# 1974

No doubt you are now aware of the serious effort to bring ROUTP shre and sea training up to the standar expected of the Regular Force. You should also be aware of the real and potential problems involved in effecting ROUTP training plans. With the tremendous demands placed upon a steadily diminishing and over-burdened training resource, it becomes extremely difficult, if not at times impossible, for the Commander Training Group Pacific to meet and satisfy those assigned committments.

Summer Training 1974, has realized many achievements and some disappointments. The former give much promise while the better challenge us all.

Naval Reserve training is faced with many problems in 1975, but a principal aim of the Naval Reserve Training Centre (Esquimalt) is to run up and execute a professionally challenging program for both ROUTP and ROUTP(W). During your winter in unit training you must continue to remain current with previously acquired knowledge and shells as well as complete the winter training requirements.

The aim of the Naval Reserve is to establish and maintain professionalism and respect for the quality of it's training, the product and the ability to readily accept those challenging assigned tasks.

.../2

It is a serious business in which mediocrity and laziness have no place.

Best wishes for a successful academic year. It will be a pleasure to welcome you back in 1975.

S.B. Alsgard, OMM, CD
Commander
Commandant
Naval Reserve Training Centre
(Esquimalt)

# DIRECTORY

BR = Brunswicker CT = Cabot MM = Montcalm SR = Star
CA = Chippawa DA = Donnacona MT = Malahat TH = Tecumseh
CI = Cataraqui DY = Discovery SN = Scotian UN = Unicorn
CN = Carleton HR = Hunter GN = Griffon YK = York

ALLEN , D ; UN.
# 11 Willingdon Pl.
Saskatoon , Sask

ARSENYCH , J ; UN
48 Angus Cr: Regina , Sask
U of Saskatchewan
Anthropology

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562 Dunn Ave. St John, N.B
U of New Brunswick
Engineering

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BERNARD , R ; MM
30 LAGELEUX, Lauzon, PQ
Universite Laval
Anthropologie

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Brockville , Ont

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Ottawa , Ont

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North Van , BC

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Quebec 8 , PQ

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Toronto 7 , Ont

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459 Herring Cove RD
Halifax , N.S.

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Petit Seminaire du
Quebec

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Scarborough , Ont.
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Prince Albert, Sask

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1160 Brussels, Belgium
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RR#1, Brigt's Grove , Ont
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Victoria , BC
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Longueuil, PQ
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Lakehead U/BUSINESS

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Sillery, Que
CBGP Garneau/Health
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Guelph, Ont

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654 Joffre # 3
Québec 6, PQ

WAGNER, M , CA
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WATERFIELD, R , SN
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Dartmouth , N.S

# FIRST YEARS

## THE BEGINNING

On our arrival at what was later (much later) to become our new summer home we heard a strange unhuman magical voice coming from a box on the wass telling us all to meet in the Gunroom--BING!!*@¢ What is a Gunroom? Where is the Gunroom? Where is the washroom? Some twenty odd minutes later all mustered in this Gunroom, we were told all about a summer program that we were never to see, by a Lt. who we never saw for the remainder of the summer months. This was the beginning. A little later on in the first week we were shown approximately fifty entirely different methods for making one's "RACK", and then on our own discovered the correct one.

In our two week Communism course we learnt such unrelated subjects as voice procedure, fleet manoeuvering and flag meanings, not to mention religion. After our first week (and after the second group had arrived) it was brought to our attention by some Cadet (may he rest in pieces) that we really did not have enough work to occupy us in our spare time. Of course we all instantly were in absolute agreement and so voluntarily decided to spend all our spare evening minutes (which included missing the last half of 'Star Trek') in various evening activities which we later referred to as 'Compulsory Fun.' A short time later we realized that a few of the newly arrived cadets wore their uniforms differently and had much longer hair than most of us (as we had next to none). This led us to believe that in fact the programme had indeed changed and so had the people in it. These new cadets for some unknown reason seemed to get all our well deserved publicity.

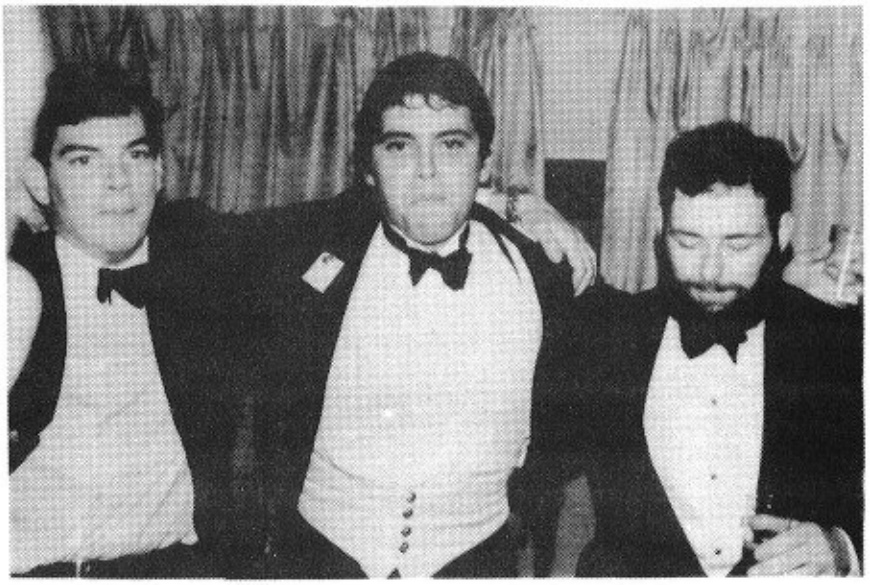
Later in the summer a few choice cadets were fortunate enough to actually meet in person and engage the "top Brass" individually in intellectual conversation which later was commonly referred to as BORED. To our surprise these cadets were rarely again seen or heard from.

Over the summer months we noticed distinct changes in our vocabulary and nomenclature as it greatly increased particularly during our time spent at sea. Unfortunately there is not enough space to put down all of the words and phrases we picked up. But a few will remain always in our minds. For instance "Oh Boy!," "CHIP-CHIP-CHIP-CHIP-CHIPPAWA," as well as assorted others including "TUUM EST,"

This was indeed the beginning of our first year cadet training, the lowest life form known to mankind. There were many very memorable moments also far too numerous to put all in print. For instance who will ever forget the very first mess meeting in our own gunroom, electing our own officers. Ah! What a night it was, when Bonnie Prince Charlie (unknown to most and uninvited by all) stopped our mess meeting in our mess and told us mess members to leave our mess and our bar unprotected. We should also not fail to mention

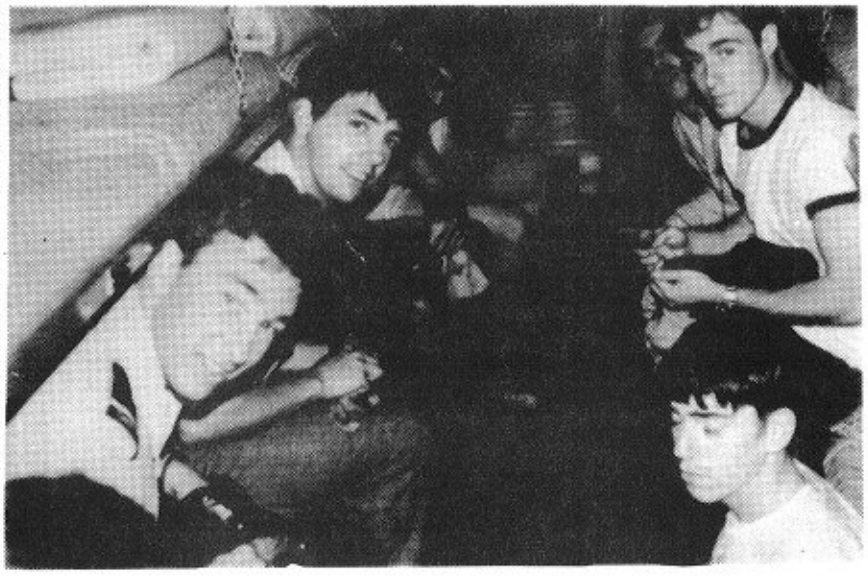
our very first ROUTP Mess Dinner, my, what an exciting time we had, or what about all the divisions we attended and as a result all the times we spent on Fred with ROB. Then there was our sea phase where we all learned what "a wonderful product Mr. Premium produced and how much we enjoyed it." At sea we saw that shore life was really not all that bad and realized for the very first time that "Ye first year Cadets are not ruled by the rudder are ruled either by the rock or the ROB."

The first year divisions described and illustrated in the next few pages are, of course, a mere representation of the accomplishments of everyone's total summer training and the true meaning of the term 'espirit de corps' although understood by all cannot adequately be described in either pictures or words.

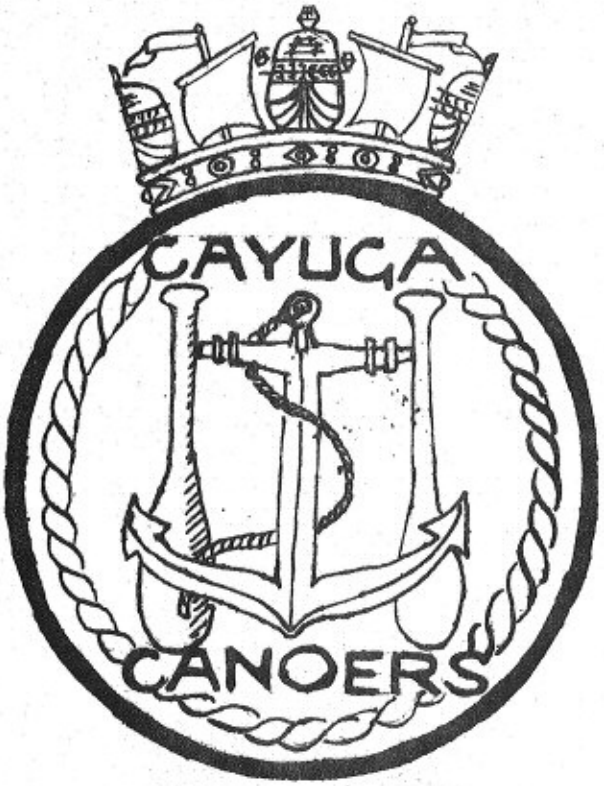


There's fun

AND



There's FUN!




# CAYUGA DIVISION

CAYUGA DIVISION

They came from all over, representing every major city in Canada. From this diversified background they became united under the leadership of S/Lt. Sewell into Cayuga. The cost of this unity was high. A lot of preconceived notions and ideas were shattered some of which only a mother could know. For this reason Mother is writing to her boys.

By the time you get this letter you will be back at your home unit. I know that Cowboy will be very disappointed if you do not continue your morning excercises and calisthenics. Every morning before 0830 I want 25 push-ups and situps. Especially from that sleepyhead Mill, who complains about the long drive in and who tries to beat my record for the last one in class.

For those more robust ones who like to go for a row in the morning --- Heal take note --- make sure that the pins are in before hooking on because no one likes an unexpected shower, least of all, Mother.

I hope that you all prepare your lessons -- but Arsenych -- dragging out a 5 minute speech to 20 is a bit much. I'm sure that the Guru Guru tribe in Never-Never Land is doing fine with their Booga Booga root.

Aussi Dodu, il faut que tu viens de bonne temps chaque jour, avant que nous partons pour la gym. J'espere que Wagner, tu fait une autre excellent cours avec du feu a NBCD.

The cost of whaler oars has risen exponentially and Slonosky, I hope that you ar always that objective when it comes to financial matters and the outlay of capital. For the more vindictive among us, the Masked Marauders are always there in times of need and when not needed also. They (Osborne and friends) defend us against that evil and vile organization, the 2nd Years who come under the direct control of C.H.O.W. enterprises.

One of the most uniting factors of the summer was the sea. It united all of us in one gigantic long distance phone call to big Bertha, and I know Gagnon loves to do it spread eagle.

I sincerely hope that you found what you were looking for and that all your problems will be small.

Love Mom

P.S. Remember to brush your bloody teeth because I'm sick and tired of all these damn dentist bills.

## THE CADET PRIMER

See the officer, see him yell. Yell, yell, yell.
He is yelling Wakey Wakey, it is 0545 AM!
See the cadets, see them yell, they are not yelling Wakey Wakey, what they are yelling would make a bos'un blush.
Tsk Tsk Tsk.
See the cadets, see them run, puff puff puff.
They are becoming physically fit, but some of them are becoming physically ill. Ugh Ugh Ugh.

See the cafeteria, see the cadets eat, chomp, chomp, chomp.
Why are they eating their eggs with their hands.
They must be ready by 0730 every morning.
This does not leave room for social etiquette.

See the bus, see it take the cadets to divisions, fun fun fun.
The crazy Frenchmen are singing, they know what they are saying, we do not.
Suspision Suspision Suspision.

See the cadets, see them stand at attentions, they are on divisions, sweat, sweat, sweat.
See the CTO, he is not pleased with their appearance, swear, swear, swear.
See the cadets be R.O.B.ed. These cadets are not pleased either, they will spend the rest of the day casting aspersions on the CTO's parentage. Naughty, Naughty, Naughty.

See the fleet school, this is where the cadets go to learn.
Learn, learn, learn.
Here they may relax a bit. In fact, some of the cadets relax alot. Snore Snore Snore.

See the cadets, see the cadets eat lunch.
Mangle, chew, bite.
They are still eating with their hands.
Not because they don't have time.
They just like eating with their hands.
Slop Slop Slop.

See the boatshed, see the cadets learn to drive small crafts.
Drive Drive Drive.
See the cadet smash the jetty, oops that was not a cadet, that was the CTO.
Chuchle Chuckle Chuckle.

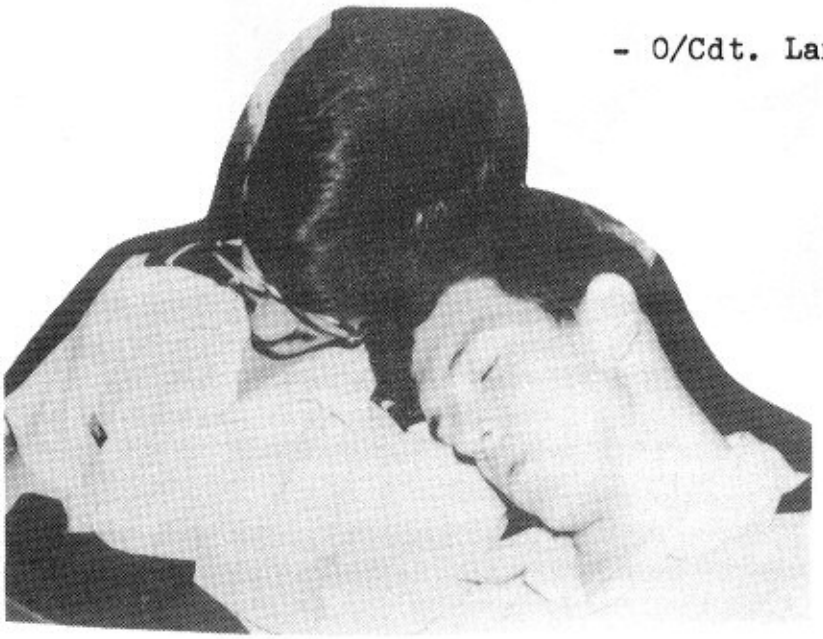
See the cadets after dinner. Content Content Content.
They are engaging in loftier pursuits.
Someone has tuned in an intellectual TV Program.
It is call 'Batman'.
Smash, Sok, Splooie.

See the cadets swear again. Swear Swear Swear.
Why are they swearing?
It is now 1830 PM and they have to go to evening activities.
Drag Drag Drag.
But all is not in vain, a new record has been set.
One cadet has just sworn for two minutes without repeating himself.

See the cadets, see them go into the gunroom. Hurry Hurry Hurry.
See them drink.drink drink drink.
Why are they drinking so much?
They are learning to become officers.
Garble Garble Garble.

See the Mess, it is very quiet, Hush Hush Hush.
These are the silent hours; for most.
However someone lurks in the shadows, is seen for a minute and then is gone. Stealth Stealth Stealth.
The mess is still quiet, but now it smells like a Burma Shave commercial.
Stink Stink Stink.
This is the work of the Masked Marauders.
Strange Strange Strange.

See the cadets sleep.sleep sleep sleep.
Why are they sleeping so soundly?
It is not easy to cram 9 hours sleep into 3. That is why.
See the officer, see him yell.
It is once again 0545, a new day has dawned.
Goodie Goodie Goodie.



- O/Cdt. Lance (MM) Osborne.

It started on the 5th of May 1974 for most of us in the now famous "Parsons Navy". We were quite fortunate in having "Admiral" Parsons lead our division personally. His presence was a great inspiration to us young aspiring officers and he was a great help to us throughout the training. Whether it was running into a blazing inferno, going to sea in ships, canoeing across a peaceful lake, or looking for a machette in the woods, he was a guiding light.

And so we would like to say thankyou Sir, for a good summer.

Tim Kelly, George Green, Spencer Martin, Sandy Lane, Michel Gingras, Fred Ducharme, Jean Pierre Gagne, Dave Craig, Rick Burnham

## FROG GOODBYE

Nous vous ferons grâce des palabres qui accompagnent trop souvent d'ennuyeux préambules. Avant de plier bagages, nous désirons manifester le plaisir que nous avons eu a être des vôtres pendant ces trois derniers mois. Pour certains, nous avons été les pitres follets du programme et les soupes au lait des divisions. Pour tous, nous étions des grenouilles-officiers et de piètres rossignols.

Dans les bons moments comme dans les moins bons, nous étions avec vous. Vous et nous, nous nous sommes cotoyés, nous nous sommes piles sur les pieds. Mais qu'importe! Ensemble, tous les ROUTP ont su se payer du bon temps. Ensemble, nous tous, Canadiens, avons navigué sur les mêmes mers, dormi sous les mêmes cieux, vécu dans le même pays.

Sachant l'anglais, la vie, pour vous et pour nous, aurait été plus facile. Du mieux que nous le pouvions, nous avons apprivoisé votre langue et votre culture. Nous demeurons reconnaissant envers ceux qui se sont montrés compréhensifs à notre problème linguistique. De ceux qui ont essayé de jongler avec les mots francais, nous gardons un souvenir particulier.

Il va de soit de remercier tous les officiers qui ont travaillé d'arrache-pied pour faire un succès du programme ROUTP. Merci au Gouvernement canadien.

Sur ce, nous vous disons "au revoir" amis et amies; à l'an prochain.

- Jacques Gagnon
Rejean Bernard
Jean Boulé
Marc Poissonnet
Jean Wagner
Michel Gingras
Jeannot Gagné.

# COLUMBIA DIVISION

The Desert Fox

WAR IS HELL!

Columbia! What a ship! What a division! Well, not bad considering our CTO, Lt. Saari left us after the first week. We wonder the cause? Fortunately that apple-cheeked sweetie, the "All Canadian Boy", S/Lt. Weber slipped in and saved us from a fate worse than...death?

Columbia! Long will we be remembered in those Hallowed Halls of NRTC. Long will we be worshipped as the saviors of our country during A.C.P. We were the division which conquered the towering peaks of Mt. Finlayson. We were th ones who risked our lives in the frozen wateland of Forbidden Plateau. Long will we be remembered. Hail Columbia!

On the lighter side of things, we will recall Mr. Webers severe case of an undetermined illness of which the cause has not yet been decided. The nearest the echelon of medical officers at M.I.R.could come was to diagnose it as "pink Belly." We certainly hope our endeared CTO never forgets it.

Or, when a certain Newf from Columbia walked up to a certain Lcdr. at the ROUTP Ball and asked him: "Hey Mister, minds if I has a few scuffs wit the Missus?"

Or,picking up two wayfarers from the lower ranks who taught us the finer points of cheating at Bridge at NBCD School.

Unfortunately though, the Columbia comradeship was split in the mounth of August when the male members left north-bound to Alaska to build igloos, while we, the women were sent to forage those great unrelenting seas of Georgia Strait upon those "sleek grey ships of death", the YFP's.

But although we parted, never to see each other again (except for the occasional sports weekend Pissex) we all knew that the memories and the spirit of those 'happy, carefree' days we spent in Columbia Division would live on in our hearts for ever.

non tibi
illegitimus
carborundum
sit.

# CONESTOGA DIVISION

XIII

CONESTOGA

OFFICER CADETTES

What can you say about the summer when 14 women invaded a traditionally MALE programme? It just had to be full of surprises! We lived at RRMC, that bastion of female morality, for most of the summer. We redecorated the heads with all of Saxon's belongings, her bed put in a place of honour between the urinals. It was debatable whether the worst sound Saturday mornings was the mating call of the peacocks or Pedersen practicing her bagpipes in the Japanese Gardens.

At first we were regarded with curiosity, if nothing else, and spent many an hour on display at social funciotns. However, after the many exercises we trudged through with our male counterparts, we all became like "one of the guys".

In August we moved to the Sheraton Cape Breton, our dear Fred. It's no Royal Roads but we became quite attached to That big hunk of metal.

After we waved goodbye to our classmates on their way to be tossed by the briny sea, we did our own sea time on a huge seafaring vessel called a YFP 312 to be exact. Like all good sailors we worked hard aboard our ship and added a few new twists ourselves. The CO, Lt. Dicky, just loved having the Honeys serve him cake and cookies on the bridge for standeasy. Pedersen piped us in and out of harbour and most civilians didn't quite know what to make of it. Leith did her frog jump on the bridge in Georgia Strait and Saxon always had her binoculars on one shoulder and her numerous cameras on the other. Our time aboard the Badger was one of the highest points of the summer.

This was a summer full of experiences--good and bad. A summer of making friends and saying goodbye to friends. A summer of learning to hoot with the owls and then fly with the eagles. All in all it was a summer we'll never forget.

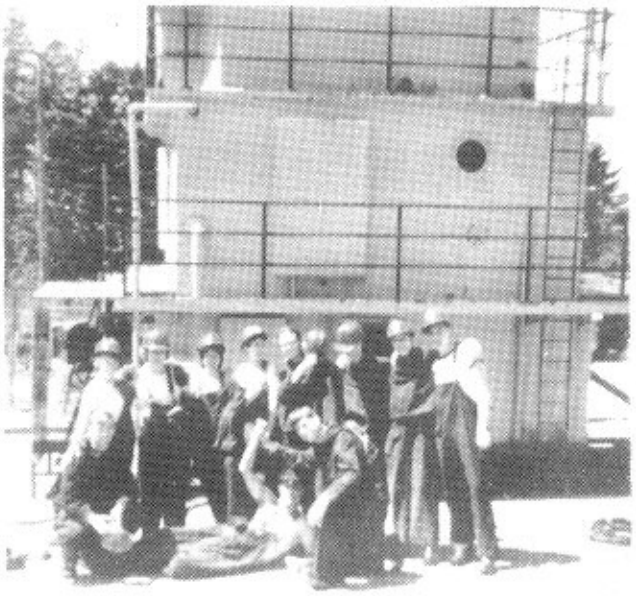
XIV

CRUSADER

E pluribus nihil

# CRUSADER DIVISION

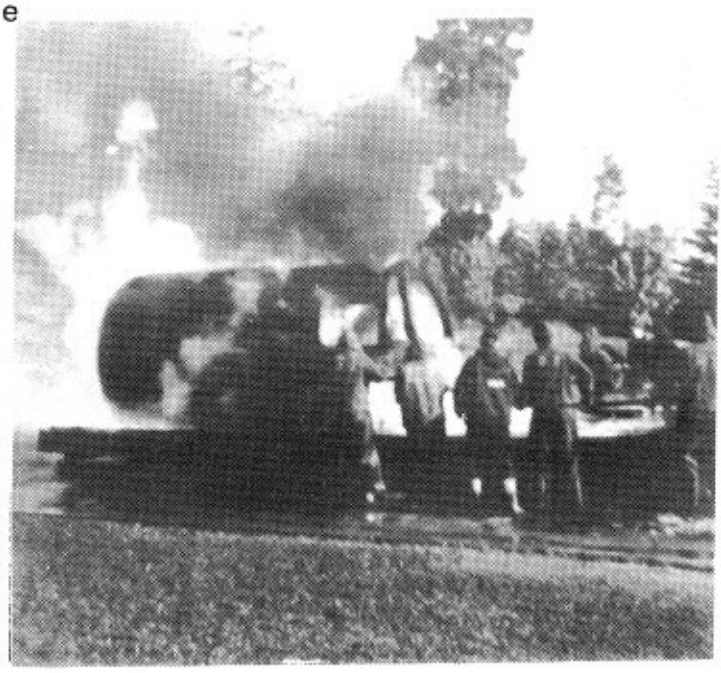
"SLIDE PAST?"

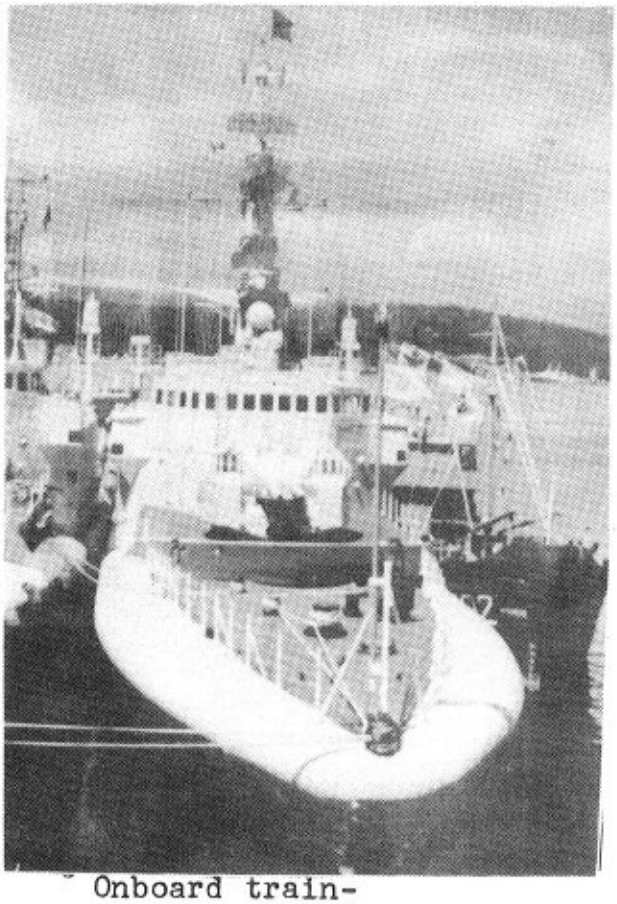


One of the most enjoyable weeks of first year training took place at NBCD school. Firefighting and damage control were the main topics emphasized.

Here we see Columbia and Crusader divisions preparing for a flood intthe ship simulator "Tumult."

A simulated helicopter blaze is quickly doused by ROUTP Cadets.

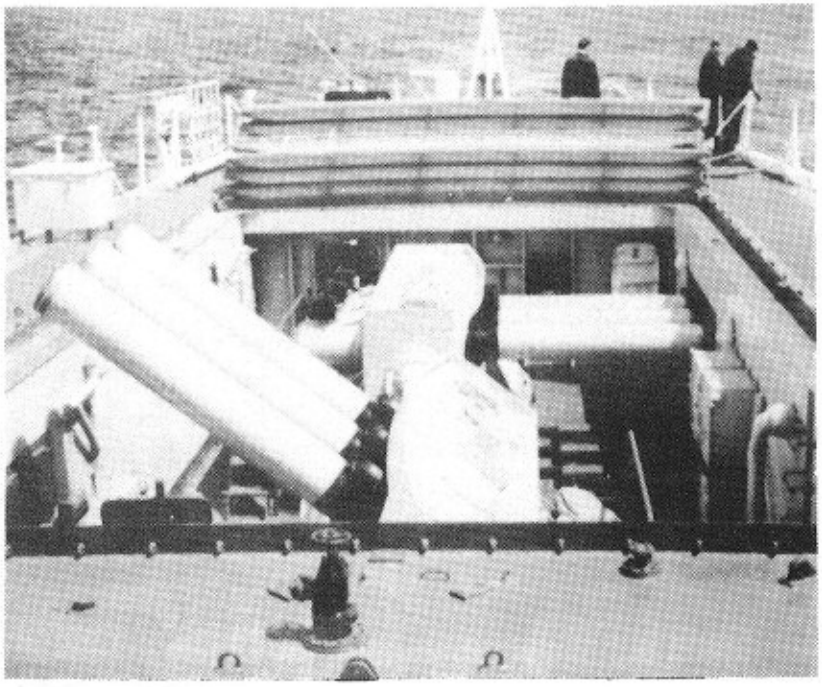




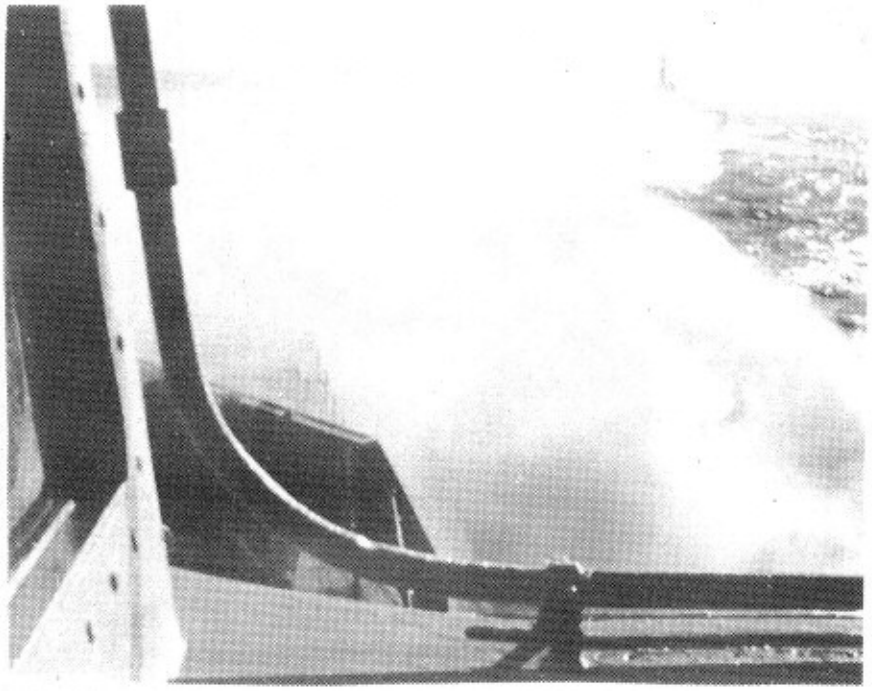
One of the three training ships ROUTP cadets had the fortunate pleasure of sailing on. The other ships were HMCS MacKenzie and St. Croix.

HMCS Saskatchewan

Onboard training included a study of weapons systems, such as the MK 10 ASW Mortor.



Rough Seas?

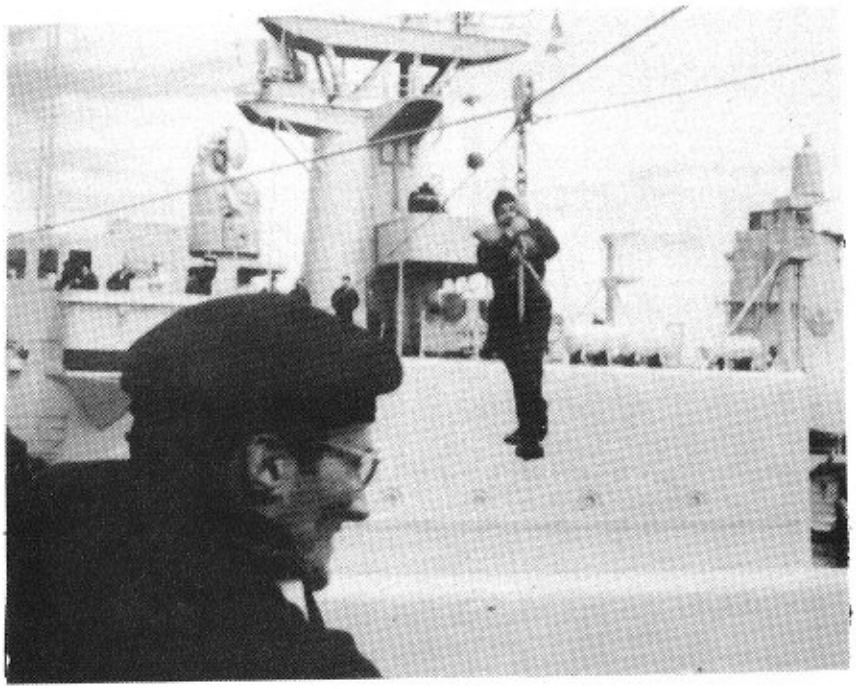


Never fear,
ROUTP is here!

ROUTP Cadets took part in all evolutions at sea.

ABOVE: While sailing up Sacremento River, Cadets are instructed on how to rig an awning.

Below: The most enjoyable evolution, transferring personnel on a jackstay.

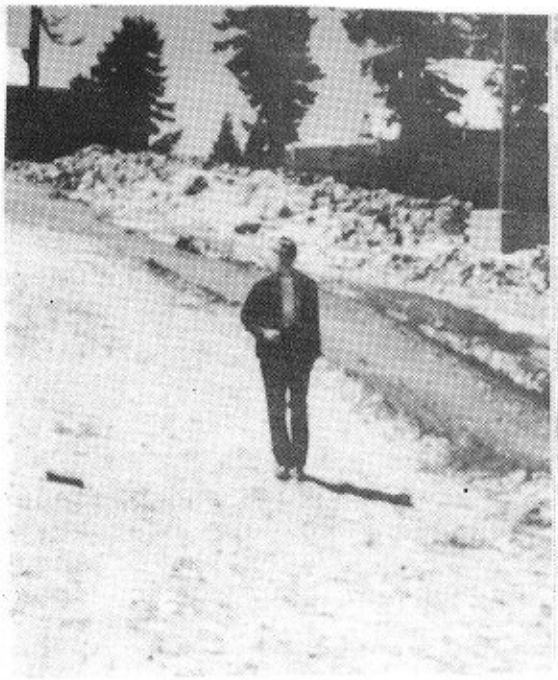


The activity most frequented by ROUTP Cadets.

LIFE ON THE FRED

Dryers out of order again!

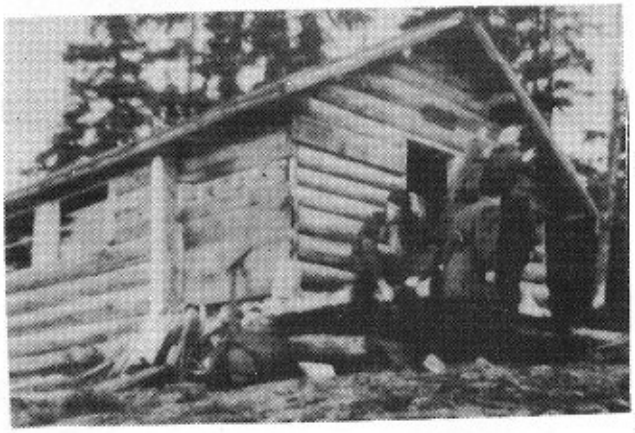
# GUNROOM ACTIVITIES



Where else is there snow in July?

One of Canada's finest hard at work.

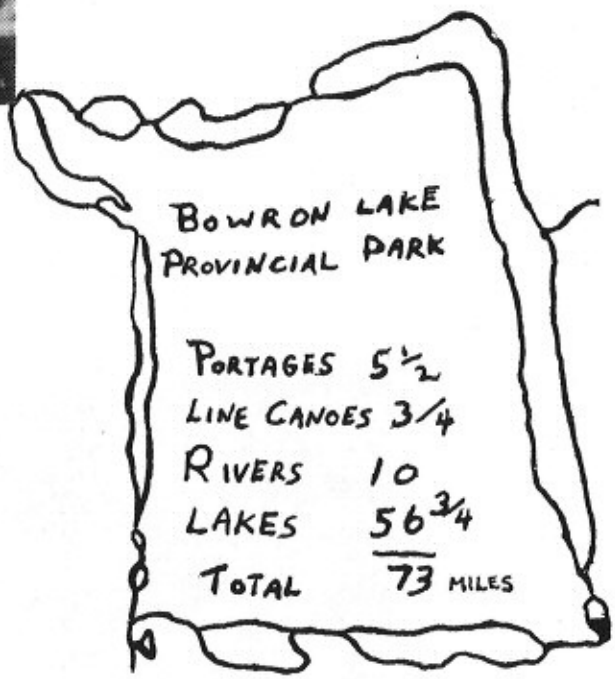
Les Newman on guard.



The most relaxing phase of the summer was Operation Omega.

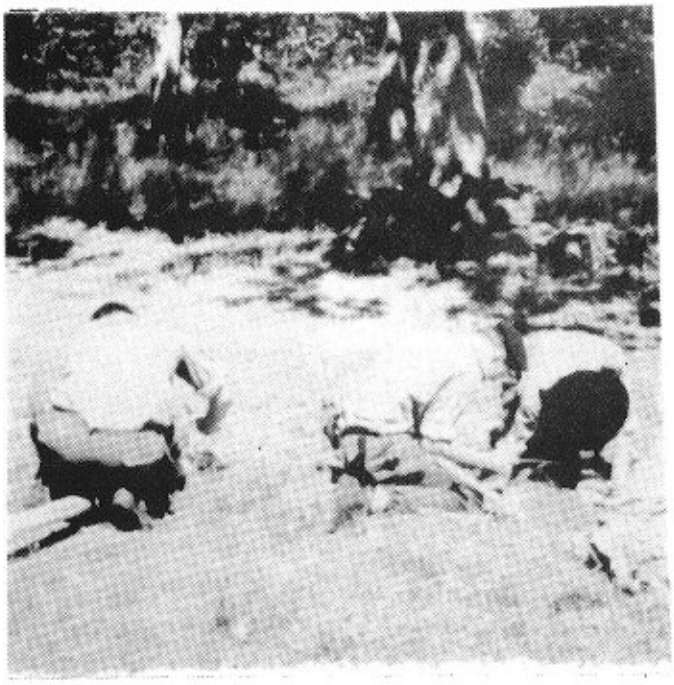
For Columbia and Crusader a week at Forbidden Plateau, enjoying the scenery, fresh air, and, of course, the snow.

Crescent and Cayuga had the thrill of a 73 mile canoe trip at Bowron Provincial Park in the interior of B.C.



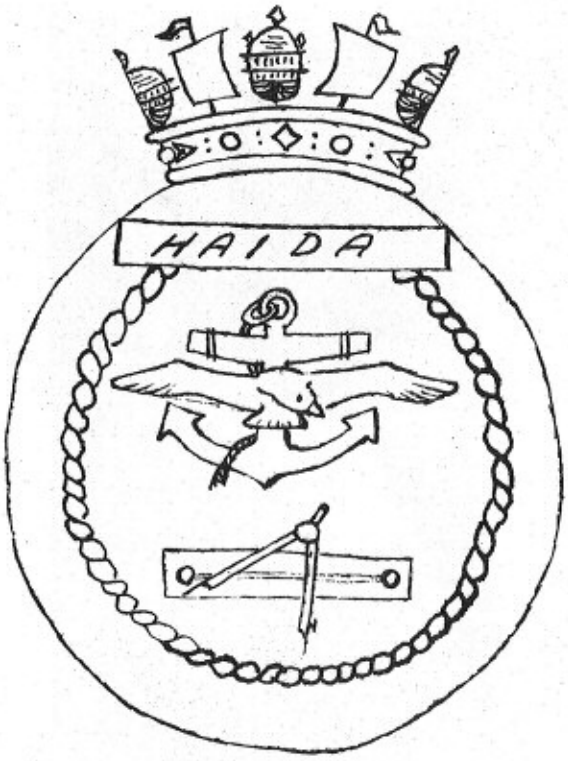
Four weeks of the summer were devoted to leadership development and military skills.

Here, Crescent and Cayuga on one of their "forced marches."



Problem solving was required from all Cadets, but the biggest problem here was rigging a tent before the rain.

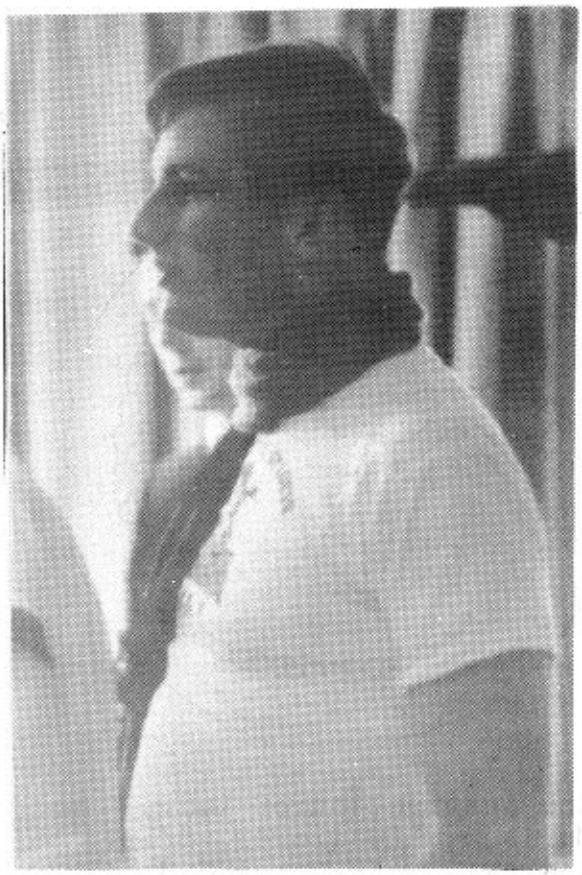
# Second Years




Apart from a few stragglers we arrived back on board "Fred" our home away from home of the previous summer by Sunday, 5th of May. After the handshakes and reunion we got on to it- the training that is. For two weeks the larger division of A/Slt.s (Huron had quantity, Haida had quality) shared our classroom for some general OOD type duties under various instructors. Then when we, the eleven of us, were all together and acquainted with Lt. Bill Glover who would be our CTO for the rest of the summer we finally got down to the MARS III- five weeks of navigation training ashore. Tides, sunsets, chartwork, radio work, and the fact that you never, ever, leave the centre of the P.P.I. became ingrained in us under the instruction of Lcdr. Murison, Lt. Glover, S/Lt. Andrews, McKewan, and Starchak. Studying took up most of our evenings and occasionaly we'd find Bruce asleep under the B.C. Pilot or Wally relishing those juicy passages on p. 110 of Norries tables. Then two straight days of MET left our heads cloudy. By the time the exams crept up on us we were getting beamed in and looking forward to applying it during sea phase.

The countdown had started as ten of us boarded YFP 312 for our glorious three weeks "at sea".

Although we slept (or did we?) on twelve boat much of our navigation was to be on the bridge of HMCS PORTE DE LA REINE or HMCS PORTE QUEBEC, whichever happened to be operational that day. After redez-vousing with the pigs while on an international cruise (to Friday Harbour



U.S.A.) we continued steaming in the Gulf Islands and even to NANAIMO and Vancouver. Who will forget the day we changed passage plans five times! There were two to New Westminister, one for Esquimalt, Bedwell Harbour and we finally ended up in Nanaimo. By the third and last week things were a little less cramped and hectic - for one thing only seven of us were left. Bob and Ray chose logistics instead and "Spy" returned to UFP for a while.

Despite setbacks such as Wally's crumpled charts, unparallel parallel rules and and anonymous "gyro correct by transit on ferries Sir!" we were able to whip off passages in a mere three hours or so. The Officers of the Watch consistently failed to take the responsibility of ensuring good weather. Although we did the cooking ourselves food on the YFP was usually better than on the Gates.

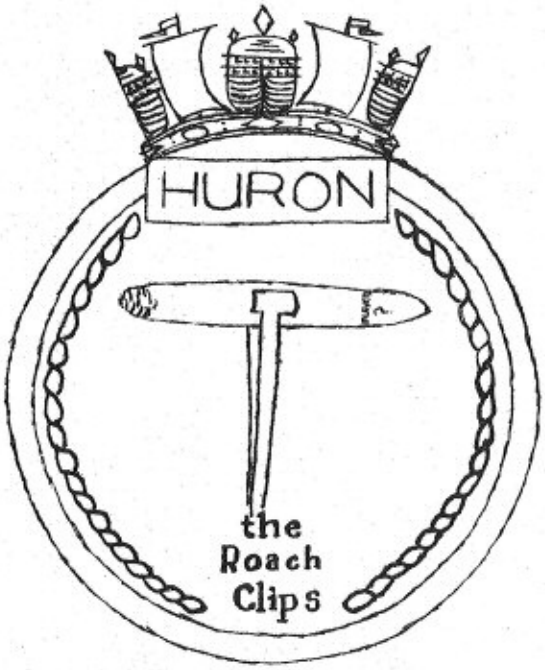
Finally under the wavering finger of Bob Dicky the C.O. and the scowls of Lt. Jim Hughes our X.O. we took our leave of 'CFAV Badger' as the sun came out of hiding for the weekend.

Bruce left for the Artic Whaler Expedition and Pete prepared for an interview in Van. as the remaining five of us continued on 'Exped.'

"Gas, gas, gas!!!", PO Watson shouts as we mask and then open our eyes to watch Jean-Marie somehow manage to get his on upside down. Five of us emerged from the tear gas chamber at the end of the NBCD week relatively unscathed (another Haida member had to terminate his training during the week). The following week was crispy critters time as we fought fires and managed to sink Tumult. After the long weekend we were able to regain our stability using hydrostatic curves.

"I say again Falcon 169, Roger doger over and out" was heard as we practiced voice procedure and manoeuvres guaranteed to sink not just one ship but the entire formation.

Our final "Hoot with the owls" was a divisional party at Hy's restaurant and the last time we would be all together. The remaining four active members had a week of radar before they could rip off the red name tags and complete our training for the summer.




# HURON DIVISION

## HURON DIVISION

As the eagles (shithawks?) gathered again this year on Fred, renewing friendships and shooting the breeze, a great deal of speculation went on about what would transpire during the course of the summer. Many questions were raised, including: what would we be doing for taining?; how was the new crop of Cadets?; and, more notably, what would the program be like with the addition of this new group of strange animals (a description which turned out later to be suprisingly accurate) - the ROUTP(W). We soon found out the answers to all these questions in varying degrees.

Huron started out, in concert with 'the boys' from Haida, with an intensive, concentrated and well organized ZZZZZZEX, commonly referred to (appropriately enough) as MARS IV Common. It contained such fascinating subjects in its syllabus as Advanced Drug Abuse (samples provided), Introductory Officer-of-the-Daying, and similarly fascinating guest appearances as that of the local S.I.U. man- ("you like to stab ass, boy?").

Throughout this period, we were shepherded, cajoled, berated, R.O.B.'d, and finally congratulated by our duty father-confessor, none other than the incomparable, the one and only Lt. Roach. Heated discussions arose throughout our association with himfor a name for his benighted group of misfits, and suggestions ranged from "Terry's Terrors", through "Roach's Raiders," and the "TR6+12," to the finalist, the "Roach Clips."

Finally, our tour of duty at Fleet School was over, and with it, the onerous task of preparing for daily divisions, as we capped off MARSIV Common with a week of Exped, and two weeks of NBCD. Exped. was our week in the sun, a period that was definitely "All singing, all dancing." It included such all-time great events as Mike Bocking's 25 knot alongside in a whaler, and Uncle Bob Dickey's epic marathon drive questing ahead into the darkness with his two trusting passengers (Bill Susak and your humble servant) piercing the gloom, thrusting ahead through the night - on a lawnmower. After a week of incredibly strenuous suntanning, we were cycled through the NBCD School, once again being subjected to the trials of fire and water, with the new dimension of command added. The second week, however, was a totally new experience. We only started worrying when the instructor with the monocle gently suggested, "You <u>vill</u> enjoy this course, especially the showers." However, after a week of base surges, RADs, chem-bio, mysterious devices, fascinating movies, the gas chamber, and the toothless atropine injectors, we really had learned "How to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb."

Suddenly, we were shipped out to Royal Roads to continue our training with the regular force. The standard of professionalism that existed out there drove us, as a group,

to do very well on the entire course. We did, however, find time for the odd amusement. Aside from the tremendous setting which Roads has, the atmosphere was greatly enhanced by the presence of fourteen lovely young ladies, theROUTP(W) group. The only overt invasion of the ladies' bastion of chaste morality was toward the end of the course when the MARS LLL's transported a three quarter ton brass cannon (with carriage) up three floors to Lt. Connors' cabin, and affixed thereto a placard stating, "A Little Bang from the Boys!"

The only fly in the ointment at Roads was the peacocks. There were a dozen of the damn things there and July was their mating season. The simple beauty of their mating calls (greatly reminiscent of those of a ruptured seagull) was rivalled only by the edifying sounds of them copulating under one's window at 0300.

All too soon, however, we were moved along to the afloat training stage, and into an extremely close period of observation. With the exception of the odd trivial mistake, such as leading on stern marks, however, the group did very well. The exciting and exotic ports of call (Everett, Tacoma and Astoria) were all straight out of American Graffiti, but somehow, we muddled through.

The summer of '74 is gone now, but the comradeship, training and good times that prevailed remains. And, as future generations of Hurons populate the mighty Fred, kicking, screaming and bitching, we who were the first Hurons of ROUTP, and the last "A-slants", will be right there remembering how tough it was in the "good old days."

John Farwell

# UN ÉTÉ À VICTORIA

Ce qui peut surprendre en premier à Victoria a sont les innombrables têtes blanches qui déambulent lentement dans les rues de la cité. Les membres de l'âge d'or réussissent à se faufiler dans les quelques brasseries et discothéques qu'il y a dans la ville. Avec le programme ROUTP qui commence au début de mai, vous avez la chance d'assister à la fête de la reine, fête qui représente bien la mentalité de la capitale de la Colombie Britanique. La fête de la reine est à Victoria ce qui le carnaval d'hiver est à Québec. En effet, c'est comparable à un petit carnaval québécois sans caribou ou autre stimulant. Heureusement qu'il y a cette fête pour égayer les habitants. C'est l'occasion parfaite pour secouer les trop nombreaux drapeaux britaniques. Mais Victoria a Quelque chose qui plait à tout le mond: sa température. Bref, Victoria est une ville paisible qui est à conseiller pour les santés fragiles et les réservistes de passage.

Jean-Marie Fecteau

## COMMENT VOULEZ-VOUS VOTRE EXPEDITION

Une expédition, Ha!, quelle délicieuse ideé. Je ne sais si nous sommes tous aussi lâches les uns que les autres; mais la fatigue qui se digageait des figures de mes compagnons avait la même signification que mon merveilleux reve qui venait de prendre forme dans mon esprit. Une semaine de vacance sous un merveilleux soleil egaillé par une brille légère qui nous amenait de port en port, d'un party à un autre.

La premiere journeé s'annonçait bien, nous nous étions fais tirer jusqu' à Sidney sous un soleil très timide d'un bon après-midi.

Par contre la première soireé fût plus qu' un succès. Tous les espoirs étaient encore permis pour le lendemain matin. Mais...le lendemain, lorsque je me suis éveillé, je ne pouvais croire qu'il était déjà six heures; tant que le ciel était sombre. Que de beaux essoirs perdue dans les nuages! La semaine ne fut que pluie et pluie et encore de la pluie. Pour ce qui a été du vent, vaut mieux ne pas en parler. Nous avons ramir toute la semaine comme des galériens, du matin au soir, tous les jours, jusqu'au vendredi ou l'on a eu du vent et du soliel. Ce fut merveilleux, mais ca n'a pasduré qu'une journeé. Pour ce qui a été des soirés, avec l'aide de tout le monde "Ted, Kevin, Wally, Jean-Marie et moi même" et bien sur avec l'appuie des messieurs Glover et Watson; ce fut un succes et même un succès très fatiguant.

"Vive les expéditions, c'est la qu'on
apprent à se connai tu et à s'entraider,
en un mot c'est la que se crier l'amitié."

- Jean-Pierre Roy.

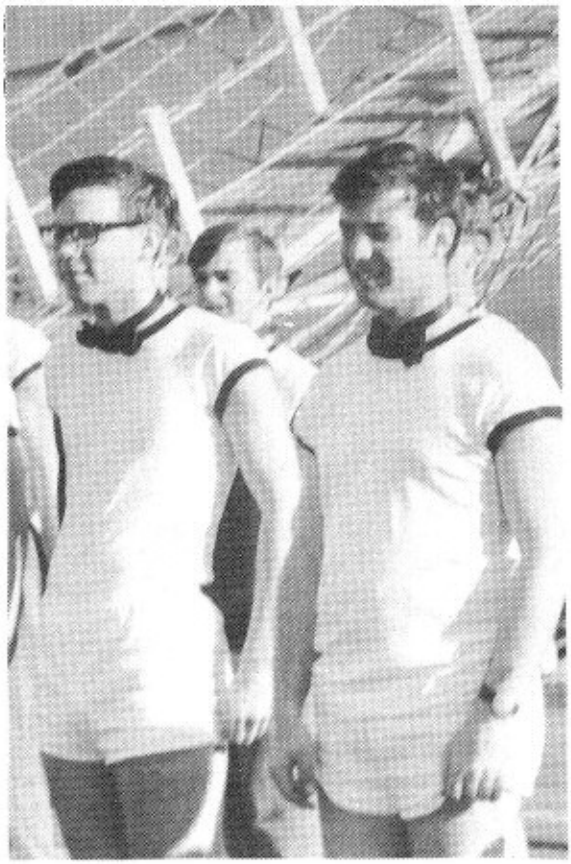
Out in the West there rode a new breed
of hero.
Modest, they **kept** their identities secret
Fearless, they placed their ditues above
personal safety.
Compassionate, they strove to protect the
weak and avenge the innocent.
People wondered what kind of men these were.
They called themselves, THE MASKED MARAUDERS!

THE SPORTS LIFE OF THE AVERAGE CADET

(A description that fits none of us) was sufficient as far as we were concerned. The morning run around the base followed by the morning run to the heads was the routine for many the first few weeks here, but most shaped up after that. The interdivisional sports in the afternoon, known by Gestapo HQ as Dogwatch Sports were usually responsible for the large number of casualties among our ranks. They included such fun games as "drown your buddy water basketball", flag hang on to what you got cause everyone is grabbing for it football", soccer which more resembled a street crawl, and softball which rarely lasted more than one inning.

Then came evening sports on Mondays. These were usually a gladitorial battle with the current Jr. Leadership course, but we won anyway. On the whole, sports meant you did activites in gym gear.

TUG OF WAR TEAM



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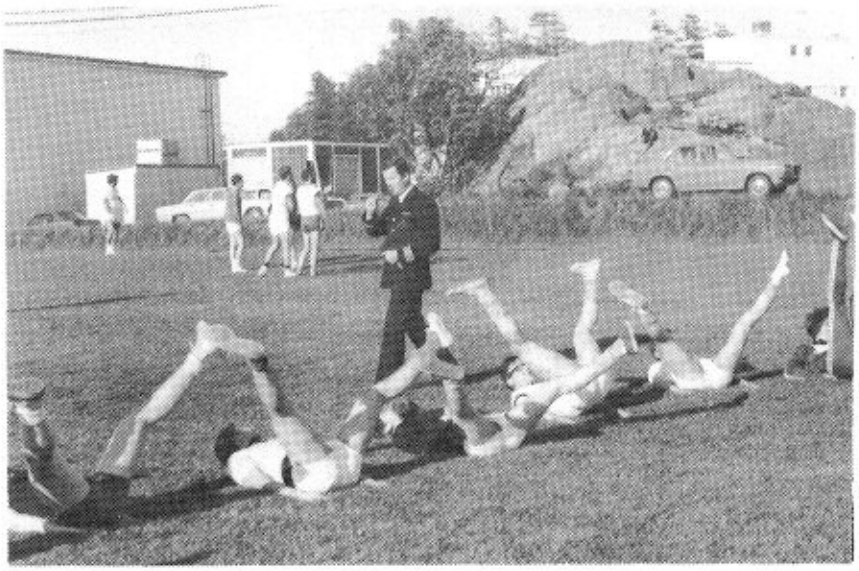
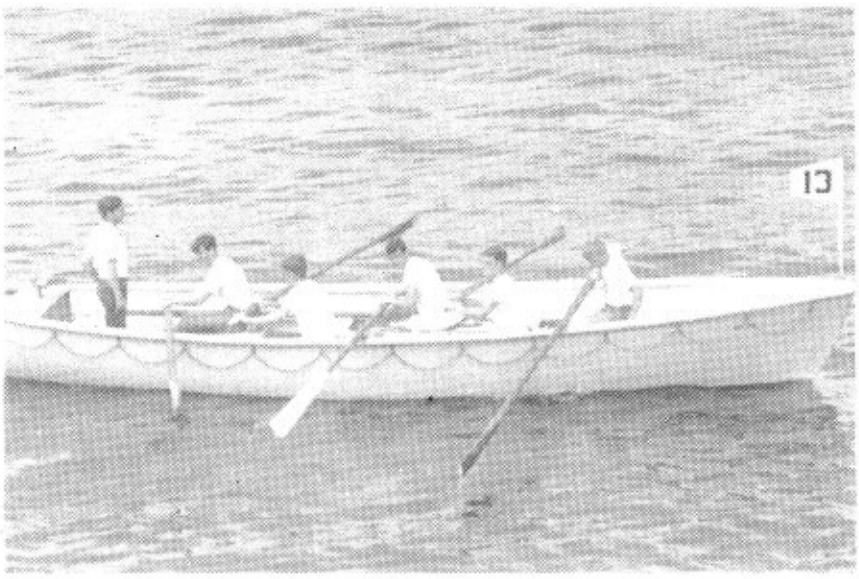


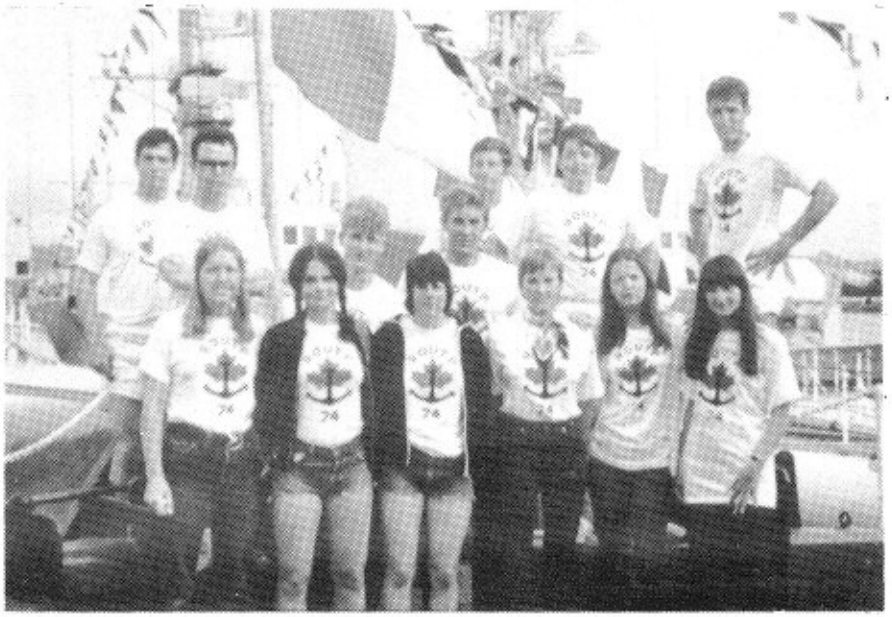
And where is your nametag?




Crash Whaler Crew
L-R Bill Susak, Bruce Stauss, Rick Nevson,
Brian Waterfield, Frazer Bliss, Johannes Sauertieg

Whaler Crew
L-R Les Newman, Chris Teed, Fred Ducharme,
David Craig, John Mills, Mark Maclaclin

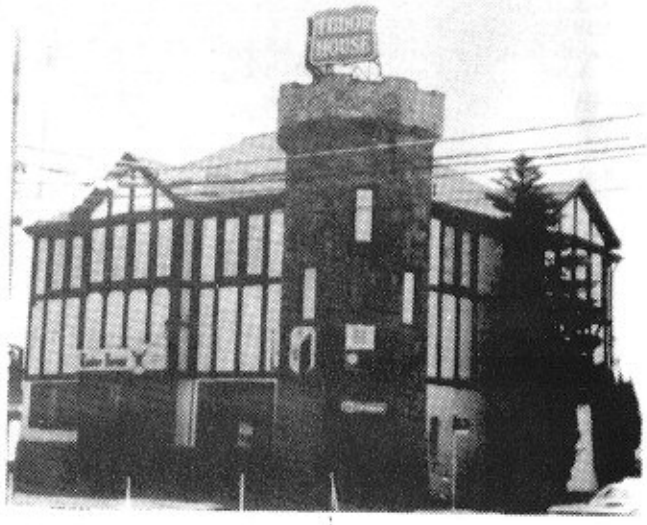
Les Newman
Phil Mills
Mark MacLachlan
Jean-Marie Fecteau
Chris Teed
Lance Osborne
Fred Ducharme
Tim Kelly



Jean-Marie Fecteau, Neil Boyle, Pam Von Holstein-Rathlou, Alanna Baird, Rick Barber, Jennifer Leith, Lionel Kammer, Jean Gosselin, Linda Hunter, Ted Brook, Dianne Masson, Kathy Hodder, Mike Gareau.

ROUTP Defend Their War Canoe.

Duty Sports Arena



Shucks, I Missed it!

XXXIX

## ROUTP CADET BALL

The Cadet Ball was untraditionally held in the middle of July this year. Despite a hair-raising scare with the pusser date list, things at the affair itself went rather well. The Ball had a formal atmosphere and aside from one obnoxious Cadet approaching the Admin O and saying "Hey Buddy mind if I 'as a few scuffs wit yer missus," all present were extremely polite. Oh yes I almost forgot, Poopsy got his teddy bear from the ROUTP(W). However after the ball all concerned turned from gentlemen into officers and got quite tired. Some Cadets even arrived at the party early; ask Cadet Graham next time you see him. Hung-over Cadets were the order of the day on Sunday and milk and asperin were the maincourse on most peoples menu. That was probably better than what the cook's had in mind anyway. Whether it was held in Mid-July or the next to last day, a good time was had by all. "How many dates have you got now Ray?"

## MESS DINNER

The first military social function (I know that sounds stupid) encountered by us during our training was a mess dinner held at Royal Roads. After much eating and drinking, three hours, much talk and little humour, an address was given by Commodore Oland of Halifax. It proved very interesting to those who weren't throwing dinner rolls across the room. The highlight of the three hours was the culmination of same and the welcome sight of the heads, which for some came not a moment too soon. As with other formal events there was an aftermath. This one was better than most with S/Lt Parsons being artificially promoted to Admiral and afterwards being shown the incredible strength of Cadet Ducharme in a three man lift. However I'm sure he remembers little of it, luckily for us. And that was the night Lt. Glover kindly showed me how, as he put it, "A subbie pulls up his socks".

XLI

# MESSAGE FORM
# FORMULE DE MESSAGE

FILE-
DOSSIER

NUMBER-NUMÉRO

FOR COMMCEN/SIGNALS USE
À L'USAGE DU CENTRE DES COMMUNICATIONS/TRANSMISSIONS

| PRECEDENCE-ACTION<br>PRIORITÉ-ACTION | PRECEDENCE-INFO<br>PRIORITÉ-INFO | DATE-TIME GROUP<br>GROUPE DATE-HEURE | MESSAGE INSTRUCTIONS<br>INSTRUCTIONS (MESSAGE) |
|---|---|---|---|
| FLASH | IMMEDIATE<br>DEFERRED-DIFFÉRÉ | 010450 SEP 74 | |

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PREFIX-PRÉFIXE: GR

SECURITY CLASSIFICATION
COTE DE SÉCURITÉ:

ORIGINATOR'S NUMBER
NUMÉRO DE L'EXPÉDITEUR:

TO-À: ALL ROUTP 74

INFO:

UNCLASS

SUBJECT: ROUTP TRG YR 74

THE END

| PAGE | REFERS TO MESSAGE-RÉFÈRE AU MESSAGE | DRAFTER'S NAME<br>NOM DU RÉDACTEUR | OFFICE<br>BUREAU | TEL.-TÉL. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 OF/DE 1 | CLASSIFIED-CLASSIFIÉ YES/OUI ☐ NO/NON ☐ | BYRNE O/CDT | NRCF | |

| FOR OPR'S USE<br>À L'USAGE DE<br>L'OPÉRATEUR | | DATE | TIME<br>HEURE | SYSTEM<br>SYSTÈME | OPERATOR<br>OPÉRATEUR | | DATE | TIME<br>HEURE | SYSTEM<br>SYSTÈME | OPERATOR<br>OPÉRATEUR | SIGNATURE OF RELEASING OFFICER<br>DE L'OFFICIER APPROBATEUR |
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T. Ring
T. Kelly
R. Burnham

## PHOTOS

T. Kelly, J. Wagner, T. Iwanowski, P. Mills, S/Lt. Parsons, J. Byrne, M. Kirkwood, P. Von Holstein-Rathlou, D. Stevens.

## DIVISIONS

| | |
|---|---|
| CAYUGA | -Hendricks |
| COLUMBIA | -Waterfield |
| CONESTOGA | -Hunter |
| CRESCENT | -Burnham |
| CRUDADER | -Byrne |
| HAIDA | -Brook |
| HURON | -Tarzwell |

## 1st YEAR ACTIVITIES

S. Martin
L. Richardson

A Message From the Editorial Staff: FALCON 4.

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CANADA
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