

R. WIGHT

N.R.O.C.

YEARBOOK



1982

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ST. CROIX

SKEENA/STETTLER

SWANSEA

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ARTWORK

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WORDS OF WISDOM?

The yearbook is done. It is quite a feeling to know that, finally you don't need to inhale rubber cement fumes anymore; nor try to find a typewriter, or a specific picture or...or... All the artistic officer cadets can emerge from the shadows, secure in the knowledge that they aren't going to be pounced upon for their talents.

A number of people put in many hours of work to try to overcome the many setbacks. Maura Hanrahan got the whole project of the ground and flying across the country. Emily Rempel's magic pen brought everything together. Slt MacNeill and Slt Burghart gave up their office for a paper jungle, and I supplied the confusion. My apologies to those divisions whose representation is a wee bit weak. The group did what they could with what was available. I hope this publication brings back a few happy memories for everyone, it did for those of us who put it together.

Toria Horner

FROM THE

To All Who Read This Yearbook:

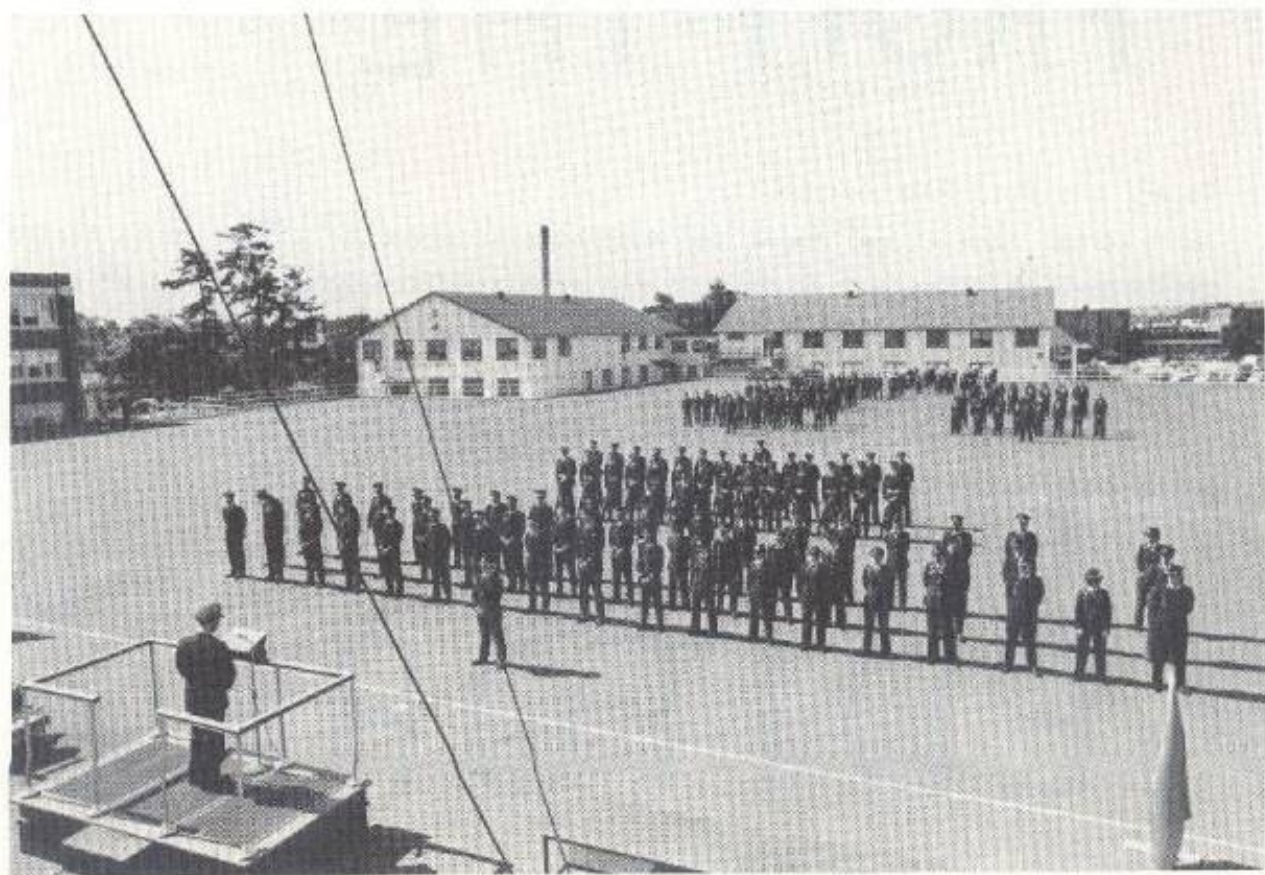
It has been an enormous and very special pleasure for me to be Editor of this Yearbook. I wish to thank all the representatives, the Assistant Editor, the Assisting Officers and, especially my fellow editor, Victoria Horner. They have all worked very hard indeed!

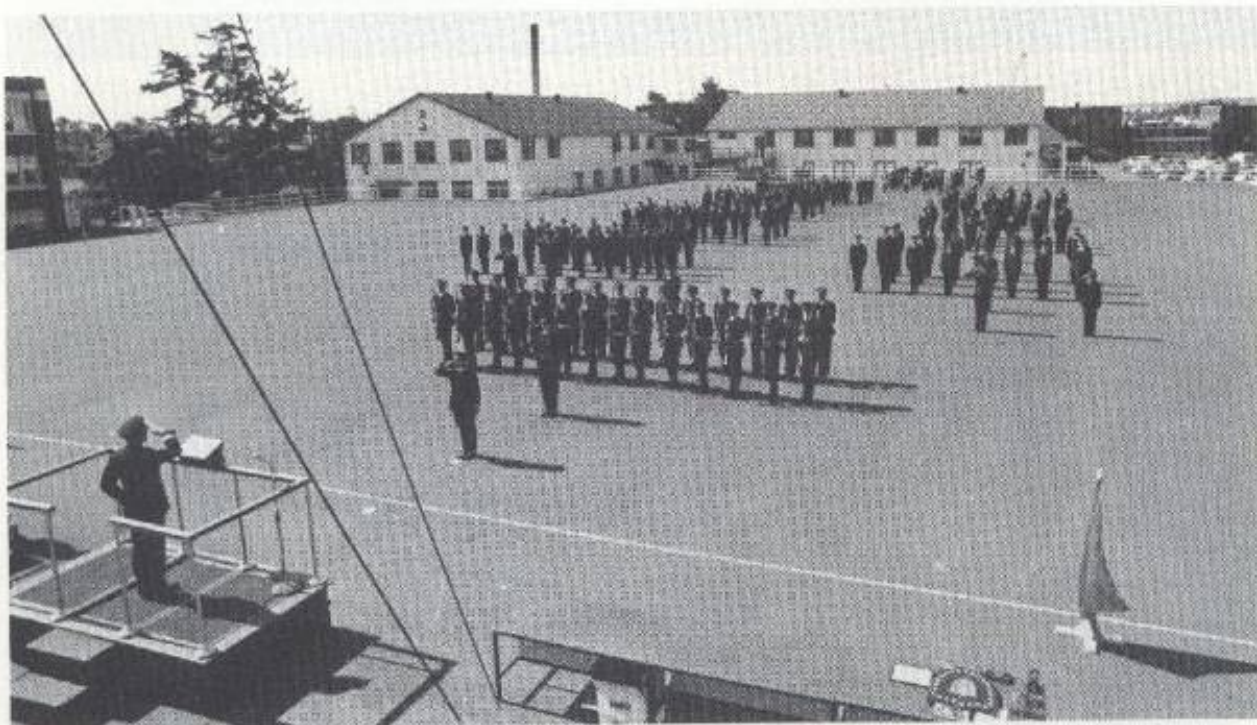
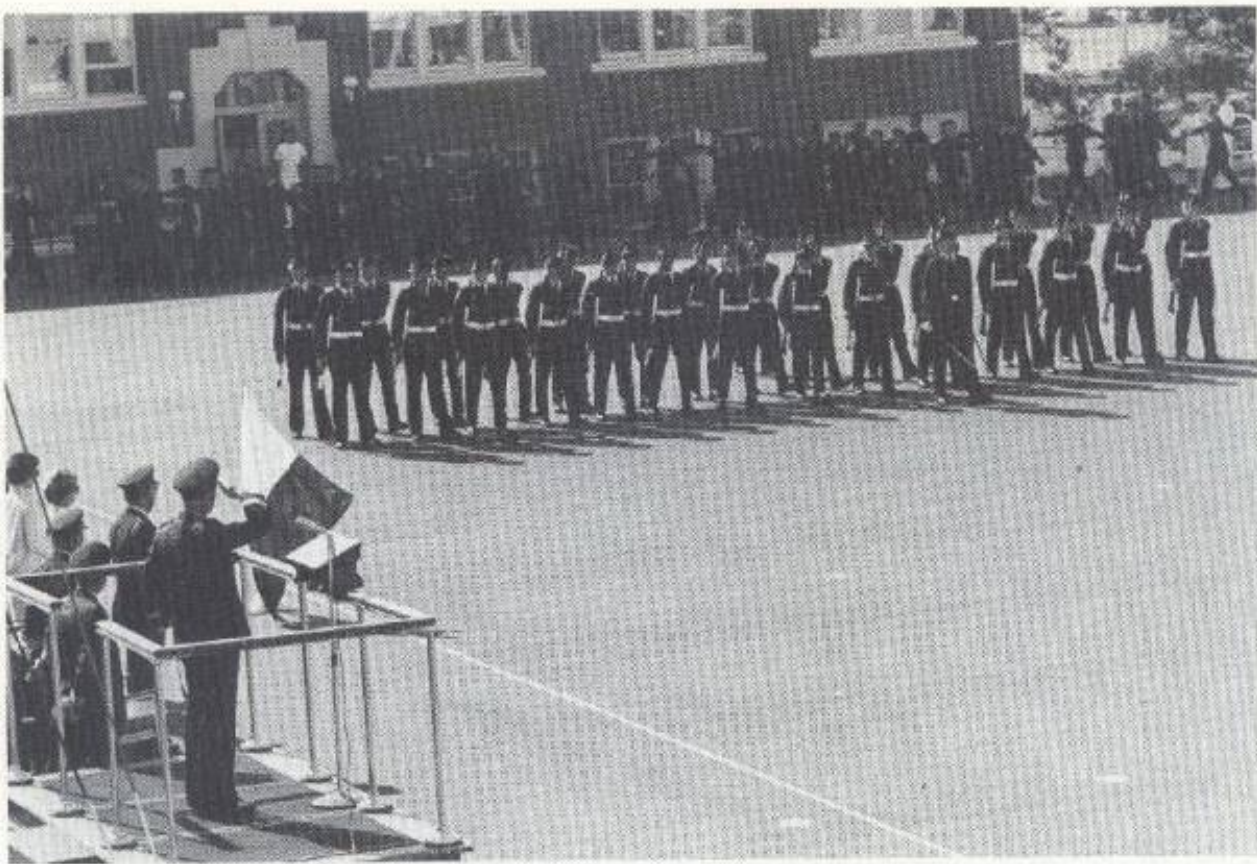
We hope the yearbook will provide many happy moments of reading, and will bring back many wonderful memories. To all, Good Luck, et Bonne Chance.

Maura Hanrahan

EDITORS

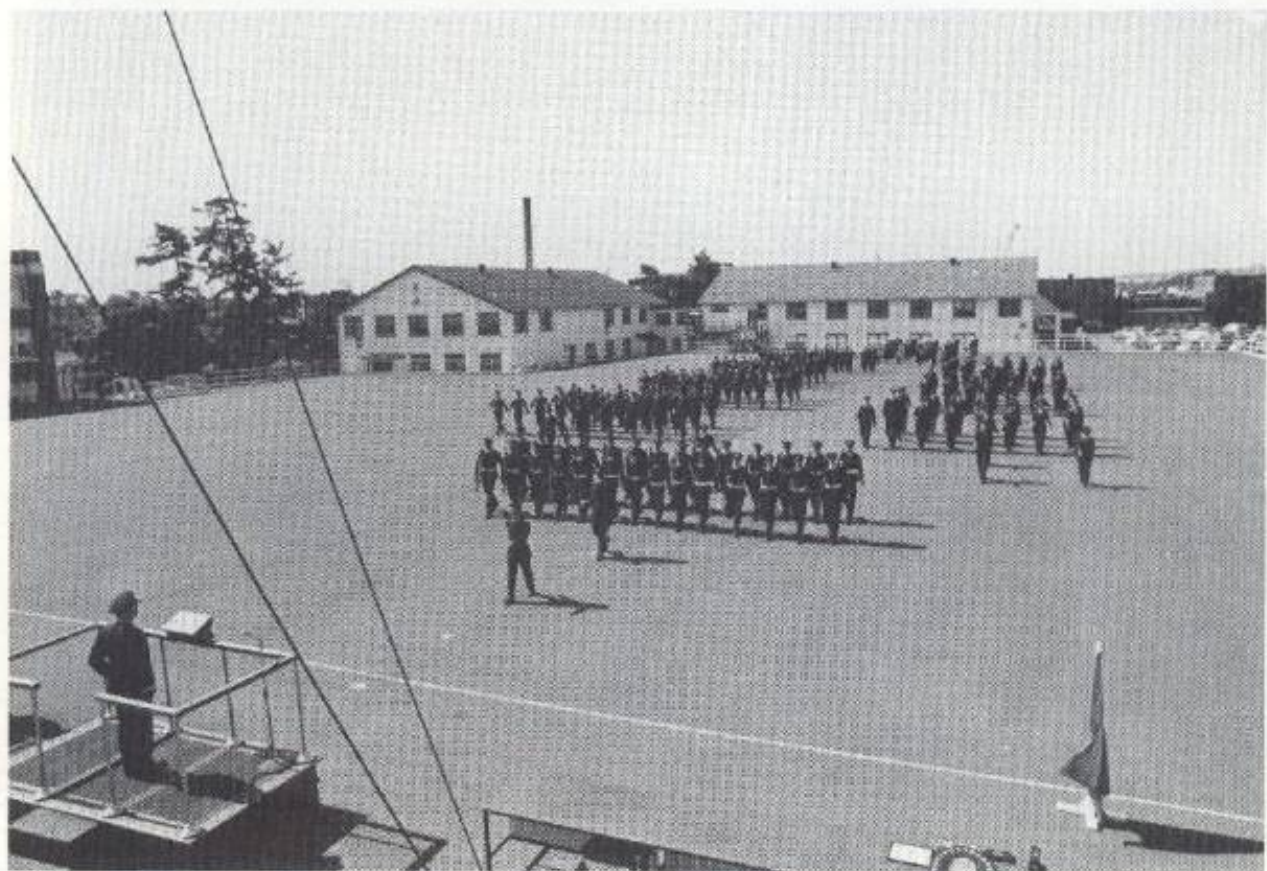
GRADUATION

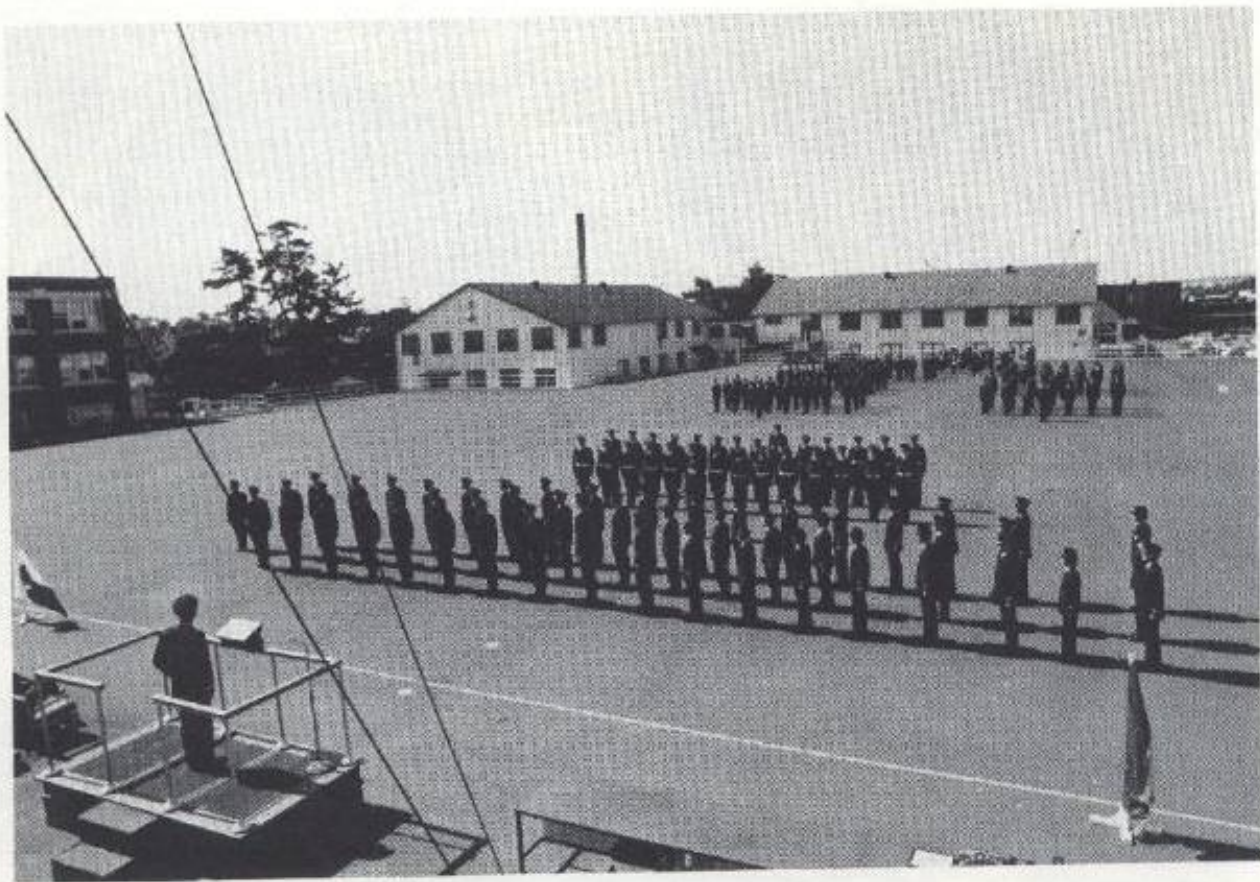
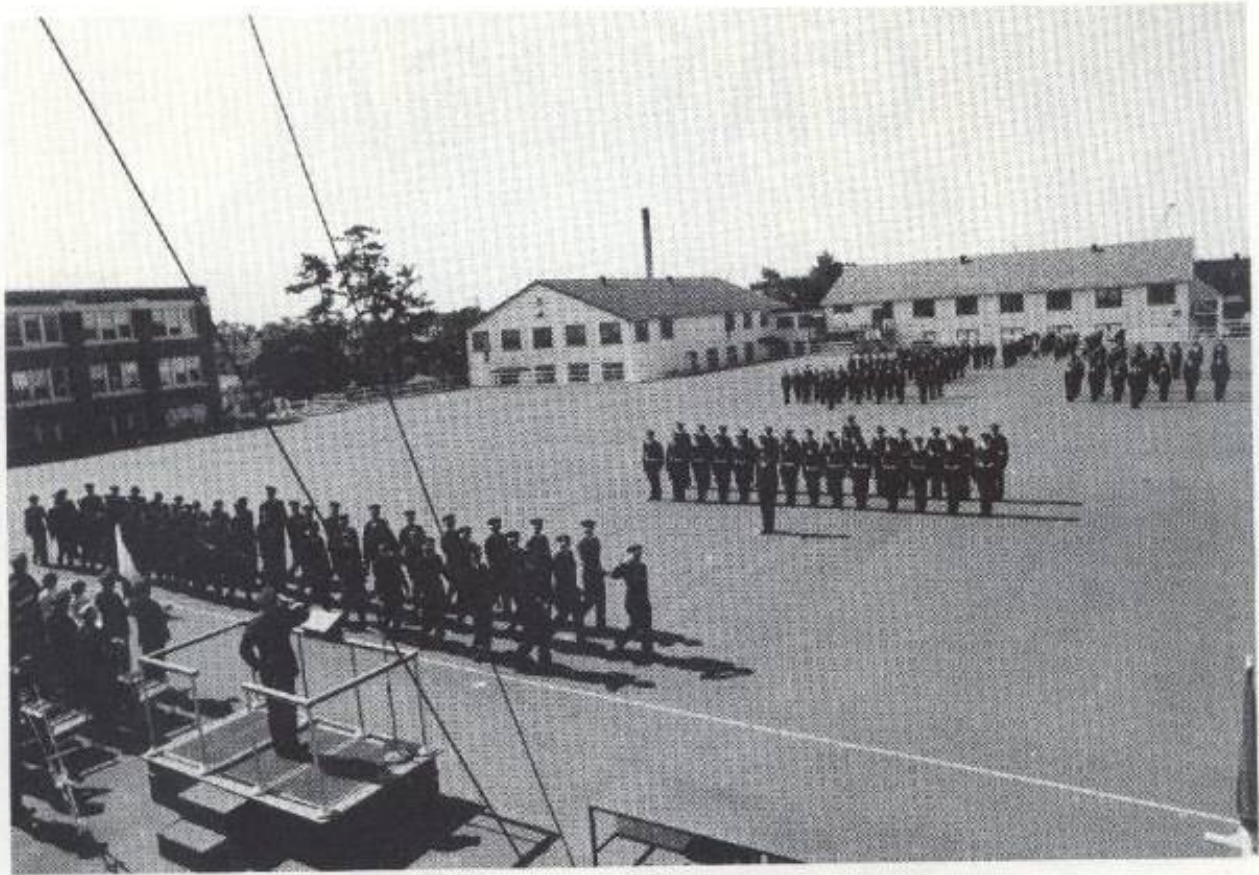




As you can see from these pictures, a significant number of young men and women became officers in Canada's Naval Reserve this summer. The graduates now enter the Logistics, Mars and NCS classifications as commissioned officers. One must realise that becoming an officer is no small feat; one must be a special type of person; firstly, to get into the officer cadet program, and secondly, to succeed. These two years are difficult at times, but educational and enjoyable.

To the new officers of Canada's Naval Reserve, "WE SALUTE YOU."





CAYUGA

Yes, "Tin Town" was never the same after Charlottetown and Toronto blocks were taken over by Cayuga division, on that wet weekend back in April. We were ready for Albert Head, but was Albert Head ready for us?

As the eight week course wore on, several everyday patterns began to emerge. The first of these, in every way, was Wakey-Wakey. Who could forget a Cayuga Wakey-Wakey. Everything from a Newfoundland Jig to the blasts of a Deuce-and-a-half's horn were used to try to mobilise the division.

Wakey-Wakey was by no means the only hardship Cayuga had to endure. The dust and gravel separating "tin town" from the rest of the Ship ensured that boots and shoes lost all their shine, prior to RSM Vincent's parade square inspection.

"Co-operate to graduate" and "Everything is for your own good" were phrases passed on to all of us from above (forwards and sideways). One had to keep them in mind every time one hauled on the sweep of an oar, or had Cinderella leave on the weekend.

This BOC brought out the best and the worst of all of us. The outdoor exercises, from Operation Starlight to Guiding Force, showed each one of us, that no matter how good we may be, or how much experience we may have had, we could not survive unless we worked as a team. Teamwork was most appreciated during the final exercise, "Tiller", when we had to pull a whaler over a seemingly interminable distance.

As a division, Cayuga was rather special. Sixteen NCS, ten future chaplains, four MARS and two LOGOS hardly constitute a "normal" division. Even though the men were out numbered, they proved to be a valuable resource. Often they were called upon to perform such menial tasks as shoe polishing, as Arvid knows well.

This diverse group of people proved that even a BOC could cause havoc in Dockyard. Just ask the Terra Nova about P.O. Tate's boarding party. The signalman had a hey-day, using flashing light and semaphore at us, at speeds far in excess of our capabilities. All that trouble was just to find out why the Church Pennant was flying on a YAG. Besides boarding parties, P.O. "the whole nine yards" Tate introduced us to crowd control and cordon and search, I.E.: road blocks exploding demos and the whole nine yards. IE the number of humerous incidents stemming from these activities. To get the stories correct, one should ask Sarah about the sailor she searched, and Mark about a footprint in a curious place.

While on the subject of instructors, I should mention some of the classes we endured, or enjoyed. In Military law, Lt Edwards ensured we knew all about the chapter on Leave, so we could take advantage of it as much as possible. Before he was transferred back to Brunswicker, Sgt. Walkington managed to teach us all about Military Writing. And who could forget Sgt. Roberts' lecture on eye contact

Many an informal gathering were found to be a welcome release from a large assortment of pent up pressures. Frequent meetings were held of the "Old Calcutta Club" and several parties were had on "Cayuga" beach. When it came to partying, Cayuga vowed to boldly go where no man had gone before." The Gunroom, and its immediate surroundings provided excellent settings for such gatherings as the "Hawaiian Night" and "Anchors Aweigh" parties.

No social calendar would be complete without at least one mess dinner. WE endured two, and an impromptu one at the Meat Market, which was quenched rapidly by the hostess. It is amazing what stories people dig up especially for these occasions. Remember the "Tales of Burma", the articles which found their way up the flagpole, the disappearance of Superman, and the appearance of Mickey Mouse.





FILL
GLASS-WITH:-

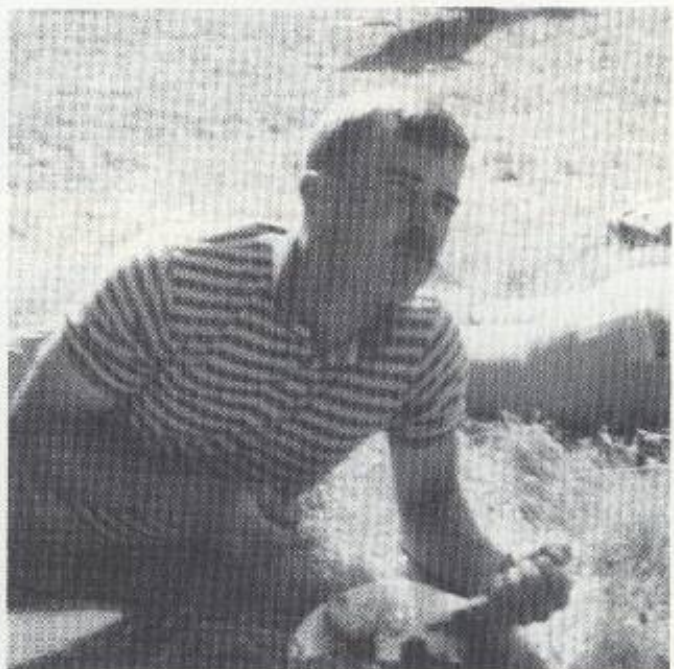
ice
touch Grenadine
1/2 oz. Lemon Juice
1/2 oz. Orange Juice
1 oz. Light Rum
1 oz. Dark Rum
1 oz. Overproof
touch apricot
brandy

DO
NOT
SHAKE





KISS.
S.
M.
E.
S.
C.
KISS.







Now, what did we get out of all this? The eight weeks on BOC gave us an opportunity to know, and learn from, people of various backgrounds and experiences. One thing about the Reserves, is it gives you the opportunity to have friends from all across Canada.

As of 25 June, 1982, Cayuga BOC 8201 was completed. I am happy to note that we all stuck together and made it through successfully. Cayuga 8201 no longer exists, but I am sure that it will be remembered by all of us.

Well, if I have insulted anybody by this spiel on Cayuga, remember:

"You have been nuked by Cayuga" and "We all have our crosses to bear."

Joseph Peter Hickmell
+





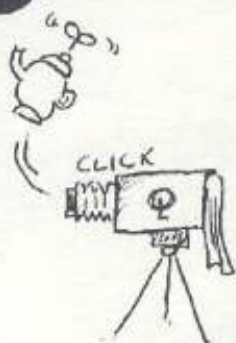
THE LITTLE DIVISION THAT DIDN'T



BACK ROW (L. TO R.): JOHN "TEACHER'S PET" BEZREDI, BOB "FOOTSIE" SMOL,
 STAN "T.O." RACZYWOLSKI, STEVE "WAKE UP" SMYTHE
 SECOND ROW: RICHARD "SPARKY" TSAI, EMMANUEL "THE MOOSE" GARON,
 JEAN "MANGEUR DE QUICHE" AUDET, CECILE "BEURRE D'ARACHIDE" TAILLEUR,
 MICHEL "MARCHÉ" HENAULT
 FIRST ROW: ANDRE "THE RAT" BOILY, STEPHANE "PILSBURY" GAUDREAU,
 LIZ "THE COMPUTER" RUSS, LAURA "NOIRE" BLACK, MARNEY "MOMMY" OLMSTEAD
 JOHN "MY TEDDY BEAR" LANGLOIS, JEAN "HOW MANY CHITS IS THAT?" DELORME
 MISSING: GINETTE "THE RATTRESS" GAGNON
 SEATED: S/LT WALKINGTON, LT GILBERT, WO2R MCGAUGHEY, WO LEROUX

GP

like
GROUP
PICTURES



On the beach,
drinking (Ofcourse)

After a good, juicy
steak ---



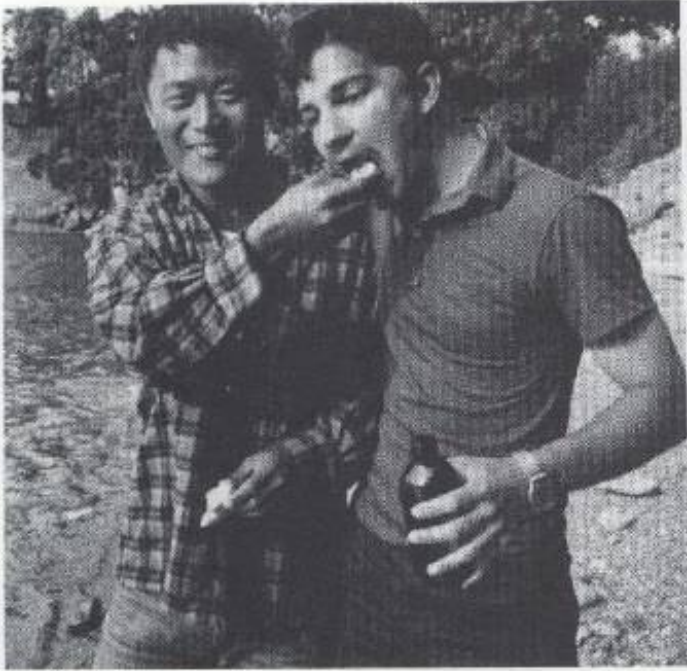
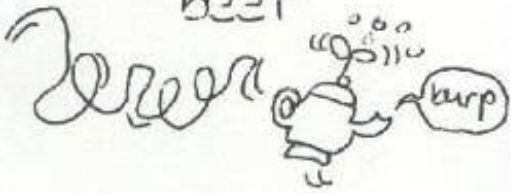
And graduating in
spite of it all ---



B

like

beer



Once upon a time, I saw a pink beer bottle --- I was probably drunk ---



Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount drunk - avoid drinking ---

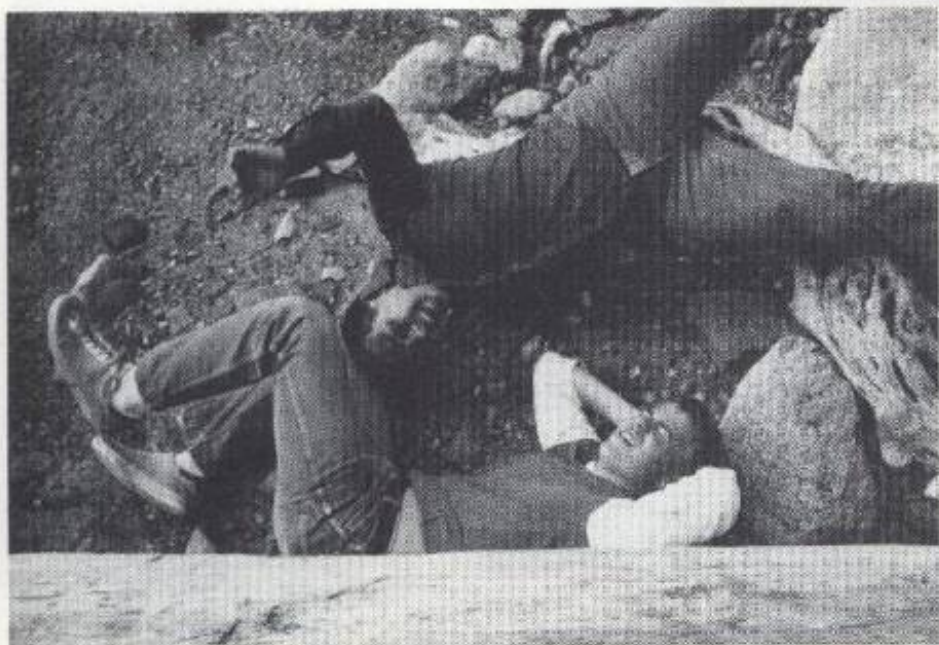
L
like
love

Love to
hate
Cayuga





Every day was an
obstacle for
Columbia Division



0

like
obstacle

ALBERT HD



D

Bike
duty



The mouse on duty
(I hate that picture...)
mouse stole her tumor!
S.L.



Duty party (🍷 + 🍔)
burpffr...



Delorme avoiding the
morning run---



CRESCENT

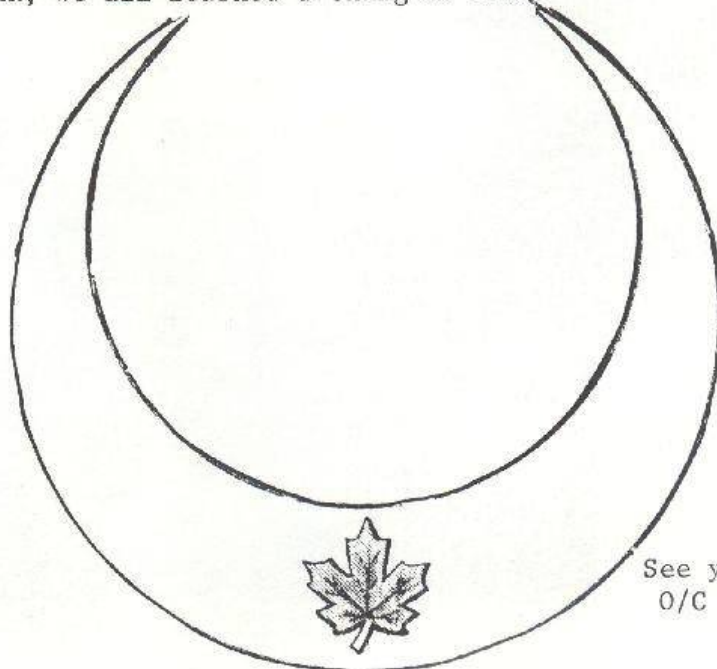
Located up island, some distance from the bases at Esquimalt, is Albert Head Training Division. It has been said that the place is known by few, but by those few, well remembered. A dozen barracks, a drill deck, and a training staff lie in wait for the next batch of officer cadet recruits to undergo basic training. Our division was not to be exempt.

The BOC at Albert Head, as probably all other BOC's, is more an institution than just another course. Our Beauharnois division (from Mackenzie) was merged with another to form the hybrid known as Crescent Division. There is no doubt in my mind that the division was surprised by Albert Head, but as some of the excess "baggage" accumulated at sea was burned off by the early morning runs, the division adapted readily to the strict regime of physical exercise and self-discipline that is encouraged at the leadership school.

The finer and more fundamental military practices are taught at Albert Head. Footdrill, rifle and pistol practices and a familiarisation in Military Law and Logistics make up the foundation of the course, although its parameters are more extensive. Leadership skills, NATO Task Procedure and Internal security are really what BOC is about. As I understand it, there are two types of BOC: the first is enjoyable and tough, the second is unenjoyable and tough. Whether it is to be the first or the second depends on the division involved, and the training staff. For Crescent it was number one. Lt. "Nail" MacNeill and Sgt. O'Brien were the course training officers, while PO Black and MWO Williams took care of IS/Weapons and First Aid respectively. RSM Vincent's department generally included everything...all the time...everyday.

BOC was not always the fun time that I have made it out to be. There were the weekends. On these weekends the members of the division would take up their various hobbies, some of which were slightly obscure. For instance "Tastey" Malone had a rather interesting little hobby, as did "Spike" Reichl. However, for the major majority, travel, the "Old Bailey" and, for some of the more quiet types, the Library, filled the "ashore" hours.

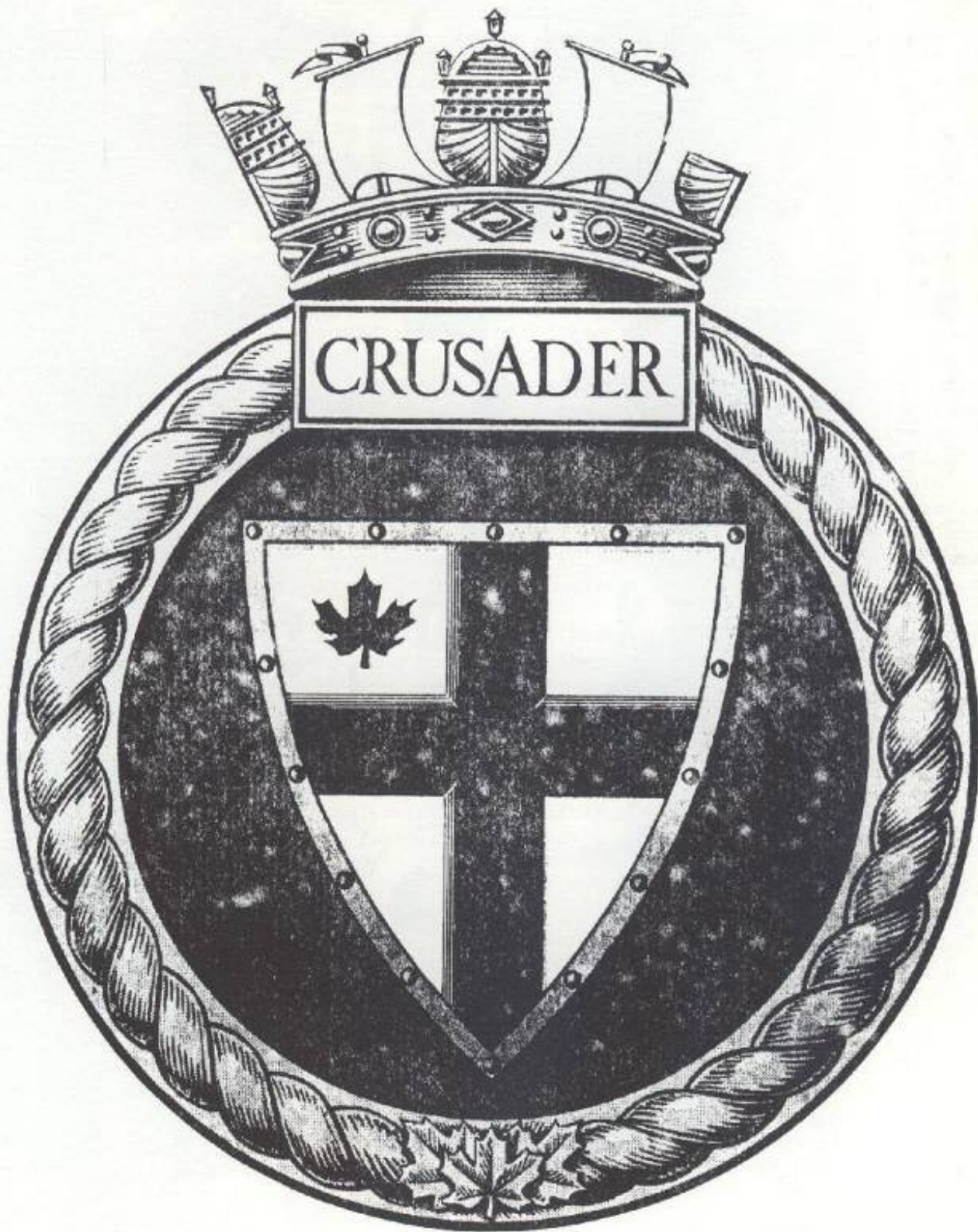
Generally, the second part of the summer ended up being a useful addition to the sea phase. We left Albert Head in fairly good condition, none the worse for wear, and, I think, we all learned a thing or six.



See you on the coast '83
O/C (N) (R) J.A. Cameron



Blondeau, Le Boutillier, Bercic, Ramage, Davis, Critch, Erskine, Ebrahim Reichl, Healey
Gorman, Grantham, Eyre, Gaul, Frazer, Hood, Cameron, King, Ross, Corrier
Malone, Roy, Murray, Fogarty, Gieg, Gardner, Butler, Hayes, Chernenkoff
RSM Vincent, Lt MacLaughlin, Lcdr. MacCaughy, Lt MacNiell, Slt O'Brien



1982 – Crusader Division



Front (L to R): CWO Vincent, Lt(N) McLaughlin, Major Parker, Capt Gilbert , ?

2nd Row (L to R): Rick St Antoine, Marc Legault - Carleton, Tony Martin – Brunswicker, Norm Kimber – Scotian, Gord Dyck, Greg Neufeld - Chippawa, Pete Seyffarth – Scotian, Rafaat Henein – Donnacona, Dino Debortoli – Hunter,

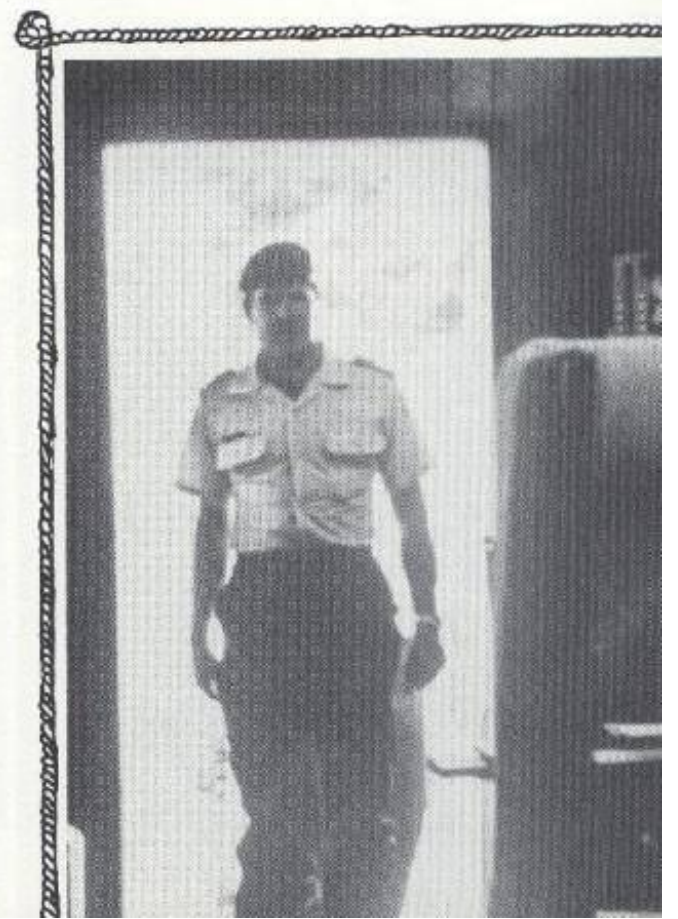
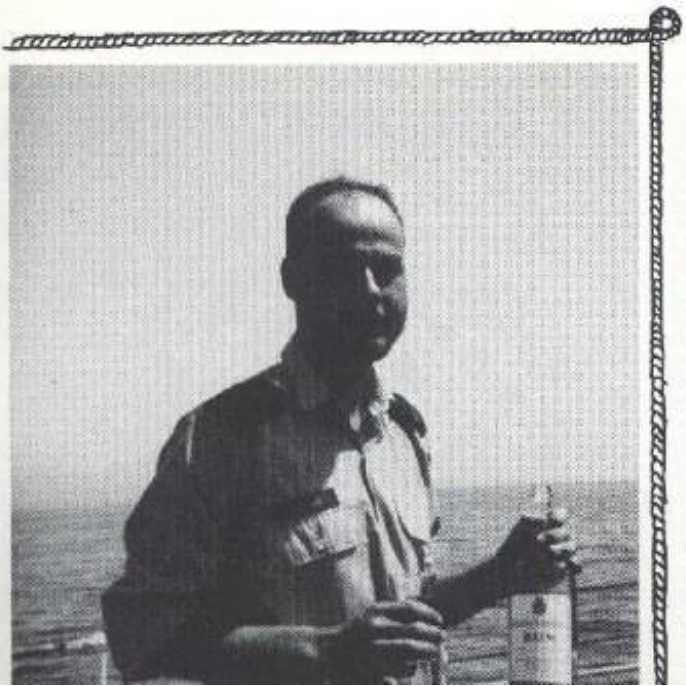
3rd Row (L to R): John Lavers – Cabot, Gord Muir, Fraser Murray-Hall- Nonsuch, Al Simpson - Nonsuch, Bruce Moore - Chippawa, Tom Villeneuve – Star, Neil Ryan – Cabot, Paul Barron – Malahat, Chuck Fraser – Nonsuch, Jim Halikowski - Malahat

4th Row (L to R): Greg Hardy – Scotian, Mark Ehricht, Mike Loundes - Unicorn, George Spentzos – Discovery, Brian Lee - Star, Mike Webster – Scotian, Rahul Mehta – Chippawa, Mike Cowan – Star, James Taylor – Nonsuch, Scott Hausberg – Tecumseh, Eric Le Boutilier – Brunswicker

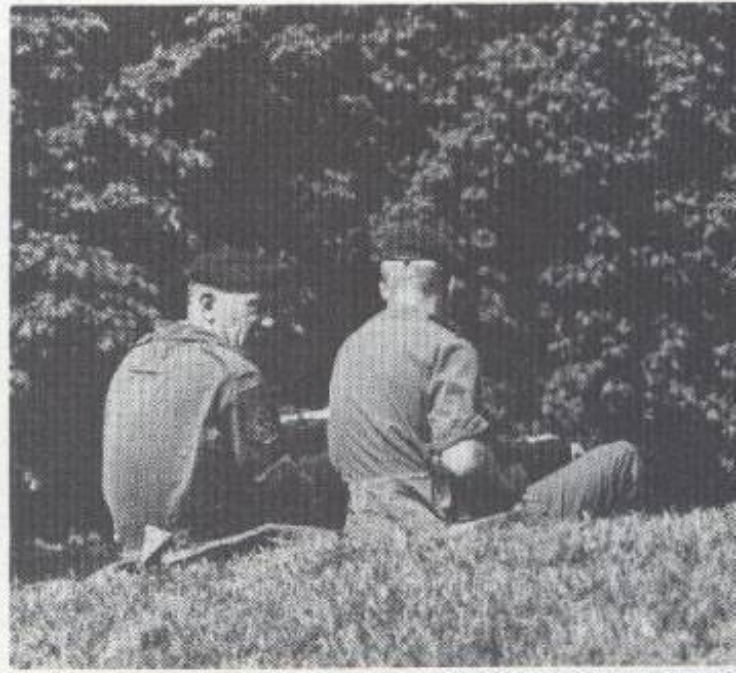
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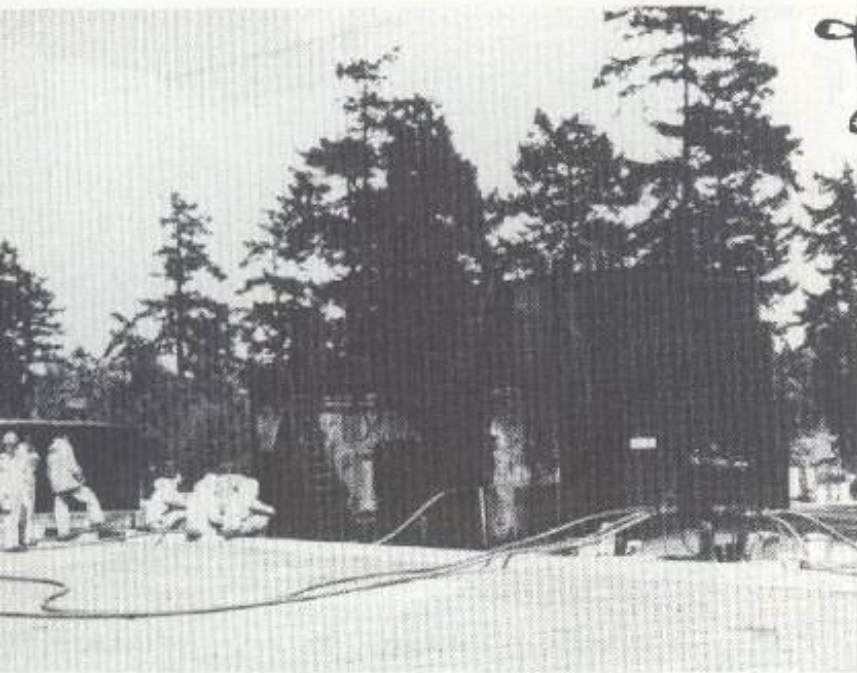
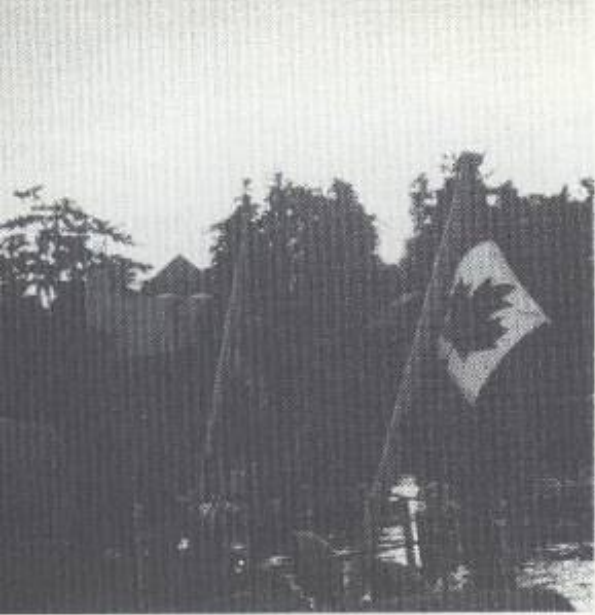
Scott Hausberg

Sept. 2019











C.F.S.

C.T.P.



PADRES

On 28 June, 1982, ten officer cadets were bused from Albert head to Naden. These ten aspiring Chaplains were to be the participants of the first Canadian Forces Summer Chaplaincy Training Program. This program was an effort to revive the Chaplaincy Training Programs which had been lost in the shuffle at Unification.

It was evident right from the start that these were not ordinary Officer-Cadets. The Second Officer of the Day was dumbfounded when they appeared at his cabin door. It appeared that he had not been informed of their arrival. To add to his dilemma, we insisted that we should all stay in the same building. We had made history for about two hours, until he reclaimed his cabin, which he had reluctantly handed over to Officer Cadet Nagy. In the end, Nancy stayed at the Wardroom Annex while the rest of us lived at "Hotel Venture".

On 5 July, 1982, the Chaplains General arrived from Ottawa. This made for an interesting week, to say the least. One incident which stands out in everyone's memory, is that of the missing bell(P). This bell was missing for some time before the Chaplain General (P) found it, all nice and shiny, in his hotel room bed. It, the bell that is, resumed its rightful place outside the chapel, and the paper substitute was destroyed. Next to the brilliant but vagabond bell(P), the bell(RC) looked rather dull and forlorn, so Laurent took the initiative and, after quite a bit of work, had the bell(RC) looking quite as good as new. One interesting aside about the chapels, they are at opposite ends of the original hospital building, with the Internal Security offices in between!

As the chaplains will be tri-service, we spent some time with each separate element of the CF. At first, we were bused daily to WorkPoint Barracks, which is the home of the 3PPCLI. We took part in all the activities of "C" Company. We reviewed, and learnt more about map-reading which ended in a compass march through the bush at Royal Roads. We saw demonstrations on how to set up land-mines, did some Biological Warfare training, including a trip into the Gas Chamber. Somehow our ride in a "Grizzly" ended up on the Venture Parade Square! After all of that, we were given some training with the SMG's. This week was very valuable to us, because we did not only learn new skills, but also got the chance to speak to the men, who were quite an interesting lot.

Our next orientation involved, with the help of Chief Shaw, a move up to Comox. Once we got there, we were given the Airforce Indoctrination Course. It was quite interesting, despite the massive number of slides and video tapes. The location of the classroom, next to the runway, made for an interesting pause in classes. Every time a Voodoo took off, the whole building shook! This course ended with a rather unforgettable trip back to Naden: the van decided to develop engine trouble halfway home. Needless to say there are better ways to spend a Friday night.

Back once more at Naden, we began the Naval part, to end our course. WE spent an interesting week, which included learning how to sail whalers. We also had a tour of HMCS Yukon, and a six-hour cruise on the Kootenay, along with tours of the Japanese ships which stopped in Esquimalt. We returned the favour to the Japanese, by showing them some of the sights of Victoria. One such attraction was the Old Calcutta Club, founded during BOC in the Empress Hotel's Bengal Room. The club went international when five Ensigns were accepted. Considering all the pictures which were taken, I wish I had shares in Kodak!

On 18 August, 1982, the CFCCTP 82 ended. During the final parade, we accepted our scrolls from the Chaplains General. Two days later we were on our way home, looking forward to seeing our friends next summer.

P.P.C.L.I.









Conestoga

1982



By
Jan Collison
&
Jackie Aumault



Maura 'Rayman' Hanrahan was a big fan of a certain Sergeant-Major and was Conestoga's #1 partier. Our Editor had her hands full with Mikev, George and the Yearbook! Maura's trade marks were a cloaked beaver, a Memorial U T-shirt, a bag of Hard Tac and the line... "Gross na GREEN!"





Jackie WAKKEY! WAKKEY! Arsenault was our Shake Lady, and by popular consensus was voted the cutest girl in Conestoga. Jackie's big accomplishments this summer include saving 4 cents on a bar of soap, spilling Bran Flakes on the Wardroom floor, and meeting Don at Pagliacci's.




Sarah "Yes, let's!" Stevens was winner of the Toronto Block snoring competition. She was SARAH-naded in the shower by a certain moustached Norwegian and seemed to have a thing for the Privy Council. Here's to feather couches grasshoppers and lobster dinners at Ship Harbour!



Andrea "Talk much?" Keele learned to whistle  this summer--much to the diappointment of her roomies. She was the author of such unforgettable tunes as 'Foggy Weather' and 'Yaggin' in the Rain', and innumerable dirty jokes--"...and if you believe that, you'll be this watch..."

 Jan 'Cheese Cake' Collison was often found getting a fix at 'The Silver Spoon'. Besides being a mean shot with a bolo, Jan was known for private late-night conversations, catching rocks instead of fish and for misplacing a certain bear-- "...where's Sebastian?"

Lynn "Just kidding!" Prior devoted most of her time to shopping. She got locked in a change room in  Market Square and had to stay in Victoria--and go to the Ball, of course! Another Walkman addict, Lynn spent as much time with Phil Collins, Vangelis and Joe Jackson as with a certain blond....





Christopher 'Rastus' Sarsons is the only man in the Navy who can truly say he slept with 18 women--in one night. When the Norwegian tuck-in wonder wasn't in the Ladies' shower, he was sending love notes or telling stories like "My First Kiss"....

← "BRAAACK!!! CHRISTOPHER!"

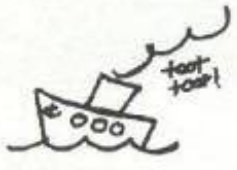


→ "Hi! I'm Laurie Mave. I'm from Calgary." Laurie spent most of the summer in a Combat sweater. LCDR Mave, who frequently requested mail--and got it--was another Wednesday night culinary genius and was occasionally heard to mutter "...I'll kill her..."

Donna 'Babe' Gemmel was Conestoga's Granola Lady and fitness nut--"Anybody want to go for a run...?" On the YAGs she saved the day by filling in for a Bosn's Call...ashore. Donna got more mail(???) and made more friends than anyone... "Sorry I'm late--I met this really neat guy..."



← Julia 'G.B.' Wickey will long be remembered for her love of insects ("I hate Beeeess!") and her addiction to ju-jubes and red licorice. The 'Skarma' was right in Victoria, so she stayed out West where she could be nautical, stay in tune with the infinite--and go to the Ball!



↓ Emily "...and DOC..." Remple was Conestoga's resident Artiste and Doodle Queen. " was viciously attacked by a killer curling iron and somehow managed to hurt herself while playing chess(???) . Though she seemed shy and retiring Emily could send out a few zingers--especially on Wednesday nights in 2103!



Pat 'Timbit Fun' Scholer: When she wasn't writing to Pan, Pat spent her time strapped into her Walkman and curled up with a book (which she frequently lost). Her bunny turd, sleeping bag and 'Great Pit!' chits were familiar trade marks...."Hey Pat, say VancOOver!"





← Toria MINI SKIRTS Horner was known for her wild clothes, punky hair cuts and great donuts at Faulty Towers. Toria spent many an hour in class checking for light-tight integrity...and was voted the most accident prone member of Conestoga. Toodle pip, old chap!

Marnie 'BASTER' Olmstead was a wicked → shot with a certain kitchen implement at Conestoga's Mess Dinner. Marnie, who was runner-up in the Cutest Men Contest will be remembered for her sarcastic remarks and problems with CP flights.



← Lisa 'KOVAX' Koven, our Calgarian Caver, is famous for her extreme grace in a CP skirt--especially when rope climbing. She too frequently checked for light-tight integrity...was it the giggling or the ketchup on the Wardroom food. Lisa?

→ Cinette "Ahh...I see!" Gagnon once walked 5 miles to McDonald's--"Exercise is good for the health!", she said. Cinette was by far the happiest member of Conestoga, and will be remembered for forgetting her meal card. 'T' for translation helped all of us decipher LCDR McKay's bad jokes--Merci bien Cinette!

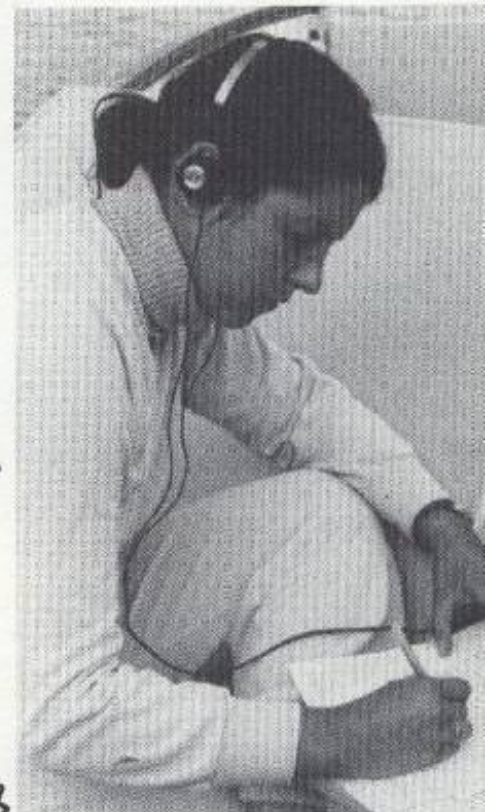


← Judy 'Crypto' Hamlin, an expert with a heaving line, was responsible for our first burial at sea. She was often mistaken for--well, anyone but herself, but will be remembered for her nice bum, cute wiggle and her strict avoidance of two dollar bills.

→ Laura 'Sgt. Major' Black, who always kept a straight face on parade, was visited by the DND tooth fairy and spent most of August looking like a chipmunk. Despite this handicap, she was



Cathy 'YFB 317' Carter had two nameless mice living on her pillow for four months. When she wasn't playing her guitar, dancing in the Gunroom or mingling at Whoepers, Cathy was asking confusing questions. No one else spent extra time on the boats--what was the attraction, Cathy???

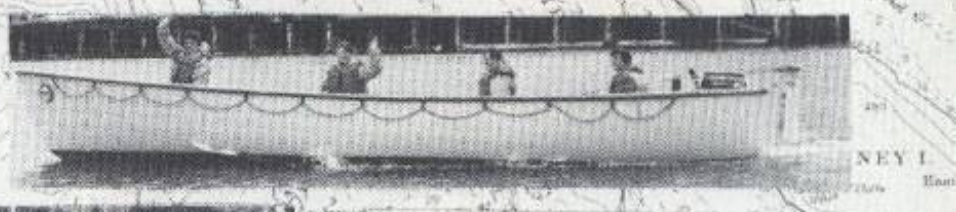


→ an active of the Faulty Towers Wednesday Night Dinner Club with the gang of 2103--Ma'am! Yes Ma'am! Ma'am!!!



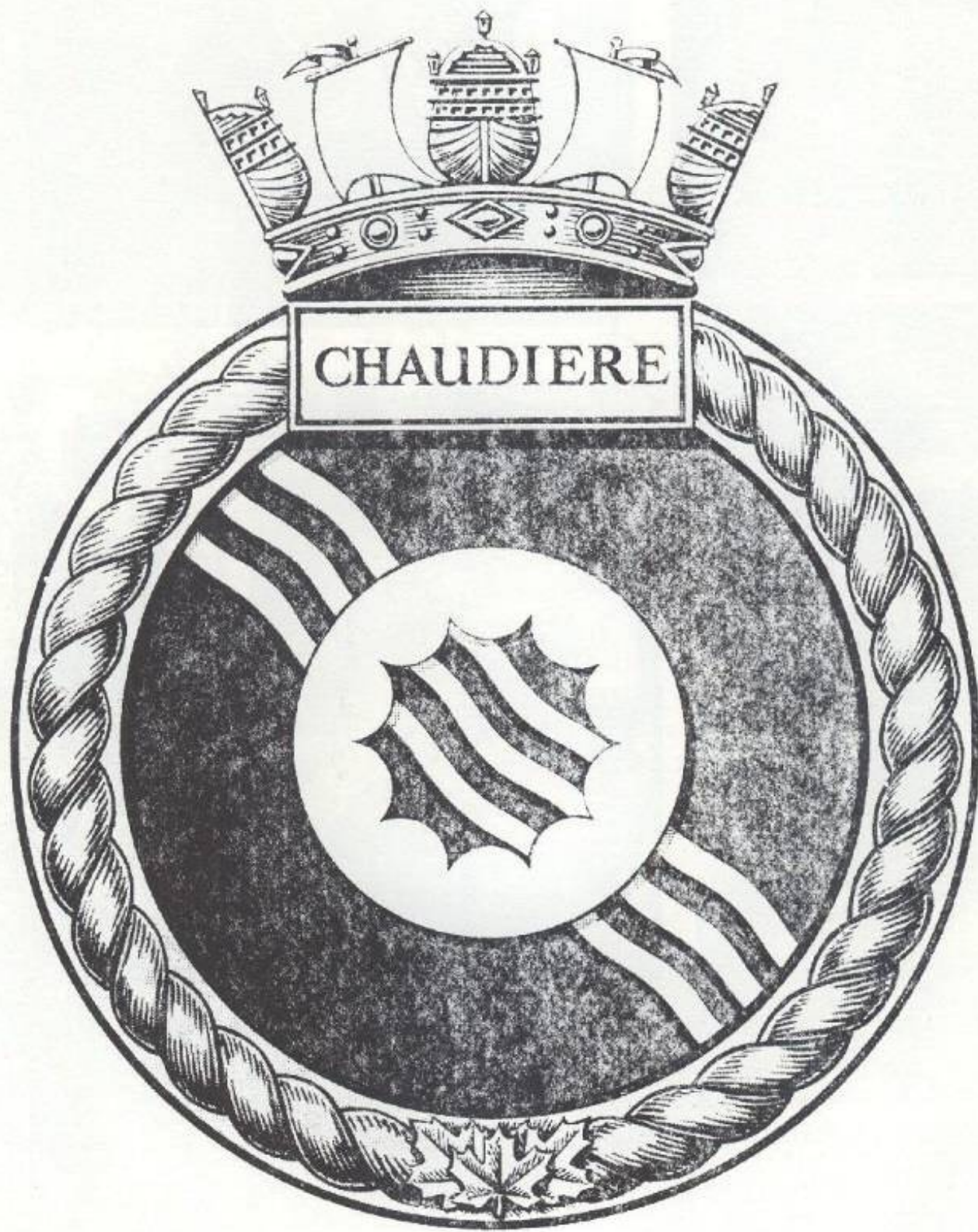
35
35
34
33
30
26
12











CHAUDIERE







OCDT Ralston OCDT Dethier Slt Ettrich(CTO) OCDT Barnett OCDT Millar













OCDT Russell, Lt Caird, Lt Wood, OCDT Grant, OCDT Coolen
OCDT Yamamoto, OCDT Hawkins, OCDT Lessard, OCDT Gareau, OCDT Durand
OCDT Hanlon, OCDT Gillis, OCDT Krawchenko, OCDT Peshke, OCDT Davis
Slt Brown, OCDT Kempton, OCDT Carr, Lt Valleau (Instructor), OCDT Sheppard
OCDT MacNaughton

SKEENA



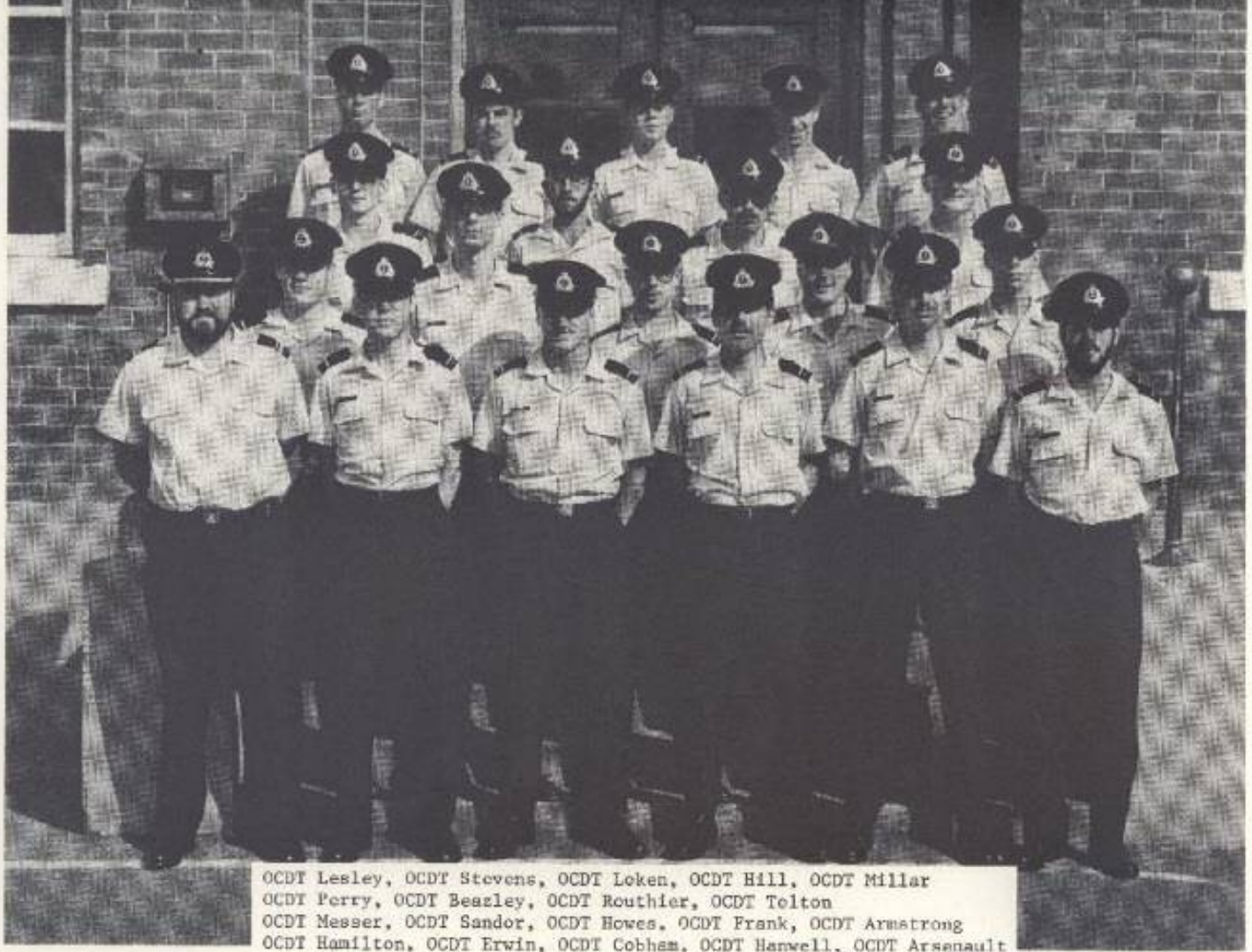
STETTLER





OCDT Chandler, OCDT Poletto, Ocdt Baker, Ocdt Moroz
OCDT Glover, OCDE Graefe, OCDT Brown, OCDT Yao, OCDT Matharu
OCDE Quail, OCDT Henault, OCDT Tam, Slt Peer(CTO), OCDT Cyr, OCDT Beaudoin





OCDT Lesley, OCDT Stevens, OCDT Loken, OCDT Hill, OCDT Millar
OCDT Perry, OCDT Beazley, OCDT Routhier, OCDT Telton
OCDT Messer, OCDT Sandor, OCDT Hoves, OCDT Frank, OCDT Armstrong
OCDT Hamilton, OCDT Ervin, OCDT Cobham, OCDT Harwell, OCDT Arsenault