

CAPT. R. L. CAPE





CANADA  
BRITISH COLUMBIA  
VANCOUVER ISLAND

# ESQUIMALT HARBOUR

From Surveys by the Canadian Hydrographic Service to 1947

Dunton Head Flareoff O : Lat. 48° 25' 53" 13N, Long. 123° 26' 13" 89W.

Bearings refer to the True Compass and are given from Seaward (ibus 295° etc.)

**SOUNDINGS IN FEET**  
reduced to Lowest Normal Tides

Water areas with depths of 36 feet and less are tinted blue except in dredged areas

Underlined figures on drying banks or in brackets against drying rocks express heights in feet above the datum of soundings; all other heights are expressed in feet above Higher High Water, Large Tides

For complete list of Symbols and Abbreviations see Chart No. 1

Natural Scale 1 : 6,630

Projection : Polyconic

**TIDAL INFORMATION**

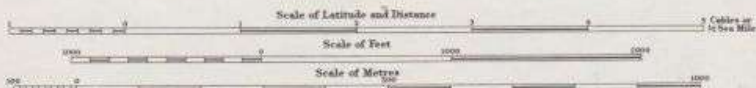
PLACE	Height above Datum of Soundings				
	Large Tides		Average Tides		Mean Sea Level
	Higher H.W.	Lower L.W.	Higher H.W.	Lower L.W.	
Esquimalt	5-6	0-3	8-5	2-8	6-2

**BENCH MARK**

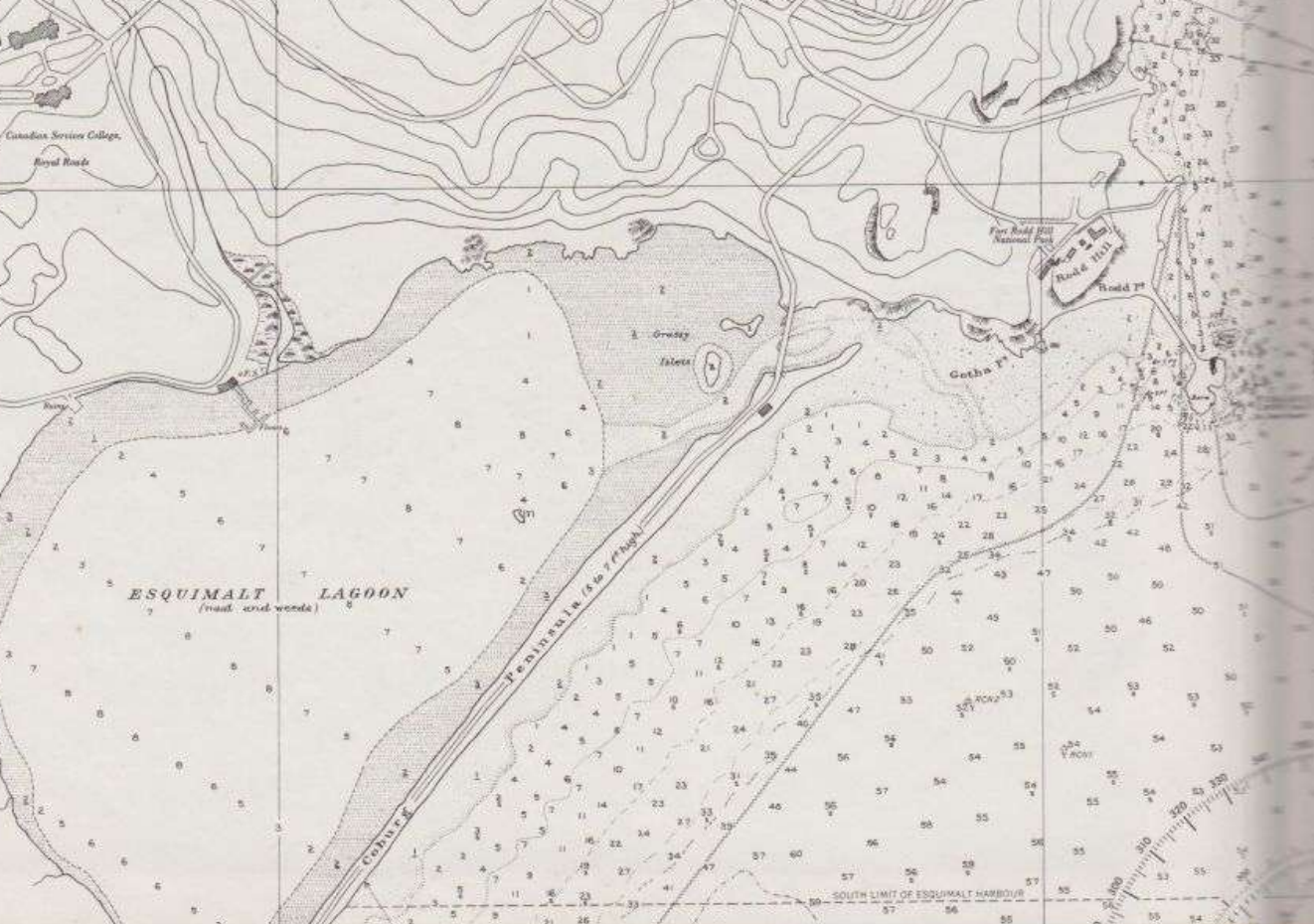
The datum at Esquimalt is 15-21 feet below a brass plug set in rock east of the Government Graving Dock pump house.

Information concerning Canadian Nautical Charts, Sailing Directions, Tide Tables and other Government publications of interest to mariners may be obtained on request to the Dominion Hydrographer, Canadian Hydrographic Service, Department of Energy, Mines and Resources, Ottawa.

Canadian "Notices to Mariners" published weekly, contain important navigational information, including amendments to Canadian Charts, Lists of Lights and Lists of Radio Aids. These "Notices" may be obtained free of charge to the Chief, Aids to Navigation, Department of Transport, Ottawa.



**WARNING**  
For Firing Practice and Exercise Areas on this chart see Notice to Mariners No. 2 of each year.











There are many who feel that the Reserve Officers University Training Programme has fallen on evil days - such that they cannot even be compared with the Cinderella of the Maritime Officer Corps, since more often than not their pumpkin does not turn into a coach at the final hour, and they are left with a pumpkin. There is much truth in this regrettable situation, and it is a reflection of the sorry state of our Maritime Reserves.

I wish, however, to assure you all that this problem has my personal attention and that I am taking positive steps to rebuild and revitalize our very necessary Reserve Force. How successful I shall be remains to be seen. In the meantime, I am continually heartened by the cheerful dedication and high tone of the ROUPT officers under training in Pacific Command. Hang in there, man -- things will get better!

Rear Admiral R.H. Leir C.D.

Commander Maritime Forces Pacific



## MESSAGE FROM OIC R.O.U.T.P.



**LCDR. G. PALTRIDGE**

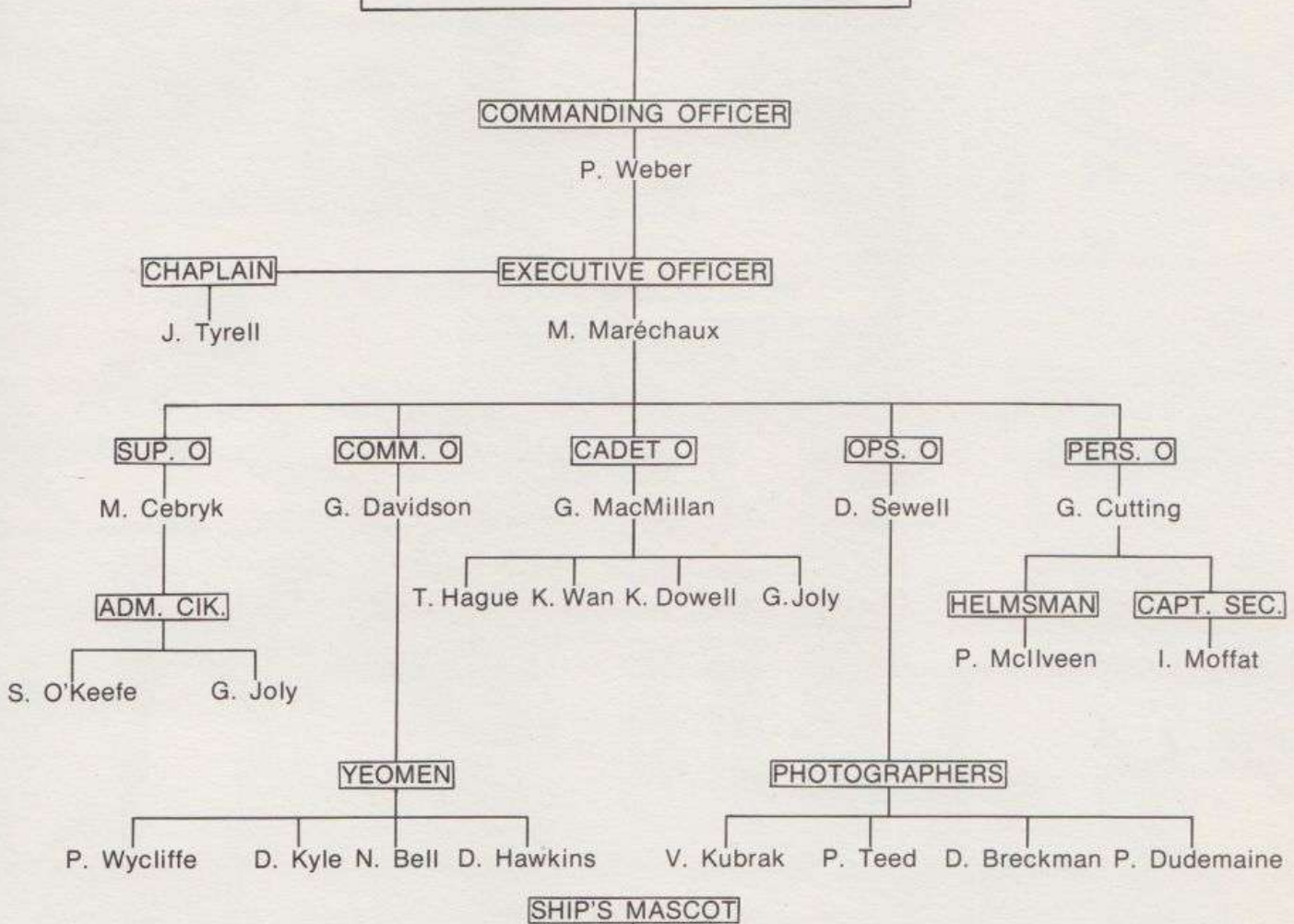
Congratulations to all ROUTH trainees who have successfully completed the 1972 summer training programs. It has been the aim of all of the ROUTH Training Staff to meet the challenges of the next level of training as you progress toward the goal of becoming a Naval Reserve Officer. Your enthusiasm and motivation has made working toward our aim a pleasant task for all of the ROUTH staff.

Although it will be important for you to retain the knowledge you have gained this summer and to expand upon it in future training, I personally believe it will be more important for you to retain your enthusiasm and motivation throughout your academic, civilian, and Naval Reserve careers. For the Naval Reserve to overcome the problems it will face in the future, it is mandatory that its young officers demonstrate a constant desire to improve the Naval Reserve by professional conduct in all their activities.

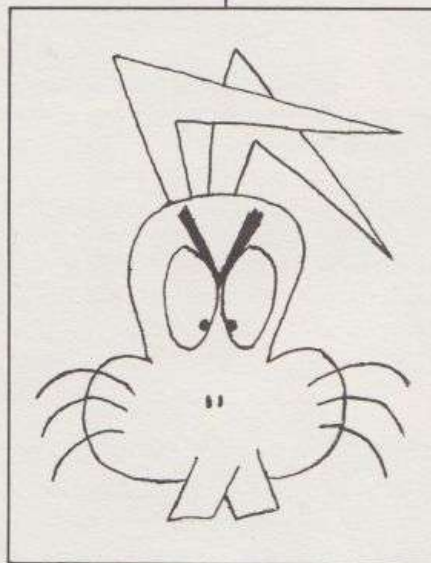
I wish all of you success in your forthcoming academic year and hope all of you will return for further training in 1973.



# H.M.C. YEARBOOK



## SHIP'S MASCOT



MESSAGE FROM THE C.O. PRIORITY. A lot of people say, "Why have a yearbook?" These same people say, "Gee, wasn't it great that summer, when..." Therefore, going on the premise that anything worth doing is worth remembering, this yearbook is well worthwhile. No yearbook shows its value when it is being produced, only when it is published. Every year thereafter its value increases. For this reason, I would like to thank those hardworking lads who made this publication possible, and wish them many happy memories in the years to come. BT

MESSAGE FROM THE X.O. ROUTINE. HMC Yearbook was commissioned with little ceremony on July 17, 1972. Her crew and some of her officers, not to mention the taxpaying public were sceptical of her success. Undaunted by public criticism, our ship's company underwent trials and work-ups with magnificent tenacity and resilience. Now that we can show everybody the fruits of our labours, we hope that HMC Yearbook will not encounter a fate similar to that of other worthwhile Navy projects. We hope that the destiny of our yearbook is decided by a public more educated than the public that condemned HMCS Bras d'Or. BT







This section is dedicated to the memory of Officer Cadet Michael Jones.

Words will never fully express the sorrow and despair we feel for the loss of this wonderful young man. He was a shipmate and a dear friend. His death took part of us with him but his spirit will live with us forever.



In Memoriam



Officer Cadet Michael Jones  
1952.....1972

Great people are taken for granted  
Until the day they leave us  
Then we reach out--but too late  
And their shadows pass

Juste au couchant d'une longue journée  
Le ciel s'assombrit et l'ondée tomba  
Pourquoi ce vent à travers le ravin?  
Faut-il toujours à tout une fin?



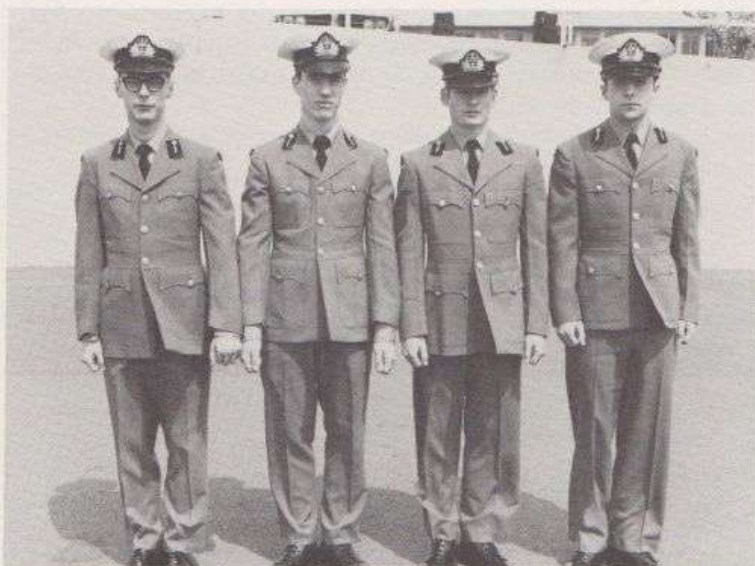


## ARRIVAL AT C.F.B. ESQUIMALT

O/C's Allaby, Reddy, Jones M., Breton, Dowdell, Platt, Cudmore, Stanton, Caron.



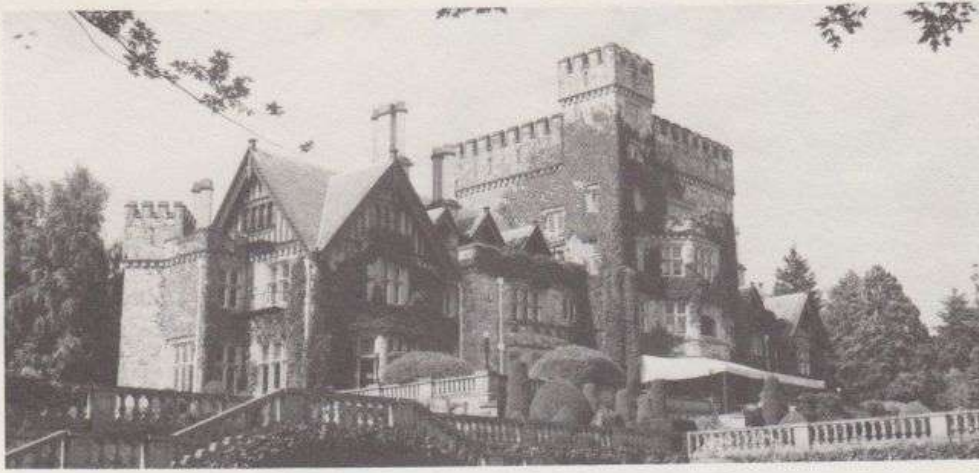
AFT, PORT TO STARBOARD: O/C's Collins, Walton, Zimmerman, Caron, Anderson, Breton, Allaby, Jones C., Gervais, Perron, Lewis, Jonasson, Peters, Dowdell, Dee, Cudmore, Mark.  
FORWARD, PORT TO STARBOARD: O/C's Hone, Connally, Schultz, Jones M., Stanton, Reddy, Campbell, Platt, Millar, Wan, Hague, Rohringer, Arnaud.



PORT TO STARBOARD: O/C's Peters, Jonasson, Perron, Hague.

We would like to take this opportunity to extend our sincere thanks to all officers of the Canadian Armed Forces who helped remedy the situation pictured on this page. The results of their efforts are shown in the following pages.





## JOURNEE D'UN ELEVE-OFFICIER

Malgré le travail difficile d'une longue journée, le sourire fait encore partie de la vie des élèves-officiers. Si tôt le souper terminé, plusieurs s'empressent d'aller se réserver un siège dans la salle de télévision soit pour regarder le programme de leur choix, ou encore soit pour lire les journeaux, presser ses vêtements, cirer ses bottines. Celles-ci doivent briller pour l'inspection du lendemain matin, et, c'est la raison pour laquelle chacun doit prendre près d'une heure pour parvenir à les rendre reluisantes. Le carré des aspirants est aussi l'endroit où plusieurs aiment aller se récréer en écoutant leur musique préférée et se désaltérer un peu pendant leur soirée. Certains en profitent pour se rafraîchir le gosier avec quelques bières ou d'autres boissons alcooliques tout en savourant une bonne pizza, alors que d'autres préfèrent se raconter des blagues ou relever les faits amusants de la journée qui vient de se terminer. La lecture de magazines, digests, comiques ou romans a aussi sa place. Tous se donnent la main pour rendre son carré intéressant en s'y rendant en grand nombre pour y passer quelques heures.

Tous les jours le drapeau doit être hissé et abaissé au lever et au coucher du soleil, et, c'est l'élève-officier de service du jour qui en a la responsabilité. Celui-ci et les autres membres de son équipe doivent surveiller le bateau durant la soirée et la nuit (au Cape Breton et pendant la croisière). Toutes les heures, la personne, qui a été désignée pour le quart, doit faire une inspection de tous les locaux du bateau et ensuite elle reporte son état au quartier-maître.

Avant de s'endormir l'élève-officier écrit dans son journal ses impressions sur la journée qui vient de se terminer, et, il tentera de bien se reposer durant la nuit pour la course du mille le lendemain matin, le morse après le déjeuner et les cours théoriques et pratiques du jour.

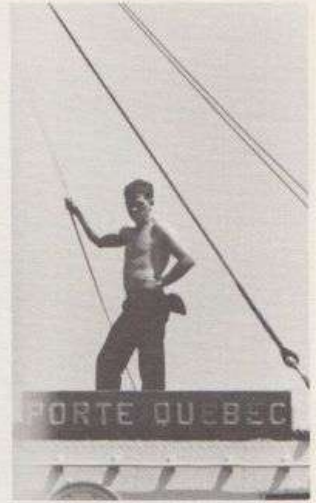
C'est ainsi que chacun tente de donner le meilleur de lui-même pour obtenir son brevet à la fin de l'été.







# PREMIERE ANNEE D'ENTRAINEMENT R.O.U.T.P. 1972



Ce premier été d'entraînement dans le programme ROUPT de formation des officiers de la réserve navale débuta en début de mai sur le Cape Breton, et devait prendre fin quatre mois plus tard, soit en fin d'août, au collège militaire de Royal Roads.

Tout arriva dans ces quatre mois qui paraissaient moins longs au début qu'à la fin. Tout, en commençant par la division des quarante-quatre cadets en trois groupes, Victor, Whiskey et Uniform. Ces trois divisions égrenèrent à tour de rôle des cours tels que: premiers soins, entraînement aux gestes militaires, travail sur petites embarquations, voile, ramé, "leadership", sauvetage, contrôle d'émeutes, prise de commande d'un peloton, entrecoupés d'exercices physiques, de sports, de courses matinales et de soirées en devoir. Et, couronnement de cette ère des trois divisions, une expédition d'une semaine sur un YFP qui nous révéla la vie plus ou moins calme du marin. En plus du "seamanship" et tout ce que cela comporte de travail, nous y faisons de la voile, de la rame, pour le perfectionnement des cours déjà eus, de longues marches à travers bois et champs, et bien sûr, comme depuis le tout début, des exercices quotidiens de transmission de l'alphabet lumineux morse.

Là cependant devait s'arrêter les trois divisions. Elles laissèrent fièrement place aux divisions "A" et "B", qui entamèrent la fin de juin au collège militaire de Royal Roads. De nouveaux cours aussi rapidement terminés que débutés, gisèrent derrière les deux: sécurité interne, tir de pistolet, de carabine, de mitraillette, et le plus inoubliable d'entre eux, "NBCD", (défense contre attaques nucléaire, biologiques et chimiques) qui nous préparait à recevoir la prochaine phase de l'entraînement, soit trois semaines sur un YMG ou "Gate Vessel".

Pendant qu'une des divisions recevait des cours variés sur la navigation, le "seamanship", les communications, les démolitions, et autres, l'autre division s'éloignait de Royal Roads en direction du port où étaient accostés les deux Gate Vessels qui devaient pour l'entraînement en mer, séparer la division en deux parties, l'une allant sur le YMG 184 Porte de la Reine et l'autre sur le YMG 185 Porte Québec. Ces trois semaines étaient coupées de jours sur les YFP, le navire maître étant le point d'étude du "seamanship" et le navire second, le YFP, l'occasion de s'exercer à un peu de navigation, et de direction de navire. Ce fût certes la plus instructive partie de l'entraînement; aussi la plus joyeuse. Que de bonnes blagues ne nous arrivèrent-elles pas lorsque nous visitâmes Vancouver, Friday Harbour, Nanaimo et plusieurs autres.

Enfin, comme toute chose doit se terminer, celle-ci nous menait par sa fin à la mi-août, pour d'autres, à la presque fin d'août. Une semaine de festivités s'ensuivit, remuant ciel et terre et s'apaisant durement devant le départ attendu vers le chemin du retour, qui fermait la porte de la première année d'entraînement ROUPT 1972.







## U DIVISION



Lt. Hughes



St. McDonald



FORWARD, PORT TO STARBOARD: Lt. Hughes, O/C's Duplain, Therrien, Gervais, Reddy, Allaby, Jones M., Wan, St. McDonald, P.O. Morris.

AFT, PORT TO STARBOARD: C.P.O. Jones, O/C's Hague, Jonasson, Létourneau, Mark, Arnaud, Collins, Lewis.





Formed on the 8th of May, Uniform Division was one of the three classes in the first year ROUTP (1972) designed to train reserve naval officer cadets. From its inception the class was employed in a variety of training ranging from first aid and parade to military writing and expedition. During those periods her components worked hard, played hard, performed well and were high spirited. From Uniform Division emerged leaders of our mess committee. O/C D. Arnaud was president, the late O/C M. Jones was vice-president and O/C R. Collins became treasurer. These people were the work horses of our mess. Their time and effort resulted in many of our mess dances and other activities. After the passing out parade on the 23rd June, Uniform Division was broken up and her members transferred into the newly formed Alpha and Bravo Classes. Although Uniform Division no longer exists fond memories will still be retained by all those who were once a part of her.







## V DIVISION



Lt. Logan



St. Jones



FORWARD, PORT TO STARBOARD: Lt. Logan, O/C's Hazell, Perron, Léveillé, McCullough, Platt, Jones C., Peters, Breton.  
 AFT, PORT TO STARBOARD: C.P.O. Jones, O/C's Harper, Dee, Schultz, Zimmerman, MacMillan, Stanton, Cudmore, St. Jones, P.O. Morris.



The platoon, known as Victor Division, began to form early Sunday morning, May 7, 1972. It was precisely 1231 a.m. when three of us boarded HMCS Cape Breton without aid of illumination and tried to find three empty bunks. For the next quarter of an hour we attempted to make three bunks--the poor chaps around us received pokes in the eyes, feet, stomach, etc. But, from these early moments was built a spirit of tolerance and determination which has remained, I dare say, with the members of Victor Division, to this moment.

On Monday we were absolutely embarrassed having our pictures taken in our dress uniforms. The reason for our embarrassment is evident on an earlier page.

Thursday, the seventeenth of May, heralded the solidification of Victor Division's spirit. The failure of the duty cadet to awaken us until 0611 earned us all extra duty and ROB. This extra duty and ROB did more to raise our spirits and get us to know each other than anything anyone could do if that were their sole aim.

The first three weeks were spent in classes on the military way of life. We had such classes as first aid, military writing, military knowledge, and classes preparing us for sailing a whaler.

From May 29 until June 8, we had a leadership course. We learned that the definition of "leadership"--the ability to inspire others to achieve the aim--is a great deal more than words on a piece of paper.

Exercise W involved simple military exercises and taught us how to work as a team. Exercise Clew tested the strength of our squad. We were to maintain a blockade and protect a "dignitary" of another nation from a "vicious" crowd. We

performed our task rather well and learned a great deal about riots.

Exercise Peak was the most important of the three exercises. For three hours we searched for a three-foot long stick, unsuccessfully, in the Mary Hill Training Reserve. However, we learned the important role the reserve forces can play in this field. This role must not be underestimated or miscalculated.

Our expedition, from June 5 until June 10, began with Victor Division being split into two groups. Each group sailed by whaler from Esquimalt Harbour towards Victoria. Our estimated speed was three to four knots. The

swells were four to five feet high and provided many of our squad with the first tastes of seamanship. The sail was most enjoyable, and never have beans or weiners looked so good. Aboard the YFP's we proceeded to Falmouth Harbour and hiked four miles across Saltspring Island to a bay opposite Maple Harbour. Then we sailed across the bay to Maple Harbour. On Tuesday, June 6, after having walked six or seven miles, we arrived at Ganges Harbour where we did cleaning stations. That evening we lost our baseball game 12-8, but it was a great deal of fun. Phil's spectacular catch certainly will go down as one of the great moments of Victor's history.

The next morning, the pulling race seemed to take forever. That afternoon we walked nine miles. We boarded the YFP's at Montague Harbour, and motored to Ladysmith. Thursday night was the climax of our expedition. The Mary Hill exercise was a test of our determination and stamina. We were plagued with all types of little problems. For example, the radio sometimes received and sometimes transmitted messages or parts thereof, but rarely were both done at the same time. All these little things showed us that no matter how well planned an operation is, little things go wrong and one must be prepared for the unexpected.

The next two weeks were crammed with more classes of military knowledge. On June 20 we had a day at the Heals Rifle Range shooting FN's, SMG's and Browning 9 mm. pistols. On Friday June 23 we moved to Royal Roads Military College from our quarters aboard HMCS Cape Breton.

As Victor Division retired for another year, we of Victor had learned the true meaning of these words: "The value of a man resides in what he gives, and not in what he is capable of receiving."





# W DIVISION



Stt. Roach



Stt. Denobile



FORWARD, PORT TO STARBOARD: Stt. Roach, O/C's Parker, Joly, Paquet, Koehler, Millar, Caron, Campbell, Anderson, Stt. Denobile, P.O. Morris.  
AFT, PORT TO STARBOARD: O/C's McIntosh, MacLean, Dowdell, Cohrs, Rohringer, Connally, Hone.







During the first seven weeks of ROUTH 1972, we, the first year cadets, were divided into three divisions which were known as Uniform, Victor and Whisky. When we formed up for the first time, I realized that Whisky Division was something very special indeed. Ours was a team made up of some of the finest fifteen individuals. The game we had to play was called training, and to help us play it we had a coach. He had been imported, by the club managers, from HMCS York, and in the business he was known as Lieutenant Roach. Shortly thereafter assistant coach Lieutenant Denobile arrived. We all worked together like the many components of a highly sophisticated computer. Only occasionally did our computer huff, fume, and blow fuses. Nevertheless we continued to surge forward undaunted by the occasional malfunction.

During the first week, all cadets were involved with in-routines and were present at lectures to do with dress and behaviour. We also received a welcoming speech from Captain King and Commander McKenzie.

It was only in the second week that Whisky was to show its individuality and strength by taking on classes in Military Writing and Military Knowledge. Needless to say, the mention of these two magic subjects re-awaken many hard-forgotten memories that their owners have not missed. For excitement during the week we turned to P.T. and Sports at the Wardroom field, the Naden gymnasium, the swimming pool and the sauna. During this week we had an interesting tour on board HMCS Gatineau, newly fitted with ASROC and variable depth sonar.

The third week consisted mainly of First Aid instruction and this culminated with an exam on Friday.

On the Monday of the next week, Whisky Division did Wet Drill. There we learnt the uses of the inflatable life jacket and life raft. The remaining week was spent learning the theory of sailing and the parts of a whaler. Finally we divided up into three whalers and went sailing for the day. Lieutenants Roach, Denobile and Jones were the three skippers. We sailed to Fort Rodd Hill where we had lunch. When O/C's Millar and Rohringer carried the bag containing all the beer cases back to the boat they were sure that it was somehow emptier than it had been originally. Sure enough, one case of beer came to life in Lt. Jones' boat shortly after we left, and his and Lt. Denobile's boat had a brief skirmish over it in front of the Admiral's house. On the Thursday we were with Victor Division. We acted as the rioters and they as the rioters.

The fifth week was Whisky's leadership week during which we wore the army combat uniforms. One day we spent time at the Mary Hill Training Area, practising ways of searching for lost people, which included a Panda and Lt. Roach. O/C Connally found the Panda; no one found Lt. Roach. We also had a demonstration, but this time we were the troops. Our job was to guard a leader whose followers were trying to prevent his going to court.

Our YFP/Whaler expedition was next. During the course of the week we travelled up Vancouver Island, through Dodds Narrows, past Nanaimo and up to Nanoose Bay, a joint Canadian-American base. Every morning we had a whaler pulling competition between the cadets on YFP 312 and those on YFP 320. Out of the races held, YFP 312 won three of five. One morning (beginning at 0200) we had a war-game between the crews of the two boats. Nothing worked out as planned. Our radios soon stopped working, and the other team returned to their YFP while we continued our search till the end of the exercise. Friday night we had a banyan in Ganges Harbour.

During the last week of Whisky Division there were three things of note. Firstly a day at the range where we fired the FN, SMG and Browning pistol. Secondly our involvement, with the other two platoons, in a demonstration to test the Internal Security teams of HMC Ships Mackenzie and Gatineau. The demonstrators were very successful, especially with the setting up of a roadblock which really slowed the progress of the troops. Finally, after a passing-out parade on Friday, we moved to Royal Roads, and the Whisky team retired for another season.







## INTERNAL SECURITY

This course was primarily designed to enable us to deal with crowd control and riot situations in general. It was a continuation of our leadership course and, in general, preparatory training for anyone going on active sea duty.

The course lasted five days and covered a variety of topics. The theories behind why a crowd acts in a riotous way, who controls the crowd and what could motivate people to place them in such a situation were covered. The basic formations used in riot control were taught and practised for two afternoons

in the drill shed at Malahat. Rifles, clubs and shields were all used during these practice manoeuvres. Searches; why they are conducted, when the best time to conduct them is and how to search buildings, people and cars were dealt with. How to set up barricades and how to control the pursuit of suspicious people was explained. These various lectures occupied approximately two days of the week.

The lectures were accompanied by three films which were examples of riot conditions and how they were effectively taken care of.

Another section was devoted to learning the art of self-defense. In the short time available, they could only teach us some basic holds and actions to prevent ourselves from being overcome.

Three practical exercises were associated with the classroom work. The Rocky Point exercise, a barricade set up in Naden and a capturing and searching of a building in Naden were included.

The Rocky Point exercise involved participation from a different angle. We were the demonstrators for the internal security parties from two destroyers. They were the rescuers for the town we were "pillaging". They eventually did succeed but only after certain elements of our crew had sabotaged their route and delayed them two hours. Then when they did move in, the addition of a few new rioters revived confusion. This exercise ended abruptly when a bayonet found its way into a sailor's posterior.

The barricade set up in Naden involved a couple of hours of routine searches of cars and of pedestrians for ID's and military hardware. Nothing unusual was found except for a grenade and a few sticks of dynamite; however, the experience of actually doing a search for these materials was useful.

The surrounding and search of the building in Naden was concerned with the finding and removal of any bombs. A number of explosive devices were detected and our bomb squad took care of them while the surrounding platoon of men captured one escaping revolutionary and "killed" another.

Over-all, having seen a riot from two different sides, we hope to become better riot control officers than we were rioters.









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Class Alpha of ROUTH I went on board ships of the Fourth Training Squadron from 10 to 31 July for the practical instruction of Sea Phase. The Gate Vessels HMCS Porte de la Reine and HMCS Porte Quebec were captained respectively by Lcdr. Horner and Lt. Price. The first week consisted of day sailing; that is, steaming for several hours in the day and tying up alongside Delta Jetty every night. At first we could not really see or do anything due to the tremendous amounts of fog that engulfed our vessels in hazard-frought blindness. Accordingly, we went only a few miles a day, securing to a buoy for lunch.

Things improved in the second week, when we went to the Vancouver Sea Festival to display the mainstay of the Reserve Fleet, the Gates. Interestingly enough, people came to see them. This was perhaps from a sense of curiosity, possibly morbid, at just what they happened to be. For anyone who has never seen one, a Gate (or Pig, as they are affectionately known to their crews) looks like an illegitimate hybrid of the worst features of a Soviet trawler, Chilean icebreaker and despatch boat from USS Forrestal. We collared one spy, a second-looey in the Bolivian Navy, trying to get into the highly suspicious-looking forepeak, but he was dealt with quickly enough by our CTO's who cracked his mind by forcing the poor wretch to write and rewrite military memoranda on correct ceremonial for doubling out of a rising sun towards an Eaton's Department Store. We were in Vancouver from the Thursday evening to Monday morning. On Saturday, Commodore Learoyd, Canada's senior naval reservist, delivered a brief but interesting address on the possible future role of the Canadian Naval Reserve, VIZ., a suggested transfer from the ambiguous and frustrating "fleet augmentation" policy of present to a more precise and useful task complementing rather than supplementing the work of Canadian coastal defence.

Most of the Sea Phase before Vancouver was devoted to tiddying up the ships for the public. Everyone became close friends with paint brushes, paint chippers and automatic sanders. As they say, familiarity breeds contempt. It was not too bad in the real half of the Reserve Fleet, but on the showboat the crew was really gung-ho, working feverishly into the night with barrels of nonskid, chips flying in all directions and Johnny Ringo spilling grey 12 all over grey 19. But when the citizenry of Vancouver came down to look at the Wavy Navy they found two spanking Gates, floating proudly under their ceremonial dress-ship flags.

Truthfully I am not being facetious when I say floating proudly. That is not always any mean feat for a Gate/Pig. In fact, the PQ had plenty of fun in such a vein in the week after the Sea Festival. On the passage through the Strait of Georgia, her engine room leaked, the flywheel winging dirty water all over the space. Then the main generator stopped working when tied up in Esquimalt. This was definitely uncouth on the engine's part since the auxiliary generator had become nonoperational BEFORE Vancouver. This total loss of shipboard power meant the ship operated without benefit of air circulation, refrigeration, lighting, radar, anchor winlass power, fire pumps, etc. Fool-a-roouund..., that was some ship. But the crew! From the apex to the base of the ship's company pyramid it was, in a word, peculiar; peculiarity increased in direct ratio to perpendicular distance from the horizontal median of the pyramid. (That means Him





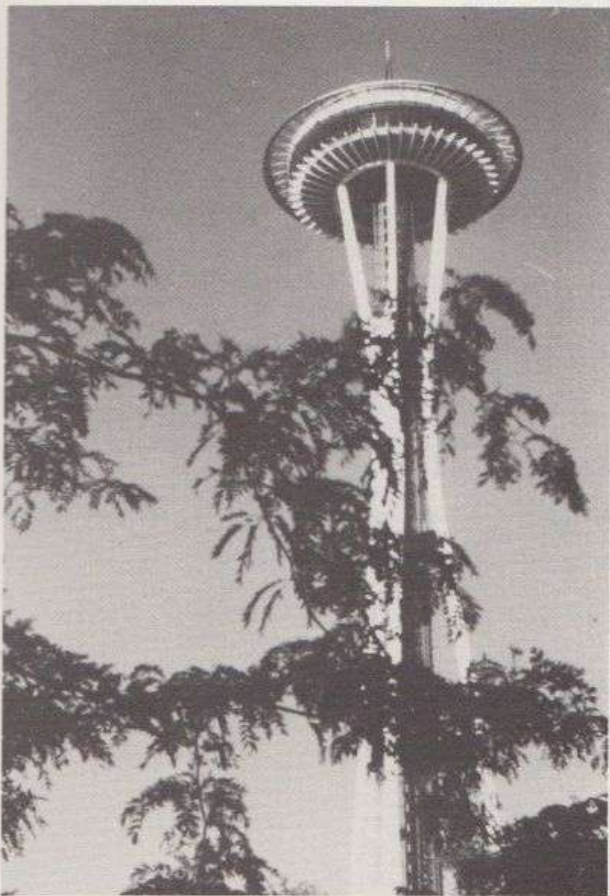
and the "nocoilus crew"). There was, for instance, the Great Mononucleosis Panic, in which everyone on the PQ experienced visions of being anchored in Plumper Sound (it looks and is as it sounds) until Thanksgiving Day, a giant Flag Quebec waving over all. The fact that the chief cook was officially confirmed as having it was bad enough; that the two assistant cooks came down with similar symptoms was soul-destroying. After a frantic attempt to scrub the ship, it was reported that the carriers were suffering from their worst hangovers since their last NATRAP. (It's a good thing officer cadets do not act that way: just ask Maureen, wherever she may be.)

Then there was the de la Reine's Order of the Polka Dot Ascot, worn as a symbol of éliteness in much the same way an Egyptian commando colonel wears the four gold stripes on his white hankerchief. The Porte Quebec employed the Order of the Yellow Scarves and Red Nicks, and the blood-curdling tales that came out of it do not bear repeating.

The Porte de la Reine went to Friday Harbour on the last Saturday night. This is a small American town in the San Juans, a very picturesque extension of the Gulf Islands. They were the main attraction at an island fair, where they trounced all comers in the most-kissable-beard contest (taken by Lcdr. Horner) and the best-looking beard contest (walked off with by Slt. Kimmerly). It was an enjoyable but uneventful trip, discounting some not-too-classical manoeuvres in Samsun Narrows. The PDLR returned to Esquimalt Sunday afternoon and the Cadets disembarked the next morning, eagerly boarding the buses to return them to Royal Roads.

Much was learned on board. Ralphie Raindrops learned how to steer. CHM learned how to get one, then promptly turned around and gave one. Mr. Hazell learned five new ways of coming down a ladder, and proceeded to give Lieutenant Logan tutorials. In the three weeks everyone learned a little of: lookout, helm, engine-room, cleaning stations, painting and chipping, fire fighting, damage control, emergency stations, emergency steering, lowering and raising a despatch boat, line handling, night rounds, towing, jackstay transfer, signals, formations and manoeuvres, knots and splices, and bosun's call. There is still much more that could be said, so let us just leave with this: a little lost, much learned, a memorable breaking into the Navy, and an experience to be repeated, we expect, many times in the future.

It is just possible, too. Wally says we can be back anytime. COMSHADPAC has confirmed this. Shad!







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9.



10.



8.



### D'OU NOUS VENONS

Je ne sais vraiment pas pourquoi tous nous aimons la mer.  
Depuis toujours, elle représente à nos yeux, la liberté,  
L'immensité, le changement, l'aventure, le mystère.

Ce n'est que dernièrement que j'ai découvert des liens  
Plus profonds qui nous unient à elle.

Il est intéressant de noter qu'il y a exactement le même  
Pourcentage de sel dans nos veines qu'il y en a dans la mer  
D'où la présence du sel dans notre sang, dans nos sueurs et dans nos larmes.

Quand nous allons à la mer - que ce soit pour naviguer ou  
Regarder. Nous allons vraiment d'où nous venons.

Pierre Dudemaine

### PHASE II

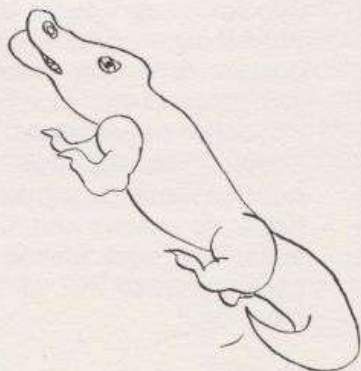
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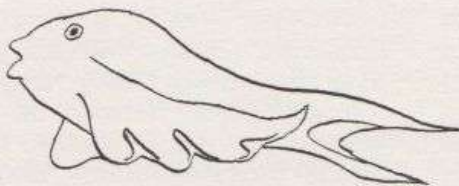


(HARWOOD)

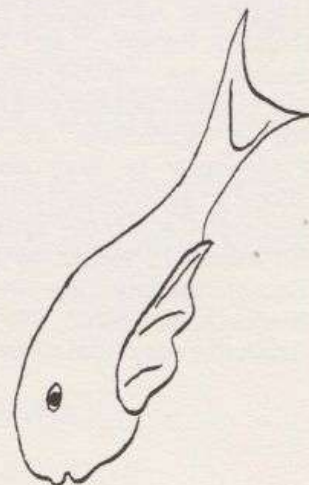
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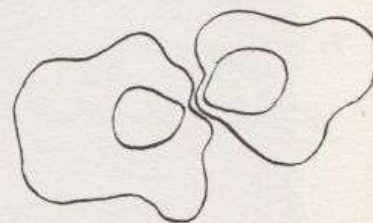
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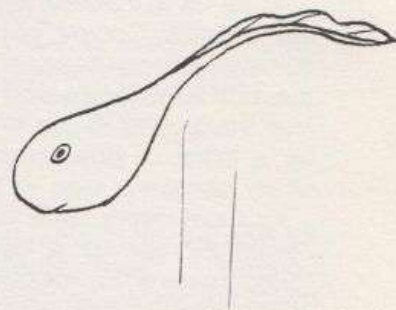


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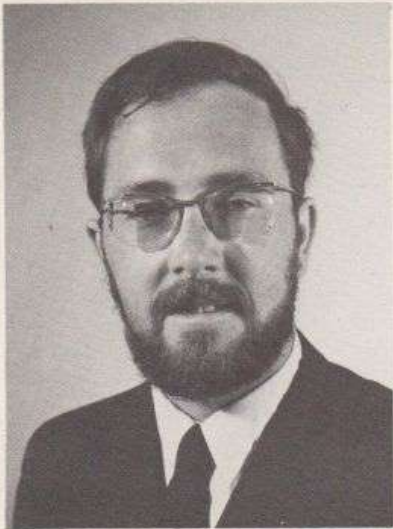


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3.







Captain B. Cook

Captain Cookie, the beloved CTO of 'X' Division, is a man of many talents. Though a devotee of Relative Velocity and much given to the art of Dead Reckoning, his real expertise lay in the limited field of Pig Boating. After all, he not only served in the bygone Great Lakes Fleet but also sailed in the now legendary YMG Cruise to Bermuda and the story goes, never once was seasick.

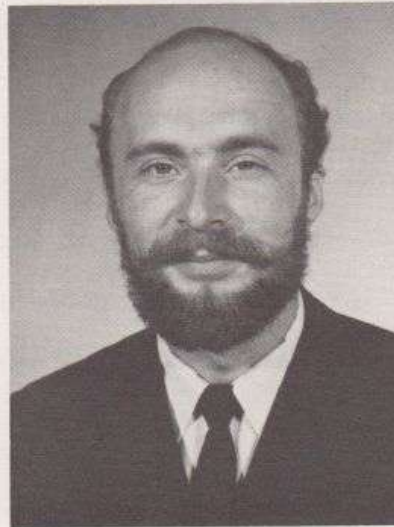
All of us will doubtless remember Captain Cookie not only as our ever caring, concerned CTO, but also as a companion who will join the troops in the Wardroom for a drink or three (particularly when someone else is buying).

Ex-Cowichans will doubtless remember him as a captivating guest speaker for mess dinners - his inspired words carefully inscribed on a roll of paper, toilet, tissue.

Brian--a product of HMCS UNICORN has moved on to the Primary Reserve List. This September, he will be returning to the London School of Economics for a doctorate in Political Philosophy (a very demanding subject, according to him). Next summer waving his satorial PhD, he hopes to return to the West Coast--ideally as the Cape Breton's navigator. We all wish Brian the very best of everything.

## COURSE TRAINING OFFICERS

1972's tragic hero is of course Captain Bill McElroy. Torn between the challenges of CTO and XO of the PORTE DE LA REINE--McElroy became a veritable Hamlet. To be CTO or not to be CTO, THAT was the question . . .



Captain B. McElroy

Bill took the latter alternative and promptly disappeared. Years later, on board PORTE DE LA REINE we encountered an amazing likeness to that of our former CTO. We were awed by his presence and puzzled by his behavior. Eventually, like Ophelia, we all went insane and were later found drifting in Esquimalt harbour, humming a tune resembling "Wavy Navy".

In our drama "Hamlet" is not destined to die. Whatever fate awaits Captain McElroy, may it not involve any clandestine poisonings or gruelling sword duels. Our best wishes for years of success of prosperity on board PDLR go with him.



Captain R. Cape

Captain Russ Cape ranks among the undisputed champions of the ROUTP CTO's. Whatever motivated him to endure a second summer of ROUTP's has stymied both his students and those former CTO's who somehow declined the opportunity.

Throughout the summer, Captain Cape has repeatedly displayed his unfaltering knowledge of CF publications. Transferred fixes are among his favorite navigational techniques--a definite contrast to Captain Cook and his humble D.R.'s. Whether he has ever used the transferred fix on a real bridge is open to question, but as Cape himself admits, "It is a great mind boggler for chartwork examinations."

We will all remember Russ Cape for his constant interest in our extracurricular activities. His unfaltering support of the yearbook; that remarkable confidence in our pulling teams, and his persistent and eternal belief that all of us do not abuse our Wardroom privileges, will guarantee him a place in our memories of the summer.

Come September, Captain Cape is leaving the Navy, CF publications and transferred fixes--for greater and higher pursuits. The best wishes and sincere thanks of ROUTP II go with him.





FORWARD, PORT TO STBD: B. Parsons, M. Akeson, B. Cook, R. Cape, D. Kyle, C. Mofford.  
 FORWARD MIDSHIPS: D. Sewell, R. Leblanc, I. Moffat, P. Dudemaine, P. Teed, G. Joly, P. Weber, C. Sedgwick.  
 AFT MIDSHIPS: D. Hawkins, P. McIlveen, D. Harwood, S. O'Keefe, M. Cebryk, G. Cutting, D. Breckman.  
 AFT: M. Maréchaux, V. Kubrak, J. Kennedy, G. Davidson, N. Bell, D. Turton, A. Broughton, P. Ouellet, P. Wycliffe.

ROUTP II/72: Twenty-eight individuals, drawn from every corner of the country, as varied and unique as their own backgrounds. Somehow, eight months of association have made us remarkably close . . . working together, "playing" together, thinking together, we have become a unit—a group with character and spirit that reflects the individuality of its numbers.

Yet this rare experience will be long past when these words are seen in print, for August 25 marked more than the official dissolution of ROUTP II. For many of us it was the end of our brief association with the Navy. For those of us who plan to stay with the firm, it marked our 'graduation', our emergence from the pall of "Officer Under Training" to the dazzling light of "Junior Officer"? It is the end of the process of building and fusing friendships, forged over two years—friendships which may well last a lifetime.

In many ways, however, the summer's end marks a beginning as well . . . If not the embryonic stages of a brilliant (?) naval career, then for certain our "coming out" is the realization of a veritable font of experience and maturity on which one can draw for the rest of his life.

ROUTP II is now but a memory, but it is a memory to cherish. It is not the type which should be uppermost in one's thoughts, but rather one from which we can when old and grey, draw out a mental picture, of an old friend, of good times and good company, of foolish antics of the sea and sky and mountains, things to keep and treasure.





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If it were necessary to pinpoint the most blatant deficiency in our training before we joined Cowichan, the most likely choice would be lack of sea time. Of course, our CTO's would probably jump at the opening sentence stating that to be deficient in some aspects implies proficiency in others. And what, they would sneeringly inquire, are our proficiencies? (Light titters, and scattered and ill-mannered guffaws from the ranks that just posed such an indelicate and tactless question.) Of course, after a rough and frustrating watch on the bridge of H.M.C.S. Cowichan most of us would tend to agree with our CTO's. Were we indeed proficient at anything? Those of us who were on board Cowichan during four invaluable weeks feel that our previous inferiority complexes had been somewhat lessened and that such sardonic remarks by our CTO's were now almost unwarranted. Would any of us ever forget how to report a radar contact? Would any of us ever show the slightest confusion when giving helm and engine orders to guide the ship to a new course? Would any of us ever hesitate to inform the

## H.M.C.S. COWICHAN



Captain if something goes amiss? Would any of us ever have any problems filling out the log? These are just some of our achievements. They are basic, but they cannot be learned in a classroom. Needless to say, we fell short when faced with more sophisticated aspects of navigation and shipboard life. Steve O'Keefe is probably still pondering the difference between Formation 1 and Formation 4. Doug Breckman still cannot figure out why his passage plan worked out the way it was meant to. Mike Cebryk never did like to calculate sunrise and sunset. Dave Harwood cannot be blamed for considering clean linen more valuable than officer-of-the-watch duties. No doubt Lcdr.

Simpson understood and sympathized. But ten thousand curses on Jim Kennedy who imbibed the least in the Wardroom. Can you believe that his mess bill for a generous four week period was LESS THAN \$6.00?!! May the wrath of senior officers and CTO's ever rest upon him! Glenn Davidson, alas: will he ever learn to salute properly? Most embarrassing. Max Maréchaux did nothing wrong. He is writing this article. All power to the Media.

Cowichan will remain dear to us all in years to come. It was our first experience as ships' officers, our first opportunity to become involved, however slightly, in a ship's routine. All of us learned to appreciate the *esprit de corps* that bound the officers and men together to form an efficient and happy ship.

To Lcdr. Simpson, Lt. Wickware and all the officers and men in Cowichan we owe more than gratitude. They taught more than coastal pilotage. Whether by prodding or by osmosis, we learned from them some of the intricate requirements, the necessary details that contribute to make Cowichan the happy ship she is.



PORT TO STARBOARD: Lt. B. Cook, A/S/Lt's M. Cebryk, S. O'Keefe, J. Kennedy, G. Davidson, Lcdr J. Simpson, A/S/Lt's D. Breckman, D. Harwood, M. Maréchaux, Lt. M. Wickware.





During the month of June, seven members of "X" division spent their sea phase on board H.M.C.S. Chaleur under the command of Lcdr. K. Joyce.

The first cruise we embarked upon took us to Portland, Oregon, for the Rose Festival. Anticipation of Portland's charms so dominated the minds of our stalwarts, that the forthcoming experiences of rounding Cape Flattery were soon forgotten. This oversight was soon rectified as Dave Kyle and other members of our ship's company experienced part of the cruise hanging over the gunwhale inspecting the ship's side.

Mental echoes of the anchor cable clanging in the hawse pipe in the forward heads and the memories of clutching our bunks all night will remind everyone of entering the Columbia River at 0400.

After our return from Portland, the rest of the sea phase time was spent day steaming around the islands. This included second officer-of-the-watch, passage planning, manoeuvres, and finally preparing and executing a dummy anchorage. That eventful day will be remembered by each of us for a long time!

The night we spent in Bedwell Harbour awaiting a surprise

SABEX from Cowichan passed very quickly. Most of us will remember the low voices of the anchor watch reporting radar fixes every ten minutes over the intercom system from the chartroom to the bridge. If you could keep the microphone working, this system saved you from the long climb up to the bridge twenty four times in the four hour watch.

Chaleur's Wardroom was a very special place to all of us. Almost every night after secure, the Wardroom would be full of 2 Lt's discussing the various episodes of the day. A regular guest from the Cowichan, Max Maréchaux, reliving the experiences of "joining the few" and talking down Pte. Oscar

Dustbane's plastic tube were a few of the highlights of Wardroom life.

The final episode of our sea phase was the grapefruit gun war between Chaleur and Cowichan. As each ship fought for the upwind position, the enemy contact reports flowed from the helmeted C.O. and X.O. on the bridge. After the sounding of the general alarm and the pipe, "hands to action stations," all hell broke loose. The ammunition was mustered on the upper deck and everyone was issued with a supply of tomatoes, onions, potatoes, and the like. The gun crew did an excellent job of destroying Cowichan's most important piece of equipment - the T.V. antenna. Dave Hawkins will remember not to point a fire hose upwind when cruising at fifteen knots. After the third run, a truce was declared and the job of cleaning up the upper deck was started. This certainly was a great way to end a great sea phase.

We all wish to extend our thanks to the officers and men of H.M.C.S. Chaleur who made us feel welcome and from whom we learned so many valuable lessons.



PORT TO STARBOARD: A/S/Lt's D. Hawkins, D. Sewell, S. Broughton, G. Joly, Lcdr. K. Joyce, A/S/Lt's D. Kyle, I. Moffat, Lt. B. Cook, A/S/Lt. P. Teed, S/Lt. W. Woolner.



# H.M.C.S. CHIGNECTO

Fifty percent of "Y" division joined H.M.C.S. Chignecto on the 5th of June, 1972 for a short, enjoyable, and eye-opening stay. Early the next morning we sailed for Portland Oregon and all fell at once into the ship's routine. For us junior officers, this entailed such joys as exploring every nook and cranny in the ship; making ship's diagrams, operating the radar set and echo sounder, and acting as second officer of the watch.

The cruise itself was especially interesting - particularly because few of us had ever ventured beyond Race Rocks. The constant dread of falling off the edge kept us on our toes for the next twenty-four hours. Our first taste of the open sea was fascinating - even for those who derived some unusual satisfaction from studying the hull numbers?!

We arrived in Portland late Wednesday afternoon, and proceeded to enjoy this beautiful and hospitable American city to the fullest. In only four days we made many new and lasting friendships, and accumulated a store of happy memories.

Our return to Esquimalt was marked with mixed emotions. To offset the euphoria of Portland there was the sorrow of leaving Chignecto, and the apprehension of moving to the Gate Vessels. It seemed that just as we were getting into things we were called away... but that's the story of the Navy.

Many thanks to Lcdr. Good, Lt. Lucas and the ship's company from "Y" division.



PORT TO STBD: Capt. Lucas X.O., C. Sedgwick, P. Wycliffe, P. Ouellet, Lcdr. Good C.O., P. Weber, B. Parsons, D. Turton, C. Mofford, R. Cape C.T.O.



# H.M.C.S. MIRAMICHI

Date: 5 June '72  
Place: Esquimalt, B.C.  
Purpose: Morale Cruise to Portland,  
Oregon

As we seven subbies stood abandoned on the jetty, our jaws dropped in amazement as we eyed the renowned minesweeper - H.M.C.S. Mirimachi (a unit of that mystical force, the real navy.) The mandibles drooped even lower as the realization that we were going to sea took effect.

We were promptly hustled on board and directed to the Wardroom where Lt. MacNeil, the ship's fiery X.O. gave us our welcome Do's and Don'ts.

Scarcely were we settled in number two mess when it was decided that the traditional newcomer's tour of the ship might be in order. The remainder of the day was spent labouring over the inescapable ship's diagrams which the tour prompted.

Immediately on secure we crowded into the Wardroom for a delicious minesweeper meal. Two old naval traditions were also introduced to the novices, and seized upon with commendable alacrity. These were, of course, the delights of duty-free booze and the convenience of mess chits. The rest of the evening was pleasantly passed in experimentation...

The next morning we sailed for Portland, a trip which I am sure will be remembered by all (especially Paul McIlveen) for a long time.

The Portland Odyssey passed all too quickly. It seemed like no time at all before we were once again stranded on the jetty. There were tears in our eyes as we gazed sadly at Mirimachi for the last time. Was it just the thought of leaving her which released such emotions? No readers, methinks it was the unmistakable odour wafting down for the end of the jetty.

Many thanks from all of us to Lcdr. Walsh, Lt. MacNeil and the crew of H.M.C.S. Mirimachi for a great stay.



PORT TO STBD: Lt. MacNeil X.O., V. Kubrak, N. Bell, G. Cutting, P. McIlveen, P. Dudemaine, M. Akeson, R. Leblanc, R. Cape C.T.O.





# PORTLAND BLURB

## BEING A COLLECTION OF EXCERPTS ACTUAL AND FACTUAL FROM THE LOG OF H.M.C.S. COWICHAN & OTHERS

WEDNESDAY 7 June '72 At Sea

- 0423 "Relief" light vessel in sight. HMCS MIRAMICHI 30 miles off rendezvous position. C4 believed annoyed.
- 0620 Embarked 11 American guests at Astoria for steam to Portland.
- 0630 Steward reports 6 DND coffee cups missing?!
- 1115 60 miles to go. The men are restless.
- 1540 5 miles to go. The men are agitated--noticeably.
- 1610 Alongside seawall Portland--men are frenzied. Appears to be Carnival across the street. YOU

WANNA GO FASTER?!

- 1700 Brow open. Gangway staff suffered multiple concussions when trampled by PNRFD.
- 1705 First lady guests brought back. "Pig of Portland" pageant officially underway.
- 2112 4 innocent subbies venture ashore.
- 2113 Hey sailor, you wanna date?
- 2114 Hey man, you wanna buy some . . . . .
- 2115 4 innocent subbies back onboard. I CAN'T HEAR YOU!!

THURSDAY 8 June '72 At Portland, Oregon, U.S.A.

- 0813 Steward's breakfast topic: "Jeez Sir, was she UGLY!"
- 1300 Ship opens to visitors.
- 1305 From the lemonade vendor: "Have you got any cute 14 year old sailors onboard? I've got a boyfriend anyway."
- 1400 From a plump lady tourist: "Is this the Submarine?" HERE WE GO SUPER FAST!
- 1436 Small grey cat entangled in bridge wiring. Recovered with difficulty.
- 1530 12 year old miscreant chased off CHALEUR's radar platform by intrepid OOD.
- 1600 Ship closed to visitors.
- 1601 "Pig of Portland Pageant" resumes.
- 2100 From POOD: "Ah Sir, better not do rounds in the generator room just now . . . . ."

FRIDAY 9 June '72 At Portland, Oregon.

- 0230 Carousing in PO's mess subsides. "Pig of Portland Pageant" takes break.







1015 L.S. Clamp takes over as Jetty sentry/PR man/duty pimp.

1300 Ship again open to visitors.  
WHEEEEEEEEEEE.....!

1830 Canadian reception aboard HMCS CHAUDIERE. An oasis in the American desert. An exercise in the art of insipid small talk.

2330 "Pig of Portland Pageant" still in full swing.

SATURDAY 10 June 1972 At Portland, Oregon.

0530 A/SLT O'Keefe hobbles onboard.

1030 Rose Festival Parade. America at its best/worst!!

1300 Ship reopens to visitors. YOU WANNA GO FASTER?

1430 Duty Entertainment--Barbecue at "Damon's Hideaway." Unidentified 2 Lt. struggles with bagpipes--another converses with large orange slug--another falls in wishing well.

1513 Monsoon season began in Oregon.

2113 Unnamed 2 Lt. observed

suffering from effects of attempt to leap fence bordering 6-lane highway. I CAN'T HEAR YOU!!

SUNDAY 11 June '72 At Portland, Oregon.

0530 A/SLT O'Keefe reported onboard.

1130 Duty church parade---American tourists with cameras and kids. "Altar boy" seemed singularly irreverent.

1240 First minesweeper canoe convoy commenced--two groundings, one upset, no loss of life.

1530 2 Lt. Hawkins reportedly found cavorting in public bath. HERE WE GO SUPER FAST!!

1750 "Pig of Portland Pageant" nearing final stages.

MONDAY 12 June '72 From Portland to Sea.

0859 "Pig of Portland Pageant" officially closed.

0900 Slipped seawall, proceeded to sea. Crew reported worn, fatigued.

0910 "Pig of Portland Pageant" results disclosed. No over-all winner due to incredible abundance of entrants. Crew is relieved--Farewell Portland!!!

0915 Secure SSD, revert to NBCD "Y". WHEEE...!!!







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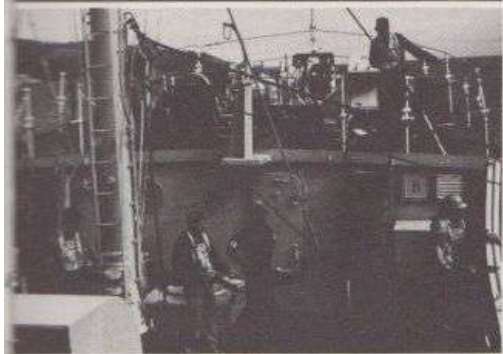
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# H.M.C.S. PORTE DE LA REINE



## IN PRAISE OF OLDER WOMEN

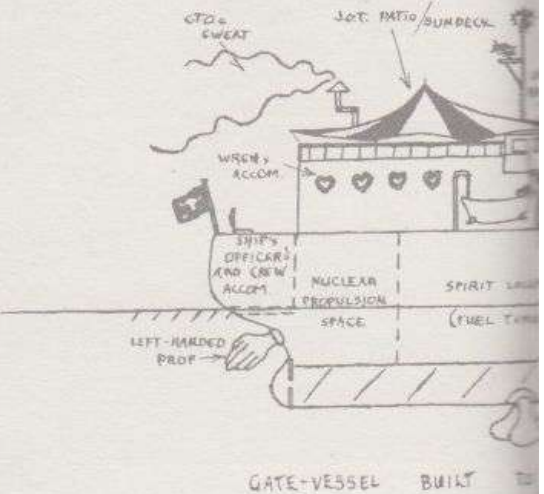
"Heave! Heave! Put your backs into it! Hold Number two!!!" The scene is the well deck of a strange grey vessel strongly resembling an unloved fishing trawler. The voice is that of a swashbuckling lieutenant who flourishes a battered speaking trumpet over the bridge wing. The object of his attention is an undernourished A/S/Lt., attempting to prevent the 465 ton pig boat from permanently embedding her stubby bow in "D" jetty. Ah, Memories!

The unfortunates of "X"

division were forced by cruel fate to spend four weeks on minesweepers: living as officers, standing watch rotations of one and infinity and emerging with unscarred, unsoiled, hands!! ("Oh this Wardroom life is just too tedious.")

We of "Y" division, however, served Queen and country (?) by crewing the Porte Quebec and the Porte de la Reine. (A recent newspaper article informs us that both ladies recently reached the ripe old age of twenty years.)

To facilitate our employment we were given the brevet rank of privetenant. As such we were en-



FORWARD, PORT TO STBD: G. Joly, I. Moffat, P. Weber, R. Cape C.T.O., B. Cook C.T.O., S. O'keefe, P. Ouellet, P. Teed.  
AFT: J. Kennedy, D. Kyle, P. Wycliffe, D. Sewell, B. Parsons, D. Turton, C. Mofford, C. Sedgwick.

titled to shed the smart comfortable uniform of an officer and don the dirty, paint smeared dungarees, decrepit boots and soiled ballcap of a shad O.D.

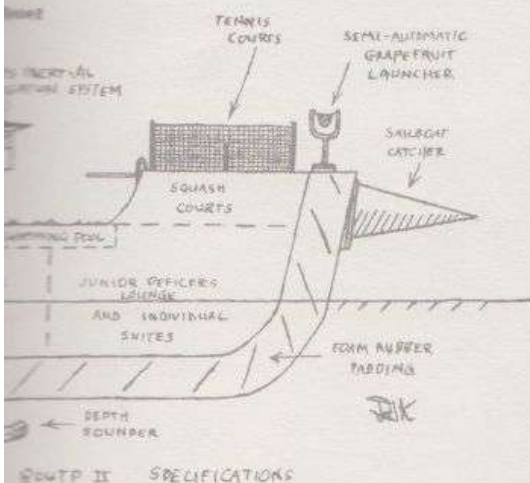
How can one be honest and yet kind about the training on the Pigs? It is easy to be bitter and call the whole thing a waste of time. Certainly, in regard to navigational instruction our time was of little value. There are other things which stand out. Things which, while not redeeming the Pigs, made our stay on them of some value. Presumably this sentiment is like banging one's head against a wall because it feels good to stop.

What were the Pigs? The pigs were many things. They were: Plumper Sound, the only place we ever went, despite our many harbour exits. The court-martial of a sub lieutenant for (heinous crime) wearing a red polka dot-





## H.M.C.S. PORTE QUEBEC



collision with M.V. Coho. "Gutsy is as Gutsy does, Sir!"

Already the bad memories are fading leaving only a faintly bitter taste, a vague feeling that somehow we were unjustly dealt with. We did have fun on the Pigs though, didn't we? Remember the rivalry between Quebec and PDLR? How we on Quebec called De La Reine "showboat" and delighted in the frequency of her trips back to Esquimalt - presumably, we thought, to replace a burnt out light bulb. Remember the de la Reine's crew commenting that perhaps we were a bit too friendly? What

could they have meant? If we did keep our jackstay gear up, and our towing hawser flaked, surely it was initiative and readiness on our part, not laziness as they claimed. But then they had CAN-COMSHADGATERON on board!

No, our time on the pigs wasn't wasted. However we, like the protagonist of MAGGIE MAY were left feeling used and bitter...that the thing which had promised us so much, and to which we had given ourselves without reservation should have deceived us so.

"I suppose I should collect my books and get back to school..."

ted scarf. The beer-chugging and jello-eating contests. A cold morning watch ended by the sun's reflection on the still waters, and the sound of the Chief Engineer putting back from a fishing expedition. Washing hundreds of cold greasy dishes in water scarcely fit for a septic tank. The ring of congealed fat the dishwater deposited around your wrists. Sitting on the quarterdeck with a chipping hammer - learning the A.B.'s art of looking busy while doing nothing. Hanging from the mast by a lineman's belt - as PDLR's mad marksman attempts to end one's naval career very quickly. A pleasant evening on duty in the Wardroom (strange feeling) with a brown-haired girl named "Binge" laughing across the table. A bracing afternoon on the bridge, sipping coffee, and discussing with the captain whether or not to "stand on" as ordered by the Rules and risk a

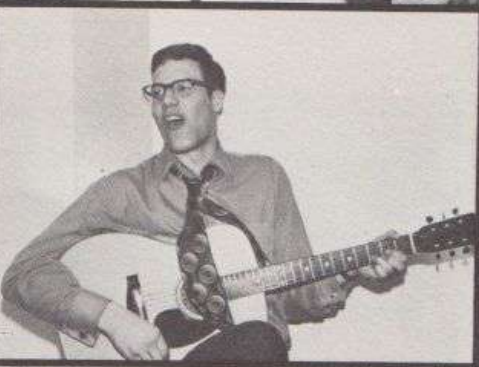
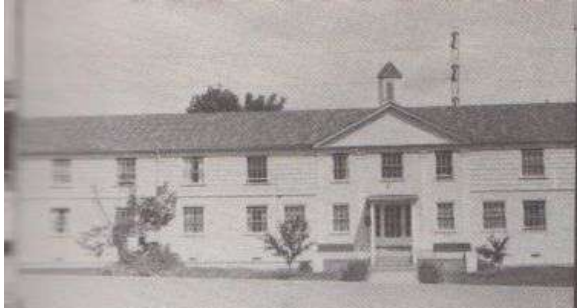


FORWARD, PORT TO STBD: A. Broughton, N. Bell, P. Dudemaine, B. Cook C.T.O., R. Cape C.T.O., R. Leblanc, P. McIlveen, D. Harwood.  
AFT: M. Maréchaux, M. Cebryk, V. Kubrak, D. Breckman, G. Cutting, M. Akeson.













ROUTP II Haircut Officer



What sort of man reads Playboy philosophy?



So much for NRCC and our Service Air flight home. Stroke!



I'm NOT going to be the grapefruit!



Next year we won't forget the grapefruits.



Couple of more foolish tricks like this and we might get a free drink.



Maybe the bartender will get the hint.



Would you buy a used SHAD from this man?



No seriously, I'm a virgin.



No, I didn't get the oars. I thought you did.



# PSEUDO SURVEY

## QUESTIONS

## ANSWERS

<p>Do you believe that first year CTO's sit on the right hand of God?                  A. No                      C. Don't believe in God                  B. Maybe                D. Don't believe in CTO's</p>	<p>A. 11.1% B. 3.7% C. 0% D. 81.1% Other 3.7%</p>
<p>In your opinion, what class of ship does a Gate vessel belong to?                  A. Noah's Ark class      C. Porteurs de Cochons                  B. Refuse Barge          D. All of the above</p>	<p>A. 14.8% B. 29.6% C. 7.4%                  D. 48.1%</p>
<p>What did you do the night before the Mars III exams?                  A. Watch Star Trek      D. Study                  B. Go to the Tudor      E. All or none of the above                  C. Order a pizza</p>	<p>A. 33.3% B. 18.5% C. 11.1%                  D. 14.8% E. 22.2%</p>
<p>If you did A,B,C, what did you do the night before the Supp's?                  A. Watch Star Trek      C. Order a pizza                  B. Go to the Tudor</p>	<p>A. 25.9% B. 25.9% C. 11.1%                  No Response 33.3%</p>
<p>What do you do to stay awake in class?                  A. Draw bunnies      C. Initiate a subdued chorus of fling fly etc.                  B. Remove other people's slip-ons      D. Give up</p>	<p>A. 18.5% B. 22.2% C. 14.8%                  D. 44.4%</p>
<p>What does "goosh goosh" mean to you?                  A. An oversized water pistol      C. Censored                  B. A drenched Turkot</p>	<p>A. 33.3% B. 33.3% C. 33.3%</p>
<p>What is your definition of a Zoo?                  A. Ottawa University      C. Men's cafeteria on a Gate Vessel                  B. Wardroom Annex</p>	<p>A. 22.2% B. 48.1% C. 18.5%                  Other 11.1%</p>
<p>What is the meaning of defenestration?                  A. Horrible disease contracted in Annex washplaces                  B. The monthly trimming of trees      D. Spring water over the sill                  C. Sardonic Epithet                      E. None or all of the above</p>	<p>A. 62.9% B. 3.7% C. 7.4%                  D. 14.8% 3. 11.1%</p>
<p>What is the B.C. Pilot?                  A. An ancient aviator      C. A Chinese laundry                  B. A gate Vessel Nav. O      D. F,G, and H</p>	<p>A. 29.6% B. 22.2% C. 25.9%                  D. 22.2%</p>
<p>What is a spit shine good for?                  A. Shaving and inspecting your teeth      C. Pleasing CTO's                  B. Looking up girl's dresses                  D. Make work projects</p>	<p>A. 11.1% B. 44.4% C. 11.1%                  D. 29.6%</p>

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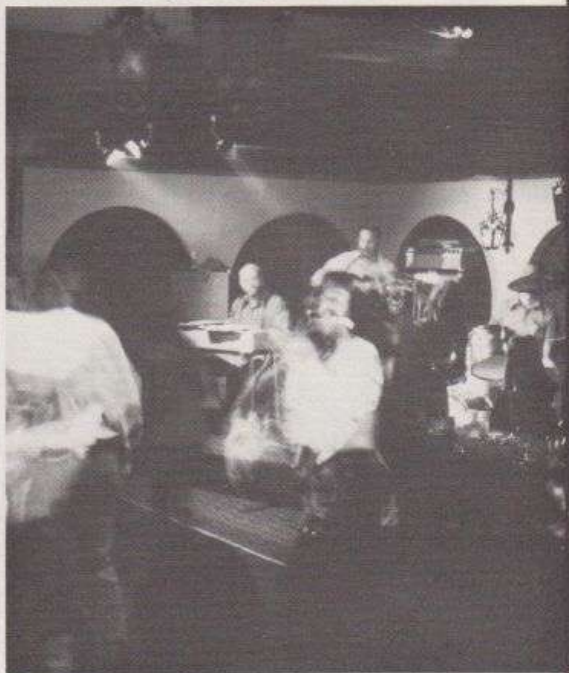
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## 3RD YEAR

The third year ROUTH were kept busy and on the move this summer. In May they studied for and wrote their MARS IV exams. Then came one gigantic bash to celebrate the end of the written part of their course.

The next thing you know you have 18 maniacs running around wielding as many swords. Sure they were only practising for a wedding. Lucky for them John Dawson decided to get married that



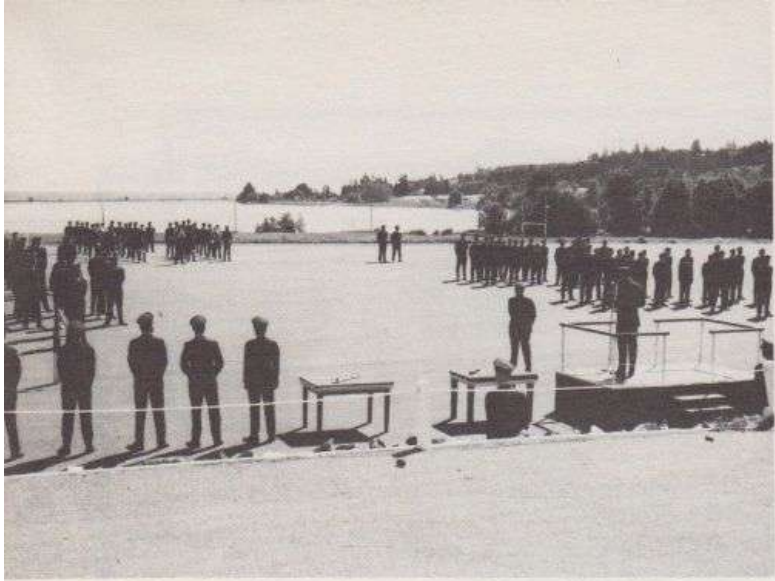
weekend so their practising wasn't in vain.

After all the festivities the class was divided and some went to Borden for a logistics course, others went to the east coast to continue their training with the remainder staying in Victoria and boarding the Gate Vessels to act as ship's officers.

Good luck to the members of the third year class, surely your hard work will be rewarded.









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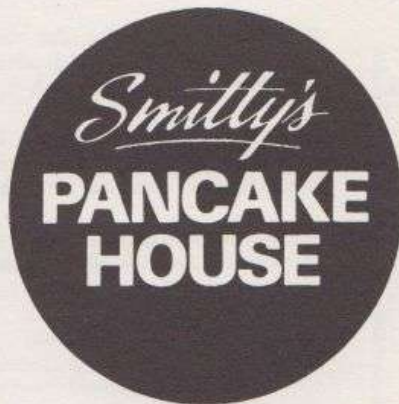
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