

WHITE TWIST



ROYAL CANADIAN NAVAL RESERVE





The White Twist

1962

Published by the Cadets of the

ROYAL CANADIAN NAVAL RESERVE

from the

UNIVERSITY NAVAL TRAINING

DIVISIONS AT H.M.C.S.

BRUNSWICKER

CABOT

CARLETON

CATARATQUI

CHATHAM

CHIPPAWA

DISCOVERY

DONNACONA

GRIFFON

HUNTER

MALAHAT



MONTCALM

NONSUCH

PREVOST

QUEEN

QUEEN-CHARLOTTE

SCOTIAN

STAR

TECUMSEH

UNICORN

YORK

On Summer Training at

H.M.C.S. CORNWALLIS, N. S.

and

ROYAL ROADS, B. C.



CAPTAIN R. M. STEELE, D.S.C., C.D., R.C.N.
Commanding Officer H.M.C.S. Cornwallis

FOREWORD

This 1962 Training Period has now come to a successful conclusion, and the RCNR Cadets can look back with pride to their accomplishment.

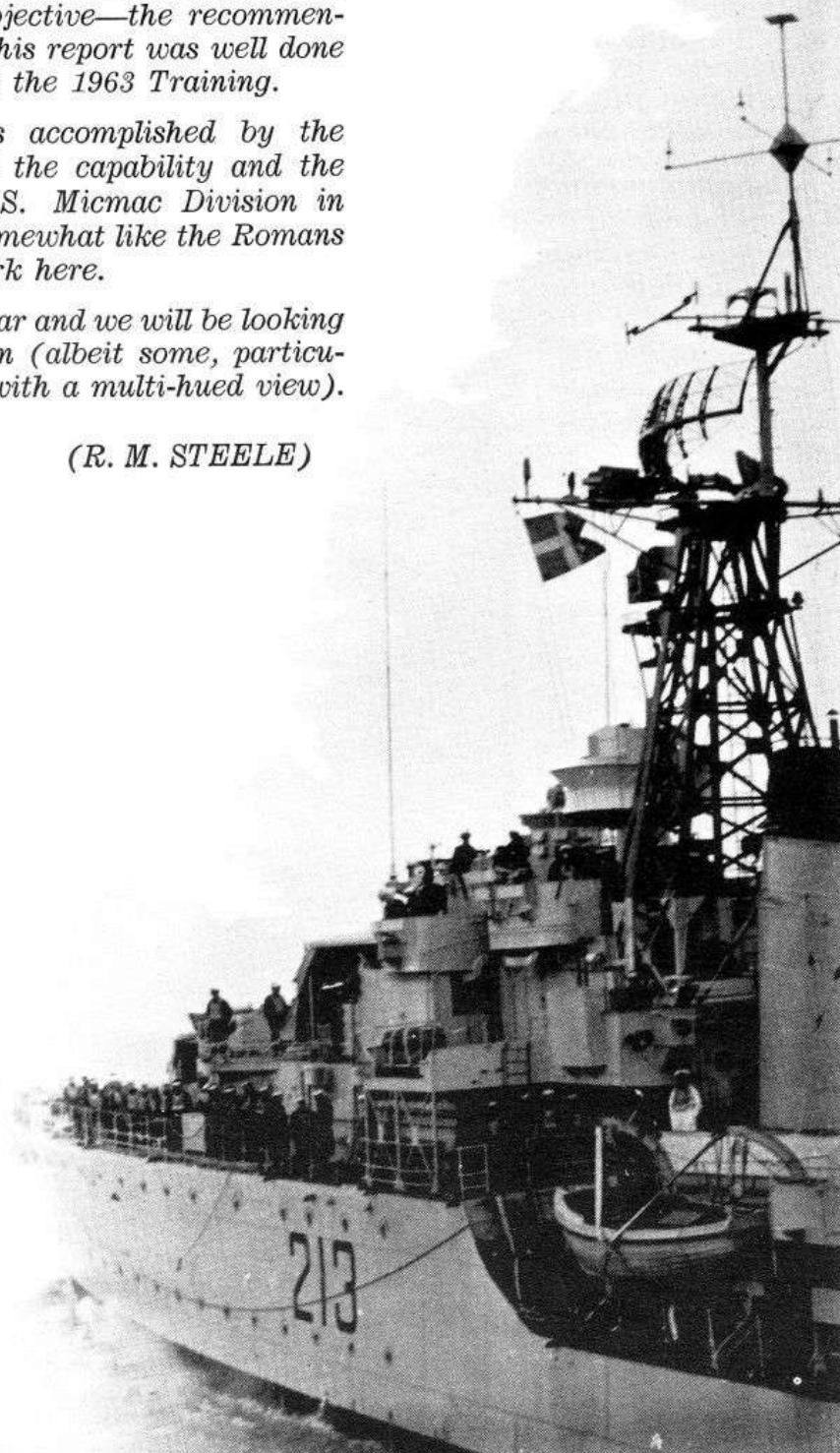
The smartness and performance reached a good standard and you set worthy example for the other young trainees in CORNWALLIS—in fact in initiative, zeal and objectivity, the Cadets outclassed all others including the permanent staff.

Two groups of Cadets critically examined the 1962 Programme including the Organization, the Training and Support Facilities. Their report was very well presented, the comments were uninhibited and objective—the recommendations were sound and feasible. This report was well done and will very substantially improve the 1963 Training.

The permanent improvements accomplished by the Cadets this summer has improved the capability and the living conditions in CORNWALLIS. Micmac Division in particular is to be complimented; somewhat like the Romans in Britain, they have left their mark here.

Good luck in your university year and we will be looking forward to your return next season (albeit some, particularly the Wardroom Pool Steward with a multi-hued view).

(R. M. STEELE)



THE OIC LOOKS BACK

APRIL A comparatively quiet period when the many details were being initiated prior to the arrival of the Cadets and Staff.

MAY Overnight the place was a hive of activity, Cadets streamed into CORNWALLIS from literally every corner of Canada and almost submerged in this teeming group could be noticed some Officers — the UNTD Cadet Training Staff. The mushroom grew and bloomed to huge proportions in one short week. In retrospect one is indeed thankful that all the energy contained in this mushroom did not culminate in one gigantic explosion and dissipate into the heavens! To be known forever more as "Canada's first Nuclear blast!"

JUNE Thankful again that the energy assembled here manifested itself in many useful ways—the Academic syllabus—Guard Training—Sports Programme—"Green Thumb"—scrubbing and polishing—and Gunroom activities.

The effort that went into the completion of the Gunroom and surrounding areas deserves special mention. It appeared at one point, that every blade of grass was being rearranged and in the proper seamanship manner ordered to "square off and grow properly".

The extra demands on the Cadet day occasioned by the Annual Inspection of CORNWALLIS by the FLAG OFFICER ATLANTIC COAST also deserves special mention. A crash programme of cleaning and polishing inside and outside of the Cadet training areas was accomplished after the completion of the instructional day.

JULY The summer (?) was now progressing quite rapidly and "Bravo" Cruise was absent but certainly not forgotten.

The visit of COMMODORE MEDLAND marked the official opening of the patio and a subsequent ceremony involving the return of one broad pendant to its rightful owner.

COMMODORE TAYLOR also visited during this period and officially opened the freshly laid sidewalks.

Both these visits were the occasion of very spirited Gunroom activity.

AUGUST Early in August — LIEUTENANT COMMANDER LANGHAM visited the Establishment to observe the summer training in action.

The interdivisional Track and Field and Swimming competitions were held during the one period when all the Cadets were present in CORNWALLIS.

From mid August the tempo increased leading up to the Annual Inspection Parade and Presentation of the Annual Awards by REAR ADMIRAL K. L. DYER, FLAG OFFICER ATLANTIC COAST:—a fitting climax to a busy summer. The Cadets can well be proud of their performance that day.

SEPTEMBER The wind-up of the summer's work—reports by the hundreds to be processed—marks to be recorded—recommendations for next year.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS Some strange things happened during the summer and many of these remain as mysterious now as the day (night) they happened. For example:

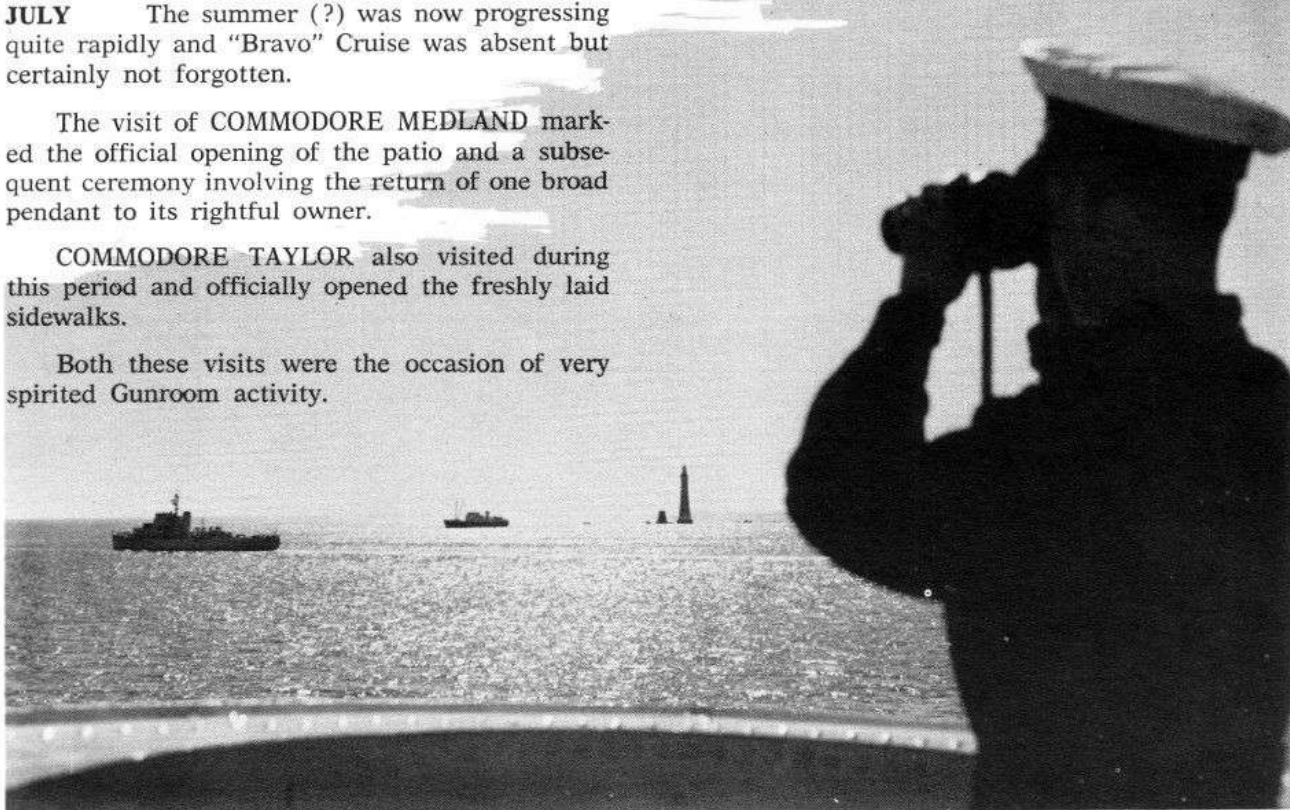
Who carpeted the Captain's driveway with South Block Scatter rugs?

What strange animal prowled the base one dark night leaving only its footprints behind?

How did the COMMODORE'S pendant find its way from HALIFAX to CORNWALLIS?

Who put the ship's bell on the Captain's front porch?

Who did the very decorative job on the Chief Cadet Captain's burberry?

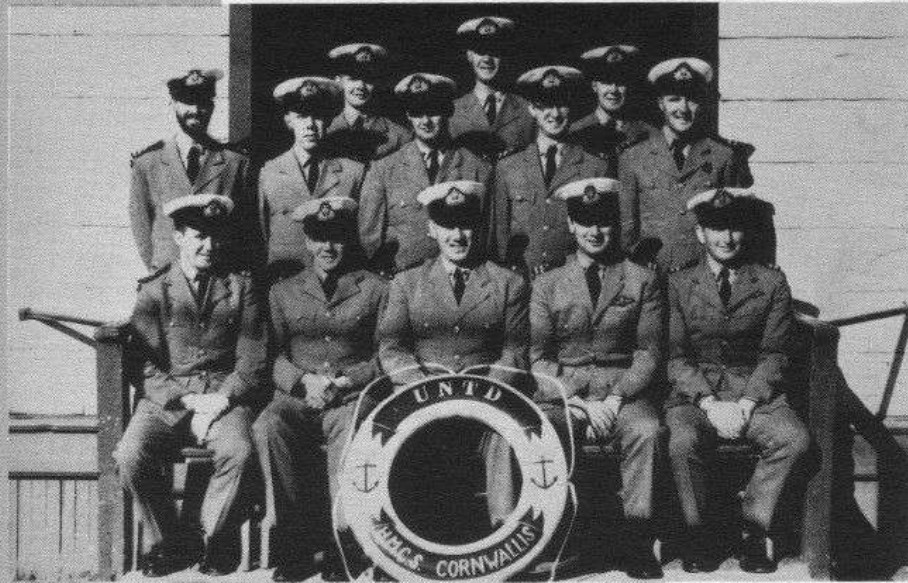




UNTD ADMINISTRATION

LCDR. C. COURT O.I.C. U.N.T.D.

Lcdr. Court graduated from Prince of Wales College in 1946. He joined the navy as a midshipman in 1948. He was commissioned in March of 1949. After retiring from active list he was connected with the UNTD at Mount Allison where he was appointed Commanding Officer in 1961. Summer 1960 was spent as Cadet Control Officer at Stadacona. In 1961 he was appointed as the officer in charge of the summer training program at Cornwallis.



S/Lt. D. Gibson

S/Lt. F. Riche, S/Lt. F. Malby

Lt. D. Connors, Lt. R. Kelly, Lt. A. Comeau, Lt. J. Morton, Lt. R. Reid

Lt. W. Gushue, LCDR. Vatcher, LCDR C. Court, Lt. I. Bouch, Lt. R. Bartlett

TERM LIEUTENANTS



Lt. Buskard
Athabaskan



Sb/Lt. Covert
Gatineau



Sb/Lt. Ridgway
Chaudiere



Sb/Lt. La Tourneau
Sioux



Lt. Fairbairn
Kootenay



Lt. Holmes
Cayuga



Sb/Lt. MacRae
Micmac



Lt. Steger
Restigouche



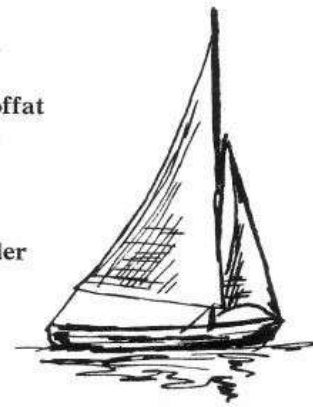
Lt. Burns
Huron

Camera Shy

Sb/Lt. Moffat
Iroquois

Lt. Logan
Haida

Sb/Lt. Elder
Nootka



NAVIGATIONAL SCHOOL STAFF

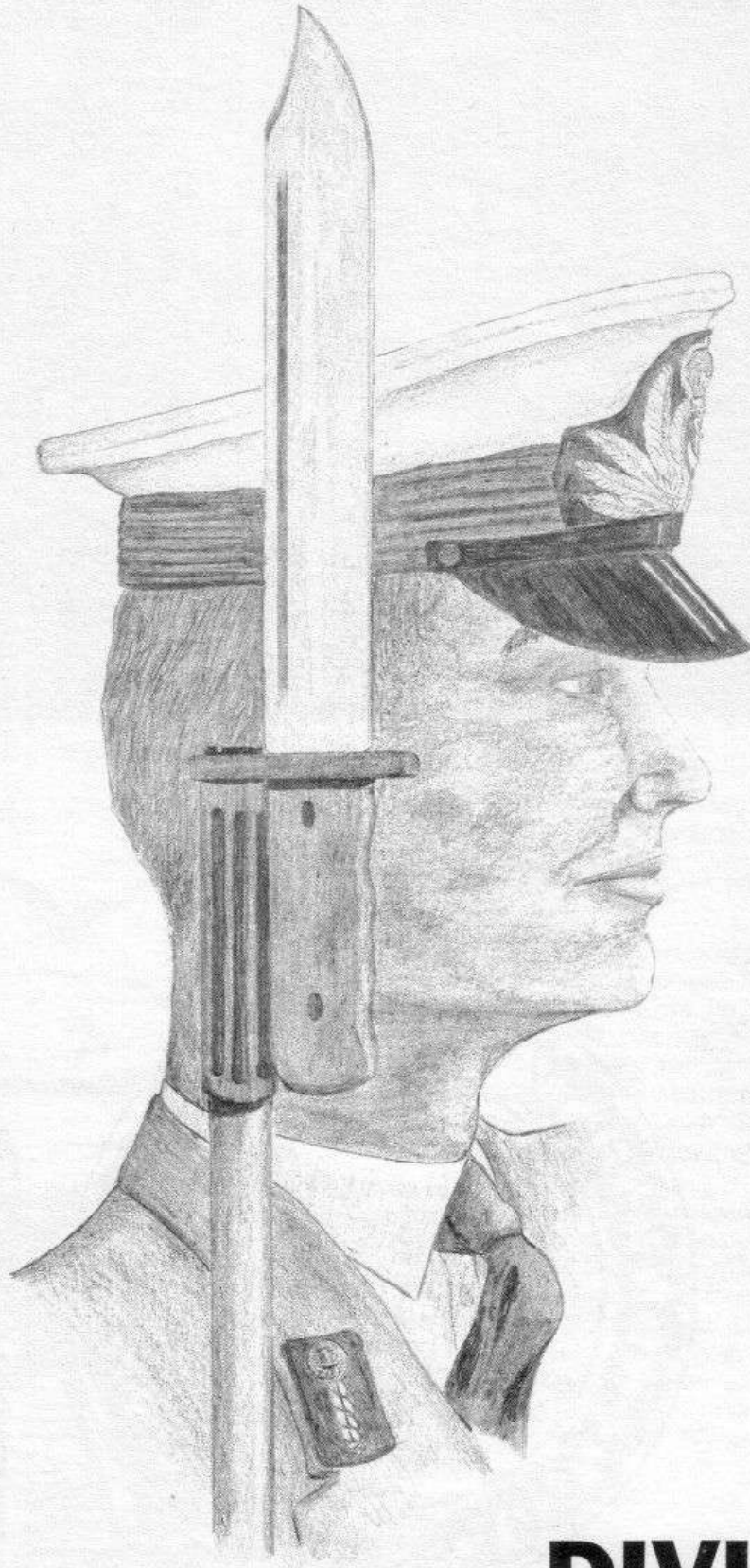


Front

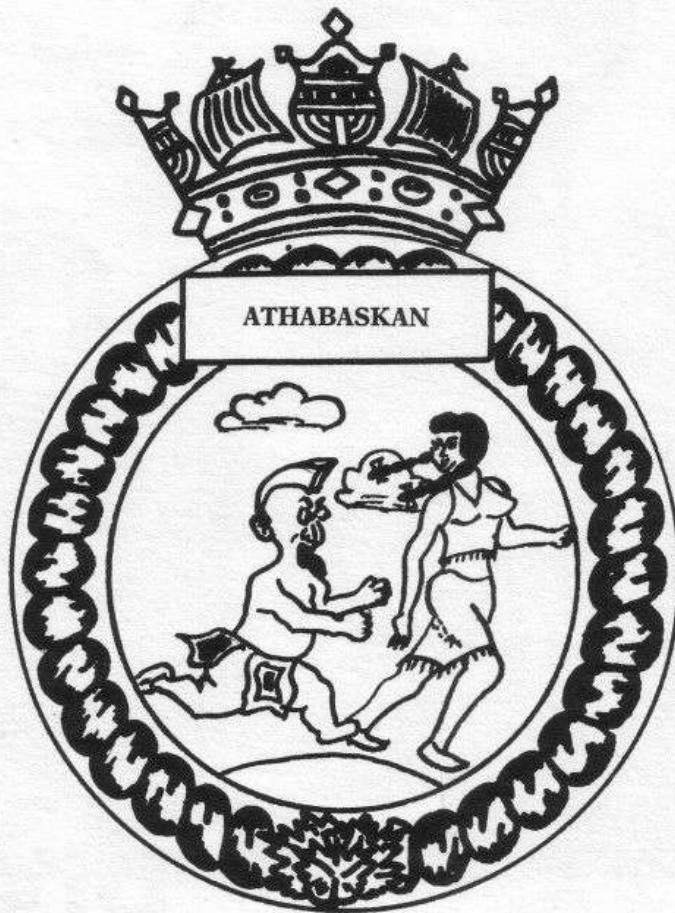
Lt. D. S. Johnston, Lt. D. S. Chandler, Lt. H. E. Saddler, O.I.C.,
Lt. D. T. O'Connell, Lt. G. P. Barry.

Back

Lt. M. MacLeod, SLT. A. Busque, SLT. M. J. Panozich, SLT. T. P.
Conway, Lt. J. A. Boutillier, CDT (IV) W. G. Brown, SLT. J. S. Lebell,
SLT. P. C. Casey, Lt. B. Botterbusch.

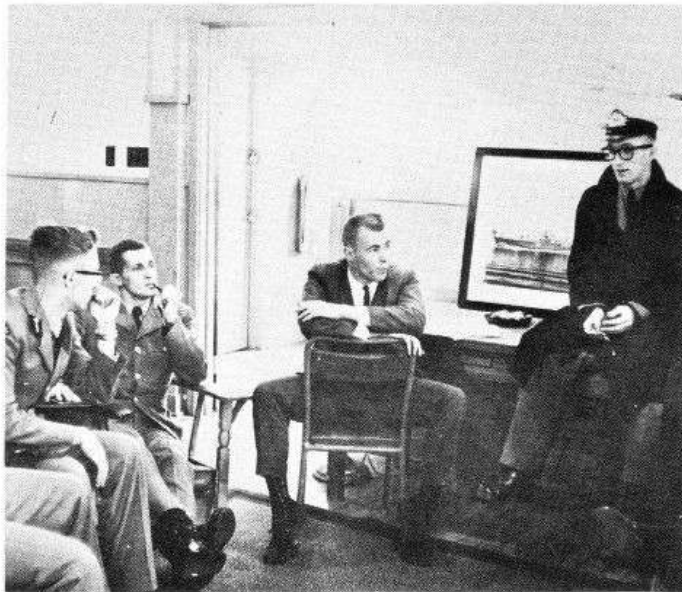


DIVISIONS



The weather was foul; the music we picked up on our transistor radios was equally terrible; the beer sold in the Gunroom was flat; the girls were scarce; everyone wondered what was wrong with Nova Scotia. This was the first week at Cornwallis. Then from the heart of the nation, Queen's University, came our term lieutenant, Lt. Buskard, to pick up the unravelled threads and knit us into a spirited group. Our revered Cadet Captain, Brian Leslie, showed us the road to Halifax; Gary Cumberland sold tickets for the liberty boat to the Pines Golf Club, and life once more became bearable.

The Division then formed the Arctic Sea Club. Our parties were merry, and King Neptune himself would have been very proud of his blue nosed compatriots for the happy atmosphere that prevailed throughout. Our divisional party was a success as yet unparalleled; we had such a surplus of female guests that we had to call in male passer duty dates to get everyone paired off. Much of this success was due to the manager, a socially prone type by the name of Greg Husband.



Athabaskan va maintenant en mer. Cependant nous n'oublierons jamais l'été 1962 à Cornwallis—le Gunroom, les sports, l'entraînement, mais surtout nos camarades de la division Athabaskan.

No one remembers our beach party; that was the time (I think) our first years got sea-sick while sitting on the shore. We are told that a good time was had by all.

Our big weakness was water polo; we had to withdraw because enough life jackets to keep the team afloat could not be found. The Division's track and field star was Keith Mills, who scored victories not only for Athabaskan, but also for the UNTD's. With Montreal Shea on the mound and Tom "On the Beach" Brown (later Pete Hill) behind the plate, we had a winning softball team.

In soccer Henri Lescault only had to look at the ball and it would bounce away from the nets. Chum Argue lost most of his weight at the game and Paul Lalonde lost most of his temper. Higginbottom, Balleux, and Sothorn played a rough game, giving Athabaskan a mean reputation. Whenever they couldn't make it, they broke it. Our defenders were "Offside" Fanteux and "Corner Kick" Husband. We were minus some of our best runners, because Ed Arvisais and Chris Jensen signed up periodically with the slack party team.

To prove that we were close to the top, we can say that our division had the most men taking the sports course. Even though we had a good summer in sports, we were always denied the chance of exercising our better abilities in water skiing and yachting.





Ce fut la dernière née mais non la moindre, Examinons-en les effectifs. D'abord quelques gros canons.

S/C/C Courier. Notre attaché naval. Petit celui-là, mais quelle trompette, un vrai dur de dur digne des chantiers du Québec! Ses responsabilités sont lourdes, mais nous lui devons bien des choses.

C/C Wall. Nous levons notre chapeau devant lui. En effet nous savons que monsieur Wall a été nommé cadet captain en arrivant ici à Cornwallis cette année ne le sachant pas lui-même auparavant. Il s'est acquitté de sa tâche avec soin, usant de la personnalité qu'on lui connaît. Et surtout monsieur Wall n'a jamais manifesté d'impatience envers nous, canadiens-français, qui composons la moitié de la division Cayuga. Nous lui en sommes reconnaissants. Toujours en pleine forme, il adore le "doubling" qu'il affecte tard le soir de préférence au matin. Nous nous souviendrons de monsieur Wall avec plaisir.

On peut aussi dire facilement que le C/C est bien secondé par son "leading cadet" en la personne de G. Flewelling. Athlète accompli et sachant bien frapper du talon sur le pavé, il est toujours là pour nous souffler un petit "circle", mais aussi pur nous donner un peu de pep. Il est la figure no 1 dans les sports. Nous lui devons beaucoup à ce point de vue.

Et enfin arrive nos grosses torpilles, les cadets de deuxième année, de pauvres incompris ceux-là et trop peu souvent écoutés. Que de cris venant du fond des abîmes et le plus souvent du haut du ciel vous avez provoqués de la part de vos cadets. Mais tous ont le même genre de parc ou coucher et ou ranger ses jouets dans le merveilleux bloc Mackenzie. Pourtant on parle encore bien fort autour de la polis-seuse

Il faut tout de même admettre que nos amis de deuxième année ont le plus souvent cherché à nous aider au cours de cet entraînement. Ils ont des gueules sympathiques, même notre future padre Stan Fraser, véritable papillon dans l'eau. De plus il faut être extrêmement prudent quand nous parlons du crédit social à Ray. Langois, celui-ci n'a cependant pas réussie à endoctriner son ami Jacques Dallaires qui préfère contempler ses balles de golf.

Quant à Jim Hickey, Garry Holmes, et Al McLean, on les prend souvent à rire des mimiques du lieutenant-colonel Perrault. Pour ce qui est de Mac-Millan, gageons qu'il aime mieux jouer de la guitare, que d'être "Marker" et que Mike Rochon préfère prendre des photos et organiser des "beach parties" que de danser avec Solanges

Voici maintenant ceux de première année. Il y aurait tant de choses à dire à leur sujet qu'il faudrait écrire un volume plus petit que le QRCN mais combien plus intéressant. Mais en toute humilité nous nous contenterons de dire ceci, à savoir qu'on rencontre chez eux tous les guere du drôle au sérieux, du nez cassé à la jambe plâtrée et même un as du bridge nommé Gordon Grebb. Quel artiste le monde a perdu. C'était un brave homme, ce Gordon.

Mais un drame s'est glissé dans la division: Brian Currie a été séparé de Dennis Stephens pour toute la croisière et on nous dit que les "jackstay transfers" sont chose difficile à arrimer. Il faudra bien s'en tenir au sémaphore et au flashing! Un autre, Doug Archibald, athlète et grand ami de tous a un sérieux penchant pour les retards aux rassemblements, ce qui fait rire jaune monsieur Flewelling. John Caldwell lui, a la manie de veiller avec ses chaussures et de les polir jusqu'à des heures vraiment trop tardives et inquiétantes. Cependant il ne semble pas avoir dépasser Jaques Fréchette qui lui a les meilleures bottes de la division au grand desespoir d'un certain William Courier qui en vain tente chaque matin de comparer le poli de ses bottes avec celui de Jacques.

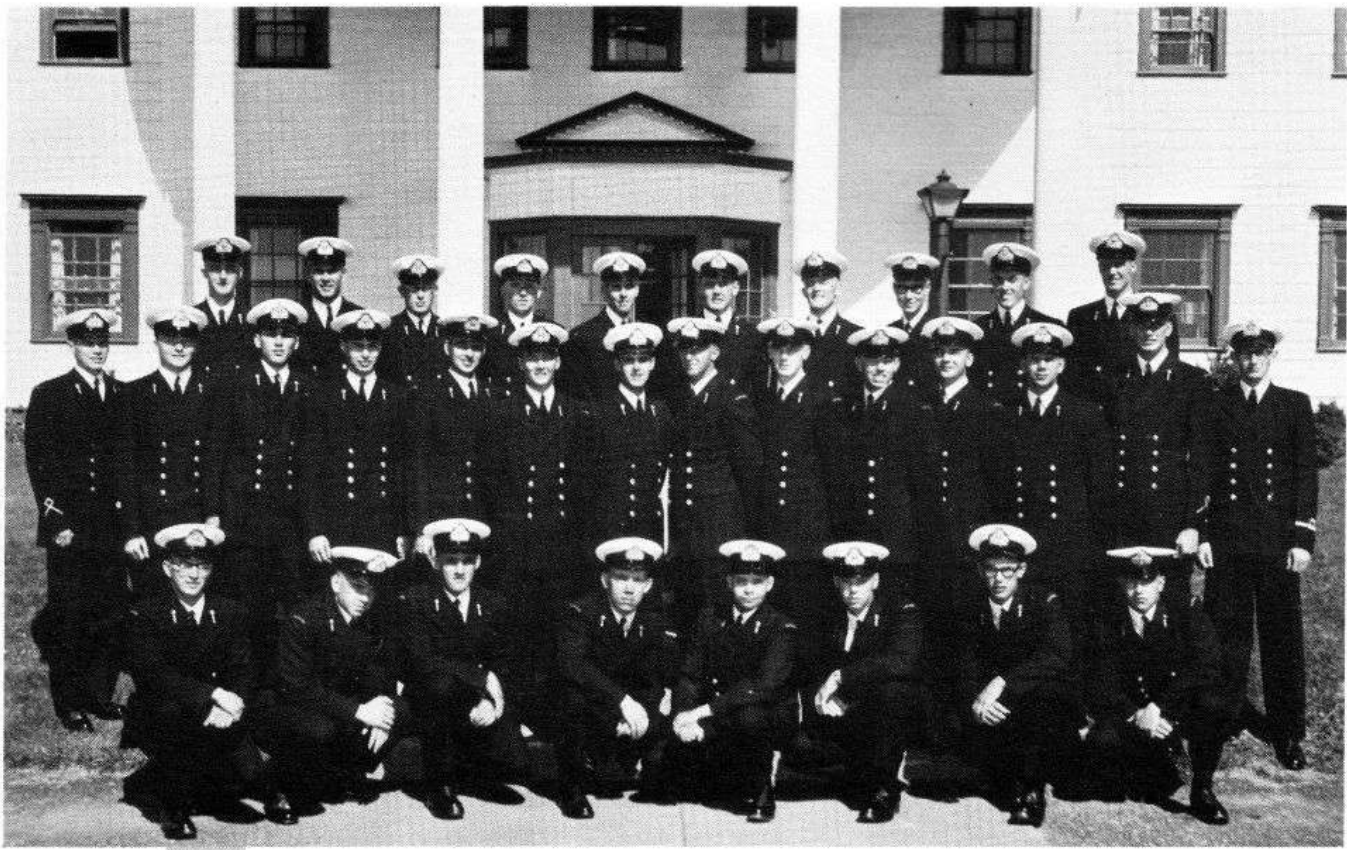
Et voici René "Judo" Boisvert qui rit bien des "circles" de notre ami René Godbout alors que PAC non pas "Pacific Command" mais Paul André Cloutier établissait un record dans ce domaine si rond des "circles".

Enfin il y a monsieur Norman Perrault. Vous savez le chanson "Norman, hoo hoo hoo hoo Norman my love" Norman donc est le type qui a la fâcheuse tendance de "crasher" longtemps, longtemps après le "wakie wakie" sans jamais se faire pincer par l'officier si redouté! Truc, de l'année paraît-il mais qui finit inévitablement par des petits "circles".

Enfin un camarade peu bruyant mais tout-à-fait à son affaire Walter Burke. Il avait dans sa cabine un calendrier qui en attirait plusieurs du "South Block", enfin passons Et Kenny McKinnis est le guere de gars qui connaît son QRCN par coeur et passe son temps à contredire les "class leaders" en référant à tel ou tel article. Même notre étudiant en droit en est ébloui.

Le palmarès est terminé, rentrons donc chez nous en gardant un bon souvenir de notre division. Souvenons-nous de l'esprit d'équipe qui y a régné durant l'été qui s'achève.

A l'année prochaine.





**He said they're from Chaudiere
Where's that**

Hear ye, Hear ye— All those who aspire to the heights of Chaudiere 1962 read, mark, learn and inwardly digest this masterpiece of English literature.

Soon the first years had gotten over their initial naive keenness, had learned the fine arts of hiding through pusser rounds and escaping divisions by having their buddies phone from the gun-room to exempt them. However the exhilaration of beating the administration soon wore off (familiarity breeds contempt) and we sought various other outlets for our "Chaudiere Spirit", the climax of which was our divisional party the night before we went to sea. First we destroyed the cabins of the other Bravo divisions; then we razed the Pines; next we cracked the reputations of its girls, only to return to the warmth and security of cabins completely devoid of gear, bunks and other amenities. However we kindly left the mess for Alpha Cruise to enjoy.

On 23 June our Termie, Sublt. Ridgeway, dreamed of England and girls, and Ireland and girls, but even handed justice, reading his thoughts and looking at the past, struck him down with disease. Leaving him at Stadacona to look after the Command Ball, we put to sea with Sublt. Malby to guide us through the trying days that lay ahead. Although our beloved Cadet Captain often found himself too tired to leave five mess, we showed our appreciation for the seamen who enjoyed routing us from its confines each morning with Wakee Wakee by tying AB Martin in some of his own knots. From Halifax to St. John's where the Newf's eyes shone as they gazed upon their fair (?) city . . . To quote Dudley. "Bettertaka-goodlooknowbecause thischancedoesn'tcomeoften" . . . (thank God!)

Then to England where those who gave up on their attempts to rig photofloods took advantage of the pubs to obtain a few beer mugs for their belts, or marked their trail with LTC. tickets. Those who rented cars found it almost as difficult to navigate the English roads as the sea to Ireland. By the time we reached Dublin many of us were having trouble navigating that well worn route to the rail. After an enjoyable reception at the Canadian Embassy, we left Dublin with a band on the jetty, rain on the decks, and lumps in our throats.

On our return to Cornwallis the first years took the assault course by storm except for "Robin Hood" Bucknum and "Little John" McIlroy whom it took by water. Their motto: "Don't cross your bridges when you come to them."

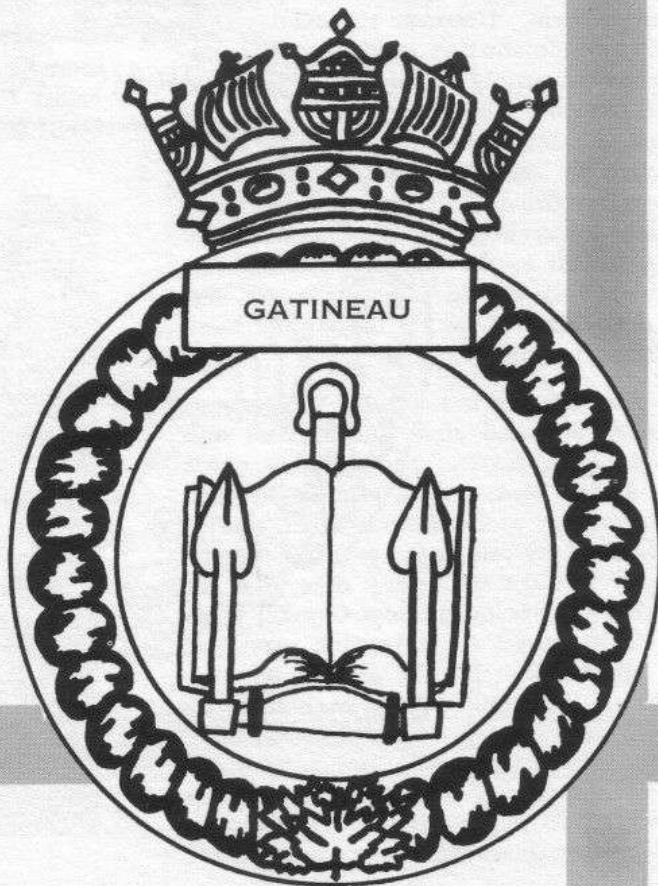
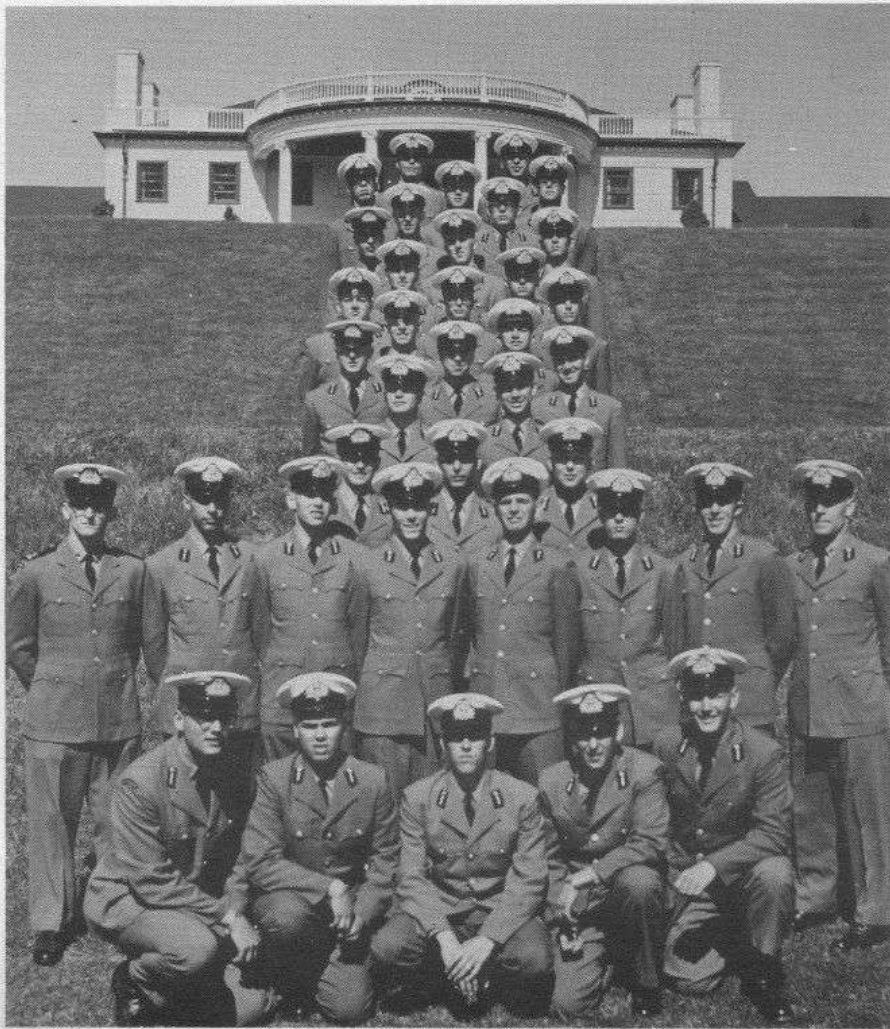
REALLY GO REALLY GO REALLY GO—and we went . . . sportswise that is. In fact we were gone. Although we dropped the opening ball game of the season we went on to win the rest behind the pitching of "Bashful Dick", and the catching of "Mulligan Bucknum" and a field of stars. The soccer team swept all opposition from its way in winning three of its seven games. The dog paddler and dead man floaters swallowed their opponents (as well as half the pool) in their attempts to get that water polo ball in the goal. However their record was not too bad: two wins, no drownings. In short in sports it was Chaudiere all the way.

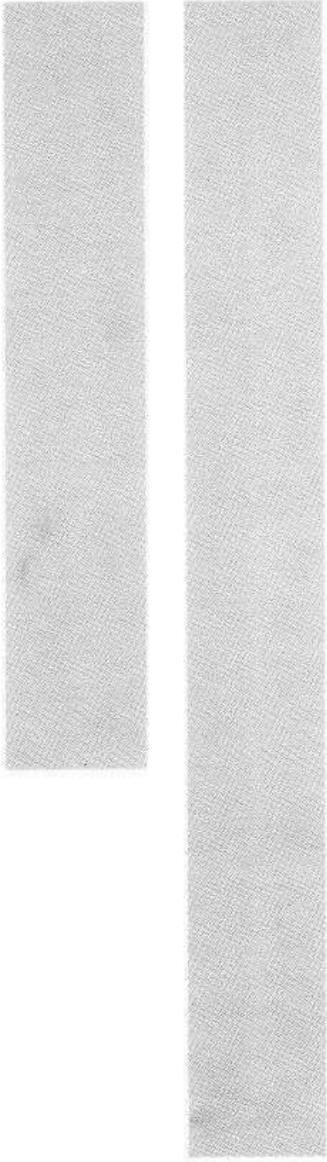
Chaudiere made the best use of the meagre leave that was granted to them: Digby, Halifax, and Yarmouth still bear the scars. Mulligan was our special brand of golf on the links of Digby.

Throughout the rigours of the winter and the incredible toughness of university life, we will recall Chaudiere '62 and our holiday with the U.N.T.D.



He-He-He





Gatineau is a new division at Cornwallis, and this is more than most people want to hear about it, having heard from it all summer long. Our reputation began with our parties . . . stag parties, beach parties, Gunroom parties, and extra duty parties. We maintained that working was a fine way to spend your time, but it was a shaky way of getting through a summer at Cornwallis. We found that you could fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, and those were very good odds when you considered that Cadet Control came in the first category.

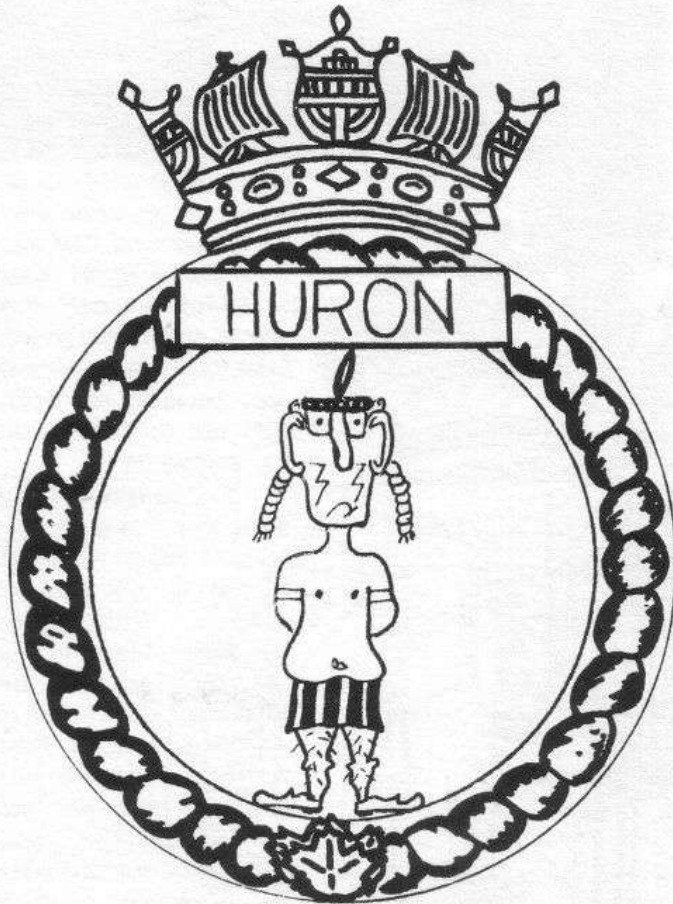
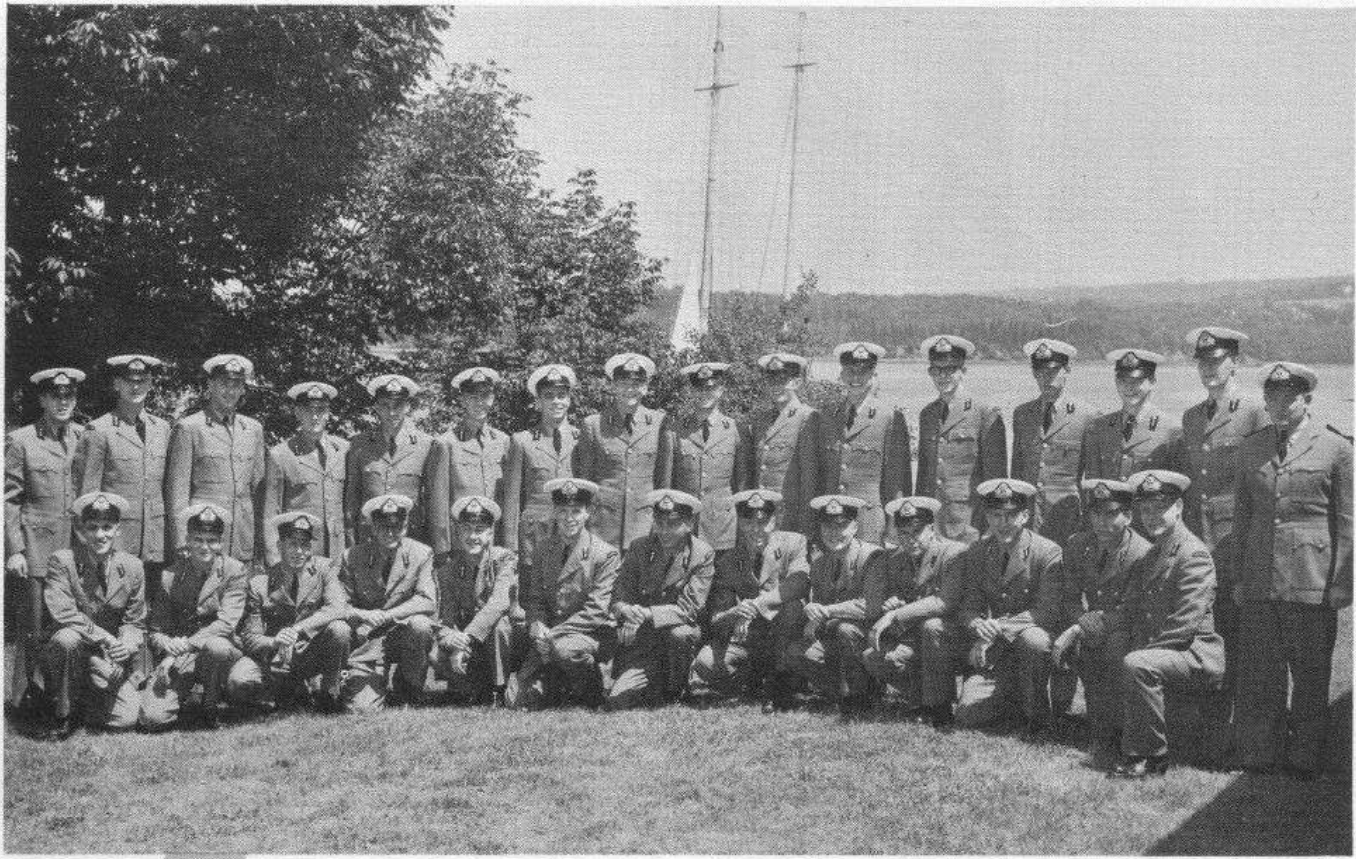
Gatineau sauntered aboard HMCS Swansea to stay awhile and take the pussier pleasure cruise of 1962. We found that there were a few things to do in addition to sitting in the sun and seeing the continent, but as that famous philosopher once said, "You don't sweat the small points". We didn't. When it came time to do a little pulling, we decided that three out of five races was all that we should win. That's all we won. Ports of call, naturally, were interesting; Dublin had a particular attraction for Max. London was the centre of many interesting experiences; if you ever have thirty-five dollars to spend in an evening, Schof might be able to help you out. Taylor is writing a BRCN on London Nurses, while Wilde and Whalen are engaged in special research on Kipper pickpockets.

Socially, Gatineau could not have been said to be slack. Our first divisional stag, the night before we went to sea, was a great success. It is reported by Raven Haven duty watches that the odd beer can is still to be found. Our beach party ended up on some graveyard down by Bear River with everyone flaked out. Gatineau cadets always seem to be short on sleep. C. C. Patton mumbled the next day that it was "acers". No one is sure exactly what he meant, but he didn't look too happy. Our mess dinner was very quiet, only because the poor, uninitiated first year cadets ate their buns instead of throwing them at the president.

The cadets of Gatineau seemed to have one thing in common with regard to sports. We never became angry when other divisions took the lead. In fact, we got quite used to it by the end of the summer. With players such as "Knus" Nyitrai, the Roger Maris of our softball team, and "Cannon-ball" Taylor on the soccer field, what had we to worry about? In track and field, the division always aimed for first, but came last, until we decided to aim for last, whereupon we came second last. Not too bad, considering.

Not too bad, considering. No. Not bad at all. When we are back to our home divisions we will think back to the time we spent both at Cornwallis and at sea. And the aspect that we will remember is not the details of day to day life. We will remember each other and ourselves as a part of Gatineau division and we will remember the hard times we've been through, and the good times we've had together. Not bad at all.





What was the summer worth? Only \$750 because you forgot to tell them not to deduct income tax? Several dozen circles to double, and a couple of days slack party to muster? Higgliness morning, noon and night? Nova Scotian weather and Schooner Beer? Yes, the summer was worth all this, for there was the reward of four months' friendship, training, and experience.

Before the cruise we remembered the obsequious fear the first years had for a chevron, and in our present state of slackness we laugh at the alacrity with which we used to obey orders. For one week or two depending on the class attended, we communicated in the Band House to the strains of the Jungle Band. Unfortunately, the date for the cruise arrived the morning after the night before. We were poured into a pusser bus which hummed its way into Halifax, the most distant port of call on the cruise.

The Buckingham went nowhere, but we had one hell of a good time. There was the day we tumbled about in the life raft, the regatta at Shelburne (Huron won the sailing and war canoe fights), Dunbar tripping up Montgomery at defaulters, Mewens in #1 boiler room as a semi-permanent fixture, the storm that last night out of Halifax when Gunther passed out barf bags with a benevolent smile while he ate potato chips out of his own and made us all "——— glad". Ashore, there was the dance in St. John; the ward-room, Stag Bar, Jubilee, Peppermint Lounge and lower Barrington Street in Halifax.

Back in Cornwallis, the first years tumbled through smoke huts, up walls, through tunnels, over pig pens, across bridges, to wind up exactly the same spot as where they had started from in less time than anyone else (i.e. Huron-Nootka set a new record).



Oh no sir, it's not loaded

The latent potential of Huron Division began to crawl out of its seasick stupor. We began on the assault course; we mounted the best divisional party of the year at the Gunroom and later that night at Lt. Burns' cottage. We guided Micmac to the creation of the summer's best guard (according to J. D.); we placed first in the swim meet, and eleventh in the route march (the wind was in the wrong direction). What other division would have the gall to sport a mess dinner on "N" Galley food?

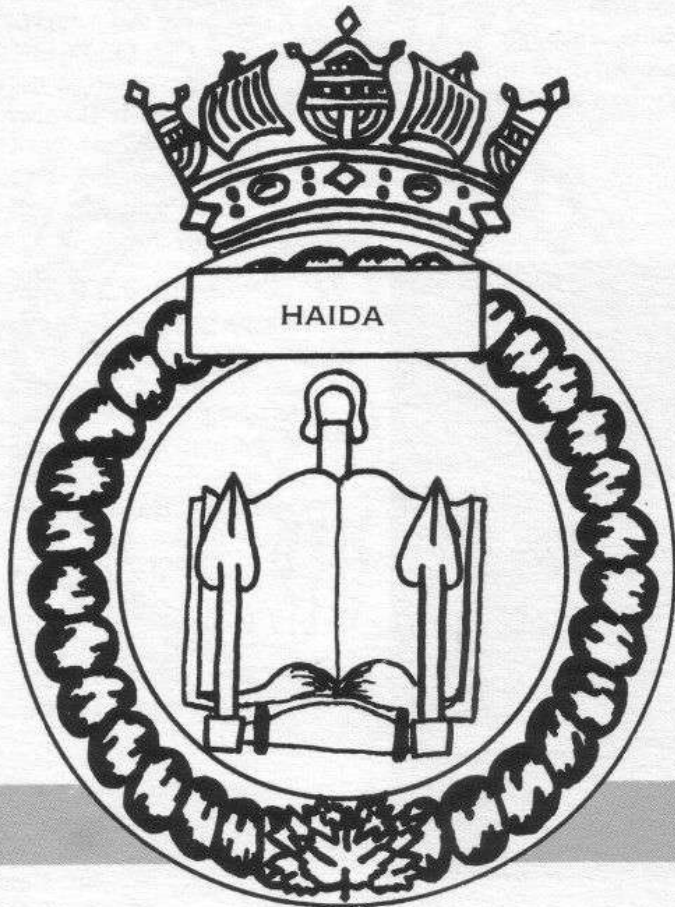
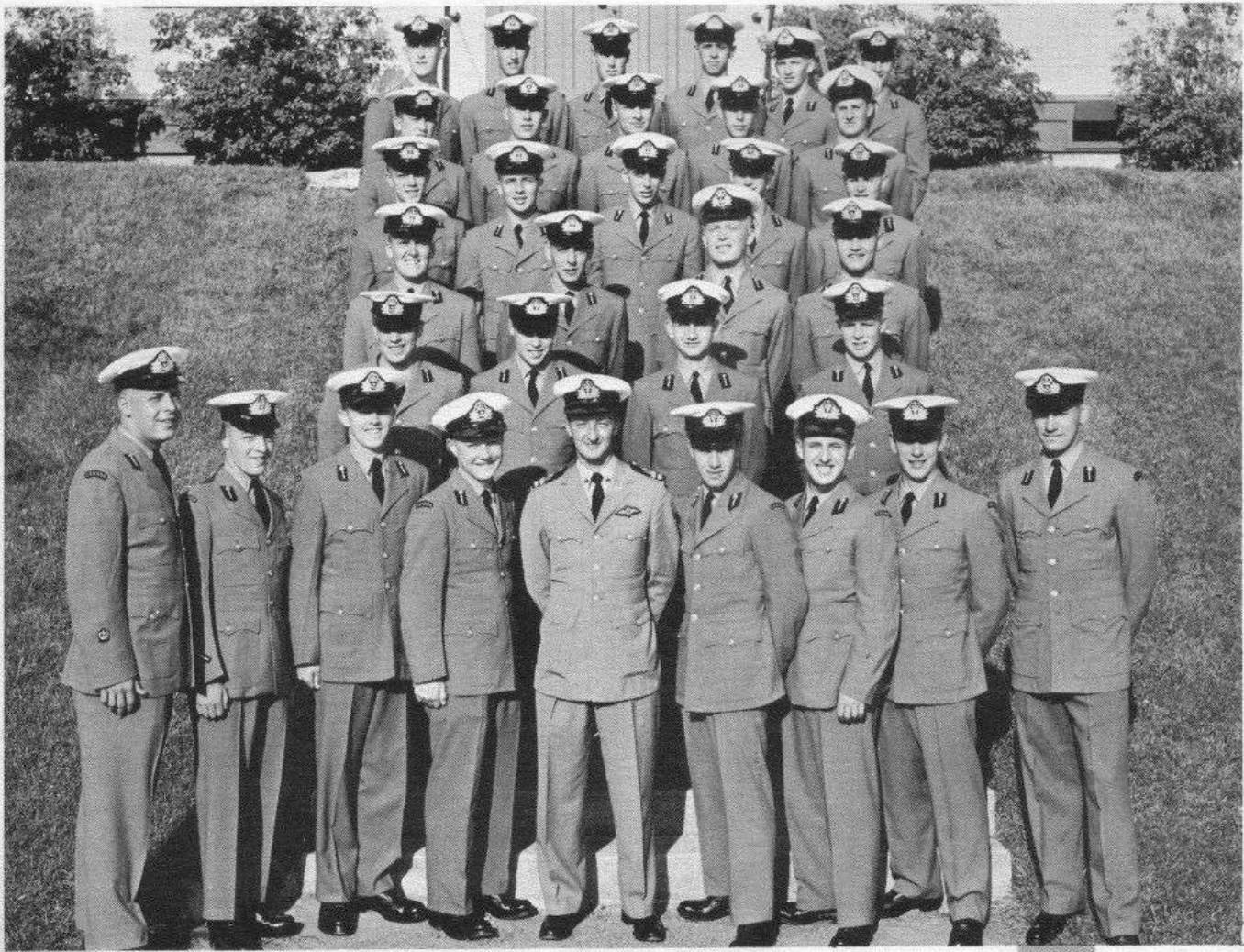
With all due respect to modesty, it is only fair to give credit where credit is due. The respect that the UNTD's enjoy among the New Entries is earned primarily by Huron's proficiency at swinging arms shoulder high, looking at the cap of the man in front and so forth. In all our deeds we have been aided and abetted by our stalwart chiefs: Lt. Burns, Mr. Came and Mr. Wallace who never forgot that his crown was on his sleeve not his head.

If you insist on spending four months of the year in Nova Scotia 500 miles from Canada, then we can't think of a much better way of doing so than by joining Huron Division.

"H-U-R, H-U-R, H-U-R-O-N.
 We are Huron Division men;
 We can fight,
 We can fight,
 We can fight and win.
 H-U-R, H-U-R, H-U-R-O-N;
 Yeeceaaaa Huronnnn!



Mon! whatch ya gotta do to get a beer



Toward mid summer, C.C.C. MacDonald gave a magnificent discourse on the care of burberries, ending by promising to charge any cadet involved in their future transfer.

At divisions two days later, a still was piped; five Haidas marched proudly up the South Block walk! The most colourful stood forth:

"C.C.C. MacDonald, we beg your indulgence for a moment! A special committee has been established, without your knowledge, to purge the present crime wave involving the loss and illegal exchange of burberries. As we all know the loss of a burberry is one of the most heinous crimes in the Navy. However in this case we believe that tact is better than severity . . ."

In his newly designed burb, our C.C.C. looked even more imposing than usual, indeed, rather like Chief Doorman at the Waldorf. The Happy Haidas had struck again!

It was in this spirit that our division passed its summer at Cornwallis Comfort Camp.

During the first two weeks we remained relatively segregated. First Years stormed an unprepared Leadership School for an all-time assault record, while cries of, "Milk!" echoed from Supply.

Conditions at sea, however, soon welded together a very close unit.

Swansea had a special flavour — Doubling, middle watches, life jackets—and we soon assumed it. With characters such as Ellerbeck Helgason, and "The Buff" aboard, it was little wonder. Even "Crash" stations had a special connotation for us.

Team spirit grew, as we won a moral victory in the whaler-liferaft race, finished a strong second in the regatta, and placed three firsts, a second, and a third in the track events at Stadacona.

Even our port-of-call was distinctive, as Swansea was the only ship that leaked badly enough to visit drydock. This provided us with an additional source of naval knowledge, both in the form of organized dockyard tours, and spontaneous encounters with famous naval personalities such as Admiral Beatty and Policewoman O'Riley.

Back to Cornwallis, then, with high potential.

As on the cruise, we distinguished ourselves in sports. Our baseball team performed admirably, even when 'Little Red' swept through its ranks; our water polo team went undefeated; our soccer team was perfectly consistent.

Socially, too, we started off with a bang—in the form of a beach party. This was so successful that half the division moved into the Pines while the other half held weekly stags to commemorate their loss.

A division's spirit is perhaps most clearly reflected in its living block. While our 'Higglyness' surged on and off, mostly off, our block activity was unsurpassed. Burlesque acts, water fights, general clowning, and bull sessions produced a real fellowship which was strengthened by our frequent 'Bible Hours'. Though a division of of-

ten stronger than the sum of its parts, it is probably the individuals with which we have lived that will make our summer most memorable.

We were very fortunate, we feel, in having Lt. R. A. Logan as our Term Lieutenant and Ron Paquin as C/C. Their efforts on our part were sincerely appreciated.

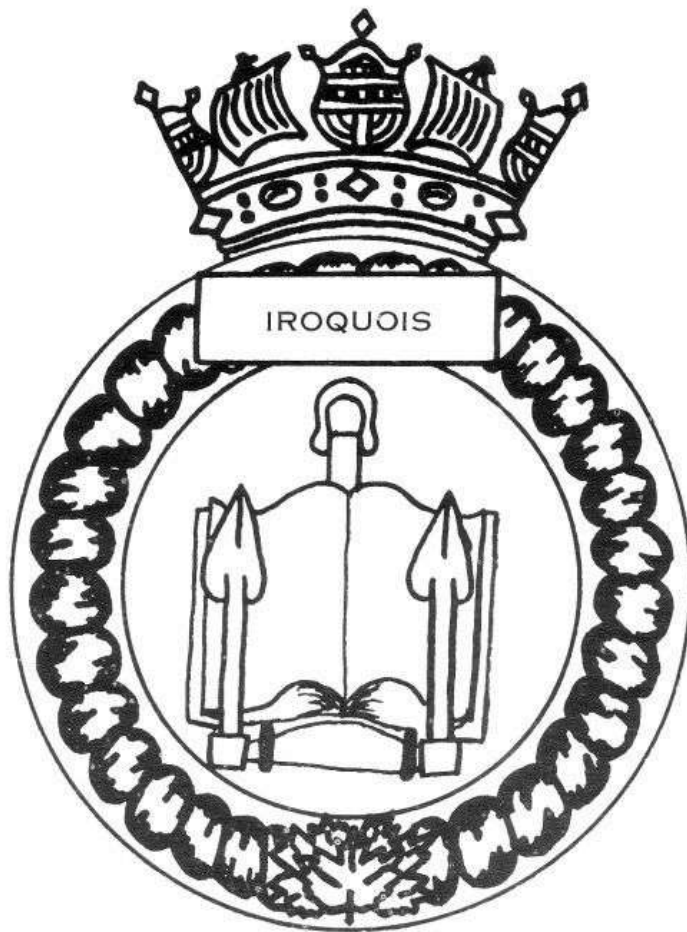
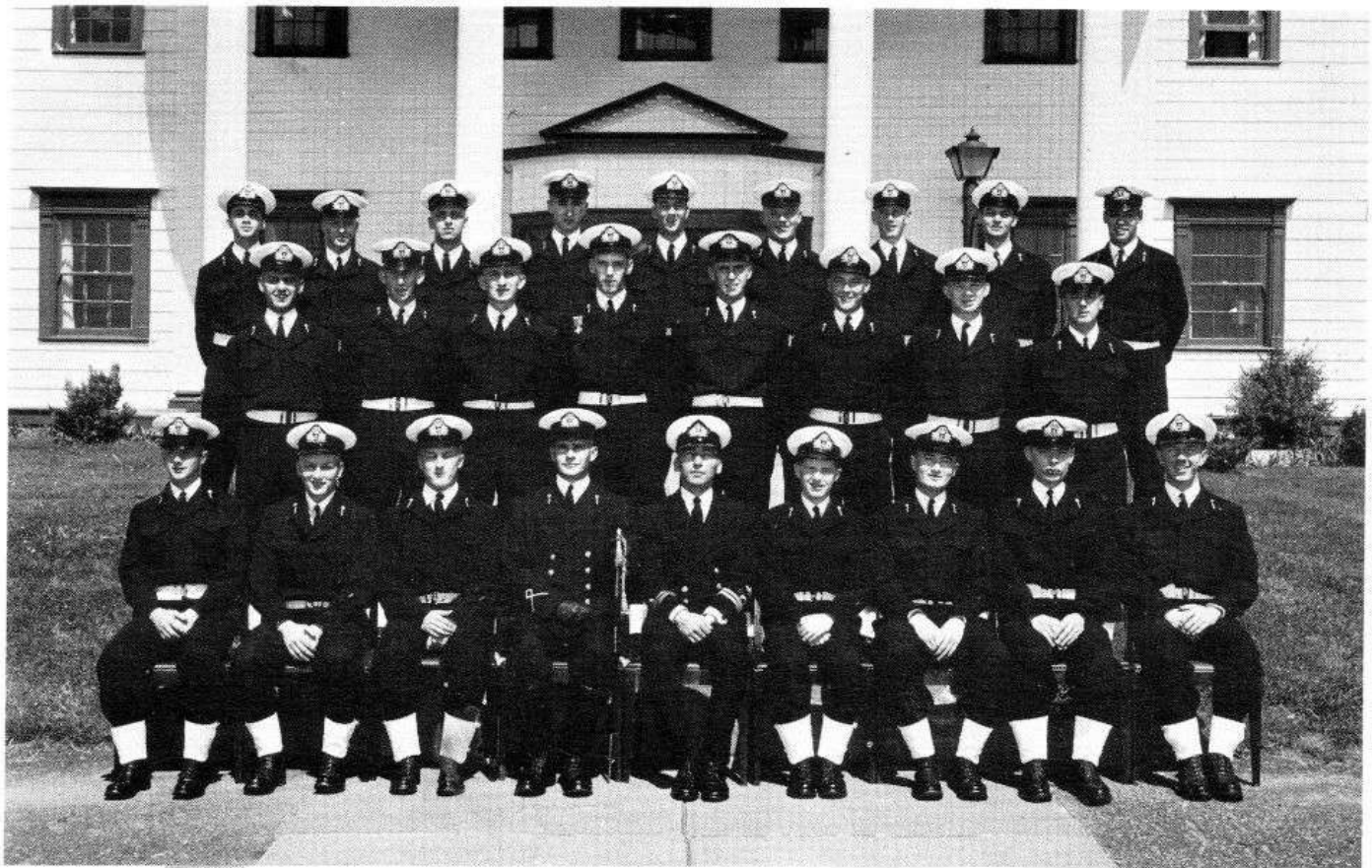


The happy Haidas had struck again

HAIDA SPORTS

In sports Haida placed well up among the twelve divisions, and second in the cruise group, despite the lack of a baseball game with Huron, whom we most certainly would have trounced. In the wonderful world of softball we finished with a two and two record in the face of the loss of two players to Little Red. In soccer, however, we did not fare as well, as our Sutherland-led team stumbled into trouble all over the field. However it was over the pool that the Haida star came to rest. In water polo we went undefeated, scoring thirty goals, and having only five scored against us. In the tabloid we placed second and in the interdivisional track meet a respectable sixth. In the swim meet we finished strongly by defeating the aspiring Kootenay relay team to cap a very close fourth position.

Such were the sports for Haida '62. We fared satisfactorily; we learned to work as a unit; we came to know each other better; but most of all, the Happy Haidas had fun.



Looking back over the summer it is not hard to see why Iroquois Division has become infamous. Probably our greatest claim to fame was that Cape Bretoner, Karl Hicks, who never had a serious moment all summer except for the first few days of Charlie Cruise. His constant witticism and sarcasm tied the division together and made it the worst on the coast. Our greatest fear at first was that of the usual French-English split. This presented no problem, however, and the division worked well as a unit.

Under the constant, "Come on, you people" and "You'll feel my size nine", C. C. Hinz ruled with an iron hand and a bark worse than his bite.

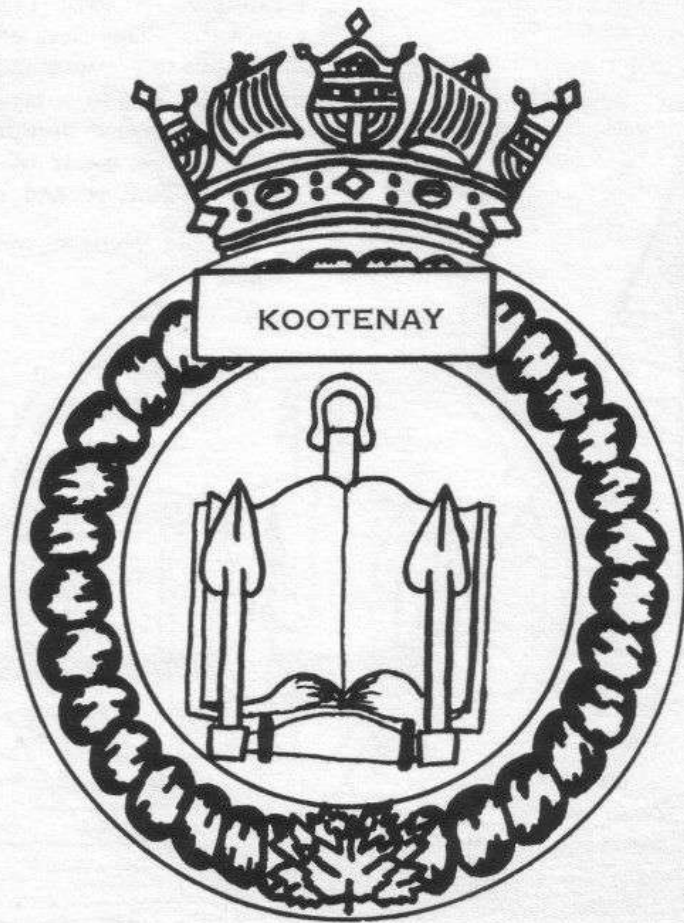
Starting from a division of four men on May 9th, we gradually grew until at the middle of June we peaked at thirty-one. This number decreased to twenty-eight by cruise time.

The first to recognize our true talents were the officers of Leadership School, who, recognizing us as being very photogenic, had us run the assault course twice so they could exercise their brownies.

Being not only photogenic, but accomplished actors as well, the Iroquois Dramatic Society was established to raise the intellectual standards at Cornwallis. The first and unfortunately last production was a command performance designed to give some life to a typical wardroom party. Despite their rather muddled condition, the officers saw the true merit of the dramatists, and soon the Wardroom rocked with laughter.

To the division we say "Au revoir" and not "Adieu".

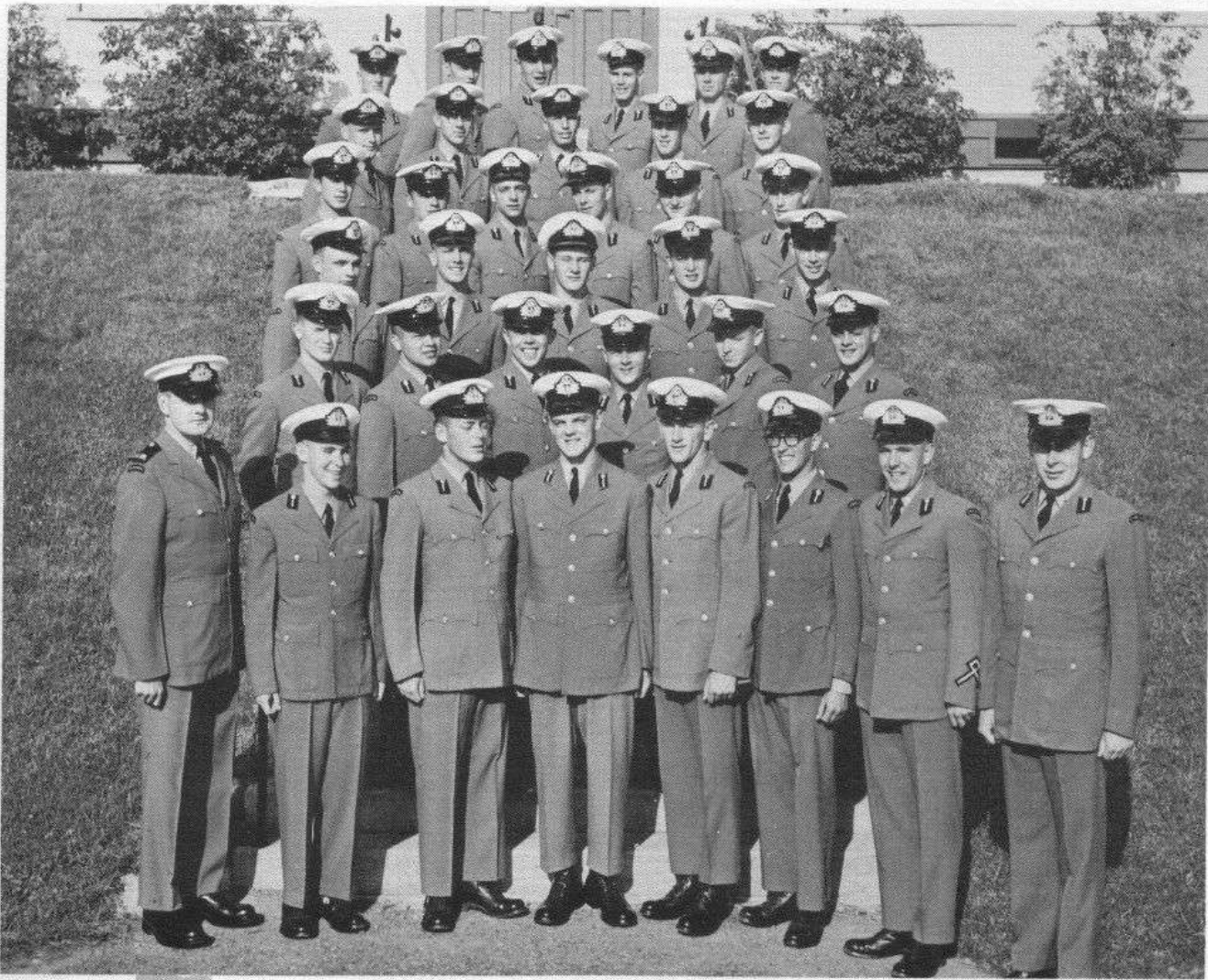




Much of the singular success of Kootenay may be attributed to the motto by which all of us lived this summer, "Unus magnus passus primus". (Anyone who cannot translate this bit of Roman wisdom (i) obviously has not enough education to appreciate this highly intellectual article, and (ii) has missed the backbone of it anyway, and might as well stop here.) A great step forward was made by Kootenay before the summer was one week over, when half the Gunroom Mess and Wall Building Committee was elected from our ranks. A phalanx of energetic worker was provided by the honored Kootenaymen, Jerry McCracken, Reay MacKay, Don Wood, and Al Lumsden, who, unaffected by the heights to which they had been raised, watched carefully over the pence and let the pounds disappear by themselves. Meanwhile the rumour was being stealthily spread by some ill-wisher that that flag, so often and so gloriously defended by somewhat misguided Kootenay patriotism, was made when an abominable snowman (one of our boys in disguise, no doubt), returning from an unprofitable but very enjoyable evening in the Gunroom, attacked the hired designer and spilled his bottle of black paint on the canvas. This standard, our termy, Lt. Fairbairn (who descended from the clouds to view us with equanimity) and our C/C, George Hall (unus maior passus primus) led us ever onward and upward. The division became known as the only truly amphibious on the coast, winning the sport meet and coming a close second in the swimming. In the former our favorite Pheidippides was Willy Vooght, although his actual victory was in the Broad jump. Hal Williams was our strong man. On the water Harper Harrison and his school of minnows brought us very close to victory.

Kootenay is composed of very social animals. This characteristic was obvious to anyone who attended the first party in the Gunroom. As the cadets drank and the girls bird-dogged, the following law was postulated by some poor soul who had nothing more pressing to do: "the intelligence and charm of women vary inversely and directly respectively with the profits of the Gunroom during a Div. party." No one understood it then, either.

If we were all wet, it was with the sweat of honest work and hard play; if we were ever discouraged, it lasted as long as the sunshine at Cornwallis. As we prepare to return to our home divs we all have a common ground of which we were proud. For even though we are all UNTD's, all university students, and all chomping at the bit to get home—above all this we are Kootenays.





"I guess we did it again, eh gang?"

A gaggle of confused, unorthodox, rowdies straggled off the train at Cornwallis. It was cold, black, and raining. Such an introduction did not dampen the visions of palm trees, white sands, and sparkling waters. No, it took almost two weeks of introduction to convince us that we were destined for the Atlantic Campaign, dubbed "Circles '62". One would think this would strike a blow at Micmac's morale. Not so. It was actually humorous. Quickly we oriented to the situation at hand and earned the high commendation of La Hullose's captain and crew. Of course it was still raining—but huddled in our Admiral Byrd's duffle coats we would muster on the quarterdeck. The spirit expressed itself even while on watch.

"Visual contact.
Bearing red three zero.
Elevation four five.
Heading this way.
It looks like a shaft, sir."

It wasn't long before we were sticking our fingers into everything. It was no surprise then when Chef Ahrens began serving meals in the galley. The odd menu was made up by the cadets. Gill, the scran man, lurked in the shadows of number five mess. Periodically the contents of Wilcox's locker would be scraned. Consequently White would be missing half his kit. Then there was the rage of collecting; lobster traps, dead eagles, and four inch shells. Luckily termie had a birthday and much of the trash was quickly wrapped.

On the completion of the 149th circle, we came alongside. I now know how Noah felt. It was still raining. With burburies, suits, and kit bags concealing our 4" prizes, we staggered up top. Very unconcerned we marched down to the quarterdeck and across the brow. We had made

it undetected. As we stepped ashore P.O. Nixon's voice rang out clearly from behind, "Those four inchers are heavy, aren't they boys."

The dead eagle, previously housed in Victoria General's nurses' residence led the way back to wonderful, wonderful Cornwallis.

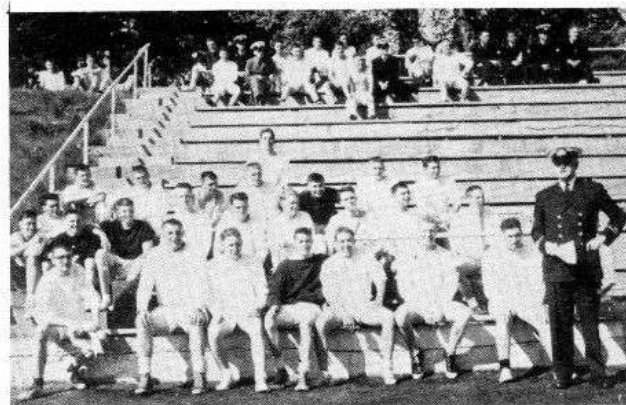
The Micmac spirit, sometimes mashed, broke through repeatedly. The Micmac Layers turned to and laid sidewalks of undisputable quality. Monday morning we mustered a guard with four cadets never having held a rifle. By Friday we were deemed the best guard ever to pass the dais in 1962. Who else would have had the nerve to say, "Buck up on the dais, Sir!"

The highest marks in block clean-up are ours. At the time of writing our track team had taken the cruise meet, and the Bold Deceivers had won third place laurels at the Highland Games. Look at the Championship Tennis team. Half are Micmac.

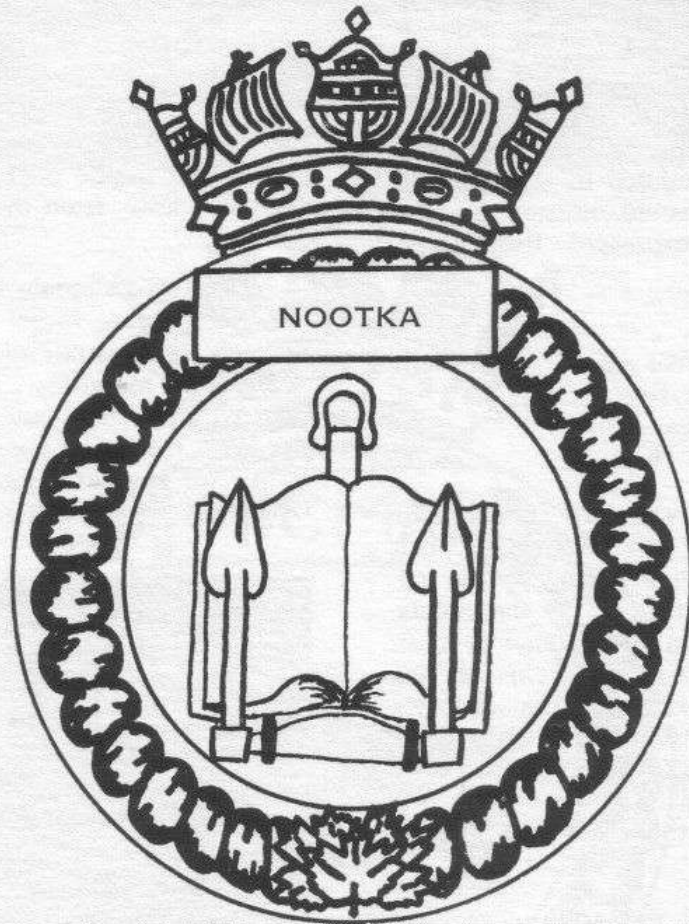
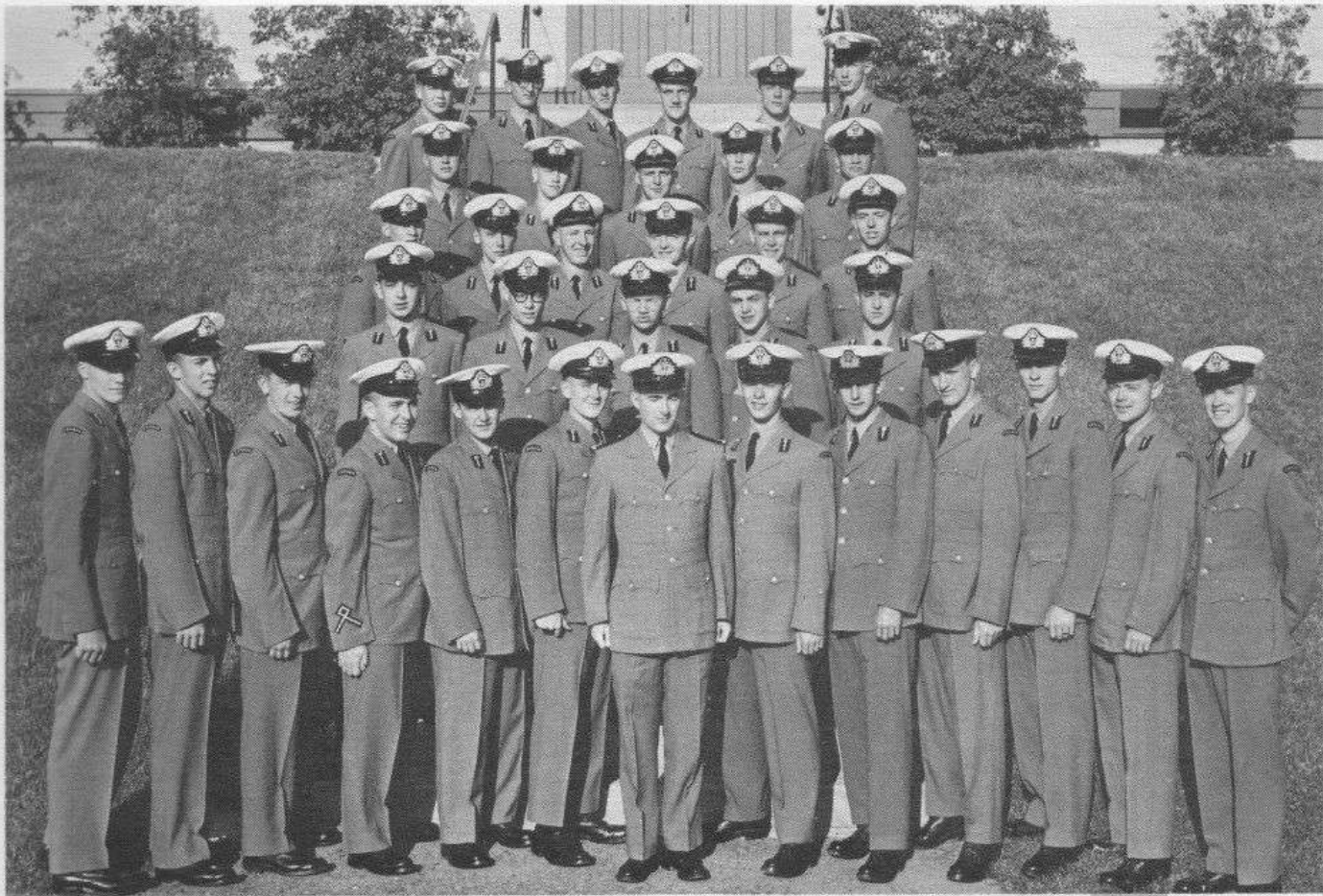
On the lighter side there was Broome who would muster for fire drills in his #3's with a full set of Samsonite and a wheelbarrow. Could Segal Boots ever be replaced? Quoth the two hundred and ninety pounds of Shaw, "Snaggle up that gaggle pack, down slack on the jackstay, stay away from that pin on the quarterdeck, Sir."

And Cadet Captain Glassford, loved so dearly. How can anyone forget the way he sighed to his division, "This is our song" when the band played "Wulverton Mountain". And termie, good old termie. Who was that guy from the Ozarks?

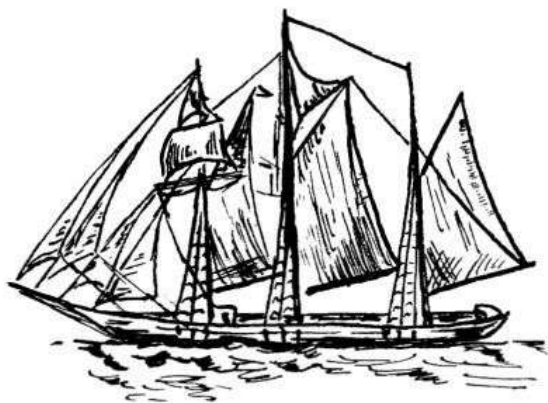
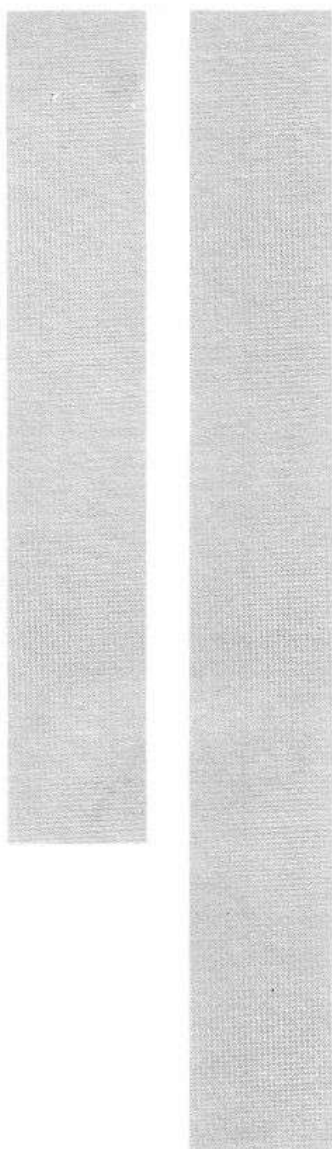
With the highest marks and the greatest humility we modestly look back on our summer. God, guys, we were good.



"I know you won but don't just sit there, do something"



No sooner had this group of individuals arrived at sunny Cornwallis than the cry of "Noooootka" was heard resounding through the corridors of South Block. This shout and several beebles from individuals in authority were to become the signal around the Base that a gaggle of Nootkans were about to descend upon you.



The Nootka cadets aboard the Lauzon were a well-knit group which saw victory in almost nothing they did: the life raft race at Rose Bay, the Regatta at Shelburne, the closely lost sports meet, and the conquest on the beaches of McNab's Island were notable exceptions. If our cruise had promised to be dull, the Nootka cadets aboard the Lauzon and Cap de la Madeleine did much to make it quite the opposite.

We were fortunate to have a Queen's boy in the person of S/Lt. Elder as Termy, and an admiral, our own private admiral, as leading cadet. To rub salt in the wound, they gave us an Ontarioite as Cadet Captain. This little whizzer riding, beard sporting (sometimes), gash can puncher often had his patience tried but always managed to come up laughing — a toothy Nootka grin from ear to ear. Upon our return from sea certain phrases escaped the lips of these three:

from the Termy: "I should have gone to summer school"

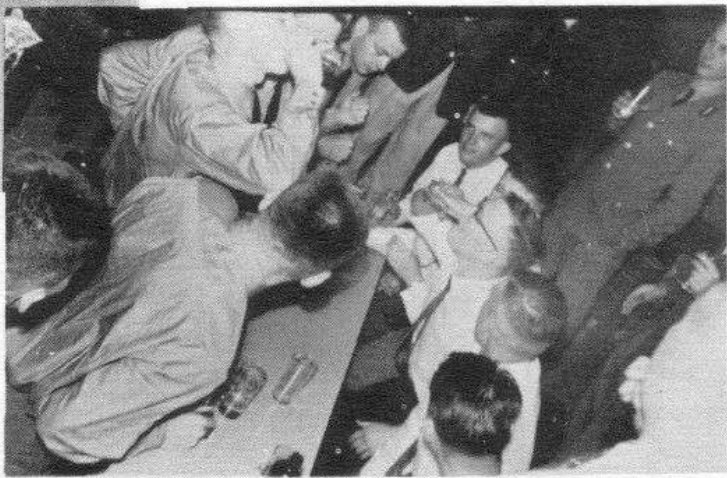
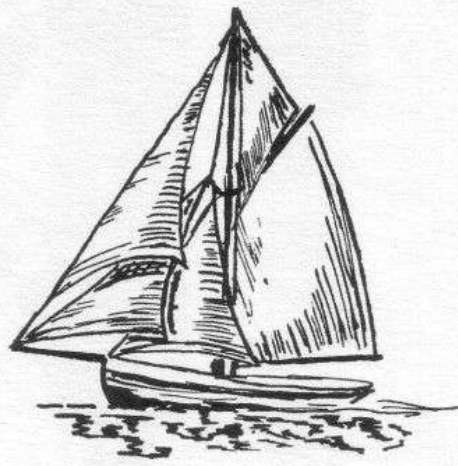
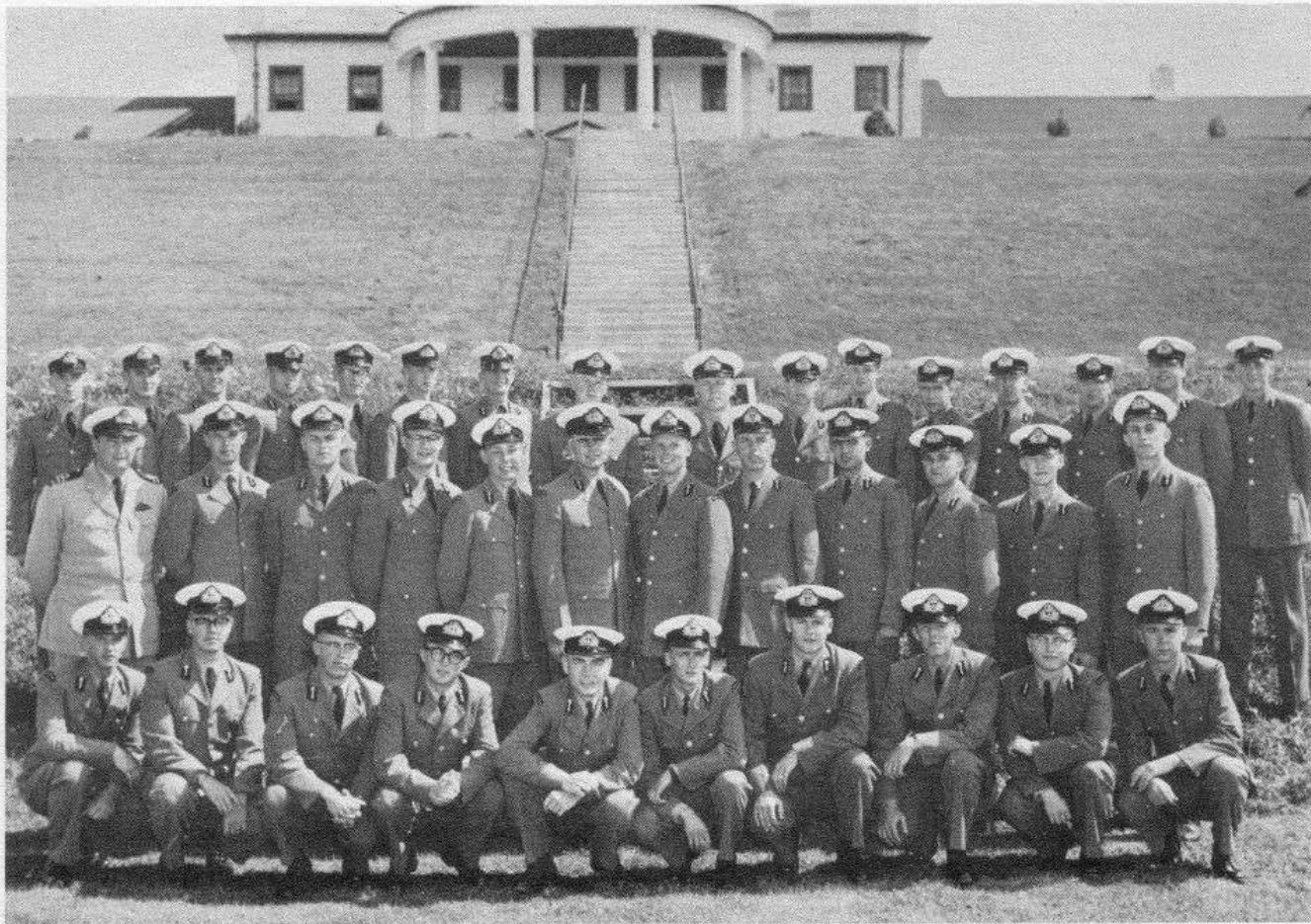
from the C/C: "God help me"

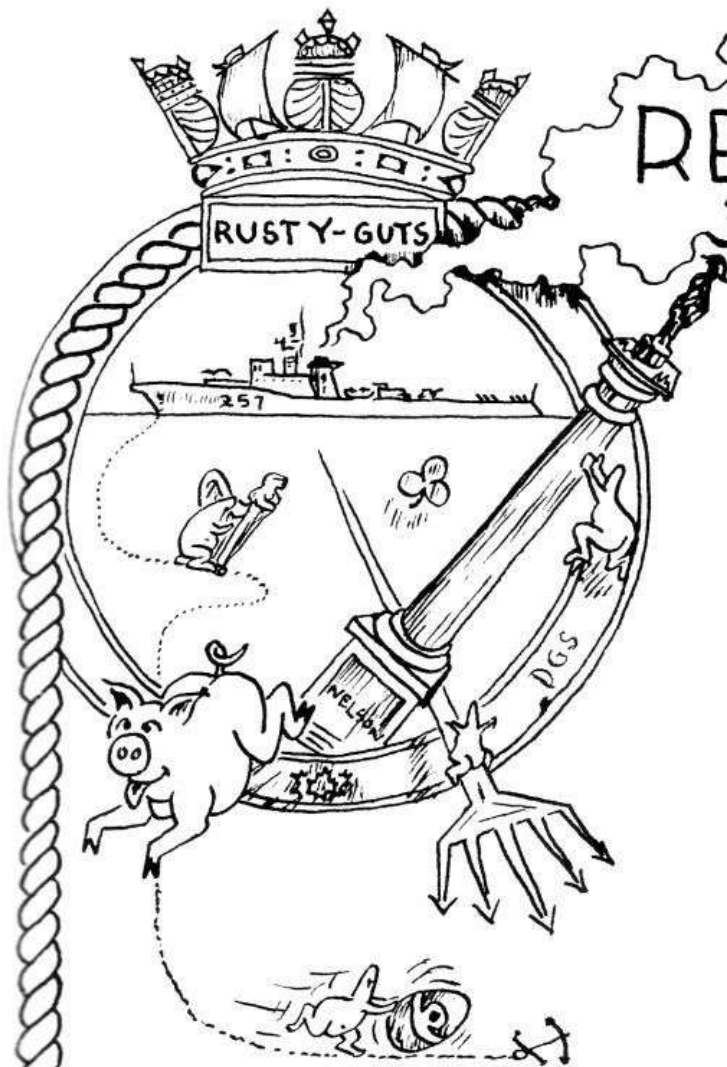
from the L/C: "I'm not the boss, he is!"

In spite of obstacles such as Canflagdome's scran locker, our daily musters at slack party, dusty floors, and rain (ohhhhhh those drip-drip-dripping burbs), Nootka division never became discouraged for more than two weeks at a time. But, then, we could always laugh at Reid when things got tough.

By no means the least of our accomplishments were athletic. We started fast, passed the field, and coasted until the end. We pulled our way to victory in the regatta and were just edged by half a point in the Alpha Cruise track meet. These two showings enabled us to cinch the "Cock of the Walk" trophy. Back at Cornwallis we proceeded to build an unbeatable soccer team around the haughty Newf, Noseworthy, who kept the goal clean and the air blue. The baseball team did almost as well dropping only one game in a hectic season of five. Our water polo team, however, on seeing the disappointment of other divisions on being continually trounced by Nootka, were perfect gentlemen in letting the other divisions win every game. Altogether we maintained a perfect record of sportsmanship, and that's pretty damn good, considering what we had to work with.

Nootka '62 leaves this summer knowing that the memories of it still live on the Lauzon with the "Cock of the Walk" trophy, with the only senior officer charged by a cadet division, with the girls of the Convent of the Sacred Heart and the girls of St. John. We modestly realize that we were the best in '62—long live perfection—long live NOOOOOTKA.





RESTIGOUCHE

But after the sports
The track and swim meet,
We passed through Nav. school
On our way to the Fleet.

For soon we were off
On the seven high seas,
Scrubbing again
The Jimmie to please.

The Cap de la Madeleine,
And Buckingham too
These Ninth Escort ships
Carried Restigouche crew.

At Plymouth we docked
Our stomachs still taut;
To London and Dublin,
Where pleasures we sought.

And as we sailed back
Across the seas drear,
We sang of the isles,
The girls, rain, and beer.

From the call of the sea
To "Corny" we went,
Our energy gone,
Our money all spent.

Through march-pasts, inspections
We came with "Well done!"
And for cabin clean-ups
Decks shone like the sun.

At this point, for classes
The division split up;
Leadership, Com Div
Supply, and then supps.

Our title was Restigouche,
A name of great fame,
And justice we did
To this glorious name.

We drilled and we trained,
At Cornwallis at first,
Using the Gunroom
To quench our great thirst.

Our guard proved successful,
Our collars well starched;
Soon after seven miles
On the route march we parched.

Restigouche, Restigouche,
Restigouche, rah —
Restigouche, Restigouche,
Lump tiddy dah.



From the depths of degradation to the shining light of "C" Cruise Sioux Division has risen during this summer of rain. Not only did we sweep our way to superiority in block clean-up and write our way to eminence in journals but also we managed to cover the route march in record time. In addition to this, we satisfied ourselves, if no-one else, that we were the best marchers.

Most of our lowly first years and exalted heroes of many eons of naval life hailed from the divisions of Hunter, Donnacona, Montcalm, and Cabot (except for two strays from Sherbrooke and one waif from Alberta).

One might be led to believe, because of the great quantity of noise and hot air that issue forth from his voluminous lungs, that L/Cdt Speer is Sioux's chain of command in its entirety. However, this is a case of the smallest link in making the loudest noise. Much of the credit for Sioux's pre-eminence in all fields must be given to our industrious termy S/Lt. Letourneau and our pensive Cadet Captain, "Skin-book" White.

On the field the Sioux men never yield, although we lose quite often. In water polo we were undefeated, a remarkable feat when one considers the crowded schedule we faced one game. Led by Paul 'the Bull' Russo, our high-stepping soccer squad trampled to death all would be challengers in winning three out of eight games. With fielding out of this world and pitching out of the strike zone, our entire baseball team has been signed by the Cornwallis Shakespearean Society for next year's production of "A Comedy of Errors". The exacting athletic stan-



dards of the division were just slightly relaxed when Andy "the arm" Dumouchel managed only a second in the Javelin throw at the Highland Games after his first at the Atlantic Command meet. In spite of this slight letdown the image of Sioux's athletic distinction will live forever and forever and forever.

In the Gunroom at all times Sioux was "saoul" . . . except for the brief hours of the divisional party . . . and then they were really "saoul". However, we were the only cadets who had the foresight to prepare a fitting Gunroom reception for Commodore Medland in true pusser style—a Commodore's pajama guard in 227A's (without decorations).

This was Sioux 1962. To those leaving Cornwallis for a year on the west coast, we say, "Bonne chance." Those returning once more to Cornwallis, we know will carry the spirit and prowess of Sioux '62 into the summer of '63.



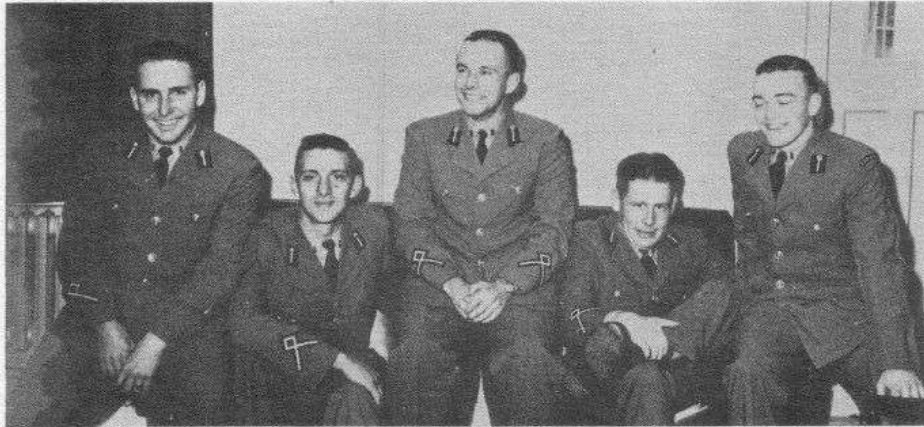
"Where is your spiffy, Cadet?"



C/C/C W. MacDonald

CADET CAPTAINS

L. to R.
C/C Elmes
C/C Came
S/C/C Vroom
C/C Classford
C/C Paquin



L. to R.
C/C Patton
C/C Hall
S/C/C Doederlein
C/C Buchnam
C/C Gerhart

L. to R.
C/C White
C/C Leslie
S/C/C Courier
C/C Hinz
C/C Wall





THIRD

YEARS



1962 Class of Supply and Administration

Front Row reading left to right

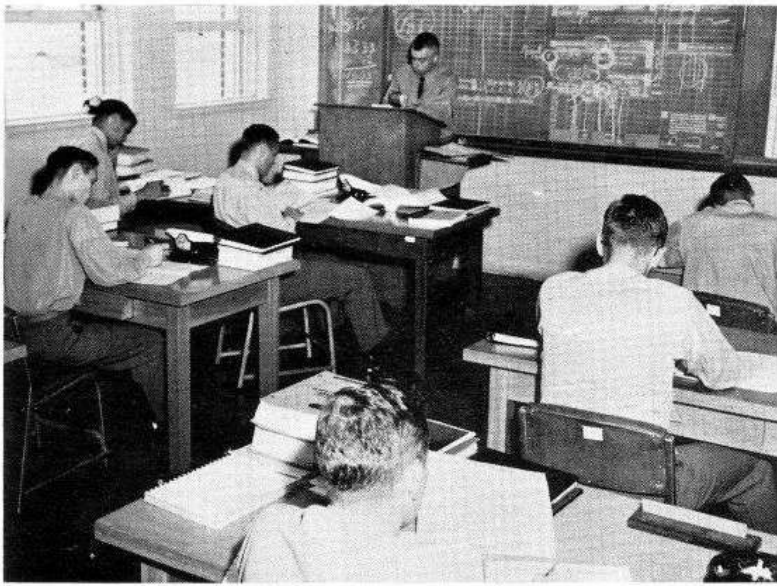
LCDR Jones; CDR Cossette; Lt. Bray; S/Lt. Grant

Center Row from left to right

Cdt. R. Soloman; Cdt. R. Del Col; Cdt. P. Sabourin; Cdt. F. Gorgichuk; Cdt. R. Walker; Cdt. A. Gagne; Cdt. T. Le Brun; Cdt. T. Flaherty.

Rear Row from Left to Right

Cdt. P. Kincaid; Cdt. J. Lynch; Cdt. L. Decore; Cdt. B. Campbell; Cdt. P. Nasmith; Cdt. R. Plumsteel.



Lt. Weatherby instructing cadets in the Public Funds phase of the Supply course.

HMCS Hochelaga is known throughout the Navy as the school of the cooks, but it was for a slightly different purpose that sixteen U.N.T.D. Cadets arrived to undertake the Supply and Administration course. The course begins in early June and terminates in late July with all eight weeks being spent in this specialization phase.

The course itself consists of a number of phases and probably the most interesting from an accountant's point of view would be the non-public funds phase wherein we learn the accounting methods used by the R.C.N. It is a fallacy that must be overcome if one thinks that only accountants will understand this part of the course. In actual fact, it is a combination of an excellent text-book and equally good instructors which make this phase and others of the supply course at least understandable.

The public funds phase is almost self explanatory as it deals with the trials and tribulations that the supply officer must go through to procure and protect the taxpayers' money. Needless to say, he is equally responsible for ensuring the correctness of the pay records of officers and men.

Material Management is the phase concerned with the procurement and stowage of all stores including provisions and general stores. All the various forms used in the R.C.N. for the procurement of stores becomes second nature after this phase is entered. The administrative phase complete with its discussion of N.A.T.O. and confidential reports proved to be most informative.

The work consists not only in lectures but throughout the course there were practical assignments which brought us even closer to the posi-

tion of a Supply Officer. A number of field trips were conducted in a more complete development of this practical theme. They included an extensive tour of the Naval Supply Depot in Montreal and a special visit to Canadian Vickers and the new 261 (Mackenzie Class DDE). This tour was an excellent brief regarding the plans and preparation that man must go through in order to commission a new ship. The tour began by showing the actual plant facilities where the ships are built. Then the blueprints and planning phases were explained. This was all organized so as to meet with the climax which was an actual tour of the Mackenzie herself from stem to stern.

The time is not all work and no play as one might imagine and the Wardroom with its complete facilities provided many hours of pleasure for the third year cadets. This of course was supplemented by the excellent entertainment of Montreal which is known across Canada for its uniqueness. Perhaps it was not complete pleasure for some, but the trip to Quebec City was very impressive. All the past history seemed to come alive as the sun set on the plains of Abraham. The UNTD Cadets were given the honour of marching under arms in the Champlain Day celebrations on July 1. Needless to say, the effort put out by the Cadets was greatly appreciated by the people of Quebec City.

If man lives on the sportsfield, then the life at Hochelaga will not disappoint him. A ball field, tennis court, and gymnasium are all within the base itself and a swimming pool near by completes the pleasure. In the annual sports tabloid the UNTD Cadets team won first prize with a perfect score of sixty-four (64) points. They then retired to the patio to drink to their victory and enjoy the victory cake. Three Cadets also played ball for the ship's team and this helped to spread the good name of the UNTD's.

The Supply Course at Hochelaga is designed to prepare the future officer to become a supply officer aboard a DDE and this is accomplished by a combination of theoretical and practical work.

The course is difficult but knowing that you are qualified in some respects makes the effort put forth well worth it. Good luck to the UNTD Supply Class of 1962.



The 1000 coffee break in the Wardroom. Reading from left to right: Cdt. P. Sabourin; Cdt. H. O'Neill; Cdt. T. Flaherty; Cdt. J. Osburn; Cdt. P. Kincaid; Cdt. R. Solomon; Cdt. B. Campbell; and Cdt. A. Gagne.



The UNTD's enjoying bar privileges, Reading from left to right: L. S. Lapierre; Cdt. R. Del Col; Cdt. P. Nasmith; Cdt. T. LeBrun; Cdt. R. Walker; Cdt. L. Decore; Cdt. F. Gorchuck; Cdt. R. Plumsteel; and Cdt. S. Sabourin.



LITTLE "C"

The six third year cadets enrolled in the RCNR Specialist Communication course spent 10 weeks beating a path between the wardroom, communication school, and "N" galley. Cornwallis being as it is, there was also a well-travelled road to Digby Pines, and the entertainment offered there. But towards the end of the cruise, "N" galley's meals created an even stronger basic need, and our terminal point became the Bon-E-Lass, offering the finest seaburgers in Nova Scotia.



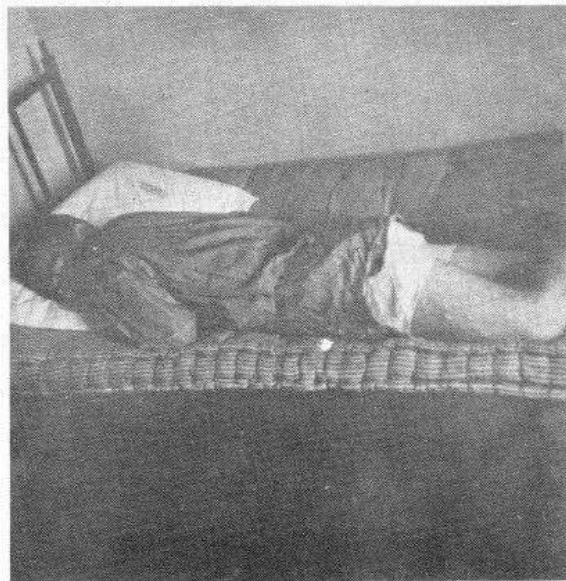
As for the course, it covered the whole field of communication quite completely, and gave us all a sense of being at last useful to the Navy.

All the small "c"s departed for three weeks of sea duty in HMCS Chaudiere Restigouche and Kootenay. With them, and with the rest of the departed third years, went the red-footed bear, who spread his fame and his rocketship red paw-prints on the Admiral's helicopter. With them too goes the unexplained riddle "who put that whaler on the Gunroom lawn?"

"The MacKenzie Lions"



Our compatriots in small "c" were three Sub-Lieutenants and a Lieutenant, who provided good advice, friendship and the occasional cigarette. Noon hours and dogwatches found the white group performing in the much appreciated wardroom pool. The result was an aquatic display team of considerable merit, although laughter rather than applause was the usual reception.



Between May and September of this year the ships of the ninth escort squadron were hosts to some four hundred U.N.T.D. cadets during the sea training portion of their summer routine. During each of the three cruises, Alfa, Bravo and Charlie the cadets took an active part in the ship's routine aboard either Cap de la Madeleine, La Hullose, Lauzon, Buckingham, or Swansea.

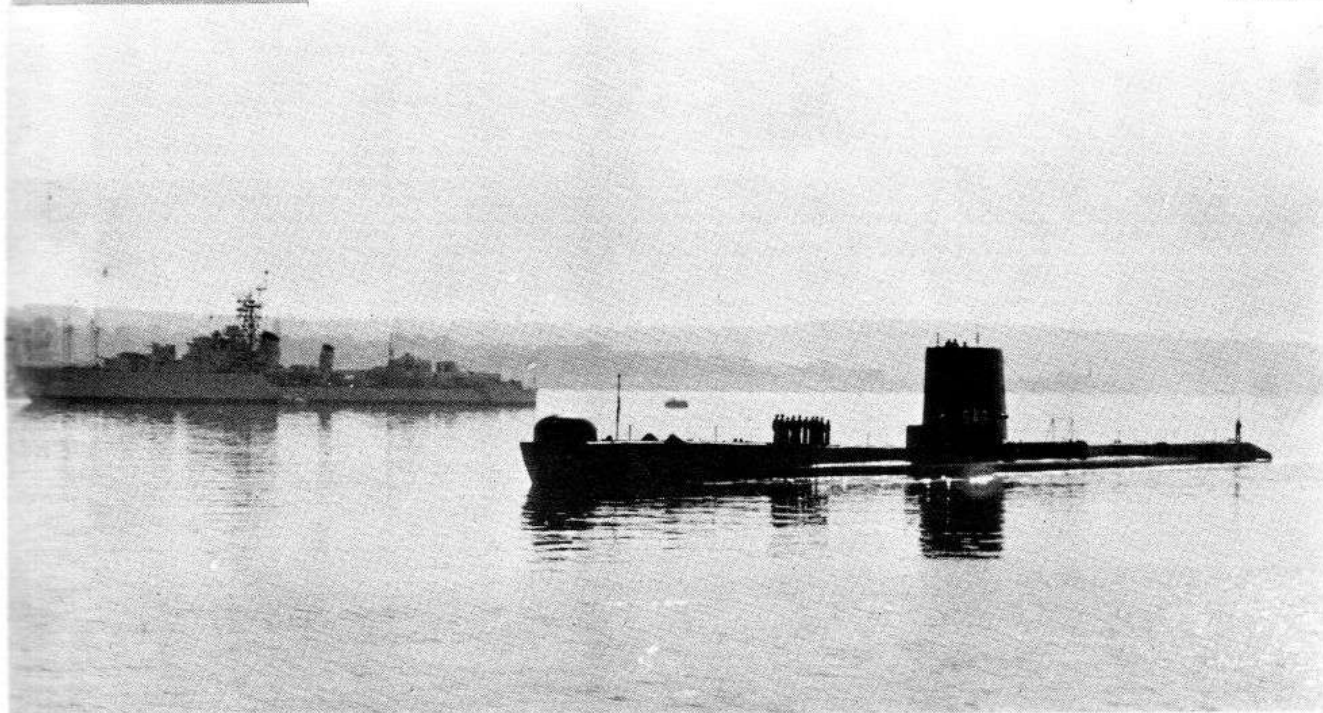
Alfa cruise, despite the fact that their ports of call were few and far between, was by far the most interesting and educational cruise that cadets will be able to participate in for a long time, being an integral part of the duty squadron patrolling Canadian waters was an unforgettable experience. Cruise Bravo cadets were seen in many places in England and Ireland.

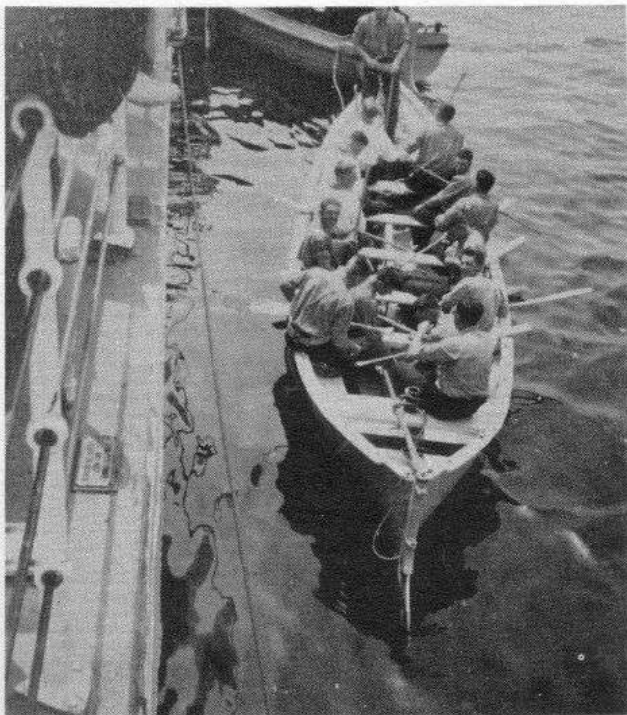
It was a long voyage but it was worth it. Last but by no means least we have cruise Charlie fighting its way through icebergs in Hudson's Bay toward old Fort Churchill in northern Manitoba.

The emphasis throughout the cruise was placed on basic seamanship for the first years, and practical navigation for the second years. Before a man can truly be called a naval officer and take an essential place as part of a fighting unit he must have adapted himself to the confinement and discomforts aboard ship. Most cadets took readily and cheerfully to this new life; not only to the more pleasant aspects such as boat pulling and racing but also to the day-to-day routine tasks of cleaning, painting and standing watches. Whenever opportunity permitted seamanship evolutions, shoots and general workups were included in the program.

I am sure during the all too short period spent with the squadron that we all left with our powers of leadership and discipline improved and with a better understanding of the difficulties encountered by the Royal Canadian Navy in carrying out her role in maintaining her NATO commitments.

U N T D C R U I S E 1 9 6 2





Away seaboat's crew.

Cadets from Micmac division joining HMCS "La Hulloise" to commence the first cruise of the year. For many of the cadets it was their first close contact with the real navy.



Early morning P.T. on the quarter deck of HMCS "Cap de la Madeleine" enroute Portsmouth.



LIFE AT SEA

Every cadet spends approximately five weeks of his summer aboard ship and Cadet J. Blotz is no exception. Just for a yuk let's consider a usual day in Blotz's life at sea. One of the first things that he learns is that not only is there a chain of command that is rigidly adhered to but there is also a very efficient sewage system that works in reverse to the chain of command; some dirt is kicked up at the bottom and it flies all the way to the top where it hits the fan and dribbles back down through the chain of command.

Let's see how this little principle affects Blotz's life. The first day aboard Blotz hears the pipe, "hands to muster on the upper deck for leaving Harbour." Being a typical, keen cadet he runs up top to see what this is all about but as it is too foggy to see anything anyway he sneaks off to the gyro-compass room for a few hours crash time. Now the old man catches wind of this little misdemeanor and drops the Jimmie for letting such an outrageous occurrence occur; the Jimmie in turn sounds off at the sea training officer who lowers the boom on Blotz's seasick termy who lays into Blotz's even seasicker cadet captain, P.O.C. Gashford (any resemblance to anyone is purely coincidental), who in turn rolls out of his cart and arouses the leading cadet who is told to aright this wrong. The leading cadet, fully unaware of what the wrong is that he is to aright but rather annoyed at being awakened at ten o'clock in the morning, pounces on Blotz who has done nothing all morning except scrub out the cafeteria, scrape all the paint off the focs'le and repaint the funnel. I leave you to visualize the results of this encounter — horrible, simply horrible.

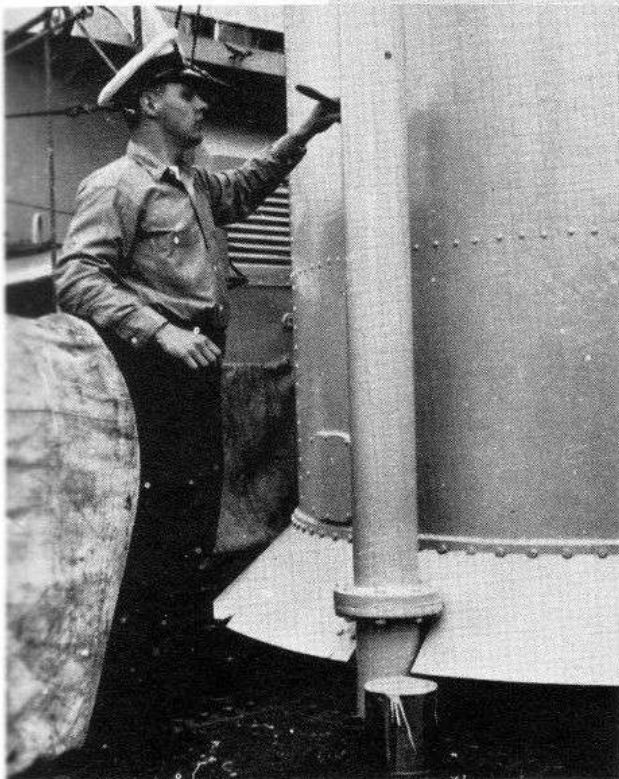


At 0600 this same morning a pleasing voice came over the intercom, screaming, "wakie, wakie, wakie." At the same time C/C Gashford was at his side screeching, "Buck-up Blotz; you just got three days slackers for being last out of your cart." Poor Blotz, he forgot that his cart was third from the deck. But the tiffy gave him some aspirin and told him that a muster on the upper deck would do wonders for a cracked skull.

With the exception of those miscellaneous chores mentioned above, the morning was unusually slack. After a hearty lunch of soda crackers and rice krispies, Blotz and the rest of his buddies mustered in hummy old five mess for the usual afternoon of classes. The ship kept going uuup and dooown, uuup and dooown, then it began going sideways, then; then Blotz can't remember exactly what happened but everybody was sort of disgusted with him.

At last, secure; at least that's what poor Blotz thinks. But little does he know that he has another good two or three hours out in the freezing drizzle while the towing evolution is going on. And Blotz, you'd better bring your lifebelt because if the carpenter's stopper slips and you get whipped through the stern fairlead with the towing wire you could drown, but don't worry; cadets are expendable. Why are we towing her when she's not even broken down? Well you know how it is with a ship this size; it's rather difficult to find original entertainment for all the spare time that cadets have on their hands. Oh, don't worry about the dirt and the rope-burns on your hands; they'll heal after you've been back at Cornwallis for a month or two.

2300, sacktime. Oh that's right I forgot all about that seamanship notebook and to top it off I get shafted with the middles.





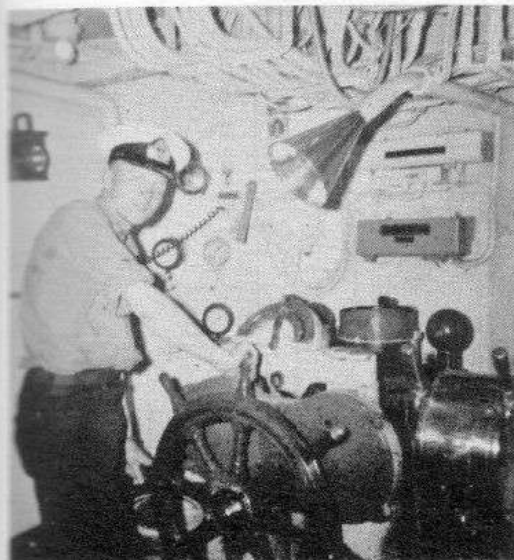
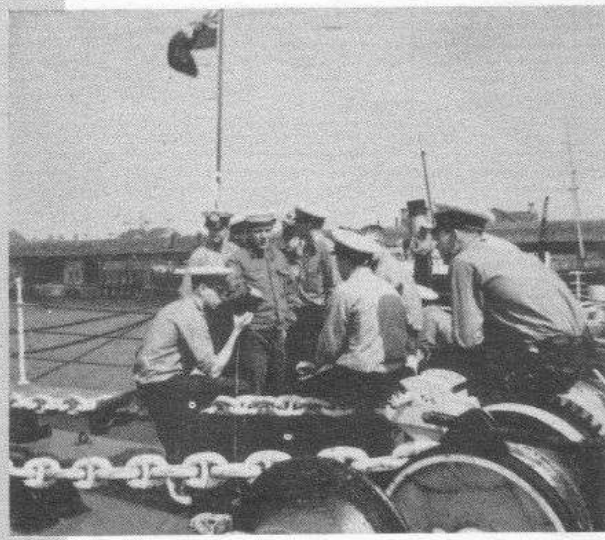
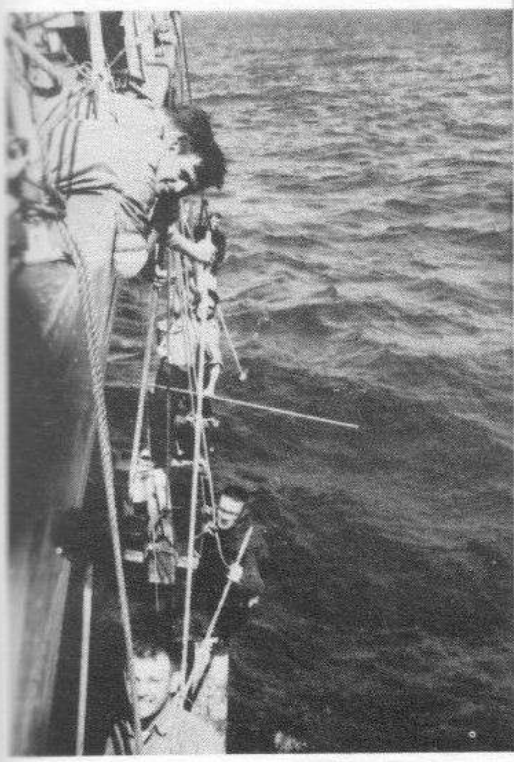
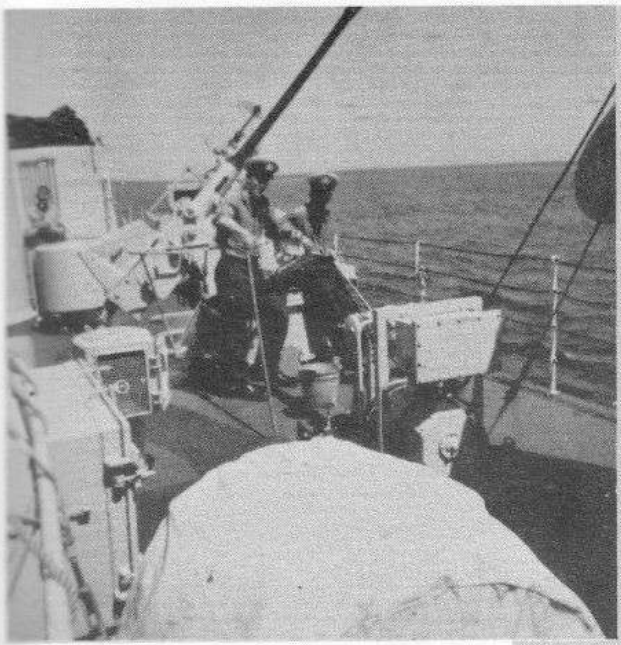
Cdr. K. Grant, R.C.N., being returned to his ship, HMCS "Cap de la Madeleine" after completing an inspection of HMCS "Swansea".

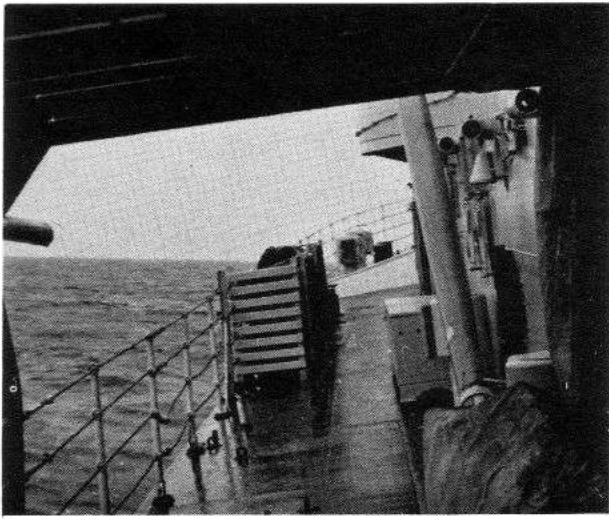


Cadets boat crew prepares to ship from HMCS "Lauzon" enroute Portsmouth.



Preparing for towing evolution aboard HMCS "Cap de la Madeleine".





SUR LA MER

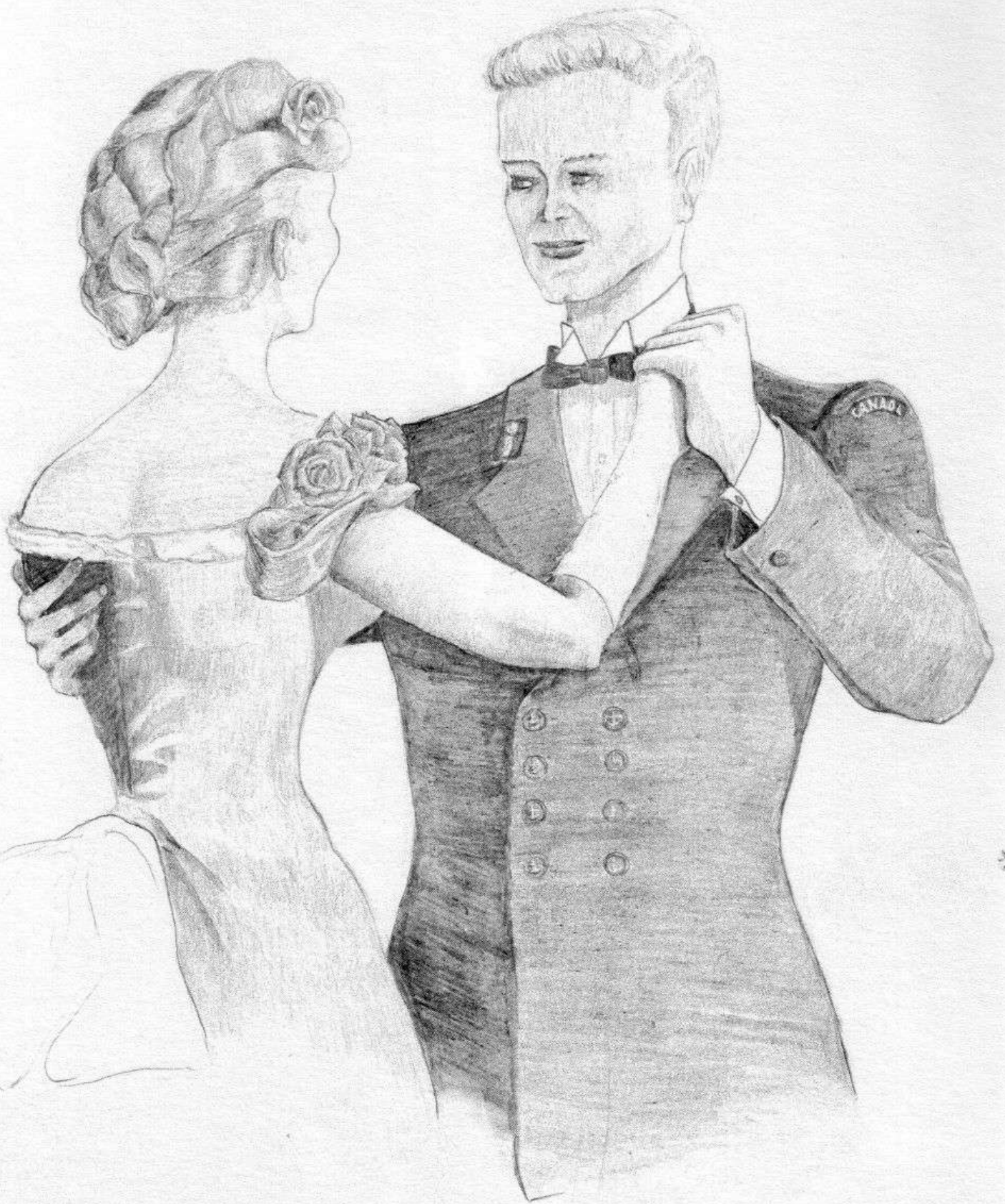
Sur La Mer, quand la terre disparaît
C'est ton regard, qui semble me suivre
Sur La Mer, quand la terre disparaît
C'est ton souvenir, qui me fait vivre.

Et pourtant,
V'ai choisi de partir
En emportant
Ces frêles souvenirs
Souvenirs d'un soir d'été
Tu te rappelles! Là, sur le quai!
Tu m'as dit ces mots pas compliqués.
Ces mots qui m'ont marqué.

Sur La Mer, quand la terre disparaît
Je me rappelle ton portrait
Cheveux au vent, les yeux oïstraits
Comme si jamais, je ne reviendrais!

Paul White, '62



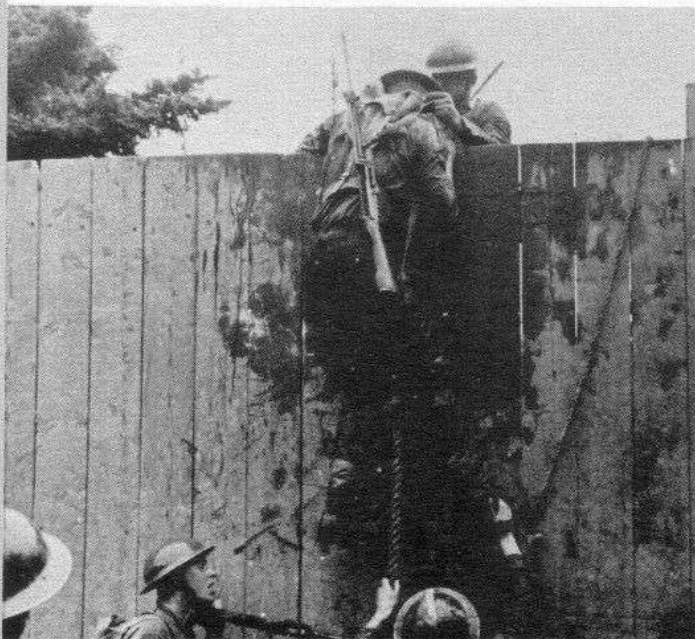


ACTIVITIES

I won't look down, I
won't look down, I
won't . . .



Join the Navy & see
the world—HAH!



This has got "N" gal-
ley beat by a long
shot.

Ouch—hey, leggo my
ears.

Hey—it's a little dirty
but they'll never find
us here.



These Nova Scotian
one lane bridges are
murder.



You say you don't
smoke much.

And don't come back.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS



Cmdr. M. A. Medland

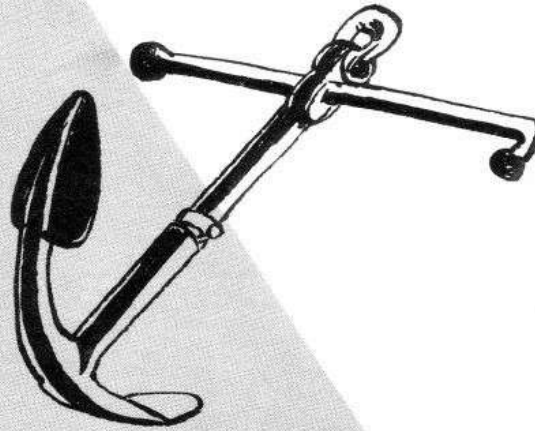


Cmdr. P. E. Taylor



Flash — Lieuties battle it out in the gunroom.

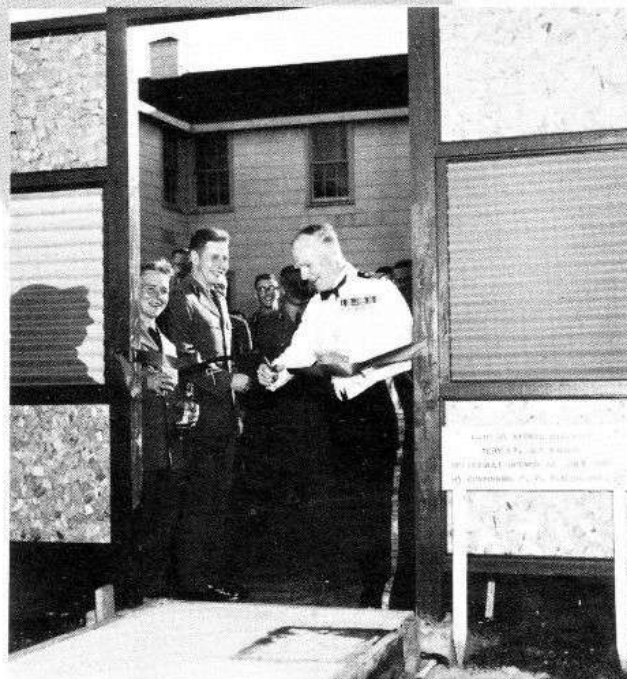
The gunroom committee caused more than a little dissension among the ranks with their eight hundred dollar beer garden wall but when it stopped raining two weeks later and the beer garden came into operation the dissension dissolved. On July the eighteenth Commodore Medland, while visiting Cornwallis, officially opened the beer garden at a party held in his honour. Unfortunately most of the bods at the party could not remember enough to give me any details of the goings on. Word has it that a number of lieutenants were responsible for the demolition of the Courtroom in an honest to goodness, down and out beer battle with cadets while the Commodore was presented with his pennant by a number of Nootka types who had previously pilfered it by some devious means that they would not disclose.



\$64,000? — Will MacRae's Meander Crumble?

During their second free week Micmac division volunteered to construct the much needed sidewalks to and from the UNTD administration, gunroom and south block. Then on 25 July Commodore Taylor while a guest at the gunroom was to leave his foot print in the walk, unfortunately his foot left no impression in the wet cement that had been sitting around since the sidewalks were laid. The space allotted for this will forever remain filled with gravel as a momento of his visit. Again as at previous pusser parties the battle between officers and cadets ranged far into the night long after duty cadets and bartenders had gone screaming hysterically from the building. I vaguely remember certain termies stumbling down the wardroom boulevard singing divisional songs.

Oh Oh, why did that truck back into the sidewalk? Surely he knew that it was only made of sand, water and cement.



THE COMMAND BALL

or

How to enjoy yourself with a pusser duty date.

or

Do semics really get looped on a quart of schooner?

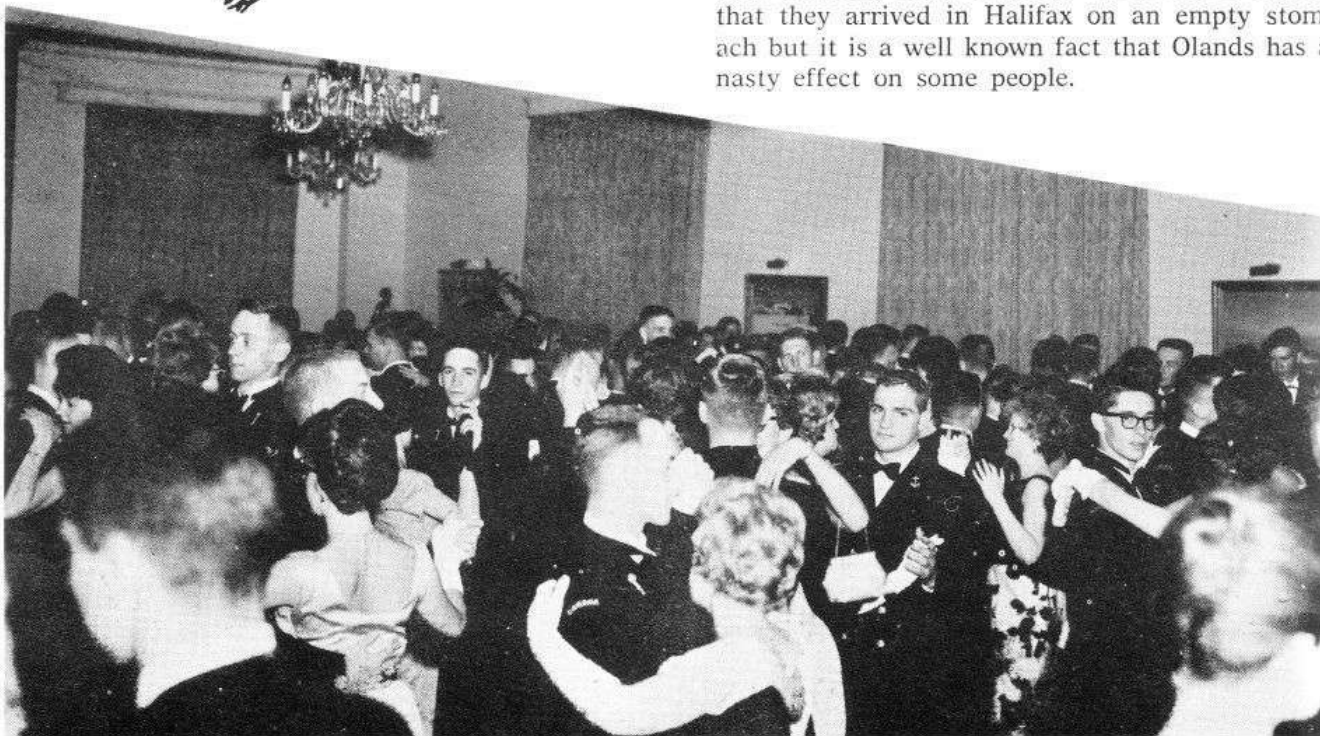
On Saturday, the seventeenth of July, the Command Ball was held for the United States Midshipmen in the Wardroom at Stadacona. On the afternoon of the ball a tea dance was held on the flight deck of the USN carrier Lake Champlain where the midshipmen put on a precision drill show—All the cadets present seem to have found the afternoon most entertaining.

Stadacona will never see as much gaiety as it did that night. The leveliest gowns in Nova Scotia garnished the marble staircase and the ball room deck (?). But it was all over too soon, the delicious food and wonderful music all gone, the cadets and middies began to drift out into the Halifax night. Most of the first year cadets never made the Cape Scott where they were sacked out but in true naval spirit they were all present to whoop it up and complain as we rolled merrily back to Cornwallis and a hearty meal at "N" galley.



Much thanks goes to Lt. Kelly, S/Lt. Ridgeway and C/C/C MacDonald, who made the arrangements and procured the 'steen dates required; considering the magnitude of the order they did a—well they sure tried anyway. You know what they say; you can please some of the people all of the time and you can please all of the people some of the time but cadets are different. Also a vote of thanks to the cadets who volunteered to act as sentries in order to get an extra long week-end and to the Wardroom staff at Stadacona.

While their buddies were trampling on the feet of our Halifax-type women about sixty middies were whooping it up in the Cornwallis gunroom. After being thoroughly trounced in the afternoon's sports events, they made a feeble attempt at a come back in the evening rounds of boat races and games of bottle. Unfortunately their daily ration of coca cola and hershey bars seems to have torn down their stamina. Anyway they certainly slept soundly. It seems a shame that they arrived in Halifax on an empty stomach but it is a well known fact that Olands has a nasty effect on some people.



THE WHITE TWIST



The Royal Canadian Naval Reserve, a history of tradition, an important reality in the present, a necessity in the future. A glorified statement?, not at all. We are cadets and regardless of anything else everyone of us is proud of this fact. As we go through our training and see the Navy in a new prospective it becomes clear that the possibility of a more useful life lies before him who will take the trouble to accept it. Like everything in life, it has its up and down, but, in no other walk of life can an individual experience more and mature faster than in the three years spent as a cadet.

We are trained to be officers, to acquire skills for navigation, communication and leadership. This is why we are cadets and this purpose is secondary only to our development as individuals, as men who will through their knowledge and experience be able to serve our country better.

Perhaps the former thoughts express too much idealism, but I am confident that basically this is exactly what is happening and as we thumb through this edition of the "White Twist" in years hence, our recollections will surely bear out the truth of what has been said.

ROLF AHRENS Editor in Chief

Jim O'Connor

Rolf Ahrens

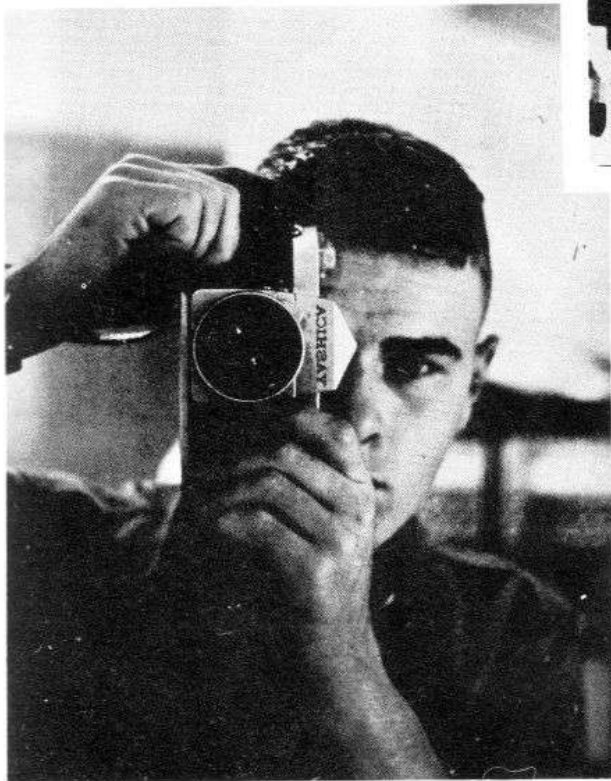
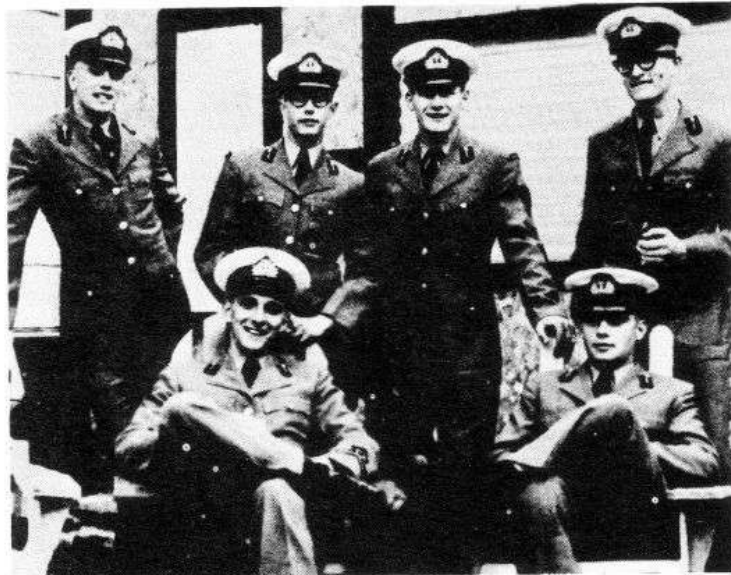
Bob Segal

Steve Bonnycastle

Don Brown

Frank Came

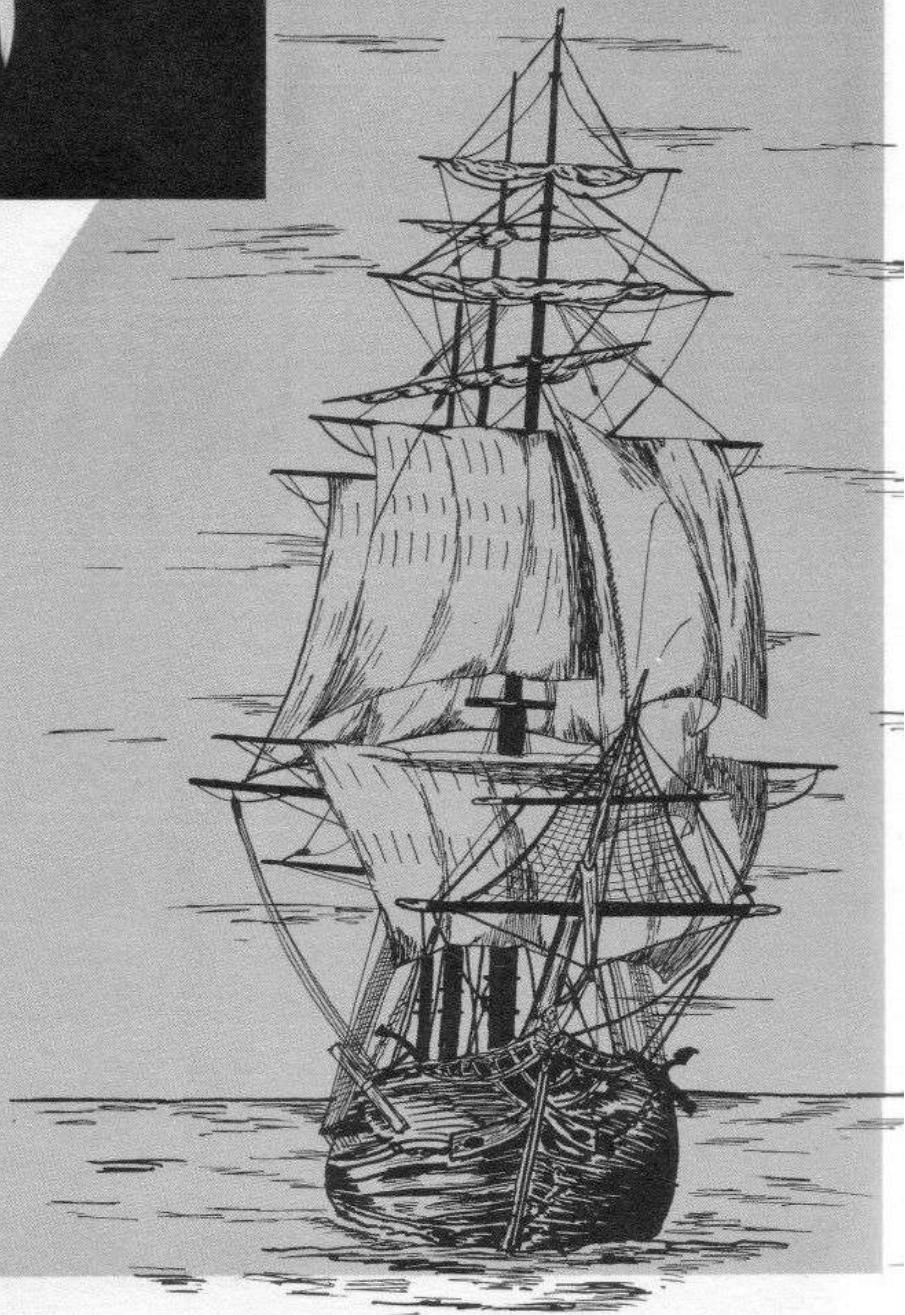
John Strickland

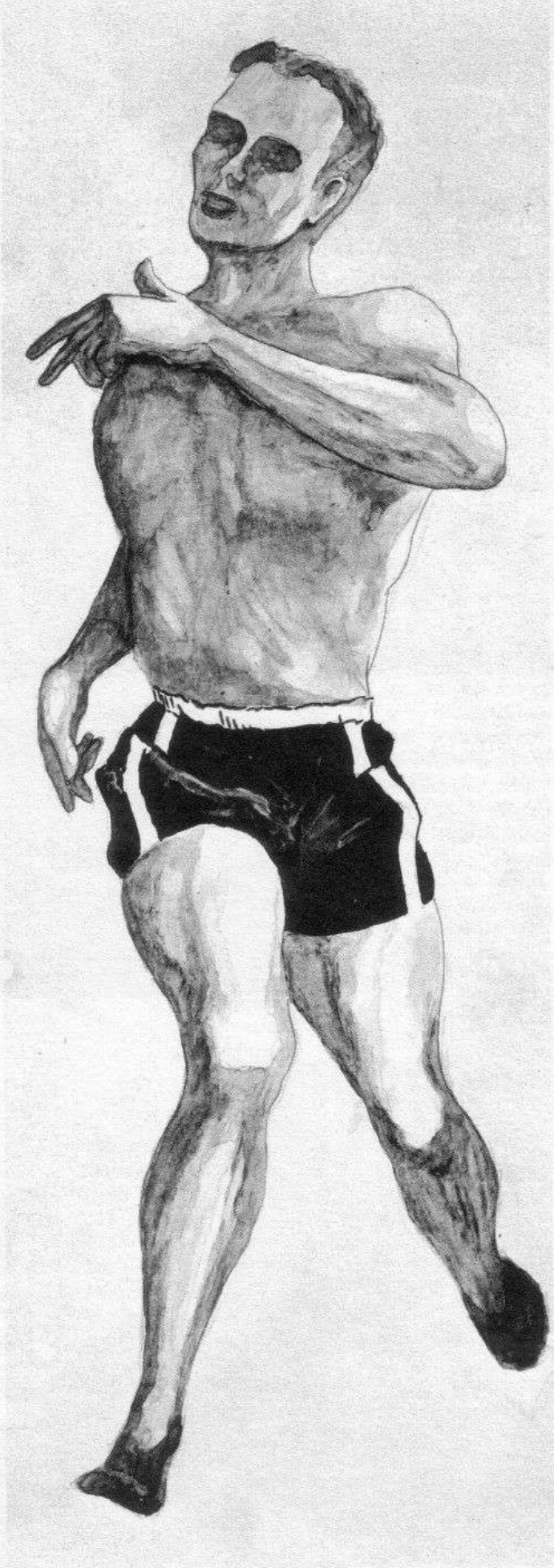




Lt. R. B. Bartlett

White Twist Staff
Advisor





S P O R T S



MARITIME OPEN SWIMMING AND DIVING CHAMPIONSHIPS

There were two U.N.T.D. teams entered in this meet on August 18th:

Alfa:

Harrison
Williston
McFarlane
Clulee
McNeil
Reid
Wallace
Patterson

Bravo:

Snyder
Dion
Hain
Dickinson
Eagle
Temple
Jones
Glendenning
Andersons
Parsons
Emery

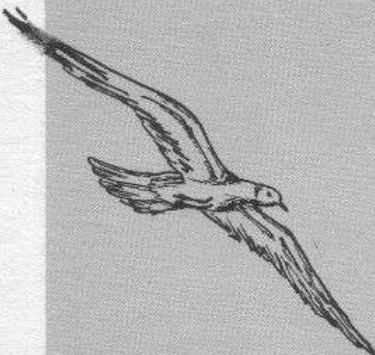
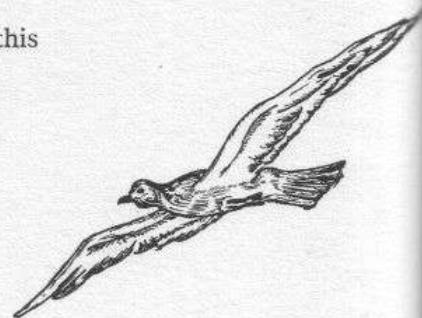
Divers:

Sandilands
Gamble

The meet began at 1000 under a darkened sky and deluge of rain. It ended at 1800 under sunny skies. The result was:

1st Halifax	"Y"	Neptunes (A)	146
2nd U.N.T.D.	(A)		115
3rd Halifax	"Y"	Neptunes (B)	69
4th Kentville			41
5th U.N.T.D.	(B)		30

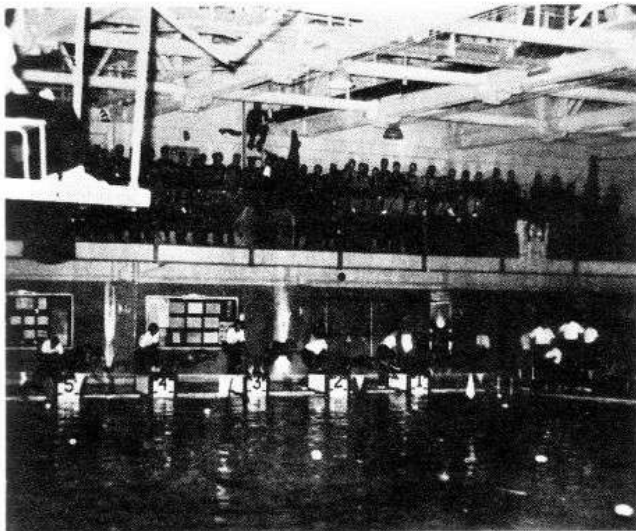
The team had been training twice a day for several weeks. The coach, Lt. B. Botterbusch, felt that the result was not quite as good as could be expected from his team although he realized the strength of the Y.M.C.A. Neptunes. In fact there is only one way that U.N.T.D. will conquer the "Y" in the near future. That is, convince some of the Neptunes to join U.N.T.D.



**THE U.N.T.D. INTER-DIVISIONAL
SWIMMING MEET**

The following list of events and winners will show why the meet became a dual between Cruise Bravo, Kootenay Div. and Cruise Alfa, Huron Div.

50 Meter Freestyle	Patterson	Huron
50 Meter Backstroke	Harrison	Kootenay (Record)
50 Meter Breaststroke	Wallace	Huron (tied record)
50 Meter Butterfly	Williston	Huron
100 Meter Freestyle	Harrison	Kootenay
100 Meter Breaststroke	Wallace	Huron
100 Meter Backstroke	Clulee	Restigouche
100 Meter Butterfly	Harrison	Kootenay
200 Meter Freestyle	Harrison	Kootenay
200 Meter Medley Relay	Harrison, Dickinson, Reid, Roberts	Kootenay
200 Meter Freestyle Relay	McNeil, Sandilands Snyder McGee	Haida



The outcome—Huron Division won the meet. The win came after a disqualification of Kootenay in the 200 meter freestyle relay. The validity of this disqualification is doubtful since it is doubtful whether the Cadet officials had ever seen a flying takeoff before. But U.N.T.D. history will show that the laurels went to Huron Division although footnotes should be added observing that Kootenay fought hard and close all the way and "lost" by a foot (or toe).

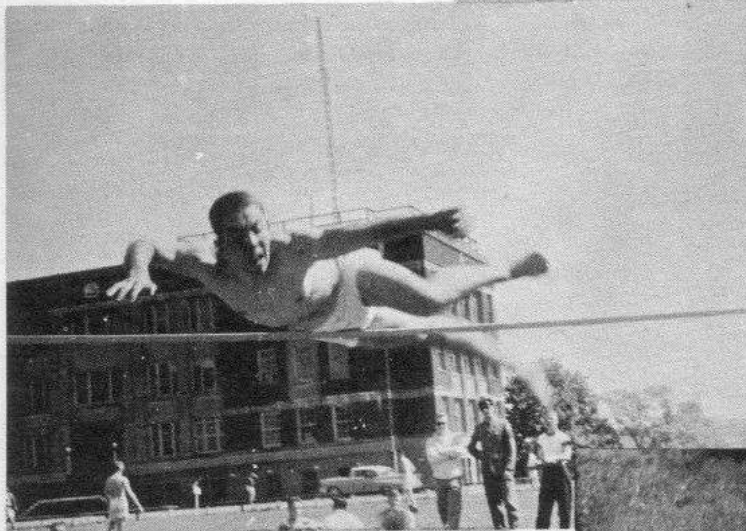




C/C Glasford receiving sports award from
Cmdr. Medland.



"War canoe race"

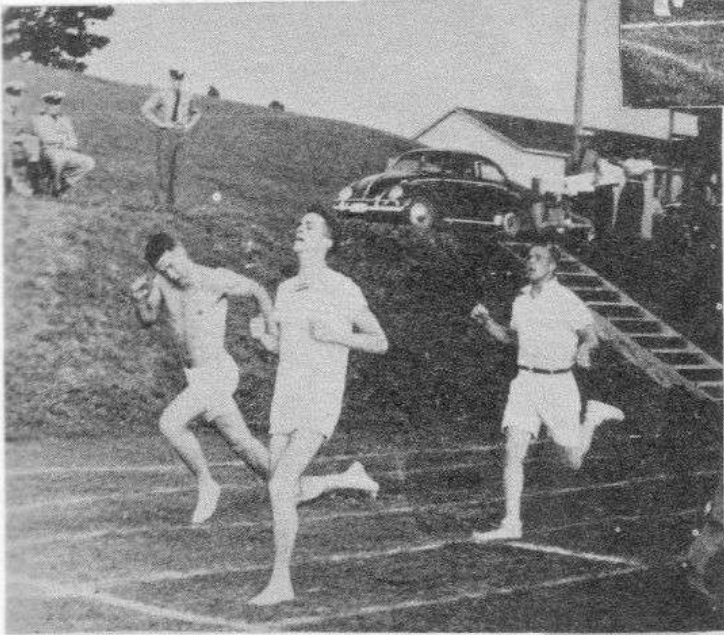
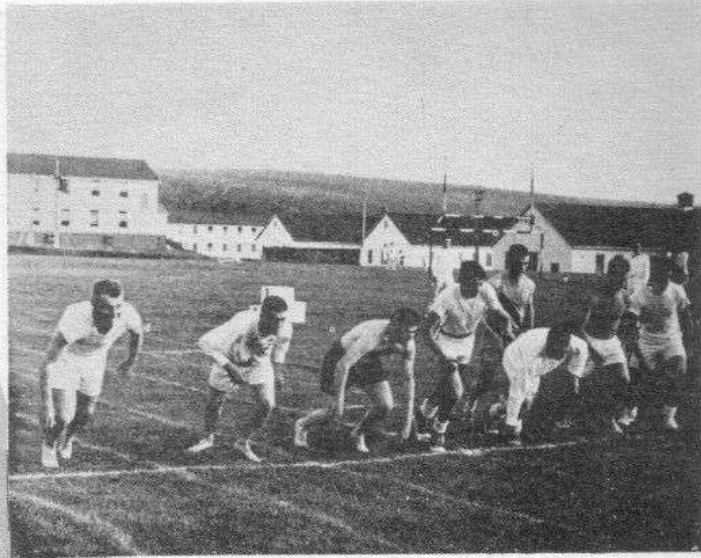


"Get Set — Go"



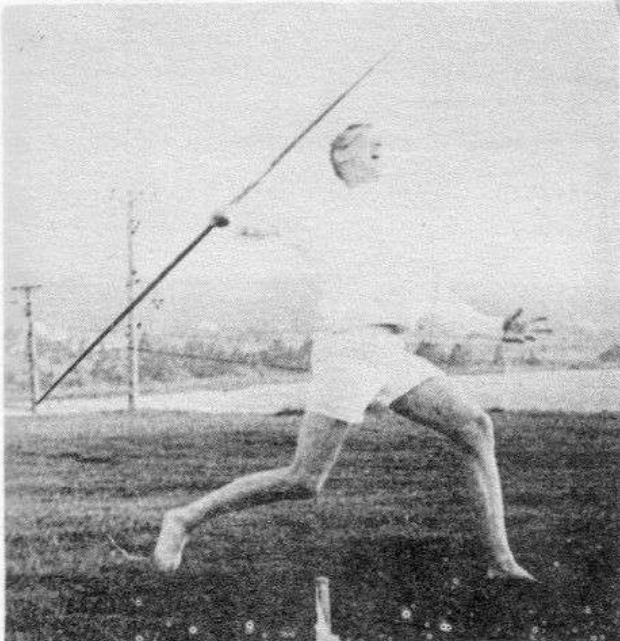
INTER-DIVISIONAL TRACK & FIELD

Kootenay Division took an early lead in the meet which they managed to hold throughout the evening, despite Micmac's valiant attempts to overcome them. Below are the results of the vicious encounter:



100 yd. dash	Forsythe	Haida
220 yd. dash	Mace	Micmac
high jump	Halpen	Sioux
running broad jump	Vooght	Kootenay

hop step & jump	Mills	Athabaskan
shot put	Shaw	Micmac
discus throw	Williams	Kootenay
javelin	Wallace	Huron



880 yd. run	Gill	Micmac
mile run	Plumtre	Iroquois
440 relay	Kootenay	
mile relay	Micmac	



UNTD TENNIS TEAM

John McNiell, Bill Brealey, Paul Roche,
Rolf Aherns, A. G. Flewelling, Tony Campbell.



UNTD SOCCER TEAM





LIFE AT CORNWALLIS

CANADA CADET ACT — REGULATIONS FOR PREVENTING ENJOYMENT IN THE NAVY

The Regulations for preventing enjoyment in the Navy generally known as Standing Orders are hereby revoked, and Temporary Memoranda are now in effect.

TEMPORARY MEMORANDUM 137, 5/6/62, revoking sect. A(i) Temporary Memorandum III, 4/6/62.

CADET RULE OF THE ROAD

i) The word "division" includes every description of gaggle other than an organized group, used or capable of being used as an audience for commands.

ii) The word "leading Cadet" includes a higgly Cadet and any other Cadet designed to get pusser for his division.

iii) The term "Cadet Captain" means any Cadet propelled by his lust for power.

iv) Every Cadet Captain who is under two chevrons and not under one chevron is to be considered a senior Cadet Captain, and every senior Cadet Captain under one chevron whether he really is a senior Cadet Captain or not, is to be considered a Cadet Captain.

v) A division on the base is "underway" when it is not at ease in front of South Block, or made fast to a desk in Navigational School, or sacked out.

vi) The term "short blast" means a blast of about one hour's duration, given by the leading Cadet and the Cadet Captain.

vii) The term "prolonged blast" means a blast of about two days duration, given by the OIC, the Senior Term Lieutenant, The Term Lieutenant, the Chief Cadet Captain, the Senior Cadet Captain, the Cadet Captain, the Leading Cadet, and the parade G.I.

viii) The term "slack" means 6 days slack.

TEMPORARY MEMORANDUM 18, III; 6/6/62 amends Temporary Memorandum 999 5/6/62 sect. 1, 3.

i) A division under way shall carry on or in front of its centre where it can best be seen, one Cadet Captain; and, if the gaggle is more than 15 bods long, in the after part, one Leading Cadet.

ii) The Cadet Captain shall wear where it can best be seen one chevron so fixed as to be visible over and arc of the the horizon of 10 pts from right ahead to 2 pts abaft the beam on the starboard side. And if there is some obstruction to vision such as a female human being, the sleeve bearing the chevron shall be placed in front of the body so as to make the chevron extremely visible.

TEMPORARY MEMORANDA, 19, 583; 7/6/62.

i) A Cadet which is not under command shall carry where they can best be seen, ten (10) fingers so fixed as to dangle loosely from the hand which in turn dangles from the arm swinging loosely less than hip-high.

ii) Out pipes shall be sounded at intervals of 40 seconds to signal that cadets are to muster for the out pipes for the out pipes for the muster

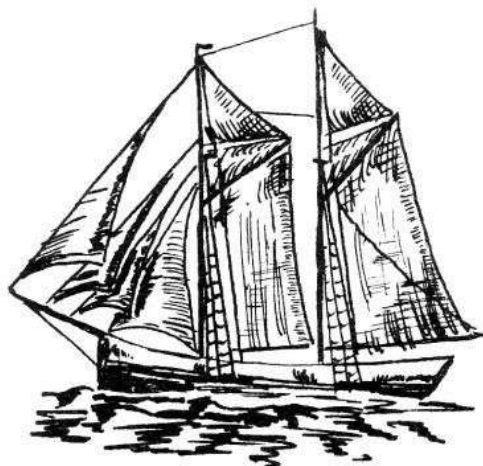
for the inspection for the muster for the inspection.

iii) Wakey-wakey shall be blown at least five minutes before the prescribed time in order that the cadets shall be awake at wakey-wakey to greet the leading cadet, the cadet captain, the senior cadet captain, and the officer of the day.

TEMPORARY MEMORANDA 171, 010, 113; 8/6/62 revokes all previous references to Temporary Memoranda 108, 998; sect IV (A) (i) (a).

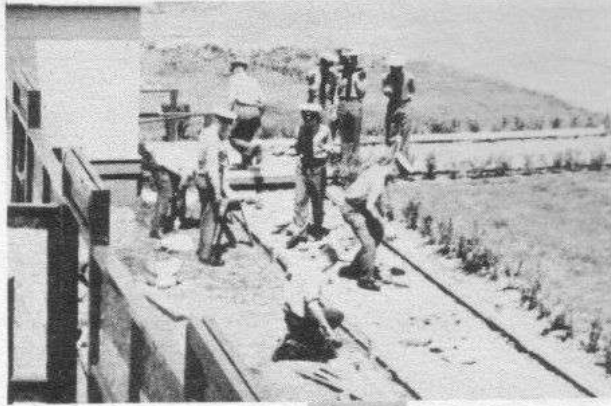
i) A senior Cadet Captain shall be provided with an efficient bellow sounded by air (or some substitute for air) similar in pattern to that of a parade GI, though of a higher pitch; and shall be sounded everytime an order is given when a more senior Cadet Captain or an officer is present.

ii) A Cadet Captain in charge of a division making way shall sound at intervals of not more than 2 minutes 1 bellow when the Senior Cadet Captain is approaching, 2 when the Chief Cadet Captain is ambling by, and 3 followed by a rapid eyes left when the Captain has driven by.





And then they had this cottage see



Are you sure that building sidewalks is still a good idea?



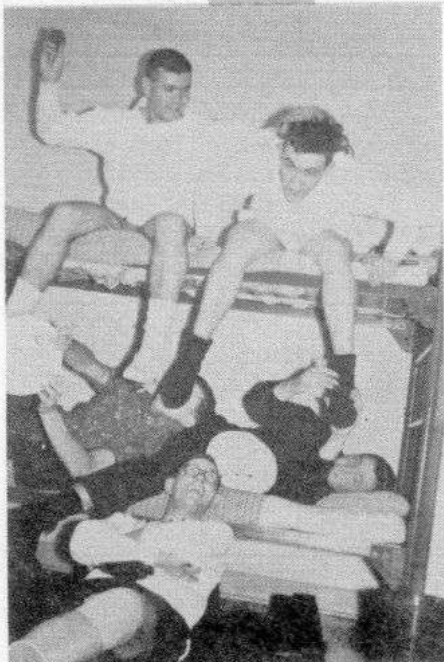
Navy blue uniforms being positively charged and dust particles being negatively charged

Compulsory sports sure are fun.



Be careful with that ketchup!

Of course it's dirty





"Steady Boys, Steady"



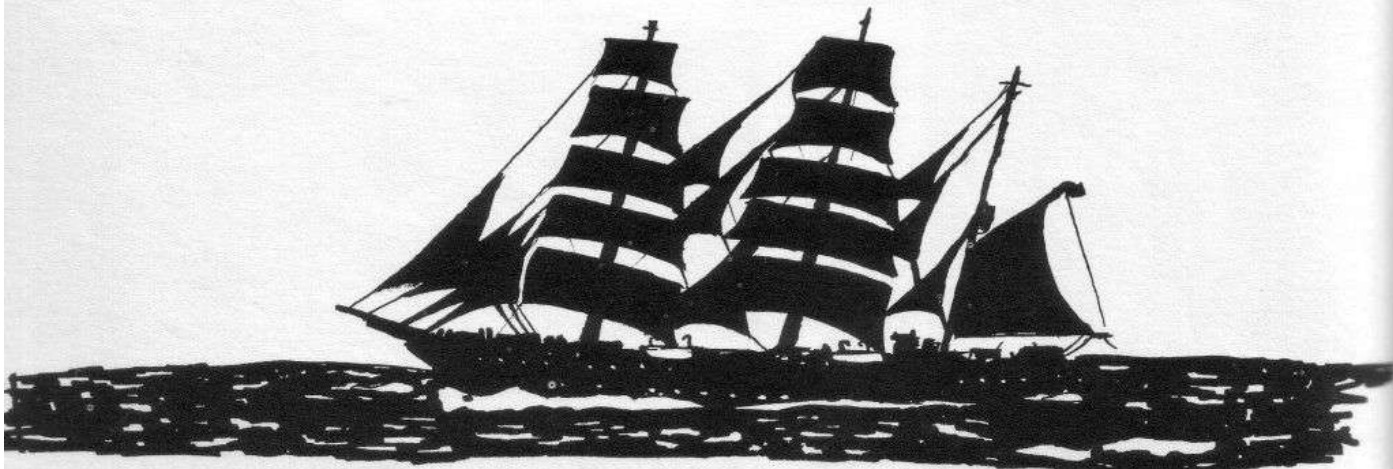
Yeh, but at least its cold



Here comes the Honor Guard now!



Three man, front rank, step short. Pick up the step, step out, 'eft, 'ight, 'eft, 'ight.

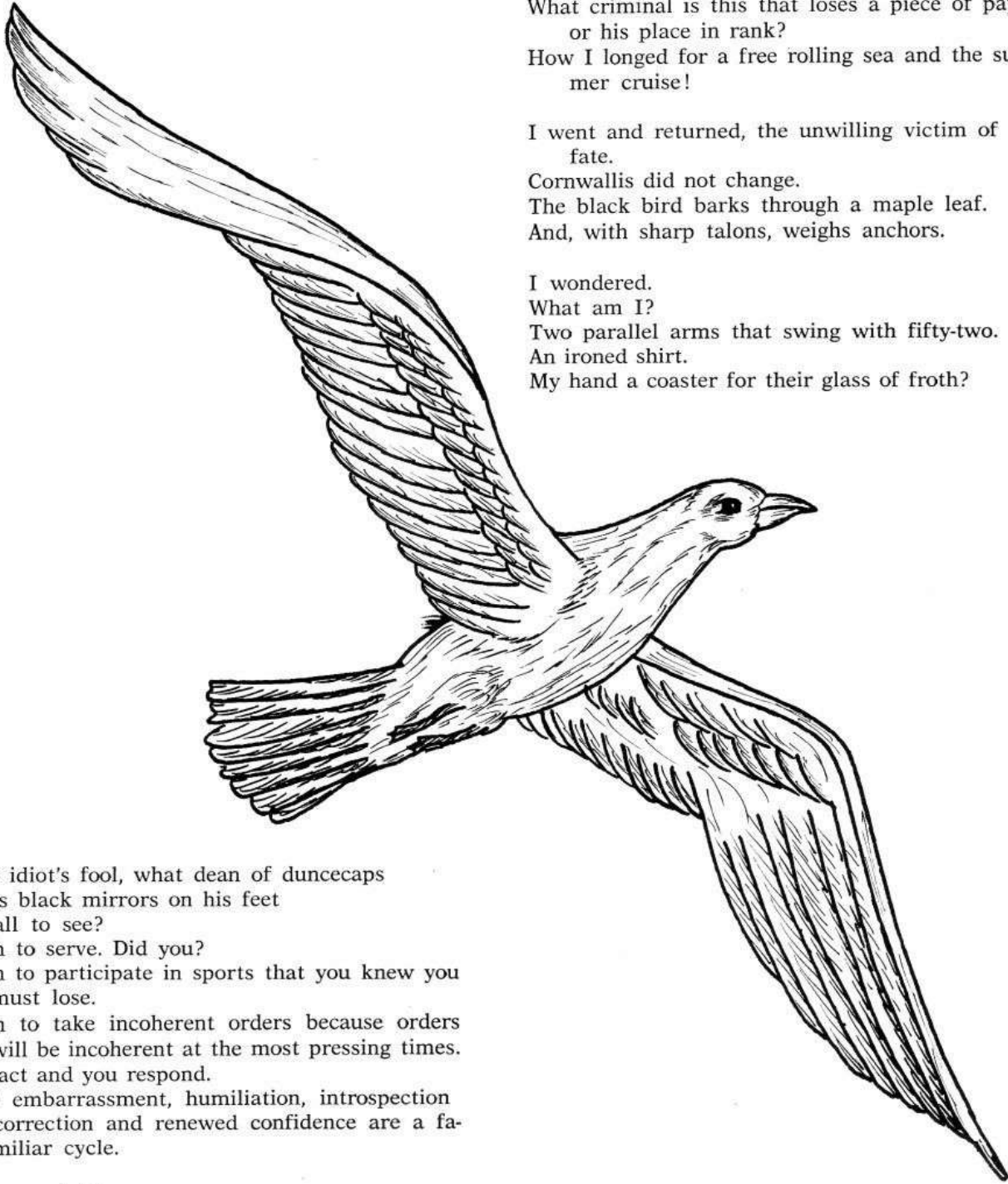


CORNWALLIS

Her Majesty's Canadian Ship Cornwallis.
You were not impressed, you say? A boot camp?
No, you are too late.
Then I would have agreed.
What other place stands guard on gates,
Marches uniforms to church like prisoners?
What criminal is this that loses a piece of paper
or his place in rank?
How I longed for a free rolling sea and the summer cruise!

I went and returned, the unwilling victim of my fate.
Cornwallis did not change.
The black bird barks through a maple leaf.
And, with sharp talons, weighs anchors.

I wondered.
What am I?
Two parallel arms that swing with fifty-two.
An ironed shirt.
My hand a coaster for their glass of froth?

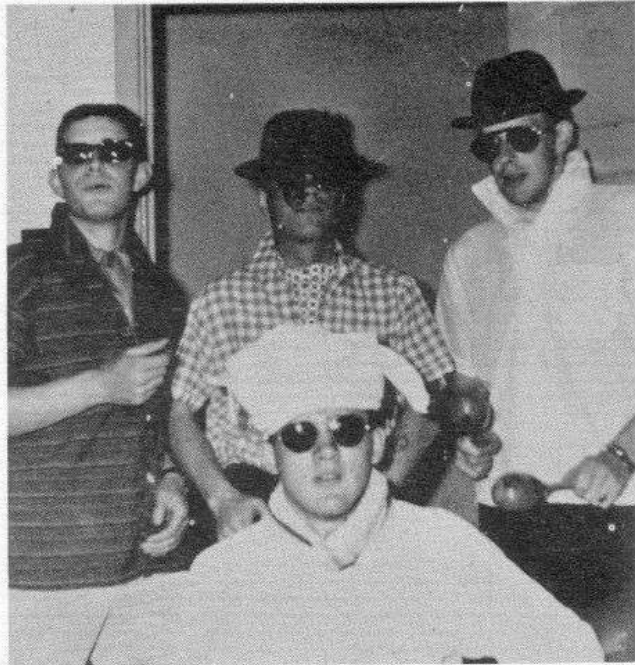


What idiot's fool, what dean of duncecaps
Wears black mirrors on his feet
For all to see?
Learn to serve. Did you?
Learn to participate in sports that you knew you
must lose.
Learn to take incoherent orders because orders
will be incoherent at the most pressing times.
You act and you respond.
Until embarrassment, humiliation, introspection
Self-correction and renewed confidence are a familiar cycle.

You are mistaken.
Cornwallis is not a boot that kicks;
She is a black bird,
A wonderful black bird
That has settled on the land,
Barks through a maple leaf
And, with sharp talons, weighs anchors.
You say you are disgruntled?
Good! Then she has scratched your surface.
Stand fast that she may scratch deeper.
Brian Shaughnessy.



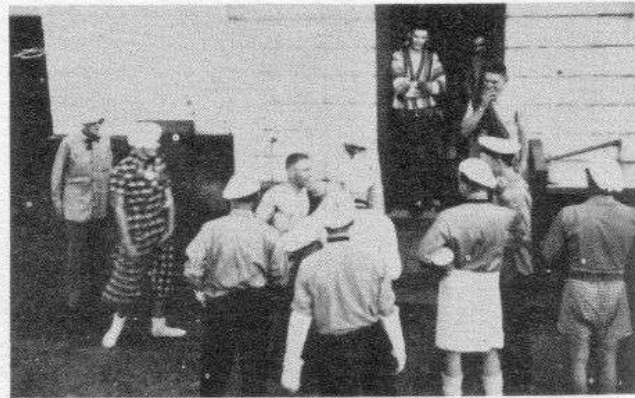
Two days' extra rations



Arrival at Cornwallis



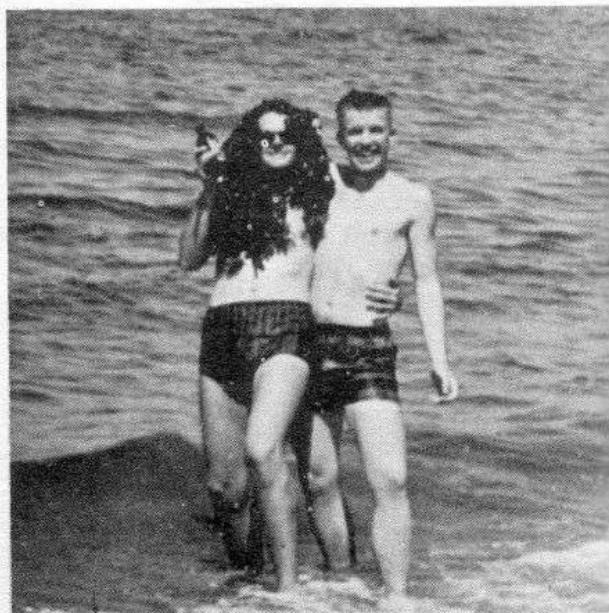
Good evening sir, won't you join us?



Muster on the roadway, uniform 25.5 Zulu.



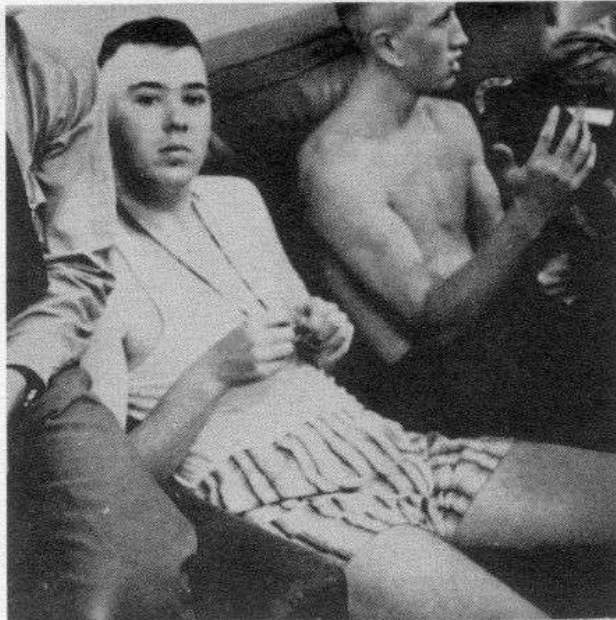
There's nothing like the taste of good food to start a day off right



And she was just sitting on this rock . . . see?



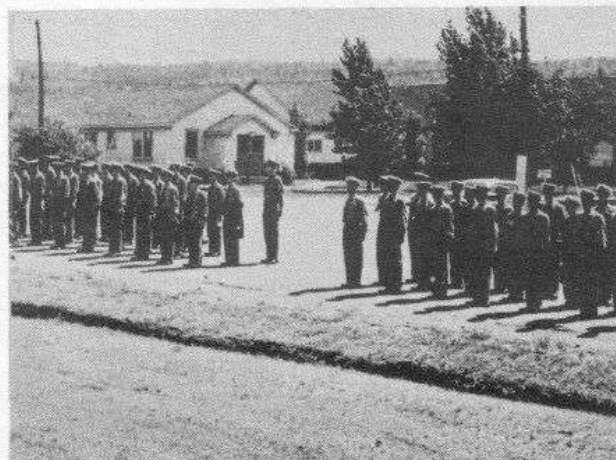
And after you crawl through this tunnel of 'water there's this smoke hut



That camera wasn't loaded, was it?



And while this sentry was just standing and watching us



I know they all look the same gentlemen, but Chief Cadet Captain MacDonald would like his burberry back.



And then just when we got off the middle watch they piped action stations.

— MITCH —



Paris has its side-walk cafes, London its pubs, and New York its night clubs but Cornwallis, Cornwallis has its beer garden.



“Watch the thumb Buddy”



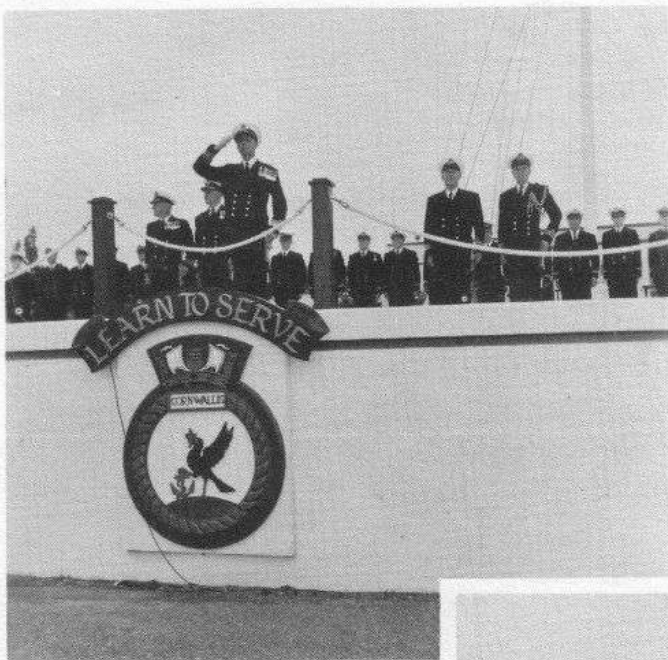
The Navy is adept at providing entertainment to consume our free time—sports, compulsory of course, parties and more parties; slack parties, work parties, circle parties, extra work parties, compulsory study parties and more work parties. Then there are divisional parties, beach parties, stags, reunions, victory celebrations and various other drunks.

Speaking of divisional parties—if you managed to wade through those tripy divisional write-ups you may have stumbled across the mention of one or two that, despite the persistent attempts of the administration to squelch them, managed to come off. The general procedure is more or less stereotyped. A few of the movers in the div will line up blind dates from the Pines or Harbour View from which a number of the less suspecting or more courageous will show. At 1900 on the night of the party our efficient refreshment and decoration committee will get started. Pusser transport will roll in late with the dates then after tearing the gunroom apart for an hour and a half the party will roll out to a foggy beach with their blankets in one hand and the hootch in the other. Opps, forgot the party—she's probably asleep on the bus; better go back and get her. After slogging through endless miles of quagmire and virgin forests we stumble upon a roaring fire where the real party begins. 'Steen hours later, having failed to get our termy bombed enough to extend our leave, we stagger aboard a cattle truck which eventually dumps us at the main gate—I still can't quite remember where we lost the girls. Sunday morning a few bods will wake up beebbling in the showers while others will come to with grunts and groans in church; still others will come to consciousness in time to crash that night.

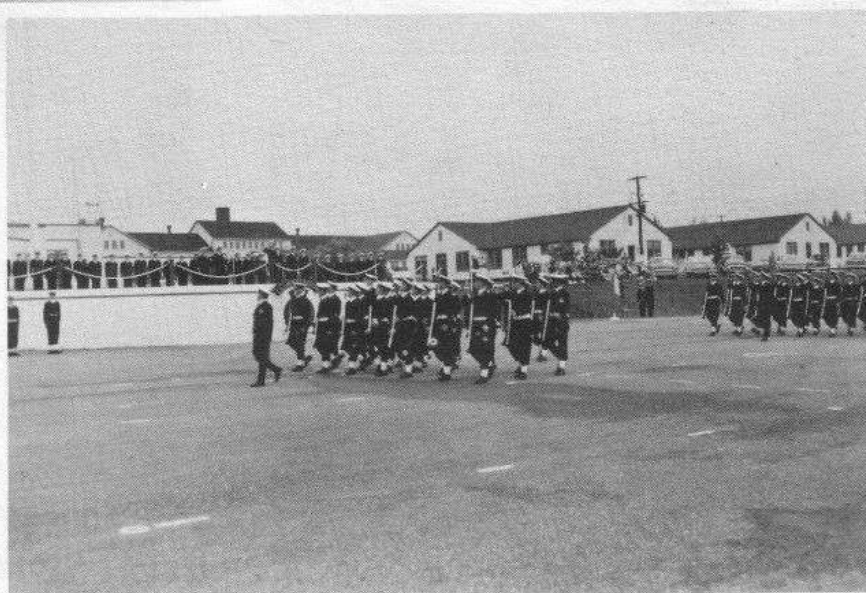
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The annual inspection was the highlight of cadet training activities at HMCS Cornwallis. There were eight divisions present on the Parade Ground with four divisions on a cruise to Fort Churchill, Manitoba. The Parade was under the command of Chief Cadet Captain W. E. MacDonald. The Inspection was carried out by REAR ADMIRAL K. L. DYER, DSC, CD, RCN.



Award for best first year cadet in each division (Boswain's Call)

Haida	Cadet T. D. McGee
Micmac	Cadet S. R. Bonnycastle
Huron	Cadet J. R. Wright
Nootka	Cadet J. D. Taylor
Restigouche	Cadet D. G. Shewell
Chaudiere	Cadet P. A. Smith
Kootenay	Cadet J. Clarkson
Gatineau	Cadet A. E. Pitts
Iroquois	Cadet W. J. Shambrooke
Sioux	Cadet L. W. Maguire
Cayuga	Cadet J. J. Caldwell
Athabaskan	Cadet R. S. Hutchings

Best Second Year Cadet 1962
 (Department of National Defence Sword)
 Cadet B. R. Leslie H.M.C.S. Discovery
 University of British Columbia



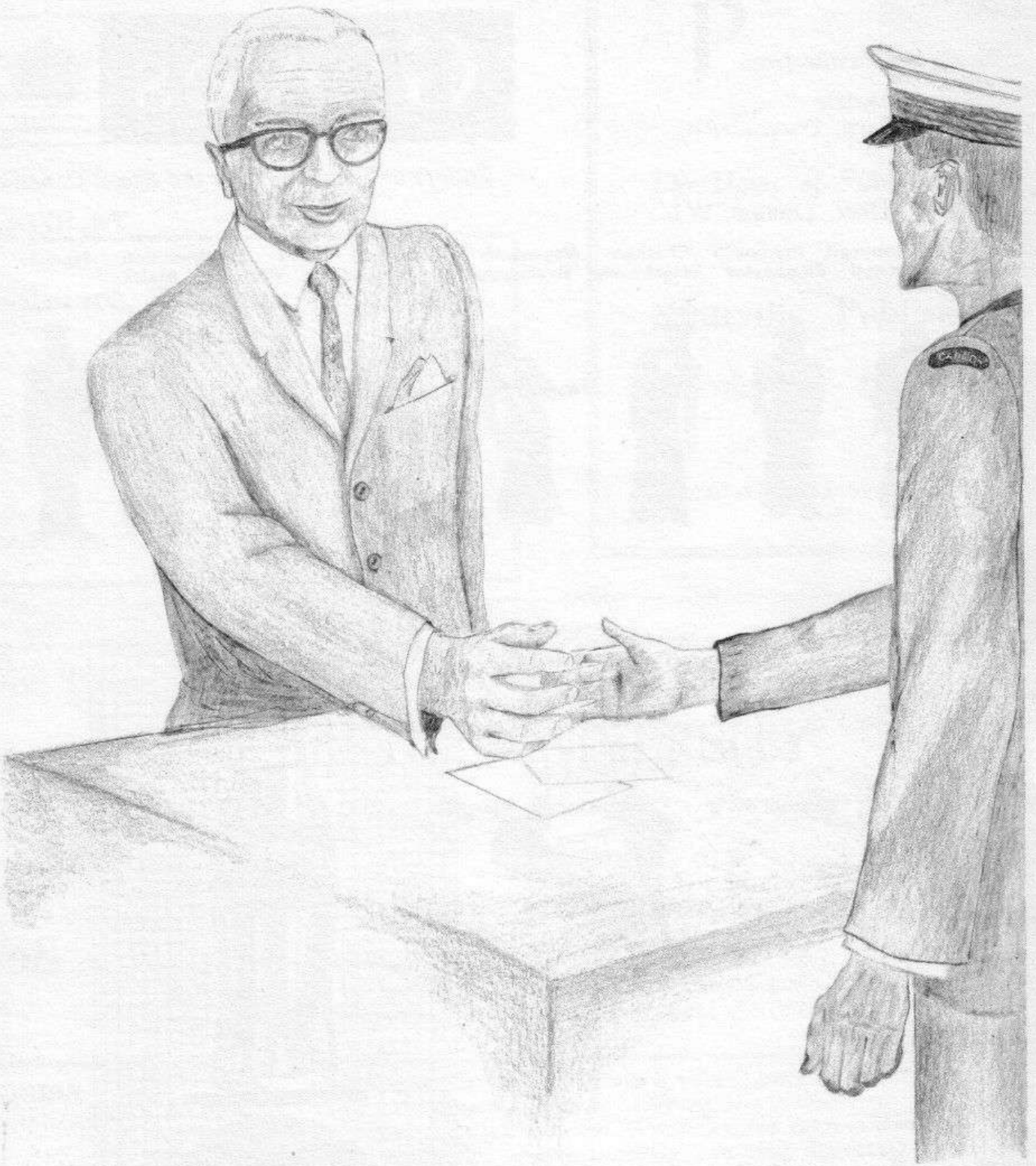
Runner Up To Best Second Year Cadet
 1962
 (Department of National Defence Telescope)
 Cadet S. Gill H.M.C.S. Star
 University of Toronto



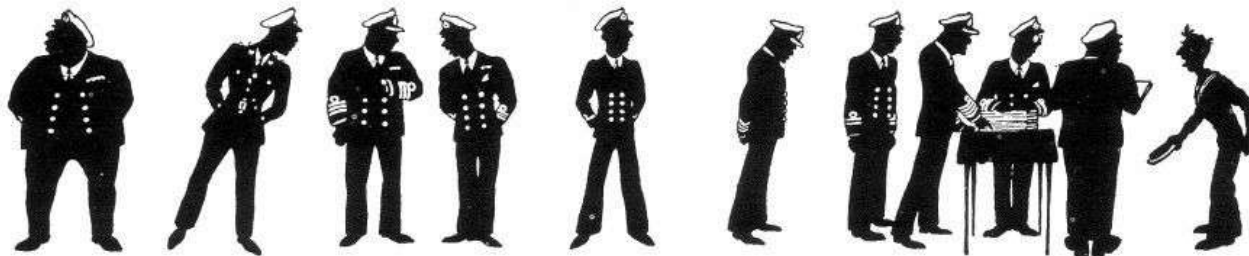
Best All Around First Year Cadet 1962
 (Lcdr. J. R. MacDonalds Shield)
 Cadet P. A. Smith H.M.C.S. Nonsuch
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Best All Around Athlete—W. J. Gushue
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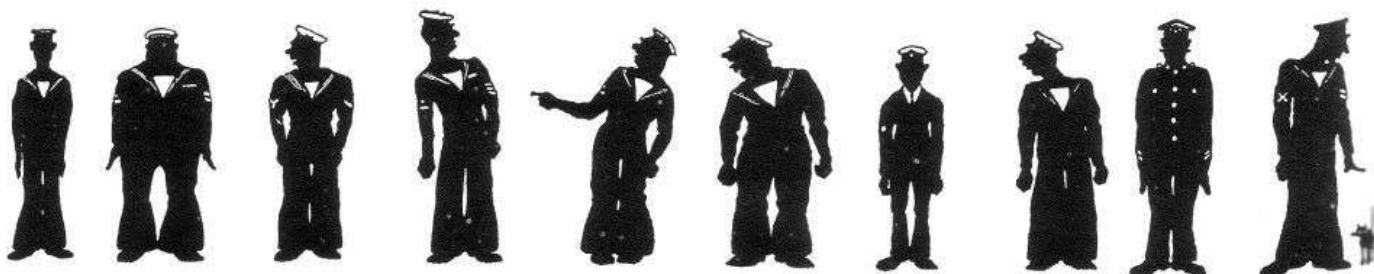


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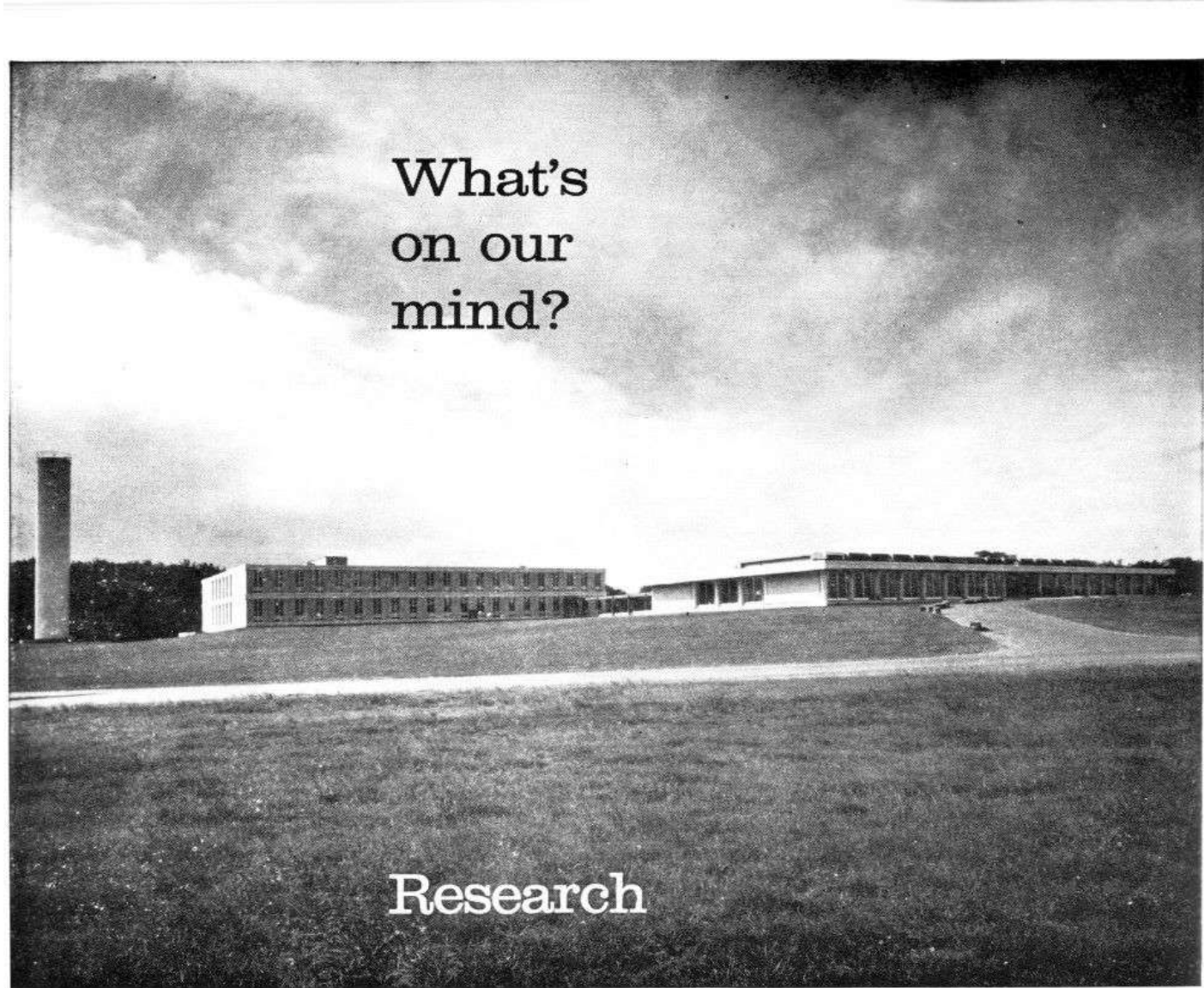
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mind?

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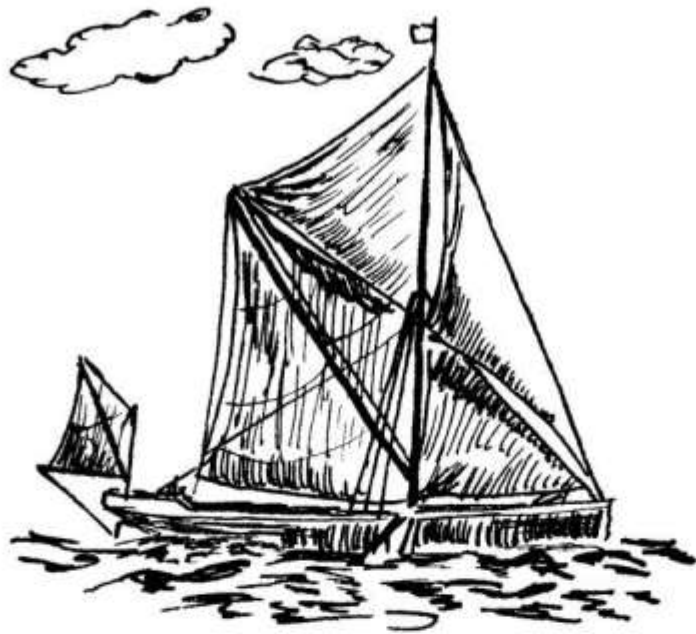
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