

*Graduation, 1948*

# THE LOC



COLONIST PRESS  
VICTORIA, B. C.



*Graduation Number*  
**THE LOG**



ROYAL CANADIAN NAVY AND  
ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE COLLEGE

July, 1948





VICE ADMIRAL H. T. W. GRANT, O.B.E., D.S.O., R.C.N.

## *A Message to the Cadets*

*from the Chief of Naval Staff*



It is thirty-five years since I contributed an article to a fore-runner of the LOG known as "Sea Breezes," and I have ever since held in high respect the advice given by the then Editorial Staff of that publication. It was to the effect that one should know one's subject, by experience, if possible.

The next issue of the LOG will herald a radical departure from previous experience in the lives of the Cadets for whom, and by whom, it is written; for "Royal Roads" will operate as a Joint-Services College, and the professional training will be largely extra-curricular.

The success of this plan will be dependent, to a considerable extent, on the Cadets themselves, whose part in a pioneering venture will certainly be fortified by the very high traditions they will inherit from the Armed Forces of Canada. On their ability to mould the tradition and experience of the past to the requirements of the future will depend, indeed, the efficiency and effectiveness of our country's defence in years to come.

In this important task I wish you every success, and to the LOG in particular I wish continued good sailing.

H. T. W. GRANT,  
*Vice Admiral,*  
*Chief of the Naval Staff,*

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*A Farewell*  
*to Captain Wallace B. Creery*  
*C.B.E., R.C.N.*



HOW little time between a welcome and a farewell! And yet, what a wealth of inspiration and leadership has been our legacy in that short time! Captain Creery is leaving us at the end of this term for his new appointment as Chief of Naval Personnel in Ottawa. We heartily congratulate him and wish him the same success on his new appointment as he has achieved as Commanding Officer of H.M.C.S. Royal Roads. He could not achieve more.

While regretting his departure, we must be content to have served under Captain Creery. No Officer or Cadet in these past two and a half years will say good-bye to our Commanding Officer without involuntarily counting the talents that are our inheritance. We are infinitely richer in judgment and tact; we have added to our account as instructors and learners a true sense of proportion; and above all, we are able to invest the golden talent of understanding and kindness to the lasting benefit of all who instruct or receive their instruction in H.M.C.S. Royal Roads.

To Mrs. Creery, too, we are deeply grateful. No message such as this can be complete without the heartfelt acknowledgment of her many kindnesses. Prodigal alike in dispensing the good things of life and in taking thought for others, Mrs. Creery has been a very good friend to all of us.

We cannot wish them greater success in the execution of their next job, but we do hope that city life will have its compensations and that the future will be more than kind to them and theirs.

—W.M.O.



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It seems they were issuing goods . . .



Down at the Stationery . . .



Stores tonight.



## THE LOG STAFF

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DAVE MALLOCH

*Junior Term*

STANLEY SZACH

*Ex-Cadets*

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*Photography*

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# SENIOR GUNROOM NOTES

By GEORGE COWLEY

"THERE'LL be a Senior Gunroom meeting right after supper!"

When an announcement like this is made in the mess hall, the whole Cadet Block shakes with cheers raised by forty stalwart Seniors. In five minutes everyone has placed himself in a strategic position in the Gunroom so he can make the most noise possible. The President enters and by another five minutes has managed to inflict a momentary silence on the multitude.

"Gentlemen," he begins, and grunts of approval stud the audience. "Gentlemen, we are gathered here tonight in the Senior Gunroom." Applause confirms the sweeping veracity of this statement. "We are gathered here to celebrate the passing of our Torpedo exam." Shrieks, bedlam, and general rejoicing continue for two minutes; Peter Hill and Bruce Sheasby start a war dance, the Choral Society bleats out "Auld Lang Syne," and Pusser Don returns to his American Dental Handbook.

The President, not daunted in the least, continues. "It has been suggested," he bellows, "that we have some modest form of entertainment to celebrate. . . ." The hue and cry that now breaks out puts to shame anything before it: everyone joins in a mammoth conga and the scene is obliterated in clouds of flying Torpedo notes. Davey Malloch suggests we blow up the Cadet Block (Frank Costin rushes out to phone the Forest Rangers). Hamish Bridgman calls for "three hawty British cheahs," Hugh Plant advocates keeping the notes, and Buck Sircom calls for another 18th Brumaire to burn the Torpedo Instructor. Pusser Don keeps on reading his American Dental Handbook.

At length discretion proves the better part of valour: a bonfire will be sufficient—so Davey reluctantly puts his nitro-glycerine back in his duffle bag, and the Gunroom gathers up the notes and races out to the vacant lot to burn them. R. A. Whyte is already there and has cleared a place. But soon, as the blaze reaches skywards and one by one the Duplex pistols and pendulum weights are consumed forever, the joy of the throng changes to remorse. Little groups gather here and there weeping pitifully on each other's shoulders; the remainder stand around with caps doffed and heads bowed, as Peter Shirley pronounces a quiet requiem. Pusser Don, unmoved, keeps on reading his American Dental Handbook. When Vern Murison has sounded the "Last Post" and every shred of evidence that might even have suggested a Torpedo is ruthlessly destroyed, the Term retires triumphantly to study.

So ends another quiet Gunroom meeting, with only the Gunroom sweepers to mourn its passing.

The Gunroom is defined as a recreation room, twenty-four feet by forty feet, on the second floor of the Cadet Block; but it is much more than that. It is the spirit of the Senior Term. It is the focal point of our off-duty minutes; a place to relax for the few brief intervals of the day.

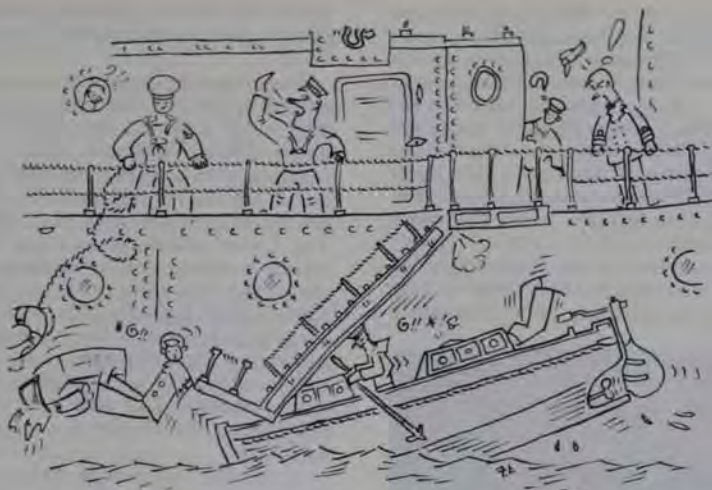
It takes just thirty seconds to make a Gunroom. In one corner we need the piano, Peter Shirley, and the Upper Basin Street Choral Society: Bruce Sheasby, Craig Balson, "Jock" McAndrew, Red Carpenter and Vern Murison; in another, "Gundar" Miles and Smitty to argue over the three of Spades; and the Gunroom would look bare indeed without Max Briere, Ernie McCubbin, a pall of smoke, and a chess-board, or without a group of earnest intellectuals like Robin Young, Mac McDonald, Al Lowe, Jack Watson and Al Morris discussing the relative merits of vine, vimmen and Vancouver; or Pat Morton and Boots Booth expounding the beauties of Long Beach.

The Gunroom is about as universal a place as you could find anywhere. Every part of Canada is represented, from Halifax's wonder child, Buck Sircom, to Duncan's backwoodsman, Frank Cosine Costin. The literature takes on a similarly polygot appearance. Among such stand-bys as Montreal's "La Presse" and the Toronto "Star," you can find such gems as the Cochrane "Northland Post" or even the Stratford "Beacon-Herald."

Our record gallery is worthy of note, too. We have an automatic record player and over four hundred tunes, ranging from "John Hardy's Wife" (the whisking song), to "Clair de Lune" and the "Ride of the Valkyries." Almost any time you can see a little group huddled over the phonograph: usually George Cowley, Johnny Poitras, Robin Leckie and Jenny Provost.

We think, and we hope we are right, that the Gunroom is the home of the Term with the most life that has ever passed through Royal Roads. We've made a lot of milestones and broken a fair share of records and regulations. Suppose we reminisce over some of our two years' adventures.

It didn't take us long to make a Term out of as varied a bunch of Canadians as one could pick. We were a little bewildered that first month after our arrival at R.C.N.C.: our impressions



And at 1030 Senior Cadets will muster for motor-boat handling

ranged from the surrealistic nightmare of P.T. and clean gym shoes at six-thirty in the morning to the row of haggard and haunted men lined up outside the Regulating Office. Initiation was the end of the beginning; we were official members of R.C.N.C. And b'gad, we vowed we would make our initiation seem small time when we reached the vaunted positions of Seniors.

Our first term passed just a bit slowly; until finally our first Christmas Dance and a long-awaited month's leave rescued us from nervous breakdowns. We lost three good men that term. Brian Blais, Harold Brown and Don Neilson, a bit of a blow to say the least.

Came the spring and we began to feel our oats. We had our first Mid-Term Dance; we tied the P.O.'s in their cabin and raided the other dorms.

The biggest milestone of the term was made by G. B. Whyte and his famous mystery, "The Case of the Wandering Tractor." G. B. left us at the end of the Junior Term, and with him went the sweetest trumpet in the College. We also lost Tim "It's what they've got - that counts" Coughtry, and Stu "Mouse" Riddell, one of the most popular members of the Term.

The Graduation Ceremonies climaxed a month of demoralizing examinations. We left nothing undone on that 4th of July: we became Seniors with as much relish as our Seniors became Midshipmen. We even shot down a tree to celebrate.

And then, for seventy-three summer days we became civilians again. Except for a few reunions at the Toronto Ex. and in Montreal, we kept as one term only by letters.

We came back September 15th to the same

old Royal Roads, but this time it was called the R.C.N.-R.C.A.F. College. It was a change to have some new life mixed with the Naval traditions, and we would have the dual distinction of being the last graduates from R.C.N.C. and the first from R.C.N.-R.C.A.F. C.

We had a very fine mid-term dance round about October at the Yacht Club. And a not so enjoyable round of exams come December. 'Course, if you knew how to run up a temperature at a moment's notice and had some friends in "Naden" you could catch a dose of "virus pneumonia," or something of the sort, and get back to the College on the last day of exams. (But it doesn't pay to overdo it, as P. D. McIntyre could unfortunately tell you.)

Followed then the beautiful Carol Service and the Christmas Dance, two things we shall always remember at Royal Roads. And maybe even more memorable was that little party we had in the Gunroom afterwards. That was a real milestone.

The Gunroom lost one of its best men at Christmas—Ted Lister. His incomparable wit and his uncanny knack of saying the right thing at the ideal moment were sorely missed, as were his prize illustrations in the LOG.

We had three weeks at the College when we came back in January, then hopped aboard "Ontario" for a cruise down south. Peter Shirley and his pen immortalized that historic venture, and 'tis enough to say that everyone in the Gunroom has a copy of his Journal - the one he didn't hand in, that is. The cruise was a great experience all round, but it was nice to get back to a land of comparative luxury. And sit in the Gunroom with a well-filled pipe and relieve it all in an armchair.



When we got back we wanted to show off our sun-tans and our Southern accents, so forth-with we had a mid-term dance. It was a most fine dance, and one to remember. The highlight of the evening was a magnificent aria by Lt. Cdr. Frewer, which really brought down the house (and the Oak Bay Police, and the College for about three weeks afterwards). It's lucky Thor and his boys weren't around, or else their jealousy would have brought down the wrath of the gods upon us.

The liveliest moment of the dance was when Miss Mary-Fran Munro, of Vancouver, hit the keyboard. If it is anything from Chopin to



Celebrating Max' Birthday

Chopsticks she can play it with her eyes closed. We simply must hold these mid-terms more often. Nor would the evening be complete without an offering from the choristers, Bruce Sheasby, Vern Murison and Jock Andrew, who gave us some true shower harmony. Peter Shirley was our spirited Master of Ceremonies. A solo by Craig Balson called for a couple of encores, and then, to our great delight, a thunderous crashing on the wings introduced Peter Hill and his fearless partners, Bruce Sheasby and Beverly Barry, in one of his famous jitterbug jamborees. When Peter dances in the "Hill" manner, people come from miles around to watch in wonder.

You can have so much fun at a dance that you almost forget the hours of hard work behind the scenes: so herewith an orchid for some excellent refreshments to Eddy Price and his men, Don Currie, Robin Leckie and R. A.

Whyte, to the loyal and patient members of the Galley, and to our staunch secretary, Denny Pratt.

Sans doute the dance was a success. It brought us back to the fact that Vancouver is eight hundred miles closer to Royal Roads than Long Beach. On to Vancouver, men!

Came March 26th, and the Gunroom upstaked bag and baggage and moved to Vancouver for the wildest six days in Gunroom history. Ted Lister pulled the amazing feat of hitchhiking three thousand miles from Toronto in a week, and was there with us, 'n' also Mouse Riddell, fresh from the hills, with gold dust still clinging to his boots. We had some magnificent parties and some wonderful times. And we owe a vote of thanks to Vancouver for being the most hospitable city west of the Rockies, and especially to the Moscropes, Lt. Cdr. Baker, and the Smiths.

Meanwhile, six Seniors went on the cruise to Seattle—Jenny Provost, Jim Atwood, Ernie McCubbin, Walt Smith, Jim Knox and Craig Balson. (Pusser Don was already there.) If we can believe half the stories they told us, they had an equally wonderful time.

May brought the news that our cruising days were not yet over. We were split down the middle into port and starboard watches. On May 7th, while port took wings for the day and flew 'round in a Canso, starboard dug out their cruise caps, pulled them well down over their ears, and lugged their hammocks and woollen underwear aboard "Crescent." It turned out to be the best of the three day cruises yet. We had tries at all sorts of evolutions, from "Lanchesters to dan-buoys" ('booeys,' that is), and managed to tie the anchor cables in a hopeless knot mooring in Nanoose Bay.

Next weekend the watches changed round and port went a-cruising and starboard to Par Bay. We took the old Canso up to Comox, and on to Vancouver. Everyone got a turn at the wheel; some even managed to keep the aircraft on an even keel, while others, as Peter McIntyre could tell you, did not usually. Thank goodness, the pilot would pull us out before we hit the water. We couldn't find Vancouver in the rain, so we came back and bombarded "Crescent" with rolls of . . . uh . . . "paper."

Friday afternoon we took a flip in one of their sleek forty-five-knot crash boats. ("Sir, would it be possible to join the R.C.A.F. Reserve?")

Meanwhile port watch went up to Lady-smith, for a repetition of the same manoeuvres and also a weiner roast ashore Saturday night. Buck Sircom and Peter Shirley, of all people, went in to sound the town out, all of which ended in Peter's playing in the orchestra of the local dance hall.

Thus ended our cruising days at Royal Roads. All through May the boats' crews were practis-



ing every moment for the 24th, and Davey Malloch and the fancy boat crew were working every second to finish "Caddy."

May 22nd was the beginning of our last splurge before Graduation. We held our fourth, last, and by far our greatest mid-term dance Saturday night. Mr. and Mrs. Bridgman lent us their home for the evening, and helped with the refreshments. Whether it was the beauty of a home as lovely as the Bridgmans', or the informality of the evening itself is hard to say, but we did have one most enjoyable time.

The brightest spot of the dance was during the sing-song, when Peter Shirley, Bruce Sheasby, Red Carpenter, Mac McDonald and Boots Booth all started playing Chopsticks at the same time. And who should drop in but P.O. Buckingham of "Ontario" Communications, and Buck Sircom fame. P.O. Buckingham is a very fine fellow, and needless to say, his classes were our favourite on the cruise.

Al Rowlands, Bruce Sheasby and Jim Knox served as record flippers, and gave the perfect music at the right moment. They also turned out the best refreshments of any dance to date, and worked overtime clearing the floor before and after the dance. In fact, Bruce worked so hard, he fell asleep in the back seat of a Buick convertible, and would probably be there yet if someone hadn't felt the need for a little fresh air!

Then came the hottest 24th in twenty years. For further information thereon have a look at Variations from the Main Theme which is around here somewhere.

During the year the Gunroom gave birth to several little offspring. The most famous was the Loft Boys Association—Marc Briere, Al Morris, Al Lowe and Red Carpenter (Froggie, Moe, Al G. and Sam respectively), who held camp nightly in the chair loft. What was once a cold brick cave became a gay rendezvous and guests flocked from far and near for parties in The Loft. Friday night was open-house for all comers with goodies.

For months the Loft Boys ruled in the security of their roost. New retreats sprang up where-in to study and relax: The Baggage Room, the home of fine art, of Jean Poitras and of Jenny Provost; the Film Room Boys, Davey Malloch and Peter Hill, the Broom Closet Boys, the Dark Room Operators, and so on; 'til suddenly, one tragic night in April, the nefarious schemes were all laid bare, and in one mighty blow destroyed. Ah, but their spirit lives on and cannot be defeated by outside calamity, no matter how great! The Loft Boys will still be a shining brotherhood when the walls of the College have crumbled into dust!

The wildest and wooliest of the Gunroom Societies is the Animal Club; we have a rooster

that would do credit to the London Zoo. Chief of the clan is our benevolent Mole, Peter Shirley, who was elected President because he could not see the evil that went on before him. For horses we have two outstanding candidates, Al Rowlands and Eddy Price. Eddy was elected Mare of the assembly. Ernie McCubbin cut a fine figure of an ox, and Jenny Provost didn't do badly as some sort of marsupial, nor Pat Morton as a "wabbit." Al Lowe, Marc Briere and Denny Pratt, the Fish, the Frog and the Tadpole respectively, sat and croaked in the corner as Peter Hill was Gibbon with his best imitations of an Oran-Utan. Now and then we could



Flip in a "Canso"

hear the voice of the Turtle, Jim Knox, the chirp of the Cricket, "Ymish" Bridgman, and even the warble of Turbo Labelle, calling his comrade Canaries.

But the doughtiest member of the roost was by far the Panda. In fact, he was so lovable that the President presented him with a little stuffed Panda to keep him company on the long winter nights. "McAllister, what is that?"

Who knows, maybe all this may sound foolish when we read it sixty years from now. But still, Panda is a little more descriptive than "No. 287, Sir."

A note on the literary spirit of the Term is in order. One dark night in April our English Instructor started an epoch-making month of poetry by suggesting that a verse or two would do instead of the usual essay. Since an essay is frowned upon if it is less than six hundred words, and a poem can be anything down to six lines, soon people who had never wielded a pen in poesy in their life were turning out Wordsworths and Longfellows. We thought Peter Hill's were the funniest (Peter can make any two words in the English language rhyme), Al Morris's the cleverest, Craig Balson's the most *à propos*, and Marc Briere's the ones with the deepest meaning.

The Photographic Club did some equally inspiring work. While others squandered their time in study, Vern Murison and his multitude were turning out masterpieces in the dark room. Murch is our official photographer, and has prepared most of the pictures for this LOG. Jenny Provost, one of our most artistic offspring, did some remarkably beautiful mountings of pictures taken on the cruise. There are many others worthy of merit, but it would be impossible to list them all here.

Nor would these notes be complete without a grateful note on the thirty-nine Padre's Half Hours held throughout the Term. Our Padres held session every Thursday night to talk on anything we might ask for, with a few very interesting tales of their own on Germany and the Orient. And, too, our thanks to our Term Lieutenant, Lieut. (P) Atkinson, for his work throughout our two years at Royal Roads, especially during our Junior year.

We think a few of the most illustrious members of the College deserve a special mention. We couldn't do without anyone in the Term, but these men deserve a particular bouquet for doing so much to make it what it is.

A vote of thanks, then, and congratulations:

To Al Lowe, our Gunroom President, and a more loyal and unselfish President it would be impossible to find. Al has worked many long and patient hours for us and kept the Term as one. And if you ever need some shrewd advice or a little help, Al is your man.

To Bobby McAllister, our Chief Cadet Captain. Bobby, too, has worked harder for the Gunroom than he has for himself. And though you would never get him to admit it, he's been a leader in almost every sport and subject at the College. We love you, too, Bobby.

To Denny Pratt, for being such a staunch Gunroom Secretary, through bilge and high water. Denny was the only man who could have kept us from the throes of bankruptcy, and we suspect he put in a little out of his own coffer now and then to keep us out of the red.

To Peter Shirley, our maestro and our scribe par excellence. Peter's journal of the Long Cruise will be read with unfailing rapture long after all the learning and the memories of Royal

Roads have been forgotten. Peter has done even greater service in helping edit the LOG and, above all, in putting the Term to music with his incomparable service at the piano. Peter, Denny and Al were the men responsible for the arrangements of the Graduation Dance.

To Henry Paul Turbo Canary Turnbull Labelle for the funniest sayings we have ever heard. Turbo's magnificent oratorio in English will go down in the halls of fame along with Hamlet's and Winston Churchill's.

To Peter Hill, "Pierre Colline," for having the biggest heart as well as the biggest grin in the College.

To Eddy Price, on general principles. Eddy's a "solidikky."

To Davey Malloch, the only man in the College who never once got buffy, and whose generosity is exceeded by absolutely nothing. And to Al Rowlands, for being such a fine and good-natured horse.

We'd like to thank C.P.O. Pearce for being such a fine Coxswain. If you ever need a bread knife, Chief, Veninza will share his with you. And to all the other petty officers, who do so much of the work and get so few thanks: P.O. Mottershead, our P.T. instructor; C.P.O. Shirley, our Chief Tel., and C.P.O.'s Appleby, Nivison, and all the men of the Engineering School.

And finally, an extra big vote of thanks to our Executive Officer, Lt. Cdr. Frewer. More than anyone he has worked constantly in our interests, and he was always there when we needed him most. "There is less dust on his shoulders than on any Cadet who ever passed through Royal Roads."

And now our two years at Royal Roads are over. Behind are the long and grisly grind of midnight oils and final examinations, and behind them the months of school and sport, of routine and regulation, of rapture and remorse. The day every one of us has been waiting for, for six hundred and seventy days, is here. And so our final tribute is to the Senior Gunroom itself. And to what we think is the most spirited Term these hallowed walls have ever seen.

\* \* \* \*

According to Balson he is just going over to Keyham to take a look around.

\* \* \* \*

THE YEAR'S MOST FAMOUS COMMAND  
"Change direction right . . . left turn!"



# VARIATIONS FROM THE MAIN THEME

By P. L. SHIRLEY

WE had an opportunity to vocally express our Christmas sentiments on December 11th, when all the people responsible for the existence of the College, as well as a goodly number of guests, gathered together in the entrance hall of the Castle for the annual **Carol Service**. It was indeed a friendly and informal evening, made up of sweet singing and Christmas lessons, and it certainly lived up to the high standards set in previous years. The Service was under the direction of **Padre B. Peglar**, and just in case no one has given him his due praise for the enormous amount of work he did in connection with the evening, we salute him now for the fine job.

As is customary, the Christmas Dance was held on the last evening of the Autumn Term, which was the 12th of December.

Before the Dance actually began, many private parties took place for the benefit of the Juniors, and the whole Senior Term collected at **Chez Marcel** for a dinner party. **Marc Briere** and **Lt. Cdr. Langlois** get the credit for organizing a really fine show; there was absolutely nothing lacking. Apart from the dinner, there were sing-songs, vocal and piano solos, and a couple of "unaccustomed-as-I-am-to-public-speaking" after-dinner speeches.

The Ball commenced about nine p.m. With the soft strains of **Len Acres' Orchestra** providing background melodies, guests, Officers and Cadets, with their respective partners, gayly descended the centre steps to be met by **Captain and Mrs. Creery**, Chief Cadet **Captain Bob McAllister** and his lady-friend. Dancing started immediately and continued until eleven, when the "Senior Term Choral Society" took over to entrance the crowd with a fast-moving novelty number. The stars of the performance were the two best singers in the College, **Messieurs Pratt and McAllister**, who gave considerable aid in causing the Glowworm to glimmer. There was some noble harmony displayed in spite of all the miscellaneous "glimmers" however, and it showed that energetic rehearsals must have taken place at one time or another. **Ray Howie** delighted the dancers next by playing his magic fiddle in every way except the way fiddles are usually played.

Intermission followed the novelties, the Chief Steward and the Kitchen Staff being the anonymous workers behind it all. Now is the chance to give them a big hand for their untiring labour in providing us with an amazing selection of "goodies" in the true sense of the word.

The Dance ended at one a.m. Naturally it is only proper to say that it was by far the best dance we have had at the College, but at least we say it with sincerity.

Let us also give high praise to **Lt. Cdr. Frewer**, **Lt. Atkinson**, **Lt. Pratt**, and **F.O. Wickens**, who smoothed out the large lumps, and Cadets **Al Lowe** and **Denny Pratt**, who looked after invitations and decorations.

One night shortly after the Christmas leave we were visited by **Brigadier General G. N. Martin**, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., a retired Imperial Army Officer. He spoke to us about his service in Gibraltar during the Spanish Civil War and World War II., and gave us a descrip-



The Seniors and friends at **Chez Marcel**





Governor-General's Visit

tion of "The Rock" and its invaluable use in the past, present and future. We all found his speech highly informative and amusing.

On January 24th, the Chief of Air Staff, Air Vice Marshal Curtis, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.C., E.D., inspected the Cadets and took the March Past at Sunday Divisions. In a short talk after the inspection he underlined the importance of unity between the R.C.N. and the R.C.A.F., and expressed his pleasure at seeing such unity formulating at the College.

Vice Admiral H. T. W. Grant, C.B.E., D.S.O., R.C.N., Chief of Naval Staff, visited Royal Roads on March 11th. In the early afternoon he inspected the Cadets and later told of some of his experiences at the Royal Naval College of Canada when it was situated in Halifax, and their relationship to his after-life in the Navy.

On March 13th, the thirteen Navy League Scholarship holders, seven Seniors and six Juniors, were invited to dinner at the Empress Hotel by Mr. R. C. Stevenson, co-ordinator of the Navy League of Canada. Victoria was the last stop on his annual tour of inspection and lecturing across Canada, and he had many new developments to tell the Cadets. Group photographs were taken and the dinner followed.

Not long after the Long Cruise the Navy Juniors had a chance to experience life aboard a submarine, U.S.S. Blenny and H.M.C.S.

Antigonish, containing the Juniors and Seniors respectively, spent a morning in the Straits of Juan de Fuca executing various manoeuvres pertaining to anti-submarine warfare. The R.C.A.F. Cadets were able to go out on another American submarine, the U.S.S. Caiman, during the first week of May, and they performed similar operations.

On the last three days of the Easter leave, about a score of R.C.N. and R.C.A.F. Cadets went on a Cruise to Seattle aboard H.M.C.S. Antigonish. The nature of this trip was mostly recreational, with a smattering of seamanship for those desiring it. During the time spent at Seattle there was an over-indulgence of social life, and when the Cadets got back to the College the first move of many of them was to write a "billet doux" to some effulgent enchantress down south. Lt. Cdr. Frewer was the organizer of the cruise, and all the Cadets who took part in it are extremely grateful to him for providing them with such a pleasant holiday before the last term began. It must have been a roaring success, as people gave up three days in Vancouver to go on it.

During evening study on April 2nd we were addressed by Lt. Cdr. (O) J. V. Steele, G.M., R.C.N., whose subject was the "Back Room Boys" (Intelligence Branch) and their work in the past war. We sat on the edges of our chairs as he told of the thrilling escapades that took place, some of which he himself had a part in. Following the talk, he was available for questioning about his work with the newly-formed Ordnance Branch.

Captain W. B. Creery spoke to the Staff and Cadets of Royal Roads on April 6th about his tour with senior Air Force Officers of the North West Air Command and Alaska, which took place while the Cadets were away on the month's cruise and flying. The object of the



U.S.S. Blenny



Empire Day, Trophy-winning Whaler's Crew.  
From bow to stern: McAllister, Plant, Trebell, Tamowski, Price and Pratt.

trip was to inspect various Stations hidden away in the North, and the Captain gave us an interesting picture of the hardships which the Station Crews undergo.

One afternoon towards the end of April Wing Cdr. F. F. Lambert, D.S.O., D.F.C., R.C.A.F., lectured to Officers and Cadets on the potential strength of the world's leading countries, and the effectiveness of this strength in the event of another war. The subject material was confidential, and, needless to say, it let us in on some of the mysteries of world military affairs which exist all around us.

H.M.C.S. Royal Roads was the scene of an Investiture on May 12th, and we were honoured by the presence of His Excellency Field Marshal the Right Honourable the Viscount Alexander of Tunis, Governor-General of Canada. At 1000 he inspected the Cadets and took the salute as they marched past, led by the "Naden" Band. Following this, a red carpet was rolled out on the parade square, and each of the recipients walked down this carpet in turn to receive their respective decorations from the Governor-General. Perhaps of most interest to us was the receiving of the C.B.E. by Captain Creery. In spite of the drizzly weather the ceremony was very colourful and a large crowd attended.

On May 15th about thirty Juniors undertook "Operation Hymn No. 301," which amounted to piling into

three cutters and sailing up to Eagle Cove, on San Juan Island, remaining there overnight, and leaving at 1100 on the 16th. Unfortunately, the wind decided to disappear on the return voyage, so they were forced to stop at Trial Island and get a Fire Tug to tow them back to the Boom Defence Jetty. They arrived at the College at 0000 on the 17th, very much the worse for wear.

The 24th of May is one of Victoria's biggest holidays, and in the celebrations the Cadets play a very important part. With the advent of May, the lagoon and vicinity became a hive of activity. Boats' crews put to it with a will on the water, and on shore Davey Malloch, Frank Costin, Jim Atwood and other labourers started the construction of a Cadborosaurus, a sea-monster of their own design. The work on this fancy boat might have taken months, but whenever a spare second appeared, Davey and company rushed down to the boathouse or Engineering School to hammer in a nail or paint a spot or two. Towards the deadline it was necessary for them to arise at 0400 (which is a feat in itself) and work until breakfast. A tribute is in order to the above-mentioned people, as well as to Ozzie Osborne, Robin Leckie, Turbo Labelle, Jack Watson, Hamish Bridgman, Peter Hill and George Cowley, and an extra-special vote of thanks goes to Mr. McLaren and Chief Shipwright Appleby, who also did an enormous amount of work on "Caddie."

The morning of the 24th found Victoria's



Cadborosaurus and keepers: Osborne, Leckie, Costin, Malloch, Sheasby, Hill and Atwood



streets coated with fifty thousand people who had come to witness the grandiose parade. The Cadets' marching was, in the words of the Captain, "a great credit to the College," and, we feel, compared favourably with that of civilian drill teams and other military groups.

In the regatta in the afternoon, Cadets lived up to all precedents by winning the two races they were permitted to enter, and, as a result, captured the **Empire Day Trophy**.

When the winners of the fancy boats had been selected, "Caddie" ranked second, being edged out by a scale model of H.M.C.S. Ontario, which was complete to the last detail. Considering the comparatively crude facilities at the disposal of "Caddie's" builders, and the short time it took for the construction, it was nothing short of a masterpiece, and every

Cadet felt a twinge of pride as it glided gracefully up the Gorge.

The College entry in the "All-comers" race for service whalers manned by any desired size of crew proved the first non-heat win for the College. Eight paddlers and ten oarsmen, coxswained by **Al Lowe**, got off to a fine start and crossed the final line numerous lengths ahead of the closest rival. In the last event, a whaler race, the College crew, composed of **Bobby McAllister**, **Eddy Price**, **Hugh Plant**, **Frank Trebell**, **Hank Tamowski**, and coxswained by **Denny Pratt**, set a hard pace with a long, slow stroke, and put up the magnificent kind of show that gives the College its good name. They held the lead all through the race and ended up winning by two lengths.

## JUNIOR GUNROOM NOTES

By STANLEY SZACH

**A**FTER a few hectic weeks at the College our bewildered minds sought refuge in many forms of escape from the dread realities of our life. These temptations came in the form of mail, reckless purchases at the canteen, writing long letters, turning anti-social, etc., etc. Yet all these diversions failed to supply us with enough satisfaction, for we still found that  $2 \times 10^3$  things irked us miserably.

We wanted to voice our opinions (rash ones); to issue statements to the effect that we found it regrettable that P.T. in its most common form of doubling did not take place in the chill mornings and afternoons only, but also at frequent and inconvenient intervals between 0001 and 2359. The democratic principles of the College clearly showed us that a committee of bold and aggressive leaders had to be chosen to bear our grievances to the Powers that Be; this it was

that a Gunroom Executive emerged from the rank and file.

Our happy choice to head the tribe was as follows: Chief Priest and Sorcerer, Pat Max-



Homage to "Moo"



"The boys" at Santa Barbara

well: Head Scribe and Collector of Revenue, Fred Moore. To assist them were chosen various committees of wise-men to provide such things as music for the majority (chagrin for the minority); entertainment, when and if the occasion arose; as well as other nondescript petty officials to aid in the organized confusion.

Needless to say, our democratic machine ran smoothly and efficiently, the first time. The majority of the braves being assembled in the Gunroom, the Chief Priest arose and addressed the assembly (calmly puffing peace-pipes and creating a round-house atmosphere) in flowery phrases and with sweeping gestures. The braves nodded wisely and refilled their peace-pipes. Spurred on by his own eloquence, the Chief Priest shrieked out a few more coercions and then withdrew majestically amid frenzied shouts of praise. The Scribe moved onto the scene,



motioning the tribe to silence. Unrolling his scrolls of vellum he scrutinized them closely and said, "We are taking seventy-five cents of your next week's pay."

Bedlam broke loose. Loud cries of anguish escaped the lips of even the most loyal, while others rose to protest this outright confiscation of private property. The Scribe was unmoved. Now some of those who were jealous of the powers of the leaders threw down the pipes of peace and sprang up to agitate for a veto, to foment internal strife; but these were quickly seized by the Security Police (Public Opinion) and advised to stay in line.

A spokesman for the Wise Men in charge of Funeral Dirges (formed after our Initiation) stepped into the breach and told the assembly that much wampum would be required to purchase records and he was sure nobody wanted to be without music to soothe jagged nerves and tired feet. The would-be mutiny was quelled and the malcontents shuffled back to their seats muttering darkly, "We wuz robbed."

With the storm over, the Chief Priest returned, beaming happily, and cunningly flattering the braves with some trivial chatter to soothe over the ruffled edges. The meeting was over and the crowd dispersed; some rushing to a window to gulp down great draughts of fresh air while others who were slaves to the habit quite unconcernedly pulled out yet another cigarette, much to the amazement of the abstainers.

Of course, not all the Junior Gunroom meetings were as orderly as the one described; some were a trifle boisterous, and others were, amazingly enough, quite well run. This latter state of affairs happened whenever the Term Lieutenants, Lieut. Pratt and F.O. Wicken, came into the Gunroom to have a talk about any of the incomprehensible workings of the Services. The "bull-sessions" were extremely valuable, not only in guiding us clear of calamities, but in buoying our sinking spirits and dispelling the vicious rumours that always buzz around the College.

During the Winter Term we had our Cruise and Operation Fledgling, which served to break the routine very nicely. In the month we were away, whether we were standing watch or buzzing Trenton, we often wondered of each other's fate, each quite happy where he was. Upon our return to the College there was no end of exchange of stories and friendly discussions (at ten paces) as to the merits of the respective Services.

Of major concern between the end of our month of practical training and the Easter leave was the Junior Gunroom Dance, which took place at the Goblin Inn. Without a doubt the

Dance was a great success and everybody enjoyed himself. To our surprise and delight, many of the Officers, including the Captain and Commander, were present. Lt. Cdr. Frewer very kindly favoured us with a rendition of "The Desperado" that set off a high tempo of merry-making. In charge of refreshments and entertainment was a group of gourmets headed by Frank Trebell, assisted by Keith McNair and Ray Howey. The latter had the tragic experience



Bound for San Juan Island

of having his violin string literally disintegrate in the midst of a crescendo of "Pop Goes the Weasel," rendered with weird contortions as an added feature. The committee did a fine job, and thanks are also due to our friends in the Galley who prepared the excellent refreshments.

Close on the heels of this event came Easter leave—six days to gather energy for a final assault on the great objective of becoming Seniors, from thence to pass and be forgotten, like the rest. As the days passed we found to our delight that we were getting up after sunrise for P.T., and although April showers pelted us in prolific quantities, nothing dampened our spirits. The traditional inter-dormitory feuds persisted.

To sum up our thrill-packed year we can say that although it took some time, we finally grasped the essentials for survival at Royal Roads: a broad sense of humour (to read this article), and immense reserves of hope (that all this would eventually do you good). At first the Seniors towered high above us, but we persevered and were soon challenging them in various field of sports, where we not only held our own but sometimes got the upper hand. We found that the presence of both Naval and Air Force Cadets gave us a feeling of solidarity which is sure to be the keynote in next year's Canadian Services College.

# SOUTHWARD BOUND

## THE SENIORS

By PETER SHIRLEY

### GENESIS

AGAIN it befell our lot to go down to the sea in ships and occupy our business in great waters: in this case the sea turned out to be the Pacific Ocean, the ships were H.M.C.S. Ontario, Crescent and Antigonish, and our business was to learn a trade as best we could. The cruise would take us to Magdalena Bay, Mexico, Long Beach and Santa Barbara, California, and we would absent ourselves from Canada from the 3rd of February to the 3rd of March.

There was no end of hustle and bustle in preparation for the ensuing nautical life as we borrowed and purloined the miscellaneous articles of clothing needed for a month at sea. When everything had been wedged into a suitcase or its naval equivalent, we were hustled into the familiar cattle-wagon at the College and taken to our new abode—H.M.C.S. Ontario. As soon as everyone was on board there arose the inevitable scramble for lockers and places to sling hammocks, and the lucky people finding suitable locations stowed away their gear under the watchful eyes of our Chief Petty Officer, who gave the necessary information as to the wheres and whys of the ship with which we were unfamiliar.

### YOU'LL GET USED TO IT

We awoke the following morning at 0630 not too bright and not too cheerful, and some didn't even have to wake. It takes a while to get accustomed to "micks" (usually about three nights, after that you are so exhausted you could sleep in a stovepipe), and a goodly portion of the forty of us spent the night twisting, tossing and contorting our weary bodies to fit the catenary shape of our so-called beds. People like Jenny Provost, endowed with a rubber backbone, can be quite comfortable wound up in a bolt of canvas, but the rest of us were forced to give up sleep as a bad job.

Due to our lack of organization, the first breakfast also left much to be desired. No one had any ideas as to where to find such essentials as food and hardware, so, all in all, the meal was a fiasco. By noon, however, our vacant tummies gave unerring aid in solving the many mysteries, and from then onwards we ate in a more civilized manner, although never touching the standards expected on shore. Lazier Cadets (i.e. Bruce Sheasby and Eddy Price) were often the source of confusion when they suggested we have a buffet supper in order to evade their turn

at doling out the food. When twenty boys, each hungrier than his neighbour, amass around a lone pan and attempt to scoop out spaghetti with a teaspoon, a confusion is a fairly reasonable thing to expect.

### PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW

As we made ready to slip from H.M.C. Dockyard, Esquimalt, on the 3rd of February, vast multitudes of tear-bedewed, ever-loving wives and sweethearts conglomerated on the jetty beside the "Ontario" and waved fond adieus to their sailor boys. Fortunately for us, very few of the sweethearts and none of the wives were Cadets' property, so we were not torn apart with an overload of anguish as we left the valedictory gathering to the rain and hail of British Columbia and pushed on to more arid territory.

We spent a couple of hours degaussing in Royal Roads (the anchorage to the south of the College), then, accompanied by H.M.C.S. Crescent and Antigonish, we sailed out through the Straits of Juan de Fuca in line ahead, and set a course of 180 degrees, speed fifteen knots. Next stop—Mexico.



H.M.C.S. Ontario





Living was a communal effort

#### LABORE ET HONORE

Perhaps contrary to popular belief, cruises are not pleasure excursions arranged for the benefit of Naval Cadets who have spent a diligent semester or two at bookwork and are in need of a rest to get away from it all. The paramount reasons for cruises being included in our training are: (a) To give us a practical outlook on the theory covered at the College, and (b) to experience and appreciate life on the Lower Deck. We had regular classes, but instead of doing the arts and mathematics, we occupied ourselves at navigation, seamanship, engineering, gunnery and communications, with various lectures on torpedoes, bathythermographs, gyros, electronics and physics thrown into the bargain. We were segregated into watches, each one being on duty every four days. While on duty, Cadets alternated between positions on the bridge, in the boiler and engine rooms, in the telephone exchange, and in any one of the numerous electrical compartments: in each instance we were taught the tasks of the department we were in, thereby learning something of the operation and intricacies of modern fighting ships. We had a flashing exercise every evening to remind us of the Morse Code just in case anyone had intentions of forgetting it. So it was a full day, not

so strenuous, perhaps, as an equivalent length of time at the College, but, nevertheless, we were constantly kept on our toes.

#### THAT WHICH GOES DOWN MUST COME UP

To make the trip more exciting, our initial day at sea was one of intense suffering. Wild waves and all the winds of heaven slashed at the ships with unrelenting cruelty, which, as can be expected, brought grief to non-salty individuals. Gundar Miles and other fugitives from the law of averages were compelled to remain in proximity to the guard rails, where, when the call came, they would proclaim their woe in dismal chords. Some fellows retained their tint of green until well on into the next day. We are used to such proceedings: the minute P. D. McIntyre steps on board a ship he takes on a peculiar viridescence which doesn't vanish until terra firma is under him again. All night long clashing on deck gave one the impression that a collection of lunatics had just been set loose in a tin can factory, therefore any aspirations of getting to sleep were cancelled. All this may sound highly amusing now when we think back over it, but at the time, the amount of gleefulness connected with it was at a rock-bottom low.

#### AND THERE WAS MUSIC

We had not been long at sea before we were visited by Chaplain of the Fleet (P) E. G. B. Foote. He looked after our small necessities and generally made the cruise more enjoyable. He lent us a portable pump organ, and as the Seniors are lovers of sing-songs and the like, the organ was just what the M.O. ordered to fill in our spare time. As a result of the musical moments which followed, a choir was formed of the Cadets, and



An After-Supper Sing-song



it led (or was supposed to lead) the Ship's Company at Sunday Church Services. (We'll never forget the way Denny Pratt and Bobby McAllister hung around when the choir was being selected, hoping that they would be chosen, and the look of vexation on their faces when they were not.) We are very deeply indebted to Padre Foote for the interest he showed in us, for the loan of the music box, and the fact that his cabin was always accessible to sentimental souls who sought a quiet place to scribe letters. We hope that our Sunday singing was a small remuneration for all the things he did for us.

### LAND HO!

We bounced about on the bounding main four and a half days before sighting land, then we arose on Sunday, 8th, to see bits and pieces of Mexico split on the horizon. We were not too favourably impressed with our first glimpse of this mysterious country, and later at Divisions and Church, as we watched the land come nearer, we were not impressed. At 1500 that afternoon we dropped anchor in a bay, Magdalena Bay to be exact, and remained under cover of its stubby brown hills for half a fortnight.

According to most charts and maps, la Baie Magdalena is situated about sixty miles north of the Tropic of Cancer on the Peninsula of Baja California, which all means when freely translated, that if a line were drawn through the Baie and produced to the Atlantic Ocean, it would bisect the distance between Florida and Cuba. With the needed assistance of high-powered binoculars we noticed that there was a



" . . . It was all so chastely primitive . . . "

humble hamlet lying inert on the shore ahead of the ship, and as we beheld a squadron of vultures circling it, we began wondering where they had brought us.

### THE SHORT AND SIMPLE ANNALS OF THE POOR

When we went ashore on the following Wednesday we found that the wee village was very sensibly called Port Magdalena and was composed of sixty peasants who lived in wretched wooden shacks deployed along the water's edge for somewhat less than a third of a mile. During their entire existence, these rancid residences had never been honoured with a coat of paint, and only those belonging to the most affluent bragged of glass window panes. We were appalled by the paucity of the finer things in life,

even the domestic animals in the burgh (chickens, dogs, cats, goats and sows) seemed to be on the brink of fading into the unknown for lack of proper nutrition and treatment. The set-up was pathetic in our eyes, but the unimaginative cottars appeared to be happy, and really that is all that matters. Amongst the assemblage of dilapidated structures was a midget-sized store which supplied the necessary produce for the local gentry. Certain polyglottic characters like Marc Briere and Turbo Labelle, by applying their linguistic capabilities, purchased all sorts of articles, wise, and otherwise. Getting into the ridiculous, Jack Watson bought the proprietor's cash register for the modest sum of four pesos (\$1.00).



" . . . We occupied ourselves with Navigation . . . "



Coral Casino, Santa Barbara

### FUN AND GAMES FOR EVERYONE

We have had shore leave three times, and each found a new aspect of interest and amusement for us. The greatest of these interests was swimming and playing in the rolling surf, but, due to the prodigious quantity of aquatic villains, we were forced to be on the alert at all times. This degree of caution was taught to us by Red Carpenter when a sting-ray took a great munch out of his ankle during the earliest swimming sessions. We found a beach two miles distant from the village, and it was something we will remember till the day we die. To give it a glance in passing, it was twelve miles of rippled and packed sand stretched out in a horseshoe design. We could gallop into its thrashing surf for nearly a mile without the water getting any deeper than our knees. Except for acrimonious creatures like barracudas, sharks and sting-rays, it was an ideal fun spot; if it had been close to a more populated area, the cost of enjoying its beauty would be fantastic. We spent some of the happiest moments of the cruise at this beach just being childish and carefree—not bothering too much about O.L.Q.s.

### BUT THERE WAS EVEN MORE WORK

Our instructional periods dealt largely with matters pertaining to seamanship. We had an abundance of sailing and boat work, as well as a review of knots and splices. One of the most informative periods was spent in assisting divers in mounting their cumbersome outfits, and later looking after their life-lines and air supply as they prowled about on the sea bed.

On the 15th of February the Seniors boarded "Antigonish" for the morning and literally took it over. We enacted the rôles of everyone

from Captain to foc'sle hands as the ship weighed anchor and did some exercising out of the bay. We certainly learned a great deal by being able to do the things we had previously read about in seamanship and navigation manuals; a morning of performing equals numerous months of reading and listening.

Occasionally we worked part of ship with the seamen, and when the time came for "Ontario" to depart, she was a gleaming masterpiece of paintwork and shining brass.

### NATURE IN ITS PUREST FORM

This may sound like preposterous twaddle, but some of us were slightly sorry to leave our little Mexican bay. We had enjoyed such unique remoteness from worldly worries—a place where you could forget the tragedies of everyday lusts in civilization and be at peace with your fellow men. To stand alone on the sandy hill or the Elysian beach was like being far away from anything real; it was all so chastely primitive that one could not help but be enchanted by it. We went away on Monday, 16th, and gave the paradise back to its original unappreciative audience, and all that stayed with us were memories, happy memories.



Prostrate on the upper deck hoping for the best





The Day's End

#### MAIL, WINE, WOMEN, SONG AND MAIL

We wakie-wakied on Thursday, 19th, at 0600 so we could get properly prepared for our grandiose entry into the second port of call. Amidst a husky fog we secured alongside a pier in the Terminal Island Naval Base near Long Beach, California. The first important happening was the advent of mail, myriads of letters. Davey Malloch broke all previous records by receiving fourteen letters, and, living up to his benign nature, allowed the broken-hearted who had not got so much as a post-card to help him read them. There was an atmosphere of excitement as we donned our finest raiments to go ashore. It must be remembered that we had not laid eyes on a white woman (with one exiguous exception) for two weeks, a rather lengthy period, no matter how you look at it, so as we wended our wolfish ways to Long Beach, many and great were the plans formulated.

Because of their nearness, Los Angeles and Hollywood were the focal points of activity. Buck Sircom and Peter Hill were fortunate enough to be personally conducted through a large movie lot by two very famous stars (of each gender), and others met theatrical personages in restaurants and night clubs. Despite the stellar attractions in Hollywood and vicinity, there were definite interests in Long Beach, more especially the residential district of Long Beach. After a gala ball sponsored by the Officers and Cadets of the three ships by U.S. Naval Officers in their spacious wardroom, there were infinite numbers of feminine acquaintances made: some operators were actually embarrassed by the choice. Every night, starry-eyed laddies manoeuvred into their micks and wished that they were staying in Long Beach more than four days.

Among the starriest of these individuals were Al Morris, Pat Morton and Al Booth, and we can't exactly blame them.

#### "NOW IS THE HOUR"

The number one song on the Hit Parade was a very fitting melody for the departing Cadets as Long Beach faded astern early Monday morning and the vessels made great haste in getting to another Californian city. It took only a forenoon to traverse the space between Terminal Island and Santa Barbara; in the frantic rush, waves leaped over the foc'sle and diverse caps were blown over the side. When we first had leave in Santa Barbara we found it to be the direct antithesis of Long Beach; it is a peaceful and quiet community where retired billionaires come to die. The city is beautifully planned along the lines of Old Spanish architecture, and the parks, public buildings and mansions are truly works of finery. One of the sights that could not be overlooked was the Santa Barbara Mission; antiquity combined with pioussness create such a reverend air about the place that even the most satanic varlet would experience a tug at his conscience as he passed by.

#### OH SLEEP IT IS A BLESSED THING

We had leave every day from noon to 0100, and as it was only intelligent to capitalize on the geographical position, every moment was used to further friendships and education while the chance presented itself. Things like sleep were brushed aside as being unimportant, and by the end of six days of morning lectures and work and social life in the evenings, eyes began to uncontrollably close. People having weak constitutions just couldn't take it and had to delve into noon hours for short naps. As in the previous port, girls took the limelight; a new assortment of Cadets were entertained by them as the Long Beach brand still had not recovered from their hallowed joys farther south. Walter Smith and Frank Costin were the feature components of a blind-date bureau, and managed to provide the desired gals at the desired times. The populace was very amiable to Canadians, they really tried to make our stay as pleasant as possible. Then there was the time a local proletarian came across George Cowley looking at a fancy neon sign and proudly stated, "I guess you haven't many of those things back home?" whereupon George astutely replied, "Well, we have one, as a matter of fact, but it's broken right at the moment."

(Continued on Page 59)





## THE JUNIORS

By JIM PRENTICE

WE stood on the jetty viewing our new home, H.M.C.S. Crescent, while an official photographer snapped pictures of beaming Cadets about to embark on their spring training cruise. At a brief word of command, the Cadets poured into the cramped messdecks and began to fight for lockers and other luxuries. Our thoughts (if we had any during the battle) turned to our Air Force Term-mates who, in less than two days, would be installed in a spacious barrack less than sixty miles from Toronto.

Next morning the cruise was begun. It rained and sleeted most of the morning, and after dinner, when we finally slid out from Esquimalt, in a last gesture of defiance, it hailed. Soon after leaving harbour we were all listening attentively to lectures, or employed in trying to clean up our messdecks. As the afternoon wore on, the wind freshened, and as we progressed through the Straits of Juan de Fuca, the classes dwindled and an ever-growing body of Cadets huddled on or near the quarterdeck. Early in the evening we rounded Cape Flattery and the supper which was brought to us returned to the galley untouched. The ranks of the unstable increased until the morning; only two had

omitted to offer alms to Neptune, and both were repenting the omission. But the ocean took pity on us and by noon the customary smiles were returning to the drawn and haggard faces.

The studies which we earnestly undertook in the next few days were very similar to those of the Seniors. Our classes, both practical and theoretical, were always interesting, and before we knew it almost three days had passed at sea. As "Ontario" steamed steadily southward, "Crescent" and "Antigonish" turned eastward to refuel and revictual. Thus it was that on Friday evening the two ships quietly entered the bustling naval base of San Diego.

Leave was granted, and the inevitable result was a panic. The messdecks and washrooms became a madhouse as the whole Term frantically searched for clean collars, white cap covers and collar studs, or joined in the scramble for the six washbasins. The Term seemed to be developing admirable control of their tempers—no one was killed or even wounded.

In twenty minutes it was all over, and at last we were free to wander through the palm-lined streets of a strange city, in the cool of a California evening. Judging by the happy faces seen



on returning to the ship at 2359, it was obvious that San Diego was not lacking facilities for the amusement of Cadets.

No sooner were we dressed than a U.S.N. bus drove up and offered its services for the rest of the day. We then wandered around the best zoo in North America, that of Balboa Park. We spent two pleasant hours in this park with nothing to do but snap pictures of Cadets and other animals. The afternoon's entertainment was well rounded off by a visit to the Boeing flying field, where we saw the world's largest land plane, and then later made a tour of the U.S.S. Tuscon.

Less than twenty-four hours after our arrival in San Diego we were at sea once again, but we had packed more entertainment in this one day than we do in a week at the College. Sunday divisions, sunbathing and letter-writing occupied the next day, and on Monday morning we awoke to find ourselves in the shadow of the sandy hills of Magdalena Bay.

For a full week Canada's Pacific fleet was anchored in this idyllic setting, far from the care and convention of modern society.

Soon Monday rolled around again and we were at sea. For once we were blessed with calm seas, and when on Thursday morning, with the



H.M.C.S. Crescent

crash of saluting guns in the background, we crept into Long Beach, there was not one green-faced Cadet.

In this city all dreams of American hospitality were realized. Tickets were sent to the ships for numerous radio shows, and there was hardly a man who did not make his way to Hollywood at some time in the next four days. Much time was spent with companions of the fairer sex, the remainder being passed rather expensively in the immense amusement park which is Long Beach's main source of revenue.

The third Monday of the cruise was again the signal to put to sea. This time high speed, the tail end of a storm, and several late nights combined to make a goodly number of Cadets almost as unhappy as the first night. By noon it was all over, and the ships rode at anchor on the swelling waters off Santa Barbara.

Although quite a few Cadets were as fortunate here in the social field as in Long Beach, yet the reception which we received assured the amusement of all. Too soon came that fateful Sunday morning when forty Seniors and twenty-seven Juniors piled aboard "Antigonish" for the last stretch of the journey.

For the next three days, as her pounding engines drove us northward, we all became tired, wet, cold, or sick, or all four. Standing one watch in four and working during the day, the Cadets had much to do with the running of the ship. Life on the whole was not really unpleasant, and we all seemed quite healthy when, on Wednesday afternoon, we returned to Esquimalt Harbour, exactly a month after our departure. For most of us this was the first time that we had ever really appreciated a return to the College.



Stand easy

# OPERATION FLEDGLING

BY HANK TAMOWSKI AND NOEL LYON

IN the semi-darkness of early morning last February third, two Dakotas of the 412 R.C.A.F. Transport Squadron left the runway at Pat Bay, climbed through a layer of cloud, and headed East. Operation Fledgling was under way at last. We, the thirty-four members of the Junior Air Force Term, had been waiting for this moment ever since we first heard of our training trip which was to take us to Trenton for three weeks. Enthusiasm was running high. But in the space of a few hours our enthusiasm was dampened considerably as the aircraft were thrown about in the turbulent air. In fact, there were some things brought up in the morning flip which we prefer not to discuss. At first it was like the roller-coaster at Sunnyside Park in Toronto, then gradually all our dreams of flying were shattered and our faces became a pale green colour.

When we landed at Lethbridge, our faces took on a rosier hue and the little brown bags were stowed away under the seats. Here we were met by a heavy wind and a light lunch, but "Mitch" refused to leave the plane. "Nope," he muttered, "while this thing is standing still I'm taking advantage of it." When he was finally persuaded that some fresh air would do him good he stood up and, to our dismay, found that his little brown bag no longer had a bottom. On our trip to Winnipeg, after lunch, we encountered the fine smooth flying weather which seemed to follow us for nearly all the remaining flips of "Fledgling." After spending the night at Winnipeg, where we looked over two captured German planes, a sleek-looking jet and a stubby rocket fighter, it was only a matter of six hours before we arrived at our destination, Trenton. Trenton to us was something new,

something different—yes, at times quite different, and we looked forward to our stay there as a change from the strenuous routine at Royal Roads.

Our first day here was spent getting the lay-out of the station and our training syllabus. We also introduced to the airmen a radically new recreation—that of running around the station. Oh, yes, there are no sounds more refreshing to hear on a winter morning than the crunch of crisp snow under a column of boots, or the squish of galoshes on the slushy surface of the street. After being greeted by the A.O.C. and the C.O. of Station Trenton, we wandered about the station collecting various books and pencils and eventually ended up at the parachute hangar with parachutes. Here we were duly warned about what happens to clowns who pull the rip-cord prematurely. The next day we started our routine, which consisted of classes at Air Armament School, Ground Instructional School and instruction in "Harvards." At A.A.S. and G.I.S. we were given a grounding in air armament and lectured on various subjects such as engines, meteorology, theory of flight, navigation, and survival, but the highlight was our flying training.

Despite all this intensive training we found time for other things. Sometimes our actions confused and mystified the airmen. Picture the airman who, halfway through the night, is aroused by the steady tramping of feet which he mistakes for the Russian cavalry, and, can opener in hand, drags himself out of bed and crawls over to the window. Imagine the shock he receives when, on looking out, he seems to see a group of apparently sane types running down the road in dainty white shorts which contrast nicely with the blue of their skin. After beating his head against the wall he crawls back into bed muttering, "I'll never touch the stuff again." Some clueless Cadets also found time to get into mischief. For instance, the Cadet who by some unforeseen circumstances found himself in a "Ventura" confronted by an open parachute. Trying to explain this most unforgivable crime he exclaimed, "But I didn't pull the rip-cord, I just picked it up by the little silver handle." Oh well, future flyers will be relieved to note that the chute was actually full of silk and not old blankets and that it opened quite easily. To keep us happy, a dance was arranged for us by the Station, but it was called off at the last minute because traffic was paralyzed by an icy rain. Surveying the situation, F/L Watson repeated those immortal words, "Well, it's just one of those things, chaps."

A highlight during our stay in the East was



"Sometimes our actions confused and mystified the Airmen"



the week-end spent in Toronto. The Saturday of our departure arrived along with a spell of dirty weather. But after a nerve-racking take-off on the icy runway, we headed for Toronto, some of the Cadets in a Dakota, the rest in "Expeditors." Rarely flying over two thousand feet, we got an excellent view of the countryside when it wasn't marred by clouds. That night we watched the "Leafs" trim the "Canadiens," much to the disappointment of Jacques J. and the boys from Montreal. On Sunday we were shown around the Institute of Aviation Medicine, where some of the boys had a free ride in the "G machine," a device which tests the capacity of individuals to retain consciousness when pulling out of a dive. After Danny Farrell finally "blackened out" we went on to see the rest of the remarkable equipment. This included a "deep-freeze" room for synthetizing extreme cold conditions, a "tropical" room for the opposite extreme, and decompression chambers for creating altitude conditions. We ended our tour in the night vision room, where Gus, on being asked whether he could see in the dark, replied, "Certainly—I went to night-school."

Once back at Trenton, the week passed quickly, and although we were engrossed in our work, no one objected too strenuously when we were told to take a week-end leave. We returned in high spirits ready for our visit to Montreal and the long trip back to the College.

On Tuesday morning we were bundled off to Montreal in our two "Dakotas" for a look at the Canadair Aircraft plant, busily engaged in producing four-engined "North-Stars" for T.C.A. As we climbed away from Trenton the sign up front which said "No Smoking—Fasten Safety-Belts" was turned out and we set our seats back to a relaxing angle, lit cigarettes, brought out books, and the usual bridge games



Wonder if those Navy types know what they're missing?

got under way. We never did find out who "R. B. I." was, but we were indebted to him on many occasions for the use of his initialled suitcase, which we jammed between two seats to serve as a bridge table.

At Canadair we were taken on a systematic tour which followed the production line from the drafting boards on which the aircraft are designed through the model room, where they are built on a small scale, and finally to the plant itself where they are assembled. The most interesting part was the assembly line, where we saw aircraft in five different stages of completion. First there is just a bare fuselage; as it moves up the line the tail unit and nose are added, next half the wings with the engine nacelles, then the rest of the wings and the undercarriage, after which the engines and huge four-bladed props are fitted, and finally the finishing touches are applied. With a sketchy picture of the aircraft industry we returned to Toronto to pack for the trip back across the continent.

This trip was made in five hops, with stopovers at Clinton, Winnipeg, Edmonton and Whitehorse. At Clinton we saw the latest types of radio equipment and radar detection sets, television and teletype, and the apparatus used for training radio navigators. On our first day there, "Hi" Carswell spotted a big dead jack-rabbit frozen to one of the fire-escape chutes, and, being fond of rabbit stew, wanted to bring it back to the College to put in the soup. After scraping the stiff beast off the chute he was informed that it had



Cadets and "Strugglebuggies"

been there for the past month, so he deposited his frozen friend on someone's bed instead.

From Clinton we went on to Winnipeg, where we managed to pick up an old "Anson" propellor for a souvenir. Bright and early the following morning we took off for Edmonton, nerve centre of the North-West Staging Route. Lining the runways at Edmonton were several winter experimental aircraft, along with a few C-82 "Packets," otherwise known as "Flying-Boxcars." Our next destination was Whitehorse, fourteen hundred miles away, beyond the range of a loaded "Dakota"; thus at Fort Nelson we came down on a runway lined with "prangs" to refuel the aircraft. We did some refuelling of our own at the local canteen, while B. A. Howard chopped ice off the props.

Three hours and a good snooze later we were over Station Whitehorse, which is neatly fitted onto the top of a plateau 2,300 feet above sea-level and just large enough to hold the entire station. Here again there was a wreck decorating the end of the runway, marking the spot where some pilot came in to land at 2,250 feet.

In the morning the C.O. took us on a tour of Whitehorse town, which we reached by part of the Alaska Highway. We visited an Indian burial ground, where we saw such fine old Indian names as Bill Smith on the tombstones; the three-storey log cabin built by the "mad trapper"; Sam "cremated-on-the-marge-of-Lake-Labarge" McGee's cabin; and finally, on the bank of the Lewes River we saw the famous Yukon riverboats. These sternwheelers, drawing only one foot of water, carried prospectors and adventurers up the river in the gold rush days. Later we spent the remainder of our dwindling fortunes on souvenirs, postcards, and Kee Birds. Some of the more curious Cadets (about thirty-three in number) priced jewellery in the local shops, only to learn that they don't sell jewellery in the Yukon unless it has a gold nugget on it. That night as we huddled together in our warm rooms some listened to tales of "Dangerous Dan" McGrew and Sam McGee, while others talked of going prospecting this summer. Yes, the Spirit of the Yukon had taken hold.

Nevertheless, the following morning found us standing out in the cold air, waiting to begin the last leg of Operation Fledgling. As our "Daks" winged their way into the clouds we said goodbye to Trenton, Clinton, Edmonton and the rest. We were going back. But going back had its consolations, and not the least of these was the marvelous scenery all the way from Whitehouse to Pat Bay. There were huge glacier-like mountains stretched out for miles below us as far as Ketchikan, and then the jagged coastline with its hundreds of bays and inlets against the ever-present background of high mountains. Soon a glance at the chart showed that we were over the northern tip of Vancouver Island, then Alert Bay, Nanaimo and Ladysmith, and in a few minutes we were making our approach on Pat Bay.

As we rode back to the College we looked back with satisfaction on our experiences of the past month—the long hops in "Dakotas" in which we covered eight thousand miles, the wide knowledge gained, which grew with each new day, the whine of "Vampires" warming up on the tarmac, the pre-flight briefings, and the sound of "O. K., you have control" over the intercom.

Operation completed—successful.



"The Northern Lights have seen strange sights"

Extract from Ship Construction lecture:  
"The Ship Construction Course comes in three parts, Part 1, Part 2, and Part 3."  
—How odd!



# CHIPS FROM THE LOG



## The "Does your hat still fit you?" Department.

Congratulations are in order to:

**Lt. (E) L. R. Johns**, who has acquired another gold stripe on his sleeve, and is now Senior Engineer at the College.

**Mr. B. Caddick**, in charge of Sick Bay, who was promoted to Commissioned Wardmaster in the New Year's Honour List.

**Mr. R. P. Mylrea**, our Sports Officer, who now holds the rank of Commissioned Boatswain, R.C.N.

**F/L Wicken**, Air Force Term Lieutenant, who received his promotion early in June.

## The "We hope you can stick it out as long as we did" Department.

A hearty welcome to:

**Lt. Cdr. (E) D. T. Forster**, who has come to us from H.M.C.S. Stadacona, and is the new Engineer Officer.

**Lt. (P) T. W. Wall**, who will be taking over the job of Navy Term Lieutenant next year.

**Lt. (S) J. B. Tucker**, a graduate of '45, who has returned to the College after an absence of three years.

**F/O W. Palmer**, R.C.A.F., who, during the spring, was the P.T. and D. Officer.

## The "Departed" Department.

A last farewell to:

**Lt. Cdr. (E) E. N. Clarke**, who has left his position as Engineer Officer and headed for parts unknown.

**Lt. (S) A. D. Manning**, former Captain's Secretary, who has been transferred to H.M.C.S. Naden.

**Mr. L. M. Evans**, Cd. Eng., who is now aboard H.M.C.S. Cayuga after spending two years at Royal Roads.

## The "It's darn near time" Department.

We're going to miss:

**C.P.O. J. Pearce**, who, after spending twenty-seven years in the R.N. and R.C.N., has decided to doff his navy blue next February, after a six-month leave starting in August. Fair sailing, Coxswain!

## The "Pink and blue" Department.

Congratulations to:

**Chief Tel. and Mrs. Shirley**, who were, on March 26th, blessed with a wee one, Barbara Jean. May there be many more.

P. L. S.

# SPORTS

WHO, ON WHO  
COULD THIS BE



GEUP!  
GEUP!  
GEUP!  
GEUP!



THE FINER POINTS OF A HEAD ROLL (A LA JOE BEAMER)



CLANK



BARGAIN SALE  
PLACE - THE SCRAM LOCKER  
ARTICLE - ANYTHING IN STOCK  
PRICE - ONE THING NIKEL

WHY  
PAY  
MORE?



GEUP!

WHO COULD THIS BE?



DRYING ROOM

THE  
PT GEAR  
EXCHANGE



AH YES, RUGGER  
(SICK BAY'S PRIDE AND JOY)

This life may seem to those without,  
A most enjoyable task,  
With tree-lined paths and lakes about  
Where one might hope to bask;  
But lest this rumour spread too far,  
Some light cast forth as from a star,  
On this, my theme, P.T.

On mustering first upon the square,  
High hopes are soon laid low,  
For through those self-same grounds he'll tear  
At paces far from slow,  
And garden lakes he'll come to know  
From lofty point of view,  
When stretched beneath him far below  
He's grasped those ropes anew.

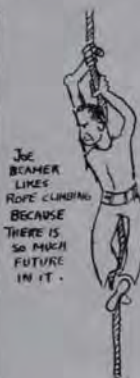
But we have not yet touched upon  
That well-known exercise  
Which finds our friend up with the dawn  
To meet the spring tides' rise,  
And venture forth in whalers four  
Upon that billowy whirl,  
To stroke and strain on weathered oar  
And watch the mist unfurl.

Nor mentioned yet that fateful day  
When, somewhat with surprise,  
He first o'erheard some Senior say,  
With utterance clear and wise,  
Now "Wheel and take," or "Have it back,"  
Or "Flat and mark now, threes,"  
And watched the pigskin's spiral track  
As lofted on the breeze.

But yet this text would still fall short  
If we should chance to shun  
A word or two upon that sport  
We've termed the "Colwood" run,  
Which, rain or shine, throughout the years  
Has been our constant fate,  
And long before the sun appears  
We've passed the Belmont Gate.

And now at last he turns to view  
These two long years past by,  
Loud songs of joy rise up anew  
Which, ringing with a sigh,  
Blend forth in one melodious prayer  
That he no more will see  
The dawn, or breathe that chill morn air  
Which conjures up P.T.

—A. F. MORRIS.



JOE  
BEAMER  
LIKES  
ROPE CLIMBING  
BECAUSE  
THERE IS  
SO MUCH  
FUTURE  
IN IT.



JOE  
BEAMER



OPERATION HYMN #341  
PROVED JIM CREECH  
WAS A GOOD COOK  
(THE RAIN DIDN'T HELP)



JOE BEAMER,  
TYPICAL CADET,  
2nd COUSIN  
TO JOE BARNER  
THE ALL AMERICAN BOY



PULLING WHALERS IS  
GREAT PRACTICE FOR -  
PULLING WHALERS

JOE  
BEAMER





Morris	Balson	McBurney Miles	Carswell	Howard	Trebell	Knox	Longmuir	Lewis
		Plant				Andrew McCubbin		
						Tamowski		Price
						Mr. Mylrea (Coach)		
						McAllister (Capt.)		
						Lt. Cdr. Frewer (Coach)		

"A" TEAM - 1947-48

## "A" TEAM PLAYERS

### R. J. McALLISTER (Captain), Stand-off

Playing his first year as stand-off, he turned in an excellent all-round performance. A great defensive player whose hard, clean tackling discouraged many would-be ball carriers on opposing teams.

### D. H. PRATT (Vice-Captain), Scrum Half

An experienced player whose sound knowledge of the game assisted the team on many occasions. A team player who knows when to pass or kick, and fearless in stopping dribbling attacks.

### H. H. W. PLANT, Hook

A hard-working player who filled a difficult position admirably, usually found in the thick of it and on the ball at all times.

### J. V. ANDREW, Forward

A strong player who could use his weight to great advantage. Was forced to the sidelines by illness during the latter part of the season.

### R. C. LONGMUIR, Lock

Though new to the game this season, was used to advantage in the scrum. Will be a great asset next year if he learns to keep up with the play and take a loose ball at his feet.

### K. E. LEWIS, Lock

Another new player to the game who through his courage and determined play made a place on the 1st XV. A driving tackler who with further experience should do well next year.

### J. H. W. KNOX, Forward

Never a spectacular player, but always in the thick of it. His experience and determination did much to keep the scrum functioning as a unit.

### H. L. PRICE, Wing Break

An aggressive attacking player whose long dribbling offensives set up many a College try. Used his height to good advantage in the line-outs.

### F. D. TREBELL, Wing Break

A fast-breaking wing forward who positioned himself well. Possesses a safe pair of hands, and with a little more speed would make a good three-quarter.

### B. A. HOWARD, Tail-up

An aggressive forward, who played consistently well throughout the season. New to the game, but a tower of strength to the scrum. A do-or-die tackler.

### H. J. TAMOWSKI, Inside Three-quarter

A great attacking player, whose long running gains and educated toe were responsible for many College points. New to the game this year, with a better grounding should be of more value to his team next season.

### H. A. CARSWELL, Inside Three-quarter

Made his place on the team about the middle of the season and proved a fearless tackler and an unselfish ball carrier. Was forced to the sidelines with a bad nose injury late in the season.

### R. B. N. MCBURNEY, Fullback

A good three-quarter, but was shifted to fullback and filled the position admirably. Possesses a safe pair of hands and positioned himself well.

### N. C. BALSON, Wing Three-quarter

A fast and deceptive side line runner who was always in position for a pass. When shaken loose on a three-quarter run was always good for long gains.

### J. F. MILES, Wing Three-quarter

A fearless, determined runner, and one of the hardest tacklers on the team. When he learns to pick his openings and give an inside pass he will make a great wing man.

### A. F. MORRIS, Three-quarter and Fullback

A good ball handler and runner, who must learn to be more aggressive, particularly on defence, before he can be of full value to his team. A reliable kicker.

### E. McCUBBIN, Forward

A strong, hardworking team player, who was always up with the play. Particularly useful in the loose owing to his fight.

## HONOURABLE MENTION

To W. A. Curtis and F. B. Rankin, who came up from the second team to replace injured players and played stellar roles in the College's victory over St. George's of Vancouver.





## "A" TEAM SEASON

THROUGH another season "A" Team upheld the College's long-established reputation for hard, clean rugby. No laurels were brought back to the College this year, but this was due in part to the unfortunate interruption by the Long Cruise of the latter half of the playing schedule, which spoiled the chances of winning the Intermediate League. Despite a short playing season, the team proved its ability and fighting spirit long before being forced to drop from competition. In the ten First XV matches played, the College was triumphant in eight, scoring a total of 162 points in the process.

The fact that "A" Team had such a good season is largely due to the able coaching of Lt. Cdr. Frewer and Mr. Mylrea (Comm. Bo'sun), assisted by Mr. Roger Oakley, a former Victoria Rep. player, who gave up a lot of his time to coach the scrum. Starting off the season with five of last year's "A" Team colours, there was a good foundation for a team, and with the discovery of plenty of new talent, a well-balanced squad was soon polished into shape. The backfield presented a potent offensive. It had power in the form of McAllister and Miles, a playmaker in Tamowski, and speed in Balson, all of whom combined to account for a large percentage of the points. The hard-working forwards showed a great deal of drive, both on offence and defence, and, with Plant's hooking, kept the backfield busy. Price and Trebell, playing as the break forwards, wreaked havoc in enemy backfields, and also took a large share of the scoring. As always, the superior condition of the forwards was a major factor in the College victories.

The season was opened successfully with an

exhibition game against the Oak Bay High School Rep. team. The College, with a heavier, but rather inexperienced team, came through with a 16-3 win. The following match was the first in the Intermediate League, and "A" Team went off to a roaring start. Somewhat anxious about their League game, the team showed little anxiety once on the field and trounced Victoria College, last year's champions, by a 24 to 3 score. In this game and the next, when Navy was beaten 13-3, "A" Team hit an early season peak. However, the inevitable equal and opposite reaction set in and the team slumped. This was disastrous, because in losing to Oak Bay Wanderers the College forfeited the chance of gaining first place in the initial half of the League play, and thus lost their only chance of getting into the League Championship final. The following match saw them have a particularly hard exhibition game, in which Victoria High School was beaten by only a penalty goal in the dying minutes of the game. The team soon started to pick up again, and in a game against the Brentwood College First XV, snowed them under by a 29 to 3 score. Going on to the final League game, the College showed its growing power by mopping up J.B.A.A. with a startling 36 to 3 count. To top off the schedule was the annual home-and-home series with St. George's College School of Vancouver. The first game, played in Vancouver, had resulted in a 6 to 3 win for St. George's by virtue of two penalty goals. The second game, as a result of a keen rivalry between the two teams developed in the first match, was a particularly rough-and-ready contest, with several minor casualties occurring. However, "A" Team came through with an 11-3 victory to complete the schedule successfully.





Back Row: Lt. Cdr. Amyot (Coach), Kirby, Lyon, Curtis, Shirley, Young, McIntyre, Sircom, Howey, Booth, Mr. Mylrea (Coach).  
Front Row: Welbourn, Costin, Wilson, Malloch, Francis, Bridgman (Capt.), Provost, Tilden, Watson, Rankin, Atwood.

## "B" TEAM SEASON

By BOB LECKIE

This year "B" Team began their season slowly, but, like a whaler paying off on a new tack, they gradually picked up speed and with it confidence. The difficulty, for many, of learning a new game, combined with frequent changes to share weak spots on "A" Team, might be blamed for a poor beginning.

The opening game was against Brentwood's First XV, a powerful and more experienced team. The score at full time stood at 18 for Brentwood, zero for the College.

The second game, against Victoria High School "Blacks," was played in a roaring down-pour on a soaking wet field. Victoria High School opened the scoring early in the game, but the College soon found their stride and often drove deep into enemy territory, only to be repulsed by a well-placed kick or a fast break-away. The final score was 6 to 0 for Victoria High School.

With their third game, "B" Team began to gather headway. It was a return match with Victoria High School "Golds," ending in a three-all tie.

"B" Team travelled to Shawnigan Lake for the fourth game. A fast field with many brilliant runs kept the scales of victory fluctuating from one side to the other until the final whistle.

However, after sixty hectic minutes the balance swung in our favour with a 6-0 score.

The next game, against St. George's School, was the most brilliant of "B" Team's schedule. It was, perhaps, the best game played by a College team this season. At half-time the score was eleven to zero for St. George's, but as the second half opened, the team seemed fired with fresh enthusiasm, for, sparked by the brilliant running of Malloch and Morris and the indomitable plunging of Curtis, they battled their way to a well-earned eleven-all tie.

The return match with Brentwood showed a vast improvement in all respects, for the game ended in a scoreless tie.

The last fixture was a fitting one with which to end the season. "B" Team crossed to Vancouver to meet St. George's School again. The game was evenly contested throughout, with the threequarters taking the brunt of the work. Perhaps they were inspired by their previous match, because they took the measure of St. George's with a six to three win.

Seeing the results, it can be realized that "B" Team's year could not be called unsuccessful. They won two games, tied three and lost two, which, for a green team, is fitting monument to their ability.



## "C" TEAM

Keeping up with the standards set by "A" and "B" Teams, "C" Team also came out on top of its schedule in 1947-48. In their six exhibition matches they managed to win four, going down to defeat in the other two games. Acting as a player reservoir for "A," and particularly "B" Teams, it had great difficulty, as in past years, in attempting to keep an efficient squad on the field. No sooner would they get a line-up working well together than some of their players would be drafted to a higher priority

team. Despite this the team showed plenty of spirit and could always be depended upon to give anyone a good game, as can be seen from the following list of their matches:

"C" Team, 6; Shawnigan Lake School, 0.  
 "C" Team, 0; Oak Bay High School, 6.  
 "C" Team, 29; Brentwood 2nd XV., 0.  
 "C" Team, 16; University School 2nd XV., 3.  
 "C" Team, 3; University School 2nd XV., 16.  
 "C" Team, 9; Shawnigan Lake School, 3.

## BADMINTON AND TENNIS

Both badminton and tennis have achieved a new position among College sports this year. In previous years badminton had always been included among the inter-divisional sports. This year, however, it was struck from the inter-divisional list and played as a knockout tournament for the College championship. Tennis, never an inter-divisional competition, gained in popularity this year and there was a much larger entry into the tournament.

In the badminton singles tournament sixteen eager contestants vied with each other for top place, while the doubles had an entry of twenty pairs of enthusiasts. By defeating Pratt in the final, Hart Price completed a perfect record to



VOLLEY



BADMINTON FINALISTS

Howey  
Pratt

Watson  
Price

Curry  
Tilden

win the singles championship. Unfortunately, the doubles were not completed before the time of writing; those remaining at this time are Price and Knox, Tilden and Watson, and Curry and Howey.

The tennis tournament got off to a roaring start soon after Easter, and the semi-finals were reached in no time, but a stretch of bad weather slowed down the battle to a standstill. Many good matches were seen and the calibre of the playing improved all the time. In the doubles Price and Poitras proved unbeatable as they breezed through the tournament, finally defeating Morris and Rowlands to win the championship. Price defeated Poitras to reach the final, and will play the winner of Gagnon and Pratt for the singles championship.

\* \* \* \*

It says in the Torpedo Notes:

"Air vessels are stretched over a mandril. . ."  
 Couldn't they find a more timid animal?

# CADET vs. P.T.

By KEN LEWIS

"ROLL out and get your feet on the deck! Both feet!" Another day has begun. Our Cadet staggers out of bed, clutches at his locker, grasps his P.T. clothing, and begins to dress.

Ten short minutes later the pipe sounds: "P.T. Class, fall in." How frightful those words seem in the dim, early light of dawn! He wonders at the sense of this forced activity, but stumbles to take his place in the ranks of the class. At first he is drowsy and can think only of the warm bed he has just left behind him. The Physical Training Instructor is out in front, neat, trim, wide-awake, and relentless. His sharp commands and stinging remarks pierce the sleep-clouded minds and they groggily obey. He becomes more demanding and they are blasted into full consciousness. While in the process of waking up, his mind begins to wander. "Did I do my Maths? I should get a letter today. What a cruel creature that instructor is! This exercise is impossible! Here goes another pair of clean shorts! Kennedy, get your feet out of my face!" At last the period ends, but his mind is still disturbed.

Why are we taught calisthenics, gymnastics, rugby, soccer, swimming, basketball, softball, running, boxing, and other sports? There are many arguments against it, but they are superficial, and after a few months at the College the Cadet begins to see the backbone of the strenuous sports programme.

To perform his duties satisfactorily, the Cadet must possess a lot of organic vigour, muscular and nerve strength, endurance and agility. This can only be achieved and maintained through a continuous and balanced sports programme, varied to make it interesting.

The physical training programme is directed towards the total conditioning of all the Cadets, thus building us up to resist disease and physical defects, developing leg, arm and abdominal strength to enable us to endure all emergencies and to teach us the value of agility and co-

dination so we may act quickly and with precision. Through the physical and recreational training programme activities there is developed enough strength to do easily the tasks we face in our training programme; enough muscular endurance to be able to maintain without undue fatigue through the most strenuous day enough speed, agility and flexibility to be able to handle ourselves in all training activities.

Exercises are chosen for their physiological effects rather than for the muscular development to which they lead. The movements encourage nature in her normal activities and also prevent abnormal development.

Exercise has a soothing effect on the nervous system. A person who is physically fit finds that, when the desire for activity has been satisfied through the performance of physical activities, mental satisfaction follows. In this manner it provides relaxation from studies and relief from mental fatigue.

Competitive sports are used as a means of developing physical and mental determination in Cadets. To accomplish this, games are used which stress vigorous bodily contact.

It is also desired that Cadets fit into a team and, regardless of how the game is going or whatever the odds against us, that we keep fighting, giving forth every effort to achieve victory.

Confidence is another important factor, and this grows with experience and a thorough knowledge of the games played.

Sports will not only provide future officers with an understanding of how to keep in shape, but will be useful as a means of recreation, and perhaps most important of all:

"The real value of sport is not the actual game played in the limelight of applause, but the hours of dogged determination and self-discipline carried out alone, imposed and supervised by an exacting conscience. The applause soon dies away, the prize is left behind, but the character you build up is yours forever."

\* \* \*

## THE YEAR'S FUNNIEST NOTICE

### THE KING'S ENGLISH

It would be just as uncomfortable and unreasonable to live "on" a ship as it would be to live "on" a house.

Any Cadet overheard in the future making this shocking grammatical error will have his head immersed "on" a pail of water.



# INTERDIVISIONAL SPORTS

## RUGBY

After many lengthy war councils the Rugby season began, and where there had been peace, the air was filled with wild war-whoops and thuds of colliding bodies as one by one the struggling fanatics fell.

After the first round the College bookies were accepting Drake and Nelson as high favorites, due to their powerful scrums and fast-running three-lines. Hawkins, though power-packed, had a slow start and never quite recovered from its first set-backs. Frobisher showed great spirit and, but for their small size, would have had more success. Rodney was the weak sister, but what they lacked in skill they more than made up for in fight.



Drake was the master of the day after beating Nelson 6-0. They finished the league with the enviable record of not having been scored upon once, while they piled up

32 points against their luckless opponents. Nelson followed with three victories and one defeat, while Frobisher, Rodney and Hawkins tied for third place with three losses and one victory each.

When all debts were paid and bandages unwound it was definitely agreed that, for the brevity of practice sessions, the games were very good and a great deal was learned by all about this "gentleman's sport."

## SOCCER

Soon after the beginning of the College year, the divisional war cries were heard from the playing fields, and, as one muddy and limping Junior trudged up to the sick bay, he was heard to mutter, "If this is soccer, what will rugby be like?"

The soccer this year was definitely very rugged and competition keen and close as every team fought to the last whistle. The Mighty-Mice of Frobisher started off the race with two impressive wins, but soon their collective wind gave out and Nelson and Drake jumped into the lead, never to lose this position. These two power-packed divisions ended up the schedule in a tie with identical records of three draws and one win.

In a rip-roaring play-off game in which no quarter was given to either opponent or referee, Drake managed to score a sensational goal, winning the game and the championship.

The final standing was as follows: Drake,

first; Nelson, second; Frobisher, third; and Hawkins and Rodney tied in fourth place.

## CROSS-COUNTRY

The Inter-Divisional Cross-Country Meet was run off on a fairly fast course and, for once, on a sunny day. Competition was keen, as practically the whole Cadet body dashed off from the starting point in front of the Cadet Block. Leckie took the lead immediately after the start and never relinquished this position throughout the race. His time for the  $4\frac{3}{4}$ -mile course was 24:41, twelve seconds slower than last year. In second place was Wilson, followed closely by Scott.

In the total point score, Frobisher triumphed over the other divisions, with Drake second. Nelson, Rodney and Hawkins trailed along behind in that order.

Some time later an Invitational Cross-Country Meet was staged at the College to vie for the new trophy presented by Admiral Nelles. All the high schools and private schools in Greater Victoria, as well as various units comprising H.M.C.S. Naden, were invited to enter a team of eight runners. On the day of the meet weather conditions were none too favourable and the track was fairly heavy; nevertheless, the race, shorter than the Inter-Divisional Cross-Country, was run off in quite good time. Matson, of Oak Bay High School, ran well to capture the individual honours, but pouring in behind him was half the Cadet team. Scott, Leckie, Kennedy and Tamowski took second, third, fourth and fifth places respectively. The College team was far ahead of their nearest rivals on total points and thus annexed the trophy. Admiral Nelles presented the cup to Leckie, captain of the team, at the conclusion of the meet.



## BASKETBALL

Inter-divisional basketball began early in March, after several practice sessions. The calibre of play this year was considerably improved by the efforts of Lt. Cdr. Connor. He did most of the coaching and introduced zone defence, which was a great asset to the divisional teams. A considerable amount of new basketball talent was introduced in the form of several crack high school players who came to use in the Junior Term. Hawkins Division, accelerated by stars Tamowski, Trebell and Price, won the league with ease, taking every game in its stride. In second place was Drake, under the guidance of



McBurney. Just how hotly contested the league was is illustrated by the three-way third place tie of Rodney, Nelson and Frobisher.

### SHOOTING

With all five divisions neck and neck in the inter-divisional sports point system, great interest again this year was shown in the .22 shoot. As a team, Drake garnered top honours by narrowly edging Hawkins, who in turn were followed by Frobisher, Nelson and Rodney. Individually, Andrew, McAllister and Atwood had possibles, while a few others shot heartbreaking 49's.



### BOAT PULLING

Shortly after the Long Cruise the College held its annual Inter-Divisional Pulling Regatta. In previous years it had been the custom for each Division to enter two crews, the most powerful one it could muster, and the next best. This year a new system was put into effect in order to bring more Cadets into the races. Each Division entered a crew of Senior Cadets, one of Junior Navy, and one of Junior Air Force Cadets.

In the Junior Navy race, Hawkins edged Frobisher in the last fifty yards, to win by half a length. Both of these crews broke an oar during the race, but still managed to take the first two places.

The Junior Air Force race saw Drake Division win by a good two lengths with comparative ease. Frobisher and Nelson tied for second place, with Frobisher winning out.

Hawkins Division came to the fore again in the Senior race by outpulling Nelson and Drake, who came second and third respectively.

The final compilation of results found the Tadpole Terrors of Hawkins Division out in front, with Frobisher in second place, Drake and Nelson tied for third, and Rodney tailing.

### BOXING

Every spring the minds of Cadets turn with a little anxiety to thoughts of boxing. The Divisional eliminations were run off with no more than the usual amount of bloodshed, and clean, although none too skilful, boxing was consistent throughout.



The finals were somewhat depleted by too violent a set of semi-finals. Unfortunately, two of the finalists

broke their thumbs in winning their semi-final bouts. However, the loss of two final bouts was made up for by a fine display in some of the others. In the Featherweight class, Prentice beat out Scott in a spirited encounter which gave a good display of boxing technique. The next bout saw Shirley annex the Lightweight title by knocking out Francis in the first round. Morris won the Welterweight championship in a very close battle with McBurney. Perhaps the best boxing in the tournament was seen in this bout. In the final championship bout of the evening McAllister made his third knockout of the tournament by disposing of Trebell in the first round, to win the Middleweight championship. Champions by default were Tamowski in the Light-heavyweight class and Price in the Heavyweight.

A break in the programme was provided by an excellent exhibition bout between Eddie Haddad, Canadian Amateur Lightweight Champion, and Tommy Keyes, another outstanding local boxer.

### SAILING RACES

Whaler sailing races turned a new leaf this year in that almost every Cadet took part in them as compared with previous years, when only a select crew of six was taken from each division. There were three races, a Senior Navy, Junior Navy, and a Junior Air Force.

In the Senior Navy race, Frobisher, with Bridgman as coxswain, came in an easy first. Rodney, Nelson, Hawkins and Drake followed in that order.

There was a good wind for the Junior Navy race. On rounding the first buoy Rodney was disqualified for hitting the buoy. Hawkins, Nelson and Rodney fought for the lead the whole way



around, while Drake and Frobisher had difficulty rounding the buoy on the first lap. Hawkins, with Trebell as coxswain, came in first. Rodney second but disqualified, giving Nelson second place. Frobisher and Drake came in third and fourth respectively.

The Junior Air Force race was held a week later. Frobisher got the best start, while the others crossed the line in staggered formation. On rounding the island with only a breath of wind, Nelson began to gain on Frobisher, and on crossing the line just won by about five feet. Hawkins came in third, with Drake and Rodney coming fourth and fifth respectively.

By total points Frobisher came first and Nelson second, with Hawkins, Drake and Rodney taking the last three places.



## SWIMMING

Swimming has been taking a more and more important place in College sports activities every year. This year, as well as holding the annual Interdivisional Swimming Meet, the College placed a team in the Invitation Meet held at H.M.C.S. Naden.

The Interdivisional Meet was held in "Naden" pool during March. The air was charged with a characteristic energy as each Cadet went out to do or drown for his Division. Cheering on the Cadets were upwards of two hundred guests and Navy officials.

The programme for the evening included the usual standard events, with a few additional novelty races, which enabled practically every Cadet to take part. Although there were several good times turned in for the races, only one record was broken. This was the 150 yard Medley Relay, in which a potent team from Rodney Division clipped 6.2 seconds off the old record of one minute, 53.2 seconds. Competition was hot for the Divisional Championship throughout the meet, and the issue was in doubt until the final event. Hawkins Division finally triumphed over Drake, with Frobisher coming a close third. As a diversion from the grim business of interdivisional rivalry a pageant was staged in the pool depicting the origin and development of swimming.

The winners and their times in some of the individual events are as follows:

- 50 Yard Free Style—Cadet Moore, 30 secs.
- 100 Yard Free Style—Cadet Plant, 1 min. 02.4 secs.
- 50 Yard Breast Stroke—Cadet Knox, 36.4 secs.
- 50 Yard Back Stroke—Cadet Murison, 36.8 secs.

The evening was concluded with the presenta-

tion of the swimming trophy by Admiral Mainguy to Walter Tilden, captain of the Hawkins Divisional swimming team.

At the Invitation Meet, held early in April, a team of Cadets won overwhelming victory. Taking part in the Meet were teams from the Supply and Secretariat School and the New Entries at H.M.C.S. Naden. The College team gained first and second places in all but one of the individual events. The one exception was the diving, in which they took first and third



SWIMMING TEAM

McAllister, Miles, Watson, Sheasby, McIntyre, Plant, Murison, Moore, Knox, Rankin, Crawford

places. The College also took top honours in each of the relay events. To complete a nearly perfect record, a College water-polo team defeated the Supply and Secretariat School's team by a score of 5 to 2. Plant, McAllister and Tilden provided a strong offensive trio during most of the game, and Price in goal upheld his end of the game.

\* \* \* \*

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

Oh say, can you see,  
By the dawn's early light,  
Pusser Don on the bridge,  
Shooting a star sight?

# THE LOG

## EDITORIALS

### SALUTE TO CDRS. BROWN AND COOK

SHORTLY before our departure for the Sunny South aboard H.M.C. Ships "Ontario" and "Crescent" we remarked upon the noteworthy appearance of two Instructor Officers who had been seen sporting the nearly forgotten rig of "Civvy Street." These gentlemen were none other than our renowned Instructors of Maths and Science, who had finally left the Service, but were remaining at the College in their old capacities.

Mr. L. Brown left the University of Toronto in 1917 to go overseas as a sapper in the Divisional Signals. He received his commission a year later in the Canadian Engineers. After the War he returned to University, graduating in 1920 with a Bachelor of Arts degree. The following year he joined the teaching staff of the Royal Military College as Associate Professor of Mathematics. During the summer months he attended courses at Columbia University and obtained his M.A. in Mathematics in 1929. He remained as an instructor at R.M.C. until August of 1942, where, during the first three years of World War II, he was an officer in the Royal Canadian Engineers, teaching Maths and Military Engineering.

Mr. C. C. Cook began his career in 1919, when he was appointed Master at Moose Jaw College, and it took only two years for him to become Head Resident Master. In 1924 he joined R.M.C. as Instructor of Physics. Ten years later he was made a Lieutenant in the 32nd Field Battery, N.P.A.M., and also Associate Professor of Physics. While in this position he planned and designed the new Physics building at R.M.C. He was promoted to Captain in 1937 and to Major in 1940, serving as Assistant Professor and in charge of the Artillery Department. From May, 1941, to August of '42, he was head of the four University Training Radio Technician's Courses conducted for the R.C.A.F. at R.M.C., as well as being Professor of Physics.

Both men came to the Royal Canadian Naval College in August, 1942, with the rank of Instructor Lt. Cdrs. They were promoted to Acting Commanders in July, 1946, and this was confirmed in January of 1947. Then it was that in February of 1948 Mr. Cook and Mr. Brown retired from the Navy and their new titles became Professors of Physics and Mathematics respectively.

This is rather a short summary of the careers of these two men, who have contributed so much to the high academic standards and impressive tone of classes at the College.

Sirs, we owe you a great deal. We shall remember you always.

\* \* \* \*

"Gentlemen, it doesn't matter a particle."  
"Are you happy about that?"

### WE THANK

AGAIN we have a round of thanks to make to those who have helped to produce the LOG, from the lowest assistant caption writer up a long scale to the Captain. We must give our greatest thanks to those Officers who have patiently borne the presence of the LOG Staff in the Navigation Office's cramped quarters. Lt. Cdrs. Gower and Connor, and Lieut. Pratt. Lt. Cdr. Connor has read and painstakingly corrected almost every word in the magazine and his efforts deserve due thanks. Cdr. Ogle has directed the business end of production, giving the Advertising Manager invaluable assistance and advice. We thank the Captain, who has also read through every article and made many useful suggestions, as well as writing an introductory article to the Tri-Services College that is to be initiated next year. Wing Cdr. Ingalls has provided much of the information used in the "Post-War R.C.A.F." article by Cadet Knight, and we take this opportunity to acknowledge his aid. The cartoons this year are work of Cadets Tom Orr and Bill Vradenburg. The cover is the design of Ted Lister, who has also contributed two cartoons. Last, but by no means least, we owe Peter McIntyre a real debt, for without his typewriter there would be no LOG.

At the moment of going to press, we have just heard that Captain H. S. Rayner, D.S.C., R.C.N., will succeed Captain W. B. Creery, C.B.E., R.C.N., as Commanding Officer of the Canadian Services College, H.M.C.S. Royal Roads. This may be old news to our readers, but we wish here to extend to Captain Rayner a hearty welcome and our best wishes for every happiness at Royal Roads.



## CANADIAN SERVICES COLLEGE: H.M.C.S. ROYAL ROADS

By CAPTAIN W. B. CREEVEY, C.B.E., AdC., R.C.N.  
Commanding Officer, H.M.C.S. Royal Roads

IN August, 1947, the R.C.N. College, H.M.C.S. "Royal Roads," which had been in commission since 21st October, 1942, became the R.C.N. - R.C.A.F. College, and an article describing the change was included in the LOG, Graduation Number, 1947.

This year a further step forward is being taken towards getting together the young men who are to be future Officers in the Services, during the initial stages of their training; two Colleges for the training of Navy, Army and Air Force Cadets are being established.

One of these Colleges will be in Ontario, the Royal Military College at Kingston, and the other will be here at Royal Roads. The official names of the Colleges will be The Canadian Services College, R.M.C., and The Canadian Services College, H.M.C.S. "Royal Roads."

Details of administration and operation of the Colleges have formed the subjects upon which a Co-ordinating Committee, composed of members representing each of the services, has sat for many months. Now the scheme is ready to be put into effect.

Hitherto, as explained in the article referred to in the first paragraph, the curriculum at this College has included academic and service training, due attention being paid to physical development of the Cadets. Giving service training, of course, necessitates the provision of qualified instructors and technical equipment, and, whereas it was not difficult to do this for two services at one College, considerable difficulties would be experienced in making the necessary provisions for three services at two Colleges. Furthermore, the complications introduced by integrating three different types of service training with a common or standard academic education would be considerable and means were sought whereby these obstacles could be surmounted.

The solution which has been adopted is that the time spent at the Colleges will be mainly devoted to academic education and service training will be given elsewhere. To give effect to this plan it has been decided that each year is to be divided into two sessions, an academic session of seven months' duration and a service training period of approximately four months; at least one month is to be allowed for holidays.

During the academic session Cadets of each of the services will be under training at the Canadian Services Colleges and during the service training period they will be accommodated at centres selected by each service.

While they are all together at the Canadian Services Colleges Cadets will wear a "neutral" Cadet uniform, and while undergoing service training at appropriate training centres they will wear the uniform of the service they intend to

enter, and will be paid approximately \$140 per month. The money so earned may be used to defray the expenses of the subsequent academic session.

The course for Naval Cadets (except for a few selected annually for certain specialized branches) will be of two years' duration, comprising two academic sessions and two service training periods, whereas Army and Air Force Cadets will undergo four-year courses, consisting of four academic sessions and three service training periods. Since two-year courses only will be given at Royal Roads it will be necessary for Army and Air Force Cadets, who do their first two years at Royal Roads, to complete the second two years at R.M.C.

University degrees will not be awarded at R.M.C., but those Cadets (Navy, Army, and Air Force) who require degrees as a prerequisite for entry into specialized branches of the services will, on completion of the four-year course, proceed to a University for one more year.

The separation of academic and service training will not be absolute, since 15% of the time during the academic session will be allocated to professional subjects, including drill and physical training, and also a series of lectures will be delivered designed to familiarize Cadets with the traditions, customs, organization, administration and composition of the services; furthermore, theory learnt in the classroom will be related to its service application by demonstration whenever practical.

To achieve the above, the staffs of the two Colleges will consist of serving Officers belonging to each of the services and of civilian professors and lecturers; the commandants for the opening phase will be senior Army and Naval Officers at R.M.C. and Royal Roads respectively.

It is too early to write in detail of organizational changes, but, since Royal Roads will be the Naval training centre at which Naval Cadets will carry out their service training, it is a fair assumption that, in order to minimize changes between sessions, there will be a preponderance of Naval members on the staff. However that may be, it is a fact that a new College is to be born and that it is to be tri-service in nature.

It was with pleasure and no little pride that the R.C.N. College welcomed fusion with the R.C.A.F. last year, and the R.C.N.-R.C.A.F. College, now standing on laurels gained in one year of successful operation, extends warm greetings and a hearty welcome to those of the Army who will join us to establish the new College.

Most of all we hail the opening of a sister College at R.M.C. and look forward to future years of co-operation, keen and friendly rivalry and progress.



# LOG PRIZE FOR LITERATURE

## RETURN OF SPRING

By R. H. KIRBY

There comes a hush, a pause, a sparkle in the air:  
Snow lifts, spreads vainly, and vanquished by the warmth of spring,  
Vanishes like some ethereal spirit, leaving dark boundaries where  
Nature's people wander, searching, seeking something  
Not quite tangible. Then a murmur whispers, swells, to grow  
Until a chorus of tiny sprites spring from the sodden soil,  
Covering winter's waste with countless numbers, to bow  
And sway, like courtiers, before the queen who bids them toil.  
On grassy slopes, a choir of myriad voices call;  
The echo spreads, wafted out o'er distant hills.  
In the vast forest, buds stir, and strengthened, lift the pall  
Of silence from the glade. Beside the brook, a robin trills;  
Bursting his heart with joyful song, with music silvery clear,  
Telling the world the joyful news, that spring at last is here.

## MOOD INDIGO

By BOB LECKIE

SHORTLY after the beginning of the year 1943, staid Carnegie Hall habitués were startled by the announcement that "Duke Ellington and his Famous Orchestra" would be playing at Carnegie Hall on the seventeenth of January. To them this was a desecration of the very essence of music: "Jazz is not music," they said, "but an orgy of drunken musicians killing themselves in an effort to play too loud and too long." The saga of "Bunny" Berigan was still fresh in their minds.

Nevertheless, despite whatever they said or thought, the house was filled on the "Duke's" opening night, not with the young jazz addicts, but with the customary audience, critics and composers of classical music.

As the curtain went up, everyone felt the tenseness in the air, the animosity towards the usurper of the realm of classics. As the curtain went down, however, those same people called for the "Duke" and his orchestra again and again. Why? Because they had listened carefully to the results of the figmentations of the world's greatest interpreter and composer of modern music.

To understand his music, you must listen to it, not merely start a record playing and pick up your newspaper: sit up, lean forward and concentrate. Then, and only then, can you hope to catch the delicate intonations, the subtle harmonies, the half-hidden chords that can paint as vivid a picture as any gem of the old masters.

One of his best pieces, and, incidentally, one he played that fateful day in January, is "Black, Brown and Beige," a suite of four scenes from everyday negro life. The two better parts are

entitled simply "The Blues" and "Come Sunday." The former relies greatly on its lyrics and vocalist for atmosphere. About the lyrics it can be said only that they are as near perfect as could be written. The background, low and almost discordant in its plaintiveness, carries a simple theme as the refrain develops, a word at a time. Some lines bring to the forefront in stark realism all the sorrow of life, others are masterpieces of description. "The blues ain't nothin' I know." At this point, a terrifying blast of brass occurs, like a searing streak of pain that slashes through you, a frame-shaking shudder. Slowly, as this fades, Johnny Hodges' crying saxophone wails its dirge, mounting to a climax, then softly dying while Joya Sherrill ends the lyrics in the same way she started.

The whole composition can be likened to anyone's "blues"—the main despondency, other troubles crowding rank on rank upon the mind, finally receding under the pall of gloom cast by the main thought.

"Come Sunday" is a descriptive work dealing with the everlasting questions and doubts of religion. Ray Nance's violin interpretation of the searching soul stands out in the beginning, giving way to "Tricky Sam" Nanton's talking trombone, which portrays the typical highly emotional negro service.

Of all that has been said about the "Duke's" work, the words of an English critic, in my opinion, express most completely the nature of his music. "I consider Duke Ellington's music," he wrote, "the first accurate representation of the moods and thoughts of men."



# THE POST-WAR R.C.A.F.



WITH its reversion to peacetime status, the R.C.A.F. has again assumed an important role in Canadian domestic affairs. No longer required to meet the urgent demands of war, it can now turn its attention towards rendering valuable domestic service to Canada, while simultaneously maintaining a modern, well-trained, well-equipped fighting organization. Realizing its responsibilities, the R.C.A.F. has lost no time in formulating and putting into effect its new programme. This programme embraces an extensive training scheme; the reorganization of all permanent units; a programme of aircraft testing and development; the establishment of an Air-Sea Rescue organization, and many more vital functions. Here, then, bounded only by the confines of time and space, is a general picture of the R.C.A.F. today, as it goes about its active and varied life of training, aircraft development, and operations. Let us glance at a few of the activities and functions under way in the postwar R.C.A.F.

## SEARCH AND RESCUE

Somewhere, perhaps over a broad expanse of open sea, maybe in the midst of jutting mountain peaks, or over a thick, seemingly never-ending stretch of dense bush, a lonely aircraft becomes lost and runs out of fuel, or develops engine trouble and it is forced to crash land. Possibly its frantic last-minute distress call is received by an alert radio operator, or one of the controllers at an Airways Traffic Control Centre finds one of his aircraft overdue. A telephone receiver is raised and the operator is requested to contact the nearest Co-ordination Centre of the R.C.A.F. Search and Rescue Organization. Immediately the entire facilities of the nearest R.C.A.F. Air-Sea Rescue Unit are alerted for an organized Search and Rescue Operation.

Eight such units, ultimately controlled by five Co-ordination Centres across Canada, form the establishment of the postwar R.C.A.F. Search

and Rescue Organization. The success of these units is, and always will be, dependent upon the degree of international and inter-service co-operation achieved. The R.C.A.F. follows a policy of co-ordinating its activities with those of the Royal Canadian Navy and the Canadian Army, as well as with police forces, foresters, and civilians, while constantly maintaining liaison with the United States Coastguard and the American Armed Services.

At present, all searches are being co-ordinated by Centres at Halifax, Edmonton and Vancouver, but two more will soon be established at Trenton and Winnipeg. Thirty-one R.C.A.F. aircraft are devoted exclusively to this important function, but stationed from Coast to Coast, and continuously available in emergency, are Lancasters, Canso flying-boats, lifeboat-carrying Hudsons, float-equipped Norsemen, Dakotas, and even Sikorsky S51 Helicopters. On both coasts, several high-speed Scott-Paine launches are constantly on the alert.

Highly essential personnel in each Unit are undoubtedly the R.C.A.F. paratroopers. Twenty-one of these highly-trained airmen, stationed across the Dominion, are available at all times to parachute to the aid of persons in distress in any type of terrain. Each of them is a hand-picked volunteer selected for his woods experience, ability to carry out arduous duties in the wild, and general intelligence and keenness. All have achieved outstanding skill in woodsmanship, mountaineering, and first aid, during their training course at Jasper, Alta.

Although lost aircraft are the main concern of Search and Rescue, the Organization also assists persons and ships in distress, and carries out dozens of mercy flights. Past history of the Search and Rescue Organization is a highly commendable indication of the valuable peacetime assistance that the R.C.A.F. is rendering to postwar Canada. It is indeed a great tribute to the R.C.A.F. that through such fine training and organization, it has been able to place at the disposal of anyone in distress one of the most effective Search and Rescue Units existing today.

## FLYING AND GROUND TRAINING SCHOOLS

During the war, despite the immensely accelerated training programme of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, the high standards of skill and learning typical of the R.C.A.F. were never lowered. The R.C.A.F. has won itself an enviable reputation for efficiency, and

By HARVEY KNIGHT



peacetime standards of training obviously intend to maintain this policy.

With the peacetime reduction in the number of personnel, many training units across Canada were closed. Central Air Command became in reality "the" Training Command, and several units were retained to provide sufficient facilities to train both aircrew and ground crew to proficiency.

Towards the end of World War II, a fundamental change occurred in R.C.A.F. flying training policy. During the war, Elementary Flying Schools initiated a pilot's training on light Tiger Moth and Cornell aircraft. However, it was soon realized that to advance a pilot through the several standard phases of training, from flying light aircraft to flying jet-propelled aircraft required excessive time and too many adaptations. Thus it was decided to eliminate one step by commencing *ab initio* training on the former advanced trainer, the "Harvard." The results were extremely gratifying. The higher accident rate, more or less expected, was non-existent. Also, it was taking far less time for a "green" pilot to arrive at the standard of skill essential for flying a sensitive fighter, since the Harvard flying tendencies and attitudes are mildly similar to those of fighter aircraft, although less pronounced. The satisfactory results of this trial have resulted in its adoption as a standard R.C.A.F. practice today.

The remaining requirements for aircrew have been combined in the Radio Navigator. The Radio Navigator first trains as a Radio Officer at the Radar and Communications School at Clinton, Ontario.

This School was established by the R.A.F. in 1941 to teach Radar. The R.C.A.F. took over the School in 1943 and it became known

as No. 5 Radio School. Communications subjects were added to the curriculum in 1944 and in 1945 it became known as the Radar and Communications School. This School is responsible for all signal training in the R.C.A.F. All Radio Technicians, Communications Operators, Signals Officers and Aircrew Radio Navigators are trained there. The completeness of its radar and communications equipment even permits the use of the School for post-graduate work.

These Schools, coupled with a network of ground trade schools, form the complete and thorough training system of the postwar R.C.A.F., graduating the steady streams of skilled tradesmen and aircrew essential to the maintenance of a modern, efficient Air Force.

#### POSTWAR AIRCRAFT

The primary function of the R.C.A.F. in peace is to maintain a permanent force capable of rapid expansion in the event of war. Thus we find the postwar R.C.A.F. a potential nucleus for development.

To be effective for expansion in emergency, it is essential that each of its components be fully trained to a high standard of skill on equipment which is modern and up-to-date in design. For this chief reason the R.C.A.F. has adopted as its standard fighter the DeHavilland jet-propelled "Vampire" aircraft.

Much has been said about the now-famous "Vampire," and comments have been unanimously full of praise. The Vampire represents all that is beautiful and modern in aircraft design. Its smooth, clean lines are naturally associated with fast speeds and extreme manoeuvrability.

From the pilot's point of view, with absolutely no vibration, very little noise, and simplicity of cockpit design, the Vampire is a "floating dream." Cruising at 360 miles per hour, or opened up to speeds in the five hundreds, this aircraft produces a very enjoyable and relaxing sensation of riding in space. The Vampire handling characteristics are fundamentally the same as those of later developed aircraft, and emergency conversion to more recent types would involve little adaptation on the part of the pilot, and, as far as that goes, on the part of the ground crew.

As far as medium range, general-purpose transports are concerned, the R.C.A.F. has twelve of the latest four-engined North Star DC4-M1 aircraft. Their reliability is indicated by their exclusive use



A beautiful R.C.A.F. "Vampire" streaking across the sky.



by Trans-Canada Airlines on all overseas flights. These beautiful aircraft are a novel combination of United States design and Canadian construction, using English Rolls-Royce 1760-h.p. Merlin engines. The commercial version of the North Star is capable of transporting forty to forty-eight passengers in airline comfort over a still air range of 4,060 miles at a speed of 345 miles per hour. The R.C.A.F. military transport, stripped down for cargo-carrying purposes, sacrifices cabin pressurization and many other comforts of the passenger version to permit a maximum cargo capacity of 14,785 lbs. for a range of 2,885 miles.

Completing the picture of R.C.A.F. postwar aircraft are the less modern, but nevertheless practically useful Mustang, converted Dakota, Mitchell, Auster VII., Canoe, and Lancaster aircraft. The R.C.A.F. has found useful purposes for each in its present operational and training schemes.

#### AUXILIARY SQUADRONS

If you live in the vicinity of Hamilton, Edmonton, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Montreal or Toronto, during the past two years you have undoubtedly seen or heard numerous Harvard aircraft roaring overhead on individual or neatly formed flights. Perhaps more recently this roaring has been superseded by the whistling "swoosh" of Vampire jet-propelled aircraft swishing by. In any case, the chances are that you have been witnessing the men of the Royal Canadian Auxiliary Air Force at work.

Aircrew personnel of these famous squadrons are, without exception, fighting flyers of World War II, continuing to practice their proven skill in the air. In the selection of ground crew for the Auxiliary Air Force, preference is given to skilled tradesmen possessing a record of previous service with the R.C.A.F.; however, non-veteran ground crew are also welcomed. In some cases, enlistment is open to ex-Air Cadets whose keen interest in the R.C.A.F. has warranted their "graduation" into the Auxiliary Air Force.

In addition to the eight squadrons at the previously mentioned cities (Montreal and Toronto, because of their size, each have two), organization of the world-famous 406 Lynx Tactical Bomber Squadron at Saskatoon is now under way. Stressing the importance of Auxiliary Squadrons as the basis of rapid conversion to a wartime operational setup, should the need arise, the R.C.A.F. has set an optimistic objective of 15 squadrons and 4,500 personnel as the



Formation Take-off by three R.C.A.F. search and rescue aircraft on the West Coast

establishment of the Auxiliary Air Force. Both the numbers and the names of Auxiliary (as well as Regular) Squadrons perpetuate the memory of famous World War II Squadrons whose highly enviable records of skill, daring and courage remain an immortal inspiration to airmen following in their footsteps.

Each of these squadrons possesses adequate equipment and tradesmen to enable it to act efficiently as an independent, self-contained unit. Servicing of aircraft is expertly maintained by aero engine, airframe, and instrument mechanics, radio technicians, electricians, painters and numerous others. By the use of latest radio and radar equipment, inter-squadron operational exercises are frequently carried out, developing a strategic and tactical skill in defensive and interceptive engagements.

One has only to review the wartime record of prewar Auxiliary Squadrons to evaluate their worth as a vital component of the postwar R.C.A.F. The first Canadian Squadrons to engage the enemy in World War II, were Auxiliary units from Montreal and Toronto. Take, for instance, the 418 Squadron (City of Edmonton), credited with destroying 177 enemy aircraft, damaging 103, shooting down 78 flying bombs, and winnings dozens of D.S.O.'s and D.F.C.'s, while individual officers claimed up to 23 aircraft. This is ample indication that the effectiveness of a wartime Air Force is in no small part proportional to the standards of skill, training and discipline demanded of its peacetime Auxiliary units.

#### INSTITUTE OF AVIATION MEDICINE

Within the gates of No. 1 Initial Training School in Toronto, throughout the war, great



strides in aviation medicine research were inconspicuously taking place. At work there was the No. 1 Clinical Investigation Unit of the R.C.A.F. Shortly before the sudden atomic collapse of Japan, this Unit became the foundation of a new unit carrying out a wider range of important research under the title of the Institute of Aviation Medicine, whose reputation is now worldwide.

Wandering through the Institute of Aviation Medicine, a visitor could not help but be impressed by the maze of technical apparatus and simulating laboratories within the well-kept building. The most fascinating part of the Institute is undoubtedly the acceleration section containing the "Human Centrifuge," the first machine of its kind on the Allied side, and one far superior to any that the enemy possessed. Picture, if you would, a circular catwalk overlooking a large concrete pit on the floor. In this pit is a spherical gondola containing a pilot's seat, rotating about a central shaft in much the same way as a chemistry centrifuge.

Here, in the convenience of a modern laboratory, a pilot can be subjected to centrifugal forces equivalent to those of actual aerial maneuvers, while accurate recordings are made of loss of vision, hearing, or consciousness. These include movies of the subjects, electrocardiograms of the heart, X-rays and many other vital observations.

Another important subject for study is the effect of changes of temperature on aircrew. With the ascent of an aircraft into the stratosphere the pilot is exposed to tremendously low temperatures, while on the other hand, at sonic and super-sonic speeds, fighter aircraft are subjected to the above-boiling point temperatures caused by the ram effect and the skin friction of the aircraft with the air. At these extremities,



"Harvards" of one of Central Flying School's several training flights.

special lightweight clothing and equipment are essential for smooth operation and comfort. To facilitate the development and testing of such equipment, the Institute of Aviation Medicine contains a Hot Room and a Cold Chamber, capable of realistically simulating tropic and polar temperatures, humidities, and winds. The Cold Chamber is built around a decompression chamber; thus the combined effects of altitude and temperatures down to  $-60^{\circ}\text{F}$ . can be studied.

In addition to the above, the Institute of Aviation Medicine has decompression chambers producing pressures equivalent to those present up to 50,000 feet; a sonic laboratory consisting of two compartments—a sound room whose multitudinous noises imitate every engine roar known, and a soundproof room for testing auditory acuteness; and finally, a night vision trainer room.

These many devices and laboratories, coupled with statistical sections, an aviation medicine library, and several mobile units, compose the Institute. In the past the Institute of Aviation Medicine has proved itself worthy of its great reputation, by greatly furthering present knowledge of aviation medicine; by developing modern practical equipment for all phases of flying, and for resting and training thousands of young aircrew for adaptability to, and tolerance for, various flight conditions. The work of the Institute of Aviation Medicine still carries on, maintaining the confidence and pride of the R.C.A.F. in its continued success.

Time necessitates closing the shutter on this brief exposure of the R.C.A.F.'s postwar activities. The complete picture of the peacetime R.C.A.F. embraces a far larger scope than can be dealt with in one short article. However, it is hoped that this brief review has been sufficient to impress the reader with the R.C.A.F.'s "new look." In peace, as in war, an effective Unit requires proficient organization. By careful planning and efficient execution, the R.C.A.F. will continue to keep the blue ensign flying high.



A high performance "North Star" Transport of which the R.C.A.F. has twelve



# FROM HATLEY ROYAL



A SHIP from Scotland sailing up the West Coast of America ran aground just off the mouth of the Columbia River. Lured by tales of gold and treasure ashore, the crew deserted, leaving the passengers stranded at a small fort in the present-day State of Washington. While waiting for transportation to Fort Victoria, on Vancouver Island, the wife of one Robert Dunsmuir gave birth to a baby boy. It is with this humble beginning that the wheels of time and space begin to turn in the direction of the present R.C.N.-R.C.A.F. College.

Robert Dunsmuir settled in Nanaimo on Vancouver Island, and it is here that the boy, James, was reared and given his primary education. Later, when his father became wealthy, due to the discovery of coal, he was sent to a military institute in Virginia. It was there that he received his final education and met the girl who was later to be his wife.

Upon the death of Robert Dunsmuir the family fortune was inherited by James and his brother. Not long after, James became the sole inheritor, and it is then that we first see the executive ability and tenacity possessed by him. It is not surprising that at this point, with a background of wealth and influence, he should enter politics. He was first elected representative for Comox, and then in 1900 became Premier of British Columbia. However, the culmination of James Dunsmuir's political career was in

1906, when he was made Lieutenant-Governor of the same province.

It was during his term as Lieutenant-Governor that he acquired the estate of Hatley Park and built a veritable castle. Upon retirement from politics it was there that he and his wife settled to enjoy the luxuries that it contained. From this time until his death the Dunsmuir residence was a scene of gay parties, grand balls and magnificent festivals.

Hatley Park fronts on Esquimalt Lagoon, whose placid waters reflect the snow-capped peaks of the Olympic Range. The land slopes gently up from the sea for about a quarter of a mile, when, after a series of mild undulations, it levels off onto the Colwood plateau. From the slopes there is a beautiful and clear view of the Strait of Juan de Fuca. The piece of land immediately in front of the "castle" was cleared so that the delightful scene

By BOB McALLISTER



The Belmont Gate



The Neptune Steps

might be viewed unobstructed from that edifice, while the heavily wooded portions that remained were an excellent refuge for quail and other small game.

The estate has a very diversified appearance; there are stretches of primeval forest extending to the sea, interspersed with copses of maple and spruce. There are springs on the property that provide a flow of water in several streams which

Presents

# PARK TO ROADS

finally merge and form three ponds of crystal-clear water. Around the ponds are the main gardens. Emerald-green lawns, scattered with random trees and bordered by flowers of brilliant hues and textures, make these same gardens one of the great beauty spots of Canada today. Paths run aimlessly throughout the whole area, some leading to quaint old bridges of odd structure and others to little shelters which further enhance the air of quiet restfulness pervading throughout.



The Quarterdeck

The grounds are entered through massive wrought iron gates set in a stone fence which opens to a winding drive leading up to the "castle." This road is overshadowed by huge cedar trees whose lofty branches allow small rays of sunlight to penetrate, giving one the impression of walking through a damp and mystic forest whose mighty *hauteur* completely envelopes and overshadows all near by. The road gives a sudden final twist, and upon emerging from the trees the "castle" comes into plain view. The Dunsmuir residence is about five hundred yards up the slope from the sea. It is built in the fifteenth century Gothic style of random rock, trimmed with Saturna Island sandstone of a light grey color. The whole building is some two hundred feet long and eighty wide. In the front, facing away from the sea, is a porte-cochère flanked by octagonal battlement turrets, these being flanked in turn by



The Upper Lake

square battlement turrets situated at the ends of the "castle."

Upon entering the front doors, which are of solid oak bound by heavy wrought iron hinges, one is in the main hall of the building. Directly ahead is a large fireplace of red sandstone at the junction of the two hallways, from which lead off the various rooms of the main floor. Up either side of the main hall is a richly carved flight of stairs which meet at a landing forming a balcony that overlooks the fireplace below and then separate again, mounting to the second floor. The whole of the downstairs portion of the house is floored with Australian mahogany; the halls are of quartered oak paneling set with moulded plaster trimmings. The roof, being of huge timbers, lends to all the rest of the furnishings a majestically dignified atmosphere.

Upstairs are found the private rooms of the Dunsmuirs together with some miscellaneous bedrooms, the whole being set the same as the main floor. Above this is a third storey or attic containing more bedrooms and reached by an enclosed circular staircase leading from the landing of the main stairs.

Viewed from the outside, the building gives one the impression of solidarity and majestic greatness. The Gothic style of exterior architecture lends to the "castle" an air of dormant power that would otherwise be lacking; however, the inside presents a totally different picture.

What has been described here was the home of Lord and Lady Dunsmuir, the social leaders





The Castle



The Cadet Block



The New Boathouse



The Gym





The Messdecks



The Engineering School





of Vancouver Island, and one of the wealthiest families in the Dominion.

Soon after Lord Dunsmuir's death the estate was bought by the Navy and turned into an Officers' Training Establishment for Sub Lieutenants. Where once the roads rang with the measured step of carriage horses and the halls of the "castle" echoed the dignified steps of stately servants, now sound only the clump of heavy boots, the grating tones of harsh commands, and the brisk footfalls of young Officers on the way to classes.

The first year that the College opened, the inhabitants lived in the "castle," for as yet no supplementary building had been constructed. However, what used to be the stables and dairy in the carefree days gone by were converted into a gunnery and engineering school, and in the year 1942 work was started on a new building situated immediately above the "castle" to accommodate the ever-increasing numbers that it was foreseen would be present.

The Cadet Block, a large building of white and ferro-concrete overlooking the "castle," was the place where the future Cadets were to live, study, and eat. The term "Cadet" comes in here because after the fourth course of Sub Lieutenants passed out, the establishment was opened along the lines of the old Royal Naval College of Canada, at Halifax. Thus Cadets were to be the inhabitants.

Approaching the Cadet Block from the "castle" there is a flight of stairs headed by an imposing statue of Neptune, the god of the sea, and then, ascending another rather steeper flight of stairs, the whole building comes into view.

The central doorway, flanked by a pair of ancient brass cannons, is made of iron-bound, naturally finished oak. Directly above the doors is an inscription bearing the immortal words of Nelson: "Duty is the great business of a Sea Officer, all other considerations must give way to it, however painful it is."

Inside the doors, long halls stretch away to the right and left, while immediately ahead is a wide flight of stairs leading to the Quarterdeck, the main assembly hall for the Cadets. The

Quarterdeck is a magnificent example of modern workmanship. The floor is laid with criss-crossed oak pieces. Light oaken panelling is set on the walls, while the ceiling is traversed with heavy beams that match the floor and panelling.

If one comes immediately from the "castle" to the Quarterdeck it is almost inevitable that a contrast present itself to the mind. The old, darkened wood of the first building suggesting wisdom and vast experience of times gone by, while the light oak work of the Cadet Block intimates youthful impulsiveness and eager aggression. It is as if the "castle" were offering a guiding hand to the young new member of Hatley Park.

Facing the sea, the mess hall and gunrooms are off the Quarterdeck to the left, while the whole of the first two floors of the right side of the building are devoted to classrooms, offices, and laboratories. The gunrooms are finished in the same style as the central portion of the building, and it is here that the Cadets spend their leisure time. Finished in plaster and floored in linoleum, the classrooms are plain but strictly functional companions to the remainder of the building.

The whole of the third floor is used for the sleeping quarters of the Cadets. It is divided up into four dormitories, with lockers lining the walls, and each capable of sleeping some twenty-five Cadets.

This building is one of the most modern and efficient of its kind in Canada. Nothing necessary to carry on life is lacking. It is in itself a contained unit and combined with the "castle" makes H.M.C.S. Royal Roads one of the most up-to-date and serviceable educational units in Canada today.

During the period of construction of the Cadet Block, work was also going on on the grounds. Two magnificent playing fields were levelled out in the cleared space just below the "castle," and immediately above them an asphalt parade ground was put in. Down by the lagoon a boathouse and wharf were constructed to secure the whalers and cutters that now appeared. At the same time a large and well-equipped gym was in the process of construction. The Navy



The Waterfall

also erected several houses on the premises to house the Officers and Instructors attached to the College. These new houses were designed so as not to clash with the style of buildings already erected.

From the time the Dunsmuirs first acquired Hatley Park up to the present day many changes have taken place. Perhaps the greatest of these occurred when the Navy first took over and Sub Lieutenants replaced the nobility of older days. The others were no less significant. With the arrival of Naval Cadets the College became a College in the true sense of the word and assumed a form closer to that it has today. More recently the College has become a joint services unit. As

a result of this, there are Air Force Cadets present this year, and all three services will be represented next year.

Although the history of H.M.C.S. Royal Roads is rather short, the tradition behind the College is long and glorious. One cannot help but feel proud to have attended its classes and have cherished the same traditions as the other young men to pass through. In the future, when the three services are combined, if the same spirit that has prevailed so far persists, then one cannot but foresee a bright and illustrious future with the constant building up of an imperishable tradition that comes from study and great accomplishment.



Italian Garden

\* \* \* \*

"You've got to think to be in this league.  
Sircom, can you think?"

\* \* \* \*

"Let's have the windows only half open."  
"Naw, let's have them half shut."  
—OOOOOH Gundar.

\* \* \* \*

"Coxswain, you've shown us a knot which temporarily shortens a rope which is too long, now could you show us one which temporarily lengthens a rope which is too short?"



## A TALE OF THE SEA

By E. D. FRANCIS

Come gather around me, hearties,  
For I've a story strange to tell.  
It's about a ship called the "Crimson Witch,"  
And a crew that burns in hell.

Her sails had tasted the weather  
From the Baltic to Mandalay,  
And her guns spoke death like the Devil's breath  
From Maine to the China Bay.

At night she slipped like a phantom,  
With the moon's cold light on her lee,  
Her course set south for the Celebes' mouth  
And into the Java Sea.

The clear, cool light of the morning  
A startling sight reveals,  
For over the rail lies a Dutchman's sail  
And the fear that the Dutchman feels.

The "Roger" laughs at her masthead,  
As swift on the wind she flies,  
And Dutch blood runs with the blast of her guns  
As her crew voice their victory cries.

With her holds full of gold and spices,  
She disappears into the night,  
To slip to the coast with the stealth of a ghost  
And await the new day's light.

Thus many a year had she plundered,  
Feeding her lust for gold,  
And spreading fear both far and near  
With her crew of adventurers bold.

From the spray of a flying frigate  
Came the news of England's plight,  
Calling her sons from the bloody runs  
To return and take up the fight.

Was this call to be answered  
By the "Witch" and her motley crew?  
She set her sails for the Northern gales,  
And those that saw her knew.

The news of her flight to the Channel  
Reached the ears of a Dutchman van,  
So they lay in wait at the Plymouth Gate  
To fulfil their bloody plan.

A cheer touched the lips of the matelots  
As into the Straits she flew,  
Straight into the snare, like a startled hare,  
She fell, with her rollicking crew.

"Revenge" was the cry of the "Zeemen,"  
"For England!" the answer thrown back,  
And into the night she carried the fight  
Till her cannon's red flash turned black.

The smash of her guns still echoes  
With a sound that's full and rich,  
And they still tell the tale of the blood-red sail:  
The tale of the "Crimson Witch."

# THE CHALLENGE TO CANADIANS

BY MARC BRIERE AND GEORGE COWLEY

## FOREWORD by the Commanding Officer

Soon after a new year of Cadets has joined the College it is customary for them to be addressed by the Commanding Officer and an excerpt from my remarks last year is as follows:

"To me you are all Cadets. I do not mind what your racial origin or religion may be. You are all Cadets and as such you will be treated without partiality or favouritism. If I hear of cliques springing up among you based on ethnic or religious grounds designed to foment trouble and perhaps persecution, you may be sure they will be short lived. You must learn to live together and respect one another's principles; you must devote your energies towards creating a healthy 'year' spirit which will fit in with and augment the College esprit de corps.

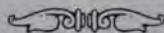
"A distinguished British Admiral visited us recently and gave the Cadets a piece of advice,

which in my opinion, cannot be bettered. It was simply this: 'Here you will have a marvelous opportunity to form friendships that will last throughout your lifetime; so I say to you: make friends.'

"I pass this excellent advice on to you: make friends."

The following article shows that our young men do not balk at realities or flinch from examining together the difficulties which bestrew the path of desired friendship between Cadets with different racial backgrounds.

Whilst, after the manner of officialdom, I disclaim agreement or otherwise with the views expressed, I nevertheless have pleasure in authorizing publication of the article in the hope that it will stimulate thought and assist towards the making of friends.



*This article is addressed to our College mates who are responsible for many of our present sentiments on national questions.*

IN 1867 the Fathers of Confederation gave birth to a new nation. They laid, in the British North America Act, the framework of a new entity, a land made rich by the contributions of two cultures. It remains for the people to fulfil their dreams. The challenge has been flung: do we have that stature sufficient to meet it?

The first concern of the pioneers was to break the land barriers and destroy the geographical obstacles to a united country. A network of railroads and canals gave to the country that economic cohesion which was so necessary. But once this was accomplished, the real challenge lay before them: the fostering of that spiritual communion between the two cultural groups; a challenge which we are obliged to admit has been only imperfectly met and which still constitutes today Canada's major national problem.

In most English-Canadian minds this challenge is reduced to that of the Quebec or French-Canadian problem. First let us examine by the aid of a few statistics what we would prefer to call the French fact in Canada. Canada today is a composite nation of some twelve and a half million inhabitants. Of these no ethnic group can claim a majority. The Anglo-Saxon amounts to less than a half of the total population, the French to a third and the remainder are for the most part middle-Europeans. We

ask ourselves whether this Canadian dilemma is a French-Canadian problem, or whether it might not equally well be called the English-Canadian problem.

One sees from the above that what is so often called the "Quebec problem" cannot be assimilated to one of placating a regional minority, such as the negro problem in the U.S.A., or the Japanese problem in British Columbia, but that it is rather a question of partnership, where two of the members are the major associates and the remainder individual participants.

French-speaking Canada is not a problem to be solved, it is a fact to be explained. To do so, let us consider its nature and appreciate its bearing on Canadian life. The change of crown and the arrival in Canadian soil of a new people could not shake the self-respect and conviction of the "habitant" to remain true to himself and preserve those values which he placed above everything else, his institutions, his language and his faith. Some may feel today how much more convenient it might have been if at the time of cession the Canadiens had adopted the ways and the tongue of the newcomer. But would this not have been a wasteful loss of potential richness? Two cultures met on a common soil over a century and a half ago; each possessed its peculiar genius; each was proud of its inherent rights. Was either to be expected to forfeit its heritage in an attempt to



create a new set of characteristics which could have been little less than a counterfeit? Would this not, in exchange for questionable uniformity, have deprived Canada of the sources of its very wealth—its ability to draw on both the Anglo-Saxon and French civilizations?

Has not the error been rather of ignoring the existence of the duality? In both ethnic groups Canadian history has been written almost as an attempt to explain away the other half of the country. In French Canada this has been accomplished by giving undue emphasis to the first two hundred years of Canada's existence and in English Canada by abstracting from these two centuries altogether. That tactic has permeated the entire evolution of this country and exists to a large degree in the press of today. In Quebec papers one's ability to grasp a picture of Western Canada depends almost entirely on press releases describing accidents of nature, frontier incidents, amusing colonial aspects of British Columbian life. Similarly in the West a Victorian is fed items on priest-ridden French Canada, the immorality of Montreal, and anti-British incidents that show equally insignificant aspects of Quebec life. Why should we read in "Notre Temps," a Montreal weekly of high standard, that a Victoria paper has protested against the bilingual printing of a stamp honouring the Canadian citizen . . . le citoyen canadien? And why should the prudish remark of some irresponsible in Quebec, speaking of our heroine Barbara Ann in uncomplimentary terms, be given such publicity in the English-speaking press? Surely one ought to filter the flow of news before making one's intellectual bread of it.

Of course the ideal, in order to reach the common understanding we are looking for, is to travel, for it is by mixing that English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians will get to know one another. Then we are convinced that French Canada will appear under a new look. Let us take, for instance, the usual saying that Quebec is out of step with the rest of the country, that French-Canadians are reactionary and backward. If you consider first the economical aspect of the question, it is true that the process of opening up and developing the resources of our country was mainly the work of the English people, but it is natural, since the capital was also English. After the cession the French-speaking were occupied in fighting for survival. They did not possess wealth, for their properties had been damaged in the recent war; the main concern of the "Canadiens" was to establish schools and train the lawyers, the priests, the doctors that would lead the people in the process of adaptation to the new government. Ever since then the French-Canadian, who believes in the supremacy of spiritual values, has shown a slight contempt for business. As Hughes says

in his study of "French Canada in Transition": "The numerous social and political movements of Quebec show a tendency to condemn the modern economic world while engaged in the very attempt to obtain a better place in it." This does not mean that Quebec is a dead weight, for at present an evolution is very evident, which will bring the French-Canadians shoulder to shoulder with his English-speaking colleague in the march of economical progress in Canada.

Rather than in their growing power in the Canadian economy, the French-Canadians' contribution to our national being is to be found in their very culture. It is in that field that one can find the best expression of the French-Canadian genius; heirs of a beautiful tradition, they feel conscious of its grandeur and devote themselves to its perfection, and by their writers, their poets, their painters, have remained an active part of the French civilization throughout the world. And now, inspired by French Canada's progress, a renaissance of artistic talent is taking place in English-speaking Canada. Spurred on by the constructive rivalry between the two groups, this renaissance is already creating an English-Canadian school of art quite independent of the American school that has taken so many of our foremost men. Symptoms of a new era of free and brotherly relationship appear on the stage. It is an expansion, a radiation. And we hear French-speaking singers at Toronto and at the Metropolitan and we see "Les compagnons de St-Laurent" at the London National Festival, and we read a translation of Gabriel Roy's "Bonheur d'occasion" ("The Tin Flute") and of Roger Lemelin's "Au pied de la pente douce" ("The Town Below"), or again we see a translation of Frank Scott's "Canada Today" or read of the warm response all over Quebec to Emily Carr's masterful paintings or to Gwethelyn Graham's "Earth and High Heaven" or to Sir Ernest MacMillan's Toronto Symphony orchestra. All these are indications that one has something to offer to the other and that on artistic grounds both peoples have been able to enjoy their respective achievements. Quoting again from "French Canada in Transition": "This tradition (of the French-Canadians), with its emphasis on a broad general culture, on certain human values, and on the spiritual rather than the materialistic side of life, has in turn something to offer to the English-speaking world."

Some people cannot see how national unity can be attained if the two groups grow up in separate cultural departments and think of the bicultural character of our country as being a weakness; should they not perhaps realize that on the contrary the very wealth of Canada rests on the presence of two cultures on its soil? Unity is not an ideal, if unity means one and



only one. Along this line Mason Wade writes in a study on the French-Canadians: "Today the great 'Quebec problem' is to broaden the base of that mutual understanding, on a realistic rather than on a diplomatic basis, and with mutual respect; for each group has something to give the other, and something to learn from the other. French and English will never be wholly one in Canada, but they can come to understand one another . . . Mankind must learn to be equal without being identical, if it is to survive."

Applying the words of a Father of Confederation, Sir G. E. Cartier, to our present national achievement, let us say that united we form a political nationality, independent of the national origin and religion of individuals. "The idea of a fusion of the races in one is utopian; it is an impossibility . . . diversity seems to be the order of the physical, moral and political world." Those two statements apply

equally to Canada despite their paradoxical appearance; there is a Canadian entity, but of a composite nature; unity in diversity.

Two years passed at Royal Roads have convinced us that there is no abyss between our two groups, that there are no differences between us of such a nature as to prevent solidarity and mutual esteem. MacLennan in "Two Solitudes" makes a statement of experience: "I have never seen an English-Canadian and a French-Canadian hostile to each other face to face. When they dislike they dislike in the group. And the result of these two-group-legends is a Canada oddly naive."

Expressing our hopes for the future, let us join in the historical toast that united French and English alike greeting the new Constitution in 1791: "... may the unanimity among all classes of citizens cause all distinctions and prejudices to disappear, make the country flourish and render it always happy."

## DEUX ANNEES D'APPRENTISSAGE

par JEAN PROVOST

Que de fois j'ai entendu de la bouche de mes amis ou même de mes parents cette question: "Pourquoi aller à l'Ecole navale, si l'on ne se destine pas à la marine?" Une telle question n'a rien que de très naturel et je comprends fort bien qu'on puisse la poser; aussi je vous apporte la réponse que j'y ai trouvée durant mon séjour à Royal Roads.

Il y a 2 ans je terminais mon cours classique à Stanislas. J'avais alors 18 ans et ne possédais qu'une idée assez vague de ma vocation. A part les provinces maritimes, les Laurentides et les Cantons de l'est, je ne connaissais du Canada que ce que j'en avais appris en classe de géographie. Je n'avais eu presque aucun contact avec le groupe ethnique qui forme les deux tiers de notre population; je parlais l'anglais aussi bien et aussi mal qu'un étudiant moyen. Au point de vue physique j'étais également développé de façon moyenne, ayant fait comme sport du ski, du ballon-panier, un peu de natation et beaucoup de campisme. En un mot, ma situation était celle d'à peu près tous les finissants de collège.

Le 24 août 1946, après un dernier adieu, je montais à bord du train qui devait m'amener à Vancouver. La tristesse du départ s'effaçait vite devant l'excitement d'un tel voyage. Plusieurs futurs cadets voyageaient avec moi et l'échange de quelques cigarettes établissait bientôt des relations très cordiales. Durant quatre jours défilèrent devant nos yeux émerveillés les beautés du Canada: la rive sauvage

du lac Supérieur; les prairies, mer ondulante et fertile; les Rocheuses aux pics neigeux et aux torrents fougueux, enfin la côte du Pacifique appelée à juste titre le paradis du Canada. Une dernière étape parmi les îles de la côte nous mena à Victoria. Le collège, situé à dix milles de là, près de la mer, au milieu de la nature exubérante de la Colombie, avait certes plus l'air d'un riche domaine de campagne que d'une Ecole navale.

Cette ressemblance toutefois ne tarda pas à se dissiper pour faire place à une conception plus réelle du collège et de sa routine quotidienne. Entre 0630 et 2130 nous avions à entasser 5 heures et demie de cours, une couple d'heures d'exercices physiques, 2 heures d'étude et une demi-heure d'entraînement militaire. Les cours très variés, comportaient les sujets suivants: mathématiques, sciences physiques, génie, histoire, droit international, langues et littérature; ainsi que quelques sujets professionnels tels que pilotage, navigation, matelotage et physique de l'aviation. Je craignais au début que le grand nombre des cours ne nous empêchât de voir beaucoup de matière dans chaque sujet. Mais lorsque je considère qu'en deux ans nous vîmes par exemple en mathématiques: la trigonométrie plane et sphérique; la géométrie plane, analytique et dans l'espace; l'algèbre du premier et du second degré; finalement le calcul différentiel et intégral; alors qu'en sciences physiques nous étudions d'abord les liquides et les gaz, puis en élec-



tricité les courants directs et alternatifs, les rayons cathodiques, la transmission radio-phonique et enfin les principes détaillés de la construction d'appareils de radio; lorsque je considère cela, il me semble que j'aurais pu difficilement en voir plus à l'Université durant la même période.

Je m'aperçus bientôt que l'on prêtait tout autant d'attention à l'entraînement physique des cadets qu'à leur instruction. Nous avions quotidiennement une demi-heure de gymnastique et une heure ou plus de sport. En gymnastique j'appris à faire correctement de la gymnastique suédoise, du cheval allemand et des exercices sur matelas. Quant aux sports ils étaient d'une variété infinie: football, soccer, ballon-panier, balle-molle, ballon-volant, natation, tennis, course à pied, sauts, boxe, etc. Quelques festivals organisés au cours de l'année se chargeaient de stimuler l'émulation parmi les cadets. Un peu plus et j'oubliais les légendaires excursions de ski à Rainier, Baker, Grouse, ou encore aux monts Olympics. On ne peut douter du bienfait extraordinaire que produisait la pratique constante d'une telle variété de sports, ajoutée aux avantages d'une vie réglée, à l'air pur de la côte. Peut-être devrais-je souligner également que la pratique de ces sports développait énormément la maîtrise de soi-même et l'esprit d'équipe.

Vous seriez sans doute porté à croire qu'avec un programme de vie si chargé, le cadet n'avait aucun loisir et qu'il n'avait pas l'occasion au cours de ces deux années d'améliorer sa culture ou encore de se livrer à un passe-temps. Heureusement nous avions congé le mercredi après-midi ainsi que la fin de semaine. Au début je passais la plupart de mes permissions "à terre" (en ville) mais peu à peu je pris conscience de l'existence de la bibliothèque et de ses rayons bien garnis de traités scientifiques, romans, recueils de poésie, etc. Mon intérêt se porta naturellement vers la section française qui était alors déjà assez complète et se développait graduellement. Du même coup je me rendis compte qu'on mettait à notre disposition une chambre noire bien équipée. Grâce à ces circonstances favorables je consacrai plus de temps que jamais auparavant à la lecture et à la photographie.

Au milieu d'un si grand nombre d'activités, et dans un cadre si fermé, nos relations avec le monde extérieur se réduisaient forcément tout au plus à la correspondance et aux quelques sorties en ville. Cependant ce que notre vie sociale n'avait pas en étendue, elle le possédait en profondeur. Forcé de vivre constamment avec des camarades de mentalités différentes, venant de toutes les parties du Canada, je dus me rendre compte que quelques

unes de mes conceptions étaient fausses, qu'il me fallait élargir mes idées, et même faire des concessions, si je voulais faire partie du groupe. J'appris ainsi le véritable sens du mot solidarité j'appris également à vivre en commun et à penser aux autres. Ces transformations avantageuses s'accomplissaient à peu près chez tous les cadets, mais, dans un domaine bien spécial, je devais profiter immensément plus qu'eux de notre vie ensemble. En effet n'est-ce pas un avantage appréciable que de se sentir tout aussi à l'aise parmi des amis de l'une que de l'autre langue canadienne; que de connaître tout aussi bien les chansons, les moeurs, la mentalité de l'un que de l'autre groupe; enfin que de savoir que partout à travers le Canada on a de bons amis?

L'année au collège n'était entrecoupée que par les vacances de Noël, de Pâques et d'été, ainsi que par la croisière du printemps. Cette croisière d'un mois était le point culminant de l'année, la chose dont on parlait mystérieusement devant les "juniors" encore novices dans l'art de naviguer. La première année, durant la croisière, nous fîmes d'abord le tour de l'île de Vancouver, prolongeant notre voyage jusqu'à Prince Rupert, la reine de l'Alaska canadien. Puis nous descendîmes le long de la côte américaine jusqu'à San Diego où nous restâmes quatre jours à visiter. J'eus alors l'occasion d'aller au Mexique, et de rendre visite à Los Angeles et Hollywood. L'année suivante, la croisière nous mena d'abord à la baie Magdalena sur la côte mexicaine, sous le tropique du Cancer. Nous restâmes là une semaine, jouissant du climat merveilleux; nous arrêtâmes ensuite à Los Angeles, puis à Santa Barbara.

Ainsi grâce à ces voyages, j'appris à connaître la côte du Pacifique aussi bien que celle de l'Atlantique, et j'en visitai presque toutes les principales villes. Je fus à même d'apprécier l'hospitalité de notre grand voisin et la bonté de ses sentiments à notre égard.

Me voici maintenant au terme de mon séjour à Royal Roads. Lorsque je compare ma situation à ce qu'elle était il y a deux ans, je m'aperçois que j'en ai acquis énormément à tous les points de vue. Durant ce temps j'ai eu le loisir de songer à ma vocation et de la mûrir; d'apprécier la grandeur du Canada et de découvrir la vraie physionomie de ses habitants. Je me sens beaucoup plus en mesure de tirer plein profit de mon séjour à l'Université. Je suis dans les meilleures conditions possibles pour entreprendre le voyage de la vie. Toutes ces considérations me convainquent que deux années passées à Royal Roads constituent un apprentissage idéal au métier de citoyen canadien.

## ESCAPE FROM REALITY

By H. J. TAMOWSKI

Ninety-eight squared, times the cube root of seven.  
Take it all to the eighth, over nine-tenths of eleven.  
Legions of numbers are trampling my brain.  
Myriads of figures to drive me insane.

Enough of this maze of mad symbols,  
Enough of this figure parading,  
My hopes are torn, my mind is worn,  
This whole finite world is fading.

I will arise and go now, and go to infinity,  
And a small hyperbola build there,  
With asymptotes entwined,  
Intersecting parallel lines will I have there,  
And tangents of ninety degrees,  
And stay among numbers still undefined.

I'll find ends to geometric progressions,  
I could add but never conclude,  
No longer a slave to mechanics  
And those answers that always elude.

And I'll live there in peace and quiet,  
No worries of tension on string,  
For at infinity there's nothing at all,  
Nothing but everything.

## SOUTHWARD BOUND—THE SENIORS—(Continued)

### THE LAST LEG

Both Juniors and Seniors (total number of bodies, 67) were transported to H.M.C.S. Antigonish on the morning of Sunday, 29th of February, and not long afterwards the ships weighed anchor, we said good-bye to "Ontario" and "Crescent" (which were headed next for the West Indies), and set out alone for Canada. We now began work in earnest: the four watches kept the same hours as seamen, in fact more so, and went on duty at all hours of the day and night. The middle watch from midnight to 0400 was by far the worst, after working all day it was a trying ordeal to clamber out of the micks at 2345, gulp down vats of coffee and hike up to the bridge to serve as Officer of the Watch. To give it a better flavour we thought of all the people our age in Canada who had never seen a Canadian ship of war, or even the Pacific Ocean, and we rated ourselves as being indeed fortunate to have the opportunities which so few people have.

Unhappily for us, early in the first day off Santa Barbara the blast began bellowing and the gales began growling, and we not being used to the small ship, were nearly forced to give up the ghost. It was much more grisly than the storm we encountered whilst leaving Victoria, people

were so ill they could only promiscuously prostrate themselves on the upper deck and hope for the best. When the wind razored through their clothes and water splattered them they emitted miserable groans which assured us that they were not as yet deceased. How anyone managed to have any degree of efficiency while carrying out the duties of O.O.W., navigator, signalman, helmsman or engineer is a debatable question: it is most amazing that we reached the home port.

### OUR OWN DEAR LAND

We were relieved to see the coast of Canada appear on Wednesday, 3rd of March. Magdalena Bay, Long Beach and Santa Barbara all have good points, but take these points and multiply them by a million and you have a fair facsimile of what Canada is like. We came alongside the Esquimalt jetty at 1330, and after Customs men had rummaged through our belongings we embussed for the College. Now there would be the same old routine, maybe dull at times, but at least we wouldn't have to execute a long song and dance before being permitted to have a shower, and we could sleep in beds and eat with more finesse, and, of course, we would have more possibilities of getting mail.





Early Morning Signal Class

# A DAY AT

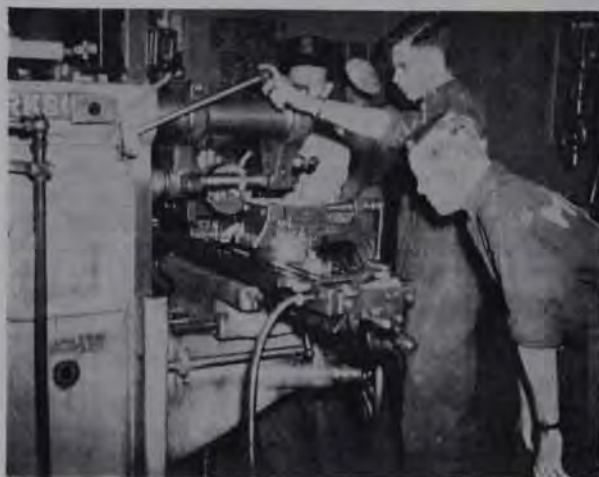
By STANLEY SZACH

**H**AVE you ever been to Royal Roads? If you have not, come along and spend a day with us. To begin, then, let us follow a typical Cadet, sometimes known as Shadrac, and focus our scrutinizing attention on him as he lightly treads the straight and narrow path (with slight deviations known as "circles"). The well-beaten path is defined in Standing Orders, Daily Orders, and other such influential directives designed to make a Cadet's life orderly and happy, the latter being purely co-incidental.

We first come upon Shadrac in the cold grey dawn at 0625, sleeping soundly under a mound of blankets. The clock all too rapidly jerks its way around to the fateful hour of 0630. A bugle sputters "Wakie-wakie" while a pipe joins in the discord with a loud shriek; a voice rasps out the foregone conclusion that it is time to make another move, and another long day has started.



Morning Divisions



The Machine Shop

Shadrac wriggles out of his bed so as to preserve the neatness as much as possible and simplify the task of remaking it. With mechanical movements he rushes to the showers, shaves with half-closed, heavy-lidded eyes, tumbles into his clothes, and tears away to early morning signals at 0655.

By now he is semi-conscious and makes brave attempts to co-ordinate the dots and dashes or wig-wags into letters and words, bogging down at times into what appears to be Sanscrit phonetics. Signals pack up at 0735 and he diligently applies himself to catching up on world events in the morning paper, concentrating on the

# THE COLLEGE

(Photos by Vern Murison)



A Torpedo Lecture



"Lunch Time has rolled around."

second to last page, where his favorite columnist, Al Capp, comments on the atomic weapon threat and practical mob psychology.

Shortly after breakfast he begins to ready himself for Morning Divisions, unless he contracts a local allergy known as "Divisionitis." Its symptoms are a cold, sprained ankle, or athlete's foot, which unfortunately prevents his attendance.

When Divisions are over the real day begins. At 0855 classes are in session, the morning studies today being taken up by a fascinating subject known as Engineering. In the Engineering School, Shadrac may become wrapped up in fuel systems, boiler pressures, efficiencies, and all

the other involved details of modern engines. On the other hand, he may be instructed in the fundamentals of shopwork. The initial results of his efforts are somewhat crude, but undaunted he strives ever onward (failing to take a hint) to make the perfect Indian club.

By now lunch time has rolled around to relieve our suffering Cadet from academics and the terrific mental strain. In the bright clean Mess Hall we watch as Cadets courteously pass the bread and salt (first having considered the angle of the shot).

In the afternoon our particular specimen goes first to the Physics Lab.



The Physics Lab.



We find the Instructor an amiable professor intent on making his subject extremely clear, often stopping to press home a point to some well-meaning but slightly dazed Cadet. Somehow Shadrac has fumbled through the internal and external resistances of a complicated circuit, but when a condenser is thrown into the deal he becomes hopelessly lost, and only the buzzer saves him from embarrassing explanations concerning the state of his assignment.

With haste he leaves the Lab, holds his breath as he passes the "Devil's Den" (the Chem Lab) and falls in on the square to double down to the Mess Decks for a Torpedo lecture.

Having briefly passed over the



"A delightful pastime"

pastime conducted on a semi-voluntary basis.

"Is there anything to prevent you from boxing?" and before an answer is given, "Step on the scales, please."

A sport similar to boxing, but with fewer restrictions, and in which we may find Shadrac participating, is rugger. Indeed, boxing probably started from two eager rugger players who had momentarily lost the theoretical object of the game and begun expounding the more popular concepts. Both are tough, bruising sports which, if they do nothing else, teach the Cadet how to take punishment and come back fighting. Another very



Sailing on the Lagoon

principles of Torpedo Control, the talk drifts to an animated discussion on Russian scientific progress. The question being debated is whether the Soviets stopped using vodka in their jets because it subsequently rained diluted vodka and bleached the Red banners, or because it was a problem of supply. At that moment the Instructor suggests that it is immaterial, and some sort of order is established.

The academic day comes suddenly to an end at 1520 and books are hastily thrown into the locker just ahead of the door that slams shut on a potential avalanche. A few relaxing moments in the Gunroom and Shadrac "cleans into" P.T. gear. Today they are boxing, a delightful



Volleyball



"Pillows thud and groans burden the air."

popular sport is sailing. Here the Cadet must use skill and judgment rather than physical endurance alone. Competition in races is extremely keen, coxswains have been known to ram rival boats in the heat of the contest after crowding and other malpractices have failed.

Having gone through his daily ordeal, Shadrac again rushes into the showers. A brief pause after supper and he plunges into two hours of study. Somehow the two hours are never quite enough to finish the assignments and it leaves Cadet Shadrac feeling a trifle frustrated.

The long day is drawing to a close and its final moments are burned away in the Gunroom. Of all places in the College this is the most frequented by Cadets and most appreciated. We must not forget to mention the radio and record player in passing. These machines give wonderful service, considering their use and abuse. To add to the confusion, there is a sect of bridge-addicts who cannot contain

their joy, but make frequent and expressive utterances about their cards. No normal person would think of reading or writing in these conditions, yet Cadets have that faculty of persevering, even though the writing paper is sometimes obscured by a blue haze from several score exhausting pipes.

By 2130 Shadrac is only too glad to turn in. The preliminary of standing by beds being observed, he carefully slides in between the sheets. With the dying notes of the "Last Post" the lights are turned out and



The day draws to a close



Pipe down, lights out

from the next dormitory come muffled sounds, very much like those of horses in a distant field. There is a hiss of whispering, and suddenly the darkness is alive with darting shapes. In a flash there is bedlam as beds crash, hurtling bodies collide in head-long rush, pillows thud, and groans burden the air.

Of course, the lights suddenly blaze on and the guilty ones stand helplessly in their bright glare, smiling meekly at the gloating Cadet Captain. Eventually everyone turns in for the night, and Shadrac's day is over.

The long day has ended. It has been a lively and exciting one, yet tomorrow Shadrac will write home:



# EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

## INTRODUCING THE FRENCH NAVAL COLLEGE

By MARC BRIERE

Early in June the training cruiser "Jeanne d'Arc" called on Eastern Canadian ports. On board were the 1945-48 class of Cadets from the French Naval College. To our best wishes of welcome to Canada they have answered with the very gracious gesture of presenting to the Royal Roads Cadets a beautiful album portraying the life and vitality of their Naval College since Liberation. In it, texts and pictures combine to give a striking description of the College itself and of the activities of the Cadets. Its dedication reads as follows: "From the officer-students of the training cruiser 'Jeanne d'Arc' to the cadets of the Royal Canadian Naval College in remembrance of their visit to Canada and in testimony of their friendship."

Going through the album the magnificent history of the French college during the war first unfolds. Expelled from its establishment at Brest, "Les Quatre Pompes," by the German invasion the College moved in 1940 to Toulon, the Mediterranean base of the French fleet. Here in 1942 was to take place the heroic and tragic action in which the French fleet sacrificed itself in a holocaust for France's resurrection. After Liberation, the completely demolished building of the old College was found unsuitable, and a new site was selected where a temporary home was built up which now shelters the officer-students during their training course ashore.

The creation of a naval officer in the French navy is very similar to our own. The course which the candidate has to go through is three years long, including sea-time. It is noticeable

how much the air training is stressed during this period, the policy of the French Government being to form young officers who will satisfy the needs of an air-minded navy. The young men admitted to the entrance examination join as ordinary seamen, wearing for six months the traditional "pompom rouge" on their blue berets. Following this period they go to sea for two and a half months in Home or North African waters to perfect their knowledge of men and also to familiarize themselves with the sea . . . and sea-sickness. They now spend nineteen months at school . . . living a monastic life. It is then that they get aboard the "Jeanne d'Arc" for a cruise of at least six months, after which they go back to France and complete their aeronautic training during a three-month course.

Recent cruises have taken the French officer-students to Scandinavia; Dartmouth, where they visited the Royal Naval College, and finally to America. From the "Jeanne d'Arc" alongside in Montreal, Enseigne de Vaisseau Lejeune has forwarded to us the following article which he describes himself as being a light picture of the steps of their naval life; he had the fortunate idea to accompany his most valuable contribution to our LOG with sketches of a great picturesqueness. For it we thank him very much, and we hope that this first exchange is the beginning of heartfelt relations between our two colleges. Extending our best wishes of good luck to the French Naval College, we have both the honour and the pleasure to print Enseigne de Vaisseau Lejeune's article.

### TROIS ANS DE MARINE

#### ou les Cadets Français de la promotion 1945

Savez-vous combien nous avons tous regretté que votre Ecole Navale se trouve si loin sur la côte Pacifique!

Mais le peu de temps dont nous disposons chez vous et l'immensité de votre pays ne nous permettent pas de faire connaissance.

Il est toujours désagréable de parler de soi—  
Il est aussi désagréable de se méconnaître—

Notre histoire est simple, mais mouvementée.

Notre ancienneté dans la Marine ne date que de trois ans. Trois ans au cours desquels chaque jour nous a amené une surprise, une

connaissance nouvelle, un intérêt toujours renouvelé.

C'est comme simple matelot que nous avons débuté dans la Marine. Pendant six mois nous étions destinés à porter la vareuse bleue, le col à rayures blanches et le fameux bonnet à pompon rouge (il date paraît-il de NAPON-LEON 1er).

Notre premier embarquement sur des croiseurs de dix mille tonnes, des chasseurs, des avisos ou des croiseurs légers nous mena en Indochine où les hostilités continuaient.



Nous avons ainsi découvert TUNIS, MALTE, ALEXANDRIE, ADEN, COLOMBO, la route des INDES en un mot, et plus loin SINGAPOUR et SAIGON.

Pendant six mois, nous avons vécu avec les équipages, lavant le pont chaque matin, faisant l'exercice ou la peinture le soir.

En Mai 1946 nous étions de retour en FRANCE pour poursuivre nos études à l'Ecole Navale, à BEST en BRETAGNE.

Là une vie toute différente nous attendait.

Une existence monastique, coupée de sorties tous les quinze jours sur les torpilleurs annexes de l'Ecole.

Nous avons connu ainsi DARTMOUTH et nos camarades de la Royal Navy.

Ces sorties étaient surtout destinées à nous familiariser avec les côtes de FRANCE... et le mal de mer.

Juillet 1947 fut consacré à un tour de FRANCE en avion en débordant largement vers l'Allemagne occupée, la Suisse et le Corse.

Chaque fois nous nous sommes efforcés de perfectionner nos connaissances et d'approfondir l'art de la navigation aérienne et maritime.

Mais notre formation intellectuelle et maritime ne devait pas se limiter à cela.

Il fallait en core mettre en pratique les notions acquises.

Les huit mois d'embarquement sur le croiseur Ecole d'Application doivent nous permettre d'exercer notre métier sous le contrôle d'Instructeurs chevronnés avant de la pratiquer avec pleine responsabilité.

Partie de FRANCE en Janvier 1948, la "JEANNE D'ARC" s'arrêta en AFRIQUE pendant plus d'un mois pour nous permettre d'effectuer un levé hydrographique de la côte d'une petite île située au Sud-Est de DAKAR.

Ce travail fini nous partions à la découverte de l'Amérique.

BUENOS-AIRES nous y a reçu de façon magnifique, et au départ encore la foule massée sur le quai nous a prouvé toute sa sympathie.

L'URUGUAY, lui aussi, nous a adopté avec beaucoup de chaleur et comme des enfants d'une même famille.

Quant au BRESIL, il nous accueillit dans la grandiose baie de RIO DE JANEIRO.

Mais il nous restait encore l'escale qui nous tenait le plus à cœur : celle de MONTREAL, dans ce CANADA dont nous avons tous un peu rêvé en lisant HEMON CONSTANTIN WEYER ou GREY OWL.

Ici l'hospitalité est plus chaleureuse encore.

Il ne se passe pas de jour sans que les cadets ne soient cordialement invités à droite et à gauche.

Beaucoup ont poussé jusqu'aux LAURENTIDES, pour découvrir le pays des lacs.

Certains ont pu aller jusqu'à OTTAWA, d'autres même jusqu'aux chutes du NIAGARA.

Demain, déjà, nous serons partis.



Et nous garderons un souvenir ému de cette escale, dans un pays où nous aurons retrouvé l'atmosphère du chez nous.

—Ensigne de Vaisseau Lejeune.

\* \* \* \*

"That sounds like an easy problem, only fifteen words. Could you do this one, Shirley?"

"Yes, sir."

"It must have been easy."



# THE BAND



By MAC AND SAM

OUR good friend Mr. Webster tells us that a band is a "company of musicians who play together on various wind and percussion instruments." With these stirring words in mind, such a company was brought together at the beginning of the year. At first the band adhered very loosely to this definition, and it amazed its listeners with many different weird tunes. With the hearty support and well-wishes of all, this noble group of musicians was spurred on to greater heights. A program of variation was commenced and soon the percussion section had mastered the famous concerto, "Boom-tick." Buglers, not to be outdone, started playing the same tune in unison, which made for a rather pleasant effect.

Although the band's main job is to play for any marching the Cadets have to do about the College, they are also capable of other duties. There was, for example, the morning before Christmas leave commenced that the sleeping Cadets were rudely awakened by the American

reveille at 0630, followed by various pieces of "incidental music." The acoustics made the band sound like a philharmonic orchestra, or at least so they thought.

There was also one eventful morning when three Seniors thought that their musical abilities had been neglected, and so it was agreed they they should play with the band for this one morning. This is one day that the permanent members wish to forget, it was awful.

Five members of the wind section have extra-curricular duties in that they act as duty buglers for the day on which their respective divisions are on duty. This consists of playing wakie-wakie, colours, sunset, the first-post and the last-post.

The band, for its size, has actually done very well. For most of the year it has consisted of ten Cadets, seven buglers, two side-drummers, and a bass drummer. What it has lacked in size it has made up for in volume and, in many cases, harmony.

\* \* \* \*

W.A.: "What is 1585 noted for?"

Pierre: "First mention of the torpedo, sir."

W.A.: "Where was it used?"

Pierre: "At the Battle of Jutland, sir."

W.A.: "Nope, you're a century out."

# GRADUATING CLASS



ROYAL ROADS  
1946-48



1946-1948



# DRAKE

CADET CAPTAIN

**ROBERT BRUCE NICOL McBURNEY**

Home: Toronto, Ont.

Educated: Forest Hill Village School.

A friendly personality has made Bob one of the most popular members of our Term from the start. He was elected President in the first Gunroom Executive, and since then has taken part in nearly every side of College life. Last year he worked his way up to "B" rugby team, where he was an outstanding three-quarter, and this year played the whole season in the same position on "A" Team. Bob has been one of the College's keenest basketballers and played on representative College teams on several occasions. Besides these, his sporting interests include tennis, baseball and swimming, Bob being one of Drake's best in each.

Bob is not merely a sportsman, however. He has stood academically among the first ten ever since his arrival, has worked on the LOG this year, and was a Cadet Captain in the first and final group. Next year he plans to take Aeronautical Engineering at Keyham.

Best of luck to you, Bob!

**JAMES VERNON ANDREW**

Home: Kirkland Lake, Ont.

Educated: Kirkland Lake Collegiate and Vocational Institute.

Soon after "Jock's" arrival at Royal Roads the sound of the bagpipes was heard in these parts! Our Highland laddie from the gold mining centre of Canada has since proved his worth in many fields. Besides being a piper, "Jock" also performs on the violin and is one of the drummers in our highly tooted band.

"Jock" played for "A" rugby team this year, and as the Cadet Captain of Drake Division at the time was highly instrumental in their winning the rugby and soccer championships. Among his other activities are skiing, tennis, and shooting.

One of the few members of the Term to enjoy the rougher moments of the cruise, "Jock" could always be depended upon to cheer up those less fortunate than himself. The humour of the sketches which adorned his Journal was appreciated by all. Why J. V. has elected to hide his artistic light under a bushel is a mystery to many of us.

"Jock" intends to enter the Ordnance Branch of the R.C.N., and with him go the best wishes of us all!

**ALAN EDWARD BOOTH**

Home: Toronto, Ont.

Educated: Malvern Collegiate Institute.

One of the most memorable sights during our first term at R.C.N.C. was the way in which Al, our one-time baby blimp, shrank visibly to the tune of "One, two . . . up, down," at six-thirty in the morning! Still, this was by far the least of his physical achievements, and it wasn't long before "Boots," as he was inevitably called, could be seen sinking baskets, scoring goals and runs, or charging down the rugby field like a fiery bull! "Boots" showed fine spirit and drive for "B" Team, and though often beaten and battered, he was never "down"—a quality certain to bring success in his naval career.

Among "Boots'" numerous pastimes, the pursuit of the local (and not so local!) damsels in true sailor fashion, and a first-class game of bridge rank high, and are second only to his skill in dorm-raiding. He excels in the latter, even to the extent of devising some of the most diabolical schemes in the history of the College!

Noted for his laughing disposition and keen wit, Al is bound to make a success of his life with the R.C.N.

**ALAN GORDON LOWE**

Home: Toronto, Ont.

Educated: Humber College Institute.

A worthy representative of the fair city of Toronto, Alan lost no time in making a place for himself in the Term. Al puts his best into everything, both on the playing field and in the classroom. In the course of the year he reached the position of Cadet Captain of Rodney, and carried out his duties very efficiently.

Al was elected Gunroom President 'way back in the second term of our first year, and it is enough to say that he has capably continued in this very responsible position ever since. No one knows us better than Al, and in his spare moments he can be found in the corner of the Gunroom with his trusty pipe, thinking out the weighty problems of the day.

Al intends to go R.C.N., and we are all certain that with the same spirit he has shown here, he will meet with complete success and fast promotion.

# DIVISION

## CADET PETTY OFFICER JAMES FRANKLIN MILES

Home: London, Ontario.  
Educated: London Central Collegiate.

A former Sea Cadet enthusiast, Jim developed into our first sea-lawyer. He was nick-named Gundar soon after his arrival because of his prowess at running. An all-round athlete, he played for the College "A" Team in both his Junior and Senior years. He also excels in swimming, softball and cross-country running, and he helped Drake Division no end in their fight for the inter-divisional cup.

When not discussing the price of carrots in Trans-Jordan, he can generally be found engrossed in a game of bridge. "Gundar" served his time as a Cadet Captain, and in the final term was Cadet Petty Officer of his Division.

Apart from having a nausea for the sea, "Gundar" is one of the staunch supporters of the R.C.N., and will pass out as one of the top few. Whether he goes in the Ordnance or Electrical Branch, we wish him the best of luck in the future!

## JOHN PATRICK MORTON

Home: Brandon, Manitoba.  
Educated: Guelph Collegiate.

"What?"

"I said my address was the Bwandon Mental Hospital, Manitoba."

This difficulty in pronunciation of the letter "R" has bestowed upon Pat the nickname of "Wabbit."

Mort's appearance is deceiving; although he looks like a quiet type, he is always ready and willing to lend a hand in any extra-curricular activities, such as inter-dormitory warfare. His blond hair and becoming blush seem to make a hit with the ladies wherever he goes.

If zeal and spirit were worth points, "Wabbit" would have won most of Drake Division's games single-handed, and his prowess at basketball and soccer particularly, has saved the day on many occasions.

"Wabbit" came to R.C.N.C. with the intention of becoming a sea dog, and, in spite of our cruises, he still intends to follow the R.C.N. in the Communications or Submarine Branch.

P.S.—The reason Mort comes from the Mental Hospital is that his father is a doctor there.

## ALLAN CAMERON ROWLANDS

Home: Westmount, P. Q.  
Educated: Westmount High School.

Upon entering the Senior Gunroom one can certainly hear, if not see, "Horse"! His raucous voice seems to help him, however, in the many bridge games in which he indulges, and in getting things passed to him in the mess hall. Al has the distinction of being one of the few people in the Term who never seem to get "browed off."

A staunch Drake man, Al has contributed much to his Division's success in sports, his special capabilities lying in the fields of baseball, swimming and basketball. One of his favourite pastimes is playing golf, and he is often to be seen ploughing up the fairways of the Colwood Golf Course. After lights out he is seldom inactive, and has proved to be quite proficient at pillow fighting.

For his future, Al has chosen Mechanical Engineering. With his personality and amiable disposition he is sure to succeed.

## WALTER NORMAN SMITH

Home: Stratford, Ontario.  
Educated: Stratford Collegiate Institute.

What would a term be without a Smith? Our contribution rambléd in from Stratford, which, we are told, is larger than Duncan. Smitty, like everyone else in the personnel carrier on that fateful day of joining, was a stranger. However, his pleasant smile and manner soon won him a host of friends.

His chief hobbies are bridge, dating girls, and arguing with Miles. In the former, according to Culbertsmith, he is a fair master. The numerous contacts he provided while in Santa Barbara on the Long Cruise, proved the second point. His debating, however, is not his most successful pastime, for he usually goes down to defeat by brute strength.

Although Smitty is not one of our most athletic types, he carried his share of spirit in keeping Drake Division out in front.

Walter is shunning the Navy blue and gold, but not because he was a leet-rail bird. He is planning a career in Accounting, and expects that "Queens" will be his home after graduation.





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# FROBISHER

CADET CAPTAIN

HENRY HUGH WILBRAHAM PLANT

Home: Montreal, P. Q.

Educated: Lower Canada College.

"Hughie" came to us from L.C.C., where he had already won renown as a fine swimmer. As a Junior he lowered the one hundred yard free style College record by about six seconds. All his athletic abilities cannot be listed here; it is sufficient to say that he played on "A" Team as hook during his Senior year, and was captain of the trapeze and swimming team. He also was a valuable asset to the ski team during his time here.

Although quiet around the Gunroom, where he writes letters to Switzerland while listening to classical music, his keenness soon won him a name.

His achievement at the College brought about his appointment of Chief Cadet Captain in the first term and as Cadet Captain of Frobisher in the final term.

After July he will be returning to civilian life to study mechanical engineering at McGill. His lack of difficulties in schoolwork is a sure sign of future success.

JAMES GRAHAM CLINTON ATWOOD

Home: Vernon, B. C.

Educated: Vernon High School.

We will always remember "Cluey" for his everlasting good humour and outstanding ability at falling out of "micks," and most of us are indebted to him for the reliability of his Mechanics problems. If there's an engine in the vicinity, Jim'll find it—and if it doesn't work—he'll fix it! In between tinkering with his model airplane and finding out what makes Einstein tick, Jim finds time to coast along near the top of the class. Though fairly quiet, Cluey's trusty smile proves his love of a joke and ready friendliness. With no girl troubles, Jim is known to have snaffled the prettiest girl on a certain trip to Seattle! A "B" Team stalwart, Jim, at times, even ventured up to show "A" Team how it's done.

After Graduation Jim is off to Keyham to take Aeronautical Engineering. We wish him all the best and know he'll be a great success; but, "Cluey!" please leave the wings off the ships!

HAMISH DRUMMOND WEAVER BRIDGMAN

Home: Victoria, B. C.

Educated: Brentwood College.

We are all indebted to "Bridge," for not only is he a dependable source of good humour, but, as with all our other term-mates who hail from Victoria, we have all, at one time or another, benefited from his hospitality.

Though to the members of the Animal Club "Bridge" is known as "Cricket," his agility is noted for its absence at six-thirty in the morning!

As Captain of "B" Team in his Senior year, "Bridge" did a fine job and led the team through a successful season.

Though his Division can always depend on him in any sport, he is especially notable as a fullback in soccer, and for his capability in sailing (it wasn't Vasco de Gamma that won the sailing race by a quarter of a mile!)

"Bridge" puts up a good effort along the scholastic line also, and for his general reliability he was made a Cadet Captain in the fourth term.

"Bridge" would like to join the Instructor branch of the R.C.N., and whether it comes through or not, we know he'll be a big success!

GEORGE ARTHUR COWLEY

Home: Ottawa.

Educated: Oak Bay High School and Glebe Collegiate, Ottawa.

Never will we meet another personality like George! His broad smile and unselfish willingness to help others, quickly made him many friends, and often led to the most interesting consequences—for who else have we seen at the helm of the Princess Joan?

Always ready for anything at any time, "Kelly" can certainly be slated as one of our less conservative members!—has anyone else spent Captain's rounds in a sports locker?

With a fine sense of humour, George is renowned for his ability to "talk," and, without doubt, would be our candidate for the selling of Brooklyn Bridge! "Kelly" can always be counted on for his very best in the sports field and is definitely one of our stalwarts in the classroom.

Outside of playing tennis and corresponding with Glendale, George is happiest knee-deep in gramophone records, on which he is the Gunroom expert. He also wields a clever pen on occasions and has been our Gunroom historian for the L.O.G.

With an eventual eye to the Diplomatic Service, next year will see George taking Arts at McGill, so when "Magnificent" puts into Raratonga, we'll give ten to one odds on who the Canadian Consul there will be!

# DIVISION

## CADET PETTY OFFICER DONALD ALEXANDER McDONALD

Home: Peachland, B. C.

Educated: Lord Byng High School, Vancouver.

"Buttons" is now living in the metropolis of Peachland, but originally he was from the fair city of Vancouver, which explains his love of the bright lights and his live-wire personality. He was bandmaster in Sea Cadets and has carried his drummer-boy talents to our own little band to provide the "hot rhythm" for divisions.

In the line of sports he has been a worthy opponent for anyone in badminton or soccer, he shoots a mean arrow, and whips around the cross-country at a pretty fair speed. As for indoor sports, he is seldom behind the eight ball unless the Officer of the Day makes an unexpected appearance in the billiard-room.

"Buttons" is strictly the R.C.N. type; they must have used salt instead of talcum powder in his younger, innocent days. We wish him the best of luck in his ambition to see the world through a scuttle!

## ALLAN FRANCIS MORRIS

Home: Leamington, Ontario.

Educated: St. Andrew's College.

Upon entering the Gunroom, you will sooner or later find the fellow you are looking for, under a mass of curly black hair, engaged in a game of bridge or simply smoking his pipe.

Al's extra-curricular activities are spread on various fields. Basketball, tennis and golf are his favourite sports, and he played as a strong full-back on "A" Team. In the boxing ring "Mo" has achieved wonders by winning the welterweight class. However, apart from his athletic accomplishments, we will always remember Al for his famous one-minute dashes from the showers to the breakfast table!

Law and Political Science might well be the course he will choose at University. Finally let it be known that "Al Mo" is "Number Two" of the Loft Boys Association.

Whatever career Al undertakes, his ideals will give him something to look for and assure him of success.

## JOHN FREDERICK WATSON

Home: Victoria, B. C.

Educated: Brentwood College.

Jack is one of the local boys and is a staunch supporter of the Western civilization which has brought him into the limelight in many a Gunroom discussion. Being an R.C.N. man from way back, he is usually to be found in the "Pusser's Corner" of the Gunroom, where, with his winning manner, he has been a friend to all concerned.

From the beginning of his Junior year Jack has maintained a high position scholastically in the term, his special capabilities lying in the field of mathematics. His spirit and hard tackling gained him a position on "B" Team, where he played well in the scrum all season. In badminton Jack has proved to be one of the most outstanding players at the College. Sailing and swimming are also among his sporting interests.

Jack's executive ability has been recognized in that he served a term as a Cadet Petty Officer, and this, with his enthusiasm, and personality will carry him far in his proposed Naval career.

## ROBERT ANDREW WHYTE

Home: Shawinigan Falls,

Educated: Shawinigan Falls High School.

"R. A." as he is known by the Term, hails from the water power district of Canada, and with him he brings much of its drive and energy! He is keen and always ready to go about his duties cheerfully.

In the Gunroom, "R. A.'s" eyes are bound to light up at the word "bridge," and he is happiest in the midst of a spirited game. Although always ready for a skylark, "R. A." still finds time to donate to studying, and does well for himself.

Keen in sports, "R. A." has backed up his Division in all the inter-divisional games, especially in basketball and rugby. Playing on "C" Team, he showed good, steady form in the back-field. In the gymnasium he is a natural on the box horse.

Glancing into the future we see him lowering whalers, or taking charge of the quarterdeck of an R.C.N. ship. Our best wishes go with you, Bob, wherever you may go.

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# HAWKINS

## CADET CAPTAIN DENIS HUGH PRATT

Home: Victoria, B. C.  
Educated: Oak Bay High School.

From the time he first set foot in Royal Roads, Denny has thrown himself wholeheartedly into all the College activities. It was not long before the rest of the Term became aware of his willingness to help and unfailing good humour.

Denny has made a name for himself as one of the College's best athletes. He excels at rugby, soccer, badminton, tennis, and track and field, to mention only a few, and has been a tower of strength for his Division in all representative sports.

Last year Denny was elected Gunroom Secretary, a position which he has retained until Graduation. His cheerfulness and unselfish attitude towards work, both with and without stripes, have been an asset to the Term at all times, while his quiet personality makes him a friend to all.

Denny plans on entering the Electrical Branch of the Service, and we know that he will be a success. Best of luck, Denny!

## GEORGE SAMUEL CARPENTER

Home: Montreal, P. Q.  
Educated: West Hill High School.

"Gunroom, HUUH!!"

On gazing through the thick white haze of smoke, we discern the source of this outburst to be that flame-haired, smiling individual known as "Sam"!

Although not large in stature, Sam has made up for this with a fighting spirit, as evidenced by his work as "C" Team's scrum half and in reaching the lightweight boxing finals in his Junior year.

Not on the field of athletics, however, but in his more familiar haunt, the Gunroom, and on occasion the Parade Square, has Sam displayed his ability to best advantage, verbally, by his sense of humour, and physically by his talent on the bass drum. Sam has become a real part of the spirit of the Gunroom, and has gained further distinction as "Number Four" of the famous Loft Boys Association.

Next fall will find Sam in the halls of old McGill, pursuing the finer points of Commerce and Finance, where his spirit and good nature will carry him far in the business world. Salut et bon voyage, Sam-yull!

## FRANK WILLIAM COSTIN

Home: Duncan, V. I.  
Educated: Duncan High School.

Besides bringing with him a pile of good nature, Frank has become our chief authority on the mysteries of Vancouver Island. With his past experience as a Fire Ranger, we'll all remember the wild gleam in Frank's eye when the word "fire" was mentioned! Unfortunately, activities along these lines are a bit subdued at the College, but should a Gunroom waste-basket chance to smoke, Frank is our expert!

Playing hard for "B" Team in his Senior year, Frank could always be counted upon to pull his weight in any sport. Not naturally inclined to studying, Frank nevertheless has done well through a lot of hard work.

We never did get it quite figured out who Frank got all the letters from, but at any rate it is a tribute to his universal popularity!

Frank's eye is on the R.C.N., and from the way he coxswained "Caddy" through Victoria Harbour, we know he'll do a fine job!

## PETER GORDON HILL

Home: Kingston, Ont.  
Educated: Rothesay Collegiate School.

Pete had not been at the College long before he picked up the nickname "Pierre Colline." This handle, along with his ever-present smile and likeable disposition, have made Pierre one of the most popular members of the Term.

If, on entering the Gunroom, you should hear the cry of "Let's have a party," and then see a group crowd around a large, portly fellow with a grin that stretches from here to there, you may be sure that the centre of attraction is Pierre! None of us will ever forget those memorable "jitterbug" performances at mid-term dances. How anyone could make his body, arms and legs perform such antics has been the constant wonder and joy of his fellow term-mates!

Next winter will find him back in Kingston attending Queen's University, where he is planning to take Commerce. Whatever he does, Pierre's personality and ability to make friends is sure to make his future a happy and successful one.

# DIVISION

## CADET PETTY OFFICER HARTLAND LLEWELLYN PRICE

Home: Quebec City, P. Q.  
Educated: Bishop's College School.

The day he arrived at R.C.N.C. Hart couldn't be missed, for his six-foot-four towered over all the rest of us. For some ridiculous reason he soon acquired the name "Eddy," and that appellation has remained with him throughout the whole of his time at the College. The Gunroom wouldn't be the same without the frequent violent scuffles he had with pals Denny, Bobby and Peter.

As an athlete, Eddy is one of the College's most outstanding; there is not a sport played in which he has not excelled. On the rugger field as a member of "A" Team, Eddy was considered about the best forward in Victoria's intermediate rugby league. He also won much fame as a cricketer; there are rumours to the effect that he is amongst the top cricket players in Canada for his age. Among other accomplishments were the winning of the College's heavyweight boxing, the tennis and the badminton championships.

On graduating, Eddy intends to take Commerce at McGill, where his likeable personality and good humour will carry him far!

## ROBERT LECKIE

Home: Ottawa.  
Educated: Lisgar Collegiate Institute.

"What! One minute to breakfast?—lots of time!" These words, uttered by "Leck" as he dashes into his morning shower, proclaim him as the Term's champion speed dresser! An ever-cheerful member of the Gunroom, he dispelled many a gloomy moment by turning the radio to the nearest "hot music"—one of his great loves.

He is also an ardent yachtsman. However, College boats seem somewhat allergic to his presence, and with "Leck" at the helm they regularly manage to find one of the few lagoon rocks!

"Leck" played in the "B" Team backfield this year, besides excelling in soccer and track. Perhaps his most notable achievement in the sports field is the winning of the cross-country last fall.

"Leck's" great ambition has always been to enter the Executive Branch, R.C.N. We are all hoping he will make the grade, and we feel sure that he will be a success, whether in the Service or in Civvy Street.

## PETER DOUGLAS McINTYRE

Home: Toronto, Ont.  
Educated: Saint Andrew's College.

"P. D." came to light as one of our brighter bulbs before entering the College gates. His initial stroke was ranking first of our forty-six entrants in August, '46.

Pete's pastimes extend from buzzing the vicinity in various types of aircraft to the more down-to-earth sports as partaken by all the Cadets, "B" Team rugger being one of the latest milestones. Although Pete hasn't been able to show any Ontario hockey in this lovable climate, he certainly did display the requirements in Hollywood's Ice Palace.

Pete has the happy faculty of conjuring up friends and relatives in the most opportune places, Los Angeles being no exception!

Whether or not "P. D.'s" chronic "mal de mer" has had any bearing on his returning to the "pants with the cuffs" will always remain a touchy point.

## FRANCIS DAVID MALLOCH

Home: Hamilton, Ontario.  
Educated: Trinity College School.

If Diogenes is still looking for an honest man he can die happy. We've found him. In fact, we've found a man who'd give the shirt off his back to anyone, anywhere, at any time. Davey Malloch is the very personification of our own Term spirit. No matter what you want or what the job, Davey'll be the first and the gladdest to help.

In sports Davey plays a fearless and untiring game of rugger on "B" Team and does particular yeoman service in soccer and basketball. Scholastically, Davey entered the College tied for second place, and has been quietly and consistently up with the leaders ever since.

Davey's unfailing sense of humour and his infectious happiness have won him a place in our memories which we'll never lose, and they, with his spirit and imagination, will take him wherever he wants to go in life. We hear it's "Queen's" and Mechanical Engineering next year. Good luck, Davey, and may you always be as perfect a friend as you have been here.

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# NELSON

## CHIEF CADET CAPTAIN ROBERT JOHN McALLISTER

Home: Westmount, P. Q.  
Educated: Westmount High School.

To Bob we think that the Naval College had a special attraction, in that he snubbed a McGill University Entrance Scholarship to become one in our ranks. In his Junior year, besides being tops in most other sports, Bobby was a star of the "A" Team, and this year he very capably captained it through a successful season. An arden skier, he has been the backbone of the newly-formed ski team, distinguishing himself at every meet. He won both downhill and slalom races in the Vancouver Island Ski Championship. His prowess as an all-round athlete could not be overlooked, and at the end of his Junior year he was awarded the Director of Studies Cup.

For his numerous abilities, at the desk and on the field, Bob, in the final term, was appointed Chief Cadet Captain, a well-deserved position.

The R.C.N. will lose a good man when Bob trades his number fives for the striped suit and enters McGill to take Honour Maths. He needn't worry in future life: with his good nature, conscientiousness and general ability, he can't go wrong!

## MARC JEAN BRIERE

Home: Montreal, Quebec.  
Educated: Stanislas College.

Introducing our friend from Montreal, I draw your attention to the fact that Marc is a distinctive member of our Term. On his arrival, he was unable to speak English, but he overcame this language difficulty rapidly. Naturally he was a little quiet and awkward at first, but he soon came forth as the spirited Cadet that we know. Amongst his term-mates Marc has wielded a great influence; he is a man of principle and he has brought to us a greater understanding of French Canada.

Although Marc isn't particularly athletic, he has always enjoyed the College sports, showing a special interest in soccer, tennis and badminton. He is the renowned "Frog" of the Animal Club, and also holds the position of No. 1 of the "L.B.A." Marc's interests have been mainly history, language study, his own term-mates, and, above all, the love of living an enjoyable and full life.

Wherever you go or whatever you do, Marc, our best wishes will be with you always!

## HENRI PAUL LABELLE

Home: Montreal, P. Q.  
Educated: Montreal High School.

The old Sphinx wouldn't stand a chance against "Turbo" Labelle! Our sides have been aching for the past two years! It all started when we learnt that H. P. stands for High Pressure, as in turbines, as well as for Henri Paul; and ever since, if we've wanted someone to liven up a baseball game or cause complete pandemonium in a Spanish class, "Turbo" is our man!

If you're after a friendly discussion, beware of "Turbo"!—he'll convince you that the speed of a projectile is proportional to the density of feathers on a horse's hind leg!

"Turbo" is a good all-round athlete, putting his best into every sport he enters—especially his favourites, tennis, swimming, skiing and baseball. He has been one of the most spirited members of Nelson Division, and was made a P.O. at the beginning of the term.

"Turbo" is off to become an architect at McGill, and we bet that in twenty years the tallest skyscraper in Montreal will be called the "H. P. Turbo Building"!

## FRELEIGH JARDIN FITZ OSBORNE

Home: Montreal, P. Q.  
Educated: Montreal High School.

"Ozzie" has left an indelible picture behind him, for not only did he and his cameras, large and small, record every side of our two-year stay, but we are all convinced that, with the trials of a jet-propelled racing car on the quarterdeck, "Oz" has chalked up a first in the annals of Royal Roads!

Not an outstanding athlete, "Ozzie" nevertheless does his best. Having little trouble with his school work, he is able to spend a good deal of time on his various hobbies.

Being one of the few to have successfully mastered our somewhat temperamental movie projector, he has willingly submitted to this task throughout the year.

With "Ozzie's" decision to become a "good Queen's man" in the field of maths and physics, we know that science has gained a valuable asset.

# DIVISION

## CADET PETTY OFFICER JOHN ROBERT YOUNG

Home: Kelowna, B. C.

Educated: Kelowna High School.

Robbie, one of the more serious members of the Term, was at all times ready to uphold his opinions, especially when non-believers doubted the superiority of the Okanagan apple.

In his Senior year he made the "B" Team rugby scrum, playing a good game all season and leading many forward rushes against the opponents. He ably represented his Division in soccer, sailing and boat-pulling, and played for the College in cricket at various times. He came to Royal Roads with a great keenness for sailing, especially in small boats, with the result that he was one of the first in the Term to get all his boating stars in his Junior year.

Last September Robbie's younger brother joined the College, making the first time that two brothers have attended Royal Roads in the same year.

Robbie has always been set upon entering the R.C.N., and we are sure that his keenness and nautical knowledge will pull him up to the top in the Service!

## JEAN PEPIN POITRAS

Home: Montreal, P. Q.

Educated: Mount Saint Louis College.

Jean came to the College from Montreal, and although he has been enjoying the glories of the West for two years, he is still looking forward to returning.

Jean has made quite a name for himself as a member of several teams. Foremost among these is the ski team, on which he is a slalom and downhill expert. Jean also excels in tennis, and did very well in the tournaments this year and last. He greatly added to Nelson's fund of points, particularly in swimming, diving, and the cross-country race.

He is one of the Gunroom's many music lovers, and can always be found beside the radio curled up with a good book.

Jean is headed for an Engineering course at the University of Montreal, after which he will go into business for himself. Best of luck to you on Civvy Street, Jean!

## HENRY BRUCE WEBB SHEASBY

Home: Redcliff, Alta.

Educated: Redcliff High School.

Bruce has been the Term's greatest clown ever since his advent to the College! He brought laughs when they were desperately needed with his imitations of people and things, or with his dancing displays which he performed on request, and he retained his place among the liveliest sparks at a Gunroom party right up to the end. His singing, while also being a source of mirth, gave him a name as one of the best singers of the College and vicinity.

Despite Bruce's tiny size, he had tons of drive in rugby and soccer, and was a catcher of much renown for Nelson Division's softball club. He also reached the top in .22 shooting.

He has a very enjoyable hobby, that of sleeping: when not occupied at this, Bruce spent many moments writing letters to half the girls in Medicine Hat and other places. He loved hanging around the piano with hopes that the "Choral Society" would begin operating, and when it did, he would introduce a new song or harmony.

Bruce has been R.C.N.-minded from the very first. We can safely say that, no matter where he goes in his future career, it will be a happy ship—or he'll make it so!

## GEORGE ROBERT CHURCHILL SIRCOM

Home: Halifax, N. S.

Educated: Rothesay Collegiate School.

"Great Scott! You can't do a single thing around here without getting picked up; and to think that that bumpkin..." Thus begins another of "Buck's" good-natured gripes about the "efficiency" of various transient Cadet Captains and Petty Officers, who caused him no end of woe.

Famous for his frank opinions and comical imitations, "Buck" has always remained in the limelight by virtue of his semi-formal dress of sporty brown spats. Rumour has it that they were seen even in "B" Team's scrum, which is quite possible, since "Buck" was always in the middle of it.

Being a Bluenose, "Buck's" main interest is sailing, but being a Bluenose in itself seems to entail a great deal of responsibility in the form of dispensing propaganda! He was once heard to exclaim, amid many defamatory shouts, that "Canada extends Eastward from the Isthmus of Chignecto." He has even been known to produce a few coercive pamphlets about his native province!

"Buck" pays allegiance to the R.C.N., and with his inexhaustible supply of quaint sayings and irrepressible humour we know that he will go far!

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# RODNEY

CADET CAPTAIN  
WALTER BENEDICT TILDEN

Home: Westmount, P. Q.

Educated: Westmount High School.

Walter joined our Term at the halfway mark last September, having completed a year at McGill after his Junior year at R.C.N.C. Despite the disadvantage of being a stranger in our midst, it was not long before he became conspicuous in Gunroom circles, especially among the potential Culbertsons. If engaged in a game of bridge, Walter is probably telling some innocent player about the great life at McGill, or else peddling them anything from a second-hand hat to a pair of Wellingtons.

His main interests are in golf and ski racing. At both he is outstanding.

A member of Hawkins Division and the Chief Cadet Captain during the fourth term, Walter participates in all divisional sports, and had very much to do with the winning of the inter-divisional swimming meet by Hawkins. In the final term he was changed to Rodney Division as a Cadet Captain.

Next autumn Walter will be entering McGill in third year Commerce, and we know he will climb to the top.

## NORMAN CRAIG BALSON

Home: Noranda, Que.

Educated: Noranda High School.

With his friendly, likeable personality, outstanding ability as an all-round athlete and as a fine singer, who could ever forget "Bals"?

Trotting a mean 100 yards, "Bals" equalled the College record in that event, and together with all kinds of drive, his speed won him an envied position on "A" Team in his final year.

It was a sorry day if the early morning stillness was not broken by melody à la "Bals"; and we would indeed feel something was amiss if a year passed without him spending a good part of it in company with a plaster cast!

With a softball in hand, "Bals" is a deadly man (any locker-room window will vouch for that!), and he is one of our most determined tennis players.

At the same time a classroom strong-man and a leader in his Division, Craig well deserved his appointment as a Cadet Captain in the second term.

Though "Bals" himself admits that his sea legs tend to be a little bit undependable at times, we wish him the best of everything in becoming our first graduate to enter the Ordnance Branch of the R.C.N.

## DONALD GRAY CURRIE

Home: Toronto, Ont.

Educated: University of Toronto Schools.

Don is our outstanding individualist, a quiet man with certain fixed ideas. When these ideas differ from those held by the rest of Term he is descended upon in full force until one or other of the two factions give in. In spite of all this, however, Don is a very unselfish member when a big issue arises, and he has been the backbone of much of our Term spirit.

He is often found in the Gunroom keeping up his correspondence with numerous acquaintances, many of whom were made on his bus tours between Royal Roads and his native Toronto.

As confirmed by the periodicals and booklets found in the Gunroom, Don has announced his intentions of studying Chemical and Petroleum Engineering at the University of Toronto next fall.

Best of luck in your chosen career, Don!

## ERNEST McCUBBIN

Home: Calgary, Alberta.

Educated: Calgary Central High School.

If ever you venture to Royal Roads and meet a ghost walking on his hands and singing "The Man I Love," a fair guess would be that good old Ernie is playing tricks again.

Among many activities at the College, Ernie used to charm us on Sunday afternoons with his violin and his songs characteristic of the rolling lands where cattle "grow."

Ernie gave his share to the communal life of the College by cutting hair in his leisure (we don't show ourselves in town very often anyway!).

We always think of him as the man who will give you a cigarette or pillow fight with the same willingness.

Very good at all sports, Ernie was a star of "A" Team, and contributed greatly to the success of his Division. A great swimmer, he was rarely seen without his bathing suit. To his ability in all sports Ernie added many academic successes and was considered one of the "brains" of the Term.

With all these qualities we can be sure that Ernie will do well in the Electrical Branch of the Navy, which he has chosen as his career.

# DIVISION

## CADET PETTY OFFICER JAMES HENRY WOODMAN KNOX

Home: Toronto, Ont.  
Educated: Upper Canada College.

If you want to find Jim, look first in the Gunroom to see if he is engrossed in his usual game of bridge; if he is not there you might wander over to what he terms his "office." Jim, as Editor of the LOG, treasures the office he shares with the Navigation Department, and is often found there gazing through a thick haze of smoke at an assortment of newly-written articles on his desk.

The LOG is not "xonK's" only achievement; he is one of the College's better swimmers, and plays a fast game of rugger for "A" Team. Jimmy, as Petty Officer of Rodney Division, deserves much praise for his prowess on the soccer field and the baseball diamond.

Next year Jim plans to go to Keyham to study Naval Engineering, then later to specialize in Construction.

Best of luck as a "Plumber," Jim, we all know you will do well!

## VERNON ALEXANDER HOLT MURISON

Home: Vancouver, B. C.  
Educated: Lord Byng High School.

Vern hails from the city of Vancouver, which is reason enough for his broad sense of humour. He has been a prominent member of the band and also a duty bugler, or "How to Lose Friends and Alienate People at 0630."

With his ever-present camera, "Murch" pursues his favourite hobby, photography. The efforts of his talent have been put to good use in the LOG, for which he is Photographic Editor. It's amazing what can develop in a dark room, eh, "Murch"?

"Murch" at one time excelled in Field Training, and quickly became the "apple of the G.I.'s eye." Murison! Buck up!

Sports are popular with this spry young man, and he has done well in them all. Tumbling, swimming, cross-country running, and tennis are his favourites.

Permanent force is his destiny, and he claims it's all because he drank salt water instead of milk when he was a "wee" lad! "Murch" takes with him our best wishes for a very happy and successful career in the R.C.N.

## JEAN MAJORIC PROVOST

Home: Montreal, P. Q.  
Educated: Stanislas College.

We have found in "Jenny" a wonderful combination of humour, mischief, and good sportsmanship. Due to his apparently spring-loaded legs (high coefficient of restitution), and his practice of jumping about in utter defiance of gravity, we gave him the affectionate title of "Marsupial."

During his stay at the College he proved outstanding in sports, playing a good game of rugger as hook on our "B" Team, being active in tumbling and swimming, and winner of the welterweight boxing championship in his first year. He found time to be one of our best amateur photographers; he is known to eat carrots secretly in order to see better in the dark room.

"Jenny" has won much fame in inter-dorm warfare, and has yet to back out of a pillow fight! Despite this warlike nature, "Marsup" has made many friends because of his "happy-go-lucky" and pleasant disposition.

He professes to know little about his next move, but our guess is that at some future date the middle name of a Montreal lawyer will be "Marsupial."

## PETER LLOYD SHIRLEY

Home: Cochrane, Ont.  
Educated: St. Andrew's College.

If you ever had girl troubles, needed a cigarette or a loan of some money, Peter was the person to see. His prime interest was the Term, and he worked hard and long in leading us to a happier and fuller life.

In spite of his philanthropic ideals, Peter proved to be a wild man on the rugger and soccer fields, and he got off excused-duty with a sprained thumb to go into the ring and capture the lightweight boxing championship. He was also noted for his many one-handed catches in softball.

Peter's knowledge of six foreign languages was phenomenal; anything from surprising a Chinese waiter to translating the Norwegian Bible proved easy going for him.

His interest in the Term led to his having what we think is the finest collection of photographs of life at the College. His albums will be a necessary part of future reunions.

You're O.K., Peter!

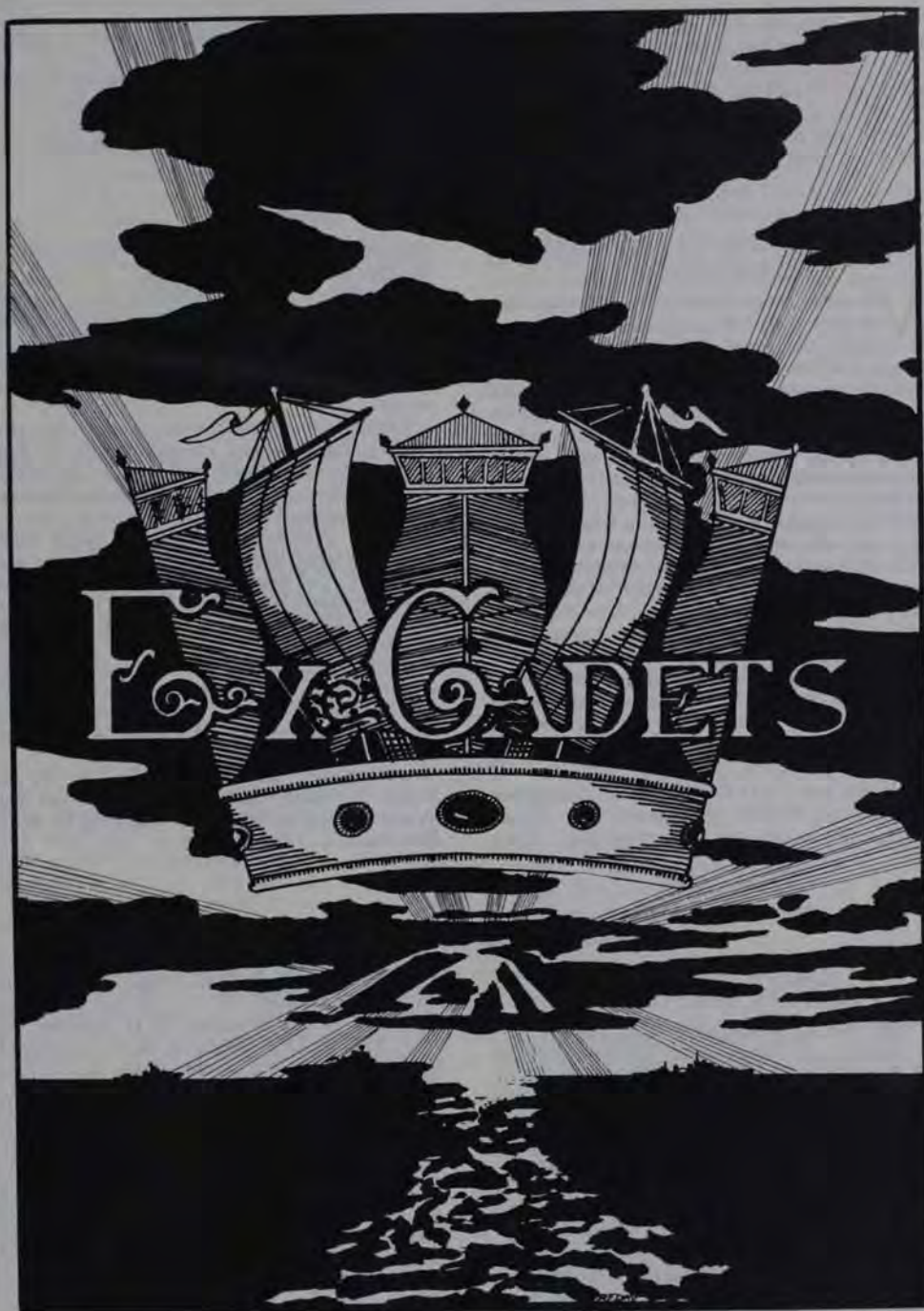
1946-1948





## *Graduating Class* \* \* HOME ADDRESSES

ANDREW	108 Duncan Avenue, Kirkland Lake, Ont.
ATWOOD	Box 1717, Vernon, B. C.
BALSON	c/o Noranda Mines, Noranda, P. Q.
BOOTH	336 Victoria Park Avenue, Toronto, Ont.
BRIDGMAN	Christmas Hill, R. R. 3, Victoria, B. C.
BRIERE	8655 Rue St. Denis, Montreal, P. Q.
CARPENTER	4601 King Edward Avenue E., Montreal, P. Q.
COSTIN	P. O. Box 460, Duncan, B. C.
COWLEY	404 Laurier Avenue E., Ottawa, Ont.
CURRIE	290 Riverside Drive, Toronto, Ont.
HILL	8 Maitland Street, Kingston, Ont.
KNOX	44 Avoca Avenue, Toronto, Ont.
LABELLE	660 Hartland Avenue, Outremont, P. Q.
LECKIE	303 Acacia Avenue, Ottawa, Ont.
LOWE	164 Jane Street, Toronto, Ont.
MCALLISTER	632 Victoria Avenue, Westmount, P. Q.
MCBURNAY	312 Lonsdale Road, Toronto, Ont.
MCCUBBIN	214 Twenty-fourth Avenue W., Calgary, Alta.
MCDONALD	Box 149, Peachland, B. C.
MCINTYRE	16 Cordova Avenue, Islington, Toronto 18, Ont.
MALLOCH	301 Bay Street S., Hamilton, Ont.
MILES	160 Victoria Street, London, Ont.
MORRIS	64 Talbot Street W., Leamington, Ont.
MORTON	c/o Provincial Mental Hospital, Brandon, Man.
MURISON	4358 W. Eighth Avenue, Vancouver, B. C.
OSBORNE	5426 Clanranald Avenue, Montreal, P. Q.
PLANT	3024 Breslay Road, Montreal, P. Q.
POITRAS	4189 Northcliff Avenue, Montreal, P. Q.
PRATT	97 Cook Street, Victoria, B. C.
PRICE	249 Laurier Avenue, Quebec City, P. Q.
PROVOST	4800 Lacombe Street, Montreal, P. Q.
ROWLANDS	25 Windsor Avenue, Westmount, P. Q.
SHEASBY	Box 233, Redcliff, Alta.
SHIRLEY	285 Fourth Avenue, Cochrane, Ont.
SIRCOM	273 Tower Road, Halifax, N. S.
SMITH	144 Falstaff Street, Stratford, Ont.
TILDEN	40 Oakland Avenue, Westmount, P. Q.
WATSON	2546 Orchard Avenue, Victoria, B. C.
WHYTE	156 Maple Avenue, Shawinigan Falls, P. Q.
YOUNG	Okanagan Mission, Kelowna, B. C.





## FOREWORD

WE would like to thank all the Ex-Cadets who have spared the time to write to the College, giving us news of themselves and others, and so making the Ex-Cadet section possible. If only more graduates would realize that to keep this section of the LOG intact they themselves must contribute to it. It is now vir-

tually impossible, due to the increasing number of Ex-Cadets, for the Editors of the LOG to keep in contact with all the graduates of Royal Roads unless they themselves co-operate by sending in newsy articles. Remember this is the Ex-Cadet section of the LOG, and it depends on the Ex-Cadets for its support.

### ATKINSON WRITES FROM H.M.S. "VENGEANCE"

WE sailed from Halifax in "Warrior" on August 2nd. We assumed Mishipmen's duties on board during the crossing, and I might add here that the entire eight days from Halifax to Greenock were spent in almost dead calm (much to our delight). We remained on board "Warrior" in Greenock until she sailed on August 22nd. Our gunnery courses were due to commence on September 1st, so that left us with ten days' leave. Many of us spent our time in Scotland, eventually ending up in London. We saw many of our seniors, Manore, Lewis, etc., while in London. They are all Acting Sub-Lieutenants awaiting their September courses at Greenwich.

Our appointments were confirmed during our leave, and by September 1st we were at Devonport commencing our one month gunnery course. The course was quite interesting, and made slightly easier by what we had taken at the College. During that time we were accommodated in H.M.S. "Renown."

McLean and I left Devonport on September 21st to join H.M.S. "Vengeance" at Portsmouth. We sailed the following day. Two

days out, two squadrons flew on while we were in the Clyde area. We then proceeded to Greenock. It was Admiralty's intention that "Vengeance" would do operational exercises with the British Pacific Fleet, but this was cancelled. Soon our orders came through that we were to go to Hong Kong as a troopship and return.

Finally, on October 31st, we set out, after loading supplies and reserve aircraft at King George the Fifth Dock in Glasgow, for Malta. While en route, we were two days at Gibraltar, ten at Malta—Grand Harbour—one day at Port Said, three hours at Suez, one day at Aden, and now three days here at Trincomalee. According to our programme we will be in Hong Kong by December 23rd, for both Christmas and New Year's Day, and then back to the U.K. by early March.

We are doing well in "Vengeance," learning a lot, and having a good time. Of the twenty-two in the Gunroom, nine are Canadians—seven Officer Candidates from "Uganda," McLean and myself.

During our travels we met Ellis, Ratcliffe and Noble in Malta, and then yesterday we met Wales, who is in "Norfolk," carrying C. in C., East Indies.

## NEWS AND NOTES

### TORONTO MEETING EASTERN CANADA DISTRICT

THE evening of Saturday, April 10th, 1948, marked the occasion of the first Annual Reunion Dinner of the Ontario Division of the Ex-Cadet Club. The dinner was held at the University Club in Toronto and was well attended, there being thirty-three Ex-Cadets and Ex-Staff of both Naval Colleges present.

Those present were Commodore G. R. Miles, O.B.E., R.C.N.; Capt. A. F. Musgrave, R.C.N.; Capt. E. C. Sherwood, R.C.N.; Capt. E. T. C. Orde, V.D., R.C.N. (R) Ret.; K. G. B. Ketchum, Cdr., R.C.N. (R) Ret.; P. B. Hughes, Lt.-Cdr. (E), R.C.N. (R) Ret.; J. Rowland, Lt.-Cdr., R.C.N. (R), Ret.; J. R. Chipman,

J. F. Howard, W. P. MacLachlan, I. D. Townley, J. D. Hunter, W. A. McFarland, R. J. Nurse, D. B. McCrimmon, D. H. Wishart, M. F. J. A. Ney, D. P. Sabiston, R. G. Leckey, D. C. Harrison, A. H. Zimmerman, J. T. DesBrisay, F. D. Prouse, J. B. Jackson, W. C. McPhillips, P. B. Heaton, H. L. Frost, J. L. Wightman, E. J. Cosford, D. R. Dymont, J. S. Ker, R. G. Lanning, and R. A. Wisener.

Prior to the serving of dinner, a short period of time was given over to mustering at the bar for the purpose of renewing old friendships. This was followed by a meal which left nothing to be desired either in quality or in quantity. With the serving of coffee and a round, the dinner was then called to order to discuss some business directly concerned with the College.



J. R. Chipman, in the capacity of Vice-President of the Eastern Canada District, chaired the meeting and there were three main topics under discussion. The primary topic had to do with the future outlook of the College and the Ex-Cadet Club with regard to the plan for setting up Tri-Service Colleges at Royal Roads and at the Royal Military College at Kingston. The discussion centred around a speech which Commodore Miles made, in which he outlined the steps which had been taken up to date towards setting up a policy for the Tri-Service Colleges.

The second topic of discussion was the election of an executive or steering committee, whose main duty would be to organize and gather information for a business meeting in the fall. The following were elected:

Capt. E. T. C. Orde, R.C.N. (R) Ret.,

J. F. Howard,

J. T. DesBrisay.

The final business of the meeting was given over to discussion of the proposal to divide the Eastern Canada District into two units—the Ontario Division and the Quebec Division. After much controversy, particularly over the question of which Division Ottawa should come under, it was decided to refrain from making a definite resolution until the fall meeting.

The dinner and meeting were adjourned at about 10 p.m., with the general opinion being that it had been a successful and enjoyable evening.

#### MONTREAL MEETING EASTERN CANADA DISTRICT

A business meeting of the Montreal Division of the Royal Canadian Naval College Ex-Cadet Club was held on board H.M.C.S. "Donnacora" at 2030 on the 26th February, 1948, the executive being: Lt. (S) R. A. Stikeman, R.C.N. (R); Tim Creery, R. S. Hampson. The following were present: C. G. Kingsmill; C. T. Teakle, Instr. Lt.-Cdr. R.C.N. (R) Ret.; G. H. Bjorklund, Instr. Lt. Cdr. R.C.N. (R), Ret.; J. R. M. Kilpatrick, G. D. Hughson, P. H. Skelton, A. M. Leacock, D. C. Mather, R. H. Mullan, P. R. D. MacKell, Paul Samson, W. A. Tetley, F. W. White, J. P. Brais, G. T. Fulford, J. I. McGibbon, R. W. Smith, J. A. Brenchley, G. N. M. Currie, K. D. B. Carruthers, E. B. M. S. Reford, H. E. Thomas, E. J. Lattimer, J. P. Fisher, and J. G. Ireland.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. Stikeman, who introduced Mr. Kingsmill, of the Royal Naval College of Canada, and welcomed him to the meeting of the Club. A letter from the Honourable G. C. Marler was then read to the gathering by Mr. Stikeman. Mr. Marler pointed out in his letter that a small amount of work on the part of each member, coupled with

enthusiasm for the Club, would prevent its dissolution.

This was followed by a discussion as to the future of the Ex-Cadet Club. After various views had been expressed and debated by the members, it was proposed that a Joint Services Cadet Colleges Ex-Cadet Club be formed and that the Montreal Division become a part of it. The motion was carried by a majority vote.

A discussion was then carried out as to whether the Eastern Canada District of the Ex-Cadet Club should be divided into two separate divisions or not. It was felt that in view of the size, both numerically and physically, of this district that it should be divided into two divisions centred in Montreal and Toronto. As passed by the meeting, the two divisions are:

(1) the Montreal Division, consisting of the Province of Quebec and the city of Ottawa, and (2) the Toronto Division, made up of the remainder of the Province of Ontario.

It was decided by the meeting that an efficient system should be set up for the entertainment of Ex-Cadets passing through Montreal. "Key men" from each term are elected from the Ex-Cadets whose permanent residence is in Montreal. These men are to keep an accurate record of the addresses and telephone numbers of Ex-Cadets of their term in the division. This affords any Ex-Cadets passing through Montreal an opportunity to get in touch with any Ex-Cadet residing in the Montreal Division. The key men were elected as follows: R.N.C.C., C. G. Kingsmill; Term of '43, R. A. Stikeman; Term of '44, J. G. Ireland; Term of '45, P. Samson; Term of '46, G. P. Fisher; Term of '47, E. B. N. S. Reford.

#### WEDDING

GERMAN-LEY — Twenty-seventh of March, 1948, at Christ Church Cathedral, Victoria, Sage, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Richard Ley, of Victoria, to Lieutenant A. B. C. German, R.C.N.

#### HERE AND THERE

Coté, Joy, MacLean and Wiggs will soon be going to "Stadacona" to receive training in Operational Flying. Meanwhile Coté and Wiggs are in "Antigonish," MacLean is in "Ontario," and Joy is in "Cayuga."

Fox is now in training to become a pilot at the R.C.A.F. Station, Centralia.

Cockeram is now a Lieutenant in "Swansea," having recently transferred to that ship from "Nootka."

Chassels, Leighton, Shaw, Smith, Wade and Gambin have joined "Magnificent" since her arrival in Canada.

Manning is now attached to "Naden," having just recently left Royal Roads:



Murphy is now a Lieutenant (P) in H.M.S. Fulmar.

Jones was married recently in Calgary. He will be returning to England shortly to qualify as an aero-engineer.

May is now on his long (C) course at "Stadacona." He became the father of a son in early December.

German is at present at "Naden," but will be leaving next fall for "Niobe" to take his long (G) course.

Tetley and Cornell are in "Haida" while doing their summer training.

Common is returning to McGill next fall to take Psychology, after completing his pre-Medical courses at Oxford.

Tucker is now a Lieutenant (S) here at Royal Roads in the capacity of Captain's Secretary.

Roberts is now in "Magnificent."

Niven is now in "Swansea."

Crombie has recently become attached to "Naden" for duty with the Reserve Training Commander.

R. W. Cocks and Walls are at present in "New Liskeard."

Manore and Martin are now acting Sub-Lieutenants in "Athabaska" on their way to the West Coast.

Pearce and Osborne at present are in "Nootka," while Brown and Lewis are in "Swansea."

Dunbar and Donald have returned to Canada on completing their Sub's courses to join the frigate "Portage."

Hughes, Fulton and Titus are stationed on the East Coast in "Haida," while Ker is in "New Liskeard."

Campbell and Peers are now in "Antigonish," aiding the flood-relief work on the Fraser River.

Norton and McCullagh are in "Cayuga," stationed at Esquimalt.

Costar is at present in Warrington, England, at H.M.S. Ariel, taking a Radar course.

Creery has finished his first year at McGill, and is doing his summer training aboard "Athabaska" on her trip from Halifax to Esquimalt.

Thomas and Carruthers have just finished their summer training in "Iroquois" and "Swansea," respectively, and have now returned to Montreal.

Toy, having completed his year at U. of T., is spending the summer in France, working for the Massey Harris Company.

Montgomery, who has been with the Navy for the past year as a Reserve Officer, is now doing a Divisional Officers' course at "Stadacona." Bob is planning to return to U. of T. next fall to take up either Law or Medicine.

Cohrs and Smith, both Midshipmen (L), R.C.N., are at H.M.C. Electrical School at "Stadacona" for the summer, after spending the year at U. of T.

Rusk, Hayes, Henley, Murwin, Steel and Emerson have just returned to Canada in the "Magnificent" to join "Ontario" at Esquimalt.

Clarke, Hopkins and Bailey are in their third term at R.N.E.C. They have just returned from a combined instructional and pleasure cruise along the French coast in the College's auxiliary yacht "Gallabad."

Horn has just completed his first year in Engineering at Dawson College, McGill.

Davis and Lambie are now Midshipmen (S) in "Magnificent."

Ker is doing his summer training in "Antigonish," while Graham is in "Ontario."

\* \* \* \*

It has been rumoured that, besides learning history, geography, and international law, students have been taking Spanish in the Spanish class recently.

\* \* \* \*

"All clowns will try a day's sixteen. . .  
Price, are you a clown?"

\* \* \* \*

Seen in the Colonist on May 13th:  
"The Cadets . . . marched by in a cold drizzle."

You could have fooled us; we thought it was in review order.

COLONIST PRESS  
VICTORIA, B. C.

