



NANCY OLMSTEAD  
403-637-2110

# NROCC 79 YEARBOOK

## RISING





MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDANT

The summer of 1979 has seen the normal successes, joys, and woes associated with training up to 170 Officer Cadets under a tight academic and practical schedule. From my vantage point 1979 appeared to have more successes and joys and less woes than past summers. I believe the training programme generally ran more smoothly and at the same time providing a better programme. We anticipate an even better summer in 1980.

Many of the perennial problems will remain with us. I see no immediate resolution of the Cape Breton accomodation and food services difficulties, nor do I see an immediate ammalgamation of all NROC's facilities into one central location which would cure so many of our administrative headaches. However, the good spirit of our Cadets, and other ranks for that matter, make light of those problem areas.

Our sea training included good trips-the Destroyers south, and the Gates firstly to San Francisco, and then to Juneau. That is the most extensive summer cruising programme to date.

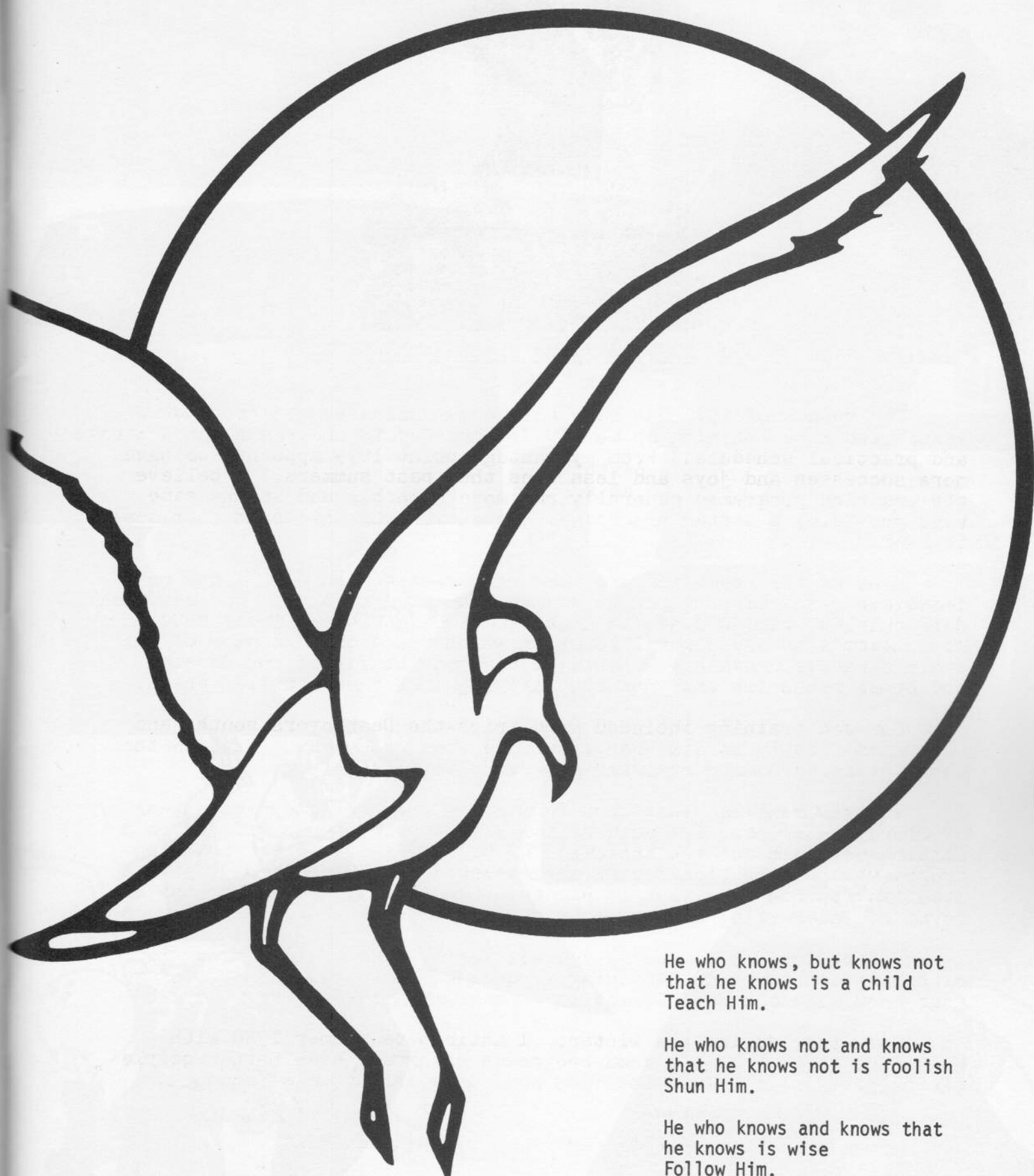
We have made no giant step forward in 1979; it has been a year of steady progress. The acquisition of a Regular Force Officer on a continuous basis and the inclusion of OCDT(W)'s in our sea training programme are both significant achievements. The former will give a stability to the NRTC that it has never known, and the latter has all sorts of interesting connotations for the future.

I look forward to seeing you all again in the following summers: either to continue your training programme, or in returning to share your knowledge and skills with more recently joined Reservists.

Good-luck during the winter. I anticipate summer 1980 with a knowledge that we have a good programme going and even better people taking part in it. Join the 1980 programme and bring a friend.

  
COMMANDER CHOAT

Commandant NRTC 1979



He who knows, but knows not  
that he knows is a child  
Teach Him.

He who knows not and knows  
that he knows not is foolish  
Shun Him.

He who knows and knows that  
he knows is wise  
Follow Him.

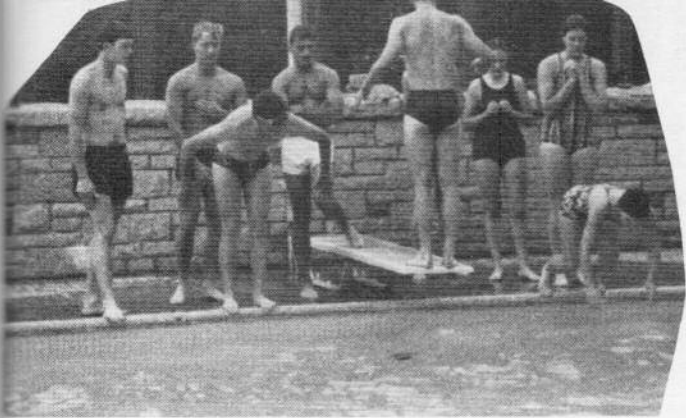


"Is that a banana in your pants  
or are you just happy to see me?"



"Cookie Monster without his beard."





"SUPER C.C.C."



"Lt. Walsh."





# CAYUGA

DOUG BRECKMAN: Bruiser, sometimes known as Uncle Jed, was an inspiration to all Cayugans this summer. He was always there to lend a helping hand or give some good advice. At times he seemed more like a big brother than a CTO, but then again, who listens to big brothers anyways? We couldn't have done it without you Jed and remember-

"The bigger the pot, the longer the handle!"







RANDY VISSER: Lurch's T-shirts added a bit of much needed "class" to the division and remember Randy, "If you can't dazzle them with brilliance, baffle them with bullshit!"

STEVE MALIKAIL: Steve was the head of our divisional entertainment committee and he serenaded us throughout the summer. He was also given credit for single handedly keeping the Red Baron in business. "...and they serve the most fantastic chicken cordon bleu with this superb white wine..."



GREG WIGHT:

Greg was our resident artist. Whether it was drawing the famous Cayuga or Qu'Appelle crests, or designing a cover for the yearbook, he could always be seen with something long and narrow in his hands, his pens of course! "Miss Qu'Appelle we love you!"

TOM DUNN: "Goose" was our fitness, boot shining and Expo enthusiast (besides Biron). Whether it was at 5 in the morning on the Helo deck, or below shining his boots Tom, always with a smile on his face and index finger at the ready could be heard to exclaim "I love it!"

YVES BIRON: One of Cayuga's "Quebec daily looking for letters from his girl-friend, (our last count was 45.) "Hey Blackball, Are we sic-cure?"





PO HARRISON: Well what can you say about PO except "Ah .... off!" Cayuga was fortunate to have PO Harrison as their training PO on ship. His years of experience, concern for our safety, and love of cold beer at 3 in the morning made our 6 weeks at sea very enjoyable. Good luck in your new career!

CHRIS ALEXANDER: Chris was one of the wilder Cayugans. No-one was ever sure whether or not that laugh of his was because of a good sense of humour or sheer madness. Rumour has it that Chris has been offered a job with the Long Beach Transit System as entertainment director on the buses. "Back of the bus please!"

AL GHANAM: Al's tongue gave him greater depth as a person and he could always be seen with a smile on his face and something in his hand (depending on the time of day!) "I must have called ten of them, and they have gone to Hawaii!"

RANDY ROBERTS: "Super Logo!" Fleagle, our division's top cadet could often be seen stooped over peering at the NATO number's of people's documents as they marched by. Bravo Zulu Buns!

BRUCE WILLIAMS: Bruce's sense of humour was a delight throughout the summer and at times it was difficult to say whether or not he was kidding. He was also the greatest trivia buff that ever lived. "Get a grip!"

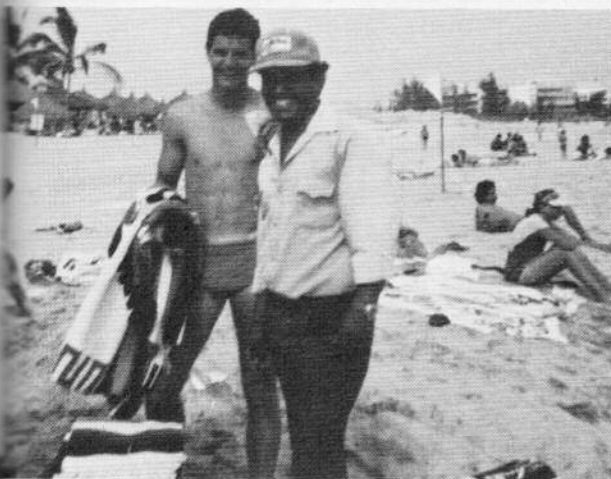
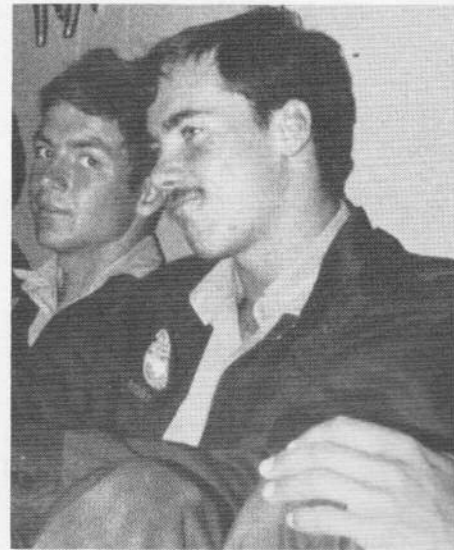




GEORGE BROWN: George got Cayuga's spirit started on the right foot, (or was that the left foot?) with the mysterious appearance of 18 pairs of panties in the gunroom. He will be best remembered for his adventures in Campo-Sieto, Mazatlan.. "drip, drip, drip,..."



DAVE FANJOY: Of course everyone has heard of "Spike Fanjoy", the Judge Fanjoy's boy! Spike was the most relaxed Cayugan and the person voted least likely to die of an ulcer. His best friend this year was his bicycle, which he rode everywhere. In an atmosphere of strict military discipline, Spike was a welcome change, which made us feel more comfortable. "Hey Spike, what kind of a tree is that?"

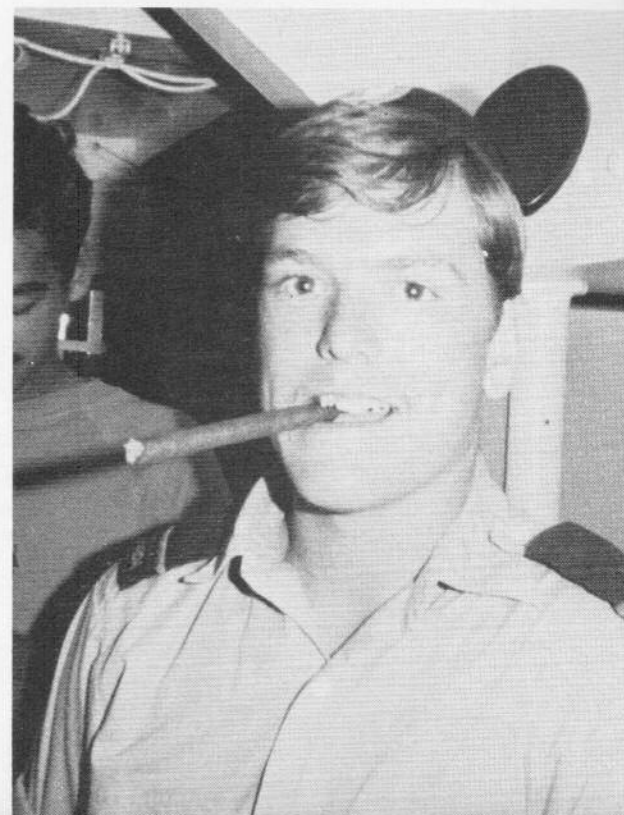


STEVE WATERFIELD: Easy going Steve was the terror of the beach in Mazatlan, bartering for anything including one vendor's sister. Steve was Cayuga's resident athlete who left half way through the summer to compete in the CIOR in France. "Parade" "Thats discusting, thats the most vulgar thing I've heard today."

KEVIN CHARD: "Bung" brought alot of "spirit" to Cayuga, inliquid form if nothing else. Whether he was up in the Gunnroom sucking back a few brew, or on the drill square imitating WO Poucher, Bung could always be seen with a smile on his face. "I'll drink to that!"



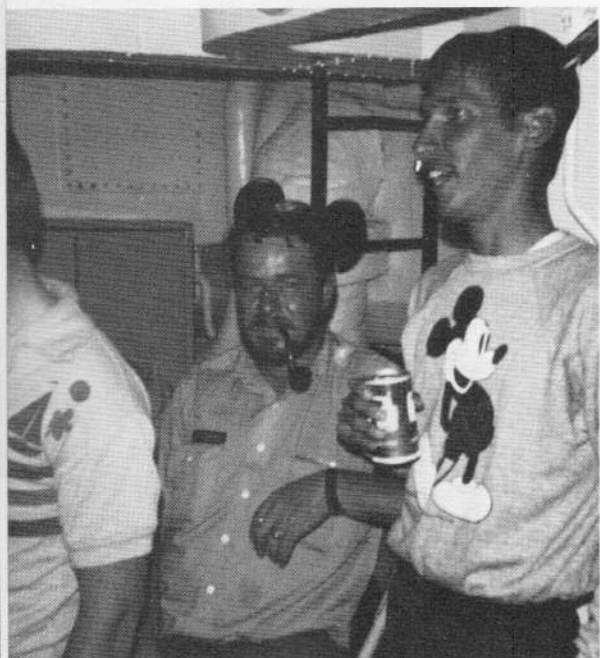
GEORGE CHOUERI: George, being trilingular was able to swear at us in English, French, or Arabic. George's spirit was very strong...(thats the last time anyone gets in the way of a Cayuga guard!) "Question PO?"



GEORGE LARMOND: No one could deny the "Rat" of the pleasure of being constantly correct. If someone were wrong he was quick to correct them with his "Neg-a-tive." George rose to great heights this summer, the main one being his rack, and he could be seen scurrying about constantly, either on the playing field or at the bar. He amazed us with his ability to "not sleep" with his eyes closed.



PETE SIEMERS: Pete was always a lot of fun and could often be seen rolling in (or was that crawling) when everyone was getting up. He sometimes even forgot where he spent the night. Pete's favourite general cleaning station on the "Fred" was the bridge! "Get what you can"... and he did.



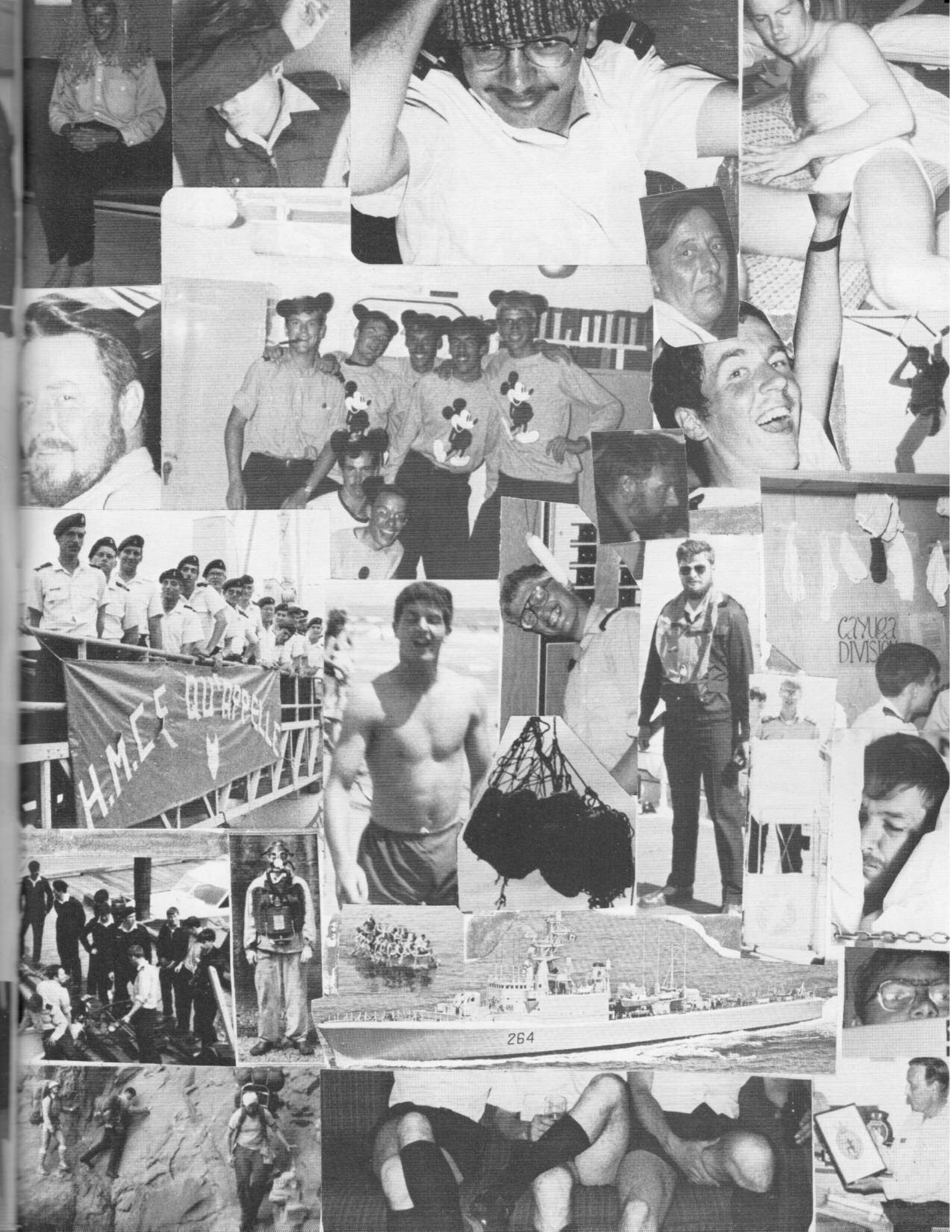
MICHAEL RENAULT: Because of Rudi's diligent questioning we found out the Qu'appelle couldn't be converted to nuclear power. Being the oldest member of the division, Rudi brought us his years of experience (you big stud!) "How much water is under the keel when a ship is aground?"

ERIC PERSSON: "Uncle" Persson was one of a set of twins, God forbid, from Carleton and standing 6'3" was better known as "Big Bird". Eric was well liked though, and you could often hear "Eric, can I borrow some of your comic books."

E. RYAN BAKER: Our divisional lady's man (or should we say "ladies" man?), was commonly known as Studley, or Butch.

This keener from Halifax-"where the real Navy'is" has aspirations of being an Admiral someday, Reserve of course. "how can you dig your heels into pavement?"





CAYUGA DIVISION

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# CONESTOGA

**CONNIE CHYMY-** Connie "how do you pronounce that Chymy" spent many a moon at Patriot. Her rack made a great shelf but it also served as a place to polish boots. When she wasn't studying in the heads and washplaces at late hours or saying "mind you", her baritone would set us a-quaking with "B Company!"

**MURIELLE PROVOST-** Our french fawn was the latest addition to Conestoga. Besides Connie, she had a 6'2" reason for loving Patriot. To prevent her from fainting Chief Ryan had to pop sugar pills into her mouth on parade. Always photogenic, Murielle provided us with divine quebecois concoctions from home.



**MARIANNE CASEY -** Case began the summer wearing out both hand and ink. Always with a cheery smile or at least a throaty "Markers, number!" our little Bluenoser could always be heard before seen. She will be immortalized for a variety of antics: nights at the Helicopter Hilton, missing signs at Patriot, raids on Grilse division (with lipstick), ironing combats, and many a Learning experience.



**LOUISE McCAIE-** Our buble-gum boogier arrived a Pongo but she was soon baptised in Esquimalt harbour, the only one who really knows how cold it is. The Acadian disco queen became president of the head-bashers club when she encountered a rock on Mt. McBride. She innovated fire-drill fashions (pink nightie, fire blanket, parade boots a la measles) and became famous for such pranks as papering Mary's rack, sewing sheets together, or shouting conning orders down the gyro.

**BRENDA DRYSDALE-** Brenda spent the summer keeping the post office busy, but she did find time for romance. Her indignant "Why?", "bugger, bugger, bugger", and hair washes were with us each day, yet her night out at Bart's and her introduction to Colts also stand out in our memories.

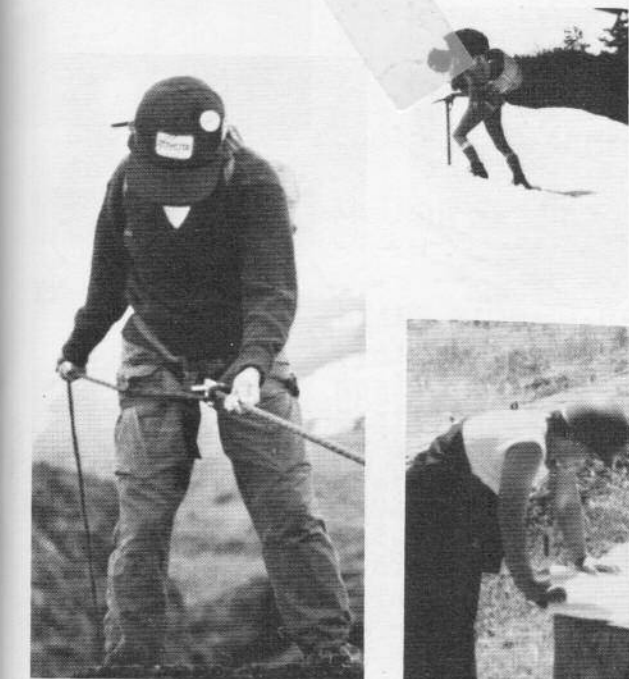
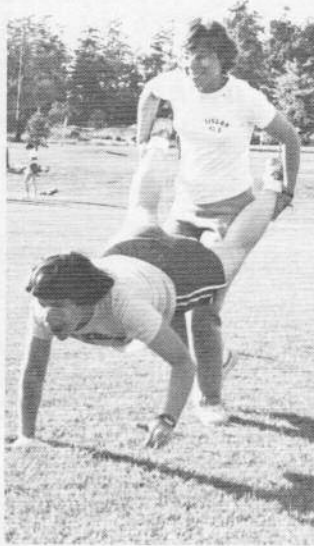


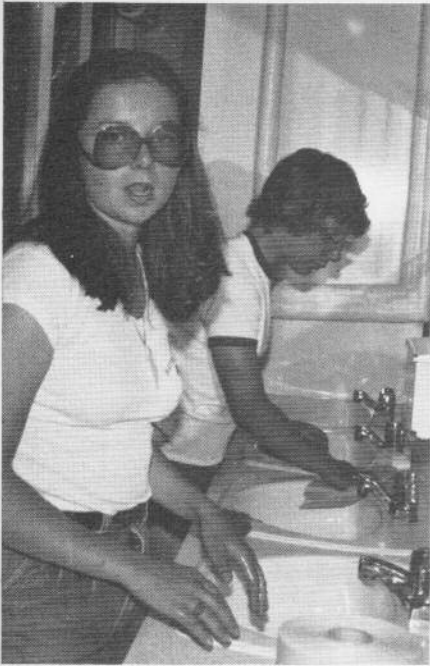


CHRISTINE HAYDEN - "Christine, stop sleeping in class." "No, it's my eyes!" Exped and the mountains revealed her SPIZZERINCTUM-spirit and good humour tuned in with her colorful garb.

LINDA HENGER- Linda liked playing with the CO of Patriot (baseball) and always shared her care packages with the grateful starved. This great equestrian mooned after a Sask. sweetheart and got hooked on rug-making. Our true Prarie dog took a dip in the Pacific and later bacame the best navigator on YFP 320. Linda is Oxbow's answer to Betty Crocker and will be remembered for her stuffed peppers.

ANNA ONUFER- This farmer's daughter (and we mean it) had ineffably shiny boots. Polishing boots with a Newf can be fun - Onufer should know. Granby's favorite P.O., Anna hopes her cows will recognize. Her I.T. lecture was fantastic and treated of chickens (what else?)





SHANNON HORSFIELD - "OCdt Horsfield, brow " was a familiar pipe throughout the Summer. Many of us wonder why she didn't take up permanent residence there. Shannon wore down her soles running to the brow, C.C. catching and rescuing her underwear from the ship's ensign mast but she also spent blissful moments adoring the sun of speaking with Sammy Seagull at Nav. School. Our poetess and songwriter lived up to her flair for originality in spraining her toes - the most original of this summer's injuries.

KIM FREEMAN - "Who will escort me to MIR today?" Kimmy was our duty gimp. If she wasn't suffering from some bodily ailment (twisted feet, measles etc.) it was one of the heart. She made a quick recovery at Patriot for the visit of a well-discussed person from the Porte Dauphine. "Was there a telephone call for me?" still rings in our ears.

LUDMILLA PARNELL - Amongst Lenny's idiosyncrasies are talking in her sleep ( a Parnell dream is a multi-cultural experience) a punkish safety pin in her glasses to keep them from falling apart, and the noisy panting onto her spectacles each morning. A flashy camera always on hand, Lenny not only conquered the crevice at exped but also contributed her boundless energies to the Strauss party, the Cadet Review, and the year book.



CATHY ALBRECHT - Kate, our resident songbird is always seen with something pink and furry clutching her shoulder or head. Cathy was also mess treasurer which indicates something about her ability to work with figures- right Gary, right Bob, right Mark? Our small boats course was saved because she already had her sailing instructor's certificate



MARION ETRICH - "Bum, bum, bum," her teddy and flowing tresses have become a Cape Breton legend. Our quiet mystery who remained calm and gentle (except on one occasion) could not even be figured out by Mike Walsh.



ISABELLE LAMARCHE - ..... - - - - - /  
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 - - - - - .. . . . / .. . . . /  
 .. . . . - - - - - ?

A sporadic smoker, Isabelle initiated meaningful discussions at Patriot. "I love you, baby" charmed the men everywhere. Most of the division was good at right dressing but "stand sleazy" excelled in undressing. Before taking showers in the morning Isabelle rubbed off three layers of skin.



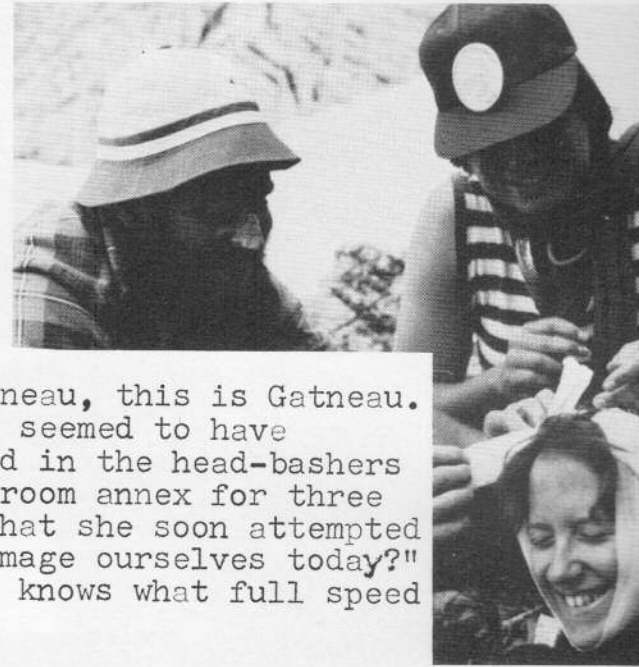


MARY MCGILL - "Will that be in dits or dahs, Sir?" Our shy New Brunswicker was always ready to take part in a practical joke. With her trusty Gwarf by her side, Mary never failed to come through with a laugh. Her pitcher-mound antics" at Patriot were delightfully outrageous and her weekend wunburn will probably still be with her next summer. We also wondered how our divisional vamp got all those bruises. And Mary's not really retarded.



MAUDE HYNES - Only our token Newf could think that gyro error is caused by prolonged talking. How many invitations to the ball is that now? She never got her pee hot unless a certain buddy caused her to bat those big baby blues. "How's Crackers today, Maudie?" This grand spiker helped us to win over Nellies Block in volleyball. Later in the summer she bacame a permanent resident of the helicopter deck.

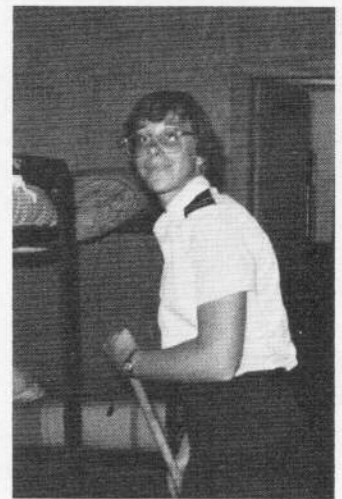
GAIL MERRIMAN - "You jerk! Who in the hell do you think you are?" Our notorious C.C. tamer would not back down to anyone. You would see her heaving around weights in the gym at lunch - the only Conestogan who could frighten the guys. Nothing amazed Dimples. Even receiving an award from the Queen Mother was taken in cool stride.

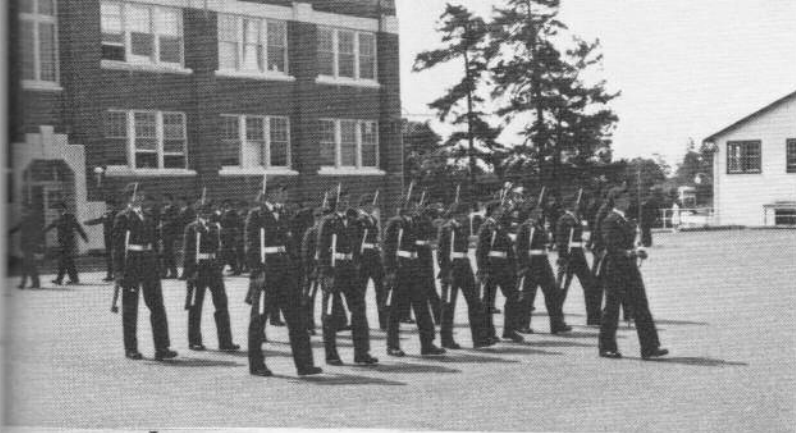


SHERRY BOWERS - "Kootney, this is Gatney. Kootneau, this is Gatneau. Disregard this transmission." Although Sherry seemed to have trouble with radio communications, she excelled in the head-bashers club. Her exped mishap landed her in the wardroom annex for three weeks of luxury where she enjoyed it so much that she soon attempted to get back. " Well Louisie, how shall we damage ourselves today?" She may have conned slop port but at least she knows what full speed astern means.



LIANE O'GRADY- If you spy a golden wisp bouncing, jogging, cycling around, you'll know it's the kangaroo. Our resident health food not and likewise token philosopher was often seen gazing dreamily at the mountains or into the sunset. And when we wanted to get out of class early Liane was sure to come up with questions. After a dip in Port Browning from YFP 312 she shivered in bed with two warmer Conestogans before recovering from hypothermia. More culinary creations next year, Liane?





AND I LOVE GORP

I love hiking through the trees,  
Enjoying every breeze,  
Eating gouda cheese and GORP.

I love ice-arrests in snow,  
Baking bannoch dough,  
Having friend not foe and GORP.

I love climbing mountain peaks,  
Rapelling down the steeps,  
Washing in the creeks and GORP.

I love spizerinctum's drive,  
Hugs when I've cried,  
Knowing that I've tried and GORP.

I love June when snowflakes fall,  
Glassading past our call,  
Our doctor who cures all and GORP.

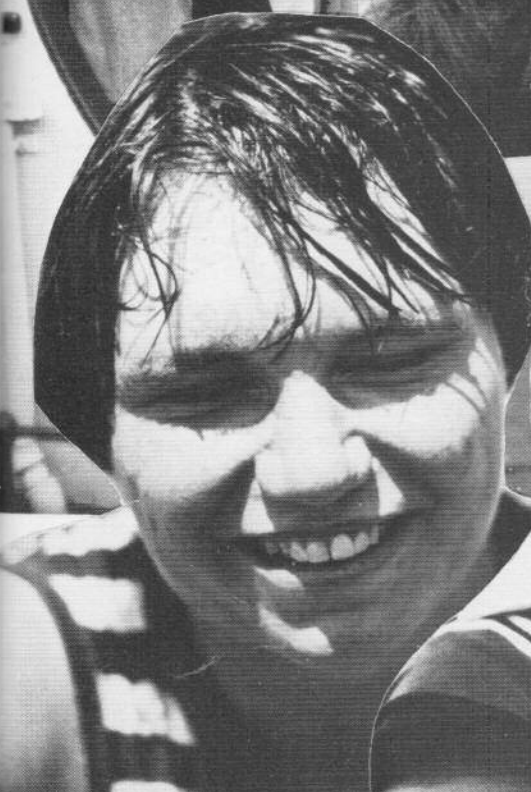
I love sitting on my ass,  
Eating bits of grass,  
Fighting off the gas from GORP.

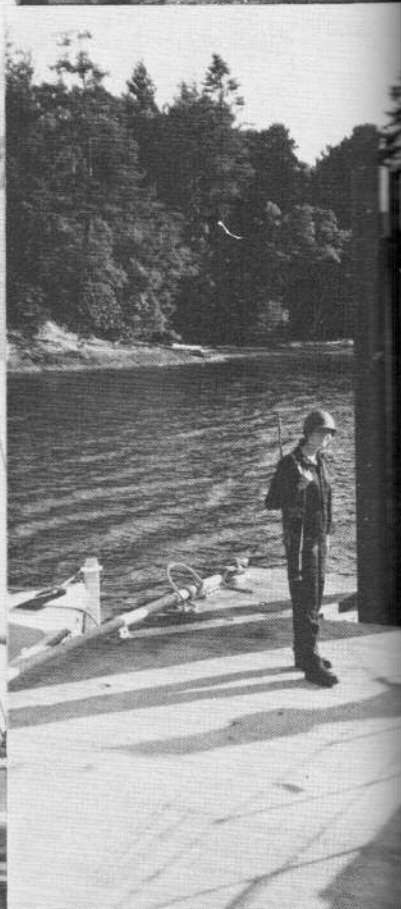
I love Mike and Barb and Dave,  
Living day by day  
With all the friends I've made,  
Knowing that I've changed and LIFE.



CONESTOGA 79











# CRESCENT





GARY BALL: Gary's questionable questions, which led rise to questions from questionable seniors really led to the question, "What was Gary doing in the reception line at the Officer Cadet Ball?" Well, we really don't know and neither does "Cookie" who, coincidentally brought up the question.

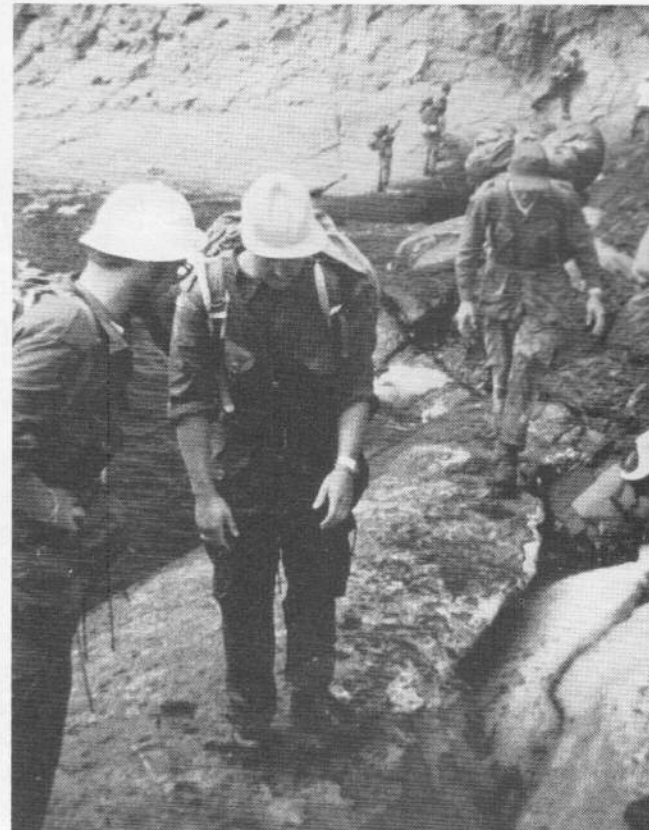
JEFF BOYD: Cuddles, is our number one Prairie Dog. Jeff is going out with an older woman right now (as if anyone didn't know). She's a SLT to be exact. I guess she's really robbing the cradle eh Jeff. Actually they have a good relationship. She buys the Pabulum and he eats it. Jeff enjoyed the night at the Medieval Inn, what he can remember of it. While staggering into his pit that night, he managed to spew on five occupied racks. All at the same time. We have confirmation from the Guinness Book people. It's a record!



DEREK CARROLL: "Speedy" hails from the Prairies, Winnipeg I believe. Derek was always full of enthusiasm, whenever he was fully awake. Unfortunately, seeing Speedy fully awake was like seeing the Loch Ness monster. People have claimed to see it, but nobody can prove it. Speeds was never known to do anything too fast. He was once clocked walking the full length of Burma Road. It took him ten minutes. Who will ever forget the day on the NOTC parade square when a seagull let one go right on top of Derek's shoulder. Derek acted like a man when it happened though. He didn't move a muscle. Of course things might have been different if he was awake at the time.

LOUIS CHRIST: The man with the famous last name. Great guy. Never did see him walk on water though. This future pencil pusher was Crescent's top cadet. I guess all that brown nosing paid off eh Lou. Just kidding buddy. Put down that lightning rod! Lou's hobby as everyone knows is running. He takes it so seriously that we used to let him come in first during all those runs this summer. It made him feel better.

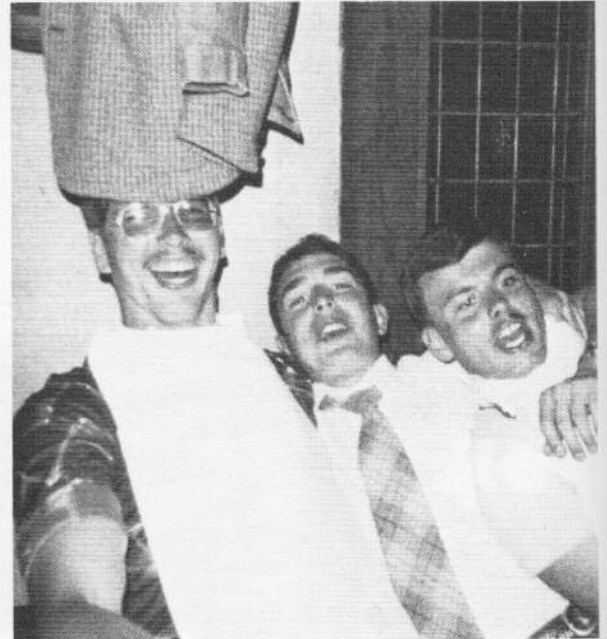
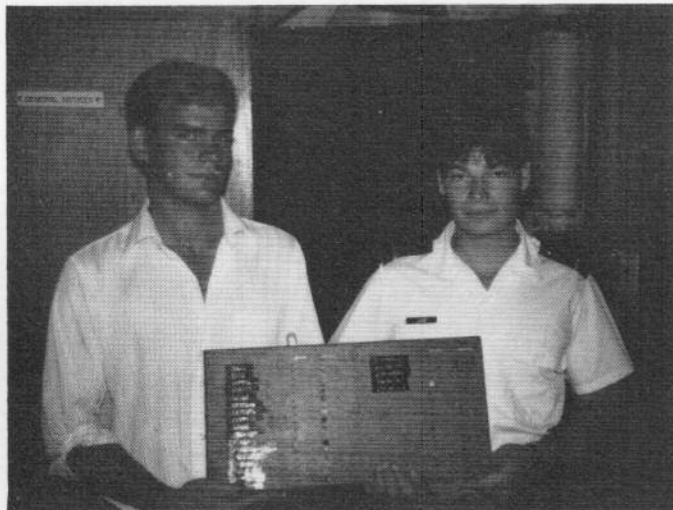
DAVE DOYLE: Dave proved that short people do have a reason to live. This reason was a flygirl by the name of Gail. They had a fun time together out at Patriot. After spending an enjoyable evening with Gail, Dave would attempt to sneak back into the block unnoticed. Unfortunately for him we were lying in ambush. A trial for this "unofficerlike quality" was held, by the four Supreme Court judges (Drapeau, Greaves, Murchie, and Springer). Dave was found guilty of course and was sentenced by Bryon Springer to the "most severe discipline that could be bestowed to a fellow Crescent member". This of course was the infamous pink belly. By the end of the night poor Dave's stomach was so red it glowed.





**DAVE JEFFERY'S** : Boy, can that guy play a mean guitar. Remember that obscene song that he and Jeff sang at the Cadet Revue? Head's Head seemed to have a great attraction to the sea. He fell into it at every opportunity while rock traversing on the X-ped. I guess we all can't be coordinated. Dave's most famous night was when he was at the dinner held at the Medieval Inn. Who will ever forget the condition that Dave left the washroom in. Dave now carries barf bags to every restaurant he visits.

**KEN JONES**: Too Tall hails from Calgary. They sure grow them big out West, and ugly too. Ken is a budding composer. His most famous piece of music to date is "Hark the Crescent Angels Sing". He gets touchy about prairie dog jokes, so we watch what we say around him. If we think that he might hear one of our jokes, we make him close his eyes. That usually works. I still don't see how they keep those sodhouses clean.



**YVAN LAJOIE**: Yvan joined us late in the summer, but he fit in well. He seemed to enjoy criticizing all officers (behind their backs). His philosophy on life must have been to

never trust anyone above the rank of Ocdd. Yvan had a rough time during the Night Navigation exercise at Patriot. To put it bluntly we got lost. Yvan couldn't understand why they would put trees in such a ridiculous place as a forest.

**KEVIN MURCHIE**: "What's a wooden block made of?" Yes, Crescent was the only division in the Canadian Navy which had a full time member of the KGB working for them. We are still wondering whether Murchie is his real name or not. Common letterheads at Navigation School read Goering, Himmler, and Stalin. Munchie really knew how to break up a group. "Alright you M \_\_\_\_\_ F \_\_\_\_\_ we're going to tear this place apart!"



**PAT O'BRIEN**: Tiny spent the summer talking either about hockey, football, or his girlfriend back home. Pat is another future pencil pusher/paper stacker. The Crescent divisional dinner at the Medieval Inn was probably the highlight of the summer for him. We all thought he had more class than to swing from that chandelier, but I guess we were wrong. We lost count of the number of times he led choruses of, "It's a long ship."



**GINA POLO:** Gina, one of our girls from Air Command, came to the Naval Reserve for one reason, to meet real men. She must found at least one because she's pregnant. Seriously though Gina says that she's married to a great guy, and little Robert Crescent Polo is due early next year sometime. How she remained true to hubby with all those Crescent hunks around we'll never know. Maybe one reason would be because she went to the Ball with Phil Mills.

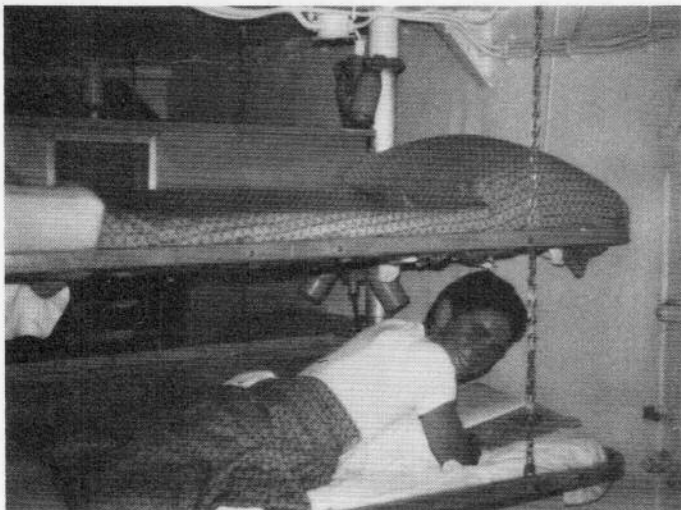
**JOE RINGWALD:** Joe is one of those Discovery boys. He was the top first year cadet, but we're not holding that against him. He must have been out in the sun too long (get it?). Seriously though, we feel that he really deserved it, even though he looks like Barbara Streisand. Joe's keener attitude for sports almost impressed us. Who would ever want to remember the mornings at Patriot when Joe attempted to get everyone up for the morning run. Who would ever want to repeat some of the unspeakable comments that came out of the mouths of twenty half unconscience cadets as Joe pulled them out of their racks.

**TOM SHIRRIFF:** Tom left for home early and the rest of the division was naturally beseiged with grief. The party lasted over a week. He was a damn good soldier though. His keen pusserness and snarly voice made us think that he would have made a better pongo or dictator, whichever job came first. I guess that we would have all his mental problems if we spent all day watching wheat grow.

**BRYON SPRINGER:** Bryon was J.L.'s number one disco buddy. They were always seen at the Disco together...Hmmm. He never had any trouble with girls except except for the butch ones. They went for triple C's. Remember the night that Bryon decided to go streaking around Patriot? Remember the expression on his face when he tried to get back into the block but found the door locked? Hey Bryon, remember the damage that you and Greaves did to the Holiday Inn down in Peurto Vellarta. There are now warrents out for your arrest.

**DAVE THOMSON:** "Blondy", as he was known out at Patriot had an enjoyable two months this summer. When Andrea went back home things just seemed to fall apart for ol' Dave. Terrible things such as sore throats kept him from running the mile and a half. He thought he had a set of old mess dress and some money stolen one day. He had the brow closed and the M.P.s paid the Cape a visit. The stolen material was found in a very unusual place, in Dave's locker. The next thing he knew he was being accused of stealing someone else's money. An hour later, after Dave's locker was thoroughly searched, the brow was opened. To top the whole summer off, Dave failed to get the Golden Brown-Nose award. Better luck next year.

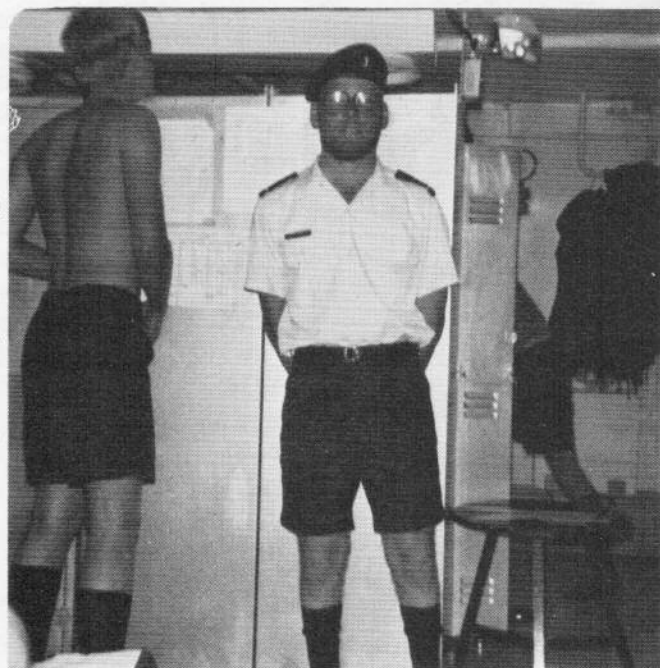




**ROB FETTERLY:** "Fetterfly", the typical keener, seemed to enjoy an almost successful summer. Rob tried his best, but as soon as he did something wrong, shouts of "it's an act of Fetteritis", would bellow from out of the division. He feels that he will have to be better prepared for next summer's training than he was this year. During the winter he will have to practise falling asleep in class without being caught. His new marching style revolutionized the Canadian Forces drill manual. Yes a man we are truly proud of, that is, from a distance.



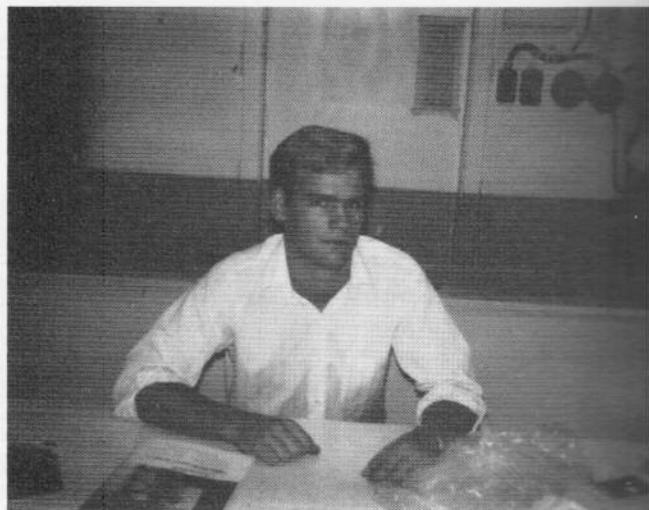
**JEAN-LOUIS DRAPEAU:** If you like New Brunswick (Yuk Yuk) you'd like J.L. What a disco freak. He has this uncanny power to clear a dance floor. He should either stop eating beans or buy some deodorant. You knew that you were listening to J.L. on a Friday or Saturday night when you heard such statements as "Push, push, in the bush" or "Get down, boogie, oogie, oogie." He got his first chit for suntanning on the flagdeck with only his jocks on. Boy, that guy has class! By the way, does anyone want to buy a bird?



**COLIN FORSYTH:** Colin handled himself quite well over the summer, unless of course you count the many times he let his "Scottish" nature take over. Then watch out, his look of vengence was enough to wipe the smile off any Commodore from Hunter. Colin's never ending chants of "wake up Fetterly", always brought to life a drowsy division, not to mention a sleeping little leprechaun. He was a crazy Scotsman, but a good and honest one as well. Although he was quite quiet at times, he was never without portfolio within the division.

"Long live the Black Watch"

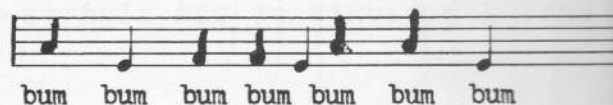
ROB GREAVES: Rob was one of Crescent's four Supreme Court judges, so it came as no surprise that he initiated much of the group's discipline with such famous statements as "pink-belly Murchie!" Unfortunately it was not uncommon to see him getting pink-bellied himself by the Calgary Clan for some prairie dog joke. Rob's many hobbies this summer included, provoking nurses at Patriot, blowing his kazoo (which he did very tastelessly for Wakey Wakey), delivering "letters to Garcia", and honking Wa Wa Walkington. Rob feels that he had a very enjoyable summer, but had he been a C.C. (something that would have helped him out with certain girls), he might have had a more successful one!



GAIL HEUGAN: Gail was one of our token Fl girls. This 2nd Lt. had the guts to tackle the X-ped with the rest of Crescent. We were all proud of her for taking it like a man. She sure looked funny though falling down all those hills. Just kidding Gail. A new love has entered her heart this summer. No, it's not Dave Doyle. It's the Naval Reserve. She stated over and over during the summer, that if it was the last thing she was going to do, she was going to join the Naval Reserve. We believe her too. Joining the Naval Reserve would probably be the last thing she'd ever do.



TIM HINCA: The highlight this summer for Tim was the banyan on the Mackenzie. Tim clad in disco skirt and top, won the ship's beauty contest hands down. He never got so many proposals in all his life. Tim had a lot of squeaky phrases that he used to like to throw at us. The best known one was, "Hey guys, where's Ringwald?" Another favorite was, "where we going tonight guys?" Spewy's pet peeve this summer must have been the sea phase. You never saw such a sick "squirrel" in all your life. He sure could eat a lot of crackers.



IAN HINCHLIFFE: Ian was famous for his P.O. Kolson impersonations and was given credit for starting Crescent's famous Submarine Marchpast. Unfortunately Ian didn't go on the X-ped with the rest of the division. We did not mind though, because nobody missed him. He had this strange desire to give all drill orders in Ukranian. The doctors are working on his case right now, but they think it's terminal. Oh, and Ian has been known to collect flags of all shapes and sizes.



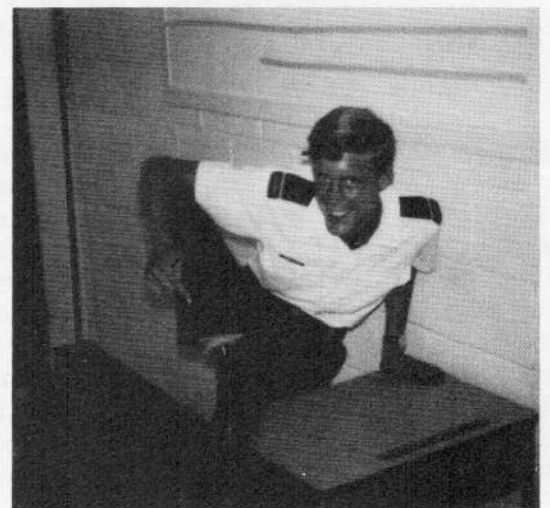
Crescent Division

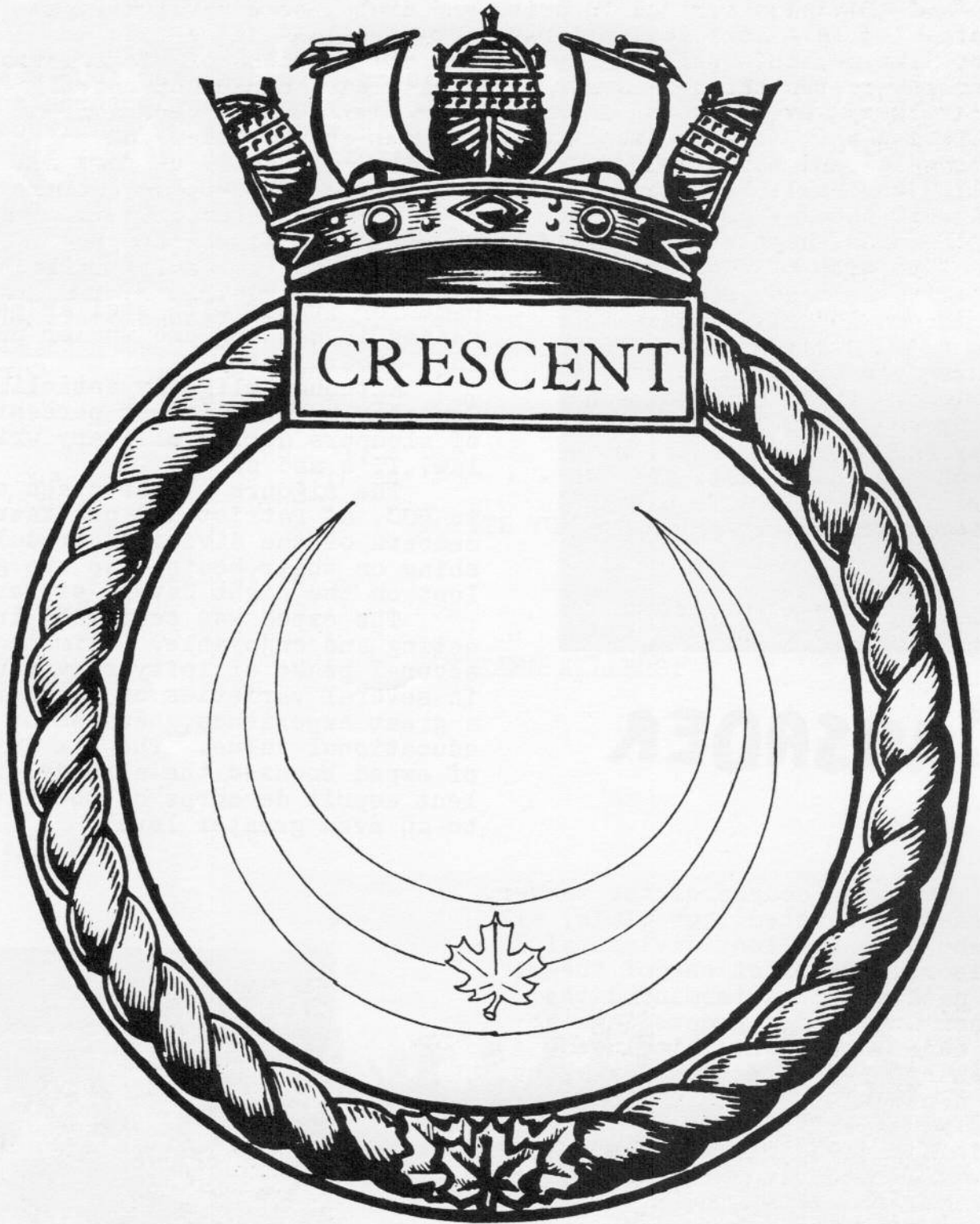
Division arrived in dribs and drabs, some several weeks late- Lajoie - some couldn't handle perfection- Gagne- you do not like me, eh?- Well anyway, after several weeks of flagellations and severe punishments- drawn and quartered, burning of entrails- this is my way you know- I whipped the division into a Crack fighting unit of Macho men who know women-ask Springer and Ringwald- and Murchie-Everyone turned to perfection, uniform and all, right Ball?- O'Brien? - My headman Jones or maybe Jefferies- take it the way you want, took care of the high items. Christ, the upper cadet kept us all out of the clouds that Hinchliffe put us into with his Kolson -like foot. Speaking of our male/female cadets, Polo/Heughan- they added much to the division, babies, looks and more looks..... Then there was Doyle, he sure knows how to make an exped shelter. Hey Boyd, I know Linda too! Forsyth, Forsyth, oh there you are! You're so quiet today. Quiet but deadly, right Carroll? Hold it- it is Mr. Thompson and yes there is Hince. Fetterly and Drapeau- so much for N.B. and thirty-five year olds. Greaves, will I say anything about him, no he has been staked out all night, so much for that cadet. The man who kept the division under law and order, Mr. Shirriff quietly lurking about in order to snare another victim for me.

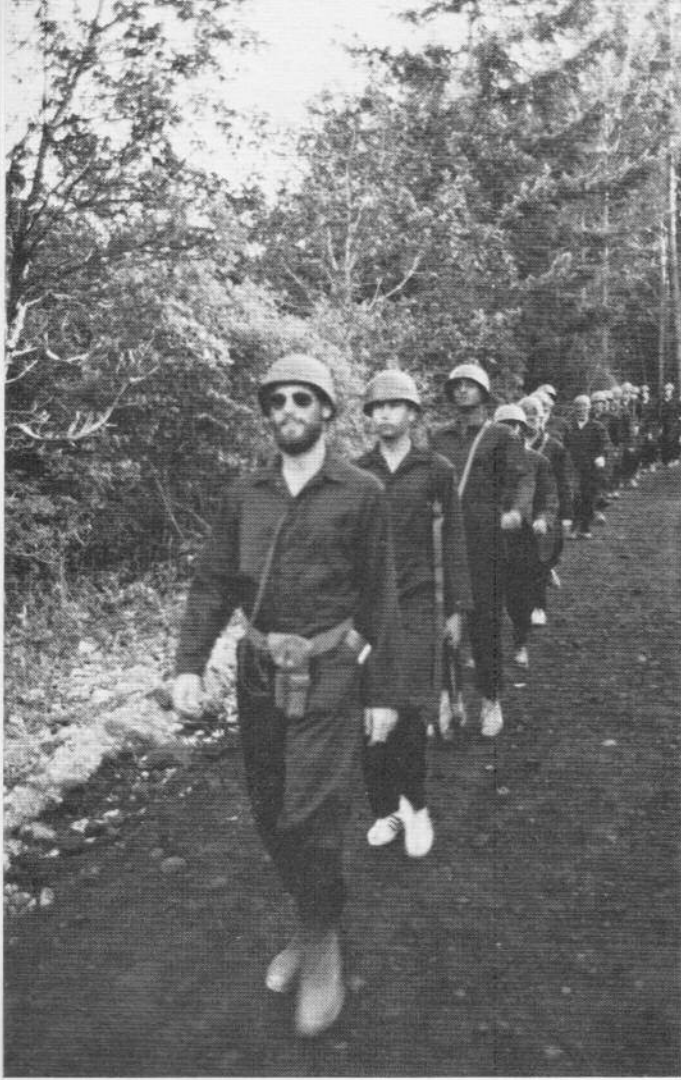
In a more serious tone, Crescent Division accomplished a great deal this summer because of their attitude and enthusiasm. This division was a superior unit for the CTO to be in charge of. In all respects bar none- this summer was as exceptional one, one that I wouldn't at all mind re-doing.

*Phil Mills*

Phil Mills LT(N)(R)  
CTO CRESCENT DIVISION







# CRUSADER

## THE LEGEND OF THE KNIGHTS CRUSADER

The creation of Crusader Division fermented for four weeks, while they absorbed lectures on communications, NBCD, small boats, and firefighting.

Crusader boarded H.M.C.S. Saskatchewan, the "Best in the West", and sailed for California and Mexico. By the end of the sea phase, this haphazardly-formed group had made a name for itself with stellar performances in sailing and whaler pulling, aboard ship.

Although slightly anticlimatic, Crusader had the lowest percentage of sleepers during military writing, law, IT's and so on.

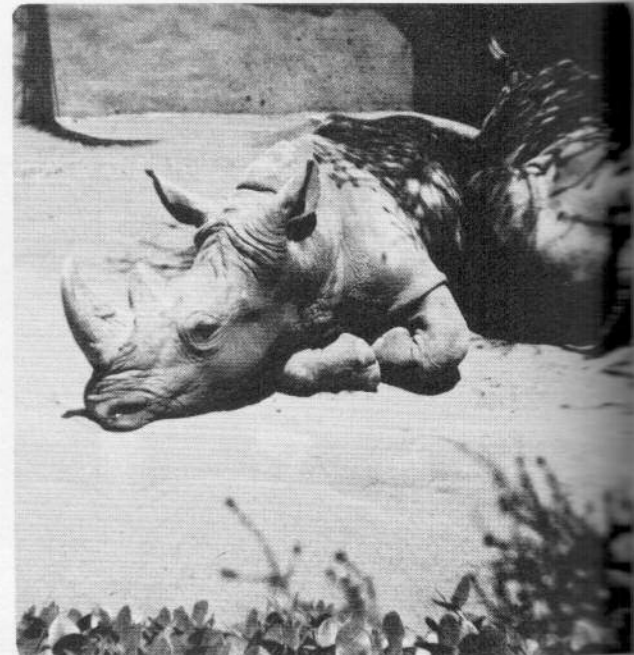
The rigours of the crash course in BOC, at Patriot did not faze the members of the division, or dull the shine on their boots. No one got lost on the night Navex, either.

The exped was certainly interesting and enjoyable. Climbing several peaks of lofty elevation, in several varieties of weather was a great experience, because of its educational value. The six days of exped boosted the already excellent esprit de corps of the division to an even greater level.

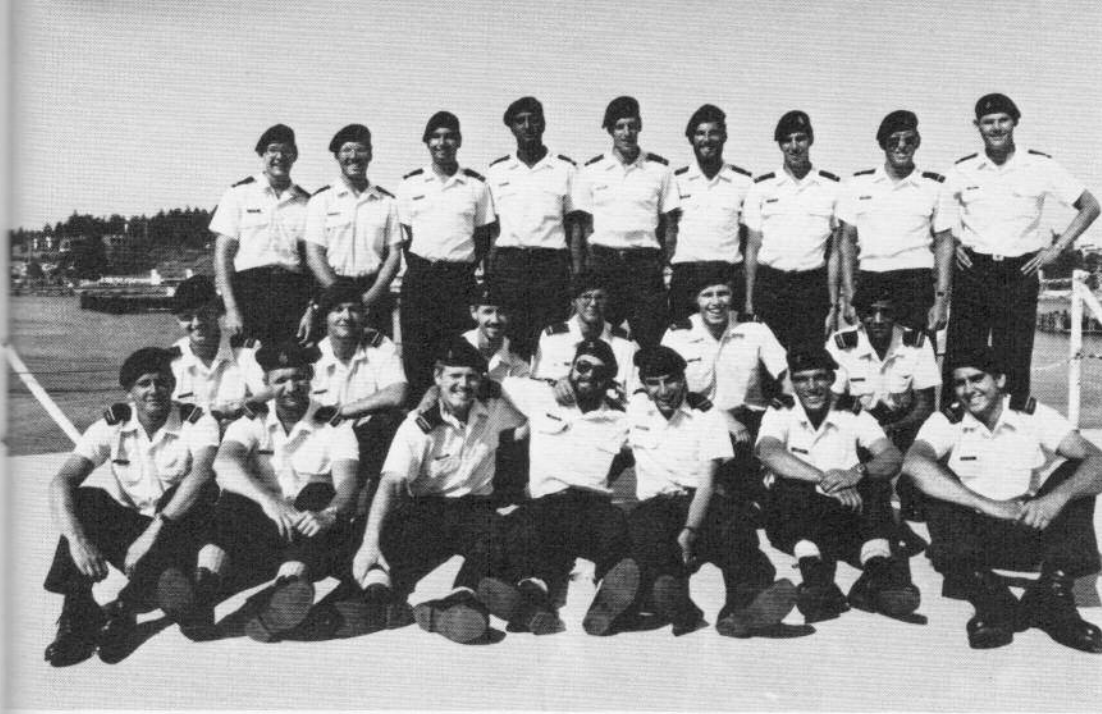
Over the course of the summer, Crusader exhausted four CTO's, all of who were excellent divisional officers. The last one of these, Lt. MacKinnon, masterminded the rather unorthodox proceedings at the cadet ball, which included marching like Cayuga and Crescent, and a new style of Marcom badge.

Crusader 79 was also the bilingual division, and many members improved either their French or English, or perhaps both. This mix certainly made for a much more interesting and educational summer.

By unanimous decision, the members of Crusader division have voted it the best division of 1979.







POLITE YOUNG OFFICER CADETS...

FLEXIBILITY IS:

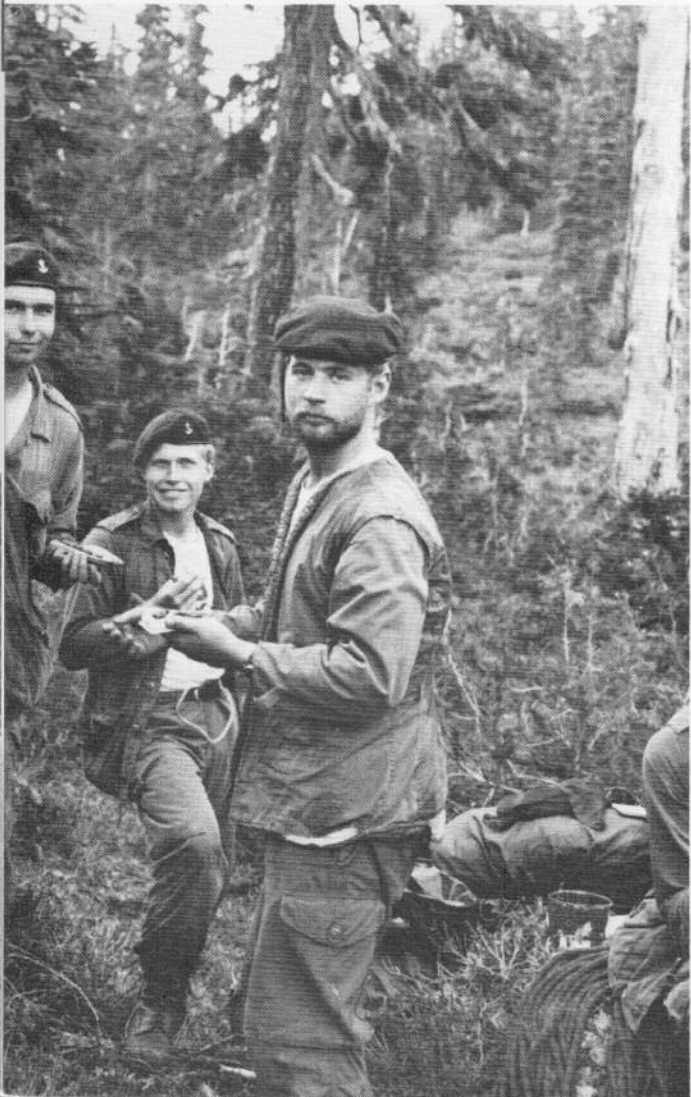
RUTHLESS KILLERS!





NEXT IT'S MT. EVEREST!

IT'S ALL IN YOUR ATTITUDE!



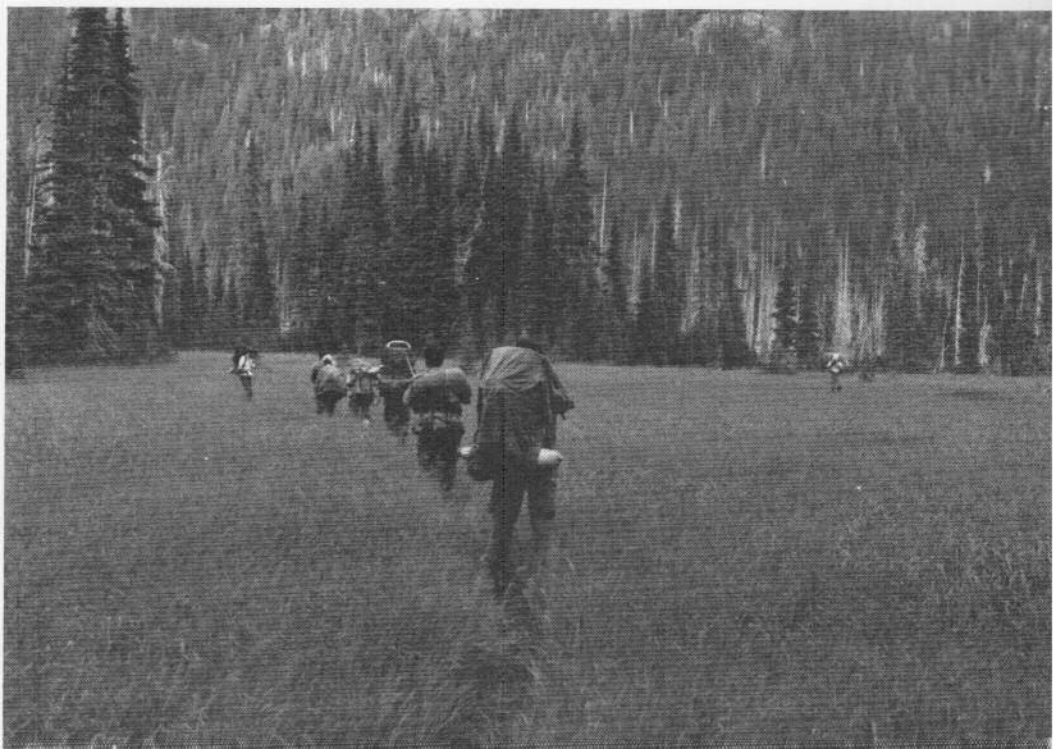
LISTEN, IF ALL YOU HAD TO EAT FOR A WEEK WAS RASPBERRY JAM ON CRACKERS, YOU'D LOOK LIKE THIS TOO!

IT MAY NOT LOOK LIKE MUCH,  
BUT IT'S HOME!



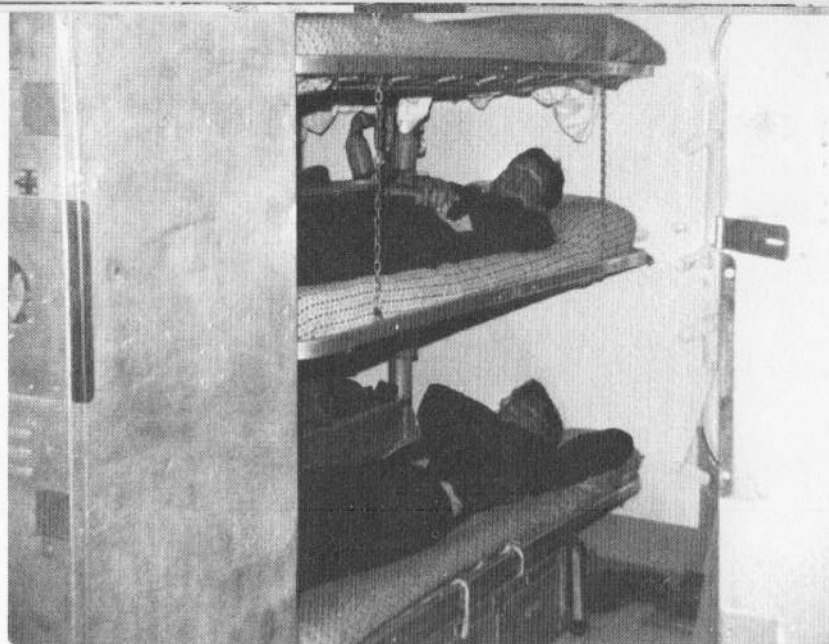
LET ME OUT OF THIS YEARBOOK!

HOMEWARD BOUND.





HEY! SAIKALEY JUST  
MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING  
HERE!



WHAT A TIME TO RUN  
OUT OF GRAVOL!

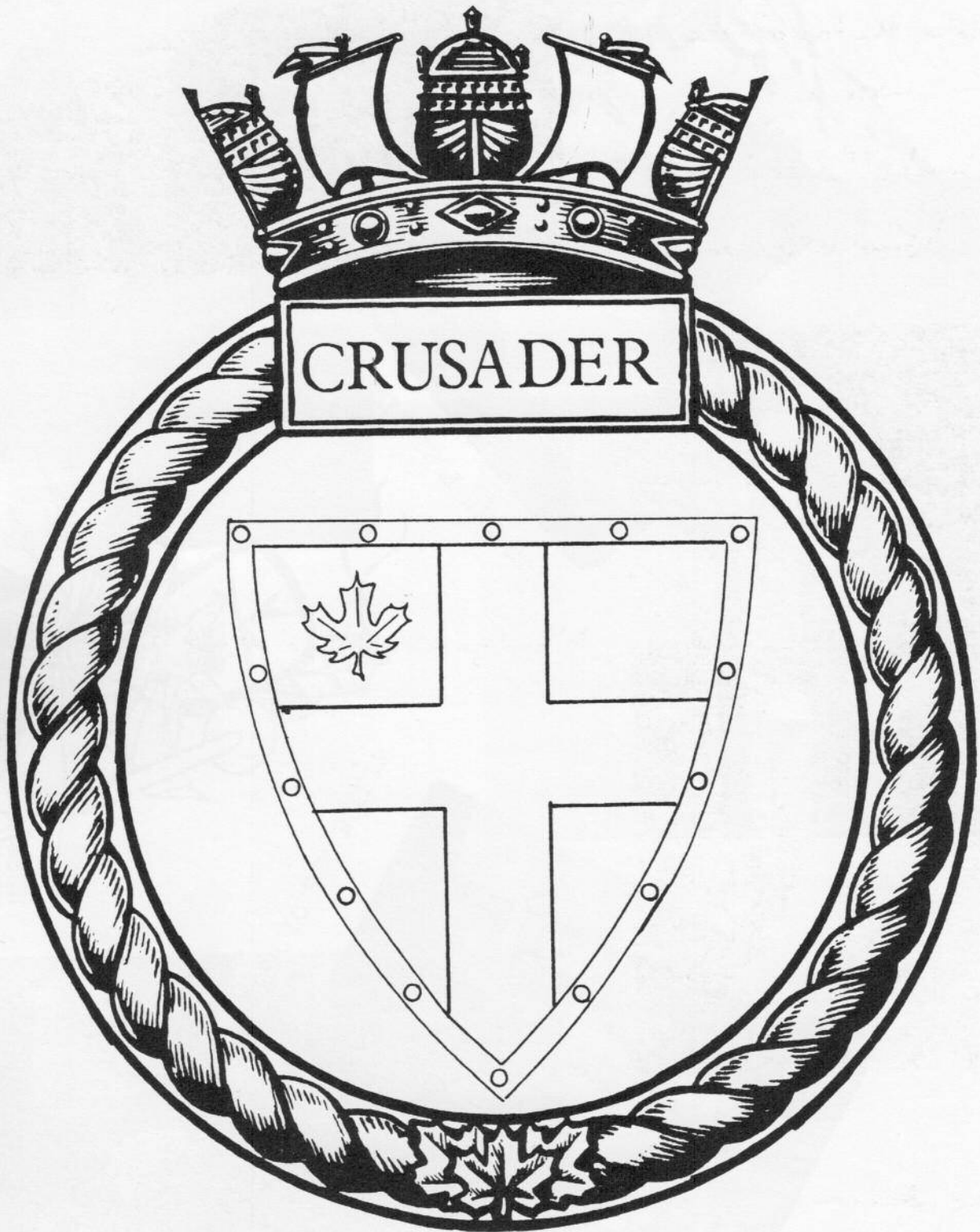




THAT'S THE LAST TIME I HAVE BEANS FOR DINNER!



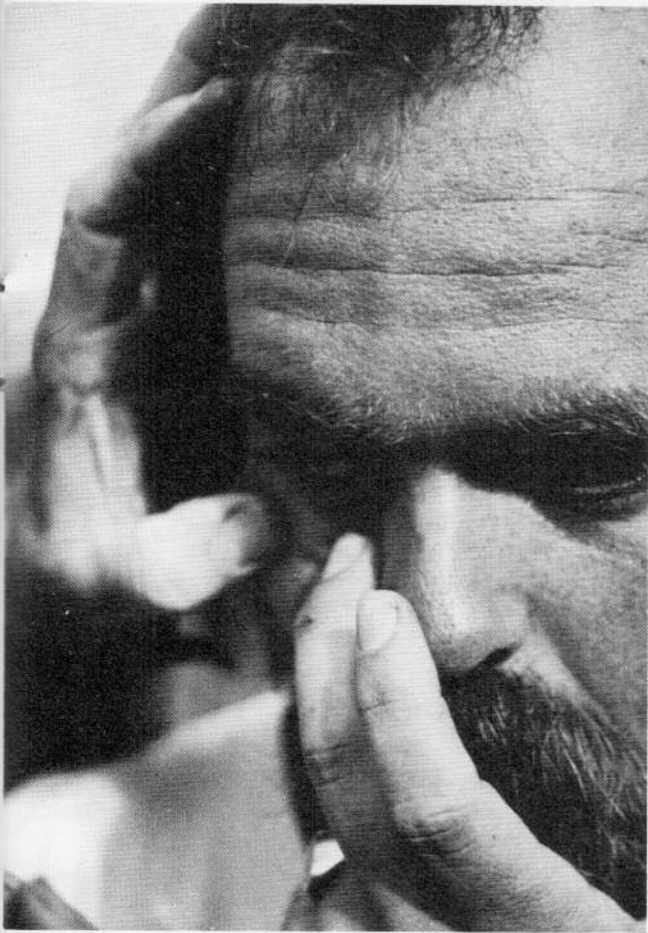
HAVE YOU EVER BEEN TO SEA BILLY?



It looked and felt  
like the top of the  
world.

Thanks Crusader.

Peter McQuinn



When you're Number Four, you cry harder!

Crusader —  
Onward Thru the Fog.





# GASPE'

DERICK SINCLAIR: Sludge hated to be called Sludge but we didn't care. Derick hails from the deluxe part of Jamaica... Windsor, Ontario where he likes to drive rally cars. Out west, Ted's poor car and any passengers therein were the victims of Derick's cross-country style. Though almost always being given a hard time by almost everyone, Derick (not Sludge) was genuinely popular as a bright spot in the division.

"I'm not going to pay 50¢ for a Sluggo Ice Cream when I can get one for 30¢ just down the street."

## THE GUARD







"Welcome to my bridge, Cadet."

"When we were in Mars III... we had it tough."

PETER ASHE: Was a closet philosopher most of the summer because he didn't think the division would accept him if the truth were known (he was right). Unlike an electric charge, Pete never took the path of least resistance and wanted the division to adopt a similar dedicated approach - bloody keepers will do it to you every time. How could anyone contemplate leaving Mars to go Mar Eng. (lish)

THEODORE BARACOS: Was forever trying to imply that our division lacked sufficient class with such subtle injections as "you uncouth pig". Ted's car (and Ted too) was an integral part of the Mess Exec. - spending many an afternoon stocking the gunroom, especially at Weepers. Here's hoping your Master Charge keeps you well stocked in skinny ties and Caesar Salads.

ANTHONY(RIT NIT NIT) MULLAN: Is a regular sieve when it comes to putting away Kalua and we wouldn't have it any other way in Gaspé. Master Seaman Mullan had a serious side however and displayed a lot of common dog which many of us lacked,(to his disgust). Rumours of the release of Anthony's hit single "The Swedish Blues" are as yet unconfirmed. Until next summer Tony, Drive that Valve and spin those meatballs.

FRED ZEBRUK: His Lordship was well known for his extravagant tastes in many things and his locker was always the show-piece of the mess. Though Lord Fred is a big spender, one has to wonder what a school kid in Thunder Bay is doing shopping around for castles in magazines which cost enough to break anyone all by themselves. Fred accumulated an impressive collection of books that will really come in handy when he learns to read.

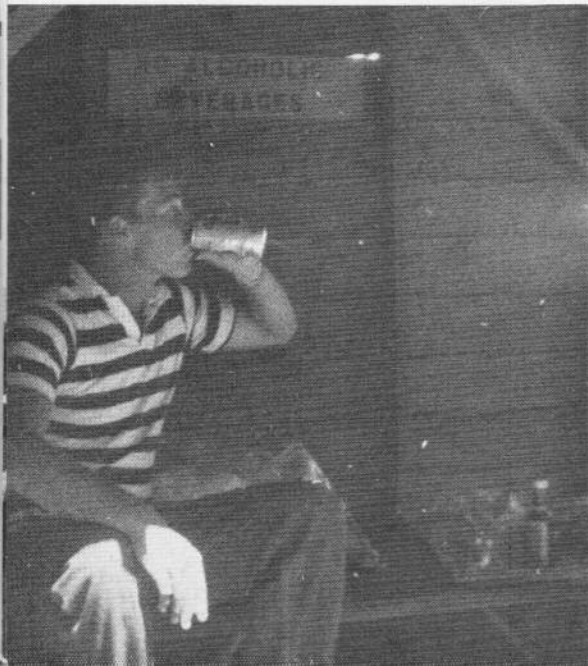
PIERRE-YVES TRUDEL: Better known as Jo-Cool was the only guy with enough training before joining Gaspe that he could tell the Nav. Instructor how to do tides. "Chief" Trudel was always right about Rules of the Road. He always managed to catch up on sleep during theory classes and could always be found with a supply of donuts that he needed to stay cool.



DENIS LATULIPPE: With a root beer in hand or Roloids in his pocket seems very calm but always tries to make jokes. Jo-Macho was a credit to the division for his ability to evade work and his desire to practice the useless art of semaphore. The "flying Spick" is well-remembered for his attitude under pressure, knowing just what to say ... "Holy Shit, Batman!"

DENIS HAMELIN: Or "Jo-Freak" was known to a selected few to be a great navigator having a vivid imagination when finding landmarks for fixing. He was not what one would call average (keep trying) and was the "pea" capped navigator of 319 for a while. Believe it or not, his medical record lists him as fit for duty.

BILL LANG: Adventures into the unknown... Seattle, Kamloops, Gray Rocks, Port Browning, etc... In the mornings it was "Billy, the bus comes in 15 minutes, wakey wakey". The creator of Mr. Sluggo. As a cook he could make veal cutlets edible (wow!) Bill couldn't make it to many parades or morning runs, but it wasn't his fault, the Tudor House bar took advantage of him all the time even though Bill is not an alcoholic.



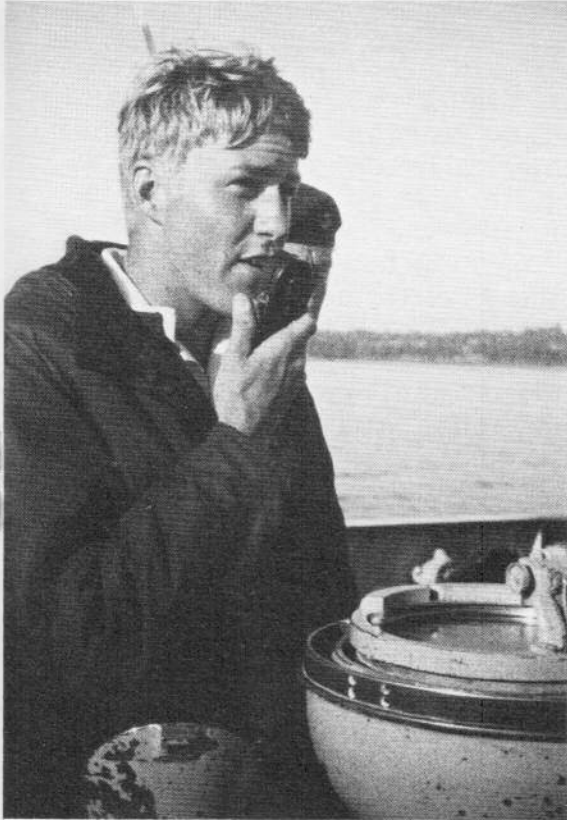
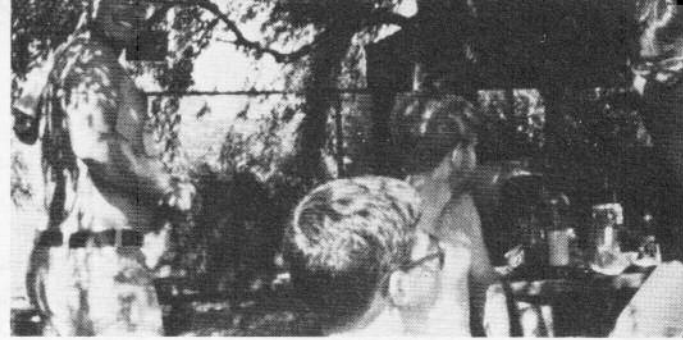
"Subbies don't have to be literate."



STEVE CALINAN: "Teddy Bear Bulk".

There is no truth to the rumour that Steve decided to go combat arms solely because he thought it would be easier to navigate on a well marked road than through "Parlier Pass".

Steve was one of the few guys to bring his car out to the coast this summer, making him very popular with many, right M.E.P.



"Is there a spare bubble in the wheelhouse?"

ROD McCORMICK: A former Sea Puppy who doesn't get seasick (amazing) and managed to stay in everybody's good book most of the time. As a true man of the sea and lover of water, Rod would be found on the beach studying the wave action and interesting beach formations (wink, wink, nudge, nudge). At sea, Rod's fixes placed the ship at sea but it wasn't enough to avoid the nickname of "Cocked Hat McCormick".

KEN PEETERS: An agreeable if quiet and unassuming chap who operated under the maxim, "minimum output, maximum results" not a bad approach if one considers that he wouldn't lose much if it didn't work. Ken was often ribbed because he slept so much, but this treatment was unjustified because no one except an inner circle of night stalkers knew what he did in the streets of Victoria while the city slept.

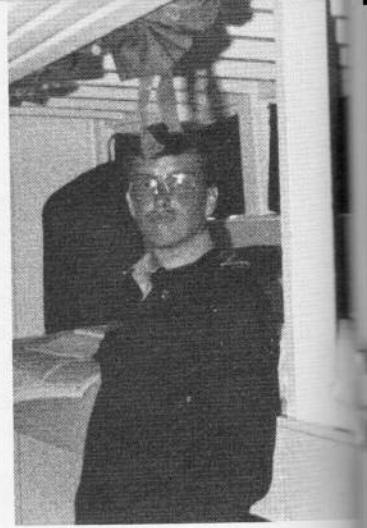
RANDY TILANDER: Is a philosopher and as such looked for meaning behind everything - even the metaphysical implications of beer farts. Till was always the picture of composure on the bridge - verily it seemed the C.O. often had to change his pants after a Tilly Passage. Until next summer Till, stay out of stiff breezes or we may find out just how much Wheeeee! there is in you.

"Another Rumble in the Making."





DOUG BLISS: Doug always presented a suave image, impeccably dressed, well-read, cultured - if only he didn't drool so much. He and Geoff made a fair pillow tag-team pair after lights out. Doug was adopted by the inner core of Gaspé as a friend by third party association, and will always be blessed with many good friends as long as he keeps the monthly payments up. Ignorance is Bliss, But at the same time, Bliss is Ignorant.

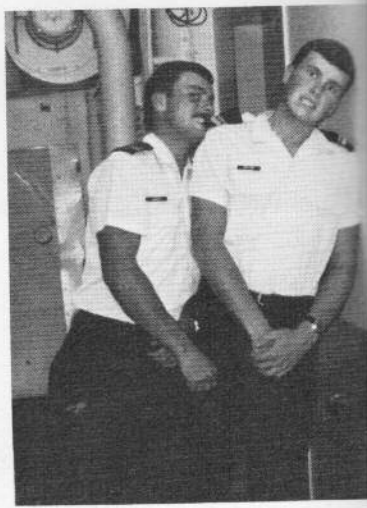


"Mein Gott, what a passage!"

"It looked like such a tiny reef on the chart!"

BOB DAVIDSON: Bob's main ambition in life was to grow a beard by the time he was 22. Many of us in Gaspé found this humorous when you consider that Bob only needed to shave once this summer. Bobby was also known by a few as quite the ladies man, going out one night with 150 dollars for a good time and coming back 2 hours later on the bus.

BRUCE DONALDSON: Was P.M.C. of the Gunroom trying to bring some cultured relaxation to the "Fred" ( you never had a chance Bruce.) The only thing making it worth while for Bruce was his evening stock musters when he would "discover" what he termed as "spillage" (har, har). His midnight guitar serenades to the unassuming majesty of the Cape Breton were often enjoyed by those of us who listened in.



"Gardam, you embarass me!"



"Look Sober for the Camera, boys... this one's going home to mum!"

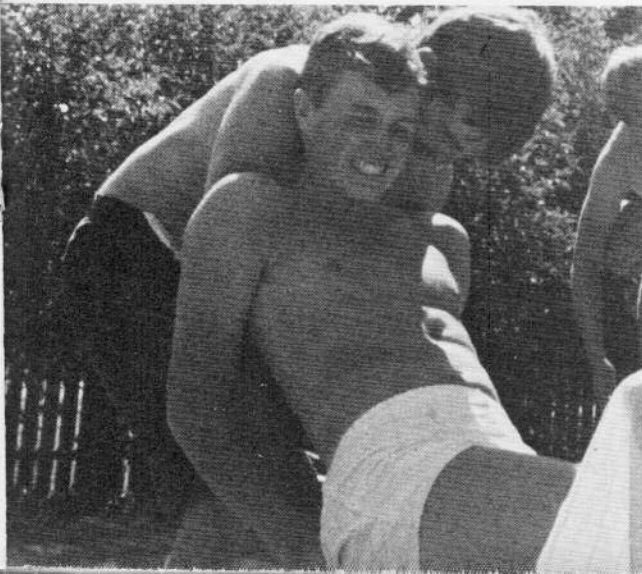
GORD WONG: In spite of all the derogatory names that he had pinned on him (such as; Wo. Fat, Hop Sing, Darker than Most, Sven and Barmiztva Boy) was generally accepted as a white man, once removed. In trying to become accepted in our wester society, Gord has had to adopt some pseudo-western tastes in food while maintaining an oriental attachment such as chowmein burgers (hold the mayo) and rice-a-roni. When not busy thinking, writing, or talking about Patty, Gord was always great to be with..

DAVE GARDAM: Or "Lili" to his friends was a very active member of Gaspé, especially on morning runs. As Chief Cadet Captain he was an inspiring influence on a run; all weekend; what energy! Soon after being appointed CCC, the power went to Dave's head, where it soon died of loneliness. Dave did prove one thing these last two years; "you can lead a pongo to water, but you can't make him take off his combat boots."



"Under the table again!"

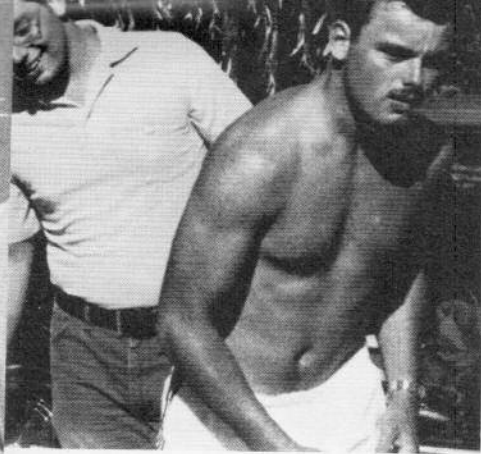
EVAN "BOOTLEGGER" BOETTGER: Came to the coast this year with power on his mind. We easily saw through the ironman image (what image?) to discover that he was a pussy cat (just ask his first years). Evan had trouble keeping the boys quiet in the mess after midnight (use a bigger pillow next time, Spud). For the sake of his career and Security Clearance, we hope the K.K.K. stenciled on his underwear stood for Kayuga Kadet Kaptain.



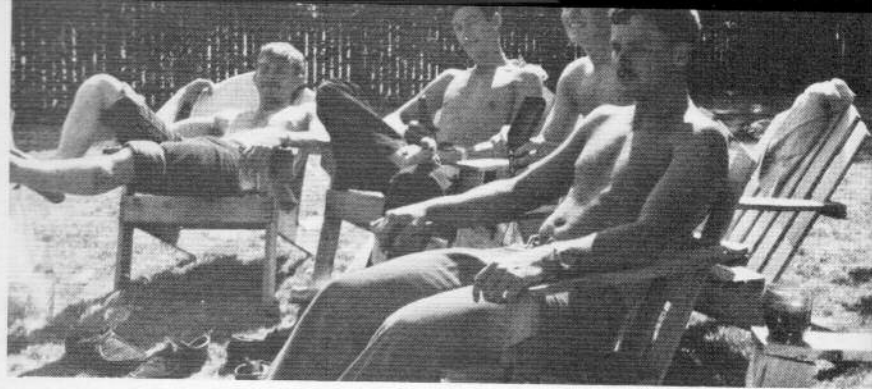
"What sludge wants..."

... sludge gets!!"

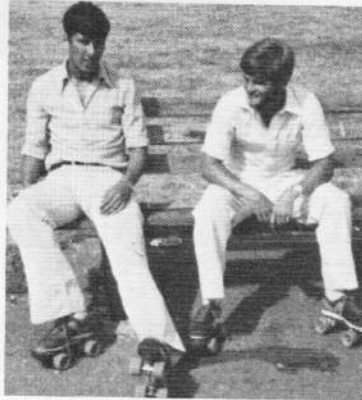




"Eyes in the boat, Steve."



"A bunch of wild and crazy guys, huh??"



If not a member of Gaspé these pearls will mean precious little to you, but then again, in our write up your feelings don't really count.

Derick/Randy: "Get off my case, man".

Tony: "No one expected the Spanish Inquisition."

Doug: "Good Point!"

"I don't think so".

"Yeah Fussycat".

"Drop kick me Jesus threw the goal post of life."

Derick: "Men have died for less."

Flying Frenchmen: "Wun, Tu, Tree .... Maman!!"

Dave: "Green makes me keen".

Ted: "Bring back the blues".

Evan: "Bring back the blacks".

Evan: "We lay in wait, confident the new Reich's time will come."

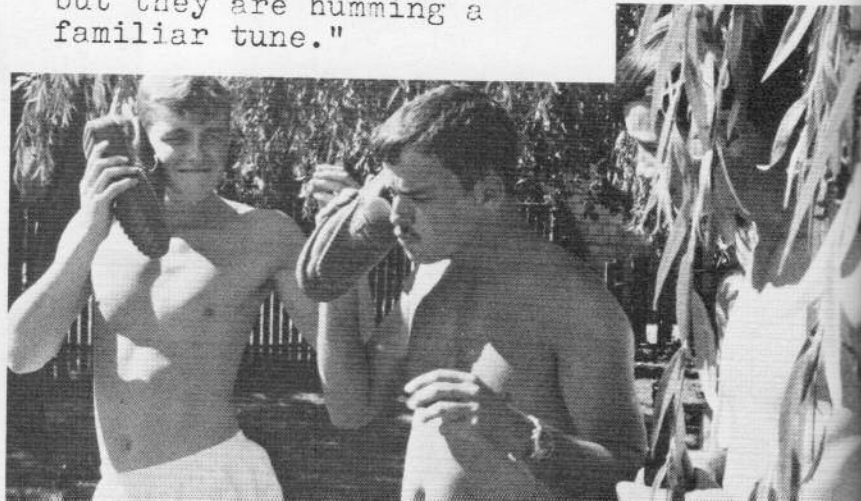
Bill: "I don't consider myself an alcoholic."

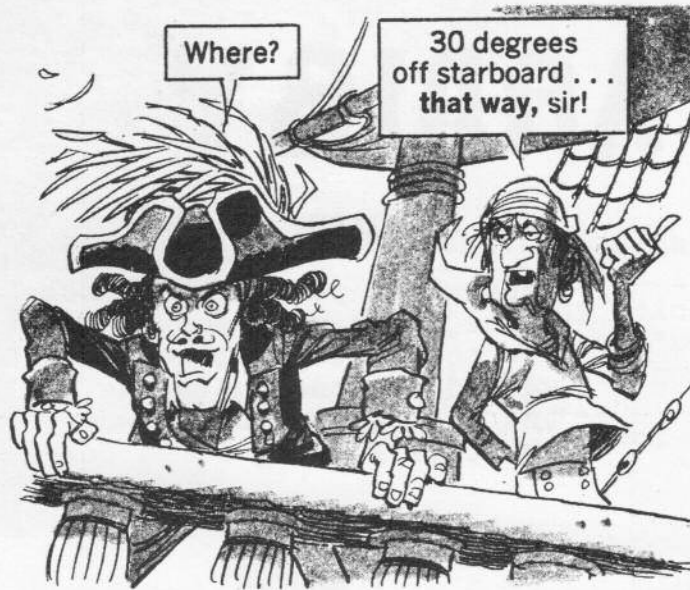
Derick: "I'm going to have to make an example of one of you."

Randy: "Wheeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!!!"

"All the King's horses and all the King's men couldn't put Gary's house together again."

"I can't make out the words but they are humming a familiar tune."



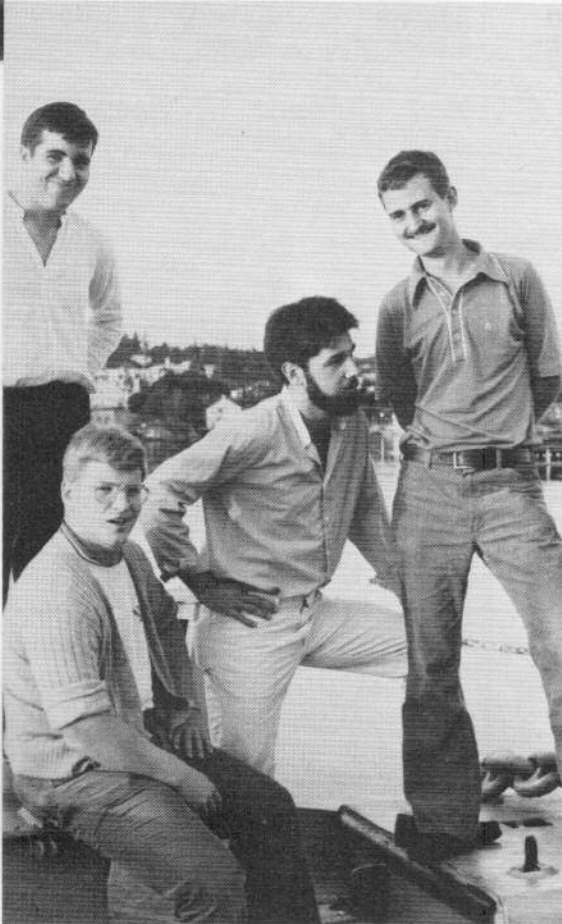


When I was a Flars III  
(AzTender?) I had it tough



# GRANBY

PETE CARRIERE: No, Pete is not really a Frenchman. Ask him some day. Pete was a permanent fixture at the Tudor House, even more so than last year. He was the toughest guy in our division and if you wanted someone put aside, "Black Pete" was the man to see. Don't worry Pete; the KGB is still looking for a few good men!



HIMEY CAINES: Another day, another mouth organ. Garry was the division's Music-0. Anyone who gets through MARS III by serenading the Captain on the bridge can't be all bad.

DOUG ORIELLY: Doug was a CC in the famed Granby division. "Wings" was always on patrol, slack all day - except when he was Delta- Charlie- Charlie. Doug then let people be informal and call him King. A very handsome individual.

DAVE DIXON: Our most conspicuous re-tread. He was not a bad guy once we heard him speak, which was during our Sea Phase. Dave did a great job and we wish him well in the future. P.S. Dave had a moustachio and a great sence of humor.

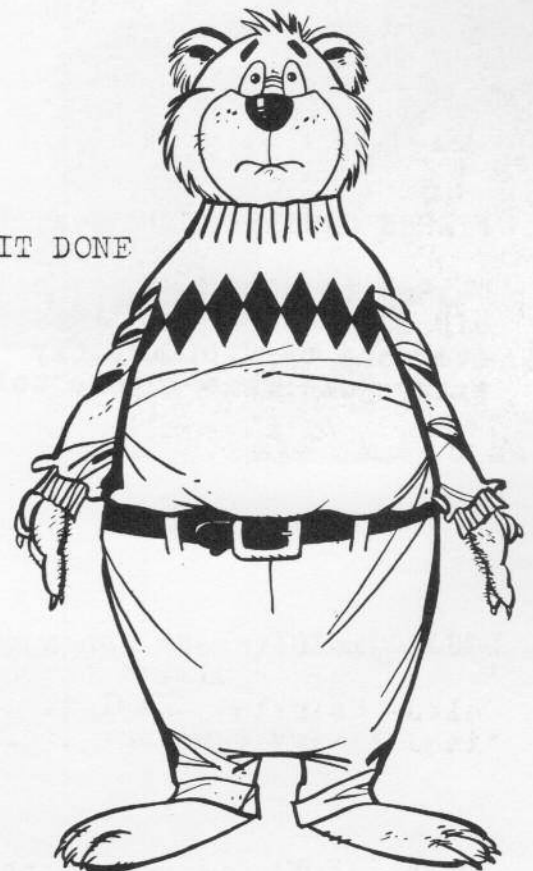




BOB CROWLEY: S/Lt.(W) Crowley, or is it just that he has a "funny voice" and loves "red" ! Bob can't decide which he likes best: Oregon, New Brunswick, or Newfoundland. After much thought, Quebec!

BOB ESCOTT: All summer, Bob managed to avoid morning runs by means of a progression of medical chits or by browbeating some mild-mannered 1st year roundsman. Despite his grey hair, Bob is one of NROC's youngest graduates. Don't forget us when you're out fishing this winter.

FOUR MONTHS OF THE MORNING RUN, AND WHAT HAS IT DONE  
FOR ME?



BOB OBSIEGER: Bob loves asking questions, dumb or otherwise. Like just as we were about to go for lunch, "Sir, I don't understand." Needless to say he Aced all of the tests. When Bob grows up he plans to have a voice like everyone else. Good luck Romeo!

MICHELL AUDY: The fox is our divisional "little" Frenchman. Michell always put in his two cents worth, no matter which language he spoke. Mike loved Crowley a little too much and hates to go home because now he won't feel important again for another year. An extremely likable man.

CHUCK CORMIER: How many feet are in a foot? Chuck's warm temper and warm affection for the CC's kept Granby amused all summer. A valued friend.

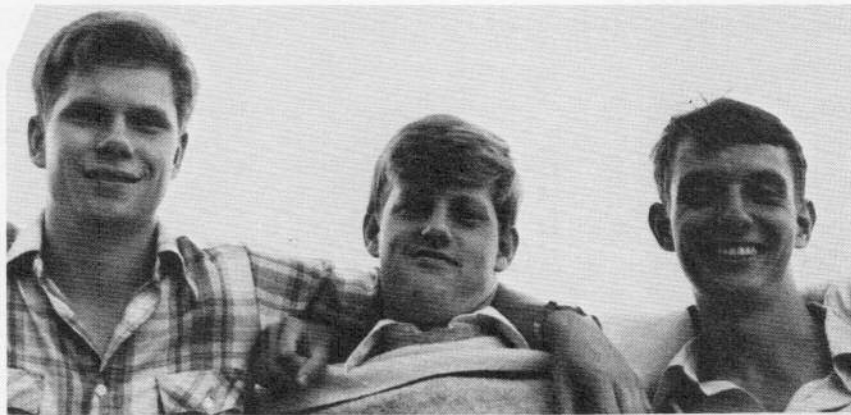
PIERRE GAUTREAU: At sea, Pierre used his iron teeth and two red "eyes" to distract the helmsman 15 degrees off course. Pierre endeared himself to everyone by diplomatically laughing at every joke that anyone told.



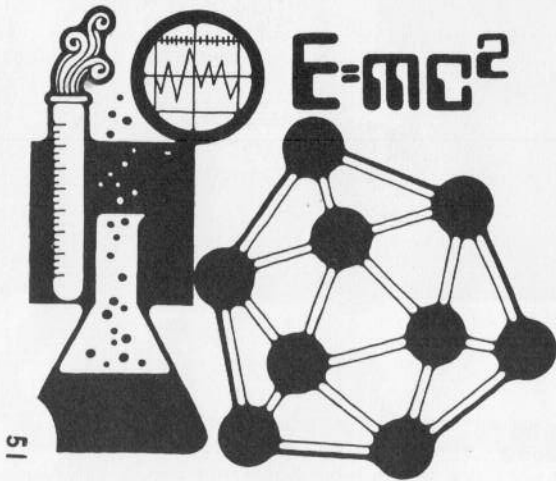
NOW FOLLOW ME BOYS THIS  
IS WHAT YOU DO NEXT.

DAN DRABBLE: Besides tearing up racks, waking people at 0200, and starting #4 mess riots, Dan was a quiet guy. "Drabbs" was another fixture at the Tudor House and if he wasn't there you'd find him leaning on a rack writing one "nameless" girl. Your beloved Dan.

LIEF GUNDERSON: Lief was well known for a little... kindness. He volunteered himself to be the daddy of Conastoga. With us he was a nanny ( or is it niny? ) . Good luck with the Coast Guard and don't forget New pin Land!



PHILIP ELWOOD: "No problem, I'll get it right away".  
 "Oh, man, that's terrible". Old Phil was so polite that if told to take charge it would be "Attention... Please!" Keep up the good work Phil, and remember "cleaning stations end when the job to which you have been assigned is completed."



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TOM CARROLL: The insane cyclist who spent a grinding summer at MARPAC Ops.



JEFF HARDY: This troll-like character was an inescapable part of the Gunroom where he drank up novel after novel. A very dependable man.

$$E = \sqrt{mc^2} \quad * (\uparrow / \frac{1}{2})$$

STEVE LILLICO: Steve and Dave Dixon were the best of friends. There wasn't a finer pair of men to be found when it came to a working team on the bridge.





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PETE DUYNSTEE: Young Diefenbaker endeared himself to his friends by producing a stream of practical jokes. If you need a friend, give him a call.

GARRY LUTON: Our four footed basketball champ was hopping on graduation day. We said it was an excuse to be different. Garry, himself is so unique he needs an excuse. As Granby's most articulate and educated member he undoubtedly looks forward to a career chairing a department at his university.

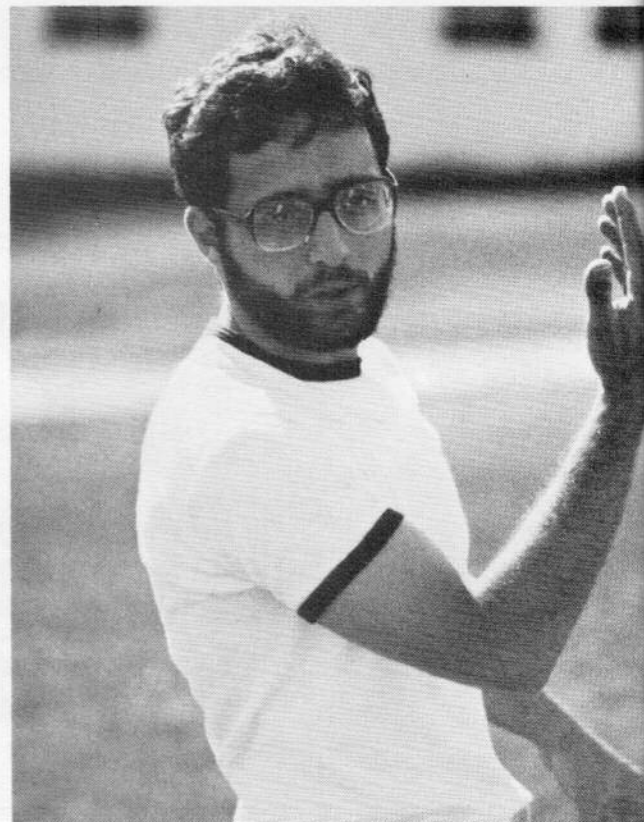
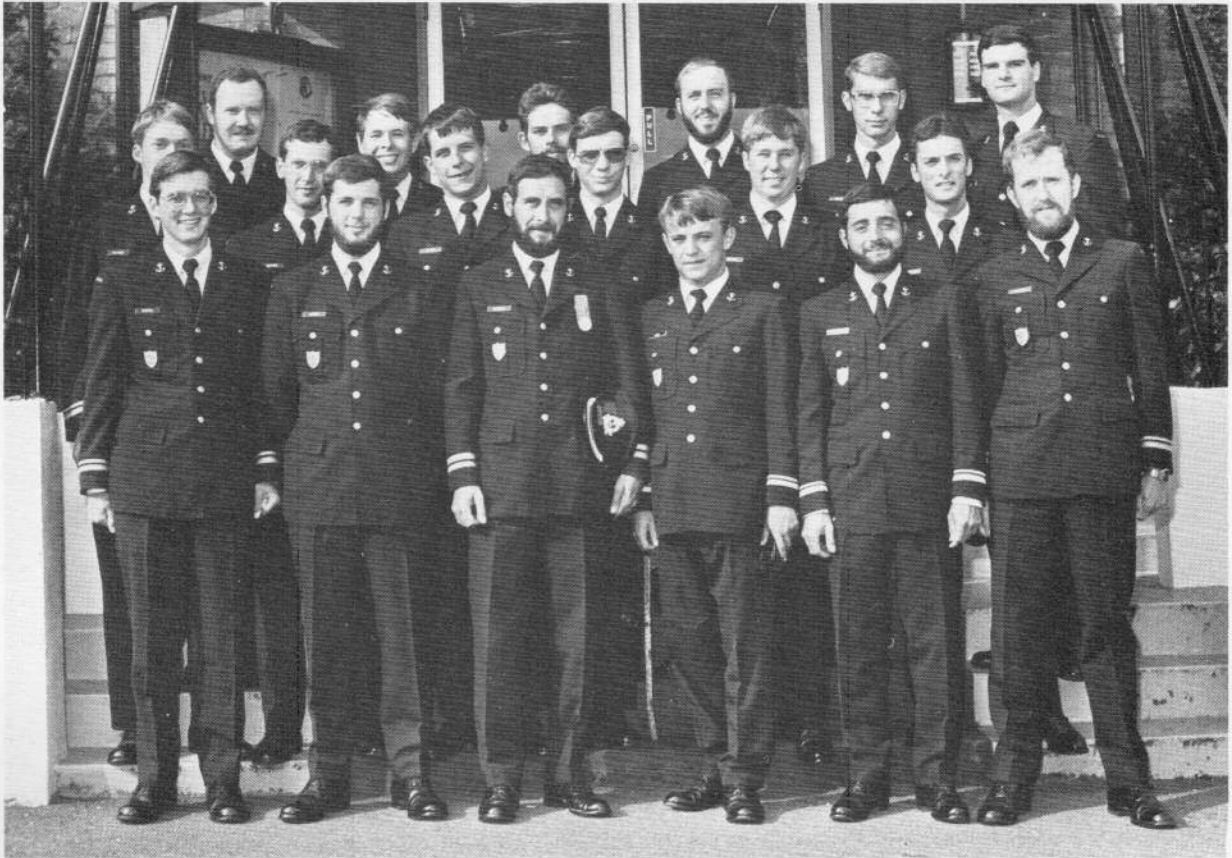
GEOFF REEVES: Besides being our divisional CC all summer, Geoff was also our peace maker and our trouble maker. Geoff was so cool one tended to believe he was heaven's gift to man. Yah, Yah pussy cat.



PETE AND MRS. DIEFENBAKER



# GRILSE



## GRILSE DIVISION

GRILSE was the "different" second year division this year. They took MARS IV Common for the first two months, then MARS III at the end of the summer.

Five of the logistics types: Frank Barretto, Bill Bernath, Carry Ford, Steve Johrden and John Nicolle, were part of Grilse for their MARS IV Common, and when they left for Borden, they were replaced by Five Francophones from Montcalm and Donnacona.

Their first two weeks, they took the newly revamped NBCD course. Not only were they the first class to take the new course (or so they were told) but they also had the distinction of being taught by Lt. Morell while he was still a C2.

The next month was spent "resting their eyes" in Fleet School during MARS IV Common. During that time, they watched the other classes leave for, and return from, exciting things like: MARS III seaphase, BOC field phase, Expeds, etc.. More often than not they found themselves alone on the Fred.

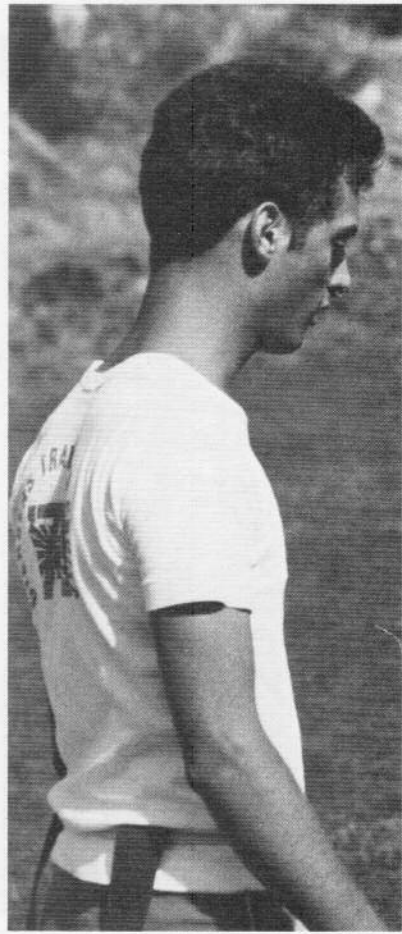
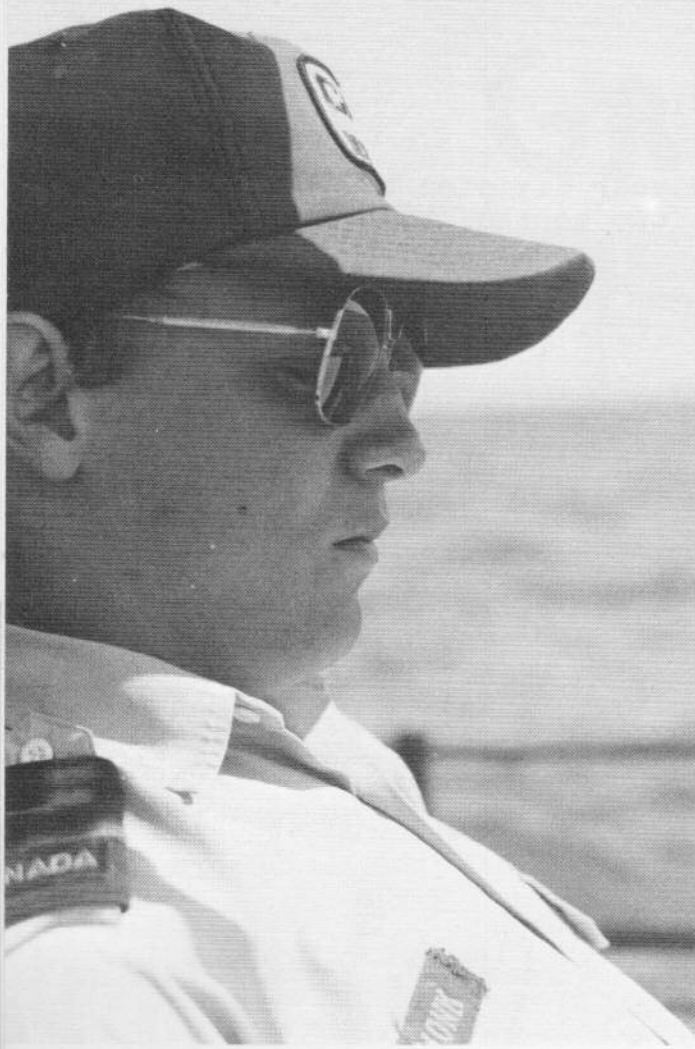
Then, to break the monotony, they transferred buildings for their two weeks of Comm. School. This was a little more interesting, but the best was yet to come - in the form of MARS III shore phase.

By the time they reached this phase, they had developed the "Flogging of a Dead Horse" to a fine art. They even went as far as to commission Noel King to draw a dead horse on a piece of paper; the infamous "Dead Horse Scroll" which was used to torment instructors and trainees alike. This made MARSIII easier to take and kept the class together.

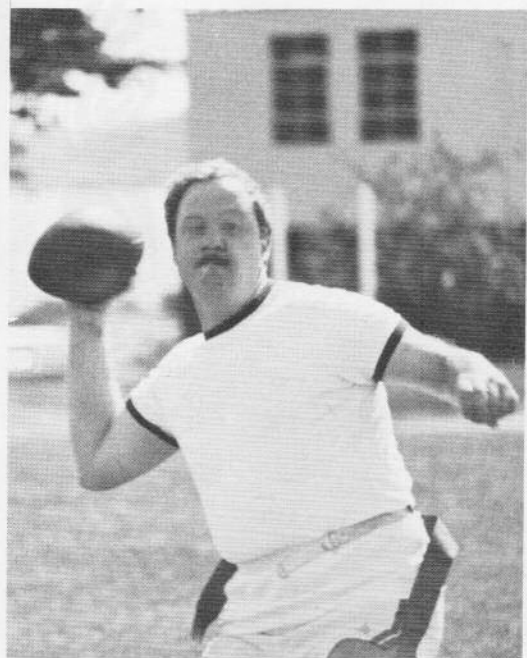
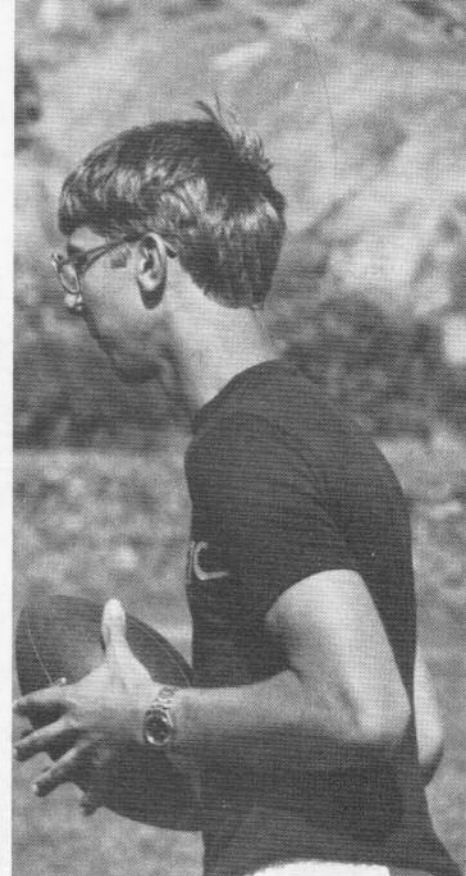
Then, (finally!) the day came to go to sea. Split between YMT 10 and YFP 306, they visited such exotic ports as: Bedwell Harbour, Vancouver, Ladysmith, Port Browning, Squirrel Cove, Gibson's Landing, Seattle, and Friday Harbour. Surely, the quantities of beer consumed along this route added at least a good  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch to everybody's waistline.


All-in-all, the summer was given a hearty "Okay..." rating by most of the class.











"MY CAPTAIN, OH MY CAPTAIN,"  
THE NAVIGATOR SAID,  
"THE TIME HAS COME TO CHANGE OUR COURSE  
TO CLEAR THE SHOALS AHEAD."


"MY LAST FIX SHOWS THAT WE ARE HERE,  
WE'RE DOING FIFTEEN KNOTS,  
WE'VE HALF A MILE OF WATER  
BEFORE WE HIT THE ROCKS."

"WHAT COURSE IS GOOD, OH PILOT MINE,"  
THE CAPTAIN THEN REPLIED.

"ONE SEVEN TWO SHOULD PUT US CLEAR,"  
THE NAVIGATOR CRIED.

TO PORT, WITH STANDARD RUDDER,  
NEW COURSE ONE SEVEN TWO.  
THE HELMSMAN PUT HER OVER,  
AND THE SHIP BEGAN TO SLEW.

THE CHART LOOKED GOOD AND ALL LOOKED CLEAR,  
WHEN CRUNCH AND GRIND OF HULL  
MADE FACES BLANCH, AND WHISTLES BLOW;  
THEN CAME THE DEATHLY LULL.

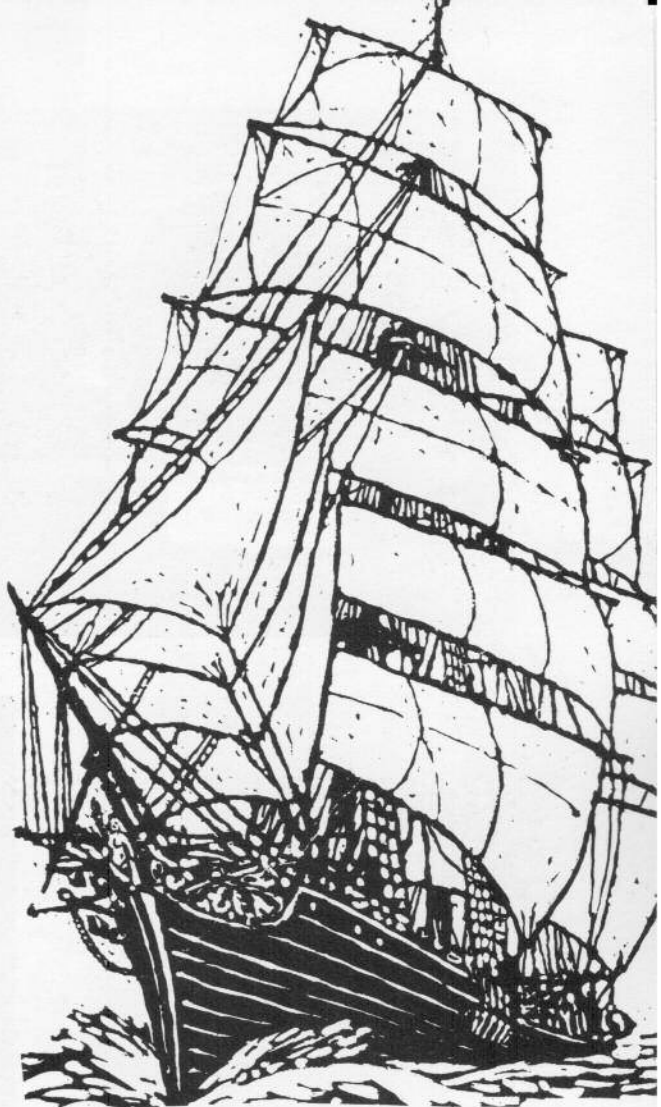


THAT HALF A MILE WAS ALL USED UP,  
THE FIX TOOK TWO FIVE OH,  
THE CAPTAINS QUERY TOOK SOME MORE,  
THERE WASN'T MUCH TO GO.

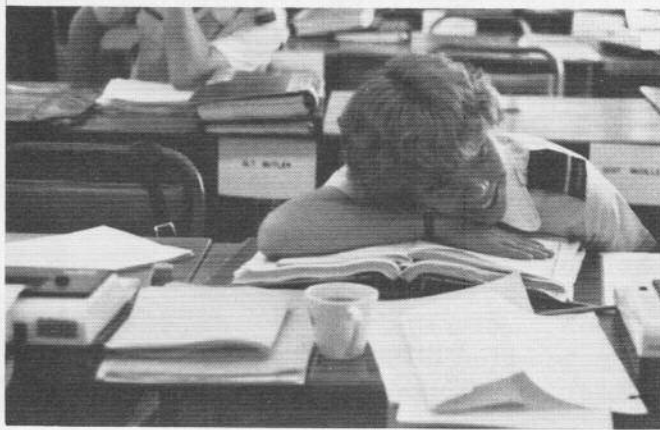
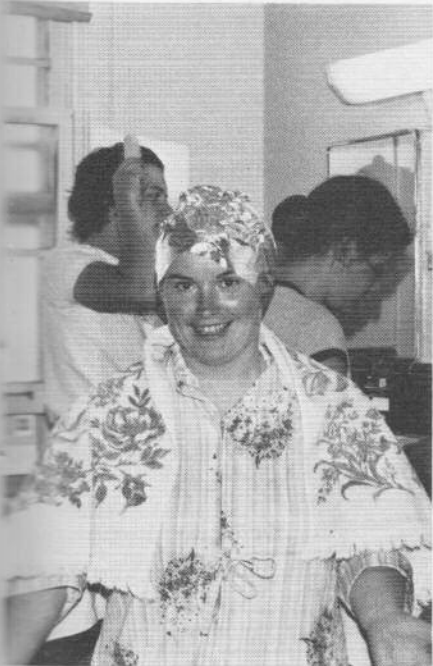
ADVANCE TOOK ALL THE REST AND SHOWED  
THEY WERE NOT ON THEIR GUARD.  
FOR A THOUSAND YARDS TO GO,  
THEY MISSED BY HALF A YARD.

THE MORAL OF THE STORY  
IS PLAIN FOR YOU TO SEE,  
DON'T TRUST A FIX AS WHERE YOU ARE  
IT'S WHERE YOU USED TO BE.

DON LEARNING







# Hochelaga

EARLY MAY, FINANCE COURSES SEEMED SO FAR AWAY...Members of Conestoga-Last-Year met and wept on the plane trip east (Hello to Nova Scotia) and made our first impression on the public -- a senior officer was heard to say, "I don't know who they are or where they are going, but I sure hope someone's ready for them!" PDA's were rampant in AMU's from Vancouver to Shearwater and Irene's rose saw almost all of it.

On arrival we almost paid a visit to the Base Commander (who would have loved a party at 3 am) but a passing Romeo pointed the way to the next door -- our entrance, the trade entrance. It didn't take us long to 'fist onto' the men below ("Heh, weren't you my Train Pac Ball date?"). Jen's towel trick broke the ice and the welcome party flowed.

Monday morning introduced us to Mum, Dad and Grandad (a.k.a. Cathy Bruce, Fred Devlin, Bruce Dunlop). Nothing need be said about classes except that we were TV stars in our own right during SIT and became honorary construction engineers while we practiced leadership at HMCS Scotian.

We were transformed from mere second years to excellent DO's. This involved two-hour lunches, striking the appropriate pose at Weepers, hobnobbing with seedy LCDR's and partaking of tea and lipids in the Sea Room.

And there were parties -- stairwell parties, TV parties, kitchenette parties, Beer Bash parties (Fred: "Do you have my peaked cap?"), and the party to end all parties, the Toga Party (the names have been changed to protect the innocent bystander and his dog). Other parties followed: donairs at the Citadel, stabbings at Camille's, and four (count 'em) end-of-course parties (Barb: "I lost the laundry room"). If there wasn't a party we were busy trying to get dates for the weekend at Weepers, but those Commanders weren't quick enough.

Flab dated CFB Shearwater having despaired of Navy types; Marilyn didn't bother with either of these being able to smell the Algonquin 10 nautical miles away. Flay (10% off mediaeval instruments of torture) was in the capable hands of her PR manager, Sue Deane Sex Machine, and never lacked for customers.

We also went on a 3 day canoe trip and travelled 100 yards down Panuke





Lake -- it was really rough portaging!

And then it was time to leave. Elaine Dearsenwolf and Jen ("Isn't your father a retired commodore?") had to be dragged away from Wellington House, Shearwater and, due to fog, Greenwood. The 14 hour, 1200 mile trip to Borden should have been an indication of things to come. If you thought we made ripples in Halifax, you should have seen the sunamis in Borden!

RTU ME SEND ME HOME, DOODA...I am a midshipman\*. (\*CFAO 3-2 Annex A). Conestoga-Last-Year became Hosebagalaga (Hochelaga) Division with the addition of our gallant men: "Hands" Frank Barretto, Bill "I can't look at another black car" Bernath, John "The Noof" Nicolle, Barry "I don't want to hear about it" Butler, John "I love this course" Henderson, and guest starring the Brothers: Steve "What do you say Trap" Johrden and Cary "I figger" Ford. But the Brothers fisted onto an RTU and it gave them a real buzz.

The Brothers were not all we lost -- we also said goodbye to Lynette "It's not because of Roland" Borgeois. Yes, we had alot of parties in Borden: a Goodbye Lynette party, a Goodbye Lenore party, a Goodbye to the Brothers party, and almost a Goodbye Marilyn party (was it worth it?). We had other parties, too: toga parties and disco parties starring Beth "Ring My Bell" Parish. We "Hot Stuffed", "Bad Girled" and "Freaked Out" all because "We Are Family".

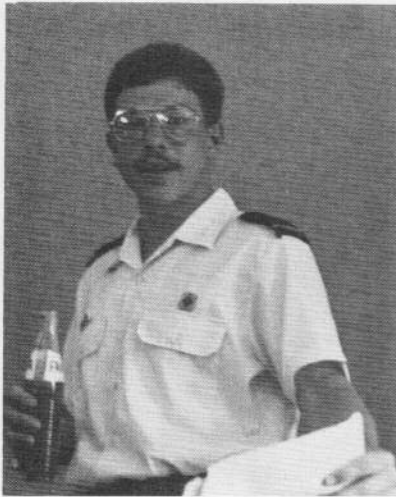
We took Finance, Supply, Admin and Sea Logistics, but the highlight of our day was going for it with our Peri, Cpl. Al Armson.

We made a name for ourselves -- 11 formal cautions, 4 formal warnings, 3 summary trials, and a pongo in a pine tree. LCDR Turner, who served in the Navy, banned backrubs and couldn't understand us, and neither could several thousand others. We rode to class ("Heh Baby like that bicycle seat") to the tune of "In the Navy" and were yelled at from the back of deuces (Laurie's LOREs). Speaking of bikes, there was Joyce and her daily, "Wanna ride to Wasaga Beach?".

We died from the heat during the day but came alive at night (-Where's the tan line, Arfield?). "I love a night life, I love to boogie", and so did Rhonda ("What is your name anyway?"). The other night time activities included a certain firefighter and Deb (M Club). Zoomies came and went and took away our Grandle's heart, leaving her with a ticket to the M Club, too.

We all hated Borden; except Heather, who fondly visited the base of her favourite tree. We lived for the West Coast and, in lieu of Buddy, our grapevine to NRTC was in the form of Bum, who clogged the telephone lines for hours at a time.

But all things come to an end and thank heavens



so did Boredom. We left our mark ("I see a path") never to return (we hope).

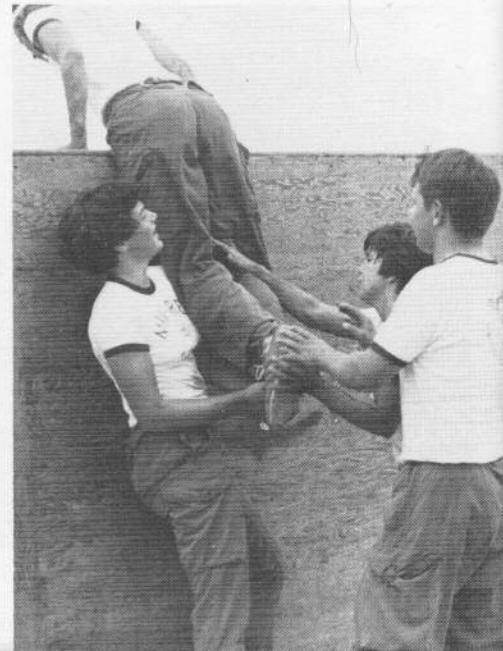
WE BLEW FROM HALIFAX TO BORDEN NOW WE'RE OUT- IN B.C. ...Monday morning parade in Esquimalt complete with Poucher ("Your ass is a moonbeam") made us realize that Borden wasn't all that bad. But we were in B.C. whether Conestoga and Buddy were ready or not, complete with obscene songs, skits (Paper Bag?), and a B rated movie, so our Happiness Count was fulfilled. We went from Hosebags to SLUTs in one easy march past on a sunny Thursday morning. It was an emotional moment, for, in the words of our tearful SLUT, "I feel as though I watched you grow up!".

We may not see each other together again, but scattered across the nation will be 21(+3) people who shared a long, long summer and therein lies our bond.



Special thanks to:

Dianna ("Fem Puff" still) Herrington  
John (Darko #3 or Groucho #2) Daye  
WO ("It's in CFP...") Roseberry  
Dianne ("Hi Frank") Girrard  
WO (Joe who?) Renaud  
WO (Pierre what?) Austin  
Jean (Inspector Clouseau) Wagner  
Elsbeth (P.K.N.) Neely  
Leslie (Airborne, boys, airborne) Littlewood  
Liz ("I am an instructor") Woodliffe  
WO (Let me tell you about...) Ferris  
Mo (Band-aids) Callaway  
Major ("I love a formal caution") Knapp  
COL ("March the guilty bastard in") Ford  
SGT (Salmonella) Snook  
And all those guest lecturers we neglected to send thank-you notes to (knee pads).







# DIVISION KERMIT

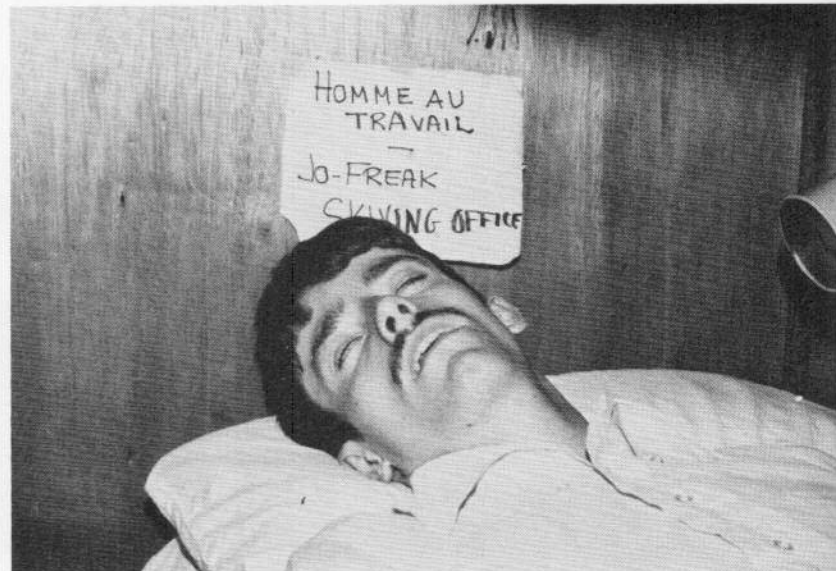


Les francophones ont-ils des problèmes sur la côte l'été? Plusieurs diront que le "hic" majeur vient de la langue. Et pourtant, s'il est une langue que les "français" n'utilisent pas hors des heures de travail c'est bien l'anglais. On a souvent entendu dire, par ailleurs, que cela nous plaçait dans une division à part. Je puis vous affirmer que ces gens sont très près de la réalité. Cela nous oblige donc à présenter une petite section sur les éléments francophones du CIRN (Centre d'Instruction de la Réserve Navale): la division "KERMIT", après tout, c'est un joli nom... C'est également un joli groupe.

## DEFINITIONS

SKYVING: activité qui consiste à ne rien faire ou à tout faire pour ne rien faire.-Art dans lequel sont passés maître les francophones du CIRN.

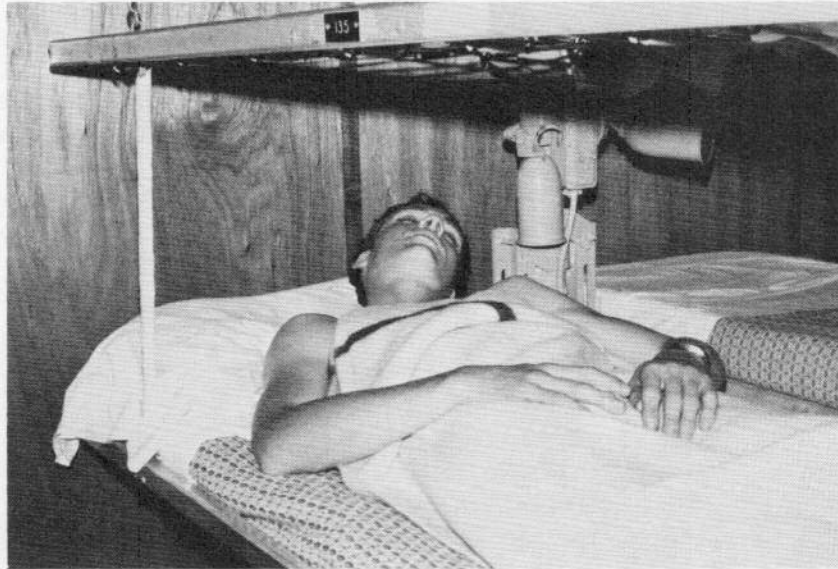
SKYVER: tout francophone du CIRN ou personne s'adonnant au skyving.



## PRIERE DU SKYVER

Notre maitre qui êtes paresseux,  
Que votre nom soit invoqué  
Que votre règne vienne  
Que votre volonté sois faite en mer comme à terre  
Donnez-nous aujourd'hui notre repos quotidien  
Enseignez-nous la paresse comme l'enseignerons  
A ceux qui voudront paresser  
Ne nous soumettez pas à la tentation  
Et delivrez-nous du travail.

Amen



*Maitre Skyver... dans son lit perché*

## HYMNE DU SKYVER (air connu)

Travailler, c'est pas beau  
Et voler, c'est trop dur  
Demander la charité, c'est quelque chose que j'veux pas faire  
Chaque jour que moi je vie  
On me demande de quoi je vie  
Je dis que je vie sur le skyving  
Et j'espère de vivre vieux.



JO-COOL, F.C.

JO-FREAK, F.C.

JO-MACHO, F.C.

Honorary



Frenchman



### LES 3 JOS

Tout ce qu'on peut dire c'est que 3 francophones se sont fait remarquer cette année. Membres de la division Gaspé, appelés la "French Connection" sur les passerelles de YFP et très bien connus sous le nom de Jos, Jo-Cool, Jo-Freak, Jo-Macho, tels sont les illustres fous de ce prodigieux groupe. La prise de conscience d'identité fut soudaine pour les Jos. Tout débuta à Port Angeles où Jo-Cool se révéla (l'air de montagne). Il y retourna par la suite pour se ressourcer alors qu'il était en crise d'identité très profonde. Jo-Freak acquit ce vocable à cause de la musique qu'il écoutait et qu'il était le seul à apprécier. Pour Jo-Macho la crise d'identité fut plus sérieuse car personne ne sait quand et où elle s'est révélée, mais qui s'en soucie.

Ce sont les Jos qui à tour de rôle ont fait les choses les plus abracadabrantes comme faire le veilleur sauveteur à 3, empoisonner un officier au savon, prendre des "running fix" par "relative bearing", rapporter des réserves d'huîtres provinciales, des aigles à tête blanche et des terrains à vendre sur le rivage, tenir la barre à 2 pieds sur la roue, s'écarter d'un cap quand on n'aime pas l'OOW sur la passerelle (certains Jos sont rancuniers), identifier le drapeau Québec avec 4 fleurs de lys, communiquer et donner des ordres en français sur la passerelle ("English is the working language" Lt S... (N)(R)), et bien sûr ils firent trembler Comox en débarquant (Tremble Ô Comox, les Jos sont là)

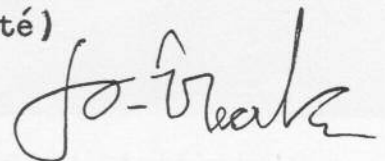
Chaque Jo a sa personnalité mais ils sont tous bien skyvers, en fait toujours couchés. Jo-Cool, soit dans une tente en montagne ou au KGBHQ toujours évidemment en excellente compagnie (où ça KGBHQ? et avec qui?: c'est pas de vos oignons!). Jo-Freak lui était presque toujours dans son skyving office (surtout pendant les périodes de sport). Jo-Macho, personne ne savait où il était, il avait certainement une cabine cachée quelque part. Jo-Macho et Jo-Freak sont passés par le MIR assez souvent histoire d'expérimenter les trips aux Noriflex (ça a presque fait rougir Maître Skyver) - parlant de trips, tous les Jos en ont fait que ce soit sur les beignes, les rolaids ou la root-beer). Inutile de vous dire après cela que les Jos sont des personnes bien bizarres pour ne pas dire complètement cinglés, ils ont laissé leurs traces et personne ne les oubliera (J'espère, surveillez vos orteils). Je ne dirai qu'un mot au nom des Jos (en fait trois)

Hey! Wo! CÔÔL!

Béni soit maître Skyver

Entrez dans la réserve de la C.I.A. (petite publicité)

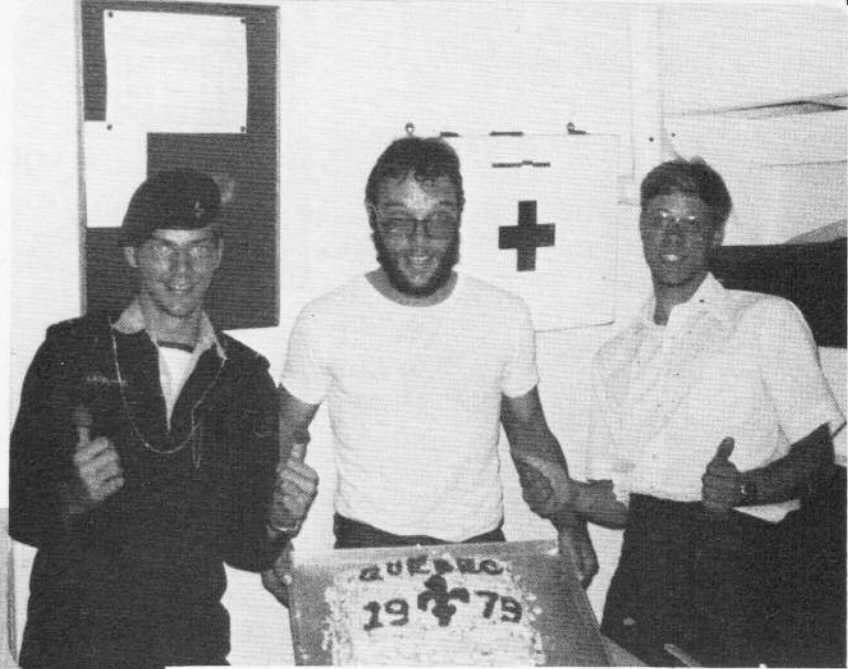
Jo-Freak





JE VOUS LAISSE DEVINER...

# MAMAN!



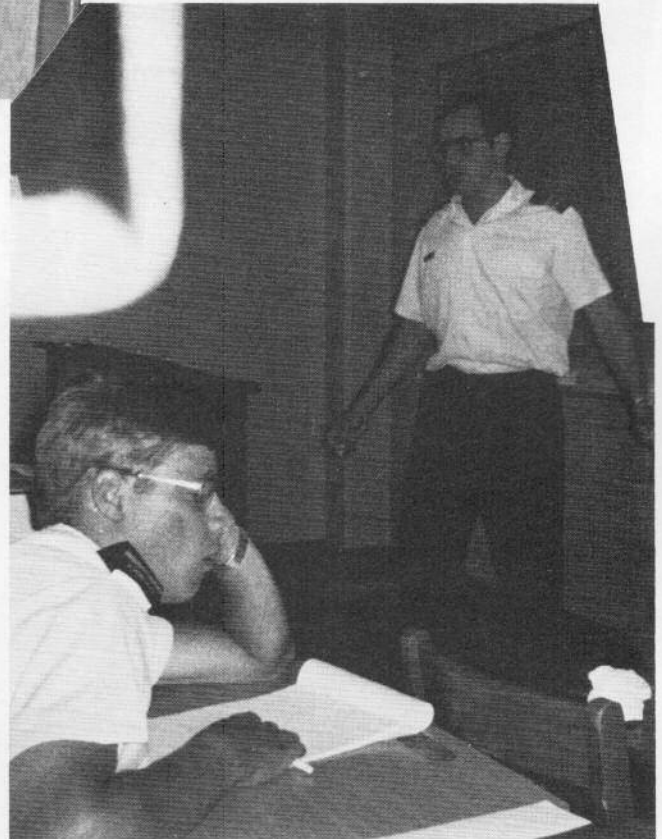
WO! COOL!



Les Forces Armées Canadiennes...  
si la vie vous intéresse.



"Y'é tu beau c'drapeau là!



Problème de stabilité ?

# The Saga of Nine

As recorded by  
Ms. S. Horsfield  
10 June 1979

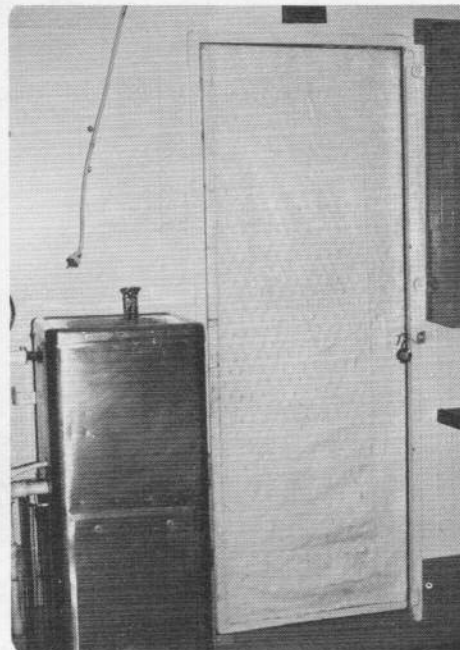
Oh dear what can the matter be  
Six cadets got locked in the factory  
They were happy from Sunday to Monday  
And we three knew they were there

Bob was laughing because Mary was napping  
Kate was giggling from Obsieger's wiggling  
Anna was worried but Escott's not hurried  
And we three knew they were there

Oh my God they've actually done it  
The locks held fast, there's no way around it  
We'll be here from Sunday till Monday  
And we three know that they're there

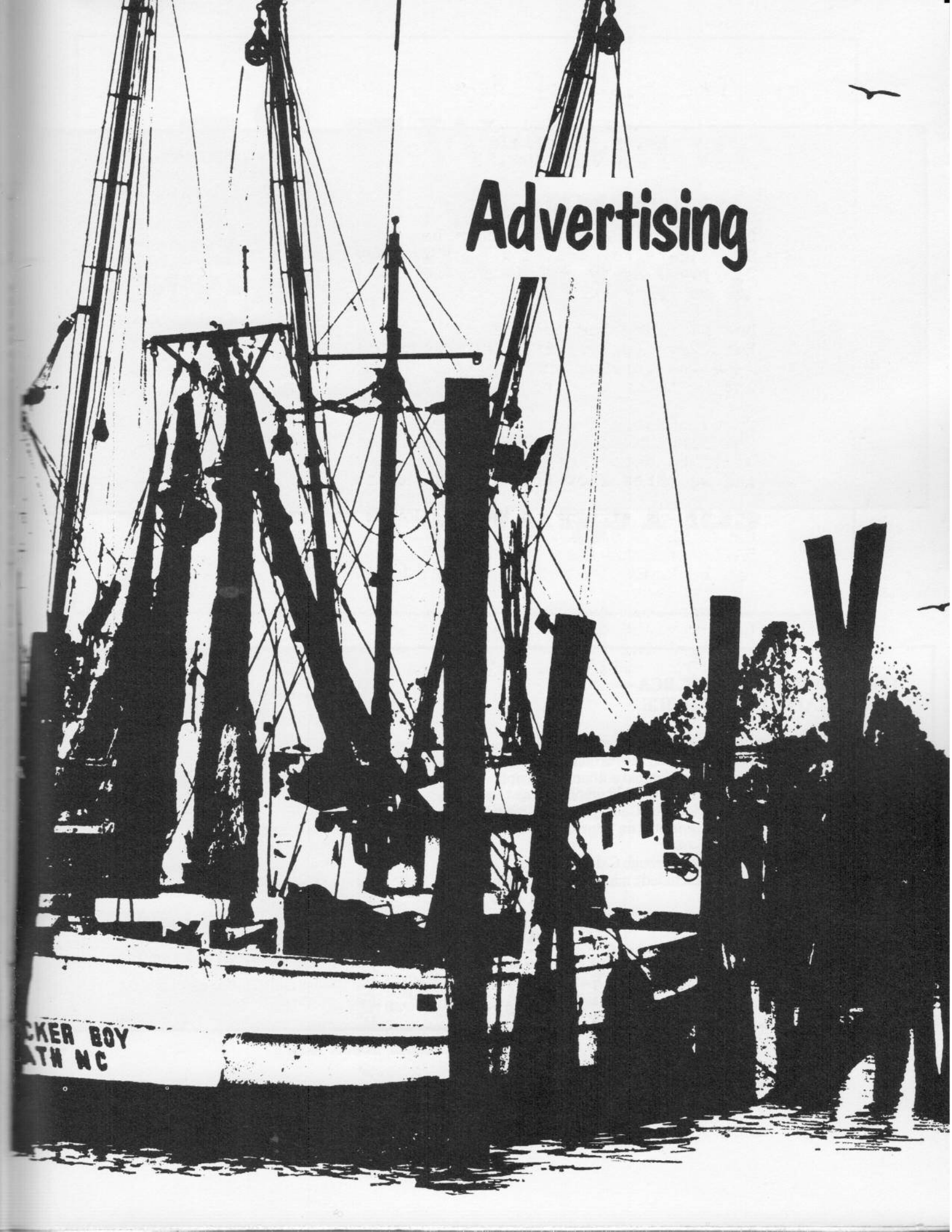
Sherry was sitting on Keith's knees and smiling  
Cause she's outside and she has her freedom  
Keith is grinning because he has the keys  
And he knows that Escott's in there

Oh dear what can the matter be  
Sunday night outside the factory  
I am writing this song for the yearbook  
So NROC's will catch this affair.





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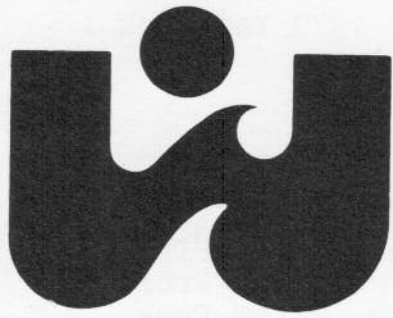
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#Special Thanks to LT(W) Newburn for her tremendous help and encouragement, and to LT Breckman for his help with organizing the Cadet Review. Also thanks to all those who donated pictures to the various divisional sections, in particular, Tom Dunn for hopefully understanding why Kevin and I had to cut up his pictures(we havn't told him yet!) I also wish to thank my brother Dave for his help in typing the Directory of the Yearbook.

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Doyle, David	462 Eastlawn, Windsor, Ont.	N8S	3H4	(519)	948-7893	HR
Drabble, Daniel	Box 24 Site 25 RR6 Armdale N.S.	B3L	4P4	(902)	477-5222	SN
Drapeau, Jean-Louis	39 rue Winnipeg, Moncton, N.B.	E1C	7C2	(506)	357-2184	BR
Drysdale, Brenda	59 Smithwood Dr., Islington, Ont	M9B	4S1	(416)	231-6817	YK
Dunn, Tom	790 Springland Dr., Apt. 427, Ott.Ont	K1V	6L7	(613)	731-0934	CN
Duynstee, Pete	154 Walby Dr. Hamilton, Ont.	L6I				SR
Elwood, Phil	1172 Rockcliff St. Halifax, NS	B3H	3Y6	(902)	423-3056	SN
Escott, Robert	11 Hutchings St. St. John's, Nfld.	A1E	2R8	(709)	753-8329	CT
Ettrich, Marion	6209-84 Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta,	T6B	0H4		466-8974	CA
Fanjoy, David	Lakehead University Men's Residence, Thunder Bay, Ontario.	P7B	5E1			GN
7 Fetterly, Rob	411 Convert St., Oromocto, N.B.	E2V	1E8	(506)	357-2184	BR
Forsyth, Colin	86 Bluewater Cres., Winnipeg Man.	R2J	2P8	(204)	253-0165	CA
Freeman, Kim	815 Southmount Place SW, Calgary, Alberta	T2W	0R4		259-2155	TH
Galiardi, D.						NT
Gagné, Michel	11 Place des Arhsans Charlemagne P.Q.	J5Z	3R8			DA
Garand, Linda	815-50th Ave., Lachine, P.Q.	H8T	2V2	(514)	634-9746	DA
Gardam, D C						CA
Gautreau, Pierre	107 Ellerdale Moncton N.B.	E1A	3M8	(506)	855-4711	BR
George, Tom	350 Huron St. Toronto	N55	253			YK
Granam, Alan	2802 Thoronton Ave., Regina Sask	S4S	1J3		586-8151	QN
Gingras, Denis	624 rue Joffre #1 Quebec, P.Q.	G1S	3L3	(418)	687-0343	MM
Greaves, Rob	15650 20 Ave., Surrey, B.C.	V4A	2A6	(604)	536-7067	DY
Green, Wallace						YK
Gunderson, Leif	4520 Lynn Valley Rd. N. Van. B.C.	V7K	2T5	(604)	987-2783	DY
Haché, Daniel	2670 - Prefontaine Montreal, Quebec	H1W	2P5	1-(514)	524-6617	DA
Hamelin, Denis	2912 Summerside Ste. Foy, Que'	G1W	2G1	(418)	656-9522	MM
Harding, Stephen	4921 Townsend Dr. Victoria, B.C.	V8Z	5P2	(604)	479-0344	MT
Hardy, Jeff	10 Wardour St. Bedford, Nx	B0N	1B0	(902)	835-9809	SN
Hayden, Chris	Bsmt Suite 582 West 16th Ave Van. B.C.	V5Z	1S4	800-	876-7680	DY

Hemple, Rob	10 St. Andrews Ave. Grimsby, Ont.	L3M 3R8		832-7170	SA
Henderson, Hohn	Hampton RR#2, Kings Co. N.B.	EOG 1Z0	(506)	284-1032	BR
Higgs, Marilyn I.	5135 Barron Cres. N.W. Calgary, Alta	T2L 1T8	(403)	528-1086	TH
Hinca, Tim	37 Broadway Ave., Hamilton, Ont	L8S 2N6	(416)	734-3289	SR
Hinchliffe, Ian	Box 970 Swan River, Man	ROI 1Z0	(204)		CA
Horsfield, Shannon	3800 Quadra St. Quntro apts #304 Victoria B.C.				MT
Hynes, Maude	51 Golf Ave., St. John's Nfld	A1C 5C5	(709)	579-6392	CT
Jefferys, Dave	2642 W. 45 Ave. Vancouver, B.C.	V6N 3L3	(604)	261-6844	DY
Jones, Ken	4114 17 St. SW. Calgary, Alta	T2T 4P6	(403)	243-4110 243-4329	TH
Johnston, Rob	60 Roseheath Ave, Toronto, Ont.	M4C 3P5			YK
King, Noel	PO Box 49 Hartington Ont	KOH 1W0	(613)	372-2914	CN
Kirkorian, Haig	1595 Dudemaine, Apt. 5 Montreal PQ	H3M 1R2			DA
Lacerte, Michel	2660 Boul, Liegeois Ste Foy P.Q.	V8N 2EZ	(418)	651-4030	MT
Lajoie, Yven	19 Martel, Delson, Laprairie PQ	JOL 1G0	(514)	632-1414	DA
Lamarche, Isabelle	2055 Arivida, St. Bruno, P.Q.	J3V 3R7	(514)	653-3355	DA
Langlois, Eric	1538 Parc Beauvoir Sillery				MM
Larmond, George	R.R.#2 Armprior, Ont.	K7S 3G8		623-3349	CN
Larochelle, Luc.	2198 des Bouvrevils Orsainvilles Quebec	G1G 2A1			DA
Layden, Faye	745 Graham Ave, apt 104, Frederic- ton New Brunswick		(506)	756-2409	BR
Learning, Don	410 Elizabeth Ave, St. John's Nfld	A1B 1V3			CT
Lortie, Louis	691 Ave, Routhier Ste Foy P.Q.				MM
Luton, G.	375 Grey Street, Brantford Ont	N3S 4X5			CI
Macquarrie, Heather	C/O HMCS Malahat, CFB Esquimalt FMO Victoria, B.C.	VOS 1B0	(416)	548-3863	MT
Malburg, Christian	23 Armour, Winnipeg	B3J 3F7			CA
Malikail, Steve	9 Turgeion Ave., Regina, Sask.			585-0478	QN
Mathes, Richard	14124 Fost. Edmonton Alta.				NH
Maxwell, Ian	1579 Kenmore Rd Victoria, B.C.	V8N 2E2			DY
McCaie, Louise	24 Braeburn Cr., Moncton, N.B.	E1E 2L6	(506)	384-7275	BR
McCormick, Roderick	36 Emily Street, Ottawa, Ont.	KOA 1J0	(613)	257-1591	CN
McGill, Mary	Cottage Rd., RR#2 St. John, N.B.	E2L 3W3		652-7774	BR
Merriman, Gail	1406 Aurele St., Ottawa, Ont.	K1B 3L3	(613)	749-1866	GN
	Lakehead University Res. Thunderbay, Ontario.				



Metha, Sabu	147 Brooke Ave Toronto Ont.	M5M 2K3				
Miller, Rhonda	336-37 Ave. SW, Calgary Alta.	T2S CV2				DA
Mofford, Douglas	8144 Wiseman Ave Montreal, Que.	H3N 2P4	1(514)	272-2610		QN
Monk, Ron	1254 Albert St. Moose Jaw Sask.	S6H 2Y6				CI
Moore, Debbie	192 Clergy Street East Kingston, Ontario	K7K 3S7	(416)	548-3863		CT
Mallaly, Keith A.	13 Elliott's Road, Kilbride St. John's Nfld.	A1G 1NS	(709)	368-7513		CT
Mullan, Anthony	198 Woodside Rd Beaconfield P.Q.	H9W 2P1				DA
Murchie, Kevin	P.O. Box 359 St. George, NB.	EOG 2Y0	(506)	755-3217		BR
Nicolle, John	Bldg 822 Apt. 304 Nfld Drive St. John's Nfld	A1A 1R7	(709)	126-4179		CT
O'Brien, Pat	P.O. Box 359 Glenwood, Ave., SW.	T3E 3Y9	(403)	249-2911		TH
Obsieger, Rob	Box 67, Bub 11 Edmonton, Alta.	T6G 2E0				NH
Olmstead, Nancy	3455 Calder Ave., N. Vancouver, BC.	V7N 3R8	(604)	985-2928		DY
Cnufer, Anna	RR#1 Waterdown, Ont.,	L0R 2H0	(416)	689-4098		SR
O'Reilly, Doug	37 Sommerset St. Dartmouth N.S.		(416)	938-3345		SN
Farnell, Ludmilla	Victoria Hall, Queen's Univ., King- ston Ont. 43 Lacey Green Dr. Kirkland, P.Q.	H9H, 3H6	(514)	695-9454		MM
Peer, David	938 Kennebecasus Dr. Box 11 Site 17 RR#1 St. John N.B.	EZL 3W2				BR
Peters, Kenneth	77 Duncan Street Georgetown, Ont	L7G 4M4				SR
Persson, Eric	225 Plymouth St., Ottawa, Ont					CN
Plamondon, Philippe	594 Ouest, 76 <sup>e</sup> Rue Charlesbourg	PQG1H 4S6	(418)	623-3682		MM
Provost, Murielle	1295 Avenue Chambly, Ste Foy, PQ.	G1W 3V8	(418)	656-9454		MM
Reeves, Geoff	532 Brian Hill Ave Toronto Ont.	M5N 1M9	(416)	485-3907		CI
Renault, Micheal	205 Rue St. Marie, St. Louis de Gonzague P.Q.	JOS 1T0		373-3624		DA
Robert, Randy	4 Faulkner St., Dartmouth, N.S.	B3A 3A3		466-4138		SN
Ringwald, Joe	5691 Sardis Cres., Burnaby B.C.	V5H 3K4	(604)	433-0165		DY
Saikaley, Andrew	3253 Belair, Montreal, P.Q.	H2H 2H2				DA
Siemers, Peter	R.R.#1 Centre Burlington, Hants County, N.S.	BON IEO				SN
Sinclair, Derick	Apt 105, 20 County Hill Dr. Kitchener, Ontario	N2E 1R7	(519)	745-8658		HR
Springer, Bryon	268 Avenue Rd., Kingston Ont.	K7M 1C7	(613)	548-4144		CI
Stubbs, Eric	15 Belvidere Ave. Toronto, Ont.					YK
Tillander, Randall	729 Queen St., North Bay Ont.,	PIA 1T8	(705)	474-3579		YK

Thompson, Charles H.	7339 West Boulevard, Vanc., B.C.	V6P 5S2				DDY
Thomson, Dave	RR#1 Snake RD., Waterdown, Ont.	LOR 2H0	(416)	689-8279		SR
Trites, Larry G.	41 Salem St., Sackville, N.B.	EOA 3C0				BR
Trudel, Pierre Yves	3305 Montrent #1 STE Foy P.Q.	G1W 2T3	(418)	658-7029		MM
Veronneau, M. R..	54 Maple St., St.Hubert, P.Q.					DA
Visser, Randy	9702 128th St., Surrey, B.C.	V3T 2Y1		581-6117		DY
Wakeland, Pete	42B Ave Delta, B.C.	V4K 1A4				DY
Walkington, Craig	172 Renshaw Rd. East, Riverside, St. John, N.B.	E2H 1R6				BR
Waterfield, Steve	25 Wildwood Blvd., Dartmouth, N.S.	B2W 2L5		434-8709		SN
Wenzel, Michael	33 Earswick Dr., West Hill, Ont.	M1E 1C7	(416)	261-6574		YK
Wight, Greg	49 Larkhall St., St. John's Nfld.	A1B 2C5		726-2493		CT
Williams, Bruce	R.R.#1, Oromocto, N.B.	E2V 2G2		357-3970		BR
Wilson, Bob	7 Briar Hill Ave., Cambridge, Ont.					YK
Wong, Gordon	24 Thornaby Cres., NW, Calgary Alta.	T2K 5K4	(403)	274-0026		TH
Zatychech, Laurie	2019 Prince Charles Rd., Ottawa Ont.	K2A 3K9	(613)	728-7971		CN
Zebрук, Fred	H.M.C.S. Griffon, 125 N.Algoma St. Thunder Bay, Ont.					GN

### STAFF

CWO Bowness, K.	808 Alvarado Tce, Victoria, B.C.	V8Y 1G4				MT
Doug Breckman	40 Celtic Bay, Winnipeg, Man.,			269-6202		CA
MWO Campbell-Hope, A.	291 Stewart Ave., Victoria, B.C.	V9B 1R3				
Coffman, Barb	Box 217, Aurora, Ont.	L4G 3L5				
McKinnon, Pete	129 Silver Birch Ave., Toronto, Ont.	M4E 3L3				YK
Mills, Phil	Coatsworth Station, Ont.	NOP 1H0				
Newburn, Chris	#315-2033 Comox St., Vancouver, B.C.	V6G 1S1		689-0277		DY
Ryan, Mike	6770 Jedora Dr., RR#L, Brentwood Bay	VVOS 1A0				MT
Shaw, Sam	Box 4072 Station A, Victoria, B.C.	V8X 3X8				MT
Slover, Dave	Katimavik, CFB Esquimalt, FMO Victoria, B.C.	VOS 1B0				
Walsh, Mike	HMCS Nonsuch, 11440-117 St., Edmonton, Alta.,	T5G 3W5				NH

**The End**

