

**WHITE
TWIST
1960**

WHITE
TWIST
1960

PUBLICATION OF THE CADETS OF THE
UNIVERSITY NAVAL TRAINING DIVISIONS

THIS MAGAZINE IS
RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED
TO
VICE ADMIRAL HARRY GEORGE DEWOLFE C.B.E., D.S.O., C.D., R.C.N.
ON
HIS RETIREMENT IN AUGUST 1960
FROM
ACTIVE DUTY
IN THE
ROYAL CANADIAN NAVY



VICE-ADMIRAL HARRY GEORGE DeWOLFE
CBE, DSO, CD, RCN.

Vice-Admiral Harry George DeWolfe was born in Bedford, Nova Scotia, on June 26, 1903.

He entered the Royal Canadian Navy in 1918, and received his early training at the Royal Naval College of Canada and in ships of the Royal Navy. During 1935 and 1936 he served at Naval Headquarters, going from there to the Royal Naval Staff College at Greenwich in 1937. He was next appointed to the staff of the Flag Officer commanding the First Cruiser Squadron in the Mediterranean.

Early in the Second World War he commanded the destroyer HMCS St. Laurent. Under his command, the St. Laurent took part in the evacuation from France and, while on anti-submarine duty in the North Atlantic, rescued all 859 survivors of the S.S. Arandora Star, a liner carrying German and Italian prisoners, which had been torpedoed by a U-boat. During this period he was twice mentioned in despatches.

He served as Chief Staff Officer to the Commanding Officer Atlantic Coast at Halifax from August 1940 to May 1942, and later became Director of Plans at Naval Headquarters. He was also secretary to the Chiefs of Staff Committee in Ottawa.

Adm. DeWolfe took command of HMCS Haida, a Tribal class destroyer, when she was commissioned in August, 1943. During a six months period in 1944, the Haida took part in a series of successful night actions against enemy destroyers in the English Channel and Bay of Biscay and, in addition, shared in the destruction of an enemy U-boat.

"For gallantry and leadership as senior officer in two successful destroyer actions" on April 26 and 29, 1944, Admiral DeWolfe was awarded the Distinguished Service Order. Shortly afterward he received the DSC

for services in action with a destroyer force on June 8 and 9.

The submarine sinking earned him a mention in despatches, and, a month later, he was mentioned in despatches for the fourth time for "good services in attacks on enemy sea communications."

Admiral DeWolfe was appointed Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire in January, 1946, for his wartime services in responsible appointments ashore and as commanding officer of HMC destroyers at sea. In May of that year he received the United States Legion of Merit, Degree of Officer; in September 1947, the French Government conferred on him the Cross of the Legion of Honour, rank of Officer, and in December, 1948, he was awarded the Norwegian King Haakon VII Cross of Liberation.

Leaving the Haida late in 1944, he went to Naval Headquarters as Assistant Chief of Naval Staff. From January 1947 to September 1948, he commanded, successively, the aircraft carriers Warrior and Magnificent with the additional appointment of Senior Canadian Naval Officer Afloat.

In September, 1948, he was promoted from commodore to rear-admiral and appointed Flag Officer Pacific Coast with headquarters at Esquimalt, B. C.

After two years in this post, he went to Naval Headquarters in Ottawa as Vice-Chief of the Naval Staff and a member of the Naval Board.

On December 15, 1952, Admiral DeWolfe was appointed to Washington, D. C., as Principal Military Adviser to the Canadian Ambassador, Chairman of the Canadian Joint Staff, Washington, Representative of The Chiefs of Staff, Canadian Representative of the Military Representatives Committees of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and Canadian Liaison Representative to the Supreme Allied Commander, Atlantic.

Admiral DeWolfe became Chief of the Naval Staff in Ottawa on the retirement of Vice-Admiral E.R. Mainguy, January 16, 1956. On assuming this appointment, he was promoted to the rank of Vice-Admiral.

EDITORIAL - WHITE TWIST 1960
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Four years ago in 1956, White Twist was "re-established after suspension in 1954. A new method of editing in which each home division was to do one issue was adopted." It didn't work! and in 1957 White Twist was again discontinued.

Therefore, when some of us came to the East Coast this year, we thought that it might be a good idea to "re-re-establish" the U.N.T.D. magazine - White Twist. We hope that this magazine will serve its purpose as an Annual of your years training as well as interesting reading for your leisure moments this winter. The next Editorial staff will be organized well before the summer starts next year so that they can go right ahead with the Magazine. We hope that this policy will be carried out in future years.

In the years to come, this magazine should hold many fond memories for all of us. Memories that will be dear to us -- all our beach parties, big balls, parades, cruises and even our classes. As time goes on all our bad memories are blotted out and we shall be left with this book to remind us of the good times that we had. If the magazine serves this purpose, then all the work that we have put in on this publication will have been worthwhile.

Although there has been a lot of hard work put into White Twist, we, in editing it, have had our fun too. We thank you for your tolerance this year, and hope that you enjoy White Twist as much as we have enjoyed compiling it. Best of luck in all your careers: military or civilian.

Sincerely,

The Editors.

The 1961 White Twist will be organized this spring so that the unavoidable delay which we have experienced with this edition will not be necessary. The White Twist staff 1961 will be organized by Cdt. E.B.J. Winslow, who will be Editor-in-Chief. Anyone interested in working on the staff, all years, may contact him c/o The Gunroom, H.M.C.S. Discovery, Vancouver, B.C.

John S. Williams,
Editor-in-Chief, 1960.

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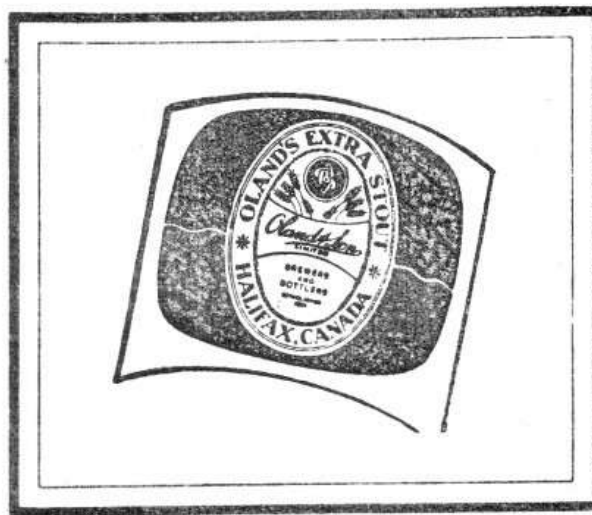
CDTS L. OLMSTEAD, I. MacPHERSON, J. PAYNTER

W. MacDONALD, W. CONROD, F. SHEPHERD

ALSO TO ALL THOSE WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES AND
PICTURES. SPECIAL THANKS TO OUR CARTOONISTS:

S/LT. J. BOUTLIER
CDT. B. BARBOUR.

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and
Compliments
from ...**



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PO DEADLY

You have probably read many works written about the navy in the past and have, no doubt, among the sketches of Sir Francis Drake and Lord Nelson, come across the references to the ubiquitous navy petty officer. In these references one is almost invariably introduced to a snarling, eternally-angry beast of a man. I have always dismissed such sketches in the past as being part of the writing lore of the navy, more honoured in print than in fact. That is, I used to dismiss them this way before this summer's Cruise Bravo on the HMCS Flap of the Muddy Hen.

In common with the other ships of the squadron, our ship had a sea-training PO assigned to train cadets. I built up such a fantastic admiration for this man that I hardly know where to begin in describing him. After all how would one describe Frankenstein's monster, or any other equally illustrious figure? Of course I am not trying to compare my PO with a monster, merely drawing an academic comparison.

Perhaps the best thing to do would be to describe my first contact with him. The ship was about two days out of Halifax, cruising blissfully in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. We cadets had been mustered on the quarter-deck to be given our first chance at working part ship. Naturally we were eagerly looking forward to this, the most important part of our naval training. In fact the first year types were positively bubbling with enthusiasm. They seemed to find some sort of romantic connotation to the whole idea.

Yes, the cadets were in a very cheerful mood that day. Unfortunately, this did not last. A dark shadow fell across the deck and moved slowly but deliberately towards us. A chilled hush of expectancy fell over us. Not a soul moved as the grim figure approached. Here was the monster loosed from the depths of hell, a petty officer. He stopped and allowed his squinting eyes to size us up.

"Well, what is this, a boy scout meeting?", he suddenly bellowed in a voice fit for one of Hitler's rages. "Why aren't you working? Afraid you will get yourselves dirty? Well, you'll be dirty

when I'm through with you! You there, grab a brush and start painting! A paint-brush not a scurbbing brush you refugee from kindergarten! You two start hosing down! You, stop gawking at yourdamned feet and go scrub out the heads!"


In this manner all of us were eventually assigned to delightful little tasks around the ship. We were introduced to the wily mysteries of the paint-brush and the morale-raising virtues of metal polish. We learned how to make the top of the ship as wet with hoses as the bottom was with the sea; thus producing a ship that was all wet. And we learned many other things of obvious value to future officers.

As time passed on board ship, more and more criticisms were levelled at Deadly by the cadets; naturally when he was not around. But none of these ever reflected on his knowledge of seamanship. It was too obvious to all that this was his perfection. After all, who else would have known that a whaler floats when placed in water? Or that the ship would sink if it ever became filled with water? Indeed Deadly was not ashamed to sing his own praises to the world. He knew how to run the navy better than anyone else and would knock you flat if you did not agree. And Deadly had the most agreeable lot of cadets imaginable.

But the days passed quickly with our seamanship training under Deadly, and we soon got used to his figure lurking or lurching, as the case might be, on his kingdom of the quarter-deck. The typical pose for Deadly on this domain was that of Alouishus T. Cornpone, without his horse. In fact, his legs were usually spread in such a manner as to indicate the need of a horse.

Whatever our impressions of Deadly were, we will probably carry them with us throughout our lives. This is really rather unfortunate, but is a natural facet of the brain's memory cells which cannot be ignored. In fact, this recollection for future children could possibly be very useful for disciplinarian purposes, provided of course, that this did not violate the cruelty to children act. But anyway, pompous asses and would-be "tough-guys" will always have stirring examples as long as there are Deadlies with us.

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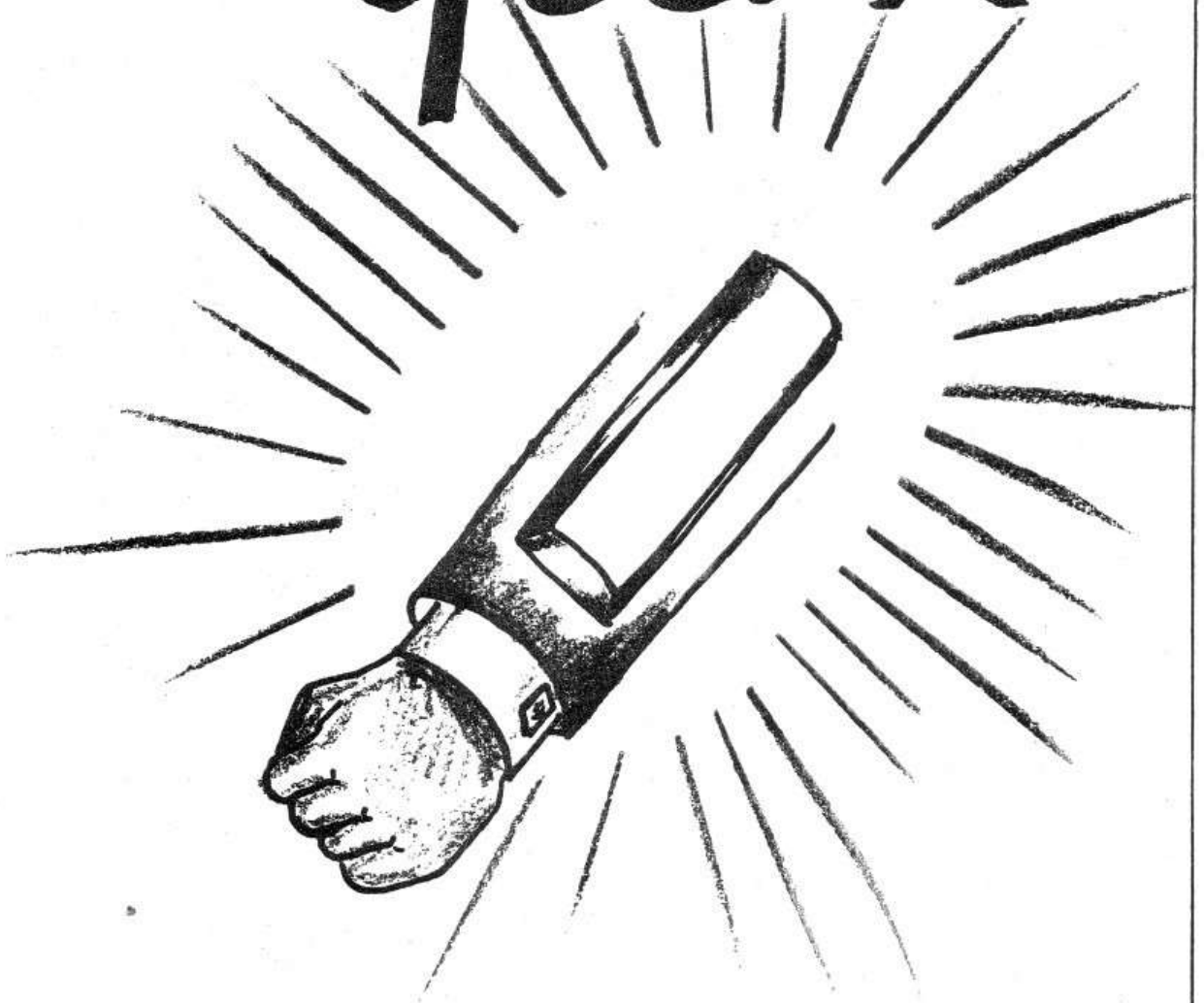


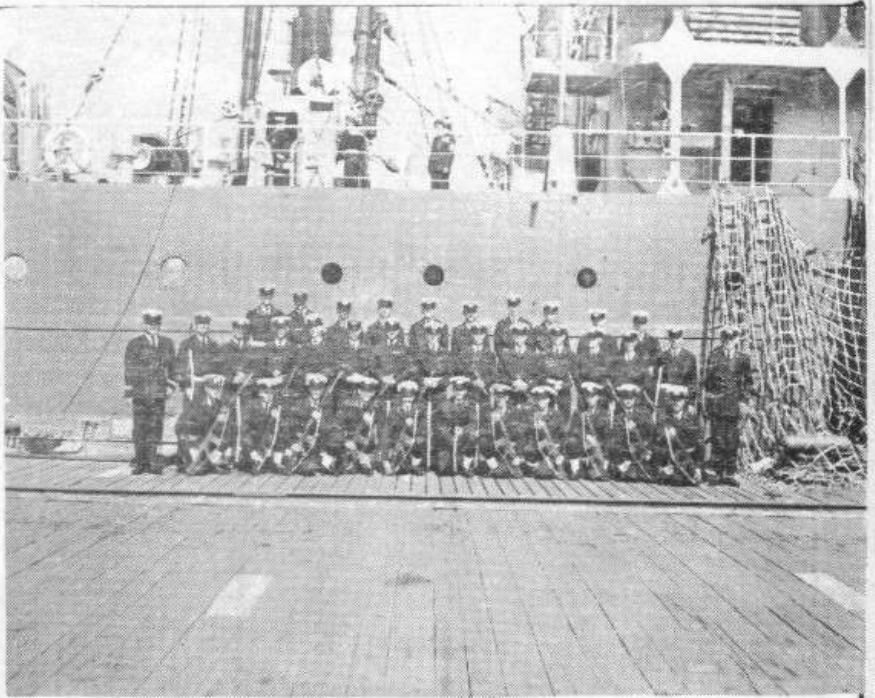
commission, degree,
cocked hat and cocked head,
navy and dieffenbaker,
i have seen man plot his own doom,
year book, album,
memories and old dreams,
where were you in '45?
h-bomb and eisenhower,
ashes which tick,
come, be nothing, and live.



- phil elder

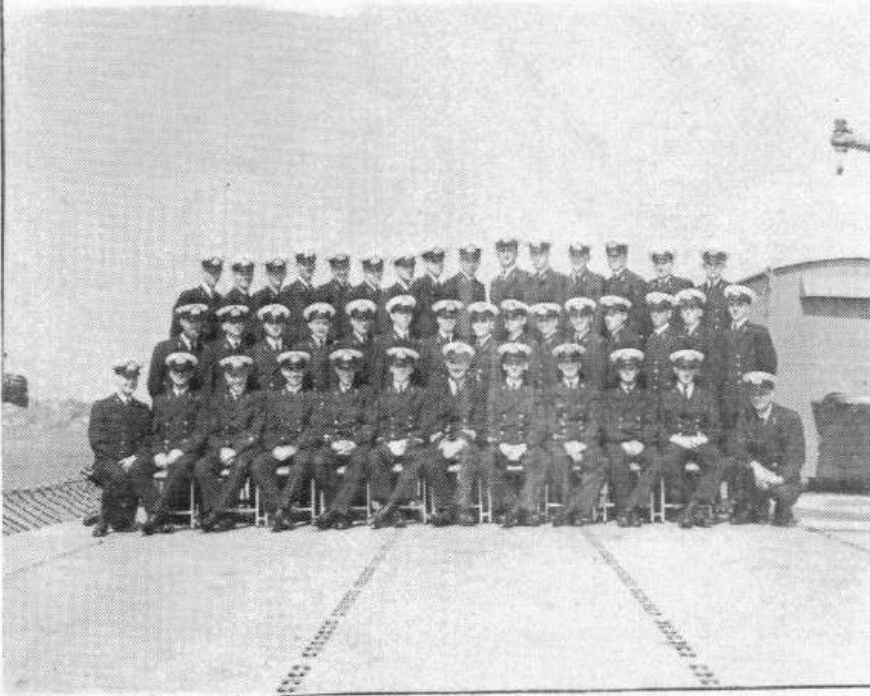
SECOND YEAR

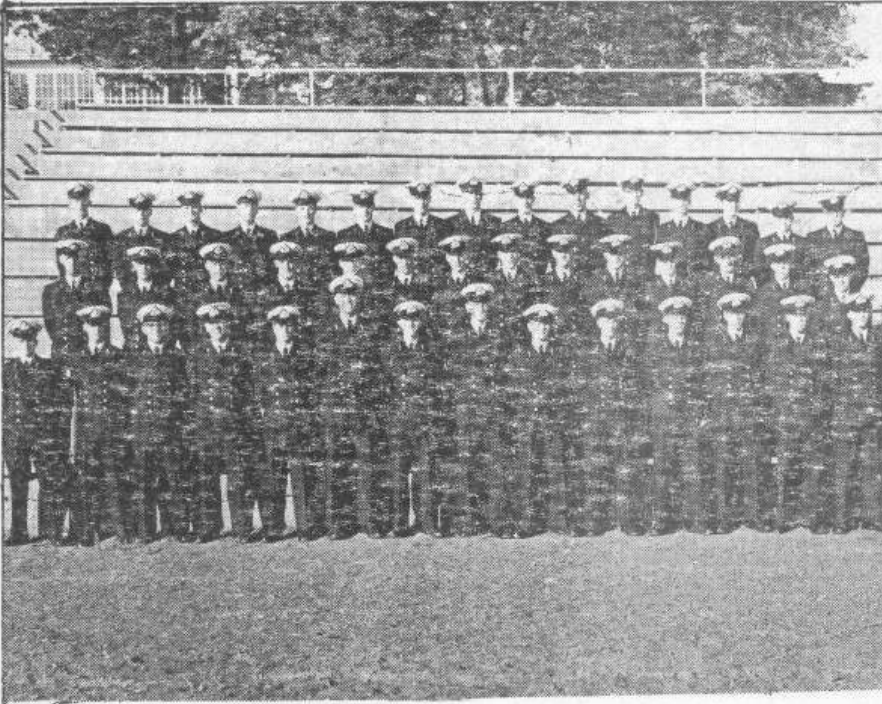




CHAUDIERE DIVISION

COLUMBIA DIVISION





RESTIGOUCHE DIVISION

OOP'S, WRONG MAGAZINE



CATCH UP ON YOUR SLEEP

Rise each morning just 'fore dawn,
Off before the moon has gone.
Double to the gym we love so dear
-To meet the Chief of sadistic leer.

Chorus: And be sure to catch up on your sleep,
your sleep,
Be sure to catch up on your sleep.

After breakfast, if on time
Too soon we hear "out-pipes" chime.
Off to the drill square, smart and neat
Spit shines hiding aching feet.

Chorus:

Then to classes of so dreary,
Oh my God, do I feel weary.
Now is the time to get some sleep,
But from instructors' eyes must keep.

Chorus:

Hold that shackle, hold it high!
Chin up, brother, dinner's nigh
Dinner and a welcome rest
Then off again to do our best.

Chorus:

Do our best to stay awake
Stay awake for goodness sake!
Or you'll arouse the P.O.'s cackle
And hold again that grusome shackle.

Chorus:

Dogwatch, dogwatch, hip hooray!
Huron, it must win the day.
Run and jump, skip and leap
-Then collapse in a quivering heap.

Chorus:

Supper, it's a welcome treat
If I weren't so bloody beat!
(Tell yourself that you feel great,
And lift your face out of your plate.)

Chorus:



Spare time - it's the Navy's aim
To fill in nightly with some game.
Monday movies, Tuesday dine,
One and all must tow the line.

Chorus:

Something new on every night
Adding to our daily plight,
Write up journals, polish boots,
Sometimes it's hard to give two hoots.

Chorus:

At last we get our nightly treat
Four full hours off our feet,
Sleep these treasured hours away,
Soon will come another day.

Chorus:

Now your attention I must bring
To a very, very silly thing -
That awful day I lost my head
And left my home, my mother said

And be sure to catch up on your sleep,
your sleep,
Be sure to catch up on your sleep.

- Cdt. M. Earle -
Huron Division.

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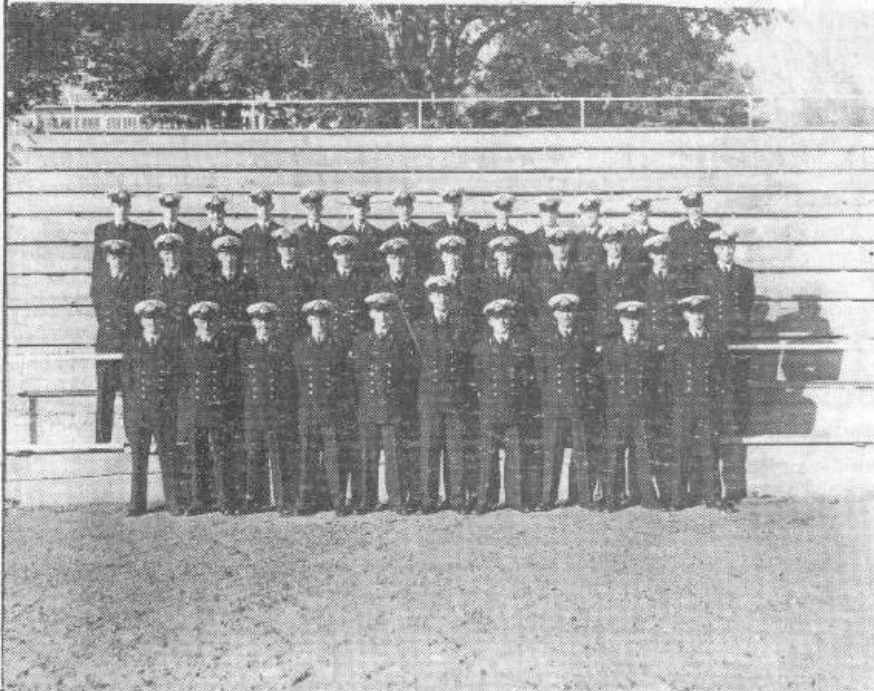
Montreal, P.Q.

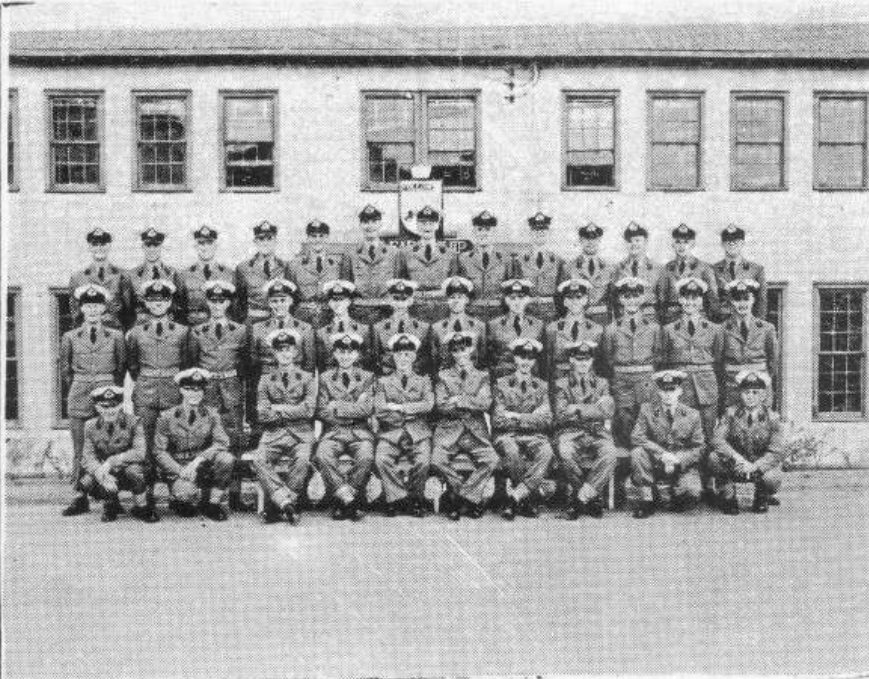
FIRST YEAR





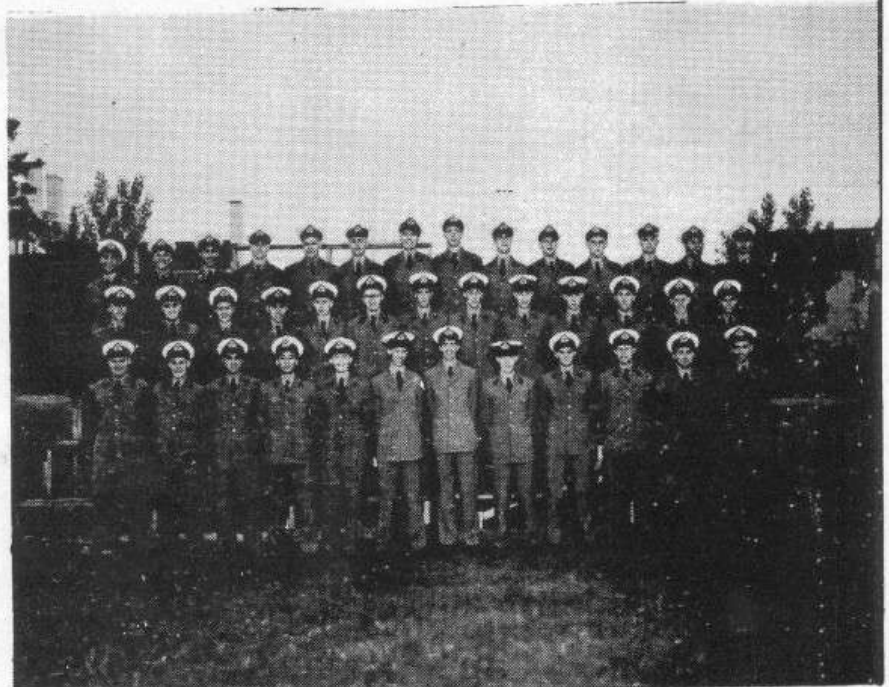
CAYUGA DIVISION

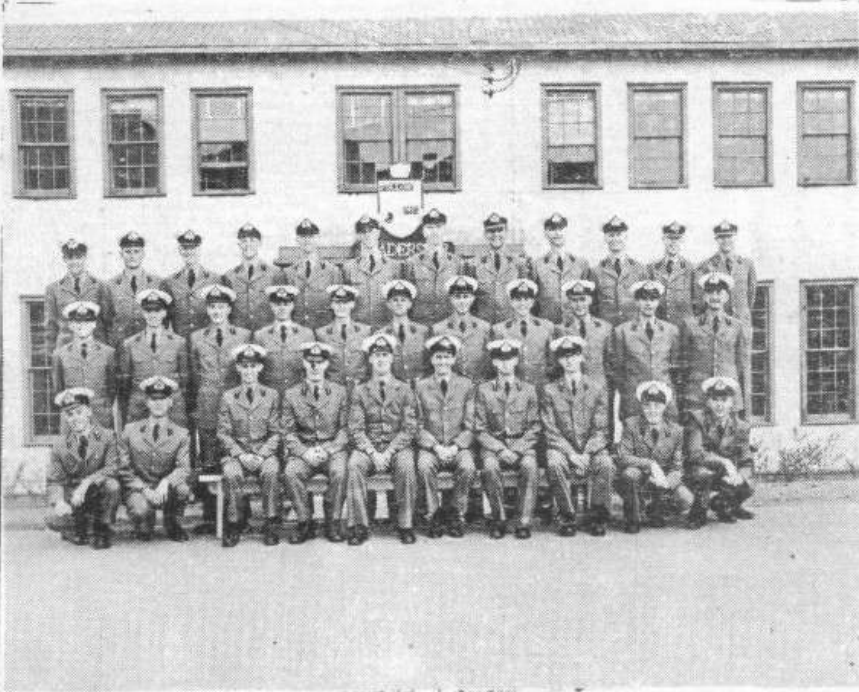




HAIDA DIVISION

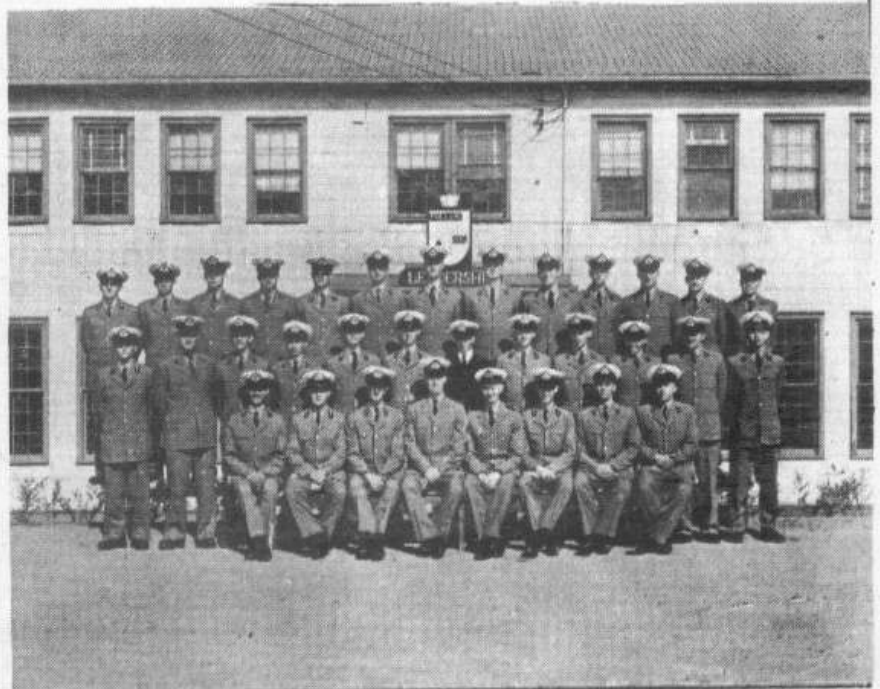
HURON DIVISION

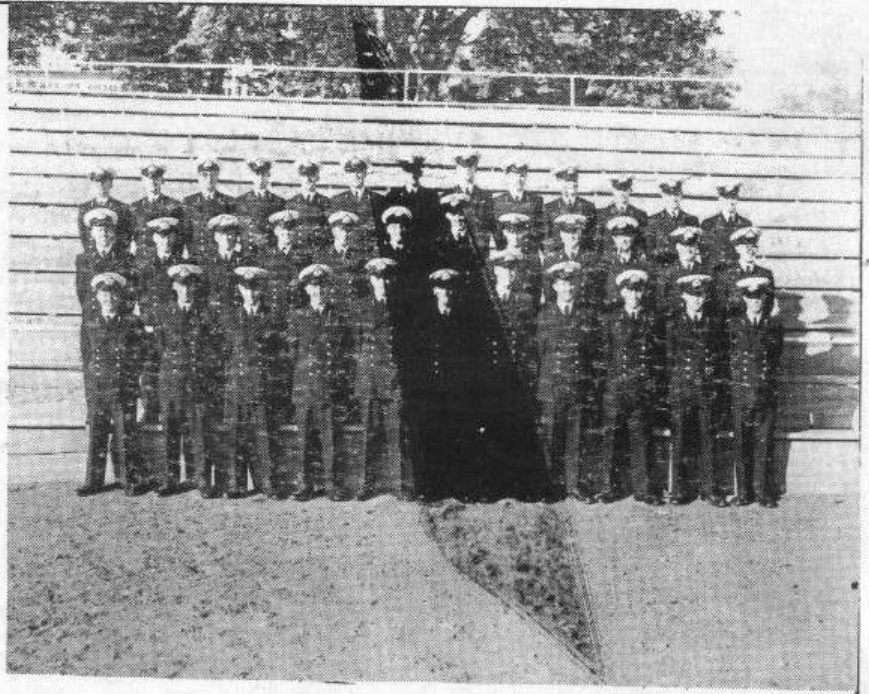




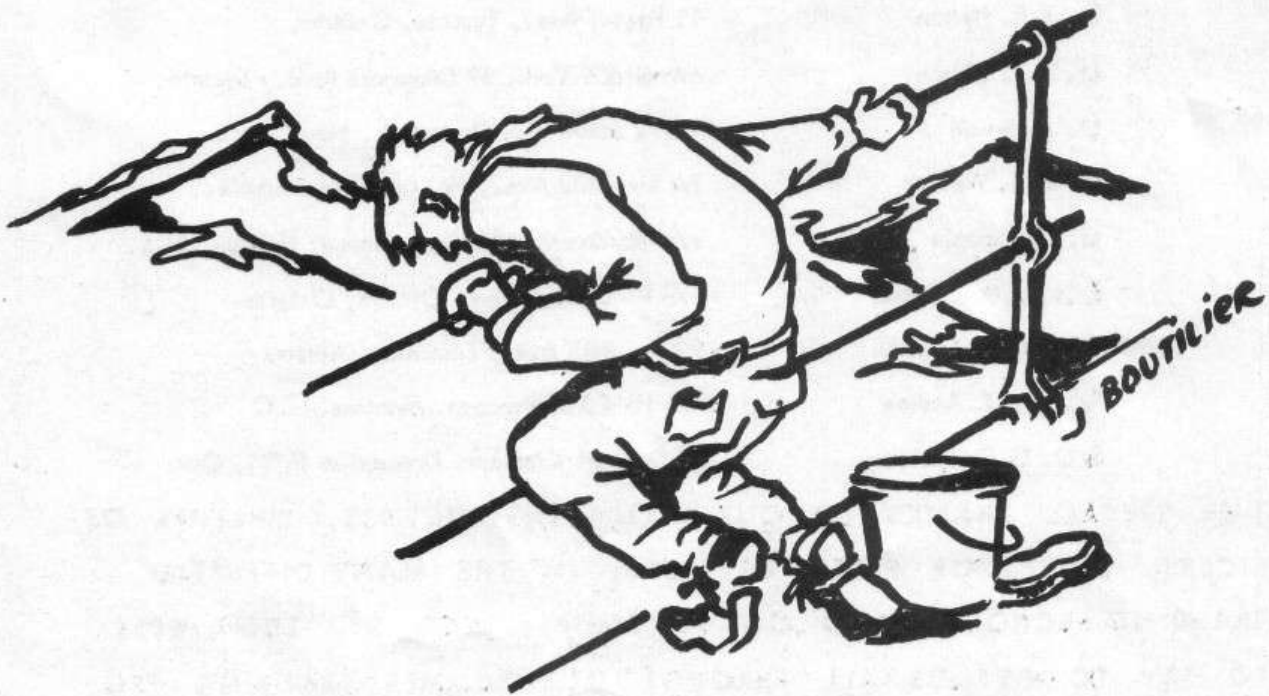
MICMAC DIVISION

IROQUOIS DIVISION





SIoux DIVISION



1ST DAY AT SEA.

ON BEHALF OF ALL THE CADETS WHO TRAINED ON THE EAST COAST THIS YEAR, WE WOULD LIKE TO THANK ALL THE OFFICERS WHO WERE ATTACHED TO THE RESERVE TRAINING ESTABLISHMENT AT H.M.C.S. STADACONA FOR ALL THEY HAVE DONE FOR US.

Cdr. P.S. Benson	5 Day St., Woodlawn, Dartmouth, N.S.
Lcdr. C.H. Court	41 Spring St., Amherst, N.S.
Lcdr. C.W. Fleming	51½ Wellington St., Halifax, N.S.
Lt. L.G. Douglas	95 Edward St., Halifax, N. S.
Lt. J.C. Persson	c/o HMCS Star, Hamilton, Ontario.
Lt. J.F. EWING	c/o HMCS York, 57 Lakeshore Blvd., Toronto.
Lt. J.C. Lawless	c/o HMCS Prevost, London, Ontario.
Lt. J.T.K. Lindsay	51 Rosedale Ave., Fairview, Halifax County, N.S.
Lt. W.J. Gushue	c/o Memorial University, St. John's, Newfoundland.
Lt. R.L. Vatcher	c/o HMCS Scotian, Halifax, Nova Scotia.
Lt. M.J. Fitzgerald	4 Elizabeth Drive, Armdale, Nova Scotia.
Lt. P.R. Hylton	11 Powell Ave., Toronto, Ontario.
Lt. R.T. Wilson	c/o HMCS York, 57 Lakeshore Blvd., Toronto.
Lt. J. Arnott	231/2 James St., Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.
Lt. A.J. Walzak	9A Mayfield Ave., Halifax, Nova Scotia.
Lt. G. Semple	c/o Wardroom, HMCS Stadacona, Halifax, N.S.
S/Lt. J.D. Connors	c/o HMCS Carleton, Ottawa, Ontario.
S/Lt. C.C. Uhlman	9229 - 86th Ave., Edmonton, Alberta.
S/Lt. A.J. Andrea	c/o HMCS Donnacona, Montreal, P.Q.
S/Lt. G.B. Sperling	84 Denbigh Crescent, Downsview P.O., Ont.

OUR SPECIAL THANKS TO OUR MANY INSTRUCTORS, WHETHER OFFICERS, CHIEFS OR PETTY OFFICERS, IN THE MANY DIFFERENT TRAINING SCHOOLS AND ON THE SHIPS, WHO DID THEIR BEST TO TRY TO GET US ALL THROUGH OUR SUMMER TRAINING PROGRAM. WE ARE VERY GRATEFUL FOR ALL THEY HAVE DONE FOR US.

The Editors.

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"I am now leaving - Good Night -
Enjoy Yourself"

Minuit et une minute, le 19 juillet, au large des cotes de Terre Neuve. La fregate HMCS Lauzon s'apprêtait à quitter les HMCS La Hulloise et HMCS Buckingham faisant route vers Corner Brook, et leur transmettait, avant de mettre le cap sur Stephenville le message titre: "I am now leaving - Good night - Enjoy yourself".

Ce message, lu tout à fait par hasard au sortir de ma veille, m'a réellement impressionné. Envoyé d'une façon impersonnelle d'un bateau à un autre bateau, j'ai trouvé qui unit les gens de la mer. Une fraternité que l'homme de la rue ne retrouvera pas à voir deux matelots se croiser sur le chemin, mais une fraternité qui se manifeste bien à la rencontre de deux navires en mer alors que l'équipage est anxieux de voir s'approcher, puis disparaître dans le lointain ce qui fut pour lui un bref contact humain, ou encore, à l'entre ou à la sortie d'un port, dans cette coutume magnifique qui veut que les navires au port saluent celui qui a vaincu ou qui part braver la mer. Elle se manifeste encore dans ce qui est peut-être le plus bel exemple de solidarité humaine: cette détresse qui envahit chaque matelot, chaque marin, si impenetrable soit-il, lorsqu'un des siens, aux prises avec la mer, se trouve en fâcheuse position, et ce soulagement qu'il éprouvera du salut de son frère inconnu.

C'est en considérant de tels exemples que l'on peut qualifier la mer de "faiseuse d'hommes". La mer, cette enjoueuse inconnue, calme et douce un moment, déchaînée et meurtrière à l'instant suivant, se jouant des hommes comme un enfant de ses pantins, les brisant ou les bercant selon son bon vouloir, la mer, cette force devant laquelle l'homme, riche de toute son intelligence, fort de toutes ses inventions, se retrouve petit, impuissant, n'ayant pour toute ressource que son respect pour elle et la solidarité de ses semblables. En somme l'homme devant la mer est semblable au primitif devant ses dieux: il ne les connaissait pas, mais les craignait

et les respectait, et lorsqu'avec ses frères il devait franchir leur sanctuaire, une solidarité très grande les unissait devant le mystérieux de cet endroit, le même mystérieux qui entoure la mer.

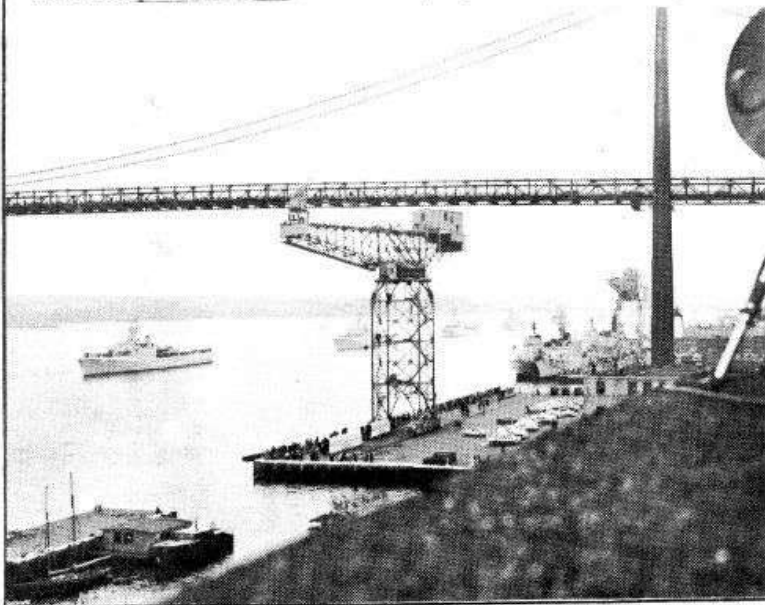
Je me souviens avoir vu un spectacle que je n'oublierai peut-être jamais. J'étais à bord du HMCS Lanark, l'an dernier, au large de New York. C'était la nuit, les côtes étaient loin derrière nous, aucune lumière n'était en vue, il était environ deux heures. Au-dessus de nous, de gros nuages noirs et épais se bouscullaient, une légère pluie tombait. Debout sur le pont, la chemise ouverte, il faisait chaud. Sur la mer, un clair de lune magnifique permettait de voir de grosses et longues vagues rouler les unes sur les autres. Plusieurs milles à tribord, la pleine lune et des milliers d'étoiles embellissaient un ciel parfaitement dégagé. Seule la mer, et son étendue infinie, pouvait offrir à des yeux humains un contraste si mystérieux.

Devant un tel spectacle, je n'ai pu m'empêcher de songer au ridicule de celui qui prétend ne croire à rien ou plutôt, qui prétend croire à l'inexistence d'un être suprême. Un tel spectacle ne peut se créer seul, et celui qui le prétendrait ne l'a pas vu. Mais le primitif qui ne connaissait pas Dieu, à cette vue, aurait fait de la mer son dieu, et lui aurait rendu ce culte que lui rendent aujourd'hui les poètes et les marins.

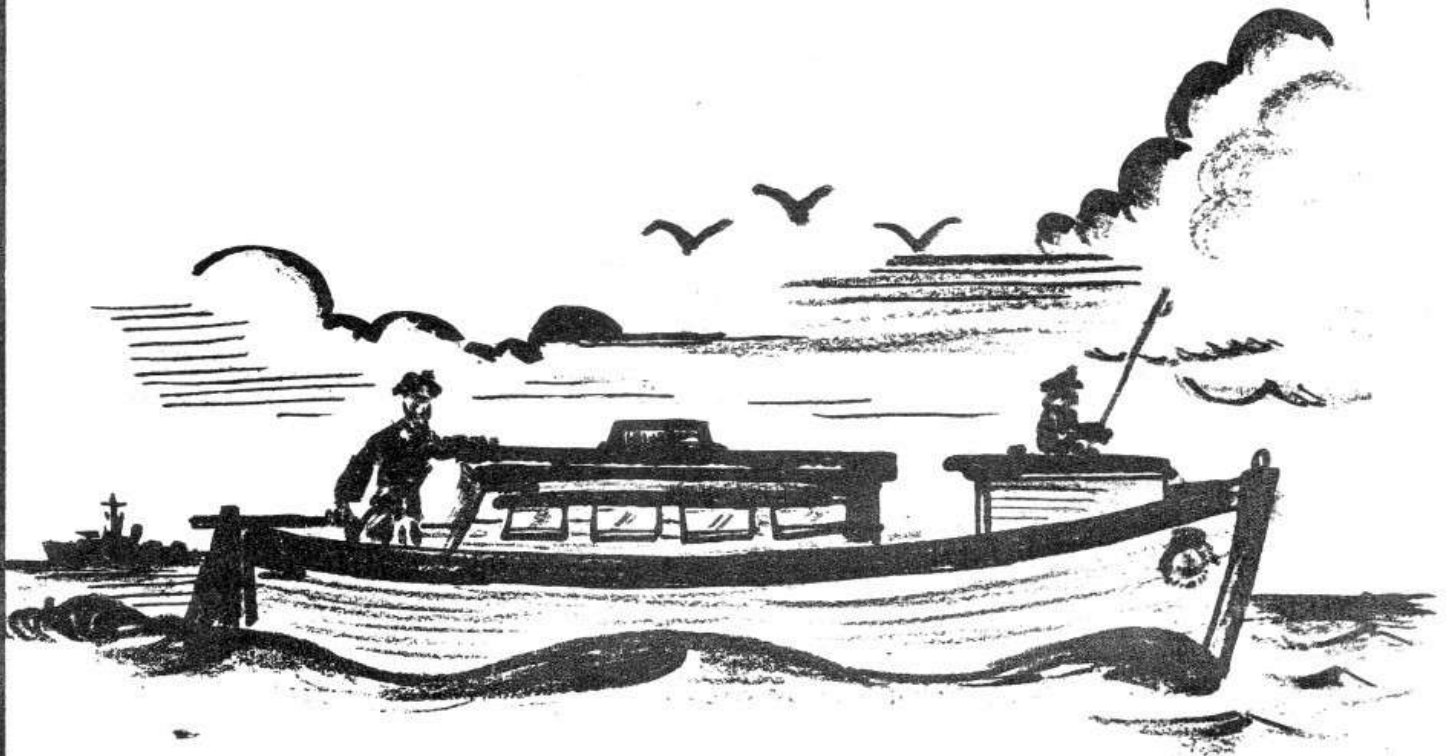
Personnellement, après deux croisières avec la marine, la mer est peut-être ce qui m'a impressionné le plus à date, et je comprends maintenant le respect qu'elle impose et la fraternité qu'elle cause. C'est après avoir vécu la mer, qu'on comprend mieux le sens de merveilleux poème qu'est OCEANO NOX:

"O combien de marins, combien de capitaines,
Qui sont partis joyeux pour une course lointaine."

Andre Busque, o/cdt.
HMCS Montcalm.



CRUISES



HISTORY OF HMCS INCH ARRAN

The frigate, HMCS INCH ARRAN, was laid down on the 25th of October, 1943 in the yards of the Davie Shipbuilding Company in Lauzon, Quebec, where she was first commissioned on the 18th of November, 1944. She was attached to Escort Groups 27 and 28 which were engaged in convoy support and A/S patrols off Halifax approaches. This duty was carried out during a period when U-Boats had adopted the tactics of attacking shipping and escorts in Canadian coastal waters off convoy assembly ports. Many promising sonar contacts were attacked but the fortunes of war did not give HMCS INCH ARRAN the satisfaction of destroying a submarine.

On the surrender of the German U-Boat Fleet in 1945, INCH ARRAN escorted U-Boat 889, a Mark IX schnorkel-fitted U-Boat, to Shelburne, N.S. where she was disarmed and her German crew removed.

Prepared for the Pacific Theatre, INCH ARRAN was not called upon to serve in that area owing to the Japanese surrender in August 1945. She was then retired from active service until 1954 when, after modernization in St. John, N.B., she was again placed in the Reserve Fleet until her commissioning on the 25th of November, 1959. Since that time she has been part of Canadian Escort Squadron 7.



CAP de la MADELEINE

HMCS Cap de la Madeleine was laid down in the yards of the Morton Engineering & Drydock Co., Quebec, on November 5, 1943. She was launched May 13, 1944, and commissioned in the RCN on September 30.

She was allocated December 19 to the command of Flag Officer Newfoundland for active services out of St. John's. She continued this role until March 1945 when she was attached to the Halifax escort force.

On November 25, 1945, the "Cap" was paid off and subsequently disposed of through War Assets. On June 25, 1951, she was towed to Lauzon Yards in Quebec where she underwent the extreme modernization and conversion to make her what she is today - a Prestonian class frigate.



HMCS BUCKINGHAM

The story of Buckingham begins in 1944 when she commissioned at Lauzon, Quebec, as a river class frigate. Her name is taken from the town of Buckingham, situated twenty miles east of Hull, Quebec.

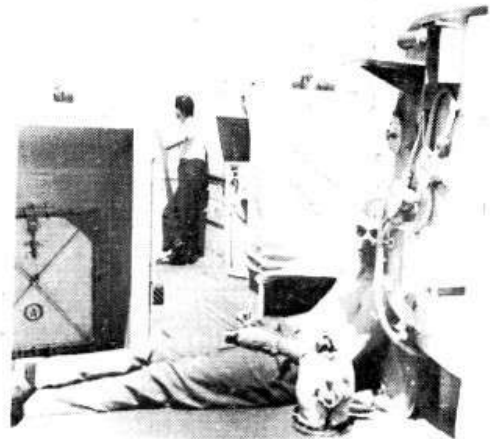
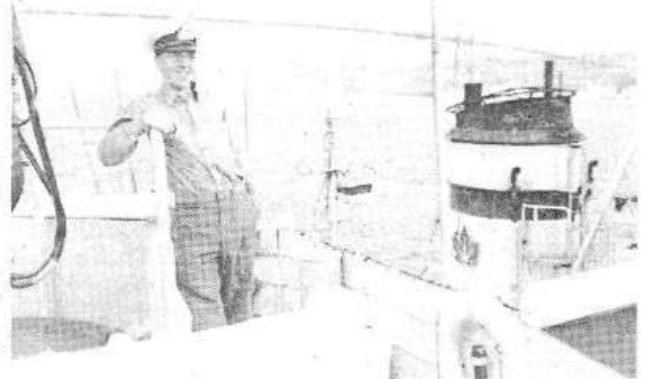
Buckingham is the second warship of this name. The first was an RN ship who distinguished herself at the battle of Belle Isle in 1761.

During the battle of the Atlantic, HMCS Buckingham carried out convoy escort and anti-submarine patrol duties in Canadian and North Atlantic waters. The constant vigilance that was maintained by such Canadian warships during this critical time greatly contributed to keeping the sea lanes open between North America and Europe.

In 1951, as the cold war grew hotter, it was decided to convert Buckingham for further use; thus, after three years of extensive refit, she emerged as a Prestonian Class Frigate and recommissioned in June, 1954.

The new Buckingham acquired the nickname, "Fundy Flyer" on her first assignment as a new entry trainer. This she accomplished with excellent results.

In September, 1956, a helicopter platform was installed in Buckingham and she became Canada's smallest aircraft carrier. In 1958 she joined the Seventh Escort Squadron based at Halifax. In May, 1959, Buckingham had the honour of being the first Canadian warship to navigate the newly opened St. Lawrence Seaway.



HMCS LA HULLOISE

HMCS LA HULLOISE is a Prestonian Class Frigate, 301 feet in length and displacing 2360 tons. Launched in Montreal on the 7th of May, 1944, she was named for the City of Hull. It was not possible to use the actual name of the city since there was already an American Destroyer of that name, but, in the words of the Mayor of Hull of that time, this was the "... French feminine adjective derived from the word "hull" and should be fit for a ship since in English the word ship is considered to be feminine...", however, since 1944 the Lady "LA HULLOISE" has had occasion to abandon those qualities associated with femininity and become most unladylike indeed. Her Battle Honours bear testimony to this --- they read:

"ATALATIC, 1945" - based on the sinking of U1302 in St. Georges Channel, 7 March, 1945, by HMCS LA HULLOISE.

"NORTH SEA, 1945" - based on services of LA HULLOISE as an escort to Coastal Convoys in the North Sea.

These honours belong to LA HULLOISE and to every subsequent one of Her Majesty's Ships of that name so long as there is a British Commonwealth of Nations. A more eloquent resume of her wartime experiences is difficult to conceive.

After the war, and during a period of service in Canada's Reserve Fleet, LA HULLOISE "Ship's Badge" was designed and approved. Against wavy bands of silver and blue, representing the sea, this badge shows a ducal coronet through which a sprig of three green Maple leaves protrudes. The coronet derives from the City of Hull, Yorkshire, and the Maple Leaves represent of course, the Province of Quebec. The motto beneath the crest was borrowed from the City of Hull -- "SOYONS COEUR FRANC" - meaning "LET US BE TRUE OF HEART!"

Since the war LA HULLOISE has enjoyed a fairly steady fare of training cadets in the summer, and helping fulfill Canada's commitments to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization in the winter, although the three years prior to the present commission were spent converting her for modern anti-submarine warfare.



HMCS LAUZON

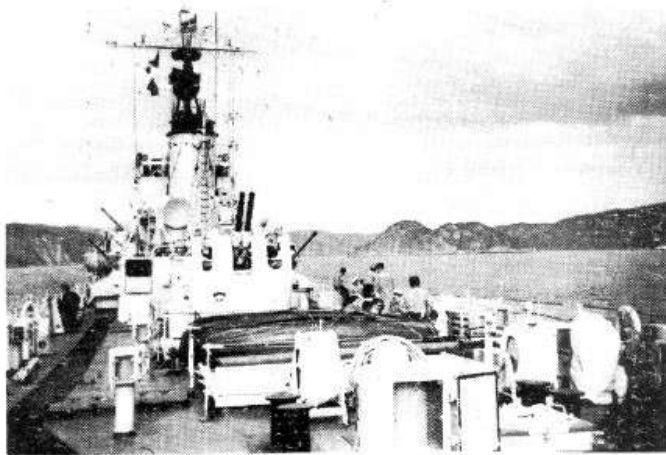
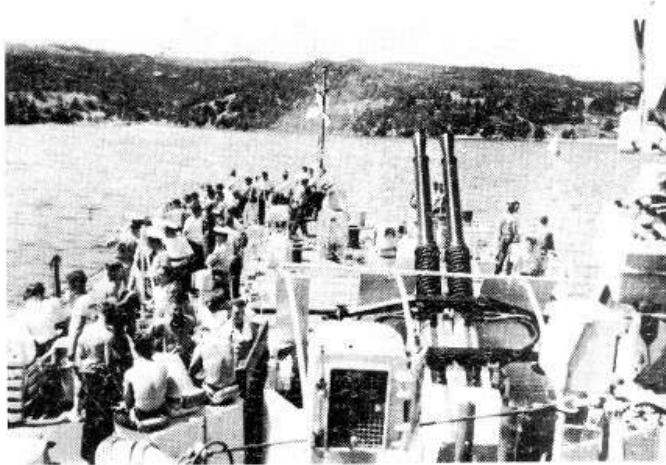
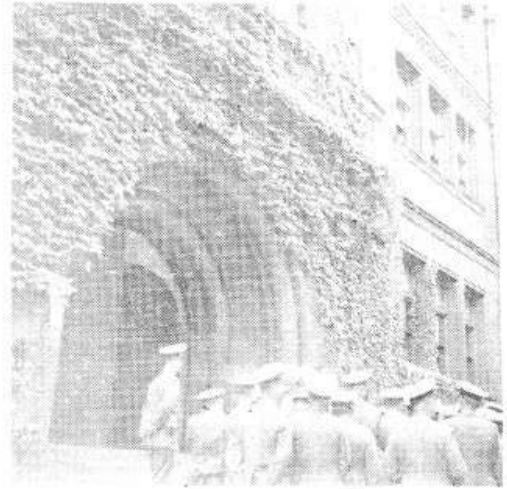
HMCS Lauzon, a frigate, was launched in June, 1944, at the ship-building town after which she is named. Commissioned two and a half months later, she served on escort duties in the North Atlantic. During one of her convoy crossings, the Lauzon carried out an extensive but inconclusive attack on a U-Boat. VE-Day found her at sea, in the escort of a convoy bound for the United Kingdom. The ship was paid off on November 7th, 1945, at Shelburne, N.S.

However, international tensions and the clarifying of the Canadian naval role in NATO caused her to be taken in hand for extensive modernization at Sorel, Que and she was commissioned in December, 1953.

At Halifax, she had a busy five-year commission lasting until October 3, 1958. This postwar commission saw her steam about 200,000 miles with a total of four commanding officers and some 700 officers and men entered on her books. She travelled widely around Europe and the Western Atlantic in the course of anti-submarine training exercises.

Following a major refit, the Lauzon commissioned for the third time on June 5, 1959, and resumed familiar training duties out of Halifax. A Prestonian Class frigate, she displaces 2,360 tons, is 301 feet long and 36 feet in the beam. The usual complement is 140 officers and men.





HMCS SWANSEA

The Swansea was built by Yarrows Limited, at Victoria, B.C. and commissioned into the Royal Canadian Navy October 4, 1943. She is named in honor of the Village of Swansea near Toronto in the county of York, Ontario.

Her first operational patrol as a river class frigate took her to the Newfoundland area and shortly after she became part of the Ninth Escort Group which was assigned to Mid-Ocean Escort. A year of rather frantic activity followed, and Swansea won her battle spurs in a series of hard fought enemy encounters.

A rather interesting story about the Swansea is that on April 10, 1944, when in company with HMCS Pelican, she attacked the U-448 south of Ireland. This action was a rather long and deliberate one, resulting in a kill on April 14th. The interesting factor is that during the attack, Swansea fixed her position by a sun sight.

During August and September of 1949, Swansea visited Arctic waters and while there she effected the longest tow in the history of the RCN, when she took the RCAF supply vessel, Malahat, in tow from Northern Labrador to Goose Bay, a distance of over 1,000 miles.

January, 1954 Swansea commenced her major re-conversion at Lauzon, Quebec. Upon commissioning as a Prestonian Class frigate, Swansea resumed her busy schedule and in February, 1958, she joined in extensive exercises with the Royal Navy Home Fleet.

LA CROISIÈRE "ALPHA"

Ce n'est pas sans regrets que le 7 Mai nous perdions de vue les côtes hospitalières de la Nouvelle Écosse pour acquérir l'expérience de la mer nécessaire à tout officier de marine. En effet, cinq fregates, Cap de la Madeleine, Inch Arran, Swansea, Lauzon et La Hullose prenaient la mer ayant à leur bord quelque cent vingt cadets, de première et de deuxième année. Il va sans dire qu'à peine sorti du port, cet implacable ennemi des apprentis marins qu'est le mal de mer fit son apparition, ce qui ne fut pas sans causer un certain effroi parmi les jeunes mousses de première année et des sourires narquois de la part des vieux loups de mer de deuxième année... Après quelques jours cependant, chacun s'habitua tant bien que mal au roulis et au tangage naturels à une frégate de 1900 tonnes, et l'on s'achemina lentement vers notre lieu de destination.

Notre première escale devait en effet être les Bermudes, car les temps où la Marine Canadienne envoyait ses cadets en Europe sont bien révolus. Enfin chacun se consola en se disant qu'une croisière aux Bermudes c'était mieux que d'aller geler au Groenland ou à Terre Neuve.

Vers la mi-mai nous arrivions en vue des côtes ensoleillées des Bermudes, curieux de voir pourquoi les gens à l'aise venaient y dépenser tant d'argent. À l'ancienne base navale anglaise de l'île d'Irlande où nous nous étions amarrés, un spectacle étonnant nous attendait. Cette base, qui il y a cinq ans abritait des croiseurs, des destroyers et des dragueurs de mines de la Marine Royale tombait littéralement en ruines. En effet, le climat semi-tropical de la région n'épargne rien, et après deux ou trois mois de vent, de pluies, d'humidité et de chaleur, il ne reste pratiquement plus rien.

Pour la plupart des cadets, c'était la première fois qu'ils mettaient le pied sur cette colonie britannique que sont les Bermudes, et il était bien évident que tous désiraient en voir le plus possible. Il est certain que personne n'oubliera de sitôt les courses folles sur de petits chemins tortueux à cheval sur de fringantes Mobyettes, ou bien le prix dérisoire de l'alcool, ou encore le luxe somptueux de certains hôtels. De même personne n'oubliera le charme historique qui enveloppe certains coins des îles, encore présent par l'architecture espagnole de quelques édifices.

Mais le plaisir ne peut pas toujours durer et quatre jours après nous prenons de nouveau la mer, à destination de Boston cette fois. Après dix jours assez ennuyeux de manoeuvres, nous arrivions dans la capitale de l'indépendance américaine.

Notre séjour fut d'ailleurs remarquable par l'absence de réceptions organisées par la Marine Américaine, sauf en ce qui concerne une courte visite à Harvard et à M.I.T. Quant à la ville elle-même, pour ceux qui connaissent Montréal, il suffit de dire que Boston lui ressemble beaucoup. Quelques jours plus tard, nous repartions

de nouveau, à destination d'Halifax cette fois. Cependant une petite tempête nous amena un accident dans la salle des machines, et il nous fallut faire route à toute vitesse vers le port le plus rapproché, en l'occurrence Newport, N.H. Ce petit contretemps nous permit d'aller à terre une fois de plus qu'escompte. Mais le lendemain, nous repartions définitivement pour Halifax où nous arrivâmes le 12 Juin.

Je tiens à souligner, et je crois que tous les cadets concernés seront d'accord, que la croisière se fit dans d'excellentes conditions grâce surtout à l'esprit de bonne entente qui régna entre les matelots et les cadets. Les cadets de première année ont été satisfaits de leur entraînement, ceux de deuxième, un peu moins, mais dans l'ensemble, les "futurs officiers de la Marine Canadienne" sont revenus à Halifax de bonne humeur, en bonne santé et bien contents de rentrer chez eux.

Frank M. Letourneau
Cadet (11) U-683.

CRUISE ALPHA

Cruise Alpha differed from the others since HMCS INCH ARRAN was home to 26 UNTD Cadets. Her spot was taken by HMCS BUCKINGHAM for the other two cruises.

Leaving Halifax on May 9th, we steamed about in Nova Scotia until the weekend when we ducked into Passamaquady Bay to anchor. Here the ship's boats were often employed to take liberty men to St. Andrews and nearby places. The ships reluctantly left this spot and returned to Halifax for the 50th Anniversary Celebrations and sail-past.

Bermuda-bound, we left Halifax on May 24th, and soon were tied up at NOB on Ireland Island and renting b.b.'s (Bermuda Bombshells-motor powered bicycles). While in Bermuda, the regatta was held in which "La Hullose" cadets walked off with the "Cat of the Squadron" - actually not so much walking as rowing, "pulling" in the Navy. After three days of Bermuda living, it was "Hi, Hi, Ho! - To Boston we go."

Some cadets attended a reception or two, and many took in the Boston Pops Concert, providing they had not bought too many \$12 Scotch and Soda's. The suggestion that all cadets wear a used tea bag on their lapel in memorium never gained a large following but was well received in several places. Tours of Harvard and M.I.T. were arranged and conducted by U S N officers who were graduates of the former institutions.

On the way home, the sick, the halt and the lame came forth in force, sending "Lauzon" to Yarmouth and "Inch Arran" to Newport, R.I., for the night. A fair to middling storm (UNTD's fort scale) provided a bit of roller coaster time and livened up station keeping.

Drawing into Halifax Harbour early on Monday, June 13th, so early that we were able to attend afternoon classes at Statacona, cruise Alpha ended where it began. This for the Navigator's sake was perhaps a good thing.

-Bill Griswald -

CRUISE ALPHA

Cruise Alpha was actually two short cruises split by a return trip to Halifax for the Fiftieth Anniversary celebrations. The first phase, from the ninth to the eighteenth of May, was comprised of officer of the watch manoeuvres in the Gulf Stream and a weekend anchored off St. Andrews-By-The-Sea, that wonderful summer resort on Passamaquodi Bay - who will ever forget the fog and the rain and that wonderful dance at the hotel where the odds were 15 to 1?

The squadron soon left there and returned to Halifax for the sail past and "open house". How salty the first years were when they got back - "Yes, ma'am, I've been to sea. Of course I wasn't seasick".

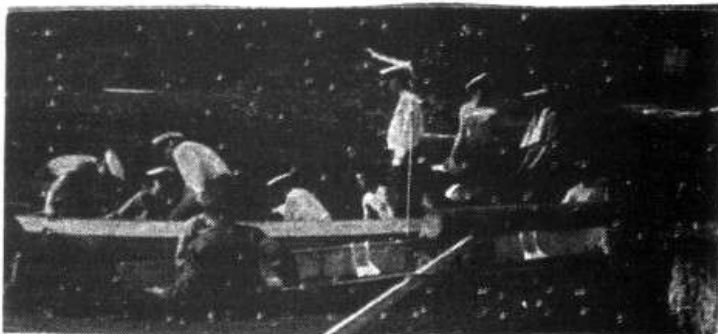
But again it was ship and proceed and before long the rig of the day was tropical shorts and sandals with gallons of suntan oil. Cruise Alpha hit Bermuda on the morning of Friday the 27th and Bermuda hit Cruise Alpha on the morning of Saturday, the 28th. Almost the only people without hangovers were Friday's dutywatch. The times in the Fleet Regatta would have been much faster if it hadn't been for the hangovers. The "LA HULLOISE", using her specially constructed heavy whaler (larger handicap) dominated the events.

The squadron left the balmy skies of Bermuda and soon arrived in Boston, where the long expected entertainment failed to materialize and the UNTD's had to make their own -- not too difficult a task. Despite much searching of the subway no one found Charlie who was lost on the UTA and luckily, though only heaven knows why, none of the UNTD's joined him.

I think most first years and many second years will agree that one of the best parts of the cruise was on the return trip when, because of an over-exuberant sea, a great many of the saltier matelots made their way to the rail.

I'm sure all will agree that the cruise was a success in all fields - training, both practical and theoretical, and most certainly in shore leave.

- Colin Johnstone -



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CRUISE BRAVO

"Chicoutimi?", "Mortier Bay?", "St. John's?"
Good grief! There's been a mistake!

Many glorious rumours of exotic ports filtered along the line from division to division about the ports to be visited by cadets this summer. There was talk of English pubs, Italian girls, French wine, Danish pastry ... just to mention a few.

Then the word was heard that it was to be an all-Canadian cruise and high hopes crashed. There was quite a bit of disappointment amongst the cadets of Restigouche, Sioux and Cayuga Divisions. Nothing that the Quebec City boys or Newfoundlanders could say would change the deeply entrenched opinions of the others. With a certain degree of dejection, cadets of the three divisions resigned themselves to a fate which seemed slightly better than Bedford Basin, and Cruise Bravo was underway.

The five ships to be used were the ships of Cancortron 9 - Cap de la Madeleine, Swansea, Lauzon, La Hullose, and Buckingham. Inch Arran, which was on cruise Alfa, surrendered her services back to the Navy and Buckingham bravely took her place in line.

Zero-Hour was 1000 June 27th, 1960. Cruise Bravo started off with a bang as ships attempted to blast a target, towed by a tug, out of the water. The only ship to score a hit was Buckingham.

A course was set for the St. Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers. For those who went to Quebec City last year, it was a sort of pilgrimage. Those who were sailing up the river for the first time found it a novelty.

The Saguenay was a fabulous experience with its green banks, rolling hills and steep escarpments. This great river, seen only by tourists for a price, was ours for the taking and we absorbed its beauty completely. Such awesome sights as the Statue of the Blessed Virgin at Cap Eternite highlighted the sojourn along the tranquil waterway.

Cap de la Madeleine, Swansea and Lauzon put into Port Alfred on Ha! Ha! Bay, while La Hullose and Buckingham tarried on to Chicoutimi. This small town, whose name means "at the end of the deep water", graces both sides of the river's gently rising slopes. From the distance, Chicoutimi seemed small and dismal. What irony! The place was small but there is considerable truth in the saying that the best things come in small packages. The girls were friendly and more than willing so language presented no great barrier. Amid receptions and open houses, filled with heartwarming hospitality, cadets were drawn into the wonderful life that characterizes Chicoutimi and rural Quebec. All of us bid farewell to Quebec, holding fond memories and hopes for a possible "revoir" as the scenic ruggedness of the river drifted into the distance.



Cadets finally set foot on foreign soil when Cancortron 9 berthed in Argentia, Newfoundland, for the purposes of refuelling. This giant U.S. Naval Air Base was the scene of numerous sporting activities -- athletic and liquid. The facilities for baseball and soccer were at the disposal of the ships. During the evenings, ships' companies and cadets frequented the local clubs and recreation centers.

Fogbound, the cruise ships groped their way toward Mortier Bay, which was the scene of the cruise regatta and inspection. Buckingham escaped the inspection while the other ships underwent continuous preparations and painting. Boat pulling seemingly carried on day and night as each ship's crew sharpened itself to a keep point of perfection. When the regatta was over, Cap de la Madeleine had taken the honours but not without a tough, hard-fought battle from Buckingham. Buckingham cadets nursed their wounds while the proud Lauzonians prepared a sneak vengeance. Many a ship's side was scarred with boot topping that night.

Despite the losses in the afternoon, a beach party, where beer was free and a fire as high as the spirits, was enjoyed by all to climax five days of relaxation, sparkled with excitement in Mortier Bay.

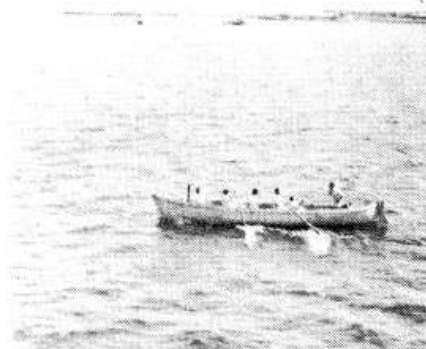
The last ports-of-call for ships were Lauzon to Stephenville, La Hullose and Buckingham to Corner Brook and Cap de la Madeleine and Swansea to St. John's.

Corner Brook which lies near the source of the Humber River, is a thriving little metropolis. The people, though they had less to offer than the citizens of Chicoutimi, welcomed cadets with an open door and warm hands. Similar experiences were had at the other ports.

With two days of cruise remaining and somewhat rough water lying between last port and home port, Bravo cadets were able to reflect on the days that had passed. Each looked back on a cruise that had been filled with enjoyment, excitement and education.

A cruise in Canadian waters may not be to the average Canadian's liking, but for cadets on cruise Bravo it had many of the qualities of a foreign cruise in far away places.

Cadet Paterson
Restigouche.



CRUISE BRAVO

Petty Officers and seamen snarled, cadets of Alpha Cruise snickered, and Officers watched, (most with that usual pseudo - contemptful air by which the experienced view the novice), as on the sunny afternoon of Saturday, the eighteenth of June, one hundred first and second year cadets tried desperately not to stumble over the gangway while coming aboard the five frigates of the Ninth Canadian Escort Squadron.

This was the beginning of Cruise Bravo - the highlight of our summer's training program, the fulfillment of our quest for adventure over the bounding main (and all that). Unhappily though, dreams of fondu parties on the Left Bank, beach combing on the golden sands of the West Indies, or blissful sunbathing on the Riviera were abruptly scattered as our Ports of Entry were listed as lying in that cold, foggy, not-so-far-off land to the North, called Newfoundland.

For the most part, however, the new experience of being aboard ship, coupled with the general rush and confusion of getting settled into our new environment, offered little recourse in which to ponder our future fate, be it foul or fair.

As to the outcome of this thirty day venture, a general feeling of anticipation was held by many of the first year cadets - the urgency of which was considerably increased as, for the first time, they peered down into the dark, dismal looking depths of the ship's hold, where were located their sleeping quarters.

As affection for the Navy could wain considerably if its sea phase caused one's insides to be in constant turmoil, we were indeed a fortunate group as for the first week on board there were absolutely no cases of seasickness - an encouraging though dubious honour considering the ships had yet to leave the jetty in Halifax Harbour. Until the time of our departure, and well through the cruise, an excellent recreational program was laid on for the cadets, though, alas, deck tennis, shuffle-boards and quoits were replaced by the less inspiring sport of sweeping, chipping, scrubbing, painting, waxing and polishing everything that didn't move (with the exception of the seamen).

Once on our way, a total of seven ports were visited by varying numbers of the five ships of the squadron, these being Port Alfred, Chicoutimi, Argentia, Mortier Bay, St. John's, Stephenville and Cornerbrook.

Boldly sallying forth in Form 1, the ships sailed from Halifax Harbour towards their first ports at Port Alfred and Chicoutimie, taking a route such that enough time was taken on the way for a gunnery practice and various formation exercises.

The Saguenay River was reached on the third day out, and all was proceeding well until HMCS Lauzon, churning away at some unthinkably high speed

approaching her maximum, with a thunderous roar and belching vapour, burst a steam line and stumbled to a halt. Though a towing line was immediately rigged, it was not eventually needed as enough steam in one boiler was generated to permit her to limp to Port Alfred under her own power, saving an otherwise embarrassing entrance.

In spite of rather drizzly weather during the stop-over, an interested (and interesting) crowd of Quebecers greeted the arrivals. For many of them the visit offered their first view of Canada's warships, and patient explaining was often necessitated in the answering of many unusual questions put forth by these gay people (especially for those who in one instance attached themselves to the idea that the vessels were submarines).

From out of the Newfoundland fog, Argentia was entered, with pomp and ceremony, supplied by a rather motley Navy band who crashed out a glorious "God Save the Queen", followed by a real stomping "Yellow Rose of Texas" (for some unknown reason).

Relatively small though it was, most of the cadets wasted no time acquainting themselves with this part of call, and no stones were left unturned (within reason) from examination of the various aircraft on the base to an even closer examination of the "American method of Martini Mixing" (which, for some, this latter engagement took up the greater part of the time spent ashore).

No small excitement was brought about by the mysterious disappearance of the Base Commander's cap (and its not-so-mysterious turning up in a cadet's locker on HMCS LaHulloise). Any precipitation of an international incident was saved, however, by its immediate return (amid profusions of apologies and foot shuffling). This was probably a great relief to the Rear-Admiral as apparently he had no replacement on hand.

Two days after leaving Argentia, the squadron was again together for several days at Mortier Bay, where the commander's inspection of the ships was held, and also a boat regatta in which HMCS Cap de la Madeleine took top honors. As is usually the custom, at some point during each cruise, various raids were carried on between the ships during the night, although they were, towards the end, terminated by the commanders who became slightly perturbed with the fast declining standard of "sophistication" in method of attack - i.e. hand grenades of bottles of paint thrown from motor cutters, etc.

From Mortier Bay, the frigates journeyed to their last ports of entry. For various reasons (the major one being space) comments on cadets' activities at those places must be restricted only to the statement that a "good time was had by all" (nearly all, anyway). After two days' stop-over, anchors were again weighed and we were homeward bound.

The cruise was now nearly over and, for most, the days at sea had gone by quickly. The days were

full, each one giving us some new experience, be it a jackstay transfer, towing operation or any of a host of other day by day occurrences besides the general routine which kept us at all times so fully occupied. "Home" was looked forward to by most, one main reason being the opportunity of getting a little more sleep, since the watch system at sea afforded little time for anything besides a casual relaxation between tours of duty.

On Sunday morning, July 24th, Cancortron Nine, greeted by the dull throb of the foghorn at the entrance of the Narrows, moved slowly to the gunwharf in the harbour at Halifax.

Cruise Bravo was over, though really in its physical sense only, as many long hours have been and will yet be spent in the lively detailed reminiscences of the good and not-so-good times with the RCN at sea.

- Cole -

BRAVO APOLLOGIA

For many of the second year cadets, the cruise was a return to the familiar waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The presence of first and second year cadets, in company together, added a new note, but great success was to be found in the very nature of the cruise - its training aspect. There was no subordination to other duties of the Royal Canadian Navy, in particular the escorting of visiting dignitaries (though it is realized that Cruise Bravo Fifty Nine was a thrilling experience in its own right). The quieter coastal areas do offer the most advantageous situation for pilotage training and complementary items, but it is not without some reluctance that the cadets appreciate this point. In gunrooms from coast to coast the exploits of glamour cruises "across the pond" or south to the Caribbean create a tinge of envy whenever they are mentioned. However, in this respect, Cruise Bravo Sixty came up with pleasant surprise after pleasant surprise; thus soothing many an irritated pride.

The training was exceptionally good. Starting with a loud bang (please excuse this crudity) the big five sailed out of Halifax Harbour, hoisted the red-bravo and commenced to shoot. The target tow-ship, St. John, survived the salvos, perhaps because the cadets did not have a direct hand in firing the four-inch guns. In the bright days that followed, numerous flag hoist exercises put the cadets more into the picture, particularly while the frigates turned and corpened through officer-of-the-watch manoeuvres.

A little drama occurred shortly after the ships had entered the Saguenay River. Lauzon had required assistance and Swan had dropped back to lend a tow. Suddenly the skies darkened and the cliffs appeared to close in on the drifting ships. A driving torrent swept

down. Work-jackets were as effective as tissue paper as Swansea's company ran around the quarter deck hauling in the towing cable. Meanwhile, LaHulloise and Buckingham glided by upstream. Then, as if on a signal, the tow was made fast and the skies suddenly cleared. To complete the story, Lauzon was soon able to make way without the tow. This was not the last to be seen of towing evolutions.

Port Alfred was one of the pleasant surprises awaiting the cadets. Quiet in the evening sun, as Cap de la Madeleine and Swansea approached, it soon opened its charms and many an English speaking lad forgot the struggles of high school French in the arms of "une jeune fille".

Too soon it was necessary to recross the Gulf, with more flag hoists, towing exercises, jack-stay transfers and a whaler drill while anchored in the Magdalens - a tiny corner of the Maritimes which held a fascination of its own.

Argentina presented the curious situation of American soil in Newfoundland, and justifiably so as Lockheed Super Constellation and Neptune aircraft thundered in and out. Hospitality was warm - terrific pizza and a gin collins at fifteen cents a wet. Several baseball games amongst the ships generated keen spirit but, as a contrast, more time was becoming devoted to cleaning and painting.

The serenity of Mortier Bay gave way to a frenzy of activity in preparation for an inspection of the frigates by Cancortron Nine. Paint, paint, paint - the unpleasant part of the cadet game, finally came to an end and a beautiful bay sparkled for the cruise regatta. For once, the great song and dance for the Cock of the Walk was forgotten amidst the good sportsmanship and joy found in the races themselves. A beach party topped the day.

After a split up for a few days (Cap de la Madeleine and Swansea to St. John's; Lauzon to Stephenville; LaHulloise and Buckingham to Cornerbrook) the ships regrouped in heavier seas, more spectaculars for the shutter bugs, but increasing the number of cadets in the "funnel" watch.

Sunny weather and smooth water awaited off Halifax and the experience of cruise Bravo was ended.

D. F. Bousfield.



CRUISE CHARLIE TOOK US TO GREENLAND

In the dawn, the southwest coast of Greenland was sighted. But where was the green in this eerie northland that could be the setting of a science fiction movie? Barren cliffs plunged 3000 feet into the powdery water of Arsuk Fjord. Chunks of emerald and white storis were the floating guardians of this water - filled canyon. Even high wispy clouds backed by a jaundiced sky aided in the air of stark lifelessness. Not for long did this alien sensation last, however, as the headland on our starboard slowly peeled back to reveal little ordered blotches of colour. Through binoculars these became a small and scattered settlement sitting on a slope covered with blueberry bushes. This was Gronne Dal, the Royal Danish Navy supply base of some seven hundred Danes and Eskimos, which we had suffered several cold and rough days at sea to visit.

As we drew near the landing, seamen wearing wooden shoes quickly tended our lines. These were not the only ones interested in our arrival. Almost before we made fast we were attacked by a swarm of the peskiest flies in existence, which were to remain aboard our ship until we left.

The three days spent in "Green Valley" proved to be surprisingly more lively, interesting and enjoyable than most had at first expected. This was due mainly to the hospitality afforded to us by the Danes, most of whom spoke fluent English. Our indefatigable hosts planned a dinner party and smorgasbord in the Wardroom of H.D.M.S. Gronne Dal, and several canteen parties, where new friends taught us the right way to "skol" their mellow brew.

To the right of the base, some seven kilometers distant, lay Ivigtut, the site of one of the largest of the few cryolite mines in the world. Here we were driven in two open lorries down the 2000 foot incline to the pit bottom, which was two hundred feet below the surface of the water in the fjord. Every day the miners swing down the steep mine walls on long ropes from the village high above. Then they haul ore in tractors for an average of fourteen hours a day.

An overnight hike into the surrounding hills brought the party on a Viking mound where still lay the bleached bones and weathered armour of a Norseman of old. The pace set by the guides over the rocky terrain made us work hard to keep from straggling. Our reward when we dropped our sleeping bags onto the softest gravel we could find, was a few strong-flavoured sausages and some very good coffee.

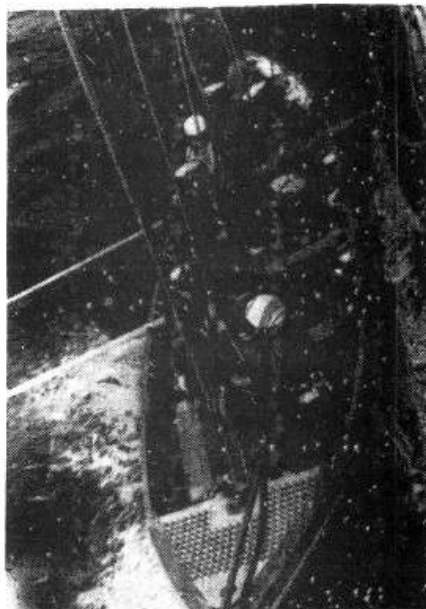
A day later we found ourselves chugging deeper into the fjord aboard a modern Danish trawler, H.D. M.S. Mallemukken. A massive finger of the icecap which covers ninety-six percent of Greenland, was protruding toward us, blocking the channel so we

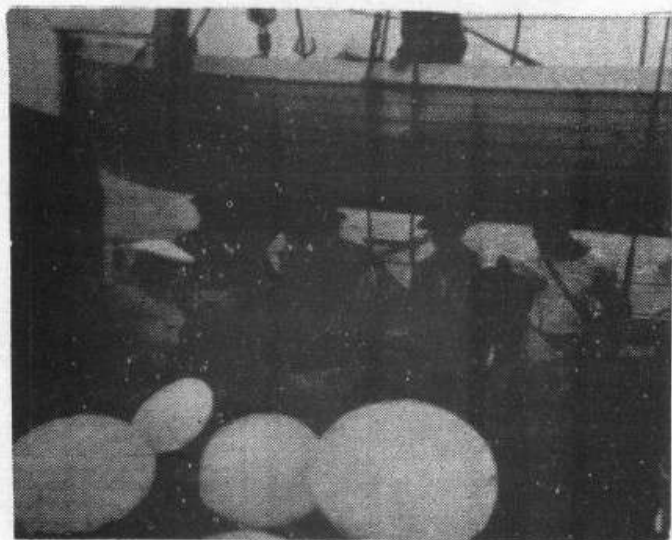
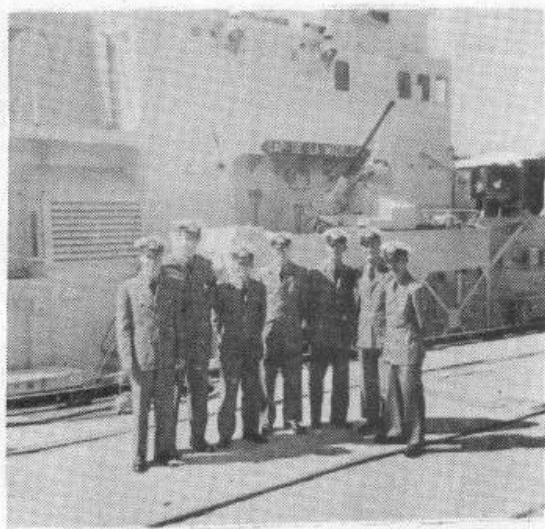
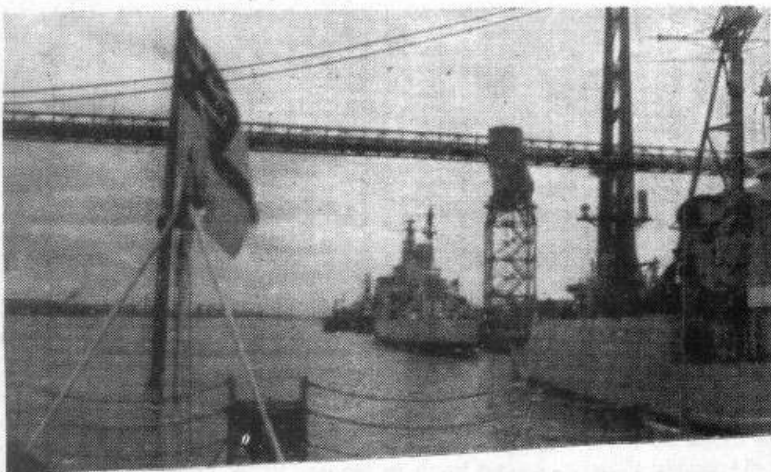
could go no farther. After anchoring the vessel, we put ashore in two small dinghies. Though the air was ice cold in the shade, the direct sun was unbearably hot on our parkas. Shedding our clothes, we sunbathed on a flat rock next to one of the greatest glaciers in the world. The leading edge stood about a hundred feet off the water and was tinted blue and green from the sediment it contained. While we watched, an iceberg was born, calving off and tumbling thunderously into the inlet.

This land is a mountaineer's and geologist's paradise, offering limitless challenging peaks and displaying almost every typical landform.

On the fourth day, H.M.C.S's Cap de la Madeleine and Lauzon sounded their sirens in farewell to the settlement and wheeling southward, saw the morning mist dissolve the strange island and all sign of life behind us.

- D. Ian Macpherson -





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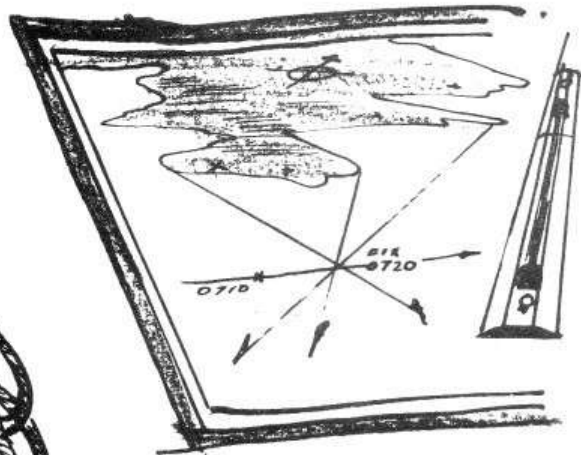
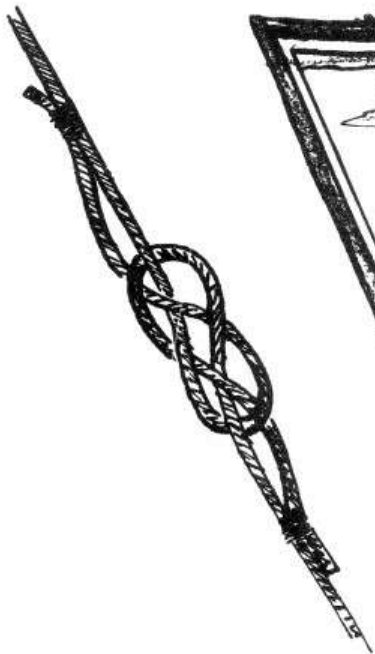
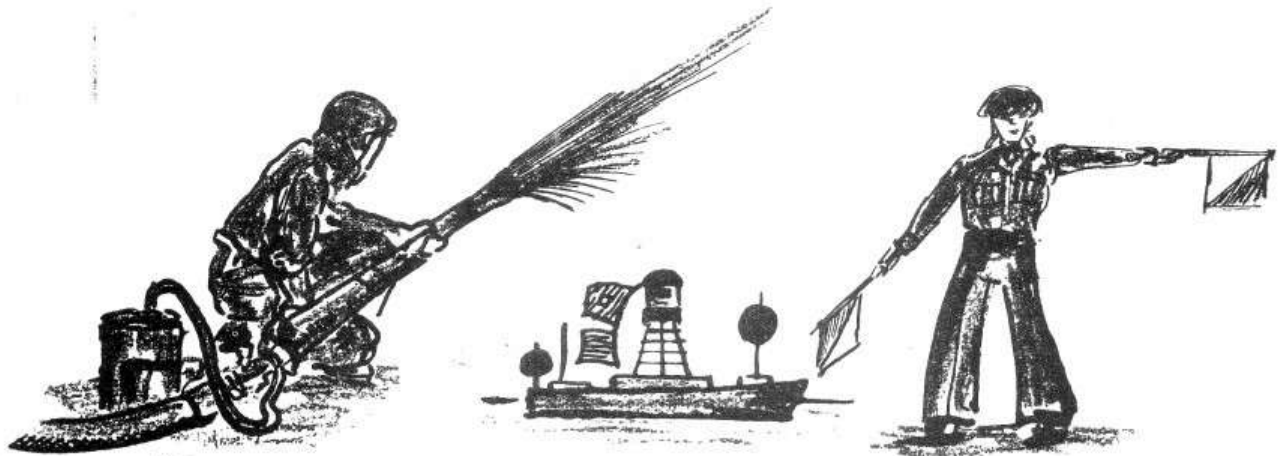
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T R E E N I N G



SECOND YEAR UNTD SUMMER TRAINING

The Second Year UNTD summer training consisted of a cruise in the 9th Escort Squadron, courses at HMCS Stadacona and courses on HMCS Cape Scott.

For the cruise, the three second year divisions, Chaudiere, Restigouche, and Columbia, were divided into five sections and sent to the ships, HMCS Cap de la Madelaine, La Hullose, Swansea, Lauzon and Buckingham. HMCS Inch Araan replaced HMCS Buckingham on the first cruise.

Each ship had about seven or eight second year cadets. Each cadet watch had one or two second year cadets who acted as the Second Officer of the Watch when on duty. The second year cadets gained experience in pilotage, navigation and the duties and responsibilities of the Officer of the Watch. The amount of experience that a second year cadet received depended to a large extent on his eagerness and on the co-operation of the Officers and men on the ship. At the end of the cruise the second year cadets wrote a Seamanship examination which covered the lecture material that the second years obtained while on the ship.

While at HMCS Stadacona, the Second Year cadets took courses in Communications, Supply, Navigation and N.B.C.D. The courses were, for the most part, informative and interesting. The second year cadets did not like the idea of being integrated with the first year cadets at Stadacona. The Navy thrives on status and rank and the second year cadets felt that this tradition was relaxed too much at Stadacona. The second year cadets often thought that they were being treated as first year cadets while at Stadacona. The few extra privileges that the second year cadets had while at Stadacona were hardly sufficient to distinguish first year cadets from second year cadets. The biggest complaint was that second year cadets were punished in the presence of first year cadets. Granted, second year cadets often deserved punishment but they felt that the punishment should not have been received in the presence of first year cadets.

While on HMCS Cape Scott, the second year cadets took courses in Electricity, Engineering and Power. The cadets enjoyed working part ship because of the fresh air, and negative shirts and caps were a relief from the hot and stuffy classes. The cadets worked part ship for half a day and went to classes for the other half. The second year cadets thoroughly enjoyed their stay on the Cape Scott and were sad when the time came to leave her.

The UNTD Second Year Summer Training was, for the most part, an interesting, enjoyable and rewarding experience.

Larry Fournier



**DRINK
AND BE
MERRY**



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TRAINING FIRST YEAR

In late April and early May, cadets arrived at the East Coast, to H.M.C.S. Stadacona, to begin summer training, for the year 1960. Of the three hundred odd cadets, there were 8 third years, slightly over 100 second years, and the rest first year cadets.

For these cadets, training consisted of three phases - one at sea, one at H.M.C.S. Stadacona, and one at H.M.C.S. Cornwallis. The sea phase has been fairly thoroughly discussed in another section of White Twist, so I shall confine my discussion to the First Year training at "Stad" and "Cornwallis".

H.M.C.S. STADACONA

At Stadacona, training took two main parts -- Navigation and N. B. C. D. (Nuclear, Biological, Chemical and Damage Control). Navigation, for some groups, was a six weeks' course, while others only had five weeks. The course consisted of a complete review of Rule of the Road, an introduction to tides and tide problems, magnetic and gyro compasses, a very brief look at Radio aids to navigation. Every Friday there was an exam on what had been covered up to that point. Those who failed were held, "Required on Board," for extra study (R.O.B.) which consisted of studying for two hours after supper.

N.B.C.D., the other Stad course, was held by some to be the most interesting first year course on the coast. While at the N.B.C.D. school, cadets did shoring exercises, fire fighting, and even had some experience with "Gas". The remaining training program for first years consisted of P & R.T. and Parade Drill.

H.M.C.S. CORNWALLIS

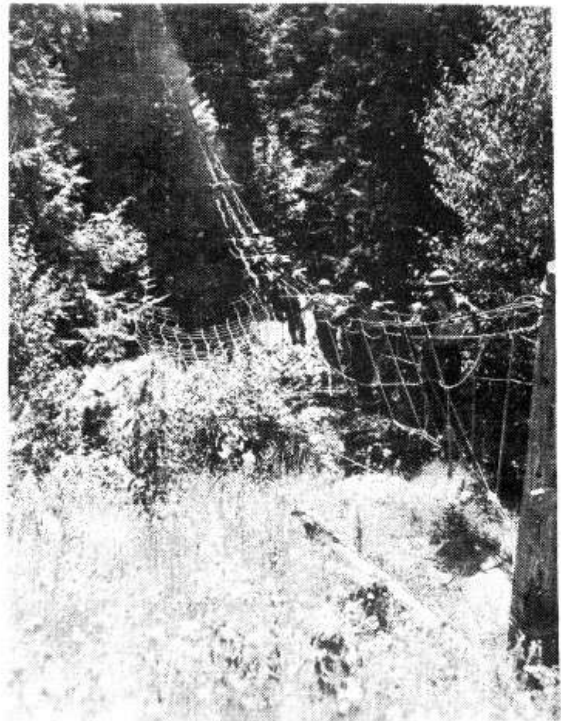
Training at Cornwallis was the sole "privilege" of First Year Cadets, although Cornwallis has quite a reputation as a very difficult base in which to get along, I think that most of the cadets who went there enjoyed this phase of the training most. The two main courses at Cornwallis were a Divisional Course and a Communications Course.

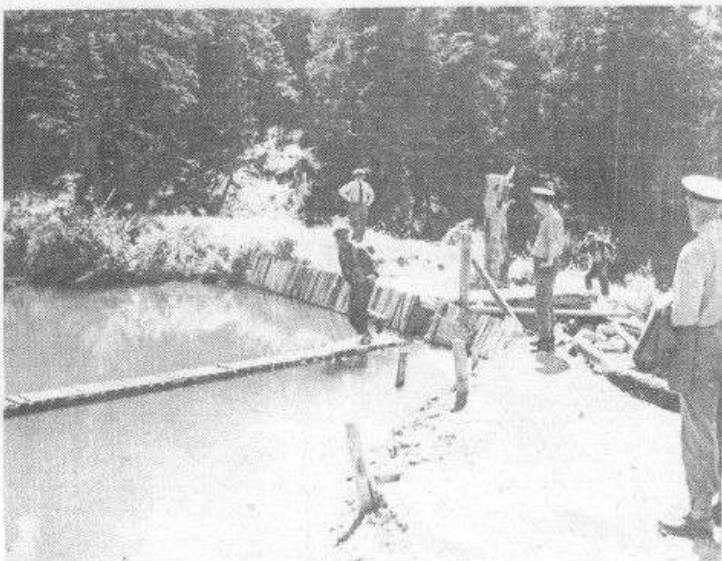
The Divisional Course consisted of quite a bit of parade training along with lectures in Principles of Leadership, uniforms and the like. One day was occupied with weapons familiarization in the morning, and, in the afternoon, The Assault Course.

Communications was mainly to familiarize the cadets with ACP's, flags and more important, security. One Saturday morning was occupied with flag hoisting, as a wind up to the course.

In late August and early September, the cadets left the East Coast to return home and to another year of University and work at Home Division, quite a bit wiser in the ways of the Navy, in a very general way.

- Ted Winslow -





ANNUAL INSPECTION

A week of determined "pussering" in late July was climaxed by the Annual Inspection held on Friday, 29 July. As the Inspecting Officer, we were very fortunate to have Rear Admiral H.F. Pullen, the retiring Flag Officer Atlantic Coast. Whether a UNTD march past proved a fitting farewell to thirty-eight years of distinguished service or not, the admiring gaze of awe struck female spectators, plus the Admiral's own kind comments certainly made up for any unsteadiness in the parade.

A center of attraction was certainly Chief Cadet Captain Colin Johnstone, who most deservedly won the sword for the best second year cadet. As parade commander, Colin demonstrated a coolness and precision which left few wondering at his achievement.

The award winners were:-

Best Second Year Cadet - Sword Award

C.C.C. Colin Johnstone - Chaudiere Division.
University of B.C. H.M.C.S. "Discovery".

Runner-up for Best Second Year Cadet - Telescope Award

Cadet W.A. Griswald - Chaudiere Division
Univ. of Alberta H.M.C.S. "Nonsuch".

Best All-Round First Year Cadet - R.T.C.'s Shield

Cadet C.T. Lebrun - Sioux Division
Univ. of King's College H.M.C.S. "Scotian".



Best First Year Cadets - Dirk Awards

Cadet M. Giasson - Cayuga Division
Laval University H.M.C.S. "Montcalm".

Cadet C.T. Lebrun - Sioux Division
Univ. of King's College H.M.C.S. "Scotian".

Cadet W.E. Ludlow - Micmac Division
Memorial University H.M.C.S. "Cabot".

Cadet J.A. McNeil Haida Division
Queen's Univ. H.M.C.S. "Catarqui".

Cadet M.J. Muirhead - Huron Division
Victoria College H.M.C.S. "Malahat".

Cadet H.C. Winters - Iroquois Division
Queen's University H.M.C.S. "Catarqui".

Admiral Pullen expressed the hope that the sounds of merriment which he could sometimes hear from the Gun room did not indicate that the cadets were expending all their energies in the evening. He complimented all cadets on their turnout (obviously he did not see that sea cap) and passed a few broad hints that turning R.O.T.P. might not be so bad after all.



The speeches and presentations concluded, the Stadacona Band burst forth with a lusty version of "Hearts of Oak". Under the proud eyes of relatives and friends, the critical gaze of the Term Lieutenants and the somewhat fearsome expression of Commander Benson, 347 UNTD Cadets marched past their Admiral for the last time, out of the drill shed and on to the wardroom. This being the first and last time all of the cadets were collected in one place, many a cheery reunion was held around the punch bowl.

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES

"By: Cdt. Pomeroy".

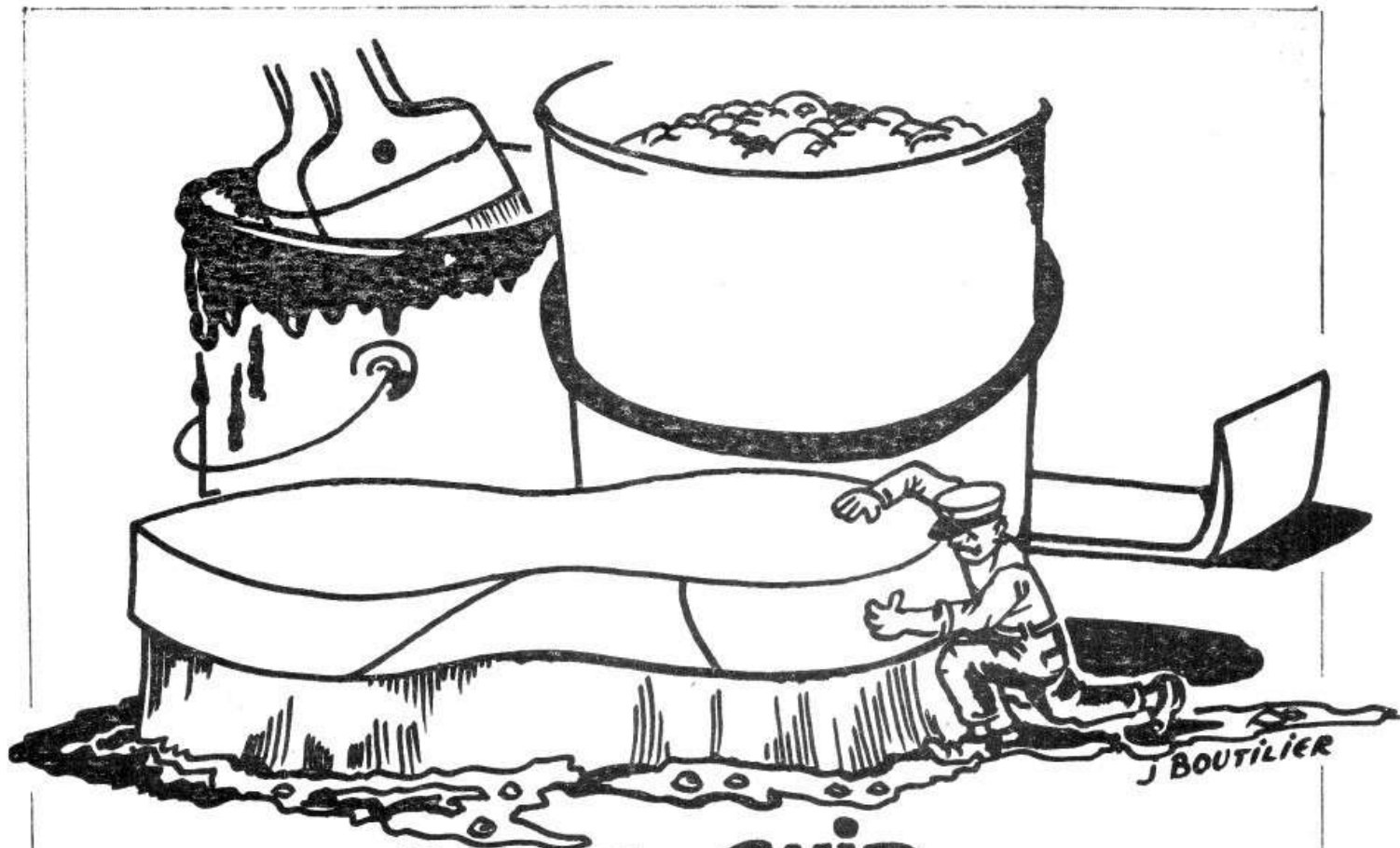
Reading, Writing, 'Rithmetic
The kinda stuff that makes ya sick
We study through the winter long
Usually finding answers wrong
But during the summer as U.N.T.D.'s
We cruise about on the bouncy seas.

We work all day and then all night
From time to time we do things right
Weekdays polishing boots and caps
To fill in time tween eight, have naps.
On Friday and Saturday wenching's the game
A sport by which the cadets gain fame
Up in the Gunroom or out at the "Jube"
A cadet minus date is known as a "cube".

So when September days roll by
The local damsels sadly cry
And check the mail box twice a day
For news of cadets who have gone away
But after a week or two flys by
The girls do finally cease to cry
For college boys they had forgotten
Start gaining attention cadets had gotten.



ClassRoom 2 the night Before final exams at Stad



PART SHIP

THIRD YEAR ELECTRICAL CADETS

- HMCS Bonaventure

This was quite an honour for us to be appointed to the "Bonnie" this summer. Although we had known of the possibility of coming here, and the Deputy Electrical Officer, LCDR Gummer, had asked us as we left last summer, we were pleased when our appointments were confirmed.

The three of us, Cadets Perrault, Laliberte and Brown, are the last of the electrical branch under the old system.

Our work aboard consisted mainly of electrical maintenance. A training program was laid down in which we went from section to section of the electrical department. We spent a few weeks in each section and kept a sketch book and day to day journal on our activities in our electrical work aboard.

I think I speak for all three of us when I say we spent a most informative and enjoyable summer.

Cdt. R.C.A. Brown (3rd)
HMCS Bonaventure.

RESERVE TRAINING IN THE SECOND CANADIAN MINESWEEPING SQUADRON

Four Junior Officers of the RCN(R), and eight UNTD Cadets were appointed to train in the Second Canadian Minesweeping Squadron for the summer. Minron 11, as the Squadron is called, consists of four "Bay Class" Coastal Minesweepers; HMC Ships Fortune, James Bay, Cowichan, and Miramichi. These ships are 152 feet long, 28 feet wide, and displace about 400 tons. They normally carry four officers, including the captain, and forty men.

The addition of one officer and two cadets caused a few problems when it came to accommodations. Each ship has two double berth cabins and a captain's cabin. The officers got the extra bunks in the cabins. The cadets in each ship slung hammocks in the minesweeping stores amid ropes, blocks, wires, and other assorted bits of hardware.

Sea time was quite limited. Minron 11 spent 8 days at sea at the beginning of June on a minesweeping exercise and pilotage cruise to the northern end of Vancouver Island. The end of June saw the Squadron at Stockton, California to take part in the July 4th cele-

brations there. We spent seven days at sea on that trip. The last trip of the summer began August 15th. After going to Vancouver for the opening of the Pacific National Exhibition, the Squadron took part in a minesweeping exercise with five American sweepers off the south east end of Vancouver Island. We logged a total of eleven days at sea on that trip.

The Reserve Officer and two cadets in each ship stood one-in-three as Second Officer of the Watch while at sea. We all gained valuable experience in pilotage, astro navigation, and minesweeping. In harbour, the cadets stood as Second Officer of the Day. The Reserve Officers stood Officer of the Day duties.

Perhaps the most valuable training received during the summer was seeing at first hand what is expected of an officer; his duties and responsibilities, both general and departmental, and his relationship to the men under him. These are lessons which can't be learned in a classroom. They can only be learned through personal experience.



S/Lt R. FRASER

RESERVE OFFICERS AND CADETS IN CANMINRON 11.

HMCS FORTUNE

Lt. R. Simson
Cdt. L. Morrison
Cdt. D. O'Brian

HMCS COWICHAN

Lt. R. Duncombe
Cdt. T. O'Connell
Cdt. A. Fraser

HMCS JAMES BAY

S/Lt. R. Fraser
Cdt. J. Dancey
Cdt. G. Barry

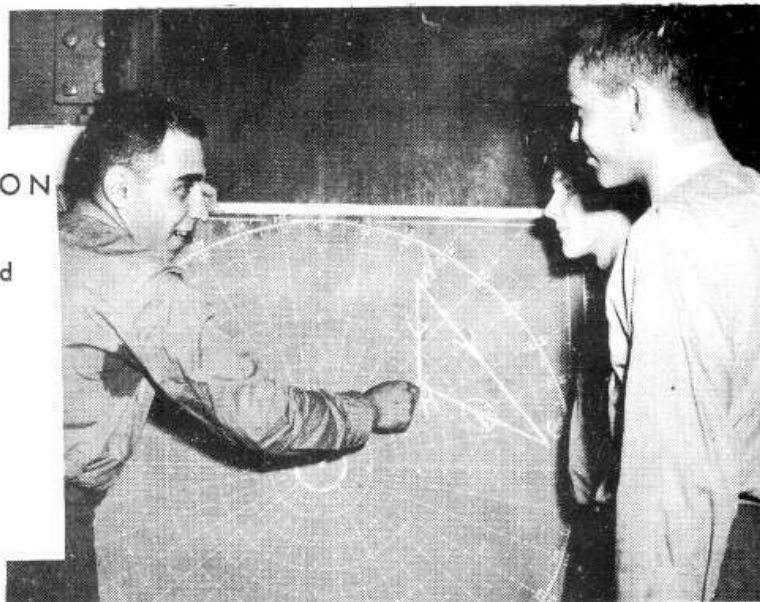
HMCS MIRAMICHI

S/Lt. M. Bartlett
Cdt. G. Bain
Cdt. Brown

WISE KRACKS OF WILMER CLOUSTON

The first-lieutenant was wondering if you would mind getting up for a while.

- You don't cheeze me off or nothing.
- Up off your lily pads and hit the deck.
- Out from under your pillow or I'll drop you so deep in ---- they'll have to pipe sunshine down to you.





THE ROYAL CANADIAN NAVY ON THE WEST COAST

The naval forces of the Pacific Command comprise one squadron of first-line St. Laurent Class destroyer escorts, our main arm of anti-submarine defence; a squadron of Prestonian Class frigates with a dual anti-submarine and officer training role; a squadron of coastal minesweepers and the fleet maintenance vessel Cape Breton, serving in support of the fleet. Supplying added logistics support is a group of Canadian Naval Auxiliary Vessels, manned by civilians.

Ashore, the fleet is served by the maintenance, repair and logistics facilities of HMC Dockyard. The naval utility squadron, VU33, operates naval aircraft providing utility air services to the fleet. The R C N barracks, HMCS Naden, is the manning and training base. Here is the versatile and well-equipped Fleet School for the west coast, including the Apprentice Training Establishment. HMCS Venture, the officer training establishment, is principally designed to prepare young officers for short service commissions in naval aviation. The Canadian Services College, Royal Roads, is administered by the Command.

There are approximately 5,500 officers and men in the Pacific Command and more than half of them are serving at sea. The shore facilities are staffed by approximately 3,000 civilian employees working alongside naval personnel.

Officers and men of the Command took time out this year for a rousing celebration of the navy's 50th Anniversary. On May 4th, the actual 50th Birthday, the Queen's Colour was consecrated at HMCS Naden, the Hon. Mr. G.R. Pearkes being principal guest at the ceremony. That evening more than 200 serving and retired officers of the RCN and RCN(R) gathered at Royal Roads for the 50th Anniversary Dinner. It was a magnificent affair. Mr. Pearkes was guest of honour and expressed his congratulations to the RCN on the completion of its first half-century of service to Canada. Vice Admiral H.G. DeWolfe, then CNS, addressed the assembled officers and guests and Rear Admiral Walter

Hose, RCN (Retired), the CNS from 1921 to 1934, also spoke.

We had the great privilege of embarking in HMCS Fraser, our Commander-in-Chief, His Excellency Maj.-Gen. Georges Vanier, for his passage from Vancouver to Victoria on May 16th. As the Fraser approached Victoria, off Beacon Hill Park, 15 operational ships of the west coast fleet sailed past, manning and cheering ship in salute to His Excellency, while overhead, Neptune aircraft of 407 RCAF Squadron flew past in his honour. The Fraser also took the Governor General back to Vancouver two days later.

Navy Day, May 21st, was another event of some interest when more than 7,000 Victorians took the opportunity to look over ships and shore establishments of the Command. It was a highly successful anniversary which I think had as its underlying spirit an enthusiasm and professional pride which promises great things for the navy's next fifty years.

For all ASW operations - and ASW, of course - is our specialized role in sea - surface and air forces are directed by the RCN and RCAF officers at the integrated Maritime Command Pacific Headquarters. Surface forces of Maritime Command Pacific are the Second and Fourth Escort squadrons, the destroyer escorts and frigates respectively. The air component is 407 Maritime Patrol Squadron, RCAF, of Neptunes, based at Comox, B.C.

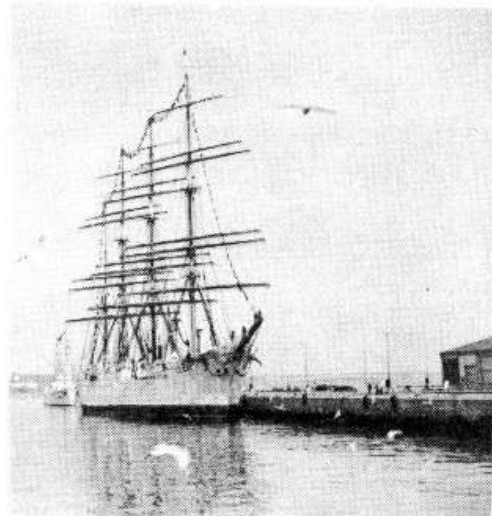
Training and operations take our ships on missions ranging across the expanse of the Pacific. Both surface and air forces of CANCOMARPAC frequently join Task Forces and units of the United States Pacific Fleet for operations. Next year, the Command will acquire, on loan from the United States, the Balao-class submarine "Burrfish". She, manned and maintained by officers and men of the Pacific Command, will add a vital element to the ASW training facilities on this coast.

This integrated RCN-RCAF surface and air force is working steadily toward the development of optimum capability against the missile-firing submarine - the

immensely mobile weapon which is perhaps the greatest threat to this continent. The Maritime Command Pacific has just completed its first year of operations - the results have proved the soundness in fact of an operational organization which was little more than an idea a year or so ago.



-E.W. Finch-Noyes
REAR ADMIRAL
Flag Officer Pacific Coast
Maritime Commander Pacific.



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VANCOUVER, B.C.

FRIGATE

On she thrusts through the darkening night
A grey steel hull on God's own lake,
She cuts the water with puny might
An leaves behind a spreading wake.

Below the engines thunder and pound,
As they throb with the power of hissing steam,
That drives out every other sound,

But for the air pump's mournful scream.

A dark form with a special role,
She plunges through the blackish swell,
A naval frigate on patrol,
Assuring us that all is well.

Bob Peterson.

SECRET
EVENTS
&
GUNROOM
CETANQTES



GUNROOM (STADACONA)

The cadets again shared the sub-lieutenants' Gunroom at Stad. The Chief's and P.O.'s mess, which was burned several years ago, has not been replaced, and the Chiefs and P.O.s are still using our Gunroom.

Gunroom activities this summer consisted of Friday evening "Weepers" to cap our week's of studies, two UNTD Command Balls, and a Mess Dinner for second year cadets.

The two Command Balls were held on the occasion of American naval visits to Halifax. Both were great successes although the Americans did tend to be a bit obnoxious.

The final event of the Gunroom was a Mess Dinner in honour of Commander Benson, given by the second year cadets. The turnout for this affair was disappointing although Chaudiere Division's one hundred percent attendance saved the day.

In summary, Gunroom life was satisfactory this summer, but the cadets do need their own Gunroom. One question -- Where the hell are the peanuts, Mr. President?



-Anon -

HMCS CATARAQUI

Last September, our entire ship's company took up quarters in a beautiful new HMCS Catarauqui. Because of this move from a well broken-in ship to a shipy new establishment, there was a lull in the usually booming weekend parties. However, the lack of atmosphere (and of a bar) did not particularly handicap our cadet parades and, under the stimulus of that famous brand of Queen's spirit (Red Cap, I believe) ice was rapidly broken and friendships begun. Soon the new bar was finished, the gunroom was decorated and we now have a mess ready for anything. This year we are cutting a hole in the bulkhead which will give us access to another room, thus doubling our present size. (I might add that we have been given permission to do this.)

One of the best things that happened all year was our increased friendship with the chiefs and petty officers, who threw their entire resources into two cadet-petty officer parties, the most memorable stags of the year. One of our primary aims in the coming school year is to repay them for their unbelievable hospitality, and also to best them at darts.

The Christmas smoker contained a welcome innovation, a debate between cadets and ship's company. Our team took the affirmative side "Resolved that Commissioned Officers in the RCN should be abolished". In spite of many brilliant syllogisms, much democratic mumbling and historical examples, like Xerxes, we lost, as great was the ship's affection for the officers. Our heads bloody but unbowed, we shall march forth next year to proclaim the glorious truth that all ships in the RCN should be abolished. Will anyone forget the party afterwards? Will anyone remember it?

Of course no naval year is complete without its mess dinner and a glorious spread was set out for us in the RMC dining hall. Commodore Piers, Commandant, and Major-General Patts were there to regale us with stories old and new, and, later in the evening, to add some harmony to an already melodious choir. The steaks were tender, the wines were good and the conversation sparkling.

The most elegant formal of the whole year at Queen's, according to many, was the Tri-Services Ball. A Chinese dinner and other parties began an evening, which stands distinct from all others. The dance cannot be described, but it is well remembered by all cadets from Catarauqui.

These events and other less formal get-togethers have made not only a successful beginning to a new gunroom, but a continuation of the old tradition. Next year, with doubled space, it is to be hoped that we can double an already enjoyable gunroom life.

- P.S. Elder -



HMCS NONSUCH

Many are the sly remarks and quips that are made about the name of HMCS Nonsuch, by our uninformed comrades in other Gunrooms. Actually, HMCS Nonsuch in Edmonton is named after one of the great English sailing ships that ruled the seas for so long. Our gunroom today is an attempt to provide a replica of the gunrooms in these mighty ships. Built and furnished by our own labour, sweat and in our own time, we can feel a certain pride in our craftsmanship. Then, too, there are the memories of its construction -- the anguished cries of Cadet Captain Laverty when he found his two hammers nailed securely inside the woodwork, or the howls of rage from our brothers (?) in the Army and Air Force when they found out that we had taken the T.V. set from the Tri-Service Lounge.

But there is more to a gunroom than the actual four walls that enclose it. There are the members in it and the spirit that results from the common bond of friendship and experiences. Monday night is Navy night with the result that most of the gunroom's activities take place on this night. Nevertheless, the gunroom is always open to its members for their use and entertainment. As a result, several of the "boys" can usually be found down there, especially on a Saturday night. Many a romance has budded here! Then there are the traditional Navy Stags and Smokers. With our usual generosity, we were again host to the Army and Air Force at the Tri-Service Smoker, but it was on our own that we had the most fun. Few singers today could equal the harmony or lusty renditions of our cadets as they gathered around the old piano with glasses raised on high.

The big event of the social year, the Tri-Service Ball, was held this year at Greisbach Army Barracks. But much of the success must rightly go to the Navy cadets on the Tri-Service Mess.

In the national field, we failed in our attempt to win the best Division award, but we would not trade places with any other division. During the summer months we have attempted to carry our spirit to the less fortunate cadets from other divisions -- for we feel that there is "non-such" a division like HMCS Nonsuch.

HMCS UNICORN

Throughout maritime history, the good ship Unicorn has built up a formidable reputation. Both at sea and in harbour, its prowess has been truly amazing.

Cadets of HMCS Unicorn in Saskatoon, Sask., have inherited this gaudy past, and great efforts have been made to live up to the name. It has not always been easy and many were the times that we wished we were as ordinary as the other UNTD Divisions in Canada. We maintained our high standards, however, and the policy has certainly paid off. Our gunroom became the first in Canada to receive a "Golden Beer-Bottle", signifying one million bottles of beer drunk. Congratulations should go to those cadets whose labours made this award possible. One could spend many pages discussing other 'firsts', but modesty and the censor prevent this - besides the purpose of this article is to acquaint you with some of the less exotic activities of our gunroom.

HMCS Unicorn is a modern, yellow-coloured structure, situated in downtown Saskatoon, about two miles from the campus of the University of Saskatchewan. This building remains dormant until early autumn, when eager cadet recruiters drag their screaming victims to the first meeting. There the prospective cadets stand, transfixed by the ritual unfolding before their eyes, marvelling at

the precision of naval drill, and asking where they can get a beer.

Too soon official training begins, and at Unicorn, particularly this year, training was ruthlessly efficient. Cadets soon arose to the challenge, however ingenious methods were developed to sleep in class.

The gunroom was presided over by Morris Jenner, and he was ably assisted by an active executive. The social season got off to a fast start with stags (wheel) and weekly parties at the gunroom. Dances, such as the Trafalgar and Tr-Services Ball, revealed to the less worldly cadets this pleasant aspect of naval existence.

The Mess Dinner evolved in its usual riotous manner, and soon all cadets were participating in this unique affair.

Later in the year, a radical new executive was elected, with Cadet Hearnon being the new president. The executive is carrying out a program of reform, beginning with the installation of electricity; we have been patient long enough. Chairs and tables are expected to follow. Finally, there have been rumours that the reform was going to include a "temperance" campaign. The executive, at this time, wishes to deny this vicious slander and is firm in its conviction to stand by the traditions of the past.

-L.W. Drewry -

GUNROOM HMCS DISCOVERY

The 1959-60 School Year was a busy one for Discovery. It started for the UNTD's on the first Monday after school started. There were thirty applicants for the position of Probationary Cadet on this first parade, which had to be cut down to twenty. Parades were held every Monday during the year with a short intermission for Christmas.

Socially, the Gunroom was very active, too. A smoker in early October, for the first years to meet the second and third years "kicked off" the social calendar. Then near the end of the month, after hectic preparation, the 10th Annual Barnacle Ball (or the Students Trafalger Ball) was held. This was an extremely successful dance, held using all the facilities that were left over from the Trafalger Ball. With another smoker later in the term, the Discovery Gunroom closed off its social activities for the Fall Term.

New Year's Day began Gunroom activities at Discovery for the spring term, when the Cadets participated in the inter-mess visiting which is a custom at that base. In late March, the Gunroom had its annual Mess Dinner. This was quite an experience and for many of the first years a new one (even with no bun throwing). Professor Morrison, from the University English Dept.,

spoke to us, after which the First Years provided some very braudy entertainment. There were some pretty funny happenings after that mess dinner. One cadet captain was found sitting in the middle of his back lawn singing, "North Atlantic Squadron" at 0400 the next day. Also, in February, the Gunroom "borrowed" the Wardroom, to put on a very successful Valentine's Dance.

Also in March, with the school year drawing quickly to a close, the UNTD participated in the umpteenth (someone lost count) annual Tri-Service Parade. It was the UNTD's duty to provide the Dance in the evening, at "Discovery". This was also very popular with the cadets and officers of the three services and the gunroom was commandeered for a superb dance by all there.

With that under their belts, the cadets settled down to some serious work for final exams and, on April 27th, boarded the train for Halifax and the beginning of Summer Training.

Ted Winslow

GOOD EATING.

For as long as I can remember, eating has been a habit with me. It is strange, but until I joined the Navy, I never really considered this unusual. Now I am beginning to have second thoughts. Perhaps eating is not such a good idea. In fact, I have a theory that much defence money could be saved if those in the service did not eat at all. It is quite possible that this notion preceded me into the service - I do not know. At any rate, I still remember my first meal on the coast. Indeed, how can I forget it?

I was a member of the bedraggled group from Toronto. We had travelled all night and were very tired when we finally arrived for breakfast at 6:30 in the morning. We were ready to eat anything, and this later proved to be an advantage.

Our entrance into the kitchen of the dining-hall was much like the entry of an army onto a battlefield already occupied by the enemy. There they were, an extremely rough looking crew, dug in behind a counter piled high with steaming pots whose vapours I suspect were designed to act as a smoke-screen. The first chap into this arena hesitated. The man in charge glowered.

"Come on, we ain't got all day to feed youse guys!" he thundered.

The hapless fellow moved forward fearfully. He was ably backed up by a second brave soul peering nervously over his shoulder. One way and another, we all repeated this shaky entry onto the forbidden no-man's land and grasped trays on which to place our food.

The first thing which appeared to me, as I shuffled through the steam, was a glass of apple juice. This looked promising. Next I came to a steaming bin filled with limp brown objects which I gradually realized were pieces of toast. Congratulating myself on my perspicacity, I passed on to the next place, where something or somebody slouched, dishing out brownish-white objects. Two of these objects were tossed, or jumped, onto my plate. Still regarding them in disbelief, as it dawned on me that they were eggs, I passed on to the next stage where a glass of milk was placed on my tray. The milk was readily identifiable, but I had trouble trying to figure out what the sinister objects floating around on top of it were.

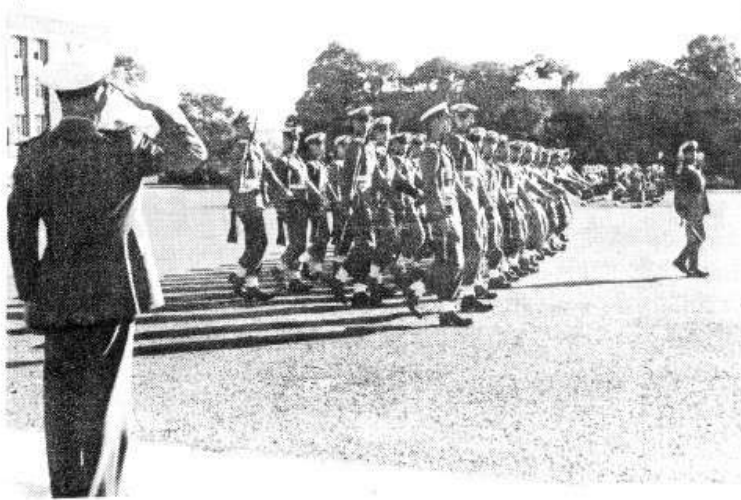
With my tray thus loaded, I proceeded shakily to a table and sat down to literally tackle my food. With a fork restraining the eggs, I drank my apple juice. So far so good. Next I had to corner the eggs, individually, in order to eat them. I trapped one quite neatly, but the other got away. Later I was told a cockroach had dragged it off my plate; whether this is true or not, I do not know. At any rate, I finally stabbed the other one, and this seemed to subdue it long enough for me to eat it. Then I only had to attack the milk and toast.

I started on the milk very carefully. It tasted more like a certain laxative than anything else, so I left it alone. With a sigh, I took a bite into a piece of toast, or rather, tried to. It is an odd sensation to bite into toast so far that your teeth are clamped shut, and yet the toast is still intact. Next I tried to rip a piece out of the toast, but ended up with a huge slab of it dangling from my mouth and a crumb resting between my fingers. To make matters worse, I was being stared at by one of the waitresses. After a desperate struggle however, I found that by placing one end between my teeth and twisting the other, I could coax a piece into my mouth. This was fine, but at ten o'clock that morning I was still chewing.

Since that time, I have become more accustomed to such meals and have even enjoyed some of them. There has always been something different about each of our meals, - like the time when someone had to fight a cockroach for a piece of cake. Since the roach seemed to have the better claim, by right of possession, the chap finally yielded the point and forgot about dessert for that day and several days thereafter. But, despite such commonplace occurrences, we survived our summer and returned home with a new awe and respect for plain old ordinary home-cooked food.

- Bob Peterson -





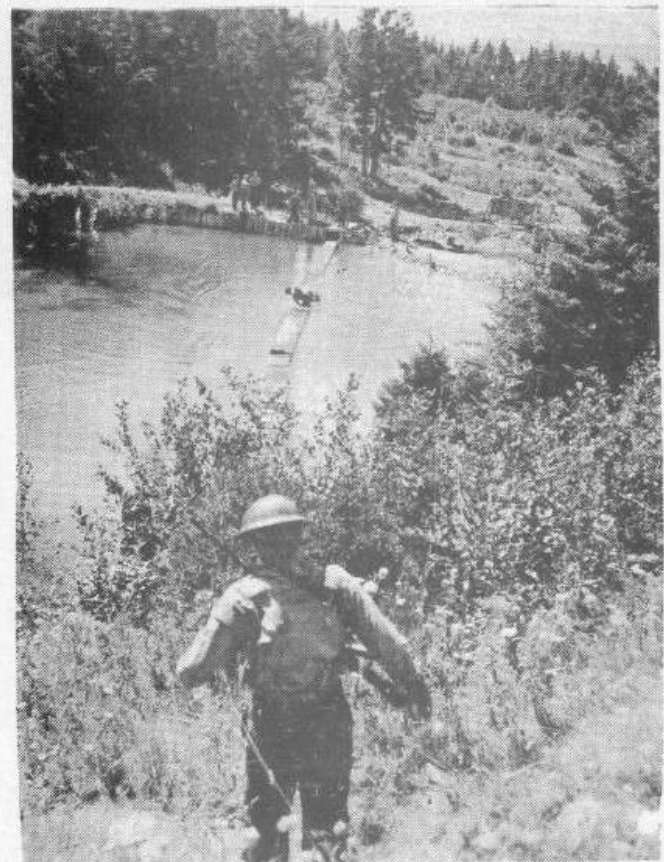
DESTITUTE

Life, what is it, what can it be?
What do its vast stores hold out to me?
Trials, tribulations, cares, worries, I see,
Joys, happiness, sunshine - where are thee?
Oh God, oh God, why, why I say
Did Thou create us to live this way?
Life, grim destroyer with firey breath
Oh, for sweet freedom gained only in death.
Alone I stand in my dark sorrow,
In hushed appeal against tomorrow.
DESTITUTE.

Author Unknown



1ST IMPRESSIONS OF A PARADE "GI."

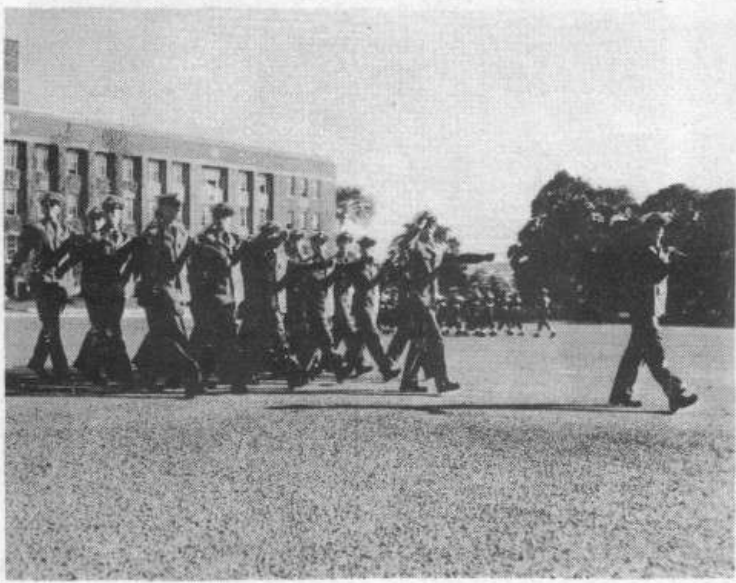




"As the Great Statesmen' once stated:
'The Navy is for Fish
The Air Force is for Birds
The Army is for Groundhogs.'"

Mr Gordon E. Tobey

"Who was the C.C. with a cast iron
stomach and light fingers."



R.H.I.P.
"Who does a Cadet Captain have to know
to get a sick bay chit excusing him from
all duty but still medically fit for
shore leave."

MY OLD MAN'S A P.O. (DUSTMAN)

We are a noble Frigate
We're busy as the bees
We're travelling from here to there
Across the seven seas.
I'll tell you something funny
But you can probably guess
They all work on this here ship
Except the P.O.'s mess.

Chorus:

My old man's a P.O.
He wears a P.O.'s hat
He wears bell bottom trousers
And his flaming ass is flat.

When we are in the Navy
There's P.O.'s everywhere
They're running up and down the decks
Getting in our hair,
But when we're on the "OGEN"
There comes a bloody storm,
Don't go and look for P.O.'s
There's Tango Uniform.

Chorus:

We work for 20 hours
Until we're nearly dead
Then finish off a perfect day,
By scrubbing out the heads.
And when we crawl into our bunks
We hear a bloody snore
It's just a flaming P.O., who's
Crashed ten hours before.

Chorus:

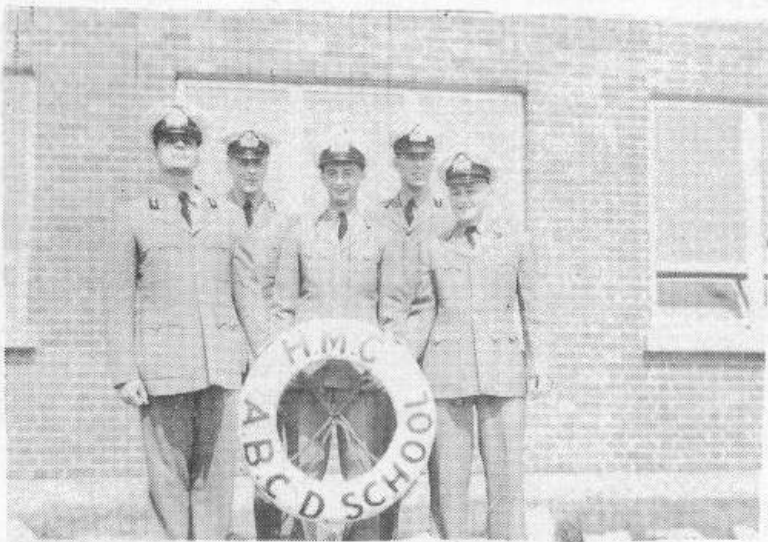
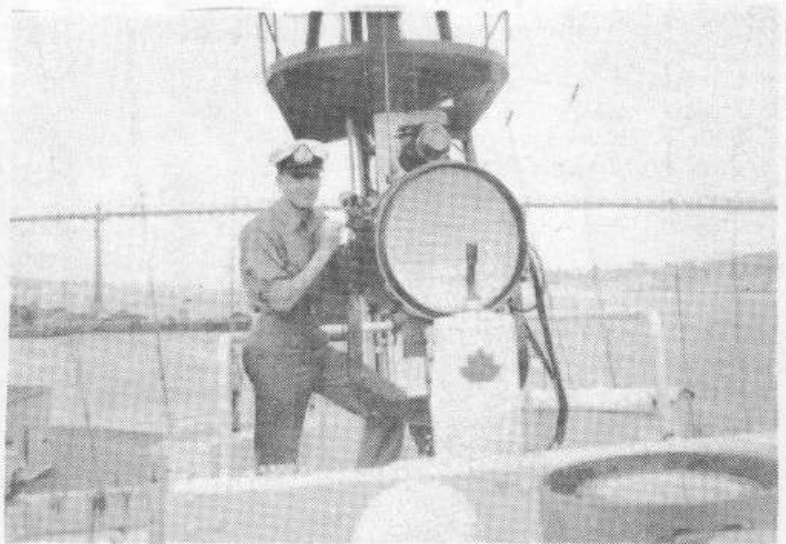
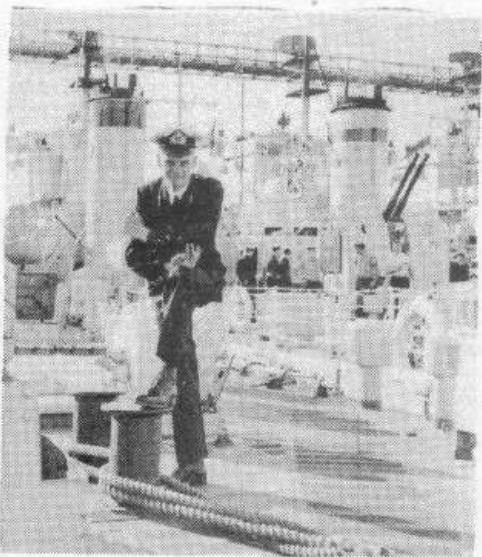
We work part ship from dawn to dusk
Of this we don't complain,
It is those smaller things
Which cause us some disdain.
Last week a P.O. said to me,
"Come, boy, off your knee,
We're going to paint this ship today
Clean into number three!"

Chorus:

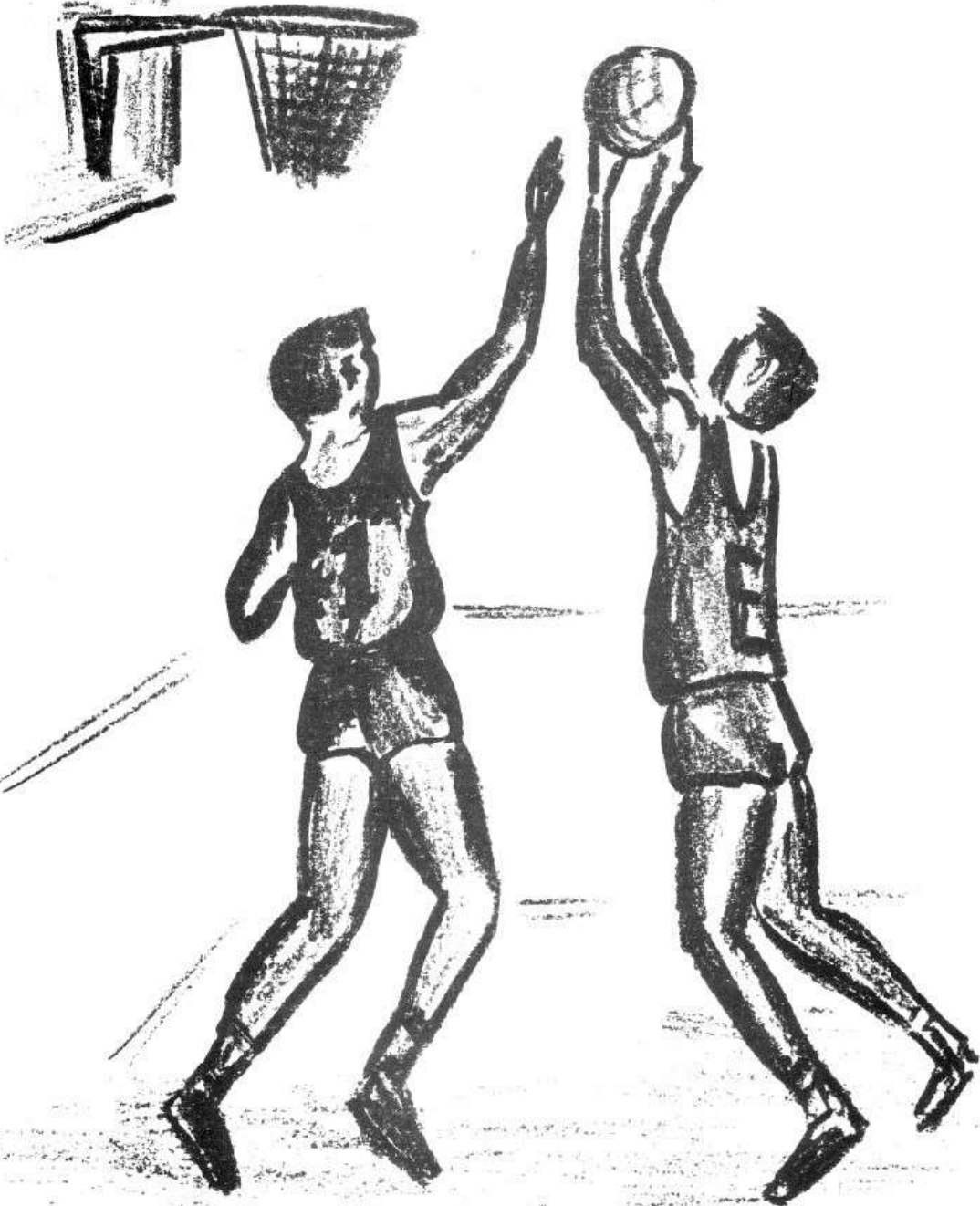
So if you want it jammy,
When you join the R.C.N.
First get yourself a P.O.'s rate
You've got it made, my friend.
You say that we exaggerate,
We say, "To hell" we do,
Come on down to our old ship
And see what we go through.

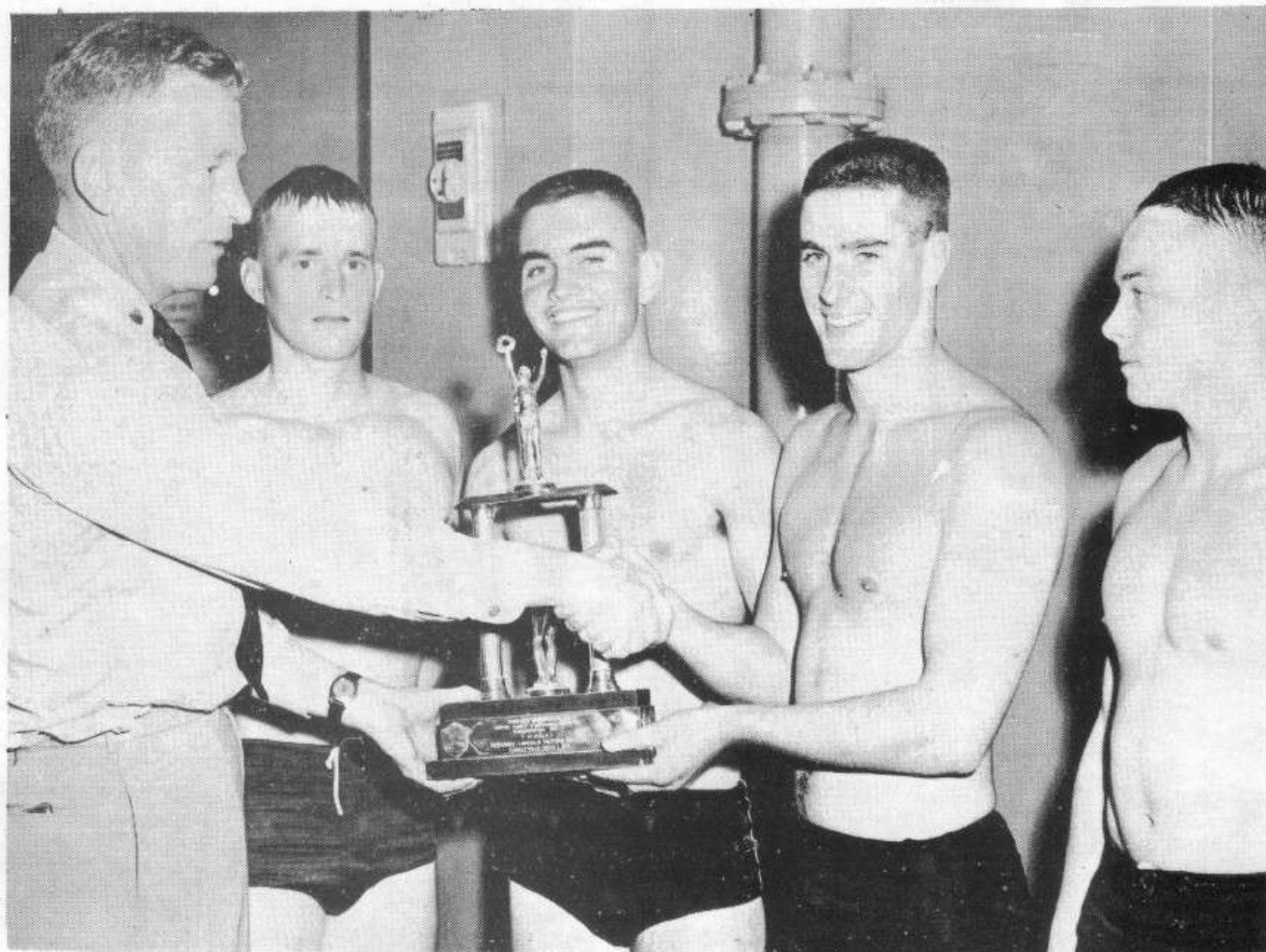
Chorus: by - Cadet Coulston





SPORTS





U.N.T.D. CHAMPIONS
H.M.C.S. CORNWALLIS OPEN SWIMMING MEET
AUGUST 1960.

Left to Right: LCDR. BECKETT, O.I.C. Leadership School,
CADETS C. BOSTOCK, J. McNEIL, R. WARBURTON, K. HALL



R.B. WARBURTON, CADET, R.C.N. (R).

R. Bruce Warburton, of Haida Division, is a product of Victoria, B.C.

"Warbs", as he is known to Haida Division, was born on May 22nd, 1941, in Victoria, where he has lived all his life. He started swimming at the age of nine and competitively at the age of thirteen or fourteen. He does most of his swimming at Victoria YMCA, where he swims with Bob Wheaton, Canada's Olympic backstroke representative in Rome.

His coach was the well-known Archie McKinnon who has coached Olympic teams in 1932, 1948 and 1952.

Warbs is not only a tremendous swimmer, as he proved in setting Open Records in the Freestyle, Breast-

stroke, Backstroke and Butterfly at Cornwallis, but also proved himself to be an all-round athlete when playing on the basketball and soccer teams. Quite naturally he proved to be a marvelous water polo player and won the water polo games almost single handed.

As a member of Haida Division, I must say that we were fortunate in having "Warbs" in our division. He was always right in there with everything he had at any sport and it was always more than his share. It is a pleasure for anyone to know him and lucky are those who do for he is a friend to them all.

- R.F. Dennison -

HAIDA and MICMAC at CORNWALLIS

Cornwallis was never the same after being "attacked" by these two divisions.

In the competition between the two divisions, Micmac eventually emerged victorious overall by the slim margin of 3 points after two weeks of competition.

As far as Cornwallis was concerned, the two divisions combined to make their presence felt. We defeated the Communication School 9 to 3 in a water polo game, and 3 to 0 in a soccer match. Later on we went on to an even more pronounced victory in that, due to the efforts of Bruce Warburton and S/Lt. Flack, we proceeded to win the Cornwallis Open Swim Meet hands down with Warburton setting five records himself

and pulling the relay team to a sixth record.

Certainly not incidental was the fact that we beat the Cornwallis All Star soccer team 2 - 1 in a tightly fought battle. In this encounter Emil Baranassparked the UNTD team with both of the goals.

We like to feel that these two divisions really left their mark on Cornwallis with UNTD's (Micmac and Haida) winning both their encounters with Cornwallis as a whole.

- R.F. Dennison -

THE UNTD vs THE USN MIDSHIPMEN (Task Force 1 and 2)

On Monday, 11th July, 1960, after the entry of the USN Midshipmen into Halifax, the first of a two or three day series of sports events between the two factions began. The opening day consisted of a soccer game and a water polo game.

The soccer game was a UNTD victory right from the opening kickoff with the USN Midshipmen rarely seeing the UNTD end of the field. This was due to the good teamwork and fine defensive play of Bernie Abela and Lionel Rosen.

The opening score of the game went to Tom Kavanaugh who scored on a long looping kick from the left hand side. From that time on, the UNTD's had control with individual scoring honours going to Emil Baran who hit the mesh three times with Hal Killam and Bernie Abela both adding singles. The final score was 6-0 for the UNTD. Great sportsmanship was shown by both sides and feeling regarding the game was very good.

The water polo game was also a win with the score of 8 - 4 for the UNTD. The individual hero was Bruce Warburton who scored 6 goals for the UNTD's

then played with the midshipment for a while and added their only 4 goals to his total.

On the second day, we found ourselves challenged to a basketball game and a baseball game. The basketball game was a well fought battle with both teams giving everything they had. The first quarter saw the UNTD's go down to a 14 - 0 score under the sudden onslaught of the middies. The remainder of the game was an uphill battle for the UNTD who gave their best in a determined effort that saw the margin narrowed to a 38 to 35 score after a successful freeze put on the ball by the middies, who found themselves still on top at the end.

It is impossible to pick anyone as being more outstanding than another with all players deserving credit for a hard, well-fought game.

The Second USN Task Group came in a week later. A series of basketball and baseball games were played against the midshipment. The games went on simultaneously with the basketball in the Stad gym and the baseball at the Halifax Commons.

The UNTD's emerged victorious in all the diamond encounters but the story was not so good on the basketball court with the UNTD losing both games. This was partly due to the fact that Haida Division was the only one available to play since Chaudiere and Micmac were occupied at the drill shed preparing for the annual inspection.

- R. F. D. -

HURON DIVISION SPORTS

In the field of sport, Huron Division showed that it was a coincidental collection of athletes from across Canada. Our first test was a track and field tabloid with our sister division, Iroquois, in which we placed first, second, fourth and fifth.

The Stadacona basketball team challenged the Division to a game. They edged a win over us by a very small margin, after a hard fought game.

At Cornwallis, with more sports facilities available, the Division proved that the previous victories were not flukes. Iroquois was beaten at every event except the swim meet. Our first impression on Cornwallis was at the Cornwallis New Entry and Open Swim Meet. Two Huron cadets obtained honours, a first in the back-stroke and a second in the free-style.

Unknown to any of us in the beginning of our training, was the fact that we had great soccer potential. In inter-divisional matches we looked so much like a unit that Margaree Division, the New Entry soccer champions, challenged us to a match. Unfortunately, this was not a win for us, the score being 4-3, but our three goals ruined Margaree's eight-game shut-out streak.

The achievements of the Division have reflected the spirited energies with which each member participated.

- Cadet B. Conrod -
Huron Division.

SWITCH OR DIE!

Five war canoes lined up on the starting line. Tension and excitement gripped the Indians. The chiefs sat at the tillers waiting to drive their braves to the utmost.

Bang!

"Stroke", "Stroke", "Stroke", was the war cry that echoed across the waters of Mortier Bay.

The Swansea Tribe took off like an arrow and tained an early lead.

"Stroke", "Stroke", Stroke!"

"We have them beaten already. We'll have their scalps for dinner!"

Swansea started to put more and more of that beautiful H₂O between her and the other Indians.

About halfway, the "Big S Tribe" began to tire. The spirit was willing but the flesh was weakening. Their scalp-hungry rivals began to close the gap. Slowly at first, but then faster, faster, faster, they overtook.

One of the lesser tribes appeared out of the pack and was neck and neck with the "Big S" and slowly but surely began to leave the "S Men" behind. Then another began to challenge the "Big S Team".

The crowd on the shore began to murmur.

"Big S is loosing; she is third - I thought they

were made of sterner stuff."

Then!

From the Big Little Chief came the order, "Change sides!"

The 'Big Switch' was on. One, two, three strokes were lost by Swansea. Further behind slipped the big tribe.

Then, like a deer with its second wind, like a brand new crew, the Swansea tribe took off. Off past the second place 'La H' Indians as if that lesser tribe was standing still.

"We're gaining! We're gaining!", was Swansea's war cry. "We'll win yet."

With the speed of lightening, the 'S Men' gained. The switch paid off.

"We'll catch 'em", was one brave's cry. "We're up to them now - we're drawing abreast." "Stroke, stroke, stroke", the Little Chieftain cried.

Then, like an unwanted dog, it appeared and was gone.

The finish line.

"Who won?" was on everyone's tongue.

The "S Men" knew. The "Cap" feet crew.

Those Cap Feet Indians, from "De La Madeleine" country had by a hair, squeezed the scalp from the Swansea's belt.

- John C. O'Brien -
&
- Roger A.E. Long -

" 0600 "

"Hup, two, three, four hup, two, three, four ..
.... I wish I could brush my teeth before these bloody
periods my mouth feels like the Foreign Legion
camped in it hup, two, three, four..... I think
I have my running shoes on the wrong feet hup,
two, three, four Who wants to become physically
fit anyway?..... I get great enjoyment out of reading
..... Hup, two, three, four Look at Dantow
..... I think he really enjoys this type of treatment.
Hup, two, three, four I don't know how Millzie
manages to grab a smoke before the musterhup,
two, three, four If this guy makes us go into the
pool I'll drown I'd be a martyr for ca-
dets to come hup, two, three, four ... O God!
..... hup, two, three, four God oh God
I'm dying.

HMCS Cornwallis
1960

Dear Mother:

Oh! Mother! You wouldn't believe the terrible things they are doing to your baby. You remember that nice recruiting officer, Mother? The one who said I would go to Bermuda free? ..well, he's a beast! It was lies, all lies, Mother. Ever since I've come here I've had to get up in the middle of the night at six o'clock (Oh six-hundred, they call it) and do some revolting exercise in a gymnasium. And the man in charge, Mother, oh, he is such a brute! I told him I was delicate and that you wanted me always to keep my sweater on, but he just wouldn't listen. I can't tell you what he made me do !!! and he actually laughed; he laughed at your baby!

And that's not all. I have to polish my boots that you gave me last winter. After all, a little bit of mud doesn't stop you walking, does it? Oh, and no privacy, Mother! I was relieving myself in the bathroom (the "heads" they call it), just as you told me to, Mother, when the door sudenly flew open and a cadet captain looked in at me. He was very rude, Mother, he told me to "fall in", I mean to say .. there was no need for such vulgarity was there!

Term Lieutenant and he has arranged for me to come home to you. Wasn't that nice of him? The only requirement he made was that I take a course in assault or something which he thinks will help me. He says a Chief Petty Officer teaches it, some chap named Coles, who will take a great interest in me.

Well, Mother, your baby will close for now,
Your loving offspring,
Cuthbert.

By: Cdt. R. Middlemiss
Huron Division.

SANDWICHES

It was a quiet evening on a pay day in NADEN, the cells had been painted out, so, four young Ordinary Seaman absentees were placed in the "bull pen", a room in the basement with no furniture except a metal double decked bunk in the corner. They found the evening long and drawn out without life or entertainment, and time hung heavily upon their hands.

One of these young lads, let's call him 'Bird', had dabbled in and acquired some skill in the art of hypnotism. After some pressure, the weakest member of the group agreed to submit to an experiment and, with the other members watching expectantly, 'Bird' placed his subject under his control. The victim was then given an imaginary rifle and told that there was a lion in the Dock yard and that he, a lion hunter, was to go out and get it. With wary tread he began to stalk cautiously around the floor. The two onlookers regarded this display sceptically until he tangled with the bunk. Immediately, 'Bird' said, "Look out, stupid, that's the dockyard fence - watch out for the Commissionaires." The lad laboriously climbed over the bunk, dragging his "rifle" with him, and, on reaching the other side, proceeded with his stealthy search.

'Bird' constantly kept his subject informed of where he was and what was happening. "Here's VENTURE, have a look around - no lions there - passing the canteen, don't shoot, it's the Commodore's dog. Ah!, here's the Admiral's building - watch out! Here comes the Admiral - don't forget to salute him." The lad hesitantly came to a halt, looked around, and then raised his right hand in salute - "Stupid, you don't give a hand salute when you are carrying a rifle", 'Bird' interjected, and without hesitation the hunter came up to the "present".

Under 'Bird's' direction, the tracks were soon sighted and the lion shot and killed. The problem then was what to do with the lion. As a sailor never sees a small rat, so it follows that this lion was correspondingly larger than any non-seamanlike lion. On being instructed to do so, our hero, grunting and struggling in his efforts, dragged the lion around the bull pen by its tail, to the amusement of the onlookers.

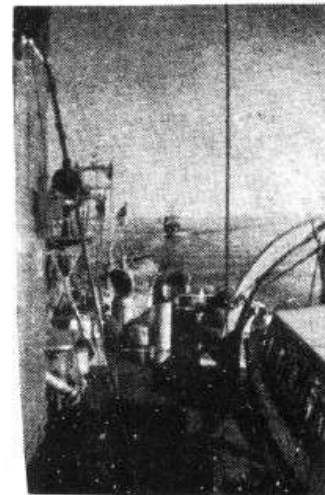
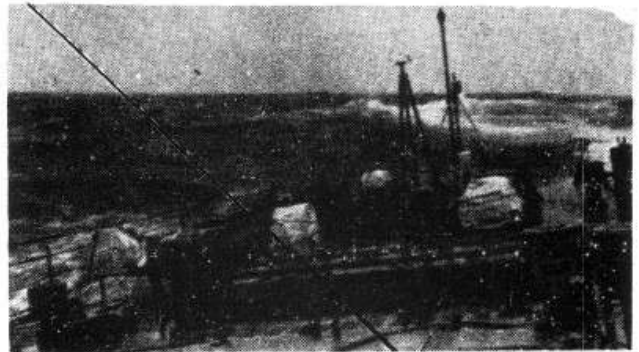
The lion was finally brought into camp and, for a moment, 'Bird' was at a loss how to continue the fun, but then suggested, "How about some lion's tail sandwiches?" Without hesitation, the victim whipped out a "knife" from his hip pocket, cut some "rolls" in half, and then, with a flourish, cut slices off the lion's tail, made the sandwiches and solemnly started to pass them around.

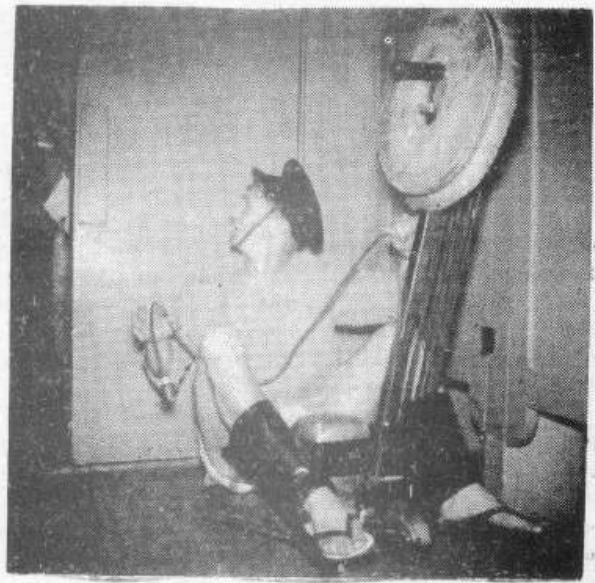
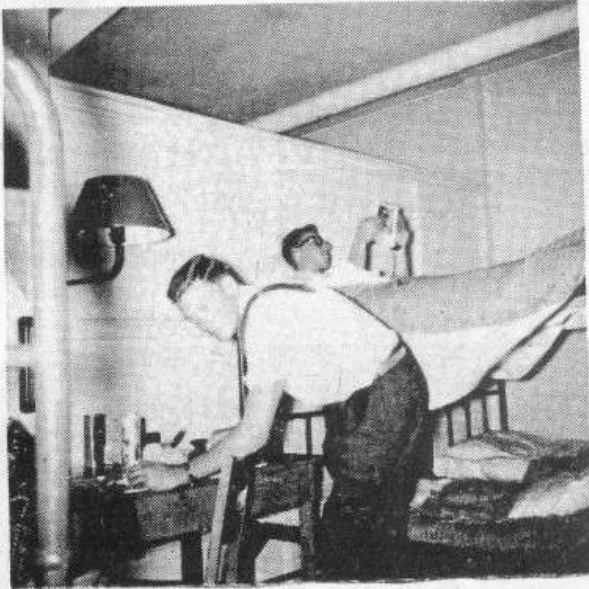
The party was broken up by the RPO who had been watching this display through the peep hole in the door.

The buzz spread quickly through the barracks and on the morning that 'Bird' appeared before the Commodore there were three times as many divisional officers, divisional chiefs, regulators and recorders in the office as was usual. They had come to hear the story!

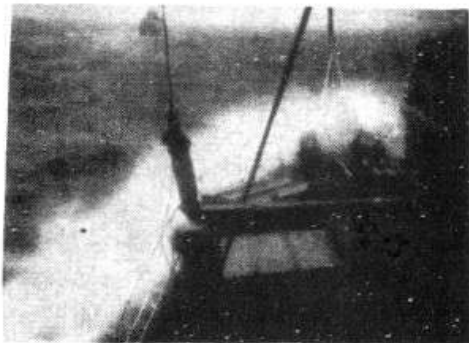
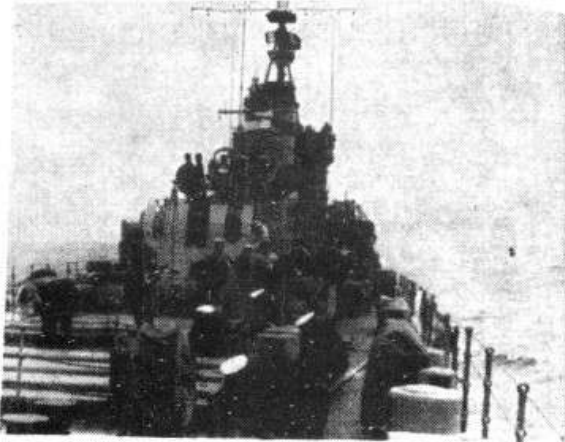
After the case, as the Commodore left the office and walked down the corridor, which was crowded with onlookers, a man at the back was heard to remark, "At least he is not eating a sandwich."

- Cemalyke Manor -





A division of cadets was marching to Navigation School when two Wrens passed them. All eyes slowly turned to the left. A cadet captain growled from the rear that no eyes left had been given. A few moments later two more Wrens passed the division, and, sure enough, the order was heard from the platoon commander, "Eyes Left". This movement left three shocked people—two Wrens and one C.C.!



ODE TO A SPEW BUCKET

By Bob Langlais

To thee, O precious thing
Did I firmly cling.
Your shape so well rounded,
Your bottom so well founded.

Over you I often bent
My message was well sent
For who would ever think
That you could stand to such a stink.

Never were you not there
In my moments of despair
When I spit out all my guts
And almost went completely nut.

And then out it came
In clear cuts of bile
You absorbed it like a flame
To which you do not owe your name.

A bucket, a dirty little bucket
Your smell I openly detested
But how could I have protested
Negative bucket --- spew all over.

If you've been to sea
Then please don't take it from me
It really wants to make you murder
The grunt who invented seasick pills.

Be a Top Bwahana!

DINNER
AND
TRIBAL
DANCING



MUSIC
by the
NAIROBI
COMBO

CONGO

R O O M

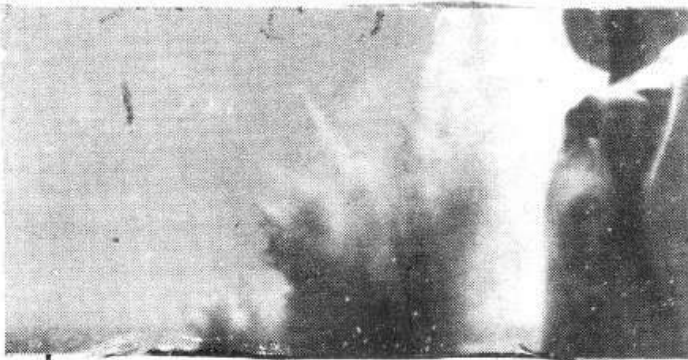
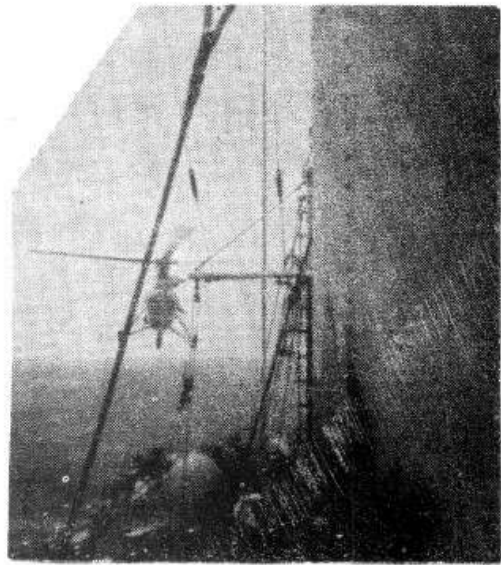
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"Eat where the Mau-Maus eat"

Try our BLOODY MARYS - they're authentic

Just Call...

BOOM-DIDY-BOOM-DIDY-BOOM-TUM-TUM



Dine same like quaint American



**CHARLEY'S AMERICAN
RESTAURANT
SHANGHAI**

SERVING AMERICAN No.1 DISH
PORK and BEANS with APPLE PIE

Waiter happy to explain use of Knife & Fork

ROTARY ARE PLEASED TO HONOR
US WITH PRESENCE ON WEDNESDAY

Like Ben Franklin say: 本全我控非非非



Gee, I had a strange dream last night, Alice . . .

CADET DIRECTORY

1960

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 ABELA, S.J.
 5430 Victoria Ave., Montreal, Quebec.
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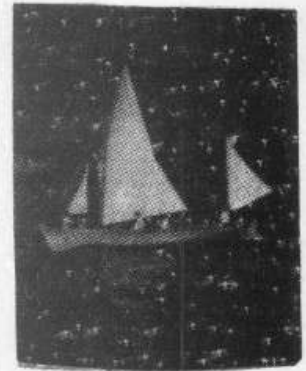
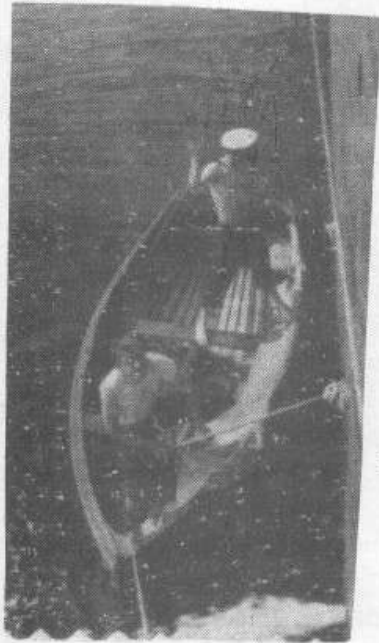
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* GOOD LUCK TO ALL FROM THE EDITORIAL STAFF *
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