

OFFICER CADET

WILLIAM CLEARHUE

The WHITE TWIST

1967

Number 24

CENTENNIAL EDITION

University Naval Training Division



H.M.C.S. YUKON AT SEA

The GUNROOM

C.F.B. Esquimalt, B.C.

and

C.F.B. Cornwallis, N.S.



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GOVERNMENT HOUSE
OTTAWA

To the editors and readers of the "White Twist", and to all members of the University Naval Training Division, I send warm greetings and good wishes.

In the name of Canadians generally I commend you for the training you have undertaken. Canada has achieved these first one hundred years of progress since Confederation essentially through the dedicated effort and patriotic awareness of its citizens. Vigilance and preparedness are not only the prerequisites for liberty, but the insurers of national achievement and integrity. A willingness to undertake reserve training bespeaks not only your awareness of the virtue of self-discipline and hard work, but also your sense of responsibility to your country and its welfare.

Keep up the good work. Put the most that you can into your reserve training and you will get the best from it in maturity and capacity to requite your obligations to Canada in the years to come.

Roland Michener

September 1967.

His Excellency, Roland Michener



The Governor-General of Canada



Presentation of the "Baker Dirk" to the Best Cadet at O.A.C.

Captain A. W. Baker, RCNR Founder, University Naval Training Division

On the occasion of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the establishment of the first University Naval Training Division, I am pleased and honoured to have the opportunity to extend greetings to the present members of the UNTD.

You are upholding a long and proud tradition. Hundreds of those who went before you served our country well in wartime.

Many hundreds have established a proud peace-time record not only in the RCNR but also in the RCN. Hundreds of UNTD graduates are serving as career officers in the RCN and many hundreds staff the Reserve Divisions or are on the retired list ready to serve as needed.

You who serve today in the UNTD are an important part of the Royal Canadian Navy. As one who had much to do with the establishment of the UNTD, I salute you and wish you all success.



Capt. (SB) A. W. Baker, RCN(R) of Guelph, Staff Officer for University Training, addressing UNTD's on HMCS NEW LISKEARD.

And This We Are



Officer Cadet A. J. Wright
Editor-in-Chief

Canada's one hundredth birthday year marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the first University Naval Training Division. We, therefore, as cadets can scan both past and present and thus define ourselves.

We need know, however, about our cadet heritage. Deep in tradition, the officer cadet in the Royal Canadian Navy is fashioned after his counterpart in the Royal Navy. The history of the latter is most interesting when viewed in comparison with the Canadian cadet during Centennial Year.



In the Royal Navy prior to 1802 our forerunners were termed "Young Gentlemen". These young men, all candidates for the Wardroom, and having the privilege of "walking the quarter deck" which was denied to the

lower deck, were in the not uncommon situation of being caught between two solidly established entities; a group unto themselves, they were neither commissioned officers nor warrant nor petty officers. Fine-line internal differentiations yielded Cadets, Midshipmen, and Sub-Lieutenants. Living conditions were far from luxurious. Meeting the challenge of a cruel sea proved the mettle of many a Young Gentleman and he would not have traded his life for any other. Through a century and a half appearances have altered but the adventure-some naval spirit is unchanged.

An important re-classification came about in 1843 when the officer candidates previously called Volunteers were re-named Naval Cadets. Each of these young men was in the position of being a "Captain's Protégé".



At the time of Confederation a most interesting development took place which had its conclusion just this September. Early in 1868 the Admiralty commissioned HMS Bristol, a steam frigate, and cadets spent a year cruising aboard her after having completed their first year training aboard HMS Britannia. Although this arrangement was terminated the following year, cadets had started training aboard a frigate.

Just last year the senior U.N.T.D. cadets lived aboard frigates and this past phase many graduated cadets, now commissioned officers in the Royal Canadian Naval Reserve served aboard HMCS "Beacon Hill". The era ended with the decommissioning this September of this ship, the last of the frigates.

The next landmark, of course, is the Naval Service Act of 1910, which established the Royal Canadian Navy.



The programme was set up such that the rating was intended to qualify for his commission in the R.C.N.V.R. The system has evolved under the Royal Canadian Naval Reserve to consist of the candidate's having the same nominal rank as the Officer Cadet of old.

But by far the most important date to the U.N.T.D. cadet is September, 1942, which saw the institution of the first University Naval Training Division at Ontario Agricultural College, now the University of Guelph, under the auspices of the Professor of Entomology, A. W. Baker. This educator had seen a need for a naval equivalent to the Reserve officer training plans of both the Army and the Air Force and submitted a detailed memorandum to this effect to Ottawa.



And cadets we are: in the service of our unit, our country, our Queen. This sea-going force into which we are being commissioned is an elite among the forces of the world. The R.C.N. has the reputation of being a small effective force of specialists – experts in anti-submarine warfare – respected by peoples the world over for our efficiency, congeniality, and quiet pride.

"Nous sommes canadiens fiers, fiers sans aucune limitation, parce que nous sommes canadiens, canadiens surtout."

By January of 1943, University Naval Training Divisions were being established in sixteen universities from coast to coast. Students were entered as Ordinary Seamen or Stokers II in the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve on Divisional Strength, but the U.N.T.D. ratings were members of the R.C.N.V.R. in every sense. Interestingly enough HMCS "Cornwallis" was even then on the cadet training schedule, although the two week duration was somewhat shorter than at present. The remainder of the spring training schedule consisted of two week training cruises. There followed full time summer training in which the U.N.T.D. rating served on general service in operational ships in various waters.



We take our oaths of allegiance because we believe in the way of life of our country and want to participate in the preservation and furtherance of all that which is Canadian.

This feeling is evidenced by all in time of national crisis but tends to dwindle and dissipate during periods of luxury, security, and full, fat bellies.

Our bellies are now fat and full. Our cheeks are so swollen with the satiety of an unsure peace that our defensive eyes seem restricted in vision.



Until such time as he serves on a full time basis, the U.N.T.D. cadet is a unique mixture of civilian and officer. Spanning both realms, he must have the resourcefulness to be able to deal with both groups.

But is he first a civilian or first an officer? He, enigmatically, is both, being above all a proud Canadian, serving his land and his people in both walks of life.

His naval training cultivates his awareness of others and develops in him an insight into the nature of man, be he wearing a tweed or a hook. The friendships that cadets have made in towns and Wardrooms across the country bear this out.



The principle behind a reserve provides that in time of national emergency, when all Naval vessels must be sea-bound and manned by fully experienced personnel, the shore installations can be maintained to operative capacity for communications, supply, and training by the trained reservists who are prepared for sea-going duties while they in turn are training their fresh shore replacements. The cycle is progressive and very effective, based solely on the Reserve for this rapid expansion while maintaining full sea-power.

Where does the Reserve officer cadet fit into the pattern? He and his fellows provide the trained and partially experienced nucleus for immediate augmentation of the fleet's Wardroom.

The benefits from this two-sided life stand the future officer in good stead as he accepts the challenge of the disciplined military life.

A seeker of knowledge and new experiences, a gregarious and active Canadian: this is the U.N.T.D. cadet, and this we are.



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West Coast

1967



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LCDR R. B. Duncombe,
Officer in charge,
University Naval
Training Division.
East Coast

In an attempt to add a sense of value to long summer months, LCDR. R. B. Duncombe joined the UNTD early in 1956.

During his first summer Cadet Duncombe was off to Europe. With the arrival of summer two and having whetted his appetite with a European flavour, he appropriately developed a taste for pineapple. The jaunt that summer - Hawaii!!

Filling the school years were studies towards a B.A. and then a law degree.

The third summer presented still more experiences. Cadet Duncombe was off to Norfolk, Virginia on an amphibious warfare course. Upon returning to Halifax, he was immediately whisked away on - of all things - a Caribbean Cruise.

No longer a cadet but now an officer, R.B. Duncombe worked at Marlant, the operations room of the Maritime Command in 1962, voyaged again to Europe, (this time as a term lieutenant) in 1964, and taught in and travelled throughout Europe for two years.

LCDR. Duncombe professes no set philosophies but offers these words to this year's cadets:

"Remember that the object of the exercise is not to make life easy for you, nor is it intended to deliberately make life unpleasant, but to teach you to be able to face the heavy responsibilities which will be demanded of you in later years and to be leaders in whatever field you choose to spend your life, be it the Navy or be it in other means of service to your country or be it a business or professional endeavor."

CFB Esquimalt Fleet School

ND Section



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CDR KILPATRICK, CD, RCN

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LCDR SATCHWELL, CD, RCN

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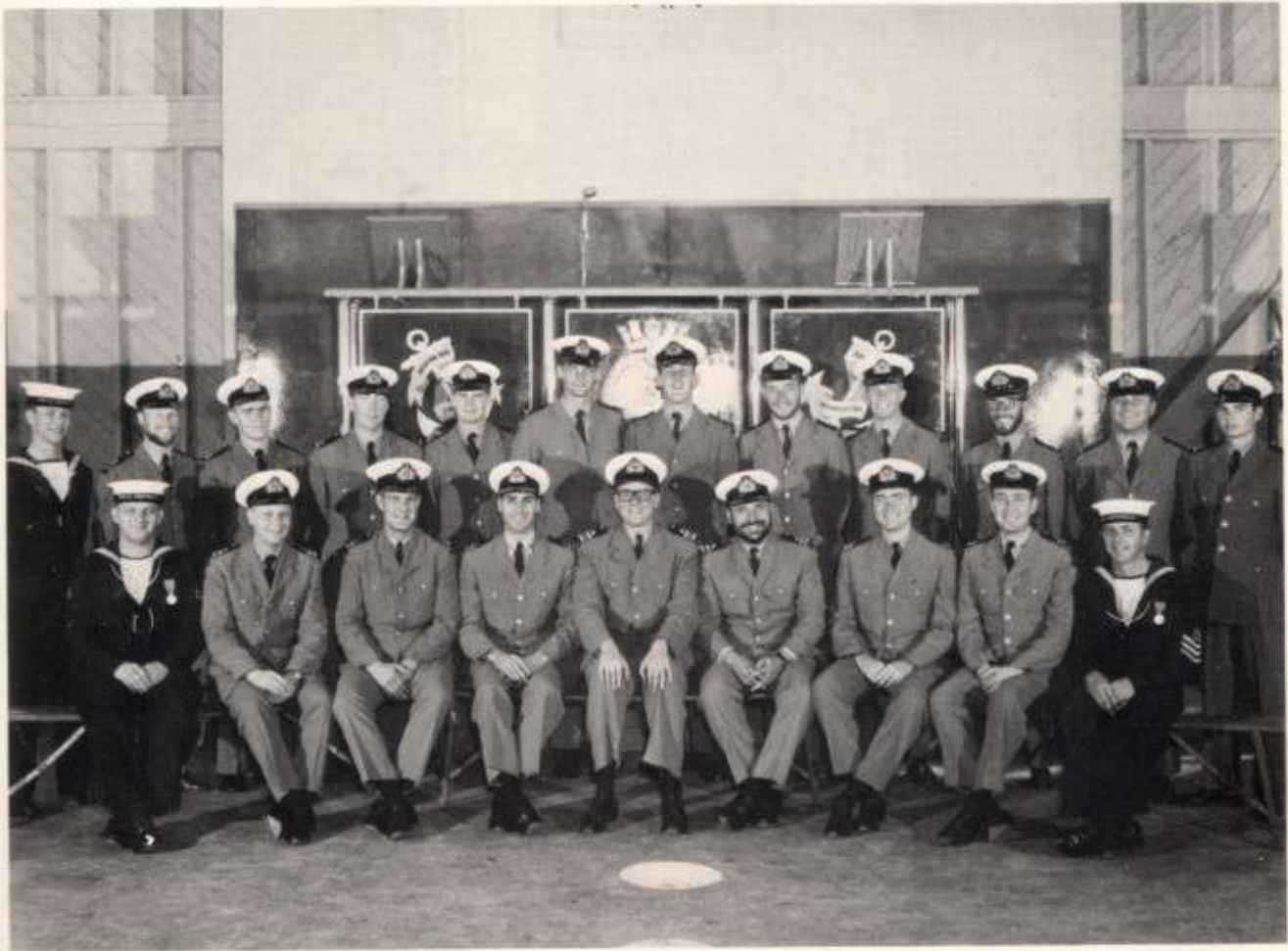


LCDR GRIFFITHS, RN

Engineering & Power



CDR HUTCHESON, RCN



REAR: O. S. Mills (Storesman), S/LT S. Merry (Exped), S/LT W. Matthews (Senior Comm.), S/LT J. Humphries (Comm. Inst.),
 S/LT W. Kydd (Records and Term Lt.), S/LT M. Coates (Comm. Inst.), S/LT B. Sullivan (Sports), S/LT D. Thomson (Nav. Inst.
 and Term Ltd.), S/LT A. Lye (Projects and Term Lt.), S/LT D. Andrews (Exped.), S/LT M. Drouin (Comm. Inst. and Term Lt.),
 S/LT P. Langlois (Nac. Inst. and Term Lt.).
 FRONT: P. O. Bellmore (Gunroom P.O.), LT J. R. Wright (Senior Nav. Inst.), LT R. S. Hutchings (Training Officer), LT A. Andrea
 (First Lieutenant and Staff Officer Reserves), LCDR R. Duncombe (Officer-in-Charge, UNTD), LT G. Bradley (Centennial Trail
 Officer), LT K. A. McInnis (Administration Officer), LT P. Prnych (Nav. Inst.), P. O. Reilly (Block P.O.).

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"GUARD, GENE!
SARUTE...
P'ESENT...
ARMS!"



NOT THIS WAY,
YOU BANANA,
NOT THIS
WAY

Hooley People



"IMPERIAL HALL MARK
CLEANERS ON
JETTY NOW!"



"SPECIAL SEADUTY
MEN & CABLE PARTY
CLOSE UP ASSUME
NBCD CONDITION
YANKEE."



"ALPHA 1, THIS IS THE
CHARLIE OSCAR OF
ALPHA 2. WE HAVE
RUN OUT OF 'CHEERS'. DO
YOU HAVE ANY? OVER."



Divisions

Navigation - AJO



BACK, Left to Right: Acting Sub-Lieutenants A. Kuiper, B. McKean, R. Cote, A. Muir, G. Augustus, S. Fournier, R. Ritchie.
FRONT: N. Sorsdahl, T. Hopkins, G. Power, J. Van Der Horst, C. Tusko.
ABSENT: SLT R. Elkin.

"Carry on Sir"

Through a typical Naval miscalculation, the summer of '67 brought together for Navigation Training the twelve A/SLT's pictured above, plus an additional Subbie.

It started with six weeks of practical training in the fleet, with six of us in the Reserve Training Squadron and the remainder on the ORIOLE. This fine opportunity to assume responsibility will be remembered by all, especially Ron Ritchie, who practised his OOD duties for six consecutive days on HMCS COWICHAN. Then there were the lucky lads on HMCS ORIOLE: their most difficult task was striving to emulate the ship's crew by becoming West Coast representatives of couth and culture in Westport, Wash. and Portland, Oregon - particularly in the latter, where the Portland Rose Festival finally succeeded in bringing out the "best" in them all. The Swiftsure Race was certainly an experience for them too, since ORIOLE came in first in her class (by being the last to default). Not to be outdone by the "Orioles", some fancy sailing was also done by the boys in the Reserve Squadron, especially Serge Fournier and Art Kuiper, who, along with LT Peter Kincaid, discovered the waters of

Esquimalt Harbour to be pretty damned cold.

On June 12th, however, the "summer vacation" ended. Now came the time to settle down to serious study. With LT R. (Benny) Benson at the helm, ably assisted by LT G. Dyer and SLT M. Belsheim, we were driven deep into the wonderland of astronometrics, not to mention passage planning, relative velocity problems, tides, Rules of the Road, general navigation, and (horrors!) meteorology. With the help of Friday "weepers" and a little extra study, we managed to pull through with a decent standing. Our theoretical studies drew to a close with a "spirited" farewell party for our instructors held, naturally, at the Wardroom bar.

The shore routine, to which we had by now become accustomed was broken by a nine day sea phase on the Reserve Training Squadron. Immediately we delved into all the practical aspects of navigation and OOW duties - in particular star sights, passage planning, coastal pilotage, and blind pilotage. To ensure that that all twenty-four hours of the day were filled, we participated in flag hoisting exercises, OOW manoeuvres, ship handling, mess dinners, and even independent fishing exercises. We showed the flag in thriving ports of the Western World whose names shall remain anonymous, simply because we cannot remember them. The squadron also acted as an escort for the "Beaver", which due to insufficient gear could not navigate in B.C.'s foggy dew. The last day and night of our cruise found us winding our way precariously through to Victoria a weary lot; but there wasn't one amongst us who could honestly say he hadn't enjoyed the cruise.

The next a.m. our return to shore life began with a bang, namely the resounding drum beat of the Sea Cadet Band at Ceremonial Divisions. Once again we were in the familiar position of 1 platoon, A Company, but this time with much longer hair, wrinkled uniforms, and a "to Hell with it" attitude. By the following Munday, we had almost managed to readjust, but it began to appear evident that the summer was rapidly drawing to a close. Plans for extended duty and CND were approved for those who so desired, and we would up with a two week course in Radar/A10.

An integral part of our summer training which cannot go unmentioned is the thankless task of standing OOD on the Cape Breton. This job plagued us for four months, with the exception of the nine days respite during our sea phase. When asked what makes the job so distasteful, a moments reflection nearly always leads to the answer, "Nothing in particular; just everything in general." However, standing OOD is an experience no cadet (excuse us we mean Junior Officer) should miss. It certainly prepares one well for the inane things a future in the RCNR holds in store for those who dare stay in without loudly crying, "How many 'M's' in 'Terminate'?"

We had some real "prizes" with us this summer, so it is only appropriate that we take this opportunity to present the following awards:

Duty Magyar of the Year--awarded to Csaba Frank (alias Chubb) Tusko, who always ended up with the nice girls.

Animal of the Week Award--given permanently to Tom Hopkins for best spirits in the Wardroom/Gunroom.

"Nice Guy" Button--presented to Ron Ritchie for driving fellow A/SLT's 'round and 'round in his Beetle.

The following titles should also be perpetually conferred:

The Jacky Young Sub.--To SLT Elkin.

Shitty Little Jobs Officer--To A/SLT John Van der Horst.

Honourable mention goes to the remaining A/SLANTS, who accomplished nothing outstanding during the summer. AMEN.



Enough of chart-work, me hearties!



The A/'s.



*Swinging
Subs*



*What's this: a concave
boot-topping?*





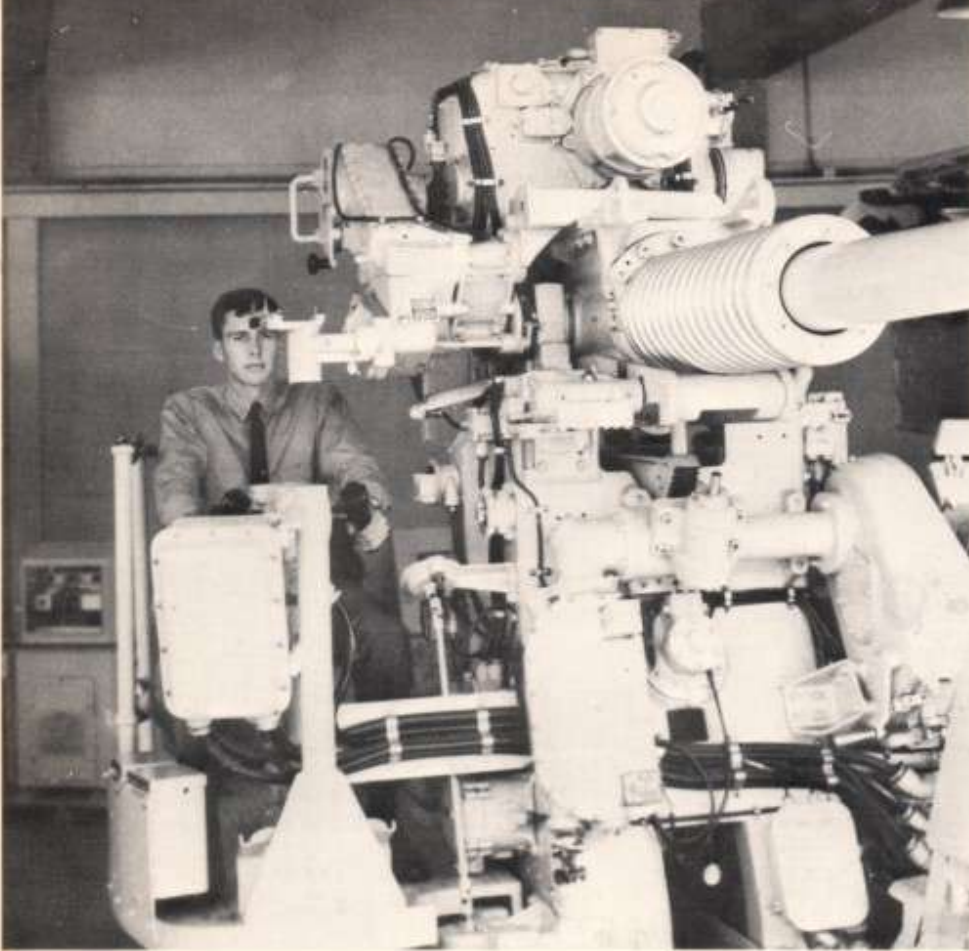
REAR: A/SLT D. I. Moore, A/SLT D. G. Tildesley, A/SLT P. Premant, A/SLT R. French, A/SLT J. Turner, A/SLT C. P. Noseworthy.
 FRONT: SLT D. M. Youden, LT T. W. Jenkins, LT F. W. Burrows, LT D. F. Beach, SLT P. A. Dunbar.

Supply
 and

Administration

REAR: A/SLT J. L. MacGregor, A/SLT A. Hawrysh, A/SLT M. B. McAfee, A/SLT M. J. Phelps, A/SLT J. Arro.
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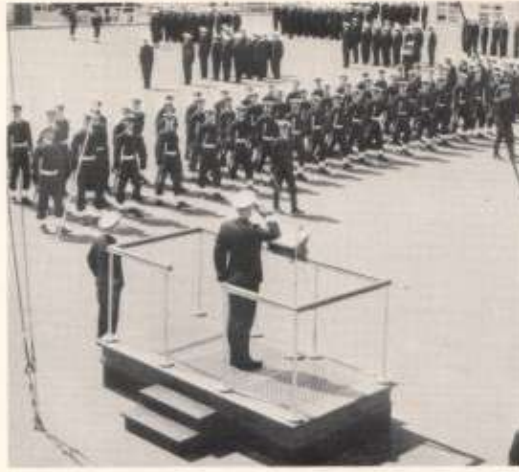
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BACK, Left to Right: Joyce, L/C Hunter, Wright, Jones, Broad, Bookham.
 MIDDLE: Yates, Smorong, Smylski, Mills, Oliver, C/C Lewis.
 FRONT: Raper, Dunphy, Geeraert, Crofton.

Columbia

When COLUMBIA DIVISION first met in the spring, they were all outstanding, good looking young men. After sixteen weeks together, the whole division consisted of five ugly red-nosed drunks, four hairy-aped fairies, and seven hump-shouldered schizophrenics. It can be said, being biased to the fullest extent, that what COLUMBIA lacked in spirit, they drank. Although they never had a chance to be good winners, they gave their "beautiful" best.

Even at first, the division got along well together. However, they preferred to be separate. Later on, they apposite was true, and it was hard to keep them apart - too hard! Some say they were the best white ratateers. Of course, this statement came from the eyes of individuals who made up this unique group of "spazzes". However this was good enough for COLUMBIA.

It was not one man alone in the midst of a raw jungle that made this great division. It was with the aid of everyone. They say that there is strength in heterogeneity. Well then, our division was the strongest. Each ratateer contributed something no matter how small it was.

The only way to go after being in this division is up - up the river for light-fingering VENTURE signs and BEACON HILL "Bear ropes". In view of the co-operation, efforts, sky-larks and spirits beyond the call of duty, may the "Bird of Paradise" drop a goose egg on each COLUMBIAN on his way to his obscure destiny. In conclusion, even with its few blemishes, COLUMBIA was the best.

W. R. Y.





BACK, Left to Right: C/C Sommerville, Gaucher, Harrity, Phelan, Hunter.
 MIDDLE: Sylvestre, B6langer, Plamondon, Park.
 FRONT: Pooley, L/C Good, LT Thomson, Cameron, C/C Ko.
 EARLY TERM.: Carlson, Parsons.

Mackenzie

Imagine the scene: "C" Jetty. The cruel eyes of C/C Sommerville scrutinize the troops. The dopey eyes of his trusty 21C, L/C Good, scrutinize a passing Wren. Sommerville gasps with horror; "Sylvestre, you're wearing BROWN socks again"

The scene shifts to a musty classroom. CPO Crumplebum has just asked Plamondon to expand upon the virtues of the Band-it Clamps.

"I don't understand et Vive le Quebec Libre," replies Plamondon.

Crumplebum turns and asks Park, but Park is busy reading a skin book he has borrowed from Hunter. In desperation, the Chief asks Parsons and Cameron if they have even heard of Band-it Clamps, but both are soundly sleeping. Crumplebum is seized by a fit and collapses on the deck, foaming at the mouth. A fly lands on Carlson's nose.

"J'ai mon voyage," says Belanger.

The Curtain falls.

The curtain rises on Scene III: A sub has just launched three torpedoes, but Sonarman Trade Group 4 Harrity is too busy writing a letter to notice. Lieutenant-Commander H. Gaucher sees the mistake in time and orders 30° of starboard helm. Coxswain Ko with superb skill wrenches the wheel off. All is lost.

"Fake it", suggests cool-headed Cadet Phelan. He pipes "Stand easy" and the ship is saved.

I. P.





BACK, Left to Right: Harrison, Taylor, Blackwood, C/C Nijdam, Pimenoff.
 MIDDLE: Butcher, Bonelly, Vavasour, L/C Bergeron.
 FRONT: Brochu, Fisher, LT Thomson, Ste-Marie, Stott.

Qu'Appelle

The experimental group code-named Qu'Appelle Division was formed from the following ingredients: Pimenoff, a second generation immigrant Russian from Montreal; Stott, a diarist from Hamilton (included to record the results); Harrison, a Canadian boy from Vancouver to provide stability; Taylor and Blackwood, two Victoria chaps to provide transportation; Butcher from Queens to provide comic relief; Vavasour from Newfy to provide contrast; Fisher from New Brunswick to provide a bad example; Nijdam, an immigrant Dutchman to provide minimum leadership (or a good example); Bergeron, Brochu, and Ste-Marie from Quebec strictly for ballast. There was also the "Bonnelly", a French-Canadian-Italian cowboy. It should be mentioned that Bonnelly was made mascot soon after arrival due to his subhuman tendencies and was renamed "The Bunksealey".

To determine the reactions of the group to a chaotic situation, Bergeron, (called Bergcarre), and Georges (Schnook) Nijdam were made L/C and C/C respectively. The typical reaction is recorded here. Note the peculiar language that evolved and the attempts by the group supervisor to simplify it.

EXAMPLE: All right you schnooks, get to work on that scuttle. Don't worryaboutdat, Georges. Gyro, wake up. What was that question again, P. O.? Hey, Jimbo, wake up now. Meestar Vavasour regarde les femmes, la. Wherebyewhere don't shaggaroundnowbyeor!lldartyeone, commonnowlemmelonenowlemmelonenowbye. 'ow much does it cost for an Austin 'ealey? O, I don't know. Cochon anglais sal. Looka deese! Sal a la bagun. Attention old chaps. LT Thomson wants to say something. Sir? "A wren is a wren is a wren is a wren." "Thank-you sir, anything else?" "You are all a bunch of sillybuggers." Nous sommes Bunksealers? O, I don't know. Well I can flash up a good tube now. Any queeries?" Well, thir . . . O common Pogo. Eh, Jean Clement Boucher, c'est Alain Boisnoir, eh, Gyro? Would you please repeat the question, P. O.? Arooteetooteetootie! HEY

T.F.





BACK, Left to Right: Bowman, Cox, C/C Jewett, McCloy, Churlish.
 MIDDLE: Deschênes, Orford, Huot, Clearihue.
 FRONT: L/C McArthur, Laughland, Pottle, Gaudreau, Banfield.

Saskatchewan

The above mentioned cadets have consented to impart to others the following information, painstakingly assembled from long and diligent service in Her Majesty's Canadian Navy. All rights unreserved. Unclassifiable.

What to do on hearing:

- "Wakey, Wakey" -- Rush topside and observe wake left by motor cutter.
- "Colour party to muster" -- Grab protest sign, picket on Flagdeck against such discrimination.
- "Tot time" -- Retire to Gunroom, watch Captain Kangaroo on TV.

What to do:

- After Breakfast -- Take a Bromo.
- After Dinner -- Take it easy.
- After Supper -- Take off.

Definitions:

Middle Watch -- (or vice-versa) -- Something you have to, if you develop a "Beer Paunch".

Night Watch -- Timex Luminous Dial, \$11.95 at Pusser Canteen Stores.

Noon Fix -- Negate! Smoke pot instead.

Pitch -- What you give your sweetie.

Roll -- What your sweetie should give you.

Yaw -- Familiar form of "Yes sir", used in addressing Cadet Captains.

Submarine -- What your Gate Vessel may become if you don't do what you ought to or do what you oughtn't.

7.62mm. -- Small bore. Ceremonial Divisions -- Big bore.

Torpedo -- 2 gin, 1 vodka, Crackling Rose.

The afore-mentioned sincerely wish that the foregoing will prove useful to all keen, young aspiring cadets. If the reader is unable to understand and appreciate such advice, it is recommended that he run, not walk to his final board and subsequently join the Air Force.



D. B.



BACK, Left to Right: L/C Brender & Brandis, Emond, Price, LaPorte, Malcolm, McIntosh.
 MIDDLE: Reicker, Gignac, McElroy, Timanin, McIntyre.
 FRONT: C/C King, Girouard, SLT Frewer, C/C/C Garneau, Benoit.
 EARLY TERM.: Simoneau.

St. Croix

See King, worried C/C, shout his brains out
 See C/C/C Good Guy Garneau up spirits
 See L/C Brender (flash flash) spaz a right dress at CD's
 See Gignac never sorry; it just rolls off
 See Malcolm disappear at 1730
 See Girouard spend a month's pay on stamps
 See Simoneau opt out
 See Price getting unimaginably horny
 See LaPorte (the Door) give C/C lip
 See Reicker putting in his time
 See McElroy talking on and on and on and on
 See Benoit get more and more browned off
 See McIntyre sleep through twelve weeks of courses
 See Emond bod win all the points and not lose his breath
 See Timanin, Fountain of Naval knowledge, not get security clearance
 See McIntosh think and drink
 See Friendly Frewer write 202's, lead the troops, and all that stuff

J. F. M.





BACK, Left to Right: Ritson-Bennett, Kaluski, Nason, C/C Sanford, Dewling, Fowler.
 MIDDLE: L/C Milsom, Robertson, Baetsen, Powers, McConnell, Oxley.
 FRONT: Williams, Kai, LT Gill, Appleton, Keating, Lacroix. ABSENT: Todd.
 EARLY TERM.: Armstrong, Blair.

Yukon

A YUKON MUSTER

Whoops! Lost one already! Looks like R-Bennett. "Hey Chief!" Yep - it's Bennett. Sanford doesn't seem to mind the loss. I hope nobody is expecting to read about Oxley as he won't be falling in till everyone is gone.

Listen to that laughter! Good grief - Appleton (Freud's Friend) and Nason (cap-over-the-eyes) have got Baetsen again. "Shhh! You might wake Keating or Powers." Is that Dewling? Let's see now - gob hat, black shirt, collar up. Hi Skip! Nice shine on the cowboy boots McConnell. The jeans are nice too! Milsom is plucking Beatle songs on his uke aye! Fear not - Kuluski will drown him out with his guitar. There's Nightingale Williams singing to himself. Sigh! Standby - Fowler's about to tell us another rib-tickler but he's interrupted by Kai's comments on fire fighting.

"To be or not to be?" "Lacroix, please put your PLAYBOY away!" Todd's just coming but he has to ruffle his uniform first.

"Hey Robertson, did you say something about going reg?"

"Yukon Division, ready for C.D.'s Sir."

N. R.





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Cayuga Division shaped up early in May. We had to, for Leadership was our first course. We thought cadet life would be romantic, but that ended fast. Our next mission was Exped. We'll remember Audy's singing for a long time. The engineers built bridges and the pre-meds looked after Gagnon's ears. After a week on menu three, we were given ninety-six (correction - Bishop hastily downed one) bottles of beer. The sex life was great - ask Hilborn.

It was hard to adjust to life on the Porte St. Louis. We weren't used to coloured TV or electric blankets. Vacuum cleaners and floor polishers are an asset to any ship. The X.O. was such a great guy. He went out of our way to make life pleasant for himself. Everyone, including Kowalewski, remained in great health. Saunders and Keeler loved it. Barrette kept the Coxswain busy with shocking experiences. Mohanna kept the engines running while Mackay kept the ship on course. Matchim guarded the flag raising tradition with his life. Ayer found it hard to stay in the Comm shack while Bonnell entertained us all, but Villeneuve found it hard to stay awake there. Squires fell in love while Garland fell to the mess deck, and now Heinz 57 needs a new line of baby food.

The only casualty on cruise was our Cadet Captain. But Dauphinee was glad to get back to Cornwallis, for there he could at last be a C/C.

We were next sent to a rough course in Halifax. The hours were unbearable and the inspections tough. Beaudet can tell you that. Plante was so glad that there was no PT, and poor old Walsh got homesick.

We were all glad to get back to Cornwallis again and start classes. Collins loves tide problems and Matthews loves arguing with the Comm. instructor. Brotherly love, you know.

With the summer over, we can look back on C.D.'s, inspections by Rear Admiral Langlais, dogwatch, birds, circles, rounds, airwomen, weepers, rel vel, drill, "W" galley, and all the rest of the things which make up first year and say we are glad it's over. Until next year, that is; see you then.

Cayuga

REAR: Saunders, Matthews, Villeneuve, Squires, Bonnell, Mackay, Collins, Mohanna, Houle, Kowalewski, Keeler, Bishop, Gagnon, Ayer, Plante.

FRONT: Matchim, Garland, Audy, SLT Langlais, C/C Dauphinee, Hilborn, Beaudet, Barrette.

ABSENT: Walsh.



Iroquois Division this year was composed of Indians largely from Quebec and Eastern Canada. In fact, only one member of the group came from the Western Territories. Our Cadet Captain Leonard, otherwise known as "Clam up in the ranks Leonard", and our termie, SLT Drouin, tried to form us into an elite group of keeners. Somehow they failed. Instead of keen, good and god-fearing cadets, we became known as a division blessed with good fortune. Not one other division which passed through the valley resort of "Cornwallis-by-the-Sea" was free of envy. Always our happy and easy going manner aroused their ire. Yet despite our attitude, we were always able to come out of competitions as one of the most efficient and successful groups in the UNTD Empire.

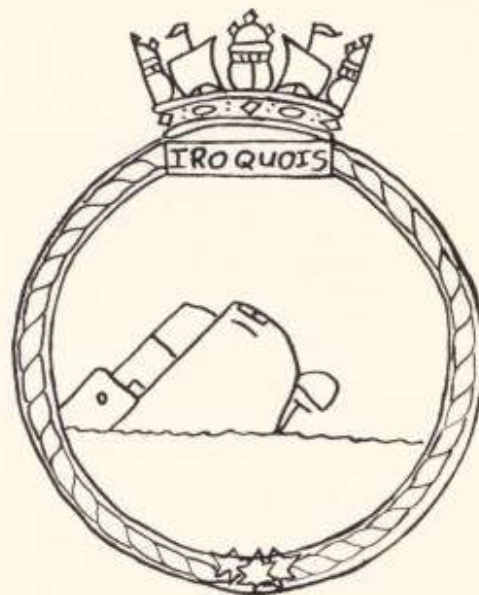
Our first big success, after easily passing Leadership School - we were leaders in sleep, easy ways out, finding the Gunroom and later Cadet Control and the Pines - was the cruise. Never has a happier ship and more heavily armed vessel cruised the inland sea than our good-ole "Porte St. Jean". Broken hearts, empty bottles and angry males marked a trail leading from Penetang along the shores of all the lakes to Hamilton.

In evolutions we lost by a fraction of a point, but in pure pleasure we far outclassed the "garbage scow accompanying us" by miles. With our foreward Mark III we opened fire on the "Louise". At one point we even whipped the C/C from the other ship with our Cat o' nine tails. After a severe beating he died and we were forced to bury him at sea.

Yes, the cruise was great, and when we left there was true sorrow in our hearts. Back at Cornwallis, our hearts again overflowed with sorrow when we saw what a state the rest of the cadets had sunk to due to the activities of the "Gestapo". Why, the poor things had degenerated to a point where a passing train was a big event. In a fashion true to our character, we set about reforming Cornwallis. Our first objective was to abolish the ridiculous custom of trying to muster before everyone else. Thus, after a number of days, it was apparent that the last division to muster was always Iroquois.

Still, our greatest feat at the base, was finding that happy medium where a uniform was in such a condition that the "Gestapo" would say, "You have obviously worked on it, but"

In ending, we wish to thank our "termie" for his ceaseless efforts on our behalf, the Admin. Staff for their patience, the "Gestapo" for their "interest" in us, the disciplinary officer for his love, and Cadet Control for their perfect job of co-ordinating all the cadet activities.



Iroquois

REAR: Ward, Allard, Andrews, Vallee, Brodie, Baird, Jonassen, Ouellet, Dunswarth, Williamson, MacFarlane, Hadley, Saxton.
FRONT: Roy, Dawson, Kydd, Gamache, C. C. Leonard, SLT Drouin, Charles, Vink, Logan, Mercier.



The cunning battle between CFB Cornwallis and Micmac Division began in the damp, chilly and early days of May, 1967. Cornwallis wasted no time in dealing the first of many murderous blows. After the unsuspecting cadets had arrived here after their pleasant, but far too short sprint in a Hercules, Cornwallis gleefully escorted them to their fine barracks. On being shown our deluxe eighty-five dollars a month officer's accommodations, the demoralized cadets were given brooms, mops, shovels, machettes, and the occasional bulldozer to scrap out many years of filth and corruption.

Cornwallis, however, was in for a big surprise. Through the hell of the first two weeks, Micmac moulded the first of its mighty muscles. From the stout alliance of strong backs and magnificent minds sprang a spirit true and vigorous. It rapidly became apparent that Micmac was more than adequately equipped to survive the terrible game of Cornwallis. She assumed her destined position as the best division in short order. In fact, it must be stated that Micmac shatters everything in her path, leaving smouldering remains of all opposition.

Lest the reader become somewhat skeptical at my seemingly grandiose claims, let him peruse the following data which I present as self-evident proof: Micmac starboard and port placed first and second respectively in the divisional tug-of-wars, Micmac starboard and port were first and second, as usual, in the Sports Tabloid by a margin that was almost gross. Micmac has one of the highest percentages of divisional participation in the UNTD track team.

Micmac has a permanent representative on the charge list - Mr. Klaus Siefert - with Messrs. Moist, Ganes, Jachetta, Boronowski, and Long as reserve.

Micmac is also acknowledged, by Micmacers, to be the dread of Divisional Officers, the threatener of Airwomen, and masters of the pillow fight and midnight blitzkreig.

And so, under stirring divisional battle hymns "you got relatives in Germany" and "Pussycat", Micmac scales the highest obstacles to stand as the strongest, the best, and the least manageable of divisions.



Micmac

REAR: Saunders, Rabatich, Jachetta, MacAllister, Parry, Long, Creak, Smith, Dersch, Rose, Leuschen.
 FRONT: Welte, Ganes, Shaw, Boronowski, C/C MacQuarrie, SLT Hartt, Moist, Siefert, Rudge, Hughes, Sleight.
 ABSENT: Jacques.





At the beginning of the summer, Nootka Division consisted of 22 individuals, all of different walks of life. We had, for example, the curator of a bird sanctuary, "Duck" Stewart, a model, "Twiggy" Vanstone, and even a movie star, "Hollywood" Stacey. To take care of the interests of the tribe, we imported Neil "the chief" Ross to represent us at the Cornwallis annual tribe gathering. Unfortunately, the chief only spoke Nootka dialect so he was transferred from divisional trouble shooter to sports representative.

Our first big problem occurred when we found there was a lot of work to be done in the block. Something had to be done so we looked about and found a solution. We adopted a division called Micmac, who lived on the wrong side of the heads, and because many were big and all were pretty dumb, we just had to hand them the broom and we got the work done.

We soon found our sister division was a bit of a problem. They were uncouth and uncultured. They beat us in soccer games but they could not compare to us academically or culturally. Our class averages were always higher. We soon realized that with their brawn they would make excellent janitors (they learned how to use a broom after only 17 lessons) but with our brains we would make excellent

millionaires. Also, our little orphans could never realize that half the fun of a prank is not getting caught. They acquired 75% of all charges while Nootka crime continued to go undetected. We decided that something drastic had to be done. When we left for NBCD in Halifax, we took several of Micmac's more hardened cases along to make gentlemen out of them. We showed them a great time. They had a ball yet acquired not one charge. It appeared they'd finally got some finesse at last. Soon after their return to Cornwallis, however, they fell back into their old habits. We just about decided to give up on them.

We are looking forward to the cruise and expect to win the "cock of the walk". It is inevitable since everyone from the captain down knows that we have a class division and we only have Micmac to compete against.

Nootka

REAR: Bathurst, Zinman, McNichols, Ralston, Stacey, Pugh, Stewart, Hooper, Tennant, Batt, Cape.
 FRONT: Cook, Ross, Hart, Rogers, C/C Vanstone, SLT Lye, Van den Bosch, Ireland, Carnett, Morris, Beales.
 MISSING: Demers.





Huron Division, the 1967 version, is a remarkable collection of people who have been having a wild time this summer at the bizarre setting of Cornwallis. Cadets are from all backgrounds, classes, and faculties. Our mainly Ontario resident constituents are joined by several Montrealers, so that there is ample room for mutual contempt.

Our most important man is the cadet captain. John Langlais is a head shorter than most of us, and is as scaly as they come. He can reach all of us and is a fierce little monster. He holds our division together, although his ambition to grow a beer gut has been foiled by administrative worries. As a contrast, there are nice, quiet, unobtrusive chaps who never bother anyone, such as Doug Belanger and John Demeulemeester (Mini Mouse).

On our cruise, "Spider" Bill Barron was stuck up in the comm. shack. Eric Deernsted must have wondered why he joined the navy as rough Lake Erie sent him scurrying off to the heads. Brian Ellis struggled under a stack of ponchos nearly as large as himself during Exped. and fought off attacking horseflies, while Dave Buchanan waded through waist-deep swamps and provided entertainment for all in the evenings. Bob Lapointe and Ross Doody proved skilful navigators as they manoeuvred through water bomb attacks by Haida in

Boats Week. Pierre Larivière asked funny questions and gave amusing speeches in class, while Bill Celhoffer desperately chased the ball in Huron-Micmac soccer games and complained about people bumming his cigarettes. Colin Wheeler yelled orders like an army sergeant, and Alex Dicecco marched like an Italian Fascist. Bill Curry had to dress in wings and strings one midnight after disturbing the block after weepers. And John Lawton provided a foil for everyone by remaining calm and sensible through the whole summer.

How could you beat such a collective bunch of future Canadian leaders?

Huron

REAR: Demeulemeester, Deernsted, Dowdell, Lapointe, Doody, Dickinson, Celhoffer, Laberge, Barron, Curry, Wheeler, Carroll, Burton, Gallagher, Ellis, Dicecco.
FRONT: Colini, Danforth, Ziegler, Buchanan, SLT Kydd, C/C Langlais, Lawton, Belanger, Larivière.



Though a late arrival at "Sunny Cornwallis By The Sea" due to Cruise Alpha, Haida Division was no late comer to the Gunroom or Block "Warfare". As a result of the leadership of "T-Bird" Markowitz, two new musters were made part of Daily Routine - the "Hate Muster", and the "Train Muster" of 22:45, the latter of which was designed to give the cadets candid opinion of diesel horns after pipe down. This muster was temporarily halted when SLT Kydd took exception, not to the muster, but to the "dress" for it.

Haida Division was noted for its keenness i.e., doubling around the parade square after the assault course and doing rifle drill under the sexy voice of L. S. Ellis. This keenness, "Sub." LT "Bed Ripper" Langlais found out, during boats, when water bombs were used to dampen his love for sailing.

Haida proved to be the division of the "Hustlers" by organizing the first Gunroom dance with the girls from the Pines, which, in spite of pusser bus breakdowns, came through in fine style.

Besides being the "Hustlers" and the "Keeners", Haida also ranked as the best division to choose for glory tasks. Haida marched along the entire Centennial Trail to Halifax to be greeted by the reception committee at the end.

Though a division of brains rather than "jocks", Haida faired not badly at sports. Our ancient cruise rivalry with Huron came out in full force on the playing field, where in soccer and volleyball "Huron floated down the drain." We also showed the other divisions what the word spirit means, by posting a picture of Snoopy on the parade deck. Unfortunately, it meant a muster in wings and strings the next day, but it was worth it. Also, we were, for some unknown reason continuously blamed for the mysterious movements of the stop sign which normally stands in front of the Captain's house, but which had a habit of parking itself in front of the block.

Thus, through such spirit, such magnificent athletic ability and such keeners as Flash Gilgan and Marshall, Haida proved to be the division of the year.



Haida

REAR: Hodson, Peters, Colvin, Troubridge, Sabey, Gilgan, Morley, McInerney, Bezaire, Wilson.
 FRONT: Stuart, Stehelin, McBride, Marshall, SLT Thomson, C/C Smith, Villeneuve, Stephens, Bouvier.
 ABSENT: Beauceage, Gray, Markowitz.



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Sports



Seniors



The diversity of sports on the West Coast this year was somewhat restricted by the remoteness of Naden's facilities and the inaccessibility of Venture's. As a result, sports were limited to not much more than dogwatch activities on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons.

Most divisions had a chance at all sports offered and at the end of the summer the division having shown the best athletic ability was Columbia Division. (Nothing but a bunch of jocks anyway.) Emerson Mills was chosen the King of all the jacks.

Outside organized sports were confined to one sports day during the Centennial Naval Assembly (Pacific) between American, Japanese, and Canadian cadets. Unfortunately, only one half of our members were present on base at the time but those who participated did well. The final outcome was:

Softball	1st - JMSDF	2nd - RCN
	3rd - USN	
Swimming	1st - JMSDF	2nd - RCN
	3rd - USN	
Volleyball	1st - JMSDF	2nd - RCN
	3rd - USN	
Sailing	1st - USN	2nd - RCN
	3rd - JMSDF	
Shooting	1st - RCN	2nd - JMSDF
	3rd - USN	

Cadets in search of more sports challenged and beat the officers in a game of softball. The officers retaliated challenging the cadets to a hockey game. When the officers won the first game the infuriated cadets came back in a re-match trouncing the officers. The outcome of the third and deciding game saw the cadets as ultimate victors.

Attempts for basketball and soccer games against the officers as well as attempts to try out for the Naden swim team and the Naden track and field team to compete in Ottawa met immovable barriers at higher levels.

Special comment should be made about those cadets who dedicated some of their time to the worthy cause of attempting the Centennial 100 Mile Run. These were:

Jacques Audy
Dave Cox

Jean-Francois Deschenes
Jean-Guy Emond
Simon Garneau
Wendell Sanford
Michel Ste-Marie

All cadets owe a debt of gratitude to Jacques Audy and to Russ Ko for their efforts to make us fit (impossible) and to put some form of organization into the sports programme (also impossible). Many will be the mornings that we lie tucked snugly into our civilian carts (the other side call them beds) and wistfully reminisce about the long since ceased pipe "Out Pipes, Cadets to muster for morning P.T.". Ah, 'tis a sad loss indeed to cause such a boundless bereavment.

B. M.

Athlete of the Year

Emerson Mills receives award from Captain Frewer





Sports at Cornwallis



As far as sports is concerned, this was the year of the big "M", for Micmac, at Cornwallis. As so often happens, most of the athletes were concentrated in this one division.

The boys from the log camps of B.C. and from behind the ploughs of the Prairies crunched most of the competition in inter-divisional sports, perhaps mostly because of their giant size as compared to the poor undernourished lads of the East.

In the Sports Tabloid they split the squad into two teams, and ended up placing first and second. In the tug-of-war, Micmac's two teams completely out-pulled all others. (Haida division came second overall by the undetected strategy of placing all their patsies on one team, and all the rest on the other.)

Inter-divisional competitions weren't the only sports this year. There were the usual pleasant morning jaunts that are part of our proud

traditions. The enthusiasm of SLT Sullivan in calling out the pace, and the voyages of discovery led by LT Peters, will long be remembered with affection by all cadets.

Our track team totally destroyed Cornwallis' best at the Armed Forces Day track and field meet, but it didn't do quite as well as Summerside or Antigonish. At least we're the best in the Navy.

We prepared for the visit of the foreign cadets, all the sports teams being allowed to slack off from classes. But about all the Canucks could say at the end was, "How about a game of football?" It was a rough weekend in many ways.

It has been a busy summer, changing into 23's in five minutes with no shower after PT, soccer games with twenty-five to a side, tackle football inside the block. But it must have done us some good . . . maybe.





Antigonish and Summerside

Despite limited practice, the UNTD Track Team managed to make a very good showing at the Antigonish Highland Games. Members of the team were:

Cdt. Vanstone	- 100 yd. dash, relay
Cdt. Mercier	- 100 yd., 200 yd., relay
Cdt. Audy	- 440 yd.
Cdt. R. Smith	- shot-put
Cdt. Dersch	- shot-put, discus
Cdt. Ross	- 220 yd. relay
Cdt. Boranowski	- mile
Cdt. Siefert	- broad jump, triple jump
Cdt. Ganes	- 440 yd.
Cdt. Roy	- 880 yd.

Competition at the Highland Games proved to be very tough. Although most members of the team were Juniors, they were entered in the Senior events. The few short practices before the meet were not enough to enable many cadets to place in their events.

Cadet Audy placed third in the 440 yard dash. The majority of the track team members

failed to win any medals, but many had respectable performances which placed them fifth or sixth.

The following weekend Cadets Ross, Smith, Dersch, Mercier, and Audy competed in the Lobster Festival Track Meet at Summerside, P.E.I. Again limited practice and stiff competition prevented any major victories. However, the cadets did manage to place in the eliminations and provided keen competition for the meet. It was regrettable that the cadets did not have more time to train. The track team definitely showed the ability to improve its performance.

Foreign Cadet Visit

A skilled British Cadet team dominated most of the sporting events during the Naval Review cadet visit, which included soccer, softball, golf, fishing, sailing, and a whaler pulling race. The Kippers brought far more experience in soccer and sailing.

The Brits first pounded a big, fast UNTD soccer team 9-1, obviously using tactics and



positional play to advantage. After defeating the USA Team, they went on to beat the Finns 1-0 in the most exciting contest of the weekend. Needless to say, the Semis won the softball tournament, followed by the UNTD, and then the Finns. The dinghy race on Sunday morning was confused by a jam-up at one buoy. Although first place went to a USA crew, the three British boats won overall. In a noisy competition, the Finnish whaler pulling team beat out Gary Long's Westerners, much to the Finns' delight. The good competition is amazing, considering that most of it was played by contestants who were hung-over.

Armed Forces Day

July 10, 1967 can be regarded as a somewhat special day for the UNTD's as we look over the year's activities. For on this day we dominated all the other new entries at Cornwallis as masters of track and field. The UNTD team, which was by no means represented at all the events, almost doubled the score of our nearest rivals, scoring 78 points to 42 for the runner-up group of seamen.

The UNTD feat was remarkable because of our lack of preparation. Several of the best athletes were away on cruise at the time; two divisions had finished their cruise just one week before, while the remainder of the cadets had had

no organized practices, being too keen with other various courses and obligations (besides being generally slack). Moreover, we noted that the seamen ran all over the base and generally got more exercise, which led us to believe that they were in good shape. Also everyone considers us as being soft inactive university students. So we weren't the overwhelming favorites on the morning of the meet.

Of the individual track events, the UNTD's contested only the one-mile run. In this, Paul Ziegler had no trouble in winning by over 100 yards, the easiest victory of the day. In the field events, noteworthy performances came frequently. Doug Dersch, a one-man field events team, won the shot-put, and was second and third in the discus and javelin, respectively. Roger Smith backed him up with a second and a third in the shot-put and the discus. Klaus Siefert won the triple jump and came second in the broad jump by a mere fraction of an inch. The UNTD's main glory came in the relay running. The 440 team, Ziegler, Ross, Vanstone, and Rogers, was never behind as it breezed to the wire first. In the mile relay the UNTD teams came first and second as the quartet of Siefert, Dersch, Ganes, and Ziegler edged out Vanstone, Ross, Rogers and Bathurst by 1½ second.

After having our pictures taken with Captain Paul, we rounded out the day in a victory celebration in the Gunroom, thus confirming what we knew all along, that UNTD's are the cream of the crop.

Leaders always, Micmac was the only division to engage in water sports.



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"Well the Yanks figured out the reason behind the new design so I don't know what's wrong with Canada's knowing also. They concluded that we had designed our new destroyers around the Wardroom instead of around a gun which is their practice. The design is clearly one to ensure the complete comfort and increased social life of the officers serving in the fleet, particularly those who are fortunate enough to be unmarried.

"Let's take a look at the overall structure and appearance of the new type. Notice the sleek and racy lines of the ship; why it looks like forty knots just sitting alongside the jetty. That really excites the young ladies and makes them realise that they're out with a swash-buckling naval officer. Note the rolling construction of the sheer strake; the reason that was put there was to stop the non-commissioned ranks from peering in through the scuttles or round windows at you.

"Also you should notice the location of the Wardroom is such that it's on the same level as the upper deck within the superstructure housing the operational part of the ship. There are many good reasons for having the Wardroom here, one of which is NOT its proximity to the Command position. When at sea this location minimizes the motion of the ship and ensures the greatest amount of comfort for the officers so that they will be fully rested for the heavy social commitments they must fulfill at the next port they visit. When in port this position affords a pleasant view of the local area and any harbour activity which keeps the chiquitas' minds full of everadventurous thoughts. Note that there are no ladders to impede the way ashore of les femmes and their escorts should they be in good spirits when they depart ship.

"Now, have I forgotten anything? . . . What's that? The men?!? Good grief!! Let them go ashore and find their own entertainment. What do you think the navy is, gentlemen, a social club?"

S.C.



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Courses




Nuclear, Biological and Chemical Warfare and Damage Control

Instructions intended to cover surprise nuclear attacks:

- 1) Move away from all windows and other transparent or swinging attachments.
- 2) Place all movable objects such as chairs, tables, and lamps against the walls, as far as possible from centre of room.
- 3) Stand in the centre of the room, at attention, and with chest out and head erect.
- 4) Breathe deeply several times to clear the lungs, and bend and touch the floor several times to exercise the muscles.
- 5) Assume a squatting position, with hands on knees, looking at the floor in front.
- 6) Now, bend and firmly kiss your ass good-bye.

N. R.

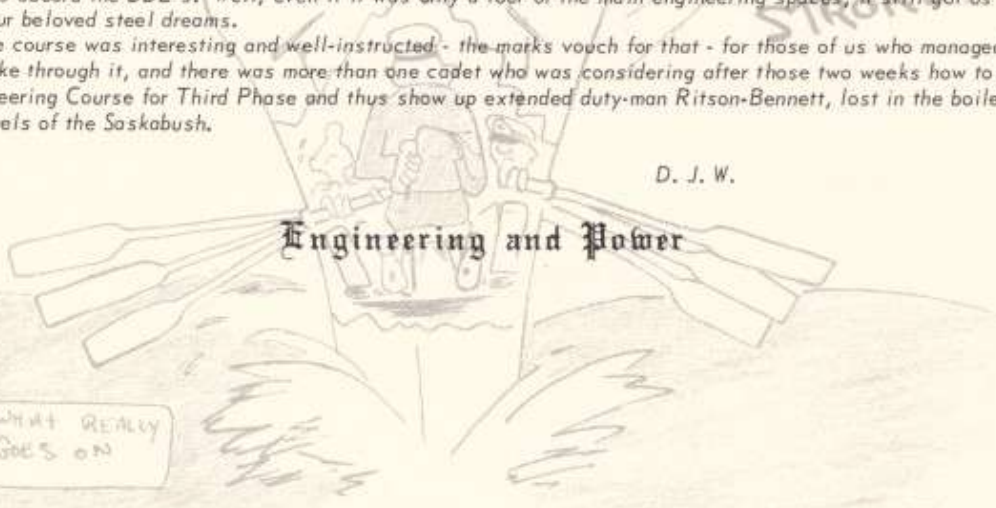


Engineering, hull, and power had to be one of the best taught and most liberal courses of the whole summer - at least that's what we're told (most of us weren't awake to find out). The power section of the course was well-presented, and covered all the major power and energy sources and distributions in DDE's, such as the diesel and turbo generators, main and emergency switchboards, and so on. For all his twenty-odd years in the Navy, Chief Myers was still baffled as to which switchboard to go to in order to supply the energy to cadets. We were forever sitting there, heads down, the "off" mode of function. Mr. Wallace, the Hull instructor, had the right idea. He invited us to snooze as long as we didn't snore. Even the odd future hull tech, officer, however, could be heard testing the sturdiness of the transverse and longitudinal members of his desk with loud resonant vibrations. The engineering section, nonetheless, had to be by far the best. We all love Chief Kolesar for getting us aboard the DDE's. Well, even if it was only a tour of the main engineering spaces, it still got us aboard our beloved steel dreams.

The course was interesting and well-instructed - the marks vouch for that - for those of us who managed to stay awake through it, and there was more than one cadet who was considering after those two weeks how to get an Engineering Course for Third Phase and thus show up extended duty-man Ritson-Bennett, lost in the boiler-room bowels of the Saskabush.

D. J. W.

Engineering and Power



WHAT REALLY GOES ON

Weapons Surface

Two weeks for an eight week course. Typical. The first day, bright and early (0730) on a Monday morning, fifteen or so cadets are off in search, not of knowledge, but for the classroom.

"We see the gun, but how do we get to it?" as they stand with blank faces in front of a maze of thorny bushes.

Finally arriving, in strolls a Chief bravely trying for the eighth time that morning, to light his pipe. Ah, he was a smart one; tried to psych us out at our own game. "Yes, Sir . . . No, that's not right, Sir." How can you go to sleep if someone is being that nice? But you don't have to listen. Yet, some of the time you catch yourself doing just that - listening. It has never been heard of before.

Another Friday, another exam, and of course another bright Monday morning. Back to Fleet School for yet another week of expensive five minute breaks. Up to the class for fifteen minutes of instruction and ten questions. Down to the theatre for patriotic music, "Sea Power for Security" dominant on the screen, and the life history of the little sailor who pulls the bar switch inside a VT fuze. But we mustn't talk about that: it's classified information.

So at the end of two weeks all our questions have been answered. We know the speed of the outer ring, we know what a bogie is for, and we even know what a shell carriage is. But still the prime question goes unanswered. For the third, fourth, or maybe fifth time, no one has an answer for the most obvious question - "What's a destroyer?"

D. K.



Victoria, B.C.,
2 July, 1967.

Bonjour Monique,

A l'heure où je t'écris, nous suivons un cours de "Sonar", ou plutôt je devrais dire, nous le subissons. Presque tous les gars sommeillent profondément exception faite des quelques anglais qui craignent d'abaisser leur 202. Daniel se pratique à écrire de la main gauche pour tuer le temps. Quant à Richard, il visite présentement le "Sick Bay", question de vérifier si son système pourra survivre encore longtemps à l'effect chlorophormisant de ces cours.

"Les Canadiens, nous dit-on, sont les plus compétents en matière de "Sonar". Cependant tous les films que l'on nous présente sur le sujet sont américains ou anglais!!! Le système lui-même n'a rien de bien compliqué; ce n'est qu'une question de plus ou moins grande interisité, clarté et metteté d'un certain, "plinc", "plounc", "pouloulouloulouloulou", que produit un appareil bizarre.

Sachant qu'il est très difficile de survivre dans un tel atmosphère, les "P.O." gens de grande expérience, multiplient les moments de repos. Tantôt ils portent le nom de "break" (durée 5-10 minutes).

Tantôt de "stand-easy" (durée 15-20 minutes). Lorsque la situation devient vraiment critique, on accorde alors un long repos, appelé "make and mend" (durée habituelle, un après-midi).

Aujourd'hui en t'écrivant, je manque un peu à mon devoir car je devrais être en "duty". Je t'explique notre système de "watch": un jour Richard prend les notes et je dors, le jour suivant, c'est l'inverse. Tu vois, cela n'a rien de compliqué. Il n'y a là qu'une question d'organisation élémentaire.

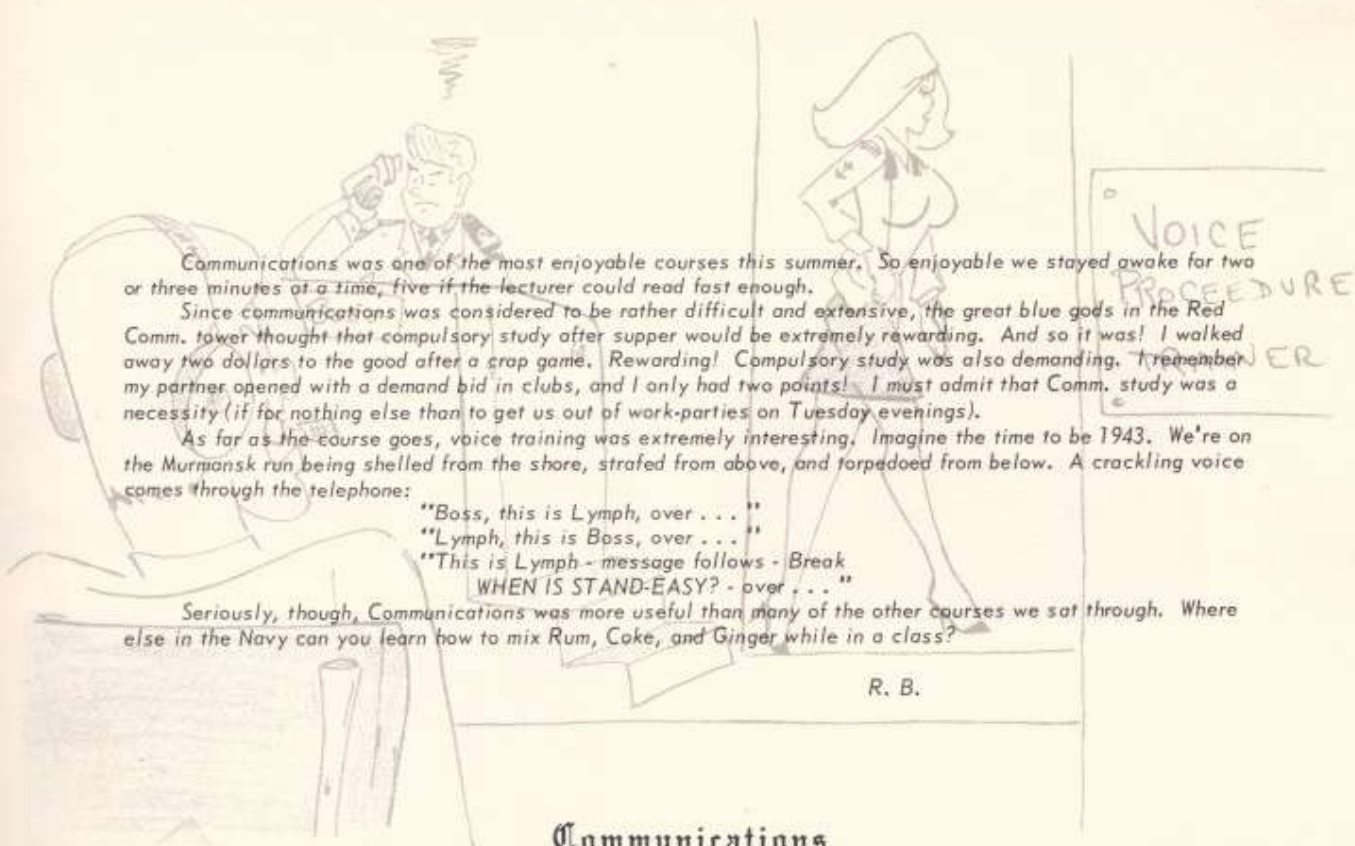
J'aurais encore beaucoup à te dire ce sujet classifié très confidentiel. Je préfère toutes fois garder toute cette science afin de te la communiquer dans un tête à tête discret. Je dois maintenant te quitter, l'heure est à la P.C.P.C. (P.O. & Chief Pose-Café), un autre instant de repos oublié sur la liste déjà écrite.

Je te donne une grosse bise,

Jean-François

Weapons Underwater





Communications was one of the most enjoyable courses this summer. So enjoyable we stayed awake for two or three minutes at a time, five if the lecturer could read fast enough.

Since communications was considered to be rather difficult and extensive, the great blue gods in the Red Comm. tower thought that compulsory study after supper would be extremely rewarding. And so it was! I walked away two dollars to the good after a crap game. Rewarding! Compulsory study was also demanding. I remember my partner opened with a demand bid in clubs, and I only had two points! I must admit that Comm. study was a necessity (if for nothing else than to get us out of work-parties on Tuesday evenings).

As far as the course goes, voice training was extremely interesting. Imagine the time to be 1943. We're on the Murmansk run being shelled from the shore, strafed from above, and torpedoed from below. A crackling voice comes through the telephone:

"Boss, this is Lymph, over . . ."

"Lymph, this is Boss, over . . ."

"This is Lymph - message follows - Break
WHEN IS STAND-EASY? - over . . ."

Seriously, though, Communications was more useful than many of the other courses we sat through. Where else in the Navy can you learn how to mix Rum, Coke, and Ginger while in a class?

R. B.

Communications



AJO

Unidentified object bearing 38-24-36, range - long and slim, elevation - quite ecstatic, closing. Unquestionably it was time for the AJO on HMCS Hustler to show its stuff.

The object, or subject if you will, was initially spotted by the AN/SPS-12 Long and Broad Range Air Search Radar Operator (LBRA\$RO), Jack Stud. Later, Stud explained how he made such a quick and accurate report. "It was those Cathode Ray Tubes (CRT)," he expounded boldly, "I'd recognize them anywhere." Stud was noted among the fleet for his keen appraisals.

Meanwhile, Quincy Freeb, the AN/SPS-10 Short and Stocky Surface Warning Radar Operator (SSSWRO) reported to the Operations Room (OPS). "Surf's Up!" Freeb shouted gleefully.

This report work up Milton Boone on the Strong and Peepish Navigational Close-Up Aid Sperry Radar (SPNCASR). Boone took one detailed glance, grabbed his surf-board and, being the sociable type, informed the rest of his crew.

During the confusion, the confident and experienced men in the OPS had deciphered the course and speed of the object, or subject, which they identified as "Friendly, at all costs." From reports received from other ships in the fleet, as well as hide-and-seek aircraft (HSA), they attempted to calculate speed and direction for inter-course. They finally decided it was really up to the individual, after discovering on the General Operations Plot (GOP) that they were near the California Coast. Fortunately there were no reports into the Communist Plot (CP), and their calculations were confirmed on the Local Operations Plot (LOP). Switching to Action Plot (AP), they found HMCS Hustler tied up alongside the jetty at Long Beach.

A turmoil of excitement and general hoo-hah had been stirred up by now, as Boone had aroused everyone. A report was immediately sent up to the C.O., Captain Stag who could not be found anywhere on the ship. The men were restless. Finally the sad news came over the general broadcast from the X.O., Commander Crotch. Apparently in the excitement of the moment, the trigger-happy 3"70 gun crew had set their sights and annihilated Long Beach. Dejected, the crew returned their surf-boards.

T. A.

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Boats

During one week of the summer, each division makes headway to French Basin for a boating course. Of course, everybody loves the course at first, mainly because of the twenty minute bus ride. But boating is not the kind of course that one gets to dislike. Quite the opposite is true.

The first phase of the course consists of learning how heavy a Montague whaler is. We all must have pulled one several miles. If the coxswain is a nice guy, the crew gets to rest on their oars occasionally, but he doesn't let this happen too often, for he gets bored having nothing to do, and he makes them give way together.

Whaler races always seemed to be a bomb. A water bomb, that is. For it was during whaler races that everyone filled their plastic bags from the box lunches and nailed everyone else.

After the whaler pulling, we graduated into whaler rigging and sailing. So that meant that the rest of the week would not only be fun, but there would be no work to do. At least that is what some cadets thought until they went over.

After whaler sailing came what was the most fun of all - dinghy sailing. Since the dinghies are small, there should not be too much confusion aboard. There are only two other cadets to bug the coxswain, who is a cadet himself. Now we know better than to make a hasty gybe in a strong wind, for the waters of French Basin are not quite like the pool at the Citadel Inn.

One of the reasons why we found the boats course so enjoyable was because of the excellent Boats Officer, SLT Matthews. For this we would like to thank him, along with the regular staff of the boathouse. They kept us partly under control by serving as traffic cops.



J
W
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S



Leadership

What was the most important lesson to be learned in Leadership: how to give commands, how to lead men into battle? Many of us had such thoughts before the course. After two hard weeks we knew the answer - Followership. Cornwallis' famed Leadership School should change its motto from "Follow Me" to "Wait Up!", for the cadet.

University students, intoxicated with so-called new winds of freedom, tend to make excellent sea lawyers. Therefore, we did need some urgent introduction to the chain of command and the vital importance of the man, the ordinary seaman, in our navy. Several lectures were devoted to responsibility, authority, and the good and bad ways of leading men; and, of course, we were treated as the men who needed to be led.

Every morning we had our own divisions, and after two or three march pasts, each time we began to make fewer and fewer mistakes, "No, no, cadet, ready AT divisions, not ready for divisions."

Leadership School owned us body and soul for those two weeks. In the evenings, we slept through such stirring film epics as, "The Case of the Unwashed Sailor". That movie too vividly reminded us of the transition from PT gear to twenty-three's each morning without showering. Another favorite late, late evening pastime was the pressing of "unibags" and the polishing of boots; we were sharp every morning, until a winger stepped long when you stepped short, and until after classes.

The greatest memory we have, though, is of Cornwallis' infamous assault course. You didn't think the navy did much land work, did you? Over a Burma-bridge, which they should have left in Burma, through water-filled culverts, under barbed wire, over walls which had no business being in the middle of a forest, to the last, final goal, the pontoon bridge. Well, we needed a cold bath to wash off the perspiration and the smell from the smoke hut.

The funny thing is that tired and grimy as we were, we were fiercely proud of our own groups showing; completion itself was an accomplishment. For us new cadets, Leadership did not qualify us to take charge of men, but it helped inspire group loyalty and pride that will be renewed next summer.



Communications

This year the UNTD staff imported two keen "OO-niners", namely SLT Drouin and SLT Matthews, as communications instructors. With the usual zeal, they overhauled the complete course of previous years. The result was a two-week siesta in classroom bravo.

The first inkling of the course was a sheet instructing the cadet to learn the Morse code before the class began, rather a difficult feat while studying for a supp. in Nav. B. Many cadets had trouble seeing the connection between comm. and fleet manoeuvring, despite SLT Matthews arguments to that fact.

If nothing else, cadets learned about security, by means of the instructors' use of lockers and safes to guard the valuables. Also, the formation and preparation of messages, something you will always need, was greatly stressed. Every cadet became familiar with the fleet messages for Cancond and the various ships.

Comm. was the only course that still maintained the age old punishment for sleeping. Many a student was forced to hump rocks at stand easy; one need only consult Cadet Zinman as to the effects on slumber of a pail of Nova Scotia's finest rocks.

Navigation

Navigation, as everyone knows, basically deals with how to get from A to B. With this rather basic assumption, cadets hoped to find a way to get back to the block from the Gunroom after weepers. Their hopes were soon dispelled. Navigation, the infamous slumber course, was divided into two-week courses called, logically Nav. A and Nav. B. The former dealt with General Navigation and Admiralty Tides. Now we know all there is to know about compasses, sex(tants), speed error, and all the rest of it. (Joke). The latter dealt with Relative Velocity, Fixing, and alas, Rules of the Road.

Many would-be sleepers were interrupted by "Terrible Thomson's" falling books or "Little Langlais'" enormous mallet as they crashed to the deck. (Sorry, floor).

The most fitting epitaph on Navigation was pronounced by an avid sleeper, "It's a damn good course. I learned to sleep with my eyes open while standing up." Thus we say, "Best regards to all 009 from UNTD 1967."



Do not adjust your set. This is not Comm. or Nav. It is Micmac's Div. Officer celebrating the Sports Tabloid victory.



A CO2 smothering a Class "B" fire.

NBCD

In layman's terms, N.B.C.D. stands for Nuclear, Biological and Chemical Defense. Every person posted to and RCN ship for duty is now required to have one version of this course.

The usual course is of ten days duration. The cadets, because of other activities in their schedule, had only eight days. As a result, the biological section of the course, along with some of the nuclear section, was omitted.

The cadet's course stressed fire and damage control as well as ship's stability. The course had its warmer moments as the cadets put out fires in the simulated oil tanks and engine compartments. Putting out the fires in the helicopter mock-up was the hot spot of the course. According to P.O. McIntosh, the instructor, the temperature ranges between 600 and 900°F in the interior of the mock-up. Foil glazed wool suits kept the cadets below 100°F while they removed the pails of rocks which represented the crew. This suit will keep the temperature below 100° for two to five minutes in this heat. If one comes into direct contact with the searing metal, however, the heat travels by conduction, and the radiating qualities of the suit cease to be of use. Speed is the most important factor.

Stabilization is quite a sturdy section of this course. This section, with its "super-excitive" properties, make a cadet want to dream - about anything! Seriously, even the limited knowledge of stabilization, which we cadets gained, makes us more aware of the actual intricacies of a ship's design. We began to see and to appreciate what goes into a well-built ship.

Just a gentle touch of cold water ended the course. The cadets were sent into a sieve-like compartment to practise damage control. Shoring was needed on the hatch, the door, and the scuttle. As a finale, the fire main sprung a leak. It was impossible to cease the flow of water into the compartment, but the main objective was to acquaint us with damage control.



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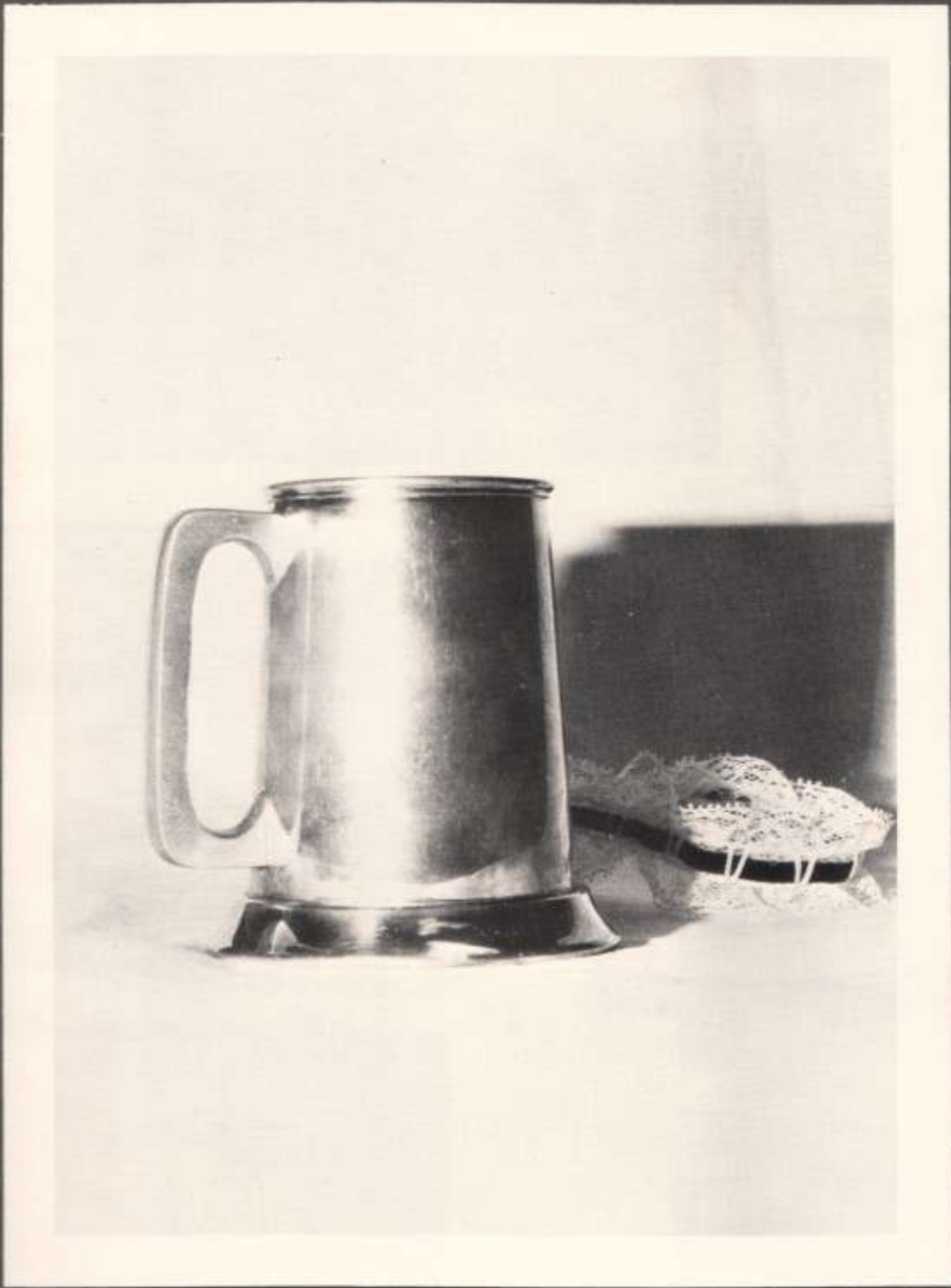


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Days



That Blue
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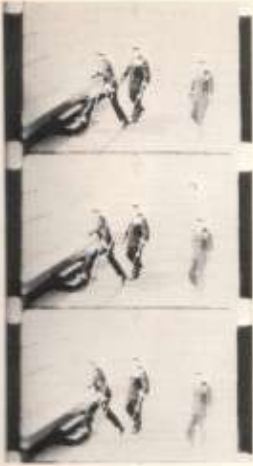


*The Haves
and the
Have-nots*



*Harmless Midnight Skulking
Shot at Venture with Aid
of Infra-Red*





Capt. Frewer Stopped in
Action at Graduation
Ceremonial Divisions

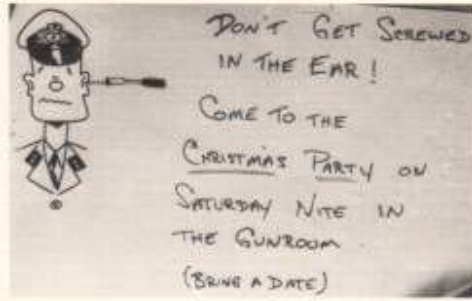


Remember
Her Majesty's Canadian
Raft "Haida"



Below
Decks





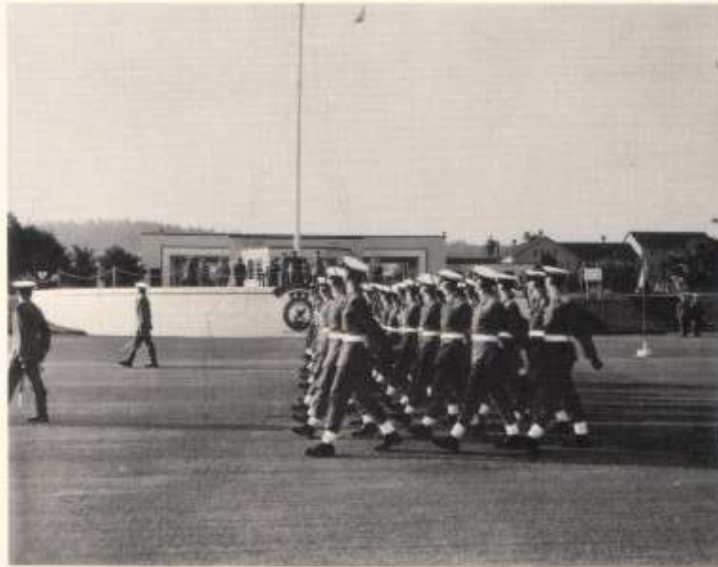
King Claus



Command Ball



On the
East Coast,
Commodore Pratt
Inspects



Commodore Pratt, Director-General Reserves for the Armed Forces, visited Cornwallis on the 28th of July. It was known in advance that he would take an interest in the UNTD's during his tour of the base. A UNTD ceremonial guard was drawn up from Cayuga, Iroquois and part of Haida Division and given three hours guard training.

The cadets set to work on a two-day block clean-up which lasted until twenty-three hundred the night before. At 0730 the next day, a nervous and untried guard mustered in the drill shed. The first indication of what was to happen occurred during the Training Officer's inspection, when LT Hutchings grinned enormously. From there the guard went out and marched past the dais in near-perfect formation. The inspections and Gunroom reception later in the day came as an anti-climax. Regardless of what they tell us, we're really good.

We're UNTD's, and that's enough. At least to some people that's enough.

We are pleased that the Commodore chose the UNTD's to visit during his visit of Cornwallis. After all, it is not very often that we get to sleep in on Saturday morning.

Well, it is back to work, polishing boots, pressing uniforms, shining brass, in our endless march to perfection.



Naval Assembly Cadet Visit



It was a day like any other at CFB CORNWALLIS. With a bright Nova Scotia Sun blazing over our Happy Valley. What made this different? Why! It was the influx of some 150 foreign cadets from the Halifax Centennial Naval Assembly. As soon as these fellow cadets arrived, they were thrown into the mighty social whirl that would leave all but the hardened film star in a state of dizzy confusion.

The first "happening" was the international soccer and softball games, on the playing fields of CFB CORNWALLIS where the many and varied traditions of the fighting forces were upheld with cries of "Come along Squadron" and "Go you guys, go", creating an atmosphere of feverish excitement. Other activities also occupied cadets during the weekend; these included deep sea fishing,



golf, sailing, a "dine-in" at "N" Galley and "airwomen watching", which, however, didn't carry the "Class A" Stamp of Worthiness but which did produce amiability among the different factions.

Although the Canadians were defeated in the race riots, spirit was of the upmost on the decks of the Gunroom where party pieces, merry ditters, and friendship flowed in much the same way as the beer.

By mid-day of the following day, Sunday, after much reciting of prayers, life again resumed, to be met by even more activities to stimulate the mind and body alike, terminating in a Bar-B-Q to which the chosen and most beloved were invited. So it was, this 1967 visit, a visit which ended in the creation of bonds between ourselves and our allies, Britain, America, and Finland.



Gunroom



The Gunroom, ah, the UNTD Gunroom. What would we do without the Gunroom? For, dear friends, it is the Gunroom where the lowly Cadet can come to relax after a typically hard Cornwallis-type day. It is here where we come for our nightly bubbly. It is here, not, as you might think in French Basin, where all the boat races are held. It is here where we get our fine Bags all messed up with multi-coloured concoctions.

Yes, friends, Romans, gentlemen, Wrens, and Officers, the Gunroom is our home. The Gunroom is our social life, especially during the week. If it weren't for the Gunroom, the charge lists would double in size to about one hundred "birds" a day. Without it, what would we do to keep sane? It is not hard to reason that the Gunroom inspires the nightly divisional wars which liven up those keeners back at the block, pressing their uniforms for the next morning's Gestapo raids. And it is also safe to say that if it were not for the Gunroom it would be virtually unnecessary for the shore patrol to stand watch over our former residence --- the one which is now occupied by the Airwomen. If it weren't for the Gunroom, it would be unnecessary for flag-pole watches and wings and strings musters to tote around stop signs.

The Gunroom belongs to the Cadet. It is what the Cadet wants it to be. This year the Cadets have wanted the Gunroom to be great, and it is great. We have had many divisional parties here, and we have entertained Commodore to Cadets.

*Say, Cadet, you must be potted;
you are all out of focus.*

We have been very fortunate in having a staff of excellent stewards. We must thank Petty Officer Bellemore and his crew for a fine job; they have certainly succeeded in making it the place to go to.

We must also thank SLT Anderson, the Gunroom Officer, for the excellent job he has done in managing to keep it within the limits of an Officer's Mess. He has done an exceptional job in putting up with us, especially in handling the Suggestion Book. So far I have not noticed any pages torn out because Cadet Abelacktenack forgot to fill in the date or because Cadet Hankle Noch Pickleknee forgot and wrote on the left-hand page.

The Gunroom is not only a place where we entertain Commodores. It is our Mess, a place designed to have fun. There the ingenuity of all is shown off by their song writing ability. All of the parties have been smashing successes; all of the officers we have lured there have managed to get away with more than the average cadet can. When it comes time for the fifteenth round, there is always an eager cadet handy to fight it with him.

There have been many rumours in the last few years that the Gunroom will close. Both still exist. In closing we must say that the Gunroom is a necessity to the UNTD.

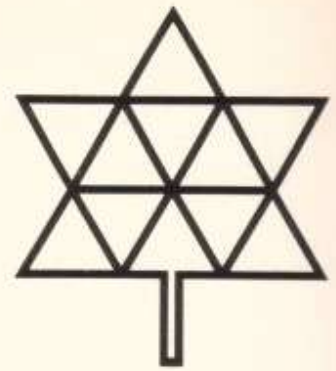
Cheers!



No, it can't be me: I haven't even nipped the bubbly . . .

I've been chugging Southern C.





Annapolis
 to
 Halifax
 105 Miles

Old Halifax-Annapolis Military Road

A contemporary map of Nova Scotia reveals that while there is a peri-meter highway and five roads crossing the province from north to south, there is no main highway running east and west across the province from Halifax to Annapolis or Digby, and that the enclosed land is sparsely settled.

Nova Scotians have long recognized the need for a direct Halifax-Annapolis route. The now unused "Old Military Road" fulfills this need. The history of this road covers almost two centuries.

Just prior to 1775, the interior of Nova Scotia was surveyed by Elias Wheelock. It was hoped that the interior of western Nova Scotia could be developed by building a road from Halifax to Annapolis Royal, and by settling immigrants on it. In 1786 a trail was blazed out, and between 1786 and 1791, 149 lots were laid out; however, no road was constructed. The government felt that it had done its share, and the settlers were unwilling to bear the burdens of

construction. The settlements gradually fell off.

Talk of the road was revived with the growth of St. John (after 1800). In 1814 the Lieutenant-Governor, Lord Sherwood, ordered John Harris to make a new survey. Harris reported that the land was favourable throughout, from Annapolis to Hammond's Plains. He expected the total cost of the road would not exceed £350. The road was constructed from Annapolis up to New Ross when, in 1820, Lord Kempt, the new Lieutenant-Governor, suspended construction for financial reasons.

The development of the Fundy and Atlantic shores brought an end to the road's progress. The only modern evidence of the Old Military Road (originally ceded to, and still owned by the military) is the occasional stone wall or stretch of overgrown couderoay road which occurs along the trail from New Ross to Hammond's Plains.



The Trail

*"I shall be telling this with a sigh.
Somewhere ages and ages hence,
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I -
I took the one less travelled by.
And that has made all the difference."*

I doubt if I could reveal the greatness of this poem, "Road Not Taken" by Robert Frost in the context of this composition. But it does tell of two

roads, two ages, and of the woods through which they wind. It summarizes the story of the UNTD. The later lines in the poem!

*"I took the one less travelled by
And that has made all the difference."
fit not only the UNTD, but the UNTD Centennial Project as well. This, dear people, was our Expedition Training.*

To recreate an era into modern day life, to retell an old tale, to bridge the gap of forgotten trails is ideal philosophy for any Centennial Project. Few good projects have all these requirements to celebrate Canada's 100th birthday. The Voyageurs and the Old Military Trail between Annapolis Royal and Halifax are Centennial Projects that indeed date back to times before Canada was a nation, and give an indication of how proud we are of our part in today and our hope for the future.

To construct the Old Military Road, is a unique Centennial Project for UNTD's, and indeed for the whole Canadian Armed Forces. It is also a gigantic task. The trail was built to transport men and equipment from Halifax to Annapolis by land. The road was built in an east-west direction from coast to coast in Nova Scotia. The 100 miles of this road exists in parts today. Part is incorporated in highway, part in lumbercamp roads, and part in wilderness. There are rivers to cross, bridges to be built and brush to clear. This project seemed ideal for our Expeditionary Training.

On a Monday morning, dressed as World War Two Commandoes, we each played our role in the UNTD Centennial Trail. After a rough ride on the trail, we reached the vast expanse of Nova Scotia bush. The march to base camp was rather sharp. A bunch of cadets killed a porcupine. There we built our lean-to's. Later on in the day we built a community fire where everyone sang and told stories peculiar to the Navy. Then came the climax of the day-lunch time. Menu 3. It was a 90% improvement over "W" Galley, even though we ate it for break-



fast, lunch and dinner every day.

The business of cutting trees was a problem to us as well as our predecessors. But they had better axes. It seemed that the lumberjacks (Newfoundlanders) were experts, keeping their axes in several pieces. Then we met a 45 foot gap in a river. Who would be the first to cross our miraculous bridge? Well, if LT Bradley could go across it, then it would withstand anything. The bridge still stands, apart from a starboard list.

The language barrier was a little problem. The French-Canadians spoke a distinctive flavour on the radios and received a strong Newfoundland accent back. Getting the fire started in the morning was no problem for those who could swipe some kerosene. Exped. ended rather coolly, with LT Bradley buying ice cream for all Coyuga.



The March

The morning dawned bright and clean, boding a warm, humid Day One to follow. The slight breeze hinted at negligible relief. We were apprehensive; we would be marching an average of fifteen miles a day for seven days and we wanted to remain as cool as possible.

If we remained somewhat apprehensive, however, our worry was balanced by the determination of LT Graham Bradley, First Exped. Officer. His call sign - Oscar One. We knew him affectionately by the monicker "Papa Bear". We would probably grow to hate him, for Papa Bear set the pace and Papa Bear was inclined to rest only when Papa Bear tired.

The first two days were likely the most difficult for the marchers. The problem was, of course, the necessity of accustoming ourselves to the new routine. Rolling out of the sleeping bags at 0600, we were almost immediately in a queue for the tantalizing fare of scrambled eggs and bacon dished up by P.O. Jones. By the way, don't ever let anyone tell you that food tastes better anywhere than it does outdoors. Following vittles and a quick wash-up, we trussed up the contents of our thirty pound back pack. With colours completed we would set off once again.

Initially the terrain was quite easy to march through - dirt roads, wide paths, highway shoulders and the like. It was only the relentless sun and soft feet which proved a problem. A mere once during the jaunt did Sol fail to shine and even then a mugginess prevailed. Too many socks, too few socks, asphalt pavement, stoney routes - all were related in an illustrated horror tale on the soles and heels of our shredded feet.

The afternoon of Day Four opened up the difficult territory for marching. We had lunched at a small hamlet, New Ross. More than a march - perhaps an invasion of THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING, THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING flavour. To augment



our ground sortie, three choppers from CFB SHEAR-WATER carrying LCDR. Duncombe, LT Andrea and several newspaper reporters landed in a field outside the village. Simultaneously LT Peters pulled up in his Volks.

But Papa Bear was pacing back and forth, growling throatily, anxious to get away from civilization, to give his "Cubs" a taste of the wilds. He probably had a wager going with P.O. Billey. This expd Petty Officer at first believed only 10% of all cadets would finish the trek.

The next two and one half days may be described as a minor nightmare. Yet, if it was a nightmare, it was filled with the dubious pleasure of not

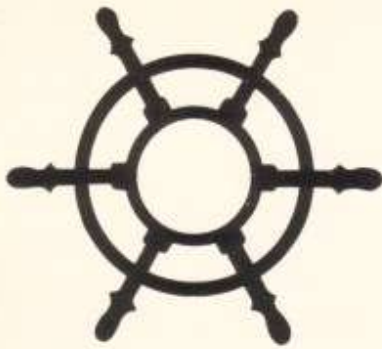
knowing what was around the next corner, across the next bog, or over an ensuing cliff. When our legs cried for rest we thought of the base camp that eight or ten guys were working like hell to make comfortable; we thought of pork chops sizzling, and we thought of beer - ice cold.

The Halifax horizon loomed in the distance on the afternoon of Day Seven and by 1700, forty exhausted but happy marchers had reached their objective - Fairview Overpass. Epilogue: accolades on Citadel Hill with Rear Admiral O'Brien taking the march past and the UNTD's chalked up yet another milestone.



Those Who Marched "The Hundred"

REAR: E. Deernsted, M. McBride, J. Gilgan, J. Lawton, S. Danforth, S. Mohanna, K. Sabey, J. Colvin, R. Laberge, A. Beauvage.
 CENTER: B. Gray, J. Dickinson, D. Belanger, A. Marshall, R. McNerney, K. Dowdell, R. Lapointe, K. Stephens, J. Langlais, D. Troubridge, T. Markowitz, W. Barron, J. Demeulemester, R. Morley, P. Lariviere, R. Logan, P. Colini, G. Carroll, G. Smith, P. Bouvier.
 FRONT: M. Allard, L. Peters, P.O. Jones, SLT Larkin, SLT D. Andrews, LT G. Bradley, SLT S. Merry, SLT D. Thomson P.O. Billey, P.O. Reilly, G. Villeneuve, M. Gamache, A. Dicecco, B. Bezaire, M. Wilson.



Cornwallis Ball

The cadets at Cornwallis were waiting in the Gunroom on Saturday afternoon, August 5th, for the arrival of their "pusser" dates for the ball. Most of the day had been taken up with work parties, except for ceremonial divisions with General Allard reviewing. Many of us, expecting the worse, were pleasantly surprised when the girls turned out to be very attractive. Because of inclement weather, the reception buffet was served inside the Gunroom. After everyone's getting acquainted and matched, the girls left for their lodgings to begin preparing for the Ball.

At approximately 8:30 in the evening, thirty-five wonderful girls arrived at our Gunroom. The bus proceeded to the Wardroom with us following on foot. After another bus-load of "Pusser" dates, a dozen girls from the Pines, and a few private cars, there were about sixty couples prior to the start of the ceremonies. The reception line began with Captain and Mrs. Paul and continued down to the Cadet Captains and their dates. All parties then proceeded to the main hall of the Wardroom, which provided a large dance floor. Suitable decorations hung from the balcony and ceiling. The orchestra, navy musicians all, played splendidly, keeping the dance floor constantly filled. Everyone's spirits were buoyed by the many bottles of wine offered.

The time was nearing midnight when a buffet supper was served. The ball finished around one a.m., when all the couples retreated to the Gunroom. There, the atmosphere was slightly more relaxed, and everyone sank into the chairs.

Sunday morning the girls had breakfast in the Wardroom; following breakfast we saw them in the Gunroom. The girls left for home around noon that day, and so ended their weekend at Cornwallis.



Train Musters

An added attraction to life at the "Old Joining Block" was the Dominion Atlantic Railway. At least eight times a day the world's noisiest train would roar by within fifty feet of the block. The resourceful cadets from Haida determined to turn these events from an irritation into a skylark. The routine was organized that at 2240 the cadets would muster by the tracks in "night clothing". As the Halifax-Yarmouth freight came through, the cadets, in lusty unison, would shout . . . never mind what. After several days even the engineers would cooperate by illuminating us with their flashlights. In time the train muster grew into a mammoth gathering. One fateful night, a SLT Kydd emerged from his cabin, precipitating a stampede. Cadets . . . and . . . , trampled and bleeding, were picked up and put on charge.

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Cruises

Seniors



Cruise Alpha

Columbia Division ventured upon the high seas in order to call at such foreign ports as Bedwell Harbour, Bamfield, Port Alberni, and the grand finale Ucluelet. The stipulation for this ship was work. However, this condition did not constantly prevail. For example, while in Bedwell Harbour, "Jolly" Wally Yates, Mike Hunter, "Scotty" Bookham, Don Lewis, and "Cochise" Joyce engineered a raid on HMCS ORIOLE at which time there was some name changing and artistic lettering done.

At Ucluelet, there was an organized baseball game versus the Army, Navy, and Air Force Veterans' Association and being good winners, the locals threw a party which featured free beer from 1600 till 0200 the next day.

On ship, the officer training was negligible, but because the RCN killicks outnumbered the cadets two to one, the seamanship part led by Buffer Kenyon was outstanding. Despite the fact that the Cadets did all the painting, we had a helluva good time and it is with gratitude that we remember "how sweet it was".

And then you go and spoil it all by saying something stupid like—Port Thirty.

The Yukon Hang-on-ers made it to such pleasure resorts as Ganges, Cowichan Bay, Bedwell Harbour, Roche Harbour, Northwest Sem-eye-land (Seattle), and finally to the US Naval Air Station at Whidby Island.

On board, all routines were superbly executed. The factor which united the entities of effort and learning was the unparalleled congeniality among officers, men, and cadets. Togetherness in thought and action seemed to be the mainstay from which this environment grew.

Some of the highlights of the cruise included impressionistic painting at Bedwell Harbour, shore leave at Seattle (Penny-Arcade on Skid Row), a lecture from the OIC Operations at the Air Station, a Banyan on board ship and the coup de grace whereby the Cadets took complete charge of the ship from engine room to command. In our two years of UNTD training, this was by far the most valuable training experience that we received. We thank the officers concerned for risking a gamble which truly paid off.

We left with these immortal words glued in our minds: "Come on you Ham and Eggers."

K.N.



Cruise Bravo

30 May - 8 June

We had little idea of how soon our shipboard training would commence when we joined the "mini-fleet" lying quietly alongside "B" jetty early on the 29th. Within ten minutes of boarding we were carrying out a cadet training evolution known as "humping stores". This drill is practised regularly by the cadets although it is often classed as "humping lubrication oil", "humping beer" or any variety of humped matter.

Being seniors and thus very wise to ships and the sea, we of course got right down to the old routine of making up carts and settling in. McArthur naturally set the fine example for us all by inadvertently activating a Nu-Swift while making his cart. This could have neatly anticipated our N.B.C.D. training but unfortunately we never did receive a lecture on "Pre-wetting of the For'd Mess."

That was only the first of a series of interesting, informative, and amusing incidents with which the cruise was filled. It will be hard to forget the cries of "Mind your course" coming down from the bridge when our termie was on the wheel, or the defeated look in the eyes of the cadet training officer as he wearily marked another lot of wretched Morse quiz results. Then, of course, there was the Ban-yan on the quarter-deck, the toilet bowl we tiddied up for use as the Captain's punch bowl, and perhaps the most exquisite sight of all: our sister ship (who must for confidential reasons remain nameless) paying out one-quarter mile of bright yellow hawser with which to be towed. Other incidents are perhaps best left in shadow, as the time several weary, thirsty cadets returned late from leave to find the officers were all ashore and had left a convenient arrangement of liquor and mix on the Wardroom table. Whether these cadets succumbed to temptation is known only to themselves and perhaps the X. O. (if he ever got his bar chit straightened out).

All in all, the tips and tricks of shiphandling and navigation gleaned from captain and crew most certainly will be of great help in all aspects of humping.

All too soon, however, our second phase sea time was over and having bidden adieu to such as C2 Mike "Bob's your Uncle" Gallo we made our way slowly back to the "Fighting 100" with the memory still ringing in our ears of the loudspeakers cry every time the sun disappeared behind a cloud and the temperature plunged into the forties: "Optional negative shirts on the Upper Deck."

P.B.



Cruise Charlie

Mackenzie and Qu'Appelle divisions put out to sea aboard Her Majesty's Canadian Ships *Porte Quebec*, *Porte de la Reine*, and *Cowichan* in a determined effort to circumnavigate Vancouver Island in the impossible time of two weeks. *Cowichan* decided to throw in the towel and left the first day for a good-will cruise to Vancouver. The two "gates", however, carried on and were in time to spend the first night in Nanoose Bay.

No one remembers what happened the next day because the next night was spent in forgetting about it. Campbell River played host to a game of "Try to Make It to the Next Pub", which was continued in Alert Bay the following evening due to the convenient hospital facilities there.

The task force departed early the next morning for Port Hardy in order to make it in time for the Hepatitis Epidemic. We were not long in P. H. because the shuffleboard was crooked, so it was decided that we get on with the famous "Rounding the Cape Ceremony". This is a traditional event which takes place as a ship rounds Cape Scott. Cadets were mustered on the quarterdeck to witness the occasion, as the ships came abeam of the swell. Later we arrived in Coal Harbour in time to see a half-dissected whale before supper.

We spent that night in Halberg and many of us came away with fond memories of the shuffleboard at the RCAF station there. The next day saw the commencement of various manoeuvres requiring cadets to develop skill at taking transits, standing lookout, and both night and daytime pilotage. This was because both the radar and the gyro were on the fritz. This series of exercises was code-named "Fishing" and it was carried on intermittently until the last day of the cruise. One exciting aspect was an underwater search carried on at Gold River for a vessel code-named "Tye". Another incident involved a landing party from *Porte Quebec* which penetrated several miles inland via the *Thasis River*. No "Fish" were captured, however, even though care was taken to proceed in utmost silence under oars.

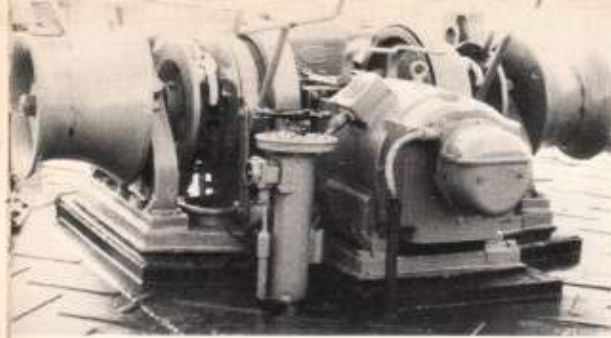
Cowichan was unable to attend the exercises due to her good-will visits. Her time was divided equally between cruising with the squadron and beach-partying at Tofino.

The manoeuvres were completed with a jackstay transfer in which Lt. McArthur was exchanged for Cadet Phelan. *Porte de la Reine*, after checking the Lieutenant's teeth, was not satisfied with the trade and the two were re-exchanged. A *Banyan* at Winter Harbour was called on account of tide.

The fleet then invaded Port Alberni for two days of good-will tours among the populus. Lt. de St. Victor's game, "See P.A. on Foot at Six O'Clock in the Morn", flubbed and the lads reverted to the more familiar games of shuffleboard and "Try to Make It".

Sea cadets were taken on for our entertainment and we were initiated to officer responsibilities: to shit on and make life miserable for cadets! The jolly trio then berthed in Esquimalt, ending the "Trip".

T.F.





The Boat She Leaked

Twin brothers were named Joe and John Jones. The single brother was the proud owner of a dilapidated boat. As it happened John's wife died the same day that Joe's boat sank. A few days later, a kindly old lady met Joe on the street, and mistaking him for John, sympathetically said: "Oh, Mr. Jones, I'm sorry to hear about your great loss. You must feel terrible."

Then Joe spoke up, saying: "I'm not a bit sorry. She was a rotten old thing from the beginning. Her bottom was all shrivelled up and she smelled like a dead fish. And even the first time I got inside her, she made water faster than anything I had ever seen. She had a bad crack in her back and a pretty large hole in front. That hole got bigger everytime I used her, and she leaked like everything. But this is what finished her. Four guys from the other side of town, looking for a good time asked if I would rent her to them. I warned them that she wasn't so hot, but they said that they would take a crack at her anyway. The result was that they all tried to get into her at once and it was just too much for her. She cracked right up the middle."

By this time, the old lady had fainted dead away.

Nelly.



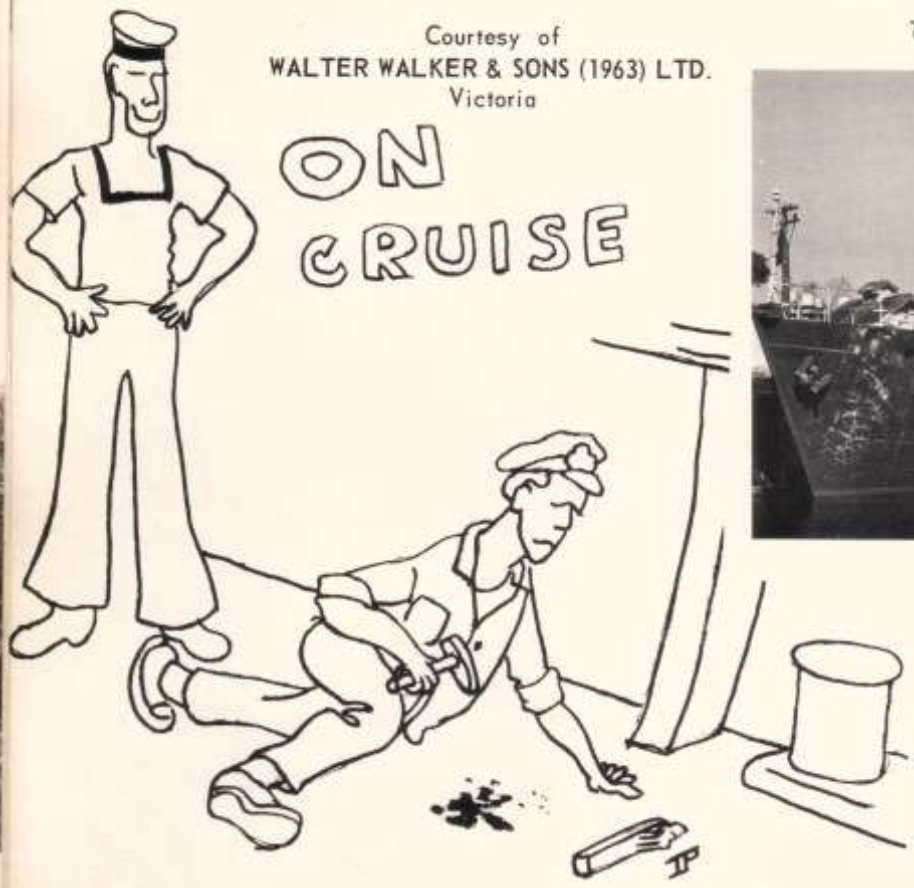


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"Hang On, Snoopy"



the quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog and crap like that

interrogative your station-card, over. (pd)

negat card, sir, some flaming sausage gashed it, out.

in that case, cadet, you'd better muster your bod into the "BIG WHY's" cabin: he has little patience with smart-ass cadets.

actually, sir, I really can't make it right now, Reicker has asked me down to somebod's locker for a few snorts.

look, cadet, I'll have no skylarking in my division; when I give an order, you jump.

(cadet breaks into hysterical laughter)

cadet, you banana, you're a horrible disgrace to Her Majesty's Canuck Navy.

sir, any more of this static and I'll report you to Captain Turkey; you've just got to realize that this UNTiDy jazz is no game.

(officer is at a loss for words: with tears in his eyes he thinks back to his early childhood - the yellow and brown teddy bear with the pink ribbon)

three wrens, meanwhile, pace up and down C jetty with placards reading "make love, not war" and "Thompson was Right"

look, sir, I'm sorry I upset you like that - as soon as I'm finished helping yukon division slip the "Fred" from this frigging jetty, I'll drive you up to the Tudor in Churl's car and we'll suck back a few for old time's sake.

(officer, ashen, even bent, shuffles over to lean on a dirty brown jaguar parked alongside the chief gash bucket)

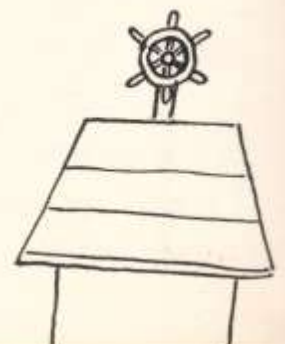
(cadet (beep) smith pauses to flash up a smoke, then slinks up the gangway and disappears through a forward hatch.)

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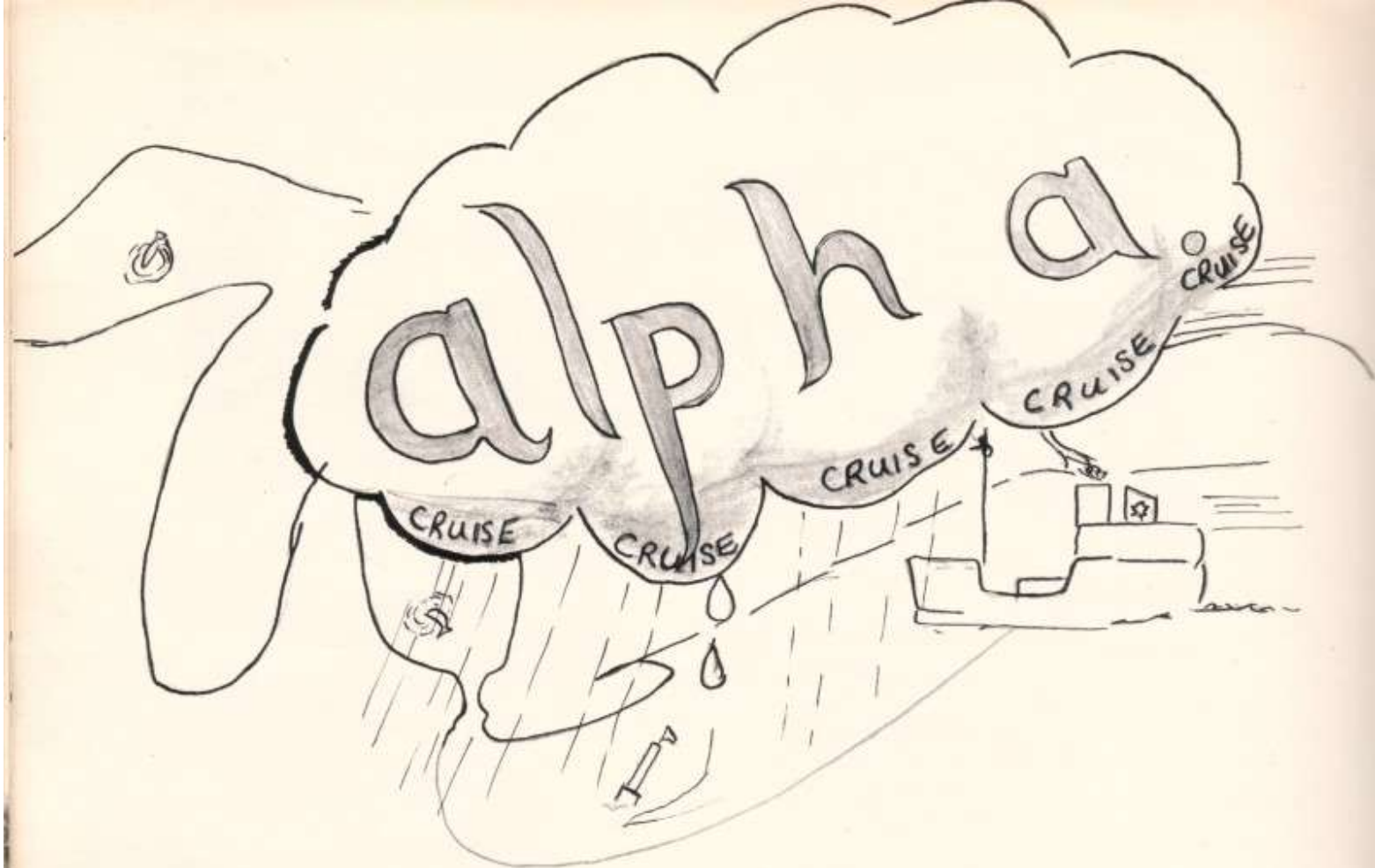
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Alpha, Chapter 1, Verses 1-3.

1. And it was so deemed that the X.O.'s take into their ships, five by five from each division, cadets worn and haggard for their spring examinations to be exposed to the lashing winds, the pelting rain and the frosty cold of May.
2. For they shall learn the wasp of the sea; the steward, the stoker, and the jackstay transfer. Evolutions shall be their day and they shall be proficient.
3. And there were in the same ships, cadets standing watch by night and they saw coloured lights glimmering and flashing on the horizon and they identified them.

"JOIN THE NAVY AND SEE THE WORLD." This was the motto which had captured our imaginations and drawn us into the UNTD. We had been enthralled by the tales of the old sea dogs who had told us of far distant lands and the customs of their inhabitants. New places to go, new people to meet, this is what we had anticipated.

Have you ever heard of England, France, Antigua, Bermuda, the Azores? Of course you have! These were destinations of previous cruises. Now try: Port Colbourne, Amherstburg, Port McNicoll, Penetanguishene. No? Well, don't be ashamed; we hadn't either until we embarked on our cruise.

Our hands will never forget the hawsers leaving their loving splinters behind, deeply embedded in our palms; nor our eyes the piquant stabs of pain seeing a blurry sunrise as we set off through the Welland Canal. After this strenuous feat we settled down to the easy-going rou-



tine of two daily evolutions. Remember, ye men of Alpha Cruise, our bewilderment every time the boatswain's gun did not work so we had to, horror of horrors, heave a line to the other ship? Although we may have not looked too promising at the beginning, by the end of the cruise we were proficient in such evolutions as the jack-stay transfer, towing, replenishment and last, but not least, egg throwing.

We will always treasure our memories of the wonderful evening entertainment provided for us while on cruise - night watches. We still shiver as we recall those middle watches when we stood on the bridge as lookout for two hours with the driving rain penetrating our oil skins, burberries, working jackets, sweat shirts and dampening our bare skin with its frosty bite. Only the helmsman was safe on such nights; and as most nights were such nights, he was the most envied man on the watch.

Our arrival in port was usually the highlight of the town's Centennial Celebrations. While we stood on the forecastle, our hearts swelled with pride as a distant band struck up "O Canada". As we came alongside, the band played, the sirens on the firetrucks hooted, the throng cheered and the headline "THE FLEET IS IN" on the local newspaper greeted us. This last fact was quite a miracle, considering that the fleet consisted of two 129 foot long Gate



Vessels, but after all, this is Centennial and everyone has a little fantasy. Fifteen minutes after tying up we were changed into our "3's" and off marching into town.

We originally frowned on compulsory fun, but after our first experience we always welcomed it. We were struck by the warm hospitality of the Legionnaires who welcomed us to Amherstburg with mugs full of Lager; we found that this tradition was maintained at every port we put into and the Legion became a home away from home.

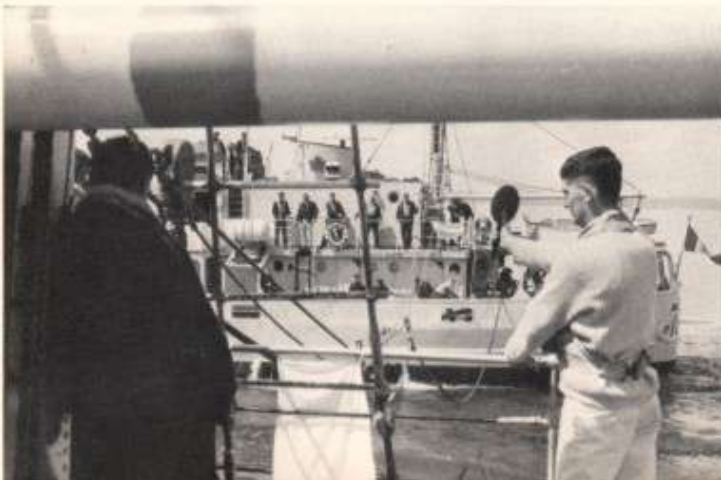
Alpha Cruise will always be a memorable event in our lives and we will always be aware of the many benefits we have derived from this excursion. None of us would have wanted to have missed this marvelous experience which was so uniquely "Navy". The food was good, but our appetites were sometimes disturbed by the cruel waters. Relaxing in a hammock on a sunny day can be very pleasant, but having to sleep in one for over three weeks is another question. Although the Porte St. Jean's engine was rather temperamental and delayed us more than once, we ploughed on until we reached our destination. The work was hard, the hours long, and there were many other small inconveniences, but . . .

THIS, AT LEAST, WAS THE NAVY!!





Bravo



Ce fut pour nous un grand événement quand nous sommes partis en croisière. Pour la plupart d'entre nous, c'était le premier contact avec la marine (navigante).

Après un pénible voyage employant tous les moyens de transport, nous sommes arrivés dans une petite ville de l'Ontario, Penetanguishene. A peine descendus de l'autabus, ils nous ont fait monter à bord de deux petits bateaux (un pour chaque division). Je dis bateau et pas navire, car un "gate vessel" est trop petit pour cela.

Une fois à bord, on nous a fait prendre l'escalier, en réalité une sorte d'échelle, à nos quartiers: la moitié de la division a fait les dernières marches sur le derrière. Il a ensuite fallu se battre pour le choix d'une couchette pensant choisir le meilleur endroit.

Arrivés à 0700 après douze heures de voyage, nous avons eu à choisir entre manger ou aller à la messe. Pourtant, à cause de notre grande discipline (mensonge) nous sommes allés à la messe en peloton (tous les gens nous prenaient pour des fous) pensant pouvoir s'en tirer et manger après la messe ce qui être fait.

Pendant que l'on y est, parlons de nourriture, c'était notre gros problème. On était rationné au minimum; on mourrait de faim et on n'en avait jamais assez. Le lait était gelé pour la plupart du temps. On était comme des lions à table; on se surveillait pour voir celui qui en prendrait plus; on gardait notre nourriture (jamais chaude) en dehors de portée des autres.

Cela m'amène à parler de l'esprit d'équipe qui régnait sur le bateau formidable; l'égoïsme c'était pratiquement absent; les gars étaient toujours aimables, serviables, même entre eux sans la présence d'un officier (mensonge). Les gars avaient des nerfs glacés, ils ne perdaient jamais leur sang froid.

Malgré tout on était les meilleurs même si l'on n'avait pas autant de discipline qu'à Cornwallis, nous en avions plus que ceux de l'autre division sur l'autre bateau que l'on appelait le "slack ship", à quoi ils nous répondaient: "We

are the happy ship", traduction: "Nous sommes le bateau joyeux." On a eu plus de travail et moins de repos que sur l'autre "navire", mais dans l'ensemble, il me semble, il me semble que l'on a appris plus que l'autre division et que l'on sait un peu plus qu'eux ce qu'est la discipline sur un bateau.

Notre moment le plus durant la journée était le moment de "changing station". Jamais on ne s'y est habitué, mais on s'est quand même bien amusé. Peindre et rependre le bateau en se courant après avec des pinceaux pleins de peinture, ou s'aroser mutuellement avec les boyaux d'incendie.

A part le travail et la nourriture, on avait une autre activité dans laquelle nous excellions et nous étions hors concours, c'était le "dormir". On a appris à dormir n'importe où, n'importe comment: debout, assis, à genoux, couché. Des qu'on avait une minute libre, on s'avachissait sur la première couchette vide. On était trop nombreux pour avoir chacun une couchette; il y avait six hamacs mais la paresse de les monter faisait que l'on prenait la couchette d'un gar en devoir.

Le moment le plus apprécié de la journée était le moment du "beer issue"; on avait droit à une bière par jour.

Prendre des bains de soleil était notre sport préféré, que nous n'avions pas l'occasion de pratiquer souvent.

Viens le temps de parler des officiers. Ce qu'il y a de moins ou de plus important sur les bateaux. Le plus spectaculaire était le "green beret", ou "Magoo" ou l'X.O. toujours là pour nous engueuler jamais la pour nous féliciter. Celui qui n'était vraiment pas aimé était "LuLu", le deck officier.

En résumé: très intéressante croisières, visites de grandes villes pour le centennial.





CHARLIE CRUISE

Three months ago our prospective cruise was clouded in the future. Suddenly departure time was upon us--0200, Saturday 12 August, 1967. Of course we were all heartbroken to leave our summer home by the sea, but we have to move on to bigger and better things, such as a gate vessel. Frantically we pumped members of Bravo Cruise for information: take civies (although they are forbidden); get a bunk, not a hammock; try for communicator or engine room assistant so that you could sleep; get the fac'sle for cleaning stations; pray you're on the "Jean".

Destined to sail the polluted waters of the Great Lakes, Nootka and Micmac divisions will have the honour of putting the LOUIS and JEAN to bed for the winter. Thus our cruising time will be abbreviated three weeks.

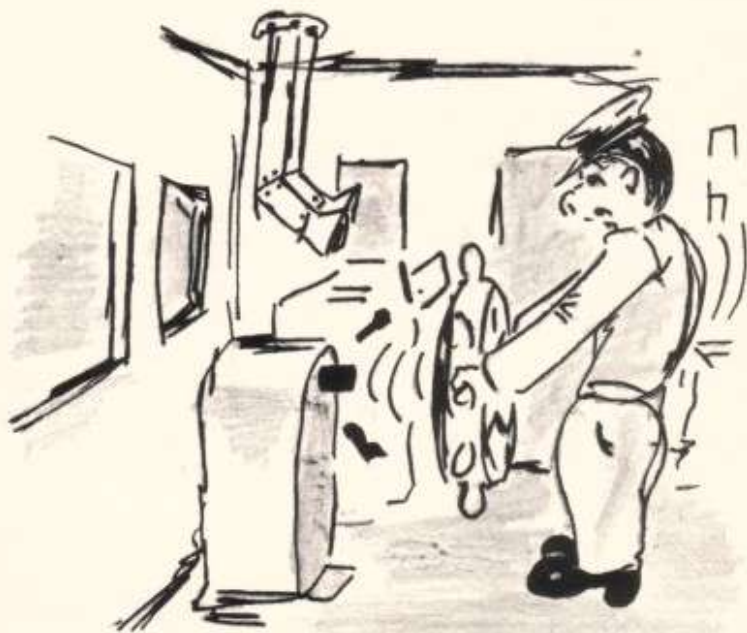
Some members of our divi-

sions have had sea time on West Coast gate vessels, but we who hark from the prairies have yet to experience a strong sea wind whistling through our beards. How many will spend time at the rails, we do not know. We are also unacquainted with such quaint activities as chipping and painting, or swabbing decks, or even man overboard; but we will learn quickly enough.

All we have left to do is pack exactly forty pounds of gear in our duffle bag (to be weighted) and another thirty

pounds or so in our hand bags (not to be weighed), shipping any unnecessary items such as soap or irons home.

Well, we are about to shove off now for the bustling ports of Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur and a rendezvous with the Centennial Voyageur canoes who plan to race us to the north shore line of Lake Superior. This could be embarrassing but we'll put our best effort forward. "Farewell" until next year from the guys who live where Canada really starts.





UNIVERSITY of VICTORIA



ESQUIMALT

1153 Esquimalt Road

Victoria

Here Are Some Of The "Martinizing" Extras

- * Cuffs and pockets are thoroughly cleaned.
- * Buttons, belts, etc., are given special treatment.
- * Spot removal prior to actual cleaning.
- * Knitted garments are measured and cleaned in nets.
- * Free minor repairs.
- * Garments are steamed and blocked to measurement.
- * During finishing the original style lines are restored.
- * Personalized packaging protects your "MARTINIZED" Clothing.

A "MARTINIZED" garment is cleaner, brighter and stays pressed longer



FRESH AS A FLOWER

IN JUST ONE HOUR

Compliments

of

THE BUTCHART GARDENS

Victoria, British Columbia

Canada

Interesting is This Extended Duty

BUT WE MISS
THE CLASSROOM SO
THE BEST
WE CAN DO
IS
REMEMBER -



Heh, Heh - it's a nice fire

hopping into the showers only to find you were in complete control of two cold water taps while
the cold water in the next stall was scalding your buddy
the heads that flushed except when something was in them
the urinals that would pee back at you
getting a glimpse of your Termie for recognition purposes only
lining up four blocks away whenever word of a good meal got out
the boot lockers that once opened, could never be shut again
getting out of bed, only to be tramped on by five colleagues
the "Canva Covered Buses" that took us to classes
how the O D's called you "Sir"
how the mail was smartly delivered and sorted
the cafeteria soft drink machine that ate money
trying to choose which cruise you were going on
climbing into bed and thinking you must have climbed in sideways judging from the length of it
choosing which games you would play in the fully equipped Rec. Space
the clarity of important pipes
your rushing to voluntary Church Parades
how you hurried to classes so you could pay close attention to all that was taught
how there used to be films on in the Theatre for those who couldn't get to sleep
Fast's "Wakey, Wakey's"
how well-loved were all lower deck Sea Lawyers
OS Vezina in the scullery
the interminable length of our trans-oceanic cruises
the hospitality of new-found friends
the overwhelming response to B.S.'s locker-oriented plea for friendship
the change in attitude of your new girl-friend when she found out just how soon you really were
leaving
the more distasteful and degrading it was, the better it was for training
reading the new issue of Daily Orders to see what you had missed the day before
King's not 15 pounds overweight, he's just six inches too short
how Fred was able to lose weight over the summer
Remember, above all, Remember the Beacon Hare

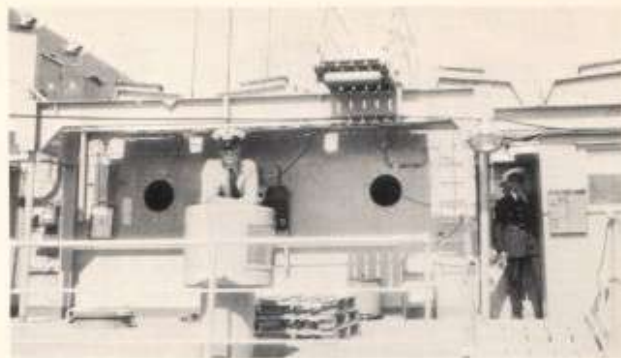
N.R.



1867 | 1967



The Fred Home for Cadidiots



Hilton Hotel





West Coast Awards

PRESENTED BY
CAPTAIN F. FREWER
BASE COMMANDER



*Columbia Division
BEST SPORTS DIVISION*

Chief Cadet Captain Garneau

*BEST SENIOR CADET
Receiving the DND Sword*



Best Athlete

O/C E. MILLS

Best Cadet Captain

*C/C W. SANFORD
Governor-General's Telescope*

Exped Whalers Winning Crews

CRUISE ALPHA

KO
PHELAN
PLAMONDON
GOOD
CAMERON
POOLEY

CRUISE BRAVO

OLIVER
DEWLING
ROBERTSON
FOWLER
JONES
BENNETT

Best Cadets

COLUMBIA	E. MILLS
MACKENZIE	N. PARK
QU'APPELLE	G. NIJDAM
SASKATCHEWAN	W. CLEARIHUE
ST. CROIX	B. KING
YUKON	P. FOWLER

*BEST DIVISION
Yukon Division*

*HIGHEST MARKS
Cadet I. Pooley*





*Reserve Training Commander's
Shield (Best All-Round First Year) -
Cadet Captain J. Langlais.*

East Coast Awards

*Divisional Proficiency Trophy
presented by Ship's Company -
awarded to Nootka Division.*

*Divisional Sports Award pre-
sented by Ship's Company -
awarded to Micmac Division.*

*Blood Drive Trophy - UNTD
Corpuscle Cup - awarded to
Micmac Division.*

*Cuff Links awarded to divisional
cadet captains.*



*W.J. Gushue Shield for Best Athlete -
Cadet D. Dersch.*



Best First Year Cadets received their bosun's pipes from Captain J. M. Paul. From left to right are Cadet P. Roy (Iroquois), Cadet R. J. Bonnell (Cayuga), Cadet G. R. McAllister (Micmac), Cadet B. Cook (Nootka), Cadet K. J. Dowdell (Huron). Absent from the photo is Cadet K. W. Sabey (Haida).

Br = Brunswick
Ca = Chippawa
Ci = Cataract
Cn = Carleton

Ct = Cobalt
Da = Donnacona
Dy = Discovery
Hr = Hunter

Directory

Juniors

Mm = Montcalm
Mt = Malahat
Sn = Scotian

Sr = Star
Th = Tecumseh
Un = Unicorn
Yk = York

Allard, Michel -Mm
19 Langevin St.
Beauport, Quebec, P.Q.

Andrews, Robert B. -Ct
135 Newton Rd.
St. John's, Nfld.

Audy, Michel -Mm
140 66ième Rue Ouest
Charlesbourg, Quebec 7, P.Q.

Ayer, John A. -Br
719 Charlotte St.
Fredericton, N.B.

Baird, David R. -Br
627 Valley View Ct.
Fredericton, N.B.

Barrette, Rejean -Mm
347 est, Avenue St. Louis
St. Raymond, Cte. Portneuf, P.Q.

Barron, William D. -Sr
17 Shirley St.
Dundas, Ont.

Bathurst, John M. -Ci
1429 Shore Pkwy.
Brooklyn, N.Y.
11214 Apt. 4L

Batt, Harvey W. -Ca
19 Tod Dr.
Winnipeg 8, Man.

Beales, Joseph N. -Mt
1661 Earle St.
Victoria, B.C.

Beaudet, Jean-Francois -Mm
1783 Avenue Bergemont
Quebec 3, P.Q.

Beaucage, Andre -Da
1679 Charles Falkner
Montreal, P.Q.

Belanger, Douglas -Cn
R.R. #2
Val-des-Bois, P.Q.

Bezaire, Brian -Hr
R.R. #2
River Canard, Ont.

Bishop, Barry -Sn
36351 Jennings St.
Halifax, N.S.

Bonnell, Robert C. -Br
556 Young St.
St. John West, N.B.

Borowski, Alex -Dy
50 East 58th Ave.
Vancouver 15, B.C.

Bouvier, Pierre N. -Da
1659 Sauriol est
Ahuntsic, Montreal, P.Q.

Brodie, Douglas N. -Br
217 South St.
Nova Scotia

Buchanan, David B. -Yk
3435 Lincove Ter.
Cooksville, Ont.

Burton, Michael -Hr
1043 Riverside Dr. E.
Windsor, Ont.

Cape, Dennis G. -Ca
674 Brock St.
Winnipeg 9, Man.

Carroll, Glenn R. -Cn
41 Edina St.
Ottawa 3, Ont.

Celhoffer, William P. -Sr
4 Patricia Pl.
Hamilton, Ont.

Charles, John G. -Sn
C/O Miss R. Howe
1333 South Park St.
Park Victoria, Apt. 1201
Halifax, N.S.

Colini, Paul -Hr
559 Elliot St. E. 1
Windsor, Ont.

Collins, Errol S. -Ct
8 Elizabeth St. - P.O. Box 241
Lewisporte, Nfld.

Colvin, James A. -Da
C/O HMCS Donnacona
Montreal 2, P.Q.

Cook, Brian A. -Un
2229 Lansdown Ave.
Saskatoon, Sask.

Cornett, William R. -Th
4416 43rd. Ave.
Red Deer, Alta.

Creak, Laurie J. -Mt
5125 Santa Clara Ave.
Victoria, B.C.

Curry, William G. -Hr
2541 Lincoln Rd.
Windsor, Ont.

Danforth, Scott N. -Hr
R.R. #1
Ripley, Ont.

Dauphinee, David R. -Sn
6330 Norwood St.
Halifax, N.S.

Dawson, Simon P. -Ct
2 Exeter Ave.
St. John's, Nfld.

Deernstead, Eric -Cn
71 Rosedale Ave.
Ottawa, Ont.

Demers, Raymond -Mm
325 Commercial
St. Henri, Cte Levis, P.Q.

Dersch, Douglas J. -Th
#66 2014 Ulster Rd. N.W.
Calgary, Alta.

Demeulmester, J. -Da
2640 Beauclerk
Montreal 5, P.Q.

Dicecco, Alex -Yk
3023 Weston Rd.
Weston, Ont.

Dickinson, John A. -Yk
1367 Avenue Rd.
Toronto 12, Ont.

Doody, Ross M. -Da
102 Crestview
Pointe Claire, Montreal, P.Q.

Dowdell, Kenneth -Hr
1055 Hickory Rd.
Windsor, Ont.

Dunsworth, Edward T. -Sn
561 Young Ave.
Halifax, N.S.

Ellis, James B. -St
2728 Winsted Dr.
Toledo, Ohio
43606 U.S.A.

Gagnon, Denis -Mm
650 Avenue Joffre
Quebec 6, P.Q.

Gallagher, Bruce L. -Cn
754 Eastborne Ave.
Ottawa, Ont.

Gamache, Michel -Mm
1716 Belanger
Plessisville, P.Q.

Ganes, Eric M. -Un
Box 219
Elbow, Sask.

Garland, W. -Ct
4 Hill Rd.
Grand Falls, Nfld.

Gilgan, John E. -Yk
29 Hobden Pl.
Weston, Ont.

Gray, Brian P. -Hr
780 Ouellette Ave. #37
Windsor, Ont.

Hadley, Duncan J. -Br
140 Edinburgh St.
Fredericton, N.B.

Hart, Martin C. -Dy
19906 49th. Ave.
Langley, B.C.

Hilborn, William H. -Br
15 Fairlawn Ct.
Fredericton, N.B.

Hodson, James L. -Sr
93 Floresta Ct.
Ancaster, Ont.

Hooper, James T. -Ca
4 Westmount Bay,
St. Boniface 6, Man.

Houle, Pierre -Mm
1330 Dubisson
Sillery, Quebec 6, P.Q.

Hughes, James -Dy
1726 West 33rd Ave.
Vancouver 13, B.C.

Ireland, Peter J. -Mt
2312 Grove Cres.
P.O. Box 151
Sidney, B.C.

Jacheta, Peter O. -Ca
1075 Mulvey Ave.
Winnipeg 9, Man.

Jacques, Bertrand -Mm
Grand Seminaire
Cite Universtaire
Sye. Foy, Quebec 10, P.Q.

Jonassen, Paul R. -Th
3813 6th St. S.W.
Calgary, Alta.

Keeler, Donald K. -Sn
2256 Newton Ave.
Halifax, N.S.

Kowalewski, Stanley -Cn
418 Upper Sherman Ave.
Halifax, N.S.

Kydd, Donald C. -Sn
6220 South St.
Halifax, N.S.

Laberge, Richard -Da
10385 Esplanade
Montreal 12, P.Q.

Langlais, John C. -Da
62 Surrey Dr.
Montreal 16, P.Q.

Lapointe, Robert E. -Da
417 Rue Charron
Montreal 22, P.Q.

Lariviere, Pierre J. -Da
707 1st Ave.
Pointe-aux-Trembles, P.Q.

Lawton, Merril J. -Da
1042 Francis St.
Domaine Bellerive
Ville Jacques Cartier, P.Q.

Leonard, Walter C. -Ct
15 Gear St.
St. John's, Nfld.

Leuschen, Brian F. -Ca
958 McMillan Ave.
Winnipeg 9, Man.

Logan, Roy E. -Br
12 Abitibi St.
Oromocto, N.B.

Long, Gary W. -Mt
1687 Hampshire Rd.
Victoria, B.C.

McAllister, Rae -Un
13 Pinder Cres.
Saskatoon, Sask.

McBride, Michael -Hr
406 Simcoe St.
Amherstberg, Ont.

McFarlane, John M. -Sn
6229 Oakland Rd.
Halifax, N.S.

MacKay, James C. -Br
374 Winchester St.
St. James, Winnipeg, Man.

McNichols, John C. -Dy
940 #2 Rd.
Richmond, B.C.

MacQuarrie, John C. -Mt
1190 Hewlett Pl.
Victoria, B.C.

Markowitz, Thomas -Da
46 Forrest Hill Rd.
Toronto 7, Ont.

Marshall, Adrian -Cn
2215 Melfort St.
Ottawa 8, Ont.

Matchim, Clarence -Ct
Eastport, Bonavista Bay
Newfoundland

Matthews, James R. -Sn
HMCS Scotian
Halifax, N.S.

Mercier, Pierre -Mm
910 Desbraves
Quebec, P.Q.

Mohannan, Sam S. -Mm
2559 Ave. de la Falaise
Sillery, Quebec 6, P.Q.

Moist, Terrance L. -Mt
1098 Gosper Cres.
Victoria, B.C.

Morley, Robert A. -Hr
956 Mathew Brady
Windsor, Ont.

Morris, John T. -Ca
364 Marjorie St.
Winnipeg 12, Man.

Oellet, Jean -Mm
Gac Etchemin, Cte. Dorchester
Quebec

Perry, Martin R. -Ci
29 Riverview Dr.
Kingston, Ont.

Peters, Lawrence P. -Yk
C/O HMCS Brunswicker

Plante, Yvon R. -Mm
78 Lafresniere, Ste. Foy
Quebec 10, P.Q.

Pugh, Donald E. -Ci
111 Palmer Rd.
Belleville, Ont.

Rabatch, Greg G. -Un
421 Willow St.
Saskatoon, Sask.

Ralston, Ivan S. -Ci
3085 Cedar Ave.
Montreal, P.Q.

Rogers, Christopher -Ci
Box 1153
Carleton Place, Ont.

Rose, Hames F. -Ci
35 Shawfield Cres.
Don Mills, Ont.

Ross, Neil J. -Th
306 St. Albert Rd.
St. Albert, Alta.

Roy, Pierre -Mm
811 Ave. Pairchaud
Quebec 6, P.Q.

Rudge, Terrance L. -Ca
306 Raquette St.
Winnipeg 22, Man.

Sabey, Kenneth W. -Da
8 Roberta Cres.
R.R. #3, Ottawa, Ont.

Saunders, David M. -Ca
316 Laidlaw Blvd.
Winnipeg 29, Man.

Saunders, James -Dy
3932 Ortona Cres.
Vancouver 8, B.C.

Saxton, David -Sn
2189 Newton Ave.
Halifax, N.S.

Shaw, Barry -Ca
648 Bardal Bay
Winnipeg 16, Man.

Siefert, Klaus D. -Dy
1877 Queensway
Prince George, B.C.

Sleight, Peter H. -Mt
1173 Oxford St.
Victoria, B.C.

Smith, Gerald M. -Da
132 Surrey Dr.
Montreal 16, P.Q.

Smith, Roger W. -Th
1409 22nd St. S.W.
Calgary, Alta.

Squires, Richard -Ct
4 Prospect St.
St. John's, Nfld.

Stacey, Ray -Mt
1740 Lansdowne Rd.
Victoria, B.C.

Stehelin, Paul -Cn
224 Roger Rd.
Ottawa, Ont.

Stephens, Kenneth -Hr
1220 Argyle St.
Windsor, Ont.

Stewart, Gordon F. -Th
9308 147 St.
Edmonton, Alta.

Tennant, Bruce D. -Dy
534 Evergreen Pl.
North Vancouver, B.C.

Troubridge, David A. -Sr
64 Miller Dr.
Ancaster, Ont.

Vallee, Michel -Mm
1241 Forget, Sillery
Quebec 6, P.Q.

Van den Bosch, George -Ca
Box #181
Manitou, Man.

Vanstone, James A. -Dy
2926 W. 36th Ave.
Vancouver 13, B.C.

Villeneuve, Hughes -Mm
3018 William Stuart
Ste. Foy, Quebec 10, P.Q.

Villeneuve, Gérard -Da
381 St. Denis
Thetford Mines, P.Q.

Vink, Jerry J. -Sn
Upper Sackville
Nova Scotia

Walsh Gregory M. -Sn
2068 Beech St.
Halifax, N.S.

Ward, David F. -Br
30 Dakota Dr.
Oramocto, N.B.

Welte, Robert J. -Dy
5066 176th St.
R.R. #2, Cloverdale, B.C.

Wheeler, Colin -Da
119 Ambassador Rd.
Pte. Claire, P.Q.

Wilson, Mark J. -Yk
154 Tower Dr.
Scarborough, Ont.

Williamson, Hugh -Sn
HMCS Scotian
Halifax, N.S.

Ziegler, Paul -Sr
71 Royal Ave.
Hamilton, Ont.

Zinman, Edward -Co
562 Queenstone St.
Winnipeg 9, Man.

Seniors

Appleton, Timothy -Hr
256 Wallis Drive
Peterborough, Ont.
743-4653

Baetsen, Christiaan -Ca
275 Beliveau Ave.
Winnipeg 8, Man.
253-4148

Banfield, Peter -Mt
938 Selkirk Ave.
Victoria, B.C.
382-4472

Bélanger, Gérald -Mm
634 Est Grande Allée
Quebec, P.Q.
523-2245

Benoit, Robert -Da
1637 Rue Emard
Montreal 20, P.Q.
768-8048

Bergeron, Marc-André -Mm
307 Rue St. George
Lévis, P.Q.
837-7319

Blackwood, Alex -Mt
490 St. Charles St.
Victoria, B.C.
382-7320

Bonnely, Jean-Guy -Mm
650 Clavdel
Les Saules, P.Q.
527-5912

Bookham, Richard -Th
13312-135 St.
Edmonton, Alta.
455-1534

Bowman, Dennis -Sr
10 Erb St.
Elmira, Ont.
669-2657

Brender à Brandis, Jock -Sr
P.O. Carlisle
Ontario
689-1094

Broad, Douglas -Sr
630 Kenaston Ave.
T.M.R., P.Q.
RE 8-6708

Brochu, Andre -Mm
339 St. Olivier
Quebec, P.Q.
524-2036

Butcher, John -Ci
32 Willowbank Blvd.
Toronto 12, Ont.
485-5218

Cameron, Claude -Mm
59 Seigneuriale
Beauport, P.Q.
661-1841

Churlish, Stewart -Mt
1698 Yale St.
Victoria, B.C.
386-3911

Clearihue, Bill -Da
1240 Guertin St.
St. Laurent, P.Q.
744-5921

Cox, Dave -Yk
12 Wakelin Ter.
St. Catharines, Ont.
686-0686

Crofton, William -Yk
88 Braeside Rd.
Toronto 12, Ont.
HU 8-3850

Deschênes, Jean -Mm
10 Colombiere Ouest
Quebec City, P.Q.
623-3021

Dewling, Eric -Sn
71 Olsen Dr.
Don Mills, Ont.
444-4001

Dunphy, John -Br
R.R. #1, Lr. Sackville
Halifax Co., N.S.

Emond, Jean-Guy -Mm
853 Pontbriand
Quebec, P.Q.
653-5083

Fisher, Terry -Br
116 Miles St.
Fredericton, N.B.
472-6376

Fowler, Peter -Sn
50 Ravens Cliff Ct.
St. John, N.B.
692-2804

Garneau, Simon -Mm
93 du Manège, Beauport
Quebec 5, P.Q.
663-9831

Gaucher, Hubert -Da
733A Outremont Ave.
Montreal 8, P.Q.
674-0792

Gaudreau, Richard -Mm
2659 Jean-Brillant
Ste. a Joy, P.Q.
683-9363

Geeraert, Albert -Th
R.R. #1
Vermilion, Alta.

Gignac, Ronald -Mm
1401 Blvd., Benoit XV
Quebec 3, P.Q.
522-7200

Girouard, Paul -Da
365 Quinn Blvd.
Longueuil, P.Q.
674-0792

Good, Peter -Da
1759 Gage Cres.
Ottawa 5, Ont.
729-7945

Harrison, Ron -Dy
3334 West 39th Ave.
Vancouver 13, B.C.
AM 6-4375

Harrity, Kevin -Br
24 Deer Park
Oramocto, N.B.
357-6224

Hunter, Brian -Dy
2341 Panorama Dr.
North Vancouver, B.C.
929-2140

Huot, Daniel -Mm
38 du Manège, Beauport
Quebec 5, P.Q.
663-9154

Jewett, Peter -Ci
203 King St. East, Apt. 5
Kingston, Ont.
542-5267

Joyce, Michael -Cn
193 3rd Ave.
Ottawa 1, Ont.
232-0560

Kai, William -Sn
158 Falcon Ter., Mulgrave Pk.
Halifax, N.S.
422-2389

Keating, David -Sn
29 Woodward Cres.
Halifax Co., N.S.
454-5442

King, Brian -Un
860 15th St. West
Prince Albert, Sask.
763-3803

Ko, Russell -Mt
2875 Phyllis St.
Victoria, B.C.
477-3642

Laporte, Jean -Da
652 Wiseman
Montreal, P.Q.
272-1076

Laughland, David -Ci
1192 Castle Hill Cres.
Ottawa, Ont.
728-0689

Lacroix, Stephan -Cn
Box 335
CFB Alouette, P.Q.

Lewis, Donald -Br
621 Albert St.
Fredericton, N.B.
475-8132

Mills, Emerson -Br
153 Edinburgh St.
Fredericton, N.B.
475-3859

Milson, William -Th
P.M.Q. 749, 9720-152 Ave.
Edmonton, Alta.
476-6648

McArthur, John -Th
8907 Saskatchewan Dr.
Edmonton, Alta.
433-0975

McCloy, Rod -Dy
1412-21st.
West Vancouver, B.C.
922-1421

McConnell, Brian -Th
10828-132 St.
Edmonton, Alta.
455-1227

McElroy, Bill -Sr
R.R. #3
Beamsville, Ont.
416/563-8002

McIntosh, John -Dy
118 Cumberland Dr. N.W.
Calgary, Alta.
282-6845

McIntyre, Donald -Dy
3714 West 13th Ave.
Vancouver 8, B.C.
CA 4-9453

Nason, Kenneth -Sn
6666 Quinpool Rd.
Halifax, N.S.
423-0982

Nijdam, Georges -Dy
5012 Granville
Vancouver 13, B.C.
263-7234

Oliver, John -Br
4 River Ter.
Marysville, N.B.
472-7863

Orford, Robert -Da
10107-140 Ave.
Edmonton, Alta.
476-3156

Oxley, David -Yk
342 Brookdale Ave.
Toronto, Ont.
782-6191

Park, Norb -Th
7135-83 St.
Edmonton, Alta.
HO 6-7628

Phelan, Mike -Da
8 Ballantyne Ave. South
Montreal West, P.Q.
484-5589

Pimenoff, Stephen -Da
71 Percival Ave.
Montreal West 28, P.Q.
489-1965

Plamondon, Gilles -Mm
1255 Charles Huot Sillery
Quebec City 6, P.Q.
LA 7-6602

Pooley, Ian -Dy
Box 33
East Kelowna, B.C.
762-7885

Pottle, James -Ct
Buchans, Nfld.
3745

Price, James -Ct
P.O. Box 234
Twillingate, Nfld.
2278

Raper, Brian -Hr
927 Chilver Rd.
Windsor, Ont.
252-6328

Reicker, James -Ci
137 Glenvale Blvd.
Toronto, Ont.
483-9888

Ritson-Bennett, Gregory -Th
8201-98 Ave.
Edmonton, Alta.
466-9506

Robertson, Nelson -Ca
C/O HMCS CHIPPAWA
Winnipeg, Man.

Sanford, Wendell -Sn
2770 Ralph Devlin Dr.
Halifax, N.S.
454-9925

Sommerville, Brian -Mt
1157 Hadfield Ave.
Victoria, B.C.
382-4054

Smorong, Robert -Hr
1950 Tourangeau Rd.
Windsor, Ont.
945-2049

Smyski, Peter -Yk
215 Glencairn Ave.
Toronto 12, Ont.
481-0625

Ste-Marie, Michel -Mm
770 Blvd. des Chutes
Beauport, Quebec 5, P.Q.
663-3634

Stoff, Gregory -Sr
625 Iroquois Ave.
Ancaster, Ont.
MI 8-4850

Sylvestre, Guy -Do
620 Frontenac
Berthierville, P.Q.
836-4064

Taylor, Douglas -Mt
1125 Greenwood
Victoria, B.C.
EU 6-1542

Timanin, Peter -Un
12-16 Bateman Cres.
Saskatoon, Sask.

Todd, James -Yk
116 Mona Dr.
Toronto 12, Ont.
HU 9-8567

Vavasour, James -Ct
122 Empire Ave.
St. John's, Nfld.
579-1966

Williams, Donald -Yk
4468 Bennett Rd.
Burlington, Ont.

Wright, Alex J.-Yk
30 Fletcher Cres., Box 806
Alliston, Ont.
435-6946

Yates, Walter -Hr
2709 Meldrum Rd.
Windsor, Ont.
945-1843

Officers-A/SLT's

Augustus, Grant -Yk
30 West Deane Valley Rd.
Islington, Ont.
621-6345

Coté, Roger -Mm
420-45th St.
St. Rodrigue Charlesbourg, P.Q.
623-2384

Fournier, Serge -Mm
2445 Ave. Vitre
Quebec City 3, P.Q.
524-1796

Giesbrecht, Wayne -Un
2302 Hanover
Saskatoon, Sask.
343-3552

Hopkins, Thomas -Ct
7 Hill Rd.
Grand Falls, Nfld.
709-2446

Kuiper, Art -Da
166 Alton Dr.
Beaconsfield, P.Q.
697-2894

Muir, Alex -Mt
3113 Glen Lake Rd.
Victoria, B.C.
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1072 Newport Ave.
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383-2476

Power, Glen -Th
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Ritchie, Ron -Mt
723 Mount Joy Ave.
Victoria, B.C.
384-5106

Sorsdahl, Neil -Un
Box 208
Mossbank, Sask.
354-2289

Tusko, Csaba -Ct
4056 West 18th
Vancouver, B.C.

Van Der Horst, John -Ca
4411 Hedley Ave.
Winnipeg 20, Man.
VE 2-6576

Officers

SLT Anderson, E. -Ct
58 Bonaventure Ave.
St. John's, Nfld.

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Wetaskiwin, Alta.
352-3743

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Winnipeg, Man.
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7937 East Saanich Rd.
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LT Bradley, G. C. -Th
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North Harbour
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131 Middleton Cres.
Saskatoon, Sask.
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Ottawa 2, Ont.

LT Duggan, B. -Ca
1621-411 Cumberland Ave.
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LCDR Duncombe, R. B. -Dy
3982 West 35th Ave.
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LT Dyer, G. -Sr
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#1103 Hamilton, Ont.
449-1347

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637 Cordova St.
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LT McArthur, P.D. -Th
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Edmonton, Alta.
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LT Paltridge, G.D.H. -Mt
2660 Killarney Rd.
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LT Peters, H.M. -Sn
6155 Quinpool Rd.
Halifax, N.S.

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Victoria, B.C.
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Edmonton, Alta.
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LT Stamp, B. -Ca
31-30 Spence St.
Winnipeg, Man.
783-8625

LT Thomson, A.J.L. -Yk
1 Crown Hill Place, Apt. 203
Toronto 18, Ont.
233-8691

SLT Thomson, D.H. -Da
2460 Benny Cres.
Montreal 28, P.Q.

LT Walker, R.T. -Dy
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Victoria, B.C.
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Addenda

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Edmonton, Alta.
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533 Sparksdale Ave.
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O/C Malcolm, William -Mt
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O/C Blair, Stuart -Sn
3 Rockwood Ave.
Dartmouth, N.S.

O/C Carlson, Jack -Ct
94 Memorial Drive
Gander, Nfld.

O/C Nurse, Rick -Ct
5 Allan Sq.
St. John's, Nfld.

O/C Parsons, R.D. -Ct
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