

Log

OF H.M.C.S. ROYAL ROADS



ROYAL CANADIAN
NAVAL COLLEGE

VOLUME FIVE

NUMBER ONE

1942

THE LIBRARY
ROYAL ROADS
VICTORIA, B.C.

49 / 23, 082

Log

OF H.M.C.S. ROYAL ROADS



ROYAL CANADIAN
NAVAL COLLEGE

ROYAL ROADS, B. C.

VOLUME FIVE

NUMBER ONE

The Log



THE JETTY

The Log

Naval Staff

Commanding Officer

A/CAPTAIN J. M. GRANT, R.C.N.

Executive Officer

A/LIEUTENANT COMMANDER G. H. DAVIDSON, R.C.N.

A/LIEUT. CMDR. J. R. GENGEL, R.C.N.V.R.	-	Navigation Officer
LIEUTENANT (A) C. V. FINCH, R.C.N.V.R.	-	Torpedo Officer
LIEUTENANT (g) J. N. ROWLAND, R.C.N.V.R.	-	Senior Term Officer
		Gunnery Officer
SUB-LIEUT. A. W. GILLESPIE, R.C.N.V.R.	-	Junior Term Officer
		Sports Officer
L.T. CMDR. (E) P. HUGHES, R.C.N.V.R.	-	Engineering
LIEUT. (E) T. D. IZARD, R.C.N.	-	Engineering
A/PAY LIEUT. CMDR. J. P. LOOSEMORE, R.C.N.V.R.		Accountant Officer
PAY LIEUT. W. J. WOODLEY, R.C.N.V.R.	-	Captain's Secretary
SURGEON LIEUT. L. J. WALTERS, R.C.N.V.R.	-	Medical Officer
WARRANT BOATSWAIN J. E. T. MASON, R.C.N.	-	Seamanship Officer

Instructor Staff

Director of Studies

INSTR. COMMANDER K. G. B. KETCHUM, R.C.N.V.R., B.A. - English

INSTR. LIEUT. CMDR. WILLIAM OGLE, R.C.N.V.R., M.A.	-	Navigation
INSTR. LIEUT. CMDR. G. S. GRAHAM, R.C.N.V.R., M.A., Ph.D.	-	History
INSTR. LIEUT. CMDR. L. A. BROWN, R.C.N.V.R., M.A.	-	Mathematics
		Science
INSTR. LIEUT. CMDR. C. C. COOK, R.C.N.V.R., M.Sc.	-	Science
		Mathematics
INSTR. LIEUT. CMDR. C. T. TEAKLE, R.C.N.V.R., M.A.	-	French
INSTR. LIEUT. CMDR. PERCY LOWE, R.C.N.V.R., M.A., Ph.D.	-	Science
		Mathematics
INSTR. LIEUT. G. H. BJORKLUND, R.C.N.V.R., M.A., Ph.D.	-	Chemistry

The Log

Foreword

I AM delighted to learn of the intention to resume publication of the magazine of the Royal Canadian Naval College.

At the outbreak of this war, Canada embarked upon a bold naval policy which has already borne fruit. The successes of the Royal Canadian Navy, particularly on the Atlantic and in the Mediterranean, are common knowledge, and through them the Canadian Navy can claim a proud position among the navies of the United Nations. It is my earnest hope that Canada's Navy shall not revert, after the war, to its small pre-war status. It is fitting that a country, which will take its place as an important world power, should have a Naval Service worthy of that position.

With this end in view, the Royal Canadian Naval College was re-established in the Autumn of 1942. The College will train cadets who can aspire to and assume positions of leadership in the Royal Canadian Navy. To the cadets and to their parents, it should be significant that at the present time the majority of the high ranking officers of the Canadian Navy are graduates of the old Royal Naval College of Canada.

The Royal Canadian Naval College will train men for leadership in Canadian Naval affairs. It will also be the repository and breeding ground of the traditions of the Royal Canadian Navy. Every agency which can contribute to these traditions and foster their development will be helpful in establishing the Canadian Navy on a lasting basis. I know that the Naval College magazine "The Log" will be invaluable in this work.


A. L. MACDONALD.

Minister of National Defence for Naval Services.

The Log

A Message

from Vice-Admiral P. W. Nelles, C.B., R.C.N.

 I am honoured to have been asked to write a foreword to this, the first publication of "The Log" since the old Canadian Naval College closed its doors.

As I told you last October, the establishment of the College has long been a great wish of mine, and I am proud that traditions established in the old days are being continued.

The foundation of our Service, the Royal Canadian Navy, was well laid during the years that this magazine was published. Many of our senior officers were cadets like you when the College was in Halifax and later, after the explosion, in Kingston; and the intervening time has shown the worth of the training that they were given. It is not too much to promise that the precedent established then will be repeated in the future and that you cadets who keep the Navy as your profession after the present conflict will have the same chances to fill responsible positions.

Because we in the Navy get so enthused with our work we pay too little heed to the many other important affairs that are going on in the world, so I would suggest to the Editors that, apart from recording College and Naval happenings, they should endeavour to introduce other topics that will stimulate discussion in wider fields.

Good luck to this venture.

The Log

A Message - from the Commanding Officer

IN this foreword to "The Log," and in this first year of the re-established Canadian Naval College, it is perhaps natural that I should seize the opportunity to exhort all Cadets to do their utmost to prepare themselves for the responsibilities of leadership which they are bound to assume.

The Royal Canadian Naval College is established for the primary purpose of training officers for the Royal Canadian Navy, but irrespective of profession or work, the quality of your leadership will be tested in progressive steps as the years go by.

This exhortation is directed more particularly to those Cadets who are to follow a naval career; they must realize that the College course of studies and training is at best a solid foundation on which each individual must build his own life of service.

How are you to prepare yourselves for this life of service to your country, and for the responsibilities that you must inevitably shoulder? There is no easy course to follow, for the shoals of indifference and laziness are all too many. You must begin now, and carry on to the end, your self-education. A naval historian has written these words: "Every great leader has been a student of history, and has never ceased to be one," and another has written: "While weapons change, principles remain."

It is clear that in naval operations instantaneous decisions of far-reaching significance must be made, and for this responsibility you must prepare. The correct application of old principles to modern instruments of war can be arrived at best by the individual who is widely read in history and has analyzed the old wars, their strategy and tactics, not to copy what was done, but to understand why certain measures were adopted, how they succeeded or failed, and why.

Experience also is necessary to the great commander, and that only time can give you; but as a junior officer you will be responsible for the fighting efficiency of men and armament, and at times for the safety of your ship.

Failure to prepare for leadership will be admission of unworthiness to bear the rank of officer.

J. M. GRANT.

A Captain, R.C.N.

The Log

Editorial

EDITORIAL STAFF

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	M. F. NEY
<i>Literary Editor</i>	J. F. HOWARD
<i>Secretary Editor</i>	F. A. SANFORD
<i>Sports Editor</i>	R. C. MACLEAN
<i>Photographic Editor</i>	J. R. CHIPMAN
<i>General Editor</i>	D. C. HARRISON

SENIOR TERM EDITORS

J. R. M. KILPATRICK J. L. NICHOL

WHEN historians set themselves to write a Naval history of Canada, they will find that the year 1942 is a prominent landmark in the development of the Royal Canadian Navy. For it was in October, 1942, that the Royal Canadian Naval College was finally and firmly established. There is little that need be said of this significant date, for every man and woman in Canada fully realizes and appreciates the value of an institution such as this. But let it be said that the future of Canada at sea will be greatly affected by the opening of this training ground for naval officers. With the tradition and experience of the British Navy behind them and the energy and enthusiasm of a young country to spur them on, the future of Canada's naval force may well be said to be bright.

Since a magazine plays such an important part in the life of any establishment of this kind, it was decided to re-establish the magazine of the old Naval College. This being the first edition published since the old College closed in 1922, it would seem necessary to state the aims and aspirations of this the new magazine. They are simple and they are obvious: to form a record of the historical events in the College in a simple, palatable way; to be a means of printing and encouraging any artistic tendencies of the cadets, and, lastly, to give the people of Canada an idea of what the Royal Canadian Naval College has done, is doing, and hopes to do.

It will be noticed that this edition has not been formally dedicated, and to those who might think this an oversight or a wilful neglect of duty we say this: that all editions of the magazine, as long as there is paper on which to print them, and a reason for printing them, whether they are formally dedicated or not, will, without statement, be dedicated to His Majesty's Royal Canadian Navy.

The Log



EDITORIAL STAFF

Left to right, back row: J. R. CHIPMAN, Photographic Editor; J. R. M. KILPATRICK, Senior Term Editor; J. F. HOWARD, Literary Editor; J. L. NICHOL, Senior Term Editor; D. C. HARRISON, General Editor.

Left to right, front row: F. A. SANFORD, Secretary Editor; M. F. NEY, Editor-in-Chief; R. C. MACLEAN, Sports Editor.

The Log

Calendar

1942

- 1st Oct. 100 cadets joined H.M.C.S. Royal Roads.
14th Oct. Lecture by Instr. Lieut. Cmdr. Graham on "The Battle of Trafalgar."
21st Oct. The Commissioning of the Royal Canadian Naval College and official opening by the Minister of National Defence for Naval Services, the Hon. Angus L. Macdonald, accompanied by the Chief of the Naval Staff, Vice-Admiral P. W. Nelles, R.C.N.
22nd Oct. The Minister and the C.N.S., accompanied by the C.O.P.C., visited the College and had lunch with the cadets.
31st Oct. R.C.N.C. vs. Shawnigan Lake School (Rugger). Won, 60-0.
7th Nov. R.C.N.C. vs. Army (Rugger). Lost, 6-21.
13th Nov. Visit from Admiral Roland Nugent, R.N. (retired).
16th Nov. Capt. J. C. L. Edwards, R.C.N., and Capt. K. F. Adams, R.C.N., visit the College.
21st Nov. R.C.N.C. vs. R.A.F. (Rugger). Won, 15-11.
27th Nov. Commander C. F. Hostvedt, Royal Norwegian Navy, visits the College.
5th Dec. R.C.N.C. vs. R.A.F. (Rugger). Lost, 5-18.
12th Dec. Visit from Lieut. Col. C. G. M. Grier, Dominion Cadet Officer.
12th Dec. R.C.N.C. vs. Army (Rugger). Draw, 6-6.
14th Dec. Christmas examinations begin.
19th Dec. Christmas dance.
20th Dec. End of Autumn Term.
27th Dec. Winter Term begins.

1943

- 8th Jan. Hon. Instr. Cmdr. L. N. Richardson, R.C.N., Director of Naval Education, visits the College.
6th Feb. R.C.N.C. vs. R.A.F. (Rugger). Won, 14-9.
7th Feb. The Bishop of Columbia speaks at Divine Service.
9th Feb. A/Capt. E. L. Armstrong, R.C.N., lectured to cadets on "Submarine Warfare in the Atlantic."
23rd Feb. First lecture by Engineer Capt. A. D. M. Curry, R.C.N., on "The Development of the Warship."
24th Feb. R.C.N.C. vs. Army (Rugger). Won, 16-14.
27th Feb. R.C.N.C. vs. Army for City Championship (Rugger). Won, 18-12.
2nd Mar. Second lecture by Engineer Capt. A. D. M. Curry, R.C.N.
13th Mar. R.C.N.C. vs. R.C.A.F. in Vancouver, for Provincial Championship (Rugger). Won, 26-13.
16th Mar. Lecture by Pilot Officer Angers, R.C.A.F., on "The 1,000th Bomber Raid."
20th Mar. R.C.N.C. vs. R.A.F. for Vancouver Island Championship (Rugger). Won, 18-12.
31st Mar. Cadets attend moving picture, "In Which We Serve."
1st Apr. Mess Dinner for R.C.N.C. 1st Rugby XV.

The Log

- 2nd Apr. Finals of Boxing Competition.
6th Apr. Easter examinations begin.
10th Apr. Cross-country run.
11th Apr. Inter-Service Golf Tournament. (Won team handicap.)
14th Apr. End of Winter Term.
28th Apr. Spring Term begins.
1st May The Commanding Officer leaves on trip to visit the Royal Naval College in the United Kingdom.
2nd May Cadets lead Victory Loan Parade in Victoria.
6th May First half of Senior Term joins H.M.C.S. Sans Peur for training cruise.
11th May His Excellency the Governor General visits the College and inspects the cadets. Her Royal Highness the Princess Alice unofficially pays a brief visit.
12th May Visit from A/Capt. H. G. DeWolf, R.C.N.
16th May Mr. V. C. Wansbrough, former Headmaster of Lower Canada College, speaks at Divine Service.
20th May Second half of Senior Term joins H.M.C.S. Sans Peur for training cruise.
21st May His Honour the Lieutenant Governor and Directors of the C.P.R. visit the College.
26th May Visit from A/Paymaster Capt. R. A. Wright, R.C.N.
28th May First of six divisional week-end training cruises in H.M.C.S. "Miramichi."
30th May Inter-Service Golf Tournament. (Won team handicap.)
7th June Inter-School Track and Field Meet. (Won.)
10th June Invitation Track and Field Meet at R.C.N.C. (2nd place.)
18th June Staff vs. Cadets (Baseball) Draw, 13-13.
19th June Invitation Track and Field Meet at H.M.C.S. Naden. (Won.)
19th June The Commanding Officer returns from the United Kingdom.
19th June Major-General H. P. H. Herzberg, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.C., visits College.
30th June Finals of Dinghy Regatta.
1st July Garden party and display by cadets for Red Cross Society.
5th July Passing-out and final examinations begin.
14th July Passing-out ceremonies and prizegiving. Year-end dance.
15th July End of Term.

Duty is the great business of a sea officer. All other considerations must give way to it, no matter how painful it is.—Nelson.

The Log

The Re-commissioning of the R.C.N.C.

OCTOBER 21st, 1942, may well prove to be an important date in the history of Canada. This date is famous amongst the British people, for on it, one hundred and thirty seven-years ago, Nelson defeated the combined fleets of France and Spain off Cape Trafalgar. It was thus fitting that on the anniversary of this day Canada should commission a permanent Naval College to train future naval officers, who, conscious of the Nelson spirit, may someday command a permanent and formidable fleet of Canadian fighting ships.

Simplicity and effectiveness were the keynotes of the attendant ceremonies, held in the bright morning sunlight in front of the mast of the establishment. The body of one hundred cadets, forming three long lines of navy blue, was drawn up on the driveway facing the building. A naval band from H.M.C.S. Naden was in attendance, and numerous guests, both civilian and in uniform, crowded the sloping lawns.

The first official guest to arrive was Lieutenant-Governor Woodward of British Columbia, who was accorded a salute of six bars of "The King," and by the calling to attention of the cadets. Shortly afterward, the Rt. Hon. Angus Macdonald, Minister of National Defence for Naval Services, and Vice-Admiral P. W. Nelles, Chief of Naval Staff, arrived in a staff car flying the flag of a Vice-Admiral. After they had disembarked from their car, the commissioning of the Royal Canadian Naval College took place, the White Ensign was hoisted to the peak, and the National Anthem played by the band. Prayers were then said by the Senior Protestant and Roman Catholic chaplains. Immediately after the prayers were said and the cadets stood to attention, Nelson's famous signal to the fleet before Trafalgar was made from the yard arm, and the cadets were inspected by Hon. Angus Macdonald, Vice-Admiral Nelles, and Vice-Admiral Freeman, U.S.N., who was an honoured guest. To the ancient and stirring tune of "Heart of Oak"—an anthem almost synonymous with the navy and the sea—the cadets marched past the saluting base, and the first half of the ceremonies was concluded.

The new gymnasium then became the centre of activities. The Captain of the new College, Captain J. M. Grant, R.C.N., gave a short address of welcome to the large audience, and introduced Hon. Angus Macdonald, who delivered a short talk which included an outline history of both the Royal Canadian Navy and the old Royal Canadian Naval Colleges. Canada's Senior Naval Officer, Vice-Admiral Nelles, was the final speaker. His words contained what should be the essence of the training programmes for all the armed forces of every democratic nation. They should always be remembered by every cadet. They were:

"While you are here, work hard and play hard, and make yourself tougher than any enemy you will ever meet."

The Log

Among several congratulatory messages, the following signal was received from The United States Naval Academy:

"The Superintendent, officers and midshipmen, U. S. Naval Academy, extend their hearty congratulations on commissioning of Royal Canadian Naval College and send all good wishes for the success of the College and the cadets."

Signed, J. R. BEARDALL, *Rear Admiral*



Leading figures at the formal commissioning of Canada's new Naval College at Royal Roads were, left to right: COMMODORE W. J. R. BEECH, R.C.N., Commanding Officer, Pacific Coast; VICE-ADMIRAL PERCY W. NELLES, Chief of Naval Staff; HON. ANGUS MACDONALD, Minister for Naval Services, and A. CAPTAIN J. M. GRANT, R.C.N., Officer Commanding the College.

The Log

Sports Section

THE success of our first year of sports is due to the spirit in which all cadets entered the activities. From rugger to table tennis, each game was bitterly contested, and won only after the most strenuous efforts.

The sports officer, Sub-Lieutenant Gillespie, and "the little men from down under," C.P.O. Sweet and P.O. Moss, did a splendid job of organizing and conducting all activities. The task of conditioning and toughening up the cadets was capably handled by the P.T.I.'s—much to the dismay of the cadets—but it was the conditioning that allowed such vigour to be thrown into the competitions.

All these competitions, no matter how keenly contested, were played with good sportsmanship. Following the examples set by their instructors, the cadets played all sports cleanly and enthusiastically. The brilliant victories won by the "A" rugger team were appreciated to a far greater extent because of the fine record of sportsmanship and fair play.

This record for good sportsmanship is now given to the 1944 cadets—it will be theirs to uphold. And to the graduates—if you live your life as you have played your sports, the world has much to expect from you.

RUGGER

For the first year as an organized team, the Naval College "A" team did spectacularly well, winning the Rounsefell, Cowichan, and Barnard trophies, emblematic of Provincial, Island and City titles respectively.

It was intended last Fall that the College should enter a team to compete against the local schools and colleges, but it was evident after the first game that a team could be justly entered in the Senior League, with a second team defending the Naval College against local competitors of lighter weight.

The final competition for the Barnard Cup was with the Army fifteen, which incidentally outweighed the home team on an average of twenty pounds to the man. This disadvantage was overcome by excellent team play, spirit, thrust and speed. The City title was won by a 17-12 score to the tune of an ever-enthusiastic but somewhat undisciplined cheering section of cadets.

The Rounsefell Cup was contested in Vancouver, where the Cadets, proving too fast and too well conditioned for the R.C.A.F. fifteen, gained the Provincial Championship by a 26-13 score.

The last game of the season for the "A" team was with the R.A.F. The competition this time was for the Cowichan Trophy, symbolic of Island supremacy. The Naval College was again successful, defeating the more experienced Englishmen by a score of 18-12.

"A" TEAM



Left to right, back row: A. R. MACDONALD, P. G. MAY, C. E. SPENCE, D. C. WALSH, A. M. COCKERAM, R. W. J. COCKS

Left to right, centre row: R. H. F. WOOD, J. R. CHIPMAN, J. A. ANGUS, R. L. CARLILE, N. R. MILLEN

Left to right, front row: C. R. MANIFOLD, W. E. CLAYARD, J. A. GIBBS

The Log

The rugby season was brought to a close by the "Presentation Banquet" of the Victoria Rugby Union, when the trophies were presented. Sub-Lieutenant Gillespie, captain and playing coach of the Naval College "A" team, attributed the success of his trainees to their splendid team spirit and drive; but it must be remembered that the coach has a great deal to do with the inspiring of this spirit and the continuity of this essential drive.

The "B" team had a no less spectacular season, going undefeated in their games with Shawnigan, Brentwood, University School, Victoria College, and St. George's from Vancouver. The "B" team played hard the whole season and acted as a sparring partner for the "A" team, gaining much experience, but little in the way of actual reward or credit. Although there were no trophies at stake, the zeal shown by the second team and the kind of rugby played were of the best.

The "B" team included: Lecky, Howard, MacLean, Reynolds, Owen, and Cavenagh (Captain) in the backfield; and Chassels, Hasselfield, Spencer, Hilliard, German, Waters, Koester, Henshaw and McNichol in the scrum.

A third team was organized before the close of the season to take on Brentwood's lighter team, with whom they played two games, the first to the score of 23-0 in favour of the Naval College, the second 20-0, the winner being Brentwood.

If the general success of the first season's teams is at all indicative of future competition, the Naval College need never be afraid to show openly its ability, spirit and team play at this grinding sport.

RUGBY CHARACTERS

ROYAL CANADIAN NAVAL COLLEGE "A" TEAM

SUB-LIEUT. GILLESPIE, Inside Three-quarter

As playing coach, was the main driving force behind the College team. His experience was invaluable both on the offence and defence. To him, for his training as well as for his playing, should go most of the credit for this year's success.

J. A. ANGUS, Fullback

Owing to an injury was unable to play before Christmas. His natural position is centre three-quarter, but as the backfield was already formed and working smoothly, he was placed at fullback and turned in many a creditable performance. Most useful when joining the three-quarters in attack. Good kick.

J. R. CHIPMAN, Left Wing Three-quarter

Considering this was his first season, his progress was outstanding. Developed into one of the College's strongest scoring threats. Has exceptional turn of speed, good change of pace, and is a fine tackle.

J. A. GIBBS, Centre Three-quarter

Brilliant three-quarter with exceptional ability. He is very quick off the mark, and his combined change of pace and swerve proved the undoing of many an opponent. Occasionally inclined to hold the ball too long. Excellent all-round kicker. Together with three others of the team he was chosen to play for the City Representatives who won the McKechnie Cup.

The Log

N. R. MILLEN, Right Wing Three-quarter

A former Canadian Rugby player of no mean ability, he proved himself a very capable English Rugby player. Although, at first, confused by the different code, he readily adapted himself and became one of the most thrusting players on the team. An extremely good man in defence.

R. H. F. WOOD, Five-eighth

A very strong and clever performer. As king-pin of the backfield he made many openings and was entirely reliable at all times. Another member chosen for the "Rep" team.

R. C. CARLILE, Scrum Half

He played his position excellently, being both quick and accurate in his passing. Although often badly battered by opposing forwards, he never gave up. Good at stopping forward rushes. Also made the "Rep" team.

R. W. J. COCKS, Forward

Another newcomer to the game, who worked his way up from the "B" team, and through his perseverance made a place for himself in the "A" team. Worked hard and efficiently.

C. R. MANIFOLD, Forward (L. Break)

The lightest man on the team and one of the most fighting. Always up with the play, his dribbling was a treat to watch. Very good tackle.

A. H. COCKERAM, Forward

Good in the lineouts and extremely hard working. Follows up well, and sure tackle. Safe pair of hands.

A. R. MacDONALD, Forward

As leader of the scrum he did a grand job. His example did much to inspire the pack, which, although so light, was yet so successful. Knows scrum play well, good in all departments.

D. C. WALSH, Forward (R. Break)

No task or any opponent was too big for him. From the start to the finish he played his hardest—always up with the play and ready for the slightest opportunities, he was a constant threat.

P. G. MAY, Forward

He helped the hook considerably to gain possession of the ball in the set scrums. Equally effective in the loose scrums and lineouts. A tireless player.

H. J. WADE, Forward (Hook)

He took over the all-important chores of hook and executed them well. Always competitive with heavier and more experienced opponents, he got more than his share of the ball. Rugged and industrious.

C. E. SPENCE, Forward

Another newcomer who quickly proved himself able to adapt himself to a strange game. A rugged individual who was most effective in lineouts and in the loose. Steadily improved throughout the season.

W. E. CLAYARDS, Forward (Spare)

Played a number of very excellent games. Extremely hard-working, he does not know the word avast. A useful player on any side.

The Log

A. E. FOX, Fullback (Spare)

At the beginning of the season he was a little apt to hurry himself and get rattled, but as the season progressed he adjusted his game and became most reliable.

W. C. McPHILLIPS, Three-quarter and Fullback (Spare)

New to the game but caught on very quickly. Very clever broken field runner, but sometimes does not pass in time. Fair kick. Very safe pair of hands.

D. P. F. SABISTON, Three-quarter (Spare)

Although playing rugby for the first time, he showed every indication of becoming quite proficient. He ought to have a successful season next year, with lessons learnt from past experience.

BOXING

Several months of arduous training and preparation paved the way to the boxing competition, which was held in the College gymnasium. All the cadets participated, boxing or acting as seconds. Those who boxed were classed according to their weights as recorded at Christmas. The fights were conducted under inter-service boxing rules and consisted of three two-minute rounds.

The preliminaries were held in the week prior to the night of the boxing finals. During the dog watch each afternoon, cadets scheduled to fight proceeded to the gym, for a week the scene of many a hard-fought battle. By these fights the contestants were eliminated until only the top two in each weight remained. Members of the staff were good enough to act as judges for these fights, all of which were keenly contested and certainly did justice to the spirit of the College.

For the final bouts, held on the evening of 2nd April, the College was fortunate in having Commander Kingscote as referee, Padre Gillard as timekeeper, and Lieutenants Mason and Woodley as judges. The championships constituted a fitting end for the competitions, for the bouts could not have been fought in a more unflinching and determined fashion. Throughout the entire evening the referee was not called upon to caution any of the fighters. At the same time, each fight bore the marks of training, and was fought in an aggressive style. Just before the intermission, a fast, interesting exhibition bout was displayed by two members of the ship's company.

The credit for the success of the boxing was largely due to the splendid coaching and training given to the cadets by the Physical Training Instructors.

IN THE CHAMPIONSHIP BOUTS:

HASSELFIELD defeated COLLIER	Heavyweight
WOOD defeated SABISTON	Light-Heavy
WATERS defeated HOWARD	Middleweight
LECKE defeated WAISH	Welterweight
MACLEAN defeated KING	Lightweight
BANCROFT defeated HEATON	Featherweight
LACOCK defeated IRELAND	Bantam weight

The Log



CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE



PRE-ENTRY DAYS



THE ZIEGFELD KID



THEY'RE OFF!

The Log

INTER-WATCH SPORT COMPETITION

The great success of inter-watch activities at the R.C.N. College has been due to the keenness, enthusiasm and natural vigour of the cadets and the co-operation and interest shown by the College Staff. The purpose of inter-watch competition is to enable a cadet who doesn't excel in a particular sport to participate, thus creating an interest in College activities. As the past year sped by and different sports entered the limelight, a sporting rivalry spread throughout the College, forcing each watch to strive harder than before in order to come out on top.

In the early Fall, English Rugby opened the competition, and 1st Starboard, strengthened by several experienced players, captured top honours, followed by 2nd Port and 2nd Starboard. For those with less ability on the rugged field there were Badminton and Table Tennis. In both these events 1st Starboard, under the leadership of F. G. Dennis, J. A. Gibbs, and J. R. Chipman, nosed out 2nd Port to capture the honours.

In the months of November and December, the cadets began to take up physical and recreational training games, which occupied one P.T. morning per week. One rainy afternoon near the close of December, all cadets mustered in the gymnasium for the Inter-Watch P. and R. T. Games. Each watch was divided into two teams, one of ten Seniors and the other of ten Juniors. As the competition ran on, enthusiasm and good-hearted rivalry increased, and each team strove to conquer the honours. Finally, after a hilarious "Charlie Chaplin Relay," which will be remembered by many, 1st Port emerged victorious, followed by 2nd and 1st Starboard.

At the beginning of the New Year the cadets turned their attention to soccer and boxing. Soccer was opened by a knock-out competition between the Staff, Ship's Company, Stewards and each Division. After turning back several Cadet Divisions, the Staff, led by Lieut.-Commander Ogle and backed by the superb goaltending of Lieut.-Commander Lowe, advanced to the finals. Here they were edged out by the Ship's Company in an extremely entertaining match. In the Inter Watch Competition, 1st Port, led by S. A. Angus, J. L. Nichol, H. J. Wade and C. R. Manifold, shared the honours with 2nd Port, under W. C. McPhillips, N. R. Millen, P. G. May and R. C. Maclean.

In the Boxing Tournament, every cadet had a chance to score points for his watch. In the cadets' initial bout the winner received two points and the loser one. Once again 1st Starboard nosed out 2nd Port for top honours. Each of these watches had its share of the "boxing kings"; H. D. Bancroft and C. B. Hasselfield came through for 1st Starboard, and R. G. Leckey, R. C. Maclean and A. M. Leacock for 2nd Port. The remaining champions were R. H. F. Wood and J. G. Waters of 1st Port.

After this fine display of boxing, everyone settled down and concentrated on Easter Examinations. On a warm Saturday afternoon during the examinations,

The Log

however, the cadets relaxed and turned their thoughts from study. This was the day of the cross-country run over a difficult course. Once again 1st Starboard collected the top honours, having seven stalwart members in the first ten. In order, the first ten were: F. G. Henshaw, A. E. Fox, O. J. A. Cavenagh, C. D. Hasselfield, F. G. Dennis, all members of 1st Starboard; R. W. J. Cocks, 2nd Starboard; R. C. Maclean, D. S. McNichol, 2nd Port; C. R. Manifold, 1st Port; and A. K. Cameron, of 1st Starboard.

Basketball, under the able guidance of Lieut. Rowland, was also flourishing about this time. It was, however, 1st Starboard's game from the start, and 2nd Starboard nosed out 1st Port for second place. 1st Starboard, with F. G. Dennis, A. L. Collier, J. R. Chipman, A. K. Cameron and J. A. Gibbs, members of the College "A" team, had little trouble in turning back the other watches.

After Easter, softball was the major recreation, and a tremendous rivalry sprang up between the Divisions in the Junior Term. Finally, after several hard-fought games, Frobisher Division edged out Hawkins Division for top honours. Shortly after, the Inter-Watch Softball Competition got under way. At press time it was still in progress.

The Juniors took a splendid interest in the track and field events as they prepared themselves for the oncoming meets. The track meet was held on a sunny Friday afternoon, under the supervision of the P.T. Instructors. There was very close competition between the Juniors as everyone tried his utmost to help his division win the meet. Frobisher Division were victorious by a large margin, followed by Drake and Hawkins.

G. G. A. Hilliard opened the day's events with a victory in the 100 yards, edging out A. M. Cockeram and J. R. Chipman. Not satisfied with this, G. G. A. Hilliard broke the tape in the 220 yards, followed by J. S. Hertzberg and J. R. Chipman. O. J. A. Cavenagh forced the pace in the 440 yards to finish first, while R. H. F. Wood and O. K. Gamblin ran second and third. In the 880 yards, F. G. Henshaw easily outdistanced his opponents to defeat his nearest rivals, A. E. Fox and R. N. G. Smith, who finished second and third. The mile ended the day's events, and it proved the grand climax of the meet as G. M. Hobart edged out the seeded champion and cross-country winner F. G. Henshaw in a magnificent photo finish. A. E. Fox finished in the third place for Frobisher Division.

The following Friday the field events were held, and Hawkins Division, eager to avenge their previous defeat, fought their way to victory. D. P. Sabiston and E. K. Reynolds paved the way for Hawkins Division with a first and a second in the shot put, while O. J. A. Cavenagh took third place. O. J. A. Cavenagh's eighteen-foot jump won him first place in the broad jump, while R. H. F. Wood and A. M. Cockeram finished second and third. To complete their smashing triumph, Hawkins Division won the tug-o'-war championship by defeating both Drake and Frobisher Divisions two straight.

The Log

BASKETBALL

Although the basketball season was quite short this year, our team showed an excellent spirit during the period it was in operation. At first, only defeat by one or two points showed in the score-book, but with some capable coaching by Petty Officer Moss and some much-needed assistance from Lieutenant Rowland, the squad started on its climb to victory.

Such local teams as Naden Officers and Victoria College provided keen competition for the cadets, who were proud to defend the reputation of R.C.N.C. A few well-planned plays were absorbed with interest by the team in the short time afforded, and the execution of these plays in a skilful and efficient manner proved to be the backbone of our success.

The team was captained in a worthy way by Cadet Spence, who played guard. The other members of the team were: Cadets Collier, centre; Howard, left forward; Cameron, right forward; and Chipman, left guard. Cadets Gibbs and Dennis completed the line-up as substitutes.

It was not possible for the cadets to enter in any inter-college championship, as both time and transportation were rationed for the team to a certain extent.

It is regretted that the seniors who occupied the team's positions will not be present next year, but it is hoped that just as good a team can be formed from both the new and present juniors.

GOLF

With the coming of Spring, several golf enthusiasts at the College began to look around for a site where they could pursue their divot-digging. The Royal Colwood Golf Club provided an excellent answer to the problem, for, owing to its proximity to the College, it has proved very handy, and has become a very popular spot among the golfers at R.C.N.C. Any Sunday afternoon, half a dozen to a dozen cadets may be seen avidly playing within and without the bounds of the Club.

A few of the more ardent golfers have brought the name of the College to the fore by winning a team cup in both the Inter-Services Tournaments which were held at Colwood. The four-man team from the College, comprising Lieut.-Commander Brown, Sub-Lieut. Gillespie, Cadets Chipman and Howard, quite surprised themselves as well as many others by winning the cup for the best team net total in the first tournament. The victory was a slim one, the second team being only 1 point behind. In the second tournament, however, the same team came through with a very decisive victory to retain the cup which they had previously won.

Golf has gathered a considerable following at the College and we sincerely hope that in the future provision will be made for cadets who want to learn the game to do so. Besides being an excellent form of exercise, it is a game which one can play for many years to come. Fore!

The Log

INTER HIGH SCHOOL TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPIONSHIP

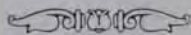
After accepting an invitation to enter the inter high school city track meet, the Naval College came home triumphantly bearing another trophy, McLennan, McFeely & Prior Cup, awarded for the highest team aggregate. Under the leadership of D. P. Sabiston, the cadets fought tooth and nail to win the coveted award, one-half point ahead of our strongest competitors, Brentwood College. Competing against Brentwood, University School, Victoria College, Mount View, Mount Douglas, Victoria and Oak Bay High, all of whom had trained stiffly for the meet, the cadets displayed fine form after completing a short two weeks of training.

A. M. Cockeram started the ball rolling by obtaining a second in the record-breaking ten-second 100 yards sprint. F. G. Henshaw came from behind to gallop home with a victory in the 880 yards, setting a new track record of 2 minutes 6 $\frac{4}{5}$ seconds. A. E. Fox ran third in the same race, to push the College to the fore. D. P. Sabiston and E. K. Reynolds boosted the College to top place by standing first and third respectively in the shot putt. A. M. Cockeram again came through for the College by gaining a third in the 120-yard hurdles. In the same event an unfortunate fall as he neared the tape eliminated D. B. Sabiston and robbed him of another first. O. J. A. Cavenagh ran a close second and R. H. F. Wood finished fifth in the 440 yards. In the high jump, D. P. Sabiston cleared the bar at 5 feet 3 inches for second place. D. P. Nash, the other College entry, was eliminated at 5 feet. To wind up the afternoon, the medley relay team of O. J. A. Cavenagh, C. M. McBride, J. R. Chipman and A. M. Cockeram finished second, to give the College the trophy by a slim $\frac{1}{2}$ point.

The team, composed entirely of members of the Junior Term, deserves great credit for their magnificent performance and team spirit.

PHYSICAL TRAINING DISPLAY

To wind up a year's physical training, both the Senior and Junior Terms are making a concentrated effort to perfect some of the more spectacular exercises for a display which is to be part of the passing-out ceremonies on 14th July. In the meantime, a dress rehearsal of the display is to take place on Dominion Day, when the grounds are being thrown open to the public in order to raise funds for the Red Cross. It is anticipated that there will be a large attendance at the P. T. display as well as at a night action display that is to be given in the gun battery.



The Log

Senior Term Notes

GUN-ROOM NOTES

DESPITE what the newspapers would have you believe, the life of a cadet is not always a carefree and happy one. It is full of little duties and doublings to and fro. There are always classes and studies. It is a rather hurried existence. Thus it is that the average cadet, and those that aren't average too, look with weary eyes to the gun-room, just as a man lost on the desert welcomes a cool green oasis on the blistering horizon.

The gun-room is the room where we spend the odd minutes—nay, seconds—of freedom which we enjoy here from day to day. You come in, drop your book-bag into a soft chair, put your cap on your books, and collapse your "warm young body" beside them; to catch your breath and run a sticky finger between binding white collar and perspiring red neck. Then you just sit there and wait 'til you have to dash off somewhere again.

I.

Sometime early in the first term we selected a committee of diligent gentlemen, whose duty it was to be to see that the length and breadth of the gun-room were not strewn with the personal belongings of cadets. These conscientious gentlemen have done such an efficient job that the average cadet thinks twice these days before he lays down his cap in the room, and shudders at the thought of leaving his oilskin or books unattended for more than a minute or so at a time. For confiscation is an ever-present possibility, and no one likes paying out a tenth of his pay or more, every Friday night, for the redemption of those vital articles.

II.

It is sometimes said of very old mansions that each room has its own particular mystery. That may well apply here, for certainly the gun-room has its mystery—namely, where do the new magazines go? The average cadet is ready to swear with me that no human power could contrive to remove the latest issues of Time and Life with such cunning and speed. One moment you see a magazine lying inert and inviting on a chair—you turn your back for a minute, and presto! no magazine. And it won't do you any good to look around the room, for the disappearance is quite complete; the thing is nowhere to be found.

This unearthly manifestation is not just an isolated incident, either, for it has happened time and time again, to every one of us, and no reasonable explanation has yet been forwarded. One misguided individual went so far as to suggest that human motive power only was directly responsible, but of course this suggestion was squelched so hard that there was never much of an investigation.

The Log

III.

At odd hours of the day, long queues of cadets may be seen leading up to the bar—from whence comes the quaint clink of shattering crockery, and the gentle slop-slop of milk on the polished floor. This is known as feeding time, and comes on twice or thrice a day between regular meals.

In every article I have read so far (and I have read several in search of the unvarnished truth) I read of the "thick, tasty, Navy cocoa" which we get. This is one of the more severe forms of journalistic perjury, for the liquid they serve us here has a density of somewhat less than water, and a range of tastes from pine-tar to Wildroot Ffair Tonic.

IV.

The night orders go up on the board late in the afternoon, and there is a general rush forward as each cadet tries to read the blurred typewriting, a little anxiously, for some sign of a slight variation in the iron routine of the place. But those who press forward most eagerly are the boys who have handed in punishment clits, and await only a terse notification in orders before they don bayonet belt and gaiters and prepare to tread the light fantastic on the parade ground.

V.

We spent Hallowe'en night in the gun-room, and felt so glad (!) that we had a nice warm castle to stay in when so many young Canadians wouldn't have a roof over their heads the whole night long. That was the night we first discovered Willie Spencer's potentialities as a strip-tease artiste. He danced on the bar and brought the house down.

Then there was New Year's Eve. Another riotous evening. There we sat—moodily recounting detailed descriptions of last year's New Year's. Loneliness and heartache were on every face—black despair in each heart. J. Garvin Waters lingered over the keyboard playing "White Christmas" softly. Strong men wept, or danced soulfully with gun-room cushions.

Birdie German provided the only levity of the whole evening when he picked up the dollar-bill in that amusing new way, and thereby won it.

VI.

One night the whole gun-room was aflame. The air was noisy; the atmosphere was clamorous. A tall young man stood in the centre of a large and interested group. He had that very afternoon performed his greatest feat—the newly perfected Rope Trick. Others begged for his formula for success—he could not, or would not, offer them any hint, except to say, "Try it yourself," and although there were a few who tried half-heartedly to copy his performance, I think all of us knew in our hearts we would never be able to do it as he did. But we were happy for him.

The Log

VII.

Once a week, on Sunday morning, we have church in our gun-room, and this great room, which has been noisy all week long with the din of week-day occupation, becomes hushed and quiet. It is a pity that the reverent atmosphere does not linger longer, for it soon fades away, and is gone by Sunday afternoon.

VIII.

We all rode Hunter a lot when they featured him as "Average Cader," but we didn't realize that such a tremendous ovation lay hidden away in the mail-bags, to come pouring forth in letter after letter from ebullient young ladies of impressionable heart. Now Bud has many fans, and we cast rather envious eyes on the stack of coloured and scented envelopes which await him each noon. Who knows, perhaps these letters will prove the seeds of some beautiful friendships.

So go ahead—sit there and relax; you haven't long. For just as you reach for a cigarette or a succulent second biscuit that belongs to someone else, a sharp, discordant bell is bound to puncture your dream, and a sharp, discordant voice we all know and love will prick you to your feet. "Get out of it, move yourselves; didn't you hear that bell?"

And so, the end of these reflections. A bare outline of our social life—and the place we spend it. I could say more. I don't think I need to. Incidents are but short glimpses of the much larger picture of associations. Incidents we may forget—associations never.

R. I. L. ANNETT.

Congratulations to Capt. H. T. W. Grant, R.C.N., on assuming command of H.M.S. "Diomedé." Capt. Grant is the first R.C.N. officer to command an R.N. cruiser in this war.

The Log

CADET CAPTAINS



R. W. J. Cocks N. R. Millen A. R. Macdonald
A. H. C. German R. L. Carlile

NELSON DIVISION



Left to right, back row
J. J. MacBrien, W. P. MacLachlan, H. J. Wade,
R. L. Carlile, W. J. Buchan, K. R. Crombie.
Left to right, centre row
D. S. Jones, A. B. Torrie, H. C. Arnsdair,
A. I. Collier, W. E. Clayards, W. K. Rankin.
Left to right, front row
Cadet Captain R. W. J. Cocks, J. B. Jackson,
G. L. Hopkins, F. J. L. Boyle, Cadet Captain
A. B. C. German

RODNEY DIVISION



Left to right, back row
A. O. Menniez, C. D. Hasseldfield, J. E. Kimer,
O. O. Hushon, W. C. McPhillips, D. R. Chasels.
Left to right, centre row
J. R. M. Kilpatrick, F. J. Denna, Cadet Captain
N. R. Millen, J. D. Hunter, P. O. May.
Left to right, front row
A. O. Gray, R. L. Aitbet, J. A. Oibbo,
W. A. McFarland, M. A. Considine.

COLLINGWOOD DIVISION



Left to right, back row
J. G. Waters, C. E. Spence, J. L. Nichol,
J. S. Murphy, A. A. Miller, R. A. Shimmin.
Left to right, centre row
H. G. J. Wallis, G. C. Wulsh, A. H. Macdonald,
R. E. Hodland, R. A. Stikemen.
Left to right, front row
J. A. Aitken, C. G. Pratt, J. A. T. J. Brou,
P. H. Skelton, W. J. Huxinson.

The Log

Ad Infinitum

CAST your mind back if you will through the weeks and months spent here at R.C.N.C. There can be no doubt that things have happened here that shouldn't have happened to a dog, but, despite adversity, have you ever come across a group who got so many laughs out of life?

Take, for instance, our unnumbered trips in whalers down to the end of the lagoon, under the bridge and out onto the broad Pacific. Funny things have happened or have been said during our futile attempts to pull back under the bridge against the rip-tide. That day in January when Nelson Division waded upstream slowly losing the power of speech and movement because of the cold.

"Are you cold, Carlyle?" "N-n-n-n-n-no, sir."

Someone suggested a Conga line one lonely Saturday night. I'll never forget the look of horror on the faces of bystanders when the gun-room chandeliers dropped visibly by two inches. Not many disjointed hips that night!

Remember the days when everyone was winning Distinguished Filing Crosses up at the Engineering School? Charlie Donaldson's remarks on the set squares produced by over-zealous cadets will be traditional sentiments, expressed by a most forlorn yet highly popular E.R.A.

All sorts of fantastic things happened on the training cruises. "Knobby" Gray's imitation of a lamb in the mating season was well received—especially by Mr. Mason, who seemed to get keen enjoyment at the sight of cadets hanging limply over the side. But "Hunk" Hadland's attempt to crawl out to the end of the boom got the biggest laugh. He must have fallen in the drink three times during the cruise. They tell me that H.M.C.S. Sans Peur is having new davits mounted on her—small wonder; the old ones took a terrific beating while Jack and his boys were on board.

C. Y. S. Smith's Christmas greetings to the departing cadets would have driven the average youth to suicide. Confidentially, the "Chief" is longing for the arrival of the WRENS. Rumor has it that he plans to hold special signal classes for the dear girls—then he intends to go for a cruise on one of His Majesty's corvettes. Dick Stikeman's priceless remark when he saw C. Y. S. Smith buying perfume has been duly handed on to posterity.

It was reported that early in October a Senior Term cadet on leave in Victoria saluted an ordinary seaman with his left hand. We feel it must have been a Sea Cadet.

Remember that night last term when most of the lads carried out "night operations" following a delicious meal of kidney plus?

Then again we all remember how "Birdie" German picked up his nickname. Cadet Captains lost face that night, and "Birdie" lost a good deal more.

Incidentally, the Cadet Captains' Common Room must not be mistaken simply because of its name. Any similarity between it and the "Heads" is purely coincidental.

The Log

We all got a laugh over the discovery of Lieutenant Izard's tie in the driveway following a certain mess dinner some months ago.

Similarly we were much amused at P.O. Briggs' caustic remarks when Murphy and "Matchwood" were first introduced to Rifle Drill. The worthy P.O. always threatens to put his boot in the most apt places. Gun Drill periods must have been a field day for both his boots.

When Chief P.O. Sweet told us that rope climbing was an art we didn't believe him. "Nobody wouldn't get nowhere" without the excellent training of our two muscled psychologists.

They tell me that many lads, in their desire to vary their diet during Christmas leave, partook heavily of a delightful new dish called "Smoochash-bourg." Local inhabitants no longer seem intimidated by the "Nine o'Clock Wonders" since they feel that their daughters can always step out *after* nine o'clock each week-end.

We could refer to that Nav. period when the Sports Officer made a hurried exit, backwards, onto the veranda, but ill-feeling would be aroused if we did not say in the same breath that Sub-Lieut. Gillespie still looks the same from behind. Very much so!

Before going to press we feel that honourable mention should be made of Lieut. Bjorklund, who was preparing to put forth to sea in one of the dinghies. As he carried the mast from the boathouse this worthy old salt asked plaintively, "Are there any tools to put this thing up with?"

We might close our list of pleasant recollections with a few expressions which have become well-worn phrases in class and gun-room:

"They're trapped, gentlemen! Trapped!" "Now there's the picture gentlemen. Do you get the picture for this job of work?"

Remember the shore leave granted to cadets at Nanaimo during the second cruise? Between "Hunk" and that hard but fascinating young woman who asked, "Is youse guys off de banana boat?" we never had a dull moment. Most of us tripped the light fantastic at that splendid youth centre "The Pigmy."

We could go on forever. Memories keep flooding back. So much has been crowded into the short space of ten months that our life at R.C.N.C. can only be summed up in the new and entirely appropriate motto composed by one cynical cadet—

"Worry, Trouble, Toil and Double."

But if we were to be honest with ourselves, how many of us will hide a sincere sorrow at the prospect of leaving the College in July? It has undoubtedly been a most happy year, and a successful one, too. On behalf of the Senior Term, may we pass on to the Junior Term our sincere hope that next year will be in every way pleasant.

The Log

THE CRUISE OF H.M.C.S. "ROYAL ROADS"

PROLOGUE

Before I start this little verse,
Before you think me mental,
Any comments said of the living or dead
Are purely coincidental.

This is the tale of a "pusser" ship
And the tale of her "pusser" crew,
Of the brave deeds done and the trials o'ercome
And the adventure she went through.

The anchor was weighed just before tea,
To do it was quite a feat;
For the steam lines were dry, and they had to rely
On the muscles of Chucky Sweet.

Our Captain was pacing the bridge as she sailed.
Our X.O. was on quarter deck,
He was hung o'er the stern, watching us turn
And observing the screw effect.

The first thing that happened when morning came round,
The Chief Yeoman went berserk;
He was found at last by his signal mast
Stabbed with a pusser's dirk.

The engine-room next suffered a loss
In the person of Keyham Ted;
He was clubbed by an oiler and chucked in the boiler
And squashed by a piston head.

In the dead of the night was a horrible scream.
And they found that the cause of the rumpus
Was that Barney had cracked and Jim he attacked.
The latter was killed by a compass.

Without Jim around Barney found himself free
To take azimuths and mer-altis and sights;
But his end came quick when he tried to fix
By his own mast-head steaming light.

The next one to go held on to the end.
'Twas death of a peculiar type,
For Mason was found on Captain's rounds
Choked on his Bosun's pipe.

The next day was fine and sunny and clear.
They decided the main gun to check
When the smoke it had cleared, Gunner Rowland appeared
As a new greasy spot on the deck.

The Log

The job was now up to Lieutenant Finch,
Who got his torpedo all ready.
But to add to the wreck, it went off on deck,
And Finch has now gone to join Teddy.

Then off on the starboard bow appeared
A U-boat, slim and grey;
Her gun was bared as the crew prepared
To sink their newest prey.

Just as the crew prepared to fire,
From the ship a depth charge soared,
But with a kind of whoop, it looped the loop
And landed back on board.

This called for nerves as strong as steel,
And Olly stepped out and spoke,
He punted the charge a mere hundred yards,
And the U-boat went up in smoke.

The men let out a cry of joy,
The "Jimmy" stood on his head;
The Captain smiled, but remained quite mild.
"Not Nautical," he said.

The Captain turned the ship for home.
For she now was held together
By string and glue, but she came through
In spite of dirty weather.

When the ship arrived she was put in dock,
And the men at once went through her;
She was to be next trip a brand new ship,
It was thought perhaps . . . a cruiser.

The Captain for this got a D.S.O.,
The "Jimmy" an O.B.E.,
And Olly now looks after secret books,
So competent is he.

And what of the new ship, you may inquire,
Is life on board still merry?
Well . . . in a way . . . from day to day,
She's the North Vancouver Ferry.

EPILOGUE

This is the end of my crazy rhyme,
My rhyme and my mind are synonymous,
But I'm still in the clear for a Naval career,
And so I remain . . . ANONYMOUS.

The Log

SHOOTING THE SUN!



ONE OF THE LARGER UNITS
OF THE R.C.N.C. SAILING FLEET

The Log

Biographies

CABIN 39

DESPITE their proximity to the O.O.D.'s cabin, the inmates of Cabin 39 are not deterred from bursting into song whenever the spirit moves them. It matters little that every note struck is exceedingly sour, for it is our harmony both in spirit and sentiment which makes us an envied and enlightened group. Ruling the roost we have John alias "Jake" Kilmer and Bill alias "Spanky" MrFarland. The latter is sometimes referred to, unkindly, as B. B. Boyle's counterpart. If wit were wisdom, these two would go far, for both are masters at the art of making gentle "cracks," and can be counted on to deliver them speedily and aptly. Joe J. MacBrien is a colorful character if you like "loud" colors. Our numbers would be sadly lacking without him—who else would gurgle at our jokes? Who else could start our songs in such raucous tones?

Don Jones is the sole representative of the West in our midst. He should, perhaps, be called Don Juan, as he gets more mail from navy-loving cow-belles than all of us together. It must be his ability with a lariat that gets 'em.

"Red" MacIachlan waits patiently for his order of the week—each Sunday morning his extraordinary voice can be heard rasping, "Cabin-n-n Ho!" How his dour Scottish humour will be greeted in the R.N. is somewhat questionable, but he will make good as a fog signal should the occasion arise.

Ending our list of freebooters is John Kilpatrick, more commonly known as the "Brig," where, it is thought by many, he should be confined for life.

Sentimentality has had no part in these thumb-nail sketches, but it is doubtful if any of Cabin 39's occupants would permit slanderous remarks to be directed at their tranquil cell.

CABIN 40

Rumour has it that Cabin 40 is a positive hotbed of diversified opinions. Here we find two schools of thought representative of two Provinces, Ontario and British Columbia. As he is in the minority, the sole defender of Victoria's honour, it would perhaps be well to deal with P. G. May, more familiarly known as "Pom Pom," first. Pete must explain all disagreeable changes of weather and other peculiarities of Victoria to his irate cabin mates, who regard him in the light of a deluded yet likeable student, whose soothing accent fails to betray his ability as a hard-fighting rugger player. He is renowned also as the owner of the most extraordinary hair in the establishment.

"Speed Ball" Manning startled all his closest acquaintances when he announced that he wished to become a member of the Accountant Branch, R.C.N. Previously it had been presumed that this jovial, out-spoken enigma was headed for the V.R.'s due to his unerring ability to just make mustet at any time. For this reason Dave soon picked up his nickname.

The Log

Bill McPhillips is that hepped and swing-loving by-product of the city that produces breakfast foods. He is the cabin's—nay, the Senior Term's—own dark-skinned laughing boy, whose magnificently white bicusps (his own) flash gaily in the gun-room and gnash cruelly on the rugger field, where he won distinction as a wiry and fleet hip-slinger. Don't be misled, dear reader, by our reference to his tan—Bill is no coon, despite his likeness to Cab Calloway. Friends in London and Cleveland will be glad to see our young Lochinvar come out of the West this Summer.

Norm Millen—our Norm—has so many nicknames, ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous, attached to him that we must let the name "Ylatchwood" suffice. His prowess at Canadian rugby and his consequent fame as bucking half of Balmy Beach was none the less dimmed when he turned his attention to rugger. Naturally enough, he is a Cadet Captain, in which capacity he amazes some and amuses others. Nocturnal arguments he always squelches with the devastating epithet "Chum!" used only against those who ruffle him.

"Dusty" Miller is as conscientious and scholarly a sailor as will ever bless the R.C.N. Showing no mean pride in his previous sea service, our Scottish Snottie develops at times a "braw brogue" which he uses to good effect on a local lassie, who, it appears, is the centre of his interest. His ties in Toronto do not prevent him from enjoying the company of the Victorian maid (take it as you will).

CABIN 42

The inhabitants of Cabin 42 are a motley crew, in spite of their seemingly innocent manner. They had best be individually introduced. First we have John Sidney Murphy, a shy and unassuming gent, beneath whose native veneer there lurks a scheming soul. Perhaps you'll find a running Turk's Head in your bottom sheet or a cache of skunk cabbage leaves among your socks. If you do, ask Murphy who did it, and he will revolve like a cam shaft for a few minutes, go infra red, and accuse Spence. This is quite an absurd accusation. Cecil Elwood Spence, better known as Lou, is far above such pranks. He may shatter all the furniture and fracture his cabin mates' bones, but these are normal doings for this hairy character. This animated bulldozer turned over in bed one night and the ensuing reverberations gave the man in the next bed internal concussion. Now the man in the next bed is Peter H. Skelton, whose story "From V.R. Snotty to V.R. Snotty in One Year" has caused widespread discussion. It has been said that Red possesses only one corpuscle in his body. This is an obvious untruth to anyone who has seen him vault athletically about the cabin during the middle watch. Red's vein is literally cluttered with corpuscles. In the next bed dwells Al Shimmin, a notorious rabble rouser, authority on wine, women and song, ballistics, Naval, Air and Military Tactics, flora, fauna, and undersea life, astronomy, animal husbandry, geography and high finance. He is a linguist, potential industrialist, woodsman, logger, landowner and traveller. He has roughed it from the Nicola Valley to the Terminal City Club. He is a master of impromptu debates and a fascinating storyteller.

In the next bed dozes Bill Rankin, faithful Pickering alumnae, master of the super-heterodyne circuit. Bill's brain seems to seethe with facts on all the arts and sciences. When angered he does not call on heaven or the nether world to

The Log

avenge him; instead he simply attacks Pratt in burbling but often hackneyed phrases. Chris Pratt, the Bowlegged Merchantman, is queer. He enjoys studying navigation! This original mental quirk is, no doubt, the result of his service as quartermaster on S.S. Princess Alice. This fine experience has also given him a vocabulary as salty as Navy pork. The third symptom in Mr. Pratt's case is a form of involuntary exhibitionism. He refuses to clothe himself fully unless it is absolutely necessary. The sight of Pratt's half-dressed body flying about the cabin is a daily terror to us all. The seventh bed is occupied by J. L. Nichol, unless "thieves" have purloined his cot, for they have hidden or lost all the rest of Nick's gear, including his liberty card, which usually turns up under an old sock, too late for use. Pick is in his element when conning the Blue Ford up Georgia Street, though he doesn't do so badly at the Empress, for who but J. L. would come in at nine in the evening with a velvet garment and a pair of white bedroom slippers?

This is the end of our Rogites' Gallery. Enough is enough.

CABIN 49

Up the stairs to the second floor,
Along a dank, dark hall to a creaking door,
Through the creaking door, forgotten by time,
You are now in Cabin 49.

The inmates of this frightful den
Are Nature's poor excuse for men.
Their time is spent in weaving schemes,
These seven cruel and heartless fiends.

There's Big Bill Spencer of Trenton fame,
Sasha Angus, or Dorks by name,
Springhill Walsh—fresh from the mine,
And Johnny Waters—who is quite big time.

Big Bob Cocks from the house down the hall,
He's Chief Cadet Captain, and dominates all;
But when in the cabin, he loses command
To Hugh John Walls—our big-little man.

That completes our motley crew;
The author I'll leave up to you,
So back we go through the creaking door,
To enter again—no—never more.

—H. J. W.

The Log

CABIN 55

"But it's true, they are still alive!"

"Oh, come now, these four could never live in one cabin amidst harmony and good will."

But, dear readers, up to the time of writing that is exactly what these four characters have done.

Who, you ask, are these four ambassadors of good will? First we have Alastair Ramsd Macdonald, a Victoria "native," whose chief claim to fame is his ability to dish out slack party with abundant generosity. In his spare time Al assumes the position of a Dorothy Dix, giving information and encouragement (for a nominal fee) to his lovesick cabin mates. Next we have Wild Bill Higginson, a native of "Trois Rivières," Quebec, who is the unlucky recipient of the majority of Al Macdonald's slack party awards. "Wild Bill" takes his punishment like a man, but finds it hard to bear that smug expression and obnoxious attitude that seems to say, "He brought it on himself," from the third member of the cabin, Richard (is sometimes referred to as Madame Fid) Alan Stikeman. Madame Fid hails from the village of Montreal, where she cut quite an important figure as head of the I.O.D.E. and as Grande Dame of the Ancient Order of Discarded Fids. The "last but not least" member of the cabin is Jacques Arture Trefle Joseph Bleau, from Quebec City, who adds the French-Canadian element to this distinguished group. Jimmy is the baby of the cabin in age only, and although he arrived with lofty ideals, it is reported that he has progressed somewhat along the downward path.

ADDED FLASH

It has been reported that "The Higg" was discovered yesterday wearing his own underwear, Hasselfield's shoes, Macdonald's cap, and flashing large sums of Bleau's money.

Quod Erat Demonstrandum

CABIN 72

Annett, Arnsdorf, Boyle. That's us. When you want someone to read the French commercials on corn flake boxes, you get Boyle. When you want someone to murmur of blonde charmers, you get Arnsdorf. When you want someone to take out a colour guard and ball up the orders, you get Annett. An unbeatable combination. Probably the best all-round cabin in the castle today.

There we were, at the first of the year, a small cabin, God-fearing, peace-loving, respecting the feelings and property of others. We had no yen for territorial aggrandisement. We had a cosy little community here—we were content to stay in it.

But—came the vandals: came the hordes, from the sabre-rattling cabins down the hall, with the lust for physical combat in their eyes, and an unquenchable zest for dumping beds in their hearts.

The Log

They changed us. They made us like themselves. [Soon we, too, seized pillow in hand at the first mention of a raid and each attack found one of us in the van.] No more were we boys—but hard, ruthless cadets.

Each week we come to blood or tears over the trivial matter of who is going to clean the closet. Each one of us swears he did "the confounded thing just last week." Finally, just when the Inspection Tour approaches along our hallway, the weak-willed one gives in, and with a three-second margin emerges triumphant from the closet, to spring to attention with heaving chest and ruffled hair, just as the Captain enters the door. But the closet—"very neat!"

Here we have the East—represented by Boyle—versus the West—from whence hail Annett and Arnsdorf. This seems to be a lop-sided balance; but if you knew Boyle's power of argument; and the hesitation of Annett and Arnsdorf to boast about their wonderful homeland, you might admit that the fight was a draw. But though neither faction has the upper hand, the West is expected to win.

CABIN 73

The first chartered member we will deal with is that "acey" gentleman from Vancouver, Ron L. Carlile. The "life (and usually the death) of the party" type. Ron is outstanding for his athletic prowess, abundant life, amazing ability for escaping labours, and his skill with the ivories (and we are not referring to piano keys). As a Cadet Captain, Ron shouts commands loud and long, hands out slack party infrequently, and is not disliked more than a Cadet Captain should be.

The cabin's only Eastern member is next before the bar—Donald R. Chasels, a Toronto boy not yet convinced that the West has beauties that can match those of the East. A plunging, charging scrum man of "B" team. Donald's long, flinging arms and legs are a familiar sight on the playing field as well as in the gym, where he both enjoys and excels at sports (?) such as rope climbing. We will leave Donald pining for "lamb chop" and pass to another member.

Dealing next with another inland sailor, we meet a member from the North—A. B. Torrie, of Westlock, Alberta. We are blessed with this kindly and generous personage—"Mother" Torrie, whose presence has been a boon in more than one way. However, contributions have not been of a purely abstract nature; Bruce's Reader's Digest is never disposed of in anything but a well-thumbed state. But (oh bliss!) when the bi-monthly parcels arrive from Westlock Bruce's friends (ersatz and otherwise) close in and are drawn like soft iron particles to a magnet. All who have shared in these festive occasions will be glad of the opportunity to pay tribute and thanks to the real Mother Torrie.

The native son, W. E. Clayards, of Victoria, is next. Many laughs have been gained at Teddy's expense, for he commits innumerable "faux pas" on the paradesquare, in the lecture rooms, everywhere he goes. But does this discourage him? No. He good-naturedly shrugs his shoulders and continues on his way. It is suggested we leave Ted now, expecting to hear of his tearing away the gangway of H.M.S. "Nelson" with his first picket-boat command.

The Log

The tale would not be complete without the mention of Victoria's Bob Cocks. A part-time resident in the club, he contributed to much of the horse-play, inter-cabin wars, and generally riotous time of the upper floor in the "good old days" before the creation of Cadet Captains.

CABIN 74

It has been said by those who know that this cabin, the home of all sorts and conditions of men, would surely be difficult to write up. In the first place, no one is interested in Cabin 74 but the inmates of 74, and it is much easier to approach in the literal sense by way of the main stairs, the spiral, and the badly carpeted corridor of Deck 3 than in the literary sense. We have the humour of "Knobby" (the appellation is obvious to those who know him) Gray, and the firm-jawed tendencies towards discipline and ear-sickness of "Birdie" German, whose rise to fame began with the winning of a dollar, and has continued since he donned a "tweezer." Of "Knobby" so much can be said—"it" comes from Temiskaming, it skates, uses great quantities of notepaper, breathes probably, and has overly-muscled legs befitting a "blond beast" whose intentions can never be quite defined. There are others in Cabin 74—small people who, despite too obvious attachment to the tiller and not the oars of boats, and the phone lines to Seattle, look rather magnificent, in a diminutive sense, on the track or "ruggah" field. Big people who, according to the oscillating opinions of some gun-room circuits, smack too much of the accentuated ruralism of that district related to the upper limbs of Salmon. For some time now, approximately nine months, we have listened to Crombie talk. He is, in every sense of the word, a character—a character whose "torrent of knowledge" (quotation by Crombie) on nautical and not so nautical subjects has endeared him to us all. Then, too, he is so understanding about his bed, which is well established as a sort of international flophouse where all the world may park.

We point with pride to Mike. Complete with accent, uniform and no mean knowledge of the insoluble mysteries of navigation, he issued forth from H.M.S. Worcester (i.e., Wuster) only to run foul of outrageous fortune and eventually land, with others less knowing, at the portals of R.C.N.C. Lastly there is our author, Freddie Dennis—Kingston's representative, and a right worthy member of 74. I might mention his sportive instincts, his ability to cope with misfires and recognitions when captain of the gun, or his unquestionable attractiveness to all impressionable females; but perhaps it would be best to close the door on him and his cabin mates with a prolonged "O hee!"

CABIN 78

A typical Ontario product is Bart Jackson—brainy, hard-working, and so on—this is written with a pink tongue in the cheek, as it were, but the writer has no wish to inherit the Grapes of Wrath. Bart is something new in this world—an intelligent revolutionary. He can find "X" in anybody's woodpile and the rest of us can take a look over Bart's shoulder.

Bud Hunter made the fatal mistake of being photogenic and consequently is now a national figure. We at the College slyly protest against this representa-

The Log

tion, but he of London, Ontario, insists that he did well by us. To intimate that Bud is all looks and no brains would be great libel, of course, and one is inclined to endorse his theory that one's intellect should be saved for the more important things in life. We others of 78 mentally lean on that theory and wait expectantly.

"Hop" has three names—George, Hopkins and another which is a rather hush-hush affair. He comes from either Climax or Swift Current, and his movements betwixt the two are rather uncertain. We're sure he'll go far in the R.C.N., and we look forward to calling an Admiral by familiar and uncompimentary epithets. Hop is No. 1 boy in the brain world and proves it by being first into bed at night. He may be low-slung, but he's kinetic energy in the raw.

In a sophisticated mood Dick Hadland claims he's from Dawson Creek, but in a desire for the simple things of life he'll admit it's really Baldonnel, B. C. We figure he must be quite a good friend of the cadet captains, since he is perpetually visiting their domain. We're secretly proud of his singing voice, which shows why we try to keep other people from hearing him. Somehow one gets the impression that Dick's aura of innocence must give way to a Mata Hari-ish sort of guile. One has grave fears for the safety of the Accountant Branch and bets on R. E. Hadland every time.

"C. D." is one of the two heavyweights in the College, and as such serves as a steadying influence on potential ne'er-do-wells from down the hall. Hasselfield, Don, comes from Manitoba and is quite proud of it, although we from Ontario can't understand that attitude. For sheer good nature Don has few rivals, but one is always wary of gaining antipathy from that mighty frame. He'll chat with anyone for hours on end, the most striking part of his conversation being an original pronunciation of the word "won't."

By now you will have realized the literary genius of Geoffrey D. Hughson, our cabin biographer. Geoff hails from Ottawa and is by way of being our guardian angel. He manages to keep us on our toes and prevents us appearing too often on the parade ground equipped with rifles. Geoff also contradicts the old axiom of "lucky in love, unlucky at cards," he's lucky at both. Quiet, unassuming and popular, we find him a good guy to live with.

Congratulations to Capt. R. I. W. Agnew, O.B.E., R.C.N., on his appointment to command one of H.M.'s Escort Carriers.

The Log

College News

THE CHRISTMAS DANCE

A VERY pleasant transformation took place at Royal Roads on the evening of December 19th. The halls of the Castle, usually filled with the noise of marching feet and loud commands, now re-echoed to new sounds, those of many dancing feet, coupled with the joyous chatter of people hard at play and having a good time. The occasion was the Christmas dance, the first of its kind held at Royal Roads since the re-opening of the Naval College.

Preparations for the dance had been made well in advance, and everything went off without a hitch. The girls were transported to the College in buses. Here they were met by a host of eager cadets, who whisked off their partners to dispose of their evening wraps. The dance was held in the senior gun-room, which proved to be an excellent ballroom. As the cadets entered with their partners they were received by Captain and Mrs. Grant.

Highlights of the evening were many and varied. The services of the Navy Band from Naden had been acquired, and a more excellent choice could not have been made, for throughout the evening they provided a variety of music that pleased every taste, and made dancing a pleasant pastime. The floor show of the evening proved to be the Conga line. Difference in rank was forgotten completely, and commanders and cadets could be seen cavorting through the halls arm in arm with much laughter and back-slapping.

During the intermission, while the orchestra was taking a well-earned breather, the Navy cooks took over and served up a meal that left nothing to be desired. The punch was excellent, the food tasty and plentiful. Proof of the pudding was the speed with which it disappeared.

Following supper the party became considerably gayer, and the tempo of dancing became faster. Many were the disappointed faces when, on the stroke of midnight, the orchestra stood and played the National Anthem. The evening was one long to be remembered by every cadet and his partner, and sincere is the hope that there will be many more dances as enjoyable. It was a Merry Christmas.

THE VISIT OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL

THE Royal Canadian Naval College was honoured by the visit paid the establishment by His Excellency the Governor-General, the Earl of Athlone, on Tuesday afternoon, 11th May. His Excellency was received at the main entrance to the Administration Building by Commodore W. J. R. Beech, R.C.N., by Lieutenant-Commander Davidson, R.C.N., acting for the Captain, and by Instructor Commander K. G. B. Ketchum, R.C.N.V.R., the Director of Studies. Captain M. Goolden, R.C.N., accompanied the Earl of Athlone as Aide-de-Camp.

Upon disembarking from his car and meeting these senior officers, the Governor-General inspected a seaman guard under Sub-Lieutenant A. W. Gillespie, R.C.N.V.R. This guard put in a very shipshape performance, and

The Log

executed its rifle drill in a most creditable manner. After the completion of this inspection, His Excellency proceeded on board and from thence to the parade ground for an inspection of the cadets.

The cadets were drawn up by port and starboard watches facing the saluting base, and were already dressed at the "open order" when His Excellency arrived. Lieutenant J. N. Rowland, R.C.N.V.R., called the parade to attention and reported it ready for inspection to the Governor-General. As he proceeded slowly down the precise ranks, His Excellency showed great interest in the College and paused to speak briefly to each cadet.

Shortly after the inspection of cadets, an investiture was held on the parade ground. Five members of the Royal Canadian Navy were decorated for outstanding services to their country. Shipwright Commander C. H. Brown, R.C.N., and Lieutenant-Commander (E) A. B. Arnison, R.C.N.R. (temp.) received the Order of the British Empire. Lieutenant (E) R. J. LaCouvee, R.C.N.R., and Mr. L. D. Hall, Warrant Writer, R.C.N., received the Member of the British Empire. Chief Stoker D. A. Williams, R.C.N., was decorated with the Distinguished Service Medal.

To all, this simple ceremony was both colourful and inspiring, and spoke clearer than words of the increasing importance of the Canadian Naval Services.

For the cadets, the final phase of the visit was the march past while His Excellency took the salute. The remainder of the afternoon was spent by the Governor-General inspecting the grounds and the new building, and in meeting the staff at tea in the Administration Building. Meanwhile, all the boats had been rigged, and the cadets carried on sailing until the vice-regal standard was struck at the Castle.

From every aspect, the visit was a success. Each cadet felt it a privilege to be present, and to all attending the inspection the fruits of long hours of drilling and preparation were clearly marked. Even the weather, which had been threatening during the day, held fine until the departure of the guests. Hard training conspiring with good luck had produced an occasion long to be remembered in the history of the College.

His Excellency departed in the late afternoon, followed immediately by Commodore Beech. The seaman guard presented arms while the two official cars drove past the main building. A proud page was added to the yet young history of the College.

TUESDAY EVENING TALKS

During the Winter term, cadets were privileged to hear some highly absorbing talks which followed study on Tuesday evenings. Our Executive Officer, Lieutenant-Commander Davidson, began the series and delivered two entertaining successive lectures on convoys, dealing with their organization and with their actual operation at sea. Our first guest speaker was Commander Armstrong, R.C.N., the Captain "D" at Esquimaux. Captain "D" gave an excellent talk on the Battle of the Atlantic, attacking this subject from the point of view of the German U-boat commander. Engineer-Captain Curry, R.C.N., gave two lectures, illustrated with lantern slides, on the development of the British man-o'-

The Log

war from the cumbersome cog of the 13th century to the present sleek and scientific intricacy which she is today. The final talk of the term was given by Pilot-Officer Angier, R.C.A.F., with his subject "The 1,000-Bomber Raid on Cologne." So great was the volume of applause accorded P.O. Angier that the Captain, in thanking him for his speech, expressed anxiety lest the cadets should join the Air Force en masse.

Without exception, these talks were extremely well delivered, and afforded all of us some slight insight into the conditions of modern air and sea warfare. The cadets enjoyed the talks thoroughly, and those of us in the Junior Term keenly anticipate a renewal of these discussions in the following year.

FLOTSAM

Long to remain in the minds of a gleeful Junior Term will be the pigeon with a yen for Naval History. This is the one and only case on record of an Instructor getting the bird.

Peetee Class. . . . Haaaa! Touch the four walls and back—Geeoo!!

We should like to congratulate Fox & Henshaw Ltd. on their remarkable circumnavigation and re-circumnavigation of the lagoon in a whaler.

One of the minor landmarks to be seen around the College were the collars of P. B. "Manhole Pete," they called him.

Daily bet: What are the odds that the bugler will miss the first note?

The greatest event of the year occurred when Nash (so near and yet so far) won the aeroplane. Question is, what would he have done with it?

"People (Chipman!) who take fair W.D.'s out in dinghys and then capsize should be ostracized." Don't you agree, Cockeram?

Drowned in action against St. George's—one rigger fifteen! Down to periscope depth men!

When was it that the new building was to have been finished?

You would think that old sea dogs would see to it that there was some gasoline in the gasoline tank before taking out the motorboat, but

And, of course, this page would be totally incomplete if we omitted to mention the Scientific-and-Otherwise-Knowledge Society of Cabin 79. Inevitably open evenings from 2115.

It will be the day when a certain C.Y.S. we know ships aboard a corvette as chief of the communications staff.

The Log

THE VICTORY LOAN PARADE

Until 1st May, 1943, the R.C.N. College had never appeared in an official capacity en masse outside the College grounds. Our "coming out" party was the occasion of the 14th Victory Loan.

We returned in boisterous spirits from an Easter leave which ended on 28th April, and the Big Parade was to be held on 1st May. Consequently, three days were spent in concentrated drill, and it is to the great credit of Lt. Rowland, P.O. Briggs and the Cadet Captains that our marching and drilling were improved to the high standard demanded.

In short order, the day arrived. In our best "No. Fives" we were whisked into Victoria and deposited at Douglas and Hillside. Here the parade was being organized, and soon after our arrival the parade was formed. A long period of waiting followed, and finally the order came to move off.

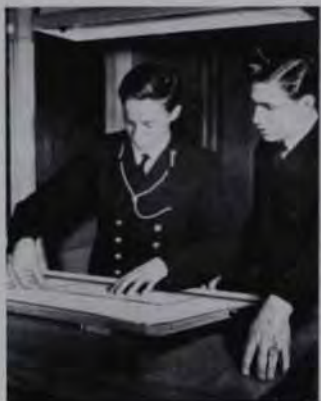
It was a lengthy procession. The Naval College cadets headed the parade, and were followed by a battalion of sailors from H.M.C.S. "Naden," by the Gordon Head cadets, by various other army units—including the C.W.A.C.S.—and by detachments from the R.C.A.F. Bands from the Navy, Army and Air Force provided excellent marches. The route was from the junction of Douglas and Hillside, along Douglas to the Empress Hotel, across to Government Street, and north up Government to a side street, where the parade broke up.

The salute was taken near the Empress Hotel by the Rt. Hon. J. Hart, the Premier of British Columbia. With him on the reviewing stand were senior Naval, Army and Air Force officers.

The parade was memorable to us because it was our first true "public appearance," and, as such, it was an important event in the history of the College. Reliable observers agreed that the debut into the public eye was a success. It was a good start!

In order to perpetuate the name of the original owners of the College property, the main drive from the Belmont gate to the Engineering School has been called "Dunsmuir Drive."

The Log



IN DRAWING OFFICE



TARGET DEAD AHEAD!



WHEEL'S AMIDSHIPS, SIR!



HOIST AWAY!

The Log

Ex-Cadet Club

AT a meeting of the Senior Term early in the College year, the question was raised as to whether or not our associations here at Royal Roads were to end on Graduation Day. The suggestion that an Ex-Cadet Club be organized was unanimously upheld. Accordingly, a constitution was prepared and plans have been made for the organization of such a body.

In this, the first issue of the R.C.N.C. magazine, notice is hereby given to all ex-cadets that such a club exists and, it is hoped, will grow in strength and purpose as new graduates join its ranks. There have been some who were convinced that such a prodigious undertaking would be bound to peter out, but we in the first graduating class are determined that it will not be for lack of trying. The first formal meeting will necessarily be at the end of the war. Even then, difficulties of time and place will be experienced, due to the wide distances separating graduates of the College. It has been resolved, however, that for the duration of the war tabs will be kept on ex-cadets so that it will be possible to contact them by mail whenever something of interest arises.

Membership includes all those cadets who attended the old College and who, if they so desire, are most cordially invited to join this new venture. Already cadets have purchased \$300.00 worth of War Bonds in the name of the Ex-Cadet Club, and we are planning to reunite at the first possible date. A secretary and a treasurer have already been appointed, the former to keep a file on all graduating cadets and to correspond from time to time with them. The treasurer will be responsible for Club funds and the keeping of books. Both these offices are held by members of the Staff at the Royal Canadian Naval College, and have been appointed for the duration, or until such time as the Club meets for the first time.

Those of us who are soon to leave the College and proceed in various directions for further training, feel that it would be too bad if our months spent at R.C.N.C., united as we have been in unrivaled spirit and friendship, should end with a handshake and an unfulfilled "So long!"

And so it is that we announce our determination to stick together in order to maintain the associations and friendships formed at R.C.N.C., and to create and extend throughout the Dominion encouraging support of the Naval College as a permanent and valued Canadian institution.

Anyone desirous of obtaining a copy of the Constitution should apply:

R.C.N.C. Ex-Cadet Club,

c/o Commanding Officer,

Royal Canadian Naval College,

Royal Roads, B. C.

The Log

EX-CADET NOTES

It is intended to publish news of ex-cadets in each issue of "The Log," and the Editors will be grateful for any items concerning ex-cadets that may be sent in. The Editors will also welcome criticisms of, and contributions to, the magazine. It is realized that the list below is not complete. In order that a list of all ex-cadets may be published in a later edition of "The Log," any corrections to this list and information concerning any ex-cadet not mentioned will be gratefully received by the Editors.

LIST OF EX-CADETS OF THE OLD COLLEGE NOW ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN THE NAVAL SERVICE

The date in brackets indicates the year in which the ex-cadet joined the College.

Name	Present Rank and Where Serving
R. I. AGNEW, O.B.E. (1911)	Captain, R.C.N.; H.M.C.S. "Givenchy"
K. F. ADAMS (1919)	Commander, R.C.N.; H.M.C.S. "Ottawa"
G. B. F. BARNES (1914)	A/Commander, R.C.N.; H.M.C.S. "Stadacona"
W. J. R. BEECH (1911)	Commodore, R.C.N.; Commanding Officer, Pacific Coast
R. E. S. BIDWELL (1915)	Captain, R.C.N.; H.M.C.S. "Stadacona"
P. W. BROCK (1917)	Commander, R.N.; H.M.S. "Seylla"
B. B. BROCK (1919)	Sub-Lieutenant, R.N.V.R.; H.M.S. "Impala," Kenya Division
W. B. CREERY (1914)	Captain, R.C.N.; N.S.H.Q.
A. C. M. DAVY (1917)	A/Captain (E), R.C.N.; N.S.H.Q.
H. G. DEWOLF (1918)	A/Captain, R.C.N.; N.S.H.Q.
C. D. DONALD (1914)	Commander, R.C.N.; H.M.C.S. "Shelburne"
J. A. DAWSON (1920)	Lieutenant, R.C.N.V.R.; H.M.C.S. "Nonsuch"
C. F. R. DALTON (1920)	Lieutenant, R.C.N.V.R.; H.M.C.S. "Vison"
J. C. I. EDWARDS (1912)	Captain, R.C.N.; H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis"
L. J. M. GAUVREAL (1911)	A/Captain, R.C.N.; H.M.C.S. "Chalcid"
V. S. GODFREY (1913)	Captain, R.C.N.; H.M.C.S. "Bytown"
H. T. W. GRANT (1914)	Captain, R.C.N.; H.M.S. "Diomedea"
J. M. GRANT (1911)	A/Captain, R.C.N.; Royal Canadian Naval College
F. G. HART (1913)	A/Captain, R.C.N.; H.M.C.S. "Naden"
G. M. HIBBARD (1913)	Captain, R.C.N.; N.S.H.Q.
A. M. H. HODGINS (1920)	Lieutenant, R.C.N.V.R.; H.M.C.S. "Burrard"
W. B. L. HOLMS (1916)	Commander, R.C.N.; H.M.C.S. "Iroquois"
A. M. HOPKINS (1914)	A/Captain, R.C.N.; H.M.C.S. "Prince Robert"
H. L. HOUGHTON (1913)	Captain, R.C.N.; H.M.C.S. "Avalon"
P. B. HUGHES (1920)	A/Lieut. Commander (E), R.C.N.V.R.; Royal Canadian Naval College
G. C. JONES, C.B. (1911)	Rear Admiral, R.C.N.; N.S.H.Q.

The Log

A. W. JECKELL (1919)	Lieut. Commander, R.C.N.V.R.; H.M.C.S. "Assiniboine"
B. D. L. JOHNSON (1920)	Lieut. Commander, R.C.N.V.R.; H.M.C.S. "Columbia"
B. KINGSLEY (1916)	Commander, R.C.N.; H.M.C.S. "Stadacona"
J. G. KNOWLTON (1918)	A/Captain (E), R.C.N.; H.M.C.S. "Stadacona"
K. G. B. KEITCHUM (1918)	Instr. Commander, R.C.N.V.R.; Royal Canadian Naval College
J. R. KIDSTON (1910)	A/Lieut. Commander, R.C.N.V.R.; H.M.C.S. "Wetaskiwin"
T. D. KELLY (1920)	Lieut. Commander, R.C.N.R.; H.M.C.S. "Prince David"
W. J. KINGSMILL (1916)	Lieutenant, R.C.N.V.R.; H.M.C.S. "Blairmore"
N. H. LAY, O.B.E. (1918)	A/Captain, R.C.N.; H.M.C.S. "Stadacona"
D. St. G. LINDSAY (1912)	A/Commander, R.C.N.; H.M.S. "Benbow"
J. P. LOOSEMORE (1910)	A/Pay Lieut. Cmdr. R.C.N.V.R.; Royal Canadian Naval College
K. A. MACKENZIE (1915)	Lieut. Commander (E), R.C.N.; H.M.C.S. "Nonsuch"
E. R. MAINGUY, O.B.E. (1915)	Captain, R.C.N.; N.S.H.Q.
R. E. MERRY (1919)	Lieutenant, R.C.N.V.R.; N.S.H.Q.
G. R. MILES, O.B.E. (1916)	Commander, R.C.N.; H.M.C.S. "Athabaskan"
W. S. F. MORRISON (1913)	A/Commander (E), R.C.N.; H.M.C.S. "Avalon"
I. W. MURRAY, C.B.E. (1911)	Rear Admiral, R.C.N.; Commander in Chief, Canadian North West Atlantic
A. P. MUSGRAVE (1914)	A/Captain, R.C.N.; H.M.C.S. "St. Hyacinthe"
G. McE. MITCHELL (1917)	Lieut. Commander, R.C.N.V.R.; H.M.C.S. "Stadacona"
J. R. MITCHELL (1919)	A/Commander, R.C.N.V.R.; H.M.C.S. "Stadacona"
J. E. MITCHELL (1920)	A/Lieut. Commander, R.C.N.V.R.; H.M.C.S. "Stadacona"
J. E. W. OLAND, D.S.C. (1911)	A/Captain, R.C.N.; H.M.C.S. "Hochelaga"
E. T. C. ORDE (1916)	Commander, R.C.N.V.R.; H.M.C.S. "York"
W. W. PORTEOUS (1918)	A/Captain (E), R.C.N.; N.S.H.Q.
R. M. PUDDICOMBE (1913)	Lieut. Commander, R.C.N.; N.S.H.Q.
F. A. PRICE (1919)	Commander, R.C.N.V.R.; H.M.C.S. "Niobe"
H. F. PULLEN (1920)	Commander, R.C.N.; H.M.C.S. "Niobe"
A. R. PRESSEY (1913)	A/Captain, R.C.N.; N.S.H.Q.
H. E. REID (1912)	Commodore, R.C.N.; Flag Officer, Newfoundland Force
J. B. ROPER (1919)	A/Lieut. Commander, R.C.N.V.R.; N.S.H.Q.
E. C. SHERWOOD (1913)	Commander, R.C.N.; N.S.H.Q.
H. W. S. SOULSBY (1912)	Commander, R.C.N.; H.M.C.S. "Givenchy"
B. R. SPENCER (1921)	Commander (E), R.C.N.; H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis"
T. M. C. TAYLOR (1919)	Lieut. Commander, R.C.N.V.R.; N.S.H.Q.
C. R. H. TAYLOR (1912)	Commodore, R.C.N.; H.M.C.S. "Stadacona"
E. A. THOMPSON (1914)	Commander, R.C.N.; N.S.H.Q.
H. R. TINGLEY (1911)	A/Commander, R.C.N.; H.M.C.S. "Givenchy"
E. P. TISDALE (1921)	Commander, R.C.N.; H.M.C.S. "Stadacona"
M. A. WOOD (1913)	Lieut. Commander, R.C.N.; Royal Navy
R. W. WOOD (1912)	Captain, R.C.N.; N.S.H.Q.

The Log

G. A. WORTH (1911)	A/Captain, R.C.N.: N.S.H.Q.
A. C. WURTELE (1913)	A/Captain, R.C.N.: HM.C.S. "Stadacona"
G. A. WOOLLCOMBE (1920)	Lieutenant, R.C.N.V.R.: HM.C.S. "Protector"
R. WOLFENDEN (1919)	Lieutenant, R.N.R.: H.M.S. "Aberdonian"
R. A. WRIGHT (1921)	A/Pay Captain, R.C.N.: N.S.H.Q.

Ex-cadets will be interested to know the whereabouts of some of their old Instructors. Both Instructor Captain B. S. Hartley and Mr. C. G. Allin have visited the College during the year. Capt. Hartley, for many years Director of Studies at the old College, is living at 677 St. Patrick Street, Victoria, and Mr. Allin is Principal of the Prince of Wales High School in Vancouver. Hon. Instr. Cmdr. L. N. Richardson, R.C.N., after a severe illness last year, is carrying on his duties as Director of Naval Education at N.S.H.Q., and visited the College in January. Prof. D. A. F. Robinson is Professor of Mathematics at the University of Toronto, and Mr. A. G. Hatcher is teaching in Newfoundland. It is reported that Mr. J. J. Penny is a Professor of French at Harvard University.

On behalf of the present cadets, "The Log" thanks those ex-cadets who have so generously contributed to the trophy fund. Sports competition at the College is naturally keen, and the trophies will be much appreciated.

Ex-cadets of the old College are referred to the article on page 44 about the newly-formed R.C.N.C. Ex-Cadet Club. It is hoped that many of the older ex-cadets will join the club, membership in which covers subscription to "The Log." The annual membership fee of \$2.00 (Life Membership \$25.00) should be sent to the Secretary, Instr. Cmdr. K. G. B. Ketchum, R.C.N.V.R., R.C.N. College, Royal Roads, B. C.



The Log

PASSING OUT CADETS — HOME ADDRESSES

J. A. ANGUS	2650 Bowker Avenue, Victoria, B. C.
R. I. L. ANNETT	Box 134, Consort, Alberta
H. C. ARNSDORF	303—7th S., Lethbridge, Alberta
J. A. T. J. BLEAU	490 St. Cyrille Street, Quebec, P. Q.
F. J. L. BOYLE	585 Lisgar Street, Ottawa, Ontario
R. I. CARLILE	6942 Marguerite Street, Vancouver, B. C.
D. R. CHASSELS	100 Inglewood Drive, Toronto, Ontario
W. E. CLAYARDS	1745 Lukie Street, Victoria, B. C.
R. W. J. COCKS	2386 Estevan Avenue, Victoria, B. C.
A. L. COLLIER	Box 5, Salmon Arm, B. C.
M. A. CONSIDINE	Maple Bay, Duncan, Vancouver Island, B. C.
K. R. CROMBIE	6476 Balaclava Street, Vancouver, B. C.
F. J. DENNIS	No. 7 Sydenham Apts., Brock Street, Kingston, Ontario
A. B. C. GERMAN	c/o N.O.I.C., Gaspé
J. A. GIBBS	773 Island Road, Oak Bay, Victoria, B. C.
A. O. GRAY	Témiskaming, Quebec
R. E. HADLAND	Baldonnel, B. C.
C. D. HASSELFIELD	Deloraine, Manitoba
W. J. HIGGINSON	1681 Boulevard St. Louis, Three Rivers, P. Q.
G. L. HOPKINS	3439 Victoria Avenue, Regina, Sask.
G. D. HUGHSON	293 Stewart Street, Ottawa, Ontario
J. D. HUNTER	847 Hellmuth Avenue, London, Ontario
J. B. JACKSON	153 Union Street, Simcoe, Ontario
D. S. JONES	Suite 36, Congress Apts., 13th Avenue W., Calgary, Alberta
J. E. KILMER	137 Lonsdale Road, Toronto, Ontario
J. R. KILPATRICK	1746 Cedar Avenue, Montreal, P. Q.
A. D. MANNING	234 First Street North, Kenora, Ontario
P. G. MAY	Dunmora, Saanichton, Vancouver Island, B. C.
N. R. MILLER	338 Glenmanor Drive, Toronto, Ontario
A. A. MILLER	138 Crabrooke Avenue, Toronto, Ontario
J. S. MURPHY	P. O. Box 43, Ladner, B. C.
W. P. MACACHLAN	18 Richelieu Place, Montreal, P. Q.
J. J. MacBRIEN	72 Ardwood Gate, Toronto, Ontario
A. R. MACDONALD	1318 Tarnish Road, Victoria, B. C.
W. A. McFARLAND	235 Russell Hill Road, Toronto, Ontario
W. C. McPHILLIPS	1084 Richmond Street, London, Ontario
J. I. NICHOL	429 Daly Street, Ottawa, Ontario
C. G. PRATT	3424 Saanich Road, Victoria, B. C.
W. K. RANKIN	120 Roxborough Street E., Toronto, Ontario

The Log

R. A. SHIMMIN	6010 Blenheim Street, Vancouver, B. C.
P. H. SKELTON	18 Aberdeen Avenue, Westmount, P. Q.
C. E. SPENCE	400 S. Vickers Street, Fort William, Ontario
W. J. SPENCER	Henry Street, Trenton, Ontario
R. A. STIKEMAN	"The Grosvenor Apts.," No. 7, 1610 Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal, P. Q.
A. B. TORRIE	Westlock, Alberta
H. J. WADE	150 Argyle Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario
H. G. J. WALLS	Suite 203, Huntington Apts, 1915 Beach Avenue, Vancouver, B. C.
D. C. WALSH	Loggieville, New Brunswick
J. G. WATERS	234 Charlotte Street, Apt. 12, Ottawa, Ontario



A MAN AND HIS SHIP

The Log

EDITORS' NOTE

THE magazine has at last come out, and the Editors have heaved an audible sigh of relief. The difficulties which have been encountered in the re-establishing of this annual have varied in size and form, but, praise be to the Lord, they have been overcome! The two most potent threats to our sapling annual have been: (1) Financial contortions; and (2) the pursuit of a name.

Despite the fact that we were penniless when we undertook this venture, the magazine is not in debt. Though the future of the exchequer is not rosy, it is at least hopeful, and we even hope to have a little nest-egg left for next year.

The other blot on the landscape, though less vital, was by far the more complex and involved. The campaigning for names for the magazine caused the Editors to shed many a tear, and grey hairs became quite the vogue. Distraught Editors threatened a blank cover in order to produce suggestions. When the suggestions did roll in, they ranged from the profound to the ridiculous, and they were no better off. Thanks to the staff, the matter was at last brought to a climax and the present name chosen. Some may say that the present name is not noble or worthy of the Editors' trials, but it is, we hope, a name that will stand the test of time, or, in other words, wear well.

To the ex-cadets of the old College we owe an apology. They will feel, and rightly so, that the name of the old magazine, "Sea Breezes," was good enough for them and that it should be good enough for us. To those ex-cadets who feel that way, we apologize and beg their pardon. They will, we hope, however, notice that we are continuing the sequence of volumes of the old magazine, and although the name may belie it, this issue is a direct continuation of the last issue, printed in 1922.

Thus we close. We owe thanks to many people for their help, above all to the Captain, the Staff, and Mr. R. P. Jellett; we are deeply grateful for their kind advice and assistance.

To the first graduating class of this College we wish the best of all possible luck. We hope that in God's good time we will meet again—Bon Voyage and Good Hunting!

The Log



Literary Section

The Log

MAGNA EST VERITAS

By MICHEAL NEY

THE country near St. Etienne was as calm as ever that Summer. Lying on my back on the sweet warm grass, I could hear the bees working assiduously around me, while in the distance a lone cow bellowed her loneliness to the sleepy noon air. There was little evidence of war then. Down in the valley lay the small village of St. Gregoire. For all I knew, there might be bappy children playing games on the one and only street, while their fathers gossipped over their "vin-rouge" in the old gabled hostel called the Jeanne d'Arc. The plague of human selfishness had failed to dull the fragrant air or the natural kindness of that July day. Men might kill and murder, torture and rape, but the calm cycle of Winter and Summer would go blithely on ignorant of the inhumanity below.

Ever since my plane had crashed in the raid over Rouen, I had trekked endlessly across the French countryside. An old brown tweed suit was my protection against the enemy, an innkeeper near Beauvais being kind enough to rescue me from the plight of an R.A.F. uniform. For weeks I had roamed southward, southward toward Vichy France with but one goal in mind—the Riviera and then Gibraltar.

Then, quite suddenly, in the midst of my reveries, I became conscious of someone crying. Looking up, I saw a little girl advancing slowly toward me, sobbing unashamedly as she walked.

"Qu'avez-vous, ma petite?" I said in my best French to the little girl, who, suddenly becoming aware of my presence, flung herself into my arms as though I were a long-lost brother.

"Ma mere, ma mere," she cried with strange Gallic simplicity.

Seeing that the cause for her tears was no trifle, I struggled to restore some quietness in her mind. Taking her by both arms, I peered into her face seeking to find the answer which might be there.

She was a lovely young girl, with ruddy blonde hair, her blue eyes, clear as crystal, were as friendly as those of an old man. She was thinner than she ought to have been, her blue print dress hung loosely on her bony shoulders. The strain of two years of occupation showed clearly on her tired face and thin, almost emaciated body. By degrees I extracted the story.

Her mother, whose only crime was stealing a loaf of bread for her starving family, had been caught by the German troops quartered there and shot. Louise (for as such I had come to know her) did not seem to grasp the whole tragic significance of her mother's death. All she knew was that her mother no longer existed, and she felt bitterly lonely.

When she had grown tired of her crying I went back with her to her little cottage. It was a tidy rustic abode, consisting of three rooms: a main room, a bedroom and a kitchen. Large enough, she explained, for her mother, brother and herself.

The Log

Soon after I arrived, her brother came, his tall, lanky frame filling the doorway. He gazed at me suspiciously with cold, calculating eyes. Only the children in France were friendly to strangers, and even they had come to regard those in uniform with distrust. I cannot quite remember how his suspicion changed, or how he became so friendly; either it was that Louise gave him confidence, or my telling him I was English. Nevertheless, we soon became close friends. There was no fire to sit around, no great quantity of food to ease the stomach and dull the brain, but there was conversation, and conversation is the blood of the brain.

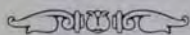
We talked. An old clock on the mantelpiece counted out the minutes with slow, deliberate step.

Armand, so it turned out, carried on his father's trade of wheelwright of the village—mending cots, chairs and tables, carving rosaries for the nuns, making cradles for the babies and coffins for the dead. But his work in the evenings was for his country—he was in an underground organization that ran a paper called "La Liberte."

"It is only a small organization," he explained, "but it shows the spirit of the land. No Germans, with their fat, bloated stomachs, their vicious, sensual, snake-like eyes, always coveting that which is not their own, can ever trample liberty under foot. Wherever they have gone they have carried in their wake a depravity and loathsomeness, as vultures feed on the tortured bodies of the beaten and cowed. We are not beaten, we are not dead; we are alive, and we will rise! Rise triumphant to shatter the shackles that bind us, and restore peace to this tormented earth. With the help of the nations more fortunate than herself, France will rise and overthrow this tyranny."

Then we left, he to his work, I to Gibraltar. As he left, he pressed a small coin, issued in 1797, into my hand. On one side was a sword, shaped in the form of a cross; on the other, an image of the Ste. Jeanne d'Arc, with the words "Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite" inscribed above. On in the cool twilight he walked. The village was still, curfew was gone, and even the Germans were strangely quiet. A noisy insect droned around my head and vanished. On over the dewy field walked the man I had known, known for a few short hours, known and admired.

I reached Vichy in the end. I badgered an old fisherman into coming with me to Gibraltar, flashed a few hundred-franc notes under his nose, and we were off. On the voyage I had plenty of time to reflect. My escape through France had shown me a great deal. Above all, it had taught me to respect the integrity and ideas of others. I learned no matter what horrors a nation is subjected to, what trials or miseries, you can never break the will to live—to live in concord with your fellow-men—your brothers on earth.



The Log

THE HITCH-HIKER

By J. F. HOWARD

HE stood on the roadway staring emptily into space. Behind and before him stretched the smooth grey concrete which seemed to him a symbol of his weariness and dejection. Occasionally he glanced across to the side of the road opposite, at the fields which spread away from it, but the sight of their green fulfilment brought no light to his tired eyes. He was young, and in his face were the lines of bewilderment and doubt and longing.

As he stood there, listlessly, a long blue car sped down the road and stopped with a screech of brakes a few yards further down. The door swung open, and a bright voice said, "Would you like a lift?"

He glanced up, slightly dazed, and muttered, "Holy smokes! A dame!"

But he ran to the side of the car and got in, quickly, gratefully. He looked at the woman who had picked him up so unceremoniously. He guessed she'd be forty-ish and she was dressed with the smart simplicity of the businesswoman.

She said, "Where are you going?"

"Me? . . . Nowhere."

"Nowhere?"

"Nope. No, ma'am." Then quickly, so that his voice would remain steady, "There isn't anywhere to go."

"I see."

A pause. The telephone poles whirled away in a slow, monotonous dance. Of course she didn't see at all.

"It's mighty nice of you to give me a lift. Most people don't trust——"

"Yes, I know," she said. "I usually don't myself. I must be in a good mood today. Either that, or you've an honest face."

He snorted softly. "If I have, it hasn't helped me much before."

She was startled by that. She hadn't meant anything particularly. Maybe the boy was sensitive. Maybe. He had a look about him. . . . She tried: "Are you having trouble with jobs?"

"Jobs!" he said. "Naw. It's not jobs. It's just that—that I'm not good enough at anything. Anything——"

He broke off. He looked tired and wretched and confused, and the wind blowing in through the window ruffled his hair and gave him an innocent and defenceless look.

She thought, "Why should I bother? What difference will it make to me?" So she said, cheerfully:

"Well, maybe your luck will turn."

"Luck!" he laughed bitterly. "Lady, what do you know about luck?"

The Log

She looked indignant at this. Then she smiled, slowly. "Well, young man, I started out the hard way. I worked and so—so I have this car."

"Then you must'a had the breaks." He said this stubbornly. "But guys like me don't get the breaks. Life just ain't worked that way. You know what my Pa was? A king of the hoboes. Yuh see, I've had a dandy start in life."

She said quietly: "So that's the way things are?"

"That's the way things are, and worse. Oh, I don't know . . ."

She could sense the torture and confusion in his mind. He was struggling to put into words the feeling he had of the terror and vastness of life.

The words began to pour out of him as if they had been held in a dam at the flood-gates of his speech.

"It's all wrong the way things are! There's a rotten yellow streak in Life clean through! Take me. There's always been something inside o' me tryin' to get out. When I went to school I used to wanta write things down—but the words never came. And I was good at drawing things, too, see? But what's the use? They weren't ever good enough. Nothing I ever did was. And anyhow, where's there any good in people? Lookit 'em over there slaughterin' each other."

She was silent for a minute. But then she said: "You don't think there's much to believe in, do you? Well, I suppose it's not your fault. There is a lot the matter with the set-up. And there are all the people who lie and cheat and kill and hate. But they don't matter. I know. I've seen a lot of people in my life. I don't want to preach, but—"

And she began to talk softly: her voice was urgent and insistent. It seemed, somehow, that now the most important thing was to make him understand, make him believe in something. So she spoke to him about her life and her work, and their country and its people—the "beautiful" people: the girls and the poets and the thinkers. Gradually, she saw his face relax. Once or twice he nodded in apparent agreement with what she was saying. She had sown the seed of hope in his mind.

They arrived at a large industrial town and he said, "I think I'll get out here."

She fumbled in her purse. Then she said, "Here's my card. Maybe I can help you. I know a lot of people."

Heggrinned. "I don't think I'll need it, but I'll take it anyhow." He looked rather sheepish and added, "Thanks for the lift and the lecture. Bye."

The door slammed. She heard him whistling, and she turned towards the wheel. Behind her car there was a sudden loud screech of brakes. When she looked, she saw his body lying limply on the road, and over it loomed the engine of a huge moving-van. In the noise and confusion which followed, the woman who believed, sat numbly in her car and thought, "There's a rotten yellow streak in Life, clean through!"

The Log

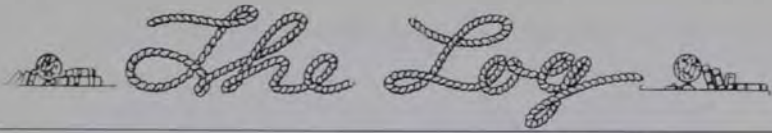
DESTRUCTION

Here is a leaf, an ivy leaf, new-plucked,
Red with the tenderness of youth;
Here the stem and here the spreading veins
That bore sweet flowing sap from darkness sucked
To feed the ever-flowing tips.
I pull it—look! it stretches—now it breaks.
Breaks in the tenderness of youth.
The soft and curling pieces tear again
In smaller fragments. So, alas! it takes
But one man's pleasure to destroy a leaf,
A life, a country, or a world at peace.
But herein lies a difference—I,
Unpunished, have destroyed an ivy leaf,

—R. A. S.



GUNNERY INSTRUCTION



Gifts and Contributions to The College

On behalf of the Officers and cadets, "The Log" wishes to thank all those who have presented gifts or made contributions to the College since its reopening. We have to acknowledge the following:

Sundry pictures of the old College from Mrs. E. Boydell, whose late husband, Commander E. A. Nixon, was formerly Captain of the College.

Autographed pictures of Their Majesties, the King and Queen, and of the Prime Minister, presented by the Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, P.C.

An official copy of the London Times of November 7th, 1805, from the Chief of the Naval Staff.

A silver cigarette box from the Commanding Officer, Pacific Coast.

A silver mug from Prof. D. A. F. Robinson, a former Instructor.

An historical book, "Greenwich Palace," presented by the Royal Naval College, Greenwich.

Two framed pictures of Malta, and a leather-bound volume published in 1756 entitled "The Naval History of Britain from the Earliest Periods of which there are accounts in History to the Conclusion of the year MDCCLVI.." presented by Admiral Roland Nugent, R.N. (retired).

An excellent framed picture of Nelson, from N.S.H.Q.

Three valuable old English engravings, presented by Prof. W. G. Hennessy, of the University of New Hampshire.

Fifty dollars from the Navy League of Canada for a perpetual challenge trophy.

A challenge cup from the Victoria branch of the Naval Veterans of Canada.

Many generous contributions from ex-cadets in response to the Captain's appeal for funds to buy inter-divisional and inter-watch prizes and trophies.

Three volumes by Arthur Bryant on Samuel Pepys, presented by G. H. Selous, Esq., H.M. Trade Commissioner, Vancouver, B. C.

An antique sextant, from Mrs. Little, of Victoria, B. C.

An excellent model of H.M.S. Hood, scale one-tenth of an inch to the foot, lent to the College for the duration of the war by Lt.-Col. E. A. Wiggs, E.D., R.C.A.

We much appreciate the kindness and generosity of the several donors, whose gifts have added much to the College.

