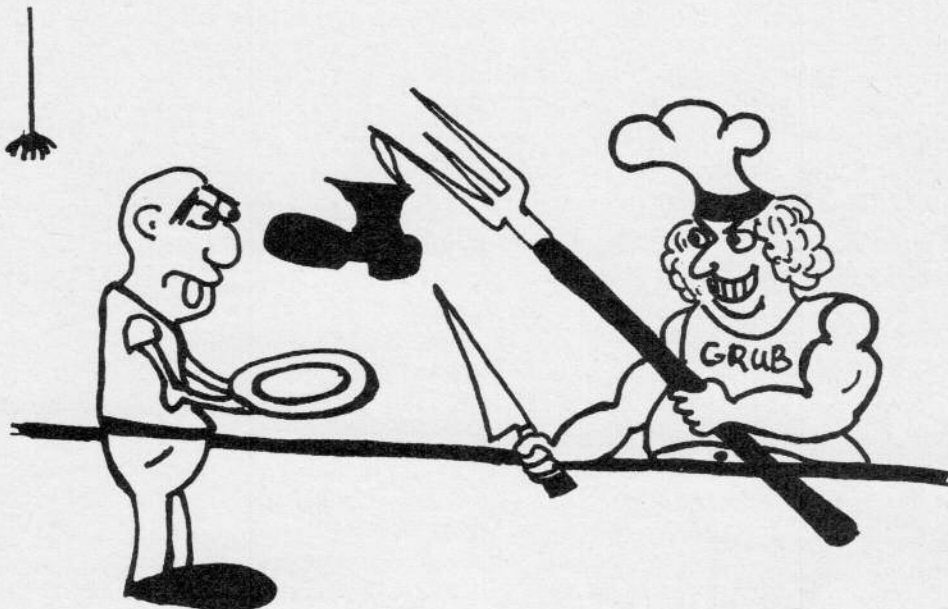


Beginnings

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All of the superb artwork exhibited in this
book was drawn by the steady hand of Master
Mike Markle!

(EDITOR'S NOTE : Special thanks must be given to Arthur Roach,
Pat Lawson, Diane Herrington, Jakub-Waclaw Pajak, Barry Butler,
Ragi Sekaly, my mother, my dog, the divine and my genius, who
devoted much of thier free time to make YOUR yearbook possible-
-THANK-YOU-

I.D.

FROM THE EDITOR

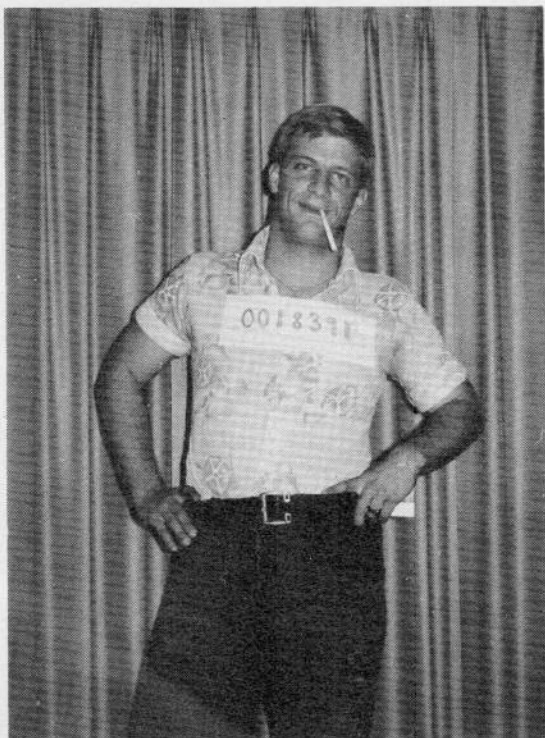
FIRST, LET ME SAY THAT IT HAS BEEN QUITE AN EXPERIENCE WORKING ON THE 1977 EDITION OF THE NROC YEARBOOK, AND NOT A BAD ONE AT THAT.

I FEEL "BEGINNINGS" IS AN APPROPRIATE TITLE FOR OUR BOOK BECAUSE WHETHER YOU ARE A FIRST OR SECOND YEAR CADET, THE YEAR 1977 WILL BE EITHER THE BEGINNING OR AN EXTENDED BEGINNING OF YOUR CAREER AS A NAVAL OFFICER. I HOPE THAT EVERYONE HAS HAD A GOOD TIME AND HAS RECEIVED SOMETHING FROM THE TRAINING AND FROM THE CAMARADERIE OF YOUR FELLOW SHIPMATES.

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE NOT GOING TO CONTINUE ON IN THE NAVAL RESERVE PROGRAMME, THEN WE MAY SAY THAT THIS BOOK MARKS THE END OF YOUR BEGINNINGS BUT MAY YOU GO WITH OUR SINCEREST HOPES THAT YOU WILL PROSPER AND THAT WE MAY HEAR FROM YOU IN THE FUTURE.

AT THIS TIME I WOULD LIKE TO THANK THE PEOPLE WHO HELPED MAKE THIS YEARBOOK POSSIBLE. THERE IS MY MANIAC ASSISTANT EDITOR ERIC GRIFFITHS WHO TRIED TO DO EVERY JOB AND ATTEMPTED TO FIRE EVERYBODY SO THAT HE COULD BE "THE STAFF". KEVIN CARLEWIZ HANDLED THE FINANCIAL CONCERNS OF THE YEARBOOK (ALONG WITH E.G. LIZARD). "FAST EDDIE" BALANUIK GOT SO KEEN HE ARMOUR-PLATED HIS TYPEWRITER AND CONESTOGA WAS AN INSPIRATION BY THEIR WILLINGNESS TO HELP. I WOULD ALSO LIKE TO THANK ALL OF THE DIVISIONAL REPRESENTATIVES AND GIVE A SPECIAL NOTE OF GRATITUDE TO LT. IVANOWSKI WHO OFFERED HIS TIME AND EXPERTISE TO THE YEARBOOK AND WITHOUT WHOM MY LIFE WOULD HAVE BEEN MORE MISERABLE THAN IT ALREADY IS. I WOULD LIKE TO ALSO THANK LUCY, JANE, LOUISE, IRMA, ANNE AND SYLVIA, ALL OF WHOM HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE YEARBOOK.

WELL, THERE'S NO ONE LEFT TO THANK BUT I WOULD LIKE TO EXPRESS MY HOPE THAT ALL OF YOU WILL KEEP THIS LITERARY MASTERPIECE AND LOOK BACK ON IT IN LATER YEARS. IT IS ALSO MY HOPE THAT THE MEMORIES THIS BOOK WILL BRING BACK TO YOU WILL BE GOOD ONES.



IAN DOUGLAS
S/LT (N)(R)
EDITOR, 1977 YEARBOOK.



PARTING WORDS

Although much has been accomplished in both the shore and sea programmes, and your individual achievements have been commendable, it is necessary to constantly validate the NROC programme to ensure currency and appropriateness of subjects relative to the needs of the Naval Reserve in order to competently carry out assigned tasks within the role. This is being done.

However naval officership is much more than mastery and experience in any one skill. As developing leaders it is necessary to broaden your interests and experiences to include a much greater appreciation of the needs of people and those of our Country. Learn to lead by example, not by precept. We must insist this Country remain together. Think well upon your future and that of Canada. Never shirk from involvement in its affairs or underestimate the value and potential of your contribution. Already you are in an advantageous position to reflect a positive and constructive outlook. I shall follow the development of your individual careers both in the Naval Reserve and the civilian context with interest.

Finally, and on your behalf, I thank an outstanding Staff for their dedication, devotion, loyalty, interest and service.

Welcome now your new Commandant, Commander R. F. Choat, OMM, CD.

SB Alsgard, OMM, CD.
 Captain (N)
 Leaving Commandant



On assuming the duties of Commandant NRTC on 18 August 1977, I was most encouraged to find the level of enthusiasm that was so evident in all our trainees. It inspires all others to do better and better we must do in many areas.

It was also encouraging to see the very good overall standard achieved by the MARS IV this year even though their numbers were small as several from last year had chosen the Regular Force route to a WK. The standard achieved by the MARS IV (and also by the A2 Tender Candidates) is a firm indication that although problems do well exist a great deal that is right also exists.

It appears from several sources that the role of the Reserve is to be more specifically defined and that our overall numbers will be increased. This will place a special testing on those starting out and on those who have already started out, on a career in the Naval Reserve to ensure the standards that have been achieved over the past years are not only upheld but progressed. You will all play a part in that and it would be my hope that you will make it an important part.

Although starting my career as a Reservist, I have much yet to learn about the Reserve Force as it is today. I intend to do this by getting to know all of you better and most I hope on a personal basis. I also propose to visit you in your home units over the year to get to know your circumstances in Regina or Quebec, wherever it may be. I feel in that way I will be better placed to serve our Director and to serve NRTC - hence to serve you as trainees.

Be assiduous in your units this winter and I look forward with anticipation to your return next year to progress your training, knowledge and expertise in things nautical.

Good fortune to you all.



Back Row (L to R): Steve Johrden, John Henderson, Jacque Gingras, Ken Johnston, Larry Savage, Robert Dominique, Paul Truyens, Chris Paddison.
Front Row (L to R): Allan Dawes, Andy Taylor, Francois Lachapelle, Sylvain Martel, Gerry Powell, Glen Simpson, Matt Stone, Jeff Colville

CRUSADER ,77

Crusader Division managed to set many records in the four short months that we were together. One of our more noteworthy accomplishments was being the first NROC division in Naval history to lose a man on the first half hour of the West Coast Trail. All part of growing up and being British, Bulkheads!

Inspired by our men from New Brunswick, we also managed to ask so many SFQ's that Lance actually thought we lost the bubble. He kept beating his forehead trying to show us how to think; small wonder he managed to go swimming with his clothes on three times in one day.

Our drill team, led by such men as Scarecrow Johnston, did more than distinguish itself. The Admiral may have wept, but we kept on smiling. In particular, we perfected that intricate maneuver the kiss-past. Way to go, Girls!

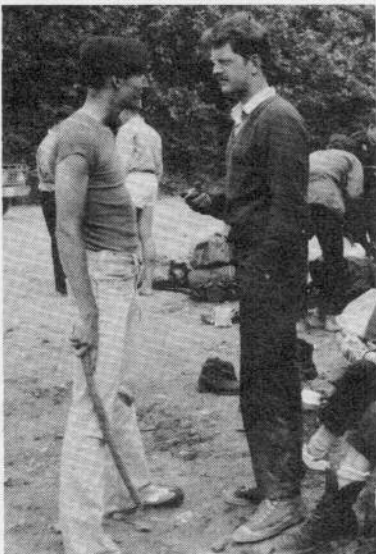
We showed great public spirit in our efforts to beautify the Fred. Those of us who managed to stay awake in Comm School attempted to dress ship. We even spelt our name right! The progressive element in the ship tried to turn the Gunroom into a parking lot. Some of these gentlemen were so tired one night that they mistook the place for Nanaimo, a little error that cost them thirty dollars and Paddy's only decent pair of trousers.

Who can forget those fabulous twelve days in beautiful downtown Patriot?

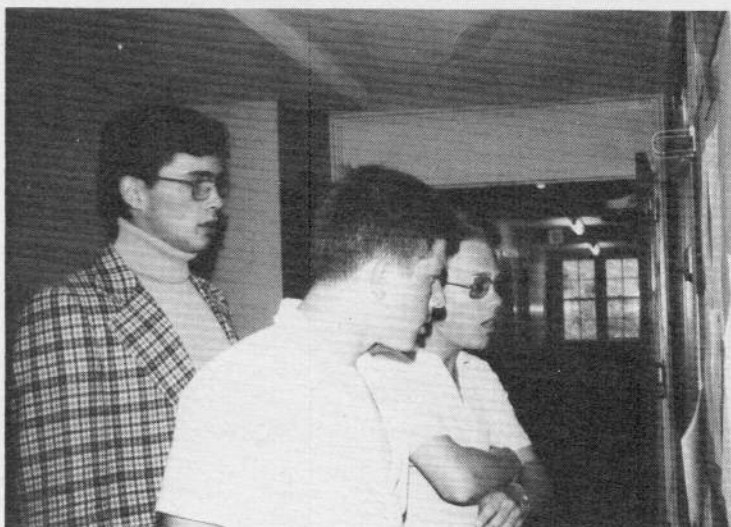
The Admiral thought so much of Crusader that he let Conestoga get lost in the woods with us and then made a movie about it. There were those members, however, that preferred to watch J.C. do his internationally famous strip-tease to the tune of "I'm Your Boogie-Man." Of course, we all lost our hearts to that charming young thing who dropped in to the Medieval Inn. It broke a lot of hearts that night since our mysterious guest only had eyes for one person. Keep it down, BT.

Perhaps we had eaten too many mashed potatoes. Conestoga, at any rate, found the peanut butter, took charge and tried to lead us back to more normal pleasures. It was nice of them; even if we did miss our morning run. We may not have made it with you, girls, but we couldn't have made it without you.

Time may fade the memories, but the Summer of 1977 will have many lasting impressions for all of us. Special mentions go out to Lance (Romance) Osborne, Brian (B.T.) Taylor, the Women of Conestoga, Chief Massey, Chief White, Chief Ellis, Waafsi Georgi, Pierre St. Louis (CC), the beautiful Chris Newburn, and last but not least, our fearless leader Captain Alsgard. We think that 1977 has been a better year for the time we spent with these and all the other people at NRTC. Thanks for the memories.



*Son, in dis world you
gotta walk tall an carry
a big stick*



"Mars II will muster at 0350 Friday
15 for Whaler Pulling"





Just like living
on "THE FRED"



"Dr. Livingston Savage I presume"



OH MY GOD I've just been drafted!

Go on buddy feel that flab





Back Row (L to R): Beth Parish, Barb Riley, Marjorie Hickey, France Morissette, Cathy Coons, Veronica Thiele, Leslie Sutherland, Mary Coulson, Deb White, Daryl Dancer.

Front Row (L to R): Brigitte Comeau, Jane MacCarthy, Cathi Eggett, Chris Newburn (CTO), Laura Heatherington, Cathy Champ, Pat Lawson, Liz Woodliffe.

"GIVE A ROAR, GIVE A CHEER FOR THE GIRLS WHO DRINK BEER"

CONESTOGA 77, CONSISTING OF EXACTLY NINE RATBAGS AND NINE NOOGIES LED (NO KIDDING) A FANTASTIC FOUR MONTHS IN THEIR FIRST NROC YEAR. IN FACT THIS WRITE-UP IS DEDICATED TO THE HOPES AND DREAMS OF EIGHTEEN HARD WORKING, DUTIFUL, INTELLIGENT, GRACEFUL LITTLE GIRLS WHO WISH TO RETURN TO THE WEST COAST TO GRADUATE ALONGSIDE THEIR FELLOW SECOND YEARS. (HINT, HINT)

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE SUMMER INCLUDE FLASHING, COMMUNICATIONS SCHOOL, PATRIOT, NAVIGATION PHASE, LONG NIGHTS OF PASSAGE PLANNING, STAYING AWAKE DURING MARITIME WARFARE SCHOOL (SEE GUYS --- WE DIDN'T SCIVE) AND TOURS OF MUSEUMS, SUNTAN STATIONS, PARTIES AT MA NEWBURN'S, PARTIES AT FOLDESTI'S, PARTIES AT BART'S, (WELL,....?) AND BOT COURSE, MILITARY LAW, GENERAL KNOWLEDGE (WHAT'S THAT AGAIN?) AND ABOVE ALL THE GREATEST CTO THAT A DIVISION COULD POSSIBLY HAVE, LT. CHRIS NEWBURN.

TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT, HERE'S A MORE INDIVIDUAL AND OF COURSE, MORE ACCURATE LOOK AT THE GIRLS:

Debbie White

Musculous Womanus ad Connestogannus, that's our would-be pharmacist from HMCS Unicorn. Besides being a junkie, Deb still lives up to the Unicorn symbol of the Horn - and we all know Deb's horny.

Diana Herrington

Otherwise affectionately known as "Fem Puff" can best be remembered as the only girl that could both run and march with feminine grace. Another few attributes included a beautiful voice which frequently led us in song and made boring bus rides more cheerful.

Beth Parish

Dear Herberth. Besides the fact that you obviously "have the bubble" and "got the clicks" and can always be recognized from a considerable distance by your boistrous roar.....what can I say?

Darryl Dancer

Whenever there's trouble there's Darryl, although she always manages to keep from getting caught, thus acquiring the rank of major (DISTURBANCE). Her favourite pastime is sleeping with pink elephants.

Mary Coulson, Mary Coulson

Is she really the shy, reserved young lady she seemingly appears to be or is she just saving it all for a certain S/Lt? Or maybe she saves it all for her bedtime companion Nellyhump.

Cathy Coombs

Primo instigator of many a happening this glorious summer, our queen of the quarterdeck has seen much action. Interesting experiences include such things as "ankle twists" (how exciting), green hair bib-tits, (how appetizing), handy water pistols (wet, very wet), lights out (they are out) Red-haired C.C.'s, D.Q. excursions, and Glen (Glen who-what an animal).

Just think Snooc - we've only got one more summer to go. May your winter be short and your hair-pin stay in.

Barb Riley

Was usually seen after meals, before meals, and after any activity in her favourite position, the horizontal. Fanatical about taking pictures of showering beauties is our Babs better known as "Queen Bait".

Ed. note: Where's my picture?

Liz Woodliffe

Alias Midget, known as Conestoga's keener for her late nights and arly mornings. "Woodcliffe" could be found entertaining the luggage or was it entertaining the bridge????...

Laura Heatherington

Laura, otherwise known as "Happy Buns", was a great regulating Ratbag who didn't even let sleep get in the way of her performing her duties. Her favourite pastimes included running around with silly putty on her face and listening to the radio for her favourite song, "Tell Laura I Love Her" (nudge, nudge)

Leslie Sutherland

Best remembered for her daily night rounds, in PYJAMAS, to the water fountain! Is that really where she was going???

FRANCE MORISETTE

ILS SONT FOUS CES ANGLAIS. ONCE WE DECIDED WHAT HER REAL NAME WAS, MORE SWEAT, MORRIS ETTEE, FRANZ OR FRANK, WE DECIDED THAT THE ONLY THING WE COULD REALLY (NO, RILEY) SAY ABOUT FRANCE MORISETTE WAS "GROSS ME HOUT." WE WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER FRANCE FOR SUCH FAMOUS SCENES AS THE MUM NEWBURN EPISODE AND OIST FLAG HALPHA. NO ONE CAN SAY THAT FRANK LACKS COURAGE (OR BRAINS) FOR WHO ELSE WOULD ALLOW HER FROGGIE JACKET TO BE TIED TO THE HELM JUST BEFORE A PORT 30 COMES OVER THE VOICE PIPE. HMMMM.....VERY CURIOUS.

JANE MacCARTHY

THE ORIGINAL RATBAG SNEERED AND JOKED HER WAY INTO THE HEARTS OF WE FOLLOWERS WITH THE MOST MEMORABLE SAYINGS OF THE SUMMER, LIKE, "BUZZ OFF, DIPSTICK!" THE JOKE WAS ON JANEY 'THO WHEN NATURE CALLED HER TO THE HEADS DURING ROUNDS. (POOR PIERRE!)

BRIGETTE COMEAU

"FRIGID" IS WELL KNOWN FOR HER INABILITY TO COMPREHEND THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE WHEN IT IS TO THE BEST OF HER ADVANTAGE. SHE PRETENDS TO BE QUIET AND INNOCENT WHILE BEHIND THE FRECKLES LURKS THE PERSONALITY OF A GUNROOM FAVOURITE.

KATHY EGGETT

FOR KATHY (AFFECTIONATELY KNOWN AS LEGGETT OR EGGHEAD) "LIFE IS A BOWL FULL OF CHERRIES, ITS THE PITS." UNLESS THEY COME FROM THE KOOTENAY (ASK HER ABOUT SID). WHEN SHE WASN'T AROUND BUGGING PEOPLE WITH HER SAYINGS "YOU ANIMAL" OR "WHAT CAN YOU DO WHEN YOU LIVE IN A SHOE?", SHE SAYS SHE WAS AT HER "AUNTS???"

CATHY CHAMP

WHEN THE PHRASE "ASSUME THE RILEY" BEGAN TO TAKE NUMBER THREE MESS BY STORM, CATHY DECIDED TO TRY IT OUT HERSELF. UNFORTUNATELY, THE EXPERIENCE ENDED IN A DISASTER WHEN THE PIPE "NROC TRANSPORTATION NOW ON THE JETTY" WENT UNHEEDED AND LEFT WITHOUT THE SLEEPING BEAUTY FOR FLEET SCHOOL. FORTUNATELY PRINCE TELEPHONE CAME TO THE RESCUE, SWEEPING CATHY OFF HER RACK TO DEPOSIT HER SAFELY IN THE ARMS OF HER NAVIGATION NANNY.

MARJORIE HICKEY

SHARP AND QUICK-WITTED MARJORIE MANAGED TO CAPTURE THE HEARTS OF ALL AT THE FIRST NROC MESS DINNER WITH HER DELIGHTFUL RECITAL OF "PEGGY BABCOCK" CHEERS, CHEERS, (WITHOUT STUTTERING IN TEN SECONDS) IS THE TOAST TO LIVELY MISS HIC! KEY!

Pat Lawson

Pat, otherwise known as "Mother Hen" earned that title because of her constant concern for the welfare of the girls in Conestoga. (Any resemblance to nagging is purely unintentional!) Seriously tho', Rat Pat has been a great contribution to the society of unmarried Rat Bags; Conectoga '77.

Veronica Thiele

Veronica is best known for her fabulous marching ability, which is why Queen Bait likes to march behind her. She also enjoys talking to her little green friends.

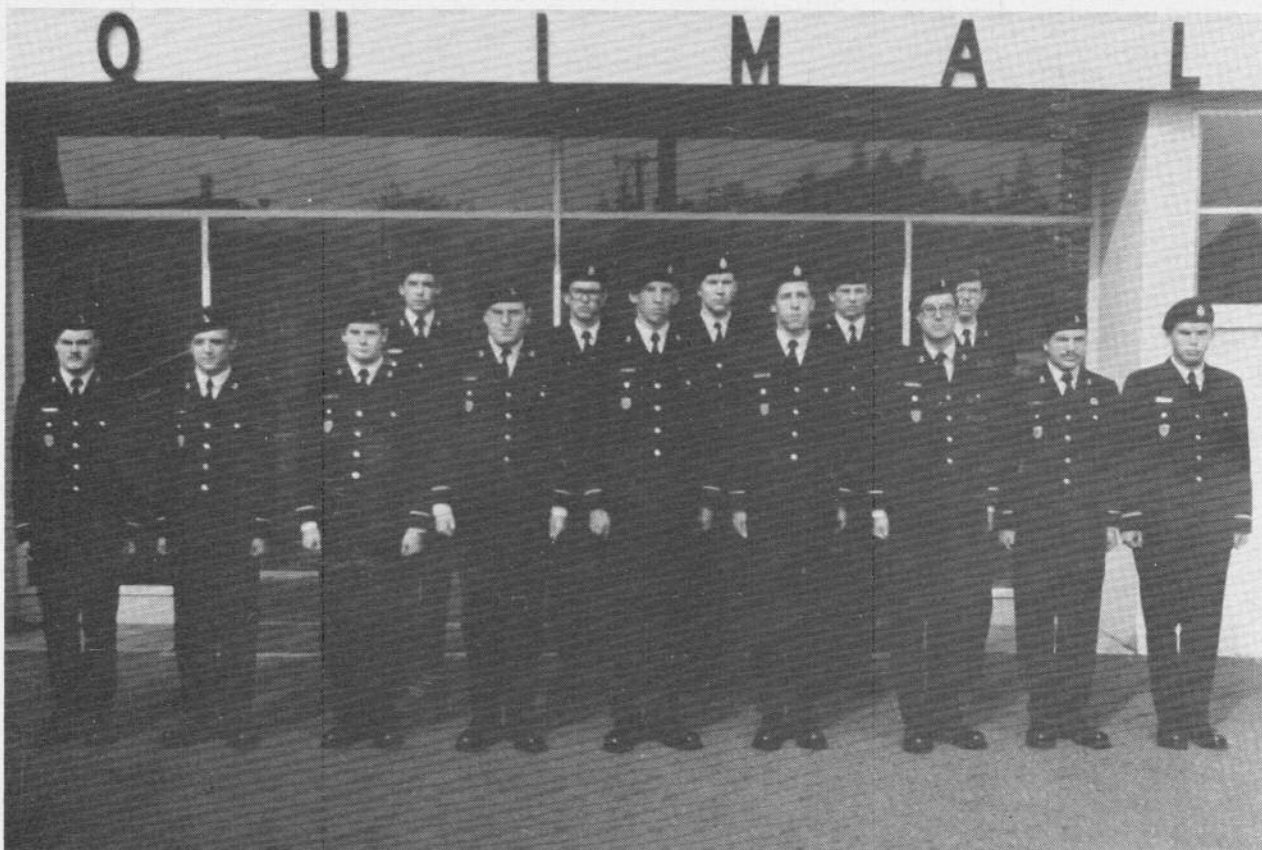
One of Ronnie's favourite sports is climbing-----through windows, that is. Remember a certain L/Cdr's party???

Ed. Note: I wish I was a L/Cdr!!!



NROC Muster on the jetty





CHAUDIERE DIVISION

Chaudiere Division had it's ups and downs this summer and sometimes it seemed more down than up. In spite of it all we always kept our spirit up and skated along in our traditional fashion. Our high, wild spirits and our skating, both led us to some wild stunts, merry times which made the hard climb just a little easier and brought us together to form a solid kinship. A solid kinship that made us just a shade different from the other divisions, even from our sister division, Crescent. This gave us a reputation as being a collection of scives to some people. But Chaudiere was never that, but a division with kinship, spirit and stubbornness. So let us look back on the summer.

For Chaudiere Division, our destroyer phase began on May first and for some almost ended on May second. Almost ninety percent of Chaudiere was visiting the heads (some more than others) and all were greeted by the saying, "This is calm, you should see it when it's really rough." Joe Young summed up the feeling of most when he said, "All I wanted to do was die and be buried in a nice dry spot that didn't move."

Then there was the time Rob Jennings had the first of his nightmares. He woke up screaming one night at 3 AM and said, "I was dreaming I was at home and they were preparing to send me out here!" Yes, we have some wonderful memories from the destroyer phase.

After the destroyer phase we started the small boat coxswain's course, where we showed the sea cadets new ways to dock small boats which never thought possible previously. On one memorable day, the National Film Board had to refilm our attempts to rig whalers, when certain choice words were uttered inches from the microphone due to problems with the rigging. Soon after Rob had another one of his nightmares. According to several sources, he was having a terrible time trying to start an outboard motor at the end of his bunk. After we caused four Sea Cadets to quit the Boat Shed, we moved onto the YFP's for exercise NORTHEX.

Accompanied by Captain Pratt and Captain Alsgard, Crescent Division, three YFP's and a YMT, we sailed up British Columbia's scenic inside passage. We went as far north as Kingcome Inlet and called at such places as Squirrel Cove, Minstrel Island and Alert Bay on the way. It was quite an experience, as many of us had never been to British Columbia before, and had never seen such scenery. The voyage ended with a Banyon after which Chip still doesn't remember what happened that night or how he got back aboard. He did wake up with a headache proving something did happen.

Our next adventure was at Communications School. During this period we had two additions from the Conestoga, Liz and France. It took us awhile but we managed to reduce their level of keenness by about fifty percent. Here Garth Clarke seemed to be the only one who learned anything, getting the highest marks in the class with an average of 97.3%. Gary Stark introduced us to a new phonetic name for the Flag L. It seemed he was preoccupied with something else.

After Communications School we went back to the YFP's for a ten day voyage around the Gulf Islands and then to Vancouver. While we were in Vancouver, Joe, Brett, Bob, Brian and Scuzzy were sent to Kangaroo Court for not being shaved by 6 PM. All things considered they were not happy.

That night Monk disgusted with the XO's complaints he wasn't using enough soap to wash the upper deck, dumped two cans of concentrate soap all over the deck. He and Brian spent the next few hours washing suds away with the fire hose. Needless to say there was a 300 ft slick of suds around the vessel proving to the XO that soap had been used.

After this glorious cruise, we went straight to Albert Head to prepare for the West Coast Trail. After a day of preparing and packing we were bussed out to Port Renfrew when our ordeal began. At the end of the first day not too many of us felt like going any further, but the thought of going back over the part just finished made us keep going. On the third day Cox'n Kyle had an unexpected swim in the ocean, pack and all. On the fifth day, guess who had another one of his nightmares. He woke up screaming, "The tides coming in, run for your lives." Mike Spurell was half way up the cliff before he realized what was wrong. The last day Mike really worked his hardest. He had to trip three times before he sprained his ankle badly enough to be excused from future morning runs. On the trail we were met by some of the greatest of all Mother Nature's mysteries. One was how Russ Fowler could keep his perm so neat, but all he would tell was, "Only my hairdresser knows for sure." Another great mystery was how Lt. Taylor could walk through a swamp, mud, over trees and then under them and still come out looking like he was ready for Admiral's divisions.

It was at this time bets were taken on who would fall in the mud more, Russ or Chip. Worn, tattered and smelling like a bed of roses we made it through.

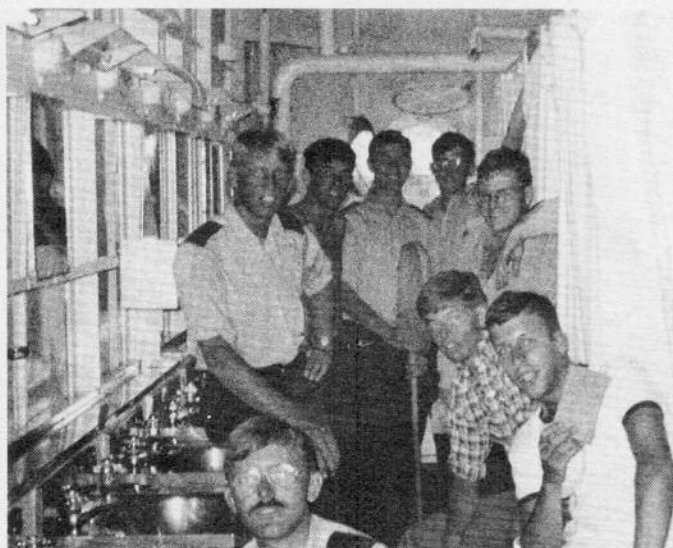
The next big event in our lives was the Admirals inspection and the Cadet Ball. The inspection was a success for everyone but Bill Bernath, who was climbing up the gangway of the Cape Breton shortly after the inspection when a Seagull hit him on a strafing run. That night we headed to the Cadet Ball, many of us with our pusser dates from the Scab list. Some of us, like Pety Bradstreet had real fun dates with lots of personality but most of us had a great time and parted at sunrise the next day.

Next came our first week of B.O.C. where we spent five days marching, learning instructional techniques, marching, doing leadership training, marching, doing sports and marching. Then we went to fun loving Albert Head, where we were the first group to use the lower camp. The lower camp wasn't bad except for the rats, dust, heads, mile walk for food... Brett was our source of enthusiasim at 0545 in the morning. His little pep talks included such gems as "Guess what, guys, Five of you were terminated after the West Coast Trail but they forgot to tell you." or "Your girl friend back home should be getting up about now, but the guy she is with is probably still sleeping."

Our divisional party with Crescent is the next big event with free beer, food and an animal show to top it off. But one person must receive recognition for the work done on the party and that is Joe Young. You did a fine job.

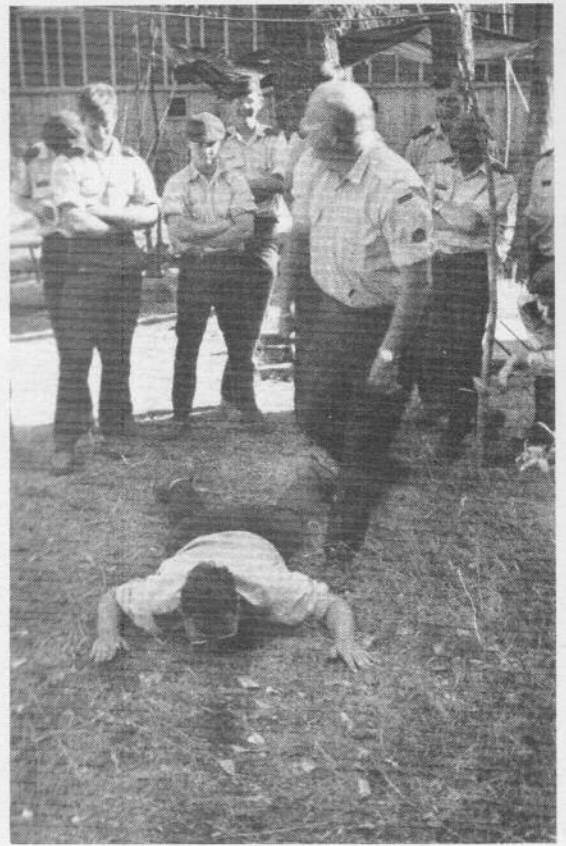
Some days later we had a guard full of Bloggins. Everyone in the guard was wearing Bloggins name tags and the people inspecting us thought it was very funny. In another parade as guard, Eric, who probably wanted his picture taken did a wonderful faint. All that work Eric and no one took the picture, better luck next time. We also had the priviledge of being guard during the change of command graduation parade which ended our summer in fine style.

That about wraps up our summer. It had it's ups and downs, but we will remember the ups and forget most of the downs. Indeed the whole summer and especially the Chaudiere skating spirit or kinship will be remembered. In the words of Pete, "I thought this was going to be a nine to five job, not a five to nine."



Coxswain.



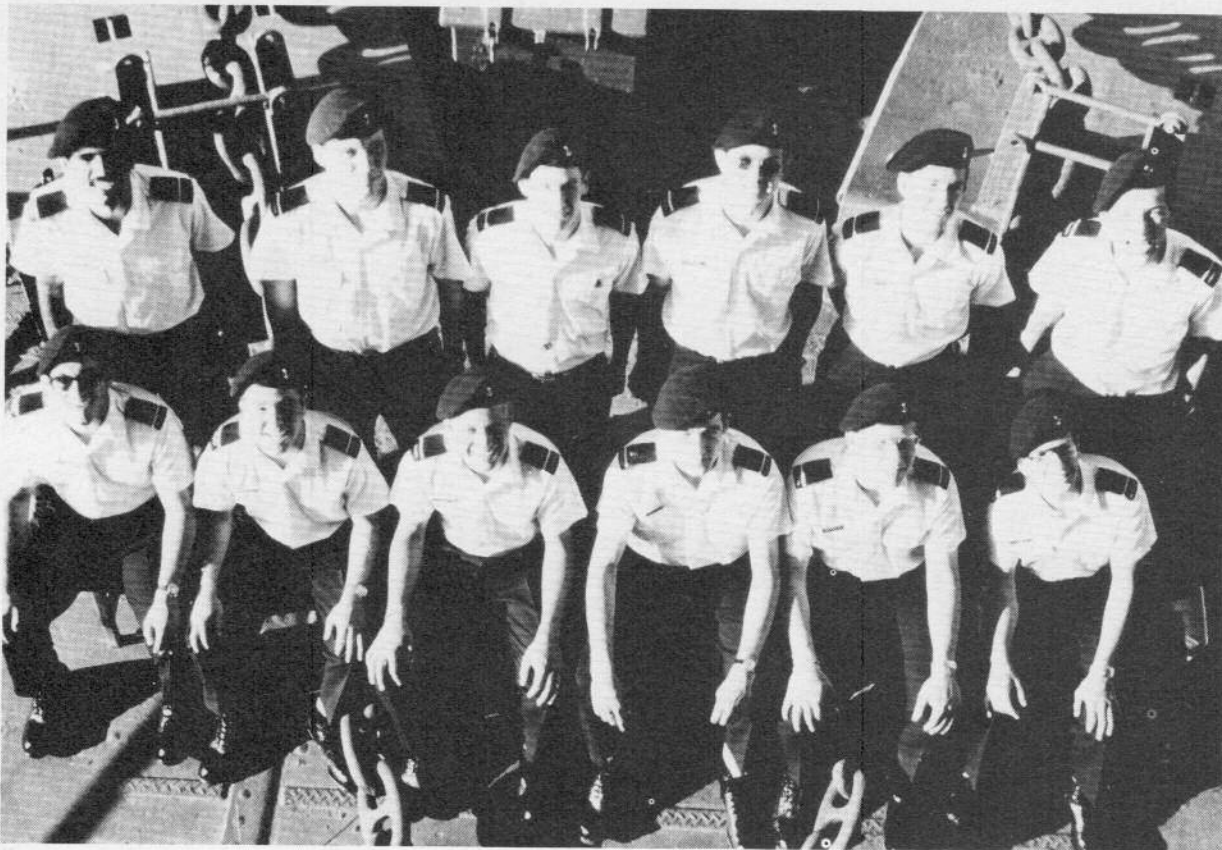


Put your best foot
forward



We got confidence we're under the dome





Crescent Division '77

"Class",
 "Class!!",
 "Class!!!!*!!*!!"

"Let me put it this way,... There's going to be a yearbook whether you guys want it or not, and whether you get something into it by Sunday or not, you still ain't going to get out of buying it."

"But Skive, look at it this way...

"Reality, there pal, reality...

"Ask me if I care...

"Class!!!!**!!*!!"

So here I am; it's (naturally) Saturday night, and I can't put off writing this thing any longer. There are a lot of things to remember about this summer - people we've met, things we've gone through, things we never got around

to doing. The memories that come back are mostly good things, and even some of the bad things get better in retrospect.

The Sea

four hour night duty watches; Whiskey 6-oh-1 ; watching Dave Z count waves; feeling Vancouver sidewalks roll under your feet; jackstays; catching the ZZZs in Four Mess; Brian and Frank engineering the Great Cape Breton Bell Caper; cumberbunds; the debutantes ball; safety lectures from LCDR Hinz; P.O. Dinn: "Together boys, You got her!" and "He's not from Newfoundland"; The Bee (and later) The Bee and the Bee's Father.

The Fred

"You're not on the Saskatchewan anymore"; veal cutlets; 1 in 6 watches; girls! ZZZ's in comm school with Master Seaman Bell; C(Camp) C's (Councillors); polishing and pressing every night.

YFP's

racking out; gorgeous scenery; Katz, Al, and Frank after Alert Bay; swimming "au naturel"; perpetual stews.

B.O.C.

the Nucex with Dave Prill's truck; beating all those staff flunkies at all things physical; fooz ball; riots; and shaving cream; Mike with his SMG; Frank and Jamie racking out at Mary Hill and getting the Chief all pissed off; the Sandwich Queen and Tray Queen; the Patriot sign, with the NUC team once again going into action; Jim, the roadblock, and Lovely Lorne.

The Fred

John and Chief Massey DaveZ. and female drill instructors; M.I.R. and light duty (we know who the guilty ones are); turkeys and R.O.B. Zeuner; small boats coxswains and those box lunches with green meat; hitting the Colony prior to the Cadet Ball, and then wishing you stayed at the Colony (right Don?', Al?, Jim!;) Katz pulling off perhaps the ultimate in semi-legal light duty-being the Chaplain's Assistant for a week.

West Coast Trail

a 44 mile light-hearted romp through the woods and beaches of soggy B.C.; Lt. Taylor with the perennial "Just around the corner"; the mating cry of "Threeeee Squadddd!"; The Navy (ever correct) trying not to stare at all those ladies in their very wet underwear; putt putts and dehydrated beans in tomato sauce for breakfast; dreams of Golden Arches (eh Don?) designing the perfect woman (congratulations extended to Alf Zeuner and all others who chose 34-6 C, thereby demonstrating incredibly good taste)

Demo Course

"So this is plastic eh?"; "Exactly how much gasoline do you have to put into a molotov cocktail?" the look in the PO's face when John was making up a scare charge; the Bailey Brothers (the sleepy one and the dozy one)

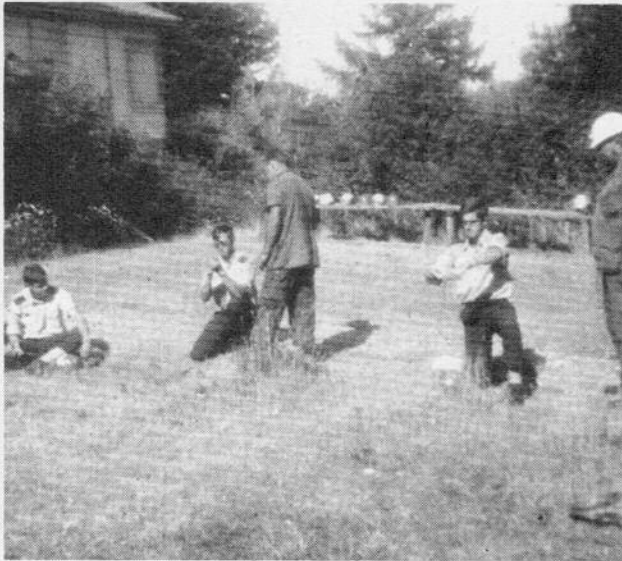
It's been a long summer—an experience you'll remember as the recruiters once told us. Crescent consists of the remaining membership of two divisions; we've gone through two DTO's, innumerable CC'S, and driven our Regulating Cadet into becoming an almost normal human being. A lot of people dropped out along the way, but those that remained really stuck together (no innuendoes intended) We were not always as keen as some divisions, but we didn't get lost out in the woods at Patriot, and who else could conn a CTO into letting us watch riot control films while in our racks? Clearly an example of DND energy conservation at its finest. Time and again, the old squad demonstrated personal initiative, high courage, and devotion to our country in getting out of morning runs, Church services, flashing and other inconveniences. Crescent brought a breath of intellectual refinement and wordly sophistication into what might have been a rather serious summer. In the words of but one of it's members, "As there was in the beginning, is now, and forever shall be....."

"UNIVERSAL HARMONY THERE, PAL!"



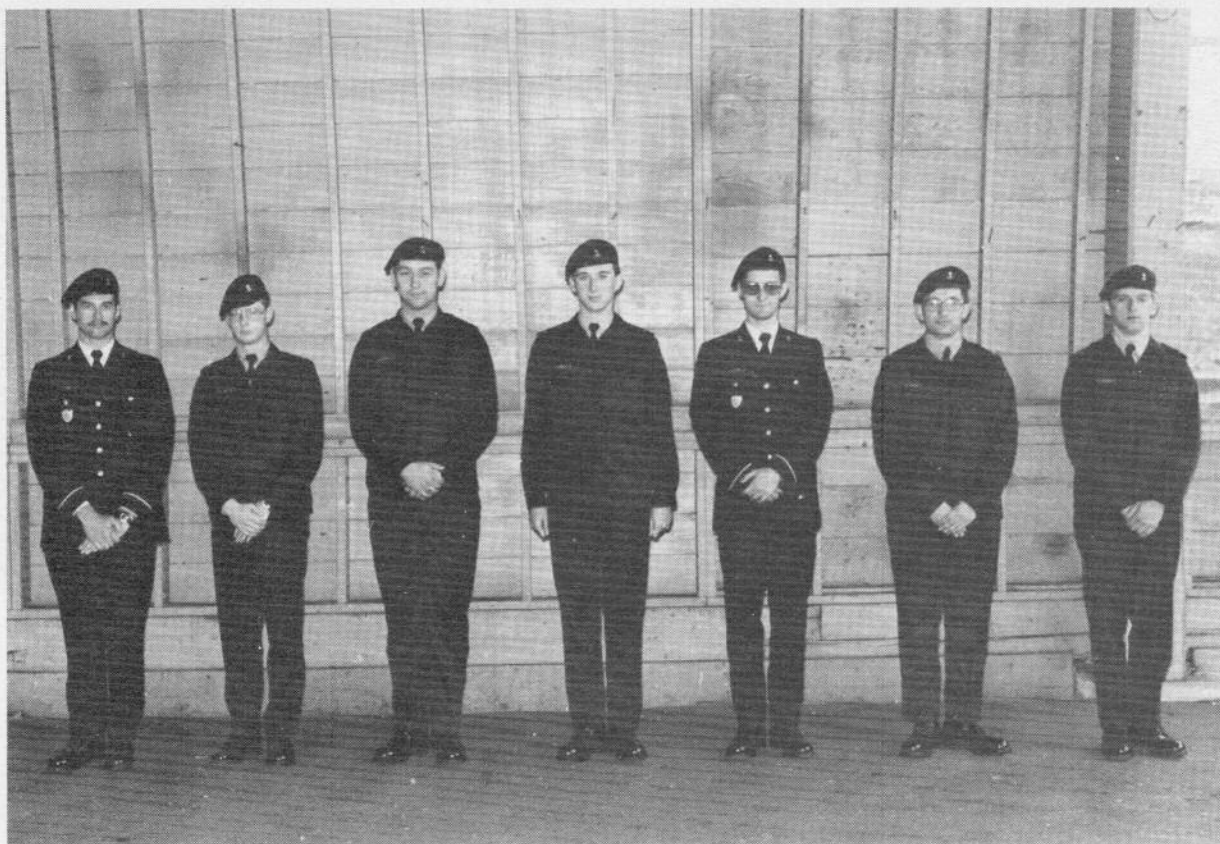
DRILL





Gentlemen start your helmets





CAYUGA '77

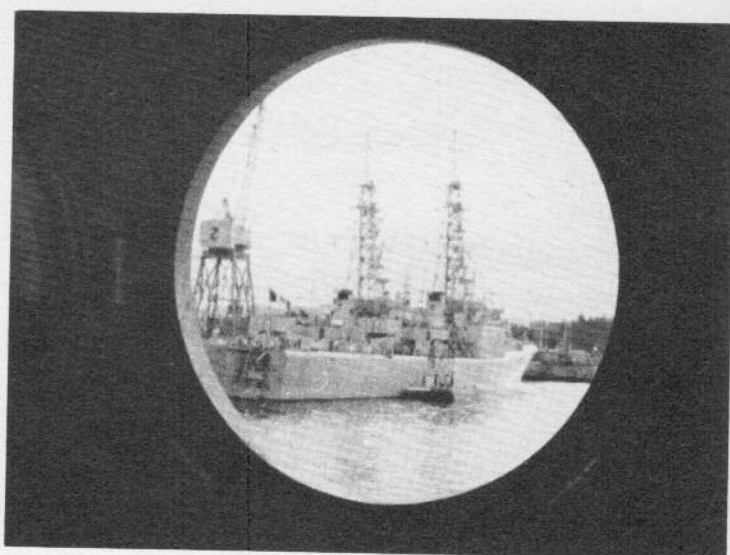
(L to R): Steve Hunn, Pete Miller, Real Thibault, Doug Martin, Dave Dixon, Ragi Sekaly, John Perrin.
Missing: Michel Audy, Richard Buies.

Cayuga Division '77

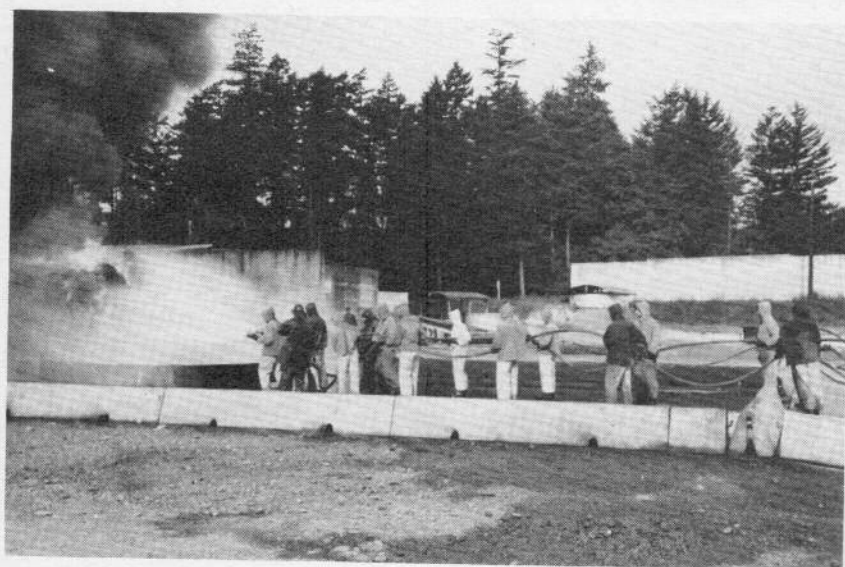
Cayuga division of 1977 was the smallest first year division, numbering nine in all. As is usually the case, the smaller the division the better the members can come to know one another

Depicted in the following pages is a pictorial history of Cayuga's activities over the four months of training.

Home, the Cape Breton. A place of many varied memories; veal cutlets, red lead, hot dogs, sour milk,...



We even had a scuttle with a view.



Our third week of the summer was spent on a fire fighting course. We thought we were pretty hot stuff.

As a division we were divided early in the summer, when the sea phase began. Half the division went aboard HMCS Saskatchewan and the other half aboard HMCS Qu'Appelle. Aboard ship we were mixed with military college officer cadets.

Those on HMCS Qu'Appelle were treated to trips to two far off and exotic ports: Vancouver and Nanaimo.

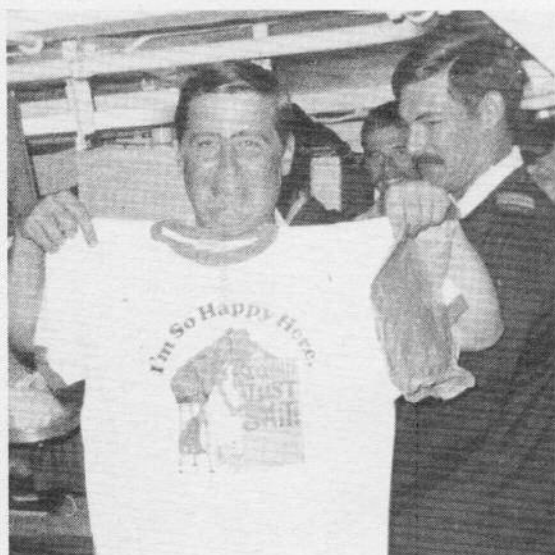


HMCS Saskatchewan



Even though the division was separated there was still the odd opportunity afforded to 'drop in' for a visit.

HMCS Saskatchewan was the ship used for the Lt. Governor's cruise to northern B.C. All those aboard were treated to breath-taking sights of natural beauty.



Cayuga, Chaudiere, and Crescent's favourite PO; P. Clunie. Here he holds a T-shirt that was the feelings of all Mars II cadets emblazoned on it. Also in the photo is Lt. Wolfe, sea phase CTO for HMCS Saskatchewan.

Once off ship Cayuga division got together again and teamed up with Chaudiere for the five week BOC course. At HMCS Patriot the two 'brother' divisions got together to enjoy the 'modern' facilities afforded to them.

Even with all our work and long hours there was still time for fun. Whether it was relaxing at the 'hotel' Roads for two weeks, attending mess dinners, or cadet balls. If that wasn't enough, there was still Thetis Lake.





Closing Comments

This summer has been the experience of a lifetime for us all. Although at times we swore that we would never have done it if we knew what we were getting into, we are all much better for this summer's training. Of course, the girls still say that we have no stamina, but they're just spoiled by those yearbook workers.

If not for the excellence of our instructors, Cayuga would have suffered the attrition experienced by other divisions. Many thanks to:

Lt. Taylor	Senior term Lt.
SLt. Craig	CTO for Cayuga
C ₂ White	BOC Instructor

Even though we are happy to be returning home, there have been friendships formed this summer which will endure a lifetime. Each summer after this there will be opportunities to renew acquaintanceships and reaffirm friendships.

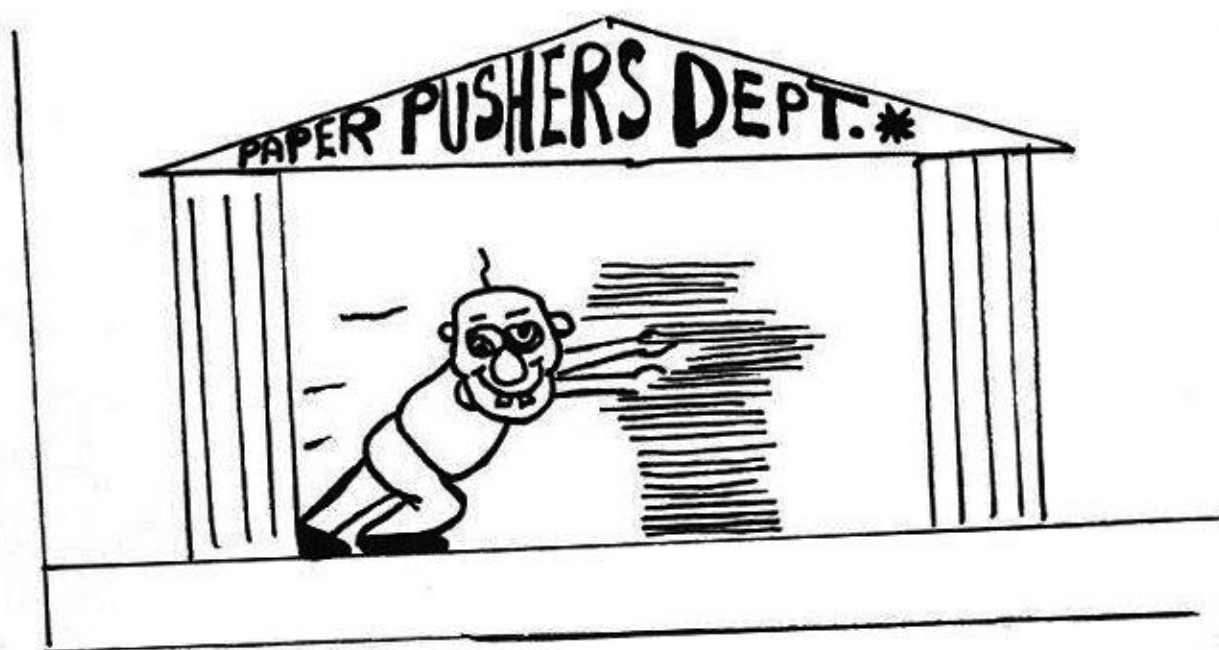
Until next summer we bid good-bye to NRTC, Victoria, British Columbia.

So long to the "Fred", you will always have a special place in our hearts.

Just a brief message to those who were not fortunate to be members of Cayuga. (At least we escaped with our grammar - typist's note) Perhaps if you try very hard next year you can raise yourselves to the high standards we have set, but it is highly unlikely.



The Class



ONCE UPON A TIME.....there were 6 female NROC Cadets. Their names were Katie, Lizzie, Sylvie, Leslie, Valerie, and Joy. They all went to University and led dull boring lives. But I took them away from all that. They work for me now. My name is Captain Stewart Alsgard and these are my angels.

Despite illness and late arrivals the "gang" all made it to CFB Borden after a full winter of medical refit and dieting. The six of us, Leslie Littlewood HR, Joy "Pac" Palmeter MT, Kate Whitaker CI, Sylvie Pouliot MM, Val Robinson NH, and Elizabeth Marr CA, comprised the Conestoga Contingent of 1977 to hit Borden. Bombs partie!

Being recent grads of the "Fred's West Coast School of Charm" it took us a while to recover from the shock of having comfortable accommodations. The 11th Street Apartments and a dining hall with real tableclothes that you knew would not end up on your bed at a later date! There was also a terrific supply of fruit with which to stock our kitchen fridges. Just ask Liz or Kate. "General, would you like an orange?"

The ADMIN COURSE was well, what can we say "Out of the inky depths of the murky Atlantic crawled.....LIPS!" Could you write me a note to that effect? A few details, morning announcements and "oh, by the way Kate you'll probably be R.T.U.'d Heh, Heh!" "How many Teddy's do you have at your unit, Liz?"



Transportation to classes was provided by the "Winnie Wagon" so we could be right on time for the morning drill with 100 militia officers. MUNCH. MUNCH. MUNCH!!

In class we covered all the important and relevant topics an admin officer should know. Like couth and culture. NO BOBBIE SOCKS!! They give men the impression that they can be peeled down. How not to be seen lessons in Worthington Park. Military law. What will happen to O/CDT SPINELESS NORMAN and his teddy? DING DONG, BING BELL! I'll GET IT! "Nobody expects a summary trial. Our 3 main weapons are CFAO's, QR&O's and a fanatical devotion to the NDA!" Public speaking using "Your basic shot hamster look." The C.R. in which Elspeth taught us how to P.A. and B.F; Base Org, "Let's put the Base Comd in the corner where it's more comfy.....where do the swans go?"

Weekend's! What to do? Grenovilles et Blocks! Wasaga Beach, Toronto, Aussie Wing Commanders, Belgian Princes (is he really a prince?) It's Party Time in 7A with Tina Charles ("I love to love....."). Naval HQ Borden, chocolate chips cookies, firebirds, and mini-cadillacs.

Even the Trenton A.M.U. held a few surprises, the two-day party for Liz and Sylvie; yes, Val, it's GRILLED CHEESE AND SOUP, and "1001 ways to kill 8 hours in Trenton" by Kate Whitaker.





Alas, all good things must come to an end and the Borden CROWD was flown out to Halifax by service air (white knuckle express) to join the other six K-dets for a month of obscure activities and dubious goings ons. Flashing signs "WOOF", "WHINNEY" "RAT BAGS" and "BRAP", who can forget; KILLER CLAMS, SATURDAY NIGHT MOOPS, GOING OUT THE WINDOW, TURPINS, covering KATHY KING in 2 TONS OF SALT and those fabulous days at sea in Bedford Basin which consisted of PORT 30, PORT 30, PORT 30...

After a -onth the group was alone once more, able to settle down and get on with training Good God the DIV COURSE .PULL PINS. GOOD MORNING prisoners. BUBBLES (TEE-HEE). Check for beaver dams in your ALL BRAN; And then No, No, not the leadership! "I can't handle another meet and greet, Hic!" Playing Pongo under the guidance of "RICHARD OF ALDERSHOT"! How many thunderflashes are there ? I.R.P.'s GACK! Thank God for MOM the MEDIC! How many dancing people can you fit into the back of a deuce and a half ?

Finally the K-dets became sedate and made the real transition into STEWIE'S ANGELS to begin OJT. There was a hint of sadness when we put up our SUBBIE STRIPES, leaving K-detdom and the land of ignorance forever.

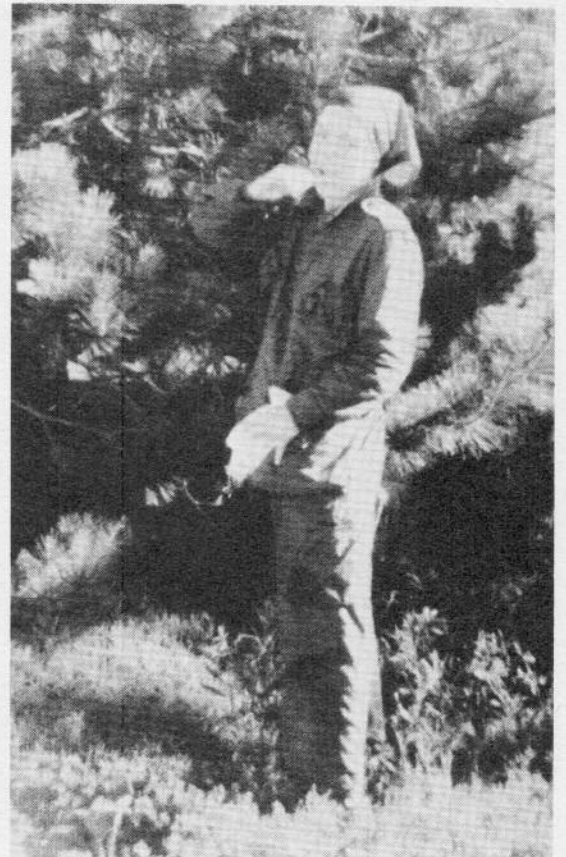
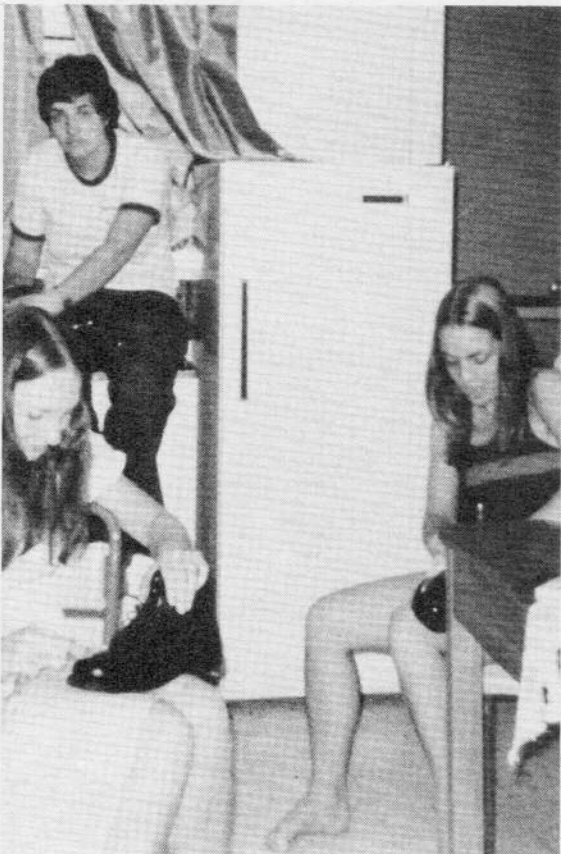
As we munch off into the sunset that immortal cry can be heard; "HECK BAGS!!"

GOOD LUCK TO ALL AND KEEP IN TOUCH.

P.S. "Who is the Masked Marauder?"

PP.S. "Just ask the Atlantic Avenger!"







BACK ROW: (L to R) :Danielle Bosse,Doug Bowes,Roger Boychil,Serge Asselin,Gerry Wright,Kim Jarrett,Andrew Sedlar,
Cathy King,Linda Burton.

FRONT ROW(L to R) :Carrie Zatychech,Leslie Steven,Herman Silverman,Maureen Callaway,Karen Adams,Lyne Lavoie.

I am bored--holy cow--ahgee--maudit kalin de bean--car wash--go F.A.R.--water log--
 -[the monster in 219]--fire-blanket party--c'est un gag--Oodt Burton--A-79--apologize
 to the class--this isn't navy drill--bedbug city--Banana split: I can't believe I ate
 the whole thing--weepers--C King--[Vice Admiral Bossé]--priceless--I'll deal with you
 later, in my cabin--if you can't take a joke you shouldn't have joined--[you can take
 her out twice; the second time to apologize]--see me after class if you want to see
 something--[oooh, eeoh, look at those tall buildings]--[wakey, wakey, it's 4 AM]--
 [did you see the full moon last night--this is last night]--tani, just put the canoes
 in the trunk--beam me up Scottie--don't write it down, just remember it.

Karen -"It's not far!" "You want a party, I'll go get the party."

Carrie -officer cadet zigzag. "Why is everything in alphabetical order?"

Linda -"Let's go home." ["Fourteen guys."/ If you want to know anything about the Sea
 Kings, ask Linda.

Cathy -What's between 17 and 18? "nineteen!"

Doug -"Who do you think she is?" "She's my sister." But she's too good looking to be
 your sister." "Let's go to Buffalo for a pizza." "What do you girls want for
 breakfast."

Gerry -"Which way is the beach?" "I don't know anything about this stuff."
 "Serving low...."

Darko -"How much does it cost?" "Do you want to go see Star Wars?"

Lyne -"Could you speak a little slower please?" "Will that be on the exam?"

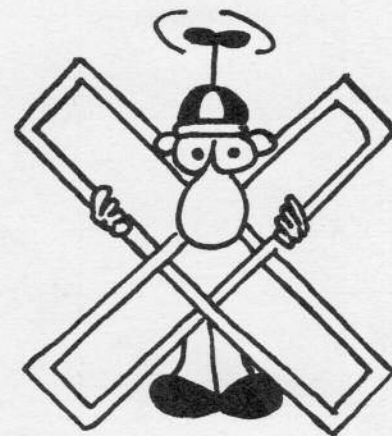
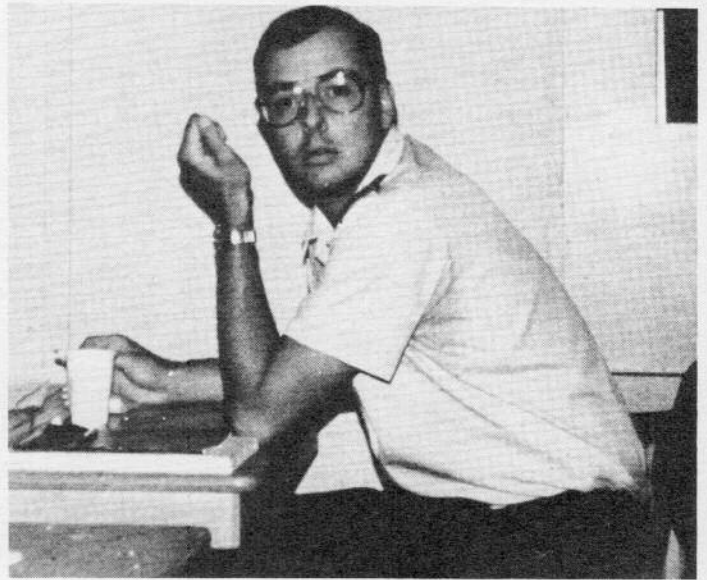
Serge -"My God, But you're lovely tonight!" HI DAD....

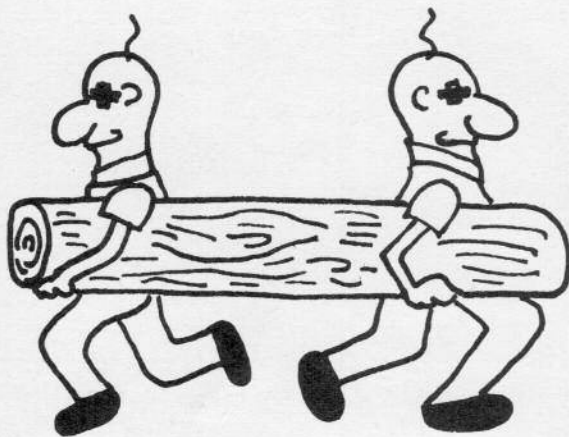
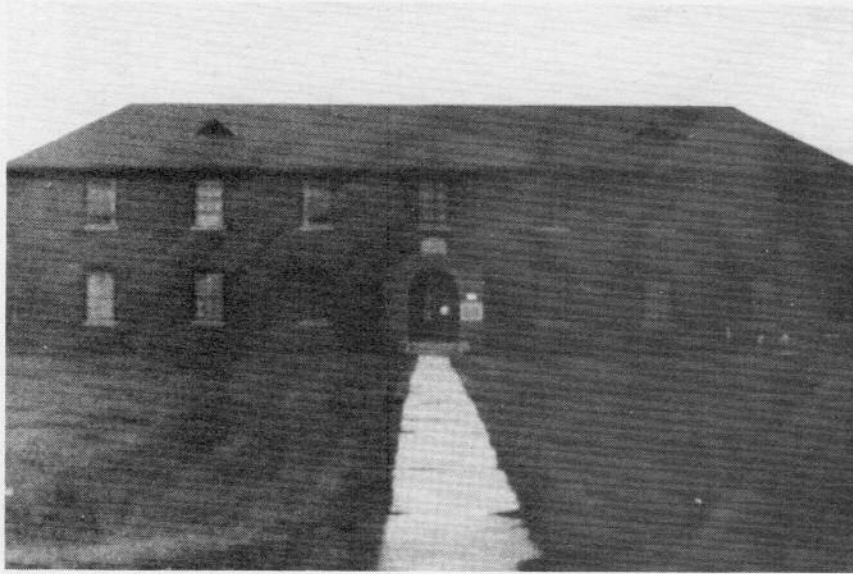
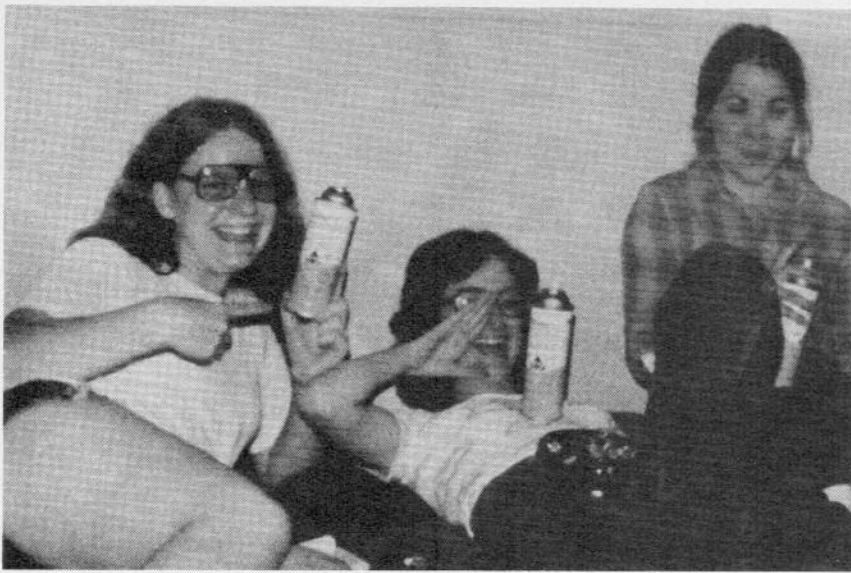
Leslie -"Oh, I hope Minky doesn't hear about this." You're just a DEO. "Well you're
 just Officer Cadidiots."

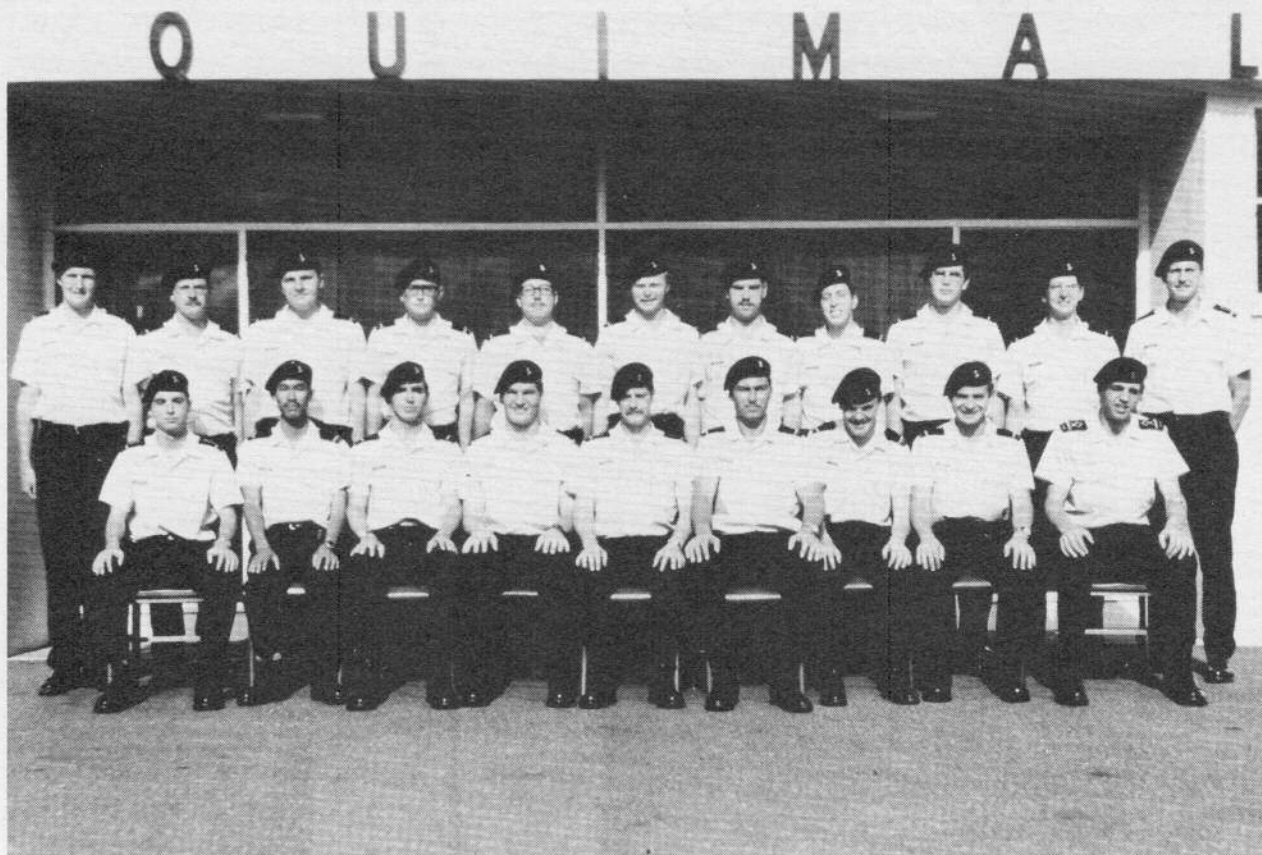
Danielle -"We should put that in the yearbook." "We're here for a good time, not a long
 time." "Gimme a break."

Roger -"I got a kink." Hey, Roger, if we give you another mug do you promise to stay
 away? [Time to flex some muscles.] California baby ol boy.

Kim -Kim didn't have too much to say. What do they say about quiet types-silent but deadly?







Back Row(L to R): Tony Pittman, Bob Thwaites, John Doering, Paul MacNiel, Bob Longman, John Gardam, Barry Butler, Pierre Pilletier, Gerry Powell, Aurther (GTS) Roach, Steve Nash.
 Front Row(Lto R): ROn Thompson, Byran Jang, Carmen McNary, Al MacLauchlan, Don Stewart, André Lazorenko, Garry Whitehead, Jake Pajak, Jim Woolford.

GASPÉ

The following is a transcript taken from the bridge recorder from the wreck of the ill-fated minesweeper on which members of Gaspé division were embarked for Mars III training.

(SPT indicates communications by sound-powered telephone.)

(Bell rings)

C.O.: Well, what are you going to do about that?

200W: What the hell is that noise?

C.O.: It's the Man Overboard alarm, you dummy. (pause) Good (expletive deleted); there really is someone back there!

200W: Revolutions 715, starboard 15, make the pipe "Man overboard, recover by grappling hook port side."

C.O.: Negative on that, that's the X.O. back there.

200W: Make the pipe "Recover by depth charge."

SPT : Bridge, fo'c'sle; Depth charges ready and primed, sir.

200W: Roger, standby.

C.O.: Depth charges?

200W: We took the liberty of rigging something up with gasoline cans and



A "Bay" class minesweeper of the type lost at sea with all crew members.

candle wicks the other day, sir.

SPT : Bridge, engine room; (unclear)..7½ ton chiller tripped.....

200W: Report from the engine room sir; seventy-five ton Chinchilla trapped in the engine room.

C.O.: What...How...?

200W: Perhaps one of the stokers has left his sandwiches lying around.

C.O.: Take appropriate action!

200W: Make the pipe "Chinchilla Action Team close up; Chinchilla in the engine room; Man the Chinchilla prods." Midships, steer for the X.O., Helmsman.

SPT : Chinchilla Action Team closed up sir; we have confined the Chinchilla & are ready to proceed with the attack.

200W: Very good, use your better judgement on this one.

C.O.: What was that all about?

200W: Hey, stay cool,OK? Everything is under control; there's no need to get excited. (SPT) Depth charge party--we are steadying up on our final attack run now.

SPT : Roger.

200W: We were kind of short on wicks but we've calculated that if the depth charge is dropped from the waist it should just clear the stern before it goes off.

C.O.: (Expletive deleted) God knows I didn't want the training squadron. I applied for an East Coast destroyer, you know, but....

SPT : Depth charge party here, sir; we have the target in sight, but request you come down to ten knots for the kill.

200W: Very good. Revolutions 525.

SPT : Chinchilla Party here sir-ready to attack the chinchilla with flame throwers, sir.

200W: Very good; do you have flame throwers from two different sources?

SPT : Yes sir; we're going in now.

C.O.: Where did you get flamethrowers?

200W: Just something we rigged up with gasoline and air hoses.

SPT : Engine room here sir; five minutes ago they closed all the hatches on us, and now they've shot flaming gasoline in! What's going on?

200W: Stay cool down there, chief, that chinchilla could be vicious; remember, it has to protect its genes.

SPT : The engine room is blazing out of control now-What are you talking about-Chinchilla?

200W: Very good, clear out of there.

SPT: Depth charge party, here; just let go a five gallon depth charge.

200W: Very good. (to C.O.) Fire raging in the engine room sir-the Chinchilla should be safely disposed of, and depth charge away.

C.O.: (Expletive deleted)
(Explosion heard)

200W: Looks like that was one of the shorter wicks, sir.

C.O.: My God; you've nearly blown the ship in two!

SPT : Engine Room-there's a dirty great hole in the hull-water is gushing in!

200W: Well, that will stop the fire.

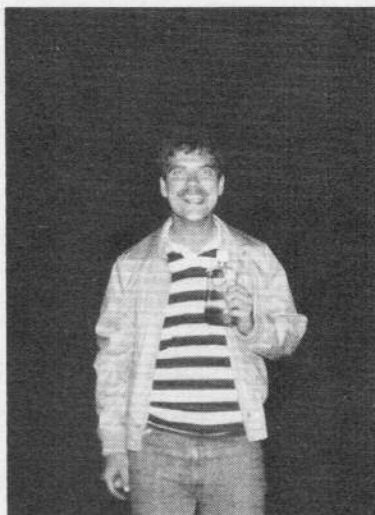
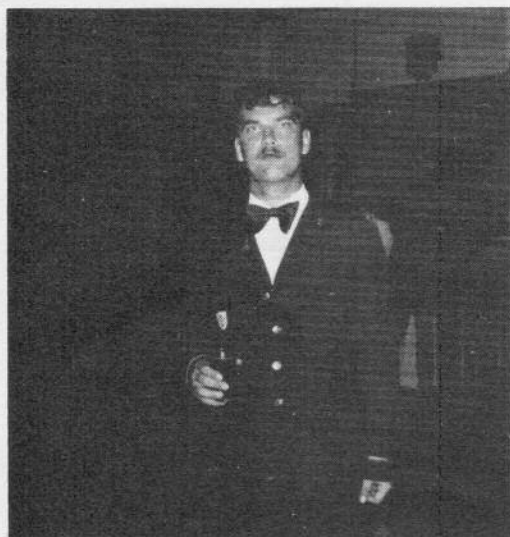
C.O.: If we ever get out of this alive I'll kill you before the court martial.

200W: Come on now, there's nothing to get excited about, just stay cool and Hey! Looks like you had a point-there goes the stern!

-At this point the ship sunk and the bridge recorder disconnected and floated to the surface.

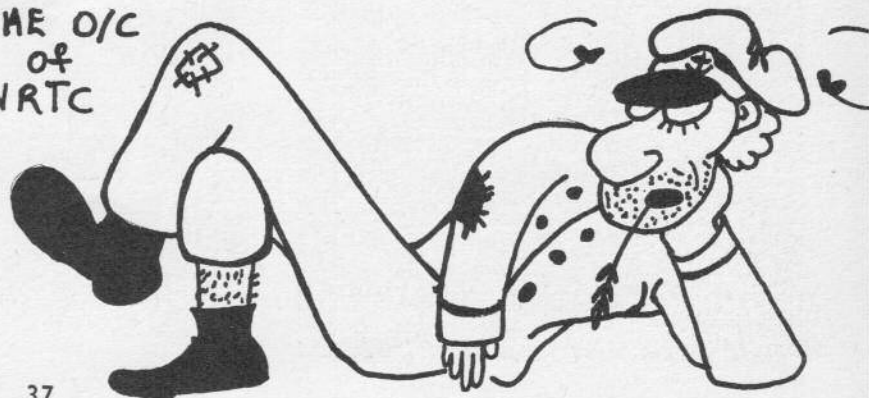
The Roach

DR. JEKLE AND MR. HYDE





THE O/C
OF
NRTC





GRILSE DIVISION

This is a story of Grilse. It is also a story of boys. (Not to be confused with girls or men). Actually, Grilse was (and still is, in our hearts) a Second Year Division of Officer Cadets. Our beginnings were humble. We were the castoffs, the leftovers from the other Second Year Divisions who did not wish to continue training with the Regular Force in September. At summer's end we numbered eight, having lost seven of our members along the way.

There was Bill Bowes, a dangerous, lippy, drunk prone to violent and sudden outbursts and with an inexplicable tendency to marry girls and leave them in Winnipeg for the summer. Bill practised celibacy while away from his spouse but his heart wasn't really in it. Whenever Bill met a new girl he would put her mind at ease by saying, "Never-mind-the-ring, my-wife-and-I-are-separated." "And we are", he would explain to me later, "By some three thousand miles!"

Dennis Garon was a dark, swarthy Frenchman, completely untrustworthy and high on the list of the governments ten most wanted salt water gorf. Who can forget the time Dennis, for no apparent reason, stuck his key in an electrical outlet over in Fleet School causing a shower of sparks, leaving him with half a key while knocking out the power in the entire building? Then when an outraged chief asked why he did it, he said, "I dunno, it just seemed like the thing to do."

Pierre Saint Louis who has been called "shifty", "shy", "troublemaker", "mean", "gorf", "cowardly", "irresponsible", "dumb", "stupid", "unwholesome", "perverted", "twisted", "dirty minded", "a putrefying piece of meat", "filthy", "foul-smelling", "unclean", "predatious", "scum" and "a dastardly villain" was in reality a very nice guy. Being the acting CCC when CCC Stewart was absent Pierre had many skirmishes with the top brass at NRTC. A good Quebecois, Pierre also spoke excellent English. When asked if speaking two languages presented any difficulties Pierre would reply, "No, gees no, I mean dere is no problem, dats as long as you know a little bit of your bilingual". (Pierre can be equally obscure in French apparently).

A very talked about member of Grilse Division was the Amazing Dave Bliss, Mr. Einstein as one navigation instructor put it (but then it could be disputed that his ability to analyze the character of his students was almost as good as his ability to teach them). In any case, Dave proved himself a master in a number of fields during the summer, basketball, soccer, tennis..., but the two most prominent were not in the realm of gymnastics as one would expect, but the result of physical handicaps.

And what can be said of Phil Charland, a sometime Cadet Captain, sometime navigator (one, by the way who got lost on anchor runs and wore yesterday's socks) and sometime Gorf. "Nothing!" as Bill Bowes would say. Really though, Phil was always fair and could always calm down both the French and English members of Grilse when we became upset at some NRTC injustice. That is to say he could lie in both languages! Thanks, Phil.

And then there was Al Balanuik, alias "Bleeney", alias "Balanuique" (accent on the "nuique"). Al, being an artsy type in University (Music to be exact, if you can believe it) had some initial difficulty in navigation, but greatly benefited from the instruction of one Lieutenant Commander Chassels who cleared things up by stating that two divided by two equals four.....I mean two.....I mean, Oh, %?\$//?\$, Mr. Einstein, could you help Mr. Balanuik with.....

I'm sure Al will acknowledge this and explain it to you (someday).

Can we forget Fred Devlin (yes), Subby extraordinaire who joined the Reserves in '62? Fred became well-known for an imitation he did of a certain two and a halfer. Pulling his glasses low on his nose and going into his act you would swear he was an aging, anemic, club-footed navigation instructor dying of cerrososis of the liver. And when he would pretend to trip over his own club foot and blurt, "There's no damn high tide in this problem." the illusion would be complete.

The first chronic disease Dave suffered from was "Heavy Eyelids". Though the disease only affected his vision while he was on a military base, it soon became well known to the instructors at NRTC who, sympathizing with nature's injustice to this cadet, in his honor, changed the order, "Stand Easy" to "Assume the position of the Bliss".

The second disease was "Lightus Tongus" which has been described by Medical Authorities as being the inability to stop talking. Though the first disease could never be cured, the pain of staying awake could be remedied by a few hours sleep. As for "Lightus Tongus", we in Grilse don't know exactly what the nurses have recommended but we have our own medicine and that we pass on to you, the reader, to help in case he has an attack in your presense. Agree with whatever he says, don't say anything argumentative and the length of the discussion will be dramatically shortened.

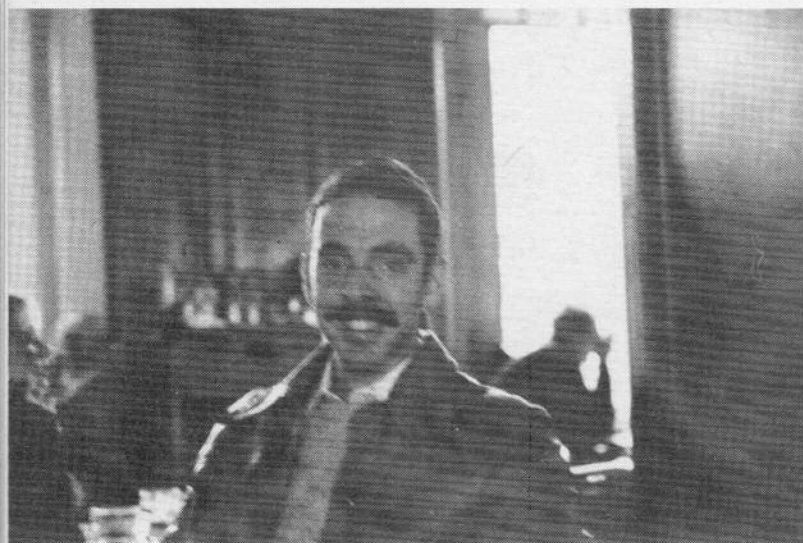
No finer Cadet than the Amazing Bliss. Good luck in the future, Dave.
(But, of course.)

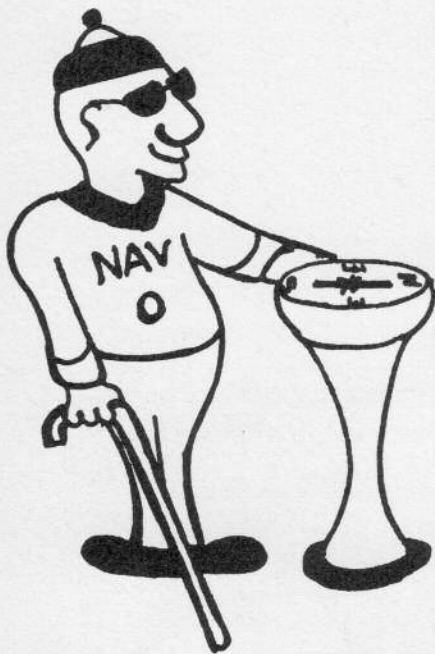
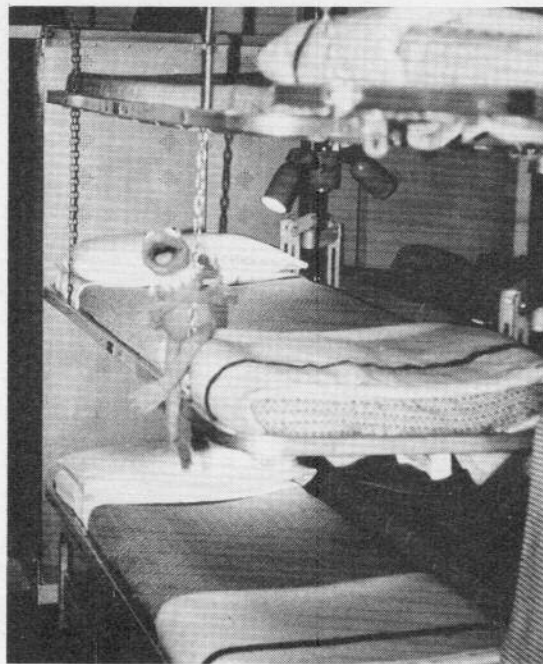
There was nothing to say about Bob Matthews virtually, and this is why we mention him last. As an undistinguished member of Grilse his only claim to fame rests on his membership in Grilse. A lower rate, underachiever, Bob is one of those people who thinks that the key to happiness is setting and achieving goals and that one will always be happy if only they set their goals low enough and achieve as few as possible. So you can see why we mentioned this ambitionless leach last (besides, he's going Reg Force.

And there you have it, as scurvy and motley a bunch of Subbies as you'll ever see. How did such a bunch get into the Reserves you ask? Who knows? It was a long two years for the boys of Grilse to receive their commissions but as Dennis Garon said at the final party after forlornly casting an eye at the rest of Grilse who were catching forty winks on the Gunroom floor and proposing his 37th toast and finding himself unable to raise the glass to his lips,

"This is our finest hour!"

The Amazing Bliss &
S/Lt Bleeney.







GRANBY DIVISION '77

We don't know if Victoria cared or not but in '77 the boys were back in town. Last year's retreads and scrabags were here to stay and we had to come back to prove it. Led by myself, Mr. Couth and Culture, we marched off the plane determined to survive NROC second year or go out in a blaze of glory. As it turned out we did both.

With memories of last year's training from Chaudiere Division (the Elite elite), NROC had prepared for us this year. The Cape Breton was reinforced and heavily sandbagged, the drill sergeants wore trousers with padded knees and all the staff were issued with cyanide tablets. As fate would have it, they were needed.

I don't think they knew it but we had a secret weapon - Mike Charles' Boots. These boots were almost as powerful as the bomb, in fact, they were a bomb. We first realized their power when we returned from drill one day and Mike took them off. Immediately flies dropped from the air, cockroaches made a panic-stricken rush for the door, knocking down Eric Griffiths, and Granby started feeling the effects of Nerve Gas.

In a flash, it was GAS, GAS, GAS, ON MASKS, and a terrible tragedy was avoided.

Now we knew, yes, the power was ours if only we could harness it. Mike was forced to put his boots back on. That was it, simple, on boots - off, gas.

Yes, folks, now we knew, we were now masters of our own fate, we were literally walking death. Why, we could R.O.B. an entire ship by piping "Boots at the brow". A reg force cadet almost failed his MARS III because he slept above "the Boots". Panic was widespread as you can easily understand. The familiar screams of "NO, NO, NOT THE BOOTS, NOT THE TREATMENT, ANYTHING BUT NOT THE AAAAAAAHHHHHHH..... were an everyday occurrence. Well, that was it, no one dared bother us and the Granbies were allowed complete freedom to exercise their peculiarity. Yes, we took Steve Evans out once a day for a walk.

Steve Evans is an interesting case. For days he sat, silent, sullen and morose. His Grandma had moved away and he knew now his time was up...he must become a man. Fortunately, Evans was in Granby, and who better to train him than these men of men. Now Steve is a man. He boozes it up all the time, womanizes, smokes and engages in all sorts of debauchery. After all, officers MUST lead by example.

A prime example of Officer-like qualities is Carson Struthers (alias the Mooner). This man has it all; he's intelligent, muscular, handsome, athletic and assorted other dull things. He also flashes well which made him one of the boys. A familiar cry to be heard in Beacon Hill Park was "There goes the RED BALL EXPRESS!" or "I'm glad we came out tonight. Have you ever seen such a beautiful moon?"

We had a number of specialists in our group. Men able to meet any task assigned to them. One of these men was Mike Page (alias Tunie). A true professional, he could rise to meet any challenge or anything challenging or even anything half-decent.

Kevin Carlewitz was the leader (head hebe) of Granby this year. Totally frustrated with our apparent lack of culture, he tried to influence us favourably by bringing his relatives around. What Kevin didn't realize was that the dye had been cast and we were well on our way to deterioration. Kevin also instigated a Dial-a-Jew program with the local radio station in the hope of either getting us out of the Cape Breton (too often MONDAY morning on the GUNROOM floor) and into some swinging social circles. After Steve Evans was attacked in a park by a horny seagull, the plan was scrapped.

Speaking of scrap, there's always Yukon Bill. Of course you know I'm talking about Bill Cannon, stage and screen idol of millions. Bill, this year, finally had his come-uppance. After describing in lurid detail a number of amorous adventures, we finally met one of the co-participants. Funny thing.....

And then there was Eric Griffiths (alias Lizard). Eric was the super-keener of the course and was the only man on his minesweeper to wear both knees out of his pants and the soles out of his shoes taking soup to the Captain. This was only in the initial stages however as Mike Charles assumed this onerous task. Eric is a big boozier and once went to boozier school. At the blood-donor clinic he gave his pint and all were surprised when the nurse drank it.

Well, now you've met Granby Division. What do you think? What's that? Oh, well, we don't care anyway 'cause we're Granby and we walk tall and one of these days our boots are gonna walk all over you.

Ian Douglas.

P.S.

As for myself, I don't belong in this division. I don't smoke, drink, womanize and am thinking of becoming a monk. I like to read and play games and sex is a four-letter word. I am well thought of around NRTC and am rarely, if ever, in trouble. I expect to mature and become an upstanding pillar of society and a member of the ladies temperance union. Of course, a few of these facts have been changed to protect the guilty and if you believe any of this spiel then maybe YOU should join the Navy.

Ian Douglas.



" WHAT ! A Lizard in My navy?"

Intravenous



Another Day ,
Another Dollar.



Mutt n' Jeff







ART

for the Sailor

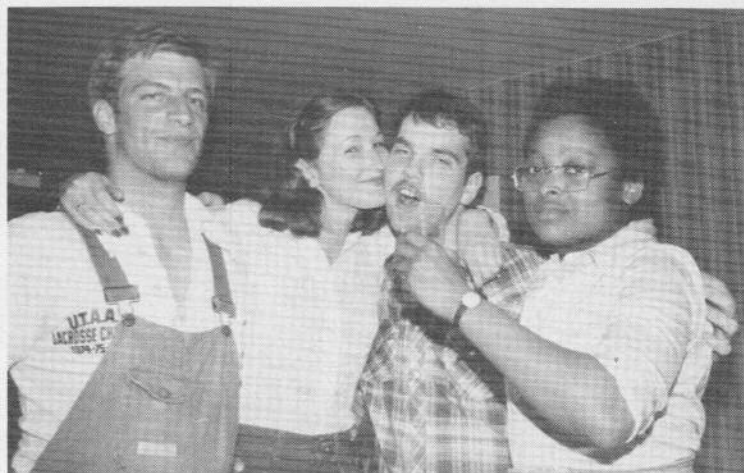
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NAME	ADDRESS	PHONE	UNIT
Anderson, Rob	67 Glengrove Rd. Moncton N.B.	855-2820	Scotian
Audy, Michel	848 Holland Rd. Quebec City P.Q.	527-9960	Montcalm
Bailey, Al	6030 South St. Halifax, N.S.	423-7870	Scotian
Barretto, Frank	32 Stewart St. Grimsby, Ont.	945-5382	Star
Bernath, Bill	53 Alice St. Sout- Essex, Ont.	776-8026	Hunter
Buies, Richard	630 Le Cavalier, Ste Foy P.Q.	651-7988	Montcalm
Bradstreet, Pete	169 Wilder Drive, Oakville Ont.	844-2418	Star
Butler, Barry	1044 La Loire Ste. Foy P.Q.	653-0680	Nonsuch
Cameron, Jaime	663 Pine Grove Drive Port Elgin, Ont.	832-2302	Hunter
Cannon, Bill	8511-70 St. Edmonton, Alta.	469-7121	Nonsuch
Carle, Kevin	4121 Longview Dr. Victoria, B.C.	477-8984	Malahat
Champ, Cathy	3433 Askin Ave. Windsor Ont.	969-7627	Hunter
Charles, Mike	136 Kamloops Ave, Ottawa, Ont.	733-8765	Carleton
Clarke, Garth	4811-108A Ave. Edmonton, Alta.	466-5886	Nonsuch
Comeau, Brigitte	2095 Melba, St-Bruno, P.Q.	653-6077	Donnacona
Coons, Cathy	4074 Forest St. Burnaby B.C.	434-7931	Discovery
Coulson, Mary	156 Robison Dr. Thunder Bay, Ont.	767-5881	Chippawa
Coulson, Mary (Sch)	Apt. 718 Lakeshore Pk. 2 30/30 Pembina Hwy. Winnipeg, Manitoba	269-7286	"
Dancer, Daryl	91 Crescent Ave. Thunder Bay Ont.	345-6706	Griffin
Dixon, Dave	2154 Lenester Ave. Ottawa, Ont.	728-5762	Carleton
Doering, John	23 Deeford St. Willowdale Ont.		Carleton
Douglas, Ian	47 Thorncliffe Pk. Dr. #1618, Toronto, Ont.	425-9866	York (!)
Edwards, Mike	4 Albion Rd. Jollimore, Halifax, N.S.	477-4855	Scotian
Eggett, Kathi	20 Casabob Court #20, Agincourt, Ont.	291-6383	York (!)
Evans, Steve	10 Wooster Wood, West Hill, Ont.	282-1457	York (!)
Ford, Cary	142 South Oxley, West Vancouver, B.C.	926-1228	Discovery
Fowler, Russel	11 Winthrop Place, Stoney Creek, Ont.	564-5886	Star
Gardam, John	321 Maurepas Cres. Winnipeg, Man.	489-6272	Chippawa
Griffiths, Eric	RR#3 Warkworth Ont.	924-2693	Cataraqui
Heatherington, L.	8305-160 Street, Edmonton, Alta.	489-8585	Nonsuch
Herrington, D.	516 Regent Street, Fredericton, N.B.	454-9311	Brunswick
Hickey, M.	26 B Lynn, Dartmouth, N.S.	466-3285	Scotian
Holliday, Brett	120 Obed St. Victoria B.C.	384-4765	Malahat
Hulseman, Eric	66 Costello Dr. Winnipeg, Man.	889-5991	Chippawa
Hunn, Steve			
Jang, Byron	5977 Clarendon St. Vancouver B.C.	433-2900	Discovery
Jennings, Robert	153 Falkirk Terrace, Kingston, Ont.	389-1136	Cataraqui
Katzer, Russ	2814 Inez Dr. Victoria, B.C.	382-3092	Malahat
Kelly, Pete	2163 Gladstone Ave. Windsor, Ont.	252-4622	Hunter
Kyle, John	3814 Campus Crescent, Victoria B.C.	-----	Malahat
Langdon, John	38 Lantana Court, Toronto, Ont.	757-7694	York (!)

NAME	ADDRESS	PHONE	UNIT
Lawson, Pat	454 Moorgate St., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3J 2L9	885-3953	Chippewa
Lazorenko, Andre	400 Durham St., St. Bruno, Quebec J3V 1T2	653-1049	Donnacona
Littlewood, Leslie	4150 Longfellow Ave., Windsor Ontario N9G 2B6	969-6733	Hunter
Longman, Bob	11 Whitefriars Dr. Don Mills Ontario M3A 2L2	447-9335	York
MacCarthy, Jane	7652 Clayton Court, Burnaby 2 B.C. V5E 3M8	522-0403	Discovery
MacLaughlan, Al	2040 25th St. S.W. Calgary, Alberta T3E 1X2	242-3964	Tecumseh
MacNiell, Paul	Box 10, Site 2, RR#2 Chatham N.B.	773-5176	Brunswicker
Markle, Mike	Greencourt Box 8, Alberta	786-4695	Nonsuch
Marr, Elizabeth	651 Oakdale Dr. Winnipeg 20, Manitoba R3R 1A2	832-6826	Chippewa
Martin, Doug	80 Fairview Ave., Grimsby, Ontario L3M 3L5	945-5665	Star
McIntyre, Don	3714 West 13th Ave, Vancouver, B.C. V6R 2S6	224-7453	Discovery
McNary, Carmen	Box 217, Stony Plain, Alberta T0E 2G0		Nonsuch
Miller, Pete	873 Edgehill Row, Saint John, N.B. E2M3G7		Brunswicker
Miller, Tom	28 Muriel Ave., Dartmouth, N.S. B2W 2E3	434-6347	Scotian
Monk, Ron	1254 Alberta St., Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan	692-0727	Unicorn
Morrisette, France	73 Blvd. Bégin, Ste. Claire Dor, P.Q. G0R 2V0	883-3724	Montcalm
Nash, Steve	216, 9144 Cameron St., BBY 3 B.C.	931-4192	Discovery
Nicolle, John	47 Waterford Br Rd., St. Johns Nfld. A1E 1C5		Cabot
Odell, Jim	1226 Chilver Rd., Windsor, Ontario N8Y 2L1		Hunter
Page, Mike	6369 Coburg Rd., Apt. 1706, Halifax, N.S.	423-0577	Scotian
Pajak, Jakub-Waclaw	622 Mt. Pleasant Rd., Toronto Ontario M4S 2M8	481-6965	York
Palmeter, Joy	RR#1 Comox, B.C.		Malahat
Parish, Beth	1188 Baxter Ave, Westbrook, Ontario K0H 2X0	389-3822	NOT-CATARAQUI
Pelletier, Pierre	231 8lieme Rue Est, Charlesbourg, P.Q. G1G 2Y2	626-8134	Montcalm
Pittman, Tony	79 Buckmasters Circle, ST. Johns, Nfld. A1C 4V7	579-7111	Cabot
Pouliot, Sylvie	1120 Rue de Lorraine, Apt. 1, Quebec 3, P.Q.		Montcalm
Pratt, Brian	10975 35 Ave., Edmonton, Alberta T6T0A2	435-1035	Nonsuch
Prill, Dave	1038 Halsam Ave, Victoria, B.C. V9B 2N4	478-4976	Malahat
Riley, Barb	95 Candlewood Lane, St. John, N.B. E2L 1Z5	652- 3237	Brunswicker
Roach, Arthur	7 Aberdeen St. Kingston, Ontario K7L 3M9		Cataraqui
Robinson, Val	15706-90 Ave., Edmonton, Alberta T5R 4W6	489-2690	Nonsuch
Saunders, Pat	502 Hadden Dr., West Vancouver, B.C. V7S 1G7	922-2396	Discovery
Sekaly, Ragi	1351 Henry Farm Dr., Ottawa, Ontario K2C 2E5	224-6848	Carleton
Smith, Don	12819 224 St., Maple Ridge, B.C. V2X 7E7	467-4421	Discovery
Spurrell, Mike	98 Grenfell Ave., St. Johns Nfld. A1C 3E2	579-0214	Cabot
Stark, Gary	4040 Braefoot Rd., Victoria, B.C. V8X 2B7	477-4654	Malahat
Stewart, Don	6607 123rd St. Edmonton, Alberta	434-5318	Nonsuch
Struthers, Carson	98 Southill Dr., Don Mills, Ontario M3C 2H7	444-2620	York
Sutherland, Leslie	110 Charlotte St., Ottawa, Ontario K1N 8K3	235-2735	Carleton

NAME	ADDRESS	PHONE	UNIT
Thibault, Réal	614 Fraser Ave., Cornwall, Ontario K6H 5R1	933-5995	Carleton
Thiele, Veronica	#1-2602 Graham St., Victoria, B.C. V8T 3A9	384-0605	Malahat
Thompson, Ron	66 North St., Yorkton, Saskatchewan S3N 0H1	783-5292	Unicorn
Thwaites, Bob	1243 Anoka St., Ottawa, Ontario K1Y 6C5	733-3707	Carleton
Whitaker, Kate	409 Earl St., Kingston, Ontario	546-7271	Cataraqui
White, Deb	705 Cumberland Ave. South, Saskatoon, Sask...etc.	373-0931	Unicorn
Whitehead, Gary	#121 1615 Belmont Ave., Victoria, B.C.	479-7759	Malahat
Woodliffe, Liz	1542 Warland Rd., Oakville, Ontario L6L 1N5	827-4319	Star
Woolford, Jim	#121 1615 Belmont Ave., Victoria, B.C.	479-7759	Malahat
Young, Joe	12 Apt 3 Shannon Park, Dartmouth, N.S.	463-1198	Scotian
Zeuner, Alf	4 Adelaine Ave., Dundas, Ontario L9H 4M9	628-8614	Star
Zryd, Dave	P.O. Box 287, Armdale, N.S.	852-2144	Scotian

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Colville, Jeff	54 McFarland Rd., Ottawa, Ontario K2E 6V5	825-1762	Carleton
Dawes, ?	P.O. Box 146, St. Stephan, N.B. E3L 2X1	466-5518	Brunswicker
Dominique, ?	3522 Sherbrooke Est #7 Montreal. P.Q. H1W 1E1	524-2970	Donnaconna
Gingras, François	624 Joffre, Quebec 6, P.Q.	687-0348	Montcalm
Johrdan, ?	107 Lake Promenade, Toronto, Ontario M8 1A2		York
Malouin, ?	395 Blvd du Lac, N.D. des Laurentides, P.Q.	849-3223	Donnaconna
Martel, ?	107 Des Pins Ouest #4, Quebec 3, P.Q. G1L 1J9	628-7716	Montcalm
Paddison, Chris	Brockington Hall, Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario		Cataraqui
Powell, Gerry	675 Echo Dr., Ottawa, Ontario K1S 1P2	233-5390	Carleton
Savage, Larry	Missing in action		Carleton
Simpson, Glen	2318 Orlando Ave., Ottawa, Ontario K1H 7J5	733-1038	Carleton
Truyens, Paul	227 Laurier Ave. East, Apt 7, Ottawa, Ontario K1N 6P1	238-5648	Carleton
Walls, L.	P.O. Box # 135, Blackville, N.B.	843-2421	Brunswicker

The Yearbook is over; Long live the Yearbook! (Typists note)