

The Log
OF
H.M.C.S. ROYAL ROADS



ROYAL CANADIAN NAVAL COLLEGE

The Log

OF H.M.C.S ROYAL ROADS



ROYAL CANADIAN
NAVAL COLLEGE

ROYAL ROADS, B.C.



STANDING BY

Staff Officers

Commanding Officer

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

Director of Studies

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

A/LIEUT. CMDR. G. H. DAVIDSON, R.C.N.

Commander; professional subjects; sports

INSTR. LIEUT. CMDR. WILLIAM OGLE, M.A., R.C.N.V.R.

Asst. Director of Studies; Navigation

LIEUT. CMDR. (E) P. B. HUGHES, B.Sc., R.C.N.V.R. - *Engineer Officer*

INSTR. LIEUT. CMDR. G. S. GRAHAM, M.A., Ph.D., R.C.N.V.R. - *History*

INSTR. LIEUT. CMDR. PERCY LOWE, M.A., Ph.D., R.C.N.V.R. - *Mechanics*

INSTR. LIEUT. CMDR. C. T. TEAKLE, M.A., R.C.N.V.R. - *French; English*

INSTR. LIEUT. CMDR. L. A. BROWN, M.A., R.C.N.V.R. - *Mathematics*

INSTR. LIEUT. CMDR. C. C. COOK, M.Sc., R.C.N.V.R. - *Physics*

PAY LIEUT. CMDR. J. E. K. GOLDSMITH, R.C.N.V.R. - *Accountant Officer*

A/LIEUT. CMDR. J. R. GENGE, M.A., R.C.N.V.R. - *Asst. Navigation Officer*

LIEUT. C. V. FINCH, R.C.N.V.R. - *Torpedo Officer; Junior Term Lieut.*

LIEUT. L. K. EDEN, R.C.N.V.R. - *Gunnery Officer; Senior Term Lieut.*

LIEUT. (E) R. N. PARKINSON, B.A.Sc., R.C.N.V.R. - *Engineering*

INSTR. LIEUT. G. H. BJORKLUND, M.A., Ph.D., R.C.N.V.R. - *Chemistry*

SURG. LIEUT. J. D. ROSS, R.C.N.V.R. - *Medical Officer*

PAY LIEUT. R. C. WILLIS, R.C.N. - *Accountancy*

PAY LIEUT. G. A. BUIE, R.C.N.V.R. - *Captain's Secretary*

LIEUT. A. R. HUNTINGTON, R.C.N.V.R. - *1st Lieutenant*

SUB-LIEUT. C. L. GERRIE, W.R.C.N.S. - *Unit Officer*

MR. J. E. T. MASON, M.B.E., Commissioned Boatswain, R.C.N. - *Seamanship*

MR. B. F. DAY, M.B.E., Commissioned Shipwright, R.C.N. - *Shipwright Officer*

MR. S. B. EVANS, Warrant Engineer, R.C.N.R. - *Engineering*

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A Message - from Admiral of the Fleet

Sir Andrew B. Cunningham, Bart., G.C.B., D.S.O. and Two Bars
First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff

I AM pleased to have the opportunity of writing this short foreword in your Naval College "Log," the more especially as this year is the occasion for the completion of the first long course since your College was re-opened in the Autumn of 1942.

You are the first of the young officers who will be required to provide the backbone for the expanding Royal Canadian Navy of the future. Upon your skill and endeavours in the post-war years will depend the future of the Royal Canadian Navy as an efficient defence service taking its full share in the defence of your homeland and your seaborne trade and also playing its part in maintaining world peace.

The majority of you may not see a great deal of war service, but there is no reason to believe that the post-war era will be void of opportunity for action. This war has shown that national security can only be assured by each member of the British Commonwealth of Nations keeping its defence services at the peak of efficiency. From every quarter I receive splendid reports of the young officers of the Royal Canadian Navy and Reserves, and I am completely confident that each one of you will live up to and maintain the traditions and high reputation which the Royal Canadian Navy has so deservedly won for itself in the years before and during this war. The future is yours, and I wish you all good luck and Godspeed.

Whitehall, 28th June, 1944.



Editorial

THIS year, the Editors have tried to make *The Log* of more general interest. By including articles from outside sources, they have sought to extend its function beyond that of a College Year Book. The Editors feel that the people of Canada should have increasing opportunity to learn about their Navy, what it is doing in this war and what its role will be in time of peace.

Not so very long ago, Mr. Winston Churchill spoke thus:

"Canada with her eleven millions has guarded the heart and citadel of the Empire during the most perilous months in all its history.

"Canadians have become a naval people. They have gone to sea. Not only do they build ships in peace and war, but they man and fight them; and they have contributed in notable degree to the destruction of the U-boat menace."

These are fine words which contain no empty praises. They speak only the truth. "Canadians have become a naval people"; they are carrying on the splendid traditions that are Britain's. Canadians are not only becoming navy-conscious, but more fully aware that they will be obliged to shoulder their responsibilities along with the other Dominions in the world that must be resurrected after this war. We have learned by cruel experience that peace is maintained by strength as well as by free hearts and good intentions. As Canada grows and progresses from a state of colonial dependence to a redoubtable peace-loving nation, so will her Navy. With the traditions and experience given us by Britain and our own youth and resources, Canada's Navy should progress rapidly. Centuries of experience have taught that a nation is respected not only for her ideals but for her strength. For Canada a strong Navy can do much to raise her prestige and power: it can help safeguard her security and thus be a factor of vital consequence in the support of all free nations.

As Canada grows, so must her Navy, Army and Air Force. We should no longer hide behind the skirts of the Mother Country or lean for support on our strong neighbours. Canada after this war will have the opportunity to show the world that she is capable of taking her place in world policies. Canada will be able to help maintain in peace the high and useful influence which her sacrifices have won her in time of war.

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To Captain J. M. Grant, R.C.N., Mr. J. E. T. Mason, Commissioned Boatswain, R.C.N., and to Mr. B. F. Day, Commissioned Shipwright, R.C.N., the "Log" extends its sincere congratulations. In the New Year's Honours List, Captain Grant was made a Commander of the Order of the British Empire, and Mr. Mason and Mr. Day were made Members of the same Order.

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Calendar

1943

- 1st Sept. Fifty Junior Term Cadets joined the College.
- 3rd Sept. Senior Term Cadets returned for second year of training.
- 10th Sept. Rear Admiral V. G. Brodeur, C.B.E., R.C.N., C.O.P.C., during his visit to the College, inspected the buildings, was introduced to the Staff and lunched on board.
- 15th Sept. All Cadets were sent away at 1100 in College boats for five hours "Fleet Exercises" in the Straits of Juan de Fuca.
- 22nd Sept. All Cadets again performed "Fleet Exercises."
- 23rd Sept. Captain H. N. Lay, O.B.E., R.C.N., visited the College.
- 24th Sept. Captain F. C. Flynn, R.N., visited the College.
- 25th Sept. H. R. Gillard, Managing Secretary, Dominion Council, The Navy League of Canada, and J. K. R. Millen, Assistant Sea Cadet Co-ordinator of Winnipeg, visited the College.
- 30th Sept. Vice Admiral F. M. Austin, K.B.E., C.B., R.N., visited the College and observed the Cadets at work in the classrooms and workshops.
- 3rd Oct. Lieutenant Commander Hajee Mohammed Siddiq Choudri, Royal Indian Navy, visited the College.
- 12th Oct. Cadets occupied their quarters in the new Cadet Block.
- 26th Oct. Professor R. I. Lovell, Professor of History at Willamette University, Salem, Oregon, lectured to the Staff and Cadets on "One Hundred Years of American Foreign Policy."
- 30th Oct. Honorary Brigadier the Most Reverend C. L. Nelligan, Principal Chaplain (R.C.), visited the College.
- 8th Nov. Captain Mainguy, O.B.E., R.C.N., Director of Naval Personnel, visited the College.
- 9th Nov. Rear Admiral V. G. Brodeur, C.B., R.C.N., C.O.P.C., inspected the Administration Building, Cadet Block and grounds and addressed the Cadets.
- 10th Nov. Mr. C. A. Bowman, Editor of the Ottawa Citizen, visited the College.
- 11th Nov. Reverend J. Furlong conducted an Armistice service on the quarterdeck.
- 14th Nov. Captain (E) W. W. Porteous, R.C.N., Director of Engineering Personnel, visited the College.
- 19th Nov. All Cadets were shown over the aircraft carrier H.M.S. Atheling by kind permission of Captain R. I. Agnew, O.B.E., R.C.N.
- 24th Nov. Air Commodore E. L. MacLeod, R.C.A.F., and Squadron Leader Harris, R.C.A.F., visited the College.
- 3rd Dec. Beginning of the Christmas examinations.
- 5th Dec. Right Honourable Malcolm MacDonald, M.P., High Commissioner for the United Kingdom; Captain M. Goolden, D.S.C., N.O.I.C., Esquimalt, and Mr. G. H. Selous, H.M. Trade Commissioner, Vancouver, visited the College.
- 14th Dec. Christmas Dance was held on the quarterdeck.
- 15th Dec. Beginning of twenty-eight days leave.

1944

- 5th Jan. Mr. H. E. Sellers (Honorary Captain, R.C.N.V.R.) visited the College.
- 12th Jan. End of Christmas leave.

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- 15th Jan. Deputy Minister for Air, Air Vice Marshal L. F. Stevenson, R.C.A.F., Air Commodore E. L. MacLeod, R.C.A.F. and Mr. R. L. Mayhew, M.P., visited the College.
- 5th Feb. Cadets formed the Royal Guard of Honour at Yarrows Shipyards when Crown Princess Juliana of the Netherlands launched the frigate H.M.C.S. St. Stephen.
- 7th Feb. Senior Term Cadets went for a night action cruise in the aircraft carrier H.M.S. Nabob.
- 12th Feb. Right Honourable E. L. Burgin, P.C., LL.D., M.P., accompanied by His Honour the Lieutenant Governor of British Columbia, visited the College, and Dr. Burgin addressed the Staff and Cadets.
- 28th Feb. Dr. L. P. Percival, Deputy Minister and Director of Protestant Education in Quebec, addressed the Cadets and Staff.
- 8th Mar. Mr. R. C. Stevenson, Co-ordinator of Sea Cadet Activities for Naval Services, visited the College.
Beginning of the annual Boxing Competition preliminaries.
- 10th Mar. Captain B. L. Johnson, D.S.O., R.C.N.R., visited the College.
All Cadets attended the Navy Show at the Royal Victoria Theatre.
- 11th Mar. Senior League Knockout Competition Seven Side Rugby won by the Royal Canadian Naval College.
- 17th Mar. Finals of Cadets Boxing Competition, attended by a number of Senior Officers on the Station, were held in the gymnasium at 1930.
- 20th Mar. Beginning of Easter Examinations.
- 28th Mar. Beginning of Easter leave.
- 31st Mar. Twenty-five Senior Term Cadets proceeded to sea in H.M.C.S. Fifer for a ten day cruise.
- 12th Apr. Thirty-five Commanding Officers of the Western Royal Canadian Sea Cadet Corps visited the College.
All Cadets returned to the College from Easter leave.
- 18th Apr. Colonel George Drew, Premier of Ontario, visited the College and spoke to the Cadets on the quarterdeck.
- 20th Apr. Twenty-one Senior Cadets proceeded to sea in H.M.C.S. Fifer for a ten day cruise. Remainder of the Senior Term cadets visited the aircraft carrier H.M.S. Trouncer during the Dog Watches.
- 1st May Captain E. S. Brand, O.B.E. R.C.N., Director of Trade Division, N.S.H.Q., visited the College and lectured to the Cadets and Staff on the Merchant Navy.
- 17th May His Excellency the Governor General and H.R.H. Princess Alice visited the College and inspected the Cadets and Wrens.
- 21st May Mr. V. C. Wansbrough, former headmaster of Lower Canada College, addressed the Cadets at church.
- 25th May Cross-country run.
- 27th May Inter-Divisional Track and Field Meet was held by the Cadets.
- 1st June Finals of dinghy regatta.
- 2nd June R.C.N. College representatives competed in an Inter-School Track Meet at Brentwood College.
- 17th June College grounds were opened to the public, and Cadets put on a Physical Training and gunnery display for the benefit of the Red Cross.
- 5th July Passing-out ceremonies were held on the parade ground: dance on the quarterdeck, year ended.
- 6th July Cadets returned to their homes for summer leave.

Editor's Note

This year has not been as spectacular as last. There has not been the pageantry of the opening ceremonies or the peculiar occurrences that take place in a new establishment. Life at the College has, in other words, gone according to plan. One event that should be recorded is the mass transfer of Cadets from the old to the new building. This evacuation took place at the beginning of the year, and few Cadets will forget plodding backwards and forwards, groaning beneath beds, chests of drawers and quantities of clothes. The College became a mixture of Dunkerque and the retreat through France in 1940. This evacuation was regarded as a mixed blessing: the Seniors in particular, having spent an entire year in the warm antiquity of the old building, regarded it all as an unwholesome plot. They had spent one month in the palatial Senior Gunroom, long enough to miss the soft armchairs and throw rude remarks at the seemingly stark efficiency of the new building. It did not take long, however, for us to get used to it, and we have become quite attached to the three-inch oak benches and fluorescent lighting.

The introduction of the Alpha classes and Special courses has helped considerably to widen the scope of education in the College, and has given an opportunity for extra study outside the field of professional subjects. Now that the initial adjustments are over, these courses should do much to make the education here of a more complete and universal nature.

Another innovation, of a less profound nature but creating quite as much excitement, was the arrival of the Wrens. These Wrens have now taken over the duties of Quartermasters, Cooks, Wardroom Attendants, and Writers, and I am sure I am speaking for the whole of the College when I say that their cheerfulness and efficiency have added much to the College life! In addition it should be mentioned that the standard of cookery has risen considerably since their arrival: and it should not be omitted that once we feasted on chocolate eclairs!

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The Log congratulates Lt. Cmdr. Ogle on the arrival of a son, and Lt. Cmdr. Genge on the arrival of a daughter.

* * * *

It was with great sorrow that we learned of the sinking of H.M.C.S. Athabaskan and the announcement that three people intimately connected with the College were missing. They were: Sub-Lieutenant Annett, R.C.N.V.R., Lieutenant (E) Izard, and C.P.O. Sweet. Annett passed out from the College last year with a first class certificate; Lt. Izard was the Senior Engineer, while C.P.O. Sweet was our much beloved P.T.I. Already rumours have reached us that some are prisoners of war, and we are anxiously awaiting official confirmation of these reports. These and other reports, such as the sinking of the Scharnhorst, with which at least four ex-Cadets were connected, brought the war suddenly close to us, and we were alternately both proud and envious. An extremely vivid account of the Scharnhorst action is found in the Ex-Cadet Section.

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So we close these notes. We hope that everyone will find this, the second edition of the Log, to their satisfaction; it was quite a back-breaking struggle to get it out, and the enforced paper restrictions have considerably cramped our style. But we hope that it is a better edition than last year's, and that the magazine will keep on progressing as the years go by.

COLLEGE NEWS



Her Royal Highness Princess Juliana of the Netherlands inspecting the Royal Guard on the occasion of the launching of the frigate "St. Stephen."

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THE VISIT OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL

Once again, the Royal Canadian Naval College was honoured by the visit of His Excellency the Governor-General, the Earl of Athlone, on May 17th. Captain Barry German accompanied His Excellency as aide-de-camp.

The official car was greeted by Captain J. M. Grant, C.B.E., R.C.N., Rear-Admiral V. G. Brodeur, C.B.E., R.C.N., and the officers in charge of the various College departments. The Governor-General inspected the Cadets, who were drawn up in terms in front of the Cadet Block under command of Chief Cadet Captain Chipman. His Excellency was intensely interested, and showed his interest by speaking to each Cadet. Following the inspection, the Cadets doubled away to dog-watch activities and His Excellency inspected the new Cadet Block. After this inspection the Governor-General was joined by Princess Alice, who had arrived later and had inspected the Wrens on the quarterdeck. Their Excellencies were conducted through the grounds and returned to the castle terrace for tea.

When the visit was concluded, each Cadet could justly feel that he as well as the College had been truly honoured.

D. C. M.

THE VISIT OF REAR-ADMIRAL BRODEUR

On November 9th, the College received its first official inspection from Rear-Admiral V. G. Brodeur, C.B.E., R.C.N. Rear-Admiral Brodeur was appointed to the important position of Commanding Officer Pacific Coast in September, and although he had visited the establishment earlier in the Autumn, this was the first time in which he inspected the Cadets, the buildings, and, in fact, all the personnel and facilities at Royal Roads.

The Admiral arrived in his car at approximately 0930. Immediately upon his arrival he met the Officers and inspected a very smart seamen guard drawn up on Dunsmuir Drive. From there he proceeded up the steps to the terrace outside the new Cadet Block, where the senior and junior terms stood at attention. The five Cadet captains were introduced to the Admiral, and the two terms were inspected. During his inspection the Admiral stopped and chatted with several Cadets, much to the envy of their fellows.

A short address was then delivered by the Admiral, who pointed out to us the bright horizons which the R.C.N. holds in store for her future officers.

Upon dismissal, Cadets returned to normal routine activities, and the Admiral inspected the mess decks, Engineering School, and the Cadet Block. After lunching on board, the Admiral concluded his visit by being photographed with groups of Cadets representative of the Provinces of the Dominion. Shortly afterwards, Rear-Admiral Brodeur proceeded from the establishment.

D. C. H.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE FRIGATE "ST. STEPHEN"

On the twenty-fifth of January, Cadets of the Royal Canadian Naval College were privileged to form a Royal Guard for Crown Princess Juliana of the Netherlands. The occasion was the launching of a newly completed frigate at Yarrows Shipyards.

Despite the foreboding "Victorian" weather, a large crowd attended the ceremony and many well-known faces could be discerned. His Honour the

Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, his wife, and Rear-Admiral V. G. Brodeur were to be seen; and a large number of naval personnel, as well as many eager shipworkers, thronged the sidelines.

The Guard, under the command of Lieut. Cmdr. G. H. Davidson, with Lieutenant L. K. Eden second-in-command, formed up outside the yards, with the Navy band in front. The latter, playing the stirring march, "Heart of Oak," led the way into the yards. Inside, the band took up its place on a stand directly in front of the frigate with the Guard slightly to one side.

When the Princess arrived, the Guard presented arms while the Dutch and British national anthems were played. An inspection was made of the Guard by the Princess before she proceeded to a high wooden platform close to the prow of the ship. A short speech was made by Mr. Norman Yarrow, and prayers and blessings were said by the leading Roman Catholic and Anglican chaplains of this district. Princess Juliana then addressed the crowd, and with the words, "God bless this ship and all who sail in her," she sent *St. Stephen* down the slips, amid cheers and the playing of "Rule, Britannia."

D. L. C.

CAPTAIN E. S. BRAND, R.C.N.

On Monday, the first of May, Captain E. S. Brand, O.B.E., R.C.N., Director of Trade Division at Naval Service Headquarters, came to the College for the purpose of delivering two lectures to the Cadets—the one on "Merchant Navies" and the other on "The Control of Trade in War."

Captain Brand delivered his first lecture during the first dog watch after being introduced to the Cadets by the Captain. From then on, Captain Brand held his audience in a tight grip of ever-increasing interest as he painted a picture of the Merchant Service in war and peace.

As Captain Brand said, "the Navy is vitally interested in the Merchant Navy, for if no goods have to be carried by sea, then there is no need for a Navy." He emphasized the fact that the handling and controlling of merchant ships was a difficult science, concerning which the average naval officer should try to acquire more knowledge. He showed conclusively how dependent Britain was upon her merchant ships and how impossible it would be for air transport ever to relieve the merchant carriers. He went on to define clearly and in a manner which all could understand, the types of ships, the terms and expressions used in the merchant ships and the science there is in correctly loading a cargo. We learned from him how ships are operated and how chartered, and the place a shipping agent has in this complex organization. In conclusion of this lecture, Captain Brand stated that "without the Allied Merchant Navies, the war would have been lost some time ago," a fact for which the whole world acclaims the merchant seaman.

In his lecture that night, the lecturer gave what is perhaps the most interesting subject for the Cadets, "The Control of Trade in War."

Immediately after the outbreak of the war the Royal Navy and the R.C.N. took over absolute control of the Merchant Navy, chartering their ships and allowing the owners to operate them. What a tremendous job this was and is, can be easily seen, and Captain Brand went on to depict the organization that controls this immense fleet. We attended every conference with him, worried about tardy ships with the control officer, made a voyage from Capetown to Halifax, and in all we joined the Trade Division and Control of Merchant Ships for the duration of the lecture. Cadets eagerly listened to this tremendously

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interesting lecture and a new respect for and interest in the Merchant Service was born in many Cadets' minds. But Captain Brand left not only new feeling for the Merchant Service, but also respect for the men who run it in wartime, the Convoy Commodores, the N.C.S.O.'s and, most of all, the Trade Division.

P. R. D. E. M.

LIEUTENANT KNOWLES, R.N.V.R.

During the past year the R.C.N. College was favoured with many interesting talks and informative lectures. The speech of Lieut. Knowles, R.N.V.R., given to us on March 3rd, on the subject of security and its special application to naval personnel, ranked among the best of these.

Lieut. Knowles, who is attached to Naval Intelligence, recounted vividly many of his colourful and varied experiences in his world-wide travels. Through them, he drew our attention to the dangers of a lack of appreciation of the value of security, especially in the sense of keeping a close watch over our tongues, at home as well as at the front. He said that, due to careless talk and our naturally unsuspicious nature, enemy agents have a comparatively easy time gleaning information in this country, while in the dictatorships the people are constantly on their guard and suspect everyone, making our intelligence task much harder.

At the conclusion of his talk Lieut. Knowles presented a motion picture to emphasize his message. It did so most effectively, telling of scraps of information about the disposition of a British cruiser, overheard on a train, in a pub, or on the street, being fitted together like a huge jig-saw puzzle by the enemy, and which resulted in the cruiser's loss by torpedo attack.

Lieut. Knowles' fine talk and motion picture held our rapt attention and left an impression of a fine speaker with an important message which will remain with us for a long time.

E. J. C.

CHRISTMAS DANCE

It was on the evening of December 14th that the Christmas Dance took place, and what a dance it turned out to be! Apart from the fact that it marked the end of term, thereby giving the green light to everyone to have a good time, it was an important occasion in that it christened the new quarterdeck; for it was the first dance held on the quarterdeck since the new building had been completed. And what it may have lacked in atmosphere when compared with the Castle, it certainly made up for in dancing comfort.

Once again it was the popular Navy Band which was supplying the musical entertainment for the party. This they did in fine style, and several of their renditions were, to quote a term of modern vintage, "strictly solid"; especially so was "Drumboogie," featuring the drummer.

As midnight approached, the Wrens stepped in and did more than their share by serving up a delicious supper, which was enjoyed by one and all alike.

As a fitting and rather touching finale to the evening's entertainment, Pat Strachan sang "White Christmas." And as the strains of the melody faded, all agreed that the dance had been a great success.

J. R. C.

THE PLANETARIUM

The College is now equipped with a miniature Planetarium, supplied by the Peerless Planetarium Co. of Toronto, and built in the former conservatory. In brief, it is a dome of 21 feet diameter, of wood and plaster construction, capable of seating a class of fifty. The inner surface of the dome, when illuminated, shows the constellations of a northern sky on the plane of the ecliptic, about 160 stars represented by chrome hemispheres of different magnitudes. The purpose of this "fixed" sky is to teach the constellations relative to each other, and recognition of the "navigation" stars.

When the interior is darkened, it is then possible by means of a star-projecting instrument to throw the stars on the dome as they would be seen from any latitude and at any time. Further, it is possible to speed up the apparent movements of the stars across the heavens to show rising and setting and change of azimuth and altitude, all of which is a great aid to our navigation classes.

A separate instrument, mounted on a smoothly moving chassis, shows sun, moon and earth together. By a clever arrangement of gears, the moon is made to revolve round the earth in accord with a time dial, the principle of apogee and perigee being correctly shown. At the same time, earth and moon revolve round the sun in accord with a time dial, perihelion and aphelion being also properly illustrated. From this instrument alone valuable lessons can be given on seasons, tides, eclipses, climate and winds.

In addition to these main features, we are provided with many minor instruments designed to make clear the meaning of equinoctial, declination, azimuth, right ascension, hour angle and altitude.

It is planned to conduct the celestial instruction in the Planetarium, where the actual presentation of the different planes will eliminate a certain amount of worry in the study of the celestial sphere.

A. L. S.

THE CRUISE IN THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER

One day during the Winter Term the Seniors were lifted crashingly from the daily routine of Naval College life and landed in a Naval Cadet's private heaven. At lunchtime the Executive Officer announced, without warning, that we were to proceed to sea that afternoon in one of H.M. Escort Carriers. Feverish packing activities took the place of afternoon sports, and by four o'clock we were ready for the great event.

On arriving at the jetty we streamed up the brow and emerged into a cavernous space like a bus terminal, which we later learned to call the "hangar deck." Here we met our "nurse," in the form of a lieutenant-commander of the Royal Navy, and from here we streamed like so many ants throughout the ship on tours of inspection. Meanwhile we had left harbour, and when we had found our cabins, eaten a hearty dinner as guests of the wardroom, and explored our way to the flight deck, it was already night. The night was extremely beautiful, complete with moonlight on the waters, purpling mountains on both sides of the ship, and a gentle heaving of the great flight deck. Cadets were seen to gather in little groups to explain to each other just how superb the whole venture was, and to gasp at the size of the deck space. The popular view was that the flight deck would make excellent tennis courts, baseball diamonds or rugger fields, and would incidentally be a convenient place to land an aircraft.



The Cruise of Royal Roads

PREPARING
TO DEPART



THE FLEET
AT SEA



THE
LANDING



STAND
EASY

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That night we witnessed an exercise "night action" aboard the ship, watching the guns' crews and their powerful weapons go through their paces as the barrels swung swiftly, like so many accusing fingers following each movement of the imaginary enemy. Later, we sat back in the air-conditioned comfort of the pilots' ready room to hear an excellent talk on the operation and use of naval aircraft in the sea warfare of today.

The night wore on. Cadets took over look-out positions and proceeded on patrols throughout the ship, tip-toeing between endless rows of sleeping men, unreal in the red glare of police lights, stepping through seemingly countless watertight doors, and clanging up and down equally numerous iron ladders. Groups of us stood at either end of the vast flight deck watching the horizon go up and down, or wondering if the hawse-pipes would be submerged under the next long swell. Some Cadets turned in to sleep or to play a noisy game of bridge, while others performed gymnastics from the three-decker bunks.

At approximately three o'clock in the morning we awoke to hear a lecture which explained to us the use of some of the "hush-hush" electronic equipment of the ship, but the unorthodox hour was not conducive to concentrated thought. Some of us stumbled out into the gale blowing across the flight deck with feelings of gratitude for fresh air and with a hope that the ship would stop heaving. . . .

Shortly afterwards we transferred to a Fairmile motor launch. This was accomplished by ferrying across in instalments in the carrier's motorboat, a trip which was very enjoyable in the choppy waves. The Fairmile, which was close by, rolled like a cork. As seen from this ship in the nearly complete blackness of the early morning, the picture of the towering carrier and the bobbing motorboat with its spray turning red or green in the glow of its running lights was a most impressive one.

We were now in a position near Cape Flattery, and the return trip by Fairmile took us until late morning. A Fairmile is a playful little ship. Cadets turned green like the coming of Spring, and dashed for the guard rails. Wherever one stepped there were Cadets sleeping on piles of wet oilskins. Cadets being seasick, or Cadets looking forcibly cheerful and drenched with spray on the forward gun platform. ("It makes the cap badge nice and salty," they said.) The ship's officers saw their tiny wardroom deluged by a rain of visitors. It still seems scarcely possible that so many could fit into such a small space. Day dawned grey and coldly and reluctantly as we met calmer waters. It was then that we heard the story of the alarmed Chief Motor Mechanic who perceived a Cadet Captain's body lying inert in his engine room. The body refused to be awakened by judicious prodding, so the officer of the watch was startled to hear the report, "Sir, there's a dead Cadet in the engine-room." The C.M.M. was more startled to find on his return to the engine-room that the body had removed itself. Oh well, what's one Cadet more or less anyway?

For the remainder of the trip we made burnt toast in the galley and tried vainly to stay warm. When we finally came alongside the fueling jetty it was a very sodden and sleepy-looking term of Cadets which scrambled ashore. With vague dreams of flight decks and rolling Fairmiles, and with a sensation of the earth heaving, we crawled on board Royal Roads again. It had been great.

P.S.—We slept all afternoon.

D. C. H.

TUESDAY EVENING TALKS

The Senior Gunroom on Tuesday evenings became the scene of many a salty or a spicy tale during the Winter Term and in the early Spring Term. In continuation of a practice started the previous year, several officers of the College were buffaloes into the Senior Gunroom to "spin us a yarn." The talks were useful as well as entertaining, for we must have picked up numerous tips as to what to do and what not to do aboard ship, and where not to go in various wild and woolly places. Lieut. Huntington inspired us with burning desires to sense the doubtful delights of Algiers and to invade the "Casbah," while Lieut. Parkinson told us a like thing or two about Capetown or Durban, and gave us a preview of the possible eccentricities to be encountered in our later Service life. Who could possibly forget the remarkably clear portrait of the Major of Marines going ashore for a "spot of air" with his Tyrolean hat, his plus fours, and the collapsible bicycle under his arm? It would be easy to reminisce at great length on the humour, wit and helpfulness of those Tuesday evening talks, but space is unfortunately limited.

To all those brave souls who sat amidst piles of empty cocoa cups on the gunroom table and divulged some of their colourful pasts to us, the Senior Term wishes to proffer many thanks. A list of the approximate subjects of the talks and their speakers is printed below in chronological order:

Lieut. Cmdr. Davidson	"Midshipman Life"
Captain Grant	"N.S.H.Q. and Naval Organization"
Lieut. Cmdr. Hughes	"An Engineer in a Battleship"
Lieut. Huntington	"Corvettes and the North African Invasion"
Lieut. Cmdr. Genge	"The Naval Examination Service"
Lieut. Finch	"From Pacific to Atlantic in a Bangor"
Lieut. Parkinson	"Almost Everything"
Lieut. Eden	"North Atlantic Convoy"
Lieut. Willis	"Gunroom Antics"
C.Y.S. Smith	"Advice to Snotties"

D. C. H.

"MEET THE NAVY"

To Cadets, so long deprived of feminine pulchritude, the prospect of the Navy Show was something to look forward to. Before the show started, a certain Physics instructor and a certain Seamanship instructor seemed to be having a little trouble in finding their correct seats, but they were quickly directed to a little dark corner. Act One started with an overture by the orchestra under Eric Wild. The funniest scene was "Women at War." The two husbands were exchanging their latest recipes and waiting for the mail-woman to bring their draft calls from Ottawa. On the more serious side the "Scena Russki," under the able direction of Ivan Romanoff, with the Balalaika orchestra and chorus, made a profound impression on the audience.

In Act Two, the singing of Shannondoah by Oscar Natzhe and his shipmates was exceptionally well done. Cameron Grant's impersonation of the French-Canadian was so real and yet so funny that it brought a feeling of nostalgia to the Eastern Cadets. I don't think anybody will ever forget that ridiculous figure of John Pratt, in the excessively large boiler suit and the diminutive cap, singing "You'll Get Used to It." To junior Cadets it seemed very appropriate!

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The whole show ran through with such smoothness that the time flew so quickly one never realized the end was at hand. The scenery and costumes were really a credit to the show. In fact, our highest expectations were far surpassed.

H. D. E.

ADDRESS BY DR. E. L. BURGIN, M.P.

On the 12th of February, His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor brought with him a visitor to the College, the Right Hon. Leslie Burgin, M.P., who had been travelling through Canada on behalf of the British Government. At 1115, Cadets broke off Special Courses to attend a short talk given by Dr. Burgin on the quarterdeck. A few words of introduction were spoken by the Captain, who recalled the various positions which had been held by the speaker, among them the office of Minister of Trade and Transportation. Dr. Burgin then talked on certain events of this war, interposing here and there humorous anecdotes of such leaders as Churchill and Benes. His story of the convoy to Murmansk and the Bosn's Mate will, in particular, be remembered by officers, Cadets and Mr. Mason. Throughout his speech, Dr. Burgin held the attention of his audience firmly in his grasp, displaying some of the best rhetoric to be heard at R.C.N. College. In thanking Dr. Burgin for having taken time off to speak to the Cadets, Captain Grant said that his talk might well be taken by Cadets as an example of the art of speechmaking which they should strive to emulate.

D. C. C.

SEA TIME

"Distribute the bedding equally over the whole length of the hammock, to prevent it appearing, when lashed up, more bulky in one part than another."—
(From "Manual of Seamanship," Vol. 1.)

* * * *

On the afternoon of the 30th of March, twenty-five Senior Cadets could be seen on the dormitory deck struggling heroically with unprecedented tangles of clews, micks, mattresses too big for the bed covers, heaps of blankets, and rubber boots. After hours of solid pulling, pushing, knotting and rolling, twenty-five bulbous and bursting hammocks stood in a heap ready for come what might. Twenty-five frustrated seniors straightened out their backs, wiped their brows and slunk to the gunroom. To the most casual observer it was apparent that some of R.C.N.C. was putting out to sea.

Friday morning found these would-be salts going aboard H.M.C.S. *Fifer*. After the frantic preliminary excursions in quest of cabins, Cadets settled down rather nonchalantly to get the ship to sea. The navigators pre-navigated, the galley help peeled potatoes, the signals department rigged wallets of flags, while the Officer of the Watch tucked a telescope under his arm, placed a superior expression on his face, and paced the restricted deck space available.

Fifer was found to be a beautiful little ship. A former diesel yacht, she resembled a miniature ocean liner, modern in every respect and small enough for the Cadets to handle without undue anxiety. For the ten days of the cruise Cadets took daily turns at carrying out the duties of O.O.W., navigators, signalmen, quartermasters, petty officers, boats' crews, stewards and galley help, thus gaining some practical experience in a ship's routine and the duties of the different departments.

THE LOG OF H.M.C.S. ROYAL ROADS

METHODS OF PROPELLING A BOAT



BY BRAWN



BY BRAIN

THE LOG OF H.M.C.S. ROYAL ROADS

We slipped from the jetty at noon, and after a lively though unintelligible flashing conversation with a Fairmile, we safely cleared the harbour and proceeded eastwards to the Gulf of Georgia. For the next ten days we enjoyed an idyllic life, cruising by day, anchoring at night, and basking in the Spring sun. The very first afternoon we encountered a school of porpoises, which played and dived and jumped under our bows, spraying water on the fo'c's'le. That night we anchored in Ganges Harbour, and, as was to become a familiar sight, Mr. Mason produced a weird network of fish-hooks to lure some innocent denizen of the deep to the wardroom table. Once he actually did catch two things—but a rubber boot *must* have been discouraging, and the other Thing which appeared from its Stygian depths was quite properly returned at once to whence it came.

Ship handling and sun sights occurred the next day. Cadets proving indisputably that *Fifer* was actually some thirty miles inland. Upon return to Ganges, enterprising groups of future naval officers proceeded ashore to inspect the local entertainment facilities. We were kindly thrown a party ashore, and Cadets disported themselves until the wee sma' hours of the morning. The signal watch on board complained that it was kept awake all night by vague flashlight signals from the house on the hillside, such as "P.S.B.," where "B" does not necessarily stand for "boat."

Nash was the centre of attention at Gambier Island. Someone had told him that a Bren gun gave no kick (said he). It is our private opinion he had a deep-rooted plan to perform a *coup d'etat* and seize power. Chagrined Cadets picked themselves out of their prone positions on the cow pasture and Lieut. Eden breathed like a new man as the last round ricocheted gracefully off the rocks in the foreground and lost itself in the forest. Accordingly, the title "Killer" was attached to this trigger-happy plumber, and the name has stuck.

While we were leaving Gambier, another incident happened. Someone dropped a jumping ladder over the side, and, appropriately enough, Bancroft was the victim of the circumstances. Up in the wheelhouse, Officer of the Watch Joy looked grim, and between periods of conning the ship to miss a log boom, he charged the offender with negligence. That night, Nanoose Harbour was the scene of a court-martial; Cadets jumped ten ranks and became Admirals. There was shrill piping, the breaking out of numerous flags, and the blast of gunfire as these pseudo-gentlemen came aboard. There were chaplains and pay-bobs and clerks, and an Officiating Deputy Judge Advocate sitting under the dish towels in the mess deck, and there in a corner was the prisoner trying vainly to look self-confident. His face blanched as he heard the awful charge laid against him: "That he was negligent in observance of his duty, in that he did allow one jumping ladder, the property of His Majesty, to fall over the rail of His Majesty's Canadian Ship *Fifer* and did allow the said jumping ladder to sink."* After all this mighty preamble we all felt let down when the prisoner was let off.

The next big event was the city of Nanaimo. For three nights we were anchored in the harbour, doing various odd jobs by day. Inevitably, we performed a kedging evolution in Departure Bay, but the fun began when we painted ship. With the exception of the Wardroom Steward, all hands turned to and proceeded up the mast, around the bows, and along the sides. Weird feats were accomplished during this operation—notably by Macpherson, who painted the mast, and by Wightman, who, seal-like, gracefully flopped from a stage into Nanaimo Harbour. This select group of artists was interrupted by a fish boat which caught fire at a nearby oil jetty. Our motor launch became a

* With apologies to B.R. 11.

fireboat, and loaded down with ten cadets and assorted officers and fire extinguishers, it ploughed its way to the scene and quenched the blaze before the fire reels arrived. We were sorry to hear that the skipper of the boat, his wife, and their young daughter were badly burned.

In Nanaimo, Cadets took in the sights and behaved like well-seasoned sea dogs ashore for the first time in several years. The "Pygmy"—that vast rustic youth centre with the dance floor which visibly reverberates beneath your feet—was revisited, as were various other equally well known landmarks. Liberty men returned on board in high spirits, and after forgetting to pick up their liberty cards, stumbled to their bunks. They awoke short-tempered the next morning to discover that it was Easter Day. Mr. Mason took the Cadets to church. We still find it hard to believe when we think about it, but there we all were, and we were in a church at that. "There are stranger things in Heaven and Earth . . . Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

* * * *

An account of these far-flung travels would be grossly incomplete without a few scattered selections of our daily activities. First and foremost was night watchkeeping. As a quartermaster, signalman, or O.O.W., you were expected to remain in a non-dormant condition on the bridge for endless periods during the blackest hours of the night. Awakened at midnight or at 0400, the fledgling O.O.W. usually awoke, said "Huh?" and went back into the sleep of the blissfully ignorant. Should he reach the bridge, he existed for the next four hours in a semi-conscious condition, slowly enmaddened by the ceaseless crackling cacophony of the R/T loudspeaker (which never did say anything anyway). The signalman eventually fell asleep in his duffle coat on the wheelhouse bench, while the O.O.W., feeling his heavy responsibilities, made half-hourly rounds over the decks, his heels making a gratifyingly measured staccato beat as he stepped over his shipmates, who were dead to the world in the folds of their hammocks. The boats lay astern and the almost dead calm water lapped against their strakes.

As Petty Officer of the Fore Part, one's chief concern was the cranky windlass. This piece of modern machinery was designed to weigh anchor unaided by natural means, but great was a Cadet's shattering of his faith in science when he found it necessary to turn the blessed thing around by hand. On the second cruise the brake didn't work. The fo'c's'le party stood by helpless as an unending stream of rusty chain cable shot down the hawsepipe and into the sea, in spite of their frantic efforts to check it. With two fathoms to go it was brought under control. Only then was it discovered that the inboard end was not secured in the chain locker. Incidentally, the chain locker provided considerable amusement for Mr. Mason, who saw the feet of Hertzberg protruding from it while the remainder of Hertzberg flaked down cable in the depths inside.

All things considered, being cook of the mess, wardroom steward or galley help was a nice comfortable domestic position. Standing there next the galley stove with arms immersed to the elbows in dishwater and surrounded by mountains of greasy pots and pans, and talking affably to the cook or to the paybob, all was rosy warmth and security, whilst your shipmates racked their brains on the charts, worried over alterations of course, were aghast at streams of mysterious dots and dashes, steered 095° instead of 059°, or were half drowned as they lay in their bunks by the Pacific Ocean pouring through their scuttles.

* * * *

After Nanaimo, we weighed and proceeded southward to our old and (in some cases) now slightly-too-familiar friend, Ganges Harbour. As dusk turned

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into night a liberty boat put ashore for a final rousing party. About an hour before "wakey-wakey" on the following morning, liberty men returned on board, and at six o'clock we shortened in, breakfasted, holystoned the decks for a last time, and soused each other thoroughly (by mistake, of course) with the hose. We were under way by seven. Last impressions of the cruise are entangled with—again—the piles of bulging hammocks, the frenzied stuffing of gear into kit bags, the washing and drying of endless steaming heaps of dishes, and the swabbing-down of the mess decks. We returned with filthy sweaters, disgraceful monkey jackets, and a great many memories.

D. C. H.



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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE EARL OF ATHLONE, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA,
INSPECTING THE CADETS



~ SPORTS ~



RUGBY
SOCCER
BASKETBALL
BOXING
FASTBALL
TRACK AND FIELD
VOLLEYBALL
HOCKEY

BADMINGTON
SWIMMING
CRICKET
TENNIS
TABLE TENNIS
BOAT PULLING
SAILING
SHOOTING

It is important for an officer to have the ability to lead his men in recreational activities, but it is even more important for him to set an example of sportsmanship and fair play. The sports activities in the Naval College are primarily stressed to develop these qualities in Cadets. "A" and "B" Rugby teams did well in their respective leagues, the "A" team winning the MacDonald Cup and the "B" team reaching the finals of the intermediate league, but their victories were not as impressive as the manner in which they played their games. Fair play was their password, and they represent the spirit of the College.

Interdivisional sports bring out in the Cadets that competitive spirit and pride in their division that is so necessary to keep the divisions on their toes, not only in sports, but also in other activities. The complete success of this year's sports schedule is due to the hard-working sports officer and P.T.I.'s.

R.C.N. COLLEGE "A" TEAM

Games played by the "A" Team throughout the season of 1943-44 were as follows:

23rd Oct.	R.C.N.C. vs. R.A.F.	Lost	6-24
30th Oct.	R.C.N.C. vs. Army	Lost	5-25
6th Nov.	R.C.N.C. vs. Navy	Won	24-0
13th Nov.	R.C.N.C. vs. R.A.F.	Won	21-6
27th Nov.	R.C.N.C. vs. Army	Lost	6-18
22nd Jan.	R.C.N.C. vs. R.A.F.	Lost	19-24
1st Mar.	R.C.N.C. vs. R.A.F.	Won	27-11
4th Mar.	R.C.N.C. vs. Army	Won	8-6
18th Mar.	R.C.N.C. vs. Vancouver All Stars	Won	14-5

In spite of disappointing results, the closeness of the scores indicated that the Rugby season was, in general, a very successful one.

The chief difficulty at the beginning of the season was to find a backfield of sufficient speed and experience. The opposition which the team faced was invariably heavier and more experienced, and it was obvious from the beginning that our strategy would have to be one of "holding and heeling" in the pack, and the formation of a fast, clever backfield. Our best defence must necessarily be attack.

We were very fortunate in still having with us from last year, in the stand-off half position, R. H. F. Wood, who throughout the season played a hard and "heady" game. He never lost an opportunity to start a three-quarter movement, and his long, accurate kicks to touch, when on the defensive, were of untold value to us. We also had with us from last year, on the left wing, J. R. Chipman, whose tremendous bursts of speed, change of pace, and dextrous ball-handling provided many thrills for the spectators and many of our scores. The selection of suitable players between these two on the line to replace Gibbs and Gillespie, of last year's team, was indeed a difficult one. In the end, J. F. Howard and O. J. A. Cavenagh were selected, and, towards the latter part of the season, by dint of hard work on their part, the three-quarter line was working as smoothly as anyone could wish. No discussion of the three-quarter line would be complete without the mention of two more players, J. A. Farquhar and D. P. Sabiston. The former, though inexperienced, played well in the latter half of the season. D. P. Sabiston, on the right wing, in spite of an injured rib which frequently gave him trouble, seldom let an opponent pass him, and in offence was always a threat.

This three-quarter line which had been so carefully selected would have been of little value had the forwards, under the able leadership of A. L. Cockram, been unable to get the ball back to them. The scrum, though compara-

THE LOG OF H. M. C. S. ROYAL ROADS

tively light, had a great deal of shove and were very quick in getting around a loose ball. The backing up of the three-quarters by J. F. Frank and D. F. Slocombe in the open field, the dribbling of C. B. Koester and F. G. Henshaw, and the quick breaking and tackling of R. G. Leckey are all deserving of more than honourable mention.

The credit for working up this young, light, and inexperienced team to its successes in the latter part of the season must go to R. H. F. Wood, A. M. Cockeram and J. R. Chipman.

RUGBY CHARACTERS

WOOD, Stand-off Half—Captain

An excellent Captain and stand-off half, with a really sound knowledge of the game. Always a threat in attack, and his accurate kicking in defence saved many an embarrassing situation. His enthusiasm and keenness throughout the season were an inspiration to all.

COCKERAM, Forward—Vice-Captain

A good scrum leader and second row forward. Always well up with the play. Used his height to advantage in the line-outs.

CHIPMAN, Wing Three-quarter

Probably the most spectacular player on the side. His tremendous bursts of speed, accurate ball handling and clever changes of pace resulted in his being the highest scorer for the College.

HOWARD, Inside Three-quarter

A very clever ball handler who has a fair turn of speed. Improved considerably in the latter half of the season. A hard and accurate tackler.

CAVENAGH, Inside Three-quarter

Very fast if he had sufficient time to get started. Ball handling was weak in the early part of the season, but improved towards the end.

SABISTON, Wing Three-quarter

An extremely dangerous man in offence and a veritable stone wall in defence. A clever broken field runner who was very hard to stop. Unfortunately suffered most of the season from an injured rib.

FOX, Full Back

A very cool and unflustered player who had a sound tackle, a safe pair of hands, and a good kick. Inclined to hold on to the ball too long inside his own 25-yard line.

WIGGS, Forward

A powerful front row forward who used his weight to good advantage at every opportunity. Unfortunately was unable to play the full season.

FRANK, Forward

A strong, hard driving forward whose strength lay in his always being "on" a loose ball. Backed up the three-quarters well.

CARLE, Forward

A powerful second row forward. Should be a good man round whom to form a pack next year. Must learn to tackle a man low and to follow up quicker.

SLOCOMBE, Forward

Has played the position of "Hook" well during the season. He has a sound knowledge of the forward game and should be valuable next year.

KOESTER, Break Forward

A hard-working, hard-tackling break forward who, though not quite as nimble as one would wish, made up for it by hard, determined play.



"A" TEAM

Back row: A. E. FOX, C. R. MANIHOLO, O. J. A. CAVENAGH, C. E. LEIGHTON, D. P. F. SABISTON.

Centre row:

J. A. FAROUHAR, F. G. HENSHAW, J. F. HOWARD, R. A. CARLE, D. F. SLOCOMBE, J. R. CHIPMAN, R. G. LECKEY.

Front row: J. F. FRANK, A. M. COCKERAM, R. H. F. WOOD (Captain), C. B. KOESTER, E. A. WIGGS.

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LECKEY, Break Forward

A hard-tackling, determined player. Although quite small and light, was never afraid to take on an opponent, regardless of size or weight.

FARQUHAR, Scrum Half

A nippy, determined player who has learned much this year. His sure hands and long pass started many a good three-quarter movement. Will be invaluable next year if he can learn to kick accurately.

HENSHAW, Forward

A hard-working forward whose strong feature was dribbling a loose ball.

MANIFOLD, Break Forward

Started off the season well but, owing to injuries, was unable to finish out the season.

LEIGHTON, Forward

Played several good, hard games when substituting for players who were "off" for injuries.

THE "B" TEAM

The College "B" Team had a very successful season, having won 14 out of a possible 18 matches. Entered in an inter-high school league, and usually outweighed by its opponents, it was a serious contender for the cup, and reached the finals, only to be defeated by Oak Bay High School. The team encountered the usual difficulties of a second team in that it was frequently having its best players borrowed by the "A" Team to replace injuries; but in spite of this (or perhaps because of this) those who remained played hard and spirited, if not always polished rugby, and it was this keenness which accounted for most of their victories. There has, however, been built up a good nucleus for next year's "A" Team, many of the players having shown considerable promise. The chief criticism of the team as a whole, if criticize we must, was that the players were not quick enough in seeing and turning to their own advantage errors made by their opponents. This, of course, was owing to lack of experience, and it is felt that with a year's play behind them, and with a little polishing up, they will form an "A" Team next year of no mean ability.

The matches played by "B" Team were:

16th October	Brentwood College	Won	8-0
23rd October	Brentwood College	Won	9-7
30th October	University School	Won	9-0
11th November	Victoria College	Won	11-0
13th November	Shawnigan Lake	Won	19-0
27th November	University School	Lost	3-0
1st December	Oak Bay High School	Lost	5-0
4th December	Victoria College	Won	3-0
11th December	Shawnigan Lake	Won	53-0
24th January	Victoria High School	Won	3-0
29th January	Oak Bay High School	Lost	5-0
12th February	Victoria College	Won	10-3
15th February	Brentwood College	Won	8-0
16th February	Oak Bay High School	Won	12-0
19th February	St. George's (Vancouver)	Won	16-0
24th February	University School	Won	17-3
26th February	Oak Bay High School	Lost	8-3

INTER-DIVISIONAL SPORTS

This year the Cadets have been divided solely in divisions for sports and dog-watch activities as different from last year's watches and divisions. The inter-divisional competitions, capably directed by the Sports Officer and the

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P.T.I.'s. have provided ample opportunity for Cadets unable to make places on the first teams to play all possible sports in keen competition with opposing divisions. Several divisions were fortunate enough to have an abundance of talent, but what the weaker divisions lacked in talent they made up in determination.

The sports year was begun with English rugby and soccer, which continued well into the Easter term. Rugby was the most hotly-contested and drawn-out of the year's inter-divisional competitions. Frobisher Division, paced by Chipman, Cavenagh, Bell-Irving and Farquhar, was the winning division of a play-off of a three-way tie for first place, with Rodney and Drake Divisions second and third respectively. Sabiston, Manifold and Cocks were the backbone of Rodney Division, and Howard, Slocombe, Henshaw and Dickinson were Drake's stalwarts. Wood helped Nelson to fourth place over Hawkins Division.

Soccer flourished under the guidance of Lieut. Commanders Ogle and Genge, and after several practice games the league began. These games produced many outstanding players, such as Bell-Irving, Fox, Wood, McMorris and Manifold. Frobisher Division captured first place; Rodney, with a fast, hard-playing team, was second, followed by Nelson in third place, Hawkins fourth, and Drake fifth. Several games were played by the Cadets against the Staff and the Ship's Company, and in every case the Cadets won with ease.

Basketball was begun soon after Christmas in the gymnasium. Since there were no outside games this year, the quality of the basketball was not nearly as high as that of Rugby; but after a hard half-hour's workout at boxing, the games provided necessary relaxation. Frobisher Division won through the efforts of Chipman, Cameron, de Rosenroll and Farquhar. After several set-backs, Rodney defeated Drake Division in a play-off for second place. Rodney's attacks were led by Manifold, Smith and Tetley, while Howard and McMorris were Drake's sharpshooters. Nelson Division, led by Wood, beat Hawkins Division for fourth place.

R.T. games were played once a week in the Fall term at early morning P.T., and one rainy afternoon the next term all the divisions were gathered in the gym. A Senior and a Junior team from each division made ten competing teams. Frobisher was the winner, with Drake second and Rodney third. Several games provided a great deal of hilarious entertainment for Cadets waiting their turns.

Badminton and Table Tennis, somewhat lighter sports, were enjoyed by all the Cadets. Led by Bell-Irving and Chipman, Frobisher won both competitions. Howard and Hertzberg took Drake Division to second place in the badminton tournament, and Rodney, sparked by Dawson and Tetley, won the second place in the table tennis tourney.

The Annual Boxing Tournament was held on the Friday night before Easter Examinations, and produced some excellent boxing and plenty of gore. Frobisher, with Chipman and Phillips as champions in their weights, ran up the winning total. Leckey and Leacock championed their weights, to give Hawkins second place. Tetley, of Rodney, and Wood, of Nelson, were winners in the remaining weights. By points, Rodney, Drake and Nelson were third, fourth and fifth.

Saturday, 27th May, was the date of the College cross-country race, which was run on a course following the bounds of the estate. Hilliard, of Rodney, took and held an early lead. He was followed by Fox and Henshaw in second

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and third place. Rodney Division, with the majority of runners in the first ten, amassed the greatest number of points, and Frobisher Division for the first time was left in second place. After Frobisher came Hawkins. The first three were as follows: 1. Hilliard; 2. Fox; 3. Henshaw.

Baseball has been played on the upper field since Easter, and the league is still in progress at the time of writing. Besides inter-divisional games, several lively games have been won by the Seniors against the Juniors (What was that score?) and by the Cadets against the Staff (?).

On Friday, the 26th of May, the Inter-divisional Track and Field Meet was run on No. 2 field. Cavenagh and Chipman paced their division, Frobisher, to a victory. Smith and Fox, of Rodney Division, came through with wins in the high jump and the mile; and Birch-Jones, of Drake, took the 100 yards dash at a walk, to bring Drake third place. Wood, with two splendid performances in the 440 yards and the broad jump, gave Nelson fourth place. Joy and Maclean gave Hawkins Division its events to hold fifth place.

Sabiston and Henshaw repeated their last year's wins in the shot put and 880 yards, while Cavenagh bettered his previous broad jump mark of 18 feet to make 19 ½ feet, only to be beaten by Wood on his last jump. This year the Juniors had placed their hopes on Hilliard and Hampson in the 880 yards and the mile; both placed second behind Seniors. More is to be seen of these two before the season is finished.

R. C. M.



CLOSE HAULED

Merchant Navies

By Captain E. S. Brand, R.C.N., Director of Trade Division

THERE are very excellent reasons why Naval Officers should take considerable interest in, and cultivate a full understanding of, Merchant Navies. Firstly, they are the parent from which "Fighting" Navies sprang. Secondly, were it not for seaborne trade, there would be no need to support a Navy to defend it. Thirdly, merchant ship officers and men are our brothers in arms in modern total war, and our comrades of the sea in peace.

Somewhere in the long, dark past history, man first discovered that water was the simplest means of transporting weights heavier than he could conveniently carry on his back. This remains true today, for no power has to be supplied to float a weight, and no expensive road bed is required to support it. Moreover, the sea is level (or comparatively so), and weights carried by water do not have to be lifted against gravity.

Early civilization also discovered that there were desirable commodities to be obtained from across the water, and in this way primitive trade between communities developed. To cut off this trade in time of war was often to inflict a grievous injury on one's opponent, and so attack upon the enemy's sea communications was a worthwhile operation of war. To counter this, merchant ships were armed, and so attackers had to be more heavily armed, until the time came when a ship was so heavily armed that she could not carry any cargo at all, and this ship was the first real man-of-war, built and manned for the sole purpose of attacking the enemy's trade or defending her own.

In thinking of a Merchant Navy, it is essential always to bear in mind that it is basically an industry organized for the sole purpose of transporting goods and passengers across the sea. As such, it must be operated on an economic basis and "made to pay" in the broadest sense of that expression. To accomplish this, a merchant ship must be designed to satisfy the needs of the trade on which she will engage. Time spent idly lying in harbour is wasteful and uneconomic, and facilities for loading and discharging must be efficient and suited to the peculiarities of particular cargoes. A ferry boat service which had to discharge its passengers by rowing them ashore in a dinghy would be just as inefficient as loading coal cargo in wheelbarrows from a pier built for ferry passengers.

Supply must run parallel with demand, and the temptation to build faster ships than a trade requires, or to provide more port facilities than are needed for the normal flow of traffic, must be resisted on economic grounds. If, however, additional speeds or facilities are required as a strategic preparation for war, then it is up to the Government to step in with some kind of subsidy to defray the cost of these uneconomical but desirable extras.

Unfortunately, these same considerations have affected the conditions of service of officers and men in Merchant Navies. Taken by and large, they have been employed in peace time on a "hire and fire" principle. It is felt that this state of affairs will have to be amended after the war if the right type of men are to be attracted to the Merchant Navy, but it is useless to forge economic facts in one's dreams when dealing with an industry. The anomaly is that, at the moment modern total war breaks out, these very gallant "industrial labourers"

are found to be in the front line trenches, and immediately become an essential arm of the fighting services. This has slowly been recognized as the war has progressed, and today most merchant seamen are on continuous pay agreements, and are paid between voyages as well as whilst they are actually serving on a ship. They also get leave with pay, and can allot part of their pay in the same sort of way as naval ratings.

The general conditions of service and work on board merchant ships are the outcome of Government regulations and agreements between owners and trade unions, as in other industries, and if ships are to be operated efficiently, it is very necessary that the trade unions shall be capable of preserving discipline amongst their members to ensure that the agreements which they make are faithfully adhered to. It is equally important that the owners shall carry out their side of the bargain, so that a spirit of mutual trust between owners and crews is engendered. This happy situation is, unfortunately, not always found, but will be essential in a Merchant Navy which is to succeed in the face of the strenuous competition for the world's carrying trade which is practically bound to exist after this war.

In time of war, the Navy and the Merchant Navy operate in close association, and common dangers and difficulties help to bring about an understanding of the other fellow's point of view. Even so, the naval officer is prone to forget that the merchant ship is the *raison d'être* for his existence. It is much more difficult for the two services to keep together in peace, but it is essential that the naval officer should strive to preserve in peace the relations that have been formed in war, because full and understanding co-operation will be just as necessary in the unhappy event of another war.

In peacetime, the merchant officer is always very busy in port. He has cargo to discharge and load, and as soon as this is done he must be under way again, which allows little time for social contacts with naval officers more leisurely situated in a ship which may be lying peacefully in the same harbour for a fortnight. There are, however, a number of small courtesies which a man-of-war can render to a merchant ship coming into harbour—the putting on board of her mail, or the placing of a boat at her disposal, for instance, will be received with much gratitude so long as it is not done in any patronizing manner.

One would hope very much that it will be found possible in peacetime to send naval officers for voyages in merchant ships, not as passengers, but as working members of the ship's company. The naval officer would learn much from such a duty. He would learn, for instance, how to do a job with three hands instead of the thirty to which he is accustomed. He would learn some interesting seamanship, and the long ocean passages would provide a wonderful chance to gain confidence in his astronomical navigation. We expect the merchant officer to come into the Navy and learn our business. Surely we should reciprocate by trying to learn something of his?

A naval officer should be competent to take a merchant ship to sea once he has got used to the fact that he has a heavy ship to handle, with far less power than he is accustomed to have on the other end of the telegraph, but he would more than likely find that the intricacies of cargo work, which are a necessary part of merchant ship operation, were something of which he had little or no knowledge.

The correct stowage of cargo is an art in itself, and one which only comes by careful study and much experience. Considerations of trim and ballasting

of a merchant ship are of great importance, apart from the fact that cargoes must be stowed in such a way that they will not be damaged in transit and can be expeditiously discharged. When cargo is carried for a number of ports, the task becomes more difficult, as it must be loaded so that cargo for each port can be discharged without disturbing the rest. In addition to this, all the available space and weight-carrying capacity of the ship must be utilized if a proper revenue is to be derived from the voyage.

The uninitiated seldom realize fully the comparatively enormous amount of cargo which can be stowed in a relatively small vessel, and the business of cargo stowage is one which the naval officer would find much interest in studying at every opportunity.

Under the existing system in most countries, the merchant officer works for a particular shipping company, and officers are on no common list such as that on which the naval officer finds himself. Seniority laboriously gained in one company does not carry on to another, so that if the merchant officer decides, or is forced by lack of employment, to change companies, he must start all over again with his new employer. The only thing which he will carry over with him will be his certificate of competence, which, though it will allow him to take a post for which he is qualified, is no guarantee at all that he will be given such a post. Many officers holding master's tickets have been glad to sign on as second mate, and, in the years of depression, able seamen with master's qualifications were by no means unknown.

If an officer elects to stick to one company and that company is in a position to give him continuous employment, he is indeed fortunate, though he may have to serve many years before enough of his senior officers retire for him to find a vacancy which will place him at last in command, which is the natural goal of his ambition.

This system is perhaps all very well where large companies are concerned, but is liable to cause considerable hardship in small companies, where the number of officers is small and the chances of promotion are, therefore, few and far between.

It is a personal opinion that the future must produce some change in these conditions which will bring them more into line with modern thought. Though the economic features must be carefully watched, it does not seem to be impossible to produce some sort of scheme whereby all merchant officers would be carried on a Central Registry, and be given the chance of being moved from one company to another, without loss of seniority, to provide a more even flow of promotion and more equal opportunity. Hand in hand with this would go a centralized contributory pension scheme with unemployment benefits. It would, however, be necessary to impose conditions for remaining on the register, and to provide machinery for striking men off it or dipping their seniority in the event of duly proven misconduct.

It seems particularly desirable that a scheme of this sort should operate in a country whose ships are owned by a number of small companies; but reforms of this sort take time to bring about, and are liable to meet with considerable opposition from the very people whom they are designed to benefit!

There seems, too, every reason why some similar system should be applied to merchant *seamen*, though in both cases it would probably be necessary for the government concerned to assist in underwriting the pension and unemployment insurance scheme. The fact, however, that trained merchant navy per-

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sonnel are such an essential asset in war should encourage government assistance in peace to ensure their adequate supply in war.

No attempt can be made within the limits of a short article to give a detailed description of Merchant Navy operation, but it has been the endeavour to treat its conditions in broad principle in the hopes of raising the interest of naval officers in their sister service, with which, whether they realize it or not, they are inextricably entwined.

From every point of view, it behoves us to foster in every possible way good relations and mutual understanding between the two services. These good relations have again been built up in the hard experiences of war. Let us determine, each and every one, to do all in our power to see that we do not let the services drift apart in the days of peace to come, which will be a peace won by the united efforts of the Allied Navies and their Merchant Navies, without whose co-operation and grim determination the wrong sort of "peace" would have come long before this.



UP AND OVER HE GOES

Senior Gunroom Notes

THE Senior term is leaving, and after two years it seems strangely hard to say goodbye. We are looking forward avidly to going to sea, but more and more we shall come to look back on our training here as one of the most profitable and enjoyable periods in our lives. So much has happened while we have been here that it is possible only to scratch the surface in these notes. During the first few months, life seemed almost unbearable—roaring officers, caustic P.O.'s, ceaseless doubling in the day and night, rain or shine. We dragged our aching bodies and fallen arches half-way round the countryside it seemed. Then we became accustomed to all this; the roaring officers turned out to be human beings after all; the most caustic of all C.P.O.'s appeared at last to be but a genial and ever witty friend. Even the back-breaking doubling became a matter of course and quite bearable!

Owing to the extreme youth of the College, the relations between the Senior and Junior Terms have been a source of much thought and experiment. During the first year of the College, there being so small a dividing line between the Senior and Junior Terms, the relations between them were very cordial. The system of Cadet Captains was not of necessity introduced until February, and thus very little was accomplished to establish lines of demarcation among the Cadet Captains, the Senior and the Junior Terms. Then the first year ended; the Seniors left for sea, and before long a new Junior Term blew in in a blaze of civilian clothes. The Seniors, after much deliberating and preliminary skirmishing with Officers and Cadet Captains, proceeded to try and establish relations on the best of possible foundations. At first, success appeared to crown our efforts, but gradually it became clear that all was not as it should be, and that all the well-laid plans had not succeeded as they should. This was due to several causes, the major ones being listed below:

1. The desire to establish tradition in one year.
2. The comparative youth of the Juniors.
3. The difficulty in keeping contact among Cadet Captains, Senior and Junior Terms.

The problem that faced the Senior Term was to try and get things started in a manner fair and workable for all. It was necessary to keep a dividing line between the two terms, but the question of how big that line should be was a difficult one to answer. As an experiment, the complement of each division was made up of equal numbers of Seniors and Juniors in order that the Seniors might help out the Juniors and that the Juniors might more speedily learn naval routine. This was an excellent plan, but the fruits of this admixture have taken a long time to ripen, and this again is due to the lack of time and a gross inequality between divisions which somewhat dampened divisional enthusiasm. The result of all these efforts has not been satisfactory, and a number of the Junior Term have come to regard their Senior compatriots with a degree of suspicion which has been the unfortunate result of misunderstandings and a certain lack of co-operation between the two terms. The blame of this somewhat erratic relationship rests equally with the Cadet Captains, the Senior and Junior Terms: with the Cadet Captains for all too vague an idea on what stand should be taken; with the Senior Term for being alternately too harsh and too lax, and with the Juniors for not co-operating as much as they could to make

matters run more smoothly. The majority of the Junior Term seem to have formed the erroneous impression that the Senior Term is a pack of wolves intent on making their life miserable. This is wrong; the Junior Term has, on the whole, had a very enjoyable time; they have not been mistreated, and have provoked the sporadic bursts of bad temper from the Seniors by acts of juvenile simplicity. It is too bad some of the Juniors are not older.

Thus the Senior Term passes the yet unfinished task on to the Juniors. We wish them all success, and hope that this article will help them a little to make a good job of it. It will always be difficult to be definite on a subject of such complexity; it is something that grows, and time will show the fruits of careful cultivation.

So the Senior Term exchanges a diminutive white twist for a very smart and comparatively large white patch and bids farewell to their cadetship. For those going into the R.C.N., there is a bright future ahead; the time when Canada's naval personnel used to rise and fall like the tide is gone forever, and the well-laid foundations of Canada's Navy will stand the test of peacetime economy. For those of us going into the R.C.N.V.R. lasting connections will bind us to the Navy, and in whatever walk of life we may be, be it Law, Medicine, or Engineering, there will always be a bond between us and the R.C.N. We have all learned a great deal here; but the sum of it is that we are the better prepared to take our place in the world, to serve mankind to the full limits of our ability, and to work with never-failing conviction to achieve those things we know to be good.

To the Junior Term we wish the best of luck. May success be theirs, and may they contribute in full measure to Canada's growing naval tradition.

M. N.





"A" CLASS

Back row: D. S. McNICOL, D. P. NASH, R. A. STAIRS, R. N. SMITH, J. D. JELLETT, C. E. LEIGHTON.

Centre row: P. B. HEATON, J. G. IRELAND, G. M. HOBART, J. F. HOWARD, R. H. F. WOOD.

Front row: D. L. MARCUS, J. F. FRANK, A. K. CAMERON, J. S. HERTZBERG, S. M. KING, H. D. JOY.



"B" CLASS

Back row: I. J. DAVIDSON, D. P. F. SABISTON, J. L. WIGHTMAN, C. B. KOESTER, A. E. FOX, D. A. CRUMP.

Centre row: R. G. LECKEY, D. M. McLAURIN, F. A. SANFORD, M. F. J. A. NEY.

Front row: R. C. MACLEAN, C. R. MANIFOLD, J. R. CHIPMAN, H. D. BANCROFT, H. ROWLEY, D. C. HARRISON.

Biographies

H. D. BANCROFT: The "Duke" Bancroft is an ardent Quebecer, believing firmly that his is the one Province which knows the Winter. He has a cheerfully stubborn pugnacity which is an ever-bubbling spring of mirth to his friends. Love of dangerous exploits has, he has found, cost him much toil and trouble on the parade ground. His cunning gloved-hand remarks, his stern jaw, his fine photography, and his cynical voiced "Yeah?" have made him justly famous.—D.C.H.

G. W. S. BROOKS: A true and loyal Sault salt is Bud, "and that is an absolute fact." Both cheery and popular, he is a good all-round salty character who, with his zeal and energy, has a bright future ahead of him. Long will he be remembered for his boisterous arguments and exaggerated tales of bygone days.—S.M.K.

O. J. A. CAVENAGH: When Alan Cavenagh came to R.C.N.C., Brentwood College lost a very versatile athlete. Few are able to catch him on the rugby field or track, and at softball or cricket he wields a mean bat. One of the first members of the No. 11 Club, Kelpy (as he is affectionately called by all) is renowned for his dances, which he performs for a very select few. Lapses of memory often cause the "stray lamb" look to cross his face, but it is his good-natured grin that we will remember. We all wish him the best of luck in the Service, and hope that sometime we will again be shipmates.—A.M.C.

J. R. CHIPMAN: Chip, has been variously described as the "Mighty Mite," "Mirthful Murgatroyd," and "Diplomatic Daniel." All of which, when gathered into one sentence, accurately describe our friend, as a powerful little bundle of sunshine who has charmed the best of polite society with his delightful drawing-room capers. The only faux pas ever recorded against him is the story of the time he tried to raise his voice (?) in song (?) and only succeeded in raising the dust from some old family skeletons, thus embarrassing the assembled multitude. In short, as you will probably have gathered from the above preamble, he is the toughest sort of chap to write about, but the very best sort to have as a friend.—J.F.H.

A. M. COCKERAM: Many of us hope to pass into the R.C.N. and then let Nature take its course. Providing the first condition is fulfilled and the second is left to govern Alan's future career, he is certain to end up with the armament of his ship as his chief concern. Alan will go a long way in the Gunner branch. Apart from his natural qualifications of height, power of command, etc., he has spent a large part of his College time practising intricate manoeuvres on the parade ground. All of which will stand him in good stead. To good old "Guns" Cockeram we proudly give the "General Pollute."—O.J.A.C.

J. P. COTE: Jacque's greatest accomplishment is his almost complete mastery of the English language and its customs, though the latter have caused him considerable amazement. His activities in the ring and on the rugger field have provoked both mirth and respect. It is hoped that his well-known "Look here, my man," will in time change to a very guttural "Get off my bridge!"—I.J.D.

D. A. CRUMP: Dave has the envied faculty of being able to take everything as it comes without worry but with an almost indolent ease. He has the eccentricity of having no eccentricities, except, perhaps, a slight touch of Americanism.—J.S.G.

I. J. DAVIDSON: Il est un type intellectuel et solitaire. Bien qu'il soit l'ami de tous, il aime se retirer et lire en paix ou écouter la musique classique. Il est un bon joueur de bridge, cependant il serait meilleur si seulement il oubliait ses propres conventions inconnues de tous; mais sa réplique et son humour marques le laissent toujours avec le dernier mot dans les discussions amicales qu'il a avec les autres cadets. Il est aussi très bon à la voile et dans les sports en général, ce qui le rend populaire. Maintenant vous connaissez, lan!—J.P.C.

A. E. FOX: "Foxy" and his unique type of humour have left a soft spot in our hearts and an undying smile on our lips. Although his pet ambition is to acquire a magnificent physique, he intends to make the R.C.N. his career, in which, we feel certain, his athletic prowess, success in studies, and high ideals will stand him in good stead.—F.G.H.

J. F. FRANK: "Plumber," "Ike," "Lard," or what have you is one of the more ram-bunctious characters of R.C.N.C., throwing his required portion around in the scrum as well as in anything else. If there is a reputation being ruined in Victoria, you can bet that that Peterborough kid is behind it. Despite all this, Ike is very popular, and we all wish him the best of luck at Keyham.—J.S.H.

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D. K. GAMBLIN: "Duck" Gamblin comes from St. John, N.B., which, rightly or wrongly, he considers the heart of the Maritimes. Good-natured, slow-moving, but sharp-tongued, he has come to be one of the best-liked members of the Senior Term. He has found ample time to indulge in his favourite sport, namely, repartee. He likes nothing better than a good bout of this, except, perhaps, doing dives over the box horse, at which his skill has brought him wide renown. When he leaves the College his qualities will bring him success in whatever he does.—P.B.H.

GENTLEMEN—CADETS OF THE ACCOUNTING BRANCH:

If you were to open the reading-room door
At nine in the morning or a little before,
And were you to gaze at the four solemn faces,
You'd surely assert, "Those lads will go places."

There in a chair, cigar by his side,
Sits Stewart McNicol, whose company they pride.
Of Scotland he's thrilled them with many a tale
Of lassies, of Clydeside, of good golden ale.

Next down the table and a bit to the right,
Is R. Neville Smith with a future that's bright.
His leave has been stopped for a fortnight or so,
And while aboard "Fifer," ashore he won't go.

Then Marcus in doeskin most "zooty" and new,
Looks a picture of happiness attained by so few.
Expounding his theories from well-informed plans,
Of the knowledge required to pass the exams.

Casey Cameron is next, a good-looking lad,
He seldom seems worried, or serious, or sad.
Immediately liked and everyone's friend,
He'll be troubled with women right to the end.

From down the long hall comes the slow measured tread,
It's their Paybob Instructor, who's a really good head.
He opens the door to the clicking of heels,
They all settle down with interest that's real.

Willy clears his throat and leans back to stretch
And sends Marcus out an "S" form to fetch.
But he soon shows horror, on his forehead a frown,
As he says to McNicol, "Put that cigarette down."

Their work includes a ledger, and adding pounds to pence,
To make the columns balance requires more than common sense.
Then to Naval Stores and Cypher with a Stylographic pen,
And exactly how much food to buy to feed a hundred men.

Their activities are endless and they function all the time,
Unrecorded in the Daily Press, unelogized in rhyme,
You are apt to overlook them though they never (!) swing the lead,
And there's never any searchlight focussed on their main masthead.

J. S. GILL: Sikh Gill is a native of Victoria. He has a smile and a personality which isn't wasted on the boys, as we can see, and as "Red" knows. He has done a good job on the magazine and gunroom committees, and has taken time out to be a bit of a brain at exam. time. He says he spends his Sunday afternoons at home studying, but doesn't say what he studies. His research in the Library has brought forth some very interesting verse. A real R.C.N. type.—D.A.C.

D. C. HARRISON: "Hardtrack" is a thorough Torontonion, and to Toronto he plans to return to University following the war. He is an Alpha Literature student whose consistently high marks in History evoke a feeling of awe as well as envy. His reputation in English has gained him the position of a very hard-working editor. Perhaps he is at his best in some gun-room controversy where wit and fluent verbosity count most.—H.D.B.

P. B. HEATON: "P.B." is probably the widest-known Senior Term cadet. He is a character who has taken much ribbing and emerged unscathed from the ordeal. A capacity for concentrating on his work (while chewing his beloved pen) has placed him as one of the Term's

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leading brains. His sporting ability is great in proportion to his mass, and he enters wholeheartedly into whatever he does. His industry and conscientiousness should bring him success, no matter what career he chooses.—D.C.H.

F. G. HENSHAW: At about 2145 on an ordinary night everyone is singing, shouting, and rushing to and from wash rooms. Suddenly, a pair of uncommonly large feet rise above the locker tops and proceed with uncertain sway towards the centre aisle. We all know that Fred Henshaw is on evening rounds. In a minute the feet descend and the grinning red face of "Fearless Fosdick" appears. Fosdick is one of the larger members of last year's Cabin 79. He finds no trouble in holding his own in athletics, and excels in gym, and track. At the same time he doesn't spare much effort on the academic side. Fred will gladly engage in any amusement that requires strength.—A.E.F.

J. S. HERTZBERG: Coming from Toronto, Hertz has done much to enhance that city's reputation by his good sense, his responsibility, and his refusal to get rattled in any circumstances. Everyone who has come in touch with him appreciates this hairy creature's value, both as a naval officer and as a member of that great organization, "Wolves Unlimited."—J.F.F.

G. M. HOBART: In a recent visit to California, George seems to have left a mark comparable to none, both at and with whom he visited the spirited high lights of San Francisco. While in "Frisco" he made full use of Mature's absence and in memory of his exploits Matoro has been added to his fitting nickname, Wick, given by his late colleagues in London. In college life a genius for organization and an ardent worker—at the right time. Nevertheless, his future life should be a success.—H.D.J.

J. F. HOWARD: That spare but solid six-foot hunk of masculinity generally referred to as "Jake" is, as the minister once said, John Francis Howard. Possessed of three virtues, namely, wine, women and song, his only vice, if it may be called that, is the desire not to over-exert himself. But what he lacks in physical vitality he makes up for in mental agility. A light conversationalist, his hands do half the talking. Within his make-up one finds the combination of a good sportsman and a scholar of note. Mixing these qualities, we get—Jake.—J.R.C.

J. G. IRELAND: John is definitely on his way to the big-time. At the top academically (almost human), we all consider his future to be very bright. They say his "line" is to be some kind of glorified insurance peddling. Not one of the athletic giants of the age, his vaulting and fastball are solid. He plays good golf and really superior parlor games. His shadier characteristics are really scandalous. His trouble with women is phenomenal, they kick him around consistently—especially Hazel—but she never called him "Jonny darling." He'd fall for anything a female will tell him, and worst of all, he flicks his ashes on the gunroom deck! But enough of this backbiting; I only hope McGill lives through it.—J.L.W.

R. W. IRWIN: This shining example of Western manhood is proud to call Swift Current his home. He has been a spark plug to his division in all competitive sports, being particularly outstanding in rugby, basketball and boxing. "Doc" is a staunch "duration only" man, his eyes being firmly fixed on the star of Hippocrates. He is truly one whose friendship we will cherish throughout the years to come.—A.M.L.

H. D. JOY: Introducing Don, Toronto's pride and—Joy, or "Cuddles," as he is affectionately known in parlour and gunroom circles. Don fervently disclaims this title, but we feel it suits his blushing manner very well. We are confident of great achievements as our quiet "Cuddles" enters the R.C.N., inspired by Bubbles, and fully prepared, carrying with him his taps and dies, signal generator, motorcycle, and unequalled industry.—G.M.H.

S. M. KING: If you don't believe Halifax is Canada's greatest metropolis, then I recommend that you see our one and only Stan. King. Despite the fact he is a true "Bluenose," the majority of the time it has a suspicious red glow. One would certainly be stretching the fact that sea air promotes an appetite if this were used to explain King's ability to clean a good half of the table of all its victuals. FAITH, Hope and Charity are a byword with King these days. To end with a well-known quotation, "This ought to go over like a pewter kite!"—G.W.S.B.

C. B. KOESTER: Lately Koester had the bumps taken off him, but luckily they didn't take away any of his good points! Bev, is strictly the nautical type, and already has experience with the Navy (the Commander). Chas. really showed up in fine form in the rugby field, playing a good breakaway position. Incidentally, although Bev, may have flunked his I.Q., his cue-eye is really good. Excerpt from Koester's policy: "There is only one type of blonde and only one blonde in that type."—I.A.M.

A. M. LEACOCK: To write up a man, so potential a threat in the ring as to have won two championships, so truly an heir of the Leacock wit and forever an example in society and



"C" CLASS

Back row: J. P. COTE, O. J. A. CAVENAGH, A. M. COCKERAM, F. G. HENSHAW,

Centre row: I. A. MACPHERSON, G. W. S. BROOKS, C. H. P. SHAW, E. A. WIGGS,
D. K. GAMBLIN.

Front row: A. M. LEACOCK, R. W. IRWIN, J. S. GILL, R. K. NIVEN.



CADET CAPTAIN
R. H. F. WOOD

CADET CAPTAINS



CHIEF CADET CAPTAIN
J. R. CHIPMAN



CADET CAPTAIN
J. F. HOWARD



CADET CAPTAIN
C. B. KOESTER

1943 - 1944



CADET CAPTAIN
C. R. MANIFOLD

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athletics as Dick Leacock, would be quite futile. Few will forget his smile, as broad as the Pacific and full of mirth, which never has failed to give you a lift when other means have failed. Only let those who follow know, "This was a man."—R.W.I.

R. G. LECKEY: Bud, or, as he is often called, "Toj," came to us from Upper Canada College, a babe in arms. He leaves us still with the intention of continuing this "babe in arms." Contrary to popular conception, Bud is a serious-minded fellow, with an eye to medical college after hostilities. In this field he is bound to succeed, as his keen mind and iron will have previously shown. He not only shines with the weaker sex, however, but also in the field of sports. A staunch member of the "A" team, two fists of solid punch, combined with a flair for gymnastics, have proven his ability in this direction. R.C.N.C. will miss you, Bud, but its loss is the Navy's gain.—D.P.S.

D. M. MCLAURIN: "Flat-top" is one of R.C.N.C.'s hopeful Plumbers. This aforesaid gentleman of the "Boiler" class is headed for that dark, damp, steamy region little known to man, namely, the engine-room. His dream is to retire at a ripe old age, having spent many years nursing boilers, turbines and what have you, and live a life of fishing, smoking and stoking with his dream girl, an old, wheezy, rusty Scotch boiler.—R.K.N.

R. C. MACLEAN: From St. Boniface comes our diminutive, dynamic Doughie: diminutive in stature, dynamic in love. All the girls go for those cute, sparkling blue eyes, but his love lies only for blondes. Defying the ancient proverb, "Lucky in cards, unlucky in love," he loses in neither. Sometimes, however, the luck runs out—at the Christmas dance, perhaps, or was it at Easter? His pastime (?), walking on his hands after Turn In. His hobby (?), photography. Strictly a model (s) man.—C.R.M.

I. A. MACPHERSON: Hails from Halifax, and, true to his Scottish ancestry, has been bemoaning the fact that his only Government-paid expense on appointment will be a street-car ticket. This character is definitely a gunnery type. Although he has not taken his rifle to bed with him this year, it is reported that "Guns" gives the detail for preliminary gun drill in his sleep. It must be noted here that Mac spent Christmas leave with laryngitis as well as many other people.—C.B.K.

C. R. MANIFOLD: A man of small stature but of mighty ability. He was a Cadet Captain in his Senior year, and handled his duties extremely well. A 140-lb. tornado on the rugged field, he, unfortunately, could not handle his female companions as well as his opponents. Vancouver throws a wicked punch, doesn't it, Robin? Or was it Campbell River?—R.C.M.

D. P. NASH: This, the gift (?) of our fair Capital City to the "Plumber" Branch, will undoubtedly find fair sailing at Keyham and much pleasure in at least one of its worthy pleasure-seeking marathons. To those who say "Goodbye" as he prepares to vanish from the light down into the depths of the stokehold, he will be remembered most especially for his gentility, avid bridge playing, and his amazing ability to confound those redoubtable strong men who have tried in vain to lift his completely relaxed body. Pleasant stoking, Pat, and may we see you again at Keyham and accompany you in that test of boiler capacity.—F.A.S.

M. F. NEY: Atlantic-hopper (some ridiculously large number of times), citizen of the world, arrived fortified by spells at King's School, Canterbury, and Ashbury. At present he is a member of B Class, Alpha Literature, an Epicurean, and Editor-in-bleeding-Chief. He is bound for the V.R. and, when the piping days return, university and politics?—R.A.S.

R. K. NIVEN: Ah Niven—that youth having qualities rare, found not oft in mortal man. What thoughts that come and go behind that cherubic mask to all but his satanic majesty. And yet a salty sailor bold is he, having sailed the inland seas for four and twenty months. When wind and wave lash the ship, great joy gets he, to look o'er the rail. And now in adventurous mood, he sets his course for more boisterous seas to conquer.—D.M.M.

H. ROWLEY: "Herb," of Ottawa and Victoria, is known to us by many names other than his own. He is a "Plumber," and lets us know this in no uncertain terms, especially when we "Execs" begin to kid the Engineering Department along. His stock quotations have been a great feature of our days here, an example being "Link-Sign chum!" Another habit is borrowing (?) cigarettes from all and sundry, thus causing us to smoke in quiet and secluded corners of the gun-room. The word "Ottawa" to him is another word for Paradise, and so is a little place in Quebec, a few miles from the Capital City. Good luck, "Paucho," keep those turbines humming!—C.H.P.S.

D. P. SABISTON: What a man we have in Sab., as everyone is wont to call him (including the instructors), and small wonder, too, for where else is such a ready smile or cheerful voice indicating a good humour and a friendly nature? Sab. claims in a violent manner to be a small town lad with agrarian tendencies. Most of us as a result are now convinced that Lindsay is the nearest approach to Utopia in Canada. No mention need be made of his athletic laurels—they

THE LOG OF H.M.C.S. ROYAL ROADS

are historic. His abilities in this line have led Sab. to respond to the call of the "Springer," and it is thought that his intentions are to go to the U.K. and become an enlarged version of one of these little "men from down under." When the time comes, we are sure the Navy will have a top springer in Sab. He has one outstanding weakness, but they (the fairer sex) don't seem to mind!—R.G.L.

F. A. SANFORD: Fred is one of our embryo Plumbers, and is domiciled in some mythical metropolis known to Freddy and several million other inhabitants as "Portidge." Apparently the "big" city has engendered Fred with the powers of argument. In any case, he can be heard, at odd hours of the day and night, passionately extolling the virtues of the Irish or vehemently decrying certain political factions. "Ziggy," as his friends call him, is going into the Engineering branch of the Service. We other Plumbers look forward to being with Fred during our careers in the Navy. Such a good-natured and humorous fellow promises to leave no room for monotony in the King's Service. Besides, who would turn down an association with the obvious winner of the Keyham marathon?—D.P.N.

C. H. P. SHAW: To most of us he is known as "Artie," but to the boys from Cabin 69 he is known by many other names. Having been in Canada for three years, he now claims to be a full-blooded Canadian, but we often find him talking in some queer accent which is definitely not ours. He is the exec. type, and will undoubtedly do a very good job in this branch.—H.R.

R. A. STAIRS: Our Ras is a man of all talents
That blossoms like flowers on a tree,
As the "arbor" you nourish
The more the flowers flourish,
And the better it is for the bee.

In arts and the sciences
Or household appliances
There's little too deep for his brain.
And if you want something terse
Take a look at his verse,
Which shows wit, penetrating as rain.

But let's pack up these praises
And go and pick daisies,
For this rhyme it is running to seed;
We can dissect a flower,
Or blow up our bower,
And quaff down some soap-suddie mead.

—M.N.

E. A. WIGGS: Here is a man with a complex character. Not eccentric, perhaps, but definitely temperamental. Mr. Wiggs, or "Wiggie," during this, our last year at R.C.N.C., has ventured forth from the shell in which he has sought sanctuary for so long from the cosmopolitan surroundings of Cabin 69. He cast off his shell and played rugby until he was mercilessly stricken by the plague (chicken-pox), which carried him to William Head, leaving a seemingly hopeless gap in a XV. already bleeding with defeat. The narrow confinements of Service life require an adaptable temperament, which, though not wholly lacking, needs extensive cultivation. The topsoil, however, is fertile and may bring forth good fruit. So many of us are gregarious animals that a "one-man dog" seems almost a Gentile. His most outstanding accomplishment was the construction of some handsome stone steps on Gonzales Hill. One may well wonder at the character of such a man who is unable to otherwise occupy himself on Sunday afternoons!—R.H.F.W.

J. L. WIGHTMAN: Jimmy is famous in the term for his sarcasm, as the foremost exponent of all the modern vices, and for his escapades at Ganges. He can be found on week-ends at the corner of Belleville and Douglas, communing with the departed Indian spirits (usually in the company of some gorgeous morsel). First appearances betray him to be either a dope fiend or an undertaker's son. His addictions, however, end at nicotine and hot music, and, as far as we know, none of his forebears have been associated with stiffixing.—J.G.I.

R. H. F. WOOD, alias "Stoneface": Originally from India, he moved to Hythe, England, and while there attended Christ's Hospital. He left there in 1940 to come out to Canada. In two years at Royal Roads Bob Wood has achieved much. He is a gentleman, a thorough sportsman, and a versatile athlete. He is, moreover, an accomplished student, an aesthete, possessing a keen, enquiring mind, rich in common sense and rational logic. Truly an adventurer and romanticist. Bob loves all that is "life"—accepting its challenge to subdue and dominate a weaker character, leaving it in abject servility to its own fears and want of security. To that challenge Bob will rise, overcoming adversity—his way is clear, his future awaits him.—E.A.W.

Special Courses

ADVERTISING COURSE

After gorging themselves with soft drinks and peanuts, two Seniors and six Juniors foregathered in the monastic seclusion of the Reference Library for their Saturday morning Advertising Course. Here, under the paternal eye of Lieut. Finch, they struggled to learn the basic facts of Advertising and Propaganda. Time will not permit any enlarging on this; much was done, and much more could have been done had not final exams. intervened and swiftly shut the course down. It should be mentioned that the wonderful eight devised a method whereby Victoria was to be glutted with all manner of weird and wonderful brushes, such a plan that would have made Mr. Fuller look cheap! Our thanks go to the patient Lieut. Finch, whose course we all enjoyed so much.

M. N.

W/T COURSE

During the past year, the W/T enthusiasts of the College have experienced many instructive Saturday mornings under the expert tutelage of Lieut. Cmdr. Ogle.

At the beginning of the course, the group carried on under slightly adverse conditions. In place of a key and buzzer they listened to Cmdr. Ogle's engaging te-tah-tits muttered through clouds of smoke. Finally the Chief Yeoman graciously came to the rescue and allowed us to use his well-worn and much-beloved buzzer.

From then on, the class prospered no end. Cmdr. Ogle proved to be an excellent pounder, and our own speed increased rapidly. As a diversion we were given lectures in the theory and operation of W/TDF sets. All in all, the W/T class was one of the most popular of the Special Courses. This was owing to Cmdr. Ogle's patience and zeal, and to him we give our warmest thanks for what he has done.

D. P. N.

ECONOMICS

For five Cadets who chose Economics for Special Study, Lieut. Cmdr. Genge conducted classes in which some basic principles were outlined. The first term was spent in studying the subject from a good, condensed book, copies of which were lent to all members of the class. After Christmas, reports were made on the findings of the Commission set up to investigate the British Columbia Electric Railway Company, and on the probable post-war trend of business and finance. A short study was then made of the methods of determining several different "means," and it was soon discovered that the mathematical side of economics is no less complicated than the theoretical side. It cannot be claimed that these classes did more than to touch on the subject in a superficial, cursory manner, but it is the belief of the instructor that if they succeeded in arousing the Cadets' interest to the point of wanting to probe deeper into the subject, then the time spent was not in vain.

D. L. C.

STRATEGY CLASS

Each Saturday morning during the past year, twelve enthusiastic but very amateurish strategists have spent two busy hours delving into master plans of

both the present and past campaigns. Since the Pacific area seemed closer, and thus more vital, it was chosen as our special interest, and under the direction of Captain Grant we studied the strategy that the Allied and Japanese High Commands have used up to the present, and tried to derive a logical and successful plan for the future.

Any such attempt naturally demands a greater experience and a great deal more information than we had at our disposal; but in making the effort and studying broad and general strategy, we all obtained both useful knowledge of what is going on at the present time and valuable food for future thought.

It is the wish of every member of the class that thanks should be given here to Captain Grant for the time he has given to the course. Who knows? Perhaps the Strategy Class of 1944 will produce at least one master strategist for the future battles of the R.C.N.!

J. F. H.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB

"Just where is the College darkroom?" Once again an oft-repeated question comes to the fore, and once more a Photographic Club member tries to enlighten the Cadet who professes not to know its location.

But why this state of affairs? Do the members of this Special Course retire to their hidden room merely to escape the distraction of the College routine, or do they go there to work under the direction of their instructor, Lieut. Bjorklund?

Actually they accomplish both, for one is indispensably linked with the other. Little do the uninitiated know that 'twixt the developer and fixer there is many a slip, and that a quiet room is therefore one of the primary requisites. Little can they appreciate the satisfaction of watching prints develop under the soft glow of the safelight. The Camera Club does not begrudge its lack of fame, however, for such seclusion is necessary. The members are content with their sodium thiosulphite, D-72, filter factors, short stop solutions and the like, in return for which they have the privilege of practising a most useful and fascinating hobby.

F. A. S.

GERMAN CLASS

Early last Fall, on a Sunday evening, after the Special Course plan was announced, a number of Juniors gathered in Cabin 64, in the Castle. Naturally enough, the subject eventually turned to special courses. In the course of the discussion, it came to light that a few of us had studied German at school previously, and, liking the subject, thought it would be interesting and worthwhile to keep up.

As a result, four "enthusiasts," Patterson, Morris, Evans and I approached Cmdr. Ketchum to see if it were possible. We were fortunate, and gained, along with his approval, Lieut. Cmdr. Graham for an instructor and guiding light.

It was decided upon early to alternate study and reading periods in the Cadet Block with meetings for discussion and much-needed speaking practice at Cmdr. Graham's house. During the year we talked over (in awesome accent and pidgin grammar, I admit), at random, German history, travel, life, universities, sports and cities. In addition, we read and studied a few books; among them "German for Servicemen," an excellent and interesting publication of the Canadian Legion.

We were very fortunate in having Cmdr. Graham to instruct us because of his wide knowledge of things German and of the Germans, gained in travel and

study of that country. It was an extremely interesting subject for us. A breath of the older Germany almost seemed to pervade the study, cluttered with old steins, books, pictures and sentimental curios of a pleasanter decade, as we listened to the thoughts and heard the reasons and faults of a nation heading for the rocks.

Speaking for our group, I can say that we will remember our Saturday sessions around the fire in Cmdr. Graham's study with pleasure, and look forward to more in the future.

E. J. C.

BOATBUILDING CLASS

Last October it was decided to set aside the last two class periods on Saturday mornings for classes known as "Special Classes." A number of instructors indicated that they would instruct in various subjects. Mr. Day kindly offered to the Cadets a course in boatbuilding and ten Cadets were selected to attend this class. The course was begun with a lecture on the construction of boats, and then the Cadets, with the help of Mr. Day, set out to build one. The course has been a valuable one for anyone interested in this type of craftsmanship.

D. C. M.

INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

"International Affairs" must here be used in a very broad sense, for under that title we encroached upon the territory of domestic, economic, military and many other problems. From the snowy front of Russia to the coral atolls of the Pacific, no stone was left unturned—not even in the forgotten province of Sin Kiang, whose racial and international grievances we discussed at great length. I say "we" when I should say Lieut. Commander Lowe. He obtained detailed and interesting information about the remotest fronts while we were oblivious of our immediate surroundings. For his patience and interest we are deeply indebted to him and look forward to Saturday mornings when we have the opportunity of filling in the gaps in the columns of the "Colonist."

It is our unanimous decision that Mr. Churchill is already several weeks overdue firing the starting gun for D-day. Our prophetic hopes are shattered, but we are waiting with calm resolution for the Saturday morning when we are each able to say, "I thought it would happen this week."

R. H. F. W.

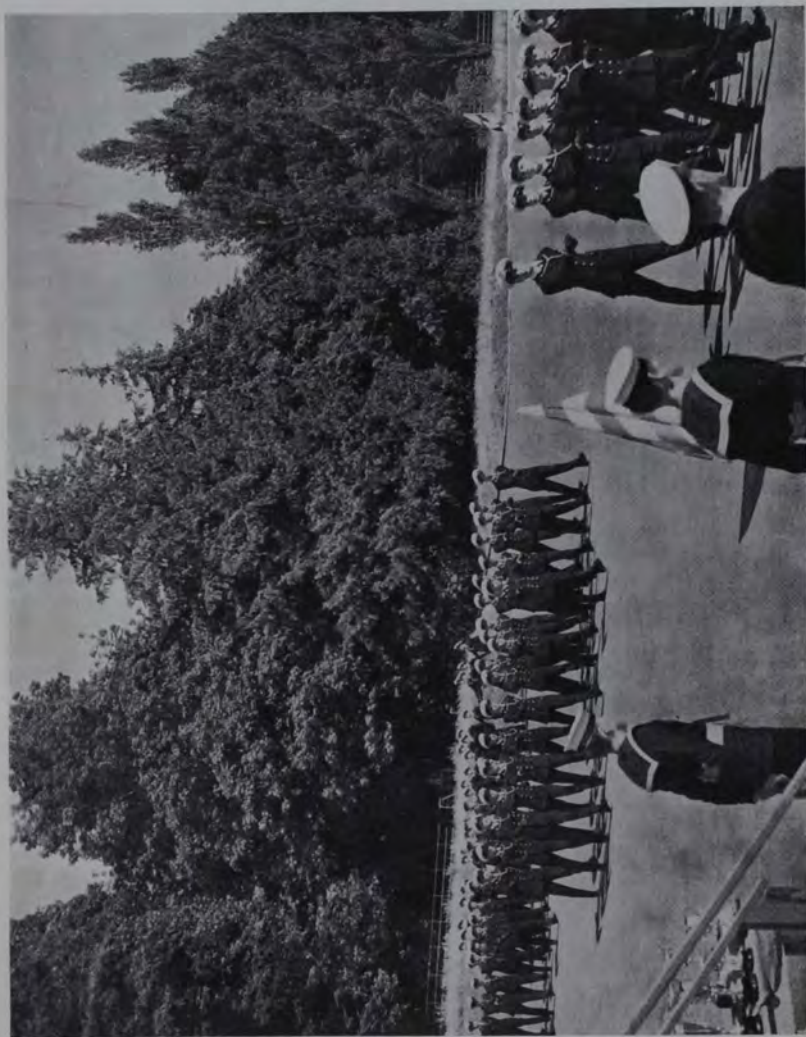
THE RADIO CLASS

In the Radio Course, under the able guidance of Cmdr. Cook, a group of Seniors obtained a theoretical and practical idea of the workings of the modern radio. Although we were necessarily limited by time, a good deal was accomplished, and, by the end of the course we were progressing favourably among superheterodyne circuits.

It was intended that we should visit Station CJVI, but the arrival of final examination time cut short these plans, much to everyone's regret. However, even without the practical demonstration, our understanding of the subject increased enormously, and many of us whose knowledge of the radio before the course was confined to which knob is for tuning and which knob turns the darn thing off, are now able to speak casually of modes and oscillators without batting an eyelid.

For his patience and his keenness in teaching his often dense pupils, the class owes a great debt of gratitude to Cmdr. Cook.

P. B. H.



ON PARADE

~ LITERARY ~



CONVOY DIARY¹

By Gerald S. Graham

Reprinted from the University of Toronto Quarterly, Vol. XIII, No. 1, October, 1943.

Aug. 29, 1942 (Saturday). Arrived at the pier about nine to be handed the sad news that the *Harvester* had sailed. Feverish enquiry disclosed that she was oiling up the river. So away we tore to *Captain (D)*, where I learned that she was oiling in the estuary. Missed the ship's motor boat, but caught the ferry with bags and kit at ten. After visiting half the fleet (so it seemed) we finally found her and I clambered on board, with difficulty and without dignity, scraping my shins on the wire ropes. Met the captain, a robust and cheery R.N., and No. 1, a cheerful Welshman with a puckish grin, both of whom promised me excitement with a lusty optimism. The officers seem to be a good lot: "Snotty" and the Sub-Lieutenant helped me stow away.

Aug. 30 (Sunday). Prayers at 1000. The Captain then announced that the North Atlantic was "lousy with submarines" which had come up from the Caribbean, and he urged the congregation to be on the alert.

Aug. 31 (Monday). We weighed anchor at about 0300 and after breakfast began anti-submarine exercises. Carried out depth-charge attacks, without actually dropping the cans. Hit or miss estimates were made on the basis of the position of the buoy when the fire-order was given. Needless to say, the officer in charge depended on the Asdic, not on sight.

At 1200 smoke-candles appeared, indicating that the submarine was surfacing, which she did, slowly and ghost-like, rising from the deep like some prehistoric monster. Signals were exchanged and compliments paid; then she submerged again and exercises were continued with "P," our Polish colleague, a more heavily armoured craft recently painted in strange blends—the product of Lord Louis Mountbatten's genius.

A little later, we entered Loch—, and various motor launches from the Irish shore came alongside with cargoes of tomatoes, bread, butter, cheese and eggs—all at extravagant prices, since they know that even the Navy is rationed. Most of the wardroom laid in private supplies of duck eggs.

The sun came out as we made our way towards the sea, after taking on oil; the land looked lush, like an impression from a children's picture book, with here and there an ivied tower or crumbling wall, relics no doubt of some ancient castle. Two American destroyers shot past us on the port side—pleasing harbinger of things to come. I wondered whether any Irish Republican would take a pot-shot at us as we skirted the shore.

Ate a hefty supper, climbed two ladders to the bridge, and looked out to sea. Captain thinks we should pick up the convoy tomorrow; enemy subs. are too afraid of our planes and mine-fields to stick close to the coast. Still, we don our Mae Wests, looped above the waist, with a long tube dangling under the armpit: they can be blown up quickly if the energy is available. We sleep with our clothes on, taking off only coat and shoes. A Mae West or a Kapock coat would be of little avail in present heavy seas and cold water—unpleasant thought, but sleep comes quickly.

Sept. 1 (Tuesday). About 0300 I was awakened by a howling gale. Sleep was impossible and I began to have that queasy feeling in the stomach. Odds

¹The author was permitted to keep this diary; it has been officially censored before publication. [Editor's Note.]

and ends of furniture crashed about, and bulkheads groaned and crackled like biscuit-tins as the fuel oil shifted back and forth below the cabin. The reverberations seemed to be the result of crashing seas on the deck above, and it appeared likely that we should take the final dive at any moment. But about 0800, the Doc. came down and comforted me with the information that the thunders came from the oil below, not from the water above.

We are moving slowly into the submarine zone, and the convoy crawls like a caterpillar travelling sideways. At his rate, no wonder there are losses. If the weather improves we should make better time. What a shame that speedier merchant vessels were not built in time of peace! We zig-zag slowly, which increases the violent motion of the ship. There was one U-boat alarm, but apparently the Asdic had located a whale.

Sept. 2 (*Wednesday*). Sea calmer, although rough enough; still, we had sun during the morning. I stayed on the bridge until "Action Station" exercises at noon. A Flying Fortress circled us several times and we exchanged signals. The laggard convoy is now making better speed, but still slow; a cursed nuisance, yet what a handsome sight it makes—twenty-two ships strung out in a broad horizontal line, escorted by destroyers and corvettes.

1430. Glass is dropping; it is much rougher; rain and mist sometimes hide the convoy completely, whereupon we reduce speed till it reappears. By 1800 sea has increased, and by supper time the furniture is moving about perilously. Fortunately, I feel in good shape and can eat wolfishly, despite chairs and dishes running about as though suddenly imbued with some magic stimulus; once the entire mess were catapulted in a body towards the settee, all looking very foolish as they embraced one another. I should hate to think of depth charges running amuck on our after-deck.

There's an eerie atmosphere about the bridge at night; when it is really rough there is a certain feeling of helplessness, which disappears as soon as the sun rises. Conversation is in whispers; ghostly figures clump here and there, but most of the time, except for the wind and the sea, there is a queer kind of silence as the watch tries to penetrate the blackness. About 1100 No. 1 sighted a dark object on the starboard bow and began to stalk her; then there appeared another black lump, and another. We were running down our own convoy. A glance at the magnetic compass soon showed that our Sperry Gyro was 180 degrees out. In a fog, that might have meant collision and worse.

Sept. 3 (*Thursday*). A bad night, with gale increasing; no one could sleep properly. The movement did not make me sea-sick; it was simply impossible to lie in the bunk without holding to the rail, and there were no side lashings. A hammock would have been far more comfortable. The oil below roared madly as the ship rolled and staggered, and the bulkheads crackled.

Ate a fair breakfast, but everyone was a bit depressed. The convoy is just about standing still—and we are hardly more than three hundred miles from Ireland. According to No. 1, if the weather fails to improve, we might have to turn back through lack of oil. I have never seen such waves, and, to add to misfortune, the wind is against us. The stern is sometimes completely submerged, as we slip over the crest, balance precariously for a moment, and then slither down in a mixture of green spume and white lather. For a time the upper deck was closed to pedestrians, and watch-keepers had to telephone the bridge, so that the ship could be put ahead to enable them to go forward. I was thoroughly soured by a wopping big fellow which arched over the rail and came flooding up the deck.

We had to turn around, about 1400, having lost the convoy. Decks were cleared, and bulkhead doors closed to prevent following seas from pouring in. After ten or fifteen minutes we found the ships, rather badly scattered, and once more got on our course. On the bridge the gale is terrific, and the sea resembles ranges of mountains moving to Mahomet. Still, the sun shines in spurts and the wind is fading a little.

At about 1600 the dot-dash signal rang out "Action Stations"—enemy aircraft. Everyone scurried up from the wardroom where we were having tea; I grabbed my non-sinkable watch-coat and tailed along. In little more than two minutes, ratings removed the primers from the depth-charges, so that near-misses or machine-gun bullets would not set them off on deck. In the heavy seas this was a ticklish job, accomplished with incredible speed and dexterity. As it happened, it turned out to be one of our own planes—a silver Liberator which eventually signalled its identity, circled and flew away.

My cabin is a wreck; sometimes the watch-coat, which hangs from the ceiling, swings out parallel to the normal horizontal, like Charlie Chaplin's watch in the *Great Dictator*. It looks like another bad night. "Snotty" is still sea-sick; thank God I am spared that discomfort. Wireless from England reports that we are being shadowed by U-boats.

Sept. 4 (Friday). 0800. First bath at sea, and needed. Bumpy night, although I got some sleep and should get more tonight since Stanley has put up lashings—very nautical and intricate, along the starboard side of the bunk. The mountainous waves (which the Captain has been cursing) are away down, and the glass is rising.

Eight ships of the convoy fell behind during the night and three corvettes have been sent to shepherd them back to the flock. (By 1530, four had returned, along with escort; two more are on the way, and two are adrift, which may mean they are lost.)

Captain thinks the trip will take fourteen days at present rate, although we have speeded up a bit. We have still, thank Heaven, 75 per cent. of our oil left: yesterday we burned seventeen tons. The barometer goes up and down, and most of us have lost faith in it: the wind is rising, but there is spotty sunshine; the ship continues to roll monstrosly and speed remains very slow, which depresses everyone. By midnight the seas were so heavy that going forward to the bridge became something of an adventure. At times, the waves cover the waist to a depth of three or four feet. Zigzagging, of course, increases the roll, since it puts the ship into the trough.

Sept. 5 (Saturday). A bad night despite lashings on the bunk; too rough to relax; I did not get any sleep until about 2 a.m., and after that, only fitfully. Glass is rising, but it is still windy. The laggards are slowly catching up, with the exception of one tanker which developed engine trouble during the night and had to put back to England on one engine.

Meanwhile, we curse the sea, from Captain down: the latter is "fed up" with the elements and the convoy; even the Commodore used strong language in his last signal. I understand the commodores get six weeks' leave after a to-and-fro trip; they deserve it.

Have just read the latest Admiralty signal—twelve subs. in our area. The Captain has so far in his career "done in" two, and lusts for more. 1800, getting rough again.

Shortly before 0200, "Guns" wakened me for the Middle Watch² and I clambered out painfully, putting on coat and shoes. We stood on the quarter-deck for about five minutes to get our eyes accustomed to the darkness, then walked forward to the ladders and climbed to the bridge. It was a black night, no moon and a little mist; only with difficulty could I make out the leading convoy ship. There is an awful tendency to go to sleep at this hour: the bridge is a peaceful spot, a queer sort of island floating in the mists above the water; we spoke in whispers. Our watch was relieved at four, and I turned in, to sleep until nearly nine.

Sept. 6 (Sunday). Slept in, and had a corned beef sandwich instead of breakfast plus a lime-juice. There is a quiet swell, with southwest wind, misty and bits of rain. I had hardly reached the bridge when signal came through, "U-boats in vicinity." A corvette came tearing out of the mist on the port side to repeat the signal in more detail. The Captain was called from his bridge cabin: depth charges were set, and H.E. shells placed on all the trays of the forward 4.7". We all peered over the windshield, the Captain hoisting himself on the Asdic cabinet to make sure that the shells were in the trays. Visibility was limited to about 200 yards; if the mist had suddenly lifted we should in all probability have met the U-boats face to face. Either by good luck or bad, remarked the Captain, who remained an unmoved stoic throughout, we had travelled into a nest of them; he was inclined to doubt, in view of the bad visibility, that they could have picked us up. As we drew closer to the estimated enemy position, there was growing tension; apart from bare commands there was no conversation; speed was increased to nearly twenty knots, and we plunged ahead waiting for the moment when one or both should appear and the forward gun would blast forth; if he dived, depth-charges were in waiting. No. 1 watched the Asdic. He was feverish in his desire to get a sub., although completely calm in the arrangements he made. The Captain grinned ferociously from time to time, as though he smelled his prey, and peered over the wind-break. Unhappily, the signals faded, and since we could not leave the convoy to pursue, the track was lost. Action had seemed so close; we were prepared for it, and then there was the let-down. It is a curious sensation to feel yourself near the presence of the enemy, without seeing him; how dependent we are on waves of sound, and the magic devices which transmute them; even for the Ordinary Seaman, science has revolutionized war at sea.

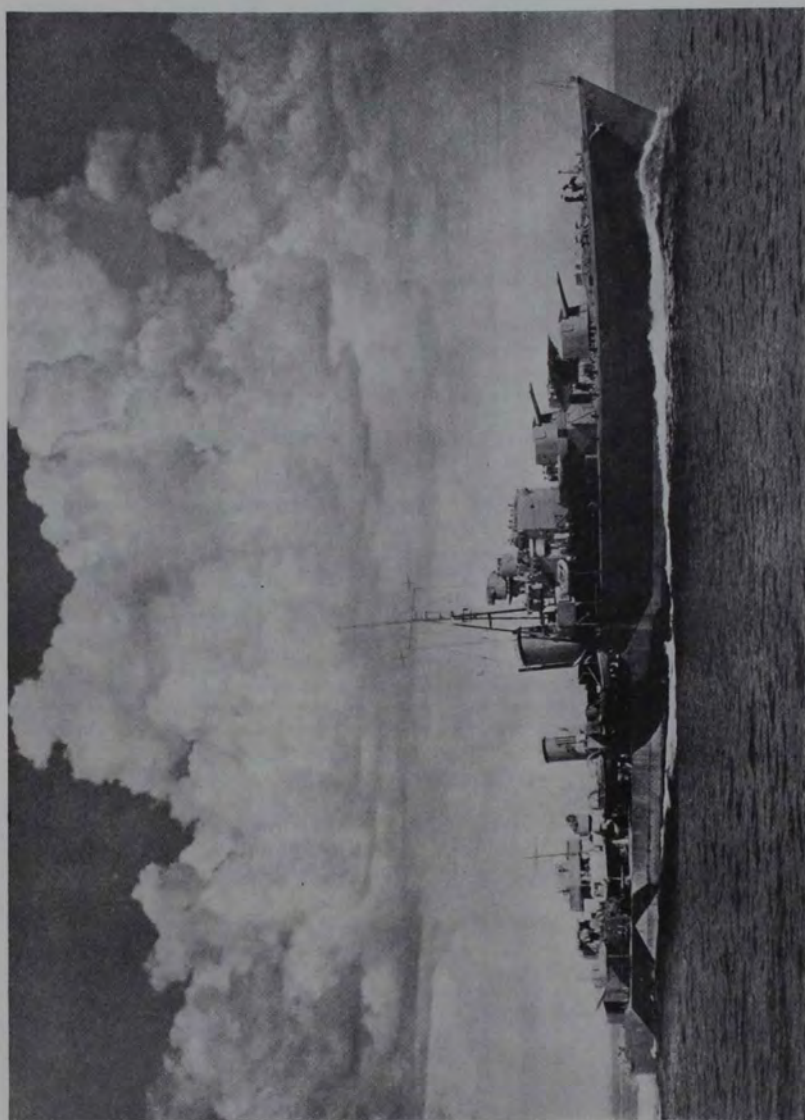
Snoozed for awhile in the afternoon; thence to bridge. We are doing about nine knots in a quiet sea, zigzagging ahead of the convoy like a ghost ship. Visibility is limited to about 100 yards. At times fog-horns were sounded on the wings to give convoy position. There is, of course, always the chance that German ear-phones may pick up the notes, but the danger of a convoy scattering, with risk of collision, is even greater.

No. 43, tanker, is missing, and Commodore was informed. Admiralty signals that two subs. are shadowing us, so our whereabouts must be known. The usual practice is to summon the rest of the pack, and with sufficient light and opportunity they attack in their own good time—usually from the surface. They are bound to score some hits, and possibly lose one or two submarines. The submarine depends chiefly on hydrophones, but for really accurate bearings it needs actually to sight the convoy.

Meanwhile, we kept moving through the fog in rather ragged order, with the two reported wolves skulking at our heels. For a moment, at 1800, the sun

²On the *Harvester*, watches were limited to two hours instead of the traditional four.

THE LOG OF H.M.C.S. ROYAL ROADS



shone through the mist with an unearthly light—a sort of Heavenly City effect, exceedingly beautiful. There was plenty of fun at supper, and the tension of the morning dissipated itself in warming ribaldry.

Sept. 7 (*Monday*). Middle Watch again; misty, colder, but fairly smooth. "Guns" brought up biscuits and cheese, and the regular cocoa was forthcoming. There was one alarm, but after investigation it became clear that the alarm was caused by porpoises. More than once the look-out has given the alarm when a white streak seemed to indicate the approach of a torpedo; on each occasion, however, the terrifying object turned out to be a porpoise. Captain appeared about 0330 and looked things over. To bed, following lime-juice with "Guns" in the wardroom.

Had breakfast about 0900. In the afternoon, the mist lifted, and the convoy suddenly burst into view again; the wind is increasing. "R" (corvette) reported a submarine in the vicinity, prepared to attack and dropped a few depth-charges, which shook us a little; but apparently the attack failed. There are still plenty of subs. around, but no trace reaches our phones.

Owing to the critical fuel situation, an American destroyer will join us tonight, thus allowing the Polish destroyer to go direct to port to refuel. The relieving escort should take over, I am told, probably on Thursday.

Sept. 8 (*Tuesday*). An uncomfortable night—heavy seas, and few of us slept really well. During the night, the U.S. station signalled that two subs. were shadowing us astern, and Admiralty ordered a change of course, which was dexterously accomplished by the Captain.

No. 83, which had fallen astern and was temporarily lost, was picked up by the incoming U.S. destroyer. (No. 82 is still missing, as well as No. 43.) With the new arrival, the "Pole" showed a clean pair of heels, and went tearing off at twenty knots for more oil. She should rejoin us about Saturday.

Middle Watch; misty, cold and fair visibility. Turned in after cocoa and beef sandwiches, which we pinched from the pantry.

Sept. 9 (*Wednesday*). Fairly heavy seas, but becoming calmer; alternating sunshine and cold. Despite the groans of the Chief, we have been instructed to oil at sea from one of our own tankers which has oil to spare.

Lunch was fairly grim; everyone is fed up with the weather. Spirits revived when someone read extracts from *Atlantic Battle*, a book by a London journalist. The wardroom howled with delight or rage at the worst sentimentalities.

It rained heavily in the afternoon for two hours, but it was good to escape from the murky wardroom with its heavy-eyed pontoon players, and get freshened up on the bridge; the rain was cold and stung the face. Seas were fairly heavy, and oiling was postponed. There is really no need for it, since we still have 40 per cent. of our stock intact.

It grew colder towards night, with light seas. It was a sinister Sherlock Holmes sort of night, with eerie winds which made strange noises in the rigging; even a single sub. would be a frightening visitor. To be torpedoed on a sunshiny day would be endurable; but on a pitch-black, cold night with good-sized waves it is a most forbidding thought. It is curious how on certain nights there is a feeling of complete serenity, or forgetfulness, and on others, tension and concern. The signals officer spent five days in an open boat, after being torpedoed in a tanker, and was lucky to be picked up. "Snotty" spent 1½ years

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in tankers, carrying petrol as well as oil, and his luck held. He was sixteen when he began in 1939.

Sept. 10 (Thursday). Bright sunshine in the morning raised everyone's spirits, and No. 1 had the crew at work scraping paint and cleaning up generally. There was an autumn tingle in the air, and even breakfast became an hilarious occasion—dear old "Guns" grinning like an owl, and the Chief smirking at the Doc's worst puns.

From the bridge, the convoy presented a beautiful sight in the bright sunshine. Five ships were still missing, but the smoke of two stragglers was visible in the distance. Two are definitely lost, and must pursue their own perilous course without protection.

In the afternoon news came that the convoy immediately behind us had been attacked in the early afternoon by U-boats, and that some ships were lost.^a They had apparently run into the same nest that we rode through.

Returned to bridge at 2100. U-boat signals have been picked up; they were transmitting to home bases regarding fuel, position, and weather. (These signals are rushed to the bridge, or transmitted to the Captain in his sea cabin.) I went down at 2300 leaving the bridge to the Sub-Lieutenant and "Snotty"; a destroyer and 180 men were in the charge of a youth of twenty-one and a boy of eighteen. Even without a convoy some 4,000 yards behind, this was no ordinary responsibility.

Sept. 11 (Friday). Sky overcast and the wind rising. Signals indicate that the convoy astern of us was attacked again last night. Uneventful day. At supper we had bad beef, which had to be washed down with a half-pint followed by Madeira. About 2200, I left the smoke-filled joss-house (the wardroom) and climbed on deck; groped my way forward, past the depth-charges lashed to their cradles and beyond the second funnel, thence up the triple ladders on which I had swayed so often during this trip. On the bridge the usual ghostly figures were huddled around the binnacle in the half-dusk of the northern lights. There were no shivering banners, merely a steady glow which touched the undulating surface of the sea, and sparkled like a school of tiny phosphorescent sea fish. We had taken up night positions and the convoy had armoured sides.

Sept. 12 (Saturday). Almost a calm sea; there were ripples on the surface, not waves. The convoy was a picture in striking water-colours, with spars and rigging etched against the blue-green of the sea. For the first time in ten days, it was in column; the Captain congratulated the Commodore, who, as usual, signalled back: "I concur."

On days such as this, one can smell the sea, and it is without menace. A Digby flew overhead, and then raced away to look for submarines. Subs. are easy to spot in calm seas; even the wake from a periscope would show up a long way. According to present plans we meet the new escort tomorrow, then drive for port at twenty knots.

We changed course at noon to make rendezvous with the approaching escort. The Commodore blew his fog-horn to initiate the movement, followed by the starboard ship; it was a pretty sight to watch them turn in line. About 0830 we heard depth-charges in the distance, probably "P." No reports.

^aOne of these was H.M.C.S. *Ottawa*.

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Sept. 13 (Sunday). "Action Stations"—the dash-dash-dash for subs.—rang about 0830; I grabbed my coat and dashed for the bridge, only to find we had nearly run down one of our own corvettes, which had gone off its course. The Captain apologized for waking me—a gibe at my sleep-laden eyelids. It was a close call, for the guns were ready in response to the warning, and if recognition had not been immediate we would have fired.

The fog lay around, thick as a blanket, and fog-horns groaned out the whereabouts of the Commodore and his wings. The new escort was in the immediate vicinity, and signalled us in code; but by the time the message had been decoded we had slipped two or three miles past them. In view of the possibility of collision in such deep fog, it seemed silly to send signals in code. Meanwhile, as we tried to make contact, the scene on the bridge provided a fascinating study in modern scientific control. Radio telephone failed, and W.T. was not certain; but eventually one of our corvettes got a reply by visual signal, and forwarded our wireless messages. So we said good-bye to the Commodore in his seedy looking three-master, and broke away, heading for port at thirteen knots, with the corvettes in the lead. We never once saw the incoming escort, so thick was the fog. Under ordinary circumstances, we should have used the costen gun to fire over the convoy papers, but this little drama had to be foregone.

We stayed at around thirteen knots until 1800, when the fog began to lift, and we were able to increase speed; tomorrow morning we should reach harbour. To bed about 2330 after packing my kit bag: tied on my Mae West for the last time, this year at least.

Sept. 14 (Monday). A cold bath at 0730, since cook had just started the galley fires. But on deck it was a warming sight to see the land again—rough, bold hills, steep cliffs and tiny islands. We went through the boom in line, our own ship leading, and tied up by an oiler just inside the harbour. Here all the escorts gathered, like chicks around an old hen, and for the first time I had a chance to see the companions of our Atlantic journey. There were Fighting French with red top-notches on their blue tams, jabbering away in true Breton style; Poles, sturdy and cheerful—most of them, soldiers turned into sailors, and good seamen they have proved themselves; Americans in khaki summer uniforms, and our own British and Canadians, undistinguishable unless one examined the buttons.

At 0920 came a signal that the Admiral's plane was leaving in ten minutes. It was worth a try, and although the motor boat was not ready to start until 0930, I made hasty farewells, climbed over the side, and with "Snotty" at the wheel, dashed off in a cloud of spray which soon sent me to cover. The jetty was a ramshackle gallery, tacked to the side of a roofed depot. I scrambled out with care, worked my perilous way to land, stopped a truck and got a ride to the aerodrome. Fortunately, the plane was delayed, so there was plenty of time for the ratings to bring up the baggage. I said good-bye to "Snotty," and shortly afterwards the *Blue Goose* took to the air. I had a last glimpse of the ship as we circled the harbour before heading westward and home.

POSTSCRIPT

March, 1943.

In dusky morning light the *Harvester* wallowed in a gentle sea. During the night her port propeller shaft had been damaged when she rammed and sank a U-boat; going ahead at 12 knots on one engine, the strain had been too great

and the starboard shaft had broken. A corvette had been summoned back to give assistance, and already her smoke was visible on the horizon as the first torpedo struck. There was no panic; hardly more than a slight tingle of excitement, as the Captain looked aft and called out "abandon ship." On the upper deck men went about their tasks unhurriedly, knocking the slips off Carley floats and preparing the whalers. "Snotty's" cheerful grin was in broad evidence over the bent heads of his men as they worked on the number one raft. "Guns'" pungent humour advertised the fact that someone might get wet. "No. 1" had gone below when, hardly a minute after the first, the second torpedo struck.

Harvester reared up for a moment, and then split in half, the fore-castle and the stern slowly settling. On the surface, five Carley rafts, a few float nets, and sundry pieces of wreckage rocked on the swell. "Doc" fought his way to the surface (for he had been blown from the deck far under the water), and away from the fore-castle, which seemed to keep bearing down on him. The icy water caught at his lungs and numbed his limbs as he swam slowly to a raft already filled with survivors who had escaped the second blast. He grasped a life-line beside the Sub-Lieutenant. Of the Captain and "No. 1" there was no sign; the Chief Engineer was safe but wounded. "Guns" had reached another raft some one hundred yards away.

They saw the corvette race in and destroy the U-boat, which had risen to the surface to survey its handiwork. If death had to come, this was a fitting curtain to the months and months of cruel, painfully exacting, and sometimes unbearably monotonous toil on the North Atlantic. The Sub-Lieutenant's fingers slipped from the life-line; Doc followed. A few minutes before the triumphant corvette bore down to the rescue, "Guns" died too.

CADET'S PRAYER ON THE EVE OF AN EXAMINATION

(With Apologies to Admiral Nelson)

May the great master who instructs me place on my paper, and for the benefit of my standing in general, a great or a passing percentage. And may no misstatement by me lower it. And may thoughtfulness upon marking be the predominant feature in the instructor's mind. For my effort individually, I commit my paper to him that set it and may his blessing alight on me for doing my homework faithfully. To him I resign myself and to the examination which is given to me to write. Amen, Amen, Amen.

C. B. K.

EXAMS.

It seems that something should be written on the subject of exams. The populace of Canada has been treated to many and lurid accounts of the life of the average Cadet, but nothing has been mentioned about exams. Canadians hear how the Naval Cadet rises at 6.30 (with much pain), partakes of thick naval cocoa (if he has time), and then begins his full day with a gruelling spell of P.T. It strikes me that these graphic descriptions should contain something on the infinitely more gruelling catastrophe of exams.

Life at the Naval College, like that at most large institutions, is literally cluttered with exams, of all shapes and sizes, good, bad and indifferent. You

no sooner recover from seeing the results of one set of exams. than you feel the icy clutch of another set on your throat.

For about two weeks before they begin, the atmosphere at the College begins to take on a very different aspect. At first it is just a casual remark that exams. are drawing apace, to which you equally casually reply that so is the leave. This nonchalant chatter soon develops into a dull roar, and an outsider would certainly notice that something was in the air. In the senior gunroom, games of bridge, chess, solitaire spring up from nowhere, and those who are unable to play these games spend their time smoking many, too many, cigarettes, and in their agitation sitting on all the best records. The usually harmless conversation at meals is monopolized by debates on the forthcoming exams. The more brilliant among us assume a most superior air, while the lesser brethren drop toast and marmalade over their uniforms and twitch nervously whenever the subject is mentioned. Cadets march over to Sick Bay in hordes with the most peculiar ailments: appendicitis, strokes, nervous breakdowns, 'flu, rabies, sleeping sickness, etc., while others sit around in a state of nervous prostration.

Then all of a sudden they are upon you, and, armed with multi-coloured pencils, protractors, rulers, pens, wads of blotting-paper, pills, and a change of clothing, you march with uncertain step to your place. Then, after wedging your desk into a stable position, you wait for what seems like centuries while beaming instructors dole out paper. Having got your question paper, you have a choice of several things that you can do. You can look at it, groan, and start foaming at the mouth; you can go into fits of ecstatic delight over it and start writing feverishly; and the last alternative is to simply ignore it altogether, and then to take it in small doses to lessen the effect on your nervous system.

During the exam., few behave the same; each person has his own particular way of writing an exam., and swears that it is the best. The brilliant ones just take it in their stride in a truly orthodox manner; they write a little, and then take a little nap, wake up and go on. This type of person is a source of amazement to me, because it seems most unfair that for the little effort they put into an exam. they should get rewarded with such prolific marks. Others go all dramatic about it; they ruffle their hair, chew up their finger nails and pencils, pound the desk, and then, as if this wasn't enough, start rolling their eyes and groaning like a sick cow in agony. They will then glance round to see if anyone is taking any notice, and if they catch someone's eye, give a demonstrative shrug of the shoulders and then repeat the performance. Another way of passing the time during an exam. is the ritual used by those who just don't know. They write all they know in five minutes, and then look around for their friends, and, like a woman at a fashion show, wave to those who can spare the time to look at them.

So the time goes by, and, after having spent enough time in the exam. room to be sociable, you stalk out. But the exam. is not over then; there is the post-mortem to go through—something you either like or you don't. I don't. The people who really do like them are the people who know they have done well. Collecting a decent-sized audience, they proceed to go through the paper systematically, and when they hear of answers different from their own, they moan horribly, and swear that they must have failed, when they know darn well that they have done a nearly perfect paper. Somewhere in the gunroom, you will find someone sobbing softly in a corner—and that will probably be me!

ANON.

THE EXPEDIENT JERRY

From Punch: "A German flier, stranded in Lybia, was attacked by vultures."

At noon the vultures made their find,
They weren't the "peace with honour" kind.
For *laissez-faire* was not their code.
Below, the flier left his 'bode
And saw them come in Stuka mode.
The birds, not man, had *lebenstaum*
As casuistic bird flew down.
Our man was not a sycophant
As eagerly, with armour scant,
He waited for the *casus belli*,
But they, like once a pigeon sat,
Had only come to see a Jerry.

(With apologies to G. S. G. for plagiarism.)

I. J. D.

NIGHT

The lightless clouds descend and sheath the land with night.
The sun has left with all its flowing forms of light.
Unquarried beauty falls upon the dreamy sight
Of deer, at glistening opal ponds, relieved of fright,
And all is still as through the sleeping countryside
I ramble on 'neath star-lit pines—my only guide—
To vistas bound with freedom, where I find
The sifted vapours of the woodland maze,
Which filter through the confines of my mind,
And make me wonder and respectfully gaze
At life untouched by man or his desires,
At things of beauty which the daylight mires.
A blissful joy is found in night's advent,
A joy that oft is lost by man, content
To imitate, by straight and rigid line,
What Nature can with shadowy night design.

—I. J. D.

YEW'S MUSE

On m'a dit
That this tree
Is a yew
(Which is true).
It is wonderful, too,
What a yew will do
(If permitted).
Not a breath of wind is playing,
But the branches wave (without swaying)
Unassisted.
I think it funny for
A coneless conifer
To give birth
On this earth
To more yews.
Don't you?

—R. A. S.

Recruiting Advt. from Acadian Recorder—20th February, 1813.

NOW OR NEVER

All able bodied Seamen and sturdy Landsmen, willing to serve His Majesty, and enrich themselves, are invited forthwith to enter for His Majesty's Ship *TARTARUS*, Captain John Pascoe, fitting with all expedition to take more American Indians; she will be ready for sea in a few days. Those fond of pumping and hard work had better not apply—the *TARTARUS* is as tight as a bottle, sails like a witch—scuds like a Mudian, and lays to like a Gannet—has one deck to sleep under and another to dine on—Dry Hammocks, regular meals, and plenty of Grog—the main brace always spliced when it rains or blows hard—A few months more cruising, just to enable her brave crew to get Yankee Dollars enough to make them marry their sweethearts, buy farms and live snug during the Peace that is now close aboard us.

His Majesty's and Provincial Bounties:

Able Seamen	£ 10. 5.0	} Sterling
Ordinary	2.10.0	
Landsmen	1.10.0	

Halifax, Feb. 16, 1813.

God Save the King

SOME ADVICE TO THE NOVICE ON RIGGING A BOAT

Let us come to grips with some of the difficulties and situations which the newcomer to the Navy will unavoidably be confronted with when he is told to rig a boat. In the Navy, as it soon becomes evident to its members, the simple four-letter words that one was taught in the second or third year of one's existence are cruelly robbed of their orthodox meanings. And they are applied with thoughtless abandon—along with numerous unpronounceable words of the Navy's own concoction—to the myriad of weird and shapeless objects that serve to hold together the boat and sails, to remove any semblance of comfort for the occupants, or merely to confuse the beginner.

Regarding the names to these parts, I am practically certain that they change from day to day—not at random, mind you, but in a sort of rotation worked out by the Admiralty in a scrupulously methodical manner. A schedule of names and meanings is sent to a select few, but it is practically impossible to obtain unless you happen to be one of the elect. By this system, for instance, a small brass piece shaped like the Greek letter "pi" and with two small wheels inset which are constructed so as not to rotate, might be called, on Tuesday the fourteenth, a "cow"; on Wednesday the fifteenth, it would be a "double-straited-brasking-splot," and on the following day it would be called a "tea-pot" (pronounced "toppit"). And so the rotation goes. The practical end to this system, while it may not be evident to the outsider, is that it serves to occupy a number of wise old men who, behind closed walls of cobwebs and red tape, clear the tables of jig-saws and cross-words and wrestle, like Jacob on the ladder, with the intricacies of the incomprehensible. Naturally, no one can be absolutely sure of the details of the system, as it is one of the Admiralty's most carefully guarded secrets. I fancy that they are rather sensitive about its importance—and not unjustly so at that.

To get back to the boat. The sails must be secured, and several ropes, hooks, clamps, pulleys and so on have to be put in place. Suppose you were standing in the stern of the boat, and a rope was heaved at you, along with the order, "Pass this through the horse." Placed in such a predicament the completely uninitiated would probably gasp, and hesitate to look over his shoulder.

But let us presume that you have passed this stage and are no longer surprised at anything you are told to do. I have divided the methods of approach to this situation into two parts. Procedure I, or the "palm-it-off-on-someone-else" method can only be used if there is someone else in the boat. If so, you can hand him the rope with a brusque "Here—I can't reach it," or "You don't seem to be doing anything—pass this through the horse while I splice the double-stranded flop-stay," or something of that sort. Procedure II, or the Bluff method, may often come in handy. Applying this approach to the matter of the horse, you would, without a moment's hesitation, pass the rope through the first opening that presented itself, all this time giving the impression that you were absolutely certain of doing the correct thing. The chances are that whoever it was gave the order is none too sure exactly what or where the horse is, and he may be so impressed by your show of confidence that no more will be said of the matter.

By a suitable adaptation of these two intrinsic procedures one can usually manage to come through without suffering the loss of prestige which is involved by the stammering confession that one doesn't know where the darn thing is.

If I ever own a boat, I intend to single out each little accessory whose necessary function has hitherto been ridiculed by a grossly inappropriate name, and place beneath it a small explanatory plaque describing its use. One of these might read, "Hook to be fitted into clamp on the end of rope from front of smaller sail (can also be used as pipe scraper)." Thus enlightened, those who have not had the dubious pleasure of being acquainted with the intricacies of sailing will not have to stand wide-mouthed and helpless when they are asked to lend a helping hand.

C. A. W.



Ex-Cadets

EX-CADETS WHO PASSED OUT OF THE COLLEGE IN JULY, 1943

R. I. L. ANNETT	Sub-Lieut. R.C.N.V.R., Missing from H.M.C.S. "Athabaskan"
H. C. ARNSDORF	Mid. (E), R.C.N., R.N.E.C.
J. A. T. J. BLEAU	Paymr. Mid., R.C.N., H.M.S. "Renown"
F. J. L. BOYLE	Mid. (E), R.C.N., R.N.E.C.
R. L. CARLILE	Mid., R.C.N., H.M.S. "King George V."
D. R. CHASSELS	Mid., R.C.N., H.M.S. "Valiant"
W. E. CLAYARDS	Mid., R.C.N., H.M.S. "Queen Elizabeth"
R. W. J. COCKS	Mid., R.C.N., H.M.S. "Valiant"
A. L. COLLIER	Mid., R.C.N., H.M.S. "Anson"
M. A. CONSIDINE	Mid., R.C.N., H.M.S. "Anson"
K. R. CROMBIE	Mid., R.C.N., H.M.S. "Valiant"
A. B. C. GERMAN	Mid., R.C.N., H.M.S. "King George V."
J. A. GIBBS	Sub-Lieut., R.C.N.V.R., H.M.C.S. "St. Catherines"
A. O. GRAV	Mid., R.C.N., H.M.S. "Anson"
C. D. HASSELFIELD	Sub-Lieut., R.C.N.V.R., H.M.C.S. "Iroquois"
G. L. HOPKINS	Mid., R.C.N., H.M.S. "Belfast"
G. D. HUGHSON	Sub-Lieut., R.C.N.V.R., H.M.C.S. "Huron"
J. D. HUNTER	Sub-Lieut., R.C.N.V.R., H.M.C.S. "St. Laurent"
J. B. JACKSON	Sub-Lieut., R.C.N.V.R., H.M.C.S. "Assiniboine"
D. S. JONES	Mid. (E), R.C.N., R.N.E.C.
J. R. KILPATRICK	Sub-Lieut., R.C.N.V.R., H.M.C.S. "Restigouche"
A. D. MANNING	Paymr. Mid., R.C.N., H.M.S. "Rodney"
P. G. MAY	Mid., R.C.N., H.M.S. "Belfast"
A. A. MILLAR	Mid., R.C.N., H.M.S. "Anson"
N. R. MILLEN	Sub-Lieut., R.C.N.V.R., H.M.C.S. "Gatineau"
J. S. MURPHY	Mid., R.C.N., H.M.S. "Belfast"
W. P. MACLACHLAN	Mid., R.C.N., H.M.S. "Jamaica"
J. J. MACBRIEN	Mid., R.C.N., H.M.S. "King George V."
A. R. MACDONALD	Paymr. Sub-Lieut., R.C.N.V.R., H.M.C.S. "Prince David"
W. C. McPHILLIPS	Sub-Lieut., R.C.N.V.R., H.M.C.S. "Skeena"
J. L. NICHOL	Sub-Lieut., R.C.N.V.R., H.M.C.S. "Saskatchewan"
C. G. PRATT	Mid., R.C.N., H.M.S. "Anson"
W. K. RANKIN	Sub-Lieut., R.C.N.V.R., H.M.C.S. "Haida"
R. A. SHIMMIN	Mid., R.C.N., H.M.S. "Jamaica"
P. H. SKELTON	Sub-Lieut., R.C.N.V.R., H.M.C.S. "Kootenay"
C. E. SPENCE	Sub-Lieut., R.C.N.V.R., H.M.C.S. "Ottawa"
W. J. SPENCER	Mid., R.C.N., H.M.S. "King George V."
R. A. STIKEMAN	Paymr. Sub-Lieut., R.C.N.V.R., H.M.C.S. "Prince Henry"
A. B. TORRIE	Mid., R.C.N., H.M.S. "Queen Elizabeth"
H. J. WADE	Mid. (E), R.C.N., R.N.E.C.
H. G. J. WALLS	Mid., R.C.N., H.M.S. "King George V."
D. C. WALSH	Sub-Lieut., R.C.N.V.R., H.M.C.S. "Dunver"
J. G. WATERS	Mid., R.C.N., H.M.S. "Queen Elizabeth"

THE LOG OF H.M.C.S. ROYAL ROADS

We were all doubly saddened by the loss of H.M.C.S. "Athabaskan" when we learned that one ex-cadet and two former members of the staff were among those missing. R. I. L. Annett was one of the best members of last year's Senior Term. Lieut. Izard and C.P.O. Sweet will never be forgotten by those who were at the College during its first year. It is ardently hoped that reassuring news will soon be forthcoming.

We have not heard from as many of the recent ex-cadets as we should have liked, but we understand that preoccupation with their new experiences at sea largely explains their silence. From the few letters received, and from the various reports that have come to the College, we judge that most of them are enjoying the Service and that all of them are giving a good account of themselves.

At least eight of last year's cadets—Annett, Gibbs, Hopkins, MacLachlan, May, Murphy, Rankin and Shimmin—have been in actions reported by the press. May, who has Hopkins and Murphy as shipmates, writes from H.M.S. "Belfast" as follows: "We were lucky enough to join her ("Belfast") a week or two before the 'St. Stephen's Day Battle' in which this ship played a prominent role. I wouldn't have missed that show for the world, and I am sure that it will go down in history not only as a decisive action but also as an outstanding tactical victory. We three were very fortunate to be on board this ship, which is a happy and an efficient one. . . . We all sincerely hope that all is well at the College and wish the very best for its future." Printed below are extracts from a letter written by Murphy in which he describes the Scharnhorst action in some detail.

Kilpatrick writes cheerfully from H.M.C.S. "Restigouche." "If you have difficulty in making out parts of this letter, lay it to the adverse attitude of the North Atlantic, which at the moment refuses to co-operate. . . . My experiences with 'Rusty' have been many and varied, and I wouldn't be anywhere else for the world. . . . We have covered vast areas—tons of sea time—and seen many interesting places. Tell Mr. Mason that as Training Officer I have found some of his famous phrases as valuable as his seamanship. . . . All ex-cadets look forward to a grand reunion after the war is over."

A joint letter from Cocks, Crombie and Chassels might have been entitled, "Three Good Men in Search of a Ship," but we are glad to know that they were at last successful in joining H.M.S. "Valiant." Good luck to the three C's.

By the grapevine we learn that Higginson is a Writer, Kilmer is an O.S., Dennis is a Third Officer in the Merchant Navy, and Angus is an A.B. We also understand that Hilliard is an A.B., Owen and Reynolds are in the R.C.A.F., and McBride is in the Fleet Air Arm. We hope that these ex-cadets, as well as all others, will keep in touch with the College through the Secretary of the Ex-Cadet Club.

THE R.C.N.C. EX-CADET CLUB

As mentioned in the first number of *The Log*, the Ex-Cadet Club was originated and organized by the first Senior Term cadets of the new College. The

THE LOG OF H. M. C. S. ROYAL ROADS

purpose of the club is to maintain the associations and friendships formed by cadets at the R.C.N.C., and to create and extend throughout the Dominion encouraging support of the Naval College as a permanent and valued Canadian establishment. A secretary and a treasurer—both on the College staff—were appointed; and as a measure of their interest in the club, last year's Senior Term prepared a tentative constitution, paid their membership fees to the last man, and handed over to the club \$300.00 in war bonds as a trust fund against future requirements. To this fund the present Senior and Junior Terms have added \$55.00 and \$65.00 respectively.

Although the club was formed primarily as an association of ex-cadets of the new College, eligibility for membership was extended to include all those who attended the old College, and it is a pleasure to be able to record that no fewer than 63 of the "old" ex-cadets have paid their first annual fee of \$2.00 and have thus become members. Returning comparatively little to them—the Log, for instance, must confine its attention almost entirely to the new College—their membership has been no small factor in helping the club in its first year to get properly established and to attain the healthy financial position shown in the following statement:

Receipts:		
Membership fees		\$223.38
Disbursements:		
63 Copies of The Log	\$47.25	
Postage	8.60	
		55.85
Cash in bank		\$167.53
Trust Fund:		
3% Victory Bonds at par	\$300.00	
War Savings Certificates at maturity	120.00	
Interest on Bonds to 31st May, 1944	12.00	
		432.00
Total Assets as at 31st May, 1944		\$599.53

Former Staff Officers are considered to be honorary members of the Ex-Cadet Club, and we hope to hear from them often.

Lieut. Cmdr. Philip Haddon, we are glad to learn, has recovered from his long illness and is now serving as Staff Officer to Captain D. Newfoundland.

Pay Lieut. Cmdr. J. P. Loosemore, who says that he is almost homesick for Royal Roads, is at H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis" for duties in connection with the instruction of accountant branch ratings.

Surg. Lieut. Cmdr. Baker is doing important health work and is attached to N.S.H.Q.

Lieut. J. N. Rowland, having successfully completed a high angle gunnery course in Britain, has been appointed second Gunnery Officer in H.M.S. "Glasgow." The College congratulates him both on this promising appointment and on the recent arrival of his equally promising son.

Lieut. A. W. Gillespie spent some months in H.M.C.S. "Saskatchewan" after leaving us, and is now training in Canada to qualify as a pilot in the Fleet Air Arm. We were glad to see him when he visited the College in March.

Pay Lieut. Woodley has recovered from an unfortunate accident to his eye and is now serving as Mess Secretary at H.M.C.S. "Bytown."

Surg. Lieut. Cmdr. Walters is on the Medical Staff at H.M.C.S. "Naden," and is a frequent visitor to the College.

The College congratulates Pay Lieut. R. C. Willis, R.C.N., on his engagement to Miss Dorothy Vassar Stafford, of New York and Southampton, L. I. The wedding is to take place on the 18th of July in New York.

We also felicitate our first and now departed Wren Unit Officer, Sub Lieut. Sally A. Mitchell (nee Farlinger), who shortly after joining the College married Lieut. Fraser Mitchell, R.C.N.V.R., of Edmonton. The wedding took place in the Commander's house at Royal Roads, and the Captain—having only just received her—gave the bride away. After the guests had congratulated the bride in the customary manner, a certain seadog of 32 years' service was heard to remark, "Well, that's the first time I've ever kissed a sub lieutenant!"

THE SCHARNHORST ACTION

Extract from a letter written by Midshipman J. S. Murphy

I surmise that you have heard Belfast's name in connection with the Scharnhorst's sinking and will be wondering how I fared. As I predicted, the Belfast gave a good showing and, happily, thank God, not a person was hurt. I guess I was one of the worst casualties; someone descending a ladder accidentally caught me on the nose with his boot, and the result was normal! Really, we were most lucky to come through unscathed, because we did engage at close quarters, as you will see.

I don't know how much the papers have told you, so I shall assume you know very little. On Christmas Day the . . . cruiser squadron, consisting of Belfast, Norfolk and Sheffield, was covering a convoy well within the Arctic Circle from possible German attack. Belfast was the flagship, with Vice-Admiral Burnett on board. Daylight is at a premium in those regions, there being about 2½ hours of twilight each day. That day, we somehow received word that the Scharnhorst was on her way out and the convoy could be her only objective. I think the Germans thought easy pickings were in store for them because we are sure they never knew of our presence and the Duke of York was miles away, waiting in the background should trouble develop. Well, Sunday morning came and no news of the Scharnhorst. We were covering the convoy from fifty odd miles distance and decided to join the convoy for mutual support at 0900. We were all closed up at action stations, waiting for something to happen, when at 0930 we detected the Scharnhorst in the darkness. My action station was in the A.D.P. just abaft the bridge, and my main concern was starshell control. When we were sure that the ship in question was the Scharnhorst, the bridge passed to me "Illuminate target," and I got the starshell guns firing. Lots of fun for me, but the starshell was none too effective then: enemy out of range, etc. Incidentally, those were the first shots of the battle and I had a large hand in starting them on their way (excuse my vanity!). Meanwhile Norfolk and Sheffield were firing with starshells, but this phase of the battle was indecisive in that the Scharnhorst turned tail without returning our fire. The Admiral now did some brainwork and surmised the enemy would circle the convoy and come down again from the North, which is exactly what happened. To counteract this, we circled the convoy to the West and at 1430 again made contact with Scharnhorst. All three cruisers fired as fast as they

could, and this time the Germans returned the fire. An enemy salvo fell a goodish distance off our bow, and this was the only enemy shot I saw fall near us during this particular action. Norfolk was hit twice and did herself make two hits on the target. We are also credited with hits on the enemy, as is the Sheffield. After perhaps 15 minutes of firing, the Admiral stopped the action and we commenced to shadow the enemy, sending her speed and course to the Duke of York, which set course to intercept. We shadowed the enemy at about seven or eight miles distance, thus well within her range, but she never fired at us, seemingly supreme in her thoughts that she could fight us off, and meanwhile concerned only with getting back to Norway. By 1830, Duke of York was in position to engage. Again Belfast and I began the action by firing starshells, followed by our six-inch armament. Soon the Duke of York had the range and we eased back with the purpose of turning or stopping the enemy should she turn or alter course to double back to Norway, bearing in mind that when the Duke of York opened fire the enemy turned because the Duke was between her and Norway. Now the Duke and Scharnhorst were firing: we could see the gun flashes plainly. The Scharnhorst was going faster than the Duke and was gradually slipping away. C.-in-C. in the Duke of York considered breaking off the action and falling back to the convoy, but first he sent in four destroyers. These heroic little ships closed the enemy to within about a mile and let loose with everything they had, scoring several torpedo hits which crippled the Scharnhorst's speed. We could see from the Belfast streams of tracer flying about and a torpedo hit, or the flash it made. With the enemy's speed so reduced, the Duke of York closed and battered the Scharnhorst again. Then the Jamaica (Duke's escorting cruiser) was told to go in and finish the Scharnhorst off with torpedoes: she did go in, fired her tin fish, but the Scharnhorst was still there, and firing. Therefore Belfast was told to go in and finish her off with her torpedoes. We closed, and a starshell from the enemy burst right above us, lighting us up beautifully. The Scharnhorst's ensuing shots at us were wild; some landed astern and others went over us—we were not hit and the starshell soon burnt itself out. The Scharnhorst was now burning badly astern, and we could see her silhouetted well. We fired our starboard torpedoes, claiming one hit and a possible two. We then turned about to come in again and fire our port tubes, but when we came to where we thought the enemy was, we couldn't find it anywhere. She had sunk, but to make sure, we turned on our searchlights and searched about. . . . Soon we saw survivors in the water and there was a powerful smell of oil in the air. Two destroyers moved in to pick up survivors, and when we were satisfied that the enemy ship was no more, we left. It was now snowing, which increased difficulties for rescuers and those to be rescued.

So perished the Scharnhorst, and I am sure that I shall remember the action for the rest of my days. Our Vice-Admiral Burnett distinguished himself, and I believe the Navy's success should be attributed to him, even though it was necessary for the Duke of York's heavy guns to decide the issue.

FLOTSAM

We wonder now if a certain person has yet ordered his set of bell-bottomed trousers.

* * * *

"Lift-the-chest! . . . Waannnnnnnnnn!"

* * * *

"Stand by beds! . . . No, no, Henshaw, on your feet."

* * * *

Supported by friends Wightman and Frank, Sanford gave a remarkably exquisite rendition of the "Plumber's Hymn."

* * * *

One of the finer things at the College has been the Beautiful Friendship of Messrs. Gamblin and Heaton.

* * * *

"Paper Doll" provided a lively intermission during one of those Saturday Night movies. Those guys and George's tackle really sent us!

* * * *

Quoth Bancroft to Lieutenant Commander Hughes (as they were standing in the diesel engine-room of *Sans Peur*): "Sir, whereabouts do they keep the boilers?"

* * * *

Then there is the legend of the two lieutenant commanders who attempted to swim the dinghy race. One of whom finished before the others had started. Tish-tish!

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J. L. WIGHTMAN	59 Asley, North Rosedale, Toronto, Ontario
R. H. F. WOOD	2137 Central Avenue, Victoria, B. C.

FLOTSAM

We should here mention several things—just mention them, that's all. Such as Kelpy's haircut, Danny's doeskin, Killer Nash's Bren gun, Fox's pirate chasing, the Seven-Come-Eleven Club, and the Tragedy of the Four Gate-Crashers.

* * * *

Yoo-hoo, Casey! Is it still a *small* penny?

* * * *

The Editor-in-Chief still has his nose in the air. He is remembering that once he was mistaken for the Duke of Windsor in a luxurious Nanaimo hot-spot.

* * * *

We didn't know that Cadet Captains had their own private barges to return on board (late).

* * * *

A class of U.N.T.D. ratings will have countless nightmares when they think of that Figure hacking and hewing with that horrible knife as yard, mast, blocks, shrouds, halyards, and sundry other nautical hardware collapsed upon them in No. 1 Cutter. A trifle dramatic, but *very* effective.

* * * *

Remember when Koester got to Regina last summer, 'phoned Hippy and said, "Hello, Hilda"?

* * * *

"For what we are about to receive, carry on!"



SEX TANTS
THE

THE
THE

PER ORUS
THE

THE ABC OF NAVIGATION
THE

Charles S. Smith
THE



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