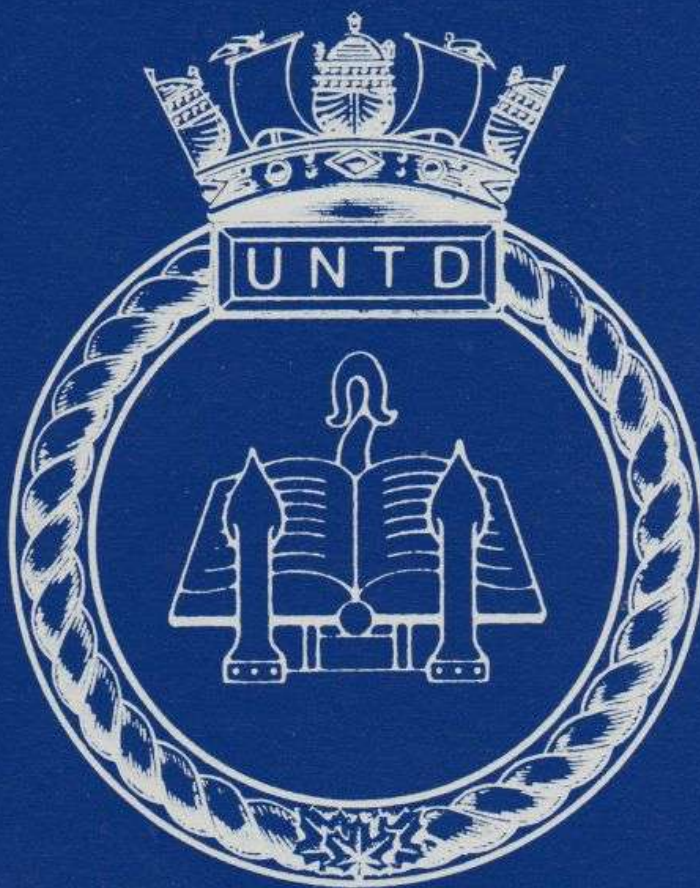


UNIVERSITY NAVAL TRAINING DIVISION

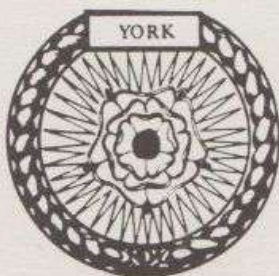


YEAR BOOK

1987



Admiral



FOREWORD
BY REAR-ADMIRAL W.N. FOX-DECENT
CHIEF OF RESERVES



There is much promise in the Defence White Paper issued in June of this year. When put into action, it will result in a modern Navy and a revitalized Naval Reserve. With you, I look forward to the realization of the coastal defence role, including mine counter-measures, as a primary duty of the Naval Reserve. Naval Control of Shipping and some other tasks will, of course, remain part of the on-going responsibility of our part time sailors.

There will be expanded opportunities for sea-going duty by women. We rejoice at the opening of our three new divisions in Quebec which will enhance the opportunity for francophone Canadians to serve in the Reserve.

There is, however, together with all these new opportunities, a challenge. We must train up to new standards in a variety of new Naval skills. We must provide more leadership to what will be a much larger Naval reserve.

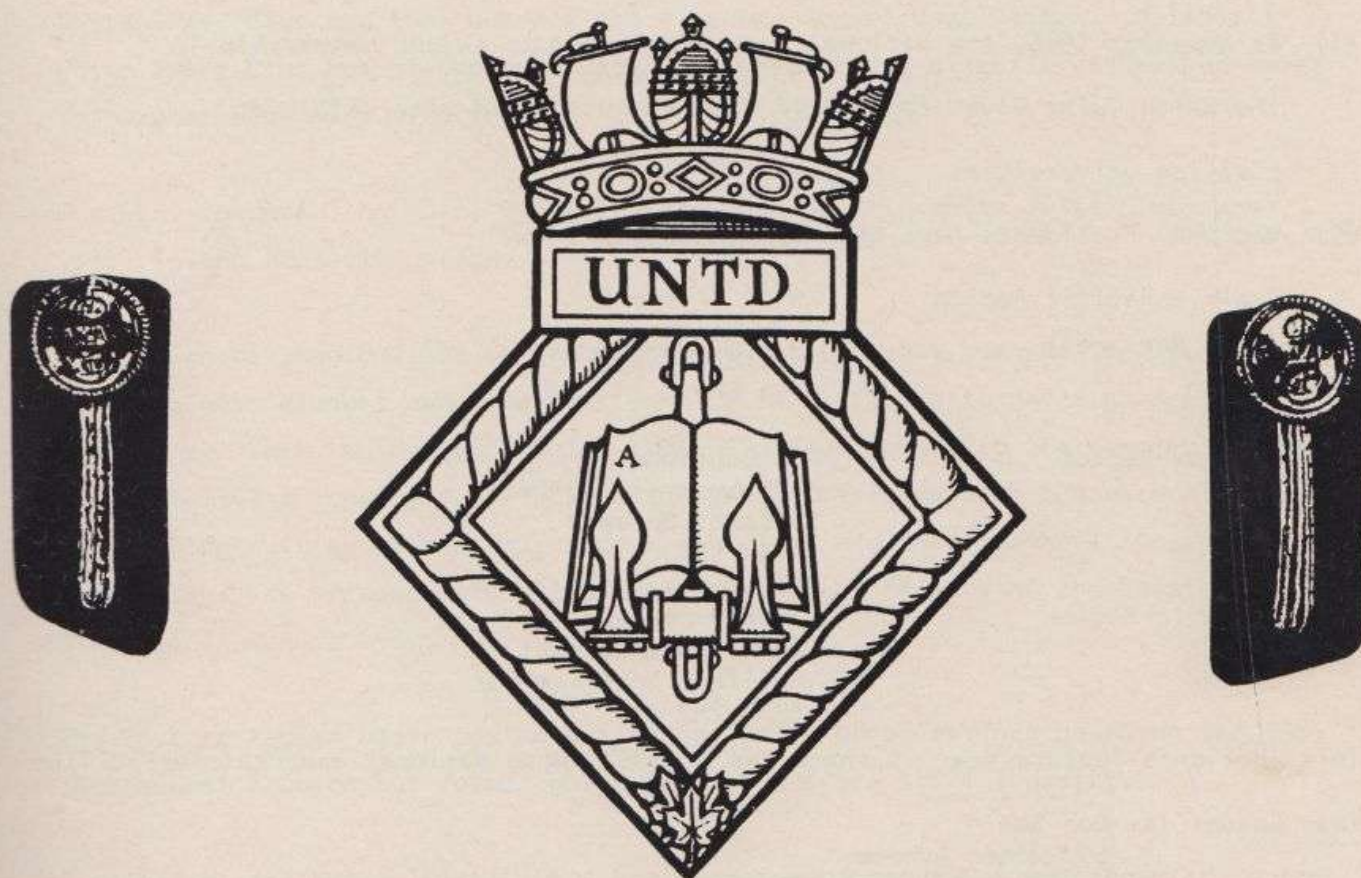
You are a vital link in this challenge process, whether as an Ex-UNTD member who may urge public support to the White Paper promise, or as a serving UNTD who will soon be asked to assume the task of leading our revitalized organization.

May we be equal to the challenge and the task. Fair Winds.

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U.N.T.D. WHITE TWIST CLUB



NATIONAL EXECUTIVE PRESIDENT
W.A. GRISWOLD

CENTRAL REGION PRESIDENT
B.B.D. Duncombe
EASTERN REGION ORGANIZATION
(Not Defined)
Editor - Yearbook Insert
B.L. Olmstead

Lance:

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE 1987 WHITE TWIST CLUBS OF CANADA

The White Twist Clubs of Canada are slowly but steadily growing and spreading from sea to sea. Two most significant evolutions are:

(1) In November 1986, the National Executive voted to extend membership in the White Twist Clubs to ex-ROTP cadets who drilled with UNTD's at civilian universities.

(2) Regional Presidents have been appointed and are:

Prairie-Pacific Region (plus National)	W.A. Griswold 456 Nelson Street Victoria, B.C. V9A 6P4
---	---

Central Region	R. Duncombe 100 Sunnyside Drive Ottawa, Ontario K1S 0R1
----------------	--

Atlantic Region	John Donaldson 6931 Tupper Grove Halifax, Nova Scotia B3H 2M7
-----------------	--

This edition's feature year is the Class of 1952 whose National and Prairie-Pacific

Year Leader is Don Rae
600 Queen Avenue
Portage La Prairie, Manitoba
R1N 0W6

If any readers encounter errant members of the Class of '52, they should drop Don a note to get registered on his class list.

In November 1986, the Prairie-Pacific/National Executive met in Victoria. Among the resolutions adopted were:

- (1) membership for university based ex-ROTP cadets
- (2) Regional President organization
- (3) Trial run of 150 White Twist magazines with a selling price of \$20.00
- (4) An authorized attempt to define a charitable status for the clubs and also devise a heraldicly correct UNTD badge.

A fabulous Mess Dinner at Malahat and a day sail on HMCS Kootenay were the special attractions of this meeting.

Discovery White Twist Club had a Mess Dinner in November 1986 which was well attended. They plan to have a White Twist Club dinner every two years. Malahat White Twist Club had four weepers and a second annual Mess Dinner. Malahat's White Twist Club has presented a Best Cadet plaque and blazer crest keeper award to Malahat beginning with the training year 1986-87.

Nonsuch, Tecumseh, Unicorn, Queen, Chipewa and Griffin White Twist Clubs are still in the formative stage.

In the Central Region, the Carleton White Twist Club has been active with weepers, mess dinners and plans for a White Twist Club attendance and ceremonial divisions. York is forming a White Twist Club subsequent to the reunion of the class of 1967 in the fall of 1987. Representatives have been requested from all of the other cities with naval reserve divisions and the potential for White Twist Clubs was presented to all of the commanding officers of the Naval Reserve Division in August 1987.

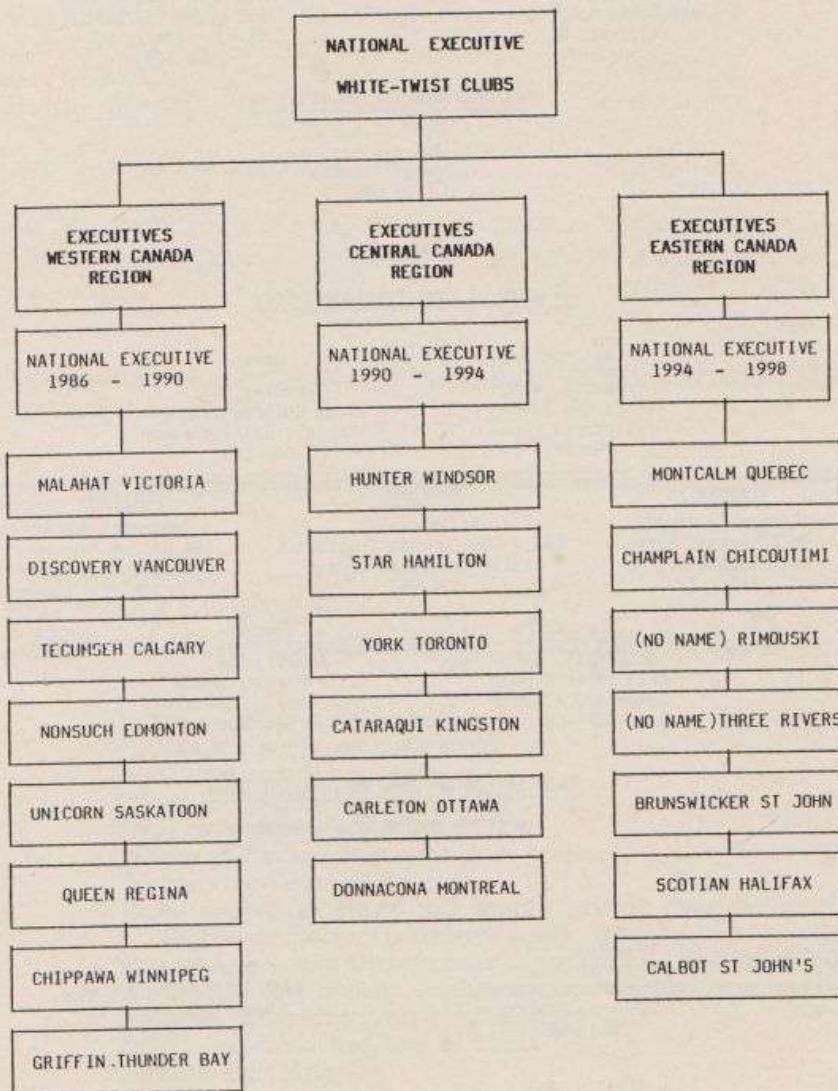
The Eastern Region again has an active series of organizations based on the 1985 75th annual reunion but formal White Twist Clubs are still evolving.

A report of the White Twist Club's activities and objectives was rendered to the annual meeting of the Naval Officers' Association of Canada when it was held in Victoria. This report stressed the Ex-cadet Club nature of our organization and therefore, its compatibility with the Naval Officers' Association. I encouraged them not to view us as a recruiting machine for the N.O.A., nor are we in competition with them. The main tenets of the White Twist Clubs are the reunion comrade aspects, the social events and individual effort contributions to the navy rather than formal position papers and structured lobbying.

A similar, but less formal, briefing was given to the Commanding Officers of all of the Naval Reserve Divisions at the annual Commanding Officers' conference. The points stressed in this briefing were that the White Twist Club has two legs to its structure, one being the Naval Reserve Division based Ex-cadet Clubs with some degree of formal executive, some formal liaison with the unit and a reunion/social and UNTD cadet liaison structure. Secondly, by graduating year class, there is a skeleton of an organization with regional class leaders and with a feature year identified thirty-five years following their graduation for inclusion in the White Twist Club. The individual classes may wish to have class based reunions and class based events outside of this and these would all be very worthwhile and reportable functions.

The first issue of the White Twist ~~magazine~~ is a very high quality, intriguing, and very sellable magazine. Congratulations are in order to B.Lance Olmstead, our editor, for the excellent job he did under trying circumstances. It is anticipated that this year book will be self-financing having received an initial loan from the National Association fund.

The enthusiastic response that heralds the formal briefings and the informal meetings with ex-cadets bodes well for an increasingly active and increasingly useful UNTD Ex-cadet Club.



ASSOCIATION OF UNTD WHITE TWIST CLUBS

WESTERN REGION

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

President

Griswold, W.A.
456 Nelson Street
Victoria, BC
V9A 6P4

Secretary-Treasurer

Abbott, F.F.
2315 8th Street SW
Calgary, Alberta
T2T 3A1

Regional Universities
Representative

Hadley, M.
610 Normont Court
Victoria, BC
V8S 5H7

Regional Naval Reserve
Division Representative

MacRae, D.R.
1450 Lands End Road
RR #3, Sidney, BC
V8L 3X9

Regional Year Representative

Butt, J.C.
4070 Bowness Road NW
Calgary, Alberta
T3B 3R7

COUNCIL

White Twist Club Presidents For:

Malahat

Griswold, W.A.
456 Nelson Street
Victoria, BC
V9A 6P4

Queen

Bradley, G.
3200 College Avenue
Regina, Saskatchewan
S4T 1V9

Discovery

Campbell, Brooke
96 Bonnymuir Drive
West Vancouver, BC
V7S 1L2

Unicorn

Belak, Z.D.
456 - 750 Spadina Crescent E
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
S7K 3H3

Chippawa

Robinson, R.J.
169 Hendon Avenue
Winnipeg, Manitoba
R3R 2C1

Nonsuch

Schofield, G.A.
8223 185th Street
Edmonton, Alberta
T5T 1G9

Tecumseh

Abbott, F.F.
2315 8th Street SW
Calgary, Alberta
T2T 3A1

ASSOCIATION OF UNTD WHITE TWIST CLUBS

WESTERN REGION YEAR LEADERS

1945 - 1950

Cowen, S.C.
3849 Merrimann Drive
Victoria, BC
V8P 2S8

1955 - 1956

Butt, J.C.
4070 Bowness Road NW
Calgary, Alberta
T3B 3R7

1961

Fournier, L.J.
2970 Altamont Crescent
West Vancouver, BC
V7V 3C1

1965 - 1966

Cooper, D.R.E.
1272 Queensbury Avenue
Victoria, BC
V8P 2E2

1951 - 1952

Rae, D.
600 Queen Avenue
Portage La Prairie, Manito
R1N 0W6

1957 - 1958

Neroutsos, P.
412 - 645 Fort Street
Victoria, BC
V8W 1G2

1962

Brown, W.J.
38 Owen Boulevard
Willowdale, Ontario
M2P 1E9

1967 - 1968

Hanson, R.E.
304-2168 West 2nd Avenue
Vancouver, BC
V6K 1H6

1953 - 1954

Underhill, J.G.G.
182 Beach Drive
Victoria, BC
V8S 2L7

1959 - 1960

Belak, Z.D.
456-750 Spadina Crescent E
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
S7K 3H3

1963 - 1964

Schofield, G.A.
8223 185th Street
Edmonton, Alberta
T5T 1G9



U.N.T.D. REGALIA LIST

U.N.T.D. PINS	in town	\$ 5.00
(Brass)	out of town	\$10.00
U.N.T.D. TIES	in town	\$15.00
(Blue with Crests)	out of town	\$18.00
U.N.T.D. CRESTS	in town	\$20.00
(Wirewoven 4½x4")	out of town	\$23.00

The above are available from:

Dr. Phil Neroutsos	or	LCDR. Duncan MacRae
#412 - 645 Fort St.		XO HMCS Malahat
Victoria, B.C.		FMO Victoria, B.C.
V8W 1G2		VOS 1B0

Send cheques made out to the MALAHAT WHITE TWIST CLUB
stating items wanted.

The Last Evening: Esquimalt

In the evening a sailor appears
Heels click softly on asphalt as
Road lifts and comes upon
Concrete clearing on rocky point
High over water
Where years ago they waited for a speck
Waiting high over still water
Three shapes sit silent and square looking over the brow,
For them the time is always past.
August moon sifts slim grasses down the hill, and far below
Black rocks like ancient washerwomen hunched over water.
He looks across his navy's main street
Eyes review a dotted line of lights
Perhaps Port Angeles
Gentle reassurance of coexistence
And deep in distance
A white lump of mountains sits coolly
Between him and them the air is clear and cold
Like the distance between you and a stranger,
For them the time is always now.
Lights a cigarette, thinks of the next day
End of training
Walks around the battlement, hops down
Heels click softly on asphalt as
He disappears into the night.

B. KAY

THE WHITE TWIST

— 1952 Edition —



*Published by the Cadets of the Royal Canadian Navy
and Royal Canadian Naval Reserve from the
University Naval Training Divisions at:*

BRUNSWICKER
CABOT
CARLETON
CATARATQUI
CHIPPAWA
DISCOVERY
DONNACONA

GRIFFON
HUNTER
MALAHAT
NONSUCH
PREVOST

QUEEN
QUEEN CHARLOTTE
SCOTIAN
STAR
TECUMSEH
UNICORN
YORK

And the Canadian Services Colleges:

ROYAL ROADS

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE

On Summer Training at the Reserve Training Establishments:

H.M.C.S. STADACONA, HALIFAX
H.M.C. DOCKYARD, ESQUIMALT



Published by kind permission of Commodore K. F. Adams, C.D., R.C.N.





From The Chief of Naval Staff

The past year has witnessed the growing strength of NATO countries and the whole of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization both in terms of military might and improved morale born out of greater confidence in the future.

This increased sense of security has a natural reaction in our reluctance to pay the cost—high taxes and the need to give our services to our country.

There is nothing which can support the view that the Communist long term aims have changed. Their aims, clearly stated by their leaders, remain as before. I am convinced, however, that in any test of strength we shall win, providing we both understand the nature of the threat and are willing to pay the price of full co-operation with other members of NATO.

Part of the cost and the part I am vitally interested in, is the maintenance of Canada's Navy. We need a strong Navy served by well-trained officers and men, capable of assisting our Allies in gaining and training control of the sea lines of communication so that in emergency, our forces and equipment may be sent to the aid of those countries threatened and at the same time ensure that raw materials essential to the industries of North America may reach our shores.

You may choose to serve Canada by joining the Permanent Force through the University Naval Training Divisions. The Navy needs a constantly increasing number of young men as officers, and today there are excellent opportunities. No doubt you are well aware of the methods of entry and the programme for assistance to candidates in the completion of their university courses. If you do not choose to enter the Permanent Force, you may do your part in the Reserve and I do not underestimate the importance of the part which the Reserves must play and have played in Canada's wartime Navy.

You are, no doubt, well aware that in a democracy it is necessary to rely upon the Reserves to build up Canada's forces to the strength required as soon as possible after mobilization. This means that our Reserves must be well trained and keep themselves constantly up to date with current developments.

It is my hope that the Navy will, within the next year or two, be in a position to place greater emphasis upon Reserves and to offer them more adequate opportunities for training with the Fleet.

Apart from our contribution to the Armed forces of Canada, it is essential that both you and I understand the threat with which we are faced today and pass on our understanding and knowledge to others so that Canada is prepared to accept the price of continued peace.

May I thank the Editors for this opportunity to express my thoughts and wish the Naval Training Divisions every success in the coming year.

E. R. MAINGUY,
Chief of the Naval Staff.

CANGEN 170



ON THE BRIDGE

The Royal Canadian Navy has opened a new door to the Cadets of Canadian Service Colleges and Universities who intend to make their career in the Navy.

If you were sixteen but not over twenty-one on the first day of January of the year you started at a Canadian Services College or a University, you are eligible for this scheme.

If you are a Cadet who has successfully completed both second summer Naval training and two or more years (after Senior Matriculation level) at a Canadian Services College or at a University—you can now be enrolled as an Executive Midshipman on full duties in the Naval Service.

If you are a Cadet who has successfully completed both first summer Naval Training and at least one year at a Canadian Services College or a University—you can now be enrolled as a Cadet in one of three categories:

- (1) A Cadet may complete two years of a General Arts course, and then join the Fleet as an Executive Midshipman.
- (2) A Cadet may complete to degree standing in an Engineering Course, and then join the Fleet as an Acting Sub/Lieutenant. Moreover, CANSERVCOL Cadets may be authorized to proceed to a selected University for one year over and above their regular four-year course, and receive a degree in Engineering.
- (3) A Cadet may complete three or four years, as degree completion requires, of a technical or other specialist course as required by the Navy.

To be eligible for any one of these three cate-

gories, you must have completed at least Senior Matriculation in your last term at University.

Of particular interest to students in Medicine, is the fact that the new plan allows the Cadets to enrol for the last four years of his study, and the intern year is counted in the last four.

Seniority in Commissioned rank between all these schemes will be equated upon graduation.

Enrolment in any one of these schemes brings valuable financial benefits to successful candidates. Tuition is paid in full by the R.C.N. A gratuity of thirty dollars per month for the first year after enrolment is allowed. This gratuity is in addition to the regular subsistence allowance of sixty-five dollars per month. For book and instrument allowance, medical students receive seventy-five dollars per academic year while all other students receive fifty dollars. During summer training periods, Cadets will draw the pay of an Acting Sub/Lieutenant.

If you are successful when you apply for one of the above schemes you will be enrolled in the Regular Force for an indefinite period of engagement. Indefinite period means on a permanent or career basis at the Queen's pleasure, the same terms under which career Commissioned Officers serve. However, on completion of three years service after the termination of academic training, an individual will be permitted to resign his Commission, provided that a period of national emergency does not exist.

For more detailed information about these schemes you can contact your Commandant of the Services College or Commanding Officer of your University Naval Training Division.

"No. 1 C.F.U."

THE SKYS THE LIMIT

Until this year, flying for Naval Cadets had been considered as strictly an East Coast evolution. Now, thanks to the commendable efforts of Lt. D. McKenzie and Lt. W. Davidson, West Coast Cadets are able to avail themselves of the opportunity of taking to the air in two gleaming Harvard trainers. This organization, known as CADET FLYING UNIT No. 1, and located at Patricia Bay, enabled over three hundred Cadets to take to the air for forty-minute hops for a look at Victoria from the air, and a chance to find out some of the things that are involved in flying an aircraft. The object of the exercise was to familiarize Cadets with flying in general, and to awaken interest in the increasingly important Fleet Air Arm. The response was immediate and enthusiastic. It is hoped that next year the group will be able to carry out an expanded program. Cadets are indebted to Lts. McKenzie and Davidson for flawless demonstrations of the fine points of flying, and acquainting the odd Cadet with the fact that there are other things in this world as unaccountable and as urgent as seasickness.



LT. MACKENZIE AND CADET J. NORMAN

★ FROGMEN

Let no one say that the courses available to Cadets during their period of summer training are dull or lack excitement. This year on the West Coast, for instance, one of the more unusual courses in which Cadets took part was the Frog Man course. Candidates for this instruction had to meet some fairly stiff requirements; all their required courses and sea training had to have been completed, they had to pass a Diver's Medical examination, have above average swimming ability, and be accepted by the Diving Officer.

Once enrolled, the students first had to acquire a comprehensive knowledge of the construction, maintenance, and operation of shallow water equipment. Lectures, drills, and practical study gave Cadets this background. Having mastered these fundamentals, a definite under-water job was assigned. The task might be anything from cutting through a steel plate with a special under-water cutting torch, to working out "plumber's puzzles" below surface. All this makes for confidence and ability to think while down below.

The purpose behind all this under water training is to make available technicians in the art of rendering mines safe, which leads to the final phase of Frog Man instruction. Here are studied demolition principles as well as identification of the various types of mines and "booby traps."

Everyone who took the course agreed that it was both interesting and educational, and that the only thing that can be said against it is that it makes ordinary surface swimming seem rather dull and commonplace in comparison.



CADET VAL HINCH EXPLAINS FROGMAN SUIT

SURGEONS

The Medical Branch of the Royal Canadian Navy has its part in the training scheme for Cadets at both coasts.

At the West Coast, medical students in the early years of their study were trained in the various departments of the Royal Canadian Naval Hospital in H.M.-C.S. "Naden." Time is also spent in Sick Bay, working on Medical Records, in the Laboratory, in the Operating Room, and with the X-Ray equipment. The Surgeon Cadets attended a series of formal lectures, films and demonstrations given by

RCNH staff. The "meds" also saw duty afloat with the Training Task Group and in "Ontario."

Senior Surgeon Cadets had the opportunity of standing regular interne watches in the Naval

Hospital wards, spending six-week periods at St. Joseph's Hospital and the D.V.A. Hospital as well. This valuable experience was one of the outstanding features of Surgeon Cadet training.



Working under Training Officer Lt. Cdr. W. McCorkrell, and assured always of the help and advice of term Lieutenant W. Jackson, this year's group of Surgeon Cadets count their summer training

as four months well spent on the hard professional road they travel.

LES CADETS MEDICAUX

CADET CLAUDE GRODIN,

3rd Year, Surgeon Cadet.

Un fait est à remarquer à Halifax cet été. C'est que la plupart des cadets de troisième année de langue française font partie de la branche médicale. C'est donc que la branch a pris une importance qui ne fera que s'accroître, si on en juge par le nombre de futurs médecins parmi les cadets de première année.

"Mais qu'est-ce que cette branche médicale," pourraient se dire les non-initiés. Qu'est-ce qu'un cadet médical? Que diable viennent-ils foutre dans la marine? On semble croire qu'un officier médical n'est bon qu'à donner des permissions et des excuses, que la clinique est le meilleur endroit pour passer le temps, en même temps que très utile pour l'approvisionnement de certains instruments très appréciés pour certaines actions. (On est marin ou on ne l'est pas.) Mais il y a plus. On dit que le médecin est parfois appelé à jouer le rôle du prêtre. N'est-ce pas le cas du médecin de bord? Un marin vit avec des compagnons qui ont leurs propres problèmes et qui ne sont pas disposés à écouter les petites misères des autres. Il y a l'officier de division. Mais on hésite à aller le trouver. On aime mieux se montrer devant lui à son meilleur et non pas sous le coup d'une dépression; on a un peu peur du rapport qui pourrait s'en suivre. Mais il n'y a pas de crainte avec l'officier médical. Il n'a pas de rapport à faire et il a le temps d'aider.

Et nous, cadets de la branche médicale, que faisons-nous? L'ouvrage qui nous est assignée dépend du nombre d'années passées à l'université. Tout d'abord, plusieurs nous ont rencontré à la clinique. Là, nous assistons les gardes-malades et les infirmiers.

D'autres cadets travaillent aux dossiers. Ils passent de grandes journées à écrire sur divers papiers les résultats d'examen médicaux effectués à l'hôpital. Ils ont ainsi l'occasion de lire les rapports des médecins sur divers genres de maladies, ce qui pourra leur servir plus tard. De plus, ils se familiarisent avec les liasses de documents et de rapports, pratique si chère à la marine.

Mais ce qui nous intéresse le plus, c'est l'examen médical annuel de chacun des membres de la marine, officiers comme marins. C'est une tâche d'importance, et qui dure plusieurs semaines, employant plus d'une douzaine de cadets. Le tout consiste tout d'abord à mesurer et à peser le patient, à lui examiner la vue, à faire une analyse chimique de son sang et de son urine, à lui donner un piqûre de T.A.B.T.D., à le vacciner au besoin, puis à lui prendre un Rayon-X.

Les cadets infirmiers ont donc quelque chose à faire ici; ils ont leur place dans la marine. A chacun sa tâche!

★ *Technical Branches* ★

ENGINEERS

Some people despise them, some people tolerate them and some people enjoy them. To some people they are the biggest "scullers" in the service, to others they play their part and to some they are indispensable. Despite what others think, Engineers are exceptionally proud of their Branch, and among Cadets they have a strong representation.

The work of the Engineering Branch is obscure to most people. Their responsibilities and duties are many in number, the most important of which, is the maintenance and operation of the main propulsion machinery. The Engineering Department also looks after the ship's hull and fittings, diesel and turbo generators, refrigeration, air compressors, small boat engines, and steam for cooking and heating purposes. All of the water used for the engines, for cooking and for drinking at sea, is distilled in the engine room. The personnel must be efficient and experienced in the technical and practical aspects of their department.

1952 was one of the finest training years for Engineering Cadets as they came from the Universities across Canada, Royal Roads and the Royal Military College. On August 1st, six of the

class left for home, and later, further training at the Royal Naval Engineering College in Keyham, England, as Midshipmen (E).

The course began with machine shop practice at Royal Roads followed by a five-week cruise on board H.M.C.S. Ontario. The cruise went to San Diego, Vancouver, Prince Rupert and Juneau. The Engineers had practical experience in all of the branch departments, since the cruiser furnished a complete picture of the machinery in operation and the duties of an Engineering Officer.

Back again in the R.T.E., they ran up against a solid wall of routine and for the first few days it was confusion plus. After the initiation, however, they settled down to a steady pattern of lectures (more aptly Duty Sleeping Periods) and you could almost say they enjoyed the brief period dashore. The thought of the final exam had everyone worried—perhaps it was a good time to wake up.

Time flew fast at R.T.E. with a continual round of parties and the Friday night stampedes at Vic High. Soon there were prospects of another cruise aboard the destroyer Sioux and the end of a successful summer's training for the Cadets (E).



Cadet George Bot Explains Changing Routine of Oil Sprayers
in One of Ontario's Boiler-rooms to Cadet Art Griffin.

ELECTRICALS

An orphan division was adopted by the Manager of Electrical Engineering, West Coast, this summer. For the first time in the history of the U.N.T.D., Electrical Cadets were posted to Esquimalt in spite of the fact that the Navy's only Electrical training centre is at Stadacona.

Headquarters decided that due to the shortage of instructors during the summer season and the shortage of time available to Cadets, an adequate course in electrical theory could not be offered to Cadets by the school. Thus an experiment would be attempted. A small number of Cadets would be posted to the West Coast where they would be employed as Electricians Mates, training on the job, assuming that the theoretical training gained at Varsity would suffice.

Upon arrival at the Coast, the Electrical Cadets spent three weeks in rotation between the office of the Manager of Electrical Engineering, the Electronics shop, the Electrical shop, and the Gun Mounting shop. Much diversified experience was had at the various positions. In the office, the Cadets were engaged in checking and filing "Defects lists" and "Alterations and Additions" lists, compiling conversion lists of electrical equipment for various ships in refit, and drafting. In the Electronics shop, each Cadet was introduced to the feats of trouble-shooting in transreceiver sets, power amplifiers, and radar sets. The Electrical shop and Gun Mounting shop unveiled to the Cadets the intricacies of motor and generator windings and of gun mounting wirings.

Late in May, the Electrical division was posted to H.M.C.S. Ontario for departmental training. For most, this was novel, as on board the big ship, the Cadets were regarded as Junior Officers in training and enjoyed privileges as such.

The ship's Electrical Office distributed the five Cadets among the Radio Maintenance Room, the High Power Work shop, the Low Power Work shop and the Engine Room maintenance department. One week was spent in each of these departments.

During that month, valuable training was gained, for the Cadets worked under existing conditions in a warship and on authentic jobs. The occupations varied from changing light bulbs to repairing radar and radio sets and included the daily maintenance and repair of electrical gear.

On leaving the ship, the Cadets once more returned to R.T.E. and the guiding hand of the M.E.E. The first major operation was the dismantling of radar sets of H.M.C.S. "Cayuga," after which, Radio II and Radio IV. of H.M.C.S. "Ontario" were entirely renovated with modern transreceivers. Very shortly afterward, work was started on H.M.C.S. "Athabaskan" and finally the Dockyard radio stores. The latter provided extensive opportunity for acquainting Cadets with all types of radio components. It was here that the Electrical Cadets undertook to devise a simplified card cataloguing system of electronic components for H.M.C.S. "Cayuga." If this scheme proves to be satisfactory upon the recommissioning of the "Cayuga," it may be made standard for all R.C.N. ships. This would eliminate the duplication of hundreds of electronic components and thus economize on valuable space and weight.

The new Electrical training scheme has undergone a trial, and has undoubtedly proven to be enjoyable to the trainees, since no examinations were given. However, it remains to Headquarters to decide if such training shall be deemed adequate to mould an officer with a green stripe.

Breaker Control Board. Wally Harasym Operates Sea-plane Crane-breaker as Johnny Skeaff Stands By.



2nd and 3rd YEAR SUPPLY

The Cadets that were seen trundling over to Naden every day with QRCN's under their arms belonged to that miopic, good natured happy-go-lucky branch of the service known as the Supply Branch. Without which, I might add for the benefit of Executive Cadets who might not know, the officers and men of the Royal Canadian Navy would go unpaid, naked, hungry and thirsty.

"E" Company came from all parts of the Dominion. It contained introverts, extroverts, endomorphs, ectomorphs, mesomorphs, as well as the odd type that defies any sort of classification whatsoever. Our interests were many and varied. We were interested in: girls, baseball, sex, tennis, women, literature, having a good time at a beach party, music, magazines, sculling and even the RCN.

We went breezing through our six weeks supply course in Supply where we were taught the nucleus of what it takes a commerce student four years to learn, but with that particular naval slant. So the marks **were** low—heck, how could we learn all that and still keep up our many and varied interests?

We learned how to stow rum casks, how to add and subtract, how to slaughter livestock, how to measure the spirit issue, how a court martial

works, how to measure the strength of rum, how to juggle the books, and how to water rum for grog.

The Supply types came to be known not only as the intellects and cosmopolites of R.T.E., but also as the athletes. "E-1" and "E-2" took first place in the Supply School Track Meet, and "E-3" and "E-4" were first in the RTE-ROYAL ROADS track meet.

Second only to our record in athletics, studies, and social activities, was our reputation on the parade deck which managed always to draw some witty little quip from one officer or another or perhaps an unsympathetic G.I. Slack party has been a huge success this year for the members of "E" company and there is an ever growing loyal alumni following this august and exclusive group. It is also a wonderful place for meeting new people, all drawn together at the same hours for the same purpose. What a spirit of comradeship arises within us at the sight of so many travellers along life's more rocky path.

In concluding, may I comfort all new entries who, when asked to read the letters of the eye chart, stare at the blurred wall and are speechless, . . . Cheer up, Boys! The Supply Branch is fine, and a lot of fun too.



CADET HOWIE FLEMING: Assistant to the Chief of Staff's Secretary.

ORDNANCE

The Ordnance Cadets were six in number this year, four second year and two third year Cadets. The two third year Cadets had the honour of paving the way for the first third year course offered by the Ordnance School.

The Ordnance Branch is responsible for the maintenance of all weapons; that is, to ensure that they will operate when required. The Cadets therefore do a fair amount of practical work in the line of stripping down, testing and assisting in the repairing and routine (oiling and greasing) of the armament. The cruises in the main, are composed of this form of instruction while the School gives the theory behind the design and operation of the machines.

The summer started with a five-week cruise in H.M.C.S. "Ontario" during which we visited San Diego, Vancouver, Juneau and Prince Rupert.

Although the cruise was enjoyable, much practical work was undertaken. The third year Cadets worked on torpedoes, fire control, installations, and six-inch gunnery, while the second year Cadets had close-range weapons, four-inch gunnery, and six-inch gunnery.

We then returned to the school and started our respective courses, each of eight weeks duration. The second year course was very similar to the course given last year, consisting mainly of classwork and theory, while the new third year course was almost entirely practical.

A new addition to the course was the "Explosive Disposal Unit" section. Here all Ordnance Cadets received one and one half weeks instruction. The underwater training phase of this course proved to be the most interesting.

CONSTRUCTOR

Two English and Two French speaking Cadets formed the training group in the Construction branch, HMC Dockyard, Halifax, this summer. The training was under the supervision of Constructor Commander C. V. Green and Lieut. Cdr. C. Booth.

The two English Cadets were W. T. Swyer from Nova Scotia Technical College and A. H. Abbott from the University of New Brunswick. Cadets P. Beaudry from University of McGill and Y. Dagenais from University of Montreal.

For acceptance into the Construction Branch a Cadet must be in his second year of summer training and taking a course in Civil Engineering at his respective college.

This was the first year the Construction branch was open to Cadets. The syllabus was drawn up by M.C.D. and briefly was as follows:

"The first five weeks were spent with the Hull Inspector, next two and a half with H. G. Ivany on Tribal Class Destroyers. One and a half weeks were spent in each of the three shops (Boiler shop, Plumbing shop and Shipwright shop). One week was also spent in the Paint shop and Boat-swain department.

It is the wish of these Constructor Cadets that those who follow them will enjoy and take as much pride in the Branch as they have.



Maintenance of Depth Setting Gear on Ontario's Torpedo Tubes.
Aubrey Ward and Tom Deacon.

IN THE *Gunroom*

To relations, girl friends and other associates of Naval Cadets across the country, the "Gunroom" is a mysterious quantity, often mentioned but rarely described. The "Gunroom" has neither guns nor any other offensive weapons but rather is a lounge equivalent to the Naval Officers Ward room and the Army Officer's Mess. Upon the walls are usually to be found pictures of Cadet life and sea-lore in general. In one corner will stand the inevitable bar, and, close by, a radio-phonograph. Like other messes, various rules compiled by committees of the members govern the actions of the Cadets within the Gunroom. Besides the lounge facilities, the Gunroom, as an organization, arranges various social and other activities.

This year on the West Coast, the first big function was the General Mess Smoker held early in June which was a "lively" success with an open bar and Cadet entertainment. Later in June, a Ball was held on the Royal Roads quarter deck—a setting that is almost impossible to surpass for its beauty and dignity. In the Gunroom itself, the Committee purchased three irons so its members could have that "well-pressed" look. Also sponsored by the Gunroom, was the Library which has now expanded to four hundred and thirty-two volumes including an *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. To enliven the final day of the cruises, "Banyan" parties were held in Bedwell Harbour, all of which were organized and subsidized by the Gunroom. Throughout the summer, as various Cadets "visited" the Royal Canadian Naval Hospital, representatives of the Gunroom Executive took small comforts to their recumbent contemporaries. In appreciation of his services as Wine Caterer, Tom Hutchings was presented with a wedding gift as was John McMillan who had served as social secretary. In these and other activities, the Gunroom Executive, led by President Bill Law with Vic Fast as Treasurer and Bill

Howie as Secretary, showed themselves to be conscientious workers.

The busy days for the Stadacona Gunroom mess committee began in early June when Cadets began preparations for the visit of four hundred United States Midshipmen from Annapolis. A command ball was planned, with each Cadet securing two dates, and more or less taking two Middies under his wing for the night. Gunroom president Aubrey Russell was in Virginia on Operation Camid, so the organization fell upon the shoulders of Ron Boucher, vice-president. Command Ball Mark II was a complete success, with practically every Cadet at "Stad" attending or helping on the numerous committees. Volunteers were heaviest for the job of serving punch, but a select dependable group were scrupulously picked by the Committee.

With the dance came picnics and return engagements for the Middies. When they sailed away after four days the Gunroom turned to giving Mess dinners for eight divisions. This year's Mess dinners were really events, with four wines and four courses served, the last usually a delicious "Baked Alaska."

On June twenty-eighth the French speaking Cadets were hosts to the rest of Stadacona at "un cocktail" in the Gunroom from five to eight. The celebrants then had their own banquet, after which dancing and refreshments were served to the hangers on, and there were many!

Two more command balls, two more receptions after the Cadet Variety Shows and the perennial smokers rounded off a gay summer. Cadet Norm Hall and John Guyon were the social conveners, and took the strain of organizing the date lists, advertising and collecting funds. The man who worried about the bills, and they were huge, was Mess Sec S/Lt. John Toogood. All together, this year's Mess Committee made the Gunroom an enjoyable place for relaxation (?) after the brouaha of the usual Stadacona day.



COMMAND
BALL
AT
HALIFAX

Navy Day

AT VICTORIA

There is a day set aside every year by the Royal Canadian Navy for the express purpose of showing the people of Canada just what is taking place in their expanding naval service, and this day is known from Halifax to Esquimalt as "Navy Day." The participants in this year's Navy Day (the twenty-sixth of July), kept up a growing tradition by putting forth an all-out effort to better the records set in previous years by their shipmates, and their success in so doing will be attested by the thousands of Canadians who observed and cheered.

In Victoria, the Naval Cadets played a big part in the festivities. The Bugle Band from the Reserve Training Establishment stood out conspicuously during the mammoth parade in the morning. Their smartness and skill won the applause of the hundreds of Victorians who lined the streets to watch them pass in review. Later in the day, the band took part in the very impressive sunset ceremonies held in Beacon Hill Park. Earlier, Cadets from Royal Roads competed in a gun carriage race against the ships company of H.M.C.S. "Ontario." Another group of R.T.E. Cadets took part in a pantomime featuring several well known and not so well known sea chanties. Aboard H.M.C.S. "Antigonish" and "Beacon Hill" Cadets showed visitors around the ship during the arranged cruises and acted as guides for the rest of the day.

All in all, Navy Day was a huge success at the West Coast and the Cadets were glad of the opportunity to play their part, as their hard work and enthusiasm won for them a lion's share of the plaudits.



CADET BAND FROM R.T.E. PARADES THROUGH VICTORIA

AT HALIFAX

Navy Day at Halifax has always been an occasion for parades, bands and cheering thousands, and on Saturday the second of August the R.C.N. outdid itself for Haligonians and visitors to put on an elaborate spectacle, the biggest Navy Day celebration in seven years. "All the ships at sea" returned to port for the weekend, opened wide their gangplanks to visitors. On hand were R.C.N. ships, the U.S. heavy cruiser "Columbus" plus four escorting destroyers, and a British submarine, the "Alderney."

Puffs of orange smoke, gun blasts and chemical fog filled the air when a mock battle was staged between H.M.S. "Alderney," H.M.C.S. "Crescent" and twelve naval aircraft. Hundreds of spectators crowded jetties and roads around the dockyard to watch as the submarine crash dived under fire from the aircraft and then returned to attack the destroyer.

Unlike previous years, which usually featured a Cadet route march of elephantine proportions, U.N.T.D. participation consisted of two crack field-gun crews, drafted from "Huron" division. Under command of Sub. Lt. Morton they pulled the guns through the city to the Garrison Grounds, where a field-gun exercise was carried out, their precision being noted by the assembled multitudes.

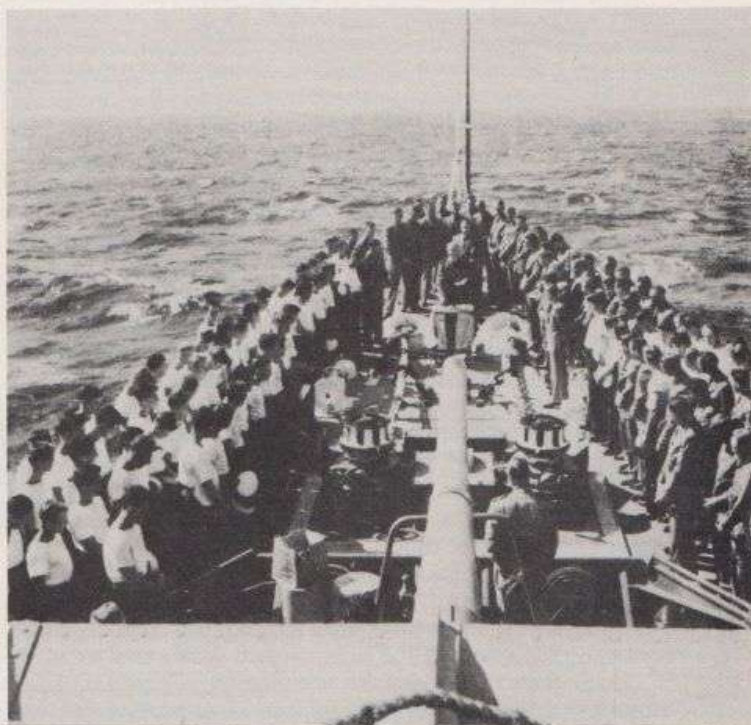


H.M.C.S. CRESCENT LAYS DOWN SMOKE SCREEN IN HALIFAX HARBOUR

CRUISE WEST

Lured on by stories of the trips to Hawaii in 1951, Cadets on the West Coast this year, held high hopes of seeing more distant romantic lands. Cruise Able was bound for Juneau, Alaska, and other ports in northern British Columbia and Alaska. Northward to the land of totem poles and fjords. The second Cruise changed direction and went south to Long Beach and adjacent Los Angeles where the Cadets visited some of the more well-known attractions and some not so well known. Cruise Charlie also went south to neighbouring San Diego and not a few of the Cadets made the trip across the border to Tijuana, Mexico. And of course, all the cruises spent their first two weeks in Bedwell Harbour, that gem of the Pacific. Because the training undergone on the three cruises was essentially the same, Cruise Able is here presented in some detail as representative of summer training afloat.

Early on the morning of Monday the 12th of May, the first West Coast training cruise began as forty Cadets from the Reserve Training Establishment went on board H.M.C.S. "Sioux." The other Cadets proceeded on board the frigates "Beacon Hill" and "Antigonish" later in the same week and commenced preparing the ships for sea. The actual cruise started the following week on Tuesday, May 20th, when the Sioux and Antigonish proceeded to Bedwell Harbour, for training in the form of lectures and practical instruction.



MORNING PRAYERS ON THE FOC'SLE

The main purpose in the cruise for first year Cadets, was to try to attain the general knowledge and seamanship capabilities of an Able Seaman. Nearly every class was of a practical nature, and after a few days of work aboard ship, every one was talking like old hands. New words were being added to vocabularies every day.

Because the Beacon Hill was still undergoing her annual refit, she was unable to proceed with the others to Bedwell Harbour. Antigonish after a short stay joined this category when she was forced to return to Esquimalt because of evaporator trouble. However, she soon returned to Bedwell. While there, life was anything but dull as pulling and sailing teams were organized and the opening games of a softball league were played. Another spare time activity was the painting of the Sioux's name above that of the Crusader (in bigger and bolder letters, of course) on the rocky walls of Mount Norman.

On May 26th, the two ships moved out of Bedwell Harbour and started north along the east side of Vancouver Island with Prince Rupert as their immediate destination. On the way up, the Cadets were introduced to the duties of sea watches such as standing at the helm, standing lookout watches and engaging in drills as seaboard's crew. The route was ideal for instruction in pilotage and a good deal of time was spent on the bridge taking "fixes" on the numerous landmarks along the coast.



CADETS OPERATE OERLIKON GUNS

Overnight stops were made at various points including Nanoose Bay and Port McNeill. This practise left the Cadets with ample time for "skylarks," and one evening it was decided that the Sioux was badly in need of a coat of paint on her bows. The task was completed swiftly and efficiently by the more than willing Cadets in Antigonish and upon admiring their handiwork the next morning, they found to their surprise that they had been much more successful than they had thought or planned; they had used pink paint.

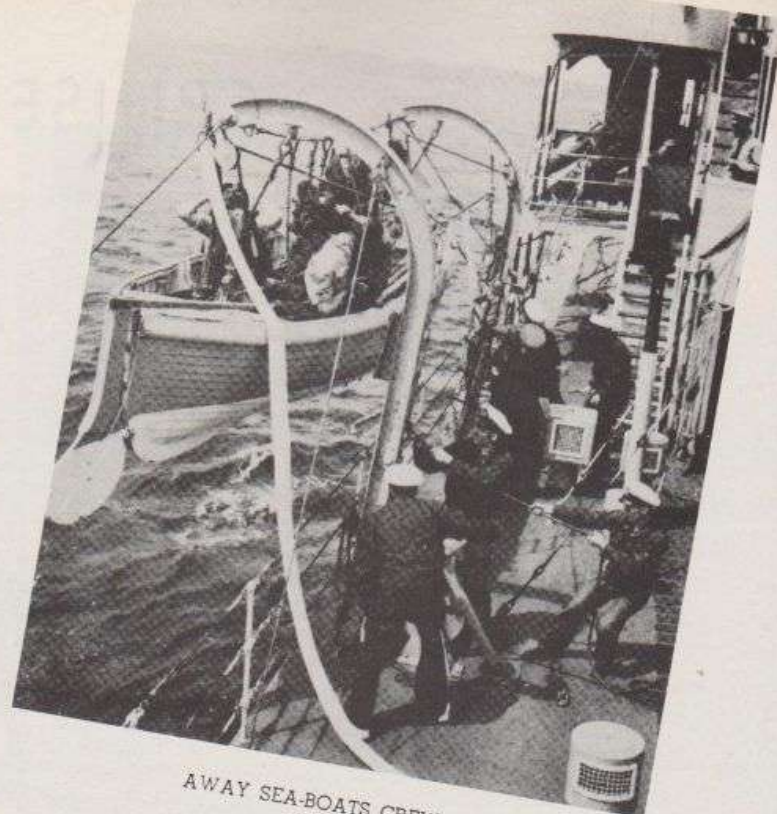
Since the cruise was made almost entirely in coastal waters, there were many opportunities to work on pilotage, the knowledge of which was another prime objective. It was rather exciting to be doing navigation under actual conditions. Pilotage also gave them ample opportunity to observe the beautiful scenery along the coast. It was unfortunate that the weather did not hold, for the sky was overcast all the time and it rained almost every day.

While the Antigonish stopped off at Port Hardy to await the arrival of the Beacon Hill, the Sioux proceeded alone to Prince Rupert and arrived there on Thursday, May 28th, the frigates arriving two days later. The Beacon Hill's stay was cut short when she was called out late the same night to search for a mine that was reported to be off the coast near Prince Rupert. The other more fortunate Cadets who remained in port, were taken on a tour of the cellulose plant near the city. A visitor's day was held on Sunday with the Navy playing host to the citizens and whenever possible the visitors were taken on tours of the ships by Cadets and members of the Ship's company.

On Monday, June 2nd, the two ships slipped and continued up the inland passage. They were rejoined later the same day by the Beacon Hill, who reported that the "mine" in question had been a buoy. Evolutions were commenced the same day, with Antigonish being towed by Sioux. The trip to Juneau Alaska, was then made non-stop and the three ships arrived there on the afternoon of June 4th.

The stay in Juneau was highlighted by a dance given for the Cadets and ships' companies on the night of their arrival. Cadets were also taken on a sightseeing tour of the surrounding countryside, including a visit to a glacier.

The return trip was begun on June 6th, with the ships travelling by the open sea, down the west side of Vancouver Island. Inter-ship competitive evolutions were conducted en route, as the Cadets raced against time rigging shear legs,



AWAY SEA-BOATS CREW

ammunition derricks, dan buoys, sounding booms, and many others. Towing forward, towing aft, and passing a jackstay were also practised.

Gunnery training was given and was highlighted by a shoot held on Sunday, June 8th. Cadet gun crews manned and fired the ships' heavy armament with surprising accuracy and efficiency. The "Bofors" were also manned with each Cadet firing five rounds. These activities terminated with an anti-submarine display; the two frigates firing depth charges and the Sioux firing her still-secret Squid bombs.

The final week of the Cruise was spent at Bedwell Harbour completing the Cadets' training syllabus. Competitive drills were also exercised to see who would fly the coveted "Cock o' the Walk" on the return to Esquimalt. The final competition was the regatta held Thursday afternoon, which included whaler and dinghy races and ended with a canoe race. "Antigonish" swept all events and by Thursday night there was no doubt as to who was "Cruise Champion." That evening the traditional "Banyan" party was held, with Cadets and officers from the three ships attending successfully completing Cruise Able.



CRUISE EAST

The welcome accorded to the Canadian ships "Crescent" (Cdr. J. C. Littler, R.C.N.), "Swansea" (Lt.-Cdr. J. R. Coulter, R.C.N.) and "La Hullose" (Lt.-Cdr. McDonald, R.C.N.), as they entered Dieppe on the afternoon of Bastille Day will remain long in our memories. To the cheering crowds lining the mole, the embankments, the quays and the neighbouring buildings, the sight of Canadian ships being piped into harbour by a pibroch must have recalled not only the Liberation of September, 1944, and the raid of August, 1942, but also ancestral pride in these sons of the Canada they had helped to build.

As quickly as the crowd would permit, a cadet guard under Lieut. S. G. Machan, R.C.N., and three platoons of men were landed. A band consisting of Dieppois, young and old, dressed in vivid blue uniforms formed at the head of the parade commanded by Lt.-Cdr. D. L. Davies, R.C.N. A march of three-quarters of a mile through the streets thronged with cheering onlookers brought the parade to the "Monument aux Morts" where the Mayor and other civic dignitaries together with representatives of veterans' organizations were waiting.

While the guard was being marched off, introductions were made between the Dieppe authorities and the Canadian officers participating. To conclude the interval, a young lady of more than passing beauty presented Commander Task Group with a spray of flowers as a token of honour. This was later placed at the memorial.

The three Captains from the Royal Canadian Navy then marched up to the monument and laid wreaths. Cadet J. P. E. Colombe sounded the Last Post, Cadets D. G. Kennedy and A. J. MacGillivray played the infinitely sad "Flowers of the Forest" and Cadet Coulombe concluded with Reveille. The simple ceremony ended with a prayer and benediction pronounced by Father MacKinnon.

In the evening, leave was granted to all who could be spared, so that the training squadron might contribute its maximum to the celebrations of France's National Day. The city tendered a dinner at which the three captains, Cdr. Littler and two R.C.A.F. officers representing the Canadian Ambassador were honoured guests. Whatever may have befallen France since 1939, no one can deny that her cooking and her wines are unsurpassed. It was a very happy and replete group who walked through the streets of Dieppe to the Cathedral Square to view a superb display of pyrotechnics as offered by the local Fire Brigade, and later back to the ships, lying quietly outside the town.

In 1639, three sisters of the Hotel Dieu, Dieppe, journeyed to Canada to found the Hotel Dieu of Quebec City. In July, 1942, many Canadians who had returned to Dieppe by the cruel path of war, were nursed in the original hospital. These and many other ties were noted on Tuesday when the sisters welcomed one hundred or more officers

and men to a garden party and tour of the hospital. It was very pleasant and restful to sit in the sun, to sip golden wine and to talk of Canada and France and of the lasting values that unite them. All the while an orchestra provided a perfect background and the sisters rustled about plying their guests with refreshments. An eloquent speech by the chairman of the Hospital Board was replied to by C.T.G., first in French and then in English, where we noticed more of the authority to which we were accustomed.

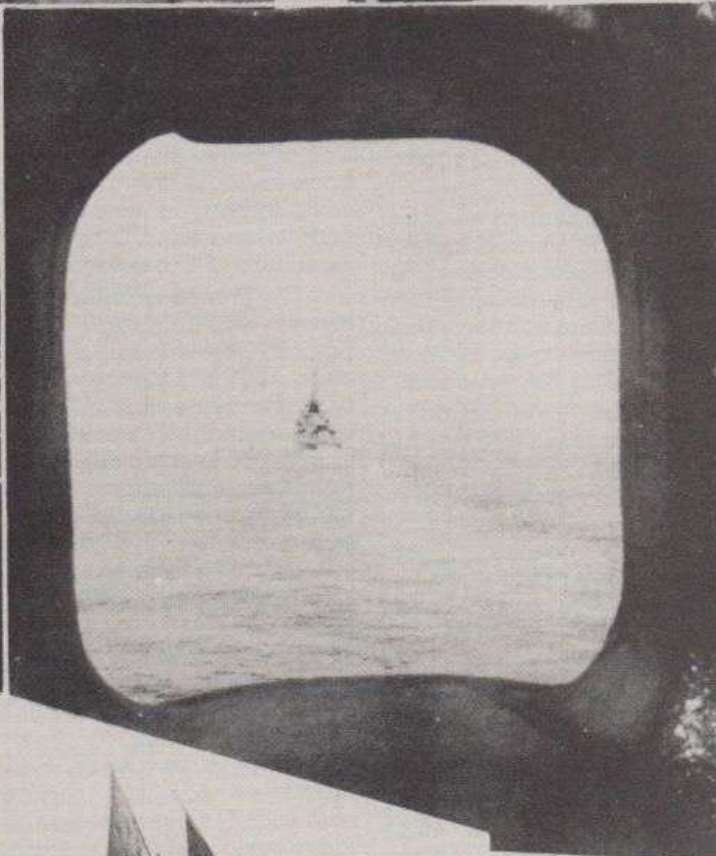
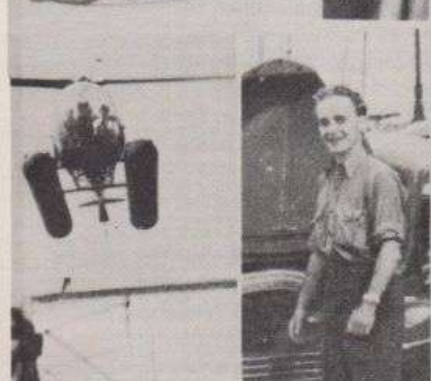
In the meantime, the first of many excursions to Paris had been undertaken. Paris—what a scene it conjures up to every mind! City of Light and Pleasure and Dreams: The Louvre, Montmartre, Notre Dame, the Eiffel Tower, and a host of other magnets—not forgetting of course Les Folies Bergères, and Moulin Rouge. Nearly everyone in the group got to Paris—some hardly got back,—and to all, this meant the fulfillment of a long-standing ambition.

Wednesday in Dieppe was notable of a reception given by the president of the Chamber of Commerce in the garden of his home, which dates back to Louis XV. There was a fine exchange of compliments, a sincere welcome from friendly people, and what is best described by the phrase "lashings of champagne."

On Thursday, 17th July, a fragment of R.C.N. history was enacted. With the approval of the French Government, a wreath was laid on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Present at the occasion were the C.T.G., Cdr. Littler, Lt.-Cdrs. Coulter and McDonald, officials from the Canadian Embassy and the Government. After observing one minute silence and signing the book maintained by the Keepers of the Flame, the ceremony was concluded. It was the more impressive for its brevity and sincerity.

The Dieppe raid of August 19, 1942, holds a special place in the annals of war. It also holds a special place in the hearts of the Dieppois as is evidenced by the beautiful cemetery consecrated to Canadians who gave their lives for freedom. The cemetery had been visited by many during preceding days but on Friday a simple remembrance service was carried out by local civic authorities in the presence of over a hundred from the group. It would be difficult to create a lovelier resting place within sight and sound of the Channel on one hand and of the peaceful Norman farms on the other.

Inevitably, 0800 Saturday came round at last and it was time to sail. Gone were the excitements of Paris, the boat pulling in the inner harbour, the visits to Fécamps, where the world's supply of Benedictine is made in a former abbey, the leaden hours of watchkeeping in harbour, the pleasures of such beach resorts as Veules les Roses. But new friends had been made, new memories stored away, new hopes born for the future. These would remain.



Cadet Revue of '52

Taking their cue from West Coast Cadets who have had Variety Shows for a number of years, East Coasters gathered over four hundred strong in the Stadacona auditorium on June 29th, to await the opening of the "Cadet Revue of '52."

The idea of a Cadet Variety Show for Stadacona was bandied about for the first few weeks of the summer, but up until the middle of June, nothing definite was announced. A glee club, formed by Lt.-Cdr. Crilly, proceeded with a few impromptu rehearsals, and heavy sounds from the gunroom piano indicated the presence of talent. Finally, just twelve days before the second cruise was scheduled to leave, a forty-five minute skit, "Julius Caesar," written by Cadet Tom Cahill was secured, and the race was on.

June 29th was set as the show date, and feverish rehearsals of skit and Glee Club began. Cadets rallied round, singers and actors gave up two weeks of their free time to rehearse every evening. More talent was recruited from the returning cruise in the persons of versatile Bill Langstroth and Bob Godson.

The Glee Club, under the frantic direction of Marc DeGoumois, sang "Oklahoma" and "Blow the Man Down" as opening selections. Solos by Ted Cleland and Murray Cain, and Mozart's 29th Concerto for Flute, by Art Pennington made an impressive show. Godson and Langstroth kept the audience in stitches for forty minutes, while professional hisses of "we're running overtime" came from back stage. Bob and "Jerry" Swim, both "Cadets," gave a professional exhibition of ventriloquism. Finally the curtain opened upon the "orchard" of Brutus in Rome, revealing a Roman draped casually in a bedding stores sheet, and wearing pusser sandals; expecting a visit from "Cassius and het boys." The capacity audience roared at Antony's gastric funeral oration, as he wept copiously through soaked sponges, and a very active, though "murdered" Caesar, thumbed his nose from an off-stage coffin.

The show drew compliments from all personnel at Stadacona. "I only hope," said Reserve Training Commander Bugden, speaking to the Cadets the next day, "that this will become a yearly institution, keeping the same standard set by the Cadets this summer."

Stop the press! Another baby has been born! Once again thespians of the Gunroom have gathered to produce the Cadet Revue of '52 Mark II. Bigger and better was the cry as we went into a last frenetic week of rehearsal. The Glee Club had a much larger share in the program this time,



ANTONY ADDRESSES THE ROMAN MOB IN SCENE FROM JULIUS CAESAR

Left to right: Burf Kay (Caesar), Mac Drover (Trebonius), Tom Cahill (Brutus), Jens Gothardt (Metullus), Andre Polvin (Casca), John Wilkie (Lucilius), Tony Duggan (Mob), Dino Narizzano (Antony).

and were better rehearsed, though we never did have a complete run-through before opening night. * Bill Langstroth was on deck again, as an inspecting admiral from five different countries, and as a Britisher-to-the-core, complete with ruddy face and moustache, who sang a very British "Mule Train, smashing along, through the rain, through the sleet, through the fog, through the slush . . ." Lt.-Cdr.'s Crilly and Price were protagonists of An English Romance (found somewhere in this slim volume). A recitation of The Saga of Mad Carew was attempted by Burf Kay, with voluble interruptions by Admiral Cahill and Colonel Narizzano. The entire company, with Bob Godson doing a terrific job at the piano, marched on stage for a breezy finale, leaving everyone humming the tune. Weeks afterward the cast will still be singing:

The siren's screaming,
The showboat's steaming,
So let's shout Anchors Aweigh . . .
We'll send a signal flashing,
Cause now we're dashing
To end the show!

* Tom Cahill, the Oscar Hammershein of Stadacona, created the lyrics, with music by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Robert Godson.

The Bunga Bunga Incident

Just around the turn of the last century, or about 1906 to be exact, Plymouth naval base underwent the inspection of its career. Signals, as we now know them, had not at that time been introduced into the Navy, and Plymouth had to depend on the telegraph system, much the same as the Canadian Navy used prior to 1929. One Saturday morning at 11 o'clock a message was received saying that on that afternoon the Sultan of Zanzibar would arrive to pay an official call at Plymouth. It was signed "Admiralty."

Everything was made ready for the ceremonial occasion; the band was prepared, a royal guard was formed, and the flagship dressed and ordered to fire a royal salute.

Promptly at two that afternoon a train arrived at the station. The last car was a coach, resplendent with blue paint and bearing a dazzling coat-of-arms on its side. From the car emerged a figure dressed in white with a shiny black face, followed by an entourage similarly garbed. The party was escorted to the guard of honour, made an inspection, received a 21 gun salute, conducted to the flagship which they examined closely. At every

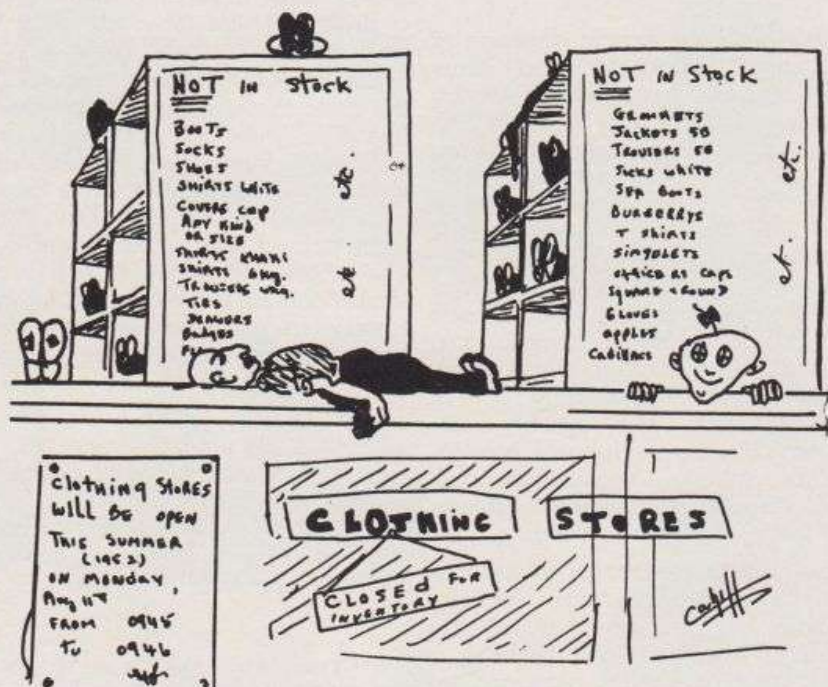
point of interest the Sultan would stop and exclaim "bunga-bunga," and the others in his suite would chorus the same words in unison. No one knew what bunga-bunga meant or even implied, but nevertheless received it with dignified appreciation.

Time passed and at four o'clock the Sultan and his party made their official departure. Peace descended once more on Plymouth. The Admiral, with the words "bunga-bunga" still ringing in his ears, sent a relieved telegram to the Admiralty informing them that the Sultan had departed, and that his visit had been a spectacular success.

In record time a disconcerting reply came from the powers that be. A resulting search of Plymouth revealed a coach on a deserted siding, resplendent with blue paint and a coat of arms, containing some discarded sheets and hastily removed grease paint.

The Admiralty telegram had stated tersely: "The Sultan of Zanzibar is still in Zanzibar."

To this day there is a certain Admiral secretly referred to as "bunga-bunga."



UNTD RECOLLECTIONS

CDR C.H. Little

Part Two of the four part series on the early UNTD.

The real turning point in the story of the peacetime UNTD came in September of 1948 with the issue of UNTD instructions-1948. Major features included: 1. the institution of the officer rank of Cadet; 2. selection boards in the first first year; 3. Cadet now wore No. 5a, -battle dress with white twist, officer style caps; 4. two full summer's training req'd to qualify as a SLT, three for LT (RCNR); and 5. pay at the rate of Acting Sub-lieutenant.

If the first two years had been busy, the next three were hectic. Accommodation, estimates, uniforms, selection boards, ships, the list seemed endless! Now that the UNTD's were officially officers they must be dressed as such. Battle dress had not been made in Canada before but it was obviously the most suitable uniform for such a widespread group. The Supply Department sought a manufacturer while I worked the item into the estimates. Separate accommodation ashore and afloat was also required. At Stadacona one wartime building was rejuvenated for sleeping quarters and a second re-organized as a cafeteria at one end and a general purpose lounge at the other. On the West coast various sites at Naden and the dockyard were experimented with. Each Naval Division set aside space for a Gun Room.

Of the available warships, the most acceptable for training were the frigates, capable of 7,200 sea miles at 12 knots. One whole mess deck could be set aside as a "cadetry" of Gun Room and some space could usually be found for small classes.. One lack I deplore was the absence of an adequate center for pilotage training for second and third year cadets to complete their navigation courses. I made the bold suggestion that the after four-inch gun be removed and be replaced by a structure designed as a roomy chart house with a compass platform above. As time went on Antigonish and Beacon Hill were the first to be so equipped and became the most successful ships in the whole programme. I believe all Prestonian class ships were later modified the same way.

On the theory that every officer must learn to accommodate himself to the sea and the naval service, I re-wrote the syllabus so that all first year cadets took the same courses in seamanship, pilotage, and communications combined with drill and leadership. Then in the second year each branch took more responsibility while specializing in its own affairs: Executives in navigation, watch-keeping, and communications; Engineering, Electrical, and Supply in their own schools ashore and departments afloat; others where their studies best fitted. I even found a way to make flying training available for Cadets who completed the first summer UNTD course, passed aptitude tests and signed on for a further two summers, either as pilots with the RCAF at Trenton or as observers at HMCS Shearwater. For those who could take a third summer, the Executives covered weapons courses and chose future specializations while the other Branches moved ahead in their own fields.

The 1949 season began full of promise. The frigates La Hulloise (Lcdr. M. Jette) and with New Liskeard (Lt. W.W. MacColl) were named as the East coast squadron for UNTD training. The more commodious vessels were a distinct advance but still not enough to take all the cadets to sea.

Commodore Miles had taken over the carrier Magnificent and even though the vessel was inapt for the purpose, he agreed to help me by accommodating some 30 UNTDs for training afloat. Lcdr T.C. Pullen was appointed their Training Officer. Unhappily, Magnificent took the ground on the 4th of June and was out of action for the rest of the summer. To rescue the programme I scurried around NSHQ and persuaded Harry McNamara to find money to bring the Tribal class destroyer, Iroquois out of reserve. With Tom Pullen in command and a complement mainly composed of UNTDs, she was commissioned 24th June and provided sea training until the end of September.

One bright spot in 1949 was Newfoundland. Memorial University in St. John's was directed by President A.C. Hatcher, a one-time naval Instructor Commander. He took a keen interest in my proposal for a UNTD and encouraged me to make all necessary arrangements. The old colony entered Confederation as our tenth province 31st March 1949 but it was not until the summer that HMCS Cabot was commissioned as a naval division. One minute later Memorial UNTD was commissioned as a tender with Fabian O'Dea, ex-Lcdr. RNVR and later Lieutenant-Governor, in command. From the very beginning this UNTD was a success and contributed many officers to the service.

A not as bright spot was the lack of accommodation ashore as well as afloat during July. I was very relieved when arrangements were finally made for some ninety UNTDs to be put up at the RCSC camp near Lunenburg. What they learned about the Navy is hard to say but at least they were sheltered and fed. Still being dressed as seamen, at least they did no harm to their new uniforms.

Significant progress continued on the West coast. Lcdr. W.S.T. McCully took over Antigonish and Lt. J.E. Korning, Beacon Hill. Also Bedwell Hbr. began its development as a seamanship and recreational center. The Supply School in Naden drew most of the Cadets(S) from across the country and Reserve Training Commander Leeming showed that officers must learn by discipline and hard work.

In the fall, a record one thousand applications were accepted across the country but examinations and selection boards reduced that number by more than half. In a paper written for the Naval Historical Section by Philip Chaplin (ex PO in the RN and an early UNTD graduate) it is stated that of the 450 who were accepted as Cadets, 120 fell victim to the first summer training, examinations and withdrawals, 74 for various reasons over the next two years and 256 proceeded to a degree and a commission in 1952 and 1953. In succeeding years quotas were set and much higher percentages of success were achieved.

1950 was a banner year. The new uniforms arrived, Gun Rooms were allocated ashore and afloat, classes and cruises were much improved, and a more stringent selection process, which delayed boards until after the Christmas examinations had taken their toll, reduced the wastage markedly. The frigates exchanged the bridge wing gun mounting for pilotage teaching aids and my recommendation for resident staff officers on certain campuses found favor. I recall particularly Bernard Thillaye in Montreal, Aubrey Pickels at St. F.X. and Tony Turner at Mount Allison.

Antigonish and Beacon Hill (Lcdr. R.W.Murdoch) hadled sea training in the Pacific and Bedwell Harbour came into its own, although I was greatly disappointed by the indifferent fishing.

In the East, this was the year of the Russian submarine excitement and the news media was full of scare stories. Each summer I used to find some excuse for joining the training groups afloat and had the good fortune to be John Dawson's guest in Swansea during a cruise in the Bay of Fundy with the additional duty of keeping a sharp lookout for a submarine reported to be prowling those waters; there was even an order from H.Q. to shoot on sight. I had no faith in these sightings after my wartime experiences of whole squadrons of U-boats supposedly seen all over the Gulf and River St. Lawrence. Moreover, what on Earth could the Russians learn that was not available from the Hydrographer? The climax came one day when a cipher message marked immediate reported a submarine sighted near present position at the top end of the bay. The observer was certain it was a submarine because he had seen the conning tower through a break in the fog and the pendant number as well. We were to take action forthwith. It really was pathos the maximum degree proved to be our own. "Go chase yourself", seemed to sum up the situation perfectly.

On return to Halifax in company with La Hulloise (Cdr. T.C. Pullen) the communications crowd manufactured out of stray flags and pendants a streamer some 40 or 50 feet long which we flew entering harbour to advertise ourselves as the "Bay of Fundy Local Defense Force" until a message from the Admiral's Chief of Staff bade us cease and desist. The cadets never had a more interesting time afloat. New Liskeard prudently carried our her cruises in quieter waters.

In 1951 a gala dinner was held at HMCS Carleton addressed by the Chief of Naval Staff. Speaking of recruiting officers for the RCN he made the statement "the UNTD is not the answer". I can still see and feel a hundred pairs of eyes turning to concentrate on me. Stung by any criticism of "my baby", I prepared a paper on recruiting in the universities and proposed a detailed plan. Latter I was informed that the Personnel Members Committee of the three services had adopted my proposals and promulgated them as the Regular Officer Training Plan, the familiar ROTP that one still sees advertised. Thus I can claim to be father of both peacetime UNTD and ROTP. I should say the pmc changed one item in my paper. Observing that Junior Matriculation was university entrance in the Atlantic Provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and British Columbia, I proposed that level for acceptance in the permanent force. The ROTP raised the stake to Honour Matriculation, probably to match the entrance requirement for Royal Roads and R.M.C., but retained all other features. By the way, our second son entered the University of New Brunswick ROTP and at the time of writing has attained the rank of Brigadier General in the Canadian Forces.

Undoubtedly the ROTP divides candidates clearly into Permanent Forces and Reserves elements, although there is still some access from one to the other. I believe the UNTD should continue as a major element of the naval reserve and a strong influence for any emergency in our national life.

UNTD CLASS OF 1952 REFLECTIONS

Thirty eight years have passed since the UNTD graduating class of 1952 was enrolled. I have been asked to reminisce about our training (1949-1952) and indicate what influence that experience has had.

I still fold and carry a top-coat as if it was a burberry. Of more importance, I developed an interest in the Armed Forces and National Defence which motivated me to continue to be active with the Reserves.

Occasionally I meet or read about a friend or acquaintance from that period. As would be expected, some have died. Gil Gregory years ago, and Bernard (Ben) Hofley, only recently. During our UNTD days Ben's claim to fame was that he had been a steward on the ill-fated Neuronic which caught fire in Toronto Harbour with a loss of 18 lives. At the time of Ben's death he was the Registrar of the Supreme Court of Canada.

A number of our group entered medicine: John Adamson, Peter Grantham, Gil Heseltine, Jim Knickerbocker, Garth Lee, Olie Kringhaug, and Colin Sinclair.

A couple of our class had seen active service during the War. Val Hinch had been a navigator in the RCAF. George Mainer (I have probably misspelled his surname) had been a Chief Petty Officer and was attending University while still in the RCN. He was referred to as "Blood and Guts Mainer" by the cadets, which indicated the awe in which he was held. On one occasion he summed up the essence of leadership with the advice: "When you are in charge, you have no friends and no enemies."

For unexplained reasons I thought that I would not like the Royal Road Cadets. They would be snobs or something. This, in spite of the fact that the only Cadet I knew was Bill Law, a high school friend. Of course I was wrong, to a man the Royal Road Cadets turned out to be fine individuals and at least two of them (Dan Maingy & Nigel Brodeur) became Admirals. Another, Andre Barbeau of Montreal, made major contributions

in the field of Neurophysiology before his premature death.

Not everyone graduated. A few were asked to leave because they were said to lack "OLQ". In some cases one not only agreed with this assessment but wondered how they had ever passed their initial Board. However, there were others who seemed to be ideal candidates, and why they were considered unsuitable remains a mystery.

Initially we were outfitted in round rig, but before leaving for the West Coast we were issued with the approved Naval Cadet uniform (NO. 5a). For years I assumed that these were dyed surplus army battle dress and was surprised to recently learn that they were designed and made up specifically for us. They were quite uncomfortable in hot and humid weather. To alleviate this problem, the second year we received summer-weight khaki uniforms. In theory this was a good idea. However, they were made up from material that creased in every direction, but the one desired. A class-mate, the son of a Montreal furniture manufacturer, claimed that his father used identical material as dust covers on the back of sofas-economy line. We believed him.

At that time, most of the members of the RCN had served during the War. A double row of ribbons was a common sight, although rare today. Another difference was the attitude of a number of the regular members toward the Reserves. By some, we were at best tolerated, and by a few, ridiculed. Perhaps because of our inexperience and even guilt at having missed the war, most of us resigned ourselves to this treatment. I do not find this attitude today. This may be due to the assistance given by the Reserves to the Regular Forces which provide them with valuable help in fulfilling their increasing commitments.

When ashore in Dockyard we lived in barracks, where each Saturday morning the CO (Commander Leaming) inspected our cubicles for neatness and cleanliness. It was a game in which he would try to find a bit of dust that we had overlooked. To do this he would run a white-gloved hand over everything. One of the more daring in our class suggested we coat the top of our lockers with lamp-black (amusing to contemplate but suicidal to carry out). Once when the CO had been unable to find any dust, he decided that we should throw out the fire escape rope, climb out the window and scramble down (we were on the top deck). "It will make a hell of a mess of the walls, sir", cautioned Lt. (Star) Little. The walls! What about the cadets?, I thought beginning to feel the rope burns. "Yes I guess you were right, Numbers One." The proposal was never repeated. From that day on, I always had a soft spot in my heart for Lt. Little.

Most of us have had experiences, that when subsequently recalled, still leave one feeling shaken. One of these occurred during my UNTD training. Each week, while ashore, we had a voluntary sports period. One of our class, who was taking physical education, offered to teach a few of us archery. We set up our target a short distance from a high hedge located behind our barracks and proceeded to try our skill. Our instructor hit the target almost every time but almost all of our arrows missed and either fell short or disappeared behind the hedge. After we had expended our supply of arrows we went forward to retrieve them. It was only then that we discovered that the hedge separated us from the Commodore's garden. Our arrows were imbedded in the lawn, looking like so many longed stemmed flowers, while working among them, to our horror, was an elderly white haired lady. She introduced herself as the Commodore's mother and was totally unaware of how close she had come to being impaled. Two of us distracted her, while the others snatched up the evidence of our irresponsibility. I have never shot an arrow since.

Sea time, and specifically the cruise, was the highlight of each summers training. During our second year we went as far as Hawaii, which was the first occasion that most of us had been outside of North America. Some of us were able to spend a short time on a US submarine. I met several French sailors who were transporting ammunition to their Forces fighting in French Indo China (where ever that was). The whole world would soon know its location under the name of Viet Nam.

Why did we join the UNTD? For many reasons: adventure, because of friends who were joining, because the pay was good and because of the recent war. Today most young people are not aware of the great pride that Canadians took in the performance of our Armed Forces during World War II. To be a member of this group, even as a Reservist, was not only partriotic but it was also an association that one took pride in. Would I do it again? With enthusiasm!

Don Rae Class of 1952

A Passage: Halifax

They all in? Okay, let go the lines.
Slowly the yardcraft nosed away.
A few eyes turned back to see
Encrusted jet black pilings fading lighter
And quietly a thin oil slick drifted toward the jetty
Like years of forgetfulness covering an event
Leaving the event to remember itself.
Skies hung low and ominous,
Wind moving against the little craft
Cutting the water into grey and white,—
Superstructure grey and surplice white.
We were anxious about the passage
Looked for reassurance to the aged helmsman
Who held the wheel and watched only ahead.
His was a face that showed a thousand years
Of crossings to the nether shore.

An eternity looked out of his hard eyes,
Silencing question, he who might have told
Of ill-starred Achilles or sad Niobe
How they like us were guided across water,
They, to drink libations in eternal fields,
We, to celebrate a death with bread and wine.
Not a word as we moved toward the shore
Dim forms growing into jet black pilings
And the oil parted as we nosed in.

I looked back as the vessel faded,
Helmsman only a dark form in the stern,
Then nothing but jetty and grey water
And road under foot
Leading to the welcome of a bell.

B. KAY.

~Thoughts from the first 'UNTD Magazine' editor.

When I was invited to address the wind-up mess dinner of UNTD Cadets on the West Coast last August, I looked around the roomful of freshly-scrubbed faces and thought how lucky these new officers were. They were graduating into a Navy that was going to mean something again.

We are at a high tide for Canada's maritime aspirations. The Government's White Paper, which pledges the expenditure of \$183 billion on Canada's armed forces in the next two decades, is an inventive, imaginative and highly relevant document. When implemented it will return Canada's Naval Forces to serious contention among the world's fleets-in-being, and give this country the sea-going defenses it deserves.

Critics of the current defense buildup have condemned it as unrealistic and unnecessary. In fact, doubling our percentage of gross national product spent on defence would only bring us to the same level as Holland, Norway, Belgium, and other NATO partners approximately in our spending and military leagues.

It's good to remember that Norway which has a population of 4 million has 147,000 serving reservists--compared to our 14,000. Another example: the National Guard in the U.S. has been beefed up to such an extent that it is now the 7th largest army in the free world.

I was particularly delighted that the White Paper singled out the reserves, as the most cost-effective use of manpower. Within that context the Naval Reserves will be charged with coastal patrols and mine countermeasures. The current rumble in the Strait of Hormuz with Iran has revealed the astounding fact that the USN has only three minesweepers on active duty. The experts estimate that the USSR has at least 358 mines in its arsenal. We of course have no mines and no sweepers.

Another aspect of Canada's new defence posture has to do with the expression of sovereignty in the Arctic. Four years ago I wrote that any foreign incursion in our North could only be met by a Mountie on a snowmobile, handing out a parking ticket. It is essential that we exercise sovereignty in our own Arctic. This need not subtract from our role in NATO. One possibility would be to establish a Northern Command of the Alliance, headquartered in our North.

Significantly, there has been very little political or opposition to the White Paper, except, of course, for the nuclear-driven submarines issue. Even the New Democrats have drafted plans that call for a vastly expanded Navy and other conventionally-equipped defence forces. I don't want to comment on the NDP--but it might be worthwhile to comb the Supplementary Reserve lists for officers who have

served with RCAF reserve squadrons. There the curious searcher will find the name of Edward J. Broadbent. Good training tells.

One question that deserves answering is why Canada needs a Navy in peacetime. The answer is simple. Although few of its citizens realize it, Canada is an island. Such mundane but essential functions as the protection of trade; patrolling of our territorial sea limits--the continental shelf and fishery control zone; the assertion of our sovereignty over not only the North but over the world's longest coastline; plus--this is a touchy one--knowing what goes on off our coast. These are not theoretical propositions. In mid-July of 1987, a 174-foot freighter registered in Chile and flying a Costa Rican flag landed 174 would-be immigrants at Charlesville, a fishing village on the southern tip of Nova Scotia. No threat to anyone. Just a group of bewildered refugees looking for a taxi to Toronto. But an incursion did take place. No one knew they had landed until sleepy villagers woke up to find them on their lawns.

The Coast Guard, incidentally, has no sovereignty or patrol function to play. They're a civilian organization charged with rescue efforts and aiding navigation. The only law on the books at the moment is that any vessel over 500 tons entering our waters must notify the Canadian Government. It's not enough. We must control access to our own shores. And that's a naval responsibility.

It certainly was nostalgic for me to be writing for The White Twist. My first writing and editing job of any kind was as editor of The UNTD Magazine, the White Twist's forerunner, that was published when I joined the reserves (through HMCS York) in 1948. We were the last group of UNTDs to be recruited as Ordinary Seamen (with a white hat band) and I well remember our first major outing, as ratings below decks (comfortable in our hammocks) aboard the algerine HMCS PORTAGE.

Inevitably, we were known as "untidies"--but even if the regulars (we called them "pusser types") made fun of us, being a member of the University Naval Training Division in the 1950s and '60s was a rare experience.

Most of the week we were ordinary campus cats, trying our best to baffle the professors who marked our essays, but one night a week, like Superman in his phone booth, we would change into our uniforms (then a dignified navy blue) to attend drill at the nearest naval reserve division.

In those days the Royal Canadian Navy still had ships (nearly 50 of them!) with boilers that worked and those of us who shared a sense of adventure with the sea found the training relatively painless and even exhilarating. (How else could you get to Bermuda or Hawaii on a three-week sea excursion and get paid for it?) Yes, the summers were best, because that was when we took off for

either Halifax or Victoria to earn our sea time.

What we learned had little to do with war, consisting mainly of navigation, early morning calisthenics, morse code, more calisthenics, semaphore, how to march without tripping over your own feet and even more relentless arm-waving and "character-building" pushups.

It all came under the heading of trying to make the grade so that at the end of four years along with our degrees, we could be commissioned as Sub-Lieutenants in the RCN (Reserve). A few joined the real Navy; most of us marched off into full-time civilian occupation. To earn our commission we first had to pass a somberly conducted "selection board". For some reason which annoyed me then and annoyus me a lot more now, the standard method of finding out whether the aspiring young officer kept up with current events was to enquire whether he regularly read Time magazine. Hardly an ideal test for swearing loyalty (presumably unto death) to the preservation of Canadian nationhood!

But I know of only one cadet who beat the system. Robert Perry (later managing editor of The Financial Post and at the time a young stringer for Time in Winnipeg) upon being asked the same old question, drew himself ramrod stiff and replied: "Sir, in Winnipeg, I AM Time magazine." He not only made the grade but was given command of a training ship one summer in the Great Lakes tour.

Well, those days are long gone (as is the original Royal Canadian Navy), but there is a genuine renaissance in the works.

It has always been great to be a Canadian, but never has it been a better time to be a young Naval Officer.

~Peter C. Newman~

UNTD III

Mars Algonquin
Athabaskan

NCS Acadia

UNTD II

Mars 45th MQC
Beacon Hill
Bonaventure

NCS Brockville

LOG Barrie

UNTD I

Argosy
Bracken
Corsair
Dolphin

Algonquin Division



Rear Row:

Davidson, Montgomery, Jackson, Bryson, Fullerton, Marrack.

Centre Row:

Derbyshire, Tubbs, Vallis, Lee-Paget, Harman.

Front Row:

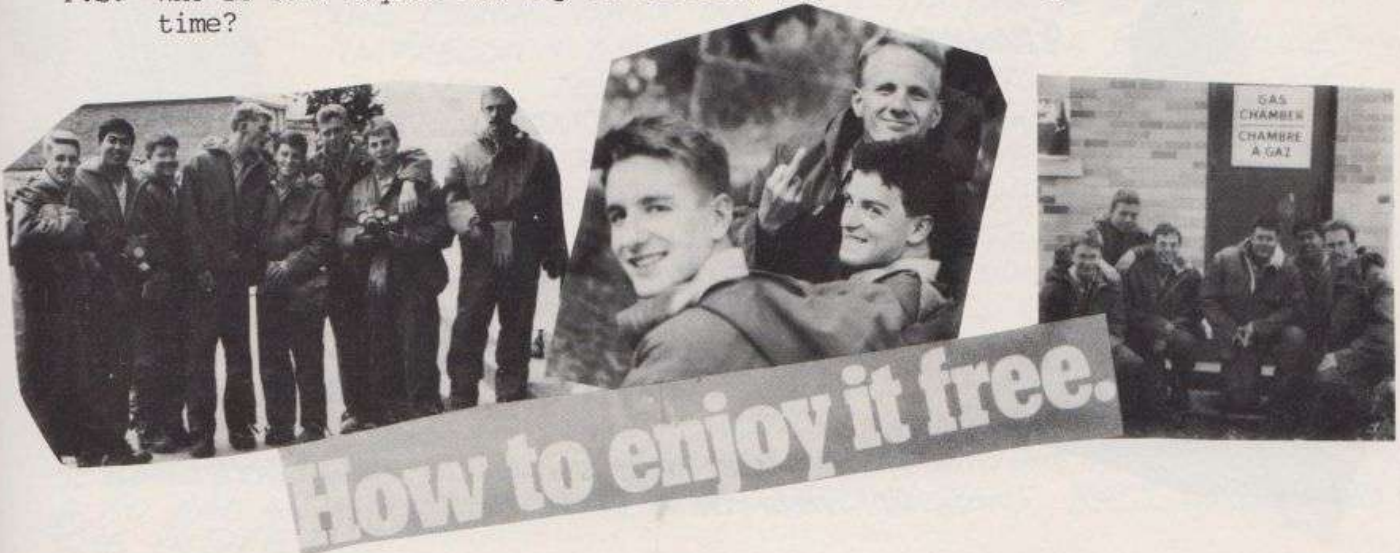
Buchanan, Hyttenrauch, SLT Connelly (CTO), DallaLana, LT(N) Fortier, Timmons.

Fore Play

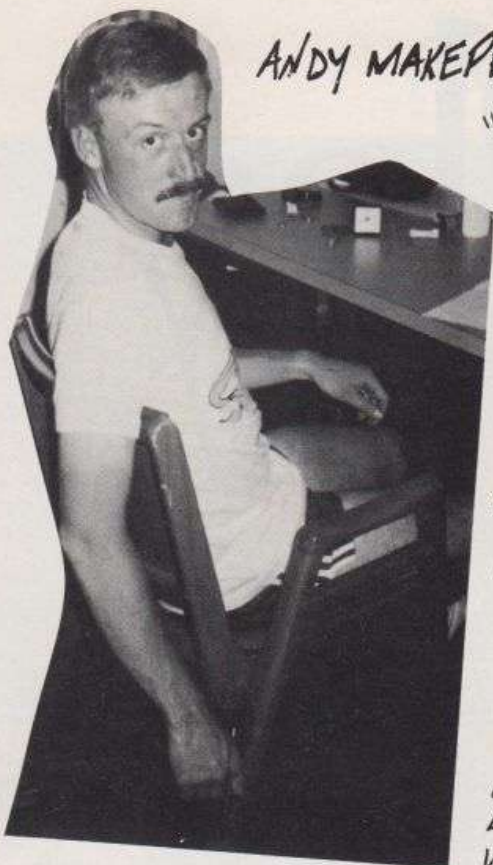
Summer '87

How do you spell relief? EASTCOAST!! ATHABASKAN DIV. + 1 would like to thank the academy for another fun-packed summer. This summer we expected great things; non stop sex extravaganzas, dancing girls, and oh yeah, a 3 minute fixing routine. Well, 1 out of 3 ain't bad. Deciding we were ready for anything, we graciously accepted OTD's offer to send us to sea right away: do not pass go, do not collect seapay (sure, it'll catch up to you). Nevertheless, the division perservered, our first sea phase. It was a learning experience including our crash course in the full meaning of R.O.B. After honing our razor sharp skills to even higher unthought of levels, some R & R (reading & righting) came our way. Between furthering good relations with the special summer (GET A JOB) students at U Vic. and trying to stay conscious at COMM school, we were pretty "busy", and most notially Mark Cameron discovered at long last that foreplay doesn't usually consist of "take your clothes off". Departing the west coast, half the Div. joined the Morgaree for two weeks of heavy training/drinking. After enhancing the Naval Reserves reputation with the Regular Force, we rejoined our less fortunate Brethern aboard the fate vessels. Contrary to popular belief Labrador is not inhabited by humams, Um, Ice Burgs, Yummy! Moose burgers, tall boys, screech, cheating on girlfriends (in our minds anyways), cocktail parties & swimming (right Mike?), all bring back memories. Anyways, special thanks to Mel Chizawsky who once and for all proved to us that frontal labotamies don't necessarily interfere with your ability to drink.

P.S. Who is SLT. Smythe and why is he being piped to the bridge all the time?



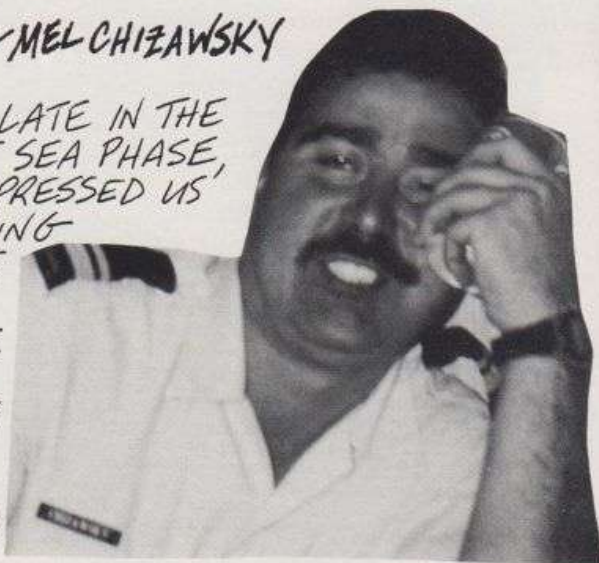
ANDY MAKEPEACE ~



"I'D LIKE TO SEE THE C.O. COME UP TO THE BRIDGE AND DO ~~STAR~~ ~~STAR~~ 116 ~~STAR~~ MANOEUVERS!"

ANDY, WHO LIKES TO **BoP** BUT ONLY WITH CUTE GIRLS, DEVELOPED A SERIOUS ATTITUDE PROBLEM THIS YEAR (COACHING FROM NETHERCOTT.). IT SEEMS ANDY'S PREDICTED IMMORAL CHARACTER BECAME SO POSSESSING THAT HE DEMANDED SEXUAL FAVORS FROM A CERTAIN SECOND YEAR (S.W.) AT WEEPERS. GOOD LUCK ANDY, THE CHURCH NEEDS MEN LIKE YOU!, YOUR PRACTICES ARE IN STYLE

~MEL CHIZAWSKY

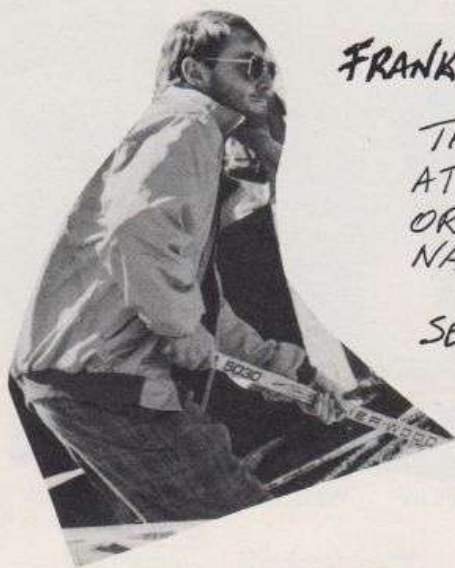


MELVIN JOINED US LATE IN THE COURSE IN OUR LAST SEA PHASE, AND SOON AFTER IMPRESSED US WITH HIS ART OF FIXING

AND WOOFING HIS COOKIES... SOMETIMES EVEN AT DIFFERENT TIMES! WELL LOVED FOR HIS DEVIL MAY CARE ATTITUDE TOWARDS ALCOHOL AND HIS TRICK OF OPENING BEER CANS, BY MENTAL POWERS ALONE; THE MELSTER QUICKLY BECAME ONE OF THE BRETHERN. NOW MEL LEAVES US TO CONSINATE (SAME AS FORNICATE?) HIS SKILLS ON THE FALL DEPLOYMENT.

GOOD LUCK TO YOU MEL, AND REMEMBER!... SAFE SEX IS GOOD SEX!!

FRANKIE VEZINA ~



THE ONE GUY THE DIVISION WOULD NEVER SEE AT NIGHT! ... SEEMS HE WAS ALWAYS SLEEPING OR ALWAYS SEEING THAT MYSTERIOUS GIRL NAMED PASCAL.

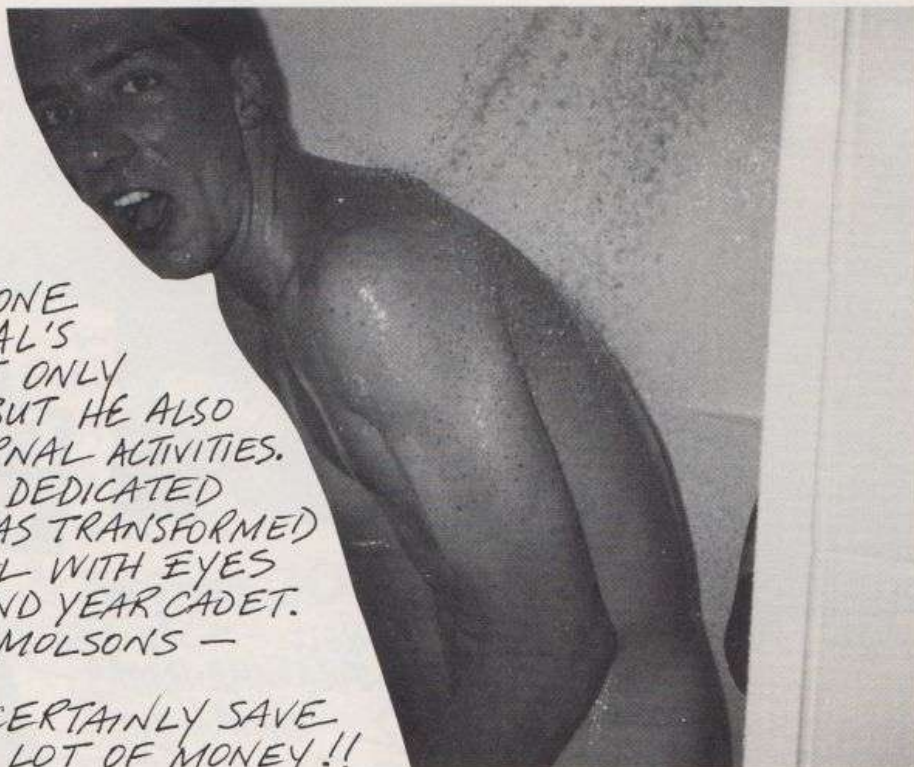
EVEN THOUGH FRANKIE DID SLEEP A LOT, IT SEEMED THAT HE HAD A LOT OF MYSTERIOUS MEN COMING AND KNOCKING ON HIS DOOR IN THE WEE HOURS OF THE MORNING!

GOOD LUCK IN THE FUTURE, AND CONGRATS. ON THE BWK!!

AL CHAPMAN~

C.F. IS NO MORE!
THIS THE SUMMER
THAT ALL PARTS OF
THE ANATOMY WERE
BEING SHAVED, BUT NONE
WAS AS RADICAL AS AL'S
SHAVE JOB. AL NOT ONLY
CHANGED HIS LOOKS BUT HE ALSO
CHANGED HIS NOCTURNAL ACTIVITIES.
NO LONGER WAS HE A DEDICATED
STUDYAHOLIC, BUT WAS TRANSFORMED
INTO A PARTY ANIMAL WITH EYES
FOR A CERTAIN SECOND YEAR CADET.
GOOD LUCK WITH MOLSONS —

~ IT WOULD CERTAINLY SAVE
YOU A LOT OF MONEY!!



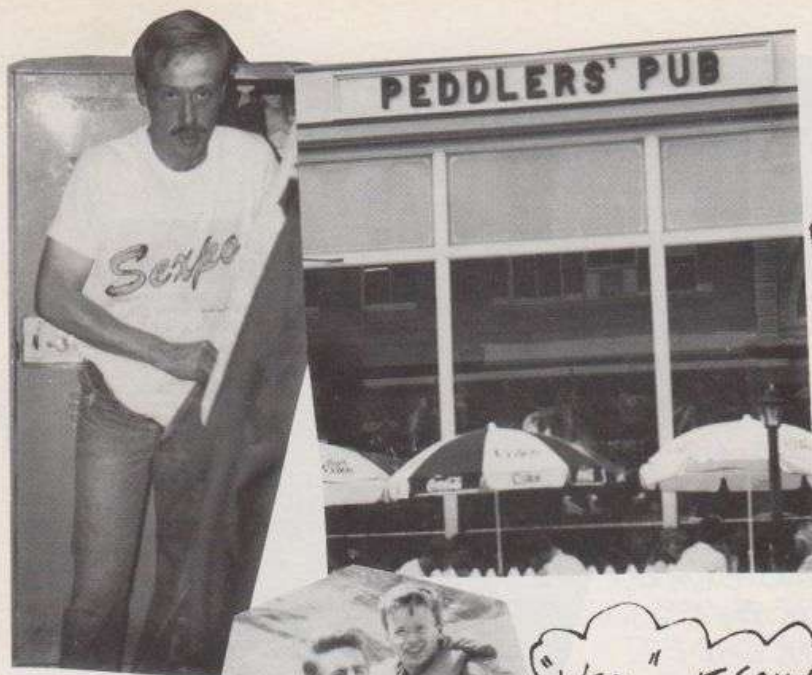
COLIN MACDUFF~

THE MAN OF A THOUSAND DISGUSTING FACES; COLIN
MAC DUFF; KEPT EVERYONE ENTERTAINED DURING HIS
ABBREVIATED SUMMER BY DOING MORE STUPID THINGS
THAN EVERYONE ELSE COMBINED! HIS MANY
ACCOMPLISHMENTS INCLUDE GOING TO EVERY INFO-
BOOTH IN SEATTLE AND TRYING TO GET ON THE
MONORAIL WITHOUT PAYING. THIS WAS FOLLOWED
BY A BLISSFUL WEEKEND IN VANCOUVER WITH
SHERRY WHO HE KINDLY TUCKED UNDER A BLANKET
AND RESUMED HIS IMITATION OF A 2x4 PLANK ON
THE COUCH. BACK ON LAND HE MADE A GOOD
IMPRESSION BY BELCHING AT PART OF BROCKVILLE
DIVISION, TELLING "A" COMPANY TO STAND AT EASE
FOR INSPECTION AND ASKING IF ANOTHER HALF
INCH OF LEAD WOULD STOP ALL THE GAMMA RAYS??

AMAZINGLY, BETWEEN ALL THE "BLEEEAAH'S"
COLIN; THE EXPERT FEMALE IMPERSONATOR, WITH AN OLD MAN'S BUM;
WAS HEARD TO SAY "REALLY, I'M NOT NORMALLY LIKE THIS —
I'M MORE MATURE."



STEPHAN LILIKOFF ~ THE BULGARIAN LOVER HAD A "LUV AFFAIR" WITH 2
SISTERS AT "FLASH ONE". HE ADMITTED TO HAVING A FANTASTIC
SEXUAL EXPERIENCE ON THE BRIDGE WHILE DOING HIS PASSAGE. HE
ALSO HAD AN AFFILIATION WITH WOMEN AND CHICKENS. BEST OF LUCK TO
THE FUTURE M.P.



RRRRICKY!



PIN ME
TO YOUR WALL



"WELL" - IT SOUNDED
LIKE ABANDON
SHIP!

I DIDN'T KNOW
YOU CARED!



TROJAN®
BRAND CONDOMS
For all the right reasons.



TWEEDLE
DEE



"TWEEDLE
DUM!"



Twenty

Good Reasons to Cry

AAAAH!
COOKIE!!

FOREPLAY
JUST TUCKERS
ME RIGHT
OUT!

In just 30 seconds,
this man's hair will shape up.

SAY HI TO
THE AUDIENCE!!

BETTER SEX
"No question a better sex
life. My legs and lower body
just feel much better."

"Light my Lucky."

...TOO BAD ABOUT THE
BEARD AL...

SAY
BYE
BYE!!

!DONAIR FARTS NEED 2
EXTREME MEASURES!!

RICK HOOPER ~

RRRRR-R-RICKEY!
RICKEY HOOPER, BEING
THE SQUEAKY, CLEAN
SUBBIE HE IS, SAILED
THROUGH THIS SUMMER
KEEPING HIS SHOES
AND HIS NOSE POLISHED.
NEVER ONE TO MASK
HIS EMOTIONS, HOOPER
OPENED HIS HEART AND
SOUL TO A BEAUTIFUL
(?) BLOND NAMED
APHRODITE IN VANCOUVER.
(GERRI LYNN WILL
UNDERSTAND, SHE IS
SENSITIVE TOO.) A
FEELING MAN, ALWAYS
FIRST TO GET THE
TEAM TOGETHER FOR A
GAME, RICKEY'S MOTTO
WAS...

F---K MAKEPEALE
-UC- 'EM ALL!
I'M GOING TO WIN!!!

ALWAYS EAGER TO
HELP, HIS PRESENCE
WAS WELL FELT AT
UVIC DURING THE
SHORE PHASE.

BEST OF LUCK AT...
... WHICH
UNIVERSITY IS IT
THIS YEAR RICKEY?

BRENT PRESTON ~

BRENT WAS A
DISTINCTIVE MEMBER OF
ATHABASKAN DIVISION. HE
WAS THOUGHT TO BE
MIKE NETHERCOTT'S
ADOPTED SON "PUP"
AND HE WAS KNOWN

FOR HIS FINE FOOT
CO-ORDINATION ON
STAIRS AND ON THE
BRIDGE. HE WAS OFTEN
AROUND, DOCUMENTING
ON FILM, OUR U-VIC
ACTIVITIES, AND HE
PARTICIPATED IN THE
REMOVAL OF THE "CF"
FROM ONE OF HIS
FELLOW DIVISION MEM-
BERS.

FINALLY, BRENT IS
A GOOD BUDDY, AND
WE WISH YOU WELL
IN NEW BRUNSWICK!



MIKE NETHERCOTT ~

- VOTED THE MAN
TO MOST LIKELY TO DIE
FROM AIDS, MR RELAX
COASTED THROUGH
ANOTHER SUMMER OF
OTD. THE SELF-PRO-
CLAIMED KING OF THE
FEMALE BODY COUNT,
MIKE WAS POPULARLY
KNOWN AS THE "FOXTROT
PAPA". DESPITE HIS LACK
OF ENTHUSIASM ON

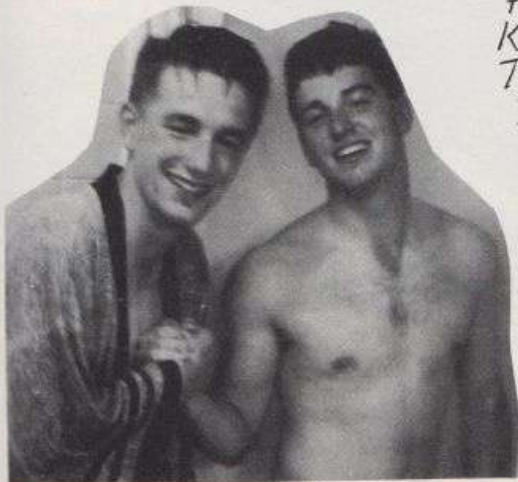
THE BRIDGE, MIKE MORE
THAN MADE UP FOR IT
WITH HIS NOCTURNAL
ACTIVITIES. AFTER A
RATHER FLACID
START, MIKE MANAGED
TO REGAIN HIS "COMPOSURE"
BEHIND BUILDING 55
AFTER THE SUMMER
FUN DANCE. (WHAT A
CLASSY GUY!) NEVER
BURDENED BY MORAL
PRINCIPLES AND
PERENNIALY IN SEARCH
OF AN IMAGE, MIKE
IS LIVING PROOF THAT
DON QUIXOTE IS ALIVE
AND WELL. (SO WHAT
IF HE HAD TO VISIT A
VD CLINIC!).

P.S. DON'T TELL DAD
ABOUT THE MACKENZIE
AT JMOT.

REG LINCO ~

THE MAN, THE
LEGEND VEGGIE,
RETURNED TO US FOR
ONE MORE FUN -
FILLED SUMMER. NOT
BEING ONE FOR EXTREME
CONVERSATIONAL
EXCHANGES, REG IS
REMEMBERED FOR
HIS EFFORTS TO
CHANGE THIS BY
ATTEMPTING TO GRUNT
HIS WAY THRU COMM
SCHOOL - AAROO, ARGH,
AAROO, FEEFI FO FUM
I SMELL A WOOKIE -
AAROOO! THE FEMALE
POPULATION, ATTRACTED
BY HIS ANIMAL

MAGNETISM (OF SCENT)
WILL NEVER BE THE
SAME - GOOD LUCK REG!
HOPE THE TEST TURNS
OUT NEGATIVE!



TERRY JOHNSON

- UNDERWEAR? WHAT A CONCEPT!
TRIED IT ONCE - COULDN'T DEAL WITH IT. - TERRY
JOHNSON - IS HE ALIVE OR IS HE MEMOREX?
- WHAT DWELLS BEHIND THAT CUTE LITTLE MOUSTACHE?
THE SOCIAL GUY AT ALL TIMES, TERRY COULD MAKE
FRIENDS WITH A PIECE OF FURNITURE. WE
KNOW BEING NICE HAS ITS LIMITS! CAN TERRY BE
TRUE? OKAY, OKAY, SO SOMETIMES HE SLIPS A
BIT. TO TERRY SARCASM IS AN ART - TO US IT'S A
HABIT. FREQUENTLY OVERCOME BY OUR LACK
OF CONTROL, TERRY GRABBED US FIRMLY BY
THE GENITALS AND YANKED US BACK TO
REALITY. LUCKILY WE WORE UNDERWEAR!
GOOD LUCK, GOOD HUNTING AND VISIT
YOUR LOCAL DEPARTMENT STORE SOON.
- STRETCHMARKS ARE UNSIGHTLY - AND
SLIGHTLY PAINFUL !!

MIKE LEGROS ~

DESTRUCTION OF PUBLIC PROPERTY UNDER \$200.00?
CALL THIS MAN MIKE LEGROS! - WILL ERADICATE ALL FORMS
OF FURNITURE, WALLS, LIGHTS AND ANY CHANCE OF A SEXUAL
ENCOUNTER WITHIN A 50 YARD RADIUS.

- NICE HAIRCUT BIG GUY! GOOD TO KNOW BLACK & DECKER
CAN ALWAYS HAVE A FALL BACK.

ALWAYS LOOKING FOR A NEAT GAME TO PLAY, OUR GONADS
WILL FOREVER RETRACT AT THE SOUND OF YOUR NAME. BEING THE
ONLY GUY ALIVE ABLE TO MAKE LOVE TO HIMSELF AND STILL
NEED A PROPHALACTIC DEVICE - "GEE WISH I HAD A MOOSE

----- SO I WOULDN'T HAVE TO CARRY THIS THING AROUND!!
YEAH RIGHT MIKE!

ANYWAYS, GOOD LUCK WITH THE SHOCK THERAPY AND
REMEMBER! "IF IT'S TOO SALTY" CALL MIKE!!

MARK CAMERON ~

MARK CAMERON AKA FP #2 STARTED OFF
SLOW THIS YEAR ARRIVING TWO DAYS LATE WITH A FACIAL
BLEMISH LEADING US TO BELIEVE HE HAD JOINED SOME LOST
INDIAN SACRED CULT. THIS TED NUGENT WITH A HAIRCUT SOON
GOT HIS ACT TOGETHER HOWEVER, EXECUTING A BIT OF MAKE-UP.
TO - BREAKUP FRIENDS ROUTINE AT A.H. JUST IN TIME TO START
A PASSIONATE PLATONIC FLING WITH M.M. NEVER WITHOUT A
TELEPHONE BOOK TO REACH THE WHEEL OF HIS BROTHER'S CAR,
"SHORT AND CUTE" WILL BE REMEMBERED FOR HIS JOCK-LIKE
ABILITIES AND HIS GRANNY-LIKE DRIVING. OH YA, AND MARK?
TAKE A DRAG!...

FULL LENGTH 90 MIN.
ADULT VIDEO!
ONLY \$995!



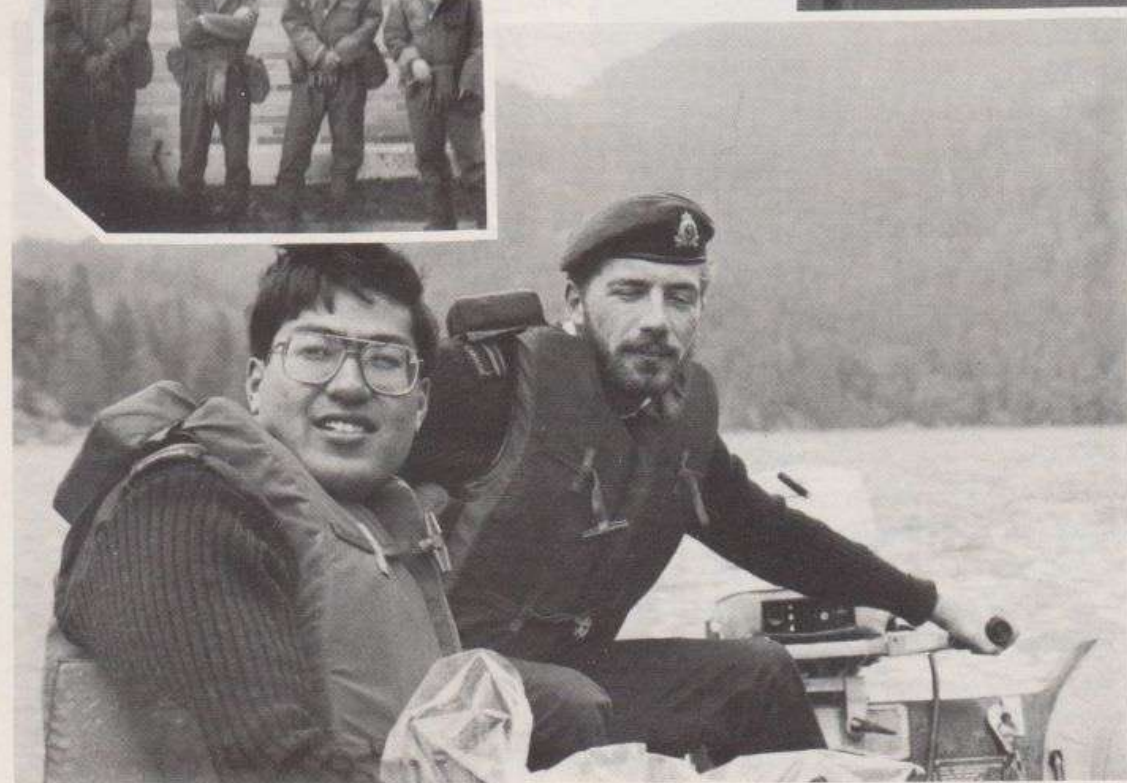
AAARGH! IT'S THE BABY
FORCE FROM HELL!!

IT'S A BIRD... ITS A PLANE!
NO WAIT... IT'S REG-
THE STAY PUFF MARSHMALLOW
GUY!!

OKAY...
WHOSE GOT
MY TEETH?



FASTER AL
FASTER!
I CAN SMELL
HER OUT
THERE!!
AROOOOO!!





"ASSUME
THE
POSITION!"



"SURPRISE JELLY BUM!"



SAY
CHEESE!!

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking
By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal
Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

- A MAN WHO REALLY
KNOWS HOW TO
MAKE FRIENDS!



"DEAR DAUGHTER"

... HOW SMART YOU MUST LOOK
IN YOUR NAVAL UNIFORM DOING
A JOB WHICH WAS TRADITIONALLY
THAT OF A MAN. IT MUST BE A
NEW AND EXCITING EXPERIENCE.

WE HOPE YOU WILL TAKE TIME
WHILE IN SOME EXOTIC
PORT TO SEND US
A CARD ...



WELL, YOU CAN
ALWAYS RUN AWAY
AND GET MARRIED

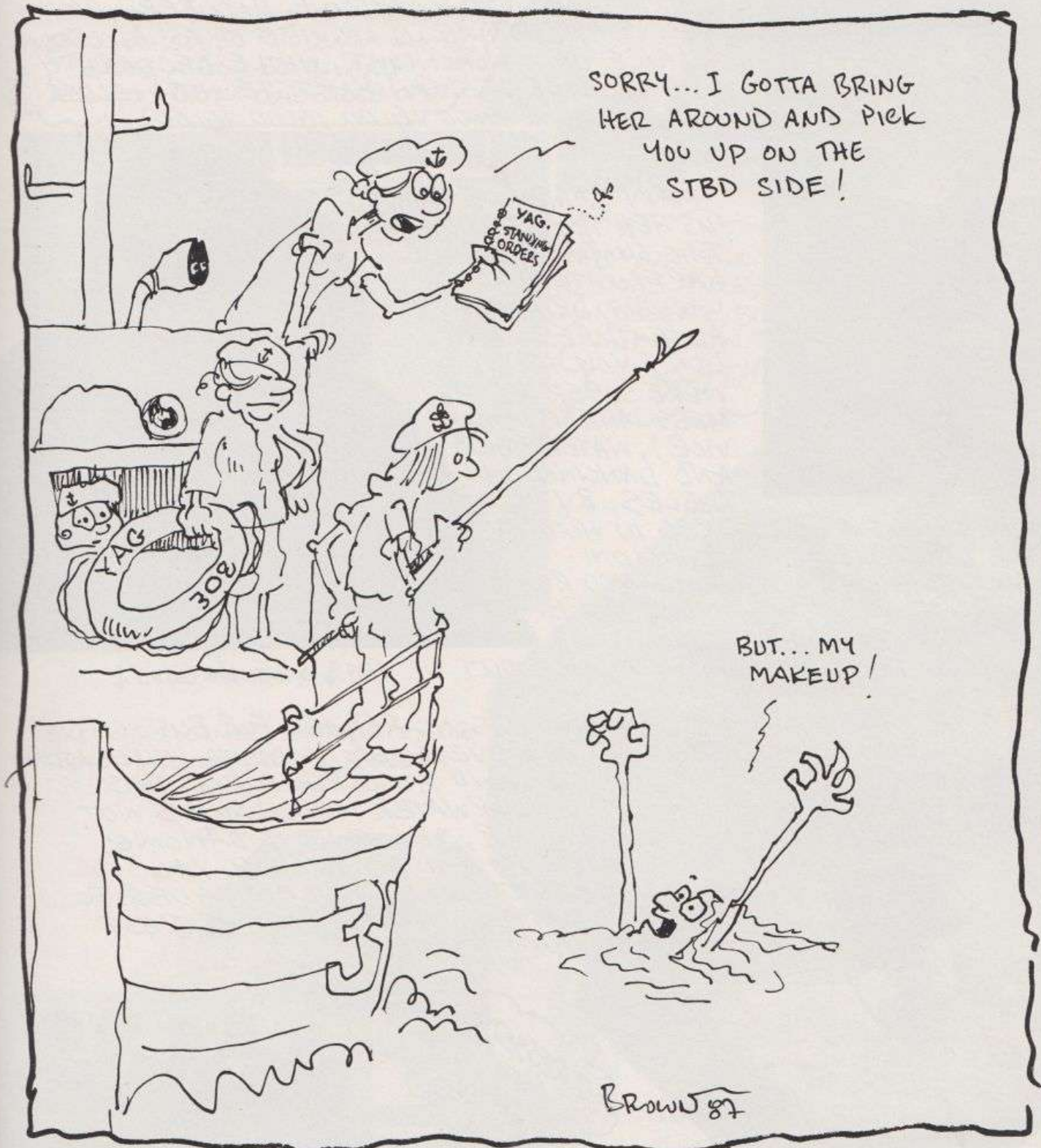


I DOES IT
MY
WAY!



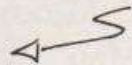
BROWN 87

ACADIA DIVISION

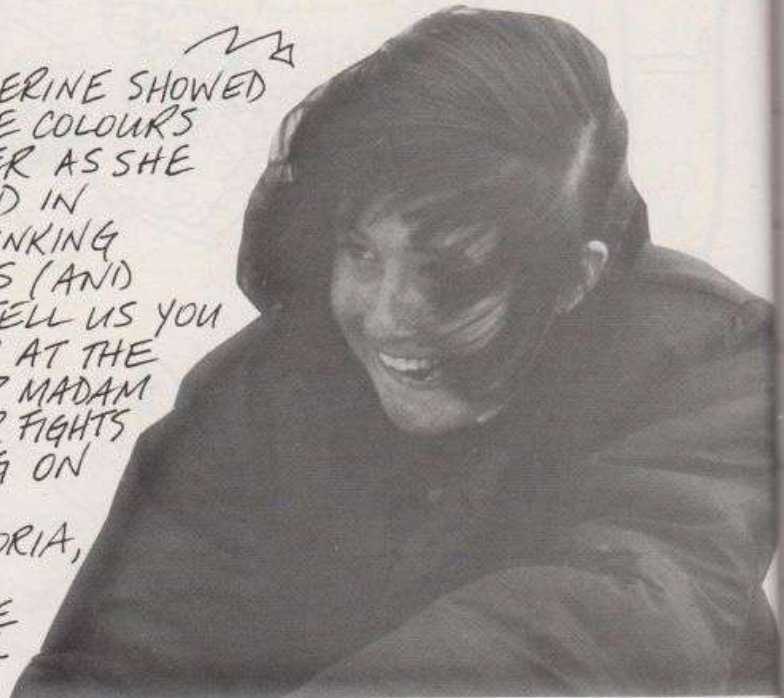




AFTER HAVING RETURNED TO THE HOMESTEAD WITH PHOTOS SUCH AS THESE, CAROLINE WAS HARASSED BY FAMILY MEMBERS AS TO WHETHER OR NOT SUCH OVERT MEASURES WERE HER REPLACEMENT FOR MEN. IF THEY ONLY KNEW WHAT THEIR LITTLE CAROLINE HAD BEEN UP TO . . . INDULGING IN LIQUIDS OF AN ALCOHOLIC NATURE ON A WORKNIGHT, WHILE DECLARING "LA FÊTE DE ST. JEAN BAPTISTE WITH 19LOOS. (19LOO 19LOO 19LOO 19LOO)



MARY CATHERINE SHOWED US HER TRUE COLOURS THIS SUMMER AS SHE PARTICIPATED IN VARIOUS DRINKING ADVENTURES (AND DON'T YOU TELL US YOU WERE SOBER AT THE MESS DINNER MADAM VICE), WATER FIGHTS AND DANCING ON TABLES. BY



BUYING OUT A FEW STORES IN VICTORIA, SHE CONFIRMED OUR SUSPICION THAT THIS WAS A NEW MC. YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO DO A LOT MORE THAN JUST MATHEMATICAL CALCULATIONS TO GET YOURSELF OUT OF THIS ONE M.C.

OBVIOUSLY THIS WOMAN HAS NO REGARD FOR BUS ETIQUETTE. WE BELIEVE SHE'S A DISTANT RELATIVE OF HOUDINI AND ALSO PERFORMS THIS STUNT UNDERWATER. WHEN SHE'S NOT SO TIED UP, SHE ENJOYS DANCING, DRINKING AND PROVIDING YAG ENTERTAINMENT, "OOD GOES TO BATTLEMANIA," FOR THE REST OF THE CREW.



"YOU KNOW WE COULD SIT AND TALK SHOP ALL DAY; WHAT WE HOPE TO ACHIEVE IN THIS OUTFIT, - OUR ASPIRATIONS FOR FUTURE SUMMERS, ~ WHAT KIND OF DAY WE'VE HAD ~ OR HOW WE FEEL OUR NAVIGATIONAL TRAINING HAS CHANGED OUR LIVES
OR: YOU COULD PULL UP A CHAIR, GRAB A FISH BOWL, AND HELP US DRINK OUR FACES OFF!"



"IF YOU YELL GAS, GAS, GAS ONE MORE TIME, WE'LL TAKE OUR NUCLEAR, BIOCHEMICAL KNOWLEDGE AND BLOW THIS PLACE TO SMITHERINES!"



↓ OUR FAMILY ↓

BACK: RITA I, SAMBO, BERTHA, ERNIE, BETTY
FRONT: MA, HILDA, RITA II, BONETTA



"YOU TAKE THE ANGLE BETWEEN THOSE TWO EDGES OF LAND, AND I'LL TAKE THE ANGLE BETWEEN THOSE TWO MEN!"



TO FIND MOE IN ANY OTHER STATE THAN THIS BEFORE 1600 WAS PRETTY NEAR IMPOSSIBLE. TO FIND HER AT ALL AFTER 1600 WAS ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE. SUCH EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES AS ATTRACTING THE LOCAL LOGGERS PROVIDED ENOUGH GOSSIP TO KEEP THE REST OF ACADIA BUSY FOR A FEW DAYS

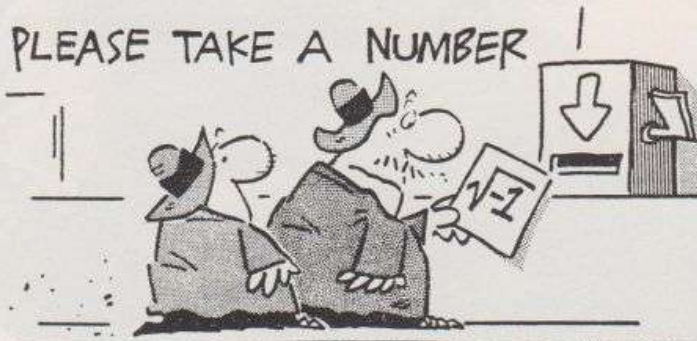
GLENDIA IS ONE WICKED LINE HANDLER BUT A HANDLE ON LIFE HAS PRESENTED MANY PROBLEMS. THE ENTIRE DIVISION IS OUT ON A LIMB HELPING HER TO TRY AND DECIDE WHE SHE WILL TAKE UP RESIDENCE IN SEPTEMBER. THE MAJORITY IS HOPING SHE'LL MAKE THE RIGHT DECISION AND JOIN THEM FOR ANOTHER YEAR OF "PARLER"ING IN THE EAST.



"VANCOUVER TRAFFIC, I'D LIKE TO MAKE A LONG DISTANCE CALL TO KINGSTON, ONTARIO."

CALLS TO THE EAST WERE AS FREQUENT AS THOSE MADE TO A NEARBY EXPECTANT MOTHER. FRANCES MANY A RESTLESS NIGHT WONDERING ABOUT LOUISE'S BABY AND IT WAS SOON QUESTIONABLE AS TO WHETHER OR NOT FRANCES WOULD BE GIVING BIRTH!

SHE INSISTS NOT AT LEAST FOR ANOTHER TEN YEARS! ~ BUT DO WE THINK SHE'LL HOLD OUT THAT LONG??



MC - WE THOUGHT YOU'D APPRECIATE THIS ONE! →

-OUR D.U. OTHERWISE KNOWN AS 'MA', LT OLMSTEAD WAS NOMINATED AND UNANIMOUSLY WON THE SEA REQ QUEEN 87' AWARD AS SHE SERVED 167 HOURS SIGNING OFF SEA REQS. THERE WAS NO DOUBT AS TO WHETHER SHE WOULD WIN THE AWARD OR NOT BUT RATHER WHETHER OR NOT THE SEA REQ VICTIMS WOULD ENDURE THIS PAINSTAKING RITUAL.

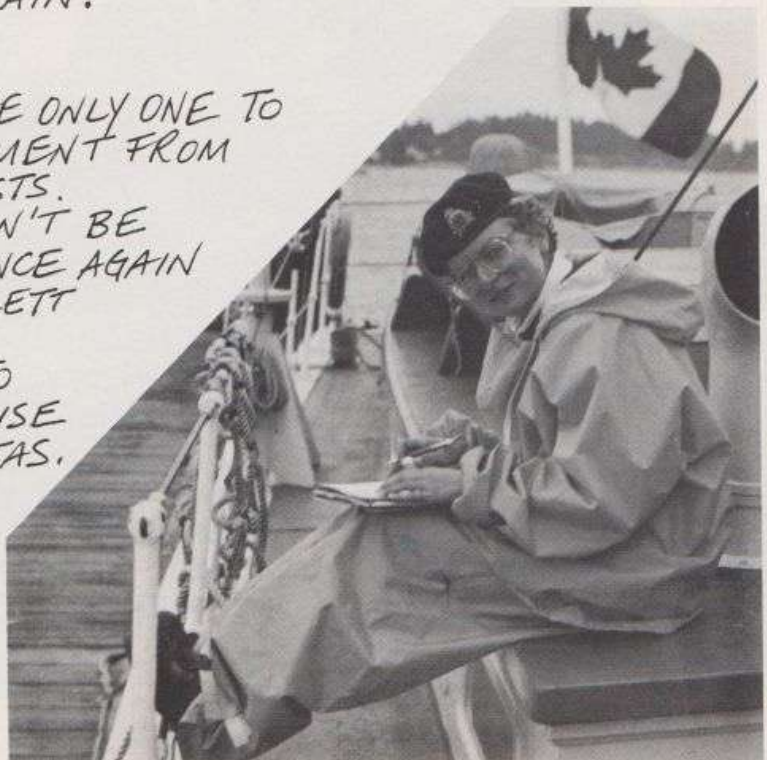


"THERE, OFF IN THE DISTANCE. I BELIEVE IT'S A FERRY COMING STRAIGHT FOR US." PAIGE IMMEDIATELY MAKES A MENTAL CALCULATION TO FIGURE OUT IF JOHN IS ON THIS BOAT, HEADING FOR A SIMILAR PORT. JOHN YOU ARE TO BE COMMENDED FOR CHASING YAGS ALL OVER THE GULF ISLANDS ~ ONLY TO FIND THAT SLT. GARVEY IS ON DUTY ONCE AGAIN.

OUR NEWF. IS PROBABLY THE ONLY ONE TO DERIVE ANY TYPE OF ENJOYMENT FROM WRITING GENERAL NAV. TESTS.

THIS YEARBOOK WOULDN'T BE COMPLETE IF WE DIDN'T ONCE AGAIN MENTION THAT CRAZY COLLETT LAUGH!

SHARON NEVER FAILED TO SEE QUALITY OF ANY EXERCISE - ESPECIALLY SPORTS REGATTAS. MAXIMUM ENTHUSIASM AND PARTICIPATION IS A MUST, AND IF NECESSARY, A NIGHT OF PREPARATION BEFOREHAND MAY BE REQUIRED, AS SHE SHOWED US ALL!





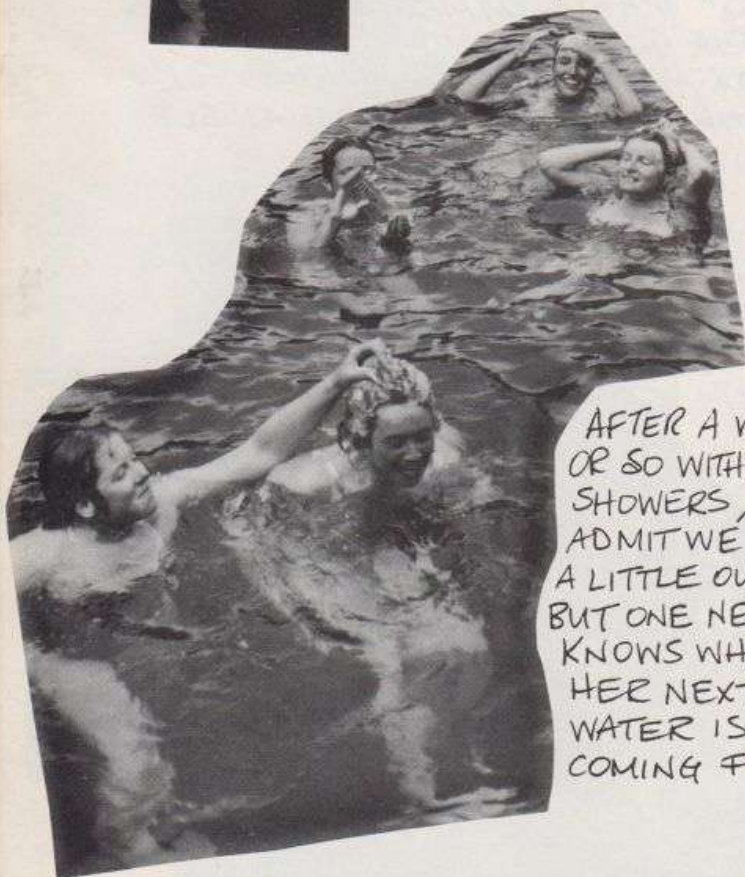
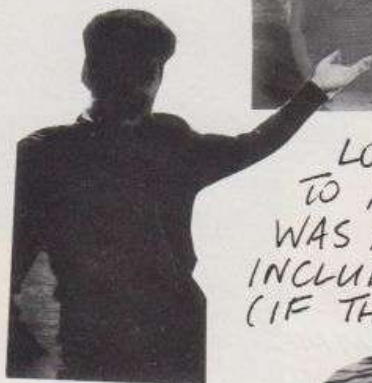
WE LOST BRENDA HALF WAY THROUGH THE SUMMER AS SHE LEFT US FOR BIGGER AND BETTER THINGS — MARS — NOT THE PLANET, BUT RATHER THE TRADE JUST OPENING FOR WOMEN.

WE'RE SURE SHE'LL ENTERTAIN THE MEN JUST AS SHE PERFORMED FOR US IN NBCW CLASSROOMS. ALTHOUGH WE'LL MISS HER, WE HAVE A FEELING SHE'LL BE THINKING OF MORE THAN JUST PAST YAG EXPERIENCES
IE: FRENCH MEN IN ST. JEAN.



WE OFTEN FOUND OURSELVES GIVING TOURS. (WE KNOW YOU DIDN'T THINK A YAG TOUR WAS POSSIBLE.) — BUT IT WAS THE LEAST WE COULD DO THANKS TO THE

LOCAL GENEROSITY OF THE PORTS WE VENTURED INTO. TO ACTUALLY BE CONSIDERED VIP'S IN CAMPBELL RIVER WAS A DREAM COME TRUE, AND WE'VE GRACIOUSLY INCLUDED THEM IN OUR SCHEDULE NEXT YEAR. (IF THEY'LL INCLUDE US.)



AFTER A WEEK OR SO WITHOUT SHOWERS, WE'LL ADMIT WE DID GET A LITTLE OUT OF HAND BUT ONE NEVER KNOWS WHERE HER NEXT FRESH WATER IS COMING FROM!!

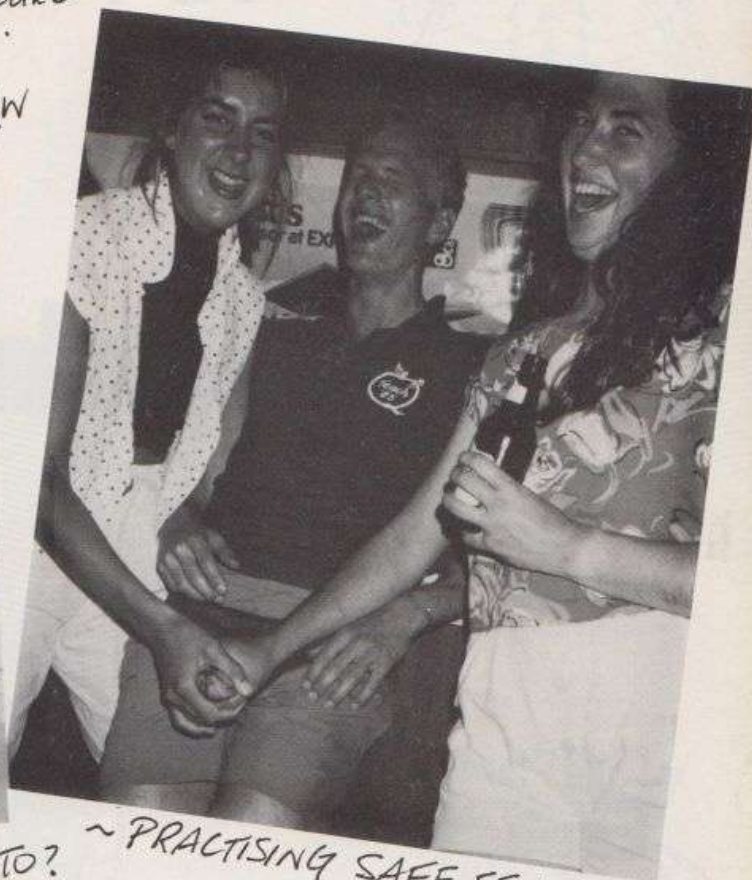


"YAG-STAY TRANSFER"



WE KNOW YOU THINK SHE'S ACTUALLY AWAKE - READING DILIGENTLY ONLY TO TAKE A FEW SECONDS OFF TO TAKE A SIP OF JUICE TO CURE HER DYING THIRST...

NOW... WANT TO KNOW WHAT WE THINK??



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PHOTO? ~ PRACTISING SAFE SEX...



TYPICAL RESPONSE...

TYPICAL QUESTION:

-YOU ARE ENTERING DODD'S NARROWS - THERE IS A SAILING VESSEL DEAD AHEAD OPERATING MACHINERY. YOU ARE

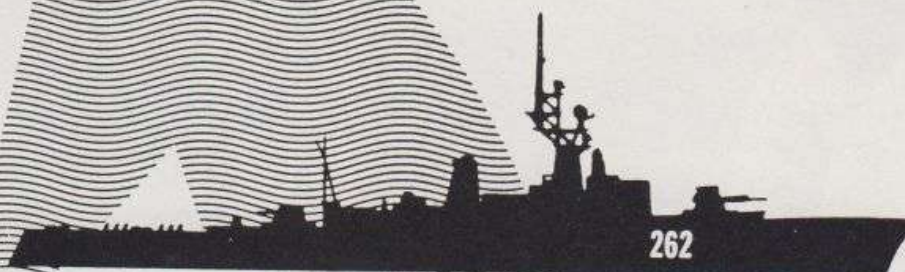
STERNING A 7KT EBB WHEN YOU LOSE YOUR STBD. ENGINE, GENERATOR IE: LIGHTS, RUDDER INDICATOR, GYRO, GSP, ECHO SOUNDER, RADAR, HORN, RADIO, AND YOUR ENGINEER FALLS OVERBOARD.

-WHAT DO YOU DO ???

45TH MQC



HMCS MACKENZIE



HMCS SASKATCHEWAN



HMCS YUKON

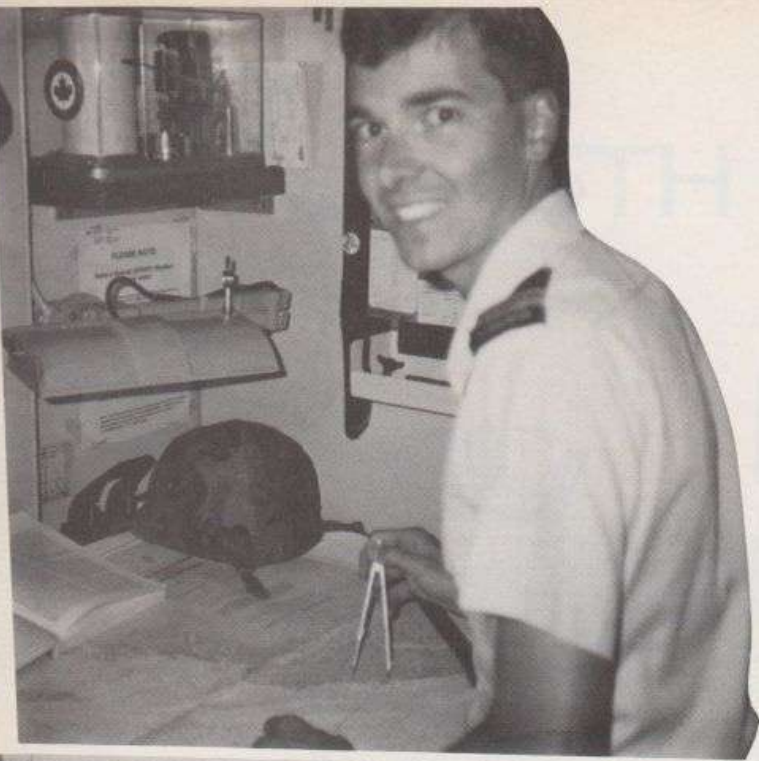


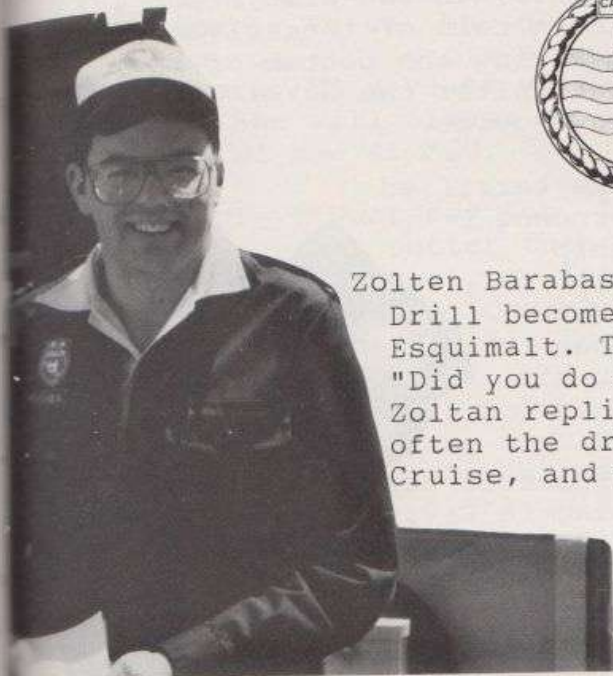
HMCS QU'APPELLE



THE FUTURE WE HOLD







Zolten Barabas: The God of Drill becomes the Queen of Esquimalt. The Captain once asked "Did you do something funny with your hair?" Zoltan replied, "Just once." No socks in the Gunroom was often the dress of the day. Good luck on the Great Lakes Cruise, and with your studies at U. Vic.

Gilles Couturier: Token Pepsi, our fearless class leader, will be remembered for his own personal rendition of the English Language. Gilles will be continuing his RFP training in sunny Halifax on the HMCS Ottawa.

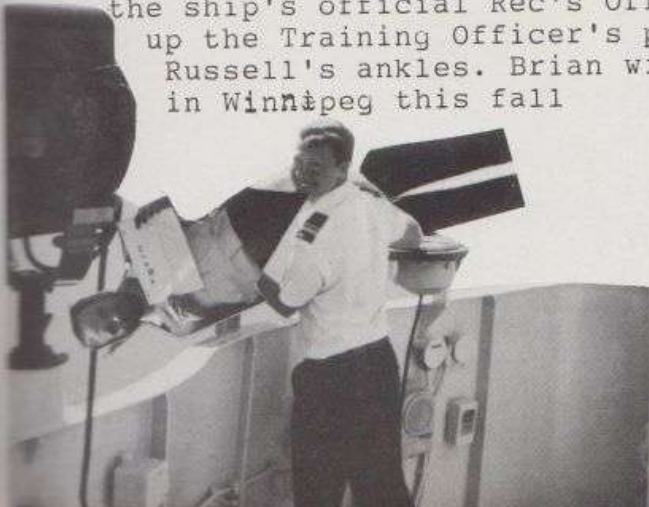
Francois Ducheshe: Frank our token Toad, has got to be one of the nicest guys alive today. It was felt by his shipmates that Frank deserved the 'order of tolerance' for his ability not to commit murder on the bridge whilst running to OPS to take a fix. It should be noted that when filling in for Rashoo in Vancouver, Frank distinguished himself by becoming one of the three to 'spill his guts' in the line of duty.



Steve Horsman: The old man, the horse. Our token Ploughboy's most memorable moment was when confronted by the XO in Vancouver, said..."There is something I'd like to bring up." Needless to say he did! (second of the three.) Steve suffering from hot and cold spells, was seen on the bridge one day wearing oddly contrasting gloves. Was that port or starboard, Horse? On occasions in the Mids, screams could be heard emanating from 4 mess. Midships! Stop Both Engines! AAAAAAAHHHHHHH!
GOD I HATE MANOEUVERS!!!



Brian Johnston: Due to a never ending diligence (pestering) Brian was the ship's official Rec's Officer. Mountain Man Johnston was so far up the Training Officer's posterior it was said that he could see Russell's ankles. Brian will be completing his Science Degree in Winnipeg this fall.



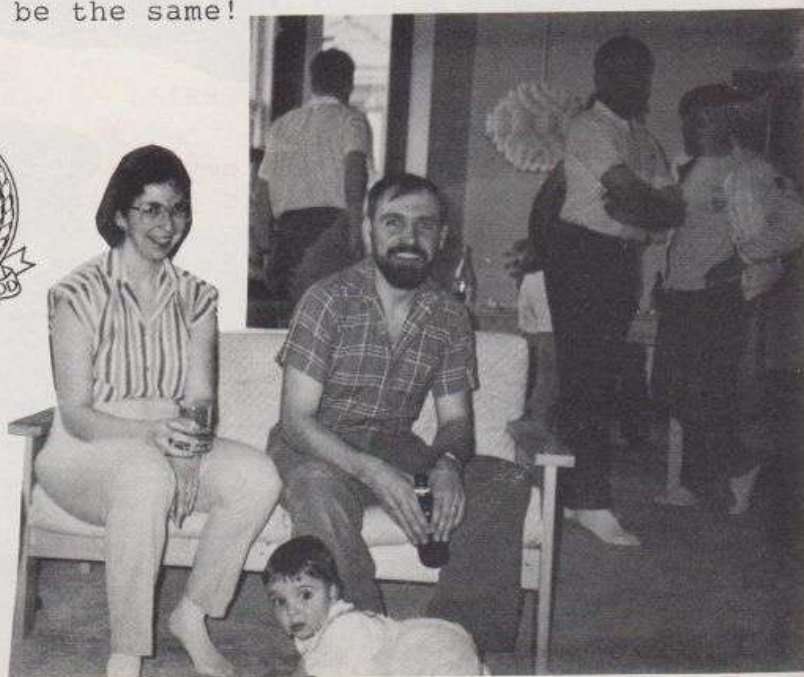
Ken Kingelin: Whether he was a Naval Officer from Victoria, a recreational director from Kelowna, or a lawyer from Toronto, Ken was always popular with the ladies. In proving that Rec's take care of themselves, Ken could often be found horizontal, observing the bottom of the middle bunk. Ken will be joining Provider after the Naval Operations Course. Too easy she is always guide.

Mike Lee: Terror on the bridge, or was he terrified to be on the bridge? The Ninja Navigator once said, "What's the big deal?" when the ship was reported as being 157 degrees n Lat. Unfortunately it was determined that Mike was better suited driving his Supra than a destroyer. Mike will be returning to his job as a radio inspector in Toronto.

Francois Lemieux: A rebel at heart, Francois has aspirations of one day reclassifying to Civilian. The only member of the class considered 'mental' by the Captain, Frank's hobbies included smoking cigarettes, drinking beer, and chasing women. Have fun on the Kootenay Frank!

Mike Parkes: Mike came to us via HMCS Scotian... Rumor had it that he was a 'puke' of the very worst kind- Micol- but we knew better. Affectionately known as 'Binky' or 'The Bink', Mike transferred to HMCS Discovery late in the cause, and had hopes "to be employed as an NCS instructor in the future. Ah it's a SHAD summer."

Marc Richea: Rashoo, the baby pilot. Our token BDF, (big dumb f...) is noted for being one of the Captain's designated clods. "I Sir, am a wiggly worm, sir!" What kind of Naval Officer considers 'ROBOCOP' to be the greatest cinematographic event of the century? One who, after attempting to pee with his fly up, walk up walls through tables and smoke the wrong end of a cigarette; became the third shipmate to part ways with a Big Mac, large fries and a medium shake. Club Cal will never be the same!

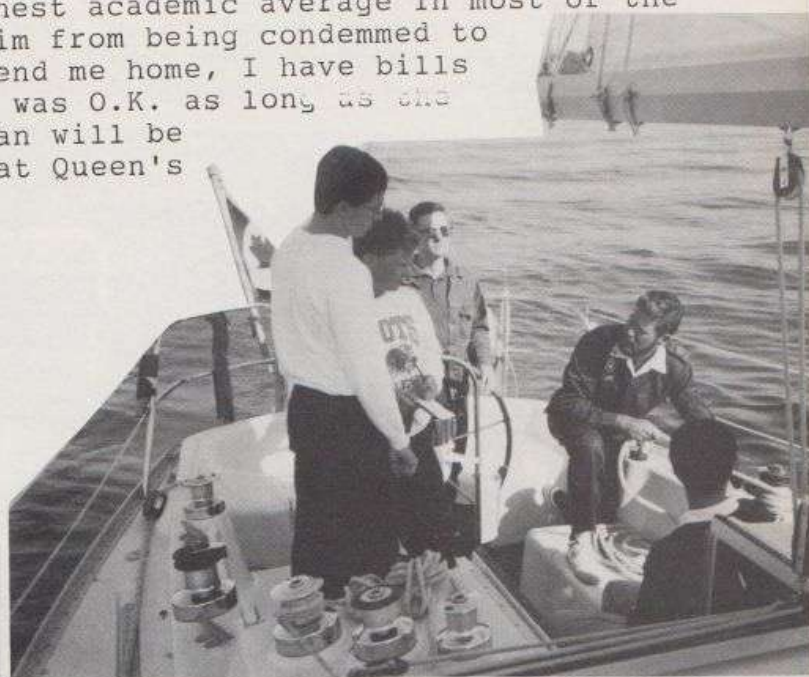


Wanda MacDonald: Over the past years of our lives, chaos and insanity has reined supreme, but amidst all of this there has been one lone Island of hope...Wanda. Whether it was a kind word, a flash of her beautiful smile, or just a place to crash for the night, Wanda always seemed to be there. TO say she will be missed is an understatement of the biggest kind. She will always be known as our Guardian Angel; the patron Saint of the 45 MQC. Thanks Wanda from all of us!!

Rob Thurley: Kootenay Rob, the career Naval Officer; our token Reg Force Puke deserves better than this, or they deserve better than him?! A true SHAD at heart, we look forward to his moving up in the world. Bob, a noted Rec hound (cough), was offered a bottle, no a case of rubbing alcohol by the Captain for his chronic rackus rubisoritis. (bed sores).

Chris Tysiaczny: Mr. Smith, T4. Our token ethnic so loved (?) the mighty Qu'Appelle, that he came back for a second time. Is this man sane we ask you ?? Being 'fresh meat' from the Saskatchewan, the ship not the Province, Chris distinguished himself as the Captain's other clod. By some quirk of fate or could it be coincidence, whilst three of his comrades were investigating their dinners (again), Chris was nearby with a drink in hand and a smile on his face.

Roman Zarowsky: Doughhead had the highest academic average in most of the phases, however that did not save him from being condemned to a Nav Phase for life. "they can't send me home, I have bills to pay." Roman thought going to sea was O.K. as long as the next port of call is Vancouver. Roman will be starting the Law program this fall at Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario.





YAG RON 1 (D0 Commanding)
The slëek tadpoles of death that nudge
into the pretty, cool waters of the
North Pacific to poke back the limp arm
of the Pink Commie Individual.

C'Day Mate - From down under.



"Thee ya guyths."

Frank D. with his buddy Tim Dacon Dance



Marc: "But I was only that far out of
station!
Bob : "So I says to the Watch partner I'm
dancing with, What kind of Bridge is this??"



Awaiting OOD Board results on Qu'Apelle. Linescore: Lions- 6, Christians- 3

Spike, everyone's friend, says "It was light, it was dark, it was light, it was dark it was light, it was dark, it was light, it was dark, it was light, it was dark, and then I threw up all over the place!"

A sleek greyhound of death that pierces the cold waters of the Pacific to beat back the tentacles of the Red Commie Horde.



Brian J. Master Astro Navigator says: "How did Columbus do it???"

Manoeuvres aren't that easy
Chris...Or are they???



BEACON HILL



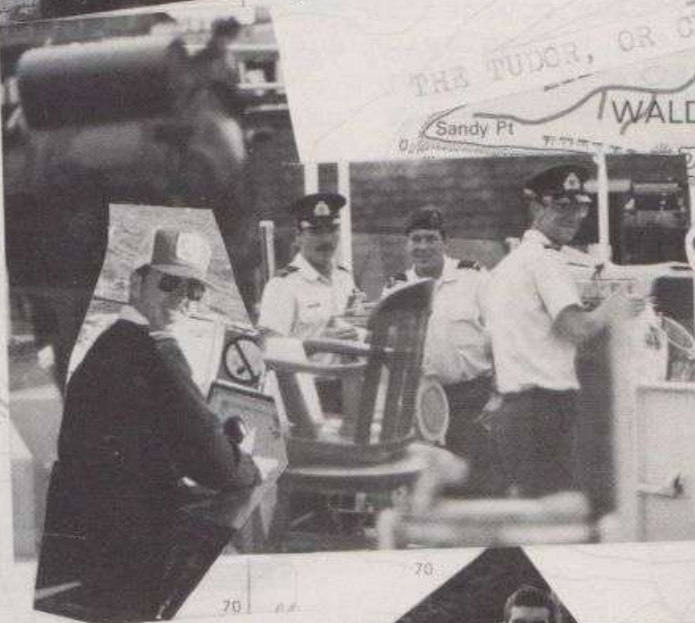
FOR INSTRUCTIONAL PURPOSES ONLY

Beacon Hill division- Were they the cream of Canadian youth, fulfilling a necessary step towards the resolution of their life-long ambitions, or merely poor, disrespectful, harassed young University students, avoiding their parents for the summer. The answer to this difficult question is Maybe! Whatever the reasons: and the final results are not relevant in the search of what was the essence of Beacon Hill. The bringing together of of 20...er 16...er, a bunch of guys from all over Canada, and exposing them to each other's faults, may not seem a worthwhile task, but it does prove one thing: Everybody is a pain in the ass when you have to live with them in close quarters. The fact that no one died or was killed and that people remained and became close friends, was the greatest triumph of our labour. (However the raise and the thick stripe was indeed a very close second.) In conclusion, it is only appropriate that Sgt. Boggins make the toast for the day for Sunday.

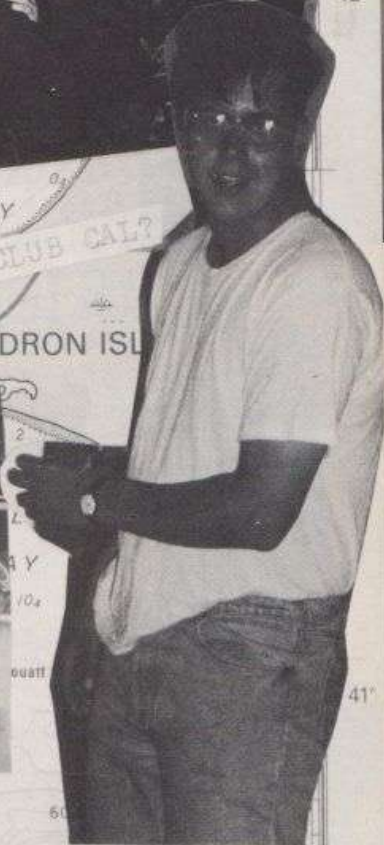
MANEUVERING BOARD



CLEAVERS CLOSED UP!



THE TUDOR, OR CLUB CAL? WALDRON ISL



ATTEN'HUN ON THE UPPER DECK FACE AFT!





YAG 312 HMCS CHALEUR

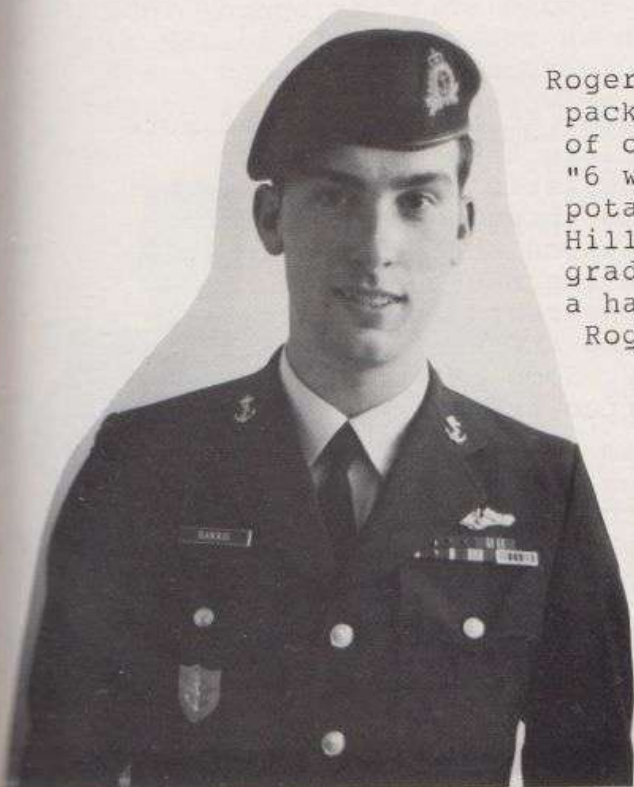
LT(N) Scott "Spanky" Hanwell. A True gentleman of the sea. Our fearless CTO was equally at home navigating through Active Pass as he was at the downtown 'bar scene'. When Scott wasn't smiling profusely, or verifying his centre part, he could be found mowing other peoples lawns. A model of patience and experience, he could always be relied upon for help and encouragement. "Hey don't worry about it. Grab a beer!"

Kendall Myler. A seemingly misplaced prairie boy, the lone neuf is nonconsidering a move to "Sashashewon" in the near future in order to be closer to Janet. Kendall contributed to the group by giving frequent lessons on OOW notebook neatness and spelling, plus courses in "Neufaneese". An ocean cruise, a commission Andyes and True Love - WOW! What a summer!!!



James "Wooky" Sullivan. Much to the chagrin of his classmates, this rackmonster passed all of the exams without once stirring from his bed. Most often heard quote "But sir, I just got my hair cut yesterday." Jim will be remembered from this day forth for his virtual harem of girlfriends, and for running up a \$100.00 bar bill at the Keg in two hours. Way to go Jim!!

Jules "Abdul" Bocarro. An ex-Venture man, Jules continually over-awed YAG C.O.s with his stories of how things are done in the "real" Navy. Despite these "airs", J.R. was a real team player and he was always willing to help out. Carry on Jules and remember... "The deal is" MARS is where it's at!



Roger "Dirty Harry" Harris. This pistol packing Shad struck terror into the hearts of officers and NCDTs alike with his "6 week hit list" and infamous nuked potatoes. Roge was also the only Beacon Hiller to receive a MARCORD at the graduation parade. (Can you say, "Get a haircut?!".) Go find some Sea Cadets Roge!!

Eddie (ono) Leverock. aka "The man who sold his soul to R.J. Reynolds" Who could believe this Ex-Athlete just giving in to the sin of Tobacco. Did the devil make you do it or was it just good for your nerves?

Eddie now moves on to Geneva where his great skills at defusing potential arguments is hoped to bring about a peace treaty. "Come on guys, just be reasonable."



Kevin "McBiff" Sanford. aka "The infamous Wazoo". Most frequently-heard quote: "Forget passage planning, I'm going to get Wazooed!". Despite numerous attempts at revenge by Wazooed Duty Navs, Kevin survived and emerged as a commissioned officer. Congrats Wazoo and Good Luck in the near future.





YAG 306 HMCS THUNDER



Peter Millar. - CTO (At Large) learned more in our Meteorology class than we did. Lt. Millar led his enthusiastic trolls by example on various drink ex's throughout the summer. His greatest contribution this summer in this area of training was the masterminding of the "advance to the rear" from super weepers after trashing the Wardroom patio singlehandedly. Some of Pete's more famous quotes from the summer.

- "K-Chunk, K-Chunk, K-Chunk."

- "Someone get me a scapel so I can surgically remove McClure from the Chart Table."

- "You lazy bunch of trolls! You're all a bunch of _ _ _ Picks!!

Good Luck Pete and remember...Track is clear at this time!



Slt. Doug Keebler Kookie Man" Charko. An easy winner at the "Mr. Congeniality" contest. Doug had the remarkable ability to get along with everybody. Only continuous playing of the Smiths could upset Doug's disposition, resulting in several suicide attempts. Fortunately thes attempts proved unsuccessful and Doug will return for more "sun in the fun" next year,... Hopefully equipped with earplugs. See you then Doug!



Graham "two" Isenegger. Once again we were all lucky enough to have Graham around to start our mornings off by sounding one or sometimes two prolonged blasts. A founding member of the Bengal Room Gin and Tonic Club, Graham filled the rest of his time singing the Smiths with Geoff, mulling over parade deck trivia or discussing politics over a beer in the Tudor House parking lot. Graham made friends "poolside" with Sgt. Bowie this summer, doing the "Beached Whale Thing" when he was up to it. How much were those buttons again???



Simon "What happened Now" MacDonald. Simon leapt from one improbable and ribiculous situation to another this summer whether in Stanley Park, the NCDT lounge, the fire escape at OTD, or sleepwalking in Nelles Block dressed as a giant black condom. Simon was always a constant source of amusement. His faith in Catholicism always peaked before and immediately after exams,

resulting in badly, bruised knees. We hope the family pack of kneepads is of use Simon. ...Best of everything.



- WHAT'S IN THE BAG, SAILOR?



Geoff "Oiseau" Bird. The owner of the stereo and the player of the Smiths, late nite yelling matches with Simon over religious matters was one of his fortes as were attempts to further his career by liasons with daughters of admirals, tut, tut, tut. Steady old boy. Geoff had the uncanny ability to throw off the world's troubles with an omnipotent CHEERS !!!, or a simple "I am Superman, and I can do anything!" Cheers Geoff!!

Jeff "The teethmunster" Munn. Always one for an argument with Graham, Jeff proved that extremes in personality can be found in Gel-haired Preppy kids: Ex.1. Trashing his whites at the Wardroom while describing portraits of the Queen as "very moving". Ex.2. Arguing with the CC of HMCS Thunder, doing whatever he did with the CO of YAG 319. Jeff also impressed everyone at TD One with his famous "On track by Leadmark - Oh there it is! Good luck my child, but first... Does this shirt go with these pants???



Ian "The Cleaver" McClyre. Ian was our resident engineer. A man of Potential Energy curves, Bravo Fife Twos, and discoverer of the four second sunset pause between A and D Jetties. Cleaver was only too happy to talk about the caressing of Ramheads, tours of Police stations, and whatever else happened in Vancouver. Ian's pet peeve was "being competent." Good Luck to you Ian.



SNORKERS - GOOD-O!!

RANGE!



MORESBY ISLAND

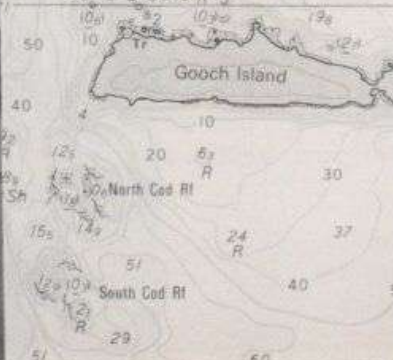
YOU TROLLS

CHADKA

GASPING... BUT SOMEHOW STILL ALIVE!...

SWITCHING TO THE WEYMOUTH ROSS!!!

HOW ARE WE DOING FOR TRACK?



WE ARE AFTER ALL,
FARTHER WEST.

"I WEAR GREEN
ON THE OUTSIDE
BECAUSE GREEN
IS HOW I FEEL ON
THE INSIDE."

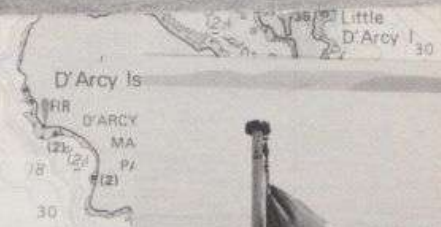
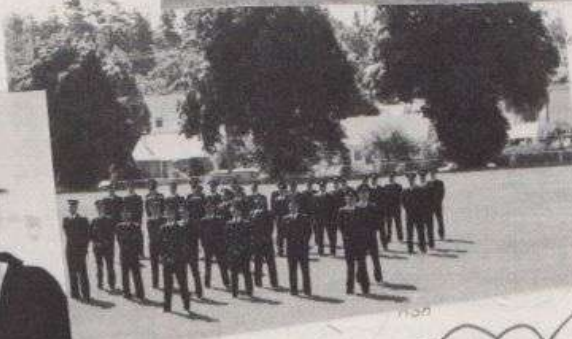
WHO WAS THE IDIOT
WHO LEFT THEIR CAP
ON THE PELORUS?

IF YOU CANT TAKE A JOKE, YOU SHOULDN'T
HAVE JOINED.

CHEERS!

... UNTIL WE SAIL
AGAIN ...

I HATE IT WHEN
THAT HAPPENS!



BONAVENTURE DIVISION



Back: Mercier, Moller, Morris, Matheson, Stoodley, Saint-Pierre
Center: Meikle, Lepine, Power, Stark, Bergeron, Hyslop, Wut, Garrard,
Egan.
Front: Bedo, MacLeod, Lt(N) Fox, Lt(N) Quail, O'Connell, Pinto
Missing: Kieran, Lt(N) Garrity

Our summer began in May with a three week shore phase. soon we were introduced to the rigours of Tides, Rules of the Road, and Astronomics. Who could ever forget celestial horizon or rigidity in space? Every day started bright and early with "forced fun" and usually lasted well on in to the evening hours. Then it was off to sea in the "Sleek Greyhounds of Death", YAGs 308 and 312. Our Adventurous travels took us to the far corners of the Gulf Islands and exotic locales such as Comox.

Back in the classroom, MARS IV began with the academic delights of Rel Vel Hell and OOW. A week of Comm School enabled us to get lots of ZZZZZZs and rest, while the Fires Leaders course made things "Hot" for us. Then it was back to the brine in HMCS Cowichan and HMCS Miramichi. Oscar Oscar Weiny Manoeuvres were a constant source of excitement ("100 yards and closing!")... and alongsides were even better ("Brace for collision Port side!!")

Bonaventure capped off a great summer by winning the sports shield, once again proving our natural superiority. Congratulations to the new JOUTS and we'll see you again next year!!

Slt. Tim "Porlier" Bedo - A constant source of amusement this summer both on the bridge and off. His aggressive sense of play and regressive sense of direction endeared "Timbo" to ull of us, as well as making him a serious hazard to navigation. Able to win (although not keep) the affections of the fairer sex, Tim earned a reputation as a decent and honest rogue. Gotta love that!

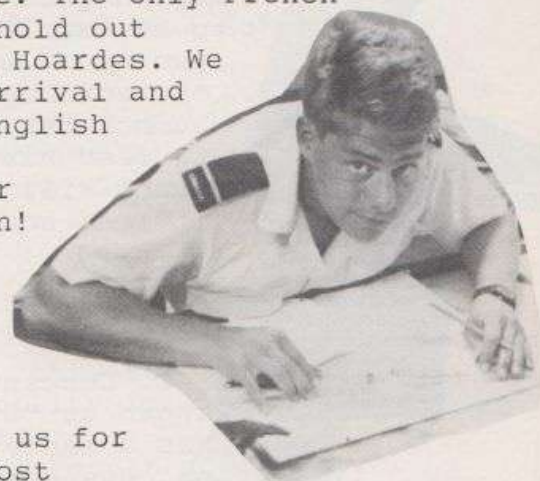


Slt. Graeme Garrard. Bonaventure's pedantic fool. Graeme broke the heart of many a Leading Wren, and was partial to flogging those he did like. Known for his unusual sleep habits, he was often seen imitating a cocoon. We'll all miss that great sense of humour(??!)

See you next year graeme.

Slt. Martin Lepine. The only French man who managed to hold out against the English Hoardes. We had to bear the countdown to Sylvie's arrival and his interesting pronunciations of the English Language...(or was it French?)

We hope Martin will be back next year so we can continue our French connection!



Slt Dan Kieran. Having joined us for MARS IV Dan tried to excel at most aspects of training this summer. Most notably bar chits, to which he applied himself with great enthusiasm under the watchful eye of our XO, Lt.(N) Gibbons. Part of the clean sweep Nav. team of Cowichan, Dan will always be remembered for saying..."Naw, she's nothing special, I've had her before."



Slt. Dave Mercier. Trouble from the word go, shouldn't have been here after a year on the coast. Has difficulty flag halyards, and created problems for all on Prison Barge 319. However his wealth of experience and good natural wit were a bonus to everyone. Dave will make a good officer and BWK... So I asked the guy I was dancing with. What kind of boy is this anyway?



Slt. Shawn Meikle. This walking nautical encyclopedia was a source of knowledge and amusement to us all summer. Between having water fights with battery powered water bazookas to crashing scooters on the sidewalk,

Shawn managed to keep the summer from becoming totally drab. Congrats Shawn, you really earned it. (By the way Shawn, how did you really break your hand?)



Slt. Rob MacLeod. Cowboy had two goals this summer. First was to get his commission, the second was to meet a girl that wasn't moving east to be married...Well, one out of two isn't too bad Slt. Macleod. The "Meteorology God" spent most of the summer behind coke bottles, after deciding to feed his contact lenses to the fish.

Rob will be remembered for instigating the world's first successful 'HATEX'.



Slt. Duncan Matheson. Better known as "Super Nav.", this was a man you could definitely rely on. His rapid radar plotting on the porcelain PPI, developed by his experiences in Cowichan's Wardroom, was unequalled. (Can you say Contact?) Duncan's unique collection of colored sunglasses kept us all in good spirits.

Take care big guy and we'll see ya next summer.

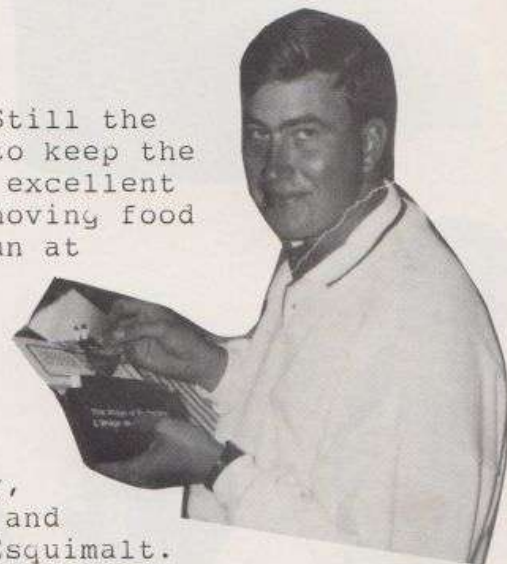




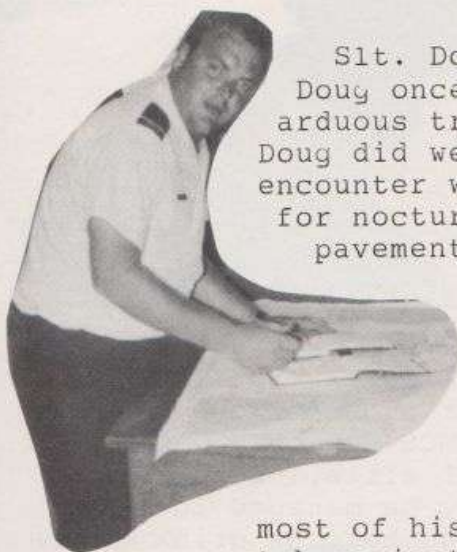
Sgt. Brad O'Connell. Everyone was always glad to see Brad because it usually meant that his girlfriend Barb was close by. The "Sidney Monkey" learned that one night's fun can earn you a tour on Prison Barge 319. He also discovered that the local bar in Port Browning can be very drafty if you only wear your Paisley Boxers.

Good luck in Ottawa JOUT.

Sgt. Richard Moller. aka "Still the Admiral". Kingston's sailor came to OTD to keep the CTO's on their toes in the classroom. An excellent photographer and cook, Rich was always shoving food or a zoom lens in someone's face. Have fun at Cataragui JOUT.



Sgt. Doug Stark. In mid May, Doug once again made the long and arduous trek from Victoria to Esquimalt. Doug did well this summer, except for a brief encounter with "Rel Vel Hell". His infamous notoriety for nocturnal activities included inspecting pavement and discovering that Officer's racks are more comfortable than cadet's. His worst experience was the "Mother Hubbard's Cuppard Syndrome" in the Cowichan's Wardroom. Take Care Mr. Fix.



Sgt. Nigel Stoodley. Known by most of his friends as "Spooder", this top notch navigator, as shown by his ability in conning his rack ("clear to starboard, starboard seven"). The man with the porcupine hair is an avid partier. Favourite pastimes include: sport humps and attacking young men in dark cabins. Take care Nigel, and we'll see you next summer.





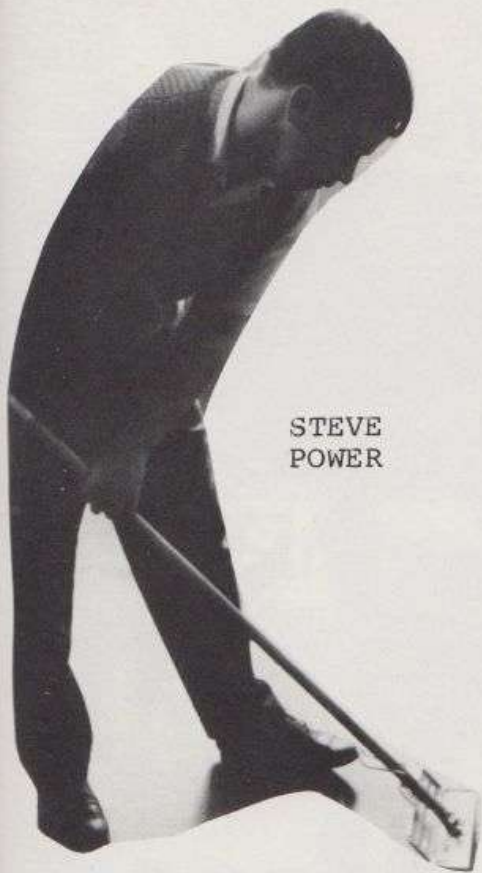
Lt. Bob Garrity. Our "Chief" Lieutenant for the first six weeks of the summer, unfortunately had to go home early to continue his education. His experience and style on the Bridge made him a man to look up to. His unique wakey, wakey which started with "Drop your c_ _ _ and grab your socks!", got us started for the day. We missed him later, knowing that next year's class will be that far ahead during their PB phase.



Lt.(N) Mike Fox. The fearless leader of those on YAG 319 and HMCS Miramichi. His style and humour quickly made him a friend to all in the class. His membership in the infamous "Sidney Gang of Four", brought him much closer to his crew. Regardless, his experience brought from the "Dark Side", was very helpful and we relied on his advice. We wish him well in his career as a lawyer. Thanks Mike.



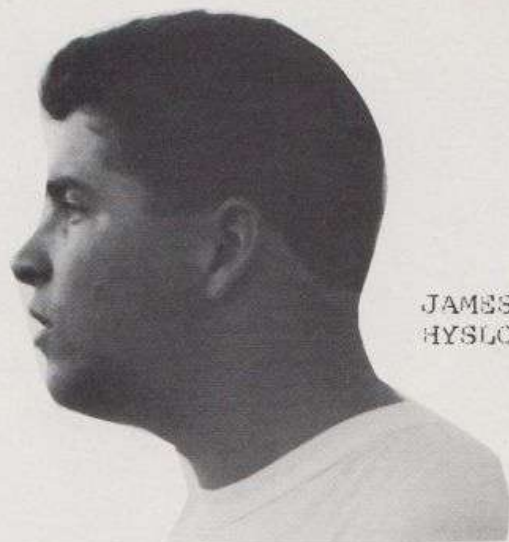
Lt. Mark Quail. Spiritual leader for those of us on YAG 308 and HMCS Cowichan. As one of the social elite, "Beer is for Plebians", he managed to lower himself and help us drink dry the Cowichan's Wardroom. Though prone to disappear while going for ice cream with blonds, Mark managed to be there when help was needed. Good luck in the future. (Hey Mark, could you explain that Vogue transit again???)



STEVE
POWER



FRANCOIS
SAINT-PIERRE



JAMES
HYSLOP



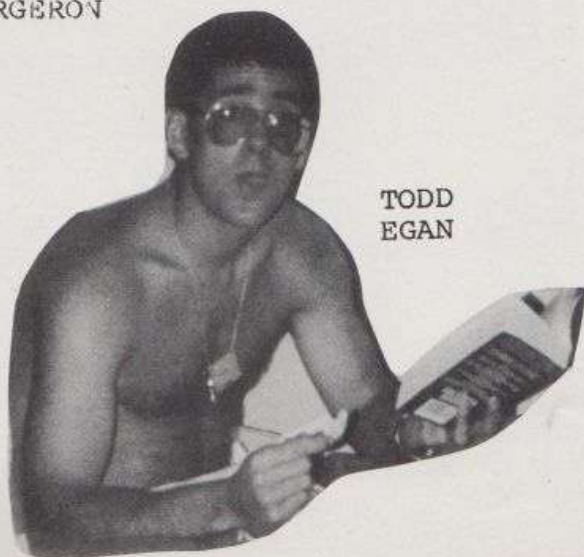
JUIN
PINTO



PETER
WUT



MARTIN
BERGERON



TODD
EGAN

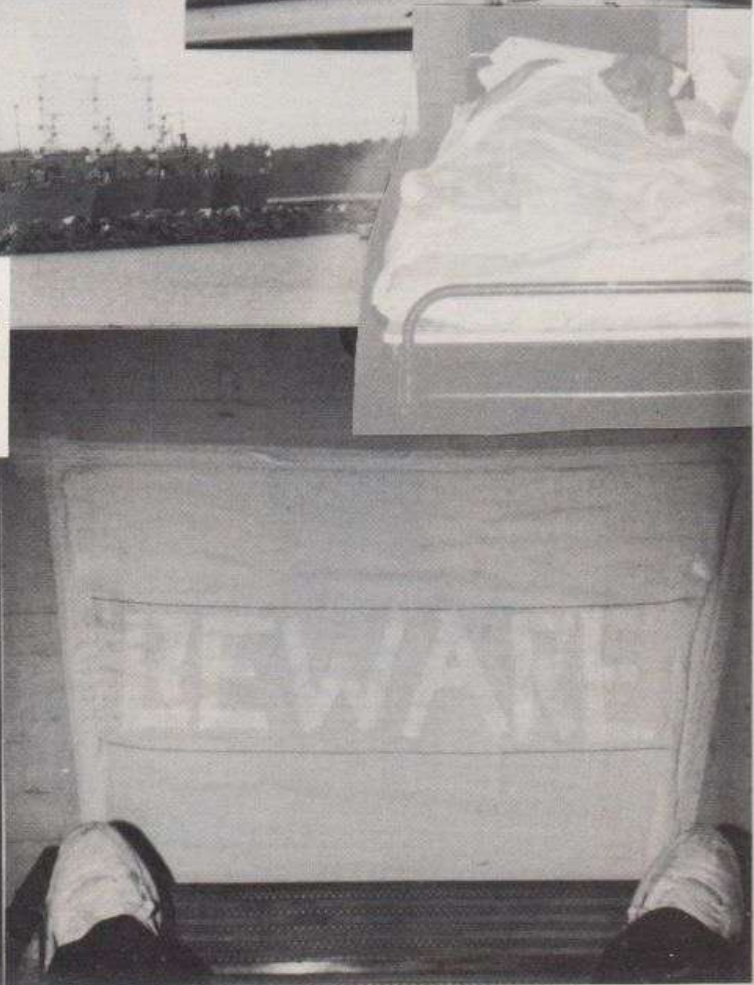


JAMES
MORRIS

Sea power



Graduation Ceremony





Stress



Brockville Division



Rear Row:

Lagasse, White, Carter, Martel, Giles, Manning.

Third Row:

Voellinger, Brygadyr, Charland, Devlin, Stirling.

Second Row:

McIntyre, A/SLT Ewart, Philip, Coyle.

Front Row:

Smith, Hrycenko, LT(N) Blondeau (CTO), Makowichuk.

LOG-WOGS/ BARRIE DIV. ADVENTURES IN BORDEN



LOG-WOGS NAVO, LOG-111 OFFICER PHOTO 11 COURTESY 8701 19 May - 24 Jul 87

LOG-111 A.J. Jhafer, Lt(St) S. Nadeau, PO2 I.D. McCandless.
LOG-111 N.A. Krawchenko, NCST R.D. Klobrogge, NCST I.J. Simile, NCST G.J. Carew, Lt E. Hodges,
Lt(St) R.J. Laskoty.
LOG-111 Lt(St) B. Girard, Lt St. Sieg, Lt C. Perdon, Lt M.D. Lowndes, NCST R.R. Larpent.



IAN BINNIE

Ian, also known as the man in motion, performed the duties of log transportation officer during his time in Borden. Without his old, but extremely mobile ~~boat~~ car, the logos would never survived ten weeks in Borden! Another big popularity booster, at least to his beloved roommate Gerry, was the fact that he dragged his air conditioner all the way from Kingston to battle the Borden heat. (And much better than a cold shower!!)



GERRY CAREW

Gerry Carew was one of that distinguished group of cadets who took an extended vacation at "Club Borden" (sun and sand--what more could one ask for?). Gerry claims to have enjoyed the rigours of finance and sea logistics, but we suspect that Borden's fine golf course was closer to his heart. Always an avid partier, few of us will soon forget Gerry's (and others) antics at the TGIT toga party. Here's to our favourite "townie".



JILL DELGATY

On returning to her second summer of training in Borden, Jill found herself occupying a new position--that of class-pet. This required her to be open to all sorts of attention i.e. signing daily stacks of chits, briefings with Major R&O, writing thank you letters non-stop, along with entertaining strangers in the night. Jill kept up her stamina for this busy schedule of hers by biking and running no less than ten miles daily. We can't imagine how we could have gotten by without Jill, our Good Luck Charm.

CHRIS PERSSON

Chris, our perennial marker, was often found sawing logs in class when not shielding himself from airborne missiles. The relaxing day-time atmosphere enabled him to actively participate in his favourite pastimes of golfing and basketball. These activities were fully pursued after the fortunate defeat of the Philadelphia Flyers.



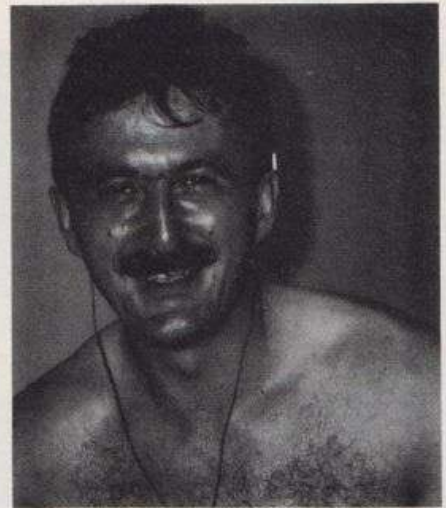
BRUNO GIRARD

Bruno, notre homme favourit francais. It was difficult for the course anglophones to understand the humour of this man, and consequently he spent his spare time with the francophones. What did they discuss??? Although he was our senior class member, Bruno proved his youthfulness and spirit with a rapid cycle to Wasaga Beach. Bravo Bruno!!



DIANE HODGES-WHITTAKER

Shy Di has utterly confused Borden folk; is Mr. Hodges-Wittaker a man? is Hodges-Wittaker one person or two? When not sorting out this name question the official tutor was either encouraging floundering logos or doing bicycle self study. This young gal could always be found trading recipes with her colleague or firing anti-Persson missiles.



SCOTT GIEG

Scott, alias Yash Schmengy, was often found practicing his unique soccer techniques on the volleyball court. Other sports pursuits included bike repairs, as long as he had no plans to ride the bike in the immediate future. His failure at bike repair may be attributed to the intense discussions he held with himself.



MICHAEL LOWNDES

Stan Schmengy, Yash's beloved womb-mate, had a real flare when dressing for McDonald's; nothing less than a three piece suit would suffice. Away from the classroom, if not dining with his favourite ResOs, Stan would undoubtedly be standing his television picket. All were relieved that "the afternoon has not been wasted on you, SIR!"

KATHY KLOPROGGE

Not many girls can claim to have had peace offerings made to them daily. Kathy was one of these select few as she awoke each morning to find boxes of cereal and fruit outside her door. We understand that this was not the man to woo her but another one that conversed en francais. C'est bien. We will always admire you for spending thirteen days in purgatory.



NATALIE KRAWCHENKO

Miss United Nations made Frenchmen of any race, creed or colour at ease (how's about coming back to my room for a little boom-boom?). Her fascinating weekends featured finding PeeWee and losing Luc (even taxicab companies could not find him!) She always found time to choose an appropriate shade of lipstick, regardless of whether she was jumping out of F-18s or spending hours shopping at Angus' most distinguished retail stores.



NICOLA SARJEANT

When Nicola was not racing around in one of her many cars, she could be found:

- (a) mud wrestling
- (b) in the classroom sleeping
- (c) seeking financial advice from Mr. Wish-Chip
- (d) partaking in interior design with the Sunshine Girls

Nikolai Sarjenko's talents were also honoured with many gifts from infatuated admirers.





Reg Force Men



ResOs In Togas



O
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SOME PEOPLE WHO MADE LIFE BEARABLE IN BORDEN



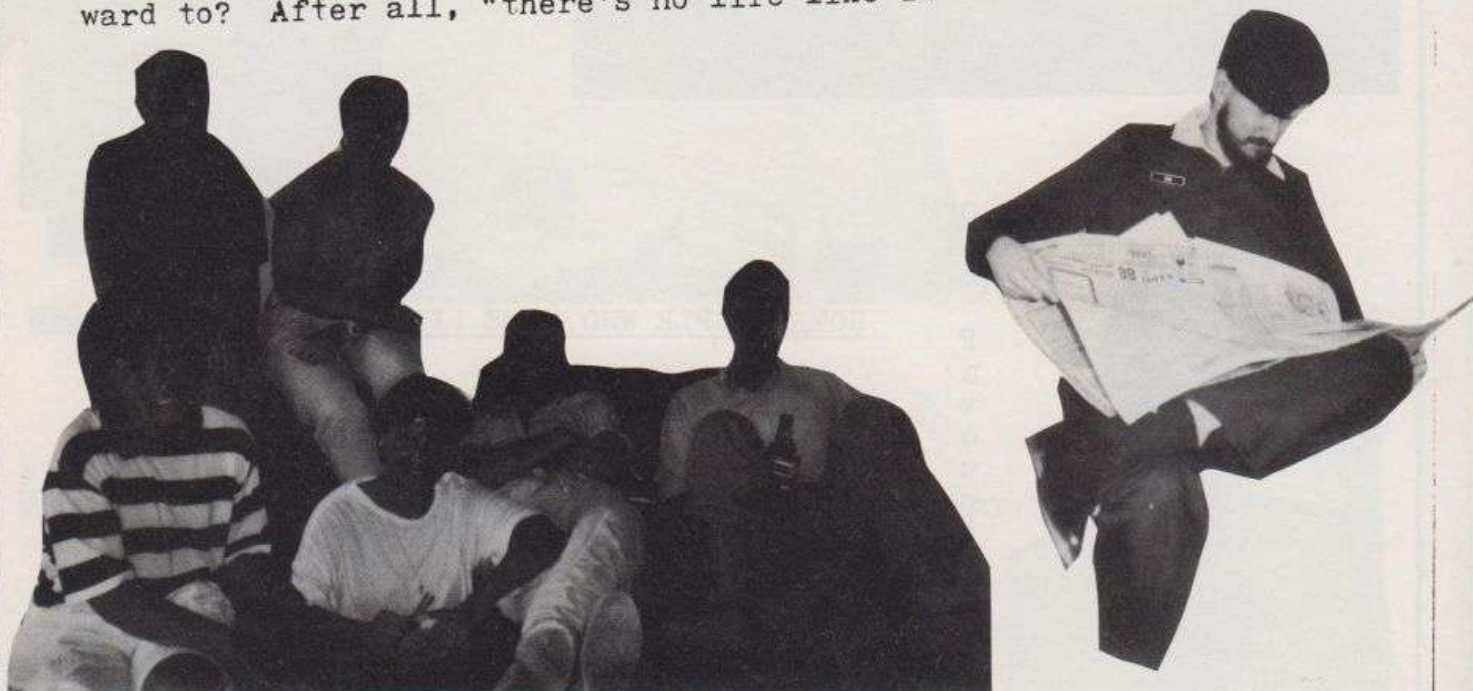


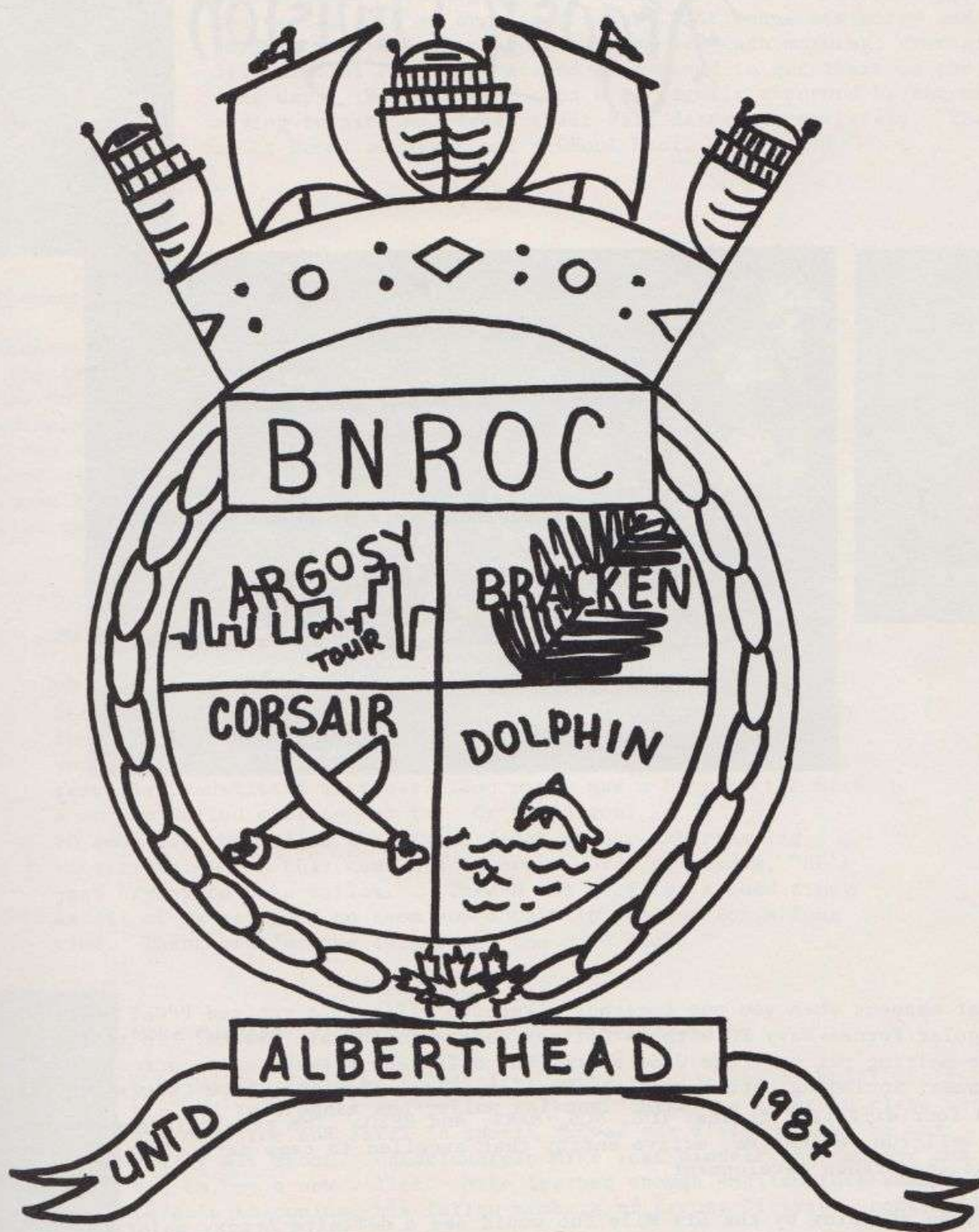
LOG WOGS IN BORDEN

Summer sun and fun is synomonous with Borden for logos. The difficulty in figuring out the tricky part was counter-balanced with T.G.I.T.; the Regular Force Officers making these parties all that much more special. How special were they? Ask the classes' two blonde gals.

At times it seemed the Navy was an unknown entity in a sea of Khaki, but there is no doubt that we left our mark. The volume of bad chits our class received was undoubtedly a record. Our cycling team became one of the most elite in the area. The high level of physical fitness we reached was induced by Gerry the Peri, or was it the noon-time aerobic classes (or maybe golf)?

Now that the summer has ended what do we have to look forward to? After all, "there's no life like it".





Argosy Division



What happens when you put together a reserve officer, a retired PPCLI WO, and a Regular Forces Navy PO with 24 Officer Cadets and Naval Cadets? To thicken the melting pot have the Cadets from the different Reserve units across Canada, including both French and English units. Further, have Cadets training in four different trades: LOG, NCS, MARS, and RESO. The result is **Argosy Division**, a well-run, effective, active entity that excelled in camp participation and leadership development.

Anyone stopping by the Six Mile Pub would see a definite Argosy majority. Depending on the night, you might see the divisional officer, Lt Denne, buying the rounds with WO Shannon at her side. Our "Batman and Robin" team led Argosy to a high standard that was the envy of B.O.C..



Lt (N) Denne

As the mother for Argosy, and then Crusader, Lt Denne whipped up the Cadets into an organized frenzy. Lt Denne was perky and her smiling face made her a pleasure to see each morning, even at 5:30 a.m. at the whalers (when we managed to get there on the same day). Her coaching tips were eagerly absorbed by the cadets trying to pick and dress their ball dates appropriately. Thanks to Lt Denne we never had a Ghoul Pool.

WO Shannon

WO Shannon, the babysitter for Argosy Division and then Crusader, was the father figure for us all. WO Shannon was there to teach us how to play. The Ping Pong Champion from Long Island (PPCLI) definitely does not have a future as a valet parking man, as depicted after the Mess dinner. His winning smile and cologne coupled with his unique character sure kept the ladies happy. Lets just hope that after enough nights at the lighthouse he will realize that Navy is #1.



PO Amos

PO Amos joined our happy family a few weeks late but still left his notch in the Argosy tree. At first we were not sure how to take the PO, especially after his hygiene lecture. What would you do if you had to teach a class of 24 budding officers about sexually transmitted diseases? You might use a beer bottle with a condom pulled over top of it. Or would you?

PO Amos had the unique ability to laugh at our embarrassing situations. From this came his favorite words of wisdom, "He's just 'trying to be a sailor." The PO was here for a good time, as all of us are, and he even hoped that it was not for a long time. Thank-you for the laughs and the open door.



Mike Ouellet

Mike Wallet could be found after hours roaming the baseball field in his red sweatpants and yellow walkman. Mike was quiet in class but his devotion and skill in sports showed the division what he was really all about. Unfortunately Mike lost himself this summer and had to buy a new wallet. Mike learned enough english this summer to be able to confuse his fellow members of Argosy Division, congratulations on your success.



Pat Montgomery

You have heard of Weekend Warriors- well Pat is a Weekend Civie. Every weekend he goes out the gate, straight home with a stuffed laundry bag slung over his shoulder (work for Mom?). He does not reappear until late Sunday. Pat was well liked by all and was always ready with a smile. Next summer Pat hopes to go to Naden and fail his Mars 3&4. With his performance this summer we all know that Pat will be disappointed if he is trying to Not succeed.

Bruce Ludlow

"Knotty" Bruce was Argosy's rope man. He could tie more knots than the rest of the division could untie. Bruce lived up to his reputation by making it home from the Grenade Range Ball with enough grass on his clothes to leave permanent stains on the bunk. Bruce also excelled in listening in class with his eyes closed. Not only did the instructors think that he was asleep, but so did he.



Pierre Tremblay

Perhaps the key to success at Albert Head is to be able to adapt a normal routine. Pierre's comfort and sense of ease was seen early in the course. His casual words "Yah,yah, Warrent", will stick with all of us. Pierre instilled in all of us a desire to keep those at home informed about the summer's fun. Let it be known that no one was seen more at the outgoing mail box than Pierre.

Lexie Chamberlain

Lexie, the only person who constantly smiles when she gives orders! The only "madre" (female padre), Lexie was a joyful full-of-life and love type of Officer Cadet. Lexie was cherished all summer long by Argosy Division. Thank-ya and the best of luck, Lexie.



Alice Hanlon

Bright cheery smile, words of encouragement, sentiments of a dove close to her heart; Alice Hanlon. As president of the Gunroom she sang to keep the "boogie woogie" spirit alive. In class Alice had the pleasure of keeping Steve and Rene awake. Or did the guys keep Alice awake? It was always good to be on a stand with Alice. Being a veg tarian, Alice always gave away her meat dishes.



Herve Sauve

This R.C. padre is commonly known as "Serve" on the volleyball court. As one of two smokers from Argosy, "Serve" doesn't consider a meal finished until he has had his cigarette. Throughout the course he was an effective translator for both Anglos and Francos. Herve will be most remembered for wearing "sunglasses" on parade.

Sandra Williams

OKAY GUYS, LISTEN UP!

If the amount of effort put into a task was reflective of the accomplishment, Sandra would definitely have completed her B.O.C. weeks ahead of schedule. Her work hard, play hard attitude gave everyone in the division something to think about besides her almost being unanimously elected the female with the longest legs. P.S. Sandra is not such a gullible girl- she knows all about CDS's and taxi drivers.



Rich MacLeod

"Big Daddy", the Caper from Brunswick. "Big Daddy" was quiet when he first arrived, but the pressure must have cracked him. One of the results was his "Mickey Mouse" stand. Each Cadet in his syndicate was given a Walt Disney character name, like Grumpy and Dopey. It made for a fun stand, as Rich's hilarious sense of humour made for a great summer.

Steve Toner

The smallest but not the least, Steve can easily be called the "Toothbrush Terror". Steve had his time appreciation off a little and was always seen making a mad dash for the barracks. When you saw the "Toothbrush Terror" you knew that you were late to fall in! Steve was responsible for creating the style of Tonerism. Tonerism included such infamous sayings as: "A good time was had by all" and "Nyagh, nyagh, nyagh". It was a field day, Steve.



Yvan Ratte

Joyful, intelligent, gorgeous, friendly, smiling and FRENCH. What else can you look for in a man?! The "Colgate Kid" from beautiful Montreal has spread his good moods throughout the camp this summer and has made women fall for his good looks! Yvan tu es extraordinaire et je sais que l'avenir t'apportera beaucoup de succes! Keep smiling et bonne chance!





Rene Van Dieppen

Rene our resident hairdresser could usually be found pulling a fishface and sleeping in class. Not to worry though, he often came alive for a moment or two to make witty comments. Maybe a few less Six Mile runs would help keep him awake. "Meet ya there". A unique fellow, Rene was the only one who had R.C. as a mother tongue. Good luck Rene, and do not ever, ever eat "chicklets"!

Luther Poier

This summer "Luth the Slueth" returned to Camp Sunshine for a spectacular encore performance. Some of Luther's not easily forgotten talents were his daily philosophy lessons and Bible quotes. Another claim to fame is his unique ability to put everyone that he meets at ease, especially when he has his regular supply of lifesavers. Well, Luther, good luck and remember when you decide to remuster to MARS, the position is yours.



Craig Halblander

Picture this...a tall individual seated in the weirdroom in a red leather highback chair smoking a Garcia Vega cigar, sipping single malt Scotch on the rocks and wearing an Oxford shirt with a \$45.00 silk tie. He talks "liberally" of an acquaintance of his, "John Turner" while Frank Sinatra music plays in the smoky room. This is "Outlander", "Halblender", "Highlander", Craig Halblander.

Kathy Cleghorn

Kathleen is the only Naval Reserve D.E.A (Direct Entry Admiral). She gave alot of orders but nobody knows to whom! Kathleen is from Malahat and showed the whole camp around Victoria, complete with a lecture on "Things to do and see in Victoria". Kathleen was strict, strong, stern and a joy to be around this summer. Keep smiling, Kathy.



Mark Sisetski

Mark's "happy go lucky" disposition helped him cope with the daily stress of B.O.C. life. Mark is the only person who is seen at 5:30 a.m. wearing a smile which helps motivate Argosy Division. He is also the only officer who cannot sleep without his perfumed Teddy Bear. What do you say Mark, what about lending your bear to one of us less fortunate?

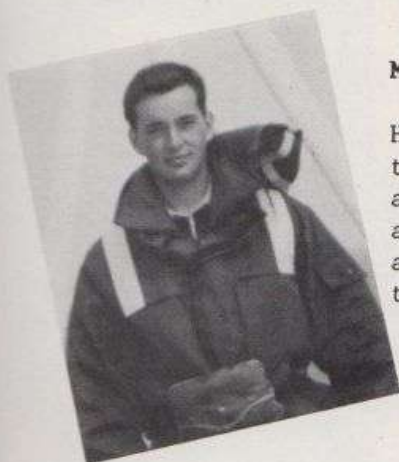


Bill Gratten

One of the catholic padres, Bill was known for his unusual sense of humour. Most famous for falling asleep during padres' hour and wearing his tea towel around his neck for the morning run. When rowing, Bill always looked forward to the breaks as it gave him ample time to practice his "qualude" rowing. "Give way together, ssstrrrookeee, ssstrrrookee,...". Bill will never be at a loss for words nor will he ever confuse apples with oranges(only apples with worms). Best of luck in the future, Bill.

Lucie Blackburn

Lucie had the honour of being the only French Canadian woman in UNTD 1 this year. She learned alot of english but when she would get in trouble her favorite words were: "I don't understand, I'm French". A friend and confident to all, Lucie was also appreciated by the girls because of her sweater collection. The scent of OBSESSION will linger in bldg. 1018 for years to come!



Michael Bryson

Here at Camp Sunshine on the RTU Training Plan is a poor example to follow. He supervised block cleanup with a disgusting zest, and was the only roundsman who looked for forest fires on a bus, and found one. Stick with the Suzuki, Mike, because your future as a whaler cox'n is definitely hurt'in. Bottom line though is this gentleman will go far in the Naval Reserves.

Hubert Genest

Monsieur Genest is one of the new lads hailing from NCCM Champlain. Hubert overcame the barriers of the English language to prove what it takes to be an excellent leader and one of the four chosen as Best Cadet. As Argosy's strongest Cadet, Hubert was our softball team. He could usually be seen hitting the ball deep, not into the stands but into the deer herds. Merci Hubert d'avoir reussi a nous endurer, nous tes confreres les anglais!





Ian Anderson

As devoted to Camp Sunshine as Chief Clark is to his stick. Always there to help his friends, either day or night, Ian even gave his weekends to plan the Gunroom parties. Ian was the Vice PMC of the Gunroom and the Official Mop Handler of Whitehorse Barracks. Best of luck in the future Ian, although with your great ability you will not have to depend on luck.

Rob Allin

Rob will be remembered because of his glow-in-the-dark drill boots, jetty bashing, and sleeping in with his eyes open. Rob's most creative contribution to camp life was his locker security system. Unlike most, Rob did not use keys. Instead he had a bed stick, coat hangar, pliers and a fire extinguisher. We hope that in the future you have a chance to add to your list of Native jokes. We are just glad that you were not French, Scottish, or English.



Dennis Poulin

Dennis was probably the most patient resident of Whitehorse barracks. He had his pit closest to the common area. This meant that he was the first one: to be woken by the returning bar crowd, woken each morning, found for cleaning stations. As the nights grew longer, Dennis adapted and learned to sleep through everything. Best of luck, Mate.

Gayle LeBlanc

If you had to describe Gayle LeBlanc with one word, it would be "cheerful". The only thing that would make her happier would be a self-making bed. It's been said that the uniforms do not do her justice, but, all the males agree that she would look great in anything. Watch out for that "cook" fetish, Gail, do not let it brew within you!







BRACKEN DIVISION

"Go hard or go home"



Lean on me!!





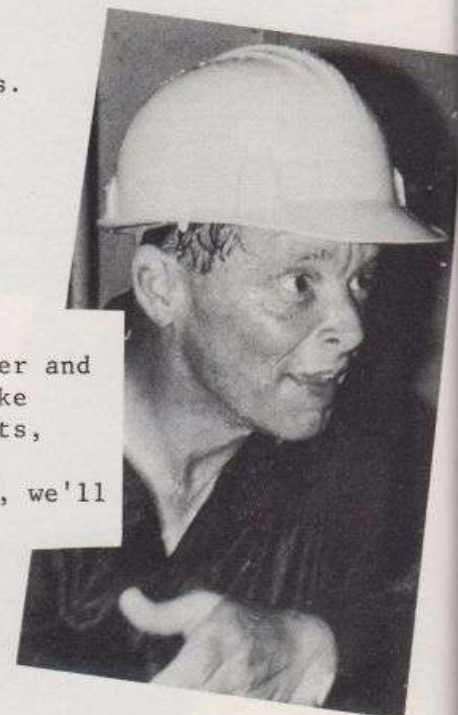
BRACKEN'S CTO, PO, AND SARGEANT

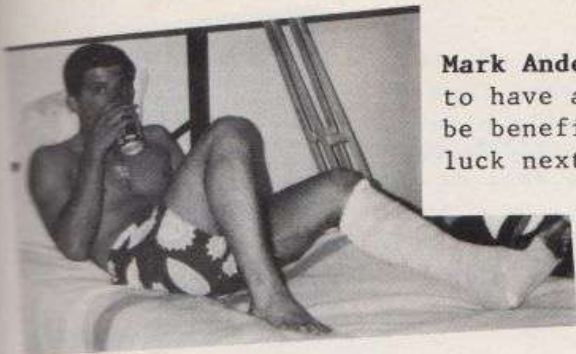
Lt(N) Phillip Elwood certainly has a way of speaking: "Umm, UNTD's, I should be the only one talking, right now. Ahh, Naval Cadets..." And certainly Phil has a king sense of fashion. His Kermit greens and shocking pinks brightened our dreary mornings and training film days. Elrod's wholesome attitude complimented Bracken's morale and l'esprit de corps. Certainly, we will all miss Phil's melon and moose cap, ...certainly.



PO Grant Dupuis is a humourous fellow from HMCS Griffen. His antics include the "tasteless joke of the day", and camp news. Really, Grant should change from DS to ET (Entertainment Tonight). However, one cannot deny the helpful assistance which he afforded us. Close to the heart, Grant is our big brother and biggest supporter. Thanks Doopee!!!

Sgt. Charles Blake, retired from the RCHA, was Bracken's driller and big daddy. He has a real penchant for funny comments and is like one of the bunch. Sarge is renowned for his "Combat boots, boots, shoes, & civie shoes. He has the shiniest boots this side of St. John's. Bravo Zulu Charlie, as for your firsts as a sailor, we'll make a navy man out of you yet!!!





Mark Anderson could never ask enough questions. Always wanting to have a little bit more information in the hope that it would be beneficial. We lost this keener to a broken foot. Better luck next year.

Karl Boucher had the unenviable rep' among the DS for his sleepy attentiveness in class. With a naval background such as Bouch's, he became someone whom many of us came to lean on; except when he was limping. Karl's nutsy humour could be counted on to boost the morale of the Bracken Bunch during our more trying times. Carry on.



Peter Choi's commanding and powerful voice freezes you like a chilly North Atlantic gale. Being the youngest of us all, his social insurance number is his only sin. Nobody really knows what's behind those beady eyes and that little Hiro-Hito grin, but being a mutantly talented guy, Mr. Choidage is sure to win.

Kelly Crayne, Naval Cadet; the man who gave defaulters a new meaning. Kelly is a quiet guy, so much so that he skived out of his 5 min. spiel. He is mad. He came here wanting to fly but found out too late that Bonnie was gone and thus was stuck as a MARS candidate... for now.



Our first impression of **Ian Cumbie** was biased, "Here comes another Newfie fresh off the dory...", however we are indebted to him for his 3 min. speech, "The Resettlement of Newfoundland". After adapting to the B.C. flora and sunshine, Gumby was able to disguise himself as a mainlander. A fine young officer Ian will be.

John Duffy, the duke, our big cuddly Pooh Bear, could often be found hibernating and storing food for the winter. Duke didn't quite cut the Pawd' on tour image, for he could be found grabbing a late night 'za or 'chose & Kan of King; more notably, using GMT's for shoring. See you at the pearly gates Duff.



Mike "Dangerous Danny" Dunitz, aka Spiderman, a pillar of the community, a backbone of society. A man from a backyard farm in Manitoba fixed with a dream which reaches into the wild blue yonder. Mike, a Canadian born Mars officer who wants to "drive" jets. Let's hope he flies better than he limps!



John Eldridge will be remembered for collapsing the ear drums of his fellow Brackeneers by barking out the time on the march. Also of note was his precise drill in which his legs would drive into the deck, and his morning psychosis while cleaning the barracks for morning inspection. Reliable, informative, enthusiastic, but never keen, John is a fun guy with party stamps on his hands.

"Where's the beach?", new recruits would ask and all they had to do was find the Bracken Beach Bum. **Kim Groom** also had the ability to list the top three parties le week-end. If anybody came into the barracks late at night, Kim would remind her to do her boots without opening an eyelid. See ya!



Joanna Hoad, une tigresse. Joanna felt that BOC was too easy. Despite threats, pleads and warnings, she proved to be a friendly bloke. Joanna's outspoken personality, British accent, and afro speech will always be remembered.

Mark Holland is a self-proclaimed god and genetic mutant, which loves wine and cheese parties. If it wasn't found at Club Cal he'd be on his scoot or in the barracks prancin' to the Cannibals. This giant zebra was allergic to sleep. The biggest skylarker ever, with him around, never turn your back or you'll miss something hilarious, most likely your gitch!



Joe Lund is a former bos'n enroute to MARS officer. Lundomatic believes that this will prepare him for a future as a big businessman. However, perhaps he is best suited on a street corner howling away the BOC blues with his harmonica in hand. "Mr. President, you either ..stay ..or.. you gohh!"



Frank Matte, Mr. Punctuality, the man who was never there. Frank was in sick bay so often that he knew the nurses better than M.J. After a while we forgot where he was. If he wasn't a padre, ulterior motives could be thought of.

Shena McLean surely loved the scenery at Albert Head as she could be found coming back from lower camp on many occasions with an ear to ear on her melon. Shena was admired for her keenness during drill. When everyone was down and out, she was there to set the standard. Shena goes by the motto, "Play hard, yet work hard." A fine example of a Naval Cadet. Ha!



A former Kenyan safari operator, **Hanif Ramji** has decided upon the ultimate challenge, BOC. Noted for his meticulous mind, Ramjet has been a great asset to his buddies in Bracken. Too bad he can't golf as well as other Brackenites. Nice Speech, Golf Swing, Ha!

Mary Rich was our friend and companion during BOC. She was constantly keeping us amused with her antics, terrifying Sue with her wakey wakey every morning. Yet, perhaps Mary will best be remebered for her food fight with the Mutant and the piping to the pay phones via Borden.



Dany Savard will be remembered for his combat boots. His demeanor was such that their was always something funny to find in any situation. Too bad Dany couldn't get into Club Cal. Next year is your year, Dany.

M.J. Snow will be remembered by our division through the way he led us through BOC. He was the first cripple, musician, and of more importance, he had the pole position as the first bunk to be inspected le matin. We are all greatful for the way he exhausted the Sarge's verbal barrage by providing numerous faults galore. The sacrifice was appreciated, thanks M.J.





Ian Riswick is a pawd in a class of his own. He demonstrates leadership with relative ease, and is a king of diplomacy; just ask the base commander about their informal introduction. The Riz is a real Brackeneer, always putting things to music. It has been a pleasure, we all have fond memories of the Riz.

Sue Skone came to Albert Head two days late after being on a luxury cruise liner. What a change! Perhaps that is the reason she was so quite at first. Then wow, something happened. She let down her blond locks at the first Reserve dance and a monarch appeared. Sue is very bright, a magician in the barracks too. Things would mysteriously disappear then reappear without notice, a real feat. Sue Skone, a woman in transition.



Michel Tamvakos is the maddest greek ever, who loves his little red sports car et son fromage de France. Tamy likes making the rest of us look bad by way of his immaculate dress & deportment. Mikey is a big city kind of guy, with a big heart, always there to help out his buddies. M. "Tamkavos" we are behind you all the way, now that's a change!

Carl Tremblay, our wide eyed smiling Francophone, seemed une petite peu timide initially due to the language barrier. But we soone changed our perception of him after the first Reserve dance. He is great fun to be around, particularly when whaler pulling, resting on your "h-oars"! Felicitations Carl.



What'cha doin' **Kirsti Woods**? If Beaver Cleaver had a sister, it would have been Kirsti, the youngest one in curls. They don't come much sweeter. You could always count on her refreshing smile. This meek person turned into a governing force during Second Step. A fine officer she will make.

Jack Wyne got even more fun than he expected during the summer. Returning salutes to those that didn't know any better. He came to be known for his expertise regarding fine beer and keg maintenance. Jack is a class act and wears his stripes well. Now, how about a good ole tour, sir?!!



CORSAIRS

&

CORSETTES



May They Rest in Peace



Dana Baars: His name is Mars Baaaars! He walks like a duck but looks like goofy. Never does cleaning stations because he's always on the pipes. Dana was one of the few people who excelled both as a leader and a follower. BAAHAHAHAH, front rank steady!

Judy Barker: Hey Jude! We lost track when you took off for Halifax, but we heard about your great accuracy in handgun shooting. Hope you'll find your home when you go back to Windsor. Orange you glad the summer's over?



Dawn Cook: The lady with the teddy bear and always a story to tell. Will be a perfect log officer as she often took charge of logistic matters during the summer. Her most embarrassing moment was her fall during graduation. Owner of the best looking yellow dress.



Cathy (Kitty) Dines: Her studies are in social science, her desire is to be out at sea and yet she is logO. Whatever she decides, she will certainly succeed. Definitely the cutest member of Corsair with her Kitty march. But can you tell us where she disappears to every weekend.



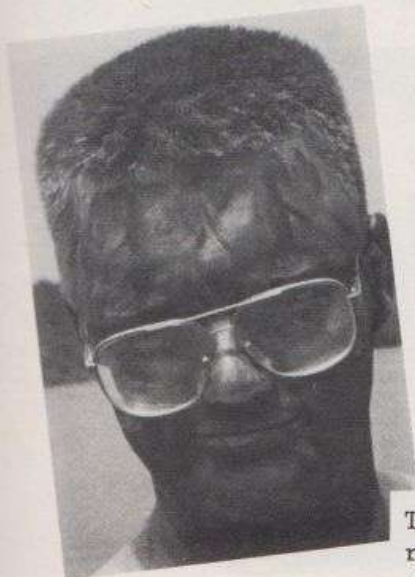
Megan (Digs In) Dwinell: Megan, you should have told us you were playmate of the month in the Radio and Lookout newspaper but it's pretty kinky of you to pose with a shovel.



Brian Flower: A padre with a terrific sense of humour. Brian also had a great laugh to go along with it. Living up to his name Brian used "flowery" language as often as possible - and some of us could even understand him! For an ex-army man, Brian was the worst marcher in Corsair; but he made the trip so much more worthwhile.



Gregory Forestell: We thought we knew him, use to be our friend but then he met this nose from Halifax - a Maritime affair! Known as the "Big Brunswicker", we still try to figure out how he managed to know each and every female on camp, as well as in Victoria. Between two snoozes you get to enjoy him but ho! here's JoHanna...



Gino Gauthier: Hey guys...I dig...burn the prisoners and...lay a log in it...Carry on! Best guy ever (like everybody in Corsair). Speaks three languages: French, English and the third is still uncoded. What is he doing during his leisure time? Scuba diving at night! The purpose? Wake up the fish with his flash light!

Terry (Recce) Kwan: Born to be wild, a reckless, crazy kook with incomparable sports acumen. He leads with an iron hand, snores like an elephant, and looks great in his underwear. He's a great friend, a super nice guy but don't get him riled unless you want to feel the "Wrath of Kwan".



Brad Leinweber: The following service member 633 772 470 Leinweber BP NCdt has successfully completed the Basic Naval Reserve Officer Course. All of Calgary congratulates you. You now must follow in the footsteps of SLt Smythe and SLt Driscoll.



Dan Manu-Papa (Smurf): Papa Smurf and buddy of Braaad. Dan with his endless reservoir of energy kept the barracks alert(i.e. awake). Constantly showing his affection for everyone else, he will go down in UNTD history as the man who smurfed every weekend. Owner of the best looking yellow dress.





Louis Morrow (Home of the MagPie): This guy was just looking for trouble wherever he went. He couldn't wait to get away from the Head to visit his "friends" on the corner of Government and Yates. He did Thunder Bay proud - no one messed around while he was class leader. All that Italian and Irish blood kept us shaking. The best way to describe him is just by saying "Loooooooooie"!

Terry (Murph the Smurf) Murphy: Murf the Smurf with the cheesy mustache and Sunlight cleaner in his hair. He's a fun guy when he remembers where he put his stuff and always asks "Where's it to?" A member of the Nfld Order of Fighters (NOOF). He's a tough customer but really a nice guy (sort of...er...sometimes...well...)



Brent Otterman: The grinning big farmer with a shiny pate and filth in his mouth who desperately tries to keep in step. He rocks and rolls and drinks like a hole but is always the life of the party. He's got a hard head, a lot of flair, and a rough and tumble philosophy of life. His favourite kind of women: Whiskey Delta. Voted by his peers as most likely to recede.



Jean Plamondon: The French guy with good English taste. This guy has a tongue as sharp as a butcher knife and uses it full time. No one is safe from his wrath. Great guy, center of attention and the life of the party but too bad his girlfriend forgot about him.

Pierre MacNiel; Baby of Corsair division, and a guardian of the "word". He showed us what determination was in spite of language difficulties. He was a friend to all even with our bad start. He is going to far someday. This I am sure of.





William Polushin: From Edmonton and admits it. Guess that says it all. Secret midnight walks to the boatshed with assorted females while he loves only one at home, ha, ha, and he then says he just talked. This guy lies as poorly as he wrestles. Like Vice-Admiral said: "Gentleman, get an haircut!"



Ann Rasmussen: Easily a mess. Our only Vancouverite, Ann has a fantastic sense of humour, and is a really good sport. Since, as she was a favourite target for butchering, she needed to be! Ann made the course a lot more enjoyable (especially when she wore her glasses!).



Roy Roberts: The "Pongo-Padre" is the master of free-rein drill. "Hey guys, why don't we make a left turn up there somewhere and march to the parade square." One heck of a softball player and a great guy who puts others before himself.

Trish (the Dish) Sutton: Nicknamed the dish; torn between a dude from home and twenty other guys. She leaves the camp smoking a pack a day because her libido has been put on hold. Four guys in Hamilton die of exhaustion a week after she returns home.





Robert Thorpe: Pioneer of the WORD, a master of dits and dahs, he's a maestro of shower music. Come and meet this friendly, funny guy whose locker always open with allergy medicine for everyone. He's a party monster who has a good time and when the going gets rough he just says "What the F___!".

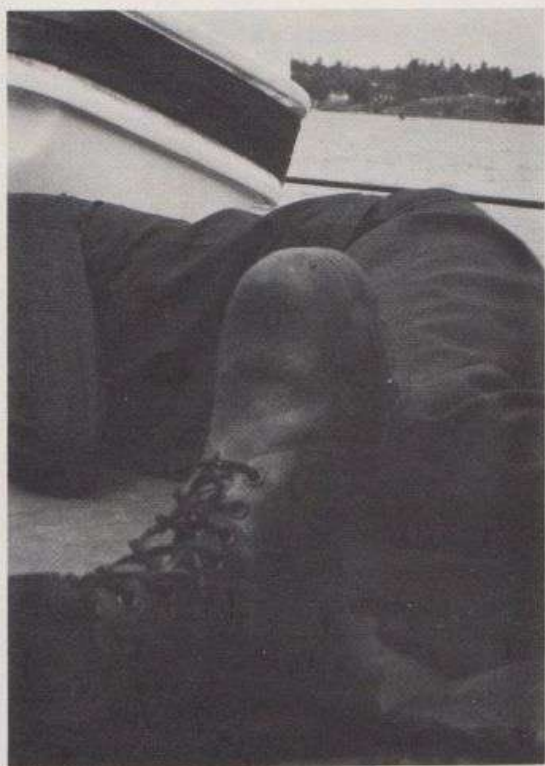
Al Zedel: The man with the high waterline teeth. In spite of his obsessive hatred of anti-semitics. Al always had a smile on his face. Never a dull moment around this former bosun. We'll be seeing him fighting for his race.



SLt Smythe: Also known as the "Fearless Leader". His favourite hobby for the summer was to read overheads in a hot and sleepy classroom. With a mouth full of words, he is obviously made for the space age. BEAM ME UP SCOTTY!



PO Lacroix: Jack really made a mistake when he joined the Navy as a steward. He should have joined as a naval cadet's bus driver in spite of his scary bedstick and his mean look during the inspections. You can call him Mom!



B.N.R.O.C. '87



DOLPHIN DIVISION



Wouldn't you like to be a Dolphin too? Be a Dolphin -- the power of the Fin. What a group of people! Take 26 strangers, some ex-junior ranks, some ex-civilians, and throw them together in a strange green place, give them strange green clothes and strange books of OLQ's, and a name -- Dolphin. Stir slowly, and watch a miracle happen. The chemistry amongst us allowed us to pull together, work hard, and best of all, play hard all summer. We had a ball! The fin, finness, dolphin hats, shirts, rings, boxer shorts, you name it -- we've got it! We swam through this summer, through both calm and stormy seas, and supported each other when no one else would. Remember Debut, 2nd Step, Dory, fire school, mess meetings, Romeo's, fishbowls, Club Cal, and keeping each other awake in class? Dolphin Division, the Marine Corps of Albert Head, was heard of quite often at sports events, on the parade square, in Routine Orders, and was well represented at the M+BG Club meetings.

Camp Sunshine has changed us all; we like to think for the better. We are now not only Dolphins, but we are family, and some of us like to think we have one or two OLQ's (maybe). Even though our school was separated mid-summer, the spirit of the Fin will live on, linger, and stay forever.

THE POWER OF THE FIN!





Daniel Paquin -- Comment presenter ce type sans être gêné par sa proéminence nasale. Ce n'est cependant pas chez lui un organe inutile ... trêve de plaisanteries, ce charismatique padre des temps modernes, inébranlable et Royaliste a su faire régner autour de lui: amitié, gaieté et conciliation pendant ce prelude infernal. Vive les contacts et vive "Paquouin!"

Michel Paré -- "Tabernac!" They say it takes a brave man to jump out of airplanes, but there is a fine line between bravery and insanity. Here on BOC, Michel, our ex-airborne lunatic, has shown us that "That which does not kill us only drives us crazy." "One minute to lights out -- stand by!"



Sean Robson, a man of many personalities. Is he the Martian from Bugs Bunny? Is he gumby? Is he Pee Wee? or ... is he a Naval Cadet? I think all will agree he is the original Pee Wee Herman.

Bill Sandberg -- AKA Steve McQueen is the sweet young lad from Vancouver who has a passion for young GMT girls and the hopes of becoming a MARS officer someday. Probable fate: to become NCS (ed note: Lucky guy!!!) and permanently affixed to the barracks door.



Ken Saunders, the father of our division, was often seen up at 0515 for a smoke before our 0530 run; then again at 0600 for another smoke immediately after the run. His stern leadership will more than likely prove well in the church, "You WILL read psalm 119, NOW!"

Deanna "Where are my combats" Simmons -- While most of us were moving into Quebec Block, Dee moved into MIR. She was probably the least present for morning inspections. Dee almost singlehandedly taught all the Dolphin girls how to make their racks. We were all thankful for the use of her Ghetto Blaster all summer -- she helped to bring music into our lives.



Paul(i) Thompson -- If ever a Division had a good guy, Paul was it. He always had an ear, and never told you to "Get outa town!" The mail service will never get the same; he cut the deficit! A sportsfan to us all ... EASE 'ER UP, TEX!



Barb "Barbles" Eccles -- She was the Dolphin that we always dreamed of. After hours she was usually found either in the Gunroom, at volleyball games and baseball games, at sports tabloids, as well as extracurricular Dolphin activities. She never let us forget that she "Turns 19 on June 26" and she was so happy to get the corner of her station card. This Dolphin sure has "FINNESS."



Christina Foch, Dolphin's token spaz with the unruly hair, could usually be found in her pit with an ugly rag around her eyes. Her spirit and good sportsmanship really added to the Dolphin Spirit. Thanks to our avid "non-smoker" and keep eating that bran!!



Jean-Yves Fortin, Dolphin's Demon padre with true grunt spirit, could always be found sucking back the brews in the Gunroom, or instigating practical jokes. His catches out in the field helped Dolphin win the softball finals. Merci, Jean-Yves, et bonne chance!



Rob "Kermie" Green, Luther's illegitimate little brother, that outspoken Newf with no accent and a space in between his front teeth, will always be remembered as saying "I may be out of line, but ..." We thought he was a Jewish Padre until we saw him in action at the Divisional Dinner. Okay, Rob -- be more specific, and remember, "We love you, Kermie, but your gayness factor is REEALY HIGH!"



Jeff Greenlaw -- Where is that Greenwall? Even though he seems to be a bit nervous when the Ma'am is around, he changes when he takes on his "Wardroom stance." Jeff's favourite Monday morning saying was "I'm never drinking again." Sure, Fletch, we'll be waiting for the day you carry through with your promise.

OH! **Henry Huang** -- what a nice guy, too bad he's gone ... but gone where? Why was Hank always late? Why did he always fall asleep in class?! Saving energy for sports! A swell contributor to the power of the FIN. BZ Hank.



Stephane Leclerc -- The way to this man's heart, like most, is via his stomach (as one cook found out). Mayonnaise for your French Fries? This gentle giant could be depended on to carry his syndicate (literally) through anything! Watch out ports of the world (especially Summerside) this guy is going upwards and onwards!



Slt Janice Kirk -- Dolphin Division was not only lucky to have an amazing group of Cadets, but also fortunate to have such a great CTO. In the words of the PO, "Ma'am will take care of that," and that the Ma'am did. We Dolphins are most appreciative for her hard work and dedication to us all. Of the Dolphin species, the Ma'am is a Killer Whale!

PO Mike Timoshyk, our mom for BOC, has been a great role model for us Dolphins (for some more than others). His famous sayings: "Wait for it, be neat, Ma'am sill take care of that," and most of all, "I can't stress it enough!" The best PO anyone could ever have, BZ Mikey, next show in one hour.



PO Rick Hebner -- "If you can't tap dance you're queer!" PO Hebner, the smiling, rocking DPO of Dolphin Division always seemed to pick up the female barracks for the same thing every day. Boots, dust, beds ... his never ending quest for perfection helped to mold us into, well, cleaner people. Don't forget that personal hygiene, everyone!



Eric Chernef -- It should be known that Eric Cherneff is just a cover name. This man's real name is Donald Sutherland. Yes, DONALD SUTHERLAND! Good ol' Don introduced "Jolt" to many of us as a key for keeping awake in class (except for H.H.). And if that doesn't work, the noise from Don's 59 Volkswagon will. See ya in the movies, Don. SM



Tim Cusack, Dolphin's Spiritual Leader, was a major force behind the Power of the Fin. If he wasn't meditating on the future of the Fins, he could be found eating IMPs or notifying everyone of "those ZOINKY NOISES!" Tim's many comical talents (remember PIB), and impressions, together with his compassionate nature, made BOC more of a pleasure. Don't worry, Timmy, maybe someday the Timoshyks will want a son.



Sean Danaher was the U.K.'s contribution to Albert Head. A true Welshman and Dolphin, he could usually be found in front of the Division singing out his orders! Thanks to Sean, we'll never forget to "Pinch the cheeks of our bums" when doing an about turn.



Joanna Davies -- "Was she a Dolphin or a Corsair?" Greg can tell you -- not only could she hit the softball, but her throwing and volleyball skills were always employed for the glory of the Fins. Unfortunately there is only one person who ever got the privilege of sitting with her at lunch, and he's from N.B. -- "Scary hamburgers!"





George Lehto -- Mild mannered, witty, and psychically powerful, George has been a big factor to the Power of the Fin. Either in sports or psychic ability, George has proved his integrity and team spirit this summer. BZ George ... FORSEER.



Flight Lieutenant Kevin Luellman is very valuable to have around to identify any enemy aircraft activity within a 20 mile radius. A small tear could be seen in his eye whenever an airplane flew overhead, especially if he was sitting in a whaler at the time. Remember, Kevin, hold on to your pants the next time you are in the Gunroom! A great guy and lots of fun -- Kevin -- "Cooch" to you too!



Dana MacDonald -- This bonus babe brought mandatory fun and excitement into every Dolphin's life. Her finely tuned, party oriented, organizational skills often led us to Club Cal. If asked her opinion on IMPs, Dory, Kermie or 5 am runs Dana would immediately whine "The gayness factor is REEALY HIGH!" BOC for Dana was a continual search for change for a DC and a nice tan with a nice heart. S-U-P-E-R Super is what you are. Echo Mike Chick-uns.



Carolyn "Pixie" Mason, Dolphin's Cherubic faced Newf. Often seen cavorting around with other Newfs, other Dolphins, or ... others. Will make the most of every weekend, provided she can be in bed by eleven. A true Dolphin at heart, we love her dearly.



Alex McMillin is famous for popularizing the expression "OH MEEAN." His major goals for BOC were to coexist in peace and harmony with the wrinkles that reside on his uniform; and to make a sizable profit from the money he collected from the M+BG Club.

Martin "Nortin" Narsing can usually be seen looking for the brothers and running from the ten. He brought soul into the Dolphin Division with his perverted comments, wild laugh and many impressions. On your feet up, Nortin -- no picking up the soap in the shower!



Mary Eileen "OB" O'Brien did BOC in a way no other could. If she was not out leading the Fins in inspirational cheers (some with a mighty high gayness factor) she was kidnapping Sgt Blake's kids. This sportsfan is a compulsive dancer and is famous for her unique ability to get her entire hand into her mouth. Until next sommer, OB, just CHILL!



THE ROUGH LIFE AT ALBERT HEAD

We all remember the stories that old PPCLI types tell around the campfire late at night. Stories about marching fifty miles (or was it one hundred?) in the snow-- backwards, without shoes on, uphill, etc...

Well, here is a tale of the hardships of the officer course at Albert Head where many tales of woe and misery can be found behind the scenes.

During internal security week, the Officer Cadets were called upon to secure the Albert Head Galley. It was an explosive situation (and not a pretty sight) but the course marched gallantly into the face of a very revolting mess.



After the land area of Albert Head had been secured, the beach had to be made safe and secure of any JUNC activity! As a result, the highly specialized 'whaler propulsion and landing team' was closed up to protect any clams, squirrels, rocks, driftwood, plankton, etc. from an unknown enemy-- always silent and seldom seen!



Protecting the beaches was a hard task, but **SOMEBODY** had to do it!



Halfway through the course, yet another hardship was encountered and overcome. The original four divisions of Argosy, Bracken, Corsair and Dolphin were torn apart and packed back together in Andrew, Brace, Cayuga and Crusader. While the PADS, LOGS and NCS remained at Albert Head to continue to combat JUNC activity, the MARS types fought valiantly to pull together the HMCS MARGAREE and HMCS ASSINIBOINE.

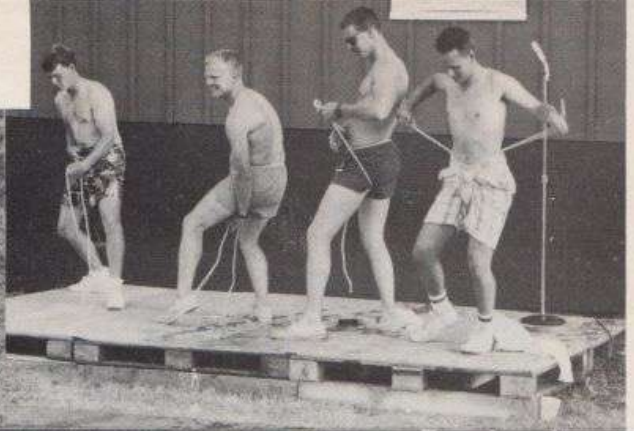


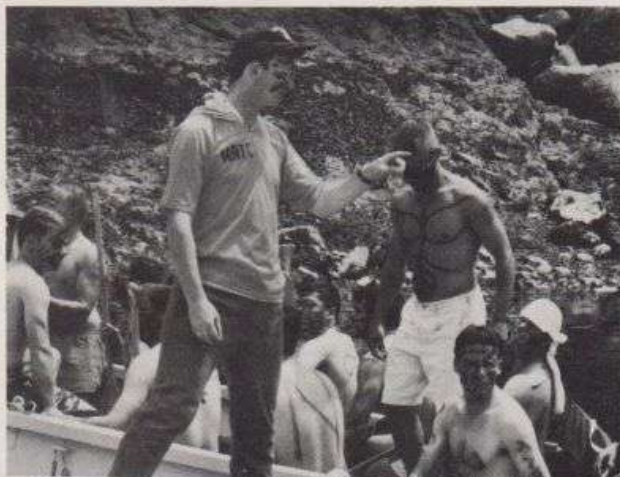
After the hard times were over, one thought remained:

PEANUTS



BOC



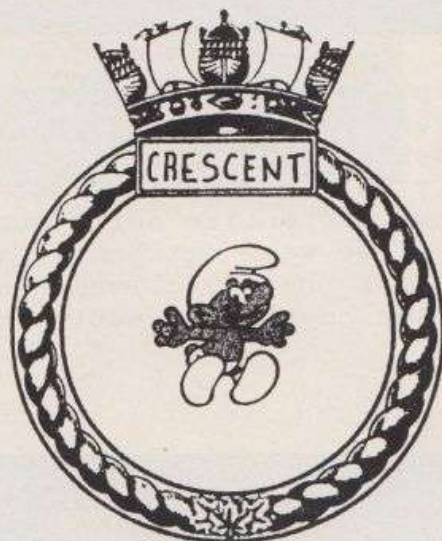


The existence of the 1987 NRBOC yearbook is due to the hard work of many cadets, staff and officers. There were too many involved to list here, but I want to take this chance to thank the following contributors:

Naval Cadets: Eccles, Hoad, Lund, Boucher, Plamondon, Montgomery
 PO's: Bertram, MacDonald
 CmdO Davies
 Lt Denne

Michael Bryson
 NCDT BRYSON
 Editor

Crescent Division





After a final fling at Albert Head, the Log O's were off to Base Bordon. We enjoyed a luxurious flight (Service Air) across Canada to the ever popular tunes of "Stayin' Alive" and "Funky TOWN", and were warmly welcomed by the Base tour guide. After sight-seeing throughout the entire north end of the camp in search of our quarters, we were ditched at the Base Transport Garage (an inside view of the operation). Luckily, Mary's mom sent along some homemade cookies to settle the 2 a.m. growlies.

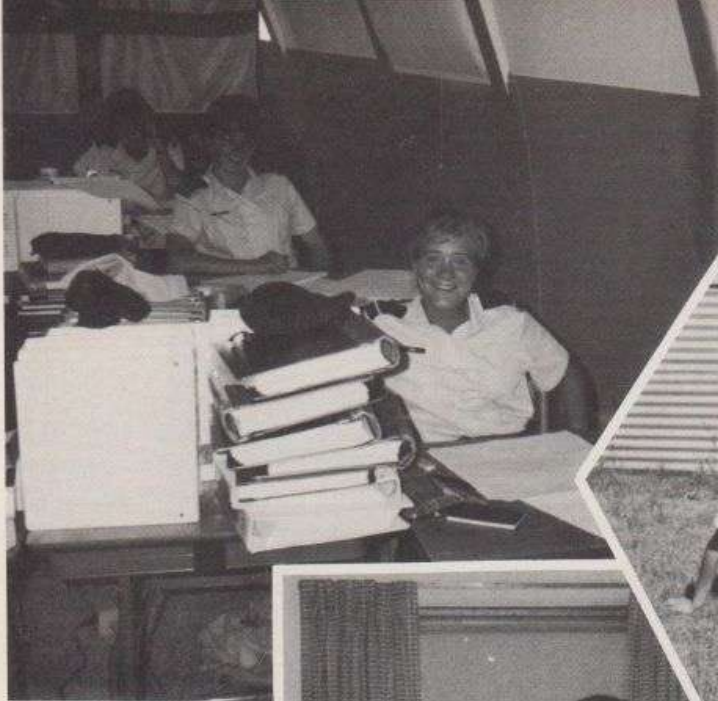




We were excited (?)
to begin our new course
and were more than
pleased with our class-
room facilities.

Introductions were made
to the DS. Our instructors were
Lt.(N) Onufer, Slt.Brenda
and PO2 McCandless; but we soon
learned who the real boss was...
and we were quickly labeled
the "Sea Smurfs."





Hard at Work



Flowers are forever...



WASAGA DAYS



It's only because I have a big mouth that I got the parade commander's position.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Change of Command Parade
We participated in an Army style Change of Command Parade. B Gen Dziver took over as Base Commandant of Borden from B Gen Hansen. There were 1400 CF members on parade.



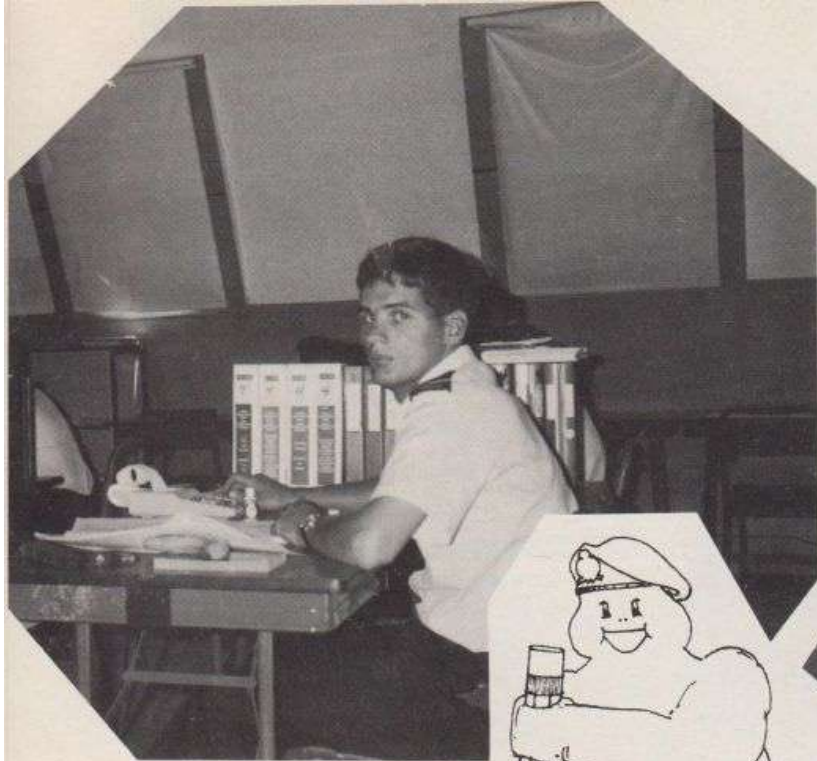
OTC Division



Our five weeks together has finally drawn to a close. We can rip up our "Count Down Calendars" and look forward to going home. We'll take with us, memories of Borden, some memories of what we learned, and lots of memories of our friends. It's the memories of our friends that will drag us back to Borden once again next year.

The Log O's 1987

Mess Dinner



YEAH, YEAH
WARRANT!

YES, I DO
LOVE FINANCE!



DON'T LET THE SMILE
KID YA! I **HATE**
PUBSEARCHES!



I'M 500000 CONFUSED!!



PADRES ON TOUR

Right at the Start...

Top: Father Jim Lammermier, Ian Riswick
Brian Flower, Daniel Paquin, Bill
Grattan

Center: Luther Poier, John Duffy,
Roy Roberts, Thomas McGaw, Herve'
Sauve'

Bottom: Mr. Draibye, Ken Saunders, Jean-
Yves Fortin, Francois Matte, Lexie
Chamberlain, Chief Parsons.



God Squad or the Pongos?

The God Squad were just about to get involved
in a battle to fight the power of evil!!



After 5 weeks of fighting,
the student chaplains needed
to rebuild their strength by
going to Nanaimo for a retreat.



Une minorite' bien representee !

Finally after ten weeks we
graduated from BOC. The victory
was ours.



Stop! **Comedy ahead.**



OTD STAFF **because quality matters.**

OIC: LCDR RIGGS
TRG O: LT(N) STOBART
SNRI: LT(N) WHITEHEAD
ADMIN O: CMDO COLLINS
LCDR BENNETT

CTO's (MARS):
LT(N) FOX
LT(N) HANWELL
LT(N) MILLAR
LT(N) QUAIL

CTO's (NCS):
LCDR DEARMAN
LT(N) BLONDEAU
LT(N) OLMSTEAD
LT(N) POUCHER

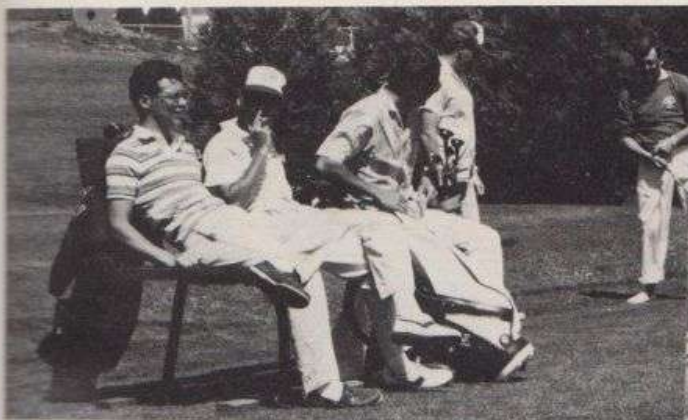
CTO's (CIL):
LT(N) TAYLOR
SLT GREENIZAN

INCREMENTAL STAFF:
LCDR KO
LT(N) MORISSETTE
LT(N) ALEXANDER

CLERICAL:
LW DIXON
LW LISSY
LW WOODWARD

STORES:
MS STATHER
MS EDGAR

GRAPHICS:
LW LAROCQUE
SLJO:
SLT CONNELLY





14, 15, 16 (FRI., SAT., SUN.)

JUPITER -2.6		SATURN +0.4		STARS		
G.H.A.	Dec.	G.H.A.	Dec.	Name	S.H.A.	Dec.

G.M.T. (UT)	SUN
G.H.A.	

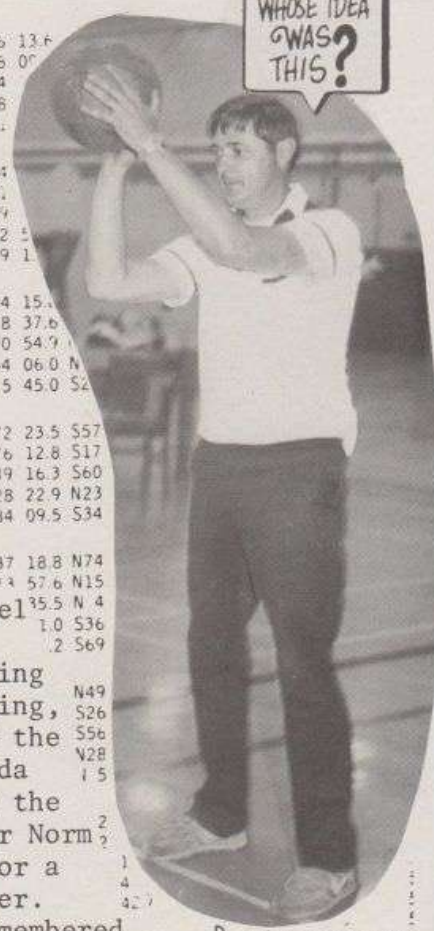
²LCDR RIGGS, "The Boss" once again put together an action packed program that put everyone, students and staff, through the hoops from early in the morning until after dark. His own schedule nearly involved running the show by cellular telephone from the bridge of his own YNG - but at the last minute a pressed man was found. Since he had already organized the program in anticipation of the summer at sea this made some spare time available for "trajectory research" and putting at ' favorite 18. It was a long hot summer but he stay out there anyhow! Thanks Boss - It was fun.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

19 247 LW LISSY's 90 WPM were put to good use during her year
20 267 long tour at OTD finding order in what was often chaos.
21 27 Her contribution to the CTO team in the swim relay
22 29 showed that all those lunch hour swims were worth-
23 30 while - even if we lost the race. Christa is now back
15 00 32 in the civilian world and both she and her cheery
01 33 "Good Morning" will be missed
02 35
03
04 2
05 38



40 01.6	01.9	174 44.9	07.0	Dubhe	194 15.4
55 04.1	01.9	189 47.4	07.0	Elnath	278 37.6
70 06.5	01.9	204 49.9	07.0	Eltanin	90 54.9
85 08.9	01.9	219 52.3	07.0	Enif	34 06.0
00 11.3	01.9	234 54.8	07.0	Fomalhaut	15 45.0
15 13.8	N10 01.9	249 57.3	S21 07.0	Gacrux	172 23.5
30 16.2	01.9	264 59.8	07.1	Gienah	176 12.8
45 18.6	01.9	280 02.3	07.1	Hadar	149 16.3
60 21.0	01.9	295 04.8	07.1	Hamal	328 22.9
75 23.5	01.9	310 07.2	07.1	Kaus Aust.	84 09.5
90 25.9	01.9	325 09.7	07.1	Kochab	137 18.8
05 28.3	N10 01.9	340 12.2	S21 07.1		13 57.6



LT(N) STOBART: OTD's resident travel agent and social planning director enjoyed another relaxed and easy going summer. Without the return of Ed King, Norm was able to rise to the top of the heap at the second annual Pina Colada Invitational Open although the question remains whether Norm was a better golfer or a better score keeper.

Norm will be remembered by the staff and students alike for creating a work environment where "leisure rules" and allowing all of us to have nice days... someplace else.

19 248 39.0	105 28.9	52.3	100 27.8
20 263 41.5	120 28.3	51.4	115 28.7
21 278 43.9	135 27.7	50.4	130 29.6
22 293 46.4	150 27.1	49.5	145 30.6
23 308 48.9	165 26.5	48.5	160 31.5
16 00 323 51.3	180 25.9	N15 47.6	175 32.4
01 338 53.8	195 25.4	46.6	190 33.3
02 353 56.3	210 24.8	45.7	205 34.3
03 8 58.7	225 24.2	44.8	220 35.2
04 24 01.2	240 23.6		
05 39 03.7	255 23.0		
06 54 06.1	270		
07 69 08.6	285		
08 84 11.1			
09 99 13.6			
10 114 16.1			
11 129 18.6			
12 144 21.1			
13 159 23.6			



SUNDAY

D	12	358 54.9	N13
A	13	13 55.0	
Y	14	28 55.2	
	15	43 55.3	
	16	58 55.4	

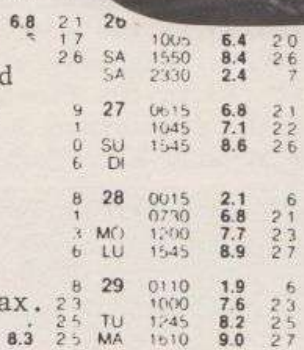


1987

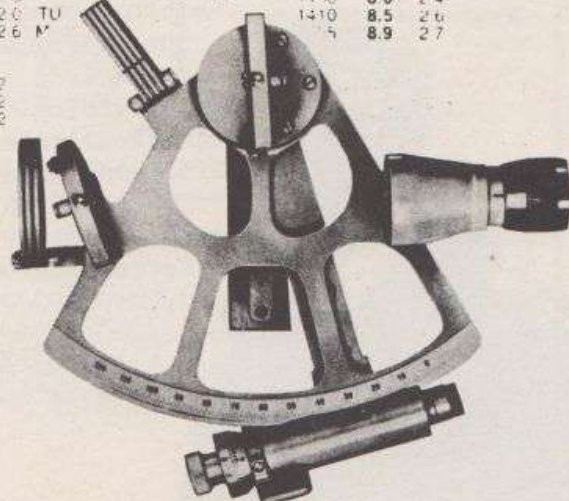
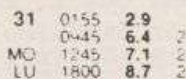
[illegible]

LT(1) WHITEHEAD: 1987 was Gary's second summer as the Senior Instructor although he preferred to view it as his turn on the "the back 9". An innovator in administrative co-ordination Gary took as much time as he could from his busy PGA tour to "beaver away" at the UNTD II Training Plan, while keeping all the CTO's in line. Good luck in your future career Gary: the transition from SNRI to studying rocks shouldn't be too much of a change.

LT(N) OLMSTEAD. This gallant officer took the reins of Acadia division and found the job included many late nights on the YAG's reviewing sea reqs and the appointment as cruise social director for Campbell River. She was always pleased to see Teakern Arm included in the sailords - a dip in Castle Lake soothes her soul. Nancy shivered through most of the summer, but always had warmth in her smile. She is OTD's resident expert on sextants and a strong advocate of phoning in to head office.



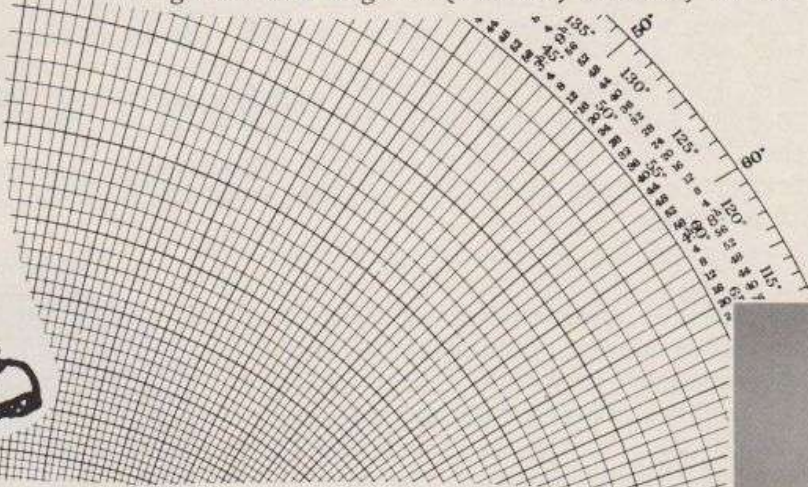
LT(N) MORISSETTE - "Mesarati" didn't do it...and if he did he didn't give a damn. Richard was the token DNO - rescued from a dreary life at sea - to lend some mood to OTD. His knowledge and experience did nothing to prepare him for a summer of Reserve training, but rather he relied on his native wit and intelligence to help him bumble through. What was Richard's best quality? His reliability - you could count on him to get going when the going got tough!! Richard did such a great job here they posted him to Halifax. I guess that will teach him to mess with us!



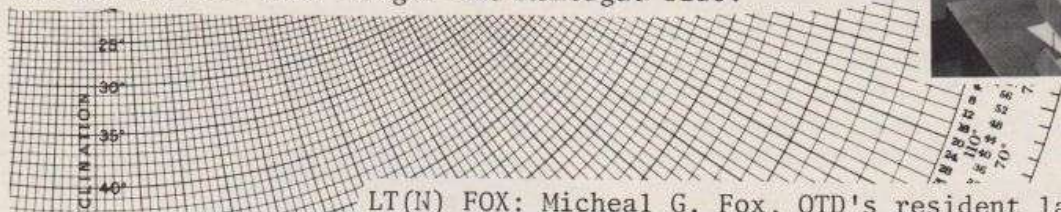
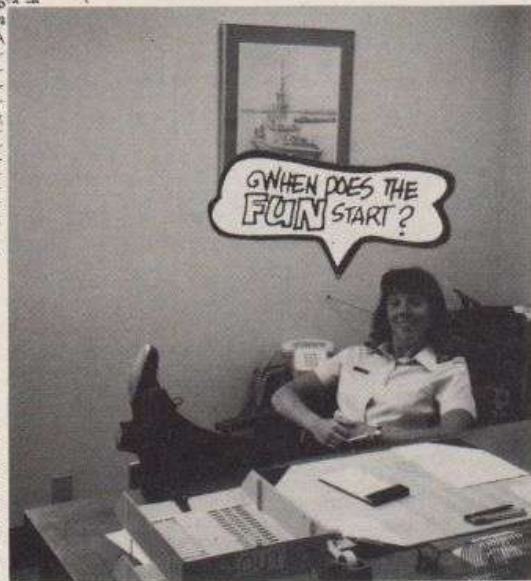


LT(N) QUAIL : Mark "Mr. rock and Roll" Quail once again graced OTD with his perfectly combed hair, colgate smile and ever fashionable attire. An import from Vancouver, Mark took a break from law school to handle Bonaventure division while driving Peter crazy with his "Butt-hole Surfers" tape. (What does regret mean?). Between Pag's and "holding court" at the Contempo Cafe, Mark found time for a few heart wrenching and rather steamy affairs both ashore and afloat. His ability to guzzle Rockaberry coolers while sitting on a loading dock proved his willingness to adapt to any situation with both grace and a grin. (Whatda, Whatda, ho ho ho!!)

MODIFIED WEIR AZIMUTH DIAGRAM [LATITUDES 0° TO 65°]



LT(N) POUCHER: Susan was the self-appointed good conscience of the OTD Staff (she goaded fellow staff members into getting exercise playing squash, swimming, and walking to the dessert table) Despite her hectic summer and the demands of a family and division Susan was able to find time for a two week holiday at the Club Med in Toronto (Staff School). At sea she presided over the wackiest YAG in the fleet with Jody Thomas. We're not sure if the crew drove Susan Crazy or vis versa but none who saw it will ever forget the Montague side.



LT(N) FOX: Micheal G. Fox, OTD's resident lawyer at large jetted into Victoria to make up the other half of the Bonaventure animal duo of Fox and Quail. Micheal was often heard muttering "Oh Gawd!" as he lead his division through the high-tech world of YAG and PB navigation. A pillar of calm in the often stormy seas of OTD, Micheal amazed his co-workers by his ability to run for days on nothing more than coffee and cigarettes. An ex-reg force member "The Fox" put his BWK to good use in piloting his barge- a late model purple Parisian- around Victoria. We wish Micheal every success in London with his new career.



DIRECTIONS FOR USE

- 1 Mark the declination North or South on the meridian of the diagram. Call this point A.
- 2 From the hour angle, on the correct ring (see Rule) follow the hyperbola until it first cuts the latitude ellipse. Call the point of intersection B.

THE CANADIAN AIDS TO NAVIGATION SYSTEM LE SYSTÈME C

PORT HAND GREEN WITH 000 NUMBER BÂBORD VERTE AVEC NUMÉRO IM

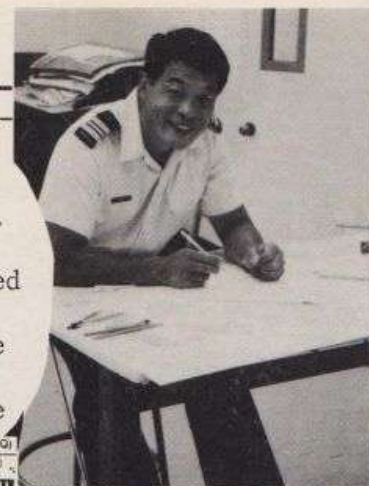
LATER

GREEN LIGHT FEU VERT

GRAPHIC ARTS
OF LAROCQUE

HOW DID I
END UP
HERE?

LCDR RUSS KO was one of the busiest members of the OTD Staff doing special projects and updating training packages...and then... there was this binder with all kinds of sports and coaching information that appeared on his desk during those afternoon lulls. Was that UNTD I or II information? A native of the "North Country" of B.C., LCDR KO has commuted to OTD for many years to contribute to the training program. He even trained some of this summers training staff!



PERFORMANCE COUNTS.

CARDIN

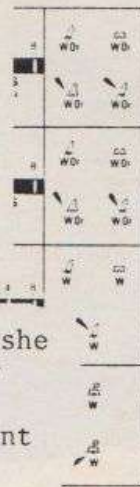
MI-CHENAL
BANDES VERTICALES ROUGES
ET BLANCHES

SPECIAL BUOYS / BOUÉES SPÉCIALES

NO SHAPE SIGNIFICANCE NO NUMBERS MAY BE LETTERS MAY CARRY

PORTER

LS(W) "Cheesie" Larocque became an honorary member of OTD Staff since we shared not only our offices with her but coffee and donut runs and her radio. She could always be convinced to draw something on the sly to enhance lesson plans, signs, posters and charts. After sharing the office with Cheesie we still don't know for sure whether its the fumes from the paint, markers, glue or filing her nails with the electric eraser that makes her the way she is or if we were just lucky to have another happy team member! We need to draw her a clock to pass the time after were gone....



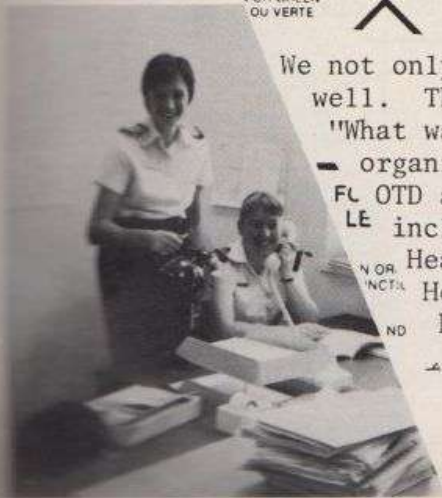
LCDR BENNETT: Once Jennifer had the phone surgically removed from her ear, she was able to extend her field of operations to Albert Head, Malahat and many other unclean spots in Greater Victoria. In between appointments Jennifer managed to find time to maintain her relationship with her desk - a confidant in which Jen buried secrets of mess dinners, the grad ball and OTD SO's. Good Luck with teaching Jennifer- and oh! - Lucky your a jock!

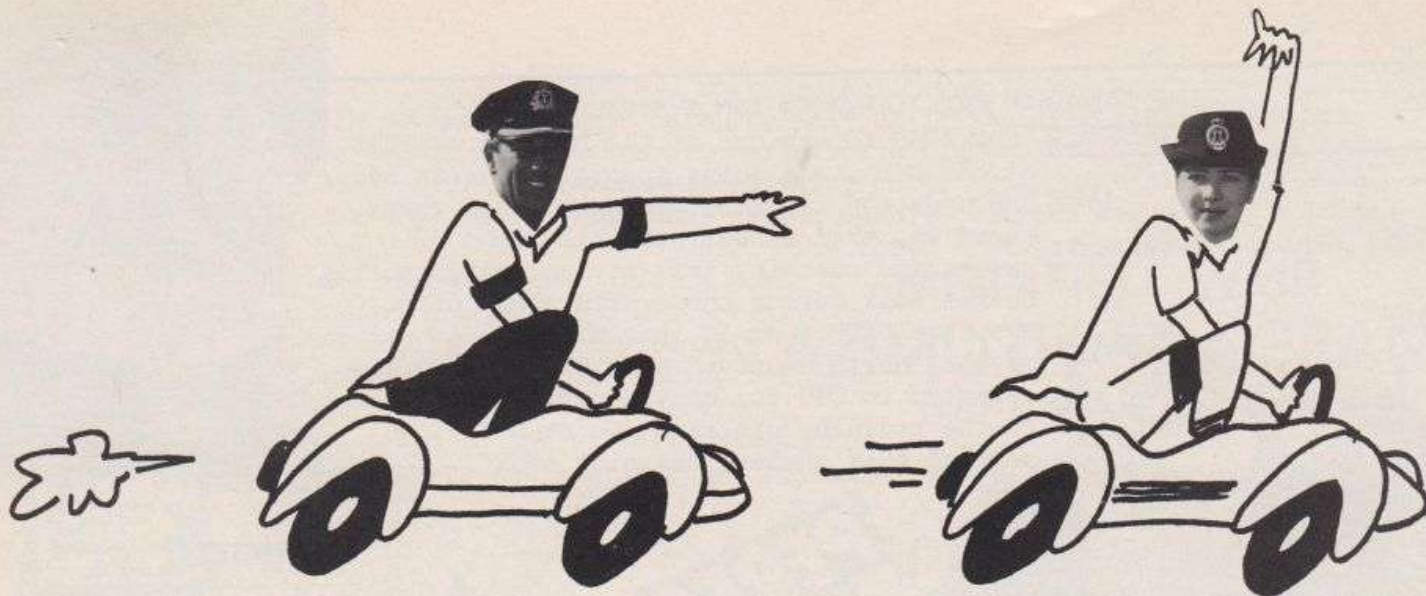
STANDARD DAYMARKS / BALISES DE JOUR ORDINAIRES

NO ANCHORAGE / MOUILLAGE INTERDIT

OR GREEN
OU VERTE

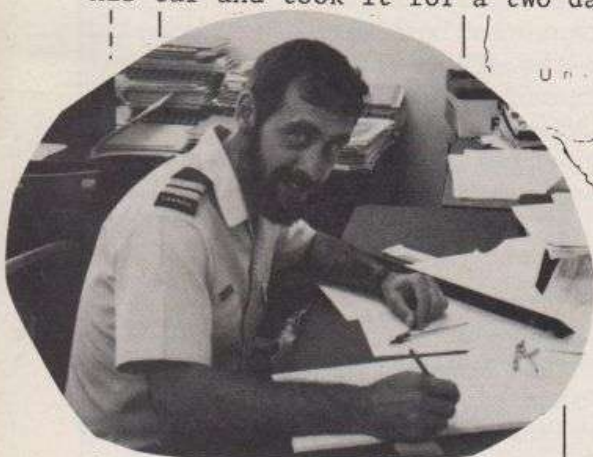
We not only had a new member join the staff this year but a new rank as well. The classic first line after answering the phone was always, "What was that?" and the reply...Commissioned Officer Collins! Heather organized a smooth running and efficient administration world for FL OTD and put up with all kinds of creative variations of her rank including "Commando", "Mr." and heaven forbid... "Sub-Lieutenant!" Heather not only survived OTD but courses at Bordon and Albert Head all in the same summer. Somehow this schedule worked in her favour because she was able to avoid the 19th of August - planning, stress and high blood pressure!





LT(N) MILLAR will long remember this summer as the start of something big. He and his "buddy", a certain blonde SLT brackets W, were inseparable and spent the entire summer giggling, punching each other, and sporting around in a little MG. When not dining out at one of Victoria's curry houses Pete could normally be seen on his way to the lake for a little "bath in the buff". His good nature and willingness to call any cadet a "Troll" endeared him to his troops although his sence of humour was tested when someone stole his car and took it for a two day spin.

LW WOODWARD, who was known as the LW 'with the yellow sports car', was a dedicated member of the OTD staff. Her patience and time spent behind the IBM completing change 14 to ammendment 3 were well appreciated by the staff but - in view of the number of exams she typed she was less appreciated by the students



LT(N) BLONDEAU: Pierre was OTD's resident franco and a master of innovative teaching methods: particularly doing things his way. As an instructor with the NCS UNTD II's Pierre was lucky enough to spend the summer surrounded by a bevy of young ladies while sailing the Gulf Islands. Another MG fan, Pierre came to OTD from the PB's and likied it so much he plans to stay on this winter as the Standards Officer. Have a huge time Pierre!

Countries having the Standard Time of an even-numbered zone are tinted RED
Countries having the Standard Time of an odd-numbered zone are tinted BLUE.



LCDR DEERMAN: Fran, known as the "Deerhunter" by her friends, spent the summer sailing the seven sounds: Howe, Plumper, Puget, Desolation, Baynes, Hotham and Pendrill. No one knew her purpose but some whispered she was seeking the great white tea-room. Gunkholing from Friday Harbour to Refuge Cove this year was practice for applying her knowledge of the Classics in the Med next year. Fran always preferred to spent all her time in the sun and surf, and was always reluctant to return to the office.



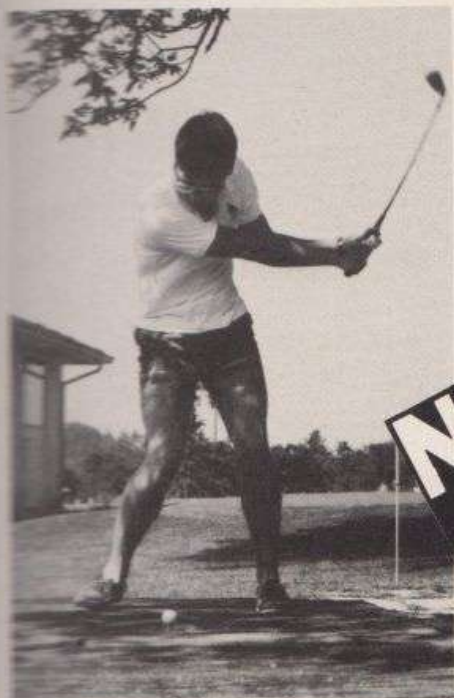
LT(N) HANWELL: Scott spent his third and most eventful summer at OTD with Beacon Hill division pounding home the finer points of tides and Officer of the Watch Manoeuvres one more time. Between early mornings in Vancouver, late "Electric Kool-aid" nights in Everett and frequent visits to Pags for a pasta fix Scott managed to nick-out to Toronto for 2 weeks of fun in the sun at Staff School. After the PB phase aboard HMCS Chaleur Scott moved back to OTD for a winter of writing course training plans. Hmmm...now thats life on the edge!

14

Pêcheries

39a

SLT CONNELLY: alias "James Bond", became OTD'S famous Photocopy Officer. His dedication in driving the Xerox did not go unnoticed - neither did the way he began to glow in the dark. If not at the photocopier, James could usually be found somewhere near Brockville division helping with homework. Yea! Homework! Thats the ticket!



Marina
Port de plaisance

Berth (with letter)
Poste d'amarrage

**NEVER LET THEM
SEE YOU SWEAT.**

48

50

MS STATHER: MS Stather joined our shop just after the move to the new NRTC and found OTD in boxes. Our storesman spent the rest of

the summer digging through the debris in search of both his office and the numerous items demanded by the staff. A stickler for details, MS Stather ensured EVERY item from sextants to paper clips was issued, recorded, and returned in true pusser fashion. A soft-spoken sailor, he was often heard muttering "Hmmm...I think I have some of those."

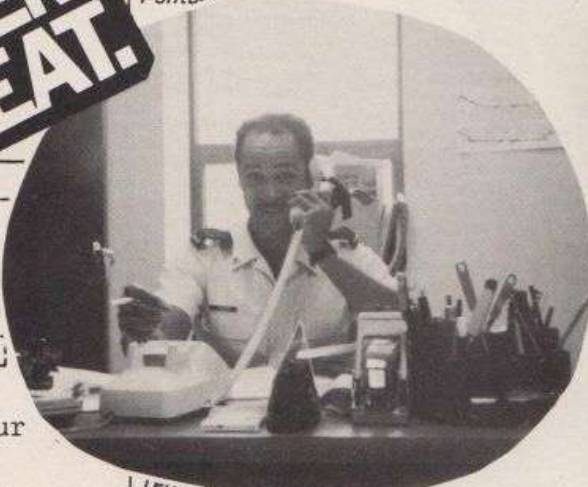
Dry-dock

Bassin de radoub: Cale sèche

SLT GREENIZAN: Kim was another Reg we rescued from a dreary life at sea. His keen interest in sea cadet training made his appointment to Quadra division almost look like we planned it! Kim really wants to be another of those faceless government spokesmen in the public affairs branch and with the same gift for gab that made him a good instructor he should be able to transfer straight over without any more training!



Ponton



Terminé
construction; En remplissage

Whistle station (with distant)
Poteau de signalisation
(avec distance)

Tie-up wall
Mur d'amarrage

(Gf)