumball and Turner can be heard harmonizing (?) from the bowels of the Cadet block. At other times Turner can be found trying to devise 52 different recipes for fish. On other vistas of the campus Movie Mogul Goldenburg (Sam) might be seen capturing some of the poignancy and atmosphere of naval life for posterity and first year Cadets. And on that picturesque and arbored oval in front of the Castle between colours and sunset, Corcoran and Vickers can be seen training the track team. . . . Skylarks? Excuse Pleez Monsieur Chief Cadet Captain Flegg, Je ne parle pas l'Anglais.

Surely this little note would not be complete unless we mentioned A. Thorburn Orr (Lt.), the keeper of the zoo, who has done such an excellent job keeping all of the animals in order and in high spirits. Unfortunately neither room nor literary license permit us to examine them all rewarding as that study would be.



B-8

Classes West



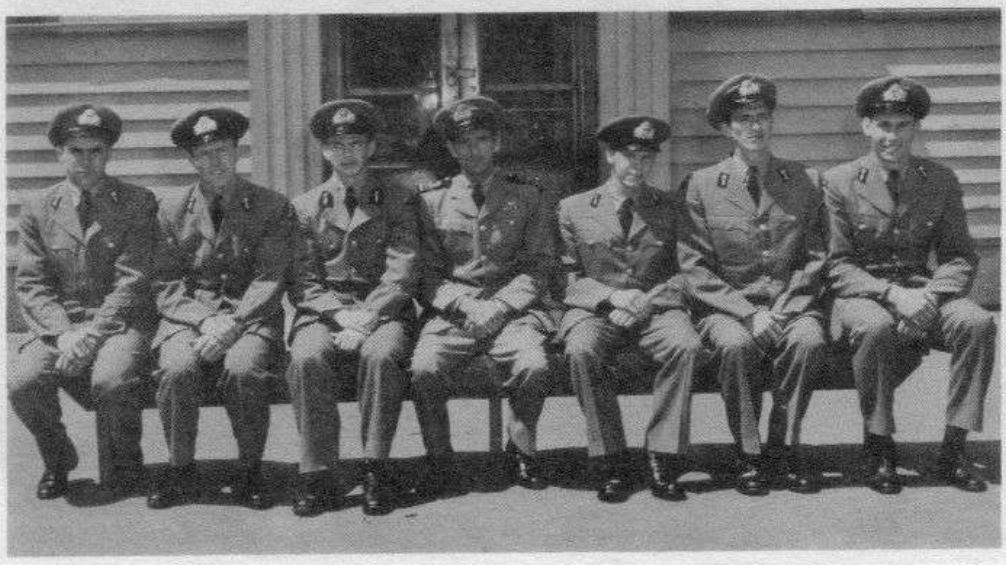
B-9

C-1 and H-1

Classes West

G-1

J-1 and J-3



K-1 and K-2

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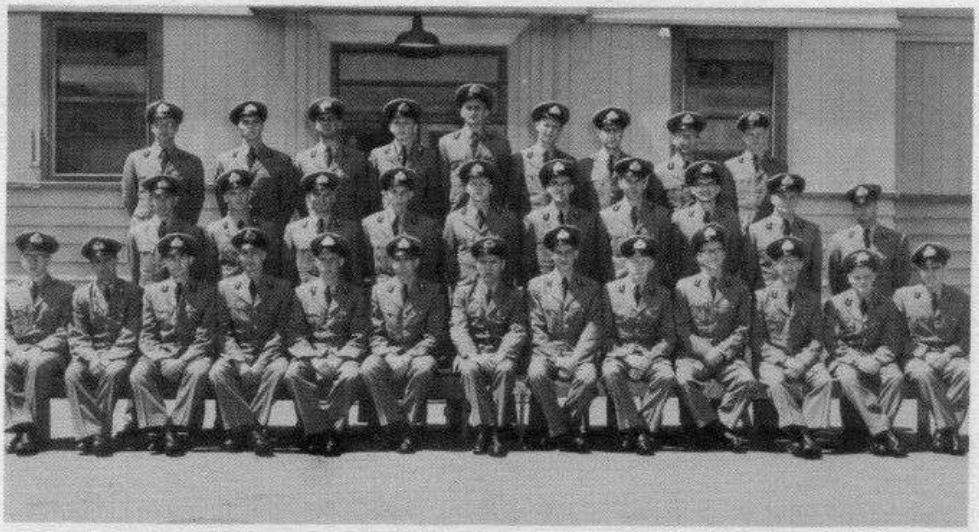
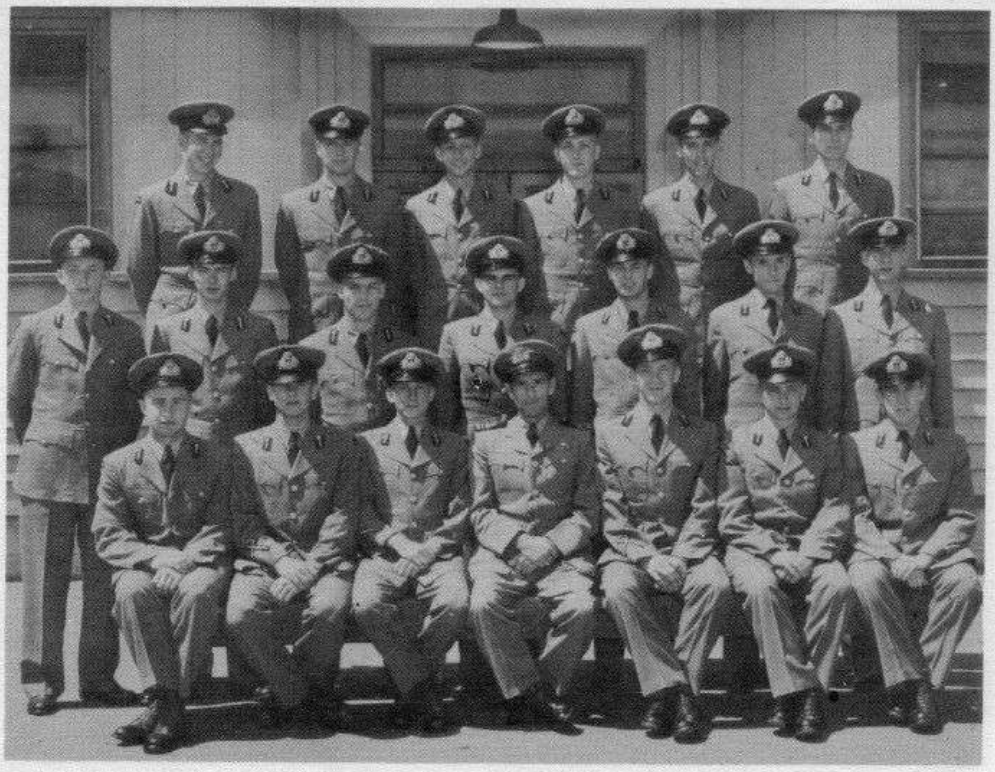
D-1



D-2

Classes West



E-1 and J-2

Second-Year Supply Training

Already branded at the beginning of the summer training session as an extremely athletic group, the Supply Cadets set out to prove that they were also capable of mastering the intensive Supply Officer's Technical Course.

There were two cadet classes, D1 and D2. The latter considered themselves fortunate in that they weathered six blissful weeks on the placid Pacific, whereas D1 received their sea-time during six tempest-tossed weeks on the Dockyard-Naden run. We might mention here that no cadets on the cruise to San Francisco were sick, while on the harbour craft, numerous cadets became violently ill during the four-minute crossing.

The course was varied and for the most part, very interesting. After one week of naval discipline, cadets in D1 considered themselves experts on naval law and long lineups were to be seen by their cubicles, formed of cadets on charge wanting free legal advice. (After the cadets had been sentenced, the Supply cadets were seen to become strangely silent). Other courses taken consisted of Regulations, Pay and Cash (we learned how to get even with Cadet Captains by forwarding their pay records to Tegucigalpa), Accounting, Victualling, General Stores and a long and absorbing course in Naval Cookery.

A fitting end to the first cadet course was solemnized by a graduation collation held in the hallowed confines of the Boilermakers' Hall. A welcome break in the evening came when Cadet Paul Buggins, much to the amusement of the guests, astounded us with his clever impersonations of a person under the influence. Other cadet take-offs included "playing dead", and Cadet Buggins mimicking Gypsy Rose Lee.

The final stage in the cadets' training was on-the-job employment. This meant jobs in the various supply depots about the dockyard (e.g. counting nuts and bolts).

As the year draws to a close, we of Supply trust that there is no truth in the rumour that training in this branch will cease for cadets. It is an excellent course and the instruction received will prove invaluable in the service as well as in other fields.

There are many cadets at C.T.E. who are constantly mocking their Supply brethren. At first it was believed that they were jealous over the high athletic standards set by the cadets, or because women seem to prefer men with glasses, and in that respect, the Supply cadets reeked of masculinity. It has become apparent, however, that they are jealous because a Supply cadet makes little or no contribution to everyday life at C.T.E.

To rectify this wrong impression, the Supply cadets, keeping in mind the lessons learned in menu planning (variety, texture, colour, etc.), have decided to submit a menu for one day. If this addition helps reaffirm the waning popularity of cadets, many more well-planned menus will follow.

C.T.E. MENU

*Slack Party will be expected to polish rice from 0600-0630.

BREAKFAST
Rice Tea
Rice Krispies or Puffed Rice
Toasted Rice Bread

DINNER
Rice Paddy Water
Curried Rice
Rice Pudding

SUPPER
Chicken with Rice Soup
Rice Cakes
Rice Krispie Squares
Rice Cream Sundae

The movie to be shown in the Gunroom at 2000 will be
"BITTER RICE"
Starring Silvana Mangano

E-1 and J-1—Ordnance

Early in May the Ordnance class began to assemble at the Cadet Training Establishment, H.M.C. Dockyard, to begin training at the Ordnance School, H.M.C.S. Naden. The class was at once divided into two parts: the first containing six third year types who had all done their initial year of ordnance training the previous summer; the second, a mixed lot of second and third-year types whose only previous training was executive.

The six seniors at once disappeared into the Gunnery Section, where they passed a week stripping and assembling small arms and larger weapons.

Meanwhile the junior's first week was devoted to organization, ammunition and the safekeeping of shell and cordite rooms.

They then began an epic two weeks' struggle with the complexities of fire control.

At the start of the juniors' second week of control, the seniors themselves tackled the same two-week course, which they were able to cover in a more detailed and advanced manner.

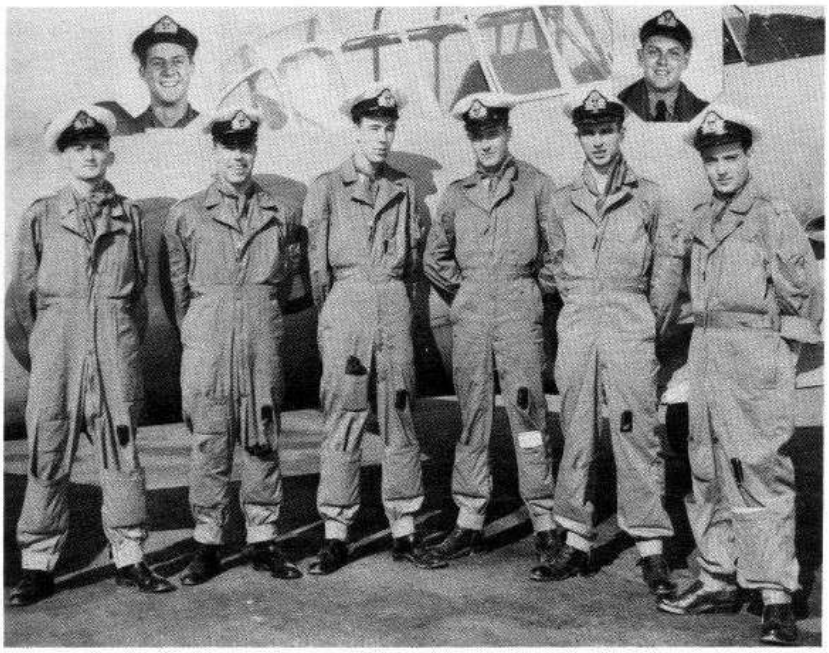
Once the juniors had finished their fire control (or more correctly had been finished by it) they carried on to the gunnery section for another two weeks' course.

To finish off the long course, the whole class ventured into the torpedo section. Many anti-submarine weapons were to be found scattered about the section in quantity with their working parts exposed.

Now that the Ordnance class had successfully completed almost two months of instruction at H.M.C. Ordnance School, it was only logical for its members to go to sea.

During this period on board H.M.C.S. "ONTARIO", the members of the class found themselves gainfully employed at the rather uninspiring but essential tasks throughout the broad expanse of the ship's entire armament. The true significance of the word "routines" was forcibly driven into them. However, the P.O.'s were always more than willing to answer questions and even to permit members of the class to assist with the more complex tasks.

We feel that our training would not have been complete without the practical training received on the ship and we are grateful for it. What we have learned will not be easily forgotten. We have left our mark at C.T.E. in sports as well as on the "men-under-punishment" records and we are proud to have been an integral part of another period of U.N.T.D. summer training.



C.A. 1

CADETS (AIR)
R.C.A.F. STATION
CLARESHOLM, ALTA.

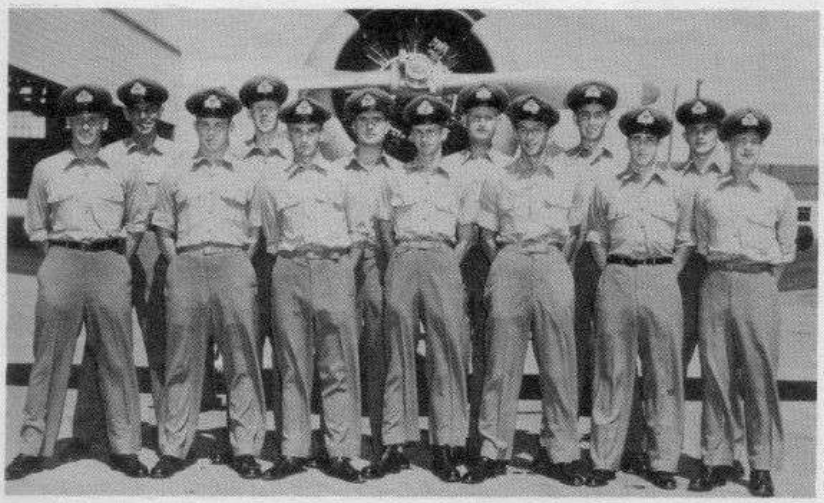
CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS

It would be difficult to find a cadet who does not thrill to the ear-shattering drone of an Avenger aircraft's engine, or whose heart does not lift while he watches spellbound as a Sea Fury flashes past in the cloudless blue. We are referring of course to the "glory-boys" of the U.N.T.D., those lucky (or foolish) enough to be taking air training. The R.C.N. is fortunate that it is on good relations with its jealous rival, the R.C.A.F., for it is through the extensive facilities of the Air Force that pilots for the Navy are trained. The group pictured above are the sole 10 representatives of the U.N.T.D. at the R.C.A.F. Air Station at Claresholm, Alberta. To hear them talk, one would feel that they were happy-go-lucky tourists rather than university men taking serious flight training. "Off hours" talk includes everything from daring dives and "kamikaze" style flight methods to gloriously relaxing weekends spent basking in the perpetual snows of Canada's Rocky Mountains. Although none of them has as yet been near the flight deck of a carrier, they gladly discuss the daredevil chances men of their mould take while attempting to land on the storm-tossed deck of the "Maggie."

These prang specialists are a happy lot however, and they are proud of the distance that they travel on long weekends. The Claresholm crowd find that the snow fields of Banff and Jasper are not enough, necessitating weekend jaunts to places life Montreal or Victoria in their search for excitement and the gay night life of an off-duty pilot.

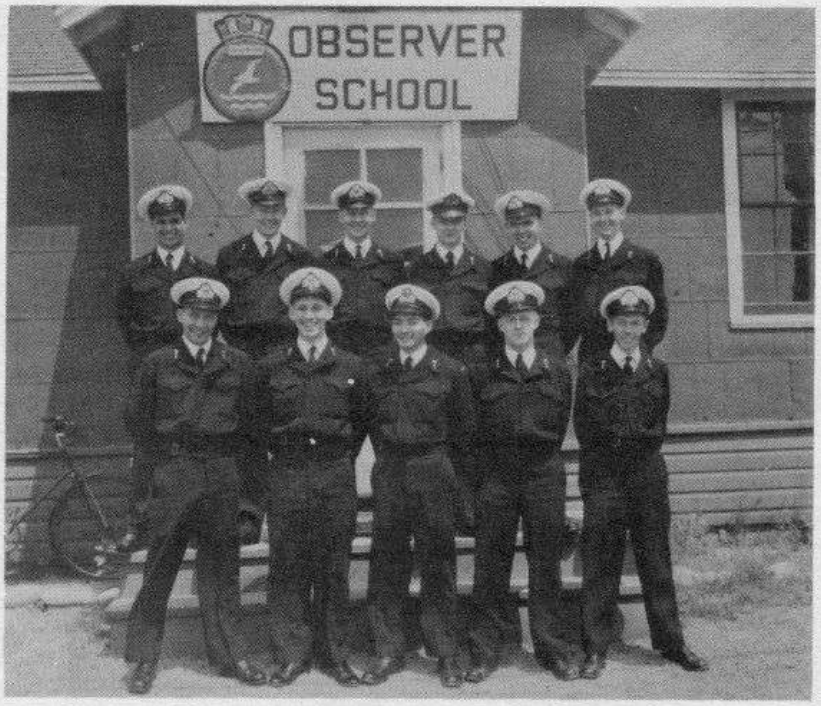
There is no doubt about it, these air chaps are fast becoming the favourite sons of the U.N.T.D.

"A D.O. WILL LISTEN TO ALL PROBLEMS"



CADETS (AIR)
EAST

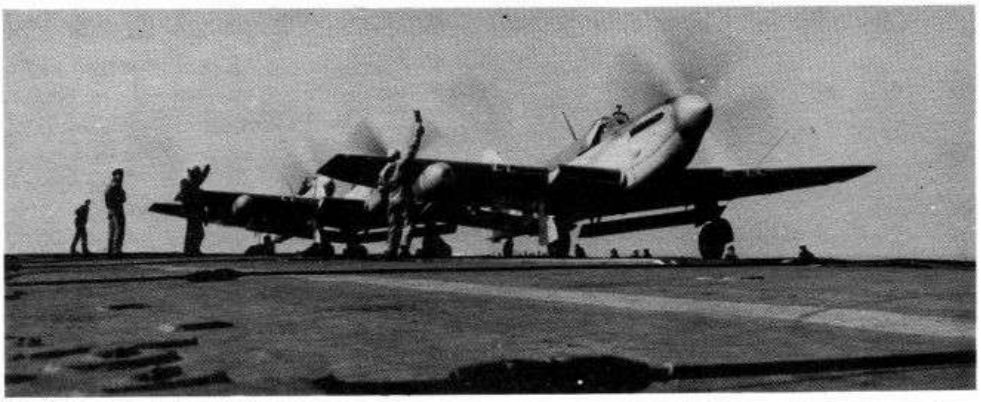
Classes East



AIR
OBSERVERS

AIR
ENGINEERS

Classes East Coast



Riflery

Crack . . . Crack . . . Bang . . . These familiar sounds may be heard Monday and Tuesday evenings in "STADACONA'S" indoor shooting range situated in the famous drill shed. It all started early in the summer and it was largely due to the efforts of Cadet (E) Bill Waring, whose enthusiasm brought about the birth of the cadet rifle club. He, along with the expert advice and experienced guidance of gunnery chiefs Coles and Starky, has made available to cadets an excellent opportunity for recreational shooting.

We started with the smaller bore in the drill shed, where only four may fire at one time, with the idea in mind of graduating to the larger rifle as the summer moved on. Therefore, the cadets were divided into three groups and alloted one night a week. The first group consisted of those cadets with very little or no experience whatever. They were given instruction on handling of a rifle and range rules and then permitted to fire a few targets.

The second group, made up of those with some experience, was given a brush-up on the proper routines and the experienced third group took the third night to get in some practice. After two weeks the three groups formed one which met the first two nights each week.

Shortly afterward, it was noted that the scores were constantly improving and had reached a state where a rifle team, which was by no means permanent, could be chosen. Any six men whose scores are fairly good are selected to represent the U.N.T.D. in planned shoots against Greenwood, Shearwater, Cornwallis, Gunnery School, U.S. Midshipmen and officers of Reserve Training Establishment.

The final aim, of course, is to go on to the ultimate in shooting—outdoor firing with .303 rifles.

In conclusion, it is to be noted that, although we are fairly independent, without the friendly co-operation of our S.O.C., Lt. Cdr. P. R. Hinton, and the advice and aid in making arrangements from such of the navy's better shots as Chiefs Moore, Clarge and Oliver and Lt. Abrahams, we would have great difficulty in continuing.

It is hoped that the organization will spread to the home divisions, with the result that inter-divisional shoots could be held in their own ranges during the winter, the results being passed by mail.

Air Engineers

Here is another White Twist marking the end of another year of successful Air Engineering training. This is only the second class to have gone through H.M.C.S. "SHEARWATER" but already we consider our technical training to be second to none.

The executive side of our summer has not been neglected, for the cadets are completely in charge of N.A.M.S. divisions every morning and afternoon, taking over all the positions from parade G.I. to parade commander. This type of training is invaluable to future officers, for, to quote the familiar (and often hated) navy saying, technical officers are executive officers first and specialists after.

We have been living with the sub-lieutenants in 27 Block and eating in the Wardroom, which is also quite an education in itself.

The class is small, consisting of seven second-year cadets and two third year, who take lectures at S.N.A.M. and obtain practical work at U-hangar and across the road at the main part of the base. There is another group of three third-year cadets who are now at the helicopter hangar.

We consider the life, living conditions and leave to be the best on the East Coast, and we do not think that there is a more contented group of cadets anywhere. We all join in offering our condolences to our friends on the wrong side of the harbour.

ANTIGONISH

ALGONQUIN

Classes East

ATHABASKAN

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Antigonish

Antigonish is well known at "STADACONA". Even our term lieutenant still addresses us with "What's your name?" As soon as we arrived, the second batch of first-year arrivals, we were rushed through a few days of seamanship and shipped off to sea. There, some of us expressed an immediate desire to return to the base, some were all for continuing the cruise, and the rest just remained leaning over the leeward rail.

Lieutenant Robinson and Cadet Captain McKeen pampered us from the start. The familiar cry of "slackers, ho!" soon became our watchword. After this, we rapidly became the best division here. Our term lieutenant says so, our cadet captain says so and our gunnery instructors say so: We just don't have the heart to disclaim it.

Aunty Gonish has two dozen nephews: ten from U. of Manitoba, five from U. of Toronto, five from McMaster and one each from Queen's and U. of Alberta, and two from U.B.C.

P.S.—Halifax is not as bad as we were told, it's worse.

Algonquin

What can a cadet write about his division? There are things he really means and wants to say, and there are things he does not mean but feels obliged to say. The first are seldom accepted as truth because of the second. Every cadet tells his friends in other divisions that his divisional officer is the best in the establishment, and some even have the nerve to stand up for their cadet captains.

The trouble is, though, that most of the cadets reading this will say they really do think a lot of their term lieutenants. In most cases this is true, but few divisions can boast of NEVER having said anything about their attaches to the R.T.C. which was not absolutely favourable. But I am going to leave unsaid what we think of ours because the truth would sound obsequious, and everyone who is interested in us knows that enough cannot be said.

To prove my sincerity, I must admit there are members of the division who fall far short of "damn good guys". Though we only have fifteen (15) men, we have every type —yes, probably every one of them. In almost every voluntary function there is at least one man from Algonquin, but we do not pretend to do everything better than anyone else. After being here a week before any other first-year cadets, we had a good opportunity to be "pusser". It was the middle of June before the first of us was put on slack party, but we were not "pusser" at all. When we were on guard duty, the weather did its best to save our faces, but the one time we went to morning divisions we made a mess of it.

Now that I have made my confession, perhaps you will have faith in my opinions. Due largely to our shortage of "bods", we did not do well in the interdivisional sports, but I will have you know that we have never lost a water polo game. We have sent members to most of the representative teams, and 40 percent of the division was in the Cadet Revue.

Yes, as I have said, we have every type. We have one who went out with the same girl every night for almost two months and thinks he is in love; we have another who went out about as often, but kept changing for precautionary measures. There's one who hasn't been out at all because he's being faithful to a girl he hasn't seen for a year; another is supposedly faithful, but has been seen from time to time snatching a date on the sly. There's another who lists his conquests when he talks in his sleep. And some don't even like the flaming animals!

Athabaskan

We're a rowdy bunch, we are! There's no one that has better parties than we, and there's no one who makes more noise in quiet hours. We take no guff from anyone, and give it to 'em all. We should have adopted the cheer of the "Institute"—and just let anyone try to laugh at us! "We are the boys from Atha-B—we are not rough, we are not tough, but, my, are we determined!"

We have a mighty record! Who was it that looked after the senior ship of the Bermuda Cruise? Who was the only division to have to clean the boilers in the "Wallaceburg"? "Operation Blackface" wouldn't even have been rated a failure, for being so futile, if we weren't there to make Fraser Division feel at home.

If you need convincing proof that we are an admirable division, just look at our term lieutenant and cadet captain. Though hardly two of a sort, they are outstanding examples of what our division is made of. Perhaps our D.O. bears a slight resemblance to an impaled bulldog when he inspects a liberty boat or when he barks out his orders, loud and clear, at hands fall in, but, without a doubt, he's the best of his kind. Take an honourable Athabaskan's word for it.

Anyone can see that our Cadet Captain was an upright Queens' man before he came to us. It is quite agreed in modern business and society that if a man comes from Queen's, he needs no further recommendation. It's hard not to say something good here for "Doc," but he's Officer-of-the-Guard today and he's holding Divisions till I finish this so I haven't time. You can't have Divisions without a Guard, and the Guard won't be a Guard without me. The presence of every member of our division is necessary at all such occasions because we work as a team.

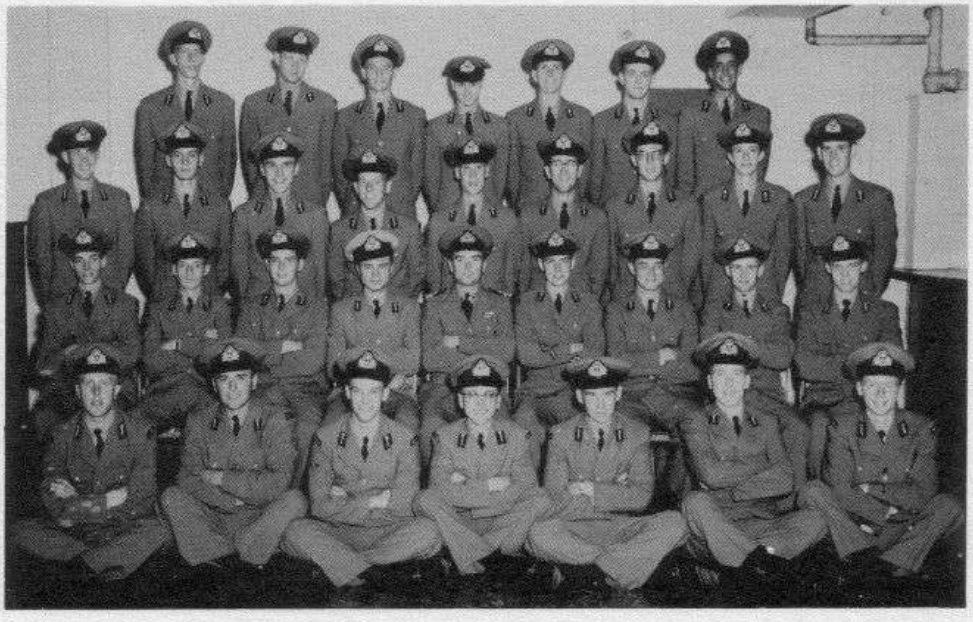
Yes, it was this teamwork that marked our division apart from others, and made this summer's training so enjoyable for all Atha-B's.

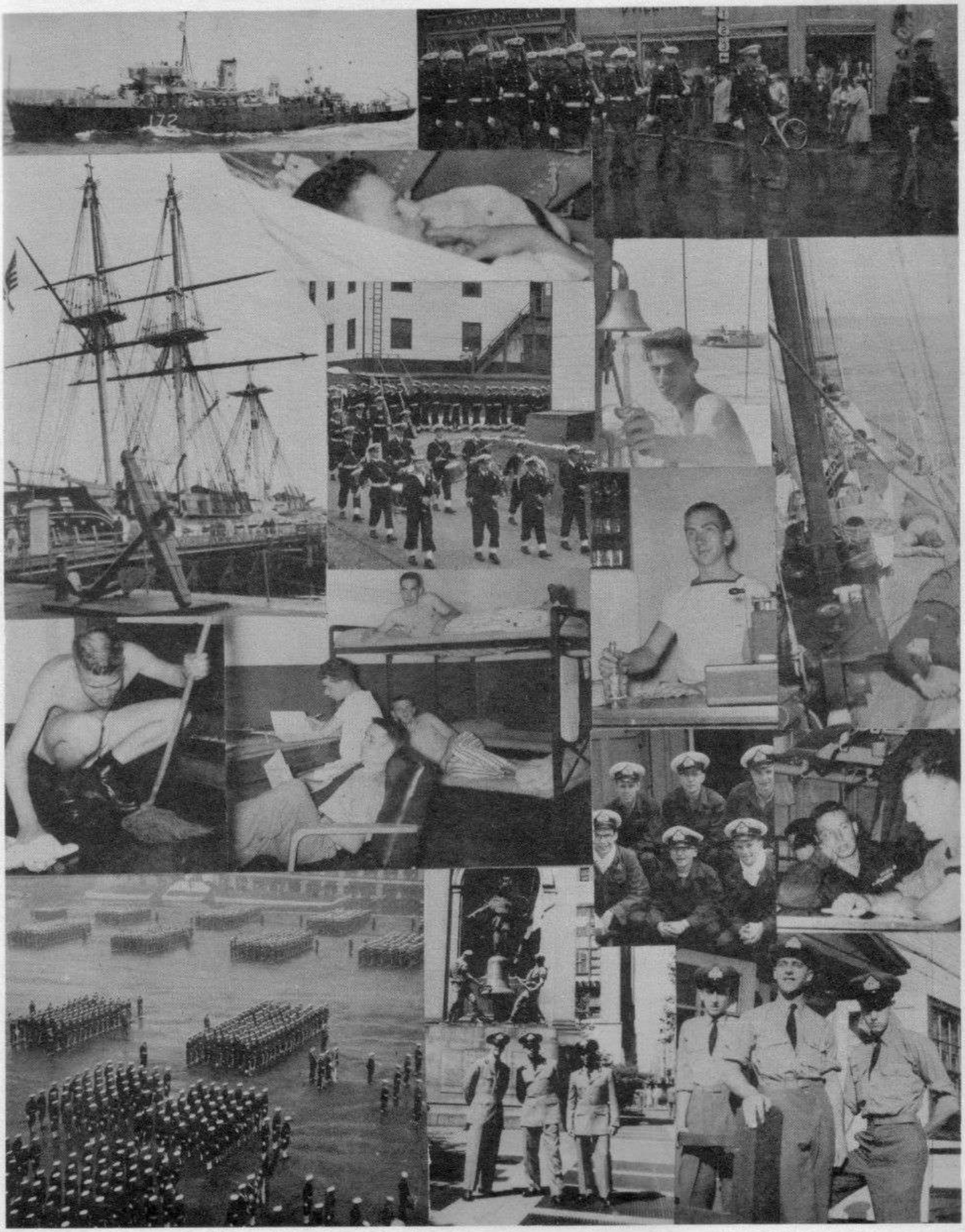
BONAVENTURE

Classes East

CAYUGA

FRAZER





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Bonaventure

Pour la premiere fois depuis sa fondation, le benjamin des Colleges militaires, le College Militaire Royal de St. Jean, envoyait un groupe de ses cadets a l'entrainement naval a Halifax. Quatorze cadets de langue anglaise et treize de langue francaise, tous bilingues, allaient former une division d'aspirants officiers remarquables par leur discipline.

Tous nous fumes rejouis par le nom qu'on allait donner a notre division, car comme celui de notre College, le nom Bonaventure est peu connu en dehors des cadres militaires. L'on prevoit que d'ici une couple d'annees les deux auront conquis une renommee tres enviable.

La Marine Royale Canadienne, pour nous combler encore plus, nous donnait le lieutenant de vaisseau Arnott comme officier de division. Le Lieutenant Arnott, figure familiere pour tous car il est l'officier des sports au college, est un marin experimente. Durant notre sejour a Stadacona, il allait nous donner les conseils utiles que recherchent tous les jeunes aspirants officiers.

Les deux premieres semaines furent consacrees a initier les cadets a l'art naval. Grace au devouement de notre officier, l'on fit multiplier les visites aux centres d'enseignement de la Marine ainsi qu'a differentes classes de navires de guerre.

L'entrainement sur terre est presque complete et dans un avenir rapproche l'on embarquera sur un navire pour une croisiere de quelques semaines. Chaque cadet pourra venter avec orgueil ce qu'il a appris durant le court sejour sur terre.

Puis l'heure du retour sonnera. Tous auront des aventures, des exploits qui interesseront sans doute nos compagnons des autres armes. Nous partirons le coeur un peu serre car il est toujours difficile de laisser loin de soi ce que l'on aime.

Cayuga

The boys of the slide rule and beer stein fame were well represented on the East Coast this summer. We were officially known as Cayuga Division, but referred to by many names. The division consisted of air engineering, constructor, engineering and ordnance cadets. The growing need since Nelson's time for more technical personnel in the navy is gradually being recognized; although reluctantly by many. The engineers who were once alone in the technical branches have now been joined by the above mentioned officers. These branches were all well represented in Cayuga division. The question of what technical cadets do during the summer has been raised many times by many people. For the benefit of those interested, our own memoirs, and those cadets entering technical branches we shall carry on with brief sketches of the training of senior technical cadets.

With sea time being at a premium this year, technical cadets didn't fare so badly on the whole. All the engineers and ordnance cadets got to sea, most of them for six weeks, in ships including H.M.C.S. Magnificent, Quebec, Micmac, Portage and Wallaceburg. On their cruises these ships visited Montreal, Quebec City, Cornerbrook, Bermuda, New York, Seven Islands, Arvida-Port Alfred and other interesting spots. "Maggie" did air exercises in the Atlantic; the "Q" wore the flag of the Flag Officer Atlantic Coast and did full power trials in the Gulf of St. Lawrence; the Micmac escorted the Royal Yacht Britannia and H.R.H. Duke of Edinburgh; Wallaceburg and Portage were training ships for first year cadets and on these, our technical people acted as leading cadets.

For roughly the first month of their summer the engineering types went to Mechanical Training Establishment in "Stad" for a course on the theory of steam, Diesel, refrigeration and administration. There was also some practical work done in M.T.E.'s shops. A Damage Control course was also laid on; in this course the boys learned about Atomic, Bacteriological and Chemical warfare, Damage Control and Fire Fighting. This course is taken at A.B.C.D. School in H.M.C. Dockyard and MacNab's Island. The remainder of the summer was spent at on-the-job training and sea time when available. While at sea these cadets stood Engine Room and Boiler Room watches and learned something of the varied duties of the Engineering Officer at sea.

The two Ordnance cadets in our division this year could always be seen sculling off to a little hole in the wall between gunnery and T.A.S. schools where they say they were taking courses in ships' armament, and general machine shop rabbiting (they have the rabbits to prove this part of it). They went to sea in H.M.C.S. "Micmac" and did on-the-job training for the remainder of the summer.

The training of the three constructor cadets consisted mainly of practical work. An opportunity to study the theory of ship construction was avilable and although no definite lectures were involved, excellent supervision and advice were given by the staff of the Maintenance Constructive Department. The practical work consisted of hull inspection and surveying where much was learned about the practical side of ship repairs and maintenance. The only sea time we were offered was in harbor craft, traversing the large expanse of water known as Halifax Harbor, to the Dartmouth Slips.

Because of the highly dispersed nature of Cayuga Division, some being at H.M.C.S. "Shearwater," H.M.C. Dockyard, and ships at sea, many of us knew not all our "messmates." However, when two or more of us got together ashore, in one of the gunrooms, or aboard a ship at sea, we proved our worth with the beer stein and the familiar strains of "We Are the Engineers." Let all those present know that this was Cayuga Division.

Frazer

"See here, man," the S.O.C. asked the gate sentry, "why don't you stop those cadets climbing over the fence?" "I'm afraid to, sir," he replied, "Those are Fraser Division cadets. The last sentry to challenge them was found horribly murdered. I'm not that brave." While the S.O.C. won't swear to the truth of that story it serves as an illustration of Stadacona's attitude to fabulous Fraser, her number one Division, expressed simply: "If we leave them alone, they'll probably go away."

The division was made up of westerners who wanted to see if eastern ale really was better. The discovery that it was, kept them happy for a few weeks after their arrival but they soon looked from under the table for new diversions. They showed a keen interest in sports and quickly swelled the ranks of the early morning marching and chowder society, where they were sparked on to new heights by such all time greats Butch Millar and Al Millman.

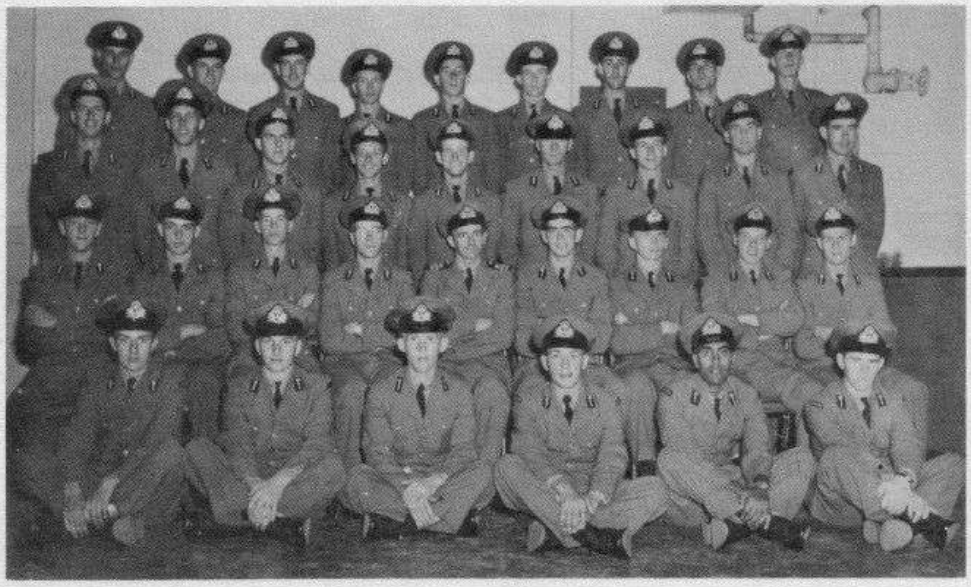
Seeing that all attempts at punishment were useless, the Navy tried to pacify the division by sending them on a cruise to Bermuda and New York. While the voyage did get them away from Halifax for a month, it completely failed to dampen their enthusiasm. Bermuda will probably take months to recover from the weekend the division spent in St. Georges. One of the oldest inhabitants described Fraser as "the damndest thing to hit this ruddy island since the hurricane of '49."

On return to "Stadacona" the division reaffirmed its faith in its official motto, "Non illegitimos Carborundum," and re-established their position as top division by winning almost every athletic event they entered. Their new interest in sports didn't serve to tame them however, and they continued to blight the existence of the cadet captains, who spent so much time during lunch hour making charges that they rarely had time to digest their food.

But punishment had no effect and the navy finally broke down. Commander Smyth expressed the feelings of all his officers and cadet captains when he found some Fraser Cadets hoisting the wheels of S.O.C.'s car to the Parade Square yardarm and screamed—"Thank goodness, they go to the West Coast next year!"

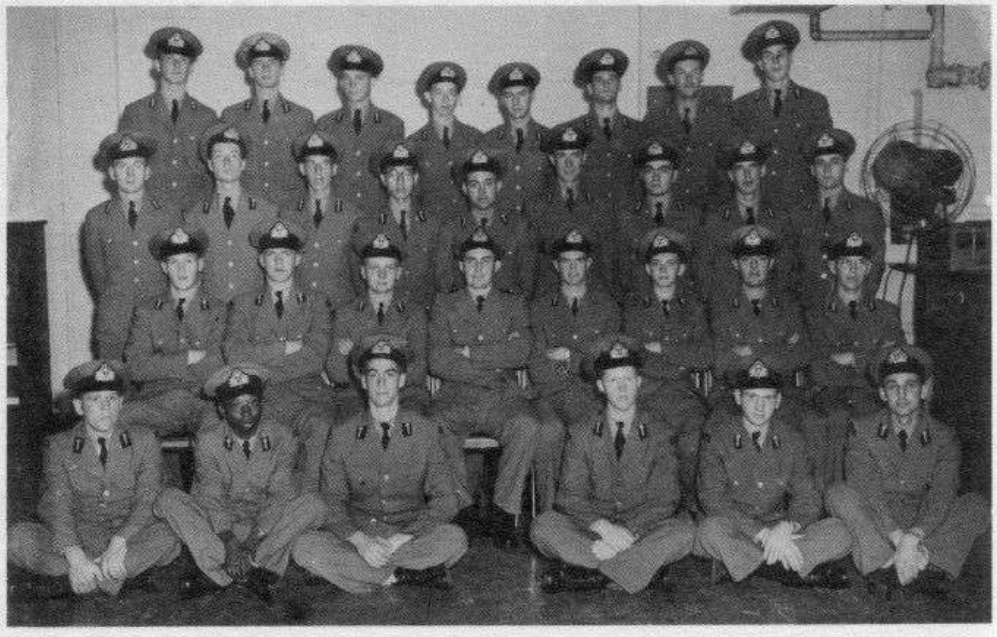
GATINEAU

Classes East



HAIDA

HURON



Gatineau

Now after the death of the old year, it came to pass that the fates moved in high places and it was decreed that there would be born in the new year a new division, its name would be GATINEAU and it would be electrical, it would bring light, and the way would be made clear within the walls of "STADACONA" and they should have good success. But first a forerunner was sent, to prepare the way, Dave McLaren, who appeared and from the hill, swore unto his neighbours, that others were coming, greater than he and whose boot laces he was unworthy to untie. Nor did the fates slumber or sleep, they moved among the places of learning and marked the first born from each household, the choicest of all Canada, and while Halifax slumbered and slept, lo, the newborn division was brought forth wrapped in dripping clothes. But there were three very wise men who came and worshipped, and brought a gift, the book of the laws. And they were strong and very courageous, and increased in stature. They were beheld at a very early period, to be reading the book of the law, and argued the laws with very great wisdom and they were to do according to all the law which was commanded, and they turned not from it to the right hand or to the left, and they increased in favour. Often they were found among the scribes and masters of the school of electricity, who were amazed at the understanding shown by those so young, and they were preserved, and overcame the deadly sins of gyro, electronics, power and communications, which were very many, and they wrought the miracles of electricity to the multitudes. And they were in such favour that they were taken aboard fishing boats, and putting out a little ways off, they preached to the masses from the waters, and all this time they fasted, and ate nothing, living on liquid alone.

And it came to pass that their time of departure drew nigh, and their spirits moved within them and they were sent forth and returned to their fathers who saw them at a great distance and ran to them and placed a ring on their fingers and said, lo, my son was dead but is born again.

Haida

Bearing the name of a famous ship of our Royal Canadian Navy, our division became well known at H.M.C.S. Stadacona for its frolicky attitude and the unforgettable characteristics of most of its members.

Lieutenant Maloney, our Term Lieutenant must have often wondered about the outcome of this summer for us. At times also, our Cadet Captain—D. C. Brown, would have been ready to return to his old status but when all is said, everybody must agree that few, if any, divisions could boast of a better spirit.

When Timmins was imitating one of the officers or playing his part as a Second Senator McCarthy, nobody could help but laugh and be amused. When Champagne was on the stage at the Saint-Jean Baptiste Party, one would have been convinced that he was still four years old and reciting his fable.

But then, when Coulombe played the bugle, sometimes unfortunately to wake us up, we could not fail to admit his talent. This could also apply to his performance at the Cadet Revue, in company with a lovely wren (lucky one!)

Haida was never known as the "pusser" division on parade in the mornings, but then it could not be said to be the worst! We all left Halifax for a month (oh, joy!) to board the Portage on our cruise to Charlottetown and all other points . . . in the vicinity. Our rivalry with Restigouche was kept up for they were aboard H.M.C.S. Wallaceburg.

Before we close off, let us mention a word about our sports ability. Although not first, we fared well ending up the season with a .500 average.

Let us hope most of us will be together again in future years.

Huron

Many years ago, the Huron Indians fought on the side of a rising Canadian Empire. These days, the Hurons are still fighting. In this case, the Indians have been eliminated and in their place, twenty-seven fresh young men are found, who hail from one end of Canada to the other.

Among ourselves, we agree that the Hurons are the best. Under the leadership of Lieut. I. M. Bond and Cdt./Capt. B. C. Waterfield, we have manoeuvred through the tortuous seas of U.N.T.D. first year.

Ours is not a division to brag about athletics (Nootkas, take note!) It certainly isn't due to the fact that we can't brag—why we've never missed a game yet (not saying we won though!) In other cadet activities Huron division has always flourished; that is, slack party and the other delightful forms of cadet entertainment in that same line.

Huron Division has made a great impression on the northern coast of Labrador. Many a large metropolis such as Cartwright, St. Anthony's and Botwood, has come to know us quite well.

We are a normal group. We like make and mends; pipe downs, stand easys, long week-ends, sleeping, sculling, eating, going ashore, the Jubilee, relaxing. We dislike scrubbing, painting the Heads, rope climbing, bright lights and loud comments made after lights out, the middle and morning watches, cleaning belt and gaiters, and washing white cap covers. There is a tremendous feeling of companionship in our division, we all get along tremendously and nobody hesitates to tell the other where to go. This is the way it should be.

Summing it up, it can be put very aptly in the favorite words of one of our favorite petty officers in the "Penetang": Say!—This WAS good!

Iroquois

Those of the GREAT WHITE EMPIRE members of IROQUOIS began arriving around the first of May and the Division finally reached full strength at the end of the month.

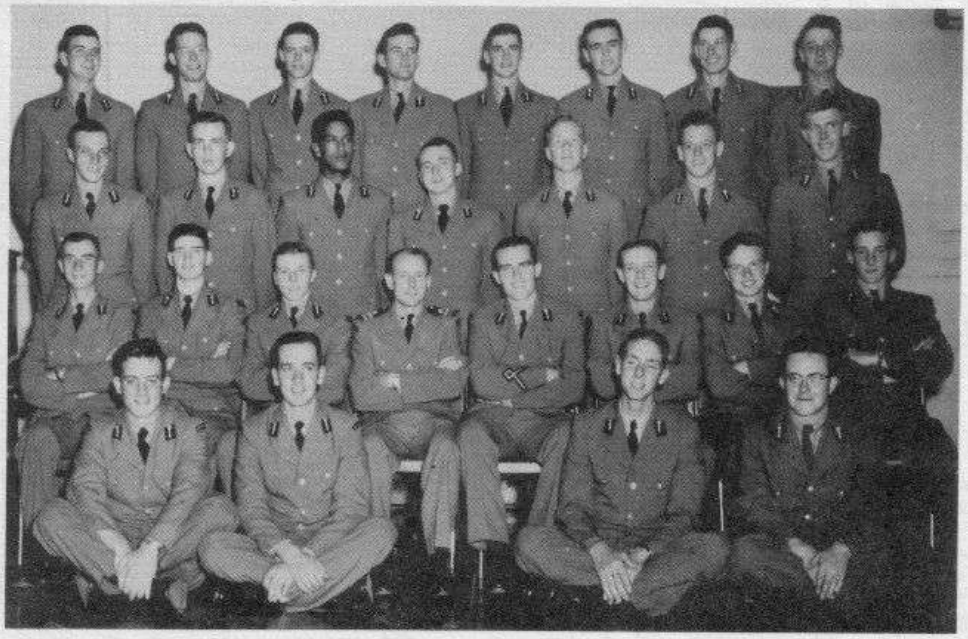
Most of the boys received specific jobs but there were a few unfortunates who found themselves delving into the mysteries of such alien subjects as Navigation and Seamanship.

"On the job training" consisted mainly of work with I.S.F.A. teams and N.S.D., under the supervision of Lieut. (S) Tassie, the Dockyard Planning Officer. This entailed a week of films, lectures and then, work in the various departments. Positions were also filled in Cadet Control and the Supply Office, and the Cadet Library became entirely a Supply commitment. Although no sea training was slated for those of the "White Empire," the majority of the Division got to sea in such ships as H.M.C.S. "ALGONQUIN," "TORONTO," and "MICMAC." The stay in the ships was both interesting and informative and a great deal of practical experience was gained in the actual working of the Supply branch, both afloat and ashore.

All in all this has been a full Summer of work, play (we never were much good at sports) and swindles, and we look forward to wearing that Braid (gold wire 9/16", Officers for the use of.) edged in WHITE next Fall.

IROQUOIS

Classes East



MICMAC

NOOTKA

Micmac

Micmac—now that name rings a bell for some reason or another. Let's see what makes this name roll so easily from my lips. Why now I know; they were a tribe of fearless Indians of the Iroquois family and if anyone has bothered to look at us twice we certainly are doing our best to keep up the tradition.

A wilder group of boys, you have yet to meet, but when the chips are down we can be counted on.

At the time of writing, Micmac had the highest average in Navigation I. Since then, we have been to sea for three weeks, during which time we have become "old salts."

We have some very definite characters in our select group. We are from both extremities of the country. John Cornick is from St. John's, Nfld., and Dave Frisby and Stan Fyfe are from Vancouver, and the rest are mostly from Montreal and Ottawa.

Dave DeBelle and his "uke" have kept us amused and entertained for many an evening. Stan Fyfe's tape recorder has proved a boon as well as an eavesdropper of no small repute. Many Skylarks have been staged with this instrument.

Jean Martel, a French-speaking boy from Trois-Rivieres has been the goat for many good natured jokes about his difficulty with the English language. Without this distraction many of our classes would have been awfully boring. Some of his answers to questions have turned the class down with side-splitting laughter.

As these few sketches show, we are a real melting pot of good nature, diligence, conscientiousness, and full of that elusive thing, "esprit de corps."

We have been fortunate inasmuch as our divisional officer, Lieutenant J. W. Carroll, has proved to be a top notch officer, strict but always ready to laugh with us.

Let's hope we're together next year.

Nootka

Did you see that heading? How could you miss it, for after all we are THE division. Did someone ask about our main qualities? Well, naturally modesty is in the fore-front. Modest! Of course we are, just ask us. But seriously, you must have noticed the mark we left on Stadacona, on Halifax and on the R.C.N. Did you hear about our baseball team? What, you missed it! Impossible, we haven't lost a game—against the rest of the cadets, some sort of officers' team, and the "Portage Crew." Gord Rintoul (Skipper) and Johnny Whyte have this pitching business sewed up as tight as the lacing on a baseball. And our infield—fabulous. Our outfield!—fantastic Modest, that's us, almost bashful about our amazing success.

But don't go away, I'm not nearly through yet. I haven't mentioned cruise "Charlie" on board H.M.C.S. "Portage." "Join the navy, see Newfoundland"—you must have seen the posters, so we went over to foggy Newfoundland, down the foggy St. Lawrence and into sunny Murray Bay. Oh, you heard about us in Murray Bay? Sure its true, Hughie, Johnny and Mitch all got married, and the twenty-four others have bought one way tickets back to La Mallaie; Claude St. Pierre a trouve quelque chose de bon a Clermont, quel operateur!

Social occasion of the year—Lieut. Whalen, our Term Lieutenant acquired himself a wife, and unfortunately had to miss the first week of our cruise. We commiserate.

But what about our scholastic status. Well, our navigation seems to be slightly interrogative, our flashing slightly interrogative, our seamanship pretty hot, our communications slightly interrogative—but wow, you should see us play baseball, did I tell you about it—don't got yet!

Our basketball team with "are-oh-teepee" Grimmy and lofty Bob McMinn must be just about tops, but they never seem to let us play. You should see Blackies' hook-shot!

We are not too good at pulling, in fact we are pitiful, so we can leave this to divisions with more pull than we have. Other faults, uh . . . Yes, that's just about it. Our Divisional C/C Ross Burnham, thinks we are pretty wonderful, oh joy! Just ask him . . . on second thought, belay that last pipe.

But what about all the other types in Nootka I haven't mentioned, Chuck, Horgy, Bugsy, Shadow, tons more valuable citizens, and then there's me. Long live the spirit of Nootka, we've had a terrific year—just ask us.

Restigouche

Of all the groups of cadets in H.M.C.S. Stadacona, Restigouche can be said to be one of the best. This is at least what all members of this division will say to you if you happen to mention the subject around a glass of beer in the gunroom. Each one will even add that he has the best term lieutenant, the best cadet captain—but then, what division will not say the same?

Restigouche's main fame is obviously on the sports field. When the July 26th standings were published, our division was far ahead of everyone, percentagewise. Out of fourteen games played, we had won eleven and lost only three for a .786 average. In basketball and volleyball, we were undefeated while in softball, we had a 6-2 record which, in that department, still put us ahead. Waterpolo was our only Waterloo, and then we only played one game.

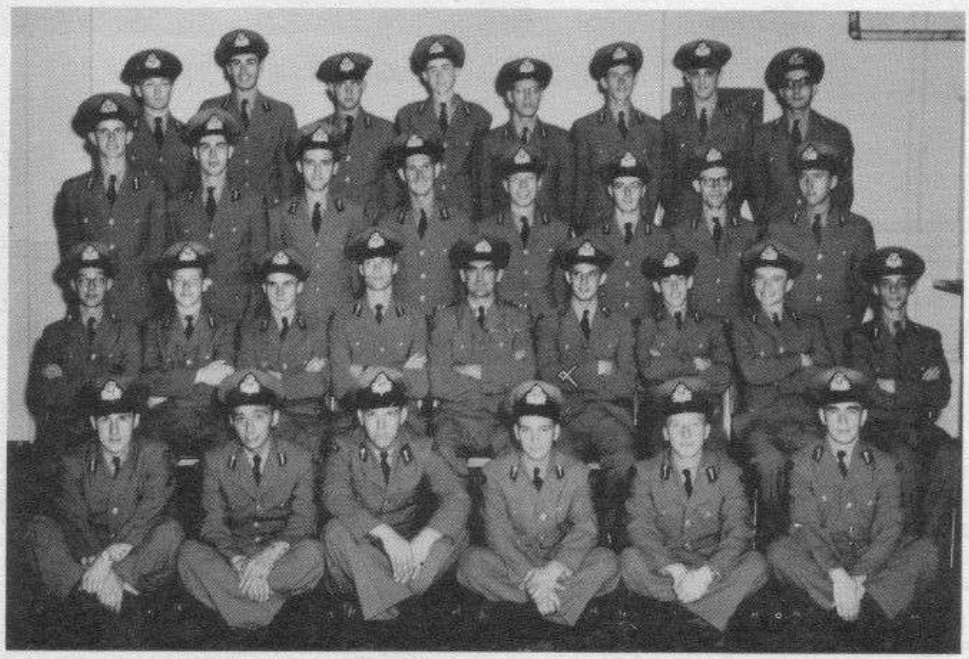
Our division was formed with cadets from everywhere but the majority of us came from around the Great Lakes. Hunter had the greatest representation (10), followed by Prevost (8), Scotian (5) and Carleton (2). Donnacona, Queen Charlotte, Cataraqui only had one of their flag bearers among our midst.

All in all, it can be said that our division fared well in every field and many of us will remember for long the numerous events of this momentous summer.

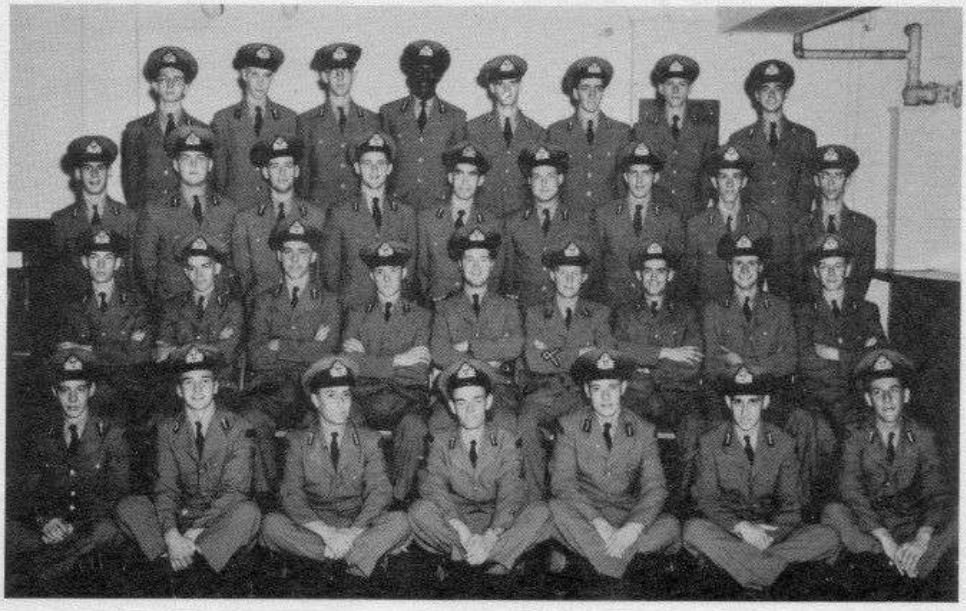
RESTIGOUCHE

SAGUENAY

Classes East



SIOUX



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Saguenay

PROLOGUE:

"Mighty Saguenay"—the 10th first year class at H.M.C.S. Stadacona (1954) had a very prosperous summer. This division took many honours in the field of sports, drill, dramatics and academic achievement.

Cadet Captain Vinson and Lieut. Blades gave excellent leadership and guidance.

The cadets worked hard, played hard, and enjoyed their naval training. In ten years to come, this will be the 1964 Roll Call of Mighty Saguenay.

JEAN-CHARLES BRUYERE—"Admiral Jackson, from boy seaman to Admiral."

ANDRE CHARLAND—"Making Johnsons for Lt. Blades."

BOB CHEVRIER—"Minister of Naval Transportation."

R. JEAN COTE—"Owner of the Lord Nelson Hotel—S.O.C. invited."

ANDRE COTE—"Ready for the High Jump."

GASPARD COTE—"Coxswain of his own whaler."

JACQUES DESNOYERS—"Training for the 880-yard at a cocktail party."

JOHN DYKE—"Broad Jumping . . . for R.C.N. (R)."

HENRI GAUDET—"Raising his own Navy."

PAUL GAUTHIER—"Now Chief Batman for Chief Petty Officer Coles."

ROGER GAUTHIER—"Watching the 'French Lines' with his field glasses."

MARCEL (Mother) GAUTHIER—"Looking after his little sailors."

AL HAZELL—"Studying Nav. I favorably."

PIERRE JEAN—"Chief Cook for the R.T.C."

DAVID KILLAM—"Tying bow ties for Mess dinners at Admiralty House."

JOHN LOUGH—"Still looking for his 'chapeau'."

PIERRE MASSON—"Pitching curve balls."

HUGH MacPHERSON—(Moved to Arabia). "Doorman in the Sultan's Harem."

AL (Porky) McLEAN—"Extra Duty party, Slack Party, Men under stoppage of leave . . . Woe!"

"SCOTTY" NICKERSON—"Playing the pipes for 'Commander's Mess dinners'."

JAMES NOONAN—"Flag Officer—Siberian Command."

LOUIS PAOLI—"Selling 'Fair Note Books' @ $1.00 a piece."

RON POWERS—"Chief engineer of the Calcara."

SPRUCE RIORDON—"Teaching Navigation at Annapolis."

ANDRE SAUVAGEAU—"Teaching girl scouts to wrestle."

HERB SAUVE—"Picking nickles out of phone booths for charity."

MERV. SCOTT—"Commander G"—gaiters and all!

JEAN TRANQUIL—"Marching for the Royal Precision Squad."

AL TROUBETSKOY—"Still looking for Olga."

RICHARD VAN SICKLE—"Now R.T.C. (Stadacona)—Very good! Now double away smartly."

J. "DUFF" VAUGHAN—"Securing his bath tub fleet."

Sioux

Une des dernieres divisions a se former a Halifax, la Sioux n'est certes pas la moindre du H.M.C.S. Stadacona—"The last but not the least" comme diraient nos compatriotes de langue anglaise. En effet notre division sait temoigner un grand enthousiasme en toute circonstance. Regardons de plus pres de quele trempe son les membres de cette illustre tribu. Sur 32 cadets on en compte 31 de la Province de Quebec, venant de Laval, Montreal ou McGill, la plupart de langue francaise et quelques-uns de langue anglaise, tous cependant tres joyeux. Voila en quelques mots l'aspect general des Sioux de la bourgade de Stadacona.

Retardataires de plusieurs semaines, nous sommes arrives ici avec un obstacle a surmonter des le debut. Mais l'energie du Lieutenant Barbeau, et la determination de notre cadet-capitaine B. Cox sut nous enthousiamer pour faire de nous un autre membre de la base navale.

Cependant un evenement fort heureux survint quelques jours apres notre arrivee et nous donna l'occasion de manifester cet entrain que l'on atendait de nous. Cet evenement fut la celebration de la fete de la Saint-Jean Baptiste. La soiree fut gaie du commencement a la fin, et la Sioux ne manqua pas de se faire valoir par sa camaraderie et sa bonne humeur sans pareille. Jeunesse, vigueur et entrain sont bien ce qui caracterise le peuple canadien-francais; on retrouve les trais memes elements au sein de la Sioux.

Mais il ne faudrait pas passer sous silence l'esprit de corps qui se manifeste de jour en jour et qui fait de notre division un tout vivant et homogene. Dans les sports, on peut reconnaitre immediatement cette determination qui caracterise les champions. Cependant, meme dans la defaite (ce qui est commun a tous) l'esprit d'equipe n'en est pas pour autant amoindri, et les Sioux recouvrent vite le sourire pour entonner de nouvreau leur fameux cri de guerre.

S'il s'agit de faire resplendir les poignees de porte des carbines du "F" Block, ou encore d'eliminer tout grain de poussiere des decks, on s'adresse frequemment a nous, et malgre tout, les bottines resplendissent quand meme, sous le soliel matinal, le lendemain aux divisions.

Meme si elle forme un tout tres uni, la division est composee d'individus qui se distinguent les uns des autres. Cette diversite contribue sans doute a animer le coin du "F" block que nous occupons. Cadets de premiere annee, nous devons sourier au Slack-party, au "Duty Watch," et au "Stoppage of Leave," mais nous savons surmonter ces obstacles sans broncher. Voila ce que l'on peut dire des gens du Quebec venus chercher une vie de discipline a H.M.C.S. Stadacona.

Warrior

Warrior Division was composed of third year Executive Cadets, those adventurous souls who decided to have a third summer of U.N.T.D. life. Their executive training this past summer has ranged from the exalted position of Captain of the Parade to the more ignoble occupation of Captain of the Heads and a cadet could find himself in both of these positions on two consecutive days.

From Warrior Division was drawn the cadet governing force of Cadet Captains. They were given Junior Divisions to look after and act as big brothers to. Unlike the West Coast the East Coast policy is "Once a Cadet Captain, always a Cadet Captain."

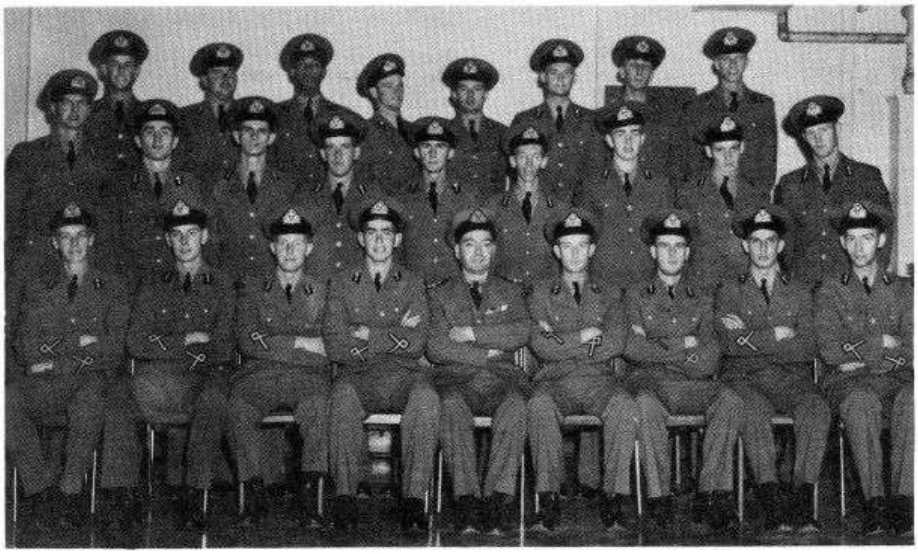
Because of the large number of Cadet Captains in the division and since the Cadet Captains all played sports with their own Junior Divisions, Warrior Division made no showing in inter-divisional sports. However, many of the members of the Division played on various representative teams. Members of the Division starred in soccer, volleyball, water polo and basketball.

Many of the third year executive cadets were lucky enough to take part in Tramid '54. The training was worthwhile in that it gave us an opportunity to see the overall picture of a large amphibious attack. The warm Virginia sunshine especially on the beaches was also a very enjoyable change from our variable Halifax weather.

Third year executive courses included T.A.S., Gunnery and Radar. Much of the Gunnery was completed on board H.M.C.S. "Micmac" which catered to third year cadets for their cruise.

To conclude, third year executive training has had its "ups and downs." It has allowed us to see a little more of both sides of Navy life. It has taught many of us to grin and bear many aspects of this life which many often passed off or dismissed as Nelsonian tradition. It has in short prepared us a little more for the life of an R.C.N. officer.

Classes East



WARRIOR DIVISION

R.C.N. MUSEUM - ESQUIMALT

Although as old as the Dockyard itself, the R.C.N. Museum Building in Esquimalt, has just recently been allocated for that purpose.

Under the guiding hand and able direction of Commander W. S. McCully, the Museum has steadily progressed since January of this year until on August 11, it was officially opened to the public for Navy Day.

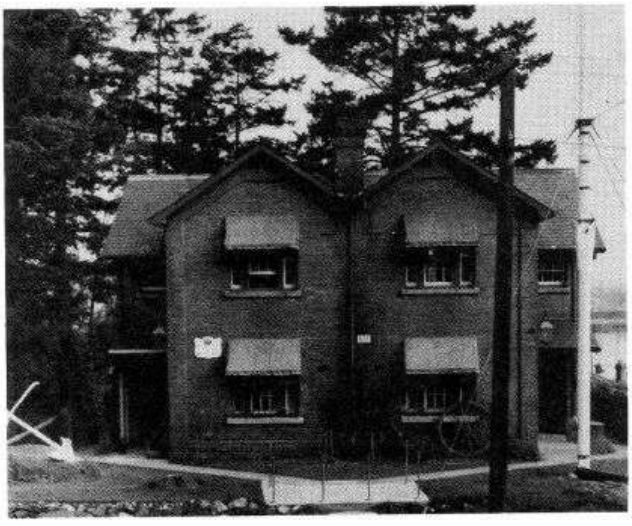
With the help of Cadets Bendrodt and Mialkowski, the various models were assembled and arranged in such rooms as the Weapons Room, the Model Rooms, the Whaling Room, and the Uniform Room.

Of the many antique pieces on display, it is difficult to say which is the most outstanding. Rather, we can mention several items of major import.

Under glass can be found an exact replica of Columbus' flagship, the "Santa Maria," while in the Weapons Room hangs Adolph Hitler's Naval Standard, taken at Bremerhaven during the collapse of his illustrious Third Reich. Just recently, an eighteenth century Nautical Telescope was presented by the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich, England, and is now on display. Cadets of today can consider themselves extremely fortunate that their "journals" need not contain some of the exacting material found in the 523 pages of a Midshipman's Journal dating back to 1805.

These are but a few of the many and varied items on view in the museum. Although the collection is still small, it is hoped that public and Naval interest will give the museum the impetus needed to make it one of the finest in the R.C.N.

R.C.N. MUSEUM BUILDING



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CRUISES EAST

(Continued from Page 10)

covered the place, from 125th St. to the Fulton Fish Market, seeing everything from Harlem to the Bowery, and everybody from Norman Vincent Peale to Rocky Marciano. Ah, we really lived it up!

The trip back was anti-climatic, but the weather was fine, and it was then that we began to feel a definite attachment to the Wallaceburg and the men on board. Speaking quite seriously, I will say that we were sorry to have to leave the ship when the time came, and we looked back on the three hectic weeks of the cruise as the best part of the summer. And so endeth my tale, with a picture of these men with hearts of oak, setting their salt-caked boots on the shore, heaving their sea bags to their shoulders, carefully adjusting a look of pitying scorn on their faces for all the landlubbers, and starting the long climb back up the hill.

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would like to take this opportunity
of sincerely thanking

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