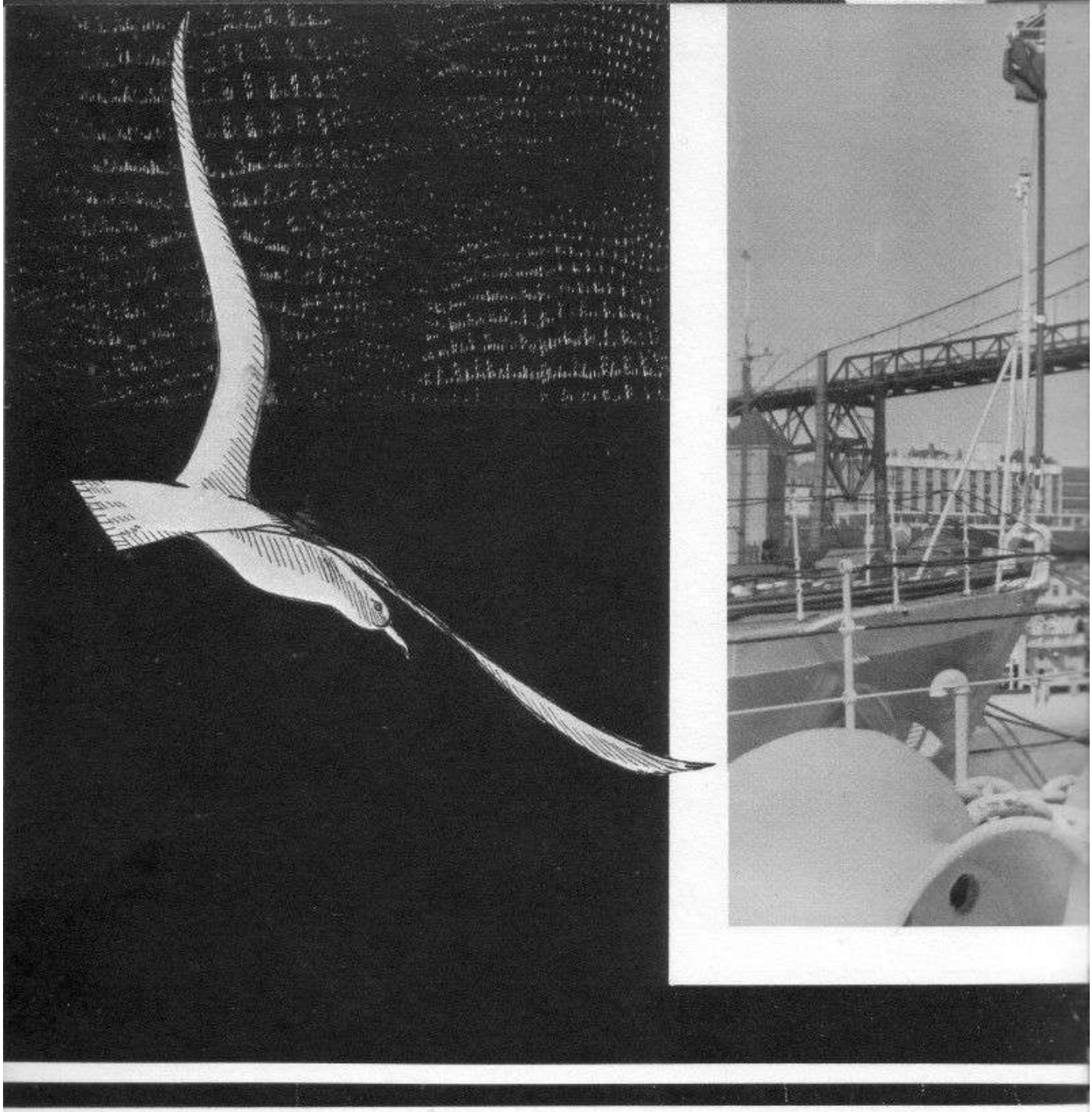
'63

WHITE TWIST

20th ANNIVERSARY



WHITE TWIST 1963

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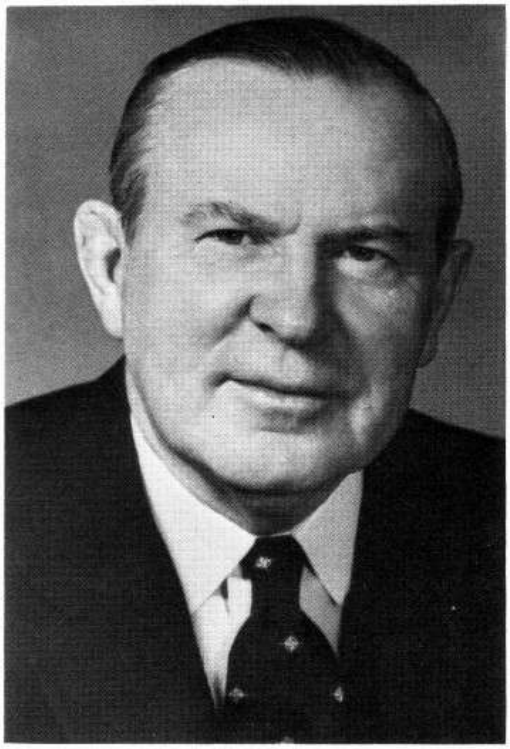


CANADA

PRIME MINISTER – PREMIER MINISTRE

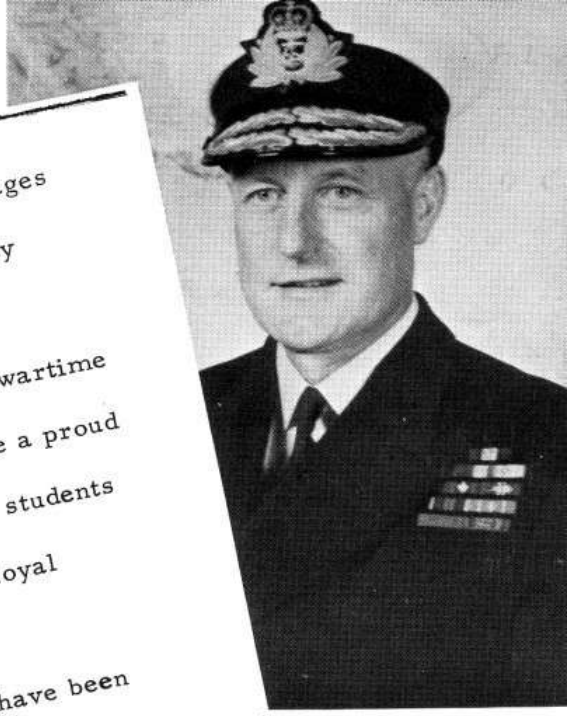
It is a great pleasure for me to have this opportunity to extend warm congratulations to the cadets of the University Naval Training Divisions, Royal Canadian Naval Reserves, on the successful termination of another training term.

To the editors and to all who have contributed to the publication of the "White Twist", I express my compliments and greetings on this twentieth anniversary year and best wishes for the future.

Lester B Pearson

Prime Minister.

Ottawa,
1963.



I am grateful for the opportunity to note in the pages of "White Twist" the twentieth anniversary of the University Naval Training Divisions.

Fathered by Captain A.W. Baker and born of wartime necessity, the University Naval Training Divisions have a proud history of service since the autumn of 1942 when eight students joined the RCNVR at Guelph, Ontario, to launch the Royal Canadian Navy's university training plan.

The University Naval Training Divisions have been an avenue to permanent commissions in the Royal Canadian Navy for many college graduates and to commissions in the Royal Canadian Naval Reserve for many hundreds of others. They have also provided a reserve of officer material to be drawn on in time of emergency should this ever be necessary again.

While the Navy regards the UNTD as a valuable source of officers, it seems to me that the UNTD has also done much for hundreds of students who have participated as members. It has given them valuable training for leadership, has imbued them with a sense of the importance of the sea to our country and has also provided the opportunity for visits to other lands and peoples.

I would like to congratulate the University Naval Training Divisions on their twentieth anniversary and to wish them and their cheerful voice, "White Twist" many fruitful years and fair sailing.

H.S. Rayner
Vice-Admiral, RCN.

7 August, 1963.

The year 1963 has been celebrated across Canada as the 20th Anniversary of the founding of the University Naval Training Divisions. For 20 years the product of the UNTD has proved the wisdom and foresight of those by whose devoted efforts this scheme was kept alive throughout its early stages. The names of Captain A.W. BAKER, RCNR (Ret'd), and Commander C.H. LITTLE, RCN (Ret'd) particularly spring to mind in this connection.

In this anniversary year I am glad to be able to say that the quality of Cadets has never been higher. The enthusiasm and willingness to serve bode well for the future of the Royal Canadian Naval Reserve, since it is from the UNTD that an ever increasing proportion of the officers of that component of the Navy is being drawn.

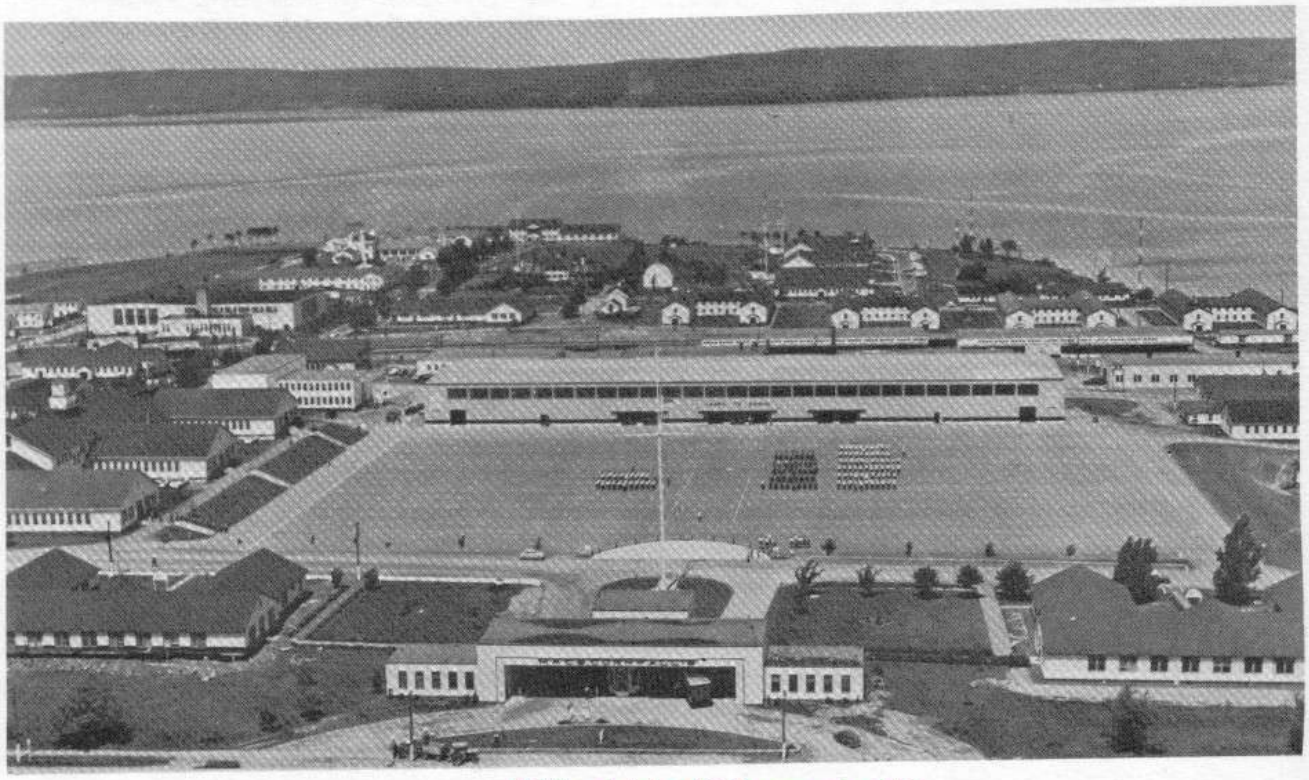
I look with confidence to the presently serving Cadets to continue to build on the foundation laid by their predecessors and to enhance the high reputation now held by the UNTD.

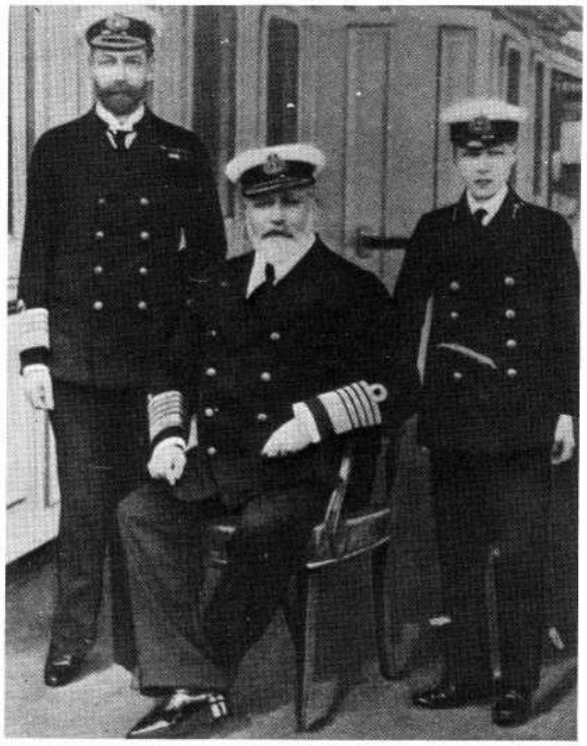
(P.D. Taylor)
COMMODORE, RCN.

Cornwallis Visit

17 and 18 July 1963

Captain R.M. Steele
D.S.C., C.D., R.C.N.
Commanding Officer
H.M.C.S. Cornwallis





Adm. of the Fleet HM King Edward VII, Adm. HRH the Prince of Wales (later King George V), & Cadet HRH Prince Albert Edward of Wales (later King Edward VIII and then the Duke of Windsor).

THE UNIVERSITY NAVAL

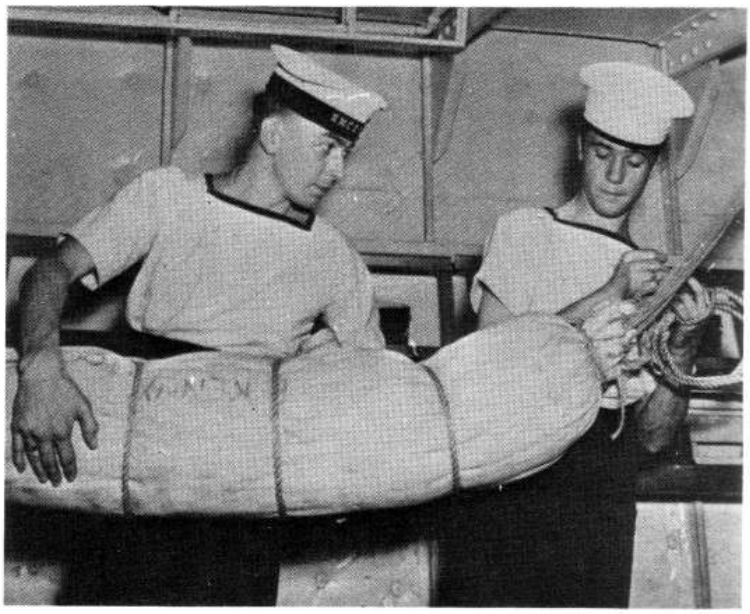
The "white twist," the rank designation worn by cadets in the RCN and RCNR today, dates back to the early days of the Royal Navy. Although cadets came into existence before the days of steam, they did not appear in Canada until 1948.

The University Naval Training Divisions had their humble beginnings in 1942 at the Ontario Agricultural College with eight recruits, all but one having transferred from the Army's COTC. The organization did not become official until June 1, 1943, when an Order in Council, followed by a naval order (June 19, 1943) approved the formation of university training units as part of existing RCNVR divisions. This step came about mainly through the efforts of Captain Brock, commanding officer reserve divisions, and Professor Baker (later Lieutenant Commander, staff officer UNTD). These men saw that to compete with the Army and Air Force for university students the navy would need a program of training similar to the COTC and newly formed URTP plans.

The first recruits entered as Ordinary Seamen or as second class stokers. The man trained at his home division while going to university and spent a minimum of two weeks with the fleet each summer. The UNTD rating was encouraged to spend his entire summer with the navy. He was drafted aboard ships serving in the North Atlantic, mostly aboard coastal escort vessels making the "triangle run" from Halifax to New York to Newfoundland. His pay was that of a fourth class artificer, but he was messed as an ordinary seaman. When the man either graduated or left university, he could go before a selection board and join the direct flow of officer candidates through HMCS "Cornwallis."

After the war, Commander (SB) C.H. Little RCN(R) was to take over as the staff officer, UNTD. The organization had by this time spread throughout Canada in sixteen reserve divisions. Commander Little was to set up a definite program of training and to arrange summer training with the ships. The ships that were to serve in this capacity were: "Portage", "New Liskeard", "Warrior", "Ontario", "Antigonish", and HMS "Sheffield". It was through Commander

Officer Candidate R. Hallam lashing a hammock while on a summer training cruise. The white cap tally was the UNTD designation during WW II.



June 1944 - Stokers 2nd class K.S. Leeson and C. Vandercan, both from the University of Toronto, on the Sweep-Deck of a Minesweeper.

Commodore P.D. Budge talking to a Jamaican cadet.

TRAINING DIVISIONS

Little's influence that the status was changed from officer candidate to cadet, and the uniform correspondingly changed from the square rig with a white cap tally to the officers' "monkey suit" with a "white twist" on the collar. During these years and until the founding of the Venture and ROTP plans, the UNTD was the major source of subordinate officers to the Royal Canadian Navy.

A message from "Donnacona" to the Naval Secretary on October 29, 1946 should be of interest to any cadet who has ever put to sea. It stated:

> ". . . there were complaints from many of the men that the First Lieutenant of some ships considered them merely as unskilled labour to be employed on scrubbing, scraping and painting for the full two weeks of their sea-time."

It would seem that the complaint is as much a part of the UNTD as are cadet captains.

About 1950 the training had become well-organized and varied. A cadet was even able to take an air course and earn his wings. But, when the general list program for naval officers came into effect, the summer training became standardized. With the exception of third years, who were allowed to sub-specialize, every cadet took the same training. The set-up has remained relatively unchanged since this time. The only noticeable change has been the use of HMCS "Cornwallis" for first and second year training since 1960. The majority of the third summer training is on the west coast, with a few going to Nova Scotia or Montreal.

The UNTD continually progresses. As in the beginning, the purpose of the UNTD is still the same:

> "to provide the opportunity for students to prepare themselves to discharge their citizen's duty to defend their country in time of need by becoming officers in the RCNR or RCN."

The organization is continually improving its means of fulfilling this obligation. As of March this year there are 196 ex-UNTD serving RCN or CND, 355 are on the RCNR active list and 1,413 on the RCNR retired list.

W.J. Waldron

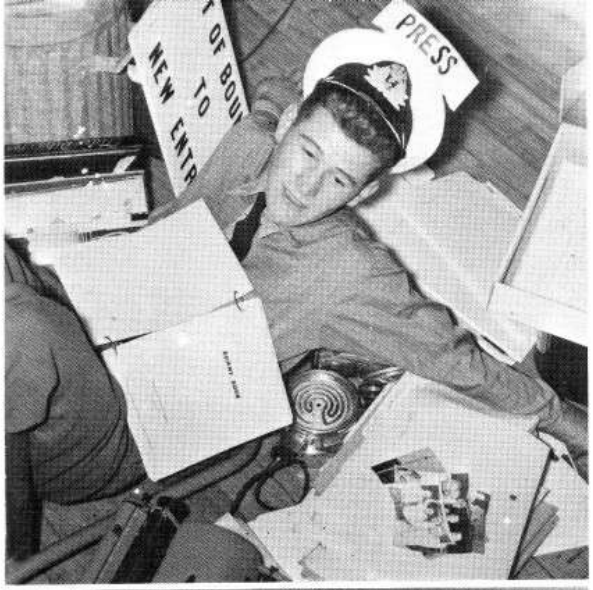
Lcdr. Waldron joined the RCN in 1942 as an ordinary seaman, but by 1945 he had reached the rank of lieutenant. During WW II, he served on corvettes doing convoy escort duties. He went to the University of Toronto after the war, graduating with a B. Comm., all the while keeping up his interest in the navy through the RCNR. Aside from a five-year period spent in Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., Lcdr. Waldron has been with the navy in some capacity since 1949, usually being associated with the UNTD.

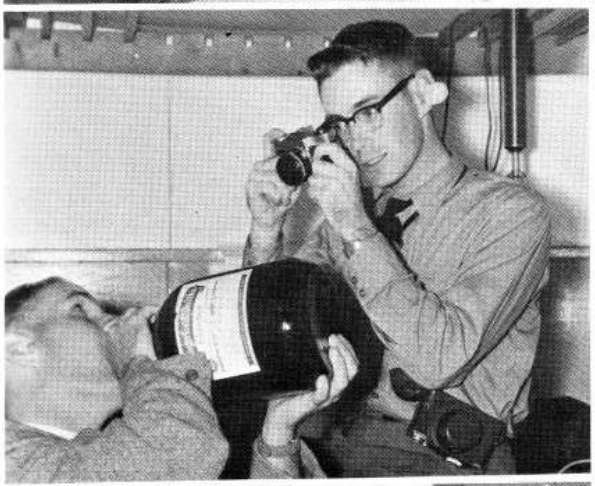
R. Sparks

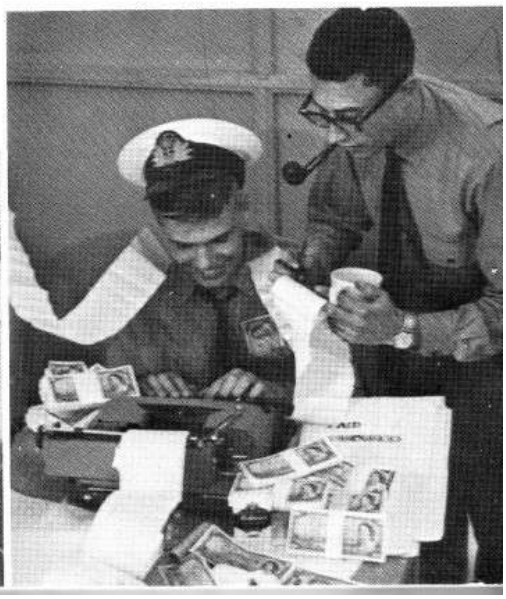
Lcdr. Sparkes, OIC--UNTD until July 1, is a UNTD graduate of 1950. He obtained his degree from the University of Saskatchewan, and then entered the RCN as an instructor. He is presently doing postgraduate work at Monterrey, California.

UNTD Staff

REAR: S/Lt. George, Lt. Buskard, Lt. Fraser, Lt. Garneau, S/Lt. Archibald, Lt. Irwin, Lt. Hindle, Lt. Malby, Lt. McCabe, S/Lt. Riley, S/Lt. Leier, Lt. Connors, Lt. Dohnberg, S/Lt. Gibson, S/Lt. McRae, C/C/C Courrier.
FRONT: S/Lt. Grantham, S/Lt. Chan, S/Lt. Lebrun, S/Lt. Arsenault, Lt. Bartlett, Lcdr. Waldron, Lt. Ridgway, Lt. Myers, S/Lt. Rowe, S/Lt. Robertson.







UNTD's cheerful voices

THE WHITE TWIST STAFF

To say that work on the '63 edition of the White Twist was interesting and invigorating would be a gross understatement. A glance at the vigour displayed in our staff pictures is enough to make even the most conservative individualist exclaim: "gad, those boys look inspired." Indeed, there is reason for this vigour. The twentieth anniversary of the University Naval Training Divisions has left its mark well-displayed not only in the organization as a whole but also in the Twist. Last year we said that the Twist would be different and better. We leave you the decision, but before you decide, some things must be kept in mind.

The art department, always well under lock and key, was in the hands of Scott and Morris. While Freeman was alert with his cameras (even catching Dodge, our sports writer, in the act), the art department applied itself vigourously to the task at hand. Bowman and O'Connor attained new heights in the literary and social aspects of our book - - never straying far from the coffee pot, whose ingredients were as mysterious at times as the copy which needed deciphering. Segal and his able assistant, Learmonth, handled the graft department under constant threat of stepping too far over the line which divides black from red. A special thanks goes to John Taylor who left us with the additional problem of a darkroom after securing working space and setting it up.

As you continue to look through this year's White Twist, and as you look through it again years hence, you will find, I am sure, something new and different every time you thumb through the pages. It is in this way that I hope the White Twist has made its contribution in making our twentieth anniversary a lasting and well-remembered one.

To all who worked on this year's book, "thanks a lot, guys."

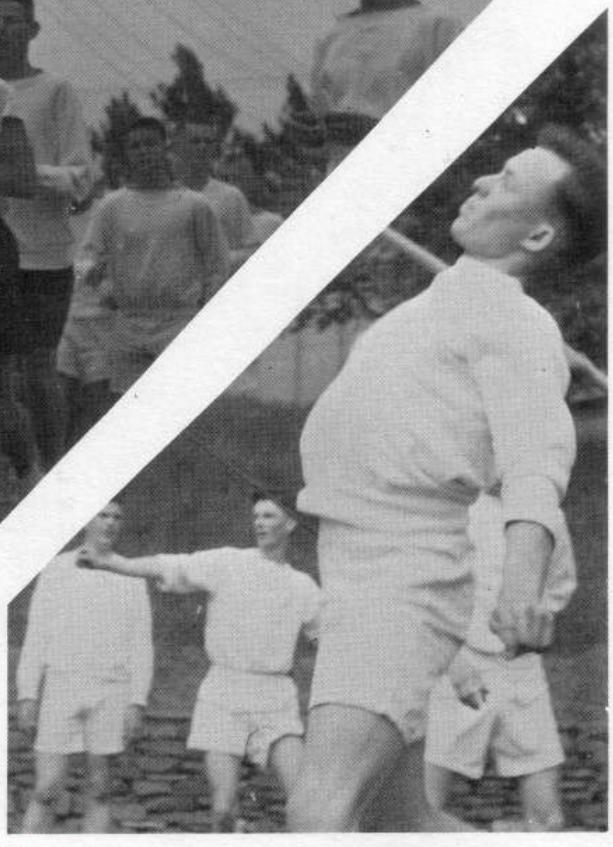
R. Ahrens

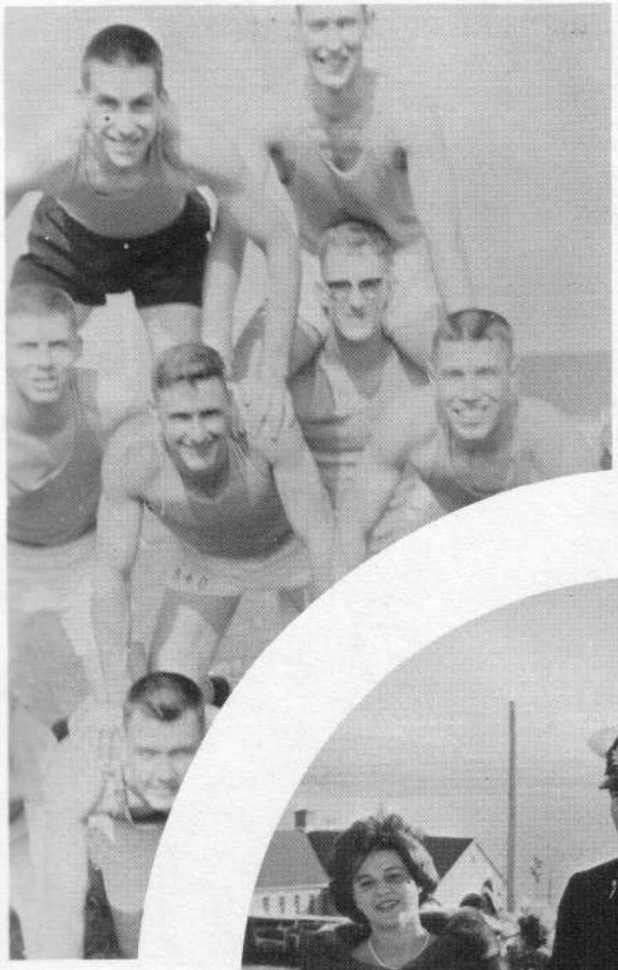
COWS

Cornwallis------then the world!!!

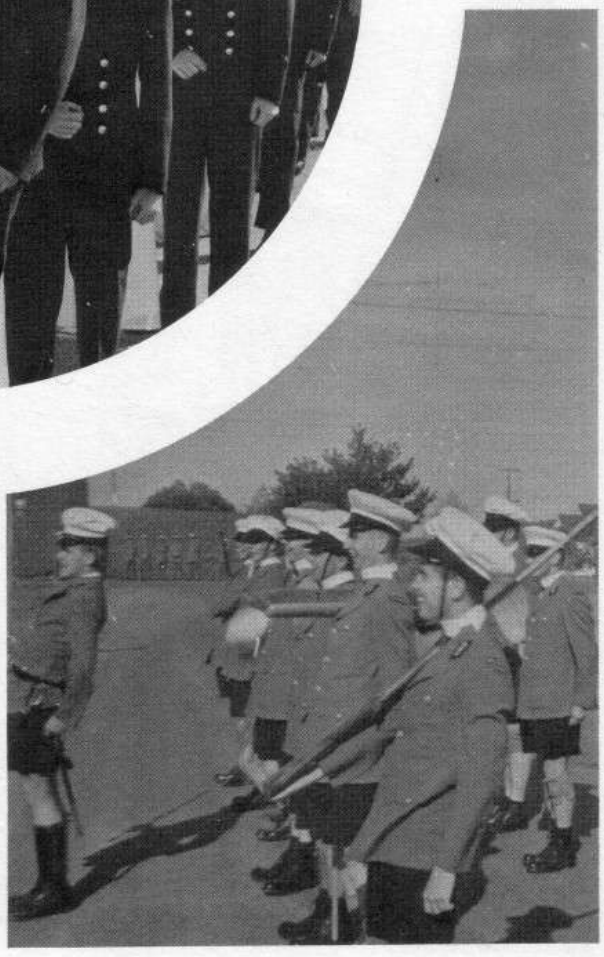
Wakey-wakey, morning PT, divisions, classes, dog-watch activities, and pipe-down. This just about puts life at Cornwallis in a nut-shell---or does it? Remember the beach parties with the girls from the Pines, the Friday night weepers in the Gunroom, the headache the next morning, the dances at Harbour View, the long week-ends in Halifax, the sugar in your cart, the charge sheets and review boards, the long Sunday mornings in your closet, the weekly scalpings at the barber shop, the higgling for CD's in the heads after lights out, the fire alarms while you were in the showers, and of course the skylarks, memorable pranks that will never be squelched as long as cadets have a sense of humor and imagination? All of this and much more is what we will not forget of our life at Cornwallis.

The human mind is amazing---it can laugh at the ridiculous, the higgle, and forget the discomfort and exasperation while contemplating, with fond memories, a summer enjoyably spent. If you rise above the little trials and tribulations, it all comes out laughter and nostalgia. It may sound sentimental, but let's face it --it was good for a yuk.





U.N.T.D.
Cherry
Queen



There is little doubt about what happens to a person's capability to absorb information once he has fallen asleep. Studies of these capabilities have made extremely interesting research projects in some institutions; however, a common conclusion of all is that a person's recollection of his environment is almost nil.

There are few in the Nav. course I am sure who are not acutely aware of the necessity for complete recollection of his environment; apt reminders occupy the last two rows of seats. Through negative reasoning then, it may be realized that one prime advantage of staying alert would be passing!

There are a host of secondary advantages almost too numerous to mention. However, several deserve special mention.

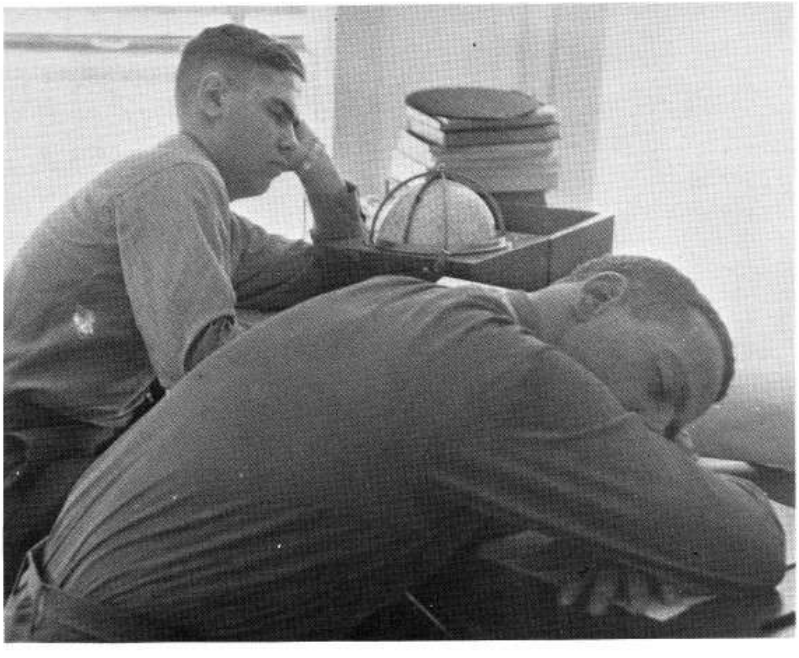
Closely allied to recollection is application. It has been conclusively proven that a person's ability to apply himself, to exhibit enthusiasm and alertness, while asleep is negligible. This lack of enthusiasm and alertness tends to annoy instructors and to activate their imagination.

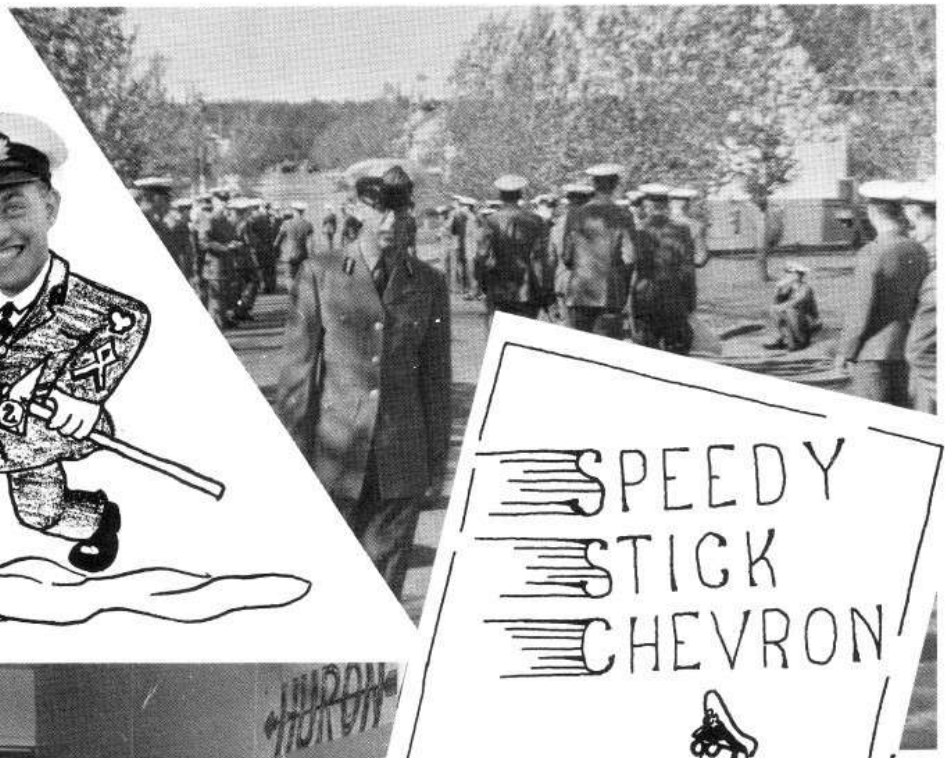
Further advantages can be realized by observing the antics of a cadet about to fall asleep. The subject gradually loses control of the muscles in his neck and back. He perches on the edge of collapse for several minutes until he does, in fact--collapse. If at this time he happens to be holding a text or a parallel ruler, he is hardly apt to set these down gently. They are more likely to crash to the deck or be crushed by his crumbling body. These occurrences are both disturbing to the cadets in his immediate vicinity, (who themselves are probably asleep), and are misuse and abuse of naval property.

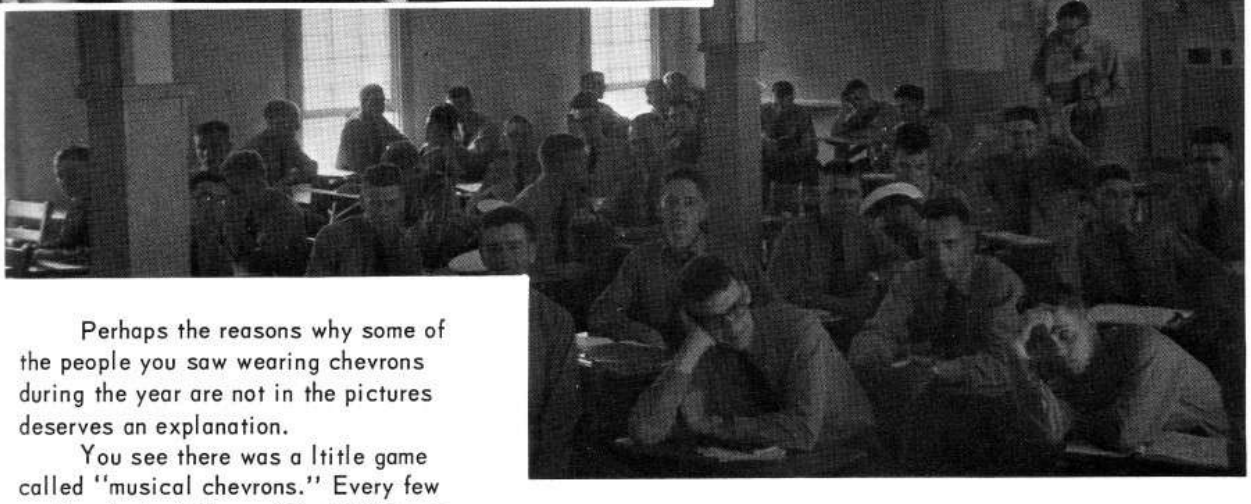
The final point I wish to make is that if a cadet is weak at essay writing, or abhors humping rocks and trips to the main gate, he should refrain entirely from little cat-naps, and constantly remind himself of the multitude of the advantages to staying awake in Nav. Class.

m.r. lister

FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Lt. S.I. Buxhnell, Lt. D.J. Neal, Lt. D.C. Young, Lt. E.J.M. Young, Lt. W.F. Dickson, Lt. S.M. Boloten.
REAR ROW: Lt. A.P. Busque, S/Lt. J.W. O'Brien, S/Lt. R.J. Langlais, S/Lt. J.F. Lovett, WOS. M. Cooke, S/Lt. J. Baker, S/Lt. W.J. Jennings, Lt. R.J. Montcalm, S/Lt. J.T. Hogan.
MISSING: S/Lt. R.F. Shepoard, S/Lt. G. Dyer, S/Lt. R.W. Munday, Lt. J.G. McLeod.







Perhaps the reasons why some of the people you saw wearing chevrons during the year are not in the pictures deserves an explanation.

You see there was a ltitle game called "musical chevrons." Every few weeks about eighteen of the POC types around the block would meet on the upper deck of the gunroom where there were twelve to fourteen chevrons hidden. When the music stopped, anyone that could get a chevron was allowed to put it up until the next game.

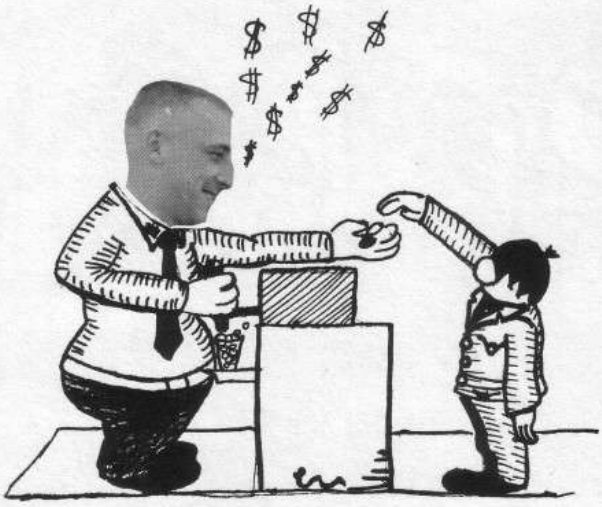
Some fellows were sea-sick and missed out, others had a rough night ashore with the RCMP, while still others were too busy working on their journals. One of the big fellows had to be allowed in the game because he threatened to take the piano. Oh, well--that's the way the chevron sticks!!

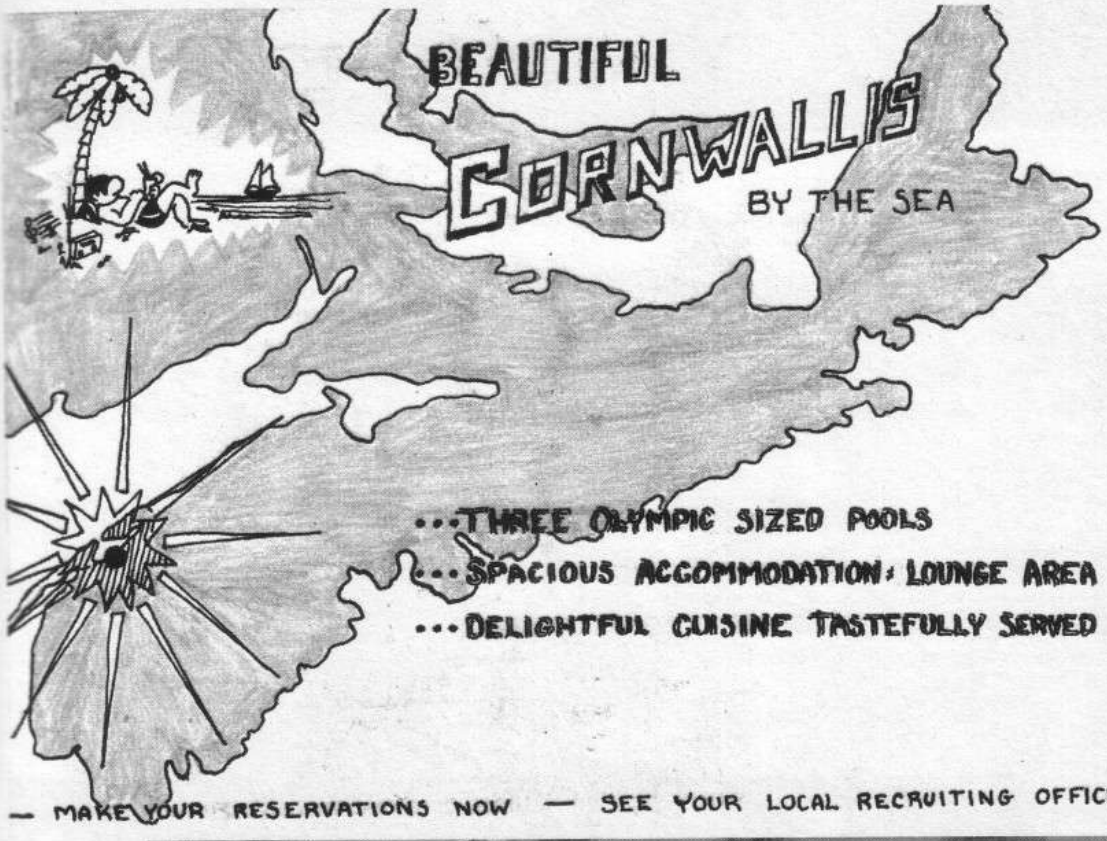
GUNROOM

1963 MESS COMMITTEE

BACK ROW, Left to Right: J. O'Connor, McElroy, W. Tucker, L. McGuire.
FRONT ROW: B. Segal, B. Courrier, G. Thurston.

The mess committee, directed (yuk, yuk) by C/C/C Courrier accomplished little of what it set out to do, but it did make many steps in the right direction, and layed the groundwork for this coming year. Some of the more widely acclaimed accomplishments were: Friday night weepers, the extension of the record collection, the installation of a coffee perculator and the beer machine. Many of the improvements, such as a new coat rack, were shot down at a general mess meeting (perhaps they feared another beer garden fence issue). But the walls were given a new paint job (?) and blue-prints drawn up for the other needed alterations. After the new foundation and siding is completed this year, the 1964 committee will be able to roar ahead with beer-garden and gunroom renovations.




BEAUTIFUL
CORNWALLIS
BY THE SEA
...THREE OLYMPIC SIZED POOLS
...SPACIOUS ACCOMMODATION: LOUNGE AREA
...DELIGHTFUL CUISINE TASTEFULLY SERVED
— MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW — SEE YOUR LOCAL RECRUITING OFFICER

UNTD BLOCK

Balls, Balls, Balls; once again the cadets entertained the USN midshipmen at not one, not two, but three command balls.

On the night of June 28 and the again on July 27 the wardroom of HMCS Stadacona bent and swayed to the dance music of a navy band. Formals long and short swept gaily over the ballroom floor being gingerly guided by the men in blue of both navies. The floor glistened in the candle light under the trampling shuffle of feet doing a contorting twist or a proper good old-fashioned waltz.

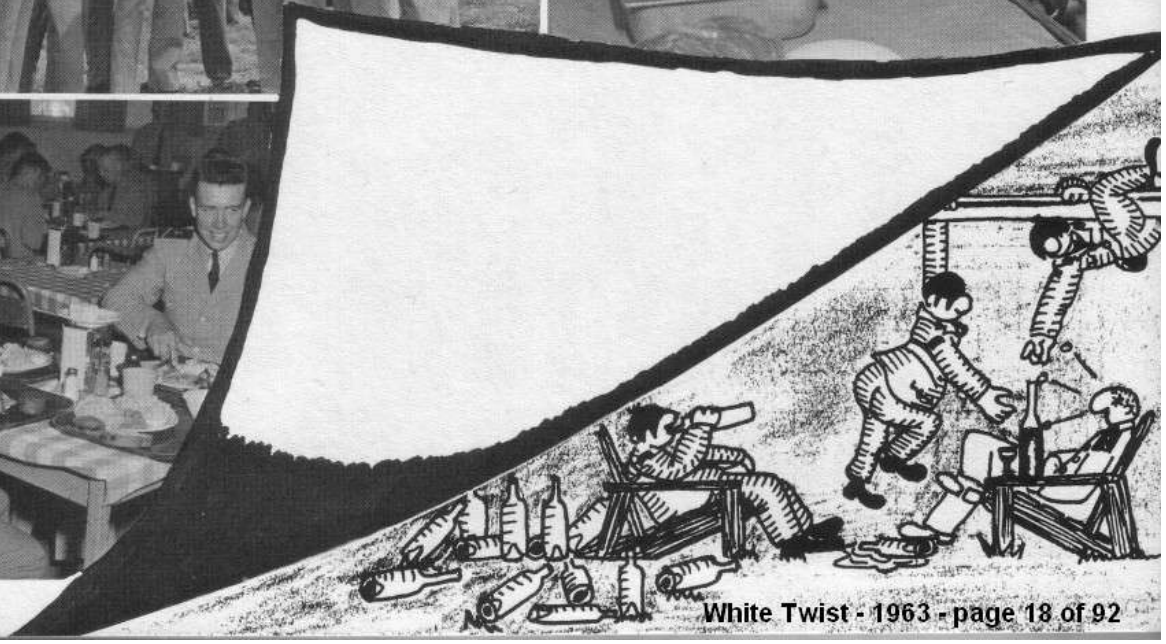
Before the gala event, a formal tea party was given on the hanger decks of USS Intrepid or USS Essex. The midshipmen and their dates played the honourable role of host and hostess by providing an excellent buffet and band.

On August 28 the last ball was held in Quebec city with the cadets then on cruise up the St. Lawrence acting as hosts.

While the first two groups of midshipmen were being entertained in Halifax the remainder of their number were visiting Cornwallis. As in the preceding years they placed second in the Saturday sports meet and they failed to provide the entertainment that was expected from them in the gunroom (apparently having been warned to go easy on the bubbles) but nevertheless both sides appeared to enjoy the week-end.

Our hearty thanks goes to the many people who helped to arrange the three balls: Lt. Ridgway, S/Lt. Covert, S/Lt. Robertson, S/Lt. Grantham, Cdt. Puxley, Lt. Montcalm (Quebec City), and Lt. Myers (who arranged the Cornwallis end of the week-ends).

After a day of sports, cadets and midshipmen enjoy a hearty meal in "N" galley.



ANNUAL INSPECTION 1963

Best First Year Cadets:

Haida	-	*Cadet B. R. Jackson*
Mic-Mac	-	*Cadet D. R. Cooper*
Huron	-	*Cadet P. J. Kincaid*
Nootka	-	*Cadet A. C. Walker*
Restigouche	-	*Cadet P. S. Milsom*
Chaudiere	-	*Cadet A. D. Morgan*
Kootenay	-	*Cadet T. D. Ling*
Gatineau	-	*Cadet R. J. Daycock*
Iroquois	-	*Cadet D. A. Dellandrea*
Sioux	-	*Cadet N. M. Finney*
Cayuga	-	*Cadet J. L. Mosley*
Athabaskan	-	*Cadet E. Gittens*

Honour Guard Inspected By Commodore M.A. Medland, CD,NDC, RCN.

Best Second Year Cadet 1963
DND Sword
Cadet R. S. Hutching

Sports Efficiency Trophey
Restigouche Division

Best All Round Athlete
W. J. Gushue Shield
Cadet L. K. Engel

Runner Up To Best Second Year Cadet
DND Telescope
Cadet M. H. Rayner

General Proficiency Trophey
Iroquois Division
Second place - Huron Division

Best All Round First Year Cadet 1963
Lcdr. J. R. McDonalds Shield
Cadet N. M. Finney

On August 27 at about 1300, the cadets of the University Naval Training Divisions were making hasty last-minute preparations for their annual inspection, the climax of the summer training.

At 1400, the guard presented arms while the band played the Commodore's salute. After being inspected by Commodore M. A. Medland, CD, NDC, RCN, the guard marched back behind the drill shed where the remainder of the cadets not on cruise were forming up for the big show.

Half an hour later the entire UNTD marched on; the contrast of white webbing and black uniforms on cadets moving in unison created a sharp spectacle in the afternoon sunlight.

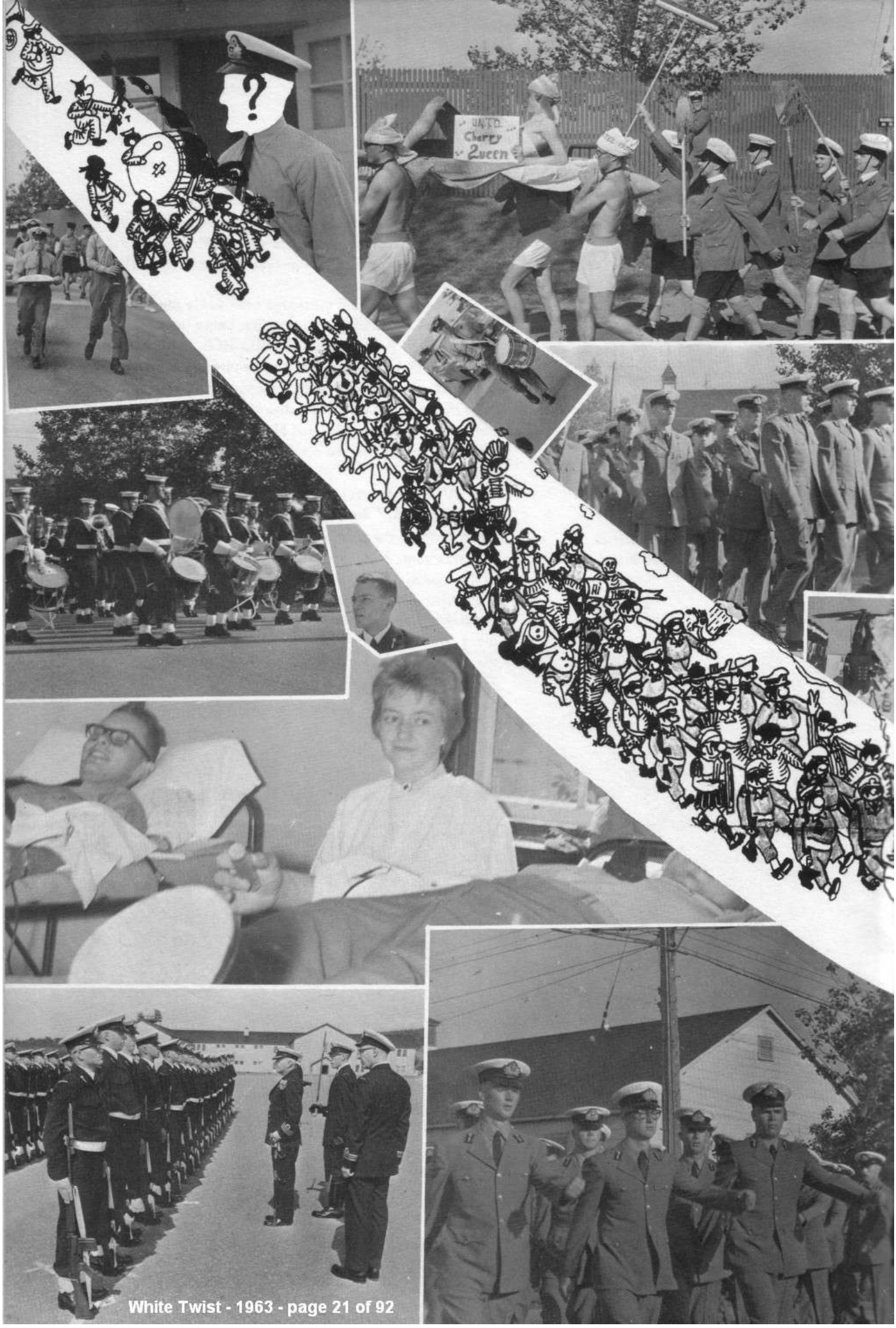
After the inspection, the march past to the traditional "Hearts of Oak," the advance in review order, and the presentations, the cadets happily returned FN's for the last time this year. They then marched in line down the middle of the road singing divisional songs.

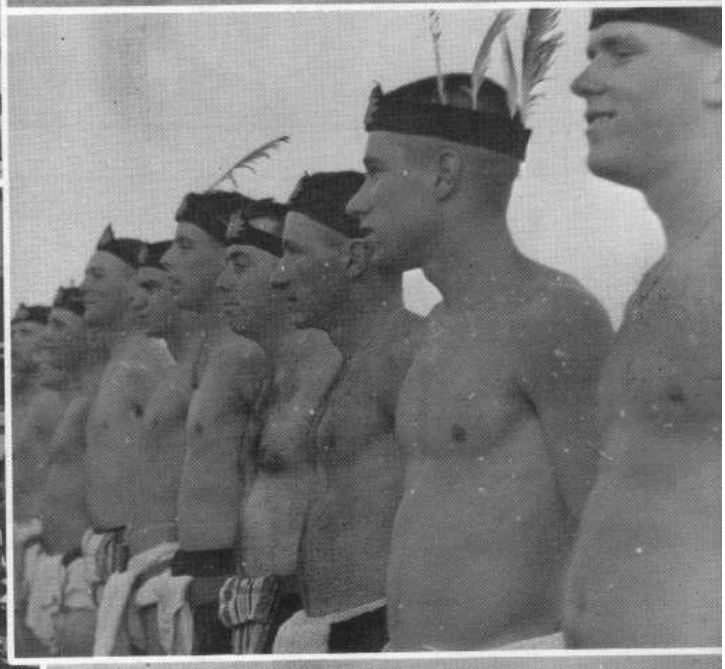
After a hasty change and shining up that new year bar, the cadets gaggled over to the gunroom for the reception, along with the commodore, the captain, the UNTD officers, the chiefs and PO's connected with our training, the girls from the pines and a host of other guests. The galley staff deserves a big hand for the wonderful shrimp, lobster and turkey buffet.

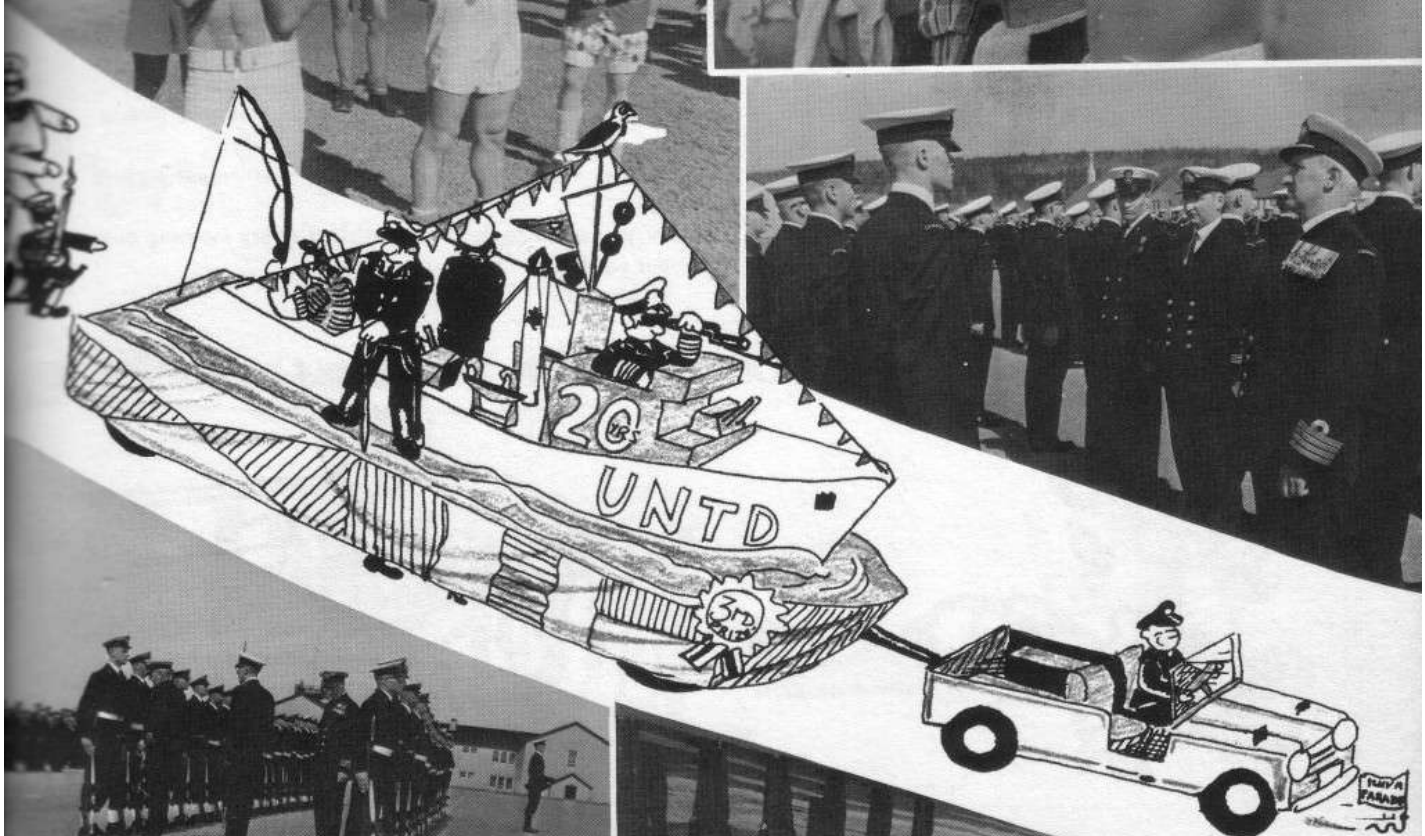
The thanks of all the cadets goes to all the people who helped make this day a success. Especially Chief Petty Officer Cole whose last work before retiring was to make up the routines and help train us for this inspection. He was presented with a lighter in the gunroom during the reception for all the work he has done for cadets in his many years with the navy. And also, our congratulations to Sub-Lieutenant LeBrun, more affectionately known as "Betty Grable," whose belief that a minimum of training would produce as spectacular a show as would days of dull drill, made the annual inspection this year a nite enjoyable.

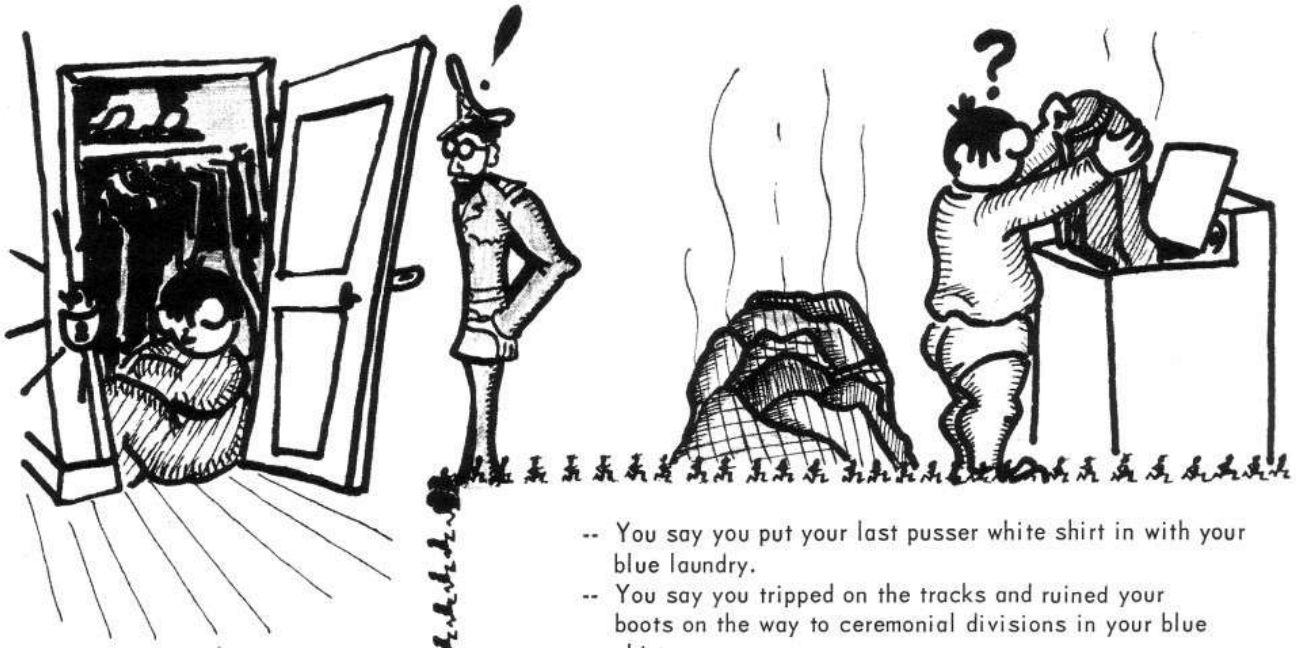
And of course, we must congratulate the cadets whose presence made the inspection both necessary and possible. Although the cadets made a skylark of parade training during most of the year, they came through in the end and put on a superb show.

Despite the fact that we did not get an all-cadet Sunset Ceremony, it was a good year parade training-wise.


?
UNITED
Charity
Queen




20
UNTD
3RD



-- You say you put your last pusser white shirt in with your blue laundry.
-- You say you tripped on the tracks and ruined your boots on the way to ceremonial divisions in your blue shirt.
-- You say you were inspected by Lieutenant-Commander Vatcher.

Is that what's got you running circles?

-- You say you forgot to lock your closet.
-- You say they had a cabin check.
-- You say you were hiding in your closet when they checked.

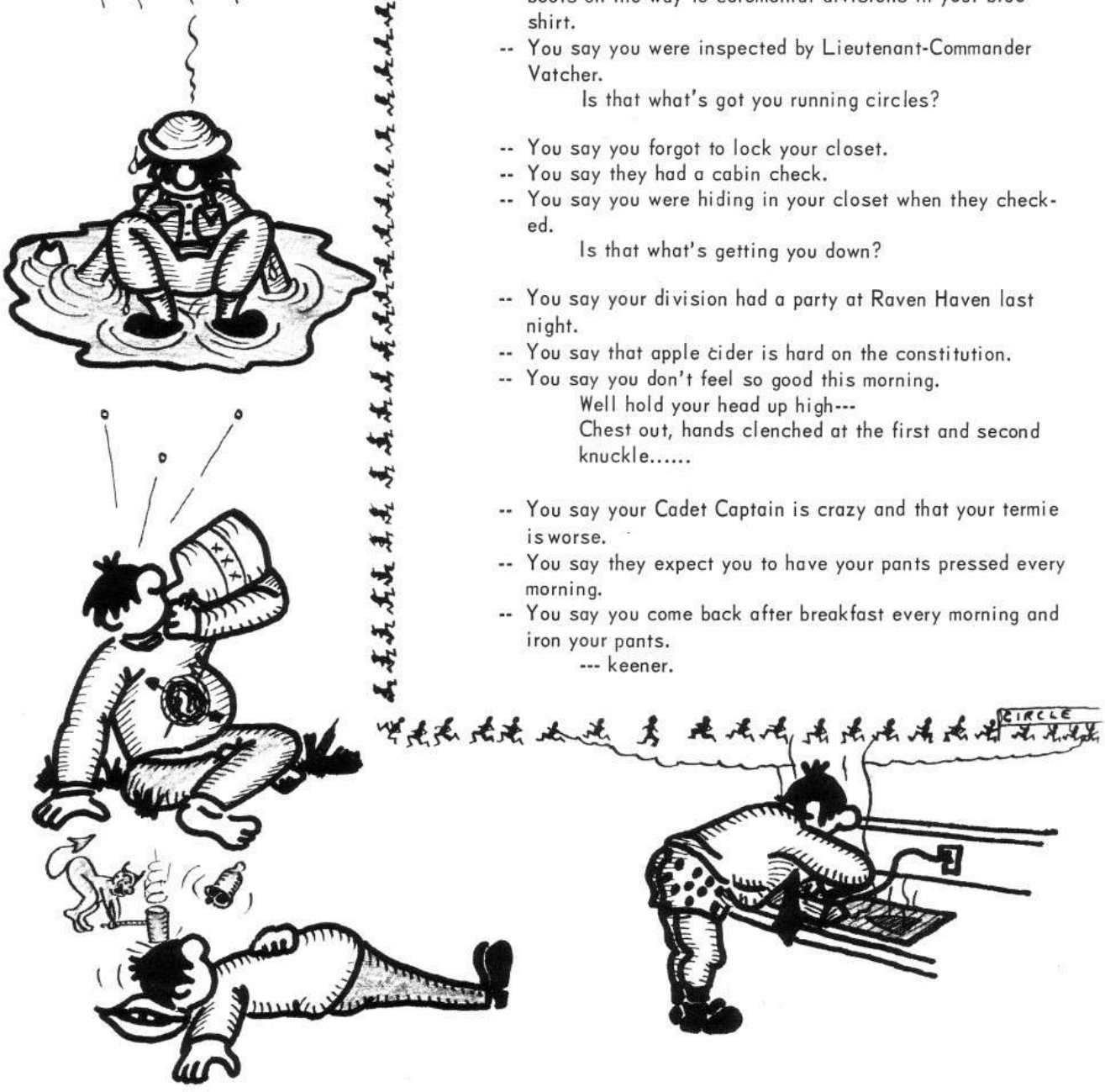
Is that what's getting you down?

-- You say your division had a party at Raven Haven last night.
-- You say that apple cider is hard on the constitution.
-- You say you don't feel so good this morning.

Well hold your head up high---
Chest out, hands clenched at the first and second knuckle.....

-- You say your Cadet Captain is crazy and that your termie is worse.
-- You say they expect you to have your pants pressed every morning.
-- You say you come back after breakfast every morning and iron your pants.

--- keener.



-- You say you couldn't get over the walls and you fell in the pond.
-- You say you lost that old beat up rifle.
-- You say you have to run the assault course again next week.

Is that what's getting you down?

-- You say Nav. classes are boring.
-- You say you dozed off during class and fell off your stool.
-- You say you had to hump rocks at stand-easy and write an essay on "premarital contenancy."

Is that what's troubling you?

-- You say you found a cockroach in your muffin.
-- You say you have to stab the chicken to keep if from running away.
-- You say you don't like raw sausage for breakfast.

Is that why you buy so many sandwiches at the canteen?

-- You say the salt is coming out of your boots.
-- You say your cap badge is turning green.
-- You say your pants are burnt a pretty pink.

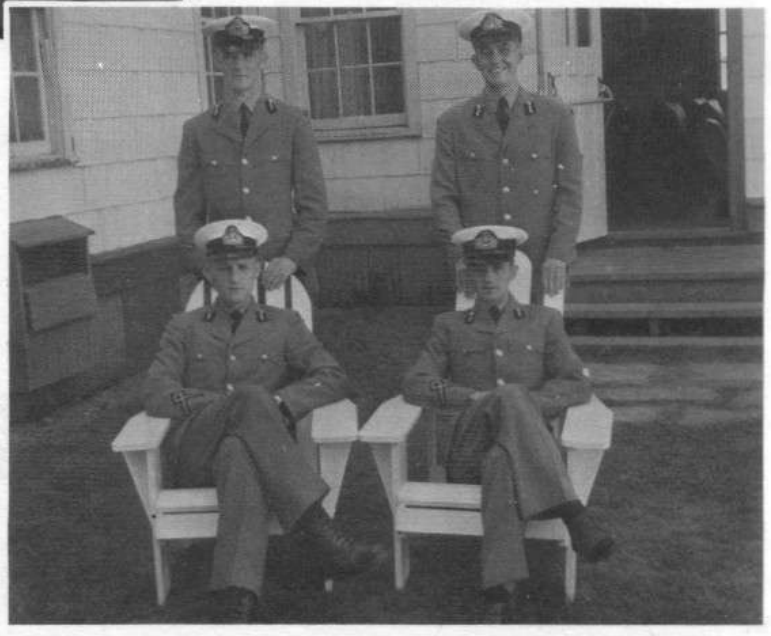
Well buck up cadet, the summer has just begun.

DUH
I spell; Delta Uniform Hotel - - -
DUH.

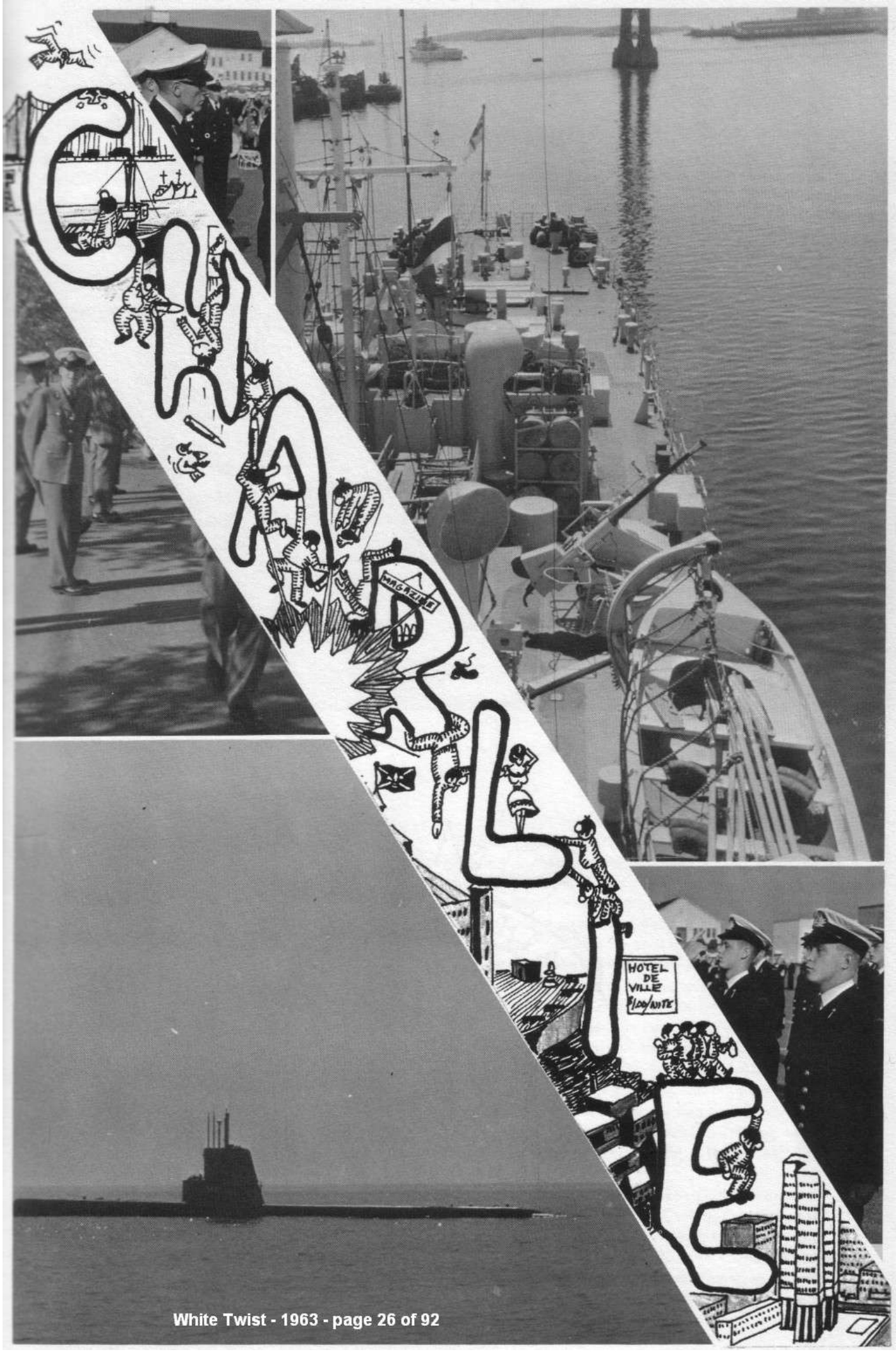
C/C/C W. Courrier

C/C D. Francis
C/C A. Bernard
C/C V. Suthern
C/C I. Reid
C/C R. Hutchings

C/C M. Lister
C/C D. McGee
C/C J. Taylor
C/C J. Wright
C/C A. Shaw



C/C P. Smith
C/C A. Pitts
C/C M. Rayner
C/C W. Shambrook


MAGAZINE
HOTEL DE VILLE FLOOR NOTE

ATHABASKAN

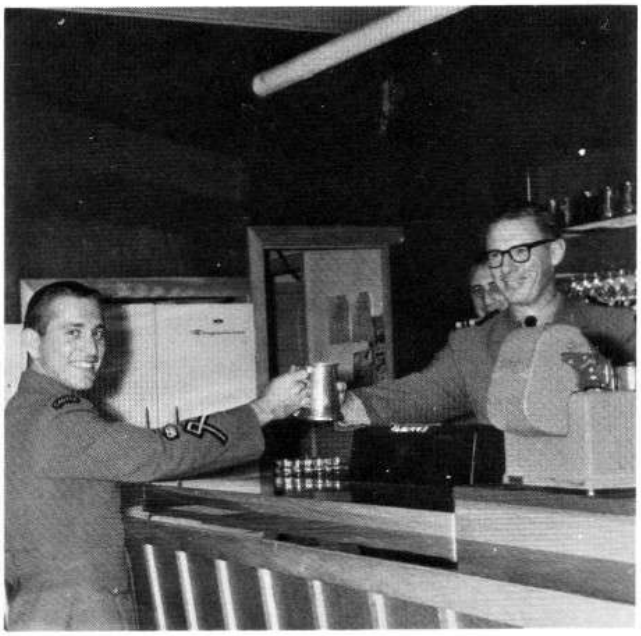
ATHA 'B'

DIVISION

Anywhere from 8 May to 1 June, 1963, the cadets of Athabaskan Division drove, flew, ran, came by train, or were flogged to beautiful Cornwallis-by-the-Sea, where a fully-trained and equipped staff was waiting to make our summer an unforgetable one.

After a few days of orientation, where first years met second years and second years were planning the future of the first years, the divisions began courses in Communications I and II. (Negative cloaks; check daggers at the door). It was here that the first years realized from the example of the second years that Standing was a far superior learning position to Sitting. This remarkable phenomenon served to show all other classes how Keen Athabaskan was--at almost any given time, at least half of the class would be found in the Standing position, listening attentively to every word that was being said.

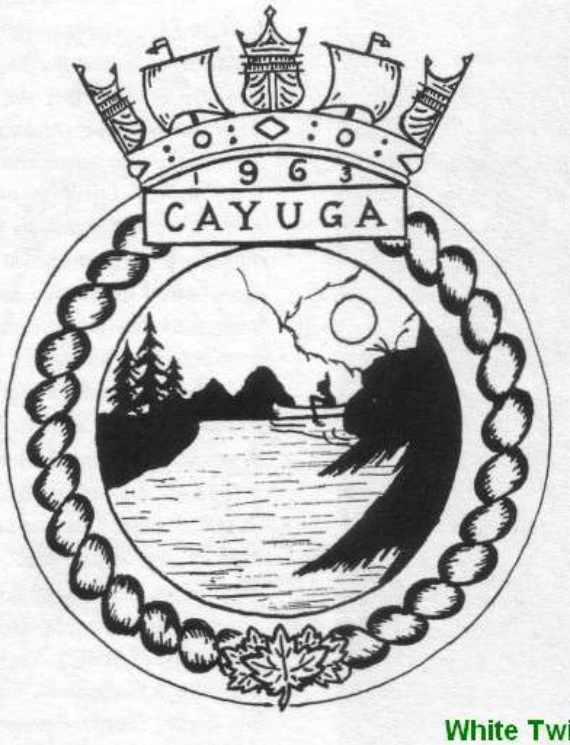
Parade Training always was a great favourite of Athabaskan Division. Our presence on the Parade Ground was rewardingly greeted with cries of joy and relief from the Parade Staff; (Please, Sir--Not so smartly--Everyone else looks bad!) The excellence of Athabaskan's drill is made manifest by the fact that the orders from the dais were addressed to "Cornwallis" the first week, "Cornwallis and Athabaskan Division" the second week, and finally "Athabaskan Division and others" during the third week.



Athabaskan Division was always noted for its spirited Gunroom parties. However, the Spirit(s) present at these gatherings does not have any direct bearing on the fact that the Gunroom is now undergoing extensive renovations.

On long weekends, short weekends and "Liberty Boats" (tickets on sale in the Reg. Office), the cadets of Athabaskan Division could all be seen making a pilgrimage to the crossroads of the East, that famed cultural centre of the World--Digby. It was here that the Athabaskan cadets became loved and respected by the girls of the Digby Pines. These girls became so selective in favour of Athabaskans that ill-feeling ran high among the cadets of other divisions. It was felt that the one-sidedness of the situation, in favour of Athabaskan Division, was demoralizing and consequently, "The Pines" was placed out of bounds.

The Cadets of Athabaskan Division are part (or rather, the main-stay) of Charlie Cruise and will be on board HMCS Victoriaville. It is on this ship that the Athabaskan cadets hope to conquer Russia, but Cadet Control seems to feel otherwise. Oh well, --today Digby--, tomorrow--the World.


1963
CAYUGA

We all arrived, bags in hand, jaws agape, to the limitless joys of Cornwallis. A knot of morose-looking second year cadets mumbled obscure oaths and terms like "slack", "weepers" and so on--and we all lapped it up.

So there we were, dribbling in, in snatches and groups, turning McIntyre's hair grey but somehow getting organized. Before we had all arrived (due to so many from la belle province de Quebec), Cayuga trotted off to courses, the first years perspiring through leadership while the second years revelled in Engineering and Power.

Navigation School rolled in like a tidal wave, and rolled out leaving our ranks just a bit thin. But spirits weren't damp enough to stop us from cramming ourselves into the relics driven by Maguire and Legere, and roaring off to set up our Divisional party.

The party was a fair success; some chaps chose wine over women, with spectacular results, but the annual meeting of the Marlinspike Clubbe was classed as a huge, sloshing success.

It was pretty obvious that we had a good crew in Cayuga; a better mob would be hard to find. Musical Chevrons altered leaders for us, but we took it in stride and returned unruffled to the stream of oaths and abuse that each morning expressed the Parade Staff's opinion of our marching.

We had all types in the division; our attache's to the "Pines," Maguire and McIntyre, kept us with some social links, and Big Mike Legere deserves a medal for his work on the party. DesRosiers grew webbed feet while here, and Gascon demonstrated an ability to quaff ANY kind of liquid. Peters' voice reached eight thousand decibels, and Murphy will obviously be deprived of his teeth and a Christian burial upon death. Poor old Bob Bent puffed his way around the track as our only major competitor in the Meet, and "Ferny" will probably remember the tailgate of the truck coming back from Raven Haven.

It is too hard to name all the great chaps, so we'll stop here. But they were all a great crew, and it is a sure bet that not many of us will forget this particular summer.

Having trouble making yards?

If you are not making any gains in your financial affairs, now is the time to blow the whistle on yourself and step off the distance to your neighbourhood branch of the B of M. A Bank of Montreal Savings Account is the sure way to make every "buck" count and put you well ahead of the game.

"MY BANK" 10 MILLION CANADIANS B of M

BANK OF MONTREAL
Canada's First Bank

WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817

Ode to a Sneaker Snatcher

There once was a man from Cape Breton
Who's ideas were wanton and wild
He set out to sea from Mount Allison
Then one day he had a brainchild.

Now Cornwallis is cold and it's boring
And to P. T. each morning we go
He set up a plan so exciting
With only the privileged to know.

One night while the duty watch slumbered
And fire sentries slept in the heads
The Furtive, their free minutes numbered,
Snuck quietly out of their beds.

The floors they groaned and they grumbled
And Fingers did wander around
But in Nootka not one person stumbled
Although in brave chests hearts did pound.

Next morning when "Wakey Wakey" sounded
The running shoes had all disappeared
Cadets wandered lost and astounded
Then out of the windows they peered.

And thereon the Wardroom field section
Running shoes, just as neat as could be,
Lined up, seemingly at attention,
And spelling out, "WE LOVE P. T."

d. g. ledingham

Naval Knowledge

The Naval Knowledge course on the East coast was introduced this year on a sort of trial basis. Whatever the powers that be might think, to the eight cadets who took this course it was a complete success.

Cadets Dallaire, Kent and Thomson aboard "Swansea", Hannah, O'Connor and Williams aboard "Buckingham", and Beninger and Ware aboard "Cap de la Madeleine" were the chosen eight. Although designated as a "course", Naval Knowledge did not include any formal instruction or examination. We were posted to our ships, given a cabin, and made full members of the wardroom. We were treated as officers, and we hope that we acted accordingly. Standing as assistant officer of the watch, or officer of the day, we were given the opportunity to learn and practice, to the fullest possible extent, the duties and responsibilities of a sea-going officer.

The officers themselves were extremely helpful, always willing to help, but also giving us the chance to do things on our own. It takes a lot of nerve, and a helping of faith, for an OOW to leave a cadet to himself at night on the bridge, in the midst of a swarm of fishing vessels. We are pleased to report that there were no groundings or collisions, not even of motorbikes in Bermuda, or hired cars in Miami.

Our sea-time started with an A/S exercise in May, in which our ships participated--giving us the opportunity to see the RCN in its operational role. In June the eight of us were posted to HMCS "Resolute" for two weeks of minesweeping experience. It was a very full two weeks, "togetherness" being one of the great features of coastal minesweeping. "Buckingham's" naval knowledge cadets took their big cruise with UNTD cruise "B" and the Seventh Squadron, making themselves very large in "Fort Liquordale", Antigua, Bermuda and Boston. "Cap de la Madeleine" and "Swansea" took CMR cadets on their cruise, originally scheduled to visit Lisbon and the Azores, but finally following the sun from St. John's to Charleston, Miami, and Bermuda. No complaints, however, for we cut a wide swath wherever we went. The girls at Barrie College in Miami will not forget us, even if the belles of St. John's do (which is unlikely, since they managed to get enough souvenirs).

As far as we are concerned, Naval Knowledge, "East Coast Style" is the greatest. The frigates cannot be beaten as training ships, and even though the West coast yacht club has some advantages, we feel that the training we received could not be beaten. We hope that the course will be made permanent here, so that many more cadets can follow the same route.

Every cruise group tends to develop its own especial character during the course of summer training. From the start, the cadets of Charlie Cruise, 1963, enjoyed the life into which they found themselves thrown so abruptly after the "dolce vita" of University. The divisions swiftly became assimilated, and even the late arrival of some of the cadets served only to heighten and fortify the spirit already established. The result of this "joie de vive" and comradeship, fostered alike by English and French-speaking cadets, was to produce a continuing mood of achievement and enthusiasm among the members of Iroquois, Sioux, Cayuga and Athabaskan divisions. Perhaps one of the greatest factors behind this mood was anticipation of the actual cruise itself, for surely the prospect of a trip up the St. Lawrence River in mid-August, with the pleasures of Montreal at the other end, would appeal to anyone. But the secret to the success of Charlie Cruise lay not in the number of foreign ports included in the itinerary. It rested, rather, with each of its individual members and with the collective spirit of its divisions. The worth of the results is not likely to be doubted by any cadet of Charlie Cruise 1963.

UNTD

63

IROQUOIS

If you were to take thirty cadets from all parts of Canada, give them a guitar, a whistle and maybe even a guillotine, put them in the charge of a term lieutenant who is a tax-specialist, you just might end up with a division like Iroquois '63. It is doubtful, however, if even the above- mentioned ingredients would be possible, for it would also be necessary to find a revivalist minister of equal stature to the Reverend Mr. Lavers, a bagpiper with the strength of Mr. Campbell, and socialites better than the Iroquois "Pines" Teams. You would also have difficulty in mustering a heavier tug-of-war team or a more determined bunch of route-marchers. A record of uninterrupted victory would not of course be necessary; a record of uninterrupted effort and enthusiasm would. When it comes to arranging parties worthy of the title "best ever", it is unlikely that you could come close to Iroquois '63; and in the field of financing social activities the division's record surely must go unchallenged. In short, no matter how hard you tried, it probably would be impossible to find another group quite like the 1963 version of Iroquois Division.

It is not, of course, that any member of the division would wish emulation of the Iroquois' formula of success. It is a unique phenomenon, and will never be seen again in Cornwallis, at least in quite the same form. It is the memories that "Les Iroquois" will retain long after many of the other details of the summer have been forgotten. Our prowess in cabin clean-up, the record-breaking route-march, the whistle which shattered the good order and discipline of one afternoon divisions. the gypsum mine, the Iroquois Ball, and the quillotine which somehow found its way onto the porch of Cadet Control, are all part of a legend which can never be copied. To be able to say this is in itself a great achievement.

With this boast, and the memories which made it possible, "nous allons enfin en mer," to become "Fort Eries" or "Lanarks." To the two people who, more than anyone or anything else, made Iroquois what it was in 1963, Lieutenant Garneau and Cadet Captain Hutchings, goes the deep appreciation and respect of the division. It was, in the final analysis, only because of their efforts that we could say--

I-R-O,
I-R-O,
Q-U-O-I-S.
Iroquois, Iroquois
We are the very best!
--and mean it.

SIOUX

The members of Sioux Division arrived in Cornwallis during the early weeks of May to start their summer training and, at the same time, to cultivate memories of a lifetime. If there is one thing Sioux Division excelled in, it was a sense of keen team spirit, resulting in a feeling of brotherhood among its bilingual members. I am sure many of the English-speaking members picked up a great deal of French, but it is hard to know just in what occasions to use much of the vocabulary.

One unforgettable aspect of our summer training was the efforts of Sioux at guard. It was such a notable ocassion, that it was immortalized forever in poetry by the Sioux divisional bard:

Now Sioux as guard was considered hard,
To equal on the ground,
With our gators tight, and our belts set straight
The like could not be found.

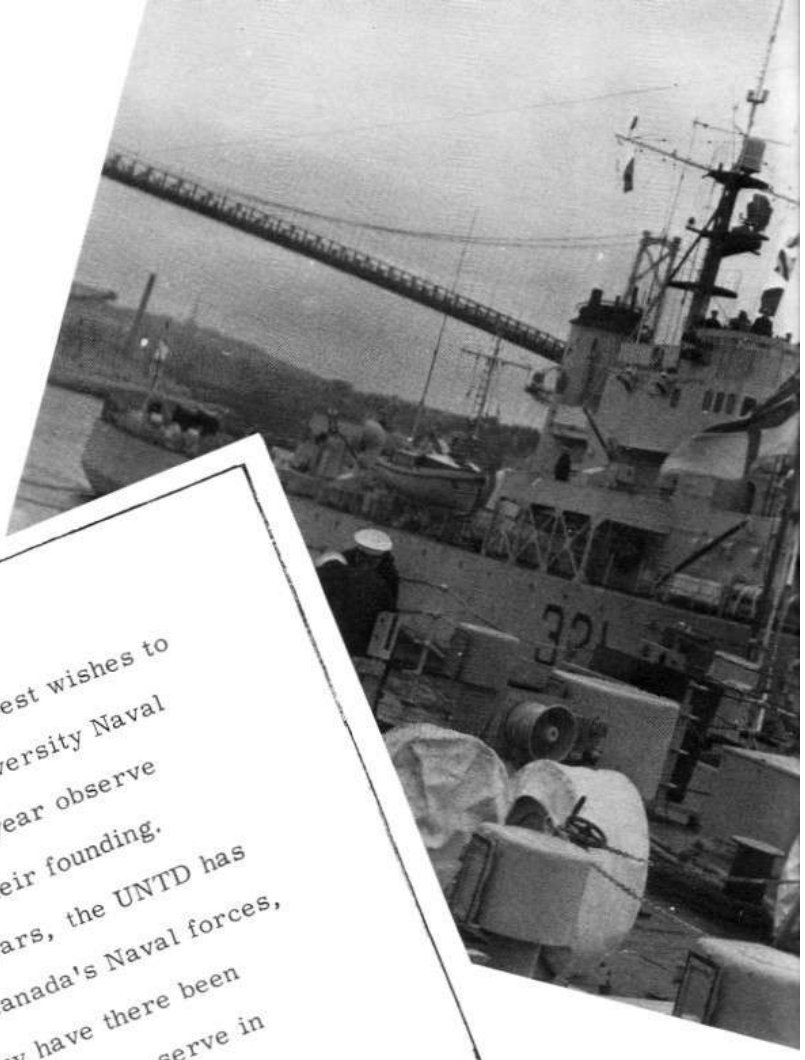
With our rifles drawn and bayonettes on,
The P.O.'s screamed for dressing,
But we knew by the tears in his tired old eyes,
Our chances for guard were lessing.

Much of the credit for molding such a fine division must go to Lt. Irwin and "P.T." Trevenen. It was not uncommon for Sioux Division to take first place in the march-past each morning, and to be in the top three for sports, (though swim-meets seemed to excite no one).

Despite our great respect for military procedure, the men of Sioux Division soon learned to enjoy the recreational centres of Nova Scotia. One such spot which proved to be very popular with the boys was the Digby Pines. Never during Sioux' stay was the "Pines" without at least one representative of the division at its doors.

In thinking over the summer, many incidents spring to mind. Who in the division could forget Nugent strumming his guitar and singing about the adventures of Mr. Kyle to a ballad melody? Who could forget Commander Pepin's tennis victories, or Cadet Harris' temperance policies? It seemed that every time a divisional sing-song became the least bit quiet, a little voice would pipe up "Prince Edward Island is heaven to me." For a division that did so well in their navigation marks, it seems strange that the height of high tide at the divisional beach party was five feet above the fire place.

With our training over, and cruise starting, another summer at Cornwallis passes. Next year many of this year's cadets will return with new cadets to start the training all over again. It is our sincere hope that next year's divisions will share the success that Sioux Division boasts of this year.



MESSAGE FOR THE "WHITE TWIST"

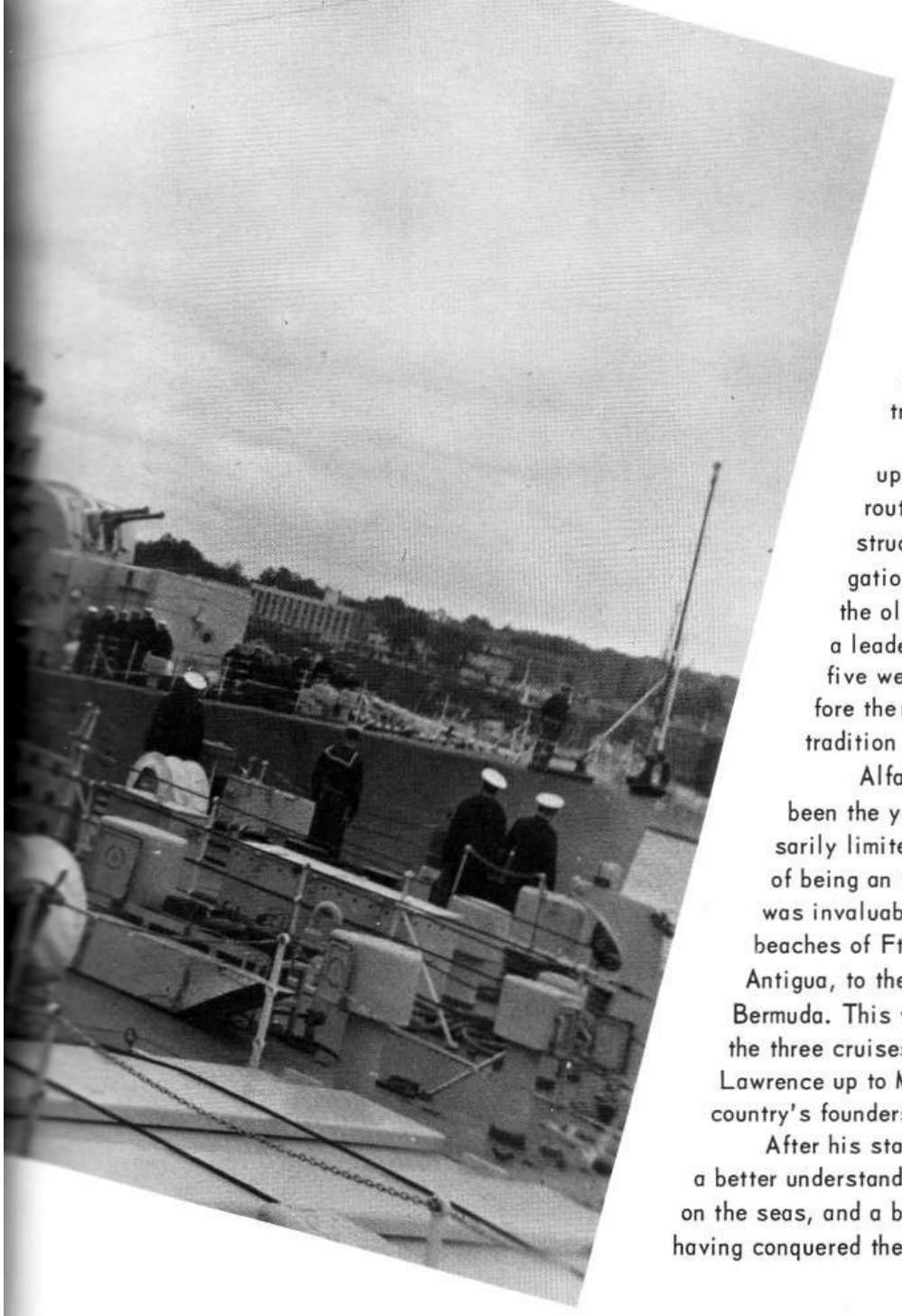
I am pleased to extend best wishes to those of you who serve in the University Naval Training Divisions, which this year observe the twentieth anniversary of their founding.

Throughout the years, the UNTD has been a vital component of Canada's Naval forces, and at no time in its history have there been greater challenges facing those who serve in this fine organization than there are today.

Each of you has learned much of the Navy during your periods of training, both at HMCS Cornwallis and at sea. I am certain that you will benefit considerably from the knowledge you have acquired, and I trust that you will make good use of it in the days ahead.

Above all, I would hope that you will continue to support the Navy at every opportunity, whether you are returning to university or embarking upon your chosen career. By so doing, you will contribute in no small measure to a better understanding by Canadians of the vital role which the RCN plays in the defence of our nation.

(JEFFRY V. BROCK)
REAR ADMIRAL
FLAG OFFICER ATLANTIC COAST



During the summer months Her Majesty's Canadian Ships; Fort Erie, Inch Arran, Lanark, New Waterford, Victoriaville, and Buckingham, were the hosts of some four hundred cadets of the University Naval Training Divisions, who spent five weeks aboard for the sea phase of their training.

The cadets of the three cruises up-held an integral part of the ships' routine; at the same time taking instruction in seamanship, practical navigation and NBCD. In accordance with the old maxim that before a man becomes a leader he must be a good follower, the five weeks at sea are spent "serving before the mast" in as much of the old naval tradition as the limited facilities will allow.

Alfa cruise was operational as it had been the year before, but although this necessarily limited their ports of call, the experience of being an integral part of the duty squadron was invaluable. Bravo cruise sailed from the beaches of Ft. Lauderdale, to the palm trees of Antigua, to the stores and theatres of Boston or Bermuda. This was by far the most interesting of the three cruises. Charlie cruise navigated the St. Lawrence up to Montreal along the route of our country's founders.

After his stay aboard ship, a man can not avoid a better understanding of the difficulties encountered on the seas, and a better understanding of himself for having conquered these difficulties.

CRUISES

1963

LIFE

Slicing through the trees, the bitter Nova Scotia wind screamed around the corners of the drab grey building. Through salt-burned eyes the experience-wizened mariner surveyed the bleak scene. Slowly, visions of former days sprang up before his eyes. His face broke into a smile as he saw himself boarding a ship for the first time. Chest carried high and kit bag held at a jaunty angle, he popped up a sharp salute as he crossed the brow. Yes, that was a wonderful beginning---if only he had not tripped over that deck cleat....

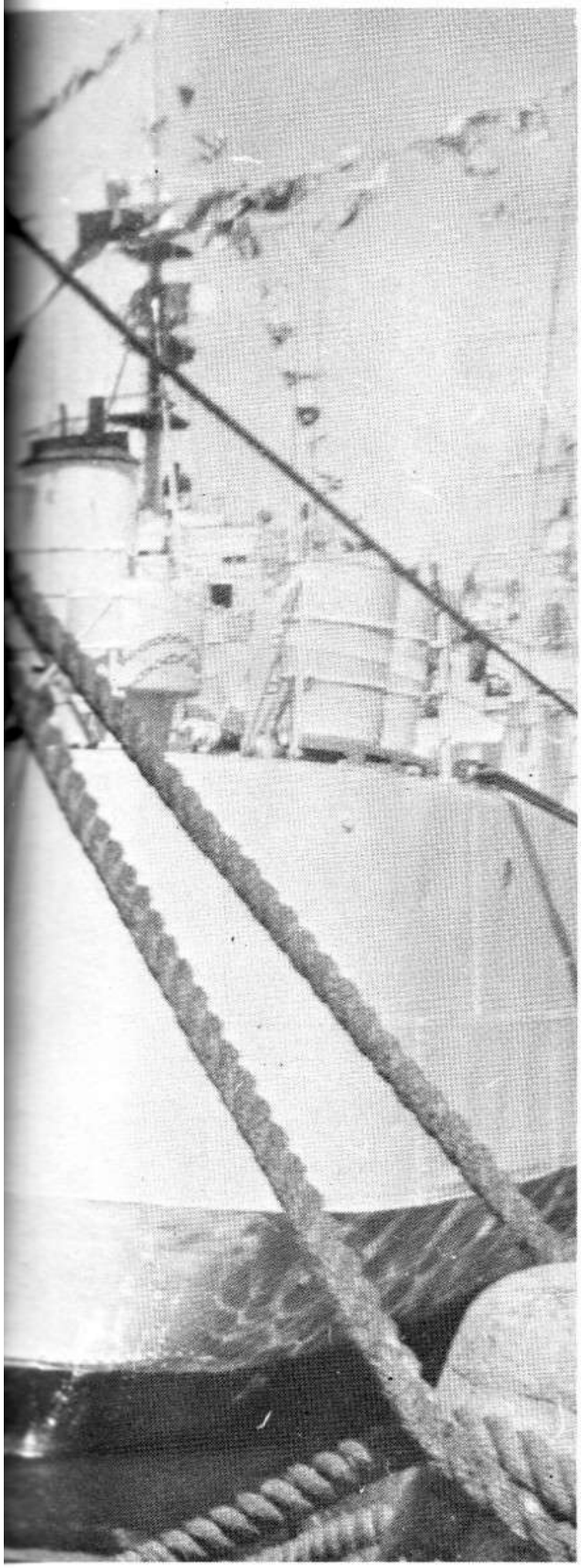
The mariner's eyes illuminated again as he recalled that first thrilling day at sea: the wind blowing stiffly through the rigging and the sea breaking high over the bow. Such weather inspires men to great deeds, and he remembered the quick descent from the four inch gun deck via the cargo spar. Having taken a couple of quick paces to the guard rail, he got his head over the side just in time.

A spectre of the sailor's sea-boat training flashed before him. He saw a young, vibrant body struggling to climb a boat rope. Slowly he ascended, then he weakened. A sickly smile spread over his face; a small groan was followed by a dull thud. On the second trip out he played a major role in retrieving a squid shell and proudly returned to the ship. The whaler glided smoothly along side, but it missed the life-lines and went under a water outlet. Fortunately the boat was pulled out of the stream before it was completely swamped.

He remembered how well his senses had been trained. Lookout sharpened his eyes; the good food, his taste; the pitch black mess, his touch; the straining to hear the cadet captain's approach, over the gyro, his hearing. His judgement had also sharpened. He knew when to sneak away to gun sponson, how to avoid meeting the buffer, and what excuse to give the sea-training officer when discovered in the laundry room.

The real benefits of his sea time were congered up from the subterranean depths of his mind. Seamanship, NBCD, gunnery and all the practical lessons learned were quickly run over in his mind.

AT SEA



He paused at the memory of his mess-mates. Swatting away the hum of Bob's socks, this hardened sea-dog passed over the memories of crushed fingers and knocked heads to those of the sing-songs, card games and endless discussions. The good times had with a group of fine fellows. These will be remembered longer than anything else.

Those very exciting moments which are etched in every seaman's recollection sprang before him. He recalled the commotion when a first-year cadet almost rammed another ship during a jack stay transfer. Anger tore at him when he remembered that while station-keeping one night a complaint about being twenty degrees off course received the reply: "Yes, but we are coming back from thirty."

His anger quickly subsided, however, as he recalled a dark, quiet night on the four inch gun deck, a fleeting figure with a brassy burden, an industrious sawing in the mess and a splash outside the wash place scuttle. Quickly he glanced down at his shiny ashtray.

No spectres of charge reports appeared before him, but he remembered some of his friends who were not so lucky. Jack was an efficient fellow who always did things in the most efficient manner. However, he had some trouble explaining this to the coxswain when caught steering the ship with his feet. Another chum took great pride in his costly tiddly cap, but the authorities thought that if it fell overboard, it was incorrect to jump in after it---especially if one could not swim.

Finally he thought of the places he had visited: Charlottetown, Quebec City, Bermuda, Antigua. He had seen important centers such as Fort Lauderdale and Boston and out of the way places such as St. Margaret's Bay and Montreal.

Those were the days. Slowly the cold reality of the Nova Scotian summer returned to him. Slamming down the window, Cadet Ubee Slack turned to his pal; "Herman lock me in the closet willya, it's too damn cold for PT."

-pete rider

THE ORIGIN OF COCKROACH RACING IN THE R.C.N.

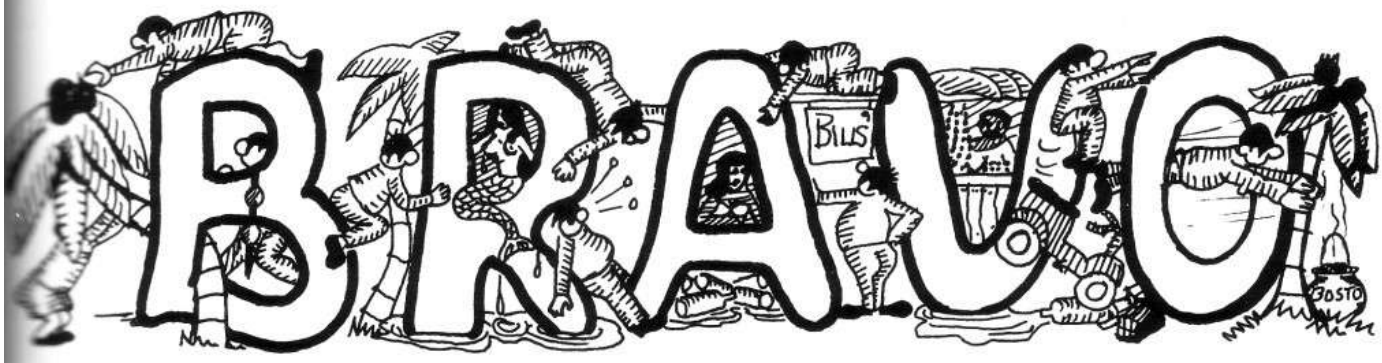
Back in the days of the Chan Dynasty, when cockroaches were first seen on RCN (Royal Chinese Navy) sampans, nobody knew what they were for, least of all the cockroaches.

A spray was invented to exterminate these mixed up bugs, but all it did was make the big ones angry and the little ones sick. Finally, Admiral Laylor, Naval Liaison Officer, contacted one of the big angry ones, Hatcher by name. Together they worked out a plan to terminate the little sick ones, leaving the big ones to run around in circles for the RCN. This sport adapted by the Royal Canadian Navy in 1910, became known as cockroach racing.

In the picture on the left, the arrow points out a cockroach which has just been released from the jar. The picture on the right shows the winning cockroach passing across the finish line. The center photograph shows the beaming faces of the winning cockroach coaches--keep up that fine training boys!

A MEAL AT "N" GALLEY

320


BRAVO
BILLS
BOSTO

The cunningly slack second years and foolishly keen first years of Chaudiere Division invaded Cornwallis to be greeted with cries of "Buck up!" This cliché rang, for the rest of the summer, from the lips of the OIC, through the senior term, through the term lieutenant, through the divisional cadet captain.

Determined to prove we were best, we attacked navigation with vim and vigah, and set Lt. Young's rock garden off to a wonderfully successful start. Just barely waking up in time for the final exams, we managed to get 97% of the division through.

Led by Dave Seaton and Keith Mills, we came up in second place in the first swim meet. Having proved that we could humble opposing divisions academically and athletically, the challenge was gone, and Chaudiere settled back to a comfortably slack summer.

The first of many Chaudiere parties was a roaring success. Our term lieutenant, S/Lt. (Fingers) Archibald, professionally accompanied irreverent but original songs about navigation school on the battered Gunroom piano. Professor Lister gave a remarkable lesson in astro navigation to several first years, who lay prostrate on the drive in front of South Block. Perhaps the highlight of the evening was the jousting match between two of our guests in the Gunroom.

Few divisions have had the nerve to have rubbery mess dinners in "N" Galley, but being of simple minds and strong stomachs, Chaudiere gnashed their teeth, set their jaws, and enjoyed two.

Very quickly "cruise time" arrived, and the men of Chaudiere boarded HMCS Victoriaville. The officers of this stalwart of the RCN were perhaps a little apprehensive, and seemed to expect mutinous journals and no work from us. The Buffer was overjoyed to see 26 more bodies, and quickly pointed to Neveu and Dixon saying; "One, Two....Cafeteria."

The ship headed south to the sunny, sandy shores of Fort Lauderdale. On the way all first year cadets learned the important lesson of never relieving themselves to windward. This manoeuvre can serve to dampen anyone's enthusiasm. Fort Lauderdale more than lived up to everyone's expectations, and we were sad to leave.

Cadets soon found the value, in Antigua, of Government of Canada property. Oranges, hot dogs and paintbrushes could be traded for brilliant beads. Unfortunately the bars in St. John's insisted on cash.

'Twas a beautiful clear afternoon just out of Antigua when Merchant mistook the OOW's "Move!" for "Boo!" After a moment's pause to wake up he replied, "Alright, sir--Boo!" The Buffer simply poked Merchant in the ribs and said, "One, two....Cafeteria."

We arrived back in Halifax and then returned to Camp Comfort. We were greeted with cries of "Cabin requirements are not being met!" Soon after this initial administrative reaction, we mustered our courage and bucked up only to find that cabin requirements were STILL not being met.

While the second years dozed and snored through E & P, the first years went to Leadership School, where the OIC greeted them as cannon fodder.

Meanwhile C/C Lister had suddenly reached the doddering old age of 22, and it was essential to have another party. Unfortunately about a third of the group had to leave this party to go to another --for some fellow called Slack.

About this time there was an interesting seminar on black-white relations--mostly black. Little was gained or lost except two tins of Kiwi.

With cabin requirements still not being met, we had another party to make up for it. The beaches of Raven Haven echoed to the splash of cadets entering the water fully clothed, and to the cruddy Barbershop Quartet, led by "Segal boots" and Emsley. This Barbershop quartet could hardly cut hair, but it did sound half-cut. Unfortunately we had no piano for our "termie," but he managed to make do very well with a banjo.

The summer was, as Dura-Lint Arthur put it, "a real treat."

UNTD
CHAUDIERE

CHAUDIERE

FIRST BOOK of GATINEAU

AND THE PROPHET DESCENDED FROM THE MOUNT AND PROCLAIMED TO ALL THE WORLD; "LO LET THERE BE A GATINEAU DIVISION" AND IMMEDIATLY THERE APPEARED BEFORE HIM THIRTY-FOUR BODS WHOSE BEAMING FACES BORE THE MARKS OF TRUE SLACKERS.

AND IT CAME TO PASS THAT ONE OF THEIR NUMBER, GIBSON BY NAME, PROCLAIMED HIMSELF THEIR LEADER BECAUSE HE ABIDED IN A SEPARATE HOUSE.

FOLLOWING HIM CAME ANOTHER KNOWN AS STEELE, WHO ALSO CLAIMED POWER BECAUSE OF HIS SEPARATE CUBICLE.

OTHERS CAME FORTH TO TAKE A PLACE AMONG THE RANKS. FIRST CAME THE MINSTRELS; BEACH, PHILIPS, MORRIS AND HOLA WHO WITH WEEPING AND GUITARS AND GNASHING OF TEETH BROUGHT FORTH A HORRIFYING NOISE.

THEIR ENTOURAGE FOLLOWED PERFORMING MANY FUNCTIONS. ONE KNOWN AS BENSON SPREAD FORTH A GREAT PALL OF SMOKE WHILE THE RENOWN PHILOSOPERS; HARVEY AND BROOKS SPAKE THE TWISTED WORDS OF HEATHEN PEOPLES.

THE FIRST TO SIT WERE THE ARCHSHARERS GAMBLE, GALLAGHER, AND SMITH WHO ARRIVED BEARING ONE McCLURE WHO WAS EVEN TOO SLACK TO WALK.

AT THE FIRST INSTANCE A MONEY-CHANGER CALLED NOBLE JUMPED UP TO EXTORT FUNDS FOR A CONTRAPTION THAT POLISHES WORN DECKS.

AS THE TIME CAME NEAR FOR THEM TO SHOVE-OFF, THE GODS REMOVED STEELE FROM AMONG THEM AND SENT IN HIS PLACE TAYLOR WHO WAS TO RULE THE CHOSEN PEOPLE.

AND THE CHILDREN OF GATINEAU QUIVERED IN FEAR FOR TAYLOR WAS KNOWN AS KEEN. BUT FORSOOTH, TRUE INSPIRATION ALLOWED THE "GATS" TO TRAIN THEIR NEW LEADER AND HE SETTLED AMONG THEM AS A FRIEND.

AS THE COMPANY WAS ABOUT TO BOARD THE ARK SEVERAL OF THEIR NUMBER; RICHARDS AND YOUNGE INCLUDED, DEPARTED FOR A TUB CALLED "GASH" WHERE THEY DID MANG GOOD DEEDS.

PRESENTLY THEY WERE JOINED FROM OVER THE WATER BY ONE MATHESON WHO WAS LOATH TO LEAVE HIS BROTHERS IN CRIME.

WENT DO
AS
OF GREAT T
MAKE THINGS
APPEAR. AND
ED STONES HIG
ONE A
TANNERIZING FAR
AMONG THE GODS
THE CARTE BELOW
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WHEN THE
LAND CALLED FLORID
AND SANDILANDS POUR
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NEXT CAME Mc
HANDSOME ROBERTSON SE
SEAMAN'S SPORT.

AFTER MANY DAYS
ARK SAILED TO ANTIGUA TO R
CIENT DOCKYARD OF GREAT FAM
SIT HOVELS OF LESSER FAME BU
ATTRACTION.

IT WAS WITH SADDENED
THAT THE CHOSEN PEOPLE RETURN
WHENCE THE HAD COME. WHEN THE TIME
COME AND THE ARK WAS DRAWING NIGH,
STOWAWAY ANTIGUA ANNIE MORTON CAME P
THE TO DISPLAY HER NATIVE TALENTS ANDE
TERTAIN THE ENRAPTURED CREW.

IT WAS WITH MUCH JOY THAT THE CHOSEN LOT BADE THEIR LOST BRETHERN AND ALL WENT DOWN TO "N" GALLEY REJOICING EXCEPT BITTNER AND DAYCOCK WHOM DECREE HAD PLACED IN SEPARATE CUBICLES.

THE DEVIL ENTERED THE HEARTS OF SOME CAUSING THEM TO PULL MANY INSIDIOUS CRIMES. WATSON TOOK TO TAKING UP OTHER PEOPLE'S BEDS AND WALKING SO HE WAS CODEMNED TO EVER KNOW A CERTAIN SCOTTY.

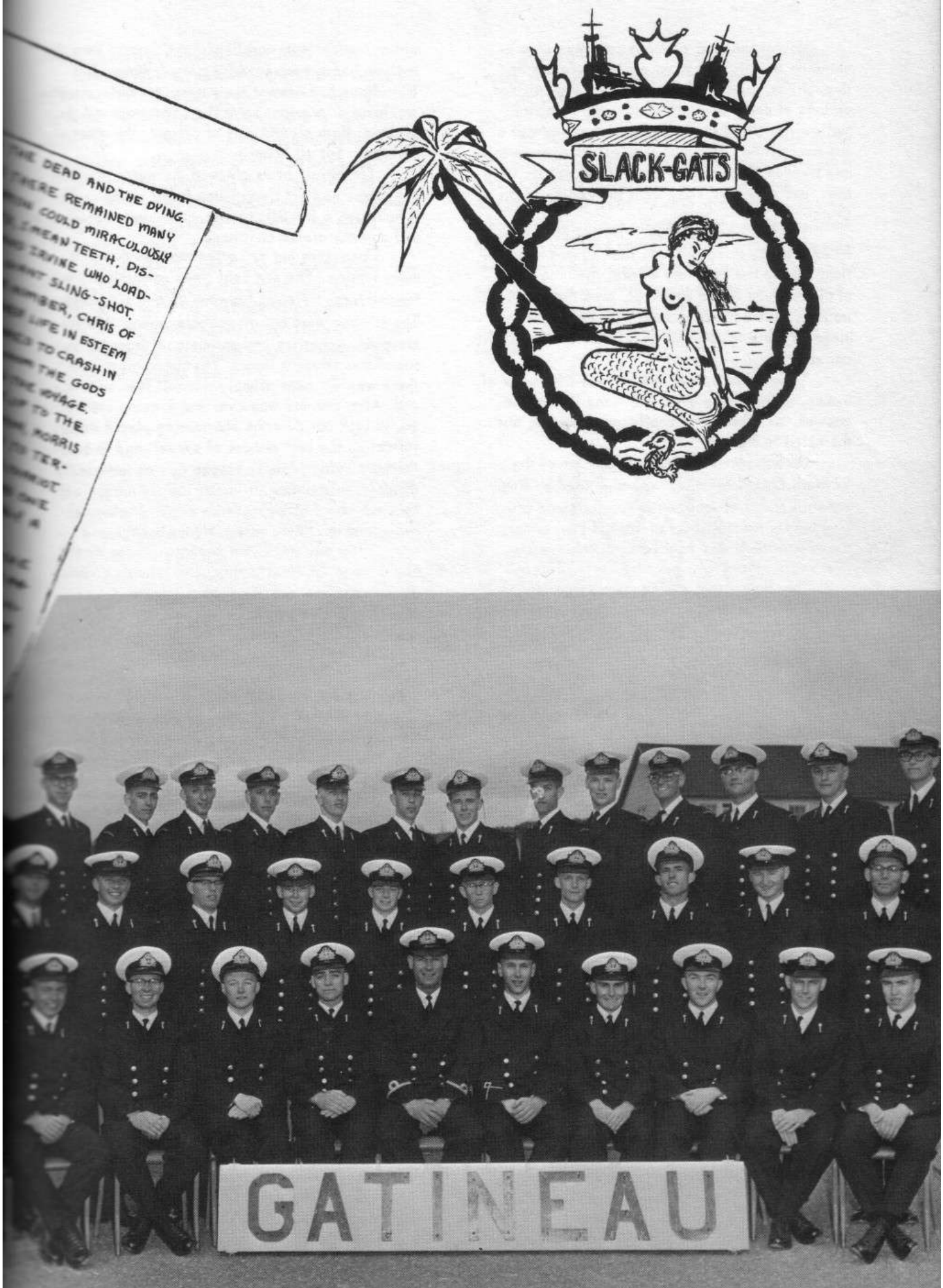
FRASER CAME TO POLISH BOOTS TWICE A NIGHT AND "VICTORIA" McCREAIE TO READ A BOOK ON NAVAL HISTORY.

A TIME WAS ALOTTED FOR A MYRIAD OF WONDROUS PASTIMES, A TIME OF REST, FOR THE SUN FROM WHICH WE DERIVED OUR STRENGTH WAS GONE. TOGETHER THE "GATS" BUILT OF STONE AROUND THE SCHOOL OF NAV. A DITCH.

OTHERS PERSUED VARIOUS INTERESTS. HALL PLAYED TENNIS AND O'CONNOR DABBLED IN INK BETWEEN DOXES TO HELP PRODUCE A BOOK OF TRUE MAGNITUDE.

BUSY IT FELL TO RIDER TO RECORD THIS DRIVEL, AS THE "GATS" PREPARED TO DISPERSE.

AND AS ALL THE OTHERS WERE
BUT VERILY I SAY UNTO YOU THAT
WHO LIVED AMONG THE CHOSEN


SLACK-GATS
GATINEAU

May opened her cleaved archways of sunshine as the UNTD's most envied cadets rode through the gates of Cornwallis. As they arrived, visions of dark, bewitching dancing-girls and mellow rum filled their minds. The allurement of the enchanting Caribbean with all its excitement and freedom beckoned to them. Their spirits were high, and why not? They were the cadets of Bravo Cruise.

The initial days of settling and confusion faded into the Monday of our first course--Navigation. During the next four weeks, the long hours of class study in the evenings, plus the rigors of training were quickly passed with the merry evenings in the gunroom and joyful anticipation of the cruise.

Then, after a final and intense fifth week of exams, training was over. For many it was successful; for others, the challenge remained, and the spirit to meet it.

On Saturday, 15 June, the routine of the Seventh Escort Squadron was shattered by five cheerful and rambunctious cadet divisions which invaded its tranquility. For second year cadets, the environment was familiar and welcome; for first years, excitingly new and bewildering.

Two days later, the squadron steamed out of Halifax harbour. HMCS Buckingham joined HMCS Bonaventure to act as plane guard. HMCS Lanark, New Waterford, and Fort Erie carried out antisubmarine exercises, and HMCS Victoriaville steamed for her first port--Fort Lauderdale.

Now the mysticism of our pre-cruise days churned into a knot of reality. The cadets finally faced sea-life in its true perspective. The smiling face on the enlistment posters, the dashing swashbuckler surrounded with caressing beauties, the tang of adventure; they all disappeared with little sleep and hard work under the blistering sun of the Caribbean. Cleaning stations, chipping paint, watches, scrubbing, lectures; they drained everyone's time and energy. Adventure became the delight of crashing; romance, the anticipation of it.

We were beginning to know the sailors' existence, the long hours and grueling work under difficult conditions. It is as no other man's life--a continual battle against all the dangerous elements of the mighty seas and ships. It is to have the mind in a constant state of readiness so as to move quickly and efficiently at a moment's notice.

But how quickly did our minds revert to their former state on the 24th of June. The squadron, excepting Buckingham, entered Port Everglades. Exultant hearts and delighted faces gazed on the sand-swept shores of Florida. Now, all attention was riveted on the landing and assault on Fort Lauderdale.

We came, we saw, we conquered; more wine, women, enjoyment, and Floridians' hearts than the natives had experienced for many a moon. The Floridians had opened their eyes, tenderly, as you would on a long-lost son. The cadets opened their pockets. Both closed, one of delight, the other of deflation, but all happily.

The ships' bows cleaved the water in crashing waves as Port Everglades faded in the distance. It had been a fun-filled week, a fabulous experience, and now our cruise continued.

Once more our full attention was drawn to daily routine. The sun beat down unmercifully with temperatures hovering between 95 and 100 degrees. The messes were hot air pockets, unbearable for sleeping. Appetites and enthusiasm drooped, and sometimes tempers flared. Yet above all this, there was an indescribably tranquil feeling in the sea. After the day was over and evening approached, to look out over the shimmering placid waters, reflecting the last embers of sunset, and to breath the pure softly-blowing breeze was an immensely peaceful experience. It is one that is unique with the sea; one that strengthens you and relegates the hardships to the insignificant background.

After one week, the squadron began threading through the West Indies. The islands seemed to protrude from out of nowhere, almost out of place, with an aura of something new, yet primitive and beckoning.

On July 5, the squadron anchored off St. John's, Antigua. During the two days we remained, all cadets had an opportunity to visit this very interesting little island. Here was a way of life and a standard of living greatly different from our own. The island was mountaneous and extremely green, with its overhanging trees and abundant foliage. People could be seen in their gay attire of green, purple, orange and other bright colors walking along the main road, which wound through the island. Their living quarters were, for the most part, scant shanties, but fairly clean and appropriate for the year-round warm climate.

They were a happy people, content with what they were doing. When their shyness was overcome, hospitality showed itself as a natural part of their good-hearted, friendly nature. The visit was a wonderful experience; one we will happily recall in days to come.

Inevitably, we began the long voyage home. HMCS Victoriaville, New Waterford, and Fort Erie made for Boston, while HMCS Buckingham and Lanark were to call into Bermuda and Summerside.

Bermuda is suffering from an acute shortage of motor scooters, HMCS Lanark and Buckingham from a shortage of bandages, and the cadets not at all. Bermuda was literally taken by storm, even to the extent of several dents in the coral. In the short space of one day, it was a very well-con-

ducted campaign, even for the UNTD.

HMCS New Waterford and Fort Erie remained in Boston for three days, while Victoriaville escorted the Marblehead Yacht Race to Halifax. Before entering harbour, all cadets excelled in seamanship to the extent of writing some exams, enlightened the seaman on the finer points of good sailing, then gazed contentedly at Halifax looming before them. The harbour closed on the ships, and Cruise Bravo came to an end.

Qui--ck March! Get those arms up! Don't look down! Call out that pace! Left---Right, Left---Right! Once again the instructive sounds of Cornwallis flowed gently to our ears. The steady beat of marching feet resounded from pavement. Our final training phase began.

Leadership and Communications for the first years; Supply, Engineering and Power, and Communications for the second years would bring the summer to a close.

As before, some would do well, others would try again. Regardless, the summer would long be a part of them. Nowhere could there be found a summer of such great interest and variety. Their foundation for future officers in the RCN had been laid. Bravo Cruise cadets enjoyed wonderful times of adventure and laughter, made lasting friendships, and through it all, felt a sense of accomplishment.

The summer has ended, but is not forgotten, and these years of cadet training will never be forgotten.

And so COND saith unto Administration--
"The time has come!"
And from every corner of the land they came,
Guided by the star of KOOTENAY.
And behold from their midst there arose
One who would lead them,
And he was called J.R. Wright.

And there was a certain man of Quebec
Of the family of Price, whose name was Toby,
Who did judge the Kootybugs for one week.
And then there was Noel, Son of Buskard,
And Peace did reign.

And lo, on the seventh day of the sixth month
They were sorely tempted in the eyes of the devil.
And there was a darkness over all the earth until the sixth hour.
And the Word did appear on the roof--BIG DADDY IS WATCHING.
And wrath did descend upon them in great lumps from Administration.

And the Word came unto them saying
--Henceforth the Gunroom will be out of bounds--
And lo, there was much weeping and gnashing of teeth.
And so they dryly awaited the time when they could put to sea.

And from the depths there arose one to guide them
On to bigger and better things.
And he was of the family of Dohnberg,
And was called Sven.

And it came to pass that on the seventeenth day of the sixth month
They sailed into the unknown.
And spent eight harrowing days soaking up beer and the sun
On the beach at Fort Lauderdale.

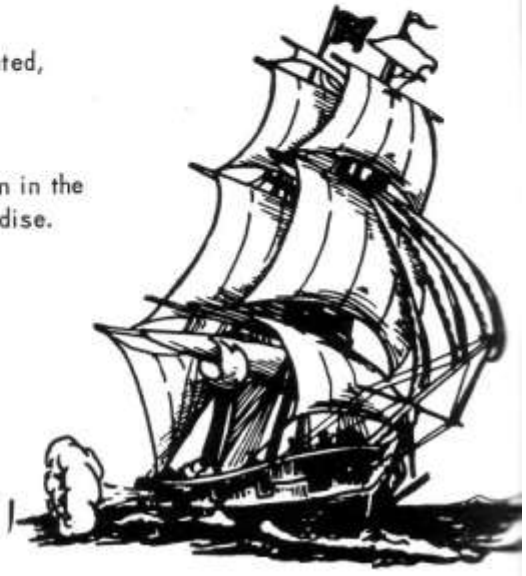
And so onward they surged, until they reached Antigua
Where Land and Sea meet--Ugh.
And there they spent three glorious days among the dancing girls,
And rum bottles of that sunny isle; and chaos did reign.

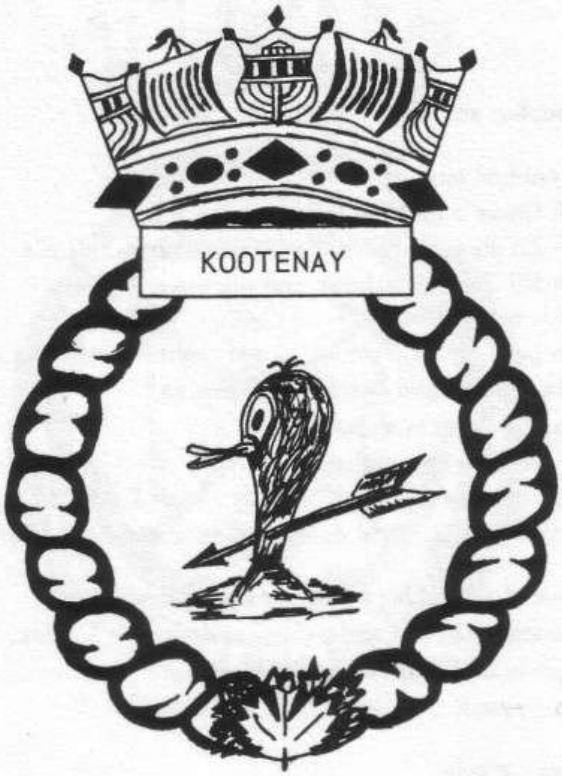
And behold they did slowly wend their way northward.
And J.R. saith unto them--
"Verily, verily I say unto you--Barf!"
And so they maintained their diet of dry corn-flakes and biscuits.

And when they drew nigh unto Boston,
Excitement rose to a fever pitch
Until the Word was spread that the old tub was to be painted,
And excitement suddenly sub-sided.

And so they sailed gloriously back to "Slackers,"
And bid farewell to Fort Erie to regain their lofty position in the
Garden of Paradise.

And then, as the summer's end draws nigh,
And the glories of Kootenay remain imprinted
On the charge sheets throughout Cornwallis,
The chosen few, with great pride say--
"Hail Kootenay, and Farewell Cornwallis."




KOOTENAY

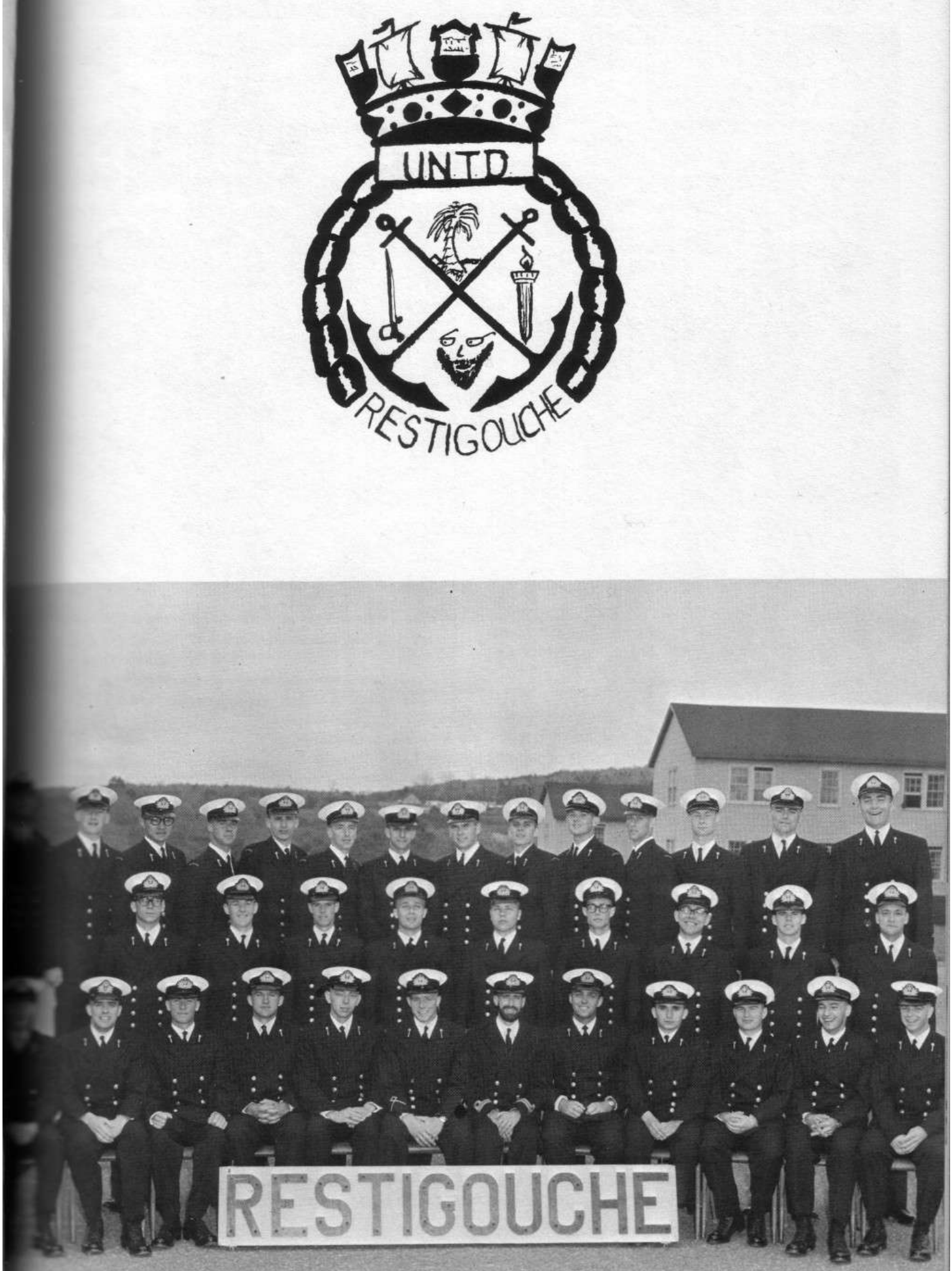
KOOTENAY

Restigouche, said He, you shall be trained.

Under rain and mud
Through Gieve's and the tailor's
Through kit musters and shoemakers and the tailor's
Through RPC's and failures and tug-o-war defeats.
Under sun and sweat
Through gash and Williamson's and nights aboard the Bonnie.
Boatdeck pulling and beachless Bermuda
Quizzes, a pusser bus and back.
Married ties and counterpanes
Isometric closets
Summerside journals and dusty cabins and review boards.

Andyhunk of the rabbit start, Tarzan of the bridge,
demagogues of Leadership, sailors of a Sunday,
cadets of Chippawa and Hunter---
We were trained.

Good Restigouche,
Alienated Restigouche,
Eventful Restigouche,
Well-pleased Restigouche.
Restigouche '63, the end and the means
And the means to the end.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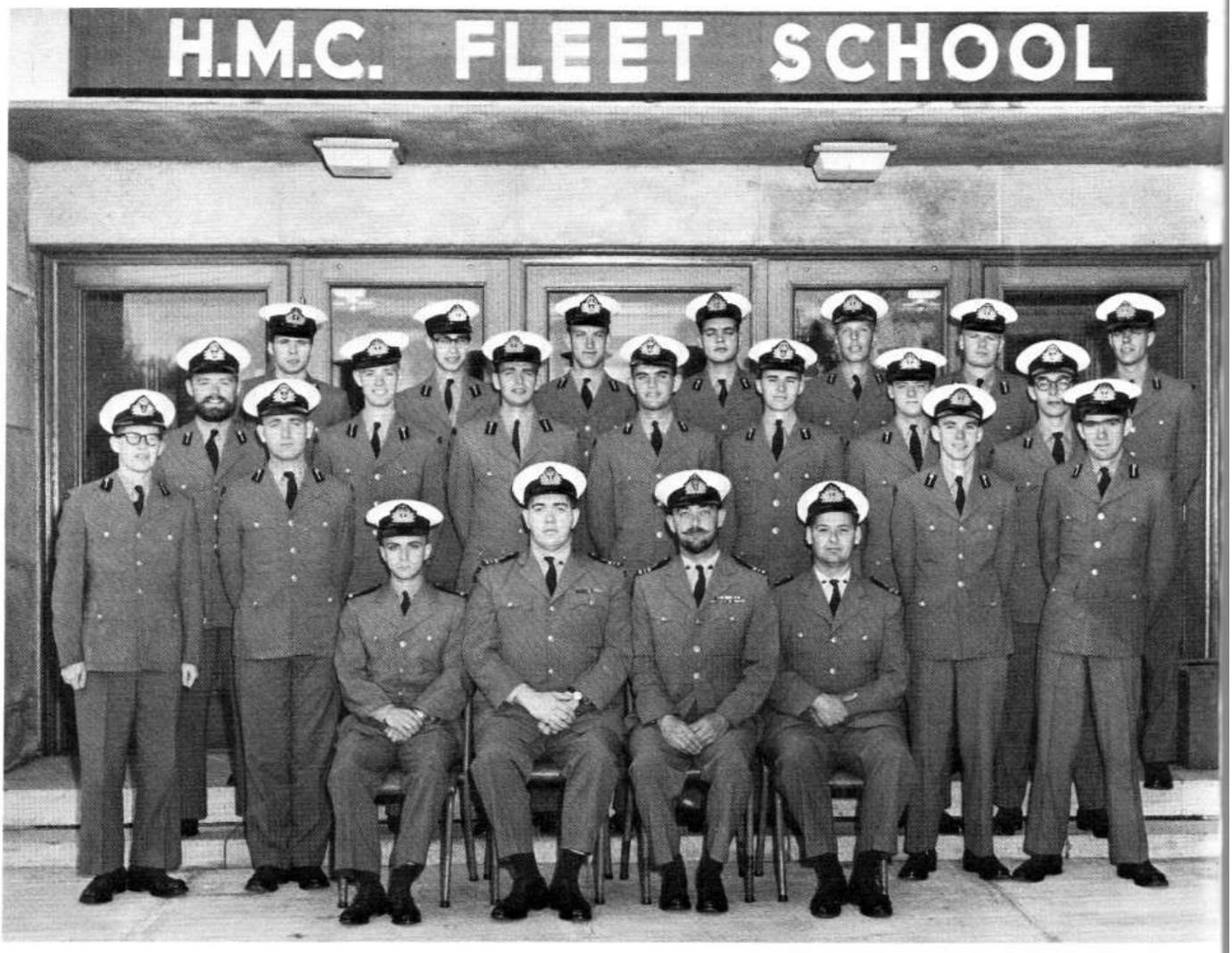
RESTIGOUCHE
RESTIGOUCHE



The Eighteen Squires From Hochelaga

This is the tale of how eighteen young squires in their final phases of training advanced forth into the unknown to learn --to fight--and to conquer the last great hurdle which separated them from the pride of knighthood. It is a true story, and for that reason a valuable lesson can be learned by all who focus their eyes on these printed words.

They moved into their new lodgings by two's and three's, and at once settled down to their new life. It had been a good winter for the eighteen young squires, and though they were fatigued somewhat from the long civilian examinations, they all looked forward with vigor to a fine military campaign in Hochelaga Castle, where the blood of new victories would stain the swords of their minds.

They lived with the knights and to all intents and purposes they were an equal. A thin line now separated the shield-bearers from those chosen to lead the Queen's forces. The thin line was a gold thread, but yet as strong as the toughest steel the blacksmith could forge. They would soon shatter the line and join the ranks of the proud.

The eighteen worked long hours during the day, gaining new knowledge and storing it away as does the farmer storing grain. They ate and slept but the most

enjoyable times were had in the bright confines of the knights' drinking rooms. Here they could unwind and tell the stories of their various adventures.

Another great sport of the eighteen was the fields of contest between themselves and the barbarians from the lower provinces, who, too, were in Hochelaga to gain new knowledge. Though their tongues were foreign their heads and purposes were as one--to win-- and many times both fought hard for the crown of victory.

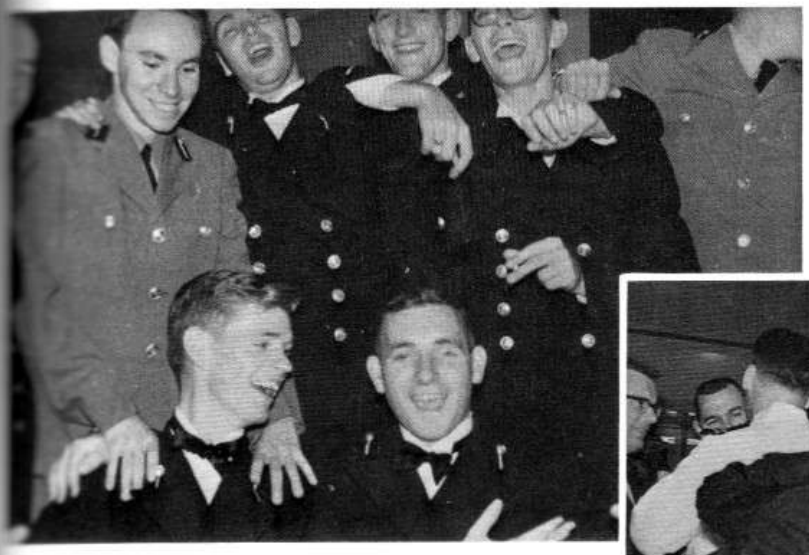
Twice the fieldworkers of the countryside had gathered to play a game with these future knights, and the razor-keen minds and muscles of the chosen few went down to defeat before the determined and skillful onslaughts of the farmers.

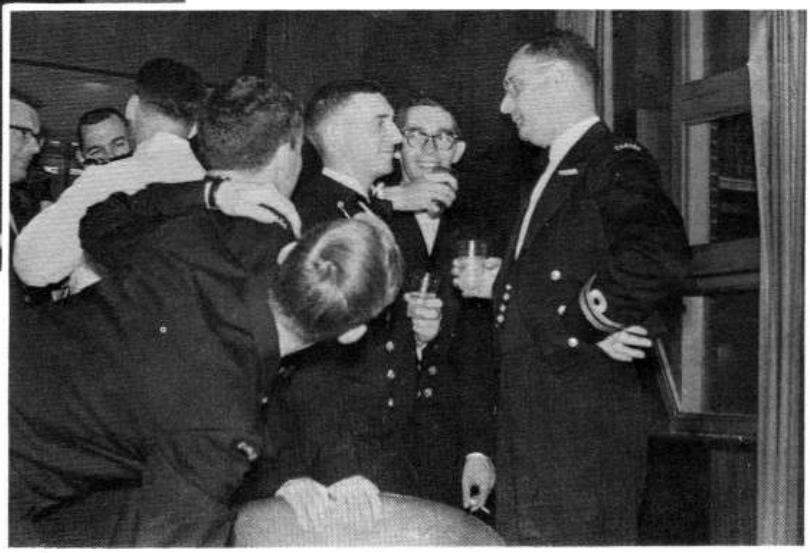
The eighteen, in their free hours, often used to go into the large village where pretty maidens could be courted for the asking. The jingle of coin and the twinkling of eyes lasted long into the night and it was with sad hearts that the gallant few returned to their cots.

The days passed quickly, and soon their training came to an end. A final evening of eating and drinking was arranged and donning their best doublets the eighteen prepared for a time to remember. They were honoured with the presence of their Commanding Officer of Hochelaga Castle, the Earl of McKinnon and his number one gentleman, Le Baron Petit. Various other knights were in attendance, and their voices mingled with the sound of the eighteen.

Two short days later the gallant squires reined in their charges and took a backward glance at their old homes. There were memories here, good memories and some would return the following year to add to these memories. Some galloped east and some west, but all galloped with happy hearts. They had conquered their foe, and they would now feel, in the not too distant future, the touch of the silver blade of knighthood which would culminate their three years of tenuous training.

The sky was azure blue and the grass was green and blowing gently as the clear, clean air filtered through the lungs of the eighteen young knights. They were happy.

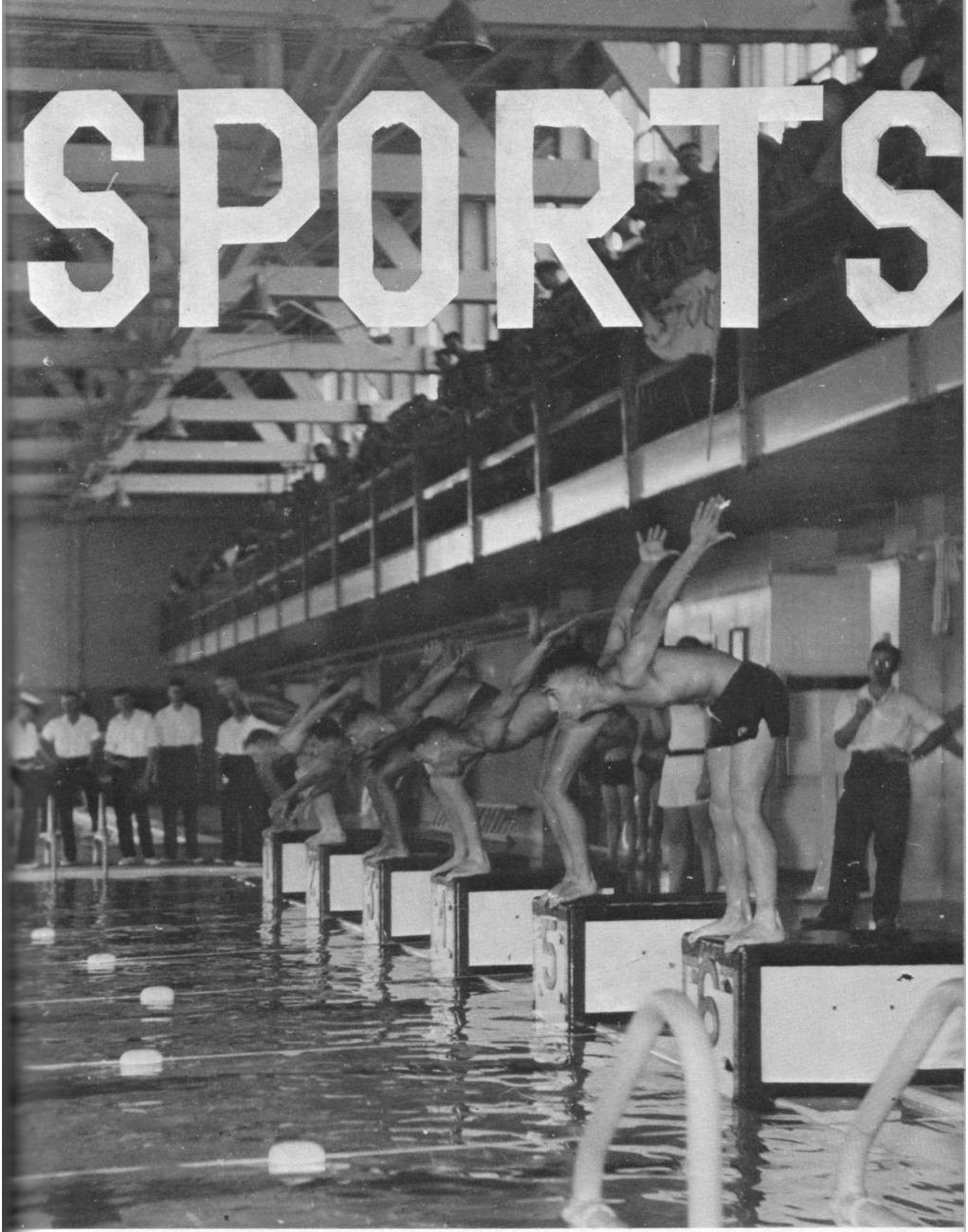


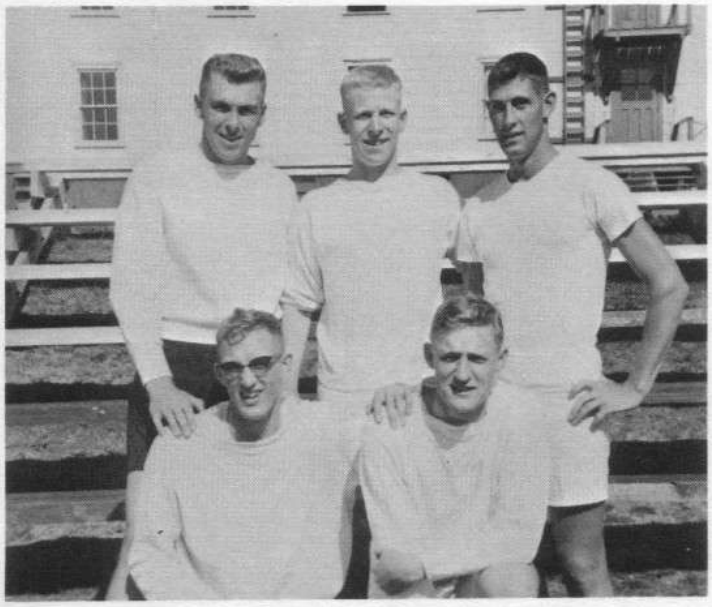


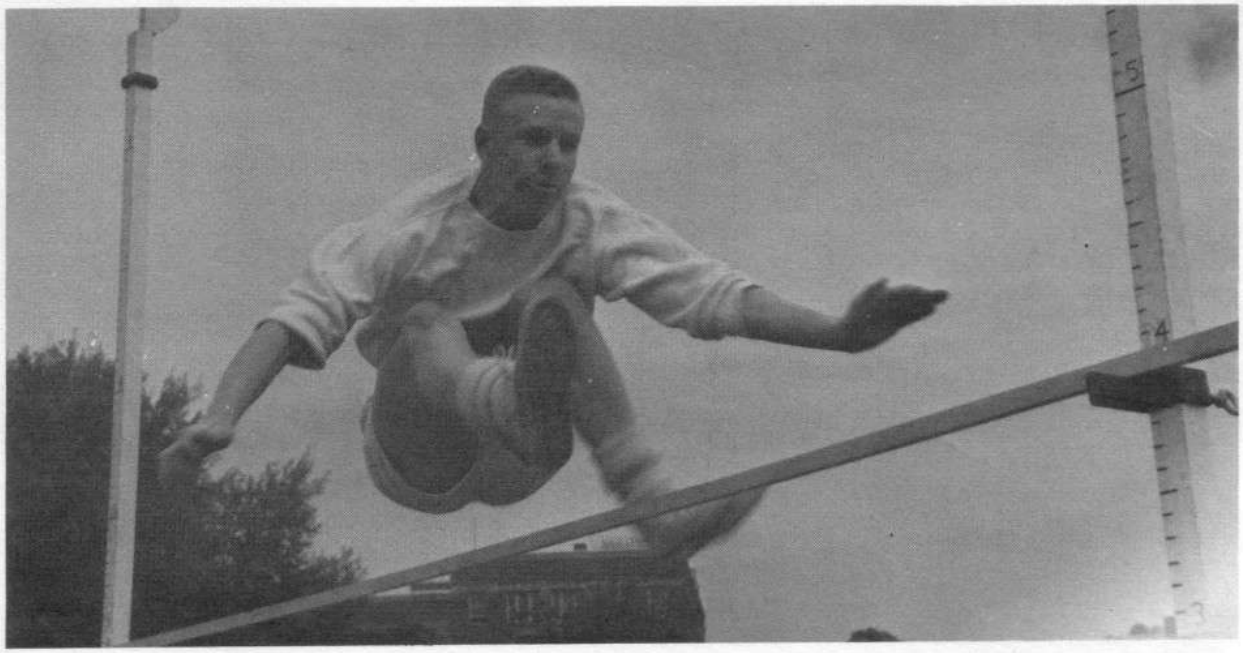
LITTLE "C"

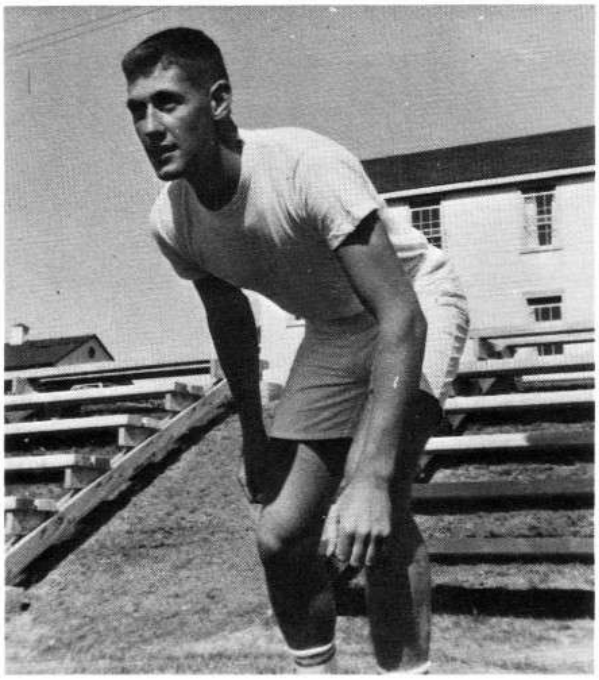
The little "C" course of 1963 was composed of thirteen sub-lieutenants and cadets gathered in classroom thirteen of the Communications Division, the Fleet School, HMCS Cornwallis. However, despite these bad omens, the course forged ahead through the various phases of the world of communications. Many hours of sleep were lost in night study in order to pass just one more examination; as a result we all acquired a case of examitis. The social life of the course was rather limited, although good use was made of the beach house of the senior sub-lieutenant, and two very successful parties were held there. The Musgrave room of the Wardroom became the spot where all troubles could be forgotten, and according to some mess bills there were a lot of troubles to forget.

Ten weeks of steady, hard work came to a close on August ninth, when the course members all placed white handkerchiefs in pocket and joined the fraternity of the communication officers. Though we worked hard, we thoroughly enjoyed the experience and highly recommend it to those who consider communications a field in which they are interested.


SPORTS





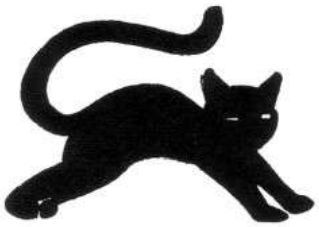


SPORTS CADET OF THE YEAR

LARRY ENGEL

SPORTS OFFICER

S/Lt. P. Arsenault



The following cadets have been chosen as most outstanding in sports. Many others have contributed throughout the summer. Congratulations to all those who, although not outstanding in any particular sport, have shown by their sportsmanship and energetic support that they too can be considered among the leaders.

SLT. RCNR

P Arsenault

Sports Honour List

Shambrook	Nugent	Ahrens
Knight	Hogan	Seaton
Morrison	Pepin	Engel
Nelder	Hurtibise	Greenough
Collins	Mosley	Milsom
Lafleur	Keeler	Shaw
Reid	Gamble	Osborne
Tansey	~SCOTT~	Marois

HIGHLAND GAMES

BACK ROW, Left to Right: Keeler, Lundy, Osborne, Hurtubise, Leivat, Christy, LaFleur, Donaldson, S/Lt. P. Arsenault.
FRONT ROW: Graham, Nugent, Waterhouse, Dellaire, Nelder, Shambrook, Marois.

A newly formed UNTD Track & Field Team tested its speed and endurance on July 20th at the Antigonish Highland Games. Although handicapped by an insufficient training period, the team showed very well against first class Maritime competition. Cliff Nelder with his first in the men's open pole vault was the lone UNTD victor. Added to this win, Clayton LaFleur's second in the junior and third in the men's open pole vault gave the team a very commendable showing in field events.

Competition was first class in all the track events. Bill Shambrook and Gerry Marois made the finals of the 100 yard dash, but lost out in the finals to an excellent sprinter from Halifax.

The distance team consisted of Ed Graham (880 yds.), Richard Christy (1 mile), and Bob Nugent (three miles). As competitors in these events set new records, none of the honours went to the UNTD cadets.

Our only placing in the track events was in the 440 yard relay with Bill Shambrook sparking his team of Andie Dellaire, Cliff Nelder and Gerry Marois, to a well-deserved second place.

This marked the successful beginning of the UNTD Track and Field Team; a team which, with only limited training, brought recognition to themselves and their coach, S/Lt. P. Arsenault. Not only did the team give other athletes good competition, but they acted as representatives of the UNTD organization. If future teams are given sufficient time to train, and maintain the enthusiasm and determination shown by this year's team, the UNTD will present a severe threat to the best track clubs in the Maritimes.

TABLOIDS 1963

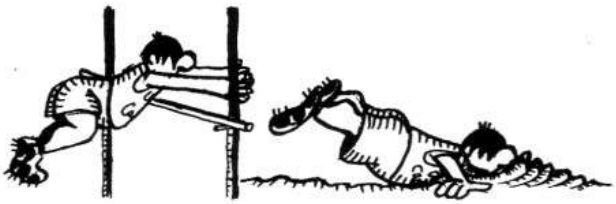
During the summer all cadets had the pleasure (?) of competing in at least two tabloids, under the direction of the Sports Officer. As these meets were enjoyed so greatly by the cadets, it is only fitting that the winning divisions receive due record in these pages.

Tabloid	1st	2nd	3rd
No. 1	Sioux	Gatineau	Cayuga
No. 2	Haida	Micmac	Nootka
No. 3	Nootka	Micmac	Sioux
No. 4	Micmac	Haida	Restigouche

In addition to the intra-cadet tabloids, three teams of cadets competed against the new entry divisions and sea cadet teams in early July. In this intra-Cornwallis tabloid, the UNTD teams placed first, second and fourth, consequently winning a cake. The "spoils" were presented to them by Commodore P.D. Taylor.

Cornwallis Tabloid Champions

BACK ROW, Left to Right: Osborne, Tansey, Hansen, Reid, LaFleur.
FRONT ROW: Plumsteel, Nelder, Knight, McIlroy, Eagle.



Track and Field Meet

The UNTD Interdivisional Track and Field Meet was held under cloudy skies on the 30th and 31st of July, with all 12 divisions competing. With the track in good condition, competitors succeeded in toppling 10 of the existing UNTD records. Sparked by Greenough, Shaw and Engel, Restigouche took an early lead which it never lost. Nootka with C/C Shambrook leading the way, took second place, closely followed by Micmac and Huron.

The following were individual event winners:

x 100 yards--10.5--Marois
x 220 yards--23.8--Shambrook
440 yards--59.3--Christy
x 440 relay --50.7--Restigouche
x mile relay--4:13.2--Nootka
x 880 yards--2:16.8--Collins
x mile--5:06--Engel
x high jump--5'6"--Greenough
x broad jump--19'9"--Greenough
x hop, step--37'9"--Morrison
x shot put--36'8"--Shaw
discus--103'4"--Morrison
javelin--131'9"--Wallace

(x indicates new record)

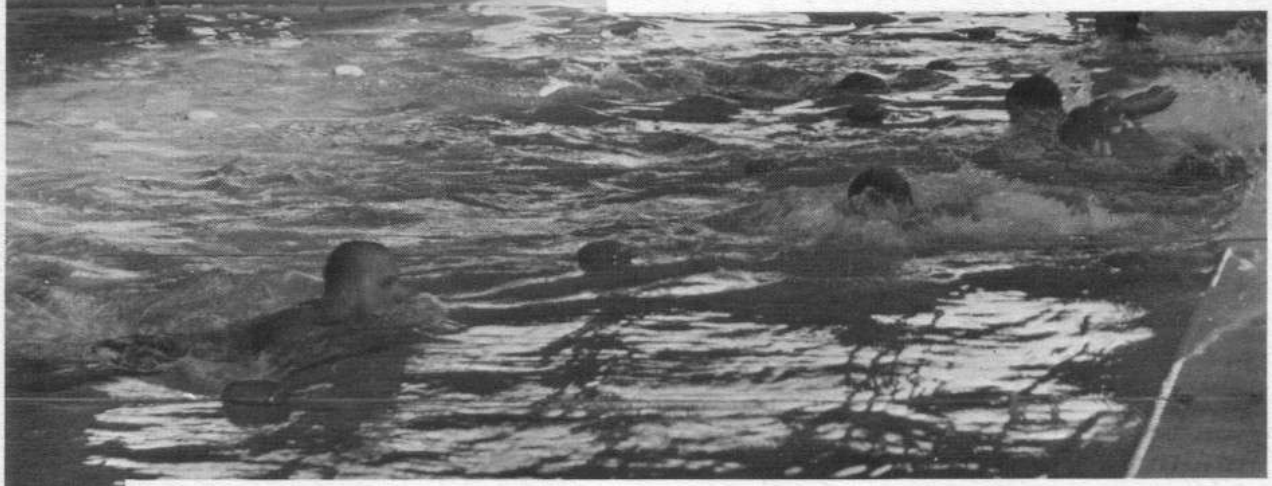
SWIMMING '63

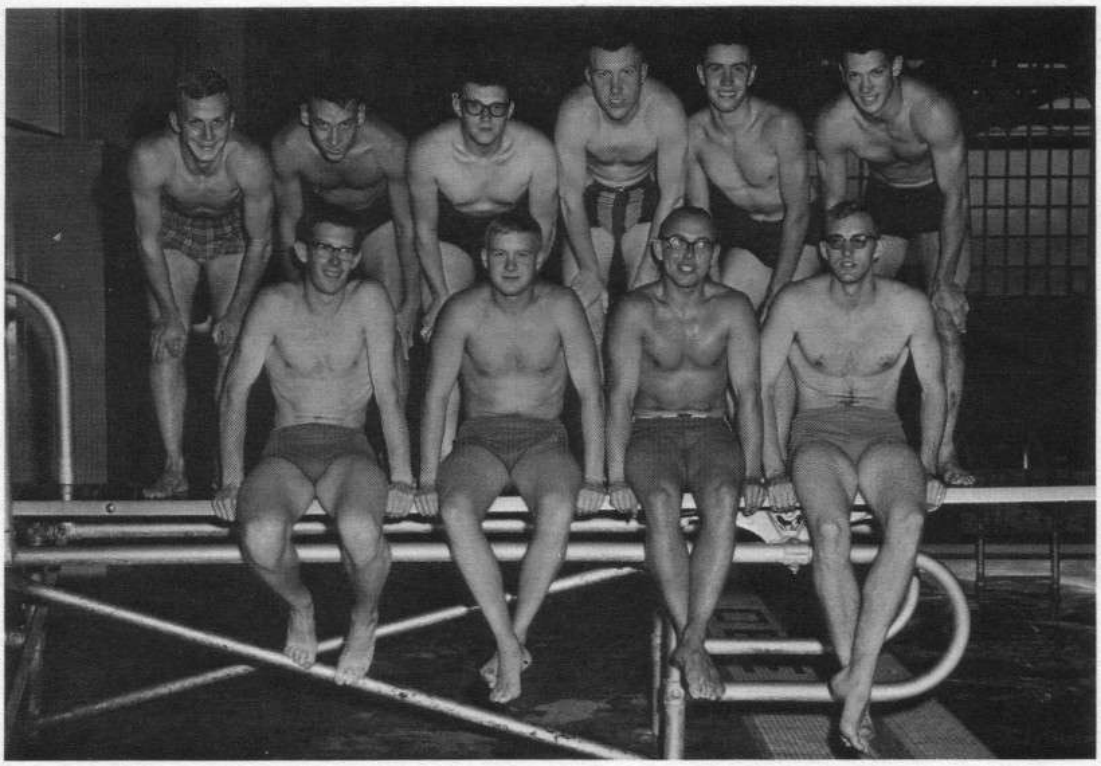
Early on the morning of August 17, the U.N.T.D. Swimming Team embarked for Truro the site of the Nova Scotia Open Swimming Championships. Although Andy Sandilands missed the driving competition because of a bus failure en route to Truro, the cadets arrived in time to compete in the remainder of what proved to be an extremely well run meet.

In spite of the very cold water and an unfamiliarly long (50 yards) pool, Andy Glendenning (with a first and a second), Rusty Collins, John Reid, Paul MacFarlane and Dave Seaton swam excellently in their respective events to lead the team to a commendable third place finish.

Much of the credit for this excellent showing must go to Lt. Bonnerbush for his difficult early morning task of training the not too wide awake swimmers.

Congratulations to Team Captain Andy Glendenning and his team for a job well done.





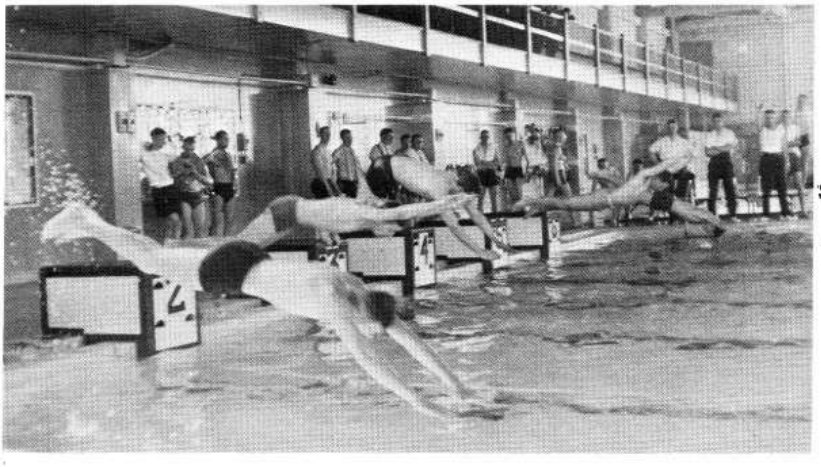
This summer the UNTD distinguished itself in the water as well as on the sea. At the Interdivisional Swim Meet on Aug. 1, both UNTD and Pool records fell as Haida, led by Reid, Joyce and McFarlane, stroked their way to victory.

John Reid, top individual in the meet, chopped 2 seconds off the previous pool record when he completed the 50 meter breast stroke in 36.0 seconds, Reid then went on to take the 50 meter butterfly, 100 meter breast stroke, and to lead his division to victory in the two relays. Dave Seaton with victories in the 50 meter freestyle and 200 meter freestyle sparked Chaudiere to a second place finish. Final results of the Meet were as follows:

1. Haida
2. Chaudiere
3. Huron
4. Restigouche
5. Gatineau
6. Athabaskan
7. Micmac
8. Kootenay
9. Sioux

HAPPY HAIDA'S WINNING COMBINATION

LEFT TO RIGHT: Burrows, S/Lt. Arsenault, Reid, MacFarlane, Joyce.



TENNIS

The sunny days from July 27 to August 9 saw the tennis courts jammed with cadets vying for the 1963 UNTD Tennis Championship and the C. H. LaRose Trophy. From the divisional playoffs the following emerged victorious:

Cliche	Ahrens
Davey	Pepin
Tansey	Roberts
Gamble	Perrault
Bradley	McIlroy
Campbell	Kermin

These twelve competed in an elimination tournament. On the strength of victories in this and the third round Pepin, Campbell and Ahrens proceded to the finals. With a 6-4, 6-3, 6-3 win over Campbell, Pepin emerged as 1963 Champion.

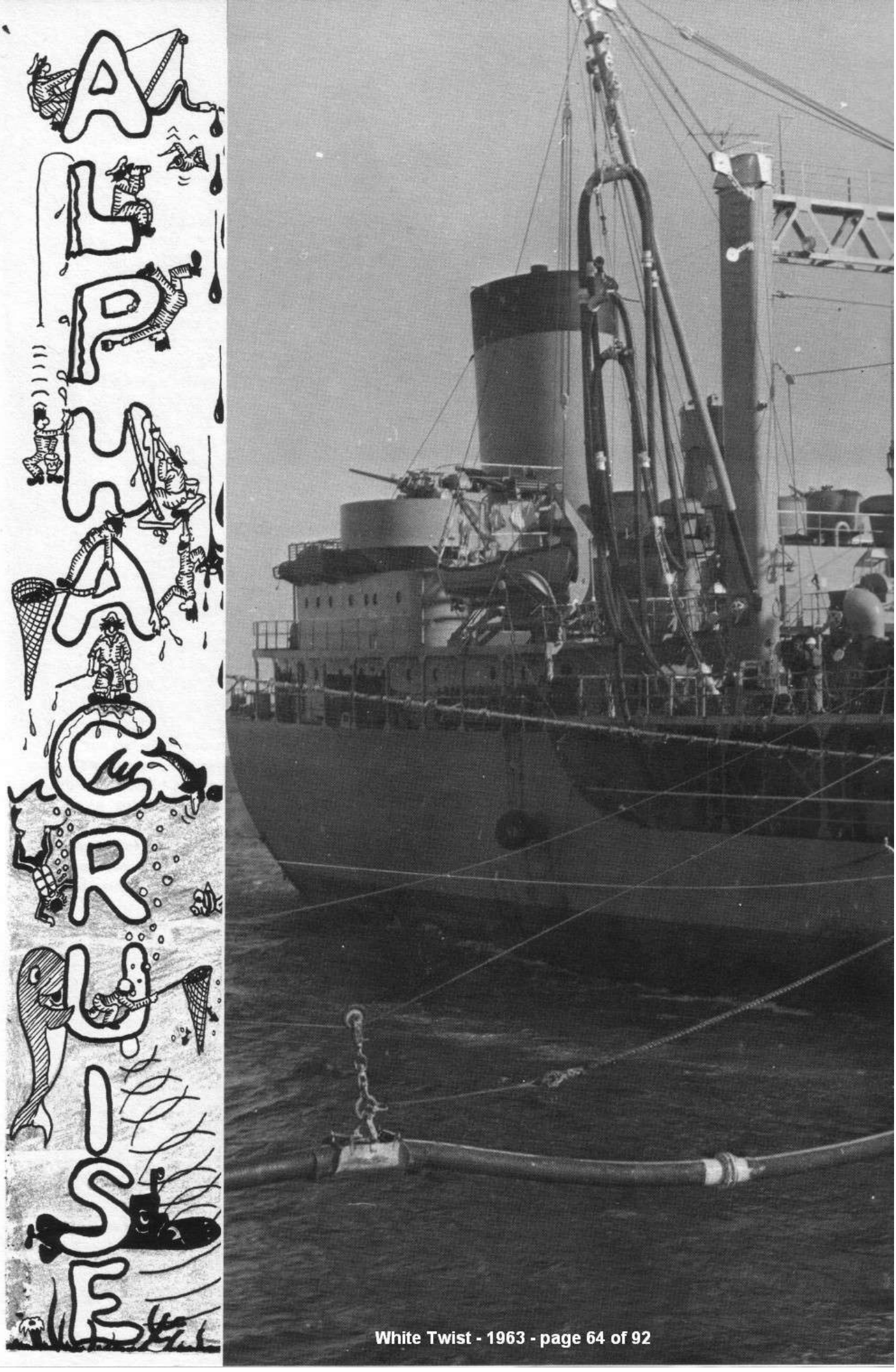
Nor was this tournament the total extent of UNTD tennis this summer. Pepin and Campbell joined forces with the Cornwallis Officers in their annual match against the Officers from Greenwood. These two cadets were the only successful competitors from Cornwallis as the Naval Officers were handed a ten to two setback in the twelve match series.

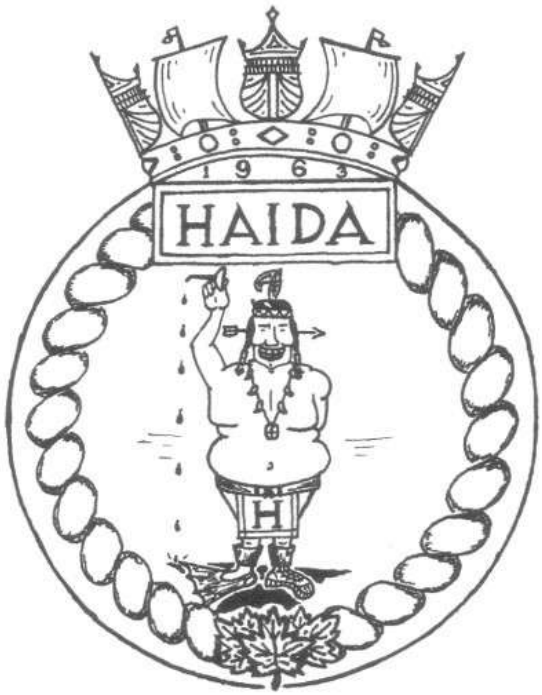
It was not surprising in view of the renewed interest in tennis at Cornwallis, that the UNTD were again permitted to send a team to participate in the Atlantic Command Tennis Championships.

Despite the usual unco-operative Nova Scotian weather, the tournament was run very successfully with a larger number of entrants and a higher general standard of play than last year.

Our team was very successful. Not only did they bring home the team trophy with a twelve point margin over the runners-up, the Fleet Team, but also five of the six possible individual trophies.

Flewelling and Campbell	--	Doubles Champs
Letendre and McKracken	--	Doubles Second
Campbell	--	Singles Second


ALPHA
CRUISE



"Whaddya mean, we're on Alpha Cruise?" exclaimed the second years in sheer disbelief. "What's wrong with Alpha Cruise?" questioned the innocent first years. To tell you the truth, there really wasn't that much wrong with "Duty Squadron '63." Let's face it, group, we hit all the big ports there are between here and St. John's, and were even privileged to spend a couple of days in Nova Scotia's famous resort area (or so the tourist bureau says)--St. Margaret's Bay.

Actually, life on the Fort Erie denied us very little. Our always-keen C/C inspired us to great heights, that is, when we weren't filling his cart with dry-ice or hiding it in the low power-room. Even then he managed to utter a faint "Alright, you guys!" And will Andy or MacF ever forget the Waccamaw? They're still finding oil in remote corners of their clothing. A few of the others were continually asking questions. Lukey: "Why won't they put a mattress in the tiller flats for me?" Doug Begin: "But sir, my sister's car would fit perfectly in the forward squid-well." Kerm: "How come I can't wear white socks on the bridge?" Frenchie and Leo: "Who are the favourites in the daily-double at Fort Erie Downs today?"

Meanwhile, in the deep-six, Pinky was the only one left. I wonder why. And in the corner slept Jevons-peacefully, as always. Back in Halifax, our sea-phase came to a smashing climax at Silver Sands. Who will forget that evening? (If anybody remembers it, he should be ashamed of himself.)

Cornwallis-by-the-Sea--only two and a half months to go. "Well guys, we might as well make the best of it, or at least try." And try we did. OIC's Rounds were a good indication, as we were always at or very close to the top. Gerry Marois was our track-star, and helped us to a respectable showing in the meet. But our big achievement in sports was the swimming championship. John (the Fish) Read, and his school, consisting of Andy Joyce, Paul MacFarlane, and Bill Burrows, proved conclusively that only form is needed for a solid victory.

On the social scene, Frank Fellows and Gerry were undisputed Gunroom champions. And those dates of Doug Slack's: How he could pick them! Doug Plumsteel and Knowlton Potter kept the Halifax train from going broke. Then there was Dave McLellan, whose story about a derailed train (or something) didn't impress the OIC too much. Dazzle was the divisional wit, and if he wasn't saying it, he was drawing it. But if Freebs wasn't there to take a picture of it, honestly, it just wasn't worth doing. Barry Jackson was the keener of the group; he should be an admiral before he's 30. The relaxation prize belonged exclusively to Bill Leach; just ask his roommate, he'll testify

to it. Not to be forgotten are three of our more modest athletes: Claus, Manuel, and Hank, who distinguished themselves in the road-races and the various sports tabloids. And in this connection we must mention Big Billy, who, after fainting 5 yards from the start of the first road-race, decided he had better be an official in the next one.

Almost as we go to print, Lew MacKay and his feather-hunters have inspired our great tribe to a service unprecedented in the UNTD. Gentlemen, being shafted for weekend duty has been our trademark this summer, but to volunteer for an extra two days duty during our week of Nav. exams is undoubtedly an act above and beyond the call of duty. We shall never be awarded a medal for this display of dedicated partiotism, but who in Haida '63 will ever forget "the Greatest Shaft on Earth?"

In conclusion, we would like to thank our termie, Lt. Fraser, for his inspiration, sobriety, and righteousness. Without his guidance, most of us would have been booted for persistent inebriation, or spent all summer on slack party for skipping Church.

HURON DIVISION

Not even the highly over-used statement "oh, but your training will be far superior" was sufficient consolation to the cadets of Huron Division upon learning of their pusser cruise fate early in May. But weary from shovelling snow, thirty of us moved into 7 Mess on HMCS New Waterford (after Sadie's home) for five weeks of doing everything, nowhere, at any time. Quickly we orientated to the situation at hand, although a few lessons were learned the hard way. Squire learned the correct way to climb a safety rope was to use the two things hanging down from his shoulders rather than the opening below his nose; Cadet "Wheel at the Scheult, sir!" showed amazing endurance, and by the end of the cruise knew his whole name off by heart; and Hellis, talented boy that he is, learned to imitate the sound of a squidwell perfectly in just three weeks. Returning to Halifax in the middle of June we followed Scottie into the wardroom, under the direction of the encouraging shouts of Cadet John, for a week of fairly relaxed life before heading back to Cornwallis.

Inevitably, the week "swam" by and we boarded pusser buses for the "Cornwallis-by-the-Sea" tour, having luckily remembered at the last moment to get Steve out of radio 3, and "Louse" off his carte.

Again we adjusted very quickly to the routine, and it wasn't very long before "Hazel Division" showed themselves as not only good housewives but happy ones. Mother Rayner, P.O. Lisowski and "Lordy be----Wheeler" proved to be excellent disciplinarians, Reverend Bob kept us religious and P.J. Roberts kept us aware of the fact that the

world was coming to an end because of chicken----! I ask you, with such diversification and leadership how could Huron help but be a steady, efficient division---it wasn't easy, that's for sure!

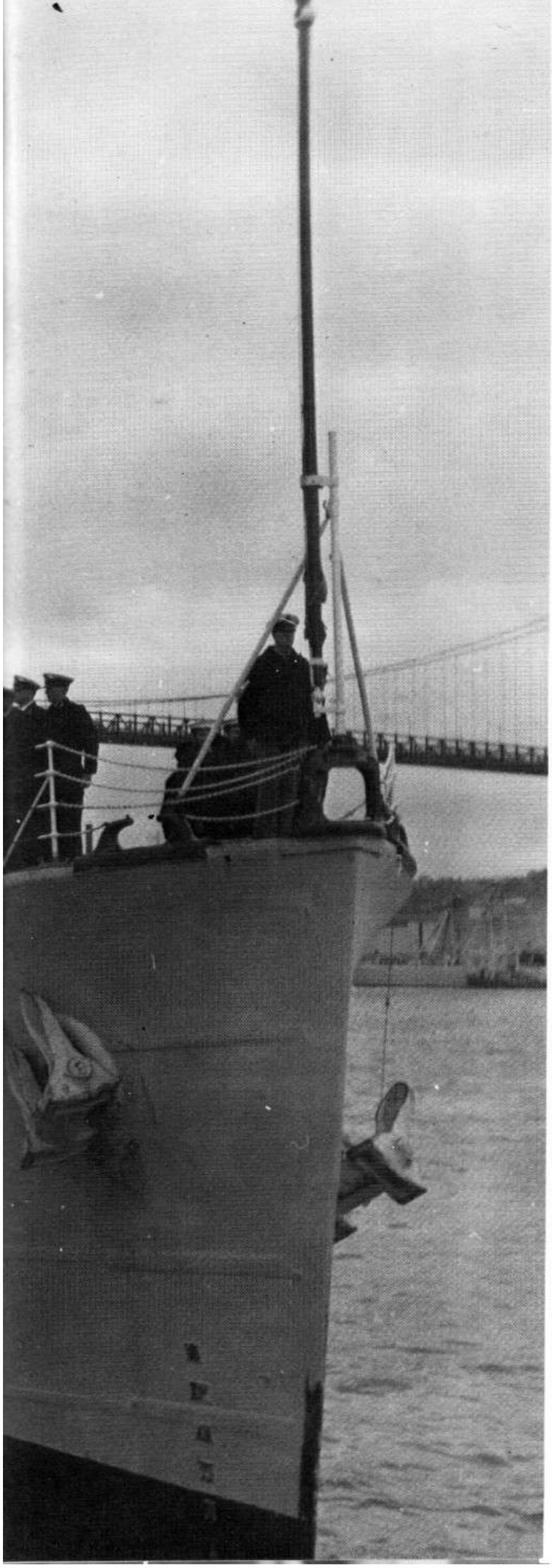
In spite of everything though, Lt. Hindle molded 30 unorthodox "bods" into a closely knit, happy group, merely by "suggesting" that.... On a serious note, however, we are all indebted to him for the genuine interest and excellent leadership he provided throughout the summer. Under his guidance we rose from the depths of the ordinary to become undoubtedly one of the best divisions on the coast.

I am sure that it will be with heavy hearts that we all split up and return to our various, widely-scattered homes on the 1st of September. That is most of us will be going home. I understand that C/C Rayner has administrative details to attend to, Winkler is busy building a stadium somewhere, and alas poor Pete Hill is still doubling around the parade square. "Lordy!"

The music from Big Mo's record player inspires me to end this with the purity of a simple verse:

"The summer's end demands a cost
And many friends are gone and lost;
Our varied lives run different ways,
Our eyes all look on different things
But the fun we shared in Huron days
--Here vivid memory forever rings!"

Guys, it was the greatest!!



When the majority of Alpha Cruise cadets first mustered their thoughts on the subject of cruises in May, the over-riding consideration seemed to be simply that they had got Alpha Cruise. After four snowy and rather dreary days at Cornwallis, the four divisions joined the Seventh Escort Squadron for what was expected to be five weeks of hardship, misery and negative ports. First years apparently derived some consolation from the rumor that training on Alpha Cruise would be superior to that of the other cruises.

Thus it was that on the rather foggy (what else) day of Tuesday, May 13, the approximately 120 anxious, but justifiably skeptical, cadets headed out of Halifax harbour for what was to be an awesome eighteen straight days at sea. That is, all but Nicmac Division. Unfortunately their ship, HMCS Victoriaville, was the possesser of a rather temperamental engine which burned out bearings with alarming regularity and efficiency. Thus the Micmac boys spent most of their training alongside with the occasional daring dash up the harbour to be followed by a quiet limp back alongside. Meanwhile, other Alpha Cruise cadets were taking part in "Operation Slamex", an exercise with the Americans. They formed an integral part of the duty squaddron patrolling Canadian waters (Newfoundland?), and experienced one of the most educational cruises ever. The cadets were given an insight into the actual conditions and operations of our Navy in its primary role of anti-submarine warfare, and, with the exception of a few days, enjoyed surprisingly inert seas for the might North Atlantic.

At the end of their proposed stint at sea the Seventh Squadron anchored in St. Margaret's Fay, falsely expecting a rest and a regatta. But alas, some idiot got a ping somewhere, so off we went for two more days, realizing again that we were duty squadron. Finally, however, the rest of the ships joined Victoriaville in Halifax for a week of life alongside.

For diversity in Halifax, the cadets entertained the Americans, got sick on French cigarettes, and drank tea with the R.N. midshipmen. This is not to mention life at the Wardroom where all griefs, complaints, ailments and identities were lost in an oblivion of parties.

Although it was a cruise that went nowhere, you will find quite a few second years who will firmly maintain that they enjoyed this cruise more than the Bravo Cruise of last year, and certainly they learned more from a naval standpoint. It is also a generally accepted fact that the four divisions, excepting the cadets on the Lanark, left the ships about as closely-knit a group as they could ever be. Everyone pulled together, shared the same experiences, learned one hell of a lot, and admittedly benefitted from their "cruise to nowhere."

Micmac Division,
HMCS Cornwallis,
Nova Scotia,
Summer, 1963.

Dear Folks,

I have just awakened to the shocking realization that the summer is rapidly drawing to a tempestuous close, and I have not yet written to acknowledge my safe arrival at the coast. My term lieutenant claims that sons have been disowned for less. Honestly, my schedule permits very little time for such luxuries as letter writing--most of my evenings are taken up by ordnance studies in our Gunroom. It is a most fascinating subject. We deal with all sorts of offensive tactics -- even such primitive ones as being stoned. My term lieutenant claims that our thirst (for knowledge) never ceases to amaze him.

I cannot by any means claim that the cruise this year was out of this world-- in fact it wasn't even out of this province! This unfortunate situation was officially attributed to the fact that our ship, the "Victoriaville," had ancient and exceedingly temperamental engines, with a disgustingly voracious appetite for starboard bearings. My theory, however, is that one of our cadets jumped into the pistons as a protest against eggs for breakfast, and gummed up the works. My term lieutenant claims that cadets are not very good lubricants.

How envious we all were of our fellow cadets on the other ships--fighting off seasickness, wild Atlantic gales and cocky American submarines, while we poor souls were forced to spend our long evenings seated virtuously under the weeping willows of the Halifax Public Gardens, reciting immor(t)al poetry and coining such literary gems as:

"Micmac Division they got the shaft,
Allelujah,
Instead of a ship they got a raft
Allelujah."

Very soon the strain of late-night poetry reading began to tell upon our health and sanity. One by one, dejected cadets took self-consciously to the bottle, and it was not long before the Nova Scotian dairy industry was booming again.

Our ship, it seems, was perpetually under sailing orders. Each morning we expected to wake up and find ourselves far out at sea. But the Halifax jetty was our constant companion.

We have a disgustingly large number of superstitious westerners in our ranks, so it was not too long before a morning ritual, highly reminiscent of a Micmac rain dance, was instituted. This ritual commenced at the crack of dawn with a high pitched twittering of a reed, symbolic of eager birds welcoming a new day. Upon hearing this melodious symphony, all of the cadets would leap agilely from their deep, soft beds and in reverent silence don the ceremonial snow white garments.

Once on the jetty, the cadets--still in white and silence--arranged themselves in three ruler-straight rows symbolic of the three ways in which their breakfast eggs could be served. Then, at a sign from the duty god, the impressive ceremony began, to the measured patter of size fourteens, as the group moved off at the double and completed a circle around the base. This served as ceremonial reassurance that the ship had indeed not gone to sea during the night! Upon their return to the jetty, the cadets (still in serried ranks) faced their ship. Here followed a series of grotesque contortions and symbolic grunts and groans designed to (symbolically of course) frighten the ship away from the jetty and out to sea. Upon completion of this ceremony the rejuvenated cadets changed out of their virgin whites, and proceeded eagerly to a breakfast of eggs prepared one of three ways.

To do full justice to the good ship Victoriaville it must be admitted (under pressure from the RCN publicity bureau) that we did on a number of occasions succeed in steaming far enough away from shore to warrant a beer issue. It was a great thrill for us all to surge through the wind-whipped ocean at such a great rate that the gash which we dumped over the stern had a rather difficult time keeping up with us.

One morning we woke as if from a dream to find ourselves standing (barely) on the wardroom field doing arm circles (the really-make-it-hurt type). We knew that this could only mean that once again we were in Cornwallis.

It was not long before Micmac became noted for its prowess in sports tabloids. So notorious did we become in fact that a challenge issued to the other divisions for a total point tabloid competition, with the losers treating the winners to tall chilled ales, went unanswered. It was, therefore, a rather dry win that we registered.

The many memories of this summer are not likely to fade during the years to come. They are priceless (and we ought to know, for we tried to sell them to Playboy on several occasions). Even now they rise before me, crystal-clear and pulsating with life--Cliff Nelder and his magnificent pole vault at the Antigonish Highland Games; the seafood super and dance at Silver Sands (we ate the lobster and danced with the crabs); Dick Burgoyne and his inimitable AHHROOOGHAH; the memorable night when Pete McIlroy almost slept under the stars on the roof of South Block.

Yes, it has been a grand summer. Soon, to the tinkle of Gunroom glasses we will bid adieu to Cornwallis.

"Micmac men can drink all night
Allelujah,
Steady as a rock when it comes daylight,
Allelujah."

Your son,
Mic Mac.

NOOTKA was no ordinary division--we counted among our numbers some of the most peculiar and unique cadets in Cornwallis, and, as the summer progressed, it became increasingly evident that each of that number was endowed with at least one distinct, laudable attribute. In order that they may remain ever fresh in the memory, Nootka has taken upon itself to present special awards in tribute to the idiosyncracies of its members.

The "Eyes Right BOOM!" award--S/LT. Leier

The Perfection award--Bill Barss

The OIC's award for the cleanest bed-linen--Fred Enders

The Dobbie Mutual Admiration award--George Dobbie

Olands and Export "A" Consumption Trophy--Crawf Walker

The Losos Physical Fitness cup--Stan Ward

The South Block Wakey-Wakey award--Jim LaFleur

The Robertson Cup for Stability--Dave Ledingham

The Brown trophy--Ray Cormier

The Black trophy--Carl Hansen

The Divisional Meeting Sobriety Plaque--Gerry Anthony

The Silly Bunny award--Don Stevens

The Hottest Pipe award--Ian Richmond

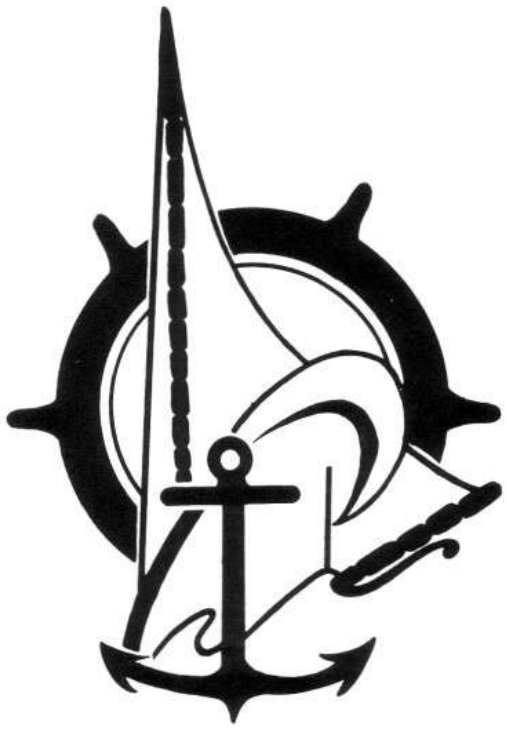
The Dobbie Thrift award--Peter Schwartz

The Baker Cup for Music Appreciation--Karl Hicks

The Divisional Floral Arrangement Prize--Rich Christy

The Barss award for Snake Charming--Pete Robertson

"Does he, or doesn't he? Only his hairdresser knows" award--Al Osborne



The Captain's Ashore pennant--Russ Cape

The Nootka Corpuscle Cup (for 1½ pints)--Don Wilson

The Baker pseudo-intellectual trophy--Dave Rees-Thomas

Womanhood of Nova Scotia Gratitude award--Terry Griffith

The CANFLAGHUM appointment--Joe Losos

The Ben Casey cup for serenity and maturity--Al Morrison

The Hansen Sick Humour award--Bill McCollum

The Matthews Cup for table-talk--Chris Evans

Leier's "Most likely to hack it" trophy--C/C Shambrook

The "I love First Years" medal--Dick Baker

The "Me First" award--Malc Matthews

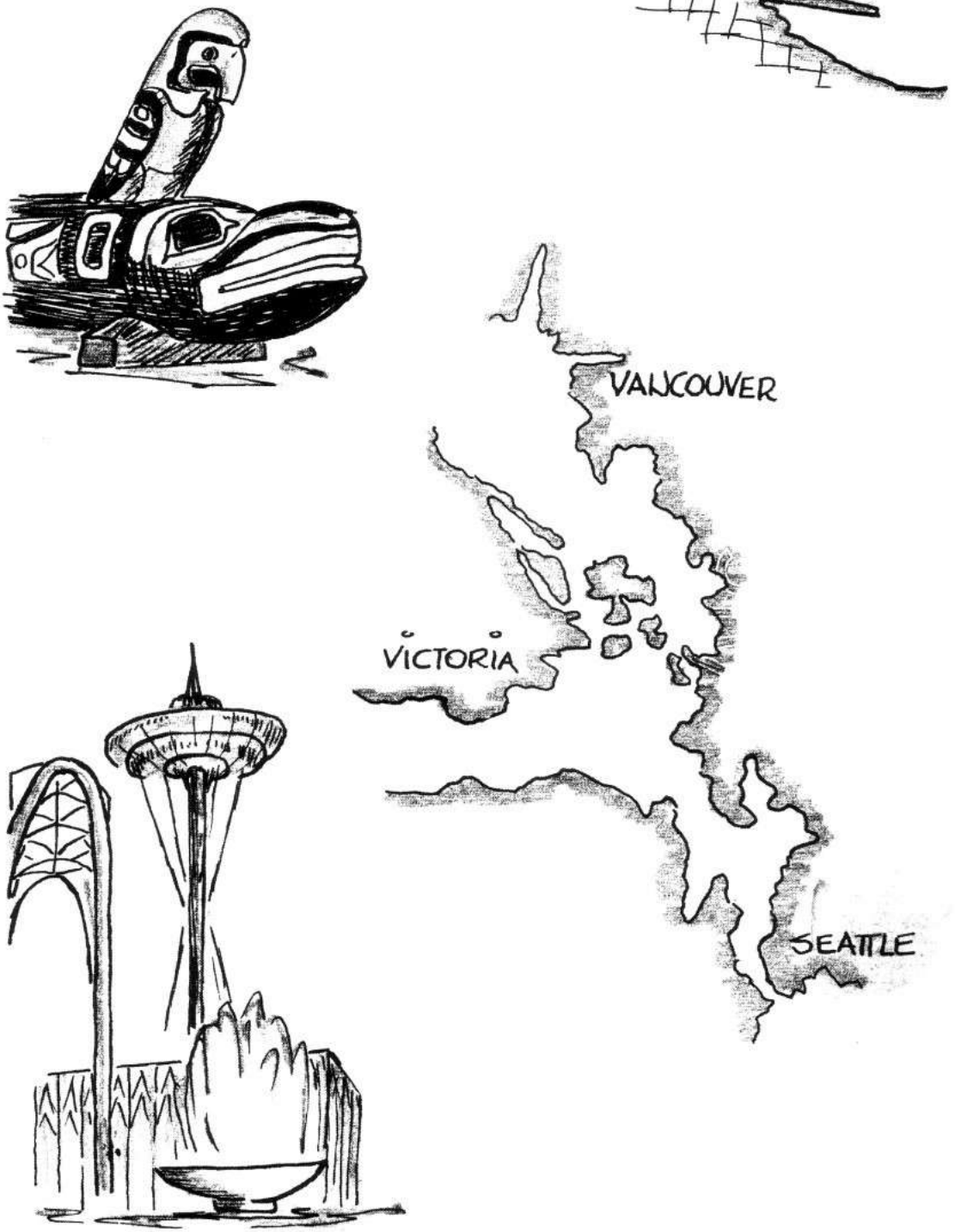
For Services rendered as the div's starting block--a ribbon--Rick Wasson

For displaying the most humility--two ribbons (purple)--Nigel Hawkesworth

The NOOTKA award for the gamest ship in the 7th--HMCS Inch Arran

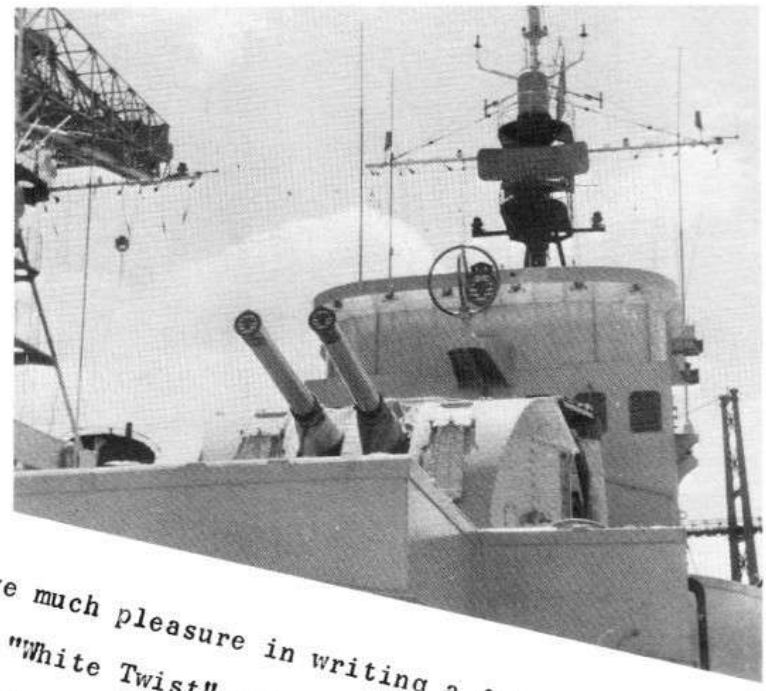
"Oh baby!"--need we say who?

Third Year's



West Coast Training

Rear Admiral
W.M. Landymore
O.B.E., C.D.
R.C.N.
Flag Officer
Pacific Coast



I have much pleasure in writing a foreword for the 1963 edition of "White Twist" and to congratulate the University Naval Training Division on the 20th anniversary of its life.

In terms of history, two decades is not a very long time, nevertheless the UNTD can be very proud of their achievements and of the many officers who, from this beginning, are building successful and productive careers in the Royal Canadian Navy and Reserves, and in responsible civilian activities. If we did not have the UNTD, the Navy and, indeed, Canada, would be much the losers for it.

The UNTD will continue to be, I hope, for many years to come, an organization where university students will be made aware of the role the sea plays in the defence, prosperity and growth of our nation; where students will be made aware of their responsibilities in the defence of their country, and where they will find comradeship, adventure, and if they choose, a naval career ready-made for them.

I sincerely hope that each cadet will benefit by his exposure to naval life and that this training will help him mature as a responsible Canadian, square-shouldered and steady of eye.

W.M. Landymore

Lcdr. H.E. Sadler R.S.O.

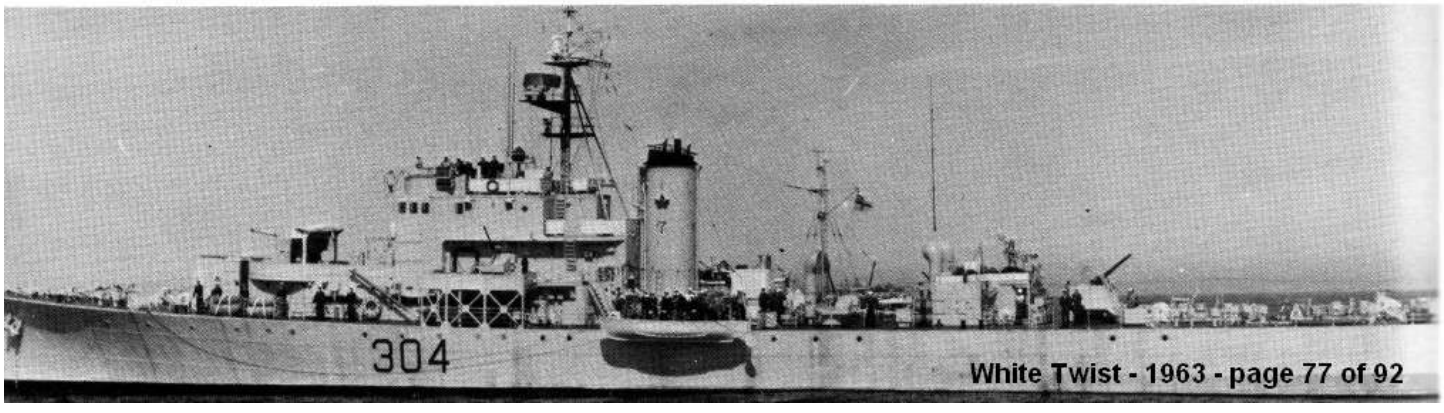
Lcdr. Sadler joined the Royal Navy as a cadet in 1941. After two years as a Midshipman on the cruiser Emerald in the North Atlantic and Indian Oceans he transferred to the Royal Indian Navy and served there in minesweepers and sloops until 1948. He came to Canada in 1951, and joined the RCNR in 1954. He served in the RCN on CND and SSA until 1961, when he left the active service to take up the lowly status of an undergraduate at university. He intends to return to the sea as an oceanographer.

O.I.C.'s Message

This West Coast section of the White Twist is designed to give 1st and 2nd Year Cadets an idea of the fate which awaits them here, but space limitations prevent the full variety of training being shown. Cadets may however be assured that their summer on the West Coast will at least be different, as the man said when moved from the rack to the Iron Maiden.

In this anniversary year we became a migratory organization, spending half the summer in HMCS Venture and half in Royal Roads. Certain adaptions were required to avoid clashes with Venture routines, but early in July all was well as the caravan moved into the sybaritic surroundings of Nixon Block at Royal Roads.

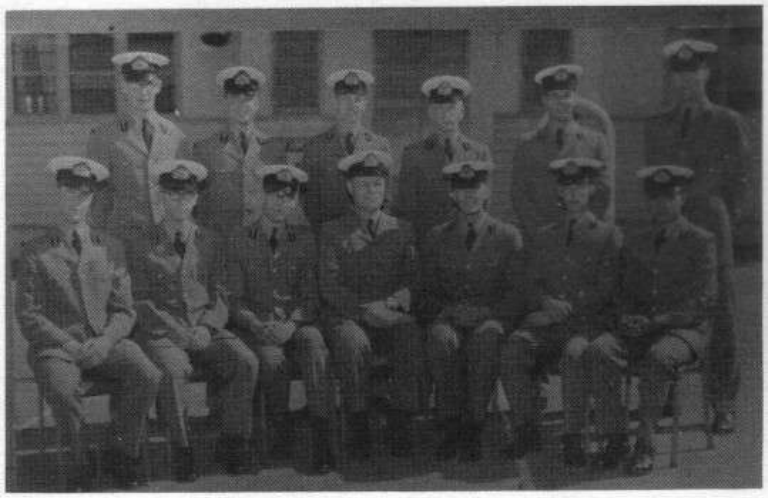
In general this was a very successful summer and the reputation of the UNTD was maintained in all fields of activity (including beach parties).



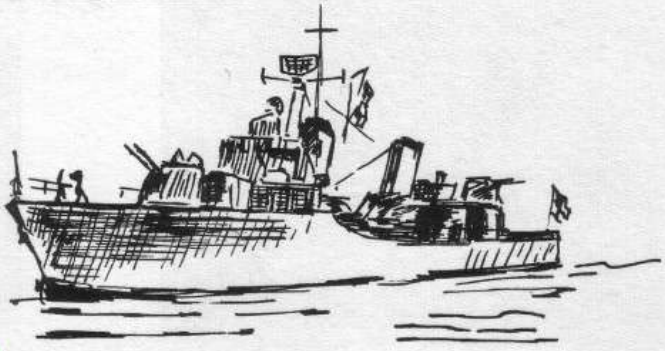
DIVISIONS

YUKON DIVISION

COLUMBIA DIVISION



TERRA NOVA DIVISION



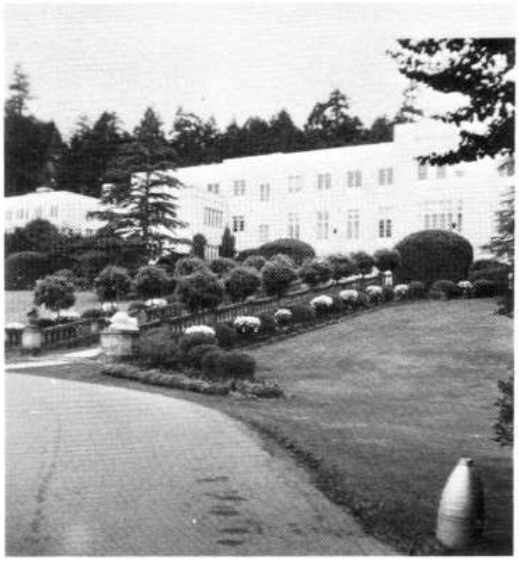
Marpac

One of the more interesting engagements for third-year cadets this summer was a two-week period of active duty at MARPAC OPERATIONS. This is the West Coast Operational Control Centre, and it is located in HMC Dockyard, Esquimalt. Here, under the watchful eye of the Staff Officer Shipping Control, the cadets were employed in a variety of tasks. These ranged from taking the salute atop the Flag Building bridge for all incoming and outgoing ships, to plotting merchant shipping on confidential sector plots.

Their other duties required them to study the various manuals on shipping control, particularly on the West Coast. Early in the summer, two cadets had a unique opportunity to work with several of the "old hands" of shipping control and convoy duties. Together they set up an exercise designed to test the efficiency of the shipping control organization on this Coast. This was Excercise Grumble, and it was a formidable task to say the least.

Shipping Control is an ideal field for an RCNR officer, particularly if he is fortunate enough to reside on either coast. As a specialty, it is concerned with the organization of the best means to employ all merchant shipping and their cargoes in the event of war. This also entails the organizing and control of convoys. During peacetime a skeleton organization must be built up so that, if war should suddenly erupt, they could take over these duties as a functioning body. Since long familiarity and experience with ships and cargoes is necessary for this job, and since resident RCNR officers are in a better position to acquire this knowledge, it is natural that they should form part of this essential nucleus.

This area of specialization should be of particular interest to third-year UNTD cadets, particularly if they reside on either coast. As the cadets who were employed at MARPAC this summer will testify, it is an interesting and extremely important area, and one that is well worth the effort it requires.



Royal Roads

Supply Course

A new approach was tried this year regarding the Supply Training given to those third-year cadets who had managed to complete their second summer's training without picking up their Supply Course. As only two cadets were in this position this year, instead of the usual round of dry lectures in which imaginations are strained to picture the workings of a typical Supply Department, they were sent to the Naden Supply Centre for a week of "On The Job Training."

Briefings were given by the officers in charge of general stores, victualling stores, and pay and transportation. Following these briefings, periods were spent with the supply staffs working in the various departments, both in the storage spaces and the offices. Various processes were viewed and explained, and a great deal of practical knowledge was gained by the cadets. Perhaps the highlight of the week was helping to conduct a pay parade, and watching the complex "pay routine" in the office. Without a doubt, this work was much more useful and much more informative than a week of lectures could ever be, and as one would expect, it was much more interesting.

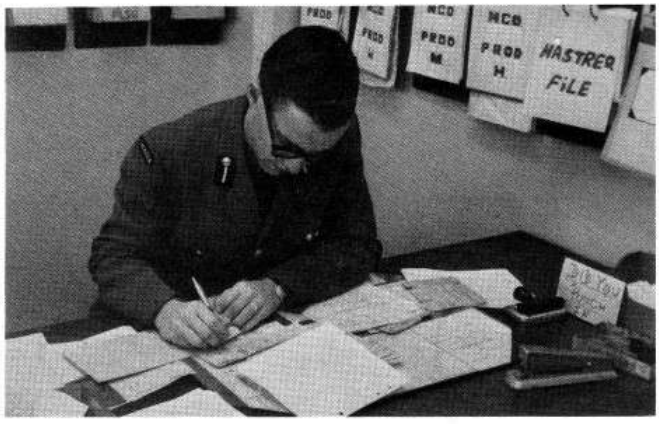
Demolition Course

This year there were two, four-day demolitions courses offered to the third year cadets on the West Coast. Each course consisted of two days of theoretical study in the classroom, and two days of practical work on the range. All of what transpired in the classroom is not immediately known, but basically we were taught the principles of demolitions, detonation, and counter-mining. However, it was the practical aspect of the course that captured our imaginations. This phase was carried out on the RCN's unique West Coast Demolitions Range.

This range is located on a lonely little island just off the top of William Head, the site of the Ammunition Dumps and the Minimum Security Prison. The island, called Bentnick Island, owes its notoriety to the fact that for many years it was a leper colony. The Federal Government turned it over to DND when the last leper died, and DND turned it over to the RCN.

The Navy, aware of the fact that the island was once a place of suffering, have done little to change its tradition. For example, the cadets spent two hectic days hauling supplies and scrap iron from the mainland. As well, several tons of High Explosive were ferried across and carried to the blast site. Following this chore, many patient hours were spent laying and planting charges, preparing defenses, and planning the probable effects of several tons of H.E. detonated under a little house of scrap iron.

At times it seemed futile to take so long in preparing for each explosion, but after judging the amount of knowledge that we had gained with the time we spent, it all seemed quite worthwhile. To further capture our imaginations, we spent several hours on the hand-grenade range, where we saw a little game of "boom-boom" become a matter of deadly seriousness. All in all it was a very interesting and fruitful course, and one we shall not soon forget.



Instructional Technique

This year, seven third-year cadets had the good fortune to take the RCN's Instructional Technique Course. This course, given by the Methods Training Section, is a standard RCN qualifying course, and it consists of three weeks of class lectures and practice-teaching sessions. The lecture periods cover every aspect of teaching, particularly of the instructional policies of the Navy. Here, great emphasis was placed on the importance of pre-lesson preparation, quality of presentation, and follow-up procedures. It was in the practice-teaching sessions, however, where this emphasis paid off. The cadets were given the opportunity to put to use the knowledge they had gained. After a half-a-dozen such efforts, they were masters at the craft of effective delivery.

Another interesting aspect of the course was the construction and utilization of training aids. Many hours were spent in the Section's elaborate workshop making these aids for our lectures and for, ahem, our personal use. It was here that the full impact of a new dimension in teaching hit us, and it was here where we learned the value of innovation and ingenuity.

The course is an excellent one, and will certainly be of use both in the Navy and at University. Of the cadets who participated in it, not one could overlook his debt to the two able instructors of the Methods Training Section: C.P.O. S. Bryant, and Mr. T. Tucker. It was their excellence that gave incentive to the cadets, and a desire to do well.

A10 Navigation

Seventeen cadets spent two months of the summer taking Navigation III and A10. The course was designed to prepare instructors for the teaching of Navigation I and II.

The course was nicely broken up into a number of components thus helping to make it even more interesting. A few of the cadets were able to take a full three week Instructional Technique Course, while the remainder took an abbreviated two day course designed to teach them how to teach others.

After learning how to teach, the cadets next turned to the study of what they would be teaching, navigation. A "crash" review of Navigation I and II was completed in five days. Two weeks of the eight were devoted to A10, covering a review of what had been studied the year before and a lot of practical work on the plotting tables.

The major part of Nav. III consisted of a study of the theoretical aspects of navigation, the knowledge of which would give the future instructors sufficient depth in their subject to be able to teach competently. Particular emphasize was placed on Astro. While Nav. II taught what to do to carry out Astro navigation, Nav. III was designed to teach why each action was necessary.

One very important aspect of the course was the lectures given by cadets. All were required to prepare lectures and were marked on their performance. This practice teaching was to help them to

develop the proper techniques and methods for effective instructing.

The most enjoyable part of the course was the week spent on the ships of the Auxillary Training Squadron in the Gulf Islands. The cruise gave the cadets an opportunity to get away from classrooms and the normal routine. At sea they were able to test their navigational skills and carry out exercises in ship handling.

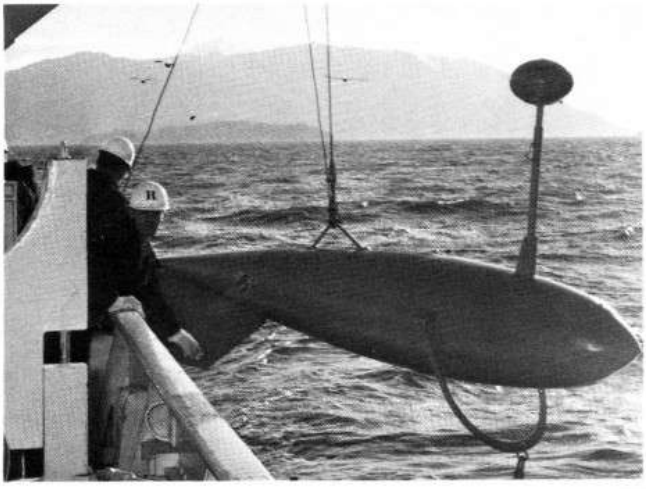
With lectures and the cruise behind them, the cadets wrote their exams and dispersed, some going on the Alaskan cruise and all eventually heading for positions as Navigation instructors in the Naval Divisions across Canada.

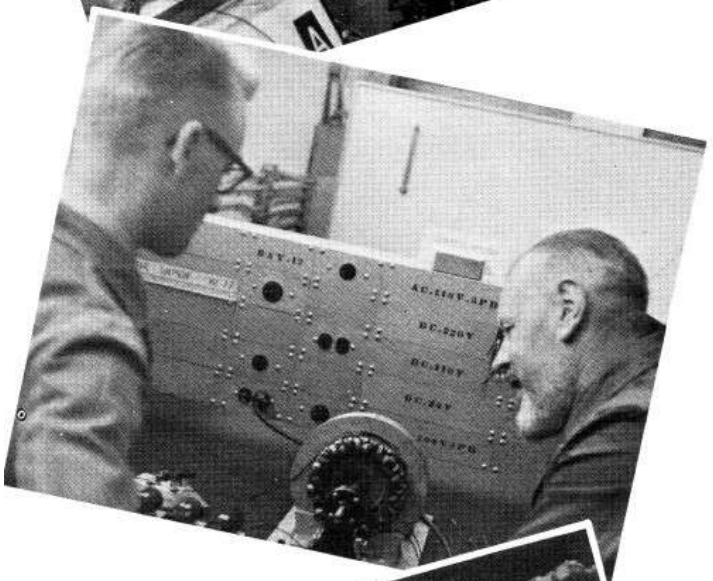
Naval Knowledge

Here aboard the ships of the 2nd Canadian Minesweeper Squadron, the four of us, Reid, Temple, White, and Gill, have found just how important was our first two years of UNTD training. Our knowledge has been solidified and integrated in this Naval Knowledge course. For example, to us the basis of the three-point fix is ultra-fundamental; but to take those bearings and to plot them in less than 50 seconds one must have experience. On the minesweepers we are getting that experience.

Minesweeping has opened a whole new field of seamanship, and the theoretical background that we gained during our first two years has been amplified and put to use. Our shipboard routine is tough, but we have managed to become well-integrated and functioning members of the crew. Our duties include Operational navigation, Officer of the Watch maneuvers, and acting as Assistant Sweep Officers. We are never without some interesting and usually important task to do.

But its not all work and no play. We are further motivated by the scenic beauty of the country, and by the congenial wardroom atmosphere, We have been magnificently hosted in Seattle, Vancouver, and Long Beach, California. Our social lives are tops, our working lives are interesting. What more could we want. Needless to say, we recommend this course for any and all third-year cadets.





Pacific Naval Laboratories

P.N.L., located in H.M.C. Dockyard, Esquimalt, B.C., is mainly concerned with research and development in the field of marine physics. Their purpose is to assist the RCN in its task of anti-submarine warfare, and to do this, the Lab. carries on a continuing programme of A.S.W. research in such areas as Acoustics (both Open Ocean and Arctic), Wake and Drag-reduction Studies, and Magnetic background studies. To supplement these areas there are studies underway dealing with design and development in the field of electronics and mechanical engineering. Two ships are employed for the phases of these projects that require open sea or underwater conditions.

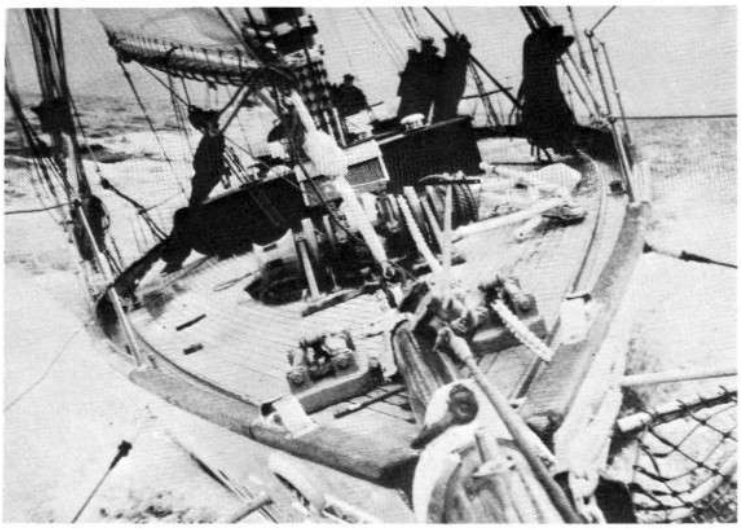
This summer four third-year cadets worked in P.N.L., along with other university students and with the resident scientists employed by the D.R.B. There they worked at a variety of tasks ranging from operating the infra-red spectrophotometer in the Materials Engineering chemical lab., to testing condensors under varying conditions in the Electronics lab. Naturally the job offers little in the way of Naval Training, but it provides a good opportunity for the cadets to become familiar with scientific analysis and laboratory apparatus. Indeed, it is an ideal place for a third-year cadet interested in a civilian-type job with a navy-type orientation.

Naval Technical School

The N.T.S. or "Fleet School" at HMCS "Naden" is one of the most advanced technical schools in the country. Its shops and classroom areas are certainly the finest in the Navy, and the various facilities offered for course instruction represent the "dream" of every technical instructor. In its three large buildings, the N.R.S. trains the men of the Navy in the technical aspects of the ships of the fleet, and it is here that both officers and men acquire the skill and knowledge required to keep the fleet afloat.

The courses offered here for third-year cadets include Marine Engineering, Construction, and Electrical Engineering. The Marine Engineering course consists of a general familiarization with the various shops in the RCN, a survey of the problems of fleet supply and planned maintenance, and a review of the integrated system of marine repair ashore and at sea. A detailed knowledge of the machinery and engineering systems of the DDE is stressed.

Construction, or Hull Engineering, covers basically design, construction, and maintenance of



naval ships. The course also covers Planned Maintenance, Ship Familiarization, and Naval Architecture. An individual project is required of all the cadets. The Electrical course covers all aspects of marine electrical engineering, including advanced A.C. and D.C. theory. The cadets participating this year also acted as Lab. Instructors to small groups of Able Seamen on a Trade Group Two course.

These courses are extremely interesting and are invaluable to the potential Engineering Officer at sea. They should be seriously considered by any third-year cadet who intends to train on the West Coast.

H.M.C.S. Oriole

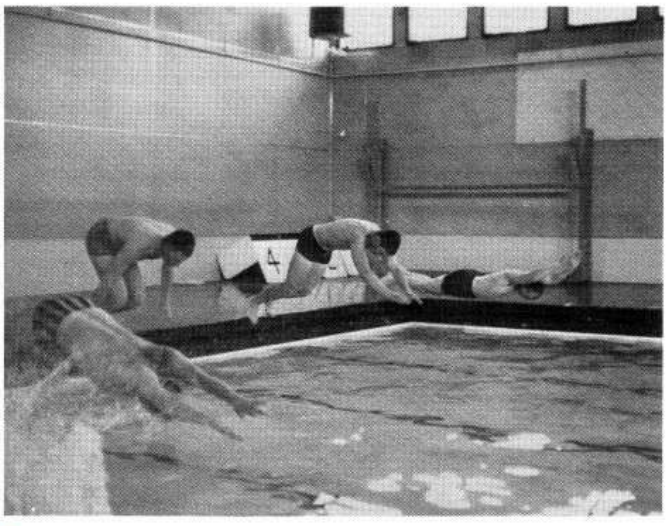
HMCS "Oriole," originally known as Oriole IV, was built in 1920. Designed by the world-famous firm of Owen's of New York, she was started in a Toronto yard, but was completed in Boston. Her original owner willed her to the Navy League of Canada, and throughout the Second World War she was used as a Sea Cadet training vessel on the East Coast. In 1949 she was transferred on loan to the RCN and served as a training ship for new entries at HMCS Cornwallis.

In 1952 she was commissioned into the RCN and two years later was transferred to the West Coast, via the Panama Canal, to become the tender to HMCS Venture. Since that time she has been engaged in a continuing programme of training for officer cadets, and has travelled the entire West Coast. She participates annually in many special events, including the classic International Swiftsure Race out of Victoria. This year, two third-year cadets were part of her crew for this event. HMCS "Oriole," when fully rigged, shows 14,447 square feet of nylon sail. She is 91 feet long, is approximately 100 tons, has a beam of 81 feet, and has sleeping accommodation for 21.

Swim Meet

The UNTD swimming meet between Columbia, Yukon, and Terra Nova Divisions was a big splash, to say the least, with races scheduled from free-style to flutter board. The unusual nature of the event was further borne out by the unusually short distances, due to the restrictions of the Naden pool. These distances, however, more than satisfied the lungs of the participants as they puffed their way through the hour-long meet. The cadets had been more used to swimming in beer than in diluted chlorine, but they enjoyed their baptism and showed that light spirit that should be a part of all sports competitions.

Yukon Division came out on top with 116 points, followed by Terra Nova Division with 89 points. Columbia Division was third with 85 points. Of the ten events, Yukon won eight, but came second in each of the individual 50 yd. free-style and back-stroke events. All in all, it was a very enjoyable meet.



LE VIEUX MARIN

PAUL WHITE

LE VIEUX BATEAU NAVIGUAIT PÉNIBLEMENT
LE LONG D'LA CÔTE
POURTANT, IL EST GRAND TEMPS
QU'ON LE REHAUSSE
MAIS LE VIEUX MARIN
NE VOULAIT PAS LE VOIR, ABANDONNÉ
SUR PILOTIS ET GRADINS
EN HAUT D'LA CÔTE
SEUL, SUR LA TERRE, IL RESTAIT,
COMME UN APÔTRE
AMI DE LA MER, DES ALIZÉS
AMI DES NOTRES.
IL S'EST DIT, QUE SI UN JOUR
IL CESSAIT D'APPAREILLER
CE SERAIT LA FIN DE SES JOURS
LA FIN DE SON MÉTIER,
A QUATRE-VINGT, ON LE VOIT PASSER,
LA TÊTE HAUTE,
FIER DE SA VIE, DE SON MÉTIER,
DE SA VIE D'APÔTRE.

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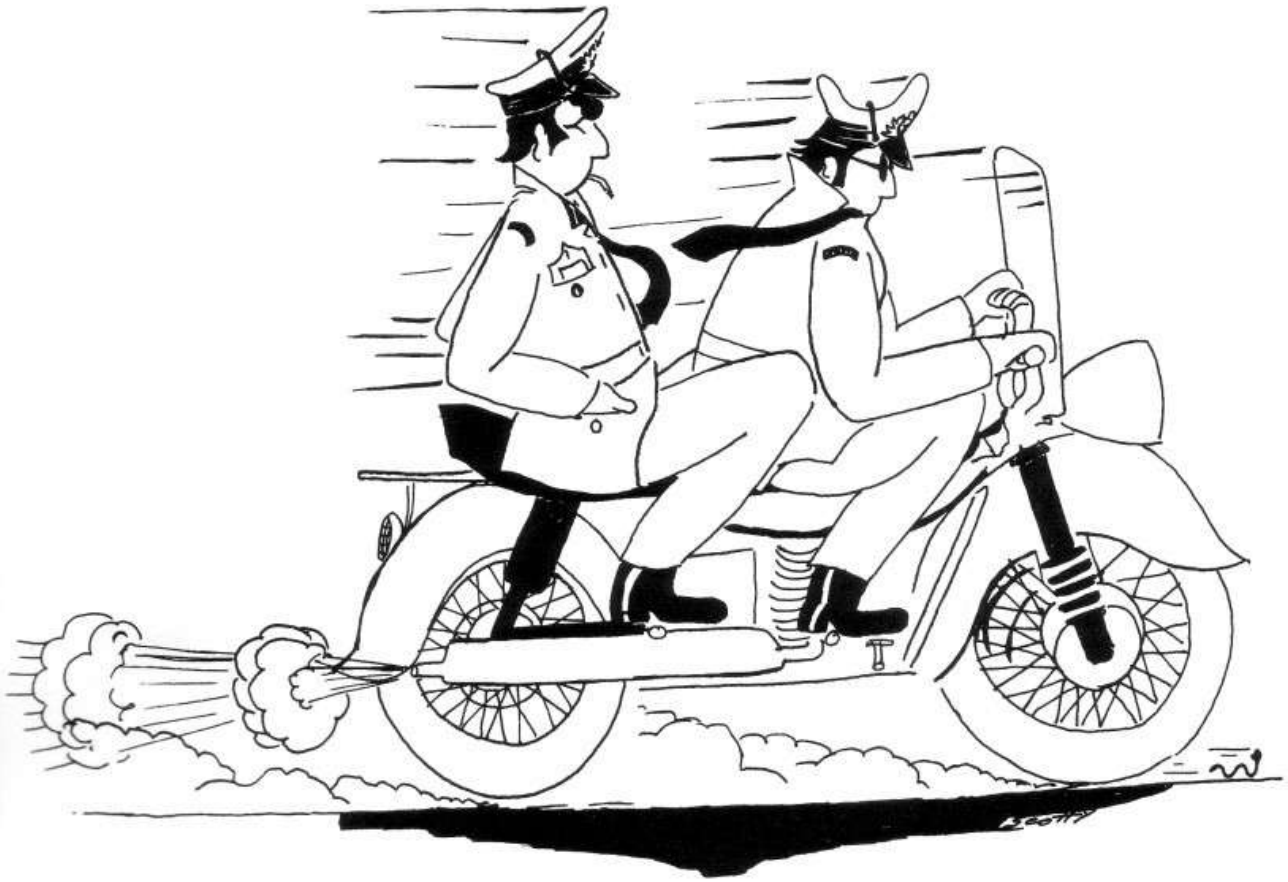

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