

UNTiDy TALES

of

Naval Officer Cadets



The Story of Canada's

U niversity N aval T raining D ivisions

Commander Robert James Williamson CD
RCNR Retired

UNTiDy TALES of Naval Officer Cadets | Commander Robert J. Williamson CD

"UNTiDy" TALES
of
NAVAL OFFICER CADETS

The Story of Canada's
University Naval Training
Divisions

70th Anniversary Edition

Commander Robert J. Williamson CD
RCNR Retired

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by Robert J. Williamson
1 Clonmore Avenue, Hamilton, Ontario
L9A 4R2, Ph. (905) 383-6084
Williamson10@shaw.ca

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UNTiDy TALES of NAVAL OFFICER CADETS

The Story of Canada's University Naval Training Divisions

70th ANNIVERSARY EDITION 1942 - 2012

FOREWORD

After a trial program at Guelph's Ontario Agricultural College seventy years ago in conjunction with HMCS Star in 1942, the integration of the **University Naval Training Divisions** (UNTD) into suitably located Naval Reserve Establishments was put into effect in June of 1943.. The objective during World War II was to provide an entry opportunity for students of all faculties at major universities, to become commissioned officers in the Royal Canadian Navy Volunteer Reserve (RCNVR).

The UNTD program successfully met the objective of the Navy until the end of the war. In 1946 Commander Herbert Little became the Staff Officer UNTDs. In large measure, it was due to his dedication and effort in support of the plan, during massive post war cuts to personnel and training systems, that the priority for resources for the UNTD was retained.

It is timely, in the seventieth year of the founding of the UNTD that Commander Robert Williamson has revised and updated his original historical and anecdote-filled account of that successful endeavour. It is my belief that all of those who have been associated, in any way, with the UNTD know how important the organization has been to them and to the Navy. I also know they will cherish Bob's book.

I became a Cadet RCN in September of 1950 when I was appointed to Catarauqui additional for Queens University UNTD. The training I received at Catarauqui and on the coast in the summer was the foundation of my naval career. There is no doubt that the training and the friendships have lasted long and strong as has the ethic and pride of being a naval person.

In addition to providing commissioned naval officers, the UNTD has given other benefits to the Navy. Over the years and particularly when I was MARCOM, I concluded that the most important of the other benefits was the constituency that the members of the UNTD, individually or in groups, provided to the Navy in the cities, towns and villages across the nation. The development of this constituency is the direct result of the impact of the UNTD graduates' contribution to their communities in the course of their business and social activities. These officers, in the main, are and act as informed advocates as they speak with understanding of the Navy. They thereby help our fellow citizens who, from time to time, have difficulty in contemplating knowledgeable the way ahead for our fleet.

Memories linger for us all, particularly I suggest, the memories of our days as cadets; quiet nights at sea, kye, evolutions, painting the ship's side, hammocks, boat work, the banyan, navigation, defaulters, Church Parade, pilotage, Captain's rounds, action stations, engineering, piping the side, middle watch, the White Twist, but most of all, we have the memory of friendships, duty, and loyalty never forgotten.

Let Bob Williamson's book remind you of this once again and then ask yourself when was it better than when you were a "UNTD"?

Vice-Admiral John Allan CMM CD (Retired)

Ottawa, Ontario

Editor's Note

Vice-Admiral Allan is the most senior ranking graduate of the UNTD program. He has had a distinguished career in the RCN including the following appointments; Project Manager for the DDH 280 Program, Commander of the First Destroyer Squadron, Commander of Maritime Command and Deputy Chief of Defence Staff.

* * * * *

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

A book such as this was brought about by a wide range of influential factors. Those who contributed their anecdotes are listed at the end of this acknowledgement. Through their participation they brought substance to the events of the various time-periods of this chronicle. Every cadet was required to keep a journal. I am indebted to those who saved their records and took the time to review their dust-covered volumes, extracting memories from their pages.

Some material was recovered and adapted from copies of the "White Twist". We all owe a debt of gratitude to the forgotten editors of our UNTD yearbooks who, under trying circumstances, relentlessly published this annual record of our thoughts and actions. Thanks also to Fraser McKee, that inveterate collector of naval memorabilia, who has to my knowledge, mustered the only complete set of UNTD Yearbooks in existence.

Recognition also must be given to Philip Chaplin who, while working for the Directorate of History at National Defence Headquarters in Ottawa, prepared a short paper on the history of the UNTD in 1963. Fortunately this was done while the recollections by the architects of the plan were still discerning and before Armed Forces records became confused by the upheaval of unification in 1968.

I appreciate the support and advice of Commander C. H. Little who contributed a copy of his personal recollections as a source document for this book and applied a wealth of experience and insight to a critical proof reading of the original manuscript.. Cdr. Fred Lee, UNTD '58 and Charles Copelin, UNTD '53, former President of the UNTD Association of Upper Canada were helpful in early edition research. Bill Clearihue, UNTD '65 helped with the revised edition.

The technical aspects of producing the first editions of this book must be credited to the assistance provided by the Business and Photography Departments of Sir Allan MacNab Secondary School as well as the computer expertise of my son PO1 Paul Williamson RCNR and daughter Jayne Ellis. My

writing style has been polished and refined by my wife Eileen and influenced by John Winton, author of "We Joined the Navy", the story of the misadventures of midshipmen in the Royal Navy. The idea of telling a story through a collection of anecdotes came from The Naval Officer Association of Canada's, "Salty Dips" and Readers' Digest, "Humour in Uniform". The confidence to undertake a major enterprise such as UNTiDy Tales was fostered by my professional career supervisor, Jim Forrester, (a fellow UNTiDy) who recognized my potential and got me involved in writing activities for the Department of Education. However, the seed that produced this book was planted many years ago when my mother, Marjory, with the foresight that most mothers have, saved all of my correspondence as a cadet. Her reasoning at the time was simple. She said, "**Some day you will want to write a book**".

Commander Robert J. Williamson CD,
 UNTD McMaster University 1957 - 1962

Anecdotes were contributed by:

Cal Annis	Naval Museum, Calgary
Robert Banks	Artist
Lt. Richard Baker	Lawyer
Cdr. Derek Bate	High School Principal
Cmdre. R. T. Bennett	Provincial Judge
Cdr. Don Bethune	RCN Retired
Cdr. Murray Boles	Medical Doctor
Brooke Campbell	NOABC/UNTD Coordinator
LCdr. Philip Chaplin	Sr. Researcher NDHQ
Peter Chipman	CAPCAN Music Company
SLt. William Clearihue	Pharmaceuticals
Cmdr Mike Cooper	RCN Ret'd
Lt. Chas. Copelin	Production Controller
Capt. Bob Darlington	RCN Retired
Lt. John Deadman	Medical Doctor
Cdr. Roy Del Col	History Teacher
Capt. Mike Denny	RCN Retired
Capt. Robert Duncombe	Administrator
SLt. Bill Farrow	
Lt. Edward File	Ph. D. Theology
Lt. Jim Forrester	School Superintendent
Warren Forrester	Oceanographer

LCdr. Hugh Franks	Investment Management
Cdr Dave Freeman	RCN
Lt. Noel Gaspar	Imperial Oil
Don Gillies	Ontario Hydro Research
Lt. Charlie Gunn	Financial Supervisor
Cdr. Art Harris	Mechanical Engineer
Lt. Jim Houston	Manufacturing Executive
LCdr. Sam Huntington	RCN / Science Teacher
LCdr. Al Hutchings	High School Teacher
LCdr. Gil Hutton	Defence Scientist
SLt. Thomas Kuiper	NASA Research Scientist
LCdr. Noel Langham	RCN Retired
Cdr. Hal Lawrence	RCN/ Author/Lecturer
Cdr. Fred Lee	Lawyer
LCdr. John R.H. Ley	RCN Retired / CLU
Cdr. C. H. Little	RCN Retired
Captain J. C. Littler	RCN Retired
Cdr. Rowland Marshall	Philosophy Professor
LCdr. Bill McCulloch	City Alderman
Cdr Fraser McKee	RCNR Author
SLt. Doug McWhirter	Business Consultant
SLt. Bob Middlemiss	English Professor / Author
Lt. Charles Miller	High School Vice Principal
Lt. Robert Morris	Engineer
Lt. Phil Neroutsos	Dentist
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LCol Don Rae	Medical Doctor
Lt. Jim Rogerson,	Medical Doctor
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SLt. Jim Speight	Computer Tech Consultant
Cdr. Dave Stock	Lawyer
SLt. Wm. Thomas	Canon, Anglican Church
SLt. Gordon Wells	Civil Service Jamaica
Lt. Hal Wilkinson	Consulting Engineer
Cdr Robert Williamson	School Administrator
Cdr. Robert Willson	RCN Retired
Lt. Robert Wootton	Real Estate

INTRODUCTION

The original general title for these anecdotes was, "SPINDRIFT" a nautical term for "spray blown along the surface of the sea". The word illustrates the book's light and breezy tone and the spinning of tales filled with humour and facts. Based on recall and archival information, these stories are intended as a collection or "drift" of historical information about that unique Canadian naval officer training plan known as the University Naval Training Divisions - UNTD.

This 5th edition, now best identified as **UNTiDy TALES**, is a greatly expanded collection of anecdotes for the 70th Anniversary of the creation of the UNTD in 1942. There are over two hundred more pages of humorous stories, collected in the last 20 years, to more fully entertain the reader.

The UNTD flourished for twenty-five years from 1942 to 1968 when universities were expanding, students needed summer jobs and the navy needed a program to tap this student resource for both the Royal Canadian Navy and the Naval Reserve. But above all, the UNTD movement was popular. What young man could resist the appeal of travel and adventure or a visit to some exotic foreign port? Capturing the sentiment of the time, Don Rae, Class of '52, who became a Medical Doctor in Portage La Prairie, Manitoba, borrows the words of Mordecai Richler and says we joined because "we belonged to a generation that sprang to adolescence during World War II. Too young to fight, we were forever shaped by the war all the same.... the headlines, the battles, the casualties." Today, most young people are not aware of the great pride that Canadians took in the performance of our Armed Forces during World War II. To be a member of the Canadian Forces through the UNTD was for us an opportunity to be a part of a great tradition.

Not only were there mutual benefits for the navy and the students, but the entire country profited as well. The citizen-sailors produced by this cadet training program were dedicated and broadly educated Canadians, who were confident and self-disciplined leaders. It conceived several officers of flag rank: Vice-Admirals; J. Anderson, (ROTP/UNTD Discovery '63) Chief of Defence and J. Allan, (Cataraqui '50) former Deputy

Chief of Defence Staff, Rear-Admirals; R. Yanow, (Unicorn '51) former Maritime Commander Pacific, T. Smith (Hunter '47), and W. Fox-Decent, (Chippawa '55) former Chiefs of Reserves and Cadets, plus Lieutenant General James Fox (UNTD Scotian '53). Several UNTD cadets reached the rank of Commodore including: R. "Buck" Bennett (Star '47), Peter Partner (Cabot '50), E. Ball (York '51), M. Cooper (Discovery '54), E. Bowkett (Chippawa '51), J. Drent (Discovery '54), R. Marin (Carlton '55), J. D. MacGillivray (Cabot '52) J. Toogood, B. Moore (Cabot '55), R. Baugniet (Donnacona '63) and K. Nason (Scotian '65) Commandant of the Staff College.

An abundance of political leaders have sprung from the ranks of the UNTD such as: Cabinet Ministers; William Graham (York '57) former Minister of National Defence, R. MacLaren (Discovery '52), A. Ouellet (Carleton '58), John Brewin (York '54), R. Farquhar (Discovery '56) President of Carleton University, A. Kroeger (Nonsuch '51) Senior Deputy Minister, D. Dodge (Cataraqui '61) Deputy Minister of Finance, A. May (Cabot '54) former Deputy Minister of Fisheries and now President of Memorial University, John Paytner (Discovery '59) External Affairs, Senators M. Pitfield (Carlton '58) and W. Rompkey (Cabot '54) along with Members of Parliament: Serge Menard (Donnacona '59), Doug Rowland (Chippawa '58), and Terry Grier (York '56). Other UNTiDies in Ottawa are: W. A. B. Douglas (York '54), former Director of History at NDHQ, Michael Rayner (Carlton '61) Auditor General of Canada, and Art Collin (Prevost '48) Dominion Hydrographer of Canada.

Province-wise, among the list of UNTD graduates can be found the Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia, John Kinley (Scotian '43), the Attorney General of Alberta, James Foster (Nonsuch '59), Attorney General of Ontario, Ian Scott (York '52), Government House Leader of Alberta Louis Hyndman (Nonsuch '53), Alberta Liberal Leader Laurie Decore (Nonsuch '59), and former Ontario Liberal Leader Robert Nixon (Star '47). Other provincial politicians are Ontario Minister of Economics Wm. D. McKeough (Prevost '51), MLAs: Member Legislative Assembly of British Columbia, Art Cowie (Brunswick '53), Quebec Serge Menard (Donnacona '59) and Saskatchewan Tony Merchant (Unicorn '62).

The UNTD VIP list contains many judges, doctors, presidents, lawyers, and authors, such as the nationally acclaimed editor, Peter C. Newman (York '47), and media personalities; Peter Trueman (Brunswicker '51) and Gwynne Dyer (Cabot '59). The list includes church officials such as SLt. the Reverend Canon Bill Thomas (Prevost '59) and The Venerable Ron Harrison (Discovery '65), Executive Archdeacon of the Diocese of New Westminster. For a complete list of UNTDs who became Very Important Persons, search the twenty-page summary on the UNTD Website < <http://www.untd.org/>>

All of these gentlemen who wore the white twist badge of the naval cadet are in good company. Samuel Pepys, Secretary to the Admiralty, in his penchant for organization and control, created the modern naval cadet. Nearly all of the great naval names of the nineteenth century: Rodney, Hawke, Hood, Jervis, Cornwallis, Collingwood, and Nelson, volunteered for the navy as captain's servants, the forerunner of today's naval cadet.

At the 1993 UNTD 50th Anniversary grand reunion and the 2010 Canadian Naval Centennial in Halifax, many stories were exchanged and sentiments expressed that illustrated the unique and valued experiences that the UNTD program provided for many students. The naval ethic in the Nelson tradition that it fostered in so many young men and the maritime awareness that it engendered in our society is eminently clear.

GETTING UNDER WAY

The purpose of this book is to capture some of that cadet nostalgia and to illustrate the value of UNTD training in Canadian society. By doing so, we recognize the contributions made to our Canadian way of life and to our naval heritage by those who participated in UNTD training. It is also an expression of appreciation for those men who had the vision to create and maintain this unique naval training program.

CHAPTER I

CREATION OF THE UNTD

The concept of the University Naval Training Division began with Professor A. W. Jack Baker during World War II at the Ontario Agricultural College in Guelph. He was an active member of the Canadian Navy League and noted that while the army and air force had a plan for recruiting officers from the student body at the college, the navy had no such equivalent. His son Bill was interested in joining the navy as an officer. At that time, the only option that a young man had was either direct entry as a Midshipman if under the age of 19 or if older, as an Acting Sub-Lieutenant. These candidates had to pass a battery of tests and an interview board. If successful, they entered the RCN for officer training at King's College in Halifax. This meant that they had to leave their college or university education behind and prepare for war service.

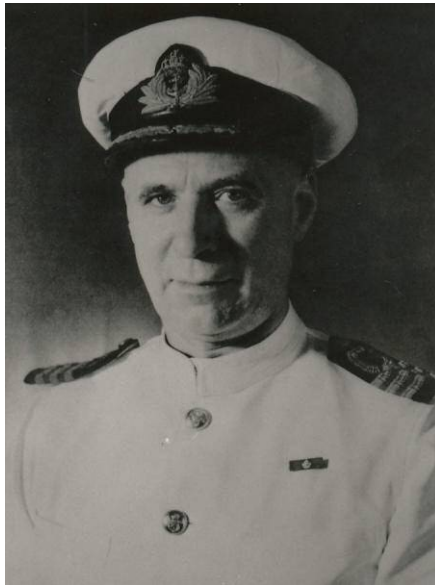
Bob Montgomery wrote about these NINETY DAY WONDERS in *STARHELL Vol. VII, # 43, Summer 2008. He said:*

“In 1940, the Royal Canadian Navy (RCN) acquired Hatley Park west of the city of Victoria, from the Dunsmuir Estate for the sum of \$75,000. In 1941 and early 1942, this site was commissioned as Royal Roads and commenced the training of the first of five classes of 100 temporary acting probationary sub-lieutenants of the RCNVR.”

A similar training scheme was activated in HMCS Kings in Halifax. The classes were of three-month duration and hence the candidates were known as **90-day wonders**. Derek Johnston (NOABC) recalls attending the second class of 125 candidates at Royal Roads from May to August 1941. The program was phased out when Royal Roads officially opened on October 21, 1942 (Trafalgar Day) as a Royal Canadian Naval College”

Hence the UNTD, created as a RCNVR program for training naval reserve officers in 1943, was preceded by the five classes of 90-day wonders trained at Royal Roads between 1941 and 1942.

Professor Baker felt that the navy needed a plan whereby a young man could join the navy, remain at university and work on qualifying for an officer's commission in the navy during summer vacations. In August 1942, he took his plan to LCdr. McFetrick, the Commanding Officer of *HMCS Star*. Together they formed the basis of an experimental naval unit on the campus of OAC in Guelph. These eight students were entered under the divisional strength of *HMCS Star* and have the distinction of being the very **first UNTDs: T.H. Peters, D.E. Present, D.W. Hoffman, V.R. Paxton, M.J. Hart, T.C. Kells, H.S. Ransom, K.A. Standing and G. Spragg**. They did their training partly at the sea cadet corps in Guelph and partly at *HMCS Star* in Hamilton. The course was to be as nearly as possible, a condensed version of the Officer's course at HMCS Kings - drill, seamanship, signalling, pilotage and navigation.



A.W. "Jack" Baker Conceived the UNTD Program 1942

By December, it was clear that the program was working, so the senior officers of *HMCS Star* were assigned to help Professor Baker draft a proposal to the Commanding Officer Reserve Divisions, Captain Brock, in Toronto. He liked the concept and sent it forward to Ottawa.

According to local legend, and a tale oft told around the wardroom bar or at mess dinners, the plan was entitled Canadian University Naval Training Service. However, when the name was reduced to the acronym, C.U.N.T.S. was clearly inappropriate. This delightfully ribald tale seems to have its origins in "A Chronology of Activities of OAC UNTD" by LCdr R. Ellis.

A study of Captain Baker's letters and papers shows that he was asked to form an experimental division of University Naval Training at Ontario Agricultural College (OAC) attached to HMCS STAR for the school term beginning in September 1942. The word division was used for all training establishments. By December 1942, he was asked to present his **University Naval Training Plan (UNTP)** to Naval Headquarters. In his proposal he argues that Naval Training Units be established at universities under a UNTP to secure large numbers of good men who will otherwise enter the army's **Canadian Officer Training Corps (COTC)** or the air force's **University Air Training Plan (UATP)**. On January 16, 1943, Captain Baker received the following reply from J. Macdonald, Secretary of the Naval Board:

"I am directed to inform you that your memorandum on the University Naval Training Plan (UNTP) has been referred to the Naval Service headquarters and the scheme which you propose therein has received favourable consideration by the Naval Board".

In February 1943, Professor Baker, as father of the UNTD concept, was brought into the RCNVR as an Acting Lieutenant Commander (SB) Special Branch and appointed to the position of Staff Officer University Naval Training. Under Naval Order 2854 dated 19 June, 1943, he set out across the country to establish 15 Divisions of University Naval Training identified as UNTDs.

However, according to Ontario Agricultural College UNTD records, on Feb. 9, 1943, the O.A.C. Military Committee reviewed a letter sent by Captain Brock, Commanding Officer Reserve Divisions, offering to establish a Canadian University Naval Training Service. This appears to have been an informal descriptive phrase used in the letter as opposed to a title for an as yet unnamed program. If the phrase existed, it was not repeated because the letter was followed six days later with a

memorandum to all RCNVR Divisions (File RD 6.1.6 dated 15 Feb. 1943) with a formal notice to form the UNTD. Nevertheless, for university students who joined the UNTD, the acronym did become convoluted to the descriptive term UNTiDy, by sources unknown.

Cdr. Baker selected LCdr. McLay, a physics professor, to organize the UNTD at McMaster University in Hamilton and LCdr G. P. McRostie at Ontario Agricultural College in Guelph. The students that they recruited and attached to HMCS Star became the first UNTD program in Canada.



Professor of Entomology, Captain A. W. "Jack" Baker from the Ontario Agricultural College in Guelph, second from right, with the first commanding officer appointed to raise a UNTD contingent at McMaster University, Professor of Physics, Commander Boyd McLay (1943-1961) on the left. LCdr John Carpenter, on the right was the commanding officer of the UNTD at Ontario Agricultural College (1947-1964) replacing LCdr G. P. McRostie (1943-1946), not shown.

Photo Ruth Baker Wright, HMCS Star Archives

Commander Baker held his appointment until after the war when he was succeeded by Cdr. H. Little, RCN. As Cdr. Baker was to the creation of the UNTD, Cdr. Herbert Little was to its post-war

survival and reorganization. His own recollections of how unprepared he was for war in 1939, made him realize the importance of having an officer training program for Reservists. In 1946 when war service was no longer a factor and university students were no longer required to take military training with their college courses, some changes were necessary. The modern peacetime UNTD program dates from Naval Board minutes 10 April, 1947, which approved; "*an officers' training program of four years duration, designed to produce officers for the RCN and RCN(R) with training carried out in shore establishments, Naval Divisions and ships, making best possible use of all existing facilities*".

At that time, students joined the UNTD as Ordinary Seamen. If they passed their first summer and an interview board, they became officer candidates and were identified by a white cap tally. After completing four years, they became Acting Sub-Lieutenants. In 1949, the seaman's rig was dropped and all UNTD cadets wore navy battle dress uniforms and peaked caps as officer cadets. Two full summers of at least fourteen weeks training were required to qualify for officer status.

Since its inception at Ontario Agricultural College and McMaster University, the UNTD program has enrolled thousands of students from various universities all across Canada. Over nine hundred were recruited at McMaster alone. A complete list of all graduates from the UNTD at McMaster can be found in a UNTD scrap book in the HMCS Star archives. Statistics from the Directorate of History, NDHQ, show that for the period 1953-1957, almost seventeen hundred men from across Canada were accepted as cadets, of which sixty percent completed their naval training programme, graduated from university and received a Queen's Commission. Of that number ten percent or just over one hundred, transferred to the RCN.

Receiving a Queen's Commission was like being awarded a second degree. It was a very demanding program, and became a vital factor in creating a repository of trained officers for both the regular force and reserve navy. Without it, the high calibre of the RCNR could not have been maintained. The quality of the leadership generated by this system of officer training has produced most of the commanding officers of naval reserve units

since the late sixties. Many other officers produced by this program became very successful in their professional careers. They can be found today as leaders in the halls of parliament, courts of justice, office towers of business and industry, centres of medicine and educational institutions.

Senior Officers were concerned about the effect that a successful UNTD program would have on enrolment in Royal Military College and Royal Roads. Cdr. Little, however, felt that the main lesson of World War II was the value and economy of having a strong nation-wide Reserve. But the recurring theme of the Chiefs of Naval Staff in their forewords to the "White Twist" after 1949 was the disappointingly low number of UNTD cadets who transferred to the RCN after graduation. With the conflict in Korea and the growing commitment to NATO, the ceiling complement for the navy was raised to 21,000 and the Regular Force was desperate for officers. Vice-Admiral E. R. Mainguy noted that in 1952, eight hundred and ninety UNTD cadets were trained at the coasts, placing an extremely heavy burden on existing training facilities and staff as well as the Canadian taxpayer. He cautioned that much higher dividends were expected from the UNTD program.

To answer these complaints, Cdr. Little prepared a written report which resulted in the creation of the Regular Officer Training Plan (ROTP) in 1952. It made slow but steady inroads on UNTD recruiting, training and accommodation facilities at the coast. Then the Venture program was created in 1955 causing more competition for space and resources. This is when the UNTD began to feel the pinch as it moved from pillar to post in search of class-rooms and billets. However, the knockout blow came in 1968 with the passing in parliament of the Canadian Forces Reorganization Act. Like so many other navy institutions, the UNTD disappeared as an identifiable training plan. The position of Staff Officer UNTD terminated and the recruiting offices were closed on university campuses across the country. When this link with the university student was severed, the concept of naval officer recruiting conceived by Professor Baker in 1943, came to an end.

It is interesting to note that twenty-five years later, after the last class of UNTD graduates finished their training, there are signs that the "well is running dry". Indications are that future

Commanding Officers for Naval Reserve Divisions will have to be drawn from the RCN.

A very modified officer training program replaced the UNTD. With greatly reduced numbers it was strictly a Reserve component identified under the convoluted title of Naval Reserve Officer University Training Program, NROUTP. It didn't take long for this awkward title to be reduced to NROC, Naval Reserve Officer Cadet. It applied to both men and women and they wore the universal green uniform of the Canadian Forces. The white twist, endemic to the UNTD, was replaced by a thin gold stripe. Cadets were trained in one of three MOCs (Member's Operational Career) codes; MARS (Maritime Surface), NCS (Naval Control of Shipping), and LOG (Logistics). Most Reserve Commanding Officers found that because of low recruiting quotas, supply did not meet demand.

Fifteen years later, in 1983 as a part of the planning for the 75th Anniversary of the Canadian Navy, reunions of all kinds were organized with the encouragement of Vice-Admiral J. C. Wood, Commander of Maritime Command (MARCOM). He asked everyone to enhance their sense of professionalism and teamwork by supporting the Navy's 75th Anniversary theme of "Pride and Commitment". Cdr. Fred Lee, (UNTD Star '57), was serving as president of the Toronto Branch of the Naval Officers' Association of Canada, when he received a list of 6,000 known former UNTD members from Marilyn Gurney, the Director of the Maritime Command Museum. It was MARCOM's hope that the list could be updated locally and that UNTD reunions would be organized across the country. In collaboration with the Executive Officer of *HMCS Star*, Cdr. R. Williamson, (UNTD Star '57), Cdr. Lee organized a two hundred seat UNTD reunion dinner at Star on April 27, 1985. Cdr. Little was the guest of honour. A national reunion followed in Halifax during July and a western reunion in Victoria during August. However, it was at the Star reunion in April that the Chief of Reserves, Rear Admiral Tom Smith, first announced that the name UNTD, as a navy officer training plan was to be reactivated. He noted that it was most appropriate that this announcement was made at the Naval Division where the very first UNTD was formed in 1943. No association with universities was to be resumed. Therefore, the UNTD was to be revised in name only for a new generation of cadets. It has been

calculated that over 6,000 young Canadians have qualified for a naval commission under the aegis of the UNTD and more will now follow in the years to come.

Since 1985 there has been a steady growth in UNTD associations holding regular reunions, weepers and mess dinners. Professor Baker would be pleased that his brain-child was alive and well, continuing in the purpose and tradition that he had envisioned half a century ago. Cdr. Little was awarded the Admirals' Medal in 1991 for his outstanding contribution to Canada's maritime destiny through the development of the UNTD. He writes that the letters UNTD were once meaningless to all but an esoteric few. Now they stand for a distinctly Canadian organization with influential members from St. John's, Newfoundland to Victoria, British Columbia.

* * * * *

WHERE THE UNTD STORY BEGAN

LCdr Philip Chaplin, 1963, Senior Research Officer
Directorate of History NDHQ

Editor's Note: Philip Chaplin was an ex Petty Officer of the Royal Navy and an early graduate of the UNTD programme. He worked for the Directorate of History until his death c. 1990.

Curiously, my story of the creation of the UNTD begins in Montego Bay, Jamaica, in 1938. Professor A. W. "Jack" Baker of the Ontario Agricultural College reported to me that it started with an impromptu visit to *HMCS Saguenay* on 22 January during a Caribbean cruise. The Custos Rotulorum of the Parish of St. James returned the Captain's call and took with him a Canadian who was holidaying there. That vacationer was Professor Baker. His visit was more than just a social call. Baker had a vested interest in the Canadian Navy. He had been a member of the Canadian Navy League for years and had helped establish RCSCC Ajax, the Sea Cadet Corps in Guelph. He was also an agent for the recruiting organization of the Hamilton Division of the RCNVR. (future *HMCS Star*)

On the quarter-deck of *HMCS Saguenay*, he met Commander E. Reginald Brock RCNVR, Commanding Officer of the Montreal

Division of the RCNVR, who was undertaking his annual naval training. Clearly the two had a lot in common and formed a mutual friendship that was to have a lasting influence on the development of Canada's naval officer complement.

When war broke out, Brock was appointed Director of Reserve Divisions in Ottawa. Baker's duties frequently took him to Ottawa and on more than one occasion the two men discussed university naval recruiting. By 1942 the shortage of naval officers had become quite severe. In August of that year, Captain Brock, who had been promoted on the 1st of January, visited Baker in Guelph. Together they called on Dr. G. I. Christie, President of the college, and laid before him a proposal for an experimental naval training unit on his campus and entered on the divisional strength of *HMCS Star*.

The improvised course of instruction stated that recruits were to be instructed in squad and rifle drill, seamanship, signals, pilotage and navigation. The course was to be patterned, in condensed form, after the officers' course at HMCS Kings, the training establishment for RCNVR Officers at the University of King's College, Halifax. Eight students were recruited for the fall term of 1942. Training was given partly at *HMCS Star* and partly at *RCSCC Ajax* in Guelph. This is now recognized as the embryonic stage of the UNTD.

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UNTD CONCEPTION, 1942

CDR. Donald S. Bethune CD, Hamilton, Ont. Oct., 1992

It was a dark and stormy well it was night and it was the turbulent war-torn autumn of 1942. As Officer of the Day on board the stone frigate *HMCS Star*, Hamilton's Naval Reserve Division, Don Bethune was about to witness an event that would subsequently influence his life and the lives of thousands of young Canadian university students for at least the next quarter century.

Canada and her Allies were struggling out of the dark days of World War II. There was a serious shortage of trained officers. Don had left university to join the RCNVR as a probationary sub-lieutenant and found himself with other naval recruits on temporary duty in a converted vinegar factory, christened *HMCS Star* on Stuart Street. This is his story.

I had expected a quiet, routine evening until notified that the Commanding Officer, LCdr. John McFetrick RCNVR, the Supply Officer, Lt. (S) William Newbiggin RCNVR, and the Recruiting Officer, LCdr. John Dresser RCNVR were going to assemble in the Wardroom for a meeting at 2000.

While awaiting their arrival on the quarter-deck, a fellow recruit, Midshipman William G. Baker made an appearance with a middle-aged gentleman in company. They proceeded to the Wardroom on the second deck. I advised them that this was an inopportune time as the Captain was about to convene a meeting there. Bill appeared unconcerned and introduced me to his father, Professor Jack Baker of the Ontario Agricultural College in Guelph. He was to be the principal guest at this conference.

In due course, the others arrived and I carried on mustering the duty watch and completing rounds after which I repaired to the Wardroom for some refreshments. It was a dark panelled room with back-to-back chesterfields. The officers and Professor Baker sat in front of the fireplace, ice cubes rattling in their drinks as they verbally struggled with a complex concept. Midshipman Baker who was not a part of the discussion joined me and explained that the topic of the conference was a draft plan for a new naval officers' training scheme to be initiated at universities in the coming Spring. It was to be similar to the Army's Canadian

Officers' Training Corps, COTC. The plan was to operate under the title, Canadian University Naval Training. I was cautioned to keep all this under my hat.

In due course, LCdr. McFetrick and the others wound up their discussion, obviously pleased with the results. A final round of drinks was enjoyed in celebration of a good night's work and conversation turned to the progress of the war. At 2330 the meeting adjourned.

Over the next few weeks, the proposals of that night were drawn up on paper, submitted to the Commanding Officer Naval Divisions in Toronto, Captain R. Brock, RCNVR, and disappeared from my immediate sphere of interest. I progressed in my own training and was posted to the coast and the war in the North Atlantic.

I had forgotten all about the plan for naval training at universities until I went on course at *HMCS Cornwallis* in the summer of 1943. It was there that I again crossed the path of Midshipman Bill Baker and his father, now Acting-Commander (Special Branch) Baker. He had been promoted to that rank as Staff Officer University Naval Training. At the time that I encountered them, Bill and his father were both performing cleaning duties in the heads while under punishment. Regardless of his rank, Acting-Commander Baker was taking the Junior Officers' Divisional Course and was subject to the status and discipline of all trainees at Cornwallis.

That might have been the end of my story except that after demobilization in 1945, I returned to McMaster University to continue my studies. I had grown up on the same street as Professor Boyd McLay, the Commanding Officer of the McMaster UNTD, and it was not long before Lt. Bill Swackhamer and I were invited by the post-war commanding officer of *HMCS Star*, Cdr. Sam Ross, to trade in our wavy stripes of the RCNVR for the straight stripes of the RCN(R). We were both assigned as training officers for the McMaster UNTD, relieving Lt. (O) McKenzie RCNVR.

At the time I did not realize what an interesting and memorable chain of events this decision would initiate. It was inspiring to

serve with such dedicated officers as Sam Ross and Boyd McLay. It was a unique experience to live in university residence with many of the cadets, socialize and play sports with them, and then instruct them in chart work using one of the university labs. The first time that the class of '46 mustered in dress uniform, I was impressed by the number of recruits that were wearing service ribbons: Kurt Smout, Al Quinsey, Joe Jarvis, Bob Nevins, John Hobbs, Fred Stasiuk, Romeo Clement and of course, Cliff Waite, DFC. Not long after that, Commander Herbie Little was invited to attend the graduation of Jack Jamieson, the first cadet to complete the program.

After 1948, I returned to a career in the RCN but even there, my association continued with the UNTD in the training squadron ships: *La Hullose*, *Swansea*, and *Crescent* in 1951; the Coronation Cruise in 1953 and the TRAMID amphibious exercises of 1954 and '55.

Many of the cadets that I had the privilege to have served with, laughed at, and despaired of, became successful naval officers, judges, politicians, academics, business executives and all round worthy Canadian citizens. I claim no credit, but garner a great deal of satisfaction from having been there at the beginning. I cherish the good fortune to have known so many fine young men in their formative years.

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CAPTAIN (SB) A. W. BAKER'S EPILOGUE

"White Twist", 1968.

Editor's Note: Captain Baker wrote the following epilogue in what was to be the last publication of the "White Twist" in 1968.

"The first attempt at forming a university naval training program was on the Guelph campus in 1942. It was administered by *HMCS Star*. When it was found that this programme was operating successfully, the Naval Board asked me to prepare a memorandum (with the assistance of the CO of *Star*) outlining my ideas on naval training in the universities. When this plan was accepted, the Board asked me to come on active service to administer the program. The University Naval Training Divisions

were soon operating in sixteen universities (by Sept. 1943).

During the war, hundreds of officers were trained for the Navy. Many remained as members of the RCN. The peacetime program was expanded and continued to produce officers for the RCN and the RCNR. In fact, today, the Reserve Divisions are practically all staffed by UNTD graduates.

It is saddening and disheartening to me that something which has been so worthwhile now comes to an end. We can only hope that (this last class) and those from the Maritime force who follow you, may maintain some of the proud UNTD traditions and training excellence."

* * * * *

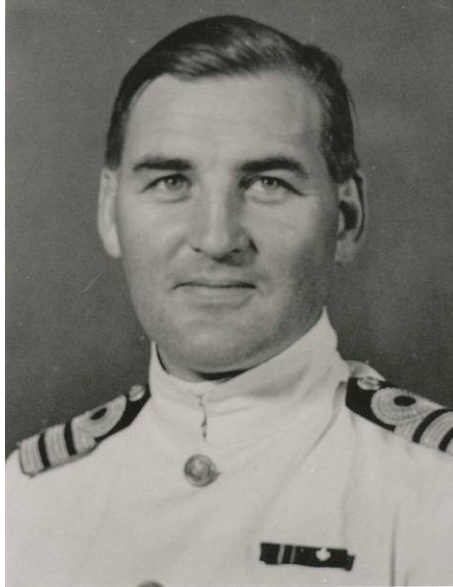
PLANNING A PEACETIME UNTD

Cdr C. H. Little, Ottawa, Ont. 1993

In the summer of 1946, I returned to Ottawa from Hong Kong where I had been on loan to the Royal Navy as the Intelligence Officer of the military government bringing the colony back to life after four long years of Japanese occupation. One day I was wandering around a half empty Naval H.Q. in "A" Building on Elgin Street thinking of leave and demobilisation when I was greeted warmly by Cdr (S.B.) "Jack" Baker. He proceeded to give me a glowing description of his UNTD creation, especially its tremendous potential. Anyone who was ever waylaid by Jack Baker, Professor of Entomology at Ontario Agricultural College in Guelph, will know that brevity was not one of his traits. I listened with half an ear because I was on leave from my teaching position at Upper Canada College and had never considered the R.C.N. as a career.

I was aware in a general way that a naval programme had been introduced into the nation's universities in 1943, but since they required no action by me as Director of Naval Intelligence, I had not acquainted myself with any details. However by the end of the war it was clear to me that ships and their contents would become increasingly complex. Personnel would have to change with materiel. The navy would need university trained officers with knowledge of specialized, complicated installations and the leadership qualities to command highly trained technicians.

I recalled vividly how unprepared I was for war - no naval training, no uniform, only an ardent desire to help - and felt the importance of bringing order into the training of young men for naval



Cdr. C. Herbert Little, Father of the Post-War UNTD 1946-52

responsibility. The Naval Divisions which Admiral Walter Hose had far-sightedly established in the early twenties would be markedly strengthened by a steady influx of officers who had completed a thorough course of training ashore and afloat.

So when I was asked to take the appointment of Staff Officer University Training, I obtained one year's additional leave from Upper Canada College and agreed to stay on Special Naval Duty until 1947 with the purpose of writing a training programme and directions for a peacetime UNTD. Commodore Miles, Chief of Naval Personnel, was genuinely interested in my proposals and philosophy. He welcomed me to his staff and was an important reason for my decision to remain in the navy.

Frankly, there were family considerations as well. In June 1945, I had enjoyed the great good fortune of being offered a new family home in Rockcliffe Park. My wife had borne the burden of moving in alone while I was in the Pacific and our children were well established in a first class public school nearby. The prospects of

moving again were not popular.

On June 11, 1946 I was appointed to Naval H.Q. on the staff of the Director of Naval Reserves indicating that the main thrust of the post war UNTD programme was to train officers for the Reserve. I was given a small office and a secretary, Miss Nita Smith, who proved to be a jewel. We set up a filing system and a card index listing every individual. During the early years we knew each cadet by name, university and Naval Division. We were kept so busy enrolling, appointing to the coast, promoting and discharging that some people said we were running a private navy.

Before returning to OAC, Jack Baker took me to a number of the universities beginning with Guelph, McMaster and Toronto. I was introduced to the National Conference of Canadian Universities and then I was left alone on the sea of academe. As time went on the professors turned out to be friendly while the pirates were dressed in naval uniforms. Support for the programme was by no means general among the senior officers. They had entered the navy as cadets or midshipmen in their early teens and received much of their training in the ships and establishments of the Royal Navy. It is not surprising that they looked with favour on the prescribed programme of the Royal Navy College in Dartmouth, England with its strong emphasis on professional sea experience at a young age. They had little regard for the university student as depicted in "campus" movies and they were concerned with the effect that a UNTD programme would have on enrolment at Royal Military College and Royal Roads.

My concept was quite different. Since Canada was a North American country, our guide should be the United States Naval Academy and its Naval Reserve programme in universities. The naval service had to have appeal and present a challenging career if it was to compete successfully with industry and business for the best graduates. A nation-wide Reserve had to be strong and well trained if we were to meet the immediate requirements of any future crisis. The next time there would be no period of grace in which to prepare ourselves. In the future, the navy as a profession would have to demand ever higher standards of education in all ranks. Why not establish that as our criteria from the beginning?

What did I inherit in 1946? Only a small number of UNTDs reported for summer training. There were a lot of applications for discharge because there was no syllabus for summer training nor assigned billets afloat. The UNTDs being dressed as seamen, were generally used as extra hands despite protestations that they were officer candidates. Consequently they were taught little and treated with indifference. The programme appeared in imminent danger of foundering. The serious flaw was that the trainees were dressed as seamen and dumped in with the crowd. There had to be a change. I could see enormous possibilities if a real officer training programme could be arranged.

I proceeded undaunted to write a syllabus of training ashore and afloat. This was in the hands of the Naval Divisions by the 10th of September. Candidates could now apply for the Executive, Engineer, Medical and Supply Branches. Unfortunately they were still dressed as seaman, but those who passed a selection board at the end of their second year were designated officer candidates and wore a white cap band. Sixty hours of drill and lectures during each academic year were required along with a minimum of two weeks each summer at the Coasts plus one full summer of voluntary service. Reserve Training Commanders were appointed. Upon graduation from both university and the UNTD programme, officer candidates were eligible for either RCN or RCNR commissions.

Many veterans of all arms took advantage of the opportunity to obtain a degree and quite a number joined the UNTD, especially in Toronto and Hamilton. They were invited to apply for the Naval Assistance to University Students, NAUS programme which provided the cost of tuition, books and instruments.

Finding sea billets for training afloat was a major undertaking in 1947. I managed to arrange through Capt. J. C. Hibbard of the cruiser *Ontario* and LCdr. J. E. Wolfenden of the frigate *Antigonish* for three cruises on the West Coast. *New Liskeard*, *Portage* and the destroyer *Haida* under command of LCdr F. B. Caldwell each made five two-week cruises in the Maritimes except for a trip to Bermuda by *New Liskeard*. Despite these arrangements there were about fifty cadets without sea billets. Fortunately I was able to secure places for them on board *HMS*

Sheffield, the flagship of the Commander in Chief of the American and West Indies Station.

The foundation of the peacetime UNTD was made secure by a Naval Board Minute dated 16th April 1947 assuring that training was to be carried out in shore establishments, Naval Divisions and ships making the best possible use of all existing facilities. The maximum strength was set at 1,800 and the rate of pay was that of an Acting Sub-Lieutenant.

By the summer of 1947 I considered that my job of reorganizing the UNTD was done and I applied for leave to resume my civilian teaching career. When I asked Commodore Miles who he had in mind as my replacement he said gravely that there was no one with my experience and if the battle was to be won, I would have to lead the long fight. Thus I applied for transfer to the Permanent Force in the Instructor Branch.

If the first two years had been busy, the next three were hectic. I kept up constant pressure for a genuine officer training programme with the cadets dressed, instructed and housed separately as junior officers. To this end we opened up a building in Esquimalt once used to house the crews of vessels undergoing repairs in dry dock and LCdr J. C. Littler was put in charge. On the East coast a wartime barracks in Stadacona was hastily rejuvenated and a second was re-organized as a cafeteria and gunroom. I selected navy battle dress as a distinctive uniform for the UNTD. It had not been made in Canada before but to me was the obvious choice as the most suitable uniform. The Supply Department sought a manufacturer while I worked the item into my budget estimates.

Of the available warships, the most acceptable for training were the frigates. They had good endurance of 7,200 sea miles at 12 knots. One whole mess deck could be set aside as a "cadetry" or Gunroom and some space could usually be found for small classes. To provide an adequate centre for pilotage training, the after gun house was removed and replaced by a structure designed as a chart house with a compass platform above. As time went on, *Antigonish* and *Beacon Hill* were converted and became the most successful ships in the whole programme. There were never enough sea billets. I was forever cajoling

commanding officers and looking for opportunities such as *Athabaska's* transit of the Panama Canal in 1948 and the carrier *Magnificent* in 1949 then under command of my patron Commodore Miles.

Planning for me is a delightful occupation. In 1948-49 I undertook several recruiting tours seeking Communications or Electrical Specialists as well as potential Constructors. I re-wrote the syllabus so that all first year cadets took the same courses in seamanship. Then in the second year, each branch took more responsibility for specialization. The Supply School in *Naden* accepted most of the Supply Cadets from across the country. I even found a way to make flying training available with the RCAF at Trenton or as Observers at *HMCS Shearwater*. *Bedwell Harbour* developed as a seamanship and recreational centre but I was disappointed by the indifferent fishing.

I was embarked in *Crescent* for the summer of 1952 with my old friend John Littler to devise a sea training programme that would give cadets a reasonable opportunity to learn in short order how to accommodate themselves to the ocean and learn new skills. It was a training model for the future of cadets at sea and I felt proud of the results achieved. Now I was confident that the way was clear for a steady stream of well educated young men to acquire a meaningful naval experience for their country's service and defence.

This was my last task before being reassigned. I handed over to Instructor Commander William Fowler and the whole organization moved with COND to Hamilton. I spent the next several years on one coast or another in Command Education Officer Appointments until I retired.

The following obituary appeared in the *Ottawa Citizen*. As *graduates of the UNTD program, we have lost a friend and a man who once played an important part in the shaping of our lives.*

LITTLE, Cdr. Charles Herbert (Herbie) CD, MA, F.R.C.G.S., F.A.M.F., Isabel La Catolica Order (Spain), Rhodes Scholar, Director of Naval Intelligence RCN WWII Peacefully at the Perley and Rideau Veterans' Health Centre, Ottawa on January 10, 2004 in his 97th year. Beloved husband of the late

Ruth B. Little (nee Harrison) of Rothesay, N.B. Loving father of Jennifer, Tony (Sue), Robert (Audrey), Patrick (Vicki), seven grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. Born December 11, 1907, Cdr. Little was raised in Mount Forest, Ontario and through his characteristic hard work won scholarships to both UCC (1926) and Trinity College, University of Toronto (3T0) where he also excelled in hockey, football and cricket and was a brother at Zeta Psi. While attending Brasenose College Oxford (1932) as a Rhodes Scholar he captained the Oxford Ice Hockey Club that won the Spengler Cup in three successive years. On return to Canada he married his beloved Ruth and served as a Master at UCC until he joined the RCN in 1939. During WWII he became the first Canadian Director of Naval Intelligence on the Naval Staff and as such was one of a very few Canadians to handle Ultra decrypts.

He continued to serve in the RCN until 1958 as a "Schoolie". Two of his proudest achievements during this period were the organization of the Post-War University Naval Training Division (UNTD) and the program preparation of the Regular Officer Training Plan (ROTP). He was awarded the Admirals' Medal in 1991. On retirement he joined the Federal Public Service serving in a number of capacities including from 1964 to 1971 as the bilingual Chief Editor of the Royal Commission on Pilotage. In a lifetime of service to his family, friends, community and church among his most distinguished contributions were his works with the Canadian Authors' Association (National President 1972-75, appointed Honourary President in 2001); the Canadian Writers' Foundation (Longest serving President from 1978 to 2001, thereafter appointed Honourary President); and All Saints' Anglican Church (Warden 1970 to 1983 and Lay Reader 1973 to 2001). He was awarded the Queen's Jubilee Medal in 1977. He published 10 historical works, a book of poetry, numerous articles and was a longtime contributor to the Canadian Geographical Society Journal (Fellow 1969). A former member of the Rideau Club, Royal Ottawa Golf Club and Rideau Curling Club, he authored definitive club histories and contributed many years of active involvement in various committees. A memorial service was held at All Saints' Anglican Church (Laurier and Chapel), Ottawa at 11:00 a.m., on Friday, January 16th. Interment took place at Fernhill Cemetery, St. John, New Brunswick.



Happy times, Cdr. Little, 1950

As a professional educator, Herbie Little was in his element as Staff Officer University Naval Training. As shown here at a mess dinner in 1950, it was a very happy time, but not without its trials and tribulations. As stated in his memoirs, he found the university professors very friendly while the pirates were in naval uniforms. Support for his concept of a future naval officer-training program was by no means general among senior officers. They were of the old Royal Navy sea-apprenticeship school of training and had little regard for university students, especially as depicted in “campus” movies. Senior Officers were constantly fretting about the effect the UNTD program would have on enrollment at Royal Military College and Royal Roads. Herbie believed that in the future, the navy as a profession would have to demand higher standards of education in its ranks and that is what made the UNTD so important. Somehow he had to make the senior officers understand that concept.

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WEST COAST PROGRAM DEVELOPED

Captain Littler's Memoirs

The following extract from Captain J. C. Littler's memoirs, entitled, **Sea Fever** describes his role as Training Commander at *HMCS Naden* in 1949. The book was edited and published with help from Commodore (ret'd.), Jan Drent, a former UNTD.

After *HMCS Micmac*, my appointment as Training Commander on the West Coast was a very pleasant change and I threw myself into the training programme. I realized immediately with Herbie Little's prompting that we were not providing a balanced sea and shore training program for the university naval cadets. A plan was drawn up whereby two frigates; one from the fleet, and one from the reserve, would be manned from the allowed regular force complement of the one frigate plus cadets and reserves under training. These two frigates, plus one of our fairmiles, would be based on Bedwell Harbour in the San Juan Islands remote from the flesh pots for the period of sea training. It was also proposed that we take over the empty barracks in *HMC Dockyard*, Esquimalt. The plan was approved by my commanding officer, Base Commodore "Dutchy" Edwards, and forwarded to the Flag Officer Pacific Coast, Rear-Admiral Harry De Wolf, who ordered it put into effect right away. I started the spring of 1949 with my own barracks and a first-class, hand-picked team. Once a week, we had the *HMCS Naden* band for ceremonial divisions; while the frigates, *Antigonish* and *Beacon Hill*, were attached for the sea-training programme. We had some 500 UNTD cadets under training, plus about the same number of officers and men from the western reserve naval divisions to be passed through the appropriate HMC Schools in *Naden*.

It was a rewarding and hard-working two years; rewarding because the cadets in particular became splendidly fit, what with our physical fitness campaign, so that we easily trounced the rest at each year's Pacific Command track and field meet. Our 0615 training run each morning was tough but it paid off handsomely. I received letters from people like Colonel Bell-Irving, telling me how they appreciated their son's improvement in physique and outlook

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TRANSITION YEARS

Gil Hutton 1946-50

Editor's Note: Gil Hutton served as president of the NOAC Toronto Branch, and a continuous member of the executive of the UNTD Association of Upper Canada.

One must remember that before 1949 there was no such thing as a UNTD "cadet" and some members of the organization never wore the "white twist". Those of us who joined in 1946 were in constant transition with a different status every year. We started like those before us as Ordinary Seamen, paid at the rate of \$54.00 per month. In our second year the officer candidate designation was introduced with the white cap tally as our status symbol. Financially the job was more appealing. We were paid as acting sub-lieutenants at \$143.00 per month, much to the chagrin of the rest of the seamen in the mess-deck. Finally in our third year before going to the coast in 1949, we were designated as UNTD "cadets" with our distinctive battle dress uniforms. However, first year cadets who joined for the school year 1949-50, continued to wear the sailor's uniform until they finished their winter training. That same year, our final year, we sat for a promotion board in December 1949 and became acting sub-lieutenants until graduation.

During this time there was also a change in our service or identification numbers. Those who joined prior to 1946 were given "V" numbers as part of the RCNVR. Between 1946-49, UNTD numbers were changed to "R" designations for the new RCN(R) that replaced the RCNVR. Finally in 1949, all cadets were issued with "U" numbers. In my case, after graduation, I went on Continuous Naval Duty during the Korean War and so was issued with still another number, "O" for Officer. The fact that between 1949 and 1968 cadets had distinctive "U" numbers emphasized the fact that the UNTD was a "university" based organization, separate from the rest of the navy, intended as an officer recruiting vehicle for both the RCN and the RCN(R). Consequently, unlike the Naval Reserve, UNTD service time could count as pensionable service.

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DISBANDMENT OF THE UNTD IN 1968

Bob Duncombe, UNTD '55-'58 UBC

In resolving to get to the bottom of why the university officer cadet programs ended quickly and quietly circa 1967-1968, I found an article in the Canadian Military Journal written by the eminent Canadian historian Desmond Morton about the

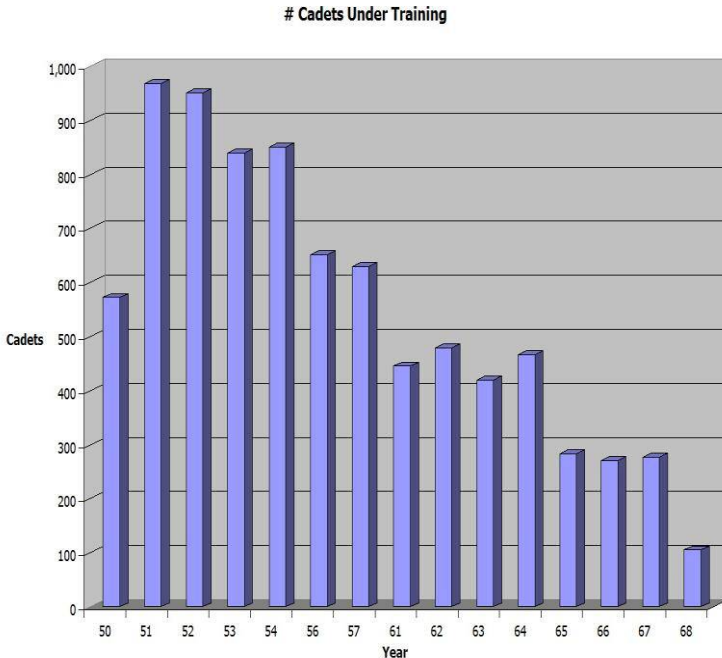
disbandment of McGill's Canadian Officers' Training Corps (COTC) 1912-1968. The Corps was the oldest one in Canada. <http://www.journal.forces.gc.ca/vol10/no3/07-morton-eng.asp>

"On 1 May 1968, all university-based officer training programs ceased across Canada. Lieutenant-Colonel W.E. Haviland, the last commanding officer of the McGill COTC, insisted that the decision had nothing to do with the controversial government program to unify the three armed forces,(although it did encourage a platform of economy). Nor was it due, as some contemporaries would allege, to Pierre Elliott Trudeau, whose selection as both Liberal Party leader and prime minister came a month after the decision was taken. No doubt, of course, that the decision had his assent. What is a little astonishing for a program that helped many students finance their university experience was the absence of dissent or even interest. In its last appearance in Old McGill, the graduating students' yearbook, the COTC mustered four officers, a sergeant-clerk, and only eight cadets. The McGill URTP squadron also displayed four officers and 18 cadets. The Naval Training Division did not even make an appearance.—

*The **need for economy** was a major argument for unifying the three Canadian services. Coming together reminded the three formerly independent services that university-based officer training had not given great value for the money. **Staff and facilities needed** to maintain scores of contingents across Canada and to provide specialized summer courses at virtually every service or branch training facility. The 1960s were a time of **student radicalism, political dissent and lack of interest** north and south of the 49th Parallel, and many American universities had disbanded their reserve officer training contingents or ROTCs to remove a target for campus militants. **The 1912 militarism which had brought the COTC to life at McGill was a faded memory.** The university had even allowed Remembrance Day to lapse until students themselves organized a service in 1994."*

A chart prepared by Bill Clearihue shows the number of cadets listed in the Cadet Directory of each White Twist Year Book that was published between 1950 and 1968. Keep in mind that each bar represents the total of all cadets (years 1 to 3) under

training for that summer. There were no year books published for 1955, or 1958 to 1960. Extrapolation indicates that there were over 9,000 cadets under training, taking into account the number of cadets recruited between the onset of the program in 1943 to 1949.



Most importantly, the graph shows the steady decline in recruiting as the war years receded into the past. This loss of interest was reflected in government policy. On August 31, 1964, due to a **50% reduction in funding**, the Minister of Defense announced the full implementation of **Integration of University Reserve Units**. On September 9, 1964 Reserve Divisions were directed to **Reduce Strength Effective 15 October 1964**.

UNTD units were to be reduced from 23 to 15. Specifically singled out were UNTD programs at several universities including: *HMCS Queen Charlotte's* St Dunstan University and Prince of Wales Colleges, *HMCS Scotian's* Acadian and St. Francis Xavier Universities, *HMCS Brunswicker's* Mt. Allison

University, *HMCS Donnacona's* Sherbrooke and Bishops Universities, *HMCS Star's* Ontario Agricultural College and University of Western Ontario, and *HMCS Tecumseh's* University of Alberta in Calgary. First year recruiting was cancelled and **56** recruits had to be released. Ironically, one of the first UNTDs to be created at Ontario Agricultural College was the first to close, September 9, 1964.

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REMEMBERING THE MCMASTER UNTD

CDR Fred Lee 2010

To preserve the memory of the once prodigious effort to involve university students in naval (military) lore, former McMaster University Tri-Service members (UNTD, COTC, URTP) held a reception during the University Alumni Weekend in June 2010. This military alumni reunion has become a regular part of the alumni program.

The idea was initiated by LCdr (Ret'd) Aubrey Millard and Cdr (Ret'd) Fred Lee as a 50th anniversary project for their 1960 graduating year. As a reunion gift, paid for by an alumni grant, a photo plaque was designed showing all the members of the McMaster Tri-Service in 1960. The plaque was placed at the entrance to the former Tri-Service Centre and lounge that operated from 1945-1967 in University Hall. The site is now subdivided into small lecture rooms.

The plaque will forever be a reminder to the university community of McMaster University's proud military Tri-Service past that disappeared in 1968.



McMaster University's Tri-Service plaque unveiled during Alumni Weekend 2010 was initiated by LCdr (Ret'd) Aubrey Millard (right) and Cdr (Ret'd) Fred Lee.

(McMaster Times)

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CHAPTER II

JOINING UP

THE FIRST UNTD 1942

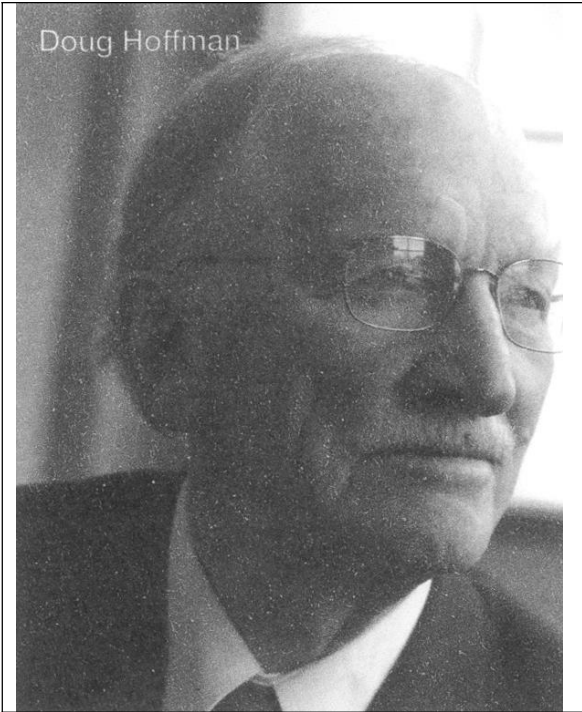
Doug Hoffman's Story

This story was written for the 65th Anniversary of the founding of the UNTD. What better time to tell the story of one of the original members. The first UNTDs, formed as an experimental tender of *HMCS Star* at Ontario Agricultural College in September 1942 were: **T.H. Peters, D.E. Presant, D.W. Hoffman, V.R. Paxton, M.J. Hart, T.C. Kells, H.S. Ransom, K.A. Standing and G. Spragg.** This article has been taken from "The Portico", the University of Guelph Magazine for Alumni and Friends, Winter, 2008, courtesy of Bob Morris.

Doug Hoffman arrived at the Ontario Agricultural College in 1939, a city kid attracted by rural life. "I chose OAC for a number of reasons," says Hoffman. "One was the fact that it was very inexpensive. For \$22 a month, we got three meals a day, a private room and tuition. They even washed our linen once a week but drew the line at underwear."

He came to OAC at a time when Canadians were still feeling the effects of the Depression. However, it was World War II that made the biggest impact on his life. Within a week of his enrollment, Canada was at war.

OAC president, George Christie, told new students that the best way that they could serve their country was to stay in school. He encouraged them to join the Canadian Officers' Training Corps (COTC) in preparation for future military service. Students were required to train two hours a day after classes and football practice. In the summer they spent two weeks at an army camp in London, Ontario. The worst thing Hoffman remembered about that was being sprayed with tear gas. It was harsh training.



Although slated for graduation in 1943, Hoffman didn't cross the stage at War Memorial Hall until 1946. He transferred into the Professor A. W. "Jack" Baker's newly formed University Naval Training Division in 1942.

"We went down to the navy base in Hamilton for one day and then did most of our training in Guelph at the boathouse where Gordon Street crosses the Speed River," said Hoffman. When he transferred into the active service, Hoffman ended up on Fairmiles, wooden vessels, 34 metres in length.

"We sailed the coast of Nova Scotia, Labrador, Newfoundland, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Rumor had it that there was a German radar relay station on the coast of Labrador but we never found it".

* * * * *

JOINING THE UNTD IN 1943

Robert Banks

This is a rare story of the officer training program in its infancy! In September of 1942, the Federal Government passed the National Selection Service Act, making military training compul-



Robert Banks UNTD 1943

sory, for all fit males attending university. What follows are the exciting adventures of a Vancouver University student, Bob Banks and his efforts to join the armed forces in 1943.

In the fall of 1942 I was a second year student at the University of British Columbia. I was a member of the rowing club, the boxing club and a sergeant in the Canadian Officer Training Corps (COTC) under Colonel (Professor) Gordon Shrum Ph.D. At that time I was having trouble keeping my mind on my BA studies and had signed up to join the Canadian Scottish Regiment at the end of the term. However, in December I heard about the new UNTD plan for university students and I decided to give the RCNVR a try. In March of 1943 about twenty-five of us joined the navy at *HMCS Discovery* as Ordinary Seamen (UNTD).

Some of my classmates were: John Rickaby, Keith Lightbody, Tom Grant, Ray Cullinane, Jim Miller, Don Johnston, Don McKay, Ted Pratt, D.J. Hopkins, Q.R. Robertson, Gerry Birch, John Livingstone, Grant Robinson, Don Mann and Hal Burke. We received our basic training at *Discovery* until May when we entrained for Toronto and more training at *HMCS York*. We were assigned to Assiniboine Division.

On June 16, 1943, after picking up more UNTD types on our way across Canada, we arrived at the large new base, *HMCS Cornwallis*, at Deep Brook, Nova Scotia. I believe Cornwallis was at that time only a month or so old – the ground was either red dust or red mud depending on the weather.



UNTD recruits arrive at *HMCS Cornwallis* 1943

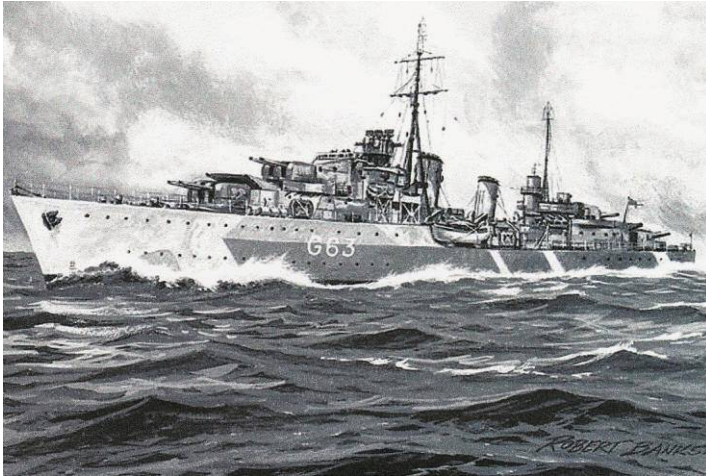
Our training consisted of three weeks of gunnery, three weeks of seamanship and two of torpedo. Drill was done on the highway, as there was still no parade ground. Part of the program included a little sea time. Most of the ships received two or three cadets, but I was sent alone to *HMCS Red Deer*, a Bangor class mine sweeper. Within thirty seconds of saluting the quarterdeck, it was all over the ship that a “green” timid cadet was on board.

My first duties included cleaning the heads, painting the hawsepipe and fetching green oil for the starboard lamp. The food was wonderful after Cornwallis, but as far as leadership training was concerned, there was none. A UNTD cadet was just considered another hand. However, it was a great experience.

In October 1943, our class went before the officer candidate selection board. It consisted of a commander and two lieutenants. Unfortunately, there was to be no white cap tally in my future. As a rejected officer candidate, I was given a number of choices: wait six months and try again; join any branch of the RCN; or request a discharge. I requested a transfer to the submarine branch, but was told that there was a long waiting list. The same problem existed in the fleet air arm so I requested a discharge and returned to Vancouver. Some of my UNTD classmates went on to a regular officer training program at Kings College and in the summer of 1944 ended up aboard *HMCS Niagara*.

When I got back home I joined the RCAF. I was posted to No. 3 Manning Depot, Edmonton in November 1943, then to No. 2 Initial Training School, Regina, then to No. 2 Bombing & Gunnery School, Mossbank, Saskatchewan, then to No. 5 Air Observers School, Winnipeg. I graduated from there as a bombaimer with the rank of Pilot Officer.

I was released from the RCAF and placed on Class E Reserve in early 1945. Instead of returning to university, I enrolled in the Vancouver School of Art, along with some 75 other ex-service personnel, navy, army and air force. I met my future wife Elma, there and two years later we were married and I started out on the long struggle to make a living drawing pictures. I began my own business in 1953 but found no fame and very little fortune. I have done over 150 dinner plate illustrations including the navy commemorative series for the 75th Anniversary in 1985. That project included Haida, Sackville, Bonaventure and the Avenger Torpedo Bomber.



The painting of *HMCS Haida* by Robert Banks that appeared on the commemorative plate series for the 75th Anniversary of the RCN in 1985
Photo courtesy Robert Banks

In 1954 I joined the RCAF Mobilization Assignment Training Plan (Reserve) as a Manning Support Officer, retiring in 1966 as a Flight Lieutenant. Today I am an associate member of the NOAC and a volunteer with the Vancouver Naval Museum.

All in all, I enjoyed my short association with the UNTD and the RCNVR. I have very fond memories and no regrets whatsoever. I still keep in touch with old mates from the RCNVR and the RCAF, but a lot of us are beginning to fall off the perch.

Editor's Note. FLt. Bob Banks CD came to our attention when he inquired about obtaining a UNTD lapel pin. Bit by bit we drew his story from him and when shown his photographs and painting, we were overwhelmed. His last known address is #22 – 1001 Northlands Drive, North Vancouver, BC.

UNTD STOKER 2ND CLASS

Art Harris and Warren D. Forrester

Art Harris joined the UNTD as a Stoker 2nd class when he attended Queen's University in the fall of 1943. There were four platoons of twenty-four men each when the UNTD formed up on the lower campus.



Courtesy Art Harris

At the end of the war, naval training was no longer mandatory but Art stuck around the old Catarauqui in the former Kingston Tennis Club. He had heard rumours that there would be a post-war UNTD program. However, he graduated in 1947 with a degree in Mechanical Engineering before the UNTD program got re-established.

His experience in the UNTD fortified his interest in ships so he entered the University of Michigan to get another degree in Marine Engineering and Naval Architecture. There were few jobs in the shipyards, post WW II, so he turned his engineering and stoker experience to thermal power and got a job with the Detroit Edison Company (electric utilities in SE Michigan). In 1986 he retired as the General Director of the Generation Engineering Department. In 1948 Art joined *HMCS Hunter* and served over forty years in the Naval Reserve, including an appointment as Commanding Officer of *HMCS Hunter* from 1965 to 1968 and president of Windsor Branch NOAC. He was awarded Bronze, Silver and Gold Medallions for his service to NOAC. He passed away October 16, 2010.

Warren D. Forrester's experience was with the wartime UNTD, before it was reconstituted after World War II. This is his salty dip about the UNTD as he remembers it during the last two years of the war.

In September of 1943, I entered Victoria College of the University of Toronto in the Honour Maths and Physics course. I was promptly advised, along with the other male freshmen, that I was required to enlist in one of the armed forces as a university trainee. Recruitment into the navy or air force units was voluntary and subject to quotas. Recruitment into the army unit could also be voluntary, but had no quota restriction and was the automatic default choice. I chose to join the navy unit and came in under its quota. At our first orientation meeting in the lecture hall of the old red brick Chemistry Building, I learned that the navy considered there to be only two classes of university student, the Science student and the Arts student. Science students were made Stokers second class and Arts students, Ordinary Seamen. I thus was made a Stoker 2nd Class and remained so until the end of the war, there being no promotions in the ranks of the wartime UNTD.

Our routine during the university year consisted of evening naval lectures in the Chemistry Building on Wednesdays and Fridays, and basic training at *HMCS York* (the CNE Automotive Building) on Saturday mornings. We did a lot of marching drills at the CNE, carrying wooden rifles, and I remember thinking that even in high school cadets, we had old WWI Ross rifles to drill with. We did, however, develop some pride of unit and the UNTD was cited as the sharpest of the three services at the University of Toronto November 11 Remembrance Service. Our only active service consisted of two weeks each summer in 1944 and 1945 "somewhere on the East Coast".

In 1944 "somewhere on the East Coast" turned out to be *HMCS Stadacona* in Halifax, which we reached by CNR passenger train. We had tickets to exchange for meals in the diner, but had to sleep as best we could on the seats at night. Some of the boredom was relieved by calling out to Ray Corley, a railroad buff, the numbers of all the locomotives we met along the way. It was dark as the train approached Bedford Basin. Nobody believed Martin Shubik when he called out "K240" - a corvette. All the train windows were

blacked out and suddenly the war seemed much closer, especially when we were allowed to turn off the lights and look out over the basin to see the dark forms of ships forming up for a convoy. The naval officer in charge told us in conspiratorial tones that the low hill visible on the other side of the basin was the location of the naval ammunition magazine.

We were transported from the railway station in the back of military transports and at *Stadacona* we were met by a gunner's mate and a stoker petty officer. The gunner formed up the OS platoon (Arts guys) and doubled them down to the barracks. The stoker just called out, "Stokers, follow me". The barracks room was large and filled with double bunks, most of which were already occupied. Since it was after "lights out", the room was lit only by dim red night-lights and I recall having difficulty finding my bunk again after a visit to the heads. We were roused in the morning by the banging of a steel pipe on the iron bunk frames, to the cry of, "Wakey! Wakey! Wakey!. Rise and shine. Leggo your c---s and grab your socks. You've had your time, let me have mine."

The two weeks passed quickly, with introductory classes in propulsion, gunnery, radar and ASDIC. A tour of dockyard and a British submarine was followed with a day at sea on a Fairmile. Morning route marches through the streets of Halifax with the entire ship's company and the *Stadacona* band, were frequent occurrences. I still feel like marching whenever I hear "Hearts of Oak".

During the second school year, 1944-45, we continued our naval classes and drills on the campus and at *HMCS York*. After Spring Exams we headed off for another two weeks of "active" service on the East Coast. By this time, the War in Europe had just ended and the Halifax V.E. Day riot was still in the news. We were sent this time, not to Halifax but to *HMCS Cornwallis* via CP Rail and the Dominion Atlantic Railroad under similar travelling conditions to those of the previous year. Upon arrival, we were signed on as temporary crew members of *HMCS Quinte*, a minesweeper converted for gunnery training duty. It was said that she had been sunk twice and raised each time. I can't recall what caused the original sinking, but the second sinking was said to have resulted from the salvage crew breaking into the rum locker after raising her.

We had all been issued hammocks and taught how to string them and lash them in rolls. These we slung fore and aft in the stokers' mess below decks, hoisting them tight to the deckhead during the day, and lowering them only for sleeping. This arrangement was very efficient since it occupied no deck space. The hammocks swung in unison with the rolling of the ship and the cocoon effect gave the illusion of security and privacy to its occupant. The galley was one deck up from the stoker's mess, so we had to carry our food along the deck and down a ladder to the mess before consuming it. I don't know whether this arrangement was necessitated by ship design or was intended to reduce food consumption; it certainly made one think twice about having a second helping.

We were assigned to watches as apprentices to the regular crew members, alternating periodically between the boiler room and the engine room. The Arts Degree guys were likewise assigned to watches above deck doing ordinary seaman things. The stokers were a friendly and informal lot who treated us with candour and good humour. The *Quinte* had steam reciprocating engines and boilers fuelled with light bunker oil. Air pressure in the boiler room was kept higher than the outside pressure to prevent possible back-draft from the flame jets. A favourite prank was to call an apprentice in the engine room to take a message from the boiler room. When he stuck his head into the voice tube funnel, he would receive a face full of black smoke from some smouldering oily waste held to the funnel in the boiler room. Since the air flowed only one way through the voice tube, there was no way to return the smoke signal.

The only useful duty that I remember performing on the engine room watch was monitoring the temperature of the giant bearing where the connecting rods joined the crankshaft. This was done by letting the bottom of the bearing slap your hand as it came around (no rings on the fingers please). If it felt hot, we used large syringes to shoot jets of water and oil onto the bearing to form a lubricating lather. Another duty that I remember, may or may not have been useful; mopping up the bilges after the bilge pumps had done their best. Several of us were sent down under the deck plates of the engine room with pails, tin cans, rags and an extension light to scoop up and wipe up any water and oil that had been left in the

nooks and crannies of the bilges. Mostly we would lie in the restricted space between the deck plates and the bottom of the hull discussing some weighty problem in the glow of the naked light bulb. I still wonder whether this was a necessary chore or just a make-work project.

The ship went about its regular routine with us aboard; mostly taking gunnery teams out for practice shooting at targets towed by aircraft. One day we were required to steam from Cornwallis to Saint John. Midway across the Bay of Fundy we entered a thick fog. Sometime later we ran aground on a mud flat, fortunately at slow speed so no damage was done, although we did have to be pulled free by a tug and escorted into port. We were told later that the watch officer was relying on the magnetic compass and ignored the radar officer's warning that there was land where there should not have been. The radar was right and the compass was wrong. We spent the next day steaming around on fixed courses to swing the compass. The radar scope was a simple cathode ray oscilloscope on which appeared a straight green line with a distance scale etched below it. A blip on the line at the zero of the scale marked the initiation of the radar pulse while blips of various shapes and sizes at various distances on the scale marked the reflection of parts of the pulse from objects at those distances. A trained operator could fairly well identify an object from the shape and character of the reflected blip. Land for example, gave a reflected pattern of many small spikes resembling grass. The radar antenna did not continually sweep the horizon, but could be aimed in any desired direction by the operator. Radar was still fairly new back then and perhaps the navigator could be excused for not trusting it.

The ship required bunkering in Saint John and my mess mate, Shubik, and I were detailed to place a pan under the hose connection on deck to catch any oil that leaked out, disposing of it overboard. It was a rainy, blustery day so we took the shortest path to the rail to make our dump. As we did so, a gust of wind caught the falling oil, spreading it out into a beautiful fan, plastering the side of the ship. Like a scene from John Winton's, "We Joined the Navy", the Captain was looking out his porthole when everything went black. The cause of this unexpected eclipse was uncovered and we were ordered over the side on a plank to clean off the oil. Shubik declared a vertigo condition and

was assigned another punitive task while I was lowered over the side. Fortunately we were at anchor in the harbour so no great danger was involved, although I was at one point half submerged by the bow wave of a passing destroyer.

After returning to *Cornwallis*, Shubik and I requested to stay with the ship as she steamed around to Halifax on her next mission. This was approved by our supervising UNTD officer but denied at higher command, so when our two weeks were up we returned home for the rest of the summer.

By the time university re-opened in the fall, the atomic bombs had been dropped and the war ended on V J Day. We handed in our uniforms and were formally discharged. It was my impression, at that time, that the UNTD had been disbanded. I heard no more of it until after my graduation in 1947 when it appeared to have been resurrected. I believe that my UNTD experience confirmed in me a fondness for the sea. Certainly it gave me confidence to find that I was not prone to sea-sickness and this contributed to my choosing a PhD career in physical oceanography and hydrography with all the sea time inherent therein.

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QUEEN'S UNTD RAW RECRUITS

Dr. Phil Neroutsos Autumn 1954

In the fall of 1954, Captain Desmond Piers, RCN, came to Kingston from Ottawa to inspect the UNTD Division of Queen's University at *HMCS Catarqui*. Phil Neroutsos, a future dentist and UNTD Association member is the tall cadet in the front rank of the following photo. They are probationary cadets, not having yet been issued with their white twist lapel badges, and about to embark on the adventure of a life time with the navy. It appears that Captain Piers is talking to one of two cadets who are likely attending Queen's from a Commonwealth country. It is a little known fact that Commonwealth students were most welcome to participate in the UNTD program.



Photo courtesy Phil Neroutsos

Accompanying the inspecting officer are LCdr Martin, Commanding Officer of the Queen's UNTD and later a physics professor at McGill's cyclotron, Cdr George Walley, *Cataraqui's* Commanding Officer and coincidentally Phil's English professor.

Keen eyes may notice that CDR Walley is wearing a medal on his right chest. It is the Bronze Medal of the Royal Humane Society presented to him for jumping into the icy Atlantic to rescue a German sailor during WW II. After his inspection, Captain Piers had all the cadets gather around him informally in one corner of the drill deck while he told stories of his amazing WW II experiences. They included yarns about Gibraltar, the Mediterranean fleet and naughty stories about Prince Philip.

One would expect that Piers eventually retired to the wardroom for refreshments and it is very likely that it was on this occasion that he met SLt. Conyers Baker, UNTD Queen's 1950 – 53. "Conn" came to Piers' attention while playing the piano and leading a singsong. He later married Captain Piers' daughter, Anne, a legendary story related elsewhere in these tales.

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SHIPYARD CADET

Bob Middlemiss, 1956

It was August 1956, I was eighteen, and it was the first day of my marine engineer training at Canadian Vickers Shipyard in Montreal. It was to be a five-year apprenticeship, with summer courses in thermodynamics and naval architecture, ending with a fourth engineer's certificate and a career with the Federal Department of Transportation (DOT) as a chief engineer. I was one of ten young men who applied and were selected from across Canada for a pilot project "to meet the anticipated need for trained marine engineers for Canada's expanding DOT fleet of icebreakers and hydrographic survey ships."

The personnel manager walked me over to Engine Shop # 3, but I stopped walking, staring at what lay before me – two navy warships, one brightly painted in a distinctive blue-grey; the other, drab with red lead and primer coats and still under construction. These were our latest Destroyer Escorts and according to official sources, the best in the world.

"*Ottawa* gets commissioned in a few weeks," the personnel man said. "Still a long way to go on *Restigouche*".

I stared at the spanking new *Ottawa*, some cheery bunting at her halyards, a naval rating checking things out. Yard workers were touching up paint. Her ship's crest gleamed in the morning sun. *Restigouche* was dark with the work and noise of her building: oxyacetylene torches, wires, ropes and hoses snaking across her unfinished decks, wooden ladders poking out of hatches, men bending to their tasks, walking down gangplanks, a hand reaching out a glassless window on the bridge. No ship's crest. As a boy I had pictures of navy ships on my bedroom walls, including the first *Restigouche* moving through heavy seas. I resolved to get on board her namesake.

In Engine Shop # 3 I was handed over to the foreman and my day began - hard hat, blue coverall and steel-toed boots. A toolbox was provided by the DOT with hammers, screwdrivers, wrenches and some rags to clean up with. Later would come the chipping gun, buffers and grinders; later still the micrometers, feeler gauges, vernier calipers, J-blocks and surface gauges.

Over that first year I learned the shipyard culture and got to know the men. Paul escaped from Poland in 1939 and was a gifted journeyman who made the brass fittings for RCN ships, including the admiral's ladder. Bernard was a former spotter pilot on a German cruiser. He was shot down by Russian fighters in the Baltic. He survived by cutting off gangrenous toes with a penknife. Heinrich, a feldwebel, shared one pair of boots during winter on the Russian front. One lunch hour, Heinrich performed an impromptu goose-step, the air wafting with salami, oranges and diesel oil. "You have to bounce or you won't move forward", he said.

There were the rules, none of them written down. Steal from the company if you want, but never touch a man's tools. There were many dangers – a rigger slipping, going through the ice, dragged down by his tool belt; a man blinded by brass particles caught in an air hose blast; a man losing his leg when a crankshaft came loose. There was the insidious danger of asbestos; the interior spaces of ships white with it as it got sucked into your lungs.

Then came the day in 1958 – "Bob, we're putting you on 257 for sea trials". Hull 257, *Restigouche*.

Restigouche maneuvered out of the dock basin, almost two years to the day from when I had arrived at the yard. Now she was heading out for five weeks of trials, her Vickers shipyard captain quietly giving orders while an assistant wrote down every word on a clipboard.

Restigouche was resplendent in her paintwork, just as *Ottawa* before her. Unlike *Ottawa*, she was the first of a new class, mounting an enclosed 3.75-inch twin turret capable of firing 120 rounds per minute. But like *Ottawa* there were quiet eyed CPOs and POs attending to weapons and electronics. They and the RCN officers kept to themselves.

I had been assigned to *Restigouche* when she was still a powerless hull: working ten feet below the ice covered waterline, sitting on a piece of wood to ward off rheumatism as we worked on cold steel frames and fittings. Now as she left the dock basin the deck throbbed beneath my feet - precision parts under pressure turning over. She carried that musk of new paint, hot

wiring, oil and plastic.

I was assigned a bunk and given a pillow, sheet and blanket for the sea trials of *Restigouche*. I was in with some hard-nosed yard workers whose temperaments were mellowed by the fact that they were being paid 24 hours per day. We earned even while we slept. Some skilled men came ashore with over \$5,000 in 1958 dollars.

My assignment was twin condenser pumps in the engine room; my task was to tell somebody if they ran hot. Other than that, I sat on the vibrating catwalk and read a paperback book. Then came the day – a hot bearing for sure - its heat building. I got the Vickers engineer. I interrupted his lunch. We headed down into the engine room where his experienced hands caressed flanges and bearings. He shook his head and said, “Better safe than sorry”. Had I interrupted his lunch for nothing? He never said a word about that. I thought the world of him.

We were all sweating as we heaved on the pulley ropes, lifting the casing off one of the main turbines. Engineers checked the blades. The casing was lowered back into place. We were missing one bolt. Up came the casing again, sweat pouring from us. No bolt was found. A bolt would have torn up the rotor blades, which now shone in the artificial light like Swiss watch workings.

Later, off watch, I stood on the bridge as *Restigouche* went through her high speed maneuvering trials, feeling the wind and vibration, and looking back at the hot wafting funnel, and beyond that, the huge curving wake as she heeled over, her twin rudders digging in.

I was not there for her final sea trials. I had left to attend university. Consequently I missed the collision between *Restigouche* and a British freighter south of Luzon. As is sometimes the way of the sea, the woman who had launched *Restigouche* was killed that same day in a car accident.

My future was not to be in marine engineering although my shipyard experience did open another door. During lunch time I taught English to the new Canadian workers in the yard. A very astute foreman said to me, “You’re in the wrong line of work,

son". I never forgot that. When money was bequeathed to me, I left the shipyard and registered in a university public library program with the idea of accomplishing some social good.

While I was working on my marine engineering program at Vickers, I attempted to join the UNTD but I was a square peg. As a freshman at Sir George Williams University, I returned to *HMCS Donnacona* and this time became a probationary UNTD cadet. My experience in the shipyard must have served some good because I was selected as the best first year cadet for my home division in 1960.

Editor's Note

York University hired Bob Middlemiss as a library administrator in 1964 after he completed a postgraduate program in library and information science at McGill University. He immigrated to the United States and became an Assistant Professor at Indiana State University Graduate School in 1970. From there he moved into adult education and adult literacy, conducting workshops in English as a Second Language for the next thirty years. With these workshops his professional life had come full circle to his lunch time English classes in the shipyard.

Bob Middlemiss particularly enjoys conducting classes in creative writing and continues to do so even in retirement. He encourages retirees to document their personal histories for their families, especially their grandchildren. He finds this activity very rewarding.

He has published several books himself with good reviews in the New York Times and Publishers Weekly. His latest novel, *A Common Glory*, is an historical romance set in the segregated Deep South of 1941 where RAF pilots learned to fly with the USAAF. He now resides at 1091 Cheney Place SW, Marietta, Georgia, *Email: eyeballbooks@aol.com*

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UNTD CADET INTERVIEW BOARD

Bob Middlemiss, 1959 HMCS Donnacona

Editor' Note

As probationary UNTD cadets we all had to face an Officer Cadet Board interview at some time. It meant reading Time and Newsweek magazines to be up to speed on current events and learning all the names of prominent politicians, senior officers and relevant military events, especially if they involved the navy. In some way we all had to find an opportunity to present our best face as potential officer candidates. All these memories will come flooding back to you as you read this story by Bob Middlemiss.



UNTD Cadet Bob Middlemiss *HMCS Donnacona* 1959

In 1959 I remember how uneasy I felt as a UNTD Probationary Cadet sitting the Promotion Board for Officer Cadets. As I faced those severe looking senior officers part way through the interview; - I knew I was floundering, but then I saw my chance.

Asked why I wished to join the RCNR, I told the board that I came from a seagoing family. Cousin Harry served in *HMS Warspite* and was known as “Dempsey” for his boxing prowess. Cousin Tommy served in the Merchant Marine and lost his plumbing during a convoy strafing. Cousin Alan was also in the Merchant Marine and served as an engineering officer in oil tankers. My uncle, Ernest Abrams, was a LCdr. RNVR. As a frogman he carried out classified operations for the Normandy landings. My father had a merchant ship’s clock salvaged by him and displayed it on our living room wall.

I could see that I suddenly had the interest of the board officers. The interview had taken a turn in my favour. Then I played the most powerful and tragic card of my family history. Uncle Ernest Abrams’ son, Robbie, a Petty Officer, was lost at sea on board *HMS Hood* during that famous encounter with the German pocket-battleship, Bismarck. To this day I feel the guilt of having traded on the memory of a fine sailor and a fine ship. But I also remember the board’s reaction at the mention of *HMS Hood*. The atmosphere changed. Sunlight suddenly came streaming in to brighten the solemnity of the conference room.

When my father died in 1969, the surviving cousins: Harry, Tommy and Alan took the train to my parent’s home in the picturesque countryside of Sussex to remember my father and comfort my mother. They hugged her when they arrived and drank a “cuppa” served with extra thick ham sandwiches. They noticed my photograph on the mantelpiece - a smiling young UNTD officer cadet RCNR and beside it the merchant ship’s clock salvaged by Robbie’s father.

The conversation soon turned to the sinking of *HMS Hood* and our lost cousin, Robbie. They talked of the ship’s great power and lovely lines – and soberly of the political machinations that denied her the refit that might have changed her role in history. They retold the story of how Robbie had phoned his sister, Mary,

before setting sail. Mary cautioned him to take care of himself and he replied, "Don't worry, Luv, I'm on the safest ship in the world".

My daughter grew up on the stories of the loss of *HMS Hood* and my cousin, Petty Officer Robbie Abrams. She told me the other day that she would hand down our family stories to my grandchildren and take care of my officer cadet photo, my navy newsletters, and the salvaged merchant ship's clock inherited from my father. I thanked her and got back to work, but in my head lingered the memory of my cadet board and the voices of my sailor cousins, now stilled, telling family stories of a gallant ship and a lost relative.

* * * * *

ME AND ADMIRAL HOSE

S/Lt. The Reverend Canon William C. Thomas RCNR (Ret'd),
President, UNTD Association of Canada

Admiral Walter Hose and I met at the commissioning of a Sea Cadet Corps in the Spring of 1956. It was a highly formative event that eventually transformed me. Upon entering High School, I was the archetypical nerd – I even wore a pocket protector with 4 different coloured pens and a pocket slide rule. I was an academically brilliant, but socially backward: - painfully shy, a complete physical klutz. The navy changed all of that and, in a curious way, it all started with Walter Hose.

The founder of the Canadian Navy Reserve, Rear-Admiral Hose, retired on July 1934. In retirement he took up residence in Windsor, Ontario, much to the delight of *HMCS Hunter*. In 1955, at age 80, he agreed to having a Sea Cadet Corps named after him, and in the spring of 1956, he was present for its commissioning. He continued to attend each of its annual reviews and Trafalgar Balls, until his death in 1965.

When RCSCC Admiral Hose was first formed, I was attracted to the Corps for two reasons. My uncle had served as Chief Petty Officer and Engine Room Artificer on board a corvette, *HMCS Port Arthur*, during WWII, and had given me one of his old worn caps and a raft of stories to take to school for show & tell. I was both excited and terrified by them. Secondly, boats were familiar grounds for me, and one area where I had some practical skills to offset my “nerdy” reputation. I grew up living on the shores of the Detroit River, and my father always had a boat around. At first it was a Peterboro streamliner, powered by one of those delightful war-surplus 22 HP Johnson motors. Then in 1950, he bought a 40ft trawler, and we literally lived aboard; cruising the Great Lakes every summer for the next 5 years.

So, when the cadet corps was formed, I was a bit of a shoo-in for the corps acting petty officer. But technical knowledge is not enough – leadership also requires some solid training and discipline, and those I got in spades!

I was one of twelve cadets selected to travel to North Sydney NS in the summer of 1956 to participate in basic training at *HMCS Acadia* and the old Port Edward naval base. In those days it was an impressive place, with *HMCS Quebec* tied up alongside. That summer, I passed my formal exams as an Able Cadet, and also earned my communicators badge. By the end of the year, I had completed the exams for Leading Cadet, and by April of 1957, had completed the exams for Petty Officer 2nd class. It was a pretty meteoric rise. However, it could not have been accomplished without the incredible support and advice of both the officers and my fellow cadets.

In the summer of 1957, along with two other cadets, I spent seven weeks on the East Coast at *Cornwallis*, *Stadacona*, and *Shearwater*, earning badges in Gunnery, small arms Marksmanship, and anti-submarine operations.



Chief Petty Officer Bill Thomas RCSCC 1957

Photo credit Bill Thomas

In the fall of 1957, I was promoted to Chief Petty Officer for the corps. The school year of 1957-58 saw the Corps gain a whaler, kept at the Windsor Yacht Club, where my father was then Commodore of the Windsor Power Squadron. We rapidly learned never to sail downwind in the same direction as the river current. You just couldn't tack a whaler into the wind with the same efficiency as you could a dinghy. A 20-minute sail could result in a two-and-a-half hour row back.

That was also the year our enthusiastic little corps received the Lord Strathcona Shield for General Proficiency among High School Cadet Corps. We also took the Lord Strathcona Shield for Marksmanship, scoring 497 out of a possible 500 in the finals, to the great delight of Admiral Hose.

It is perhaps no small wonder then, boosted by such an exciting

year, that in the summer of 1958, I was amongst the top-rated PO's in Canada selected for the 7-week Leadership Training Program, again out of *HMCS Acadia* in North Sydney. In addition to all of the various classroom, shipboard, and sailing sessions, every week involved serious drill work in performing the Sunset Ceremony each weekend at various Highland Games throughout Nova Scotia.

Chief Petty Officer Coles was our drill instructor, and an absolute terror on the drill deck. Even though I towered over him by a full foot and outweighed him by 80 lbs. or more, he never failed to intimidate by presence and voice alone. But I at least managed to get myself coordinated enough to function as PO for the guard. At the end of the course, I had not only earned my Leadership Star, and regulating rate, but also was awarded the coveted silver bos'ns pipe for top cadet, having scored 100% on the exams in all 8 sections of the course.

Later that summer after returning to Windsor, I was aboard *HMCS Sault Ste. Marie* for a 4-day cruise from Warton to Windsor. We experienced the roughest weather I have ever seen.

Rounding Tobermory just an hour after a major cold front had passed, Lake Huron was vicious. Streams of green water from the hawse pipes shot well over the bridge, and waves were breaking over the quarter deck, preventing us from getting to our mess for 8 hours. But at least I learned, having survived that trip that I was unlikely to suffer from seasickness.

In September of 1958, I was commissioned at age 18 as a Midshipman and told that I was the youngest Sea Cadet Officer in Canada. It was mind-boggling to find myself now welcomed into the male staff room in the school, not only on parade days, but at any time. Suddenly I found myself on a first-name basis with my teachers. However, that boundary between upper and lower decks significantly changed my relationship with my fellow students. It was a rich, but uncomfortable year.

It culminated in my being selected to represent my school and be personally received by the Queen and Prince Philip in the summer of 1959 when they visited Windsor aboard the Royal

Yacht Britannia.

In the summer of 1959, I again returned to *HMCS Acadia*, but this time as Term Lieutenant for the first year cadets – where I had been only a short 4 years before.

In the fall of 1959, I moved to the University of Western Ontario, to begin what I thought would be a degree in nuclear physics and a parallel career in the Naval Reserve. However, I caused an administrative nightmare for my divisional officer when it was discovered that I was already on the Naval List as a Sea Cadet Officer. So, at the tender age of 19, I had to resign my commission in order to be signed on as a UNTD Cadet.

But the Sea Cadet experience stood me in good stead, winning the Shield as best first year cadet at *Prevost*, and being appointed Cadet Captain of Nootka Division the following summer at *HMCS Cornwallis*. It was déjà-vu all over again. Do you do anything at Cornwallis as much as march or double at high port on the parade square!!!!

Our 1960 cruise that summer aboard *Cap de la Madelaine* took us to: Argentia, Nfld, a regatta in Placentia Bay, the Magdalene Islands and up the Saguenay River to Chicoutimi. When off watch we took an illicit trip to Quebec City with a couple of delightfully exotic Quebecoise.

I also received another important lesson in political reality in the forces. At the end of the summer, my Term Lieutenant called me in. He explained that although I was a clear leader in points for best cadet in the division that summer, ours was the only division in which there was a Francophone cadet who came even close to award levels. For the good of the service, he hoped that I would understand when the award was given out. It was an omen.

1960-61 was not a good year. For the first time in my life I encountered an academic subject I could not master – the use of transformations in solving differential calculations in calculus. Good-bye career in nuclear physics. It was a hard lesson, but a valuable one. I learned that I was not invincible! It also led to a messed-up summer with the navy. In switching

majors from pure to applied sciences, I had to cut short my summer training to return to complete 2 summer courses at Western. The good side was that I discovered that although calculus was out – Boolean algebra was in. I scored an “A” in math and a “C” in French. The down side was that I missed a cruise to Iceland and fell out of step with my peers.

In the summer of 1962, when the rest of my peers headed for the West Coast, I found myself again appointed to the East Coast and *HMCS Cornwallis*. I spent the first half of the summer as a member of the staff of the Leadership School with the rank of Cadet Captain.

My duties were split between a desk job looking after updating manuals and hounding newly recruited seamen and 1st year cadets around the drill square and obstacle course. All the time I tried to look like a cool, unruffled, smartly-turned out drill instructor. Memories of PO Coles haunted those early months...

The last half of the summer was spent on a cruise to the British Isles aboard *HMCS La Hulloise*, with stops at Tor Bay, Portsmouth, the Solent, and Dublin, Ireland. I created another kerfuffle in Portsmouth when I listed as my address while on a three day leave as “The Women’s Residence, The London School of Economics”. Even though it was legitimate (my cousin was Dean of Women and had a separate apartment), it took several phone calls to *Prevost* and Windsor to convince the Training Officer. While on leave, I kept delaying my return to Portsmouth until the last possible train, planning on arriving back on board 30 minutes before we were due to sail. You can imagine my panic, when, turning past the warehouse on the jetty where I had left the ship, *La Hulloise* was nowhere to be seen. She had changed berths in the midst of my leave - and Portsmouth is a very large dockyard. But with the aid of dockyard security, I managed to get to the ship a bare 5 minutes before she cast off.

In the fall of 1962, I was commissioned as a Sub-Lieutenant on return to *HMCS Prevost*. With seniority as of 1 May 1962, I spent the winter as an Instructor. My intention was to become career officer, but....Paul Hellyer was already announcing

plans to unify the Armed Forces. Rumors had it that there would be a surplus of junior officers – and no new intakes to the regular forces. *HMCS Prevost* was to be decommissioned and turned over as a diesel training centre.

So I was forced into an alternate career – teaching. I was hired by the high school in Napanee, Ontario. The next two years were to be spent moving frequently between Napanee & London. There was no opportunity to connect with the reserve division in either Kingston or London and so I entered the retired list for the second time at age 23. Eventually I lost track of the navy and the UNTD until the 50th Reunion in Halifax 1993.



SLt. RCNR the Reverend Canon Bill Thomas

Photo courtesy Bill Thomas

However, I had been transformed by my training as a Sea Cadet and a UNTD Cadet. I had gained immeasurably in confidence, maturity, and leadership. All of my navy

experience contributed significantly to my 13 years as a Secondary School teacher/administrator and, in the end, to my 27 years as an ordained cleric and senior diocesan staff person.

But one other great benefit to naval training has had the longest-lasting impact on my life. The naval officer's uniform never fails to attract the most beautiful and intelligent young women. Jette and I have been married for 43 years.

And, in many ways, it all began with Walter Hose. My fellow Sea Cadet, Rick Faulker, wrote the following.

“It was my good fortune from 1957 to 1961, to belong to the Royal Canadian Sea Cadet Corps Admiral Hose of Riverside High School. Riverside is now amalgamated into Windsor. I even lived on the same street as Rear Admiral Hose but saw him only at cadet annual inspections and one of our Trafalgar Balls. As memory serves, at my last Trafalgar Ball and being chief petty officer of the corps at the time, Hose asked my escort to accompany him for the opening dance. This small in stature, spry, mid-80s gentleman and my escort glided over the dance floor in true classical ballroom style. It was a sight to behold”.

Indeed! Walter Hose certainly inspired me. Sadly, he died on June 22, 1965 – my 25th birthday. I appreciate this opportunity for letting me bring to light, part of the story of one of our great Canadian naval heroes.



Cdr. Walter Hose 1914

CHAPTER III

WELCOME TO HALIFAX

WET AND MISERABLE

Robert Williamson UNTD *HMCS Star*, May 1958

As we stepped out of the CNR station in Halifax we were met by a steady rain giving the city a grim and chilling appearance. Carrying our kit bags over our shoulders, we were directed by Lt. Person, McMaster University's UNTD Staff Officer, to load them on the back of a half ton truck and then climb aboard a navy bus. After leaving Cornwallis Square, we drove along Barrington Street parallel to the waterfront. We were en route to the navy base at *HMCS Stadacona*, better known in the vernacular as "Stad". We passed through some of the most depressing neighbourhoods that I had ever seen. A dark grey slate outcropped everywhere, adding to the damp despair of the scenery. It was all in stark contrast to the beauty that we were later to discover at the Spring Gardens, Point Pleasant and the Northwest Arm.

The navy base stands as it did then on the side of a hill overlooking the fiord-like harbour. As a geography student at McMaster, I couldn't help but notice that the city of Halifax was built on a huge drumlin-shaped hill carved out by the last ice age. The subsequent drowning of the coastline as the glaciers melted left the drumlin almost surrounded by water.

"Stad" was a hodgepodge of buildings consisting of: permanent brick structures such as the Gunnery School and A Block; old stone buildings such as Admiralty House and the Hospital; and temporary structures such as the Seamanship School and G Block. It gave the appearance of a conglomerate conceived in haste, and born of necessity to financially embarrassed parents.

The UNTD cadets were housed in F&G Blocks, wooden structures built as Wren's barracks on a terrace in the hillside below the wardroom gate. The location provided an excellent view of the dockyard and the bridge to Dartmouth. G Block was one of those white temporary wartime structures that through necessity had become a permanent fixture. The ever present fire extinguishers and fire patrols suggested that the navy was all too

aware of the temporary nature of the building.

Inside, G Block was a model of military decor. The stark white walls and polished brown linoleum floors gave the impression that the duty watch would have to maintain high standards of cleanliness for inspection rounds. The dormitory arrangement consisted of cabins with five double bunks in each. A double closet facing each bunk was shared by two cadets.

Shortly after our arrival, we were introduced to Stadacona style military order and discipline. Each cadet was placed in a division named after a tribal class destroyer. This was inspiring stuff. My group of new associates was to be known henceforth as Haida Division. We were mustered by our cadet captain and instructed that all first year cadets marched double-time wherever they went in "Stad". Then promptly, we were sent out to draw bedding from the linen stores where we lined up to sign for the standard issue of a thick scratchy beige wool blanket stamped with big blue DND letters and a light blue cover that always seemed too small for any bed.

It was not necessary to remind everyone to double while returning to G Block. A steady stream of cadets dashed through the rain, trying to avoid puddles while balancing a pile of linen and blankets in their outstretched arms. The smart ones held their pillow case in their teeth so it didn't get carried away in the wind.

When Haida Division was mustered the next morning, I was duly impressed with the military efficiency of the training organization when each cadet was issued with a stencil of his name and cadet number. This number consisted of the letter U, supposedly standing for university, followed by three or four digits. Example: U-121. This configuration always reminded me of the hull numbers of German U-boats. For that reason, the cadet numbers seemed to me to be a little disreputable.

The next two hours were taken up with the task of labelling all parts of our kit using white paint and our newly acquired stencil. The outcome of this exercise defies description. In some cases a grade three finger painting class could have produced better results. Casual wear and work dress had to be labelled on the outside. Smudges, blobs and drips were everywhere. One cadet

got so caught up with the assignment that he stencilled his name across the back of his dress blue uniform instead of marking the lining inside. When everyone was finished, the net result was that while wearing working dress, we looked more like inmates than officer cadets.

Once the basic chores were done we received our training schedule and prepared for our first shore leave. The good news was that Haida Division was scheduled for the first training cruise. The bad news was that I was on the first duty watch for Saturday, our first day of leave in Halifax. On Saturday morning, my locker-mate, who was not on watch, was merrily whistling a nondescript tune to himself as he spruced up for shore leave. I sat dejectedly on my bunk, envious of his good fortune and chiding him to leave some pleasures of Halifax for the rest of us to enjoy. At that moment, liberty boat was piped and he quickly tidied up, putting his heavy woollen battle dress uniform on a hanger and somewhat clumsily, thrusting it onto the sagging bar in our closet. The wooden bar strained a bit more and suddenly snapped, dumping all our clothes on the deck.

His immediate rage was followed by a stunned silence as he realized that he was going to miss his first liberty boat muster. Since I wasn't going anywhere, I advised him to leave the mess on the deck for me to fix. Treating me like his saviour, he picked up his burbery and dashed out to fall in with the liberty men.

Before a replacement for the broken bar could be found, rounds were piped at the end of the Saturday morning clean-up. The cadet captain conducting the inspection was an officious martinet who was hoping to find a career in the regular forces upon graduation. While inspecting our cabin he was not impressed with the pile of clothes on the deck, nor did he have the slightest interest in the logical excuse for same. With frustrating incredulity I saw my name added to the charge list which, due to this cadet captain's nature, was already quite long. Consequently, I spent my first weekend in the port of Halifax alternately mustering with the duty watch or the slack party. Such was my miserable welcome to Halifax as I recall it. There was some compensation in that all off-base activities were limited because it continued to rain all weekend and there were bound to be many better days ahead.

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HALIFAX! WHAT HAVE I GOT MYSELF INTO?

Jim Rogerson, M.D, / Lt. (S) (MED) 1952-54 UBC

The summer of 1952, my first in the Navy, was a compelling experience, and one that, in many ways, changed my life. Being a rather typical Pre-Med. “geek”, I was not particularly good at the kind of give and take necessary in the bonding process of a UNTD Division. The time spent at Stadacona and in the training ships taught me lessons and gave me memories that I have never forgotten and for which I have always been grateful. With 47 years of medical practice behind me you can see that there are many memories competing unsuccessfully with those of my training in the UNTD.

I still remember standing at attention that first night, having arrived in Halifax from Vancouver, tired, not a little apprehensive and thinking, “What have I got myself into this time?” – especially when the Chief Petty Officer addressing us said we were, in his opinion, spoiled college kids. He planned to make it his personal goal to send us packing. He fanned a bunch of train tickets and told us that when we had had enough, just come to him and we would be on our way home.

Of course, along with the others, I immediately made the determined decision, “**Not bloody likely!**” As the summer wore on, I began to believe that if I survived, nothing would ever seem difficult again, and not much ever has!

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HALIFAX'S MCBURNEY CARS

Gil Hutton 1947

When I arrived in Halifax in 1947 along with fifty other UNTD seamen, I reported to LCdr John Littler in RTE (Reserve Training Establishment) only to discover that they had not received a message authorizing my transfer. I felt very unwanted until I discovered that there were several others in the same situation. Until our paper work caught up with us we were assigned temporary duty washing dishes in the Hospital at "Stad". At first this was very discouraging until we found out that once the dishes were done we were free until the next meal. That is when I

discovered the McBurney Cars of Halifax. They were little ochre coloured trolley cars designed to negotiate the narrow hilly streets of the city. For ten cents you could go anywhere in Halifax with unlimited transfers. I spent many hours discovering some of the more appealing aspects of this maritime community.

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GOING ASHORE IN HALIFAX

Jim Houston May 16, '49

I noted in my journal on this date that I wore my seaman's rig for the last time today. Since early morning we had lined up at the clothing stores at "Stad" to receive a complete new officer cadet uniform: a navy blue battle dress, white shirt, collars, a tie, officer's cap and for some strange reason, white shoes. We spent the rest of the day sewing on badges. Our distinctive white twists on our lapels gave us for the first time a sense of identity.

This new status of officer cadet brought about some noticeable changes. Our quarters in G Block were superior to anything we had experienced the year before in *HMCS Naden's* K Block on the west coast. Now we had our very own Gunroom Mess with chrome and leather chairs. The food was also improved as we were served from a junior officer's menu. One day the soup was too peppery and when we complained to the steward, he "apologized". I couldn't imagine getting that kind of treatment a year earlier in the seamen's mess. When I took a little cross-country jaunt via MATS (Military Air Transportation) in the USA, wearing my new uniform, the Staff Sergeant in charge of transportation at the air base, insisted on getting me a staff car to take me into town. That kind of treatment would not have been possible in the old square rig.

As cadets we were allowed to go ashore in civvies but it was mandatory to wear a hat as part of our dress. None of us owned "a hat, civilian, officer's, for saluting with", so there was a great rush on tweed caps in the local haberdashers so we could pass inspection at liberty boat, and then fold them up in our pockets once we were ashore.

Ashore in Halifax, we all headed for the Public Gardens on Sunday, where the young women tended to gather after church.

When I wrote to my parents telling them about how much I enjoyed navy life and the church socials with the local girls, my mother sent me a copy of "Ladies Home Journal" by return mail. Inside was an article on "Sex and Morals". She needn't have worried. Despite the navy's reputation, few of us were full-fledged "Don Juans" except in our dreams.

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THE HALIFAX BICENTENNIAL

Will Ogden 1949

This report was written by Will Ogden in his naval memoirs entitled, **The Book That Almost Couldn't Be.**

In the summer of 1949 our Toronto UNTD contingent arrived in *HMCS Stadacona* on Saturday, 22 May. We had a new status as officer cadets, new battledress uniforms, our own separate quarters and a new gunroom. A few lucky cadets were sent on the first cruise of the summer in *HMCS Magnificent*. It worked out badly however, when, on June 4th, "Maggie" ran aground on an uncharted rock. This messed up all the plans for cadet sea-time.

Our training ashore was far from smooth either. We started a Navigation II course, but were taken from it regularly in the first few weeks, for marching drills. More exercise we "DIDN'T" need after pulling a whaler to Dartmouth and back every morning before breakfast. However, for learning power-of-command, it "WAS" effective as we each took turns being in charge of our own platoon. We soon learned how to bark out a command...right up from your diaphragm...while figuring out where the next order would take you. This advice comes from somebody who feared the sound of his own voice in high school.

There was a more practical reason for our intensive parade drilling by CPO Fred Steiner. It was Public Relations for the Bicentennial Year in Halifax. The City pulled out all the stops. Not only did it pave over the old trolley tracks (converting to buses); it also mounted one huge parade on June 21. Some American and British ships made visits to coincide with the event. Together we managed to put on quite a show.

With many floats and 15 bands, the parade took over an hour to pass one point. UNTD Cadets from all over eastern Canada led the parade wearing brand new battledress uniforms, with rifles, white belts and gaiters. The Royal Marines from *HMS Glasgow* were best-in-show, but the UNTD were good runners-up. To be fair though, we could not have done it without the constant chiding of Chief Steiner to stop behaving "like miserable sausages, Sirs!"

Our Nav. II course was extended to make up for these interruptions, but in my case it didn't help. I came down with Measles on 1 July and spent the next ten days in RCNH (Hospital).

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FIRE DRILL, HALIFAX

Hal Wilkinson 1952

I recall that the navy was very big on fire drills as the barracks in *Stadacona* were considered to be a fire trap. It seemed that in the summer of 1952 we had fire drills several times a week. So it wasn't unusual one night at 2:00 a.m. to be awakened to the piping of a fire drill. We all stumbled to our feet, grabbed blankets to throw over our shoulders and hurried to muster outside the barracks in the damp cold. As I passed the cabin of the officer of the day, I saw him sleepily getting into his robe and groping for the door. I heard him muttering, "What the hells going on!" It dawned on me that perhaps this was not a drill.

The evacuation was carried out like clock-work and at the muster everyone was present and accounted for. There was no fire, so we groggily returned to our beds, but the next day the source of the false alarm was a topic of interest. Over the next few days the mystery began to unravel.

It appeared that three cadets, out on the town, had missed their curfew. They needed a diversion to get back into the barracks undetected. The frequency of fire drills presented itself as an excellent cover. A quick call to the cadet of the watch was all that was needed. The night watch was usually quiet. It was a chance to read a book for a couple of hours until relieved. Normally the only duty was to answer the phone and take messages. At 0200,

(2:00 a.m.) a call came from a person who identified himself as the officer of the day. In a most authoritative way he ordered a fire drill and told the duty cadet to get on with it, "Chop! Chop!"

The duty cadet was later exonerated but I don't remember having any more fire drills that summer.

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NURSE'S RESIDENCE, HALIFAX

Robert Williamson 1958

Each cadet cruise was identified by phonetic letters of the alphabet; Alpha, Bravo, and Charlie. On May 10, 1958, UNTD cadets from Guelph and McMaster universities were amongst the first to arrive in Halifax and were assigned to Cruise Alpha. It was scheduled to leave for Bermuda in just a few days. This was great news. The prospect of sailing to a tropical climate early in the spring was intoxicating. However, there was one small disadvantage that bothered us. While cruising on the ocean, all the other UNTD cadets arriving after us would get first crack at becoming established with the young women of Halifax. That meant slim pickings for the UNTD Ball in July.

Being university students with a reasonable amount of combined ingenuity and very active hormones, we formed a strategy to turn this situation to our advantage. We had weekend leave before sailing for Bermuda, so we decided to use the "early bird" approach. We concluded that the greatest concentration of feminine pulchritude would be found at the nurse's residence of Victoria General Hospital. A dozen of us set out in the general direction of Spring Garden Road and South Park Street in search of the city's hospital and the treasures of its nurses' residence.

We boldly filed through the front entrance of the four-storey brick residence. We had no particular tactic in mind, just the high expectations of youth. Inside the reception hallway we shunted to a halt in front of a desk manned by a large matron who eyed us suspiciously. She began to frown at the long queue that formed in front of her.

"Who do you wish to visit?" she enquired of the first cadet.

"Oh, anyone will do," he replied nonchalantly as if expecting a smorgasbord to appear before him.

Her frown deepened as she curtly informed him that he had to provide the name of a resident. Foolishly, we had not anticipated this restriction. It clearly created a complication because we did not know anyone in Halifax let alone anyone in the nurses' residence. With muddled thoughts and dashed enthusiasm we withdrew, much to the satisfaction of the matron who folded her hands and smirked with a sense of victory.

As we stood by the curb outside, hands stuffed in our pockets, voicing our disappointment, one bright member of our group proposed a solution.

"All we have to do is get someone's attention at a window." he said.

We immediately started throwing pebbles at the windows above us hoping to draw someone's curious interest. Finally when a young woman opened her window, we all shouted in a hoarse whisper, "What's your name?"

After much banter and a lot of pleading, she conceded. We naively accepted the information that she gave us and confidently marched back into the foyer of the nurses' residence. The matron was not at all pleased with our return. When we provided the mandatory name, she became flustered and uncertain as to what to do next. Finally she put the call through to the dormitory and we rushed to the bottom of the stairway where we huddled together expectantly, eyes riveted to the landing above.

The young lady who appeared in response to the page was not the same person who so reluctantly provided her name at the window. Needless to say, she was greatly surprised by the dramatic rise in her popularity. The sight of a dozen young men crowded at the bottom of the stairs only briefly overwhelmed her. She took the prank in good humour and readily agreed to mobilize her friends for spontaneous refreshments at the local coffee shop.

We spent the balance of the evening getting acquainted and amassing a list of names and addresses. The focus of our conversation was our impending departure for the high seas and the tropics. The nurses shared our excitement and like typical sailors we made a lot of promises we would be unable to keep. After returning from Alpha Cruise a month later, we were immediately sent directly to *HMCS Cornwallis* for leadership

training and we didn't get back to Halifax until July, just a week before the UNTD Ball. Despite all our scheming, in the end we had to resort to selecting a blind date from a well worn duty date list, a collection of daughters of officialdom, cousins and friends of friends in Halifax. That was our introduction to the social life of Halifax. What good sports the girls were, providing a positive first impressions of that city!

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HALIFAX WEATHER

Cdr R. Williamson

As the guests of Bob Wootton and the president of the Ottawa UNTD Alumni, Bob Duncombe, my wife and I attended a mess dinner in Ottawa's Rideau Club. The port and starboard tables were designated East and West Coasts by President, Andy Shaw. Each Vice President and the members of their tables had to eulogize the virtues of their respective coasts. This was a novel ploy designed to create a little friendly competition.

The East Coast "table" revelled in its seniority and extolled the venerate naval heritage of Halifax. The West Coast "table" countered with the image of "God's Country" where in summer the sun always shines. With an inspired put-down, a West Coast diner recalled that he wore his burbery every day in foggy Halifax until July 25. He wore his great coat on July 27, the day in between having passed for summer. The bravo response to this rebuttal suggested that he had come close to the mark.

MAKING AN UNTiDy IMPRESSION

Cdr R. Williamson 1993

I had the honour to be invited by Rear-Admiral Crickard to speak at the Second Naval Historical Conference held in Halifax on Oct. 8-9, 1993. The theme was, "**In Quest of a Canadian Naval Identity**". My subject was, "The UNTD and Canadian Society".

My strategy was to impress my audience with the number of UNTD graduates that can be found in any distinguished naval gathering. I had done my homework and began a roll-call of those

present: Dr. W.A.B. Douglas, Director General of History at National Defence Headquarters; Dr. Mike Hadley, Conference Advisory Committee member; Cmdre Drent, RCN (ret'd); Cmdre Nason, Commandant of the Staff College; Cdr Roy Del Col, *HMCS Hunter*, Cdr Rollie Marshall, *HMCS Scotian*; John Holland, RCN (ret'd), and myself, *HMCS Star*.

Pleased with the dramatic impact of my introduction, but careful not to omit anyone, I asked if there were any other former UNTDs in attendance. The audience broke into an uproar of laughter and all attention was focused on the front row where our host Vice-Admiral Cairns sat. Beside him was the most important guest at the conference with his hand in the air. I blushed as I quickly recognized Vice-Admiral Anderson, Chief of Defence Staff, a product of the UNTD/ROTP *program at HMCS Discovery*.

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CHAPTER IV

TRAINING ASHORE

During the war students trained for a minimum of two weeks as Ordinary Seaman or Stokers Second Class. This training usually took place in sea cadet camps as soon as possible after the school term ended so that they could go on to summer jobs offered by war industries hungry for men. In 1946, the training syllabus was set up for what became four branches: the Executive, Engineer, Medical and Supply.

The program expanded quickly in 1949 when UNTDs attained the status of officer cadets on a par with the Tri-Service College cadets. More accommodation had to be found ashore. On the east coast the wartime nurses' residence in Stadacona, known as F and G blocks, were taken over. The Reserve Training Establishment in Esquimalt was set up in a dingy structure in *HMC Dockyard* that had been used to house the crews of vessels undergoing repairs in the dry dock across Constance Cove.

Defence Minister Claxton stated that he wanted the Active and Reserve forces working side by side, wearing the same clothes, getting the same pay, and achieving the same standards as citizens and servicemen. Thus the UNTD training scheme was revised in 1950 to include the Canadian Service College cadets of Royal Military College and Royal Roads. For the first time they shared the same facilities, courses and ships. As one cadet said, "There has been a separation and consequent lack of understanding between the potential officers of the permanent force and reserve force for too long. Now the way is open for a greater spirit of co-operation and comradeship." One hundred and fifty cadets were housed at Royal Roads where they studied navigation and engineering for four weeks. This lasted only until 1955 when the UNTD lost their west coast home at RTE (Reserve Training Establishment) to the Venture program.

During the fifties, training expanded up to eighteen weeks during the summer and other branches were added: Ordnance, Instructor, Flying Training, and Constructor. However, by 1959 General List training replaced all the various branches. Some sub-specialization was allowed during the third summer. The officer

responsible for this re-organization was LCdr. N.D. Langham who became Staff Officer Cadets from 1957 to 1965.

When the Venture program took over the RTE in Esquimalt in 1955 and the Chiefs and Petty Officers took over the UNTD Gunroom in Stadacona in 1959, it was decided by COND to make *HMCS Cornwallis* the centre for all first and second year UNTD cadet training ashore after 1960. When government austerity phased out the base at Cornwallis in 1967, the UNTD was set adrift once more. Not until the opening of the Albert Head Reserve Training Centre in the 1980s would officer cadets find a place to drop anchor.

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THE EARLY YEARS

Extract "White Twist 1951" Anonymous,

As I remember it, the UNTD story began in April 1943. Just before writing examinations, students were asked to join the new-born University Naval Training Division. Few did. Most students had their summers planned, and very few were prepared to gamble on the unknown. However, fourteen University Naval Training Divisions were formed by the end of May and we took the full training course for new entries at Cornwallis: three weeks of gunnery, three of seamanship and two of torpedo. Parade Drill was done on the highway as there was still no parade ground. Training was rigorous and it was not certain which part of it was the worst. Some claimed that it was duck-walking up the hills of the Annapolis Valley in the baking sunshine. Others claimed that it was the five minute run through the high grass wet with morning dew; especially when carrying a rifle at arms' length.

Summer turned quickly into autumn, and winter training began. Each drill night and Saturday afternoon it went on: drill, navigation, signals or whatever anyone who was free to teach the UNTDs, happened to know. The pay was meagre, twenty-five cents for a half day.

With the beginning of the new fall term in 1943, training with one of the services had become compulsory for all university students. Within a few months almost twelve hundred had joined the UNTD.

By the summer of 1944, there were so many that training at the coast was limited to only two weeks instead of a couple of months as in the previous year. Sea cadet camps were used for the overflow. Sea time was still not guaranteed as part of the training. Some groups were lucky enough to be given exciting little box-lunches and sent on boating parties in *HMCS Reindeer*, a converted luxury yacht, but in the main our only taste of life on the salty wave was gleaned aboard the *Princess Helene* on the Digby to St. John ferry run.

Training continued to be assiduous through the winter of 1944-45. Across the country, whenever a national or civic occasion required military service participation, the UNTD often represented the Navy. Thermometers for Victory Loan sales were expected to soar as our cadet platoon marched into view. In the V. E. Day parades, the UNTD once again marched for the Navy.

In August 1945, while some UNTDs were still training at the coast, the atomic bomb brought the war to a sudden end. It was almost the end of the UNTD as well. Military training was no longer compulsory and thankful students resigned in droves. Being an Ordinary Seaman UNTD was, at best, a dubious honour. When one could make ten dollars a day in industry, not even the most idealistic student could afford to be a sailor for fifty-eight dollars a month.

Through the fateful winter of 1945-46, the future of the UNTD hung in the balance, but in June 1946, the Navy appointed an officer whose sole duty was to guide the destiny of the UNTD in the post-war world. It chose a man with deep insight into the problems of both the Navy and the university student. Commander C. H. Little had been a Canadian Rhodes Scholar and during the war was Director of Naval Intelligence, acting as interpreter in four languages and serving in both Europe and the Far East. Under his leadership the UNTD began the difficult road to ultimate maturity and success.

Cruises and uniforms took on a new aura of glamour. England, Bermuda and California were not out of the question. As an officer cadet, pay was that of an Acting Sub-Lieutenant \$143.00 a month. Eventually, UNTD summer training was co-ordinated with the cadets of the Canadian Service Colleges. The post-war UNTD

grew into a complex organization that embraced over forty universities and colleges, in twenty-six cities, and an average enrolment of 1,250 officer cadets. We have come a long way from that day early in the summer of 1943 when the first draft of Ordinary Seamen UNTD huddled together in the mist on the jetty at Digby, Nova Scotia.

* * * * *

UNTD WHITE CAP TALLY

Derek Bate 1944

We were first year Engineering students at the University of Toronto in 1944 when we joined the UNTD in a drill hall on St. George Street. We wore the uniform of a Stoker 2nd Class. In Halifax we lived in the stokers' mess but were getting paid twice as much as the stokers and consequently were not very popular. One Chief Petty Officer at *Stadacona* always referred to us as UNT "f-ing" Ds. Paul Bolton remembers that when we wore the white cap tally of officer candidates, the other stokers thought we were "f-ing" cooks and first aid attendants. Jim Houston heard that the sailors used to tell the girls of Halifax that the white cap tally was worn by the guys that were under quarantine for Venereal Disease. Generally we were assigned the worst space in the mess to sling our hammocks. I ended up over the mess table and learned to sleep through anything. When Paul was in *HMCS Uganda* in 1947 he had to sling his hammock over an open hatch looking down through three decks.

In 1945, I was in Halifax on V.E. Day, visiting a friend's home when we heard over the radio that all sailors were to return to barracks immediately. The next day I found out about the riots. I don't think any of the UNTDs were involved. With the war over in Europe, there were lots of sea billets available. I spent the rest of the summer in ships: *HMCS New Liskeard*, two weeks in Bermuda; *HMCS Warrior*, two weeks alongside; and *HMCS Wallaceburg*, ten weeks in the Great Lakes.

Would I do it again? With pleasure!

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UNTD SUPPLY BRANCH

Capt. Bob Darlington, 1947

Captain (N) Darlington was the first post-war UNTD graduate to make a career in the Supply Branch. He remembers how he led a double life when he joined the UNTD in 1945 at *HMCS Chippawa*. He was the sea cadet Executive Officer and a member of the Wardroom on Friday nights and a seaman in the UNTD on Tuesday nights.



Bob Darlington, 1947, Probationary Writer Officer Candidate

DND photo

He and his friend, Vern Margetts enjoyed their service so much that they arranged with their home division, *HMCS Chippawa*, to spend the whole summer on the West Coast in 1946. Those wonderful five months saw them employed in *HMCS Ontario*, *Charlottetown* and then *Crescent*, more or less as ship's company.

In 1947 Bob and Vern did a short cruise in *HMCS Uganda* and decided to enter the Supply Branch. They were made Probationary Writer Officer Candidates. The Supply School set up a special course for the fourteen UNTD candidates that applied. On completion of the course Bob and Vern were put to work in the Discharge Transit Centre at *HMCS Naden*.

In 1948, they were sent to the East Coast, working as ship's company Pay Writers in *HMCS Iroquois*. Then Bob was posted to *HMCS Magnificent*. Both he and Vern received a message saying that the RCN was looking for engineer, electrical and supply officers. They both took an oral board in *HMCS Stadacona* and in early August were promoted Acting Sub Lieutenant Supply Branch RCNR and transferred to the RCN the next day.

Bob was at sea in *Magnificent* at the time and had to join the wardroom without owning any officer's clothing. He managed to survive by borrowing from Trevor Roberts and Willie Davis.

Because Bob and Vern joined the UNTD in 1945, they predated the Cadet era and held the rare rank of Probationary Writer Officer Candidate. They also believe that they may have been the first members of the UNTD to go Regular Force as direct transfers. As such they appear to qualify for UNTD Historical Trivia status, but it hasn't got them free drinks anywhere yet.

Bob served at sea in *HMCS Beacon Hill* and *Gatineau* and in supply training and secretariat positions in Canada, Italy, the United States and with NATO. He retired in 1982 and returned to Winnipeg as the DND Regional Audit Director. Retiring again in 1987 he moved to Victoria.

In 1996 Bob collaborated with Commander Fraser McKee in writing "**The Canadian Naval Chronicle**", published by Vanwell Publishing in St. Catharines, which went to a 2nd edition in 1998. It was a carefully and completely researched volume on every one of the RCN's successes and losses in World War II. It is widely used as a reliable reference and ensures that the veteran's stories do not die with them untold. The two of them again collaborated in 2008 to write "**Three Princes Armed**". It appears that we can now add another significant author to our

long list of distinguished UNTD graduates.

From his experience, Bob Darlington believes that the UNTD was the best recruiting idea that the navy ever had and was enhanced by Cdr Herb Little's introduction of distinctive cadet uniforms in 1949.

WAKEY! WAKEY! NADEN

Jim Houston, 1948

At *HMCS Naden* in 1948, we were accommodated in a ground floor dormitory in "K" Block. Double-decker steel bunks were lined up against the window walls with two by two foot wooden lockers arranged in tiers nearby. About eighty officer candidates (we were still in seamen's rig) were squeezed into that space. We were gently recalled from dreamland by the gleeful actions of the duty watch banging gash bucket lids against the metal bunk frames. After falling in outside, we were taken for a run up the hill leading to the base. The petty officer in charge assured us that this was "good for our souls". There were many muttered rejoinders including the rude variation on the last two words.

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NEWFOUNDLAND

Cdr C. H. Little, 1949

One of the UNTD training bright spots for me in 1949 was Newfoundland. Memorial University in St. John's was directed by President A. C. Hatcher, a one-time Instructor Commander. He took the keenest interest in the UNTD program and wanted to be a part of it. The old colony entered Confederation as our tenth province on the 31st of March 1949. Later that summer, *HMCS Cabot* was commissioned as a naval reserve division along with a UNTD tender at Memorial University under the Command of LCdr Fabian O'Dea who later became the Lieutenant Governor of the province. From the very beginning this UNTD was a success and contributed many fine officers to the service.

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TRAINING SCHEDULES

Gil Hutton, 1949

In the late forties, the UNTD training program was constantly being revised. There was never enough staff to handle the volume of work. In 1949, as senior cadets, twelve of us arrived in Halifax before anyone else. The Reserve Training Commander, Cdr. R. Steele put us to work immediately. Although the course syllabus was prepared, no training classes had been scheduled. Using peg boards and small disks we began to timetable the summer training schedule according to cadet and instructor availability, classroom space and ship's cruises.

When we were done we showed the timetable to Cdr Steele. He noted with a wry grin that we had scheduled ourselves on the first training cruise. He concluded that we had earned it.

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DUTY BUGLER

Bill McCulloch, *HMC Dockyard* 1949

The Reserve Training Establishment, RTE in Esquimalt was a "U" shaped, two storey, white frame structure with green trim. The space between the two wings was paved as a parade square. One wing was used for administration. The rest of the building was officer cadet accommodation for the burgeoning UNTD enrolment in 1949. The "make do" barracks opened onto Constance Cove in *HMC Dockyard* across from the government dry dock and *HMCS Naden*. The dingy structure, so described by Cdr. Little, had previously served as temporary accommodation for the crews of ships under repair in the dry dock. With some improvisation, the building met the requirements of a RTE.

As there was no public address system, a makeshift means had to be devised to signal Wakey! Wakey! at 0600. The practical solution was to ask for volunteers to blow reveille on a bugle. This meant waking up at 0530 to perform this duty. Despite the fact that the cadets had a thirty man drum and bugle band, there were no takers until the offer was sweetened by exemption from physical training every morning. Then the cadets became highly

motivated, and the administration was swamped by volunteers. As much as cadets hated to get up in the morning they disliked P.T. even more. Creative people were always looking for a means to escape the two mile run in the morning. In 1950, the Cadet Glee Club was formed by Don Sharpe. It became very popular because it practised during P.T. period. It expanded into the annual Cadet Variety Review, providing further exemption from sports. It was a natural progression that the theme of the 1951 variety show was "reveille". The show opened with Cadet Ogilvy, resplendent in wine coloured pyjamas and khaki gaiters, playing a jazzed version of "Wakey! Wakey!" and closed with a choral version of, "Oh How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning".

A senior cadet who is now a city alderman, auditioned and won the job of duty bugler. Each morning in the dim light of dawn, he would be shaken by the duty watch at 0530, get dressed, present himself on the parade square and facing the accommodation wing, blast reveille with a gusto that only comes from having the diabolical power to shatter the blissful dreams of men.

One morning he mustered groggily on the square to perform what many cadets considered a demonic duty. At 0600 he raised his bugle to his mouth, lips puckered, cheeks ballooning, and no sound was heard. He almost ruptured his ears and sinus, but all that escaped from the bell of his bugle were soap bubbles. Someone had reaped retribution and plugged the bugle with soap and water.

Cadets in RTE got an extra half hour of sleep that morning while a piping party could be mustered to walk through the building to pipe "Wakey Wakey". After that experience the bugler protected his vested interest in exemption from P.T. by keeping his bugle locked away.

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ROYAL ROADS RAID

Adapted from "White Twist", 1949

When the members of the UNTD were granted officer cadet status in 1949, a tremendous esprit de corps was established and an instant rivalry was created between the officer cadets of *Royal Roads* and the officer cadets of the Reserve Training Establishment. This took the form of healthy competitions in organized regattas or ball games and subversive type activities referred to as skylarks, intended to establish token supremacy. Skylarks were a natural outgrowth of one-upmanship competition and part of the aggressive way of life of most university students.

Pranks by cadets of the training vessels *HMCS Beacon Hill* and *Antigonish* in 1949-50 were notorious. *Beacon Hill* cadets seemed to dominate in the perennial regattas at Bedwell Harbour. To advertise their supremacy they dedicated a song on a local radio station to the cadets of *Antigonish*. It was entitled, "We Can Do Anything Better Than You Can". When *Antigonish* finally won the "Cock o' the Walk" for the first time in two years, they celebrated by stealing the clapper from the ship's bell on the quarter-deck of *Beacon Hill*. It was a symbolic castration.

Perhaps the greatest escapade of 1949 was the Royal Roads Raid. On July 7, two cutters, each bearing twenty men, slid stealthily away from the camber of *HMC Dockyard* and set course for Royal Roads Lagoon. It was dusk and the two boats were barely perceptible in the fading light. The silence of the sleeping harbour was broken only by the dipping of oars. The cutters moved quietly past the ships at the jetties and were only challenged once by the familiar "Boat Ahoy". Term Lieutenant Sam Huntington's reply, "Beach Party", floated across Esquimalt Harbour.

No shore establishment took greater pride in its boats than *Royal Roads*. It was this self-esteem that prompted the UNTD cadets to execute this daring skylark. The instigator was Peter Robinson, now a marine artist on the West Coast. It took over an hour to reach the entrance to the lagoon where the precious boats were secured. Normally the entrance was not navigable but the raid was planned with the aid of tide tables which indicated that the raiders would have the advantage of the highest tide of the year.

In the navigation class, the instructor was puzzled by the keen interest shown by this group in tide problems.

Passing through the shallow channel in the sand spit, the cutters glided along the shore towards the Road's boat house and the floats that harboured the whalers and dinghies. No sooner had the whalers been boarded than headlights flashed on the shore road. Everyone fell flat on the jetty and heads disappeared below the gunwales. The eyes of the watchman saw only a quiet lagoon and peaceful boats. As soon as he left, the whalers were cast off and rowed across the lagoon to the sand spit where they were hauled up on the log-strewn beach. The boats' plugs were removed and hid in the stern sheets. The raiders then carried on to a rendezvous at the entrance of the lagoon.

In the meantime the crew of the other cutter took the Roads' cutters and dinghies to the middle of the lagoon where they were secured to a raft. Royal Roads was now without any means of retrieving their boats.

When the raiders had their cutters safely secured at the camber in Dockyard, the crews went back to RTE and participated in a post mortem of the escapade over refreshments. There was no doubt a great deal of gloating over their accomplishment. Then there was more excitement in hatching schemes for dealing with the inevitable retaliation.

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ROYAL ROADS AFTERMATH

LCdr Sam Huntington, 1949

At 0830, July 8, 1949, Commander J. C. Littler called me into his office and told me that he had just received a call from the Commandant of *Royal Roads*, Captain Raynor. He said that thousands of dollars of damage had been done to the boats and gear at the lagoon. He was very irate to say the least and almost certain that it was the UNTD who were responsible.

Cdr Littler asked me if I knew anything about the raid and I said, "Raid! Sir?"

Maybe I don't lie very well or perhaps he had an intuitive feeling as he demanded, "Were you on that raid last night, Huntington?"

Because Cdr Littler was such a gentleman and a fine officer, and knowing full well that there had been no damage done I said, "Yes Sir".

His next question was about the incurred loss and damage to the Roads' equipment. I told him that there had been strict instructions to prevent vandalism. The cadets however, had hidden oars and life jackets in the loft as well as put equipment on the roof of the boat shed so as, in general, to make it look as though everything had been stolen. Littler nodded his head knowingly and advised me that the Commandant was expecting him to send an officer out. I was therefore to get a staff car and report to Captain Raynor immediately. The ride out to Roads was full of grim expectations. I barely had time to report to the Commandant before the tirade began.

"UNTD Hooligans, ... no respect for the King's property, ... thousands of dollars damage to boats and equipment", .. and on it went with particular attention to the low status of any officer like qualities in the UNTiDies. It was such a good blasting that I didn't move and kept a stony look on my face, but I must admit my umbilical scar was smiling. At the end I was instructed to go with Lieutenant Frewer to survey the damage myself and report back to my commander. Off I went with Freddy, who I had first met in 1943, and we chatted on the way to the boat house. Freddy told me about the shambles that had occurred when they went to launch the boats from the sand spit in the half light of dawn. They had forgotten rule number one - check to see that the boat plugs are in. The boats all started to sink before they could haul them back out. They didn't think to search the boats for the errant plugs and since no one had a knife to cut new ones, they chewed pieces of drift wood to make them fit.

When we arrived at the boat house, Freddy revealed the absence of oars, life jackets and other paraphernalia. I surreptitiously glanced up to the rafters and with mock surprise discovered the oars. Before long we located the life jackets on the roof. As much as I liked Freddy, I was damned if I was going to admit my knowledge of the raid and so absolve him or his Commandant of any culpability for the missing property claim. I simply observed that the stuff would obviously turn up sometime. On the way back to the Castle, Freddy admitted to me that he thought it was a

pretty good lark, particularly as they had been expecting something to happen that night but had posted pickets for a land raid.

I admit that I was gloating a little during the car ride back to Dockyard where I reported to Cdr Littler that the only damage done was a cut painter to a boat. Everything else was found in the new stowage places. There must have been a lot of red faces over at Royal Roads as all the supposedly stolen property reappeared ridiculously under their noses. The Commandant wanted an immediate end to the episode and squashed any retaliation. That was a disappointment to the UNTD who had made elaborate plans for such an event. The plan was to leave a weak point in the perimeter and when the Roadents came in, close the gap and overpower them. Each invader would have, "UNTD", painted in gentian violet across their forehead.

I developed a great deal of respect for the students in the UNTD organization. It is a shame that senior naval officers and politicians did not recognize the value of this program in developing leadership, loyalty and national unity in our young people.



Sam Huntington leads UNTD march past, Victoria, BC, 1949

DND photo

TRAINING COMMANDER'S VERSION OF THE RAID

Captain J. C. Littler RCN. (Extract from his book "Sea Fever")

As Training Commander of *HMCS Naden*, I had to deal from time to time with the high spirits of the UNTD that turned into pranks, of which the most famous was the night raid on Royal Roads Naval College.

Consequently, I was summoned by the Flag Officer Pacific Coast, Rear-Admiral Harry De Wolf. Fortunately, prior to this, I had been tendered an apology by my senior cadets to the effect that they hoped that their innocent prank had not caused me problems of their making. Furthermore, they had given me a well-produced operation plan worthy of the naval staff, complete with tide and meteorological details. I was received somewhat gruffly by Admiral De Wolf, who wanted to know what my young devils had been up to. In answer, I gave him the operation plan to read, and he became lost and obviously interested in the well-written detail.

Suddenly, a thought came to his mind and he said, "Did you know about this beforehand?"

I could truthfully say that I knew nothing until this morning early, when I was acquainted of it by the senior cadets involved. The plan had been concocted by my best senior cadet, a Peter Robinson of Montreal, who was a first-class athlete and a good brain. With an understanding grin, and the thought that perhaps I should start the early morning run at 0500 rather than 0615, he dismissed me to get on with more important work. I often wonder what happened to the cadets who stand out in my memory - Robinson, Hogg, Havelock, Kelso, and the Kings, J. & R. - and so many others.

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FIRST YEAR CADET

Jim Forrester, 1950

There is nothing more naive than a first year naval cadet. Keen and eager, but totally without knowledge, he is willing to believe almost anything. In April 1950 we had traded in our probationary square rig for a battledress uniform and boarded a train for British Columbia. For most of us this was a totally new experience. It was the year of the Winnipeg flood and as the train crept through the

inundated plains, the extent of the disaster was beyond comprehension. At Winnipeg it was rumoured that we were being volunteered to help fill sandbags. We believed it until the train resumed its westward journey.



Jim Forrester, Hamilton Harbour, 2010

The next day our train pulled into Regina. A senior cadet told us that we would be there for at least an hour and invited us to see downtown Regina while we had a chance. So we did, but as we strolled back thirty minutes later, taking no chances on missing the train, we heard a whistle. A few cadets started to trot but stopped when the remainder laughed. However, when we saw a passenger car that we recognized go slowly by the crossing, we all scampered after it. Do you know how it feels to see two red lanterns disappearing out onto the prairie with everything you have going with them? Do you know what it is like to face the wrath of a grisly station master when you report your inconvenience to him. Fortunately there was a second section of the train scheduled to overlap the first at Swift Current. When we got back to where we belonged, we were greeted by cat-calls from our contingent and many of the passengers.

We were learning fast but not fast enough. The O.D.D. at the Reserve Training Establishment in Esquimalt was not in the least

impressed with our explanation of how we had missed the wake-up call on the overnight CPR ferry from Vancouver to Victoria, causing us to be two hours adrift. He advised us to become familiar with posted schedules, printed daily routines and become self-reliant if we wanted to stay out of trouble.

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BARRACK'S INSPECTION

Don Rae, Esquimalt, 1950

As probationary cadets we were outfitted in seaman's square rig, but before leaving for the west coast in 1950 we were re-issued with an officer's cap and the approved Naval Cadet uniform, 5a. For years I had assumed that these were dyed surplus army battle dress. I was very surprised, recently, to learn that they were designed and made up specifically for us.



Two probationary cadets wearing 5a Battle Dress uniforms for UNTD Divisions, inspected by CDR R.G. Wilson CD, 1963.

Photo credit HMCS STAR

The coarse serge material was fine in winter but most uncomfortable in hot and humid weather. We suffered through the first summer but to alleviate our discomfort we received summer-weight khaki uniforms in our second year. In theory this was a good idea. However, these uniforms were made from a material that creased in every direction except for the one desired and it developed a pinkish hue if pressed with too much heat. A classmate, the son of a Montreal furniture manufacturer, claimed that his father used identical material as dust covers on the back of their economy line sofas. We all believed him.

I remember that we were assigned to barracks called the Reserve Training Establishment in Dockyard. Each Saturday morning the Commanding Officer, Commander Leeming, inspected our cubicles for neatness and cleanliness. It was a routine that developed into a game in which he would try to find a bit of dust that we had overlooked. To do this he would run a white-gloved hand over everything. One of the more daring in our class suggested that we coat the top of a locker with lampblack. It was amusing to contemplate but clearly suicidal to execute.

Once when the commander had been unable to find any fault, he decided that for exercise we should throw out the fire escape rope from our second storey window and scramble down.

"It will make a hell of a mess of the outside walls, Sir," cautioned the Executive Officer, Lieutenant Little.

I thought, "The walls be dammed! What about the cadets?" In my imagination I could feel the rope burns on my hands.

"Yes I guess you are right, Number One. Secure," said Leeming.

From that day forward I always had a soft spot in my heart for Lieutenant Little.

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RECRUITING! UNTD EXPANDS INTO ROTP

Cdr C. H. Little, 1951

The Chief of Naval Staff addressed a gala dinner at *HMCS Carleton* in 1951. While speaking of recruiting officers for the RCN he made the statement that "the UNTD was not the answer".

I can still see and feel a hundred pairs of eyes turning to concentrate on me. Stung by any criticism of "my baby", I prepared a paper on recruiting in the universities and proposed a new detailed plan. Later I was informed that the Personnel Members Committee of the three services had adopted my proposals and promulgated them as the Regular Officer Training Plan, the familiar ROTP that is still a recruiting arm of the Canadian Forces today. Thus I can claim to be the father of both the peace-time UNTD and ROTP.

The recruiting of university students for the Canadian Forces was now clearly divided into Permanent Force and Reserve elements although it would take several years for this to take effect and there would always be access from one to the other. It was in keeping with my belief that the UNTD should continue as a major element of the naval reserve. As a personal note I should mention that our second son entered the University of New Brunswick ROTP and has attained the rank of Major General in the Canadian Forces.

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THE FIRST UNTD – ROTP

Bob Willson 1952

Bob Willson joined the UNTD at *HMCS Star* while attending McMaster University in 1951. He remembers parading one night a week at *Star* where they seemed to spend most of their time at Divisions or Evening Quarters, although there was instruction in Pilotage, Divisional Work and Canadian Naval History, specifically reading "The Far Distant Ships". In May of 1952 he headed for the west coast by train, along with the UNTD Cadets from Western and Assumption.

That first summer was spent in a one-week Communications

Course and a two-week Divisional Course at the Reserve Training Establishment in Dockyard. There was a four-week Navigation Course at Royal Roads in addition to a seven-week cruise in Sioux with a visit to Long Beach.

In September 1952 he was able to transfer to the University of Toronto and live at home. In December he was accepted into the newly created ROTP. This was Commander Little's last contribution to recruit planning. It would be interesting to know how many UNTDs made this transition to the Regular Officer Training Plan. At this point Bob notes an idiosyncrasy. As a member of the ROTP in 1952, he only had to complete two years of university because the RCN considered that it was more important for a junior officer to go to sea than to earn a degree. However, Bob did eventually graduate from Carlton University as well as the Royal Naval Staff College in Greenwich.

During his second summer of training Bob notes that UNTD & ROTP were combined at this time. He spent two weeks in Communications and one week of Damage Control & Fire Fighting at Reserve Training Establishment, with six weeks of Astro Navigation at Royal Roads. The program called for six weeks at sea in the frigate *Beacon Hill* including a visit to Astoria, Oregon. He only completed two weeks because he was sent on leave before joining the cruiser Ontario as a Midshipman in September 1953. This was considered a promotion from UNTD Cadet but Bob makes another interesting observation. As a ROTP Midshipman he took a pay reduction from \$172.00 to \$103.00 per month.

Although Bob lost his Midshipman's Journal, he still has his UNTD Journal and recalls a few names that appeared there: Cdr. Hayes RCN (RTC), LCdr. I Morrow RCN (OIC Training Royal Roads), Cmdre Ken Adams RCN (Commodore of the Barracks), Cadets: Horsey, Valevand, Perozak, Gowan, Ferens, McKeough & Cox.

Bob Willson served in the Royal Canadian Navy for 35 years, sailing in *HMC Ships: Sioux, Beacon Hill, Ontario, Toronto, Magnificent, Haida, Cowichan and Restigouche*. He was the Captain of the destroyer, *HMCS Annapolis* from 1975 to 1977. He also served in shore appointments in Halifax, Esquimalt,

Ottawa, Portsmouth, London and Oslo Norway.

After retiring from the Canadian Navy in 1986, he served as Captain of *HMCS Haida*, the naval museum and maritime memorial at Ontario Place until 1997. Since then he has served as a volunteer Executive Director of Friends of *HMCS Haida*, the registered charity that supports Canada's most famous warship of WW II. He is delighted that Parks Canada has taken ownership of *Haida* and located her at *HMCS Star* adjacent to the Canadian Maritime Discovery Centre in Hamilton.

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CREATIVE HUMOUR WITH A WHALER

Adapted from "White Twist", 1951

While based ashore, UNTD cadets have had the good fortune to be involved in many sailing regattas ranging from the high class Pacific International Yachting Regatta in Victoria to local competitions in dinghies and whalers. In their capacity as officer cadets, young men were constantly being challenged by new experiences. The following story represents the less serious side of cadet life in small boats.

Seven cadets, nine hammocks, a number of small duffle bags, three cases of beer, two boxes of food containing: potato salad, cold meats, wieners and jam, one compass and one chart were the contents of Boat No. 7. I found out later that it was called a whaler. Our destination was Herring Cove where a regatta was being held on the following day.

After a hesitant start ... someone realized that we should let go aft, "Lucky 7" left *HMCS Stadacona*. Unfortunately, "Lucky 7" appeared to have a mind of her own for she would not head in the direction steered. Finally, "Old Salt" Tremblay spoke up, claiming that he had heard that, "dur steel ting in dur center of dur boat was supposed to be lowherd when hunderway." This hypothesis created a split in the ranks, for we could not determine whether the "ting" was up or down. The question was settled when Cadet Amyot volunteered to investigate the bottom of the boat. As he proceeded to lean overboard, his cap carried on independently. The result was utter confusion.

"Cap Overboard," was the immediate cry and Cadet Clarke, up in the pointed end of the boat, frantically started to look for the thing that you throw overboard when somebody falls in the water.

At first we had great difficulty in turning the boat around. Someone suggested that we had to be careful because he had read in a book that it was wind that made the canvas sheets puff out. I didn't believe him, but after taking a vote, we tried his suggestion. Amazingly it worked. After turning around several times, we gave up on the cap and proceeded on a new course for Herring Cove. The other whalers had reached there by now but they had to wait for us because we had all the beer and grub aboard.

After four hours we miraculously reached Point Pleasant and under sail too. Then the wind dropped. Fortunately somebody had thought of bringing along those long wooden things that you put in the water and pull on. Three hours later, Herring Cove found us. Coxswain, Cadet Varrier, being a skilful navigator, endeavoured to run the boat on the rocks as a means of anchoring for the night. Eventually he was persuaded that this procedure was not in the seamanship manual and we secured to a fishing wharf. An impatient horde of thirsty, hungry cadets descended upon us.

The next morning, Crew Number 7 was up bright and early at ten o'clock to prepare for the boat race. At two o'clock a Sub-lieutenant came puffing towards the fishing wharf.

"Did you hear that gun a little while ago?" he gasped.

"Yes Sir. Somebody shooting ducks?" our coxswain innocently replied.

"Ducks nothing. That was the start of your race."

With that cheerful news, we immediately decided to leave all non essential weight ashore. Cadet Wartman also suggested that we remove the useless heavy iron thing in the centre of the boat. Thus lightened, we hastily shoved off.

Under the "skilful" hands of Varrier, we were soon several miles out to sea. When the wind dropped, Cadet Bostock thought we

could use those long wooden things for propulsion, but they couldn't be found anywhere. By this time we were outside the three mile limit, and were plotting a course for England when we were rescued by a tug. They had seen our distress signal, an inverted empty beer bottle hoisted up the Jib Stay.

A week later, the Reserve Training Commander notified us that the RCN was going to conduct a summary investigation regarding the disappearance of a drop keel and some long wooden oars at Herring Cove.

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DOG WATCH SPORTS, BOWS AND ARROWS

Don Rae, 1952

Most of us have had an experience in the UNTD that, when subsequently recalled, leaves us shaking our heads, incredulously. One of these occurred during a voluntary sports period in 1952.

A classmate was majoring in physical education and he offered to teach us archery. We set up our target a short distance from a high hedge located behind the barracks and proceeded to try our skill. Our instructor hit the target almost every time but almost all of our arrows missed and fell short or disappeared into the hedge. After we had expended our supply of arrows we went forward to retrieve them. It was only then that we discovered that the hedge separated us from the Commodore's garden. Our arrows were imbedded in the lawn, looking like so many long stemmed flowers, while working amongst them, to our horror, was an elderly, white haired lady. She introduced herself as the Commodore's mother and was totally unaware of how close she had come to being impaled.

Two of us distracted her while the others snatched up the evidence. I can still see the headlines, "Cadets Skewer Commodore's Mother." I have never shot an arrow since.

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MICMAC DIVISION SUMMER OF 1953

Bill Farrow

After reminiscing at a Mess Dinner Reunion in November 2006, I started thinking about events in what I consider one of the best times of my life. What came to mind was the building of an Esprit de Corps in MICMAC Division at STAD in 1953.

We had done something bad and were being punished. Cadet Captain (C/C) Brock had us doubling in our heavy woollen 5Bs with Lee Enfield rifles at the slope, resting on the brass button of our white twist. All we had to do was double around C Block several times and that would have been the end of it.



Front Row: J. McLeod, M. Colls, R. Sutherland, J. Rogerson.
2nd Row: Heath, Potter, Ramjit, Perlstrom, E. DeBecker.
3rd Row ends: **Bill Farrow**, Martin, Wang, Collins, Redfern.
4th Row: ends: C. Cigal. B. Creighton, L. Archer
Top Row: -(?)-, Sproule, Thom, -(?)-, Perry, -(?), Levy, -(?)-,
Mallory, Swan. *Photo courtesy of Bill Farrow*

We decided, however, to do it the hard way. Every time we passed C/C Brock we would chant “Hooray for Brock, Hooray for Brock, for he’s a horses ass.” This of course prolonged our doubling. We were still there at Lights Out when the Duty Officer put a stop to the foolishness. We were bruised and sore, but from that moment on, I belonged to a band of brothers.

ANCHOR DESIGN

Hal Wilkinson, Ottawa, 1954

I spent my second summer in the UNTD (1954) at Naval Headquarters in Ottawa as a member of the Constructor Branch. It was responsible for the design and supervision of construction or refitting of naval ships. In more traditional terms we were known as "shipwrights" and worked out of the old temporary wartime buildings on Elgin St.

Ottawa was a very different tour of duty. Unless we were on sea trials we wore "civvies" much of the time. This was fortunate because being in uniform in Ottawa can be a bit awkward with so many senior officers wearing unfamiliar uniforms from different countries. When approaching an unfamiliar uniform, cadet logic was, when in doubt, salute. One day in the middle of a busy Ottawa intersection, I approached an army type with many service ribbons and black markings that were difficult to distinguish. I saluted and received a surprised look and smart salute in return accompanied by "Thank you". After he had passed I concluded that I had saluted a R.S.M., but with those medals he deserved it.

One day after completing sea trials on a new minesweeper, my commander came to me and said, "I want you to design an anchor".

Surprised, I said, "Yes Sir, what kind of anchor?"

"A Danforth anchor."

"What is a Danforth anchor, Sir?"

"I have a photograph of the sort of thing I want. It must be made of stainless steel and antimagnetic." [The Danforth was a new design introduced into the Royal Navy in 1949. It resembles a stockless anchor, both in method of operating and appearance, but is unique in that it has a stock which passes through its crown instead of its shank. This prevents the anchor from rolling when its flukes dig into the bottom.]¹

He went on to specify the ratio of length to width and I sat down to work with a fresh sheet of drawing paper. By the next day after

getting a little help on welding symbols, I was finished when my supervisor came by to check my progress. He was impressed and authorized the work to be sent to the shipyard right away. I never saw the finished product and I often wonder if the ship's captain would have been surprised to learn that his anchor was designed by a UNTD constructor cadet.

1. Manual of Seamanship, Vol. II, 1951. P.375

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THE CADET FLYING UNIT

Adapted from "White Twist" 1951-54

When the UNTD Air Branch was created in 1951, new words were added to our cadet vocabulary: goofing - to look around, prang -to crash, bog along - to cruise.

The eleven cadets who joined as Observers went to *HMCS Shearwater* where they did ground training in communication, radar, ship and aircraft recognition, navigation, anti-submarine warfare and air photography. They did their flying time in twin engine Ansons and TBMs or Avenger Torpedo Bombers.

The nine pilot candidates went to Trenton where they learned to solo after twenty-five hours of air time. They flew Harvards and Chipmunks. The great advantage for the cadets was that they were getting free flying lessons and at the end of three years, they would qualify to the standard of a civilian commercial pilot.

Through the efforts of navy pilot, Lt. D. McKenzie, three hundred cadets on the west coast in 1952 were exposed to forty minute hops over Victoria in Harvard trainers, flying out of Patricia Bay. Dubbed the CFU or Cadet Flying Unit, the object of the exercise was to familiarize cadets with flying and awaken an interest in the Fleet Air Arm. Some cadets only discovered a variant to seasickness.

Pilot training expanded to RCAF Station Clareholm, Alberta in 1954. The following year Air Engineers were added to the program at *Shearwater*.

The rest of the UNTD cadets perceived these "Captains of the Clouds" as the glory boys of the UNTD. They lived in the Wardroom or Officer's Mess and spent week-ends in Montreal or any other city where they could take a "hop". These "prang specialists" would relate their tales of daring dives and "kamikaze" exploits with great gusto. One cadet recounted how he skimmed a field at twenty-five feet and saw a farmer jump from his tractor. Everyone thought he had embellished the story until they saw him pull the tree branches from his engine cowling. Although none of them had been near the flight deck of a carrier, they would gladly discuss the daredevil chances that men of their mould take while attempting to land on the storm-tossed deck of the "*Maggie*".

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"CAMID" AMPHIBIOUS TRAINING

Adapted from "White Twist" 1953

In the summer of 1952 a training precedent was set when the American Naval authorities invited a group of 26 UNTD cadets to take part in a three-week amphibious training course near Norfolk, Virginia. This program continued each year until 1957 when 49 senior cadets were involved. It became such a routine part of the UNTD program that pre-training in boat work and P&RT were done as part of the conditioning before cadets left for the USA. Although the activity disappeared with changes in the cadet training program in 1958, it initiated a series of exchanges with Annapolis Midshipmen that lasted into the next decade.

Some of the cadets, such as Guy Legault, J. Bonnycastle, R. McMinn and P. Hinchcliffe, who participated in these amphibious exercises have written summaries that have been incorporated into this 1953 report found in the White Twist.

"CAMID '53" was an amphibious training course operated under the direction of the United States Navy at Little Creek, just outside Norfolk Virginia. Its purpose was to train Midshipmen from Annapolis and Cadets from West Point in the art of invasion by sea. From a combination of the words, Cadet and Midshipman, came the name of the operation. In 1956 it became known as TRAMID.

For UNTD cadets to be involved in this kind of training was a

golden opportunity as the "Yanks" are past masters at amphibious tactics and Little Creek was a one of a kind training facility. It also provided an opportunity to visit the southern states and cities such as Boston, Washington and New York. Although acquiring knowledge of amphibious warfare was the objective, it became apparent that every UNTD cadet was looked upon as an unofficial ambassador of Canada, and the establishment of good relations with the Americans rose in importance far above any other motive for being at Little Creek.

The Canadians travelled south by train to Washington except for 1957 when they flew out of *Shearwater*. A stopover in Washington was arranged and the US Navy provided a tour of the capital. Then a bus carried the cadets through the pine forests of Virginia to the flat, humid district around Norfolk. Little Creek was a Quonset hut base swarming with the white uniforms of the Midshipmen and the khaki of the West Pointers. Each UNTD cadet was outfitted with Marine fatigues referred to as "trained killer costumes", complete with helmets, webbed belts and water canteens. In some years the Canadians were paired up with a midshipman in different huts to thoroughly integrate them with the Americans.

The training day got under way with "Wakey, Wakey" at 0445 and ended at 1430 with Middies' sports or a swim in Chesapeake Bay at the officers' beach. The first four days were spent in formal lectures on the history and theory of amphibious warfare. Extensive use was made of working models, illuminated tableaux, fluorescent materials and film. Eventually, life-jackets were issued and some cadets were placed at the controls of a L.C.V.P. (landing craft vehicle and personnel) to make practice runs at the beach. Others practised an actual debarkation from an anchored troop transport. They scrambled down thick rope landing nets into bobbing landing craft. Next, came the actual invasion. Cadets were assigned to various ships and the fleet anchored in a rendezvous position close to a designated beach head on a pre-arranged strip of Virginia coastline. In the darkness cadets could just make out the other transports surrounded by a ring of destroyers, cruisers and rocket-firing ships. Before dawn, the underwater demolition teams swam in to the beaches to set charges on beach obstacles in the landing zone. As these charges detonated, a simulated barrage began and jets strafed

their objectives. When the barrage lifted, the first wave of the landing force hit the beach.

In the final days of the operation, most Canadians were able to get a close look at life aboard American warships. They acquired a much more informed opinion of the vast US Navy and the many technical aspects of their specialized ships. The Canadians were most impressed with the lavish hospitality of the US Navy and the friendliness of the Midshipmen. Everyone returned home looking forward to playing host to the Americans on their July cruise to Halifax. If nothing else, this sort of exchange gave substance to the claim of the longest undefended border in the world.

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LITTLE CREEK, VIRGINIA

Charles Copelin, Norfolk, 1954

It was our second summer of UNTD training at *Stadacona* in 1954 when we were invited to join an amphibious assault course run by the United States Navy at Little Creek, Virginia. Our divisional officer told us not to bother to take our raincoats as he had been on this course last year and it never rained. Well it rained and it was no easy task keeping our khaki uniforms pressed and “tiddly” to look our best in front of the yanks. They did seem impressed with our parade drill which was in marked contrast to the midshipmen who sauntered along in their casual style.

Before our departure from Halifax, we all had to report to the clothing stores where we were issued with officer's white dress, high collar, tropical formal uniforms. This, I believe, was the only occasion where UNTiDies were issued such uniforms. These were to be worn at the conclusion of the course when we attended a fancy formal ball at the US Naval Academy. It was a gala affair. All the ladies wore southern antebellum dresses and spoke with a southern drawl. It was like a scene from "Gone With The Wind". It had to be one of the highlights of my UNTD experience.

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HMCS HOCHELAGA SUPPLY TRAINING

David Stock, 1957

My recollections of the UNTD Supply Course are when it moved from *HMCS Naden* to *HMCS Hochelaga*. This was made necessary in 1956 when the Venture cadets took over our facilities on the west coast. I attended Course "Bravo" as a second year cadet in the summer of 1957. Twenty-eight of us were sent from *Stadacona* to Montreal in a private railway car. I was the Cadet Captain in charge of this lively group and happily we arrived without incident at Montreal Central Station where we were met by Lt. Andre Comeau, the Assistant Staff Officer Training. He whisked us off to *Hochelaga* in one of those big blue navy buses. Lt. Comeau was known to many of us a few years later when he was on COND's staff in Hamilton and later he became Commanding Officer of *HMCS Donnacona*.

Most of us had just returned from one of those fabled six week frigate cruises to Europe and prior to the cruise we had been billeted in F and G Blocks in "*Stad*". Coming to Hochelaga was like heaven on earth. Here we were accommodated in the Wardroom in officer's cabins. Not only that, but we were treated as Junior Officers rather than cadets. This was really living!

Hochelaga in those days was the flagship of the "Great White Empire" of the supply world. Here at Ville La Salle on Montreal Island was housed the Naval Supply School and also the Naval and Aviation Supply Depot. It was a vast complex which must have comprised three hundred acres in the "boonies". It was a long taxi ride to downtown Montreal.

The Staff Officer Training in 1957 at the Naval Supply School was LCdr. (S) A. C. Tassie. I recall that a few years later he was promoted to Cdr. and then to Capt. and sent down to Washington on a senior posting. In any event, Tassie set high standards for the Supply School. We had first rate instructors for our six week program that included: General Stores, Accounting, Victualling Stores, Pay, Transportation and Cookery.

Each day started with "Wakey Wakey" at 0530 followed at 0610 by P & RT. This included a daily run of a couple of miles around the Depot. The first day, the PTI started us with five push-ups. By

the end of the course we were doing thirty. I recall that at a sports day involving all ranks, the cadets swept the day and were presented with a huge cake which was demolished at Weepers. Cake and beer! We had a busy schedule with assignments every night, Divisions after breakfast and Ceremonial Divisions every Friday. We cleaned barracks on Saturday mornings before being allowed to savour the delights of Montreal for the weekend.

I recall that on one weekend some of us went on a civilian steamer up to Quebec City. There was dancing and a number of young ladies from Montreal on board so we got to know some local French Canadian girls. That fixed up our social life for the rest of our time in Hochelaga. By the end of the course we all had dates for the big wind-up party. In the process we had some personal instruction and assistance in improving our French conversation. This was another of the cultural assets associated with the UNTD program.

On a course such as this with university students, there were bound to be some pranks. The practise at Colours at that time was to raise the White Ensign at 0800 all packaged. When it hit the block at the top of the yard-arm, it was supposed to break open, somewhat ceremoniously, with all officers saluting. On this occasion, no matter how many times the Yeoman yanked on the halyard, the ensign would not break open. The officers were frozen in the salute position as the ranks behind them sniggered at the joke. I am not sure how we fouled the ensign without the Yeoman seeing us tampering with it but somehow we diverted his attention and the foul deed was done.

On another occasion we got a little boisterous during a long summer afternoon in the classroom on the second deck of the Supply School. We reverted to our schoolboy behaviour and paper aeroplanes began flying. One inadvertently went out the open window, floated on the soft summer breeze and defying incredible odds, struck a passing senior officer in the ear. The paper plane bore the cryptic message, "Parker chases butterflies", whatever that meant, but it was enough to identify the source of the wayward paper. Good friends, Bob Parker and Warren Claxton from *Star* were at least peripherally involved in the incident. (It is interesting to note that after the passage of thirty-five years, we three are still current members of the UNTD

Association of Upper Canada.) As a result of this occurrence, LCdr. Tassie became quite excited about the tarnished image of his Supply School and we were grounded for one of our precious weekends in Montreal. However, we still had the use of the Wardroom where the bartender had some great house specials that packed quite a wallop. So we drank and listened to music. The song that was the rage that summer and played almost continuously was "A White Sportcoat and a Pink Carnation".

The Supply class of 1956 will remember a skylark known as, "A Tree Grows in *Hochelaga*" immortalized in this verse:

*"Upon the parade ground, stark and bare,
A lonely sapling planted there
With loving hands in the silent dark
We turned our playground into a park.*

*But such was not to be the case,
The Commander decided to efface
Our tender shrub at one fell stroke-
He thought we meant it as a joke!"*

Our course was termed a Supply Specialist Course. These were indeed the days of specialization in the RCN. We were therefore commissioned the following year as Acting Sub-Lieutenants(S). A few years later the Navy moved away from specialization to the idea that officers should be generalists first and specialists second. It wasn't long before we removed the white distinction cloth from our sleeve that we had earned at *Hochelaga*.

It is not surprising that the Navy moved away from specialization. There were just too many cadets taking Supply. These were students who were in Commerce, Finance, Economics or Law at university. Each discipline had its own little empire and distinctive cloth such as: Engineering, Instructor and Constructor. As a result, there were not enough young officers coming into the Executive Branch. So the pendulum swung away from specialization. I recall, not too long afterwards, being in one of the frigates and Hal Davies (a name familiar to many of us) who had been trained in the Executive Branch, was performing the duties of the Supply Officer. In my own case, I went off to sea on more than one occasion, serving in Executive Branch billets.

No doubt our specialists training in Supply was useful in administrative appointments which I and fellow graduates of the UNTD Supply Course had over the years. Certainly there is no doubt that for those of us who went on course in *Hochelaga*, it was one of the highlights of our UNTD training. On reflection, one wonders if all UNTD cadets should perhaps have had this type of exposure to training in administration and logistics.

Every recollection of *Hochelaga* is positive: good instruction, a well run ship, a great time as cadets living in the Wardroom, lots of "fun and games" and with our daily P & RT, we were in the best shape of our lives. Above all, from the Navy's point of view, we received a legacy of training and experience which made us all better officers as we went on to our various appointments over the years in the Naval Reserve.

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REMEMBERING THE CADET REVUE

Mac Shiner 1959

The Cadet Revue, a stage production of skits, glee clubs, comedy routines, solos, bands and drills was a UNTD phenomenon of the 1950s. It appeared to be an out-growth of the UNTD Glee Club of the late 1940s that was designed to excuse cadets from unpleasant physical exercise such as dog watch sports.

Association member Mac Shiner has this to say about the UNTD Cadet Revue.

"I came across a 1959 Cadet Revue program while sifting through some old papers. It brought back some great memories of Royal Roads in the "Summer of 1959". It was a tough summer for me since I was CCC, but there were a number of wonderful occasions, like the Revue that helped to make the summer memorable.

I have been associated with many shows since, in various capacities, but none have touched me or reached me to the same degree that the UNTD Cadet Revue of 1959 did.

In a word, it was superb. Superb amateur theatre that was spontaneous, sometimes brilliant and sometimes so terrible it was marvelous. I know that the good citizens of Victoria came out in large numbers and thoroughly enjoyed themselves."

The following is an extract from the program in 1959 performed at Royal Roads.

UNTD CADET REVUE 1959

Producer / Musical Direction – G. Belisle,
Director – M. Shiner,
Stage Manager – D. Tingley,
Lighting – G. Davidson,
Props – D. Stone,
Programmes – J Caron,
Make Up – R. Ferguson,
Publicity – G Sperling,
Pianists – SLt R. Cleverdon / A. Frost,
Precision Squad – SLt H. Davies.

Glee Club: Your Land and My Land / Honey Tied Up Autumn Concerto / Song of the Vagabonds

Cadets: Aitken, Allison, Corrigan, Dancy, Davidson, Denny, Ellis, Field, Graham, Gregor, Griffith, Harris, Hyde, Kerr, Lefebre, Lewis, Mayberly, McKay, McKenna, McLean, Muir, Murray, O'Dwyer, Shiner, Sperling, Weale, Williamson, Wilton, Von Staden

Precision Squad

Cadets: Taylor, McCutcheon, Allin, Carr, Carter, Sim, Blosdale, Wheeler.

Musical Combo

Accordionist – Taylor, Clarinets – Allin / Myer, Trumpet – Shiner, Drums – Aitken

Nixon Trio: Three Jolly Coachmen & Sloop John B

Cadets: Aitken, Gregor, Shiner, & Stone

Solo: _Sorrento & Because,

Cadet Captain G. Belisle

Calypso Four: Jamaica Farwell & Yellow Bird

Cadets: Wilton, Allison, Belisle, & Dancey

Skits

**Don't Take Your Guns to Town Clem
Commander Whathead
Tiajuana Siesta
Crossed Wires
Tragedie of LCdr McBeth**

Corps de Ballet

Pas de Quatorze to Les Sylphides

Cadets: Birdsell, Brown, Dancey, Daughney, Frost, Harris,
McCabe, McGarry, McKay, Muir, Murray, Noble, O'Dwyer,
Ricketts,



HMCS CORNWALLIS, A UNTD TRAINING CENTRE **Adapted from "White Twist" 1961**

"This year, a new era appears to have dawned for the University Naval Training Division. At last we have found a place to call our own. At last we have a place to put down roots. It is 1961 and the UNTD has come to *HMCS Cornwallis* - and we have come to stay. Henceforth, UNTD training for first and second year cadets will take place in Canada's largest and most experienced naval training establishment. No longer will cadets, like poor cousins, be sent from place to place in order to meet training standards and minimize the accommodation problems on the Coasts. No more will we move into dingy, shabby quarters, fix them up to a habitable standard and move on to start the process again somewhere else."

That was the mood as UNTD cadets arrived at Canada's premier basic training camp in May 1961. They had come full circle since that first summer in 1943. Now they moved into a completely renovated officer's block and a new navigation school. The Gunroom space, however, was only an empty shell. Most of the cadets had come from Reserve Divisions that had a long history and tradition behind their Gunrooms. The sight of this relatively barren space was disappointing. But since this was to be their new home they set to work to put it right. A new bar was constructed and panelling installed. In the second year, a beer garden, patio and sidewalks were built. The Commanding Officer Naval Divisions, Commodore Taylor, was there to encourage their efforts with ribbon cutting ceremonies.

The excellent sports facilities and swimming pool became a part of their life as did the banyans on the beach, the sunset over the Annapolis Basin, the girls from the Pines Resort in Digby, Friday night weepers in the Gunroom, the headaches the next morning, the dances at the Harbour View and the long weekends in Halifax. But most of all they would remember the Parade Ground, steeped in its ceremony and tradition.

"University Naval Training Division will march past" ...

Although it was a new setting it was a familiar story: shoulders back, proud, erect, every thought to putting their best foot forward.

People don't change, times and places do. Another generation of UNTD were about to pass in review here on the shores of the Annapolis Basin, Nova Scotia.



Commodore P.D. Taylor CD, Commanding Officer Naval Divisions cuts the ribbon to open the new UNTD Gunroom at *Cornwallis* in 1961. *White Twist photo*

Morale was high, and there was an air of confidence in the organization. There was a sense of satisfaction that came from building something permanent. That, however, was not the sense of the politicians. Just six years later, in 1967, the UNTD base at *Cornwallis* was phased out under a government austerity program. Unbelievably it had happened again. The truth of the matter was that year-round quarters could not be maintained for a four month Reserve program. In 1968, the UNTD were scrounging for classrooms at the Fleet School in Esquimalt and any accommodations they could find in *HMCS Naden*.

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THE *CORNWALLIS* MYSTIQUE

Cdr Roy Del Col 1961

Editor's Note Roy Del Col became a History Department Head in a Windsor high school. He made a secondary career in the RCNR as did his younger brother, Rick. Both served a term as

commanding officer of their Naval Reserve Division, *HMCS Hunter*.

Anyone who joined the navy after 1943 spent all or some of their training time at *HMCS Cornwallis*. It had to be considered the ultimate in new entry training. There was a mystique associated with its isolation from the urban world in the Annapolis Valley. Its reputation for physical toughness and discipline raised one's nervous expectations upon entering the imposing main gate. Of all the challenges presented by the navy to an UNTiDy, this was expected to be the most demanding. The difficult assault obstacle course, the gigantic parade square, and the impressive sports facilities all enhanced this image.

Those in charge were justly proud of this reputation and did everything to maintain it. The Fire Safety Officer was so pleased with his precautionary measures that a sign was posted just inside the main gate for all to see, showing the number of fire free days on the base. It was fascinating to see that someone meticulously upgraded the numbers frequently, advertising an impressive safety record. It became a symbol of the base's myth of perfection. To the UNTiDies who passed it every day, it began to personify a form of military elitism: a challenge that cried for action.

One morning, on his way to work the Fire Safety Officer noticed, much to his chagrin, that the patronizing sign was missing and in its place stood a humiliating remnant of a charred post.

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SUMMERS IN CORNWALLIS

Richard H. Baker 1962 - 1963

Editor's Note Richard Baker was the first president and along with Alex Wright, one of the principal builders of the UNTD Association of Upper Canada.

My years in the UNTD spanned 1961 through 1965. In retrospect, they may have been among its best years. By then it had over seventeen years of momentum and organisation behind it and was a well-run and established program. Sadly, however

integration in 1967 brought an end to the UNTD as most of us traditionally knew it. But the Navy that we joined in 1961 was still the Royal Canadian Navy. One felt the direct link with the pride and traditions of a navy which in 1945 had been the third largest of the Western Allies.

For these four years my home division was *HMCS York* in Toronto. It all started when I saw a "Join the Navy and See the World" poster on St. George Street where the recruitment centre was located in the university. I suspect I was motivated to join more by the prospect of a steady summer job than by any sense of wishing to become a naval officer. The Tuesday evening parades at York provided us with the first exposure to uniforms, parade square drill, Gunrooms and naval indoctrination. About twenty of us emerged from the first winter with a sense that we had perhaps bitten off more than we could chew and in early May 1962, lugging our enormous canvas kitbags, we journeyed by CNR to Halifax, arriving by bus in *Cornwallis* on a cold, snowy morning.

All UNTD cadets received their summer training at *Cornwallis* and for most of us, it is those two summers at the base that constitute the core of our naval experience. We lived in UNTD Block, beside the wardroom playing field, and were divided into Alpha, Bravo, and Charlie sections, each consisting of four divisions of about twenty-eight cadets. Our days were intense, activity-filled and charged with the incessant rigours of naval discipline. The weeks went by with a succession of courses: Navigation, Leadership & Communications in the first year followed by Engineering & Power, Comm II and Supply & Administration in the second. The Gunroom provided our diversions and relaxation, Digby our short escape and Halifax or St. John N.B. our destinations on long weekends. Divisions daily and each Friday, Ceremonial Divisions, were the focus of much of our basic training.

Eventually our improved performance gave us pride in ourselves and in the navy as well as an incidental aversion for food spots and lint. With the full *Cornwallis* Band at hand, ceremonial divisions had the capacity to move the soul. Swim meets in the enormous pool, soccer games, cricket, obstacle courses, route marches, P.T. at 0630 and being barked at by just about everyone occupied our lives each day. In those autocratic and refreshingly

confident days, Church parade was mandatory and I got out of it by joining the choir.



The scariest part of the obstacle course was the smoke chamber.

Photo credit White Twist

Thirty years on from my cadet days I retain many fond and amusing memories and virtually no bad ones. If it was true that naval life was ninety percent "chickenshit" and ten percent good times then my mind has performed an amazing feat in obliterating the bad and the boring.

The journals I kept during my three summers as a cadet were to please my term lieutenant and whoever else had the obligation and dubious fortune to read them. They are a fertile source of memories even though they record the "correct" version of my training experiences. Cadets were enjoined to be observant, accurate in their naval terminology and upbeat in their attitude. Good journals were supposed to reflect these qualities. Humour was not lightly tolerated.

Now, years later, while lacking the honesty of private diaries, they can still bring it all back - *Cornwallis*, the divisions, the weekends, the faces and names of friends and shipmates, the courses, the formal dance balls and the hangovers.

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PRANKS AT EVENING ROUNDS

Bill Clearihue, Cornwallis, 1965

Cornwallis in the summer of 1965 was the home base of UNTD training for 1st and 2nd year cadets. Third year cadets (A-Slants/Acting Sub Lieutenants) did Navigation in Esquimalt or Communications in Halifax, or Supply in Montreal / Borden.

Divisional Term Lieutenants at *Cornwallis* had to rotate through being Officer of the Day (OOD) at our South Block accommodations - a thankless, prank-filled night for them. It included nightly rounds or room inspections with cadets mustered in Rig-of-the-Day. Any default could result in an early morning run.



Creative Rig of the Day, John MacGregor left, and Bill Clearihue 1965.
Photo by Bill Clearihue

John MacGregor (Vancouver) and Bill Clearihue (Montreal) are shown here on the night that their Assistant "Termie", SLT "Willie" Brian Vooght (Ottawa) was OOD. Their Division planned to turn out for rounds in a creative "Rig of the Day". Vooght had been with them on their Great Lakes gate vessel cruise, so he knew that they were a lively bunch. They all liked and respected him and rewarded his confidence in them by being the best 1st Year Division at *CORNWALLIS* in 1965.

However, while there were UNTD Term Lieutenants who knew how to have fun but still get the best out of their charges, Graham Scott, related this story about another kind of "Termie" - the kind that believed unruly college students in the UNTD had to learn about the iron discipline of the navy. Usually such young and inexperienced Term Lieutenants were governed by their own insecurity and tended to be officious martinets. "Rounds", the white glove inspection type, conducted by such Junior Officers could be a nightmare for the duty watch or liberty boat hopefuls.

As the story goes, the "Simon Legree" tyrant of this tale was somewhat of an "Inspector Clouseau" character. One group of inspired cadets decided that his inordinate thoroughness invited reprisal. They set upon an unsavory prank for the next "Rounds" by the unpopular "Termie".

After a thorough cleaning of the heads, the cadet in charge placed a smear of peanut butter under the toilet seat. When it was discovered during the inspection, the self-satisfied "Termie" despot began to berate the cadet in charge. The cadet proclaimed innocence. As proof he rubbed his finger in the smear and placed it in his mouth. As the "Termie" watched in stunned silence, the cadet made a distasteful face and the Term Lieutenant began to retch uncontrollably

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CHAPTER V

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN TO SEA BILLY?

When the UNTD was first formed in 1943, war requirements for ships limited the opportunity for trainees to get their required two weeks of naval training afloat. Those with technical skills were encouraged to spend their vacation on active service. This included four weeks in a navy trade school, paid as an Electrical or Engine Room Artificer Fourth Class and a draft to a sea going ship of the Western Local Escort Force on the "Triangle Run" escorting coastal convoys between New York, St. John's and Halifax. For the first time in 1947, five ships, three on the east coast, (*Haida*, *New Liskeard*, *Portage*) and two on the west coast, (*Ontario*, *Antigonish*), were specifically detailed for two week UNTD training cruises. In 1950 some frigates were being modified for cadet training and cruises were extended to six weeks with destinations in Europe. By the end of the decade the frigates were being phased out and coastal patrol vessels or minesweepers became the main training platforms.



UNTD cadets with hammocks and kit bags in Halifax 1947
HMCS Star Archives

UNTiDy, BATTLE OF ATLANTIC VETERAN

Roland Marshall 1944

Editor's Note In the front row of a photo of *HMCS Hunter's* UNTD Class of 1947 (page 270), seated along with Divisional Officer, Richard Rohmer (later Major General) and Cadet Tom Smith (later Rear Admiral) is Cadet Rowland Marshall. That photo initiated Rowland's extraordinary reminiscences before joining the UNTD.

Rowland C. Marshall joined the RCNVR in 1944 at *HMCS Hunter* in Windsor, ON. He was sent to *Cornwallis* for basic training. Travelling by train and ferry to Digby, he remembers that the first thing he did when he saw the Annapolis Basin was to feel the salt water. His initial sea training was in *HMCS Saguenay* where he learned to sling a hammock and stand anchor watches. He actually got to participate in what became a sub-caliber gun shoot with the ship's 4.7-inch guns and fire depth charges with a thrower.

At the completion of his new entry training, he recalls that his class switched from white caps to blue ones and no longer was required to double everywhere. Drafted to *Stadacona*, he began the torpedoman course. He was billeted in E Block with an excellent view of the Dockyard, naval vessels and merchant ships gathering for convoys in Bedford Basin.

His next draft was to the frigate *HMCS St. Pierre*. He was sent with her to Bermuda for work-ups. While on lookout during night exercises in those tropical waters he noted a lot of pinpoints of light through his binoculars. Later he learned that the Defense Department was experimenting with a cloaking system of lighting.

When the ship sailed for the Azores he had two life threatening experiences. A heater in the drying room exploded sending hot steam and shrapnel through the heads and washroom. He was thrown across the mess deck and several people were badly injured. Everyone thought the ship had been torpedoed. The next day while inserting a cartridge in a quarterdeck depth charge thrower, he was caught by a large swell that had come inboard. It washed over him and nearly carried him overboard.

HMCS St. Pierre was assigned to Escort Group (EG9) for additional anti-submarine training in Ireland. Just prior to a northern convoy tasking the ship received the Victory in Europe message, "Splice the Mainbrace". Some personnel took a train into Londonderry to join the celebrations there. After the excitement was over, EG9 was sent north to intercept a convoy of 15 German submarines and their support ships off Norway. EG9 accepted their surrender and escorted them to Lock Eribol in northern Scotland.

St. Pierre returned to Halifax and then to Lauzon, Quebec for a Pacific Ocean War upgrade. The inferior twin Oerlikon guns were replaced by Bofors guns to beef up the ship's defense against Kamikaze attacks. Ventilation fans were enlarged to deal with subtropical heat. However, Japan surrendered before Rowland's ship reached the Pacific. It was decommissioned in Sydney NS and he was sent back to *Hunter* for release.

Rowland registered for the DVA Education Program and joined the UNTD 1947 – 49 as a Seaman Stoker. He did his UNTD sea training in the Algerine sweepers, *HMCS New Liskeard* and *Portage* as well as frigates, *Swansea* and *Antigonish*. While in *Swansea* he recalls that the ship was laid over on her side for several hours during a hurricane in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. As a Cadet Captain in his third year at the Reserve Training Establishment (RTE) in Esquimalt, one of his tasks every morning was to search for cadets who tried to avoid the pre-breakfast fitness run. On one occasion after the accommodation block had been cleared, he caught cadets dropping out of the ceiling on the second floor onto their top bunks.

Commissioned in 1949, he transferred to the RCN and joined *HMCS Ontario* in 1951 for Junior Officer Training. The ship made a transit of the Panama Canal to Halifax. She then hosted Princes Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh for a coastal tour. During a brief conversation with the Princess in



Newly commissioned SLt. Roland Miles 1949

the wardroom, Rowland asked her how she was enjoying her accommodations. She responded, "It's like sleeping in a washing machine". The following year Rowland was on board *HMCS Magnificent* in the Mediterranean where he met more Royalty. This time it was Lord and Lady Mountbatten at a reception in Malta. Rowland recalls, he and Tom Smith enjoyed driving the ship's motor launches for VIP transfers from ship to shore.

In 1953, Rowland was on junior officer courses in the Portsmouth area: Gunnery, TAS, and Navigation. He and his wife were able to attend the Coronation in London and the Fleet Review off Portsmouth.

He returned to university 1959-61 to study Philosophy at UBC & Ottawa. In so doing, he transferred to the RCNR in 1960. There followed a teaching position at Saint Mary's University in Halifax and he joined *HMCS Scotian* where he was in charge of junior officer training. Promoted to the rank of Commander in 1970, he was in command of *Scotian* 1976-77 when the unit won the Silver Destroyer for the Most Proficient Naval Division

in Canada. As CO of *Scotian*, he again had the opportunity to meet the Queen at a reception on the Royal Yacht in Halifax harbour.



Retired Commander Roland Miles

He was transferred to the Supplementary Reserve 1980-92, participating in Naval Control of Shipping Exercises at the Maritime Warfare School and *HMCS Scotian* until his CRA (Compulsory Retirement Age) release in 1992.

Rowland retired from Saint Mary's University the following year. He lives on the Eastern Shore at Seaforth, Head of Chezzetcook, forty kilometers east of Halifax. Like many former UNTDs he can now reminisce about a life full of adventure and accomplishment.

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WARRIOR DAYS

U.N.T.D.s Afloat in *HMCS Warrior*

The photo shown here appeared in a UNTD recruiting booklet printed in 1947. It was used to illustrate UNTD training under the heading, TWO WEEKS AFLOAT. The caption stated, “Two week’s training afloat with pay in ships of the Royal Canadian Navy takes the form of a definite training cruise with visits to such Canadian or foreign ports as can be included in the time available”.

When the four UNTD Ordinary Seamen posed for this DND publicity photo, *HMCS Warrior* was newly commissioned in the Canadian Navy and made an exciting training platform with lots of accommodation and potential for foreign visits.

Martin Shubik employing a Stanley Holloway style of recitation, wrote in the 1948 UNTD Magazine:

“There’s a great big ship called Warrior, wot’s taking all types out to sea; Boy Scouts and Sea Scouts; Reservists and even UNTD”.



Posing on the flight deck of *HMCS Warrior* in the summer of 1946 are: UNTD Ordinary Seamen L. to R: David Bate, Derek Bate, Mo Charendoff and Bob Sachs of *HMCS York*.

DND photo courtesy Derek Bate

Towards the end of World War II, Canadian Navy planners decided to return the small escort aircraft carriers, *Nabob* and *Puncher*, which were on loan from the Royal Navy, in exchange for a light fleet carrier. At the end of March 1946, a brand new *Warrior* arrived in Halifax from Belfast where she was built. She carried two squadrons, one each of Seafires and Fireflies. Used extensively for training in the summers of 1946 and 1947, she proved unsuitable for the cold Canadian winters and was returned to Belfast in February 1948 in exchange for *HMS Magnificent*. While under construction “Maggie” had been built to Canadian specifications. *Warrior* continued to serve in the RN until 1958 when she was sold to Argentina and renamed *Independencia*.

Ironically, although the 1946 photo was used to illustrate sea training for the UNTD, Derek Bate reported that they stayed alongside for their entire two weeks training afloat. However, in August 1947, *Warrior* made an extended cruise to the United Kingdom carrying Boy Scouts to a jamboree, Sea Cadets on a United Kingdom tour as well as Reservist and thirty UNTDs for sea training.

It appears that she was a happy ship and there were a number of enjoyable ports of call. One of our UNTD graduates, Bob Morris, had such a wonderful trip to the UK in *Warrior* as a sea cadet that he joined the UNTD in September 1947. Incidentally, it was this sea cadet tour that was responsible for salvaging the bell of the Royal Sovereign Class British Dreadnought, *HMS Ramillies*, from a British naval salvage yard. With a bell mouth almost two feet wide, the bell is now on display in the *HMCS Star* museum in Hamilton. It is a rare naval artifact that reminds us of the German surface-raider phase of the Battle of the Atlantic and the D-Day naval bombardment of the coast of France. However, that’s another story. I am sure that Bob Morris will be happy to relate it over some liquid refreshment at some social function.

It is obvious that *Warrior* played a significant role in UNTD training during 1946-47. There are many stories about her and her captain, Captain Frank Houghton C.B.E. RCN, featured in the first three volumes of the UNTD Magazine produced by editor-in-chief, Don Forgie of *HMCS York*.

All four of the UNTDs in the photo graduated from the University of Toronto in 1948. David Bate went to work for Ontario Hydro for forty years. He served in *HMCS York* until 1963 when he retired as a department head (Technical Officer) with the rank of Lieutenant Commander. His twin brother, Derek Bate went to the Ontario College of Education and taught Math and Science at the secondary school level for twenty-five years. He then went on to administration, becoming a principal in Peel County for fifteen years. He served in *York* until 1968 and retired as a Commander in charge of the last UNTD class before unification.

Mo Charendoff and Bob Sachs did not serve in the Naval Reserve. Bob joined Orenda in 1948 and moved to Montreal in the Aeronautical Engineering field. It is believed Mo Charendoff became a doctor in the Toronto area.

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WARRIOR, THE REST OF THE STORY

Mike Thompson 1946

The **Warrior Days Story** brought back distant memories of how the UNTD operated at the end of the war. After arriving in Halifax in early May 1946, I was one of those UNTDs drafted to *Warrior*. I can assure you that there was very little training during our few weeks aboard and alongside.

For those of us who signed up for the whole summer, after our *Warrior* “sea time”, we were transferred to *Stadacona* barracks. At “hands fall in” each morning we were parcelled out to various heads of minor departments to perform manual labour. After a few weeks of this routine, it became obvious that there was no organized training program for UNTDs. A few of us requested to see the head of UNTD training, our dear friend, Herbie Little. After explaining that most of us could go back home for the rest of the summer and get less demeaning and better paying jobs than the navy offered, he told us that he would see what he could do.

Shortly after that interview, quite a few of us were drafted to seagoing billets where there was an attempt made to teach us very basic seamanship. I was drafted to *New Liskeard*, an Algerine minesweeper. We were in the middle of a cruise around Nova Scotia when the ship went aground in the Straits of Canso (pre causeway days) just after the middle watch had ended. It was very foggy and pitch-dark. The next morning we must have been quite a sight to behold for the local folks who gathered on the beach, not to mention all the fishing boats that had been attracted to this circus. Tugs arrived by noon. A combination of high tide, two tugs, ship's engines and most of the crew jumping up and down on the quarterdeck, re-floated our ship and she was towed back to Halifax stern first. "Junior" McDonald was XO of *New Liskeard*. He later turned up as CO of *HMCS La Hulloise*, a ship that made a number of UNTD European cruises in the early 1950s.

Back in Halifax, a number of us were drafted to two ex-CNAV vessels that had been commissioned into the RCN as *HMCS Laymore*, a tanker, and *HMCS Clifton*, a seagoing tug. It is likely the ships were commissioned to avoid labour union involvement in the transfer of the ships to the West Coast. They were de-commissioned shortly after arriving in Esquimalt.

In any case I ended up on *Clifton* and Moe Charendoff also from the *Warrior* and another York cadet named Pearlstein ended up on *Laymore*. We left Halifax around the middle of July and arrived in Esquimalt at the end of August after a marvellous but very wet passage. Stops were made at the following ports: Charleston, S.C.; Panama City, Florida; Panama; Manzanillo; Acapulco; and Long Beach, CA.

The passage was very uncomfortable and most of the time was spent in bathing suits as the small ships did a lot of "underwater cruising" in crashing through the waves, especially in the Caribbean. As a matter of fact, we were awarded a special allowance, called "hard layers" of 50 cents a day for the whole cruise. This was in addition to our fabulous Ordinary Seaman UNTD salary of \$60.00 a month. I seem to remember that we also received a foreign allowance but I can't recall what that was.

I wonder if anyone else has stories and pictures of the 1946 UNTD Laymore & Clifton cruise?

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THE SUMMER OF '46. - The Saga Continues

Al Pearlstein

After the usual preliminary UNTD training at *HMCS Stadacona* in the summer of 1946, Bill Reisberry, Moe Charendoff and I were sent to sea aboard *HMCS New Liskeard*.



Left to right, Bill Reisberry, Moe Charendoff and Al Pearlstein aboard *HMCS New Liskeard*, the summer of 1946.

Photo courtesy Al Pearlstein

Our routine was to dump excess stocks of ammunition from WW II overboard at night about 90 miles east of Halifax. This was also my first experience with being seasick.

Next we joined a dozen other UNTDs who were to form the crew of the recently commissioned *HMCS Laymore*. She was a U.S. built coastal supply vessel being transferred to the West Coast. Since there was no fee for Canadian naval vessels passing through the Panama Canal, she was commissioned to save the \$5,000.00 passage fee. The merchant seamen officers were also temporarily commissioned in the RCN.



HMCS Laymore rolling through the Caribbean on her way to the Panama Canal. Photo by Pearlstein

HMCS Laymore was flat-bottomed and considerably larger than the sea going tug, *HMCS Clifton*, which accompanied us. In order to ballast *Laymore*, four 50-ton blocks of concrete were secured in her large main hold. The crew's quarters were in the foc'sle and being American built, we had bunks not hammocks. Within four hours of leaving Halifax, most of us were seasick. This lasted for the four days that it took to get to our first destination, Charleston, South Carolina.

Going through the choppy Caribbean, the flat-bottomed *Laymore* tossed and turned. While on the wheel, we had to wear sneakers to stop from slipping in the fifteen-degree rolls.

After the Panama Canal, our next stop was Manzanillo, Mexico where it was 114 degrees in the shade.

The next port of call was Long Beach, California. Finally after a month of adventures on the high seas and exciting foreign port visits, we arrived in Vancouver. While we were stationed in Esquimalt for another three weeks we were required for an Admiral's funeral party and had to practice the slow march.

When I returned to the University of Toronto in September 1946, I changed courses from Arts to Commerce and Finance. Consequently, after spending my first UNTD summer as an Ordinary Seaman, I became a Probationary Writer in the Supply Department. For my second summer in 1947, I traveled across Canada by train to Victoria. After several weeks aboard *HMCS Uganda*, I spent ten weeks at Supply School at *HMCS Naden*. During this time I was a member of the track team and participated in a three-day competition in Nanaimo.

In 1948 I went to the East Coast and had a nice training cruise to Bermuda aboard *HMCS Nootka*. Then I joined *HMS Sheffield* for my second trip through the Panama Canal in three years.

I was commissioned in 1949 and spent two weeks naval training at *HMCS Stadacona* and again in May 1950 before starting my civilian career as a sales trainee. I joined the NOAC and participated in their activities at *HMCS York*. I transferred to the inactive list in 1954 due to my marriage and pressure of work. I am still active in the defined benefit pension field.

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RELUCTANT LOOKOUT

Gil Hutton 1947

When fifty UNTD Ordinary Seamen were assigned to the Algerine Minesweeper, *HMCS Portage* for summer training in 1947, the ship's complement was increased by sixty percent. There was not an empty space left anywhere in the ship to sling a hammock. Once at sea, those not on watch or otherwise employed stayed in their hammocks to keep out of the way and protect their squatter's rights.

When I reported to the bridge as part of the Starboard Watch, someone immediately confiscated my sleeping space on a mess-deck bench. The Officer of the Watch assigned me to the look-out position in the crow's-nest at the top of the mast. Being somewhat nervous about heights, I deduced that this was part of a plot to get rid of Ordinary Seamen (UNTD) and ease the crowding problem. It made even less sense to me because I wore glasses as a "supply type" and was the least likely candidate to supplement the function of the ship's radar.

Reluctantly I commenced to climb the tiny rungs welded to the mast, taking great care not to look down. The higher I climbed the more I realized that the ship's motion was amplified up the mast. When I finally reached the crow's-nest, every muscle in my body was numb with nervous tension and my breathing was reduced to short, quick gasps. As my eyes came level with the lip of the crow's-nest, I wasn't sure what to do next, so I crawled, lizard-like, head first into the pod shaped structure. Fortunately, I was very slight of build and was able to wriggle about until my head surfaced and I assumed my look-out duties. After I became acclimatized to my surroundings, I realized that the correct way to enter and exit the crow's-nest was to reach a rung above and behind the look-out position, perform a chin-up and tuck feet first in or out of the barrel.

As I contemplated this, I concluded that the ship's designer was a sadist because it was obvious that I would not be able to egress my position the way I had slithered in. I found the thought of hanging from the swaying mast, feet flailing in mid-air, blindly searching for a foothold, too awful to contemplate and when it came time to change the watch, I did my best to ignore the summons to descend. When I was finally ordered to come down I did so reluctantly, with my eyes riveted to the mast in front of my nose.

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SEASICK - MIND OVER MATTER

R. Williamson 1958

Every sailor that goes to sea for the first time wonders about seasickness. The truth is that everyone is affected in varying degrees by the motion of a ship at sea. This upsets the centre of balance in the inner ear causing seasickness. It can be the most debilitating form of motion sickness because there is generally no relief from it for long periods of time without medication. In a car, one can always stop and get out. In a plane, turbulence is usually short lived, but at sea, one can be tossed about for several days.

I recall a first year cadet who was really keen about the navy, but as soon as the ship moved from the jetty, he began to turn green. I always thought that "turning green" was a figure of speech, but seasick people really do turn a pasty green. As the shoreline disappeared over the horizon he became progressively worse. After two days he was placed in sickbay and given fluids intravenously to prevent dehydration until we reached our next port.

Most novices such as officer cadets are always eager to listen to any advice on the topic. The Bermuda cruise of 1958 was my introduction to the sea. I remember talking to the Padre in *HMCS La Hulloise* before we sailed. In his opinion, seasickness could be controlled by mind over matter.

"Just use psychology," he said. "It is a simple matter of convincing yourself that you feel fine."

I soon found that while the rolling of the ship was uncomfortable to live with, it was the pitching that generated the nausea, especially in enclosed spaces with a lack of fresh air. My internal stamina was put severely to the test within the first few hours at sea. I was assigned to clean the heads. Disinfecting the toilets with Lysol started to turn my stomach. I developed an overwhelming desire to rush up on deck to fill my lungs with fresh air. I wanted desperately to feel the cool sea spray splash on my face. I found myself repeating over and over, "I feel fine, I'm ok, hang in there."

Finally, cleaning stations were over and my part of the duty watch closed up on the bridge. I welcomed my assignment as port look-

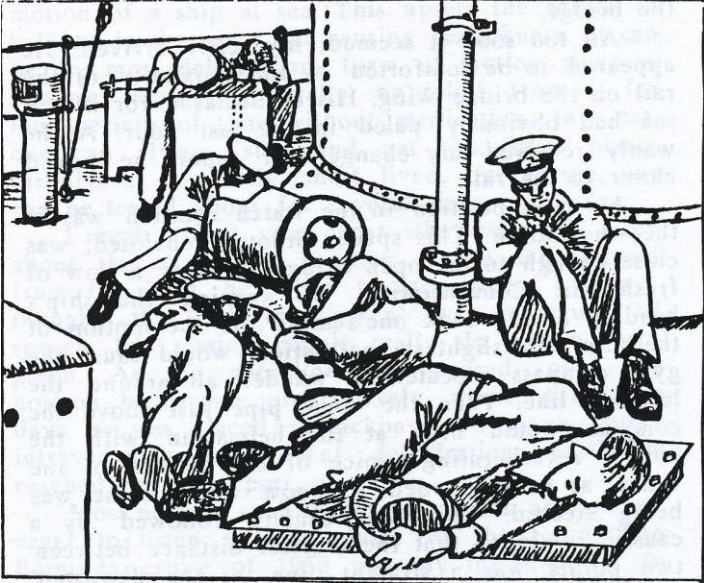
out because there was lots of fresh air. It was also exciting to watch the ship's bow pounding into the waves, sending spray whipping across the deck. We would cheer for the really big waves that sent spray over the bridge.

All too soon it seemed, my watch relief arrived. He appeared to be comforted by the proximity of the rail on the bridge wing. His enthusiasm for life at sea had obviously paled in the last hour. As he wanly received my change-over report he moved closer to the rail.

My next position in the watch rotation was in the wheelhouse. This space, although enclosed, was close enough to the open bridge to allow a flow of fresh air. Concentrating on keeping the ship's heading steady took one's mind off the motion of the ship. The slightest inattention would cause the gyro compass repeater to wander all around the lubber's line. Then the voice pipe just above the compass would bark at the helmsman with the hollow reverberating voice of the officer of the watch as he demanded to know what course was being steered. This was usually followed by a caustic reminder that the shortest distance between two points was a straight line, or the disgusted observation that the ship's wake looked like a giant snake with hiccups. Keeping busy certainly helped pass the time and before long my relief arrived. He was carrying a pail that he had managed to commandeer as his personal barf bucket. He cuddled it like a security blanket.

Now I headed for the engine room which meant negotiating several ladders. The pitching motion of the ship created alternately, the exaggerated sense of floating or falling while trying to descend each ladder. While making my way aft, I passed a dishevelled group of bodies lying about the base of the funnel. This was a popular place for seasick cadets to lounge as it was sheltered and warm but open and close to the rail. The group that frequented this location was known as the Funnel Club.

The engine room was cavernous and full of noisy machinery to occupy one's interest. There was far less motion low down in the centre of the ship so it was a good place to convalesce.



Funnel Club

Sketch by Robert Williamson

My relief in the next watch rotation never showed up so I headed to my next position in the operations room below the bridge. On my way up I passed my wayward relief who was leaning over the rail amidships attempting to turn himself inside out through his mouth. I quickly turned away to maintain my own internal integrity.

The close dark environment of the operations room was not therapeutic to anyone trying to resist seasickness. The green glow of the radar scope with its rotating cursor repeatedly reflected all the boring wave clutter. The acrid smell of all the electrical equipment amplified any sense of nausea in this stuffy space. All the motion of the ship was augmented in the darkness by the lack of a horizon perspective.

Needless to say I was glad when the watch was over even though I was not enthusiastic about the pipe for all "hands to supper." I lingered on the upper deck in the fresh air, re-establishing my composure and putting down the revolt in my stomach. Before my absence became conspicuous, I headed into the cafeteria. Passing through the food line I did not envy the job of a cook at sea.

I learned very quickly to hold onto my dinner tray at all times to prevent it from sliding away with the movement of the ship. I sampled all the food in order to see which was most acceptable to my mutinous stomach. Then I retired expediently to the upper deck where I stood sucking in great gulps of fresh air.

I was having reasonable success at convincing myself that I felt much better when the Padre dashed out of the passageway from the wardroom. He dived to the rail beside me with such force that I thought that he was going over the side. However, it was his dinner that he projected over the side. It appeared to be spaghetti. I could tell because I had chosen to stand on the windward side to receive the maximum flow of fresh air. The padre, in his rush to the rail had not considered these niceties. As I stood into the wind I received a spattering of tomato sauce and pasta. Studying the regurgitated spots on my boots and trousers decimated my will power and I joined the Padre in a heaving contest at the rail. So much for the power of mind over matter!

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QUARANTINED

Gil Hutton 1948

It was a constant struggle to find ships that could be made available for cadet training. In 1948, a number of billets were offered on a Royal Navy cruiser that was to sail from Halifax to Victoria accompanied by *HMCS Athabaskan*. It was expected to be the greatest UNTD cruise of all time.

Several weeks later when the ship arrived in Victoria, no one came ashore. We discovered that they had been placed in quarantine because of an outbreak of polio, a virus infection that was the scourge of that period of history. It caused a severe fever and in extreme cases, paralysis. The infection was traced back to a port in Mexico. The cruise of a life time had become a nightmare voyage for some members of the UNTD.

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DREAM CRUISE BECOMES A NIGHTMARE

Charles Miller 1948

Editor's Note

When polio broke out on board *HMCS Athabaskan* in June 1948, the ship's company were put in quarantine, including all the UNTD cadets who believed they had been drafted to a summer training dream cruise. Now, for the first time, we have an account by a cadet who was there. This story and pictures were submitted by Charlie Miller, 175 Talbot St. West, Leamington, ON., N8H 1N5.

After completing a three-week navigation course at the Navigation Direction School in *HMCS Stadacona*, Charlie Miller from Ontario Agricultural College and other "Untidies" from: University of Toronto, Queen's and McGill Universities, were sent to sea in the tribal class destroyer, *HMCS Athabaskan*, and the British cruiser, *HMS Sheffield*. Both ships were headed for the Caribbean, but the *Athabaskan* would transit the Panama Canal and end up in Victoria. There were 33 UNTD cadets on board *Athabaskan* when she sailed from Halifax on May 19. They made ports of call in: Guantanamo Bay, Jamaica, Panama City and Acapulco Mexico. In the tropics, summer temperatures soared to over 100 degrees Fahrenheit every day.

While enjoying a pleasant leave in Los Angeles where the cadets watched the radio shows, "Meet the Mrs." and "The Beulah Show," things began to go wrong. A young naval rating, who had not been feeling well, went on leave without reporting to sick bay. By time he got back to the ship it was too late. He and six others had contracted polio while in Mexico. He would die later and be buried at sea off Vancouver Island. Two cadets, Paul Present of Blenheim, Charlie's roommate at OAC and Bill Purvis of the University of Toronto, came down with polio.

When the ship anchored off Victoria on June 29, 1948, the polio victims were sent to Veteran's Hospital where Paul Present was to remain for several months. The rest of the UNTDs were put in quarantine at William Head until July 13. They called the former army barracks, UNTiDy Lodge.



UNTD Cadets in quarantine at William Head B.C., July 1948. From left to right, back row: J. Quincy, J. Roy, P. Parent, Ken Corrigan, J. Hobbs, D. Gillies; centre: J. Bandy, **C. Miller**, J. Coon, M. Magus, J. Jarvis; front: B. Grant, A. Squires, W. Britain, V. Trevail, B. Morris. *Photo courtesy Bob Morris*

Bill Purvis recovered more quickly and enrolled in Law School. He became a successful lawyer in Toronto and is now deceased. Paul eventually completed his OAC studies in 1951 and went to work for the 3 M Company. He presently resides in London, Ontario. Charlie Miller went home to pick tobacco in Delhi for the rest of the summer in 1948. He remained in the Naval Reserve until 1957 and served in several ships: *HMCS New Liskeard, Brockville, Porte St. Jean, Raccoon, Wallaceburg, and Portage*, mostly on the Great Lakes. His daughter was christened on *Portage* in Sarnia, the same year that he received his Watch keeping Certificate in 1957.

Although he left the RCNR in 1957, Charlie continued his association with the military by teaching communications to Army Cadets at Glencoe District High School. After thirty-five years of teaching, Charlie retired from Kingsville District High School as Vice Principal in 1987. He lives in Leamington.

DON'S DIARY

Don Gillies, 1948

Editor's Note

These are excerpts from the diary of Don Gillies, Ordinary Seaman/Officer Candidate, *HMCS Prevost*, a Math and Physics student at the University of Western Ontario 1945-49. It relates the story of the UNTD "Dream Cruise that Became a Nightmare" in 1948 aboard *HMCS Athabasca*. The record began when a classmate, Parker Alford, gave Don a little black book to keep a record of his experiences. Parker Alford went on to eventually become Head of Physical Science at Western. Don achieved a M.A. in Atmospheric Physics at the University of Toronto and in 1953 joined the Ontario Hydro Research Division, retiring in 1987 as Manager of Environmental Protection. The editor notes how the jargon in the diary becomes more nautical as the writer makes the usual UNTD transition from civilian to sailor. What is most important is that the sentiments, routines and activities recorded here will be most familiar to anyone who joined the UNTD.

May 14, Friday, 1948:

The Alford family was at the London station to see us off: including Parker's sister with a flowery hat, and Jan, his girlfriend. She kissed me on one cheek and Mrs. Alford kissed me on the other so I wouldn't feel neglected. What a royal send-off! When we got to Toronto, my brother Len and his fiancée, Mary Sanderson met me. I assured them that I would be home for their wedding on July 16th. As events unfolded, it was a promise I would not be able to keep.

May 15, Saturday, 1948:

We arrived at Montreal's Central Station at 9 am after a horrible night of jiggling in an upper bunk. We had a nine hour wait for the sleeper to the Maritimes, so we walked to the McGill University Radiation Lab where Parker, Gord Bowman and I were treated to an explanation of the cyclotron, cloud chamber and Beta-ray Spectrograph. Then we took in a movie, "Cass Timberlane" and walked to the top of Mount Royal. After dinner we boarded our train and I climbed into my upper berth above Chuck Moore and across from Verne Trevail and Parker. I settled down and prepared myself for the roughest means of

travel since corduroy roads. Give me a nice smooth ship ride any day.

May 16, Sunday, 1948:

It was a very drab day riding through New Brunswick. We saw the great Chaleur Bay where Jacques Cartier landed. Otherwise the countryside was most unimpressive. Time advanced an hour at Campbellford, causing some confusion over meal times. The food was good and we didn't want to miss any. We stretched our legs at Moncton. Boy was it cold! We arrived in Halifax at 8:50 pm and were lined up on the platform - all sixty of us, and then divided according to our final destination. Chuck Moore and Don Arscott stayed at *Stadacona*; Verne Trevail and I went to *Athabasca* while Park and Gord Bowman went to *Portage* for a cruise to Bermuda.

A Fairmile took about thirty of us over to the *Athabasca*. After getting our bedding, we made up our micks. I had a tough time getting mine level but decided to climb in anyway. Totally unlike my experience on the train, I fell asleep instantly.

May 17, Monday, 1948:

Woke up feeling well rested at 6.30 am. Breakfast was drab and the weather was even worse. Cold!!! Brother, I never felt anything like it - there was a tang of salt air a mile wide and the sting of a cold north wind a foot thick. I was assigned to the top part of the ship for cleaning stations and nearly froze up there polishing brass until 10 am.

During our "In Routine" we marched over to clothing stores on the base to be issued tropical garb and have an X-ray at the hospital. Saw Phil Chaplin, Don Ramsey and several others from McGill. Also ran into Chuck Moore and Don Arscott who informed me that they have been accommodated in the former wren's block at *Stadacona*. At 4.30 pm we returned to our ship to mark our newly issued gear. We saw a schedule for tropical routine today: up at 0530 and secure at 1230. I guess it's going to be hot.

Captain Pullen who is Captain D of Canada's destroyers, spoke to us today and I rather enjoyed his comments. After supper, Lionel Janna from Montreal, who was with us on the west coast

last year, dropped by. At 8.30 pm we listened to the Bob Crosby show on the radio and then watched a movie in the mess, "The Swordsman", starring Larry Parks and Ellen Drew. I am in the forward starboard mess, No. 5, up where it should be good and rough in stormy weather.

May 18, Tuesday 1948:

We were supposed to leave harbour today but didn't because of dense fog. Visibility was reduced to 50 yards. We had the afternoon off but stayed aboard the ship because of the weather. The damp cold was so intense - nothing you could imagine unless you experienced it. What a depressing place - nothing but fog, slums and bitter cold!

May 19, Wednesday, 1948:

Finally the fog began to lift and we set sail in the afternoon. *HMCS Portage* and *Swansea* left earlier for Bermuda. As we were leaving Halifax Harbour the sun began to shine and it seemed like a good omen. Then the ship began to pitch and roll in the Atlantic ground swell and by 1630 many green faces began to appear. At supper, few had the stamina to face food. Vern Trevail and Doc from U. of T. were okay, but I could not fool my stomach forever and by 1900 I was as sick as everyone else. The heads were in the worst shape and many guys were just lying on the upper deck around the funnel. After rounds I crawled into my mick and fell asleep until shook for duty watch at 2330.

May 20, Thursday, 1948:

I ate no breakfast but worked all morning and slowly began to feel better. Dinner was okay at noon and I went on watch again. This time I got to steer the ship from 1500 to 1600 and did quite well. New Jersey is abeam to starboard and we have a New York City radio station tuned in. My left arm is getting rather stiff as we received shots in each arm for typhoid and small pox. Although Halifax was dismal, now that the sun is shining brightly on a sea that is as blue as the sky, and the air is as fresh as a newly bathed baby, I feel His Majesty's Canadian Navy is a great life for summer employment.

May 21, Friday, 1948:

We are opposite the coast of North Carolina today and have entered the Gulf Stream. The water has changed colour to a gorgeous medium blue and the weather has warmed considerably. The wind is still quite strong and my face looks like a shiny red apple. Tropical routine would begin tomorrow at 0530. We'll be on watch from 0400 to 0800 so it won't inconvenience us. While on watch we wear tropical gear: a T - shirt, shorts and knee length socks.

I was painting ship most of the day and have paint all over my hands, face and clothing. Most of us are dead tired from lack of sleep and bodies can be found sprawled in any quiet place especially on the locker cushions in our mess. We have all regained our appetites, except for poor Gus Higuchi. The ship's canteen supplies fountain cokes and chocolate bars to sooth our empty stomachs. Meals have suddenly become more enticing. We had spuds, roast fish, and cabbage salad for dinner with coconut cream pie as duff (dessert). The pie was excellent but too small.

May 22, Saturday, 1948:

The fresh water on the ship is now being rationed and we cannot have a shower. I have given up washing in the morning and just lash up my mick (bed roll) and dash down to the galley for breakfast. Today when we came off watch at 0800, everyone else had turned to and we had the galley and washrooms all to ourselves. What a luxury! Everyone secured at 1230 and after lunch, caught up on much needed sleep in a shady spot on deck.

After supper, Vern Trevail and I played bridge with a chief from the engine room, who goes to McGill. His partner was the coxswain who is a good head. Before turning in we went to the galley for a cup of kye (cocoa to you landlubbers) and it was hot for a change.

May 23, Sunday, 1948:

We are located somewhere off the east coast of Florida. It has been three days since we last saw land which makes us real salty. When you look out on the featureless horizon, it is no wonder that the sailors in Columbus' day thought the world was

flat.

We were supposed to have Sunday Divisions this morning, everyone mustered with their best spit and polish for hymns and prayers but it rained so hard it was cancelled. The weather has become very squally with terrible downpours followed by sudden sunny clear periods. On deck there is always a good breeze, but the air is very humid and in the mess it is extremely hot and sticky. We had ice cream for dinner but it melted before it could be eaten.

We sighted land late today - San Salvador, the first land that Columbus saw when he landed in the West Indies. Tomorrow we will arrive in Guantanamo Bay and maybe get to play a little baseball.

May 24, Monday, 1948:

After a routine breakfast of bacon and eggs (there was no cereal because all the fresh milk is gone), we started our first classes. There will be five subjects and today we took ASDIC (anti submarine detecting), until noon. After lunch we were assigned duties handling lines and fenders for entering harbour. Guantanamo Bay is a new U.S. naval base with an airfield and radio station. The land looks volcanic with a thin growth of small tropical vegetation, but there are no mountains around here. It is very hot and humid. I have consumed lots of water and feel like I have lost several pounds. We all have to take salt tablets. I didn't get ashore as my watch was on duty, so I used the time to fold and shorten my pant legs by three inches. In the navy you have to be your own tailor.

May 25, Tuesday, 1948:

Up at 0530 for P.T. on the jetty, - after running a mile my legs were so stiff I could hardly move. I spent the rest of the morning cleaning for Captain's rounds. After lunch, Vern Trevail and I went ashore to the PX where they have everything from souvenirs to house furnishings. The tropical scenery is lovely with oleanders, hibiscus, cacti and palm trees everywhere.

We went to the sports complex to play tennis but found that we did not have the right kind of shoes so we went swimming instead and played three games of pool. We indulged in ice

cream sundaes and cokes all day from the soda bar.

May 26, Wednesday, 1948

Up early again, this time for boat pulling. We went ashore in the afternoon for more ice cream and bought a dozen post cards. After I got finished writing them, I found that the post office was closed. A couple of chaps have come down with sun stroke and another with pneumonia. With the air blowers pumping fresh air into the mess continuously it can be draughty and hard to avoid a chill early in the morning.

May 27, Thursday, 1948:

This turned out to be a busy day. I was assigned to a stores party at 0900 and we went by truck to a huge refrigerated warehouse. Native workers loaded carrots, lettuce, tomatoes, one ton of spuds, ice cream, cabbages and so on. When we got back to the ship we had to unload all that food into the ship's food lockers and refrigerators. It was a very hot job. In the afternoon the ship moved to the oil jetty and then we cleaned and dressed the quarterdeck for an officer's cocktail party. After supper we had to scrub out our mess because an oil line had leaked during fuelling. After the party, the quarterdeck had to be cleaned up and then we were roused out of bed to loosen all the awnings after a heavy rain.

May 28, Friday, 1948:

Mustered at 0400 for leaving harbour. While stowing hawsers and fenders I lost my cap overboard in a driving rain, but managed to fish it out of the water. We anchored in Montego Bay, Jamaica at 1900 but it was getting too dark to see anything.

May 29, Saturday, 1948:

Slept on the fo'c'sle last night where there was a bit of a breeze to relieve the stifling heat. Woke up at dawn to see many colourful native fishing boats on the bay where there was nary a ripple on the water. The shore line looked very pleasing with bathing beaches, large hotels and plenty of palm trees. But a closer look when we went ashore gave a different view of paradise. The streets were lined with broken down shops and houses. The mix of donkey manure on the pavement and the open sewers made a permeating stench. There seemed to be an abundance of tailor shops and liquor stores. We only stopped

at the farmer's market where we bought some coconuts, pineapples, bananas and limes.

May 30, Sunday, 1948:

We got out of some work this morning by going to church ashore. It was a nice clean church, the hymns were sung with gusto and there were plenty of "Praise the Lords".

When we got back to the ship there were dozens of native boys around the ship diving for pennies or selling their sister's favours. They were dancing and singing in their small boats or hanging on the anchor chain.

May 31, Monday, 1948:

We were assigned as boat's crew today. I acted as stern sheetman on No. 1 cutter which took liberty men ashore. Swartz was coxswain and Warren Brittain was bowman. We had a busy day from noon until midnight. At 2000 we had to go and rescue the other cutter as it had run afoul of a fishing net.

The highlight of the day was the arrival of fresh bread. Spread with plenty of jam and peanut butter, it was the greatest treat that we had in several days.

June 1, Tuesday, 1948

I got my journal back from the instructor today and was told that it was disjointed and poorly written. I still have not figured out the style that he is looking for. One chap from Dalhousie wrote a caustic report on the decrepit state of the Canadian Navy. That was definitely the wrong approach.

There is a banana boat loading in the bay near our ship. The natives row out with a huge long boat piled high with bunches of green bananas which are passed up a long line of loaders to the deck of the ship.

June 2, Wednesday, 1948:

At 0800 we slipped anchor and sailed out of Montego Bay as the rain began to fall again. We saw scores of flying fish skimming just above the water like hummingbirds for a hundred yards or more.

In the afternoon our watch rigged a swimming pool on the deck and everyone splashed about. It was full of salt water and very hard on the eyes. Tonight I go on watch from 2000 to midnight and again I will miss the movie. They have shown four different movies at least three times and I haven't seen one of them yet.

June 4, Friday, 1948:

Today we passed through the Panama Canal. The ship entered the huge Miraflores Locks after breakfast. We were pulled along by little steam engines which ran on rails on either side of the canal. The water rose and carried us to the next set of triple locks called Pedro Miguel which boosted us 85 feet to Gatun Lake. Wearing bathing suits we washed down the ship's super structure with the lake's fresh water. Then we traversed the lowering locks and cleared the canal at 1600.

We steamed to jetty 16 at Balboa and went ashore at 1800. A ten cent bus ride took us to Panama City, an attractive community with expensive shops selling merchandise made of alligator skin, ivory, mahogany and leather. Banana splits were an outrageous price - 50 cents.

June 5, Saturday, 1948:

We were on duty today and had to unload and store supplies: a ton of potatoes, a dozen crates of oranges and watermelons. We dropped a watermelon and had to eat it. We also snaffled several oranges. We watched everyone returning from leave, loaded with souvenirs and telling wild stories about the night clubs in Panama City.

June 6, Sunday, 1948:

After lunch, Verne, Warren Brittain and I went ashore to visit the ruins of old Panama. The old city was built on an impressive site overlooking the Pacific with waves crashing on reefs and rolling up the sandy beaches. The pirate, Henry Morgan ravaged and



John Bandy, Allan Squires and Marion Magus at the stone ruins of Old Panama overlooking the Pacific Ocean.

Photo courtesy Bob Morris

burned this city 300 years ago for the millions in gold which the Spaniards stole from the Incas. Huge trees were growing through the stone walls and we were spit upon by a scrawny Llamas grazing in the ruins.

June 7, Monday, 1948:

Ashore in Balboa we went to the American Army/Navy base called Fort Amador. Ice cream and milk shakes were dirt cheap. Cigarettes were seven cents a pack and chocolate bars, four cents. Portable radios which are \$75.00 in Canada were only \$36.00 and electric razors only \$18.00, down from \$32.00 in Canada. I wish I had more money to spend.

June 8, Tuesday, 1948:

Left Balboa today with four days steaming to Acapulco. While I was lifebuoy sentry I saw porpoises playfully swimming beside the ship as though they were racing it.

June 9, Wednesday, 1948:

Only twenty more days to go until we reach Naden. My watch, Blue Watch, had the morning watch from 0400 to 0800. The sea was slightly restless but otherwise quiet. After breakfast, communication classes almost put me to sleep.

I was lifebuoy sentry from 1600 to 1700 when we exercised emergency stations. The sea was calm enough to look at but was plenty choppy from the vantage point of our 20 foot, six man lifeboat. We rescued the kisbie floats that had been thrown overboard. One joy about raising a seaboat on a destroyer is that we had a power winch and did not have to use the coulee method as employed on the frigates.

Up again at 2330 to stand the middle watch - Boy was I tired! My eyes were so heavy that I had to force them to stay open. If I closed them for a moment, everything began fading away and I was asleep - even standing up. Below decks at 0400, I crashed on the leather cushions on the lockers, which serve as storage for clothes and as benches at the mess table. I vowed that I would never sleep there but have done so often.

June 10, Thursday, 1948:

Off the coast of Honduras. This was our first sunny day in the last several days. It is the rainy season now and cloudy most of the time. The sea is as calm as a millpond and a dark blue - green colour as compared to the azure of the Atlantic.

Black smoke coming out of the stacks yesterday resulted in E.R.A.s and stokers getting loss of pay, as well as stoppage of leave and grog (rum). They are pretty mad at the captain, an old merchant navy type who is a mean old bugger.

Editor's Note

Several cadets reported that the captain was a modern Captain Bligh. They described his relationship with the crew as similar to that of the captain in the film, "Mr Roberts". It was at this time that incidents aboard the *Athabaskan*, *Crescent* and *Magnificent* triggered a much-needed investigation called the Mainguy Report. Cdr. Tony German wrote, "It moulded a Canadian navy, apart from the Royal Navy, to better fit our social values, traditions and character". It was a watershed in the navy's history and the UNTD were a part of it.

During the afternoon watch we saw a huge school of porpoises. They swam under the ship and playfully jumped out of the water, stood on their tails or did flips. They certainly were a sight well worth watching. Played bridge after supper and worked on my journal, which has to be assessed by Lt. Cook.

June 11-12, Friday/Saturday, 1948:

Lucky me! After standing the second dog watch, I got to see the movie, "Stallion Road" which I quite enjoyed. Slept on the lockers until 0330 when I went to the bridge to stand third officer of the watch. Filled in the log every hour and answered 293 radar reports from the radar room. In the forenoon, I worked on one of the cutters doing as little as possible, soaking up the sun.

We arrived in Acapulco this afternoon. Mail call! I got a letter from Parker. Acapulco is a flashy place with ultra-modern round buildings and many yachts in the large, sheltered bay. A tourist centre - it is the Riviera of the West Coast.

June 13, Sunday, 1948:

Answered Parker's letter and went ashore with Verne this afternoon. Exchanged money at the Las Marinas Hotel (45 pesos for \$10.00, should have been 48). We sat on the cool, hotel veranda screened by palms and tropical plants. We acted just like tourists. Later we rented bicycles at 40 cents an hour and cycled about the city taking pictures. Then we went swimming on a very smooth sandy beach with large rollers sweeping up sand. Back aboard ship, after a shower, we saw a movie, "That Way With Women".



Bob Morris with his 40 cents-an-hour rented bike at Acapulco Beach.
Bob Morris photo.

June 14, Monday, 1948:

After the first full night's sleep in a long time, we were up at 0600 for P.T. on the jetty just as the sun was peeking over the mountains. Chuck Miller and I spent the morning painting the funnel from a swinging stage with not too much to hang on to. Boy was it hot! We couldn't take our shirts off because there were guests on board.

I took ten packs of cigarettes ashore with me because they are a great medium of exchange here. I bought a wild-looking flowered shirt for 15 pesos after a lot of dickering. We saw a terrific looking girl in one store. She reminded us of how long we have been away from home. We brought back lemons, coconuts and bananas to the ship. After supper, Verne, Brittain and I played horseshoes and beat the Coxswain and Chief Gunner's Mate, three games to none.

June 15, Tuesday, 1948:

We left Acapulco today amidst cheering and arm waving from VIPs and pretty ladies decked out in large hats. This was the best port of call so far with none of the squalor of Panama or Montego Bay. After supper I hung washing on the foc'sle to dry in the fresh breeze. Just as it was about dry, it rained like the devil and now I have to go back on watch.

June 16/17, Wednesday/Thursday, 1948:

We anchored in Manzanillo harbour this morning. No resort town here - just a small jetty, an oil depot, rail yard and board or straw hovels that look like something out of "Three Little Pigs". We stopped in this little backwater for only two reasons: to oil and paint the ship. Spent all morning painting the side of the ship from a whaler, then in the afternoon Verne and I painted the bow from a bosun's chair, nothing more than a glorified rope swing, twenty feet above the water.

After dinner, about fifty of us went by bus to an isolated beach. It was really lovely although the six-foot high breakers were really powerful.

Editor's Note

Bob Morris from OAC in Guelph also remembers the six-foot breakers on the beach. An ex-sea cadet, he sailed in the ship's whaler to an isolated beach. As they came ashore, the whaler broached in the pounding surf. Bob attempted to cut some of the tangled rigging free and was almost crushed as the whaler was lifted and thrown onto the beach. The ship's cutter had to come to float a line ashore so that they could tow the whaler back to the ship. The crew returned in a beat-up old truck.

June 18, Friday, 1948:

We left Manzanillo at 1000. Verne and half the crew are quite sick this morning with diarrhoea and cramps - The general consensus was Montezuma's revenge!



George Inch with Scott Wilkinson painting the ship's side in Manzanillo Harbour.
Bob Morris photo

June 19, Saturday, 1948:

Another lovely warm day spent painting the superstructure of the ship. We are hurrying to get everything painted before we reach San Pedro where there are expected to be a number of receptions and parties. Classes today were held in gun drill.

June 20, Sunday, 1948:

I slept with a blanket on me all night for the first time in four weeks. The sea temperature has dropped 15 degrees in one day. What a change! We are now taking heavy swells and salt spray across the foc'sle.

June 22, Tuesday, 1948:

Arrived in Los Angeles Naval Base, Long Beach at 0700. Red Watch left at 1030 for a tour of Warner Brothers Studio and dinner at the Brown Derby. Verne and I went ashore in the afternoon and planned to catch a train to Los Angeles but were picked up by a guy named Moe in a new Ford coupe. He said he was going to Pasadena and that was fine with us. We drove through Long Beach and Los Angeles. In Pasadena we saw the famous Rose Bowl and visited Bullock's Department Store - the most modern and expensive store that I have ever seen. Articles had no prices on them. If you had to ask, you couldn't afford them. Moe took us home for dinner and then dropped us off at

the Pasadena Auditorium where we saw the great musical "Oklahoma".

After the show, we took a bus back to Los Angeles and got off at the corner of Hollywood and Vine (doesn't that sound grand). It was there that we bumped into two guys from the ship, Jim Roberts and Gus Higuchi. We had a few drinks in the posh Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel, where they thought we were Limeys and then began the two-hour trek back to Long Beach and the ship.

June 24/25, Thursday/Friday, 1948

After standing duty yesterday, to-day is our day for 36 hour leave. Through a mix-up, our watch was done out of a tour of R.K.O Studios and supper at the Brown Derby, so Verne and I headed for the YMCA in Hollywood. We visited NBC and CBS studios and managed to get tickets for a show with Hayvan MacQuarrie in "Noah Webster Says". At 8.00 am next morning, we went to the Tom Brenneman's show, "Breakfast in Hollywood", a very popular program with Gary Moore as Master of Ceremonies. We sat with two girls from Oregon. It was a most enjoyable breakfast and we enjoyed their company and the show very much. After window shopping, we returned to the ship.

June 26, Saturday, 1948:

The weather is cool and foggy. We left Long Beach Harbour at 0600. Next stop Canada! Just a few more days and we will be in Victoria and then I can go home for Len's wedding.

June 28, Monday, 1948:

This was a very eventful day. When we reported for the middle watch at midnight, the fog was so thick that we could not see much beyond the bow of the ship. With the fog horn booming every two minutes, I was assigned to stand watch in the "eyes" (far forward) of the ship. The cold mist and spray was slapping me in the face. Boy was it raw!

At 0930 there was a great stirring in the bowels of the ship as a second engine was revved up and brought on line. The ship shook from foc'sle to stern with this unleashed power as she increased speed from 16 to 28 knots. The wake from the ship's props rose above the stern and spray from the plunging bow

was hitting the bridge. The guys on duty for the forenoon watch reported that we had changed course for Astoria, Oregon to take a sick man to hospital. We heard that during the middle watch, a sailor - 23 year old chippie (carpenter), had been carried down to sick bay. By the forenoon he was on oxygen and four men were applying artificial respiration to keep him alive. After lunch, the guys in the mess were buzzing with the news that the sick sailor had died and we resumed our course for Esquimalt. By the end of the day, six more chaps had taken ill and the steward's mess was cleared out as an isolation ward. Two of the ill were UNTD cadets.

June 29, Tuesday, 1948:

We arrived in Esquimalt seven hours ahead of schedule. Flying a yellow quarantine flag, we moved from the isolation depot to the jetty at 0800 where the dead man and the sick were taken to the hospital by stretcher. We returned to anchor. There were wild rumours and since we did not know what had caused the sickness, the uncertainty was worrisome. By 1530 a flag officer came aboard and we were mustered on the quarter deck. The news was disheartening. The sickness was diagnosed as polio and that required a quarantine period of 14 days. It was a bitter disappointment realizing that I would be unable to get to Len and Mary's wedding. All we could do was sit and pray that no one else got sick.

Editor's Note

It is reported that the senior officer was Commodore H. Brock who read the riot act about using proper channels because the stokers had sent a letter to the Vancouver Sun about conditions on board the ship. The UNTD cadets had also complained in letters home to their parents and consequently some Members of Parliament were asking questions. All this on top of a health quarantine. A dream cruise was becoming a nightmare for the navy as well.

June 30, Wednesday, 1948

Another chap was taken ashore with polio. Everyone is glum. All we can do is sit and wait to see if we get sick or not.

Editor's Note

Everyone was also dreading a visit from Canadian customs because a lot of foreign goods had been purchased at low prices. There was no need to worry. Because of the quarantine, the custom official only stood at the rail and asked if anyone had anything to declare. Receiving no response, he made a hasty retreat.

The weather is beautiful and the food is outstanding. We had strawberry short cake today. I guess they are pampering us to keep our spirits up. (Bob Morris reports that he gained 15 pounds during this extended holiday).

July 1, Thursday, 1948:

The ship was dressed overall at colours, 0800, for Canada Day. The officers challenged the petty officers to a darts competition. The officers, carrying whisky bottles were dressed in pyjamas, bath robes and straw hats. Carrying a sword and gun, one 6 foot 5 inch officer was policing fair play. As we celebrated Canada's birthday, our time in the Caribbean and Central America made us appreciate what a fine country we live in.

July 2, Friday, 1948:

We weighed anchor and after fuelling, went to the jetty at HMC Dockyard. As the First Lieutenant's messenger, I had a first-hand view of all the drama of a burial at sea for Petty Officer Zimmerman who had died from polio. (It has been reported that he had been married in Vancouver just before leaving for the east coast to join the *Athabaskan*).

At 1400, the naval parade with the casket carried on a gun carriage by 24 sailors came up to the ship. The funeral service ensued with the body and padre on the ship and friends and family on the jetty.

After a solemn service, we went to sea. The casket slid down a greased chute into the water as a UNTD cadet firing party fired a salute and the last post was played.



The firing party for Petty Officer Zimmerman was composed of, Front rank: Quincy, Snyder, Inch, and Morris. Rear rank: Bandy, Higuchi, Squires and Bird.

Morris photo

Several more men went ashore ill today. There are 9 confirmed cases of polio including three UNTD cadets: Paul Presant, Bill Purvis and Bob Hutchinson.

Editor's Note

Bob Hutchinson reported that the Medical officer tried to claim that all nine polio victims had been together in a bar or mythical whore house in Manzanillo. Bob says that was not true. Some target Manzanillo because of a "Montezuma's revenge" outbreak. Bob does not recall any situation where all 9 were together at the same time or place and is unable to make any common connection.

July 3, Saturday, 1948:

We weighed anchor at 0900 and went to the jetty at the isolation station. Most of the crew were landed to live in the shore barracks of the quarantine station. This is the station to which all immigrants who came from Asia during the building of the CPR, were held to prevent communicable diseases from entering Canada. We are in a good clean building, two men to a room. The floors are mastic tile and the walls are painted a bilious green.



The William Head Quarantine station called “UNTidy” Lodge consisted of two dormitory wings with a galley/dining hall in between.
Morris photo

Verne and I share a room with a window overlooking the Strait of Juan de Fuca, a lighthouse and the distant snow-capped mountains of Washington State. We have our own galley which served strawberries and cream today. After supper we played baseball. No one else has taken ill and those in hospital are improving. The future is starting to look a lot rosier than a few days ago when it seemed like we were all awaiting execution.

July 4, Sunday, 1948:

This is turning into a vacation. Got up at 0800 (imagine that in the navy), had a great breakfast and walked along the beach. After a fine lunch, highlighted by chicken and ice cream, we played baseball. After supper the P.O.s beat us, 15-8, so now we are even.



UNTD Dream Cruise in Polio Isolation, July 1948

Front: Scotty Wilkinson. 2nd Row: Marion Magus, John Quincy, John Hobbs, Louis Champagne, Verne Travail, Chuck Miller. 3rd Row: Joe Jarvis, Paul Parent, Glenn Peister, Gus Higuchi, Warren Brittain, Don Gillies behind Bob Grant, John Bandy behind Al Coombes. 4th Row: Weldon Findlay, Ken Lendon, Hugh Bird, Stan Potter, John Russell. 5th Row: George Inch, Jean Roy, Bob Nevins (hidden), Thompson, Jack Coon, Ken Corrigan. 6th Row: Alan Squires, Harold Snyder, Jim Roberts.

In Hospital with polio: Paul Present, Bill Purvis, Bob Hutchinson. Also absent: Lloyd Pressnal, Andrew Hugessen, Robert Johnson, Alvin Tate, Gordon Glover, Stan Williams and Bob Morris.
Photo courtesy Don Gillies

Editor's Note

The next several days were a continuous round of eating, sleeping, bathing, playing cards, competitive tournaments of baseball and horseshoes with beach parties where the old salts from the Royal Navy hauled out renditions of risky songs that the UNTiDys had never heard before.

July 11, Sunday, 1948:

Another wonderful sunny warm day. I pitched for the UNTiDies team and we beat the stokers for the baseball championship. Now we are kings of the ship. Earlier, the coxswain and I won the horseshoe tournament. John Bandy, a fellow UNTiDy, cut my hair finally. It may look like a bowl was used, but it was either that or move my ears.

July 12, Monday, 1948:

We returned to our ship today after cleaning out our quarantine barracks and having a last glorious hot bath. There was no fresh milk on the ship, reminding us that the holiday was over.

Editor's note:

Don missed the wedding and spent the rest of the summer working on the family farm near Emo, in the Rainy River District of Northwestern Ontario. Thanks to his spirit of adventure and joy of recording same, we have a document that is an important part of our heritage and rekindles the memories of when we joined the UNTD.

**GILLIES, Donald Kenneth Alan,
Jan. 17, 1924 – Mar. 14, 2000
UNTD HMCS Prevost (U.W.O) 1946-49**

Editor's Note

Two years after submitting his diary to the UNTD archives for publication Don passed away. He died of complications brought on by a bad case of the flu, bronchitis and asthma. His wife, Jeanne, said that he had gained great pleasure in having his story featured in the UNTD Newsletter. He was both honored and flattered by the popular response that his historical record of the polio cruise had engendered in many readers. It is therefore fitting that we include a brief tribute to his memory.

Don was born in humble surroundings near Emo in northwestern Ontario, 76 years ago in 1923. After graduating from high school, he taught in a one-room schoolhouse, until he accidentally burned it down.



Don Gillies 1948. *Bob Morris photo.*

He managed to enroll in a science program at the University of Western Ontario after receiving a scholarship from a successful businessman who made a fortune in the lumber industry. He joined the UNTD in 1946 and graduated with a BSc. in 1949. After completing his MA in Atmospheric Physics at the U. of T. in 1950, he married Jeanne de Jausserand whom he described as his lover, friend, homemaker and arguing companion. They raised three boys, Doug (California), Bruce (Vancouver) and Grant (Edmonton). Don joined the Ontario Hydro Research Division in 1953 and retired as Manager of Environmental Protection in 1987. His work in meteorology and hydrography was exciting and creative. It involved research in winds on the Great Lakes, water levels and ice jams. Don and Jeanne lived in Etobicoke until retiring to the rural life near Beeton, Ontario. There, they enjoyed curling, lawn bowling, golf and horticulture for nearly 13 years. Then, looking for a gentler climate and closer proximity to their children and grandchildren, Don and Jeanne moved to Parksville on Vancouver Island in 1998.

In his funeral plans, Don's naval experience and love of the sea was reflected in his final request. After cremation, he asked that his ashes be scattered from the ferry between Nanaimo and Horseshoe Bay. He also wanted "Amazing Grace" played at his memorial service. The latter was accomplished with great feeling, but the former could not be arranged and he is interred at St. Anne's Cemetery, Parksville, Vancouver Island.

Don's son, Bruce, remembered in his eulogy that his father's great passion was major league baseball. Starting as a boy in Emo, Ontario, he listened to games on the radio. His life-long

dream came true when he was able to attend an All-Star game and the World Series in Toronto.

Life-long friend, Parker Alford, remembered in his eulogy that he and Don met 55 years ago when they registered as science students at U.W.O. Their friendship expanded when they joined the UNTD and were shipped off to Esquimalt to learn how to march, scrub decks and chip paint. They also learned that British Columbia was a beautiful part of the world and a great place to live, even though it would take the better part of a lifetime before they moved there. Parker felt that living together in the men's mess of a naval ship was a great way to learn about people and it was there that it became clear that Don was an unusually cheerful, kind, patient and unpretentious person. He enriched the lives of all those he met. For that reason, Parker gave Don a diary to keep a record of his UNTD experiences. It was that diary in which he recorded the 1948 dream cruise in *HMCS Athabaskan*.

By sharing the recorded thoughts from his diary, Don has helped to rekindle the happy memories of our past experiences in the UNTD.

* * * * *

HMCS ONTARIO SAILS TO SAN FRANCISCO

Jim Houston, 1948

I was enjoying a cup of coffee in the buttry between lectures at McMaster University one day in 1947 when David McLay asked me if I would like to visit beautiful British Columbia. David's father was a professor of physics at the university and the Commanding Officer of the UNTD. The thought of spending the summer in B.C. had a great deal of appeal to me and before I knew it, I had been recruited into the navy.

The trip across Canada to British Columbia on the C.P.R. was great, including meals in the dining car but the real highlight of the summer of 1948 was an eleven day cruise in the cruiser *HMCS Ontario* from Esquimalt to San Francisco.

It was all a novel and exciting experience but the activity that has stuck in my memory the most occurred on 22 July, only one day's

sail out of San Francisco. The ship stopped dead in the water and "Abandon Ship" was piped. Several of us from McMaster fell in at number 2 lifeboat. The boat was lowered and then we were ordered, pirate fashion, to swarm down the ropes into the whaler. It should be remembered that a cruiser is a fairly large ship and the distance from boat deck to water-line was thirty feet, a most intimidating height. Once in the boat the order to slip was given and we dropped a few inches into the relatively calm sea. One assumes that the captain didn't want to risk having a boat load of novice UNTDs doing boat drill in a rough sea. For exercise, we were then required to pull an oar and row completely around the ship. Even in calm weather there were more than a few oars catching crabs and interlocking sweeps.

Editor's Note

In 1959 with three frigates involved in a training cruise, the ships stopped every day, lowered whalers on the lee side and had cadet races around the ship. A boat-rope was attached to the whaler and passed through the bullring in the ship's bow. At the start of the race, all spare hands pulled the boat-rope along the deck to give the whaler crew a quick start. Heaven help the bowman who didn't slip the boat-rope before reaching the fore part of the ship. The best time for pulling twice around the ship was four minutes and seventeen seconds.

We quickly found that for boat drills, it was important to be in good condition and have excellent upper body strength, because once the boat was under the davits and hooked on, we had to climb back up the sea lifelines to the boat deck. Many of us, red faced and straining, needed a helping hand as we got a foot or two from the deck. One of my buddies, Stan Schatz, now a prominent neurosurgeon, was contemplating what sort of a one and a half gainer he could manage with his last ounce of strength to flip back into the drink without hitting the boat below. A hefty able seaman grabbed him just in time for Canadian medical posterity.

It wasn't long before we got used to the height of the deck above the water-line. In fact on warm summer evenings, we took pleasure in slinging our hammocks at the most outboard hooks at the torpedo flats where the ship's motion often allowed the occupant to look straight down into the great sight of sea phosphorescence at night.

The next day we arrived in San Francisco. Being one of Canada's largest warships, we received quite a reception. On the jetty, dignitaries and a military band awaited our berthing which was heralded by a shower of splinters and displaced pilings. The dock shuttered, the dignitaries winced, children gaped and the band played on.

Those of us that weren't issued white gaiters for brow sentries went ashore in the afternoon. One of the first things that we did was ride on the famous cable cars to Golden Gate Park, the Aquarium and Museum, ending up at the Veterans Dance at the Civic Centre. We found that Canadians in uniform always got a warm welcome wherever we went. For me, that included a Scouts' meet where I was asked to say a few words about life aboard a RCN cruiser. However the biggest welcome of all was reserved for the GIs on a troop ship that berthed near us. They were returning from Guam after five years away. What a reception!

* * * * *

NAVAL AID

Gil Hutton 1948

As a second year supply officer candidate, complete with a white cap tally that suggested we were first aid attendants, I was assigned to *HMCS Crescent* in May 1948. That was the spring when heavy rain combined with rapid melting of mountain snow caused the Fraser river to flood. The town of New Westminster had initially rejected our offer of assistance, but within a few days farming communities on the river delta declared an emergency. Using our ship's boats we were able to remove people from their roof tops in the flooded area. I was amazed at how reticent people were to leave their homes despite the rising flood waters.

A similar situation arose six years later in 1954 when I was Ordnance Officer in *HMCS York*. Hurricane Hazel hit Southern Ontario with unprecedented heavy rain. Captain Bob Hendy, the Commanding Officer of *York* made a public broadcast recalling his ship's company. We had to load and transport our whalers to the Holland Marsh to recover farmers from their roof tops. They

certainly were surprised to see the navy and appreciated the value of government expenditure on military budgets for training and equipment.

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MAGNIFICENT OBSTRUCTION - POOR MAGGY!

R. T. "Buck" Bennett, *HMCS Magnificent*, 1949

Editor's Note

Ross T. Bennett CMM CD joined the UNTD in 1947 and rose to the rank of Commodore when he was appointed as the Senior Naval Reserve Advisor 1974-77. He has been a Judge in Hamilton since 1966 and recently penned one of his experiences as a UNTD cadet under the "tongue in cheek" title of *Magnificent Obstruction*.

On 30 May 1949, eighty UNTD cadets were appointed from *HMCS Stadacona* to *HMCS Magnificent* for sea training. *Magnificent*, for those with failing memories, was the 694 foot, 17,900 ton aircraft carrier built in Belfast in 1944 and commissioned in the Canadian Navy in 1947. The UNTDs were accompanied by a training staff including LCdr T. C. (Tom) Pullen as Cadet Training Officer and four Term Lieutenants; Lt. Peter Chance, Lt. Pierre Simard, Lt. Barry Brisendon and Lt. Bert Oliver. Because of our large numbers we were quartered in four messes on the hangar deck with messing in both the Gunroom and the Warrant Officer's Mess.

The following day, with the assistance of tugs, we left our berth in dockyard and proceeded to sea in company with the Tribal Class destroyers, *Haida* and *Nootka*. The task for the cruise was to follow good weather in the North Atlantic and fly off as many aircraft as possible, both by day and by night, employing *Nootka* and *Haida* as escorts and plane guards.

Aside from our general training, liberal time was allowed for goofing at aircraft. During these hours some of us observed one aircraft crash into the sea on takeoff, (the pilot was rescued by *Haida*) and another go through the barriers and end up against the island. The aircraft sustained sufficient damage that it was a

write off and was pushed over the side..... Don't go away - the best is yet to come.

On 4 June, during the last dog watch, while steaming into Port Mouton on the south shore, 70 miles southwest of Halifax, the unthinkable happened. While proceeding at twelve knots to our anchorage we ran aground on a submerged, uncharted rock, approximately one hundred and fifty yards off White Point Beach. *Magnificent* was aground for four hours until the tide and the towing assistance of her escorts refloated her. She limped into Halifax the next day where it was ascertained that damage was to the bow section of the keel extending two hundred feet along the bottom of the hull.

After our return to Halifax we remained on board under instruction until 13 June when it was determined that the ship would be repaired in the dry dock at St. John New Brunswick. Consequently, because there was no space available in *Stadacona* nor were there sufficient billets in other ships, we were banished to a sea cadet training camp called Camp Major on Hermans Island in Mahone Bay. Lieutenants: Oliver and Brisendon were sent with us as training staff and SLt. (UNTD) Allan Coombs and Midshipman Howard Wallace as support staff.

Camp Major was commanded by LCdr. Rayborn, and the Executive Officer was LCdr. Bobby Pearce, a former Diamond Sculls champion and heavyweight boxing champion of the Australian Army. He had been the physical training instructor at *HMCS Star* during World War II. The camp was in a well wooded area and contained two permanent frame buildings, a cottage-like residence for the CO and XO and a mess hall. The training and support staff together with the UNTD cadets were condemned to live in tents where we could enjoy the great outdoors. This would have been fine if the weather had always been sunny and warm, but not on the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia. The training program was a combination of seamanship, with the usual emphasis on sailing and whaler pulling as well as an attempt by heavy infusion of gunnery school help, to convert us into "Naval Commandos". Our assault training culminated in a night landing at nearby Backmans Island, complete with flares, thunder flashes, smoke bombs and lots of noise from blank cartridges. I am able to report that the island put up little resistance and was captured without

casualties. Our more peaceful pursuits in Camp Major included the invasion of young women for two very successful dances and a Church Parade to St. Johns Anglican Church in Lunenburg.

While we were "vacationing" on the South Shore of Nova Scotia, the wheels of naval justice were grinding in Halifax. On 28 June a court martial presided over by Admiral E. R. Mainguy, the Flag Officer Atlantic Coast, convicted Commodore G. R. Miles OBE, the *Magnificent's* Commanding Officer, of "negligence or by default, suffering *HMCS Magnificent* to be hazarded and stranded". He was reprimanded and dismissed from his ship.

As with most salty dips this story also has a moral best summed up in the words of Admiral Ronald Hopwood in his poem, "The Laws of the Navy", verse 12.

*"Uncharted the rocks that surround thee,
Take heed that the channel thou learn,
Lest thy name serve to buoy for another,
That shoal, the Courts Martial return:
Though armour the belt that protects her,
The ship bears the scars on her side.
It is well if the court shall acquit thee,
It were best hadst thou never been tried."*

What ever happened to "*Maggie*" you ask? When last seen by this obedient servant in 1963, riding as a NATO exercise watch keeper in *HMCS Cayuga*, she had been converted to an assault support vessel, manned by Royal Marine Commandos. While riding at anchor in Portsmouth Harbour, her flight deck was arrayed with wheeled assault vehicles.

As for Camp Major ... it is still there but bears a different name. In November 1991 while prowling the lighthouse route, I detoured in my explorations and easily found Hermans Island. There at the end of the road was the camp, still in recognizable form except that there were no tents.

* * * * *

"SUMMER OF '49", COULD HAVE BEEN A MOVIE!

Jim Houston

The "Summer of '49" sounds like a movie title and it had all the ingredients for just that. My journal entry for June 5 started with the arrival in Halifax of *HMCS Magnificent* in company with the destroyer, *Haida*. The carrier was down by the bows and scuttlebutt was that she had had it for at least two months as a result of a grounding incident. We had little thought of the impending court martial. Our minds were filled with the impact that this would have on our scheduled cruise aboard her.

Those cadets who formed the colour party for the court martial on June 29 were allowed to attend the proceedings. The navigating officer, LCdr Johnson was charged with four counts, all variations on the same theme, hazarding or causing the vessel to be hazarded. Captain Tisdale was the President of the court and testimony lasted all afternoon with summations after dinner. I noted that the prosecuting officer, Commodore Ley, was particularly good at his summation although I doubt that Johnson shared my enthusiasm. The defence lawyer was Mr. Ritchie, an experienced marine lawyer. After hearing the officer's efficiency reports, all of which were "very good", he was handed a "reprimand". At the time we thought this was minor but we did not understand what this meant to his future promotions.

Meanwhile, we were attending classes at the Naval Air Station in Dartmouth and eating in style in the wardroom while waiting for a replacement ship for our sea training cruise. During this time we were taken up in an Avro Anson for an observation flight over Halifax. I noted that the liner *Aquitania* was in port and was quite a sight from the air.

It was about this time that I had my first experience with "kye" an early morning beverage that I described as "horrid syrupy stuff". This naval version of cocoa was a long way off anything of a chocolate flavoured drink that I had ever tasted. The strange thing is that by the end of our summer cruise in *HMCS Iroquois*, I had become quite accustomed to it.

Editor's Note

With *Magnificent* out of commission, Cdr Little scurried around and finally persuaded Harry McNamara to find the money to bring

the Tribal class destroyer *Iroquois* out of reserve for July and August.

When we arrived on *Iroquois* we were met by LCdr Pullen in command and Lt Chance as XO. They tried to give us a pep talk but we were not enthralled about our destination of Mahone Bay and Cape Breton, not with expectations of Boston and Philadelphia in our heads. As it happened, we did get as far as Bar Harbor, Maine.

Our twenty-eight day cruise started in the beautiful and sheltered Bras d'Or Lakes of Cape Breton. In keeping with the name, "Golden Arm", the sunsets were particularly worthy of note, but our main interest was the natural wonders of the female population. I remember a local dance at which I met an engaging young lady and things were shaping up nicely when her mother came along and told her it was "past her bed-time". Thus the sun set on that golden opportunity.

We then sailed south to Cape Cod and visited the artist colony of Provincetown where we saw our first "poofs" in pink shorts. At Divisions the next morning the "Jimmy" referred to the "fruity situation", no doubt fearful of our comparative innocence while ashore.

As we were returning to Halifax on a Friday afternoon with visions of an evening ashore in home port filling our thoughts, we received a distress signal from the 4,000 ton freighter, *Eugenia* of Panamanian registry. She was about forty miles away and "steering by winch". We didn't know what that meant but it sounded pretty desperate, even to a bunch of cadets who had just been seconded from their Friday night dates. When we reached her she refused a tow, perhaps because she saw our ship was manned by cadets or more likely because she was waiting for a tug from Halifax. However, we stood by her all night wallowing in a rising sea with most of my messmates spewing their guts out. Unlike the movies, it wasn't glamorous or "*Magnificent*". It was however, a taste of "real" life at sea that developed a sense of obligation to duty.

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MORE SUMMER OF '49 ON IROQUOIS

Alistair Mackenzie

When our UNTD class from *HMCS York* arrived at *HMCS Stadacona* in 1949 we were scheduled for two weeks aboard the "Maggie" just before she ran aground on the South Shore.

It was decided to bring *Iroquois* back into commission. She had been laid up in Bedford Basin and was in terrible shape. With us aboard, she was towed from jetty to jetty in order to prepare her for sea. Our Captain was Pullen and I still remember the thrill of our departure from Halifax as the captain revved up to 30 knots and surged down the harbour.

We anchored in Peggy's Cove to paint ship, mixing gallons of paint in huge garbage pails. I recall hanging over the side on paint stages was a good way of bonding with your ship. We steamed through the Cape Breton gut (no causeway then) to Charlottetown for two days leave. I remember losing my cap overboard while helping some of the boys back aboard after a rowdy time ashore. We next anchored off the Cabot Trail. While hiking ashore, a car approached us and the driver asked if we were UNTDs. I was surprised that anyone would know the term UNTD until he introduced himself as Sidney Smith, the president of the University of Toronto and a native of Cape Breton.

We returned to Halifax along the South Shore. I remember one beautiful clear evening with porpoises skimming alongside and the sun setting on a calm sea. These things are still so very clear in my mind although I have difficulty remembering events of last month. When we docked in Halifax it was a bad show. The pilot brought us in a good 40 feet out from the jetty, requiring a long throw on the heaving line to reach the shore. It was a hoot! The lines kept falling short and the captain was going apoplectic on the bridge. Most of us were killing ourselves laughing, especially when one of our numbers made a giant running heave, slipped on the deck, went flat on his backside while the line made a beautiful arc through the air and disappeared. He had forgotten to make fast the lose end.

One other humorous incident involved the lack of utensil for our mess. Everyone was scrounging for a knife, fork or spoon. This was because one the cadets assigned to washing up the dirty dishes in the mess, dumped the dirty water over the side without checking first for any tin ware in the bottom of the bucket. These are probably familiar incidents that we all shared as part of our UNTD experience.

* * * * *

"LEAKY BILL"

Jim Forrester 1950

As I think about my UNTD training, memories of the summer aboard *HMCS Beacon Hill* (Leaky Bill) come flooding back even after forty years. I remember watching the departure from Esquimalt of the destroyers; *Cayuga*, *Athabaskan* and *Souix*, a few days after war was declared in Korea. They were the only Canadian fighting force ready for immediate service. It made us realize that we were committed to more than a summer job when we joined the navy. A few weeks later we were called to action for a local emergency. A contingent of cadets was sent ashore at Sydney, B.C. to help fight a fierce forest fire caused by a long drought.

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BAY OF FUNDY LOCAL DEFENCE FORCE

Cdr C. H. Little, *HMCS Swansea*, 1950

I was always looking for ways to improve the frigates as training platforms. This meant spending some time at sea with the ships during training cruises. In 1950 I managed to have the frigates exchange their bridge wing gun mountings for pilotage teaching aids. In the East, this was the year of the Russian submarine excitement and the news media were full of scare stories. I had the good fortune to be the guest of John Dawson in *Swansea* during her cadet cruise in the Bay of Fundy. Under the circumstances we were advised to keep a sharp lookout for submarines in our coastal waters. In fact there was even an order from H.Q. to shoot on sight. The whole thing was beginning to manifest itself as the movie farce, "The Russians are Coming".

I had no faith in these sightings after my wartime experiences. Moreover, what on earth could the Russians learn that was not available from the Hydrographer? The climax came one day when a cipher message was received. It was marked "immediate" and reported the sighting of a submarine near our present position in the Bay of Fundy. The observer was certain that it was a submarine. He had seen the pendant numbers on the conning tower through a break in the fog. We were instructed to take action forthwith.

The situation proved to be bathos in the extreme and was met with gales of laughter as these telling numbers proved to be our own. "Go chase yourself", summed up the situation perfectly and on our return to Halifax the communicators manufactured a streamer of flags and pendants some forty feet long advertising ourselves as the "Bay of Fundy Local Defence Force". A message from the Admiral's piqued Chief of Staff bade us cease and desist. I believe the cadets never had a more unusual or interesting time afloat.

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HAWAII AND THE UNITED KINGDOM

Adapted from "White Twist" 1951 & 1959 Cruises

Hawaii! Honolulu! Waikiki! Europe! These magic names had more appeal in campus recruiting campaigns for the navy than anything offered by the air force or army. Under the direction of Defence Minister Claxton, the navy was able to pool its resources in 1950 to provide the same training programme for the UNTD and Service College cadets. Consequently, there were many outstanding cruises as illustrated by these 1951 and 1959 stories adapted from the White Twist and other sources.

It was an exciting day in 1951 when we boarded our ships, the destroyer *Crusader* and the frigates *Antigonish* and *Beacon Hill*. *Crusader*, the senior ship, had on board sixty-three second year cadets straight from a celestial navigation course. In this group were the *Royal Roads* students who were to graduate on completion of their sea time. The frigate cadet complement consisted of first year cadets and second year cadet captains.

The first week was spent in and around Bedwell Harbour where we did work-ups and adjusted to shipboard life. At 0630 on July 28th we got under way. Cape Flattery was the last part of North America that we were to see for three weeks ... and for once it was calm. We set a south-westerly course and settled down to life on the ocean wave ... nine days without sight of land.

The sea was rough enough to make life a little unpleasant for some cadets who had a more sensitive sense of balance. Each day was packed with instruction in communications, seamanship and navigation. Every fourth day each watch took its turn doing practical navigation for a twenty-four hour period during which it was excused from all classes. This involved shooting morning and evening stars, sun-run meridian altitudes, and an afternoon sun-run-sun. It also meant a little less sleep but there was a great deal to absorb in a short period.

For the first couple of days the weather was much the same as Victoria's, with fair days and cool nights; but gradually we began to notice the change. The nights became balmy and the days became hot. Then we discarded our dungarees and boots in favour of tropical rig, shorts and sandals. Each day the sun rose higher and higher in the sky. It was not long before we developed deep tans, but anything over half an hour in the sun was bound to produce a serious burn for the uninitiated. Hazy days with a cooling sea breeze were particularly dangerous. We were all warned by the Executive Officer that sun burn was considered a self-inflicted wound.

On the ninth morning, we sighted land; a volcanic mountain wreathed in cloud, rising out of the Pacific. It must have appeared much the same to the whaling ships that made these islands their base of operations more than a century ago. As we neared the island of Oahu, on which is situated Pearl Harbour and Honolulu, the ship and aircraft traffic increased dramatically. Approaching Pearl, we sighted three American submarines. At the harbour entrance the sea turned from blue to azure green. In the distance we could see the famous Hawaiian surf as it rolled in and broke on the reefs. The channel leading into the harbour was long and winding, lined with luxuriant tropical vegetation. Soon, however, the waterway opened onto a large bay lined with military buildings, jetties and ships of all description. In the centre of the bay lay Ford

Island with its air base and battleship moorings. There, the gaunt superstructure of the Arizona was all that was left to remind us of that day in 1941 that would live in infamy.

Leave! Every cruise had similar recollections of Hawaiian shore leave such as these recorded in 1959 by cadets from *HMCS Jonquiere*. At first, after nine days at sea, it seemed strange to be walking on a surface that didn't move. Our first destination was Waikiki for an exhilarating swim in the surf. Some even tried surf boarding, but discovered that it took a lot of skill to catch a wave and hold it while trying to maintain some semblance of balance. Few surfers got past the kneeling position. Most cadets visited the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, a magnificent and luxurious structure, where rooms cost as much as twenty-five dollars a night and where Hawaiian music and entertainment were at its best. The Moana Hotel with its open-air dance floor and stage, its Hawaiian orchestra and hula girls was also very popular. But the place where a truly South Pacific atmosphere was created was at "Don the Beachcombers" where rum flowed like water. Some cadets rented cars and visited the many natural wonders on the island, including volcanic craters and Pali Pass where the wind from the windward side of the island funnels through the valley at near hurricane force.



The author enjoyed Waikiki in 1959. *Williamson photo*

The United States Navy treated us royally. They provided us with a fire-fighting course which was extremely realistic and took many of us out on submarine cruises. Officers' clubs generously offered their hospitality and recreational facilities. U.S. Service personnel and their families have a complete and well integrated community life within the Naval Station. One group of cadets even got invited home for dinner. Later in the evening, while on their way to a community dance, someone noticed a large tropical spider on the windshield of the car in which they were driving. The car was quickly abandoned and the girls were in a frenzy. A couple of brave cadets went back to the car with flashlights and conducted a careful arachnid search under the seats and dash board, expecting something to come scurrying out at any moment. The unwelcome hitch hiker was not found and the girls were eventually enticed back into the car. No doubt everyone sat with a creepy-crawly feeling all over and their feet were raised off the floor for the rest of the ride to the Officers' Club.

One cadet had spent his time collecting attractive pieces of coral from the water along the shore of Oahu. He had placed this rock-like collection in his foot locker in the mess deck. After we sailed from Hawaii, everyone noticed an increasingly putrid odour in the mess. At first it was thought that someone had neglected to wash their socks. Eventually the problem was traced back to the rock collection in the locker. The cadet had not realized that coral, for all its rock-like appearance, is a living animal. Before storing it, the coral must be bleached in the sun for several days. This batch was dumped unceremoniously over the side as quickly as possible.

The return voyage to Canada was anticlimactic for we had become accustomed to shipboard life and training evolutions. The sun lost its strength and the nights grew cooler. In no time at all we were back in Esquimalt Harbour, thence to our respective universities scattered across the nation where we could enthrall our friends and family with UNTD adventures in Hawaii. We had become walking recruiting posters for the navy.

Also in 1951, *HMCS Crescent* left Halifax on July 3rd with seventy-one eager Cadets and Midshipmen aboard. The cadets, including Medical, Electrical, Engineering and Executive branches, were under the watchful eye of Lt. Vondette, Cadet

Term Lieutenant.

Their high spirits were soon dampened as they ploughed into the Atlantic in the teeth of a stiff wind. The rolling and pitching of the ship proved too much for unconditioned stomachs. Many cadets were seen at various times gazing forlornly over the side, their faces reflecting the cold green colour of the ocean. However by the next morning they had entered the Gulf Stream and conditions began to improve.

During this period they did numerous evolutions with the other cadet training ships, the frigates, *La Hullose* and *Swansea*. Fernand Desrosiers of Quebec city can testify to this as it was he who took a ducking while being passed by *Jackstay* from *Swansea* to *Crescent*. Any free time was spent endeavouring to catch up on their sleep for they were standing normal sea watches as well as working part ship and taking instruction.

After seven days at sea they landed at Portsmouth where the cadets quickly came to appreciate terra firma once again and diverged like fleas to the Queen's and Royal Beach Hotels, the Savoy Ballroom, Hillsea Lido, South Parade Pier and numerous good old English pubs. Those with forty-eight hour leave periods headed for London where they saw all the sights and a lot more - Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower of London, the Houses of Parliament, Madame Tussauds, the Festival of Britain, the Follie Bergere and of course Piccadilly Circus after dark - experiences all too fantastic to convey on paper.

There was training to be done as well but it was of a very pleasant nature. Tours were arranged to *HMS Hornet*, the Motor Torpedo Boat base where they experienced the thrill of skimming over the water in excess of thirty-five knots; to *HMS Daedalus*, the big Naval Air Station at Leigh on Solent; to *HMS Excellent*, better known as Whale Island to our Gunnery Instructor types; to *HMS Victory*, Admiral Nelson's Flagship; to *HMS Phoenix*, the Command Damage Control School; and to the battleship *HMS Duke of York*. On these tours the cadets could not help but be impressed with the courtesy extended to them by the Royal Navy and the apparent efficiency and discipline inherent in their great naval service.

Their next destination was Menai Strait between the Island of Anglesey and North Wales. The cadets were amazed at the beauty of the countryside as they passed Caernarvon Castle, a magnificent structure dating back to the twelfth century, and moored near *HMS Conway* an old British man of war. The ship is centuries old and is used now to train boys from the age of fourteen to seventeen in the art of seamanship. They lead a rather Spartan life under strict discipline in preparation for an officer's career in the Royal Navy or the Merchant Marine. It brought back some fond memories to our Captain, LCdr G. H. Hayes, who spent his boyhood there. We made some memories of our own when *Crescent's* Cadet Boat crew consisting of Harry Palmer, Bob Corbett, John Deacon, John Guyon, Tony Dunn, Gord Mills and coxswained by Lt B. Thillyae scored a tremendous victory over the Conway Cadet's champion crew.

Fresh from their victory, they sailed for Lamlash on the Isle of Arran off the west coast of Scotland in the Firth of Clyde where they rendezvoused with *Swansea* and *La Hulloise* for a regatta. However, despite their self-confidence, they had to settle for second place with *Swansea* the winner. The event was followed that evening in typical navy fashion by a ship's company wiener roast and sing-song on nearby Holy Island.

Having bid farewell to Scotland they were received royally the next day in Northern Ireland where the Overseas League of Belfast put on a reception for them with all the characteristic Irish hospitality. This included social events and for some a tour to the famous Giant's Causeway.

They returned to Halifax the first week of August having been exposed to some excellent sea training, the comradeship of shipboard life and a wealth of cultural and travel experiences. Such are the ingredients of UNTD training that make for an interesting and worldly group of Canadians.

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CRUISE BAKER TO EUROPE

Cdr C. H. Little, 1952

Task Group 213.1 consisting of the "C" Class destroyer *Crescent* (Cdr J. C. Littler), and the River Class Canadian built frigates *Swansea* (LCdr J. R. Coulter) and *La Hulloise* (LCdr A. H. McDonald), cleared Halifax in early July and headed south to the Azores where *Crescent* refuelled. The forty first-year cadets in each ship were under the supervision of a Chief Cadet Captain and four Cadet Captains, one in charge of each part of a watch. A third year Supply Cadet was also appointed to each ship. While the Chief Cadet Captain was assigned the administrative responsibility for the whole group, each Cadet Captain was responsible for the participation of each member of his watch in training classes, duty watches, exercises, and part ship work parties. LCdr J. E. Korning was appointed as Sea Training Commander of the Group and each ship had a Term Lieutenant as cadet divisional officer.

After leaving the Azores, the Group turned northeast for the English Channel and Dieppe. We had been invited to represent Canada at their Bastille Day ceremonies. When we arrived at Dieppe we assembled along with the city's dignitaries at the War Memorial. Each ship's captain laid a wreath while the cadets formed a Guard of Honour.



Cdr Little (extreme left) distributing flowers in front of UNTD Guard at Dieppe Memorial

DND Photo

Then we made an official visit to the beautifully kept military cemetery where many Canadians are buried. Later at a reception in the City Hall, the Commander of the Task Group, John Littler, recited a speech that I had written for him in French. I had to explain it all to him afterwards as I was the only officer who would speak French.

Many of our hosts found it confusing to distinguish between the names Cdr John Littler and Cdr Herbert Little. To clarify this I used an amusing demonstration based on the noticeable difference in our heights. We would stand together while I said, "Vous voyez, moi, je suis petit, lui, il est plus petit", and everyone would smile.

The following day some of us took the train to Paris for a reception given by General Vanier, the Canadian Ambassador to France. John and I seized the opportunity to lay a wreath at the Arc de Triomphe - apparently the first Canadian ship to do so. I attended the opera in the evening and caught the night train back to the ship. Don't ask me what everyone else was up to! By the way, months later I discovered that some bureaucrat in Naval H. Q. had rejected the florist's bill for the wreath laid in the Task Group's name at the Arc de Triomphe.

After the usual reception on board, we were overwhelmed with invitations ashore. One family in particular proposed a drive along the war-torn channel coast to Fécamp, with lunch, dinner and dancing. I was asked to bring a young officer for madame's daughter. One brave lad volunteered provided I would act as interpreter.

I told him, "Here are two phrases. Use them frequently - Tu es belle, - Je t'aime beaucoup. There is not a woman alive who can resist them in any language."

He followed my advice and that was the last I heard about translating. Incidentally, in Fécamp we were taken through the former monastery where the liqueur Bénédictine is refined. Our hosts were shareholders in the business. Consequently we spent the rest of the day in a rarefied state induced by that delightful concoction.

On the final afternoon of our visit to Dieppe all officers, including cadets, were invited to a garden party at a country estate. It was an event that will long be remembered as the best of France's hospitality: sunshine, music, beautiful ladies, heavenly food and champagne at every turn. Of course, there were speeches as well. Encouraged by strawberries and wine, I felt emboldened to express our gratitude at some length in my very best French. The applause of the guests must have been genuine because my oration appeared verbatim next day in the newspaper. We agreed that Franco-Canadian relations had never been better.

Then it was back to work. We crossed the busy channel to refuel and store at Southampton. Then we sailed along the coast for intense pilotage experience until we anchored in Torbay for the customary regatta. Although the scores were close, La Hullose was the winner. My lasting recollection of Torquay is a Harris Tweed suit that I bought for five pounds and wore for thirty years before handing it to the Salvation Army.

Our final stop in England was on the beautiful River Dart where we moored for two days. The trains were busy carrying officers and men all the way to and from London but a few stayed behind to enjoy the local sights. I was given a complete tour of Dartmouth Naval College, a day on the moors and free fishing on a noted trout stream. What could London offer to match that program?

Again we crossed the Channel, experienced much more of the Bay of Biscay than some cadets cared for and made landfall at Sao Miguel where *Crescent* refuelled while the two frigates exercised together. The sea training exercises were completed en route to Halifax and another highly successful cruise came to an end.

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AN UNFORGETTABLE PASSAGE, 1952

As reported to the Editor by Al Hutchings

At the head of the foggy isthmus that connects the Avalon Peninsula to the rest of Newfoundland is a place with the ambiguous name of Sunnyside. Facetiously, one of its claims to fame is being the birthplace of Al Hutchings and the community

where he spent the first seventeen years of his life. He left for Nova Scotia in 1949 to attend Acadia University. There he joined the University Naval Training Division (UNTD) and his wonderful life adventures began. Although attached to HMCS Scotian, the division did their naval drills at the university on Wednesday nights.

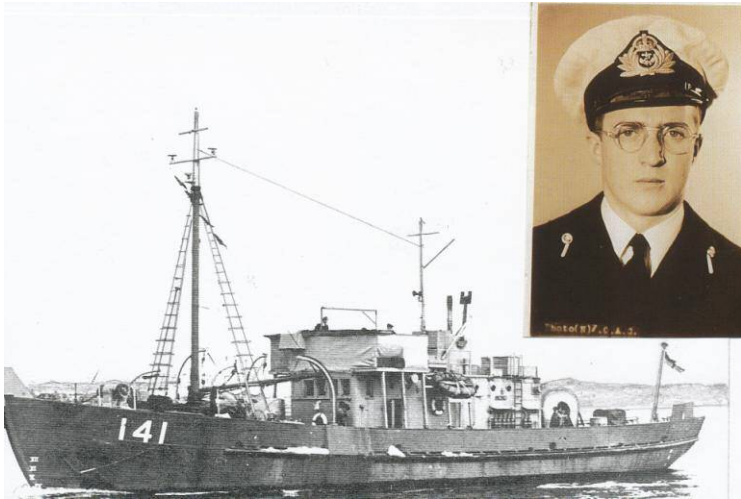
His first summer of training was in 1950 at *HMCS Stadacona* and in the frigate *HMCS La Hulloise*. The second summer was spent at *HMCS Naden* in the Supply School, followed by a training cruise to Hawaii in the destroyer *HMCS Crusader*. Upon his return, the cruiser, *HMCS Ontario*, provided passage for many of the East Coast cadets from Victoria to Halifax via the Panama Canal

By the end of the summer of 1951, he had completed two years of university and two years of UNTD training. He must have been having a good time because he discovered that he did not have sufficient funds to continue his studies that fall and applied for one year of Continuous Naval Duty (CND). He was only the second UNTD cadet ever permitted to do so. He served as one of two principle secretaries to Commodore H.F. Pullen, commander of the naval base, *HMCS Stadacona*, in Halifax. It was one of the most rewarding and challenging experiences of his life and a story in itself.

In June of 1952, he was granted leave to visit his home in Newfoundland. At about that time, a wooden minesweeper, *HMCS Revelstoke*, had just come out of refit and was on her way to St. John's Newfoundland for use as a naval tender. (*Revelstoke* was one of ten wooden sweepers built between 1942 and 1944. She was employed on the West Coast until December 1945, then, sent to Halifax to join sister ships *HMCS Llewellyn* and *Lloyd George*. She was paid off in October 1953 and transferred to the Department of Indian Affairs.) Seizing the moment, Al Hutchings requested permission to take passage home in *Revelstoke* as a supernumerary member of the crew. Thus his unforgettable experience began and his account of that follows.

Revelstoke had just come out of drydock and so the first requirement was to proceed to the middle of the harbour and

swinging the compass to ensure that the necessary corrections were made for accurate navigation. When that was done, we set sail. It was Friday evening and the trip was expected to last about two and a half days.



Cadet Al Hutchings and *Llewellyn*, sister ship to *HMCS Revelstoke*. Photo credit *Ships of Canada's Naval Forces*.

The Captain was LCDR C.A. Binmore and the Executive Officer, LT. Knight, - both RCN officers. The Navigating Officer, LT. O'Grady, was a reservist from HMCS Cabot in St. John's.

Everything was going well. The weather was great with a fairly quiet sea. However, early Monday morning upon approaching the south coast of Newfoundland, heavy fog set in. Lacking sophisticated navigational devices, we were unsure of our exact position. As the day wore on, the fog burned off. We could see land but were unable to identify any landmarks in what we believed was Placentia Bay. After a while, we saw a fishing vessel and decided to pass at slow speed within hailing distance. There was some discussion as to what we might say. I suggested that we ask, "Where are we?" That of course was rejected as unprofessional and too embarrassing.

A brilliant compromise was decided upon and someone shouted. "Where are you from?" "Robert's Arm," came the reply.

Great! We all rushed to the chart but could find no such place. The closest facsimile was Bay Roberts, a way around the north side of the Avalon Peninsula in Conception Bay.

Following the shoreline we eventually got a navigational fix in Placentia Bay, almost within spitting distance of my home at Sunnyside. We came about and headed southeast across St. Mary's Bay, intending to round Cape Race and head north to St. John's.

At about 1300 hours in the middle of St. Mary's Bay we suddenly realized that the ship was rapidly taking on water. This was most alarming and if the source of the flooding was not found quickly, we would be in danger of sinking. An SOS was sent off, then the Captain left command of the ship in my hands as he and the other officers went in search of the problem. I thought, "Oh great! My first command and it's sinking!"

A number of "lost at sea" scenarios passed through my mind. What would the news headlines say? Would I ever be found and how would I be remembered? My macabre musing came to an end with a jolting realization. My wallet with \$120.00 in it was in my cabin, one deck below. "What price my free passage to St. John's now?"

After what seemed like an eternity, the captain returned to the bridge and I was gratified to find out that everything was under control. Around noon a pump in the engine room had been turned on to pump the bilge. It was discovered that while in refit, the bilge pump connection had been reversed and instead of pumping water out of the ship, the pump was pumping water into the ship! The pump was turned off. "Phew! Troubles over, – Not quite."

There was still a matter of the SOS transmission. Cancelling it was not so easy. The RCAF had been alerted and was sending out a search and rescue plane. By the time the plane arrived, we had reached the nearest point of land and secured to a fishing wharf. The aircraft tried to send a message to us by signal lamp using Morse code. However, we were unable to read their message. Whether that was due to their sending or our receiving I do not know. Sensing our communication dilemma,

the pilot placed a message in a canister and flying low over our ship, dropped it within reach. Well almost! The canister knocked out our antenna and disappeared overboard. Now we were without a radio transmitter. Consequently the captain went ashore to find a telephone to reach Search and Rescue Operations in St. John's. When everything was cleared up, we got underway again and arrived in St. John's early the next morning.

Word of the SOS had got around and we received a typical Newfoundland welcome. It was "Up spirits" in celebration of our safe arrival. As for me, I collected my wallet containing the \$120.00 and headed off up island to regale the home folks in Sunnyside with my UNTD story of an unforgettable passage.

Editor's Note: Al Hutchings was promoted to Acting Sub-Lieutenant on Sep. 1, 1952, Lieutenant on Sep. 1954 and LCDR in 1965. His last two periods of active duty were in the summers of 1962 – 1963 at Naval Headquarters. He began teaching in 1955. After teaching Business for 28 years in Orillia he retired in 1986. He lives at 233 Lawrence Ave., Orillia, L3V 5M3.

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THE SPITHEAD REVIEW

Adapted from "White Twist" 1953.

Every cruise has its highlights, and some are better than others, especially if they involve a visit to foreign ports. But for those UNTD cadets who were fortunate enough to be in the aircraft carrier, *HMCS Magnificent* and frigates, *HMCS La Hulloise* and *Swansea* in 1953, nothing could compare to the spectacle of the Spithead Review after the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II.

From dawn to dusk, the days proceeding June 15th were filled with feverish preparations for the approaching review of the assembled Commonwealth Navies and other countries of the world by Her Majesty the Queen. Every ship of the great armada was scrubbed, painted, and polished until it gleamed. None would be outdone.

As the great day approached and with an air of tense expectation, we took our position among the assembling ships. The waters of

the Solent were soon crowded with miles of warships from around the world. Among the hundreds, rode the smart vessels of our RCN, distinctive with their dark hulls, light grey superstructure, and the glowing red Maple Leaf on their funnels.

On the appointed Monday as the afternoon sun cautiously broke through the stubborn overcast, *HMS Surprise*, wearing the Royal Standard of the Queen, began wending her way up and down the long rows of immaculate ships. As she passed, a twenty-one gun salute was fired and the crews manning their ships gave three rousing cheers. It was a great thrill to be a part of such a magnificent display of loyalty and devotion. As the last gun salute reverberated across the water, all eyes lifted skywards as the air force staged their fly-past. Wave after wave of aircraft passed overhead in a masterful spectacle of co-ordination.

As night fell each ship was darkened in preparation for the grand finale. The electricians spent long hours in stringing lights along the leading edges of their respective ships. Switches and wiring had been checked again and again so there would be no slip up when the time came. At last the signal was received and every ship was illuminated simultaneously, creating a breathtaking view of almost unbelievable beauty. Then the night sky was lit by a tremendous display of fireworks as a fitting climax to that memorable day.

Spithead will not soon be forgotten, nor will the social exchanges with many of the ships in the anchorage. The UNTD cadets learned a great deal more than their training syllabus could ever provide; enough to fill many hours of pleasant and enduring memories.

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THE "WE DIDN'T GO TO THE CORONATION" CRUISE

Bill Farrow / Jim Rodgerson 1953

Not everyone got to go on the Coronation cruise to be part of the Spithead Naval Review in 1953. MICMAC Division went to the Magdalen Islands, in the Gulf of St Lawrence.



Gulf of St. Lawrence cruise aboard *HMCS Swansea*.
L. to R.- Perlstrom, Sproule, Rogerson, Colls, Sutherland, Sigal,
and Martin.
Bill Farrow photo

According to Bill Farrow, they arrived in the principal port of call, Sydney, Nova Scotia, where cadets were invited to a great party – good food, lots to drink and beautiful girls to dance with. The cadets took full advantage of everything provided.

At some outrageously late hour, they shambled back to their ship, *HMCS Swansea*. On the way they were picked up by one of their reserve officers who reminded them of the Naval Officers' Creed of good conduct. Thus, when they arrived on the jetty, he had them marching in reasonably good order. As they approached the brow, he admonished them to "look sharp" and "snap off" a good salute at the top of the brow – "Longest way up, shortest way down".

Unfortunately, a high tide at Sydney had canted the brow at a very steep angle causing the top of the brow to be a few feet higher than the deck. A box step had been put in place to fill the gap. The officer, leading his ramrod-stiff cadet charges up the gangway, snapped off a perfect salute, missed the step and timbered to the deck like a fallen tree, breaking his leg in the process. For Bill Farrow, he became the model of the naval officer's creed and a lifelong inspiration.

Jim Rodgers remembers being ashore in the Gulf of St. Lawrence on some island where they were training how to assist the Civil Power. That translates to wearing a bloody great pack and carrying a weapon up interminable hills in a race with another division to win a case of beer. That long, dry and dusty walk reinforced his belief that he never wanted to be a pongo.

He also remembered being chosen for the CAMID program that summer. They were sent to Little Creek, Virginia via the United States Naval Academy to train with Midshipmen and West Point Cadets in the theory and practice of landing a force on a hostile beach. The beach was certainly hostile, filled with senior officers on bleachers who were evaluating the cadet's performance. The Canadians were totally integrated with the Midshipmen and Jim got to steer a landing craft.

All the UNTDs agreed that it was a great learning experience, including the scheduled "schooner race" challenge on the beach in the evening. The Canadian university students thought they had more experience in the rapid downing of beer than the fuzzy-cheeked teenagers of the Academy. However, when the moment of truth came, the opposing team turned out to be a group of "Mustangs", men promoted to the Academy from the fleet. The outcome was never in doubt despite the UNTD's loyal support of the barley farmers of Ontario over the years.

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HMCS ORIOLE

Adapted from "White Twist" 1953

Editor's Note: Cadet training at sea in some navies of the world means learning the ways of the sea while working a ship under sail. Today there are still a few of these splendid "Tall Ships" in existence and they conjure up the essence and true meaning of the naval phrase, "Heart of Oak". Believe it or not, there have been a number of UNTD cadets who, even in this modern age of steam turbines, have had the marvellous experience of training under sail as perhaps their forefathers did. These cadets were fortunate to have sailed in a frequently forgotten part of our training fleet, Canada's own tall ship, "*Oriole*". This is the story of one of those cadets.

The bronze sun swept over the mirror calm of the sea, over the black hull of our sailing yacht, over the empty sails hanging limp in the hot, windless air, and over eleven UNTD cadets sprawled on her wooden deck. *HMCS Oriole* was becalmed in the most important race of her career, the Boston Station to Halifax yacht race: becalmed in the still, silent regions off the southern coast of Nova Scotia.

The *Oriole* was a ninety-foot Naval yacht built in 1920. Designed by the world famous firm of Owens of New York, she was started in a Toronto yard but completed in Boston. Her original owner willed her to the Navy League of Canada, and throughout World War II she was used as a sea cadet training vessel on the East Coast. In 1949 she was transferred on loan to the RCN and served as a training ship for new entries at *HMCS Cornwallis*. She was commissioned into the RCN in 1952. After this story was written she transferred to the West Coast via the Panama Canal to become a tender to *HMCS Venture* in 1954. Fully rigged she carried 14,447 square feet of sail and had accommodation for twenty-one crew.

In 1953, we had the privilege of shipping out in her on a three week cruise. As crew, the cadets were to learn the fundamentals of seamanship under sail, and perhaps to come to a better understanding of the hardships endured by sailors the world over in the periods of history before the advent of steam.

When it was announced that the *Oriole* would be an entrant in this year's Boston to Halifax race, excitement mounted for she was by far the largest boat in the competition, running a good twenty-five feet longer than the next largest entrant. With any sort of breeze, her tremendous sail advantage would certainly carry her to victory.

Race day dawned hot and clear with a slight breeze blowing from the south-west. We crossed the starting line to the boom of the starter's gun, running free under full sail. Since our boat was the largest, she had to leave the starting position last, but despite this handicap, by nightfall we had overtaken most of our opponents. By dawn the next morning we were well in front of the pack.

Optimism was at a peak aboard *Oriole* that day but this feeling

was soon to be replaced by a mood of frustration. That night the wind died and the only noise in the darkness was the gentle swell breaking on the bow and the monotonous flapping of the sails as the boat rolled lazily from side to side. By morning we had made only two miles.

As one day mounted to two and two days dragged endlessly into three, our radio crackled out the name of the first boat to cross the finish line in Halifax, then the second and the third, but *Oriole* still drifted with the tide on an eccentric course governed by nature and not by man.

By Monday we were almost three days overdue in Halifax. The water and food supplies were dangerously low and hope of any wind was dashed by the daily weather report. With this in mind and the fact that the race was over, the Captain ordered the engine started. Our cruise ended the next day as we rounded Sambro Light and entered Halifax Harbour.

Although we did not win the race, all the cadets left the *Oriole* with an exciting new experience behind them and a fund of sailing knowledge that will undoubtedly be of much value to them in their future careers as naval officers.

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SPECTACULAR SEA TRIALS

Hal Wilkinson, St. Lawrence River 1954

As a member of the newly created Constructor Branch in 1954, attending sea trials was a welcome relief from sitting all day in Ottawa at a drawing board with routine work pawned off by regular staff. I particularly remember trials on the *Trinity*. She was a Gaspé class minesweeper built in Canada under a NATO agreement for the French navy.

We left the shipyard in Lévis, Quebec with a civilian crew. The ship was not yet commissioned and was still under civilian command except for the actual trials. Navy trials required us to work through a three inch thick manual. Every function of each door, winch, ventilator, lamp and each "everything" had to be tested and approved. It took months. In contrast, sea trials on a super tanker by the same shipyard took only two weeks.

The civilian crew slept on board the mine-sweeper while naval personnel of all ranks were put up in the Manoir Richelieu, a luxury summer hotel overlooking the St. Lawrence River. The same company owned the shipyard and the hotel. I was one of the first to arrive at the hotel. The desk clerk who assigned me to a room was not aware of naval rank. Later I heard the senior officer grumbling about how the cadet was assigned one of the best rooms.

The first set of sea trials were intended to test the minesweeping gear for magnetic mines. I had never before seen the full "state of the art" sweeping gear deployed and it looked most impressive. Passing ships had to be warned to keep well clear of the sweep. It was a heavy load to pull and a sweeper in this configuration was a glorified tug.

The most fun days were during steering trials. We did turns and figure eights at slow, half and full speed. The twin rudders and screws powered by powerful diesel electric engines gave the ship a lot of speed and manoeuvrability. The full speed trials were really exciting. With the helm hard over to port and full reverse on the port engine, the ship shuddered and listed heavily but turned within its own length. This manoeuvre was repeated to starboard with the same spectacular results.

After the trials we were returned to the jetty at our hotel. The civilian captain had a lot of experience in tug boats but was not too familiar with the sweeper's capabilities. We were to tie up on the upstream side of the jetty. The tide was in full flood causing the ship to drift upstream towards a shoal of rocks. As we approached the jetty the heaving line from the bow fell short. With helm to port, the captain attempted to back his stern close to the jetty. Again the heaving line fell short. With a nervous eye on the shoal, and a sense of frustration, the captain next tried full astern. With the quick response of the sweeper, the captain realized that this was a mistake and ordered full ahead. Now the engine room crew were becoming confused and were slow to respond. The ship hit the jetty with considerable force, staving in the steel pilings for several feet either side of the impact.

Our immediate concern was the damage to the aluminium hull.

The left corner of the quarter-deck was staved in only six inches but otherwise the hull was intact, a tribute to the strength and design of the ship.

I also attended sea trials on the ice breaker, Labrador, which was later commissioned as a navy ship. She was well fitted out with all sorts of gear, except for guns. I liked the ship and her sea trials were routine. It was a sad day for me when the government took her away and assigned her to the Department of Transport. She was designed for the Arctic, not the St. Lawrence River.

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ARCTIC EXPERIENCE

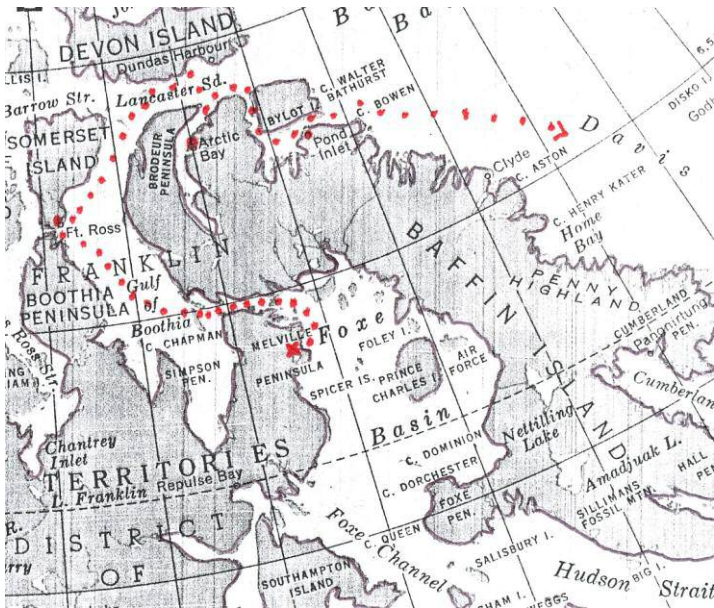
By Marine Artist & Ex-UNTD Peter Robinson 1956

Editor's Note: After UNTD cadet Peter Robinson received his naval commission in the RCNR, he joined the RCN and spent a few years enhancing his sea qualifications in Prestonian Class frigates. In the summer of 1956, he received orders to join *HMCS Labrador*, an Eastwind Class icebreaker, operating in the Canadian Arctic as part of the Distant Early Warning (DEW) radar line installation. Peter, who would later become a renowned Canadian marine/arctic artist, related his navy arctic adventure in a short story entitled, **I Never Went To War**. An edited version appears here.

During August 1956, *HMCS Labrador* was doing hydro graphic surveys and collecting data on ice conditions around Melville Peninsula at the top of Hudson Bay, where radar "Site 40" was located. It was there that the navy decided that I should join the ship. I had to report to an old airport on the south shore of the St. Lawrence River where the tarmac was lined with the dirtiest assortment of surplus World War Two aircraft that I had ever seen. Ex-air force pilots were paid huge wages to fly Liberators, Lancasters and old Sterling bombers transporting material and personnel to the DEW (Distant Early Warning) Line.

The Sterling aircraft that I boarded had no seats and I parked myself between some wooden crates. It was the worst flight that I had ever taken - noisy and cold with constant turbulence. We landed in pre-dawn darkness at Hall Lake airstrip on Melville

Peninsula, southwest of Baffin Island. Despite the summer month, the temperature was just below freezing. As dawn started to break, I had my first experience with an Arctic Sunrise.



North of the Arctic Circle the earth's speed of rotation is greatly reduced and as a result all the colors that we associate with sunrise and sunset are spread out over a much longer period. One moment the whole sky is bright red, and then it changes to yellow and green and works its way through the spectrum to our normal blue. To the artist in me, this was a phenomenal experience.

In the growing light, I got a better look at the airstrip. Surprisingly, it was made of crushed coral bedrock formed under an ancient tropical sea and relocated northward with continental drift. There was only one runway and pilots had to be pretty good at side slipping if they had to land in a crosswind. There were lots of wrecked aircraft because there was no maintenance facility and war surplus planes were plentiful. Suddenly a Bell Helicopter appeared from the ship and I was on my way to my new home.

HMCS Labrador was driven by two, 10,000 horsepower electric motors supplied by six diesel generators. The engines were controlled from the ship's bridge by two rheostats that moved from full ahead to full astern in one motion if necessary because a magnetic brake grabbed the propeller shafts and stopped them instantly. The smooth rounded hull of the icebreaker would slide up on top of the ice, breaking it with the weight of the ship. The broken ice folded on its side and slid back along the hull. If the ship got stuck, pumping water back and forth between two huge tanks on either side of the ship, rocked it free. If old, heavy, dense ice sunk under the ship and hit the propellers, the sudden increase in torque on the shaft would activate the magnetic brake on the drive shaft, preventing any damage to the propeller blades.

Tom Pullen was the Captain of *Labrador* and he was obsessed with the Arctic. He later was the Ice Master on the *Manhattan* and safely guided this huge tanker through the Northwest Passage. While on *Labrador*, one of my assignments was to erect a radar reflector beacon on an islet at the mouth of Bellot Strait at the southern end of Somerset Island. It was to act as a reference point for surveyors charting depths and providing safe passage through the area.

On September 25, the weather began to deteriorate and we departed Bellot Strait, heading north for the Northwest Passage on Lancaster Sound in preparation for our return to Halifax. I had the middle watch in a blinding snow storm and a full gale on Lancaster Sound. By setting the radar on short range, I was able to follow relatively ice free channels. I could not see the forecandle for the snow and we were rolling like a big bathtub. Suddenly, the sea started to subside and a very eerie calm settled over the ship. I knew something was not right. Instinctively I grabbed the rheostats and went full astern. It's an effective manoeuvre but causes a lot of sudden shuddering and shaking. Within moments the Captain was on the bridge. When the ship stopped, we could just make out the outline of the biggest bloody iceberg I had ever seen and our bow was right up against it. We had been following a clear channel in the wake of this floating mountain.

The captain went back to bed without saying a word, leaving me

on the bridge somewhat shaken and a lot wiser. I have never again experienced a rush like that and I often wonder if it was the same as the Officer of the Watch on the Titanic when he encountered his iceberg.

After visiting an 1852 burial site of a Franklin search mission on Devon island, we returned to Halifax on October 13 after 102 days at sea. The crew is probably still telling stories of their arctic adventure on *HMCS Labrador*. As for me as an artist in later years, I did a series of paintings depicting the ships that explored the Northwest Passage.

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GULF STREAM – HANDS TO SWIMMING

Bob Duncombe 1956

I experienced a serious swimming incident in the mid-Atlantic Gulf Stream during a dog watch when "Hands to Swim" was piped. It was May 1956 during UNTD Cruise Alfa to London. For some reason *HMCS Lanark* drifted in one direction and the swimmers in the other. Urgently the OOW piped "Sea boat crew to muster". I was in the sea boat crew. None of us had ever been in a whaler before.

We rescued several crew members including UNTD Cadet Art May who went on to become the federal Deputy Minister of Fisheries and Oceans, is now the President Emeritus of Memorial University of Newfoundland and is an Officer of the Order of Canada. We have kept in touch and I showed him my UNTD Journal account of the incident at the Rendezvous Ottawa 2006 Dine the Ladies. It was 50 years later. He confided that he was on the verge of drowning that afternoon and he realized it. Another UNTD, future Commodore Basil Moore, was also involved in the story adding a little humor to the moment of mid-Atlantic panic but perhaps not printable.



Bob Duncombe, Ottawa, 2006 sharing a drink and stories from his journal. *Wootton photo credit*

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ATLANTIC LIFEBOUY SENTRY

R. Williamson, 1958

I could not understand at first, how a ship at sea, surrounded by so much water could get so dirty. Every day at cleaning stations we would scrub the passageways (flats) and every day the water and cleaning cloth would be black with dirt.

It wasn't until I stood lifebuoy sentry that I realized the source of some of the dirt. The smoke and soot blowing back from the funnel peppered everything on the quarterdeck. After a short while of standing by the emergency phone and Kisbie float, the white cloth cover on my cap was covered with black flecks of soot. That's when I learned to invest in a plastic cap cover and a number of other items for easy maintenance and cleaning at sea.

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BUOY JUMPER

R. Williamson, Bedwell Harbour, 1959

I think it is safe to say that most of the seamanship evolutions carried out on RCN ships require a combination of knowledge, excellent co-ordination, timing and good judgement. They are precision operations, where if anything can go wrong, it will. As a result, more than a few cadets have made a mess of things and a few petty officer instructors have had some exasperating experiences. Nothing could illustrate this better than a buoy jumping evolution in Bedwell Harbour on South Pender Island in 1959.

The training frigate, *HMCS Jonquiere* was preparing for a Pacific cruise with second year UNTD cadets. As usual, the ship's whaler was to be used for the buoy jumping exercise. A whaler is a strong and stable sea boat which is not noted for its handling agility. This was no doubt a contributing factor to the difficulties in our evolution. The whaler is manned by a crew of six. Getting six officer cadets to work as a co-ordinated team was another complication.

Petty Officer Bradley was our instructor for the evolution. He was **apprehensive!**

Our trouble started when we couldn't find the boat's plug. It is removed while the whaler is stored in order to prevent the boat from filling up with rain water. It is essential, for obvious reasons, to remember to replace the plug before putting a boat in the water.

Petty Officer Bradley was.... **not amused!**

The Robinson disengaging gear is an amazing piece of equipment. It consists of two tumbler hooks that can be disengaged simultaneously so that when the whaler is lowered, it drops evenly into the water, fore and aft, without capsizing.



A petty officer explains the Robinson Disengaging Gear to cadets
Williamson photo

The point of release is a matter of good timing so as to catch the top of a swell. Otherwise, there is a long drop to the bottom of the trough. Our impact caused all of us to be jarred off our thwarts into the bottom of the boat. This was not a good position from which to respond to the order, "Out oars."

Petty Officer Bradley was**clearly annoyed!**

The whaler is attached to the ship by a boat-rope. It is used to keep the whaler abreast of the ship as it approaches the buoy and provides steerage way to get clear of the ship's side so that the oars can be shipped. The bowman must be alert to slip the boat-rope before the boat sheers too far from the ship's side and broaches. The towing bollard, acting as a billet across the thwarts and through the eye of the boat-rope, did not move freely and the bowman was unable to slip the boat-rope as ordered. We slewed around sharply before the rope was released and the whaler partially filled with water.

Petty Officer Bradley was**definitely alarmed!**

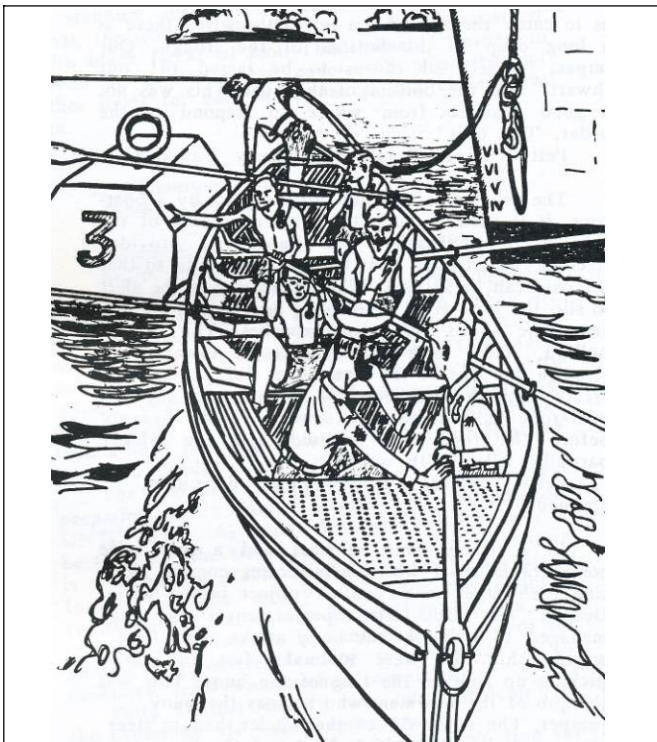
In a strong wind, a boat and a ship have considerable drift which complicates coming along side each other or any other object in the water. Despite our lack-lustre performance, we had managed

to arrive at the buoy at the same time as the ship. We were to make fast the ship's picking-up rope to the ring of the buoy. This was the job of the bowman who acts as the buoy jumper. The coxswain of the whaler had to steer close enough to the ship's bow and the buoy to allow the buoy jumper to perform his task. This requires a considerable amount of judgement and our coxswain proved to be wanting. Despite all precautions, our whaler ended up caught between the ship's bow and the buoy.

Petty Officer Bradley was**profusely agitated!**

The ship had made a perfect approach to the buoy. Now she had to go astern while we made another attempt at the evolution.

The Captain was**not amused !!!!**



Buoy Jumper Sketch by Robert Williamson

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THE BOAT BOOM

R. Williamson, Nanoose Bay, 1959

A boat boom is generally rigged on the stern of a frigate when she comes to anchor or is secured to a buoy. The boom projects horizontally from the side of a ship and is used to secure the ship's boats, allowing them to remain in the water while they are not in use. On May 20, 1959, the boat boom of *HMCS Jonquiere* was used in a most unique procedure by *YFP 320* to secure, unintentionally, alongside. It was a manoeuvre that has never been duplicated in the relatively short history of our navy.

It happened this way. Cadet Cruise Alpha consisting of *HMC Ships: Jonquiere, New Waterford, and Antigonish* had left Esquimalt for work-ups in Nanoose Bay just north of Nanaimo. The work-ups were intended to make sure that all officer cadets became familiar with their duties in the ship. It was an ideal opportunity to review boat work, anchors and cables in sheltered water before proceeding to sea. Our eventual destination was Hawaii. It was a dream come true and one of the great advantages of belonging to the UNTD.

We had just cleared Active Pass and were heading into the open water of Georgia Straits when "action stations" were exercised. At that moment a group of us were taking instructions in anchors and cables on the fo'c'sle. Jolted from our concentration by the alarm, we had to quickly distinguish between our stations for action and other emergencies. My action station was at the port side Bofors gun. I hurried in that direction, my sense of excitement heightened by the thunderous pounding of the 1,700 horse powered Wright Cyclone engine in the approaching TBM Gruman Avenger torpedo bomber. The aircraft had flown out of the naval air base at Pat Bay to add some realism to our training. I was momentarily stunned and the physical environment shook in sympathetic vibration with the power of the bomber's engine as the aircraft flashed overhead, skimming the ship's mast.

At that moment a sailor emerged from the main entrance to the ship's superstructure. To avoid a collision with him I side-stepped, slipping on the wet deck and landed heavily on my right elbow. Picking myself up slowly, I made my way around the whaler davits to the Bofors gun and reported ready for action. The pain in my

elbow made it clear that I was not ready for action and in fact had become a casualty of the exercise.

I spent the rest of the day hoping for an improvement in my condition, but by the time we anchored in Nanoose Bay, I had to report to sick bay. The tiffy examined the swelling carefully. He noted the loss of movement in the elbow joint and concluded that I would have to go into the nearest hospital at Nanaimo for an x-ray. I didn't like the sound of that, especially with the ship's next destination scheduled for Hawaii.

It is at this point that *YFP 320* entered the story. She was a twin diesel motor launch, about seventy-five feet in length. Her identification letters stood for Yard Ferry Personnel. She had been built to transfer personnel around the navy dockyard, but was beginning a new career as a UNTD coastal training vessel. She was under the command of a naval reserve sub-lieutenant, himself a product of the UNTD. This experiment in using a YFP for UNTD small boat handling eventually resulted in a whole fleet of these vessels being converted to reserve officer training. At this time however, the operation of *YFP 320* as a prototype naval reserve training vessel was very much on trial, receiving very careful scrutiny by the naval powers that be.

These thoughts were no doubt weighing heavily on the mind of the sub-lieutenant in command of *YFP 320* as he approached under the eyes of the three commanding officers of the anchored frigates in Nanoose Bay

His task was to transfer an injured officer cadet from *HMCS Jonquiere* to a hospital. As the object of this exercise, I stood, arm in a sling, at the top of the accommodation ladder and witnessed what happened next.

The accommodation ladder was rigged over the ship's starboard side. It was located one hundred feet from the stern where the boat boom projected outboard twelve feet. It was the same height above the water as the wheel-house of the YFP.

The seventy-five foot motor launch made a slow and prudent approach, port side to, having to avoid the boat boom but being careful not to overshoot the accommodation ladder. The

confluence of the two vessels was compounded by the fact that *HMCS Jonquiere* was swinging at anchor with the tide in full flood. A gusty beam wind was blowing on the starboard side. It didn't help that the sub-lieutenant conning the YFP with extreme care was naturally not aggressive in his ship handling. Consequently, with insufficient way on, he drifted too close to the boat boom as the ship's stern swung to starboard. For a moment, it looked as if we were about to lose the boat boom. It was not designed to handle the fortuitous arrival of a vagrant seventy-five foot motor launch.



Boat Boom Sketch by Robert Williamson

As fate would have it, the port side window of the YFP's wheelhouse was open to allow a clearer view of the alongside

manoeuvre. The boat boom was injected through the open window. The helmsman ducked as it passed over his head. The sub-lieutenant, showing great presence of mind, stopped engines and quickly opened the starboard window to facilitate the egress of the end of the boom. Thus it passed through the wheelhouse without causing any injury or damage. The end result was that *YFP 320* was neatly skewered on the boat boom of *HMCS Jonquiere* by an incredible set of circumstances that could never be duplicated.

Postscript

The boat boom had to be dismantled to remove it from the wheelhouse of *YFP 320*. Cruise Alpha proceeded to Hawaii and *YFP 320* returned to *Naden*. I ended up at the RCN Hospital followed by a month of light duty while undergoing physiotherapy for my elbow.

In the end everything turned out fine. The physiotherapy nurse was very pretty. I was excused from all sorts of unpleasant duties. Eventually I was reassigned to Cruise Charlie which also went to Hawaii. The sub-lieutenant went on to eventually become an outstanding senior naval reserve officer and the YFPs were still in use for officer cadet training 40 years later.

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REMEMBERING THE CAPE BRETON

Bob Wootton 1960

As an Acting Sub Lieutenant, my “sea time” posting in the summer of 1960 was Assistant Deck Officer and 2nd OOW aboard *HMCS Cape Breton*, based at the Colwood jetty in Esquimalt. Built in Canada as a cargo ship for the Royal Navy in 1944 and launched as *HMS Flamborough Head*, she was transferred to the RCN in Halifax and renamed in 1953. Cape Breton initially had workshops installed for the training of technical personnel in Halifax. The vessel was designated a “Fleet Maintenance Escort Vessel” for the West Coast. My friend Bob Duncombe was one of five lucky third year UNTD Cadets who helped bring her to Esquimalt via the Panama Canal in the summer of 1958.



HMCS Cape Breton RCN Photo #33746

My familiarization tour of the ship included a visit to the foundry, and here I learned to pour a sand casting. I was provided with some scrap aluminum from *HMCS Crescent*. I melted it down and then poured a casting of *Cape Breton's* ship's badge which, I still have.

Between lengthy stints tied up alongside, the ship's itinerary did include an interesting "Task Force", cruising up Vancouver Island's West Coast to the Queen Charlotte Islands and a voyage to Prince Rupert, returning to Esquimalt through the coastal islands via Principe Channel, a rare opportunity.

While employed at the Fleet School a summer earlier, I had "acquired" a copy of BRCN---"A Correspondence Course in Celestial Navigation" and now I made use of it, persuading the Navigating Officer to allow me to use the sextant, while out in the middle of Queen Charlotte Sound. Armed with the appropriate volume of HO 214, a star globe, and the right chart for the latitude, I managed to work up a 'sun-run-sun' and several star sights. When plotted, I had several nice cocked hats as our estimated ship's positions. Following the book's instructions carefully, I managed to render a "J" point. For my efforts, I received an excellent report at the end of my posting. Obviously the CO had been impressed with my efforts in celestial navigation!

We had joined a task force to facilitate an exercise of some DDE destroyers with a USN submarine. Our principal task was

to re-supply a DDE while at anchor in Rennel Sound, Moresby Island. The DDE secured alongside the *Cape Breton* while a tanker *CNV Dundurn* secured alongside the DDE. A fuel hose was passed while members of the DDE's supply department came on board "the *Cape*", seeking to replenish ships stores such as soap, tools and toilet paper!

Our Captain had allowed several privately owned boats belonging to Officers and CPOs to be carried on board. Also many of us had brought along our fishing gear and with high hopes participated in a fishing derby. The winner was a CPO who managed to snag a 90 lb. Halibut. Despite much trolling, I had to make do with a 3 lb. Coho Salmon. I stored it in the ship's freezer and on return to port, presented it to my uncle. This gesture won me an invitation to the lovely family home in Oak Bay for one of Auntie's delightful dinners, where of course, we dined on the salmon!

Having also learned that deer were "Open Season" on Moresby Island I brought on board, my dad's 12 gauge shotgun with a supply of "deer slugs". On several afternoons I had a crew member ferry me ashore and then trekked up and down the hillsides. I saw lots of droppings but not a single deer. However I managed to spot two geese as they were slowly circling down to investigate a swamp. Never having ever fired a shotgun before, I quickly replaced the 2 slugs in the barrel with cartridges filled with bird shot, took aim, and fired. The birds very nonchalantly continued their descent. Obviously they were far out of range!

On one occasion, as junior officer of our fishing party, it was my task to bring our small launch to the ship's side staircase to allow the senior officers to alight, then return the craft to the Quarter boom and secure it to a lanyard. I had not climbed a rope since the prep course for "TRAMID 57". Here suddenly I was faced with the prospect of having to do so. I tended even then, to be on the heavy side. Needless to say, it became a challenge for me to have to shimmy up the lanyard and onto the boom.



UNTD Cadet Bob Wootton
Wootton photo credit

After about ten attempts, I had gathered quite an audience, Over a dozen of the ship's company now lined the railings, urging me on, cheering whenever it looked like I was about to succeed. This exercise went on for a good twenty minutes. Finally, red faced, I managed to haul myself up and on to the boom, amid a tremendous cheer from the onlookers which appeared to be almost half the ship's company. What a relief that was!

In Prince Rupert, "the Cape" anchored offshore, a cable or two from the naval base *HMCS Chatham*. In the evening, our ship's officers were invited to a Wardroom Reception in *Chatham*. As the Assistant Deck Officer I volunteered to take the group ashore in the ship's Landing Craft (LCU). I had learned to drive a LCU while training at Little Creek, Virginia in TRAMID 57.

I secured the LCU at *Chatham's* dock which, was at the foot of a long staircase. As a precaution, I had drawn a flashlight from ship's stores, anticipating our return later in the evening after dark at low tide. This was no ordinary flashlight but a powerful spotlight valued at \$50 or more. After a super party, I guided our ships officers down the steps with the beam, then ferried

them back to the ship. At the end of the exercise, the flashlight had vanished.

For days afterwards the XO hounded me for the flashlight which, of course, I could not produce. I imagined it had been “rabbited” by someone taking advantage of a neophyte reservist. This bugged me for the rest of my time aboard the *Cape Breton* as I always felt the XO thought I had stolen it.

In all other respects, Cape Breton was a great posting, lasting from May till September - four beautiful summer months boondoggling on the West Coast! Sadly the ship now rests on the bottom of Georgia Strait off Nanaimo. She was sent to the bottom on October 20, 2001 to become one of the world’s largest artificial reef and dive centre, when local officials detonated cutting charges in her bilge.



Photo courtesy Buccaneer Inn, Nanaimo, BC.

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MISSING AND PRESUMED!

R. Williamson, Drew Harbour, 1960

On a windy night in isolated Drew Harbour on Vancouver Island, second year Officer Cadet Harvey settled into the middle watch on board *YMT 10*, anchored off the log-strewn sandy beaches of Rebecca Spit. The wind was sweeping dark clouds across the

face of the full moon, casting strange shadows in the dense forest. Solitary breakers were crashing idly on the tidal flat at the southern end of the bay.

Cadet Harvey was all alone. The rest of the ship's company were all below, sound asleep after a hard day's work on a practical navigation exercise, charting the complete anchorage. Their security and the safety of the ship were in Harvey's hands.

Making his rounds, Harvey inspected the galley first, making himself a peanut butter and jam sandwich. He proceeded next to the engine room and made a quick check on the generators before going forward to inspect the anchor cables. After verifying the anchor bearings, he filled in the log noting that the wind had risen to force four on the Beaufort Scale. White caps were forming on the bay.

At exactly 0100 hours, Harvey set out to perform what was a most important duty on this chart-making exercise; to record an accurate hourly tide pole reading from a marker set up on an old piling some fifty feet from our anchored vessel. With flashlight and notebook in hand, Harvey stepped gingerly into the skiff that was tied to the stern of *YMT 10*. As he cast off for the tide pole he suddenly realized with dismay that he had forgotten something. There, on the stern of the *YMT*, agonizingly out of reach, lay his oars.

As the distance widened, he reached out for the side of the vessel with mounting alarm, grasping for any handhold. His fingers fell on the rubbing strake just as he lost his balance. He held on tenaciously, his body bridging the gap. His alarm turned to panic as his cap floated past his nose and the front of his shirt began to get wet where his chest dipped into the water.

Harvey was really in an awkward predicament. Attracted to the glamour of life at sea, he was now acutely aware of his inability to swim. Spurred on by this thought, and using his knees for leverage, he made a desperate effort to draw the dinghy back under his centre of gravity. However, in reaching out for the gunwhale with one hand, he lost his grip on the rubbing strake with the other and rolling into the safety of the dinghy, he drifted away from the security of the ship.

In this situation, Harvey did the only thing possible. He shouted for help. But his voice faded on the wind as he floated out into the darkness. The only reply was the sound of snoring and heavy breathing.

The next morning, the training lieutenant noted, as he stirred in his bunk, that the morning was exceptionally bright. Then checking his watch, he bounded to his feet and pyjama clad, searched out the morning watchman in order to discover why he had not been shaken at his prescribed time. The morning watchman, like everyone else, was sound asleep in his bunk where he had been all night. It soon became apparent that the middle watchman and the skiff were missing. All that was found were the paddles and a cadet cap floating in a kelp bed.

We examined the evidence in disbelief and felt sorry for the officer in charge who was going to have to explain to his superiors how he, a naval reservist, had lost not only a service dinghy but an officer cadet as well.

Just as the lieutenant began to break out into a sweat, someone on deck noticed a lonely figure wading up the beach. For the next hour we listened with relief and mild humour to Harvey's night-long adventure in an open boat. Equally appalling was his five mile hike back through a forest filled with imaginary bears. He concluded his story with a stated intention of re-mustering to the Supply Branch which was noted for its aversion to boats and sea water.

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WHERE'S THE BUCKET?

R. Williamson, Inside Passage, Alaska 1960

By 1960 the frigates had begun to reach the end of their life as UNTD training vessels on the west coast. Built between 1943 and 1945, their cost of maintenance was becoming excessive for a government that was beginning to look more and more at trimming defence budgets to cover their cost of social programs. By 1964 the armed forces would see major cutbacks including the closing of some naval reserve divisions.

To replace the frigates, wooden motor launches called YFPs were converted to UNTD training vessels. They had a spacious cabin abaft the engine room and a smaller one under the wheelhouse. By installing two bunks in the forward cabin where the galley was located and five double bunks in the aft cabin, these vessels could carry a crew of twelve very easily. The only problem was that the water tanks were not designed to support a crew of twelve living on board. The vessel could go several days without refuelling but had to replenish water every day. Our endurance was extended to two days by lashing three brand new galvanized garbage cans to the upper deck. These were used as auxiliary water tanks. We quickly came to appreciate the volume of fresh water used every day in a ship.

Thus our range of training activities was governed by being able to replenish our fresh water supply every two days. This was not a problem as long as we limited our operations to the eastern side of Vancouver Island where there were lots of small communities such as Nanaimo, Comox, Campbell River and Alert Bay, all within a day's sailing.

On 18 June 1960, it was decided to extend our range of experience by sailing from Alert Bay, a fishing and service settlement near the northern tip of Vancouver Island, to Prince Rupert on the mainland, just south of Alaska. This would be a four day sail.

After topping up our fuel and fresh water, we proceeded across the Queen Charlotte Straits. The first challenge of this cruise was to round Cape Caution. It marked a break in the sheltered Inside Passage that left us exposed to the open Pacific Ocean with its heavy swell. After several hours of bobbing about we reached the protection afforded by Fitzhugh Sound and anchored in Codville Bay by early evening. The bay was surrounded by heavily forested, rain-drenched mountains. There was no sign of habitation anywhere and our fresh water supplies were half empty.

The next day we weighed anchor and headed out Seaforth Channel. I was washing up and to help conserve fresh water, I

decided to "catch" a pail of sea water. This was a simple process that I had seen seamen use before. By attaching a bucket to a line, the pail was lowered over the side. With a simple flick of the wrist, a quarter of a pail of water could be scooped from the curl of the passing bow wave.

The process appeared simple enough, but I found that it required a great deal more skill than I had anticipated. The bucket overflowed and I suddenly found that I was attempting to drag a bucket through the water at 10 knots, or rather the bucket was dragging me along the upper deck. It was a losing battle and by the time that I had reached the stern, I had to let go of the line. I stood there feeling rather foolish as I watched the bobbing rim of the bucket disappear astern in our wake. All I had to show for my experience was a rope burn on my hand.

Shortly after this incident we stopped to inspect the wreck of a medium sized freighter called the *North Sea*. She had grounded on Joanna Rock and appeared to have burned. It seemed amazing as we viewed the wreck in the bright sunshine, with miles of open water everywhere, that this ship had found the only place where it wasn't safe to navigate. It was a grim reminder of the hazards of navigation in the Inside Passage.

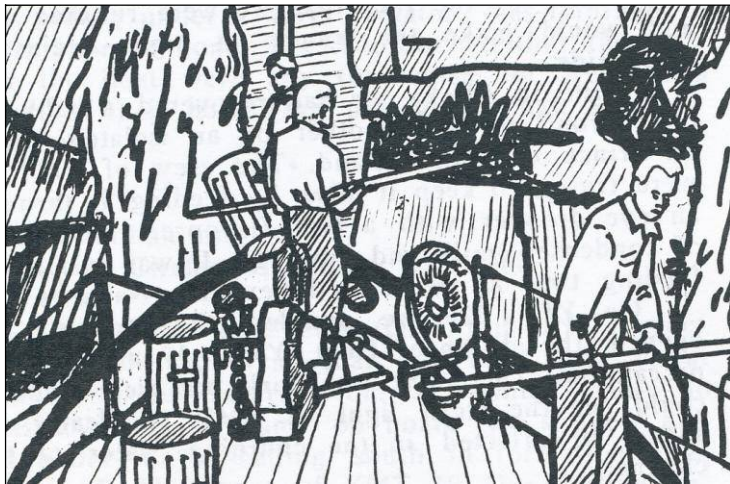
In the late afternoon we reached Surf Inlet in the shadow of Parry Mountain, a snow capped peak on Princess Royal Island. The chart showed a settlement with a pier but when we arrived, the settlement was in ruins, having been abandoned a decade earlier after the gold mine closed down. It was clear that there would be no fresh water replenishment here and we were now desperately short of water.

It was while we were pondering this problem that we noted the abundance of fresh water tumbling down the sides of the fiord. There was fresh, cold, sparkling water everywhere. The question was how to recover it? Everyone immediately thought of using a pail to fill our reservoirs by hand. It would be a slow process but better than nothing. The difficulty was that no one could find the pail. This did not seem like a good time to report that it was at the bottom of Seaforth Channel near the wreck of the *North Sea*.

However, after studying the chart, we discovered that the cliff face

of the fiord wall by the bridal-veil waterfalls continued straight down under the water. By placing our auxiliary water tanks (galvanized garbage containers) on the bow, we could drive right into the water falls and fill the cans in no time.

It was an incredibly simple solution to a major problem. It took a little longer to pump the water collected in this way into the main tanks. From that day forward, while cruising in isolated wilderness areas, we had no problem in water replenishment despite the fact that we were missing a water bucket.



Water replenishment on the YFP bow by Robert Williamson

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SEA OTTER SAGA

R. Williamson, Seymour Narrows, 1960

Patrol vessels *YFP 320* and *YMT 10* were running behind schedule on their return from Alaska because *YMT 10* was having trouble with her generator. We had stopped at Alert Bay to pick up a new fan belt hoping that it might solve the problem.

We were proceeding down Johnston Strait in line astern formation as it began to grow dark. *YFP 320* always followed *YMT 10* when steaming at night because *YFP 320* was not fitted with radar. Ahead of us lay Seymour Narrows, an infamous narrow channel

noted for its strong current and Ripple Rock. This underwater mountain peak was such a navigation hazard that an elaborate engineering operation was undertaken in 1958 to blast it to oblivion. Naturally, because of its reputation we were apprehensive about our passage through Seymour Narrows. The tension was heightened by the fact that we were running late and would make the transit at night against a flood tide.

While in Alaska we had recovered a baby sea otter from its dead mother on an isolated beach on Prince of Wales Island. The crew of *YMT 10* were trying to keep it alive by feeding it through an eye dropper with a fish flavoured concoction of condensed milk and porridge. It was just about feeding time as we entered Seymour Narrows.

On *YFP 320* we doubled the lookout and opened the distance from *YMT 10* as a safety precaution. The night was dark but clear and we could see the stern light of *YMT 10* clearly up ahead. It reflected in the churning water of the channel.

Suddenly the light blinked out. It was as if the 10 boat had been sucked into a giant whirlpool. The lookouts reported, "Sir, they just disappeared!"

All eyes were riveted on the spot where *YMT 10* had been a moment before. Nothing could be seen, not even a silhouette against the black shore and sky.

Instinctively, Lt. Clark on *YFP 320* ordered the helm hard over and a moment later, the blacked-out hulk of *YMT 10* came drifting past our starboard side. She was dead in the water as a result of the failure of her generator. The flood tide was carrying her backward at almost seven knots.

Meanwhile, the officer in charge of feeding the sea otter was on his knees in the narrow passageway to the engine room searching for the little creature by the flame of a cigarette lighter. During the blackout, the otter had slipped from his lap and was nowhere to be found. As the crew raced to deal with the power failure, they were further alarmed by shouts of, "Don't step there!" as the officer, sprawling on the deck, desperately carried out his protective search. The emergency party continued gingerly on

their tip-toes, like grotesque dancers, in search of the offending generator.

Eventually, both the sea otter and the 10 boat were rounded up. *YMT 10* was lashed to *YFP 320* until electrical power was restored. The otter, which was hiding under a warm radiator, was returned to its temporary home in a shoe box. Neither the otter nor the boat was any the worse for wear as a result of their harrowing passage through Seymour Narrows.

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SAILING IN CIRCLES

R. Williamson, Nanaimo, B.C. 1960

The Officer in Charge (O.I.C.) of UNTD cadet training on the west coast in 1960 met us at Comox on our return from a training cruise to Alaska. After he came on board we slipped and got under way, heading south in formation one, with *YFP 320* astern of *YMT 10*. Our destination was the Reserve Training Establishment in Esquimalt. The O.I.C. spent the first hour having breakfast and chatting with Lt. Walker, C.O. of *YMT 10*. Then he observed the training routine, conversing with all the cadets to discover how much they had learned on their cruise. With his pointed nose he reminded me of a ferret as he poked about. We practised several evolutions to show our stuff and then settled into a normal routine.

We were just passing the entrance to Nanaimo on our way to a tricky bit of navigation at Dodd's Narrows when the O.I.C. came up on the pilotage. He asked the cadet navigation officer for our exact position. The navigator had become somewhat relaxed in his duties as the port of Nanaimo was clearly on our starboard beam and he replied, "Just off Nanaimo, Sir."

"When was your last fix?" queried the O.I.C.

The navigator paled a little and said, "Fifteen minutes ago, Sir."

With that response, the O.I.C. ordered the helm hard over and the *YMT* began to steam in a circle. Since we were in formation one, the *YFP* followed her and both vessels merrily sailed in circles in

the middle of Nanaimo Harbour.

At first the crew of the YFP thought that the YMT had suffered a steering breakdown, but radio contact confirmed that they were sailing in circles to stay out of danger until the navigator could tell the O.I.C. exactly where they were on the chart. However, sailing in a tight circle made it impossible to take a fix as the bearings were changing too quickly. The red-faced and frustrated navigator was in a panic for several minutes until the O.I.C. allowed him to resume course. Lesson learned!

The point was well taken. We all made a mental note that if a senior officer ever wanted to know the ship's position on a chart, we would make sure to show him exactly and be able to back up the information with proof.

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CLOSE ENCOUNTER,

R. Williamson, *HMCS Scatari*, 1962

Many UNTD officer cadets who did their training in the early 1950s would be familiar with motor launches called Fairmiles. Several of these boats had been assigned to naval reserve units on the Great Lakes. By 1957 these vessels had reached the end of their life expectancy out of salt water. Being constructed of plywood, they each fell victim to insidious dry rot and ended up at the Harbour Commission in Hamilton for disposal. With the demise of the Fairmiles, regular weekend sea training disappeared from the Great Lakes.

To partially fill the gap left by the Fairmiles, *HMCS Scatari* was assigned to the Great Lakes Training Centre in Hamilton during the 1958 training season. Her officer complement consisted usually of former UNTD cadets. She was a west coast designed fishing seiner and was the least likely looking naval ship ever seen. However, such were the times that the navy was glad to have anything that would float. As a former UNTD promoted to acting sub-lieutenant, I recall this adventure in *Scatari*.

On a sunny July day in 1962, we chugged away from the jetty in Windsor. With the Detroit skyline in the background we

proceeded down river to Lake Erie on a training exercise. The Commanding Officer, Tom Smith, had been ashore attending a public function and had arrived on board in his best uniform just before sailing. Shortly after our departure, he turned to me and said, "I'm going to my cabin to change. Keep her in the centre of the channel, follow that lake freighter ahead and call me if you need me."



Cdr. Tom Smith on Scatar's bridge

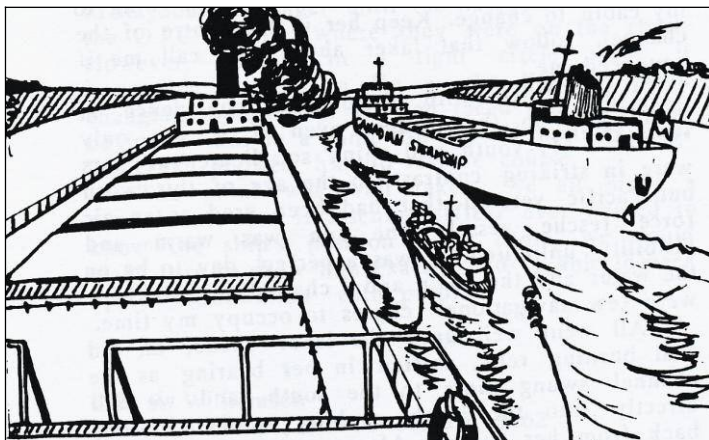
I was filled with elation and confidence at being left on the bridge, even if it was only "*Scatar*". My youth and shiny sub-lieutenant bars were in striking contrast to the age of this worn out Pacific veteran that had been used as an air force rescue vessel. The sun was warm and visibility unlimited. It was a perfect day to be on the water and the cox'n and I chatted idly as there were few navigational chores to occupy my time.

All went well until the lake freighter ahead, an old coal burning relic, shifted in her bearing as the channel swung more to the south, and we fell directly into the black choking smoke drifting back from her funnel. After an insufferable ten minutes of breathing these fumes, I made a command decision that either we had to issue chemox breathing gear or change station on the vessel ahead. I called down to the engine room for full speed, and proceeded to attempt to overtake and pass the ancient and grimy steamer. Straining and vibrating from stem to stern, we slowly and agonizingly crept up the port quarter of the old laker. Finally we began to inch our way along the length of its long black hull and

success appeared within our grasp when it happened!

Suddenly, from around a bend in the river, screened from our view by the hull of the old laker, appeared the biggest of the red hulled Canadian Steamship ore carriers, riding high in the water on her way up river to Lake Superior. There wasn't much time to make a decision. Should I press on and brave it through or stop engines and give up all the hard won distance, resigning myself to eating black smoke and soot.

Gripping the bridge rail, I urged our tired old vessel on, wondering with all the vibration, what part of the engine room might shake loose. I had, however, underestimated the closing speed of our vessels. Soon, all I could do was cringe as we entered the canyon formed by the giant hulls of the passing ships, close enough to see the rivets on their steel plates.



Scatari between two lake steamers. Sketch by Robert Williamson

The Captain was still below, changing and having a relaxing cup of coffee. The whole affair would have gone without his notice if it hadn't been for the bow wave. Suddenly, we were pitching and rolling in a giant swell of water displaced by the passing of these leviathans. The Captain immediately emerged from his cabin wearing striped boxer shorts and coffee stains on the front of his fresh shirt. His head and eyes rose slowly and his mouth fell open as his reluctant brain began to assimilate the sight of towering steel hulls surrounding him. In stunned awe he slowly exhaled a

“holy” expletive before retreating back to his cabin to find his pants and life jacket.

As quickly as the scenario had developed, it ended. The ore carrier disappeared around another bend in the river and the old lake steamer veered sharply away to starboard following the channel into Toledo.

When the Captain reappeared on the bridge, the day was warm and pleasant. The sea lanes ahead were empty and I routinely busied myself with details on the chart as if nothing had happened and carefully avoided any eye contact with the Captain. To his credit, Tom Smith knew he needed to say nothing.

* * * * *

SEA TRAINING MEMORIES

Richard H. Baker, 1962-1967

The three cruises each summer were the highlight of UNTD training. Some cruises were more exotic than others. All were taken in the frigate squadrons out of *HMC Dockyard* in Halifax. The classrooms were behind us. This was the real thing!

The 1962 cruise took us to England and Ireland for about five weeks. If I had done nothing else in the UNTD, that would have been enough. Here the memories are the most vivid: the nauseating and otherwise uniquely naval smells that each ship develops as its hallmark; the lonely times in the middle watch as quarter-deck lookout contemplating the mighty vastness of the ocean; standing at the helm peering intently at the vagrant red compass tape; the eerie dim light of the mess deck with its stacks of metal frame cots, two feet above each other, in which we, unbelievably, slept; P.T. on the quarter-deck with the pitch and roll of the ship making balance impossible; ten second showers to conserve fresh water; changing uniforms in less than two minutes upon entering harbour; whaler races and evolutions; jackstay transfers with wave crests piling up between the ships; and, so emphatically, the misery and exhilaration of rough weather at sea.

I had the enormous luck to spend my third summer in 1964 appointed to *HMCS New Waterford* on a "Naval Knowledge"

course. In effect I was given a Cadet Captain's stripe and ordered to spend the whole four months on board learning all there was to learn. This I did, although I found that the more I learned, the more there was to learn. My sleeping quarters were the CO's Day Cabin, behind the bridge (when not otherwise occupied) and later, Sick Bay. I stood watches as Second OOW on the regular ship's rotation and was integrated into the ship's departments. As a senior cadet I was accepted into the comradeship of the Wardroom in which I lived.

In May 1964 *New Waterford* independently circumnavigated Newfoundland for the benefit of the Royal Canadian Sea Cadet Corps in outlying ports, islands and towns, most inaccessible except by sea. In eighteen days we paid visits to Cornerbrook, Burgeo, Ramea Island, Grand Bank, Burin, Marystown, St. John's, Botwood and Twillingate. The cheerful friendliness of the Newfies was unforgettable. On occasion, adding to the uniqueness of the voyage, we encountered bergs and fields of growlers drifting south from the Labrador Strait.

The two other UNTD cruises that summer took us to the Charlottetown Conference Centennial celebrations in P.E.I. and then across "the Pond" via the Azores to England, Holland and Ireland on what was a truly classic cadet cruise with all the trimmings. We had leave in Chatham, which put us into London, as well as several days in Rotterdam and Cork with a regatta in Bantry Bay.

When I left the ship in September the Commanding Officer, LCdr Norton, whom I regarded as a fine C.O. and a true Renaissance man, gave me a CNS 450 report, as was the custom for a departing officer, to take to his next appointment. His witty opinion of my performance was pure hyperbole and may well have reflected my somewhat liberal training criteria:

"Mr. RHB has served as Cadet Captain on board HMCS New Waterford under my command from the 17th day of May to the 4th day of September 1964, during which period he has conducted himself to his own entire satisfaction. He has used my ship as a base for drinking and whoring around the British Isles".

In truth, during the course of those four months, I estimated that I stood, staggered and swilled through seventy-three cocktail parties and receptions as part of my obligation to soak up Naval Knowledge.



Richard Baker at a UNTD Reunion Mess Dinner

Williamson photo credit

My three summers in the UNTD led to a commission in 1964 and to another summer in 1967 with the Reserve as Training Officer in the gate vessel *HMCS Porte Quebec* out of Esquimalt. In total I spent ten months on ships courtesy of the UNTD and RCNR. I regard this as an enviable record and one for which I am grateful. In a short recollection such as this there is no room to mention everything. But in looking back I realize that it was the sheer daily excitement of new vistas, experiences and challenges; the friendships and camaraderie that I shared; the discipline, self-reliance and confidence that naval life instilled in us that made the UNTD the best summer job of our generation.

* * * * *

THE 1965 "FLAG" CRUISE

Bill Clearihue

In 1965, UNTD's played a role in Canadian Naval History. With reduced budgets and concern for the cost-effectiveness of maintaining the aging frigate training platforms, the navy assigned the 1st Year University Naval Training (UNTiDys) to Gate Vessels on the Great Lakes. Gone were the exotic cruises to Europe, Bermuda and Hawaii of previous years. For the first time, UNTD training would alternate between the Great Lakes Training Centre at *HMCS Patriot* in Hamilton and Basic Training at *HMCS Cornwallis* near Digby, Nova Scotia.

Thus on Friday, May 7, 1965, twenty-seven cadets from all across Canada assembled as Saskatchewan Division on board YMG 183 *HMCS Porte St. Louis* (PSL) and twenty-four cadets of Yukon Division, met on board YMG 180 *HMCS Porte St. Jean* (PSJ). They were designated as Cruise X-ray. This gaggle of 51 bright eyed and bushy-tailed university students were about to embark on a journey that for some who maintained contact, has not yet terminated 45 years later. These included Cadet Captain Glen Power, and Cadets Stephen Rybak and Bill Clearihue.

Because the Maple Leaf flag was introduced on February 15, 1965, Cruise X-ray had the distinction of being the first UNTD cruise to serve under the new flag. However, the cruise did not have an auspicious beginning. *Porte St. Louis* pranged the stern of 514 *HMCS Scatari* at the *Patriot* jetty. Things got worse for the UNTD cadets as the ships headed out into the gusty spring weather of Lake Ontario. There followed some serious bouts of "lake-sickness".

On May 14, 1965, the PSL and PSJ arrived without further incident at the jetty of historic Royal Military College (RMC) in Kingston. During the two day stay at RMC, the new Maple Leaf flags flew from the jackstaves of both ships, almost certainly the first vessels to do so at that location. However, what is most relevant to this story is the fact that during the Flag Debate in



*HMCS Porte St. Jean YMG 180 cresting a big swell on
Lake Ontario. Photo courtesy Bill Clearihue*

Ottawa, the design that ultimately won the day had been submitted by Dr. George Stanley, Dean of Arts at RMC. His submission was based on the existing RMC flag, replacing the college crest with a stylized red maple leaf. Although other submissions contained the colour blue, Canada's official colours, by Royal Proclamation of George V in 1921, are red and white.

It is perhaps melodramatic to contemplate that Dr. Stanley looked down from his office towards the RMC jetty and smiled at the first appearance of his flag flying over the navy vessels courtesy of the first UNTD training cruise on Lake Ontario.

Later that summer, the UNTD graduation parade was held on August 28 at *HMCS Cornwallis* as it had been since 1961 when that revered training establishment became the permanent summer home of the UNTD. The inspecting officer was none other than the Maritime Commander, Rear Admiral W.M. Landymore OBE, CD, RCN. He presented awards to: P. Chipman - Best Cadet Captain, A. Propp - Best Senior Cadet, and D. Llewellyn - Best Junior Cadet. Glen Power of Saskatchewan Division was one of the Divisional winners



HMCS Porte St. Louis flying the Canadian flag at the Royal Military College jetty on May 14, 1965. Clearihue photo

Clearly the UNTD had reached a high bench mark in 1965. Landymore stated that as each year passed, the proportion of UNTDs serving actively in the Reserve Navy, grew steadily. He expected that before long the Reserves would be staffed exclusively with ex-UNTDs. He expressed great satisfaction in being able to rely on such well-trained, intellectuals who could adapt quickly and effectively to any situation. This was indeed prophetic. For the next 25 years, virtually all Naval Reserve Divisions were commanded by UNTD graduates. Lamentably, as he spoke these perceptive words, the dismantling of one of Canada's superb training systems had begun. Along with the new flag came some major armed forces reorganization.

Landymore, a highly decorated veteran of WW II and Korea, was about to fight his final and most courageous battle. He led the "Revolt of the Admirals" in 1966 against Armed Forces Unification created by self-serving federal minister, Paul Hellyer. Not until 1985, with de-integration and the return of a Naval Identity was Landymore proven right. Unfortunately, what was conveyed as **Integration** proved to be **Disintegration**. By 1990

it had caused a prospective leadership shortage in the UNTD Legacy that Landymore had so proudly vaunted in 1965.

* * * * *

WHAT TIME IS SUNSET, "SUBY"?

SLt. Thomas Kuiper 1967

I joined the UNTD in 1962 at *HMCS Donnacona*. After two summers at *HMCS Cornwallis*, I took the Navigation Instructor's Course and in the summer of 1967 I was sent to *HMCS Porte de la Reine* as Engineering Officer. In August, Lt. Rideout, the CO, was succeeded by Lt. J. Hannam. One fine evening shortly thereafter, most of us were in our Red Sea rig on the open bridge enjoying an after dinner smoke.

As the sun dipped lower, Hannam turned to me and said, "What time is sunset, Suby?"

I pulled the almanac down from the navigator's bookshelf, flipped back and forth quickly between the appropriate data in the daily table and the interpolating table near the back, and gave the answer.

Having expected me, a UNTD product, to plod laboriously with the mechanics of the problem, he scowled and said, "I don't want a guess. Calculate it properly."

I replied, "That time is good to the nearest minute, sir."

Hannam seemed speechless at my temerity until in the pregnant silence, the XO leaned over and whispered to him, "Sub-lieutenant Kuiper is an astronomer, sir."

That in fact is how I have been earning my living. Presently I am a research scientist at Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory and Radio Astronomy Manager for NASA's Deep Space Network. Sunset? What a piece of cake!

* * * * *

A MOST UNUSUAL UNTD CRUISE

Bill Clearihue 1967

Editor's Note

Since its formation in 1943, the UNTD has had some very interesting adventures, but none more curious than its involvement in the site of the "Last USA – Canada Boundary Dispute", which occurred in June 1859. In 2009, **the 150th anniversary** of that significant event, former UNTD Officer Cadet Bill Clearihue of Oakville Ontario submitted this story based on information pieced together from Bill's logbook for the 1967 UNTD Cruise Bravo in the Gate Vessel, *Porte Quebec* and some recent archival research supplied by the Maritime Museum of British Columbia in Victoria.

Cruise Bravo was composed of three training ships, *Porte Quebec*, *Porte de la Reine* and HMCS *Cowichan*. Departing Esquimalt Harbour we headed north through Haro Strait keeping Discovery Island on the port side. The first land mass to be seen on the starboard side was the San Juan Islands, sovereign territory of the USA. The question naturally arises ... why are these islands not part of the British Columbia Gulf Islands? A map shows that they are geographically a natural extension of them. We have Kaiser Wilhelm I of Germany to thank for that. And so the story begins.

After visiting Powell River, the Gulf Islands and the Navy Yards in Seattle, we finally anchored off Friday Harbour on the southeast side of San Juan Island.

The harbour is named after Joseph Friday, a native Hawaiian and a Hudson Bay Company employee who first settled there. It is a beautiful spot and we soon discovered that we were not the first UNTDs to visit the island. On the northwest corner of San Juan Island there is a small cemetery with a plaque that reads:

ENGLISH CEMETERY

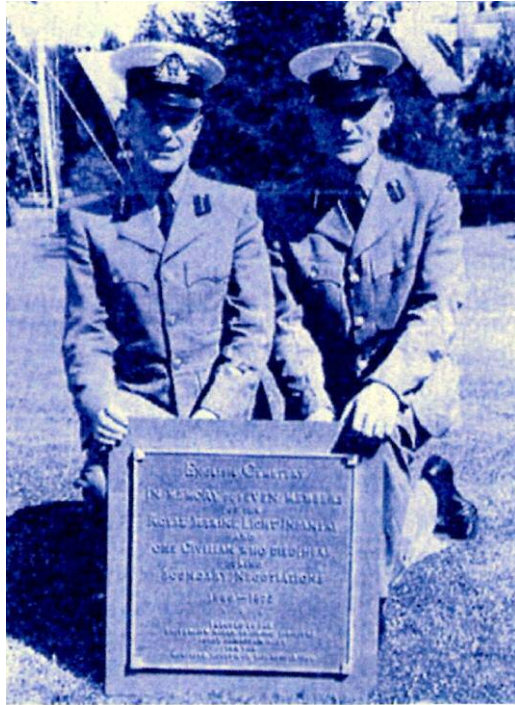
In memory of seven members of
the Royal Marines
and one civilian who died here during
Boundary Negotiations 1860-1872.

Erected by the University Naval Training Divisions
Royal Canadian Navy
for the Maritime Museum of BC.
August 1964.

The Crowsnest Magazine – Vol. 16 No. 9 September 1964 reported that thirty UNTD Officer Cadets proceeded to San Juan Island from Esquimalt in auxiliary training craft for a combined training cruise and presentation ceremony at the site of the British military installation (Garrison Bay). Accompanying them were Colonel J.W.D. Symons, Director of the Maritime Museum of British Columbia and Cdr. F.E. Grubb, RCN (Ret.), the museum's secretary. A representative of Washington State Parks and Recreation Commission received the plaque.

The Royal Marine Cemetery at Garrison Bay where the UNTD placed a plaque in 1964 contains seven plots of men who died from natural causes, drowning and accidental shooting during the 12 years of joint occupation of the island.

Research shows that the UNTD connection to this plaque story really started on Tuesday, April 10, 1956. A special visit was paid to San Juan Island by the Flag Officer Pacific Coast, Rear-Admiral H.F. Pullen and the Chairman of the Naval Maritime Museum in Esquimalt, Instructor Cdr. C.H. Little (former Staff Officer UNTD 1946-52). In his report to the Crowsnest, Cdr. Little recommended that the military structures and cemetery at the site of the English Camp on San Juan Island undergo restoration.

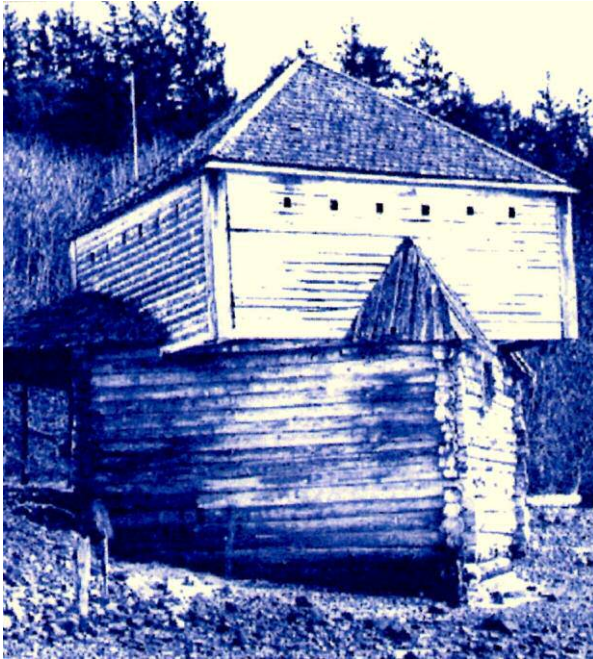


UNTD Officer Cadets Michael Campbell & Michael Rayner display the plaque at Royal Roads before departing for San Juan Island. *Photo courtesy Crowsnest*

Now to answer the question, how did this boundary dispute come about and why was the German Kaiser involved? It all dates back to unresolved boundary issues after the War of 1812. American expansion in the west was achieved by an infiltration of traders, hunters and settlers, followed by a demand for American rights, then seizure by threat of war. When the Americans went to war with Mexico over the Old Southwest, the British thought it wise to agree to the 1846 Oregon Treaty. It gave the United States undisputed possession of the Pacific Northwest south of the 49th parallel. Rather than cutting off the southern tip of Vancouver Island, the boundary was to run through the middle of the channel separating Vancouver Island from the mainland, thence through the middle of the Juan de Fuca Strait to the Pacific. Unfortunately it was unclear which island channel was to

be used – Haro Strait, nearest Vancouver Island or Rossario Strait, nearest the American mainland. Hence both countries claimed the San Juan Islands in the middle.

By 1859 there were 18 Americans living on San Juan. When one of the Americans shot a pig owned by the Hudson's Bay Company, rather than submit to British legal authority, the American citizens requested military protection. Captain George E. Pickett (of Gettysburg fame) was sent with a company of 9th U.S. Infantry. The British responded with three warships.



The Royal Marine blockhouse at English Camp on Garrison Bay is one of the few reminders of a war almost caused by a pig.
Crowsnest photo

Finally cooler heads prevailed and determined not to involve two great nations in a war over a squabble about a pig. General Winfield Scott (War of 1812 fame), Commanding General of the U.S. Army, proposed a joint military occupation until a final settlement could be reached. Thus the Royal Marines set up a

camp on Garrison Bay on the northwest tip of the island and the Americans established their camp on the southeast tip. The joint military occupation lasted for 12 years until a three-man arbitration commission under Wilhelm I of Germany ruled in favour of the United States.

This event known as the Pig War was the last time that US, British/Canadian forces were assembled to oppose each other. The cemetery is an overseas military cemetery and Canada pays a tax for its upkeep. The Union Jack is raised and lowered there every day. Herein, lays the basis for the 1964 plaque placement by the UNTD cadets. Cdr. Little was always looking for ways to employ UNTDs during their training activities and this operation made for a most unusual cruise.

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OLD YARD AUXILIARY TRAINING VESSELS TO BE REPLACED

Announced in CFB Esquimalt Lookout, 17 June '02

The days of helping junior naval reserve officers find their sea legs on the west coast are coming to an end for several Yard Auxiliary Gate (YAG) vessels, formerly known as Yard Ferry Personnel (YFP) 306, 308, 312, 314, 319 and 320. For the last four decades, these fifty year old wooden-hull harbour boats have served as training platforms for MARitime Surface (MARS) Officers in Phase II & III of their training at CFB Esquimalt. Finally, high maintenance costs and out-dated equipment are forcing them into retirement. The first three of six new boats are expected to come into service in 2005.

The new vessels, known as PCTs, Patrol Class Training, will incorporate the latest technology and modern accommodations. Speed will grow from 10 to 18 knots and the length from 75 to 100 feet with a draught of six feet, making it more difficult for these vessels to come alongside small marinas as they did in the past. They will also have a greater endurance and will not have to frequent marinas as often, based on fuel and water requirements. Improved living space, galley and waste storage will mean a hotel endurance of three

to five days. The greater speed and endurance will give them the legs to reach larger ports.

The bridge of the replacement vessels will be fitted with an electronic charting system, radar and global positioning system. On the old YAGs there was a plain chart table and a gyro.

Each MARS II class spends two weeks at sea to learn seamanship, line handling and anchor work. During MARS III the emphasis is on watch keeping. The old YAGs have proven to be essential to this form of naval reserve officer training.

The program began in 1960 when the few remaining frigates were devoted to Regular Officer Training Plan (ROTP) training. This left the UNTD planners scrounging for sea training resources. Two wooden harbour or yard craft were signed over as UNTD training platforms. They were YFP 320 and Yard Maintenance Tender (YMT) 10. The 10-boat was an essential part of the package because it alone was fitted with radar, a gyro and crew accommodations. YFP 320 didn't even have a compass. To convert the vessel from a ferryboat configuration, the passenger benches had to be removed from the main cabin, abaft the engine room and from the smaller cabin forward of the wheelhouse. A make-shift galley and bunk beds were installed in the forward cabin. Bunk beds for cadets as well as a chart table were installed in the main cabin with a compass binnacle on the quarterdeck. (There was no bridge on the first YFP training vessel). Since the YFP was not designed to facilitate mess decks, the capacity of the small fresh water tank had to be supplemented by lashing brand new galvanized garbage cans on the upper deck. The electrical system also had its limitations. The toaster and electric kettle could not be used at the same time.

The YAGs proved to be ideal for the UNTD because of the more relaxed atmosphere in dress, discipline and daily routine compared to RCN ships. On the other hand, cadets had to do everything, including the cooking. There was a real sense of ownership and independence. Victualling might include an afternoon of fishing for salmon, while painting involved adding UNTD lettering on the Kisbie life-buoy float and a red maple

leaf on the funnel. The shallow draught meant that these vessels could visit marinas, resort and beach communities untouched by the rest of the navy, not to mention virgin fjords with breath-taking scenery.



Yard Maintenance Vessel 10 was photographed from the top of the wheelhouse of Yard Ferry Personnel 320 as she approached an iceberg off the coast of Alaska in July 1960. This was the first time that these vessels were used as UNTD training platforms. *Photo by Robert Williamson*

In addition to the eight or ten cadets, the crew consisted of two officers, a diesel mechanic and communicator. The training program proved to be so successful that it gradually expanded to include six YAGs and two diving tenders. The YFPs were soon modified for navigation training by adding a bridge to the top of the wheelhouse. It was fitted with a gyro compass, chart table, voice pipe and radio. They proved to be excellent training platforms and could be operated throughout the year on the ice-free West Coast.

The following YAG stories can be found throughout this book: The Boat Boom, Missing and Presumed! , Pass the Bucket,

Sea Otter Saga, Sailing in Circles, Who Stole the Ship? and Involuntary Stampeder. Additional information and photos are available in the Appendices of this book.

As the new Orca class PCTs came on line between August 2006 and October 2008 (see internet <orca-class vessels>), the YAGs became surplus and were auctioned off in June 2-10, 2011 in Esquimalt for the price of a used car. For more pictures and information see the Appendices.

<u>VESSEL</u>	<u>NAME</u>	<u>SALE PRICE</u>
YAG 308	Cougar	\$4,000.00
YAG 306	Grizzly	\$3,675.00
YAG 314	Caribou	\$1,153.00
YAG 312	Otter	\$1,651.00
YAG 319	Badger	\$4,680.00
YAG 320	Lynx	\$11,378.00

Information provided by Stew Churlish



Cougar YAG 308 up for auction in Esquimalt

Photo courtesy Tad Roberts

CHAPTER VI

PORTS OF CALL

While navy life can be very demanding, its rewards are many. The UNTD program offered students adventure and good companionship, but most of all it offered travel. The old adage of join the navy and see the world was certainly very true in the post war period until the mid 1960s. Many of the stories told by officer cadets of that era involve visits to many regions of Canada and foreign ports around the world. This broadened the knowledge and experience of these young men and gave them a special identity as no other set of circumstances ever could.



HMCS Lauzon arrives in Portsmouth England on a training cruise in 1965.
Photo courtesy White Twist 1965

IN THE WAKE OF CAPTAIN COOK

R. Williamson, Kealakekua Bay 1959

As a UNTD officer cadet I really appreciated the opportunity to explore and discover parts of the world that most people would normally never visit. This developed in me a wonderful awareness of history and geography. Such was the case of Cadet Cruise "Charlie" in August 1959. Its destination, the Hawaiian Islands, provided us with a much better understanding of our Royal Navy heritage, and in particular that great explorer, Captain James Cook.

Experiences like this always motivated me to expand my reading after the fact. In this way I discovered the qualities that made Captain Cook one of our greatest naval explorers.

To survive long arduous periods at sea he had to have a strong constitution. To lead under these conditions required a man with a friendly, benevolent and humane disposition, strengthened by a single-minded determination and an unremitting perseverance. Although a modest, temperate man he did suffer from a measure of impatience and a somewhat hasty temper. It was this weakness that contributed to his death in Kealakekua Bay on 14 February 1779.

He had just completed his second year of exploration of the Pacific that had taken him to the west coast of North America as far north as the Bering Sea. He was wintering in Hawaii pending a second attempt to discover the Northwest Passage when he was killed.

In his log, Captain Cook complained about the strong winds on the north side of the Hawaiian Islands that made it difficult to explore the coastline or find a sheltered harbour where food and water could be replenished. In my own journal in 1959, I noted the powerful winds funnelling through Pali Pass on Oahu that made it difficult to even stand erect. When sailing between the islands of Maui and Hawaii, the winds sweeping through the Alenuihaha Channel were so strong that sea spray was carried over the bridge of *HMCS Jonquiere*. These winds known as the Northeast Trade Winds must have been exceedingly difficult to manage in Cook's sailing vessels, *Resolution* and *Discovery*.

Like Cook before us, we found that in the lee of the big island and its 13,680 foot active volcano, Mauna Loa, the air became still as well as oppressively hot and humid. *HMCS Jonquiere* anchored in Kealakekua Bay just as Captain Cook did on that distant Sunday in January, 1779. He sent Mr. Bligh (later of *HMS Bounty* fame) in the ship's boat to examine the anchorage. One thousand canoes came out to meet the *Resolution* and *Discovery*. Cook reported that it was the greatest number of natives that he had seen assembled in one place in the whole of the Pacific. But when we arrived in 1959, the bay was virtually empty with little sign of any habitation. Such change, however, is not unusual at the foot of an active volcano or as a consequence of foreign disease inflicted on the indigenous population.

The powerful Northeast Trades had sprung the mast of *Resolution* and it had to be repaired before Cook could sail back into the Arctic. This caused the expedition to overstay its welcome. British tempers were also running short because of the thieving nature of the natives. It was the theft of the *Discovery's* cutter that started the crisis that ended in Cook's death. He intended to seize the native's canoes until the cutter was returned. He landed at the Hawaiian town on the north-west point of the bay.

We rowed our whaler ashore on the same headland. There is no village there today, only a concrete obelisk placed there in 1874 to tell the story of Captain Cook. It is surrounded by palm trees and a thick bush that grows on the lava rock. Crews from visiting commonwealth ships maintain the immediate grounds. Given the volcanic nature of the headland, it is hard to believe that it once supported a village and thousands of natives.

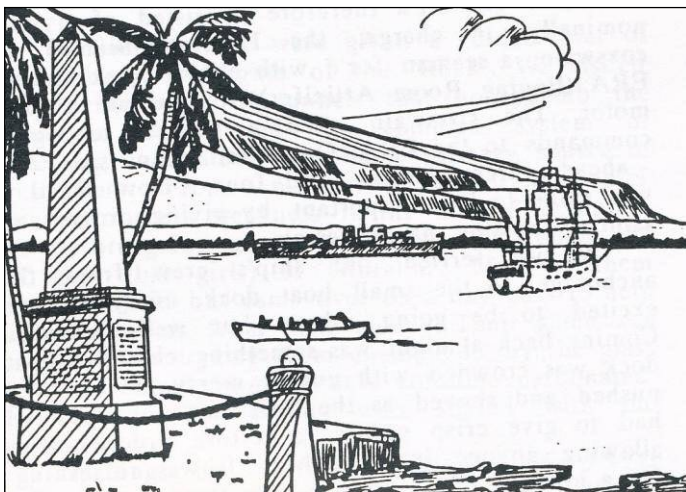
In 1779 the shore swarmed with these natives. When a Hawaiian wearing a mat of body armour threatened Cook with a stone and dagger, Cook discharged a load of small shot at him. It did not penetrate this primitive armour and only served to provoke the native and the rest of the mob. It should be noted that Cook's humane nature caused him to load his weapon with bird shot instead of ball. As the mob surged forward, Cook and his body guard of marines retreated to their boats. Trying to maintain an air of immunity, Cook walked with his back to the horde. The nearest native gave him a glancing blow on the head with a club.

Emboldened by this action, another stepped forward and stabbed Cook near the shoulder blade. He staggered a few paces and fell into the water where the agitated crowd beat him about the head with stones until he expired.

As I stood on the black broken lava rocks, the sea lapped over my sandals. In the seabed a few feet from shore was a bronze plaque set there in 1928 to mark the spot where the great explorer fell. With a sense of reverence, I studied the quiet, secluded shore as I pondered the tragic event that occurred here 180 years before.

Although his remains were committed to the deep near this shore with its man-made monuments, the real memorial to Captain Cook "is the multiplicity of islands, headlands, and bays that he discovered and named; the charts he drew and the work of the naturalists and painters who sailed with him.

Now in 1959, *HMCS Jonquiere* was idly swinging at anchor in Kealakekua Bay, her white ensign curling in the humid air. In my imagination she rode in the wake of *HMS Resolution* and *Discovery*. As I watched I could not help but feel that by joining the UNTD, I had in some small way become a part of a grand naval heritage that had fostered such great men as Captain Cook.



Cook's monument, Kealakekua Bay by *Robert Williamson*

MEDITERRENEAN PORTS OF CALL

Hal Wilkinson 1952

Summer training in 1952 had a great deal of appeal. It consisted of a six week cruise to the Mediterranean. Our training element consisted of three ships: the destroyer *Crescent*, and two frigates; *Swansea* and *La Hullose*. I was in *La Hullose*.

Our first stop was the Azores for re-fuelling. We were at anchor. My watch was designated duty watch which meant that we had to stay on our ship while the others went ashore. To have come so far to our first port of call in the tropics and find it tantalizingly out of reach seemed a cruel fate. The Officer of the Day asked for volunteers for ship's boat duty. Not knowing what I was expected to do but hoping I could get off the ship, I volunteered. I reported to the Leading Seaman who was the boat's coxswain. He told me that I would be doing a Midshipman's duty. I was expected to keep the men under control, salute senior officers, but leave the operation of the boat to the coxswain. The crew therefore consisted of myself, nominally in charge; the Leading Seaman as coxswain; a seaman forward with a boat hook and an ERA (Engine Room Artificer) to run the inboard motor. The coxswain used a whistle to signal commands to the ERA. One blast meant stop, two - ahead, three - astern, and four - slow ahead. I was made to look important by giving orders and saluting passing naval vessels.

As we ferried our ship's crew from the anchorage to the small boat dock, everyone was excited to be going ashore but well behaved. Coming back at night was something else. The boat dock was crowded with unruly merry makers who pushed and shoved as the boat came alongside. I had to give crisp orders to restore order before allowing anyone into the boat. It was refreshing for a lowly UNTD cadet to note that despite a lot of grumbling, my orders were obeyed. One of the petty officers made a point of telling me a few days later that I had done a good job. This unsolicited praise was much appreciated and a good confidence builder.

One of the last to return was the ship's coxswain, a chief petty officer. He was well and truly drunk. As he pushed his way aboard the boat he was very vocal. I expected trouble.

When we cleared the breakwater, I ordered, "Pipe down, *Crescent* in sight! We don't want any trouble from the senior commander." As with other trips these words had a sobering effect. When we came alongside *La Hullose* the Chief, being the ranking person on board, was the first to get off. He moved unsteadily to the accommodation ladder and stumbled on the first step.

"Steady Coxswain!" I barked in a reproving tone.

He stiffened immediately and ramrod straight without any hesitation, climbed the ladder with ease. At the top he saluted the quarter-deck smartly, marched over to the opposite side and was violently ill.

The title "Ports of Call" portrays in one's mind glamour, excitement, and adventure, but sometimes the reality of a port visit can be more unseemly or routine as in this case. It was, however, a different story in our next two ports of call.

In Gibraltar we were given a guided tour of the military highlights of the "Rock". We visited one of the mazes of tunnels that honeycomb the mountain and noted the complex system of collecting rainwater, Gibraltar's primary source of fresh water. From a military viewpoint the water reservoirs are a weakness in the "Rocks" defence.

Before going ashore, we were warned about the "B" girls (bar girls) of Gibraltar. Most of them lived in Spain but came over on a day pass to help separate sailors from their money. Their game was to get sailors to buy them champagne by the glass but they would actually only consume carbonated soft drinks. The profits were shared with the management.

Heeding the warning, a number of UNTD cadets headed for the Rock Hotel which had the best dining room in town. After a few weeks on board ship we were ready for a good meal. The fashionable time to eat at the hotel was after eight p.m. We arrived at 6:30 p.m. and ordered wine with the house specialty of roast beef. The service was excellent. The waiters wore tails, white bow ties and gloves. Each course was served with flair

using silver trays, bone china, and genuine crystal glassware.

Around 9:00 p.m. the dining room began to fill with other guests including our senior officers. Having eaten all we could, we paid our bill and left. We heard later that the cadets had gorged themselves with the house specialty and in their wake the officers had to settle for something else. There was no doubt some reference made about "those bloody little gluttons" by those who had been looking forward to the roast beef dinner.

Our principal port of call was the French naval base at Toulon. As we passed through the harbour we saw six sunken warships in various stages of salvage. It was a strong reminder of World War II when the French navy was caught between the Vichy Government, German occupation of France and the British navy. During 1940, part of the French Mediterranean Fleet escaped from North Africa and ran the gauntlet of Allied ships into Toulon. In 1942 the enormity of this action struck home as the Germans attempted to confiscate what was left of the fleet in Toulon harbour. In Axis hands, the French fleet would have transformed the balance of power in the Mediterranean. The ships were destroyed, fortunately, by their French crews as the Germans attempted to board them.

The scuttled French battleship, *Strasbourg*, lay on the bottom beside the jetty where we were berthed. UNTDs are curious types so a few of us decided to get a closer look. Because she had been scuttled in shallow water, she looked almost normal except for a slight list. At the foot of the gangway was a sign that read, "Défense de Monter". We decided to play dumb and climbed aboard. Her guns were all askew, the main superstructure was pretty well gutted and there was evidence of fire and explosions everywhere. This damage was not related to her scuttling in 1942. The Germans had re-activated *Strasbourg* as a gun platform during the invasion of southern France in 1944. Her 13 inch guns could be very effective as coastal defence. Consequently, she was heavily bombed by the Allies. Despite the damage, we were most impressed with her and it was easy to see why she was considered to be one of the finest battleships afloat in 1940.

The pride of the French navy was also at Toulon in 1952 and, after an official reception at the opera house, we were all given a

tour of the magnificent, 39,000 ton battleship, the *Richelieu*. Three vivid memories remain with me about that visit. She had eight 15 inch guns in turrets as big as a house. The brassware throughout the ship had a very high polish and there were fourteen separate galleys for the crew of four thousand men. *Richelieu* had a very different war record than the *Strasbourg*. She was uncompleted in 1940 when she was moved to Dakar, West Africa, to evade the invading Germans. She then successfully opposed De Gaulle's attempt to liberate the Vichy governed colony at Dakar, causing serious damage to elements of the supporting British task force. Ironically, later in the war she joined the Free French and became a part of the British fleet.

Fate had dealt the *Strasbourg* and the *Richelieu* two very different hands and I could not help contemplate this as we descended the gangway of the *Richelieu* to the loud trill of bosun calls at the end of the tour.

While in Toulon, some of us got week-end passes and two friends and I decided to take the train to Nice to visit the French Riviera. We found an inexpensive hotel about six blocks from the sea front. Our room had a double bed and a cot. It was going to be cosy for three. What really surprised us was that the toilet and bath were in the same room with no privacy divider. The "concierge" explained that we occupied the "bridal suite" and privacy was not a consideration. We decided that it was a matter of "When in France.." be prepared to accept the cultural differences. We were unaccustomed to being "em bare assed" on the "john" even amongst friends, but we got used to it.

That evening I explored the sea front of the Riviera. It consisted of a crescent beach, a wide promenade, a busy street with a wide sidewalk fronted with stores and bars. All the lights reflecting in the ocean made it quite attractive.

I had run out of matches for my smokes so I stopped in a bar for a rum and Coca-Cola and asked the waiter for some matches. He presented me with just two wooden matches. I had expected a book of matches with the bar's logo on the cover. I tried three more bars but I got the same results. By then I decided that I had had enough rum. I gave up on the matches and headed back to the hotel.

Prostitutes were not permitted on the Riviera itself but as soon as I rounded the corner I was approached. By the time I reached the hotel I had been stopped seventeen times. Desirous only to try out my limited French, I engaged the ladies in conversation. Mostly I was keen to point out my Canada flashes to refute that I was not a "G.I." Their response was always, "Ah! les Canadiens", which seemed to stimulate their interest even more. Finally I reached my hotel only to be stopped once more by what appeared to be a young novice and her pregnant friend. Fortunately a gendarme approached and the girls disappeared. My roommates found it hard to believe the gauntlet that I had walked from the beach to the hotel.



UNTD Cadets from *HMCS La Hulloise* stroll down the Promenade des Anglais in the French Riviera, June 10, 1952. L. to R. are: Cadet Tremblay, Cadet Taillon, unknown, and Cadet Barcello.

Photo by Pierre Taillon

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PHILADELPHIA, "BROTHERLY LOVE!"

Douglas McWhirter, 1955

The cruiser, *HMCS Quebec*, visited the port of Philadelphia, "the city of brotherly love", in the summer of 1955. The local naval authority had received word that the ship had a crew of cadets on board and in keeping with their friendly reputation, arranged with a private school to provide young ladies as hosts for the cadets. In the United States, the term "cadet" means sea cadet as opposed to midshipman. Consequently, a large crowd of 14-year-old girls gathered at the jetty to meet the ship as she came alongside. Boy, what a shock that was for US-Canadian diplomacy!

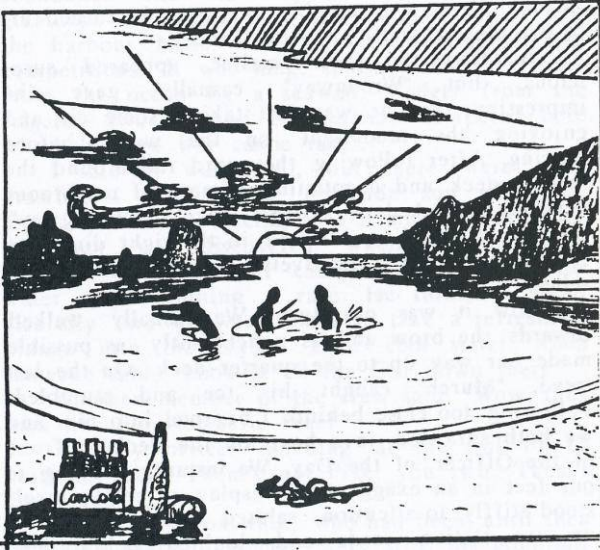
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AAHHH BERMUDA! A TROPICAL PARADISE

Robert. Williamson, 1958

In the late afternoon, our ships were alongside at St. Georges, Bermuda. It was a tropical paradise. "Murch" Murchison, "Wrongway" Corrigan and I had become close friends on our training cruise and were about to embark on our first shore leave in a foreign port. We decided to have a beach party. Our first stop was at a local store to purchase a bottle of rum and a six pack of Coca-Cola. We were surprised to discover that the Coke was more expensive than the rum. Rolling the bottle of rum in a beach towel, we headed up Government Hill Road in the direction of old Fort St. Catharines overlooking the Atlantic on the northwest shore. The road was lined with pastel coloured cottages, palm trees and monkey puzzle pines.

As evening approached and shadows lengthened, the tree frogs began to sing. At an isolated cove we swam and watched the azure ocean reflect all the colours of the most incredible sunset we had ever seen. All of this was framed by the coral stacks (rock remnants) that guarded the entrance to the little cove. It all seemed very magical to us three novice adventures of the UNTD. The evening passed quickly and so did the bottle of rum.



Sunset on a quiet beach in a coral-rimmed cove in Bermuda
Sketch by Robert Williamson

It soon became time to return to the ship. With arms draped around each other's shoulders, in three musketeer's fashion, we made our way back to the harbour, singing and giggling like school boys. By the time we reached dockside, it was apparent that "Wrongway" had become very unsteady on his feet. We took refuge behind a dumpster to devise a plan to get past the Officer of the Day waiting at the brow.

The sides of the frigate loomed above us. There was no alternative but the gangway. Fortunately, our ship was inboard, closest to the jetty. "Wrongway", with cavalier confidence, assured us that he could make it to the brow on his own. So we made him as presentable as possible, straightened his tie and cap, and launched him like a robot in the direction of the gangway. With a forced wooden expression, he stiffly and mechanically progressed up to the quarter-deck. When he reached the top of the gangway he gave a jaunty salute, with a hint of impudence and incredibly turned the wrong way. Instead of turning forward to number one mess, he turned aft to the mortar wells and the laundry.

At first the Quartermaster appeared suspicious, but "Wrongway"

casually gave the impression that he was just taking some air and enjoying the moonlight on the water before retiring. After following the guard rail around the quarter-deck and negotiating a maze of mushroom ventilators and deck storage lockers, "Wrongway" was finally heading forward in the right direction to the mess. We collectively breathed a sigh of relief.

Now it was our turn. We casually walked towards the brow and as nonchalantly as possible made our way up to the quarter-deck. On the last tread, "Murch" caught his toe and stumbled. Following too close behind, I bumped into him and we both sprawled in a heap on the deck in front of the Officer of the Day. We instantly sprang to our feet in an exaggerated display of self-control, stood stiffly to attention, saluted smartly, snatched up our station cards and doubled below. The O.O.D. followed our disappearance with a jaundiced eye, but said nothing.

We found "Wrongway" where he had settled in a ball at the bottom of the mess deck ladder. He had cuddled up to a fire extinguisher and passed out. Supporting him under each arm, we half dragged and half carried him to the forward mess and put him to bed. In retrospect, it would have been wiser to take him to the heads and let him cuddle a toilet bowl instead. We could have saved ourselves a mop-up job. However, despite that, the memory of that first night ashore in a tropical paradise retains much of its magic to this day.

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BIG PIKE! IRELAND ISLAND, BERMUDA

Robert Williamson, 1958

I believe that most officer cadet cruises that included Bermuda in their itinerary must have visited Ireland Island, the former British naval base. However, by 1958, when we arrived it had been abandoned and was only a shell of its previous greatness. Its jetties were still in good repair and the harbour basin was ideal for holding regatta competitions. It was long, spacious and sheltered from the ocean by a seawall. Cadets from the frigates *Swansea* and *La Hullose* competed here in whaler and war canoe races.

I said it was ideal, but there were some drawbacks. The boiling Bermuda sun with 90% humidity was like racing in a steam bath.

Another drawback was discovered when, according to custom, we threw our cadet coxswain into the water after winning a race. He thrashed about gleefully and we were about to take a refreshing plunge into the crystal clear cool water when someone said, "Look at all the fish down there."

Another member of the crew said, "Wow, they look like big Northern Pike!"

A petty officer standing at the rail of La Hullose said, "Them's not Pike, you twit. Them's **Barracuda!**"

The whaler coxswain, who had been, until then splashing merrily, became very still, his attention riveted on the petty officer and with one hand cocked to his ear, he said, "What did you say P.O.?"

"Barracuda," came the reply.

It seemed to me that the coxswain, while treading water, rose several inches, having assumed a new buoyancy and began to swim on top of the water like a duck. When he reached the whaler, he hauled himself in with a continuous motion that came to a stop only when he lay in the bottom of the boat, panting as if he had run the hundred yard dash in nine seconds. After that experience, we all decided to refresh ourselves, not by jumping into the ocean, but by drinking a nice cool beer provided for that purpose.

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CALIFORNIA! THAT SINKING FEELING

Robert. Williamson, 1960

Long Beach Harbour is a series of man-made channels and basins. It is located on San Pedro Bay, California, about twenty miles south of Los Angeles. *HMCS Jonquiere* was assigned to Pier Nine on Terminal Island, a part of the U. S. naval base located on a land fill site protected by a long mole. The irregular nature of the harbour and the restrictions caused by the narrow channels, created a tidal phenomenon called surge and seiche. It was a cumulative and delayed effect not unlike a tidal bore in Nova Scotia's Fundy Basin. The ship's lines to the jetty during specific times in the tide schedule had to be watched carefully.



Cadet Robert Williamson taking compass bearings from the magnetic binnacle of HMCS Jonquiere, Long Beach, California 1960.
DND photo

As one of a dozen third year UNTD cadets drafted to the ship, I was standing second officer of the watch from midnight to 0400 on the morning of 23 May, 1960. The Officer of the Watch log contained instructions that we could expect a tidal surge at 0215. The duty watch was cautioned to take the strain off the lines to the jetty as the ship rose during an hour long surge.

Usually the middle watch was very dull with little or nothing to do. Long Beach, however, was a busy and interesting port. A Greek naval ship was berthed opposite us. It was interesting to observe how their routines and customs were different from ours. Olive oil appeared to play an important part in their lives. The basin across from us was filled with a USN moth-balled fleet that contained more ships than our entire navy. But the focus of our attention this particular morning was the expected arrival of a crew from Universal Studio to start filming a movie on our ship.

At 0215 our deck was level with the top of the jetty as it had been for most of the watch. Suddenly the lines to the jetty began to creak and there was an almost perceptible lift to the deck. By 0330 hours we had risen five feet above the jetty and expected to

remain there for the next few hours. That's when something very unusual and unexpected happened!

Just as we were getting everything ready to turn over to the next watch the ship began to settle at an alarming rate. Unlike the gradual surge or seiche, this was a perceptible movement. The ship was obviously going down, causing all the lines that we had just secured to go slack. This sudden decent was both alarming and baffling. Then the frightening thought struck me. Maybe we are sinking! I raced to the ship's rail but could not see the water level in the blackness below. I was about to either lower a boat and send someone to check the bilges when I noticed that all the other ships in the harbour were also settling alongside their piers. The OOW had been sent for and when he arrived on deck he was puzzled by the ship's situation. He had certainly not expected to be looking at the pilings under the pier during the period of his watch. He went off to re-check the pilot book of harbour instructions but could find nothing to enlighten any of us. By this time the ship was starting to rise. When our relief arrived the deck was again level with the pier. We left them to deal with the mystery of this strange surge and seiche in the harbour.

The next morning we discovered that the cause of the night's enigma had been another phenomenon associated with California. An earthquake somewhere on the Pacific rim had generated a tidal wave. Although it had been mostly dissipated by the time it reached us, the tidal wave had been amplified by the irregularities of Long Beach Harbour, producing an unscheduled ten foot surge and seiche. The newspapers reported that considerable damage had been done to small boats and harbour facilities by the extreme tidal fluctuations that morning associated with a tsunami.

The thought of standing harbour watches usually conjures up the memory of long, lonely nights filled with boredom. It is not often that such a mundane routine can be considered memorable. That, however, was the case at Long Beach in 1960 when the duty watch was kept very busy and perplexed by one of California's extraordinary occurrences.

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LOST IN LOS ANGELES

Robert Williamson, 1960

The Executive Officer, LCdr Traves, had mustered all UNTD Officer Cadets on the fo'c'sle. We had only recently arrived at the U.S. naval base on Terminal Island in San Pedro Bay. It was 0900 and most of us were pretty tired, having just come off watch. It had been a busy night. We had made a passage from Conception Bay through the Santa Barbara Channel. At one point there were eight ships on the plot requiring us to alter course several times to avoid collisions. There were many beacons and lights along the coast and islands. The cadets on watch had taken many bearings and calculated a number of fixes on the chart. They had done an excellent job of navigation throughout the night to bring the ship into harbour. Now, as we listened to the Executive Officer, all that most of us wanted to do was get a little shut-eye before leave was piped at noon.

Consequently, we were not giving LCdr. Traves our best attention as he gave us the standard "Queen's Uniform" lecture. After all we had heard it many times before. Officer Cadets in the RCN were representatives of Canada in a foreign port. As such we were to act like gentlemen at all times and set a good example for the rest of the ship's company. Leave expired at 0200. He stressed this point by reminding us that greater Los Angeles was the largest city by area in the world. It covered 453 square miles and we were warned to give ourselves lots of leeway to get back to the ship on time. There would be serious repercussions for anyone adrift at 0200.

One of the great features of the UNTD was that it brought together young men from all across Canada. Through a common bond we learned to appreciate each other's background and became a band of brothers. On this occasion, five of us got together and decided that the best way to get around Los Angeles while on leave was to rent a car. The group represented a good cross-section of Canada: Lorne from Newfoundland, Gils from Quebec, Brad from Toronto, Bob from Winnipeg and myself from Hamilton.

There were enough sights in Los Angeles to keep us busy for several days. We got a road map and decided that we would

spend our first day at Disneyland and Hollywood.

Driving from Long Beach to Los Angeles, we were amazed by all the oil wells in the basin between the mountains and the sea. The wells seemed a blight on the landscape as we drove north. We had no trouble finding Disneyland on the southern outskirts of Los Angeles. At that time Disneyland was quite a novelty but now it has been overshadowed by Disney World in Florida.



The Los Angeles Basin on the road to Disneyland was landscape full of oil wells. L. to R. Gils, Brad Sumner, Lorne, and Bob.

Photo by Robert Williamson

Our next stop was Hollywood. At a tourist bureau we bought a map showing where the movie stars lived and headed for Beverly Hills. After driving through luxurious neighbourhoods bordered by royal palm trees, we ended up at Grumman's Chinese Theatre where all the movie stars have left their hand prints in the sidewalk cement.

By 2100 we had been at the tourist routine for several hours and had worked up quite a thirst. Like typical sailors we decided to

stop at a night club on Sunset Boulevard to experience some of the night life of that famous Hollywood avenue. The fact that the club featured exotic dancers had nothing to do with our choice of establishments.

One of the acts featured a dancer and a live boa, equally curving and writhing about the floor. I was left with the impression that the snake was trying to escape from its tormenting stage companion to find a nice quiet place to curl up and sleep. The dancer persisted. I felt sorry for the snake.

Another performer specialised in a pair of twirling tassels. Amazingly they were twirling in opposite directions. Needless to say we were most impressed by these talented mammary glands.

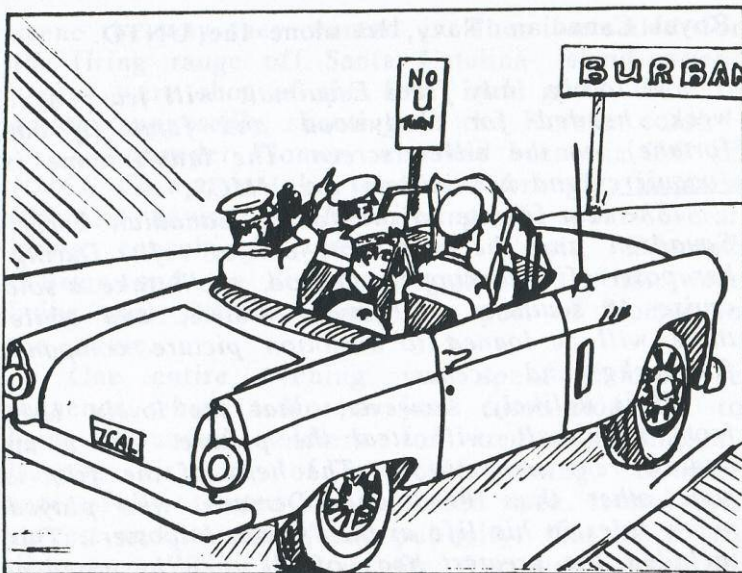
It soon came time for us to leave in order to find our way back to the ship. Bob, from Winnipeg, convinced us that the dancing exhibition was bound to have a big finale so we delayed our departure. As a result, we fell behind in our schedule. Now there was no room for error. We had taken the precaution to assign a duty driver, consequently, the rest of the group were happily intoxicated to the point of being carefree.

Our first difficulty arose in the parking lot. The car that we had rented had an automatic transmission with an ignition lock. The car had been left in neutral and the stick shift would not move to the park position to start the engine. No one would believe this fact so everyone had a try at solving the problem. Fifteen minutes later we were no further ahead. Finally, someone suggested that we should rock the car to try to free the transmission. The car was bounced exuberantly by our merry group until it was half way out of the parking lot. With a clunk, the gear shift moved and we were on our way.

Getting four tipsy passengers to read a street map in the dark was our next problem. While the previous night we had navigated with great success through the Santa Barbara Channel, we were now having difficulty reading the street map of Los Angeles. When we finally found the expressway, we could not locate the ramp for south bound traffic. After a while we all became completely disoriented in the dark and had no idea which way we were going. Lorne from Newfoundland suggested that it would be easier to

navigate if there were some buoys, flashing lights or beacons to plot. It was then that we decided to ask for help. When we pulled alongside a taxi at a stoplight, we asked the driver for directions to Long Beach.

He said, "I don't know buddy, but maybe you can tell me how to get back to Los Angeles?"



Maps, sextant and binoculars were to no avail when lost in Los Angeles. *Sketch by Robert Williamson*

By the time we had found the entrance to the navy base at Terminal Island, it was after 0300. Our explanations fell on deaf ears and we were placed on report. The next morning, the five of us, band of brothers, cross-section of Canada, appeared at defaulters. True to his word, the Executive Officer recommended no leniency and the Commanding Officer gave us five days R.O.B.(required on board) for the balance of our visit to Los Angeles. We were a pretty disappointed group until distracted by the arrival on the jetty of the film crew from Universal Studios....but that's another story.

Postscript

Lieutenant Commander. Traves eventually became Captain Traves, Commanding Officer Naval Divisions.

On a later visit to Los Angeles with my wife, I rented a car to drive to Santa Barbara. I still found the freeway system confusing and the entrance ramps to the freeway quite well hidden.

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MAKING A HOLLYWOOD MOVIE

Robert Williamson, 1960 (See appendices on pages 406-7)

This story from the Victoria Times sets the stage for an adventure beyond comparison in the Royal Canadian Navy, let alone the UNTD.

"A lovely lady from Esquimalt will leave next week, headed for Hollywood and fame (if not fortune) on the silver screen. The lady's name is Jonquiere and her initials are HMCS.

She is a frigate in the fourth Canadian Escort Squadron and she just came out of refit. During her post-refit working-up period, she'll take a solo cruise to southern California waters, and while there will be loaned to a motion picture company for background scenes.

It is unlikely, however, that the lovely lady from Esquimalt will steal the picture. She is up against real competition. The hero of the film is none other than Ferdinand Demara, who played many roles in his life as the "Great Imposter". This included the greatest hoax of all when he posed as Dr. Cyr, serving in the Canadian destroyer HMCS Cayuga in the Far East during the Korean War."

Looking at my Journal for May 16, 1960, I note that, "We departed E jetty at 1445 and proceeded out to the Straits of Juan de Fuca where the ships of the West Coast Command formed up in line ahead for a sail past as part of the welcoming ceremony for Governor General Vanier to Victoria. The Governor General was embarked in *HMCS Fraser* for his trip from Vancouver to Victoria."

After the sail past in front of Beacon Hill Park, *HMCS Jonquiere* broke formation and proceeded independently to sea. Once clear

of Cape Flattery our course was 180 degrees, due south. We were headed for California and an experience in movie land that I could never forget.

On May 24, Universal Studios invaded jetty nine in Long Beach California where we were secured alongside. Along with their equipment, they brought with them an army of personnel including; lighting and cameramen, make-up artists and electricians, script boy, the director and all his assistants. The story of "The Great Imposter" starring Tony Curtis began filming early in the morning with scenes of the hero reporting on board for duty. The actor must have crossed the gangway at least a dozen times before they got the scene the way they wanted it. Then we sailed for the firing range off Santa Catalina Island where scenes were shot of the four inch gun's crew in action, supposedly shooting at the Korean coast.

Commander Plomer, who had been the C.O. of *HMCS Cayuga* at the time was brought in as a technical advisor for the filming. He spent several hours consulting with Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien and the director about scenes that were being shot. O'Brien played the part of Plomer in the movie.

One entire evening was spent shooting a sequence where a Korean junk came alongside to bring wounded soldiers for medical attention. Despite his lack of medical training, Demara successfully treated the wounded men. It was this success and its subsequent publicity that led to his discovery. When the real Dr. Cyr read about his heroic work in Korea, he was truly amazed, especially since he had not left Canada.

Aside from rubbing elbows with several actors, it was fascinating to watch the filming process of a major motion picture. We discovered that for the most part it was a tedious business of shooting and re-shooting a scene many times until all the variations of the sequence had been exhausted. Working hours were very long as maximum use had to be made of personnel and equipment while they were available. When the film was eventually released, it was amazing to see how days of actual filming resulted in only a few minutes on the screen. Much of the work had ended up on the cutting room floor, discarded by the film editors.

Nevertheless, as we headed north after a week in movie land, our heads were filled with the wonders we had seen. We looked forward with great anticipation to the debut of "*The Great Imposter*". Not only did we want to see how the whole story unfolded on the screen but we were naturally excited about the revelation of our part in this Hollywood movie.

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JUNEAU ALASKA, WHERE'S THE SHIP?

Robert. Williamson 1960

Some of the highest tidal ranges in the world can be found in Alaska. We discovered this when we took *YFP 320* to Juneau, the capital of Alaska and headquarters for the 17th Coast Guard District.

On the day we arrived there was no berth for us at the floats in the small-boat harbour, so we tied up at the end of a long "T" shaped jetty that extended into Gastineau Channel. We arrived at 1630 at high slack water. Our deck was level with the jetty.

Most of the officer cadets went ashore to visit the PX and the coast guard mess. I remained on board as part of the duty watch. Because of our high latitude, it did not start to get dark until 2230. However, an hour later, before moon rise, it was pitch black. The tide had reached low slack water and the YFP was now thirty feet below the jetty platform.

At about this time the cadets, who had gone ashore to the coast guard mess, returned to the ship. They could be heard a long way off, laughing and singing merrily. Before they reached the end of the jetty, we turned the upper deck lights off and waited in the darkness.

Suddenly the laughing and singing stopped. There was a long pregnant pause and then I heard someone in a slurred voice declare,

"Sthombody sthole the sthip!"

Another asked, "Whu-air jid they go?"

One cadet who obviously had less to drink, logically

concluded that, "We must be on the wrong jetty."

There followed a debate as to which jetty was which.

Before they decided to leave and search elsewhere, I shouted up out of the darkness, "Say, are you guys lost?"

"Holy sh..! What are you doing down there?" came the reply.

I said, "We've been down here all evening. Do you want to join us or are you going to wait for the tide to come in?"

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SKAGWAY ALASKA – INVOLUNTARY STAMPEDER

Robert Williamson 1960

There is a little known transport system called the White Pass And Yukon Railroad that runs between Skagway, Alaska and Whitehorse in the Yukon. It is unique because it is the most northern railway and the only narrow gauge railway in Canada. It was started in 1898 to provide transportation for later gold seekers stampeding to the Klondike.

Once a city of 15,000 people during the gold rush, Skagway is now a quiet town of under 1,000 people. Located at the head of the Lynn Canal, it is the northern terminus for shipping on the Inside Passage. The frontier character and the gold fever atmosphere is still very much a part of the tourist attraction in Skagway. The ghosts of the personalities immortalized by Robert Service lurk behind the old store fronts and in every corner of the saloon.

While visiting the town in 1959, a group of UNTD cadets wanted to experience the sights of the gold rush route. To do this they could not resist a ride in the old fashion parlour cars of the White Pass and Yukon Railroad. However, there wasn't enough time to make the two day return trip to Whitehorse. Instead, it was decided to ride to the summit of White Pass at the international boundary, and hike the twenty miles back to the coast. There was only one slight hitch in the plan. The train did not stop at the summit but it slowed down enough for anyone to jump off.

The ride up from the coast provided lots of vistas with deep gorges, granite ledges, high trestle bridges, bridal veil falls, a tunnel, and near the summit, tundra meadows and glaciers. There

were many attractions that made this journey very popular with tourists.

The train began to slow down on the steep grade in White Pass. We all lined up on the platform and companion-way of the last coach, waiting for the moment when the train attained its slowest momentum. The last man in the line-up was Cadet Harvey. He was nervous about jumping from a moving train and with good reasons. He was not well co-ordinated and suspected that he might do himself an injury on the crushed rocks of the roadbed.

We were not sure just how slow the train would go or just where the summit of the pass was located. Under pressure from those further back in the line, the first cadet jumped from the train and the rest tumbled after him like paratroopers leaving their transport plane. The rest that is, except for Harvey. He stood, flush-faced and poised on the platform but did not jump. Soon the train was over the crest and began to speed up. Harvey refused to jump no matter how we implored him. He was on his way to Whitehorse as an involuntary modern gold stamper.

A marker by the side of the tracks indicated that we had climbed 3,000 feet from sea level. We started back down the track. After three miles we reached Inspiration Point with a panoramic view of the Skagway River valley winding back to the coast in the misty distance. At this point we found the old wagon trail of 1898. A monument told the story of all the faithful packhorses that died during the gold stampede on this narrow rocky trail cut into the steep sides of the valley.

After hiking nine miles, we were getting very tired and foot sore. We rested at Black Cross Rock, a monument to the workers who had been killed in accidents during the trail's construction. At this point the railway took a wide swing into a neighbouring glacial valley. We decided that being very tired we should travel in a straight line. Therefore we headed down into the valley, hoping to take a short cut. However, our progress was very slow. We were below the tree line and there was no trail to follow. Our advance halted completely when we reached a tributary of the Skagway River. It was an ice cold, fast flowing, glacial stream; too deep and cold to wade across. We were determined not to retrace our path back to the railroad. We eventually found a dead tree, large

enough to form a natural bridge. Like high wire artists we completed a very dangerous crossing and after that stuck to the railroad. We still had eight miles to go and were on our last legs. Just then a railway maintenance jitney came putting along and we thumbed a ride. To our surprise and relief, the railway man stopped and we piled onto the cart. Thus we returned to Skagway just like in the National Film Board's classic, "Railrodder" where Buster Keaton makes a comic Trans-Canada odyssey in a railway maintenance jitney.



UNTDs make a White Pass and Yukon Railway odyssey on the gold rush trail. *Sketch by Robert Williamson*

The next day as we sat around nursing our sore feet and aching muscles, Harvey, like a first class tourist, returned from Whitehorse on the White Pass and Yukon train, wined, dined, and sublime.

* * * * *

FORT NIAGARA CAPER 1962

LCdr. Hugh Franks, proxy for Lt. Peter Jones Q.C.

On October 13, 1962, two Naval Reserve Gate Vessels visited Niagara-on-the-Lake for the 150th Anniversary of General Sir Isaac Brock's death at the Battle of Queenston Heights. Hugh Franks and Peter Jones (UNTD University of Toronto 1952-57), both serving officers at HMCS YORK, were assigned to the weekend exercise. Hugh was foc'sle officer on one of the Gate Vessels. At a formal dinner held in the old courthouse after their arrival, the officers heard how an American flag had appeared the night before at the top of Brock's monument.

Fortified by several libations after dinner, Hugh declared the need to redeem the nation's honour and the two former cadets organized a response in "UNTD style". Scrounging a large Union Jack from the regalia lining the next day's parade route, they blackened their faces and donned dark clothing. At 0230, with the aid of a hacksaw, they commandeered a rowboat at the marina and set out to cross the international border to Fort Niagara. As with the American invasion 150 years earlier, the river crossing proved to be a much greater challenge than expected. The strong current carried Frank's small boat with only an 8-inch freeboard, towards Lake Ontario. With a supreme effort, the "raiders" in what almost became the "lost ark", arrived under the high riverbank and massive walls of Fort Niagara. It looked impregnable. Scouting up stream they found what they were looking for, an eighty-foot flag pole. Unfortunately, it was in front of a brightly-lit U.S. Coast Guard Station - a decidedly unsafe place for drunken illegal aliens about to perform a criminal act.

However, the situation just added to the excitement for our would-be commandos. They rowed gingerly into the quiet basin and climbed ashore onto an exposed apron under glaring lights - giant Union Jack in hand. It was a warm autumn evening and all the windows of the Coast Guard Station were open. The flag was clipped on by the head but not by the foot and hauled up with the loose end of the halyard gathering at their feet. The pulley at the top of the 80-foot pole, unaccustomed to such free-wheeling action, began to squeal vehemently. The raiders froze and looked at the gaping

windows, waiting for someone to investigate the disturbance but no one did.

With muffled excitement the raiders returned to whence they had come and the next day as the Gate Vessels were leaving harbour, the giant Union Jack fluttered by its head from the top of the U.S. Coast Guard flagpole. As they passed, Hugh Franks called his foc'sle party to attention, faced starboard and in typical UNTD fashion saluted the transgressing flag on the Fort Niagara Coast Guard Station.



LCdr Hugh Franks 1996

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CHAPTER VII

MEMORABLE ASSOCIATIONS

All former UNTD officer cadets will remember the good comradeship realized in association with the cream of this country's university students, the interesting naval personalities encountered during training and the many new acquaintances met at the coast and abroad. Most of these affiliations were enjoyable, some were memorable, and a few were "Very Important Persons". We can count ourselves the richer for all of them.

* * * * *

WAITING FOR THE QUEEN

Robert Williamson, 2010

Before departing for the Navy Centennial in Halifax in 2010, I decided to treat myself to a new navy-blue jacket for the Queen's visit. Not that she would ever remember me. After all it has been fifty years since I was part of a squad of UNTD cadets lining the legislative building steps in Victoria, BC for her arrival on July 16, 1959. It was a memorable occasion. Now former UNTDs were gathering for a navy centennial reunion and once again the highlight would be the Queen's visit.

After all the excitement in Halifax was over, I was socializing in the hotel hospitality suite with Jette Thomas, wife of SLt. the Reverend Canon Bill Thomas, President of the UNTD Association. When I went to put a souvenir lapel pin into my blazer pocket, I discovered that it was stitched shut. As I struggled with the sealed opening, Jette began to giggle uncontrollably. When I looked at her for an explanation, she said, "It's a new jacket isn't it?" She then went on to give this account of **"Waiting for the Queen"**.

Jette and Bill had gone to Government House the previous day to see the Queen. As members of "Friends of Haida" they knew that Prince Philip was presenting a World Ship Trust Maritime Heritage Award to Parks Canada in recognition of the restoration work being done on the HMCS Haida memorial. They had selected a viewing point outside the building entrance.



Her Majesty the Queen in Halifax July 2010.

Photo courtesy Bill Clearihue

As they waited, Jette noticed a nearby member of the plain clothes security force whose jacket was strangely ill-fitting. Determined to make the man more presentable before the Queen made her appearance, Jette said to him, "That's a new Jacket isn't it?"

He replied, "How did you know?"

Jette said, "The back vent is still stitched shut."

Embarrassed, he asked if Jette could fix it.

This being a secure area, it would have been unwise to produce a pair of scissors, so Jette borrowed his keys and bending over began fiddling with the security officer's backside. As the Queen and Prince emerged from the building, Bill looked down to see his wife in this compromising position.

Only the wife of a Church Canon formerly a UNTD, could present such a memorable UNTiDY image in front of the Queen.

* * * * *

HMCS SACKVILLE HOSTS ROYALTY

Bob Middlemiss U-823



UNTDs Front and Centre

It may surprise a few people that HRH Prince Philip and PM Harper are being received at *HMCS Sackville* Canadian Naval Memorial Trust by (right) Capt. RCN Ret'd Hal Davies UNTD *York* 1955, Chairman of the Board and (centre) Cdr Wendall Brown RCN Ret'd U 561 UNTD *Queen Charlotte* 1958, Director CNMT and current commanding officer of *HMCS Sackville*. It makes you wonder about those bureaucrats who said the UNTD program was not good value for the money spent?

Photo courtesy Bill Clearihue

Ever since reading in the 2010 Fall Newsletter about the Queen's Sackville plaque unveiling for the 100th Anniversary of the Canadian Navy and the UNTD reception aboard *HMCS Sackville*, navy memories have echoed and re-echoed. I'd like to share them with my former UNTD colleagues.

In Montreal about 1957, just before joining the UNTD, I was working in Vicker's Shipyard. My assignment was to be a journeyman's helper while he worked on one of the great lock gates for the new St. Lawrence Seaway. The noon whistle blew, I washed up, leaving my hands red and raw from industrial

powdered soap, grabbed my lunch bag containing a hefty meatloaf sandwich, a pint of milk and an orange, and headed out of Engine Shop #3 and into the balmy summer day.

I remember looking about the dock basin and the slips, noting the pageant of ships being repaired or built. This day, a Maersk cargo ship was in dry dock, workers cleaning her bottom and checking plates for damage, all under the watchful eye of the Lloyds of London Marine Insurance representative. In a nearby slip was a dry ore carrier about to be launched. I had tried to get on board for her going down the slip, but the marine superintendent rejected it as too dangerous for a marine engineer trainee. Ahead of me, where I liked to find a quiet spot and eat my lunch, were the Destroyer Escorts, *Ottawa* and *Restigouche*. *Ottawa* was ready for sea trials before commissioning.

Then, to my surprise, I spotted a newcomer. Brazenly bow to bows with the DEs was a corvette, shorn of her armament and looking the worse for wear. She looked old and beaten down. But to my romantic eye, it was as if she were challenging the DEs and seemed to be saying. "I've seen and done more than you will ever do!" That was my introduction to *HMCS Sackville*.

To board *Sackville*, I went down a ramp and settled on her quarterdeck to eat my lunch. A worker told me she was being converted to a Department of Fisheries vessel. I thought of what I knew about corvettes. There was Nicholas Monsarratt's ***The Cruel Sea***, of course. I had read it several times, noting the torpedo hitting *HMS Compass Rose* in her bow after she had steamed in war over 98,000 nautical miles. As a marine engineer destined for engine or boiler rooms, I shuddered at that outcome. I finished my orange, resolved to go down into *Sackville*'s engine room, threw my wadded up lunch bag into a waste drum and headed back to Engine Shop #3. Later I would read ***The Far Distant Ships***, the seminal record of His Majesty's Canadian Ships, and note *Sackville*'s participation in a night action, complete with flares, and the sinking of a U-boat.

Around 1965 I was trying to flag down a taxi on a dismal night in Toronto. Finally, a taxi darts toward me and stops. The interior light comes on. The passenger's transaction is completed, and a

man steps quickly into the night, brushing by me. I hopped gratefully into the back seat.

“You know who that was?” the taxi driver asked.

“No,” I said.

“Nicholas Monsarratt, the guy who wrote *The Cruel Sea*. Nice guy. We had a great talk.”

The interior light went out, the taxi merged with traffic, and I was left with my thoughts of Sackville plying her innocent trade with the Department of Fisheries. - "I've seen and done more than you will ever do!" And Monsarratt, slipping by me in the dark, author of his trilogy, *Three Corvettes*, the lightly fictionalized episodes from his WWII career in corvettes.



All these events stay with me: the timeless movement of veteran ships in the shipyard, each carrying its stories, or being readied to create new ones, then the UNTD Newsletter story with the Royal connection, the reprise of Sackville as a Canadian Naval Memorial and now the UNTD involvement. All of this resonates with so many echoes across so many years.

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THE SENATOR FROM BOSTON

Gordon Wells 1955 (See also Appendices p. 405)

It was the summer of 1955 and I was a Cadet Captain in charge of a division of first year UNTD cadets at *HMCS Stadacona* in Halifax. I am sure that I had only been made a cadet captain because of the amount of trouble I had given the navy in the previous two summers. Indeed, probably most of the cadet captains had been promoted that year for the same reason. The system worked like a charm. We all became dedicated and loyal representatives of the establishment.

This story relates to a three-ship cruise which took us to Boston that summer. Our first stop was at the U.S. naval base in Argentia, Newfoundland - in those days a pretty dull place by any standard. However, everybody was looking forward to Boston and was happy to put up with this less lively port of call for a short visit.

I remember clearly that the stern line had just been cast off as we were departing Argentia at 0800, when suddenly, what seemed like the whole U.S. navy came charging on to the pier. At first we thought they were there to see us off, but soon realized that there was a commotion and were surprised when we heard the reason for it.

Evidently during the night the U.S. Admiral's flag on the base had been taken down and replaced by a motley assortment of not so recently laundered socks and undergarments. The Americans were not amused and naturally took the view that as the only strangers around, the Canadians were guilty of this dastardly act.

Our squadron commander, Captain Finch-Noyes, already dealing with the aftermath of a boiler room fire in one of his ships, was in no mood for any UNTD cadet high-jinx. He summoned the cadet captains from each ship and instructed us to find out who were the perpetrators. He assumed quite rightly that the only people sufficiently spirited and untamed to undertake such a risky enterprise would be the cadets. Knowing my fellows pretty well, I went below confident that it must have been a group of undisciplined cadets from one of the other divisions that was responsible.



Gordon Wells 1955 *Photo courtesy Bill Milne*

When I sternly demanded of my division whether any had been involved, there was total silence. Then I saw one face, just very slightly, crack. Having myself been a part of similar adventures in the previous two years at Stadacona and the West Coast, I needed no further evidence and my heart sank. So I had to crawl back up to the bridge and deliver the bad news. The Captain listened to me but took the view that most of the cadets knew what was going on and issued the order that there would be no shore leave for any cadet for the remainder of the cruise. The depression thereafter among the cadets was awful. At the time I thought the sentence was harsh, a view shared by my fellow cadet captains and some of the officers who in those days didn't seem to mind seeing the Americans' noses being tweaked. Happily by the time we got to Boston the C. O. probably felt that the cadets had been sufficiently punished and to a very large degree relented. Shore leave was granted and peace and happiness restored.

Bill Milne remembers the day that they arrived in Boston. The city was experiencing a heat wave. The radiant heat from the steel-sided warehouses on the wharf pushed the temperature over 100

degrees Fahrenheit. It was so hot that salt pills were distributed to the ship's company.

Gordon Wells continued his story. The three cadet captains (the other two were reported to be Bill Milne, Queen's/McMaster 1955 and Jim McKeen) were invited to a reception given for the RCN officers by the U.S. Admiral in charge of that area of the eastern seaboard. As was to be expected, the three cadet captains were largely ignored and stood in a corner talking to each other.

After a while a gentleman came over to us and introduced himself as a United States Senator. He appeared genuinely interested in our youthful experiences in the navy. In talking to us he expressed surprise that one cadet captain was from Jamaica. He must have been impressed with our exuberance because he invited us to have dinner with him at a resort hotel operated by a family relative. We told him that we would love to join him but hardly thought that in light of the escapade in Argentinia that permission would be given. Besides, we had our duties to discharge on board ship after the reception. He laughed and went straight over to our commanding officer, who to our surprise, graciously and readily agreed to the Senator's request. In those days we probably thought that our captain outranked a mere U.S. Senator from Massachusetts.

Many years have passed and I have now only a hazy recollection of a most splendid evening at a large, elegant club by the sea (see page 406). An orchestra played during dinner and I do remember at one point they were persuaded to play the Canadian National Anthem in our honour. I was certainly impressed but being inexperienced in matters of diplomacy, wondered how the band had the music at hand.

It was a memorable occasion and over the years has had a singular impact on my UNTD recollections. In retrospect I no doubt would have made a greater effort to record the evening's events in my memory had I known that our amiable host with an affinity for the navy was none other than Senator John F. Kennedy, a future President of the United States who would have his life end so abruptly and tragically.

* * * * *

A TALL TALE

Gil Hutton, 1946

When I think of all my memorable associations in the UNTD, one man clearly stands out. I had originally planned to sign up for the Merchant Navy Officers School but discovered that there were no openings so, during registration at McMaster University, I enquired about their naval officer training plan. An interview appointment was made for the next afternoon with Lt. Don Bethune. He and Bill Swackhammer shared the position of Executive Officer and Training Officer of the McMaster UNTD.

It took a while to find the cubby hole that passed for the UNTD office tucked into the rear of Hamilton Hall. At the appointed time I knocked on the office door and from within, a booming, deep voice said, "Come in, young Hutton".

Don was only a few years older than the rest of us novices but being a veteran who had returned to university to complete his education in political science, he seemed much older. Not only that but he was a giant of a man standing all of six feet eight inches tall. At a crowded cocktail party he made everyone look like pygmies. Myself being somewhat shorter of stature, I have from that day been referred to by Don as, "Young Hutton".

As I entered the tiny office, Don was seated behind a small desk that had been squeezed into the space. Aside from his long facial features he appeared of normal stature. However, when he stood up an amazing transformation took place. Don must have had the longest legs in the navy. As he unfolded from behind the desk and extended himself, his head almost touched the ceiling of that tiny office.



Every drill night a bus would pick us up at the university and take us to *HMCS Star* for instruction. There were so many of us, we never trained with the rest of the naval division. I can't remember which night it was but it was always the same night as the deadline for the school newspaper and I was always in a mad rush to finish my copy and squeeze into my uniform, fumbling with all its ribbons and collars. When I stumbled onto the bus panting with exasperation, Don would say, "We can go now, Young Hutton is here".

Not all training was done at *Star*. We spent one afternoon a week at the university doing Nav I in a Physics lab. Don was an excellent instructor. He readily understood when we failed to grasp an idea and could approach it from a different angle. Many years later as a Research Science Officer, I remember doing some calculations on the placement of sono buoys in coastal waters. I remembered everything that Don taught me in Nav I.

He returned to a career in the RCN in 1948. As a Training Officer, a Senior Naval Staff Officer at Royal Military College, a Commander of four ships and eventually senior officer of the Seventh Escort Squadron, he always made sure that the cadets got top quality training. A few years ago when he retired from the Ministry of Colleges and Universities, he was touched that some of his UNTD protégés were present at an NOAC reception in his honour.

Editor's Note

On Saturday May 11, 2002, an Honour Guard composed of members of the UNTD Association and NOAC lined the sidewalk entrance to historic St. John's Anglican Church in the picturesque village of Ancaster. At 3:00 pm the casket bearing Cdr. Don Bethune CD, RCNVR, RCN, RCNR (Ret'd), passed from the church to the hearse through this column of old friends wearing navy blue blazers and berets. Each member saluted as the casket passed, followed by Don's widow, Margot, and their four children. She nodded and tearfully acknowledged with pride this last mark of respect to a man who had devoted his life to the naval community.

Don would have been one of the original members of the first division of UNTDs formed at *HMCS Star* in 1943 if he had started university a year later. As it was, he entered Pre-Medicine at McMaster and joined the RCNVR in 1942 as a Probationary Acting Sub Lieutenant (Temporary). He was Officer of the Day in the late autumn of 1942 when Professor Jack Baker of the Ontario Agricultural College in Guelph attended a conference with LCdr. John McFetrick (Commanding Officer), Lt. William Newbigging (Supply Officer) and LCdr. John Dresser (Recruiting Officer) in the *Star* wardroom. The purpose of this meeting was to lay the foundation for a Canadian University Naval Training Plan, later called the **UNTD**.

Shortly after this prophetic event, Don was sent to Halifax where he graduated from the 90-Day Officers Training Course in HMCS Kings. After a year at sea in the Bangor Class Minesweeper *HMCS Ungava*, he was sent to the Communications and Radar Courses at *St. Hyacinthe*. At the end of the war, he returned to McMaster University and became

the Training Officer and Executive Officer of the McMaster UNTD. Thus he began a lifelong interest in education and the training of junior officers.

After graduating from McMaster in 1948, he joined the RCN. In a twenty-year career, he spent over ten years at sea including periods as Training Officer in *HMCS Beacon Hill*, and Executive Officer of *HMC Ships La Hulloise* and *Swansea* where he again came in close contact with UNTD cadets. He commanded four ships, *HMCS Wallaceburg*, *Fort Erie*, *Huron*, and *Nootka*.

After retirement from the RCN at the height of the Hellyer debacle, Don spent twenty years with the Ontario Ministry of Colleges and Universities where he was again involved with the educational development of young people.

He also maintained a connection with the Naval Reserve, serving as Naval Control of Shipping Officer at *HMCS Star* from 1975 to 79 before reaching Compulsory Retirement Age. Don was always a good judge of human potential and had a habit of making things happen. It was at this time that he played a role in encouraging a former UNTD, Robert Williamson, towards command of *HMCS Star*. When that was accomplished, the ship won the national award for the Most Improved Naval Division in Canada.

His involvement with the Toronto Branch NOAC is legendary, having attended the founding meeting of the Toronto Naval Officer's Club and serving in the role of President and National Director for Southern Ontario.

Several UNTD Association members formed his funeral Honour Guard. They were: NOAC notable Gil Hutton, Reverend Canon Bill Thomas, former Alderman Bill McCulloch, Engineers Hal Wilkinson, Bob Morris and Commanders - Fred Lee, Bob Bowman and Bob Williamson, all former Commanding Officers of *HMCS Star*.

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THE "GREMLIN"

Wm. McCulloch, 1947

The immediate post war period was unique for the UNTD. Despite demobilization of the armed forces, the officer training plan continued to operate. There was at that time a mass return to university of men whose education had been disrupted by the war. They were encouraged to do so by government financial schemes such as NAUS, Naval Assistance to University Students. It covered the cost of tuition, books and instruments. Consequently, there was an influx of older men on campus. Most of these veterans had had enough of parade square bashing and military life, but a few like: Romeo Clement, Curt Smout, Joe Jarvis, Al Quinsey and John Hobbs did find their way to the recruiting office of the UNTD.

One fellow, nicknamed "Gremlin", was a mischievous little elf of a man who's boyish face and small stature belied the fact that he was several years older than the rest of us. He was just the kind of individual that the Gunnery Instructor focused on during the make or break period of the first few weeks of training. We couldn't help but wonder why the "Gremlin" had chosen something as physically demanding as the navy.

There were fourteen of us in the west coast draft from McMaster University Naval Training Division that summer of 1947. We left from the T.H.& B. Station on Hunter Street around ten in the evening heading for Victoria, B.C., to join the cruiser *HMCS Uganda*. It was an exciting time since most of us had never been on an overnight railway trip let alone sailed in an ocean going vessel. When our contingent first saw *Uganda* lying alongside the jetty at the navy base in Esquimalt, we were awestruck. A six hundred foot long warship looming some one hundred and fifty feet into the air was a pretty impressive sight. As we got to know her, the nine 6-inch guns in three barbettes and eight twin mounted 4-inch guns added to the impression of greatness. Less impressive was the Calcutta-like cell below the torpedo flats that served as an UNTD cadet mess.

The petty officers in charge of the cadets were by and large a decent lot but very impressed with themselves as old salts; some even had a couple of service ribbons to let everyone know they'd

been in the war. They kept us busy all day raising and lowering sea boats, firing the guns, working part ship and scraping the quarter-deck. The steel had been overlaid with a covering of linoleum when *Uganda* was being constructed in 1941. Our job was to chisel it off and bare the original steel plate. Whether this was necessary to the seaworthiness of the ship, a safety measure or simply a make work project was never made clear. All of us, including the little boyish "Gremlin", took the ordering about and onerous duties in stride.

Our rig of the day was work dungarees, (fashionable today but not so stylish forty-five years ago), which we wore day and night. Except on Sunday that is; then everyone dressed in their Number Ones for the Captain's Rounds. We only had one uniform but since we only wore it once a week, it did look tiddly enough to pass for Number Ones.

On the appointed day we all mustered in our best uniforms, boots gleaming, hoping in our own little way to impress the Captain. With Number Ones the officers and petty officers wore their medals and decorations. A hush fell over everyone as the "Gremlin" appeared on the quarter-deck. We each observed that on the left side of his uniform, next to a row of service decorations, he wore the Distinguished Flying Cross, - the British Commonwealth's third highest decoration for bravery!

With all his medals gleaming, we made sure that our "Gremlin" was in the front row where he couldn't be missed by the inspecting team, including the four ring Captain. Needless to say, the brass did a double take as they looked over our platoon and saw our "Pride and Joy" with a chest full of medals. By a quick glance, it was apparent that he had more than the Captain!

We were all curious to learn how he had won the D.F.C. Like most heroes, he tended to play down the significance of his action. He did tell us however, that he'd been in bomber command and because of his size - he was five foot two - he best fitted into one of those Plexiglas pods at the very front of the big Halifax bomber that held the twin .303 inch machine guns and the air gunner.

On one of the bombing raids his plane was hit by enemy fire

which caused considerable damage and the whole nacelle where he had been sitting was blown away. He was hit in the face by the debris. He bled profusely but fortunately there were no life threatening injuries. He was the only one of the crew that was wounded so the rest were tending to him. He let on that he was nearly unconscious, probably dying, and asked for the crew's chocolate bars as a last request. The crew couldn't do enough for him and they gave up their cherished candy.

He led them along until the plane landed. After a cursory examination, the doctor assured everyone that he would be fine. After some patching up, he claimed that he was back in the squadron's bar by sundown. By then, the rest of the crew realized that they had all been taken in by this mischievous elf: like the seasoned petty officer instructors in *HMCS Uganda*, and like ourselves, for believing his candid version of how he had won the Distinguished Flying Cross.

The "Gremlin" in this story is Warrant Officer Cliff Waite DFC, UNTD McMaster University.



Photo courtesy HMCS STAR

He went overseas as a Sergeant Navigator-Bomb Aimer to fly in Halifax bombers of No. 76 Squadron RAF. He had a tour of 36 missions to Frankfurt, Stuttgart, Essen, Kiel, Dusseldorf and many other hard hit industrial centres. His citation for the DFC states, "This officer has completed numerous operations against the enemy in the course of which he has invariably displayed the

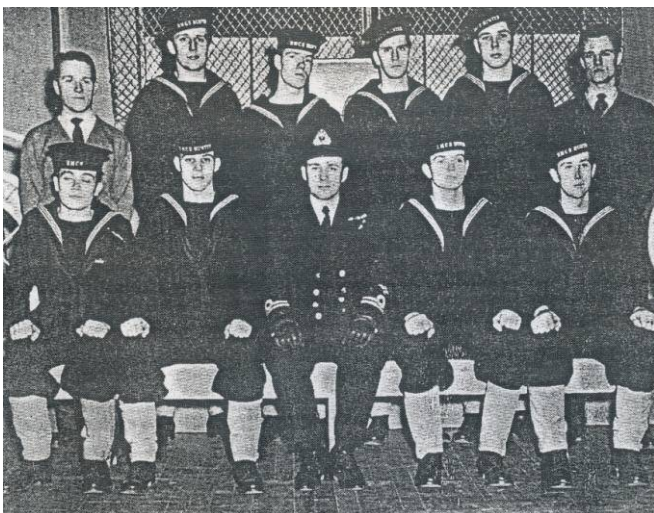
utmost qualities of courage, fortitude and devotion to duty".

* * * * *

HMCS HUNTER'S FIRST UNTD CLASS, 1947

Cdr. Bob Willson

When it comes to "Memorable UNTD Associations" a photograph of the first UNTD in Windsor takes the prize. It is unusual because the picture was taken in 1947. Most University Naval Training Divisions were formed in 1943, but there was no university in Windsor until Assumption College was created as an affiliate of London's University of Western Ontario in 1947. What makes this photo especially interesting is that it contains three men who would become: a future Major General, a Rear Admiral, and a Commanding Officer of *HMCS Scotian*, respectively.



Seated L.-R.: Roland Marshall, R. Lamontaigne, Lt. R. Rohmer, J. Docherty and Tom Smith.

Standing: G. Merlinan, J. Metcalfe, T. Mulvihill, G. Morrisste, W. McGuire, P. Deneau. *Courtesy A. Harris*

Seated in the centre of the front row is **naval Lieutenant**, Richard Rohmer, a man we associate with the **air force** in

World War II. How he became the first staff officer of *Hunter's* University Naval Training Division is certainly a curiosity. One of our own UNTD Association executive members, and former NOAC Toronto Branch Newsletter Editor, Bob Willson, did the research and produced the following story.

Major-General Richard Rohmer began his military career in 1936, serving with the ROTC (Reserve Officers Training Corps) at Eagle Rock High School in Pasadena, California. He joined the RCAF in 1942 as a fighter-reconnaissance pilot. He took part in the D-Day Operation; served in France, Belgium and Holland, completing a 135-mission tour of operations in November 1944. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. At 5:05 p.m. on July 17, 1944, while leading a section of four Mustang fighter aircraft on a low-level reconnaissance, Rohmer caught Field Marshal Rommel travelling in his staff-car southeast of Caen. Rohmer called in Spitfire fighter-bombers led by Canadian, FLt. Charlie Fox DFC, a former instructor at No. 6 Service Flying School at Dunnville. He shot up Rommel's vehicle, seriously injuring the Field Marshal, thus taking him out of the Battle of Normandy.

Upon completing his tour of duty in 1944, Rohmer was sent home where he applied to register at the University of Western Ontario. For reasons that are not clear, Rohmer transferred to the Royal Canadian Naval Reserve in London. Gil Hutton claims that Rohmer made the switch because it gave him more flying opportunities. When Assumption College was formed in 1947, Rohmer was assigned duties as the Staff Officer UNTD at *HMCS Hunter*. In 1950, he returned to the RCAF, flying Vampire jets and commanded the City of Toronto 400 Squadron. He reached the rank of Wing Commander and retired in 1953. He resumed his association with the Canadian Armed Forces in 1971 as Honorary Lieutenant Colonel and later Honorary Colonel of 411 Air Reserve Squadron. Major General Rohmer is still living in the Toronto area in 2007.

The other VIP in the photo is Cadet Tom Smith, who would become the first Rear Admiral (Reserves) in Canada when he was appointed Chief of Reserves in 1983. (See pages 328-330)

Rolland Marshal, who is the only other person wearing service ribbons in the photo, is a naval veteran and became commanding officer of *HMCS Scotian* in Halifax. See page 118.

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A NOVEL EXPERIENCE

Jim Houston, 1948

When *HMCS Ontario* docked in San Francisco during a cadet training cruise in 1948, she was visited by a number of V.I.P.s. One of them was C. S. Forester, the famous author of the Hornblower books. I recognized him immediately from the pictures I had seen on the jackets of his books, although he was much smaller in stature than I had imagined. Being the only well known writer that I have ever been introduced to, it left a lasting impression. I discovered that he had moved to California when his books began to interest Hollywood. His latest book was "*The African Queen*". He attended Divisions on the quarter-deck one morning and said a few words about his next book "*The Last Nine Days of the Bismark*".

* * * * *

UNTD PERSONALITIES

Jim Houston, 1949

I used to eat and generally kibitz around with fellow cadets Bob Nixon and Stan Schatz who were roommates in Edwards Hall at McMaster University. Schatz is now a successful neurosurgeon in Hamilton and Nixon went on to become the Treasurer of the recent Liberal Government of Ontario and is now the Agent General for the Province in London, England. Nixon was one of those individuals who stood out in a crowd. He was tall, wore glasses and had difficulty getting a cap to fit. He had joined the UNTD as a Supply Cadet.

In 1949, Halifax was celebrating its 200th anniversary and there were big parades that naturally included the navy. During one of these public events, we were mustered downtown on the street



Clockwise from upper left: Waite, Houston, Nixon, Schatz.
HMCS Star Archives photo

waiting to march off when a group of young women on the sidewalk noticed Bob. Because of his height he was conspicuous. They giggled and said loudly enough for all of us to hear, "Oh look! They're taking them now with glasses."

Bob blushed beet red, something he did with the greatest of ease, though I assume his years in the legislature and the performance of the Liberals in the last election probably cured him of that.

That same year while en route to Halifax by train, we met a group of cadets in Montreal. One of them we discovered was an honest-to-goodness descendant of the expatriated Russian nobility, Count Michael Dumbeliuk. His mail would reach him merely addressed to, "The Count", C/O UNTD, Halifax, N.S. The Chiefs and Petty Officers were not in the slightest impressed with his aristocratic background. They always referred to him by the closest English approximation of his surname"Dumbbell".

While we were in *Stadacona* we were sent to navigation classes. Our instructor for NAV I was Lt. Torrey, an excellent chap. One day we were calculating a problem involving charts and tide tables. We had to find the depth of water under a ship with a given draught, tied up to a specific jetty at low tide on a given date. One of the class members from *York* must have thought that it was a trick question like those in high school geometry. He shot up his hand and said, "Sir, how high is the jetty?"

Torrey who considered his instruction to have been quite clear, frowned and replied in disgust, "It doesn't matter a pinch of c**n-shit how high the jetty is!"

We had all led pretty sheltered lives and never heard that expression before. From that day on we incorporated it into the patois for the course. Whenever anyone asked a stupid question we would chorus, "It doesn't matter a pinch of c**n-shit!"

Thus as UNTD cadets we grew in experience and our horizons widened but not always in a socially acceptable way

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TRACK TEAM

Jim Forrester, 1950-51

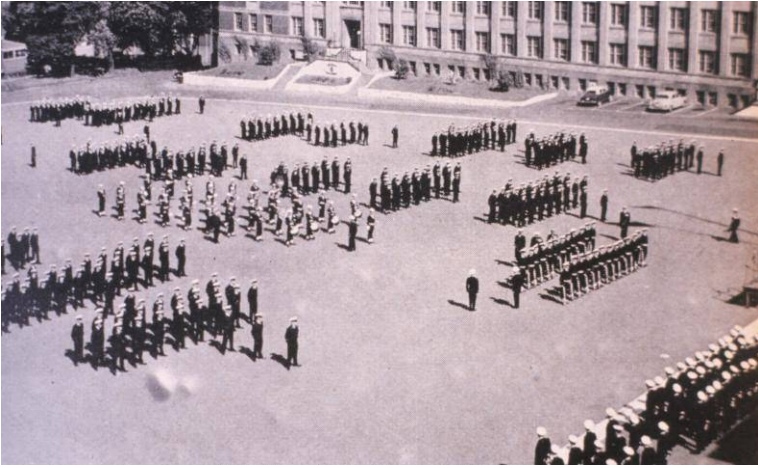
For me one of the highlights of my cadet career was being a part of the UNTD Track and Field Team. Coached by Lt. D. McKenzie, a member of the British mile relay Olympic team of 1948, we were inspired to work hard, practising every day on the lower playing field at *Royal Roads*. In 1951 the top team members; Ian Coughlin, Robert Scoren, Phil Matson, Don Thornton and Lt. Mckenzie participated in the Canadian Championships for Track and Field in Vancouver. The relay team beat the existing BC record. This marked the only time that a Canadian Naval team won honours in a Dominion meet. There were a number of great athletes in UNTD track and field in those days including Bruno Bitkowski from Windsor, Ontario, who later played football for the Ottawa Rough Riders.

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THE PALMOLIVE CADET

John Deadman 1951

Bob Duggan was a cadet who was inclined to take a dare for suitable odds. The bet was free beer. The occasion was ceremonial divisions at *Stadacona* in 1951. The Maritime Commander was hosting a foreign fleet and wanted to put on a good show. All of his command would be inspected by the visiting admiral on the parade square at *Stad*.



UNTD Ceremonial Divisions on the parade square at *HMCS Stadacona* was a grand affair. *Photo courtesy White Twist*

You may remember that a bar of Palmolive Soap came in a green wrapper with a black band with the letters PALMOLIVE in gold. Duggan cut this out and stuck it over his black and gold CANADA flashes on his shoulders. He fell in with the rest of us for inspection. The Parade Gunnery Instructor, the Admiral and all of the inspecting party checked us carefully for a piece of lint, a loose thread, hair cut and the works. Not one of those keen eyes noticed that amongst all of those Canadians was Duggan from PALMOLIVE.

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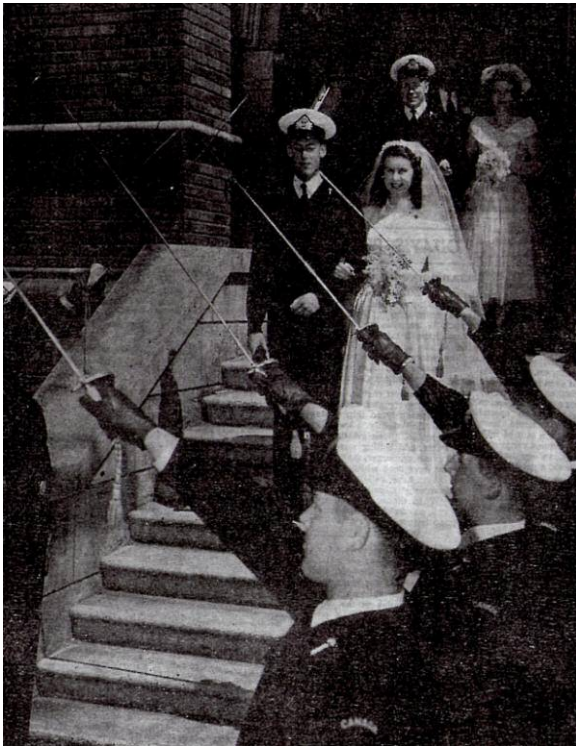
SUMMER WEDDING UNTD STYLE

Ted Hutchings 1952

One of the great features of UNTD training was the social events that were arranged in the Gunroom, the Crystal Gardens in Victoria or the Quarterdeck at Royal Roads. The young women that attended these affairs were usually the cream of society. Frequently some short term and occasionally a few lasting relationships developed.

This story appeared in the Victoria Daily Times on Saturday, August 23, 1952. "A Guard of Honour composed of fellow UNTD cadets at Reserve Training Establishment (R.T.E.), Esquimalt, formed for Thomas Homer Hutchings and his bride, the former Doris Lillian Marie Collings. The couple descended the steps of St. John's Anglican Church through an arch of drawn swords following their marriage. Canon George Biddle officiated at the service.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harris Collings, Government Street, Victoria, and the groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Hutchings of RR 1 Hamilton. The newlyweds motored to New Orleans on their honeymoon and then returned to Hamilton where they made their home".



Courtesy Victoria Daily Times

Tom was an Economics student at McMaster University when he joined the UNTD in 1950. He met Doris, a nursing student, through a mutual friend in Beacon Hill Park and invited her to a Royal Roads dance in 1950. Romance bloomed and was conveniently facilitated because Tom spent all three of his summer training periods on the West Coast. In 1952 he was taking a six week Supply Course at the Reserve Training Establishment. He was also the Associate Editor for the White Twist that year.

After their honeymoon, Tom began working with Bell Telephone in Hamilton but was transferred to Traffic Engineering in Toronto. His claim to fame was doing the initial cost studies on Direct Distance Dialing and writing up the equipment order for the first long distance direct dialing installation in Canada.

After nine years with Bell, he left to become a high school teacher of Economics and Mathematics. His grade 13 Economics course was one of the first, if not the first in Ontario and his course outline helped to form the subsequent Ministry guideline. However, Math was his real love and he retired in 1993 as a mathematics teacher.

Doris passed away in July 2002 but Tom had three sons, their wives and seven grandchildren to help him through that ordeal.

In 2003 he received the Queen's Jubilee Medal for his community involvement and credits the UNTD for its very valuable and character forming experience.

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ADVANCED "GUZINTAS" 1955

LCdr Hal Lawrence (1920 - 1994)



Editor's Note:

Hal Lawrence, RCN 1939-65, was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for his part in the sinking of a German submarine. A dedicated career naval officer, his views of the navy changed notably when he was appointed Staff Officer, UNTD in 1953 and became exposed to the world of academe. He developed into one of our finest naval literary giants with the publication of the award winning book, *A Bloody War*, one man's memories of the Canadian Navy 1939-45, and *Tales of the North Atlantic*. The following is

an edited extract from chapter nine, Cadets of the Naval Reserve: Advanced "Guzintas", from his unfinished manuscript entitled, *Sickly Season*. "Guzintas" is Hal's colourful synonym for an academic education in Math (Two guzinta four - twice; two guzinta six - three times; etc.) The story of his remarkable UNTD connection is told here, in memoriam, with the kind permission of his widow, Alma Lawrence of Victoria, B.C.

By 1955, it had been sixteen years since I took the Queen's shilling; twenty-one if the time as Boy Soldier in the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals and the two years in the COTC at Saint Mary's University in Halifax are counted. In these years it had never occurred to me that there was any other career in which I could find satisfaction except the Navy. But by the end of my appointment as Staff Officer UNTD to the Commanding Officer Naval Divisions, I had been exposed to a different world and for the first time began to question that I might have done something else with my life. The navy's perspective began to look very narrow as I met some of the best academic minds in

Canada. Despite the God-given trait of an irrepressible jubilation which seldom forsakes me, these two years became largely years of spiritual tribulation. I had to reconcile the academic life I saw every day with the physical life I'd been leading, and which we all might have to lead again as the Russians grew more ominous.

When I took the appointment in 1953, there were 1,200 reserve naval cadets in 32 universities and colleges from Memorial in Newfoundland to Victoria College in British Columbia. Their commanding officers at the university were reserve officers and usually professors. The Naval Reserve Divisions, only eight years after the war, enjoyed a plenitude unknown to their pre-war forbears. I remembered as if it was yesterday the near-fatal lack of trained officers at the beginning of World War II. I remembered Bill Spinney and John Todd of *HMCS Moose Jaw* who had not a day's sea time before we sailed on the operational trip on which we sank *U-501* but, it was clear in retrospect, that we missed several other U-boats that would have been sunk had *Moose Jaw* a trained crew and not just a trained captain who had to carry us all. With a healthy UNTD, this could not happen again. In a future emergency there would flock to the colours, hundreds of trained reserve officers, graduates of the universities of Canada. I felt myself to be a Man with a Mission.

The first Staff Officer UNTD was Captain Baker, RCNVR with a Ph.D. He was followed by Schoolmaster Commander Herbie Little RCN with an M.A. He was followed by Schoolmaster Commander Bill Fowler with a B.A. Now it was me, a drop-out from Engineering at Saint Mary's University. The Chief of Naval Personnel, Rear Admiral Hugh Pullen, was showing great wisdom, I thought, in my appointment. Undoubtedly the time had come to take the training of these young cadets from the schoolmasters and entrust it to a practical man who was primarily a seaman with specialist training in gunnery and known to be a bit of a disciplinarian. I would make this the finest body of young men in the NATO navies. Yes, that's how I felt, a Man with a Mission; and it's not a bad way to feel when taking up a new appointment. Headquarters in Hamilton, Ontario was not a bad place to work either. COND was the Commodore of my aircraft-carrier days - Ken Adams. His Chief-of-Staff was Captain Pat Budge who set about whipping the new command into shape with more than his accustomed energy. His hair greyer, his eyes bluer and more

snapping than before, he stood taller if such a thing were possible. He had lived his life on the philosophy of challenge and response; push and if they don't push back, push again. It worked. He had raised himself to prominence among professional seamen. He would show the amateurs how things were done. One of the unattractive traits of professional naval officers is a slight contempt for the civilian.

The Commanding Officers of the sixteen UNTDs were not generally of military bearing. They tended to unbrushed uniforms and unshined shoes. Their naval experience was limited. Their salute was more in the nature of a vague professorial benediction than a snappy up-two-three-down. And we met them in our element, the Navy Headquarters, not theirs, the campus. Captain Budge and I exchanged amused and tolerant glances at their awkwardness. Budge was not troubled at all about whipping these retreads into shape. But I had a vague premonition of inadequacy, for, as I looked up these professors in their university calendars, I noticed the Ph.D.s, the post-doctoral studies. I read in their curricula vitae of the learned societies and the impressive list of publications. I remembered such men at Saint Mary's, inconspicuous in appearance and giants in their field.

It was at my first annual conference of Commanding Officers, UNTD, that I started to feel embarrassed about the navy. The Commodore agreed to make the opening address. He arrived late, talked banalities for twenty minutes, then, left for the day. There had been an air of disappointment among the academics, who, because of their interest in the Navy, had cancelled lectures and meetings to travel to the conference at a new Naval Command in Hamilton, devoted, they thought, exclusively to the well-being of the Reserve Navy.

However, a year later at the second annual conference, my loyalties were really put to the test. There were eighteen UNTD Commanding Officers from across Canada. One was a Dean of Engineering; Dean Mawdsley from *HMCS Unicorn*. He had flown in the Royal Flying Corps 1914-18. I remember Dr. Burwell Taylor, a medical doctor at sea during the Battle of the Atlantic; and a psychologist, Charles Aharens Ph.D. The spectrum of disciplines was embraced: history, philosophy, nuclear physics, French literature. ... One such Commanding Officer, Harry Smith, went on

to become President of King's College, Halifax.

I didn't invite the Commodore a second time, and Captain Budge readily agreed to chair the meeting. He strode in exactly at 0930 as the third stroke of the ship's bell faded. We all rose. He stood at the head of the table and inspected us. We might as well have been fallen in on the parade ground. It took about thirty seconds but seemed longer, much longer. Frayed medal ribbons seemed more frayed, faded gold-lace more faded.

The opening generalities were curt and we plunged into the agenda. As the morning progressed the atmosphere became heavier, almost sullen. These professors didn't know the Regulations as the Chief-of-Staff did: who would expect it? One commander had his item on the agenda answered by, "Read the Queen's Regulations. Your question is answered there. Next item." Some items from the previous year had not been acted upon: the chairman's remarks were caustic. With relief I heard eight bells strike and we rose for lunch. Budge strode out and I followed. I caught him as he left the building. "May I talk to you, sir?"

"About the conference?"

"Yes, sir."

"After lunch."

"It must be before we reconvene, sir." By then we had reached his car.

"Get in." I did.

"Well?"

"Things didn't go well this morning, sir."

He looked ahead out the windshield. It was cold. Outside, the white ensign in front of the headquarters building snapped in the brisk wind off the bay and the spray wetted the edge of the quay. "Those COs aren't used to being spoken to like that. I know some of them aren't very clewed up, but for busy men they give us a lot of their time".

"They get paid for it."

"Yes sir. But we are lucky to have men of their stature within the university interested in naval matters."

He continued to stare bleakly over the turbulent water. This was not going well; but I didn't think I had misjudged my man and plunged on. "If you were to draw an analogy between naval and academic rank, some of them in their field are senior to you in yours."

This struck home. He brooded. "Very well. I'll go easier this afternoon." I breathed a sigh of relief. "But not much!" he added.

Every UNTD had a full-time staff officer: so did every COTC and they were a pleasure to behold; permanent force captains and majors, most of whom had commanded troops in action; most had graduated from the army staff college; most were university graduates. If ever men were liable to convince the academic community that the military career was a profession towards which professors might, with advantage, point some students, it was these army officers.

Not so the Navy. Our best officers were all at sea. Admiral Lord Nelson had said that the best place for his ships was outside the enemy's ports. It was a weakness of our generation of admirals that they took all the precepts of that forward-looking thinker, Nelson, and applied them uncritically to the situation in the 1950s. The scions of aristocratic families had flocked to the profession-of-arms in Nelson's 18th century England but the same situation did not exist in 20th century Canada. The young men in these universities of Canada had to be persuaded to join the armed forces. And the UNTD staff-officers were not the sort of men to so persuade them. They were mostly the odds and sods - reserve officers getting a degree themselves, or filling this job until something better showed up. A lot were just hangers-on. I made a few forcible comments to some of them about their office hours and their dress.

The cadets were different from those of my cadet years in *Alaunia*. Obedience to commands, other than the routine orders of the parade ground, boat hoisting and such things, were not quite automatic and not quite instantaneous. A UNTD cadet seemed to consider for a micro-second what you had just ordered, decide it was a reasonable request, then, carry it out.

Disturbing! Yet, in university after university, we noticed the enthusiasm with which these youths of the 1950s embraced our century-old traditions. We made it hard to get into the UNTD and hard to stay in. The strange law that makes the difficult desirable gave us more candidates to choose from than either the army or the air force. Hundreds reached out for the ideals that the Navy offered them and aspired to earn a Queen's Commission.

In January of each year we set off on the annual selection boards for Probationary Cadets: there were three of us, Budge, a personnel officer and myself. The cadets were freshmen who had joined at the beginning of the academic year and so the Christmas examinations had already done some of the weeding for us. Together with the local Commanding Officer and Staff Officer, we would weed out some more. But three-hundred across Canada would make it - out of four-hundred who were probationary - out of a thousand who applied to join. Those probationary cadets who were confirmed in rank by our Board where in high spirits, for ahead of them was summer training on the coast and a cruise to Hawaii or the British Isles, with \$180.00 a month -all found.

The first board was at Queen's University on board *HMCS Cataragui*. After we finished, we walked around the building. Budge turned it into an inspection, for it was a drill night and all hands were on board performing drills. Budgie's eyes glittered as he surveyed the scene and his poised expectancy was that of a shark seeing sprats. He could no more stay out of this than a dolphin could refuse to swim. He signalled with the communicators: he took over the drill of the gun's crew: he showed the seamanship class a bewildering series of knots tied with flashing dexterity: then he commandeered the parade square, streaming out objurations.

"The other left, the **other** left!" he roared at one cadet who wandered aimlessly by on a departure course from the rest of the squad.

"Over there." He wrenched the cadet around, gave him a whack on the rear end with the rifle butt and sent him jogging off in search of his lost place.

After Evening Quarters, on our way to the wardroom, we passed the cadets surging into the gunroom mess.

"Did you see that? He hit him in the ass with a rifle," one of them marvelled.

After Budge left for the hotel, I went into the gunroom to meet the cadets more informally. We quickly settled into rounds of drinking and singing where I passed on to these eager young officers some of our wartime songs such as *Wavy Navy* and the song of *Sioux's* wartime flotilla to the tune of *Lili Marlene*. Our repertoire soon deteriorated to a *Woodpecker's Hole*, where upon, to restore a modicum of decorum, I sang a solo tune of *Men of Harlech*. Those noisy youngsters finally delivered me to my hotel about one a.m.

A new cadet year was under way and the administrative drudgery that went with it. I spent much of the time in Hamilton slugging it out with the paperwork and to help with this, I was sent an angel from heaven, - Gloria. Sub-Lieutenant Gloria Mauro, WRCNS: shorty, shapely, of Italian descent with hair of glinting black and tranquil hazel eyes that positively snapped when she was confronted with tardiness, carelessness, badly-typed letters, inaccurate lists and general inefficiency of anyone in the office including me. She had an enormous capacity for hard and painstaking work and an allegro approach to it. She thought the Day of the Reserves had come: she was a Woman with a Mission.

One of the criticisms of the UNTD was that it didn't provide any officers for the RCN, which was muddying thinking because it was intended to provide officers for the reserve and not the permanent force. And then there was the anomaly that when ex-UNTD sub-lieutenants did try to become permanent force, obstacles were put in their way. Permanent force officers were supposed to come from Royal Military College in Kingston, *HMCS Royal Roads* in Esquimalt and *College Militaire Royale de St. Jean*. But the military colleges were not doing the job that the government claimed for them. Cadets of the Service Colleges were only obliged to stay three years with the permanent force after graduation from a four-year course with all expenses paid plus a \$180.00 a month salary. After three years to the day, most

resigned.

Gloria and I began to notice that willy-nilly, a number of our UNTD cadets had found their way into the permanent force, and it seemed they intended to stay. This was a chosen career and not a means of getting a free education. We wrote a submission to Ottawa, for Admiral Adam's signature showing that there were sixty-one UNTD graduates now in the RCN. It was a good paper which showed the cost effectiveness of the UNTD and the great advantage of providing dedicated and trained officers for the RCN from the Reserves. We didn't get a reply.

Nevertheless we made progress. A naval presence was well maintained in the universities despite the hard line, outdated RCN philosophy. The Navy was in the throes of technical and organizational changes. They were going to need officers with university degrees but were slow to accept this.

The Association of Universities and Colleges of Canada (AUCC) was to present a brief to the Chief of Naval Personnel in Ottawa. Professor (and Colonel) Gordon Shrum Ph.D. from the University of British Columbia led the delegation. I had been to Ottawa to see the Director of Naval Training, Captain Philip Haddon, on the matter of summer courses for the UNTD. He took me in to see the Chief of Naval Personnel, Rear Admiral Hugh Pullen. The Admiral invited me to attend the meeting with Professor Shrum. The substance of the brief was simple; the permanent force naval cadets did not complete more than two years of a general B.A. because they were sent to the Fleet after their second year. The Canadian army and air force had recognized the importance of an undergraduate degree for their cadets. What was different about the Navy?

Admiral Pullen rose, face flushed, jaw jutting, lips compressed. He stared slowly around the table and fixed upon Shrum.

"Oh my suffering Aunt Nelly!" murmured Haddon to himself.

"I haven't got a university degree," announced Pullen in such a ponderous tone that he automatically invalidated all university degrees. He reached for a loose slip of paper and waved it violently back and forth over his head.

"I have," he continued with all the finality of Judgement Day, "I have," still fluttering the paper, **"a Bridge Watchkeeping Certificate."**

With averted eyes Captain Haddon and I sat out the rest of the meeting which as you can imagine wasn't very long.

It was clear however, that the Navy was going to change more in the next twenty years than it had since the advent of steam, yet we were still dragging some of our admirals, screaming and protesting, into the 20th century. One electrical officer, Bert Rowley, had come from boy seaman to Electrical Commander via the Torpedo Gunners Mate route. Now on his staff was a UNTD graduate, Electrical Sub-Lieutenant David McLay from McMaster University. His father was eminent in the field of physics and commanding officer of the UNTD at McMaster. From now on and in ever increasing numbers, our officers would have to come from the universities.

As I started my third year, it could be heard increasingly in the gatherings of RCN officers that, "Those UNTD cadets are not so bad really."

Despite my obsession to produce a cadre of professional reserves, I held tenaciously to the fact of naval life, - only through command of a ship could I enter the world-wide aristocracy of the sea. But I seemed to be growing apart from my sea-going friends. On my visits to the East and West Coast Fleets, I talked of the importance of the cadets' academic courses and earned the derisory nick-name of "Professor". Me, a university drop-out was accused of being overly addicted to Advanced "Guzintas".

But I'd suffered a sea change; never again would the Navy be quite the same for me, the end-all and the be-all. One day Naval Headquarters announced my successor, LCdr John R.H. Ley. He was a junior to me by a few years, a fighter pilot. He had never been to university at all. I could not help but wonder how he would adapt to this extraordinary environment of the UNTD Cadet.

* * * * *

ROAD WEARY,

LCdr John R.H. Ley, 1955 - 57

Editor's Note

John Ley, CD CLU (Chartered Life Underwriter), RCN retired, lives in Victoria B.C. and is a Financial Services Representative of Sun Life of Canada. During the height of his busy RRSP season, he took the time to write the following information about his appointment as Staff Officer, UNTD.



Photo credit John Ley

During World War II, I was one of the last group of Canadians to do officer cadet training in *HMS Britannia*, the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth, England. The following year, 1943, the Canadian Navy opened their own naval college at *HMCS Royal Roads* in Victoria. At *Britannia* I was subjected to the same practical training that all Royal Naval Officers received. An academic degree was not granted at Dartmouth and unlike many permanent force officers, I would not have considered my Watch

Keeping Ticket as a substitute for a university degree.

When I was appointed to the staff of Commanding Officer Naval Divisions at Hamilton in February 1955, I had just completed fourteen months at sea in Korea. This was to be my first shore assignment after thirteen years in the navy. Hal Lawrence was still running the UNTD when I arrived and he suggested that I come along with him on his last cadet inspection. I was only too happy to do so as I didn't have the faintest idea what the job entailed, nor did anyone else in COND. The Chief of Staff, Captain Frank Caldwell was also new to his job, which didn't help matters much. The inspection took us to *HMCS Donnacona* and *HMCS Montcalm*. It was because of this trip and my discussions with Hal, that I decided to make a point of visiting every division at least once a year and both coasts during summer training. This was easier said than done.

One must remember that this was back in the days when most people still travelled by train. After checking train and airline schedules, I realized that it would take too long. In order to visit every division and still do my work in Hamilton, I drove, almost 60,000 miles in my first year on the job. The majority of this driving was in winter from Halifax to Victoria, 35 degrees below zero on the prairies and tons of snow in the Rockies. I came to realize what a magnificent country Canada is, but it was damned tiring.

Like my predecessor, Hal Lawrence, I came to appreciate the value of the UNTD program but in Ottawa I was invariably asked why it wasn't producing more officers for the permanent force. This question became a stigma that threatened the very existence of the UNTD as funds became ever tighter. When I left the job in 1957, I felt that I had not been able to improve the product because I had spent so much time putting out fires just to keep the program alive.

I enjoyed my time as SO, UNTD and in many ways it came to an end far too quickly. My departure was softened by the fact that my new appointment was to stand by as First Lieutenant of *HMCS Restigouche*, being built in Montreal. She was the first of her class and this was definitely a plumb job.

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CDR "MAC" LEEMING,

Phil Neroutsos, 1955

As an acting probationary officer cadet in my first summer at *Stadacona* in 1955, I was alarmed to hear my name called over the P.A. to report to the Master-at-Arm's office on the double. I was instructed by the Chief to report on board *HMCS Labrador* at 1100. I was to ask for the X.O., Cdr Mac Leeming. I was nervous because at that point in my career I had never talked to anyone over the rank of Able Seaman.

Dutifully, dressed in my 5 B's, I reported to the Commander's cabin, literally shaking in my boots. Mac Leeming invited me in with a warm handshake and a smile. It turned out that my mother's first boy friend years ago in Metchosin B.C. had been Mac. Up spirits and several rum and cokes later I was feeling much better. That was my first meeting with Mac.

Moving to Victoria in 1977 I travelled out to Metchosin one morning to Mac's lovely cottage by the sea. He welcomed me as an old friend and soon we were exchanging salty dips and downing his homemade brew. He has invited me to the Canadian Club on several occasions. The story of our first meeting grew with each year until I was introduced to some old salts as "Young Neroutsos who was with me in the Arctic on the *Labrador*". I am sure that those of us who knew and served with "Mac Leeming" remember with great affection his wonderful yarns. Here is one that he penned for me in 1986.

"In December 1985 I was killing time on the second floor of the Yarrow Building while waiting for my wife. I thought that it would be a nice idea to say hello to Doc Philip Neroutsos ex- UNTD, so I took the elevator to his office. What a mistake that was! The doctor put the finger on me to write something for the "White Twist" about my time as the Reserve Training Commander with the Cadets. Well that was thirty-five years ago and although it was most challenging, it was also a very happy appointment. I was most fortunate that I had Freddy Little as the X.O. and George Hudson and other grand people to back me up.

I recall one morning before Divisions, Freddy came to see me and asked if I had heard what the cadets had done? Apparently three cadets who were capable mimics had made a hilarious recording of a fictitious conversation between Freddy Little, George Hudson and me. Some quick detective work by the staff produced the names of the mimics and at Divisions I was able to name and congratulate the three cadets for their contribution to our recorded annals. There were three nervous red faces in the ranks during inspection that morning.

Having nearly six hundred young, energetic cadets to be responsible for was quite a task. If they got the best of you, you were finished and so you had to be up long before breakfast to keep ahead.”

* * * * *

BELLA BELLA NIGHT PASSAGE

Robert. Williamson, 1960

I had to admire some of our officers who put their reputations if not their careers on the line to help cadets gain the kind of experience and confidence needed to become competent watch keepers. This anecdote illustrates the kind of trauma those officers were subjected to as trainers of UNTD cadets.

The strikingly handsome face of Lt. Clarke, RCN, was pale and drawn. Usually he was relaxed and easy going, but tonight he was clearly apprehensive as he gathered the third year cadets of the duty watch around the chart table. On it was spread a chart of the British Columbia coast. He proceeded to explain the dangers inherent in our night passage plan from Milbanke Sound to Fitzhugh Sound. Our track passed easterly through a maze of islands until it reached Bella Bella where a lighthouse on Campbell Island marked the entrance to a narrow channel requiring a 90 degree turn to starboard. If that turn was not executed properly, the mud flats of a false channel separating Denny and Cunningham Islands awaited the unwary.



He had good reason to be worried. This was our first attempt at night steaming. *YFP 320*, the training vessel that he commanded, was not fitted with radar and the channel of the Inside Passage along the coast, although well buoyed, was notoriously complex and full of rocks and shoals. This training exercise would not have been attempted except that we would be in company with another vessel, *YMT 10*, which was fitted with radar and could act as the guide ship. Lt. Clarke would rely on the other vessel to keep us out of harms way. He would stick to her like glue. We have all heard of Murphy's Law. This was a situation where it couldn't fail to apply.

At first navigation appeared simple. The characteristics of the various navigation lights were easy to see and identify over great distances. As I plotted my fixes on the chart, I noted that they were as tight and accurate as they had ever been. This made the calculation of our speed of advance dead on, which was just as well because it wasn't long before the fog moved in. Visibility was reduced to thirty yards and Lt. Clarke closed the distance to the guide. If he was apprehensive before the fog, he was now quite tense as he peered through the mist at the stern light of *YMT 10*.

Drawing steadily closer to Bella Bella, I constantly reported distance and time to our designated point x-ray on the chart where we were to change course to starboard. As the count-down was reduced to seconds, Clarke nervously licked his dry lips and flicked the end of his cigarette. When we had reached point x-ray, I said, "Execute, Sir".

Lt. Clarke twitched uneasily and moved his face closer to the bridge window expecting to see the stern light of the vessel ahead shifting to starboard. It did not waver. He gave me a questioning glance.

"Sir, we are going to overshoot the channel!" I said in a voice full of confidence that made him squirm.

He shook his head in confusion and rubbed his chin in doubt as his lips drew tightly across his teeth in a deep facial frown.

Now it was my turn to become anxious. I was positive that we were going to run aground and I could do nothing to prevent it. Lt. Clarke was going to follow that stern light ahead, come hell or high water. When I had reached the point of bursting with frustration, the ship ahead slowed and cautiously came to a stop. I breathed a sigh of relief as we nudged alongside.

Lt. Clarke moved out onto the deck and leaning out over the rail, shouted, "Where's the channel?"

The commanding officer of *YMT 10* replied, "We can't find it. Our radar painted over the narrow opening. We'll have to turn around and try again."

Lt. Clarke turned to me and gave me a nod and a knowing smile which reflected in my training report at the end of the cruise. I felt so good about my navigation prowess that night that I almost joined the regular force.

* * * * *

SUMMER SOCIAL HIGHLIGHT – THE CADET BALL

Bob Willson 1952

Bob Willson remembers that there were many highlights to the UNTD training summer of 1952. There was a one-week Communications Course and a two-week Divisional Course at the Reserve Training Establishment in Dockyard. Then there was a four week Navigation Course at the beautiful Royal Roads College campus in addition to a seven-week cruise in *HMCS Sioux* with a visit to Long Beach, California. As an extracurricular activity, Bob enjoyed playing drums in the Cadet Band. He can't remember exactly when the Annual Cadet Ball was held but it was a grand affair that took place in Victoria's magnificent Crystal Gardens. All former UNTDs will remember that it was a social highlight of the summer and their dates were usually arranged or selected from a Duty Date List. If you didn't have a date, you ended up on the Duty Watch wearing a white belt and gaiters (Note the cadet on the right of the picture). At these affairs, female acquaintances were delightful but fleeting. Bob only remembers that his date's last name was Nixon and that she was the daughter of a RCN Captain (S).



Bob Willson, first cadet from the left in 1952 and inset as he appears today remembers the formal UNTD Cadet Ball was held at the Crystal Gardens, Victoria. *Photo courtesy R. Willson.*

DUTY DATE ROYAL ROADS

Robert Williamson, 1960

Being from a working class background, I had joined the UNTD to pay my way through college. I found, however, that my life was enriched in many ways as a result of my experiences in the navy and the people and life-styles that I had the good fortune to encounter.

My cadet year was one of the lucky ones that had the experience of being billeted at *Royal Roads* during summer training in 1959 and 1960. It was an ideal situation once the winter residents, known to us as "rodents", had vacated the property. The facilities were outstanding and the environs the most beautiful of any college in Canada. It was a shame that this arrangement, to make maximum use of these top notch military resources, only lasted a few years.

Within a few weeks of our arrival, a formal dance was arranged for the gunroom. Dances were always formal in those days. They were a part of our officer training to develop good etiquette and gentleman-like qualities. If nothing else, you learned how to tie a bow tie and quickly became immersed in the local society. It was implied by the senior officer that it was mandatory that certain young women be invited to the UNTD dance for the honour of the service and for good public relations. For this purpose there was an official list of eligible young women known as "duty dates". Of course those cadets who had dates would scoff and spread rumours about the girls on the duty date list. One was left with the impression that the duty dates consisted of women who had two heads or worse.

I was prepared to gamble. After all I had very little to lose. I discovered, however, that while I was procrastinating, all of the names on the duty date list had been snapped up, except for two. These were the daughters of senior naval officers and had been unkindly dubbed "the terrible twosome". Arbitrarily selecting a phone number, I plucked up my courage and dialled one of the "terrible twosome".

Her voice was pleasant, her manner, refined. Tactfully avoiding the subject of how I got her name and phone number, I explained

the purpose of my call. I am sure that she was equally as concerned about accepting a blind date as I was, but demonstrated her prudence by suggesting that I come to dinner at her home before making any social commitment. How urbane! How discreet!

In the late afternoon before the dinner, I dressed in my navy blue jacket and grey flannels. Making one final check in the mirror, I swore at the acne that mysteriously appeared just before any social engagement. The commodore's daughter lived within walking distance in a navy community adjacent to *Royal Roads*. I headed out the Belmont Gate, a service entrance to the college. It was after secure and to my annoyance I found the gate locked. It was too far around to go back to the main gate so I decided to climb over the ten foot high iron gate. At the top, I caught the cuff of my pants on one of the iron spikes. In extricating myself from that difficulty, I split the seam in the seat of my trousers. When I landed on the other side, my hands were a rusty black colour. Wiping them on my clean handkerchief and using a safety pin from a cleaning tag in my jacket, I made temporary repairs to my trousers. I continued on my way, checking the seam in my seat and feeling somewhat like Charlie Chaplin's "little tramp".

I followed directions through Belmont, a community of standard clapboard navy housing and began to feel more at ease until I reached the end of the road. There, a set of stone pillars marked the entrance to a long curving driveway that led to the heights overlooking Esquimalt Harbour and Royal Roads Lagoon.

Checking the seat of my trousers once again, I overcame the urge to retreat and proceeded up the driveway, more self-conscious with every step. It led to a double garage attached to a brick and stone country house with tall French windows and a slate roof. Parked in the circular drive was a black naval staff car. Now I really began to feel that I was in over my head. It was too late to turn back because the front door opened and I was welcomed by a pleasant, round-faced young lady wearing a fluffy yellow blouse with matching full skirt and crinoline. She appeared not to be disappointed with what she saw despite my grimy handshake and invited me into the library to meet her father. He was a large and imposing man wearing a lounge jacket and holding a newspaper.

We entered into an exchange of pleasantries and small talk. Although overwhelmed with my situation, I was conscious of trying to make polite conversation without making grammatical errors, stuttering or letting slip any spoonerisms. The latter was an inherited nervous trait that crept into my conversation when speaking too fast. I was embarrassingly aware of looking out the library window and saying, "What a veautiful biew of the Juan de Stuca Fraits." In one unguarded moment I was reduced to a blithering idiot. I quickly transferred blame to the before dinner cocktail on an empty stomach, and sat down to quell the shaking in my legs. As I did so, I remembered to keep my palms face down, my knees close together and the torn cuff tucked tightly behind the other leg. I must have appeared as frozen as a sphinx and just as articulate. All the while my host sat through my foibles with a demure smile behind which I am sure she was hiding an impulse to roll on the floor in uncontrolled spasms of laughter.

When dinner was announced I finally had a chance to wash the grime off my hands from the Belmont Gate. At the beginning of dinner, everything went better. I avoided spilling anything and was successful in following the lead of the rest of the diners. Thankfully, with my mouth full, I didn't have to maintain a conversation and avoided getting into any trouble that way. Unfortunately, that only lasted until the main course. While cutting my meat, some peas rolled off the plate, leaving a gravy trail across the fine Irish linen tablecloth. I adroitly covered them with a spoon and decided to eat the rest of the peas first.

The dinner was served by a naval steward. I noted that he frequently entered the dining room, looked puzzled and left again as if he could not find something. I was seated on the right side of the commodore and across from his daughter. There was a lump in the carpet by my left foot which I kept kicking. The next time my napkin slid onto the floor I decided to examine the lump in the carpet. Much to my surprise I recognized it as a buzzer. When I touched it the steward made another appearance at the kitchen door and gave me an annoyed look.

Despite my mediocre performance as a dinner guest, the commodore's daughter agreed to be my date for the UNTD dance. As it turned out, we had a lot in common and enjoyed many social activities that gave me an opportunity to make a lot of

acquaintances in Victoria. The best part of all was that she had her own car and I soon became the envy of other cadets at Royal Roads where isolation from town was a major disadvantage of the campus.

I can only conclude that the duty date list was a great idea. It fostered a cultural exchange and gave young men from all across Canada a chance to quickly breach the social circles of Victoria and enjoy all the aspects of that community's hospitality.

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ROYAL ROADS RUSTLERS

Robert Williamson 1959

Cadet Captain Von Staden had a personal history that was different from any other UNTD cadet. He had served in the German navy as an underage recruit at the end of the Second World War. While the rest of us were starting grade school, he was learning how to be a sailor. He had immigrated to Canada as soon as he was able and began to learn English. Once he was established in his adopted country he saved enough to put himself through university where he was studying to be a veterinarian.

Because of his Prussian military background he was an interesting character. On parade his movements were stiff and smart. His orders were clipped and snappy with a distinct guttural accent. Frequently his conversation started with the executive prep, "So!" He had a wry sense of humour and a mischievous gleam in his eye. In 1959, he was a senior cadet captain for the summer at *Royal Roads*.

Upon my arrival at *Royal Roads* that year, I was assigned to *Chaudière* Division. It was a mixed bag of characters with a fairly large Quebec representation. It was not a highly successful group and generally came last in any inter-divisional competition. Consequently they wanted to find some way to make an impression. They thought about painting giant foot prints across the parade square before ceremonial divisions, but somebody beat them to it. With growing frustration, they were determined that *Chaudière* Division was going to leave its mark somehow.

At that time, *Royal Roads* was set in a beautiful pastoral scene. Those areas that weren't in use for formal gardens, lawns and playing fields, were used as pastures. I don't think that the armed forces were interested in any agrarian pursuits, so I suspect that all the pastures were rented to local farmers. Thus the environs of the college sounded like a farm with the bleating of sheep and the bawling of cattle.

In a special paddock next to the commandant's house was a bull. Every day as they marched to the boat shed or the sports field, *Chaudière* Division passed the bull's paddock. Most people would have had the good sense to keep away from the bull, but a few of the jokers of *Chaudière* Division aspired to greatness. The bull had become a fixation, a challenge, an element of an escapade. The question was how to best utilize it.

Their inspiration came while drinking beer in the gunroom one night just before a few other members of the division, including myself and classmate Fred Lee, were about to start a three day long weekend leave. As a result we were being very careful to stay out of trouble. While we were meeting in Nixon Block to plan our three day trip to the mainland, the others were hatching their plot in the gunroom. Zero hour was to be after pipe down.

The first we knew about their shenanigans was a commotion in the third floor hallway of Nixon Block. When we peered out of our cabins to see what it was all about, we were confronted by a bull charging up the hall, careening off the bulkheads as it struggled to maintain its footing on the slippery polished deck.

The *Chaudière* pranksters had led the bull from its paddock at the end of a rope and somehow prodded and pushed it up the back stairs of the dormitory. As it roamed the halls, we became prisoners in our cabins.

The next thing we knew, Von Staden had come to the rescue. He stood astride the hall to impede the bull's progress as if he were cornering a lost puppy. With hands on his hips in his customary manner, he said, "So! Zis will not do. Ve must put him back where he belongs."



Sketch by Robert Williamson

With that, he grabbed the bull by the tail and pulled hard. When the bull swung around to see what was happening, Von Staden took the ring in its nose and twisted hard. The bull became instantly compliant like a child, and was led away to the service elevator. None of us envied Von Staden as he squeezed onto that small elevator with an animal large enough to crush him. Fortunately, there was an elevator because, while cattle will go up a set of stairs, they will not go down.

The commandant of the college was not too keen about having UNTD cadets on his campus during his holiday period so you can imagine how he felt about the *Chaudière* rustlers. This he no doubt conveyed to the commanding officer of the UNTD. The next morning at Colours, the commanding officer had difficulty controlling his anger and became very red faced. It was obvious that heads were going to roll.

Chaudière Division held a meeting and agreed to take the blame as a group to protect the pranksters from being R.T.U., (returned to unit). The strategy worked except that the whole division got two weeks R.O.B., (required on board). That put "paid" to the long weekend leave but certainly earned a reputation for *Chaudière* Division as the "*Royal Roads Rustlers*". I have often wondered what the officer of the day would have done with the bull if Von

Staden had not been there. His ability to take charge during a clearly threatening situation impressed us all. Afterwards, we considered the whole episode as one of the better larks of the summer, demanding a lot of nerve and tinged with an element of danger.

* * * * *

ROYAL ROADS RUSTLERS (50 Years Later)

Mike Denny 2009

Mike Denny and other UNTD naval cadets led a bull up the back stairs to the third floor of Royal Road's Nixon Block 50 years ago. They left the beast outside the door of an unpopular duty officer - and knocked.

Denny related the story in Summerside PEI where he and his navy buddies, Bernie McCabe, Bill Wheeler, Thane Drummond and their wives were enjoying a reunion. Denny and Wheeler, originally from Halifax got to know Islanders, McCabe and Drummond in 1959 while training with the University Naval Training Division at Royal Roads. "You start to cherish your old friends at our age because you begin to lose some", explained Drummond.

They are 70ish grandfathers now, but back then they were young men seeking adventure with the navy. "We learned a lot of things, especially how to drink beer", gulps Drummond dryly. Denny was the only one of the four that was involved in the bull incident and his entire Division lost leave privileges. The rustler's timing was particularly unfortunate. Fred Lee, myself and a few others were due for a three day long weekend. However, no one ratted on the rustlers. On the other hand, Wheeler, who was not in Denny's division, got full use of the Nash Rambler they shared.

The four became fast friends when they drove that Nash Rambler back home from British Columbia to their respective Maritime universities - taking the scenic route down the west coast, through the southwest and up the eastern seaboard. Not being flush with funds, they slept in the car or in sleeping bags outside, at military bases or sometimes the YMCA.

Outside Los Vegas they ran into a little trouble. Their car **resembled one involved in a casino robbery and they woke** up in the desert under the spotlights of police cruisers. The car was searched, but all the police found was a bread knife. They were released and advised to stop sleeping on the ground in the desert where scorpions could make unwelcome bed mates.

Some other memorable experiences were: the nightmare of the Los Angeles road system, the shock of segregated washrooms and buses in New Orleans and playing ball hockey around the Washington Monument.

Their reunions give them the chance to relive their experiences, continue touring, socialize, play bridge and spend time with their wives. "That's why we're still friends", Denny's wife chimes in. "We all get along so well". As for the Nash Rambler - it's still on the road after 50 years. Their next reunion is planned for September 2010 in Ottawa.

Bill Wheeler and his wife Lola live in Thornhill, ON. As a mechanical engineer he worked with Union Carbide and his own company, Simcoe Plastics Ltd. What did he learn from the UNTD? - to be flexible and cooperative.

Thane Drummond and his wife Ann live in Virginia. His career was as an electrical engineer with General Electric. The UNTD gave him an opportunity to break out of his sheltered country life in PEI and see the world.

Bernie McCabe and his wife Connie live in Summerside PEI where he became a lawyer. The UNTD taught him leadership and discipline.

Mike Denny and his wife Carol live in Ottawa. He spent 36 years in the reserve and regular forces. The UNTD taught him to be tolerant and self disciplined. ~



Shown at a recent reunion in Summerside, PEI are L-R Thane Drummond, Bill Wheeler, Mike Denny and Bernie McCabe.

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UNTiDy MARRIES ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER

Gil Hutton, 2005

Raised in Ottawa, Conyers (Conn) Baker, with his handsome features and wavy fair hair, was an irrepressible, flamboyant character, imparting an air of good humour and wit wherever he went. He was famous for his legendary escapades in school, which eminently qualified him for entrance into the UNTD program at Queen's University 1950 - 1954.

As a university student, Conn was an entrepreneur and musician with unbounded energy. He not only sang but played the accordion and piano. At Queens he formed a band which enjoyed financial success and he rented rooms to other students to pay for his education. As a member of the St. George's Cathedral Choir, he performed across Canada.

Conn became famous as the UNTD cadet who married the admiral's daughter. His eulogy would not be complete without

the telling of that story. It was while playing the piano and singing in the wardroom at *HMCS Cataraqi* that Conn came to the attention of the inspecting officer, Captain (later Rear Admiral) Desmond Piers. The following summer while under training in Halifax, Conn met Captain Piers and his daughter, Anne, while playing tennis and again at a naval sports meet. Piers, who had been a noted runner at Royal Military College and with the Royal Navy during WW II, was representing his ship, *HMCS Quebec* in a long distance race. Near the finish, Piers was leading with Conn a close second, when the Captain pitched to the ground with a badly damaged Achilles tendon. Conn went on to win the race but in the spirit of good sportsmanship, visited Piers in hospital. Anne was visiting her father at the same time, and the rest is history. Captain Piers was promoted to Commodore and appointed Commandant of Royal Military College in Kingston, where Conn and Anne were married in a naval wedding.

Conn served as a lieutenant in *Cataraqi* until his career with Dow Corning and Electrolyzer Corporation took him elsewhere. As Vice President and International Marketing Manager of Electrolyzer, he traveled the world.

In 1989, Conn joined the UNTD Association in Toronto, eventually becoming a member of the Board of Directors. For the UNTD National Reunion in Halifax, he arranged the excursion to Chester as well as the luncheon speaker, his father-in-law, Debby Piers. Everyone retired to the Pier's home in Chester afterwards. Conn and Anne played an active role in the UNTD National Reunion in Victoria in 2000. He was also part of the planning committee for the Halifax Reunion in 2004 but by that summer he was already too ill to attend.

Conn Baker was the epitome of a UNTD archetype. He was a talented, creative thinker with a college boy flamboyance and a "why not" irrepressibility. His daring irreverence for the establishment was a common UNTiDy trait. Conyers (Conn) Collington Massy Baker, age 73 died of leukemia in Toronto March 27, 2005.



Conn and Anne Baker as they appeared at a UNTD Dinner in
November 1997 at *HMCS York* *File Photo*

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GIL HUTTON, MISTER REUNION

Robert Williamson, 2006

We all know what a success the 2005 UNTD/NOAC Reunion was in Hamilton. Now that city's tourist bureau has recognized the efforts of Gil Hutton and his committee by presenting him with the CONVENTION AMBASSADOR AWARD. It is presented to a local individual for effectively promoting the City of Hamilton by playing a significant role in securing and coordinating a conference that generally is held in a different destination each year.

The award, a stunning clear-glass egg-shaped artwork with injected, spun colours of blue and gold, was presented on Thursday, April 6, 2006 at the Liuna Station Banquet Centre, a venue for part of the NOAC/UNTD reunion program.

The successful nomination of Gil Hutton for this award was greatly enhanced by the powerful supporting testimonials written

by former UNTDs: Mike Cooper, Bob Duncombe, Doug Hain, Ron Harrison, Bob Morris, Bill Thomas, Bob Willson and Bob Williamson.

The Hamilton/Niagara subsidiary group of the Toronto Branch of NOAC further recognized the indomitable Gil Hutton, at a luncheon in Navy Hall at Niagara-on-the-Lake.



Bob Williamson presents awards to Gill Hutton July 26, 2006
UNTD Association File Photo

The affair, organized by Bob Waugh was held on Wednesday, July 26, 2006. Gil was recognized for the 20 years of work that he has put into organizing monthly lunches and special dinners for the group. As a result of his efforts, the camaraderie and social activities of the NOAC/UNTD members and their wives in the Hamilton/Niagara region have flourished.

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THE LAST STAFF OFFICER (Cadets)

Noel Langham Interview 1992

LCdr Noel Langham held the LAST appointment of Staff Officer Cadets, SO(C), from 1957 to 1965. In the history of the UNTD, his tenure and dedication to the program holds a place beside the revered Commanders, Baker and Little. He passed away on November 28, 2002 at Wentworth Lodge in Dundas, Ontario where he spent most of his time since suffering a stroke in 1996.



DND File Photo

When interviewed at his home in Ancaster, Ontario, on September 1, 1992, he still maintained his slim, athletic build, wavy hair and handsome angular features that many of us would remember from his frequent visits to our home divisions. His quick sense of humour and keen eye for efficiency were always as sharp as the press in his immaculate, well-tailored uniform. He was a pusser, believed in the naval system and the officer-like

qualities that could be developed in the young men who joined the UNTD. This is what made him an excellent choice as SO(C) UNTD.

His naval career illustrates that LCdr Langham had three other credentials that made him a fortunate choice as SO(C). He had the leadership ability, the training experience and the appreciation of Reserves. He had joined the Navy Reserve as an Ordinary Seaman in 1938 and worked his way up through the lower deck during the war. He had been the Assistant Training Officer at *HMCS Cornwallis* before being given command of *HMCS Resolute* in 1955. This appointment elevated him to the senior officer afloat in the East Coast mine-sweeping squadron. He was therefore an officer accustomed to being in charge.

When LCdr Langham was appointed to his staff job at COND (Commanding Officer Naval Divisions) in 1957, he asked his new boss, Admiral Adams, for directions. The admiral told him that it was his part-ship; get it organized and submit recommendations for policy changes. Langham immediately started a national tour of inspections. It became his trademark and he became a very visible SO(C). He did not like what he saw. Several UNTD Commanding Officers were clearly token appointments and not effective builders of their UNT Divisions. New appointments were made. One Commanding Officer refused to organize a Gunroom for his cadet division. Langham went to visit him and told him that he had no choice. The CO claimed that the navy had to get their priorities straight. He needed a staff car before he needed a Gunroom. Langham sent a black "dinky" toy limousine by return mail. The cadets got their Gunroom.

Many university staff officers had been appointed from sea duty and didn't like the paper work involved in running their cadet divisions. Langham sent them all a memo in their first Christmas cards. It said, "When all else fails, follow directions." For those staff officers who didn't get the point, he sent them back to the Coast. In effect there was a general house cleaning.

Langham felt that the UNTD had to be more aggressive in their recruiting.

"After all," he said, "what have the Air Force to offer but a leather

jacket and a coke."

In the end, the Navy got the cream of the crop. UNTD rejects ended up being accepted by the URTP (Air Force) and the COTC (Army).

In general, Langham found that winter training and department were pretty slack. During one inspection he saw a cadet with a very green cap badge. This generally was an indication that a cadet had spent some time at sea where the salt spray had corroded the metal. Such badges were held in high esteem; to the point where some cadets soaked their new badges in a glass of salt water before wearing them.

Langham said, "Your cap badge is in very poor condition. Can you not get a new one?"

The cadet responded, "Well Sir, I am very fond of this one."

Langham retorted, "If you are fond of it, take it to bed with you but don't wear it on parade."

Drill nights had deteriorated to a social gathering once a week to drink beer. Langham established an evaluation instrument to measure the effectiveness of winter training. If cadets did not pass, they were not allowed to proceed to summer training. Then as a means of improving morale, Langham established a UNTD Proficiency Trophy for the best division in Canada.

In the end, he made the following recommendations to Admiral Adams. To meet budget cuts, cadet quotas were lowered and standards raised. General List training was introduced. All cadets would take the same standard program for the first two years on the East Coast. Some specialization was allowed in the third year on the West Coast or at *Hochelaga*. Many of the specialist branches such as Air and Constructor were eliminated.

When his term was over in 1961, Langham asked to be extended for another term. He enjoyed working for his new boss Commodore P. Taylor and was enthusiastic about the new focus of UNTD training at *HMCS Cornwallis*. He was proud of the high standards achieved in the divisions such as Winnipeg, Montreal

and Vancouver. However, by 1965 the political situation in Quebec and Ottawa had deteriorated seriously. He felt uncomfortable with the FLQ influence in Quebec.

With regard to Defence Minister Hellyer's policies, he said, "I saw a lot of hard work and a lot of good people going out with the tide." In 1965, when his appointment as SO(C) was completed, Langham joined the tide and took his retirement from the navy. Conditions were in such a state of flux in the Armed Forces that no new appointment was made and the position of SO(C) disappeared. Thus, Langham will go down in the history books as the **Last Staff Officer UNTD**.

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THE LAST UNTD U-2686

LCdr. Hugh Williamson, HMCS Scotian, 2009

I have enjoyed looking at the UNTD web page and reading the Newsletter of the UNTD Association of Canada. While watching a CTV news clip about the proposed sinking of *HMCS Annapolis* as an artificial reef, LCdr. Ray Stacey, UNTD '67, a classmate of mine was interviewed. It got me thinking about who might be left.

I joined the UNTD in 1966 and did my summer training at *Cornwallis* in '67, *Naden* '68 and *Stadacona* in '69. I believe we were the last full term of UNTD Officer Cadets. By a combination of circumstances including, being one of the youngest cadets, the extension of compulsory retirement age to 60 and having the good fortune of not being promoted to an unemployable high rank, I have remained active at *HMCS Scotian* as the unit Logistic Officer. On Wednesday evening April 22, 2009, the last training night for *Scotian*, I turned 60, which I think makes me the last serving original UNTD – the oldest barnacle on the hull. It's been quite a ride.

Williamson.h@forces.gc.ca



Scotian UNTD and ROTP cadets 1968

*Back Row: M Aucoin, **Hugh Williamson, (the last UNTD),** Barry Bishop, **John MacFarlane.(future naval historian)***

Middle Row: R. Russell, R. Van Buskirk, D. Saxton, J. Charles.

*Front Row: A/SLT UNTD P. Fowler, A/SLT UNTD **Ken Nason (future Commodore RCN),** LCDR Murray Training Officer, **LCDR R. Marshall Sr. Instructor (former UNTD and future CO of Scotian).***

Photo courtesy J. MacFarlane

Editor's Note

Ken Stephens, U-2689 UNTD 1968 (notice the closeness to Williamson's ID number U-2686) was last known to be serving as XO at *HMCS Hunter* until 2007. Upon retirement he transferred to the CIL and became an Air Cadet Officer.

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CHAPTER VIII

RISING TO THE TOP

Graduates of the University Naval Training Division have made a positive impact on the nation far beyond that of graduates from any other Canadian University military training program. An argument for this was published in an article entitled, "The UNTD and Canadian Society" (pp 382-89) and Maritime Warfare Bulletin 94/1, Historical Edition, Department of National Defense.

However, we don't have to look in military bulletins to prove the point. The evidence is all around us. Look in the Halls of Power, Boards of Governors and Executives of business and industry and you will find former UNTD cadets. At a recent meeting of the Board of Governors of the Canadian Corps of Commissionaires, I discovered six former UNTDs: Richard Baker, Paul Costello, Fred Lee, Richard Oland, Bob Siemens and myself, Bob Williamson.

What other group like the UNTD has formed a National Organization with branches in Vancouver, Victoria, Toronto, Kingston and Ottawa? What other groups like ours: - hold regular Mess Dinners and National Reunions; publish a bi-annual Newsletter; has published an anecdotal history, "SPINDRIFT, UNTiDy Tales of Officer Cadets"; and a pseudo history, "The UNTIDIES, Bonding A Nation"? I have never seen another group like ours with their own web site. Here is a recent list for posterity of some of the key people that make all of these things happen.

UNTD Association of Canada Board of Directors 2009

Brook Campbell, British Columbia

bcampbell@odlumbrown.com

Bob Duncombe, Ottawa, 613-730-5533

bobduncombe@gmail.com

Tom Ferens, Scarborough, 416-299-7285

evetomfere@rogers.com

Ed File, Kingston, 613-396-1140 edfile@kos.net

Doug Hain, Etobicoke, 416-239-7061

dough1@sympatico.ca

John Heighton Caledon, ON, 905-584-9337

J.heighton@sympatico.ca Secretary

Gil Hutton, Burlington, 905-592-0016

ssankey@cogeco.ca

Robert Morris, Hamilton, 905-383-7419

morreng@sentex.net

Andy Shaw, Toronto, 416-342-0023

andy56@telus.net Vice President

William Thomas, Dundas, 905-628-2412

thomasbj3@sympatico.ca President

Bob Williamson, Hamilton, 905-383-6084

<williamson10@shaw.ca> Newsletter Editor

Richard Wilson, Toronto, 416-927-6404

wilsonrt@sympatico.ca Treasurer

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UNTD and the MARITIME COMMAND

Excerpts from UNTD Newsletters

Vice—Admiral John Allan CMM, CD

Vice-Admiral Allan is the most senior ranking graduate of the UNTD. He has had a distinguished career in the RCN including the following appointments; Project Manager for the DDH 280 Program, Commander of the First Destroyer Squadron, Commander of Maritime command and Deputy Chief of Defence Staff.

On November 18, 1995 at the Annual UNTD Mess Dinner at HMCS York, VAdm Allan told the dinner guests how he joined the naval service through the UNTD program and made it his life's career. Inspired by the effort put forth by the Canadian Navy during World War II, young John Allan left northern Ontario to join the navy in 1949. He began as an ordinary seaman with the naval air squadron VC 920 at Downsview in Toronto. His career in the navy almost came to an quick end when he went flying with one of the pilots in a Harvard Trainer. Exhilarated by the excitement of flying, he would cadge a ride whenever he could and try his hand at the controls. On one occasion he got more of a thrill than he had bargained for.



VAdm Jock Allan, CMM, CD, the most senior graduate of the UNTD program, relates his experiences in the navy to the guests at the UNTD Annual Mess Dinner at HMCS York on Saturday, November 18, 1995. *Williamson photo credit*

While demonstrating a spin, the pilot found that he was unable to recover from the manoeuvre. The aircraft would not respond to the controls. Young John was ordered to bail out. This much adventure was more than this young recruit could process. He had never used a parachute before and didn't even know if the thing would work. Nevertheless, struggling against the centrifugal force of the spin, he rolled over the side of the aircraft, only to find that part of his equipment was hung-up inside the cockpit. Flopping and twisting helplessly over the side of the aircraft in the slip stream, his alarm turned to panic. No matter how he struggled, he could not extricate himself from his plight. As he resolved to meet his fate, a moment of quiet inner peace set in. It was then that he realized the aircraft had stopped spinning and he thankfully clambered back into the back seat of the aircraft. It was there that the surprised pilot found a pale and shaken OS Allan after they had landed.

It was later established that the unusual behaviour of the aircraft was due to the fact that it had been fitted with wing rails for rocket launching at the firing range. In this configuration, the Harvard was not to be used for acrobatics.

Shortly after this, OS Allan applied for a university education. Since there was no ROTP in those days he was appointed to HMCS Catarauqui additional for Queen's University UNTD in September of 1950. The training that he received at Catarauqui and at the coast in the summers with the UNTD, became the foundation of his career in the navy.

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Rear-Admiral Glenn V. Davidson CMM, CD

The theme of this book has been that many UNTD graduates have reached the top of their profession including government ministries and naval command. At the 60th UNTD Anniversary Reunion in Halifax in 2004, we were able to add one more to that growing list of names – **Rear Admiral Glenn V. Davidson, CMM, CD, Commander Maritime Forces Atlantic** who was the guest speaker at the UNTD reunion formal dinner. Rear Admiral Davidson was born in Truro, Nova Scotia in 1952. He attended the University of King's College in Halifax, enrolling in the Naval Reserve at *HMCS Scotian* in 1970. By then the UNTD had been re-designated NROUTP Naval Reserve Officer University Training Program. Upon graduation he joined the Regular Force in 1974, specializing in navigation and air control.

His training eventually resulted in his assignment to Directorate of Naval Requirements in NDHQ in 1986 dealing with the TRUMP and CPF projects. After command of *HMCS Kootenay* and a posting to the Canadian Embassy in Tokyo, he was appointed Commander of Maritime Operations Group Two.



Rear Admiral Davidson NROUTP Scotian 1970, addressed members of the UNTD Reunion Dinner in Halifax in 2004 as part of the 60th anniversary of the creation of the UNTD 1943- 2003

Photo by Bob Wootton, Ottawa.

When promoted to Commodore in 1997, he was appointed Director General Naval Personnel in Ottawa. He assumed command of Maritime Forces Atlantic in 2002.

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Vice-Admiral Duncan Miller CMM, MSC, CD

While on the subject of Maritime Commanders, the question has been raised about another Canadian Admiral, "Dusty" Miller and his connection to the UNTD. He is remembered for his work in the Gulf Campaign 1990-1991 and his book, "*Persian Excursion*".

It was reported by Chief Neil Goodwill CD, CERA (Ret'd.) that Vice Admiral Duncan (Dusty) Miller was a UNTD in 1968 in *HMCS Chignecto* and played a "mean" guitar.

Former UNTDs Commodore Ken Nason and Commander Bob Willson helped track down Dusty Miller in Halifax. He and his wife Ann were operating a B&B on South Street. Dusty said that he was a ROTP cadet mixed in with the UNTD for sea training.

When he attended Bishop's University in Lennoxville, Quebec, there was no UNTD so he signed up for ROTP instead. Since there was no naval establishment handy, he did his officer winter training with the army in Sherbrooke. He spent his 3rd summer on *Chignecto* with UNTDs as Chief Goodwill reported. Considering that the ROTP program was Cdr. Herbie Little's creation as a by-product of the UNTD, it shows yet again how the UNTD played an important role in developing naval leadership in Canada.

When last seen in 2010, Dusty Miller was singing the lead role (minus his guitar) in a parody of Gilbert and Sullivan's HMS Pinafore for the RCN Centennial at the Annual General Meeting of the Canadian Corps of Commissionaires reception in Halifax.

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Rear Admiral Robert Yanow, CD

Rear-Admiral Yanow was former Maritime Commander Pacific and a known UNTD product of *HMCS Unicorn* in 1951, but has not been caught on record as a speaker or a writer about his UNTD experience.

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NAVAL COMMUNITY ORGANIZER

Excerpts from UNTD Newsletters

Hutton, Gilbert Jerome, CD, LCdr RCNR Retired, June 8, 1928 to November 12, 2010 was UNTD 1946 - 50 at McMaster University.

On Saturday, November 27th, a memorial service was held in Gil Hutton's home naval division, *HMCS Star*, overlooking the waterfront. All three messes were required to handle the large attendance and I dare say that Gil could have introduced

everyone by name and given a brief history of each guest as he was wont to do. SLT, the Reverend Canon Bill Thomas, President of the UNTD Association conducted the service. Beside him was the urn containing Gil's ashes. It sat on a white ensign covering a table in front of the windows looking out on Canada's great naval memorial, HMCS Haida.

Gil's ashes would have been as much at home on the bar where he delighted in issuing drams of Pusser's rum at "Up Spirits" for reunion receptions. It would not have been out of place at the head of the buffet table in honour of all the banquets, lunches and conferences that he organized and presided over for the NOAC and UNTD Association.

It would also have been appropriate to place a telephone beside the urn, the one icon that we all associated with Gil as he kept in personal contact with everyone and organized his next social activity or guest speaker for a naval function. His son and three daughters spoke eloquently at the eulogy for Gil, a gift of speech and story-telling that they had inherited from their father. They remembered his strengths and weaknesses. He was an insatiable reader with incredible recall but he could never remember minor details or keep track of time.

As a member of the University Naval Training, Division, Gil graduated from McMaster University in 1950 and transferred to the RCN during the Korean War, serving aboard *HMCS Huron*. After the war he did graduate work in metallurgy at the University of Toronto and transferred to *HMCS York* as Ordnance Officer. In 1960 he accepted a position with the Defence Research Board Atlantic and relocated to Halifax. For the next fourteen years he revelled in the role that he played in saving the Historic Properties on the Halifax Waterfront. He served on the Halifax Landmarks Commission and became the president of the Heritage Trust of Nova Scotia. From Director of the Operational Research Division in Maritime Command he was transferred in 1975 to defence procurement projects in Ottawa, retiring in the 1980s for health reasons.



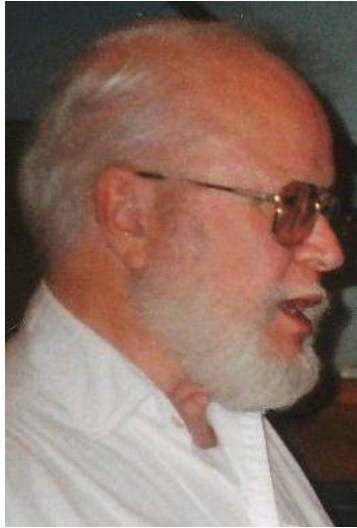
Gil Hutton, McMaster University 1950.

Photo courtesy Hutton family

Upon returning to Hamilton, Gil, proud of his United Empire Loyalist roots, became a member of many heritage organizations and joined the Naval Officers Association of Canada, Toronto Branch. In 1988, he became a founding member/director of the UNTD Association and collaborated with Cdr Williamson, Commanding Officer of *HMCS Star*, to form a Hamilton Area NOAC Division of the Toronto Branch. Gil recruited fifty members and held monthly luncheons as well as one Dine the Ladies every year. Part of the group's appeal was the camaraderie, naval traditions and speakers that Gil organized.

In July 2001, Gil was presented with the NOAC Gold Medallion Award for "outstanding and exemplary service to the NOAC and to Canada at the National level". The citation recorded his 16-year service in the RCNR, his active membership in the NOAC for over 50 years and his contributions to the Toronto Branch as: Vice President, Newsletter Editor, President and a National Director. Also mentioned were his founding and executive roles in the UNTD Association of Canada.

When Gil was presented with the City of Hamilton Convention Ambassador Award in 2005 for organizing the UNTD/NOAC Reunion in Hamilton, he was asked what started him on his life as a leader. He responded, "I had so much to say in my bible class at the age of six that they appointed me president and I never looked back".



Gil Hutton 2009

Photo credit R. Williamson

At the February 2011 meeting of the UNTD Association Executive, a motion was passed to put a plaque in the HMCS STAR wardroom honouring Gil's contribution to our Naval Community.

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Jack Kilgour, President and Treasurer of the UNTD Association of Canada passed away quietly on Saturday June 12, 2004 after a long battle with cancer. Jack was the driving force behind the Halifax Reunion in 2004 and ironically recommended that it be delayed one year to ensure good planning and the best possible venue. Jack was hoping to attend the reunion but it wasn't to be so.

In 1946, Jack Kilgour enrolled in Mining Geology at the University of Toronto. He joined the UNTD in 1948 and served

from 1948 to 1951. In 1948, he went to sea aboard *HMCS New Liskeard*. He remarked of being on shore patrol duty in Bermuda. It was not an easy task getting the crew back to the ship following shore leave.



Jack Kilgour, 2002

Photo by Robert Williamson

Following graduation and after a postgraduate year of Soil Mechanics (1951), he joined the firm of H G Acres Consulting Engineers, and began working on the Fanshaw Dam project in London, Ontario. He later moved to Photographic Surveys, working on an airfield at Aklavik on the Artic Ocean, a proposed dam in Jordan in the Middle East as well as various sites in North America. In 1959, he started his own consulting engineering firm, Associated Geotechnical Services Ltd. in Toronto. It became well known in the GTA with many local municipalities, provincial and federal agencies using their services. He trained many young engineers and technicians, who went on to greater things. Practicality and integrity were his driving principles. Jack particularly enjoyed designing and constructing dams and worked on Conestoga, Wildwood,

Parkhill and W. D'Arcy McKeough dams in southwestern Ontario.

On a day sail aboard a visiting naval ship, Jack met and chatted with Doug Hain, an executive member of the UNTD Association of Canada. This sparked a renewed interest in the naval community and in 1997 when UNTD treasurer, Norm Balfour retired, Jack was happy to take over the job. In 2000, Jack stepped up to the Presidency and was a chief organizer for the UNTD West Coast Reunion in Victoria.

It was through his UNTD associations at *HMCS York* that he heard about the need for volunteers for Friends of *HMCS Haida*. Then through Andy Irwin, he accepted the job as treasurer of NOAC Toronto Branch in 1999, adding treasurer of *Haida* as well. He was also a member of the Naval Club of Toronto. Jack thoroughly enjoyed doing this work and the camaraderie that went along with it.

Submitted by Ken Kilgour

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David Fry - UNTD University of Toronto 1951, Lieutenant RCN(R) (Ret'd.) *HMCS York*, Charter Member of the UNTD Association, Editor of the UNTD Newsletter 1990-93, Coordinator of the Halifax UNTD Reunion 1993, President of the UNTD Association 1994-95 and friend to many, passed away in 2003. A master of the quick retort and humorous quotations, laughter was never far from David's side. He was also a scholar, having done graduate work at Oxford University. He worked in his father's stock brokerage firm, Burns Fry then operated an Antique business, before setting up his own Business Consulting firm. David enjoyed the finer things of life and took particular pleasure in running an exclusive Bed & Breakfast in Cabbage Town.

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Hal Davies was a UNTD *HMCS York*, University of Toronto 1959 and was truly a naval community organizer. In 2001 Hal competed in his 11th Marblehead Race at the age of 64 and finished first in the largest class aboard his boat, *THIRD WAVE*

(C & C 37R) built in St. Catharines, Ontario. Well known in the Halifax naval community, Davies represented the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron (RNSYS). His eight-member crew, including his son Stephen and daughter Joanna Davies covered the 450 miles of ocean in 54 hrs at an average speed of 8.3 mph or 7.1kts.



Hal Davies, UNTD *HMCS York*, University of Toronto 1959, surrounded by his crew, holds the trophy for the Marblehead Race, July 2001. His son and daughter stand on his left. It is only the third time that a Canadian has won this prestigious trophy.

The Marblehead Race is the second oldest ocean yacht race in North America. The course is from Marblehead, just north of Boston, home of the venerable Boston Yacht Club (BYC) to Halifax, home of Canada's historic RNSYS. This was the 30th race in the series organized by these two clubs and only the third time that a Canadian has won this class.

After receiving his UNTD naval commission, Hal Davies commenced a thirty year career in the RCN, retiring as CAPTAIN after commanding no less than 4 ships: *HMCS*

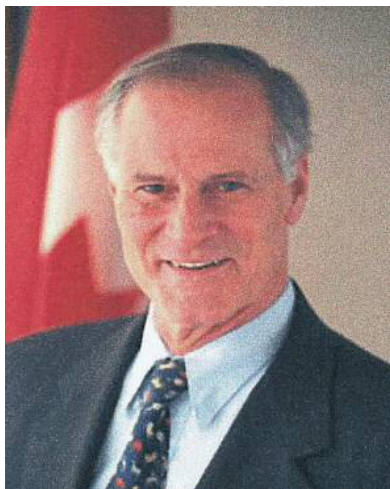
Saskatchewan, Nipigon, Qu'appelle and Protecteur. Subsequently, after transferring to the Reserve, he commanded *HMCS Scotian* 1990-91. Then, founding a company specializing in Technical Based Training, he prepared the training program for the new Maritime Coastal Defense Vessels. He has also served as Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Canadian Naval Memorial Trust, which restored and operates *HMCS Sackville*.

Sadly Hal passed away in 2011 at the age of 74 leaving a large gap in the community of naval organizers.

SERVING THE NATION

A Minister of National Defense, a Senator and a Lieutenant Governor all saw service as UNTD Cadets.

William Graham joined the UNTD in the fall of 1957 in *HMCS York*. He graduated from the University of Toronto with a Bachelor of Arts (honours) and Bachelor of Laws degrees. He received a doctorate from the Université de Paris.



The Honourable William Graham. *DND Photo*

Prior to being elected to Parliament in 1993 he was a professor at the Faculty of Law, University of Toronto, where he taught

international law and law of the European Community. In 2002 he was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs and then Minister of National Defense in the Liberal government.

Charlie Gunn of Bridgewater NS sent a picture of his second year UNTD Division taken on the steps leading up from the castle at *Royal Roads* in 1959. It is a DND photo #51437 and Charlie thinks it might be Micmac Division but he could be confusing the division with his class at *Stadacona* in 1958.



William Graham left centre and Charlie Gunn upper right at *Royal Roads* 1959. *DND photo courtesy C. Gunn.*

Bill Graham, Charlie Gunn and Tom Bastedo, known as the Three Musketeers, started Trinity College (U. of T.) together in 1957 and joined the UNTD at *HMCS York*. Their first summer of naval training was at *Stadacona* in 1958. On the West Coast in 1959, they made a few trips in *Oriole*. Upon graduation, Bill Graham served for a brief time as a Reserve Officer in *HMCS York*. Graham is the first Naval Officer to serve as Minister of National Defense, thanks to a great naval training program called the UNTD.

Other UNTDs who became Cabinet Ministers are: André Ouellet, Carleton '58 (Minister of Labour/Urban affairs/Public

Works/Regional Development), Roy MacLaren, Discovery '52 (National Revenue/Finance), William Rompkey, Cabot '54 (Minister of Revenue/Regional Development/Tourism /Transportation).

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Senator Bill Rompkey, UNTD Memorial University 1955 and **Senator Peter Michael Pitfield**, UNTD Carleton University 1958, both attained the lofty position of Senator in Ottawa. Rompkey, a member of the Ottawa Old Oars has written a valuable historical work, which displays his passion as a Newfoundlander and his love of the navy. Entitled, “**St. John’s and the Battle of the Atlantic**”, this new book is a timely addition to a treatise of Canadian Navy history.

As we approach the 100th Anniversary of the Canadian Navy, this collection of writings by Bill Rompkey is designed to help Canadians understand the indispensable and dramatic role played by St. John’s – the “Gibraltar of the West” - and its people during World War II. You can get an inside look at life in Newfoundland during this challenging time by reading how “Newfyjohn” forever shaped the East Coast legend of Canadian war service. For information contact *Flanker Press – Pennywell Books* www.flankerpress.com or PO Box 2522, Station C, St. John’s, NL. A1C 6K1

See Senator Rompkey’s dinner speech in 2006 on page 361

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Lieutenant Governor James Kinley, UNTD 1949 was a special luncheon guest at the UNTD 2004 Reunion in Halifax. Retired Captain (N) Dick Steele, former Reserve Training Commander in *HMCS Stadacona* 1949-1950, spoke to the guests about the important contribution to Canada of thousands of intelligent young men from every corner of the country and every walk of life who had experienced navy life through the UNTD. With an example of former Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia, Jim Kinley (UNTD '49) sitting right beside him and the newly appointed Minister of National Defense William Graham (UNTD '57) as well as Commander Maritime Forces Atlantic, Rear Admiral Glenn Davidson (UNTD '70), who could argue with that

theme. Needless to say, Dick has been thrilled with his association with UNTDs for the last 55 years.

James Kinley spoke about one of his favorite subjects, UNTD summer training at sea 1943-45 in armed yachts, corvettes and minesweepers on patrol and chasing submarines. He noted that his naval engineering experience helped inspire his engineering career in the family's Marine Hardware and Engineering business. It was that career which led to his good fortune and his appointment to the Lieutenant Governorship of Nova Scotia.

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SERVING THEIR COMMUNITY AND THE NAVY

Among the many successful UNTD graduates is a very special group of men who not only achieved great success in their civilian careers, but attained flag rank in the Naval Reserve as well. These outstanding citizen sailors were a product of the UNTD.

Commodore Ross Taylor "Buck" Bennett CMM, CD

Ross Bennett (Nov. 1928 – Nov. 28, 2007) was a member of the UNTD Association of Canada and attended the Halifax UNTD Reunion in 2004. As a UNTD Cadet (*HMCS Star* 1947–51, McMaster University), his cadet claim to fame was that of being aboard *HMCS Magnificent* in 1949 when she ran aground, seventy miles southeast of Halifax. He graduated from Osgoode Hall Law School and was called to the bar in 1955.

After serving as the Commanding Officer of the UNTD at McMaster University, he was appointed command of *HMCS Star* 1966 – 1969, after the sudden death of Commander Tilbury in an industrial accident. Bennett was the first UNTD graduate to command *Star*. Until 1991, all but one future Commanding Officer would be a product of the UNTD program.

Promoted to the rank of Captain, January 1, 1971, he served as Base Commander at CFB Hamilton until 1974. "Buck" Bennett became one of several UNTD graduates to hold flag rank when he was promoted to Commodore on January 1, 1974. He completed his naval career as the Senior Naval Reserve Advisor, 1974 – 77, a role created with the unification of CAF in

1968. Bennett provided a great deal of leadership and prestige to the navy at a time when support for the military in Canada was declining.



Lois and Lieutenant "Buck" Bennett, 1954

Photo courtesy Lois Bennett.

He was justifiably proud of the fact that both of his daughters, Jennifer and Julie, joined the navy and went on to command other Naval Reserve Divisions. In 2011, Jennifer was promoted to Rear Admiral and appointed Chief of Reserves and Cadets, the first woman to hold that position in the Canadian Navy. His youngest son, David, is a Chief Petty Officer at *HMCS Star*. His oldest son, Robert, predeceased him.

"Buck" Bennett became a local magistrate in 1966 and presided in Hamilton's provincial courts for three decades. He is remembered as the last of the "old-time judges". His reputation for toughness inspired dread in the criminals brought before his court. With his sense of military justice, he was known as the last judge in Canada to order a penal flogging. He sentenced a young offender to 10 lashes for robbing and beating a helpless old man. The penalty was never carried out, but it scared the "s**t" out of the youth. Shortly after that, corporal punishment was banned in Canada.

Bennett was also a former district commissioner of Scouts Canada and volunteer governor / chairman of the Hamilton Division of the Canadian Corps of Commissionaires.

Ross Taylor Bennett passed away on November 28, 2007. A memorial service was held at *HMCS Star*. During the eulogy, one of "Buck's" old friends, Ron Joyce, (Tim Horton's) spoke of their relationship. They met at *HMCS Star* before Ron Joyce retired from the navy. When he decided to enter the business world through a Dairy Queen franchise, he asked "Buck" to be his legal adviser. The Dairy Queen business proved profitable, so Ron decided to branch out in 1964 by purchasing a donut business that was failing. It was called "Tim and Jim's Donuts". Tim Horton was a part owner. There were so many liens against the property that "Buck" advised against the purchase. As "Buck" related the story, he said, "He wouldn't touch it with a ten foot pole". However, Ron ignored the advice and purchased the property anyway because he wanted the rights to Tim Horton's name. The rest, as they say, is history.

Known for his droll sense of humour, "Buck" would always chuckle when he told that story. And for all of his accomplishments, it is probably for his sense of humour, his story telling and his community involvement that we will remember him.

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Rear-Admiral Tom Smith, OMM, CD**

Tom Smith, joined the navy as a UNTD Cadet and rose to the position of Chief of Reserves for the Canadian Armed Forces. With his appointment to Rear Admiral in 1983, **he became the first Naval Reserve Admiral in Canadian history.**

He was born and raised in Leamington, Ontario, He joined the Naval Reserve at *HMCS Hunter* in 1946 as an Ordinary Seaman. He transferred to the newly formed UNTD at Assumption College in 1947. After 3 years in the Regular Force ('50-'52), he became the Staff Officer UNTD at *Hunter* and eventually Commanding Officer ('68-'71).



Admiral Tom Smith at a UNTD Reunion at *HMCS Prevost*
Photo credit R. Williamson

He was the chairman of a Naval Reserve Consulting Group 1972-4 that led to the formation of the Maritime Defense Association of Canada and also served as the Canadian delegate to NATO in Brussels. He was awarded Commander of Military Merit in '81 and the NOAC Bronze Medallion in '75.

Admiral Smith played a part in resurrecting the title UNTD as a Reserve Officer Training Program in 1985. It had disappeared with Hellyer's revamping of the Canadian Armed Forces in 1968. Qualified with a command ticket, he was a well-known face at the coast and at the Great Lakes Training Centre in Hamilton during the 1950s and 60s in command of the summer training vessel HMCS Scatari.

In his civilian life, Tom was a teacher, vice principal, Organization and Development Manager for Chrysler Canada and Senior Training Manager at Imperial Oil. His community work included a seat on the Windsor Board of Governors of the Canadian Corps of Commissionaires and the United Way. He passed away October 29, 2000.

He will be well remembered as a public speaker with a flair for theatrics, humor and a convivial manner. His speeches, like his conversation, were always thought provoking. He last spoke to

the UNTD membership at the UNTD London Reunion in 1996. His theme was based on the amazing accomplishments of UNTD graduates and how we should use our influence to stem the flow of current misinformation designed to degrade the Canadian Armed Forces. Admiral Tom Smith has left a great legacy and will always remain an outstanding example of the true value of the UNTD program.

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Rear Admiral Waldron Fox-Decent OMM CD

Naval Officers Association of Canada National President Jean-Claude Michaud recently announced that Waldron 'Wally' Fox-Decent will make a major donation of \$110,000 to the NOAC Endowment Fund. The donation will be in three parts. The first, for \$40,000 has already been donated. The second, for \$30,000, will occur in December of this year, and the third, for \$40,000 will be made in March 2011. The donation is the retired Admiral's way of helping to commemorate the Canadian Navy's centennial.

Born in Winnipeg in 1937, Wally has had a full and varied Naval Reserve career. In his Naval Reserve career from 1954 to 1996, he rose from UNTD Cadet to the position of Chief of Reserves and Cadets at National Defence Headquarters, retiring as a Rear-Admiral. He is also a member of NOAC Winnipeg Branch.

In his civilian career he has been a university professor, a constitutional advisor to the Manitoba Government on the Meech Lake Accord and a labour mediator and advisor. He served as the chair of the Manitoba Worker's Compensation Board from 1992 to 1995. He has been awarded the **Order of Canada, the Order of Manitoba, and the Order of Military Merit.**

Given its importance, the donation will be identified separately from the remainder of the Endowment Fund. It will be known as the '**Fox-Decent Naval Centennial Gift.**' Our National President warmly welcomed the donation to the Endowment Fund, stating: "As with other capital in the fund, the income of the Fox-Decent Naval Centennial Gift will be



Wally Fox-Decent wearing dark 5B uniform 1st year-Halifax 1955
Photo credit Maj. (Ret'd) Grant Matheson MD



On May 4th, 2010, RAdm (Ret'd) Waldron 'Wally' Fox-Decent (left) presented NOAC National President Jean-Claude Michaud with the first of three cheques destined for the NOAC Endowment Fund.
Starshell photo credit

used to support NOAC/AOMC charitable contributions to sea cadet scholarships, to the preservation of Canada's maritime heritage and to other worthy causes across the country. We will be able to make even more of a difference in the recognition and support of the naval community."

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Cmdre R. Baugniet OMM, CD

Bob Baugniet, UNTD McGill / Sir George Williams '63-65, *HMCS Donnacona*, took up his appointment as Commander Naval Reserves and Senior Naval Reserve Advisor, SNRA in July 1995. He is the ninth commodore to hold this appointment since 1967 and the fourth UNTD to reach this pinnacle.

The position of SNRA was created at the time of unification as a liaison between the Maritime Commander and the Naval Reserve Headquarters, but in recent years has been changed from an advisory position to a command position with the addition of the title, Commander Naval Reserves. This office can only be held by a senior naval reservist.

For the record, the following is a list of SNRAs as confirmed by Cmdre Bennett in his copy of John M. MacFarlane's book, "*Canadian Admirals and Commodore*", published by the Maritime Museum of British Columbia, 1994. (UNTDs in bold print)

1967 - *Cmdre Oland (HMCS Scotian)*

1971 - *Cmdre Leroyd (HMCS Discovery)*

1974 - Cmdre Bennett (UNTD McMaster '48-51, HMCS Star)

1977 - Cmdre Smith (UNTD Windsor '46-49, HMCS Hunter);

1981 - Cmdre Fox-Decent (UNTD Manitoba '54-57, HMCS Chippawa)

1986 - *Cmdre Peer (HMCS Brunswicker)*

1989 - *Cmdre Orthlieb (HMCS Tecumseh)*

1992 - *Cmdre Michaud (HMCS Montcalm)*

1995 - Cmdre Baugniet (UNTD McGill / Sir George Williams '63-65, HMCS Donnacona).

Bob Baugniet's entry into the navy is an interesting review of the education system and naval officer training programs of the

1960s. It also illustrates how the UNTD helped retain for the navy, the capabilities of a young man who was destined for greater things.

Raised in Montreal, Bob Baugniet opted for the Venture Program in 1961 to obtain his senior matriculation. He was accepted into Royal Roads in 1962 but found that the math-science area was not his strength. McGill University gave him credit for some of his Royal Road's courses in an Arts Program and in 1963 he transferred to the second year there and joined the UNTD. In 1964 he transferred to Sir George Williams University (now Concordia), and upon completion of his third year of university, was promoted to Acting Sub-Lieutenant through the UNTD program. Still short a few subjects for graduation, he completed his degree in Political Science and English at night school. In the meantime, he joined Berger and Associates in public relations where he remained until accepting his present position of Vice-President, Corporate Affairs for Rolls-Royce Industries Canada Inc. in 1994.

For information on his naval career, these details are quoted from VOX NAVALIS. From 1965 to 1975, Baugniet held various positions in *HMCS Donnacona* in Montreal. After promotion to Lieutenant-Commander in 1975, Baugniet transferred to *HMCS Carleton* in Ottawa. In 1977 he assumed command of that unit. He was promoted to Commander in 1979 and served as the Executive Officer in *HMCS York*. Then while serving as the Commanding Officer 1981-1985, he received his promotion to Captain (N) in 1983. In 1986 Captain (N) Baugniet was appointed Senior Staff Officer (Navy) to the Chief of Reserves and in 1988 became the Commanding Officer, Maritime Coastal Defence (Seaway).

Cmdre Baugniet was vested into the Order of Military Merit in the grade of "Officer" in 1987. He has held many positions with naval associations including: Past President of MDAC, Director of the Ontario Division of the Navy League of Canada, immediate Past President of the Royal Canadian Military Institute and member of NOAC.



Cmdre R. Baugnet addresses guests at the UNTD Reunion Mess Dinner, Nov. 16, 1996 at *HMCS York*
Photo credit R. Williamson

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UNTDs BECAME TOP PROFESSIONALS

The UNTD web site has an amazing twenty-page list of UNTD graduates who not only served the navy but became top professionals as well. Did the navy ever realize what an amazing potential of human resources they had in their grasp with the creation of the UNTD? Here are a few examples selected from UNTD Newsletter excerpts.

Peter C. Newman: A decade ago several former UNTDs, inspired by the successful 1985 UNTD Reunion Dinners held in Hamilton, Halifax and Victoria, got together in Toronto and under the leadership of Richard Baker formed the UNTD Association of Upper Canada. The organization celebrated its 10th anniversary at the annual reunion dinner held on Saturday, November 21, 1998 in the refurbished wardroom of *York*.

The guest speaker was none other than nationally acclaimed

editor, defence critic and historian, Captain(N) Peter C. Newman. As a UNTD cadet at *HMCS York* in 1948, Peter became the editor of the UNTD Magazine, a venture that set him on the path to greatness. Now the author of several award winning books, including, *“The Company of Adventurers”* and *“The Titans”* (How the Canadian Establishment seized power).

Peter spoke casually about his days as a UNTD cadet, his career experiences, famous people and his books, -selecting from them a number of humorous incidents. The most memorable was at Pearl Harbour. As a Commander on liaison duty in Hawaii, he made a courtesy call on the Admiral (CINC PAC). They got on well, and the admiral in typical generous American fashion, sent Peter on a tour of the harbour in the Admiral's barge. While viewing the wreck of the *USS Arizona*, Peter was surprised to see elements of the Pacific Fleet entering harbour and steaming towards him. He was even more surprised when each ship piped a salute. Somewhat sheepishly but with conviction, Cdr Newman, RCN(R), former UNTD, stood in the admiral's barge and took the salute for CINC PAC.



Captain (N) Peter Newman, 1999. *R. Williamson photo*

Some of Peter's UNTD experiences are recorded in the 2009 documentary, "NO COUNTRY FOR YOUNG MEN", produced by The Breakout Education Network as part of their seven year project to re-connect the Canadian Armed Forces with the Canadian Public. This particular DVD studies Canada's lost tradition of university military training.

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The NASA CONNECTION written by Bill Clearihue U-2322, is a story about Space Research, not exactly Rocket Science, but close, and most definitely UNTiDy. With ATLANTIS most recently in space and making history, by turning out the lights on the Space Shuttle program, it is interesting to contemplate the major contributions to this program of an ex-UNTD.

Edmond M Reeves: According to his bio, Edmond joined NASA in 1992 and was chief of the astrophysics payloads branch on space shuttle flights and also chief scientist for NASA's space station unit. From 1993 until his retirement in 1998, he was deputy director and later director of the Flight Systems Office, where he was responsible for planning and coordinating science operations for missions including Spacelab, commercial space programs and U.S. experiments performed on the Russian Mir space station.

Ed Reeves was born in London, Ontario, Canada, on 14 January 1934. During his undergraduate and graduate years at the University of Western Ontario [UWO], he was in the Royal Canadian Navy (Reserve) as a UNTD Cadet (1952-1956), then as Instructing Officer, *HMCS Prevost* (1956-1959), and Lieutenant, Royal Canadian Navy (Reserve) retired.

He received a Ph.D. in 1959 from the UWO, specializing in atomic and molecular physics. After two years of postdoctoral research in ultraviolet atomic spectroscopy at the Department of Physics, Imperial College, London, England, Ed joined the HCO Solar Satellite project, working with Leo Goldberg, Director of HCO, and pioneer in solar spectroscopy.



Edmond M Reeves (1934 - 2008)
UNTD *Prevost* 1952-1956 U-62485

In 1968, Ed was appointed Senior Research Associate at Harvard College Observatory, and in 1973 he received a joint appointment as Physicist at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory [SAO] when the CFA was initiated under George Field. During his seventeen years at the Observatory, Ed led a large and vibrant group of engineers and scientists in the Solar Satellite Project, developing a series of space missions to explore the extreme ultraviolet emission from the Sun.

In 1978, Ed joined the High Altitude Observatory in Boulder, Colorado, where he was Head of Administration and Support before moving to NASA Headquarters in 1982. There he became Director of the Flight Systems Office in the Office of Life and Microgravity Sciences and Applications, with responsibility for integrated planning and science operations for research using the Spacelab, Spacehab, and Mir missions. He led the activities for the research requirements and planning for the International Space Station and served as the Space Station Senior Scientist, the Executive Secretary of the Space Station Utilization Advisory

Subcommittee, and the Executive Secretary of the Space Station Utilization Board at NASA Headquarters. He also served as NASA's representative to the international Users Operations Panel, which coordinates the utilization planning for the Station across the international partners. Ed retired from NASA in 1998.

He died August 8, 2008 of cancer at Virginia Hospital Center. He lived in Arlington County, VA.

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ADVOCATE FOR DOING WHAT'S RIGHT, written by Bill Clearihue U-2322, is an important story about the UNTD and the medical profession.

Dr. Noel Adam Buskard: 1939-2011, (UNTD CARLETON 1957 U-158) LT(N)Ret'd, was known by many UNTD Cadets as a perennial CORNWALLIS Term Lieutenant and Nav Instructor, from 1962 to 1965 when he was Term Lieutenant of Yukon Division. He had hoped to become a naval pilot but his eyesight disqualified him.



*Term Lieutenant Buskard 1965 HMCS Cornwallis
White Twist Yearbook photo*

He died Saturday July 16, 2011 in Vancouver, 2 days shy of his 72nd birthday. A memorial service was held at the University Centre.



*Dr. Noel Buskard 2005 UBC Faculty of Medicine
Photo courtesy Bill Clearihue*

A well known Physician and Clinical Professor Emeritus of UBC's Faculty of Medicine's Haematology Division, he retired in 2005 after 27 years in the department. He was often at the centre of controversy in the medical community as an advocate for doing what's right. He was opposed to the Canadian Red Cross handling of the HIV and hepatitis tragedy. In 1998 he was named clinician of the year by the Medical Undergraduate Society.

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Howard Agnew: "YOU CAN ALWAYS TRUST YOUR CAR TO THE MAN WHO WEARS THE STAR, THE GREAT BIG **TEXACO STAR!**" This was a familiar refrain of TV commercials a few decades ago. Bill Clearihue has found that the man with the biggest star, George Howard Agnew was an UNTiDy.

It may be hard to believe that it has been 22 years since the Texaco logo graced neighbourhood gas stations in Canada. The Oil Crisis of the 1970s in the US, followed by legal problems in the 1980s caused Texaco to get rid of assets, including Texaco

Canada, which they sold to Imperial Oil in 1989.

The Chief Operating Officer of Texaco Canada, who orchestrated that move, soon retired after 37 years with the Company. That was **George Howard Agnew** who joined Texaco soon after getting his B.Eng from the University of Manitoba. But prior to all that, he was G. Howard Agnew *UNTD Chippawa* 1953 U-1308. He Crossed the Bar on July 15, 2008 in Calgary, at the age of 76.

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Wallace McCain: According to Bill Clearihue perhaps one of the biggest UNTD LUMINARIES was Wallace McCain. It has always been our contention that the UNTD program produced many outstanding Canadians despite the navy's insistent complaint that it was not a good investment. However, a recent obituary notice has disclosed that **one of Canada's greatest businessmen was a UNTD graduate.** McCain Foods co-founder Wallace McCain crossed the bar on Friday night, May 13, 2011, age 81 in Toronto. He had been fighting pancreatic cancer for 14 months.

He was a man of many accomplishments, but before he was any of those things, he was an UNTiDy, U-48528 *HMCS Scotian* 1949-1951, while attending Mount Allison University in Sackville.

According to the Canadian Press, Wallace McCain turned a small New Brunswick french fry plant into the McCain Foods multibillion-dollar frozen foods empire and later went on to control meat processor Maple Leaf Foods. Former prime minister Paul Martin stated that while McCain should be praised as a great Canadian business man, he should be remembered for his compassion and his generosity to so many causes dedicated to improving the lives of many Canadians.

Wallace McCain and his older brother Harrison founded the New Brunswick-based McCain Foods Ltd. in 1956, building it into one of the globe's largest frozen food companies which now operates in 44 countries and produces more frozen french fries than any other company in the world. The two were following in the steps of their father, who owned a seed potato exporting

business in their hometown of Florenceville, N.B. With consumers craving the convenience of prepared foods, the company expanded into frozen pizza, vegetables, juice and fish processing.

Wallace parted company with his brother and moved to Toronto. In 1995, he became an Officer of the Order of Canada. That same year he and the Ontario Teachers' Pension Plan bought Toronto-based Maple Leaf Foods. That company grew to more than 21,000 employees under his supervision, increasing his status as one of the richest people in the world. Last year, Forbes Magazine listed Wallace McCain as No. 421 on its annual list of richest billionaires worldwide, giving him a **personal net worth of \$2.3 billion.**

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Cdr. Robert Ashton Willson CD: was the guest speaker at the UNTD Reunion Mess Dinner on November 15, 1997. Former UNTiDiers and their significant others, assembled from far and wide in the wardroom of *HMCS York*. The theme of the dinner was support for the *HMCS Haida*, and Bob Willson had served as Captain of the *Haida* Naval Museum at Ontario Place for the last ten years.

Willson joined the navy in 1951 as a UNTD Cadet at McMaster University. At the end of his first summer of training (1952) in HMCS Sioux, he transferred to Herbie Little's newly created Regular Officer Training Plan. In 1953 he was one of the first class of ten ROTP Cadets (Executive Branch) to train in HMCS Beacon Hill with UNTDs. By the end of 1953, he was a full-time midshipman in *HMCS Ontario*. During his 35 years in the RCN he served in many ships (see chapter IV), rising to command *HMCS Annapolis* 1975-77, but his talk was mostly about his first appointment as navigating Officer in *HMCS Haida* 1956-58. It was clearly a memorable experience and made his last appointment to the *Haida* museum all the more poignant.

He remembered how he was kidded about his first passage plan to Bermuda. He was instructed to sail south 'til the butter melts, turn right and head for the point on the radar plot where all the aircraft disappear. During a cruise in the Baltic, one of the ship's

characters, LCdr. “Bunji” Taylor, made a scrap book of samples of all the different toilet paper that they encountered. He noted that every sheet of Royal Navy Standard Issue Tissue was stamped for identification purposes. One page of the book even contained some tree leaves where tissue was scarce.

In 1958, off Newfoundland, at the height of a Russian submarine scare, *Haida* went to battle stations to attack an unidentified twin echo on the radar which was suspected to be a Russian sub doing a RAS (Replenishment At Sea). As the *Haida*, with a bone in her teeth, entered a fog bank, she almost collided with a twin peaked iceberg.



Guest Speaker Cdr. Bob Willson shares a moment with Cdr. Herbie Little, post-war re-organizer of the UNTD, who was about to celebrate his 90th birthday.

Photo credit R. Williamson

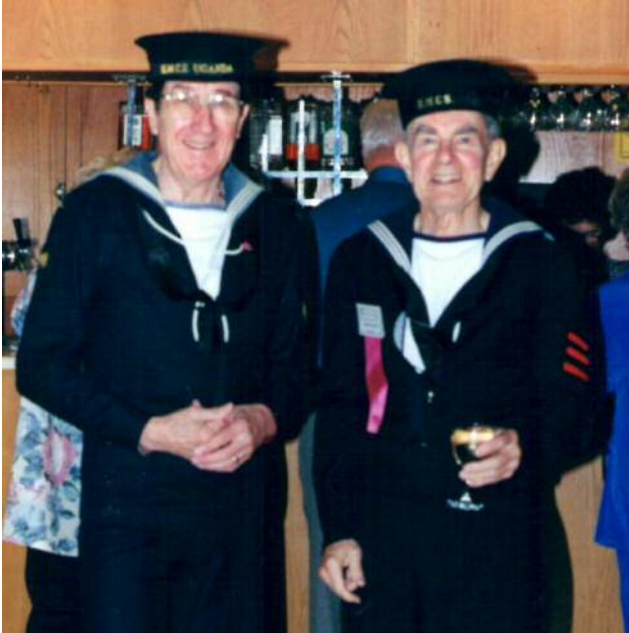
The C.O. of *Haida*, Cdr Beck, was a man with an exemplary naval record. But Willson remembered Beck's one eccentricity that caused him, as Navigation Officer, a lot of grief. While on the bridge, Beck, who constantly studied the charts, would take them off the chart table, fold them up like a road map and carry them with him in his pocket. The chart depot was always most unhappy with Willson whenever he tried to return these badly folded and generally mangled charts.

Such were the stories told by Bob Willson. Today, he is Past Commodore of the Canadian Forces Sailing Association (Halifax Squadron), Past President of the Navy League of Canada (Ontario Division), Past Editor of BUMPH, the NOAC Toronto Branch Newsletter and ANCHOR WATCH, the quarterly newsletter of the Historic Naval Ships Association.

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Allan Squires: UNTD *HMCS Chippawa* 1946 –1950, University of Manitoba, was a typical example of a UNTD cadet who contributed a great deal to the navy during his successful career. He began his navy experience as a member of the UNTD polio quarantine crew from *HMCS Athabaskan* in July 1948. Following that he took a year out of school on a short service commission in 1949 before completing a degree in finance. He then returned to the RCN for ten years as a supply officer until his retirement as a LCdr, whereupon he went home to Winnipeg to become **Accounting Manager for Eaton's Department Store** until the firm closed.

He remained active with the navy through the NOAC, being National Director for the Manitoba Branch for 15 years and interim National Treasurer. He was a founder of the Naval Museum in Winnipeg and Editor of the "Ditty Box", the newsletter of NOAC Winnipeg Branch. He was always proud of the fact that he could still fit into his old uniforms, which he wore to reunions and heritage events. Sadly he passed away in his 81st year in the spring of 2009.



Al Squires (left) with John Mason at *HMCS Uganda* reunion Sep. 08, 2000 in Nanaimo BC. Photo courtesy A. Squires.

Bill Griswold: MD, FRCS©, an ex-UNTD Cadet, former Cadet Captain and UNTD song writer, passed away in 2010 in Victoria, BC.

Bill Griswold joined the RCNR as a UNTD Cadet in 1958 at *HMCS Nonsuch*. He was commissioned as an Acting Sub-Lieutenant in his fourth year and transferred to Continuous Naval Duty on *HMCS Buckingham* just after the Cuban Missile Crisis. He received a regular force BWK (watch keeping certificate) on completion of this one-year appointment and returned to Edmonton for his final year at university.

For the next few summers he served as Executive Officer of *Port St. Jean*, Commanding Officer of *Scatari* and Commanding Officer of *Port St. Jean* for the Centennial Year. He was Executive Officer of *Port de la Reine* when she was transferred to the Pacific Fleet.

After completing his medical degree at Queens University, he moved to Victoria and became a member of *HMCS Malahat* where he was Training Officer and Sea Operations Officer.

Re-certified in Minor War Vessel Command in 1990, he acted as the Commanding Officer of *Port de la Reine*, *Port Quebec* and *Port Dauphine* for gate vessel weekends, Easter break deployments and two-week summer cruises on several occasions. He reached compulsory retirement age in 1995 as a Lieutenant Commander.

After his retirement from the navy and partial retirement from *his* civilian occupation, **a highly recognized heart surgeon**, Bill spent his time as part owner of a 37 foot Truant Pilothouse Sloop. He and his wife Lynne were facilitators and factotums for two Corgis and six cats.



Former UNTDs at a presentation of Canadian Naval History books to students in Victoria: left, Jim Munro of Munro Books, and Dr. William Griswold CD LCdr RCNR Retired.

Photo credit MARPAC Lookout News

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Dave Freeman: joined the UNTD in *HMCS Nonosuch* in September 1960. Like a number of former UNTDs, he went on to enjoy a significant military career and now in retirement has become a published author. In his first summer of UNTD training he was a member of Micmac Division at *Cornwallis*. He took a year off and re-joined at *Discovery* in September 1962. In his third summer at *Cornwallis* in 1964, he was appointed Senior Cadet Captain of the third year cadets in Mackenzie Division.

Promoted to A/S/Lt. in the fall of 1964, he joined *HMCS Discovery*. In 1966 he was promoted to Lieutenant and in 1967 transferred to the RCN as an Instructor Officer. After being appointed Senior Divisional Training Instructor in Fleet School at Halifax, he enjoyed a number of appointments, ending with a six year term as a senior staff officer in Training System HQ in Trenton. He was then posted to Toronto as Personnel & Training Officer for the Tribal class Update and Modernization Program (TRUMP).

He worked on the TRUMP Program until the navy retired him in 1996. Then he started writing his first book, “**Canadian Warship Names**”, which came out in 2000. He is now working on three more books, all about the RCN, the most interesting one being, “**Badges of Distinction**” a sequel to the Navy’s “**Gunshield Graffiti**” printed in 1984. This will be a collection of over 500 unofficial badges and insignia used by HMC Ships from 1910 to 1948 when the official, circular frame badges started being issued.

He is a volunteer at the Naval & Military Museum in CFB Esquimalt and a member of NOA Vancouver Island. He can be reached at djfreeman@shaw.ca

Alec Wright: UNTD '67 (*Star and York*) is the grandson of the creator of the UNTD, Professor, Captain Jack Baker. Alec is a former Chairman of the UNTD Association. As a professional, he has spent four decades in the financial services industry. He is retired from Seneca College where he was co-coordinator of the graduate programme in Forensic Accounting. He has formed his own company and continues to consult in international tax

and forensic accounting from Toronto and Nassau. He has just finished consulting on a major fraud in Barbados. His experience has provided him with first-hand examples of investor dangers, which he has collected in a newly released tell-all publication for investors and compliance professionals entitled; “**Demons in the Financial World and How to Spot Them**”, Trafford Publishing. Go to <http://www.trafford.com/4dcgi/view-item?item=8347>. or alecwright@hotmail.com. for more information. Wright & Co is located at 530 St Clarens Ave. Toronto. ON M6H 3W7

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Peter Chipman: UNTD *Brunswicker* 1964 became a singer and entertainer by profession in Vancouver. He runs his own company called CAPCAN Music Distribution which publishes songs and distributes fine quality digitally re-mastered compact disks.

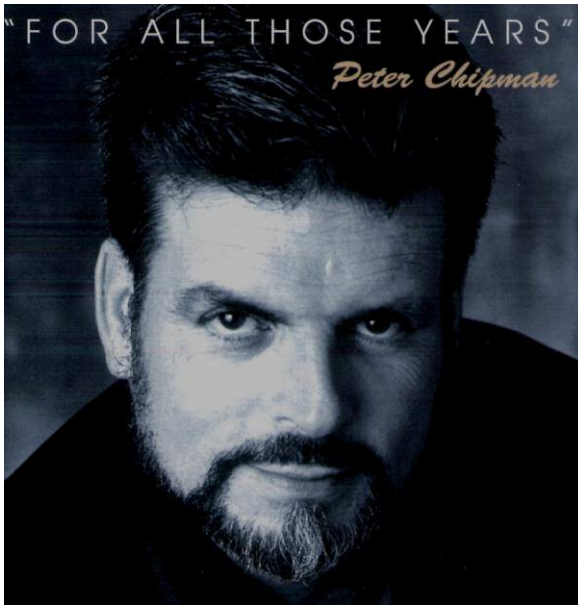


Photo credit Peter Chipman

Peter was a partner with Barrie Jackson and Rick Daycock (both UNTD *Chippewa*) in the Cooper Boating Centre, a large yacht charter and sailing school in Vancouver. Unfortunately, Barrie

Jackson, who until 1994 was serving in the Reserve Navy as X.O. of *HMCS Discovery*, died suddenly in the summer of 1996 from a massive brain haemorrhage at age 52.

Peter is a dedicated member of The Variety Club and has been involved with "special needs children" for over 18 years, performing on Telethons across North America. Funds raised have been used to finance capital projects for hospitals, child development centres and special equipment for independent living.

Peter released a collection of twelve of his favourite songs recorded on a CD. It includes songs such as: *The last Farewell*, *You Light Up My Life* and *Ghostriders In The Sky*, as well as Peter's popular original songs: *You Girl*, *Everybody's Writin' Songs*, *Rodeo Roadshow Man* and *Hey Daisy*. The title song for this recording is a new release called, ***For All Those Years***. One dollar from the sale of each CD or Cassette is donated to the Variety Club of British Columbia.

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Andy Shaw: In 1965, the Ottawa Rough Riders professional football team announced the signing of Queen's University football draft choice, S/Lt Andrew Shaw RCNR, an award winning UNTD graduate (1961-1964). The 22 year old Shaw, at 6 feet 4 inches and 250 pounds is pictured on the next page, training at HMCS Cornwallis in a public relations photo. He went on to play professionally under Ottawa coach Frank Clair and quarterback Russ Jackson.

A graduate in English, Politics and Economics, Andy had a 20-year career as a globe-trotting sports journalist and broadcaster covering six Olympic Games. Now as UNTD Association vice president, Andy organized a very successful Toronto Harbour dinner cruise in 2010 expanding to bigger things in 2011. On October 22, Andy led a 70-person UNTD cruise group to Britain on the Queen Mary 2. The group spent a week in London's Victoria Services Club, while studying University Royal Navy Units that are thriving on British university campuses.



Photo courtesy Cornwallis Ensign Newsletter 1965

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Jim Speight: UNTD 1949-1952, *HMCS Chippawa*, University of Manitoba was born in Toronto in 1929, moving to Winnipeg in 1939. He completed a degree in Commerce at University of Manitoba in 1952 as well as receiving his commission as a sub-lieutenant. He worked as a representative and manager for IBM in Toronto, Ottawa, Winnipeg and Vancouver. In 1966 he left IBM and founded a computer software and consulting service called **Computech Consulting Canada**. In 1972 he sold his shares in Computech and began operating independently. He established **Universal Library Systems**, a company that developed an on-line Circulation Control and Public Access system called **ULISYS**. It has been installed in over 30 municipal and academic libraries throughout the U.S. and Canada. He began winding down his business interests in 1990 and in became a fulltime writer. He has completed two books, "*Electronic Politics*", published on the Internet, and "*The Assertive Patient*". Living near Vancouver on the "Sunshine Coast" across Howe Sound from the Horseshoe Bay Ferry, he is an active member of a writer's group.



Shown on the left, Jim Speight as he appeared in 1952 upon completing the UNTD program. On the right, as he appeared in 2000 at his home in Gibsons, Howe Sound, BC. *Speight photos*

In 2000 he published a naval history entitled, ***UNTIDIES, BONDING A NATION***. In the introduction to his 150-page UNTD manuscript, Jim states that his purpose is to show the benefit of UNTD training to the Canadian Navy and how Canada has benefited through the enhancement of leadership skills in many UNTD graduates. With the UNTD and similar programs in the army and air force, Canada had a golden opportunity to create a successful group of leaders capable of taking key roles in society, government, science and industry. To illustrate this, he has dedicated one section of the book to the biographies of some successful and famous UNTD graduates.

In ***UNTIDIES, BONDING A NATION***, Jim recognizes that there are two sides to the story of the UNTD. One side emphasizes the adventure, the friendships created, the vastly improved knowledge and understanding of our country and the happy experiences. The other side, a serious one, refers to the development of naval officers and the parallel with that objective, the training of leaders.

Arthur Kroeger: died suddenly in Ottawa from cancer on Friday May 9, 2008. He was a very distinguished federal public servant and a UNTD Cadet (first summer 1953 on the Coronation Cruise.) He made an effort to attend as many UNTD Reunions as possible – Halifax, Victoria and Ottawa.

Arthur was a Rhodes Scholar, 1958, a Companion of the Order of Canada, a Federal Deputy Minister of five major government departments, including Transport and a former Public Affairs is named in his honour.

A scholarship fund, “Giving to Carleton”, was set up in his name. Bob Duncombe also a UNTD, Carleton University Graduate, wrote, “Arthur was simply a fine and gracious friend, sadly to be missed as one of the platoon markers of life.

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Paul Yocom: (UNTD *York* 1962) made the headlines in the Calgary Herald, September 2, 2001. He was pictured as an inductee into the Guard of the Museum of the Regiments in Calgary. Paul is a past Board Member of NOAC (Calgary Branch) and in conjunction with his business, Yocom & Associates Ltd., **helped to raise six million dollars for three military museums – the National War Museum in Ottawa, the Museum of the Regiments and the Naval Museum of Alberta in Calgary.** For his support of our military heritage he was made an Honorary Commander of the Honourable Guard of the Museum of the Regiments, one of the finest military museums in Canada.

Paul was educated in Toronto and received an Honours Bachelor of Arts degree in Political Science & Economics from the University of Toronto. He served in the Naval Reserve at *HMCS York* 1962 – 70 and then transferred to the RCN 1971 – 77. A highlight of his RCN career was his frequent contact with HRH Prince Charles who was also serving as part of the Standing Naval Force, Atlantic. After leaving the RCN, Yocom worked in public relations until starting his own placement business in 1981.

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NOAC AWARDS FOR Ex-UNTDs

The Naval Officers' Association of Canada NOAC has awarded Gold, Silver and Bronze Medallions to former UNTDs at various National Conference across the country. The Silver Medallion recognizes exemplary service to the NOAC and to Canada.

Richard Baker joined the UNTD at *HMCS York* in 1961. He was President of the Toronto Branch, NOAC, 1989-90 and founding President of the UNTD Association in 1988. He has been a member of the Board of Directors, NOAC Toronto Branch Scholarship Fund since 1988 and chairman since 1995. During his tenure as chairman, the fund had gone from \$40,000 to \$100,000. The scholarships are presented to students of six navy-related training programs in the province. His Silver Medallion recognizes his contribution to the fund's success.

Reg Kowalchuk joined the UNTD in 1959 at *HMCS Chippawa*. He was the Treasurer of the Toronto Branch NOAC from 1987 to 1991. A founding member of the UNTD Association, he served as Treasurer from 1987 – 1991. Like Richard Baker he has served on the Board of Directors of the NOAC Toronto Branch Scholarship Fund. As Treasurer and Investment Coordinator he played an important role in the fund's financial success and was a worthy recipient of the Silver Medallion.

Robert Williamson was awarded the Silver Medallion in 2004 but chose to receive it at the NOAC Hamilton Convention in 2005. He joined the UNTD in 1957 at *HMCS Star*, retiring from the position of Commanding Officer in 1988. He has been a member of NOAC since 1985 and was a founding member of the Hamilton Area Group within the Toronto Branch of NOAC in 1987. His contribution to the promotion of Canadian naval history is significant. He has published the history of *HMCS Star* in 1991 and the history of the UNTD in 1993, 1996, & 2012. He has written several articles about the Canadian navy, and the naval war of 1812 published in the Maritime Warfare Bulletin, Canadian Military History Magazine and Starshell. He has been editor of the UNTD Association Newsletter since 1993 and as of 2012 has 36 issues to his credit. The newsletter has been widely praised and is distributed across Canada and the United States.

In February 2001 Bob Williamson, was summoned to Queen's Park by Lieutenant Governor Hilary Weston on behalf of the Governor General of Canada. He was presented with the Governor General's Caring Canadian Award. He was one of 67 Canadians recognized for their community service.

Ex UNTD Mike Cooper, National President of NOAC presented a NOAC Silver Medallion to Bob Williamson at the 2005 NOAC Conference in Hamilton for the recognition he has brought to NOAC and the Canadian Navy at the national and international level.



Bob Williamson receives a silver medallion from NOAC National President Mike Cooper

Hugh Franks was awarded the NOAC National Award of a Silver Medallion for Exemplary Achievement in Service to the NOAC and Canada in 2002. He was one of the most active members of the NOAC team, which raised the money for the complete renovation of the *HMCS York Wardroom*. Hugh has

been on the Board of Directors for the Toronto Branch of the NOAC for two extended periods as well as an executive member of the UNTD Association.

Hugh joined the UNTD while attending the University of Toronto, Trinity College in 1953. He graduated in Political Science and Economics in 1957. Like most of us, Hugh has some very fond memories as a UNTD Cadet. A cruise in the frigate *HMCS Ste. Therese* in 1954 took cadets to Newfoundland and up the Labrador coast as far as Ungava Bay carrying Lieutenant Governor Butterfield on a tour of the scenic outposts. He recalls using icebergs for 4-inch gun practice. On his way west in 1955 he stopped and did some spring skiing at Mount Baker. He enjoyed Royal Roads and avoided P.T by playing snare drum in the cadet band. 1956 had to be the most memorable year. He was a member of the UNTD contingent that participated in TRAMID, a three-week amphibious training course with West Point Cadets and Annapolis Midshipmen near Norfolk, Virginia. Hugh was placed in charge of one of the landing craft.

Hugh retired from *York* in 1967, having attained the rank of LCdr. He spent twenty years working for Dominion Securities and now is a partner in Stuart Investment Management. One of the things that Hugh finds most gratifying is his 24 years of service on the Board of the National Youth Orchestra of Canada. He is also on the Executive of Trinity College.

Ralph Swartz received the NOAC Bronze Medallion for outstanding contribution to NOAC at the Branch level. Ralph Swartz joined the UNTD in 1946 at *HMCS York*. He was the Program Chairman, NOAC Toronto Branch from 1990 to 1995. During that time he arranged informative programs with many distinguished speakers. His efforts were recognized with a Bronze Medallion.

In 2010, during the Canadian Navy Centennial celebrations in Halifax, the Starshell NOAC National Magazine reported that former UNTDs: **Ron Harrison** and **Robert McIlwaine** of British Columbia, were awarded the NOAC Gold Medallion and **Peter Langlais** of Montreal was awarded the NOAC Silver Medallion. There was no mention that these luminaries joined the navy as members of the University Naval Training Divisions.



Ex UNTD, The Venerable Ron Harrison Executive Archdeacon of the Diocese of New Westminster, Past National President of NOAC, receives the NOAC Gold Medallion.

Starshell photo

CHAPTER IX

IMPACT OF UNTD EXPERIENCES

WHAT MAKES US DIFFERENT?

John Scott

This story by John Scott will make you realize why we all have a fixation on the navy and spend so much of our time reminiscing about our UNTD experiences. Editor

My name is John Scott and I have just finished reading *SPINDRIFT, UNTiDy Tales of Officer Cadets*. My wife found the book in the University of Toronto library. It really brought back a number of UNTD memories. I learned a lot about the origins of the UNTD. It is surprising that I could relate to a number of experiences that the book's contributors commented on, some almost 20 years prior to my time in the UNTD. Some that hit home were the khaki summer uniforms that wrinkled easily and turned pink when ironed too hot, forgetting to lower the centre board in the whaler, the trips along Vancouver Island in the YFPs, the pranksters, the end of the UNTD in 1968, and of course the camaraderie.

All that reading about the UNTD got me feeling nostalgic and I collected a number of UNTD mementos. My wife wonders why I've kept one collar stud for 40 years!

I'd like to share with you a story that illustrates the impact the UNTD has had on my life and career. I retired last year from industry as a Corporate Vice-president. In my climb up the corporate ladder I was required to undergo a psychological exam. When the psychologist's review was complete, I was asked if I had any comments. After hesitating, I told him that it appeared to me that I was mentally focused in time on my college days when I joined the UNTD.

The psychologist explained that when something good and memorable happens in someone's life it is common for a person to lock in mentally at that age. He said it would always keep me feeling young. Well, he was right. I still feel young at heart, and I owe this in part to the great time I spent in the UNTD.

It is wonderful that all of these great stories are being recorded here. They have brought back so many wonderful memories.

REUNIONS KEEP MEMORIES ALIVE

When the UNTD association was formed in 1988, it began holding annual reunion mess dinners or weepers at *HMCS York* with special guest speakers such as VAdm. Jock Allan CMM, CD (UNTD), in 1995. In 1993, a 50th Anniversary Reunion was held in Halifax in honour of the creation of the UNTD in 1943. This was followed in 1994 with reunions in Guelph with VAdm. Peter Cairns, and Kingston with TV Journalist Peter Trueman (UNTD). London got into the act in 1996 with RAdm. Tom Smith CMM, CD, (UNTD) as speaker. Commodore Robert Baugniet OMM, CD, (UNTD) was the special guest at *HMCS York* in 1996, Capt (N) Peter C. Newman (UNTD) in 1998 and Capt (N) Richard Steele, an honorary UNTD, in 1999.



Founding members of the UNTD Association are pictured here during a Reunion Dinner at *HMCS York*. From the left:: Gil Hutton, Alex Wright, Bill Brown, Richard Baker, Reg Kowalchuk and Mark Llwellyn. Absent: Doug Broad.

Photo credit R. Williamson

In 2000 a national UNTD Reunion, held in Victoria, was an overwhelming success followed by Halifax in 2004 where RAdm. Glenn Davidson CMM, CD, (NROUTP, successor to the UNTD) was the guest speaker. This reunion was so successful that it was suggested that the UNTD and NOAC combine for the next reunion. Consequently that pattern has been followed since 2005

in Hamilton, thus buoying up the declining NOAC membership.

In 2006, Ottawa UNTD began hosting an annual Rendezvous Ottawa Reunion on Parliament Hill until 2011 under the auspices of Senator Rompkey.

In 2008, Queen's University UNTD held a Reunion in Kingston and a national reunion of NOAC and UNTD was held in Quebec City for that city's 400th anniversary. Two very successful UNTD national reunions were held in Halifax and Victoria celebrating the RCN Centennial in 2010.

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UNTDs PROMINENT at 60th NOAC REUNION

Bob Williamson 2005

The 60th Reunion, Annual General Meeting and Conference of the Naval Officers Association of Canada, NOAC, was held for the first time in Hamilton, Ontario, June 9 to 12, 2005, hosted by the Hamilton Area Group of the Toronto Branch.

The history of the Naval Officers' Association of Canada shows that it was formally registered on March 1, 1946 and held its first national conference. Within a few years it had nearly 10,000 members and twenty-one branches across Canada. A large majority of members had held commissions in the RCNVR, RCNR and RCN during World War II, plus officers from Commonwealth navies who had immigrated to Canada. In more recent years, membership demographics have shown an increasing number of former UNTDs.

At the 2004 UNTD Reunion in Halifax, Mike Cooper, NOAC National President and a former UNTD graduate, emphasized the reunion theme and invited all former UNTDs to join in with the 60th Annual NOAC Conference in Hamilton in 2005. It was no surprise therefore, to find that 40% of male attendees at the conference were former UNTD cadets.

Seldom has NOAC recognized the presence of former UNTDs in its association. At the Hamilton convention, there was no denying it. The National Executive Director of NOAC, Rob Nixon, is a

former UNTD as is Al Squires, NOAC National Treasurer. At the AGM, outgoing National President, Mike Cooper, ex-UNTD, turned over “the Watch” to Ron Harrison, also a former UNTD.

UNTDs were well represented at the local level as well. Seven of the nine committee members from the Hamilton Area Group who organized the conference were ex-UNTD or UNTD associated. The Ex-UNTDs were: Gil Hutton (Chairman), Bob Williamson (Entertainment, Tours, Lectures, Tattoo), Dave Jackson (Planning and Cost Sheets) and Bob Willson (Publicity - Tickets). UNTD associated members included; Eileen Williamson, (Accommodation), Jetta Thomas, wife of UNTD Association’s Rev. Canon Bill Thomas (Registration) and Sam Huntington, former UNTD Term Lieutenant (Hospitality).

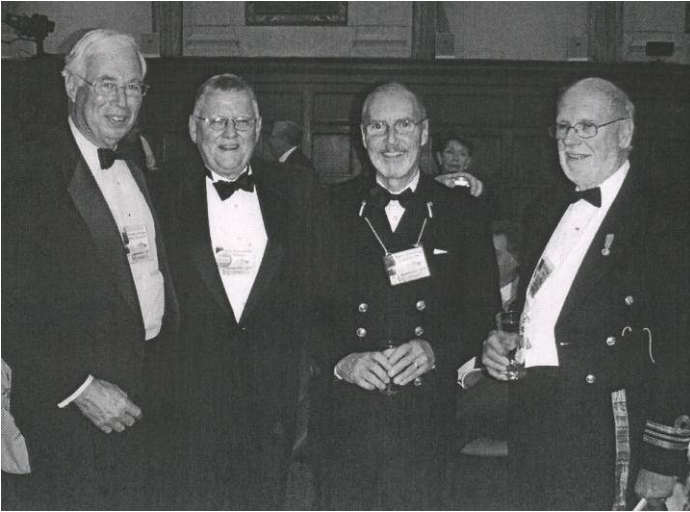
Yes, UNTDs were there in abundance at the 60th Annual NOAC Reunion / Conference in Hamilton where 63 years ago the first University Naval Training Division was formed at Ontario Agricultural College and McMaster University.

RENDEZVOUS OTTAWA

Bob Morris – 2006

Scotch gets better with age. So do UNTDs with respect to reunions. The “Dine the Ladies” evening in Ottawa October 28, 2006 was proof of this. The large attendance filled the Railway Committee Room in the Centre Block of the Parliament Buildings.

Bob Duncombe and his committee; Bill Rompkey, Peter Milsom, Bob Wootton, W. Grant Thompson, and Jim Maxwell, started the evening with a reception in the Senate Foyer and musical entertainment was provided by the Band of the Royal Canadian Sea Cadet Corps – Falkland.



Gathering for a sing-along after dinner are former UNTD cadets L. to R. Brook Campbell, Vancouver, Bob Duncombe, Ottawa, Wynn Downing, London, and Gus Fraser, Ottawa.

Photo courtesy R. Duncombe

Before dinner, Up Spirits with pusser rum gave the Ladies (not to mention their escorts) the opportunity to participate in the serving of a tot. The Prime Rib of Beef au jus dinner was fit for the Queen. Mess dinner protocol was the order of the day, calling for Port wine & "Tall Tales".

The Honourable Bill Rompkey, Lt. RCNR (Ret'd) spoke humorously, informatively and eloquently starting with his recollections of WWII in Newfoundland. He made us feel proud to be Canadian.

Bob Wootton led a sing-a-long in the Reading Room following dinner. WOW, what an evening!

SENATOR ROMPKEY'S DINNER SPEECH

An Edited Version courtesy Bob Duncombe 2006

My name is Bill Rompkey (UNTD 1955) and I am an Old Oar. Let me explain the origins of the Ottawa Old Oars. It all began at the home of Grant Thompson, former Chief of Gastroenterology and Assistant Dean of the Medical School at Ottawa University. He impressed Jim Maxwell and me with his compilation of UNTD movies and slides about shipboard life set to martial music. The audio-visuals, which you will see later in the Reading Room, are superb and got us thinking about a reunion work party of old oars. Thus Grant became the "**Doct'oar**" and Jim, Director of the Royal Canadian Geographical Society, became the "**Geograph'oar**" while I became the "**Senat'oar**". We got Bob Duncombe involved with organizing a mess dinner and he became, wait for it! – "**Bobby'oar**". Later, Bob Wootton joined us with his knowledge of naval lore and compiled our unique UNTD songbook which you will receive later. He became our sturdy "**Woodon'oar**". Later still, Peter Milsom, former DND Executive, brought his management skills to the group and became "**Pete'oar**".

So tonight we have an opportunity to remember and share memories with mates from one of the great times of our lives. Recall the Parade Square, the Obstacle Course, the Gunroom, the Dockyard, and Barrington Street. Remember the Duty Watch, Cleaning Stations, Salt Spray over the Foc'sle, the White Ensign and the White Twist. For all of us, the UNTD was a new experience and the adventure of a lifetime.

For those of us from Newfoundland, it was special. I had grown up in the seaport of St. John's during World War II and experienced the convoys that formed there before heading across the Atlantic. By day we could hear the horns of the ships entering or leaving harbour, while at night the sirens would wail and the city was completely darkened. Our fathers put on their armbands and their tin helmets and took their stirrup pumps to practice with the Air Raid Patrol. At school we made ditty bags for the men at sea. We filled them with cigarettes, razor blades, life savers, a sewing kit, stamps, chewing gum and whatever a sailor could use –knitted caps, mitts or a wool scarf to keep out the chill of the North Atlantic.

So we were no strangers to the Navy. When we joined the UNTD in 1955 and were sent to *Stad* in Halifax, we had only been Canadians for six years. Now most of us were meeting other Canadians for the first time. “My God”, we said, “they’re just like us, except they have these funny accents. We can’t understand a word they say”. Now you know that first year at *Stad*, they put us on *HMCS Quebec* for a training cruise. We had joined the navy to see the world and the Navy sent us to Argentina, Newfoundland.

In our second year we knew that in the navy, we had chosen something very special. To get to *Naden*, we had to travel Canada from coast to coast. We went from the Maritimes to the sound of Mount Royal’s Chimes, past Ontario’s towers and Great Lake waters. We crossed the green fields of Saskatchewan to the Alberta highlands then climbed up the clouds where the wild Rockies soar and followed the sun to the Vancouver shore. We learned that we were guarding a vast rugged land from sea to sea and knew that we were the envy of our buddies in the COTC and URTP. The mosaic of this new country caused a seismic shift in our psyches. We were still Newfoundlanders and would always be. In the gunroom mess it was our Newfoundland songs and joie de vivre that got the evenings around the piano started. But the UNTD added a dimension to our lives. It added a breadth to our outlook and lengths to our reach. In the UNTD we became Canadians.

Of course the UNTD changed all of us, from all parts of the country. After seeing Canada, touching Canada, feeling Canada, we would never be the same. With the discipline, pride and outlook we discovered in the Navy, we would go on to serve the country in our own ways as authors and broadcasters, entrepreneurs and doctors, judges and CEOs, engineers and lawyers, professors and presidents, politicians and so much more. And thereafter, wherever we travelled in Canada, we would encounter mates with whom we shared a common bond and a common sense of country. The Navy helped us to be full Canadians. We learned from Canada and we gave back to her each in our own way.

So tonight we celebrate that common bond and that common experience that changed our lives immeasurably. In the words of Canon Bill Thomas (UNTD Western University. in London), "We learned the rules of life, the rules to keep and the rules to break as well as the consequences". And there is no finer summation of what the UNTD meant to all of us than the words of Peter C. Newman, (UNTD University of Toronto). In his own inimitable way he described our summer training as, "a few shining seasons in the youth of our lives." Ladies and gentlemen, we are here to celebrate those shining seasons.

UNTDs MARCH IN KINGSTON 2008

SLt. Ret'd, the Reverend Canon Bill Thomas

Mr. Justice Gordon Sedgwick and his crew of Queen's UNTDs hosted a 65th UNTD Anniversary Reunion (1943 -2008) in Kingston on May 2-4 Battle of Atlantic Sunday. With legendary hospitality, *HMCS Cataragui* hosted a "Meet and Greet" on the Friday evening, featuring an amazing display of photographs, uniforms, and memorabilia, assembled and mounted by their archivist, Chris Varley CD.

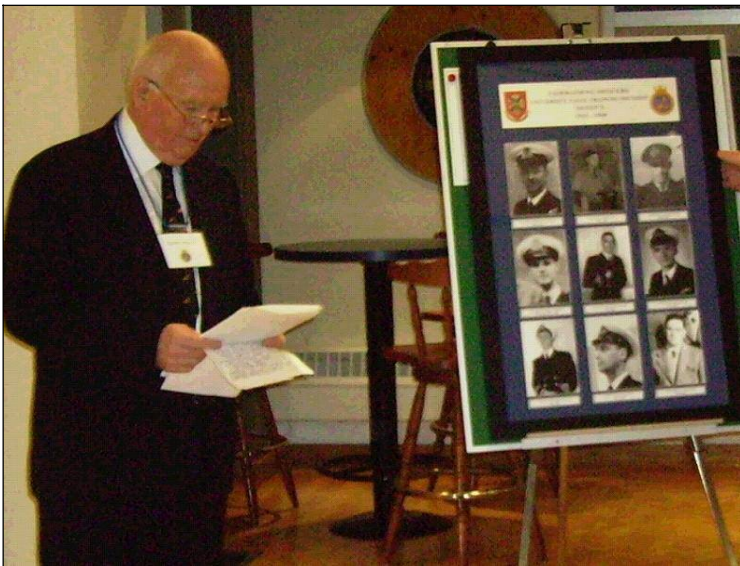
Saturday's activities included a tour of the Marine Museum of the Great Lakes in the old dockyards where the former Canadian Coast Guard tender *Alexander Henry* functions as both a museum ship and a Bed and Breakfast. The Historic Interpreter was a former UNTD who had worked in the old dockyard on a riveting crew before becoming a Professor at Queen's University. There is a lot of naval history in Kingston. The port served as a naval base and naval command headquarters on the Great Lakes during the War of 1812.

Just over 120 UNTDs and spouses gathered together on Saturday evening at the Queen's Faculty Club, under the patronage of RADM Allan, for a superb meal. During the evening some of the accomplishments of former UNTDs were acknowledged, especially the appointment of David Dodge (former Governor of the Bank of Canada) as Chancellor at Queen's University.

On Sunday morning more than two dozen UNTDs joined with

RMC Cadets, all ranks from *Cataraqui*, as well as Sea, Army, and Air Cadets, in a Battle of the Atlantic Parade. They marched in a cold lakeside wind from downtown Kingston to the Naval Memorial for a Remembrance Service presided over by LT. (N) the Reverend Don Maclean, Chaplain to *HMCS Cataraqui* and SLT. the Reverend Canon Bill Thomas, President of the UNTD Association.

The reunion concluded, back where it began, with brunch at *HMCS Cataraqui*, where former Queen's UNTD, Justice Gordon Sedgwick presented the wardroom with a "Rogues Gallery" of former Commanding Officers – **UNTDs all**. What a fantastic way to show the impact of the UNTD on the navy and our nation!



Justice G. Sedgwick, UNTD Queen's and Rogues Gallery
Photo courtesy W. Thomas

NAVY CENTENNIAL IN HALIFAX

Bill Thomas, President, UNTD Association 2010

It was a week to remember: a non-stop smorgasbord of memorable events for those 53 UNTDs who made it to Halifax for a glorious summer reunion.

At the top of my list was the **closing Banquet of the NOAC AGM**. Two hundred people in mess dress, tuxedo or evening gown, with medals, enjoying an excellent meal (accompanied by Niagara wines), in a window lined banquet room overlooking the harbour, where two tall ships, a ketch and a three-masted schooner, coasted by on the evening breezes.

I had the good fortune to be seated at a table with Murray Bowles, who as a young lieutenant, commanded a corvette during the Battle of the Atlantic. Also at the table was a former captain of *HMCS Athabaskan II*, the Halifax Committee Chairman, Admiral Gordon Edwards RCN Ret'd.

One third of Admiral Edward's organizing committee was made up of UNTDs: John Stuart, Don Uhrich and Wayne Maxwell. Of the 100 naval officers present, fully one-half were UNTDs and three of them: Peter Langlais, Bob McIlwaine and Ron Harrison (former NOAC National President, and Executive Archdeacon of the Anglican Diocese of New Westminster), received NOAC Medallions for exemplary achievement in service to NOAC and Canada. When asked for a comment about the involvement of UNTDs in the Halifax NOAC AGM, Admiral Edwards stated that they are simply members of NOAC like anyone else. Nevertheless, they clearly stood out. This was especially true when former UNTDs were recognized by NOAC National President, Cmdre Jean-Claude Michaud RCNR Retired. On his bidding, half the room stood up and gave a rowdy cheer.

A very close second on my list of memorable events was the reason we arrived before the NOAC AGM - **the International fleet Review** conducted by Her Majesty and Prince Philip on

Tuesday June 29. Along with other Trustees of *HMCS Sackville*, my wife Jette and I had reserved seating on the Museum Wharf, where we had an excellent view, both of the final salute of the review, and the disembarkation of the Queen and Prince Philip. We were a scant few meters away from their dedication of two plaques: one commemorating the 100th Anniversary of the Canadian Navy, and another commemorating their visit to *HMCS Sackville*. Seated just a row or two before us were a number of navy veterans, all of whom were greeted by the Queen and Prince Philip as they strolled from the ship to their waiting motorcade.

Two other attractions, very different from each other, were **the Royal Halifax International Tattoo**, and a **tour of *HMCS Shearwater***. They also left lasting impressions. The Tattoo on the Friday evening was a nearly four hour extravaganza of military bands from four countries, crack drill teams and incredibly talented gymnasts, cyclists and dancers. *HMCS Shearwater*, on the other hand, was an up close and personal briefing on the state of our Sea King helicopters and the phasing in of the replacement Cyclones, with their incredible complexity, cost, and operational training. All of this was done in the context of a DND budget bent seriously out of shape by our nine years of deployment in Afghanistan, to the great detriment of both air and maritime forces.

But in the final analysis, perhaps the most rewarding aspect of the week were the many encounters between former UNTDs from across the country and from all three decades of the program at the receptions in hospitality suites, the "weepers" aboard *HMCS Sackville* and the final "Up Spirits" in the *HMCS Scotian* Wardroom. In these gatherings, old friendships were renewed, life-changing moments recalled, and new connections were generated as we celebrated our common naval heritage.



Andy Shaw, centre holds forth with other UNTDs at the Scotian Wardroom bar after Church Service and "Up Spirits".

Photo courtesy Bill Thomas

WEST COAST UNTIDIES CELEBRATE CENTENNIAL

Brooke Campbell, West Coast Coordinator

The last of five UNTD sponsored Navy Centennial celebrations held across the country took place at CFB Esquimalt October 28 -31, 2010. The weekend attended by 130 participants was a joint venture between the NOABC and the UNTD/ROTPs from the Mainland and Vancouver Island. The party started with a **Meet and Greet** in the Wardroom followed by dinner in the Wardroom & Spinnakers on Thursday, October 28. On Friday morning, October 29th sixty participants including spouse/partners left Esquimalt for a short **Day Cruise** in three Orcas; Renaud, Wolf, and Caribou. The cruise was organized by **Dr. Bill Griswold**, (UNTD 1958), former Coordinator of UNTD Vancouver Island who tragically died early in November. The Orca's were perfect for such an outing with their spacious bridge providing plenty of room for passengers.

After lunch a tour of the **Naval Museum** at *HMCS Naden* was conducted by **David Freeman**, (UNTD 60). It brought back many memories of summer training. The gift shop prospered with the sale of ship's crests and mugs of the Prestonian Class Frigates on which we sailed. Thereafter many attended a short **service at St Paul's Anglican Church** conducted by SLt. the Reverend Canon **Bill Thomas**, (UNTD 59) President of the UNTD Association of Canada and who organized the UNTD reunion in Halifax held in conjunction with the NOAC AGM. The church's **Naval Centennial Windows** were presented and Rear Admiral Bill Hughes (ret), who had organized the design as well as chairing the fundraising for the window memorial, spoke eloquently on how the design was created reflecting the history of the Navy over the past 100 years.

After Weepers, the Wardroom staff provided an excellent **Chinese Dinner** for the 90 attendees and during the evening entertainment was provided by **Peter Chipman** (UNTD 62) former professional singer and guitarist.



Peter Chipman (UNTD 1962) centre and his musicians

Photo courtesy P. Chipman

He was accompanied by **Roger Tallentire** (ROTP 1958), **Paul Wagner** (UNTD 60) and **Robert Jenkins** (UNTD 60) who, with his wife Pat, flew out from Newfoundland. Not surprisingly they passionately sang all of the verses of "I'se the B'ye That Builds the Boat". Naturally, "We are the Boys of the UNTD" and other such songs were sung by all with great gusto.

At 0900 Saturday morning, October 30, Captain Baines gave an excellent **lecture on MARPAC's operations**, and a glimpse of some of his personal experiences off Somalia as Commanding Officer *HMCS Winnipeg*. His delivery judged as one of the highlights of the weekend was very articulate and humorous. This was followed by a tour of the dockyard facilities, which again brought back many memories.

A **formal Dine the Ladies**, consisting of an excellent four course filet mignon dinner, was held in the Wardroom attended by 112 participants and guests. The dinner was co-Chaired by **Bill Paull**, (Venture 60) President of NOABC, and **David Cooper** (UNTD 63) Coordinator of UNTD/ROTP Vancouver Island. Vice Presidents were **Lach Morrison** (UNTD 57), **Bob McIlwaine** (UNTD 59), and **David Winkler** (UNTD 62) the latter representing Vancouver Island. The Guests of Honour were Captain Craig Baines and his wife Lisa. Other guests with their wives included: Admiral John Anderson (ret) (ROTP 59), Vice Admiral Bob George (ret) (ROTP 60), and out from Ottawa, Rear Admiral Bruce Johnston (ret) (ROTP 59) all of whom attended UBC and paraded during the winters with the UNTDs, thus being classmates to a number of the attendees. Grace was said by The Venerable **Ron Harrison** (UNTD 66), and tribute was made to the late Surgeon Captain Maurice Young, former CO of *Discovery's* UNTD programme.

Brooke Campbell (UNTD 59) – introduced other attendees: the Contingent of 12 formerly from *HMCS Chippawa* (Winnipeg), **Bob Jenkins** (UNTD 60) who had organized two UNTD dinners in St John's at the Crowsnest and *HMCS Cabot* following the July NOAC/UNTD festivities in Halifax, **Bob Duncombe** (UNTD 54) of "The Olde Oars" including **Senator Bill Romkey** (UNTD 55) who helped organize the

successful Ottawa UNTD Senate Chambers dinner in October, and **Captain Chris Pratt (ret)** former Commanding Officer in *HMCS New Waterford*, UNTD training vessel during the summer of 1961 and subsequently – COND, Commanding Officer Naval Divisions. The closing Grace was given by **Bill Thomas** (UNTD 59).

During dinner a number of informal humorous interjections were made including those initiated by **Roger Elmes** (UNTD 60) and **Paul Wagner** (UNTD 60); the latter in his civilian life had designed and built the steering gear for at least two of the new frigates including *HMCS Vancouver*.

Amongst the various styles of formal attire was that worn by **Bill Brown** (UNTD 59) from Toronto, who 50 years later could still fit into his No. 5 B battledress jacket complete with the UNTD “White Twists”.

Michael Muirhead (UNTD 59) introduced the main speaker, **Dr. Jim Boutilier**, Special Advisor to MARPAC. In an earlier life, Dr. Boutilier had taught Celestial Navigation in the UNTD summer programmes of 1960 and 1961. In 35 minutes Dr. Boutilier covered with great humour, the topics of: “His Own Experience in the UNTD Programme, Strategic Considerations in the Far East Today, and Canada’s Navy and Piracy”. Jim was thanked by **Bill MacDonald** (UNTD 59); both Mike and Bill had scored well in Jim’s much earlier navigational classes.

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A V.I.P. OPINION OF UNTD PROGRAM

Phil Neroutsos, Victoria, BC.

I found this August 26, 1986 letter from Admiral Andy Collier, DSC, RCN Retired in my UNTD file. He was the Reserve Training Commander (RTC) on the West Coast in 1956 when I was a cadet. I thought it might be of interest to the members of the UNTD Association.

“I am very honoured and extremely pleased to become an honorary member of the UNTD White Twist Club.

I do remember very well my time as R.T.C. at Naden. Two events stand out in my mind. The first was the unpleasant task of having to tell the cadets that the navy had cut back on the maximum training allowed by four weeks, seriously affecting the earnings of many of the cadets. The second was the wonderful organization put behind the Midshipmen's Ball held in the Naden Gym for some 1,000 young officers and their ladies for our 50th Anniversary. It was an amalgam of UNTD, RCN and USN (USS Benington) cadets. The response was outstanding.

I must also state that I do not believe there has been a better program for university students than the UNTDs. I was enthusiastic then and as I advanced through my career, I never ceased to be amazed at how many senior and influential people, in all walks of life, had a UNTD background and were of great assistance to the navy. I look forward to meeting many more ex-UNTDs and I shall wear my UNTD pin with pride."

*Sincerely,
Andy Collier, CEO British Columbia Ferry Corporation*

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UNTD ENGENDERS MARINE ARTIST

Peter Robinson 1928-1995

You would be hard pressed to identify Peter E. Robinson, World-Renowned Canadian Marine and Landscape Artist as a UNTD graduate, unless you looked in the index of the 1950 White Twist Yearbook. After thumbing through the book's pages of generally superficial text, you might discover that Peter Robinson was a cadet captain, tabloid sports organizer and award-winning UNTD cadet. It also shows him as instigator of the famous 1949 UNTD Royal Roads Raid and creator/editor of the White Twist Yearbook in 1949.

But, like all too many UNTD graduates, those character and career building aspects of university training in the UNTD are passed over in their civilian life story. As famous as Peter

Robinson became, nowhere in all his newspaper clippings and personal writings is it recorded that he was a member of the University Naval Training Division at McGill University in Montreal from 1946 - 1950. Yet despite all this, Peter admitted that through his naval service which started with the UNTD, he **"was profoundly affected by the awesome power and beauty of the sea"**. He later captured this compelling point of view in his paintings.

He does however, record much of his RCN service from 1952 to 1959 in a series of short stories entitled, *"I Never Went To War"*. There you will find his accounts of the involvement of *HMCS La Hulloise* (1952 -1954) in training cruises for New Entries to Bermuda, the Coronation Spithead Review and operational cruises to Europe with a Carrier Escort Group. In *HMCS Lauzon* he sailed with CDR. Jette (1954-55), one of a few French Canadian sea-going commanders, then joined *HMCS Labrador* in 1956-57 during construction of the DEW Line in the Canadian Arctic. He completed his naval service in 1958-9 as Staff Officer at *HMCS Star*.

Released from the navy, Peter moved to Vancouver where he put his mechanical engineering degree from McGill to use, eventually forming his own company, Robinson Industries, specializing in water treatment for pulp and paper mills in British Columbia. In 1972, seeking a sea change, he moved to a 21-acre farm north of Courtney on Vancouver Island and began painting in earnest. Painting had been a hobby since the age of 14 when he was inspired by a visit to his high school of Canadian Group of Seven artist Arthur Lismer. During his third and fourth year of Engineering at McGill, Peter was required to choose an elective that was not science oriented. He chose art and was gratified to find that Arthur Lismer was his professor. Peter reported that the lectures were spiced up with juicy tidbits about A.Y. Jackson and J.E.H. MacDonald, but most importantly, he learned a style of colour and composition that was truly Canadian.

His career as an artist was assured in 1978 when the British Columbia government commissioned two paintings depicting Captain Cook's voyage to British Columbia for presentation to

the Queen during the Captain Cook Bicentennial. His shipboard experiences in the navy had fostered a tremendous interest in the historical role of ships in Canadian waters and he even undertook a large mural of the Battle of Trafalgar.

In 1983 he had a premiere showing of his collection of maritime paintings titled "*The History of the Royal Navy in British Columbia*". It spanned the period 1778 - Cook's first visit to British Columbia, to 1910 - the early years of the RCN. The art show took place in the Vancouver Maritime Museum under the patronage of the province's Lieutenant-Governor and sponsorship of Labatt Breweries. Peter published a booklet containing many of the 19 paintings, accompanied with a brief history. This showing launched him into a television career as a regular guest on "**Hunt for History**" and then as the host for "**Painting with Peter**".

With his growing popularity it wasn't long before he became a public figure, running for political office and volunteering with many organizations including the Town of Comox Planning Committee. His special interest was the development of the Comox Airport. A tireless community worker, he was a founding member of the Courtney Rotary Club. Perhaps he was best known for his singular fund raising ability. Thousands of dollars were donated to the Courtney Rotary Club and Child Development Centre through his art auctions. He received the Comox Honoured Citizen Award.

Tragically he died at the early age of 67 in June 1995 after a four-year battle with cancer. And even though confined to a wheelchair, he painted almost to the end. July 22, 1994 was declared "Peter Robinson Day". After he died, the "**Very Last Picture Show**" was held at North Island College where a collection of 40 privately owned Robinson paintings were displayed to raise money for an art scholarship and a sculpture garden called "Pete's Place".



Photo courtesy Comox Valley Record and Sam Huntington

Besides the Maritime Museum of the Pacific, some of Pete's paintings can be found in Comox haunts such as the Whistle Stop Pub and Leeward Pub (Anderson's Bistro). The latter contains Robinson's wall mural of the Battle of Trafalgar. Other paintings are in the Wardroom at *HMCS Naden* and his "Exploring the Arctic" series can be found at the Harbour Radisson Hotel in Toronto.

No matter where you look, you can be sure of one thing; his work will be of enduring value to Canada. But let us not overlook the fact that his interest in marine and arctic subjects began the day he joined the UNTD.

Story courtesy Sam Huntington and Comox Valley Record.

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UNTD'S COMMEMORATIVE NAVY ART

Michael G. Thompson, Halifax

As a former UNTD cadet 1945 to 1949, I read Bob Banks story about joining the UNTD in Chapter II (see page 39) with great interest. But what really excited me is the fact that now I know about the artist whose painting of the *Sackville* adorns the top of my fireplace.

I came into the possession of that painting in 1985. I was employed at the head office of Domtar in Montreal when the head of the Fine Papers division, Roger Maltby, asked me to come up to his office. He knew that I had a naval background and informed me of a poster that Domtar was putting out in honor of the Canadian Navy's 75th anniversary. He then gave me a copy of the poster and my choice of a print of one of the 5 paintings commissioned by Domtar for the poster. I chose one of the numbered copies of *Sackville*. That copy, one of 100, is now on *Sackville* and is just above the Book of Remembrance in the forward upper mess deck.

Upon my retirement in 1989, Domtar graciously presented me with the original painting of *Sackville*. Mind you I had made it quite clear that I would really treasure such a painting if it ever came into my possession! In the meantime, I had managed to obtain a few more copies of the poster as well as a few numbered copies of the other paintings for some of my old veteran Navy friends I believe that the 5 paintings done for Domtar were: *Sackville*, *Waskesiu*, *Haida*, *Ontario* and *Bonaventure*.

After retirement from Domtar, I wondered about the fate of the remaining paintings still in Domtar's possession. I moved from Montreal to Halifax in 1990 and decided to pursue the matter. After a call or two, I found out that the Company was quite prepared to part with them, but only to an appropriate and meaningful archive. I then got in touch with Marilyn Gurney, Director of the Maritime Command Museum. I drafted a letter, which she edited to suit her style and, lo and behold, shortly thereafter 3 of the 5 paintings were sent to the Museum. The only 2 missing are those of the *Sackville*, which I have, and that of *Haida* which, I presume, may be with the *Haida* people in

Hamilton. The Museum also has a copy of the poster, which is now quite a collector's item.

Domtar used the prints of the limited edition paintings as an advertising medium for its Fine Paper Division. All prints were accompanied with a nice little pamphlet, describing the history of the ship and a brief resume of its painter, namely Robert Banks. In case anyone is wondering about my painting of the *Sackville*, I have already included it in my will. It is to be donated to the *Sackville* Trust, and I might do it whilst still living. Should Robert Banks ever come to Halifax, it might be a nice occasion to do a presentation.

Bob Banks replied.

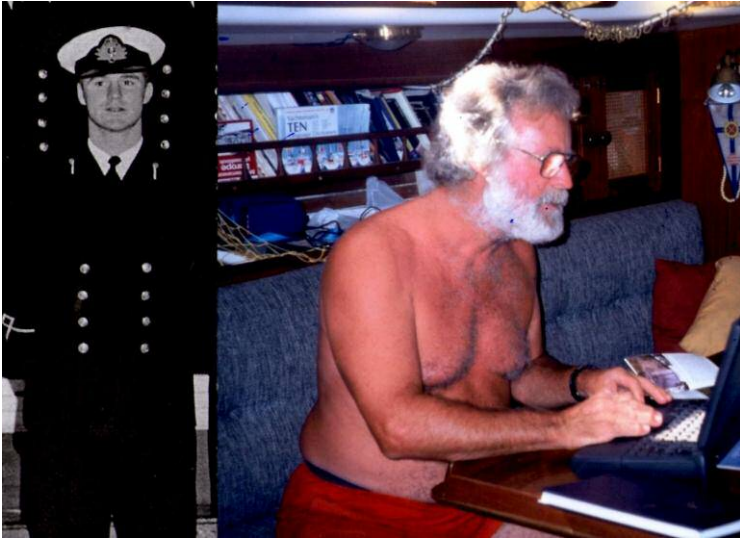
"I'm flattered that Mike Thompson has a painting of mine over his fireplace! His story of Domtar and the poster is fascinating. So often, after the art is finished, nothing is heard of what the client did with the originals.

The story of the poster began in 1985. Being an ex-navy person, I decided to create a poster of ships of the RCN from its inception. I then wrote letters to various large companies across Canada, hoping that one of them would help me finance the project. Domtar said yes, they were interested. When they saw the poster, they suggested I do paintings of five of the ships. If you look far down to the lower right-hand corner of the poster, you should see my name. In other words, I painted all of the ships on the poster, and am adding more in my golden (rusty) years. After some years, Domtar gave me permission to make copies of the poster, which I did with some success."

AUBREY'S ODYSSEY

LCdr. Aubrey Millard RCNR (Ret'd.)

After an incredible three and a half-year odyssey in a 32-foot sailboat, LCDR Aubrey and his wife, Dr. Judy Millard (dentistry), recently took a breather in Toronto to visit their family and friends. Aubrey is a member of the UNTD Association and attributes his sailing enthusiasm to his UNTD training. The Millards have been showing slides of their sailing adventures at NOAC luncheons and various Yacht Clubs.



Aubrey as a cadet captain and in the cabin of his sailboat
Photo credits: HMCS Star Archives, Aubrey Millard

Aubrey joined the RCAF Auxiliary at Mount Hope in 1955. He attended McMaster University (1956-60) and joined the UNTD at *HMCS Star*. When he moved to Toronto to complete his MA at the University of Toronto, he joined *HMCS York* in 1961 and served continuously in the Naval Reserve until his retirement in 1993. He has an RCN Watch Keeping Certificate and is fully qualified as a Naval Control of Shipping Officer, Convoy Commodore Staff and Diving Officer.

In addition to his career in teaching, he has served as the Commodore of the Toronto squadron of the RCNSA. He completed his skipper's certificate for keelboats at the British Kiel Yacht Club at Kiel in the former West Germany. His wife Judy has sailed since her teens and as a member of the Canadian Power and Sail Squadron has excelled in all her courses including Celestial and Astro Navigation.

Aubrey and Judy set sail from the Toronto Hydroplane and Sail Club in Ashbridges Bay on July 3, 1998 in their 1978 Ontario 32-foot sailboat, named *Veleda IV*. They have been sailing and living on board the vessel ever since. Their wanderings have

included: the Great Lakes, Mississippi River, Tennessee-Tombigbee Waterway, Gulf of Mexico, Florida Keys, Bahamas, Atlantic Ocean, Azores, English Channel, London, Dutch & Danish Canal Systems, Norway, North Sea, Scotland, the Western Isles, Wales, Channel Isles, the French Canal System to the Mediterranean, Barcelona, Balearic Islands (Majorca, Minorca), Tunisia, Malta, Sicily, the Adriatic, Greek Islands and finally, Turkey. As harrowing as this odyssey may appear, they only encountered serious weather conditions in the North Sea and the Mediterranean where a force 8 gale carried away their forestay and they limped into Andratx, Mallorca under a jury rig.

After a brief visit back home they rejoined their boat and continued sailing the Turkish coast and eastern Mediterranean to Syria, Lebanon, Israel, Egypt and Cyprus in 2002. When last heard from, they were in the Caribbean. If anyone is interested in following their travels, their logs may be read on the internet.

This is another outstanding example of how Canada's University Naval Training program influenced the lives of its participants.

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THE UNTD and A SHRINKING MILITARY FOOTPRINT

Queen' University 2007

To enhance the image of Canada's military, our UNTD Association member, Andy Shaw, and the newsletter editor have met with representatives of the **Breakout Education Network**. The network has a 50/50 partnership with the Department of National Defence and works with the Chair of Defence Management Studies at Queen's University. Breakout's goal is to engage Canadians in a way that would bring about positive change in the public's perception of the military as a national institution.

With a concept labelled, "**The 7-Year Project**" – "Saving Canada's Armed Forces", **Breakout** is conducting research and producing materials to educate Canadians about the Capability-Commitment GAP of the Canadian military. This gap is the

result of a “disconnect” between the armed forces and our citizens, politicians, civilian employers, schools and academic institutions. Breakout’s first education endeavour is the production of a DVD entitled “**Citizen Soldier**” by Stornoway Productions of Toronto. It illustrates the contributions that members of our Reserve Forces make to our society. It also identifies the problem of military isolation in our Canadian culture and suggests solutions. Once respected as one of the world's leading peacekeeping nations, Canada now ranks 36 in world peace keeping. Of the 309 members of parliament, only 12 have any military experience or an appreciation for defence spending. Most new immigrants from war-torn nations have an anti-military sentiment. School children are taught very little of our great military heritage. Amongst our university academics, militarism is an unpopular subject.

Breakout has been looking for ways to re-establish military connections with universities under a plan called The Canadian Leadership Program. The university link was lost when Defence Minister, Paul Hellyer, shut down the campus offices of the former COTC (Canadian army Officers' Training Corps), URTP (University Reserve air force Training Plan) and UNTD (University Naval Training Division). Some of the possible outcomes that could be achieved in this Breakout program are:

- University students would be introduced to defence and security issues
- Future leaders would be familiar with the role of the military
- A pool of potential officers would be available in the event of mobilization
- A constituency of military support throughout the nation

It is here that the UNTD Association enters the picture. Breakout’s research consultant, Colonel (Ret’d) Eric MacArthur, reported that research in the National Archives led to the excellent article “***The UNTD and Canadian Society***” in the

Maritime Warfare Bulletin and the UNTD anecdotal history: "**SPINDRIFT, UNTiDy Tales Of Officer Cadets**". The archives also produced copies of our Association's Newsletters which led to our outstanding UNTD Website and a reference to Jim Speight's book, "**UNTIDIES BONDING A NATION**".

Colonel MacArthur was amazed to find such a comprehensive record of the navy's role in the education of future Canadian leaders and the part they have played in the fabric of Canadian society. It was noted that of the three former military programs connected with universities, only the UNTD has recorded its history and maintained an association of former members. Breakout wants to capture and use that positive experience; that spirit of camaraderie; that ethos of service to the nation. They want to instil in students, those guiding beliefs and national values commensurate with the UNTD.

Breakout has discovered something that UNTDs have always known. Given the inconsistency of our political system and the history of the government's benign and sometimes malicious neglect of its armed forces the history of the UNTD demonstrates that our navy's investment in people has proven to be its strongest legacy.

The time is right! Breakout feels that there is currently a window of opportunity to reverse a shrinking Canadian military footprint. Now, there is wider awareness of the public to current military operations. The media is providing more coverage of our armed forces and their families. The current Chief of Defence Staff, General Rick Hillier, has a personal leadership style that could work to the program's advantage.

The UNTD Association of Canada has stepped forward to support the Breakout objective that reflects our UNTD legacy and the mandate of the Naval Association of Canada.

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UNTDs PLAY A ROLE IN DOCUMENTARY

Robert Williamson 2009

What we have always known about our UNTD training experience has been filmed in a noteworthy, made-for-TV documentary about university military training entitled, ***“NO COUNTRY FOR YOUNG MEN”***.

In September 2007, the UNTD Association was called upon to assist the Breakout Education Network in their **7-Year Project** to attempt to re-connect the Canadian Armed Forces (CAF) with the Canadian public.

Their first production **“Citizen Soldier”** looked at the role of the Reserve forces in our country. In their second documentary, they wanted to look at the relationship between the CAF and universities by revisiting the memories of Canada’s lost tradition of university military training. The overall theme was to show how that valuable association with universities developed leadership, loyalty and citizenship on campus for the future leaders of business, industry and politics.

Every UNTiDy will want a copy of this outstanding DVD. It beautifully reinforces pride in what we all accomplished as a result of our UNTD service.

The documentary shows through training clips and interviews how members of the University Officer Training Programs UOTP (navy UNTD, army COTC and air force URTP) contributed to developing future leaders who played a part in building a better country.

You will be greatly impressed by the comments of the distinctive list of former UOTPs that were interviewed. It includes for the UNTD, author and journalist Peter Newman, former Member of Parliament and Senator Bill Rompkey, and Director of Stratford Theatre John Wood. Representing the COTC is General Lewis MacKenzie Commander of UN Peace Keeping Forces, Colonel the Hon. John Fraser former Speaker of the House of Commons, Lt. General (Ret’d) Charles Belzile, Business Executive Peter Cameron and Robert Spencer former CO of University of Toronto COTC. Former MP Ed

Broadbent Leader of the NDP Party was one of the representatives who spoke on behalf of the URTP.

This DVD makes an excellent companion piece for “**UNTiDy Tales**”. When your grandchildren ask you what you did in the navy, you’ll be able to show them what a rich experience we all had and how it contributed to making a better Canadian society.

To order a copy of this magnificent DVD for \$19.99, call (416) 923-1105 or email orders@breakout-ed.net.

For more information about **Breakout** and its products, visit the Internet www.sevenyearproject.com

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THE UNTD AND CANADIAN SOCIETY

Commander Robert J. Williamson, CD

Editor’s Note

It was this article, presented as a lecture by Commander Robert Williamson at the Second Naval Historical Conference in Halifax that appeared in the 1993 Maritime Warfare Bulletin and attracted the attention of the Breakout Education Network in the preparation of their outstanding DVD “No Country for Young Men”. The article has been edited and updated to be reprinted for the 2010 Canadian Naval Centennial.

The Canadian Navy celebrated its 100th Anniversary in 2010 and former members of the University Naval Training Division (UNTD) gathered for a reunion in Halifax during the summer. These former officer cadets ranging from admirals to sub-lieutenants, judges, executives and teachers, reminisced about the incomparable experiences that Canada’s unique officer training program provided for them. They know that their naval apprenticeship altered their lives and they in turn have engendered a maritime awareness in our society.

The impetus for the founding of the UNTD was the passing of the National Selection Service Act during World War II. It made military training compulsory for all fit males in Canadian universities. Under Professor Jack Baker’s proposed plan,

university students were granted exemption from military call-up if they attended 110 hours of training per academic year. Naval training was provided in fifteen universities, each of which was situated near a Naval Reserve Division that supplied the instructional staff for general training during the year. In the spring, a two-week course was taken at either coast and third year students in science and engineering were encouraged to train for an entire summer with the navy, ashore or afloat. The UNTD sent 554 officers on active service and helped to satisfy the demands of a highly technical war. It also provided for the first time, equal access to officer training for French Canadians.

As Commander Baker was to the creation of the UNTD, Commander Herbert Little was to its post-war reorganisation. He found that UNTD recruits dressed as seamen were generally used as extra hands despite protestations that they were officer candidates. Consequently they were taught little and treated with indifference. He felt there were enormous possibilities for the UNTD concept if cadets were given officer status and a real officer-training programme.

Many senior officers had little regard for a university degree or university students. Furthermore they were concerned with the effect that a UNTD programme would have on enrolment at Royal Military College and Royal Roads. Nevertheless, Commander Little prevailed. In 1949 UNTD officer-training courses were established with a requirement of two full summers of at least fourteen weeks training in order to qualify for a commission. He got the navy to provide navy blue battle dress uniforms, white twist badges and peaked caps, elevating UNTD officer cadets to the university status of United States Naval Academy midshipmen. Cdr Little believed that the naval service had to have appeal and present a challenging career if it was to compete successfully with industry and business for the best graduates. A nation-wide Reserve had to be strong and well trained if it was to meet the immediate requirements of any future crisis. In an ever increasingly sophisticated technical world, his goal was to produce an officer corps of well-educated baccalaureates rather than well-seasoned sailors. In the end his theories were proven correct when a 1957 study by Commodore Patrick Tisdall established that, "a fundamental knowledge of sciences and humanities was an essential requirement for

command of a modern ship".

In the 1950s with the conflict in Korea and the growing commitment to NATO, the ceiling complement for the navy was raised to 21,000 and the Regular Force was desperate for officers. To answer this need, Commander Little prepared a written report, which resulted in the creation of a scholarship scheme to capture more university recruits for the RCN. Activated in 1952, it was called the Regular Officer Training Plan (ROTP). This plan, which provided the officer cadet with tuition and more pay in exchange for a commitment to the Navy upon graduation was later adopted by the other services and maintained after unification.

However the Regular Officer Training Plan also made slow but steady inroads on UNTD recruiting. In fact, since the number of UNTD candidates that transferred to the ROTP, reduced the number of UNTD cadets that joined the RCN upon graduation, the importance of the UNTD as a recruiting tool diminished. Along with later budget cuts that lowered quotas further reducing potential recruiting, these measures were a portent of things to come. But not before UNTD training reached its zenith under LCdr Noel Langham, Staff Officer Cadets, SO(C). In the history of the UNTD, his tenure from 1957 to 1965 holds a place beside the revered Commanders, Baker and Little. Langham established an evaluation instrument to measure the effectiveness of winter training. If cadets did not pass, they were not allowed to proceed to summer training. Then as a means of improving morale, Langham established a UNTD Proficiency Trophy for the best division in Canada. Most importantly, Langham created a new focus for UNTD training based at *HMCS Cornwallis* and was both enthusiastic and proud of the high standards achieved.

But his enthusiasm died, as did that of everyone else in the navy in 1968 with the passing in parliament of the notorious Canadian Forces Reorganisation Act. Like so many other navy institutions, the UNTD disappeared as an identifiable training plan. The position of Staff Officer UNTD terminated and the recruiting offices were closed on university campuses across the country. Those who don't know their history are bound to repeat their failures. When this critical link with the university student was

severed, the concept of Naval Reserve Officer recruiting conceived by Professor Baker in 1942 was thrown out the window. Not only did the navy disappear from the centres of learning, but with the introduction of green uniforms, the navy disappeared from the public view as well.

The closure of recruiting centres on the campus of Canadian universities threw the Reserve Officer Recruiting process back 50 years. The Naval Reserve Divisions have found it necessary to recruit officer candidates from within the quota-restricted ranks of their own lower decks. This is somewhat akin to feeding on oneself and a throwback to pre-World War II days. Quotas have been set so low that a few dropouts could reduce a training class by 50%. Local Naval Reserve Divisions have tried recently to take steps to promote a naval presence at universities but it is the old story of a road once travelled. It will be impossible to go back and without officer training billets on frigates and foreign destinations, the appeal and the glamour for recruiting are gone. Officer training cannot satisfy demand. Indications are that Commanding Officers for Naval Reserve Divisions will have to be drawn from the RCN in future. That means that the navy will have to pay a full time Regular Officer to do the job of a part-time Reserve Officer.

Statistics from the Directorate of History, NDHQ, show that for the period 1953-1957, almost seventeen hundred men from across Canada were accepted as UNTD cadets. Sixty-three percent completed their naval training programme, graduated from university and received a Queen's Commission. Of that number ten percent or just over one hundred, transferred to the RCN, six hundred and sixteen or fifty-seven percent transferred to the Active List of the RCNR and three hundred and fifty-two or thirty-three percent to the Retired List. These figures, based on a five-year average, are fairly representative of the record of retention and dispersion of students who joined the UNTD and are comparable to statistics for graduates of Royal Roads and better than the ROTP. Projecting them over the twenty-five year life of the original program and allowing for later cutbacks to enrolment in the sixties, approximately seven thousand young men, the cream of Canada's universities, were brought into our maritime sphere of influence. It is estimated that over three thousand officers were transferred to the active strength of the

Naval Reserve. Without them the high calibre of the RCNR could not have been maintained. The quality of the leadership generated by this system of officer training has produced most of the commanding officers of naval reserve units since the late sixties.

The acting sub-lieutenants pay that UNTD cadets received for summer training allowed them to pay for their university tuition. In effect, the navy subsidised the higher education of some of Canada's best students and future leaders. Receiving a Queen's Commission was like being awarded a second degree. Richard H. Baker, a successful lawyer in Toronto and first president and principal builder of the UNTD Association of Canada remembers that the discipline, self-reliance and confidence that naval life instilled in us made the UNTD the best summer job of our generation.

The entire country profited as well. The citizen-sailors produced by the UNTD training program became very successful in their professional careers. It conceived several officers of flag rank: Vice Admiral J. Allan, former Deputy Chief of Defence Staff, Vice Admiral John Anderson, former Chief of Defence Staff, Rear Admirals; R. Yanow, former Maritime Commander Pacific, T. Smith and W. Fox-Decent, former Chiefs of Reserves and Cadets. Several UNTD cadets reached the rank of Commodore including: R. "Buck" Bennett, P. Partner, E. Ball, M. Cooper, E. Bowkett, J. Drent, R. Marin, J. Toogood, B. Moore, and Ken Nason former Commandant of the Canadian Forces Staff College.

In addition to providing commissioned naval officers, the UNTD has given other benefits to the Navy. Vice-Admiral John Allan, CMM CD, former Deputy Chief of Defence Staff is one of the most senior ranking UNTD graduates. He wrote, "Over the years and particularly when I was MARCOM, I concluded that the most important of the other benefits was the constituency that the members of the UNTD, individually or in groups, provided to the Navy in the cities, towns and villages across the nation. The development of this constituency is the direct result of the impact of the UNTD graduates' contribution to their communities in the course of their business and social activities. These officers, in the main, are and act as informed advocates as they speak with

understanding of the Navy. They thereby help our fellow citizens who, from time to time, have difficulty in contemplating knowledgeably the way ahead for our fleet”.

Regrettably the navy in general has never fully appreciated the inherent value of having a large number of well-placed, highly educated and influential citizen-sailors in its back pocket.

Consider the impact of this list of successful UNTD graduates who became leaders in public life and national institutions. An abundance of political leaders have sprung from the ranks of the UNTD - former Liberal Leader Robert Nixon of Ontario and Cabinet Ministers; R. MacLaren, A. Ouellet, W. Rompkey, J. Brewin, R. Farquhar (President of Carleton University), B. Graham, A. Kroeger (Senior Deputy Minister), D. Dodge (Deputy Minister of Finance), A. May (former Deputy Minister of Fisheries and now President of Memorial University), and Senator M. Pitfield were all UNTDs. Another UNTiDy in Ottawa was W. A. B. Douglas, former Director of History at NDHQ. He received the Admiral's Medal in 2003 for his unique contributions to naval and military history. Also among the list of UNTD graduates can be found many authors and celebrities such as the nationally acclaimed editor, Peter C. Newman, and media personalities Peter Trueman and Gwynne Dyer.

While cadets found navy life to be very demanding, its rewards were many. The UNTD program offered students excellent training, adventure and travel. This broadened the knowledge and experience of these young men and built character as no other set of circumstances ever could. Many cadets could count their lives much richer for the memorable associations that they made.

Cdr. Little was awarded the Admirals' Medal in 1991 for his outstanding contribution to Canada's maritime destiny through the development of the UNTD and ROTP as well as making a university degree mandatory for its naval officers. But the influence of the UNTD went beyond that. According to "The RCN in Transition, 1910-1985", the RCN in 1965 had become distinctly Canadian, largely because of the evolution of its education and training system. Even an Old Salt like Hal Lawrence noted that after his stint as Staff Officer UNTD

Cadets, he found that he had “suffered a sea change”. As we know, he went on to become an award winning author and university lecturer.

The UNTD gave the navy access to the university brainpower it needed for a fleet undergoing rapid technological development. By involving all of Canada's universities and naval reserve divisions, the UNTD opened the door to officer training for a large number of Canadian students including French Canadians. Because of the UNTD program the RCN was forced to recognise the value in our modern society of a university degree for officers but regrettably, it never fully appreciated the value of a training system that made confederates of the country's scholars and future leaders. When Hellyer foolishly cut off the vital contact with universities, the navy lost the principal asset provided by the UNTD program. When this was followed by budget cuts, reduced enrolment quotas and loss of appeal, an officer shortage in the naval reserve was inevitable. With the closing of Royal Roads in 1994, our story of naval officer recruiting and training in Canada has almost come full circle.

Isolated in its small enclaves in Halifax and Esquimalt, the navy can only access the hearts and minds of the entire nation through well-placed, highly educated and influential citizen - sailors of the naval reserve, the likes of which can best be provided by a university naval officer training program.

The UNTD is a quintessential product of our Canadian society and demonstrates that our navy's investment in people can be its strongest legacy.

There have been efforts in the past to revive the UNTD from within the service. The most successful effort so far however is a citizen's initiative mounted by Breakout Educational Network's Seven Year Project www.sevenyearproject.com. Media specialists in documentary production, social media and publications, Breakout is building public and hence political support for a return of officer-training to Canada's university campuses. The publication of Grant Thompson's book "*My Naval Career 1954-1957*" is an example of their excellent work.

A Breakout Symposium titled “Leadership, Citizenship and

National Building for our Times: Is There a Role for Officer Training in Universities?" co-sponsored by the UNTD Association's Ottawa "Old Oars" chapter, was held in the largest Committee Room available on Parliament Hill on October 21, 2009. Hosted by Senators William Rompkey and Pamela Wallin, key members of the university, government and military, as well as representatives from business and student associations were present to contribute to a discussion on designing a contemporary program to fit with today's demands. The product that emerged from discussions is called the Canadian National Leaders Program (CNLP).

The University of Alberta has already staked its claim to run the pilot program testing the concept. The Presidents of both the Association of Universities and Colleges Association of Canada and the Council of Ontario Universities have endorsed the project. Government Ministers have written about their support or expressed it by attending screenings of the documentaries on the subject that Breakout has produced.

None of this effort would make any sense without the encouragement Breakout's initiative has received from senior serving military officers. But the institution is slow to change course or take aboard new ideas. I would urge the Canadian Navy and its officers and supporters to get behind this initiative in order to take advantage of the best opportunity in years to strengthen our ties with the leaders of tomorrow.

This has long been recognized. In a letter to the Secretary of the Naval Board in 1945, Commanding Officer Naval Divisions, **Commodore E. R. Brock**, commenting on the future plans for the UNTD, wrote that "**the importance of contact with the universities cannot be overemphasized**". I hope the current leadership is listening.



COND Staff (Commanding Officer Naval Divisions)

The photo was taken in Toronto, October 27, 1945.

Front Row right - Commodore E.R. Brock, COND.

Front Row left - Commander A.W. "Jack" Baker, Staff Officer
UNTD program.

DND photo

Concerning the future of the UNTD, Commodore Brock wrote, "the importance of contact with the universities cannot be overemphasized".

CHAPTER X

UNTD MEMORABILIA

WHITE TWIST

With encouragement from Cdr. Little, a UNTD Magazine was launched in 1948. Its purpose was that of a newsletter to help cadets keep in touch and communicate during the winter. The idea originated with officer candidate Don Forgie of *HMCS York* a year earlier. A search for an editor resulted in a young Commerce student named Peter C. Newman making his first editorial venture which set him on the path to eventual national acclaim.

In the summer of 1949 the concept expanded into a yearbook for the West Coast with Pete Robinson and Bruce Robertson as Editors. University students were used to having a college yearbook to chronicle the events of the year and to recognize graduates, similar to the *Royal Roads* Cadet Yearbook called "The Log".

The name "White Twist" was chosen as it was the distinctive badge of the UNTD. Its impact on recruiting was significant, being living proof at the universities of the adventures of summer training. It became a national yearbook when both Coasts co-operated in its publication in 1951.

In 1952 the UNTD Magazine disappeared and in 1955 the "White Twist" also floundered as West Coast cadets lost their cohesiveness when Venture took over the former Reserve Training Establishment. It was extremely difficult to put a yearbook together when cadets were continually leaving to go to sea or some other training establishment. In 1956 the "White Twist" was re-established with a new method of editing and publishing. Henceforth, it was intended that each Home Division was to be responsible in turn for publishing the yearbook: *Discovery* in 1956, *Chippawa* in 1957. This process didn't last long. If cadets were too busy in the summer to publish a yearbook, then conditions would not be any better in the winter with the pressure of college courses. Furthermore, a Home Division might not have personnel with the interest to publish a yearbook. This is likely what happened between 1958 and 1960 when no yearbook was published.

When the UNTD was brought together again in a central training base at *Cornwallis*, the yearbook was re-established. It was published each year until 1968 when the UNTD program ended.

The quality of production of the "White Twist" seems to reflect the highs and lows of the cadet organization, training conditions, economic times and government policy towards the Armed Forces. Nevertheless with its emphasis on photos, cadet addresses, and descriptions of activities, it is one of the principal repositories of UNTD history.

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HISTORY OF THE NEWSLETTER

The origins of our newsletter can be found 54 years ago with the publication of the first UNTD Magazine in 1947. As previously stated. Officer Candidate Donald J. Forgie of *HMCS York* was the Editor-in-Chief and driving force behind the project.

Our current UNTD Association Newsletter began in 1988 under the title THE NEWSLETTER of the UNTD Association of Upper Canada. It was a biannual publication. The term Upper Canada was used to imply a Canadian association but based in Ontario. There were 3 issues written by Gil Hutton. David Fry published 8 newsletters between 1990 and 1993. These first eleven newsletters were not cataloged or numbered. For organizational purposes, they have since been designated as volumes 1 and 2.

Volume 3 began in 1994 with Bob Williamson as editor. Copies were placed on record in the Naval Archives. He took on the project as an extension of his work in publishing SPINDRIFT, UNTiDy TALES an anecdotal history of the UNTD. As of 2012 he has published 36 issues. Bill Clearihue became Assistant Editor in 2011

An ISSN number 1480 0470 was applied for in 1997 making the newsletter an **official Canadian publication**. When the association was accepted as a national group, the word Upper was dropped from the newsletter title and the ISSN was changed to 1709 3406.

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UNTD SONGS

Cal Annis UNTD U-1905, manager of the Alberta Naval Museum in Calgary, found a copy of a UNTD Song in his archives. The background to the song was a complete mystery to him. It consisted of seven verses that gave a true appreciation of life in Stadacona, Halifax and summer cruises. He wanted to know more.

Dave Freeman, djfreeman@shaw.ca provided the information to help solve the mystery of the origins of the UNTD Song. As a first year cadet, he was present in the gunroom of *HMCS Nonsuch* (Edmonton) in the early winter of 1961 when **Cadet Captain Bill Griswold** and other third year cadets wrote the song.

Tracking down Bill Griswold in Victoria, BC, we were able to get the rest of the story. The other cadets who were involved were: **Jim Foster** from Red Deer, Alberta, Attorney General for the Province of Alberta under Peter Lougheed's government, **Lawrence Decore** (now deceased), Mayor of Edmonton and Leader of the Liberal Party in opposition. Two other cadets, Wally Strum and Graham Bradley, both engineers, also participated.

Dudley Evans, an ROTP cadet in the gunroom, became a criminal lawyer in Calgary. It was Evans who played the piano and provided the musical expertise for the song. It is sung to the tune of *Gaudeamus Igitur* from the opera, *The Student Prince*. It was the unofficial anthem of rowdy students protesting German police authority. Now it is easily recognized as a popular fraternity hymn.

UNTD SONG

(Sung to the tune of Gaudiamus Agitur)
Bill Griswold et al

Here we are U N T Ds, Chipping rust upon our knees.
Red lead's thick on dungarees, Cause the Buf-fer must be pleased.

Miles of deck are still be fore us,
Join us in our mourn ful chor us.

I should ne ver have come to sea
Send me back to the lone prairie

Here we are U-N-T-Ds,
Chipping rust upon our knees.
Red lead's thick on dungarees
Cause the Buffer must be pleased.
Miles of deck are still before us,
Join us in our mournful chorus.

CHORUS

I should never have come to sea!
Send me back to the lone prairie.

Pulling whalers just for fun,
Seems our sports are never done.
Doubling 'neath the setting sun,
Soon you find us all marked run.
The golden ring is still before us,
Come you Subbies join the chorus.

Foreign gals we hope to try,
But when the news comes drifting by,
Then we all so sadly cry,
Newfoundland and P.E.I.!
Bedford Basin lies before us,
Put real feeling in this chorus.

Harbour watches we all know,
Seeing buddies come and go.
Tuck them in their carts below
When they come back all aglow.
Many empties float before us
Burp and join us in our chorus.

Halifax has maidens fair.
But we don't find them anywhere.
Semis come with cash to spare.
Girls appear from everywhere.
Victoria General looms before us,
Light your lamp and join the chorus.

Friday morning spit and shine
For divisions rain or shine.
All the weekend now is mine
With that girl from Digby Pines.
Miles of open road before us,
Back to STAD and join the chorus.

Pigeons polish Bomarc brass,
Pongos crawl through swampy grass,
But the navy sails in class,
In Cadillacs o'er seas of glass.
See the waves all leave before us,
Grab the rail and join the chorus.
CHORUS

I am glad that I came to sea
From my home on the lone prairie.

* * * * *

UNTD DRINKING SONG

The first thing we pray for, we pray for the Queen;
May she have children and may she have steen
And if she has one kid then may she have ten
She can have a bloody million, Said the piper. Amen.

Chorus: Oh merry, oh merry, O merry are we.
We are the boys of the UNTD.
Sing high, sing low, wherever you go
On good Scottish whiskey you'll never feel low.

The second thing we pray for, we pray for some beer;
May it be crystal and may it be clear
And if we have one beer then may we have ten
You can have a bloody million, Said the piper. Amen

The third thing we pray for, we pray for some rum;
May we be happy and may we be numb
And if we have one shot then may we have ten
You can have a bloody million, Said the piper, Amen.

Anon



Frederick J. Lee January 24, 1936 - September 30, 2011

* * * * *



The UNTD Proficiency Trophy established by UNTD Staff Officer LCdr. Noel Langham, presented annually for the best UNTD Division in Canada was last seen at *HMCS Discovery* according to Ottawa Old Oar, Bob Wootton.

Photo courtesy Bob Wootton

* * * * *

APPENDICES

The keeping of a **UNTD Cadet Journal** along with Cdr. Little's requirement for a **White Twist Magazine** and **Year Book** publication, ensured that cadets had a record of their naval experiences. This written preservation of a unique and colourful naval apprenticeship may explain why, with the example set by reunions for the Navy's 75th Anniversary, that a UNTD Association was created in 1988. Communication with former cadets was maintained at that time with the creation of a **Biannual Newsletter**, now in its 25th year. The collective memory of the UNTD was further kept alive by Cdr. Robert Williamson who gathered anecdotal stories for the publication of the 50th UNTD Anniversary Edition of "**UNTiDy TALES**".

SLt. the Reverend Canon Bill Thomas took our UNTD anthology one step further in September 1999 with the creation of a **UNTD Web Site** <[HTTP:WWW.UNTD.ORG](http://www.untd.org)>

In 2010, SLt. Bill Clearihue brought the whole UNTD heritage process to new heights with the establishment of a **UNTD Archive** <wclearihue@cogeco.ca>, and the flood gates were opened.

With all of these avenues for nostalgia assemblage, the last decade of former UNTD Cadets, now in their 60s, are channelling a wonderful collection of UNTD information into our system. Much of it is too good to miss and therefore creates a problem for concluding this 70th UNTD Anniversary Edition of UNTiDy TALES.

For that reason this appendices has been added to the book to remedy deficiencies and allow for the addition of supplementary information.

PATROL CRAFT TRAINING

Eight new PCTs, Patrol Craft Training, based in CFB Esquimalt are fully operational and the six 50 year-old YAGs, Yard Auxiliary Gate vessels (300 Class) that they replace have been auctioned off, each for the price of a used car.

Like the YAGs, the PCTs have not been commissioned into service and do not carry HMCS ship prefixes. Their design is based on an Australian patrol boat/training vessel and they are used for training naval officers and all other naval personnel. They can accommodate a crew of 4 and 20 trainees/instructors but can also be utilized as vessels of opportunity for surveillance and search and rescue. Built in Victoria Shipyards, two vessels were temporarily fitted with .50 calibre machine guns for port security during the 2010 Vancouver Winter Olympics.

Launched every six months between August 2006 and October 2008, they have been identified by animal names similar to the Fairmiles of the 1950s:

ORCA PCT 55, RAVEN PCT 56, CARIBOU PCT 57, RENARD PCT 58, WOLF PCT 59, GRIZZLY PCT 60, COUGAR PCT 61, MOOSE PCT 62.



Orca Class PCT demonstrating its capabilities in the Straits of Juan de Fuca. (see internet <orca-class vessels>)

DND photo courtesy Bill Thomas



YAG (YFP) 308 is shown awaiting disposal by auction at Esquimalt. It sold for \$4,000.00, on June 2, 2011



Any UNTD aspiring to relive their YFP experience, should visit these derelicts, take a look around and walk away. It will cost a fortune to make them sea worthy.

Photos courtesy Tad Roberts

THE LAST SUPPLY CADETS

In reviewing stories for the end of the UNTD era in 1968, this memorable photo came to light. Of special interest is that it shows Captain A.W. Baker, founding father of the UNTD, sitting in the front row with the **last class** of UNTD Supply Officer candidates, (Acting Sub Lieutenants) at CFB Borden in 1968. Five of the eleven Supply A/SLts are shown in the back row, L-R: **M. L. Phelan**, (Judge of the Federal Court of Canada), **Alec Wright** (grandson of Capt. Baker and a founding member of the UNTD Association), **Ron Harrison** (Executive Archdeacon of the Anglican Diocese of New Westminster and former National President of NOAC), **Ken Nason** (Commodore RCN Ret'd and former Commandant of the Canadian Forces Staff College and CO *HMCS MacKenzie & Yukon*), **Stew Churlish** (former CO of *HMCS Malahat* and former Assistant Deputy Minister of Alberta Environment). Ironically, the other naval officer in the front row is Cdr Robert Darlington CD, RCN, probably one of the **first Supply UNTDs** to transfer to the Regular Force. In retirement he co-authored two naval histories with Cdr Fraser McKee: **The Canadian Naval Chronicle** and **Three Princes Armed** (see pp 80-82).



Photo credit UNTD White Twist 1968

UNTD DISBANDMENT

Disbandment of the UNTD appears on pages 32-35. This report provides some personal observations submitted by Bob Duncombe and Bill Clearihue.

On or about September 30, 1967 at HMCS Cornwallis, Bob Duncombe was alone in the UNTD Administration Building completing his End-of-Training written report as Officer in Charge First Year UNTD Summer Training. It had been a good summer training experience involving six divisions of 25 cadets each, taking the usual basic courses and travelling to Halifax for a week of exposure to the real Navy. It also included participation in a major UNTD Canadian Centennial project. Each division spent a week: mapping, discovering, mile-posting and footbridge building for the reopening of the historic, 100-mile Old Military Road linking Fort Anne in Annapolis Royal with the Citadel in Halifax. The Premier of Nova Scotia, the Maritime Commander and the Stad Band greeted the last group of 25 UNTDs on arrival within the walls of the Citadel. Two weeks of Post Summer Ship Deployments followed in September for about a dozen cadets. Bob's personal account follows.

"As I composed the report in the silence of the Administration Building, the phone rang. It was a staff officer at COND in Hamilton calling to tell me that an Army Captain was on his way from somewhere in central Canada to interview me about the UNTD training program. -Army? How unusual, I wondered to myself!. COND did not elaborate. They were just giving me a courteous, but simple head's up.

I was told clearly that there was nothing COND could really add to the telephone message. Headquarters appeared to be as baffled as I was about why the interviewer was making this trip to Cornwallis. I remember asking whether I should describe the contents of the report I was just completing in front of me. The reply was that I should concentrate on responding only to the questions that would be asked and reply in a straight forward way -- but not to initiate discussion or to elaborate. Oh! -- I remember thinking to myself -- maybe even Uh oh!

The Army Captain arrived on schedule. We sat in my office in the otherwise empty building. I answered questions for only an hour or so. There was nothing untoward about the questions. Interview 101 as it were - a non event. Unfortunately I can't remember the line of questioning because it had no sharp edges. I think I did describe, on request, the what, where, who, how, why of the program as I saw it. He did not manifest any personality, not even a smile. He thanked me, got up and left without elaborating, leaving me scratching my head. An "Uh oh" event with no context and no "life" to the questions -- a vacuous hour.



Bob Duncombe *Photo credit 1967 White Twist*

Forty-three years later in 2010, still scratching my head, I read, in passing - for the first time - that the tri-service university based training programs had been cancelled in November 1967, about five weeks after the interview. I thought it had all ended with the Canadian Forces Reorganization Act of Feb. 1, 1968 - three months later. But it now appears that the cancellation was a precursor of the larger changes to come".

Bill Clearihue writes that he underwent his UNTD training from 1965-68 and picks up the threads of the previous account by Bob Duncombe.

"A witness to history, in the truest sense, I'll add a little postscript to Bob Duncombe's story. In the fall of 1967, there should have been no UNTD intake, yet at least eight cadets were enrolled and underwent summer training in 1968. Six were from *HMCS Star* and 2 from *HMCS Tecumseh*. They spent the first half of the summer, as a group, on the Great Lakes in Gate Vessels, then headed west to join the 2nd-years cadets at *HMCS Naden*. They had their own Division (*Yukon*), and were commissioned at the end of the summer along with the 2nd-year cadets. So, it took 1 summer to get their commissions. They were true **90-Day Wonders**."



Yukon Division, The Last UNTDs 1968

Rear: Robt. McCartney, Rudi Wycliffe, John Scott, Dave Luton, Greg McKenzie. Front: Bruce Gallagher (a 2nd year cadet), John Laing, Term Lt. Roger Elmes, Ken Strain, Brian Rideout. Greg McKenzie became CO *HMCS Tecumseh* 1987-90.

Photo credit White Twist Year Book 1968

GORDON WELLS

Gordon Wells is remembered as one of a trio of UNTD (University Naval Training Division) Cadet Captains who had a unique encounter with an interesting personality, a future president of the United States. At the time they did not realize that they were in the presence of greatness. This fascinating story of the encounter as told by Wells, was the subject of the anecdote, "Senator from Boston" (pages 260-262). However, Wells also had an illustrious public career in Jamaica. Former UNTD John MacFarlane has done some biographical research and published the following additional information about Gordon Wells on his nauticapedia website.

Gordon Wells from Jamaica, was appointed as a Naval UNTD Cadet in the autumn of 1952 with seniority 02/01/1953 at *HMCS Cataraqui*. He served in *HMCS Stadacona* for Training (Cadet Captain) 1955. He was promoted to A/Sub-Lieutenant RCN(R) and upon graduation released as a Sub-Lieutenant RCN(R).

Wells was the son of Sutherland Wells, a Kingston Harbour Pilot. After his time at Queen's University in Canada he was appointed as a Cadet (Administrative) in the Jamaica Government Service and an Administrative Officer, Government of Jamaica 1956-58. He served as Trade Officer, West Indies Commission (Montreal QC) 1959-60 before being appointed as the Assistant Secretary to the Ministry of External Affairs Kingston Jamaica 1962-64 and then the First Secretary in the Permanent Mission of Jamaica to the United Nations (in New York) 1964-66.

From 1966-70, he was appointed as the Counsellor (Economic and Trade) in the Jamaican High Commission Trinidad then served as Minister/Counsellor (Economics and Trade) in the Jamaican Embassy (Washington) 1970-71 and as Executive Director of the Jamaica National Export Corporation 1971-73. He became the Permanent Secretary of the Ministry of External Affairs 1973-75 and then the Permanent Secretary in the Office of the Prime Minister 1975-79 followed by an appointment as the Jamaican High

Commissioner for Trinidad 1979-81 and Permanent Secretary, Ministry of the Public Service 1981-1986.

He was a Past Chairman of the Broadcasting Commission and Past Advisor to the Government of Jamaica on Public Service Reform. In 2004 Wells was awarded an Honorary Doctorate of Law degree by Queen's University. He is retired in Kingston, Jamaica.

As the result of some exceptional research by Bill Clearihue and Bill Milne, we now have the name and an archive photo of Senator Kennedy's club where he entertained the three cadet captains at dinner. It was called the New Ocean House in Swamscott, Maine, a large resort north of Boston. It burned down in May 1969.



The cadets had dinner with Senator Kennedy at the New Ocean House resort just north of Boston.

THE GREAT IMPOSTER

In his autobiography, film actor Tony Curtis wrote that he met President Kennedy at a party in 1961 and the President said, "My dad (Joseph Kennedy) ran an advance screening of your movie *The Great Imposter* (see pages 247-49) last night, and the scene of you (Ferdinand Demara impersonating Canadian Doctor Cyr) pulling Edmond O'Brien's tooth (Commander Plomer RCN, captain of HMCS Cayuga serving in Korea) was the funniest thing we have ever seen".

That is quite a compliment considering that two other movies that Tony Curtis starred in at that time were *Some Like It Hot* with Marilyn Munroe / Jack Lemon and a U.S. submarine comedy, *Operation Petticoat* with Cary Grant. The "Imposter" movie had a great "Hollywood" comedic ending, taking a little licence with the truth. Tony Curtis playing the real imposter, Ferdinand Demara, ends up impersonating a detective who is searching for, none other than, Ferdinand Demara!



UNTD Cadet Bob Williamson and actor Tony Curtis during the filming of *The Great Imposter* (pages 247-49) aboard *HMCS Jonquiere*, at Long Beach, California, 1960. *Williamson photo*

Tony Curtis was no stranger to navy life. He joined the navy in 1942 at age 16 by forging his mother's signature on his recruitment papers. He volunteered for the submarine service but spent most of his time as a signalman on a submarine tender, *USS Proteus*, in the Pacific. After witnessing the surrender ceremony of Japan in Tokyo Bay from his ship, he was sent home and honourably discharged. He claimed that he really enjoyed navy life and the service helped him develop a sense of self-worth.

FRED LEE

Like many former UNTDs, **Cdr. Frederick Joseph LEE, CD****, **RCNR (Ret'd)**, **UNTD 1957 McMaster University** served the naval community faithfully throughout his life, holding many prominent positions: Commanding Officer H.M.C.S. Star 1971-75, Military Judge, President of the Naval Officers Association (Toronto Branch) 1983 - 1984, Chairman of Friends of *H.M.C.S. Haida*, Patron of the Hamilton Naval Veterans, C.E.O and Board Member of the Canadian Corps of Commissionaires (Hamilton Division).

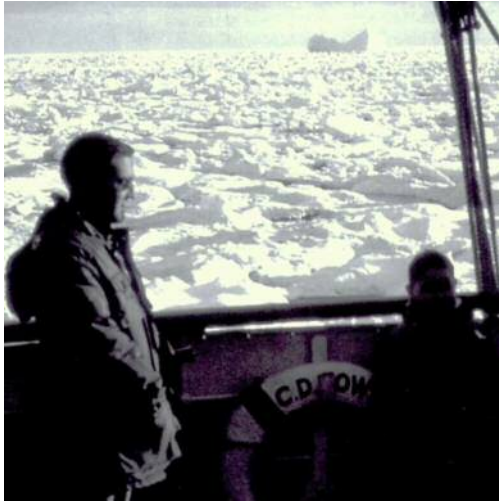


Photo courtesy Lee family

Fred had a strong desire to make the world a better place, choosing a long career as a prominent Hamilton lawyer, and serving as the President of the Hamilton Philharmonic Orchestra, a Board member of St. John Ambulance, and President of the Canadian Cancer Society.

Perhaps indicative of his future naval and humanitarian service was his first summer job in 1957 before signing up for the UNTD. In June he joined his father, Dr. Joseph Lee, who was Chief of Medicine at the Hamilton Sanatorium, aboard the Department of Transport's supply ship, C.D. Howe. The ship served as a floating triage unit doing chest x-rays and transport in the high arctic where TB was approaching epidemic

proportions. The ship carried TB-stricken Inuit to southern sanatoria for treatment and returned those who had recovered, to their arctic villages. Fred always remembered the effect the ship's arrival had on an Inuit community. Half the village would rush down to the shore to greet returning relatives. The other half would head for the hills to hide.



Fred Lee with Inuit child aboard C.D. Howe in the ice flows of Pond Inlet in 1957. *Lee photo*

As a student, Fred played hockey until a knee injury ended that career. In the winter he loved to ski and in the summer the golf course was his second home. Those who knew him will remember his calm and dispassionate manner and an amazing ability for name recall. His service to the community and the country and his friendship made us all a lot richer

Fred Lee, CD**, BA, LLB, OStJ, passed away on September 30, 2011 in his 76th year. A Memorial Service was held at Marshall Memorial United Church in Ancaster. A civilian honour guard of NOAC and UNTD Association members gave a farewell salute as the casket left the church.

UNTD ATLANTIC CRUISE ON QM2



UNTD Association members and partners pose on QM2's grand staircase before their mid-Atlantic formal mess dinner.

Photo courtesy Bill Clearihue

The quintessential UNTD Mess Dinner took place exclusively in the Queen Mary 2 (QM2) Todd English dining room, in mid-Atlantic on October 26, 2011. Such an extraordinary event was due to the supreme UNTD party organization skills of Andy Shaw, UNTD Queen's University 1961-64. He was able to muster seventy guests for the trip.

Reflecting back, it has been 47 years since the last UNTD cadet cruise crossed the Atlantic to the United Kingdom in 1964. This QM2 Cruise from New York to Southampton was a golden opportunity, especially for those former UNTDs who never got that trans-Atlantic summer frigate squadron cruise across the "Pond".



UNTD cadets from Cruise Alpha enjoying lunch at an English pub in southern England in 1964. It was one of the last years for trans-Atlantic cruises. *White Twist Photo*

A memorial service took place in mid-Atlantic where SLt the Reverend Canon Bill Thomas, President of the UNTD Association, conducted a memorable ceremony on the QM2's quarterdeck with the scattering of the ashes of ex-UNTD Gil Hutton & wife, former WREN Eileen (Church).



Memorial service - Canon Bill Thomas & Tony Bernard. *Clearihue photo*

Once in London, there was more fun planned during the group's stay at the prestigious but affordable Victory Services Club (VSC). Activities included a Chunnel trip to Paris, visits to HMS Victory and tours of **University Royal Navy Units** (URNU) and their fast patrol training boats to find out how the Brits have managed to keep their version of a University Naval Training Program thriving on 14 British university campuses like Oxford.



Doug Slack, U-1818, Cataraqui UNTD 1962, chats with a member of the University Royal Navy Unit in southern UK.

Photo credit Andy Shaw

From the experience of the URNU visits, our Association members may be able to further encourage the development of on-campus reserve military training in Canadian universities. Such a concept was initiated by the Queens University Breakout Education Project with a proposed pilot program at the University of Alberta campus in Edmonton.

The UNTD record shows that money invested in naval training for young Canadians at university produces incalculable benefits for the country.

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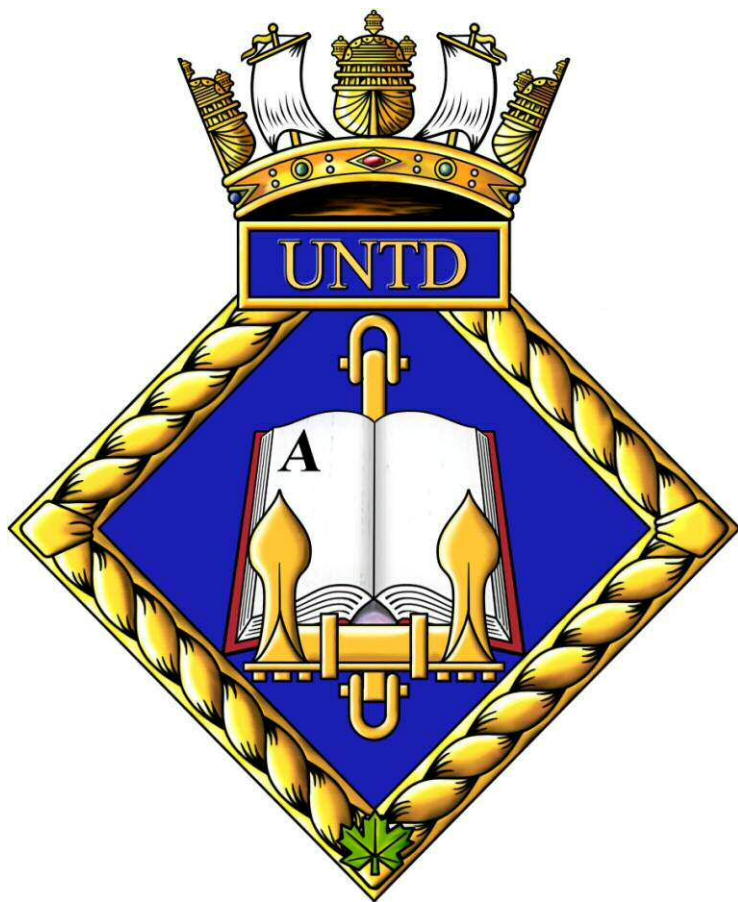
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