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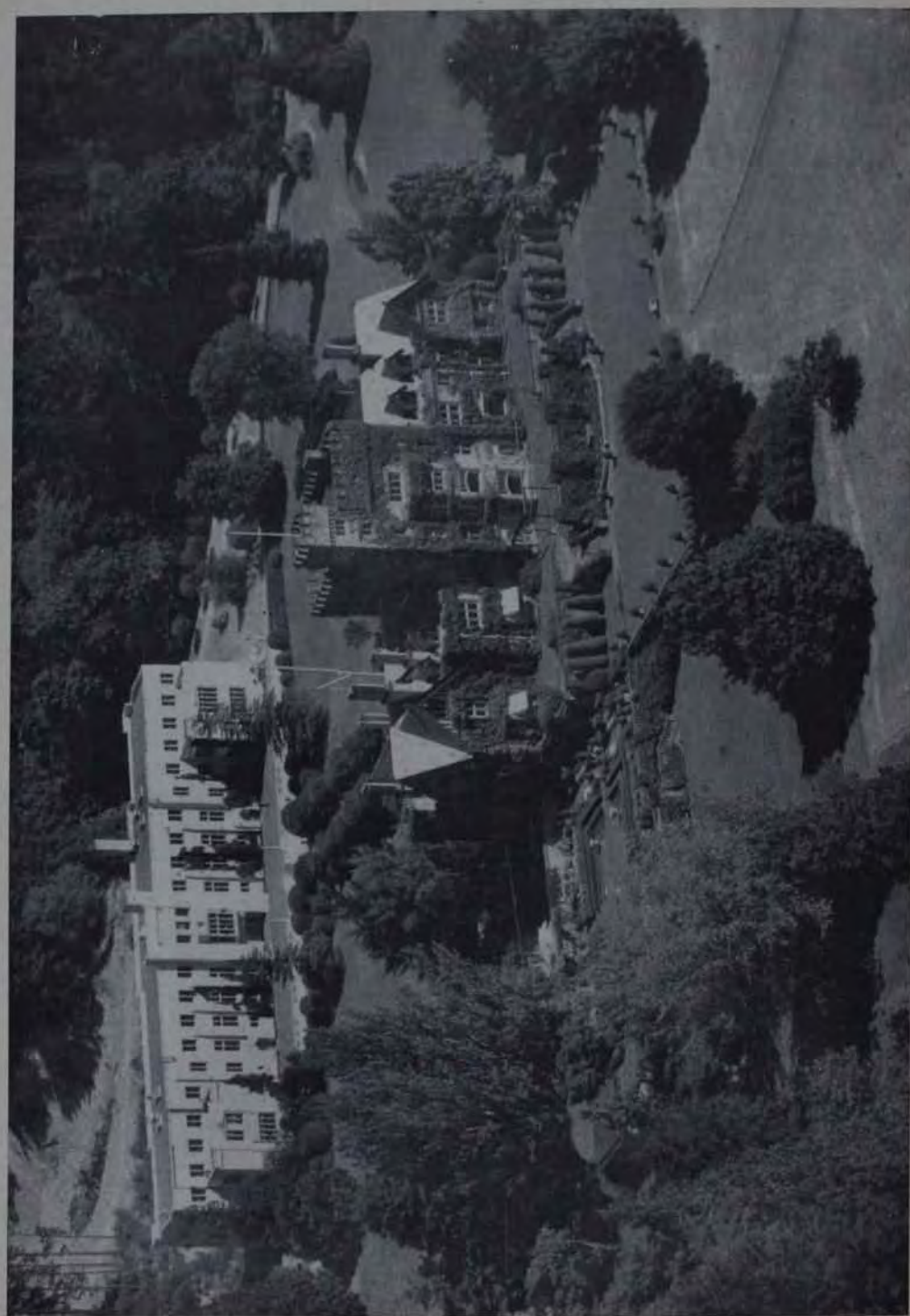
Log

Royal Roads



Graduation

1952



THE LOG
of the
**CANADIAN
SERVICES COLLEGE**
ROYAL ROADS



1951 - 1952

- VOL. II -

LOG STAFF



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THE LOG

ROYAL ROADS, VICTORIA, B.C.

VOL. 11 APRIL 25th, 1952



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A Foreword by

Lieutenant-General G. G. Simonds, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., C.D.

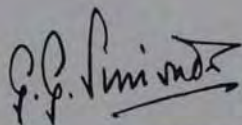
Chief of the General Staff

National Defence Headquarters, Ottawa

YOU are entering the service of your country at one of the most crucial periods of her history. Not only are her Armed Forces committed to the defence of the principles of freedom in Europe and Korea, but she is assuming greater responsibilities among the nations of the western world.

Today, more than ever, Canada must have leaders if she is to sustain this growing responsibility. This is the part which you must play, and play well. I am firmly convinced that the Services Colleges produce the type of man equipped to accept this challenge. Much will be expected of you, but your well-rounded education will serve you in good stead.

Many of you, who have been friends, must disperse—may your college friendships form a continuing bond between you. Those of you who will be members of the Armed Forces must remember that the Forces are a union of might in the struggle for freedom. Always look upon your friends as comrades-in-arms even as you did during your college days. Only in a spirit of comradeship can we serve a common cause.



G. G. SIMONDS,
LT.-GENERAL
C.G.S.

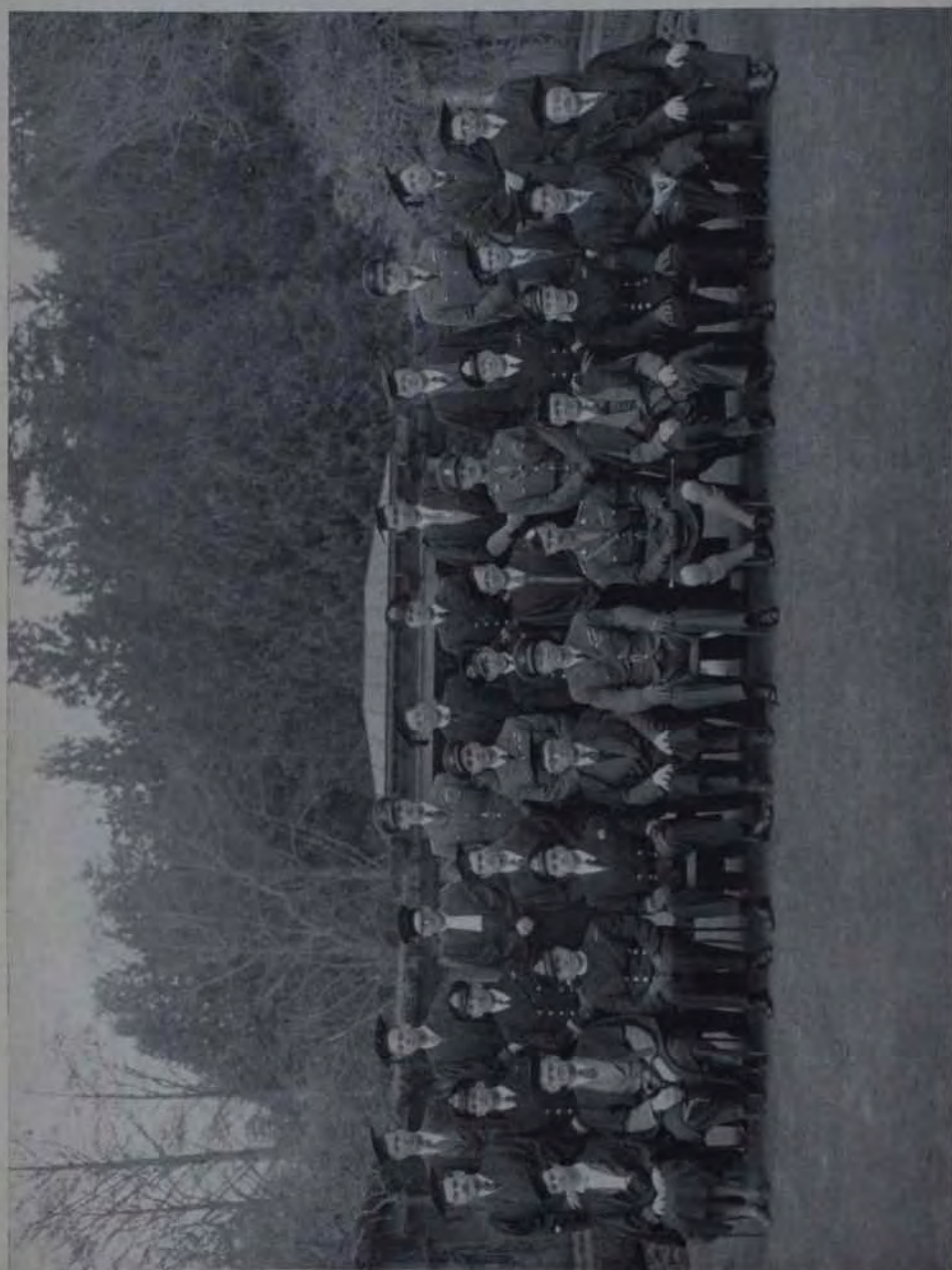


Our Late
Beloved Sovereign
and Commander-in-Chief

H. M. King George VI

"Canada mourns the loss of a great king and a good man. And we are not alone in our sorrow. Throughout the Commonwealth, and indeed everywhere in the free world, King George VI was held in the highest esteem and affection."

Right Hon. L. S. St. Laurent,
Prime Minister.



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EDITORIAL

HOW often have we heard the remark, "If only I had continued my education," or "I wish I could have my education again." Perhaps we have made these statements ourselves at some time. A closer scrutiny of these statements would bring us to the conclusion that they should read, "If only I had understood and applied my education." Having just completed two years at Royal Roads, we can look back and ask, "What have I gained since coming here?" and moreover we can at least try to answer this question.

Certainly it is agreed that if we have no clear object or goal in mind, our education becomes a mere gaining of facts, a hodge podge of disconnected ideas. With a philosophy of life as well as an aim we utilize our education not only to our own advantage but, what is more important, to the advantage of our country. Our society is such that it is based upon private judgment, voluntary co-operation and individual initiative. Citizens are made and not born, and they are made in our schools and universities. Basically our education entails a development of body, mind and character producing in us the ability to become citizens; however, discipline is the essential factor which will teach us how to play our parts as citizens. Certainly here at Royal Roads we have come to understand the meaning of discipline in reaching a goal both in sports and in our daily lives.

When we consider education as our basis for citizenship, the question of practical experience allied with theory immediately comes to mind. Probably one of our great troubles today is the fact that there is too much book work and not enough practical experience.

Although this is true so is the converse. "Without theory, practice is unintelligent and without practice, theory is not understood." Our practical summer training period is sufficient proof of this statement. If we did not

have the background of theory our training period during the four summer months would be useless. There are some subjects which require no practical experience. Mathematics, chemistry and physics are such examples, for they are perfectly intelligible. They do endow us with a keener mental ability, but it is left to the humanities to provide the necessary background for the understanding of the functions and operations of our society and government. At Royal Roads the emphasis is on the mathematics and sciences, but history, English, economics and French are compulsory. The reason for this is quite obvious; for technical requirements for service officers far exceed those of former years. Coupled with this fact is the great need for a high general knowledge. The real business of our college is to train officers—men able to face unexpected emergencies, to lead an army not a platoon, to plan a campaign.

Education is atmosphere as well as instruction; it is not the grouping of piecemeal statements and accomplishments but a formation, largely unconscious, of an attitude and an outlook. The physical, spiritual and moral education we have received at Royal Roads has served to bring us to the realization of the fact that we do have a purpose to fulfil in life. Education must affect outlook and with it, character and conduct.

The need for a continuance of our education not only in our college years but also in our adult lives is only too clear to all of us. Our elementary education is useless unless it leads to something greater; for if we are to be of any use to ourselves and our country as citizens we must understand both ourselves and the main forces affecting our country's future. In the years to come let us remember that as young Canadians we are playing a vital part in the growth of our country and with that in mind let us apply our education and ability to think for ourselves to her greatest advantage.



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PERRY, K. J.	Canora, Sask.
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STRANG, D. G.	218 Princess Avenue East, Brandon, Man.
STROUD, H. R.	High River, Alta.
TARDIF, J. G. R.	St. Eleuthere, Kamouraska, P.Q.
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THURSTON, G. C.	3181 Turner Road, Sandwich East, Ont.
TILL, J. C.	79 Duke Street, Saint John, N.B.
TREMAYNE, F. A. M.	Sutton West, Ont.
VALIQUETTE, J. B.	371 Preston Street, Ottawa, Ont.
VALLEVAND, W. R.	P.O. Box 79, Demasine, Sask.
WAGNER, A. H.	R.R. No. 1, Port Arthur, Ont.
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WALTON, H. J.	504 King Edward Street, St. James, Man.
WATSON, P. H.	740 Avenue Road, Toronto, Ont.
WIGHTMAN, D. P.	59 Astley Avenue, Toronto, Ont.
WILCOX, H. R.	72 Angus Crescent, Regina, Sask.
WOJCIECHOWSKI, P. H.	14-A Cambridge Court, Saskatoon, Sask.
WOOD, S. E. W.	10219—125th Street, Edmonton, Alta.
WYERS, H. W.	No. 8 Kingston Avenue, Ralston, Alta.



GRADUATES





James Alick Marshall

Educated: Castor High School.
Home: Castor, Alberta.
Service: Air Force.

The old adage of "small town boy makes good" is a drastic understatement when one considers the record established by Al in the past two years. His has been an ever-climbing path of outstanding achievement. His initiative, leadership qualities and parade square mastery qualified Al for the appointment of Cadet Wing Commander at the commencement of his Senior Year, a position he acquitted with the utmost ability. The highlight of his term was the inspection of the Cadet Wing by Queen (then Princess) Elizabeth II with our Al at her side.

In the race (???) for knowledge, Alick is fast leaving his termmates far in the rear. From a standing of third on completion of his Junior Year, he has risen to the position of leading contender for the Governor General's Silver Medal.

A deficiency of "drive" cannot be attributed to Alick. A foremost member of the Mackenzie Machine last year, he performed with Champlain Flight this year, providing a valuable asset in all inter-flight activities. In particular we mention hockey, where Al's stellar exhibitions on ice led his team to the flight championship. In non-competitive activities Al has become a master of the parallel bars.

Al's high-flying aptitudes do not end in April. He proudly dons the uniform of a Flight Cadet, having become a pilot by trade. Reports from summer training indicate that the R.C.A.F. is eager to add Al to its permanent list. After a summer at Centralia, September, 1952, will find Alick at R.M.C. accumulating more laurels undoubtedly.

W.H.E.



John Edward Czaja

Educated: Gordon Bell High School.
Home: Winnipeg, Manitoba.
Service: Air Force.

Many weird and wonderful things have occurred at Royal Roads, not the least of which was the arrival of Eddie Czaja, cadet extraordinaire. His greatest attribute has been his versatility. Occupying the position at the top of the term popularity poll, Ed is famous not only for participating in, but also organizing, gunroom operations.

Winner of the Michael Phillips Trophy as the outstanding boxer in 1951, he repeated his feats in the ring in '52. As a stalwart end, he has donned football togs each fall. To Ed goes credit for the perfected execution of "30 Pro." Basketball and volleyball "rep" teams also acclaim Ed as a stalwart performer.

In recognition of exceptional initiative and leadership and executive ability Ed gained the appointment of Squadron Leader first term and Wing Commander in the third.

College social activities have profited by Ed's organizing ability, sense of humour, and song-writing talents. Academically he is prominent among the exalted "66 and over" boys.

At the conclusion of a Mechanical Engineering Course, Ed will donate his talent to the Permanent Air Force, in whose records his last summer's escapades already rank him as the best of "H.P.'s"—and immortal lovers!

W.H.E.





Charles Crichton Ferguson

Educated: U.T.S., Toronto.

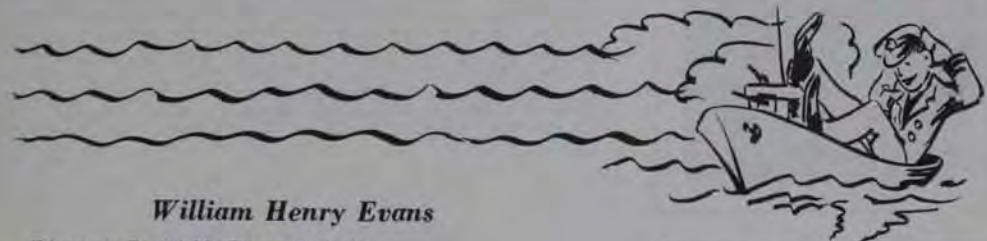
Home: Toronto, Ontario.

Service: Army.

Two years ago a small mound of common clay arrived at the College ready to be moulded into a man. The staff, accustomed to working small miracles, wondered what the outcome would be with this 6-foot 2-inch edition. The impossible was done, and Chick has become one of the most popular Cadets at the College. He has also carried away many of the awards. In his first year Chick was chosen junior athlete of the term. Ferg played on the representative basketball and volleyball teams, and was a great asset towards winning the Claxton Cup this year. In his spare time, Ferg also managed to be the Vice-Captain of the football team and the mainstay of the backfield. In the big game of academics, Chick's conditioning isn't the best, but he hopes to beat the staff this time after a few minor defeats in the semi-finals.

With the price of tanks what it is today, Chick decided to become a tank merchant. Rumour has it that some of the cannon fodder are polishing their bazookas for the big meet on Salisbury Plain when the Queen of the Battlefield test the thickness of their armour. A silver collection will be taken to pay for damage on the merchandized mess tins. The whole College wishes him luck, and the foot sloggers remind him there are two kinds.

T.H.P.



William Henry Evans

Educated: Daniel MacIntyre Collegiate.

Home: Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Service: Navy.

As you look at the picture of W. H. Evans, we hope you realize that you are looking at no ordinary Cadet. Bill is certainly one of the most outstanding Cadets to pass through Royal Roads.

Neither as an athlete nor as a student does Bill show any weakness in his record. For two consecutive years he played for the representative soccer team, and being a relatively heavy smoker, he naturally won a place on our victorious cross-country team. As a student, Bill has the enviable ability to turn on the pressure for an examination the night before writing and walk away with honours. Both in his Junior and Senior years, his rich singing voice has carried gunroom and College entertainment activities to a successful climax.

As a first term Squadron Leader and a second term Wing Commander, Bill displayed the initiative and judgment which will undoubtedly lead him to a fine career in the Navy. Next year he hopes to go to England for an Engineering Course. Although Bill may lose contact with his many friends, I know we will all remember him as one of the best.

J.E.C.





William Ronald Vallevand

Educated: H.M.C.S. "Naden."

Home: Demaine, Sask.

Service: Navy.

Val is one of our Service Cadets who came to Royal Roads from the R.C.N. base H.M.C.S. "Naden." In his junior year Val showed exceptional leadership qualities and ability on the parade square, and was appointed C-F/L in the first term and C-S/L in the second term.

Both in his junior and senior years he was outstanding in the sports activities of the College, excelling particularly in soccer, basketball and hockey.

Being a Service Cadet, he is often called upon to render financial aid; many a Cadet can thank him for that necessary pack of cigarettes to tide him over to pay parade.

During his summer training with the Navy he was elected Cadet Captain and filled his office admirably.

Val plans to go through R.M.C. and then follow a career in the Navy. With his amiable personality and all-round ability he is sure to succeed in whatever he undertakes.

L.W.S.



David Philip Wightman

Educated: University of Toronto Schools.

Home: Toronto, Ontario.

Service: Air Force.

"Hey Wighty, how do you do this calculus problem?" Dave will always be remembered for the generous manner in which he passed on his academic knowledge to the less fortunate.

During his appointments as Flight Leader and Squadron Leader, Dave showed a definite flair for the service life. This, coupled with his reputation as a "pilot supreme," will undoubtedly assure Dave of success in his planned career in the Air Force.

Although he does not possess any excess weight, Dave proved himself a man to be watched during many of the Inter-Flight sports and did exceptionally well for himself in hockey and boxing.

G.J.M.



Nigel David Brodeur

Educated: U.B.C. and Vancouver College.

Home: Vancouver, B.C.

Service: Navy.

From Vancouver comes the product of the eighth generation of Brodeurs. That city's loss is our gain for Nigel has proved himself to be an outstanding cadet.

Although hampered by a troublesome shoulder, "our boy Brodie" manages to keep in the thick of sports activities. These include soccer, boxing, boxhorse, matwork, parallel bars and the B.C. All-Star hockey team. In addition to being competent in sports, he is a member of the Radio Club. He has distinguished himself as an able Flight Leader (Champlain), in the first term, and Squadron Leader (No. 2) in the second term.

After Royal Roads, Nigel plans to go to R.M.C. and thence into the Navy. One never knows but we may someday see another Admiral Brodeur!

A.L.A.





Gerald James Martin

Educated: Duncan High School.

Home: Duncan, B.C.

Service: Army.

When Jerry arrived at Royal Roads his ability quickly became obvious and at the end of the first year he had earned the appointment of Cadet-Flight Leader. In the third term of his senior year he was promoted to the rank of Cadet-Squadron Leader. In both appointments he demonstrated the know-how and efficiency of a first class officer.

Marty takes part in all athletics and is particularly skilled at soccer. As a junior, Jerry won the welterweight boxing championship and represented us against R.M.C.

Jerry's summer training with the armoured corps produced an excellent report and it is certain that his career as an officer of this corps will be long and successful.

D.P.W.

Larry William Shick

Educated: Gordon Bell High School.

Home: Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Service: Air Force.

A name to be long remembered by all who passed through Royal Roads from '50 to '52 is that of Larry Shick. Larry has surely been outstanding in all activities. Shining in sports and gymnastics, Larry boosted the strength of the rep soccer team and captured the inter-flight lightweight boxing crown and that in the R.R.-R.M.C. Tournament. In academics Larry ranks with the more fortunate.

A Squadron Leader in the third term, he proved himself worthy of that appointment.

From here, he will go to R.M.C. with his mind set on Chemical Engineering. No matter where he goes, however, he will undoubtedly do well. A special thanks is extended from the graduates to Larry for his work as Senior Gunroom President—a job truly well done.

W.R.V.



Thorold H. C. Goodfellow

Educated: Glebe Collegiate Institute.

Home: Ottawa, Ontario.

Service: Army.

A member of the "Repeteers" (a two-year course in three years), a smooth "operator" with the fair sex (Muriel and Maggie), a devout follower of Louis Armstrong, and athlete extraordinary is Cadet Thorold Holbien Creen Goodfellow.

Excelling in his favourite game, football, Chuck was elected Captain of the 1951 team. He will be remembered for his hard driving play that made him a formidable player on the line of the "Big Blue Machine." In his three-year "stretch" at Royal Roads, Chuck has played Inter-Flight sports for Cartier, Fraser and La Salle Flights. A strong swimmer, he has been on the Royal Roads swimming team for the past two years in competition with R.M.C. Aside from all this activity, our boy is President of the newly formed Weight-Training Club, and every night can be found standing on the dormitory lockers "making like Charles Atlas." Chuck is one of the term's outstanding Cadets, becoming a first term Flight Leader and then a second term Squadron Leader before Christmas.

J.E.M.





Thomas Arnold Percy Eyre

Educated: City Park Collegiate.
Home: Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.
Service: Navy.

Scud Eyre is Royal Roads' outstanding paradox. He comes from Saskatchewan, and in spite of that fact, he is a brilliant scholar. No, I shouldn't say that, because I heard that he did get a low mark once—70% I think it was. Scud is an active participant in all sports, his favourite ones being soccer, basketball, hockey and dating. Although Scud claims a love of music, he has been the Cadet I/C of the band for two terms and will probably occupy the post again in the final term. You have all heard of the lost chord, well, before the band got in shape under Scud's guidance, they usually lost the whole song. Quite seriously though, he did a wonderful job, and in the third term he was made Flight Leader of Hudson Flight. Upon graduation, Scud plans to enter the Navy as a Midshipman (E), R.C.N., and then go to Keyham, England, for an engineering course. We all hope you get what you are after, Scud, and our whole term wishes you the best of luck.

G.C.R.



Arthur Laurie Altwasser

Educated: Britannia High School, Vancouver.
Home: Vancouver.
Service: Army.

Anyone looking for "Alty" can usually find him in the gunroom or changing rooms. In the gunroom he is usually listening to the radio—often to music which some find too deep, in the changing room he will be found meticulously polishing or cleaning one or more of the many articles of gear which comprise the cadet's issue.

Laurie's seriousness and determination to be at the top characterize him, and yet when the occasion arises, he can enjoy himself as much as anyone.

In sports he displays plenty of ability in soccer, hockey, basketball and other inter-flight sports. Representing the college in the invitation cross-country he placed third in that event.

Worth special mention is his well-deserved appointment as cadet F/L in the third term; we feel certain that the drive and spirit which earned him that position will carry him far at R.M.C., and also in the army, his chosen profession.

N.D.B.



William Burnett Armstrong

Education: Exeter High School.
Home: Wallaceburg, Ontario.
Service: Air Force.

When someone asks the whereabouts of "Army," he refers to a happy smiling face and not the infantry corps, for there is only one "Army" at Royal Roads. Bill is a keen supporter of all activities of the gunroom, and is often found there narrating some of his delightful tales. Besides enjoying a position in the first file of Pay Parade, Bill is a keen supporter of Fraser Flight and is the man between the posts when the flight plays hockey or soccer. There is no doubt about his liking a good party, for often we have overheard him say, "Gee fellows, was that ever a party!"—and you can be sure it was!

As a member of Supply List in the Air Force, Bill is the man we will all want to keep in touch with. Next year it's a trip to R.M.C. for Bill. After which the R.C.A.F. will welcome him. The boys of the east dorm all hope Bill, that you will continue to receive those extra thirty seconds of slumber at R.M.C. and in your future, Army!

W.K.W.





Henry Bepple

Educated: Kamloops High School.

Home: Kamloops, B.C.

Service: Air Force.

"Hank" as he is known to his term mates, came to us from the interior of B.C. on an Air Cadet League Scholarship. Since his arrival at Royal Roads, he has proved himself one of the hardest workers.

A firm believer that sleep ends when Wakey! Wakey! goes, he took on the job of making sure that the senior term arrived at breakfast by 7:15.

Although Hank is relatively small in stature he outran many of the long-legged runners to win a place on the representative cross-country team, and in the invitation meet placed fourth on the Royal Roads team. For the last two years he has been on the representative shooting team and by his consistently high scoring, he has proven to be a great asset to the team.

A leading cadet in the second term, Hank has still found time to finish in the top third of the term academically.

Next year he is going to R.M.C. where he hopes to take Mechanical Engineering. After graduation it's a flying career for Hank.

P.H.W.

Donald Ernest William Bucher

Educated: Flin Flon Collegiate Institute.

Home: Flin Flon, Manitoba.

Service: Air Force.

"Buche" came to us out of the dark dreary, wilds of the north-land (so we keep telling him). In his junior year he "pitched right in," and like most, found it difficult to suppress that irresistible urge to rise with "Slack Party" and view the sunrise.

Buche, a keen student, is also an enthusiastic flyer. Before coming to Royal Roads he was a Flight Sergeant in the Air Cadets and the holder of a private flying licence. Adding to his flying proficiency, Don spent the summer with the Pidgeons at Trenton.

Buche's favourite pastimes are: flying, fencing, swimming, curling and of course "Pit Time." As a southpaw fencer Buche presents a formidable problem: how do you get at him with that arm in the way? Naturally he was on the Royal Roads representative team.

Don is a member of the local "foil-makers' union" and is also one of "Mary's Boys." Don plans to continue at R.M.C. and then obtain his commission with the R.C.A.F.

S.E.W.

Ronald Jack Casey

Educated: Elementary School at High River, Alta., and High School at Edmonton.

Home: High River, Alberta.

Service: Air Force.

Jack originally hails from High River, Alberta, but his present home is now at Edmonton. Jack takes an active interest in all athletic activities, and excels in many. This interest, however, has not stopped him from being one of the best students at the College. Jack's most noticeable attribute is his high sense of humour combined with a ready wit. Being a Cadet of the pilot category, he took his summer training at Trenton, Ontario. There Jack exhibited high potential qualities in pilot and ground training. Best of luck to you in the future, Jack.

H.S.





Charles Harold Albert Casson

Educated: Stratford Collegiate Institute.
Home: Stratford, Ontario,
Service: Air Force.

When a "Wind Tunnel Voice" is heard in the gunroom and it comes from long lanky lad you can count on its owner to be "Chuck." Chuck is always seen smiling and is always willing to lend a hand—or a bass voice on the Liberty Boat.

He spends his summers with all the "Dit-Daa-Dit" boys at Clinton where he seems to be able to keep out of trouble. When he has time, he dabbles in tennis or basketball in each of which he has achieved a fair degree of competence.

Chuck hopes for a degree in Electrical Engineering. After graduating from R.M.C. he probably will be adding his deep voice to some R.C.A.F. Officers' Mess.

M.A.G.



George Keith Clendinnen

Educated: Delta Collegiate.
Home: Hamilton, Ontario.
Service: Army.

Royal Roads is noted for its intense spirit, and to my mind George Clendinnen is an outstanding example of why the College has so much spirit.

"Pogo," as he was dubbed in his first year, was a standout at end for two years on the football team. In the winter term George dives for the representative swimming team, and this year won the diving in the Annual Services College Tournament. When he isn't playing football or diving, George can usually be found practicing on the parallel bars for the graduation display. Both as a Senior and as a Junior, George has kept Mackenzie Flight well up in drill and athletic competitions by his leadership and fine example.

After graduation this year, George will spend two more years at R.M.C. developing his "Artistic Interests." On completion there, the Armoured Corps will claim "Pogo." They are obtaining a fellow who with his intense loyalty will go a long way in the service. Best of luck, George.

C.C.F.



Robert John Davies

Educated: Vaughan Road Collegiate Institute.
Home: Toronto, Ontario.
Service: Army (R.C.A.C.)

Bob, a quiet, easy-going individual, wouldn't hurt a fly unless it was on a football field or in a boxing ring. However, being a fine athlete does not prevent Bob from mastering his studies or participating enthusiastically in extra-curricular activities.

During his first two years at College he earned a spot on the first Canadian Football Team and proved a valuable cog in the "Big Blue Machine." In the ring "Slugger" Bob proved a formidable opponent to all comers.

Aside from sports and studies, Bob has found time to be the active President of the Camera Club—with ample opportunity to develop his favourite subject, "Irene."

After graduating from R.M.C. in Mechanical Engineering, Bob will go on to take a permanent commission in the Armoured Corps.

J.C.G.





Ian Frank Flemming

Educated: Hampton Consolidated,

Home: Hampton, N.B.

Service: Air Force.

With his quiet, unassuming manner, Ian has won the admiration of his term. Even under trying circumstances, Ian is always tolerant and good-natured. The chances are that if he isn't trying to convince a fellow-cadet of the rugged (?) life of a navigator, or besieging the unfortunate victim with puns, then he is concentrating on an important cribbage game. Ian's other main interests are the Glee Club, tennis, recreational shooting and Pogo. During his stay at Royal Roads, Ian has shown a keen interest in all inter-flight sports, exhibiting outstanding ability in boxing. Ian always presents a smart appearance on parade and served as leading cadet of Cartier Flight in the third term. While at R.M.C., Ian intends to follow a mechanical engineering course. After graduation he will enter the Air Force.

J.C.T.

John Clifford Graham

Educated: Oakwood Collegiate Institute.

Home: Toronto, Ont.

Service: Army.

John, "I got it cold," Graham is one of the most happy-go-lucky members of the term and also one of the most popular.

As a Junior and Senior, John played on the basketball and volleyball teams that represented Royal Roads at the R.R.-R.M.C. Tournament. In his senior year John captained the basketball team. He was also instrumental in Royal Roads capturing the football championship for two straight years. John's activities are not limited to sports: he is the Vice-President of the International Relations Club and was a Leading Cadet during the first term.

John intends to enroll in the Engineering course at R.M.C. and with that goal in mind spends his summers in the R.C.E.M.E. workshops.

R.J.D.



Paul Joseph Godbout

Educated: St. Pat's Academy.

Home: Sherbrooke, P.Q.

Service: Navy.

Paul entered Royal Roads a seasoned serviceman with two years service in the R.C.N. in the lower deck. Since then his good humour and boundless energy have greatly added to the good cheer of the Gunroom. Possessed of a strong determination to succeed, he has also been prominent in sports. A former member of the R.C.N. hockey team, he shows great ability on the rink. In his first year he was a member of the representative diving team, and in both years he showed a knack for all inter-flight sports.

Paul intends to carry on at R.M.C. and we can be certain that the cheerfulness which has enabled him to overcome any temporary setbacks, coupled with his intense loyalty to the service, will carry him a long way in his naval profession.

N.D.B.





Malcolm Alastair Gray

Educated: Orillia Collegiate Institute.

Home: Toronto, Ontario.

Service: Air Force.

"Malicious Mal" our pugilist pal, copped the featherweight crown last year.

Mal is the youngest member of our term, but his years have not been spent uneventfully, and we are often entertained in the gunroom with stories of his exploits.

As the president of the Model Club, he uses most of his spare time to design and build model aircraft.

Last summer he spent with the pilots at Trenton, but this year he plans to absorb a little sea air while navigating at Summerside, Prince Edward Island.

After finishing at R.M.C., Mal plans to enter the University of Toronto for a degree in aeronautical engineering.

C.H.A.C.



Arthur Frederic Griffin

Educated: Western Technical Commercial.

Home: Toronto, Ontario.

Service: Navy.

Art, who claims to be a Torontonion, is a big, sun-tanned "brute" of a fellow, whose love for the East has been somewhat dissipated by the West Coast, especially Victoria and the snow-capped Olympic Mountains across the Straits. During his two years here, Art has proved himself to be an able Cadet, capable of making many friends. Art is an apt student, always being well up in the term. A lover of good music, his no mean ability with the accordion never fails to gather a group of listeners. Art enjoys swimming and fencing, but his main interest lies in the latter where he stands among the top "Cyranos" of the Fencing Club.

As a Naval Cadet during the summer, Art showed himself to be a keen sailor, overcoming in true "pusser" fashion his chief complaint, "working part ship." His summer training showed that he will do well in the Navy and to bear this out Art intends to go to England this fall as a Midshipman (E), where we wish him success in his endeavours.

J.A.I.



William Henry Hall

Educated: Oakville-Trafalgar High School.

Home: Oakville, Ont.

Service: Navy.

One of the more humorous members of the term, Bill has made many friends here with his quick wit and enthusiastic outlook on life in general. Yet, he is also very serious-minded and is a steady worker, despite his apparent light-heartedness. Active in all phases of sports at the College, Bill has still found time in the spring and fall for his favourite pastime, sailing. He claims that some day he will own his own yacht and sail around the world! (He probably will do it.) During his last term at Royal Roads, Bill has been trying to figure out how he can sail to Dockyard! He is a staunch navy type and plans to enter the executive branch after obtaining his engineering degree. Certainly by that time all his termmates will know everything about his home town. Long live Oakville! Happy sailing, Bill!

C.M.S.





Kenneth Fredric Hoffer

Educated: Kitchener Waterloo Collegiate and Vocational School.
Home: Kitchener, Ont.

Service: Air Force.

An active member of the gunroom, Ken is known for his cheerfulness and good nature, and will be remembered by all for his ingenious efforts to create fun.

He has more than his share of "drive" and participates in all sports. His accomplishments include earning a position on the football team, and fighting his way to Kingston, where, as a light-heavyweight, he represented the College in the R.R.-R.M.C. Tournament.

In reference to scholastic achievements, it need only be mentioned that Ken is an active associate of the Room One "Intelligencia."

Ken, a pilot, maintains that aircrew earn their risk pay, wings occasionally falling off Texans! (However, isn't it possible, Ken, that scraping them on the tarmac while in flight, may not add to their strength?)

Ken's plans for the future centre in a permanent career in the R.C.A.F.

Y.W.P.

John Hulsemann

Educated: Graf Adolf von der Mark Schule, Hamm, Germany.

Home: Jansen, Sask.

Service: Army.

Know what a "L.B.M.mk5" is? John will be delighted to tell you that it is a part of an artillery piece. If he can shoot his guns as straight as he can kick a soccer ball, he will be a great asset to the army. His 195 pounds of dynamite taught opponents to stay clear of him on the soccer field, as one "scud" can testify. John applies his soccer field tactics to the chess board where he eliminates all opposition. On the intellectual side, he holds down the position of President of the International Relations Club. The future will see John taking an arts course after which he will enter an artillery unit.

H.V.J.



James Allan Inglis

Educated: Philip Sheffield High School, Abbotsford, B.C.

Home: Abbotsford, B.C.

Service: Navy.

Al, hailing from Abbotsford, B.C., came to the College to seek a career in the R.C.N. For two years he has held to his belief in the glories of a career in the Navy and is now looking forward to England and the life of a Middy (E). During summer training he proved himself an apt sailor and succeeded in adapting his six-feet-two to a naval life aboard H.M.C.S. "Beacon Hill." In the third term of his senior year Al captured a Flight Leadership, taking over the reins of Mackenzie Flight. In his academic work he has excelled in Maths and Sciences, and finally succeeded in passing a History exam before he graduated. "Ingy" will be remembered well by his termmates in the years to come.

A.F.G.





Harold Verner Jonas

Educated: Galt Central Public School, Galt Collegiate.

Home: Galt, Ontario.

Service: Army.

One of the few truly enlightened Cadets of the senior term, Harold has chosen the Infantry Corps for his army career. Although in a moment of weakness he was heard to utter words sounding vaguely like Service Corps, he immediately denied the heresy and attributed the lapse to something he had eaten.

Harold's stonewall defence and charging offence was a major factor in the success of the rugby team this season. He is also a chess enthusiast of considerable ability and a very active weight lifter. It was rumoured that a certain muscular Flight Lieutenant has been looking for large movable objects for him to work on.

Harold has decided to study engineering at R.M.C. He will then enter the Infantry Corps as a permanent career.

F.A.M.T.



Charles William Kaip

Educated: Central Collegiate.

Home: Moose Jaw.

Service: Air Force.

After trying various institutions, "Willie" decided that Moose Jaw didn't have enough to offer by way of the broader aspects of education—so he joined the Air Force. At that point he was promoted by a roving and ambitious spirit to enter Royal Roads.

Bill may be found in the gunroom during his moments of leisure amongst the ranks of the bridge fiends, or hidden in a corner behind a science fiction magazine. Perhaps this latter means of spending spare time accounts for his high grades in Nuclear Physics.

In athletics, Bill might be said to be too active, since he managed to break his nose twice last year. Such setbacks, however, have not dampened his spirits, for he has managed to be an active and popular Cadet, as well as a top-flight navigator.

D.K.S.



Donald Andrew Kidd

Educated: Galt Collegiate Institute and Vocational School.

Home: Galt, Ontario.

Service: Army.

Whether it be on the soccer field, on the basketball floor, or on the tumbling mat (Don specializes in the forward roll), you will find "Kidney" always doing his best to help his flight. Since his recent transfer to Fraser Flight, Don has proved a valuable asset.

Last year Don was a member of the Radio Club and this year was elected President. Since his appointment, much has been accomplished in the club.

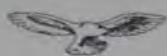
Don found a place on the first slate of cadet officers as a Leading Cadet, but soon his abilities were recognized and for outstanding drill and leadership qualities he was made Flight Leader of Hudson Flight for the second term.

At his summer training at R.C.S. of Sigs. at Vimy, "Kidney" again found success and placed second in his course.

After completion of his studies at R.M.C., Don plans to earn his Engineering degree at Queen's, with a permanent commission in the Signal Corps as his aim.

K.J.P.





Gordon L. Kilger

Educated: Lisgar High School.

Home: Ottawa, Ontario.

Service: Air Force.

"Fourth for bridge!" cried a familiar voice, as a beaming figure rushed into the gunroom, anticipating a few minutes of solid relaxation. Yes, that handsome lad with the hearty laugh is our own "Gordie."

As a typical all-round Cadet, "Gordie" has participated in every sport. His ability in football being particularly outstanding, as evidenced by the fact that he has carried the pigskin over the line many times during his two years on the representative team.

"Gordie's" appointment as Cadet Flight Leader of Champlain Flight this year was a well-deserved honour.

As a pilot, "Gord" trained at Trenton last summer, and did very well in the first stage of his chosen career. We expect to see him at R.M.C. next year, where he will continue on in Engineering.

J.B.V.

Aubrey Frank Lawrence

Educated: Nepean High School, Ottawa, Ontario.

Home: Ottawa, Ontario.

Service: Navy.

Having lived at Nelson, B.C., Aub arrived at college to find himself right at home. Aub was a valuable player on the rep. soccer team and showed a keen interest in all of Hudson's inter-flight sports. As Ex-Cadet Editor of The Log, he gathered information about ex-cadets living in all corners of the world. He took active interest in the I.R.C. and Camera Club, and attended all the musical events open to us in Victoria.

During the summer he proved himself an apt sailor and one of the few who had little use for the leeward side of "The Leaky Bill." Although excelling in communications, Aub intends to go to the East Coast for an electrical engineering course this summer. Next year will find him deep in his books at R.M.C. with a will to graduate from there and obtain a degree at Toronto Varsity.

A.F.G.



Arnold Clark MacArthur

Educated: Merlin High School.

Home: St. Thomas, Ontario.

Service: Air Force.

Many a dull moment has been transformed to a scene of mirth and laughter when we gathered about "Mac" to listen to his experiences with his friend "Sweazy." With his matter-of-fact attitude and merriment, Mac, from the moment of his arrival, won the affection of the whole term.

Although Mac's gaiety is unsurpassed while in the gunroom, the moment he steps out on parade he transforms himself into a model Cadet. It was, of course, no surprise when he became a Leading Cadet in the second term.

Nor does his ability stop here, for he has been one of the main cogs on the "Rep" soccer team for the past two years. He also shines when we journey to Victoria for the inter-flight hockey.

Mac intends to finish R.M.C. and then take a permanent commission in the R.C.A.F. "Gentlemen, a toast—to an all-round terminate!"

C.A.S.





John Edward MacDonald

Educated: North Bay Collegiate Institute and Vocational School.

Home: North Bay, Ontario.

Service: Army (Infantry).

After an early life spent in North Bay, Jack came to Royal Roads in order to really start living. He liked it so well that he stayed three years to become a loyal member of the "Repeaters."

Jack is a strong supporter of inter-flight sports. Among his top activities are soccer and hockey, in each of which he captained his teams to some measure of success. Not to be left unmentioned is his very active part in the Weight Training Club, "Logger Jack" may be seen almost every night showing off his newly found "Latissimus Dorsae."

Aspiring to become a *real* soldier, Jack has decided upon the Queen of the Battlefield for a career. During the summer training he pursued his favourite sport of "love-making" both in Barrie and Ottawa. But despite the time taken by this pastime he managed to prove himself an outstanding cadet. Upon graduation from Royal Roads and later as an arts student from R.M.C., Jack will take up an active force career in either the P.P.C.L.L. or the R.C.R.

T.H.C.G.



Ian Allan MacDonell

Educated: Westmount Senior High School

Home: Montreal, P.Q.

Service: Army.

To spend a quiet moment in the gunroom with Ian is something which very few of us accomplish, for Ian is the type of person who can make you laugh at anything.

During his two years here, Ian has shown us that if he sets his mind to something he can usually come through. In sports, swimming, skiing and tennis, seem to be his favourites, but he is also proficient on the rugby field.

On the academic side Ian works hard for what he gets and always does well. With R.M.C. in sight, he has decided on the general course with commerce options. Although he hasn't decided definitely on his career, we know he will do well wherever he goes.

H.R.W.



Keith George John McKey

Educated: Timmins High and Vocational School.

Home: Timmins, Ontario.

Service: Navy.

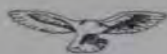
Keith hails from Canada's major gold centre and loves expounding on the possibilities of Ontario's northland to doubting westerners. He will argue with anyone that Canada's best hockey players come from Northern Ontario.

Keith will long remember many of the brighter moments of his first naval summer training period, such as the night he spent aboard an American submarine. (How did you manage that one "Humphrey"?). Keith was a cadet officer during part of his summer training and at Royal Roads in his first term he was again a Leading Cadet. In his third term he was Flight Leader of Cartier Flight.

During the last two years he has played for the Canadian football team and has helped Fraser Flight win inter-flight titles in hockey, basketball and volleyball. Keith has also done very well academically and plans to go to R.M.C. next year.

A.H.W.





Charles Russ Merredew

Educated: Kenora-Keewatin High School, Kenora.
Home: Keewatin, Ontario.
Service: Army.

Russ hails from the wilderness of Northern Ontario and since coming to Royal Roads has proved himself successful in all fields of endeavour.

He is a fair student, once at a task. Of late he has been seen and heard working in classes on a thoroughly new project of absorbing knowledge through the subconscious mind and to date has secured substantial results.

His interests lie in classical and good modern music. Russ also has an affinity for sports, excelling in Canadian football and, when he can manage to work in a game, curling. Much time he devotes to managing the advertising end of The Log.

Russ plans to take arts at R.M.C. and secure his commission in the Royal Canadian Artillery. From there he will naturally proceed to the rank of Field Marshal.

J.R.N.

John Robert Ralph Neroutsos

Educated: Montreal High School.
Home: Montreal.
Service: Air Force.

Since leaving his perch on Mount Royal, "Knify" has never ceased expounding on the wonders of his metropolis. He is active in college sports, "playing at" Canadian football and excelling in hockey and swimming. When not engaged in sports or advertising "Les Canadiens," John finds time to do very well academically.

As a "pilot type" he is looking forward to next summer at Station Gimli.

John is one of the few people who can say "I couldn't care less" and really mean it. Nevertheless, he is a good cadet and his term-mates will be glad to tell their children, "I knew the Chief of the Air Staff when he was a cadet."

C.R.M.



Young Wellington Pelton III

Educated: Luseland High School.
Home: Luseland, Saskatchewan.
Service: Air Force.

A tall-in-the-saddle youth who hails from Saskatchewan. Young played representative soccer and helped win the Shaving Bowl Trophy for the cadets. Among his other athletic interests are hockey, shooting, billiards and golf. Practically any time of the day we can find him reading some form of literature on automobiles, which are his ardent hobby. He becomes engrossed in jazz and piano boogie and, we are told, enjoys the "Hit Parade" a la radio compass. Pelton is also a member of The Log's literary staff.

Much to the displeasure of its members, we have noticed that Young enjoys his evening cigar in the "club room" of the Room I "Intelligencia."

Summer training at Summerside proved very interesting for him last year. Apparently Pelton and Kaip were excellent chefs when it came to cooking a nav log. They were always the first Dakota home for supper, even if it warranted cutting off 30 to 40 miles of track.

Pelton's plans for the future revolve around mechanical engineering at R.M.C. and entering the permanent air force as a navigator.

K.F.H.





Kenneth James Perry

Educated: Canora High School.

Home: Canora, Saskatchewan.

Service: Army.

Whenever and wherever an argument over music takes place, there you will undoubtedly find Ken Perry. Music is one of Ken's main interests and his ability and versatility have been demonstrated with the Glee Club, the orchestra, the band or at the Chapel organ.

As a junior and senior in Fraser Flight, Ken showed ability and drive on the sports field and was a strong link in many "Fighting Fraser" teams. Fencing occupied much of his spare time and in his senior year he fought in the fencing tournament in Vancouver.

Kingston and the R.C.C.S. occupy Ken's summers and his varied abilities and cheerfulness make him a welcome addition to any gathering during summer training.

Next year Ken plans to enter electrical engineering at R.M.C. With his well-rounded aptitudes he should indeed be very successful.

D.A.K.



T. Pocock

Educated: Upper Canada College.

Home: London, Ontario.

Service: Army.

Terry has been noted for his happy-go-lucky attitude but it seems to have brought him no woe in his last two years at Royal Roads. His advice to the lovelorn is "All is never lost."

His persistent drive has made him a dependable plunger and a consistent kicker for the football team both this year and last.

Starting out as a junior in Cartier Flight, he was enrolled in the ranks of Champlain Flight to become Leading Cadet first term and Flight Leader third term.

Terry spent his summer training at Camp Borden and Barrie, learning the basic principles of "fire and movement."

"Pokey" intends to make "The Infantry" his career after finishing R.M.C.

G.K.C.



Gordon Reade

Educated: Lord Byng High School.

Home: Vancouver, B.C.

Service: Army.

The Armoured Corps can boast of having in its midst this humorous Vancouverite, who has won more friends here than chess (and other games), played in the Gunroom. Obtaining certain "medals for individualism" in the "field" (east dorm), he has told umpteen witticisms, Sunday morning yarns (ask his brushing partner), bed-time stories, and such. It wouldn't be a Gunroom without him. Another accomplishment of his is the "perfect crime," unknown to the outside world (Cadet office).

On the representative soccer team, a top man in the gym, and aggressive in all sports, he has been an asset to Hudson Flight.

Next time you hear Winston Churchill, a B.B.C. announcer, a hair-lipped Ubangi, or any familiar voice (at Roads?), think twice, it may be Gordie. Look for him at R.M.C. for two years, in the R.C.A.C. for twenty, and then quite likely by the fireside of his home you'll find him. (You are the quiet, home-loving type, aren't you, Gordie?). Our best to you, Gord!

T.A.P.E.





Claude Jean Rinfret

Educated: Ottawa University.

Home: Montreal.

Service: Air Force.

If you are abruptly aroused from a peaceful siesta in Classroom 3, by a loud exclamation of "That's Wrong!", you can be certain that the voice is Claude's.

That suburb of New York, commonly known as Montreal, claims Claude as its own, but it seems that Ottawa holds some fascination which continually lures him back.

In the field of sports he has proven himself an all-round athlete. In swimming he has particularly excelled, gaining a place on the R.M.C. tournament team, and establishing a new breast-stroke record.

Aside from sports activities, Claude is an active member of the Radio Club, and has found time to build a radio. With such an ardent interest in radio, one may readily understand why Claude chose the telecommunications branch of the R.C.A.F.

Claude intends to go on to R.M.C. to continue his education in electrical engineering.

G.L.K.

Donald K. Schneider

Educated: King Edward High School.

Home: Vancouver.

Service: Air Force.

Two years ago, Don entered the college with a smile on his face, and two years of hard work haven't dented his good spirits. His ready grin, coupled with a good supply of jokes have gained him many friends.

His greatest passion, studying not included, is collecting records. In the past two years his collection has always been in popular demand. But every once in a while records must wait while he stock-piles pennies to buy a plane ticket home.

During the summer our promising young R.O. uses Clinton, Ontario, as his base of operations. We hope he has never refused an S.O.S. from . . . well, shall we change the subject?

After graduation, Don plans to take up medicine at U.B.C. I am sure the whole cadet wing joins me in wishing him the best of luck.

C.W.K.



Carl Alexander Sergeant

Educated: Peterborough Collegiate and Technical School.

Home: Peterborough.

Service: Army.

A standout athlete, Carl Sergeant played quarterback on our football team for two years, and was chosen to play basketball on the Royal Roads representative team in his second year.

On parade Sergeant is as good as the next fellow and no complaints have been received from his drill instructors in his two-year stay at Royal Roads.

He is a good student whose hard work pays dividends when the final reckoning comes in April. He is in the arts course and can be counted on to do well.

As a term mate no one is better liked. He adds humour to the gunroom with a never-ending supply of jokes and tales of escapades with the fairer sex in Victoria. It has been said that if Sergeant had all the nickels he has spent on phone calls to Victoria he would no longer have to rent a U-Drive to take his girls out: he could buy one!

I'm sure that when our term leaves R.M.C. to take up our vocations in the armed forces, no one will forget Carl Sergeant, or, as he is known in the gunroom, "Sarge."

A.C.M.





Christopher Michael Seymour

Educated: Trinity College School.

Home: Montreal, P.Q.

Service: Navy.

Take a slice of Montreal, add a touch of T.C.S., dress it in navy blue, crown it with a lock of blond hair, paint on a big smile, and you have a rough approximation of Chris Seymour. Add to this a few of the finer details such as a briar pipe, a salty cap-hadge and a bulging "Wellington," put it against a background of gay times, and frame it with a large circle of friends to complete this picture of one of the best-liked members of the senior term.

Chris represented the College on both the football and swimming teams and participated keenly in all other sports. His pet pastime is skiing and Christmas holidays are spent developing his "stem-christies" and "rorades."

However, the Navy is Chris' first love—his spirit and keen interest in the service having already ear-marked him as a first-class officer. We feel sure that Chris will be as successful and popular in the R.C.N., as he has been as Royal Roads.

W.H.H.



Alan John Shade

Educated: St. Lambert High School.

Home: Montreal, P.Q.

Service: Army.

Meet Alan Shade, the short little fellow with the mechanical brain. Alan came to us from Coventry, England, where he was born with a monkey wrench in one hand and a mental lathe in the other. His skill in the field of gears and pistons carried him to the top of his class in the Reserve Air Force, and led him to enter Royal Roads and the R.C.E.M.E. When he is not tinkering with model airplanes and cars, he is bringing in top marks in the Physics and Mathematics departments.

Alan is a hard worker in the classrooms and on the sports field. But alas, in the water he met his match. He has been a loyal member of the "Saturday Afternoon Boys" at Naden swimming pool for the past two years. Fortunately for his future (which we preduce will be a bright one), the engineers work on dry land!

D.G.S.



George Robert Skinner

Educated: London South Collegiate.

Home: Wilton Grove, Ontario.

Service: Air Force.

If you asked George what service he belonged to, he wouldn't say the Air Force, he would more probably say that he was a navigator. Many a tri-service argument has stemmed from his love for navigation.

George came to us from No. 27 Air Cadet Squadron, where he held the rank of WO2. His next interest (second only to the Air Force) is rifle shooting. In his Junior year he was a member of the team that faced R.M.C.; this year he is again a member of the team.

His foremost hobby is the Camera Club, of which he is Secretary-Treasurer. Not to overlook George's officer-like qualities, let us note that he was a Leading Cadet in the first term this year. Since coming to Victoria, George has developed a keen interest in medicine, particularly the nursing branch.

George intends to continue on at R.M.C. next year in Engineering, so "Good Luck!" George.

G.C.T.





Richard Edgar Stone

Educated: Forest Hill Village School, St. Andrew's College.

Home: Toronto, Ont.

Service: Navy.

"Dick" is perhaps best noted for his ability as a drummer which has brought him no small amount of fame. With the help of a great deal of constructive criticism from the rest of the Cadets he managed to keep the band—and at times even the whole wing—in step. He is a very active member of the Glee Club and an outstanding performer among that other musical group—the bell-ringers. As a fencer, Dick holds his own with the best in that noble sport.

Possessing a scientific brain and the capabilities of a real salt, he has decided to enter the R.C.N. as a Midshipman (E), with his eye to a permanent career. He should do well.

F.A.M.T.

Donald Gavin Strang

Educated: Brandon Collegiate Institute.

Home: Brandon, Manitoba.

Service: Air Force.

"Who's that chipping the ice off the swimming pool? Why! it's Don Strang, going in for his regular Saturday dip, with the Backward Swimmers' Union!"

Don was born in Dauphin, Manitoba, and for the last ten years he has lived in Brandon. He was in the Air Cadets for six years and came to the College on an Air Cadet Scholarship. He is now one of our hot (?) pilots and may often be heard arguing the contentious point, "Do pilots really need navigators?"

When not flying Texans, Don may be found flying an Aeronca, for he has a private license. At the College he may be seen sometimes flying a strange, slack aircraft, called "wang-yuki," on the lower playing fields.

Besides building models he found time to do some good cross-country running.

In marks, Don stays well near the top of the term and should make a success of whatever the future has in store for him.

A.J.S.



Harry Ruault Stroud

Educated: High River High School.

Home: High River, Alberta.

Service: Air Force.

A native of High River, Alberta, Harry has fitted into College life very well. Never one to take difficult situations too seriously, Harry's practical jokes and quick wit have brought many laughs to the senior term. On the academic side he has also done well, having continually been near the top of the class. Naturally sports-minded, Harry took an active interest in all sports at the College and always played a spirited game. During the summer, however, his interest turned to the Air Force, where he has been successfully training as a pilot.

R.J.C.





Joseph Guy Raymond Tardif

Educated: Notre-Dame-des-Champs, Sully Temiscouata.
Home: St. Eleuthere, Kamouraska.
Service: Air Force.

"Little Ray," the Champ, Champ? See him in a boxing ring sometime and you'll know what I mean. Always cool and smiling. Likewise in other sports: puts his whole spirit into the game and laughs at the reverses.

Ray finished senior matriculation and did the thing he always wanted to do; joined the Air Force. However, it wasn't long before his intellectual abilities were realized and he was recommended for entrance to Royal Roads. Being an understanding and philosophical lad, it did not take long for Ray to gain popularity among the Cadets.

During summer training, Ray trains as a navigator and is becoming quite proficient at the trade. He is hoping that he may soon reach his goal, which is a permanent commission in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

P.H.W.



Robert Gordon Thompson

Educated: Gordon Bell High School.
Home: Winnipeg, Manitoba.
Service: Air Force.

Two years at Royal Roads have seen Bob in just about every College activity. Bob's enormous appetite, coupled with (and probably contributing to) the fact that he is probably the heaviest man in the College may lead one to believe this versatility could not be possible. However, two seasons as a first string centre on the rugby team, plus participation on the swim team which represented R.R. at R.M.C. last year, have dispelled any doubt. As a further demonstration, Bob has this year turned to boxing, advancing as far as the finals in the heavyweight division.

Not to be outdone in other aspects of College life, Bob was elected Junior Gunroom President during his first year and Vice-President of the Senior Gunroom during the second. We can safely say that Bob's only weaknesses are: an extra piece of pie, girls and maths.—in that order.

Bob intends to carry on with Navigation Training with the R.C.A.F. Next year should see him at R.M.C. taking Mechanical Engineering. With his determination and good sense of humour Bob should go far in his chosen field.

H.J.W.



Gerald Cecil Thurston

Educated: Leamington High School.
Home: Sandwich East, Ont.
Service: Army.

"Jerry" is one of the few members of our term who never seems perturbed at College life. An active Cadet during his two years here, he joined the Glee Club and the band.

As a Junior, he first impressed us with his trumpet playing, although 6:40 a.m. was no time to appreciate his solos. In his Senior year he has remained with the band, thus contributing to the effectiveness of our Wing Parades.

During the second term Jerry took leave of the band in order to become a Leading Cadet in La Salle Flight.

Jerry is a staunch member of the Armoured Corps and plans a permanent commission in this force after completing R.M.C.

G.R.S.





John Clayton Till

Educated: Saint John High School.

Home: Saint John, N.B.

Service: Navy.

Whenever you hear someone yelling "Hey" coupled with "Codfish," "Bluenoser," or "Spudeater," you know he is referring to our "Herring-choker" friend from Saint John (no "s," please!). New Brunswick. With such surroundings John's interests turned early in life to the sea. After six years in the sea cadets, during which time he acquired the rank of middie, he naturally came to Royal Roads to continue his career.

Being an active member of "Room One Intelligencia," John does not have too much spare time. He makes use of what he has by trimming some fellow cadet on the badminton court or sailing around the lagoon chewing on a bag of "dulse."

After completing his course at R.M.C., John intends to enter the Active Service.

I.F.F.

Frank Andrew Maurice Tremayne

Educated: Sutton West Public and High Schools.

Home: Sutton West, Ont.

Service: Army.

Frank came to us with the Infantry Corps as his prime objective. Perhaps his parents foresaw this when they gave him the initials F.A.M. which could be for "Fire and Movement." He became a bugler in the band where his abilities soon earned him many "comments" from the Cadet in charge of that gallant group. To further display his talents and prove that there was more than "Wakey-Wakey" in his musical repertoire, Frank became the backbone of the tenor section of the Glee Club and in his spare moments entertained us with his fabulous ukelele. As a member of the fencing team he ranked highly in skill and endurance.

Next year Frank will be at R.M.C. taking Arts, with an eye to a permanent commission in the Infantry Corps.

R.E.S.



Brian Valiquette

Educated: Ottawa Technical High School.

Home: Ottawa, Ontario.

Service: Navy.

When Val arrived in Victoria, he fell in love with it. He immediately became part of the gunroom spirit. He and Till could not be bettered in the liveliness and humour of their jokes together. Val's being a master in noise-making only increased this.

Although not very many know it, Val would be quite a musician if he only had time to practice. He managed, however, to reveal his talent on the saxophone in the orchestra that supplied the music for the Christmas carols and in the bell ringers for two successive years.

The summer training period seemed to have been quite enjoyable. He and Buddy came back with all kinds of stories for the gunroom.

Next year Val is going to R.M.C. Although still undecided on the course, he will probably take Commerce. See you there, Val.

C.J.R.





Albert Harold Wagner

Educated: Port Arthur Collegiate Institute.

Home: Port Arthur, Ontario.

Service: Navy.

After four years as a member of the Port Arthur Air Cadet Corps, logging most of the time necessary for his pilot's licence, Bert entered Royal Roads on an Air Cadet scholarship. To a confirmed Naval Cadet, this is a strange twist of fate. Yet Bert has never regretted his choice . . . well . . . maybe, occasionally, when the green ones have the foe's'le awash!

Besides being well up among the top quarter of the term in academic subjects, Bert is also a credit to his flight on the athletic side of the schedule. Carrying his own weight in all sports, he specializes in hockey and softball. A member of the college's representative rifle team, "Waggie's" name may always be found near the top of the score sheet.

Notorious for his "Wagnerisms," Bert has a quick wit and easy sense of humor which insures a bright future for him. Best of luck, Bert!

K.G.J.M.



William Keith Walker

Educated: Garneau High School.

Home: Edmonton, Alberta.

Service: Air Force.

Keith comes to us from Canada's "oil" province and bears witness to the fact that there are other good things in Alberta besides oil wells. His friendly, easy-going manner and quick smile made him an instant hit with us.

He is better than average in most sports, hockey and golf being his favourites. His "mean" game of golf qualified him for a high position in the R.R. Golf Club.

Keith is a staunch member of the R.C.A.F. and may be seen driving airplanes for that hallowed service during the summer months. Like all pilots he fiercely defends his right to draw risk pay and at the same time he tries to persuade one that flying is as safe as riding in a baby buggy.

It will be a trip to R.M.C. next year for Keith and then a career in the R.C.A.F.

W.B.A.



Herbert John Walton

Educated: Gordon Bell High School.

Home: St. James, Manitoba.

Service: Navy.

Coming from the prairies, Herb brings with him a sparkling personality and a true Pepsodent smile. His humorous tales and priceless impersonations of staff and cadets announced his presence at most gunroom sessions. Chosen as junior term editor, Herb later took over the editorship of "The Log," a field in which he has had a good deal of previous experience. His smartness and alertness on parade won for him a cadet officer position in the first term.

Varied as the sports are, Herb has taken them all in his stride. The inter-flight spirit possessed him and he was a participant in all activities. Although only a novice at the game, Herb, through his determination and drive became a swift broken-field halfback on the Canadian football squad.

Herb will continue in engineering but a permanent career is yet undecided.

R.G.T.





Peter Heriot Watson

Educated: Pembroke Collegiate.

Home: Toronto.

Service: Navy.

"I'll bet I get five letters today!" is a well-worked phrase of Pete's. Coming to Royal Roads from Chalk River, Pete quickly displayed the drive which has characterized his life here. In his junior year, he starred in sports to such an extent that he was on the college basketball, volleyball and cross-country representative teams. In his senior year, Pete again came to the fore in sports and again was picked for the same representative teams. He also won the Royal Roads cross-country race and helped "Fighting Fraser" flight keep the lead in flight sports. In studies, too, by persistent and diligent study, he has been able to keep his marks well up.

Next year Pete plans to take external affairs at R.M.C. with an eye to a future in the R.C.N.

H.B.

Harold Russell Wilcox

Educated: Balfour Technical School.

Home: Regina, Saskatchewan.

Service: Navy.

Russ lost no time in becoming a well-known and well-liked member of our term. His ready smile on some occasions has made serious matters a lot easier to handle.

As a junior Russ showed a great deal of drive. Among other accomplishments he was on the college cross-country and gymnastic teams.

Returning to college for his senior year as a leading cadet he once again proved himself in all the inter-flight sports.

Russ has chosen the general course at R.M.C. and with his drive and hard work we are sure he will be successful in whatever field he enters.

L.A.M.



Paul Henry Wojciechowski

Educated: Ridgedale High School.

Home: Melfort, Sask.

Service: Air Force.

What does "H" stand for? We call him "(H)andy." Everybody knows why. Whenever his many friends are in need, they call upon Andy. His sociability and understanding have won him the appreciation of his fellow cadets.

Educated in the wilderness of Saskatchewan, Andy became tired of using snowshoes to go to school; he decided, therefore, to join the Air Force. Having the recognized qualities for leadership, he was readily accepted at Royal Roads.

Andy is a keen participant in sports, displaying average ability in most games, but excelling in soccer.

Academically, he stands well up in the term and always finds time to help his term-mates.

Andy intends to proceed to R.M.C. to take an engineering course and later to secure a degree in languages, so that he can find his way around the world.

We know you will do well, Andy!

R.T.





Sidney Evan William James Wood

Educated: Westglen High School.

Home: Edmonton.

Service: Air Force.

Sid, who came to Royal Roads from Edmonton, brought with him a quick wit and high spirits which made him a cheery member of the term. Active in sports, he excels in badminton and is an enthusiastic fencer. A staunch pilot, he is ever ready to uphold the cause of the "fly-boys." It may be, however, that Sid will do some of his future flying from a desk, as he is interested in the legal profession, and intends to study law on finishing his term at R.M.C. Whether it is with a pen, or a control-column, one is sure that Sid will make a smooth "take-off" for the future of his choice.

D.E.W.B.



Hubert William Wyers

Educated: Alexandria High School, Medicine Hat, Alta.

Home: Ralston, Alta.

Service: Army.

One can't get along without "Hub." In rugby games, players looked for his "fair'n' square" referee decisions; in soccer and hockey games, opposing teams tried desperately to overcome Hub's skill as goalie. In basketball, as in many other sports, Hub offered much sound advice and coaching. If Hub wasn't playing a sport, you could be sure that he was reading sport magazines. This vast knowledge of sports earned Hub the position of Sports Editor for the "Log". Hub is well liked by all of us, particularly when joke sessions are held.

His friendliness and good nature should serve Hub well in his future career—the Ordnance Corps.

A.F.L.

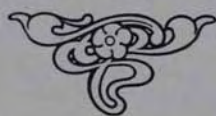
Extract from an old Parish Register.

Mark now in what confusion, stoop or stand,
The crooked scrawls of many a clownish hand;
Now out, now in, they droop, they fall, they rise,
Like raw recruits drawn forth for exercise;
Ere yet reform'd and modell'd by the drill,
The free-born legs stand striding as they will.

Much have I tried to guide the fist along
But still the blunderers placed their blottings wrong:
Behold these marks uncouth! how strange that men,
Who guide the plough, should fail to guide the pen:
For half a mile the furrows even lie;
For half an inch the letters stand awry;—
Our peasants, strong and sturdy in the field,
Cannot these arms of idle students wield:

A.L.C.A.

COLLEGE NEWS



GRADUATION-1951

BY CADET L. F. BOLGER, R.M.C.

A FAINT buzzing was heard in the dorms, broken immediately by the sound of running feet and a sleepy but happy chatter. The inimitable hall porter's "Wakey! Wakey!" And the Cadet Officer's urgings were not needed to rouse the cadets this day. This was our day; after two long, hard, but wonderful years. Graduation Day had finally arrived. Even Fitzpatrick could be seen sticking out of his locker with the earliest risers.

The weather immediately became the centre of conversation. For twenty-eight days we had had incomparable weather, but lo, this morning of all mornings it was raining. However, the occasion demanded optimism, and each assured the next that it would stop before the afternoon. Preparations for the day continued at a madcap pace, bodies running hither and yon, and over all presided a gay atmosphere and banter. Many were the perplexed faces staring at an over-flowing trunk, while holding yet another armful of clothes. Many were the muttered curses as the phone pilfered that last nickel with no results. Each with his own pressing problem but still ready with a joke or a laugh on this, one of the most important days of our lives.

Each member of the Graduating Class was struck with another fact too, as he rushed about his menial tasks. As the depths of the P.T. Locker saw light for the first time, he realized that no longer would he use the changing rooms. As he saluted the quarterdeck, he realized that that pleasure would soon be lost to him. As he stepped out of the cadet block and gazed at the unparalleled beauty of this College, he realized that these things would go from experiences to memories. He realized that after two years of looking forward to Graduation Day, he was now not so sure he was happy to see it arrive. In fact, all of a sudden he realized that he was leaving, and he hated the thought of not returning. For Royal Roads had become more than just a school. It was a home full of the biggest family of brothers, tried and true friendships, hard and happy times alike, and a home that had moulded our characters to its own ideas and standards. It was our College, in which we had a deep pride, and for which we had a lasting love and loyalty.

Tasks of the day once again took over mind and time as all Cadets set to decorating the Quarter Deck under Duke Martin's directions. A short time later the Quarter Deck emerged a colorful panorama of spring green and colored flowers. Final touches were added to uniforms and equipment for the parade. Then everybody

settled into a tense atmosphere, awaiting the answer to whether we would parade inside or outside. The rain was fitful, but the skies were threatening. Hope was high and every ear was bent to the pipe. Then it came, "Parade to be held in the gym." The Commandant had made a very difficult decision, one that pained us greatly though we realized there was no other choice out of consideration for the hundreds of guests that were beginning to arrive. We had been tuned to a high pitch for this parade, and wanted an outdoor parade above anything else. However, not having the wherewithal to change the course of weather, we became the first term in the College's history to have an indoor Graduation Parade.

We fell in on the circle that our feet had come to know so intimately, and moved off to the gymnasium for the afternoon program. The Wing, led by the Navy Band, formed up in the gym where the guests were seated at the sides. The inspection-over, we were stood easy for the address and presentation of the prizes by the Reviewing Officer, A/V/M J. L. Plant, C.B., A.F.C., C.D., LL.D.

During this procedure the events and memories of the last two years again ran through our minds. Such memories as the happy, if noisy, hours in the gunroom, Saturday leave, inter-flight sports, hours of study and the pleasant hours spent enjoying the College grounds. Here were memories of running the circle, the "Order of Belt and Gaiters," Castle study positions. We remembered Prof. Brown and his ever-present concern and help for cadets. Prof. Cook and the sunshine that he spread in our term, the fine example of Lt.-Col. Ross from which we learned so much, and how fortunate we were to have Group Captain J. B. Millward as Commandant. These were our memories, and these will always be our memories.

The presentation over, the Graduating Class prepared for its last act as cadets. The new Senior Term formed an aisle through which the Graduating Class passed at the slow march while the band played "Auld Lang Syne." As each file of cadets emerged they officially became ex-cadets, and moved out of the gym to meet their many guests. It was all over, we were Graduates, and a new feeling of exultation swept over us. The guests joined in the atmosphere as we escorted them to the castle for tea.

There was a swirl of activity and color as we had the pleasure of meeting each other's parents, and having them meet the staff. Time sped by and soon we were on our way to Victoria to escort our dates to various dinner parties before the Ball.

As each party returned to the Ball they were met with the sparkling beauty of the College under colored lights. Never was it more beautiful, with the decorations inside adding to the festive air. It was truly a wonderful night, our last Ball, and our best. During the evening, cadets were enjoying their last moments at Royal Roads either dancing or sitting out in the very softly lighted gunroom. A fitting end to a great day.

All too soon the dancing ended and we left on our various ways. Early that morning we again gathered as a term at "Chez Marcel" for the traditional Graduation Breakfast. Many were the laughs as we relived the past twenty-four hours in talk. But here again we were hit with a sobering thought. Looking at these true friends and teammates, we realized sadly that this probably would be the last time we would all be together. For now we were part-

ing for various parts of the country, then on into the Navy, R.M.C., or Universities. A sobering and sad thought, because we had become solidly welded together as a term.

Back to the College and the final frantic efforts to pack up and catch the boat. The over-stuffed trunks, boxes and suitcases were piled high in the cars as we took a farewell turn around the "Circle," waving good-bye on our way to the city. Settled at last on the boat, we leaned on the rail looking at Victoria slipping away. When we first saw this city, we wondered what we were in for, since then we had found out, and now we knew what we were leaving behind. Two of the best years we would ever know, friendships we would revere for life, a College that had given us high ideals and standards to live up to, and a College for which we would always have love, loyalty, and respect.

Prize Winners and Winners of Academic Awards

GRADUATION CEREMONY—APRIL 27th, 1951

The Governor-General's Silver Medal:

Awarded to the Cadet who, as the result of final examinations, attains the highest place in the Senior Term.

Won by Cadet R. C. Orme

The Governor-General's Bronze Medal:

Awarded to the Cadet who, as the result of final examinations, attains the highest place in the Junior Term.

Won by Cadet D. P. Wightman

The H. E. Sellers' Officer-of-the-Watch Telescope:

Awarded to the Cadet who has served in his Senior Year at the College as Cadet Wing Commander.

Won by Cadet R. F. Holland

The Captain's Cup:

Awarded to the outstanding Senior Term Cadet for athletic ability and sportsmanship.

Won by Cadet V. G. Ernst

The Director of Studies' Cup:

Awarded to the outstanding Junior Term Cadet for athletic ability and sportsmanship.

Won by Cadet C. C. Ferguson

The Inter-Flight Challenge Shield:

Awarded to the Flight winning the highest number of points throughout the year in various Inter-Flight sports activities.

Won by Fraser Flight

The Wisener Cup:

Awarded to the Flight attaining the highest mark in parade drill and deportment throughout the year.

Won by Mackenzie Flight

First Class Certificates:

The following Cadets of the Senior Term attained first class honour standing in their examinations:

Cadet R. C. Orme
Cadet R. M. Houston
Cadet T. S. Kolber
Cadet G. E. Forman
Cadet J. A. Stewart
Cadet M. O. L. Lundlie
Cadet J. D. Chalmers
Cadet J. M. Vivian

MONEY—A rare material used by cadets on week-ends. This material is made even dearer because of the high cost of loving.

SPARE-TIME—An abstract term made even more so by the fact that it is non-existent.

The Royal Visit

THERE are those few occasions in a person's life which, although their duration is brief, will live forever in his memory. Such an occasion occurred at Royal Roads last fall. On October 22nd, the College was honoured by a visit from Queen Elizabeth II, who then, as Princess Elizabeth, was touring the Dominion with her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh.

Across the nation arrangements for regal receptions preceded the tour by weeks, even months. The whisper "Royal Visit" was on every tongue. In our small corner of Vancouver Island, preparations were perhaps less elaborate but equally intense. Hours of concentrated practice were required to develop a parade worthy of the occasion. To be inspected by royalty is an honour which may never be accorded in the whole of a service man's career. This honour was bestowed upon us—as cadets.

This added thought was the incentive to make the brass that much shinier, the webbing that much whiter, the drill that much more precise. Pride, eagerness and effort increased as we listened to the broadcast of the parade at R.M.C. in the previous week. Determination ran so high as to jeopardize seriously the supremacy of the renowned Guards for showmanship. Finally all was in readiness. Yet there was one unconsidered element which would not necessarily behave, even for royalty. On that October Monday morning there was a dawn—but no sun. Overhead the skies were dark. The radio blared its forecast of probable showers. Expressions of disappointment were only too evident upon every face but optimism remained high. Fate would surely be kind—but fate was not. The spell seemingly cast upon our term had made its ugly presence felt again. Almost with hatred we watched the raindrops wash the window panes. By the end of the last afternoon class, all hope had vanished; the parade could not be outdoors. However, a steady rain had not dampened the excitement.

The Cadet Wing formed up in squadron line in the gymnasium. Visitors were few be-

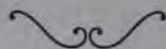
cause of the limitations of the building. Then far down the roadway, the voice of the officer of the naval guard proclaimed the approach of the royal party as the command "Present arms!" carried back to the gymnasium. The alert was sounded; the visitors rose; there was a flash of highly polished rifles and cutlasses as the Wing was brought to the slope. Outside a car stopped; doors opened and closed. Then a maze of military blues and gold braid escorted Her Majesty across the floor to a small carpet which served as our indoor saluting base. Arms were "presented" and "God Save The King" echoed in the building. Then rifles were "ordered" and Cadet Wing Commander Marshall marched proudly forward to report "Royal Roads Cadets formed up, Your Royal Highness. Would you please inspect the Cadet Wing, Ma'am?"

With the band playing softly in the background, Her Majesty, escorted by the Cadet Wing Commander and the officers of the inspecting party, walked slowly along the three ranks, pausing to speak to several cadets. Little did they think that in only a few short months this gracious lady would be their Sovereign and Commander-in-Chief.

The momentous occasion was short-lived. The inspection finished, there was another Royal Salute and the royal party moved out of the gymnasium to the waiting cars. The four senior Cadet Officers followed the entourage to the castle where, with official visitors, senior officers of the Pacific Command and College, and their wives, they were presented to Their Royal Highnesses.

Meanwhile the remainder of the Cadet Wing had stowed their rifles and now lined the drive waiting—not as cadets, but as young citizens of Canada—to cheer their future Queen. After tea, the Royal couple departed with their attendants and as the procession drove off, the cheering resounded over the College grounds. The occasion had passed quickly, but the graciousness of our Queen and the sincerity of Prince Philip will never be forgotten.

W. H. E.





SUMMER TRAINING



NAVY

BY N. BRODEUR

IT is to be regretted that on the first day of naval summer training, May 4, 1951, the Ensign was run up to the gaff upside down. This was not a seamanlike way to commence training; however, it typified the adventurous spirit with which the summer season was begun.

With the commencement of training, first-year cadets were split into two sections. Each of these then commenced academic courses: one in Navigation and allied subjects at Royal Roads, the other in naval History and current affairs at Reserve Training establishment in H.M.C. Dockyard, Esquimalt. After three weeks these two groups, which together with University Naval Training Division Cadets comprised four classes, exchanged postings and courses for another three weeks.

The focal point of the summer's work was, of course, the cruise. A naval man, like a person who contemplates buying a house, must discover as much as he can about his "home," and obviously much of this can never be done on shore. It was then with some anticipation and high spirits that classes A1, A2, B1 and B2 were shepherded into H.M.C.S. "Beacon Hill" and "Antigonish," frigates, on June the 16th. Senior Cadets and U.N.T.D.'s had previously been transferred to the destroyer "Crusader."

The next week was taken up in anchor drills, pilotage, seamanship lectures and various exercises, in short, everything to acquaint the cadet with his new home. Here mention must be made of an article which among the "pieces de resistance" holds a place of glory; the hammock. This ingenious and capricious article of gear was highly unpredictable; without warning it could sag into a V, an agonizing experience if one were lying on his stomach, or snap shut imprisoning a poor wretch.

This and other obstacles having been duly surmounted, the aforementioned three ships set sail for Sidney, Vancouver Island, on Tuesday the 26th. Sidney was engaged in celebrating its diamond anniversary and the

appearance of the task group (T G 214.6 as it was known) created a great and lasting impression and the complements of the ships were very kindly received by the citizens. After the two days of festivities the ships sailed for Pearl Harbour, the cadets with memories of Sidney hospitality in their heads and traces of it in their stomachs, found the first two days of sea voyage rather trying. Someone once commented that a frigate would "roll on a wet lawn" and green-faced cadets found this an understatement. During passage to, as well as from, Pearl Harbour, various exercises were carried out, together with the ever-present classes and night sea-watches spent on the heaving bridge. This routine was broken by a torpedo and anti-submarine demonstration and a gunnery shoot which were held on successive days towards the end of the return trip. The gunnery shoot, it may be mentioned, procured praise; the anti-submarine display procured sardines which were blown to the surface in considerable quantities.

Arrival at Esquimalt was joyfully greeted by those who were by then tiring of rather cramped quarters. The subsequent week, passing-out exercises were held. These took place en route to and at Bedwell Harbour and were accompanied by the Admiral's inspection of T G 214.6. A regatta and banyan party, together with a general free-for-all, terminated the sea training period. The ships returned to Esquimalt in time for the cadets Command Ball which was held at Crystal Gardens and produced rumours that men as well as ships could float when fully loaded.

Subsequently, Canservcol naval cadets returned to Royal Roads and prepared for the Midshipmen's Parade and Ball, the climax of an eventful summer.

We do not forget either the cadets of the U.N.T.D.'s with whom we served and it is with very great pleasure that we hear of the continuation of many of them in the divisions and we look forward to working again with them in the coming summer.

ARMY

ROYAL CANADIAN INFANTRY CORPS

By J. E. MacDONALD

ABOUT eighteen miles from Barrie, Ontario, lies Camp Borden, Canada's largest military establishment. An integral part of this vast establishment, that has more sand, more mosquitoes, more poison ivy, more parade squares, and more training areas than any other camp, is the Royal Canadian School of Infantry. This is the place where "The Queen of Battle" is trained; and this is the place where five Royal Roads cadets ventured.

The five cadets (Frankie Tremayne, Harry Jonas, Terry Pocock, Chuck Goodfellow, and Jack MacDonald) were soon indoctrinated with a full taste of the initial training that every infantryman has to accept: foot drill, rifle drill, small arms training, route marches, lectures on everything from the new "National Defence Act" and "Army Organization" to "Personal Hygiene" and "How to Dig a Slit Trench." We stripped and assembled weapons until we started to dream about "piston groups," "sprigots," "catch springs," "retaining plungers," "sears," "bolts," "gas ports," "return springs" and "return spring rods."

Firing the weapons proved to be much more interesting. We had practice with the .303 Lee-Enfield, the Bren Gun, the Sten Gun, the Piat, the Browning Gun pistol, and the 2-inch mortar. Towards the end of the summer we received and gave lectures on American weapons. This proved to be very valuable to most of us, as we were able to compare the .300 Garand, the Browning Automatic Rifle (BAR), the Thompson Sub-Machine-Gun ("Grease gun"), and the 3-inch and 2.36-inch Rocket Launcher ("Bazooka"), as well as

the American hand grenades, with our own weapons.

Tactics was the favoured subject of No. 4 Platoon, A Coy, C.O.T.C. Out in the training areas we put in attack after attack, fighting not only our enemy, No. 3 Platoon, but mosquitoes, difficult terrain, swamps, and the hot sun. Digging slit trenches, then filling them in became our specialty.

Social life was by no means limited. The Officers' Mess was the scene of many platoon parties, while Barrie provided a dance every night at Minet's Point. Wasaga Beach is not far away, nor is Toronto. Harry Jonas and Frankie Tremayne made various expeditions to Wasaga, while Pocock operated in Barrie. We still hear about Marion. Goodfellow and MacDonald spent long week-ends in Ottawa or North Bay. The Armoured School, being just a stones throw from R.C.S. of I., we were able to spend many evenings with our own Royal Roads cadets who were training there. Familiar faces of last year's seniors and senior cadets of the year before, were also present and old acquaintances were renewed. "Duke" Martin, Tommy Simonds, and John Jeffries were at R.C.S. of I., while "Herbie" Pitts, "Paddy" Patterson, "Bobbie" Bull, Ted Day, Bob Gross, and "Foggie" McLeod were at the Armoured School. Many new friends from universities all over Canada were made, friends whom we certainly hope to see again next summer.

The summer ended, appropriately enough, with a colossal C.O.T.C. dance at the Officers' Mess. It was a glorious end. For our choice, give us Camp Borden and The Royal Canadian School of Infantry any time!

ROYAL CANADIAN ORDNANCE CORPS

By H. WYERS

The R.C.O.C. school is situated in Montreal about eight miles from the centre of town. The training which was carried out there this summer was much the same as in other corps schools. It consisted of a general military training course of eight weeks, two weeks of ordnance training, one on operating a depot in Canada and one on operation of a depot in the field of action. In addition, a driving

course, a course of technique of instruction and a week-long scheme were carried out. The course next summer will carry us into our training as Ordnance Officers.

For recreation the school had a baseball league, a soccer league, as well as swimming, tennis and other outdoor activities, besides the City of Montreal, which is, of course, a recreation in itself.

"THE ROYAL CANADIAN ARMOURD CORPS DIARY"

By C. SERGEANT

IT'S tops, it's colossal, it's superb—Aw heck! there are not enough adjectives to describe the Armoured Corps; so here's what we did this summer.

May 18, 1951.—Commenced eight weeks G.M.T. including such courses as small arms, both Canadian and American types, map reading, military law, drill and "tactics". "Tactics", that's a new word meaning to crawl, run, flop and crawl some more; but don't get me wrong. We enjoyed every minute of it. Work such as this was made much lighter by the jovial officers and N.C.O.'s we had as instructors!

July 15, 1951.—Arrived in the Gunnery Wing and began classes on the 76 mm. gun and .30 Browning Machine Gun. Spent several periods firing .22 calibre ammunition on the Field Miniature Range. Two weeks later we left for Meaford Range to put into practice what we had learned on the F.M.R.

T'was on a Maggie Target he had made
his bead.

"Firing now", said Gunner Reade.

A click, a flash, a thundering roar;

Alas, Alas, for the target was no more.

Oh Gordy Boy you're full of tricks,
But 'tis sad, 'tis sad,
Will you never learn,
Left for "Maggie", right for seventy-six!"

August 6, 1951.—Today we were instructed in the well known game, "Buck—Buck, how many fingers up?" "Last Chance Saloon" was chosen as the battleground and "Wild Bill" Hill lectured on "Morale and Marksmanship" (i.e. the straight shot, one and a half ounces).

August 7, 1951.—Spent the next week in the Driving and Maintenance Wing learning the intricate details of the Ford and Chev. Army trucks. Evenings were taken up during this week in learning how to manipulate these said trucks in convoy.

August 14, 1951.—This week we took instruction on how to lecture in the technique of Instruction Wing. I hear rumours that Ferguson has intentions of becoming a school teacher now.

August 21, 1951.—For the next two weeks we became "Able, Baker, Charlie" men sending and receiving messages from various parts of the station.

ROYAL CANADIAN CORPS OF SIGNALS

By K. J. P. & D. A. K.

SITUATED on the St. Lawrence River, one mile from the city of Kingston, we find Vimy Barracks, undoubtedly one of the most attractive army establishments in Canada. The Officers' Mess in Vimy is considered to be one of the best in the British Empire, and we who have spent a summer there can certainly commend its beautiful setting, excellent food and wonderful facilities.

Summer training found various courses ranging from basic infantry tactics to supplying signals on a divisional level. An excellent assortment of weapon courses proved interesting and numerous infantry schemes instilled in

us the principles of warfare. Signals schemes taught us much about the difficulties of supplying communications to an army in the field. In the Puncher schemes at Camp Petawawa we learned about communications in the armoured and infantry division.

Perry and Kidd found the life at Vimy extremely interesting and although occupied with a very full course they found ample time to enjoy visits to Kingston and trips to other interesting attractions!!!

Tours of the nylon and aluminum plants in Kingston along with a visit to the Signals Research Establishment in Ottawa brought a satisfactory end to a most enjoyable summer.

ROYAL CANADIAN ARTILLERY

By J. HULSEMANN

Enjoying the lighter side of Victoria and learning a lot of "Arty" at G.M.T. at the same time, J. Hulsemann and R. Merredew spent a pleasant summer at the R.C.S.A., Work Point, Esquimalt, B.C.

Under excellent instruction Russ and John were introduced to the ancient art of gunnery. The G.M.T. part of the training was composed of many courses, varying from elementary drill, small arms training and atomic warfare to an outstanding course in public speaking. The latter half of the summer dealt with the

actual artillery training. John took the basic Ack Ack course on 40mm. "Bofors," 3.7 guns and radar, while Russ explored the fields of coastal gunnery at Mary Hill.

The "cement" gunner having sunk all the Canadian Pacific fleet in practice shoots and the "bird gunner" having destroyed all the western elements of the R.C.A.F. in anti-aircraft schemes, both the boys returned to college convinced of the superiority of "Arty" over the other services, and so ended a most enjoyable summer.

ROYAL CANADIAN ENGINEERS

By A. L. ALTWASSER

TO most people the R.C.E. means nothing, but to two cadets it meant the beginning of a proposed career. It came to pass that on May 5th all those who so "wished" reported to the Royal Canadian School of Military Engineering at Chilliwack, B.C., for the first practical phase of training.

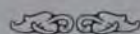
The course began with the old army standby, basic training. For ten solid weeks officer cadets were seen pounding the parade square and doing P.T. To finish basic training, an interesting scheme was held. It was well executed even under the scorching Chilliwack sun. With the end of basic training, the corps subjects were then taken. These included, demolition mine warfare, field defence, water supply, and miscellaneous subjects.

Although Vancouver, a scant seventy miles away, attracted many, Cultus Lake, a resort nearby, proved to be the most popular spot for evenings and week-ends. Many sports added much to make our summer most enjoyable. The hot spell co-operated as many a recreational training afternoon was spent at Cultus. Naturally seasonal sports held the spotlight, but such events as a cross-country run and a novelty competition also were staged. Socially the season proved very successful and was brought to a climax with a closing ball held in late August.

All in all the summer was interesting. All those keen on an army engineering life, just drop around to Chilliwack any time in May and you will be "well" taken care of.



AIR FORCE



R.C.A.F. PILOT TRAINING

By D. P. WIGHTMAN

AT the conclusion of a very interesting ten days at London and Toronto, and a much more interesting three weeks at home, eighteen junior Air Force cadets, selected as pilots, reported to R.C.A.F. Station, Trenton, Ontario, for summer training.

At London we had spent almost a week at the Aircrew Selection Centre during which we underwent numerous written aptitude tests and several examinations in the link trainer and the sensory motor apparatus. In Toronto we spent a long week-end completing our tests at the Institute of Aviation Medicine. Here we were subjected to such torturing devices as the decompression chamber, the swing, and the famous accelerator or "g" machine. Finally at Toronto we took the all-important eye test and then returned to London, awaiting nervously the decision of the board.

Upon our arrival at Trenton we were introduced not only to the actual training aspect of Air Force life, but also to the lighter side, the "Country Club of the Air Force." We discovered once again that life could be beautiful.

Our first week of training was spent at Ground Instruction School where we sat impatiently through eight hours of lectures every day. Here we learned the theoretical side of flying. Our courses included Meteorology, Navigation, Airmanship, Principles of Flight and Aero Engines.

The following week our regular training schedule commenced. With the University Flight Cadets we were sixty-seven in number, divided into four groups for timetable purposes.

Our first half-day spent at "flights" was one of complete excitement. The first "flip" was of

course an experience which we shall never forget. Each instructor was allotted two students for each half-day period. Each student received roughly one hour of flying time every day, week-ends excepted.

The aircraft in which we flew this summer were North American AT-6 "Texans" on loan from the United States Air Force. While these aircraft were in rather old condition we enjoyed every minute of our flying time.

We were all surprised at the rapidity with which we learned to fly. Even the tedious "check-lists" became second nature to us after several flights. After approximately twenty hours of dual instruction in the air, the great moment descended upon us and we were sent up, rather shakily, on our first solo circuit. Our pride in this achievement survived the unceremonious dunking in the pool which we all received that evening.

As the summer swept by we explored the more obnoxious dens in Belleville and Trenton and made several sorties to Presqu'île Point and neighbouring summer resorts. As our week-ends were our own, many cadets spent them all at home.

It may be safely said that by the end of August we were all "hot-pilots," in any case we thought so. Numerous surreptitious escapades in the low-flying area went by undetected. In spite of this there were no serious accidents, although wing tips and propeller blades frequently suffered.

September approached and we rolled our trusty Texans back into the hangars in preparation for our return to the College, with visions of bigger and better times next summer.

RADIO OFFICER TRAINING

A. C. M.

TO a pilot or a navigator a Radio Officer is a useless crew member who sits by a huge transmitter and reads pocket novels for the duration of the flight. To them the R.O. has a "soft touch." However, "Chuck" Casson, "Don" Schneider, "Vic" Simpson, and "Mac" McArthur found that this theory was false as soon as they began R.O. training at Clinton, Ontario, this summer.

Admittedly, the R.O. is not the colourful

adventurer that the pilot is. However our summer courses on such subjects as Radio Equipment, Radio Theory, Radio Procedure, Signals Organization, and Morse Code at the rate of eighteen words per minute proved to be most interesting. We received only five hours flying time this summer but are promised a great deal more next summer.

The recreational facilities at Clinton Air Station are superb. There is a huge gym-

nasium, a theatre and a luxurious Flight Cadets' Mess and Lounge. However, like the pilots we wanted some excitement and found it in two renowned summer resorts, Grand Bend and Goderich. Some tourists go to these summer resorts to enjoy the beauty of Lake

Huron, but we found that if we let our eyes wander from the lake to the beach the beauty found there by far surpassed that of the lake. To say the least we had fun.

We shall be very proud when we receive our R.O. wings at the conclusion of next summer.

AIR NAVIGATION

By C. W. KAIP

AFTER selection at 1. A.M. in London, only five of us were lucky enough to be chosen as Navigators. We left for Summerside, P.E.I., with high hopes of becoming navigators.

Since it is the individuals who make up any team, here are the Navigators.

George Skinner—Our Georgie didn't like girls, but Oh! how he could navigate. An obliging fellow, George pilots whenever the pilot wants to snooze.

Raymond Tardif—With his partner, George Skinner, this team terrorized the airlines. Ray always tried to lead the pilot off course so he could pass over the home town.

Young Pelton—Young specialized in Astro shots (accuracy r40 miles). Of the flying

team Kaip and Pelton he says "We get good marks because we cancel each other's errors out."

Bill Kaip—"Why go home when New York is so close? The pilots can't tell directions anyway." He and Pelton are best remembered by their knack of cutting the corners off practice flights and beating everyone else home.

Ian Flemming—Once spent two and one half minutes looking for his parachute during an "emergency abandon aircraft" drill. Ian was the only one among us who did not have a flying partner from Royal Roads.

And there was Smog Mk. IV, the limousine. Although a late comer, Smog soon became the most famous member of the group. We acted as middleman between our bankrolls and Smog, as the two could not co-ordinate the budget. (Incidentally, we still own Smog, much to our regret).



Said the wise old owl
to young Byng:
"If you're anxious to
buy her The Ring,
Bank a little the day
You collect your pay.
Then arrange for your
wedding come Spring."

Regular saving is the wise man's answer
to the future. Open an account at your
local branch of The Commerce to-day.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

M-18

JUNIOR TERM CALENDAR

"WHY WAS I BORN"

September:

September saw our transformation from civilians to cadets although sometimes Sgt. Brien doesn't agree. Anyway, we gradually accustomed ourselves to the hectic life of a junior and recognized our gun-room as a haven from the monsters who dwelt next door and lurked everywhere ready to pounce on unpolished, unbuttoned, undone and unwary juniors, and to punish us in their round about way. However, many of us soon graduated from circles to slack-party with the exception of Earl Sinnett.

Although Buchan is convinced that the galley staff are pagans, since they present us with "burnt offerings" every morning, we soon began to thrive on junior seconds—Stan Wallace always in the lead.

Towards the end of the month our first skylark came off with unexpected results—the rope broke on the flight leader's door and they pounced on us before we had barely got started. However, our meal "lark" was more successful when we numbered 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10 Jack, Queen, King, Hee-Bingo!—more term circles.

"SOUND OFF"

October:

October brought the Royal visit as a culmination to weeks of drill. Our inspection "under arms" was a privileged occasion we will all cherish for the rest of our lives.

A similar event was the junior term "Obstacle Course," an infinite marathon whose fiendish and ingenious design thoroughly amazed us. However, it was an accomplishment every junior could be proud of and the day was climaxed by a junior-senior party in the latter's gunroom.

October also witnessed an increasing success in our "sky-larks" accompanied by midnight gymnastics on the square. Our gunroom executive was elected and has done a commendable job under the able guidance of president "Mike" Rich.

"OVER HILL—OVER DALE"

November:

November was marked by the R.R. cross-country and we all agreed it was almost as hard a grind as the obstacle course except that this time the "seniors" ran with us.

When the mid-term marks were posted it became apparent that our term was not a mass of "Einsteins" so we all appreciated the extended study hours to prepare for our

Christmas exams. However, our academic shortcomings didn't hinder our spirit. The west dorm, better known as the "Lion's Den" or "The Pig Sty," went on a midnight run led by Barry O'Hara, an intruder from the centre dorm ("Home for Incurables"). Then there was the morning we had our breakfast parade sky-lark when Lieut. Hase couldn't explain to an exasperated galley staff, the whereabouts of the junior term. We finally appeared after a half hour's doubling on the parade square—among other places. When we at last sat down for breakfast Folkins remarked that his porridge was "stone" cold, to which Rochester replied, "If you must comment on the food, please don't use *that* word."

Because of their precarious position alongside the seniors our term members in the Junior-Senior dorm ("Angels' Retreat"), seldom were involved in our uprising except for their lone sally on the centre dorm when Jeff Upton finally got out of bed.

"I'LL BE HOME FOR CHRISTMAS"

December:

After the posting of the Christmas marks one could hear the mournful refrains of "I got plenty o' nuthin'," issuing from the junior gunroom while others could be heard humming "Sentimental Journey" as they carted their luggage up from baggage stores.

The night of the Christmas dance everyone was in high spirits. We were all awed at the female figures paraded past the reception line by our term mates. Indeed some of us wondered how the other fellows had located such charming companions. Next morning the junior term's "Jolly Roger" fluttered darkly from the yard arm as we prepared to set out for "Paradise Lost." For some the journey was only three hours, for others four days, but for everyone it seemed like four months—of course if the Great Northern hadn't been 18 hours late it might have seemed like only three months—eh, George?

"SINGING IN THE RAIN"

January:

Shortly after Christmas our term bade farewell to cadets, Lenny Pye and Ric Noble and suffered the loss of two swell fellows.

"Stewed" Matheson lost his protractor and reported to Dr. Shick for not having his bed corners made at an angle of 45°. The doctor prescribed a day's "C" treatment—recommending ankle supports, a kidney belt, and a two-mile run in the morning and suggested that he should come around for a

check-up five times during the day. The reign of terror was here!

Congratulations to Ross Rayment and Ray Barbeau, who captured the heavy and middle-weight R.R. boxing crowns.

"WANG WANG BLUES"

February:

Saw snowball fights on the square, dancing on the quarterdeck and sliding down the bannisters—all come and go but we still heard that familiar Wednesday night announcement—"All those not in rec rig report to cadet flight leader 'Altwasser Wipitoff'."

This month we only had one Sunday wing-parade and it was indoors. One was cancelled because of our excellent showing for the inspection by Commodore Adams. We received a similar award for our victory in the R.R.-R.M.C. tournament. The week-end was stand-down and as the "liberty-boats" rolled

out the college gates one could hear the rollicking refrains of—"Cigareetes. Whuskey and Wild, Wild Wimmen!"

"LIFE GETS TEDIOUS DON'T IT?"

March:

Although many of us had reached the century mark in "circles" before Christmas and are still going strong, we have all given up trying to match the records of Devine, O'Leary and Priebe in "slack-party" and have settled down to some serious studying.

"APRIL SHOWERS"

April:

April is yet to come but we have been promised graduation will be outdoors—"rain or shine." This has been a great year for us at Royal Roads with even greater things in the future, but the greatest event of all will be when we hear the command—"March off the 'Senior' term!"

OUT OF IT JUNIORS—A phrase implying that juniors aren't out of whatever they're in.

COFFEE—An amber-coloured fluid which cadets take internally when they wish to show their term mates they've got guts.

ELLA-BOW—The wife of a jealous drill instructor. He's always talking about keeping her in.

DRILL—That method which is used whenever an easier method exists.

THAT JOINING ROUTINE

MY introduction to military life was a rather rude awakening from my former peaceful existence. Every moment since we were herded into a large truck, bounced along roads, yelled at by a ruthless crew of cadet officers, and driven like steers on a trail roundup, has been one continuous circle of disasters.

Every minute of the day, from the announcement, WAKEY! WAKEY! RISE AND SHINE, which incidentally comes at a most ghastly hour of the dawn, to the bellow, TURN IN! enforced by pushups, chinups, duck-walking and other various forms of torture, is filled with delightful activities such as circles, taking the long way home, physical wreck-creation, and for the privileged individuals, "slack party."

The morning inspection is another marvelous way of keeping everybody in good shape. The eagle-eyed cadet officers, who can spot a piece of dust on a cap from forty paces with their eyes closed, parade around and in between bellows jot down the unfortunate individuals' names and kindly allot circles, only ten to a customer. But these officers, in spite of their tough appearing and tough sounding qualities are really very bashful and self-conscious. They are always

saying with that gentle roar characteristic of them, "Don't look at me, eyes front, Junior."

Drill is another form of entertainment jointly sponsored by the cadet officers and the drill sergeants for the interest of cadets. Drill is where everybody moves at once in the same general direction. For example, at the bellow STANDATAISE everybody lifts a foot and bangs it down somewhere else. Occasionally some unfortunate individual bangs his foot on the polished masterpiece of one of those privileged "slack party members." After the smoke and debris has cleared there is a missing cadet. The commands are occasionally a bit confusing, for instance, the roar RETIREINLINE-RIGHTTURN. The results are varied and fantastic.

One would think all these gruesome incidents would tend to give a new cadet a bad impression of the college, and one thinks rightly. I was in a state of complete confusion those first few days, and, incidentally, still am, and began to wonder how much the boat fare was home. But as there were eighty or so other victims to suffer with me, I took stock of myself and upon finding very little, began the seemingly impossible task of living at Royal Roads.

J. COBURN.

THE OBSTACLE COURSE—1951 STYLE

A Worm's Eye View

THERE is nothing complicated about the transformation of the raw recruit into an individual enjoying the exalted rank of Junior; it is effected by the liberal use of a material known as mud.

There was an abundance of mud for this year's course, but the customary element of surprise was completely lacking as the date for the slippery derby was fixed several weeks in advance. Furthermore, when F/L Deane's "scientific" obstacles arrived, no attempt was made to disguise their devilish purpose.

The great day dawned damp and drizzly. At first, the Seniors would have nothing to do with any course employing scientific obstacles, remembering perhaps, certain rather unpleasant natural obstacles from the previous year. However, at the very last moment they waxed enthusiastic when informed that they could have all the mud in the East Ravine at their disposal.

At zero hour the Junior Term mustered on the lower soccer field like lambs for the slaughter. However, when the Senior Term appeared on the scene, wearing grotesquely-peaked hats from summer training and smoking acrid-smelling pipes, the horror-stricken herd stampeded, and headed for the tall timber. At length, order was restored, only to be disrupted again when Wing Commander Marshall informed the terms of the solemnity of the occasion. This time, the lambs were not brought to bay until the shepherds resorted to a system of man-to-man subjugation, and even at that, they were none too successful, as there were not enough of them to go around, many having left early in order to obtain the best obstacles. P.T. and physical jerks were administered in excess for the good of the soul, to make sure that everyone would be in top shape for the run. When every Junior was completely exhausted, the presiding Seniors were despatched to their respective obstacles, thus ending the skylark and commencing the mudlark.

A mad scramble up the gravel pit, and then down, down into the dripping depths of the East Ravine. Here, Nature had considerably provided a number of fallen trees that cleared a cold stream only by inches, and strangely enough the course led under every one of these. After numerous inevitable moistenings and a prolonged squirm through the famous culvert, we emerged to face the real fun, the mud tracks.

Several weeks of continuous rain had rendered conditions ideal, and the more cadets that wallowed through the sloughs, the more

malleable became the slime. Although several seniors insisted on the crawl through their sections, breast-stroke or free-style were more generally accepted, provided that the swimmer's nose left a satisfactory groove in the mud.

From the tangled confines of the ravine, the survivors of the mud track hastened, like a troop of actors late for a minstrel show, to the lower playing field to prove the new obstacles. Such diabolical devices as scramble nets, greasy poles, and animal traps proved highly entertaining, but one in particular deserves special mention.

This masterpiece comprised chiefly a lubricated scaling wall, that could only be surmounted with the utmost difficulty. The descent from the top was via a greasy staircase, whose inward angle of inclination was incredibly steep. It would be difficult to describe the expressions of abject dismay on the faces of those lucky cadets who had carefully navigated to the bottom, as if on a tight-rope, only to be told to do the whole obstacle over again for forgetting to check their arms to their sides in true C.S.C. fashion.

It would be unfair to proceed further with the account of the course without throwing a bouquet to the seniors for the part they played at the scenes of their obstacles. It is true that without them, proceedings would have been greatly simplified, and had it not been for their gentle encouragement, the course would not have been run with nearly such good form as it was. In fact, so great was the concern of the gentle souls for their Juniors, that they went so far as to allow the latter to repeat each obstacle until they had it completely mastered.

The afternoon was brought to a frigid finish by a walk on a hand line suspended over the lower lake. Unfortunately, this line seemed to lurch violently and nearly everyone experienced an icy swim, which, at least, served to remove several layers of mud. After emerging from the lake, the afternoon was concluded with a brisk sprint for the Cadet Block.

That night after evening studies, when everyone had more or less recuperated, the Junior term was invited to a gala gathering in the Senior Gunroom. Squeezing ourselves into the room as best we could, and taking advantage of the magnificent hospitality, we felt for the first time the term "Junior" implied something more than a target for Cadet Officers. We were proud to be Junior Cadets.

C. D. HARDWICK

CHRISTMAS TIDINGS

THE night of December 17th, 1951, saw a transformed Royal Roads. Over the Square and down Neptune Steps strings of colored lights changed the otherwise austere surroundings into a veritable fairyland, while over the Circle, usually ringing to the sound of Juniors' running feet, the strains of Christmas carols was heard through the drizzly night.

Behind the stern stone walls of the Castle, the spirit of Christmas had truly arrived; for this was the night of the Annual Carol Service. Filling every inch of the great hall were cadets and their guests. The Glee Club, the Orchestra, Perry at the organ and Padre Edwards formed the mainstay of the evening. Featured by the Glee Club were Christmas carols from many different countries as well as all the old familiar songs and stories of Christmas. The bell ringers, the Yule log, Chief Petty Officer Santa Claus; so the evening went.

The next evening saw even greater activity. On the quarterdeck, decorated with materials that had taken the better part of a month to

prepare, were assembled all the cadets, with a wide selection of all the Victoria belles. They were received by the Commandant and Mrs. Millward, and Cadet Wing Commander W. H. Evans and his charming young lady. Everyone was in high spirits; for the Christmas Ball is one of the College's important social events, and the next morning would see them all on their way home. But, all thoughts of home were for the time being forgotten, in the excitement of the evening. At one o'clock the playing of the King brought an all-too-soon end to the festivities. Between two and three a.m. groups of sadder, though none the wiser cadets came drifting in.

Eyelids had just creaked shut when "Wakey-Wakey" rang through the dorms. Bright-eyed, energetic cadets sprang to the task of cleaning up. By noon, everything was "shipshape and Bristol fashion," and the cadets began to leave for home; some by air, some by way of the United States, but the majority by two chartered C.N.R. coaches, to a well-earned rest at home.

R. WATT,

Our
Best Wishes
to the
1952
Graduating
Class

THE DOMINION BANK

Established 1871

BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

CLUBS

THE HOBBY CLUB

THE Hobby Club had a very active year. Much of its success can be attributed to the active interest displayed by its sponsor, Professor Carlsen. Professor Carlsen secured a wide variety of new tools for the club, and spent many afternoons working with the cadets. His leadership and keen interest in hobbies gave the members the incentive to make the club year a success.

The wider selection of tools in the hobby shop opened up several new fields this year. The most popular hobby was model aircraft building. Mel Gray piled up the greatest number of flying hours and provided a thrill a minute flashing his many models around the flying circle. Cadet Slee had a ring of spectators out to watch the day he flew his fast stunt ship, and left them open mouthed after he brought his aircraft down safely with the controls out of order. Cadet Upton built a fine little model, and all the local thrill-crazed hobby members are waiting to see the small ship buzzing through the air. Since the navy was not to be outshone by the junior service several model ships took form

on the hobby shop workbenches. Cadets Atwood and Jekyll worked tirelessly on an exact scale sailing ship. Cadet Harwood tinkered with a gas-powered speedboat, and had a hard time resisting the pressure of the club members to let it loose in the lower lakes before it was finished. Cadet Shade put his mechanical skill to use by installing a gas motor on a model hot-rod car. In motor run-up checks the car showed a tendency to break the sonic barrier, but a series of accidents put it out of commission before a trial run was made. Cadet Rinfret undertook the largest single project of the year by assembling a seven-tube radio set. It is not completed yet, but should be a very good radio when Claude has time to finish it. Prof. Carlsen made good use of the woodworking and wood-carving equipment in the shop to redesign various articles of furniture.

That covers the club activities of the 1951-52 college year. All hobby enthusiasts join in three hearty cheers for Prof. Carlsen.

D. G. STRANG.

THE CAMERA CLUB

The Camera Club "clicked" from the start this year and within a month we boasted 24 "members." Under the sponsorship of Prof. Bricknell and the executive of Davies and Skinner, the club had a fairly active year. Most of the events which took place at the College this year have been recorded on film. These photos were destined for the "Log" but unfortunately or fortunately as the case may be, we had more pictures than spaces.

It is to be regretted that the Junior term provided only a few enthusiasts. Champion-Demers and Lessard were seen clicking away. The Senior term was well represented by

Tardif, Bepple, Flemming, Hoffer and Jonas, who, all, have been seen down in the "room" developing the beauties of Victoria and vicinity.

It was encouraging to note the increased interest in flash photography as amply demonstrated by the number of flashes during the boxing finals and the R.R.-R.M.C. Tournament.

Quite a bit of new equipment was purchased this year adding to the facilities of the dark-room and it is to be hoped that next year more and better use will be made of it.

The executive wish to thank Prof. Bricknell for his help during the year.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

THIS year following the entry of Junior term members into the club and under the presidency of our good friend and advisor, Professor J. S. M. Langlois, the I.R.C. was soon ready to function as an active organization. But unforeseen things were to happen. Our president died suddenly and the club was thrown into a period of inactivity.

After Christmas we secured a very able leader in the person of our history professor, Mr. Burchill, who has been in every way most capable and helpful.

Because of the lack of time it was decided not to hold any debates as they involved a great deal of preparation. Therefore it was agreed to invite guest speakers.

We had the pleasure of hearing Mr. and Mrs. Flamingo. Mr. Flamingo, a former high school principal in Amsterdam, gave us a very interesting lecture on the German occupation of Holland and the final liberation of his country by Canadian troops. On another occasion we were also favored with a talk by a German engineer, Mr. Buchholtz, who did extensive research on the V-2 rockets during the war. It hardly needs to be said that the members had a thousand and one questions to ask about post-war Germany.

As the year is drawing to a close the activities of I.R.C. have ceased. It is our sincere hope that our junior term will carry on next year with the same enthusiasm that they have shown this year.

R. TARDIF.

VE7ASC—ROYAL ROADS AMATEUR RADIO CLUB

THE radio club started this year with only five senior members but quickly grew to ten seniors. The response from the junior term was relatively slow, but the ones who did turn out were very keen on learning something about amateur radio. Under the direction of Professor Dutton classes were arranged with a view to having some members secure their amateur licenses. Mr. Baxter, from H.M.C.S. "Naden," began lecturing to the members and Wednesday nights were soon occupied with examining complicated diagrams of transmitters, receivers, frequency meters and various other components of a radio.

The qualifications for an amateur license include being able to send and receive Morse Code at a rate of ten words a minute. Since constant practice is the only method of develop-

ing speed in code work, much of the spare time of the members was spent in the castle radio room hammering out dits and dahs. It is necessary to operate by key for one year after securing a license before a station can go on the air by voice and so code is very important to people beginning amateur radio.

It has been arranged for the members who wish to secure their amateur licenses to try the examinations with the local Department of Transport officials. Next year, a great deal of expansion is planned and a new location and a more efficient antenna are at the top of the plan list. To Mr. Baxter and Professor Dutton must go the sincere thanks of all the radio club members for the most valuable assistance they have given and next year will undoubtedly find an operating Radio Club at Royal Roads.

D. A. KIDD

THE GLEE CLUB

"Glee Club, muster on the quarterdeck" is a familiar pipe heard every Wednesday evening at 1830 at which time the men of melody gather around the organ for a half-hour of song. In September the Glee Club started up again, with all the old stand-bys from the senior term and the welcome additions from the junior term, under the capable guidance of Padre Edwards. The bass section seemed to have the greatest attraction but the tenor and melody sections were amply supplied as well. Each Sunday the club provides the background for the hymns and often a special anthem is sung.

The main effort of the first term was the Carol Service on December 17th. The club spent many hours on Sunday afternoons, directed by Commander Fairfull, practising the traditional carols of different nations including "O Tannenbaum," "Adoramus Te," and "O

Santissimo." Some of the bass formed a baritone section for added harmony during this period. On the night of the service the boys gave a very creditable performance.

Since Christmas the club has continued with the usual Wednesday evening session and has shown a marked improvement since the beginning of the fall term. Some of the hymns sung by the club during the year are "Who is He in Yonder Stall?", "The Lord's My Shepherd", "Crossing the Bar", and "Ye Gates, Lift Up Your Heads on High." The club's programs were varied frequently with solos by Bill Evans.

At present the club is working on various hymns for the Easter service.

The club has had a successful year and the members are very grateful to Padre Edwards for his invaluable assistance.

IAN FLEMMING

THE BAND

THIS year we arrived back at the College to find painfully few Seniors left in the band. However, we set about indoctrinating a willing group of Juniors into the practice of accomplishing the particular style of band music which satisfies everyone in the wing. The process was a slow one and the results evidently little short of abominable according to our victims but eventually the lack of complaints and the odd unbelievable compliment gave us renewed faith in our abilities.

The ambition which resulted was such that the Senior Buglers, inspired by their leader, Horatio the Hornblower Eyre, went into secluded conference and came out with smiling faces and a musical masterpiece, destined to classical acclaim. It became known as "Georgia." The reception granted this new piece on its audition was unanimous and such as to make it a milestone in musical history.

Spurred on by this magnificent accomplishment the members of the band resolved as one to bring their noble organization the esteem it deserved. Another new piece, "York" by name was added to bring the repertoire up to the amazing total of eleven pieces although anyone in the wing will swear we can play only one piece and that rather poorly.

Every term of Cadets and every group in the College has added its own contribution, whether large or small, to the Royal Roads tradition. It is sincerely hoped by all members of the present band that as long as there is a Royal Roads and as long as Royal Roads has a Sunday Wing Parade and a Cadets' band to play for that parade, that the band, though it be large or small, will carry on the tradition of Royal Roads bands by playing "Bananas" on the circle.

R. E. STONE

CHIPS FROM THE LOG



We roll out the "Welcome Mat" to:

Lieutenant-Commander I. B. B. Morrow, R.C.N., who has been appointed Executive Officer, Royal Roads.

Associate Professor R. M. Schieder, M.A., who is now Head of the English Department.

Associate Professor A. E. Carlsen, M.A., who is now in the History and Economics Department.

Associate Professor A. E. Lauziere, B.A., DUP (Lettres) who has joined the French Department.

Assistant Professor J. D. Keys, Ph.D., who is now in the Physics Department.

Lieutenant (E) C. F. B. Hase, R.C.N., who has come to us from H.M.C.S. "Crusader," as Engineer Officer.

Mrs. M. Campbell, B.A., F.L.A., our new librarian.

Chief Petty Officer First Class E. Sealy, R.C.N., who is now No. 1 Squadron N.C.O.

Leading Seaman L. Rhodes. Leading Seaman T. W. L. Rushton, and Able Seaman G. Espin who have been drafted to Royal Roads on the Sick Bay Staff.

"Green Pendant Bunting" Congratulations to:

Squadron Leader C. C. Margerison, R.C.A.F., on receiving his half stripe.

Major G. G. Brown, mq. R.C.I.C., on his recent promotion.

Flight Lieutenant W. A. Deane, B.P.H.E., R.C.A.F., and Flight Lieutenant F. Campbell, B.H.P.E., R.C.A.F., who have been confirmed in rank.

Chief Petty Officer C. A. Bryan, R.C.N., who now wears a crown above his three sleeve buttons (First Class).

Petty Officer R. J. Rogerson, R.C.N., for his advancement to Petty Officer First Class.

"Paying-Off Pendant" farewell and good luck to:

Instructor Commander W. H. Fowler, B.A., B.Paed., R.C.N., who is now serving at Naval Headquarters.

Instructor Lieutenant Commander J. M. Clark, B.Sc., R.C.N., who was appointed to H.M.C.S. "Ontario."

Lieutenant-Commander E. M. Chadwick, C.D., R.C.N., who is undergoing the Army Staff Course at Kingston, Ontario.

Lieutenant (E) J. O. Aitkins, mq. R.C.N., who is now Engineer Officer of H.M.C.S. "Crescent."

Instructor Lieutenant J. D. Harbron, M.A., R.C.N., and Instructor Lieutenant J. L. P. Bernatchez, B.A., Ph.B., R.C.N., who are instructing at H.M.C.S. "Naden."

Chief Petty Officer First Class K. C. Barker, R.C.N., who is at the Gunnery Training Centre, H.M.C.S. "Naden."

Leading Seaman D. Robinson and Leading Seaman P. H. Dootson who were drafted to H.M.C.S. "Naden" and H.M.C.S. "Sault Ste. Marie" respectively.

"Diaper and Dimple Department:

Among those visited by the stork this past year and to whom we extend our hearty congratulations are:

Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Ross—a daughter, Wendy Elizabeth—(known to intimates as "The Daughter of the Regiment"), on 13th September, 1951.

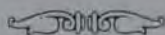
Flight Lieutenant and Mrs. Deane—a daughter, Debba Lorraine, on 19th May, 1951.

Flight Lieutenant and Mrs. Campbell—a daughter, Catherine Arlene, on 6th February, 1952.

V.I.P.—Very Inopportune Parade.

SCULLING—An article of kit is led astray.

SENIOR GUNROOM NOTES



LOG WITHIN "THE LOG"

"ONLY half an hour left before 'Evening Quarters'; no time to study. Guess I'll go up to the gunroom and finish that letter home." A stop at the "ditty lockers" and soon afterwards, entrenched behind the massive oak table, I open the writing pad. "Let's see, where was I? Oh yes, Dad wants to know what the gunroom is." Well, the gunroom is a . . . Sure, it's a room but definitely a particular room.

Therein are contained the character, the dreams, the ideals, the sorrows, the fleeting romances of sixty-six cadets. It is part of the senior term itself. It's Duke's record-playing booth, Brian's smoker, Russ' card table, Herbie's editing desk, Eddy's vaudeville stage, Uncle Willie's debating platform, Andy's "pit," Val's art studio or Gordie's audience, etc., etc. It's also Scud's and Pokie's "plotting room." At almost any time you can find both of them in one of its secluded corners debating which of the local "belles" are worthy of their desired (?) attention for the coming weekend. For each senior the gunroom has an individual appeal, a particular meaning; so to pry into its secrets would seem sacrilegious. However, for the sake of posterity here are some of the more inoffensive happenings witnessed by the gunroom this year.

SEPTEMBER 14: This day saw the gunroom come back to life, as a boisterous and summer-training-wise senior term returned. Salty dips from the "matelots," bird stories from the "pigeons," and the bizarre excursions of the "pongos" filled the smoky atmosphere of the "refuge" for the next few days.

The echoes quickly died, however, as the curriculum faced us and provided an occupation for most of our spare time. Another hobby soon appeared, yes, drill! We seemed to spend endless hours on the square, but the occasion was certainly worth the effort. The reason for all this hubbub and preparation was the Royal Visit on October 22nd, a day which will long be remembered by all cadets.

We managed to sandwich in our first mid-term dance on the Saturday before the Royal Visit, October 20th. The South Sea atmosphere of the "Flamingo" Room enhanced with the sombre blue of uniforms and the soft pastel colours of evening gowns created a setting which contributed much to make the evening a complete success.

Our responsibilities as seniors were brought to a climax on October 24th as we gently

escorted our understudies, the juniors, on a conducted tour of the grounds of the college. We did a complete and thorough job showing them every nook and cranny of the estate. No stream was left serene, no mudhole remained undisturbed, no cavern stayed unexplored as we exerted ourselves to acquaint every newcomer with the beauty of the scenery surrounding his new home.

Friday, October 26th, we were honoured by the first of a series of guest speakers. Dr. H. F. Sanders of the Pacific Coast Naval Laboratories delivered an interesting address on the fourth branch of the services, the Defence Research Board. The role of science in modern warfare as shown by Dr. Sanders helped us to realize the importance of the academic work contained in our officer training courses.

"Stand-down weekend," those words spelled rest and relaxation to us. To accomplish this end some of the boys travelled to Seattle and Vancouver while others enjoyed hospitality in Victoria. The success of the weekend showed plainly on bleary-eyed and satisfied faces as we made a grand entrance to Monday morning classes. And so the first term of our senior year closed.

Dr. St. Clair-Sobell, head of the Department of Slavonic Studies at the University of British Columbia, was the next speaker in our extramural lectures. Dr. Sobell in his informal discussion of "The Sources of Soviet Power," pointed out the current tendency of western minds to underestimate the strength of the Soviet forces. We saw more clearly than ever the huge task lying ahead of the democratic nations of the world. His constant wit and ready humour soon put all questioners at ease and delighted both the staff and the cadets.

The dark mysteries of mesmerism and hypnosis were elucidated to us by Lieut. W. H. Northey of H.M.C.S. "Naden" on November 16th. Lieut. Northey's fascinating seance led many cadets to think that hypnosis might possibly become an aid to exam-passing and other intellectual "tours de force" of that nature.

As the fateful Christmas examinations approached, gunroom attendance gradually dropped and those who did frequent the club house only did so for the furtive cigarette before "turning in." On December 6th we donned greatcoats and fur caps for morning wing parade, a sight which no doubt warmed the cold heart of Ivan the Terrible.

Christmas examinations cast an atmosphere of gloom over the gunroom. No more could the Louis Armstrong records, the fancy tales, or raucous sing songs be heard. This unnatural attitude was soon dispelled by the pre-Christmas merriment as the Yuletide season approached, which reached a peak on the evening of Tuesday the 18th. Black again was the keynote of the "den" but this time the soft black of velvet and semi-darkness. The gunroom retains happy memories of the charming feminine company which crossed its threshold on that evening. The hustle and bustle of last minute packing and again the gunroom became silent and deserted and was to remain so until January 7th, 1952.

The short holidays were very soon only memories as we settled back into the routine of life at Royal Roads. Dr. G. M. Volkoff's talk on "Atomic Energy," on January 11th, was the next extramural lecture arranged for the cadets. A current topic treated by an experienced speaker did much to make the evening a most interesting one. Prof. G. O. B. Davies intensified our interests in Britain, her problems and relations with the Commonwealth on the Friday following Dr. Volkoff's visit, January 18th. Prof. Davies' wide experience and jovial attitude caused the cadets to shower him with questions in the forum which followed his lecture. On Friday, January 25th, the cadets had occasion to pay tribute to the agency maintaining law and order in the country, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Assistant Commissioner C. E. Rivett-Carnac, O/C "E" Division H.Q., R.C.M.P., inspected the wing and later spoke to us on the "Role of the R.C.M.P." His long years of service and vivid personality increased our respect and admiration for this famous force.

It was with great pleasure that on February 1st we renewed acquaintance with an old friend of the college, and at the same time learned a great deal about a section of Canadian history which was rather unfamiliar to us. Dr. N. A. M. Mackenzie, C.M.G., Q.C., LL.D., President of the University of British Colum-

bia, enlightened us on "National Development in the Arts, Letters and Sciences during the last decade." Dr. Mackenzie, as a member of the Royal Commission which lately investigated these aspects of our national life, provided many amusing stories and incidents as well as a clear and definite portrayal of our progress in these fields.

"Carrier Operations" was the next topic in our lecture series. "A subject for the naval 'types'," said the air force and army cadets, but the insight andadroitness of Commodore K. F. Adams, C.D., R.C.N., soon captured the attention of all cadets.

"Wing parade cancelled." So the daily orders read for February 10th. Admittedly unbelievable but nevertheless true. Our efforts on the occasion of Commodore Adams' inspection had turned this Sunday morning "rush hour" into a carefree and lazy forenoon.

Stand-down weekend, those three days during which a cadet relearns the tricks and wiles of the civilian ways of life, rolled around again. A few hours away from lectures and books, charming feminine company and then back to the grind for coming exams.

And so it is that once again the gunroom has become quiet and deserted; but it is then that the gunroom is such that one appreciates it most. It is then that one can best remember the galley raids, the games of bridge, the glorious ball nights which have contributed largely to making the senior term into the 1952 graduating class. It is here that lifelong friendships have been developed and cemented and as its door closes on us for the last time and we face the future alone, then will we realize fully that the gunroom has become an integral part of each and every one of us. So to you gentlemen of the new senior term, remember that you are not alone in the gunroom. Classes before you and classes before us still occupy it, and if at certain times things are not as easy as they could be, look around and say to yourself, "Others have made it—so can I!"

P. GODBOUT.

SLACK PARTY—A minor political party which provides opposition to the existing College government. This party's doctrine is "anti-militarism" because they have quite often stated that they hate brass. Although this party has run many times, they have never gone any place. In spite of the fact that they are an opposition party they have quite often fallen in with members of the existing government.



LITERARY



"... THY WILL BE DONE ..."

By W. H. EVANS

IN the distance the artillery fire is clearer now. No longer is it a muffled moan far off. In fact, sometimes I like to imagine I can feel the concussion of the explosions. But that's crazy; they couldn't be that close—or could they? Maybe the war is progressing better than we think. That's why The Whip has been in such a turmoil lately. He knows he's losing; he doesn't like it. His great Deutschland is crumbling and he can't figure it out. For three years I've been hearing about his great Deutschland. After today, he won't pester me any more.

Those guns are quiet now. The infantry must be moving up. The big guns would have to follow them and they couldn't fire on the move. Or maybe they've been destroyed by a counter-attack. I wish I knew what was happening. I never really cared too much before, but today I wish I knew what was going on.

My wrists and ankles are getting sore. They can certainly tie knots in this place. I can't see why they tied me up. I've hardly the strength to stand up—let alone run away.

Maybe some advance party will break through and rescue us. Oh, there can't be anybody within miles of this hole. I could have waited, just the same. Waited! Hell, I've been waiting for three years now. A guy gets kind of tired of waiting after a while. Especially if he doesn't know what he's waiting for.

I wonder what's holding The Whip up? He's not usually late for these affairs. The boys aren't out to see the show yet, either. But then, we never did hurry for a good view of these things. The only reason we watched them was because old Bullethead, The Whip's right hand, insisted that we saw them. Maybe he thought they'd scare us. He was right—at first. We were a little leery of attempting escape after we'd witnessed a few of the consequences. If someone was lucky enough to make it, they shot somebody else instead. Nice people!

There are those guns again. No—that's bombs. Wouldn't it be a scream if somebody dropped one on us and spoiled The Whip's show? No, I suppose it wouldn't. It would kill everyone else, too. Just look at all those planes! Must be a big daylight raid somewhere.

Give 'em hell, boys! I might have been with you today, if it hadn't been for some lucky Heinie. Maybe I shouldn't kick. It isn't everyone who crashlands a "Lank" in the middle of Germany and walks away from it—with most of his crew besides. We'd all be here now if they'd jumped. Crazy fools! But I guess Mitch and Joey are better off anyway. They haven't lived like us for the last three years; scrounging for cigarette butts and scraps of food like animals; watching their buddies waste away from malnutrition; seeing them whipped mercilessly on general principle—or facing a firing squad for attempted escape. No, they were the lucky ones after all.

In a little while the seven of us will all be together again. The "lucky seven" we called ourselves. Lucky! Two are killed in a crash; three die from exaggerated stomach aches; and now two shot for attempted escape from a prison camp. That's quite a denouement for seven guys who were going to carve glorious names for themselves. We join up for king and country; hometown heroes, ready to die for the cause. We died three years ago, but the burial service has taken a long time.

There goes old Bullethead, herding the boys out of the hut. I wonder what they're thinking? Probably nothing. They'll stand in the yard until the Lord High Executioner has finished his performance and then file aimlessly back into that stinking hut and resume their endless waiting. But there's eight boys who won't file back into the hut today. At first the boys used to break down like children after these shows. Hell, half of them were children. They're not any more. The stubble on their parched faces, the wrinkled foreheads, the sullen eyes—eyes that have seen war in its rawest form—have shadowed all remaining trace of youth.

They stand there gazing silently at the ground, or peering with unseeing eyes at the sky. One is kicking an imaginary pebble around an invisible circle. In a few moments they'll go back into the hut again, the echo of sixteen rifle cracks resounding like drums in their ears. But nothing will be said; except, perhaps, a mumbled "too bad".

"Too bad," "Too bad." How often have I said the same words myself after a similar

occasion! Too bad—too bad they were caught—too bad they tried it—too bad they couldn't wait—too bad about their families.

Families? I hadn't thought about that. Maybe if I'd had a family I would have thought about it. There's nobody to mourn over me. But Ches had his mom and dad and kid sister and Mike has Mrs. Mike and young Pat. Everybody has somebody—except me.

I once had Kay.

I wonder what she'll say when she hears about this. Who would tell her? Who tells anybody about these things? Who's going to tell Mrs. Mike?

"Executed in Stalag nineteen for attempted escape?" No, that wouldn't do. They'll use something more heroic, like "Killed in the line of duty". Line of duty—yes, eight men, bound to bullet-ridden stakes in a line in a prison camp. Maybe they'll give us medals. Hell, I haven't even got an old maiden aunt to accept mine. Besides, I don't want to be a hero! I did when I joined up—everybody does—but when the time comes, it's not such an admirable idea. In fact, I don't like it one bit.

There's The Whip coming now. His usual leer has been replaced by a look of deep concentration. His big jowls are twitching and his hands are nervously fingering his belt. The war must be bothering him. He's always in full dress for these occasions, complete with sword and medals. Heaven knows what the medals are for. A firing squad has been the only action he's seen in the three years since I had the misfortune of making his unsolicited acquaintance. He's making the inspection of his squad now. There's nothing to inspect, but he likes to appear high and mighty at every opportunity. He relishes these affairs like an emperor in a small-time Roman arena. He's finished now and he motions to Bullethead, who waddles over like a faithful dog.

I'm going to miss Bullethead. He and I have had several sessions at the opposite ends of a riding crop. Bullethead is the type of Nazi who'd make the toughest Chicago mobster look like a lamb. He has that type of expressionless face—the kind that would look well with

a heel imprint on it—my heel. He's coming over now to tie the blindfolds. I am surprised that he and The Whip show such consideration to their playthings.

Those guns are still booming their voice of death in the West. Their steady staccato of destruction is very clear now. I can feel my heart thumping wildly in unison. Perspiration is flowing freely from the pores of my forehead.

Bullethead is behind me now. His pudgy hands are reaching around to secure the blindfold—a bloodstained piece of cotton that has seen a great deal of use. The knot is pressing painfully against the back of my skull.

The light is gone now—forever. No longer can I see my buddies, or The Whip, or the squad, or Bullethead. They're lost from me for good. I can't see the sky of which I was a conqueror; I can't see that dingy hut that had become my refuge for three years. I can't see—I can't! I can't!

Each beat of my pulse is sending a new thought through my mind—visions and flashbacks on twenty-seven years of life. But it's all a jumble—a jumble—as though this blindfold has clouded my brain as well as my vision. I've seen this happen in movies—but the actors were calm, ready to meet their end. But this isn't a movie—it's the real thing! There's no last minute reprieve; no exotic young girl pleading with the tyrant to revoke his decision; no heroic rescuers racing against time to save the day. This is it!

I can hear the bolts clicking in the rifles now. There's not much time—in fact—there's no time at all. They say, at a time like this prayer helps. Helps what? My life is only a small candle being snuffed out in the midst of a great inferno which is dying—quenched by the blood of thousands. Who am I to be spared? Still—there is nothing to lose and everything to gain. I am not ready to meet death, but I am resigned.

"Our Father who art in heaven"

"READY"

"... hallowed be Thy name . . ."

"AIM"

"... Thy Kingdom come . . . Thy will be done . . ."

"FIRE!"

CLASSROOM THREE — An auxiliary dormitory.

GODBOUT, SIT UP!—Whenever that phrase is uttered everybody thinks he's Godbout.

DAMPED SOUND WAVE—The instructor's voice starts fading and fading and fading—

FACETIOUS—An economic term.

THE SPRING DRIVE

By J. E. MacDONALD

A COOL fresh breeze from the west refreshed the sweated features of a hundred or so lumberjacks. It was the first wind in months that did not bring the icy chill so prevalent during the winter. It was a good sign. If the sun kept beating down, the river would soon be open, and the thousands of logs piled in massive expectancy would soon thunder down the spring-swollen Kipewa. The men were happy. Their snow-tanned faces beamed as brightly as their multi-coloured mackinaws: the spring drive was not far off. Inside of two or three weeks, a month at the very most, they would be able to celebrate, to spend some of the money they had saved for so long. The dreary winter was over; no more "forty below" weather, or endless days of cutting timber. No more sleepless nights in stuffy, over-crowded bunkhouses, or evenings of rummy, cribbage, whist and solitaire.

This new breeze washed away unpleasant thoughts. The future replaced the present in the minds of all. The men looked at the forest and saw it for the first time. Beauty until now had escaped them. Teamsters stirred their powerful teams of massive horses, making them draw just a bit harder. Rippling muscles shaped their legs and tremendous backs. Arching their necks and planting enormous hooves into the wet snow, they strained and heaved in their traces. It would not be long before spring was here.

All through the winter Sandy Macbeth had been different from other men. A likeable lad in his mid-twenties, Sandy was above the others in many respects. Not that he felt superior, because he did not feel that way at all. Quieter than most, and given more to thought than to boisterousness, that is a typical characteristic of the logger, he spent many hours reading books or writing letters, from which he extracted more pleasure than his card-playing friends. This well-spent time added to his many qualities, giving him a human understanding beyond his years; something rarely found in a young lumberjack, who never usually thinks of gentleness or human nature to any extreme degree. Working with an audacity that amazed the others, Sandy rightfully won his position as foreman of the camp. He was respected and admired as one of the company's best men. The men themselves, young and old, admired him and trusted him. Many times he had held their money while they celebrated, and many times he had rescued them from drunken brawls that inevitably occurred when rival camps finish the season in the same town. They all looked to and accepted Sandy as their leader.

There was a reason for Sandy's strong character. In spite of the fact that he did not live in an environment suitable for moulding the cast of a perfect man, he was influenced by something that he held more sacred than anything else. Sandy was in love. The men jokingly teased him about his "weakness," as they termed it, and he would grin bashfully, his good-natured features beaming with pride whenever his name was linked with Sue's. He had known Sue all his life. They had gone to school together, grown up together, and had always done the same things, together. She was the female counterpart of Sandy in thought, temperament and spirit. Life without Sue would not be worth while. She meant everything to Sandy's existence.

After his father had been killed in a log jam, Sandy left school. He was sixteen then and all alone; his mother had died when he was very young, and he did not remember her. Had he been a less stubborn boy, he might have stayed in school, but by inheriting his father's Scottish trait, he insisted on working, refusing any charity that had been offered him. Reverend Mason, the town clergyman, and Sue's father, wanted to take Sandy into his own home. Sandy would have none of that and chose his own path. He was never once sorry. Turning to the forest where he had been raised, Sandy took a job as an axeman, with the same company his father had worked for. He was immediately accepted and loved by all as "Hugh Macbeth's son." Hard years of indomitable effort placed him very high in the eyes of all who knew him.

Sandy had this approaching summer well planned, each step patiently thought out and decided upon during the winter nights in the bunkhouse. He had saved most of his earnings, though not much, each year, and now had a little more than four thousand dollars in the bank. First of all, he would marry Sue—a big wedding in Cold River, with every man-jack in the district invited. She would be finished school this spring. A long honeymoon somewhere in the south would follow. Next winter, instead of returning to the bush, he would take a foreman's position which had been offered to him at the new saw-mill that had just been completed in Cold River. Even in days of youthful ambition, Sandy could not hope for more. Everything was working out to absolute perfection. There was not one flaw to be found in any of his plans.

The last days of March went quickly; the sun was brighter and grew warmer each day, until only the sheltered snow of the forest bed remained unmelted by the relentless rays. The

river was a surging torrent of raging water in which thousands of feet of fresh timber heaved and thundered toward the lake, where gigantic booms would hold the logs in captivity until the searing blades of the mill could rip and tear them to suit the needs of the industry. The sharp commands and shouts of the men intensified the action, as they raced over the treacherous surface of logs. The drive was a success from the beginning. Little trouble was encountered on the river and under the expert leadership of Sandy the winter's cut was soon locked securely in the booms ready for the ten-mile haul by tug-boat to Cold River. The winter was over, the work finished, and the men with fat wallets and eager for excitement invaded the boisterous lumber town of Cold River.

Sandy wasted little time with the company officials when he presented them with a full report of the winter's work and accomplishments. He was warmly received and congratulated on his job. Sam Benson, the manager, shook hands with him and invited him to dinner at the hotel. Sandy politely declined and made an appointment the next day to look over the new mill that he would manage the following year. His thoughts, however, were far from the mill, the company, or anything that pertained to business. Excitement and expectation raced through him. He wanted to run, shout, jump, anything but stay still.

His first impulse when he checked into the hotel was to phone Sue, or better still to rush right over to her house. He finally decided against that, as he was still clad in cork boots, corduroy breeches, and a plaid mackinaw, the symbolic dress of the riverman, and he did not particularly want to be a riverman at that moment. Leaving the hotel lobby, after extricating himself from hosts of well-wishers and friends, he went straight to his room. After a hot shower and a smooth shave, he hastily donned a conservatively brown suit, that he had never worn, a white shirt, and a favourite green tie. His mind toyed happily with the prospects of the evening. There would be a dance at Budd's Barn for the lumberjacks. Sue would want to go to that. It was an annual affair. Nothing had changed in Cold River. Everything was the same, except this spring he and Sue would be married. Sandy was

happier than he had ever been in his life. Slicking back an unruly lock of hair, he grinned at the mirror and strode out the door.

Sue sat alone on the front porch. She knew Sandy was in town. Everyone did. Cold River was like that. She looked wistfully at her tiny expensive wrist watch. It was a new one, less than a week old. "Sandy will soon be striding up the street", she thought. She bit her lip as she thought of what she would have to tell him.

Her thoughts were interrupted as she spied a tall figure rapidly advancing over the wooden sidewalk; the figure waved and increased the long stride, then, as if unable to keep abreast with his thoughts he broke into a full run. Sandy cleared the white picket fence with one leap and three strides later he was beside Sue on the porch.

"Hello Sue", his voice trailed off. Something was amiss. Sue had not moved. Her head was still bent, her eyes staring blankly at her handkerchief which she twisted and pulled unmercifully in her hands.

"Sandy, I have something to tell you". She did not move, not even to look at him. Sandy stared; his face was a mask of seriousness, but his mind refused to function. Something was wrong, really wrong. He managed a half-smile. "What is it, Sue?"

"Sandy, while I was at college I met someone who I am very much in love with. We intend to be married next month." She lifted her head and looked at him. Her eyes were soft, slightly wet, and pleading. "I don't know what else I can say".

Sandy stood there. All that came to his mind was the vision of a tall pine tree crashing and smashing to the ground after being cut and slashed by the sharp axes of the lumberjacks. Remembering the spray of snow, that had risen in the tree's wake, had settled, he recalled how he felt at seeing the death of a beautiful, splendid tree.

"I think I understand, Sue," he whispered. Shuffling off the porch, down the steps and to the gate, he groped for the latch. Never looking back, Sandy walked slowly towards the river, his feet scraping audibly on the rough sidewalk planking. The sun was going down. Somewhere a dog barked.

LOCKER ARRANGEMENT—An ingenious kit arrangement whereby gear is stowed in such a manner that it is impossible to find anything without first emptying the whole locker. Cadets quite frequently wish to stow an article without knowing where it belongs. A good rule of thumb for this situation is this: "If in doubt, stow it so that you can't retrieve it without emptying your locker." See "Ross Easy Method."

DEFAULTERS—Cadets who have done something or cadets who have neglected to do something, are placed on defaulters list. These defaulters are interviewed each evening by a selection board in order to determine their potential value as slack party members.

WHITE BELT—An article of apparel which, when worn on Sunday, enables a cadet to join slack party provided that he is approved by the Sunday morning selection board.

"THE TOWER"

K. F. HOFFER.

FROM a distance it jutted into the overcast sky like a menacing black gangrenous finger. It stood in the middle of the sawgrass country. Fifteen years ago there was a bustle of excitement about its base as the ground spewed forth liquid black gold, but now the tower alone remained, rusting, silent and dead, its babbling flow long since choked off. It alone stood in the sawgrass plain to break the straight line between the greens and browns of the earth and the sombre greys of the sky.

Bruno and George had ridden steadily that afternoon under the cool grey of the sky and their horses and mule were still fresh. Bruno, or Burly Bruno as they called him at the ranch, rode silently and with a bored expression on his pulpy red face. His mean grey eyes were almost hidden under the brim of his ten gallon hat and a cigarette dangled from his cruel lips. He had expected more excitement on this trip. This was not a very enjoyable holiday from the ranch he thought. He wanted to tangle with some wild boars or hunt bull alligators in the everglades, but so far nothing had happened. Bruno was determined, however, to find something before turning back to Pooksley at the end of their week.

George was a younger man than Bruno and of finer stature. His pale blue eyes were always wide open in seeming astonishment, and he had that far away look of an incorrigible day-dreamer. He was a clerk in the General Store in Pooksley, and when Bruno came in to buy provisions for his proposed hunting trip, he decided to join the adventure at Bruno's invitation. George hummed contentedly and rode with eagerness; just being away from the store for a week gave him a feeling of exhilaration.

"Hi, George, we'll camp hereabouts for the night," yelled back Bruno, who was riding ahead through some heavy brush. Presently he broke into the clearing near the tower.

"Look at that will ya! That's the old Barr oil well derrick. Been here for fifteen years. The Barr brothers struck it rich one week an' the next they was plumb broke. I been here before but never had a real gud look at it."

"It has a strange menacing ugliness about it—away out in the wilds," replied George, who was now beside Bruno.

"Yah, I guess," interjected Bruno, as he dismounted and began to unload the mule. "We'll go over after we get some grub in our stomachs."

George and Bruno now stood in front of the tower. The base was strewn with rotten

timbers and rusting cable. A steel ladder rose three quarters of the way up the tower to the cable platform. From here a ladder on the inside went from the floor of the cable platform to the uppermost apex of the oil derrick. Looking up the inside of the funnel-like structure of criss-cross beams they could see the rotten boards hanging from the cable platform. Outside again George rather defiantly picked up a rock and threw it as high as he could at the tower. It struck a rotten plank half way up the tower with a dull thud.

"I bet ya twenty ya can't climb as high as ya can throw, George," said Bruno with an air of self-assurance.

"Why sure I could. 'Nothing to it,'" said George rather jokingly.

"Well, why don't ya. You're always braggin'."

This cut into George deeply. He was not a sensitive man, but he knew Bruno and he knew that part of the braggart belonged to Bruno. It was always Bruno the braggart, Bruno the big, Bruno the bully, always Bruno for Bruno. George thought how easily he could break Bruno's ego if he would climb the tower. He knew he couldn't do it; he was afraid of heights. He had to do it; here on this rotting, rusting tower, here in the wild sawgrass he was going to break Bruno.

In silence George strode to the base of the tower and reached out with trembling hands for the ladder. His legs were like lead as he shuffled his feet across the earth as though to bid a last farewell to the ground. In his mind George was determined to defeat Bruno. Wiping the beads of sweat from forehead and jaw he looked back at Bruno and forced a faint smile on his ashen face and started slowly and forcefully up the rusty ladder.

George was sure now that he could win the bet because he was beginning to relax somewhat. He paused now and turned his head to look down at Bruno. A sudden nausea shuddered through his body and he clung to the ladder desperately. He must look up and concentrate on not being afraid. Somewhere in his mind he could hear Bruno laughing at him. George was laughing now too; not at Bruno, but at himself; at his own foolishness. He tried to shake off the cold sweat trickling over his nose and lips. The sleeves of his shirt were powdered with flakes of rust and these cut into his face as he wiped the sweat away. He must go on.

Painfully but with dogged perseverance, George resumed his climb. Hand over hand,

foot over foot, slowly and patiently he forced his unwilling body up the rusty ladder. His bleeding hands were numb and cold from too tightly grasping the rusty rungs. George's legs felt like tree stumps and seemed to work entirely against his will. The smarting in his eyes was unbearable and the flakes of rust he had knocked from the ladder stuck to his sweaty face and caused a tingling sensation that made him want to let go of the ladder and tear at his face with both hands.

The pain now was unbearable, unbelievable, and uncontrolled. He groped for the next hand hold, at the same time the rusty rung he had just placed his foot on gave way with a sickening crunch. He clung desperately to the rung above his head and tried to gain his balance by stepping on the next rung up. This too gave way! George sobbed like a child as he groped desperately for another foothold. Finally after an undetermined eternity he reached a rung that barely supported his weight. His entire body was tingling with fear and a nausea gripped his stomach. He tried to open his eyes to see how far away the cable platform was, because he thought he might reach this and persuade Bruno to help him down, but only a smarting blur loomed before him.

Hardly able to reach above his shoulders now, George groped for the next rung in his blackness. He reached nothing. He searched frantically now, sobbing to himself, knocking rust into his face, tearing his hand on the rusty ladder and tower. Trying to open his eyes proved futile, he was blinded by his own sweat. There was no ladder above him!

There started a sickening pounding in his chest and a pulsating coldness weakened his every muscle. He could no longer feel his hands clutching the rusty rung. His legs were no longer a part of his body. The pounding in his chest increased in tempo and before his closed eyes now appeared vivid flashes of blinding white, red and black. George could no longer tell that he clung to the ladder, his body was numb and his pounding brain no longer communicated the sense of pain or feeling. He felt strangely relaxed and comfortable and visualized himself floating cloud-like and slowly, ever so slowly, down to earth.

The tower stood barely visible now against the black-grey of approaching night. A deathly silence settled over the sawgrass country as the fading hoofbeats evaporated into nothingness in the distance.



“BOOM PROVINCE”

By W. K. WALKER.

TODAY, the Province of Alberta is known nationwide by a multitude of descriptive and expressive titles, such as “Canada’s Oil Province,” or “Texas of the North,” but whatever name is decided upon to describe this “boom province” (for simplicity and exactness, I find the title “Boom Province,” best suits the feeling and atmosphere existing in Alberta today), it must be acknowledged that Alberta is forging ahead, not only for herself, but for all of Canada. A slogan of long standing in Alberta reads, “What Alberta Makes, Makes Alberta,” and today this statement holds true not only for Alberta, but for the part she plays in making up our great Dominion. It is a fact that the “A.B.C.’s” of Alberta could easily be translated to signify, “Alberta Booms for Canada!”

Rampaging oil wells and active people are signs of the times in this western province. Although all Canada has prospered since the Second World War, Alberta has definitely won the race, her oil discovery being the biggest boom. Much interest from Britain and the United States has resulted in financial investment, exploration, new industry, and an increased population due to immigration. Many specialists have made extensive researches and enquiries to assess this outstanding and significant new wealth.

Since 1947, when Imperial Oil Limited’s Leduc discovery well gushed in, more than 45 new oil fields have been speeded into production, and are continuing to be developed at an ever-increasing rate. Two new wells a day are being drilled, and further investment continues to increase this rate of drilling. More than three hundred million much needed United States dollars have been invested in Alberta oil, and the prospects for the future seem to indicate a much greater sum. Reserves are steadily mounting with each new area discovered, but as yet it is impossible to state accurately the extent of this great new find.

Alberta, having made a steadily progressive comeback after the crash of the depression, was well on its feet when the oil was struck. Today, however, Alberta can boast of a seventy million dollar cash surplus, and a sound system of control over the oil leases, which will guarantee the government a substantial income for many years to come. The efficient oil policy set up by the government, has done away with the feverish scramble for land titles, oil leases, and the cut-throat deals known in Texas years ago. It is a model arrangement between government and industry whereby an oil exploration company is permitted to hold only two

diagonal squares of a four-squared area, much the same style as a checker board. The government retains the other two squares. Thus, if an area proves to be oil producing, the government finds itself in the favourable position of owning two likely sectors in a proven field. Since the Alberta Government holds the majority of oil leases, it auctions these blocks off to the highest bidder. This has become the standard procedure for the purchase of oil leases, and accounts for the lucrative profits being attained, as was the case in Redwater, when one hundred and sixty acres yielded two million dollars into the government purse. Indirectly, every citizen of Alberta is therefore realizing some of the profits from the handling of Crown lands.

More than ten thousand of Alberta’s nine hundred thousand population earn their living in some manner or other as a result of oil. New schools, hospitals, and highways, all financed by the government’s oil revenue, are enriching the province in all directions. Taxes have been cut by seven per cent, the first province to make a substantial cut since the twenties.

While oil from the Turner Valley district, in the southern portion of the province, has always been a source of wealth, the new development in the northern area, centred about Edmonton, has given new importance to Alberta. Fields of major production are located only a short distance from the capital city, and they are a feature attraction for residents and travellers to visit. The well-known Leduc field is situated approximately twenty miles south of Edmonton, just off the main Edmonton-Calgary highway, while its nearby sister field, Leduc-Woodbend, is directly north across the Saskatchewan River, eighteen miles southwest of the city centre. The famous Golden Spike field, also a short distance southwest of Edmonton, boasts of having the largest pay zone in a producing well in the British Empire, a total of two hundred and seventy feet of oil-bearing limestone. To the northeast lies the Redwater field, and now the most recent discovery, the Acheson field on the Jasper highway, directly west of Edmonton.

The quiet, peaceful countryside with sweeping wheat fields and grazing cattle is still to be seen, but amidst this can be found portable steel derricks and their rugged crews moving about all over the province. Upon completion of the drilling, modern mechanism has made it impossible to detect the presence of a well; for all that can be seen is a little

pump, similar to a water pump, and agriculture continues as though nothing had interfered. The oil itself is transported underground by a system of pipes leading to the centrally located storage tanks and refineries. Oil and agriculture have proved to be a familiar and prosperous working combination.

The oil discovery has not progressed without the excitement of adventure known to us from the Texas boom. Late in nineteen forty-eight, an incident in the Ledue oil field put this field in the news highlight in a spectacular fashion. It was the fire which raged at the famous Atlantic Oil Company's Discovery Well, causing wild nationwide excitement. A state of peril existed for a week, but fortunately, the fire (which might easily have destroyed the entire area) was brought under control with only slight loss of property, while fame and free publicity came to the province as a result.

However, one spot of colour of the traditional oil story is missing here. Because of the carefully planned control of oil leases and sales, the "Texas type" oil millionaire is not to be found in Alberta. Generally speaking, Alberta has lived hard and fast up to her slogan, for what Alberta has made, has made Alberta, and not a few fortunate individuals.

The growth of Alberta has been recorded by the sharp increase in population and the new communities arising from nowhere. Edmonton, the provincial capital, has grown from one hundred and thirteen thousand to one hundred and sixty thousand people in the past four years. Steel skyscrapers in skeleton form create an atmosphere of the typical rapid and modern advancement. Towns such as Redwater and Devon have mushroomed in size, the latter community being entirely a direct result of the oil boom.

Many other new industries have been introduced to Alberta as a result of the fabulous oil development. Natural gas has been dis-

covered to such an extent that the export of this staple to Eastern Canada and the Pacific West Coast seems a likely possibility in the very near future. While general industrial growth has stemmed from the oil boom, three immense oil refineries have been constructed outside Edmonton, employing an enormous staff to operate these efficient plants. Alberta is becoming the province of Advancement and Achievement in Canada. Prosperity is in the air for Albertans!

Although the discovery of oil has spurred development and wealth for the province, it must be noticed that Alberta was on the move ahead before the great achievement occurred. The pasture lands and the cattle produced upon them contribute more than one-quarter of Canada's top grade beef supply, and exports of beef are shipped as far away as India. Alberta wheat has won sixteen International Championships from districts such as Peace River where seventy-three bushels per acre are yielded. Canneries have moved to southern Alberta where Canada's sugar beet industry is located. Three-quarters of Canada's coal is mined in Alberta and an estimated one-seventh of the world's total reserve is to be found in Alberta. Timber has become an increasing export of the province, adding to the general wealth of Alberta and Canada. Chemical and cement factories are the newest industries which have come to Alberta. Besides the financial attraction, Alberta is well known for scenic resorts of Jasper and Banff, which bring tourists flocking to the paradise in the heart of the Canadian Rockies. Fishing, big game hunting, upland birds, and all year skiing are assets to any sportsman.

The future holds a bright and glamorous prospect for Alberta, since the rapid advancement going on at present has been accomplished in but four short years, with only the first big gush from the wells having been felt. For Alberta, the brimming best is yet to come.





ALOHA PARADISE

A NAVAL CADET

FRIDAY, July 6th, dawned the eventful day anticipated since those bleak winter days in Victoria. Lately our enthusiasm had been dampened by reports from various sources and we had been warned of disappointment concerning Hawaii. Today all fears were swept away with the eagerness with which we approached our destination. The northernmost island of the Hawaiian group, Kauai, was sighted during the middle watch—the first view of land in eight days.

We spent the forenoon completing our "Beautify Antigonish" campaign. The usual candid remarks about "part-of-ship employment" subsided as all "turned-to" proudly.

Soon, Oahu, the isle of our destination, appeared. The peaks of its volcanic mountains were far more regular in outline than our Rockies, and the vegetation line was much more pronounced. The isle resembled a gigantic castle with soft, rich, green moss reaching up its lower walls. As we approached, the moss appeared to become grass fields, finally trees. The checkerboard pattern of cane fields extended down the slopes and fused with the gorgeous blue moat of our castle—a moat that had taken eight days to cross. As our tiny steel intruder approached this majestic domain, few signs of life were visible. Only two wisps of smoke rose lazily from the shoreline.

The first ambassador of this dormant kingdom was a tiny fishing boat, whose nets lay precariously near our course. Suddenly a dull drone broke the silence. A Douglas dive bomber, the advance envoy of the U.S.N., appeared and buzzed our petite task group. Arms waved wildly and expectant voices chattered gaily.

This was "it" at last—the famed Hawaiian Islands! Soon the sky was filled with aircraft of all imaginable types, resembling a busy corner of some metropolis. We rounded the island, formed in line ahead, our bows cleanly slicing the turquoise.

After dinner and a change of uniform, we encountered Diamond Head, the guardian of the fortress. The white sands of the Waikiki beaches formed a path to Honolulu itself. We stopped engines at 1230, awaiting the arrival of our pilots. Once they were on board we proceeded slowly up the narrow channel to Pearl Harbour. The ocean changed from deep blue to lemon green as the depth decreased.

Then we entered the main artery. On either side was evidence of the great military resources of the United States.

Breaking the shoreline were great groves of palm trees shading the red-roofed bungalows of the base's personnel. The sights were breathtaking. Although there were few fighting ships visible, an enormous number of other craft of various sizes and shapes lined the harbour. Pearl Harbour may not be the largest naval harbour in the world but at that moment it was difficult for us to imagine a larger one.

We made our final turn and proceeded slowly to our allotted berthing space, alongside "Beacon Hill." "Crusader" was just being secured; a band was playing and Hawaiian dancing girls adorned the jetty.

Once secured and awnings rigged, leave was piped and all but duty watch rushed ashore. Our first stop was the Naval Post Exchange, a military-owned department store whose main revenue is derived from uniformed tourists such as ourselves. As one may suspect, we left the store depleted in funds but laden with souvenir items of various descriptions.

In the early evening we visited downtown Honolulu. Having entered an unimpressive section of the city we were quick to move on to the Waikiki district where our interest was immediately renewed. Here are the magnificent beaches and the two great tourist centres, the Moana and Royal Hawaiian hotels. Here was the queer mixture of uniform and gay Aloha shirts. The populace was quickly infiltrated with Canadian uniforms.

This was the Hawaii that was world-famous—all in the area of a few city blocks. Still something was lacking to complete our preconceived picture.

Nightfall supplied that missing touch. In the spacious glass-enclosed and open-air dining rooms of the two hotels, tourists, elegantly attired and bedecked by colorful leis, dined by candle light. Softly the strains of Hawaiian music filled the air. Lounge chairs surrounding an outdoor, marble-surfaced ballroom floor, became our station for the remainder of the night. Diners left their tables and soon were gliding over the floor. Myriads of heavenly eyes sparkled down upon the proceedings. Spotlights shone on the white sands of the beach, illuminating the breakers which rolled rhythmically to the shore only a few feet away. Our gay, exotic Hawaii was all we had dreamed of—and more.

Except for a condensed course in fore-fighting under American instruction and cruises aboard U.S. submarines, the remainder of our

four-day excursion was passed on the sands of Waikiki, basking in the tropical sun or enjoying the various night haunts, partaking of their wares. In many cases the day's festivities were climaxed with a midnight dip.

A fortunate few had the opportunity to meet the inhabitants of Hawaii. The natives, who are as civilized as anyone else in Hawaii, live the ideal life. They are in love with their Utopia and are eager to share it with anyone. They are the sincerest, most hospitable and most contented race one could ever wish to encounter. Tales of the island—its customs, its people, its music—were ever in demand and readily acknowledged.

Yet all good things come to an end, and our visit was no exception. At 0930 July 10th we slipped and soon retraced our track across the blue Pacific. In our wake we reluctantly left the Hawaiian guitars, sandy beaches and moonlight romance—to say nothing of Don the Beachcomber's and 157 Co-Eds in the Edgewater Hotel.

CHEFS DE DEMAIN

CHACQUE année quelques centaines de jeunes gens, diplômés de nos écoles supérieures de toutes les provinces du Canada, s'engagent comme cadets dans l'un ou l'autre des deux collèges militaires de notre pays: soit celui de Kingston soit celui de Royal Roads. Voyons brièvement à quoi se résument les principales activités des futurs officiers de la marine, de l'armée et de l'aviation pendant un séjour de deux années dans cette dernière institution située à Victoria sur l'Île de Vancouver.

L'entraînement est le même pour les trois armes durant l'année scolaire qui s'étend du mois de septembre au mois d'avril. Pendant les mois d'été, chaque cadet rejoint l'arme du service qu'il a choisie. Il se donne alors entièrement à l'entraînement et aux manœuvres militaires. Puis après un congé, bien mérité, il se remet aux études académiques de son collège.

La première chose peut-être dont se rendent compte les cadets de la première année, les "juniors," c'est qu'ils doivent respect et obéissance à leurs aînés, ceux de la seconde année, les "seniors." Ces derniers sont responsables, en effet, de la discipline générale sous la surveillance attentive d'officiers-instructeurs des trois armes.

Un esprit sain dans un corps sain! Ce corps dès le début de l'année, on le soumet à une intense discipline physique: ce qui le rend où le conserve sain, capable d'être le précieux auxiliaire d'un esprit qui se veut également sain. Voilà le rôle indispensable que joue un cours de gymnastique et de sports très divers. Enfin

la "drill" vient, non seulement co-ordonner tout ce entraînement physique parce qu'elle y apporte le rythme et l'ordre, mais elle développe la voix si importante au commandement.

Le corps, cependant, est au service de l'esprit en effet, comment un chef peut-il inspirer une grande confiance s'il ne possède pas une instruction supérieure, s'il se trouve incapable de juger une situation difficile et de résoudre des problèmes peut-être d'un intérêt vital à notre pays?

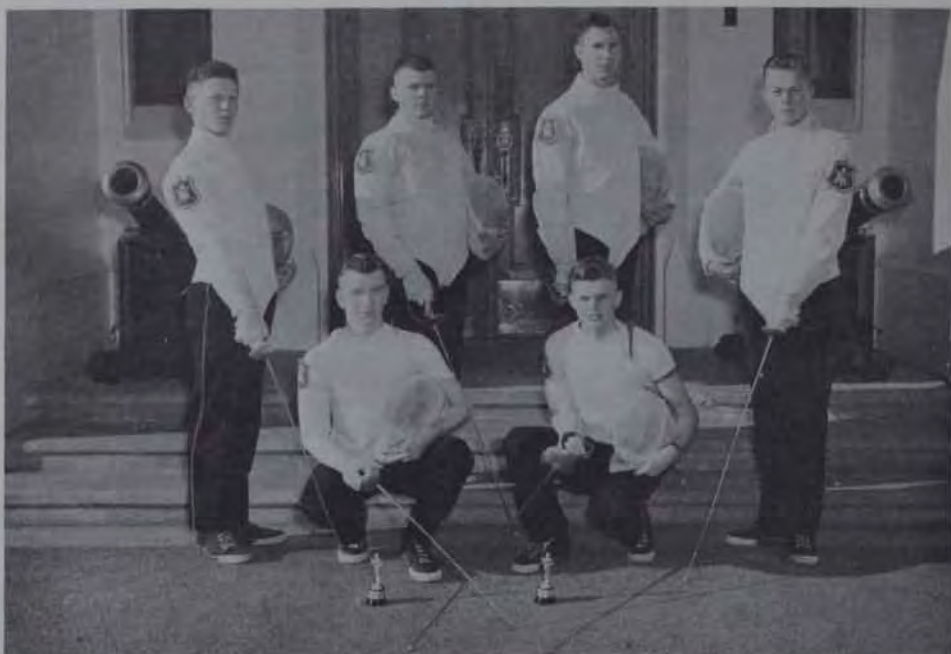
D'où l'obligation et la responsabilité de meubler son esprit. Notre programme d'études académiques et militaires à "Royal Roads" est donc ordonné de telle façon que ce but puisse être atteint. Il y a une diversité assez considérable de cours. Des professeurs de calibre universitaire sont chargés de l'enseignement des sciences, des mathématiques, des langues, de l'histoire, de la littérature et de l'économie. D'autre part un certain temps est consacré aux études militaires afin que chaque cadet ait une connaissance suffisante des trois armes et plus spécialement de celle qui lui est propre.

On voit le but de nos dirigeants, en instituant ces deux collèges militaires, est bien de donner au pays des officiers de carrière dont il peut avoir besoin. Certes, il est vrai, tous les cadets ne s'engagent pas dans l'armée active au lendemain de leur promotion. Cependant comme il est consolant de savoir que ceux qui retournent à la vie civile constitueront un noyau d'officiers de réserve hautement qualifiés et tous, militaires ou civils, s'en trouveront meilleurs citoyens.

R. TARDIF.



CANADIAN FOOTBALL TEAM



FENCING

Standing: R. Stone, F. Tremayne, A. Griffin, D. Bucher.
Kneeling: S. Wood, K. Perry.



SHOOTING

Back Row: H. Stroud, J. Pearce, G. Skinner, L. West, A. Wagner.
Front Row: C. Shook, H. Bepple, Sgt. Brien, J. Booth, J. Rea.



SWIMMING

Back Row: R. Rayment, C. Rinfret, C. Seymour, Lt. deRosenroll.
 Centre Row: R. Slee, I. MacDonell, J. Neroutsos, C. Smith, J. Younger.
 Front Row: W. Johnston, R. Folkins, G. Clendinnen, J. Upton, P. Baker.



CROSS-COUNTRY

Back Row: P. Watson (Capt.), R. Noble, T. Eyre, D. Black, H. Bradeur.
 Front Row: A. Altwasser, H. Bepple, W. Evans.



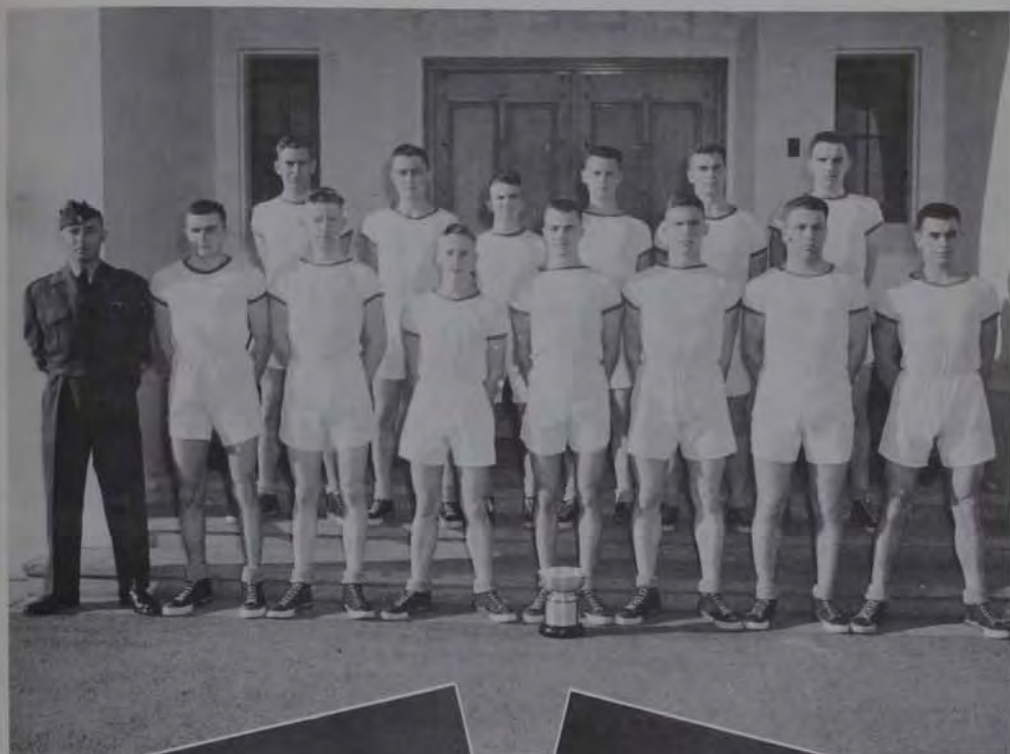
BASKETBALL

Back Row: H. Wyers, Cpl. Crabbe, J. Hogerman, G. Douglas, C. Ferguson, P. Watson, E. Czaja, S/L. Margerison.
Front Row: J. Plummer, R. Kelly, J. Graham (Capt.), R. Risebrough, J. Stonden.



VOLLEYBALL

Back Row: P. Watson, C. Ferguson, E. Czaja.
Front Row: D. Kidd, E. Garrard, G. Douglas (Capt.), M. Rich, J. Graham.



BOXING

Back Row: W. Evans, K. Walker, J. Plummer, D. Wightman, R. Thompson, E. Czaja.
 Front Row: WO2 Devooght, R. Barbeau, I. Flemming, H. Beppele, L. Shick, R. Royment, K. Hoffer, G. Martin.



No. 1 SQUADRON



No. 2 SQUADRON



No. 3 SQUADRON

N.C.O. Staff



C.P.O. K. C. R. Barker



W.O. H. O. F. Devooght



C.P.O. C. A. Bryan



Sgt. E. Brien



COLLEGE SPORTS



Art Griffin
Business



Paul Godbout
College News



Bill Vallevand
Art



Herb Walton
Editor

Log Staff



Russ Merredew
Advertising



Terry Pocock
Advertising



Young Pelton
Literary



Bill Kaip
Exchange



Hub Wyers
Sports



Aubrey Lawrence
Ex-Cadets

1951

1952



Bill Evans
Assistant Editor



Andy Wojciechowski
Literary



Bob Davies
Photography



George Skinner
Photography



SUMMER TRAINING



SPORTS REVIEW

H. WYERS

THIS year the sports programme for the cadets at Royal Roads was extensively altered and extended. The purpose of this programme is two-fold: to enable all cadets to develop physical fitness while participating in a wide variety of sports, and to teach the cadets as many games as possible, with the view that the cadets will make use of this knowledge of sports in the services. To meet these objectives the programme is divided into three sections, representative, inter-flight, and individual sports. All cadets must take part in all the inter-flight sports and are encouraged to enter in as many of the representative and individual sports as possible.

The major representative sports are, Canadian football, and those sports contested in the C.S.C. tournament, as well as such events as fencing and cross-country running. The list of cups and trophies won in competition in these sports is in itself an indication of the hard work and practice put in by coaches and players alike. The list includes the Claxton Trophy, the Admiral Nelles' Trophy, the Victoria Canadian Football Trophy, and the Gordon's Inter-Service Basketball Trophy.

The Canadian football team travelled to Vancouver for its first game outside of local competition. The team put up a good show dropping a close 6-5 decision to the Meralomas. In the regular league play the team again captured the Victoria championship. The season saw the cadets win five games, tie one and lose none. In the play-offs they won the two-game-total-point series 20-5 from Oak Bay. Padre Edwards, F/L Campbell and Prof. Stewart deserve much of the credit for the very successful season that the "big blue machine" had.

The cross-country team maintained the traditions of the college by winning the annual invitation cross-country race and the Admiral Nelles' Trophy for the fifth consecutive year. F/L Deane's aid in training this team can not be over-emphasized.

Lieut. de Rosenroll took to the water in true navy fashion and with a great deal of hard work by himself and the team he had selected, Royal Roads, won for the first time, the swimming meet against R.M.C. In the meanwhile, Sgt. Brien stuck by his guns (rifles) and did an excellent job in fashioning the rifle team for the C.S.C. tournament. Padre Edwards exchanged his football uniform for a pair of gym shoes and shorts in order to coach the volleyball team which represented the college against R.M.C. He proved that not only his football teams could win a championship, but also his volleyball teams as well. WO2 Devooght took the pugilists of the college in

hand and produced a team of boxers worthy of any fight manager. The boxers put up some very good fights and, but for a very unfortunate cut to J/C Rayment's eye, would have again won the boxing in the C.S.C. tournament. To quote C.P.O. Waldron, "Some of the boxers are semi-finalists in the Golden Gloves class."

S/L Margerison and Cpl. Crabbe spent a great amount of time with the basketball team. Through their efforts the basketball team had its most successful season. They held their own in local competition and defeated R.M.C. in the C.S.C. tournament and won the Gordon's Inter-Service Basketball Trophy in a four-team tournament.

Although Lieut. Harbron is no longer at the college, he returned every Wednesday to coach the fencing club. Early in March the club journeyed to Vancouver and did itself and its coach great credit by winning three second and one third place standings against the Vancouver Fencing Clubs.

To each and every one of the coaches of the rep. teams the cadets extend their thanks and wish them all the success with future teams.

Of all the supporters the rep. teams have none is as ardent a supporter as the Commandant. His pep talks have spurred the teams on to greater achievements and wherever he may be in the future we shall always remember his encouragement to all on the athletic field.

Inter-flight sports got under way this year with the swimming meet held at H.M.C.S. "Naden". All the events were close and not until the final event did MacKenzie Flight win the R. H. B. Kerr Inter-Flight Swimming Cup. MacKenzie Flight also came up with a win in the cross-country run to capture the R. I. L. Annette Cross-Country Challenge Cup.

With the winning of the Naval Veterans Soccer Trophy, the Ballantyne Trophy for volleyball and the Ex-Cadets Inter-Flight Basketball Challenge Cup, Fraser Flight dominated the inter-flight sports. The flight was able to amass 390 points to win the Ex-Cadets Grand Aggregate Shield for the second successive year. Following close behind Fraser was Champlain with 375 points.

Standings for the Grand Aggregate Shield:

Flight	Points
Fraser	390
Champlain	375
MacKenzie	355
Hudson	280
Cartier	265
La Salle	225

The Cmdr. Richardson Inter-Flight Boxing Trophy went to Hudson along with the Inter-

Flight Shooting Trophy presented for the first time this year. Champlain Flight took command of the hockey scene and won the Women's Naval Auxiliary Ice Hockey Trophy by going through the season without a defeat.

Several of the cadets turned in exceptionally fine performances in the inter-flight sports and were awarded individual trophies. C-F/L Shick, who was judged the outstanding boxer of the college on the basis of his fine boxing abilities and good sportsmanship received the Michael Philips Memorial Trophy. L/C Skinner and S/C Stroud received recognition for their shooting throughout the year; Skinner being judged the best small bore shot in the college and Stroud the most improved shot. L/C Watson received a trophy for his excellent showing in the cross-country run which he won in near record time. To these cadets go the congratulations of their fellow cadets for their excellent performances.

As can be seen a great deal of organization and work is needed in running the inter-flight sports. Credit for the organization of sports in this field is due to F/L Deane and C.P.O. Bryan, both of whom have spent long hours for the benefit of the cadets in organizing and supervising the different sports. To them go our deepest thanks. Thanks are also due to Major Brown, Lieut. de Rosenroll, F/L Campbell, WO2 Devooght, and Sgt. Brien for the assistance in refereeing and judging the different sports. Also, to all the members of the staff who acted as judges in the inter-flight boxing go the thanks of the cadets. A special word should be said about Mr. A. McKinnon of the Victoria Y.M.C.A., Mr. L. Callan of the Victoria police, Prof. Stewart and C.P.O. Waldron for giving of their aid and time to

judge and referee the boxing finals. To them the staff and cadets express appreciation for the services which they rendered.

In the individual sports several new additions have been made. The most noticeable are wrestling and weight lifting. F/L Campbell has undertaken to instruct in these two sports. Although they are new at the college this year, great enthusiasm has been shown by the cadets participating in these sports.

In the gym, Major Brown spends his spare time training a box-horse team while F/L Deane works with a group of tumblers and C.P.O. Bryan coaches a parallel bar team. It is hoped that by the time graduation rolls around these teams will be ready to put on a display for those present. The parallel bar team has already done itself and its coach credit by putting on a fine display at the half-time intermission in the basketball game in the C.S.C. tournament. Other individual sports include tennis and badminton, in both of which a tournament is yet to be played.

"The duration of an athletic contest is only a few minutes, while the training for it may take many weeks of arduous work and continuous exercise of self-effort. The real value of sports is not the actual game played in the limelight of applause but hours of dogged determination and self-discipline carried out alone, imposed and supervised by an exacting conscience. The applause soon dies away, the prize is left behind, but the character you build up is yours forever."

This creed bears out the lessons learned in our stay at the college and will forever remain with the cadets of Royal Roads whether they be in the service or in civilian life.

INTER-FLIGHT SWIMMING

This year the inter-flight swimming meet was held early in October. This change was made to give the flights an early standing in the inter-flight sports competition and to raise the competitive spirit of the flights in other sports.

The meet itself was very successful and left one with the impression that Royal Roads would make a good showing in the swimming in the forthcoming Royal Roads-R.M.C. competition. The results of the individual events were very close and it was not until the final event that a winner for the meet was decided, with MacKenzie Flight having a one-point edge over runner-up Hudson.

A deviation from the serious competition was the diving display led by W.O.2 De Vooght and Sgt. Brien whose dives (?) should earn each of them a spot on Canada's next Olympic team.

It was hoped that another swimming meet could be held in the spring but time did not permit.

FREE STYLE RELAY

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. Hudson. | 4. La Salle. |
| 2. MacKenzie. | 5. Champlain. |
| 3. Fraser. | 6. Cartier. |

MEDLEY RELAY

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. MacKenzie. | 4. Cartier. |
| 2. Fraser. | 5. La Salle. |
| 3. Hudson. | 6. Champlain. |

DIVING

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. Champlain. | 4. Cartier. |
| 2. Hudson. | 5. MacKenzie. |
| 3. Fraser. | 6. La Salle. |

TOWING RELAY

- | | |
|---------------|-------------|
| 1. Champlain. | 4. Fraser. |
| 2. MacKenzie. | 5. Hudson. |
| 3. La Salle. | 6. Cartier. |

FINAL STANDING

- | | |
|--------------|-----------|
| 1. MacKenzie | 18 points |
| 2. Hudson | 17 points |
| 3. Fraser | 16 points |
| 4. Champlain | 15 points |
| 5. La Salle | 10 points |
| 6. Cartier | 8 points |

CANADIAN FOOTBALL

This was the second year of participation by Royal Roads in Canadian football. The team again brought credit to the college by winning the league championship and by playing for the first time a game outside of Victoria when they met the Vancouver Meralomas in Vancouver.

After preliminary practices forty-eight cadets were chosen. The team was divided into four lines, the first two participating in the Victoria Canadian Junior Football League and the remaining two playing a series of games with H.M.C.S. "Naden." The team put in a very arduous season, practicing every day except Friday and playing every Saturday. The practice sessions lasted for about two hours during which time the players did everything from warming up exercises to scrimmages between the different lines. These scrimmages were hard and soon brought the team into top condition. This is brought home by the fact that more players were sidelined with injuries received in the practices than in the games while the opposition suffered heavily from injuries suffered in the games.

In league competition the team took over from where it had left off the previous season, winning five, tying one and losing none in regular league play.

In the first game of the season the Cadets played Vampires at Creery Field. At times the boys found the going tough on the field but outpointed the Vamps 49-0 on touchdowns by Price (2), Pye (2), Rayment (2), Pocock, Ferguson and Sergeant and single points by Price (3), and Sergeant.

Whitneys were the next foe and they gave the team a good game holding them to a 19-11 victory for Royal Roads. Touchdowns for the victors were scored by Kilger (2) and Smith, single points by Merredew (2) and Price (2).

In their first appearance in Victoria the "Big Blue Machine" trimmed the Oak Bay squad 33-2. The Oak Bay team outweighed the Cadets, but that did not bother the "Blue" line which virtually tied the Oak Bayers into knots. Rayment, Clendinnen, Sergeant, Pye, Standen and Ferguson accounted for Royal Roads' touchdowns with singles going to Price (2) and Pocock.

Whitneys were the next victims of the Cadets dropping a 29-5 decision to them. The Cadets' line was again on its toes with Seymour picking up a fumble to score the first touchdown of the game. Others were scored by Rich, Standen, Czaja and Pocock with Price picking up three single points and Sergeant one.

In what proved to be the last game of the league schedule the Oak Bay team did what every team had been trying to do for two years by tying Royal Roads. The game was marked by good playing by both of the opposing lines.

A touchdown by Pocock and a convert by Sergeant accounted for the Royal Roads points. A touchdown by the Oak Bay squad left the score at 6-5 for Royal Roads, but at the end of the game the referee disallowed Sergeant's convert, leaving the score at a 5-5 tie.

League standing:

	W	T	L	F	A
Royal Roads	5	1	0	155	23
Oak Bay	3	1	2	52	68
Vampires	1	1	4	40	87
Whitneys	1	1	4	39	83

This record entitled the Cadets to travel to Vancouver to tangle with the Meralomas. At last we were going to test the "Big Blue Machine" against out-of-league competition. How were we going to measure up to the powerful mainland team? Our showing against the Meralomas would be a big factor in the establishing of a Vancouver-Victoria Junior Football League.

Good humour and pointless chatter soon relieved the few cases of "butterfly stomatitis" as we changed into strip. Minutes seemed like hours as we impatiently waited for the referee to get the game going.

However, before we knew it the first quarter was over and we were staying right in there with the Vancouverites. We had not gained much ground but our front wall was also keeping them out of our backfield. The second quarter was much a repetition of the first when suddenly disaster struck. By a series of clever pass plays the opponents had reached our danger area. We held them for a couple of valiant tries but on their third and last down they made good their bid for paydirt. A short reverse pass put the hosts ahead 5-0 and a perfect convert increased their lead by one point. And so it was at the half.

A quiet and effective pep talk by Padre Edwards during the breather fired the boys to unknown determination. The first string returned to the field with the old Royal Roads drive. We started marching up the field and finally got within striking distance of that coveted goal. However, our over-eagerness caused a costly fumble and again we were on the defensive. Time dwindled and still nothing on our side of the score sheet when the whistle went for the third quarter.

The last canto, however, was a different story. A series of brilliant ground plays brought us to the enemy's backyard. Then "Big Goose" Ferguson exploded and charged through the line like an enraged bull, made his way through the secondary and tertiary defences, and eluded the safety man to go across the stripe unmolested. The convert was missed as a swarm of orange clad tacklers swamped "Fergy" before he could put his educated toe

to work. With renewed enthusiasm we started back up the field when the Meralomas elected to kick to us. Time was running short; our able field general, Sergeant, decided to kick for touch. Again "Fergy's" kick was blocked and the ball settled into Meralomas' hands until the final whistle. Meralomas walked off the field with a well-deserved 6-5 victory.

"A terrific game against a terrific team" were the words of the coach. And so ended our invasion of Vancouver football circles.

In the play-offs the "Big Blue Machine" played Oak Bay in a two-game, total-point series. The Cadets took the first game 20-1. This did not look like the same team that two weeks before had held the Cadets to a 5-5 tie. The game was wide open with Royal Roads taking advantage of all the breaks. Ferguson went over for the first touchdown of the game early in the first quarter. Later in the quarter Oak Bay kicked for their single point. In the second quarter Sergeant kicked a field goal and a few minutes later Douglas picked up a single point to give the Cadets a 9-1 lead. Late in the third quarter Pye went over for a touchdown which was converted by Folkins. In the final quarter Pocock went over for the final touchdown, giving Royal Roads a 20-1 victory. The line deserves much of the credit for the victory, holding the Oak Bayers on the Cadet one-yard line on three separate occasions.

In the final game the Oak Bay team came back to life and defeated the Cadets 4-0. The first quarter was played deep in Royal Roads' territory. In the second quarter Oak Bay picked up three points on a field goal. They added their final point in the third quarter, giving them the game. The series ended up Royal Roads 20, Oak Bay 5. After the game team Capt. "Chuck" Goodfellow received the league trophy from the president of the league.

Meanwhile the third and fourth lines played three games with H.M.C.S. "Naden," winning by scores of 9-0, 14-6, and 6-0.

In all the season was very successful and the staff and cadets extend their thanks for the wonderful job done in representing the

College in the Victoria Canadian Junior Football League.

Scoring results:	Points
Price	20
Pye	20
Ferguson	20
Pocock	16
Rayment	15
Sergeant	15
Kilger	10
Standen	10
D. A. P. Smith	5
Clendinnen	5
Czaja	5
Seymour	5
Rich	5
Merredew	2
Douglas	1
Folkins	1

ROYAL ROADS CANADIAN FOOTBALL TEAM, 1951

Player	Position	Player	Position
Clendinnen	LE	Wilson	RM
Goodfellow	LM	Neroutsos	RE
Ferguson	CH	Jardine	RI
Czaja	LE	Gallinger	C
Davies	LI	Hagerman	LI
Douglas	RE	Paul	LM
Devine	LI	Plummer	Q
Kilger	FW	Sergeant	Q
Folkins	FW	Risebrough	Q
Fox	LM	Graham	FW
Hardwick	RE	MacDonell	RH
Pye	LH	Garrard	RH
Jonas	RI	Johnston	LH
McKey	C	Seymour	LM
Merredew	RM	O'Hara	LE
Smith, D. A. P.	RH	Bailey	RI
Wark	RM	Smith, G. F.	C
Thompson	C	Lessard	LI
Rayment	RH	Rinfret	LM
Rich	LH	Lebar	FW
Price	Q	Walton	CH
Standen	LE	Henning	LH
Wallace	RI	Priebe	RM
Pocock	CH	Pearce	RE
Hoffer	RE		

INTER-FLIGHT SOCCER

This year's lively soccer season was enhanced by two new additions. One was the "Shaving Bowl" game of Staff vs. Cadets which many hope will be an annual event. This year, despite the gallant show put on by the staff, the precious bowl was won by the fast-driving cadets. The game was a good "effort" which warmed the hearts of the otherwise frozen spectators.

The other new feature was the addition of a second round-robin, a good indication of the enthusiasm this competitive sport whipped up in its participants. As was to be expected, the second round had a great bearing on the final standing. Champlain Flight, after winning the

first round, lost a few too many second-round games and had to settle for second place behind the fast-finishing Fraser team. Cartier Flight caught the spirit and fought their way up to fourth place behind the steady MacKenzie squad. A good time was had by all!

Standing:	First Round	Second Round	Total
1. Fraser	21	27	48
2. Champlain	24	12	36
3. MacKenzie	18	15	33
4. Cartier	6	24	30
5. La Salle	18	0	18
6. Hudson	3	12	15

B. D. O'LEARY.

THE INTER-FLIGHT CROSS-COUNTRY RACE

Wednesday, November 16th, saw the completion of the third event of the Inter-Flight Sports Competition. For the two weeks prior to this date, the soccer-playing section of the Cadet Wing had been practising almost daily the gruelling 4.2-mile course.

One hundred and forty-four cadets participated in the run, and all finished within thirty-three minutes of the start. G/C Millward set the contestants on their way: across fields, along rain-drenched country roads, over hills and through fences to a final spurt at the lower soccer field.

The first eight runners to finish were chosen to represent the College in the Invitation Cross-Country Meet. They were, in order: Cadets Watson, Altwasser, Black, Eyre, Evans, Brodeur, Noble and Bepple.

Despite the efforts of Senior Cadets, Mackenzie Flight succeeded in wresting the championship and trophy from last year's winners, Fraser Flight. The Royal Roads scoring system, which awards one point for first place, two for second, and so on, was used in both the Inter-Flight and Invitation Meets.

Final standings:	Points Against	Standing
Mackenzie	449	1
Fraser	472	2
Cartier	505	3
Champlain	887	4
LaSalle	947	5
Hudson	998	6

C. A. SHOOK.

WEIGHT TRAINING

Did you ever try a supine press, French curl, forward or reverse curl? A number of cadets at Royal Roads have, but it has nothing to do with hair-dressing. The cadets study them for weight training.

This is Royal Roads' newest extra-curricular activity. A club was officially formed on February 5, 1952, under the sponsorship of F/L F. Campbell. At the organization meeting the members elected an executive composed of President Goodfellow, Vice-President D. N. Bailey and Secretary W. R. Vallevand. The enthusiastic turnouts would seem to indicate that there are many cadets interested in developing a Herculean physique.

Members of the club work out in a discouragingly barren room, but despite the rather poor facilities available at present the club is making great strides and—we hope—muscles.

However, the club does not aim at creating muscle-bound monsters, but rather at encouraging the development and co-ordination of the body which is basic to a vigorous physical and recreational training programme.

D. N. BAILEY.

THE INVITATION CROSS-COUNTRY

Cross-country running has always been Royal Roads' forte, and this year proved no exception, as the College team succeeded in retaining the Admiral Nelles Trophy for the fifth successive year.

Exceptionally strong competition was provided this year by the Victoria High team, whose captain, Peter Kirchner, won the race in near-record time of twenty-one minutes, nineteen seconds. The present record for the course was established in 1950 by L/C Soule of Royal Roads, who posted a time of twenty-one minutes, fourteen seconds.

In all, thirty-nine competitors from six teams participated, with the first four members of each team counting in the grand aggregate.

Cdre. K. G. Adams, R.C.N., presented individual trophies to each member of the two top teams, as well as the Team and Individual Championship Trophies.

Final team results:

Team	Positions	Total
Royal Roads	2, 3, 4, 9	18
Victoria High	1, 5, 7, 8	21
University School	15, 16, 24, 26	81
H.M.C.S. Naden	13, 21, 25, 28	87
Victoria College	6, 20, 30, 35	91
Oak Bay High	22, 23, 29, 32	106

C. A. SHOOK.

INTER-FLIGHT BASKETBALL

After the completion of the outside sports, activity switched to the gym where inter-flight basketball got under way. Although the schedule was interrupted by Christmas leave, the flights showed a great liking for the game. Under the expert guidance of the team captains, the teams played as good a brand of basketball as could be expected. Even those who had never played the game before soon caught on to some of the tricks and made the "veteran" players take note. By the end of the schedule the players had settled down and none of the games was a walk over.

When the smoke had cleared, Fraser Flight had come out without a loss, closely followed by Mackenzie Flight, who dropped one game to Fraser Flight. Although these two flights dominated the basketball because of the large numbers of players from the representative team, the other flights, Champlain, Hudson, Cartier, and La Salle, came up with some very close basketball and many a time almost upset the leaders. The team spirit developed by these flights, even though they were losing, shows that winning a game isn't everything.

Final standing:	Won	Lost	Pts.
Fraser	5	0	10
Mackenzie	4	1	8
Champlain	3	2	6
Hudson	2	3	4
Cartier	1	4	2
La Salle	0	5	0

P. WATSON

INTER-FLIGHT HOCKEY

*Six-twenty comes but once each morn,
The duty bugler blows his horn.
"Wakey, wakey, rise and shine."
At Royal Roads it's hockey time.*

For two mornings a week through January and February we rolled out of our bunks fifteen minutes early to participate in one of the more popular sports at the college—hockey. For many of us it was a chance to get back our hockey legs of high school days, and even the novices became strong enthusiasts. "Wakey, wakey" seemed a little less cruel those mornings because of the anticipation of the game ahead. The matches were played in Victoria Memorial Arena every Monday and Wednesday morning, except the morning the transports didn't show up, when we had a snowball fight on the square.

We all became enthusiastic fans of the Victoria Figure Skating Club which held their practices before our games. Further entertainment was provided by the, shall we say, less experienced skaters of the college, namely the B.C. All-Stars. Adding many thrills and spills to the game they managed to come through with their share of the goals.

Champlain Flight with a well-balanced team battled their way to first place without a loss. La Salle and Hudson, very evenly matched, placed second and third respectively. Fraser and Cartier tied for fourth spot with MacKenzie occupying the cellar without a win. Losing their first four games, MacKenzie did come through in their last game to tie Hudson giving every team at least a tie.

One thing we did miss this year was the grand finale featuring the staff against the senior term. However, next year we are all looking forward to even better hockey with all its thrills and spills.

Standings:	Won	Tied	Lost	Points
Champlain	4	1	0	9
La Salle	2	3	0	7
Hudson	1	3	1	5
Cartier	1	2	2	4
Fraser	1	2	2	4
MacKenzie	0	1	4	1

JOPLING

EN GARDE

WHEN Inst. Lieut. Harbron, R.C.N., left the college staff at the end of last year the fencing team was faced with the loss of an instructor. Fortunately, however, Lieut. Harbron was stationed at H.M.C.S. "Naden" and very kindly gave of his spare time to coach the team. This year it boasted Don Bucher, Art Griffin, Ken Perry, Dick Stone, Frank Tremayne and Sid Wood as its stalwarts. Practices were resumed in the fall, although no new members were added this year, and soon the flashing blades were a common sight in the gym and mess decks. Our objective was to meet the Vancouver clubs for the second year and bring back a few trophies which our predecessors had been unable to take last year. It was a determined group of cadets, bolstered by Lieut. Harbron and Petty Officer Deans of H.M.C.S. "Ontario," who entered the North Vancouver Community Centre on the night of February 29th, 1952, to meet the foe. The cadets were entered in the junior class while Lieut. Harbron was our sole entry in the senior division. As the night wore on bout followed bout with amazing rapidity until the six foil finalists including Wood and Bucher were determined. The next day the sabre bouts were held bringing six finalists with Perry, Griffin and Stone representing the cadets. Wood very ably took second in the foil finals while Perry drew second in the sabre. Perry was also runner-up for the aggregate trophy given to the contestant with the most points in the two finals. Lieut. Harbron held his own by coming second in the senior sabre division.

We of the fencing team wish to acknowledge wholeheartedly the warm hospitality shown to us by the Vancouver fencers and especially by Major Braund, president of the tournament, who lavishly entertained the contestants at his home after the tournament in a way which none of us will forget. We would also like to express our deepest appreciation to Lieut. Harbron, whose thorough instruction and sincere interest prepared us well for the tournament and to all those who made the tournament possible.

R. E. STONE.

SHOOTING TEAM

Early in the 1951-52 college year, the shaping of the rifle team began. Under the auspices of Major Brown and the guidance of Sergeant Brien it progressed steadily and by Christmas had reached a good level of proficiency.

Shortly after Christmas, the final selection of marksmen for the team was made and intensive training was begun in preparation for the coming R.M.C. tournament. We entered the D.C.R.A. competitions, and fired off targets each month. A competition was arranged with

the 75th Battery R.C.A. team from Victoria. Three competitions were shot off against this team; we won the last one only. We also shot off targets for the Canadian Army Recreational Shooting Badges, qualifying for Distinguished, Expert, and Marksman Badges.

Throughout the year, our shooting practices were made more enjoyable by the Sergeant with his ready humour, his soothing remarks that we were "on", and his patient acceptance of Bert's theory of aiming for a knot-hole and hitting the bull.

—H.B.

INTER-FLIGHT VOLLEYBALL

The game of volleyball is said to be "the game for all ages." With the emphasis on youth, the game played here at Royal Roads is not top notch ball, but it does have the qualities of spirit, speed and power.

This year, Fraser Flight kept up their record by winning once again the volleyball crown and the Ballantyne Trophy. This Flight, with two power-packed lines, was stronger than any other flight and as a result no other flight gave them any really tough opposition. Second place MacKenzie, being defeated only by Fraser (the all powerful) were potent enough to defeat the other four flights. These two teams, both manned with most of the Rep. Volleyball team were the cream of the crop.

The other four flights are not to be left out of the picture. True, they did not get the laurels, but they did play some very fine games so that not all was heart-breaking.

Standing:

	Won	Lost	Points
Fraser	5	0	30
MacKenzie	4	1	24
Champlain	3	2	18
Cartier	2	3	12
Hudson	1	4	6
La Salle	0	5	0

A. L. ALTWASSER.

INTER-FLIGHT SHOOTING

This year, for the first time, rifle shooting was included in Inter-Flight sports competition. Each cadet fired one DCRA type target, with the best fifteen scores from each flight to count in the final averages. As a general rule, members of the representative rifle team fared rather poorly in comparison with less experienced cadets, and the competition was nearly devoid of high scores. Nevertheless, a remarkably high standard was maintained with Hudson Flight winning with a score of 1304 out of a possible 1500. Hudson's average was 86.9. Closely following Hudson were Cartier and Champlain with a total of 1212 and an average of 80.8.

L/C Skinner was judged the best small bore shot in the college for his fine shooting through the year and in the C.S.C. tournament. S/C Stroud was awarded a trophy for the most improved shot in the college.

Standings:

	Total	Averages
Hudson	1304	86.9
Cartier	1212	80.8
Champlain	1212	80.8
La Salle	1184	79.0
Fraser	1175	78.3
MacKenzie	1025	68.3

C. SHOOK.

REP BASKETBALL

This year's edition of the Rep Basketball team was the best in a number of years. The team played a number of games with local teams and the staff, the R.M.C. game and three in an inter-service tournament.

In local competition the boys came out on the short end of the averages, winning 4 out of 11 games. The team played the best of the local teams in their age group, including high school, college, commercial and service teams. The basketball was good and the boys deserve credit for holding in check such teams as Dickinson and Dunn, the Vancouver Island intermediate champs. Against the staff the team did much better, winning two out of two games from them.

Of course, the big game the team was out to win was that with R.M.C. Here the team, playing its best game of the season, got off to an early lead and never lost it. By the final whistle they had rapped up a score of 65-31 and walked off with the first victory in basketball over R.M.C.

The inter-service tournament, with Gordon Head (Army), Sea Island (R.C.A.F.), H.M.C.S. "Naden" and Royal Roads entered, was played at H.M.C.S. "Naden." The first

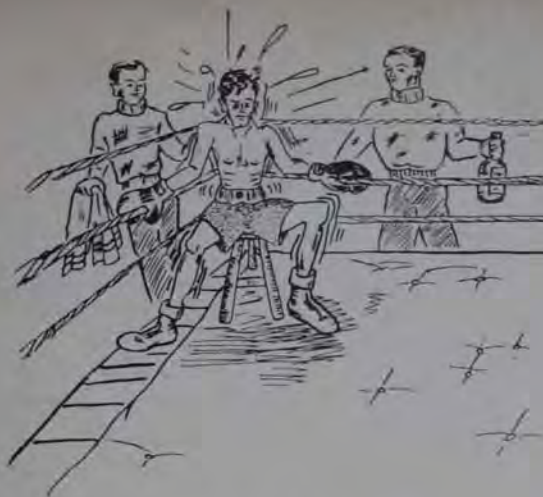
game saw the Rep. team defeat Army 29-24, then continue on to upset Navy two games 26-20 and 51-19.

Coaches S/L Margerison and Cpl. Crabbe had a well balanced team consisting of "veterans" Watson, Graham, Ferguson, Czaja, and "rookies" Plummer, Risebrough, Hagerman, Douglas, Kelly and Standen.

Scores:

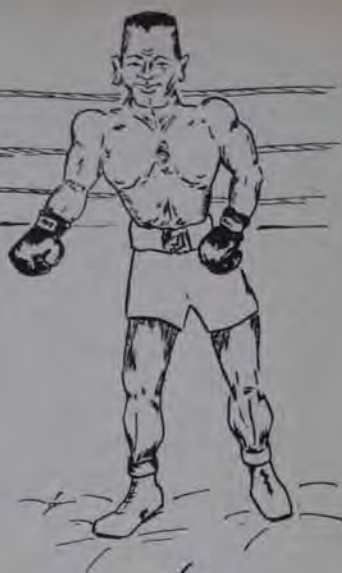
Royal Roads	31	Vic High	55
" "	33	Oak Bay	30
" "	30	Oak Bay	50
" "	31	St. Louis	45
" "	36	Vic High	23
" "	46	Normal School	42
" "	19	Vic College	32
" "	29	Navy	32
" "	65	Sea Island	20
" "	30	Scott & Peden	33
" "	31	Dickinson & Dunn	40
" "	24	Staff	21
" "	57	Staff	29
" "	65	R.M.C.	31
" "	29	Army	24
" "	26	Navy	20
" "	51	Navy	19

H. WYERS.



— AND IN THE GREEN CORNER! —

INTER-FLIGHT BOXING



AS a test of personal aggressiveness there is no sport which can surpass boxing. While in the ring a fighter is completely on his own and it is a case of survival of the fittest. With the coming of January the cadets all had the opportunity of taking part in this noble sport.

The inter-flight eliminations got under way in the Gymnasium with three rings going strong almost every afternoon. Although the boxing style displayed was not always the best, there was plenty of excitement and all the fights were hard, win or lose.

When the quarter- and semi-finals brought together either the more skilled or harder punching winners of the eliminations, the standard of boxing began to climb. As in the elimination bouts, all fighters showed a definite will to win. The winners of these events had a chance to improve their abilities under the guiding hand of WO2 Devooght. As a result of a rigid training programme, all the boxers in the finals were in good condition and much wiser in the manly art.

On March 9th the championship bouts were held in the Royal Roads Gymnasium, with all cadets and staff present. The first fight in the Featherweight division brought together S/C Bepple of Mackenzie Flight and J/C Plummer of Cartier Flight. The opening round saw a flurry of punches from both fighters, unequalled in any of the other fights. It was so terrific, in fact, that both contestants were in a state of complete fatigue for the remaining two rounds. The aggressive Bepple won the fight for Mackenzie Flight.

C-S/L Shick of Hudson Flight won the Lightweight championship in one of the best fights of the day. His opponent, C-S/L Wightman of Fraser Flight, was fast and proved to be a good match for the hard-punching Shick. Both fighters combined to give a display of good boxing.

In the welterweight class L/C Flemming of Cartier Flight took the decision from S/C Walker of Mackenzie Flight. The latter, although the harder puncher, was unable to get past Flemming's defence and was beaten by a fast left hand to the head.

J/C Barbeau of Cartier Flight won a split decision over L/C Evans of Hudson Flight in the Middleweight division. Barbeau took an early lead in the first round with a flashing left hook, but was unable to stop the aggressive Evans. The remaining rounds were very even with plenty of hard punching by both fighters.

S/C Hoffer of Hudson Flight showed good boxing skill in defeating C-W/C Czaja of Fraser Flight in the Light Heavyweight class. Hoffer's defence and fast right hand were too much for the wily Czaja who was unable to land with anything but a straight left.

The last bout of the afternoon in the Heavyweight division brought together L/C Thompson of Fraser Flight and J/C Rayment of Champlain Flight. Rayment won his fight through a combination of boxing skill and hard punching, but found Thompson a good absorber of such treatment, as well as a hard puncher.

Rear Admiral W. B. Creery was present for the championship fights and presented the trophies to the winners and runners-up. He commented on the aggressiveness and boxing skill of the contestants. The winners will make up the Royal Roads Boxing Team for the annual C.S.C. tournament and we feel sure they will make a good showing.

The Michael Phillips Memorial Trophy was won by C-S/L Shick for his record in previous fights, good boxing ability and sportsmanship.

The Inter-Flight Championship was won by Hudson Flight, with the other Flights placing in the following order:

Mackenzie, Cartier, Fraser, Champlain and La Salle.
G. J. MARTIN.

THE CANADIAN SERVICES COLLEGES TOURNAMENT

For the first time since the inception of the tournament four years ago, the cadets of Royal Roads can look back upon the fall and winter practice seasons with feelings of satisfaction. This year, all five teams: swimming, boxing, shooting, basketball and volleyball, displayed the determination necessary for victory, and it was only by the barest of margins that R.M.C. managed to capture wins in two events.

Friday, February 23, saw the first ray of hope break over the tournament scene as the representative swimming teams opened the competition in the Crystal Garden pool in Victoria.

The first race, a 150-yard medley relay was won by the Royal Roads team of Neroutsos, Rinfret and Rayment, in 1 minute 38 1/5 seconds. Culwick of R.M.C. tied the meet as he won the 100-yard freestyle event over C. J. M. Smith in 63 1/2 seconds. Clendinnen and Johnston gave an excellent display in the diving and outpointed Boivin and McCaslin of R.M.C. by a substantial margin. Royal Roads took a commanding lead as Rayment captured the 50-yard freestyle event in 20 3/4 seconds. R.M.C.'s Luke defeated Rinfret in the 50-yard breast-stroke in a time of 36 7/10 seconds. Neroutsos sealed the verdict for Royal Roads as he won the 50-yard backstroke in 33 1/2 seconds. R.M.C.'s win in the final event, the 200-yard freestyle was anticlimatic, for Royal Roads had defeated the R.M.C. swimming team for the first time in four years.

Friday evening brought the second event—the basketball game. At 2025 came the tip-off; immediately Royal Roads surged ahead, and by the end of the quarter had built up a commanding 16-6 lead. The second quarter was a virtual field day for Royal Roads, as the blue team broke through a faltering, man-to-man defence to score 23 points without a reply from R.M.C. The tremendous efforts of the previous quarter seemed to have taken their toll as R.M.C. took the initiative in the third, and matched Royal Roads, basket for basket.

R.M.C.'s new-found attack bogged down in the fourth quarter under the pressure of the Royal Roads reserves, and the blue team finished strongly to win 65-31.

Outstanding for the victors were Plummer, Watson, Graham, Ferguson and Douglas—all of the first team—who, with their team mates, won a particularly impressive victory for Royal Roads.

It would be almost impossible to describe fully the scenes of elation in the gunrooms and

dormitories after the game. Suffice it to say that every member of the cadet wing was wholeheartedly delighted at the dual victory.

By Saturday morning the fever pitch had subsided, and everyone realized that a victory in the next sport—shooting—would clinch the tournament for Royal Roads. At 0900 the rival teams embarked for H.M.C.S. "Naden."

As the teams completed their first targets, the results clearly showed that, despite the pressure of competition firing, they were setting a pace far above that of any previous tournament. Each successive relay produced a change in the standing as first one team, then the other would surge into the lead. When the final shot was fired, and the final target scored, Sgt. Brien's boys were for the third successive year, the losing team. In the past two years especially, R.M.C. has proved fortunate enough to capture this event by exceedingly small margins, and this year, they were victorious by the barest majority. It is a tribute to both teams that such a high standard of proficiency has been maintained.

The tension mounted. Boxing now could either tie or win the tournament.

In the first bout, in the lightweight division, Shick (R.R.) met Brooks (R.M.C.). The first two rounds were fairly evenly contested, with Shick's effective counter-punching giving him the edge. In the third round, Shick took the initiative, and the fight was his.

The second bout, between Barbeau (R.R.) and Setten (R.M.C.) resulted in a technical knockout for Setten in the third round. Barbeau had difficulty getting through Setten's long reach, but both showed aggressiveness enough to provide an excellent welterweight match.

In the third fight, Martin (R.R.) and Mothersill (R.M.C.) exercised more caution in the ring. The second round produced a few moments of action, as Martin's knockdown narrowed the decision. Mothersill used his long reach to considerable advantage in taking the decision to put R.M.C. ahead two to one.

The light-heavyweight division matched Hoffer (R.R.) and Bird (R.M.C.). This fight was especially well contested, with Hoffer's strong attack in the third round providing the basis for the decision that tied the score at two to two.

It was now left for the final bout between Rayment (R.R.) and Brodie (R.M.C.) in the heavyweight division to decide the event. As the fight proceeded, Rayment's fine boxing had

built him a commanding lead. It was at this point that he sustained a cut over the left eye, and the fight had to be stopped, with the victory going to R.M.C.

This left the tournament to be decided by the volleyball game. The tension in the gymnasium mounted to its former fever pitch, as all present realized the significance of this final decisive event.

The first game, of the best of three series, started with both teams playing a cautious safe game. Gradually the Royal Roads team opened their powerful attack, and their spiking plays became more and more spectacular. The first game ended in a Royal Roads victory, by a score of 15 to 4.

R.M.C. made a strong attempt at recovery at the start of the second game, but the strong attack of the Royal Roads team soon gained the offensive and brought victory with a score of 15-4.

As the final spike was made, the spectators thronged forward, and it was several moments before order could be restored.

Rear Admiral Creery, R.C.N., presented the Claxton Trophy, emblematic of victory in the Canadian Services Colleges tournament, to C-W/C Czaja. The tournament was over.

A special vote of congratulations must go to the members of the staff who have devoted so freely of their time and energy in the organization and training of the teams. To Lieut. de Rosenroll of the swimming team, Major Brown and Sgt. Brien of the shooting team, S/L Margerison and Cpl. Crabbe of the basketball team, WO2 DeVooght of the boxing team and Padre Edwards of the volleyball team this vote is extended.

Much of the credit for the efficient organization and executive falls upon F/L Deane, our P. and R.T. officer, and C.P.O. Bryan.

We would also like to extend to the following our sincere thanks: A. MacKinnon, L. Callan, R. Johnston, A. Scott, J. Todd, E. Kelter, V. Shoemaker, N. Andrews, Lieut. Cmdr. J. D. McCormick, R.C.N., and C.P.O. W. J. Waldron for acting starters, timers, judges and referees in the different events. Thanks also must go to Mr. A. C. Privett, who acted as tournament recorder.

With the closing of the tournament season, there remains for next year the slogan of the Commandant's words: "Let's make it two straight."

IT HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO MY ATTENTION—A phrase implying that something has been brought to somebody's attention.

LEADING CADETS—A collection of has-beens and hopefuls.



CADET OFFICERS—1951-52

FIRST TERM

C-W/C MARSHALL J. A.

No. 1 Squadron

C-S/L Czaja J. E.

Cartier Flight

C-F/L Vallevand W. R.

L/C Davies R. J.

L/C Casey R. J.

Fraser Flight

C-F/L Wightman D. P.

L/C McKey K. G. J.

L/C Shick L. W.

No. 2 Squadron

C-S/L Ferguson C. C.

Champlain Flight

C-F/L Brodeur N. D.

L/C Pocock T. H.

L/C Stroud H. R.

Mackenzie Flight

C-F/L Martin G. J.

L/C Graham J. C.

L/C Walker W. K.

No. 3 Squadron

C-S/L Evans W. H.

Hudson Flight

C-F/L Walton H. J.

L/C Kidd D. A.

L/C Skinner G. R.

La Salle Flight

C-F/L Goodfellow

T. H. C.

L/C Merredew C. R.

L/C Wilcox H. R.

Band

L/C Eyre T. A. P.

L/C Stone R. E.

SECOND TERM

C-W/C EVANS W. H.

No. 1 Squadron

C-S/L Vallevand W. R.

Cartier Flight

C-F/L Casey R. J.

L/C McArthur A. C.

L/C Wojciechowski

P. H.

Fraser Flight

C-F/L Shick L. W.

L/C Czaja J. E.

L/C Hall W. H.

No. 2 Squadron

C-S/L Brodeur N. D.

Champlain Flight

C-F/L Kilger G. L.

L/C Marshall J. A.

L/C Inglis J. A.

Mackenzie Flight

C-F/L Walker W. K.

L/C Ferguson C. C.

L/C Bepple H.

No. 3 Squadron

C-S/L Goodfellow T. H. C.

Hudson Flight

C-F/L Kidd D. A.

L/C Griffin A. F.

L/C Seymour C. M.

La Salle Flight

C-F/L Merredew C. R.

L/C Thurston G. C.

L/C Wilcox H. R.

Band

A-C-F/L Eyre T. A. P.

L/C Stone R. E.

THIRD TERM

C-W/C CZAJA J. E.

No. 1 Squadron

C-S/L Wightman D. P.

Cartier Flight

C-F/L McKey K. G. J.

L/C Vallevand W. R.

L/C Flemming I. F.

Fraser Flight

C-F/L Hall W. H.

L/C Thompson R. G.

L/C Wagner A. H.

No. 2 Squadron

C-S/L Martin G. J.

Champlain Flight

C-F/L Pocock T. H.

L/C Marshall J. A.

L/C Brodeur N. D.

Mackenzie Flight

C-F/L Inglis J. A.

L/C Ferguson C. C.

L/C Wood S. E.

No. 3 Squadron

C-S/L Shick L. W.

Hudson Flight

C-F/L Eyre T. A. P.

L/C Evans W. H.

L/C Walton H. J.

La Salle Flight

C-F/L Altwasser A. L.

L/C Goodfellow

T. H. C.

L/C Jonas H. V.

Band

A-C-F/L Stone R. E.

L/C Perry K. J.

FOURTH TERM

C-W/C MARSHALL J. A.

No. 1 Squadron

C-S/L Czaja J. E.

Cartier Flight

C-F/L Vallevand W. R.

L/C Casey R. J.

L/C Davies R. J.

Fraser Flight

C-F/L Wightman D. P.

L/C Hall W. H.

L/C Watson P. H.

No. 2 Squadron

C-S/L Ferguson C. C.

Champlain Flight

C-F/L Brodeur N. D.

L/C Kilger G. L.

L/C Seymour C. M.

Mackenzie Flight

C-F/L Martin G. J.

L/C Inglis J. A.

L/C Bepple H.

No. 3 Squadron

C-S/L Evans W. H.

Hudson Flight

C-F/L Shick L. W.

L/C Walton H. J.

L/C Skinner G. R.

La Salle Flight

C-F/L Goodfellow

T. H. C.

L/C Altwasser A. L.

L/C Kidd D. A.

Band

C-F/L Eyre T. A. P.

L/C Stone R. E.

FLIGHT COLUMN

FRASER FLIGHT

As we double triumphantly back from the gym, our yell echoes down the roadway: F-R-A-S-E-R. Even if some of the boys do have trouble timing the letters to every fourth pace, the volume is still there. It is such examples of spirit that enable us to understand why "Fighting Fraser" has consistently held a high standing in inter-flight sports.

With such stars as Larry Shick, Ron Till, "Long John" Coburn, "Wighty" Wightman, and goalie "Army" Armstrong, we started out the year right by walking off with first place in soccer. Meanwhile the flight was well represented on the football field by "Rocky" McKey, Mike Rich, Dennis Bailey, Gordie Smith, Bob (Gus-Gus) Thompson, Jim Standen, Ed Czaja, Ralph Risebrough, and Bill Johnston.

All the pent-up energy that was left over from soccer went towards gaining the flight second place in the cross-country. Even though we didn't quite attain the mark of the Fraser Flight of the previous year, we managed to cut the margin fine. Pete Watson showed his usual good form by leading the rest of the flight, while Laurie Altwasser and Don Strang followed close behind.

Basketball was to add another wreath to Fraser's laurels. Dead-eyes like Bob Kelly, Jim Standen, Ed Czaja, Ralph Risebrough, Bill Armstrong and our old stand-by, Pete Watson, helped us carry away another first place.

Perhaps our blood donations sapped the vital energy necessary for boxing. However, what we lacked in knowledge of the manly art of fisticuffs we made up in fight, even if we were about ready to call on the Red Cross to transfuse blood to us by the end of boxing season. The Armstrong-Hall battle, for instance, was a hard-fought epic ending in victory plus a slightly oversized eye for Army. Ed Czaja, Dave Wightman and Bob Thompson went all the way to the finals to give Fraser at least honourable mention in boxing.

And then there was hockey! Although we didn't have a winning team, certain members of the flight, such as Bill Jopling, Bert Wagner, Cliff Shook, Ken Perry and Bill Hall, proved themselves definite assets. Our valiant B.C. all-stars, Dennis Bailey, John Coburn and "Duke" Schneider were out there fighting also. They have bruises to prove it, too.

This year Fraser, to the consternation of the senior term (who remember last year), has

managed to keep well up in the Wisener Cup standings.

As the year draws to a close, all of the members of "Fighting Fraser" can look back with pride on the accomplishments of a real team. We, the seniors of the flight, know we could not have left Fraser's traditions of teamwork, sportsmanship, and good spirit in the hands of a finer bunch of fellows.

D. K. SCHNEIDER.

CARTIER FLIGHT

The last of our two years at Royal Roads is past now, but not our memories of Cartier Flight. Memories of the soccer field, cross-country, basketball, hockey, boxing and, yes, the flight parties, too. Here we got to know each other better, and cemented the bonds of friendship, tied on the sports fields.

We may have started out on the wrong foot in soccer, but before we were through the second round every flight felt the might of Cartier Flight. Led by MacArthur, "Lightning" Wojciechowski, "Kid" Kirkham and "Val" Vallevand, our flight wielded quite a punch.

In the meantime, Bob Davies, "Foxy" Fox, Stan "The Man" Wallace, "Smiley" Devine, John Pearce, "Shorty" Plummer, Claude Rinfret and Ray Barbeau, Cartier's contribution to the "rep" football team, helped to win the city rugby championship.

Credit to "Legs" Black, Ernie Brown, Dave Kirkham and the others who ran so well in the cross-country.

After Christmas a rejuvenated flight rose to new heights. Such stars as "Blades" Haslett, "Rocket" Shade, Mark Tremayne, Jerry Vansickle, "Three Minute" and "Shutout" Duncan dazzled the opposition in inter-flight hockey.

Hats off to "Lefty" Barbeau, "Silent" Flemming and Jim Plummer, whose boxing gained Cartier a second place in the inter-flight matches.

In volleyball the amazing ball handling of "Izzy" Isbester, "Jumping Jack" Casey and Johnny Harwood was a constant source of embarrassment to opposing teams.

Cartier Flight might not have had the luck in sports, but we did lead all the way in competition for the Wisener Cup.

This has been a good year, though, for the flight, and one that the seniors—Val, Bob, Jack, Ian, Bill, Arnie, Claude, Allan, Frank

and Andy will always remember. To the new seniors—Ray, Fred, Ernie, Don, Norm, Fraser, Roger, Stan, Jerry and Bill, we wish every success in the coming year.

In closing, I think it is fitting we remember Dave Kirkham who left early after Christmas. The flight missed his humor and companionship.

R. J. CASEY

MACKENZIE FLIGHT

Another year quickly approaches a climax and again Mackenzie has pulled through strongly. This year we have been unable to live up to the fine example set in the drill last year by Mackenzie, but at any rate we have been commended on consistently good "turn-outs" on parade. This year the sports have been our glory.

The swimming proved to be our first win, but not an easy one. We put up a good show in the free-style and medley relays; but then we proved we were not all born divers. The situation appeared very close, but the life-saving relay set us ahead for a win.

Our next ordeal was the cross-country in which each man showed an unbeatable spirit and in spite of the gruelling pace over those long miles everyone finished the race. This was another victory for Mackenzie.

Our soccer season was lengthened this year to two "round-robins" and the brand of soccer was improved from a free-for-all to a game of team work and strategy. The passes became accurate as did the shots and the backfield became very proficient at checking the opposing forwards.

Boxing and basketball left Mackenzie in second place. Our teams in both sports deserve every bit of credit for trying, but were beaten by better teams.

Hockey only embarrasses us as regards the final standing. The flight tried hard, but just could not seem to play hockey.

At the time of writing, volleyball and shooting are not yet completed, but Mackenzie is tied with Fraser Flight for first place. On the scoring to date we stand in third place, twenty-five points from first, and are trying doggedly to reach the top.

Mackenzie Flight relies on its fine spirit to help it over the hump to win. That spirit comes from a fine bunch of lads led by good cadet officers and an excellent squadron commander.

We know all the present juniors will succeed and keep Mackenzie Flight the best in the wing. Lots of luck, fellows!

M.A.G.

CHAMPLAIN FLIGHT

Enthusiasm, spirit, drive—these have gone into welding together the "Champlain champs."

We started the year out very well and showed the signs of an excellent team.

The fall sports were well played even with a large number on the football team: having the greatest number of players on the rep team didn't stop us and we more than held our own in soccer, cross-country and swimming.

The hockey season rolled around after Christmas and we really got down to work, sparked by "Winco" Marshall, "Pretty Boy" Godbout, "Hugh" Garrard and the brilliant net-minding of Terry Pocock. This sport really brought out the teamwork and precision with which the flight has been endowed. Sweeping all before us, we won the championship.

Boxing again showed Champlain's drive. Many of the juniors taught the seniors a thing or two. The flight was sparked by "Rosco" Rayment, who fought well, winning the heavyweight crown. We vote "Rosco" "the man to stay away from" award.

In basketball we were again right near the top. The enthusiasm shown and the football tactics used were very impressive as "Mad Shot" Sergeant led the pack to the enemy's basket.

On the parade square the flight has made great strides in overtaking the "guards" and put up a good showing in the Wisener Cup competition.

No one man can be picked out as the leader of Champlain and all the winnings are due to the team as a whole.

From those of us who leave this year for R.M.C., Keyham, or universities across Canada, best of luck to the new seniors; and remember, fellows, you are in the best flight, the best squadron and the best college in the world.

IAN MACDONELL.

HUDSON FLIGHT

We may not have won the sports trophy for the college's most athletic flight, and we may not win the Wisener Cup for drill, but if it were ever decided to present a trophy to the flight showing the most spirit, then old Hudson would win without any trouble whatsoever.

During the year we have had a lot of fun, shown piles of spirit, and, believe it or not, actually won some of the games we played. Soccer was originally an English game and as far as Hudson Flight is concerned, it should have stayed in England. We did, however, show signs of brilliance and at times we considered entering the Pacific Coast Soccer League. Among our top performers were "Uncle Bill" Evans, "Basher" Howsam,

"Slasher" Sinnett, "Rocket" Rochester, and "Uppie" Upton, who played stellar games all season. Cross-country was the next event. (Thank God we didn't have to compete against each flight individually here.) Again "Willie" Evans led the way, placing among the first ten. The swimming meet went more in our favor. We placed second, losing out in the last event. Again, it was not lack of effort that beat us.

Boxing regarded as the man's sport, would naturally belong to Hudson Flight. Larry Shick and Ken Hoffer became the lightweight and light-heavyweight champion and the boys really packed a wallop to put Hudson in first place.

Hockey presented no obstacles and whenever Hudson hit the ice, a hard fast skating game was more than a promise. We did well, following up the expert playing of Howsam, who rarely missed making the right play, the capable centreman "Sugar" Rea, Detwiler, Hoffer, Paul "Scud" Eyre, Hardwick and "Hub" Wyers, who played a steady game in goal. The B.C. All-Stars were right in there all the way. Gordie Reade did not let a little matter

like not being able to skate interfere with his play. Sinnett, Watt, Griffin and Jekyll all tried hard down there on the fifth line. Let us not forget Hackett. Man, that boy really flies! Our main difficulty was trying to keep Aubrey Lawrence "behind the blue line."

Basketball came and went, and so did we. But it was fun. At the present time we are playing volleyball, but we'll just pass that by.

Who will ever forget the flight parties we had? Herbie Walton and Gordie Reade with their imitations and, of course, Robin Watt with his trombone. Those western cowboy songs are gems of music to say the least.

We have been very lucky too, when cadet officers have been chosen from among us. Our hats are off to Bill Evans, Larry Shick, Herb Walton, Scud Eyre and Don Kidd.

Win or lose, it has been a good year for Hudson Flight, so to everyone, Willie, Larry, Herbie, George, Scud, Gordie, Ken, Hub, Aubrey, Art, Scotty, Ian, Rochie, Det, Uppie, Hack, Earl, Robbie, Leo, Ralph, Jim, Doug, Bob goes mutual thanks for making the year a success. Here's toasting Hudson Flight for next year!
J. E. MACDONALD.

LA SALLE FLIGHT

Soon the term of '51-'52 will draw to a close and La Salle Flight, as its graduating members have known it, will split up, to be reformed under the leadership of its new seniors a few months later. But it has been a group that will be fondly remembered for many years to come by those who comprised it.

Showing plenty of "drive," La Salle has always provided tough competition in all the inter-flight sports. Padre Edwards found that La Salle was a happy hunting ground for his victorious football squad and soon after the beginning of the term nine of our more stalwart types, Chuck Goodfellow, Harry Jonas, Russ Merredew, John Neroutsos, Andy Henning, John Hagerman, Jack Folkins, Daffy Smith and Barry O'Hara, were no longer seen on P.T. parades. Our thus decapitated crew battled out a long series of moral victories in soccer and basketball. However, after leading the football team to a league victory, our wayward

lads returned to the fold in time for the hockey series. Here, La Salle's star shone brightly and with the indomitable defence of the second and third lines, coupled with the brilliant offence of the first and particularly the all-star fourth line, the "Loggers" swept their way to second place. Keen competition between Jack Swayne and John Neroutsos provided extra interest and the dazzling speed and grace of those two puck artists, Valiquette and Till, never failed to draw comment.

La Salle now stands fourth in drill and will, no doubt, with continued co-operation of five other flights, stand at the top of the competition for the Wisener Cup by graduation.

To the new seniors, Andy, John, Jack Swayne, Brian, Phil, Ric, Barry, Frank, John, Chris, Daffy and Jack Folkins, we wish the best of luck and success in their final year.

Y. W. PELTON.

STAND-EASY—A ten-minute exercise period. Cadets run to the Gunroom, run a number of Gunroom circles in an attempt to get a "bumming*," and then race back to class for a 50-minute rest period.

*Bumming—any cigarette which is not smoked by its owner.

SICK PARADE—Parade attended by those who are sick of Wing Parade.

HAM—Cadets staff of life.

STEAK—Cadets like them rare and that's exactly when they get them.

STAND-DOWN—This is the time that cadets can't stand up.

EX-CADET SECTION

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

1ST MARCH, 1952

Gentlemen:

It is my sad duty, first of all, to record the deaths of two of our most loyal members: Captain W. M. Ogle, R.C.N., and J. S. Langlois, Esq. Captain Ogle was the moving spirit behind the Ex-Cadet Club from its inception. He was the first executive secretary of the organization and its present form we owe to him. Most of us however, will remember these gentlemen for their great contribution to our instruction. Captain Ogle gave much friendly advice and helped us to make the grade. Mr. Langlois will be remembered for his work with the International Relations Club and his stentorian dissertations on the French revolution.

The present executive has few changes to report this year. The Annual Meeting was held on Saturday, November 10th, at the home of Roger Morris, '45. The minutes of the annual meeting will be found under a separate heading at the end of this report. In the evening, instead of the usual dinner, a cocktail party was held at the Royal York Hotel and was very well attended by the ex-cadets and their lady friends. While I acknowledge that a cocktail party can be very enjoyable and that this one was no exception, it is my feeling that a cocktail party negates the actual reason for the annual meeting in that the members do not have as much time or opportunity to mix with their fellow ex-cadets. It is hoped that next year the club will return to the custom of having an annual dinner, to follow the annual meeting.

The club appears to be in a healthier condition both in finances and number. I have been in contact with Mr. Izard, at Royal Roads, and we have decided to invest some of the funds, presently held in the bank, in a \$500.00 Dominion of Canada bond. It is most gratifying that the membership of the club has increased by 100%. It is hoped that the club will continue to increase in size so that it may become even stronger than it is now.

It is felt that the Ex-Cadet Section of the Log has been improving year by year. This is due to the excellent work done by several ex-cadets who have volunteered to gather information about their term mates. In

particular, I should like to mention the excellent articles turned in by "Nape" Currie, '47, in the 1950 and 1951 editions of the "Log." However, these gentlemen need every member's assistance if they are to continue giving the ex-cadets news of what their fellows are (or are not) doing. Therefore, it would be greatly appreciated if all ex-cadets will fill in any information form sent to them and return it without delay to the Ex-Cadet Correspondent.

Many queries have been received by the executive as to the relationship with the R.M.C. Club. At present, Royal Roads Ex-Cadet Club members, in good standing, may become honorary members of the R.M.C. Club. It is not anticipated that any further amalgamation with the R.M.C. Club will take place in the foreseeable future.

The executive has noted that there has been a considerable amount of misunderstanding and needless delay over the collection of annual dues. In the past the practice has been that the executive sent out a letter to the ex-cadets and the fees were then sent to the Executive Secretary-Treasurer at Royal Roads. Since the executive changes each year, there has been no standardization or continuity for the collection of annual dues. It is the executive plan to submit to the next Annual Meeting that the ex-cadets be billed from the National Office at Royal Roads. In this way continuity and standardization will be brought about. Any opinions that the members may have regarding the subject will be gratefully received by the executive.

In closing, I would like to thank Mr. J. A. Izard for his continuing work as Executive Secretary-Treasurer of the Club. His efforts, on our behalf, have been instrumental in keeping the club alive. I expect to be in the west this summer and will seek out Mr. Izard's opinions for the furthering of the interests of the club. My thanks are also extended to Ed Cosford, '45, the National President in 1950, for the advice and assistance he has rendered to me.

This report is respectfully submitted for your consideration.

IAN D. TOWNLEY, '47,
No. 262.

Obituary

INST. CAPT. W. M. OGLE



Instructor Captain William Ogle, M.A., R.C.N., was born in Scotland on December 11, 1898. He was educated at Dumbarton Academy. During the latter part of 1917 until the end of the First World War, he served as a Wireless Officer with the Royal Naval Transport and later as assistant to the Commander, Atlantic Convoys. After the war he attended Glasgow University as the holder of a Buchanan-Bellfield Scholarship, and graduated with honours in 1922.

He came to Canada in that year and joined the staff of the University School, Victoria. A year later he was appointed to Trinity College School, Port Hope. In 1931 he was on the instructional staff of R.M.C., but rejoined T.C.S. a year later as Headmaster of the Junior School. In 1935-39 he operated his own school in Westmount, Quebec.

At the outbreak of the Second World War, he joined the R.C.N.V.R. as an Instructor in

Navigation, and in 1941 was appointed to H.M.C.S. Royal Roads as a Lieutenant-Commander. In July 1944 he was promoted to Instructor-Commander and four years later to Instructor-Captain. He was Director of Studies of the College from 1945 until his illness. He died in the Veterans' Hospital on January 26 of this year after a long illness patiently borne.

A man of outstanding ability and forceful personality, he inspired great affection and respect in his colleagues, and will always be remembered by those who served under him as extremely kind and considerate. He was an untiring worker for the good of his chosen Service and for the College, which has suffered a great loss by his death. He would go to endless trouble on behalf of the cadets and was always ready with helpful advice in any field of their endeavour, whether in academic work, in their games or in their careers.

Our deepest sympathies go out to Mrs. Ogle, to Melville, to Margaret, and to Isbel and Ian.

JEAN SANDFIELD MACDONALD
LANGLOIS, B.A., LL.B., M.A.

Professor Langlois received his B.A. and LL.B. from the University of Montreal and his M.A. from Harvard University. He was on the staff of Royal Roads from 1944 to 1948 as a Naval Instructor Officer. After an interval with the Department of External Affairs, he returned last September to take charge of the Department of Modern Languages.

Unfortunately, the renewal of his ties with Royal Roads was all too brief. His death early in January put an untimely end to a very promising career and was a severe loss to the College.

His charming personality, his keen interest in the activities of the College, his willingness to advise and help his students and his able instruction will long be remembered by all who knew him. Our sincere sympathy is extended to the members of his family.

EDITOR'S NOTE

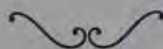
THE Log Staff of the Ex-Cadet Section is extremely grateful to all who so willingly spared their time to write these interesting and thoughtful contributions which gave news about themselves and their friends. In particular we extend our sincere thanks to Commodore K. F. Adams, C.D., R.C.N.; Prof. L. A. Brown, M.A.; Mr. A. C. Privett, M.A.; Lieut. I. D. Townley, R.C.N. (R), President of the Ex-Cadet Club; Lieut. W. A. Tetley, R.C.N. (R), and Lieut. G. M. de Rosenroll, R.C.N.

Lieut. Tetley has revolutionized the Ex-Cadet Section this year by obtaining volunteers to write articles about their own graduating class. In previous years we, the Log Staff, have had to compile these articles from odd pieces of information and, by so doing, we were unable to supply the intimate and personal touches which are to be found in this year's section.

In the past it has been suggested that each class appoint a permanent executive to report on activities of their classmates. The report should be forwarded to the Editor of the Ex-Cadet Section of the Log before the fifteenth of March of each year. Let each executive beware the "Ides of March." It would be advantageous for the "executive" of recent graduates to have a representative from each of the services. The names of the members of the executive should be forwarded to Prof. A. Izard, the executive secretary of the Ex-Cadet Club.

Also, it is hoped that other Ex-Cadets will continue to co-operate in making this section a success by sending in newsy articles similar to those of this year. These sources would greatly aid the Log staff in producing an Ex-Cadet Section of the highest quality.

Thank you!



CLASS OF '44

The world of 1952 would hardly seem large enough to contain within its limits the wandering warriors of '44—the "originals." Listen while we relate their wondrous feats.

We have Casey Cameron anchored in Ottawa carefully cultivating promotions for all the men of '44. . . . Ably assisted by Jim Wightman, who, after a healthy look at journalism as served up by Western University, has cast his vote in favour of a permanent navy blue suit. . . . Not so with Wick Hobart who is married, expecting, and according to the latest buzz, has his eye on Camillien Houde's job in Montreal. . . . Having John Ireland under contract to handle his campaign, figuring John's actuarial activities at the Sun Life Assurance will help bring in the votes. . . . With Dick Leacock, in his last year of Medicine at McGill, standing by to save their wounds and handle the wisecracks. So much for Montreal.

Up Toronto way, any classmates hitting this big city are assured of free medical advice and attention, what with Drs. Pete Heaton, Don Harrison and Bud Lecky available at all times at Sunnybrook Veterans' Hospital. Hardtack has spliced the marital knot while Piddler continues to stroke his chin and survey the field, preferring to wait and watch Tojo Lecky middle aisle it come May, when he will return to the Big Town after a year up Sudbury way. . . . As for those with troubles (legal), they need not have any worries either, for our boy Jake Howard, currently displaying his wisdom and wit (not to mention his attractive wife and prospective child) in Sarnia, returns this fall to complete his Law course. . . . thus equipping himself to offer continued guidance to Chip, a retired travelling salesman, who, having completed the course in farmers' daughters, is married and busy merchandising office supplies like mad. No more Hogtown.

Word from Limey Land has it that Sir Laurence Olivier is soon to be deposed as the leading actor by "Lord" Michael Ney, currently appearing on some obscure London stage after a most successful summer season on the boards at Stratford-on-Avon. . . . Part of his time being given over to trying to unearth Woody, who is reputed to be successfully conducting a legitimate business and steadily consuming tea somewhere in Britain.

In the heart of Jean Baptiste's land, Dunc Bancroft has been grinding out the words and columns for one of the leading papers in Quebec City, with memoirs due shortly. . . . while way out west, our boy Flossy Davison toils as a building architect, having first devoted his time to getting his M.A. in Russian at U.B.C., and then putting it to practical use behind the Iron Curtain on a visit to Yugoslavia. . . . Mean-

while, the Swift Current smoothie, Doc Irwin, has been perfecting his bedside manner in medicine at Manitoba U., having acquired a wife and child in the process. . . . The education of the nation is now in safe hands if we are to believe the report that Bev Koester is currently located somewhere in the sands of Saskatchewan, teaching reading, riting and rithmetic. . . . We are not inclined to agree that this is the case where the Atom Bomb is concerned, for it is learned that Rastus Stairs, complete with an M.A. in Chemistry, is currently exploring the possibilities of the A-bomb somewhere in the Excited States.

Turning to those members presently outfitted in Navy Blue and Braid, we find that the future course for the Navy to steer is being handled by Dick Niven, who has qualified in the long navigation course. . . . not so Bud Brooks, whose chief interest these days is studying the highly interesting habits of underwater creatures (mermaids included) as he wends his way around in his submarine. . . . while Kelpie Cavanagh simply continues to wend his amazing way around the world in general, in search of greater learning and new forms of entertainment. . . . as also does Dirty Al Cockeram, except he did manage to pause long enough to take unto himself a wife, and is providing for her these days somewhere in or around Halifax. . . . While out on the East Coast Don Sabiston, having achieved his University Degree in Physical Health and Education at Toronto, has returned to Nelson's way of life as an Instructor Lieutenant. 'Tis said, however, that he would prefer to work on the men's muscles rather than their minds. . . . 'Twould seem that the teachings and strength of character of our dear friend Chief Petty Officer Smith left an indelible impression on Dave Crump and Johnny Gill, both of whom are now graduates of the Long Course in the art of Communications. . . . It is sure to come as a devastating shock to many to learn that Angle Boy Danny Marcus recently had an opportunity to take a look at the front of the church as he heard the Wedding March being specially played for his benefit; his other activities are not known at this time. . . . The air lanes of this continent, as well as those of Europe are becoming crowded these days, as at least five of our band—Ed Wiggs, Doughy MacLean, Robin Manifold, Jacques P. Cote and Foxey—are members of the Fleet Air Arm, and are renowned to be the hottest pilots in the air. . . . On the ground they have in their employ, for the purpose of keeping their aircraft serviceable, Freddy Sanford and Herb Rowley, both of whom are now Aero Engineers.

That great sound and fury of gunfire coming from the direction of Victoria means that Iron John Hertzberg is keeping his gun crew in trim, having qualified in the long gunnery course. Wife Deborah and child are keeping him company. . . . Similarly endowed with naval honours in gunnery is Ian McPherson, although we are unable to pinpoint his present location on the map. . . . Fred Henshaw, the Fearless Fossdick of this age, only recently became aware of the fact that two can live as cheaply as one, taking the eternal vows late last fall. . . . Duck Gamblin shows his preference for fighting the next king-size engagement by the fact that he is now a qualified Torpedo Officer, having taken the Long Torpedo course.

Still keenly interested in the oil and grease division of the R.C.N., Don Nash is keeping the steam up aboard H.M.C.S. "Nootka," which ship is these days to be found in Korean waters. . . . As to the fate and feats of Lard—Frank, an Engineer Officer of note, we are at a loss to report. He still holds the record, distinguished or otherwise, of being the first of our class to enter the class of bridegrooms. . . . We do know, however, that Bud Smith and his good wife are to be found these days roaming the countryside in and around London, but we can't say just what his naval duties entail other than supply. . . . Somewhat similar is the case of Colin Shaw and Hilda, who, when last

heard of, had just completed a stay at the Tri-Service College in Kingston. . . . Chuck Leighton and Stan King are canny navigators on the West Coast.

All will be interested to learn of the rapid progress of "Nurse" Olly Gillespie who, after rendering his expense account to the estate of Mr. Cecil Rhodes for two years at Oxford, is currently researching markets for a stationery firm in Toronto.

Probably to the dismay of all the class, and in particular, Dave Jellett and the two Duncs—McLaurin and McNicol—we are unable to round out this picture with a run-down of their activities, detected and undetected, owing to the fact that our agents haven't gotten in their reports.

Ending on a more sober note, the whole term of '44 joins in a sincere wish of good luck to Don and Judy Joy, who are in Halifax, where Judy is fighting to get back her health after a very severe case of polio, picked up last summer. It is encouraging to hear that she is making progress.

As to the authenticity of occupations, locations, decorations and operations written in against the names of the preceding paragraphs, the writer, composer and arranger wishes to say that it couldn't be helped if you were misrepresented. For these are only the buzzes which have reached the ears of . . .

No. 96.

A NEWSLETTER TO THE CLASS OF '45

What has happened in the last few years to the Class of 1945 might be called the triumph of domestication. Everyone seems to have met the girl of his dreams, married her and had children—all in that order needless to say. Nevertheless, there are some who are still bachelors for Geoff Hilliard writes to say that Brian Bell-Irving is ever the retiring, shy B-I. You are not alone, Brian. Others of us here in Montreal are with you and we will get you a date any time you may pass through the metropolis—something of course in which we can never interest the married types, when they are here.

Although no one in the class has as yet been mentioned in the Queen's Honours List, John McRuer has been officially named "Squire McRuer" by Red Wilkes because of the large three-storey house he inhabits in a swank section of Halifax. However, we must not forget Freddy Frewer who got his brass hat at Christmas. (See how familiar one can be, when one is a civilian, fellows).

In Montreal we are undergoing what we hope will be the last throes of the austerity campaign commonly called a Law degree. Peter

MacKell and I are in fourth year law, working in law offices during the day and taking lectures at night. Peter looks very suave as he walks down St. James Street wearing a hard collar and carrying an attaché case. The collar, however, is actually one of the round ones he got at the College—he has pointed the edges by a little work with a pair of scissors, while closer inspection of the attaché case would indicate that it contained two peanut butter sandwiches and a stalk of celery. Pete, incidentally, has done very well at McGill; he came second in his class and turned down a scholarship for post-graduate work. Ed Cosford also came second in his class—he is in third year law at McGill. I took most of my law degree at Laval University in Quebec City where the classes are in French and lived for two years with a French family in a manner that would have pleased C. T. Teakle. Not long ago, I did meet Mr. Teakle and hoped to surprise him with my new found knowledge but we only talked briefly in English.

Moon Mullan is in Venezuela living in luxury with maids, cooks, etc. His address is c/o C.A. Energia Electrica de Venezuela.

Maracaibo, Venezuela, and he welcomes all correspondence. Chris Wanklyn is in England, writing, publishing and selling books. Chris seems to be living quite quite well, too; he was in attendance at the Duchess of Kent's garden party last summer. Bob Hampson is in the insurance business in Montreal—he writes some difficult exams this spring, while Pete Lawson is now working in Shawinigan Falls and is living in the company hotel there.

Roger Morris is in law in Toronto and also owns what seems to be a very profitable ukelele business. At the Ex-Cadet reunion last fall Roger was seen driving a flashy red convertible and certain ex-cadets are reported to have asked Roger to be Godfather to their children—slyly hoping to cut their kids in on the ukelele gravy!

Paul Samson is a graduate engineer with General Electric in Toronto. Al Sutherland is a graduate pharmacist, while Buck Brander, who is married, has entered the Faculty of pharmacy. Dave Mather is married and is with a paper company in Northern Ontario. Bob Stone is married and has graduated from Commerce at U. of T. Wally White is married and is with Hughes Owen Co. in Ottawa. Graham Dawson is married and it is rumoured that he has a good lead in the baby derby. What about it G.R.?

Well, fellows, this ends the news about a small fraction of the class. Should be more for future Logs. Drop me a line or call at 64 Cornwall Ave., Montreal 16.

BILL TETLEY.

Ex-Cadet Section Editor's Note:

The following letter was sent to Mr. Tetley by a member of his class. It obviously did not arrive in time so I am taking the liberty of placing a copy in here.

A. F. LAWRENCE.

5th February, 1952.

Mr. W. Tetley,
64 Cornwall Ave.,
Montreal 16, P.Q.

Dear Bill:

The "Old Bald-headed Instructor" passed your note on to me and asked me to tell you what I knew of the members of the class of '45. It was a pleasure to read your note—especially because of the interest it shows.

The following is all I know about the members of our class:

NORM JACKSON: Lieutenant, R.C.N.—nearing the ND Course at H.M.S. "Dryad" near Portsmouth, England. Last heard of joining a DD Group at Londonderry for training. H.M.S. "Loch Vayete" is his ship.

DICK CARLE: Lieutenant, R.C.N.—is finished Long (G) at Whale Island and is staying on to instruct for another year. Spent Christmas with Norm Jackson in Switzerland.

TOM HEBBERT: Lieutenant (TAS) R.C.N.—took top honours in his long TAS Course at "Stadacona".

SKY MCURER: Lieutenant, R.C.N.—I am afraid I have lost track of "Sky". He might be at "Cornwallis", but I'm not sure.

ANDY McMILLAN: Lieutenant, R.C.N.—taking the Long (G) Course at Whaley.

GEORGE MCMORRIS: Lieutenant, R.C.N.—now a Sub-Mariner. He has been at sea for a year in H.M.S. "Anchorite" (a sub), and in now back ashore at Plymouth.

GEORGE WITHER: Lieutenant, R.C.N.—taking the long (TAS) Course at H.M.S. "Vernon," Portsmouth, Hants.

DON RADFORD: Lieutenant, R.C.N.—was a pilot but I believe he gave it up. I am not sure where he is now—somewhere on the East Coast.

RED WILKES: Lieutenant, R.C.N.—taking the Long (G) Course at Whaley with Andy.

JACK FARQUHAR: Lieutenant, R.C.N.—on the staff of the Director of Naval Reserves in Ottawa. Spends his time flitting around the country "co-ordinating".

RED SLOCOMBE: Lieutenant, R.C.N.—one of the four Squadron Commanders at R.M.C. Kingston. A soft touch. (My opposite number at R.M.C.).

GEOFF HILLIARD: Lieutenant (P) R.C.N.—a pilot, at present serving in "Magnificent" on flying duties.

PETER BIRCH-JONES: Lieutenant, R.C.N.—at present taking the Long (TAS) Course in England. His engagement was announced in the paper about a week ago. He is marrying an English Wren Officer.

BRYAN MACKAY: Lieutenant (O) R.C.N.—took his Observer Course in England and is now back in Canada. I think he is in "Maggie".

MEL OGLE: Instructor Lieutenant, R.C.N.—finishing off his last year at R.N.C. Greenwich. Recently married. Should have lots of long, gray hair by the time he gets back to Canada.

DERRY DAWSON, ROGER DICKINSON and JOHN DUMBRILLE: all Lieutenants (E) (A/E)—I believe they are at H.M.C.S. "Shearwater"—again, I'm not sure.

JOHN TUCKER: Lieutenant (S) R.C.N.—Instructing on the staff of the Supply School at H.M.C.S. "Naden."

HARVIE COCKS: Lieutenant (S) R.C.N.—Supply Officer, H.M.C.S. "Haida"—soon to be commissioned.

TREV ROBERTS: Lieutenant (S), R.C.N.—on the supply staff in H.M.C.S. "Stadacona."

DENNY EVANS: Lieutenant (S), R.C.N.—Supply Officer, H.M.C.S. "Star", Hamilton, Ontario.

STAN MITCHELL: Lieutenant (S) R.C.N.—on the supply staff in H.M.C.S. "Stadacona."

BRIAN BELL-IRVING: Lieutenant (P) R.C.N.—A pilot who is serving in "Magnificent" with Geoff Hilliard. I haven't heard from him for a long time.

That's about all I know of our Class, Bill. The wealthy bachelors left are Dick Carle and Brian Bell-Irving. I only hear occasionally, and even then the news is vague, about the fellows who went Reserve from our Class.

I hope what I have put down will be of some help in making up your article. I am a Squadron Commander (Term Lieutenant) here, at Royal Roads, and should have this address until December of this year. Then—who knows?

Very sincerely,

"No. 111."

TERM 1944-46

Frank Prouse writes from Toronto that he is now attending business school while recuperating from a year and a half in bed with TB. He expects to marry in June and enter the railway business. Also from Ontario, we have word that George Osborne is working as assistant-manager of the Household Finance Corporation in Weston.

Pete Morse and Hugh McDonald are finishing up their last year in Law at the University of Manitoba. Mickey McCrimmon is also in

Law at Osgoode Hall. Andy Hunter and Houseboat Hannah are approaching the end of their Medical course at Western.

Duke Milner was married in December to Miss Betty MacPhail. Both he and Bob Wisener are working in Alberta.

At McGill are Ralph Miller and Keith Mills. The latter is in Science while Ralph is completing his 3rd year of Medicine. He writes to say that he is definitely not the proud father of twin girls as once rumoured.

John Fisher and Pudge McGibbon have finished Mechanical Engineering at McGill and are now working for Dominion Engineering and Abitibi Power and Paper Co. respectively. They spent the summer at sea with Bob Brown and Gums Martin in the Training Group that carried U.N.T.D. cadets to the U.K. Gums married Miss Margaret Penney, of Bridgewater, N.S., on the 6th of October, 1951.

Phil Banister obtained his degree in Medicine from the University of Edinburgh and is now interning at the Montreal General Hospital.

When last heard from, Frank Dunbar was serving in "Huron" and Ken Blackburn was at "Cornwallis."

Bob Peers is now in Naval Headquarters on the staff of the Director of Naval Training. Chesty Norton, Mike Martin and Bill Hughes are all taking long courses in the U.K. (Bob Peers, Mike Martin and Bill Hughes were all married this year).

Peter Campbell is serving as Squadron Commander of No. 4 Squadron at R.M.C. Kingston. M. C. MCGIBBON.

REPORT ON THE CLASS OF 1947

Dear Buggins:

1951 seems to have been the marital year for the class of '47. The whole term (even some of the confirmed bachelors and playboys) decided that the time had come.

I find, by diligent investigation, that over twenty members of the class are married or engaged, some are proud fathers, and that the remainder are forming a Bachelors' Club to prevent any further inroads on the rest of the term during the present Leap Year.

Twenty-four members of the class are in the R.C.N. or in the Reserve on a permanent basis (C.N.D.), six are in business, six are engineers or architects, five are studying or practising law, two are in medicine, three are would-be chartered accountants and two are working for newspapers.

Here is a revised class list:

ATKIN: The old salt has deserted us, joined the Black Watch, is married, and is now the proud papa of a bouncing young son.

ATKINSON: Davy is married and is the proud father of a girl, born on Christmas Day. Davy spent the summer as a Term Lieutenant for U.N.T.D. Cadets at H.M.C.S. "Stadacona" and is now serving in H.M.C.S. "Wallaceburg."

BAYLY: Ian has decided to join the Constructor Branch and is in the midst of the advanced long-hair course at R.N.E.C., Keyham.

BELCHER: One of the first members of the term to take the big step, Burp was last heard of in H.M.C.S. "Sioux" in Korea.

BETHUNE: Norm is with C.G.E. in Toronto, having completed his academic education in Montreal last winter. Alas, Norm has fallen by the wayside (he's graduated, he's employed, he's engaged!)

BRENCHLEY: John also falls into the above category—he's working for Dominion Engineering and hopes to take the big step in the spring.

CARRUTHERS: The success story of the year—Ken graduated from McGill last spring and departed (heavy with honours) for the U.K. on a travelling scholarship in August. He spent the early part of the summer working in the M.C.D. of H.M.C. Dockyard at Halifax. He was in Grenada at Christmas time.

CLARKE: Jim, now married, returned from the U.K. in November after graduating from R.N.E.C., Keyham. He joined H.M.C.S. "Quebec" for commissioning and will probably be coming around to Halifax with her in the spring.

COHRS: John headed West, after he completed the Advanced Course in the Electrical School at Halifax, to take up two new appointments: one for the Navy, the other for matrimony (a very brilliant lady lawyer, I hear). P. C. G. Richards was his best man.

COSTAR: Ron is in Electrical Engineering at U.N.B. and spends his summers with the U.N.T.D. He made the big trip to the U.K. this summer.

CREERY: Tim has finally come to rest in Winnipeg after some minor labour troubles in Central Ontario. He is working on one of the city papers. Some say that it is the Free Press, but he's probably trying to unionize them all.

CUMMING: Meats has not been heard from, but I understand that he is still contributing the occasional erudite article to the Medical Journals emanating from Winnipeg.

CURRIE: George (no doubt attracted by the subway) has moved to Toronto, where he is advising the top brass (as is to be expected) on sanitary evacuation. He is reputed to be seeking a patent for a new anti-splash mechanism.

DAY: Dick is a life insurance salesman in Toronto.

DAVIS: When last heard from, Willy was in Korea as Supply Officer in H.M.C.S. "Cayuga."

DESCHAMPS: "Father" has decided to become an engineer and is now completing his B.Sc. at Loyola in Montreal.

ELLIS: When last heard from, "Pusser Hugh" was in H.M.C.S. "Athabaskan" in Korea.

EMERSON: Feezer spent the summer in H.M.C.S. "Portage" and left for the U.K. in the fall to take an Observer's Course.

FROST: Harry is in the Fleet Air Arm and is stationed at H.M.C.S. "Shearwater" attached to 871 Squadron and recently made the papers as one of Canada's outstanding young pilots.

GRAHAM: Pecker has finally come to rest in Manchester, England, where he is working for the Daily Mail. J. P. spent the summer "travelling on the continent"—which is a euphemism for something or other—and de-

cided that he liked it so well that he will probably stay there for two or three years. He says that the average Londoner's view of Manchester is somewhat akin to the Muscovite's view of outer Siberia. Anybody making the Grand Tour this summer will be stood to a drink (one)—if they can get to Manchester, that is.

HAYES: When last seen and heard from, Terry was the Communications Officer in H.M.C.S. "Swansea" and busy aiding and abetting in Knots and Splices, i.e. matrimony, on the side. I think it is unnecessary to point out that he has personally evaded the issue. Terry expects to stay in "Swansea" and should be there for at least another summer's U.N.T.D. Training.

HENLEY: Al spent the summer navigating H.M.C.S. "La Hullose" to the U.K. and back and racing around Halifax and environs in a green M.G. At present he is supposed to be in H.M.C.S. "Cayuga" in Korea.

HOPKINS: Stan recently returned to Canada after winning the Sword of Honour at Keyham. He is newly married and, after leave, joined H.M.C.S. "Quebec" in Esquimaux prior to her commissioning. He will probably come around to Halifax with her in the spring.

HORN: John is still believed to be in St. Catherines working for Household Finance. He is married and has one child.

HUTCHESON: After completing the Advanced Course at the Electrical School at "Stadcona," "Hutch" went down to the Southland (Florida) for further training. Nice work if you can get it!

KER, D. N.: Nothing has been heard from the Tycoon of Vancouver.

KER, S. L.: Sy was last heard from in H.M.C.S. "Antigonish" but he will be stationed in Portsmouth early this March. He married Miss Diana MacPherson on March 1st.

KING: Knobby is studying to be a C.A. and at present is with Hudson & McMakin in Montreal (junior partner any day now).

KNOX-LEET: Pete, having deserted the Senior Service of the Crown, has become a Flight Lieutenant in the R.C.A.F. and spent some time at St. Hubert Airport, near Montreal, working up in jets. He was recently married and is now with 410 Fighter Squadron in England. This squadron expects to form part of the first group under General Eisenhower.

LAMBIE: Vince has been seeing the world as Captain's Secretary in H.M.C.S. "Ontario" (Australia and the East and West Coasts of North America) and apart from getting tied up in his aiguillettes now and then, seems to be enjoying life.

MCLEAN: Mick is another of our recently-married term-mates (a very beautiful gal from Sarnia, I hear) and, until last heard from, was Lieutenant of the Gunroom in H.M.C.S. "Ontario" as well as being a baseball player of note (Sports Officer).

MONTGOMERY: Monty, with a B.A. and a B.Com. under his belt, is in Law at University of Toronto Law School. When last contacted he said he eventually hoped to open a Law School for Eskimos in Aklavik.

MURWIN: Jamie is serving in H.M.C.S. "Magnificent," is married and has a one-year-old girl.

NOBLE: George has also been serving in H.M.C.S. "Magnificent" and was married in King's College Chapel during the summer. It is believed that he had aspirations toward the Fleet Air Arm but these have not been confirmed.

NURSE: Roy J. is married and the father of a little girl. He is reputed to be very busy building houses to put under the television aerials in Toronto.

QUAIN: "Red" has been as busy as ever at McGill. He is President of 2nd Year Law, qualifying for his C.A., and was recently appointed to the Campus Honorary Society—the "Scarlet Key."

RATCLIFFE: "Red" is an old married man by now and is on his way out to Korea in H.M.C.S. "Nootka" again for his second tour of duty.

REFORD: Bo is with the Robert Reford Company in Montreal, but at present is busying himself with his rural real estate out at Magog.

REID: "Gaby Dick" is with T.C.A. at Dorval near Montreal, training to be a pilot—this boy really gets around!

RICHARDS: Pete completed his Law degree at U.B.C. this spring and by all accounts will shortly become one of Canada's youngest Q.C.'s.

RUSK: Harry is still in H.M.C.S. "Swansea" and expects to stay there for a while—at least until this summer. He has just become

the proud owner of an automobile magnificence—a Rover of infinite length and affluent appearance.

SMITH: After completing his advanced course in "Stadacona" this summer and gaining more seniority than enough, Harold has ended up as Electrical Officer in H.M.C.S. "Crescent" and expects to be making all sorts of exotic cruises this summer—(the Med., France, Belgium, etc.) Still married.

STEEL: "Creep" was last seen skulking around the West Coast in H.M.C.S. "Beacon Hill" where he is the navigation officer.

THOMAS: Boz is now a married man of one year's standing and is in 2nd Year Medicine at Queen's.

TOY: Sammy is in 2nd Year Law at Osgoode Hall and it is rumoured that he is engaged to a gal from Ottawa.

TOWNLEY: Dal is U.N.T.D. Staff Officer at H.M.C.S. "York" in Toronto, and is taking his M.A. at U. of T. on the side. He is the new National President of the Royal Roads Ex-Cadet Club.

WALES: Dinny spent the summer as a Term Lieutenant for the U.N.T.D. Cadets at H.M.C.S. "Stadacona" in Halifax this summer and managed to get himself married. He made a trip to the U.K. and was appointed to H.M.C.S. "Iroquois" in the fall. He expects to be leaving for Korea in the near future.

WISHART: Dave is in his final year in Commerce and Finance at U. of T., and is a would-be C.A. Alas, he also has fallen by the wayside by becoming engaged like all the rest of his Toronto friends.

Well Buggins, it's been a busy year, and it has seen the term of '47 scattered far and wide, but whether by bleak Korean shore, in our ships at sea, or in our centres of commerce, or in our universities (where some hope their lives to chart), each one has, I'm sure, a very special corner in his heart for that place of fond remembrance by the water—our alma mater—a place we all sincerely hold dear.

No. 245



NORWEGIAN OPERATION

By

COMMODORE K. F. ADAMS, C.D., R.C.N.

THE Canadian Tribal Destroyer "Iroquois" had entered Scapa Flow during the afternoon and, after re-fueling had secured to a buoy. The ship was at four hour's notice. The Ship's Company relaxed and the Captain, with a sigh of relief, sank in the depths of an armchair to wonder when this tedious business of war would be ended!

The Captain opened his eyes to find the Yeoman holding yet another despatch in his hand! "U C Me from Captain D. 17", was all the information gleaned from the sheet.

In the Motor Boat, the Captain wished that Captain D. 17 was at sea, and that the powers-that-be would quit this endless planning for the poor overworked destroyers. Captain D. 17 was all smiles, and his friendly, courteous manner gave every indication that another operation was not going to spoil the evening, and that this was a "social visit" only! The Captain perked up, and with growing confidence accepted a "Pink Gin"! The next few minutes proved that Captain D. was simply lonely and had nothing else on his mind. The situation lost any sign of tension.

"By the way, old boy," said Captain D., "I am taking three of my flotilla over to Norway tomorrow night. Would you like to come?"

The Captain weighed the matter over in his mind—a night's sleep—no defects—a keen ship—maybe some relief from Escort Duty.

"By all means! What's the deal?"

"We'll get out the maps, and run through it."

A bell summoned a group of eagle-eyed officers of the staff, who marched in, armed to the teeth with charts, dividers, pencils and operation orders! A detailed explanation followed and added up to the simple fact that four destroyers were to sail from Scapa Flow, cross the North Sea by way of a previously swept Channel, to arrive off Stravanger about midnight in the hope of catching a German convoy sneaking round the corner to enter the protective fiords and leads of the Norwegian coast.

It all sounded like fun!

Early the following morning, the four destroyers slipped out through the gate and carried out a couple of practice runs, firing at a target to make positive that station-keeping, radar and fire-control were in order. The target showed some satisfactory holes in it afterwards, and every man in "Iroquois" was firmly of the belief that the holes were 4.7 inches in diameter, proving that "Iroquois" only

had hit! The other ships were armed with four single 4 inch, as opposed to "Iroquois'" three twin 4.7's and one twin 4 inch.

All was ready!

The force sailed before dark and steamed across the North Sea at fairly high speed, all the time praying that the Channel had been properly swept.

The tension in the ship was noticeable. The most exciting part of an operation is the time spent anticipating the balloon's ascent! The Captain got on the "blower" and told the Ship's Company what was planned and what to expect! The smiles of the Gunnery Officer were evidence that he knew this was to be his night! No idle searching for submarines, with a scientist's dream! No monotonous ping-ping of the Asdic set!

This would be a night of 30 knots quick manoeuvres, and the satisfactory roar of the guns, and, he hoped, the sight of ships on fire in the distance—some standing on their sterns, sinking out of sight! What bloodthirsty and imaginative people gunnery folk are!

The force was closing the Norwegian coast now. An aircraft buzzed overhead. Everyone hoped that it was a misguided R.A.F. aircraft investigating! Some even imagined that he was part of the force, and was offering protection from aloft. Such optimists!

In the leading destroyer the experts were listening to the JU 88 reporting the force as four ML's in a position 16 miles to the South'ard!

A poor navigator had saved the operation!

The force closed to within a few miles of the coast. Radar was searching the area for the "vaccination mark" pattern that would prove to be a convoy.

It appeared first on "Iroquois'" screen.

On being informed, Captain D. altered the formation and the course slightly, to close.

The operation was going to be a success!

Guns' crews were tense. Standing braced to make certain that failure would not be their responsibility.

The yeoman listened for the orders to illuminate and to open fire as the range continued to decrease.

At about 3,000 yards the order was received to illuminate the target and to "open fire."

Ear-splitting crashes rent the air from every quarter in the ship! The convoy was now visible to the naked eye, in spite of the complete darkness. Every mounting in the ships commenced firing.

The star shell soon illuminated the enemy ships more clearly, and it became obvious that the attack was a complete surprise to them.

"Iroquois" had selected her pre-arranged target! The third in line! She was hit with the first salvo and very soon was blazing brilliantly.

The guns were ordered to shift target, and firing continued without apparent cessation. Torpedo tubes were trained and ready! Ready for the orders to "Fire." This order never arrived, because of a failure of one line of communication, much to the disappointment of the torpedomen. Captain D. had fired his torpedoes independently, but all other ships had withheld their fire pending a controlled attack.

It was truly unfortunate that one bit of information failed to get through and cause twenty torpedoes to be held in their tubes when such a target existed.

The enemy, in the meantime, had opened fire with everything he could bring to bear, but, in typical fashion, fired too high! Forty millimetre projectiles were passing overhead, as were the various coloured projectiles of larger guns.

It was a colourful sight!

A "brick" showing a red tracer crossed "Iroquois" bows. A green one went overhead and a yellow one narrowly missed the after superstructure.

The engine-room reported a loud noise under the ship! It could have been a torpedo running too deep.

Thank Heavens for the errors of the enemy!

The apparent pandemonium was belied by the occasional orders, as the Gunnery Officer and the Officer of the Watch went about their jobs, quietly and efficiently, undisturbed by the noise around them. They were veterans of previous engagements of a similar nature, and confident that "it" happens only to other people.

A medium-sized tanker appeared, silhouetted by the Star Shell. She was hit, and a small fire seemed to be spreading.

"I hope she's loaded with gas," said No. 1. She was! She blew up with a satisfactory "Whoomf."

The lookout reported minesweepers and a submarine—maybe he was right—anyway, who was interested in such vessels when bigger ships were on fire and blowing up!

The plot of "Iroquois", at this point, became more than usually agitated.

"We're running into the enemy minefield."

But apparently Captain D. was also well-informed. An alteration of course was ordered. Speed increased and the action was broken off, after a thrilling four-and-a-half minutes!

At 30 knots, in deteriorating weather, the destroyers rushed away for the safety of the British shores. Spray flew from stem to stern as the ships literally leaped from crest to crest of the seas.

Speed was maintained until more than half-way across when the force joined a cruiser, which had sailed from Scapa to be in the area in case of a dawn attack by enemy aircraft, naturally keen to avenge the loss of their ships.

No such attack developed!

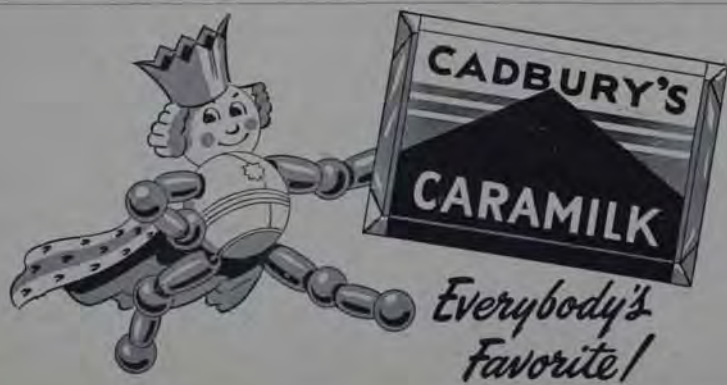
It was with considerable relief that the force entered Scapa Flow once again to fuel, secure to the buoy and relax—until the next operation was ordered!

The results of the few minutes of action were not divulged by the enemy for obvious reasons, and if the Admiralty had any idea, the information was never promulgated. Sufficient was it for their lordships laconically to remark, "It was a great pity that all torpedoes had not been fired!"

It was, therefore, with great interest that after VE Day the officers and men of "Iroquois" learned from a Norwegian resident of Stavanger that the action had awakened him, and from his veranda he had witnessed the "whole show."

"Six ships were sunk and the confusion and consternation lasted for days," he reported.

The Captain sank back in his easy chair, closed his eyes and—relaxed!



EXCHANGE

EDITOR'S NOTE

EACH year in the past it has been the practice of the "Log" to exchange articles and magazines with other military colleges. In keeping with this practice we are honoured this year by an article on The United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland.

I should like to thank, on behalf of Royal Roads, third classmen David P. Watkins and Ron. J. Kurth for the excellent article they have prepared for us. I feel, as much as they do, that it will contribute to the feeling of

comradeship already existing between our countries and our services.

The Exchange Section acknowledges gratefully magazines from The R.A.F. College, Cranwell; The Royal Australian Naval College; Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.; Lower Canada College, Montreal, Quebec; Gordon Bell High School, Winnipeg, Man.; Ashbury College, Ottawa, Ont.; St. Andrew's College, Ontario.

C. W. KAIP.

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

Narrated by: RONNIE KURTH and
DAVE WATKINS.

A CABDRIVER offered to take the four of us from Washington to Annapolis for two dollars apiece. We'd all been riding in trains for so long that it seemed to be the best suggestion we'd heard all day. Besides, I'd never had the luxury of riding more than ten or twelve blocks in a cab before, being from a small mid-western town. It took us about forty-five minutes to reach the outskirts of Annapolis and about five more before we saw the white wall that surrounds most of the Naval Academy. Annapolis is a quaint old town, nothing like the kind I'm used to seeing in Illinois. There were colonial houses and even some old cannon that looked as if they were about a thousand years old. Somebody had dumped them in Chesapeake Bay a couple of centuries ago.

We whizzed through Annapolis and arrived at the main gate of the academy, where the gateman nodded us through after we showed him our orders to report for physicals. We drove down the extension of Maryland Avenue that continues through the academy yard and turned right along the seawall. We stopped right by some stairs. Climbing out of the cab, we paid the driver and lugged our suitcases up the stairs. I took one look and whistled! Right there in front of me was the biggest, prettiest, most sprawling building I had ever seen. There was about a forty acre terrace out in front of Bancroft Hall. My dad tells me I'm a terrible farmer, though, so it might not have been that big. We walked toward the huge bronze doors that open into the rotunda of Bancroft Hall, still taking in

the wonder of the size of our new home. From the rotunda I could look up the stairway into Memorial Hall. High on the wall facing us I could see the battle flag with the words of David Lawrence used by Commodore Perry. "Don't give up the ship." My mind flashed back to the history of the Naval Academy that I had read only yesterday and remembered vividly now.

"... On 10 October, 1845, Secretary of the Navy George Bancroft acquired Fort Severn from the Army and there established what was then called the Naval School. The beginnings were modest: eighty-seven midshipmen composed the first student body and the complete staff consisted of eight men. . . . Subjects taught at the new school were arithmetic, algebra, geometry, English grammar, composition, geography, French and Spanish. There were also lectures in chemistry and physics. . . ."

I wondered how those men felt as they spoke the words that set the small school on its feet. Did they think that one day, not far from where they stood would be the largest single dormitory in the world, with room for thirty-two hundred men, forty acres of deck space and three miles of corridors? Could they have foreseen the present student body of thirty-seven hundred? They can well be proud of themselves—as can all the men who had a part in establishing the service academies the world over, for these men added liberally to the history of their own country.

Today the United States Naval Academy, at Annapolis, Maryland, located at the mouth of

the Severn River which empties into Chesapeake Bay, is the largest of the several service academies in the United States. It has not always been the largest, neither is it the oldest: West Point in New York, being older. What exists today has been the result of many years of directed effort on the part of many far-sighted naval officers and other men who had a genuine interest in the Navy and the naval profession. In brief this expansion has been as follows: In 1850 our name was changed from the "Naval School" to the "United States Naval Academy" and the following year the course was extended to four years. At the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861, the midshipmen from the southern states resigned *en masse* and the academy was moved to Newport, Rhode Island. There it remained until after the cessation of hostilities in 1865. It was returned to Annapolis and has not moved from there since.

Admiral Porter was one of the early superintendents who is remembered for the manner in which the academy prospered under his guiding hand. He is also remembered (with understandably less popularity among the midshipmen) as having originated the extra duty squad as the means to "work off" demerits acquired through misdemeanors. During the slim years of naval stagnation around 1870, graduates could only receive a commission as a vacancy occurred. There was a good deal of ill feeling toward a law which in this year made the men "cadet-midshipmen" and soon after "naval cadets." Only those men who had completed their course of instruction and were waiting for a commission were to be called "midshipmen." It was not until after 1902 that the title of "midshipman" was restored to the brigade. Bancroft Hall, the dormitory for the entire brigade, was completed in 1906. May 31, 1930, was a red letter day in the lives of the midshipmen, for on that day a bronze replica of the great god of the 2.5 (note—academically, we are graded on a basis of 0 to 4.0, with 2.5 being the passing grade, hence, the "God of 2.5"), Tecumseh, was presented to the academy by the class of 1891, although the original wooden figurehead, called Tamanend, had been around since 1866. Each year before the traditional Army-Navy football classic, Tecumseh dons his war paint and adds considerably in moral support for the momentous game. During the war years the course was shortened to three years, the classes graduating with an "A" or "B" after the year to denote whether they were graduated in December or June. Two months after V-J Day the academy celebrated its 100th anniversary.

Many famous men have passed through the corridors of "Mother" Bancroft and out its huge bronze doors. Many are renowned for their bravery and technical skills, some for

their contributions to government and science or international law. It has been summed up neatly in a paragraph in *Reef Points*. "... This, briefly, is the story of the growth of an institution which for over one hundred years and through five major wars, has proved its worth to the United States and world, and has fulfilled its mission by guarding and fostering the traditions and *esprit de corps* of the Navy, and by sending forth 'educated gentlemen thoroughly indoctrinated with honour, uprightness, and truth, with practical rather than theoretical minds... and with a ground work of the educational fundamentals upon which experience afloat may build the finished naval officer'."

During the next three days I was subjected to varied pokings, listenings, investigations, and in fact, the most extensive physical that I'd ever had in my life. At the finish, though, I had passed and on the following morning some sixty of us were sworn in as midshipmen in a simple ceremony in Memorial Hall. From then on we were kept busy drawing our gear (everything from T-shirts to shoe polish), getting our names stencilled on all of it and attending to other little things like a $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch haircut (without sideburns) and posture pictures.

I was surprised to learn that there were several ways to enter the Naval Academy. I had received an appointment from my congressman. One of my roommates had entered from the fleet on the results of the competitive examinations held every year, and another guy across the hall had gotten in on the reserves' quota. There are Presidential competitions, Secretary of the Navy, and Secretary of State nominations, to name a few of the others.

Plebe summer began in earnest after we had completed the first three days. Being newcomers it took some time for us to become acquainted with the daily routine. Bells were constantly ringing, and there I sat thinking, "Now what am I late for!" But after the first week things became fairly well integrated, and the other plebes who had been there longer decided we would survive after all.

I began plebe summer with the proverbial beginner's interest and an intense desire to learn. To the marines across the Severn River fell the job of putting me through the fundamentals of firing, cleaning, and caring for small arms. I learned close order drill, military customs and courtesy, and a little about the Naval Academy "system" from a group of ensigns who had graduated in June and were now temporarily attached to the academy on our behalf, but who looked like old sea dogs to us. I was familiarized with naval machinery and terminology, lectured on welding, shop practices and other practical instruction which I was told would furnish a background for many of the formal engineering courses in our academic



curriculum. We were also given an introduction to the fundamentals of seamanship, which included signalling, knot-tying, and sailing small boats.

Plebe summer, the transition period from civilian to midshipman, passed quickly. Soon the upperclassmen began to arrive. I faced my first academic year and the rigors of plebe year. Would the first class really make my life miserable? Would I mind squaring corners? Was it going to be hard to eat my meals sitting at attention? Were academics going to be difficult; how hard would I have to study? What could I expect in the next four years?

* * *

When a fourth classman begins the academic year and is brought into the brigade of midshipmen, it is then that his formal education toward becoming an officer in the United States Navy is begun. Joining the brigade has certain responsibilities which are grouped under the heading of class rates. These include in part, for the plebe, addressing all upperclassmen as "Sir," squaring corners when in the corridors (including being considered in ranks whenever in the halls), double-timing to all formations as soon as the formation bell has sounded, and having a daily knowledge of information useful to the upper classes (such as duty officers; days until leave periods and

vacations, the Army-Navy football game and graduation). He must know the sports events in the Naval Academy yard in which the Naval Academy is participating; the names and armament of any ships which may be in Annapolis Roads; and, at each meal, the menu. In addition he is responsible to find the answers to any professional questions he is unable to answer during the meal itself. Questions of a type to which the plebe will not readily know the answers are frequently asked.

A fourth classman's academic year is much like that in any other engineering school. During the year he studies engineering drawing, naval boilers, plane trigonometry, algebra, plane and solid analytic geometry, differential and integral calculus, chemistry, English literature and composition, and a foreign language. Of course, the formal titles for academic subjects such as those above would indeed sound strange to the average midshipman. A plebe soon learns that chemistry is "skinny," that all the foreign languages are "dago," English is "bull," the professional engineering courses are "steam," and that electrical engineering is commonly referred to as "juice." Only mathematics has escaped.

At the conclusion of fourth class year, the distasteful memories of all the above-mentioned rates fade and each plebe looks forward to

taking his summer practice cruise. The cruise, including liberty in several foreign ports, is two months in length. It is designed for the practical training of midshipmen aboard ship at sea to see in operation the theory they are learning in the classroom. While aboard ship, the midshipman receives training in three separate phases: engineering, operations and gunnery. The cruise for the summer of 1951 included two 45,000-ton battleships, the U.S.S. "Missouri" and U.S.S. "Wisconsin," one cruiser, four DE's, four DM's and two APD's. After crossing the Atlantic as a task group, the ships were divided into three task units for the purpose of facilitating a wider range of liberty ports. Each unit made one major European port and a second minor one. Those ports-of-call included Oslo, Copenhagen, Edinburgh, Cherbourg, Rotterdam, Gothenburg and Lisbon. Following these European visits the units rendezvoused west of Spain and sailed for Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. There, in the naval firing area off the large naval base, the midshipmen finally fired the guns, after several practice dummy runs daily throughout the cruise. The firing practice included drone and sleeve firing for the anti-aircraft batteries and sled firing for the main batteries. After a week of firing off Cuba, the task group returned to Norfolk and from there the midshipmen were returned to Annapolis and forty-two days of very welcome summer leave.

Both the third class (plebes become third class on graduation day) and the new first class make the summer cruise. The third class live and work as members of the crew, while the first class serve in the capacity of junior officers. As a member of the crew the third classman becomes familiar with the "holy stone" and the swab, with the chipping hammer and the paint brush. He learns the value of a good hot cup of coffee at 0400 at the conclusion of a refueling drill in the rain at 0300. The reasoning behind associating the third class with the crew stems from an old philosophy of the sea that to command one must learn to receive commands. "To learn by doing," is the phrase most often heard at the Naval Academy.

After returning from a welcome leave at home, the neophyte youngster (third classman) glories in the privileges of an upperclassman. He quickly forgets the restrictions of plebe year and learns to enjoy new privileges, such as dragging (the term used to denote escorting a young lady). While this is certainly one of the more enjoyable transitions, perhaps the one that appeals most to the new youngster is the release from all "plebe knowledge" duties, and that first meal in the mess hall with the complete freedom that goes with his new duty-free status is long remembered.

Academically the third classman finds that

he must study harder than he did as a plebe, although his curriculum is still of a basic nature for his engineering training. He changes from chemistry to physics and gleans an insight of naval machinery from courses such as engineering materials, basic mechanisms, naval turbines and auxiliary machinery. It is safe to declare that the youngster finds physics harder than chemistry; American foreign policy more interesting than literature and composition; naval turbines harder, yet more understandable than descriptive geometry; and many are happy to leave calculus for analytic and applied mechanics.

Even though the academics are more difficult, the third classman has had time to adjust himself to the study routine at the Naval Academy and begins to find he is able to direct some of his efforts to extra-curricular activities. Midshipmen interested in extra-curricular activities along professional lines may belong to the Boat Club, Foreign Language Club, Radio, Engineering or Foreign Relations Clubs. Interests in hobbies direct midshipmen to the Math Club, Stamp Club, Chess Club, Model Club or to the Sound Unit and Movie Gang. Aspiring Thespians find vent for their histrionics in the Drama Club and Musical Club. Those who do not appear in, but add materially to, these productions put forth their talents in the Juice Gang, Stage or Make-up Gangs. The *Trident* and the *Log* are the two outlets for the midshipman's journalistic efforts, both literary and humorous, in that order. Other activities include church organizations, hop committees, and many others. Rather than list the entire grouping, some enterprising plebe once discovered in answer to a professional question that there are forty-one extra-curricular activities at the Naval Academy. Incidentally, he could name them all, too.

In June, when the third classman adds another diagonal stripe to his sleeve, he prepares to spend the summer becoming acquainted with Naval aviation and amphibious assault training. After observing Naval shore-based aviation in different sections of the country, he is given a short cruise on one of our large aircraft carriers to acquaint him with some of the aspects of the air wing at sea. Second class summer is concluded at Little Creek, Virginia, where along with the second class cadets from the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York, they learn the fundamentals of amphibious landing operations, both from the stand-point ashore and afloat.

It is as a second classman, in his third year at the Naval Academy, that the midshipman begins the technical studies aimed at developing the naval officer. Until this time the studies have been much the same as those required for any engineering degree. Only the military and disciplinary character of the Naval Academy

comprised the professional training of the aspiring naval officer. During the second class year foreign languages are discontinued, and with the end of the first semester the mathematics curriculum is completed. These subjects are supplanted by ordnance and gunnery and navigation. The second classmen also begin practical instruction in seamanship in the fleet of small craft, or YP's, allocated to the Naval Academy for this purpose.

Toward the middle of May, as the poets say, every dog has his day. Along comes spring—and with it spring fever. The youngsters can't study, and the plebes are chafing hard under their collars, but it is the second class who present the strangest sight. In their eyes is a light that spring fever rarely brings. To the rest of the brigade it means only one thing: the second class have *ring dance fever*! Having just received their rings, they mark time until the Saturday night just before the beginning of June Week, when the O.A.O. (One And Only) presents him with his ring in an old tradition-bound ceremony. Wearing the ring around her neck on a ribbon, she removes it and dips it in a binnacle, filled with waters brought from the seven seas. Then in the circle of the huge replica of the ring she places the ring on his finger and then a kiss. . . . Afterwards not a few of the girls receive miniatures of their own as an engagement ring.

The duties of the new first classmen on cruise have been previously described along with those of the third class. It might be as well to amplify somewhat on the navigation phase of the cruise, in that the first classmen prepare accurate, detailed instructions for entering and anchoring in one of the various liberty ports.

The first classmen form the brigade organization. As midshipmen officers Bancroft Hall is their ship and the underclass their crew. On the basis of aptitude marks collected over a three-year period, three separate sets of midshipmen officers take command during the year. There is a change of command following Christmas leave and again after spring leave in March.

Leadership in sports activities within the brigade is also a responsibility of the first class. The Naval Academy presents opportunity for participation in all popular sports on the company, battalion and varsity levels. All midshipmen participate actively in sports in the belief that healthy bodies are necessary for alert minds. It is the first class who manage, officiate and captain the various sports. Points are awarded within the brigade in all sports to the winning teams. These points so awarded comprise a major portion of the points that determine the colour company each year. (Other divisions are sports attendance at varsity

events, close order drill, signalling competitions and fire control and shore bombardment for the first class). The highlight of each of the three sports seasons comes when Navy plays Army. This contest is traditionally the last of the season and is always preceded by an upsurge of competitive spirit in the brigade, the prime example, of course, being the Army-Navy football game which takes place each year in Philadelphia.

The highlight of the first classman's year is June Week, when he graduates and dons his Ensign's stripe or Second Lieutenant's bars. June Week is a social whirl to end all social whirls. Garden parties, The Superintendent's Reception, Sob Sunday (baccalaureate), the "N" Dance for the varsity athletes, the "E" Dance for those who distinguished themselves in extra-curricular activities, and the Farewell Ball (which can't be held in one hall since all four classes attend and fill both of the gymnasiums: Dahlgren and Macdonough Halls), are all a part of this social fling in honour of the first class. After graduation, which takes place in Dahlgren Hall, in what is certainly the most impressive ceremony to date for the first class, there begins what is fondly, but sympathetically, called the "marriage mill" in the Academy Chapel.

For the first classman June Week is a farewell. June Week is the line drawn between the past and the future; the end of preparation, the beginning of participation. A career in the military service for a Naval Academy graduate can mean the air, submarines or surface vessels, the supply or engineering corps in the Navy, the Marine Corps, or finally the graduate may choose flying or ground duty in the Air Force.

* * *

Each year Annapolis fades into the past for one group of men and grows in the future for another. Each year the halls of Bancroft, Maury and Mahan, Luce and Ward, Melville and Isherwood are given four years to do a job, four years to complete the man and form the naval officer. The degree of success depends largely on the individual. The academy aims, in the words of *The Mission of the United States Naval Academy*, . . . "Through study and practical instruction to provide the midshipmen with a basic education and knowledge of the naval profession; to develop them morally, mentally and physically, and by the precept and example to inculcate them with the highest ideals of duty, honour and loyalty, in order that the naval service may be provided with graduates who are capable junior officers in whom has been developed the capacity and foundations for future development in mind and character leading toward a readiness to assume the highest responsibilities of citizenship and government."

A MOMENT'S REFLECTION

AT a first glance it would appear that The Log Staff includes only those whose names appear at the front of this book. However, it is generally known that at Royal Roads The Log Staff includes most of the Cadet Wing and Academic Staff. This year the assistance from everyone has been excellent.

Prof. Bricknell, as staff adviser, has given us invaluable assistance in every matter. Toiling through article after article proof-reading is no easy task, but Prof. Schieder and Prof. Carlsen have given their spare time to make sure our material was of the highest standard.

The Daily Colonist has again undertaken to print The Log and we think you will agree that they have done a superlative job. Our sincerest thanks go to Mr. Green, our publisher, for he has been more than co-operative in making our task a great deal easier.

Our grateful thanks go to the stenographic staff who not only did all our typing, but moreover accomplished the job in two short weeks.

There are those at Royal Roads whose names are not in this book but whom we have all come to know as the people who make the college "our home away from home." Their everyday tasks of keeping our building clean, preparing our meals, keeping us properly clothed, looking after the grounds, are all probably taken for granted. To our galley staff, our janitors, our seamstress, our barbers, our hall porters, our Sick Bay attendants, our Lab. technicians, our transport drivers and our gardeners, the Cadet Wing expresses our deepest appreciation for the interest they have taken in us.

PREDICTIONS

LOOKING AHEAD

AS we come to the end of our stay at Royal Roads our minds naturally turn to the inevitable question, "What next?" Gentlemen of the Senior Gunroom, your problem is solved. For the modest fee of nothing we have polished our trusty lighters in much the same manner as Aladdin did his lamp and having questioned them about each of you have obtained the following answers on your happenings and whereabouts twenty years hence:

"ALTY" ALTWASSER: Wondering why so many engineers report to him on Wednesday afternoon parades.

"ARMY" ARMSTRONG: Making a valiant effort to run the Royal Roads' cross-country in less than one hour.

"HANK" BEPPLE: In the throes of making out an income tax exemption form for his nineteen dependents.

"NIGE" BRODEUR: Foc's'le all rave about "Nige." "A pun" my word.

"DON" BUCHER: M.P. at Ottawa, emphasizing the advantages of Flin Flon as a major air base.

"JACK" CASEY: Desperately trying to keep his knees out of his ears on the forward roll.

"BE-BOP" CASSON: Leading alto at Metropolitan Opera.

"POGO" CLENDINNEN: Perfecting his novelty dive, a seven and a half reverse corkscrew from the one meter board.

"EDDIE" CZAJA: Organizing stand-down week-end parties for ex-cadets of Royal Roads.

"BOB" DAVIES: His claim to fame "a clean and jerk" with a Sherman tank on each end of the bar.

"UNCLE WILLIE" EVANS: Engineer Officer, decorated for gallantry in war against reciprocating engines.

"SCUD" EYRE: One and only engineer bandmaster in R.C.N.

"CHICK" FERGUSON: Officer Commanding "Amoured" School on Humber Road, Victoria, B.C.

"IAN" FLEMMING: Patiently navigating his way out of Lower Slobbovia.

"PAUL" GODBOUT: Claims to be oldest living Sub-Lieutenant in the R.C.N.

"CHUCK" GOODFELLOW: Laboriously teaching raw recruits the difference between their left foot and his right.

"JOHNNY" GRAHAM: "Dribbles," bucket-man for Globetrotters.

"MAL" GRAY: Searching for the perfect model (airplane model).

"ART" GRIFFIN: Naval attaché at R.C.M.P. Headquarters.

"BILL" HALL: Reigns as captain of Royal Roads-Dockyard Ferry.

- "KEN" HOFFER: Enthusiastically eating records between rounds of his boxing matches at Madison Square Garden.
- "JOHNNY" HULSEMAN: Playing coach of "Arty" school soccer team.
- "AL" INGLIS: Still fighting hard for more telephone lines to Jubilee Hospital Nurses' Home.
- "HARRY" JONAS: Entering the 1972 "Mr. Universe" contest.
- "BILL" KAIP: Finally getting his driver's licence.
- "DON" KIDD: Permanent Saturday night duty Sigs Officer at Camp Borden.
- "GORDIE" KILGER: First pilot to reach moon (in his trusty Texan of course).
- "DAVE" KIRKHAM: Recruiting officer for R.C.N. in Red Deer, Alta.
- "OB" LAWRENCE: Tangling himself up in electrical fixtures and wires at H.M.C.S. Dockyard at Halifax.
- "ARNIE" MCARTHUR: Mill hand (gin mill).
- "LOGGER" MACDONALD: Second ukelele of the famous "Infantry Quartet."
- "IAN" MACDONELL: Still thinking that the cold war means good skating opportunities.
- "GERRY" MARTIN: Gallantly slugging his way to O.C. of Armoured Corps.
- "ALICK" MARSHALL: Instructor of Math and Physics for Women's Division of the R.C.A.F.
- "KEITH" MCKEY: Commander Reserve Training Establishment, Esquimalt, B.C.
- "RUSS" MERREDEW: So taken up by Artillery that he can't sleep.
- "KNIFEY" NEROUTSOS: Busily at work designing a new plane capable of landing and taking off from the icy surface of Montreal Forum.
- "YOUNG" PELTON: One-man airforce in Lussland, Saskatchewan.
- "KEN" PERRY: Working for dairy products firm deciphering messages found in milk bottles.
- "TERRY" POCOCCO: "Pokie" is just completing the tenth volume of his novel, "Wild Women I Have Known."
- "GORDIE" READE: Tenaciously advocating the perfect crime at Royal Roads (just like old times isn't it, Gordie).
- "CLAUDE" RINFRET: Still arguing with Prof. Dalsin over the necessity of certain spherical trigonometry problems.
- "DON" SCHNEIDER: The Duke is now a successful psychologist who treats his patients by means of Glenn Miller's music.
- "CARL" SERGEANT: Has finally developed a foolproof "quarter-back sneak."
- "CHRIS" SEYMOUR: Sales promoter for Wellingtons with built-in flasks.
- "AL" SHADE: Trying to incorporate the R.C.A.F. into R.C.E.M.E.
- "LARRY" SHICK: Maharajah and high potentate of Arabian Air Force which is equipped with all new weapons, including harems.
- "GEORGE" SKINNER: Chief photographic advisor to Cecil B. DeMille. Delights in shooting love scenes from a fast travelling jet, says "It makes the background dreamy and retiring."
- "DICK" STONE: Successfully "drumming" his way up the ladder by "foiling" his superiors.
- "DON" STRANG: P. & R.T. Officer at R.C.A.F. Station, Brandon, Manitoba.
- "HARRY" STROUD: Owner, manager, coach, player and only fan of Ghost City, Alta., hockey team.
- "RAY" TARDIF: First navigator of the Spanish Air Force.
- "BOB" THOMPSON: Current strong man of the R.C.A.F.
- "GERRY" THURSTON: Justice of the peace in Sandwich East, Ont.
- "JOHN" TILL: Divisional officer for "Wrens" in H.M.C.S. Cornwallis.
- "FRANKY" TREMAYNE: Leading an infantry patrol against trained seals of Central Park, New York.
- "BRYAN" VALIQUETTE: Campaigning against prohibition in Canada.
- "BILL" VALLEVAND: "Man of distinction" of the R.C.N.—drinks nothing but Lamb's and smokes only "Navy Cut."
- "BERT" WAGNER: Flag officer Great Lakes Command.
- "KEITH" WALKER: Repeating his year at R.C.A.F. Staff College.
- "HERBIE" WALTON: "Hoibie" deeply engaged in a conference with "American experts" on the possibility of standardizing "semi-automatic Chicago typewriters."
- "PETE" WATSON: Welfare officer in H.M.C.S. "Stonebound" at present suggesting built-in tennis and basketball courts in H.M.C. ships.
- "DAVE" WIGHTMAN: Has lately disclaimed Einstein's theory on relatives.
- "RUSS" WILCOX: Conducting landing parties on the Royal Roads spit.
- "ANDY" WOJCIECHOWSKI: Capable successor to Rudolph Valentino.
- "SYB" WOOD: Publicity agent for the "erl" city of Edmonton.
- "HUB" WYERS: Sports commentator of station MLBU.

—Remember, it could happen to you!

