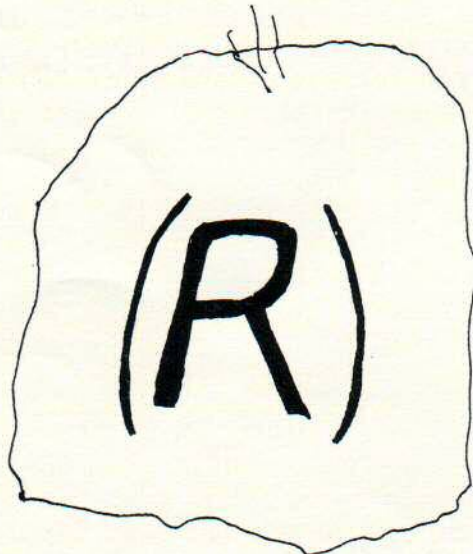


nr0e



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NROC TRANSPORTATION NOW ON THE JETTY you have two minutes to get on the  
 jetty I KNOW IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN royal roads CADET CAPTAINS piece of  
 cake CONESTOGA DIVISION MUSTER IN THE GUNROOM pooh bear TEDDY BEAR  
 officer cadet wonder brow CLEANING STATIONS paddington bear OFFICER  
 CADET RIGHTGARD wroong!!!! YOUR NAVY LEFT will is dead--bury him  
 BATTALIONS??!!?? ohh tension FLUSH THIS IS TOILET OVER bravo miss a  
 bunch echo miss a bunch new line TWO PLATO00000000N STEADY right dress  
 (wait ten minutes) I think my arm will drop off HARR wake-up wake-up  
 little buttercups FRED I'll have the ... what ever that is THAT'S  
 SQUASH AND YOU BETTER TALK TO IT NICE don't change that tape or I'll  
 cry YOU ARE MENTALLY IDLE MR. DOUGLAS you are lower than a crocodile  
 NAVY DRILL--GOOD DRILL cfp 201 POINTY END OF THE SHIP PATROLS moonrise  
 GUNscrew 76 SCOPA AND MUZZ foxtrot oscar speed as necessary PFL fm100  
 GUNROOM ok 102½ MEDIEVIL INN mother THE PIT chartroom PORT AND STARBOARD  
 CABINS hubcap STEWBABY road's bell CADET BALL compulsory fun NBCD SUPS  
 ON A HOLIDAY WEEKEND they can't go home!!! THROW ANOTHER CC IN.....  
 r.o.b. GIVE ME A CHIT I can't cope expeds FORBIDDEN PLATEAU tiny's kitty  
 titty cat CABIN 11's PIZZA PIEMAN btah btah woof woof TORA TORA TORA  
 who was duty kisser last night--Bancroft has mono SUBMARINE RACES all  
 weekend leave is cancelled until moral improves I WANNA STATE A GRIEVANCE  
 up six inches spread your legs ANOTHER SPORTS TABLOID go for the lollipop  
 DUTY SCAPEGOAT CLOSE UP sunday night dances WATCH OUT FOR THE MEDIUM RARE  
 STEAKS THEY MOO WHEN YOU STICK YOUR FORK IN THEM at least nobody worries  
 about the apathy CONESTOGA'S TOAST CLUB today's drill will be in Japanese  
 BRONCHITIS INFLUENZIC HEMOPHILES INFECTIOUS MONO COLDS UPPER RESPIRATORY  
 TRACK INFECTIONS SHIN SPLINTS..... midway FRIDAY NIGHT ABANDON SHIP DRILL  
 a collision at sea can ruin your whole day FEMALES WEARING PROVOCATIVE OR  
 REVEALING ATTIRE WILL BE CONFINED TO THE CADET CAPTAIN'S MESS duty huggers  
 tuck-er-iners, and sympathizers close up STAR TREK when do we get the supp  
 WRITTEN FORMAL CAUTIONS regatta COMM O hell o COMBAT O bowes o SMEAC  
 billy goat ECHO SIERRA smeac RTFQ whoops! WHERE THE HECK DID ALSGARD GET  
 AN FN FROM? interrogative whiskey tango foxtrot ROSIES CAFE steady TEDDY'S  
 C.F. SHAGGIN' WAGON nurtz MARS II RAIDS southern fried peacock ABNER T  
 a grounding at sea can ruin your afternoon WHISKEY TANGO FOXTROT if you  
 work at it you can come down to the reg force standard THOSE TWO PEACOCKS  
 MADE MY WHOLE DAY it was nice while it lasted--goodbye---george CAN I  
 BORROW YOUR RACER--YOUR RADIO? how are you doing!? IS THE MAIL IN? i found  
 out about the mars iv billets before nurtz SWEEP!!! tulmult--don't turn  
 off the valves YOU GUYS HAD THE BEST ATTITUDE I'VE SEEN IN A WHILE--YOU  
 SANK THE SHIP BUT YOUR ATTITUDE WAS GOOD your on IRISH PENNANTS if we  
 lose this volleyball game we can study tomorrow night WUN TU TREE WUN  
 did you see the second year division at cd's? FORWARD CABINS you did  
 DUTY AT ROADS you fired on the aussie ship and the cookie crumbled  
 DID YOU LOSE THE BUBBLE no just my lead mark in active pass TWO TREES TO  
 WHEELOVER SIR veer to the lifeline MAN OVERBOARD MAN OVERBOARD MARS TWO  
 TO RECOVER ah sierra EXECUTE TO FOLLOW HOIST THREE BLACK BALLS STANDBY  
 STANDBY you can't lead on a ferry! WHY NOT I HAVE NEVER SEEN ONE GO AGROUND  
 wargames are addictive ASTORIA seattle SAN FRANCISCO san-diego PORTLAND  
 prince rupert?!! SPAWNING CANADIANS zuj sfx nr 001 ALPHA DELTA 28  
 katie is foamy the snowman VERY GOOD MAKE IT SNOW bravo zulu SHOWS PROMISE  
 why not LINEN CHANGE FOR CADETS WILL BE FROM 1830 TO 1930; TABLE CLOTH  
 CHANGE FOR COOKS WILL BE FROM 1930 TO 2030 hey look under your plate--  
 this is my sheet OH WE JOINED FOR THE CHANCE TO MEET THE CHICKS...on the  
 weekends i play cards STARDUST the sting MARKETSQUARE butchart gardens  
 MONTREAL OLYMPICS bicentennial usa 1976 CADET CAPTAIN POOH BEAR '1' T-shirt  
 WOW we are we are we are the engineers....well nobody else is working on  
 the yearbook MUZZ'S HAT DIED IN THE WASH.

four The conclusion of 1976 summer training provides some encouraging results. Naval Reserve officer cadet and junior officer training has achieved a good standard based on a comprehensive and challenging program under the direction of a well experienced and enthusiastic professional staff. Classification training now parallels that of your Regular Force counterparts. I was pleased with the standard of the second year graduating class, although small in number, and the desire to achieve and succeed was evident. All junior officers under training who completed the year won their bridge watchkeeping certificates. Some have elected to remain and earn the Regular Force ticket. Others with more experience behind them are progressing the minor patrol vessel command examinations. All this indicates that our young officers are keen to qualify and to participate.

However all of this does not mean we are out of the woods. Each of you has an obligation to remain involved at your home unit as well as with out of unit programs; to keep current, to improve your present level of qualification and experience, to constantly maintain a high standard of dress, bearing and deportment and to serve the Naval Reserve and your Country in a loyal and capable manner. You must work hard at developing your officership, your leadership competence and, encourage by your own personal example those who will be entrusted to you. Wherever you serve, at sea or ashore, there must be but one high standard - your own professionalism, the leadership you provide and the example you set.

The matter of improvement within the Naval Reserve is in your hands - that is the challenge given you. When you are proven ready and tested the tasks will come together with the expectation they be performed in a professionally flawless manner.

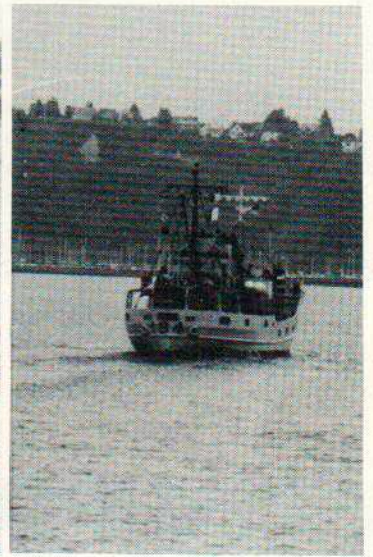
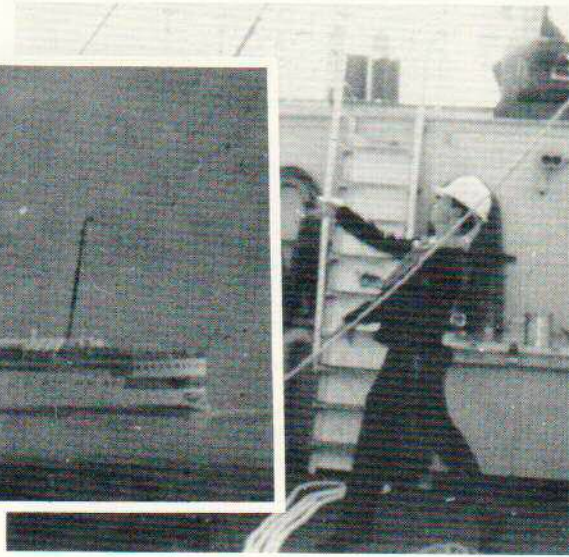
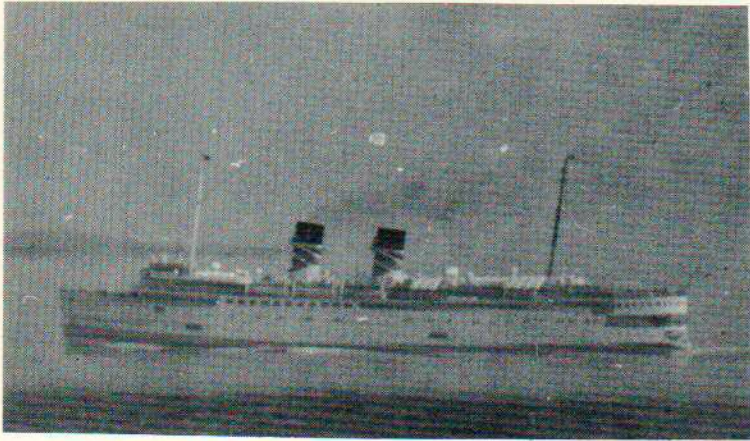
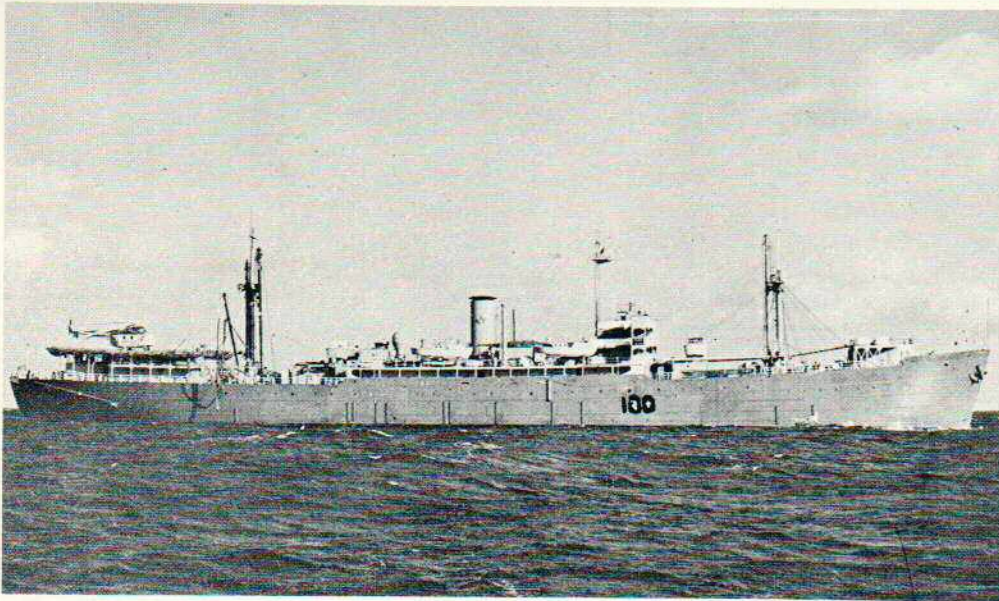
You must have the imagination to break the bonds of your own experience. Watch for the unscrupulous who may see an opportunity to suggest discontent with the object of producing it.

The ambition to rise in your profession by virtue of your own hard work is entirely proper to a young person - though there are limits which ambition must not be allowed to transcend. Joseph Conrad laid down those limits with the novelist's insight when he gave it as his view that "all ambitions are lawful except those which climb upward on the miseries or credulities of mankind."

Serve your respective units well this winter. We look forward to your return next summer.

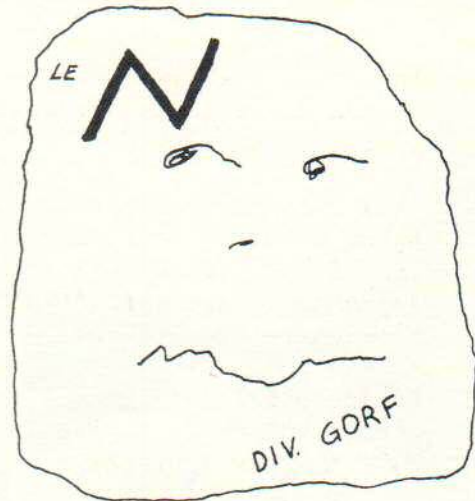
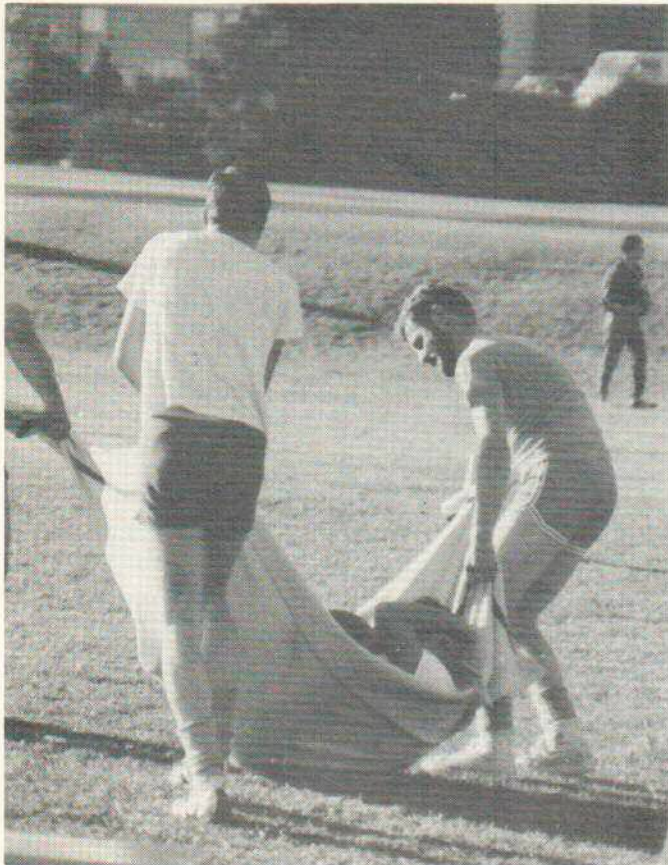


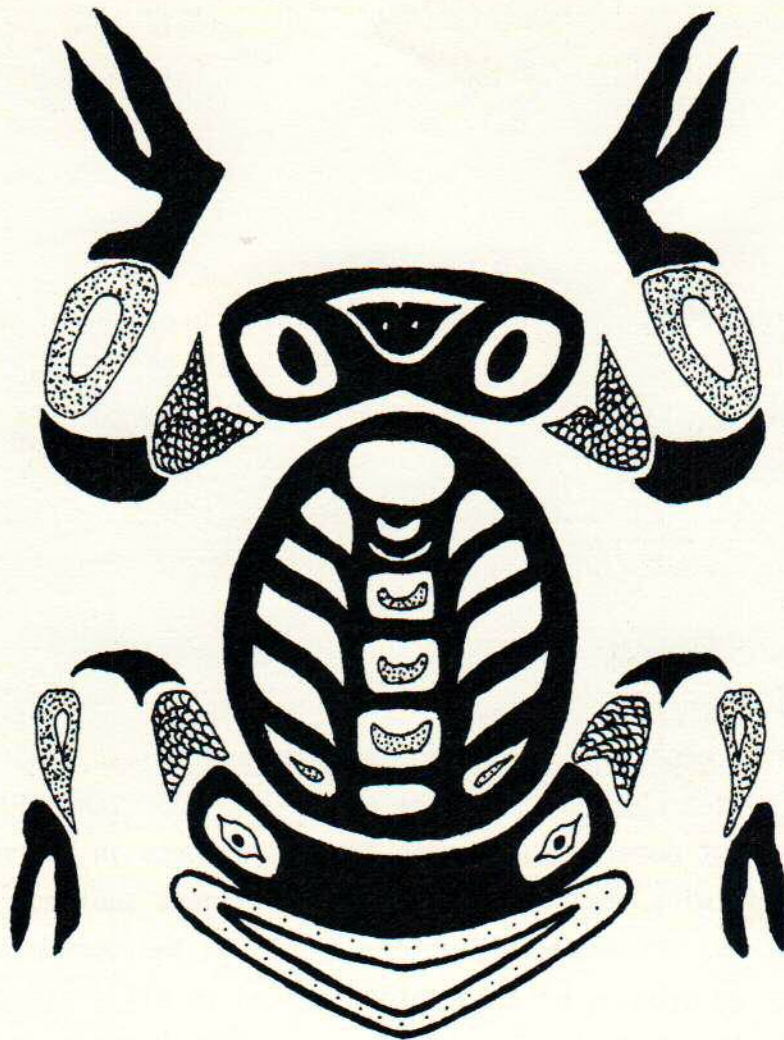
S. B. Alsgard, OMM, CD  
Commander  
Commandant





Peter Copestake CI, Pierre Saint Louis DA, Pierre Pelletier MM, Bernard Arsenault  
Cadet Captain MM, Deni Garon MM, SLT Mifflin CTO, Michel Auclair MM, Francois  
Gilbert CN, Philippe Charland DA.





### LA GRENOUILLE ET LE CUBE

La grenouille ayant passé tout l'hiver dans la neige et la 'slush' décida de venir passer l'été dans l'eau salée. Le cube passé l'hiver dans la glace, vint aussi dans l'ouest.

Et ils se rencontrèrent. Tous deux vivaient côte à côte, mais ne se connaissaient pas. Comme le cube menait une vie géométriquement droite et calculée et la grenouille une vie plus souple et improvisée, leurs relations réciproques n'étaient pas très bonnes même elles étaient assez froides.

La grenouille et le cube entreprirent un dur entraînement. Tous deux devaient travailler ensemble pour arriver jusqu'au bout mais n'arrivaient pas à se comprendre.

La grenouille étant plus petite que le cube dû tout d'abord se plier à la loi du plus fort. Mais la grenouille étant maligne, travailla très fort et réussit peu à peu à prendre du plus en plus de force et de caractère taut et si bien qu'elle arrondit les coins du cube, qui devint par le même plus souple de caractère et ils devinrent des amis.

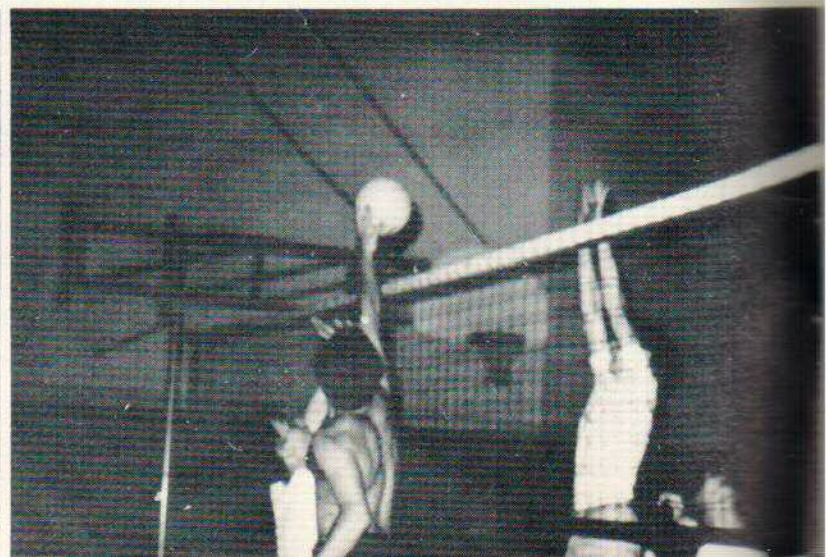
Et bientôt l'été tira à sa fin et deux nouveaux amis étaient nés.



*chaudiere*

eight

CHAUDIÈRE Division was quite involved in sports this year: Beer drinking, womanizing and other assorted debauchery topped the program but there was a little bit of conventional sports thrown in as well. We attempted to play soccer, baseball football etc. but usually without much success. There were, however, areas in which individual members of the division excelled. I myself was considered to be the best in the morning run because I was so good at getting out of it. Paul Dunn wins the Marital Memorial Trophy for showing everyone pictures of his wife and showing great stamina and determination in pursuing his goals. Al Balanuik was our lunch line runner who used to get to the front so fast that we felt if he'd ever have fallen he'd have rolled until he starved. Kevin Carle was our star soccer player who proved to the sports world that you can play with two left feet and no coordination. He also moonlighted as a taxi driver. Sunil Chaudhry wins the Golden shovel award because he fed it faster than any of us could shove. He is now in the Guinness Book of World Records for being the only member of the human race who cannot be quiet for 15 seconds. John Doering set a record for the loss of brain cells and also compiled the record for the most blackouts and hallucinations. Incidentally if he comes to you in search of Batman just humour the poor lad. Mike Charles was Chaudiere's pet gimp but deserves accolades for his efforts in learning how to walk on one leg. Dan Davis wins the survival of the contingent sent out from his home unit. Dave Bliss takes brownoser award for taking out the commandant's daughter. Eric Griffiths after an evening of celebration proved to all present that he had the strongest bum in the world because he was on it for the majority of the evening. Bill Bowes, our famous fisherman, surprised everyone when he caught a crab and a star fish during a recreational fishing afternoon sponsored by Old Style breweries. Steve Evans wins the absentee award for going to his grandma's every weekend and was so shy that he was caught once hiding behind a blade of grass. Secret agent Mark Cripps proved he had great self-control while watching an afternoon of singing and dancing and all manner of wicked things at the local strip joint and will go down in history for his immortal words "she isn't going to take that off is she?" An inspiration to all naval officers.



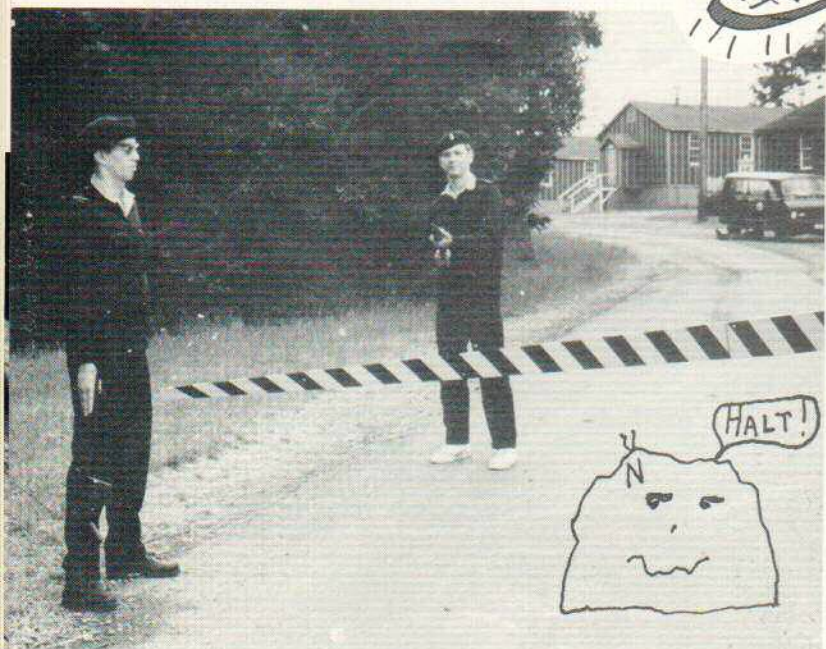
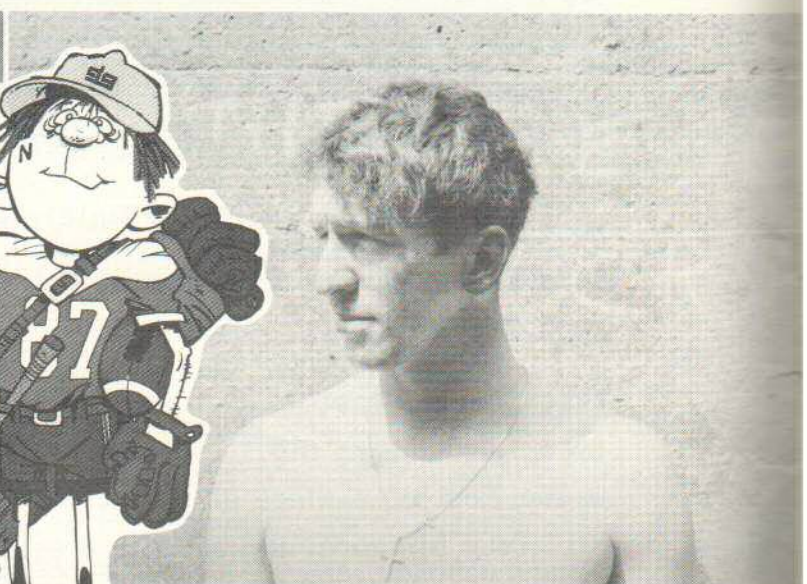
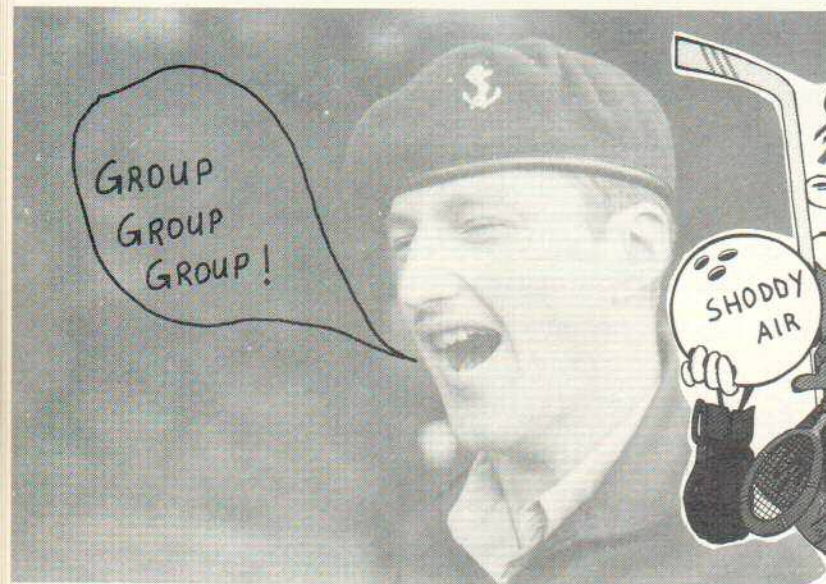


BACK ROW, Rob Anderson BR, Daniel Davis BR, Bill Cannon NH, Alex Balanuik DY,  
Don Howerton DY, John Doering CN, Mike Charles CN, Steve Evans YK,  
FRONT ROW, Ian Douglas YK, SLT Dinsmore CTO, LCDR Bloggins, Bill Bowes CA,  
Barry Butler SN.

Last but not least we must mention "Barfy" butler who is incredible because he is over 3,000 years old. We tried to sell him to the circus but Commander Alsgard wanted too big a piece of the action so we squelched it. Our course training Officer S/LT Doug Dinsmore, who also is president of the local Alcoholics Anonymous chapter must be mentioned for his inspiring guidance and for always having an opener. Now you have met and been somewhat familiarized with the motley crew of Chaudiere. We also work periodically as a group and Chaudiere has the distinction of being the only division to have Chief Hamlin plead with us to stand still on parade. Gravelling will do him no good however as we have our pride. We also are classed as innovators for creating new methods of marching all the time. Our one divisional contest was held to see who could get the best hickey. Chaudhry tried to pass off a Birthmark and the only other qualifier; Mark Crapps was disqualified for using a vaccuum cleaner. Commander Alsgard says we still can't come out from under our rocks and for this will not get his hubcap back. Nevertheless the plans for next year are in the making and our goal is to lose all our brain cells.

Now I have completely confused you with delerious dribble that has naught to do with anything I will leave you in your stupor but with these parting words: Don't eat it Elmer!

The Wizard of.....ID



## Chaudiere goes To Sea

In one of the most daring, (not to be confused with Doering) operations ever done <sup>eleven</sup> (not to be confused with Dunn) on the high seas, Maritime Command Pacific sent Chaudiere out in the ogan in a Destroyer. Let me tell you right now that the minute the news hit the airwaves the Russian Nuclear submarine fleet was in sheer panic. (not to mention the ship's company of HMCS Mackenzie). Although the trip, (which included ports of call in San Diego, and in San Francisco), was meant to be a learning experience for NRTC'S finest, it must be in said that it was also a great learning experience for the fourth destroyer squadron. For example conning orders was one area where Chaudiere introduced many new improvisations. A typical series of conning orders compliments of D.B.T. Davis, "turn right a little bit and try to miss that reef helmsman... I mean left, or port, yea that's it, port five aah sheet, midships".

Another startling inovation was in the area of ASW. Chaudiere introduced the conventional warfare threat of DDD or Doering Dancing Depthcharge. When the sonar picks up a hostile contact, OCDT Doering is placed on the quarterdeck where he proceeds to dance off the deck and into the water. Where upon entering the water Doering seeks out the enemy and closes in. Upon reaching the sub, the DDD proceeds to tap dance all over the hill, thus driving the inhabitants crazy. The sub will soon surface and surrender. The beauty of DDD warfare is that it only costs \$18.50 a day, (plus rations and quarters).

When Chaudiere hits a foreign port, very unusual things happen. In a foreign port it is not unusual for a sailor to get mugged in a dark alley. In San Diego one of our own division got mugged in a restroom at McDonalds. Ronald and Mayor McCheese arrived just in time to help Kev off the floor. While in San Diego a lot of ship's company go down to Tijuana and most of them get back with no trouble at all. Sunil Chaudry couldn't convince the Mexican border guards that he was a Canadian Citizen. Sunil eventually evaded the authorities by swimming across a river back into the U.S.

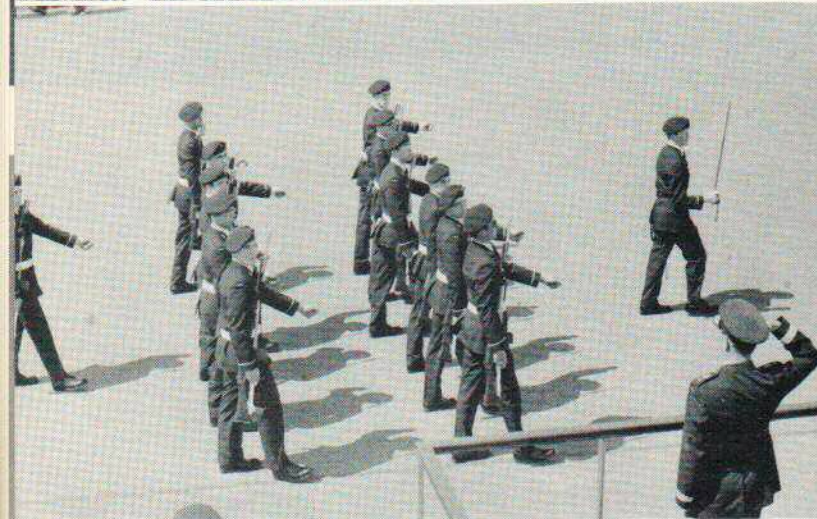
Ian "Eenie" Douglas who had been continually plagued by a back problem, (I.E. do we have to go back to work) decided to get some massage therapy in San Diego. Eenie found that the massage had solved a lot of problems for him but he still had his back to work problem.

In San Francisco Bill Bowes rented a car and played Bullit all weekend. The boys who were riding with Bill didn't mind this too much, but when he tried to cross the Golden Gate by driving up the cables, they got a little nervous. It wasn't until he tried to get to Oakland with out using the Bay Bridge (a la E. Knieval) that the boys decided it was time to take the bus. Bill stumbled his way back to the ship in time for sailing on Monday.

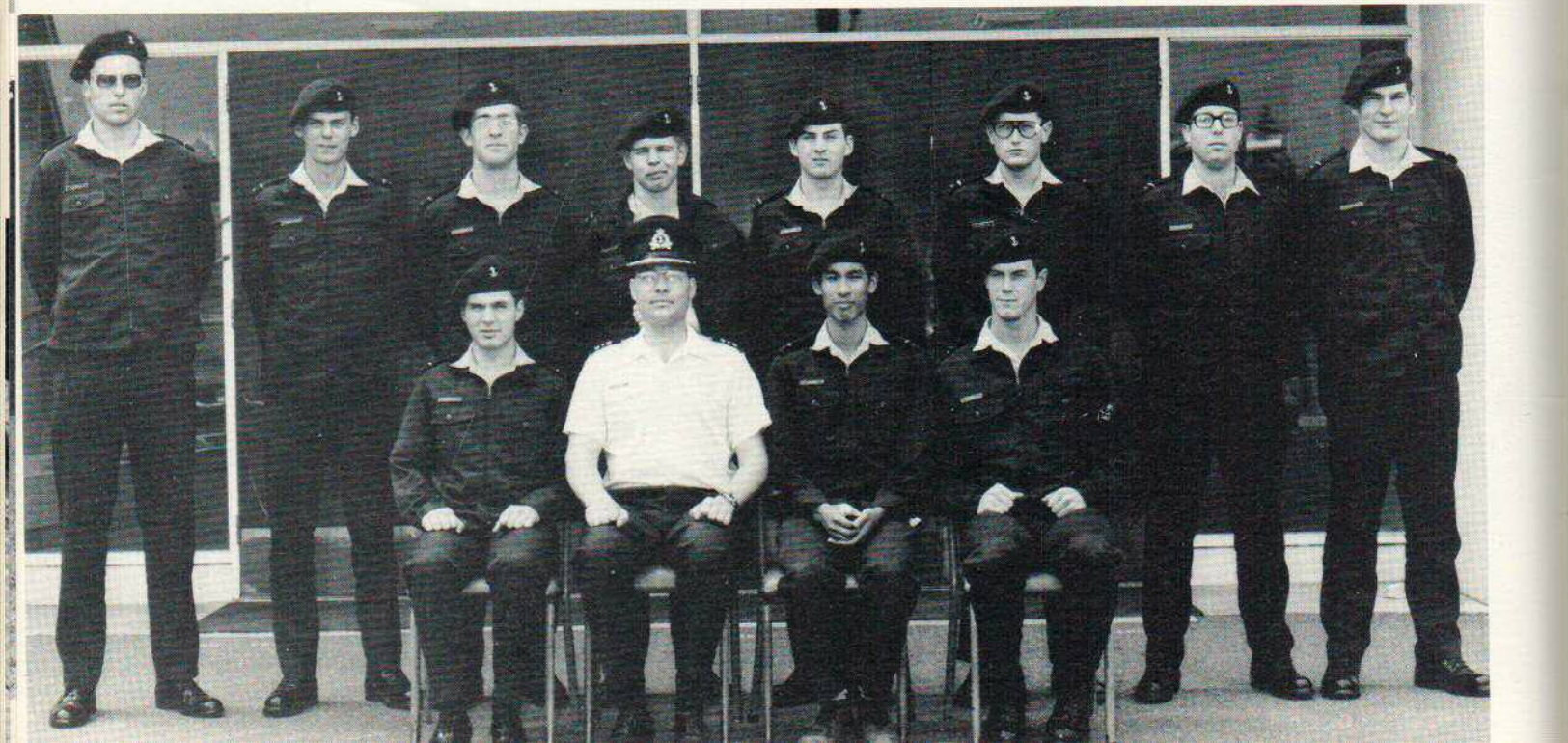
While in San Francisco Bill Cannon and Mike Charles went out and painted the town red. When the shore patrol picked them up they came along very quietly and the red lead was returned to the paint locker.

While in San Diego Rob Anderson, and Steve Evans went to Disneyland. All the time they were there they were surrounded by autograph seekers and camera bugs. The boys were quite frankly overwhelmed with the reception they recieved. It would probably break their hearts if they found out that everyone thought that they were Pluto and Goofy.

Barfy Butler, Beach Boy Cripps, Al Bottleneck, and Dave Iggy Bliss all went to a nude bathing beach while in San Diego. After an hour or two of sunbathing, (on their stomachs) they went back to where they had undressed to discover that their clothes were missing. They made it all the way through downtown San Diego with out anyone noticing their predicament. It was not until they reached the brow and couldn't produce any I.D. that the Corporal of the Gangway noticed that they were out of uniform.



BACK ROW, Andre Lazorenko DA, Michael McDonald BR, Bryan Karney DY, John Henderson BR,  
Mike Matson DY, Paul MacNeill BR, Robert Longman YK, Al MacLaughlan TH.  
FRONT ROW, Dave Howell SR, LCDR Bloggins, Byron Jang DY, Dave McCuaig YK.

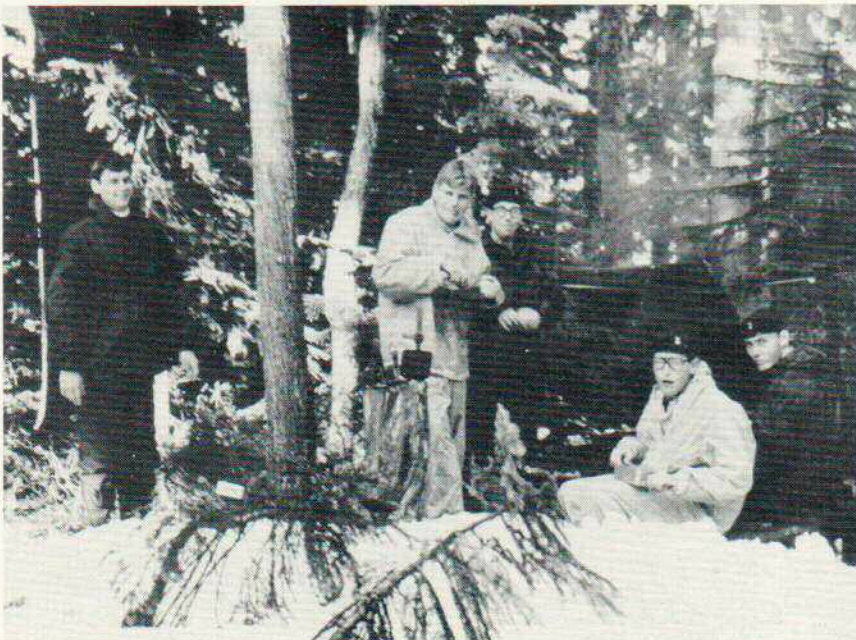


Columbia has become a name that speaks for itself, and usually none too quietly. It has become a household word, ever to be associated with the utter destruction of the deadly threat of the notorious Rocky Mountain Whoops. We must admit speaking confidentially of course, that they put up a good fight and that a few of the most hardy specimens still eek out an existence in dark, wet and musty holes (particularly between the ears). Yet, we are proud to report, their ranks are decimated and we are totally certain that they will die out as a result of the complete humiliation they suffered at our hands (or should I say feet?) We can now justly erect the tombstone "R.M. Whoops--1976-1976 THEY LIVED AND DIED THE MOTTO 'every DROP counts.'"

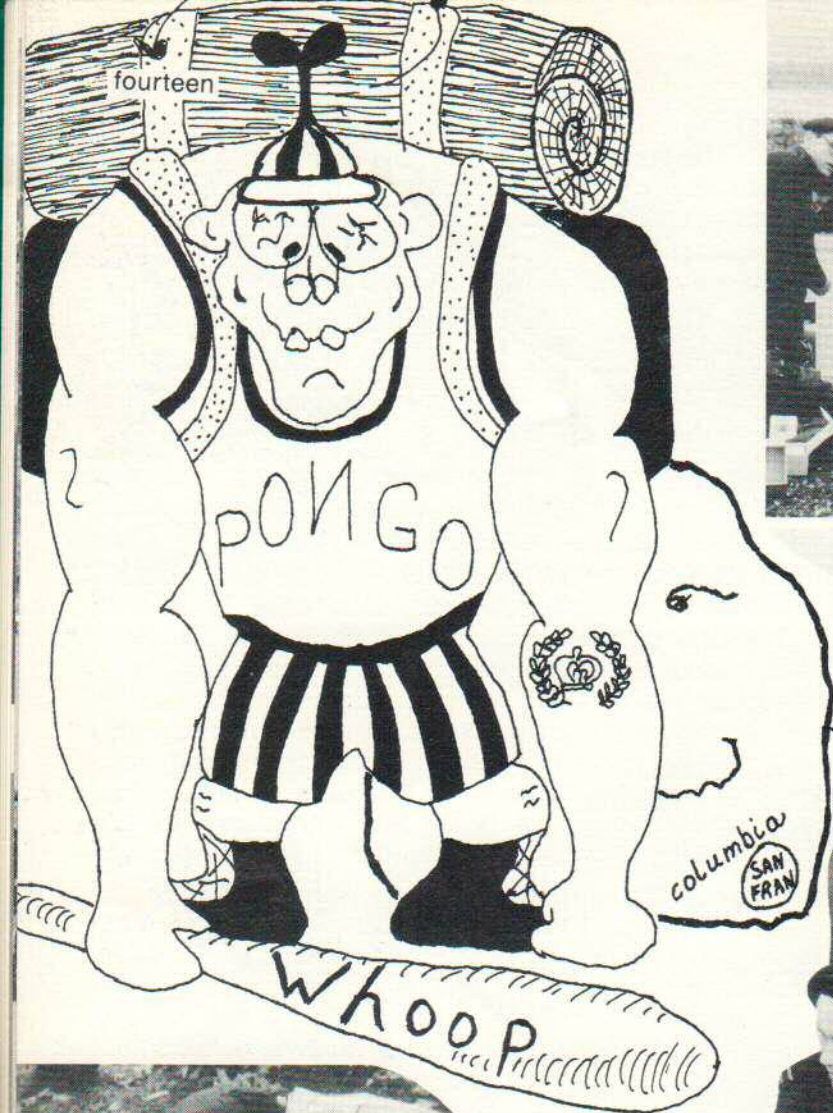
But, before more is said, it would be appropriate to flip back the pages of time to a lighter age, before the troops were troubled by whoops and, indeed, when sky was blue and days were gay. We are, of course, referring to our beloved eight weeks on the Cape Breton or much more appropriately on the 'fred'. Highlights included....ah...heh... Yes, surely there is something that stands above the general gloom of memory. Alas I have it! On May 28th, at the noon meal, the steaks were eddible and the milk fresh (so what if there was no glasses?). And, we must never forget, that on at least two occassions the morning run was cancelled due to a poor issue of weather (these administrative tie-ups occassionally have their consolations.) But, probably the best times of all--aside from a few interesting Friday evenings!--were spent away from the fred.

The beauty of Mary Hill was enjoyed by nearly all and many found the comparative relaxation of Albert Head enjoyable. Albert Head taught many a lesson that most golfers already know: It takes practice to enjoy the satisfaction of making a short 'grunt' on the green.

But then, each to his own. No doubt we all will bring back many memories and if you ever forget what it is like to hike a whole day with cold and wet feet or if you forget what the joy of a five hundred foot vertical scramble on snow is like, then all you need to do is open this yearbook to the part entitled "depressants--to be used in an emergency" and recall the enjoyment! We should all write our own histories of the summer, for only then would the yearbook be complete. But since there is not space enough (not to mention the fact that it would take years to get everyone finished) nor is there need enough, for only one perception can be recorded though it is unjust and poorly written.



WHOOOPS!





"Band on the Run"



Cowboy was riding low in the saddle when 0400 Saturday rolled around. Indifferent eyes looked on indifferent skies and horizons looked inward to last night's enjoyment. The grey dawn was soon witness to a host of indignant shadows which reeled with the unanswered question 'why?' Few had the stomach to look forward to a box breakfast (and a box lunch). Yet it was an excited and awake group that awaited their turn to hike. The waiting passed quickly however, thanks to the occupying chant of 'chew, chew chew my.' But we won't go into that now. We were the fourth group to leave and things began to look bad after half an hour when we found ourselves all confused and back where we had started from. However we were not to be easily fooled. Quite the contrary. Not knowing which way to go, we very wisely doubled our speed thus bringing us there all the quicker. This brilliant move enabled us to reach the first check point with a resounding second place (That is, if you count backwards--Why should counting be different than other things in the navy?) However, being grim men of stout heart we pushed on.

Goldstream gave way to more paths and roads as we pushed ever onward and outward in an insane race to catch the quickly fleeing time. Impassive stares received and returned our voices and meaningless motion was replaced by the consuming lust for success. George, Mike and Andy were unsatisfied with our stumbling efforts and pushed us harder while Bryan and Bob, our very green cryptographers worked out our coded maps. Mongo was constant and uncomplaining and put his back into those areas on the sea phase like no pongo I have ever seen. Andre proved his talent as a sailor by allowing us to make better time into the wind then out of it.

When the day was over there was a tremendous sense of accomplishment. It has been said that the last are ever lonely (just ask the C.C.'s). That evening we lacked no companionship.







BACK ROW: Leslie Littlewood HR, Cathy King CT, Danielle Bosse DA,  
Val Robinson NH, Moira Sheridan UN, Joy Palmetter MT, Liz Marr CA,  
Kim Lovely QN, Martha Lahti GN, Jane Bowie SR, Lyne Lavoie SN,  
Karen Adams BR.

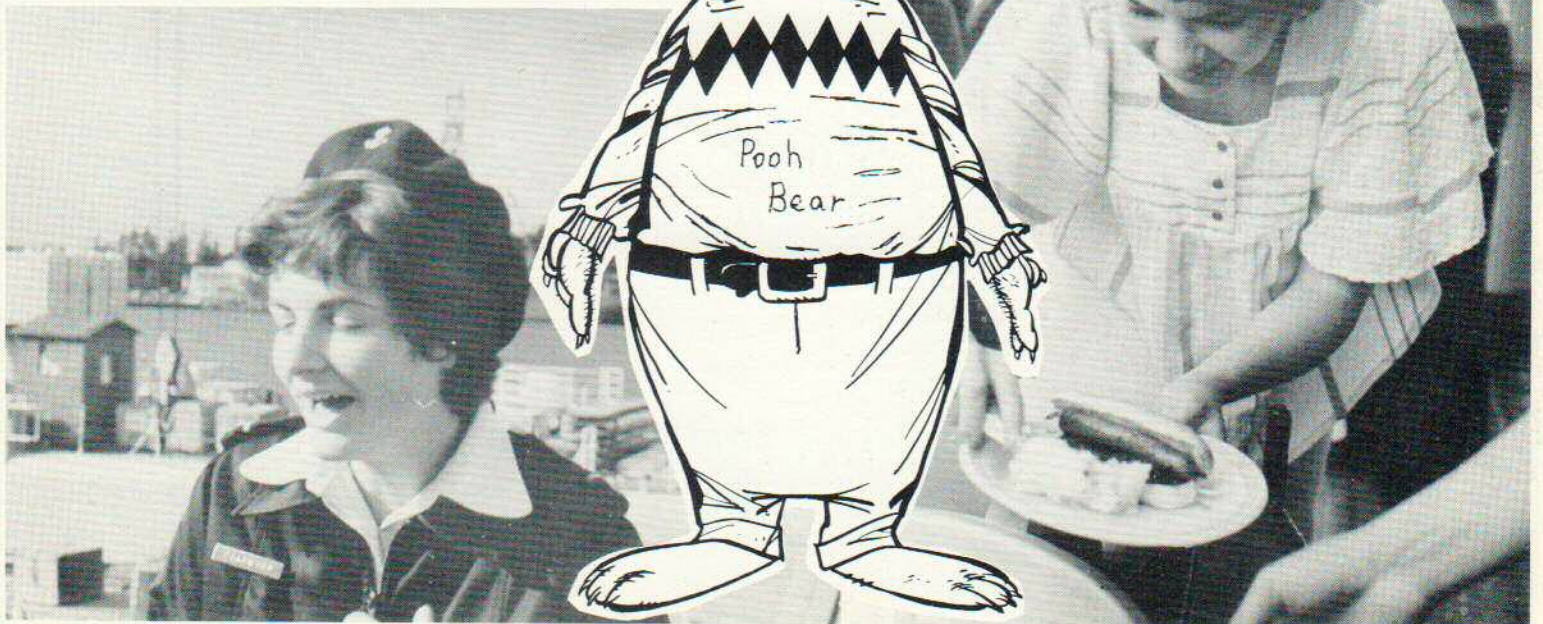
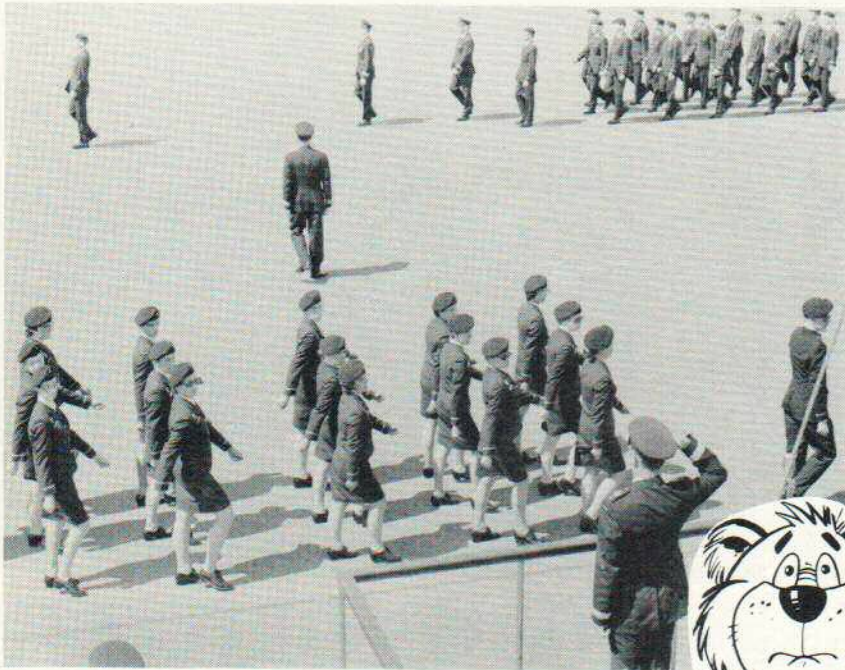
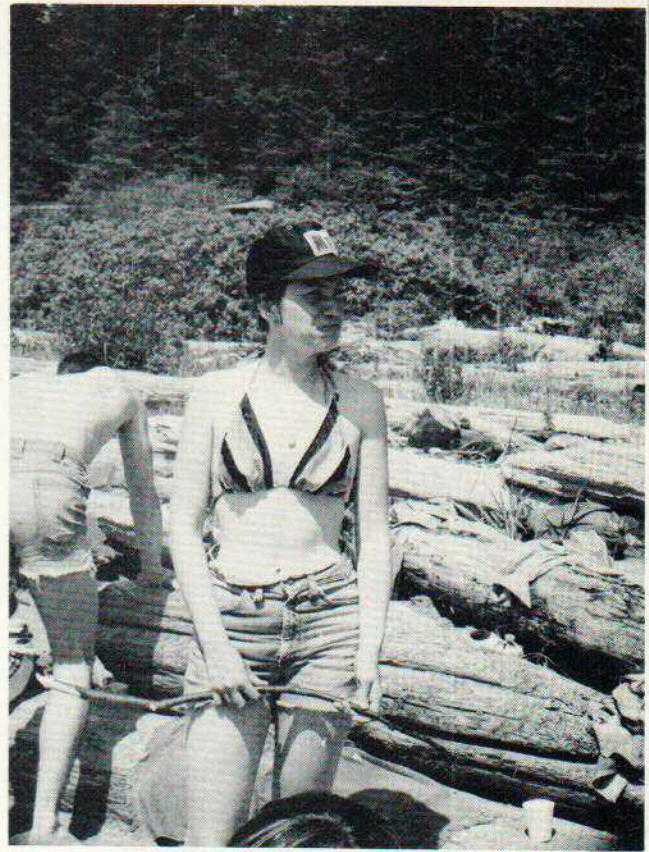
FRONT ROW: Kate Whitaker CI, Carrie Zatychech CN, Cathy Morris DY,  
Sylvie Pouliot MM, Pauline Aquilina YK, Linda Burton TH.

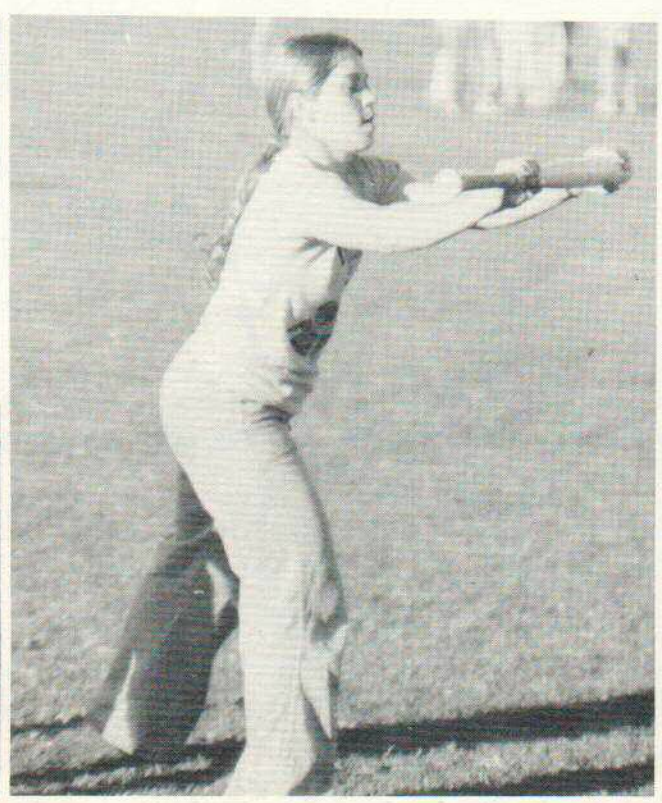
#### CONESTOGA

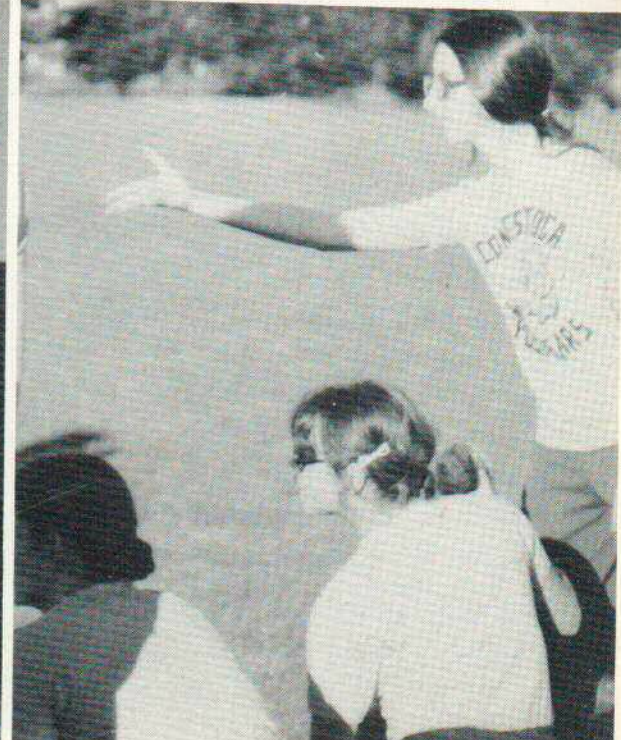
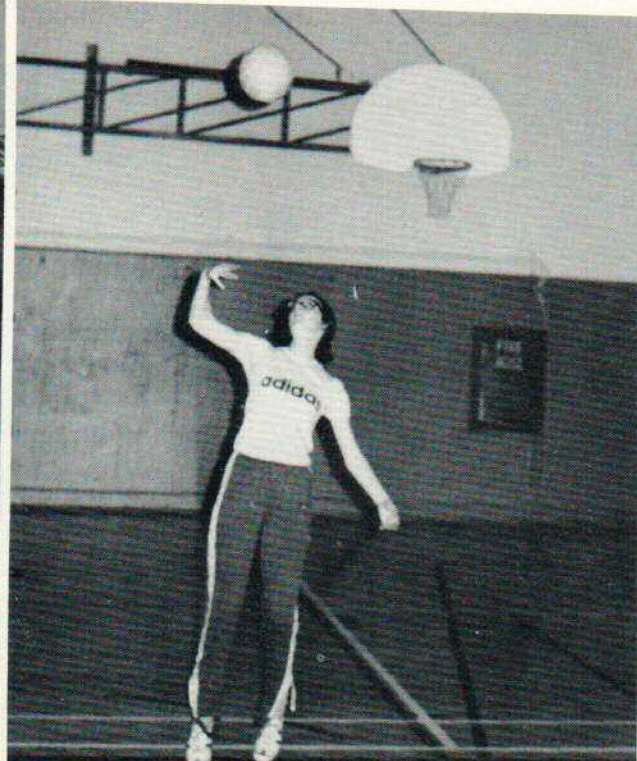
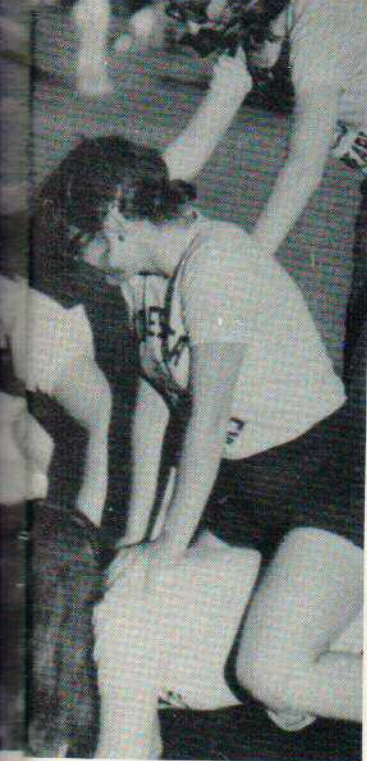
Eighteen slim, health, happy females from all across Canada arrived aboard the HMCS Fred early in May to begin a summer they will never forget. Eastern provinces were represented by Cathy King - Cabot, Lyne Lavoie - Scotian and Karen Adams - Brunswicker; Central Canada by Sylvie Pouliot - Montcalm, Danielle Bossé - Donnacona, Carrie Zatychee - Carleton, Kate Whitaker - Catarauqui, Pauline Aquilina - York, Jane Bowie - Star, Leslie Littlewood - Hunter and Martha Lahti - Griffon; Western Canada by Liz Marr - Chippawa, Kim Lovely - Queen, Moira Sheridan - Unicorn, Linda Burton - Tecumseh, Val Robinson - Nonsuch, Cathy Morris - Discovery and Joy Palmetter - Malahat.

We left four months later laden with a few extra pounds and lots of memories . . . .  
NROC MUSTER ON THE JETTY! BLAH BLAH WHOOF WHOOF HORC! ITS NOT FAIR. WROOONG.  
NROC TRANSPORTATION ON THE JETTY. NEEDLE PARADE. DUTY WATCH WHOOPS. POOH BEAR.  
PADDINGTON BEAR. OCDT RIGHT GUARD. YOU GOTTA TAKE DA BULL BY DA HORNS.  
MORNING RUN. "WELL GET ON WITH IT." UNCLE STU, COOKIE, THE BEST CTO A DIVISION  
EVER HAD. CONESTOGA TOAST CLUB. PIZZA PIEMAN. I'M NOT SILLY. THE PIT. LONG BEACH.  
FORBIDDEN PLATEAU. HOOCHIES. PAIR UP WITH A GIMP. SPORTS TABLOID. THE FORGE.  
PAT'S ORANGE BOWS. PRESENT PINAPPLES! BUNNY HOP. MORNING DIVISIONS. CHARTWORK  
C.D.'s. FAIR NOTEBOOK TIME AGAIN. CATHY'S CARTOONS. THE MEDEVIL INN. GUNSCREW '76.  
YES CATHY, ITS FEBRY ALL THE WAY! WE'RE LAUGHIN.

WHAT A SUMMER!!









BACK ROW, Thomas Setterfield CN, Robert Thwaites CN, Jake Pajak YK, Gary Whitehead MT, Dave Weaver HR, Don Stewart NH, Lawrence West SR, Garry Robertson SR, Ron Thompson UN, Andrew Sams SN, Arthur Roach CI, Robert Struthers YK.  
 FRONT ROW, Andrew Sedlar CN, James Woolford SN, Anthony Pittman CT, Terry Stadnyk UN, Gerard Wright CA, Steve Nash DY, Michael Page SN.



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Most people who came to Crusader had absolutely no idea of twenty-one just how lucky they were. To be in Crusader was the and foremost entrance requirement into the "Echo Sierra" Club. A highly exclusive and selective cross section of sophisticated, handsome, and debonair young officer cadets from across Canada.

Crusader was comprised of professionals. It was we from Crusader who came in second in the Fleet Regatta Whaler Sailing Race (with no help from the Fleet Diving Unit, I might add). We came in second only to the second years in the sport tabloids. We were robbed of first place in Gemini 1 (we were offered that lift). It was brain over brawn when all Crusader passed their Communication Exams the first time around. In a few events Crusader was in second place, but that doesn't mean we were second best.

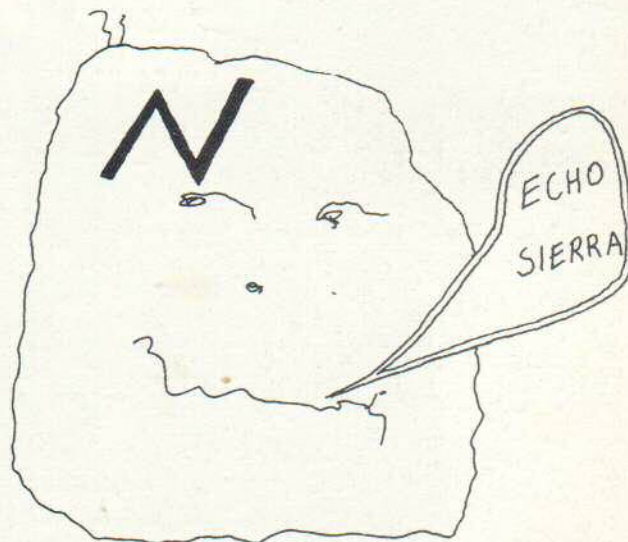
Highlights of our summer training at Naden included the fire-fighting and damage control course, the five day expedition to Forbidden Plateau, and Aid to Civil Power exercises at Albert Head. Let us not forget the special trophies we aquired and hung over our mess entrance.

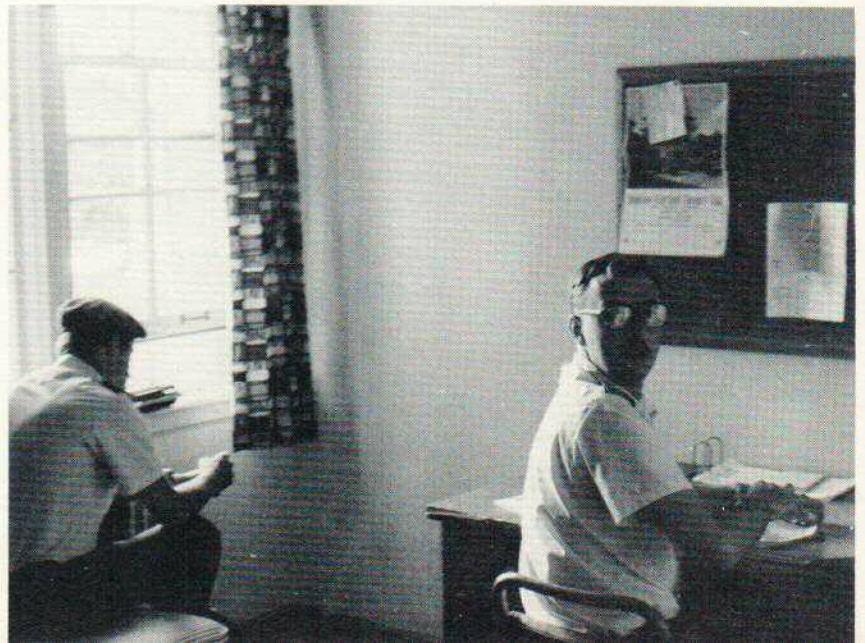
The distinguished members of the "Echo Sierra" Club have chosen a spot for their annual reunion. This year we will meet in the exotic port of San Diego. For this purpose, the influential members of the Club have arranged an Armed Forces escort. The "Echo Sierra" Club members shall ride on the luxurious CF DDE HMCS YUKON. (As you can see, the "E. S." Club is rather special).

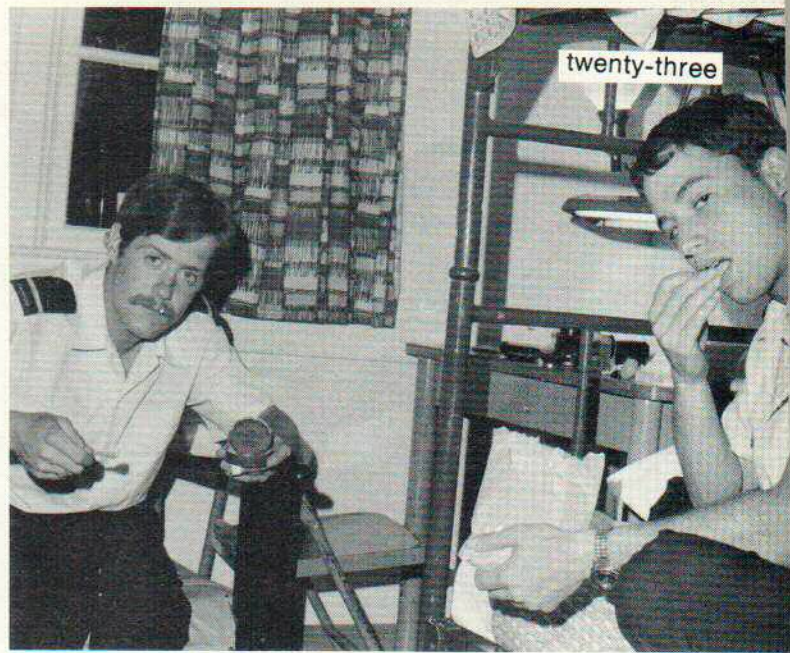
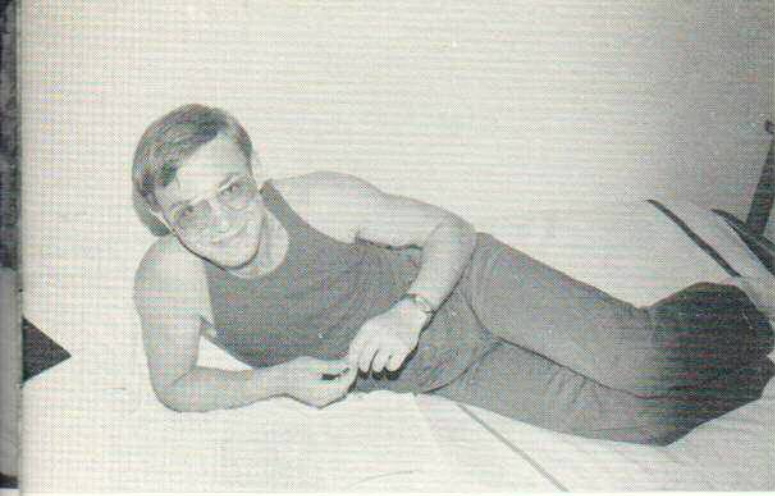
Our summer so far is only half over. They say the best is yet to come. Of course, a good time would not be possible without responsible, high spirited and fun loving people. Crusader will stick together, we have the right kind of people, and we will go "all the way" to ensure that the best is yet to come.

And so, as the prestigious "Echo Sierra" Club heads down to San Diego, we will reflect back on our days of primitive, lowly-like surroundings of the Esquimalt Dockyard. Then we shall realize...we'll be back again next year...and the cry shall be heard around the world...

" ECHO SIERRA "

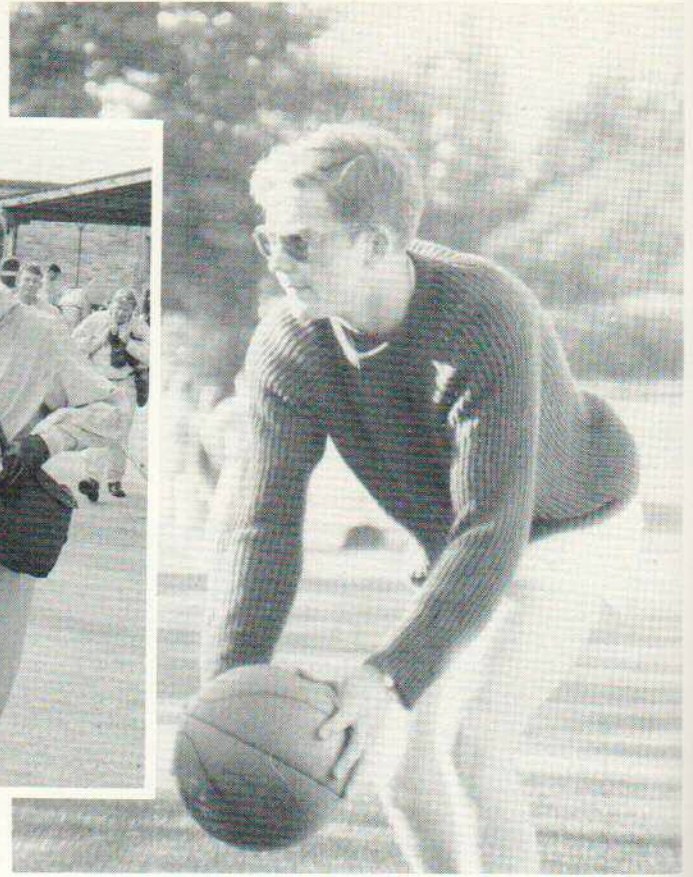
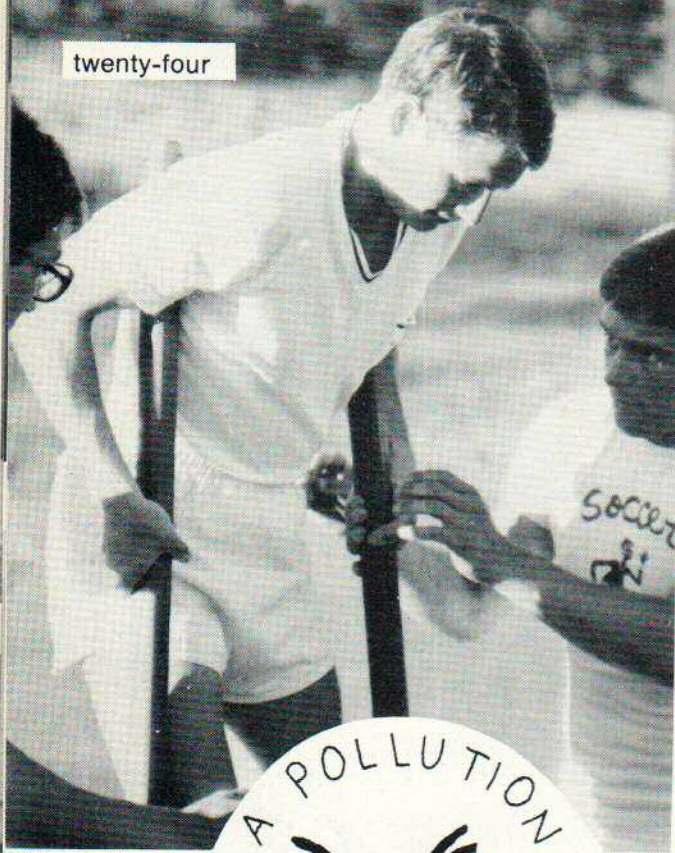








twenty-four



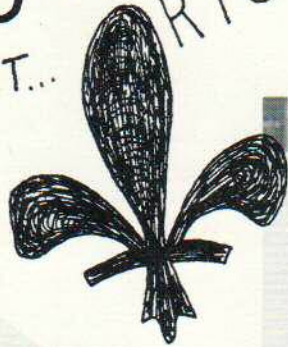
LA POLLUTION



C'EST...

ALL  
RIGHT

*haida*





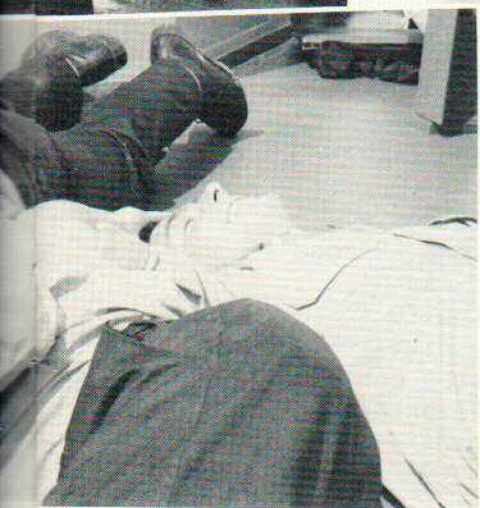
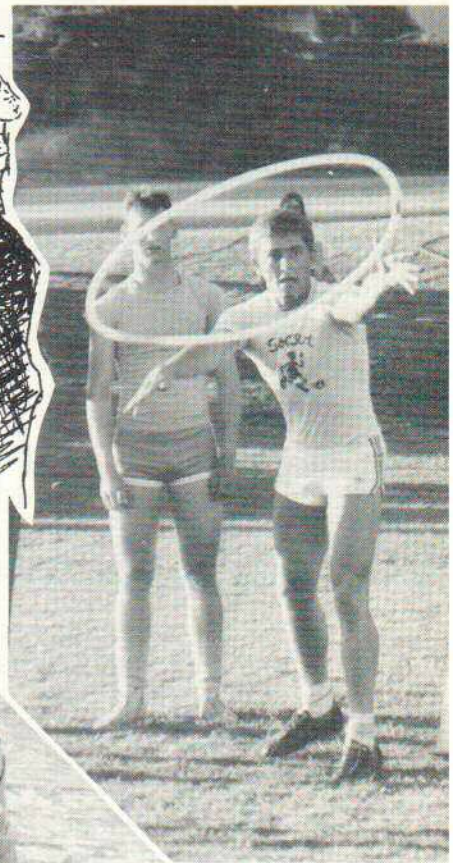
twenty-six

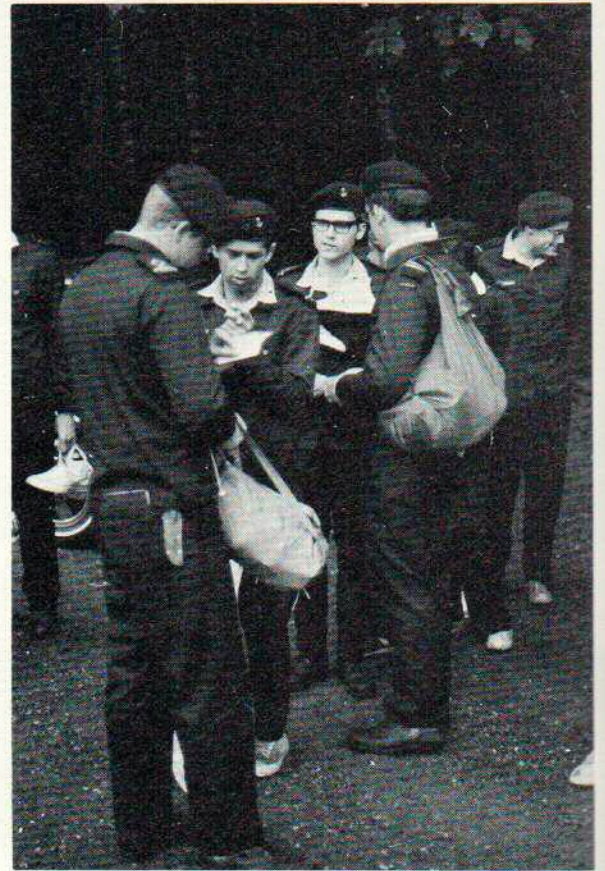
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W E

haida



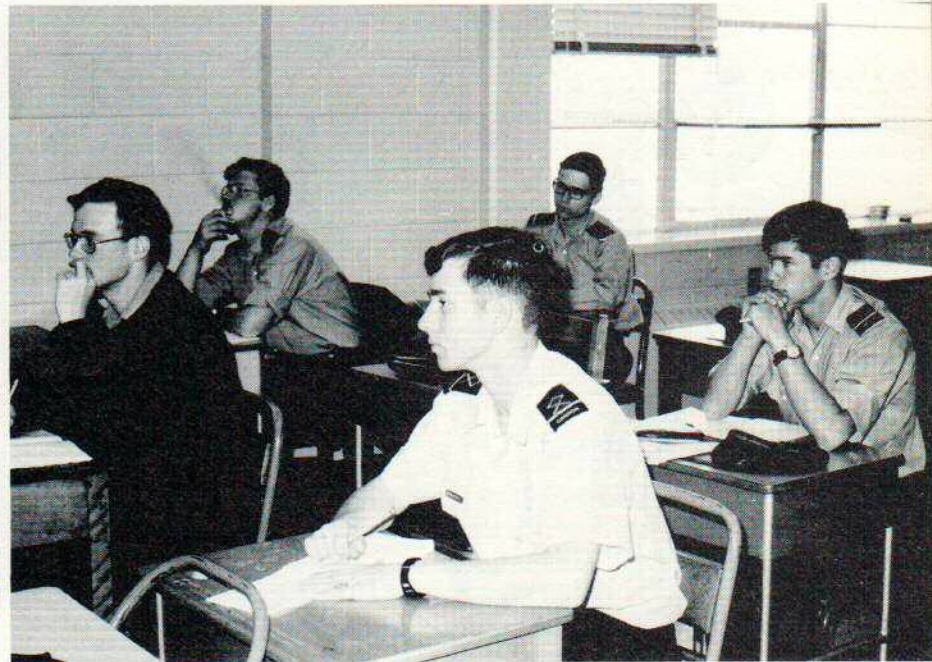
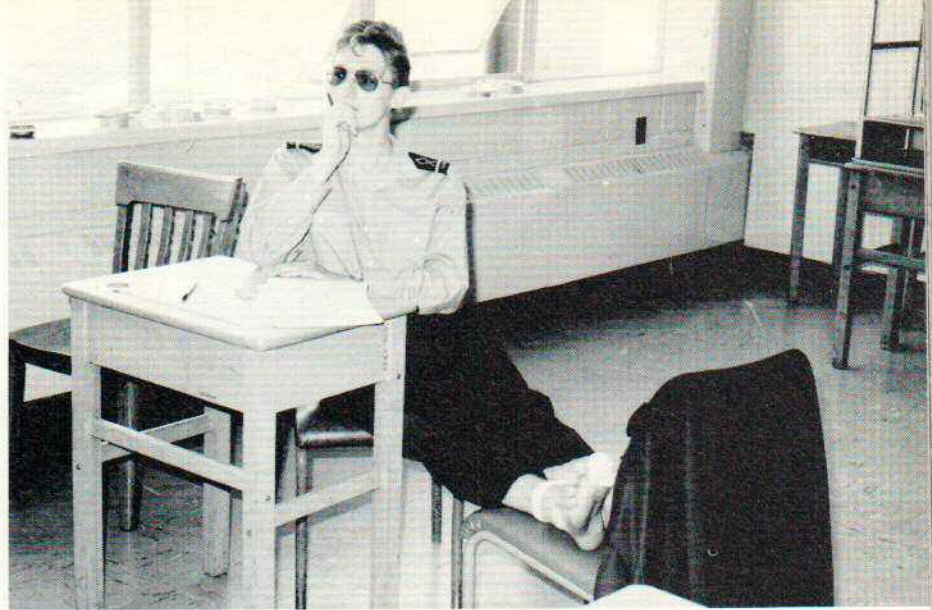
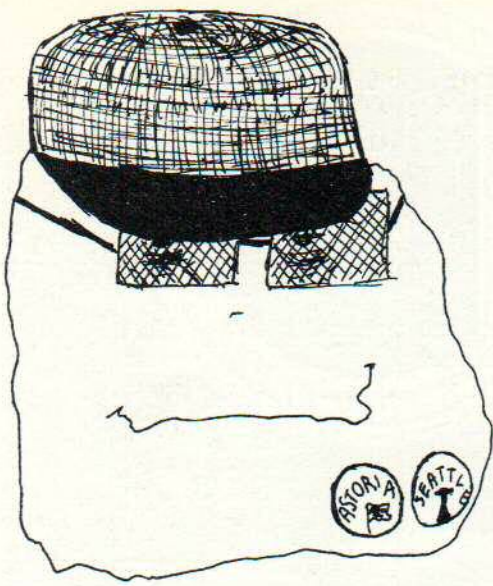




Huron division was one of the few to have its members stationed across Canada not only before the summer but during it as well. The bulk of the eight manned group were held on the FRED with occasional trips to Royal Roads, the Minesweepers (*yeah Astoria and Seattle*) and the YFP's. One member had the fortune to be held captive at Borden and another at Halifax.

Being a relatively small division, it could hide itself after a pimp by pretending to be responsible people. Other advantages to a small division were one to one instructor--student ratio (the other seven were asleep) and remembering what everyone in the division drank. Some disadvantages were the fact that if one member didn't show up for class, he was really missed, and that for sports tabloids we were undermanned.

During the training summer, the bulk of the time was spent at Rosie's canteen. The remaining hours (BOTH OF THEM) were wasted at the Gunroom's Sunday Night Parties, the bx and the boatshed. The boatshed was of particular interest since with only eight people, the opportunity for misdemeanours was *substancially* increased. Occasionally the division was ordered to stop sailing in the mortar firing range, to stop continually sailing 'in irons' and to stop coming back before secure. Nevertheless everyone in the division got their own 420 *Command Ticket!!*



The Division hosted some interesting people. Who will ever forget Doug and his war games. He was the only participant to strategically contract mono, to scare off competitors. He was awarded the Order of the Purple Spleen. However, the enemy struck back with the case of the misplaced brow. What about Pooh Bear's demanding division, and George's Ukranian haircuts (divers 50% off), and Muzz's football, Murray's camera, and Kim's late night movies or finally Danno's insane seven.

Since several members held cadet *incaptaincies* the actual parade division consisted of one platoon officer, one petty officer and a "one man, all ranks; one rank, one file mustered and correct" division.

Overall Huron greatly appreciated the efforts of many instructors, the soothing words of Uncle Steve and Aunt Debbie, the fine food at *La petite colombe*, and the fine times in the Gunroom. Thanks to all concerned--"that's all I have to say for now."



BACK ROW, Nancy Chaston SN, Kathy Keith BR, Maureen Callaway HR, Mary Furlong CT,  
 Diane Gratton DA, Lynne Higgins UN, Eva Stewart CI, Connie Davidson DY.  
 FRONT ROW, Elspeth Naismith SR, Lucie Lachaine MM, Gerry Whelan YK, SLT Vicki  
 Pitt SN, Ginette Boisvert CN, Dominique Dufresne MM, Cathy Bruce CT.



Magnificent Division (ne Conestoga) gathered together in Halifax for their thirty-one second summer of training on 10 May 76. Twelve girls were present, Lynne arrived four days late, Ginette two weeks late and Liz and Chris never returned for their second summer. After renewing old acquaintances and setting up our headquarters at St. Mary's University, we settled down to begin our two month course. For the first week, our divisional officer was LT Connie Carmichael from Unicorn.

We started with a two week divisional officer course, led by LT Hugues Letourneau from Donnacona, whose favorite saying became a punch line, "C'est un gag!" Our D.O. course included military writing, military law, PERS, NATRAPS, and an instructional technique seminar, in which everyone had to present two 20 minute lessons to their syndicates. Topics for these lessons ranged from parts of a bicycle and a camera to basic chess moves and proper etiquette on a date.

This was followed by a week and a half of communications, under the able guidance of CPO Morran from Scotian. We had flashing every morning at 0800 to refresh our memories and bring up our speeds after the break since the last summer. Classes in voice procedure, flags, message preparation and handling, all combined to keep us busy. But there were the brighter moments. Who can forget Gerry's immortal words, "You can take your ship and....disregard this transmission, out."

And somewhere along the way, we met up with a group of British and American officers in Halifax on course. The USN, particularly LCDR Hank Clay, was especially impressed by the number of parentheses behind our rank designation. OCDT (NR) (W) became something like "Officer Cadet bracket bracket N bracket bracket R bracket bracket W bracket" when he said it. With close ties developing between the CAF Naval Reserve (female) and the USN (male) and RN (male), it was almost with reluctance we left for three days of adventure training--a canoe trip down the Musquodoboit River, aptly nicknamed the Mosquito Bite River. Our inspiring leaders were THE SHERB Lt Frnak Sherber a submariner, and THE REX Slt Wally Fry an ex-reserve parachutist, gone reg. Joining the group were our DIVO, Slt Vicki Pitt from Scotian, our Admin Cleark, LW Faith Elsey, from Brunswicker, and Lcdr Dunlop the OIC Naval Reserves for the East Coast. Merrily the Wavy Navy rowed down the river, in our bright red Fleet School canoes, under the watchful eyes of the cows grazing along the shore. Pitching camp every evening was an exciting event ending in a campfire gathering and a good night's sleep. When we arrived back at the Wardroom, our combats reeking of insect repellent, we converged on the Snake Pit for a beer guzzling sing-a-long. The USN and RN bid us a fond farewell prior to their departure that afternoon and many shed a tear at Hank's rendition of "The belles of St. Mary's" a parody of the theme from the Broadway musical.

For the next week we were the first course of female officers to take the Maritime Warfare Introductory Course at the Warfare School. Also taking the course were Canadian, American and British 'zoomies' (helicopter pilots), navigators and fixed wing pilots, so many barbed comments were exchanged at the breaks.



We've been together for two years long,  
Through thick and thin we've stood it strong,  
And so before we say so long,  
I'd like to write this little song.

First came Alsgard, Esquimalt and Fred,  
Late nights, duty watch, cleaning the heads,  
We prepared for inspection with shoe polish (white)\*  
Many a good cadet hit the deck that night.

The Expeds were best with our brother division,  
Killing the enemy with no ammunition,  
But steaks and drinks ended it right,  
Letting off tension with a great beer fight.

In our second year came Halifax,  
A base where you could breathe and relax,  
While the food in the dining room was not up to par,  
We all really enjoyed the Wardroom Bar.

From Conestoga to Magnificent we changed our name,  
But nevertheless we were still the same,  
Rowdy and raunchy of notorious fame,  
Well, the songs and the drink were all to blame.

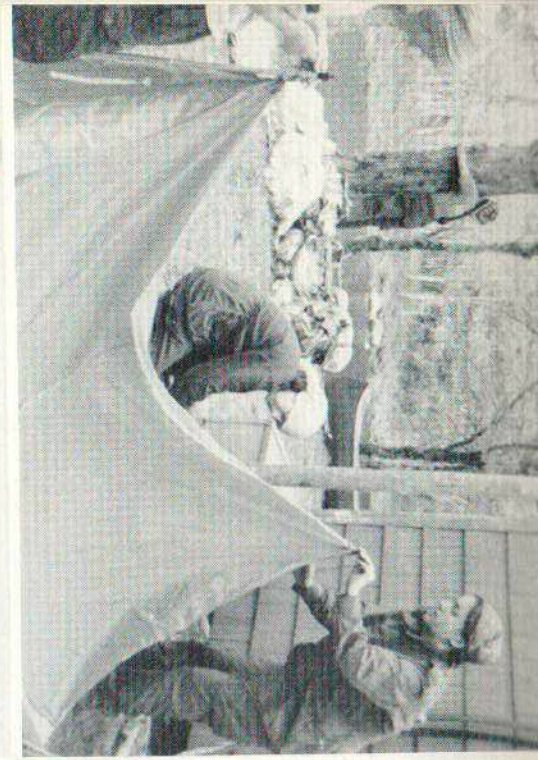
So goodbye to Diane with all the questions,  
Dominique and Lucie (the French Connection),  
Furlong with her sing-a-long,  
Connie and her men,  
And Calloway yelling  
"Let's go running again."

Goodbye to Bruce the Newf on the loose,  
And Higgins the one who went man-mad,  
And Stewart the jock with her smelly old socks,  
And Whelan who couldn't be had (or bad).

So we'll say goodbye,  
With a tear in our eye,  
And a stiff drink to the lip,  
and never say die,  
Goodbye to us all,  
We were good comrades,  
But above it all,  
We were SUPERSHADS!

\*vodka and gin

Gerry Whelan



Next we launched into our favourite subject--navigation. Taught by LT Jack Marshall from Scotian, we learned (again?!!) sunsets and tides and did several fixing papers. Each of us was given a passage to plan through Halifax Harbour and we had a chance to execute these plans on a long weekend--Friday, Saturday and Sunday. On board HMCS Porte St. Jean, we stood OOW, NAVO, Fixing O, Blind Pilotage O, Helmsperson and a one hour duty in the Engineroom. Our patient (!) and understanding CO was LCDR Wolicky, the XO was LCDR Wendall Sandford from Scotian and the blind pilotage instructor was LT Jeff Gilmour, also from Scotian. Due to fog on Friday, we spent the whole day executing circles in Bedford Basin, but luckily, the fog lifted and for Saturday and Sunday, we plied through Halifax Harbour, from Bedford Basin to Chebucto Head, and back again, ad nauseum.

Our final two weeks of course was labelled "Maritime Command Introduction" and was composed of a wide variety of subjects, including: MARCOM structure NAVRES Structure, Meteorology, NCS, and Oceanography. We visited MARCOM HQ, Combined Support Division, National Harbours Board, Harbour Control, CFB Greenwood and CFB Cornwallis, among other places. Our final class party was a divisional dinner the Sunday before the course ended, since we got a four-day weekend after the course and everyone left as soon as they could.

Gerry, Maureen, Connie and Diane left for Borden for a Logistics course and the rest of us spread over the base and Dockyard at various jobs. Ginette worked at MIR for one week, then took the two week D.O. course she had missed, then went to the Command Surgeon's office. Dominique went to CFB Cornwallis to act as translator for the Sea Cadet camp there for two weeks, then returned to Halifax to work in their District Regional Office. The rest worked in the following places:

Cathy Bruce--Base Administration Office  
 Nancy Chaston--Destroyer Squadron One  
 Mary Furlong--DNAVRES  
 Lynne Higgins--Fleet School (Engineering Division)  
 Kathy Keith--Messes and Institutes  
 Lucie Lachaine--Sea Operations  
 Elspeth Naismith--District Regional Office  
 Eva Stewart--DCOSSEA

For the final three weeks of summer, these ten headed to Borden for an ADMIN course. It's been a great summer--and best wishes to everyone on the West course.

Les québécoises de la Magnifique division vivent un été du tonnerre. Quelle fut notre joie au tout début de mai de revoir nos consoeurs anglaises. Au risque de répéter les propos déjà émis par celles-ci, nous vous assurons que l'été a été bien rempli. Deux mois d'entraînement, deux officiers divisionnaires, une seule inspection matinale et le tout confort de notre suite française à l'université St. Mary's. Quoi demander de mieux.

La St-Jean-Baptiste a été fêté en grande pompe: les épis de blé d'inde et les fraises fraîches arrosés d'un rhum de circonstance ont réuni Diane, Ginette, Lynne, Dominique et Lucie à la même enseigne. Le port de l'insigne québécois nous a même été permis... du moins pour quelques heures. Bref, nous sommes satisfaites de notre séjour à Halifax et attendons avec impatience l'heure où nous irons rejoindre nos compagnes déjà installées à Borden. Bons baisers d'Halifax et à bientôt, le quartier français.

The first in a series of annual expeditions was launched this year on Saturday, the 12<sup>th</sup> of June. The directive was to incite spirited "voluntary fun" on a demanding two phased trek. It was designed to be available to first and second year NROC s, the JOUT s, and the staff. The positions to fill were seven eight-person teams (maximum of two females per team) and several support positions, such as check point officials, route and regulation organizers and expedition officials. The attractive "voluntary" element hypnotically drew acclaimed and secretive masochists to what promised to be an interesting and challenging day.

At the early hour of 0400 all participants were up and facing a box lunch for breakfast. Several pickles bussed them to Niagara Creek where Gemini was to be launched. The teams organized themselves and anxiously awaited the briefing.

"SITUATION: You have been dropped behind enemy lines and must make your ETA at Esquimalt via Albert Head by 1800. Avoid enemy contact- they are close behind you. Friendly agents are at the check points."

At 0600 Gemini I was successfully launched by the colourful "Team SCOPA" who brandished the starboard pennant. The remaining teams were launched at 5 minute intervals. Each team was given instructions on how to avoid the enemy and how to arrive at the next rendez-vous point for further instructions. Several messages were encoded to delay enemy intelligence reports. The messages contained objects to look for, tasks to perform, and clues on how to arrive at the next station. Although the teams lacked the ground-pounding professionalism of a pongo, the general consensus was that a grunt would be marching in circles since he wouldn't have the naval officer's intelligence to decode the messages and unriddle the clues.



*Arriving at the  
launching pad.*

The first noticeable problem was the disappearance of "Team SCOPA". At first<sup>thirty-five</sup> it was thought that they might have fallen off the 200 foot trestle. Apparently they went to see what was on the other side of a mountain- a BIG mother-of-a-mountain. The next problem was crossing a mine field. There were no casualties reported. The next check point presented a task: cut a log in half with a dull axe. This, of course, presented no problem to those who are accustomed to cutting their steaks on the Fred.

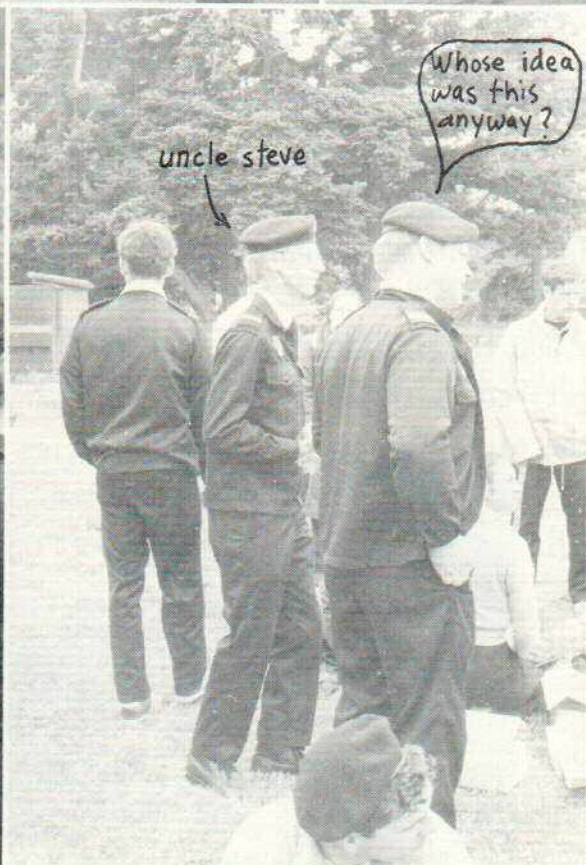
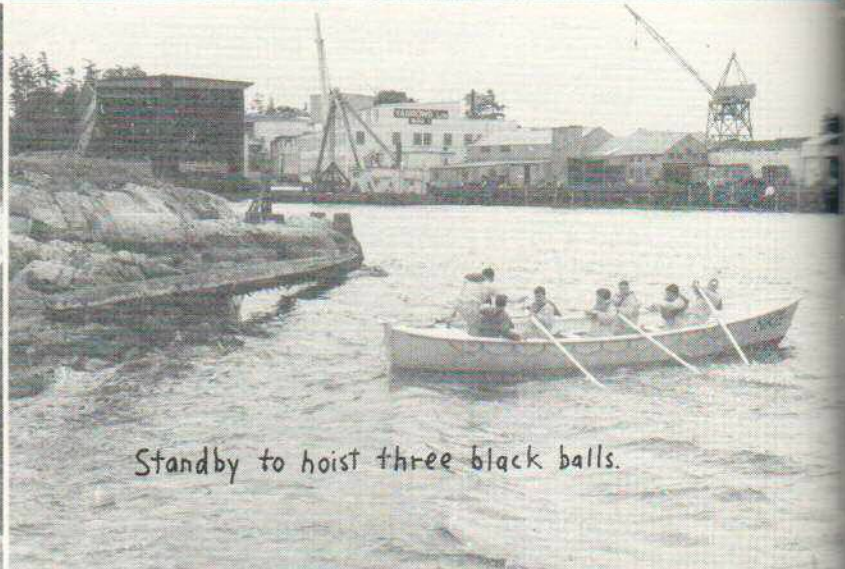
Several memorable events happened on this phase of the expedition: misleading messages left by groups in the front sent groups in the rear off in wrong directions; asking civilians, "Which way did they go?"; wondering which way to cross the bridge, wondering how to carry that rock; saying, "Either we're lost again or that team is going the wrong way,"; hitch-hiking a ride; walking in a gaggle when nobody was in sight; running to the next check point; getting a drink of water from the support staff; living off two sneakers full of honey; and finally wondering, "Who conned us into this anyway?"

Eventually, all teams arrived at Albert Head, and were greeted by box lunches. Many sore feet were bandaged and low spirits disappeared. But the enthusiasm for the up-coming naval portion was soon to be dampened by adverse weather conditions. The sea operation was hampered by gale force winds- which, although didn't perturb the teams, did sway the support staff into cancelling the sail from Albert Head to Esquimalt Harbour. An alternative plan to sail around the harbour was also blown into reclusion by these winds. So the weary teams were forced into pulling the whalers around the harbour- but only after exhibiting their seamanship knowledge of splices, whippings, knots and hitches. The teams' disappointment of not actually displaying their sailing talents and skills were soon forgotten as the finish line was sighted.

The exhausted teams and the patient support staff ( they waited a long time for some teams! ) then retired to the Fred to await the banyan. Plenty of food and drink soon cheered all the participants. All aching muscles and heavy eyelids were ignored as the tabulation of scores was anxiously awaited. The winning team- Columbia - honorably received the treasured "HUM" award.

Much fun was had by all participants ensuring a continuation of this voluntary expedition wherein the only gains were fun, team spirit, and maybe a sore muscle or two. Many thanks to all those who made Gemini I a success - we'll see you all at Gemini II - and by the way, better weather has been promulgated!

-MUZZ-



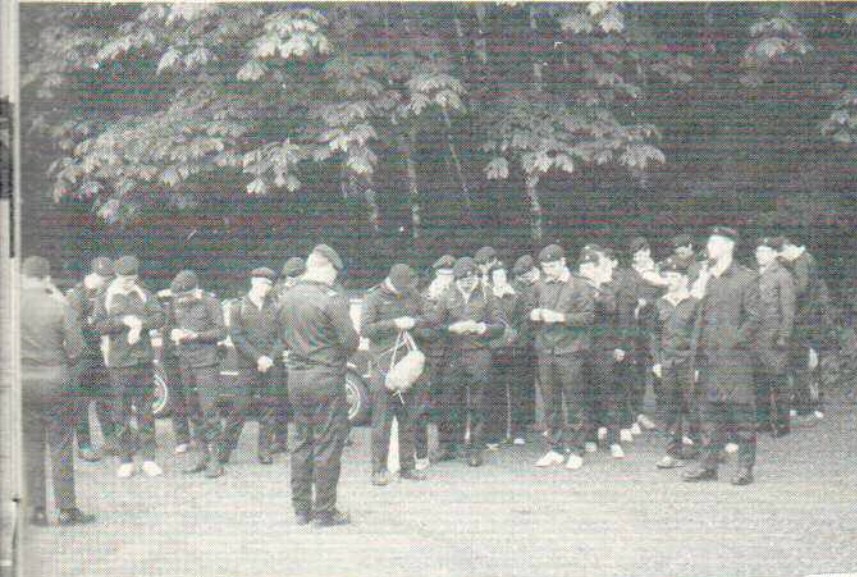
TASK: First hoist the Battle Ensign, then assemble a whaler."

"It's not Wednesday, so it's not French- obviously it's Egyptian hieroglyphics!"



thirty-seven

WRONGGG!!



CHUG!



BAND ON THE RUN



"Whatever you do - don't go up that mountain!"



"I think we're being followed.... we MUST be going the right way."

Cut the biggest Douglas Fir that you can find with the smallest axe that we can find.

# N WAR

## 1.0 INTRODUCTION

## 2.0 GENERAL COURSE OF PLAY

## 3.0 GAME EQUIPMENT

### 3.1 The Game Map

### 3.2 The Playing Pieces

### 3.3 Game Charts and Tables

### 3.4 Game Equipment Inventory

### 3.5 Game Scale

## 4.0 SEQUENCE OF PLAY

### 4.1 The Game Turn

### 4.2 Sequence Outline

### 4.3 Game Length

## 5.0 MOVEMENT

### 5.1 How to Move Units

### 5.2 Inhibitions and Prohibitions

### 5.3 Effects of Friendly Units

### 5.4 Air Transport

## 6.0 ZONES OF CONTROL

### 6.1 Movement Effects

### 6.2 Combat Effects

### 6.3 Supply Effects

## 7.0 COMBAT

### 7.1 Which Units May Attack

### 7.2 Multiple Unit and Multi-Hex Combat

## 8.0 SUPPLY

## 9.0 REINFORCEMENTS

## 10.0 VICTORY CONDITIONS

## 11.0 SCENARIOS

## 12.0 PLAYERS NOTES

## 13.0 DEVELOPER'S NOTES

## 1.0 INTRODUCTION

N War is a simulation on a platoon/section level of the events taking place from May to August 1976 at CFB Esquimalt. The simulation is primarily of the NROC divs. and the various NRTC staff members involved in their training.

## 2.0 GENERAL COURSE OF PLAY

N-WAR is basically a multi player game. Each player moves his units associated with a particular NROC division, around a map of CFB Esquimalt attempting to fulfill victory conditions and gain moral points. The player commanding the division with the most accumulated moral points at the end of the game wins a can of shoe polish. The player with the fewest points gets a lollipop.

## 3.0 GAME EQUIPMENT

### 3.1 The Mapsheet

The 8" by 17" mapsheet portrays CFB Esquimalt, the historical battlefield where the NROC War took place. A hexagonal mapsheet has been superimposed upon the map to regularize movement and position of the playing pieces.

### 3.2 The Playing Pieces

The different playing pieces (henceforth known as units) represent the various divisions and NRTC staff involved in the N-WAR. The playing pieces are distinguished by their divisional name, type, intrinsic moral strength, and alcohol consumption rating, as represented by the numbers and symbols printed on their faces.

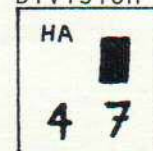
### 3.3 Game Charts and Tables

Various visual aids are provided for the Players to simplify and illustrate certain game functions. These are the Combat Results Tables, Turn Record Track, Parade Results Tables etc. All tables are to be found on the following page.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 65

### 3.21 Sample Units

#### Division



Unit type

Alcohol consumption

Intrinsic moral

CONESTOGA

CN ♀  
69 8

HAIDA

HA a  
8 19

HURON

HN ♂  
7 9

CHAUDIERE

CE ♂  
8 12

CAYUGA

CA div  
9 10

COLUMBIA

CO Whoop  
9 10

CRUSADER

CR ES  
10 15

CHIEF HAMLIN

CH ♂  
5 5

PADRE

PE +  
15 2

MT USN  
AN  
68 99

PARADE RESULTS TABLE

DIE ROLL	RESULT	MORAL POINTS
1	DIVISION PERFORMS WELL	GAIN 8
2-4	NO EFFECT	NO EFFECT
5	CHITTED FOR SLOPPY DRESS	LOSE 5
6	CHITTED FOR SLOPPY MARCH	LOSE 5

NOTE: If the division involved was drinking the previous evening, add 2 to the die roll before consulting the table.

TUDOR HOUSE RESULTS TABLE

DIE ROLL	RESULTS AND COMMENTS	MORAL POINTS
1	USUAL DEBAUCHERY AND FUL	GAIN 8
2	FAIL COMM EXAM NEXT DAY	LOSE 5
3	FAIL COMM SUPS NEXT DAY	LOSE 10
4	HUNGOVER ON PARADE	LOSE 3
5	THROWN OUT BY MANAGER	GAIN 9
6	FALL IN LUST WITH WAITRESS	GAIN 2

INCIDENTAL MORAL TABLE

DISEASE OF THE MONTH

DIE ROLL	DISEASE
1	SORE THROAT
2	COLD
3	BRONCHITIS
4	PNEUMONIA
5	INFECTIOUS MONO
6	HEMOPHILIUS INFLUENZA

DIE ROLL	RESULT	MORAL POINTS
1	MOVE TO ROADS	GAIN 55
2	GET SWEEPS FOR MARS III	GAIN 2
3	STAY ON FRED	LOSE 13
4	LETTER FROM HOME	GAIN 3
5	BECOME A C.C.	LOSE 5
6	JOIN THE ECHO SIERRA CLUB	GAIN 12



ESQUIMALT HARBOUR

'A' JETTY

'B' JETTY

'C' JETTY

BLUE BOAT

FRED

DND BUS STOP

DRYDOCK

FORCES MAIL OFFICE

FIRE PALLE

PARADE SQUARE

VENTURE FIELD

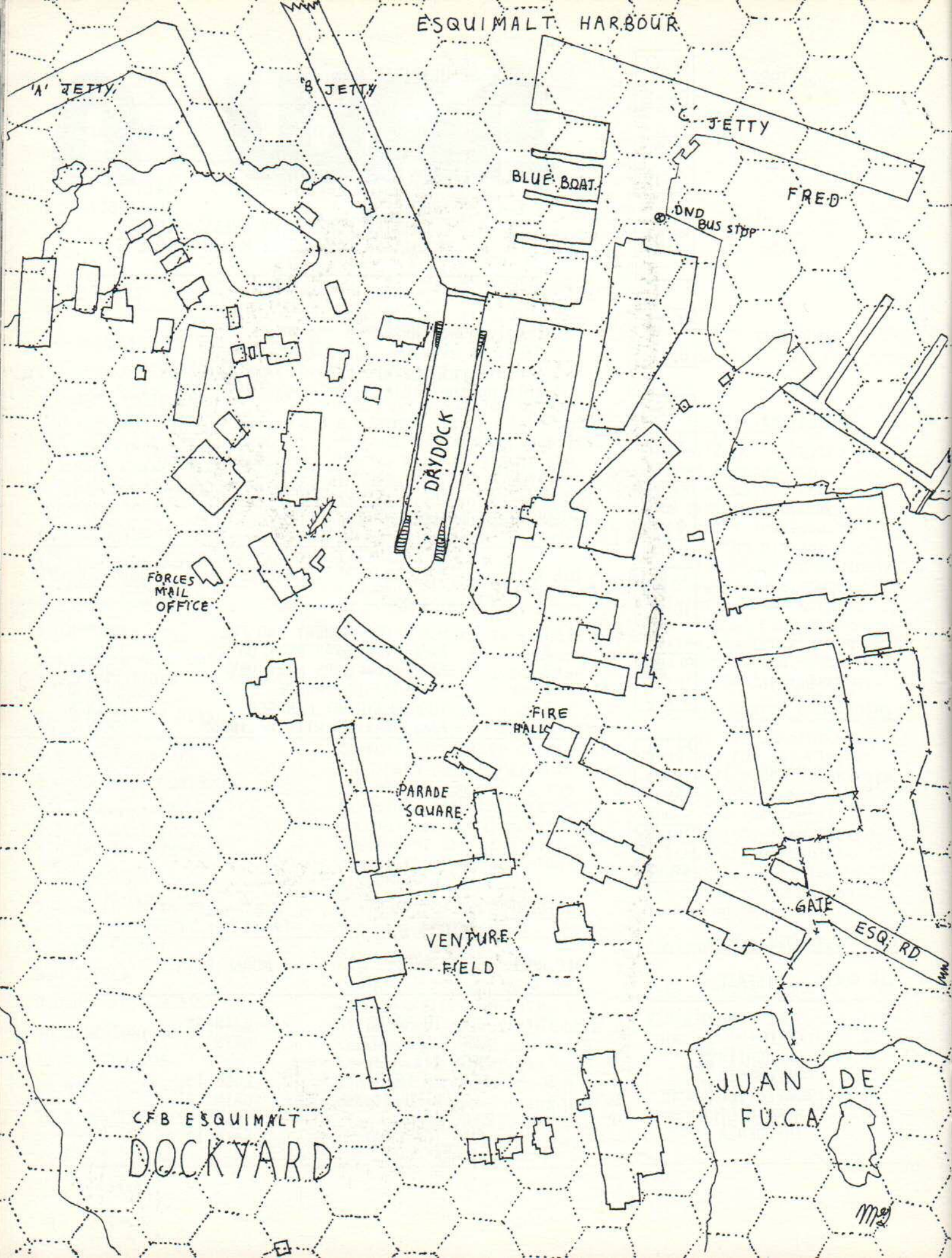
GATE

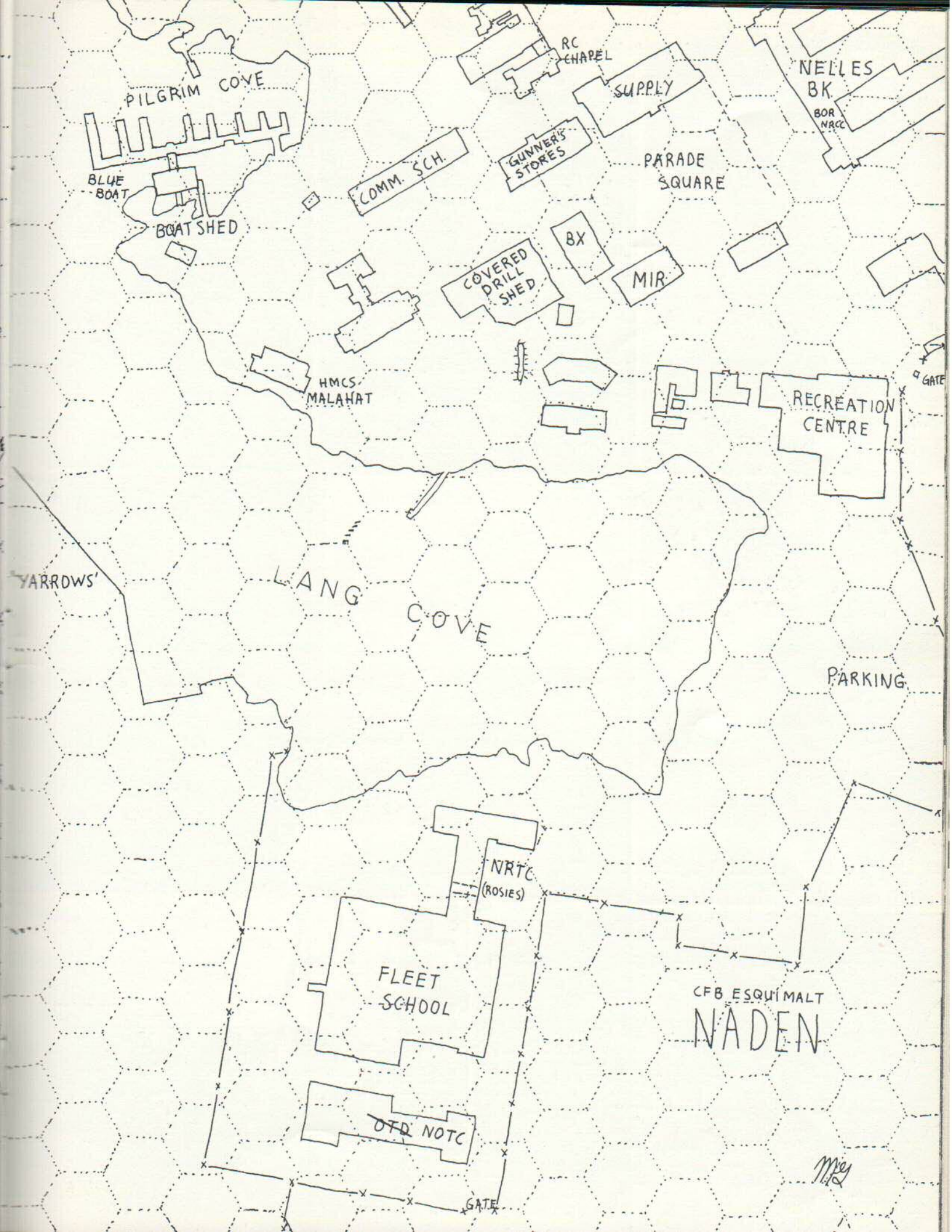
ESQ. RD

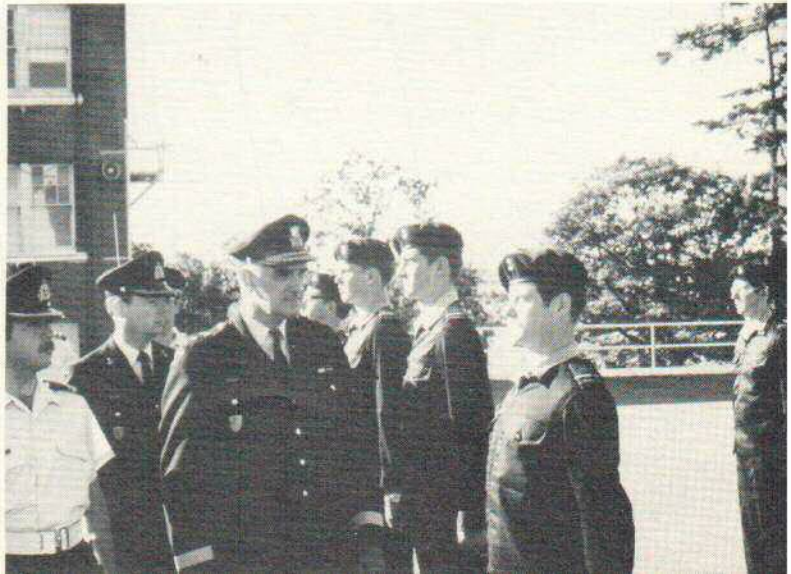
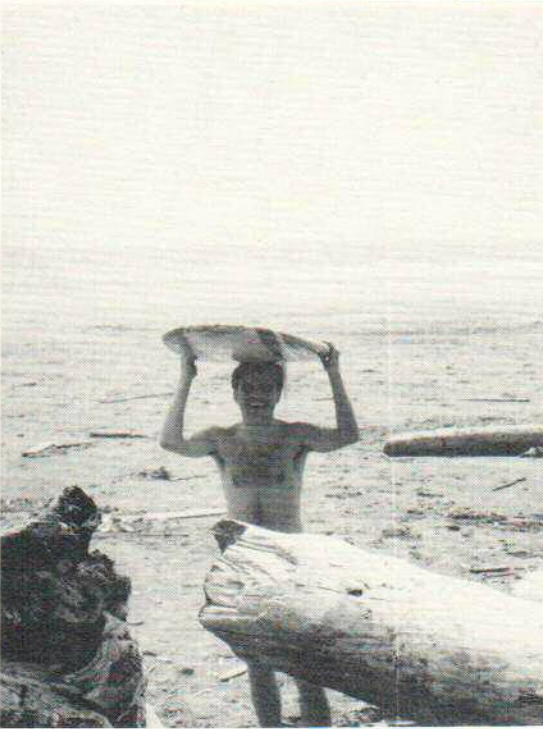
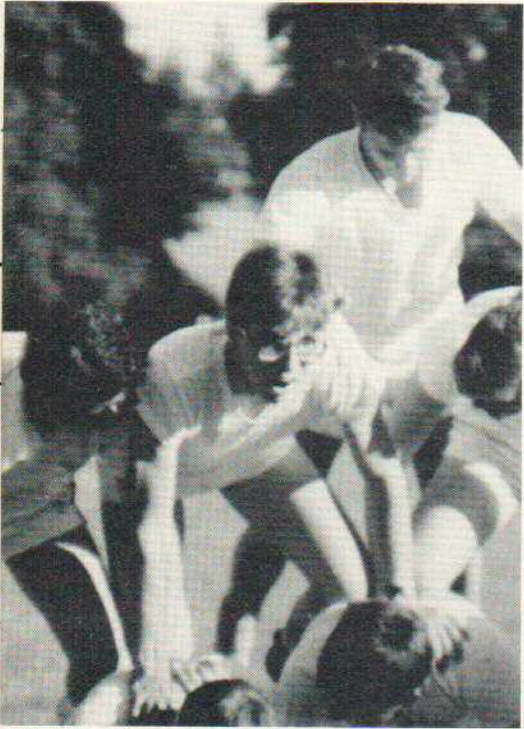
CFB ESQUIMALT DOCKYARD

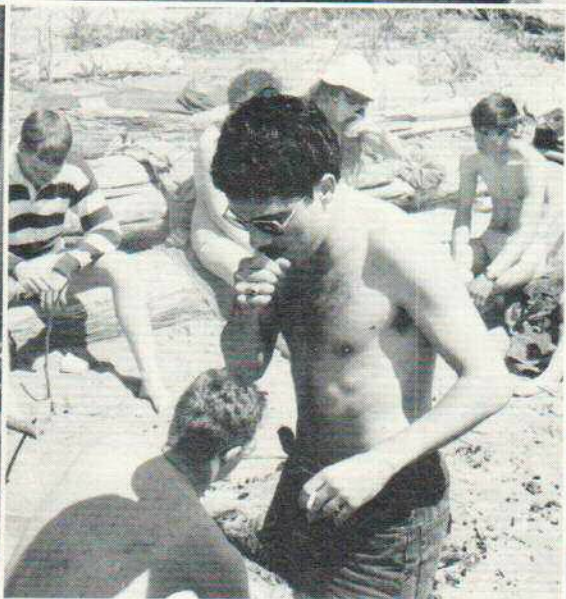
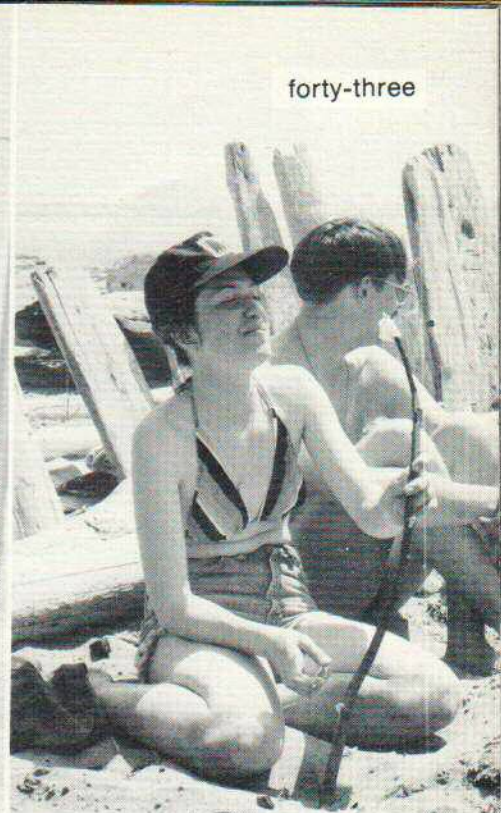
JUAN DE FUCA

M2

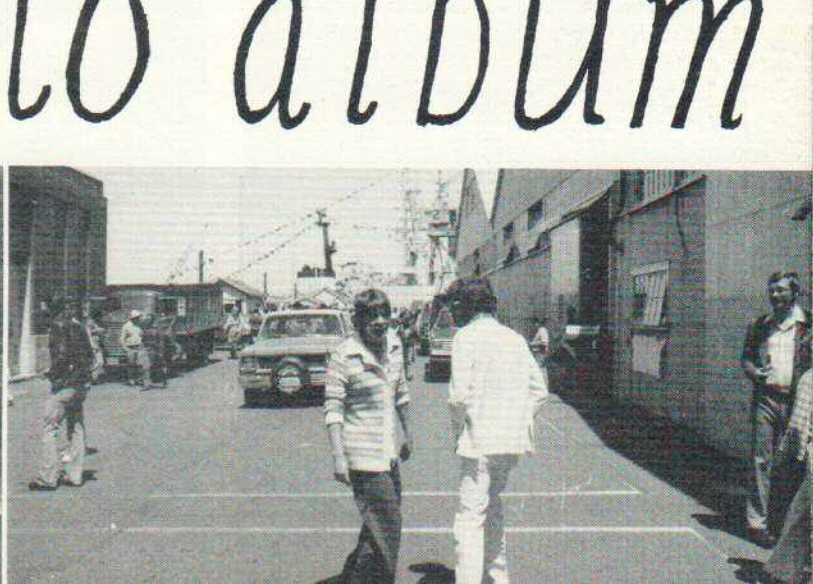
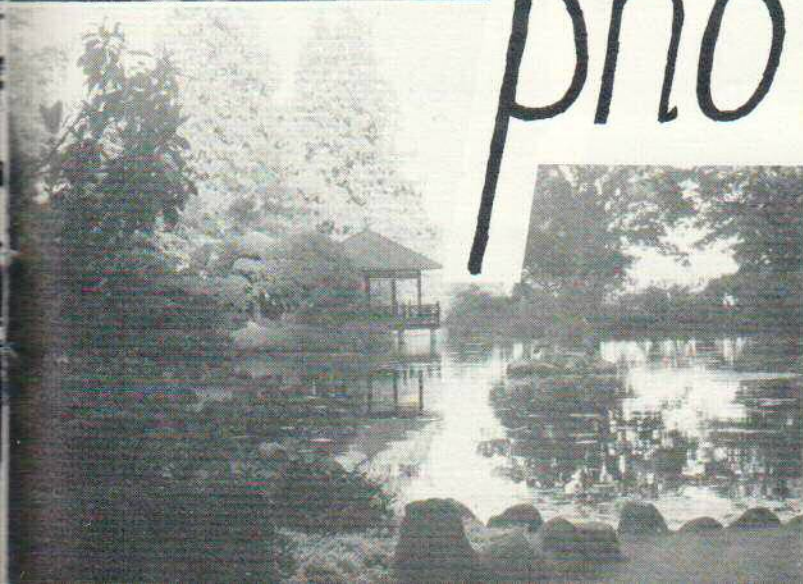




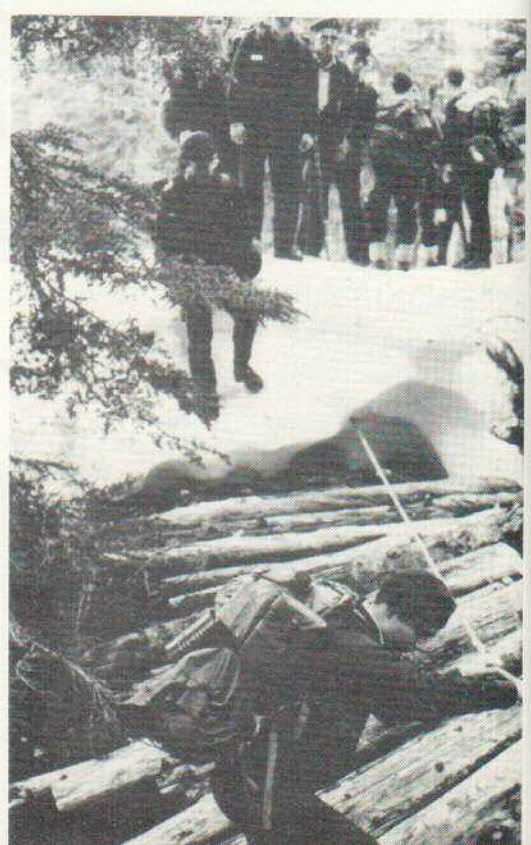
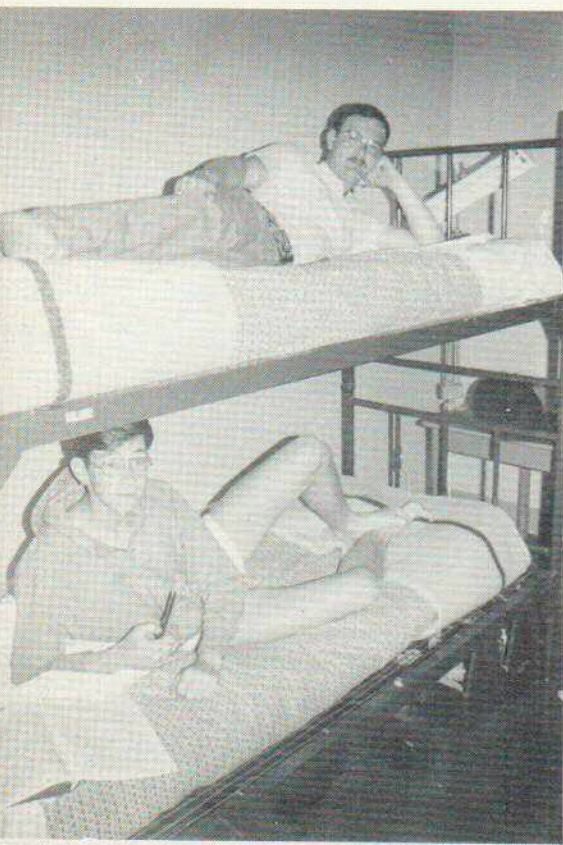
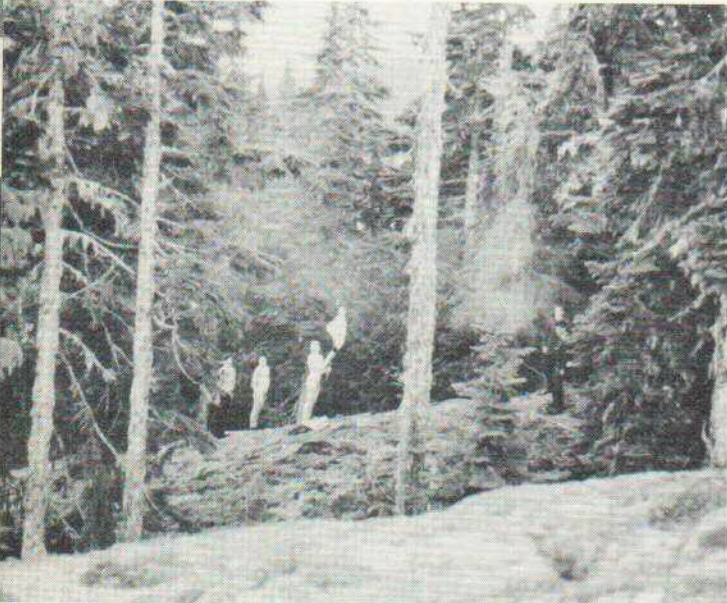


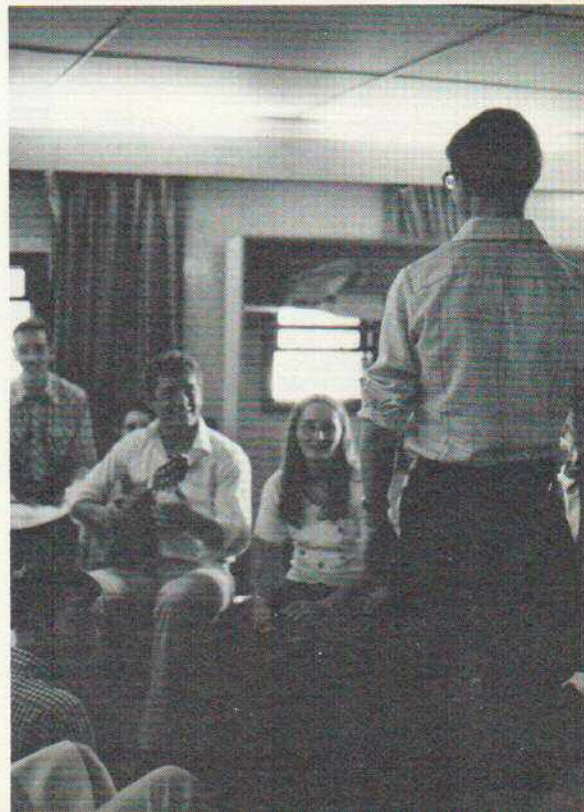
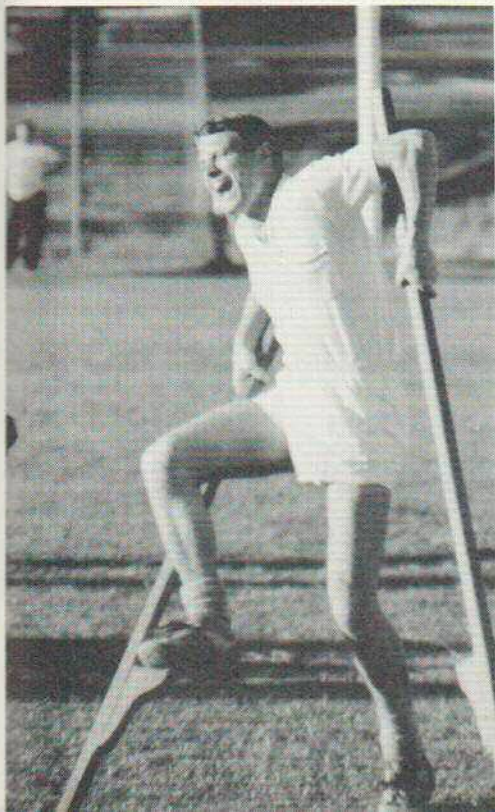
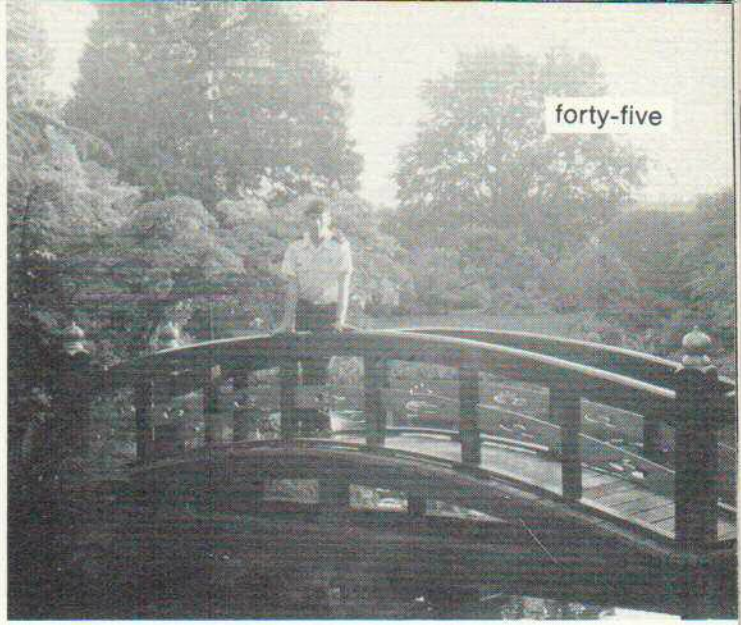


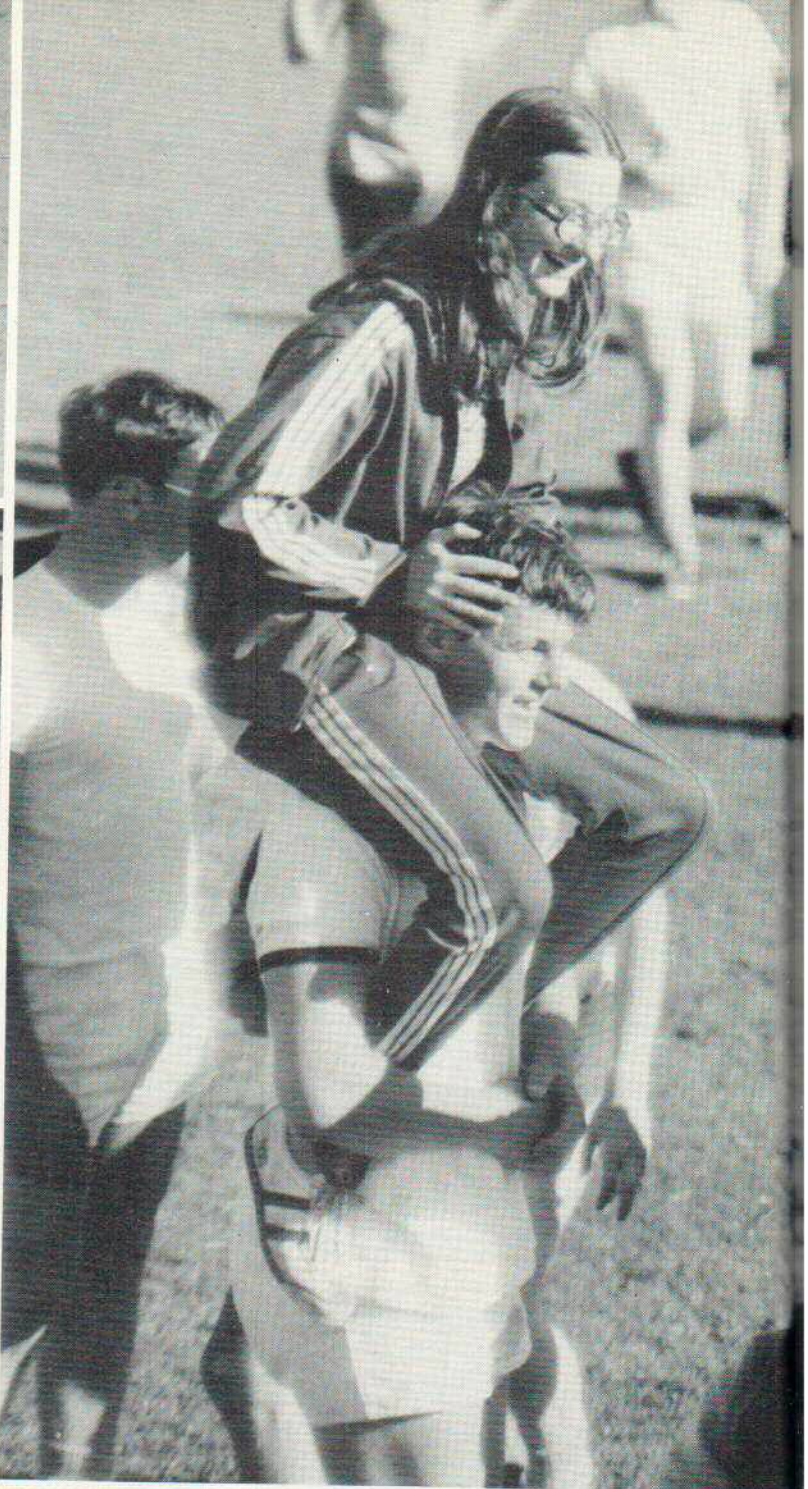
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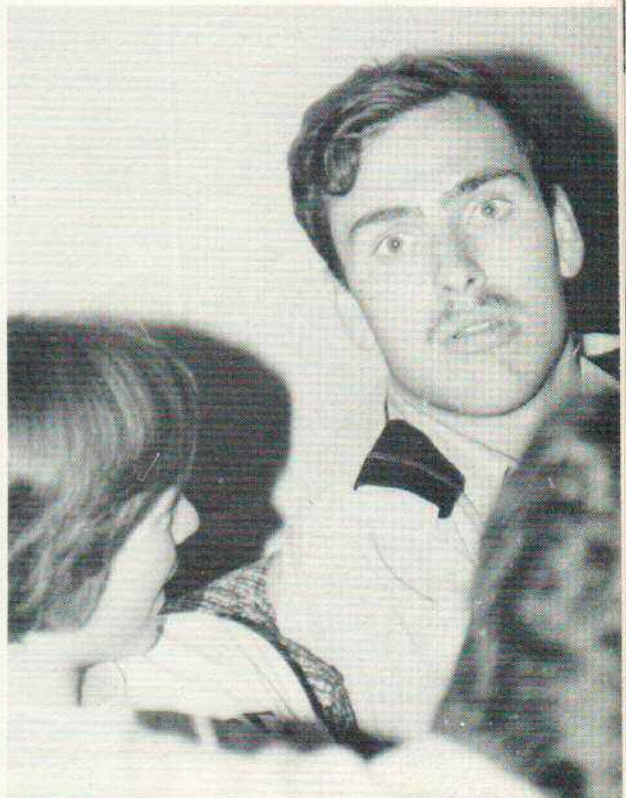
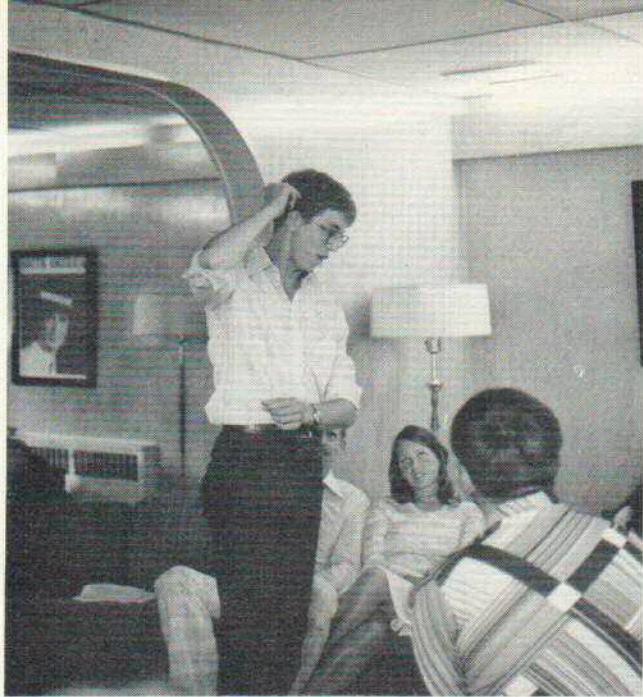


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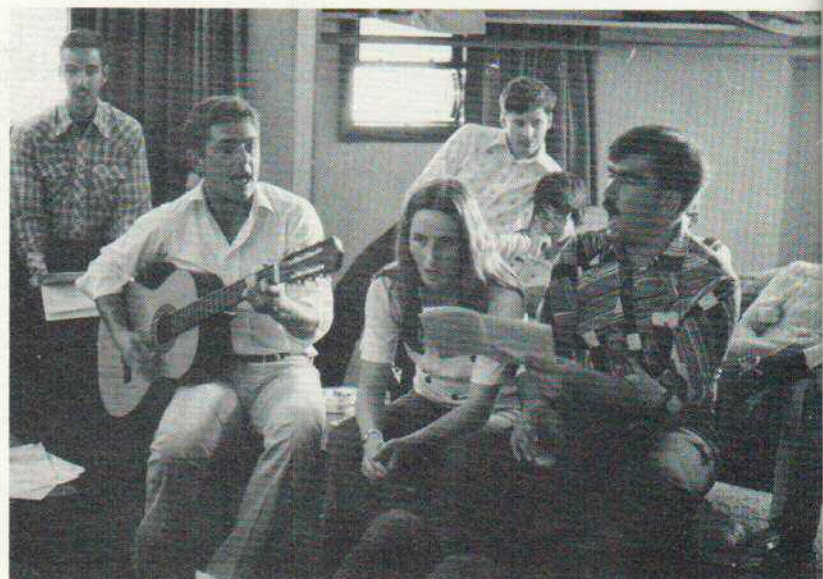


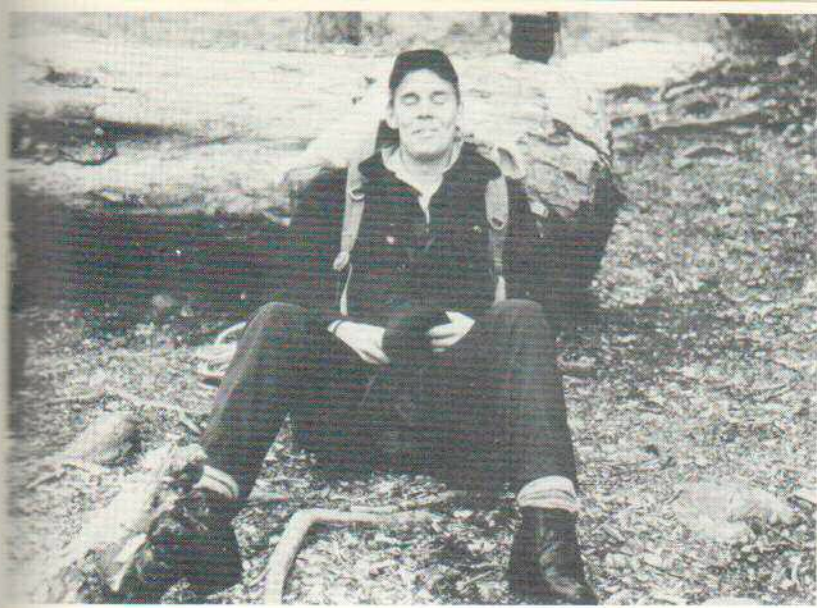




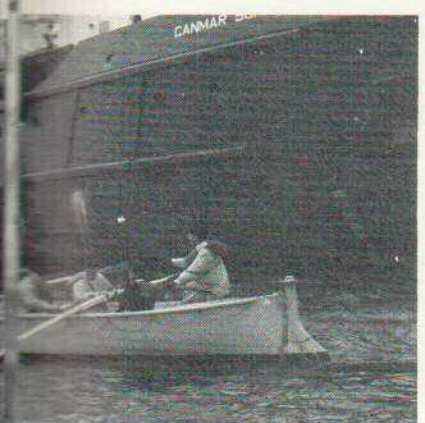
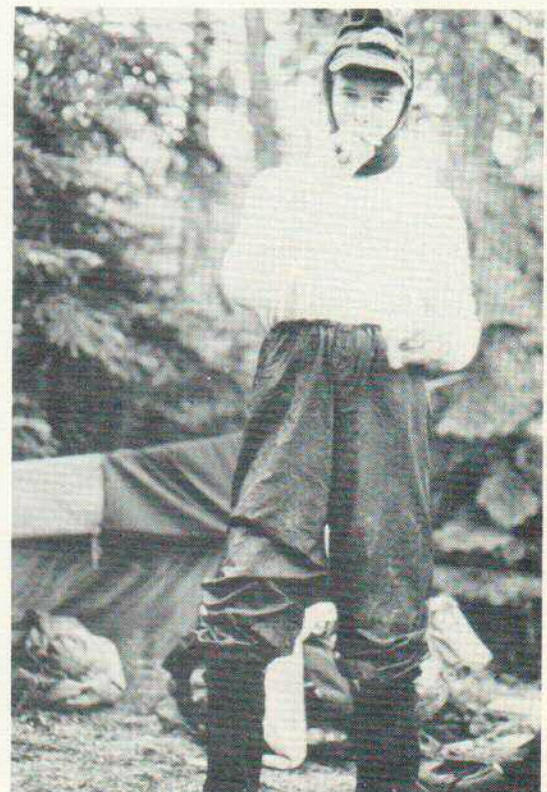


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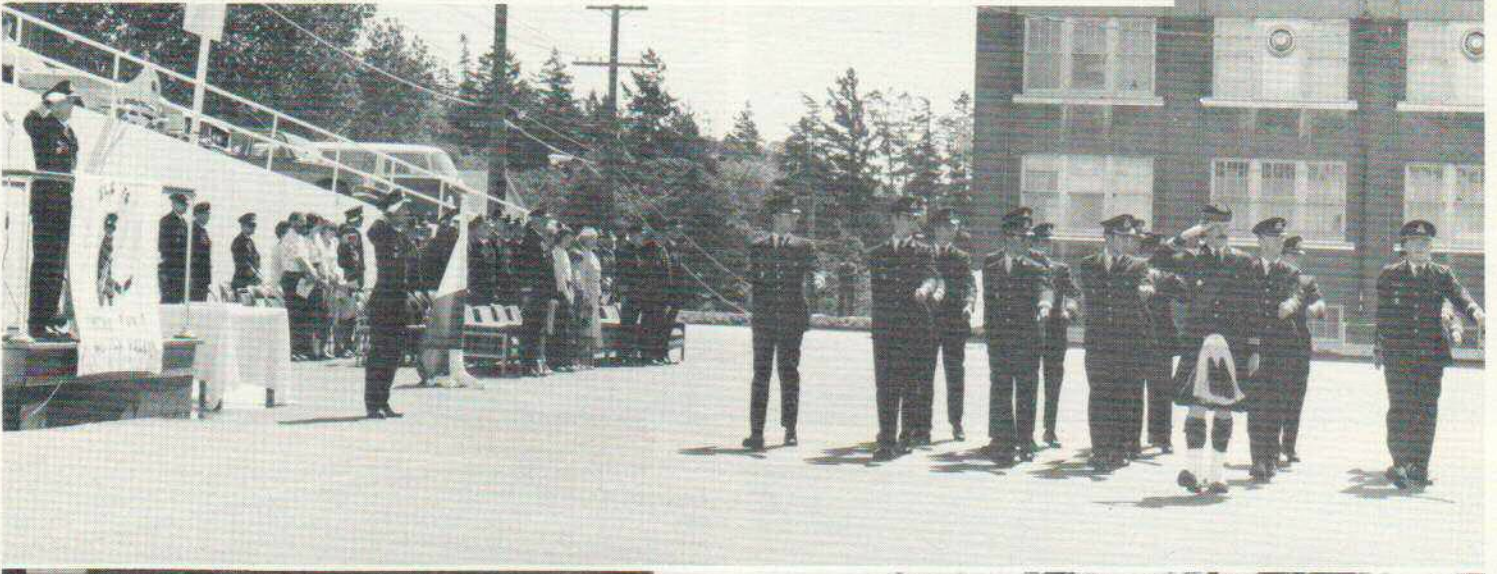


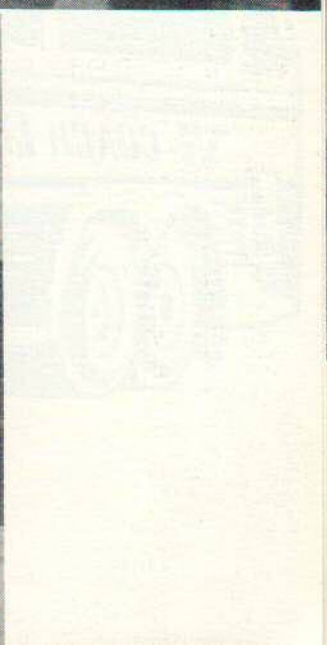
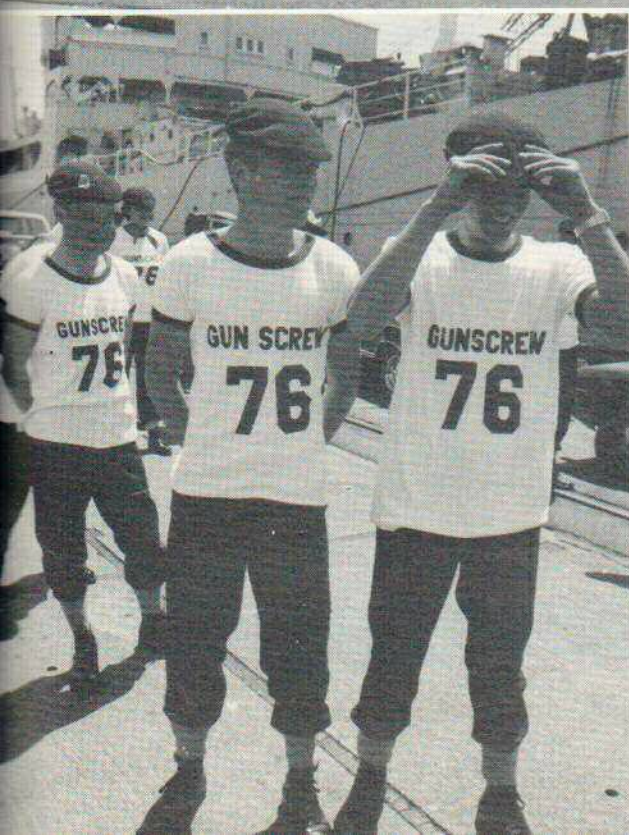






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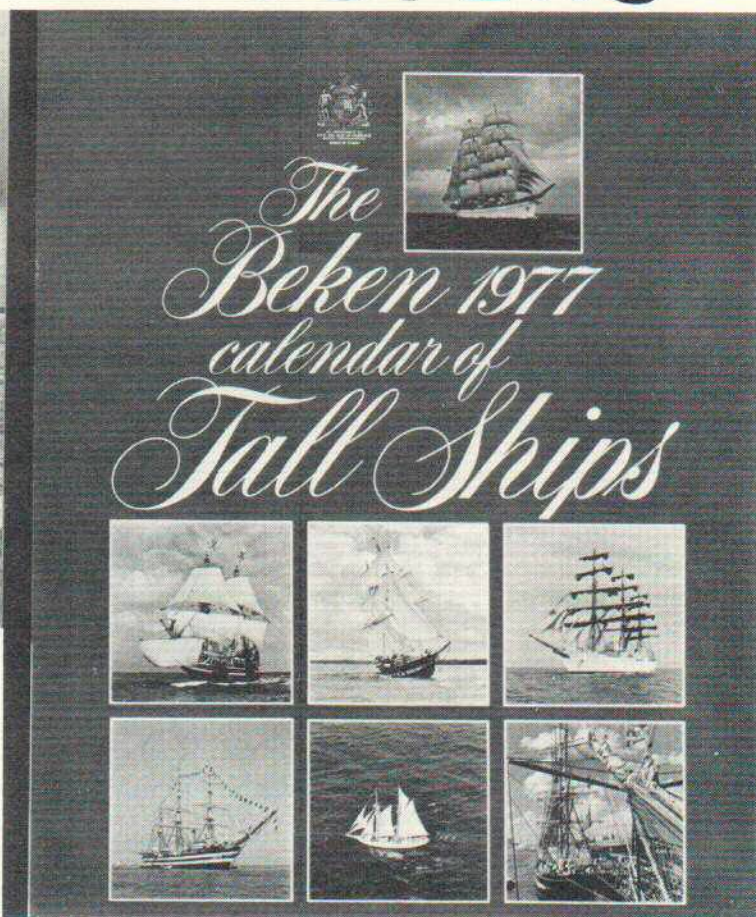


# CALENDARS & POSTERS



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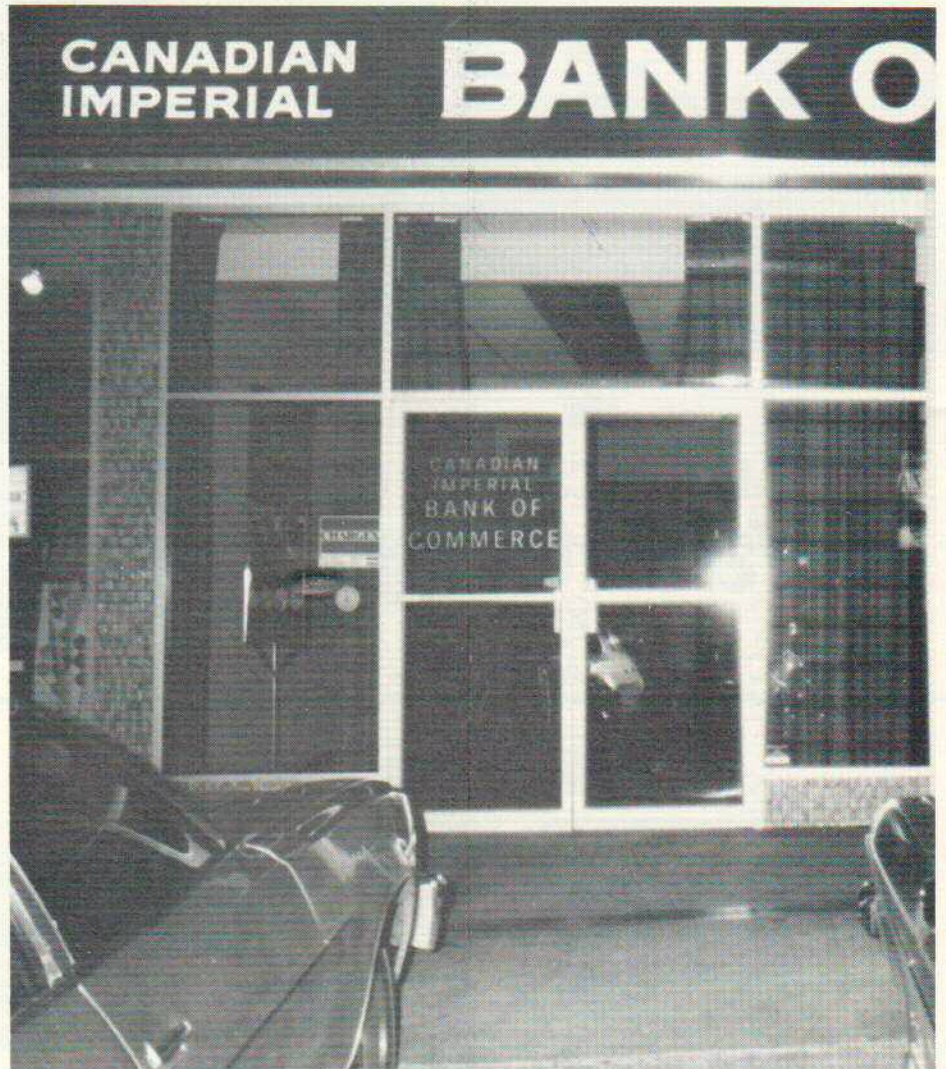
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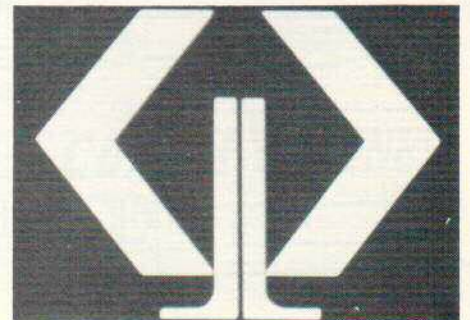


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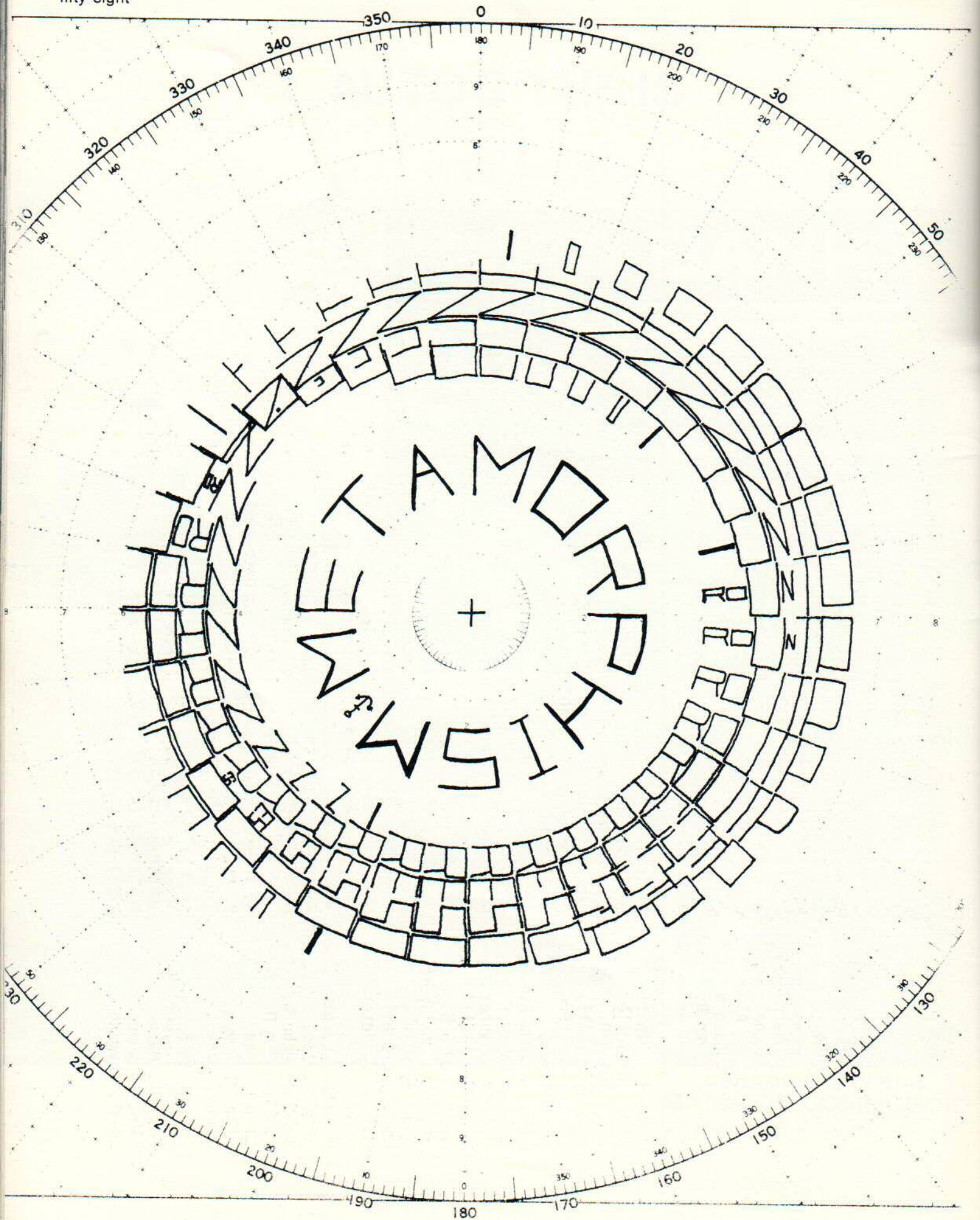


#### THE NAVAL PRAYER

*O Eternal Lord God, who alone spreadest out the heavens and rulest the raging of the sea; who has compassed the waters with bounds until day and night come to an end; be pleased to receive into Thy Almighty and most Gracious Protection the persons of us, Thy servants, and the Fleet in which we serve. Preserve us from dangers of the sea, and from the violence of the enemy; that we may be a safeguard unto our most gracious Sovereign Lady, Queen Elizabeth, and her Dominions, and a security for such as pass on the seas upon their lawful occasions; that the inhabitants of our Commonwealth and Empire may in peace and quietness serve Thee our God; and that we may return in safety to enjoy the blessings of the land, with the fruits of our labours, and with a thankful remembrance of Thy mercies to praise and glorify Thy Holy Name, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.*

# MANEUVERING BOARD

fifty-eight



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GREER, Murray E.	116 Casterton Ave.	Kingston	Ont.	K7M 1R5	(613)	544-3977	HUR	CI
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KENDALL, John E.	8 Hudson Bay	Thompson	Man.	R8N 1H9	(208)	677-3708	HAI	CA
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LAVOIE, Lyne	C.P. 163 Carleton Cte	Bonaventure	P.Q.	G0C 1J0			CON	CN
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MACLAUGHLAN, Al B.							COL	TH
MACNEILL, Paul D.	Box 10, Site 2 RR#2	Chatham	N.B.			773-5176	COL	BR
MARKLE, Michael J.		Greencourt	Alta	TOE 0Z0		786-4695	COL	NH
MARR, Elizabeth A.	651 Oakdale Dr.	Winnipeg	Man.	R3R 1A2			CON	CA
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MATTHEWS, Robert (Bob)							COL	CI
McCUAIG, A. Dave	126 Golfdale Rd	Toronto	Ont.	M4N 2B7		486-5366	COL	YK
McDONALD, Mike C.	RR#5 Colton Brook Rd	Quispamsis, Rothesay	N.B.	E0G 2W0		847-5472	COL	BR
McEACHERON, D.B.								
McNARY, Carman R.	Box 217	Stony Plain	Alta.	TOE 2G0		963-2425	COL	NH
MILLS, Phil E.	Coatsworth Station		Ont.	NOP 1H6		825-4044	HAI	HR
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MOUTILLET, Michael	352 Arclaubauct DuBerger	Quebec 8	P.Q.	G1P 3R9			HAI	MM
MUZZERALL, Jim P.	Welsford P.O.	Queen's County	N.B.	E0G 3G0			HUR	SN
NAISMITH, Elspeth	Apt 5 312 Aberdeen St.	Hamilton	Ont				MAG	SR

NASH, S.R.							CRU	DY
NEWELL, Owen W.	3210 Esplanade St NDG	Montreal	P.Q.	H1K 1A2			HUR	SN
PAGE, Mike D.	9 Raymond Dr.	Lower Sackville	N.S.	B4C 1G9	865-7150		CRU	SN
PAJAK, Jake	322 Manor Rd E.	Toronto	Ont.	M4G 1G2	487-2767		CRU	YK
PALMETER, Joy M.	2086 Byron St.	Oakbay	B.C.				CON	MT
PELLETIER, Pierre	231-81e Rue Est	Charlesbourg	P.Q.	G1G 2Y2			CAY	MM
PITTMAN, Anthony G.	79 Buckmaster's Circle	St. John's	Nfld.		579-7111		CRU	CT
POSTLETHWAITE, Kevin F.	27 Harold St.	Sydney	N.S.	B1P 3L8			HUR	SN
POULIOT, Sylvie	C.P. 184	Loretteville	P.Q.				CON	MM
RABATICH, W. (Bill) A.	421 Willow St.	Saskatoon,	Sask.	S7J 0L7			HAI	UN
RIECK, Bruce	77 Wood St.	Kitchener	Ont.	N2G 2H7	743-1789		HAI	DA
ROACH, Arthur	PO Box 97 RR# 2	Greely	Ont.	KOA 1Z0	(613) 821-1799		CRU	CI
ROBERTSON, Garry	910-12 Mountain Ave N.	Stoney Creek	Ont.		(416) 664-6905		CRU	CR
ROBINSON, Val R.	15706-90 Ave	Edmonton	Alta	T5R 4W6	489-2690		CON	NH
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SAINT-LOUIS, Pierre	5241 Jeanne d'Arc	Montreal	P.Q.	H1X 2E8	728-3762		CAY	DA
SAMS, Andrew	9 Toronto Dr.	C.F.B. Chatham	N.B.	E1N 2A2	773-7101		CRU	SN
SEDLAR, Andrew D.	3039 Linton Rd.	Ottawa	Ont.	K1V 8H1	733-8592		CRU	CN
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SPEECHLEY, Owen D.	719-94th Ave. SW	Calgary	Alta.	T2V 0X8	252-8208		HAI	TH
STADNYK, Terry G.	100 Deborah Cr	Saskatoon	Sask.	S7J 2W8	373-0645		CRU	UN
STEWART, Don J.	6607-123 St.	Edmonton	Alta.		434-5318		CRU	NH
STEWART, Eva	RR # 1	Harrowsmith	Ont.	KOH 1V0			MAG	CI
STRUTHERS, Carson	98 Southill Dr.	Don Mills	Ont.	M3C 2H7	(416) 444-2620		CRU	YK
TIMOSHENKO, George							HUR	DA
THWAITES, Robert	1243 Andka St.	Ottawa	Ont.		733-3707		CRU	CN
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WEST, Lawrence W.	15 Whittaker Ave.	Grimsby	Ont.	L3M 3J2	945-8348		CRU	SR
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As an engineering geologist I have stumbled upon a very interesting specimen. It is an N-rock. This is one sample they never told us about back at Queen's. At present I have classified seven west coast varieties and one east coast variety. No other Canadian samples have been identified save for one isolated outcrop located near Borden Ontario.

N-ROCK CLASSIFICATION	NOTED OUTCROPS	IDENTIFYING CHARACTERISTICS
Cayuganite Primus	First spotted approx. 200 yds northwesterly from Dunsmuir Castle. Later samples found in Esquimalt Hbr and Portland. The Portland samples were found in close contact with local varieties.	Small frog-like fossils noted along the 111 cleavage plane. The rock samples tended to glow on Wednesdays. More than 10% quartz.
Columbianite Primus	Initially discovered in Esquimalt Hbr. Wave action is suspected to have washed some erratics over the Roads Lagoon. Some boulders have been reported as far south as San Diego and San Francisco.	Esquimalt Hbr specimens found to be interbedded with Secundus varieties. When broken along the 131 cleavage plane a sound resembling <i>woops</i> can be heard.
Crusatinite Primus	This rock variety is suspected to be an intrusion since none have ever before been located in the Victorius country rock. One significant exposure was noted in the Douglas Hotelite sedimentary beds.	Usually found in large dense groups. G=7. Same chemical formula as other N-rocks with (ES) substituting for the (OH) group. Suspect air pockets in rock make the buoyancy such that a good showing in the crash rock sailing event was achieved.
Shadierite Primus	This sub-classification of the N-rock class was often found under the bellies of crocodiles. These rocks have been found in the Medievalite formation. Fossils resembling chandelier have been noted.	Suspect that helium filled vesicles are responsible for Shadierite's nimble nature on the volleyball court. Chemical analysis revealed 90% ethanol, 10% void.

Conoganstoganite Primus

This variety of N-rock has been observed in only the Esquimalt Harbour outcrop. The buoyancy of this rock is such that some claim it will never float.

Chemical analysis shows a high (HONEY) content. Usually interbedded with sedimentary layers. The intrusion theory has not been confirmed but is suspected. There is an unusually strong ionic bond between Conoganstoganite Primus and other N-rock varieties.

Haidanous Secundus

This variety has also been restricted to the Esquimalt location. This is considered to be totally unrelated to the location of Conoganstoganite Primus however, some maintain that it is more than coincidental. Minor outcrops have been noted in Vancouver.

Some individual samples glow on Wednesdays. One particular sample has been identified with two peculiar fish fossils. Canhydrocaps have been issued with reference to the floating nature of these rocks.

Huvonite Secundus

The highly metamorphosed rock specimen has been widely distributed. To date permanent samples have been identified in Halifax, Borden and Montreal. This strange scattering has been unexplained. In addition US geomorphologists have found traces of Huvonite Secundus in Astoria and Seattle.

The older varieties have an unusual 8 fold symmetry scheme while later varieties have only 5 fold symmetry. This variety glows on Fridays and is often faulted along the slide plane. Analysis of fossils show the fish fossil to be the rule but is not exclusive.

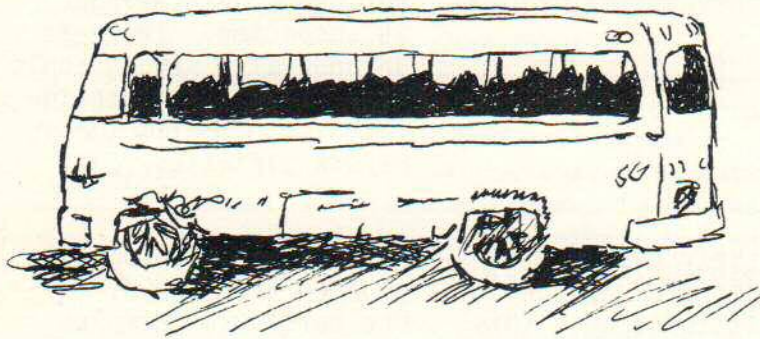
Maganifious Secundus

Maganitious Secundus is the only massive East coast outcrop noted. A secondary outcrop has been identified near Borden Ontario.

Some samples have been identified with paper clip-like fossils. There is currently a large controversy over whether or not Maganifious Secundus can float. Theories explaining the isolation of magnificent secundus have been inconclusive. Widespread interbedding with American and British granites has been noted.



NROC Transportation is now on the Jetty. I don't know whether to sit and wrinkle my tunic or stand and scuff my boots. I'm Parade Commander I think I'm going to be sick. Did I lock my locker? Oh, no, it can't be Wednesday! Everybody wave to the commissionaire! I can't see the mountains today. Who is class leader? Where are we for sports? I knew I forgot something. Don't tell me...Alfa, ah, ah, divers down. Who has a nylon? Look how one hubcap is shinier than the rest. Only six duty cripples for MIR today. WHOOPS There's the chief--I'm lower than a crockodile!



sixty-four

pacbkpde

Last year we were informed that the program 'showed promise.' Without a doubt much of the promise has been realized. It has been agreed amongst the 'veterans' that this year has reached an all time high with respect to organization and quality on an overall and on an individual level. Nowhere was this more evident than the regular force MARS II and MARS III course where the NROC trainees called the pace. The future of the naval reserve looks bright.

It is appropriate that this 'backpage' - the last word of NROC 76 - should serve as a thank you to those responsible. Regardless of future plans and aspirations, this summer has been a learning experience to all. Even to those who have decided to move on to other things, this summer has shown the power of discipline and the fruits of hard work. We have all developed an appreciation for the constraints under which the Canadian Forces operate and have come to an understanding of the role of the naval reserve. In addition, to many, the role of the reserve officer in a regular force navy is becoming too clear. More and more we see a parallel in training between reserve and regular force junior officers.

A special thank you is expressed to Commander Alsgard, (Commandant Naval Reserve Training Centre) who has every right to be proud of a Bravo Zulu summer. As editor, I wish to also thank all who made this yearbook possible through their hard work. Hopefully future years will see this year's effort as the start of a tradition of quality and meaningful yearbooks.

Murray E. Greer  
Sub-Lieutenant  
NROC 76 Yearbook Editor

