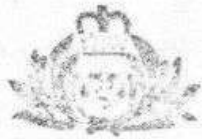
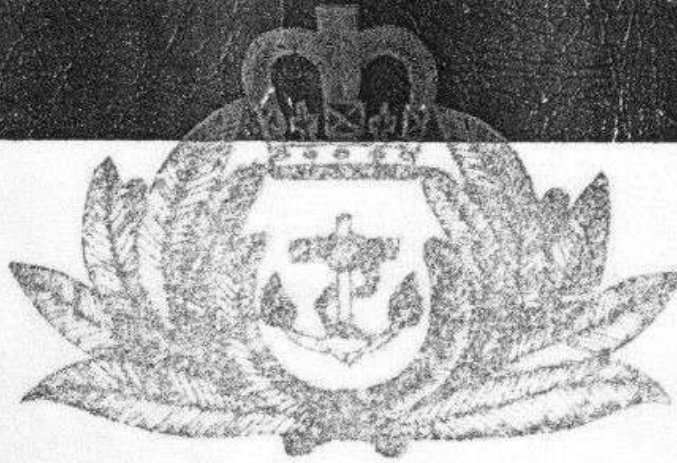


White Twist



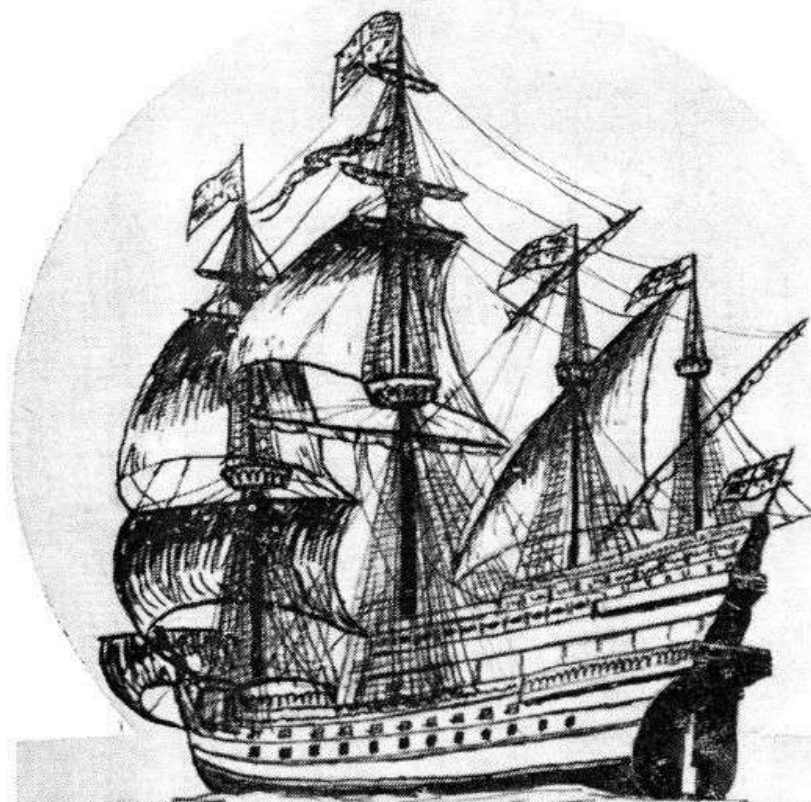
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the White Twist - 1956

Published by the Cadets of the

**Royal Canadian Navy, and
Royal Canadian Navy (Reserve)**

at the

University Naval Training Divisions

at

| | | | | | | |
|---------|----------|-----------|----------|-------------|---------|-----------|
| Chatham | Malahat | Discovery | Nonsuch | Tecumseh | Unicorn | |
| Queen | Chippawa | York | Carleton | Prevost | Griffon | Cataraqui |
| Hunter | Star | Donnacona | Montcalm | Brunswicker | Queen | Charlotte |
| | | Scotian | Cabot | Caribou | | |

THE CANADIAN SERVICES COLLEGES AT
Royal Roads **Royal Military College**
College Militaire Royal de St. Jean

ON SUMMER TRAINING AT THE
Reserve Training Establishments
HMCS Stradacona, Halifax
HMC Dockyard, Esquimalt

*Published by kind permission of Rear Admiral K. F. Adams, C.D., R.C.N.,
Flag Officer, Naval Divisions*

U. N. T. D.

... after ten years of peacetime effort



It is now ten years since the U.N.T.D. programme entered on its peacetime life. This would seem an appropriate moment to review the undertaking and to restate its purposes.

The U.N.T.D. programme was devised during the war by Professor A. W. Baker (later Captain (SB) RCN (R) of the Ontario Agricultural College to ensure that the Navy would have its fair share of University men. At the same time it permitted students in certain faculties to continue their studies during the academic months and to serve afloat during the summer. All were dressed as seamen and served on the lower deck unless they acquired a commission. Through the programme many hundreds of young Canadians came to the Navy to do their part in winning the war.

During the 1945-46 academic year considerable thought was given at Naval Headquarters to the future of the U.N.T.D.'s and it was decided to continue them. Not the least of the factors which influenced this decision was the resolution passed by the 1946 National Conference of Canadian Universities that they should support the armed forces on the campus to a much greater degree than before the War. But the most cogent argument was the strategic necessity, in the light of new weapons and techniques, to mobilize quickly and to fight from the beginning. No longer would time and space protect us for years while we slowly gathered our strength. Thus, an active, well-trained, up-to-date reserve was a national necessity. To such a reserve the U.N.T.D.'s could make a significant contribution — intelligent young men with time to be trained and, in certain fields, the essential technical background which only a university could provide, should develop into first class officers.

For two years the U.N.T.D.'s continued to drill in the Divisions and to train at the Coasts dressed as seamen. There are a number of reasons for believing that groups of officers are best trained in an officer's atmosphere. A paper setting forth these reasons and sketching a UNTD programme in which the candidates would be cadets was presented and approved early in 1948. Since then all UNTD's have been Cadets in their various branches for

their time in the programme. Cadet Uniforms, gunrooms, special conditions of training — all have stemmed from that beginning.

The old motto of chivalry *NOBLESSE OBLIGE* applies with much truth to the UNTD's. They have had the special advantage of higher education and training in both the University and the Navy. They have therefore the special obligation of using their knowledge in the service of their fellow-Canadians. In civil life they will occupy positions of responsibility and influence to which they can bring a reasoned appreciation of what sea-power means to this country. They should not fail to continue whether in the Active Reserve or on the Retired List to keep abreast of Naval and Maritime developments and to give leadership to their Communities in these fields. In the naval profession they should be adaptable and broad-minded as a result of their university years and able to enrich the Service through their interests and friends.

Ten years ago the letters "UNTD" were a meaningless jumble to all but an esoteric few; now they stand for a distinctly Canadian organization which has become well known from St. John's to Victoria both in naval circles and in civilian life. It should be the task of all in the movement to make it even better and more favourably known.

In conclusion I would sum up the aims of the U.N.T.D. programme as:

- (1) To provide a continuing flow of well-trained officers to the Active List of the RCN(R).
- (2) To provide a number of officers for the R.C.N.
- (3) To maintain on the Retired List of the RCN(R) a group of officers who will come onto the Active List or who will take naval training whenever circumstances permit and who will always be available in an emergency.
- (4) As civilians to act as interpreters of sea-power and of the RCN to the people of Canada.
- (5) As naval officers to maintain a high standard of cultural and mental development and to encourage this in the Service.



C. H. Little

Instructor Commander



Foreword

The White Twist 1956 marks the re-establishment of our UNTD annual magazine after suspension in 1954. In order not to interfere with the summer training program, a new method of editing and publishing was adopted:- one home Division will be responsible for the publication each year, with the summer periods being used primarily for the collection of editorial material, photos, and subscriptions.

This edition was undertaken by the Cadets of the University of British Columbia, connected with HMCS "Discovery", Vancouver, B.C. The White Twist 1957, at present in the early stages of organization, is the responsibility of Cadets of the University of Manitoba, a tender of HMCS Chippawa at Winnipeg.

There have been many obstacles to overcome and lessons to learn during the reorganization; no doubt the future will bring more. The important thing is that The White Twist has resumed publication. It was difficult to explain to many of the newer Cadets the scope and aim of the White Twist, since they had not seen any of the earlier editions. And so the initial response was slow, but the effort was fruitful finally, and the result is now in your hands. Please be tolerant!

It is a wonderful thing to be able to look back over one's years of Cadet training with the UNTD, and recall with a smile the many instances that were entertaining, amusing, disappointing, disheartening . . . but always encouraging. During training we had the priceless opportunity to make acquaintances and good friends, to learn under officers of high calibre and higher ideals. Back at home and at university and college again, we have been able to develop these acquaintances and cement the friendships.

This atomic age has not diminished the importance of the great oceans and man's ability to use them. Tactics of war are changing, but the sea is eternal. Today, as in the past, freedom of the seas is vital to Canada's security and prosperity.

In the event of hostilities, our training as junior officers will enable us to take our places quickly and smoothly, as many of our fathers did a few years ago; together, as a team, we shall cherish our traditions and discharge our duty as is expected of us.

Dum Vivimus Vivamus



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CADET S. B. ALSGARD

publication board, white twist 1956

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* Before such a publication as this can become reality, the co-operation of many people is necessary. The Editorial Board of the White Twist extends its grateful acknowledgement to:-

* Our advertiser-friends, whose wholehearted co-operation is responsible in a major degree for our publication;

* The Photographic Sections of Atlantic and Pacific Commands for assistance in collecting official photographs;

* Cadets B. G. DuTemple, M. F. Bartlett, P. Sutherland, L. W. May . . . and the many others whose assistance and diligence were invaluable.

the ROYAL CANADIAN NAVY

by H. Blair Neatby

Canada has been described as the product of the conflict between geography and history; a North American nation linked to Europe by its historic origins. The Royal Canadian Navy has suffered from this conflict. The defence of Canada involves protection against invasion by sea. Even to the South, the Great Lakes form a large segment of the border; to the east, to the west and even to the north, invading forces must come from the sea. And yet for historical reasons, Canadians in the past have given little thought to problems of naval defence. There have been naval battles on the Great Lakes but by an agreement with the United States in 1817 naval forces on the Great Lakes were prohibited; since that time the problem of defending our southern boundary has been solved by the consolidation of Canadian-American friendship. For coastal defences, Canadians in the past were able to rely on the protection of the British navy. Canada is also vulnerable on the sea for economic reasons, because she is so dependent upon overseas exports and imports, but again Canadians in the past have been able to ignore this danger because the British navy was there to protect merchant vessels. Thus, despite Canadian geography, there was no Royal Canadian navy before the twentieth century.

The Canadian government only became concerned with naval problems when the security provided by the British navy was challenged. The British taxpayer had borne the entire cost of the naval defence of the Empire, but in the first decade of the twentieth century, with the spiralling cost of the modern warship and the naval armaments race with Germany, the British taxpayer found the burden too great. The obvious solution was to turn to the British Dominions for assistance since the Dominions were benefitting from British naval supremacy. Canada and the other Dominions admitted their obligation and were willing to assist Great Britain. The difficult problem was to decide what form this assistance should take.

Most naval strategists saw no problem. They viewed the problem of naval defence from the point of view of efficiency and by this criterion it was obvious that the solution was to increase the size of the British navy. Separate Dominion navies would be strategically unsound; as the First Lord of the Admiralty argued in 1902, "The sea is all one, and the British Navy therefore must be all one." The Dominions could contribute financial aid to the British government and Dominion contributions of men could be arranged by enlistments in the British navy. Although Canadians did not deny that this was the most efficient solution to the problem of naval defence of the Empire, many Canadians did argue that it was politically undesirable and even impossible. Canadians were no longer colonials, and were not willing to leave the control of Canadian naval defence entirely to British officials. The suggested alternative was a Canadian navy, with Canadian ships manned



Dr. H. B. Neatby B.A. (Sask), M.A. (Oxon), PhD (Toronto) is a lecturer in Canadian history at the University of British Columbia.

by Canadians, but a navy which could be integrated with the British navy in the event of a major war.

This policy of a Canadian navy was adopted in 1910. The Canadian government took over the full responsibility for the naval bases of Halifax and Esquimalt in that year, purchased two old cruisers — the Niobe and the Rainbow — from the Admiralty as training ships, and proposed to establish and man a navy consisting of one Boadicea and four Bristol class cruisers and six destroyers with a total complement of some two thousand officers and men. This Canadian navy never materialized because the international emergency caused by the accelerated construction of German battleships convinced many Canadians that an immediate cash contribution for the construction of British dreadnoughts should have priority. Canadians were still debating about Canadian naval policy in 1914, and the war began with no Canadian navy and no contributions made to the British navy. In 1914 the total strength of the RCN and RCNVR did not exceed six hundred officers and ratings.

With war declared, naval policy was determined by the state of emergency rather than by considerations of Canadian autonomy. Since Canada had no ships and inadequate training facilities it was agreed that she should concentrate on military contributions. The submarine menace along the Atlantic supply line to Great Britain modified this policy to some extent; the Niobe being used for escort duty until retired in 1915, and Canadian-built trawlers taking over anti-submarine patrolling along the Atlantic coast by 1918. Still other Canadians enlisted in the British navy. The total navy enlistments exceeded ten thousand.

Thus the end of the war found Canadian naval policy still undetermined. Canadian autonomy had developed remarkably during the war and it was soon decided that Canada would not be satisfied with contributing to the British navy but must have a navy of its own. This still left the problems of the kind and size of navy required. Should the Canadian responsibility be restricted to the defence of her coasts and harbors, or should she also assist the British navy in the protection of ocean trade and communications? Again Canadians spent their time debating naval policy with meagre results in terms of ships or personnel. The international optimism engendered by the League of Nations and disarmament agreements strengthened the advocates of retrenchment, and by 1921 only two Canadian destroyers were in commission, to train a proposed naval reserve force of fifteen hundred officers and men. Indeed, as late as 1933 it was suggested that the Canadian navy should be dispensed with entirely.

Once again the imminent danger of war revived Canadian concern for the navy. After 1935 increased appropriations for the navy had some tangible results. By 1939 the Royal Canadian naval force consisted of six destroyers with a complement of two thousand, and plans had been made to expand the force to eighteen destroyers and a flotilla of motor torpedo boats. The Canadian navy was better prepared than it had been in 1914 — it could hardly have been otherwise — but it was about to face a chal-

Continued Next Page

Lieutenant-Commander E. S. Price . . .

Lieutenant-Commander E. S. Price is a man who has had a long, varied and honourable career with the Navies of the commonwealth, and who has rendered great service to the U.N.T.D. movement. After being in the merchant service before the war, he joined the R.N. in 1940 and served with the mother navy throughout the war. When the Royal Indian Navy was formed LCDR. Price became early a member and staunch proponent of it. On leaving the navy he started a toy factory, but he soon gave this up and came to Canada where he shortly found himself back "in harness" once again and attached to the Sea Cadets at Nelson, B.C. In 1952 he became Staff Officer U.N.T.D. at the University of British Columbia, and after spending two years in this capacity he became Assistant Training Commander (Cadets) at Esquimalt. It is in this capacity that most U.N.T.D. cadets know him. He is now off again, this time to distant Viet Nam, where he will be attached to the Truce Commission.



HISTORY OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN NAVY — Continued from page 5

lence of unparalleled magnitude for which it was almost hopelessly inadequate. These destroyers and, far more important, the men who had received some naval training on them, were to provide the nucleus for the wartime navy, but the nucleus was pitifully small.

The major task of the Royal Canadian navy throughout the war was the protection of Atlantic shipping. It was a task of fundamental significance; if Great Britain was even to survive, sea-borne trade had to reach her, and if Great Britain was ever to become the base for an assault on Europe the volume of traffic would have to be tremendous. Shipping could be destroyed by German raiders but protection against raiders would be the responsibility of the Royal Navy. Submarines were a greater hazard and here the Canadian navy was to play its part.

The first problem was to provide small and manoeuvrable escort ships. The corvette, modelled on the whaling ship, was already in the blueprint stage and Canada immediately offered to build and man corvettes. By the end of 1940, fourteen corvettes had been completed, just in time for one of the crucial years of the war on the Atlantic.

In 1941 approximately three allied merchant ships were sunk for every one launched, whereas only one submarine was sunk for every eight coming into service. And in that year, from bases in France and Scandinavia as well as Germany, submarines were farther and farther west. To meet this challenge, convoys required escorts for the entire Atlantic crossing. The British and United States navies had responsibilities in the Pacific, the North Sea and the Indian Ocean; the Canadian navy although small in numbers and tonnage was directed to the essential work of convoy duty and by 1942 was providing forty per cent of the North Atlantic escorts. But still the sinkings continued and early in 1943 even the convoy system seemed helpless against the German "wolf-packs".

The submarine challenge was never completely eliminated, but 1943 marked the turning point. Technological improvements played their part with a more accurate "Asdic" and with "Hedgehog" supplementing depth charges. The use of air power was even more significant both for reconnaissance and aggressive action. Combined air and sea operations averted disaster on the Atlantic. The convoy system continued to the end of the war with the frustrations and dangers which the task involved relieved by the rare exhilaration of a kill; it remained the prerequisite for survival and for victory. By 1944 the Royal Canadian navy was providing all the close escort for Atlantic convoys.

Although policing the Atlantic was the major responsibility of the Royal Canadian navy, Canadians played a part in many other operations. Canadian minesweepers, MTBs, corvettes, destroyers and landing craft participated in Operation Neptune before and after D-Day; Canadian ships operated in the Mediterranean in 1944 and also in strikes on the Norwegian coast; the cruiser Uganda was in the Pacific in 1945; and other Canadians had distinguished careers in the Royal Navy and the Royal Navy air arm.

Canada's naval achievement was a creditable one for a nation of twelve millions. The six ships of 1939 swelled to some four hundred by 1945 and a force of two thousand men expanded to nearly nine * thousand men and six thousand women, with a corresponding development in ship yards, shore establishments, and training units. The cost was high, with eighteen hundred Canadians killed in action, and the successes had none of the glamor or decisiveness of a Trafalgar, but the contribution of the Royal Canadian Navy to final victory should be a source of pride to seamen and landlubbers alike.

* The best study of the Royal Canadian Navy is to be found in G. N. Tucker, *The Naval Service of Canada*, (2 vols.), and Joseph Schull, *The Far Distant Ships*, Ottawa, 1952.

To sea again —
And white, the water churns behind.
The wind,
That tastes of salt and promises
Blows strong.
The long shore slips away,
We pass
The furthest light that bids farewell.

The sunlight dances wild
The spattered gold upon the Summer sea,
And white gulls circle high
In silhouette against the cloud-strewn sky.

And all this ocean
Calls —
To hearts
That dream of promised world;
As once again
I go to sea —

To
Sea
Again

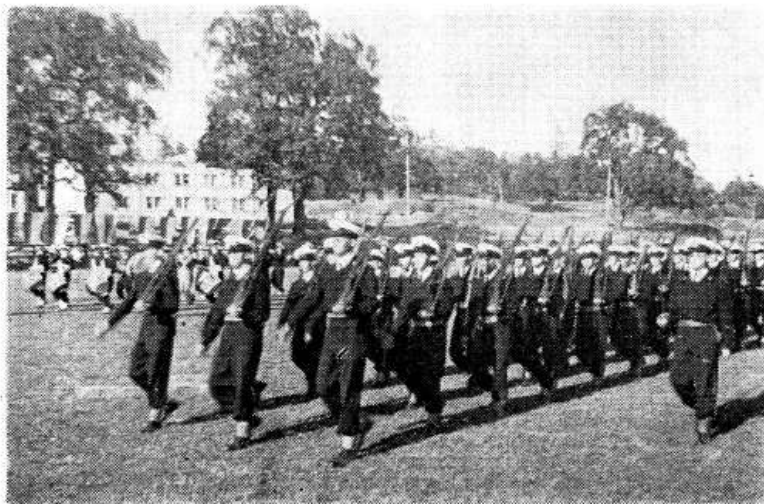


Ode
to the
Whaler



They tempt the tossing fillies of the sea
And dare the threat of silvered flashing manes,
The spume-tossed hooves, the green herd running
free,
A ragged man-made frothy scar profanes
The storm-flung cockle noses, heaves, and glides
A crippled berth crawls the foaming waves,
And frustrate frays the water, rocking rides
The sea. The tiny whaler ocean heaves.
These gallant souls who guard our way of life
To freedom, tireless, watchful, ever cling;
They risk their very lives in frantic strife
In challenge of the monstrous ocean king.

CDT. J. R. de J. Jackson





**a
history
of
Naden . . .**

☆
Condensed from "THE HISTORY OF NADEN"
by Major F. V. Longstaff RCAA



The land now occupied by HMCS "Naden" was first used by Sappers of the Royal Engineers from 1858 until 1867. It contained headquarters and barracks while making the international boundary survey between the colony of British Columbia and the United States of America. In 1862 the area was handed over to the Royal Navy. A hospital was built to serve the men serving in fighting sail in the Pacific.

In 1910 the hospital was taken over by the Royal Canadian Navy.

The original H.M.C.S. "Naden" was a small wooden schooner, auxiliary powered, built in 1913 by the Wallace Shipyards of Vancouver, B.C. She was employed as a tender to the Canadian Government survey ship "Lillooet". She was commissioned in 1918 as the tender to the Naval College in the Dockyard. The "Naden" eventually succeeded the old cruiser HMCS "Rainbow" as the depot ship upon whose books the names of the officers and ratings were borne when serving at Esquimalt.

The name "Naden" is an Indian name given to a river on Graham Island, one of the Queen Charlotte Islands.

Twenty five years after the Royal Navy established their hospital on the land now occupied by "Naden", the first brick buildings in the area were built. Some of the buildings built in 1887 and 1894 now house the Chapels, Well-Baby Clinic and the Administration annex.

In September of 1922 a new shore establishment to be known as H.M.C.S. "Naden" was commissioned under the command of L/CDR C. T. Beard.

In 1939 His Majesty the King presented his colours to the Pacific Command at a ceremony in Beacon Hill Park, Victoria. This was significant as it was the last occasion that the Officer's full dress uniform complete with cocked hat was worn on the West Coast.

When War was declared on September 10, 1939, Commander R. I. Agnew was in command of HMCS "Naden". During the ensuing years of the war the Dockyard played host to the huge Cunard liner RMS "Queen Elizabeth", during her brief but vitally necessary stay there were many anxious hours.

And so today HMCS "Naden" continues to serve as the headquarters of the Royal Canadian Navy's Pacific Command. "Naden" is indeed full of rich history to the person who spends but some leisure time within the establishment.

gunroom east . . .

Printer's Note—

Copy for this page must have been sent by clipper ship around the Horn, or perhaps it is floating through or under the Suez. We didn't get it by press deadline, even though we waited seven weeks.



pome . . . the young cadet

The young cadet was very proud,
His dreams had now come true,
He stood upon the quarterdeck,
A member of the crew.

For months he'd thought of how he'd stand
Upon the deck at sea;
The waves would slap beneath his feet,
How happy he would be.

He'd serve his country and his Queen,
Till life and breath departed,
To all their enemies he'd be,
Quite ruthless and cold-hearted.

For he was in the R.C.N.,
In illustrious 5b's,
And when it rained he was so proud
He wore two burberries.

His ship at last was now at sea;
At last he'd learn the tricks,
Of keeping station, coming, and . . .
But, said the buffer — "Nix!"

"Pick up that broom and go sweep down,
And shine the brass right after,
And you'll obey that there O.D."
Says he with sneering laughter.

The young cadet picked up the broom,
He also shined the brass,
He did the work allotted him,
And made the time to pass.

His spirit and his interest
Were now distinctly waning,
But from 'Big Brother' S.T.O.
Came, "Yes, it's sure good training!"

gunroom Cataraqui

—By Cdt. C. E. S. Franks

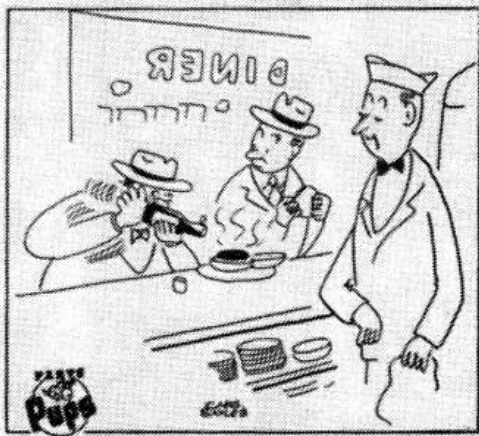
In a few respects I feel that the Gunroom of HMCS Cataraqui is unique, and would like to bring the peculiar position which it holds to the attention of the UNTD cadets of Canada, so they too might appreciate its admirable qualities. Two facts which have enabled it to reach this position are: 1) that most of the students at Queen's University live away from home, and 2) that fraternities are banned from the campus.

On a campus where most of the students live in boarding houses that are run by crabby spinsters (the unclaimed treasures of Kingston), the gunroom has the distinction of being a place where students can relax and enjoy themselves. The required shirt and tie is such a change from normal apparel that the gunroom contains the most distinguished group of students in Kingston.

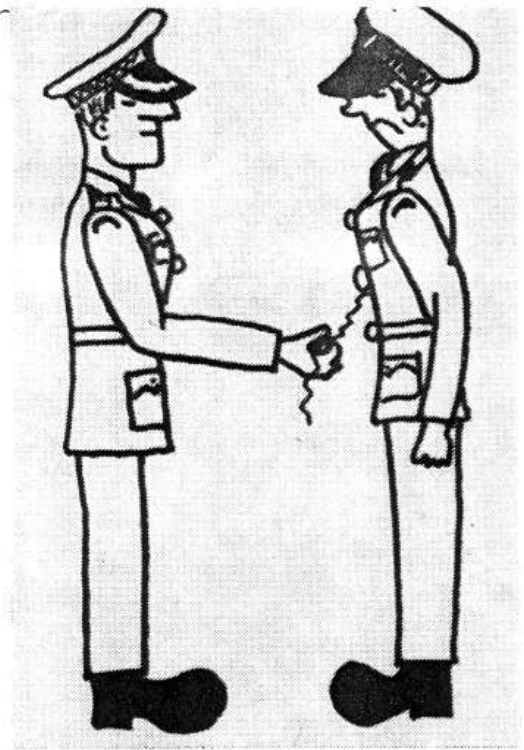
Some football weekends the gunroom is so crowded with cadets and guests that a few are forced to stay on the parade deck and play darts instead of entering, while those inside have to take turns breathing. But most evenings it has the pleasant though beery atmosphere that is found in the fraternities of other campuses. Each year the Cataraqui gunroom holds a round of dances, parties, and smokers that makes it one of the most spirited groups at Queen's. This year's cadets are carrying on in its noble tradition and hope (as cadets here have hoped for years) that some day the radio-record player will get fixed.

The gunroom also provides an opportunity for Queen's students to meet that much maligned animal the RMC cadet, and many a Queen's student has discovered to his intense surprise that the RMC cadet becomes, in the relaxing atmosphere of conviviality that prevails in the gunroom, quite as human as anybody else.

These are a few of the factors that make the HMCS Cataraqui Gunroom the distinguished organization that it is. I hope that you will be able to publish this description so cadets across Canada can appreciate this unique though incidental position filled by the RCN (R) in Kingston.

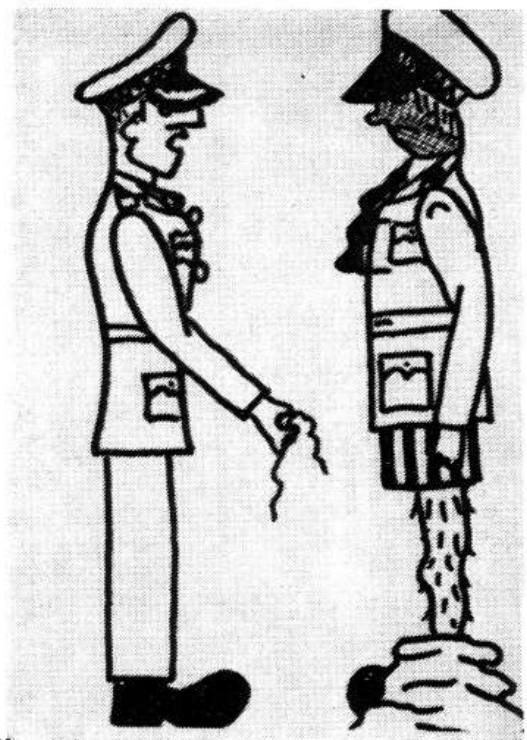


"First ketchup company to provide a built-in sight!"



—Bacon

IRISH PENDANT



gunroom west . . .

The formal start of gunroom mess activities this summer came about in mid-June with the appointment of the President, the Secretary, and the Treasurer by the R.T.C. These were respectively: Alexis Troubetzkoy, Joe Evans, John Hylton. In the election which took place shortly thereafter, the eight representatives were chosen by the cadets and Ed. Mortimer was elected the Vice-President. In early August Bob Keyserlingk replaced Secretary Evans who left CTE upon receipt of his commission.

Generally speaking this summer's gunroom activities took place in four distinctive fields: The Command Ball, miscellaneous social functions, the Navy Day float, and a short series of divisional mess dinners and parties.

The experienced hand of Mike Allen once again guided the Ball Committee in arranging the social highlight of the summer. This summer's UNTD Annual Ball was acknowledged by all attending to be the most elaborate and colourful such event held in many years. (see separate article).

Of the miscellaneous social functions, the first was a beach party held at Cordova Bay on June 16. As head of the Social Committee, "Jock" Jefferson carefully planned every detail of this event, and no complaint what-

soever was registered by the happy and satisfied crowd that attended. Some weeks later a stag party was held in the gunroom. Gathered about the kegs of beer many a song was sung, and many a story told.

In late July the farm element of our lot was pacified by a "Sock Hop" and barn dance. Bales of straw, bags of cow feed, pot bellied stoves, and a live chicken were but some of the colourful decorations. Music was by phonograph, entertainment, of course, by "Rollie" Champagne. Again "Jock" Jefferson was to be thanked for the highly successful party.

It has been said of the cadets that in achieving an objective they are always late and "behind the eight-ball," but in the end somehow with a frantic effort manage to pull through to complete a job well done. Never has this been proven more true than with the cadet float which was entered in the Navy Day parade. Three hours before the deadline for its entry, there stood behind "A" Block a massive hull of a cardboard ship, mounted on a truck but bare of detail. Three hours later, thanks to the talented guidance of Trevor Hunt and Gord Robinson, the good ship "Untidy" drove majestically through the Naden gates, its forecastle and quarterdeck as elaborately decorated as its sides. The vessel certainly lived up to its name, and the Victoria newspapers described it as "depicting everything

Continued Page 13





COMMAND BALL, ROYAL ROADS, AUGUST 10, 1956

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gunroom west . . .

the command ball

More than three hundred people danced to the music of HMCS NADEN band at the social highlight of the summer — the annual UNTD Command Ball, held at Royal Roads on August 10th.

As the guests descended the stairway onto the beautiful quarterdeck, they were welcomed by Commodore and Mrs. P. D. Budge, Commander and Mrs. C. E. Richardson, and Mess President Troubetzkoy and Miss Elaine Mitchell.

The four sitting-out rooms were decorated in an international theme, representing Russian, French, Italian and Hawaiian cafes. The only added features to the Quarterdeck were a series of very realistic cartoons, drawn by C/C/Champagne, satirizing the Cadet Captains and some of the more "satirizable" officers. Since the weather was in favour as well, many couples enjoyed their intermission strolling through the gardens which were illuminated by a number of multicoloured Chinese lanterns.

Intermission entertainment was taken up, in part, with the presentation of two awards. The Flag Officer, Pacific Coast Rear Admiral H. F. Pullen, presented Chief Cadet

Captain John Hylton, with a sword for being the most outstanding UNTD cadet on the West Coast this year. The recipient of the telescope, symbolic of the runner-up for the outstanding award was Cadet Captain Mike Allen, this year's Chairman of the Command Ball.

Another presentation of the evening was a very sincere and dignified ceremonial presentation to the Commodore. For being the most outstanding Commodore in HMCS NADEN, Commodore Budge was the recipient of a beautiful Commodore's pennant which somehow happened to find its way to C. T. E.

Entertainment in a lighter vein was provided for us by cadets Evelyn and Grant who put a West Indian flavour to the old reliable Southern melodies and called it "calypso". It was greatly enjoyed by all.

A delicious buffet supper, complete with boar's head and all the trimmings, was served by the Royal Roads staff and was a most necessary and satisfying part of the intermission. The intermission was followed by 'more of the same' dancing, and enjoying ourselves until the end of a perfect evening.

Chairman Mike Allen and his most capable committee deserve highest praise for a job 'well done'. The Command Ball — 1956 will hold a place in the memories of every cadet who attended.

J. A. McCallum
HMCS Catarquai

Gunroom West — Continued from Page 11

that a ship shouldn't be." There can be little doubt in any Victorian's mind that the UNTD float was one of the many highlights of the lengthy parade.

A number of divisional mess dinners, informal class dinners, and beach parties were organized by groups of cadets. Nearly every West Coast cadet was involved in such a function. At the final mess dinner, held by "A" division, Lt. Cdr. E. S. Price was presented with a token gift from this year's mess and the UNTD messes of the past on the occasion of his retiring from cadet duties. Lt. Cdr. Price, new appointee to the Indo-China Truce Commission, has been with the UNTD's for five years and is responsible for much of its present organization and reputation.

This, then, is a brief resume of gunroom mess activities on the West Coast during the past summer. The cadets sincerely thank Commodore P. D. Budge, DSC CD, RCN, in whose ship we were borne; Commander C. E. Richardson, CD, RCN, our Reserve Training Commander; and all the officers and men of RTE who were responsible for a happy, instructive, and successful summer.

Alexis Troubetzkoy

September

*Sad time of laughter
Happy time of tears,
Long golden afternoons meant but for dreams,
For walks along some crisp-brown path
In forests, scented with sun-warmed pines.*

*And in the stillness, there,
To hear a whisper — only wind
High in the restless trees — a blackbird flies
Across the golden field—lamenting loud last summer's going.*

*To spend part of these golden hours
Together in the weak'ning sun.
And watch, high up in blue-deep skies
How a lone bird performs it's autumn dance — alone.*

*And when the western sky prepares
A bed for the September sun,
To homeward go — with tears on sunburned cheeks and
know
This is September.*

By Cdt. M. R. Graham



sports . . . east and west

Stadacona

Last summer saw a fairly active athletic programme, both at Stadacona and at sea. At 'Stad' dog watches were devoted to sport, and baring extra drill, keen competition developed. Softball, volleyball, basketball, and swimming were the dog watch sports; the outstanding division, Cayuga.

The visit of five hundred U.S.N. midshipmen was the occasion for more athletic activity. U.N.T.D.'s battled it out in basketball, softball, waterpolo, soccer, and track. Our record — negative victories.

Three track meets rounded out the summer at Stadacona. In two inter-divisional meets, Cayuga, then Crusader came out on top. U.N.T.D.'s scored their biggest victory of the summer when they took the cup in the Atlantic Command meet. Cadets also ran in two meets away from home, at Antigonish and Summerland.

Sport played quite a part in life at sea. All cadets suffered through DEs on the quarterdeck. Competition for the 'Cock O' the Walk' resulted in many spirited soccer, softball and volleyball games. Cadet whaler and war canoe crews sweated it out in the regattas.

These then were the sports on the East Coast — from DEs to boat pulling. Everyone participated in something, and everyone had a terrific time.

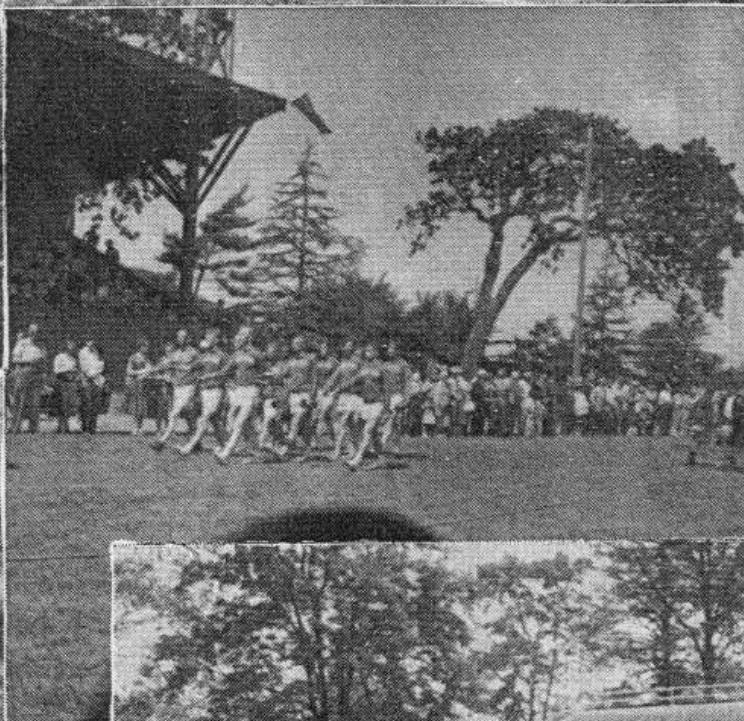
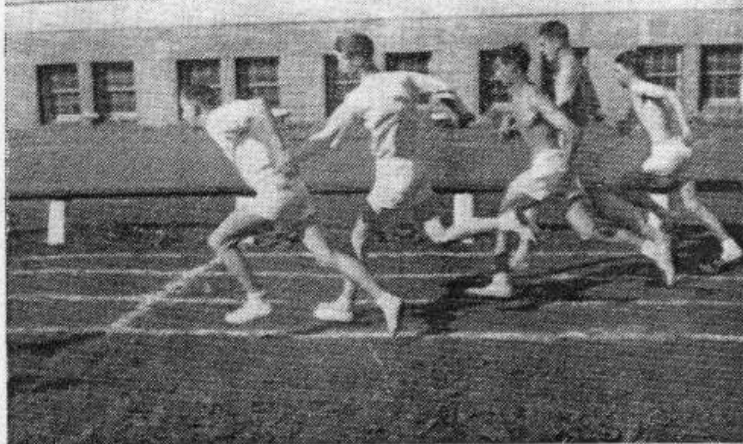
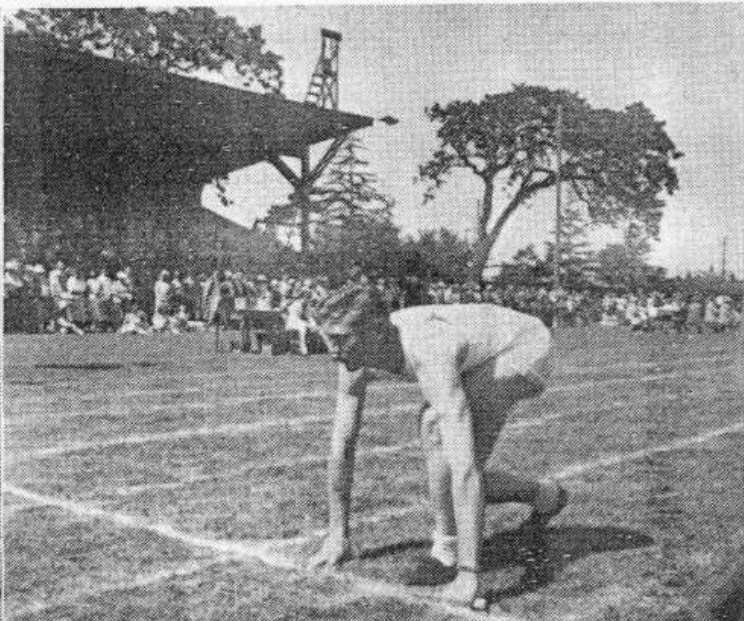
R. C. Harris



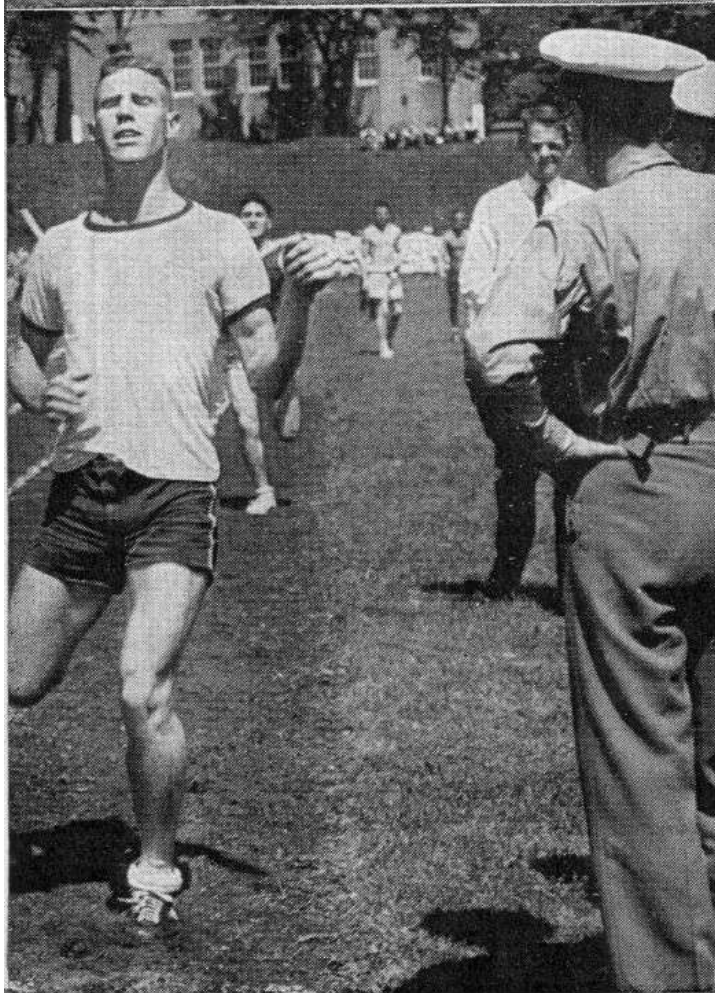
Track Team — West Coast

Cadet track activities began early in July this year with an interdivisional track meet. This meet demonstrated that there was considerable track talent among the cadets, and after several excellent races Vancouver division was declared the winning team.

The winners of each race in this meet along with some recruits from Cruise 'Bravo', comprised the representative track team, which soon began serious training for a meet against the C.O.T.C. Army cadets on July 28. By the time the big day arrived, we were quite confident that we could win the meet. However, the calibre and condition of the Army runners proved to be much better than we expected, and the only race in which we managed to get a first was the one mile run. This was won by Bob Lee. Nevertheless the other runners put up an excellent show considering that most of them were running in their first big meet. Grant Thompson in the 220, Ian Cameron and Tony Nichols in the 440, and John Montgomery with an excellent performance in the anchor leg of the mile-medley relay, certainly deserve praise for their efforts.



sports . . . east and west



U.N.T.D. regatta

The annual UNTD regatta was held in the harbour waters of H.M.C.S. Naden on July 28. The weather was very sunny, cloudless, and a light breeze was blowing. And there we were — red-rimmed eyes, pasty white faces and dry caked mouths all ready for the big fight! We fell in by sports divisions at those horrid machines called whalers, and the morning was spent pounding the few remaining able-bodied cadets into a state of abject misery. But it was a good regatta, nonetheless.

In the spotlight was the interdivisional 6-man whaler race followed by the cutter and war canoe contests. Dinghy and whaler sailing races, scheduled for the afternoon had to be postponed due to light winds. At 1000, the red starting flag and Lt. Schwartz's cap went down to signify the start of whaler race. All those from A, B and C classes entered a team, but as they headed down the nine cable course, the boats spread out. Caspe quickly overcame an early lead by Patrician.

The course was long but Canada's boys in blue did themselves proud and at the end of the row, Gaspé had won with a hard drinking.

Patricia's crew only a matter of feet behind, while Vancouver came third.

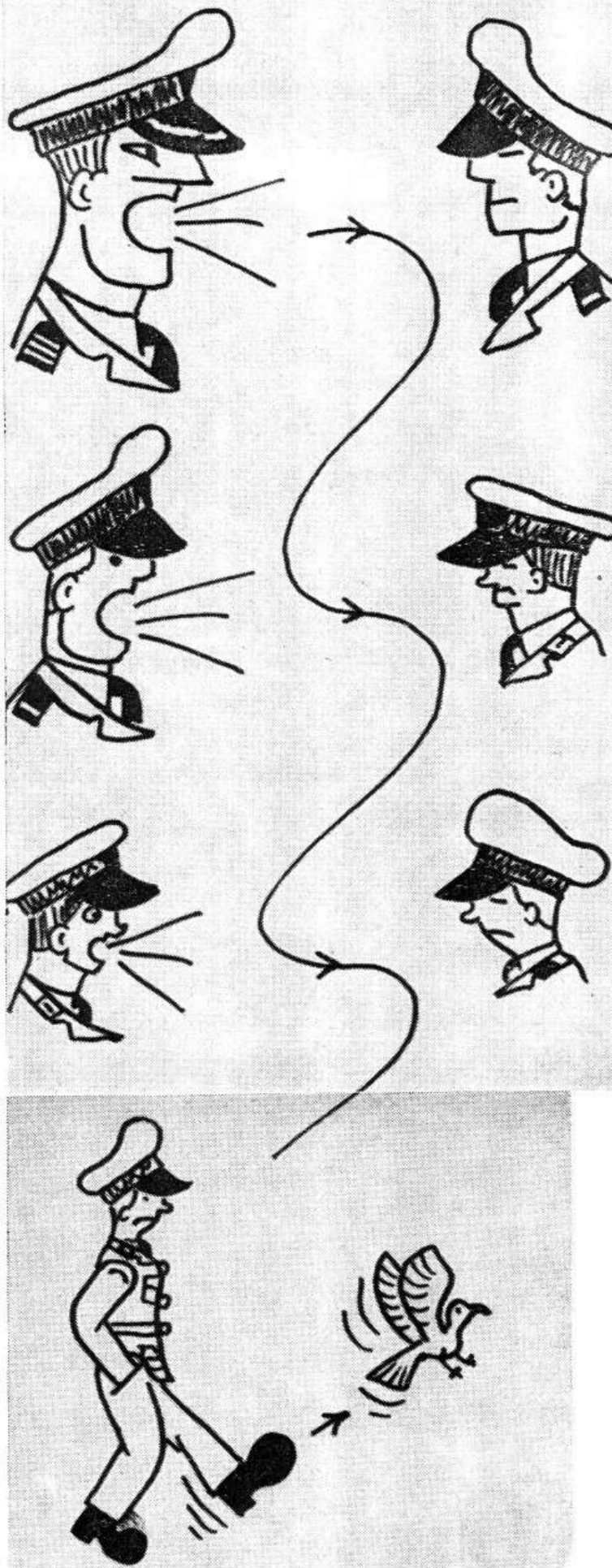
The event (second) was the cutter handicap and it was a real handicap since the scullers had never worked together before nor had most of them ever been in a cutter before. The competitors must have felt like galley slaves while they were straining to win. This feeling must have inspired some, since the race was won in somewhat of a record time. Vancouver-Champlain, the speed demons, pulled steady and strong to capture the award, Patriot-Patricians did quite well in this particular event considering that they passed the last two cutters to finish a strong third.

War canoe races were the last event of the morning. After having just pulled in two races, most of the competing sports divisions felt no inclination for another 9 cable paddling event amid cold, salty spray. They mustered what little reserve was left and paddled their utmost. Patriot-Patrician came through in grand style with a 100 foot lead over the nearest boat Gaspé-Comox. Their closest rival were Vancouver-Champlain who made their final bid for victory and glory. The winning coxswain a red-headed politician from Toronto, was subdued and took the traditional dip with grace.

After the pulling events were completed and blisters were now being sported by proud winners, Cdr. Richardson, R.T.C., presented a huge cake, emblematic of boat pulling supremacy, to the sports division who had amassed the highest number of points. The winning division was Gaspé with 36 points, followed by the hard fighting Patricians who were only two points down. Champlain again were strong among the top winners, and they showed themselves to be third best.

Members of the winning Gaspé group included White-law: coxswain; Hamilton, Evelyn, Maltase, May, Wooton, Hawthorne and Ferguson. The Patricians included Brown as coxswain, Ruskin, Bean, Barr, Cote, Grant and Hembly.

—T.A.



supply . . .

a tree grows in Hochelaga

Upon the parade ground, stark and bare,
A lonely sapling planted there
With loving hands in the silent dark
May turn our playground into a park.

And perhaps others will follow — a precedence set,
Our parade become the shadiest yet.
But the original branch, its work well done,
Has shaded our Commander from the sun.

Anon (for security reasons)

P.S.

But such was not to be the case,
The Commander has decided to efface
Our tender shrub at one fell stroke —
He thought we meant it as a joke!
—David Wood

PART II

How dare you wretches thus create
A 'Mr. Roberts' in reverse,
In any case the sapling tree
Looked for wear a little worse.

The guy who to the crime confessed
When returning tools to Buffer's mate
The cat from out the bag did let,
For no one suspected a Cay-det.

In fact I almost had the brass
Convinced the Senior Officers class
Had done the deed, and not you guys,
Who to such tricks would never ruys.

In any case, most Nobly Done . . .
Even if the X.O. likes the Sone.

Term Lieutena
T. S. Eliot,

provider division . . .

technical course

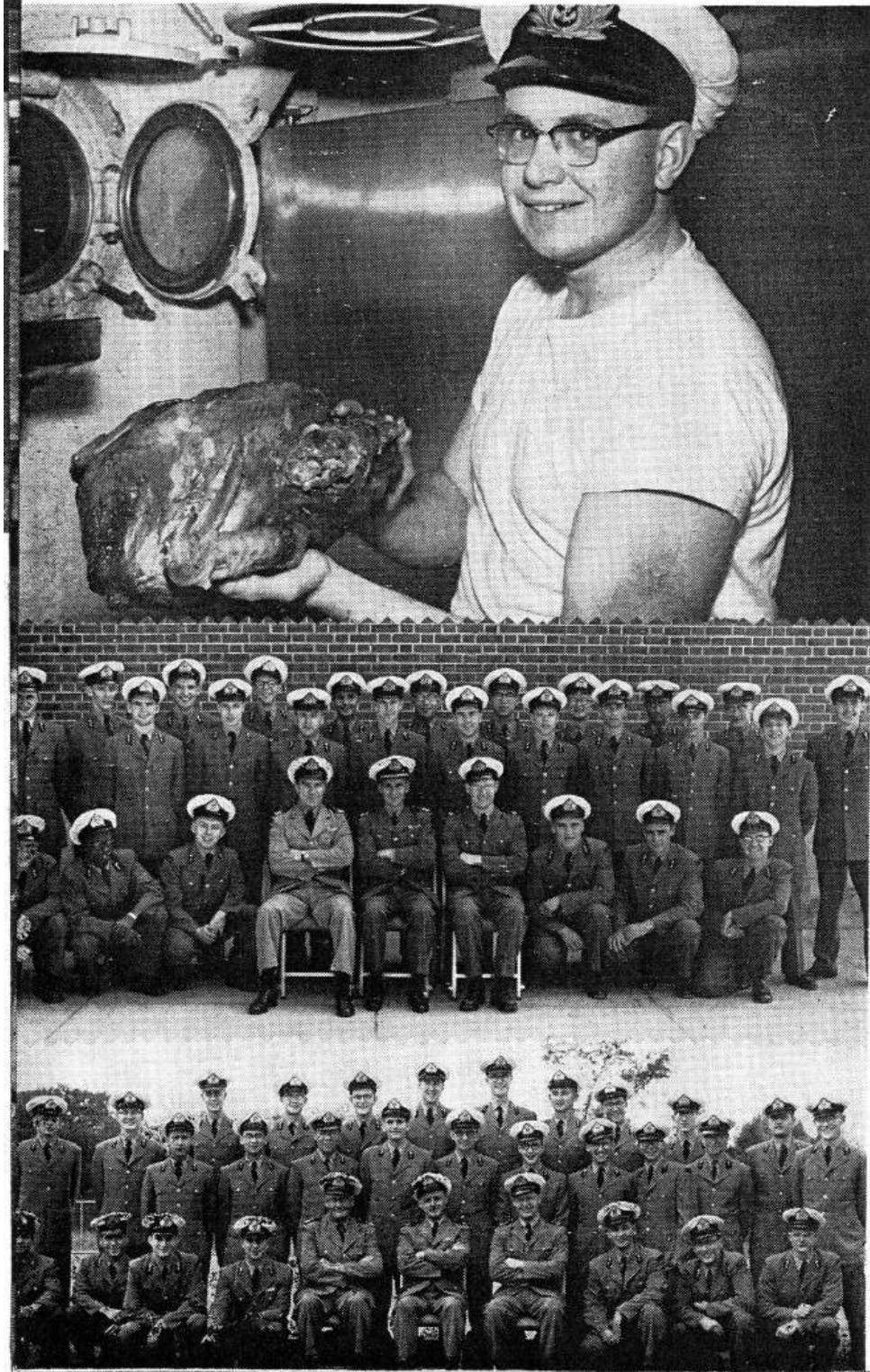
"Hochelaga"! To those in Provider Division the name strikes the bell in memory; for it was there that we learned the things that cannot be taught; it was there that we received what is like our most valuable training. For most of us "Hochelaga" is more than a place; it is the symbol of an "esprit de corps" unlike anything which as cadets, we have ever seen elsewhere.

When we arrived in Montreal on May 2 the scene spread before us was different from anything that we were used to; no Gunroom being available, as subordinate officers, we were messed in the Wardroom, having most of the mess privileges. But, as our Course Officer, Lt. (S) A. C. Tassie, R.C.N., pointed out, a certain degree of responsibility accompanies all privilege.

It must be emphasized that we left our mark that "Hochelaga" will remember the 26 cadets who took the first Supply Course in Montreal. It would be safe to say that we met everyone in the establishment; to some it was a cadet who gave them permission to go ashore; to the bird it was a cadet who mustered them; to the P.T.I. it was the cadets who "demanded" that he give them instruction at 0620 every morning; to the officers living on board, the cadets were as unpredictable as they were disturbing.

At "Hochelaga", it was the cadets who could be

Continued Next Page



preserver division . . .

expected to do the unexpected. One morning, the O.I.C., Commander(S) J. W. Maxwell R.C.N., saw that two of his 780 lb. anchors, and his dias, were missing from the parade square, the result of the collective efforts of the cadets at 2. o'clock in the morning; one watch had removed the dias, one had purloined one anchor, and the remaining two had hidden the second anchor. For Divisions the next morning, it required 12 of the First Lieutenant-Commander's Manual Party to replace the dias removed by 6 cadets. That afternoon, at the request of the O.I.C., with great ceremony involving the use of a small bulldozer and a bugler, the cadets paraded the two anchors back to their rightful positions on the parade square.

One morning which the P.T.I. will always remember is Thursday, July 5, for it was on this occasion that the cadets appeared for our morning's P.T. dressed in pyjamas, bathing suits, sandals, and khaki cap covers; after rubbing his eyes to see if he were still asleep, he gave us a touching address (very unusual for him) urging us to maintain our outstanding "esprit de corps", so unique in the R.C.N. of today.

And, as a parting gesture, when the order at Divisions was given, "Officers, Fall Out", we stepped forward in a body, saluted smartly, and turned to move off; the result was a startled parade, except for the "Steam Along Kid". With a grin, Lt.Cdr.(S) C. Caruthers R.C.N., the S.I.O., later explained that, when the order, "Officers, Fall Out", is given, it does not normally refer to subordinate officers.

Held in the Wardroom, the Cadet Ball was the social highlight of the season; under the direction of Pete Bennett, our social committee turned the Wardroom into a Ballroom for the occasion. Mention should be made of three persons: the young lady at the Royal Victoria Hospital who arranged 90% of the dates; the cadet whose date drank him under the table (and for whom a substitute had to be arranged at midnight); and the cadet acting as honour guard who passed out just as the Commander walked by him. All in all, the Ball was a magnificent success, a fact attested to by both the guests and the cadets alike.

Representing three countries and eight of the ten provinces, ours was a closely knit group; from the west, Robbie Robinson (Alberta) and Lorne Picard (Manitoba); from Ontario, Frank Brown, Brian Bryson, Charlie D'Amour, Ed Finsten, Bob Freure, Hugh Kelly, Pete Mitchell, Chuck Rosart, Terry Staples and Tom White; from Quebec, Nick "No. 1" Asimakopulos, Dick Cournoyer, Remy "The Bugler" Giroux and Jean Paul Olivier; from New Brunswick, Milt Grant; Nova Scotia, Pete Bennett and Larry Munro; from Cape Breton, Graham Laing and Bernie Levert; from "the Island", Marc "M'Googan" MacGuigan and Dick Noonan; from Newfoundland, Dave "Cyrus" Eaton; from Nigeria, Oz Chiazor; and from England (and Ontario) Cliff Staners.

Each provided something, whether it was the voice of Staples or Giroux, the strength of Brown, the wit of Laing (Stoneface himself) or Levert, the verbosity of Finsten, the "Harp-Book" of Bennett, the letters of White or Freure, or the "Pay attention here" of Rosart, to name a few; it was from this heterogeneous collection of humanity that the tremendous spirit evolved, forming a homogeneous group. From the contributions of each came the most important thing of all: the feeling of unity which, in the past, has given rise to the expression, "One for all, and all for one." That feeling

The cadets of Cruise Alpha will remember the supply cadets. Those in first year envied our continual "all-night-in" routine and other actual or imagined privileges, and forgot we were trapped between decks where those who might be sick are sure to be sick. In FORT ERIE it was "fall out the jack-dusties" (Chief Sullivan — know him?), and supply would "carry on" to the galley, the stores, or the ship's office.

Then came Lamlash, and FORT ERIE'S all-supply championship whaler crew. We were treated with more respect after that — "Tully" Tulchinsky, coxswain; Bruce Lister, stroke; "Dad" King, second stroke; Jim "Smitty" Smith, midships; "Red" Stanford, second bows; and "Woody" Woods, bows.

London, of course, was fabulous. All the cadets fanned out through the city — Picadilly, the Tower, the theatres, Picadilly, Westminster, the Strand, Picadilly — everyone enjoyed himself, more or less expensively.

HMCS OUTREMONT saw the unification of a motley crew, and indeed they were, not so much because they came from coast to coast, but because of their backgrounds. Here Supply went back to seamen's watches, while the "deck-apes" took a holiday. We carried more than our share — or so we insisted. Nevertheless, it served to unify three ships (ex) and four watches as no other experience could. Remember the "horizontal watch" the watch that ran only when shaken? Gloucester (fish, anyone?) saw the downfall of our mighty crew, beaten fairly but not equally by an eight-man dory, pride of the Coast Guard cadets, and the only dory in town to beat the Canadians.

Meanwhile fairy tales (not Zaslowsky, for once) drifted back from the boys in Montreal. Tales of wardroom privileges, night clubs, and high marks — they had to earn their cruise!

Soon we, too, had a taste of HMCS HOCHELAGA, and most of us liked it. "The Cheeky Forty" had replaced "The Two Pintners," much to the disruption of the base. Boisterous, harder to control, we started where the others left off — no girl drank us under the table! But then some side-stepped the issue by not drinking at all.

The others gave spirit — we gave a tree; a lovely sapling, supple, shady, close by the Commander's dais. So artfully planted that half the parade did not notice it. Regretably, the Commander saw fit to remove our tree, planted at two in the morning.

Those who are lucky enough to go there next summer might ask the nurses at Montreal General what became of "Lt. Smith". Lt. Smith, who arranged the dates for the Cadet Ball, and then was unable to attend himself. The nurses were told he did not exist; had been created for the purpose of propriety. Yet they wrote to thank him for the party — and received an answer! Poor Lt. Smith — late for his own funeral. But it took more than Lt. Smith to make the party the success it was. Take a bow, Lou Pretty, M.C., and Jean Paul Beccat, cartoonist.

Yes, HOCHELAGA will remember the Cheeky Forty and the soaring bar profits that came — and went — with them. Our thanks to the officers who named us, our best wishes to Lt. Tassie, who tamed us.

has given us the happy memory of "Hochelaga" as the place where, besides our Technical Course, we received our most influential training; our collective thanks go to the Officers of the Staff, and our individual thanks go to the other individuals in the group.

these are the laws of the navy . . .

(Revised)



*Now these are the laws of the Navy,
Written and many they be,
The Cadet who is wise will observe them,
Lest he become such as we.*

*Take heed what ye say to the Subbies,
Take heed what you say to their face,
For the Subbies in time become Admirals
And in judgement will sit on thy case.
Be not hasty and swear at the Jimmy
For rousing you out of bed,
Just fill out the papers required,
Send a substitute to him instead.*

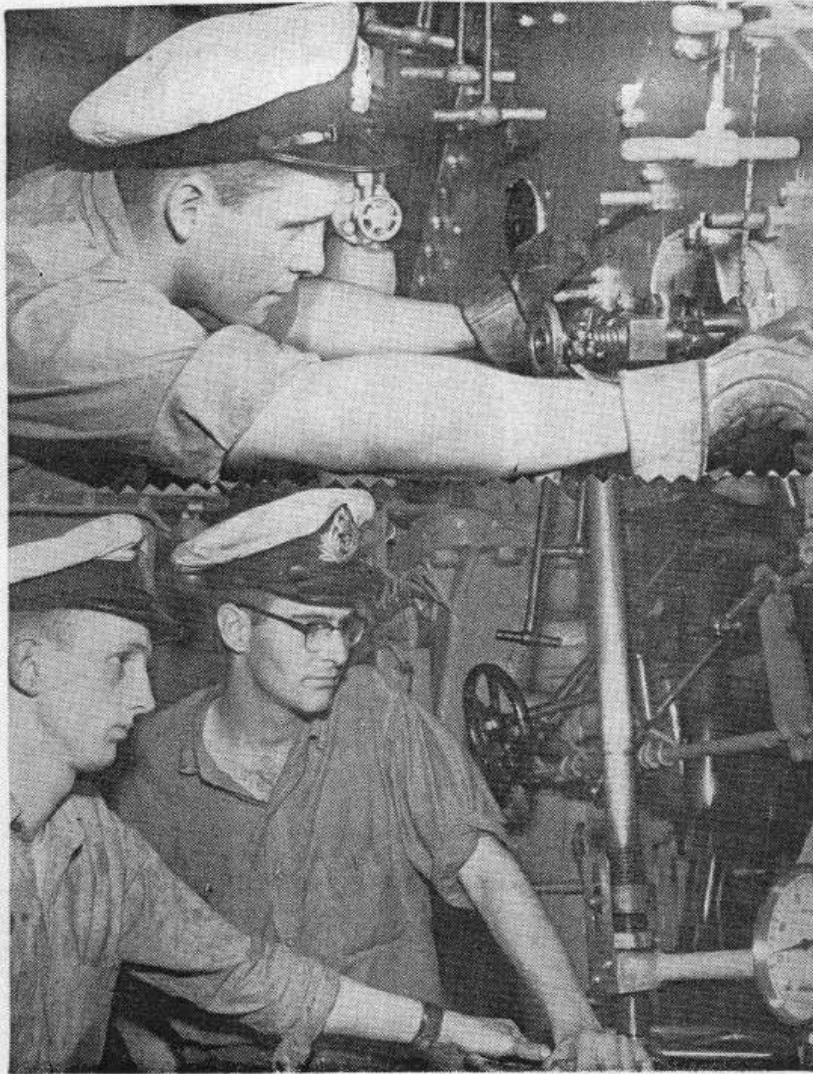
*When first coming in to the service
Seek not always to pick up salutes.
Gaze down at the feet of the seaman
And admire the shine on his boots.
To be vain denotes pride in the Navy,
And the time on your boots is well spent,
For when it comes time to be posted,
To a sinecure you will be sent.*

*Bow down to the Officers o'er you,
Place your neck 'neath the R.T.C.'s yoke,
Your opinions should never be stated,
And your comments concealed in a joke.
Silence is gold saith the prophet,
And speech, which is silver, but dross;
Since gold is worth more just remember
The man up above is your boss.*

*The laws of the Navy are many,
The reward for obedience is great,
If you emulate me a civilian you'll be
Your opinion is not your's to state.*



and the laws of the engineers . . .



*Now these are the laws of the engineers
And many and varied are they,
But he that is wise will observe them
And follow the engineer's way.
For as sure as the Artsman is stupid
And the Sciencemen all make mistakes,
An Engineer would be lower than both,
As soon as these laws he forsakes.*

*The first great law of the engineers
Demands they demolish at least 40 beers
And keep drinking rum till it comes out their ears;
But of results undesired they must never have fears
It also decrees to the stags they must go
To learn from their elders the arts they all know;
Such as where to find women who never say no,
And to carry off signs without letting them show.*

*They must honour the Lady of Coventry
And the costume so famous she wore,
To see the same way the girls of today
They must try for her sake to do more.
For Godiva's a symbol of freedom,
To abolish supression she rode,
And to be free from all types of supression
Is part of the Engineer's code!*

*Now these are the Laws of the Engineers
And many and varied are they
But he that is wise will observe them
And follow the Engineer's way.
So may I salute this illustrious throng
With minds and bodies and dreams so strong,
May their lives all be long and their morals all wrong
And their days filled with wine, women and song.*



She can't
type!



cruises east . . .

Europe? It was almost unbelievable but quite true, as all Cadets who took their training on the East Coast this summer soon found out. The Third Canadian Escort Squadron under the command of Commander W. W. Kidd DSC RCN and comprising the HMC Frigates "Lanark", "Fort Erie", and "Lauzon", were set aside for the sole purpose of the UNTD Sea Training Programme.

Cruise Alpha left the second week of May and touched at Lamlash, Scotland and London, England before returning during the second week of June. Cruise Bravo slipped from Halifax June 22 and returned July 24th after havnig visited Invergordon, Scotland and Antwerp, Belgium. With barely a week back in Halifax harbour the ships again departed on the final voyage of the summer, Cruise Charlie. The ports of call included Plymouth, England, Milford Haven Wales, Arcochon, France, and Ponta Delagata in the Azores. Cruise "Charlie" returned to Halifax on August 31st.

As each Cruise departed in turn from the port of Halifax all looked eagerly forward to the long awaited pleasure cruise to Europe. It was, one should have gathered from talking to any participants then, to be one of those summer jaunts which are so attractively portrayed in travel agencies and news magazines across the country. But soon it was realized that the illusions of the tranquility of the Atlantic had been dispelled for all but the most steadfast of souls and sons of the sea had mastered the technique of choosing the correct rail positions.

Now that all the tumult and shouting has past into history the Great Sea Dogs have only memories, pleasant or otherwise, which in the long run may or may not supply the future Cadets of the UNTD.

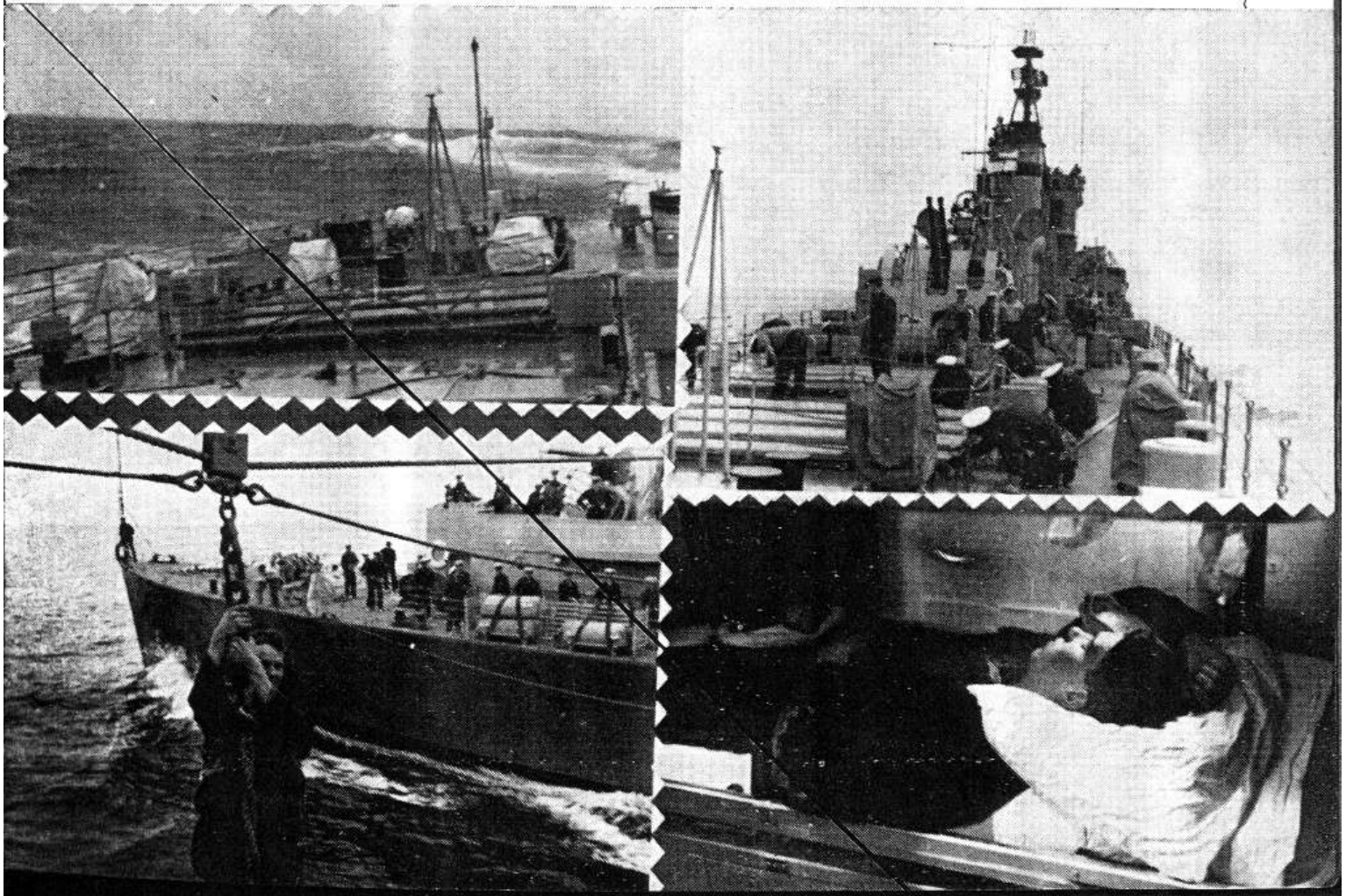
Cruise Alpha —

On a grey morning in May, three dark blue busses loaded with cadets disgorged their contents into three dark grey frigates waiting alongside the piers of Halifax. The cadets were a motley mixture. Coming from all over the civilized portion of our great dominion (plus one or two from Victoria), they had had only one week of life at Stadacona before the powers-that-be sent them to sea with a cruel chuckle to learn about the Facts of Life (intentional capitals). After a few hours spent largely in getting to know which end of the ship was aft, (some people never did find out) the ships cast off their last ties with the comparative security of the land and put to sea. The cadets stood on deck and watched the landscape of Halifax slip by and be replaced by a singularly and uncomfortably large expanse of wet, unbroken horizon.

Actually, it wasn't really as bad as all that. The Third Canadian Escort Squadron put to sea in what was actually quite a routine atmosphere except for the anticipations that gambolled about inside the cadets' brains. The greenness of inexperience which was demonstrated by many was soon largely supplemented and supplanted by another greenish hue, demonstrative this time of the malaise which the French (with customary taciturnity) term "mal de mer". Thus were born those memorable institutions the "Funnel Club" and the "Club Chartreuse".

Jackstay transfers, painting, whaler-pulling, scrubbing, standing watches, painting, heaving on lines of one sort or another, scrubbing, more scrubbing — and then Lamlash, our minor port. On a clear, unsullied day that might have stepped right off the cover of a travel folder the ships

Continued Next Page



Continued from Page 23

passed slowly and silently into a beautiful bay. The windlass clanked and steamed, the cable roared out through the hawsepipe and the anchor buried itself deep in Scotch mud. We gazed out over the clear, still water and saw rows of small houses nestled along the seashore at the foot of rolling green hills which in turn gave place to the rocky grey crags of the interior of the Isle of Arran. (Then we went back to our painting.) The inhabitants of the village threw a dance in our honour that evening, at which all the damsels within a hundred miles turned out "en masse". This made a very pleasant interlude indeed. We stayed in Lamlash in all for four days, enjoying the beauty of it's scenery if only from a distance.

Then it was up anchor and away again, this time for London. It was three o'clock in the morning when we came to rest in the smog-laden air of the metropolis of metropolises. The next morning many of us were off as soon as authority would permit, commandeering the first available large red busses to the centre of the city. What did we do in London? Ask all the cadets who were on Cruise Alpha this question and you will probably get as many different answers as there were cadets. Of course there were endless things to see and do (perhaps it would be better to leave some of them covered with a pall of obscurity.) We were replete with a certain sort of energy and London is one of the most hospitable of cities. More need not be said.

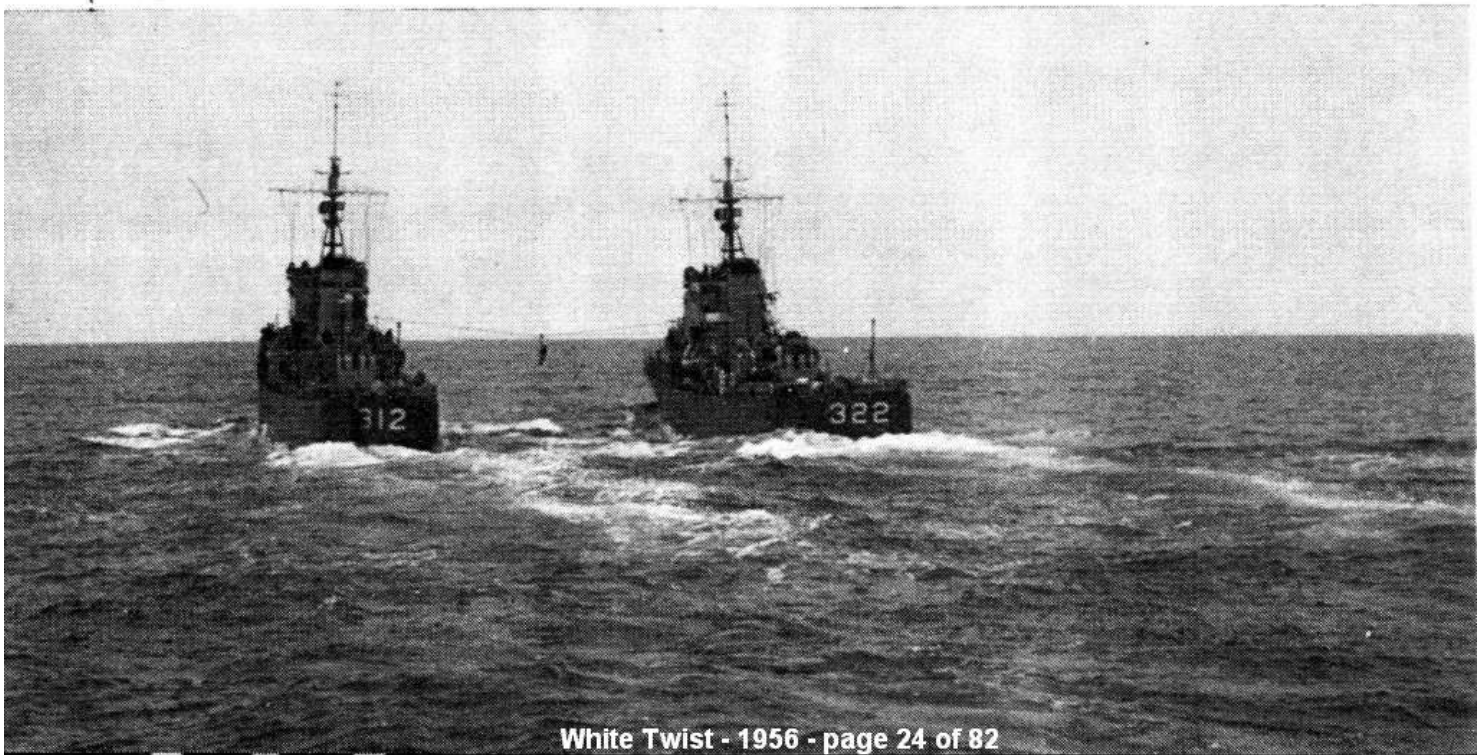
The story is almost over. The last cadets stumbled back aboard on Tuesday morning and again we were away, passing out of the Thames estuary, round through the straits of Dover and into the English channel. The next couple of days, the weather became worse, and the ships seemed to plough through the sea like great whales as they pitched forward lifting the stern high and then settled back again until the bow came out of the water.

Time passed. It seemed like a long time, but it really wasn't, and then we were entering fog-shrouded Halifax again. Soon we were disembarked into the dark blue busses and in a matter of minutes were rolling through the gates of Stadacona, the "prison on the hill". We soon returned to the life of the barracks and all the courses we had to take, and only the occasional reminiscent chuckle was evidence of our remembrance of Cruise Alpha.

M. F. Bartlett

On Wandering Scottish Hills . . .

*Thank God that I have love of life enough
To seek and roam
These windy acres in the sky
Belonging —
Not so much any man
As to the greying sun —
Domain of winds all day,
Where heather spreads a carpet for me,
Carefree wanderer,
And small hares scamper into rocky lairs;
And sheep loud bleat
Their indignation
At this intrusion of mine.
High here with warming winds
To burn and fan my face,
And only silent sun to see —
I walk in close communion with a God,
And feel a gypsy lust so wild and free
As only those who wander high on hills,
Can know ———*



a cruise to Lamlash

After nine days out of Halifax on the Atlantic Ocean, we were anxious to see land again. On the evening of May 24, the North-west coast of Ireland emerged from the fog on our starboard bow. When we came on deck the following morning, land was near on both sides, and crafts of all descriptions were plying back and forth. The Officer of the Watch informed us that we were entering the Firth of Clyde, and that we would anchor at Lamlash, on the island of Arran, in a couple of hours. For the rest of the trip there were mild signs of excitement from most of the 150 cadets aboard the three Canadian frigates. Those standing watch on the bridge grabbed up every pair of binoculars available and searched the shores in every direction.

The coast of Scotland first appeared rocky and barren, but as we steamed along it brightened into beautiful farmlands. Those cadets who were working part ship stole away from time to time to scan the shores of Arran island which was drawing near on the port bow. At first the only signs of habitants were a few scattered cottages and some patches of newly turned soil. After a short time we passed a couple of small villages and then the outer end of Holy Island came in sight. This great mound of lava forms a shelter across Lamlash Bay and makes it an excellent harbour.

By 0800 we had rounded King's Cross Point, passed Holy Island light house on the opposite side and were slowly approaching the anchor buoy in front of Lamlash village.

Most of Lamlash consists of a single line of houses around the shore of the small bay. The outstanding feature of it's scenery, when viewed from the harbour, is its various shades of green foliage. The white and stone-coloured houses are built close together near the single well-paved

street that borders on the sandy shore. Quite a number of them are surrounded by neatly trimmed hedges, and are set in a continuous row of deciduous trees that extends almost to the ends of the village. Rows of these same trees have been planted up the slopes behind the village and seem to divide the hillside pasture land into sections. In the distant background rise the highlands of Arran. The highest is Mount Goatfell which pushes its misty cone to a height of 2,866 feet and is a favourite attraction for casual climbers from near and far.

We all longed to get ashore, but it was not until the afternoon that some of us were allowed to play softball. These returned after the game with the good news that there would be a dance on shore in the evening and that we were all welcome to go if we could get off the ship.

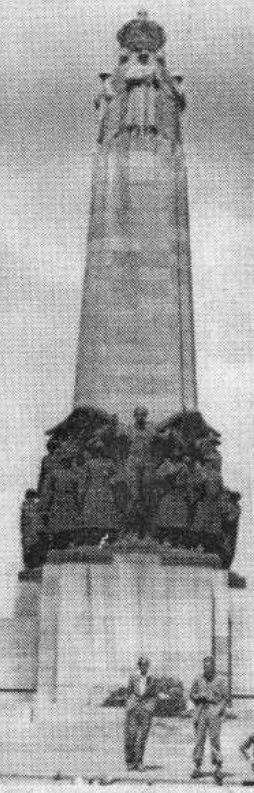
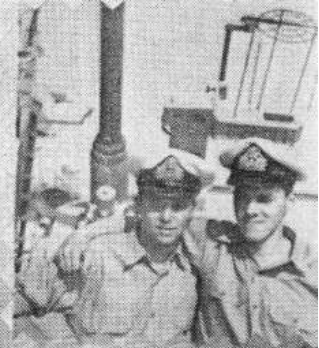
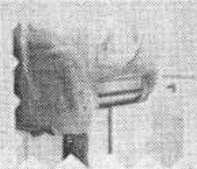
At 1930 the motor cutter, filled with neatly dressed cadets and seamen cast off for the shore. After a few minutes on the calm surface we arrived at the jetty, scrambled up over the top, and hurried into the street. Some stopped at the local pub to sample the Scottish beer while the rest of us made a line for the dance hall which seemed to be a short distance behind the village. The girls were already there, and waiting to begin. Some of them came from farms as much as 5 or 6 miles away. They were very friendly and most of them were good dancers. During the next few days we were allowed ashore several times and discovered more about the village, the people, and their history. They liked to talk to us and showed their hospitality as well. All of them rightfully claimed that Lamlash was a beautiful place to live but admitted that it didn't offer much of an economic future to the younger generation.

When the time came to leave we hoisted anchor and moved out along the other side of the bay. Most of us were now eagerly looking forward to steaming up the river Thames to see what London offered, but no-one was disappointed in our visit to Lamlash, on historic Arran Island.

Alan Guy

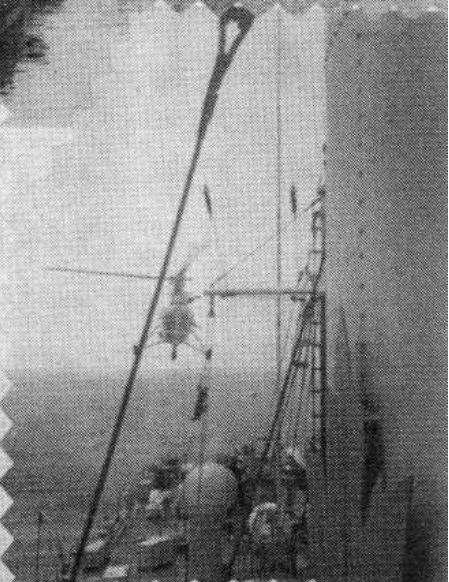
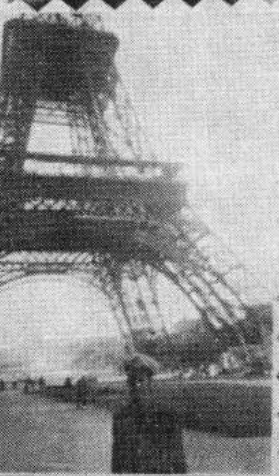
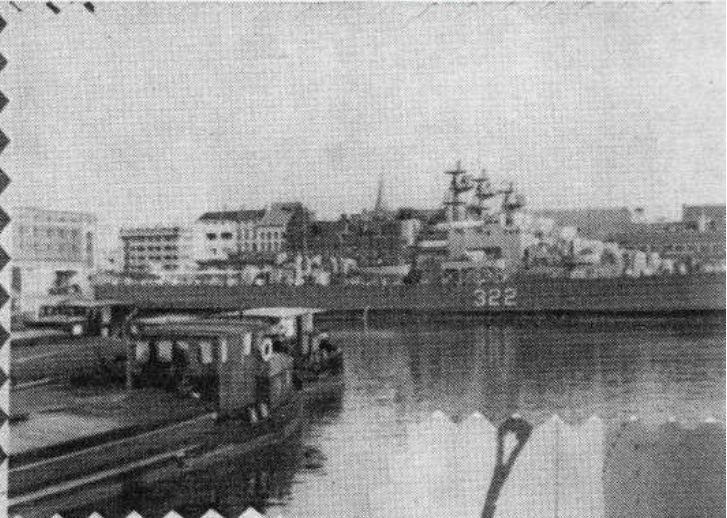


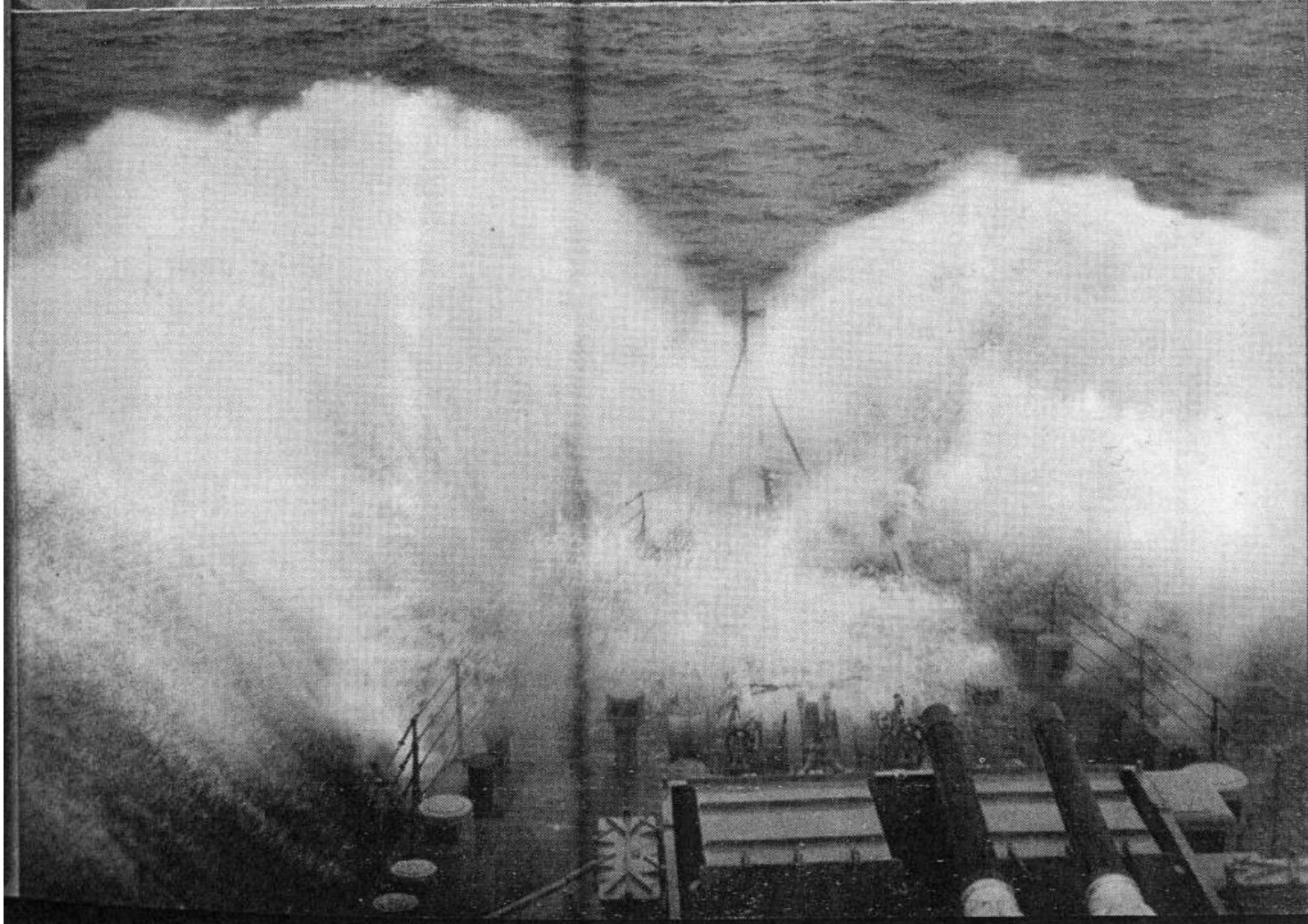
GINDER ALL
DAT IS GEEN KLEIN BIER!



cruises east . . .

White Twist - 1956 - page 26 of 82





cruises west . . .

Cadets on the West Coast experienced and enjoyed one of four training cruises aboard ships of the 12th Canadian Escort Squadron. H. M. C. Ships "Oshawa" with about thirty cadets, "Digby" and "Brockville" with a dozen or so each, accompanied by "Cordova", gave second and third year cadets some practical experience in seamanship, ship-handling, communications, navigation and gunnery while travelling in company.

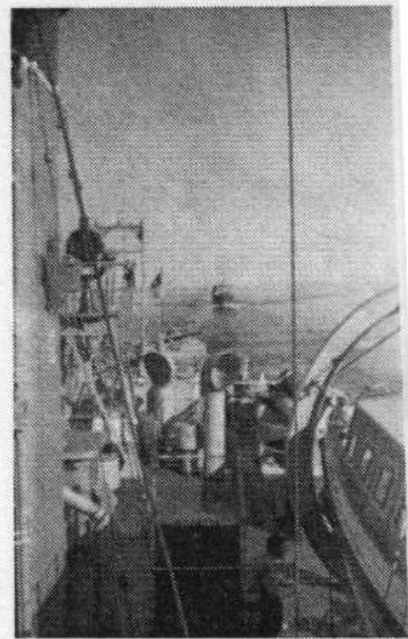
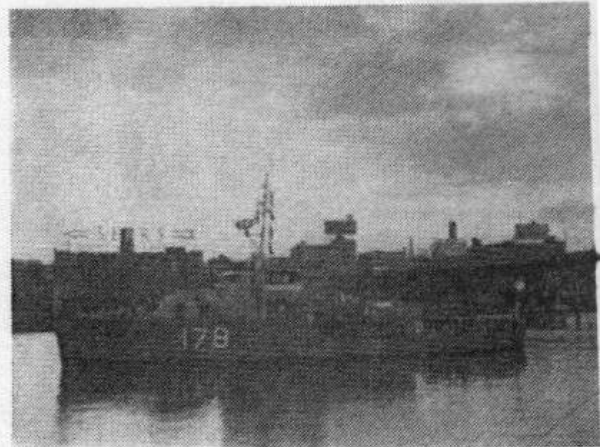
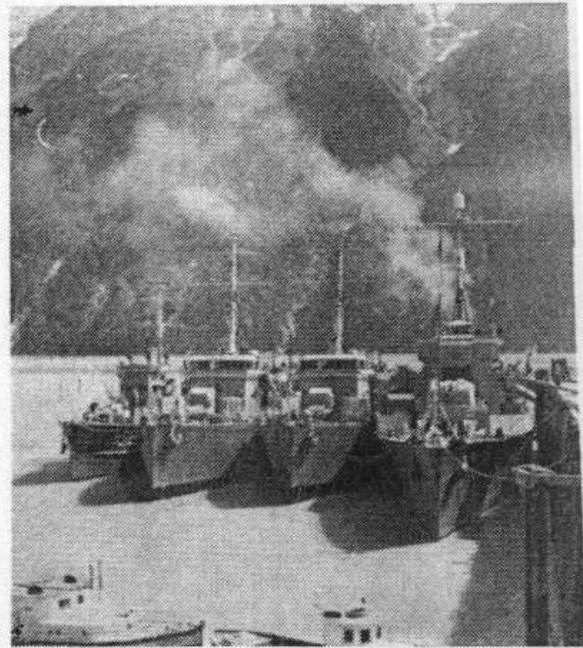
Cruise Alfa, the longest of the cruises (5 weeks) visited Prince Rupert, Portland, Oregon, and Vancouver, B.C. The Bravos, who had completed Navigation II studies steamed to Port Alberni, Prince Rupert and Ketchikan, Alaska, keeping outside of Vancouver Island both ways to practice sun and star sights in the open Pacific. Charlie Cruise members went to Stewart, B.C. and Seattle, Wash., while Cruise Delta, with only two ships, stopped at Kitimat, the aluminum boom-town and Bellingham, Wash.

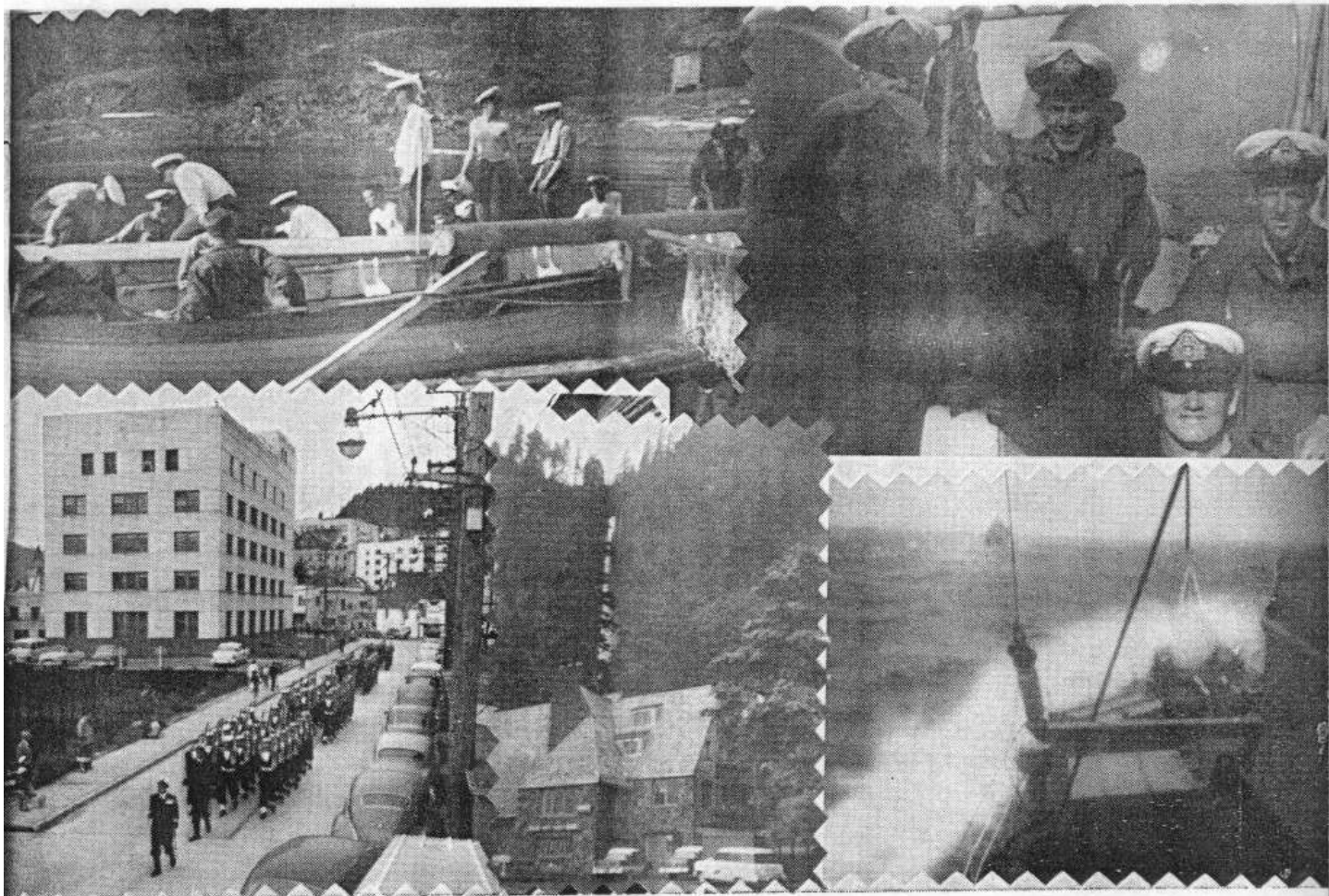
Although there were minor variations in the programmes, they ran something like this:

The ships proceeded to Nanoose Harbour on Vancouver Island for approximately the first week. Anchored at night and exercising by day, cadets could orient themselves to their ships and observe how gunnery, communications and manoeuvring knowledge should be applied. Neither whalers nor softball gear were forgotten, and once they had cleared the field (it had to be "cleared" more than once owing to the presence of several cows; after all, they're only bovine), UNTD's and ship's companies alike soon got into shape.

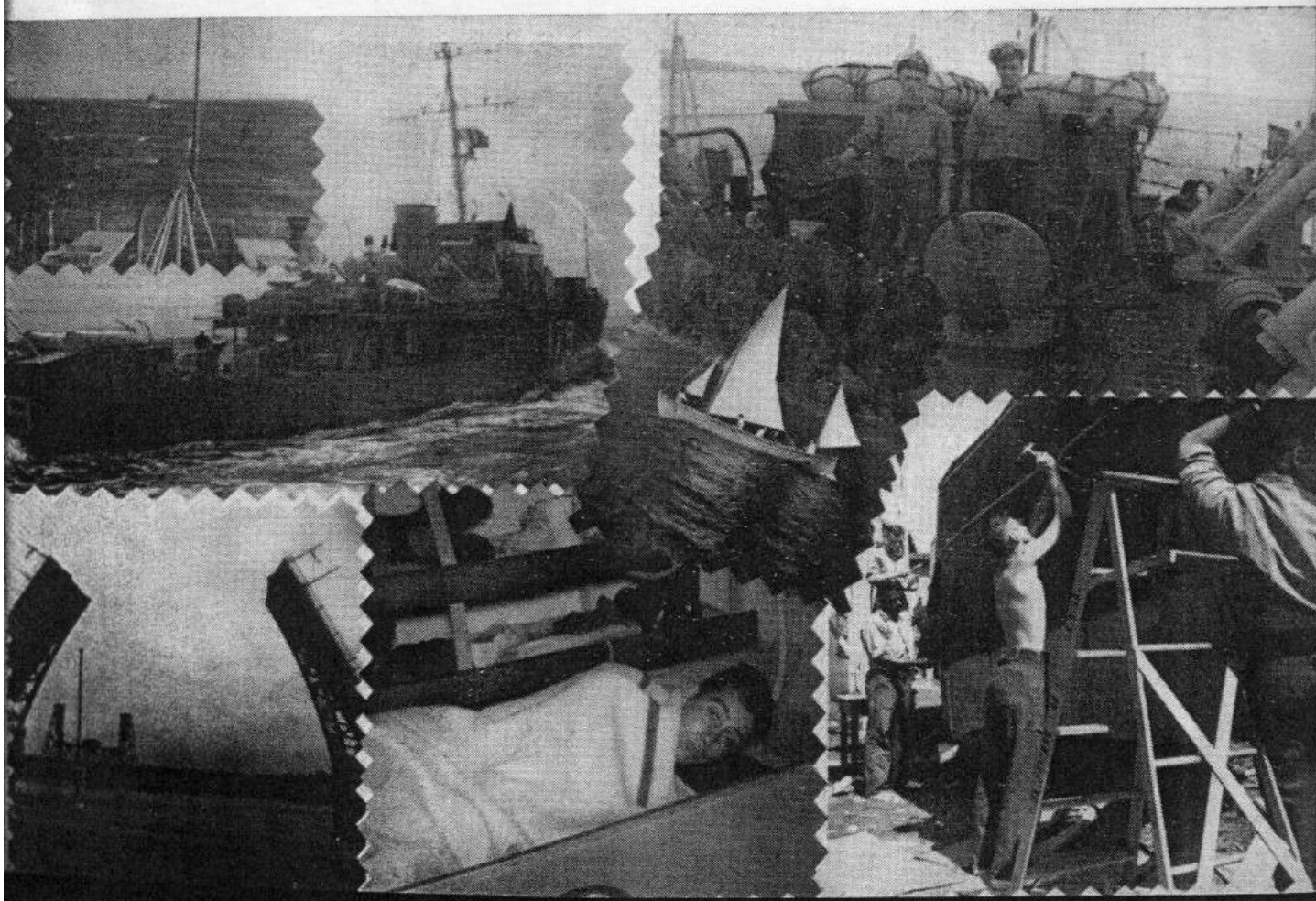
The next three weeks, more or less, were spent steaming between ports of call — with a parade here, a reception there, and even shore leave! The last few days were spent back in Dockyard, where ship's diagrams and oral tests in seamanship were the order of the day.

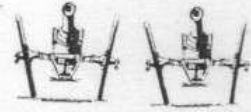
On the whole, added responsibility brought added enthusiasm and response from the cadets, and most of us appreciated the benefits of training in smaller ships, even though it meant standing more frequent watches. Nevertheless, we look back with satisfaction on our coastal seafaring bouts during the summer of '56.



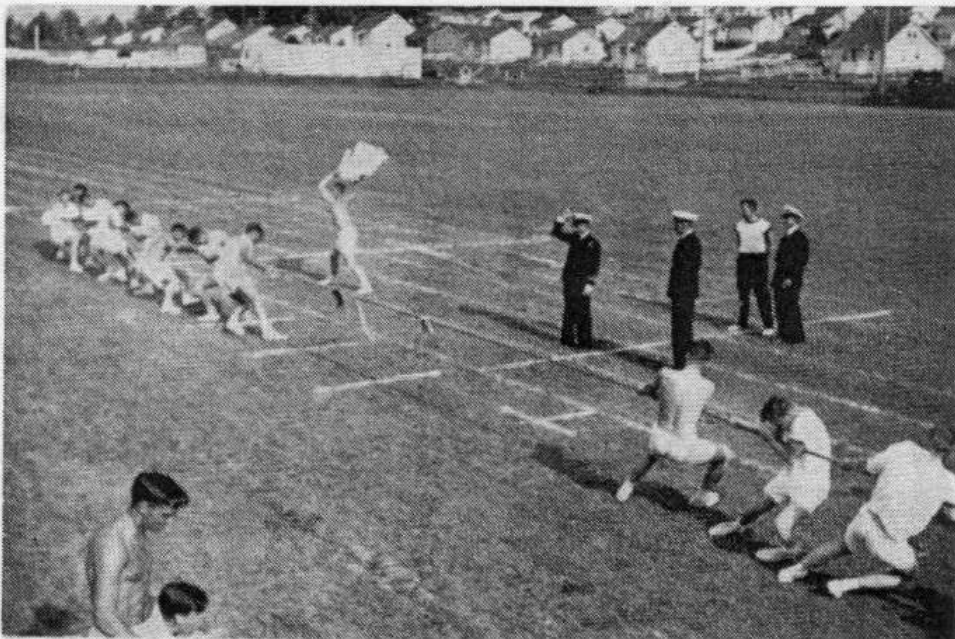


cruses west . . .





*cruises
west . . .*





THE PREMIER
HALIFAX

It is truism that the youth of today are the men of tomorrow. It is equally true that the well trained and disciplined youth of today are in all likelihood the leaders of tomorrow.

I am glad to endorse the activities of the Royal Canadian Navy Sea Cadets and the University Naval Training Divisions.

As an added means of developing the qualities of leadership and citizenship, I send my best wishes to the White Twist and express the hope that its publication may stimulate interest in the work and activities of the Royal Canadian Navy Sea Cadets and the University Naval Training Divisions.

R. L. Stanfield
PREMIER OF NOVA SCOTIA

HALIFAX, N. S.
JANUARY 10, 1957

la croisière bravo . . .

La croisière Bravo, à bord de la troisième escadre royale canadienne, laissa Halifax le 22 juin à destination de l'Écosse et de la Belgique.

Trois bateaux de guerre, des frégates, composaient l'escadre dont le H.M.C.S. Lauzon, le H.M.C.S. Lanark, et le H.M.C.S. Fort Erie.

Par une belle après-midi ensoleillée l'escadre prenait la mer; aussitôt sorti du port le soleil disparaît à l'horizon; nous étions en mer. Le lendemain, bercé par une mer en furie, le traditionnel mal de mer se fait sentir. C'est une expérience très amusante lorsqu'on y songe, mais très amère si l'on en est la victime. Mais bientôt le calme se rétablit et l'on file vers l'Europe.

La traversée fut rapide: la vie à bord d'un bateau passe vite, les jours s'enfuient à une vitesse vertigineuse. Enfin, le dimanche 1er juillet, par une belle après-midi l'on aperçoit la côte de l'Écosse. Après un séjour en mer tous semblent enivrés de joie à la vue de la terre, enfin qui pourrait résister au charme qu'offre l'Écosse?

Toutefois, le port d'Invergordon est un port secondaire de notre itinéraire et notre temps doit être consacré aux sports et aux régattes. Aussitôt que l'on dispose d'un moment, avide de visiter l'Écosse l'on se précipite et l'on explore. C'est un pays enchanteur, pauvre, mais digne. Ses vieux châteaux, ses vertes plaines, ses petits villages, tout enfin semble témoigner d'un digne et noble pays.

Comme toute chose doit arriver à une fin, après six jours, l'escadre lève l'ancre pour filer vers la Belgique.

Avant d'atteindre notre destination, on doit longer la côte de la Hollande; de nouveau l'on peut constater la richesse panoramique, typique des côtes européennes. Ce n'est que tard dans la soirée du 8 juillet, après avoir rencontré une multitude impressionnante de cargos, et de transports, que l'on accoste au quai d'Anvers.

Sans perdre un moment, les cadets se dirigent vers la ville. Les citoyens sont enchantés de voir des canadiens. Ils ont gardé un bon souvenir des forces canadiennes durant la dernière guerre.

Anvers avec ses bistrots, ses cabarets, ses places publiques, ses châteaux, ses cathédrales, ses musées, et une foule d'autres attractions nous plaît énormément . . . dès la première journée je dirais.

La Marine royale belge se charge le lendemain de nous faire visiter Waterloo. Les mots ne suffisent pas pour décrire un endroit aussi digne et grand. Un officier belge nous explique le lieu des batailles et nous raconte d'une manière imagée la rencontre de Napoléon et de Wellington. Le même soir, les officiers et les cadets de l'escadre sont les hôtes de la marine belge à une soirée sociale.

La journée suivante nos vacances commencent. Les cadets par petits groupes envahissent la Belgique de tout côté. L'on visite Bruxelles, Gand, Ostende, Blackenberge, Waterloo et ainsi de suite chaque ville d'intérêt.

Bruxelles, la capitale, où le roi des Belges réside majestueusement, est d'une splendeur incroyable. Ses imposants édifices de style à la fois européen et américain nous étonnent.

Pourtant, chaque ville semble avoir un cachet particulier; Bruges par exemple est la Venise des Belges

ENVOYONS DE L'AVANT LES GARS . . .

Envoyons de l'avant les gars . . .

Il existe à H.M.C.S. Stadacona un nombre imposant de Cadets de langue française. En effet de tout bord et de tout côté on rencontre des canadiens-français et on entend notre langue maternelle un peu partout

Ce groupe comprend des cadets de H.M.C.S. Carleton — Ottawa, de H.M.C.S. Montcalm — Québec de H.M.C.S. Donnacona — Montréal, et d'une foule d'autres bases à travers le Canada. Il va sans dire que nous possédons aussi parmi les rangs plusieurs officiers dont le nombre augmente progressivement.

Ainsi le 16 juin, les cadets de langue française se réunissaient au milieu de beaucoup d'éclat et de vie pour célébrer la St-Jean. La soirée était sous l'habile direction du sous-lieutenant André Côté, de Monsieur Victor Langlois et une foule de collaborateurs. Sous le drapeau de la province de Québec se déroule une des belles soirées canadiennes-françaises. Les cadets se firent un devoir d'y assister: il faut même souligner la présence de plusieurs de nos confrères de l'autre langue, et d'une importante délégation d'officiers.

Par la suite de tout bord et de tout côté, dans les deux langues, on tarissait d'éloges pour une belle soirée bien organisée. Des soirées comme ceux-ci rehaussent notre renommée de gais-lurons et aident à nous faire estimer.

Ainsi, nous canadiens-français il nous appartient de faire revivre notre langue et de tenir ferme. Depuis quelques années nous avons fait d'énormes avancements au point de vue groupe ethnique dans la marine et c'est en continuant que nous atteindrons le degré désirable de reconnaissance pour notre langue dans le service.

Me direz vous qu'il est difficile de faire ainsi en tout temps . . . je concède, c'est un problème délicat. Mais en se servant de diplomatie et de beaucoup de discrétion le point sera atteint.

N'ayons pas peur de notre minorité car elle va en s'accroissant chaque jour. Un regard dans le passé suffit pour prouver mon assertion. Il y a quelques années les canadiens-français étaient d'une rareté effrayante dans la marine, maintenant on trouve des nôtres partout; dans les rangs d'officiers, de cadets, et de matelots. Ces derniers en effet sont d'un nombre imposant. Ceux qui ont eu le plaisir de participer à croisière peuvent soutenir cet avance.

Donc canadiens-français allons de l'avant: c'est un devoir que celui de se faire connaître et surtout de laisser une bonne impression.

Cdt. J. R. Marin,
H.M.C.S. Carleton—Ottawa

avec ses canaux, ses parcs et ses châteaux. Le tout est d'une grande attraction. Il en est de même pour Gand, Ostende, et Blackenberge.

Mais la visite tire à sa fin; l'on revient à bord et le 14 juillet, on file vers le Canada.

Après une plaisante traversée, par une température belle et ensoleillée, on revient à Halifax. Ainsi se termine une belle croisière, agréable à tous, et dont on se souviendra longtemps.

Cdt. J. R. Marin,
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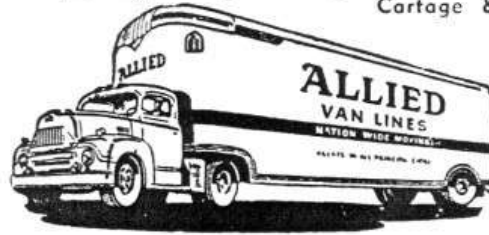


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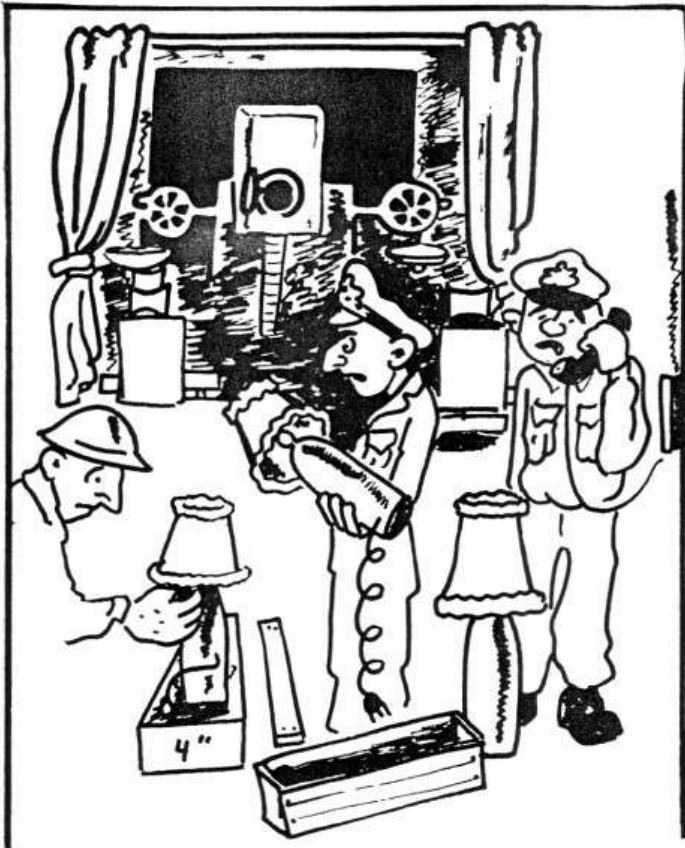
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operation of mortar mark xv fuse . . .

1. Insert one dime or two nickels; one nickel will not work.
2. The nickels or dime fall onto the crow who wakes up and immediately flies away.
3. This wakes up the cat who chases the crow and the dog chases the cat up a treadmill. The treadmill works a pawl and ratchet arrangement which releases an anvil.
4. The anvil falls on the wolf's tail causing the wolf to emit a high-pitched shriek into a diaphragm.
5. The vibrations of the diaphragm annoy the wasps who fly out and sting the pig.
6. The pig charges the corridor pulling the lanyard attached to his tail.
7. This cocks the time clock and sets the bomb to explode in five hours time.

P. M. D. Hinchcliffe,
HMCS Malahat

ode to autumn . . .

It was shortly after colours on a brisk early-September morning, as four "Untidies" shuffled their way toward the Gunnery School, carefully skimming the white line which demarcated the hallowed area of Naden's parade ground.

Coming from the direction of the dais strolled a rather highly respected officer — Commodore he was known as in official circles. But our four heroes were quite unperturbed about that for "— after all", they thought with slight indifference, "he only has one ring".

Now the scene is set, and as the cadets see him approach (he is too far away to salute, and too near to ignore) they step out — about a forty-inch pace — in a vain attempt to clear out.

"Harumph! There's a likely looking bunch of cadets!" The voice with the unmistakable accent had uttered the challenge.

"Jeez, fellas, we've bin had." — came the almost in-audible reply.

"I say, which of you chaps is in literature?" . . . Now that was a sticker, but after some consideration four hands reached up high.

"Good! Then you must be acquainted with Cowper."

"Kow Pah? Sir?" — there was a moment of stunned silence before the translation was made; and even then, the blank looks bespoke the innermost thoughts of the four — "what gives with him?"

To the question "What are your names?" came the tremulous reply "Temlett, Hadley, Billings and Patterson — Sir."

"Now what I want you chaps to do is to find a poem by Cowper that pertains to this season; have it on my desk by tomorrow morning — a copy from each of you. Carry on, please!" And with that he walked away.

Cadet M. L. Hadley

For an indeterminable length of time they stood there not knowing whether to laugh, be miserable, or run for the nearest anthology of English poetry. Cadet Billings was particularly overwhelmed by all that had passed, so he settled himself down to write his own little poem which he surreptitiously slipped onto the Commodore's desk within the next couple of hours.

And so with due respect to this plagiaristic poet, I'll quote a few lines:

*Some do it with a bitter look
Some with a flattering word
The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword!
The Commodore did it with a poem
The author of which we'd never heard.*

By noon there was a notice at the M.A.A.'s office — To the Cadets, the clue is Keats.

Needless to say, confusion reigned, and the literary geni were baffled. They sought help at Victoria College's English department, only to be told by a professor that "there is possibly an anagrammatically associated liason between Keat's name and Cowper's main work." — "Duh, Tanks pal!"

At any rate, after reading through the twelve books of Cowper's main work on a co-op basis (4-watch system), the evening and part of that night passed by without incident. Finally tiredness, frustration, and disgust overcame the lads, and they decided to forget about Cowper and submit Keats' Ode to Autumn. — This was done, and strange as it seems, that was what the Commodore wanted in the first place.

The climax to this tale is that the Commodore promised to write a poetic reply to the "anonymous" poem he received that September day — and so true to his word he composed and sent the following Ode, to the "Four Cadets of Naden".

Continued Next Page

the four cadets of naden . . .

There were four Cadets of Naden,
Just full of moans and grunts,
They came to serve the Queen and me,
Just for the summer months.

They pounded on the Asphalt,
They sat in classrooms long,
They studied every flaming thing
Till the ringing of the gong.

They joined the guard at colours,
They paraded in the town,
They even joined a church choir
That won them great renown.

They learned of Rhumb and fix lines,
Of buoyage, knots, and spars,
Of ships and sails and extra drill
And learned to shoot the stars.

But when it came to poetry,
An art that stands alone,
They stood as dumb as Christmas Trees
And muttered "Send me home".

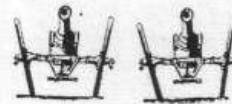
Now the Navy wants its officers,
Both Regular and Reserve,
Alive to all the facts of life
And ready to observe.

So, if when asked a question,
In prose or liting rhyme,
Spring smartly to attention
And plead for extra time.

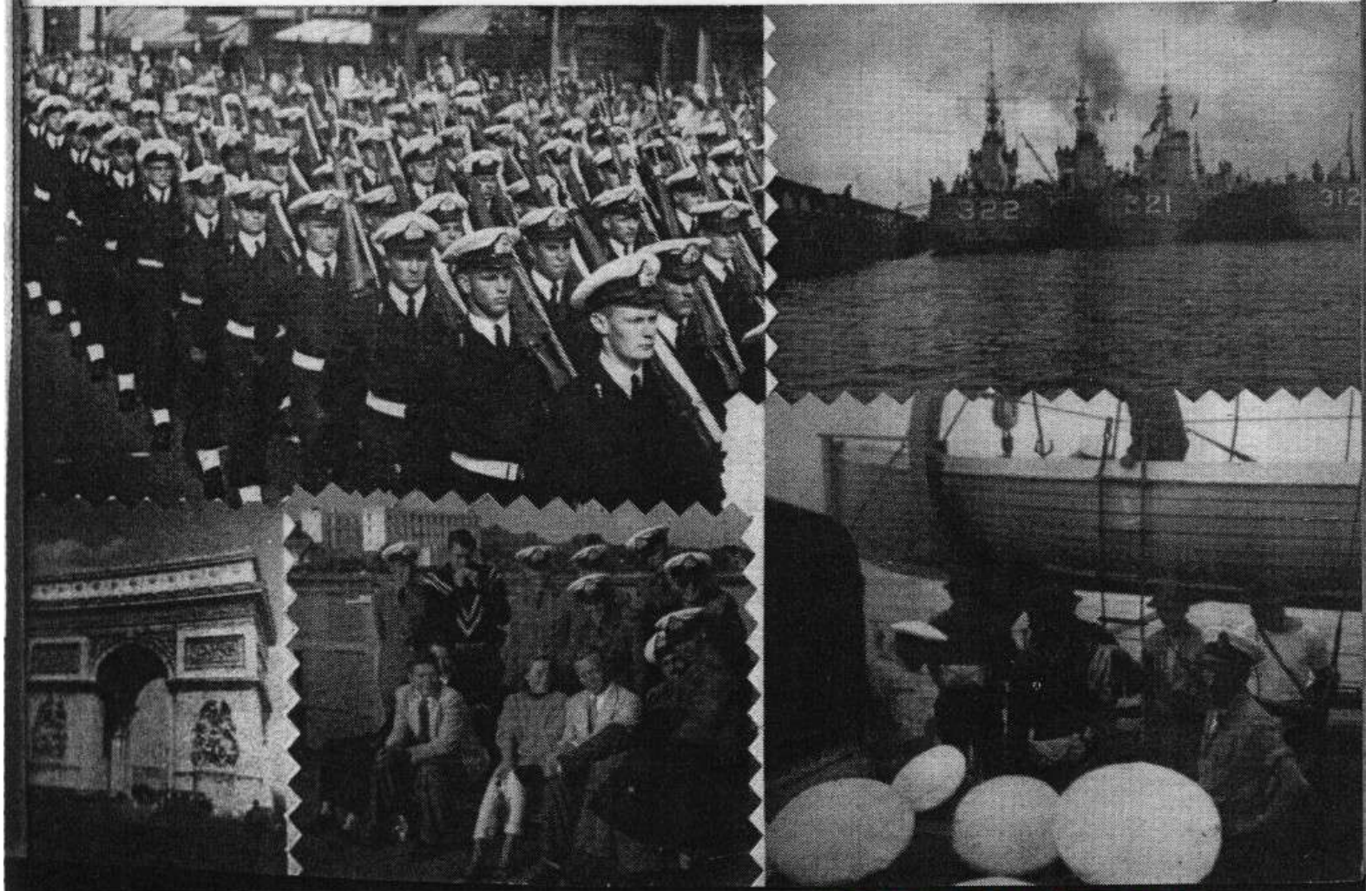
For on the briny ocean,
Or in Naden's steady line,
Cadets must never question
The Commodore's design.

R.H.I.P.

(Rank has its privileges)



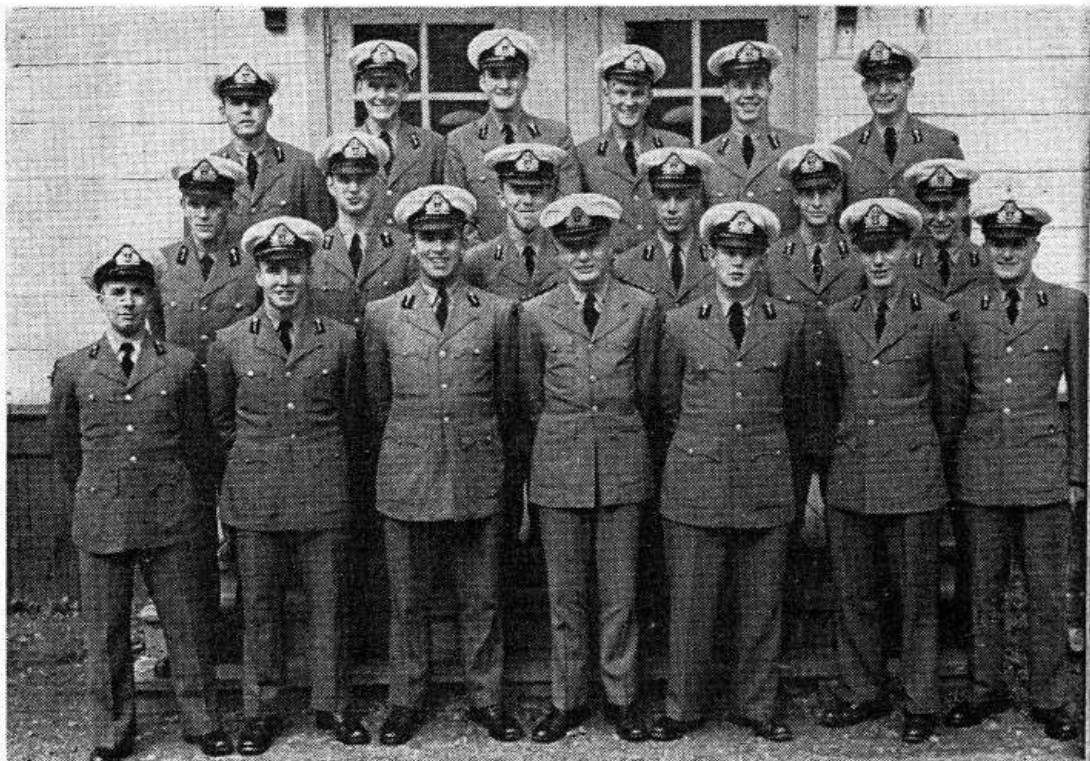
rope-ends . . .

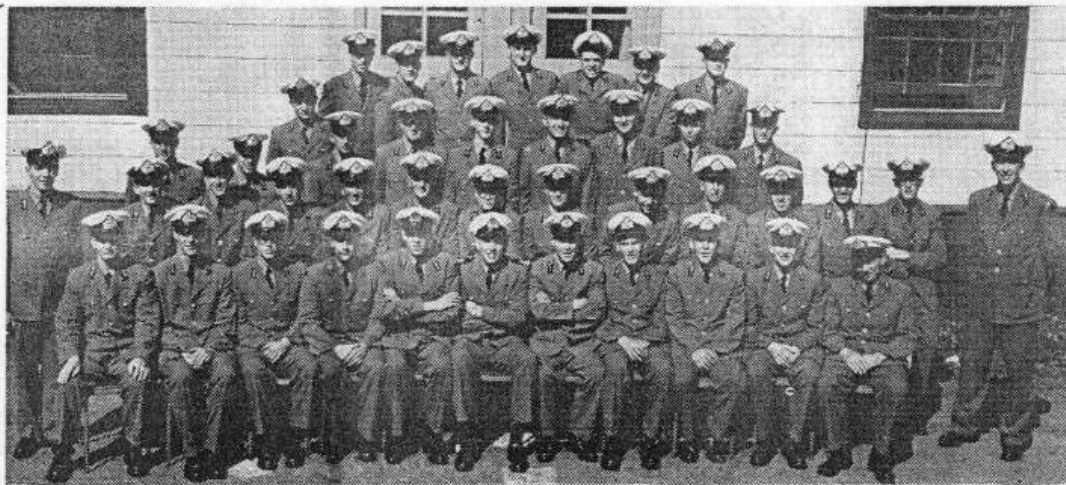




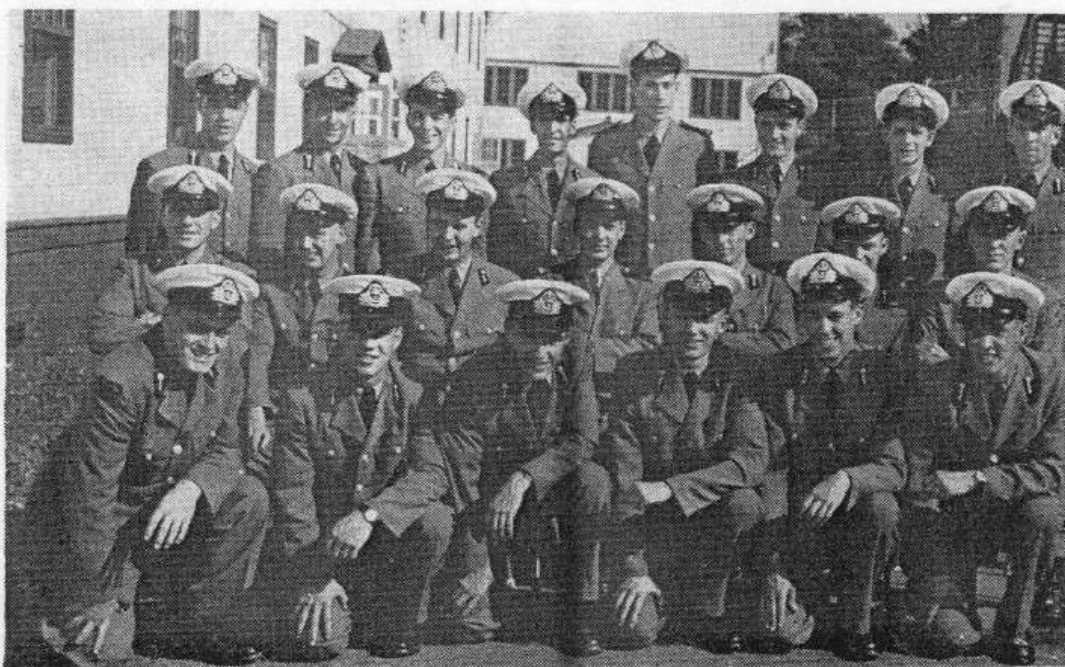
*classes
east...*

ALGONQUIN



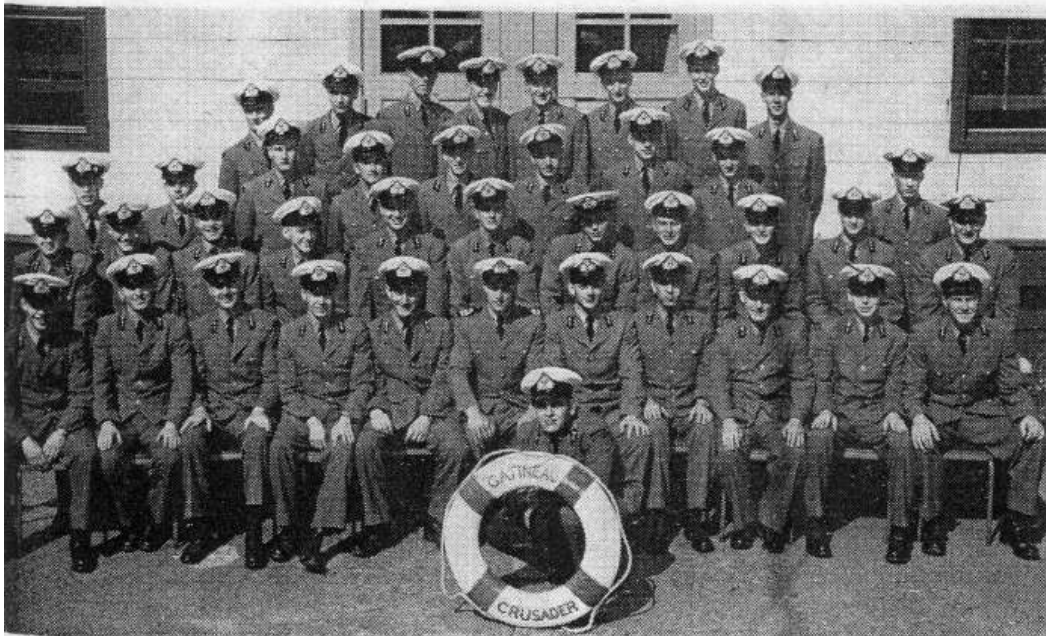


ATHABASCAN and FRASER

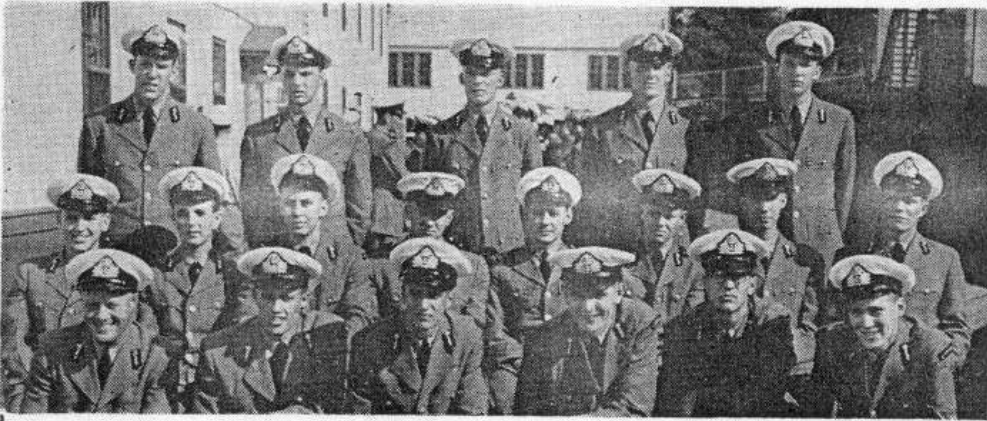


CRESCENT

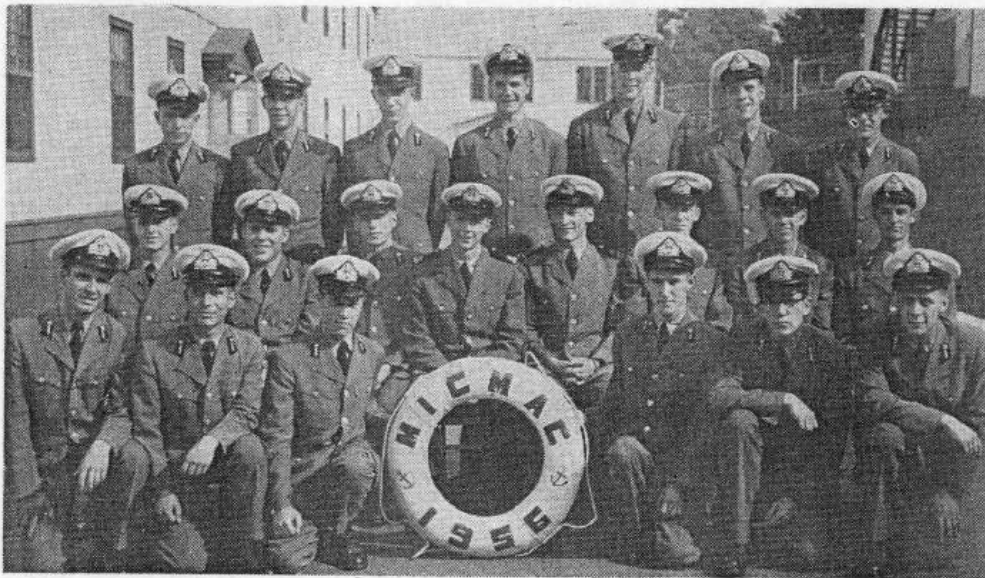
GATINEAU and CRUSADER



*classes
east...*

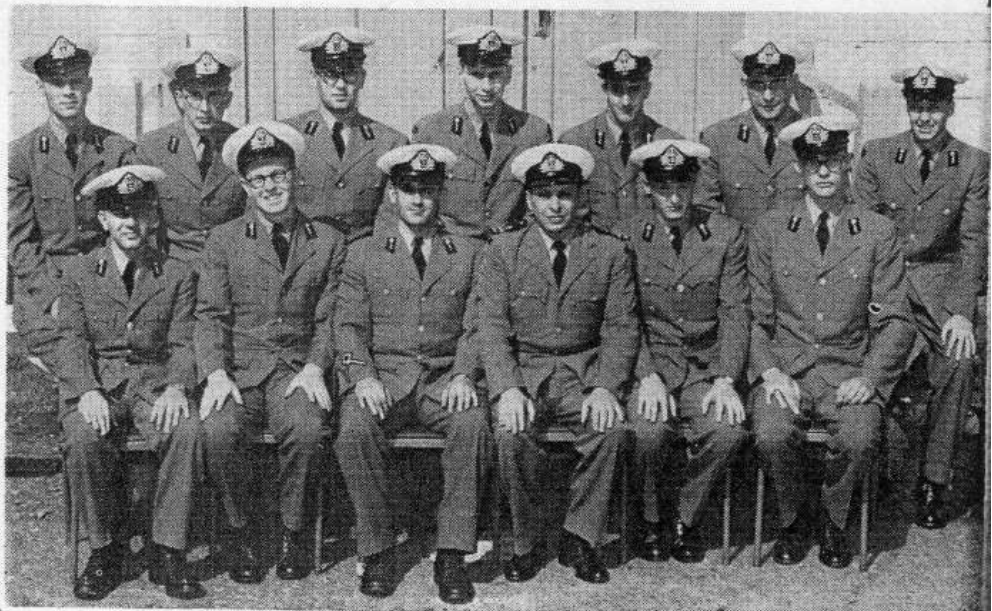


HAIDA

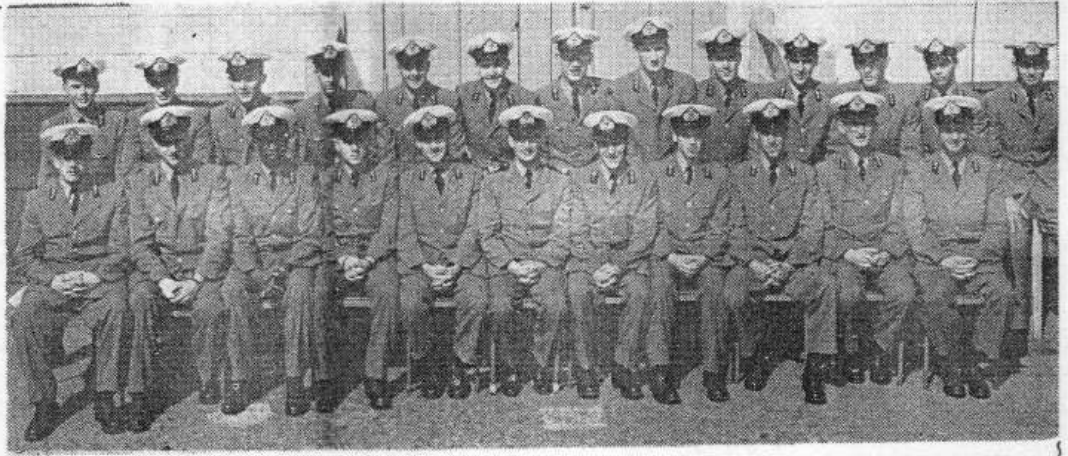


MICMAC

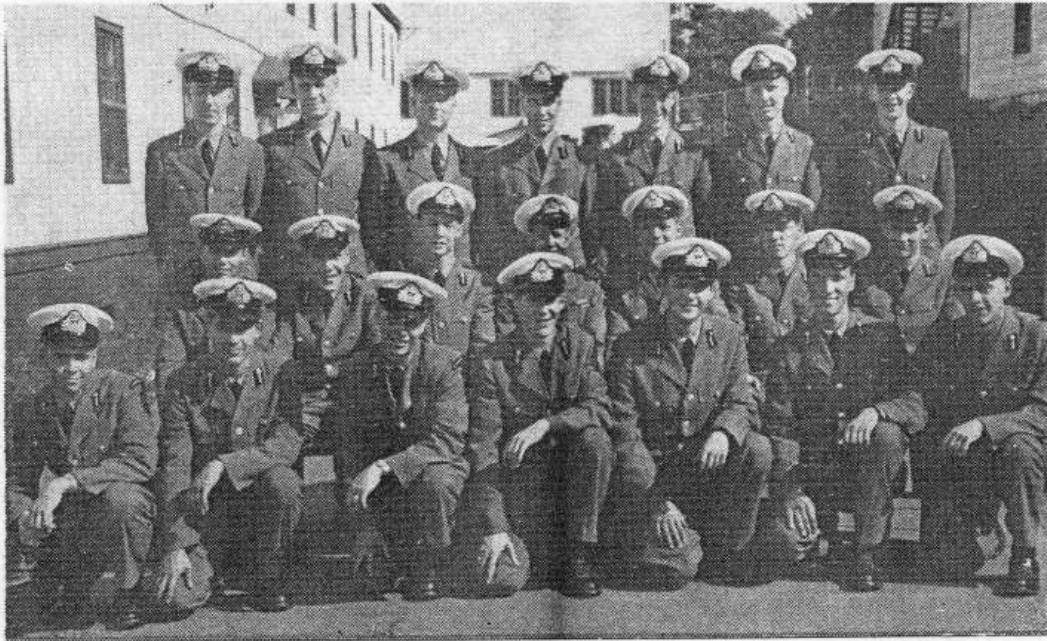
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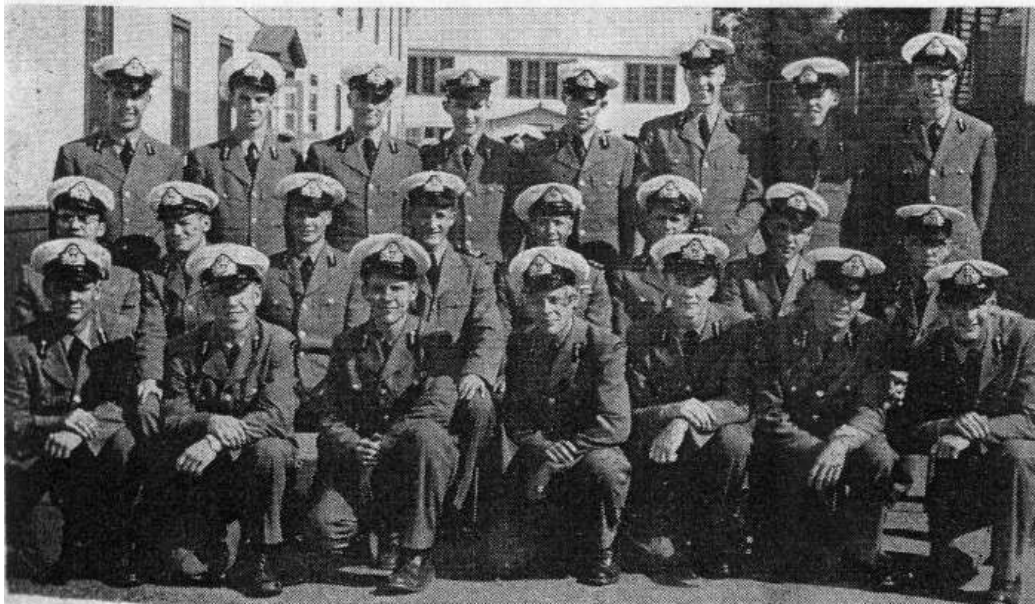


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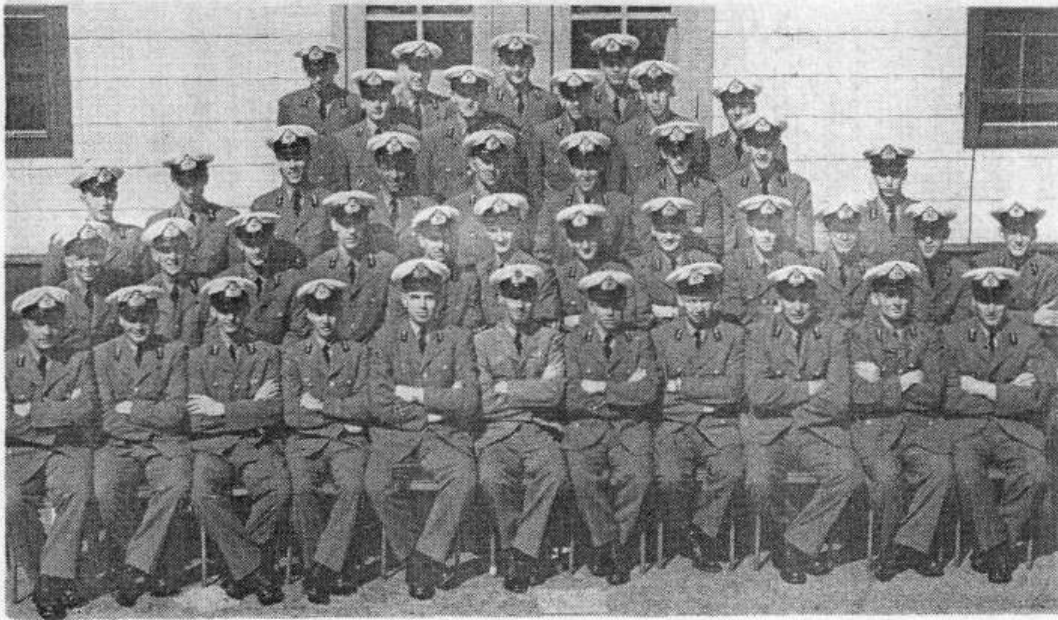


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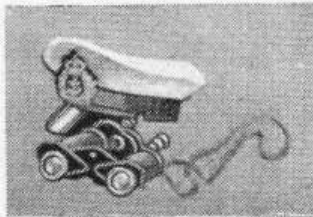
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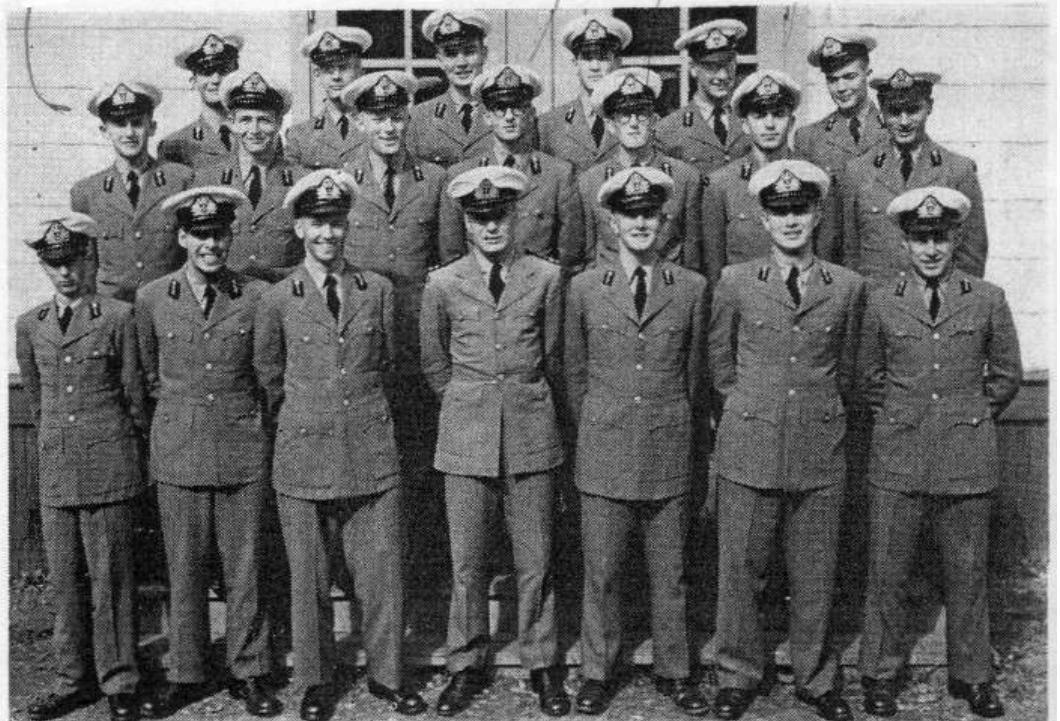
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SIOUX and CAYUGA



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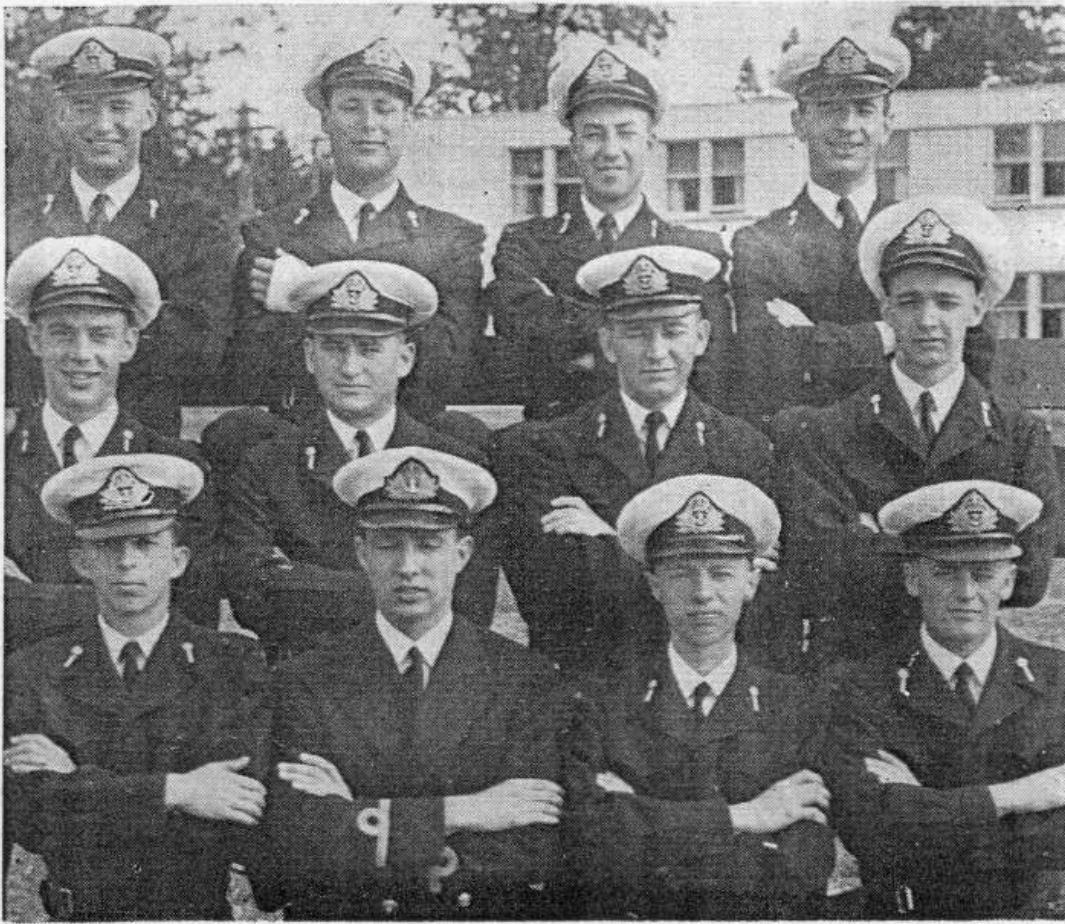
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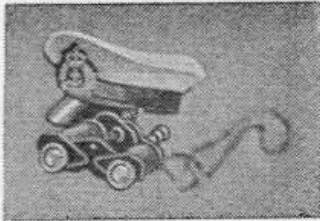
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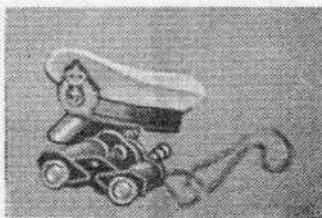
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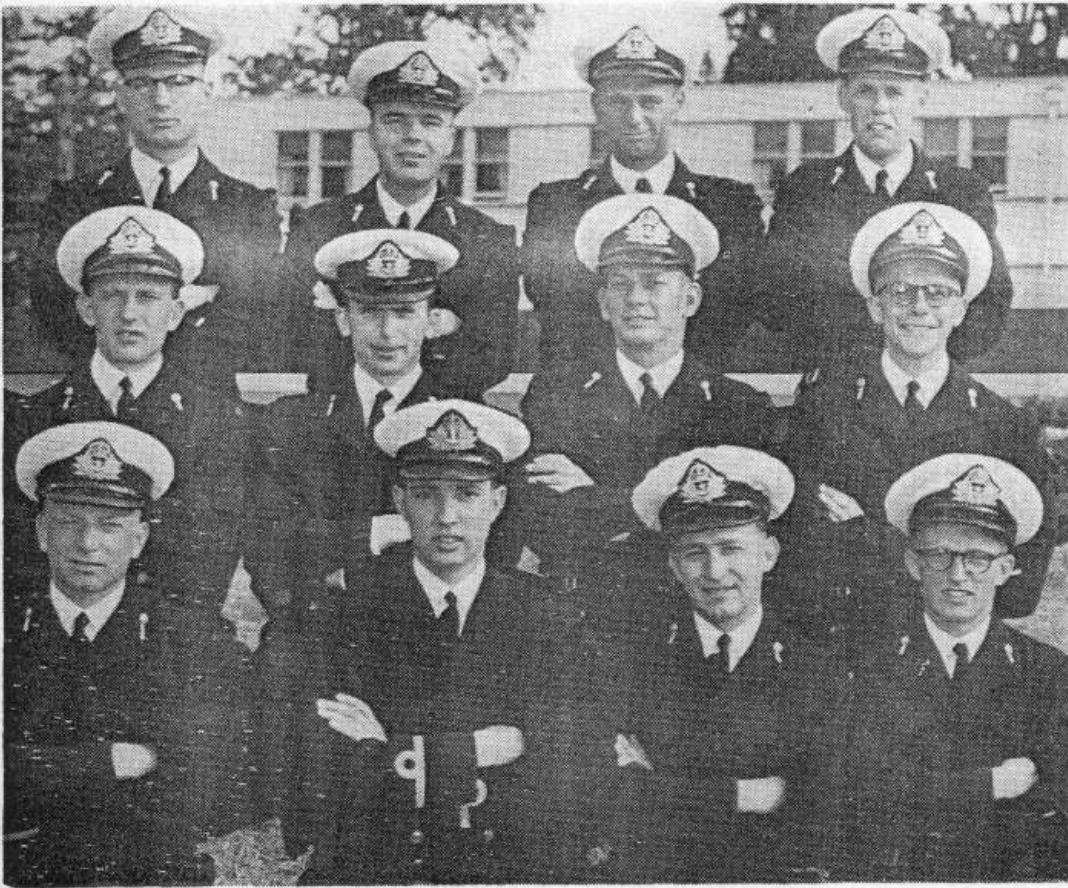
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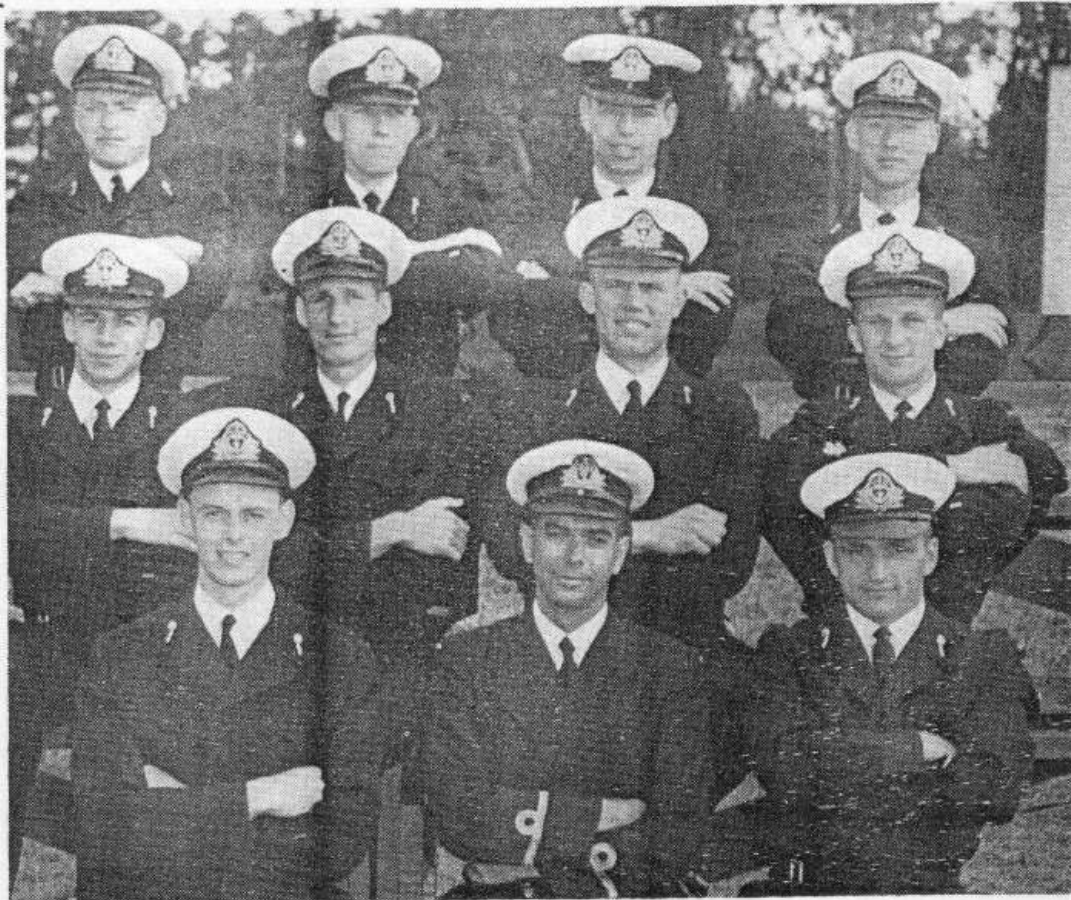


PATRICIAN

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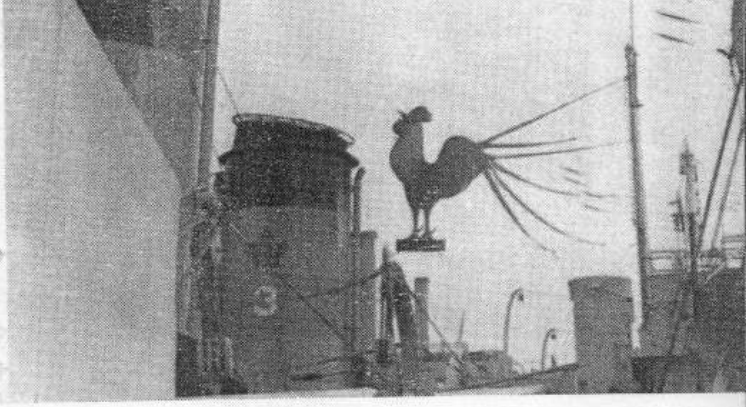
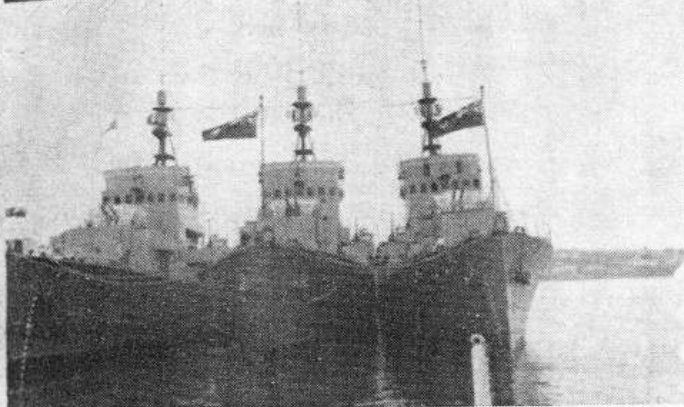
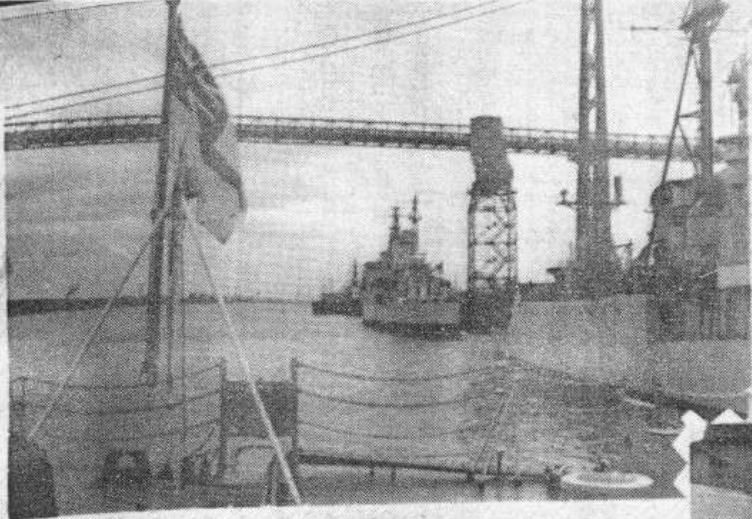


THIEPVALE

VANCOUVER



*classes
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rope ends . . . east coast





CLASS B

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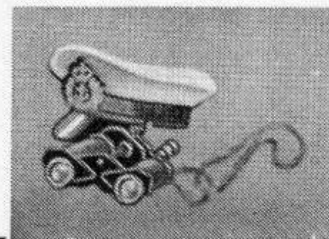


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The Powell River News Ltd.

BOX 100 — WESTVIEW, B.C.

No 825



Royal Deluxe Portable
In Gray, Tan or Colors

west coast —

navy duty -- victoria -- 1956

"Bigger and Better" seemed to be the slogan of the committee planning the Navy Day programme for 1956, and justly so, for, as reporters put it, "larger crowds saw a larger parade and better displays over a longer period of time than ever before in the history of the Pacific Command of the RCN."

The UNTD played a prominent part in the activities of the day, in that they were represented by a guard and band in the parade and two floats. The Guard, complete in 5B's and white webbing, needs no further description. The Cadet Band, or as their official title had it, "The Clown Band", was the cause of great applause as they marched — forwards and backwards — through the streets behind comical "Dragnet Drill Team". The musicians (?) dressed in boots, white gaiters, blue shorts, white tee shirts, starched collars, black ties and steel helmets, perhaps established a trend for the future UNTD summer dress. Who knows?

And speaking of establishing trends, the UNTD float from HMCS Naden, will certainly establish the trend of good UNTD floats for years to come. The float, known as HMCS "UNTiDy" slightly resembles a Norse Viking Ship with its crew. The hull, painted blue and white, was be-decked with the crests of all the universities of Canada. Additional oddities which brought many laughs were her hull number (3472½), destination, and place of registry. The crew dressed in their "pusser" uniforms . . . sack cloth . . . and all sprouting the finest of beards, showed their pride in their ship in the way in which they 'rowed' her through the streets of Victoria. It was all due, of course,

to the terror instilled into them by the slave driver himself, "Murderous MacDougall".

Perhaps the best of the UNTD float was the dinghy she trailed behind. No greater contrast can be visualized than the great, massive, strong, HMCS UNTiDy followed by the little, insignificant, puny, dinghy aptly christened (if you'll pardon the name) "VENTURE".

Of interest in the parade also, was the float entered by the 12th Escort Squadron. This was an unusually good model of a minesweeper which depicted Cadet life in three stages . . . "University, Navy, Defence". A great deal of credit goes to those who worked so diligently to make it a success.

Concerning the UNTD entries in the Navy Day parade of 1956, one can only use the trite, but apt, expression . . . "WELL DONE".

J. A. McCallum,
HMCS Catarqui

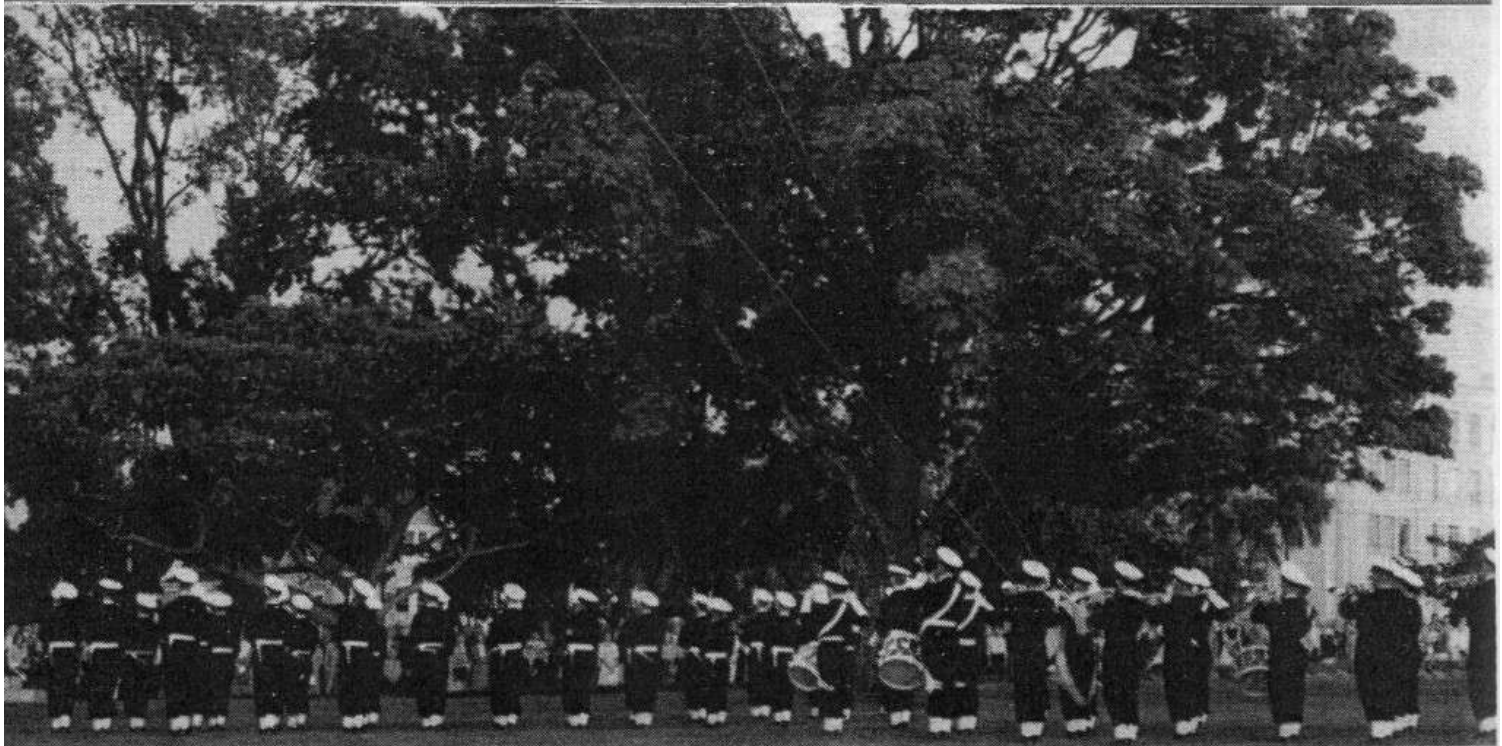


west coast — sunset ceremony . . .

On Friday evening, August 17, the UNTD cadets from HMCS "Nadén" performed the historic sunse ceremony on the grounds of the Provincial Parliament Buildings in downtown Victoria. Cadets have provided the guns' crews for previous sunset ceremonies, but this was the first time that the whole affair was done by them.

As a crowd of two thousand watched, the forty-eight man guard and the band marched onto the lawn of the Buildings, wheeled and counter-marched. Then the drummers marched through the guard, a reminder of the days when drums were beaten in the streets to recall troops to their barracks. Next came the march-past, and the guard moved into position in front of the flag pole. A volley was fired, sunset was played, and the field guns crashed out. Then, as the band played "God Save the Queen," the White Ensign was slowly lowered.

The ceremony was received with great enthusiasm by the audience, many of whom were American tourists. When the cadets performed the sunset ceremony again on the following Monday an even larger crowd was present.





***navy day
and
sunset ceremony***



victoria, 1956



the 1956 cadet revue . . . east coast

The Cadet Revue got its start in Nineteen Hundred and Fifty-One under the direction of Cadet Mark DeGoumois whose aptitude for theatrical work put the Revue on its feet. In this year, prior to the idea of having a revue, talented Cadets used to do their acting after lights-out in the F-Block Heads. Then one day Lieutenant M. DeGoumois (he has been promoted since) fancied that the talent of these Cadets should be put before the Officers, Men, and Cadets of H.M.C.S. Stadacona. He approached both the Reserve Training Commander and Staff Officer of Cadets who without demur accepted the idea, and consequently production of an annual Cadet Revue commenced.

The theme of the revue each year has been the story of Cadet life. Many of the officers, and men attached to the Reserve Training Establishment have found themselves being mimicked in this annual play.

This year there was a slight deviation from the usual and the Cadets produced a play whose theme was the Navy Through the Ages. The play started with a scene of "The Navy Before Christ" and ended with a scene about the Navy in the "Far Distant Future".

The objective of the Revue is to put Cadet's Talent before the compliment of Stadacona, to develop self confidence in the individual cadet and to mature their leadership ability. This worthy objective has given not only the Reserve Training Commander and Staff Officer of Cadets a keen interest in the Revue, but also Rear Admiral and

Mrs. R. F. S. Bidwell, and their interest has instilled in the Cadet participants a sense of well being and accomplishment.

For two wonderful nights, July 26th and 27th, the cadets at HMCS Stadacona presented the highlights of the summer — The Cadet Revue. The effort was primarily a first year one, the director, producer, assistant directors and complete dramatic personnel all being first year cadets. The opening night was truly a glittering occasion in every sense of the theatrical term. Shortly after the arrival of the admiral's party, the curtain went up on the product of many weeks' work. "The Navy Through the Ages". This sequence of eras, including prehistoric, Roman, Elizabethan, Nelson sea era, modern, and future, was a brainchild of the producers. The various divisions accepted responsibility of writing and casting of their own part. With a sparkling array of costumes, (flown from Montreal), a make-up crew of eight, and a most efficient "backstage" committee the production was a highly polished one.

The cavemen began babbling about how a log floats. This merriment was added to, by the song of a scantily dressed "cave belle" who sang "If I Clubbed You". The Roman act, a flurry of white togas and some quite clever quips about cadet training, went over very well. The Nelson entourage was as colorful as everything Chaucer ever created.

Some good cast entertainment from Nelson himself,

Continued Next Page



extract from solitude . . .

—James Gordon Maw, HMCS *Cataraqui*

Thoughts lack form and tend to float
Lighter than the weary head from whose depths
Their birth had caused such pain.
Sooner than the sun the crashing note
Sends all in haste to caves where slept
Old hags yet brewing mysteries for the day.
Into vague forms we fly for old ritual,
Never from this service to depart.
And some eventually find themselves imprisoned
Behind these gates which seem eternal,
For the never ending period which shall start
When from the throne the chief archangel has
arisen —

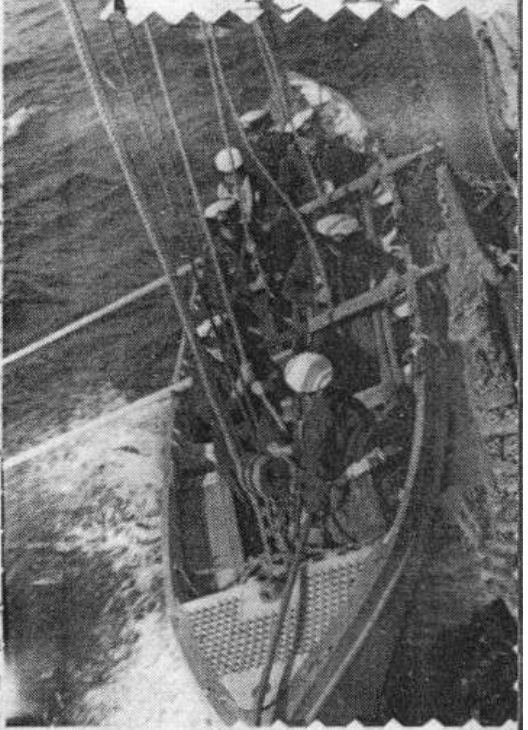
Two days, the cry rang out!
Instruction for the day takes no set form,
The interest lags and minds begin to wander,
In some courses all the time is squandered.
Objects celestial and terrestrial must be plotted,
Flashing lights and waving cloths are spotted,
Great power and flames unleashed are conquered,
Lethal vapours and small particles are detected,
Knots and splices in the cord of life are created,
In all, a jumbled mass of material things
From which the service draws its breath.
Then from the past the story is unfurled,
For those who stand in awe,
The masters strive to stabilize the burden,
The spiritual from which the breath to draw.
Wearied trodden souls breathe forth once more
Upon the field of sport with Mars and Mercury
Winged gods with limbs unfettered by all earthly
cares,
Plunging on to cavort and flit from place to place
Until at last the day's end comes.
The wearied limbs and tired minds evaporate
Into the ethereal blue and sleep
As the trumpet call of night rings down
The shadow on the better part of life.



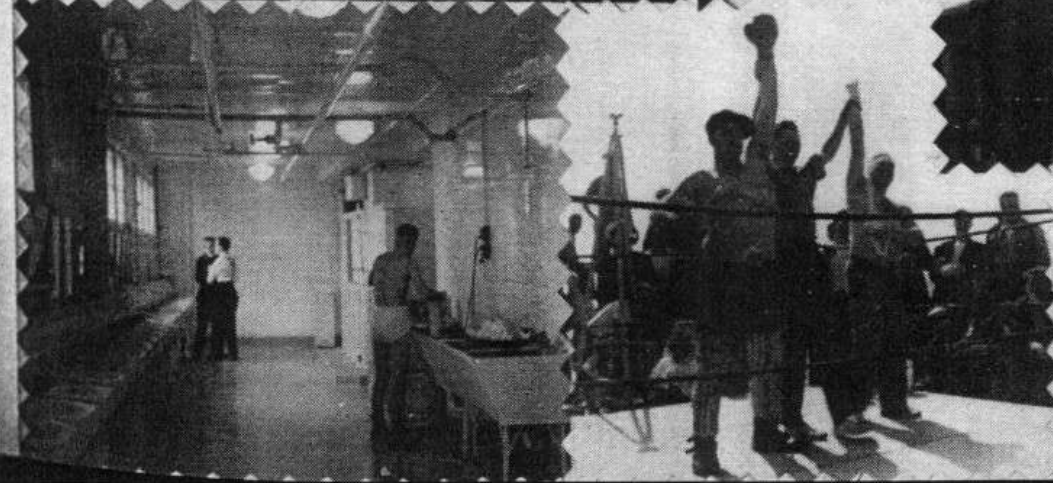
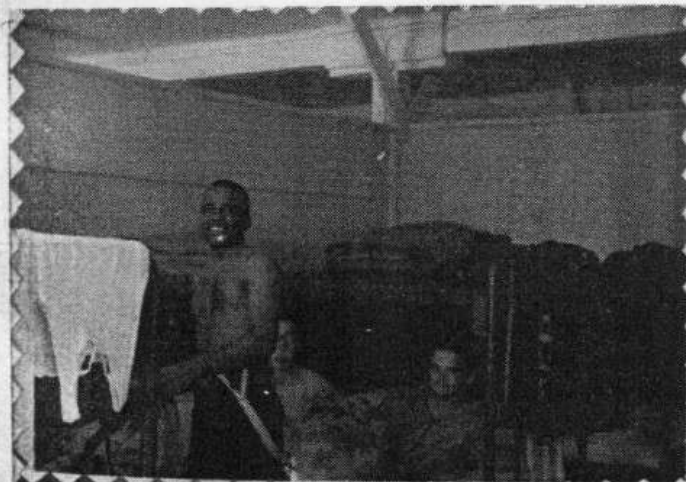
(authentic glistening sword, black eyepatch and all), down to a seasick cadet who stole the show was most appreciated. The Elizabethan history book let Greenville, Drake, Raleigh, Bess herself, and a host of others free for a night of fun. Some tremendous performing here all around, with special bouquets to Queen Bess and a most remarkable character "Seaweed". The modern act was wardroom satire, this time most capably done with some better-than-usual lines. The future brought an old, admiral (two-and-a-half million years to be exact) with a reminiscent song of the days when he was S.O.C. at Stadacona. His gang of "Space Cadets" were really "ultra". The finale brought the complete cast of over sixty, presenting the Navy Through the Ages onto the stage, touched off by a rousing song "There's

No Navy Like Our Navy" (this time it was Berlin), the big show ended with a big burst & well-deserved ovation.

We might all add our tributes to those cadets who performed individually between acts, and especially to our "glee club". A thank-you also, to all those who filled so well those unseen roles that are so vital, to all those in authority who cooperated so finely with us at all times. And, as one by one, "Flaming Flannigus", Nelson, Queen Bess, Raleigh, Drake, and a host of others returned to the pages in the history book, after a night of rivalry, and the footlights dimmed, each and every one of us taking part were more certain than ever that there is truly "no business like show business". The 1956 Cadet Revue — East Coast proved this.



rope ends . . . east coast





*Halifax,
with the
ocean
at its
elbow ...
with its
History
built around
this
Great Ocean Port ...
Sends Greetings
to Cadets
and Reservists.
Get a good
Posting ...
Come to
Halifax!*

Sincerely
LEONARD A. KITZ
MAYOR
THE CITY OF HALIFAX



look mom . . .







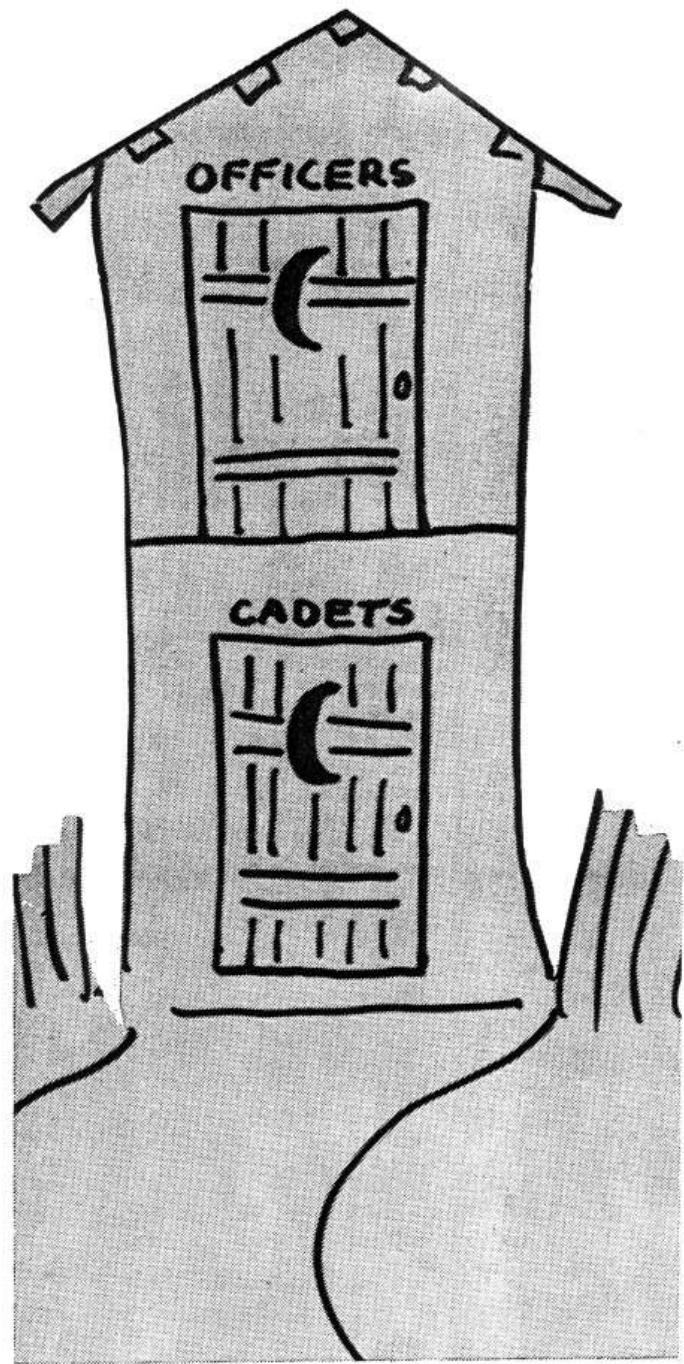
*east
coast . . .*



a fable . . .

This is a fable, but it is different from most fables, in that it is not at all like most fables. For you see, it is true! It is really very true, and it happened in the Summer of 1956, at the great camping ground Stadacona. Here, every year, various tribes from all across the country gather to combat their rivals in all sorts of ways — in one of the mightiest tribes ever known to stop over here is the great tribe "Micmac". Throughout the many years that have passed, they have maintained the tradition of being very bold, and very bad. Being an extremely powerful tribe, it is very naturally proud, and well it might be, for you see, aside from being very brave chieftains, these warriors are also "old salts" of some repute. The adventure of which I am about to relate took place on a Saturday night in July. The great tribal chief had been away from the campground for the weekend, and being very mischievous, as most little Indians will be, some of his tribe sneaked into his teepee and proceeded horrible things. They sewed together the sleeves of his deerskin jackets (which were beautifully adorned with cadet captain chevrons), filled his moccasins (or maybe they were Wellingtons) with a terrible potion, and made great havoc with his wardress in general. The night of the chief's return arrived, and all the tribe waited anxiously. As he marched down the highly waxed path to his teepee, pairs of eyes could be seen shining in the dark openings of the cadets' teepees. All was silent. Only the campfire crackling and the screaming of the distant nightowl (making pipes), broke silence. Then, almighty chief discovered the prank. Being a crafty old fellow, he called in a neighbouring chief, and together they planned and they schemed. A little later chief medicine man, and almighty Manitou — term lieutenant arrived. Certainly there were plans astir. The news spread like wild-fire, and all the Micmacs sniffed the night air suspiciously and peered knowingly from their tents. The moon rose casting long shadows across the camping grounds, and everyone slept — that is, everyone except the three who danced around the campfire and planned and schemed.

Then when it was very late, the chiefs aroused all the sleeping Micmacs and mustered them, shivering specimens of redskins in only their embroidered loincloths. One of the chiefs, a very tall one with very gold hair and a very big flashlight, even made the poor little Micmacs dance up and down and shout praises to Manitou — mighty term lieutenant. Finally, they were all marched to the great field where the various tribes hold all their competitions, and they began to run around the field. Suddenly, as if some mutual and spontaneous spark had ignited in every one of their red skin souls they broke rank and ran like hell (or more like Indians) for the woods. They ran for a long time, scared to look back, and finally stopped in a grove of trees on a high hill. They could see the torches of their hunters moving below them, and they remained very still. Their noses sniffed the night air and their dark eyes glistened distrustfully as they sat like stone statues on the ground and in the trees. Suddenly, the galloping of hoof-beats was heard, and almighty Manitou term lieutenant, went screaming by on his blue pony — Studebaker. The tribe waited. Finally they saw their chance! On the path in front of the tenting ground stood the tall chief (the one with the gold hair and very big flashlight) and so they decided to capture him. Stealthily and suddenly they sneaked up on him and grabbed him. He was kicking frantically



but they carried him to a great waterfall nearby — sometimes called "Lower F Showers" and threw him in. How they all cheered and clapped their painted hands! The tribal chief hid behind the mighty Manitou, the term lieutenant, who had mustered his sternest look for the occasion. All of the tribesmen tasting the sweetness of revenge returned to their tents to resume their disturbed dreams of Indian princesses and cadet captains.

And this is the end of it all, for you can see now the boldness of that tribe "Micmac", who are kin to the creeping shadows of the night while the other tribes sleep in their innocence.

A Micmac Press Correspondent

presentations west . . .

The Command Ball at Royal Roads, August 10, 1956, was the scene of Presentations West, when Rear Admiral Pullen made the presentations. Top to bottom, photos are:-

Cadet D. Marantz presents Commodore P. D. Budge with his Pennant.

Rear Admiral Pullen presents Cadet Captain Mike Allen with the runner-up award (Telescope) for the Most Outstanding Cadet.

Rear Admiral Pullen presents Cadet Captain J. D. Hylton with the Sword Award, as Most Outstanding Cadet.



Dawn . . .

*Tomorrow, not yet here,
Today, just gone.
No plotted place or
Chartered time of day.
Brief parting —
Brief reunion, sad
In night's departure,
Joyful for the coming day.*

*See how the dawn comes —
Silently, like some secret thing,
Pregnant with the unknown,
Giving birth to the forgotten.*

*Brief hours of neither dark nor light,
Of neither song nor silence,
Waiting
Not expecting or regretting
(Not remembering or forgetting)
Oh dawn,
What mystery do you bring
From a tomorrow, not yet here,
And a today, just gone.*

By Cdt. M. R. Graham



presentations east . . .

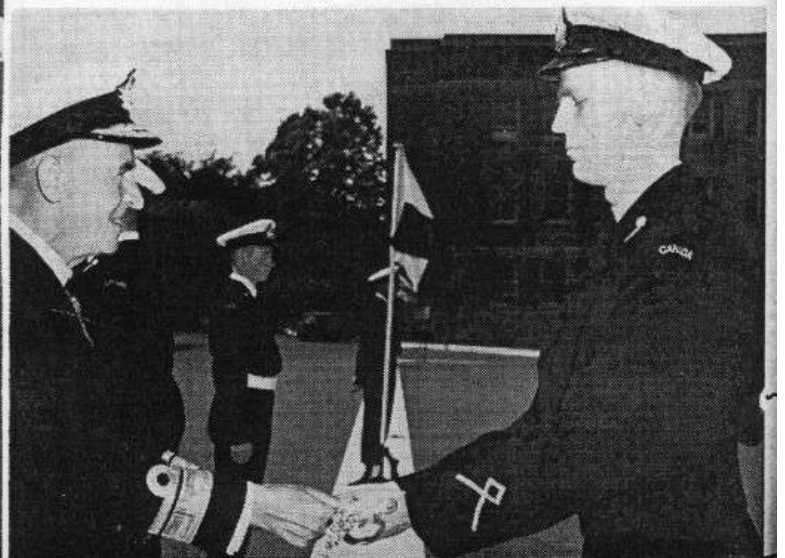
Presentations for the term were made July 27 at MHCS Stadacona in Halifax, by Rear Admiral R. E. S. Bidwell, .CB.E., C.D., Flag Officer, Atlantic Coast. The photos, reading anti-clockwise:-

Outstanding cadets from each Division are presented with inscribed dirks by Rear Admiral Bidwell.

Cadet B. P. Moore, of HMCS Cabot, St. John's, Newfoundland, receives the Reserve Training Commander's Shield, awarded to the outstanding First-Year Cadet, East Coast.

Cadet Captain Stewart B. Alsgard, of Powell River, B.C., receives the Department of National Defence Telescope from Rear Admiral Bidwell. Cadet Captain Alsgard attends University of British Columbia, and is attached to HMCS Discovery, Vancouver, B.C.

Chief Cadet Captain R. L. McMinn, of Toronto, Ont., receives the Department of National Defence Sword from Rear Admiral Bidwell. Cadet Captain McMinn attends University of Toronto, and is attached to HMCS York, Toronto, Ont.



tramid 1956 . . .

Tramid '56 was as successful as its predecessors have been. The forty-seven senior cadets who left Halifax by train on the twenty-first of May for Boston and points south had all been, they were told, carefully selected. Pre-Tramid training took up the week or two before the trip; it consisted of a number of general interest visits to places such as the diving school and the new destroyer escort HMCS Margaree while she was being completed, and also a large dose of P and RT to give back some of the conditioning lost during the university exams.

The trip down to Little Creek was, as can be imagined, a great success. The stop-over at Boston provided a good opportunity of sightseeing, and many cadets explored Harvard and MIT during the day. The next stop was Washington, where the night was spent in a USAF base at the Bachelor Officers' Quarters, and on to Annapolis by bus the next day. There the cadets moved about the Naval Academy, and got acquainted with some of the Midshipmen whom they were to accompany to Little Creek for the two weeks' training. Later that afternoon the Canadians and one thousand Midshipmen, comprising the third year of the academy, embarked on three Landing Ships Tank, and set off south across Chesapeake Bay towards Little Creek, Virginia. The vast tank decks of the ships were soon filled with groups of Midshipmen and Cadets playing cards or chatting.

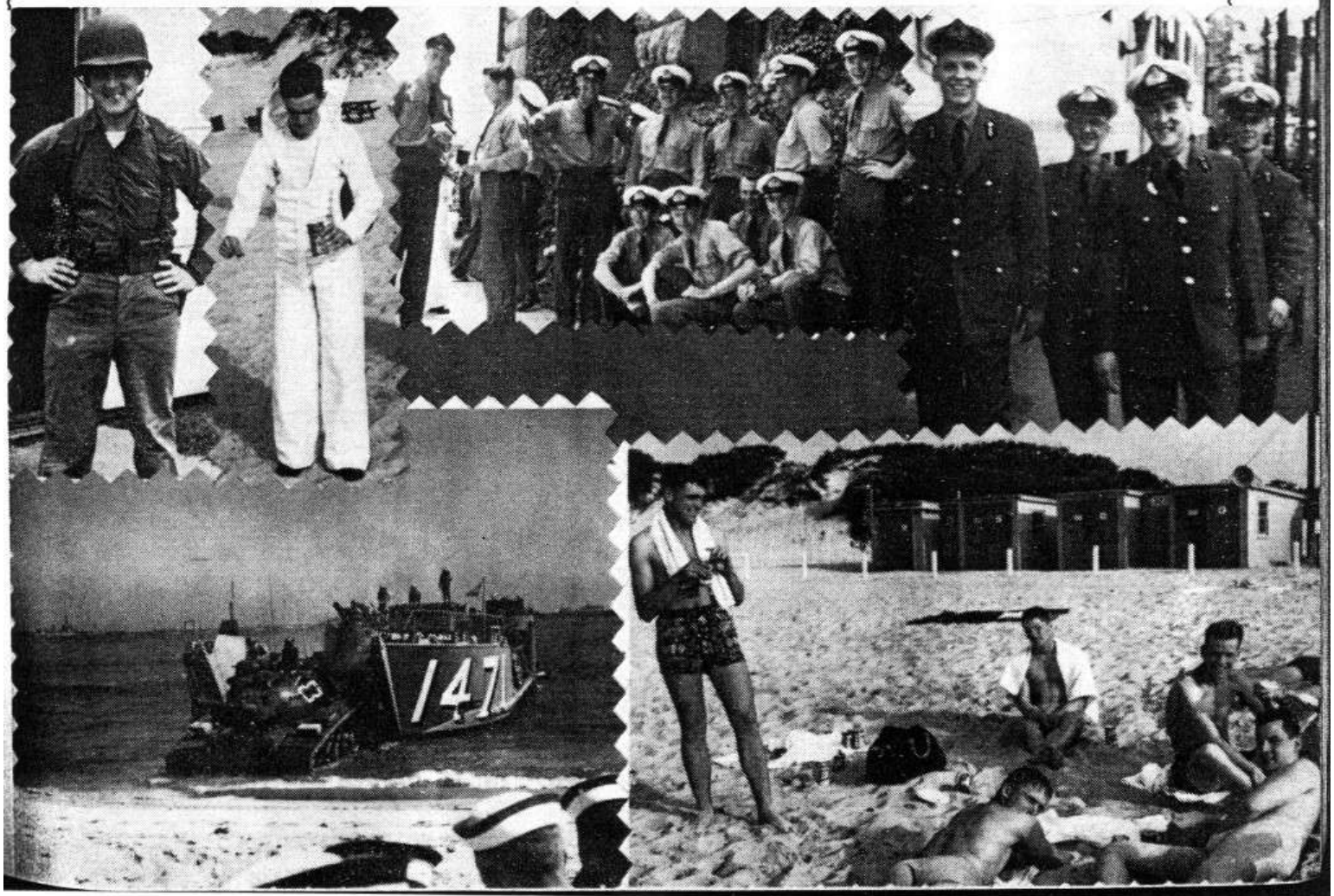
On arrival at Little Creek the next morning all the passengers and their baggage were rapidly put ashore and transported to rows of Quonset huts which were to be their

homes for the next week and a half. Everyone was soon outfitted with Marine fatigues, or "trained killer" costume, complete with helmets, webbed belts and water canteens, and in some of the more unfortunate cases, rifles.

The training began the next day, with wakey-wakey at a rather upsetting 0450! The class room and practical time gave a very interesting and informative view of the modern use of teaching aids developed to a high science. Extensive use was made of working models, illuminated tableaux, displays of equipment, black light and fluorescent materials, and of course the cinema. Formal instruction began with introductory lectures on the history of amphibious warfare. They continued with lectures and demonstrations on the actual theory behind amphibious operations. After the first week the Cadets and Midshipmen watched the US Marines demonstrate under simulated battle conditions all that had been taught in the lectures. The big day of the whole two-week training period was a full scale amphibious attack on Virginia Beach, a resort area to the south of Little Creek, in which the Cadets and Midshipmen took part, applying the knowledge gained in the first ten days. The course, in final appraisal, was a tremendous success, especially because there was given an opportunity to learn about a completely new aspect of the Navy.

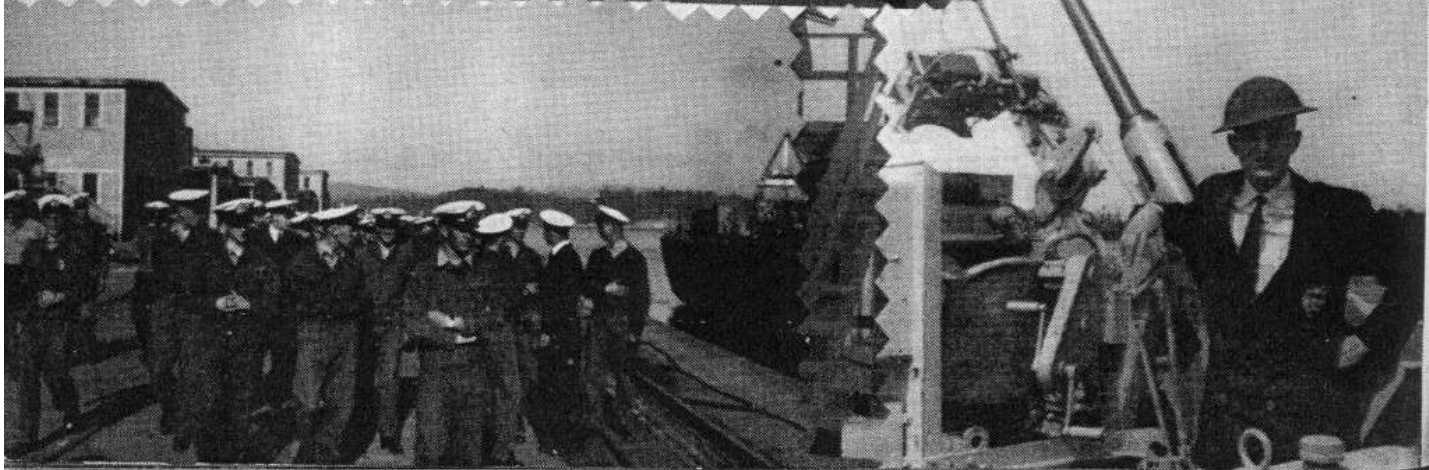
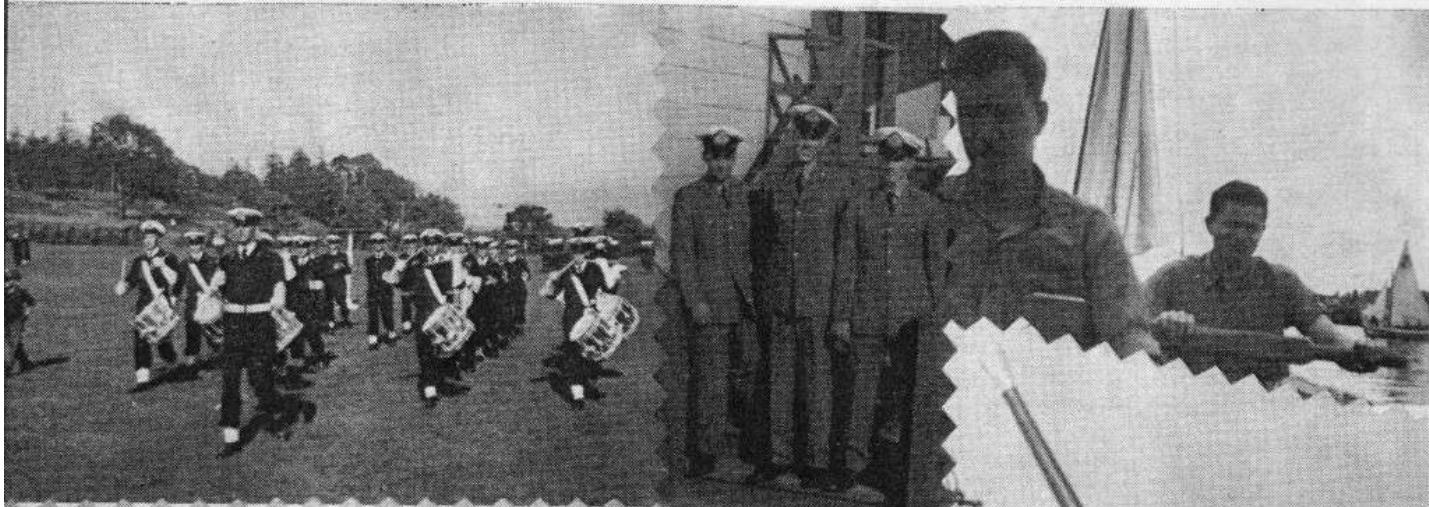
Perhaps of equal importance to what was learned formally was the informal contact with the Midshipmen. Here the cadets met, talked with, and got to know as well as is possible in so short a time, quite a large number of their American hosts. In this connection the officers' beach, with its rock and roll juke box and apparently inexhaustible supply of tinned beer supplied a pleasant, if perhaps not

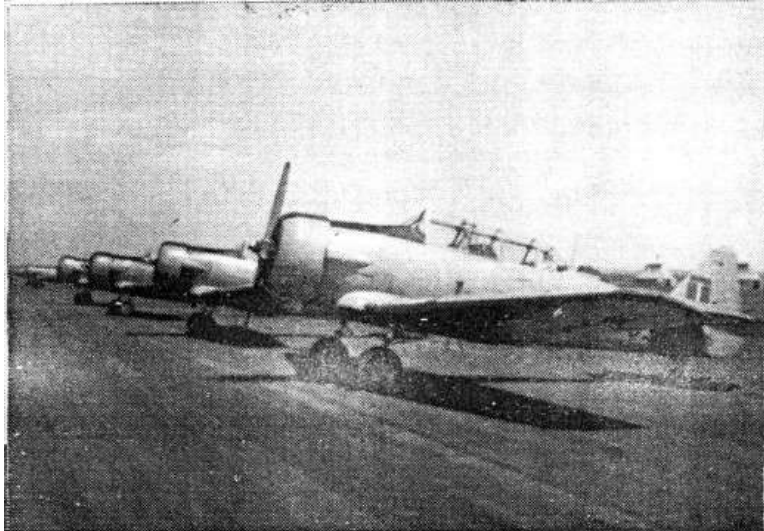
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rope ends . . . west coast





air branch . . .

The Air Branch plays an important role in both peacetime and times when the free worlds' democracies are threatened. During peacetime, the RCN's helicopter squadron has gained recognition for its rescue operations while during times of war, convoy patrol and Canadian defense form the bulk of this Branch's commitments.

For these reasons, the RCN has made it possible for University students, who are medically sound and can meet the prescribed requirements, to qualify as Navy Pilots.

The UNTD cadet after receiving one summer's basic executive training must complete two more summers of flying training with the RCAF. After completion of the second summer, he will have attained "wings standard"; commissioned rank qualifications and the status of a civilian commercial pilot, which in itself is a valuable qualification.

After receiving their "wings", reserve pilots are required to train with a squadron for a short period each summer. During the rest of the year, those who are geographically fortunate may do practice flying on the weekends. Not only will this practice keep the pilot in flying training, but it also allows him to accumulate log-book time as well as remunerate him financially, especially since the recent substantial increases in flying pay.

This last summer, nine naval cadets took their first summer's training at 2FTS, Moose Jaw while the second year personnel completed their training at Penhold Alberta. These locations were geographically good for both flying and weekend jaunts to key Western cities and National Parks. Many are the "prang artists" who transferred their bull sessions from the mess to the lakeside weekend resort. These young men have a definite flair for adventure and are proud of the great distances travelled both in the air during the week and on the ground during the weekends.

Airbranch training not only gives Naval Cadets a chance to exchange views with their Reserve University Squadron counterparts from across Canada, but also allows them to obtain a beneficial knowledge of another of Canada's three military services. These "cloud dodgers" who have a common affinity for aviation will readily tell you that flying is a fine experience all of its own and regretted by none.

By investing in these young men as aviators, Canada gains much in beneficial services in times of war and peace.



TRAMID 1956 — from Page 61

too quiet, spot where it was possible to let down one's hair, chat, sun and swim, and even on occasion, dance. This sort of contact, which occurs far too seldom, lends some substance to the 'handshakes across four thousand miles of undefended border' cliché one hears so much, and if this were the only benefit, the trip could truly be said to have been well worth while.

The last three days, spent in various ships of the assault force gathered for the final exercise, proved very interesting to all the Canadians, for here they were able to get a close look at life aboard an American warship, and to form a slightly more informed opinion of the vast US Navy. In some ships the Midshipmen and Cadets were accorded wardroom privileges, and some had the pleasure of dining with the Captain. These kindnesses were greatly appreciated by all the recipients. There was also the practice afforded by following one's adopted officer about, and seeing how his job was performed. The many technical aspects of some of the more specialized ships were also of great interest.

The Canadian group left Little Creek most appreciative of the lavish hospitality of the US Navy, and the friendliness shown them by all the Midshipmen with whom they came in contact, and all looking forward to welcoming the Midshipmen to Halifax on their cruise in July.

By J. C. Bonnycastle
R. J. McMinn





cadets (air) . . .

By Cdt. J. Noble

Unlike Cadets that are true to the seagoing Navy we have wavered somewhat by joining the "Naval Air Arm" of the service. You might say that it has its exciting moments and you might be right, for it is definitely not a career for anyone having a physical ailment. At the beginning of our pilot training there were 32 applicants. By this, the final summer the number has been reduced to 5. The training has been with the RCAF at the Penhold Station in Alberta.

Cadet Cameron Strong, with no apparent work has averaged the highest mark in the ground school during his course. His flying is steady and well done, particularly in formation where he sticks to being lead man as the sea going Cadet sticks to a bottle of Bermuda Rum.

Cadet Richard Owen, the youngest member has often returned to the briefing room with many stories of how he frightened the farmer off his tractor while doing low flying at less than 25 ft. of altitude. It was quite a touching moment when once he returned to the base and commenced to remove the branches from the engine cowling.

Cadet Franks, the member who came to the group of five from the Air Force proves well and able to fly the

great "yellow beast" or the affectionate Harvard. He is looking forward to driving a craft around at VC 920 in between studying for his medical degree at the University of Toronto.

Cadet Glen Cook, probably the best pilot of the five trainers could often put his plane in positions that his instructor never believed existed. The secret of his success was that he always was able to recover and return to straight and level flight — seemingly with the utmost of ease. Needless to say, he topped the course in the Advanced Flying Test.

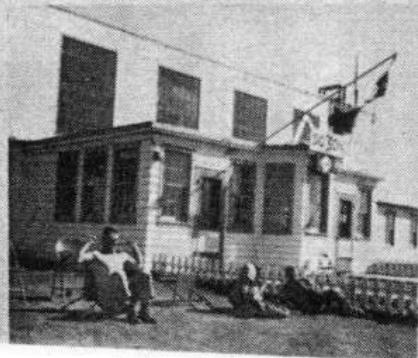
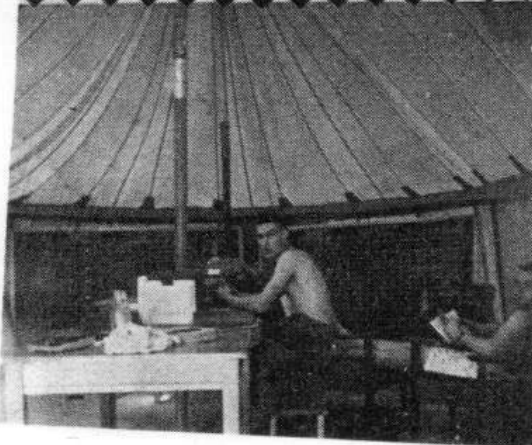
Cadet Jim Noble, our expert in vertical rolls — the most difficult of all aerobatic manoeuvres to do — has been seen on occasions barreling straight down with the hope that he will have sufficient speed to be able to do two rolls instead of one.

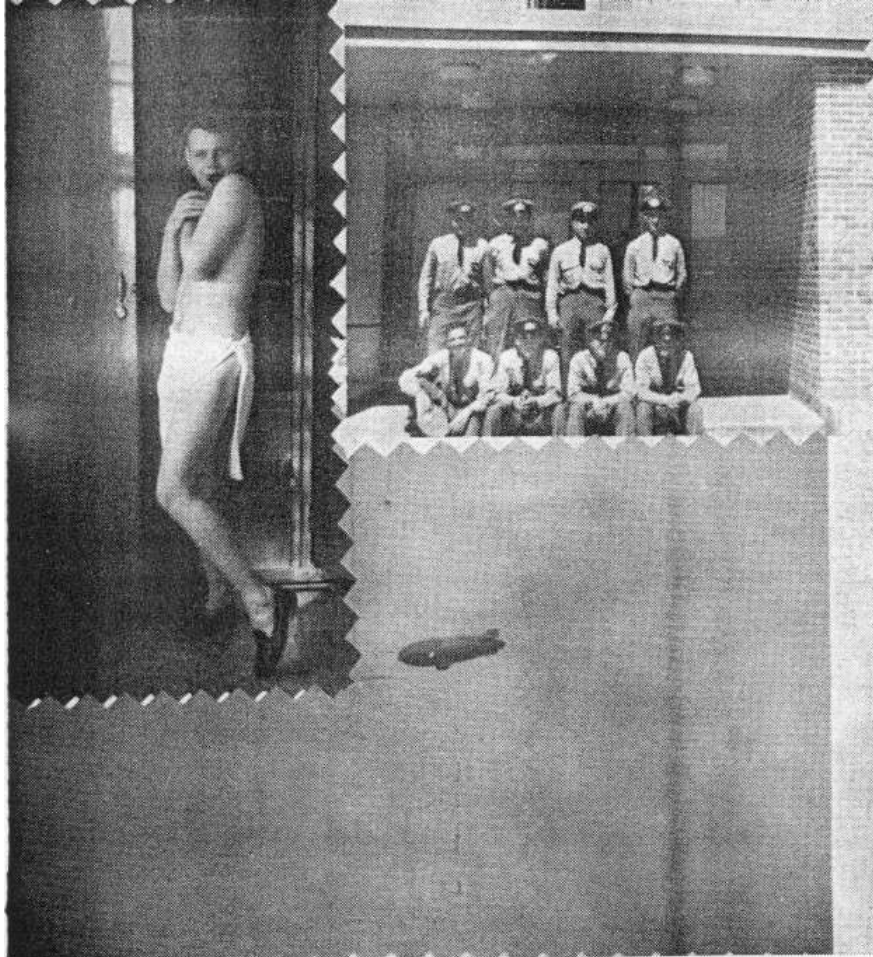
Yes, the Cadets of the Fleet Air Arm owe much to the Navy for the training and opportunities so highly enjoyed by the trainees and think that all prospective cadets should at least consider flying in the "senior service".



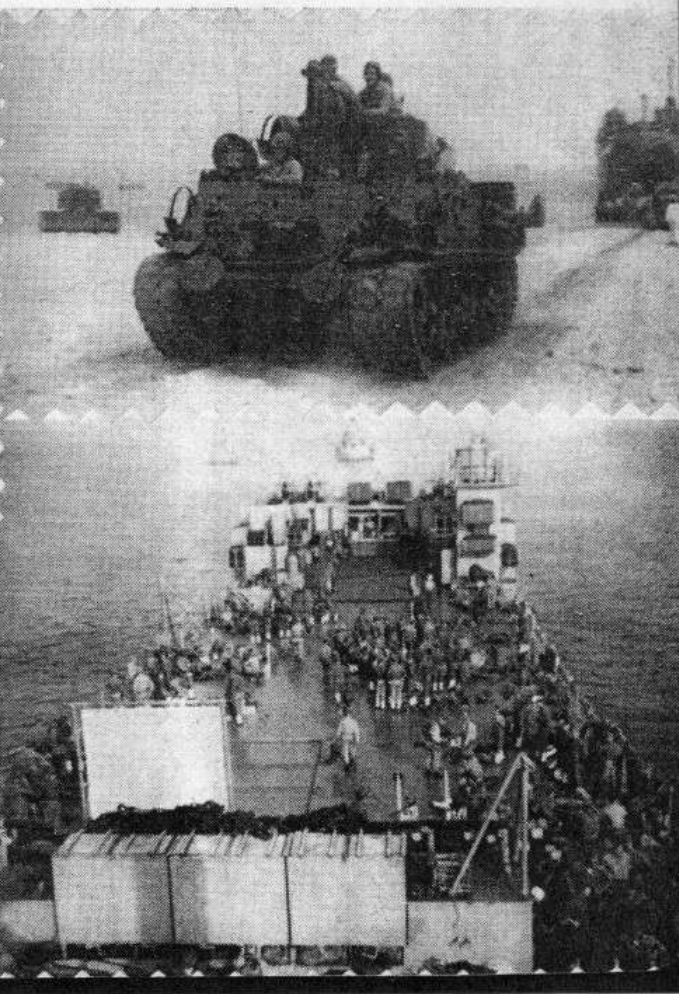
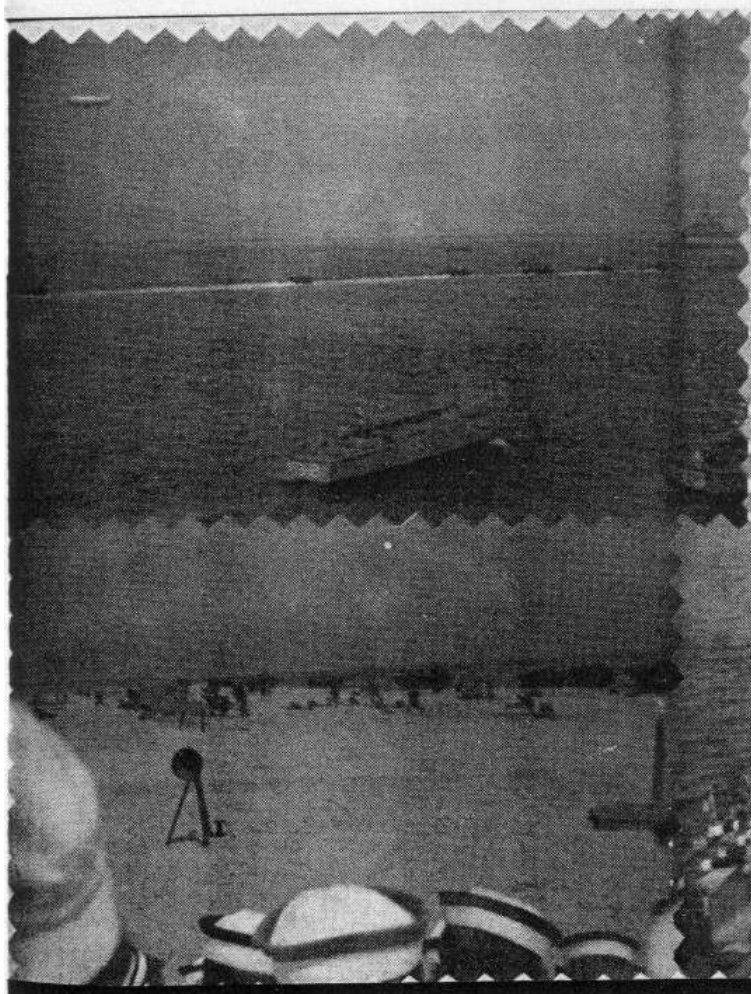


rope-ends . . .





rope-ends . . .





The Value of Training

The duration of an athletic contest is only a few minutes,
while the training for it may take many weeks of arduous work
and continuous exercise of self-effort.

The real value of sport is not the actual game played
in the limelight of applause,
but the hours of dogged determination
and self-discipline carried out alone,
imposed and supervised by an exacting conscience.

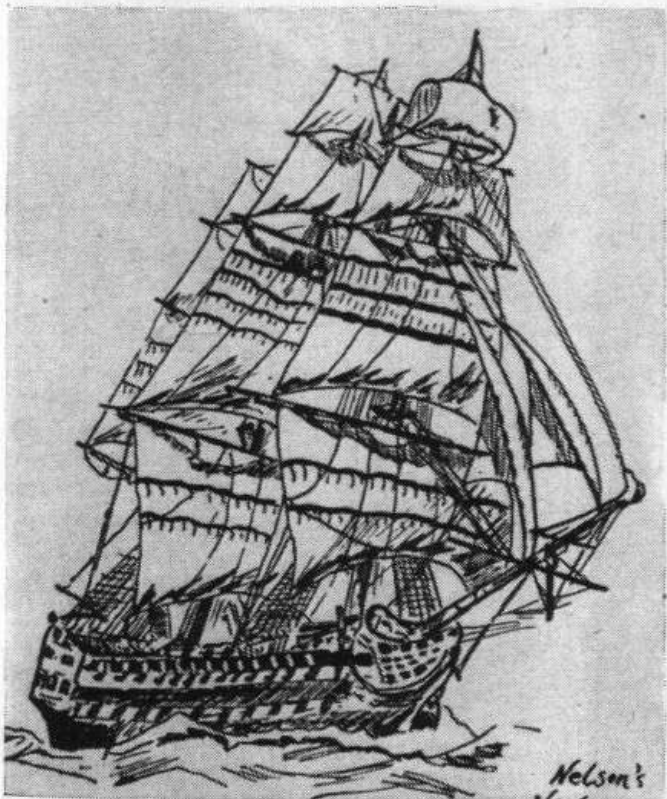
The applause soon dies away,
the prize is left behind,
but the character you build is yours forever.

Two Prayers at Sea . . .

Prayer of Admiral Horatio Nelson
on the morning of the
Battle of Trafalgar, October 21, 1805

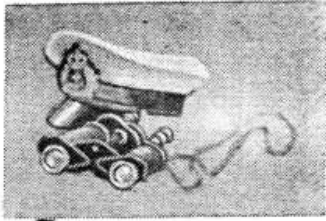


“May the Great God whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in anyone tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British Fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen. Amen. Amen.”



Prayer of
Admiral Sir Francis Drake
on entering
Cadiz Harbour, April 19, 1587

“O Lord God, when thou givest thy servants to endeavour any great matter, grant us also to know that it is not the beginning, but the continuing of the same until it be thoroughly finished, which yieldeth the true glory; through him that for the finishing of thy work laid down his life, our Redeemer, Jesus Christ, Amen.”



OFFICE OF
THE PRIME MINISTER & PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL

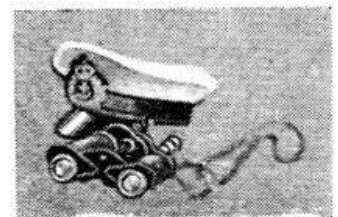
Toronto, Ontario
29th January, 1957

It is a pleasure and honour indeed for me to join in supporting the Cadets of the Royal Canadian Navy and "The White Twist" book.

Canada and our own Province of Ontario may take just pride in the magnificent contribution our young men have made toward building a strong, effective and efficient navy. In time of peace, I am sure the training offered to our young men is of immeasurable value, not only in establishing a sound reserve force, but in the formation obtained by them in the courses of instruction and actual service given and training and from our young men of today who partake in them that our leaders of tomorrow will come; for where initiative and good citizenship are prominent, basic factors are being developed for civilian life.

I extend best wishes for success in all your endeavours.

Leslie M. Frost
Prime Minister of Ontario



Splash! Splash!

gem of the ocean . . .

Paul Hosmer, editor-publisher-reporter of "Pine Echoes" at Bend, Oregon, wrote this piece. We thought you'd like it, too.

The Elk Lake yacht club seems to have bogged down a bit this year and has been late in getting started, even with the addition of some new boats and sailors. Maybe we ought to say a few words about the art of sailing a boat and explain how the thing is done. We don't want to disillusion a lot of you prairie schooner sailors out here in the west, but sailing a boat is a very different kind of sport than, say, riding out a soap box derby.

In the first place, you have to be born a gentleman to sail a boat or even be part of the crew. This is one of the things that always worked against us when we were sailing a boat on Elk Lake and kept us from being a second Thomas Lipton — that and the fact that we didn't discover tea. There are more social rules and regulations for sailing a boat and trying to maintain a gentlemanly standard than there are for golf. You have to have a pair of white pants, a white shirt and a white yachting cap before they'll even let you on the yacht club dock. We have been a social pariah ever since the time we entered a race at the lake wearing a pair of staggd overalls. At the first glance the judges handicapped us twelve minutes just to make sure we didn't win anything and we were grounded for ten days while the committee met and pondered on what to do with roughnecks like us. Luckily it proved to be a hung jury. Half of them voted to hang us the second Monday in September. The other half wanted us hung that night.

The United States ambassador to Great Britain has to know a lot of things about society, but if he wants to get into a yacht club he has to graduate from two more colleges and a charm school before they'll let him untie the boat. Aside from the white pants and the admiral's cap, there is more bowing, apologizing, protesting and general all-round politeness than in any other sport in the world. What yachting needs is a good nautical free-for-all in the club house after each race to clear the air. Maybe it ought to be held before the race. A good Pier Six brawl would do away with a lot of red protest flag waving.

To most people air is merely something you force into the lungs and out again. To the yachtman it is the staff of life. It is composed of hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, helium (a trace), two parts of gin and a dash of Angustora Bitters. It is used in electric fans, windmills and vacuum cleaners and also dries night shirts when hung on a line. You don't really know anything about air until you start sailing a boat. The first thing a sailor does, four days before a race, is to start sniffing the air. He sniffs it from every direction. He wants to know where it is coming from, east, northwest, north by northwest or the loading platform at the Bend stockyards. Due to the peculiar structure of a sailboat it requires air to get any place and even when there is plenty of air you often wind up in some place you weren't even thinking about.

So much for the society end of sailing. Now, a few words on the technique. This is even worse than the other. For one thing you have to spend years at Annapolis learning which is port and which is starboard. For some reason yet unknown, sailors always refer to left as port and right as starboard. This can become pretty confusing to a novice

Continued Next Page

limbo . . .



(TUNE OF "BIMBO")

Limbo, Limbo, watcha gonna do e o?
Limbo, Limbo where are you gonna go e o?
Limbo, Limbo does your captain know
That you're going down below
To see a submarine e o.

Limbo is a form of squid
That weighs an awful lot
And it always seems to know
It's feared by every clot.
For when a submarine is found
It knows its days are short
And all the TAS rates seem to know
Just where they should report.

Limbo, Limbo going down below e o
Limbo, Limbo everyone should know e o
Limbo, Limbo that you have to go
To see a submarine
That's causing all the trouble o.

Remember when you see a ship
Upon the briny sea
She might be looking for a sub
That's down there sound asleep.
And when you see the bombs go up
And come down with a splash
You know right then what will be left
Is just a pile of ash.

Limbo, Limbo now you're forty feet e o
Limbo, Limbo now you're ninety feet e o
Limbo, Limbo when're you going to blow?
The submarine is fast,
And time is running low e o.

L. O. Laviolette.

HMCS Chippawa

sailor, even when he's wearing a pair of white duck pants and his commodore's cap. Just before a race, the judges announce, "Buoys to port," and you're supposed to know whether they mean you keep the buoy on your left or you keep to the left of the buoy. We've spent years studying the thing and we still can't remember which side is port.

The ordinary sailing race on Elk Lake will run around a couple of miles, or from here to over there, as we sailors might say. We are not taking up in this article the art of sailing one of the big yachts like the old Rainbow or the Defender. The international yacht race was held ten miles from shore and was thirty miles around with no bases or corner posts. You had to have a sextant, a quadrant and all five of the quintuplets to get around the course in a rowboat. In the ordinary lobster boat costing \$200, you could get around the course in an hour and a half, but it cost Sopwith and Vanderbilt two million dollars to make it in five hours. For two million dollars you could sail around the world fourteen times, but you'd never land where you thought you were going to and anyway if you had two million dollars you wouldn't sail around the world — not if you had two million dollars and a brain. You'd stay right in the yacht club and study up on the rules.

One of the most depressing things about sailing a boat is the fact that you have to have wind to get any place. Every kind of a breeze takes a different sail. You have your mainsail, the largest sail on the boat, and it takes all your time to manage that. In addition you have the jib. You can also have flying topsails, spinnakers, Genoa, or Guinea jibs and you can also try putting any of them up in a high wind. Sailing against the wind you'll use your mainsail and jib, heeling over until your rear pants pockets take water, but coming down before the wind you'll have to have a spinnaker, that is if you want to be a member of a yacht club. The spinnaker is a large jib sail that is flung out before the wind on a boom of its own and as soon as you learn to rig one of these sails in a slashing breeze from the northeast you can apply for a master's certificate in sail or steam on seven oceans, and you'll have earned it. You'll also have earned the Congressional Medal of Honor and if you don't get it, it's because your foot slipped and you blew off to windward along with the mast and the flying royal tops'ls, if any and whom.

The spinnaker is used only when running with the wind, but it comes in very handy in light, or Gilbert and Sullivan airs. In heavier airs such as the Sextet from Lucia, you'll need Madame Lily Pons. She's nice to have along anyway.

The Genoa, or Guinea jib, is a piece of canvas closely resembling the spinnaker. It is reinforced by a Princess slip and is cut on a bias. It spoils the view completely in every direction, but comes in very handy when rounding corners in a high wind.

The foregoing, you understand, touches only on the technique of sailing a boat. Racing a boat is an entirely different thing. For some reason or other, whenever two sailboats come within sight of each other they want to race. Racing, however, involves the intimate knowledge of 4212 rules which you have to observe and all but 22 of them have to do with boats sailing on a port or starboard tack. It is quite a chore to remember which is a starboard tack when your own boat is standing up on edge and little wavelets dash off the bow and splash into your lap sixteen feet away.

If, during the excitement of trying to keep your own

boat right side up, you forget for the moment which is starboard or port, it does no good to lean over the sides and swear at the other skipper. This is not allowed in polite yachting circles. You run up a red flag instead. This means that somebody has done wrong by our Nell and you are registering a protest. After the race is over everybody gets together on the dock and a committee decides who is to blame. We're not a bit in favor of this kind of sailing. Our idea of sailboat race is something in which you can sail alongside a guy you don't like and call him all the bad names you can think of. If you can edge up close enough to keep out of a wreck, we also think it would be nice to be allowed to throw rocks, monkey wrenches or other loose gear at opposing sailors and forget about starboard or port tacks. There's such a thing as too much politeness. That's what's the matter with the Diplomatic Corps.

While hanging around a landing dock you will hear many nautical and very salty terms used between sailors. Yachting is a highly technical sport and abounds in terms, phrases and names which are staggering to most landlubbers and even make some of us old seafaring men stagger. It so happens that we were brought up on the ocean back in Minnesota so we know all about seafaring language. In order to aid the newer yachtmen who are just getting involved in sailboats we have compiled a glossary of terms most used around a landing dock. These will, we think, be found very helpful if you ever decide to take up bowling.

Glossary of Nautical Language—

Dock — Something they do to your pay check every two weeks.

Lay to — What a hen does every now and then, i. e.: "That's a swell chicken. She lay two eggs last Wednesday."

Mizzin — Lost, gone, as in "They can't find the mizzin witness."

Fo'c'sle — E. g: "Our foc's'sle be up to visit next month."

Ballast — Used in speaking of Sally Rand, such as: "Sally is not a ballast dancer."

Winch — Any female. Illustration: "I just seen a good looking winch up the street."

Boom — What a person falls down and goes.

Bow — Noise made by dogs, usually followed by "Wow."

Scupper — Nautical term for a hot drink, such as "Gimme a scupper coffee."

Deck — Fifty two cards.

Quarter deck — Thirteen cards.

Binnacle — The height of something or other, such as "He reached the binnacle of success."

Capstan — The head man on the boat.

Rudder — To do otherwise; "Would you like to go up to the Elks Club for a drink or would you rudder go to Bill Baer's?"

Companion way — A form of marriage invented by Kinsey.

Dory — A place where you buy butter and milk.

Block and fall — A prohibition drink. For instance: "You take a drink of this whiskey and walk a block and fall."

Tiller — One of the funny girls in the Sunday papers, known as "Tiller, the Toiler."

Leeward — Sailors pronounce this "looard", as in, "I went to the last vaudeville at the Star and, boy, was that a looard show."

Knot — Anybody who sails a boat. Pronounced "nut" by those who do not sail boats.



Whatever his goal in life, the young man of today will find a peacetime career in British Columbia a most rewarding undertaking. British Columbia's horizons are boundless to the youth of vision and ambition.

These are among the essential qualities instilled in our youth by such splendid organizations as the Royal Canadian Navy Cadets.

Government of the Province of British Columbia



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one of Canada's Naval Reserve Training Bases and also a Sea Cadet Training Establishment.

Regina is also proud of the number of its citizens who have contributed their services to this very fine cause.

T. H. Cowburn
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G. M. Gillis
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CITY OF PORT ARTHUR

Sincerest congratulations to our young men who devote their time to training in the Naval Training Divisions across Canada in order that they may be ready to serve Canada in its time of need.

1857 — CENTENNIAL — 1957



This is Centennial Year in Port Arthur. Plan to join in our celebrations from 27th July to 4th August 1957

Eunice M. Wishart
Mayor

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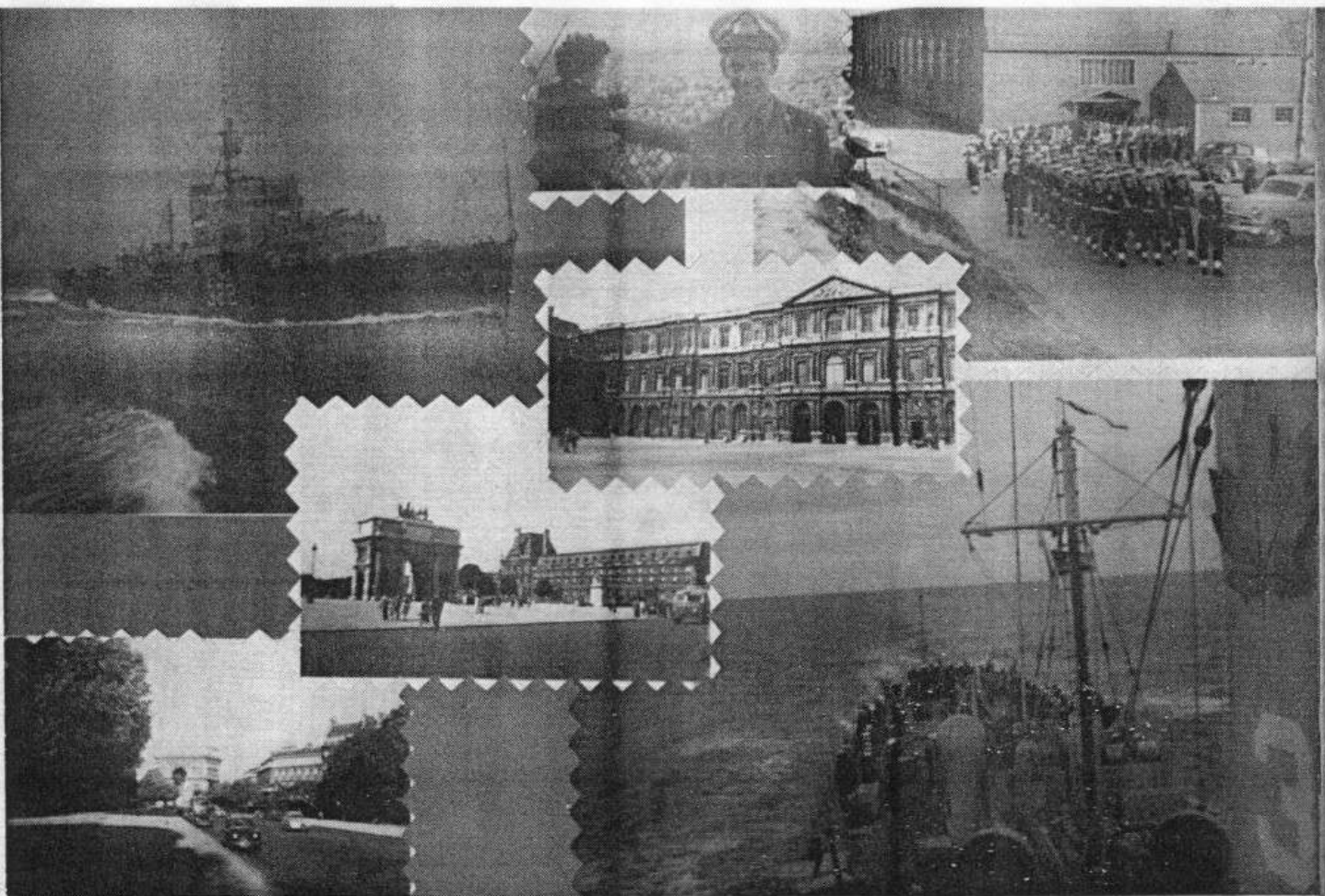
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rope-ends . . .





*she doesn't know a
cadet from a capstan*

little black book . . .

. . . being a collection of items
to prove that one in every port,
might be luvverly idear.



she can't sing . . .



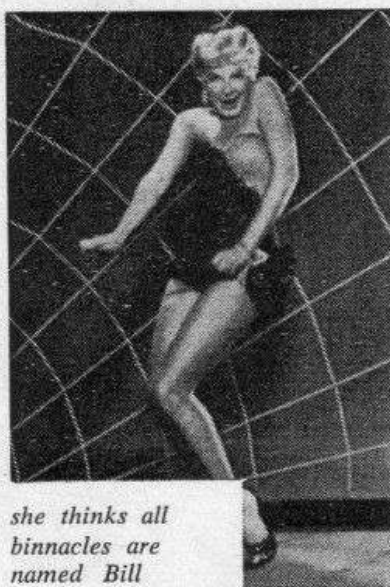
*she can't swim to
save her life*



*she can't row
for beans*



she can't boil water



*she thinks all
binnacles are
named Bill*



*—always thinking of
her stomach*