

N.R.O.C

19 78



Commandant's Address

Having now completed my first full year as Commandant NRTC, I am in a far better position to be definitive on certain issues than I was last year.

Firstly I should point out to all that in filling the functions of Commandant NRTC and Commander of the Third Canadian Training Division, I was spread very thin - I did not get the chance to "Be around" to anything like the extent that I would have wished, but you will appreciate, I am sure, that I could not be everywhere at once.

With the rapid growth of the NRTC I had hoped that this year would be a year of consolidation of previous achievements, to pause and to take stock of the past before hastening into the future. That was not really to be - the new MARE training programme, the new BOC Course, the expanded and varied expeditionary training, the amended MARS II, the changed First Year Female Training were on us at the start and whether I liked it or not, we were breaking new ground from the word go.

One of the highlights I believe this year was the varied and challenging expeditionary training. Whilst not particularly military in its true sense, it serves a very real purpose in developing leadership and self assurance that will make better citizens of us all; and we are all, in either our military or civilian roles, citizens of this country. Leaders you will be, and I know that this aspect of your training will help to prepare you for the roles you will play in later years.

I have groped with standards' this year and quite a few have found the demands excessive, but I can only re-iterate the words of our Director when he states "the standard is the sea itself." It is the sea and all its aspects that demands a rare high standard. It is totally unforgiving with anyone who dallies with it in a careless or unprepared manner and as leaders to be, at sea you will bear great responsibility as your lack of knowledge, your carelessness, your lack of preparation can cause dire consequences, not only to yourself but to many others entrusted in your care. We have therefore set our standards high and plan to keep them at that level. That in turn demands a dedication to excellence on your part, and the very large majority of you have done just that.

The Reserve is moving ahead and there is no doubt that our counterparts in the Regular Force are coming to rely more and more on their Reserve. You have earned this and the more professional we can become in our approach the even greater reliance will be placed on us and opportunities offered to us. With the start of the Command Development Course this fall, you can look forward to a far better opportunity to reach the Command Qualified status than in the past, and all MARS officers training should have that as their stated aim.

The new MARE course has a special challenge as you move into the future and take up tasks in NDHQ, NEU, SRU, FMG and as the first of a breed, you will be viewed most critically by your fellow officers of the Regular Force. Your abilities, knowledge and work ethic (horrible term) will set the tone for those who come after, and it is you, I believe, who will prove the point that if the Reserve is tasked, even in a new field, it can respond and respond well.

One of the major tasks facing you as young officers occurs at your home unit. It is of little value developing knowledge, skills, leadership if you have no one to lead or teach. I get the impression that many recruits leave the Reserve by Christmas of their second year - they find the training at the NRU of insufficient challenge after their summer on either of the coasts. You as young officers in your NRUs are ideally placed to foster interesting programmes, help organize challenging projects, upgrade the levels of expertise and in that manner increase the retention rate of young trainees in the Division. If you can and do instil a pride and satisfaction in unit, and in the task, people will stay with it. Your leadership is put to test at home in many ways more than it is tested in the NRTC. Accept the challenge.

In essence, I believe this was a good year. There were problems of which you are well aware but with the enthusiasm and spirit of co-operation displayed, I am confident that most were overcome without too great a trauma.

I look forward with anticipation to our renewed acquaintance and professional co-operation in the future.

R.F. Choat
Commander
Commandant NRTC



CRESCENT

Crescent was probably the most unique division of the year (best goes without saying), in that it never existed as an entity unto itself. We gathered beneath the gracefully aged lines of the Cape Breton on the darkest hours of May 14. We soon met our fearless leader, the magnanimous Capt. Vaness, who brought us to that famed vacation resort, Patriot. There we weren't Crescent division, we were members of that even more venerable group, known in the history books and elsewhere, as CRESTOGA. We learned to make a doo-doo machine, exercised brutality on a madman up a tree (they say pongos keep a stiff upper lip anyway...), learned how not to conduct ourselves tactically on operation Hot Dog, and how to press coveralls and bring a bed out for show parade, and finally carried our tattered flag through endless assaults by unkillable guerrillas (right Paddy).

We returned to the bosom of the Fred and Fleet School, only to be split. Conestoga left us for destinations unknown, while we were viciously rended in two, named with stunning originality Crescent A and Crescent B. Here our efforts were largely devoted to fighting off "Pit" monsters by day, and engaging in Personal Initiative Training and other miscellaneous carousing whenever possible. This treatment wasn't good enough to break us, so NRTC handed us over to NOTC, who split us in three, and diluted our talents with slack reg force types. We spent the rest of the summer at Roads and at sea, spread over the entire training squadron, but we were still Crescent, the one and only, the best, let no one forget!



Say Again?

RB: (hoarse voice) One One Charlie, this is Roadblock! It's an emergency!

11C: Roadblock, this is One One Charlie. What is your situation? Over.

RB: I'm dead!

11C: Roger Roadblock, are you all dead? Over.

RB: (new voice) No, there are two left alive, but this is the enemy speaking.....

VOUS RAPPELEZ-VOUS?



"Ma vieille grebiche..." DL
 "Mr. President, I am SHOCKED..." DM
 "C'est dans l'pluriel" PT
 "Excellent!" SP
 "Right noowwwwwwwww!!!" RT
 "Good morning, I'm _____ and welcome to Leadership Theory number _____." Anonymous
 "Gary, this is Clark, over."
 "Not to worry!"
 "Steady up!"
 "Fog Off!"
 "T'en rappelles-tu en '39?"
 "You are my sunshine, my only sunshine..." Conestoga
 "Monsieur..., Croyez-vous a la levitation?" PYT & DL
 "Bonsoir" DL

The Saga Of Crescent

A fine young division called Crescent
Endured all and still remained pleasant
We kept high morale
Despite the locale
And our fame still lives on to the present.

We muttered and sputtered and cursed
As to split us they all did their worst
We were drawn and then quartered
Then pummelled and mortared
But we pulled through as one and we're first!

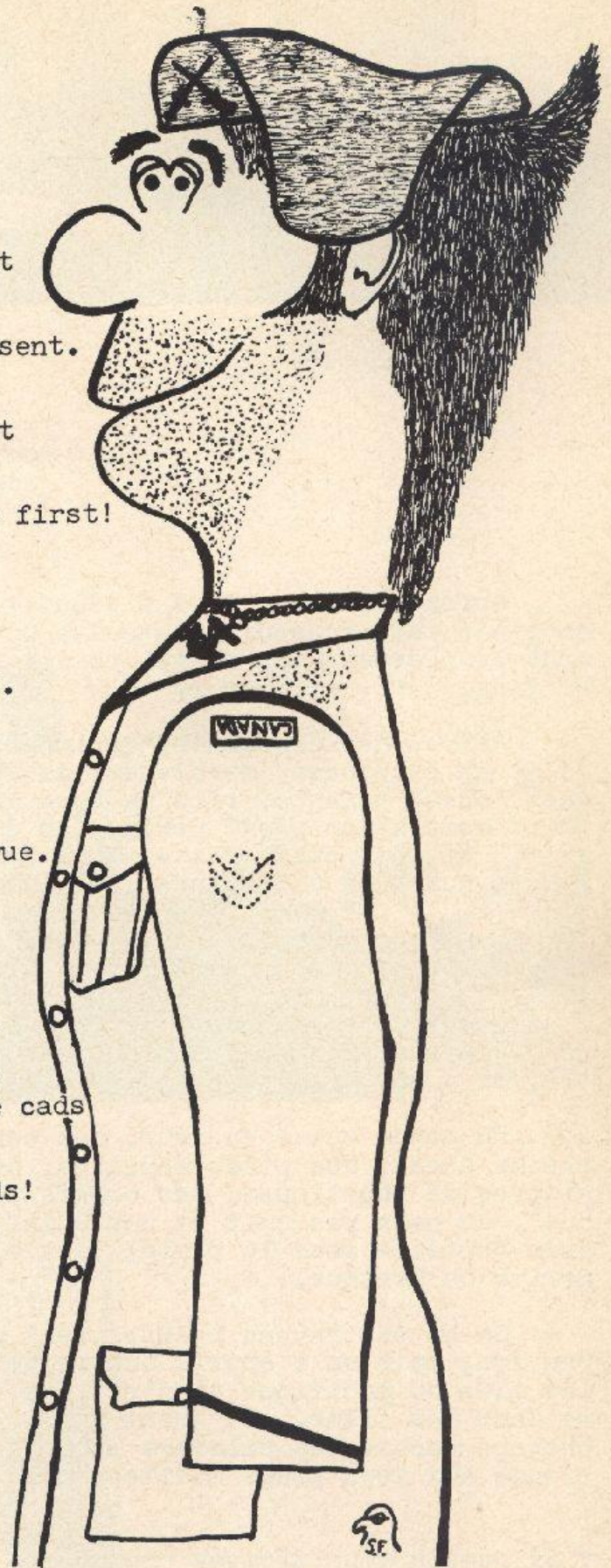
An amalgam of us and the girls
As Crestoga we vanquished the churls
There were no skyvers
When we caught the divers
And strung them up tighter than pearls.

Then instead of one half we were two
As BOC wound its way through
They said A and B
But they forgot we
Were both Crescent, the one and the true.

Halfway and they sent us to sea
And in doing so split us in three
Shattered like eggs
And diluted by regs
We still found that Crescent could be.

We were munched on by cookies (egads!)
We were stretched on the rack by those cads
But despite this duress
We report a success
We're still the best bunch in the shads!

DSP





SEJOUR DANS LES ILES DU PACIFIQUE

Non! Les iles du pacifique ne sont pas ce que je croyais, encore moins ce qu'on m'avait dit.

SHOW PARADE

Dans des canots battant pavillon fleur-de-lyse, nous sommes parti un beau jour decouvrir ce paradis enchanteur. Humidite, arbres pourris, moustiques; la foret vierge c'est fantastique.

Apres quelques jours d'expedition, on etait tout heureux d'entendre un gars dans le pluriel nous parler de ses hamburgers.

Arbres horizontaux et verticaux, falaises escarpees, marecages, moustiques, roche volante, rien ne nous arretrait, meme si on s'est perdu bien des fois. Et on n'etait pas au bout de nos peines quand on a commence l'alpinisme.

Des visages pales et des gens mefiants, on a vu ces jours-la. A vrai dire, descendre une falaise au-dessus d'un ecueil n'a rien de rassurant a premiere vue; une foisensee, par contre, on a une sensation formidable.

Du monde qui a eu peur, des canots pleins d'eau, des pieds mouilles, des piqures de moustiques, des objets perdus*, du pain pas cuit et une Saint-Jean-Baptiste sous la pluie; tout est arrive ou presque...

On en est revenu probablement un peu fou, mais on a appris une chose: les iles du pacifique ce n'est pas comme dans les films. Et quant a moi, je cherche encore les palmiers et la belle blonde aux yeux bleus mediterraneens.

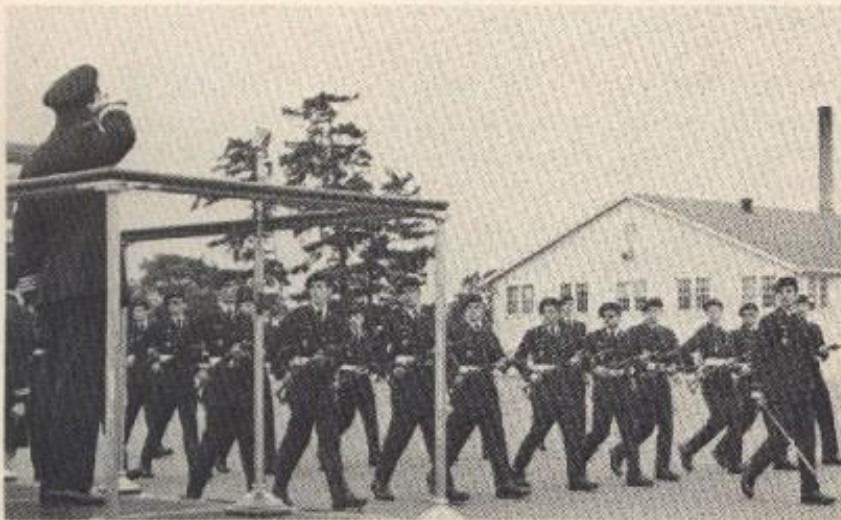
* Si jamais vous trouvez une montre par 20 brasses d'eau, faites-le nous savoir.

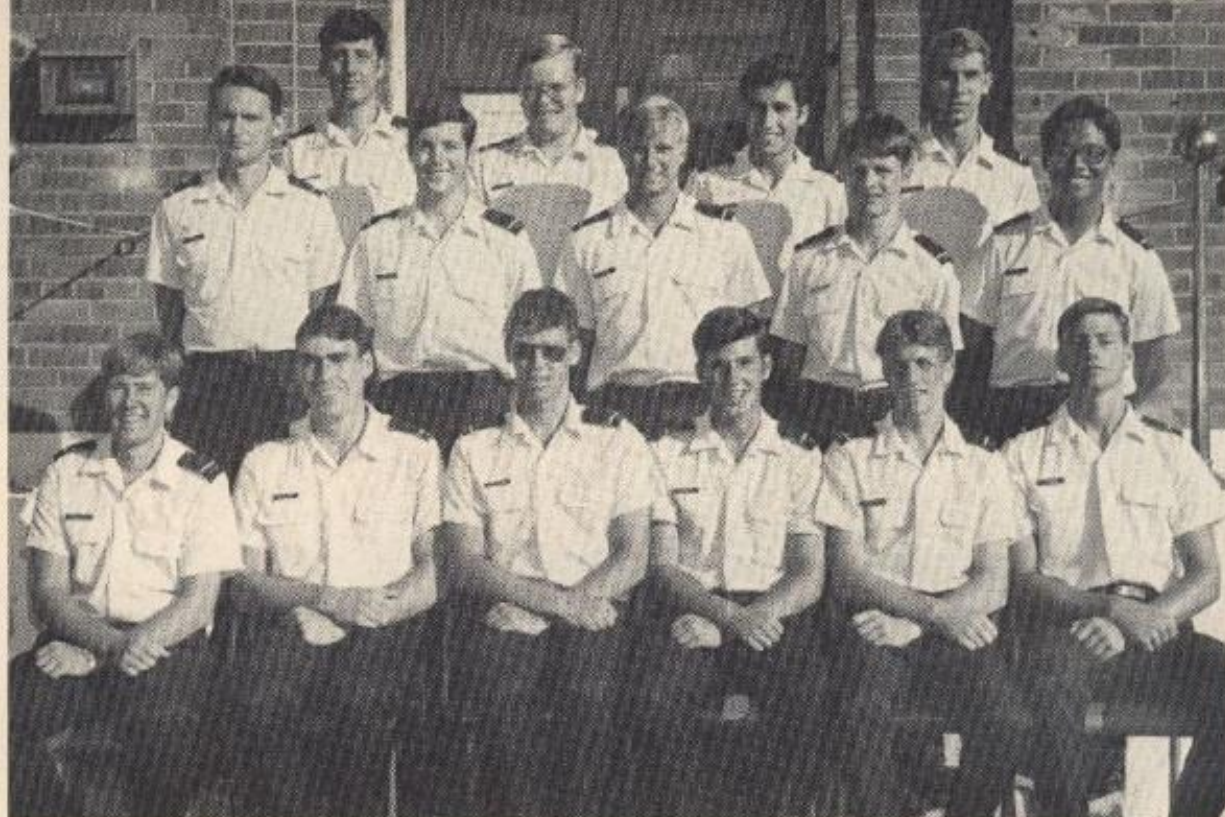


"I just
LOVE
IRPs!?"



"Are you sure I get a sucker for this?"





L to R

3rd Row: Rod McCormick, Chuck Beliveau, Ted Barracos, Mike Wenzel.

2nd Row: Eric Derby, Steve Harding, Peter Aske, Frank Lord, Gordon Wong.

1st Row: Kieth Mullaly, Geoff Reeves, Pierre Gautreau, Bob Escott, Charles Cormier, Paul Acton.

COMOX

Paul Acton: We always wondered how much Paul paid the person back home to wright him letters. Paul seemed to walk around on a cloud untill the mail came. He came back down to earth just in time to read the letter from Marjorie.

Peter Aske: Looking to the future,Pete has the potential to become one of the worlds maddest,power hungry,money starved capitalists. Subjects of Economics and Politics spark his ears,however,it would probably be safer for us if he stuck to sailing.

Ted Baracos: An emotional experience for Ted,is a sailor in blues or whites. It really turns his crank! Teddy was one of three people with cars out on this coast,but then again after seeing Ted's car,we weren't too heartbroken.

Chuck Belliveau: Chuck is one of our foremost Phys.Ed. types. Being an avid jock,he is sponsored by Coca Cola.
Claim to fame: Beating Thibault in a beer chugging contest.
Ambition: To never do it again.



Charles Cormier: Charlie was the Fred's own Rene Levesque. His favourite saying was "God, shoot the Queen."

Eric Derby: To the future padre; it was always an inspiration on the morning run to see his T-shirt labelled "Peace comes from within".

Robert Escott: There have been men in history such as Casanova and Valentino, but then, to rewrite the book, comes Escott: a Newf at 17 who tried to follow in these men's footsteps. Places such as the Pyro-Lockers and the Tiller-flats will help him remember this summer well. "To our wives and sweethearts", Bobby, you know the rest!? Favorite saying: TERMINATE!!!!

Gaper Gautreau: Pierre was a real good guy. Every time he spoke we'd be able to practise our flashing. It didn't help us much, however, he'd always send it in French. Favorite saying: But I don't understand.

Stevie Harding: Stevie was the only person to lose his room. For those that don't know, whenever he'd find his room it would be empty anyway. He was the most impressive of the Malahat Cadets, but that's not saying much.

Frank Lord: Frankie had difficulty being in the guard. He was so short that at "Order Arms" he would still be at "Shoulder Arms". He was the "Savior" of the group.

Rod McCormick: Rod was a bird watcher, his head was always in the clouds. Rod and Frankie could never see "eye to eye"

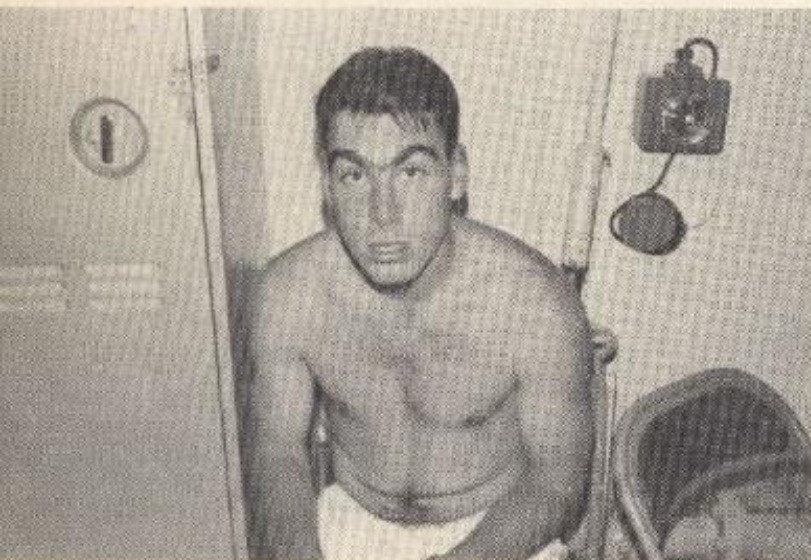


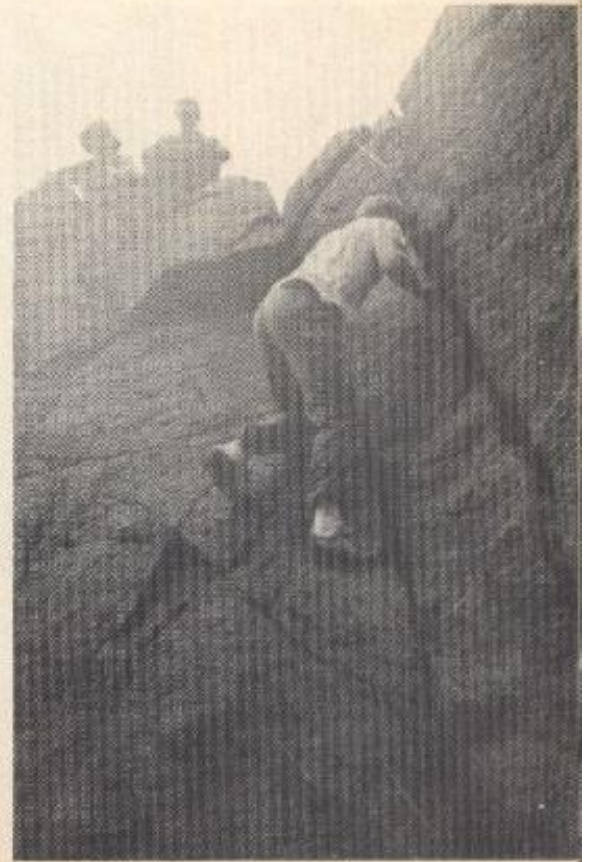
Keith Mullaly: Keith was so good at picking up girls, he had to let everyone else find them first. He had the habit of walking around with a belt full of knives. We learned to never turn our backs to him. Good luck to the "Baby Seal"!

Geoff Reeves: What was Geoff's "problem"? Geoff was so keen that he wouldn't only shove his face but half of his body as well. He spent one full pay-check of shaving cream alone. Incidentally Geoff loved "Baby Seals"!

Mike Wenzel: Nickname: George
Pet Peeve: Mullaly
Ambition: To become the next commandant of the SS or Gestapo.
Probable destiny: To be an owner of a Radio Shack
Favorite Saying: Be "Realistic"!

Gord Wong: We almost lost Gord at the beginning of the summer at NBCD school. Well-done Wong looked like a "Fried Grasshopper". All we can say is the Chinese weren't made to speak French.









L to R

3rd Row: Don Learning, Ken Peeters, Rob Clarke.

2nd Row: Ian Maxwell, Jim Bernath, Jim Hoy, Gary Luton.

4th Row: Dave Gardam, Rob Davidson, Steve Calnan, Bob Crowley,
Evan Roettger.

CORDOVA DIVISION

Late April of 1978 gave birth to an idea, an idea that was soon to capture the imagination of all who call themselves NROC's. This idea was CORDOVA. Throughout the summer, the men of this division made what will become Naval Reserve folklore; to be enjoyed by many on cold Gate Vessel weekends.

From the highest and most treacherous peaks of Vancouver Island, to the raging surf of the Pacific Ocean, through the steaming jungles of Mary Hill, the exploits of the pioneers, these mariners, these soldiers, set new standards for future cadets to measure up to.

No doubt you are curious to learn more of these individuals. You are now invited to meet those fit to be called.....the Dirty Dozen.



Jim Bernath considers himself a nice guy, not kind, but nice and is forever telling everyone so. He hopes that in later years, if people think of him, they will only remember that someone said he was a nice guy. Jim does seem to get kidded a lot, but always remains calm; as he says: "I don't get mad....I get even." Red can hardly await his return to Hunter as the units Cleaning Officer, a qualification he earned on MacKenzie.

Evan Boettger, the pride of German youth and loyal supporter of the Reich, can now be found operating his Nazi revitalization program in Carleton. A sore point for Evan has always been his name. He's been called Spudgerr, Bootlegger, Botiger, Botcher; practically everything but Boettger(pronounced BET-GUR). It doesn't depress him too much, and his spirits can always be lifted by the sight of a juicy, red MacKintosh apple.



Steve Calnan, from Tecumseh, was known from time to time as Puddins, Teddy Bear or Roor Bear. Steve was a real organizer and take-charge guy for the division. He gave birth to a new unit within our division, the Royal Canadian Marine Corps and set the standard that all good Grunts must follow: a love for your sargeant and sleeping with your "Betsy" close to your heart.

Rob Clarke was one of the most consistant and reliable guys in the division. Always willing to lend a hand to others when they needed it. It was easy to see that his best foot was always foreward, except on the parade square. Rob loves the water, so much in fact, that he will swim in anything, even combat gear, if the urge comes to him. Rob's bubbling personality and dynamic energy will soon be active in making York take notice of this particular cadet.





Bob Crowley came to Canada this summer from Newfoundland to add his soprano voice to our choir. Between his mischievous ventures all over the west coast, he conducted the division in such well received pieces as "Farewell to Nova Scotia" "We are the MARS II", and "What a Wonderful Cruise." Bob is anxious to return to Portland to see if it has picked up the pieces from his last visit.

Rob Davidson came to our division from Cataragui. Rob presented himself as something of a contradiction. It was confirmed quite early in the summer that he attended Queen's University, then later in the summer a rumour started circulating that he was engaged...to a girl, no less. This led the rest of the division to be uncertain of his exact intentions.



Dave Gardam came to the coast from Chippawa with a somewhat questionable past. The unmistakable aroma of "PONGO" was still with him when he arrived, but seemed to fade after he got his feet wet. It is hard to determine whether Dave was a real spark-plug, or just a hyperactive disturber. It is a mystery to some how the best first year cadet award could go to someone obviously not in control of his body.

Jim Hoy, another Alberta boy from Tecumseh, served as our divisional ombudsman. He took it upon himself to protect us from excessive financial burdens, such as cadet balls and yearbooks. Though the establishment usually won out, his efforts (and basic stinginess) were appreciated by all.





Don Learning confirmed that no division is really complete without a Newf (or two). Don and his beret were very instrumental in maintaining high spirits before inspection. His beret managed to give everyone else around him a superiority complex about their uniforms. Don's cute Newfinese accent proved to be his greatest asset during his disco runs on the coast.

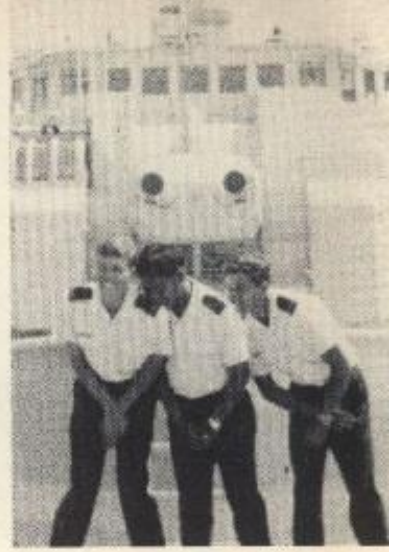
Gary Luton is another Queen, or rather a Queen's student. B g Gare showed a keen and inquiring mind throughout the summer (a mind that was without much company from others). Gary was always very friendly with the guys, and one could often hear squeaky invitations to engage in meaningful activities at all times of the day.



Ian Maxwell travelled all the way from east Victoria to take part in this summer's training. Maxie invoked a bit of envy on the part of his buddies as he merrily trotted home each evening. Maxie, the perfectionist, was always quick to chastise those men not in control of their bodies or those obviously on drugs.

Ken Peeters, the tall kid with the shifty eyes from Star, displayed excellent leadership skills throughout the summer. If good leadership is manipulating others to voluntarily do things they would otherwise not do, then Ken took the prize. At meals, when it came time to refill the glasses, several people would be working keeping his topped up.







L to R
 3rd Row: Chuck Thompson, Bob Obseiger, Dan Drabble, Lt. Steve Robertson
 Jeff Hardy, Gary Caines.
 2nd Row: Derek Sinclair, Doug O'Reilly, Les Repei, Gord Edwards,
 Phil Elwood, Steve Laporte, Bruce Donaldson.
 1st Row: Dick Mathis, Steve Lillico, Pete Duynstee, Lief Gunderson,
 Pete Carriere, Chuck Hebert.
 Missing: Noel King

Cayuga

Having to sit down and write about the highlights of our four months, out here, could lead to writing an epic that would dwarf the size of "War and Peace." On the other hand, it could be narrowed down to the sea and land phases. But this would cause great injustice to the number of incidences and events that took place and must be mentioned. Each individual must, and shall, be held accountable, along with a record of events that will make the name of Cayuga burn through the pages of N R O C History.

Here are the Cayuga hooligans as listed in alphabetical order:

Gary (Himie) Caines: the divisional entertainer. When the party started getting dull, you could always count on Himie to liven the place up, by fashioning a hat out of paper towels, pulling his underwear elastic over his shoulders, or climbing on the table and exclaiming Oink! Oink! Oink! at the top of his lungs. Of course, Himie did have a serious side to his character, his money. He earned the nickname "Scrooge" by his constant mutterings of the phrases "I just can't afford it" and "I thought I bought the last round." But, all seriousness aside, Himie was one of the best cadets in the division and will, no doubt, make a fine logistics Officer.

Pete Carriere: Feared at all water pistol fights, "Two-gun Pete" could be counted on to display deadly accuracy on the backs of his opponents. When his enemy turned to fight, Pete's "dead eye" aim turned into the flight of a seagull. This only goes to show that "he who fights and runs away doesn't get wet." Pete was also one of the famous seven raiders who wreaked havoc on the ferry terminal's flags one cold August night.



Bruce Donaldson: the "KEENER" of the division. Bruce's intelligent and thought provoking questions such as "Sir, do we have to clean the deck, too?" or "Sir, are we going to get fairnotebooks?" increased Cayuga's workload two-fold during the summer. These type of questions soon stopped as he became absorbed in the vile corruption of Cayuga. As a matter of fact, it was he who suggested water pistols at dawn, which resulted in the best internal washing of the "Fred" since her launching. Bravo Zulu Alistar! Give'em hell at Carleton.

Dan Drabble: Dan is our East Coast representative. An ex-marine in a previous life, his voice is a combination of Tarzan's whelp and Elmer Fudd's drone. He is a real credit to our division - the top man in guerilla warfare, a mean man in water pistol fights, and a terror during linen exchange, an all-round Cayugan. We will always remember Dan for his most profound, thought provoking, question "Duh, Sir, what kind of tree is that?"

Pete Duynstee: The hours he has spent in prison contribute even more to his complete insanity. As an ex-Royal Roads cadet, he enjoys linen exchanges, water pistol fights, and bothering Steve Lillico. His list of decorations include the John Diefenbaker look-a-like medal for senility and the Steve Robertson commendation for his loyalty towards flags.



Gord (California Kid) Edwards: is a jovial, easy going lad, who enjoys a good game of "Pig", chasing six year-olds with water pistols down Yates St., standing show parade, changing linen with fellow Cayugans at 0200, and food fights with Himie. His most frequently used expression is "I'm going to get you!" Gord can always be counted on to be present for a sociable.

Phil Elwood: the easiest-going character of Cayuga, his manner infuriated our Superiors. They would order him to do something, and Phil would reply with something like "Goog idea, P.O." But we all loved him. He was the only one who would greet people with a cheery "Good Morning", while the rest of us would be bitching, scratching, biting and kneeling each other. God bless the keeper of the limited Cayuga sanity.

Lief Gunderson: affectionately known as Lief Karl Gunderson. If you wished to locate the area of the class producing the most noise, or locate the source of mess which has mysteriously appeared on the mess decks, all you have to do is locate Lief. Lief suffers from two unfortunate afflictions: the experience of being both a sea puppy and a pongo. This contributes to his uncontrolled insanity and his genuine all-round meat-headedness. All in all, he should become a highly effective, forthright, intelligent, upstanding, devote, and thorough nuisance to his superiors.

Jeff (I never promised you a rosey outlook Hardy): Jeff constantly kept Cayuga on its toes throughout the summer. We learned never to engage him in an argument, as his self-proclaimed superior intelligence won any mental fray. He also exhibited sadistic tendencies when he donned his best metropolitan opera voice and sang "Farewell to Nova Scotia," or when he barked (or regurgitated) out the step on the march. This, actually, is not fair, as he was a jovial ogre with a flair for prejudices; some of which are expeds, engineering students, and going to sea. His deep laughter will never be forgotten, a permanent scar in the memory of all Cayugans.



Chuck Hebert: Chuckwagon rolled his way through the summer covering up his lovable incompetence by phrasing the memorable line, "If I only had a brain." Our divisional nice guy was seldom heard arguing or acting out of proper conduct, which proved to make him quite unique. He also coined our divisional phrase, which many Cayugans used to cover their foul deeds, "Co-operate and Graduate."

Noel King: a quite and unassuming person unless spoken to. At 6' 2" and 210 lbs, he was affectionately known as 'Kong', the divisional gorilla. In a fair fight with seven of us against one of him, we could always count on Kong to lose. He won a place in our divisions heart (and lungs) by being the only divisional smoker. Always ready with a smoke, he stopped many a CTO's 'nic fit.'

Steve Laporte: a tough old bugger from the Ottawa Valley. Like all people from Carleton, Steve bugged the hell out of everyone until we ordered the bailiff to wack him. From then on we heard only constant bitching from him - a normal Cayugan.

Steve Lillico: In the beginning, while Cayuga division would be standing about making decisions, there was always this tall and scranney bird standing in the background bitching and complaining. Once you got to know him, his bitching got worse. The 'Olde Man of the Sea' taught us young lads vital knowledge, such as sciving, laziness, 'cooperation' and never to doubt his word. He also turned out to be one of the greatest Cayugans, and part of the backbone of Cayuga spirit.

Dick Mathis: Before joining the Reserves, Dick was a hippie. Now he has lost his long hair and beads, but still betrays his philosophy of life by using expressions such as "Hey man, I can relate." He is also a man who can face up to painful suffering, bravely and enjoyably.

Bob Obsieger: If a division ever had a young brother as a member, it was Cayuga with Bobby O. He is a very energetic person, a live wire crackling and popping. It was fun watching Bob fight with Dick. Why did Dick always spill his contact lense fluid over Bob's unmade bed? In class, Bob was always alert, never missing a thing. Bob would never dream of falling asleep in front of the CO of the Mackenzie!!

Doug(Raindrops) O'Reilly: This ex-hippie (long hair, beard, sandals) threw down his guitar to take up arms and protect his country from hippie pinkos. From Admirals to seagulls, 'Raindrops' got shit on by everybody, and yet he managed to keep his hydrophobic head above water.

Les Repei: And now it is time to tell the tale of our dearest playboy, 'Creepy Repei'. As the month of May peeled off to expose June, the 'sweeps' were graced with the presence of Cayuga and brother Les. Off to the wonderland of Portland, and the Rose Festival, where Les revealed his true colors for the first time. My God, what has happened to that shy and innocent young lad that left Star in such a naive state. One answer - Cayuga!

Derick Sinclair: was the division's designated import. Originally from Jamaica, Derick has certain characteristics which linger in the minds of all. During the sea phase, while most of the division was working, Derick would be found calling Buellah and Ralph on the Big White Telephone. His looks are distinctive, so distinctive that he finished 19th in the division's beauty contest.

Chuck "Stantion" Thompson: earned his name with his propensity to lose irreplaceable pieces of the ship's equipment. Always willing to leap into an argument with both feet, he held his own very well against the rest of the boys when the cry went out "Let's have a stupid argument." His only major shortcoming seemed to be that he couldn't ride a bicycle worth a damn.





L to R

3rd Row: Laurie Zatychee, Lenore Schmidt, Faye Layden, Nancy Arbogast, Nancy Bruce Olmstead, Elaine Arsenault, Linda Garand.

2nd Row: Marilyn Higgs, Barb Clerihue, Susan Deane, Lt. Chris Newburn, Irene Cristoveanu, Lynette Bourgois, Heather MacQuarrie,

1st Row: Jennifer Bruce Bennett, Debbie Moore, Susan Arfield, Rhonda Miller, Joyce Burghardt.

CONESTOGA

Conestoga '78 was a division that won't soon be forgotten. Our attempts to prove that we were not a carbon copy of Conestoga '77, were apparently successful for, as one instructor put it, "I've seen a lot of Conestogas", but there has never been a group like you."

Not inclined to be quite and unassuming, we often caused headaches (or so we're told) for CC's, CTO's, instructors, or whoever happened to be in contact with us at the time.



Our cast of characters include:

NANCY Arbogast: (York) Flabbergast, our vocal mess secretary, was known for Valentine parties in August and Xmas parties in July.

SUE Arfield: (Chippawa) 'Arfs' kept us in the good graces of at least one CC, but who caught them swapping spit on the upper deck??

ELAINE Arsensault: (Montcalm) Our mad Frenchwomen who led the morning calisthenics with three extra fists of energy and Scotch miles.

"Crescent Division really does sleep in the nude!"

JENNIFER BRUCE Bennett: (Star) Our crazy keener gets three cheers for longer exercises and no morning run. Luckily 'Beanit' is in Phys Ed.

LYNETTE Bourgeois: (Chippawa) She fell in love this summer, fell in love this summer.....

JOYCE Burghardt: (York) Our Dairy Queen queen will hold fond memories of bannock, DQ sundies, and HMCS Provider.

BARR Clerihue: (Brunswicker) with her slightly warped sense of humor, she used her ever-present camera to advantage. This yearbook is the proof!

IRENE "IRENE" Cristoveanu: (Catarauqui) Pining for Phil, she made the C Jetty phone booth her home away from home.

SUE Deane: (Queen) Known for her cynical outlook on life, her best talent was sleeping with her eyes open.

LINDA Garand: (Donnacona) This firebrand is our future doctor, and our present therapist. It sure beats MIR!

MARILYN Higgs: (Tecumseh) If she is here, everyone is here. Her highest count was WHAT?????????????



FAYE Layden: (Brunswicker) Serenading "Laydown" made bus trips more interesting. Who can forget LUST?

HEATHER MacQuarrie: (Scotian) Symphony and stardust doing extra passage planning with - swoon - the CO!!

RHONDA Miller: (Techumseh) Our soprano shattered many scuttles with her high C's and set a record for losing the most things in a day.

DEBBIE Moore: (Catarauqui) She brought back the lost art of fraternization and entertained the mess with her nightly calls for "Irene, Irene."

NANCY BRUCE Olmstead: (Discovery) "Bumstead was the biggest explosive in the smallest package and guardian of CWO Rufus.

LENORE Schmidt: (Queen) When times were tough, she got through on "BUM" power and KV's wings.

LAURIE Zatychev: (Carleton) She was continuously busy taking three fixes on Glen at the door.

Conestoga's first venture of the summer was NBCD school. It was a 'gas.' We set the place on "fire" with our enthusiasm even though shoring proved us a "little wet behind the ears." Meanwhile, back at the Fred, it didn't take us long to figure out how to get through a boring CD. Who could forget the morning 18 Newburns were ready and mustered for inspection?

Eleven days of summer camp at Patriot followed by our camp counsellor, Capt. Vaness, and the boys next door, Crescent division. With fire blankets "tight as a drum" and gravel meticulously weeded and leveled, we blissfully set off to play leadership and internal security games and carry-out top secret mission like "OPERATION HOT DoG!" Patriot was also the unveiling of the world famous Conestoga Critter Choir.



Then we began 5 years (or was it only 5 weeks) of BOC-Boring Officer Course. This included Military Writing, where we learned to construct a proper letter to Mom; Military law, where we studied the chit system and the latest offences of Cayuga Divison; and Instructional Technique, where we learned the intricacies of operating an overhead projector where magic markers proved invaluable as training aids. At Communications School, our singing, munching, and comedy hours successfully drove 3 instructors round the bend and we were working on our fourth when the exciting 2 weeks ended. Navigation School showed many Conestoga members to be avid navigators and reaffirmed our belief in the motto "We WILL go to sea".

So we prodded along - listening to MARS III war stories, getting to know Comox and Cordova (better known as Cordomox) who had finally returned to the

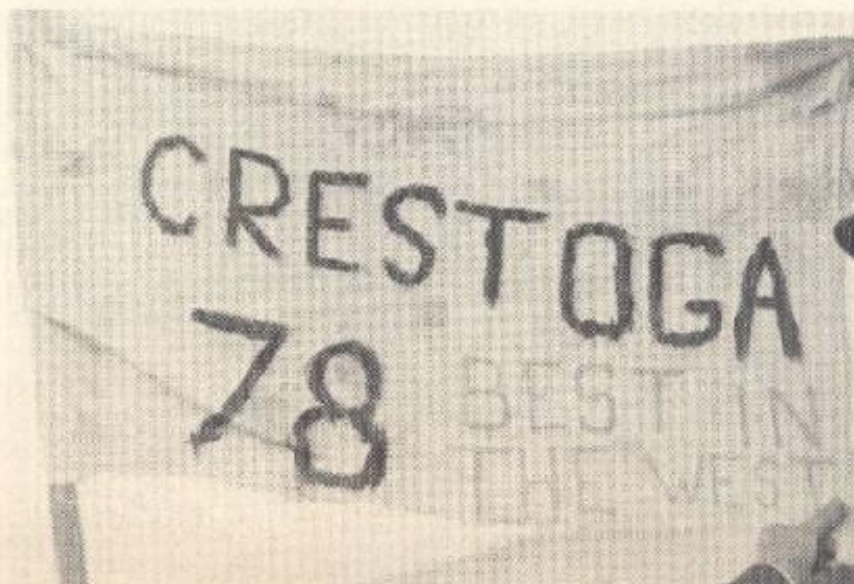
Fred; listening to MARS III war stories, getting in the general Gunroom fun, and listening to MARS III war stories....

Then the day of Admiral's Divisions rolled around. Conestoga as Guard led the way. Described as "too good for people", we set a precedent that would be hard to follow. Just ask a certain senoir officer who had the misfortune of doubting the female contingent and had to make a formal public apology at the Cadet Ball.

Seamanship training on the Port Dauphine, Oriole, and Saskatchewan enhanced our enthusiasm for sea life. Then came that fateful day when they tried to weaken us by dividing us into two groups-Conestoga A and B. Little did they know that 2 Conestogas are twice as much trouble as one.

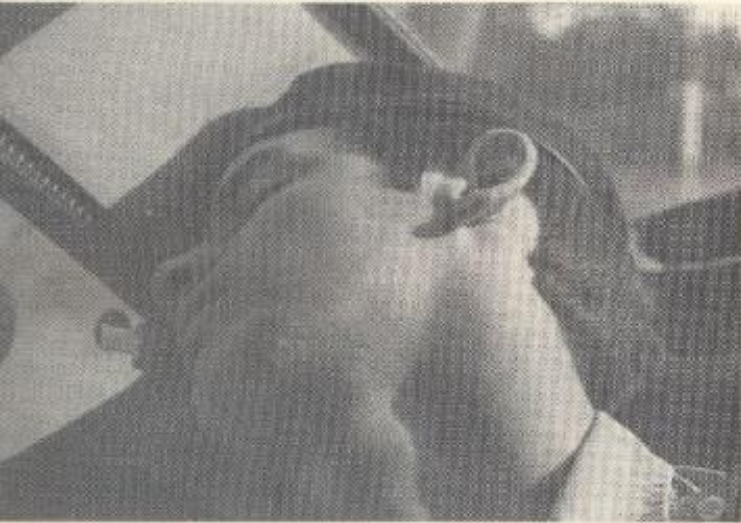
For the rest of the summer, each group did one week of MARS II training, and Advanced Navigation or OJT. Finally, in what many consider to be the best 2 weeks of the summer, we did our Expedition(mountain climbing in Strathcona park or canoeing in the Broken Group with our fearless leader Lt. Mike "the Mountain Goat" Walsh) and sea training on YFP 312 under the capable direction of Slt. Doug Bancroft. Bravo Zulu!

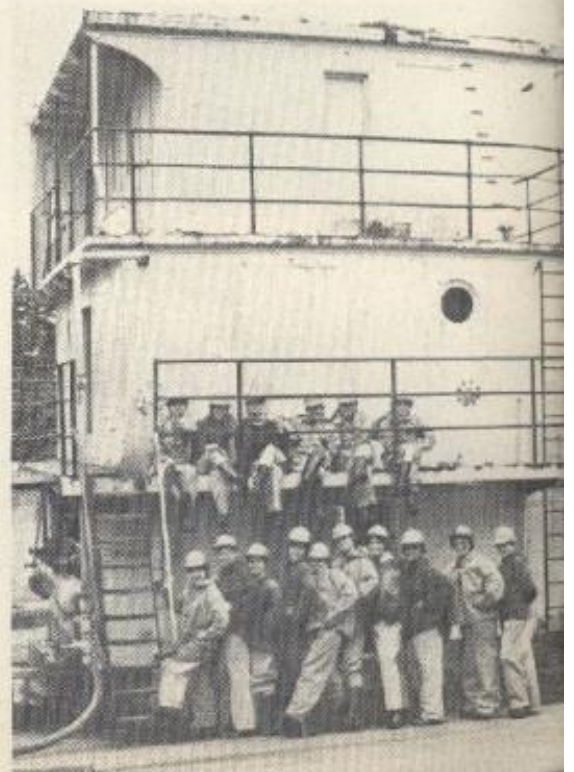
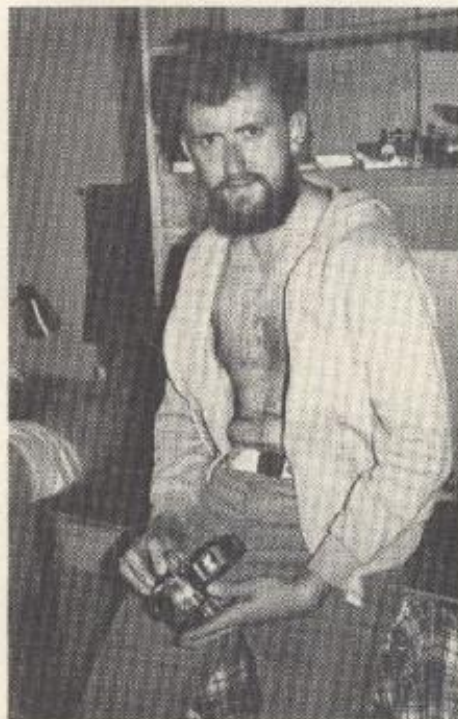
Like everything, the summer had its ups and downs but, all in all, it was a mamorable experience for every member of Conestoga, and for those who thought their headaches with Conestoga '78 were over, we're pleased to inform you that we've only just begun. Seeyou in '79!















LA CONNECTION QUEBECOISE

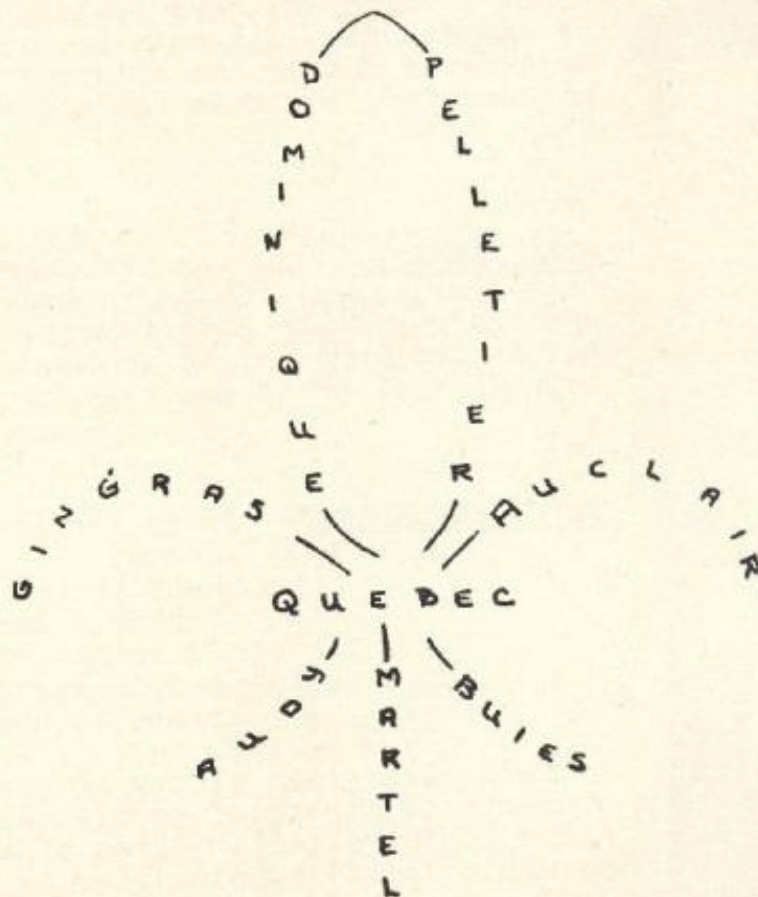
2ème division

DEVISE: "Faut être plus que quelqu'un pour en être"

MEMBRES: Jacques "CoCo" Gingras
Michel "Chocolate" Auclair
Michel "The fox" Audy
Richard "La gaffe" Buies
Robert "Pappy" Dominique
Sylvain "La pie" Martel
Pierre "Le muet" Pelletier

"Fleur de Lys"

Sur le sommet d'un "Montcalm", dans la terre peu fertile de Gaspé, Jacques a su faire pousser les fleurs de Conestoga. Il a bien sûr eu besoin de l' "Auclair" coulant de Gaspé à Granby à travers des embûches comparables aux canaux de Mars. L' "Audy" tion des memoires de notre horticulteur ne va pas sans montrer l'importance des ours Grilse se cachant dans les "Buies" sons sous le "Martel" lement des rayons du soleil et le vol hésitant des "Pappy" llons. Il a su aussi noter l'importance de la "MARE" e qui a nécessité l'usage de la "Pelletier" s des bontés de "Trinity". Le resultat fut le developpement d'une belle petite fleur de lys, Elaine.



GASPÉ



ALAN BAILEY- Although Al valiantly tried to make Commonwealth Squash Team with the help (?) of Peter Bradstreet, he generally followed the divisional inclination. In other words, he skated as much as possible. Al also managed to keep us entertained with his trained "ducks" and unusual front-of-the-classroom presentations.



FRANK BARRETTO- This happy-go-lucky person, is always willing to lend a helping hand. Frank's voice was very prominent whenever he was around. His main problem was that he'd never get to the original party he planned for, but this was not all his fault. Right Al?



BILL BERNATH- Bill was into horticulture this year, specializing in twolips. As Bill was God's gift to Budget-Rent-A-Car, when not in the gunroom, he would be cruising the island. What proof was that rum, Bill?



PETER BRADSTREET- "Pure wingless Pete from Gaspé,
Went for a walk one day,
Inside a shop,
He bought a pop,
And in the corner, he
drank it away."

Pete also gives plenty of constructive (?) comments to plenty of people. All in all, he added comic relief in times of need, although he was a "cold" hypocondriac at Venture.

GARTH CLARKE- "The surprise of Gaspé" He fooled us all by pretending to be a student of classical Greek, but has turned out to be a navigator of Gaspé calibre. And Garth, where do you pick up those good looking "quarter-to-eight-night-of-the-Cadet-Ball-dates?"



MIKE EDWARDS- A lad from Nova Scotia (with its mountains dark and dreary be), proved to us on several occasions that the sea air does nothing to improve ones singing voice. Good natured and a friend to all, Mike acts as a balancing influence on us all despite his lapses into tales of life with the Iroquois (which suggests he might be part indian).



Keen and mean (including the morning run) Mike will be remembered by all, including Chief Massey and a certain logistics officer we swear he emulates (How will we ever be able to tell them apart when they're both commissioned?).

RUSS FOWLER- Known as "Toby Techer" for his unusually techer qualities. Russ has given much flare to Gaspé, through his keen ability to utilize the English language. His bellowing parade voice earned him Gaspé's complete respect. Three ciders is the magic number.



JACQUES GINGRAS- Whatever Jacques' goals in life may be, you can be sure that he'll meet them via the easiest route available. This man shall not die from overwork If ever he tells two men to do a job, it is so that one may sleep while the other works.





ERIC HULSEMANN- For "Eric the Fish", our fearless leader, it shouldn't be long till his request to commence shaving is granted. The Midnight Rambler loves doing rounds, especially in the Conestoga flats. Blondie has done well and should go far, even if it's only with the scouts because of his irresistable urge to go camping.



BRIAN LANGDON- Due to his old age and glorious head of hair, Brian was known as Uncle Brian. He could be relied on to bring sanity to our lives. A stabilizing influence, he made sure we didn't get too serious, by putting marbles in our boots, berets, and bunks. Also very keen on small craft safety, Brian could be relied on not to "rock the boat."



DOUG MARTIN- Caspe's vice (in more ways than one) in the gunroom and in fridge flats. His main ambitions in life are to argue with anything that talks, and to be CO of Star; despite Toby. The latter is unlikely 'course maybe we techs ain't able to talk good, but we can count, and the score is 3 to 1 against artsies at "Star."



RON MONK- Where would we be without the amazing energy of Chip? There were many times when his keenness and drive kept Caspe going. Who else but Chip could send Rob Jennings into one of his uncontrollable frennzies and yet survive?

PAT SAUNDERS- "Our resident intellectual." Name a subject and he's got it covered. This is one CC who has a keen interest in his provincial capital, especially the Legislative Buildings. Anyone for a guided tour?



GLEN SIMPSON- You can take the boy out of Crusader, but you can't take Crusader out of the boy. Wimpson, so named because of his rough and tough nature, also named "tag-a-long", could always be found with a certain member of Conestoga.

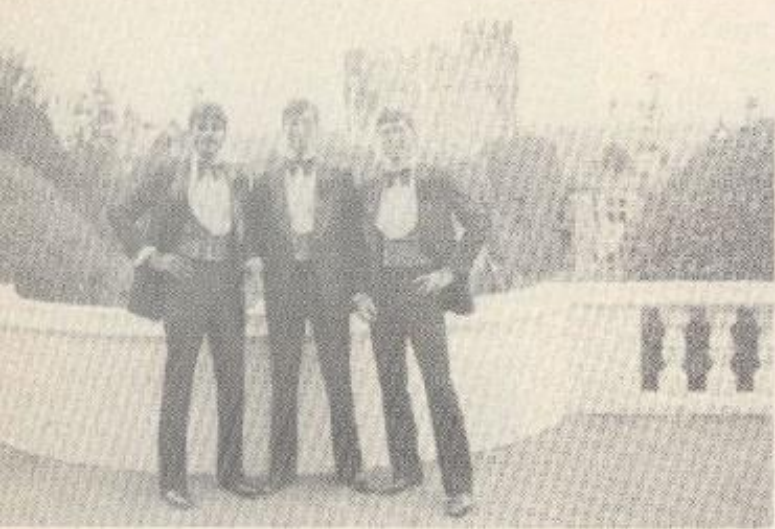


DON SMITH- Bluebeard Smith is never short on words, just on whiskers. After being accepted into CCGC, his wet dreams of being a CC ended. It took all summer to transform this ex-rodents' mind into a normal member of Gaspe. From one Cape Breton to another-----Good Luck Don!



GARY STARK- Real Stark, much loved for his morning sortees, impressed all with course academics. Gary's highlights this summer was RCMP practice at Mary Hill and beach party fires out at the spit.





HMCS CAPE BRETON
FMG 100
PROPOSED BY MARE III '78

SPECIFICATIONS:

DISPLACEMENT: 10000 STANDARD
15000 FULL LOAD

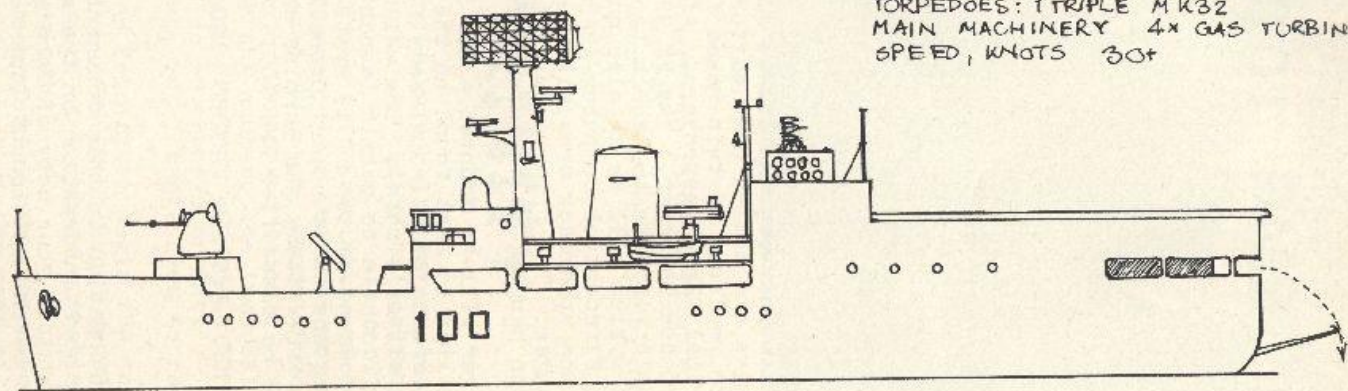
DIMENSIONS: 500 x 60 x 20 (FT)

AIRCRAFT: 15 HARRIER VTOL
2 A/S HELICOPTERS

MISSILES: SEE NOTE

ARMAMENT: 1- 5 IN (127mm) 54 CAL
TORPEDOES: 1 TRIPLE MK32
MAIN MACHINERY 4x GAS TURBINE
SPEED, KNOTS 30+

39



[Handwritten signature]

FMG 100

This document is in response to the call by NDHQ for tenders in the new shipbuilding program currently advertised in newspapers and magazines across Canada.

We, the MARE class of '78, feel that the Cape Breton would be ideal for the navy, with a few minor alterations.

Foreward, the structure at the brow will be modified to accomodate a 5-in. (127mm) single gun mount made by Vickers of England. The crane, aft of the brow, will be replaced by the Tartar Missile System. This system is currently undergoing tests at the United States Navy Test Establishment.

The "sundeck" area will be taken up by a new mast erected aft of the bridge. This mast will carry the latest in electronic and detection equipment, both passive and active (see editor's note).

The funnel will be replaced by twin raked funnels, similar to those found on the Tribal Class destroyers. Aft the funnel will be located the MK 32 torpedoe launcher. The MK 32 is mounted midships, and at a slight elevation is able to launch to either the port or starboard side. This system will be totally automated and will be hooked up to the Main Firecontrol Computer (MAFCONCOM).

The remainder of the upperdeck area will be devoted to the flight-deck and ready-use hangar. The flightdeck will be serviced by one elevator (Otis), in the hangar, to transfer aircraft from the main hangars below.

On top of the hangar will be mounted a Sea Sparrow air defence missile launcher, similiar to that found on the Tribals, and the British Sea Slug air defence missile (already fitted on ships of the RN and RNZN - see editor's note). The welldeck, at the stern of the ship, will be floodable to permit launching of Landing Craft.

The ship will be powered by two FT 12 Pratt-Whitney cruise gas turbine engines driving the two outboard propellers. For high-speed manouvers, four FT4 Pratt-Whitney gas turbine engines will be used.

This new ship will be classified FMG 100:

FRED MISSILE GUIDED 100

Editor's note: all information in this document is classified. If you wish more information on the systems described, please consult your copy of Jane's Fighting Ships or the most recent edition of Time Magazine.



L to R

2nd Row: Garry Robertson, Pierre Pelletier, Matt Stone,
Ragi H. Sekaly.
1st Row: Chris Peachment, Paul Truyens, Real Thibault,
John Kendall.

TRINITY

Sitting on the plane, winging its way eastward, (I asked a Mars-Bar) affords an excellent opportunity to look back over the preceding four months.

I believe the first night in Esquimalt had something to say about the mood of the summer. For those of you who weren't there, the "Shad Express" arrived in Comox, where after a short dinner we were taken on a tour of Vancouver Island. Eventually we arrived at our home for the summer, the immortal Fred.

The entire contingent of about 40 cadets then proceeded to convene the first meeting of the "Tudor Rats". I would relate what happened that night, but I can't seem to remember (It was a long time ago!!).

It was high time for Trinity to begin the task set before us; staying awake through MARS IV Common. We admit it was a hard task, but for a few moments of weakness, (resting your eyes, eh Ragi??), we all survived.

It was felt that the engineers needed a diversion before getting down to the serious work of the rest of the summer, so we boarded our "transportation" and went off to sea (sea what). The Portland Rose Festival of course!!


It was on a rough and stormy sea that we set sail that memorable day, but we all carried out our duties, especially our three 'senior' members. Word has it that they were such devout engineers that periodically they would even make sure the propellers were turning correctly. It wasn't just a pleasure cruise, we all had our watches to stand in the engine room (except Mon Frere who had to contend with working at the other end of the telegraphs). What else can be said about Portland that hasn't been said before? (besides she was at least 23 years old!?!?).



CANADA'S NEW 300 CLASS



The rest of the summer was spent learning about our course and each other. We had our token Subby, John. (If you can't get a girl, get a chubby subby). John was an example to all of us. As soon as we figure out what he was an example of, (pizzas???) we'll let you know.

Then there was our token boatman, Paul. ( to all his friends) It was rumored that by the end of the summer, Paul actually spent one weekend in Victoria (viscous lies!!). Nice picture in your locker, Paul, heard the girls loved the magazine, waiting for the movie now.



Our token Pongo, Real, made the summer something to remember. Who could have imagined that a first year GIRL could put beer down her throat faster than Real could put it down his mouth. As much as we liked our CC, we're sure the first years loved him like a mother (which they showed often).

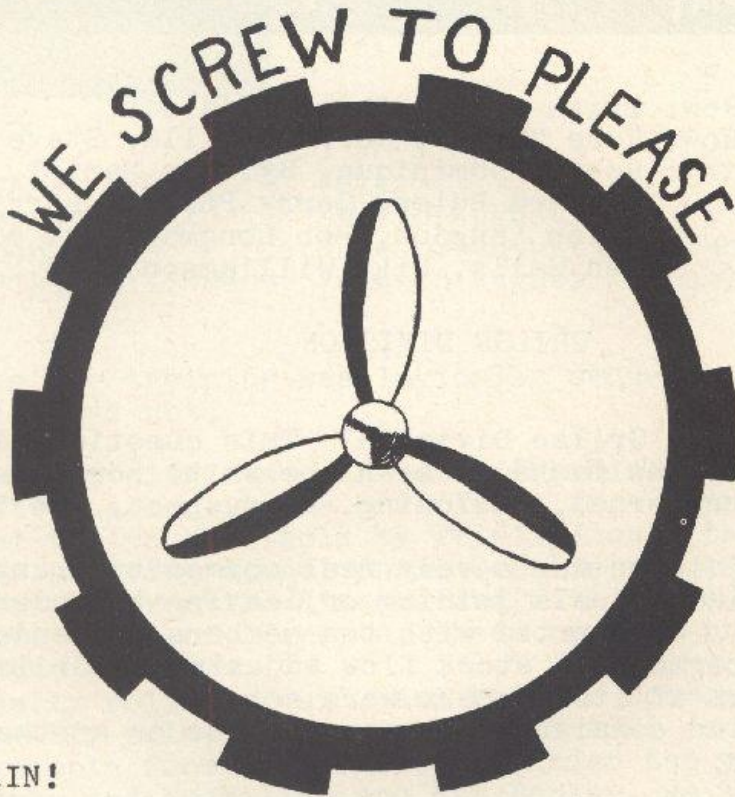
Then there's our token "fuzz face", Garry. The entire division was pleased that he kept a low profile (think what it would have been like if he hadn't). For anybody that is interested, Garry is giving lessons on how to operate a Volt-Ohm Meter in five easy lessons. (besides, Garry, she was only 17).

Our token Camel-Jockey, Ragi, added an international flavour to our division. Ragi had the best eyes in our division. He was seen resting them so that they'd be all right. He also has been taking moustache growing lessons from Pierre. Ragi is also the hard worker putting this yearbook together.

Next is our token detective, Mick Danger(third eye). Whenever anything went missing, Mick Danger was there (with his contact lenses) hot on the trail. We'll never forget his disappointment when Bulkheads went to sea (sea what!).

Last, but not least (we hope), is our token frenchmen, Pierre. We were going to buy Pierre a moustache, but the store in Nootka Court was sold out. Pierre had a little trouble with the English language, but don't worry Pierre, the other frenchmen had trouble with the french language on Wednesday mornings.

We enjoyed our summer, keeping our motto foremost:



STONED AGAIN!





L to R
 2nd Row: Brian Pratt, Chris Paddison
 1st Row: Russ Katzer, Jeff Colville, Steve Hunn
 missing: Robert Dominique, Sylvain Martel,
 Richard Buies, Gerry Powell, Larry Brown,
 Brian Langdon, Bob Longman, Tom miller,
 Len Walls, Mike Williamson.

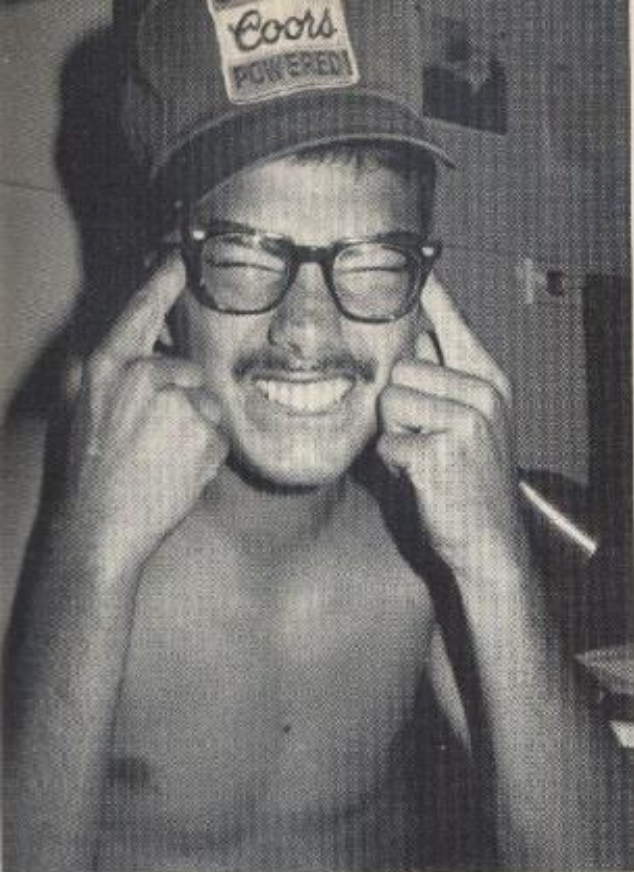
GRILSE DIVISION

Who or what is a Grilse Division? This question, like that of the identity of the masked man on the white horse remains a mystery to many concerned, including, we suspect, the training staff at NRTC.

But Grilse Division was a very real commodity changing its membership with individuals joining or leaving to undertake diverse training. We started with ten members and ended up with ten, so in terms of a stock flow adjustment, Grilse's books were balanced even if its members were not.

Grilse Division consisted of, at one time or another, the following members:

Larry Brown	July to August	(Brownie)
Richard Buies	May to August	(Little Bush)
Jeff Colville	May to July	(Disco Kid)
Robert Dominique	May to August	(Pepe)
Steve Hunn	May to July	(Faye's "Hunn"shine)
Russ Katzer	May to July	(Katz)
Brian Langdon	August	(Uncle Brian)
Bob Longman	July to August	(Snakey Wake)
Sylvain Martel	May to August	
Tom Miller	June to August	
Chris Paddison	May to June	(Paddy)



Gerry Powell	July
Brian Pratt	May to August
Len Walls	June to August (Bulkheads)
Mike Williamson	June to August (Scum)

Thus, while our training was logically sequenced, our membership composition was not.

Mars IV Common, with its courses in the Divisional System, NBCD, the Supply System, etc.... were undertaken in a hypnotic euphoria generally found (we've been told by Trinity) only through the practice of sniffing and snorting diesel fuel. Despite the raid on the Wrens at Patriot and some interesting discussions with the supply people about leg hairs sticking out of CF pants, these courses provided some high points during the summer.

August finally rolled around, and Mars IV Common followed by Mars III ashore, finally culminated in the SEA PHASE! We went to sea as a collection of people from everywhere and under the professional attention of Lt's Craig and MacMillan and SLt Parker, we learned about the real world of MARS, seemingly in a continual downpour (China markers sure help to reduce a cocked hat).

Three weeks before the mast on YMT 10 provided us all with memories not likely to be forgotten. Vancouver, Seattle, and Squire Cove were all ports for a real sailor. Being passed by a tug with two barges in tow was embarrassing, to say the least. Words such as "approximately" "slightly" and "finds us" became stricken from our vocabulary. To it were added the CO's "Hmmm", Sylvain's "I take fix", Len's "excuse me!!" and Richard's "please advertize me". We watched and we learned

from each other, and in doing so finally clicked as a division. From this we also noticed Mike's Honda Cap, Len's SQUEELING (which does not improve under the influence), Tom's inspection of the Cape Breton's Brow (close up), Brian (Unc) silly grin on the bridge (he loved being up there), and the culinary expertise of Missus Brown & Dominique (peanut butter sandwiches and pancakes).

Yes, despite our doubts, we came through it all with much to look back on, and although we may be forgotten by others, we will all look back and remember ~~GIRLS DIVISION~~ GRILSE DIVISION.





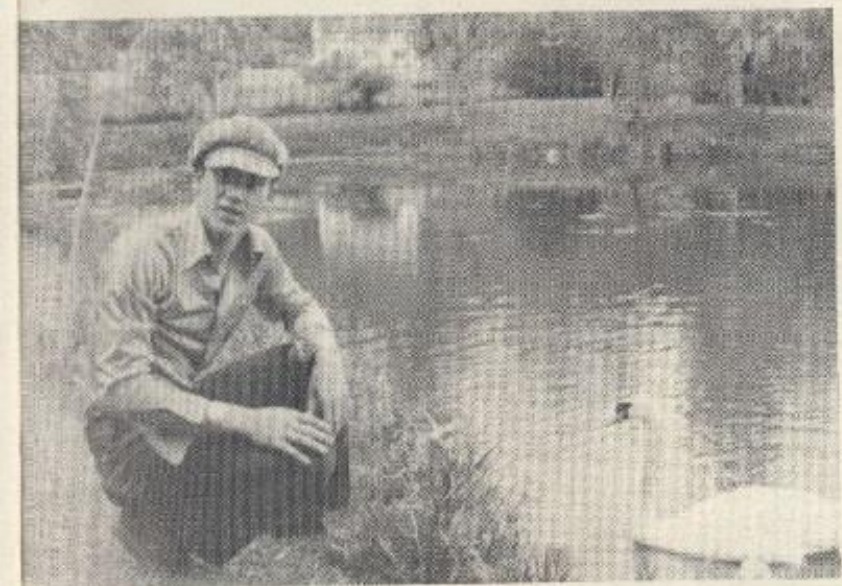


GRANBY DIVISION

L to R

2nd Row: James Odell, Larry Savage, Jake Pajak, Michel
Audy, Michel Auclair, John Nicolle.

1st Row: Dave Howell, Pete Miller, Ken Johnston.



GLENEVIS 78



Dear Mom,

I guess you've been wondering what I've been doing for the past four months. Probably the best way to describe it is "Close Encounters of Three Kinds."

THE FIRST KIND - Halifax (and Dartmouth)

We finally got a glimpse of the Real Navy-well, as much as we could see through the fog and snow. It was easy to see that things hadn't changed much over the past year - the only difference was our name. Conestoga 77 had now become Glenevis 78. Who, what, when or why is Glenevis, you ask? Well, Glenevis is a non-commissioned auxiliary vessel which works from dawn till dusk in Halifax Harbour, supporting the fleet tirelessly, without recognition, and providing the backbone to the entire operational force. The similarity between the ship and ourselves was simply too obvious, and thus, Glenevis 78 was born.

Not only did we see the Navy side of things in Halifax, we also had a brief encounter with the Zoomies (not as brief as some people - Was that 12:00 noon or midnight when Laura came home?). We learned that she certainly had no "Fear of Flying" when her theme song changed from "Tell Laura I Love Her" to "Johnny Angel..."

Those without Zommie friends had a pretty good time too - Pat going to any lengths to request interviews from our course director; Cathy Champ dancing through swamps; Barb getting off on Jack Benny; Mary talking on the phone; and everyone getting bitten and bunned in the Wardroom. Speaking of good clean fun, we learned not to bend over in the showers. Mind you, at the end of five weeks we decided that our 2 i/c, Jay Packmeter, needed to clean up her act, so we gave her two for the price of one - shower and shave (Remember that night Deb?).

We all remember the night Frankie danced up a storm at Cornwallis - I told you - the Bee Gees have a good beat! Soon after all this excitement.....

It was a dark and dreary drizzly morn
When 18 girls set out,
Away from the security of the balmy sea
To a land of dust and doubt.....



THE SECOND KIND - Borden (with fond memories of Dartmouth)

"O my Gawd", there are Pongos everywhere! Speaking of pests, our rooms were infested with ants, crickets, groundhogs and CIL's. In order to cheer us up, NRTC kindly sent us 4 Macho men - Russ (Armadillo playboy) Katzer, Mike (the Unknown Cadet) Markle, Steve (Male Chauvinist Pig) Hunn, and last but not least, Mr Macho himself, Jeff (3 gallons of black olives in 2 weeks) Colville. Even the company of these four manly specimens failed to improve the general atmosphere of Camp Boredom - the Armpit and Dustbowl of Canada (to name just a few of its distinctions) so we decided to take our well being into our own hands. That was Mistake Number One, for things steadily declined from there. Legget and Laura developed the worst symptoms of Boredomosis, turning into Peter Pan and Tinkerbell.



And then there was the twenty minutes intense high, which hit all of us sooner or later.

Some of us had it really bad while in Borden - poor Jane having the smallest, noisiest and hottest room ("But I don't complain."). To add to her troubles, Diana (still a Fem Puff) Herrington accused Jane of being the source of a rather unusual odour in her room. For some reason, Jane resented the resemblance between herself and a skunk.

Of course, Mary was still on the phone - something about plans for the future; while Veronica could only think of plants for the future. Brigitte was trying to charm her way into the Officers Mess ("Am I OK?" Wink, wink, nudge, nudge, Say no more); and Coons and Dancer were being Major Hazard and General Nuisance, as usual. Of course, Cathy had already found something else to while away her time with...

Goodo - things were looking up. Here we were in Finance class, with 21 days till we are free, Do Da, Do Da, and Boredom looking better all the time. We had learned all about "Lay for an A" and buttering up generals. (P.S. Mom - I got a C and I prefer margarine).

Oh Mom - I almost forgot, you just wouldn't recognize Leslie anymore - She changed from Lady Godiva to Gino Vinelli to Miss Sweet and Inocent (can you believe it) all in one summer. She also established a world record in stuffing the largest amount of hair into a beret.



Now, although we were away from the Navy life, some of us just couldn't forget our navigation lessons from last year. Liz was often found by the ship's wheel practicing her Officer of the Watch manoeuvres - or was that manoeuvring the Officers of the Watch?!

While some of us spent our time in the trivial manners I've just described, there were others who decided to concentrate on academic endeavours for the summer. Even Beth, of all people, spent her free time reading educational material - "Gang-Banging Barbara" and "Delicious Denise" topped her best-sellers list. Well, excuse me!

Well Mom, I could go on about Bordon, and about everyone. There was Diana, who was into leather all summer; and Barb who was into everything all summer. And how can I forget Peggy Babcock, that mysterious member of our group, who makes guest appearances once a year at mess dinners. A toast to Marjorie, a toast to everyone!

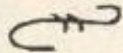
And so we passed 11 weeks of rigorous training, mental fatigue, and "we love finance." (Smile and wave your hands.) Before we knew it (gross exaggeration) we were finished and on our way to our final encounter.

THE THIRD KIND - Victoria (and wishing it were Dartmouth)

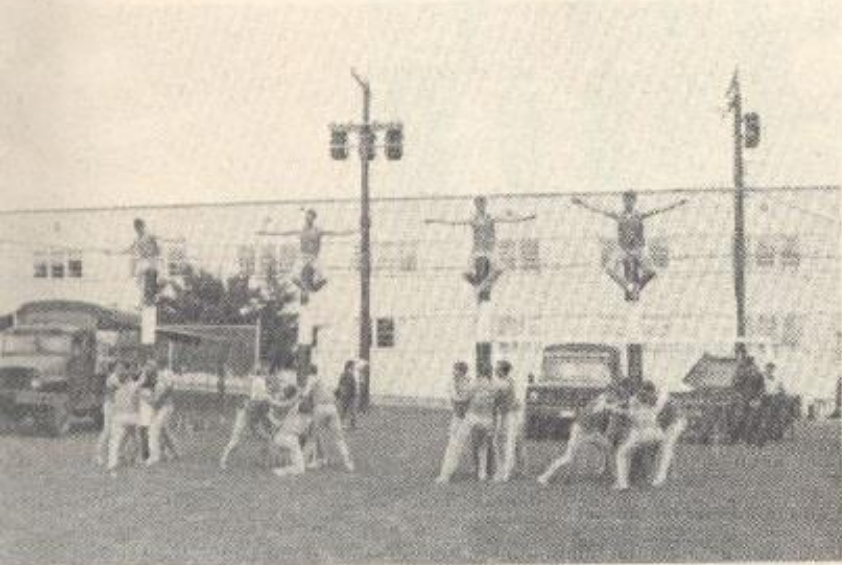
So mom, we made it, through all our ups and downs, our tears and our laughter, our hard times and our happy times - WE MADE IT!

I know our group will never be the same again, and I know that I'll never spend another two years like this. I guess all I really want to say, after all is said and done, is thanks for letting me be part of this.

With love & thanks,
Your daughter,

Stevens








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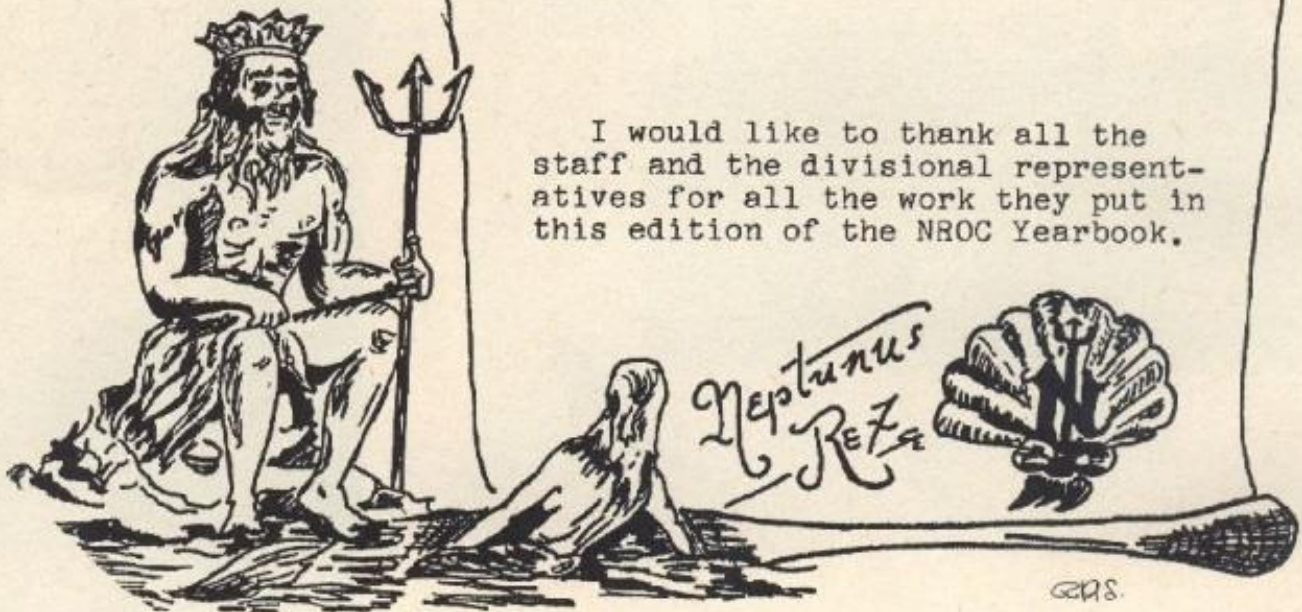


1978 NROC YEARBOOK

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I would like to thank all the staff and the divisional representatives for all the work they put in this edition of the NROC Yearbook.





NROC 1978 Directory

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Arfield, Susan	60 Conifer Crescent	Winnipeg	Man	R2T 1V5	(206)253-1901	CA
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Aske, Peter	18 Crescent Drive	Saint John	NB	R2H 1F4	(506)847-8555	BR
Auclair, Michel	6132 Boul. Henri Bourassa	Charlesbourg	PQ	Q1H 3B6	(418)626-7271	MM
Audy, Michel	848 Holland	Quebec	PQ	Q1S 3S3	(418)527-9960	MM
Bailey, Alan	6030 South Street	Halifax	NS		(902)423-7870	SN
Baretto, Frank	32 Stewart Street	Grimsby	Ont	L3M 3M8	(416)945-5382	SR
Barracos, Theodore P	Box 42 Student's Union Building	UBC	BC	home	(204)269-7168	DY
Beliveau, Charles	6627 Lakewood Drive	SW Calgary	ALTA	T3E 5T2	(403)246-4726	TH
Bell, John	122 Oak Ridge Avenue	Pte Claire	PQ	H9R 3C2	(514)697-2505	DA
Bennett, Jennifer Bruce	104 Price Avenue	Hamilton	Ont	L9C 1X7	(416)383-6100	SR
Bernath, Bill	53 Alice Street S	Essex	Ont	N8M 1B3	(519)776-8026	HR
Bernath., James	53 Alice Street S	Essex	Ont	N8M 1F3	(519)776-8026	HR
Bliss, Douglas	150 Hartley	Brockville	Ont	K6V 3N6		CT
Boettger, Evan	2027 Glenfern Avenue	Ottawa	Ont	K1J 6H1	(613)745-0915	ON
Bourgeois, Lynette	261 Belliveau Rd.	Winnipeg	Man	R2M 1B8	(204)253-4394	CA
Bradstreet, Peter	169 Wilder Avenue	Oakville	Ont		(519)844-2418	HR
Bules, Richard	630 Le Cavalier	Ste Foy	PQ	Q1X 3H5	(418)651-7288	MM
Burghardt, Joyce	58 Greendown Dr.	Scarborough	Ont	M1M 2G7	(416)267-1363	YK
Caines, Gary	504 Pleasant Street	St John West	NB	E2M 2P2	(506)672-8128	BR
Calnan, Steve	Box 353 Midnapore	SE Calgary	Alta	T01 1J0		TH
Carriere, Pierre	500 Dyoart Rd.	Winnipeg	Man	R3T 2M8		CA
Carrol, Thomas	Box 339 Squire Street	Sackville	NB	ROA 3C0	(506)536-1923	BR
Champ, Cathy	3433 Askin Avenue	Windsor	Ont		(519)969-7627	HR
Clarke, Garth	4811-108A Avenue	Edmonton	Alta	T6A-1P8	(403)466-5868	NH
Clarke, Robert	11-9th Street	Toronto	Ont	M6V 3R2		YK
Clerinus, Barb	650 Hollow Tree Ridge	Darien	Conn.	USA	(206)655-4347	BR
Colville, Jeff	54 MacFarlane Rd.	Ottawa	Ont	K2E 6V5	(613)825-1762	ON
Comesau, Brigitte	2095 Melba Street	St Bruno	PQ		(514)653-7931	DA
Coons, Cathy	4074 Forest Street	Burnaby	BC		434-7931	DY
Cornier, Charles	214 Edgett Avenue	Moncton	NB		(506)555-4295	BR
Coulson, Mary	156 Robison Dr.	Thunder Bay	Ont		767-5881	
	Apt T18 Lakeshore Pk 2 30/30	Perkins Hwy Winnipeg	Man		(206)269-7286	CA
Cristoveanu, Irene	35 Oakridge Avenue	Kingston	Ont	K7L 4B8	(416)542-5094	CT

Crowley, Robert	3 Mount Royal Avenue	St John's	NFLD A1C 5E5		CT
Dancer, Daryl	91 Crescent Avenue	Thunder Bay	Ont	(807)345-6706	ON
Davidson, Robert	2185 FIFE Crescent	Ottawa	Ont K1G 2Z3		CT
Deane, Susan	25 Pine Wood Rd.	Regina	Sask S4B 5P5	(306)586-4270	QM
Derby, Eric	41 Burning Bush Bay	Winnipeg	Man R2J 2E9	(204)253-0972	CA
Dominique, Robert	3522 Est Sherbrooke 7	Montreal	PQ H1W 1E1	(514)524-2970	DA
Donaldson, Bruce	310 Driveway	Ottawa	Ont K1S3M7	(613)237-2815	ON
Doré, Richard	3355 Boul. Tracy, Duvernay	Laval	PQ H7E 1M2	(514)661-0988	DA
Drabble, Dan	Box 24, Site 25, RR6	Aradale	NS B3L 4P4	(902)477-5222	SH
Dymatee, Peter	154 Walby Dr.	Oakville	Ont L6L 4E2	(416)827-2966	SR
Edwards, Gord	34 Moran Avenue	Agincourt	Ont M1B 2H8	(416)293-0135	YK
Edwards, Mike	4 Albion Rd.	Jollimore HPX	NS D3P 1P7	(902)477-4855	SH
Eggett, Cathy	20 Cashob Court	Agincourt	Ont B3P 1P7	(416)291-6383	YK
Elwood, Phil	1172 Rockcliffe	Halifax	NS D3H 3Y6	(902)423-3056	SH
Escott, Robert	Hopeall,	Trinity Bay	NFLD AOB 2C0	(709)753-8329	CT
Fowler, Russ	11 Winthrop Place	Stoney Creek	Ont L8G 3M3	(416)664-5886	SR
Garand, Linda	815, 50ieme Avenue	Lachine	PQ H8T 2V2	(514)634-9746	DA
Gardan, D C					CA
Gautreau, Pierre	107 Ellerdale	Moncton	NB E1A 3M8	(506)855-4711	ER
Gingras, Jacques	624 Joffre	Quebec 6	PQ G1B 3L3	(418)687-0343	MM
Gingras, Denis	624 Joffre	Quebec 6	PQ G1B 3L3	(418)687-0343	MM
Graham, James	Apt 2 6725 Des Ecoles	Montreal	PQ H2G 2J9	(514)374-0833	DA
Gunderson, Lief	4520 Lynn Valley Rd.	North Vancouver	BC V7K 2T5	(604)987-2783	DE
Haché, Daniel	2670 Rue Prefontaine	Montreal	PQ		DA
Hamelin, Denis	2912 Rue Summerside	Ste Foy	PQ G1W 201	(418)656-9522	MM
Harding, Steve	4921 Townsend Dr.	Victoria	BC V8Z 5P2	(604)479-0344	MT
Hardy, Jeff	10 Wardour St.	Bedford	NS BOK 1B0	(902)835-9809	SH
Heatherington, Laura	8305 - 160 Street	Edmonton	Alta	(403)489-8585	NH
Hébert, Charles	1001 Lacasse Blvd.	Tecumseh	Ont N8W 2C6	(519)735-3115	HR
Herrington, Diana	516 Regent Street	Fredericton	NB	(506)454-9311	ER
Hickey, Marjorie	2613 Lynn	Dartmouth	NS	(902)466-3285	SH
Higgs, Marylin	5135 Barron Crescent NW	Calgary	Alta T2L 1T8	(403)284-1032	TH
Howell, Dave	64 Orna Drive	Orillia	Ont L3V 4J9	(705)326-9745	SR
Hoy, J	320 Valencia Place NW	Calgary	Alta T3A 2C1		TH
Hulseman, Eric	66 Costello Dr.	Winnipeg	Man R2Y 1W7	(206)889-5991	CA
Hunn, Steve	52 Admiral Rd.	Ajax	Ont L1B 2N9	(416)683-0326	HR

Katzer, Russel	2814 Inez Drive	Victoria	BC V9A 2J1	382-3092	MT
Kendall, John	8 Hudson Bay	Thompson	Man R8N 1H9	(204)677-3708	CA
King, Noel	PO Box 49	Hartington	Ont KOH 1W0	(613)372-2914	CN
	Carleton University Residence	1233 Colonel By Drive,	Ottawa, Ontario		
Kirkorian, Haig	1595 Dudemaine, Apt. 5	Montreal	PQ H3M 1R2		DA
Lacerte, Michel	2660 Boul. Liegeois	St-Foy	PQ G1W 1Z8	(418)651-4030	MM
Lang, Bill	204 Percival Ave.	Montreal West	PQ H4X 1T9		DA
Langdon, Brian	38 Lantana Crt.	Toronto	Ont M4A 2H8	(416)757-7694	YK
Laporte, Steve	1040 Gill	Ottawa	Ont K1G 2R3	(613)731-5146	CN
Latulippe, Denis	3498 Rue Soissons	Longueil	PQ J4L 3Z2	(514)679-7445	DA
Lawson, Pat	454 Moorgate St.	Winnipeg	Man R3J 2L9	(204)885-3953	CA
Layden, Faye	745 Graham Ave, Apt 104	Fredericton	NB	(506)756-2409	BR
Learning, D A	410 Elizabeth Ave	St John's	NFLDA1B 1V3		CT
Lillico, Steve	16 Lakeside Drive	Grimsby	Ont L3M 2K7	(416)945-4919	SR
Longman, Bob		Toronto	Ont		YK
Lord, Frank	33 Mount-Royal Blvd.	Moncton	NB E1E 2T9	(506)855-2516	BR
Luton, G	375 Grey Street	Brantford	Ont N3S 4X5	()	CI
Markle, Mike	Box 8	Greencourt	AltaTOE 0Z0	()786-4695	NH
Martin, Doug	80 Fairview Ave.	Grimsby	Ont L3M 3L5	(416)945-5665	SR
Mathis, Dick	14124 - 70th Street	Edmonton	AltaT5C 0L4	(411)475-7838	NH
Maxwell, I	1579 Kenmore Rd	Victoria	BC V8N 2E2		DY
McCarthy, Jane	7652 Clayton Court	Burnaby 2	BC V5E 3M8	()522-0403	DY
McCormick, Roderick	36 Emily Street	Ottawa	Ont KoA 1J0	(613)257-1591	CN
McQuarrie, Heather	c/o 32 Slayter Street	Dartmouth	NS	(416)548-3863	SN
Miller, Peter	873 Edgehill Row	Saint John	NB E2M 4G7	(506)672-2594	BR
Miller, Rhonda	#205, 323 - 13th Street	Calgary	AltaT2R 0K3	(403)261-4688	TH
Miller, Tom	28 Muriel Ave	Dartmouth	NS B2W 2E3	(416)434-6247	SN
Mofford, Doug	8144 Wiseman Ave	Montreal	PQ H3N 2P4		DA
Monk, Ron					
Moore, Debbie	192 Clergy Street East	Kingston	Ont K7K 3S7	(416)548-3863	CI
Morissette, France	73 Boul. Begin	Ste Claire D'Or	PQ G0R 2V0	833-3724	MM
Mullaly, Keith	13 Elliott's Rd, Kilbride	St John's	NFLD	(709)368-7513	CT
Mullan, Anthony	198 Woodside Rd	Beaconfield	PQ H9W 2P1	()	DA
Nicollie, John	47 Waterford Bridge Rd	St John's	NFLD	(709)754-0824	CT
Obsieger, Rob	5825 River Bend Rd	Edmonton	Alta T6H 5A8		NH

Olmstead, Nancy Bruce	3455 Calder Ave	North Vancouver	BC	V7N 3R8	(604)985-2928	DY
O'Rielly, Doug	37 Crescent Ave	Dartmouth	NS		(416)938-3345	SN
Paddison, Chris	47 - 19th Street	Roxboro	PQ	H8Y 3B1	684-2602	
	98 Alfred Street	Kingston	Ont			CI
Pajak, Jacob-Waclaw	622 Mt Pleasant Rd	Toronto	Ont	M4S 2M8	(416)481-6965	YK
Parish, Beth	1188 Baxter Ave	Westbrook	Ont	KOH 2X0	389-3822	CI
Peeters, K	77 Duncan Street	Georgetown	Ont	L7G 4M4		SR
Pelletier, Pierre	231 - 81e Rue Est	Charlesbourg	PQ	G1G 2Y2	(418)626-8137	MM
Plamondon, Philippe	594 Ouest, 76 ^e Rue	Charlesbourg	PQ	G1H 4S6	(418)623-3682	MM
Poupart, Sylvain	220 Boul. Saint Jean Baptiste	Chateauguay	PQ	J6K 3B8	(414)691-9480	DA
Powell, Gerry	PH 08 - 1380 Prince of Wales Dr	Ottawa	Ont	K2C 3N5	(613)225-5030	CN
Pratt, Brian	1095 - 35A Ave	Edmonton	Alta	T6J 0A2	(403)435-1035	NH
Reeves, Geoff	522 Briar Hill Ave	Toronto	Ont	M5N 1M9	(416)485-3907	CI
Repeil, Les	34West - 21st Street	Hamilton	Ont	L9C 4M5	(416)385-1139	SR
Riley, Barb	95 Candlewood Lane	Saint John	NB	E2L 1Z5	(506)652-3237	SN
Robertson, Garry	322 Herkimer Street	Hamilton	Ont	L8P 2J1	(416)525-3675	SR
Saunders, Pat	502 Hadden Drive	West Vancouver	BC	V7S 1G7	(604)922-2396	DY
Schmidt, Lenore	67 Arlington Street	Regina	Sask	S4S 3H9	(306)586-8944	Qn
Sekaly, Ragi H.	1351 Henry Farm Drive	Ottawa	Ont	K2C 2E5	(613)224-6848	CN
Simpson, Glenn	2318 Orlando Ave	Ottawa	Ont	K1H 7J9	(613)733-1038	CN
Sinclair, Derek	MacDonald Hall	Windsor	Ont	N9B 2P4		HR
Smith, Don	12817 - 224th Street	Maple Ridge	BC	V2X 7E7	(604)467-4421	DY
	CCGC	Sidney	NS			
Stark, Gary	4040 Braefoot Rd	Victoria	BC	V8X 2B7	(604)477-4654	MT
Stuart-Patterson, Dave	Carleton University Residence	1233 Colonel By Dr	Ottawa Ont			CN
Stone, Matt	333 Chapel Street, Apt #203	Ottawa	Ont	K1N 5R1	(613)233-1642	CN
Sutherland, Leslie	110 Charlotte Street	Ottawa	Ont	K1N 843	(613)235-2735	CN
Thibault, Pierre	2574 Boul. Pierre Tetrault	Montreal	PQ	H1L 4Z2	(514)351-1356	DA
Thibault, Real	614 Fraser Ave	Cornwall	Ont	K6H 5R1	(613)933-5995	CN
Thiele, Veronica	#1 - 2602 Graham Street	Victoria	BC	V8T 3U9		MT
Thompson, Charles	#801 - 2024 Fullerton Ave	North Vancouver	BC		(604)922-2114	DY
Tillander, Randall	729 Queen Street	North Bay	Ont	P1A 1T8	(705)474-3579	YK
Truyens, Paul (CCC)	#7 - 227 Laurier Ave East	Ottawa	Ont	K1N 6P1	(613)238-5648	CN
Walls, Len			NB			BR
Wenzel, Mike						
White, Debbie	705 Cumberland Ave South	Saskatoon	Sask		373-0931	UN
Whittier, Mike	55 Sydenham Street	Dundas	Ont	L9H 2T8	(416)628-6714	YK

Williamson, Mike
Wong, Gordon
Woodliffe, Liz
Zatychech, Laurie
Zebruk, Fred
Zeuner, Alfie

Schooner Cove, Head of St. Margaret's Bay, Halifax County, NS B0J 1R0 (902)826-7391 SN
24 Thornaby Crescent NW Calgary Alta T2K 5K4 (403)274-0026 TH
1524 Warland Rd Oakville Ont L6L 1N5 ()827-4319 SR
2019 Prince Charles Road Ottawa Ont K2A 3K9 (613)728-7971 CN
622 - A South Leland Street Thunder Bay Ont P7E 2P4 (807)622-9872 GN
4 Adelaide Ave Dundas Ont L9H 4M9 (416)628-8614 SR

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