



CANADA  
BRITISH COLUMBIA  
VANCOUVER ISLAND

# ESQUIMALT HARBOUR

Surveyed by the Canadian Hydrographic Service

Published under the orders of

The Honourable The Minister of Mines and Resources of Canada.

Polyconic Projection

Datum: N<sup>o</sup> Flagstaff o. Lat. 48° 25' 53" 13 N., Long. 123° 26' 13" 00 W.

All bearings are true, true 285° 25' and are given from seaward

SOUNDINGS IN FEET

reduced to Lowest Normal Tides

Natural Scale 1:50,000

Tidal Information

PLACE	Mean Lunar Intervals		Height above Datum of Soundings			
	High Water	Lower Low Water	Higher H.W. Springs	Lower H.W. Neaps	Lower L.W. Springs	Mean Level
Esquimalt	hrs. min. variable	hrs. min. 8 57	feet 81 to 102	feet —	feet -3 to -12	feet 6.1

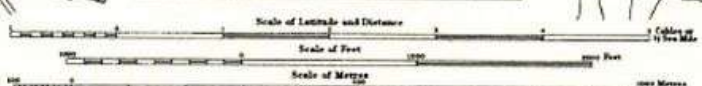
The tide is designated with an extreme inequality in the height of low water: there are some monthly periods when the tide is almost

The interval for the time of lower low water is variable in the moon's lower transit in each declination and in the upper transit in some declinations.

Beach Mean

The datum of this chart is 4 ft. below Canadian Geodetic datum and 16 ft. below a bench mark, a brass plug set vertically in the clacking rock, on each side of the pier, 16 ft. from a rock, one of the southern corner of the peninsula.

The Contours of Tidal Chart, being Dredging, Tidal Information and other Canadian Government Publications of interest to Mariners, may be obtained on application to the Canadian Hydrographic Service, Survey and Mapping Branch, Department of Mines and Resources, Ottawa.



HATLEY PARK ESTATE

RGN-RCAN Outlying  
HMCS Royal Roads

ESQUIMALT LAGOON  
(mud and weeds)

Department of National Defence Properties

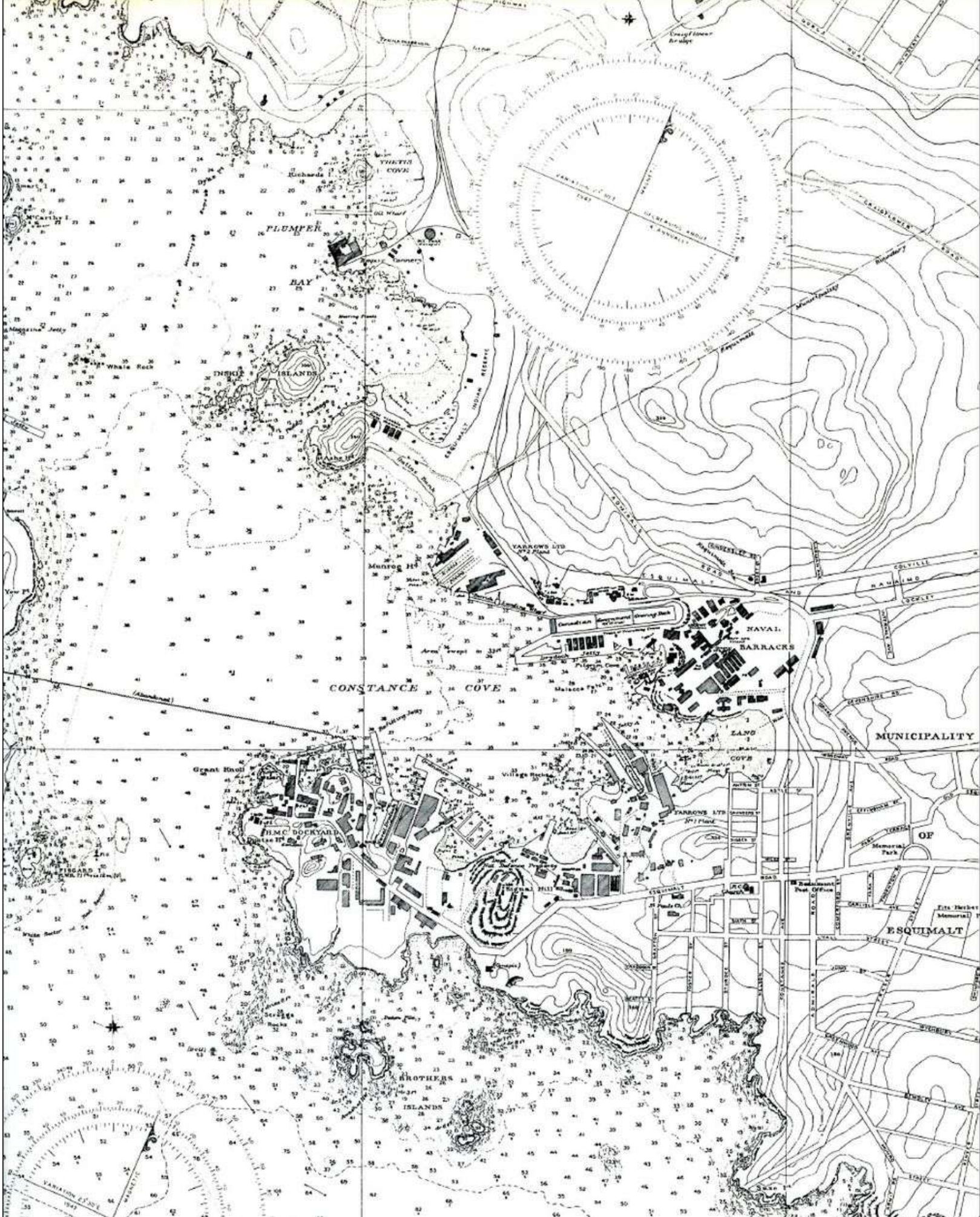
Point Hill

Guthrie Pt.

Conversion Tables

Meters (Fathoms)	Meters	Feet
1.83	1	0.55
3.66	2	1.10
5.49	3	1.65
7.32	4	2.20
9.14	5	2.75
10.97	6	3.30
12.80	7	3.85
14.63	8	4.40
16.46	9	4.95









# ROUTP YEARBOOK 1973

Naval Reserve Training Co-ordinator's  
Message .....page 4

Staff Officer ROUTP Message .....page 5

CTO's and CTPO's .....page 6

First Year .....page 8

Daily Routine .....page 22

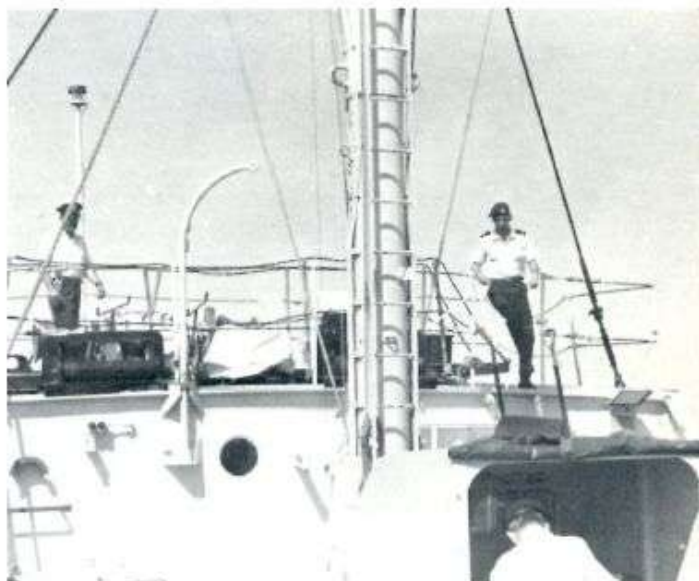
Second Year .....page 26

Homeward Bound .....page 38

Advertising .....page 42

Directory .....page 46

Credits .....page 48





Regrettably some of the plans for ROUTP summer training 1973 have not come to pass. In particular the sea training program shrank from one of promise to one of disappointment due, principally as I am sure you appreciate, to insufficient engineering personnel. Much credit is due however to ships' personnel and shore staff for enduring under such conditions on your behalf. You have been made aware of some of the many problems the Reserve has at this time, however you have not yet been fully informed as to the definite steps being taken to improve the situation. As plans become firm I will keep you informed.

The Naval Reserve desperately needs young well motivated and qualified junior officers ready to assume responsibility afloat and ashore on both coasts and at the Unit Level. You are being asked to commit yourself to the development of a strong, meaningful and useful Naval Reserve. The journey will not be smooth nor necessarily, at times, popular. But the end result will reflect your effort. In order to make the Reserve into what it has been tasked to be we have much to do. I am asking you to make a commitment, popular or otherwise, to build the Naval Reserve to a highly competent and effective organization full of challenge and opportunity by becoming enthusiastically involved.

At this time I ask you to join in expressing appreciation to Lieutenant Commander G.D. Paltridge for his most excellent effort on behalf of the ROUTP during the past many years and to Lieutenant Commander A.R. Horner for his great contribution to sea training. Best wishes are extended to both Officers for every future success.

Commander S. B. Alsgard, O.M.M., C.D., Naval Reserve Training Coordinator



We don't want to be like the leader in the French Revolution who said, "There go my people. I must find out where they are going so I can lead them".

John F. Kennedy, 1960.

One morning last winter I looked out the window at Fleet School and observed what looked like an impossibility. Cape Breton was floating across Esquimalt Harbour. She was heading for her berth at the MOT jetty to make ready for ROUTP training. When I drew this to the attention of a Fleet School officer (with a note of satisfaction) he merely shrugged.

What he could not appreciate was the daily struggle to get the ship moved so that she could become a convenient base for ROUTP operations. And this is the most visible example I can think of to demonstrate the continuous pressure encountered by the Naval Reserve staff this summer and the positive results (achieved in large measure by my predecessor, LCdr Paltridge) not so visible to the casual observer. They have not always succeeded, as you are well aware. However we promised an improved program for junior officers next year and I am confident that this aspect of Naval Reserve training will eventually be restored to its former excellence. Unlike the leader in the French Revolution, we shall know where our cadets are going.

But we have not been lacking in positive results during the past summer, a point with which those of you who have had useful and maturing experiences will not fail to agree. They are recorded in your yearbook which I commend to you here.

Lieutenant Commander Paltridge and Lieutenant Rompkey, Staff Officers  
ROUTP



Lieutenant Saari



Lieutenant Denobile

# CTO's and CTPO's



Lieutenant Luton



Petty Officer Morris



Lieutenant Langlais



Lieutenant Commander Paltridge



Lieutenant Rompkey



Lieutenant Commander Hunter



Lieutenant Logan



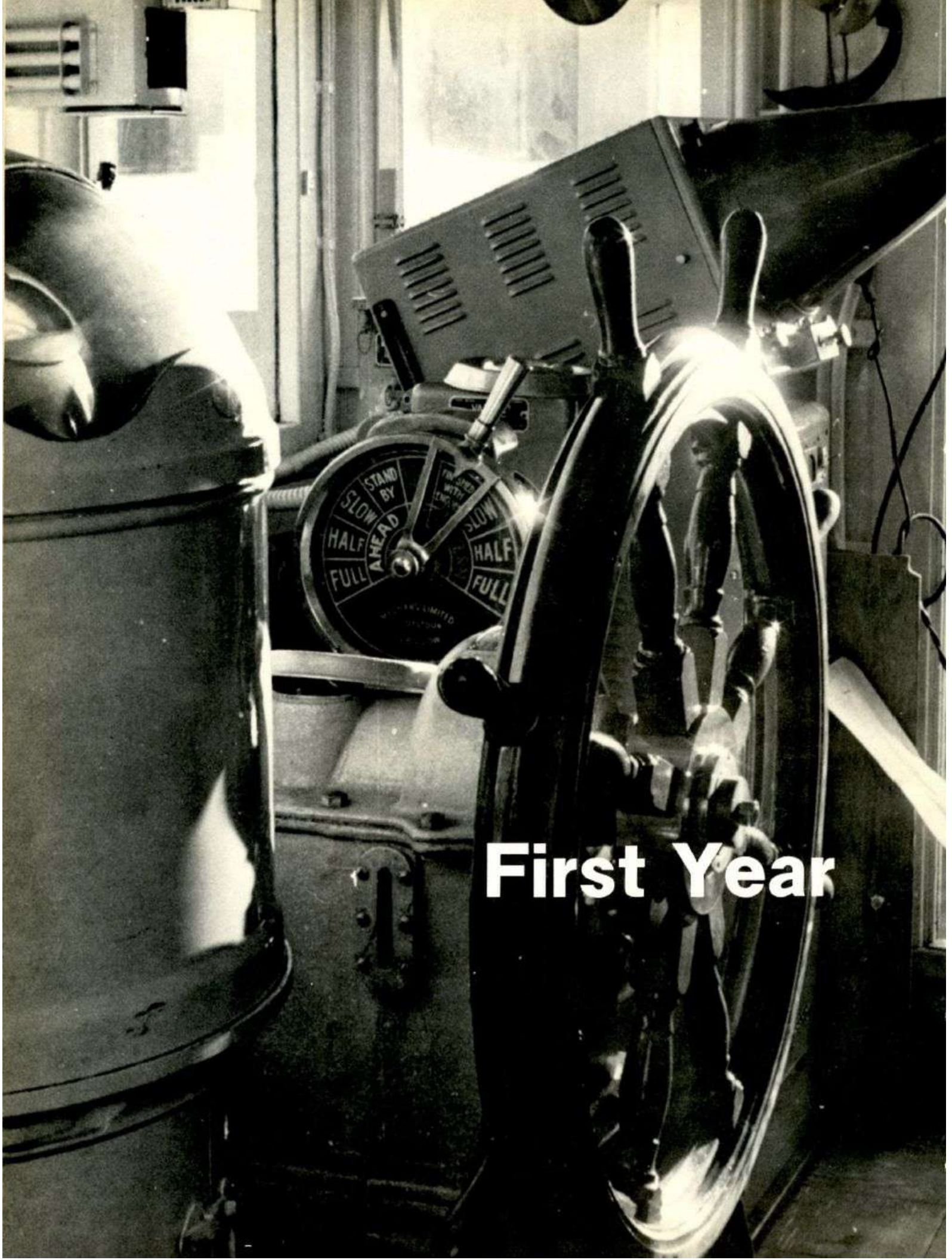
Lieutenant Kimmerly



Lieutenant McElroy



Chief Petty Officer Jones



**First Year**

Partis de chez soi, et souvent de loin, tous se formaient une image prématurée de ce que les prochains mois apporteraient. La vision de certains se perdaient dans un monde d'ordre et de commandements; pour l'apprenti accompli, l'impression avait quelque chose de plus réaliste, mais encore là, une interrogation s'interposait laissant indécis.

Les chemins se sont rencontrés et nous voilà placés dans des peletons avec lesquels nous aurons à produire. Peu à peu, l'atmosphère de la Marine s'impose et l'entraînement poursuit son cours normal. Ce fut d'abord une étude des premiers soins; une étude primordiale étant donné le danger encouru par chacun en tout temps, qu'il soit sur une mer orageuse ou simplement en se détendant dans un gymnase.

Nous complétons un cours de Nuclear Biological and Chemical Défense et puis nous voilà sur la vie d'apprentissage de la mer. Chaque division se rendra sur un Y.F.P. pour se familiariser à la manipulation des cordes, aux manœuvres d'accostage, aux lois du bâtiment, aux méthodes de protection, au service de propreté... Grossomodo, il s'agit d'un coup d'oeil rapide sur l'univers du marin.

De retour à notre demeure permanente, le Cape Breton, nous y recevons des cours théoriques; cours qui s'ajouteront à notre connaissance en ce qui concerne différents niveaux de la Marine, au point de vue administratif, législatif, exécutif. De plus des points pratiques feront l'objet de notre attention: je pense aux "bateaux gonflables", aux "baleiniers", aux léger "420".

Et puis, à nouveau, on s'embarque sur un Y.F.P. et pour quelques une un Gate Vessel. L'intérêt de base touche maintenant la navigation. Chaque élève officier aura l'opportunité de prendre en main les commandes du bateau.

C'est un balayage en tous sens de cette grande maison qu'est la Marine qui nous dirigera chacun vers notre unité. Dans cette maison nous avons rencontré quelques figure dirigeantes comme le Capitaine Pratt, le Capitaine King, le Vice-Amiral Leir.

Dans cette brève rétrospective, j'ai omis de signaler les noms de ceux qui ont dirigé notre entraînement et qui, souvent dans l'ombre, ont accompli un travail que l'on peut qualifier honnêtement de positif. L'expérience, dit-on, est la somme des bêtises; je crois que tous s'en vont avec un peu plus d'expérience et beaucoup de détermination.





## Uniform Division

During the early morning of May 14, fifteen bodies were herded together into what was to be a division called Uniform. Everything was working nominally the first few days with old Rompers finding little fault with the divisions members. First aid was followed or rather interrupted by a week of NBCD with its unforgettable hot experience.

Then came the most fateful

week in everyone's memory as Uniform went on Exped. Pizza a la Capitan Clapton and hot meals of toast and peanut butter curdled everyone's large appetite. And then there was the night excursion with old Oscar taking a supply of marshmallows and tinned peaches to tantalize the appetite after the three hour climb through the night.

Back in Esquimalt the absolute situation looked more bleak for the dwindling forces of Uniform division where only the sincerest dared to stay on. Sports represented a proud record of continuous defeats but the spirit of Mickey Mouse remained as the bodies tried

harder and harder. The efforts paid off as the division finally tied a football game and actually won the next football game. And then Oscar sprinkled the opposition with water to drown their sorrow.

Regretfully, little opportunity remained to do much else as July drew near and the fortunes of Uniform division were to be divided between the other two divisions. Nevertheless Uniform scored one final victory during the beer boat pulling contest of the first year Mess dinner. So ended a division whose graduated members better understand the principles of living and sometimes working together to a common goal.

REAR ROW: O/Cdt's Barber, Arsenault, Schepers, Lt. Rompkey, Iwanowski, Fecteau, O'Connell.  
FRONT ROW: O/Cdt's Ervin, Brook, Dumontier, Mercier, Collins, Staus.







# Victor Division

Herein lies the birth of the Sasquatch division. This may seem an odd name for a division, but then the division was a little odd. For the most part, this had been the first time at sea for most of Victor's members and they were soon faced with the rare opportunity of cooking for twenty and living in close quarters with few of the modern conveniences available during shipboard life. However, the cadets began to find out zealously about how a YFP is run. They discovered wheels to be turned, buttons to be pushed, levers to be pulled and even a handle to be pumped, although the lattermost had to be done vigorously to obtain results.

This was only a small part of Exped life. The main part of the week was involved with hiking, sailing, leadership training and

pulling certain members of our party out of bogs. It was lucky that everyone liked water since we got a lot of it - in the form of precipitation, but that's water over the falls! The standard of morale was kept up, however, on account of the excellent meals which were a culinary delight: peanut butter au gratin, in fact au anything, quarter-sized pancakes and egg noirs. After pleasant days at sea, we were thrilled at night by eerie tales of British Columbia's famous Sasquatch. When everyone began looking over his shoulder it was decided that this was a perfect name for our division. In conclusion, this "survival" expedition must have been a success because everyone is here, in body at least, to tell the story.



FRONT ROW: O/Cdt's Slonosky, Shiffman, Susak, Kemp.  
SECOND ROW: O/Cdt's Deslierres, Denault.  
THIRD ROW: O/Cdt's Lapointe, Kammer, Roy.  
FOURTH ROW: O/Cdt's Harder, Joly, Audet.  
REAR ROW: O/Cdt's Green, Bocking.



Sometimes found lurking in the gunroom but usually inhabits the T.V. lounge on the Cape Breton.

This strange beast is well known for its sly, vociferous, and uninhibited manner. It's usually heard at night - its cry being "We bite bullets".

Once caught, they make tasty dishes with jam and honey but can also be served raw. Serves 8.



Poilu, féroce, vorace, hurlant dans la nuit son rauque et sauvage appel, ainsi se présente cette créature encore mal connue, que vit dans les montagnes reculées, et accessibles seulement aux élèves officiers les plus aventureux, et dont on ne prononce le nom qu'en tremblant: le Sasquatch.

De la fascination qu'exerce cette étrange bête sur tous ceux qui l'ont rencontrée, sont nés plusieurs rites et plusieurs légendes. Une division entière de jeunes hommes aux vertes espérances en quête de la vérité et de la vie, s'est instituée en une secte, se donnant pour but

la recherche constante d'une meilleure compréhension de la philosophie du monstre. C'est ainsi que mourut la division Victor et qu'est née la division Sasquatch.

C'est depuis ce temps qu'à travers le Canada on peut voir de ces futurs Ulysses qui, par leur langage fait de borborigmes, leur nourriture à base de miel et de beurre d'arachide, leurs vêtements primitifs, leur démarche quadrupédique, leurs manières licencieuses et leur odeur, propagent avec ferveur l'image bien aimée de ce monstre de la Colombie canadienne, le Sasquatch.





# Whiskey Division

Canadian and the land-lubbers from the prairies (there were even men from the relatively minor regions of Ontario and British Columbia) all contributed colourful characters.

The individuals of Whiskey were not superior to their mates, but as a group they were an outstanding division in the ROUTH program. To speak modestly, they annihilated the opposition on the playing field (especially in soccer) and were summarily presented the new ROUTH sports award for this effort. On the parade square they were sometimes the "sharpest" division, in turn marching off first from drill. In all their endeavours they displayed a high spirit (no, not the whiskey hidden under the berets). Still speaking modestly, they were the best "gash darn" division around. I knew it, all the men in Whiskey knew it, and deep down, all the other cadets thought about it.

The division Whiskey was a great experience for all of us. We are all a little wiser and a little more mature because of it. Thank you Whiskey, for you made the summer the experience it was.



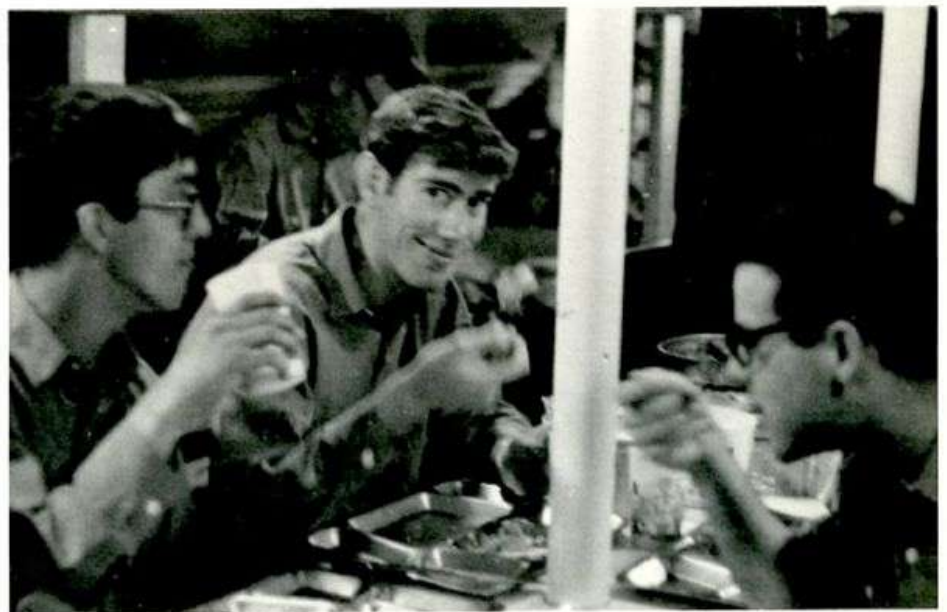
If ever there was a contest for the most original collection of misfits, Whiskey division would take the prize. There was the "old man" of ROUTH First Year, the 10 to 1 favourite for last man "off the boat", the one who could sit attentively while sleeping, and even one who had mastered sleeping with his eyes open.

The collection consisted of men from all parts of Canada. The "fishy" Maritimes, the English-speaking French

TOP ROW: O/Cdt's Lewanowicz, Kirkwood, Stevens.

BOTTOM ROW: O/Cdt's Picco, Latendresse, Newson, Sauer-  
teig, Tarzwell, Roberts,  
Drouillard, Gosselin, Chow,  
Eggertson.





# NBCD

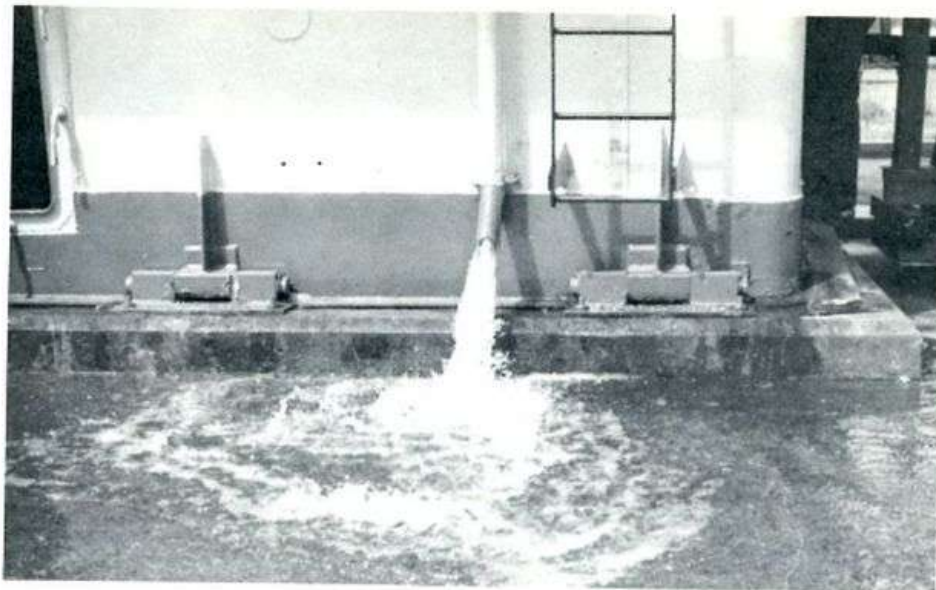
Even the threat of fighting raging red infernos (harr!) could not overcome our ecstatic joy of no flashing or divisions for a week combined with the free lessons in the gentleman's guide to naval language and etiquette. "Right, you ..... Officer Cadets, go and draw your ..... B gear, we'll be fighting ..... fires this afternoon."

As the week progressed, we were introduced to all kinds of weird and wonderful amusements such as the Torch and Tumult.

Who could forget the gas fires using dry chemical extinguishers and the wind which always seemed against you. Then we went to the eau de foam applicator and can we remember the sweet fragrance of yechhh!

Finally, we ventured to Tumult, the luxury swimming pool of NBCD. There we constructed our masterpieces of archaeology and learned the intricacies of a Newfie ruler.

We must say well-done to our instructors, Petty Officers Masniuk, Pepper and Wright whose time, dedication, and patience was greatly appreciated.





# The Chemox

You place the mask over your face and thoughts begin to race through your mind. "Will this thing really work, can I depend on it? What happens when I run out of air?"

I had a faulty Chemox that simply was not supplying oxygen. In the Torch with no air in my lungs, black smoke swirling around me and a hose my only way back out I thought of only one thing, the hose. I stumbled out of the Torch following the hose and ripped off the mask to show my blue face to the rest of my mates. The blue colouration caused quite a stir but it showed who was truly your friend when they were worried about you.

The Chemox was stressed as an aid to firefighting, a sort of second lung for the firefighter. In the Torch, wearing the Chemox, you developed a healthy respect for it.

When you run out of air remember to pull the cord on the trigger and then you have five more minutes of air left to walk away from there. After you put out the fire.



# Sea Phase

The sea phase for the first year cadets this year consisted of two segments. One portion of the training was conducted aboard a YFP, the other aboard a gate vessel. While on the YFP, the cadet was allowed the opportunity of participating in all of the activities associated with the running of the vessel. The emphasis, however, was on navigation with particular stress on preparation and execution of coastal passage plans. During his stay on the gate vessel, the cadet was introduced to all aspects of lower deck life. The focus was described as seamanship; this turned out to be a catch-all generalization in that the cadet ended up being treated as a fourth century Roman galley slave.

YFP 306 served as the principal vessel for its version of training, operating in the Gulf Islands. Four cadets, working in teams of two, would execute a previously prepared passage plan. They would perform, alternately, the tasks of navigator and Officer of the Watch. General seamanship duties carried the remaining cadets through the day.

Gate vessels *Porte de la Reine* and *Porte Quebec* operated mainly in the Gulf Islands, as

did the YFP's. Most of the objectives were nebulous as they required two vessels near each other whereas this was impractical. Instead familiarization with anchoring evolutions and jackstay transfer was the name of the game as far as possible. Man overboard exercises and ship handling rounded out the program.

It would not be just to leave "sea phase" at this point after having described it in such terms. One must be knowledgeable of these most pragmatic factors, and one can also consider this sea time experience for other less quantified reasons. Canada's coastal waters provided a scenario that ranged from calm and colourful to swirling and frightening. Small coastal communities in the Gulf Islands, San Juan Islands, on Vancouver Island, and the cities of Vancouver and Seattle themselves provided a variety of novel things to see and do. Most importantly it was a time of great feelings, a time during which one's reaction to new environmental stimulæ manifested itself in that type of introspection which broached some of those universal imponderables - questions about identity and the world. It was an involvement about which no one reacted with indifference.





And he was ROB.



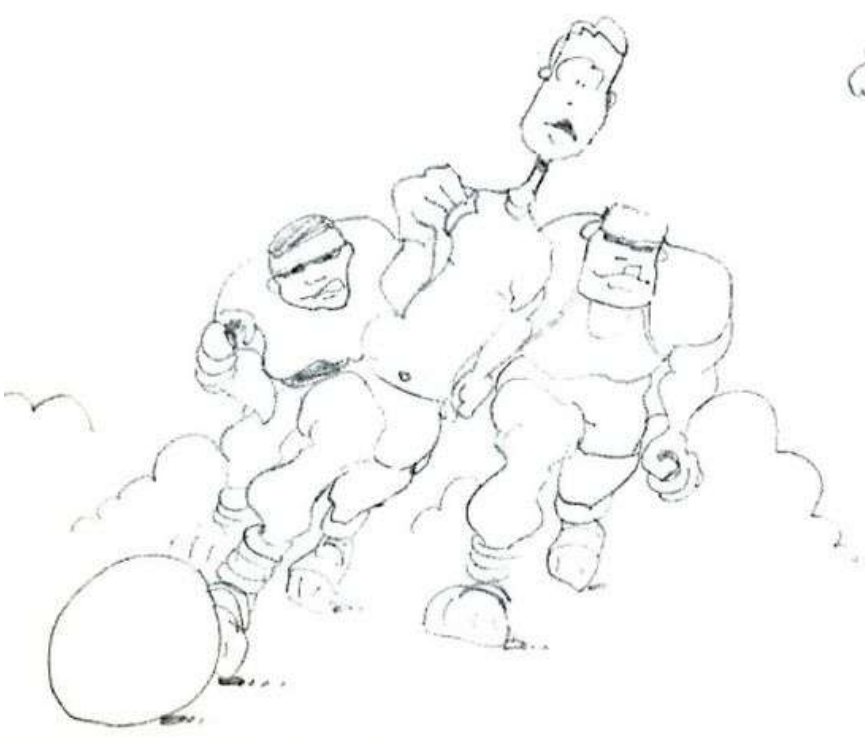
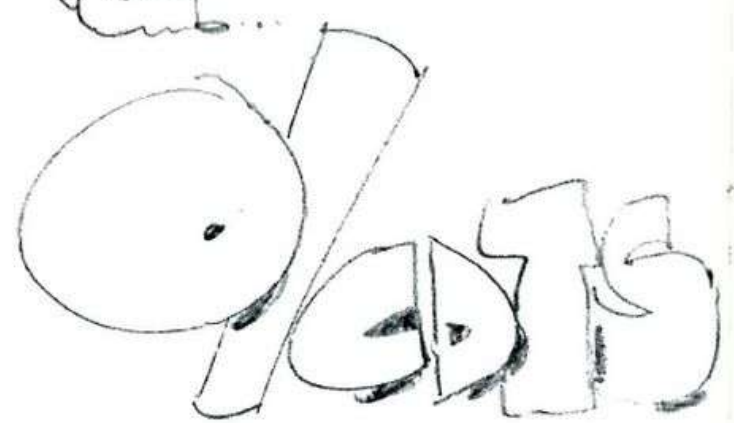
Where's my rubber duck?

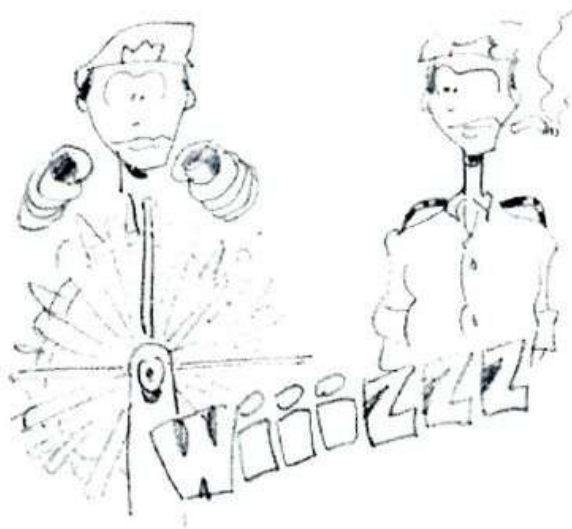


Hit that ball, George!

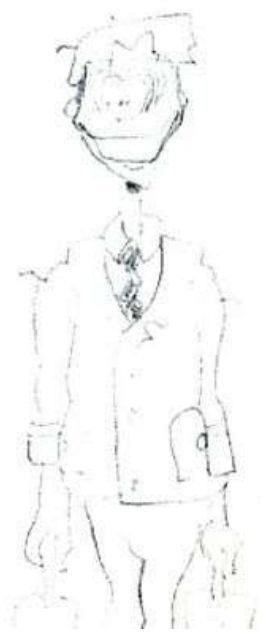
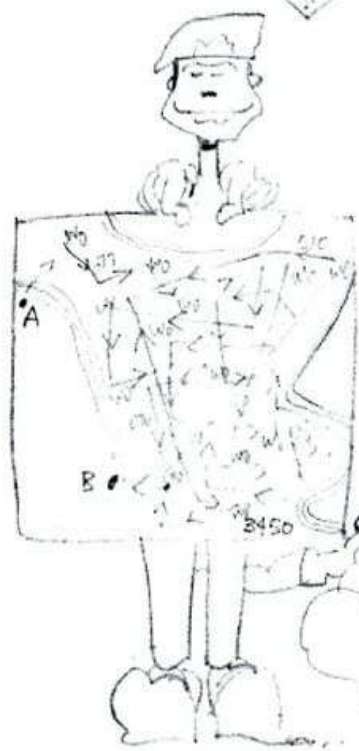


Don't just sit there...

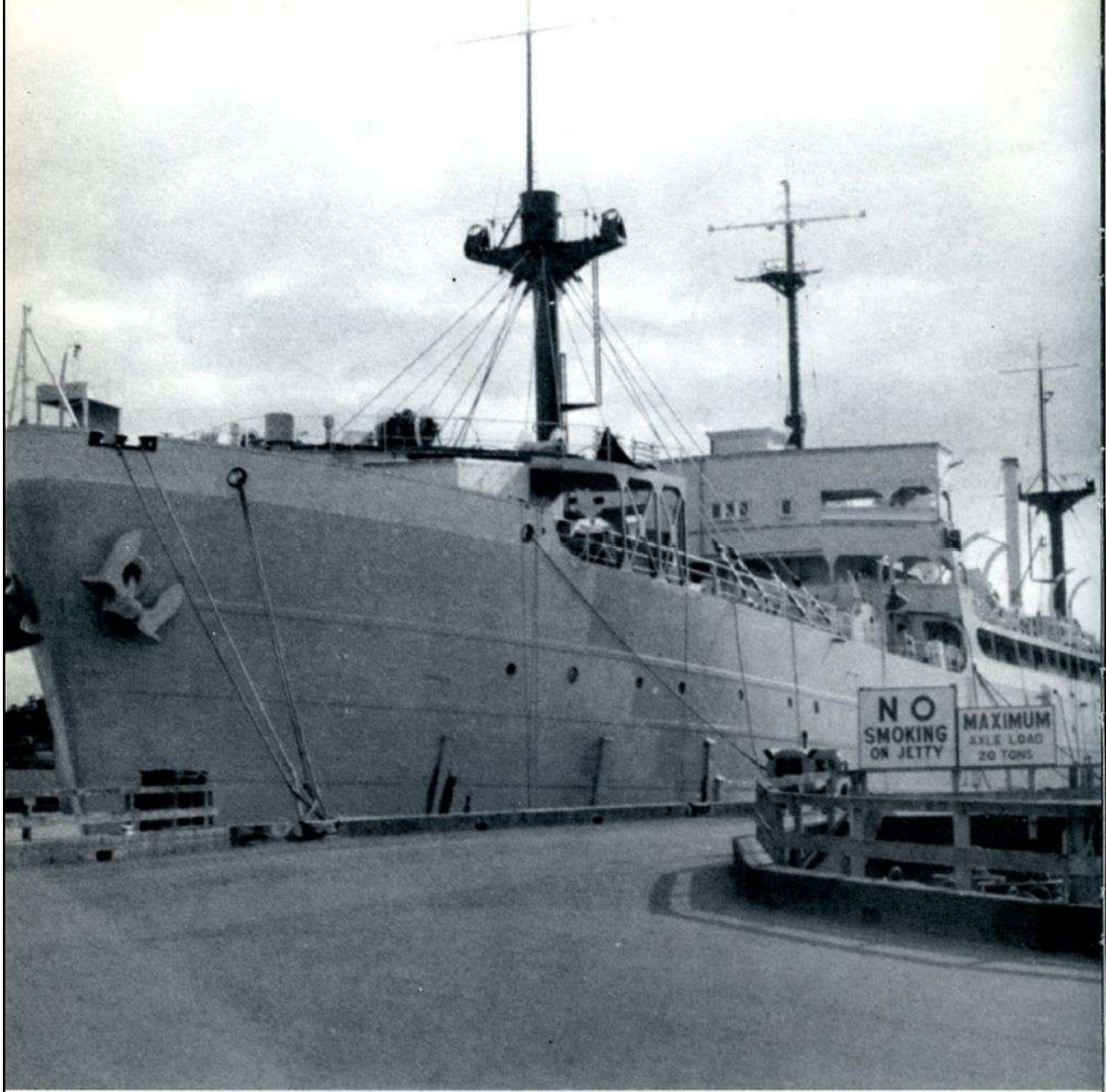




'13



Spencer



# Daily Routine

The Fred. Hotel 100. Both were names for our home away from home for most of the summer. HMCS Cape Breton is a decommissioned maintenance vessel and since she is completely out of routine, she provides a handy place to house some seventy-odd sub-lieutenants and officer cadets for sixteen weeks.

The day began at 0600 for us, but there were always a few notable exceptions with individuals trying desperately to grab those few extra minutes of sleep before having to get up for the daily S, S, and S. Next came breakfast, followed hurriedly by flashing.

Flashing was always a great topic for conversation. Most of us gave up after the speed was boosted to ten words per minute. Many people stayed below for it. The smarter people just wrote down a random list of numbers and letters. They might have gotten zero, but they avoided ROB.

At 0730 we all boarded the bus to take us to Naden for Divisions. Next came morning classes, usually at Fleet School.

The classroom periods always provided a tremendous challenge. Few of us realized until this summer what a physical struggle it can be to stay awake in class. Some, try as they might, would find their eyelids drooping, no matter how hard they exerted their eyelid muscles. Many, alas, succumbed to this great force. But there

were those, who through much practice, learned to sleep in class with their eyes open. Poor fellows if they were asked a question, however.

At 1130 (or earlier) we broke off for lunch. Back to classes at 1300.

Dogwatch sports started at 1600. In the early part of the summer, contact sports such as football and soccer were played. We had a man in hospital right from the first day on the sports field. The day he was discharged from the hospital another one would take his place in the same ward. There was always at least one of us who had to limp back to the "Fred" after sports.

After sports, our time was our own, except for duty and ROB's. The favourite evening pastime was undoubtedly sitting in front of the TV set watching STAR TREK while polishing your boots for the next day. After that, many would relax in the Gunroom, drinking, playing bridge, and talking about the day's activities. One by one, people would begin to "hit the rack" and by 0001 most of us were sound asleep. Some nights, however, we would get surprise visits by such notorious people as the "Bedfrencher" or "Captain Thunderfish" or the "Man with the Shaving Cream." They, too, were soon in their racks, partly to avoid detection but mainly to get some sleep for the exhausting (?) day ahead.



The Gunroom served a spectrum of functions from being a convenience to the social drinker to being a display ground for parties.



# Salut Fred!

Salut Fred!  
Tu es merveilleux  
Grand et vieux  
Salut Fred!

Tu as fait halte  
Un jour  
Pour toujours  
A Esquimalt

Tu nous as accueillis  
Ouvertement  
Dans tes appartements  
Tel un ami

Tu nous as nourris  
De crêpes délicieuses  
De crèmes glacées somptueuses  
Et de savoureux fruits

A ton bord, nous avons dormi  
Par une savante invention  
Grace à la ventilation  
Nous te disons: "Merci"

Tu l'as bien mérité  
Nous avons bu  
De semblants jus  
A ta santé

Nous nous assoyons dans ton salon  
En regardant la télé  
Tout en cirant nos souliers  
Ou en repassant nos pantalons

Avec douceur, nous te nettoyons  
D'un coup de chiffon  
Avec eau et savon  
Ton joli pont sur lequel nous marchons

Nous faisons tes rondes  
De la proue à la poupe  
En visitant d'une coupe  
Ton merveilleux petit monde

A l'occasion de l'"exped"  
Tu devins notre nouveau chez-nous  
Nous tombons à tes genoux  
O! Notre bon Fred!

Nous avons vécu  
De bons souvenirs  
Avec sourire  
Nous te disons: "Salut".



# Sports

The sports program started in a novel way this year. Upon our arrival at the Cape Breton, we all discovered to our satisfaction that there would be no more morning run. After all, this run would be more than taken care of by the afternoon jog uphill to the Wardroom playing field for Dogwatch sports. When the first years arrived, an incident occurred which would characterize many of the future games played throughout that summer - a first year trainee fell during the soccer game and injured his leg.

Such injuries became characteristic with someone always getting injured or even knocked out as happened during one particularly violent encounter. However, the afternoon's recreation served its purpose as the various divisions alternated between games of soccer, football, and baseball as well as general recreation in the base gymnasium.

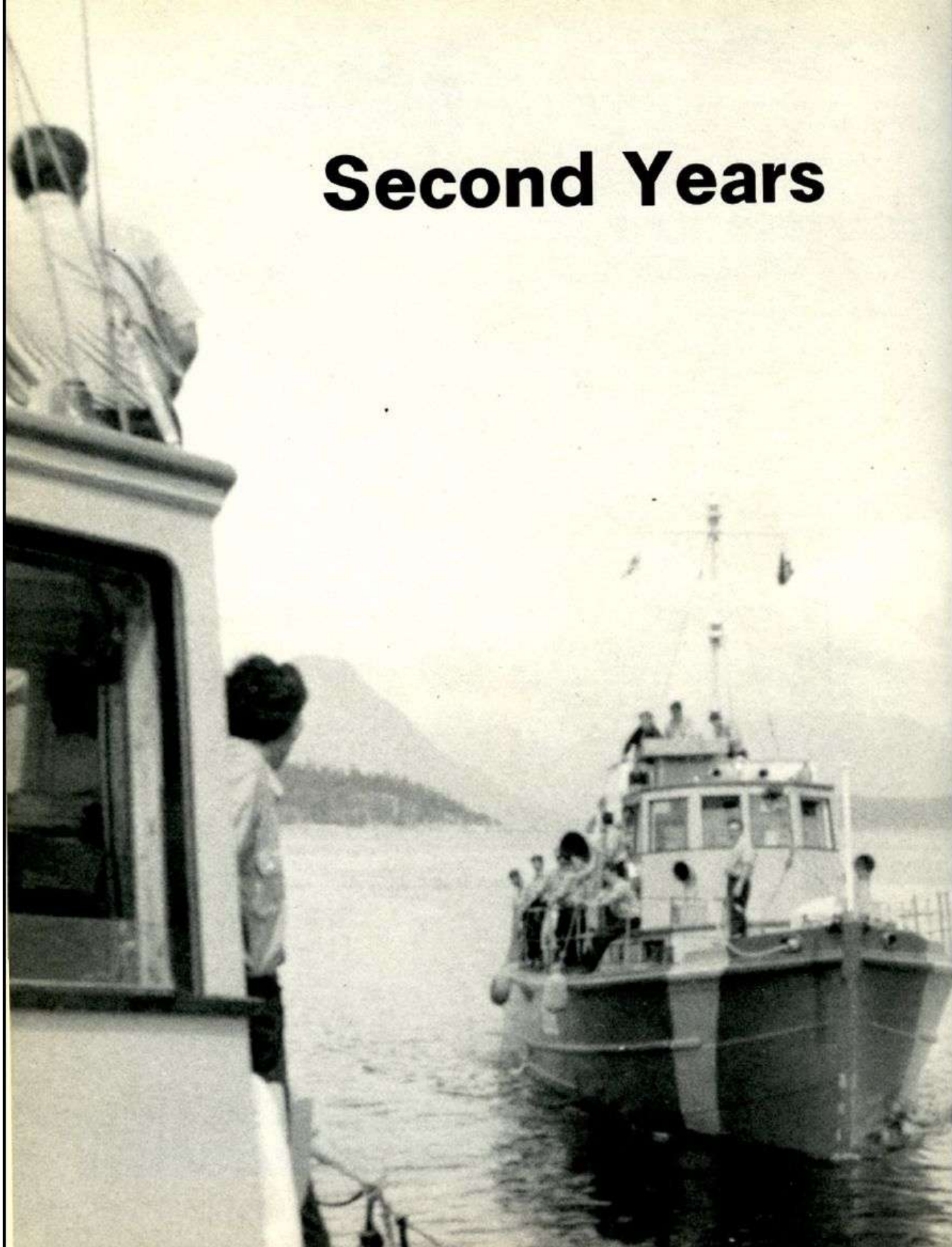
Various divisions had various things to be proud of. Uniform and X-ray boasted an unbeaten record of continuous losses until they tied or even won a game towards the end. Victor capitalized on the Sasquatch spirit to forge ahead while Whiskey and Yankee with their copious supply of veterans always provided challenging teams to play against.

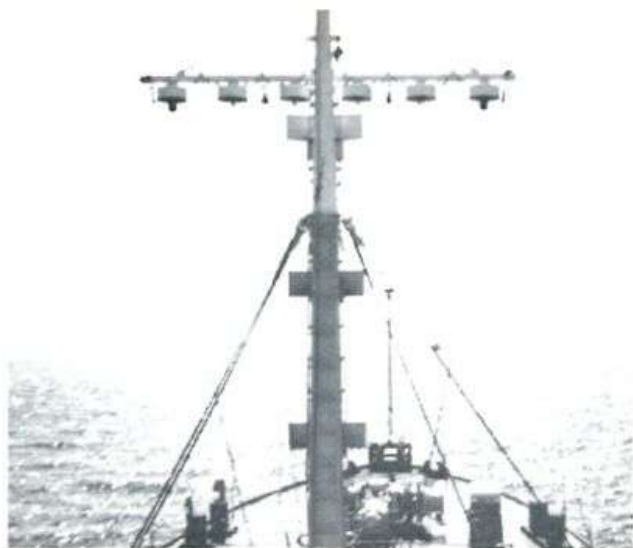
The second phase of training provided even more interesting sports encounters as the first years sometimes mixed in with second years on opposing teams. The action was great as was the fun: who can forget big Mack's scoring a goal into Jonah's wide open soccer net?

Yes, sports were indeed fun, even in games against the ROUTP staff. Everyone undoubtedly enjoyed themselves whether on the field or in the hospital.



# Second Years





Eight months passed before the former officer cadets returned to the Cape, but when we did the time had seemed short and old friendships were instantly rekindled. The acting sub-lieutenants of this year will not be together again as a course, and some of us will never see others again. Fortunately, then, it is basically a happy summer we will remember, holding disappointments to be sure, but also a host of rare experiences--the feeling of sailing into the open Pacific while heading into a setting sun, the busy watches on the bridge while fixing and plotting and DRing along, sleepy classrooms and hairy-ass POs at the firefield, "Rocky Marshmellow" Price, Portland and of course our old friend, the Cape.



In the four month training period this division forged a strong ESPRIT DE CORPS and pride in its records, such as having won only one sports game all summer. But how could it be otherwise, with such Naval Heroes as Leslie Horwinkle? Surely the Roll of Honour gives ample evidence of this, X-Ray having won far more decorations than Yankee which, in fact, won none. There was the - Battle of Portland Medal, with a special Wounds Clasp for Sgt. Cudmore, and a Purple Hearts Medal for Sgt. MacLean. The entire YFP 320 crew also received



the Rebecca Reef Decoration, and their captain received a special Navigator's Clasp for the most incredible driving we saw all summer. Finally, there was the Independence Medal, to "Capitaine Québec" Létourneau, who told us all and a good deal more than what we wanted to know about fascism and the Rebellion of 1837. All in all, it was a battle-sore division that collapsed into the buses on 25 August, but one that will recall with satisfaction the experiences together of this summer of '73.

# X-Ray

Sea Phase started for X-Ray Division when we arrived on board the two Gates, resplendent in our S4B's (complete with shiny shoes), our little heads stuffed to overflowing with navigational tid-bits. On board the Quebec, Chief Jupp was waiting for us. Before we really knew what exactly was happening we were in (horror!) working dress, manhandling a couple of fridges around the upper deck. We knew then we had come home.

Then we were off to that fabled land, Portland. Two days of steaming on a remarkably calm Pacific (Slt. MacLean, that faithful barometer, did quarterdeck rounds only once per watch) and a Tom Sawyer day on the Columbia River brought us to Portland.

By God, there really are women waiting for us on the jetty. Lines are handled in record time. After thirty minutes of being panhandled we return in time to catch a bus to our first cocktail party. The evening is spent sipping exotic drinks, making small talk and ogling Beverly Roach, the real estate agent ("Would you like to buy a lot?")

Second Day is spent running tours of the ship. "Mommy, what's that big tin can that looks like a rocket?" Duty calls, and it's cocktail party II. Chris Cudmore brings no less than four people back to the ship. Dave Harper is not impressed. The Newf finds something interesting in tillar flats.

Day Three is Phi Sigma Sigma day and we find Portland hospitality at its best. The sorority party and its reverberations were the most enjoyable parts of the summer for most of X-Ray. Phil Stanton is the big winner at strip poker. Don Arnaud learns how to sing. Blair Allaby is reported to have had a good time. Conduct reaches new lows at Wardroom Party I as Corporal Bell becomes the first and only member of the minuteman club. Lt. Kimmerly attempts a Double Arbuckle.

Day Four is the Italian Garden Party and Wardroom Party II--a subdued affair where, thanks to Dougie Hone, duty electrician, the only light is the dull red glow from Tom Hague's nose.

The fifth day is sad good-byes from bleary-eyed sub-lieutenants and a long trip down the river. Off the mouth of the Columbia the weather is not so nice. Slt. MacLean spends his watch as assistant life bouy sentry.

The rest of our Gate Vessel time was spent cruising local waters learning all kinds of good nav, and visiting such too-familiar ports as Plumper Sound, Bedwell Harbour, etc.

Then we were on the YFPs, learning the latest in centuries-old navigation practices. Not exactly destroyers, but they did have their moments. Most memorable was our short visit to the island colony at Rebecca Rock, where Giles Joly demonstrated a knowledge of the reef knot. Chris Cudmore learned how to put on a life jacket and YFP 306

managed to make sympathetic noises over the radio.

All in all the Sea Phase was enjoyable and hopefully in future years the opportunities for navigation and OOW training afloat will equal the opportunities ashore.



# Yankee

All hail the YFP's, the mainstay of the Reserve Officer University Training Plan. Our training revolved solely around these magnificent crafts. With nine of us SLT's aboard we were able to accomplish, with much pleasure, anything that was under the sun. We, the SLT's, supposedly the most intelligent and stubborn of former Officer Cadets, immediately took a liking to our chores. The correct manner of scrubbing decks, washing dishes, and various sanitational tasks were soon tackled and learned. This portion of our training had apparently been (either) grossly neglected or improperly learned during our previous summer. With enthusiasm it was, however, remedied most effectively. Something which was not really on the course but added to provide interest was what they called navigation. Elementary Passage Planning, Anchorages, and just plain trying to stay on track occupied our minds almost all the time. During the first week on YFP 306 we had four people working on

passage plans and four people on duty watch. This left one fortunate soul eligible for shore leave. Dedicated to improving our navigational and sanitational techniques we felt sorry for the person who was left with nothing to do. However, we did encourage him to go ashore. Where else could you have a

better time than at Refuge Cove? Not to mention the time when half the ship's company poured into that theatre near 3rd Street and Pine in Seattle. All in all everybody enjoyed themselves immensely and thought that the YFP cruise was the best and most worthwhile part of the summer.



"For we joined for the chance to go to sea..." Well, Yankee Division almost did go to sea this summer. First of all we were promised a scenic tour of the passages leading to Juneau, Alaska. However, coupled with engine breakdowns and shortage of engineering staff it never materialized. No wonder so many of the second years and cadets requested for extension of service. How could anyone go home to face his girl/parents? But, the Navy finds ways to solve her problems as she always does. If it were not possible to operate two Gate Vessels at once it may be reasonable to run one of them at a time. This she did and the aspiring navigators on the *Porte Quebec* came out better since they had the free laborers, consisting mainly of the SLt's from *Porte de la Reine*, to help with their cleaning stations. Well, we wanted to go to sea, didn't we? And we sure did go to sea! We visited Pedder Bay and Parry Bay so often that we sometimes wondered why did they not make them home ports of the Gates! Oh, yes, there was also this one time when we ventured



as far as the prohibited area called Haro Strait, beyond the never-never land of Discovery Island. Was that a thrill for us! It was such an invigorating experience we felt sure we'd never forget unless we tried very hard. Gee, how hard did we try! How dare anyone say the SLt's don't try! Those daredevil SLt's even had the courage to eat up to their reputation. What better ways than to compensate for the discomforts of living on board ships than to feed the troops with surplus ration left from the Dieppe Raid? Eager and willing to live up to its reputé Yankee Division ate the meals gracefully. Besides, what other choice did we have when we were just off our swimming endurance distance from shore? There were benefits as well. Where else could you see blue movies for free. Looking back at Yankee's sea phase it is only fitting to use Nelson's words "Duty is the great business of a sea officer. All private considerations must give way to it no matter how painful it is." And we are telling you - it sure was painful!





"Mmmmm," says Al.  
"Brkfxgrt," thinks Andrew.



"Ohhh. . .it's been so long  
since I've gotten off a rock,  
I mean it's so long since  
I've been off a rock, I mean.  
"



"Fridge, greenhouse. Helmsman  
relieved by Peter Pan, steering  
course for Never-Never Land,  
both engines in the engineroom  
and enough revolutions to get us  
there, SIR!"



"But don't you like my 'Old  
MacDonald' song?"



"When you leave the government jetty, you  
come up to Front Street, turn right and then  
you'll see a big grey hotel, OK? That's where  
we're having Pissex Serial 5. Cat's ass, eh?"



"Now, Navigator, be absolutely certain. Are  
we leading on Rebecca Rock?"



"What, *me* arse the dog?"

# The Virtues of Marching

For centuries, armies have marched forward into battle to death and glory. What better way to move masses of men in an orderly and efficient manner? For countless millions of servicemen the combined clump of boots on pavement carried out to the tune of "left-right-left-right-left" has been music to the ears. March, march, march. There is nothing quite like marching. The world should march to work every morning. Pedestrian collisions are prevented by marching. A simple "Halt," "Right Wheel" or "Left Turn" bellowed out by the platoon Petty Officer is all that is required. Yes, once servicemen have got into the mood, they would be emotionally lost and no doubt psychologically damaged without marching in a "pusser" fashion wherever they went everyday of their lives.

Napoleon once stated that an army marches on its stomach. I disagree with that. I believe that an army marches on its feet. What better way to aid in the healing of corns, callouses and bunions? Indeed, not only is marching good for the mind, it is good for the feet. Yes, it is good for the troops.

German armies in the grand old days of Nazism let their enthusiasm for marching exceed most norms of the day and reach the heights of goose-stepping. Even the German Navy liked to march when on land. No information could be found concerning the nefarious activities of the German Navy at sea, but let us use our imaginations, if just for a moment. Marching, or when an officer was watching, goose-stepping, to the heads would be the routine of the day. I should think that on those long cold night watches on the North Atlantic, Officers of the Watch on those German surface raiders would goose-step about the bridge to keep warm and to bolster their own esprit de corps and their own pride in their ships at sea. Think of the captains of those well-vaunted U-Boats, surfacing at night to recharge their batteries. Bundled up against the icy winds of the North Sea in February, scanning the horizon for enemy merchantmen headed for Murmansk, I should imagine that a good march around the conning tower would be good for the Captain. I should think that any conscientious Captain would have promulgated a daily (or nightly) march about the upper deck. After all, it is good for the troops.

But enough said of the golden days of war, when marching really came into its own. Let us talk now about the modern age in which we live--the Age of Aquarius and all that.

An officer in the Canadian Armed Forces should be highly intelligent, in top physical condition, be keenly interested, perceptive, know what course

of action to take in all situations, be a man of action, and be able to march with the best of them. Marching should be looked upon by him as a splendid opportunity to enhance his degree of mental and physical self-discipline as well as build his enthusiasm and bolster his courage to face any eventualities that the day may bring.

For the sea-going officer, daily training and practice in marching is of utmost importance. Consider the well-known case of the Canadian Naval Officer in a foreign port. Relying on his ability to march, ingrained into his mind, he can successfully navigate his way across the brown onto his own ship after a night's debauchery ashore. In spite of being intoxicated to the point where he no longer knows where he is nor cares where he is, this modern Canadian Naval Officer is able to cross the brow in full view of the corporal of the gangway with a certain air of elegance borne of daily marching drill. Thus, no-one is embarrassed, no-one is offended; the troops are happy, the civilian population is happy, and the officer in question is happy. We can attribute this happy ending to the virtues of marching.

The Canadian Naval Officer thus has in his repertory of skills and talents a valuable tool to keep everyone happy. Keeping everyone happy is a key role of the Reserve Forces today. Marching in a disciplined, ordered manner keeps all concerned quite happy.

Yes, looking back on it all now, looking back over the past weeks and months of training, looking back over the years in both peace and war, looking back over the centuries where mankind has continually never ceased to slaughter his enemies in the most efficient and orderly manner that he could devise, thinking of the countless millions of people that could never have been slaughtered without the efficiency of marching, I can honestly say that marching really does do something for people.

A military base would not be quite as impressive if all concerned were allowed to wander indiscriminately around in gaggles. Marching in formation gives all the impression of organization, well-timed precision--a daily clock-work schedule. Yes, I have said it before and I will say it again, marching is good for the troops. Organization, discipline, teamwork, physical exercise, pride, esprit-de-corps, and a good mental set are all worthy products of merit which are a direct result of marching. Herewith were extolled to virtues of marching.

## OOD/

### Divisional Officer

In a dark backroom of Fleet School, about the 27th of June, three men faced each other across a cluttered desk, collars open, cigarettes hanging from open lips. These were the brains behind A/Subs' training: Ronny Rompkey, Billy McElroy and Johnny Langlais. This dynamic trio had a problem: 35 Subies, and they finally came up with the solution. The Subies were to take a course on Responsibilities and Duties of OOD and Divisional Officer, or Babysitting Made Easy. It was their opinion that it would be good for the troops.

Consequently when the day came that the Subies arrived in Fleet School they were met by Johnny, the fastest cigarette man in the Reserves. The intense concentration displayed by the Subies in the classes he taught was frequently rewarded with "take ten minutes." Between stand-easies Johnny's cheerful disposition kept his audience awake through many of the lectures dealing with Officer-of-the Day on a destroyer, that well-known vessel of the Reserves, and Rules of the Road for Mariners and Shads. The Subies were also subjected to a feature film each day, such as Counter-Sabotage Tactics of Royal Navy Divers, and the Evils of Little Gifts in Foreign Ports. To keep the percentage of sleepers within the promulgated 75% limit, Billy would alternately bark "Cudmore, wake up!" and "Where is Zimmerman now?" and "Mr. Hague, you are wanted in my office."

Toward the end of the course when Subies' remarks such as "Honer, make a phone call" and "It's Silver Bird time again!" became all too frequent, Uncle Stu rescued them, sending them to sea in DDEs and yes, dear reader, our old friends the Porte Boats.

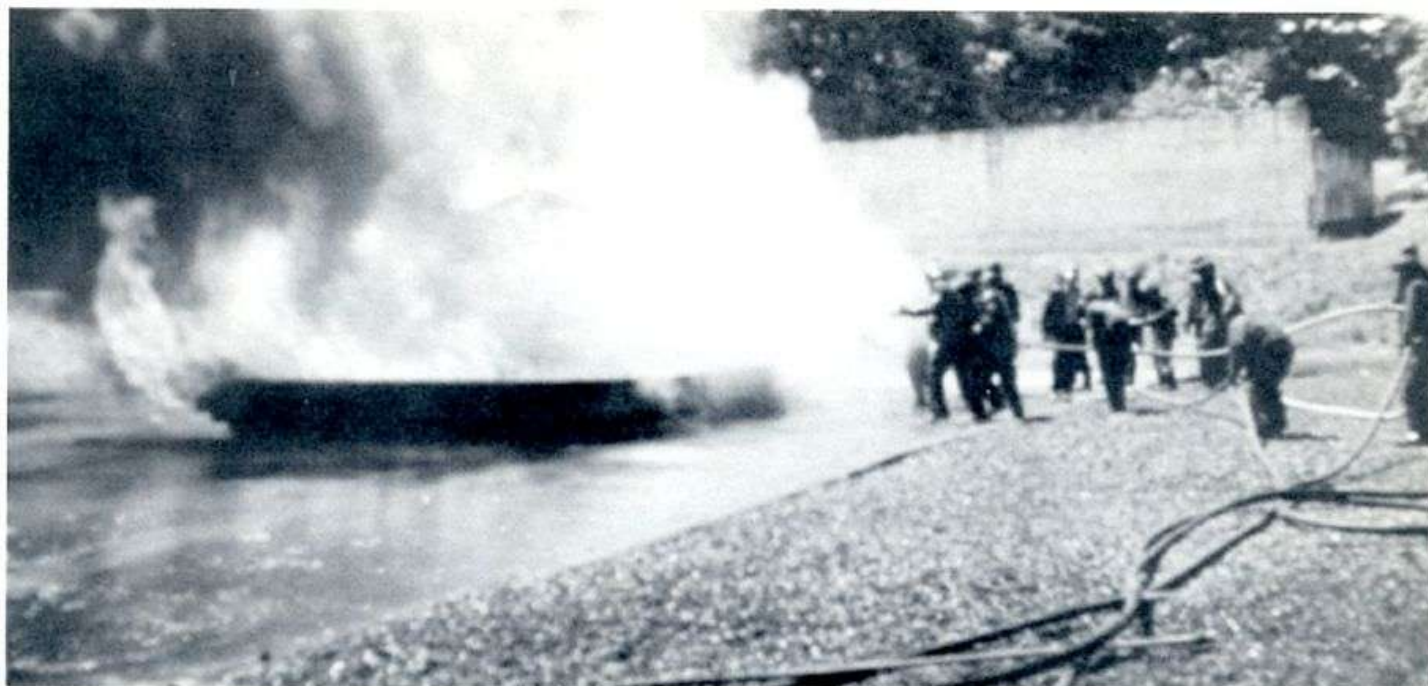
## Courses



### Navigation / Communication

"When I was first in Portland, I saw one of those underground news venders, and the headline he was displaying was 'Canadian Navy Comes Upriver to Spawn.' Well, I was just a young fellow at the time, and I was totally grossed. Uh. . .now look up FORM STBD FOXTROT 5. That reminds me, you should always wear a wedding band, even if you are not married. You know why? No? Well, it is because--huh, you found it? Well, good boy. Now go look up Code MIKE FOXTROT ZULU. Anyway, I was telling you how a Frenchman puts on his spray deodorant. You see, he stands like this, and--" Ringgg. "OK, see you tomorrow," and with a famous Fletcher gesture class was dismissed.

After Communications course was over (I will swear to this day that I learned SOMETHING about comm while under Leading Seaman Fletcher's parental-like guidance) we all went to ND School for a delightful course in wheel-overs, alternate bearings, transferred fixes and tide vectors. Although most of Fletcher's spice was missing from the lectures, the material we learned was expertly taught and, no doubt all would now agree, keenly appreciated during many long bridge watches. The work of Commander Joy and Lieutenant-Commanders Maginely and Walker, and that of our own CTOs, will be remembered by anyone who pursues a MARS career these gentlemen helped launch.



## NBCD



"Alright now, are there any of youse guys who don't speak English too good?" said our instructor, always thoughtful of the limitations some of us might have in the English language. "You take your time going into that fire, because if you have boots that don't fit--hey! how many of you guys have right-sized boots? nobody?--oh, Jesus--well, if you have wrong-sized boots, the chances are good you'll fall flat on your face, and if that happens--hee, hee--you'll come out with a face only a mother could love." "A-yuh," said the Rug. "Not good for the troops at all," said the Cud." "JR is not impressed," said JR. But before we knew it, it was "crispy critters special time" and into Torch we went.

Curiously, our only casualty was JR himself, who managed to get burned with his cigarette lighter. With this amusing anecdote warming our hearts, we repaired to Tumult for a relaxing wet, then to a full week of Bio-Chem, which put us to sleep so thoroughly (except for the day we were gassed) we forgot entirely the hardships and fun of the preceding week.

# Le Voyage à Vancouver

Vers la fin de juillet, une rumeur pour le maim fascetieuse circulait dans les de cadets de deuxième. Quelqu'un avait entendu quelqu'un dire qu'il y avait une croisière pour l'horizon. Le vendredi, 2 août, la rumeur s'averait de plus vraie. Nous devions être à bord des deux "Portes" pour dimanche matin et un groupe plus "chanceux" était posté sur le "Columbia" et "Chaudière". Donc, dimanche matin nous larguions les amarres pour les ports dont les noms poétiques nous faisaient rêver d'aventures extraordinaires, tel Plumpe Sound, Pat Bay, etc. Mais notre destination la plus enviée était Ocean Falls, 150 milles au nord de la pointe de l'île. Enfin, nous aurions l'occasion de goûter qu'offre le pacifique, et peut-être même, si nous étions favorisés par une chance incroyable, purions-nous la chance de voir un vague de plus de quatre pieds!

Mais, hélas, nos expérances dépassaient la réalité. Dès le premier jour le Porte Québec décida de ne pas fonctionner, ce qui laissait le Porte de la Reine à courir seul les nombreux passages entre les multitudes îles merveilleuses. Notre premier arrêt fut NAVY Buoy 110Y à Pat Bay. Il fallut nous habituer aux quarts en mer, aux veils de nuit (les plus astingantes). Ce qui nous donnait une durie de travail de presque dix-huit heures! Ensuite il fallait bien sur se divertir, donc le sommeil était pratiquement inconnu. Le bar de la cafétéria devint aussi le refuge favori des ames seules et inconsolables. Mais grâce à un programme de divertissement savamment étudié, par exemple la présentation des mêmes films une, deux, trois, quatre, ...n fois, et de discussions hautements intellectuels devant une bonne bière, nous n'avions plus de place pour l'ennui.

Vers le troisième jour, après une escale de courte durée à Esquimalt, nous sommes repartis pour continuer notre croisière, mais poursuite de difficultés techniques, nous avons un nouveau programme. Ocean Falls disparût de la liste. Mais qui imparte, il restait de nombreuses escales à

certaines ports exotiques tel Campbell River, Alert Bay, Port Hardy, Nanoose et le même trajet à l'inverse, et le clou de la croisière, Vancouver.

Et l'entraînement continuait, un quart de quatre heures sur la passerelle, et un autre sur le pilotage par radar. Nous avions nos anges gardiens sur la passerelle qui nous enseignait les techniques de la navigation. Il y avait des erreurs courantes; par exemple, nous prédisions que la marée mantait alors qu'elle baissait (il faudrait peut-être changer les tables) ou bien donner l'ordre de tourner la barre à 30 degres babords, alors que bien sûr nous voulions duire tribord, et bien sur le traditionnel "Steer 230" alors que la course désiré est 145° ce qui donne au timonier un problème de conscience extrêmement penible. Et aussi il y avait l'entraînement d'officier, comme à Alert Bay, où un dimanche bien-rappelé, le mess des officiers était rempli à craquer pour une petite fête et après une pêche, plus ou moins fructueuse à la recherche de membres de la gant féminine à travers le village a donné à notre entraînement une chance d'être mis en pratique.

Et les jours passaient. La dernière semaine le Porte Québec avait enfin réussi à nous rejoindre, et ensemble nous avons pu pratiquer des manoeuvres que les seconds lieutenants ont dirigé haut la main avec une abilité de professionnel.

Et ainsi, grace à un esprit d'équipe formidable entre l'équipage et les deuxièmes, nous sommes arrivés à Vancouver que plusieurs d'entre nous ont alterri à Strip City; pour certains le spectacle était des plus bouleversants, tel "Big Move" qui en est tombé à la renverse de sa chaise!

Et puis, comme toute chose a un fin, il fallût prendre le chemin de retour. La croisière du Porte de la Reine et du Porte Québec était du passée. Maintenant, quand nous nous retrouverons nous ferons de vieux loups de mer assi devant une pinte: "Je me souviens, en '73 lars de la croisière..."





# Homeward Bound



"Thank-you for flying with 409 Husky Squadron," said that monotonous and surprisingly calm voice back in the merry month of May. It would be fifteen or more weeks before anyone would be back on that trip home to be thanked for flying Hercules, Boeing or DC9.

As the grueling, sometimes good, sometimes not-so-good summer training drew to a close, numerous celebrations were prepared to mark the end of as yet another officer training session at Fleet School and on the Fred. For the most part the end was a repeat of numerous practices for the end such as the Mess Dinner at the end of Phase A and the Medieval Inn party at the end of Phase C. Or was it the Phi Sigma Sigma visit from Portland?

A formal Mess Dinner brought to a semi-formal end the training for the year - after the dinner there would be no more wakey-wakey at 0600 but instead everyone arose individually by 0930. And finally came the big ball marking the end of the year. Whether with a pusser date from the ROUTP office Lonely Heart's club or a date of one's own arranging, the ball was a not-to-be-forgotten affair with limited vehicles available for renting and taxis all booked up. Nevertheless, everyone somehow made it some even as far as the flower gardens and streams of Royal Roads.

The next day and for most the last day witnessed a major cleanup of the Cape Breton and then an even bigger messup as everyone prepared to go home. After all that was what it was all about.





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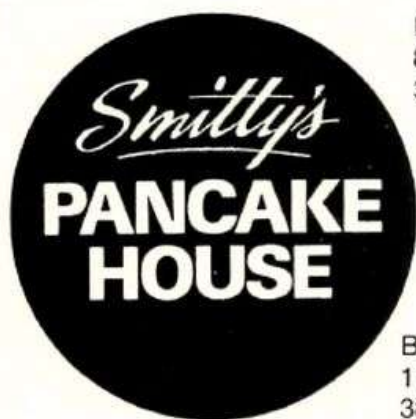
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This is only the second year a Yearbook has been published for the ROUTH., and the first one done by this year's Staff. To plan, organize, write and produce a 48-page book and to learn how to do so at the same time, in nine weeks of shore training is a major feat. The Staff burdened themselves with much unobtrusive work this summer, and encountered many difficulties in funding and organizing. That a Yearbook has been published at all, I consider a major accomplishment, and the Staff is to be commended here. Special recognition must be extended to King Wan and Ted Iwanowski for shouldering a very large portion of work.

For the Staff member, the Yearbook provides a special feeling of having created something entirely his own, and the long, labouring hours will be remembered happily, despite their frequent frustrations. For the ROUTHs at large, the true value of this book will not be so readily visible, but will emerge over the years and decades. I hope that at that indefinite time, well past the present, the Yearbook will be seen by all to be the source of pride and pleasure its Staff already knows it to be.

T.H.

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