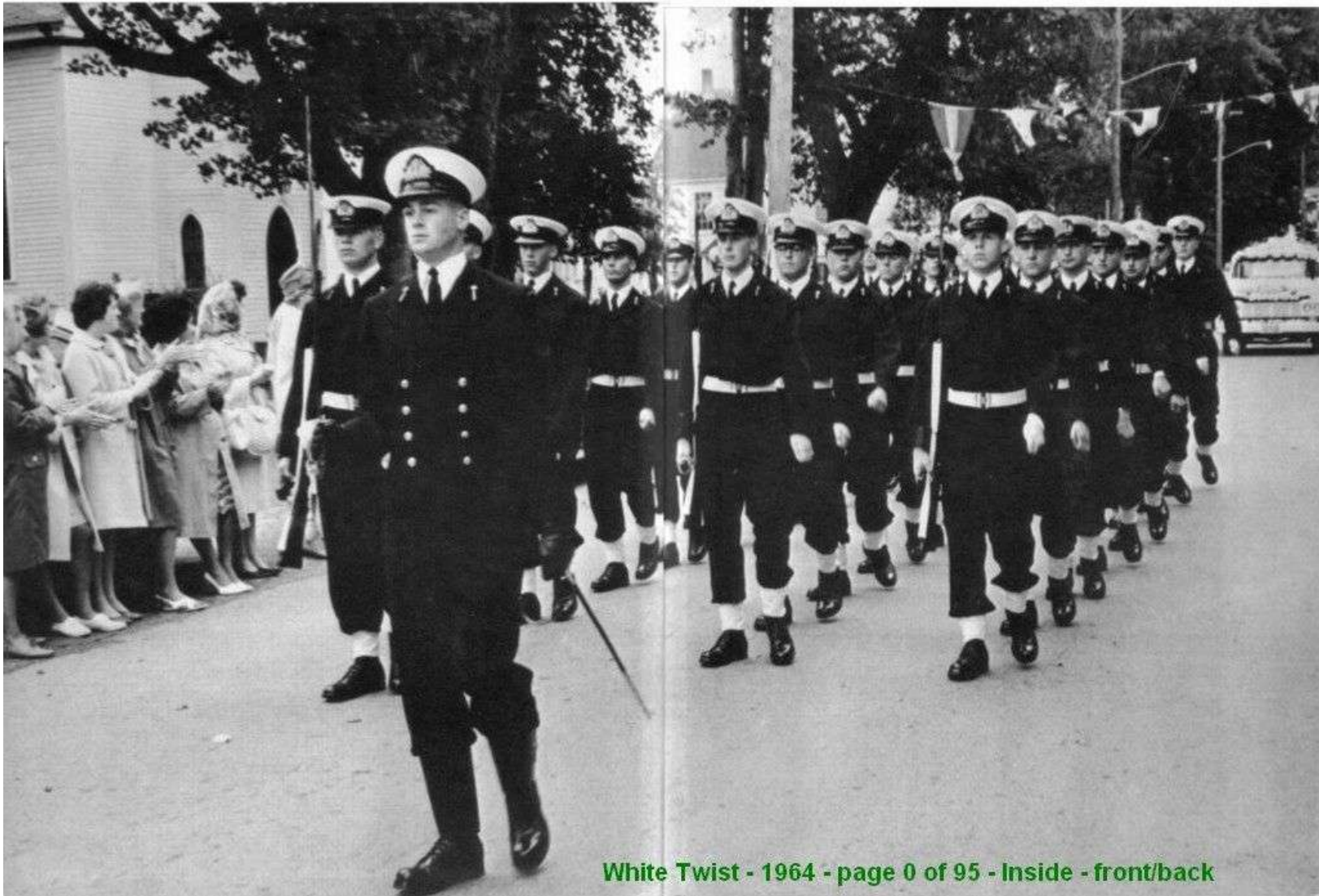


WHITE TWIST

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1964



White Twist - 1964 - page 0 of 95 - Inside - front/back

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TWIST

1964



• LITERARY
L.K. Jevons

• BUSINESS
A.C. Propp
W.F. Wells

• PHOTOGRAPHY
D.J. Freeman
R. Seto
C.A. Munro

• EDITORS
D.W. Hamilton
J.D. Donaldson

• SPORTS
R.M. Collins

• ART
J.A. Emsley
J.M. Dalzell

White Twist - 1964 - page 2 of 95



A Message from His Royal Highness Prince Philip



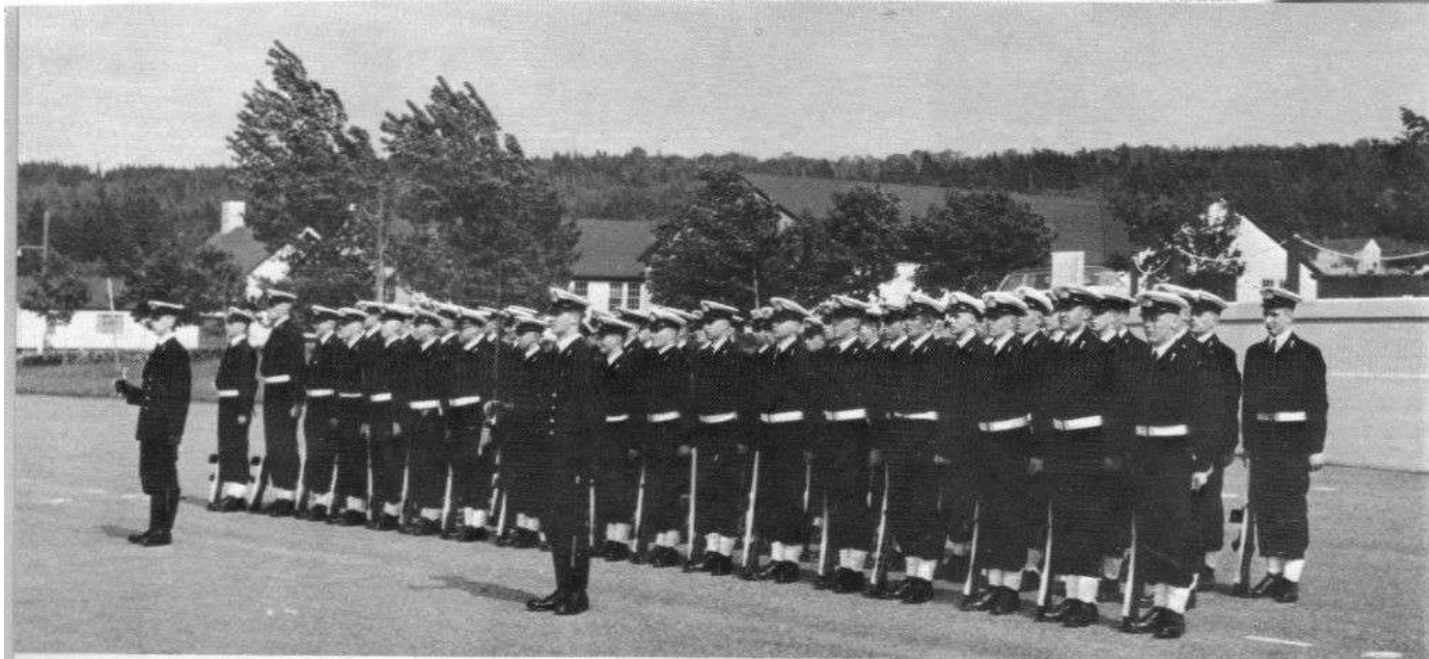
BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Congratulations to the University
Naval Training Division on reaching its
21st Anniversary and best wishes to the
anniversary number of "White Twist".

The Division seems to be a splendid
way of combining the business of public
service with the pleasure of Naval life.
What's more the training in discipline
and the experience of useful service
should be a lasting asset in any career.

The Royal Canadian Navy is lucky to
have such an excellent training scheme
for young officers and I hope the Division
will go from strength to strength in the
next twenty-one years.

1964.



The University Naval Training Division is twenty-one years old this year. "Coming of Age" and "maturity" are terms frequently used to describe its growth.

We wonder what produces maturity in an organization, such as UNTD; and does this maturity necessarily come with the magic number '21'.

The answer seems clear; that time smooths rough edges and produces honoured traditions. Yet even now, we are in the midst of a reorganization which may change the entire face of the UNTD. Now everyone is asking, "Where do we go from here?" We cannot answer this. We do not know. We do know that more and more people, both within and without the service, have come to respect the UNTD for what it is: a builder of future naval officers.

It is true, that many who enter the organization will not become officers. However, it remains that UNTD never fails to have a lasting effect on every cadet, whether he graduates or not. All of us owe the UNTD much more than we like to admit.

As the UNTD enters its twenty-second year it continues to fulfill its purpose of teaching loyalty and service through honour and integrity. In this, the University Naval Training Division became mature the day it was born.

J.D. Donaldson
D. Hamilton
K. Jevons





Cornwallis Visit July 27, 28 and 29

10 August, 1964

It is twenty-one years since the birth of the first University Naval Training Divisions. Much change has taken place during this period not only in the UNTD but also in the Royal Canadian Navy itself.

Today the UNTD can look with pride on the fact that upwards of 60% of active Royal Canadian Naval Reserve Officers are the product of this system. In time it may be expected that almost all Reserve officers will have been UNTD trained.

It's an exciting prospect and a heavy responsibility to which to look forward, but one which every one on coming of age must face. You will be on your own, without the mature guidance of those who have laid the foundations for you.

I am completely confident that you can and will meet the demands made upon you and wish you all successful commissions.


(P.D. Taylor)
COMMODORE, RCN.



Commodore Taylor
D.S.C., R.C.N.



Lieutenant-Commander C.N. Seeger

This summer Lcdr. Seeger's original appointment was as Administration Officer but took over as the OIC in July. He came to us from *HMCS Brunswick* where he serves as a UNTD officer. During the summer he became noted for his evening dips in the Wardroom pool and for his doing away with the curse of Gunroom life --- morning P.T.



Lieutenant-Commander B.J. Van Fleet

Most of the cadets in second and third years had met our OIC prior to this summer. Lcdr. Van Fleet has just completed an appointment in Leadership School at Cornwallis. It was with a little apprehension that most cadets greeted the announcement. However, his affinity for skylarks quickly made him an acceptable choice.

Trained by the Royal Navy as an observer, Lcdr. Van Fleet came to Cornwallis after a succession of appointments to the air arm of *Shearwater* and *Magnificent*. Recently, he was appointed to *HMCS Restigouche* as the new executive officer. We wish him every success.

Those Who Ruled

Captain J.M. Paul

Captain Paul joined the R.C.N. as a Boy Sailor in 1934 at the age of 17, and served in Royal Naval and Canadian naval ships during World War II when he received his commission.

This new appointment is by no means Captain Paul's first trip to Cornwallis, as he was one of the officers who pioneered its development in 1941. At that time, we are told, Cornwallis was even more remarkable or rather unbelievable than it is now. One point that all tennis court parties can begin to worry over in the preparation for next summer ---- Captain Paul plays too.



Administration

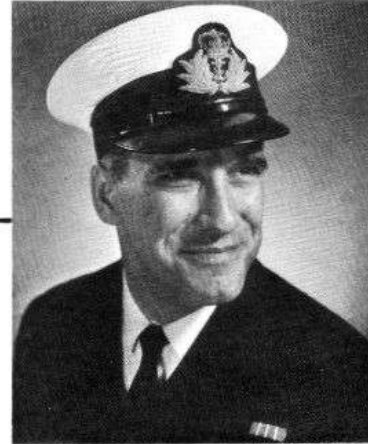
Staff



Lt. H. Ridgway
Administration Officer



Lcdr. T. Smith
Training Officer



Lt. D. Jackson
Senior Term Lieutenant



Sgt. I. Macdonald
Public Relations Officer



Lt. F. Riche
Gunroom Officer
First Lieutenant



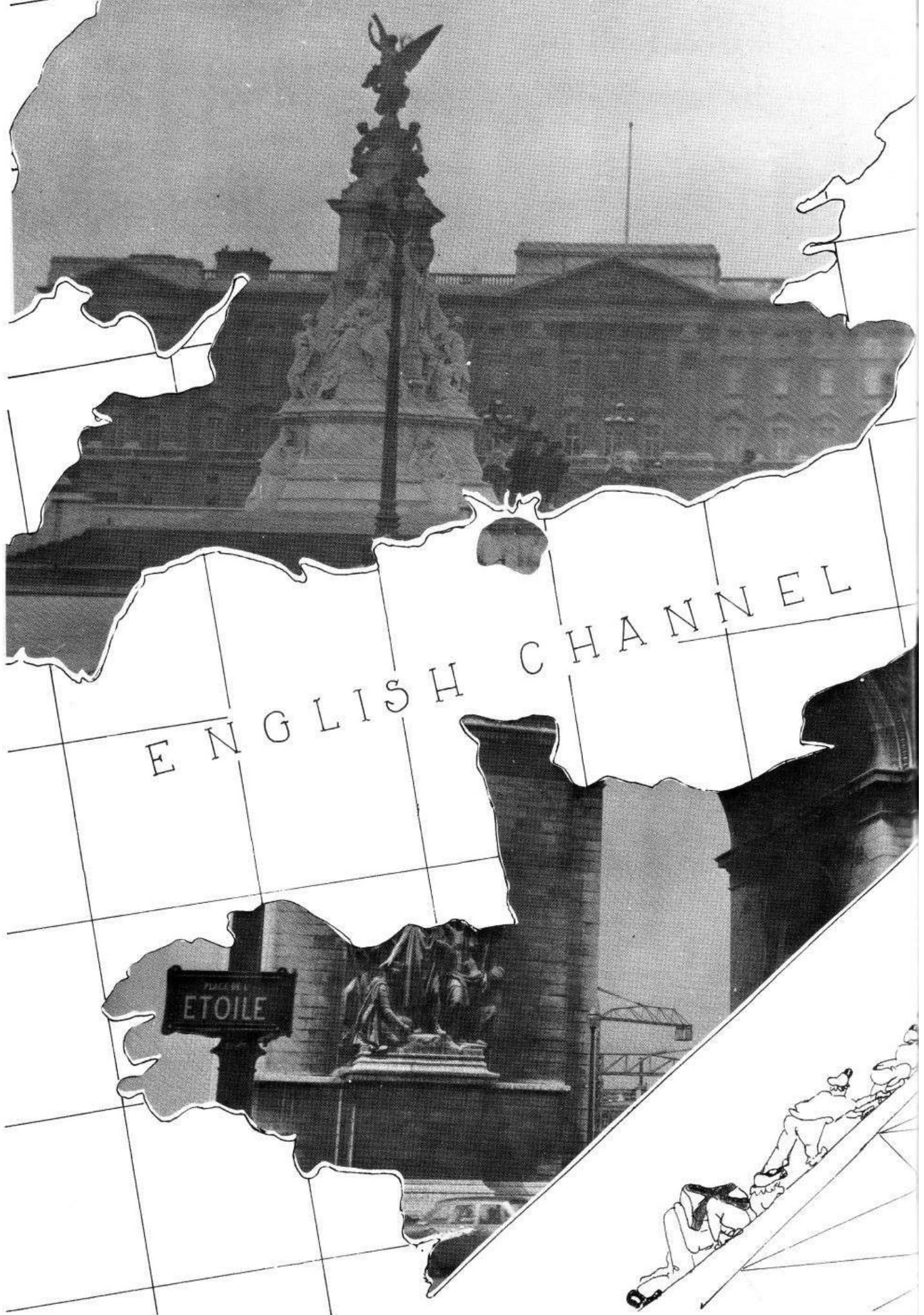
Sgt. A.H. Glendenning
Plans and Projects Officer



Sgt. S. Farnell
Cadet Control Officer



PIBN Dyer
Cadet Control



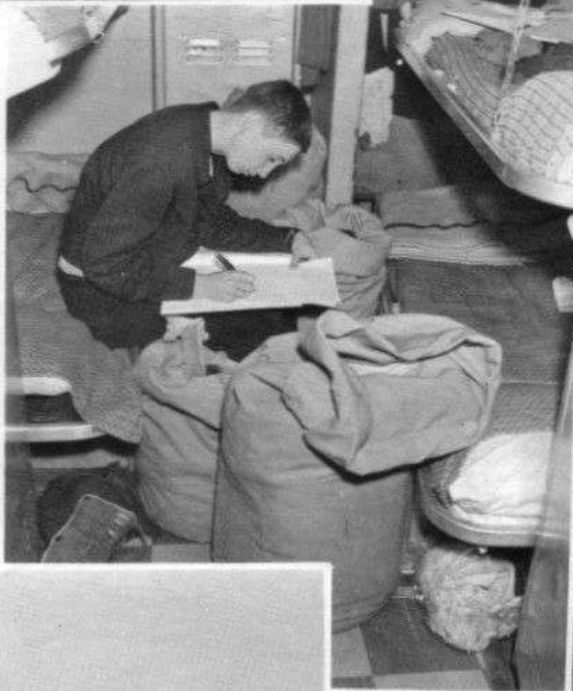


Alpha Cruise cadets are proud to announce that they were the only group to visit both England AND France at special reduced rates during the tourist season. So what if our luxury liner was a frigate! We didn't care. We were on our way to seek foreign travel and adventure.

On 8 May, approximately 150 cadets boarded five ships of the "Grey-Funnel Line". These were HMC Ships *Cap de la Madeleine*, *Buckingham*, *Outremont*, *La Hullose*, and *Lanark*. The next day we sailed.

Our first three days at sea were rather wretched. However, a full sea training program, which included boat pulling, small arms firing, chipping, painting, cleaning, and grumbling distracted cadets from their sea-sickness and thoughts of the fonder diversions yet to come.

And then we landed - 18 May. The Green fields and lilac-scented airs of the Isle of Wight brought blessed relief to red-rimmed eyes, heavy and worn by the fretful fear of enemy attack on a peaceful ocean.



At anchorage in Spithead, the squadron completed a marathon painting contest which saw HMCS *Outremont* win first prize for more paint slopped on the deck than any other ship in the harbour.

During six days of leave, the Mecca Dance Hall in Portsmouth, and the Regent Palace Hotel, in London, provided lascivious cadets with a spicy variety of entertainment and opportunity. For the purile, sightseeing, shopping and pub-crawling gave more wholesome recreation.

It seems appropriate that soon after our departure the Home Secretary announced he planned to investigate high-priced "Soho" night clubs which were fleecing their clientele with watered-down booze and women. Here-say has it that the original complainant was a woe-begotten matelot who had his skull fractured when he refused Tilly in her house of pleasure.

Although most went to London on their long leaves, many spent their daily liberty in such places as the Isle of Wight, Oxford, Stonehenge, and Brighton, home of the notorious clashes between two rival "teddy-boy" gangs, the "Mauds" and "Rockers". Many of these young men never see the light of day, let alone get a chance to fight, due to the overwhelming excess of shaggy hair that hangs over their faces, down to their navals.

Having exhausted the possibilities for pleasure and profit in Portsmouth, the armada chugged on down the coast to Portland, another vast R.N. complex. Here, Haida division won the hotly disputed Micmac "Cock-of-the-Walk" trophy for first place in the Alpha Cruise Regatta. Also, several days later, a few cadets spent a fitful up and down day at sea aboard the British submarine *Truncheon*, surfacing and submerging. To quote one disgruntled cadet, "We went up and down more times than a bloody toilet seat."



We left Portland, shaking out a considerable amount of sand from our cuffs, acquired at various beach parties. A few wicked cadets had the audacity to clip a Rear-Admiral's Flag for safe-keeping. (Query--Did Commodore Taylor appreciate this flag's prominent display during his July visit to Cornwallis?)

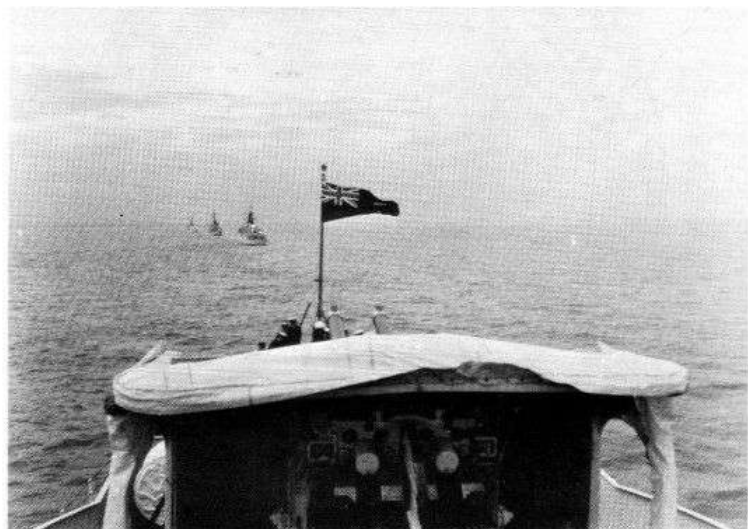
A brief, befogged Channel passage brought our ships into the confined quarters of "Avant-Port" in Cherbourg. Cadets on leave travelled to Paris by bus, singing and imbibing all the way.

Paris, with its broad tree-lined avenues, tremendous Eiffel Tower, and "tres romantique" sidewalk cafes, impressed so many cadets that they immediately scurried off to exercise their lust in the streets of Place Pigalle.

Returning to Cherbourg, where the main attraction was a brew called Calvados", the squadron prepared to return to Canada. *Outremont*, remained behind to participate in D-Day celebrations at Lion-Sur-Mere and Omaha and Utah beaches.

Frequent pipe-downs resulted from the raging seas which we encountered on our return voyage.

Thus we came home to Canada. For the cadets of Alpha Cruise there were many memories of good training and good travelling, 5000 miles of it.



Cayuga Division

First Term Lieutenant's Temporary

Memorandum 1

1. Cayuga Division will be formed from twenty-nine assorted cadets, first and second years.
2. S/Lt. Pardzich will be leader.
3. Cadets will proceed to *HMCS Lanark* and with a little luck will steam across the Pond.

Sea Training Officer's Temporary

Memorandum 1

1. Cadets will be crowded into 7 Mess with the exception of four in 1 Mess.
2. Cadets will stand night watches, take flashing and do boatwork in the dogwatches. They will attend classes in the morning and afternoon watches, and in their spare time refinish the ship's ladders.
3. Cadets will not sleep more than three staggered hours per day. Seasickness is no excuse for slackness; crackers are available in the main cafeteria.

Sea Training Officer's Temporary

Memorandum 2

1. Cadets will rescue any local sailors swimming at Spithead near their overturned dinghy.
2. Cadets will not have channel fever. Instead they will attend all Bar-B-Q's on the quarterdeck.
3. Any cadet finding a parrot dressed in a lieutenant-commander's number 3 uniform is to return it to the C.O.'s cabin not earlier than 1400. This parrot is approximately 27 inches in height and has web feet.

Sea Training Officer's Temporary

Memorandum 3

1. Cadets proceeding to London are not to frequent "Soho".
2. Cadets are informed that the "Mecca" Club has a good rating (BRCN 1901). The "Savoy" is out of bounds to officer cadets.
3. Cadets will not steal Rear Admirals' flags or ensigns from *HMCS La Hullose*.
4. *HMCS Lanark* will proceed to Portland. Cadets will hump hawsers.

Sea Training Officer's Temporary

Memorandum 4

1. Cadets will practice boatwork in preparation for the intership regatta.
2. Cadets will not hustle maidens from the Weymouth Teachers' College.
3. Cadets will not run from the Shore Patrol while stealing Vice Admirals' flags.
4. Dye, bilge pumps, and mustard will be standard equipment for the war canoe race. The two man dinghy will set the pace.
5. Cadets are informed that it is not good policy or good seamanship to ram British submarines with the motor cutter.
6. In future cadets are to avoid Weymouth Hospital and Sansfoot Castle. They are not to hold beach parties on Admiralty property or to pass out on the Admiral's barge.
7. Cadets will hump hawsers in preparation for departure for Cherbourg.

Sea Training Officer's Temporary

Memorandum 5

1. Cadets are not to become intoxicated, leaving their pants on the quarterdeck and shoes on the pilotage.
2. In broad daylight officers and cadets are not to crash on the cobblestone banks of the Seine. However, after 2359 this practice is permissible.
3. Cadets are not to steal French Admirals' flags while on duty ashore.
4. The C.O. makes it clear that the Eiffel Tower is dear to the hearts of the French people. Cadets are to leave it there.
5. First year cadets are informed that Mr. Daycock's initials are R.J. and not C/G.
6. Wine will not be brought on board unless one wishes to entertain the entire wardroom.
7. Ships will proceed to sea tomorrow. Cadets will hump hawsers.





First Term Lieutenant's Temporary

Memorandum 2

1. Cadets will entertain the entire ship's company before arrival in Canada.
2. Cadet Cinderella will play the lead role in tonight's variety show after which the C.O. will be presented with a carved parrot.
3. Cadets will return immediately to *Cornwallis*.
4. There will be no leave in Halifax.

Second Term Lieutenant's Temporary

Memorandum 1

1. Cadets will be keen.
2. All cadets will become "jocs".

Second Term Lieutenant's Temporary

Memorandum 2

1. Cadets are to be congratulated on their winning two track tabloids, the swim meet and the gym tabloid.
2. Cayuga Division will form one third of the representative softball team.

Second Term Lieutenant's Temporary

Memorandum 3

1. Cadets are to cease their jogstrapping and pass some examinations.
2. I am disconcerted by having to make frequent trips to CO's, XO's, and OIC's defaulters. Henceforth this practice will cease.
3. Cadets are not to appear at musters with "Malby's Marauders" written on their sweatshirts.
4. Mess dinners are a privilege. At them cadets are to learn the finer points of naval etiquette. In future, Lieutenant-Commanders, and below are not to be thrown into the wardroom pool. However, all Commanders and above are fair game.
5. Vice leader number two will be W.A. Joyce. Temporary vice leader will be C.W. Robbins.

Second Term Lieutenant's Temporary

Memorandum 4

1. Cadets of Cayuga division may carry on to their long stand easy on 28 August, 1964. Thank God!
2. May I say farewell. Your spirit and unity has carried you well through the summer. Truthfully, with all the "jacks" in this division I never knew what was coming next---By the way has anyone seen Ivanochko?

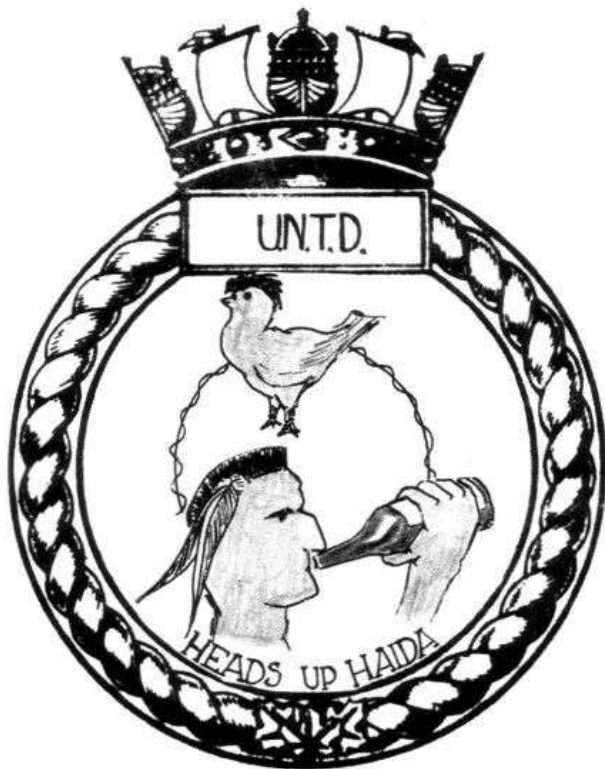
The Prologue to Haida Tales

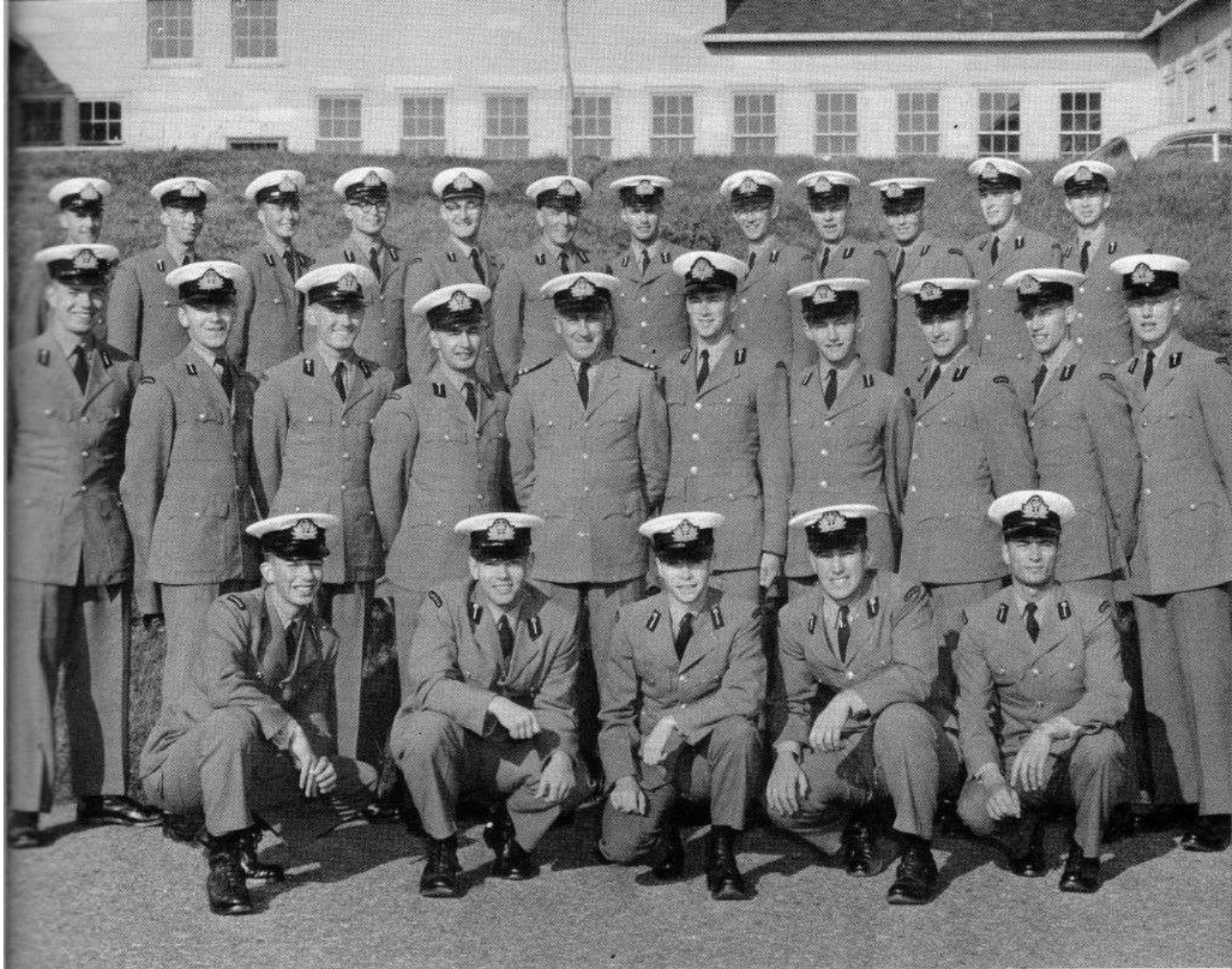
When in Aprille the sweet exams do fall,
Then people long to go on pilgrimage,
And Cadets to seek the stranger strands.
And specially from every shire's end
In Canada, down to *Cornwallis* they wend.
In South Block as I lay in revelrie
One night, there came into that hostelrie
Some six and twenty in a company
Of sundrie folks, happening then to fall
In fellowship, they were Haidians all.
Now let us march and listen to what I say;
I am Myers, host and Termie all the way.
It seems a reasonable thing to say
What their condition was, the full array
Of each of them as it appeared to me,
According to profession and degree.
And what apparel they were 'riving in,
And at a KNIGHT I therefore will begin.

This KNIGHT, Kincaid by name,
Into slackness ne'er did he let them fall;
He was a captain and leader of them all.

He had a Bérubé a fine young SQUIRE,
A lover and a Cadet, a lad of fire.
He could make songs and poems and recite;
Knew how to joust and Dance, to draw and write.

Dawes a YEOMAN was at his side,
From Victoria he did choose to ride.
In his hand he bore a might brew,
In Nav. he did get 97 too.





Mayo, a MANCIPLÉ by profession,
 Could reverse thirty charges in rapid succession.
 All versed in the abstrusest legal knowledge,
 Could only have been produced by Memorial College.

Baker the REEVE was quite brash and thin;
 Oft did he get a full goody tin.

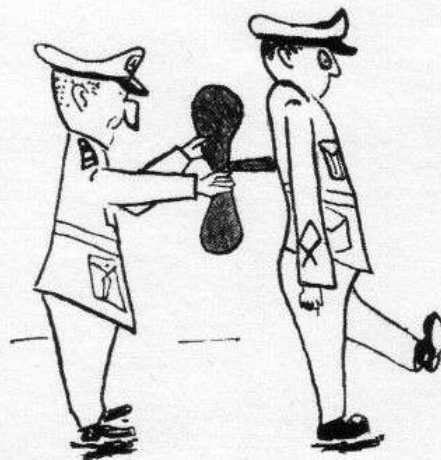
Anderson, the SUMMONER, was off to the bar;
 With only two draught he couldn't see very far.

Fra Hamilton, this noble MONK I am describing,
 Saw his Termie and got permission
 To go on yet another mission.

Sir Christy, an athlete of chest firm and strong,
 Round him many maidens did lovingly throng.

The last of this troop was Holm, so daring,
 His driving was faulty but his singing unerring.

Now I have told you shortly, in a clause
 The rank, the array, the number and the cause.
 The cause you may ask, what is it for?
 I tell you my lads, it is Haida '64.



- With apologies to Chaucer,
 K. Affleck, R. Diemert, J. Robitaille.

Huron Division

Huron division set out to sea,
Outremont rolled most awfully;
Cadets were sick as sick could be,
And the wind blew merrily!

Cadets got well, our "Termie" too,
On his feet and good as new;
The galley served the same old stew,
And the wind blew merrily!

We scrubbed the ship with aching back
And on the pipes our heads did crack;
And when we could we hit the sack,
And the wind blew merrily!

We went to London, one and all,
And ran around and had a ball;
And sinned like Adam in his fall,
And the wind blew merrily!



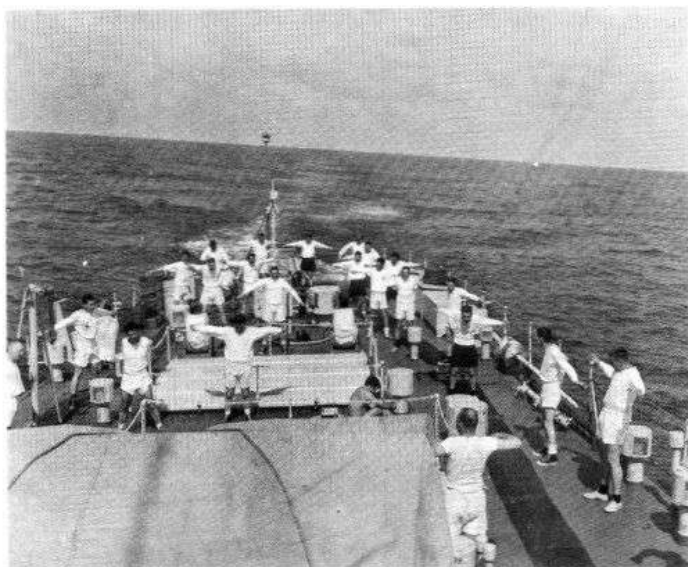
At Weymouth next we went to play,
At sailing in the Navy way;
The fog was thick, and cold and grey
And the wind blew merrily!

In Cherbourg then we poked our head,
But found it mighty still and dead;
So off to Paris we went instead,
And the wind blew merrily!

Home again, home again, Huron came,
Cadets were sick all over again;
The galley stew was still the same,
And the wind blew merrily!

Eight of our members suddenly left,
Leaving us here alone, bereft;
We'd better recruit some lads by theft,
And the wind blew merrily!

We all survived, I don't know how,
Fat and slack on Navy chow;
SUPERCADETS! (as you know by now),
And the wind blew merrily!





White Twist - 1964 - page 18 of 95



Micmac Division

In keeping with its aristocratic traditions, the cadets of Micmac wish to present a short one act play; our own version of "King Leier", written by Jevonsbraynespeare.

CHARACTERS - assorted knights from the realm of "King Leierland."

SETTING - King Leier is holding his weekly "Kangaroo Court" in the heads of *HMCS Buckingham* during which he praises the just and meets out punishment to offenders.

Enter King Leier; (striking a "lordositic" pose as he ascends his royal throne where the owly" Sir Barry "Son-of-a-Jack", hovers close by his royal highness awaiting his first opportunity to usurp the king's heads).

King Leier: "Gentlemen, we've been at sea for less than a week now and already some dire offences have been committed. Sir Nigel of the 'Sh--Hawks' will read off the charges."

Enter Sir Nigel, charge sheet in hand, his aristocratic demeanour expectorating on all those present. He reads: "Baron Burgess; you have been charged with the grave offence of existing - how do you plead?"

Baron Burgess replies, in his best Descartian manner: "Guilty, m'lord, I exist."

Sir Nigel reads the sentence to baron Burgess, who has elected 'trial-by-ordeal': "To prove yourself a worthy knight of the realm, you shall slay the scaley executive dragon, "Yak", who has of late, been terrorizing the entire ship's company."

Burgess, scraping low, answers: "M'lord, I will."

Exit baron Burgess, led away by his dusky chambermaids, Sir Linnell, "the Red," and Sir Rusty "the Brown", who shouts "I'm drunk on Col-lin's mix."

Meanwhile, the court carries on. Enter the pious friars Dean and Lee, grave brothers of the "Order of Chastity", whose spiritual task it is to assist the crew in all mental, moral, and physical problems - namely, they dispense erasers. Of late, they have had a particularly foul case in the person of "Sir Mar of Paris" whose bold exploits and daring deeds in the streets of Place Pigalle are the current cackle of the entire court. However, the chaste brothers are pleased to report that Sir Mar has now emerged the victor in his waiting game, thus striking another blow against sin and the devil.

To the right of the King's throne, the august Sir Jock Strupp laughs merrily as Sir McDuff clamps off the air to his Chemox breather with a wine-bottle cork, saved from one of his midnight soirees.

Enter "M'lord Jevons of Slackurbia", a foreign naval, who has come to King Leier's court with his faithful squire Edwards, heir apparent to the knight's vast estates of encircling gloom.

Along the sides of the heads many other navals are exhibited in various states of immodest disarray. There is Sir Robert Dorion of the "Great Green Gorfs", who is shortly leaving King Leier's esteemed company to return to his separated province which has "packed it up" and gone home to France.

Head and shoulders above them all, towers "Little John Plantagenet," capably assisted by his two gnome-like valets, Crawford and Butler, who exhort their chief to elevate his mind from the gutter because he's stepping on their heads.

Futher off to the left of the dias stands Sir Melvin Belch who hiccoughs as Sir Peter Barss praises the merits of their present location. The dignified Sir Peter exclaims: "These posh heads are a vast improvement over my lowly Acadian outhouse."

A moment! Hark! There is a scuffling commotion in front of the king's throne. Apparently Browny Low, the court jester, has tried to entice the drunken Welshman, Rees-Thomas with a candy bar. Thomas, it seems, has taken dire offence to this crude overture and has fallen on the deck, "drunk as a lord."





While sipping his chocolate milk "The Duke of Earle" contemptuously barks: "Any man who can't hold his liquor disgusts me." With this he crashes to the deck, intoxicated by the very brownness of the milk he drinks.

Sir Henry Swann agrees with the Duke and shouts: "Behold, yonder knights Milsom and Campell who, although last night engaged in an orgy of alcoholic excess, seem to be containing themselves very well this morrow."

Now "Lord Tremendous", Sir Barry Walters, drunk and laughing heartily, terrifies a meek young "Shepherd lad" who shrinks behind a urinal in the corner of the throne room. "Lord Tremendous" sees this and boisterously accuses the waif of being a dirty little shepherd boy because he's the black sheep of the family.

Cries of "Fie! Fie! Foul joke!" fill the air and "Lord Tremendous" is savagely struck down from be-

hind by Sir Robin Brayne who musters the enormity of his intellect to say: "That's even worse than some of the barnyard sayings engraved on these hallowed bulk-heads."

Now "Lord Tremendous", bloodied and beaten, is assisted from the heads by his feeble pea-green servant Schwindt, who has come down to the heads after being relieved from the funnel-watch by able servant Zaleski.

Alas stout hearts! I almost forgot; the climax of our little play. Fear not, noble men! Fearless baron Brugess has slayed the scaly dragon "Yak" He did it with one wave of his "hummy" t-shirt across the cruel beast's nose which caused the dragon to crumple onto the bridge deck into that renowned position - Tango, state Uniform.

And so they all lived happily ever after in "Leierland," leering at one another.



Nootka Division

to pompeii by rail
and back again.
and come upon, steen kipper and gorf alike.
and freedom---
gulls, mounting free clouds,
free
cursed, on enslaved decks,
we.

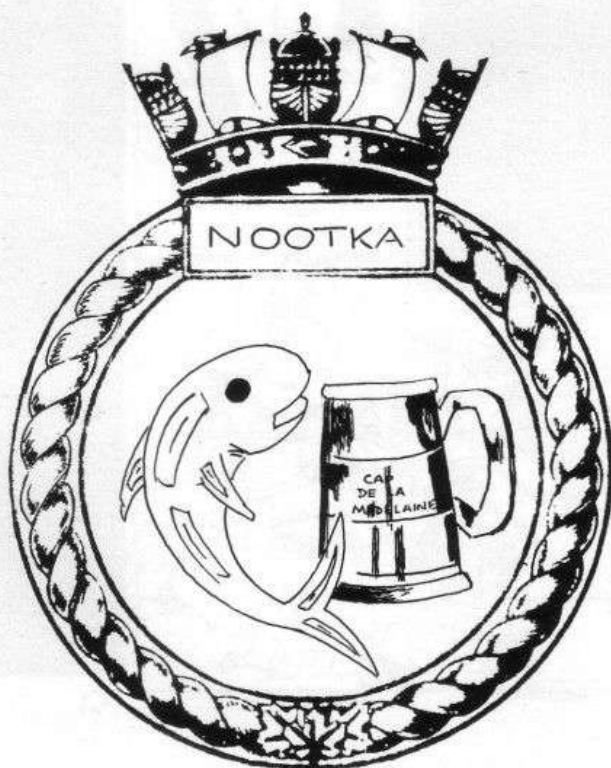
we entered halifax harbour in formation one
on friday.
foggy friday, glad sad.

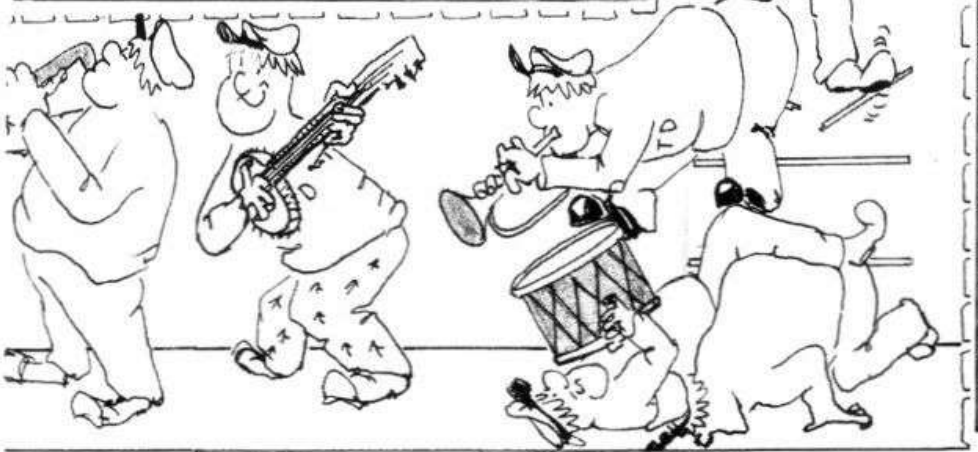
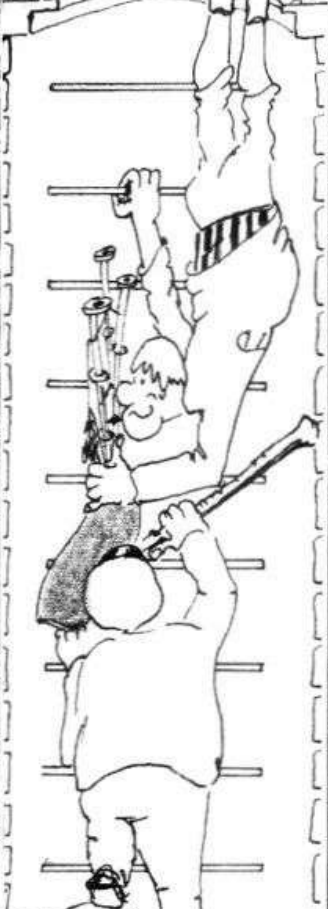
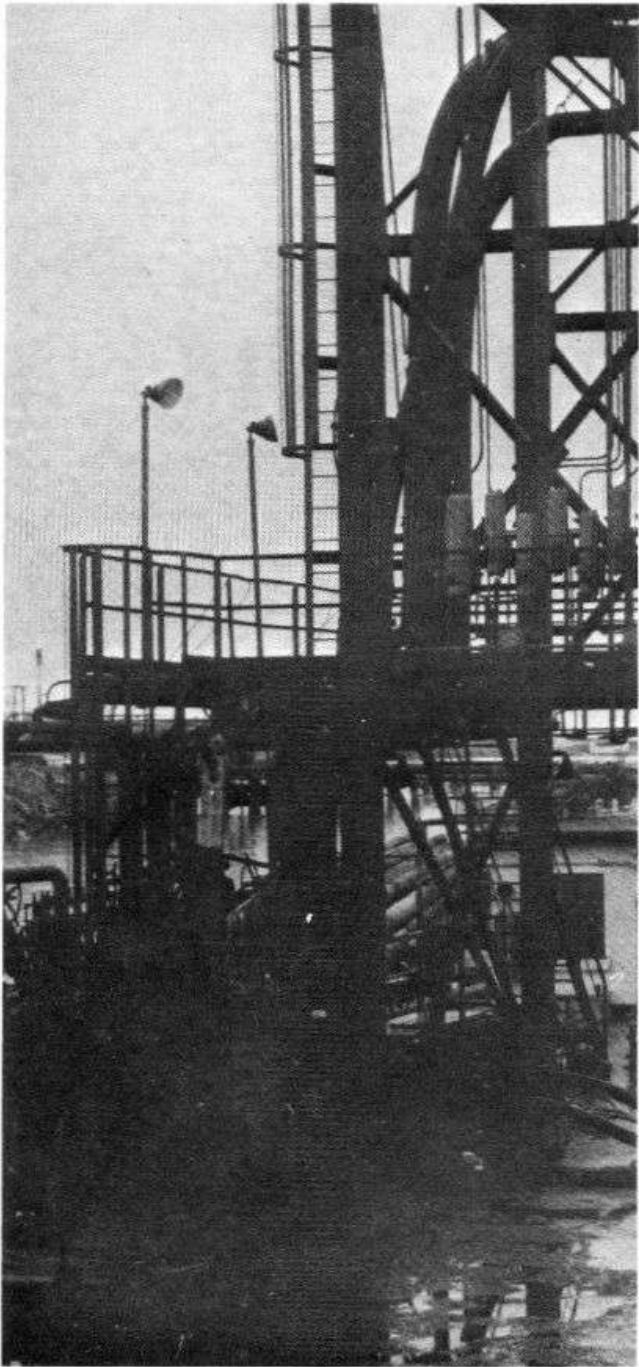
into the valley of death we rode
and fell.
uniformity, the characteristic of beast
creation, shunned
and sought, each one, his own.

Rousing
Before
Daylight dappled dawn,
drooping now, our feet
beating upon the earth beneath.

who alone rulest the raging of the sea?
the long,
the short,
the tall.
this is the way the world ends,
ends
not with a whimper, but a bang.









BRAYO



Pouring in through the college windows, the bright autumn sunlight cast beauty and warmth into every corner of the recruiting office. Along one wall a UNTD cadet had set up a desk, which he now sat behind trying to persuade an immense, hulking engineer with a blank bulldog stare, to join the UNTD.

"You see," the cadet was saying, "the Navy has much to offer."

He stopped to glance down at his shiny new year bar and then continued, "For instance, travel---"

"Yuh, travel," came the dumb response.

"Picture, if you can, a deep blue fiord with massive lead grey mountains towering above. Along the lower slopes, small triangular farms with brightly painted cottages are the sole signs of human activity. Far away a sweet little bird plaintively calls his gentle mate, to be answered only by the distant echoes reverberating off the jagged peaks. Magnificent grandeur, sir---Truly sir---magnificent!"

The recruiter paused, hoping that the engineer would think of Norway rather than St. Ann's Bay, Prince Edward Island.

Satisfied, the cadet went on: "Or try to imagine a lush green land with low lying hills carressed by gentle breezes; quaint dirt roads which wind through the countryside, connecting small sleepy hamlets, each with its own white steeple-topped church.

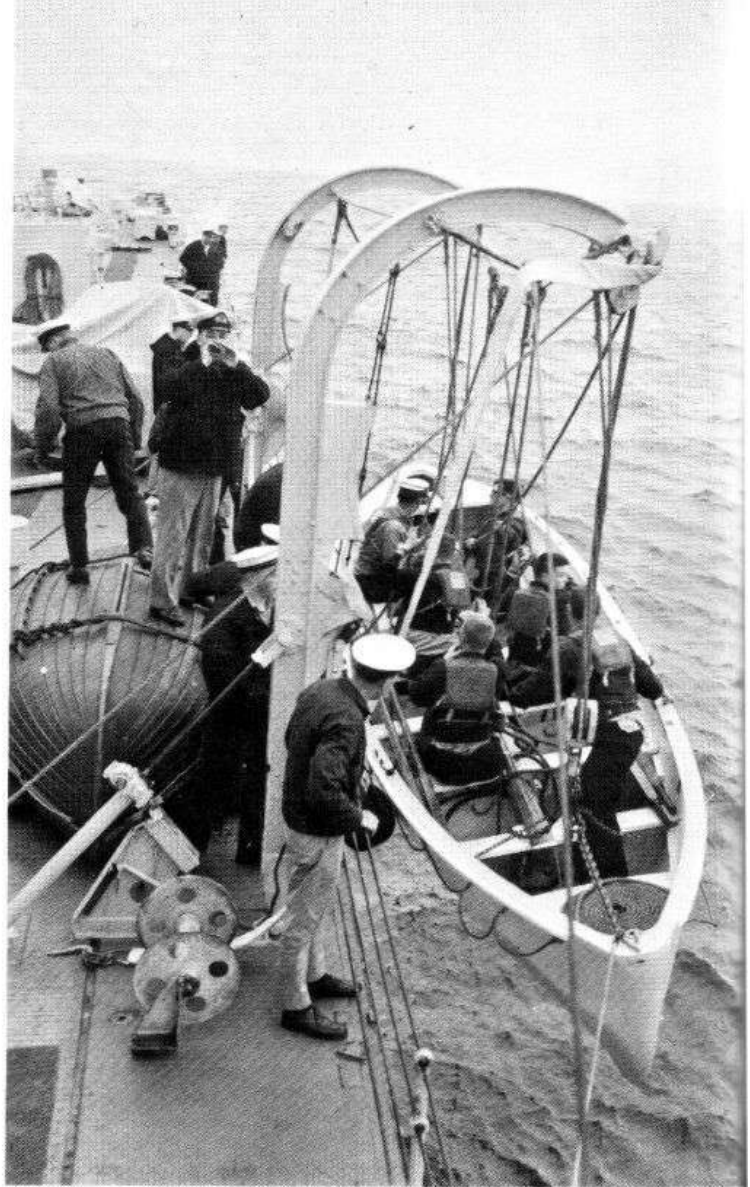
The UNTD searched his listener's dull eyes, imagining the word "England" engraved on them, instead of the true name for the scene he had just described - P.E.I.

The indoctrination continued. "Perhaps you can see a massive black rock with waves breaking angrily over its base. High above, its grassy headpiece hangs like a shaggy "Beatle" wig over the barren crags."

"Gibraltar," the engineer grunted.

"Well, not quite," the cadet replied and added to himself, "Only Percé Rock."

For a moment he forgot about his stupid friend and recalled the past summer. He had been one of the chosen few selected NOT to cross the Atlantic this year. He had been on Bravo Cruise, which, because it had been made entirely within Canada's territorial water limits, when other trips had gone over to old London and exotic Paris, gave one the right to call it a lousy cruise. However, the excellent sea training, sailing evolutions, and calm seas were appreciated by all of us "summertime sailors."



A clumsy shuffling brought the UNTD's mind back to the oaf in front of him. He continued: "Perhaps you might be interested in meeting important people. Well I met a lieutenant-governor, a premier, and steen number of mayors."

This was true. He had met the officials of Prince Edward Island and had talked with the mayors of Souris, Charlottetown, Gaspé, Summerside, and other places. Actually, one of the funniest events of the cruise happened in a small Nova Scotian town where the mayor got into a fight with one of his taxpayers on the 4"-gun deck.

However, the engineer looked bored, so the recruiter continued: "There were plenty of official functions. Why we were even on television."

Again the cadet remembered the fishing festivals, centennial celebrations, and Dominion Day ceremonies that HMC Ships *New Waterford*, *Fort Erie*, *Inch Arran*, and *La Hulloise* had taken part in. For the CBC, they had even re-enacted Jacques Cartier's historic landing at Alberton, P.E.I. But he did not think this would appeal to the bearish recruit, so he countered with, "Just think about all the official receptions with the gallons of free booze."

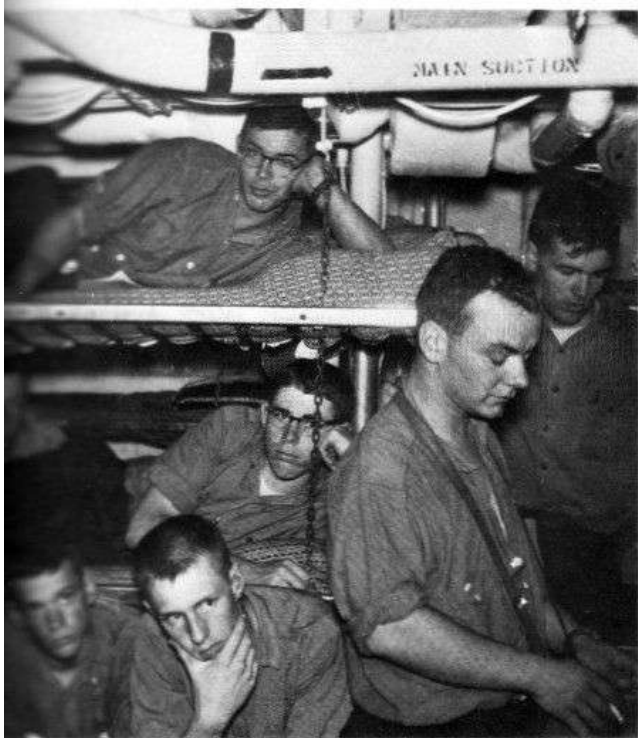
At this, the engineer licked his chops and began to waddle towards the door. It was past his beer time.

In a last desperate effort the cadet cried, "...And how about those beautiful sandy beaches at Cavendish, and the warm water, and the refreshing salt air, and the girls---I mean the babes---I mean, all the broads in bikinis!"

Startled by this sudden "broad" outburst the engineer stumbled to a halt and lumbered about to face his tormentor. A look of animal instinct flickered across his vacant gaze. Suddenly his body began heaving all over and he huffed in short wheezy breaths. Slowly his fat mit blubbered over a thin pen and he scratched a burly "X" in the square marked "signature".

Now the Bravo Cruise cadet leaned back and smiled contentedly to himself. He thought, "With luck, this fine young specimen of engineerhood will be put in one of Kootenay, Chaudiere, or Restigouche divisions, and with miserable misfortune smiling down on his sweaty brow, will make the same cruise next year."

P. Rider



White Twist - 1964 - page 26 of 95



Chaudiere Division

Chaudiere was not together long before disention split our ranks. The "alchies" under Chief Cadet Corrupter D. Hamilton began an assault on the more musically minded members of the division, conducted by A. Emsley. The battle raged sporadically throughout the summer with the minstrels serenading the "alchs" and the "alchs" in turn, industriously intoxicating the singers.

Classes began early in May when Chaudiere cadets, under the watchful eye of Commander LaRose, learned the intricacies of applied dandelion picking in the Commander's garden.

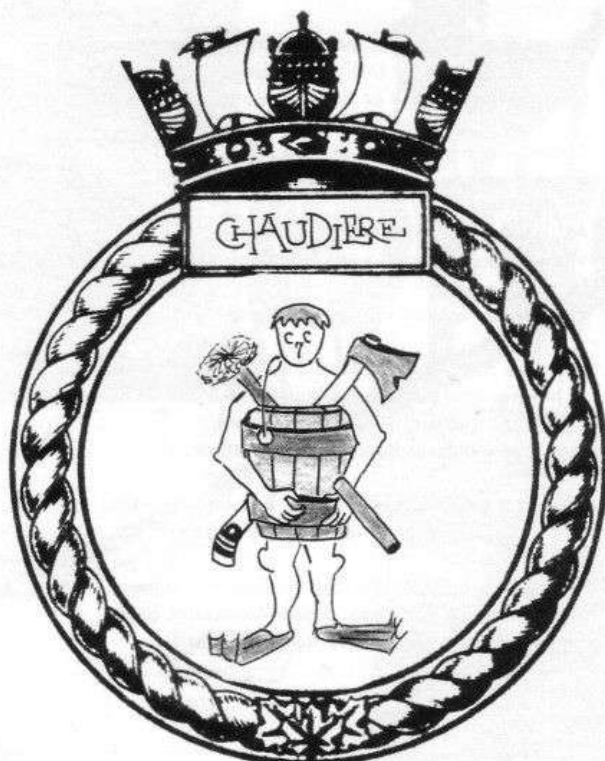
Inevitably, the day came when Cadet Control decided that, although dandelion picking was a significant character builder, perhaps navigation might be more practical. So the Administration nodded their heads in unison and doomed us all to five weeks of semi-consciousness. Oh nostalgia, shall we ever forget Nav. school --five weeks of humping rocks and extra study.

Following Nav. exams, competition week saw Chaudiere Division prove herself again unequalled. The relay swim team of cadets Seto, Ayers, Nadeau, and Peters set a new pool record in the 200 meter freestyle, while Al Emsley's Chaudiere minstrels with Rodger Smith, Phil McFarlane, Don Van Wyke, and Bob McDonald took a well deserved first in the talent show.

I speak for all Chaudiere men when I say that "Brave '64" aboard *HMCS Fort Erie* was an unforgettable experience. The X.O. seemed very fond of Hamilton. To prove this, he spent hours expounding on the therapeutic value of salt water for curing smoker's cough and drowning smokers. It was funny when Maurice Drouin concluded that R.O.B. meant "relief of boredom" and took a ten dollar "all-expense-charged" unauthorized leave. Only on one occasion were we ever really disappointed, when after hoisting and lowering the whaler, we did not succeed in easing Hunt over the cleat.

On our return to *Cornwallis*, we found that vast improvements had been made, among these, negative P.T., and, thanks to Assiniboine's "Operation Elsie", three cups of milk per day instead of the usual two and one-half. So everyone was pleased because we now enjoyed full privileges with the Sea Cadets, who have always had a larger milk ration than undernourished U.N.T.D's.

Soon, when the summer's training is done and the faces of friends and enemies fade into oblivion, we will not forget Chaudiere's motto: "Through 'em, under 'em, over or above 'em we'll get around 'em."



There was a PRIORESS, Clarke by name;
His way of smiling very simple and kind,
His greatest oath,
"I left so much behind."

A MONK there was, Cooper his name,
Who rode the country with Kincaid his flame.

So glib with gallant phrase and well turned speech,
A stout FRIAR, Baltzer, with Muffy his peach.

There was a MERCHANT, Amirault by name,
He was an excellent fellow all the same,
He was so stately in negotiation,
Commerce was his obligation.

Barker, a CLERIC, so wise and witty;
Dubbed by all he became Sir Figgy.

Then there was Slaughter, SERGEANT-AT-LAW,
No where so busy a man as he,
But was less busy than he seemed to be.

Redpath a FRANKLIN, from Soctland did hail;
Many a night did he suck back steen ale.

A HABERDASHER, Neil Taylor, thus did he spake,
"Hi gang!" and "Bye gang!" 'twas all we could take.

Meuse, the WEAVER, a frolicsome fellow,
Regaled at "Sans Souci" became quite mellow.

With them a COOK, Waddell from Queen's.
Loved good thick soup and fattening beans.

Belliveau, a SKIPPER, oft' did steam,
To Halifax his gotch to clean.

Diemert, a DOCTOR, emerged as we proceeded,
No one alive could talk as he did
Quite bright but ne'er conceited.

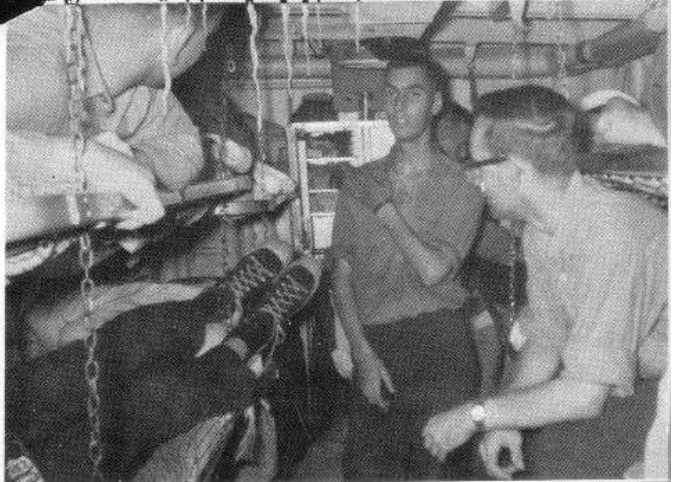
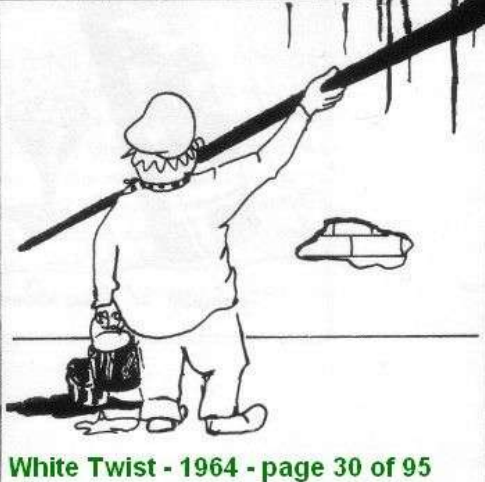
There was amongst us Sir Parsons, "the Newf";
From Harbour View could ne'er stay aloof.

Affleck, a PLOWMAN with him there, his brother,
Many a load of gash one time or another
Must have carted through the morning dew;
He was an honest worker good and true.

Douglas the MILLER with a mouth like a furnace door,
A rangler and buffoon he had a store
Of tavern stories, filthy in the main;
His was a master hand but never tame.

Jake the CARPENTER of St. Lambert Village,
Did visit cabins their cookies to pillage.

There was a PARSON (S), William his name,
Entertained a Princess at the Annapolis ball;
Shall return to Dalhousie again this fall.



Restigouche Division

Restigouche: A river of spirit (s) marching towards the twin-edged sword of Leadership;

Driven by the mighty tomahawk that is administration.

A collection of strangers forged into one:

Through 8 mess, through sports, training and parties.

From Nonsuch, Unicorn, Chippawa; from Hunter, Star, York and Cataraqui;

From Carleton and Donnacona and from Brunswicker, Queen Charlotte and Scotian,

They came to Cornwallis.

Here to seek comradeship and money, adventure and money, discipline, training and money---

Always complaining,

Always enjoying---

Always anticipating that last, faraway day;

Regretting when finally it has arrived.

That is Restigouche '64.



A DAY AT SEA

WAKEY-WAKEY! Greenough, the early riser bolts out of bed followed closely by Perreault. Keen cadet Waters is the first to muster for P.T. Ker stands by the guard rail to do justice to Neptune and appease his violent nature. Wretch!

Shalka, the original "Corpus Veritatis", explains to the Buffer, the principles of a pusser-like manner, while Douglas, the Buffer's delight, listens intently. Colls intercedes to straighten everybody out and Gass disagrees.

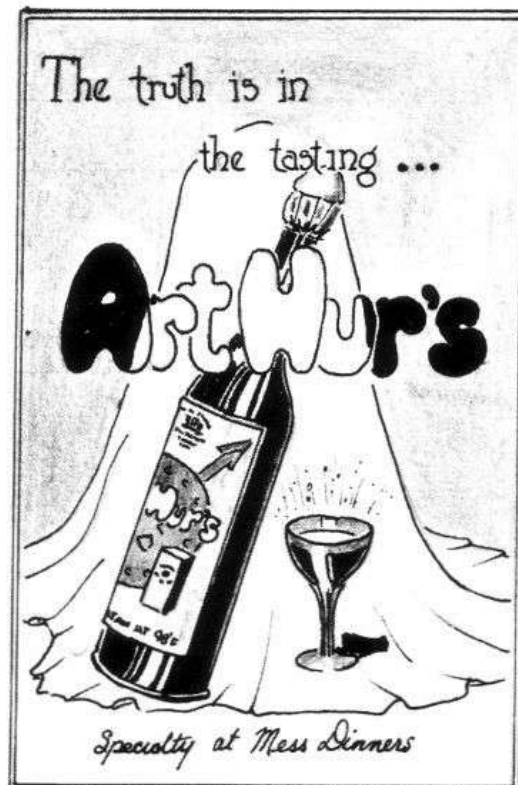
Cleaning stations are assigned. Merchant, a professional tourist, manages to get lost and joins Crash-Brehm and Horizontal-Graham in 8 Mess. Gaudet is excused work for the day in payment for a job well done as procurer in Charlottetown.

Cadets to dinner is the most welcome pipe of the day. Standing in line, Cadet Pastorius is overheard to say: "Give me dark meat! I like dark meat!"

Boatwork in the afternoon and Fordyce outshines them all, as dinghy 'swain.

A long day it was; and warm, friendly 8 Mess receives its occupants with the pleasant "hum" from its many fans.

Ahhh, sleep!





A DAY AT HMCS CORNWALLIS

The gentle sounds of wakey-wakey float through the air, accompanied by the dulcet tones of the beckoning "Reg." cadet. The sun is high on the horizon (Europe's, that is) and our Chief C/C Trenholm's presence makes rising a more pleasant task. "Mumbles-Hand" does his best to help "Stumbles-McArthur" get his feet on the deck. (McArthur, incidentally, likes to play with fire). As Jackson awakes, the vision of the Chief before him seems to change into what looks more like his young sister - the one with the devastating proportions.

Cadets are fallen in. Marching off to classes, Restigouche is at its best under the guidance of "Able Marcher" Dulmage, who takes the lead with pride. During classes, Greenslade is conspicuous for his keenness. In the middle of a very scintillating lecture on General Navigation, Céré suddenly comes to life: a female is passing by beneath the window! As stand-easy approaches, Rols starts to warm up his matches and dreams of smoke-rings.

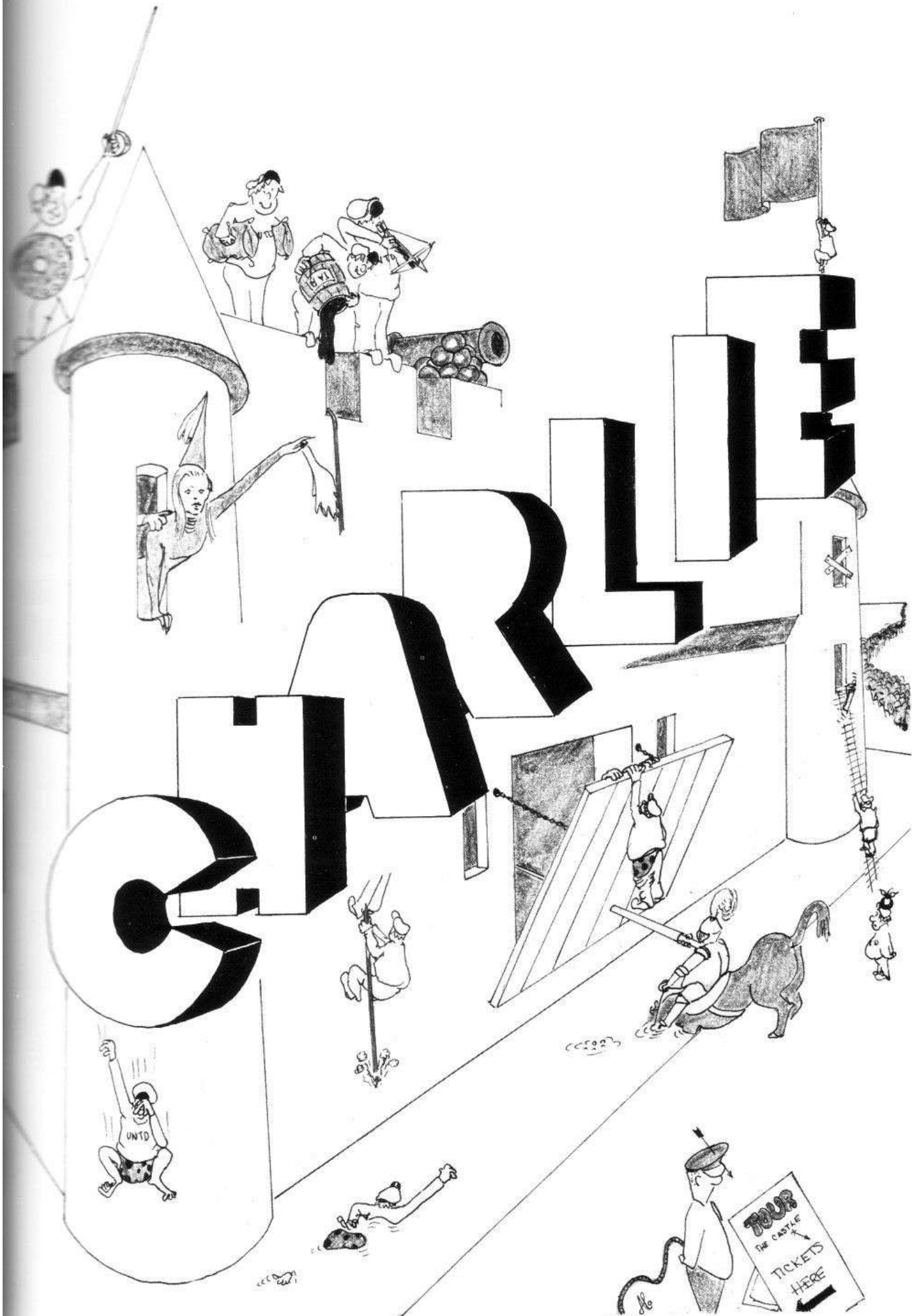
It is Friday and as Ceremonial Divisions approach, Supermarker Gittens is in his element. At Inspection, Cadet Arthur stands out as usual, by far the best dressed cadet in the division.

A Divisional Party tonight! Bieber's big moment approaches: Did he organize enough? He picks up the Captain's daughter and proceeds to mix that potent punch. Heartz and Wood are racing their sleek automobiles to see who can get more passengers to "Sans Souci" faster. "Sans Souci": Paradise at the end of a short walk through the woods.

At the party, Mr. Suave, Muise to most people, dazzles everyone with the beauty of his sports jacket. Archibald too is in the public eye. He is having a shot-put practice with the boulders at the beach. Seto is busy snapping pictures of the undulating scenery around him.

Sleep! Sleep at long last. Sleep in a romantic, smoke-filled log cabin. Aaaaah----sleep!





Because Charlie Cruise is still in Europe at the time of writing, this article had to be written by an Alpha Cruise cadet.

Since Alpha Cruise also went to Europe, we feel the writer is qualified to make the following wry comments on Ireland and Wales, and life in general across the pond.

Word has it, that before his snake extermination act, Saint Patrick, patron saint of Ireland, was named Melvin Clutterbuck. However, when he became a national hero, the predominately Catholic population felt it more appropriate to call him "Pat".

Contrary to popular opinion, not everyone in Wales is a coal miner. Some Welsh women drive trucks.

Christine Keeler is Wales' secret weapon. Her recently published book, "Love in High Places", is a startling revelation of how at the tender age of nineteen, she single-handedly toppled the entire British government. Best wishes for future success, Chris!

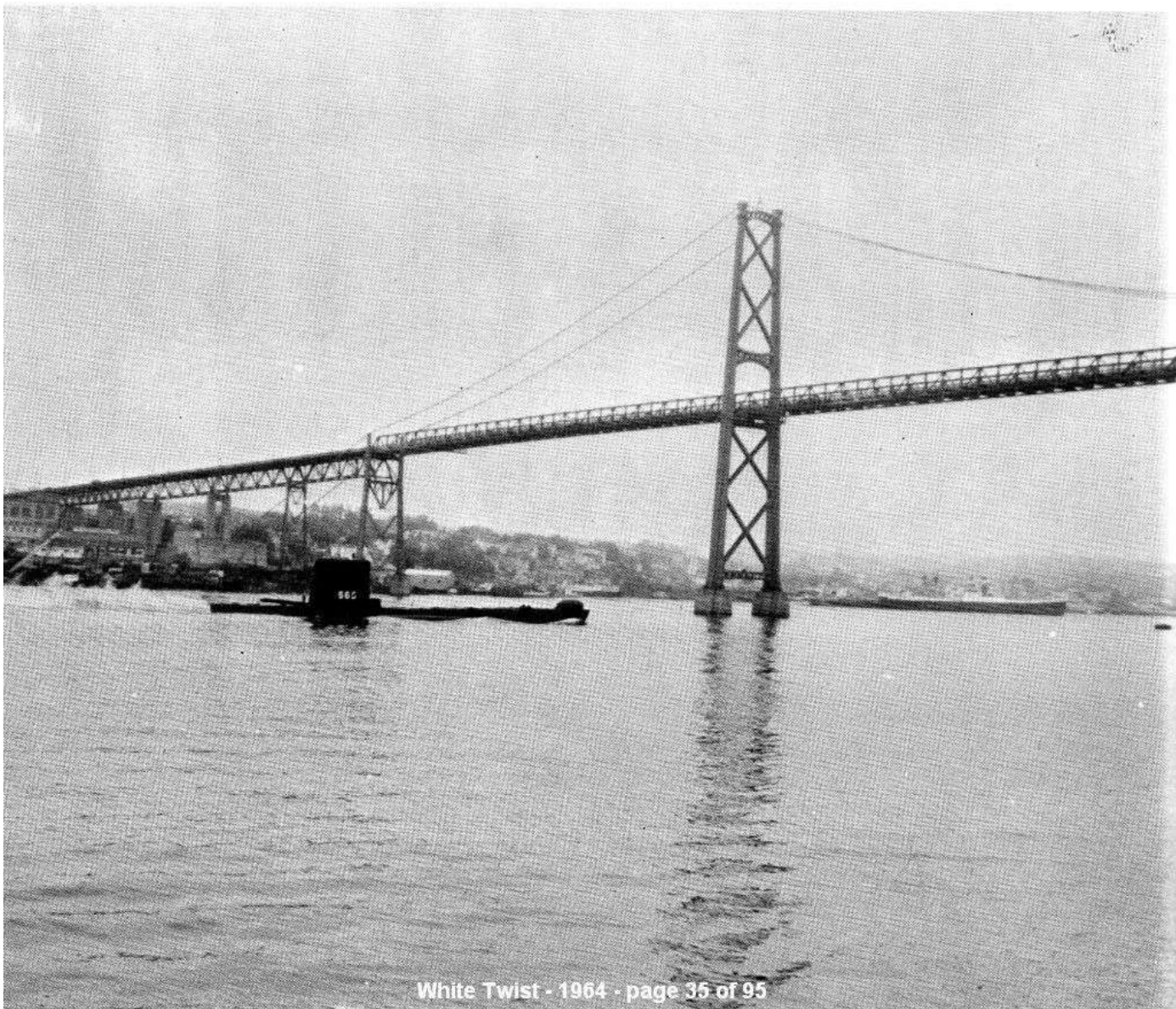
There are no leprechauns in Ireland. However, there are little men who flit about all day in yellow silk jackets, green velvet pants, and red felt shoes with tiny pointed upturned toes. They are affectionately called fairies.

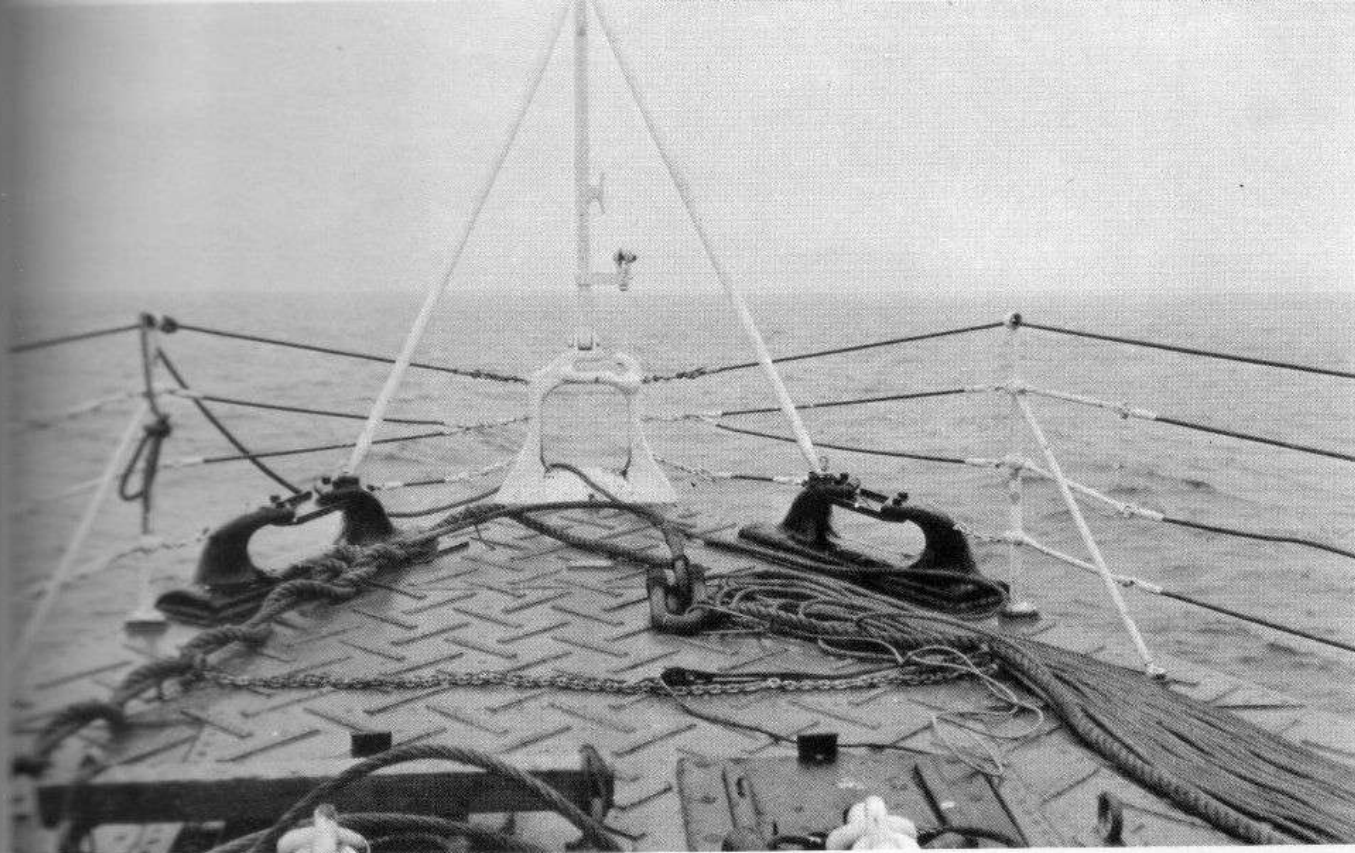
Congratulations to Mandy-Rice Davies on the recent opening of her exotic new night club act called, "A Night with Mandy-Rice". Wouldn't we!

From the sensual to the sublime. Ireland wishes to enter the European Common Market. She feels that her vast potato crop would be of great benefit to Italy's potato wine industry.

Most Irish women have red hair, thanks to Miss Clairiol. Some even have red beards, no thanks to the male hormone androgen.

A prevalent drink in Ireland today is called alcohol. It is used extensively at Irish wakes to celebrate the death of relatives. Obviously, from the gaiety and hilarity of the occasion many are glad the old b---finally died.





It is fitting that the Blarney Stone is located in Ireland. Blarney or B.S. is a wide spread disease in the country.

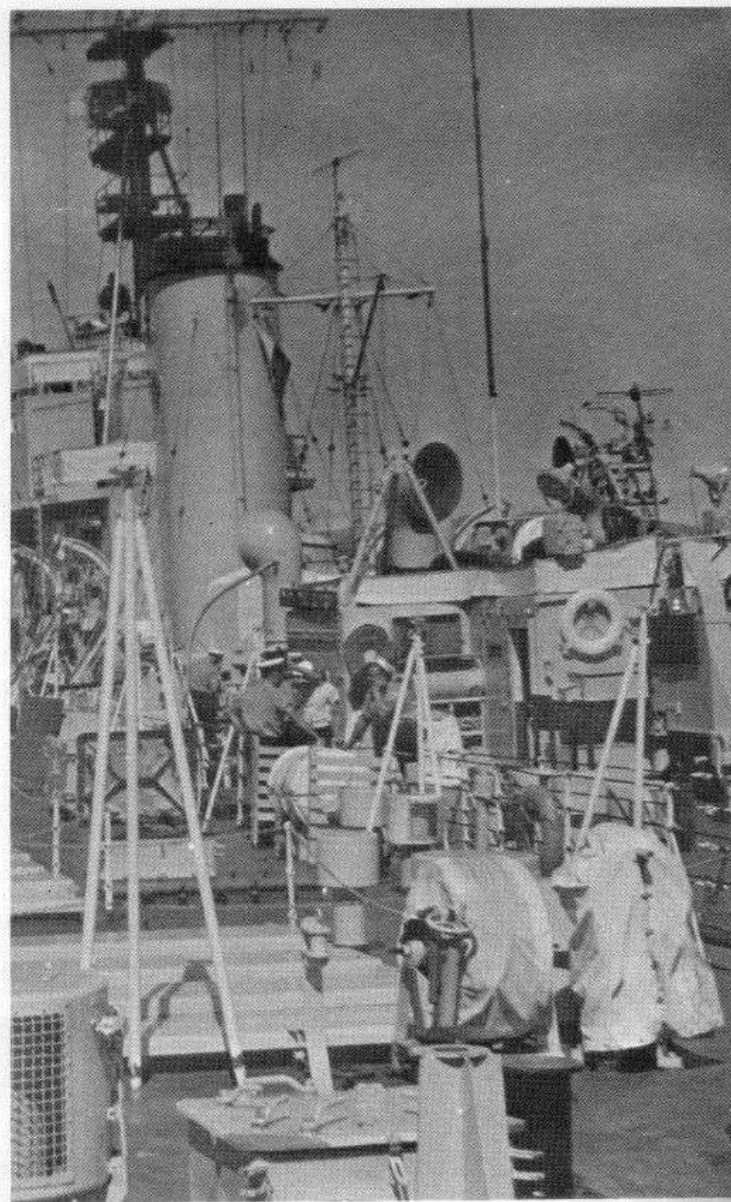
Alas we could not leave Ireland without mentioning the I.R.A., that adventuresome band of young heroes who cause much grief and sorrow in a country they say they love dearly.

And now this writer wishes to leave the reader with a few final shrewd observations gleaned from his recent tour. Ireland is called the "Emerald Isle" because it is green. Welsh coal mines are very dark.

Thank you, and God bless you all.

--Jev.

White Twist - 1964 - page 36 of 95



Assiniboine Division

0600, 15 June, 1964---"Wakey! Wakey!"

0615, - "Cadets mustered and correct, ready for morning P.T., sir!"---except for---"moo"---except "Moo!"

- "Where-in-hell did that cow come from, Cadet?"
- "Cow, sir? What cow?"
- "That cow, Cadet. The one right behind you!"
- "Sir, I---"
- "Moo!"
- "Well, I'll be damned--Sir!"



Assiniboine division has struck again! That happy band of milk-fed keeners has pulled the biggest "skylark" of the year. Operation "Elsie", has smuggled a big brown cow onto the base to protest the milk ration at 'N' galley.

Through the night our division worked ceaselessly, co-ordinating every movement by split-second radio-controlled timing. With our "walkie-talkies", similar to the ones we used to relay the positions of the "Exped." instructors as they hid the beer prize in the woods, we were able to communicate strategic locations of all duty-watch personnel, enabling us to shift the cow from one spot to another to avoid detection.

However, there were some tense moments. All of us will remember the glaring headlights of the *Cornwallis* patrol wagon as we dove into the mud beneath the cow's belly. Nor will we forget the pregnant pause after silencing our radio transmitter in South Block, when the Officer of the Day stopped outside the cabin door on his 0300 rounds.

Another well-executed evolution was our divisional entry in the Variety Show - our own version of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." Although Shakespeare might have disagreed, Brutus Van Fleet and Julius Seeger were pleased enough to award us the show's first prize.

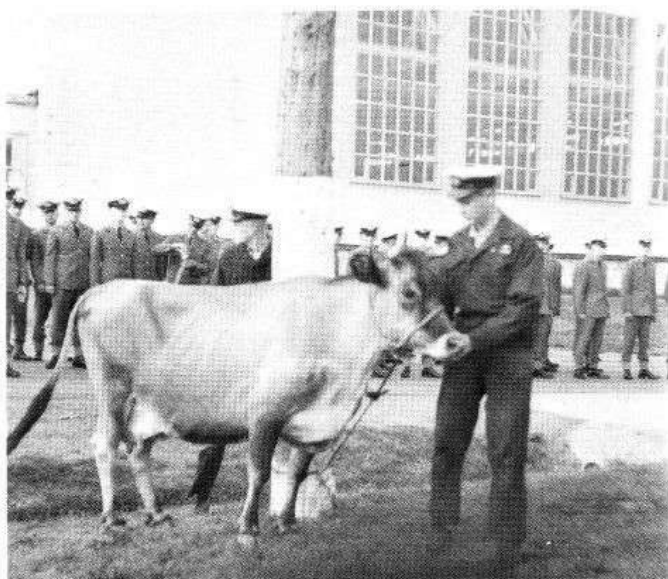
In sports, the speed and prowess of our athletes were unexcelled. Our well-run parties throughout the summer were tremendous, especially our final "smash" at the Digby Legion Hall.

All in all, we were great! As cruise time approaches, we look forward to the many happy hours which we'll spend with our dearly beloved X.O. on the bridge of H.M.C.S. Fort Erie. Also, with eager anticipation, we await the lavish orgy of wine, roast pheasant, and boar's head which we will partake of at London England's famous "Gore Hotel".

And now, "Sin Div", well versed in the ways of sin and degradation, wishes to leave you with a little poem by Jack Jevons' which is in keeping with the "contented-cow" theme of this write-up.

Slowly they walked down the country lane,
Beneath the starred night sky.
He opened the gate to the barnyard,
She softly gave a sigh.

She neither smiled nor thanked him,
Her mouth would not allow.
For he was the son-of-a-farmer,
And she a big brown cow.

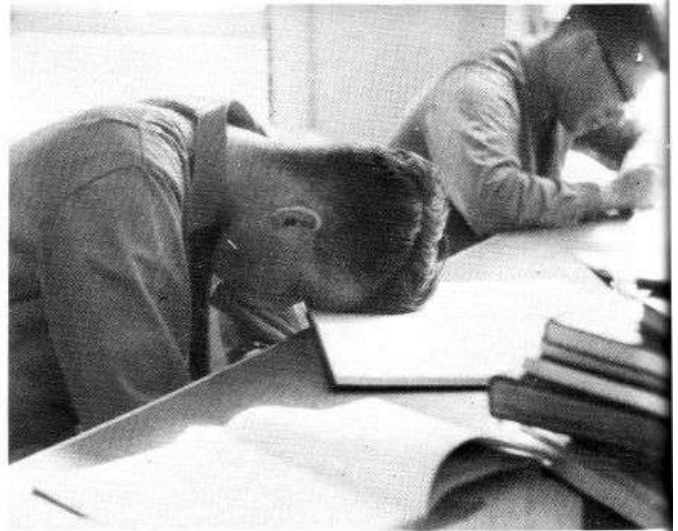




Columbia Division



Behold! Yonder stands our fearless leader, Big Daddy Red-Beard. Alas he is alone. His "hand-picked" division has not yet arrived.



But wait. A moment soft! Here comes a small group of sixteen Englishmen followed by many more from "la belle province", all croaking in chorus.

What ho! These are not men among men. Lo, they are mere mortals, average cadets, like you and me, who have come to beautiful *CORNWALLIS-BY-THE-SEA* for summer fun in the sun.

Big Daddy sees them. Through his horn-rimmed spectacles he squints in disbelief. He realizes they are not his personally selected choice specimens. Good God! Something has run "amuck". The administration has bungled. They have done Big Daddy dirt---Fools! They'll pay!

And so our division was formed under the guiding hands of our tender father Red-Beard. Inspired by his leadership and loving care we initiated our '64 summer activities. Together, the cunningly slack second years and foolishly keen first years, made a good team - the former guiding the latter in all ways of Naval sin and slackness.





Although we have not yet sailed to England at the time of writing, already our recollections of summer events are many - our two R.P.C. soirees; two birthday parties for Diet and the Chief; and our diplomatic ambassadors, sent to New York for a weekend at the "World's Fair".

All of us were made honorary French Canadians for "La Jour de la Sainte Jean Baptiste" celebrations. A few days later we demonstrated our true feelings for the other divisions when we fed them with fish caught on our fishing trip and fried in that delectable 'N' galley style - "Ugh!"

Away from these pleasantries. Tragedy struck when the biggest man in our division, 233 pound Don Parker, injured his knee. Alas, true sorrow! Now we were left without a representative to compete in the Gunroom Boat Races. Poor Snelgrove! He tried, but unlike Parker who could down a glass in one gulp, he was disqualified when he took two.

Likewise we were saddened when all-purpose Cadet Perrault was given medical discharge. At this

point, brother John Hurst retired from the active life of the division to seek refuge in a more monastic corner of the heads where he prayed daily for the forgiveness of Columbian sins.

In sports, we placed first in one of the road races while other divisions were still floundering in the bushes. Pete McCreath capably added to our divisional point total when he came fourth in the swim meet. Similarly, Nicol and Marineau contributed much to our success in track and field.

On Mother's Day our second years asked the O.I.C. of "Exped." to baby-sit them on the life-raft that night. However, he graciously declined the invitation, complaining that he had not joined the Navy to play wet-nurse to a bunch of cadets.

Although these are only a few of the many memorable events which made our summer enjoyable, they express the spirit and co-operation which each member of the squad contributed to make "'64 Columbia" one helluva good division.

Gatineau Division

"They also serve who stand and wait."

Throughout the summer this has been our divisional motto. We are members of the last cruise group. Finally, the eve of our departure has come. Seated in the Gunroom, sipping a few friendly ale, we are listening contentedly to our "termie," Lt. Proctor, speak to us on "The dangers of the deep and the violence of the enemy." I suppose he's referring to our upcoming cruise to England and Ireland. I wonder what he means by--"the violence of the enemy?---perhaps, Irish women? Heaven forbid! They're the softest, most gentle creatures in the world, unless they're mad---mad or ---ah-ha!

Enough! Our "termie" seems serious: "Well gentlemen, this is it. For twelve weeks you've been waiting for tomorrow. Now you are about to reap the fruits of your labour. All summer you've worked hard and have been a great division."

"At first, I didn't know how we'd get along together; I mean half of us being English and the others French. Frankly, I was worried. I say now, that if you people are any indication of the potential our two races have for mutual co-operation and understanding, then Canada has no need to fear for her future. I say what you, by living together have proved, that separatism is obsolete. As we have depended on each other through the summer, so our Dominion needs the talents and abilities of young men and women of both races to advance its democracy and prosperity in this dawn of the twenty-first century."

"Gentlemen, it has been a privilege to work with you these last three months. I thank you all."

And so it was with regret that we left *Cornwallis*. Of course we had some hard times. But they are forgotten quickly. Remembered much longer are the good times, the parties, the teams, the comradeship.

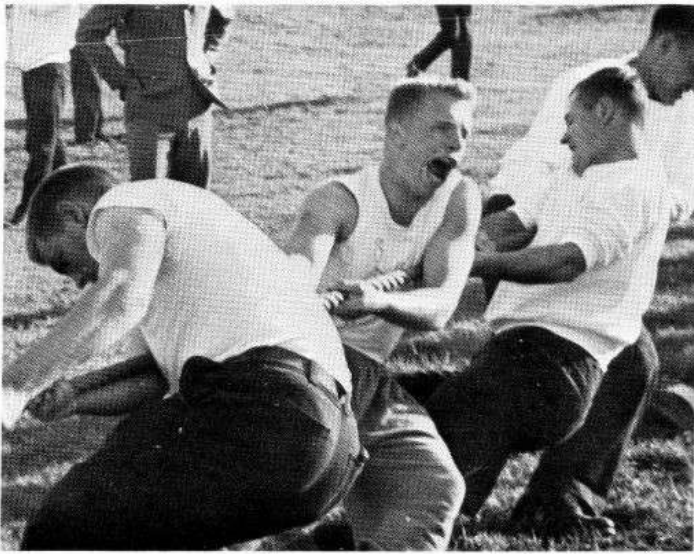
Thank you *Gatineau* and all the UNTD.

Literary Editor's Note:-

This write-up has special significance, not only for these times of unrest in our own country, but also for the long troubled summer which the United States has suffered through. It is a tragic waste when a man, whether French or English, black or white, can willingly serve his country and die for it, but cannot live peacefully in it.

Gatineau's story points out that people, no matter what their race or color, can, when sufficiently endowed with a common purpose and spirit, overcome the prejudice and bigotry which are prevalent in society today.





St. Croix Division

"I'm so tired (ahh) I could almost sleep anywhere!"

"Our lord is a Sheppard" could very well be used as the Saints' Divisional motto except that we would have to add: "and Lalonde is our leader." The highlight of our year was the observation of our Cadet Captain, Serge Lalonde. From an average Second Year to a well deserved Best Second Year on the Coast, the transition was sudden. For a cadet to take over as cadet captain of a relatively slack division and to transform it to a high-spirited bunch like St. Croix is no mean feat. We salute him as a friend and as a leader, and congratulate him on his recent honour.

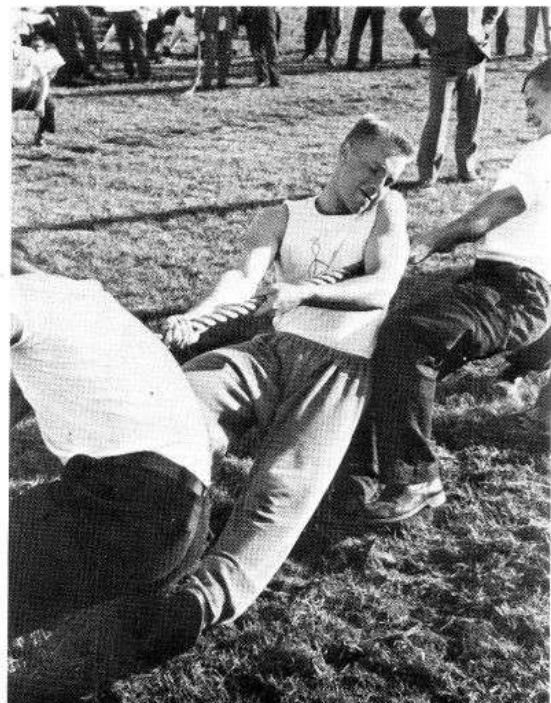
We were an athletic division. Placing high in all the tabloids, we won all but one of our softball games led by the pitching of Al MacDonald. Our Tug-of-War team, as the pictures show, was big enough to win even without the services of Cape. Dave Seaton proved himself to be the best back-stroker around by setting a new pool record in the swim meet. Claude Pepin, our nomination for the Hustler-of-the-Year Award, was good at tennis and was a pretty fair breast-stroker.

For the first month our division was entirely bilingual: one half spoke only French and the other half only English. With time and with Exped., Leadership and Gunroom parties, we developed an understanding: when the termie was absent, only English was used; when Lt. Sheppard was present, French was permitted. To show our bilingual heritage, we all took part in the St. Jean Baptiste Day celebrations organized by our own Louis Gascon, the Pines mover and professional grass-cutter.

We must now extend our apologies to Lieutenant-commander Van Fleet. He said he wouldn't mind if we took an elephant to divisions. However the blasted thing just would not stay hidden in the back of Pepin's convertible. It just did not want to go through the main gate. We were forced to settle for one small frightened lamb. The effect was devastating: Petty Officers jumped up and down screaming, chiefs and parade staff ran (oops) doubled back and forth screaming while the chap on the dias, unconcerned as he could be, stood the parade at ease.

The Saints took Europe by storm. In Chatham the problem was what happened to the mayor's hat. It seems that one of our light-fingered idiots, (we were all crazy) lifted it. Anyway Gascon took the blame and the punishment.

As we return under our new leader, Clayton Lafleur, we remember the summer by its good times, not its blemishes. We all would like to stay in Europe with our two playboys, Pepin and Lalonde, but we must return to Canada and Cornwallis next year.



"zzzzzzzzzzzz"



Mackenzie Division

When you come right down to it, the advantages of being a Third Year Cadet aboard *HMCS Cornwallis* are overwhelming. Don't talk about the balmy West Coast or the bright lights of Montreal, or even the wardroom at *Stadacona*. Away with your Mediterranean cruises and your jammy OJT. Once he's spent two summers in the "Cradle of the Navy", who in his right mind would even consider going anywhere else to round out his cadet training?

Let's reflect for a moment upon the manifold advantages. First, you have the benefit of a third summer on a training base, with its numerous opportunities to improve parade training, dress, and power of command. And then, of course, there's the chance to really save money, because *Cornwallis* is nowhere in particular and consequently there's no danger of throwing away good, hard-earned cash on such frivolities as girls, clothes, entertainment, and sightseeing. And then there's the UNTD routine. M-m-m-m-m, that's nice too. This summer it was soon discovered that some of those brethren who hadn't had the opportunity in their first two years to experience all the niceties of the UNTD system, could throw themselves wholeheartedly into such diversions as: defaulters, slack party, extra duty party, ROB, and numerous other jammy jobs designed to help you love the place.

Mackenzie Division's dubious distinction lay in its diversification. Some finished up gash courses. Some worked - and then there was McCreery. Antony and Rompkey completed a ten-week haul called "I love Nav. School".



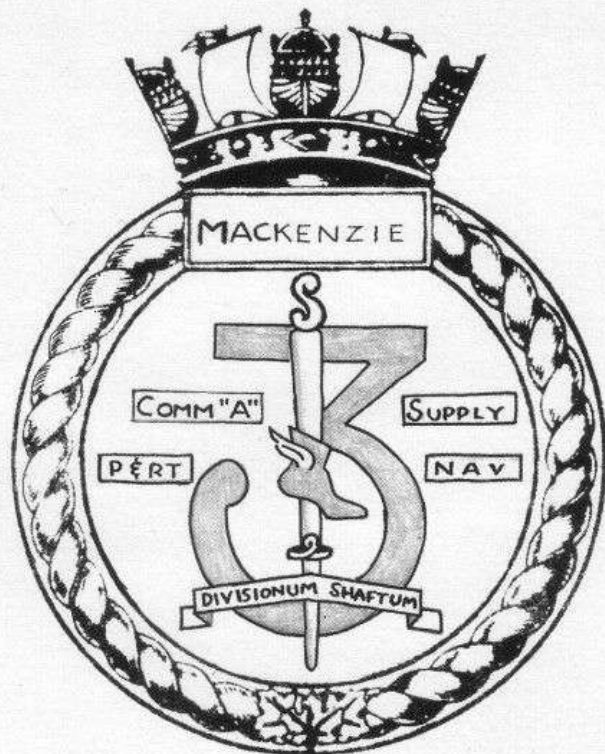
At the outset it was apparent that sub-groups within the Division, taking Third Year Courses, could ruin divisional morale. However, once the "Comm. Alphas" got over the idea that they were the intellectual elite and the Leadership crowd stopped brandishing swords in the flats, things settled down to normal. As normal, that is, as was possible. Lucas still put "Webbo" on his Jockstrap for CD's and Shambrook couldn't resist ending a phrase with a discreet "Over".

In retrospect, the summer can at least be termed "unforgettable". Our appreciation should be made known to our cadet captains - all four of them, (or were there only three?), and to our term lieutenants - all four of them, (or were there five at last count?). The only thing that could possibly top being a Third Year Cadet aboard *HMCS Cornwallis* would be, to be a Fourth Year Cadet aboard *HMCS Cornwallis*.

In the words of the "Mackenzie Anthem", (first verse only), which expresses so forcefully the spirit of agreement and cordiality that prevailed:

"Amen, Amen;
Amen, Amen, Amen!"







OIC Lt. D. Young

Navigation Instructors



Slt. Carter



Slt. Marshall



Slt. Rout

Supply



Slt. Scott

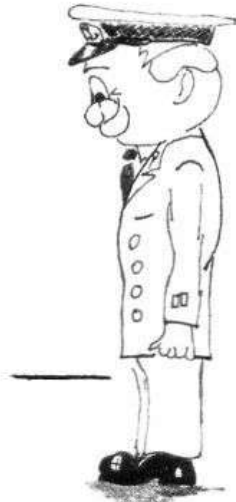
WEST COAST THIRD YEARS



JAPANESE GARDENS AT "ROYAL ROADS"

SUMMER TRAINING - 1964

HMCS
QUADRA



OIC's Message West Coast

Third Year Cadets find that variety is the keynote to UNTD Training on the West Coast. During their four months' stay, cadets gain a wide variety of experience as they carry out tasks which range from sailing "Oriole", to instructing Sea Cadets at HMCS Quadra, the West Coast Sea Cadet establishment. In effect, this variety, by its very nature, reflects the highly diversified employment of any Naval Officer in the early years of his career.


In a cadet's third year, greater emphasis is given to on-the-job-training than was the case in his first and second years. In this way, future Naval Officers are given a clear idea of the problems and frustrations; and on the credit side, the feeling of achievement that comes when a project is successfully completed. Thus, Third Year Cadets have acted as understudies to the Executive Officer, Training Commander, and First Lieutenant of HMCS Naden; have worked in the Supply Centre; and have assisted in training being carried out at HMCS Quadra.

Practical work forms only a part of the Third Year recipe. Specialists' courses in NBCD, Engineering, and techniques for instructing navigation comprise the theoretical side. To round out the summer, practical underway shiphandling is carried out in vessels of the Auxiliary Squadron. Here cadets gain first hand experience, acting as Officer of the Watch, under the supervision of the Officer-in-Charge of each vessel.

To those who have completed their third summer, let me say that while you have had experience in the Navy on both coasts and in many establishments, this is only a beginning. As a Permanent Force or Reserve Officer, you must make every effort to develop your potential as an officer by broadening your experience both in the Fleet and ashore in the years to come.

White Twist - 1964 - page 49 of 95





Another year of UNTD activities has ended for the Pacific Command. Apart from the official reports which will find their way into our permanent records the only remaining echoes will resound in "White Twist". These, I trust, will not be entirely official, but I hope will represent hours well spent, friendships made and renewed, and happy occasions recorded for memories which should not dim with the coming years.

I am told this year's publication is to have "coming of age" as its theme. I hasten to endorse this, for I am only too happy to have any naval activity come of age and be sufficiently mature to stand on its own feet. I very much doubt there will be many changes in the UNTD because of the theme and in any case it is a mature and dependable organization in spite of the relatively youthful membership. If coming of age of the UNTD guarantees we will enjoy year after year of progress with good officers the product, then I cannot expect or ask for more.

During the year sweeping organizational changes have been made in the armed forces of our country, but if you look out to sea you will find it hasn't changed, nor has the place of the sea in the life of our nation changed. We will try to make the changes perform great benefits for our country's defence and it is our hope that this generation of UNTD's will play their part in all the tasks which lie ahead.

W. Landymore



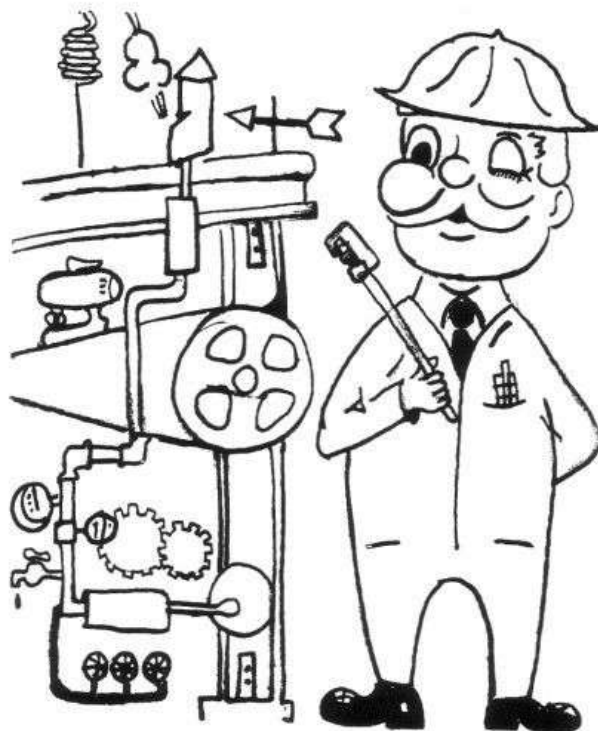
Rear Admiral
W.M. Landymore
O.B.E., C.D.
R.C.N.
Flag Officer
Pacific Coast

engineering course

This year the engineering course was revised to give the participating cadets a wider knowledge of how engineering fits into Dockyard Procedure. The course began with two weeks of instructional technique, designed to teach classroom procedure and lecture methods. The next six weeks were divided into familiarization and instruction periods.

We spent two weeks in H.M.C. Dockyard learning planning and production methods involved in ship repair. Trips were made to the Weapons Underwater Section and the Tracker Squadron (VU 33) at Pat Bay, to see various types of engineering and repair work. We spent a week at the Pacific Naval Laboratory where new ideas are tested and naval experimentation is carried out.

For the final three weeks we were split into three divisions, depending upon our particular specialties. These were marine, electrical, and constructor engineering. Courses in refrigeration and the Baily Meter were given in various Dockyard shops. From the standpoint of both the Ship's engineering officer and that of the dockyard engineer, the course gave its nine participants an excellent opportunity to learn about naval engineering.



Champlain Division

Vancouver Division

n.b.c.d.

On the completion of their navigation course, Nav. III cadets, plus two OTJ's from *Naden*; descended upon the NBCD School at Colwood for two weeks of modern warfare.

During a one week monitoring course, designed primarily for seamen, we covered various aspects of biological, chemical, and nuclear warfare with emphasis on N.W. Instructors taught cadets how to avoid excessive radiation under the armpits, and what to do about fallout in case of a dandruff attack.

We spent the following week on a firefighting course. Monday morning, we reviewed major types of fires and the equipment used to put them out. That afternoon we played repentant pyromaniacs on the fire range fields i.e. we'd set little fires and then extinguish them. The next morning, we moved on to light bigger and better diesel oil, "Torch and Tank" fires. On the second afternoon, we did an exercise called "Razzle-dazzle", where we were split into two teams of six, and ran around right and left extinguishing fires for the rest of the day.

All twelve participants found it hellishly good practice for use back home in their local civil defense units and volunteer fire brigades.





White Twist - 1964 - page 52 of 95





sports

"All right Chaps (puff, puff)---ten more pushups; and let's make them good ones!---Oh, this is too easy --next level tomorrow---pant, pant!!"

To carry on the ancient tradition of Dog Watch Sports, established last year at *Cornwallis*, this summer's west coast cadets toiled mightily under the lash of a cruel taskmaster. 5BX, the highlight of the summer, hardened soft muscles, trimmed off excess flab, increased stamina and endurance, and generally promoted an all-round high level of physical fitness. To make it all worth while, a few even did some exercises.

Volleyball, basketball, soccer and softball were the main challenge sports. We won games and we lost games against ships' companies, other cadet or-

ganizations, and even a team of mostly reserve officers. At all times each participant put forth his best effort, and the inevitable UNTD spirit prevailed.

Other types of Dog Watch activities were enjoyed by those who were able to convince the Sports' Officer that tennis was more beneficial than soccer.

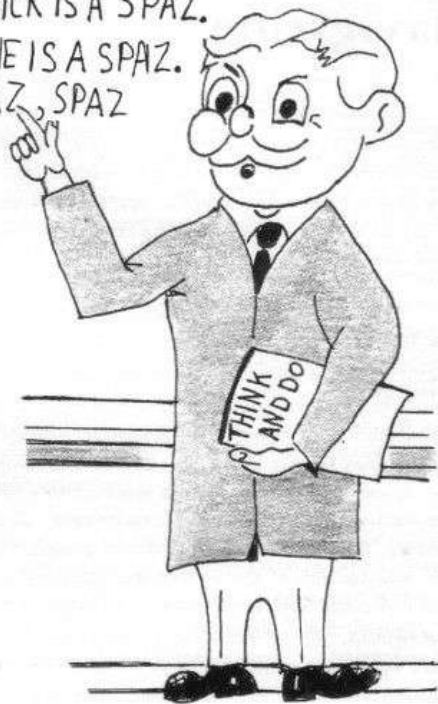
Administrative problems, the proverbial plague upon all third year activities presented many difficulties in organizing and maintaining an efficient and useful sport's program. However, something new was added to our cadet lives; a new plateau was attained and surpassed with great vigour; a new goal was striven for, and a new and truly inspirational phrase was added to the vocabulary of each and every one of us---"Lily Whites."

instructional technique

"Instructional Technique" was a two week's course given to fourteen cadets at HMCS Naden's Naval Technical School. After a few lessons on the finer points of classroom instruction, we conducted several practice teaching periods. During this time, members of the class gave lectures on the dissemination of factual material and the technical skills, (or "how-to-put-the-point-across"), involved in teaching. While lecturing, we were marked on voice tone and volume, eye contact, speech fluidity, mannerisms, lesson plan and subject matter.

Upon completion of the course, everyone had experienced some degree of teaching and class control which we feel are valuable assets in both naval and civilian life. We highly recommend this course to anyone interested in educational methods.

DICK IS A SPAZ.
JANE IS A SPAZ.
SPAZ, SPAZ



White Twist - 1964 - page 54 of 95

INSTRUCTIONAL TECHNIQUE 4



navigation ii

In early May sixteen delinquents from Nav. I or Nav. II courses at *Cornwallis*, arrived at *HMCS Naden's* ND school on the sunny West Coast, carrying boxes of "No-Doz" pills, apples, oranges, and a plentiful supply of James Bond books, to begin a five week Navigation II course.

Whatever our original expectation of Nav. II, the five weeks went rapidly. Bittner claims he can recall only the lectures on the sextant, because he liked the name better than "sidereal hour angle" or "declination". Some of us, however, contrived to stay awake for the major part of the frequently interesting course. At *Naden*, we were offered full use of the well-equipped ND school: radar sets, direction finders, mechanical plots, and star globes. During the AIO section of the course we practiced surface and A-S plots with equipment unavailable at *Cornwallis*. While lectures tended to be dry, they were enlivened at intervals by Chief Taylor's absorbing stories of the "Mau-Mau" and occasional fights at the front or back of the class, in which the most serious casualties were Waite's ripped shirt and Boriss' snapped suspenders.

The second phase of the course was General Navigation which consisted of Tides, Relative

Velocity, Ship and Fleet, and a trifling collection of other assorted goodies. Towards the end of this section, Tucker, having carried on a running battle with all our instructors, took the opportunity to leave, and failed to return. The resulting gap was capably filled by the earthy humour of Schofield. One way or another, nearly everyone in the class managed to pass the General Nav. exam, and we forged ahead into Fixing, Rules of the Road, and finally, Astro-nomics, over the despairing cries of those who had already failed "Astro." the previous summer.

Despite the gloomy prophecies and forebodings, under the paternal hand of Sub-Lieutenant Muirhead, Astronomics proved no great stumbling block, even for cadets who had spent most of the year studying the Romantic poets and ancient history of Lithuania. Again, to everyone's surprise no one failed Astronomics.

Finally, in early June, we turned in our parallel rules, and left ND school; some cadets terminating, others remaining to take the Instructional Technique course, or on-the-job-training. No one regretted seeing the end of Navigation II; nor was there any doubt that, despite a quantity of dull material, the course had been made as interesting as possible.

White Twist - 1964 - page 55 of 95



navigation iii

Each year a highly select group of third year cadets is chosen on the basis of intelligence, initiative, officer-like qualities, and outright good looks, to train as navigation instructors. They are given an expense-paid trip to the West Coast where they are housed in lavish accommodations, tastefully set amidst the lush verdure of Vancouver Island. Recreational facilities to satisfy all tastes provide the cadets with some diversion from their highly cerebral, academic activities. This past summer Nav. III cadets often relaxed on extended yacht cruises or learned the exciting sport of 5BX from the resident pro. In addition, the more traditional sports, such as pubbing (known colloquially as "Bone-yarding") attracted many cadets.

This year's course was held at NIT (Naden Institute of Technology), where considerable use was made of the cadet's university specialities. As a result, many significant contributions to fleet efficiency were made. The mathematics students derived haversine formulae and solved PZX triangles, the dental students put fillings in cavity magnetrons, while the political scientists formed a James Bond study group. In addition, three divinity types from the Church of the Right Ascension, spent many late nights devoutly looking for "Sidereal Hour Angels" on the roof of Big Bad John's "Boneyard". Those cadets with marked literary ability exercised their creative talents and turned out many fine pieces of literature for publication in the Admiralty Manual of Poetry. The most notable works were Spencer Speweasy's profound LONGITUDE EAST GREENWICH TIME LEAST couplet, and Skin Skitzernister's bold, new novel, TIMID VIRGINS MAKE DULL COMPANIONS (mailed in plain wrapper only.)

However this summer's prize-winning contribution was made by an ingenious science student who got six different positions from one astro fix. With typical foresight and wisdom, naval headquarters at once saw the tactical advantage of having one ship in six different places at the same time. The astute cadet was immediately promoted to Sub-Lieutenant, given an admiralty pattern number plus NATO stock number, and fitted in all destroyer escorts and above.

Since the purpose of Nav. III is to turn out navigation instructors, training in instructional technique formed a small, but important segment of the course. Cadets learned the various subtleties involved in operating a vue-graph and in throwing chalk at sleeping cadets. The cadets then learned that vue-graphs and chalk were called training aids (T/A), and that sleeping cadets were called trainees (T/E).

In their attempts to become good instructors, the cadets sought to develop a sympathetic understanding of the role of the trainee. Thus, in all our classes the more sympathetic and understanding cadets were often found asleep, quietly and patiently developing a firm insight into the trainee's role. Instructional technique was considered so important that for two days in the last week of the course cadets were given actual practice in presenting lessons. During these periods each cadet was given half an hour in which to lecture, run the vue-graph, and throw chalk, while the remainder of the cadets assumed the trainee's role and slept attentively.

I'm sure that bright-eyed, bushy-tailed cadets sitting in *Cornwallis* classrooms have often looked at their suave, worldly-wise, navigation instructors and wondered how they acquired their "joie-de-vivre," "raison d'etre," and "status quo." The answer is Nav. III.

So if you want to be suave and worldly-wise and have lots of "status quo," Nav. III is the course for you; providing of course, you have the right qualifications - i.e. - intelligence, initiative, officer-like qualities and outright good looks.





The thing which
makes Third
Year West Coast training
so rough
Is that you have
to go
On these little
yachts!

White Twist - 1964 - page 57 of 95



HMCS Oriole

It's a dog's life! The trials and tribulations of a seaman are many and dangerous. But when all is said and done, the last sail dropped and bagged; the familiar maxim, that rewards are directly proportional to efforts shown, is all the more salient.

For some cadets, *HMCS Oriole*, "the great white slave ship", was a home for the whole summer. For others, she was merely a place of work. However, in both instances she was a source of constant satisfaction. Today there are few sailing ships to which a UNTD cadet has access. Thus, for every cadet who crossed her brow, "*Oriole*" provided an excellent opportunity to learn real seamanship, and to appreciate the hardy, personal joy of sailing.

Lcdr. Walker, RCN., proved himself an excellent sailor as well as an effective C.O. His permanent RCN crew were first-rate sailors; all were willing to take time to explain things about the ship to anyone interested enough to ask.

The ship herself was rather a touchy old "seadog." When treated properly, she performed like a lady; when treated badly, she behaved like a mule, refusing to budge. Many times misled sheets, twisted sails, and poor helmsmanship by the cadets was a source of much discomfort and embarrassment. It took time to learn to respect her. After this we had few problems.

In "*Oriole*", we cruised to the Gulf Islands, sailed around Vancouver Island, and then completed the summer by sailing to San Francisco. We will never forget our adventure aboard *Oriole*. Through many washed dishes and scrubbed decks; through cocked hats and rope-burned fingers, the "*Oriole*" served us well.





R.O.C.P. of the Year
W. Strudwick

Merit

For Providing That

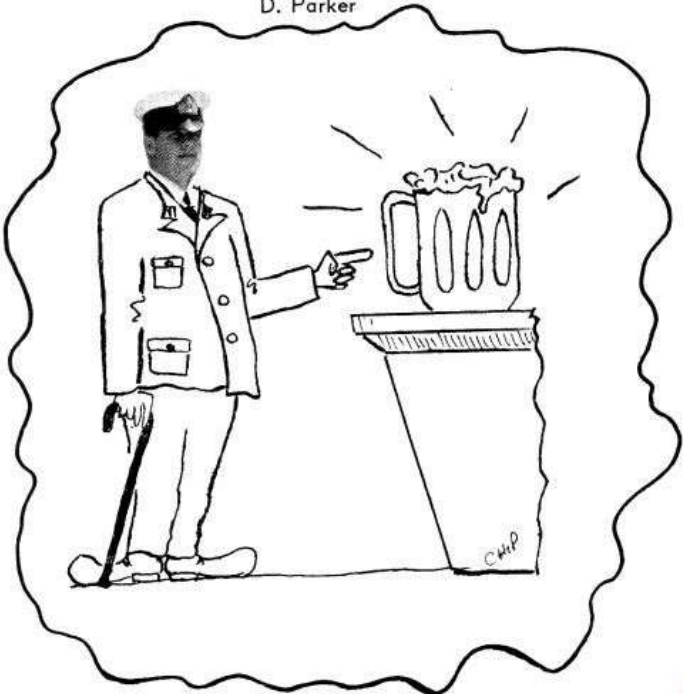


Mothers of

D. Freeman

Boat-racer of the Year

D. Parker



Bird of the Year

B. Ivanochko

Cartoons by

Awards

Extra Effort and Entertainment



the Year

Lcdr. Van Fleet



Slacker of the Year

P. Kincaid



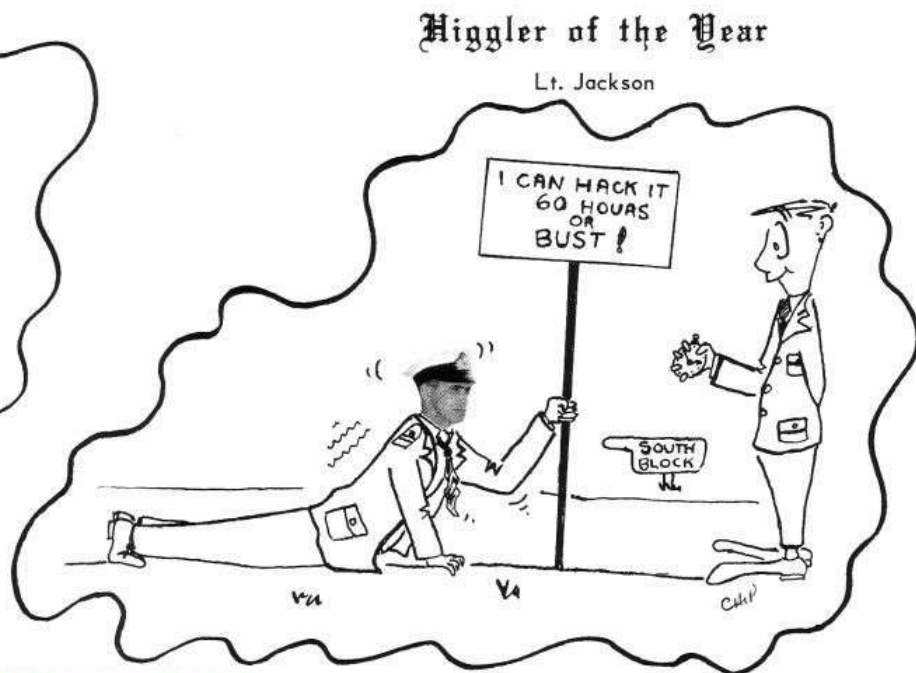
Hustler of the Year

C. Pepin



Bank of the Year

T. Pitts



Higgler of the Year

Lt. Jackson



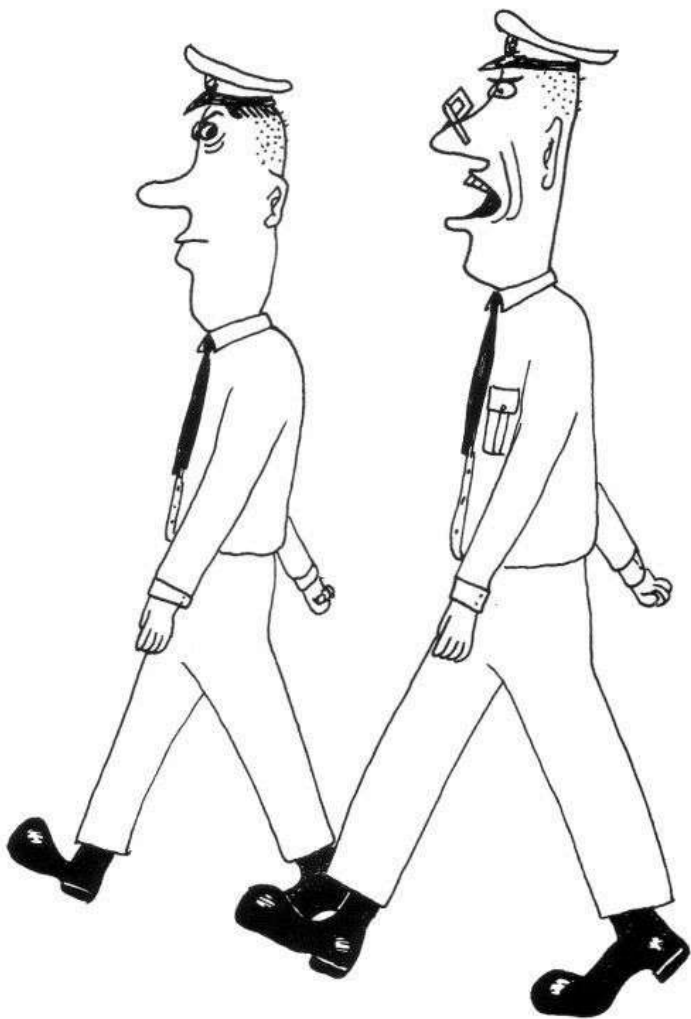
C/C/C D. Freeman

Freeman's Page

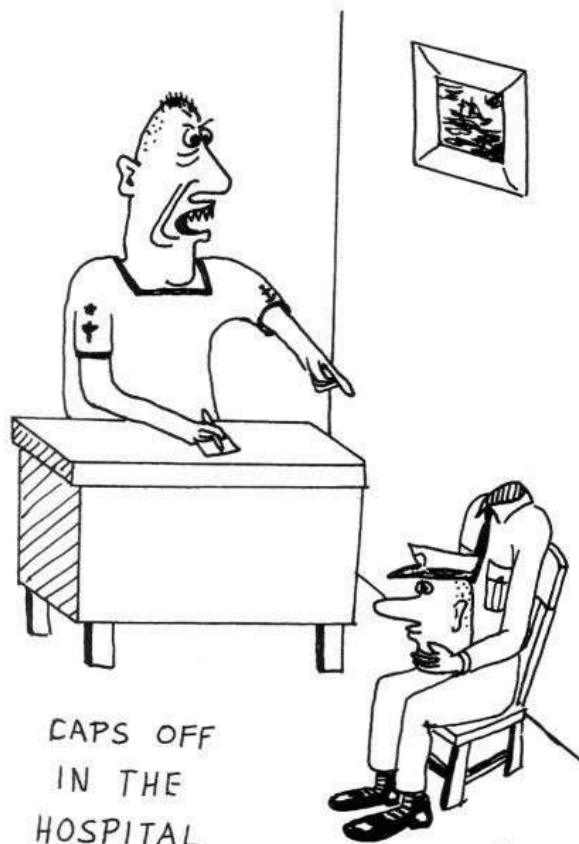


DUST!

DJF '64



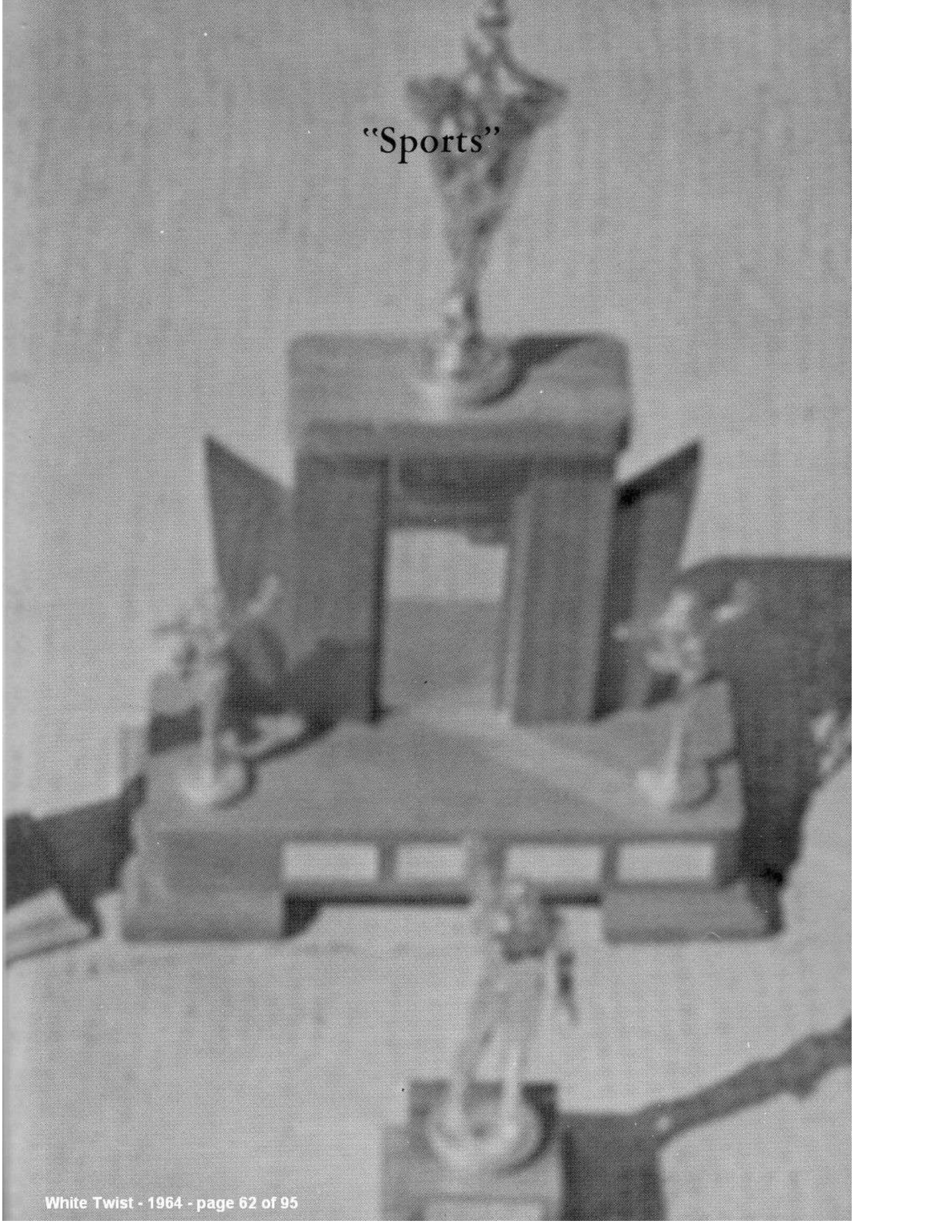
THAT'S THE NAVY FOR YAH.
ALWAYS THROWING RANK IN
YOUR FACE!



CAPS OFF
IN THE
HOSPITAL
CADET!

DJF '64

“Sports”



Sports Officers



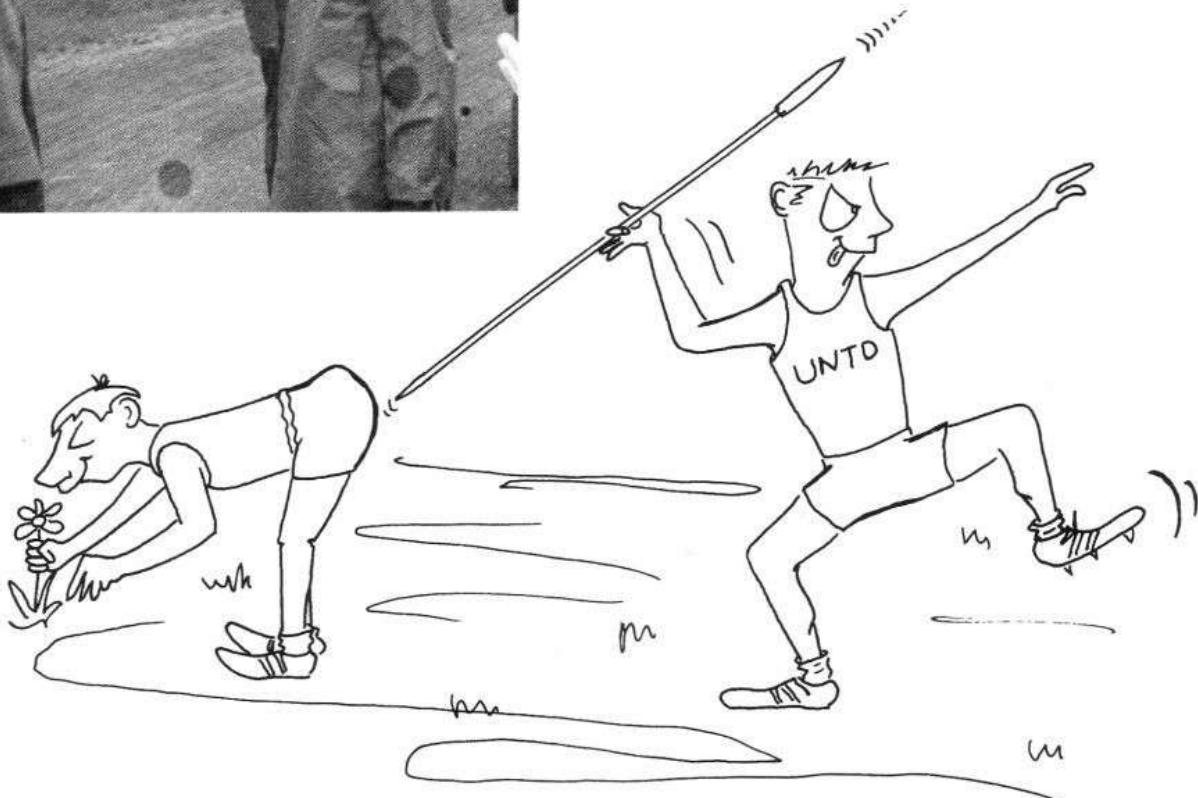
S/Lt. G. McCracken



S/Lt. A.G. Park



"Cornwallis ready for tabloid,
Captain Steele reporting, sir."





Cayuga Division: Sports Efficiency Trophy Winners

1st Swim Meet

1st Two Talloids

5th Track Meet

Undefeated in Dogwatch Activities

Individual Participation on Representative Teams

Last in regatta at sea



Best All-Round Athlete

Cdt. Greenough

HMCS Brunswicker

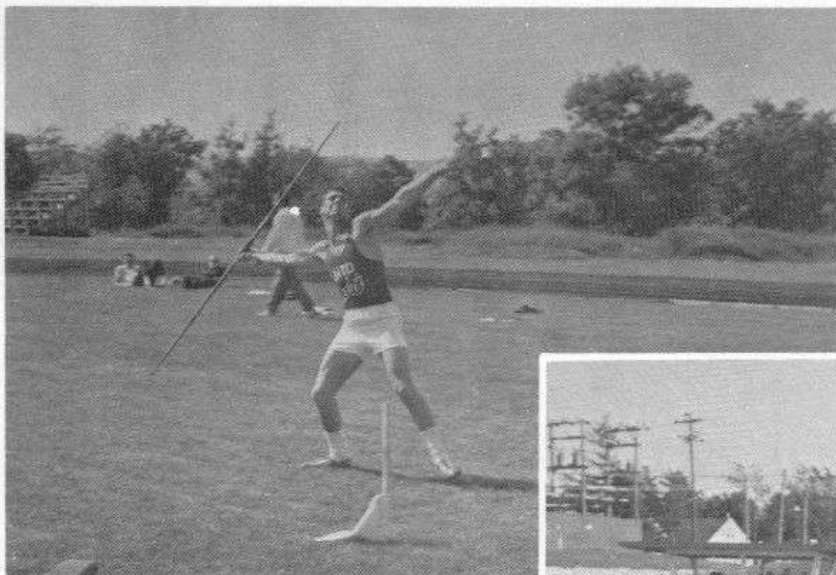
Hop, step and jump	37'10"
Broad jump	20'3 1/4"
High jump	5'10"
Soccer Team	
Swimmer	
Divisional Sports	

Track and Field

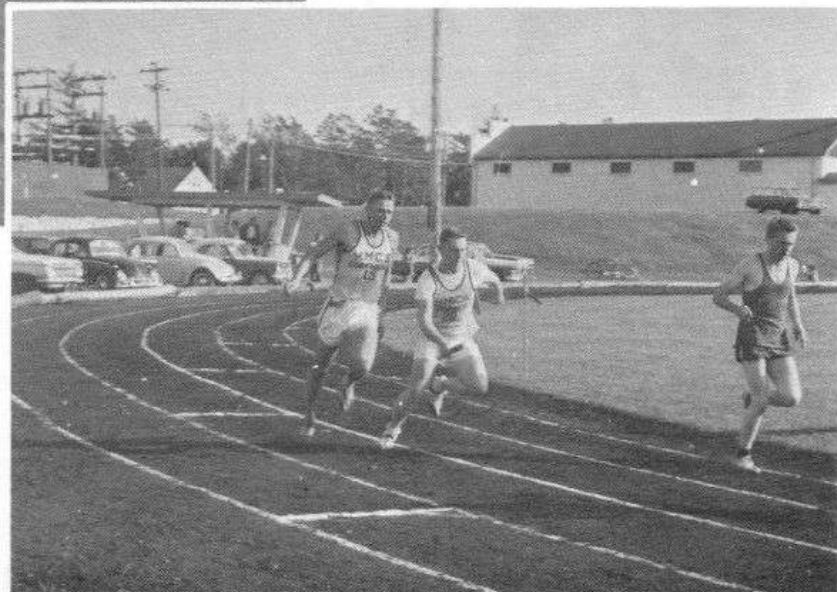


Track team for
Highland games

Milsom at Greenwood



Sub-lieutenant McCracken
and T. Mitchell at
Greenwood



Antigonish and Greenwood

After a "warm-up" meet in Greenwood on July eleventh, during which the Royal Canadian Air Force was very hospitable in providing food and accommodations, a team of cadets went the following weekend to Antigonish for the Highland Games. This was after a precedence set last year when we sent a small not so well trained team to the northern Nova Scotian town. This year the team left at 1600 Thursday, 16 July to be followed the next evening by a bus load of cheering spectators.

Upon arrival, the first group spent what was left of Thursday night in St. Andrew's High School gymnasium. Friday morning and afternoon occupied the junior and juvenile competitors. On completion of the day's activities the cadets were billeted on stretchers on the floor of the gymnasium of St. Francis Xavier University.

Saturday came and with it the Highland Parade and the events of the Open class. By Saturday evening the University Naval Training Divisions were the new owners of the Club Aggregate Trophy and champions in six events. Partly in celebration and partly because they would have done it anyway, the cadets, no longer in training, held a beach party and dance of the usual UNTD spirit(s) and calibre.

One new record was set by the cadets' 440 yard relay team composed of J. MacRae, K. Mills, W. Shambrook, and J. Warrington who finished the race in 44.9 seconds. At this point we should mention participants like Mills who happened to be on the scene, but not on the track team. They borrowed spikes, shorts, and singlets, went out and ran. We owe much to these "instant" competitors, as we won the Aggregate trophy by only one point.

Other individuals who placed were:

Chestnut	2nd 880 Jr., 3rd 440 Jr.
Dallaire	3rd 220 Open
MacRae	5th 100 Open
Marineau	3rd Javelin Open
Marois	1st 440 Open
Mills	1st Hop, Step and Jump Open
	4th Open Broad Jump
Mitchell	4th Hammer Throw Open
Nelder	2nd Pole Vault Open
Nichol	4th 880 Junior, 4th 3 Mile
Ouellet	3rd 100 Junior, 2nd 220 Junior
Robitaille	2nd 440 Junior
Warrington	2nd 100 Open, 2nd 220 Open

Our relay teams faired very well also;

Jr. 440 Second	Junior Mile First
Brayne	Brayne
Dallaire	Chestnut
Ouellet	Dallaire
Robitaille	Mitchell
Open 440 First	Open Mile First
MacRae	Brayne
Mills	Chestnut
Shambrooke	Marois
Warrington	Robitaille
Mile Medley First	
Chestnut	Christy
MacRae	Shambrook

Thanks are due to our Sports Officer, Sub-lieutenant G. McCracken, and to our very energetic coach, Lieutenant Philips of Leadership School, whose enthusiasm meant so much to the team. Lt. Philips' son, although not a cadet, was also active in team activities and won a third in the mile. One thing to remember--if we win this trophy twice more, we get to keep it.

Swimming

This year our swim team did not really amount to much. The swimmers were there but coaching and training was lacking. The team did some work on its own during Dog Watch (probably to escape other activities) but it did not participate in any meets.

The major event of the season for our swimmers was held on the twentieth of June. This was the annual Interdivisional Swim Meet. With all three cruises present, it was the only meet of its type for the year. Three records fell in the course of the meet:

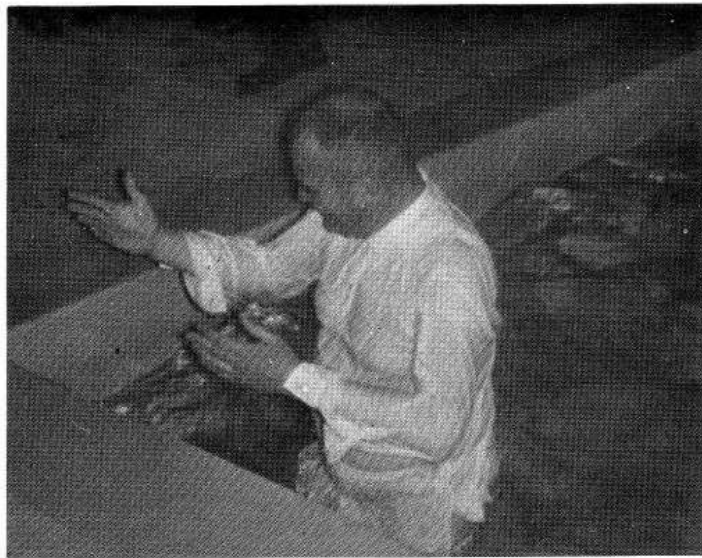
50 Metre Back Stroke
Seaton of St. Croix 34.0 sec.

100 Metre Breast Stroke
Bagniet of Cayuga 1:24.0

200 Metre Free Style Relay
Chaudiere Division 2:25:0

The final result of the meet was another win for Cayuga Division. The order of finishing was:

Cayuga	56 points
St. Croix	49 points
Restigouche	42 points
Columbia	27 points
Chaudiere	19 points
Kootenay	19 points

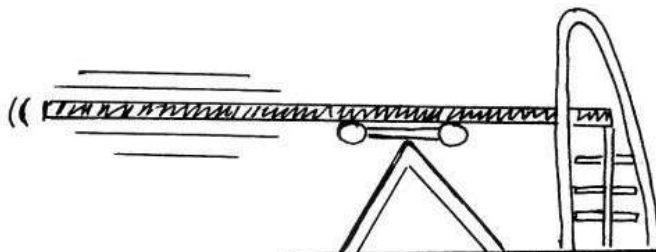


The individual winners were as follows:

50 Metre Free	Kellas-Cayuga	31:5
50 Metre Back	Seaton-St. Croix	34.0x
50 Metre Butter.	McCreath-Col.	36.3
50 Metre Breast	Bagniet-Cayuga	38.1x
100 Metre Free	Burford-Gatineau	1:18.0
100 Metre Back	Seaton-St. Croix	1:25.1
100 Metre Breast	Bagniet-Cayuga	1:24.0x
200 Metre Free	McCreath-Col.	2:58.9
200 Metre Medlay	St. Croix	2:41.4
200 Metre Free	Chaudiere	2:25.0x

x indicates new record.

Contrary to the photo above, all the contestants were using the swimming pools in the P & RT School. This photo was taken as Lieutenant-commander Seeger froliced in the Wardroom swimming pool at a mess dinner. It seems that one of the more senior officers present suggested that the OIC might need a swim.



Cross Country Run



The running of the UNTD Cross Country Run was on July thirteenth this year. Unlike the road race of previous years, this event was, as the name indicated, over a rougher terrain than the gallop over the base to which we had grown accustomed.

The participants this year included all of Alpha and Charlie Cruises. Each man was required to complete the race in fifty-five minutes or less. Any man not achieving this standard was penalized fifty points. In penalties, Big Daddy Connors and his sportsmen led the way with four hundred and fifty. This included the three characters Lieutenant-commander Seeger discovered sleeping in the bushes near a spot where the race passed twice. This appeared to be a divisional project on the part of Columbia.

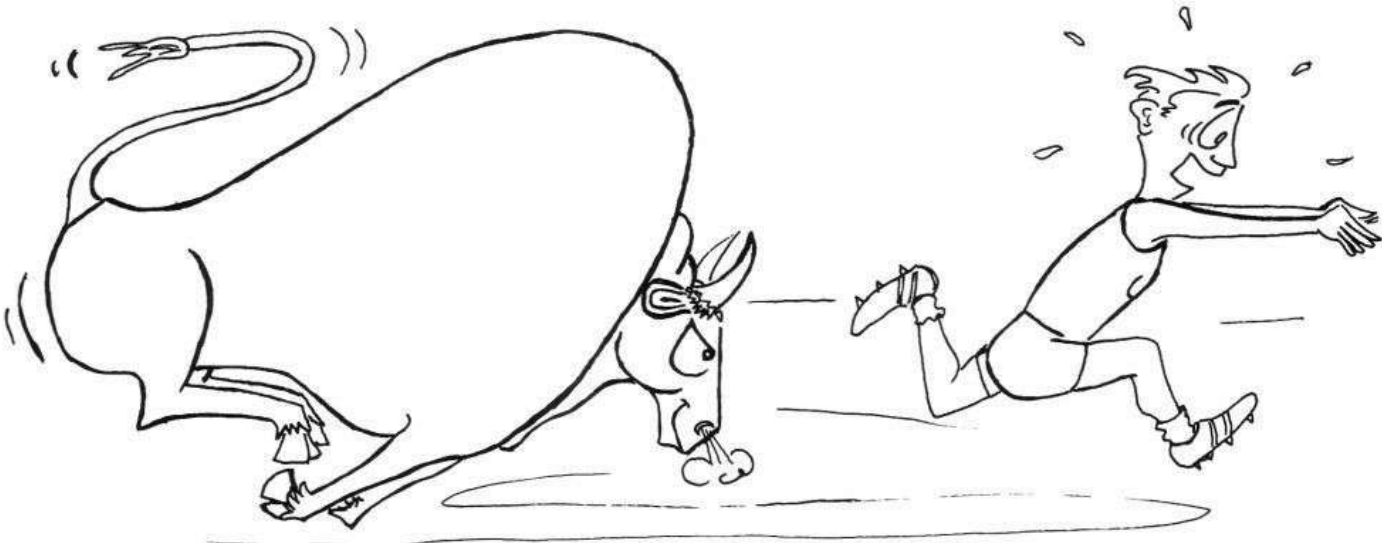
The individual honours went to the following cadets:

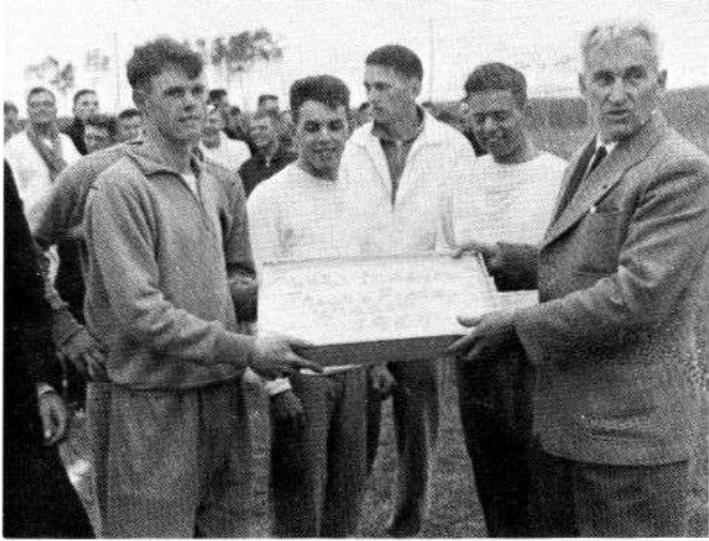
1. Nichol (Columbia)	31:30
2. Christie (Haida)	34:02
3. Poupart (Gatineau)	35:26
4. Chestnut (Nootka)	36:00
5. Boronowski (Cayuga)	36:12
6. Mitchell (Cayuga)	36:31

The divisional results, final, reduced and recalculated system of accounting were:

1. Micmac	120 pts./man
2. Nootka	93 pts./man
3. Haida	90 pts./man
4. St. Croix	87 pts./man
5. Cayuga	82 pts./man
6. Columbia	79 pts./man
7. Assiniboine	75 pts./man
8. Huron	60 pts./man
9. Gatineau	55 pts./man

The photos show the type of run it really was: three miles on the horizontal and another three miles vertically. The editor who managed to escape has his own doubts as to who was the smartest: Columbia or the rest.





Interdivisional Track and Field

Restigouche Division - Track Champs

The results of the only interdivisional track and field meet left Restigouche Division and a perennial winner, Greenough, as the champions. This meet was held on the twentieth of June with all three cruises present. Four new records were set and one old one equalled. Greenough set three, Archibald one and Warrington ran the 100 in the same time as the old record.

Listed below you will find the events, the present UNTD record, the winner of this year's competition and the mark each of them achieved. They are:

440 Yards	56.9
Chestnut (Noot)	58.9
Mile Run	5:06.3
Nichol (Col)	5:10.1
220 Yards	23.8
Warrington (Ass)	24.1
880 Yards	2:16.8
Nichol (Col)	2:19.6
100 Yards	10.4
Warrington	10.4
440 Relay	50.7
Restigouche	52.2
Mile Relay	4:13.2
Gatineau	4:20.5
High Jump	5'10"
Greenough	5'10"
Shot Put	32'8"
Marineau (Col)	36'8"
Running Broad	20'3 1/4"
Greenough	20'3 1/4"
Discus	114' 3/4"
Eaton (Chaud)	95'11"
Hop, Step & Jump	37'10"
Greenough	37'10"
Javelin	141'10"
Archibald (Rest)	141'10"

One would observe from the results shown that Greenough and Archibald completely dominated the meet. In addition to his first, Archibald took two seconds to add to the final high point given his division. The division standings, after the usual corrections, were as follows:

1. Restigouche	86.9
2. Gatineau	46.4
3. Assiniboine	41.7
4. Columbia	40.5
5. Cayuga	39.3
6. Micmac	32.1
7. St. Croix	27.4
8. Chaudiere	19.0
9. Nootka	14.3
10. Kootenay	14.2
11. Haida	13.1
12. Huron	11.9

The meet did much to promote the track team which won the Highland Games' title. Many of the names on the list of winners went on to compete at Antigonish. Unfortunately, others went on cruise.



This and That

Now is the time to own up. The "tough lucks" must be recorded with the "well done's" to remind us that UNTD cadets are not quite perfect.

Unfortunately, this year the swim team did not amount to much. We had the swimmers but lacked the organization. This was probably due to emphasis being placed on the track team, especially after its surprising victory at Antigonish.

At any rate, a swim team needs someone in charge who will assure that the training is rigorous. No one showed enough interest to assume this responsibility. Thus the people who might have comprised the team were forced to show off their prowess individually in the swimming pool at the Pines, which, when you think about it, isn't such a sorry plight at all.

The softball team, although inexperienced in playing as a unit, was enthusiastic enough to make a bid for a place in the Atlantic Command tournament. First string players were: Terry Ducharme, catcher and team captain; Alan Osborne, pitcher; Stan "The Birdman" Ward, first base; Gerry Bergevin, second base; J.D. Donaldson, third base; Grant Edwards, short stop; Bob "The Bird" Ivanochko, right field; John Napier, centre field; Dick Coates; left field; and Bob Evans, Marty Douglas and Wilf Klinger as utility types. In their first and last game against the experienced Cornwallis representative team, UNTD took an early 2-0 lead in the first two innings but were bombed by twelve runs in the third and never regained. Sub-lieutenants Wright, Park and Lovett spent much time and effort with the team but their coaching, although superb, couldn't make up for inexperience. Next year we'll have to start earlier.

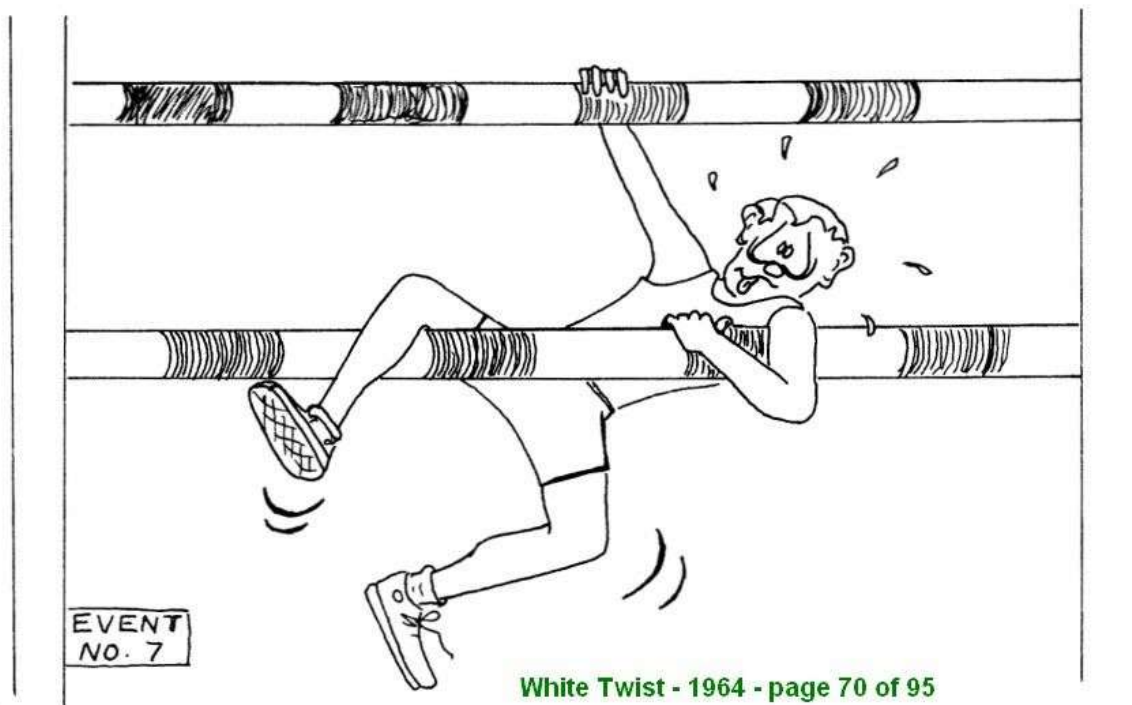
We had a soccer team too. Its efforts were a

little more fruitful. In a best of two game series against the Cornwallis Representative team they gave a good account of themselves. The first game resulted in a two-two tie. Don Youden of Cayuga led the scoring both goals. However, the second game proved to be a bit of a bind: 5 to 2 for Cornwallis. Don Youden was again a sparkplug for the cadet team as was Greenough. The team played extremely well against the opposition of PTI's and experienced base personnel. I guess we just ran out of Newfoundlanders.

Tennis this year did not amount to much. The Commander did have his duty tennis players consisting of Pepin, Weir and company. Of course, there was also a duty tennis court watering party, but that can hardly be called sport. The Atlantic Command championships were due to be played at Cornwallis but were cancelled because of poor weather.

A number of tabloids were held throughout the summer. Cayuga division managed to take most of the spoils in this department. They won two of the track tabloids and placed second to a stacked half a team from Gatineau in a third. They narrowly edged out Nootka division in the gymnastics tabloid, a new event this year. In this strangely enough, the hardest event turned out to be bouncing a ping-pong ball into this little pail.

Another event involving inter-divisional competition was the Tug-of-War. St. Croix Division came out of this event undefeated. Nootka placed second to the powerful "Saints". We don't quite know what Lieutenant Sheppard was feeding his boys but we do have a few ideas!





"Buck up, cadet! Ed Sullivan is on channel six."

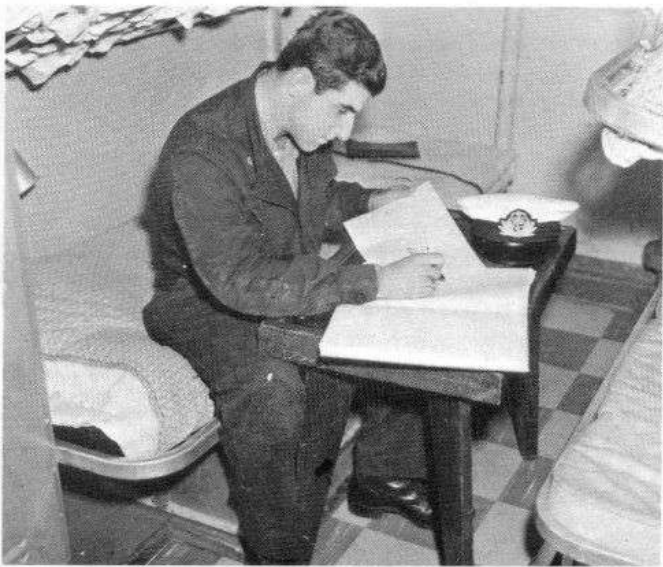
Local Boy

(or P.R.O. photos

This is a photo essay in of those RCN photographers



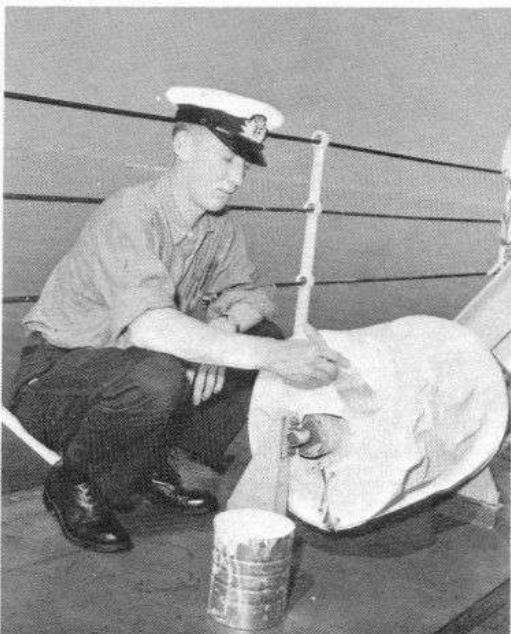
"Two please."



"Dear Diary"



"You aren't really about to pull the trigger - are you, sir?"

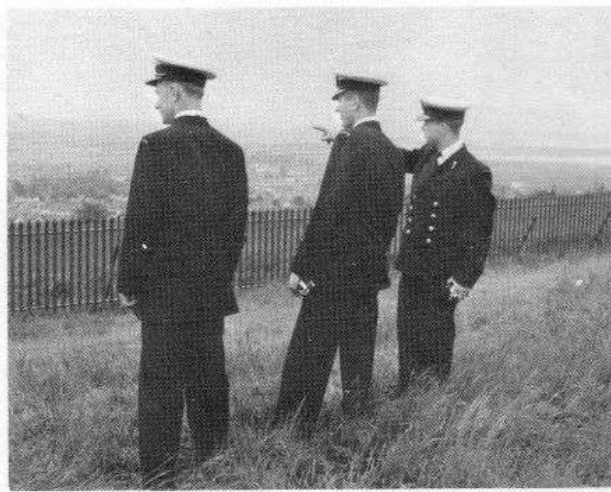


"What do you mean look interested?"

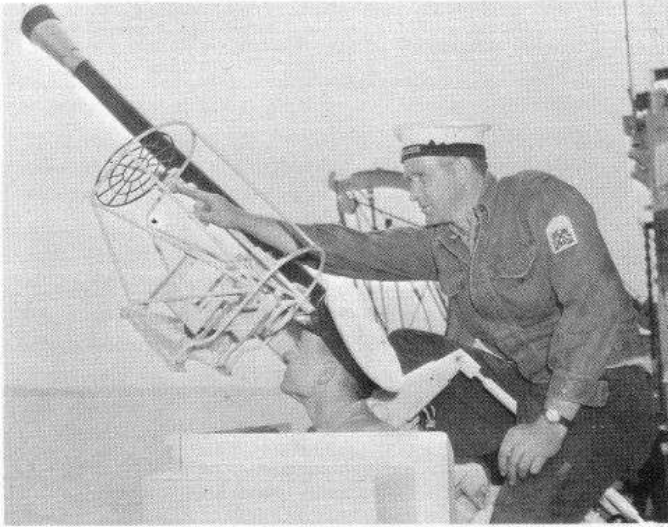
Makes Good

you posed for)

tribute to the imagination
we seem to find everywhere.



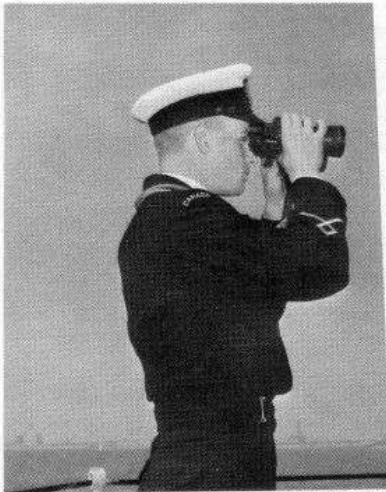
"See - two blondes and a redhead"



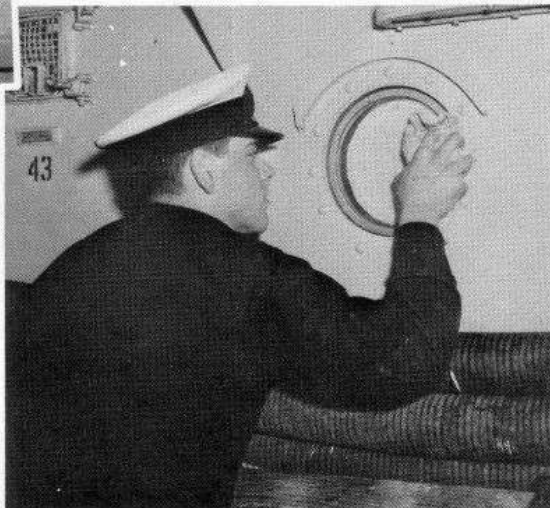
"What seagull?"



"But doc, its my stomach that aches."



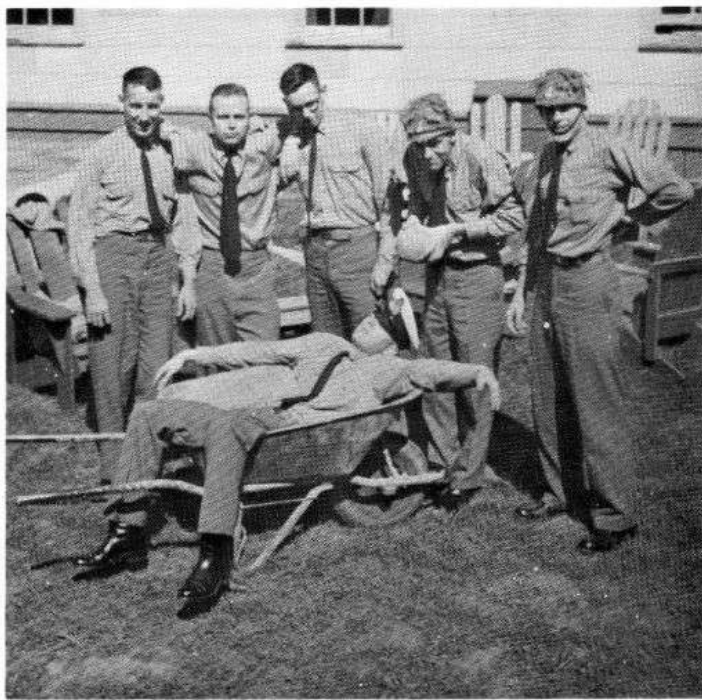
"I spy with my little
eye - hmm."



"I hope you are
feeling better
now, sir."



"If they'd ring this
thing more often they
could knock the
tarnish off it."



- Hump rocks.
- Wax decks.
- Build coat racks.
- Refinish pillars.
- Play cards.
- Play chess.
- Have parties.
- Have receptions.
- Eat steaks.
- Watch movies.
- Enjoy entertainment.
- Relax.

This brief summary just about sums up the variety to be found in the UNTD Gunroom at Cornwallis. Just as a gunroom should be, ours was the centre of non-athletic recreation and social relaxation. This may be because there is not a heck of a lot of other things to occupy the many hours of free time in Cornwallis and its environs. This is, of course, the idea of using this particular location for training.

This year under Bill McCreery, the mess committee endeavored to make a number of improvements. Presidents Mike Mace and Dave Freeman with the Gunroom Officer Lieutenant Fred Riche began by carrying out last year's proposals. The beer garden was the first step. Previously, it consisted of neatly mowed weeds off-set by a number of brightly coloured deck chairs. Now, when one can see the place through the smoke of the barbeque, it is a two leveled affair with an upper rocked patio and a lower weed garden. The major work was the cutting and collecting of the right type and shape of rocks. These were used to build a two-foot wall, a walk and an underfooting for the patio. This type of work falls under the category of cadet labour in the quarry near Annapolis. When this was accomplished a wall was built and capped. Now we had a wall but no patio. Wheelbarrows and shovels became the dress of the day for this task. Filling the patio with gravel then setting in the rocks was the favorite pastime of such selected groups of individuals like Slack party, Extra-duty party, and Duty Sub-lieutenant's party. Every party somehow managed to find its way to the beer garden.

The result of last year's battle over coat racks was resolved by the industrious Bill McCreery. He designed, built and installed the much needed equipment this summer. Modernistic in design, they appear sturdy enough to withstand the weight of any brass hat or rowdiness of any party.

While on the topic of brass hats, one of the features of this year's Gunroom life was the innovation of a new ceremony. Begun by the Comm Alpha Third years who were thoroughly disgusted at the idea of being sent to Cornwallis for the third year in a row, it was continued by anyone who felt the least bit disgruntled. (There always seemed to be someone.) The Laver's Ceremony actually required very little in the way of equipment. A picture of Commodore Taylor, a wall and a nail will do nicely. Other frills may be added as desired. The procedure begins by having the disgruntled cadet halting and then saluting the pictures, inverting our C.O., followed by a left-handed salute behind the head.



This year for some reason the United States Navy did not send their midshipmen to Halifax for the Command Ball. This might be because the two lots from last year still have not recovered after the ordeals previously held in their honour. With the lack of the middies we were forced to go ahead without them. This wasn't too much of a chore except that time was running short. The ball was held in Halifax on the weekend prior to Admirals' Inspection. This was done to insure that our uniforms were to be dry cleaned before the Admiral arrived. The biggest problem was where to put one hundred and fifty cadets for two nights. The extra communications classes helped somewhat, but not enough. Those cadets who lived in Halifax were generous and brave enough to billet their buddies at home --- with their parents and sisters etc. John Napier holds the record --- eleven cadets in one night --- billeted that is.

Prior to the dance itself a number of parties were held in private homes, hotel rooms, fraternities or just on the streets. C/C Chip Milsom entertained a large number at his home with Russ Collins providing the actual show-type of amusement. He was found staggering around the front yard bleeding and bruised exclaiming that a tree forgot to move. See funny Rusty -- ho, ho!

The dance part of the ball was held in the ballroom of the Wardroom at *HMCS Stadacona*. It was a treat to see the cadets on leave in something other than the standard uniform of shorts, open-neck shirt and running shoes.

The picture at the right is a put-up job. Due to the lack of pictures from this year's ball, we were forced to use half of one from last year. Cadet Ran MacNeill is shown with his Halifax date, Miss Liz Lamb. I'm sure that neither Ran nor Miss Lamb will mind this little piece of yellow journalism.

One of the biggest parties of the year was held at a Halifax fraternity following the ball. This party was held by the cadets of Alpha Cruise at Sigma Chi from about one to infinity. Mars Anderson may find himself no longer a member, but that is the price of being a UNTD.

Throughout the summer a number of receptions were held in the Gunroom. As previously mentioned, the Natal Day functions for Cornwallis were held here late in July. In addition to this, the visits of Commodore P. Taylor and Rear Admiral J. Brock were marked by informal get togethers in our mess. At the former, the Commodore and Captain Paul fell victim to a light-fingered prankster and were forced to go home capless.



Charlie Cruise French-speaking cadets entertained us on St. Jean Baptiste Day. In a thoroughly political, highly humorous one and one half hours the highlight of the show was a skit depicting a leaders conference in Ottawa. Even though the show was entirely in French the actors imitated their counterparts, Pearson, Diefenbaker, Douglas, and that fellow from Quebec so well that even those who had no French were able to appreciate the jokes and most of the dialogue. An impersonation of the Mayor of Ottawa, Charlotte Whitton, kept everyone in fits of laughter while a group of singers provided a more serious side to the show. The Master of Ceremonies, Louis Gascon, interpreted for any part of the script which became too involved for the average Englishman. One of the most appreciative men in the audience was of course Commander LaRose. For the very few who could not understand, there was always the two kegs of free Uniflow to occupy them.

To sum up the activities of the Gunroom is difficult. Some of it is an expression of all the cadets while most of it is the result of a few. Some of it was dropped on us; some of it we volunteered for. But it was us -- a uniqueness which is UNTD.

Annapolis Natal Day

— August 3, 1964 —

The entire UNTD participation for Natal Day took place in various phases. The result was the largest naval representation in this celebration to date.

Phase one was the selection of the candidates to compete for the title of Miss Cornwallis. Much to the disappointment of a few cadets, the Pines' girls were not to be allowed to participate. This did not hamper the contest too much. When one looks enough, pulchritude can be found even in a place as dimly devoid of it as is Cornwallis.

On the twenty-first of July the Gunroom was the gathering point for eight lovely contestants, the judges, base officials and leering cadets. The figure in the corner photo, Miss UNTD, was a last minute entry accompanied by her little sister, Razzle Dazzle, and escorted by Cadet Gascon. Miss UNTD, Jody D., was quickly disqualified when she assaulted Captain Paul, resulting in a lip-stick besmeared set of khakis. The contestants did not actually meet the judges formally, but rather they spoke to them casually during the R.P.C. The winner, crowned by Jill Orton, last year's winner, was Miss Dorothy Graham. The Runner-up was Miss Kathleen Tenhaaf of Leadership School and Cadet Control. Gerry Antony acted as M.C. and the party planner was J.D. Donaldson. Commander LaRose was the duty kisser.

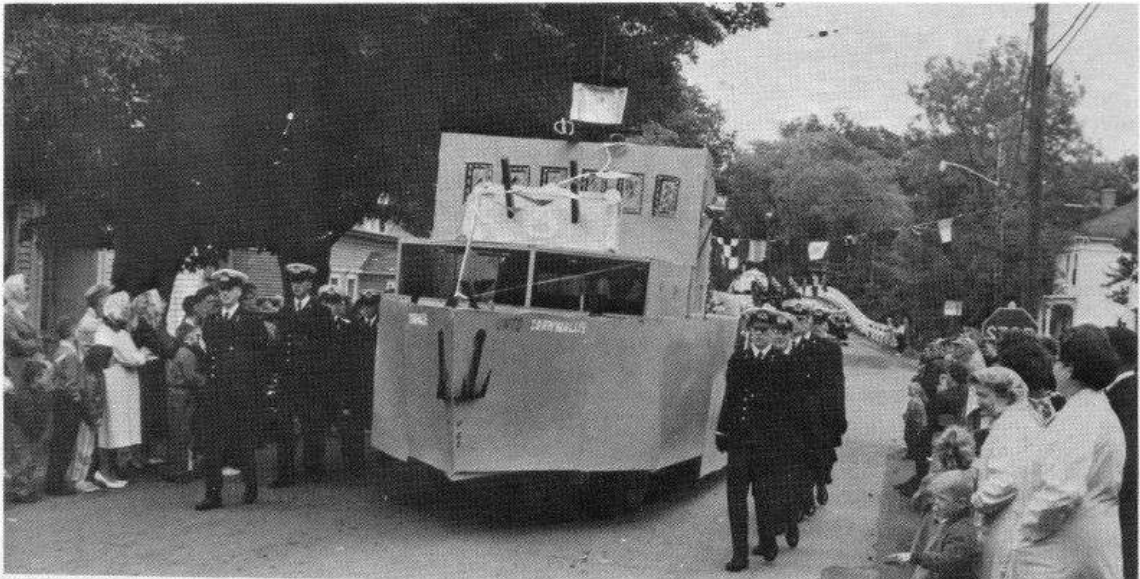
Phase two was the building of a float. A team led by Cadets Antony, Dalzell and Donaldson began to work before CD's on Friday and worked continuously until Monday at noon to finish Mabel. She began as a thirty foot Ocean Escort and finished as a forty foot vessel of plywood (from Nav. School dome), two by fours, (from Maintenance) and two by ones (from various drying rooms around the base). She was good enough to take away second prize in the parade even after being driven ten miles through the wind over Nova Scotia roads, the only ones in the world where you can have a tail end collision with yourself.

Phase three was to get enough interest going to get a regatta going on the Sunday. Many divisions went to compete as a group against the new entries and the Annapolis boat club. However, it turned out to be an all-naval show.

White Twist - 1964 - page 75 of 95



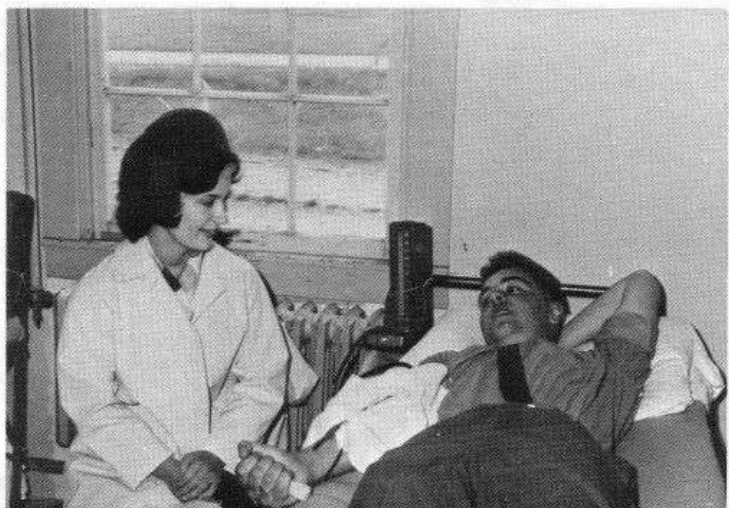
H.F. Mabel
and Escort

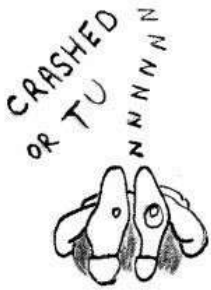


Dorothy
in
Annapolis

Much to the disappointment of the cadets and especially to Mike Glanville her perpetual escort, Dorothy did not win the Miss Annapolis Contest. Our guard and our escorts for the girls of the competition did give the local people a look at the serious side of UNTD. Miss UNTD and her new partner, Muggsy, simultaneously gave them a look at the rabble rousing end of our complex little society.

All in all it was a good effort on the part of all cadets involved, from the all day all night float, builders to the twenty-four man guard supplied by Lt. Myers and Haida and Micmac Divisions. Our front end sheet is a photo of this guard on Annapolis Natal Day, 1964.





WHITE TWIST

A Guide for translating the
the reading of



HAIRY

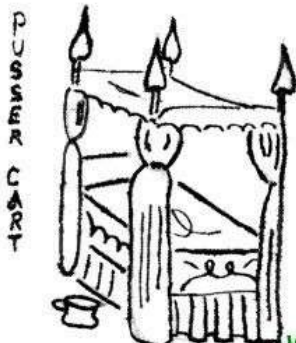


Acers (adj)
Beastie (n)
B.F.H. (n)
Bilge Rat (n)
Bird (n)
Birdie (n)
Bod (n)
Canvasback (n)
C.D.F. (n)
Choked up (adj)
Clatter (n)
Crash (v)
Cart (n)
Deep six (v)
(n)

Diesel Wiesel (adj)
Dibby Dab (adj)
Dhoby (y)
Duff (n)
Fluff (n)
Gash (n)
Get head down (v)
Greenie (n)
Gorf (n)
Gunners (n)
Hairy (n)
Harp (n)
Higgly (adj)
Hummy (adj)
In the rats (adj)
Irish pennant (n)

Jack (n)
Jag in (v)
Jammy (adj)
Jonah's Toss
Kay-det (n)
Kilowatt commando (n)
Kipperland (Kips) (n)
Mick (n)
Makers and Takers (n)
Nicks (n)
Party (n)
Pipe Down (v)

- great, terrific
- unattractive female
- big flaming hammer (for rusty parts)
- stoker, engineer
- man under punishment
- a shower from a sink
- person
- lazy bod
- intuition, common sense
- angry, broken up
- cells
- sleep, go to bed
- something one crashes in
- throw something overboard
- select section of bunks for exalted second years
- bilge rat
- cadet, upperdeckman
- wash, launder
- dessert
- skin
- garbage, waste
- crash in one's cart
- wave
- person of French origin
- Gunroom
- Canadian sailor
- unattractive date
- fussy, keen
- of foul smell, stinking, wretched
- drunk
- a little loose thread that means slack party
- wise guy, smart aleck
- quit, terminate
- easy
- chucking something over the side
- cadet
- electrician
- England
- hammock
- legal and illegal holidays
- underwear, (gotch)
- a reciprocating female
- become quiet



KAY-DET



KAY-DET (at sea)

VOCABULARY

language of UNTD's and for
this book



Posh (adj)
Pusser (adj)
Pusser Derb (n)
Pusser Dirk (n)
Pusser Issue (n)
Pusser Pig (n)
Pusser Stomp (n)
Rattle (n)
Run (n)
Rummy (n)
Sandscratcher (n)
Scaley (adj)
Scran (v)
Scran up (v)
Seen off (past tense of v.
shaft)

- lush, downy, cushy
- naval issue
- naval cap, steamer
- naval issue knife
- heavy contraceptive
- Wren
- naval dance (Sea Gull Club)
- trouble, jail
- binge, drunken excursion
- an alcoholic
- upperdeckman, bos'n
- dirty, filthy
- to put in the "Lost and Found"
- to take a snack
- gyped, cheated

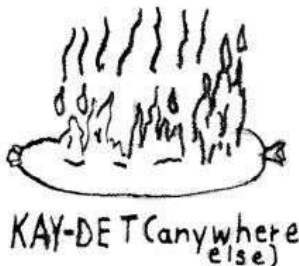
Semi (n)
Shaft (v)
Shellback (n)
Sheriff (n)
Sin bos'n (n)
Skylark (n)
Slacker (n)
Slackers (n)
Sprog (n)
Steamer (n)

- American sailor
- to see off
- someone who has crossed the equator
- cox'n
- padre
- prank, joke
- lazy sailor, second year cadet
- Halifax
- baby, little kid
- cap worn by captains and above,
and cadets at sea
- many, numerous
- someone who hasn't crossed the
equator

Steen (adj)
Tadpole

Tiddly (adj)
T/A (n)
T/E (n)
T/I (n)
T/U (adj)
Unibag (n)
Uniflow (n)
U/S (adj)
Weedy (adj)
Winger (n)
Wretch (n)
68'er
69'er
9:05'er

- neat, orderly
- training aid
- trainee
- time in
- crashed, asleep, or...
- uniform
- draft machine in the Gunners
- T/U equipment
- angry, mad
- buddy, friend or shipmate
- ugly male or female
- affection owed
- reciprocated affection
- a bird who quits early
(generally by jumping ship)



Best

First Years

1964



T.J. Morgan
Assiniboine



D.W. English
Huron



R.N. Baugriet
Cayuga



K.N. Affleck
Haida



D.A. Badregon
Chaudiere



W.N. Brooks
Columbia



P.A. Chipman
Kootenay



J.C. Coates
Gatineau



T.H. Swan
Micmac



D.H. Thompson
Nootka



F.T. McInnis
St. Croix

Admiral's Inspection 1964

Rear Admiral J.V. Brock, DSO., DSC., CD., RCN



Best
Second Year

Runner-up-to
Best Second Year

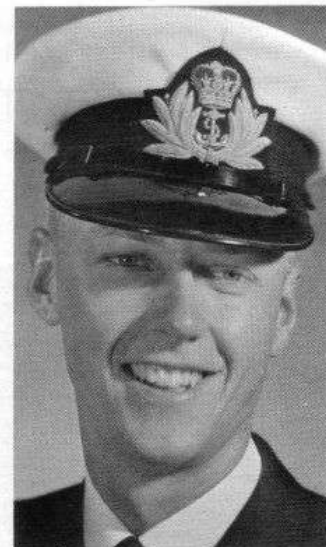


Department of National Defense
Telescope
c/c D. Brown,
Nootka Division



Department of National Defense
Sword
c/c S. Lalande,
St. Croix Division

Best
First Year



Winner of the Lcdr. J.R. MacDonald
Shield
Cdt. J. Greenslade
Restigouche Division

27 August, 1964

OFFICER IN CHARGE'S MESSAGE

Today is the culminating event in our Summer Training programme. Within the limits of our capacity, everything has been done to adequately train the Cadets for their roles as future officers of the Royal Canadian Naval Reserve.

The measure of success attained is not difficult to judge. True, one can say that the discipline, morale and efficiency of the Cadets was satisfactory during the summer of 1964. One can also say that the administration of the same four hundred Cadets encountered few difficulties and a great number of lessons were learned. All of this is a result of the co-operation, endeavour, and loyalty of the UNTD staff, the CORNWALLIS staff and the Cadets themselves.

However, the real success of the UNTD may not manifest itself for several years. We see before us today young gentlemen from every corner of Canada, every ethnic group and every religious and political persuasion. In a few years these same gentlemen will be guiding the destiny of our country. It will be this group, and other groups to which we will look for leadership.

In this, our 21st Anniversary, it is well to re-affirm our basic concern and aim. These are of course the "advancement of the Naval Service and the development of the individual". The principles taught here, and it is hoped learned, are as applicable to the civilian side of our society as they are to the Naval. The simple, though vital, virtues of integrity, loyalty, sense of duty and consideration for subordinates are beacons of truth that have been taught and, it is hoped, exemplified by the officers and men who have guided the Cadets.

If one could give these intelligent and energetic young men a position line to fit themselves in our society it would be "Remember well your responsibilities to your country, your fellow man and yourselves. In all you say do and then show integrity and a sense of duty".

B. J. VAN FLEET
Lieutenant-Commander CD.,RCN.

Distribution: General

The Talk from the Inspecting Officer

I was of course delighted at your captain's invitation to inspect you on completion of your training and to say a few words to mark the occasion. I might say that I feel a certain kinship to you all, because although the UNTD scheme came into being some considerable time after I entered the service, I did begin my naval career as an officer of the Naval Reserve.

That was some time ago, when the total Naval Reserve numbered less than 1000, and when in my own division, Chippawa in Winnipeg, we had a waiting list of some 2000 people, eager and thrilled at the prospect of serving Canada in uniform---for the pay of twenty-five cents a week. During the War of course the Naval Reserve grew to almost one hundred thousand people, men and women from all walks of life who served their country well in many parts of the world. Undoubtedly the parents of some of you were those wartime sailors.

The UNTD scheme is now twenty-one years old and to date about five thousand reserve officers have been trained under this plan. As retirements of officers with wartime experience take place, the responsible positions in naval divisions are being filled by younger officers. At present two commanding officers are post-war ex-UNTDs and about sixty percent of all the officers in the reserve are ex-UNTD. This trend should continue with the UNTDs supplying about ninety-eight percent of the total reserve officer requirement, direct entry officers being limited to specialists such as doctors and chaplains.

And looking to the future, as you return to your universities and your divisions I should like to remind you of three simple truths:

Firstly, the reserve has always been an essential and worthy component of the Royal Canadian Navy, and I am convinced that it will continue to perform a very useful role, whether this is in its traditional form as a Naval Reserve or a newly integrated organization.

Secondly, there is no finer way to serve your country than in uniform whether you do this on a full-time basis or through the Reserve. You should take great pride therefore in your personal contribution to the nation and to your membership in an honourable and respected organization.

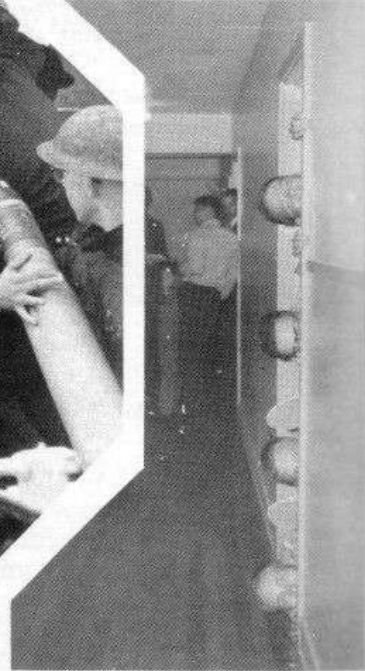
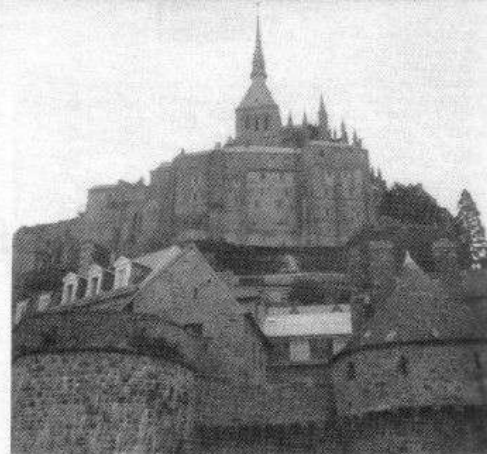
Thirdly, you are part of the small number of people who each year enter the main stream of the nation's business with university educations. Perhaps you are doubly blessed because you have also tasted the loyalty and dedication that is the Navy. Your obligation then to the country is all the greater and I trust you will carry through to the utmost of your ability and in the nation's best interest.

Good-bye and good luck to you all.

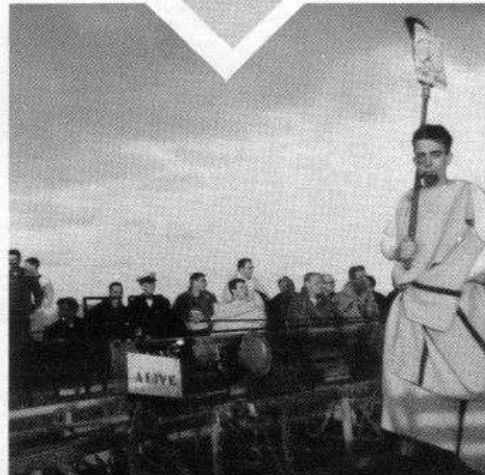
Micmac Division inspected
by Rear Admiral J.V. Brock
Flag Officer Atlantic Coast

27 August, 1964



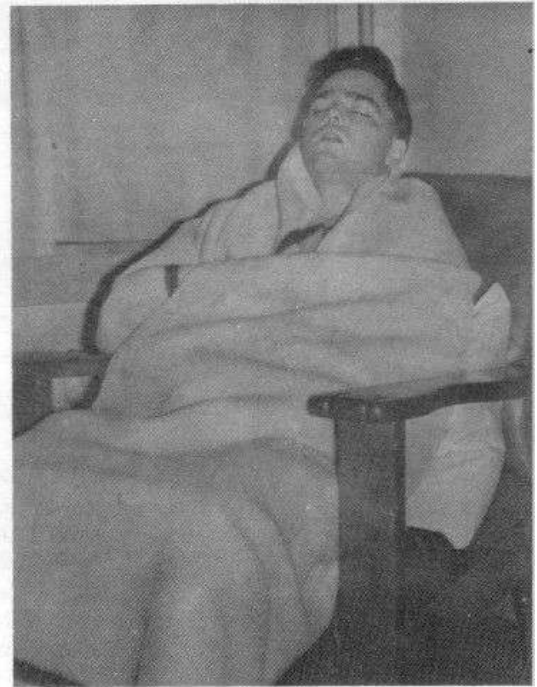


White Twist - 1964 - page 83 of 95





G
A
S
H



White Twist - 1964 - page 84 of 95



Oil Drum Fire

The first section was fire fighting. After spending the first day on equipment lectures, the class moved on to the fire field. After using first aid extinguishers on small fires, we tackled a twenty foot in diameter oil drum fire with forty foot flames. For this particular manoeuvre, we began by using two hoses Rockwell nozzles and then low velocity applicators. The last exercise here was to use only one hose to extinguish the blaze. CPO Bennett and his crew started the cadets slowly and then began to work them in as section leaders. By the time everyone had had a chance at the three-sided oil pit, from the leeward yet, and gone through the mock-up of a ship's compartmentation, we had gained enough confidence in our equipment to face pretty well any shipboard fire. The emphasis throughout was on leadership, a position the cadets enjoyed to the point of relishment.

The next morning was merely a demonstration of the P250 pump and the use of foam on a large gasoline fire. But it also was the day of the biggest UNTD water fight in some time. This started when Baugniet attacked Pitts and Donaldson with a Nu-Swift extinguisher. The latter two holding a two and one-half inch hose each soon had the foolish first year soaking wet. It continued for most of the morning interrupted by a Razzle Dazzle exercise at various intervals.

N.B.C.D.

August 31 to Sept. 11

After a long summer at Cornwallis, thirty cadets joined Stadacona for a Nuclear, Biological, Chemical, Damage Control course. Living in the relative luxury of the Wardroom, these cadets indulged in the pleasures of Halifax from secure to 0700 and returned to "Sadism School" for the day. Standing no watches and attending no parades, somehow we managed to struggle through the last two weeks of the summer.

NBCD School is located outside of Halifax on the west side of Purcell's Cove. Due to the distances involved, those on course at the school travel there by bus in the morning and stay for the day. Most of the studying done on academic subjects was done during this thirty minute trip. The School is divided into three sections: Fire fighting, nuclear, biological, and chemical warfare, and damage control.

We were divided into two groups, thus making relatively small classes of fifteen cadets each. One Pre-Fleet Sub-lieutenant rounded out our complement. The small number in each section enabled everyone to get their chance at everything. Due to the Labour Day Holiday and a speedy departure by service air, we lost two days of usual 'B Class' instruction. As the author was in Alpha Group we shall follow its progress through the school.

Self Injection





UNTD Bravo Group

That afternoon we started the NBC section of the course with a bang. At 1330, we were taken to a small, square building with a proportionally small sign which read "Gas Chambre". In the small Australitz before us, we received our introduction to tear gas. It set your face on fire, you thought there was a blowtorch on your eyeballs. Only half an hour later it was time for the self-injection treatment. Fifteen khaki-uniformed Ben Caseys shuffled up and stuck this needle into themselves. The syrette in the photo doesn't look too large, but wait until its time to jab yourself in the arm, leg, or.....!

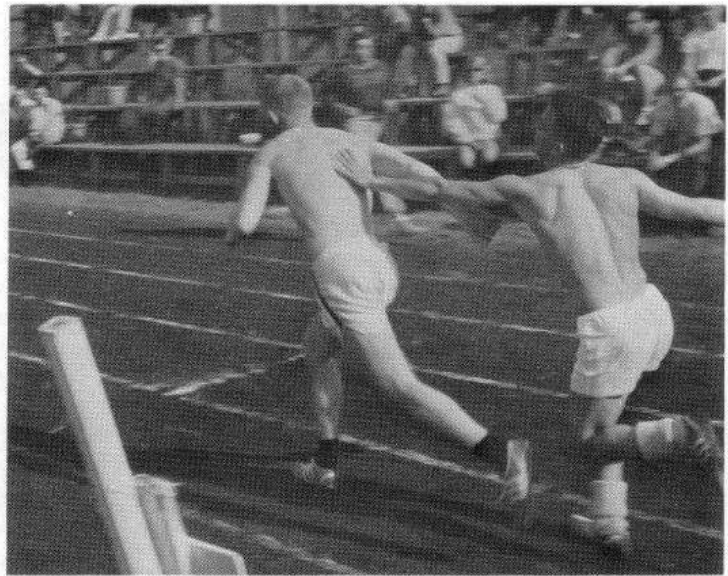
The final stretch of the NBC was taken up completely with lectures and a monitoring exercise. During the noon hour, the cadets either watched movies on blister gas etc., or laid around in the sun. Fortunately, we were blessed with the best two weeks of the summer. By the time Tuesday arrived there was a rather sleepy bunch of cadets in class. The three day Labour Day weekend had taken its toll. Razzle Dazzle Dalzell still claims he can't get used to sleeping in a bed; it has to be a desk. He should be popular with his profs this year.

The last two days of the course were in the damage control section. Ship stability was, naturally, the main technical topic. Leakstopping, shoring and ventilation were relegated to second place in importance. This section also included a wet and a dry run in *HMCS Chaotic*, a shoring tank. It is in this display that one sees what one can do under pressure (and water) to slow down the intake of the sea to a damaged ship. Cadet Wally "Cape Breton" Cook proved himself to be the champion plug using his own shirt and pants (and anyone else's he could get his hands on.) to keep dry. He was doing fine until he tried to use the Sub-lieutenant as a wedge to block a hole.

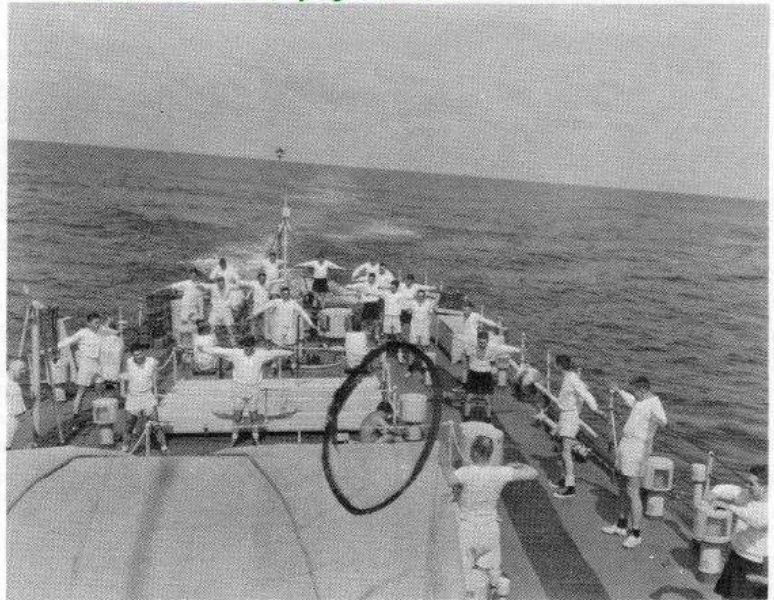
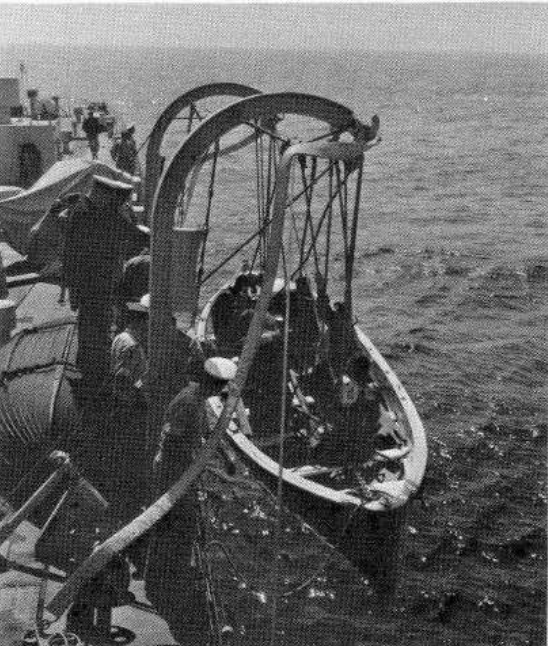
To sum up the course, it was excellent training, not only academically, but also in the form of leadership. Everything was geared to the idea that we would eventually be leading people in the work which we were now doing. Socially, it was a look at the other side of Navy life and a familiarization and in some cases an intimacy with Halifax. Very few of the cadets were particularly desirous of leaving.

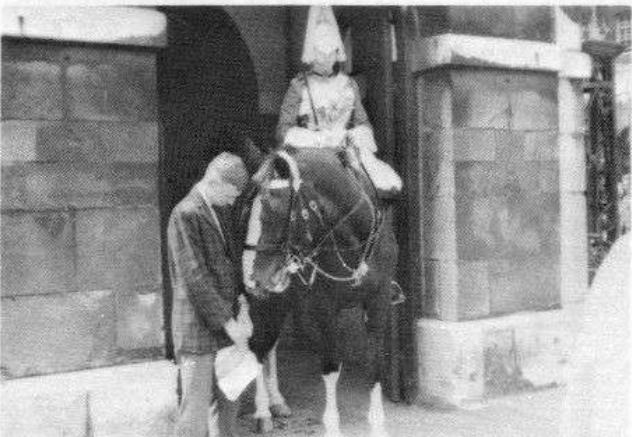
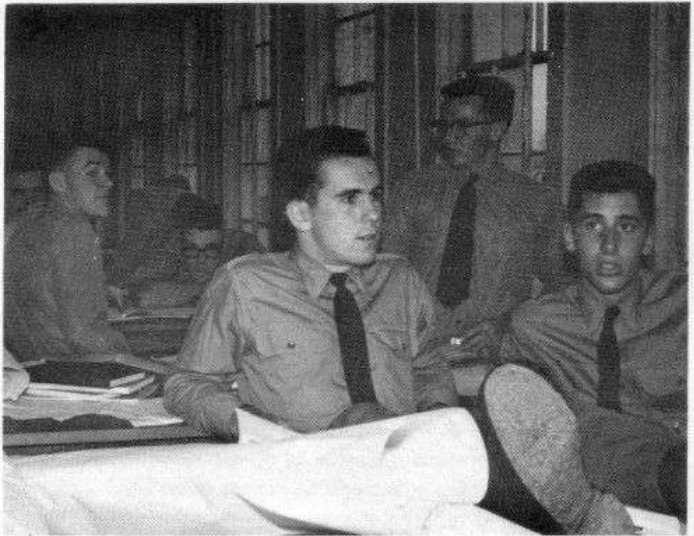
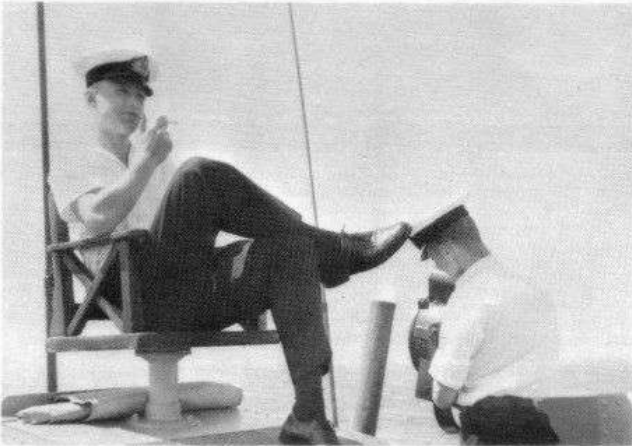
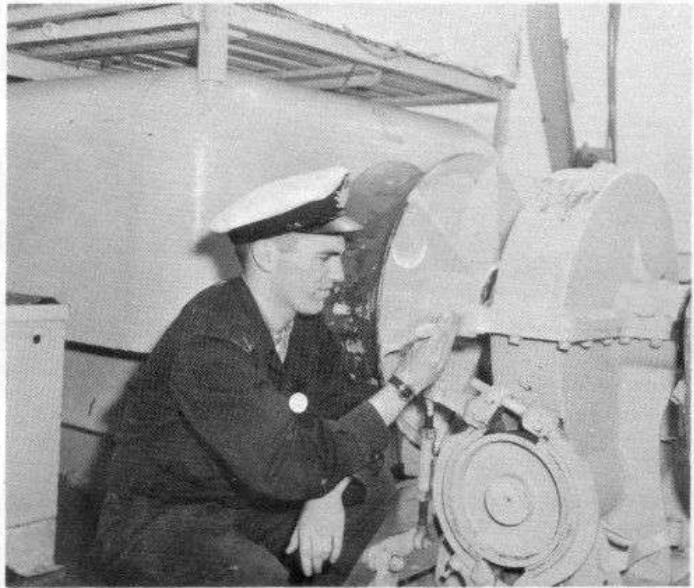


Freehs
at the
Fire



White Twist - 1964 - page 87 of 95





To Save Cards
Merry Christmas
-the editors

The Shiddenhouse Story

Once upon a time, at a place named Cornwallis, between Never-Never Land and Hell, there was a leader of cadets, Myers by name. At one noon muster, this joker and jest in the OIC's court instructed a French cadet captain to call for "Cadet Shiddenhouse". This was the beginning of his latest practical prank.

Shortly, this Shiddenhouse character was a hunted cadet, even if only the administration looked for him. The father of the prank took others into his confidence. Pay records were filled out, subordinate officers reports (202's) were written, Clothing Issue Allowances, Medical Documents and Enrolement Forms were made out. Cadet Shiddenhouse was issued with linen, webbing and a cabin. He was given a station card and finally a number --- U-1739. This was the only flaw in the whole lark. the number U-1739 be-



Cadet Shiddenhouse

longs to Cadet Ward of Unicorn. However, this was never picked up.

Soon, Cadet Shiddenhouse began to misbehave. His cabin was picked up by his Term Lieutenant (he was in Nootka Division), by the Officer of the Day, and finally by the OIC. The cabin was a mess: underwear and socks hung from the drawers, the boots looked as if they were on permanent slack party, the cart was thrown together, and the linen was filthy.

Navigation School phoned to cadet control to tell them that this cadet was adrift from classes. He skipped his musters for slack party, extra duty party and ROB. The pains of the jokers were endless. They even wrote him up in the punishment book. His receipt for mess fees was written, and he purchased a White Twist. (We still haven't figured out where to send it.)

Finally the time arrived when a review board was to be held in his honour. The problem was that there was no one who was to appear. The choice of a cadet to play the role. It was George Mayo, a Newfoundlander with a broad accent and a good sense of humour. He appeared before Lcdr. Seeger on a warm August afternoon. The OIC was unable to understand a number of things about the case. Why did a person with such an accent come from Chippawa in Winnipeg? The answer -- his parents were separated and he moved there last year. Why did a person with such a good record of high OLCQ's and excellent 202's have such a dismal record at Cornwallis? Answer --

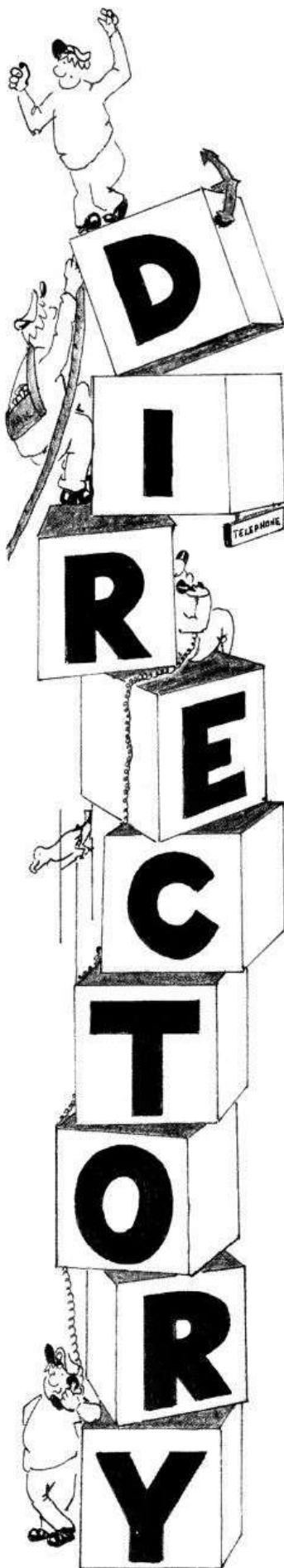


The Jest

he hadn't been trying this year. In past everything had just come so easily. Now it required more work. Maybe he should try harder?

The result of the whole ordeal was that Cadet Shiddenhouse was given three weeks to write a letter to the OIC giving reasons why he should be retained. This was to be written by Lieutenant Myers. The decision was never heard by the cadets of that fair establishment. Maybe by now Cadet Shiddenhouse is a Sub-lieutenant. He could very well be the term lieutenant next year for first year cadets this year.

Without a doubt this was the best skylark of the year. Everyone at Cornwallis was in on the stunt except the OIC. Mayo did a superb job of acting. If he plays his cards right he may even get paid for Shiddenhouse as well as Mayo.



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