

WITH THE RCME AT KINGSTON

by E. T. Dunwoody

We were a handful of U. N. B. Engineering students, westward bound for an army camp under the Canadian Officers Training Corp program. Our destination? Barriefield Military Camp, Kingston Ontario. Now even to those of us who have seen many a camp in world war 2, that name sounded ominously like that of some state penitentiary; and as our pullman gobbled up the miles, carrying us farther and farther away from Alma Mater, we began to wonder why in the devil we'd ever figured we would look good in khaki.

Thus it was that with very reluctant steps we disembarked from our coach and set foot upon the Kingston station platform. Our antipathy was soon dispelled by an affable lieutenant who extended his hand and a cordial welcome and arranged for our transportation to the camp. This "love" we were very soon to learn was Lt. J. of the Royal Cdn. Regt. who was to be our training officer.

One week later found us adjusted to our decivilized way of life. Impossible that seven days hence, we had strolled aimlessly about the campus, wielding our slide rules and Allen tables, and now we were garbed in the battle dress of the Cdn. Army, 2nd Lt. in the efficient mechanism known as the Royal Cdn. Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.

A good officer must learn to take orders as well as give them. Thus it was for eight weeks our feet caressed that beloved piece of ground known as the parade square. We were soon to find out what a reversed place this square held in the hearts of every true soldier. Somehow, it had imbibed the forceful militaristic personality of the numerous Sgt. Majors who had drummed many a raw recruit into a disciplinary soldier. Every morning our platoon made its way (I will not be so presumptuous as to say marched) over from the quarters to the parade square. The first morning we carried our sloppy marching right into the square itself, but hardly had we taken two steps when a raucous voice boomed out, "Alright gentlemen you're on the parade square now, let's smarten up!" The voice was Sgt. P. of the R. C. R. with a row of battle salad on his tunic a mile long, who could emit the most soul shaking expressions from his mouth when the occasion arose. Strangely enough, the successive morning found a decided change in our marching as we swung on the square, as if by magic our shoulders squared off, heads and eyes were held up and with arms swinging our hob nails beat out the smooth rhythm that was 130 paces to the minute. Yes, the Parade Square had a strangely subduing, yet inspiring character which forbade our carrying ourselves as anything but soldiers when we trod upon it.

Two R. C. R. corporals and three Ack Is (Army instructors) with a supreme fortitude and forbearance schooled us in our Parade Square Drill. Before our advent to the camp they had been briefed on the handling of officer cadets. Hence it was that many of us ex-army types who had been accustomed to the complimentary verbal blasts of corporals in wartime, were reprimanded and corrected by such milk and honey phrases as "please gentlemen, swing those arms". Although none of us doubted the fact that various other choice adjectives were muttered underneath their breath.

Our drill was supplemented by lectures on Military Law, First Aid,

Field Craft (Art of camouflage) and weapons. On the ranges, we hurled grenades, shot up tanks with anti-tank mortars and pumped thousands of rounds into large canvas targets. Yes, the range, on a cool August morning will long be remembered... the barked command "target in front, fire when ready", the tightening of the trigger, and the cacatoc bursts of machine gun fire rendering thunderous applause for our bulls eye scores.

All in all, those first two months of G. M. T. (General Military Training) were excellent all round disciplinary and conditioning months which imparted to us a superb sense of mental and physical fitness.

The officers mess was our home away from home, and then some... for what home can boast of billiard and ping pong rooms, technical and fictional library, and last but not least, a bar.

The big "do" of the month was mess dinner night. That joyous evening all of the staff officers and the cadets got together for a social evening which started out with a few pints before supper and an infinite (and usually remembered) number after. The fabulous spread, the raising of wine glasses in toast to the King, the commanding officer's terse address, these were all highlights of a superlative soiree. Yes! most of our "night" life centered around the mess and many an endearing incident took place there... the portly cadet that astounded the whole camp (and incidentally won a bet) by drinking two gallons of beer in an hour, and others that defied (rather unsuccessfully) the laws of gravity by consuming cocktails whilst balanced on their heads. Ah, yes, there are few of us that will forget the officer's mess at the RCME School.

Our desire for recreation found expression in the form of organized swim parties, tennis and volleyball courts, baseball, and track work on a half mile track. It was on the latter, incidentally, that the "miller" (M. Miller) conditioned himself into the winning form which he displayed in the interclass track and field competition held this fall.

The latter half of the summer found us on an eight week's machine shop course. In the great ordnance workshops at the camp, we learned to operate a myriad of mechanical devices, from the lathe and milling machines to the deceptive Do All. This latter was always a great source of disappointment to me, as I'm sure it was to many another budding young machinist who imagined it of being capable of anything and everything as its name implied. In all fairness to the Do All though, it was a very useful piece of equipment. In the welding shop, we learned the fine art of joining two pieces of metal together, using both arc and acetylene welding apparatus.

In the sheet metal shop, we cut up many a square yard of various metals with reckless and expensive abandon. In the blacksmith shop, we played the role of the giant smithy (although with somewhat less brawn) and pounded white hot steel into submission with hammer, anvil, and a somewhat discouraged and weary right arm.

When we had mastered the use of the many machines we were free to use our originality and resourcefulness and machine items for our own use, and hence every one of us left the workshops with things ranging from brass paper knives to crow bars.

Towards the latter part of August, we took leave of the many friends

U-Y WAIVES

CONSTITUTION

Rolling into one of its notable "bull-sessions" the U-Y Club made some very drastic changes in its program at a meeting held last Sunday night in the Community "Y".

Under Prexy Wally Macaulay the U-Y Club waived its present constitution so that it could discard the chapter system in exchange for the system which had been dominant in the Club up until last March. Dick Armstrong summed up the whole case very clearly when he stated that the chapter system was not functioning properly and that if we intended to hold interest in U-Y we must adopt a more definite program. As a result of the discussion the motion was made to follow the old system. As a result there will be an election of officers for the coming year in two week's time.

The Club has also adopted the following purpose: "To create, maintain, and extend throughout the university and community high standards of Christian character".

Re-hashing one of U-Y's most debatable subjects led to the adoption of a plan for expenditures of all funds raised by the Club. In the future 70% of all money raised from money-making and service projects will be reserved for service while 30% will be allotted to the Club's social program in order to fulfill the Club's unofficial motto "The service club with the social environment".

Furthermore, all new members of the U-Y Club are to be presented with U-Y Crests upon their induction into the Club. Between twenty and thirty new members will be initiated into the Club next Sunday night when a formal induction service will be held. On Nov. 8 a U-Y banquet will be held in the Community "Y" followed by a social evening with the Tween-teen Club of the YWCA.

Dave York was appointed to handle arrangements for the banquet.

Concluding the evening's program Ross Crittenden with the help of other club members served sandwiches, cookies, and coffee.

A large turnout of new members is expected for next Sunday night's Induction Service.

we had made from universities from coast to coast, took down our pips and discarded army khaki for civvies, and headed eastward for Fredericton and another year "up the hill".

S.C.M. ADVISORY

BOARD MEETS

The first official meeting of the newly formed Student Christian Movement Advisory Board at UNB was held Thursday night. Al Cameron, a graduate of UNB and a former SCM member, acting as temporary chairman of the Board, conducted the meeting.

Rev. Ray DeMarsh, general secretary of the SCM, briefly described the functions of an Advisory Board. Two particular functions were stressed: that of acting in an advisory capacity in formulating matters of policy and program; and that of giving assistance to the students in financial matters, especially in supporting a general secretary.

Mr. DeMarsh also gave a report

of an unofficial meeting of the Board held on Sept. 19, at which time steps were taken to make contacts with other possible members, and it was decided that the Board would be a provisional one this year.

Those present at the meeting were: Mrs. C. F. Wright and Al Cameron, as interested supporters of the Movement; Dr. L. M. Thompson and Dr. D. A. Stewart, representing the UNB faculty; Mrs. Marion Munro, representing the Provincial Teacher's College faculty; Rev. Ray DeMarsh and the executive of the UNB SCM. Other board members, unable to be present, included: Revs. Dr. McPherson and Mr. Howson, from the Fredericton clerics, and Mr. Evans and Mr. Watson, interested businessmen. Members of this board will be appointed from the Community "Y" Board and the University Women's Club in the near future.

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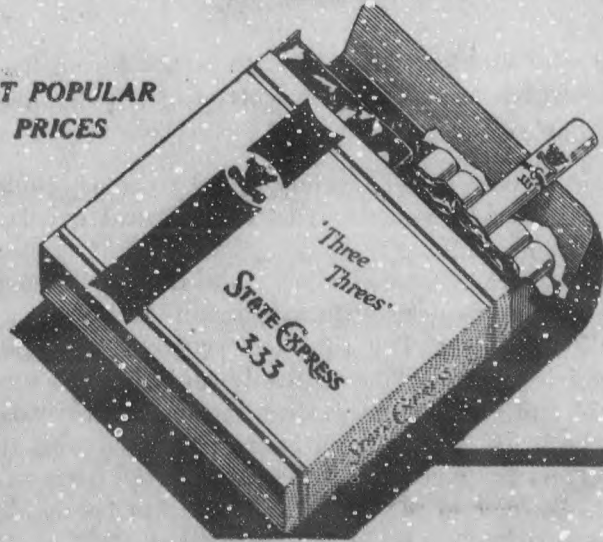
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