

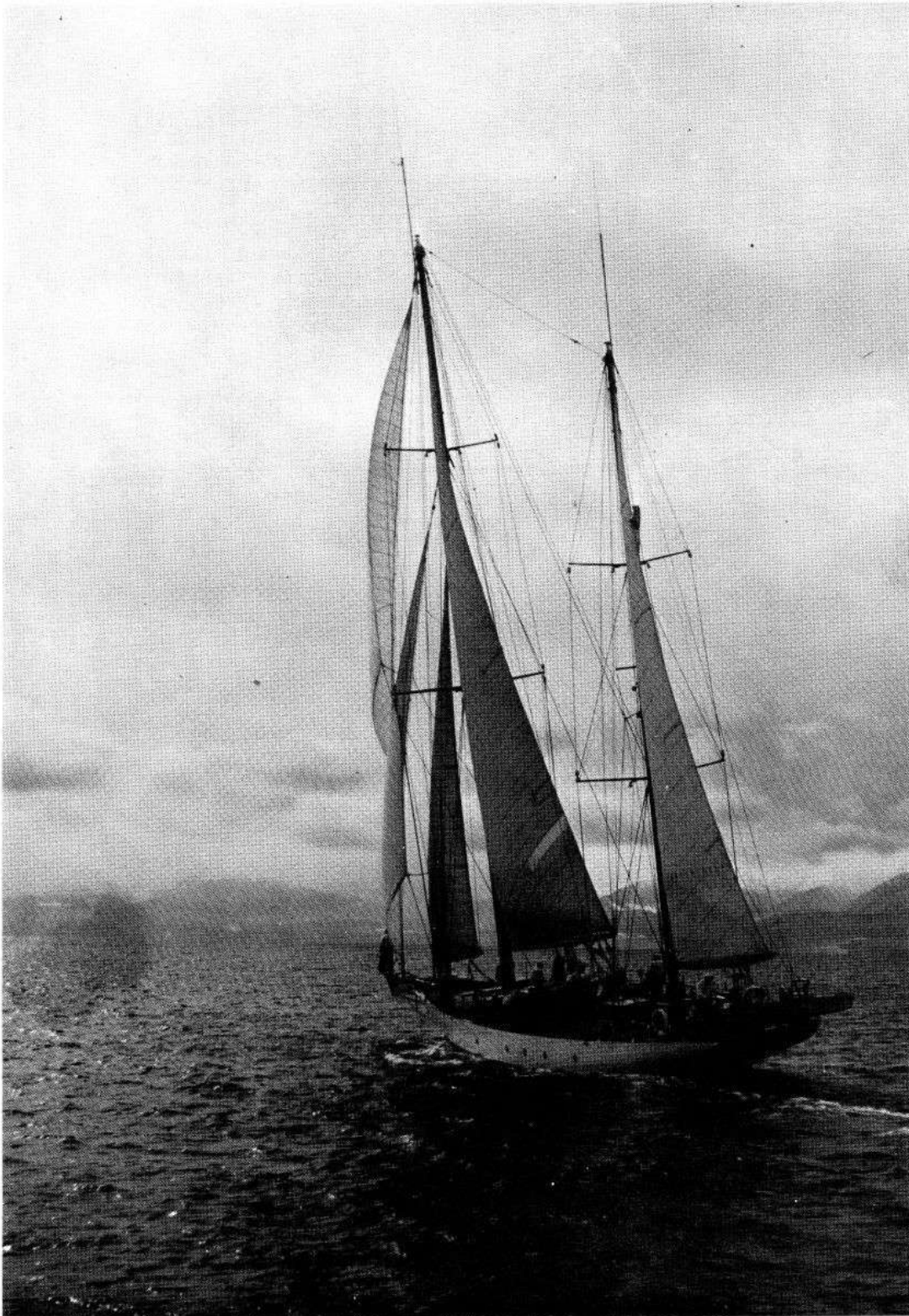
SLT. T. HOPKINS

White Twist

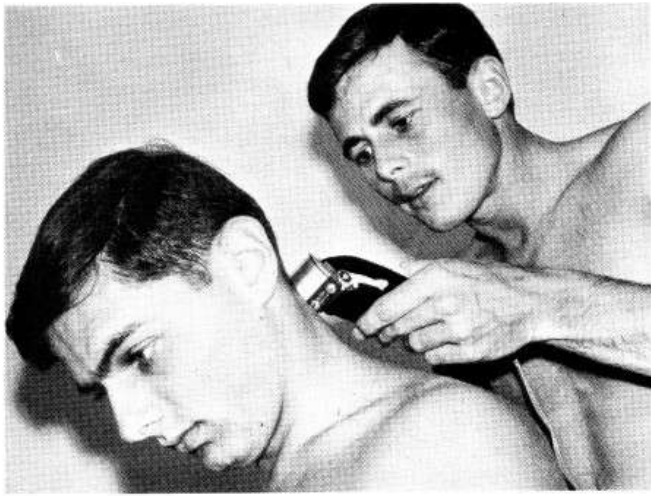
University Naval Training Division

CFB Esquimalt, British Columbia

Final Edition, 1968



HMCS
Oriole



It was the night before CD's



Next time polish your shoe laces



Where did you say you saw that twelve pack?



Call it what you may



Would you believe a Gate Boat with a "gun"?



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THE MARITIME COMMANDER



ADMIRAL J.C. O'BRIEN, C.D., R.C.N.

ADMIRAL O'BRIEN'S MESSAGE TO THE "WHITE TWIST", AUGUST 1968

It is a pleasure for me to contribute to this issue of the "White Twist". Because it is the last issue, however, this pleasure is modified by regret.

The University Naval Training Division is coming to an end. This means of entry and training has provided the service with many good officers, quite a number of whom now serve in the regular force. Canada is also the better for the young men the system has given to the life of business and industry. To help fill the gap left by the U.N.T.D., there will be a programme for the reserve officer training at certain universities commencing this year.

Some of you - a lot of you, I hope - will retain your naval connections and interest through the reserves. You must not think that because one part of the service is ending, that it is the beginning of an end. The state of the world today must leave you no doubt that a requirement exists for the Canadian Armed Forces, and within them, for a navy. In these times, however, of astronauts circling the globe, instant communications, and with the knowledge that the major antagonists in the ideological confrontation have weapons of mass destruction in their arsenals, it must seem old-fashioned to talk about sea lines of communication, or to think in terms of war at sea. But consider the number of times in the last 20 years when sea power has played a major part in the military strategy of the great powers.

Navies give us the flexibility to fight where we wish, denying this freedom of action to the opposition. Navies secure our own land and deny its occupation by those who would possess what is not theirs. In all these ways our navy has made, and is still making, a real and tangible contribution to the free world.

Finally, I would like you to take this message with you wherever you go, and in whatever you do - remember that, while we seek a peaceful world, we don't live in a climate which hints in any positive way that our guard should be weakened.

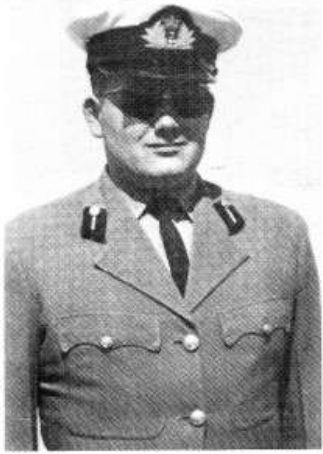
Good-bye to you of the U.N.T.D. Thank you for your contribution and good luck to you all.



Editor's Foreword

This year marks the end of the UNTD program, and we of the Staff have tried to assemble a Yearbook worthy of marking the demise of the UNTD program. As this is the final edition of the "White Twist" it will be the one most often looked back upon. The production was greatly hindered by the postal strike which cut off our means of communication outside Victoria, but through an extra effort by Tom Markowitz, Bill Garland, Rick Seary, and Dave Buchanan among others, this Yearbook was created. This is the Yearbook of the UNTD Cadets and we of the Staff and program sincerely wish that you enjoy reading it.

T.Z.



ASSOCIATE EDITORS' FORWARD: We agree
with everything Ted has said.
T.M.
B.G.



Staff of the Last

White Twist

1968

TOP ROW: Jachetta, Seary, Monanna, Batt.
FOURTH ROW: Ireland, Cape, Cook, Lawton.
THIRD ROW: Stacey, MacFarlane, Williamson, Siefert, McNichols.
SECOND ROW: Andrews, Dowdell, Hilborn, Beales, Van Den Bosch.
FIRST ROW: Morris, Rudge, Garland, Zinman, Markowitz, Buchanan, Wilson.
MISSING: Collins, Gagnon, Pugh, Stephens, Lt. Stamp, Sgt. Ritchie.





A sailor for over thirty years, Lcdr Bowditch has retired as COMRESTRAINPAC and patron saint of the UNTD Cadets. We must extend both farewell and thanks for the important privileges and facilities he has secured for us. It is he who resurrected the UNTD on the west coast at a time when government austerity had caused the phasing out of its traditional home at Cornwallis. It is he who worked during the winter to find us our quarters and classes at Fleet School, Esquimalt.

LCDR Bowditch joined the RCN at HMCS Naden in 1936 as a boy seaman. He received his commission in 1943 and was promoted to his present rank in 1956. He has been COMRESTRAINPAC since 1966.

Lcdr. William Bowditch

Commander Reserve Training Pacific

1966-1968



Lcdr D.C. Young: OIC UNTD



Lcdr R. Paul: COMRESTRINPAC

UNTD Staff — 1968

Slt. Kuiper (Ojibwa), Slt. Hopkins (Okanagan), Slt. Langlais (Staff Officer Admin.), Slt. Ritchie (Onondaga), Slt. Sorsdahl (Sports), Lt. Elms (Yukon), Lt. Stamp (Staff Officer), Lt. Frewer (Grilse).

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The University Naval Training Division program was introduced by Naval Order 2854 of June 19, 1943 which stated that the units "will be known as University Naval Training Divisions of the university to which attached, short title UNTD".

The UNTD, as it existed from 1943 to 1945, did not much resemble its modern representative. The men entered as Ordinary Seamen or Stokers Second Class on the divisional strength of the various RCNVR divisions, and were dressed as seamen. Training continued during the academic year as originally prescribed for the experimental UNTD at Guelph, (started by Professor A. Baker) but a change came in the summer vacation. Since the whole purpose of the UNTD was to encourage and enable university graduates to enter the navy, students were not called for active service until they graduated except for short courses of training. These lasted two weeks and took place as soon as possible after the term ended so that the students could go on to summer jobs.

Professor Baker's (now a Lieutenant-Commander) first job was to visit universities throughout Canada in cities where Reserve Divisions already existed to arrange for setting up UNTD's. The first visited was the University of Toronto, as it was closest to CORD's headquarters, and indeed, Captain Brock accompanied Baker on this visit to see the "form" and present the naval point of view. However, as Baker had been active in the National Conference of Canadian Universities for years and knew most senior administrative officers of Canadian Universities personally, he was able to appreciate their needs and attitudes. The meeting was successfully concluded within the day, and Baker went on by himself to complete the arrangements with the other universities, not taking more than a day for each. Counting O.A.C. he set up UNT Divisions in sixteen universities and colleges in 1943, and fourteen were in operation before the end of the academic year in May. The others started recruiting in the fall.

When asked for his plans for the future of the UNTD Lcdr. Baker stated: "For peacetime, it is recommended that the UNTD be an integral part of the RCN Division to which attached and that the complement of the UNTD be part of the complement allotted to the RCN Division, and that the training of the UNTD be carried out in exactly the same manner as the RCN Division, with the following exception: that when a member of the UNTD completes his course at the university, either by withdrawing from the university or by graduating, he would go before an Officers Selection Board.

It is felt that the importance of contact with the universities cannot be overemphasized It is considered even if the UNTD formed the majority of the membership of a Division, that it would be fully justified."

After the war ended, Captain Baker returned to civilian life and his career with the Ontario Agriculture College. His relief, Commander C. Herbert Little, RCN (R), was appointed to Naval Headquarters on June 11 and, after a fortnight during which Baker showed him the ropes, he took over the helm as Staff Officer, University Naval Training Division, to the Director of Naval Reserve. If Baker and Brock are responsible for the starting of the UNT Divisions, the credit for their post-war survival and reorganization belongs to Little.

He, naturally, had to deal with the complaints that began to flow into Headquarters, both those that came through naval channels and those from the universities. The latter provoked a request from the Chairman of the National Conference of Canadian Universities Committee on Military Studies, for a statement on UNTD policy. The answer approved by the Naval Board read:

"The Naval Service of Canada considers the University Naval Training Division as an officers Training Programme of four years duration, designed to produce officers for the Royal Canadian Navy and the Royal Canadian Naval Reserve, Active and Retired Lists. This programme is considered to be a continuing function of the Naval Service.

Training will be carried out ashore in H.M.C. Shore Establishments, including Naval Divisions, and in H.M.C. Ships, making the best possible use of all existing facilities."

Meanwhile, after taking over from Baker, Little set out to work to organize the training for the 1946-47 academic year. The training specified included sixty hours of drill and lectures during each academic year, a minimum of two weeks with the Fleet each summer and one full summer of voluntary service. Brief syllabi were laid down for courses in various schools and Reserve Training Commanders were appointed to the depots on each coasts. After graduation from the university and successful completion of the UNTD programme, the officer candidate was eligible for a commission in the RCNR.

The 1948 training season was similar, with men still dressed as seamen and the training syllabus still rather sketchy. The officers concerned, especially the Reserve Training Commanders, had by then a good appreciation of the programme and its potentialities. Their reports contained many recommendations for improvements in the scheme, the most important of which being a complete change in the status of the personnel of the UNT Divisions. They should, was the submission, be promoted to the rank of Cadet, RCNR, and dressed and accommodated as befits subordinate officers.

At this time the Divisions and their tenders were:

HMCS Cabot St. John's, Nfld.	Memorial University
HMCS Queen Charlotte Charlottetown, P.E.I.	Prince of Wales College St. Dunstan's University
HMCS Scotian Halifax, N.S.	Halifax University and Colleges St. Francis Xavier University Mount Allison University Acadia University University of New Brunswick
HMCS Brunswicker St. John, N.B.	
HMCS Montcalm Quebec, Que.	Laval University
HMCS Donnacona Montreal, Que.	McGill University University of Montreal
HMCS Carleton Ottawa, Ont.	University of Ottawa St. Patrick's College Carleton University Queen's University
HMCS Catarauqui Kingston, Ont.	
HMCS York Toronto, Ont.	University of Toronto
HMCS Star Hamilton, Ont.	McMaster University Ontario Agriculture College
HMCS Prevost London, Ont.	University of Western Ontario
HMCS Hunter Windsor, Ont.	Assumption University
HMCS Chippawa Winnipeg, Man.	University of Manitoba
HMCS Unicorn Saskatoon, Sask.	University of Saskatchewan
HMCS Nonsuch Edmonton, Alta.	University of Alberta
HMCS Discovery Vancouver, B.C.	University of British Columbia
HMCS Malahat Victoria, B.C.	Victoria College

A change in the regulations came in 1956 allowing cadets to be promoted to the rank of Acting Sub-Lieutenant after their third year. This was so that students could show some visible mark of progress in the service for, in some courses such as medicine, they might remain cadets for up to seven years. Confirmation in the rank does not come until graduation. Also it was stipulated that fourteen weeks would be the duration of summer training.

Ojibwa

We won! We won! Whoopee-do! Ojibwa, the division with a sense of humour, took the trophy as the best in '68. Of course it was no surprise. From that fateful day in May when our hand-picked team of experts was assembled with the strident cry, "All those who brought baggage with them fall in over here," Ojibwa realized its position as both leader and comedian. Where else have Dowdell, Nurse, and Markowitz ever been assembled in the same place?

Through long hard weeks of courses, through cruises and horror shows of ceremonial guards through slings and arrows of outrageous chicken- - , a divisional spirit was forged. Our first indication of our own strength came with Cruise Alpha, when we thoroughly trounced Grilse Division on all points of seamanship. A new competition, known as the Spa(z) point race, was won by John Ayer for dropping things and falling out

of his Mick. Back we came to the Astro Nav. course with our termie at the helm. The division pulled off the highest average in the UNTD. Our only casualty was our swash-buckling Cadet Captain Tory Colvin who fell prey to a social disease known as "musical chevrons". At last report he was working for a rival company. The men at Chicken Central reached into a hat and decided on a replacement: Bill Celhoffer, a simple worker from Hamilton. Bill screamed, "No!". But it was too late. "Helping Claw" had struck again.

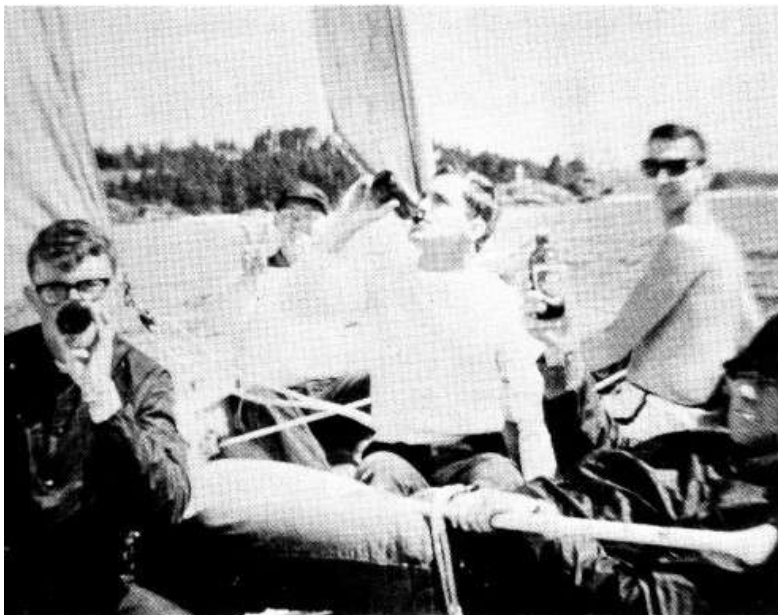
On and on through Fleet School we plodded. Who can ever forget the sleepers we had with Mr. Wallace: final score, eighteen asleep, three awake; or that time we hosed PO Bechtel for the movies he sold to the Gun room; or when Smith fell asleep in the Sonar trainer.

Never before has Calgary been alternately so ridiculously hooted out and so ardently defended. When handed the brown helmet the Calgary boys would defend themselves by falling asleep. Being no dummies, they would eventually fill us in on what the skinny is, really. Still, our divisional joke was Calgary.

Ojibwa became known as a division that takes boys and builds Cadet Captains. During the summer we accumulated and/or graduated a total of four Cadet Captains and three Leading Cadets. Despite the presence of some rather large people in the division we did not fare as well in sports as Grilse. However, we led in organizing the first Gun room party with the nurses, and in providing Gun room furniture on our own initiative (the "Cherchant Affair").

And so, we must come to the end of another summer's activities at this, our happy resort hotel by the sea. In closing, a few words from our Cadet Captain, a friendly father figure, "Alright, you people, Wakey Wakey. Let's hustle those buns!".

T.M.





FRONT ROW, Left to Right: C/C Zinman, Moist, Hilborn, C/C Celhoffer, SLT Kuiper, C/C Dowdell, MacFarlane, Buchanan, L/C Stacey.
 CENTRE ROW: Ayer, Gamache, Marshall, Perry, Markowitz, Smith.
 REAR ROW: Rabatich, Clement, Houle, Mohanna, Belanger, Rudge, Jonassen.
 ABSENT: Nurse, Carlson, Roy.



Grilse

“Up the Grilse”, was the famous cry heard throughout the summer, and all the other divisions shuddered with fear when they heard this battle cry. Grilse division was the mightiest not only on the sports fields but also in any Gun room activities. Grilse’s men may have been small but we were wiry and never-diminishing enthusiasm, we excelled in all sports.

At inter-divisional sports such as “body-surfing” and “wall-bouncing contests” our leadership qualities were amplified. Such participants as “Tricky Troubridge”, “Grosser Lawton”, “the Polacks”, “hockey-star Gallant”, and of course our C/C made our summer enjoyable no matter how dull the moment was. An enormous hand goes to divisional organizers such as Hadley, Bathurst, Morris, Shaw and “Ski”.

On our cruise around beautiful B.C.’s Vancouver Island we stopped in many stimulating ports and all enjoyed the local legions. Although our quarters were excessively cramped we still managed to have a good time even when the waves were too high. The West coast of Vancouver Island especially Long Beach, was liked by our French Canadian Cadets, who continually returned to see more of this scenic spot, sometimes going AWOL to do it – but nothing could come between them and nature.

I am sure that all in our division would like to thank everyone for truly one of the best summers of our lives. So as “Wheels” keeps moving and the “ ‘Big G’ keeps rolling along” we say so long and may we meet again.

A.J.B.



Good News!



FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Beaudet, Garland, Gallant, Wilson, Lt. Frewer, Morris, Beales, Van den Bosch, Bathurst.
 CENTRE ROW: Bishop, Leuschen, Kowaleski, Troubridge, Shaw, Lawton, McNichols.
 REAR ROW: C/C McAllister, Williamson, Gagnon, Boronowski, Ouellet, Cape, Mercier, L/C Wheeler.



Onondaga

Herewith is recounted the tale of Onondaga Division – surely the most maligned group of heroes since the days of Horatio. This tale, never before revealed to the public, can now be published openly to protect the identity of the individuals comprising this magnificent body, although most of the names have been mis-spelled.

Onondaga Division began the year with a fast number (sung to the tune of musical chevrons) called Astro-Nav. The Administration in all its wisdom saw fit to give the division a rest after this gruelling course. Accordingly the division went down to the sea in boats and spent two days anchored at Swiftsure Bank. It was here on the high seas that individuals like Mugga Wiltshire and Birdman Bonnell showed the true mettle of this group during Black Saturday and the Rebirth. (by the way, who filled Haysom's boots?) The Administration, in a moment of weakness and shortsighted planning, then sent Onondaga's heroes to Portland. The division narrowly escaped annihilation at the hands of the Amazon-like female inhabitants. Bravely our heroes charged ashore every day and carefully, wearily they returned next morning. After four days of Rest and Recuperation these veterans were recalled to Canada and sent to storm the walls of Comox air base. This they did in short order, setting up H.Q. in the Officers' Mess bar and games room. Having secured a beachhead, Onondaga left mopping up operations to her cowardly sister divisions, and returned to Victoria.

After Astro, Fleet School posed no problems to this crew, and they turned their thoughts to more exciting fields like trying to find girls in Victoria who could stay out after 9 p.m.

Onondaga's last divisional party of the year occasioned another first – motorcycle speed trials in the halls of South Block.

HEROES' ROLL CALL

“Hace” – handsome Bill, rallyist extraordinaire, Division organizer and Skulker, noted for his penchant for fuses and his

super coolness.

“Plastic House” – Dr. Deernsted, the divisional medic who kept his surgeon's tools in the battery space of his suitcase-sized radio.

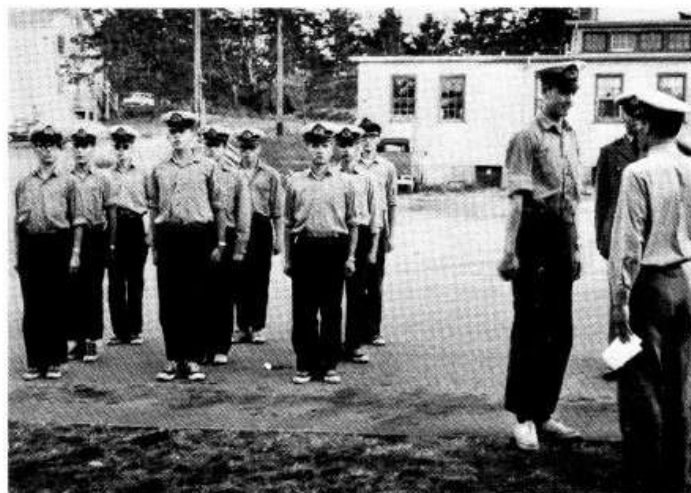
“Army” – his fantastic beer breast stroke overwhelmed everyone.

“Von Sief” – super sport and mafia contact instrumental in the procuring of Jenny Lee.

“Dooley” – the pint-sized powerhouse who passed review boards as most heroes pass morning inspection.

“Creaker” – noted for his alertness in class and skill in handling his half-ton truck.

“Hungry Bait” – forever wearing blue jeans while putting new words into old songs.



“Hughes” – P.J. who has enough eyebrows for the rest of the division, is still looking for a piece of frozen rope.

“Christian Rogers” – ace motorcyclist whose name is here spelled correctly for the only time during his entire association with the UNTD.

“Rabbit” – whose reaction to flush handles can only be excused by virtue of the fact that he comes from Halifax.

L.C.



FRONT ROW, Left to Right: C/C Mackay, Hughes, McInerney, Villeneuve, SLT Ritchie, Barrette, Deernstead, Start, Ross.
SECOND ROW: Bonnell, Armstrong, Rogers, Audy, Cornett, Andrews.
THIRD ROW: Stehelin, Walsh, Wiltshire, Lariviere, Dauphinee.
FOURTH ROW: Creak, Siefert, L/C Curry, Doody.
REAR ROW: Haysom, Batt.



Okanagan

Early in the summer of 1968, twenty-five above average UNTD's were banded together to form the much-lauded division OKANAGAN. Some of us were old friends, others new acquaintances, but all of us keen beyond adequate description, and prepared to work together as a dynamic, ever-achieving unit.

OKANAGAN first showed herself to be a pace-setter when her sons originated the "hole in the wall" craze which swept the organization in epidemic proportions. Let it be known that Logan and Saxton were the first to savour the thrill of crunching plaster, and that Ward, Carroll, DeMeulemeester, Allard, Jachetta, and Charles carried the division's colours with distinction in the drive to "bust a better hole".

Somehow, OKANAGAN developed a reputation as a "horror show" division, possibly as a result of the famous "White Rat Incident" for which her sons were much too unassuming to take credit, although the windows in our heads were sealed anyway. Or was it due, at least in part, to the diplomacy shown by (Sea) Cadet Long to the people of Portland, the U.S. Seventh Fleet, and Fifth Canadian Escort Squadron when we entertained the wife of an American guest. Who could blame him because he was intoxicated at the time and not responsible for his actions?

Possibly the Thetis Lake beach party with the surprise ending provided by the constabulary had something to do with establishing OKANAGAN's name. Much thanks to Cook and Hart for their careful planning. OKANAGAN's success as a sports division was very well-known. Collins, Bouvier, Sabey, Sauners and Seary were the maintaining force behind our reputation for never winning an event. Leonard and Vallee were the only cadets to let the division down by actually trying to win games.

But enough of OKANAGAN's many feats. Let us meet the remaining celebrities of the division: for instance, Stewart who shrugged off derision like water off a Duck's back; or his roommate, Stephens, either an avid

souvenir hunter or a kleptomaniac.

When a date (or twelve) was needed in a hurry, Ireland was the man to see, and when a question needed answering, (seldom wrong) Ellis could always do it.

Then there was Pugh--Pug ha-- who preferred roughing it in a sleeping bag to making his bed, and lastly Villeneuve, a hard man on fire extinguishers.

These then have been the exploits of the heroes of OKANAGAN. There was Bouvier and his traffic jam joke, bad in either English or French. Seary was our candid cameraman who got out of more CD's. Leading Cadet Allard also became our leading bird after his extended trip to Long Beach. Of course he could never match Long's record of close shaves and constant embarrassments. We also had our transplanted Englishman, who sometimes lost so much culture that he passed out in the hall of 0500. Guru Smith could contort himself into some weird shapes.

Our leader, the psychologist had his permanent sick chit to keep him warm, those few nights he was not with Mrs. Robinson, and Master Carroll not only destroyed but he also painted funny English letters all over the walls. Last of all, is our economy-size McGill man with the giant-size name which confounded more PO's.

Read about us and remember that we were the first and the worst in everything. But only OKANAGAN had a Newf for a term lieutenant. "Hoppie" guided us along the paths of righteousness and inspired us with his moral integrity.

R.L.





FRONT ROW, Left to Right: C/C Saunders, Bouvier, Charles, Ellis, SLT Hopkins, Langlais, Logan, Stephens, L/C Allard.
 SECOND ROW: Long, DeMeulemeester, Saxton, Carroll, Smith, Vallee, Pugh.
 THIRD ROW: Hart, Villeneuve, Ward, Cook, Ireland.
 FOURTH ROW: Sabey, Seary, Stewart (Duck), Leonard, Jachetta (Wop), Collins.



Yukon

Yukon Division was not even supposed to exist in the books of CFHQ but due to the early enlistment of the complement at H.M.C.S. Star we mustered twelve bods when we reported for summer training. By the end of the summer this number had dwindled to eight.

We immediately started on a three week intensive navigation course conducted by Lt. Elms and Lt. Weiss. This was interrupted by a side trip to Kingston to get our sea-legs.

On June 3 we set sail for Sarnia, Chicago and Windsor. During this time period we busied ourselves with the usual training of Cadets – swabbing decks, cleaning brass, standing stern lookout, in addition to training as Second Officer of the Watch, Officer of the Watch in evolutions, and often Navigator. These duties gave us an opportunity to see the many various tasks that are necessary to run a ship. In Sarnia and Chicago the usual pursuits of barhopping and girlchasing provided relief from the arduous life aboard ship. Brian Rideout found that American girls pack quite a wallop.

On completion of our cruise we billeted in McMaster University because of a shortage of cabins at G.L.T.C. We slept at a Communications course during the day. During

this period John “the Beard” Laing fell into the clutches of a Lieutenant-Commander and lost the adornment for which he was famed. Bruce Gallagher also had his troubles when the two westerners in our division dumped a bucket of water upon him while he was intertwined with a member of the opposite sex.

Following a short hop west we ended up at C.F.B. Esquimalt, where we were greeted by the second year cadets (a great group of fellows according to an impartial second year man).

Following an AIO and Radar course at Fleet School we journeyed to Colwood to attend N.B.C.D. School. Here we learned all about shoring and Damage Control, getting thoroughly soaked in the process. Lightning Luton found that playing with fire is dangerous. Bob McCartney learned that a plastic pipe repair can hold fifty pounds per square inch, and we all jabbed ourselves with needles to prove our tremendous courage.

Finally Leadership School began with psychoanalysis and boredom the major courses on the syllabus. An inspection by Rear Admiral Charles was followed by a Ball which was noted for its powerful punch (Which was the alcoholic one?) And so ended an interesting and challenging year?!

Anon.





McCartney, Wycliffe, Scott, Luton, McKenzie.
C/C Colvin, Gallagher, Laing, Lt. Elms, Strain, Rideout, L/C Hadley.



First Year Initiation



"The Mind Boggles - Man Bites Dog"

"Forty-five . . . forty-six . . . forty-seven, that's it, Bob. Only forty-seven brassiere lengths from the dais to Navy School . . ."

"Into the annals of history will pass the "Block Day in July" when nine First Year Cadets motored about Victoria in confusion to fulfill the exigencies of a Scavenger Hunt perpetrated by a fiendish-minded Sports Cadet Captain. The purpose of the search was to introduce the novices to the hotspots of the city, and return with documentation that they had been there."

. . . 768 Transit Road; one peanut butter sandwich! you gotta be kidding! ! !

En route, the hunt's interest picked up when its requisites included the female gender and beverages, alcoholic in nature.

The Scavenger Hunt was a veritable chuckle but the COUP DE RESISTANCE was the reception which commenced at 2100. The initiates attired uniquely in #99's (inclement weather in the gunroom gear) set the pace for another Horror Show.

On this occasion, trial by jury in the 18th century could not rival the pomp and ceremony affixed with our gunroom justice. Dressed in his peau-de-sweatshirt and ornate robes glittering with sequin-like brilliance, the judge, High Etherial and Euphoric John, presided



over the proceedings with ubiquitous charm and couth.

The nine grommets, grovelling on their knees in acknowledgement of the vagaries of the Second Years, were subjugated to disparaging comments, cajoling, and the issuance of H₂O and maltus brewum about their very pates.

Ribaldry and skullduggery were climaxed by fun and games in the boat and tunnel races. The Second Years were victorious in the races commensurate with their alacrity, brawn, and the assistance of a burly nurse.

The First Years, rendered despondent by their own ineptitude, retired for the evening in their own suites only to be arisen the next morning by the gentle twirp of wakey-wakey and the pounding in their own heads.

K.J.D.



A UNTD Song

Subbies say I'm a no-count,
Termies say I'm no good,
But I'm just a natural-born slacking cadet,
Doin' what I think I should, poor boy,
Doin' what I think I should.

But I don't give a damn about parade drill or boatwork
Or the OIC's rounds.
Because a pretty wren is all I want
Too bad they're out of bounds, poor boy,
Too bad they're out of bounds.

When I was a little baby,
My mother said: "Hey, Son! A lot of boys have joined the UNTD.
I hope you won't be one, poor boy,
I hope you won't be one."

And I don't give a damn
About Duty Watch musters
Or that morning PT
'Cause a case of beer and a good guitar
Are the only things been good to me, poor boy,
The only things been good to me.

When I got into High School,
My girlfriend said to me
You better not go away and leave me alone
By joinin' the UNTD, poor boy,
By joinin' the UNTD.

And I don't give a damn
About the School girls in Digby
Or my girlfriend back home,
Because a pretty wren is all I want
Too bad I got to leave them alone, poor boy,
Too bad I got to leave them alone.

When I finally got to college,
I joined the UNTD

And you may search all over this world
But you'll find nobody sadder than me, poor boy,
You'll find nobody sadder than me.

And I don't give a damn about ceremonial divisions,
Or my final exams,
Because a pretty wren and a pint of beer
Are the only things that I understand, poor boy,
The only things that I understand.

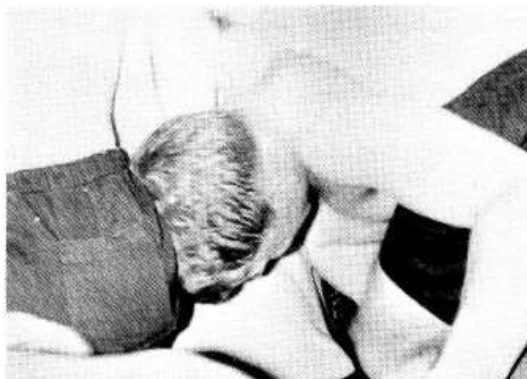
Now with just a few weeks to go
'Fore I become a Subbie,
I'm hustlin' the girls at Willows Beach
In Victoria B.C., poor boy,
Victoria B.C.

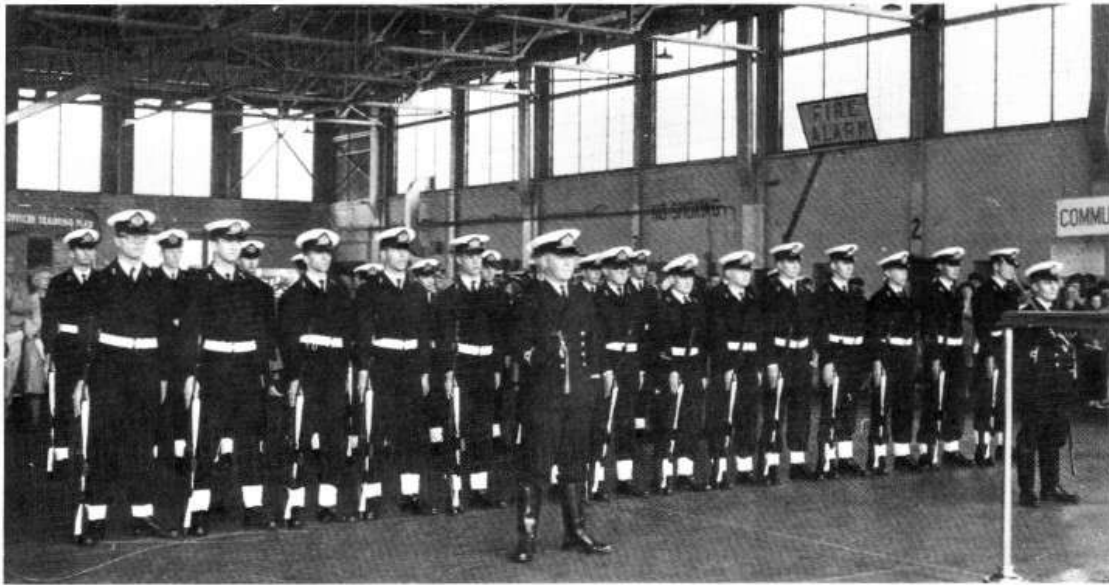
And I don't give a damn
About Donald Duck
Or my C.C.C.
'Cause Witty's Lagoon and a liquor store
Are never out of reach, hoot, hoot,
Are never out of reach.

Every mornin' 'fore the sun comes up
Hear that Johnny yell:
"Markers fall in, now carry on."
Won't you go to hell, poor boy,
Won't you go to hell.

And I don't give a damn about charges laid,
Or that ROB,
No matter what they try to cook up,
I've always got Old V, poor boy,
I've always got Old V.

R. Bonnell





On that dark dreary day the sun was shining, but to 50 cadets the world had ended. Daily orders had ordered those cadets to their doom. They were the GUARD! Shock, disbelief, general fainting now occurred. But this wasn't the end. At our first practice "The Duck" was named first guide -- general outcry was quickly shut down by the PO. Cadets must rise against this horror show. But no, we'd been too efficiently brainwashed. Mutiny did not occur. HE was our guide. Then -- oh no! Blackie was our centre marker front rank, the key man; maw gawd, what next? Dress off the nose of the next man? How about the protuberance around waist level? Next came a series of unintelligible orders at which we were supposed to move, I think, from three ranks to two., to the open order, together again, present arms and all sorts of normal actions -- the

sort of thing every cadet loves doing.

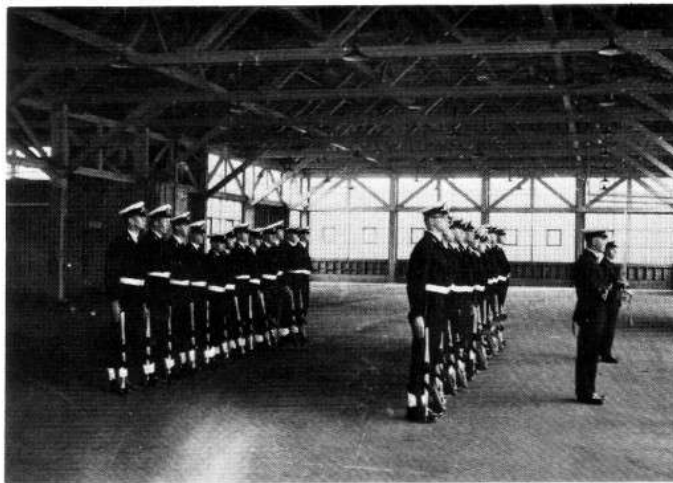
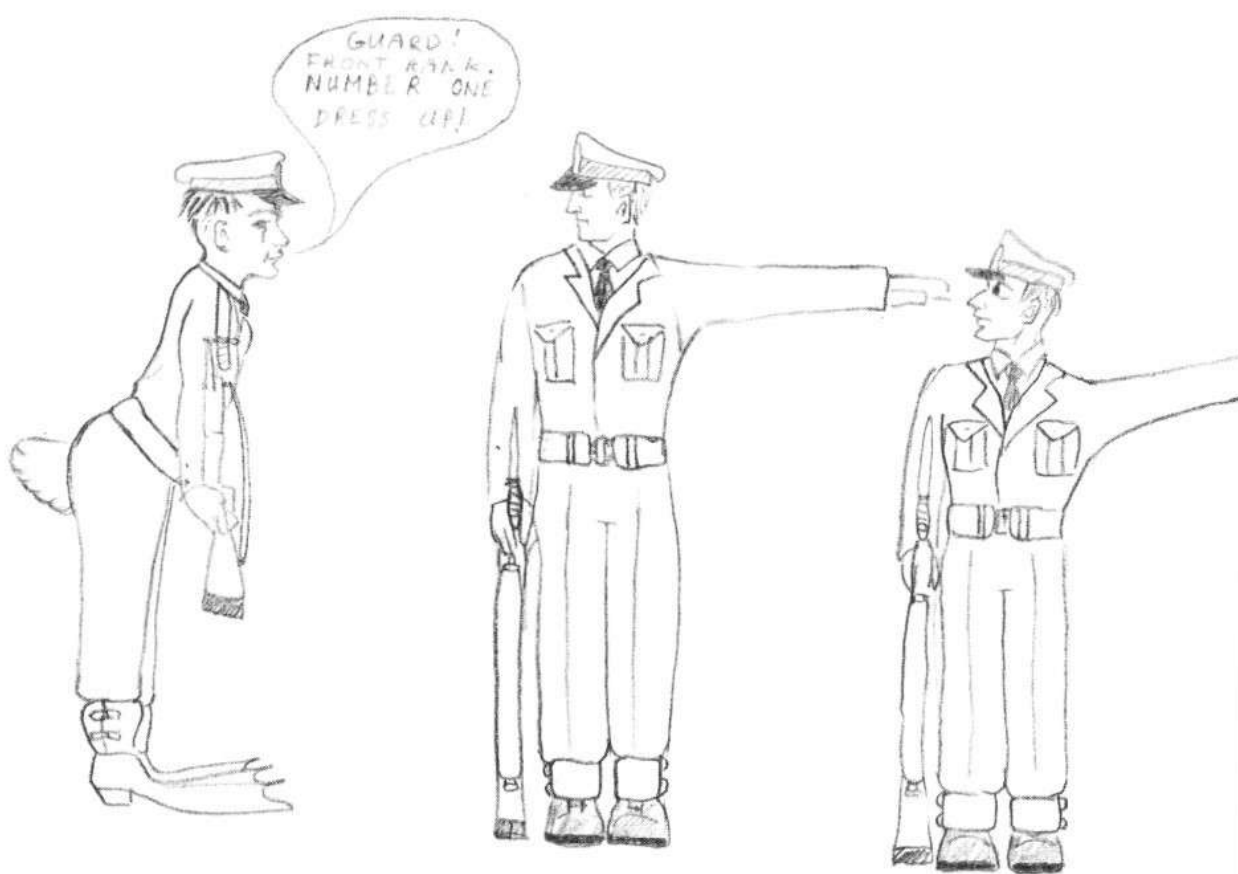
Spares? You need spares, chief? Me, Me, Me! The cries rent the sullen silence. The occasional "Sir! " tore the air apart in our desperate attempt to be made spares and hence exempt from all the sweat, blood, and tears involved with being in the guard.

We practised march pasts and parade square orders for what? You guessed it, navy lovers -- indoor divisions. No march past -- nothing, just the usual slack inspection plus the aforementioned unintelligible orders.

Were we keen? You better believe it, baby! Why not? If we hadn't been at CD's we'd have been on our way to Vancouver and LEAVE, and in the UNTD CD's is rated FAR above leave -- isn't it?

M.H.

... Guard



A LeTtER hOmE FrOm

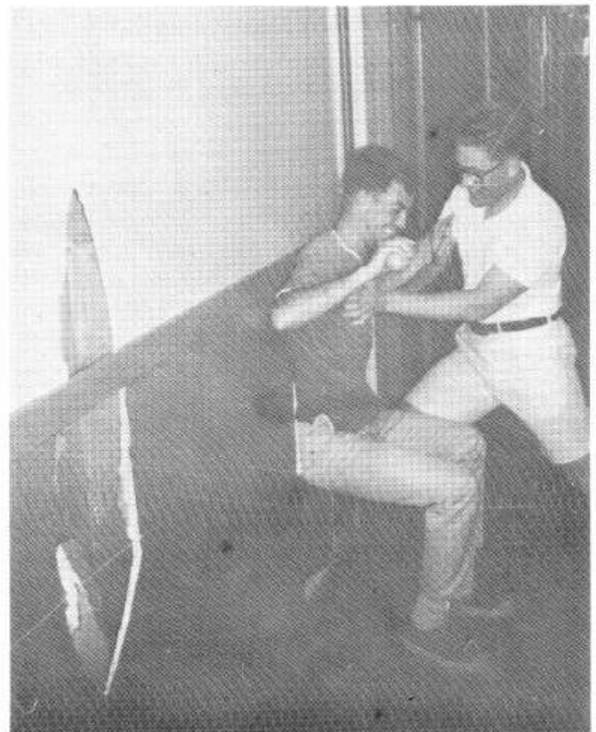
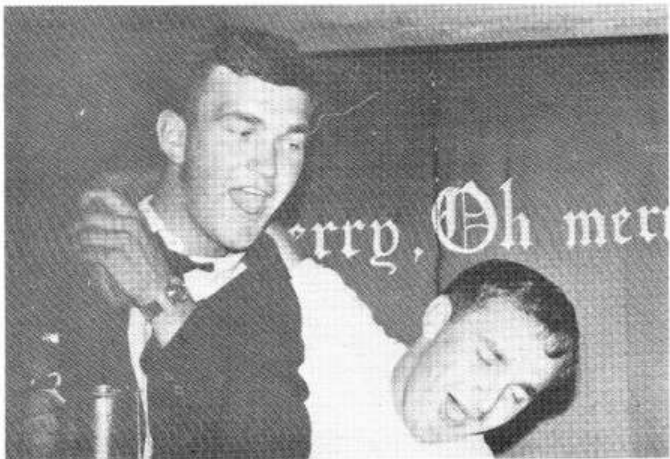
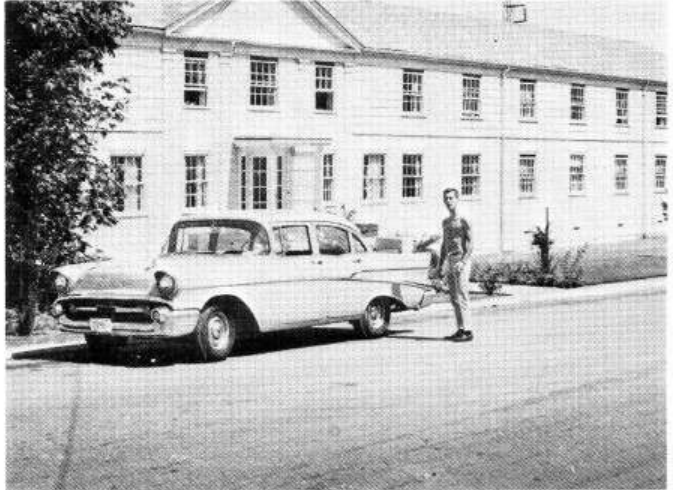
A uNtD CadET

Dear Mommy,

Gee, but I bet you are dying to hear from me. But honestly, I have been really busy here, doing all kinds of fun things, and I haven't had any time at all to write. You know how it is, Mummys, after all, I wrote my broad only four times last week.

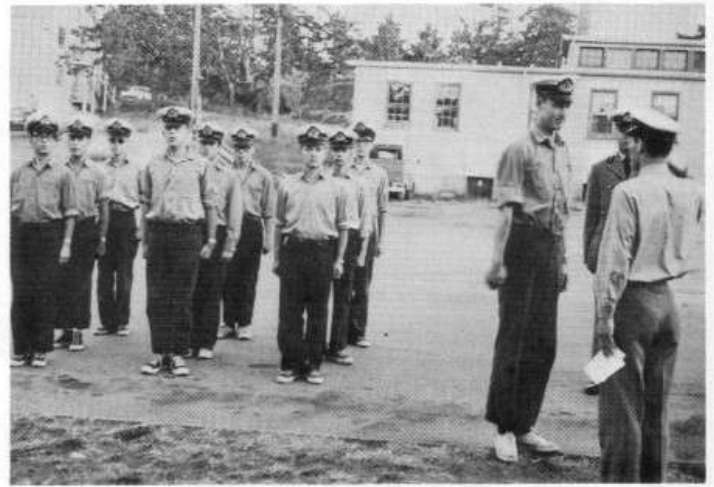
I guess you don't know much about what is going on out here in sunny B.C., so I'll fill you in.

There are about eighty or ninety cadets out here. We are all doing the same thing and we are all the same. Except there are about twenty cadet captains and twenty leading cadets and all kinds of guys with special jobs, like sports cadets and bosun store cadets and leading hand of the watch cadets and chief cadets, and ordinary cadets. You see, me and these two friends of mine are the ordinary cadets. It is really good, because all we have to do is stand four and a half hours looking out for fires at night. That is very important because those fires can be kinda tricky.



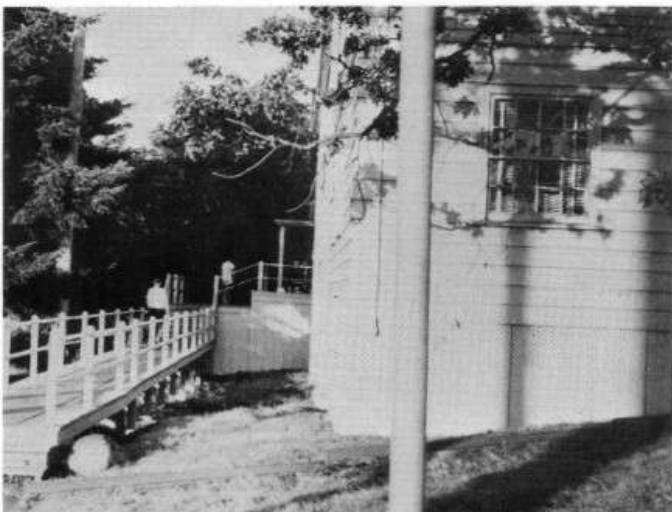
We are living in two big blocks, and life is a ball. Somebody told us that women sailors used to live there, but I don't believe that because there is this great big shower room in our block, and you know yourself how girls are kinda shy when it comes to taking their clothes off. But there were some funny little machines there at the beginning of the summer.

We have all kinds of fun in the blocks. One day somebody emptied one of those giant water pistols in the hall and this eventually led



to a thing we call bodysurfing. The object of the game is to see who can go the farthest sliding down the hall. This eventually led to another thing. Some people couldn't aim too well and they started making these great big holes in the walls and breaking them. You should have seen the 'Hole in the wall contest.'

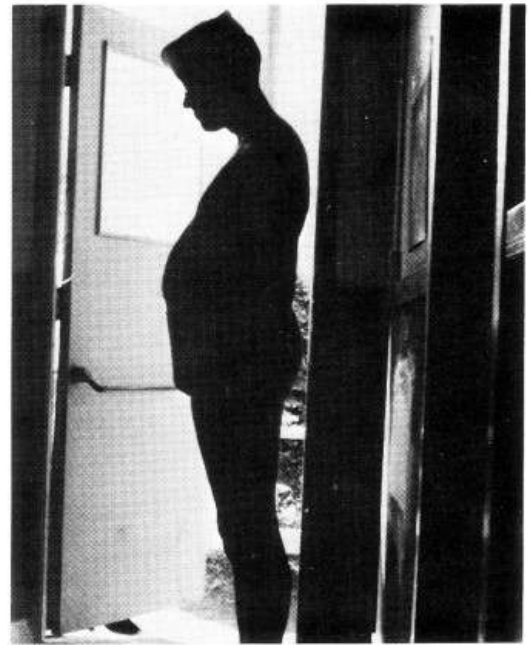
After we beat up the block so badly that it was no fun anymore, we proceeded to go over to the gunroom to whoop it up. There are no guns, Mom, that's just a name we have



for our bar, I mean canteen. You should hear some of the songs we sing.

We got to get up real early in the morning. But nobody seems to mind, because all we do is run and run and run and run.

Almost every night of the week we have a compulsory fun period. This we all look forward to with open arms. We got to play these interesting sports like soccer and basketball and volleyball and softball and we even go running some times. It is really fun and sure does help pass the evenings. We wouldn't have anything else to do anyway so nobody minds.



Every Tuesday night we have our minds made up for us that the block is real dirty, and we set out to clean it. If you really apply yourself, you can even think that it is dirty. So we get Mr. Pusser Clean to help us. Our boss comes along the next day to tell us what a fine job we did. So fine, in fact, that we can do it again the next night.

All in all life is a great big bowl of cherries out here. I'm not even homesick. No shit, Mom.

JUST HOW THE HELL DO WE GET OUT OF HERE ! ! ! ! !

*Epaulette
Puffette*



A Recipe...



1. . . .hole, preferably oblong in shape, not more than 16 inches across the beam.
2. . . .wallet, empty.
3. . . .notes, of a threatening nature from D.C.Y.

First, score the holed bulkhead with an oyster shell opener, and spread resultant plaster dust evenly up and down the hallways. Next, hack at the bulkhead with battered T-square, and throw resulting mess into nearest unlocked closet.

Slice new piece of plasterboard from sheet with blunt saw. Before hammering piece into hole, be sure to wash away blood from cut pinky. Fill irregularities with moist white hole-filler and let stand until dry. Scrub down well with steel wool and garnish with a thin coat of brown paint to give it a "natural" look, and to hide all evidence.

If your first attempts are not successful, you may try again, or call your local Dockyard Help Centre and have someone else plug your hole. The best hole-pluggers in the business will plug yours for the reasonable sum of fourteen bills.

L.C.



**C
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On June 19 to 21, the UNTD's were the guests of CFB Comox on a familiarization tour of the Air Defence facilities there. Also included in the trip was a visit to the Regional Headquarters of the Emergency Measures Organization at Nanaimo, as well as a sailing outing at HMCS Quadra, the Sea Cadet training base.

We were shown the aircraft of the Canadian Forces Interceptor and Search and Rescue Squadron by the personnel actually involved in protecting Canada's western air front from attack and aiding in sea or land disasters. The amphibious Albatross, with its distinctive markings and features, brought back memories of a cruise taken earlier around Vancouver Island, when these aircraft were often seen on patrol. We now had the opportunity to observe these and other aircraft at close hand.

As part of a tour of the base, we were shown the air control system of guiding aircraft while landing and taking off. The method used in identifying unknown contacts was also

demonstrated. In the event of continued uncertainty over the identity of an aircraft, the Ready Alert scramble procedure for the Voodoo Interceptor aircraft on continuous standby was simulated. As we do a great deal of ASW studies, the Argus and Neptune aircraft were of particular interest to us.

The trip to Comox was a highlight of the summer, for we did many interesting things besides looking at planes. The boys from Winnipeg had a great time teaching the rest of us how to play "Crud" with fourteen people. The Wardroom, I mean Officers Mess 'facilities' were used not only by the cadets but by the officers who accompanied us on the trip. However, none of us was brave or drunk enough to venture into the Restricted Area; and none of us were attacked by vicious man-eating dogs. But don't think we couldn't have slipped through the fences. It's just that we were too busy enjoying being treated as officers for once. Many thanks to CFB Comox.



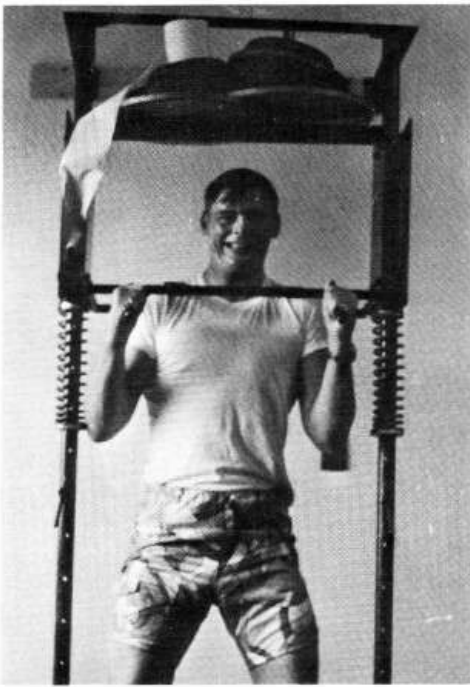
Supply Course



BACK ROW, Left to Right: Acting Sub-Lieutenants A.J. Wright, K.A. Nason, S.J. Churlish, C.W. Baetsen, M.A. Bergeron, C.J. Price, R.E. Harrison, M.L. Phelan, J.B. Raper.
FRONT ROW: SLT J.L. MacGregor, LT (N) J.D. Smith, C.D., Trg. Offr.; COL. M.I. Walton, M.B.E., C.D., Commandant; MAJ. J.E. Brown, C.D., OC FIN. DIV.; SLT J.F. Turner.



BACK ROW, Left to Right: Acting Sub-Lieutenants J.B. Raper, M.A. Bergeron, C.J. Price, M.L. Phelan, A.J. Wright, R.E. Harrison, K.A. Nason, S.J. Churlish, J.H. Todd, C.W. Baetsen; SLT J.L. MacGregor.
FRONT ROW: SLT J.F. Turner, LT (N) J.D. Smith, C.D., Trg. Offr.; MAJ. J. Pinault, C.D., SO2 (P&R); CDR R.A. Darlington, C.D., XO; COL. M.I. Walton, M.B.E., C.D., Commandant; CAPT (N) A.W. Baker, C.D., Founder of U.N.T.D.; MAJ. J.E. Brown, C.D., OC FIN. DIV.; LCDR R.G. Hunter, C.D., OC Supply; LT (N) W.H. Appleton, C.D., OIC Steward Wing, Food Services; CMD O J.D. Ghanam, C.D., Adm. Offr.

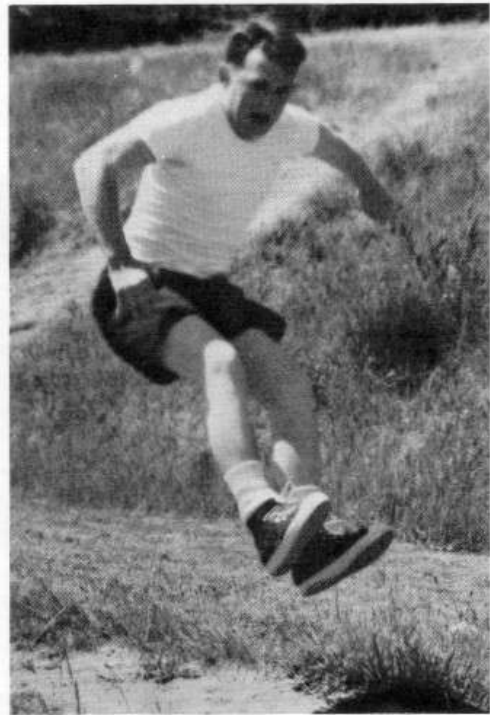


Sports

Shoot the bull, pass the buck, and make seven copies of everything. Someone once said that "variety is the spice of life". With all due respect to the "Malahat Administration", the UNTD summer sports programme was somewhat of a fiasco. Upon serious reflection, we may readily see the reason for such a statement. First of all, the cadets themselves, a motley collection of individuals whose exhausted sweating bodies lacked the co-ordination and strength required of the 6 o'clock athlete, did not have the spirit necessary to make such a programme successful. Moreover, the fault did not lie with the cadets alone. Perhaps a portion of the blame may be shifted onto the organizers. From beginning to end, this programme saw seven sports officers each with their own opinions on how to run it. Towards the middle of the summer, a serious effort was made to reorganize the programme, but the efforts of these people, both officers and cadets, were in vain. The die had been cast. In spite of everything, Monday and Wednesday nights were devoted to those "compulsory" sports and each one of the cadets took part with the possible exception of the yearbook staff, the sick chitters, the people in the little red school house, and those of us who found a few pressing duties unavoidable. Surprisingly enough, there were even a few cadets left to play their respective games. Nevertheless, a few cadets took these games seriously, to mention a few: Klaus Siefert, Roger Smith, Terry Moist and many others, the competition even if on an individual basis still remained keen. The season was officially begun with a sports tabloid. The meet itself was very successful insofar as introducing the sports programme and perhaps if a few more of these meets had been scheduled for those lazy Friday afternoons, a few of us would not be sporting a round tummy. The sports events themselves were not met with as much enthusiasm because they simply required a talent or skill that most of us did not possess - being able to shoot a basket or control a soccer ball.

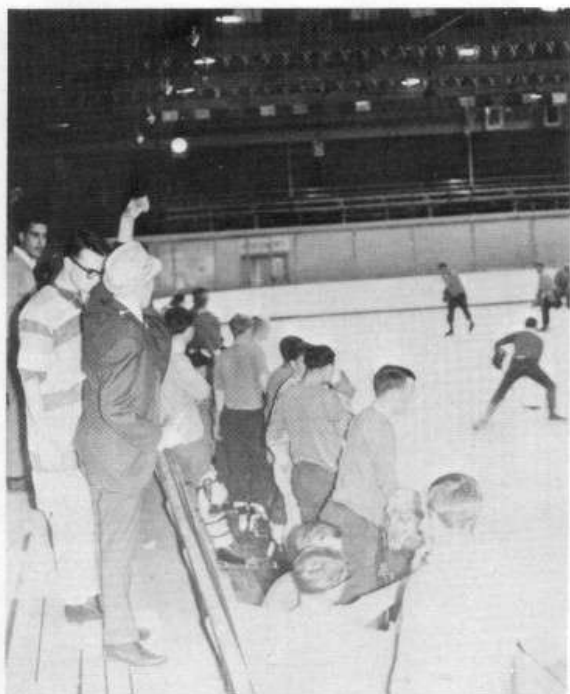
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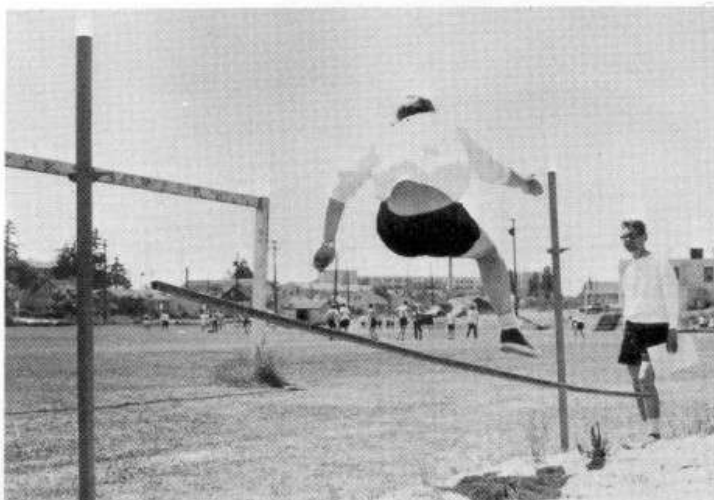
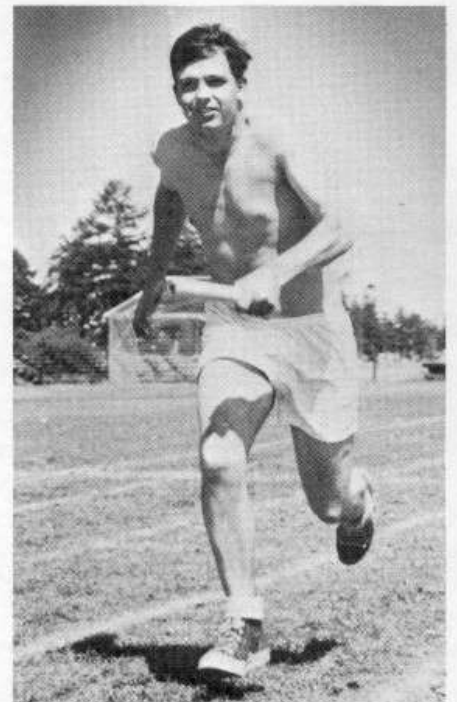
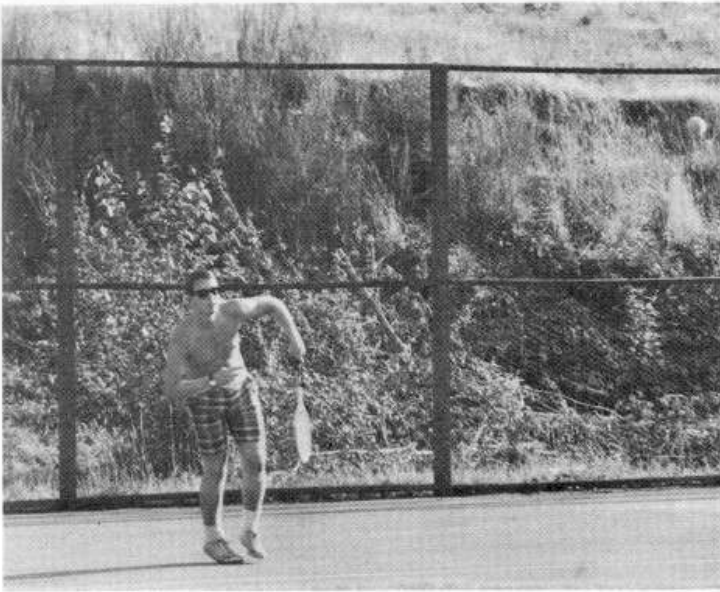


Games such as baseball and football were entered into with the idea of "playing ball" rather than "compulsory fun". The swim meet was a good idea and it did as well as provide a few chuckles, show what the cadets were capable of doing when the challenge is there. Of course, divisional spirit plays a major role in determining how the game is played. And if we look to the best sports division last year and compare it with this



year's, can we truly say that they both had the same measure of "keenness"? True, Grilse division earned the trophy but what does it mean when the rest don't care? Sports morale was something in the past.

It was a good summer and a lot of credit is due to both those officers who truly tried to orient a successful sports programme and to those cadets who led the pack.





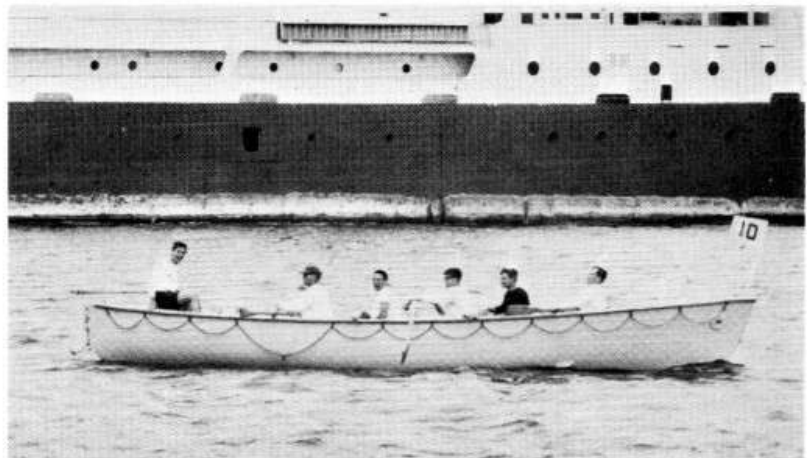
"I know you've all been trying to get in some boat pulling during the summer; well, there's good news; there's going to be a regatta next Friday against the ROTP's. You'll get a chance to really show your stuff. You there, you're the scrawniest kid in your division. You be cox'n. What's that you say, never been in a whaler? Well you hustle down to the shed in the afternoons and practise in the boats. The boats are away on exped? Well, buck up cadet, this way we're training you to be an officer."

"So here's your whaler. It's a fine boat in beautiful shape except there's no keel. Don't let that worry you, though. In a wind like this you don't need one. Right? Cast off! Splice the garboard strake! Muster the capstain! Come out on port tack. Now don't hit that ship! Come about! Whaddiya mean no keel? Well, meanwhile fill out a work order to have the wind direction changed."

"Pulling teams muster by your boats. Ready? Go! Well done, Andrews. You came first. Well done, 'Bullet'. You came third. Too bad about you others. You should have heeded my advice and practised."

"OK, gang. Time for the war canoe race. What's that you lads are smuggling on your boat? Haaa, haaa . . . naughty, naughty. Bang, they're off. Look at those ROTP guys paddle. You'd think this was a race or something. There's Gary and the boys holding back. THEY'RE not dumb. Hooray, hooray. You won! Well done, ROTP's. Jolly good show. Here come the UNTIDy boats. Lookit Sief and

**Cadet
Regatta
12 July
1968**





the boys; an' Harv; an' Stace. Ooh, man, they're all converging. I wouldn't want to face THOSE. WHAM! Oh, what a ZOO! Some guy got flattened by garbage. And look at that ROTP who got whomped by a frozen turkey wing. If I laugh any harder I'm gonna pee in my 23's right here in front of the admiral. HOLY SHOOT! Did those ROTP'S ever get mad. Boys, stop that! . . . You mean . . . no-

body clued them in . . . you mean . . . they thought THIS was a RACE?

"Well done, Grilse Division, you have upheld the honour of the UNTD's. As for you ROTP's, congratulations, and see you next year.

"What do you mean there's no next year?"





Courses

Comm.

Like all our other courses, Communications was a crash course. The first phase of the course was security. It was taught to us by a silver tongued PO who recited at the incredible rate of 2-3 words per minute. This was too much for our very bods which had been racked by the late nights before. To relieve the tension of the classroom routine movies were shown on various topics in the course. The instructors could not get over the general hoot that went up every time a movie was announced. Unfortunately, when the PO asked questions later,

there was a dead silence.

Our first stand easy at Comm School was a disaster. Trying to get anything out of the vending machines was like playing the one-armed bandit. Occasionally it would give up an apple or some pastry only to zap the next person by taking his only dime.

One of the more colourful days of the course was spent on voice procedure. Several good witticisms were made over the circuit but all are too lewd to mention.

The final part of the course was fleet maneuvering. In this course, the instructor was assisted by a local yokel from the old country; I won't mention which country, who played the role walking around the class and waking everyone up. I hope he

doesn't have any relatives because some of the boys were really upset.

To be truthful most of the cadets were dull guys during Comm course. We came, we saw, we crashed. Some even managed to pass.

A 10-Radar

Just off the Parade Square there stands a red brick building. Above the door the sign says Operations Division. This building holds special memories for cadets.

The course was intended to give the unsuspecting cadet a





quick briefing on aspects of Action Information Organization, and an even quicker introduction to the myriad dials, knobs, and buttons which make up a radar set. In spite of heroic resistance some of the course objectives were achieved. However, besides ignoring our plotting, relve., radar tuning, etc., we also improved our eraser throwing ability and paper plane making skill.

The course had its outstanding personalities. Who will ever forget PIRP Volker, that outstanding veteran of many AIO lectures, who fulfilled his teaching duties, despite innumerable hazards. Mention radar and the names Thompson and Lang come to mind. How would we have survived without the submarine stories to break the monotony. The lectures really had us going for a while. There were even vile rumours that some information regarding Radar and AIO had managed to seep into a few heads. But set your minds at ease; little damage was done. To our rescue came that final, ultimate cadet weapon: Sleep.

M.J.L.



Eng.

At one time or another in his life, a Cadet is made to feel like a wet bilge rat. In order that we understand the significance of this high position, our benevolent masters gathered the best stokers from the Fleet and we found ourselves in the Engineering Section of Fleet School.

Our instructors were Chief Bellavie ("I think you'll see these questions again. Of course, not all of them will be on the exam . . ."), Chief Overstrud ("Anybody heard any good Bosun jokes lately? There was this electrician who became a Bosun . . .") and Mr. Wallace ("You will find that the language of ship construc-

tion has many words with sexual connotations.") The course consisted of the anatomy of the engine room, (with emphasis on how much the Stokers have done for the Navy), the physiology of the ship's electrical system (with attention to all the equipment that makes life easier for the electricians) and the problems of constructing a ship with SPECIAL emphasis on the anatomy and physiology of feet.

During the course we got a tour of a DDE to see the equipment we had been talking about. During the tour we knocked our heads on beams, crawled through the bilges and went into compartments that we never knew existed. All of us left the tour and the course

feeling that Engineering should be left to the experts, and that all sleeping and securing early should be left to the Cadets.

B.H.

Nav.

Officer Cadet Ferdinand Magellan did not have the benefits of Astronavigation to circumnavigate the world; nor did he know how to use a sextant. Instead he used CDF (common sense). This was obviously unsuitable, so upon receipt of this news, Chicken Central decreed that all cadets take such a course in order to prepare them for life, and to give them a firm

Canadian Forces Photo Release

Mr. C. Wallace, a dedicated instructor at the Fleet School in CFB Esquimalt, explains hull lines to two bright-eyed, pink-cheeked, clean-cut Canadian boys, Gary Long, of Victoria, and Peter Ireland, of Sidney, B.C. Says Peter, "Gee Whiz!"

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grounding in spherical trigonometry, physical astronomy and the physiology of sleep.

It was soon noted, however, that many of the cadets (for shame, for shame) were answering questions from answers written inside their eyelids. Conditions were not often good, however, for observing heavenly bodies, especially as most of the good-looking (?) wrens bypassed the parade deck on their way to work. Such activities had to be carried out on weekends, along with long self-sacrificing periods of study and observation which eventually led to the discovery of two new stars "Gung Ho", and "Kwitcherbelliaken", soon to be entered in the Nautical Almanac.

A constant source of amusement at Malahat, Astro provided the mathematical basis for the "Gung Chevron Theory" low markem, unstickem, much to the chagrin of master mariners writing supps. This part of the program was under the eye of the Sports Officer who arranged for daily promenades with star globes for underarm and bust development.

Practical experience was experienced on the swinging gate fleet, though there was

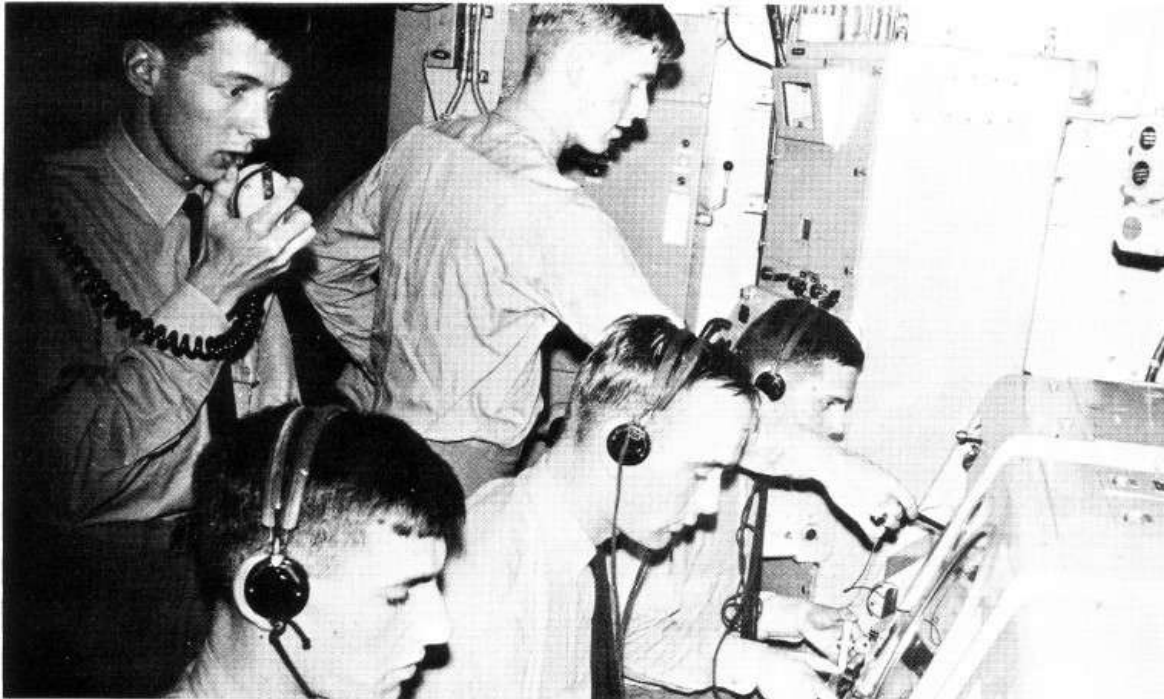


the usual lack of liaison and coordination between the 'Met' people and the sun navigators. When there finally was something to sight we found the upper deck of the ship to be slightly less stable for a sextant manipulation than the Nav. Building. We also noted a tendency for the ship to appear to be navigating up the Saskatchewan River on the plot sheets, though using some clandestine CDF we knew that was wrong

since neither of the boats can buck that current.

As a result of our keen and overly avid interest in this vital life science and hobby, we are planning a weekend whaler trip to Tahiti though this jolly will probably have to be postponed because of the fact that there is a far more interesting guard practice to be promulgated.

J.M.M.



Weapons

Although the boys of the UNTD are the intellectual and cultural superiors of the university population, it is still impossible to make them trained sonarmen, weaponmen (surface and underwater) and firecontrolmen in two weeks - three weeks, yes, but two weeks, never.

All our instructors were Chiefs and PO's. Thus, they were anything but strict and hard-driving. The division was split into groups of seven to cut down on the noise of snoring.

Actually, the classes were extremely interesting. We delved into some of the basic mysteries of plotting a sub in the simulated ops room of the destroyer training unit, with varying degrees of failure or disaster.

At the Mark 10 Mortar we encountered PO Ku-rell,

and his kuh-nurled kuh-nobs. Next we learned that the infamous 3"70 fires ninety rounds per barrel, per minute, perhaps.

Black Rock had a special charm. It was isolated from the world, past the Commodore's tennis courts; and Gordie Howe's brother was there. Every morning and noon, the six fortunates would hear, "Black Rock boys, fall out!" They might not have missed the inspection, but they avoided the march-past. They were also allowed to ride the comfortable service bus and hoot all the boys marching past sweet smelling Lang Cove. Jerking around at breath-taking speed on the 3"50 or discovering that the Mk. 43 torpedo travels at only 15 knots, we had an extensive, if superficial, introduction to the armament of our navy. What we did learn was that the race to

keep technologically in step with potential enemies is a brisk and frustrating experience.

Meeting Chiefs and PO's is a rewarding experience in itself. We finally had a chance to see what the working navy is really like. Being in training for so long, we have little chance to envisage the normal routine of the navy, in its job to guard our coastal waters. Besides that, some instructors, such as the engineering chief, have good bo-sun jokes (which sound remarkably like Newfie jokes, or Polack jokes).

It was a good two weeks with practical experience that brought us closer to shipboard life. What does it matter if the most difficult words we had to learn for our exam were 3"70?

B.C.



NBCD

Monday morning, July 29, 1968, A.D., nine cadets stood waiting for the harbour ferry to take them to their first class in NBCD. They, or more precisely, we, had heard many things about the fabled NBCD school – about things such as huge fires with no water, heat, smoke, all sorts of similarly alarming tales, most of which turned out to be true.

The Petty Officer who confronted us from the head of the classroom delivered a makeshift lecture on ship stability, all the while eyeing us in a way that made us think he was a close relative of Davy Jones. At lunch we sampled the first of our lunches from Nelles' Block. These consisted of equal parts stale bread, wilted salad, kitchen scraps, gravel, and bilge water from the Cape Breton, with a bit of diesel oil for taste.

That afternoon we made further acquaintance with that weird and wonderful beastie known as a "Pusser Movie". It might be described as, "a method of putting the victim to sleep with the greatest possible rapidity".

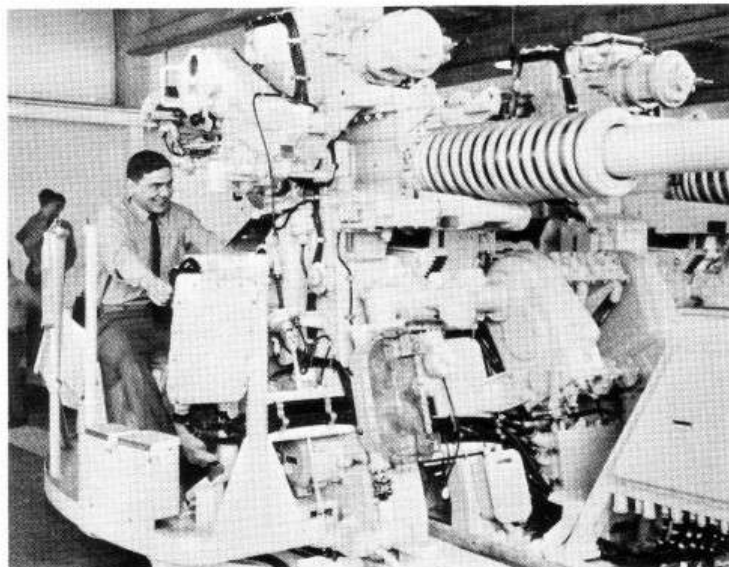
Then there was "Tumult".

Here we got to perform our "shoring lessons" and as an added privilege, to do them while a fiendish chuckling PO flooded two stories of the building. The experience was good for us, as we learned that a scream meant either that the wedge you were hammering was your buddy's foot, or that the measuring rod had pierced someone's eardrum. Finally, it was over, and the PO, weak from two hours of laughing, wrung us out and hung us on his clothesline to drip dry.

Of course, the worst was yet to come. Just to keep up

the excitement, the firefighting people had named their fun-house "Torch". We'd seen hose teams entering, but never leaving. Perhaps they were devoured by the raging flames in the building. After hearing lectures salted with lines like "crispy critters", and "instant Bhudist", we were ready. All that day we tackled the flames as our little squad dwindled, leaving blackened, twisted, torn casualties strewn on the field. Finally, we staggered away, looking like "Uncle Tom's Brothers".

J.L.



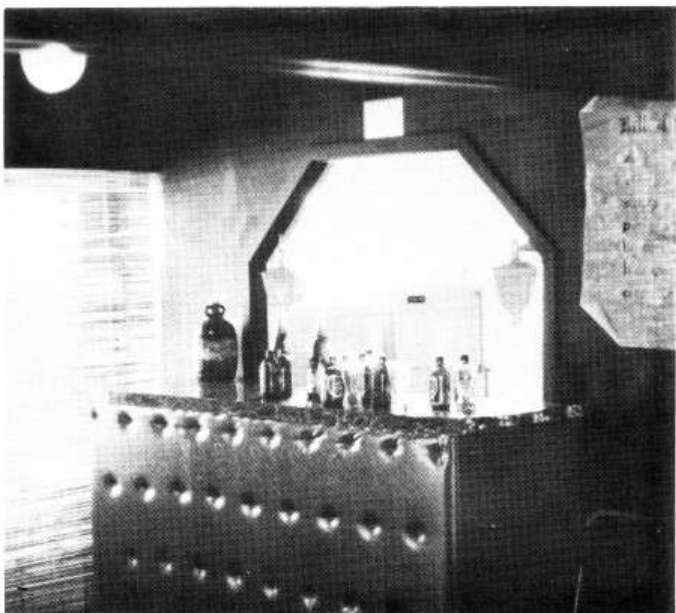
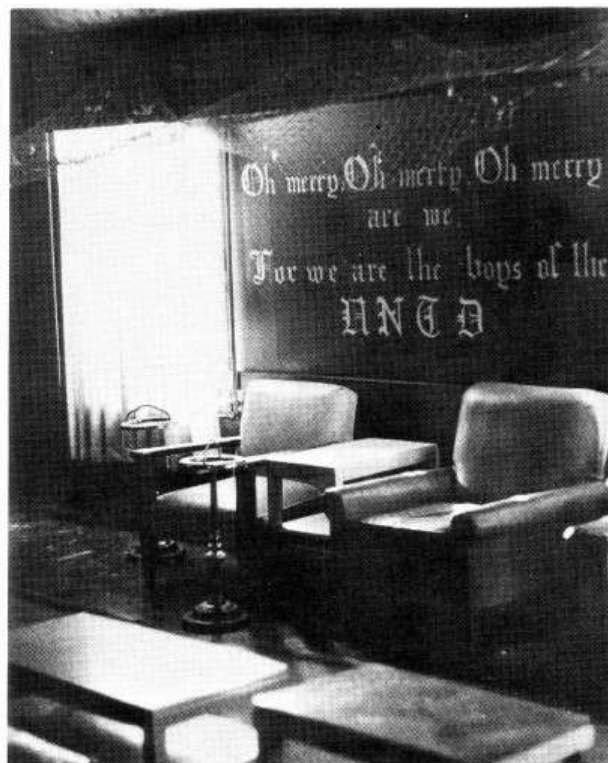


Gunroom

For all those who are of the merry last, let it be known that several persons whose artistic talents are undeniably beyond the scope of trade group one donated their time and efforts into making your Gunners one of the most "homey" ratholes in the history of the UNTD.

On behalf of my messmates, I wish to thank Glenn Carroll for the gold Gothic script on the bulkhead, and also for the bar list. Ralph Wiltshire painted the script at the entrance. Bill Haysom and Dave Saunders painted much of the black while Ojibwa Division finished the job. Bill Haysom also had much to do with making the bar. I also wish to thank all the others whose ideas were very helpful in designing your home, the dying "Gunners".

John Langlais





The UNTD's have always enjoyed a good reputation for gentlemanly behavior in the gunroom and this year proved to be no exception. Our first official function was a stag drink-in. Ninety cadets blew their minds on alcohol and the result

was an animal show commonly known as a bad trip.

Highlights of the evening were lewd and suggestive songs and such exhibitions of physical prowess as arm twisting and horseback fighting. Animal man Long performed his beer balancing trick and a few of the boys under the greatest influence indulged in a solemn ceremony commonly known as – never mind. Boosted by all this local colour, the night proved to be a great success in the horror show department.

The following weekend we held our first party with the ladies of Victoria. As this was our first chance to make the big impression, everyone was playing the role. As the evening lingered on, the wine flowed freely, the damsel looked fairer, and every plough boy by day became grass cutter by night. The author talked to several chicks afterwards about the party, and their opinions varied greatly.

Some, who thought we were super studs, were greatly impressed by the way we casually lapped up our beer, never once hindered by the fact that there were ladies present. In the state known as “bombed” the boys threw all caution to the winds. Other chicks were not so impressed when our highly polished manners were replaced by animalistic instincts, and trips outside became far too frequent. But by now we were used to getting shot down, and took our criticisms in stride. This first party served to launch our gunroom social programme. Actually it didn't launch it, but it did help it off the ground slightly.

Parties became a weekly scene at the gunroom with various divisions holding their own. Bill Haysom organized two car rallies which went over very well. Everyone who entered the rallies made a big day of it. Those who managed to find their way through the twisting,





tortuous course and finish the gruelling hill climb at the end gathered at the gunroom for a chicken dinner complete with Bacchanalian nectar.

One of the more colourful horror shows this year was a beach party held by Okanagan Division and their fearless leader, cliff-diver Hoppie, but we'd better not say any more. The ultimate horror show was the beer raffle, which is also unmentionable.

In conclusion I can only say that our gunroom horror shows have never looked better. On every occasion the cadets came through in their traditional primitive style. Their zeal for good living, their spirit of adventure, and their thrill in the chase have given this gunroom a reputation to be remembered.



Take it!
Take it!

Don't take it, or
I'll KILL you!



Two Stories

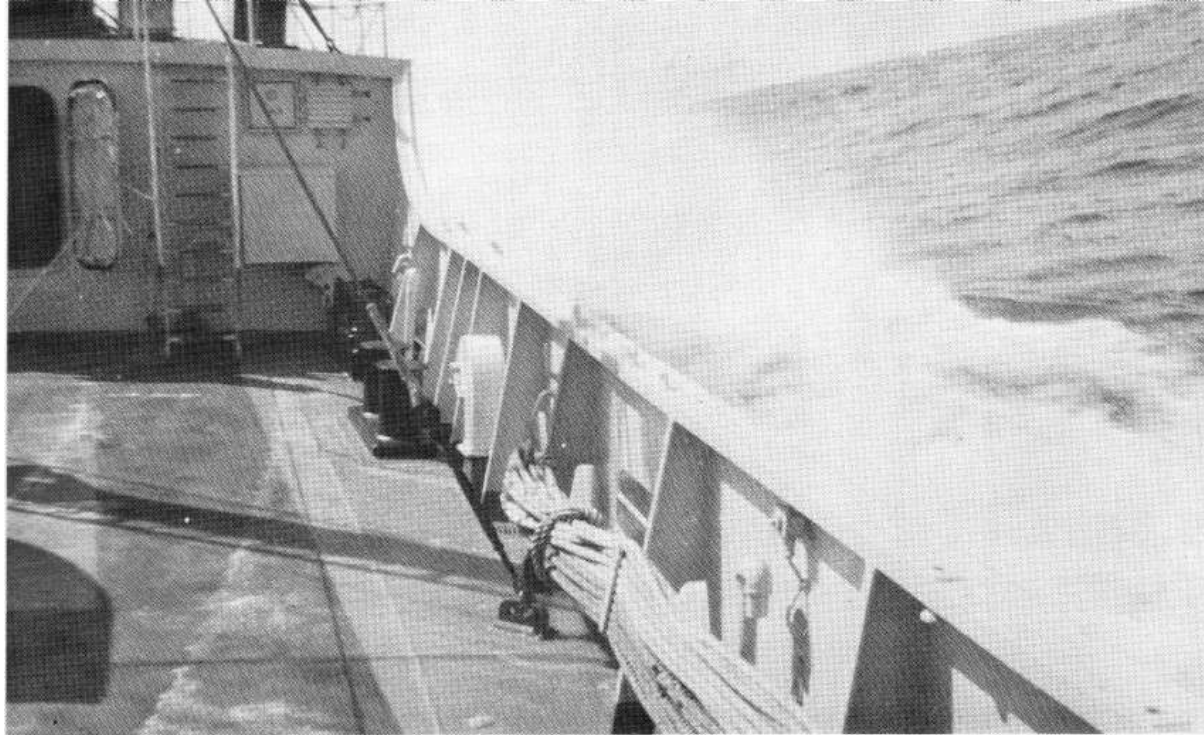
As the R.O.T.P. cadets on the minesweeper H.M.C.S. COWICHAN were busy fending off U.S. Coast Guard invaders, Curry and Seary moved in to chalk one up for the UNTD. Did I call the "Cow" a minesweeper? According to the number on her side, she stands at the lowest of the low. Yes – a "fishing vessel" as we all know so well. Richard Seary supplied the paint and masking tape, while I used my most artistic and creative talents to form a perfect eight from the original number six. The morning after the deed we departed from Portland with the thrill of success – no such luck. Our own Cox'n, Chief Gall, detected this new trawler in the Canadian Fleet, to foil our caper.

B.C.



"Hello, Motor Transport? Yes, very good. This is Lt. Cherchant over at COM-RESTRAIN PAC. Look, I would like the use of a truck for half an hour today. An open truck with an awning over it. I have to take some UNTD cadets over to Nelles' Block to pick up some furniture. Can I have it? Good. I shall . . . Well use your initiative, man! I shall expect your driver within the next ten minutes. Very Good. Carry on."





Cruise Alpha

It was in a bar on the dirty dark waterfront of Hamburg that I first heard the tale. Some of the boys and I were gathered around a table sucking back beer and swapping tales of courage and adventure, lust and depravity as sailors do from time to time. They talked of the sea and of women and of the beatings that both had given them. And during a break in the carousing a wretched old man smelling of vomit crawled out of a corner, picked a few bloodroaches out of his beard, and said to the would be salts:

"I've been listening to you all night, and I've heard tales of hell and horror, but nothing you've told me can compare with a voyage I made some fifty years ago when I was a lad of twenty. Those who survived called it 'Alpha Cruise'.

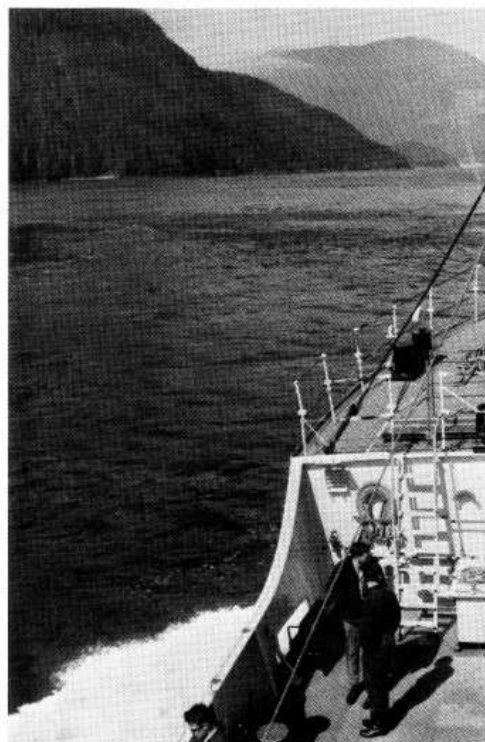
We were the Untidies, the fiercest, roughest, most ferocious bunch of f in all the CAF (Canadian Animated Farce). We walked, rolled, stumbled and flew into HMCS Naden on those few precious days preceding our departure. Then at 0800 on May 13 we set sail for our voyage of discovery around Vancouver Island.

Unfortunately we could not travel at night because in those dark hours monsters rose up from the deep disguised as logs which might at any moment grab our frail craft and pull them down into the depths.

At last after many days we came to Alert Bay, ancestral home of the Kwakiutl Indians.

We came alongside very well, the first time. The next time (we had to move for the ferry) we stopped fifty yards from the jetty, and tried to reach it with our 20 foot heaving line, without a great deal of success. The third time? Well, the dent in the foc'c'sle of the PDLR just matches the crunch in the bow of the PQ. As far as the Indian maidens go; well, you know how it is.

Then came the evolutions. Ah Joy! Standing under the wing of the bridge trying to





hide from the rain and laughing ourselves sick at the Buffer, trying seven times to get a line over to the Porte Quebec, and watching the OOW put 10 a port wheel on and forgetting to take it off as we went cruising past the bow of the junior ship, and seeing the lines being passed bow to bow for towing evolutions. And most of all learning seamanship all the time.

Yes, we learned on that cruise. We learned what the best fishing revs are. We learned how to sleep in hammocks, on top of lockers, on the deck, on the table, under bunks (fat Newfie even slept in the hammock rack). We learned how to cut logs in half with our propellor, how to run over Kisby Rings in OOW Maneuvers, how to take fixes going up a one hundred yard wide channel just to make sure where we were. We learned to worship the pink god Graval, and the makers of Weston Crackers, and we learned to hate the Tiffy when his supply ran out.

Then at last we came to Ucluelet. The Chiefs and PO's chased and carried off the wives, the OD's were trying to gross out and/or fight everybody in town, and the Cadets were getting polluted as usual. And through it all shone the blue pants, yellow stripes, and shaved heads of the RCMP. We sneaked out of Ucluelet at 0700; not long after saw Race Rocks and Esquimalt Harbour once again. Thank Jehovah we had made it."

The old man sighed, "I have but one memento of this trip," and he reached into his pocket and brought out a tattered piece of black felt with a length of what used to be

white silken cord sewn down the middle, and a tarnished dented button attached. We looked at it and we knew his tale to be true, for this was a White Twist, the fabled emblem of a long since integrated band of heroes. We looked at the old man with a little more respect, pooled all our money together, and bought him a year's supply of Seagram's V.O. to keep him through the winter.

M.J.A.W.



Bravo

The activities that prevailed on Cruise Bravo were paint, chip, and clean, but thanks to the varied talents of the cadets, we managed to avoid a great number of the jobs that were planned for us.

As Rabbit Walsh so aptly put it, Cruise Bravo had its ups and downs. Our first four days alongside were spent demonstrating our organizational abilities in such activities as standeesies, pipedowns, sliders, makers, sports afternoons, and avoiding work. As a special treat, we were allowed to show the world our total lack of Rembrandt-like skill.

On "Black Saturday", we hit Swiftsure Bank which were destined to go down in history as a horror show to end horror shows. At Swiftsure, everything came up and nothing stayed down, and anyone who went down to the Cafeteria was sure to come up quickly. In his cool suave manner, Siefert led the boys to the stern and the nightmare officially began. During the two days that we accompanied the Swiftsure Races, almost everyone was sick, but the prize for top animal man went to Neil Ross for his exhibition in the Cafeteria. He blew about thirty ounces of cool and emptied his somewhat upset stomach into Haysom's two day old boots, christening them with nauseous relish.

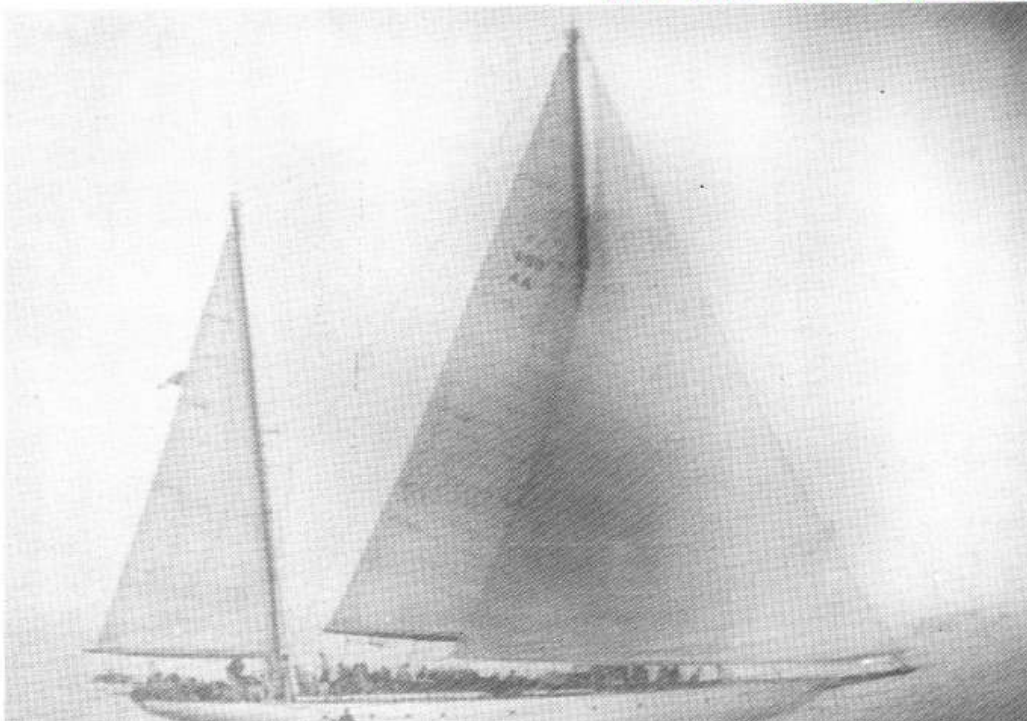
After returning to Dockyard, we set sail for Portland. The trip for Onandaga was highlighted by the achievements of some of their



more infamous slackards. Ralph, the potato peeler, Wiltshire constantly sat on his behind on the stern, peeling potatoes and hooting at the work party. Neil, never to be found, Ross conducted a research project on the hiding places of a gate vessel. Hary Batt, alias Hungry Bait, perfected ways of looking busy while doing nothing.

Gerry Villeneuve perfected 25 disguises to be used when sleeping in a seaman's bunk during work party, and Rabbit Walsh could usually be found in the Cafeteria grooving the new sounds of the radio. As the cadets busied themselves with their varied activities, the

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seamen and officers also had things to do on the quarterdeck. This entailed holding onto fishing rods and reeling in the fish when they bit.

Portland can be summed up in one word—fantastic; with both divisions hooting day and night. It is hard to imagine, but it was like being Mandy Rice-Davies at a Conservative convention.

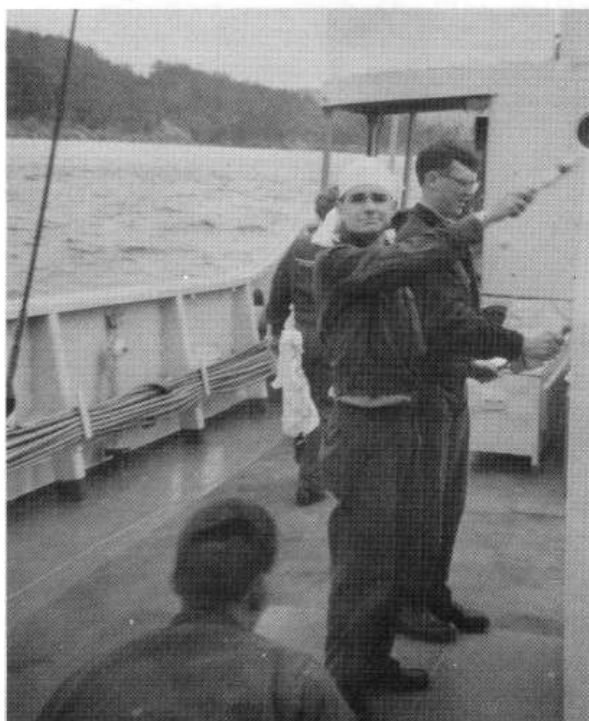
We were finally flung out of Eden by a loud voice from above saying something to the effect of, “cast off 1,3, and 4. Hold 3!!!” Thus

we were harshly brought back to the reality of life. Gary Long won the sly dog award for successfully smuggling a surfboard back on board ship, but sadly enough he blew his title when he found out that surfboards came in sizes and his was too short.

To sum up the cruise, it was one big animal show. Most of our energy was spent avoiding work parties, but Portland made the entire journey worthwhile.

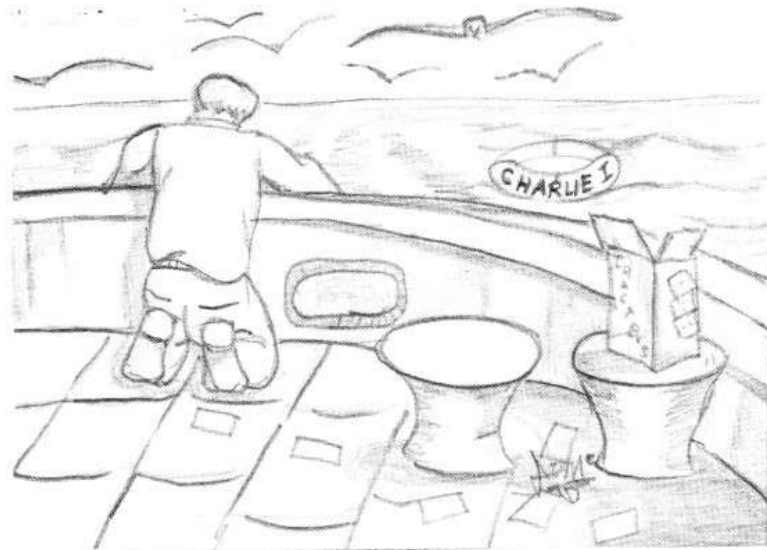
M.H. & K.S.

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"What do you mean where are we going? Don't ask ME where we are going. I don't run this ship. All I do is clean it."

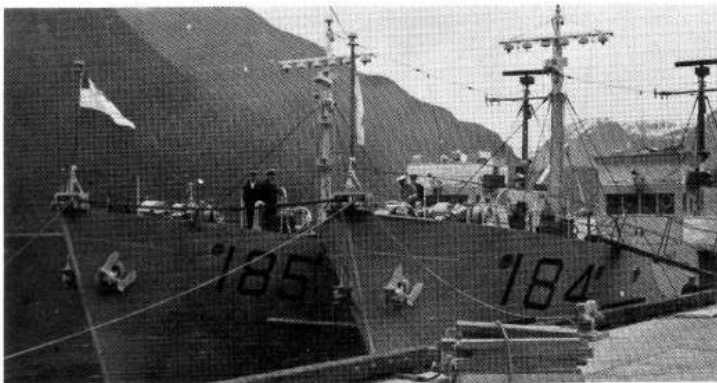
Ucluelet, actually. Grilse and Ojibwa



ended up in Ucluelet.

Because of a broken generator, most of our impressive astro training cruise was spent alongside at CFB, where we yep, you guessed it. We eventually chugged away to meet a busy planned program of all our favourite evolutions.

The next morning half a dozen lucky cadets were given the enviable task of finding out where we were. As dawn broke the duty watch kept busy with emergency steering exercises. Our crusty old C.O., Lt. T (RRRRing on main engines) Percival suddenly blew his cool. Down the pipe came: "Revolutions thuh-ree six! Pipe hands to fishing

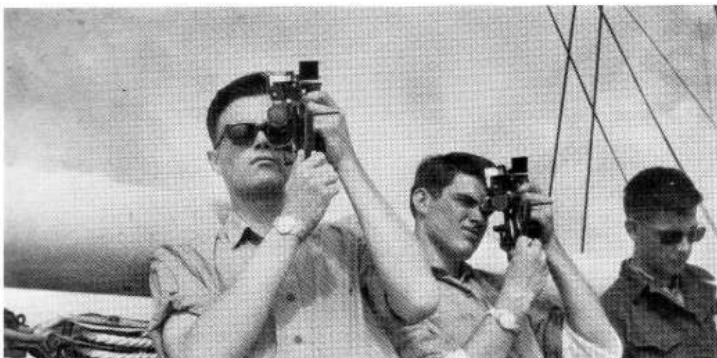


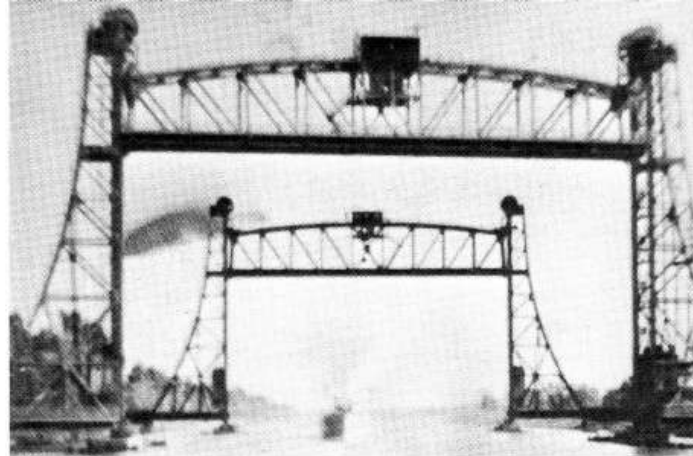
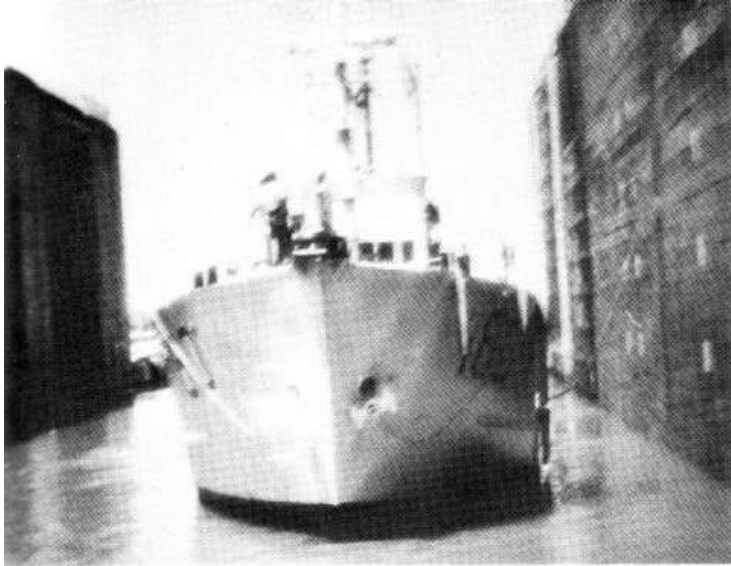
stations! Boy, they're jumping all over the place." Within five minutes, the entire RCN crew had gone beserk, abandoning their posts and leaving the bewildered cadets to take sun-run-suns (not very easy when the ship is trolling in circles.).

Ucluelet, Ah, Ucluelet, such a musical name: Its bright busy streets, its famous Army and Navy Club, its gently smiling inhabitants awaiting the approach of the boisterous, fun-loving sailors; ah, Ucluelet.

We returned home through typical squally weather and heavy swells. A jackstay transfer in the rain provided us with a walkie-talkie, essential to a gate vessel. After an afternoon's pilotage in the Juan de Fuca Straits, we docked.

The spa point trophy for this cruise went to Hilborn for being mistaken for an officer by the OOD of the Yukon, and then spoiling it by saying "Excuse me, sir, when is sunset?"





Great Lakes

This is your flash reporter Lightning Luton, reporting.

Roger Ramjet's Rangers rode into Hamilton on a black day in May. There was a cast of thousands, all first years; would you believe a cast of nine. There was Brian Rideout (Plough Jockey) from Red Deer and his sidekick Greg (Father) from Calgary. From STAR came Dave (Lightning) Luton, Ken (Rags) Strain, John (Pusser) Scott, Bob (Pongo) McCartney, John (the Beard) Laing and Rudi (Mohawk) Wycliffe, and finally a straggler from Carleton, Bruce (Black Boy) Gallagher. We all mustered our bods for three weeks classes under our D.O. Roger Ramjet and Peewee Weis.

On June three McHale's Navy and F Troop embarked on the two flagships of the Great Lakes Training Squadron, PORTE ST. LOUIS and PORTE ST. JEAN on Cruise Alpha for Sarnia, Windsor and Chicago. After humping the bateaux through the Welland Canal we sailed into the cesspool of Lake Erie. We learned the existence of many maneuvers: Jackstay transfer, refuelling at sea, jackstay transfer, towing, jackstay transfer. Travelling on into Lake Huron we returned to the metropolis of Sarnia. The shank of the weekend was spent in the familiar activities of girl chasing and barhopping especially at the free Legion drunk on Sunday.

Leaving Sarnia, McHale's Navy began thrilling flashing exercises at 0600. F Troop had theirs during the last Dog. As the boats passed into Lake Michigan the sea height increased and F Troop spent most of their time

on the gunwales as stern lookout.

Finally, the highlight – Chicago. We began in good style with a compulsory cocktail party at the Canadian Consulate after which many of the cadets followed through with a tour of the various establishments (dives) dear to their hearts and wallets on Rush and State Streets. On Saturday the Thing was an educational visit to the museum of Science and Industry where we toured a captured German U-boat. During the hours of darkness the cadets made rounds of many bars and flew back to the ship. Bruce made the scene in south Chicago. Sunday a baseball game was the means to keep cadets out of trouble but by the seventh inning the vendors' cry of "Beer here" destroyed this attempt.

Because of a threatening seaway strike the boats slipped away early on Monday morning and came howling down the Lakes at a full eleven knots only slowing down when a D.O.T. vessel warned us against speeding in the Detroit River. After hustling through the Welland Canal we held a banyan during which all refreshment aboard was consumed. This unfortunately occurred as we found about a brewers' strike in Ontario. In order to rectify the situation we made a trip to Rochester the following week. Here many, if not most of the cadets came aboard the boats in an exuberant state in the early morning hours. However, because of a minor hurricane on the water and a major hurricane from the previous night, F Troop mustered a stern watch.

As the sun set behind the air pollution of Hamilton with the delightful odour of Stelco tingling our nostrils with the Gates gliding over the water (?) of Hamilton bay, we realized we were home.

Deux minuscules bateaux de 125 pieds étaient amarrés au quai numéro 3 attendant 50 pauvres cadets. Ainsi commence l'épopée de la croisière Charlie 2, qui devait durer une semaine dans les îles entourant l'île de Vancouver. Notre premier contact avec la marine navigante fut douloureux à cause du manque de confort et de l'exiguïté. Ceux qui avaient réussi à se trouver un hamac étaient les mieux placés. L'équipage régulier était en surnombre et cela ne faisait qu'augmenter les bouches et les bras inutiles, tout en occupant une partie importante de notre espace vital. J'étais sur le "Porte de la Reine", réputé comme étant le plus relâché des deux bateaux, quant à la discipline. Cinq des cadets, venus du Montcalm, avaient été ajoutés à la division Onondaga pour faire leur seule et unique expérience en mer pour leur deuxième été dans les U.N.T.D. Ces cinq cadets (dont je faisais partie) se trouvaient ballottés et on ne savait vraiment pas quoi en faire. On a reçu ordre sur contrordre à savoir si on restait sur le bateau, si on allait à Comox ou si on avait une autre destination.

Rien de mieux que le travail pour faire patienter. On nous a fait repeindre la coque du bateau pour nous tenir occupés (Pendant ce temps-là, on ne pensait pas à mal.)

Première nuit à bord, mince de rigolade! Cadet Mohanna tombe deux fois de son hamac et risque de se rompre le cou; mais c'était vraiment drôle de le voir tomber, j'en ris encore!

Départ en mer mercredi. La mer plutôt calme a soudain commencé à s'éveiller vers midi; il va sans dire qu'il y a eu des visages pâles et des silences qui en disaient long. Enfin, nous étions en majorité malades. Une fois le premier grain passé, tout alla bien, et quand jeudi on est rentré à bon port, on a bien profité de notre permission à terre. Le soir du mercredi à jeudi, en pleine tempête, on s'amusait à prendre des fixes sur les étoiles pour trouver la position du bateau. On n'a pas été étonné outre mesure quand on s'est aperçu en relevant notre position sur une carte qu'il y avait une marge d'erreur assez grande.

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Charlie 2

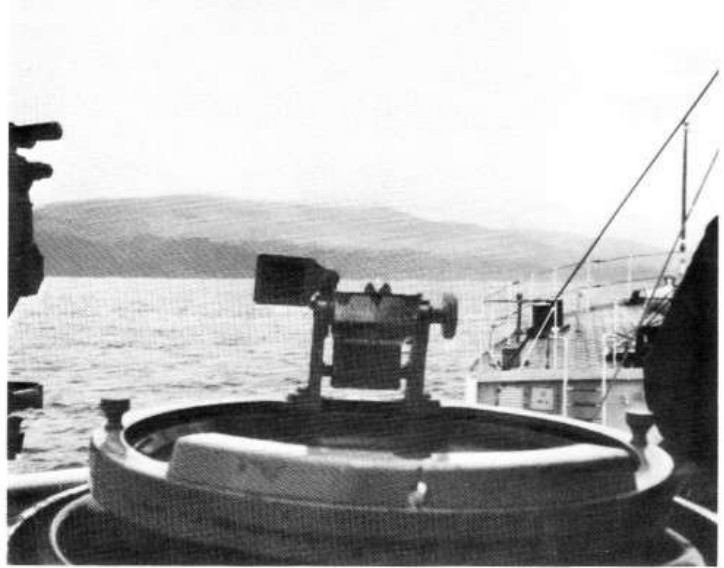


Vendredi, on est reparti, cette fois-ci pour trois jours pleins en mer (oh merveille!). C'était de vraies vacances (pour les officiers et les P.O.). En effet, notre bateau n'était rien d'autre qu'un bateau de pêche avec une dizaine de lignes à l'arrière qui servaient à pêcher le saumon. Il y a eu de très belles prises, ce fut excitant. Les cadets pour leur part remplissaient les charges de second officier de la "watch". On devait prendre des fixes avec le gyro-compass toutes les deux minutes, très faciles quand le bateau fait 4 noeuds et qu'il n'avance qu'en fonction des lignes de pêcheurs, altérant sa course de deux degrés continuellement.

Nous avons heureusement un magnifique paysage à contempler, les îles étaient superbes surtout avec le coucher de soleil et les minuscules bateaux de pêche groupés les uns sur les autres en une masse serrée. Quand nous n'étions pas en devoir, et qu'il fallait pourtant nous tenir occupés, les officiers avaient trouvé le truc! Nous faire gratter toutes les bouches d'aération, tuyaux de sorties et ainsi de suite. Pour la plupart, nous nous sommes choisis une "victime" qui a dû supporter nos coups de grattoir pendant tout le reste de la croisière, car, on prenait notre temps! Cette croisière fut plutôt tranquille, et, malgré sa courte durée, j'estime que nous avons appris beaucoup quant au maniement du bateau et des devoirs de l'officier de navigation.

Le retour fut très apprécié par tous les cadets, ce séjour étant le maximum que l'on pouvait supporter à cause de ce manque total de confort et de commodités.

Ce voyage en mer a été le seul contact avec le Pacifique pour certains. Nous sommes des marins qui passons cinq jours en mer par année. Vraiment, il est loin le temps où les cadets allaient à Hawaii. L'argent facilite bien les choses!

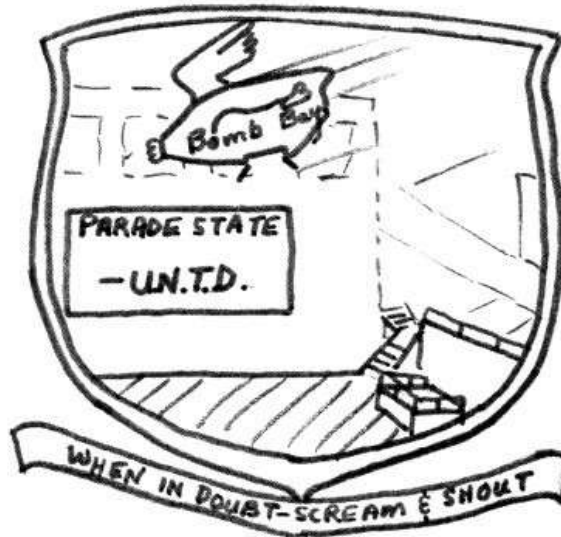


A Legend

No so very long ago, a young man, well a man anyway, was walking through a city park when he noticed a U.F.O. fall to the ground nearby. Being an unassuming person, our hero, Seedy Gung, approached the object carefully. "Lo" said he, "it vaguely resembles a little golden bar." So he picked it up after it had cooled and he examined it.

Surely listed in the basic ingredients on the reverse side was a liberal dosage of Chicken-poo 107, hitherto only found at Korny-by-the-Sea in the Analogous Valley not far from Slackers.

"Verily", he said, "If I touch this little bar to my forehead it will give me magical mystery powers. At least that is what it said in the instructions." So, being careful to avoid detection he stepped into the nearest heads and standing before the mirror, he touched ever so lightly (as he was wont to do) the little bar to his forehead and suddenly a great surge of inspiration swept over him. He knew from that day on he must fight the fight for inefficiency. He rather fancied himself in his new role. He looked, well, sweet.



However, when he stepped from the Honeyhouse an observer nearby quoth, "Major Chicken-poo, I would know you anywhere."

"Since first impressions are lasting ones," thought Seedy, "The name sticks. Besides, it has flair."

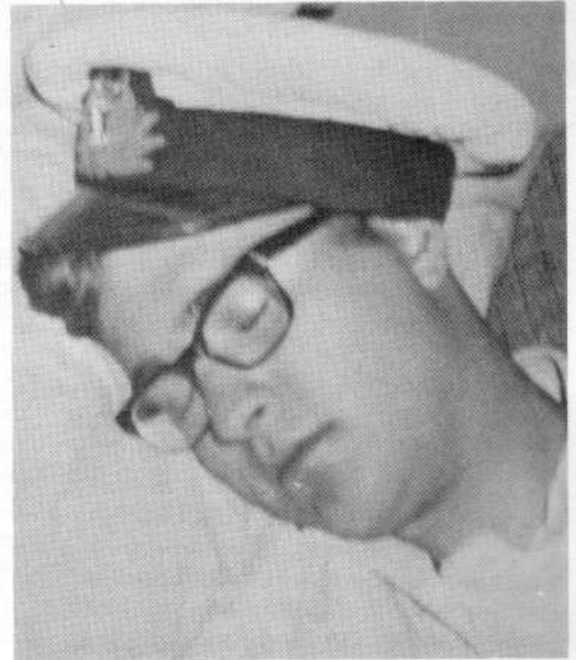
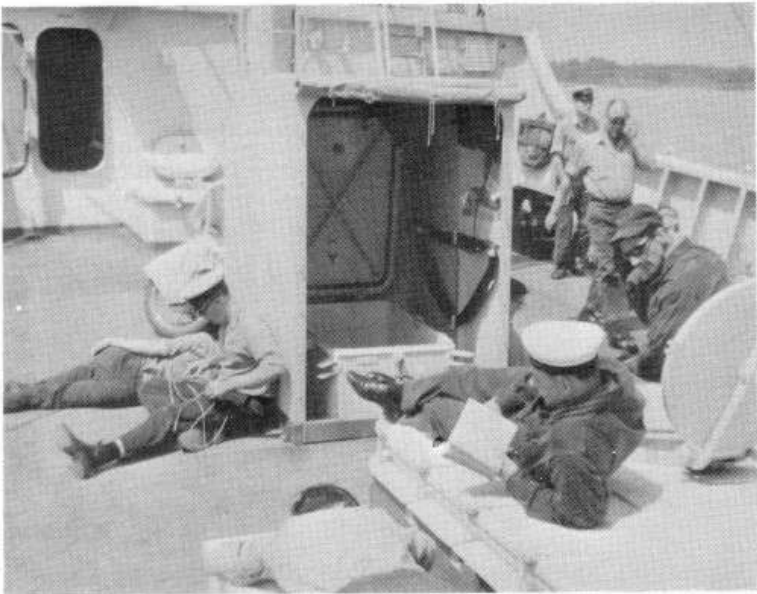
Questioning the stranger, Seedy soon discovered that he also possessed a little golden bar which, although not as strong in magical mystery powers, still qualified him to help Seedy in the fight. A name was soon given to his new sidekick; he became Captain Cool, for he was sort of groovy.

After spending some time in drydock so to speak, Major Chickenpoo moved to new headquarters in a castle on top of Ponypoe Hill overlooking Honey Bay. Shortly after their installation in their new premises a wonderful thing happened. Two new comrades arrived, also possessors of the order of the golden bar. They were known as Grommet MK1 and Grommet MK2, respectively.

To make a short story shorter, everyone lived unhappily ever after.



No Comment Necessary





Cars

Navigation training is an integral part of a cadet's life, and it doesn't necessarily have to be at sea. Ashore, car rallies will do the job quite adequately. Under the careful supervision of rallymasters Bill Haysom and Art Kuiper, 15 cars and one motorcycle, all properly equipped with instructions, passengers and booze, were sent out on a gruelling four hour test of man and machine. As it seems, the machines held out better than the men, since every car came back but the competitors and their companions fell by the wayside. When the winners and losers all arrived back at the Gun room a party commenced, and an even more gruelling test – the hill climb. The object of this event was to drive one's car up a hill with the navigator steering from outside the car, and the driver using only the floor pedals. This completed, again the party went on.

As is obvious, the officers, all navigation specialists, far outshone the poor UNDER TRAINING cadets.

1st prize was a bottle of champagne for Slt Pete Langlais and friends.

2nd prize, a bottle of beer, went to Greg Rabatich and crew.

3rd, an empty beer bottle, went to Slt Sorsdahl and crew.

B.H.



Experience "Auto"Visée

Comme bon nombre de Cadets, nous avons éprouvé le besoin de devenir propriétaires d'une voiture. Quelle excitation et quel plaisir en perspective. Rien que notre enthousiasme et nos projets (morts dans l'oeuf) ne nous ont pas fait regretter notre futur et ex achat.

Eh oui! Nous nous sommes laissés tenter et nous sommes tombés dans le panneau: on a acheté une voiture (d'occasion, et quelle occasion!) Meteor 1952, pour une somme assez modique, mais encore assez élevée. Nous étions quatre, la perte fut moins. Je parle trop de la fin de l'histoire, revenons au debut. Je vous fais grâce de la façon dont on a acheté la voiture, en tout cas, n'allez jamais chez les vendeurs d'autos usagées si vous voulez ramener votre voiture a Québec! (pointe non dissimulée). Les premiers jours d'euphorie ont été magnifiques: la voiture, surnommée Ruban Rouge ou Red Ribbon en souvenir d'une soirée memorable a Montréal, marchait comme sur des roulettes. Elle avait vraiment fière allure, elle était toute verte, sans une seule tache de rouille. Elle avait un beau ronron: avec les deux pots d'échappement percés. La temperature du moteur était stable et bonne (remarquez bien ce détail). Tout était pour le mieux dans le meilleur des mondes.

On était quatre chauffeurs a essayer de mater ce bolide, en tout cas on s'est bien amusé pour changer les vitesses (la boîte de vitesses en prenait un rude coup).

Puis vint la fin de semaine, on ne se doutait pas que ce serait le commencement de la fin. On décida d'un grand voyage, surs

que nous étions de notre monture mécanisée. Et nous voici partis joyeux pour Vancouver. Tout alla bien jusqu'à notre arrivée a la dite ville. Là, cela commença a se gater. La temperature nous faisait des siennes et montait au maximum. On a pensé qu'après une bonne nuit de repos tout rentrerait dans l'ordre. Hélas non! Le lendemain, grosse déception: le premier avertissement nous fut donné par le radiateur: absolument à sec. Nous l'avons rempli pour une première fois le matin. On est ensuite parti faire le tour de la ville empruntant de temps en temps (toutes les six minutes) un tuyau d'arrosage (mot anglais pour hose).

On a quand même roulé jusqu'à ce qu'on se décide a aller dans un garage où on a appris la bonne nouvelle d'une felure dans le moteur. On a d'abord pris cela en riant mais juste après nous voulions nous en débarrasser le plus vite possible. Pour comble de bonheur on évite de justesse un accident et sur le coup de l'émotion, on laisse partir notre gaillard sans lui demander de dommageement (peur de la police sans doute). Toutes ces émotions accumulées nous ont fait precipiter l'heure du départ et le soir même, nous étions de retour sur l'île, trop heureux d'avoir pu la faire en voiture.

Nous n'avons plus retouché la voiture ou presque. On n'a eu qu'une contravention pour avoir stationné du mauvais côté et on a réussi a revendre la voiture au dixième du prix payé. Ce ne fut pas une perte complète malgré tout.

Entre parentheses, les heureux gagnants de cette expérience sont Michel Allard, Denis Gagnon, Sammy Mohanna et Michel Vallée (notre chauffeur).

Vraiment c'est une expérience!

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Ball

It was a sunwashed, sultry day. A metallic glint flickered off the ring on his pudgy little hand so characteristically stuffed into his very hip pocket. "There's gonna be a ball, you guys, okay?" We knew instantly that we would all have a wonderful time, because CRTP Memorandum No. 68 regarding fun had been promulgated.

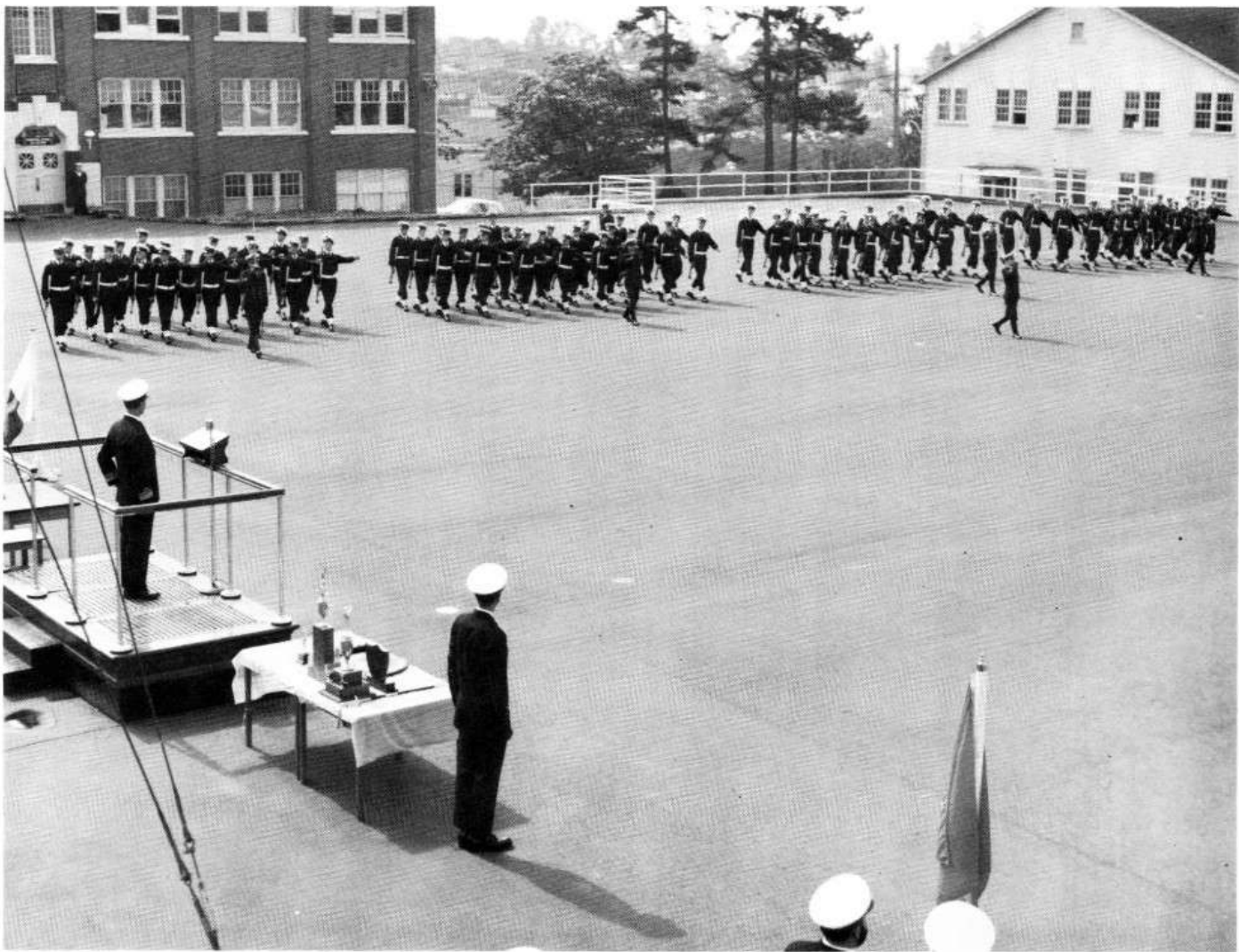
Everyone was there! The OIC, the CRTP Staff, the Chief Steward, his daughter, six Pl's, and several other barmen, wine chillers, bun porters, and cheese sliders, not to mention the dashing young staff officer and his blonde social obligation.

We danced into the wee hour of one in the morning to the lilting strains of "O Canada" in chromatic variations. Left in a psychological high, we adjourned to the after parties.

Fortunately the Gun room bar could not be opened for this occasion because we had consumed enough punch at the ball itself. Worried fathers need not despair, since we engaged in good clean, wholesome fun – dancing the minuet and bobbing for apples.

Candy is dandy but sex won't rot your teeth.



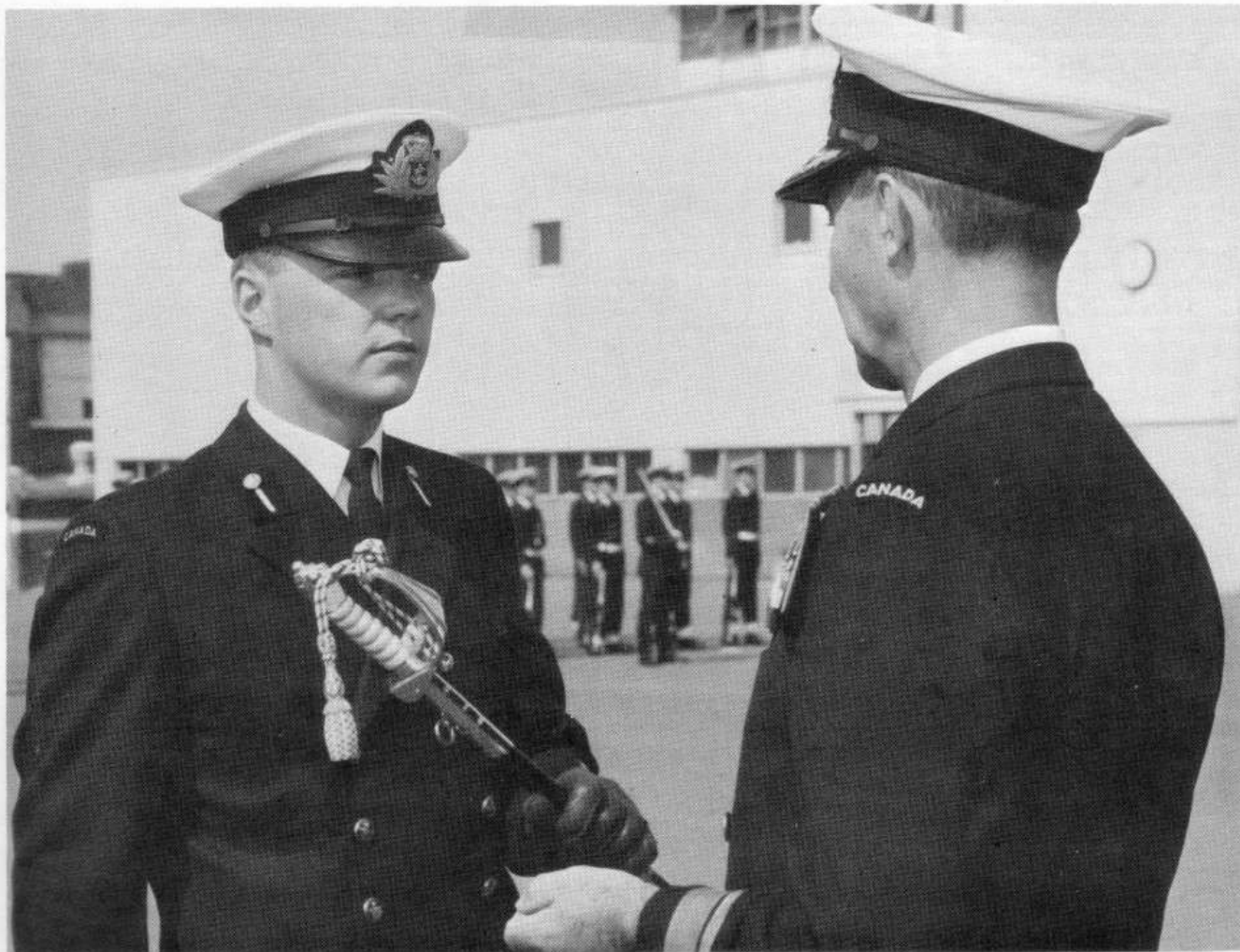


Great Chicken Man's ghost, we're graduating today Mom. Well here I am standing on the parade square with all, my good buddies in our brave blue battledress and our lily-white webbing. Boy look at all the native Victorians who came to see us on this the crowning morning of a truly great summer. Some of the fellows told me that even the Admiral is going to be here. I'll bet he's good-looking.

I'm sure glad it's sunny. I mean after all it's been raining all week, and this morning it looked so bad that we thought that we might have to graduate indoors, and might not be able to impress the Admiral with all our fancy marching. Gee, I hope Johnny gets all the orders right. There are so many of the dears; now what's that one "at the slow left change form in threes direction right?" At least there will be no problem keeping in step with a real "pusser" band playing that slow steady navy marching beat. And I had better remember to take only fifteen little paces and halt or they might take away my stripe.

I wonder who's going to win all those peachy prizes. I know it won't be me because I'm only an ordinary cadet, and everyone knows that you have to have superior qualities of intelligence and leadership to win a UNTD prize. Still, I would kind of like a Bosun's Pipe. Maybe I can impress all the kids at school by wearing it hanging out of my Engineering jacket. And with a telescope I could become a navigator on the Pd1R like that cute guy Lt. Kincaid. Well, at least, maybe, the Admiral will stop and talk to me. I'll just die if he does. What will I say? What can we discuss?

What's that I hear? March on the parade? Well this is it. I hope I don't faint.



Awards

1968

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CHIEF CADET CAPTAIN J. LANGLAIS
12. BEST CADET – MINISTER OF NATIONAL DEFENCE SWORD
CADET CAPTAIN D.H. SAUNDERS



Finally there were only three days left to go until the end of our UNTD training. Three days of nothing but slacking off, except for a blood drive on Monday which shouldn't take too long.

Monday, August 19

Boy, was it ever an interesting blood drive. We were mustered early as the bus was coming at exactly 1230. What we were not told, however, was that this was 1230 Navy time. So, as 1245 came and went, we were still waiting around for the bus. Finally, at about 1300, the bus came and we were on our way. Well, it was a Navy bus driver, and, so, we naturally got lost. Well, not exactly lost. We were taken to the Jubilee Hospital instead of to the blood donor clinic. Naturally, transportation was not provided over to the clinic as the driver did not want to be late in picking up the other two groups of cadets. Also, a long walk before giving blood is just wonderful. Especially if it is over two miles. We finally arrived at the clinic and the nurses and CBC photographer were waiting for us. The actual act of giving blood was no problem, except for one or two of our officers who were a bit queasy, and we were in and out of the clinic in about twenty-five minutes. Then came two more bus loads, somehow the bus driver managed to find the clinic, and the blood drive was over. That night, Okanagan decided to have a party, and its amazing what the loss of one pint of blood can do to the maintenance of one's sobriety. In other words, the boys were soon rid of worldly cares – they were completely out of it.

Tuesday, August 20

Today, thanks to the organizational ability of Bill Hilborn, we held a party for about thirty orphans. First there was a short cruise on one of the YFP's, and then they came back to the Gun room where we had a cake and ice cream party followed by a sing-song led by Slt. Kuiper and Lt. Chipman. The kids seemed to enjoy themselves, and I know that we of the UNTD were really happy to have been able to entertain them.

That night was one of the quieter nights in the Gun room. And it would have been a lot worse if Slt. Kuiper hadn't provided some entertainment. He went for a shower fully clothed. Not willingly mind you, but his division had won best division and some of the guys wanted to show their "appreciation".

Wednesday, August 21

Today was clean-up get out day. We had to clean the blocks and return everything to it's original condition. So, firstly, we took all the beds out of North Block and moved them back to Nelles Block. Then, so as to keep us busy, we had to move the beds from South Block over to North Block and replace some of the beds taken from South Block with those left (dismantled) in the Yearbook room. (In the Navy the shortest distance between any two points is a Great Circle Route.) In the middle of all this we had a locker check because two trophies and two swords were missing. As they were searching for swords only, everything else was disregarded and I do mean everything. Then we went to get paid and finish our out routines.





In the 1967 edition of the "White Twist" reference was made to the early history of the University Naval Training Division. The first Division was established on the Guelph campus under H.M.C.S. "Star". When it was found that this programme was operating successfully, the Naval Board asked the writer for a memorandum outlining his ideas on naval training in the universities. When this plan was accepted the board asked the writer to come on active service to administer the programme. The UNTD was soon operating in sixteen universities.

During the war hundreds of officers were trained for the Navy. Many remained as members of the RCN. The peacetime programme was expanded and continued to produce officers for the RCNR. In fact, today the Reserve Divisions are practically completely staffed by UNTD graduates. Hundreds of UNTD graduates are serving on the Retired List ready for call to active service as needed. You who are graduating this year thus follow a very proud tradition.

It is saddening and disheartening that something which has been so worth while now comes officially to an end. We can only hope that those from the Maritime force, who follow you, may maintain some of the UNTD tradition and follow some of it's programme.

To you who have the honour of being members of the last class, may I say that I know you will carry on that proud tradition and training in your naval activities.

To you all I send my congratulations and very best wishes for your future – both in the Navy and in your chosen careers ashore. Cheers and bon voyage.

A.W. BAKER



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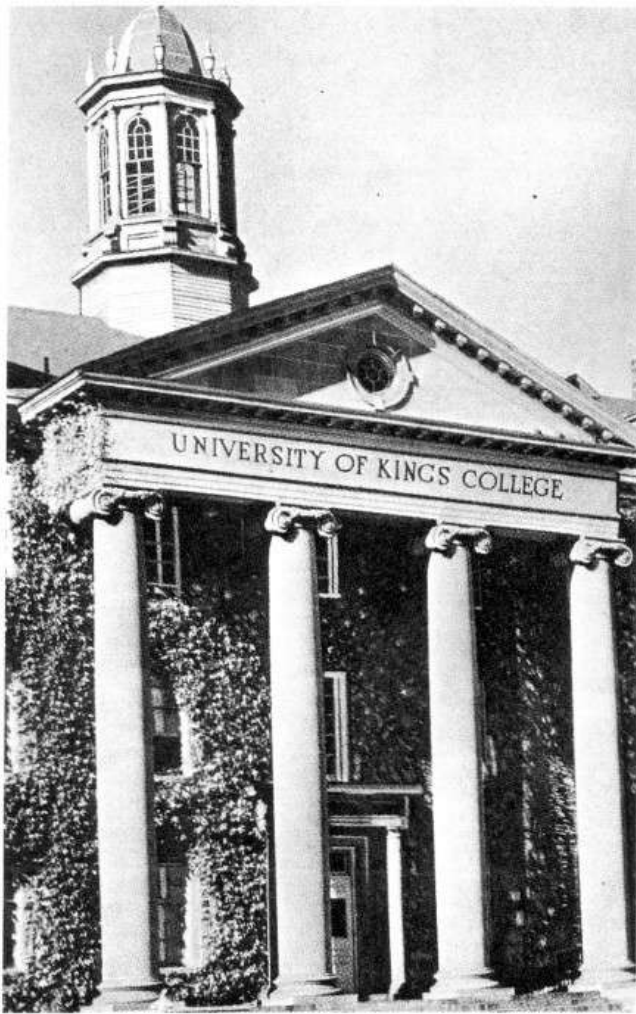
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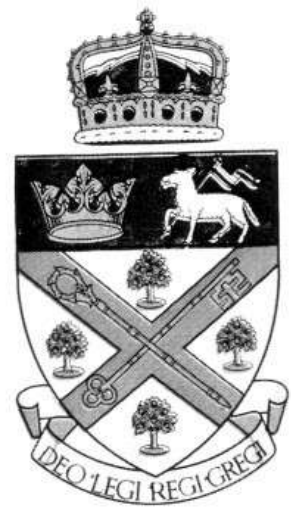




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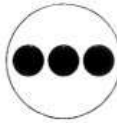
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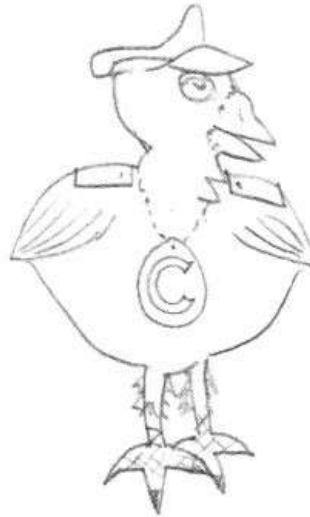
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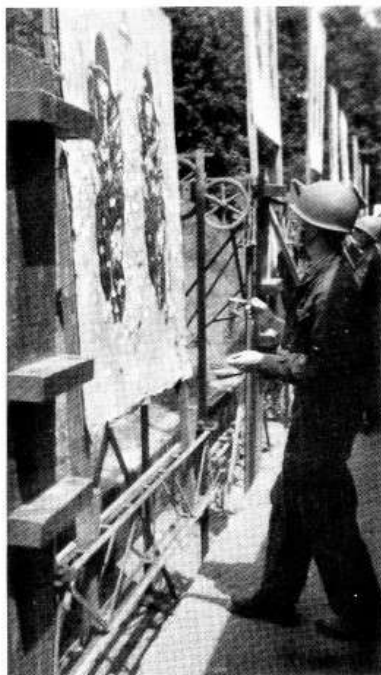
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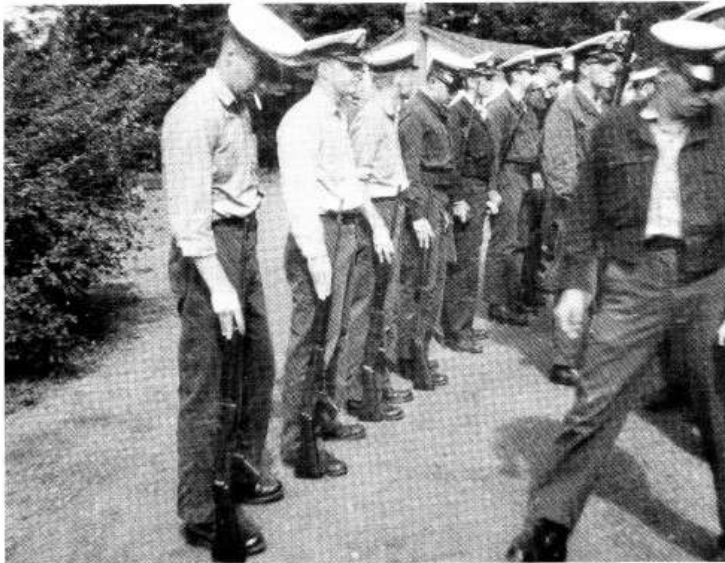
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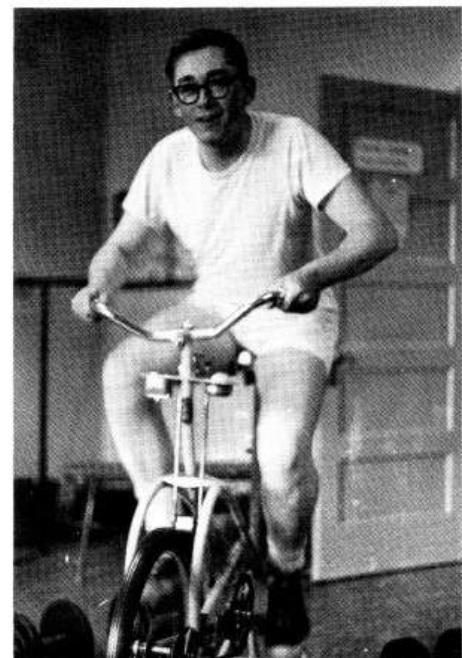
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