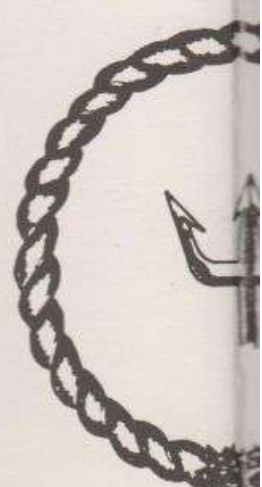
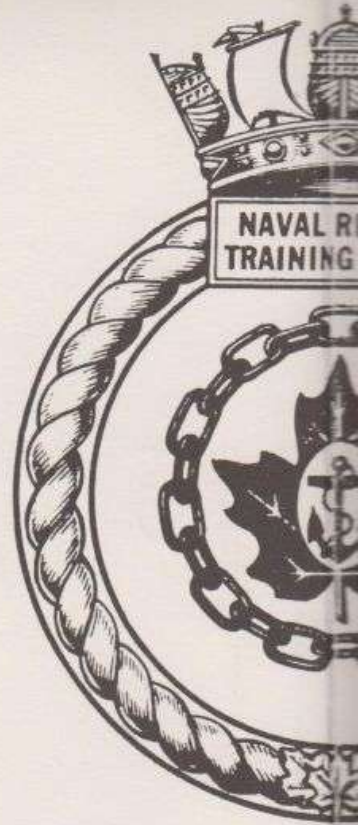


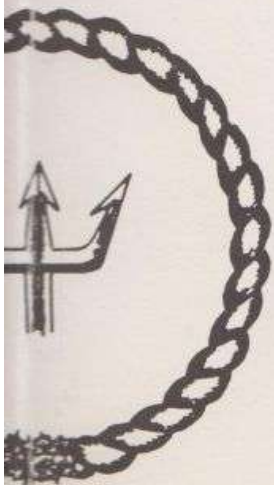
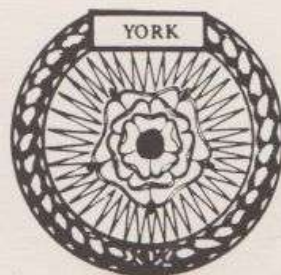
UNIVERSITY NAVAL  
TRAINING DIVISION



YEAR BOOK

1986





FOREWARD  
BY COMMANDER, MARITIME FORCES PACIFIC



As an ex-UNTD officer, I am pleased to have been asked to provide some comments in this years edition of the "UNTD Yearbook". The UNTD reunions during the Navy's 75th anniversary, last year, were culminated in the decision to officially change the Reserve Officer's training program back to its original name, the University Naval Training Division. As you will read in the "White Twist Club" section, of the UNTD Yearbook, Commander C.H. Little's account of the original formation of the UNTD by Cdr(S.B.) A.W. (Jack) Baker in 1942/1943 is the origin of your existing program and I am proud to have been a product of that program.

The main advantage of having a UNTD organization within the university structures of Canada is that it keeps the navy in the forefront of the people who will be the leaders of tomorrow in industry and government. The contacts generated by this organization within government, industry and the Canadian Forces have proven invaluable to the navy over the years and I am convinced it will be so in the future.

As you are all aware, your training program this year was reduced to fourteen weeks which more accurately reflects a role definition directed towards course specifications for mobilization. The Reserve organization has now geared its training to more closely represent the training essentials should Canada ever have need of mobilization. I feel this is a more realistic approach than in the past. In addition, it will allow us to train in excess of 200 UNTD's during the summer months.

This year, we were able to offer the UNTD organization thirty positions on the Regular Force VENTURE program for officers seeking a watch keeping ticket. This MARS qualifying course will graduate up to 30 Naval Reserve Officers in September 1987 and provide the UNTD's with considerable talent for future years.

I am pleased that many UNTD's have decided to form a club of ex-UNTD's. This organization has commenced its operations this year and I commend it to you as there are over 6000 Canadians who can claim membership. I encourage the expansion of this club and its activities and I urge all members of the UNTD to stay active within the Reserves and band together within the White Twist Club to advertise and advise on naval matters. Our continued presence on the campus' of Canadian universities and representation within Canadian society bodes well for the future.

I wish all graduates good fortune and smooth sailing.

  
R. D. Yanow  
Rear-Admiral

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# U.N.T.D. WHITE TWIST CLUB



NATIONAL EXECUTIVE PRESIDENT  
W.A. GRISWOLD

CENTRAL REGION PRESIDENT

B.B.D. Duncombe

EASTERN REGION ORGANIZATION  
(Not Defined)

Editor - Yearbook Insert

B.L. Olmstead

# MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

As President of the Western (Prairies-Pacific) region of the Association of UNTD Ex-cadet Clubs and as President of the Malahat White Twist Club, I have great pleasure in writing this article, especially to those persons who attended the East or West Coast reunions of ex-UNTD's, to tell them of the progress of our ex-cadet club. There was a great deal of enthusiasm for an ex-cadet club at the reunions, especially in Victoria. We set up a mechanism for an ex-cadet club both in Victoria and all the major cities in the Western (Prairies-Pacific) region. We identified contact people in the other major cities in Canada. These people have received computer print-outs of the ex-cadets living in their area, copies of the Malahat White Twist Club's organization and proposals and an outline for our proposal for the regional organization and the Canada-wide organization.

The tenets of this organization are:

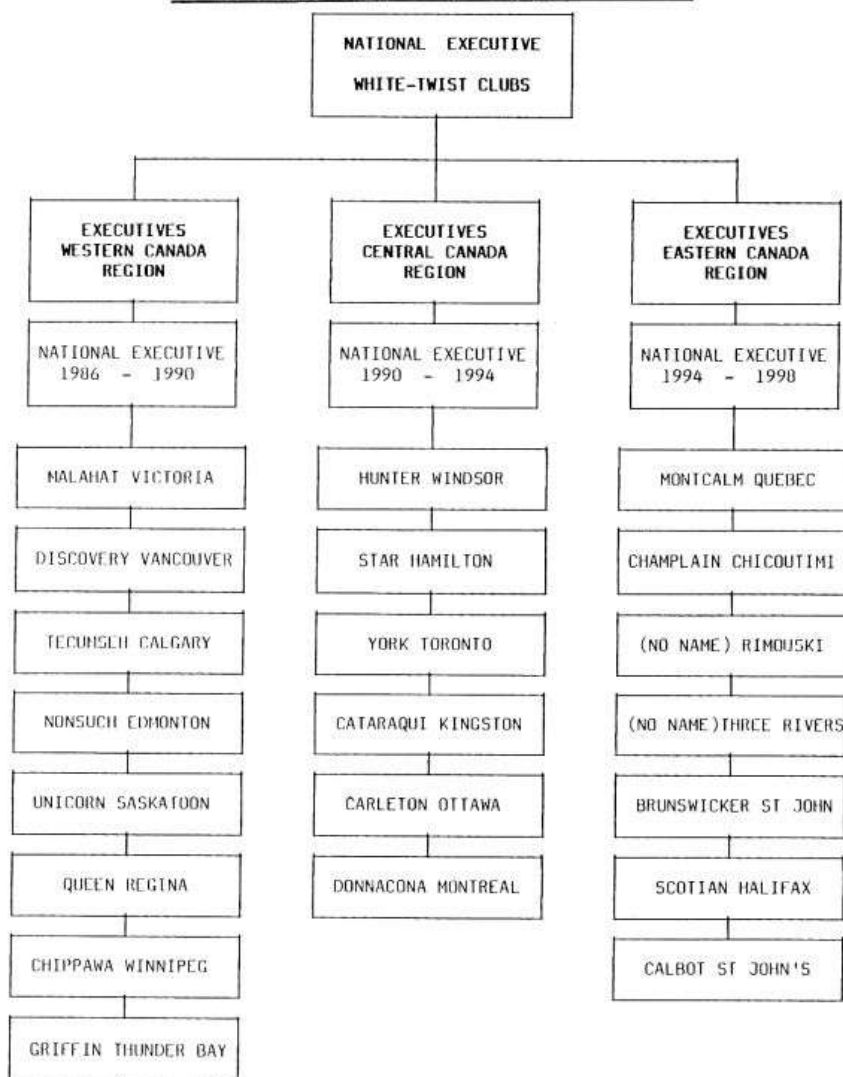
- (1) It is an ex-cadet club more like the RMC ex-cadet club than like the Naval Officers' Association.
- (2) It is both a social and a service club in some senses. The social aspect is the chance for ex-cadets to get together, have a yearly mess dinner, the occasional Weepers and perhaps every four years, a special reunion. The service aspect is that the civilian expertise and interest of this number of ex-cadets will often include persons whose careers give them the ability to provide useful assistance to the Maritime Commander or his deputy.
- (3) We do not compete with the NOAC or the Maritime Defence Association and I anticipate that people who would not be active members of these associations may find themselves comfortable in the White Twist Club of their areas.
- (4) The cornerstone of the whole thing is the White Twist Club (usually in a city that has a reserve division) which is autonomous, but will receive a fair amount of administrative and physical help from the attendant reserve division.
- (5) The regional and the national organizations only exist in order to provide a minor degree of co-ordinating framework, they do not exist to provide direction. The three regions, Western (Prairies-Pacific), Central Canada, and the Eastern (Maritimes) should take turns in about four year cycles being the national executive. Every four years, we contemplate having a large scale reunion in each region and turning over the national office from one region to the other in sequence. This avoids a "permanent commitment" from any one individual and also allows for change in ideas and evolution of the organization.

At Malahat, we have a 35-40 member White Twist Club. We have had three weepers, two at Malahat and one at the University of Victoria Faculty Club and we had a combined Malahat and Malahat White Twist Club mess dinner in March 1986 which had 34 people; serving UNTD cadets, ex-cadets and Malahat officers. We are, as the Western region of the developing national organization, including a section within the UNTD yearbook called "The White Twist". This will have sections devoted to the current navy, and the ex-cadets, focusing on the cadet years that graduated 35 years prior. A third section will include a serialization of "UNDT Recollections" as told by CDR C.H. Little.

The membership currently consists of people who attended the East and West reunions in 1985 plus other cadets who have written in or whose names have been forwarded by an ex-cadet.

We enjoy unprecedented support from the Maritime Commander, the Maritime Commander Pacific (an ex-UNTD), from Commanding Officer Naval Divisions, and the Senior Naval Reserve Advisor.

I hope all ex-cadets will join together and help develop Canada-wide "White Twist Clubs" and will participate in the few, but enjoyable events that this association will promote.





ASSOCIATION OF UNTD WHITE TWIST CLUBS

WESTERN REGION

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

President

Griswold, W.A.  
456 Nelson Street  
Victoria, BC  
V9A 6P4

Secretary-Treasurer

Abbott, F.F.  
2315 8th Street SW  
Calgary, Alberta  
T2T 3A1

Regional Universities  
Representative

Hadley, M.  
610 Normonton Court  
Victoria, BC  
V8S 5H7

Regional Naval Reserve  
Division Representative

MacRae, D.R.  
1450 Lands End Road  
RR #3, Sidney, BC  
V8L 3X9

Regional Year Representative

Butt, J.C.  
4070 Bowness Road NW  
Calgary, Alberta  
T3B 3R7

COUNCIL

White Twist Club Presidents For:

Malahat

Griswold, W.A.  
456 Nelson Street  
Victoria, BC  
V9A 6P4

Queen

Bradley, G.  
3200 College Avenue  
Regina, Saskatchewan  
S4T 1V9

Discovery

Campbell, Brooke  
96 Bonnymuir Drive  
West Vancouver, BC  
V7S 1L2

Unicorn

Belak, Z.D.  
456 - 750 Spadina Crescent E  
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan  
S7K 3H3

Chippawa

Robinson, R.J.  
169 Hendon Avenue  
Winnipeg, Manitoba  
R3R 2C1

Nonsuch

Schofield, G.A.  
8223 185th Street  
Edmonton, Alberta  
T5T 1G9

Tecumseh

Abbott, F.F.  
2315 8th Street SW  
Calgary, Alberta  
T2T 3A1



ASSOCIATION OF UNTD WHITE TWIST CLUBS

WESTERN REGION YEAR LEADERS

1945 - 1950

Cowen, S.C.  
3849 Merrimann Drive  
Victoria, BC  
V8P 2S8

1955 - 1956

Butt, J.C.  
4070 Bowness Road NW  
Calgary, Alberta  
T3B 3R7

1961

Fournier, L.J.  
2970 Altamont Crescent  
West Vancouver, BC  
V7V 3C1

1965 - 1966

Cooper, D.R.E.  
1272 Queensbury Avenue  
Victoria, BC  
V8P 2E2

1951 - 1952

Rae, D.  
600 Queen Avenue  
Portage La Prairie, Manito  
R1N 0W6

1957 - 1958

Neroutsos, P.  
412 - 645 Fort Street  
Victoria, BC  
V8W 1G2

1962

Brown, W.J.  
38 Owen Boulevard  
Willowdale, Ontario  
M2P 1E9

1967 - 1968

Hanson, R.E.  
304-2168 West 2nd Avenue  
Vancouver, BC  
V6K 1H6

1953 - 1954

Underhill, J.G.G.  
182 Beach Drive  
Victoria, BC  
V8S 2L7

1959 - 1960

Belak, Z.D.  
456-750 Spadina Crescent E  
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan  
S7K 3H3

1963 - 1964

Schofield, G.A.  
8223 185th Street  
Edmonton, Alberta  
T5T 1G9

## U.N.T.D. REGALIA LIST

U.N.T.D. PINS (Brass)	in town	\$ 5.00
	out of town	\$10.00
U.N.T.D. TIES (Blue with Crests)	in town	\$15.00
	out of town	\$18.00
U.N.T.D. CRESTS (Wirewoven 4½x4")	in town	\$20.00
	out of town	\$23.00

The above are available from:

Dr. Phil Neroutsos  
#412 - 645 Fort St.  
Victoria, B.C.  
V8W 1G2

or

LCDR. Duncan MacRae  
XO HMCS Malahat  
FMO Victoria, B.C.  
VOS 1B0

Send cheques made out to the MALAHAT WHITE TWIST CLUB  
stating items wanted.



"STILL FOR ROUNDS !"

*The "White Twist"*  
— 1951 Edition —



NAVAL CADET'S YEAR BOOK  
*The Reserve Training Establishments*

H.M.C. DOCKYARD  
ESQUIMALT, B.C.

H.M.C.S. "STADACONA"  
HALIFAX, N.S.

*Published by Kind Permission of Commodore E. P. TISDALL, R.C.N.*



VICE-ADMIRAL H. T. W. GRANT,  
C.B.E., D.S.O., R.C.N.

## *From the Chief of Naval Staff*

The Services today are very much in the forefront of our Canadian news for two valid reasons:

First, they are spearheading the resistance movement against the evils of communism by that oldest of all methods—force of arms, and secondly, they are costing the citizens of our country vast sums of money in taxation.

Both these reasons make such excellent copy that they are fully exploited for their news value and often to the detriment of the principles underlying their necessity.

Similarly, it is all too easy to lose sight of certain fundamental principles pertaining to the induction and training of personnel for our Armed Forces. In an endeavour to clarify the Naval view, I am glad to accept your Editor's invitation to write a brief foreword for "White Twist."

First, let me make it quite clear that for the active service Royal Canadian Navy a short term engagement for either officers or men is inefficient.

For reasons which are obvious to all who serve afloat, but possibly less so to those in civilian life, the Navy needs men who at an early age will make up their minds to forego the amenities of life ashore with all its fluctuating trends, for a life of loyal service to the King's uniform and to Canada. Some self-sacrifice is the rule, not the exception.

The seaman becomes of real value to the Navy after five years. An officer can absorb the technical knowledge and professional seaman's skill and experience to command a ship efficiently in action after ten years. Not before.

Secondly, the hard experience of war has shown that a Navy can absorb only so many partially trained men if it is to maintain optimum fighting efficiency and morale. It follows that the percentage of permanent force personnel after mobilization must be relatively higher in the Navy than the sister services. This is equally true of Naval Aviation where we believe, again as a result of bitter experience, that an officer or man must be naval minded first and a specialized flier second.

Notwithstanding these principles, it is patently clear that in time of war, the Navy will depend in a very large measure on the strength and efficiency of the Royal Canadian Navy Reserve and it is of paramount importance that the Reserve Training Programme should be thorough, realistic and continuous.

To stretch our UNTD and Reserve training effort as efficiently as we would like throughout the length and breadth of this great Dominion would require a professionally trained force, having sea experience, far in excess of that now obtained, or alternatively, a drastic reduction in the operational fleet.

Since the fleet is the yardstick against which all UNTD and Reserve training must be measured, this would be a short sighted policy indeed.

Thus, with the current Naval expansion and our operational commitments in Korean waters, sea and professional training of the permanent force assumes greater importance today than ever before and for this reason we want at once young men for every branch of the permanent force from the universities and the joint services colleges. Most important of all, we want them on a career basis. This is not to say that we do not want UNTD officers for the Naval Reserve. We do want them in every branch but we hope that at this time, if you are considering joining the colours, you will give the permanent force your first consideration.

I would like to take this opportunity of extending the thanks of the whole Navy to those members of the universities' faculties, Commanding Officers of the UNTD, Officers of the Naval Divisions and all who have given unsparingly of their time and effort to make the UNTD the success it is.

Finally, good luck and a happy commission in your first ship to all the young readers of "WHITE TWIST."

# England!

H.M.C.S. "Crescent" left Halifax on its second Summer cruise, July 3rd. Aboard were seventy-one eager Cadets and Midshipmen, also one civilian journalist. The Cadets were of the Medical, Electrical, Engineering and Executive branches; the majority being in the latter. Training officers were Lt. Thillaye, Lt. Hayward, and Lt. Vondette, the Cadet Term Lieutenant.

Our high spirits were, however, soon dampened, for we went out from Halifax into a stiff wind. The rolling and pitching of the ship was too much for some sensitive stomachs, and the owners of same were to be seen gazing forlornly at the cold green ocean. Next morning the weather was better and for the following two days we enjoyed beautiful calm seas and warm sunshine.

During this period we did numerous evolutions with the "La Hullose" and "Swansea." Fernand Desrosiers of Quebec City will testify to this, for it was he who took a ducking whilst being passed by Jackstay from "Swansea" to "Crescent."

For amusement we had movies, and the salty yarns of some of the Messdeck characters to watch and listen to. John Guyon of Montreal surely took the prize in this class. Most of our free time was spent endeavouring to catch up on our sleeping time, in true Cadet fashion. We were standing nonnal sea watches as well as working part ship and receiving instruction.

After seven days at sea we finally sighted land—England. Being a little ahead of our schedule we anchored in Falmouth Bay, off the coast of Cornwall. Here we scoured the sides of the ship before proceeding on to Portsmouth.

Wednesday, July the eleventh, was the day we hit Portsmouth; and when I say hit, I mean just that. Cadets seemed to be everywhere; the Queen's and Royal Beach Hotels, the Savoy Ballroom, Hillsea Lido, South Parade Pier, and numerous good old English pubs. Two Cadets, Ron Costar of Fredericton, N.B., and Tony Dunn of Ottawa, were returning to the land of their birth and were very excited about our visit.

Our forty-eight hour leave periods were started as soon as we came alongside. Most Cadets headed for London where they saw all the sights—and a lot more! Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower of London, the Houses of Parliament, Madame Tussaud's, the Festival of Britain, and of course the Follie Bergere, and Piccadilly Circus—after dark. The stories some Cadets had to tell sound too fantastic to put on paper. All however did enjoy their visit immensely and only wished they could have stayed on leave for a longer period.

There was training to be done in Portsmouth as well but this was of a very pleasant nature. Tours were arranged to H.M.S. "Hornet," the M.T.B. base, where we experienced the thrill of skimming over the water in excess of thirty-five knots; to H.M.S. "Daedalus," the big Naval Air Station at Leigh on Solent; to H.M.S. "Excellent," better known as Whale Island, the training station of our friends the Gunnery Instructors; to H.M.S. "Victory," Admiral Lord Nelson's Flagship, which though nearly two hundred years old is still in excellent condition; to H.M.S. "Phoenix," the Portsmouth Command Damage Control School; and to the battleship H.M.S. "Duke of York," now in the Reserve Fleet.

On these tours we could not help but be impressed with the courtesy extended to us by the Royal Navy, and also by the apparent efficiency and discipline in their great navy. During our stay in England some of us were also fortunate enough to visit Brighton, one of Britain's largest seaside resorts; and the Isle of Wight, a uniquely beautiful place.

This stay in Portsmouth came to an end all too soon; the morning of July eighteenth we sailed out to sea once again. Most of us were sorry to say goodbye to England, and some of us had our ideas radically changed about England and the English people. Her ignorant and loud mouthed critics would do well to get over there and see this great country. They too might change their ideas.

From Portsmouth we sailed up the Solent and around the northern tip of the Isle of Wight, steaming past Cowes, Southampton Waters, and the Needles in the English Channel. We

proceeded in company with the Frigates until early the next morning, when "Crescent" changed course. Our destination was the Menai Strait between the Island of Anglesey and North Wales. We reached there 1000, and were amazed at the beauty of the countryside. We passed Caernarvon Castle, a magnificent structure dating back to the twelfth century, then we moored in the Strait near our Captain's old training ship H.M.S. "Conway."

"Conway" is an old British Man of War, centuries old, now used to train boys, from the age of fourteen to seventeen, in the art of seamanship, giving them a good general education as well. They lead a rather Spartan life under strict discipline; a training that is an excellent one to make them good officers in the Royal Navy and the Merchant Marine.

It was here that "Crescent's" Cadet boat crew, pulling in Gigs, scored a tremendous victory over the Conway Cadets' champion crew. The race was over one mile in length. Our Gig won by one length in a new record time of nine minutes and two seconds. This was indeed a great feat for our crew consisting of Harry Palmer, Bob Corbett, John Deacon, John Guyon, Tony Dunn and Gord Mills. The boat was coxwained by Lt. B. C. Thillyae.

After a stay of twenty-four hours in Menai Strait, we sailed for Lamlash, situated in the Isle of Arran, off the West coast of Scotland in the Firth of Clyde. We travelled at over twenty knots for most of the journey and arrived at our destination the same evening to find that "La Hullose" and "Swansea" were waiting for us.

Next morning the Regatta got under weigh. Sad to relate "Crescent" had to take second place to "Swansea." We did however win the war canoe race in great style and this raised our feelings.

The same evening we had a ship's company wiener roast and a sing-song on nearby Holy Island. This was much enjoyed by everyone from the Captain downwards.

The following evening we said farewell to Scotland and set sail for Bangor Bay, Northern Ireland, where we anchored later that day. We proceeded on to Belfast the next morning, July the twenty-third, and came alongside about noon.

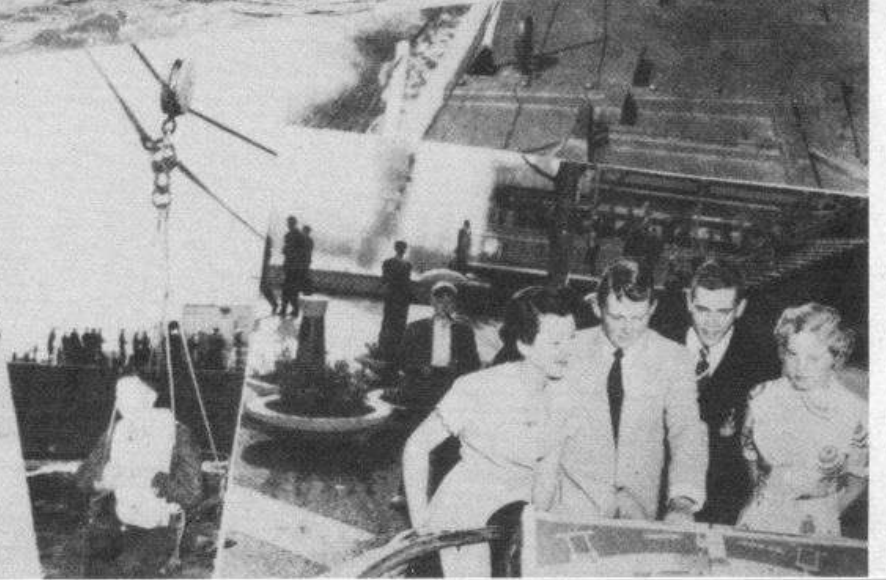
Belfast received us royally, and with characteristic Irish hospitality. The Overseas League put on a reception for us upon our arrival and on the last night in port organized a dance that was attended by about thirty Crescent Cadets. We were shown over the beautiful Parliament Buildings, and were introduced to some of Northern Ireland's Cabinet Ministers.

We were given free tickets to a big Ice Show; and some of us had an opportunity of taking a tour all around Northern Ireland that lasted over fourteen hours. Among the many wonderful things seen on this tour was the famous Giant's Causeway, near Portrush. Some also visited the Belfast section of the Festival of Britain.

However all good things come to an end, and after forty-eight hours of pleasant liberty in Belfast we sailed farther north to refuel in Lough Foyle, near Londonderry.

We certainly gained a great deal from our cruise. "Crescent" is a happy ship, and the keen interest of our Term Lieutenant, Lt. Vondette, and of our training officers, has we trust made us "officer material." The way in which our Cadet Captains: Al Squire, Gord Mills and Bob Williams have looked after our troubles went a long way towards making our fairly stiff routine a pleasant one. We are also indebted to our Captain, Lt.-Cdr. G. H. Hayes, and his officers and ship's company for the excellent way in which they both trained and assisted us.

We returned to Halifax the first week of August, but it will be many a year before most of us have forgotten our cruise in H.M.C.S. "Crescent"; the interesting places we have visited and the hospitality of their people; the great comradeship we have shared together in the ship; and the sea-training we received. The Cadets aboard H.M.C.S. "La Hullose" and H.M.C.S. "Swansea" on all the cruises will surely share with us these feelings.



# Airborne!

Two new schemes for providing Naval Aviation training for Cadets R.C.N. (R) commenced this year. Eleven began training as Naval Observers at H.M.C.S. "Shearwater," the R.C.N. Air Station at Dartmouth, N.S. While at R.C.A.F. Station Trenton, Ont., nine Cadets began training to qualify for pilot's wings. The plan is designed to provide the Navy with a reserve pool of qualified air officers to serve in an emergency.

Being the first summer course, the Observer Class has been asked to outline the setup for Observers, with a view to our counterparts, the Pilots.

All applicants went through a series of tests to determine which of the two branches they were best suited. The first Cadets began to arrive in Shearwater and Trenton in mid-May, but the course was not scheduled to start until early in June and the job of familiarization with the air bases and the equipment began. We were placed in such centres as the Tower, Air Detection Centre, Operations and Safety Equipment. We also became accustomed to the daily routine of an air station.

Our course got underway on June 5th in the Observer's Mates' School. The head of the school, Lt. (O) Brooman, outlined the course; the first six weeks of which would be straight ground school, followed by ten weeks of flying training, bringing us into late September. The training is so planned that a Cadet may earn his "O" wings in two summers, which is quite a step down from the regular fifteen months in the Royal Navy. It is hoped to graduate ten fully qualified Observers every year commencing in 1952.

Emphasis is on Navigation in the courses, with the next most important subject being Communications—Morse, flashing and procedure on which is spent one and one-half hours daily, apart from regular periods of communitary procedure. Other subjects included are: Radio and Radar Equipment, Meteorology, Map Reading, Ship and Aircraft Recognition, Air Photography, and Anti-Submarine Warfare. We also have dinghy drills and watch films on survival, etc.

The modern Observer's main tasks are Navigation, Radar, Sonobuoy, A/s Warfare and Reconnaissance. Aiding him is the Observer's Mate who handles all the radio communications. He

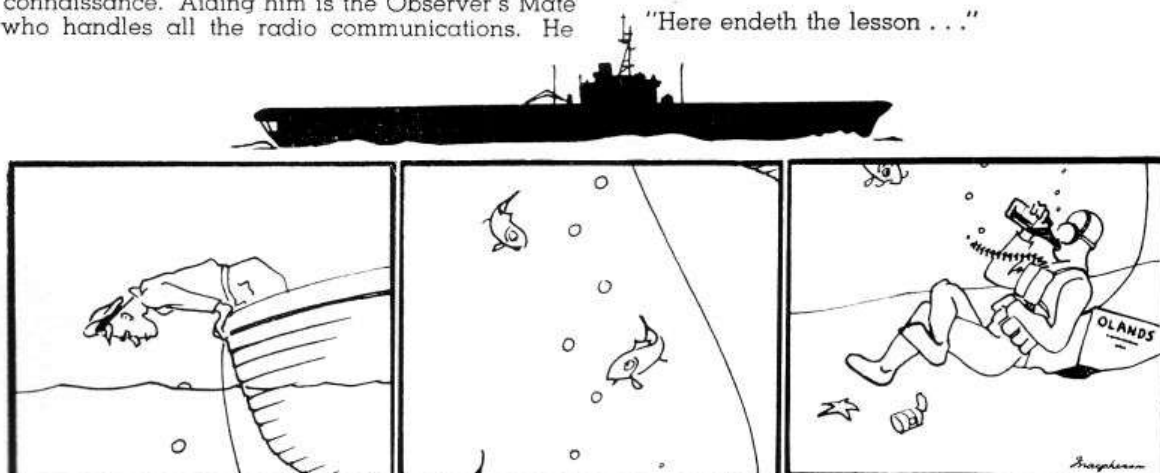
also assists in Radar, Sonobuoy and Windfinding. During our air training we fly in pairs; one as the Observer, and the other doing the O.M.'s job. The first few weeks of our flying training were done in Ansons, practising Map Reading, pin-pointing, bearings and fixes. From there we graduated to the T.B.M.'s, using TAG facilities. With the fundamentals over, we began flying on Navex cross country runs, keeping in constant radio contact with the base.

As soon as concentrated flying started, it was evident that some sort of penalty system had to be instituted because of the many careless mistakes which were being made. That is: forgetting Mae Wests, pencils, instruments, etc. Therefore a fund was instituted, with a list of fines ranging from ten cents to seventy-five cents for various "blacks." The money in the fund is to be used, at the end of the term, for entertainment at a final party. The day after it was started one Cadet forgot his parachute, which cost him fifty cents. Fewer mistakes are being made in the latter part of the summer but fines are enough to keep us on our toes and help with the expenses at our closing party.

It is surprising how quickly one picks up naval aviation lingo, while studying the difficult technical aspects of the course. Green as we were, we soon found out that a plane is a cab; when you look around, you goof; the ocean is the oggin; anything you cannot find a word for is an urfie; you don't crash, you prang; lots of power is lots of jippers; you do not fly along, you bog along; all of which helps to make a Cadet's life confusin' but amusin'.

The group of Cadets appointed to Trenton take classes and flight training with R.C.A.F. Flight Cadets of the Reserve University Flight. Their entire course will extend over three years and will consist of three twelve-week summer periods. The substance of the course will consist, to begin with, of basic flight preparation. After that half their time will be spent in actual flight training and half at ground school. They make their all-important solo flight after twenty-five hours in the air and approximately two months after their flight classes begin.

"Here endeth the lesson . . ."







# Hawaii

Hawaii! Honolulu! Waikiki! These magic names had been on the lips for many a month. Now they had come to have a fuller meaning for the very places they represent would soon be within our grasp.

It was an exciting day when we boarded our ships, the destroyer *Crusader* and the two frigates of last summer's acquaintance, *Antigonish* and *Beacon Hill*. *Crusader*, the senior ship of our task group, had on board sixty-three second year Cadets straight from a Celestial Navigation course. In this group were the Royal Roads students who were to graduate on completion of their sea-time. The Frigate Cadet complements consisted mainly of first year Cadets along with some second year Cadets as Cadet Captains.

The first week and a half was spent in and around Bedwell Harbour where we gradually became adjusted to ship life. Then finally, on Thursday, July 28th, at 0630, we got underway for the long cruise—the cruise to Pearl Harbour. Cape Flattery was the last part of North America we were to see for three weeks . . . and for once it was calm. On leaving the Strait we set our course in a south-westerly direction, and settled down to life on the ocean wave . . . nine days without sight of land.

The sea was rough enough to make things a little unpleasant for several of us—seasickness is no laughing matter. The trip was packed with instruction, practical Navigation and seamanship. "Wakey-Wakey" was at 0600, and at 0630 came the pipe "Cadets to Flashing." Instruction in communications, anchors and cables, gunnery and boatwork, was given during the day to those who were not on watch, or who were not doing their day's work in Navigation. Every fourth day each watch took its turn doing practical Navigation for a twenty-four hour period during which it was excused from all classes.

This involved shooting morning and evening stars, sun-run—meridian altitudes, and an afternoon sun-run-sun. It also meant a little less sleep; however, we had only a very short period in which to absorb a great deal, and the strain was deemed necessary.

For the first couple of days the weather was much the same as Victoria's, with fair days and cool nights; but gradually we began to notice the change. The nights became warmer and the days become hot. Then on Monday we discarded our dungarees and boots in favour of tropical rig, shorts and sandals. Each day the sun rose higher and higher in the sky, its passage growing close to ninety degrees. Under the tropical sun, classes were carried out "negative shirts" and it was not long before we developed deep brown tans. Anything over half an hour in the sun was bound to produce a burn for the uninitiated. Finally, as we neared our destination the sun passed over our zenith, directly overhead. In fact, for a little less than a day the sun was actually north of our position.

On the ninth morning, we sighted land, volcanic islands rising out of the waters of the Pacific. As we neared the island of Oahu, on which is situated Pearl Harbour and Honolulu, we sighted three American submarines. American jet aircraft whistled overhead. After taking a pilot aboard we proceeded into harbour. As we approached the inlet the sea turned in colour from blue to a beautiful green. In the distance we could see the famous Hawaiian surf as it rolled in and broke before reaching the beaches.

The entrance to the harbour is long and winding with the shore on either side lined with luxuriant tropical vegetation. Soon, however, the lush green trees and undergrowth gave way to large Naval buildings and jetties, and huge derricks in operation. Indeed, Pearl Harbour is a very large place.

Leave! That was the thing that was foremost in our minds, and that, we were given. Leave commenced each day at 1100 and carried on till 0730 the following morning. Needless to say we made full use of it. Four days hardly seemed long enough to visit all the places and do all the things we wanted. Honolulu was the first attraction. Several Cadets reserved rooms at the Y.M.C.A. where accommodation was very good. Then on to Waikiki for an exhilarating swim in the surf. It was Waikiki, not Honolulu, that had the best

night spots to offer. A place we were all anxious to see was the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, a magnificent and luxurious structure, where rooms cost twenty-five dollars a night, and where Hawaiian music and entertainment was at its best. A further attraction was the Moana Hotel with its open-air dance floor and stage, its Hawaiian orchestra, and its Hula girls. But the place where a truly South Pacific atmosphere was best created was at "Don the Beachcomber's," where "drinking good rum is immortalized."

The days, we spent swimming, shopping around Honolulu, and making tours of the Island. Certainly, U-Drive concerns did a thriving business during our stay, for a good number of Cadets rented cars in order to see the many natural wonders, the Hawaiian landscape and scenery in general, the pineapple, sugar-cane and banana plantations, and life itself on the Island.

We found the natives, made up mostly of Japanese, Portugese and Hawaiian, to an easy going, friendly and carefree people. Of course, that is to be expected in a climate such as theirs, where it is warm night and day with little change throughout the year.

The United States Navy, in particular, treated us royally, opening all their recreational facilities to us. Officers' clubs offered their hospitality generously. The Americans also found time to give us a fire-fighting course which was extremely well organized and realistic. Moreover, they made submarines available, and took many of us out on a seven hour run. Without leaving the base it was possible to enjoy doing a great number of different things. Service personnel, and their families, have a complete, well integrated community life. Movie theatres, clubs of all sorts, sports of every nature, as well as other recreational facilities, are all found within the boundaries of the Naval Station.

The return voyage was calmer and somehow slipped by much faster. For by now we had become accustomed to ship-life and had learned how to relax. Classes and practical training, carrying out evolutions, were emphasized more, but the strain was less. Time flew by; the sun lost its strength and faded back into the South, the nights grew colder, and in no time at all we were back in Esquima! Harbour.

Well, all good things must come to an end, and so it was with our stay in Hawaii. We all regretted leaving so soon. Hawaii is a thing of the past, but pleasant memories remain with us. Our sea-time is complete; in fact our Summer training is drawing to a close. Soon we will be back at our respective universities scattered across Canada, where Hawaii is but a name. Yes, then we can tell our friends to "join the Navy and see the World."



## Night Watch

Flashing light on the starboard quarter,  
Golden moon on the starboard beam,  
Firefly lights in the churning water,  
The ship rolls on in a restless dream.

Shudder and crash and the white spray flying,  
Silhouettes on the silent bridge,  
Wind in the rigging, screaming, crying,  
Wailing the tune of a funeral dirge.

Down below there are bodies snoring,  
Tousled hair and bony hip;  
Lulled by the noise of air-vents roaring,  
Rocked by the surging, rolling ship.

Here is a speck on the heaving ocean,  
These are men with a matchless faith,  
Safe in a cradle of ceaseless motion,  
The sky, the sea, and eternal space.



# GUNROOM

Night is darkening the historic and love(ly) city which enfolds the Gunroom. It is nearing 7:30 p.m., Friday night, or 1930 within the confines of the gates. Cadets are turning to something more predictable than women, namely the companionship of MEN.

Bodies are moving into the Gunroom. Some will not stay but the SPIRIT will overlook them this evening, in order to portray more general fixtures such as the leading songster. The post-supper routine is composed mainly of smoking and quiet conversation. Slowly, laughter swells; music is played louder; and songs are heard. The aforementioned Cadet is now singing a sea-shanty and then swings over to a ski song from an unlimited repertoire. The piano begins to throb as the accompaniment of hearty guffaws rises to the rafters.

Move deeper into the Gunroom and hear the rhythm of "How High the Moon" . . . from the record player, girded by a maze of lounging forms and thumping feet. A crazy lugh from the far corner rises above the music for a moment . . . here a group is recalling R.T.C.'s words of advice on the coming cruise. Four stalwart characters are attempting to play a deciding hand of bridge, kibitzers and all . . . and so the evening wears on and soon the SPIRIT sleeps.

Dreams are numerous before the Cadets return, some rather groggy and late to partake of breakfast. Talk is slower and thoughts are tuned to the new day—Saturday—work party and late leave.

Vigorous language increases as the morning work parties carry out their duties, efficiently, of course. Lunch time arrives to see the late daters eating fast for slack party will muster soon.

The sun begins its downward path to shine on quiet circles of serious conversation. Numerous Cadets sit with the Padre, a centre of friendship wherever he goes.

After supper a wishful look comes into the eyes of the Cadets, a weekly occurrence, brought on only by the thought of late leave. Groups of Cadets in plain clothes merge for a beer, and disperse slowly to pick up their girls—and some-

# OFFICER'S CLUB



"Tell me, young man, just what is the function of the Navy in modern warfare?"

"Well sir, I suppose to add tone to what should otherwise be a mere vulgar brawl!"

(Apologies to Punch.)

times other fellows' girls. The room almost empties for a short time; a fellow is seen sitting alone.

Stop everything! Bow down! The first girl has arrived on the arm of—on the . . . you'll see better if you raise your head. Notice the difference in the room as it again fills with people. You will notice the members offer lavish hospitality, which is sincere and modestly given. Do not conceive it is handicapped by the bill of fare at the bar. This "Humble Hall" is now at its finest.

A talented showman is heard singing imitations or one of his originals to an increasingly large audience. Applause is long and loud, after which dancing continues, while others return to their circle of chairs.

Yes, what the SPIRIT sees and hears is somewhat disjointed in the abstract but what is homogenous in body and feeling. Whether it be for three minutes or three hours the Cadets will be found in the Gunroom. The entertainment, relaxation and enjoyment found there is only surpassed by the friendships started and strengthened. There is no time element, no limited space, and no exact location for the Gunroom SPIRIT—but Cadets know where they found it and where it can be found again.

# SMOKERS



# Korean Venture !!

By W. L. JACKSON, Ex-Cadet, R.C.N. (R)

It was June, 1950, and war had just broken out in Korea. At that time three of our destroyers, H.M.C.S. "Cayuga," "Sioux" and "Athabaskan," were outfitting in Esquimalt for a proposed cruise in European waters. When our military leaders pledged their full support to the United Nations, it was decided that these three ships would make up Canada's initial contribution.

So it was that I, a Reserve Sub Lieut. spending two weeks seetime aboard a temporarily "jetty bound" vessel, was suddenly faced with the opportunity of taking part in what might prove to be the opening battle of the Third World Conflict. Although hesitant at first, remembering my forthcoming school term, I soon yielded to the infectious "war-fever" prevalent at that time; thus, much to the satisfaction of the remainder of the ship's junior officers who had been hoping for another Sub to round out the duty list, I officially became a member of Athabaskan's wartime complement. At that time I was the only reserve officer attached to the destroyer, but was soon joined by Sub Lieut. (S) D. Sherlock, R.C.N. (R) also a former Cadet.

Within a few days, on July 5 to be exact, the other two destroyers and ourselves in company with the cruiser "Ontario" slipped from Esquimalt and proceeded to sea. The adventure had begun. This was no training cruise; here was the real thing with an operational ship working up her crew for action.

We crossed the Pacific in four legs after fueling from "Ontario" three days out of Esquimalt. The first stop was Pearl Harbour followed by Kwajalein and then Guam. We arrived off Kyushu, the southern-most island of Japan, on the evening of July 28; and by mid-morning of the 29th we were navigating the swept channel through the mine fields guarding Sasebo, the former Japanese Naval base which was now the chief port for the United Nations Naval Forces in that area.

The war had been in progress for a month, and the American and Republic of Korea forces were holding on in grim determination to a narrow 35-mile perimeter around the port of Pusan. On arrival "Sioux" and "Athabaskan" were assigned to escort duty, and for nearly two weeks plied swiftly between Sasebo and Pusan conveying thousands of American troops and tons of equipment which were soon to stem and turn the tide against the Communists.

Despite the fact that such a task resulted in a certain amount of tedium, there could be no let up in the efficiency of the ship as a weapon of war. Consequently in "Athabaskan," as in other United Nations Naval vessels, the ship's company was expected to make few if any mistakes in the extensive action drills which were carried out daily and often at night. In such an environment one has to learn quickly (as I found out to my embarrassment several times).

Although our periods at sea were long and often monotonous, our periods of leave in Japan were rather pleasant. Believe me, there is not a more enchanting way to combat boredom than by sipping tea or saki while beautiful Japanese Geishas play fascinating native music and perform exotic traditional dances in that fairyland of paper, porcelain and silk.

The highlight of "Athabaskan's" activity in the Korean Theatre (up to the time when I returned to Canada) occurred during the latter half of August when she was working with the West Coast Patrol Force. For six out of ten days our guns hammered at Communist targets on the mainland. The actions began on the third day of the patrol with the shelling of a battery of 120mm. guns near Kunsan, and ended nearly a hundred miles north with the capture of a group of islands within sight of Inchon. Among these was a little island called "Hachibi To" which was taken entirely by Canadian sailors led by the First Lieutenant of "Athabaskan," Lt.-Cdr. T. S. R. Peacock. It had been an eventful ten days for "Athabaskan" and her crew because, for the first time, she had fired her guns in anger, and, for the first time, she had seen the devastation of their shells. We had made our first landings, and seen our first casualties of the Korean War.

August had seen the tide turn in favour of the United Nations forces, and at the end of the month Sub-Lieutenant Sherlock and myself were given the opportunity by our captain, Commander R. B. Welland, D.S.C., to return to Canada to continue our university courses. And so it was, although we had volunteered for an indefinite period, that we were able to return for the Fall registration.



U.N.T.D. RECOLLECTIONS

CDR C.H. LITTLE

When I was invited to write about the UNTD, a glance back some forty-five years evoked many memories. Let me set the scene. War was declared in September 1939; the optimists, scoffers and peaceniks called it phoney and freely predicted hostilities would end by Christmas, but they went on inexorably at sea. In the summer of 1940, the German lightning war (blitzkrieg) conquered France and brought Italy in as an Axis partner. The miracle of Dunkirk and the heroic defence of Britain kept Hitler from victory. The years of "blood, toil, tears and sweat" which Mr. Churchill foretold were upon us with a vengeance. Now was the time for Canada to build ships, train their crews and add growing strength to the Allied navies. It seemed obvious that advances in armament and devices such as radar would require the best people from all sources, especially the universities. At that time only the army, through its Canadian Officers' Training Corps, provided military courses on campus, thus drawing undergraduates toward the land forces for enlistment. How could the navy compete? I was aware in a general way that a naval programme had been introduced into universities across the country about 1942-43, but, since they required no action by me as Director of Naval Intelligence, I had not been acquainted with the details.

In the summer of 1946, I returned to Ottawa from Hong Kong where I had been on loan to the Royal Navy as the Intelligence Officer of the military government bringing the colony back to life after four years of Japanese occupation. One day I was wandering around a half empty Naval H.Q. in "A" Building on Elgin Street thinking of leave and demobilisation when I was greeted warmly by Cdr (S.B.) A.W. (Jack) Baker and given a glowing description of his UNTD creation, especially its tremendous potential. I listened with half an ear because I was on leave from my teaching position at Upper Canada College and had never considered the R.C.N. as a career.

This is a summary of what he told me — anyone who was ever waylaid by Jack will know that brevity was not one of his traits.

An introductory programme of naval training at Canadian Universities was his brainchild while he was Professor of Entomology at the Ontario Agricultural College in Guelph. He had discussed the project with Cdr E.R. Brock, R.C.N.V.R., in 1938, and together they prepared a formal submission early in 1942 but without success, although the now Captain Brock was Director of Reserve Divisions at Naval Headquarters.

That year the situation changed rapidly, however. In response to the new requirement that students must engage in military service, the R.C.A.F. set up university training units with the stipulation graduates must serve with them, and the COTC was already well established. Without a definite presence the navy would be cut off.

An experimental training unit was set up in the fall of 1942 on the campus of the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph. Students were entered on the divisional strength of HMCS STAR in Hamilton, their call to active service was deferred and they followed a condensed form of the course for officers at HMCS KINGS, partly on campus, partly in Hamilton. When the experiment showed promise, further representations were made to H.Q. resulting in approval for Professor Baker to be given a commission as Lieutenant-Commander (S.B.) R.C.N.V.R. with authority "to form naval training units in universities in Canada in cities where there are R.C.N.V.R. Divisions", to quote from the Naval Order finally issued in June 1943.

The general idea was to have a faculty member given a reserve commission and appointed in command while the Division supplied uniforms, equipment and training assistance. I maintained this arrangement with increasing refinements and such improvements as a staff officer on campus where necessary. In my time, some UNTD CO's were tenure professors like Boyd McLay at McMaster, Jim Mawdesley in Saskatoon, Don Kerr in Sackville and Ron Hayes in Halifax; others like Jacques Bonneau in Ottawa and Fabian O'Dea in St. John's were invited by the university to help out. I remember so many with gratitude. Perhaps it is just old age: I forget people's names but always remember the ships in which the cadets trained.

The UNTD's set up in 1943 were at Dalhousie and Nova Scotia Technical College in Halifax; Mount Allison, Sackville, N.B.; Laval, Quebec City; McGill and Montreal, Montreal; U. of Ottawa, Ottawa; Queen's, Kingston; U. of Toronto, Toronto; McMaster, Hamilton, O.A.C. Guelph; Western Ontario, London; U. of Manitoba, Winnipeg; U. of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon; U. of Alberta, Edmonton; U.B.C., Vancouver. Subsequently, St. Francis Xavier, Antigonish; Assumption, Windsor and Victoria College in British Columbia were added.

The whole purpose of the wartime UNTD programme was to attract students into the navy. How to deal with them as a group apart from the general run of new entries was always difficult and never really resolved. They came in as seamen or stokers, were supposed to follow a special programme and offered

special rates of pay and accelerated promotion to officer candidate. There were no complete records of how they fared — not surprising in the tumult of wartime. The serious flaw was being dressed as seamen and, hence, dumped in with the crowd, but I could see enormous possibilities if a real officer training programme could be arranged.

By the end of the war it was clear that ships and their contents would become increasingly complex mechanisms which those onboard must understand to employ. Personnel would have to change with matériel: officers would require both knowledge of specialized, complicated installations and the leadership qualities to command highly trained technicians.

I recalled vividly how unprepared I was for war — no naval training, no uniform, only an ardent desire to help — and felt the importance of bringing order into the training of young men for naval responsibility. The Naval Divisions which Admiral Walter Hose had farsightedly established in the early twenties would be markedly strengthened by a steady influx of officers who had completed a thorough course of training ashore and afloat.

When I was asked to take the appointment of Staff Officer University Training I obtained one year's additional leave from Upper Canada College and agreed to stay on Special Naval Duty until 1947 with the purpose of writing instructions and a training programme for a peacetime UNTD.

Commodore Miles, Chief of Naval Personnel, was another reason for my decision. He was genuinely interested in my proposals and philosophy and welcomed me to his staff.

According to the record, I was appointed to Naval H.Q. 11th June 1946 on the staff of the Director of Naval Reserves, thus showing that the main thrust of the UNTD programme at that time was to train officers for the reserve element.

I was given a small office and a secretary, Miss Nita Smith, who proved to be a jewel. We set up a filing system and a card index listing every individual. During the early years we knew each cadet by name, university and Naval Division, and were kept busy enrolling, appointing to the coasts, promoting and discharging. Some people said I was running a private navy to which the answer was simply, "Who else can do it?"

Before returning to OAC, Jack Baker took me to a number of the universities beginning with his own college, McMaster and Toronto. I was introduced to the National Conference of Canadian Universities, we spent a week in the west and then I was left alone on the sea of academe. As time went on the professors

turned out to be friendly while the pirates were dressed in naval uniform.

During my late summer tour of the universities in the Maritime Provinces I asked for an interview with General Milton Gregg, V.C., the new head of the University of New Brunswick. We met on the platform at Sussex, N.B., for the few moments the train stopped and I convinced him that U.N.B. should benefit from the UNTD programme. Later two of our sons graduated from that institution.

In 1946, the small number of UNTD's who reported for summer training were accommodated at sea in the new frigate Charlottetown (LCdr J.W. Wolfenden) on the west coast; in the Algerine class minesweepers Wallaceburg (LCdr R.M. Steele) and New Liskeard (LCdr J.C.L. Annesley) on the east coast. Sweepers have barely enough room for the crew, let alone space for trainees, and the complaints I inherited were many and vociferous. What else did I inherit? Mostly applications for discharge because no syllabus for summer training had been issued nor training billets afloat allocated. The UNTD's being dressed as seamen, were generally used as extra hands despite protestations that they were officer candidates. They were taught little and treated with indifference.

The programme appeared in imminent danger of foundering but I proceeded undaunted to write a syllabus of training ashore and afloat. This was ready for the 1946-47 academic year — in fact "Instructions for University Naval Training Divisions 1946" were in the hands of the Naval Divisions on the 10th of September. Applications were now accepted for the Executive, Engineer, Medical and Supply Branches, all still dressed as seamen. Those who passed a selection board at the end of their second academic year were designated officer candidates and wore the traditional white cap band. Sixty hours of drill and lectures during each academic year accompanied a minimum of two weeks each summer at East or West Coast, plus one full summer of voluntary service. The training centres were given special syllabi and Reserve Training Commanders were appointed. On graduation from both University and the UNTD programme, officer candidates were eligible for RCN or RCNR commissions.

Many veterans of all arms took advantage of the opportunity to obtain a degree in short order and quite a number joined the UNTD, especially in Toronto. They were allowed to appear before a selection board in their first year and encouraged to join the RCN, particularly through the "Naval Assistance to University Students" (NAUS) programme which provided the cost of tuition, books and instruments for those accepted. During the 1946-49 period I went on several recruiting tours with such worthies as J.C. Charles and K. Birchall



seeking communications and electrical specialists, as well as potential constructors.

Support for the programme was by no means general among the senior officers. They had entered the navy as cadets or midshipmen in their early teens and received much of their training in the ships and establishments of the Royal Navy. The earliest were products of the Royal Naval College of Canada established in Halifax in 1911 and later moved, first to Kingston then to Esquimalt, before it was discontinued in the economy drive of 1922. It is not surprising that they looked with favour on the courses prescribed for the R.N. College at Dartmouth, England, with strong emphasis on professional sea experience at a young age. Their numbers were small. There was great respect for those who had survived the dismal years between the wars and special affection for term-mates. Looking back was comfortable, ahead somewhat foreboding. Would the R.C.N. of the 40's and 50's receive the same treatment from the politicians as in the 20's and 30's, and would these university fellows not be as depicted in campus movies? What would be the effect on R.M.C., Kingston, and Royal Roads?

My concept was quite different: Canada is a North American country where a university degree is widely perceived as of great importance: our guide should be the United States Naval Academy and their Naval Reserve programme in universities, which combine professional training and university level education; the rapid development of ships, weapons and control mechanisms demands ever increasing technical knowledge in both officers and men; the service will have to present a challenging career if it is to compete successfully with industry and business for the best candidates; surely, the 1939-45 War had taught us the value of a nation-wide Reserve and that it must be well trained in peacetime to meet the immediate requirements of any future crisis (next time there would be no period of grace in which to prepare ourselves).

It must be accepted that any Canadian who meets the prescribed standards be considered for a commission in the navy but, at the same time, University students as a group have several advantages: proven ability to acquire knowledge, re-confirmed by frequent examinations: access to the required courses in such fields as engineering, aeronautics, arts, business administration, medicine, research, law, etc.; time to be trained for meaningful periods ashore and afloat during long summer breaks; a nation-wide community of interest in, and support for, naval affairs. In the course of time, the navy as a profession will demand

ever higher standards of education in all ranks — let us establish our criteria from the beginning.

(As a footnote, it should be said that the Service Colleges were inevitably forced to guarantee their graduates degree level education, instead of depending on the universities for the final years.)

The foundation of the peacetime UNTD was secured by a Naval Board minute dated 16th April 1947 which approved "an officers' training programme of four years duration, designed to produce officers for the Royal Canadian Navy and the Royal Canadian Navy (Reserve) Active and Retired Lists . . . a continuing function of the Naval Service". Training was to be carried out in shore establishments, Naval Divisions and ships "making the best possible use of all existing facilities". The maximum strength was set at 1800.

I had worked hard for this statement. Ostensibly it was in reply to a direct question from the Chairman of the National Conference of Canadian Universities' Committee on Military Studies of which I had been made a quasi member, but every campus wanted a guarantee before entering into a long-term commitment. So did I!

For sea training in 1947, I arranged cruise programmes and detailed instruction in seamanship, communications and pilotage for all first year cadets and more advanced courses for second year executive, engineering, electrical and supply cadets. On the west coast, the cruiser Ontario (Capt J.C. Hibbard) and the frigate Antigonish (LCdr J.E. Wolfenden) each made three independent cruises; in the east, New Liskeard and Portage (Lt J.G. Bugden) and the Tribal class destroyer Haida (LCdr F.B. Caldwell) each made five two-week cruises to ports in Newfoundland or the Maritime Provinces except for one in April to Bermuda by New Liskeard alone with unhappy O.A.C. cadets onboard. There were still about fifty with no accommodation. Fortunately, I was on good terms with the British Naval Attaché and a request through the proper channels secured places for forty onboard HMS Sheffield, the flagship of the C. in C., America and West Indies Station. Where the other ten laid their heads at night I'm not quite sure.

One summer day in 1947, I went to see Commodore Miles to remind him that I should be leaving soon to resume my civilian teaching career. When I asked whom he had in mind as my replacement he said gravely that there was no one of any experience and he would have to give a young lieutenant the job. I expostulated that the universities would be appalled and, furthermore, the programme was of such importance that it warranted an all-out effort throughout

the Service. "In that case", he said, "you'll have to stay on". We had a long talk during which he agreed with me that the UNTD's must be seen as officers and undertook to give me full support to that end. And so I signed on again for one more season (so I thought).

As the months passed, however, two things became clear: first, the programme had enormous potential as trainers and trainees became accustomed to its requirements; second, if the battle was to be won, I would have to lead the long fight. And so I applied for transfer to the Permanent Force.

A bit of history. From September 1939 to June 1942, I was Acting Lieutenant RCNVR (Temp.); from July 1942 to December 1943, Acting Lieutenant-Commander and Director of Naval Intelligence (the first Canadian in that appointment) all in the Executive Branch. Then Admiral Nelles and Captain Mainguy offered me a Brass Hat in the Special Branch. Since the alternative was to remain DNI ashore as an anchored two-and-a-half, I accepted and became Commander (SB) RCNVR. All that was unimportant when the objective was winning the war but for the peacetime long haul, I felt the Instructor Branch was my proper niche. On the 3rd of June 1948, I was transferred to the RCN in my third Branch. Not all circles were enthusiastic but the universities were pleased and one even offered me a professorship.

I kept up constant pressure for a genuine officer training programme with the cadets dressed, instructed and housed separately as junior officers. Recommendations poured in from universities and the training establishments on both coasts but the summer of 1948 found the UNTD's still in round rig.

There were many problems about accommodation ashore and afloat. In Esquimalt, we were reduced to opening up the building once used to house the crews of vessels undergoing repairs in the dry dock. LCdr J.C. Littler was put in charge, thus beginning a long association with the programme, but no one enjoyed that dingy structure. Parades and classes were considered a relief. The cruiser Ontario and the frigate Antigonish (LCdr C.A. Law) carried out the sea training.

In the east Swansea, (Lt R.W. Timbrell), New Liskeard (Lt I.B.B. Morrow) and Portage (LCdr A.H. Rankin) supplied the bulk of the training afloat. A wartime barracks was hastily opened up for accommodation ashore. Nothing was yet even semi-permanent.

One far reaching achievement in 1948 was on the journalistic side. I felt the movement would benefit from its own magazine and found logistic

support at the University of Toronto where Dr. Sidney Smith was outspokenly in favour of undergraduates combining military training with their academic studies. A search was initiated for an editor and the call was answered by a young Commerce student named Peter C. Newman. This, his first editorial venture, set his pen on the path of outstanding national success. From the modest beginning of the UNTD MAGAZINE the subsequent WHITE TWIST, the UNTD annual yearbook, developed.



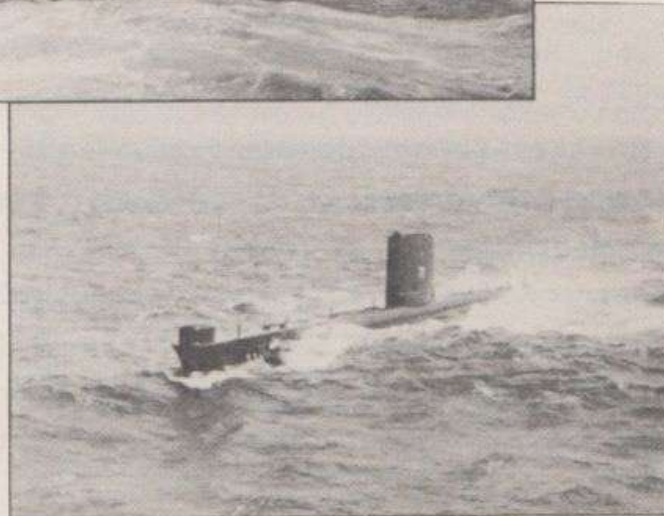
*HMCS BONAVENTURE*



*HMCS MICMAC*



*HMCS BEACON HILL*



*HMCS OJIBWA*

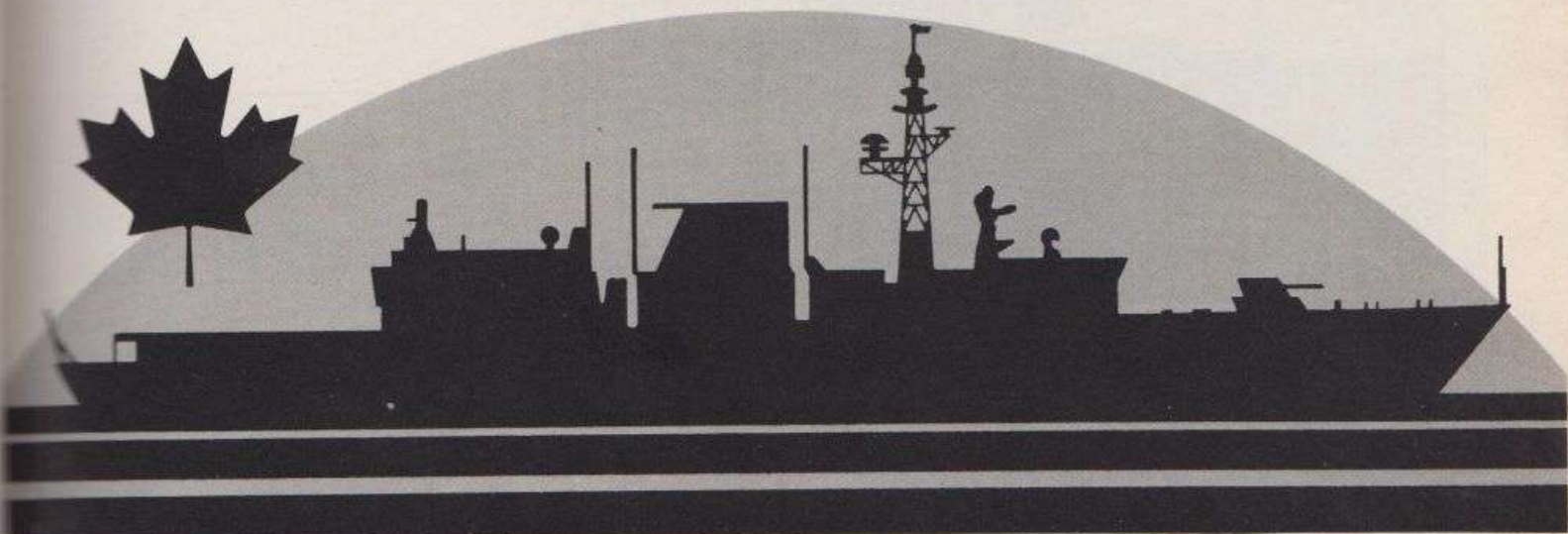
# FUTURE PROSPECTS

## NEW SHIPBORNE AIRCRAFT

It is the objective of the Government of Canada to provide the Canadian Armed Forces with the capability to fulfill national and joint defence commitments as well as sovereignty requirements in the upcoming decades. The modernization of the Maritime Forces is one key element in achieving this capability. To this end, the Tribal Class Update and Modernization Project (TRUMP) and the Canadian Patrol Frigate Project (CPF) are now underway. The acquisition of a New Shipborne Aircraft (NSA) is another fundamental part of this modernization process. It will complement the increased capabilities provided by modern detection equipment eg. sonar and radar aboard our new generation of ships. The new aircraft is intended as a replacement for the Sea King Helicopter (CH-124A) currently in use in the Canadian Armed Forces and is anticipated to be in service in the mid 1990s.

The New Shipborne Aircraft is a key element in the modernization of Canada's Maritime Forces. By incorporating the latest in Anti-Submarine Warfare, Anti-Ship Surveillance and Targetting technology and airframe design it will provide increased protection for Canadian and Allied naval forces. The New Shipborne Aircraft will directly complement the new Canadian Patrol Frigate and the Tribal Class Update and Modernization Project. The Canadian aerospace industry will benefit as well, as maximum Canadian content will be sought under this project.

# CANADIAN PATROL FRIGATE



## NEW SHIPS: OLD NAMES

The six new ships will be delivered in the 1989-92 period. Each ship will carry the name of a former Canadian naval ship. This new City class will be representative of city names from coast to coast. The traditional naval practice of assigning the 300 series to the hulls of frigate type vessels will also be continued.

Hull Number	Name	Historical Significance
330	HMCS HALIFAX	Corvette in service November 1941 to July 1945.
331	HMCS VANCOUVER	First ship of that name was a pre-World War II destroyer paid off in 1936; second ship was a corvette in service March 1942 to June 1945. This ship participated in convoy duty on the West Coast.
332	HMCS VILLE DE QUEBEC	Corvette in service May 1942 to July 1945; sank one U-boat.
333	HMCS TORONTO	Frigate in service May 1944 to September 1945. Following post war conversions served until 1958 then transferred to Royal Norwegian Navy.
334	HMCS REGINA	Corvette in service from January 1942 to August 1944; Credited with sinking Italian submarine in the Mediterranean in February 1943; participated in D-Day operations. Torpedoed in the English Channel in August 1944, 66 survivors.
335	HMCS CALGARY	Corvette in service from December 1941 to June 1945; shared in U-boat sinking; attacked by glider bombs.



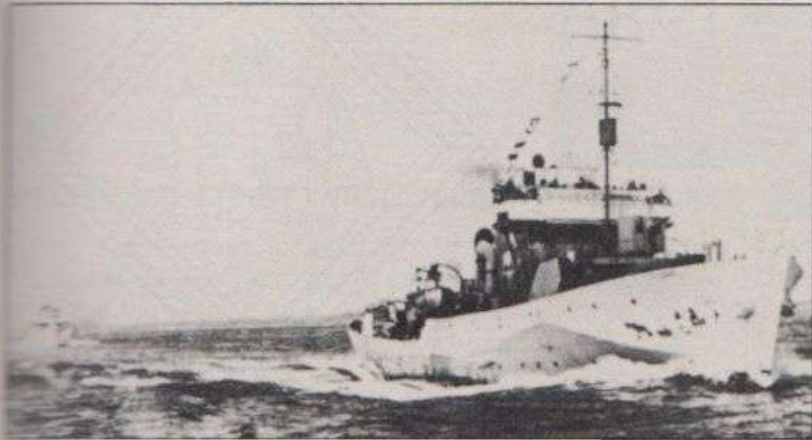
*HMCS VANCOUVER II*



*HMCS VILLE DE QUEBEC*



*HMCS TORONTO*



*HMCS REGINA*



*HMCS CALGARY*

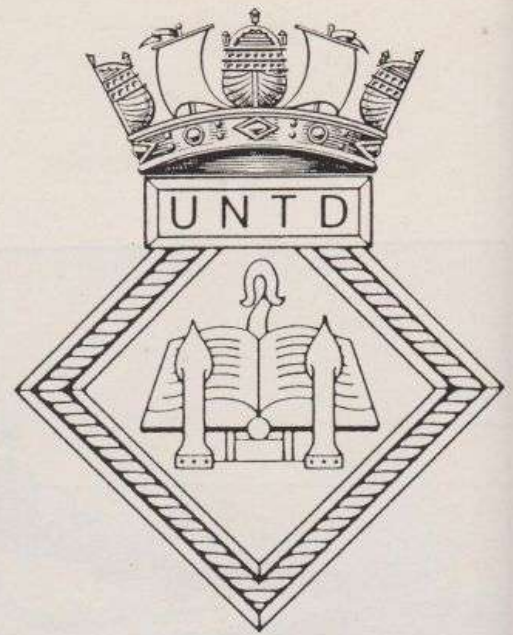


*HMCS HALIFAX*





1986



<b>UNT D III</b>	<b>MARS</b>	<b>Algonquin</b>
	<b>NCS</b>	<b>Acadia</b>
<b>II/III</b>	<b>MARS</b>	<b>Beauharnois</b>
<b>II</b>	<b>MARS</b>	<b>Beacon Hill</b>
		<b>Bonaventure</b>
	<b>NCS</b>	<b>Brockville</b>
	<b>LOG</b>	<b>Barrie</b>
<b>I</b>	<b>MARS</b>	<b>Cayuga</b>
		<b>Chaudiere</b>
		<b>Columbia</b>
		<b>Crusader</b>
	<b>NCS</b>	<b>Conestoga</b>
	<b>LOG</b>	<b>Crescent</b>
	<b>RESO</b>	<b>Chaleur</b>

### ALGONQUIN

Back Row: (L to R) SLt Watson, McIntosh, Langlois, Davies, Lt(N) Teevens, SLt Uliana, McCliggott, MacArthur

Front Row: (L to R) SLt Liebmann, Bertrand, Lt(N) Elwood (CTO), SLt Bartkiewicz, Daniels



### **SO YA WANNA GET YOUR TICKET, EH BILLY!**

The summer proved to be pretty good for the members of Algonquin division. After last summer's RFP minesweeper massacre, the decimated ranks of UNTD III's returned for MARS V shore and sea phases. It all started at the University of Victoria where we realized our division had shrunk from over 50 to just 11 people. We quickly recovered and set out to totally disrupt the normal life at OTD and to rapidly age our CTO LT(N) Phil Elwood (Elway) from SCOTIAN. (Honestly Phil, we thought it was a bitch book.)

Our first memorable moments occurred at Communication School where we spent one very exciting week (yawn!). Highlights of the week were watching the dockyard cranes move, and falling asleep. Next the division proceeded to NBCW School where we were subject to tear gas, atrophine injectors and CPO Vermette. Dressed in our chemical proof suits, we were ready for all the Javex or Mr. Clean the commies could throw at us. Unfortunately we were a gullible group. We were convinced that atrophine injectors couldn't hurt us even after CPO Vermette drove one through his finger while demonstrating how safe it was. We all survived the atrophine and tear gas, enabling us to proceed to our sea phase.

Off to Halifax we went for an ocean cruise aboard the "Pig Boats." Non-stop or Multi-stop, one way or another, the troop came to Halifax. SLT's Davie, Bernie, Liebman, JD, Gram and Gordo

boarded HMCS Porte St. Louis which thereafter became known as the Leper Colony. SLT's Clig, Baby Bark, Le King Biff, Uli and Biff Nose assumed command on HMCS PORTE ST. JEAN. The adventures of this sailor group stretched from Halifax to Quebec City and even to St. John's Newfie-land. After charting every rock in Mahone Bay we terrorized the town of Bridgewater, N.S. (where the guys on the JEAN survived a commando raid by their XO, Peter "Rambo" Jarvis). Upon our return to Halifax, both ships began to prepare for the Pepsi-Ploy '86. The ships departed Halifax with new paint and well-partied crews.

We travelled to such memorable locations as Shipegán (where in a city of 1,000 almost 900 came out to greet us). After our brief New Brunswick stop we visited Rimouski (party), Chicoutimi (Uzi fights), Quebec City (OOD Boards), Trois Rivieres (Pub night) and St. John's (Huey Lewis Concert). St. John's was easily voted the No.1 port visit of the whole summer. On the way to Newfie-land we narrowly missed capturing 100-odd Sri Lankan refugees trying to enter Canada illegally. After learning Canada's three official languages and generally keeping the seas of the world safe for people, the ships returned to Halifax for BWK Boards. The summer was finally over -- Time to Party! (some more).

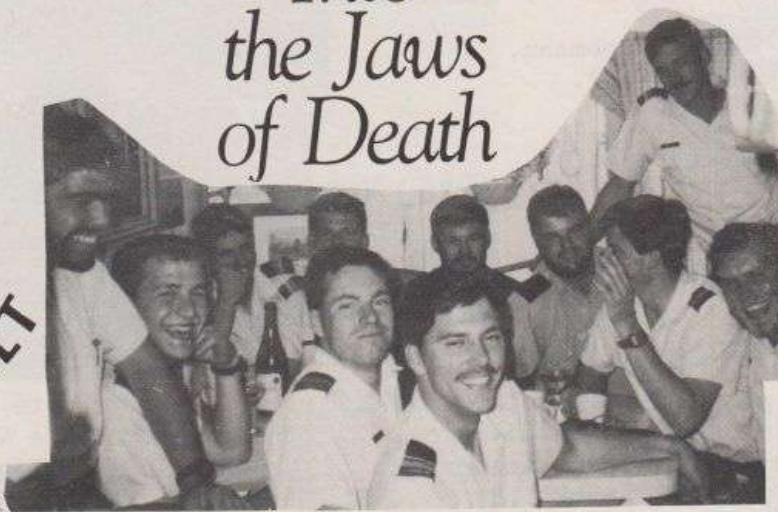
Thanks to all the ship's officers and crew from the JEAN and the LOUIS who made this past summer what it was.

OFFICERS MESS



There's no life like it.

Into  
the Jaws  
of Death



FREE.  
FLIGHT.

EXPO



WEST

H. M. C. S. Malahat



Derek 'McBiff' McCliggott-will end up in the Regular Force or in the RCMP in the future. Clig will someday realize that the Reserves isn't a job: it's a hobby. Summer highlights included UVic, Air Canada, PSJ and a BWK ticket. Sports Officer and self-proclaimed coach Clig managed to inherit the Annual editor job from Bernie, sorry guys! Athletics and UVic Geography occupy his winter. Derek is voted most likely to succeed as a Reserve officer but he will still babble after drinking (you do so, don't deny it Derek).

NORTH



Darin 'Bernie' Bertrand-will someday realize that he really doesn't want to be a perma-shad and will return to normal life. Just once he will go to a bar and meet a single woman. Ewok's summer highlights included late night guests at UVic, worm dancing and Quebec city. His cassanova style with women earned him the nickname 'Crash and Burn'. Darin has since become an avid supporter of computer dating. More cruising, a BWK ticket and French will occupy his winter. He will also spend the rest of his free-time figuring out how he gets so many ridiculous nicknames. Our original Annual editor, may he Rest In Peace!



Gordon McIntosh—Father Gordon will delight in tormenting senior officers at sea and at mess dinners 'til the end of his career. (which may be shorter than he thinks if he keeps it up) We are all hoping that someday Gord will get emotional about something, instead of always saying, "I don't care". His summer highlights include being single, Toronto, a BWK ticket and learning how many ways there are to communicate 'Wanks' to the other ship. Gord's future is bright including Newfploy '86, French and getting divorced. The man of steel will always be remembered for openly speaking his mind about everything. Good Luck Gord, you'll need it.



Andrew 'Baby Biff' Bartkiewicz—will graduate from engineering at U of C and dedicate his life to collecting beer cans. His Reserve career will progress swiftly, influenced by his saying, "Don't worry about it" to every CO he meets. Summer highlights include duty (Fred), Missing Service flights Toronto, Hangovers (Rimouski/Clareville) and a BWK ticket. Baby Bark's future dream is to become a taste-tester for Kokaanee breweries. Randy Andy's way with women has earned him free medical care coast to coast but he'd trade it all away for a civilian airline flight home anyday. Barfy's greatest success was daytime sleeping but he'll always be remembered for the way he piped 'Slit's \_\_\_\_\_, etc... requested wheelhouse' as he mumbles, 'Biff, biff, biff'.



**MIDWEST**



Mauro 'Biff Spewli' Uliana—will continue with the Naval Reserve long enough to get enough money together to start a singing career, and he will bill at Luigi's Pizza Palace as a Billy Joel impersonator. Uptown Uli's summer highlights included feeding the fish, pizza, cheese and cracker parties and free Run. Pictured in one of his two popular poses Uli could also be found holding his beret as he watched fish swim by. This winter will find this Go-Go Gadget Jout pursuing women and parties, while co-starring as RedBeard in the Naval Reserve's hit musical; Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, SHAD! No Fear Uli will return.

**SOUTH**



Dave 'Wank' MacArthur—will someday return to the low standard of ethics he set for himself last summer and will become a famous bartender (What was that stuff you made in Quebec City?) This is the only recorded picture ever taken of Dave without him trying to hide—notice he is eating that good French Gate Vessel food from HMCS Louisbourg—Vive le McDonalds! Summer highlights included drinking but not passing out in the heads, a BWK ticket and MC. Dave will continue in the Reserves as Capt Tooth paste. Alph Centari or Summer training? Please stay tuned.





Jon 'Tarzan Boy' Daniels-will continue to get drunk after two drinks and will always be every division's obnoxious drunk. JD spent most of the summer deciding, 'yes he really shouldn't have come back. Summer highlights included cheap drunks, a BWK ticket and not being on Daddy's boat. This winter will find JD trying to fulfill his dream of becoming a Playboy photographer while studying women's swimwear. Will he be back? Sure, unless the Navy stops selling Jack Daniels.



## FORTRESS OF LOUISBOURG



Graeme 'Argh Billy' Watson-will someday gain control of his eccentric behaviour and become a leading psychiatrist. His Summer highlights included almost making it through the ship without hitting his head once, a BWK ticket and seeing the Highliner Fishstick factory in NFLD. Big foot will become a mercenary in the future. He will take the PNO's course next summer and then go back to Ottawa to spend his first summer there in eight years. Undoubtedly Graeme's fascination with diving and blowing up things will lead to big trouble for him one day.



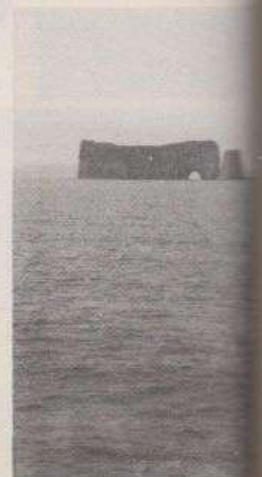
?  
???  
?????  
?????????  
???????????



Andrew 'Stud' Liebmann-will still hit on every girl, etc... that passes by. Drew has the honour of being the divisional bus driver. Remember UVic the great white bus-Land sick Ya, Ya That's it, Land sick. Summer highlights included women, a BWK ticket and not getting fragged by his shipmates. Andrew will run for Prime minister on the platform that Toronto should be the capital of Canada, too bad he'll lose.

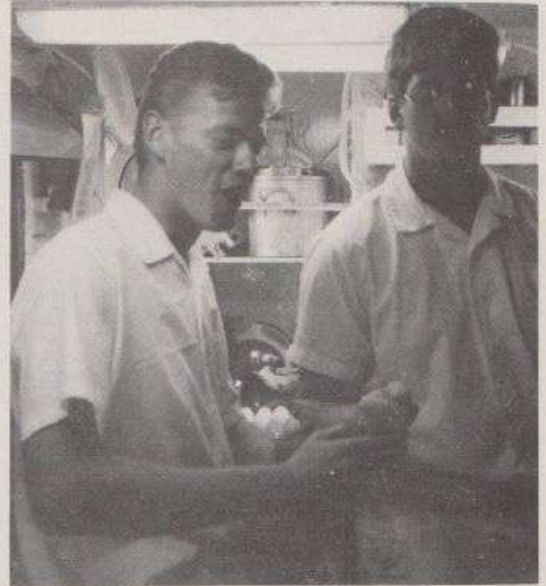


Stefan 'Le King Froggy Biff' Langlois-will eventually leave Quebec for civilization in the west (or shelled crab). Steffy was unanimously elected the division's OTR officer and was sought by the Gennis Book of World Records for most days straight. Summer highlights included L in Trois R's, a BWK ticket and a moldy face. Stefan will graduate from engineering but will become a clothes designer probably for Barky. At Lisa he will be able to fulfill all his promises. Fortunately he'll be back, Right guys!





Steve 'Biff Nose' Davies-will graduate from engineering, get married, build a house with a white picket fence and retire. Stevie gallantly participated in all of Algonquin's parties and hijinx but never got drunk. Was he on duty or what? Steve was nominated the divisional goody-goody if that answers your question. Summer highlights include shooters at Scoundrel's, Rack time, Biffing everyone else's buddy (not really), Wrestling with Barky, Losing at Crib and Oh ya! a BWK ticket. Even after enduring jokes about his nose and his ability to arrive late for anything Steve will still come back next summer. Bye Guys!



Lights! Camera! Action!

The Halifax Citadel

PUTTING IT TOGETHER **sail**  
uncharted waters  
with confidence.

Come say  
**bonjour**  
Québec

TATTOO



THE BEST

TORONTO

Expo 86

TYLENOL

Call for  
the Captain.

No one else makes a rum drink like the Captain.

Atlantic

AIR CANADA

ARE WE HAVIN'  
FUN YET?

THE CANADIAN ARMED FORCES

Lightday

COMFORT DESIGN

FOR THOSE  
ON THE RAE

Holiday Inn

ENJOY OUR LUNCHEON BUFFET  
\$19.95  
SUN. THRU FRI.



Ports

LOUISBOURG

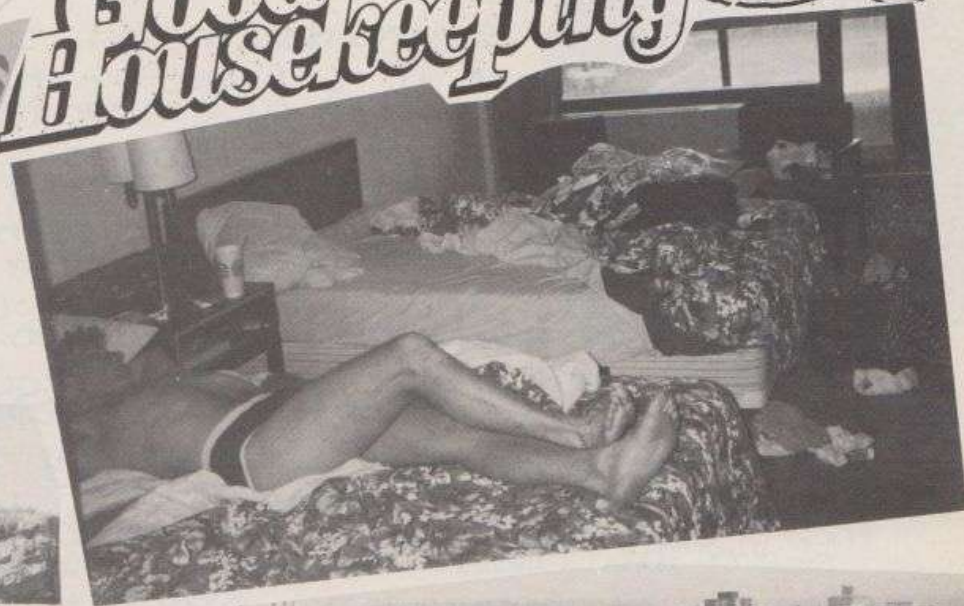
CLARENVILLE  
Halifax  
Nova Scotia

rimouski  
Grande Baie  
SHIPPAGAN, N.-B.

ST. JOHNS  
NEWFOUNDLAND

Foot Odor!  
What foot  
Odor?

Good  
Housekeeping







## ACADIA DIVISION

... back by  
popular demand ...

I'll never forget it y'know ... this looks like a job for Acadia Division - cleaning stations AGAIN???

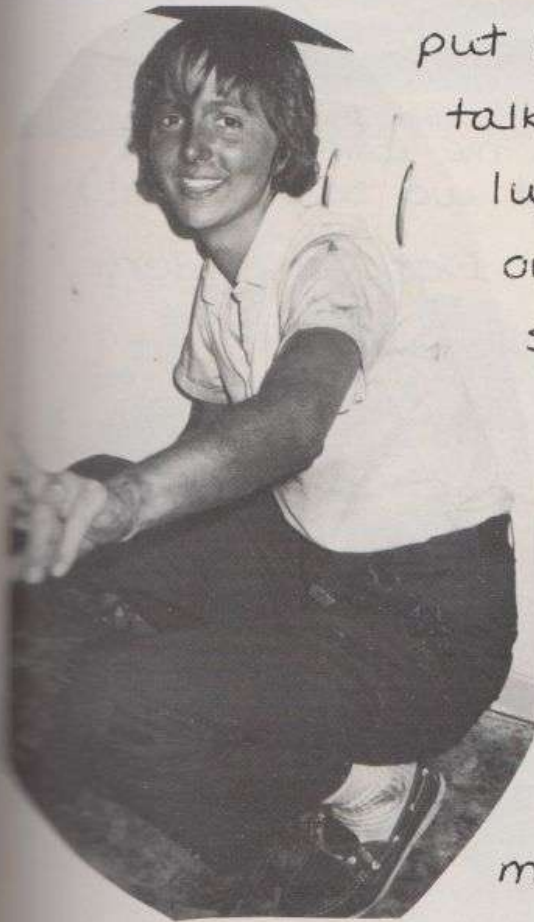
Well, we all survived another summer being treated as ducklings. And adventures - we lived for International relations! Who could ever forget the week long excuse to party - birthdays - and the great lads from the Reuben James who staked their lives, money and reputations so we could waste away in Margaritaville at the Olé Cantina and dance on the tables (under the tables) at Pags.

The table top tradition was carried over to Peddlers by the Pyrotechnics O - a.k.a the Preying Mantis.





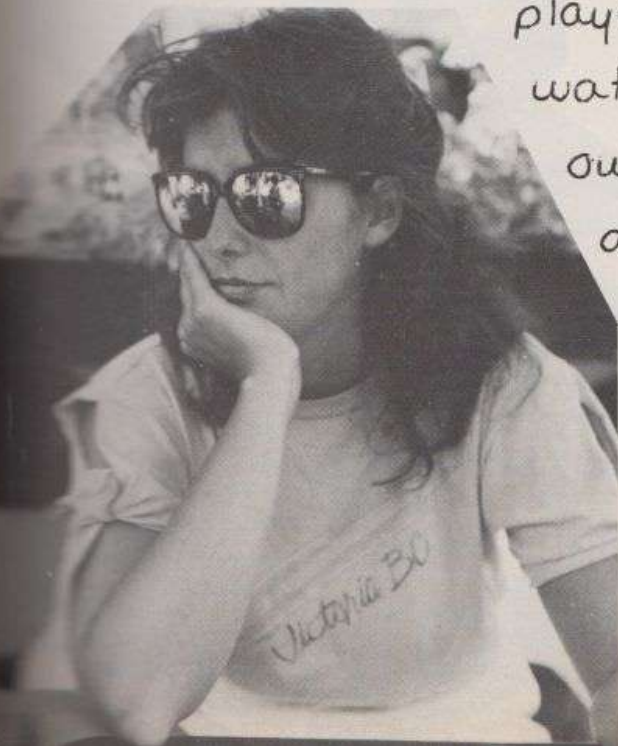
Between learning catchy new tunes (Beastiality's Best and Pig Bopper), looking for flashlights in the woods -



put your glasses on Ernie - talking our way onto the lust boat, and finding out how much orange smoke is in a Paines Wessex, we all had to WAIT and LISTEN as Carla played (sort of) Brenda's guitar.



Elaine and Brenda's twin jet taxi service survived, Jill made more small wildlife friends, Donna played squash, and the Princess watched Rocky pull a steggy out of a hat. Lisa and Tony changed their racial status when 312's stove blew up and Lyn's bazookas made





"REVENGE AT LAST"

a HUGE splash at Friday Harbour! Brenda pulled off THE major engineering



PREYING MANTIS - CHECK OUT THE LONG ANKLES!

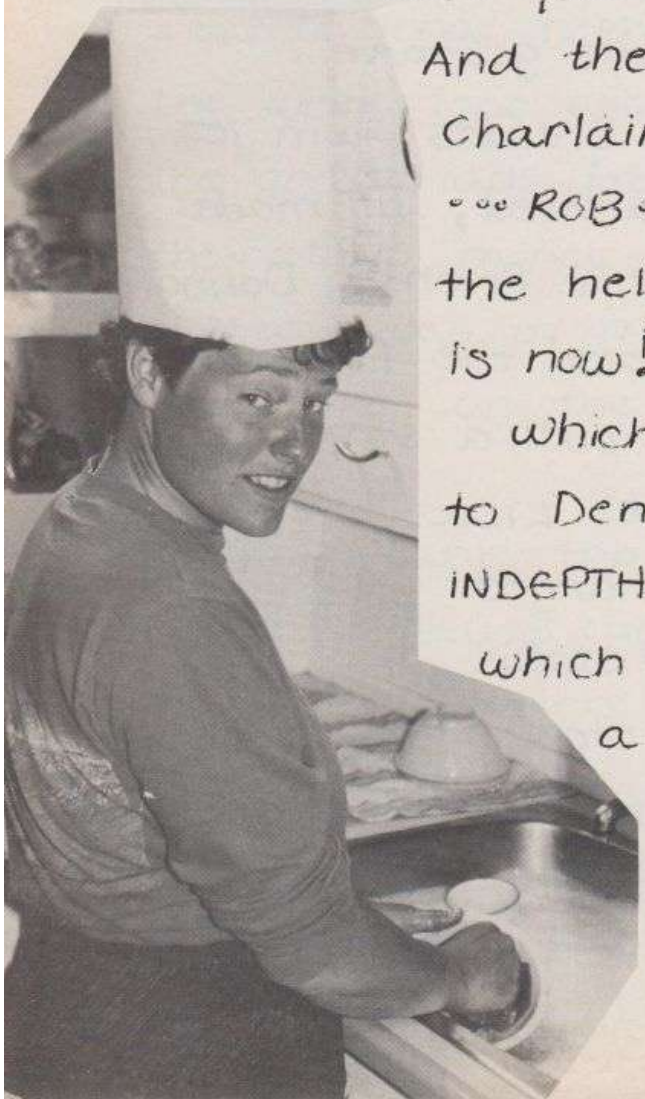
phenomenon (YES!) of the summer (need we say more!) and we tried to get Dot Van Vader, affectionately known as Florence Nightingale, to RELAX and TAKE A VALIUM! (One blink and you missed her).

"AUNT JEMAIMA"

And then there was Charlaine MAH...uh... ROB... oh, whatever the hell your name is now!



which brings us to Denise, who conducted INDEPTH experiments, the results of which proved to our division (through a reliable source) that one



CAN live on little or no sleep for 3 1/2 months! BELIEVE IT OR NOT! Zoraida



CHECK IT OUT!

BIRTHDAY, FERRY STYLE



OTTER OF the WATCH, YOU!

DECADENT RODENT, WE WILL BURY YOU!

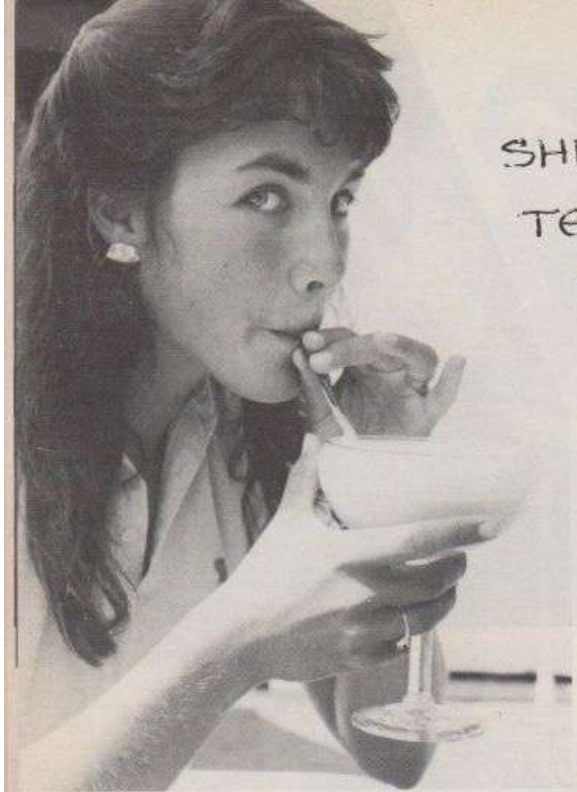


A CLEAN SWEEP?



BRAIN DEAD AT EXPO!





SHH - DON'T  
TELL DAN!



OUR LAST DAY  
AT OTD, AND  
HE WANTS US  
TO DO WHAT?!!

WHAT TO DO... WHAT TO DO...?



**ARMED  
AND  
DANGEROUS**



HAVING A  
NICE DAY -  
SOMEPLACE  
ELSE!



THE APPRENTICE  
AT WORK!



PASSAGE  
PLANNING,  
ACADIA  
STYLE!





STRAWBERRY OR MELON? ↗



↑  
THE PIG  
BOPPERS



BOARD PREPARATION -  
BY OSMOSIS!



↙ SOMEBODY GET  
THIS GIRL A  
VALIUM! ↘



ELAINE, YOU'LL  
HAVE TO OPEN  
YOUR EYES TO  
DO THIS  
ALONGSIDE! ↗





↑ MANDATORY FUN - SO WHO'S OUT FOR THE MCD'S RUN?



→ ME, LET ME GO... "♪



ANOTHER "DIVISIONAL" THING!

♪ "PLEASE RELIEVE

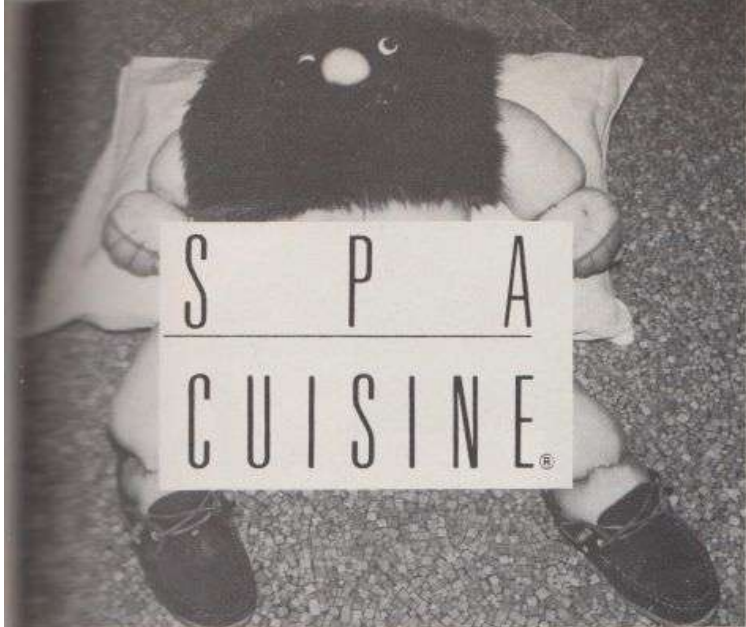
OSCAR

TANGO CHARLIE



SNIFF... YOU CAN SMELL IT!



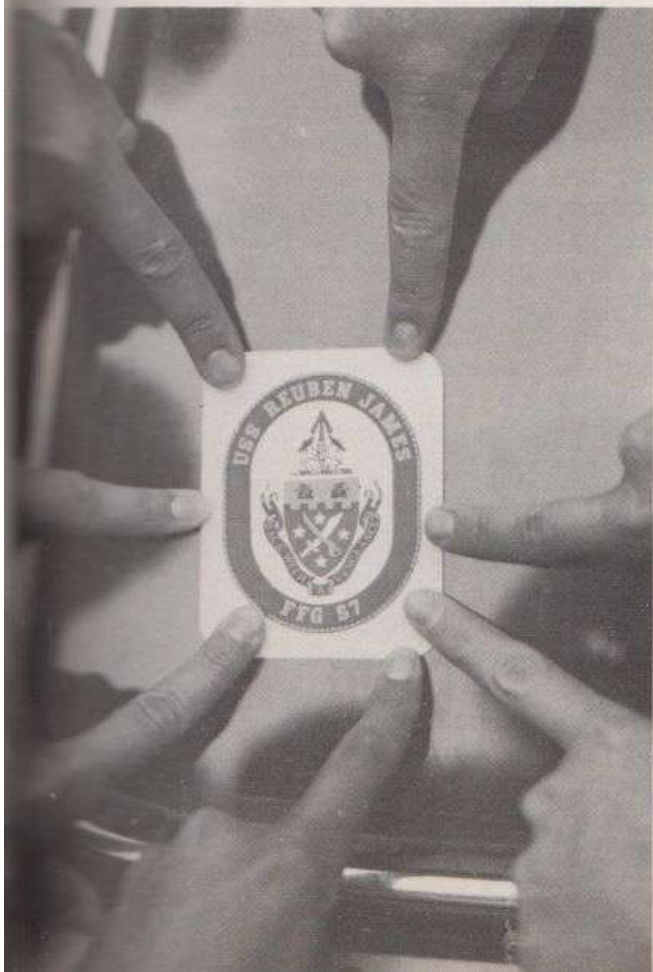


↑  
WELL HELLO BREAKFAST!



DOING OUR BIT FOR  
INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS  
AND RELATIONS! ↓

↻ JUST WHEN YOU  
THOUGHT IT WAS  
SAFE TO VISIT THE  
GULF ISLANDS...



HA HA VERY FUNNY  
MOTHERF--K\_R!

↪ ... and so the  
saga continues...

*Acadia  
Division*





# Beauharnois



Backrow: Glenn, Vandelinder, Fell, Wintrup, Zagrodney, McCluskey, Tucker, Dodich  
Frontrow: Walsh, Auclair, LT(N) Lang, Dion, Weldon

The lightning flashed, the thunder crashed, somewhere a Commandant screamed - In the steaming depths of Hell, Beauharnois division was born. Unbeknownst to the proud parents of the Joe Smith Division, evil demons switched the two divisions and Beauharnois was accepted into OTD as a normal division. The parents - LT King and Lt Lang always knew that the division was a little strange but it was also loveable in its' own somewhat evil way. As it grew it tested its limits expanding its madness from Hawaii to Esquimalt leaving a wake of terror and confused women. Several notable events marred the early years, the strange movement of objects around the mess just before inspections, evil voices giving wrong answers to tests and much twisting of hearts. The boys grew in strength and knowledge because of the constant "Tutorials" they attended. The possession of souls and speaking of tongues were also standard procedure with Soupy falling victim to the HYPOTEYES. They also dabbled in the worship of an Eastern Big Atomic Stomach who demanded continuous sacrifices of Beer. Animals played a large part in the development of these lads. They were awarded the Hardy Boys award for the capture & destruction of COCO the demon chimp of Fleet Monkey Group.

Travel was on the board as L.A. and Hawaii fell into the death grip of Beauharnois. "Pro Nuke protesters and Almost Nude women. Steaming in Slatron and Range to Provider. Living at UVIC and Porn on TV. These are a few of our favourite things." Steaming on Fundy and duty on Sunday. Navving for laughs and Tudor House draft, eating a sangle served up by a Soupy. These are a few of our favourite things.

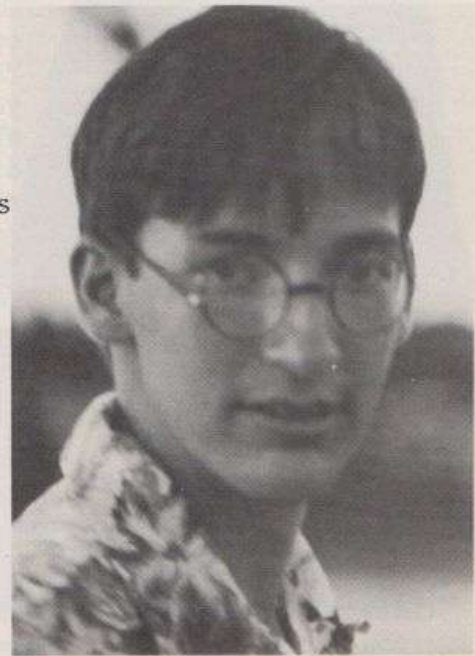
Wintrup & Zagrodney Heroes of the Old West, Wintrup & Zagrodney, better than all the rest. They rode together, they smoked together, they drank a lot of beer together. Wintrup & Zagrodney Heroes of the Old West. They brought justice to a lawless town with a gun & a knife & a dynamite stick.....and an Icepick.



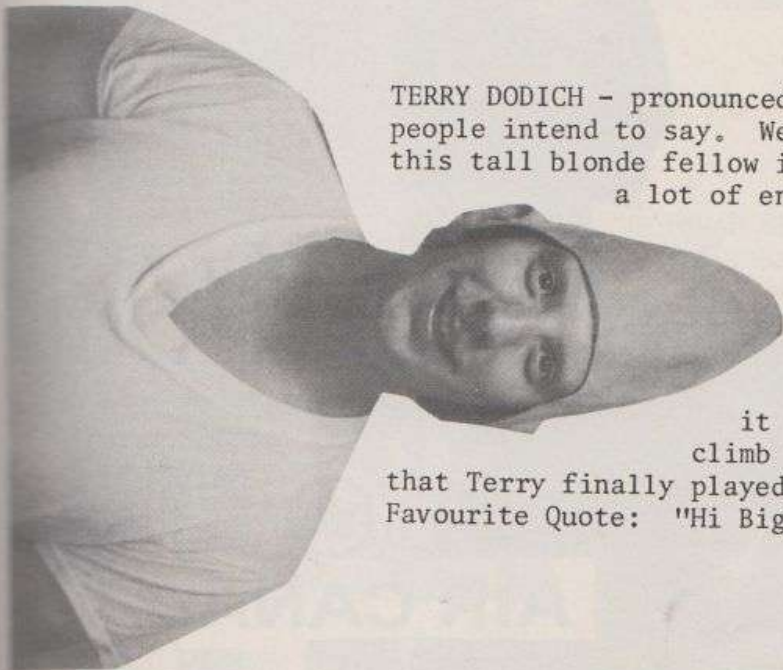
LT(N) BILL LANG - Fearless leaders are few and far between in the Naval Reserves, and Beauharnois Div. was lucky enough to get one in Lt Lang. Not many Officers would throw themselves on a live Kingcan of Beer to save a wounded NCDT McCluskey from a certain Alcohol death. The opinions of him, at first, were mixed but at the end they had come to the conclusion- One heck of a good guy. BZ, Bill for molding a group everone thought were losers into a crack squad of Navigation Maniacs.  
Best Quote: "Is this your car? Nice car!"

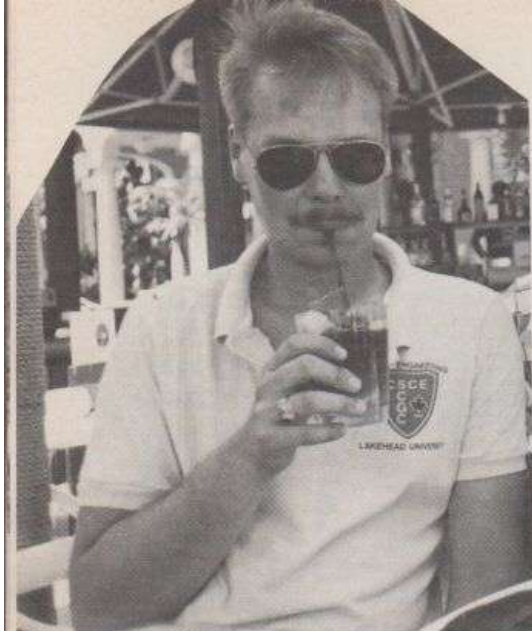
PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED  
SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN

SYLVAIN DION - Dino as he was known to mostly everyone was a man with problems. "Hey guys, what do I do, I've got dates with tree girls tonight?" Dino learned to run this summer. As our token frenchman, Syl kept our division entertained with guitar and slightly off english expressions. Bonne Chance notre ami.



TERRY DODICH - pronounced Doditch but not Dodik as some people intend to say. Well one thing we may say about this tall blonde fellow is that he for sure had enduced a lot of envy into the division. Anyone who could receive an average of 2.72 letters each day would succeed at that. Sport amateur he tried desperately to get the division "organized" and involved in all sort of sports events. Well it is not in Beauharnois's destiny to climb the steps to any podium and I think that Terry finally played for fun.  
Favourite Quote: "Hi Big Guy, How's it goin'?"

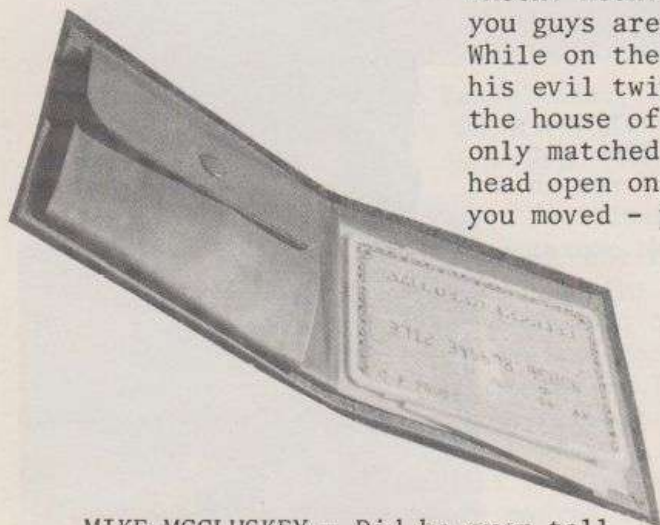




PETER FELL had the distinction of being the only smoker at the beginning of the course, but by the end, using mind control drugs and hypor-disks there were four more of him. A trust-worthy man, who actually invited the whole division to his babe's house for a BBQ. Prediction for future - Recruiting Officer. Best Quote - Hurry Up, I'm not kidding, Hurry Up!



GARY GLENN - Our top cadet was often seen dancing and singing "Heeh! Heeh! Heeh it's too bad you guys aren't doing so well, 'cause I'm doing some good!" While on the Minesweepers, Gary was, for a time, replaced by his evil twin. However, the imposter was exposed and sent to the house of pain. Obviously, Gary's incredible height was only matched by his co-ordination, as he never split his head open once on the ship's. Best Quote - "You did it - you moved - you burned yourself!"



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Don't leave home without it.®

**GLOBAL NOTES**

MIKE MCCLUSKEY - Did he ever tell you about that girl? Mike one of our highest intellects, was often seen playing the Yogi and Boo - Boo game while drinking himself into a self-induced coma. His success at Rel Vel was only matched by his ability to get no sleep and behave like a human the next day. His great girth was, most of the time only matched by his lust for alcohol and strange women. Best Quote "feets -do your stuff!"

The rewards go to the investor who starts with a winning strategy.



**AIR CANADA**



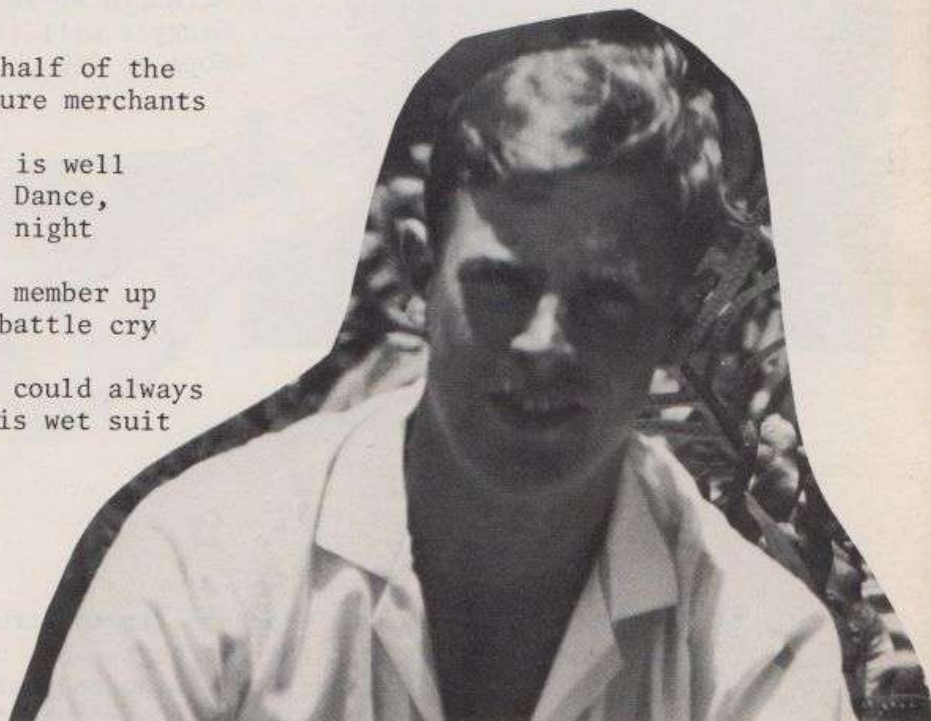
LEN TUCKER - "Well looky there, here he be - la!" the Tuck was often heard saying. Len's column of hair atop his head and compulsive Cheshire cat grin made him an interesting novelty to delight and suprise our friends. We'll certainly miss Lenny's incredibly loud voice calling out in the middle of the night "BOYS, BOYS - YA ASLEEP?"

ALLAN WELDON, alias "Spot", is one half of the famous Big Al and Little Gar, furniture merchants extraordinaire.

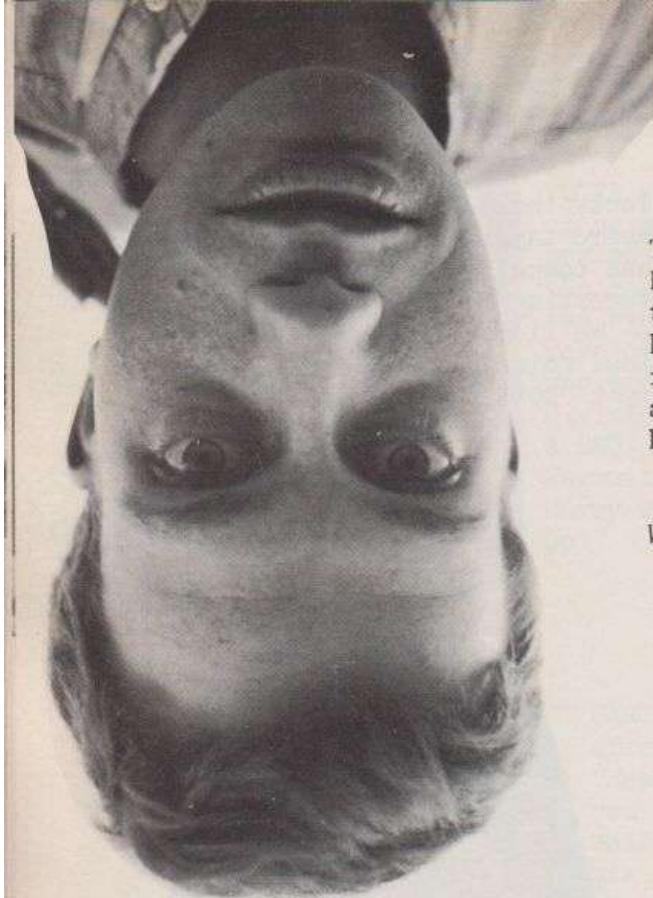
This integral member of Jerry's kids is well known for inventing the Chemox Bacon Dance, which is currently taking Victoria's night spots by storm.

Spot was always the first divisional member up each morning; raring to go with his battle cry of "All Right Punks, !"

Well known for his diving skills, Al could always be found by following the smell of his wet suit drying.



BRAD WINTRUP - "He brought Justice To A Lawless town with a Gun and a Knife and a Dynamite Stick...And an Ice Pick. Brad is remembered for his unnatural devotion to a certain cook and his habit of twisting his ears and yelling "Sangie". Quick thinking on his part saved the lives of every PO on board the Terra Nova and earned him the undying gratitude of PO Buddha.  
(Here Sin; have 500 beer  
Best Quote - "Range to Provider Pencilneck!!")"



TOD VANDELINDER - Tod, a relatively new member of Beauharnois Division, did not take long to adapt to the keenness of our "crack division." Tod will be known to the division for the word "Sangy" developed from the ultimate Sangy maker called "Soupy." Tod also enjoys rap music by DMC. He also writes his own here is an example.

"I do wheels, turns, and corpens too, if you get too close I'll run into you. I'm Zag, Zag"

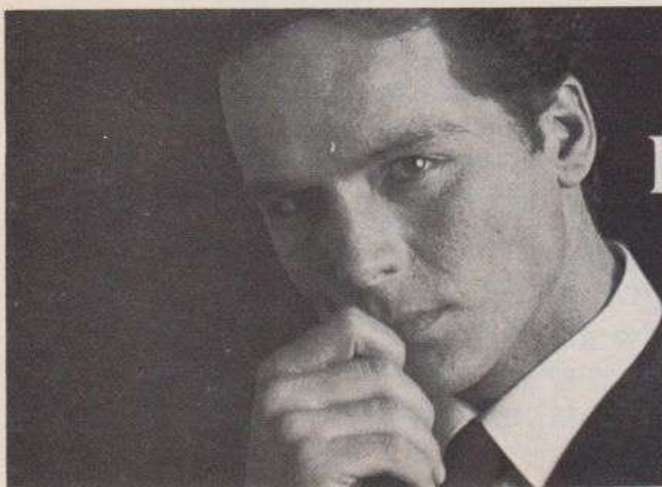
Well Tod, in terms you can understand:

"It's been grand having Tod in our division  
Although we're not too sure of his mission  
Sangy's will live a forever in our mind

Hope to see you again next year at this time!"

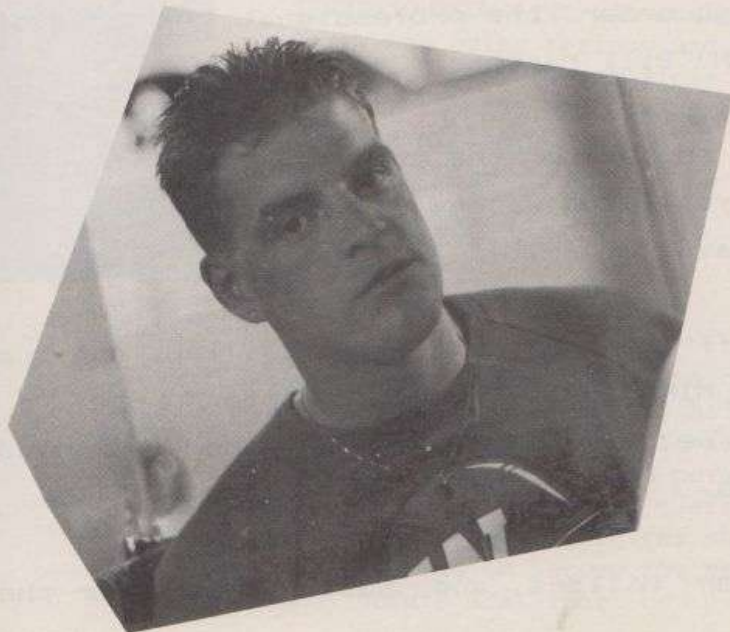
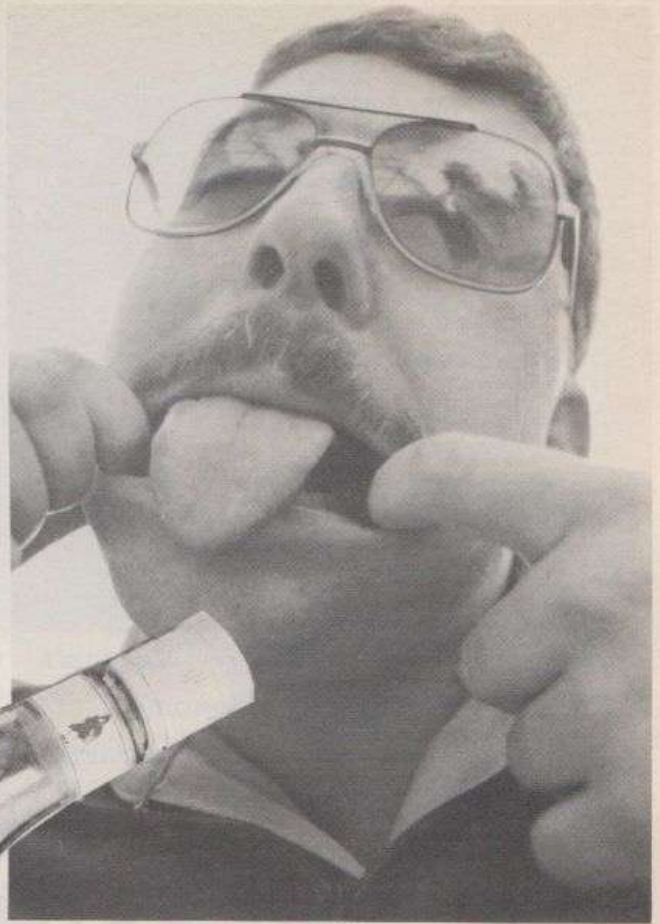
ZAGRODNEY - Zagammemnon - a hero in the true sense of both ancient Greece and the Old West. His amazing ability to anger his superiors to no end earned him both the fear and respect of all. His absolute fear of clothing and use of deadly force whenever absolutely convenient has surely made Zag one of the ultimate Beauharnois, and a Ice Pick.

Best Quote: "A Naval Lawyer or a Nautical Nuisance!"



Do we know something  
you don't know?

ALAIN AUCLAIR was one of the many loons that spent some of thier sentence in Beauharnois Division. Beknownst to us, however, Alain had secret second identity - that of the masked crimefighter and Baseball Mascot - Youppie. Many nights he would return to the Fred exhausted smelling of wet glove leather and mumbling stories about Pop Flies and those damn Red Sox. Best Quote: "Basement Windows, Get It, Basement Windows! Forget it, it's a French joke."



LARRY WALSH spent the summer or the greater part of it at home doing the things we all dream of - chasing girls, chasing chicks, chasing females and drinking. His effect on the group was noticeable as the red eyes on Tuesday mornings were indications. Best Quote: "Adrift? It's only 0729 sin)



Back Row - Vallis, Chapman, Montgomery, Hopper, Johnson,  
Lee-Paget, Harmon

Center - Jackson, MacDuff, Hache, Hyttenrauch, Campbell, Vezina

Front - Carew, Legros, LT(N) MacDonald, Lilkoff, Lamb

# BEACON HILL

First there was SHORE PHASE.... Here we learned the basics of Tides (with a flood of problems), Astronomics (working till sunrise), Chartwork ("Boy, are we in a fix!"), and Shiphandling (remember the bouncing boats film?). Of course the favorites - Rules of the Road and "Rel-Vel Hell" mustn't go unmentioned.

We all made it through under the professional guidance of our professional CTO - LT(N) Bill MacDonald.

In sports, Beaconhill "outshone" the other divisions overall in Baseball, Soccer, Volleyball and Water Basketball winning the Inter-Divisional Award. Bravo Zulu!

Afterwards, it was off to sea Billy, on the YAGs and the Minesweepers, COWICHAN and MIRAMICHI with LT(N) Scott Hanwell. Cruising the Gulf Islands we kept the boats OFF the rocks and made it back safe and sound.

Congratulations, Beacon Hillers, and Best of Luck for the future!



ROB HARMAN - a very sensitive and wise person, was an executive member of the Elite Breakfast Club. Nicknamed John Wayne for his spectacular ship handling skills, Rob greatly enjoyed closing almost anything on a steady bearing just for the thrill particularly Chignecto. The entire staff of OTD eagerly await Roberts return for another fine summer of training.

DEREK JACKSON - Friday morning, Naden Parade Square, The Technicolour yawn - This Cadet's name is known; He doesn't stand a chance. But, amazingly enough, four months and one TRB later NCDT Jackson alias Maverick, alias Jacks earned his one and a halves.

The new sports officer of HMCS Star will be remembered for carrying a 8ft x 4ft "for sale" sign single handedly in Comox at two o'clock in the morning, then later leaving T.C. holding the bag (sign) as soon as the lights started flashing. Along with Spike he was well known for table top dancing at 'Julies' and slamdancing at the 'Loft'. Although probably a sensitive guy at heart, it didn't really show through in his comments about M.L.'s wife, his jokes about Hache's breasts, or his tendency to bag any unsuspecting victim. On this last habit we have one thing to say to Jacks, as NUC's to a guy at anchor - it wasn't fair; we had half the size of target to hit for.



TERRY JOHNSON - It was sometimes difficult to tell when Terry was being serious and when he wasn't, but he was generally easy to get along with. He managed to give us a few laughs and always seemed to have a good-looking girl around.

JEFF HYTTENRAUCH - (Hit & Run) is a one of kind, kind of guy. Jeff had such a great summer he's talking about "going reg." Although he will have to finish university sometime his present academic record permits him to take a year off for a European Vacation. Jeff did so well this summer he was able to get off the ship in almost every port, his goal was to become the next great Naval Reserve Legend. Update Next Year!







PETER LAMB - affectionately known as Lambo, has survived UNTD II and will be returning to Toronto. But just how did he get his nickname? Rumour has it that Rambo was his Alter Ego. We look forward to seeing Lambo II return next summer.

**STEPHANE LILKOFF**

Do not be deceived by the calm exterior . . . inside is a calm guy struggling to escape. Stephane liked the UNTD Program so much that when given a choice he actually preferred to stay! See you next summer.



SHAWN LEE-PAGET - "Lee" had a really difficult but funny summer this year. For one thing he spent his entire YAG phase on his back with a pronounced greenish complexion. But the biggest problem he had to face was trying to find what was wrong with him and not what was wrong with the military (the others knew a little bit better). But he overcame all that and he can now relax, both feet on the ground.

COLIN MacDUFF - Colin "Scooter From Hell" MacDuff was obviously a highly visible second-year Naval Cadet. An outstanding member of the "Breakfast Club", Colin was a good friend to all. After surviving a close call with the "Grim Reaper" disguised as a scooter, Colin settled down to calmly piss off officers of OTD. (Talk about guts!) However, the fact that NCDT MacDuff is now SLT MacDuff is proof of the quality of Colin as an officer. That quality is shown as well by Colin as a friend. The future looks good Colin, congratulations and good luck.





**GEOFF LEGROS**

Best line: "Nice hair, Legros"; "Same to you, sir!"  
Best move: surreptitious removal of Vice's gavel while disguised as a Steward at UNTD II Mess Dinner.  
Anything is possible, keep up the good? work.

DEREK VALLIS - "The Copper Top Kid" was seldom hard to find. One only had to look in one of his two favourite hangouts; The shower or his pit. Derek will be fondly (?) remembered for the entertainment he provided giving helm orders and Rel Vel solutions in his sleep. Have a good one D.V.



VEZINA - Francois has had one crazy summer! He gained his reputation as a SL\_\_ when he got grass stains on his shirt after chasing a particular Newfie in the park. As well, he became known as a whiner after he complained to the XO of Cowichan that he wasn't getting enough duff. Francois has proven that Francos are different from the rest of us Canadians. In any case, Congratulations Frank for your stripe and a half!!!

SCOTT MONTGOMERY - "Wake up and smell the Coffee, Scotty." "Monty" joined the Beacon Hill out of Military College and did his best to keep the division business-like. Alas, it was to no avail. In the end Scott was as prone to fits of lunacy like the rest of us. Thanks anyway, Beaker.





AL CHAPMAN - Al "CF" Chapman was for the most part a quiet, conscientious and studious cadet. Memorable was his ability to transform his normally pleasant facial features into a unique shape via physical distortions here-to-for unknown to science. The rest of his time was spent with Caroline.

BRUCE CAMPBELL - "Hi - - - How's it Going?!" This is the famous one line of Bruce the Moose. Bruce is the perfect stereotype of a Naval Cadet which likes making little Naval Cadets. From Nanaimo to Seattle and even on board ship with the sea puppies, Bruce has encountered many a female. Thanks for your great humour and CONGRATSS\$\$\$.



RICK HOPPER - TOP CADET is alive and well and living in Rick Hopper. One of the more promising young JOUTs. Ricky puts sensitivity compassion and caring into all his work - a rare quality these days. After excelling in a career as a lifebuoy sentry, Rick decided to more on to bigger and better (possibly less hazardous?) things as a MARS officer. Seriously though, we all wish Rick the best in Newfoundland and hope that his cross-Canada trek is a blast. P.S. We all love you even though we know you're not capable of loving us.

MARK HACHE  
"YEAH.....BUT HE'S FRIENDLY!!!"



There are all  
kinds of people..

## Bonaventure



Back Row - Lewis, Linco, Davidson, Marrack, Nethercott, Bezeau, Tubbs  
Center - Makepeace, Dalla Lana, Scoles, Derbyshire, Preston, Kirchmann, Timmons, Buchanan  
Front - Mersereau, Sullivan, LT(N) Erwin, Cameron, Bourgon

Having slept in to at least 0510 BONAVENTURE was off to a slow start. The thought of missing breakfast meant nothing to these fearless leaders, as they had never had it before! They were lead into dangerous classes and dreaded lectures by the brave and tireless Lieutenants, Quail and Erwin.

Despite the high mortality rate the survivors depicted herein, were eager to weigh anchor and enter battles aboard the formidable fighting ships of Canada's Training Division One. Following in the wake of Lieutenants Quail and Martel, the seasoned officer cadets of Bonaventure were able to push their bar chits to unheard of heights, leaving a string of broken hearts from Everett to Comox along the way.

As the sun slowly faded over the Cadet Ball, 16 new Sub-Lieutenants were unleashed upon the unsuspecting world one last time to do battle with evil and uphold the honour and tradition of the Naval Reserve before sailing off into the sunset dreaming visions of the "officer like" grandeur to come.....

JOHN MARRACK previous life was in the junior ranks where he attained his vast knowledge of the Navy. He later became educated and proved to everyone that becoming an officer is the only way to go. If anyone has trouble recognizing him its because he has grown a moustache that tends to change colour with the season.

CHIGNECTO



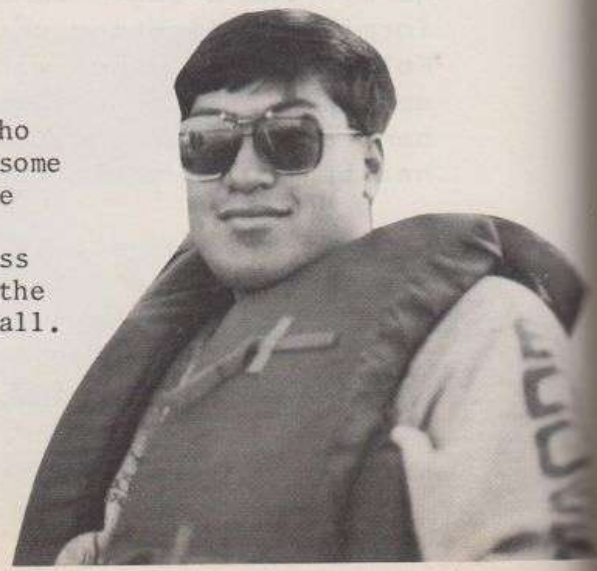
ROB KIRCHMANN, can he be real? We're not sure, Germans are efficient and morally upstanding, but this man pushes it to the limit. Luckily for our selves, women were invented to tarnish Mr. Clean, Thank God, we'd have to Canonize him.

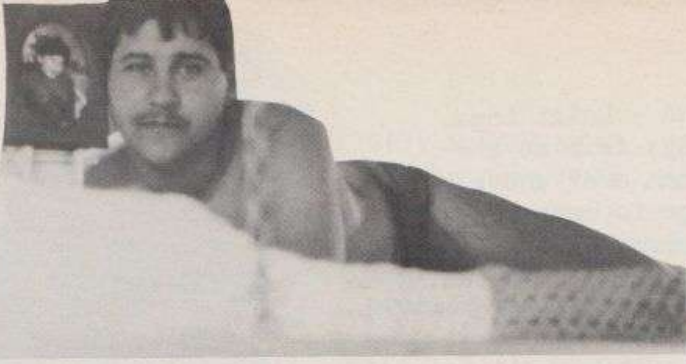
PAUL DAVIDSON is a daring duelling adventurer. He invented the sport of midnight moped jousting. Also due to his verbal tactical voice and ingenuity skills he walked the fine line of treading on everybody's toes.



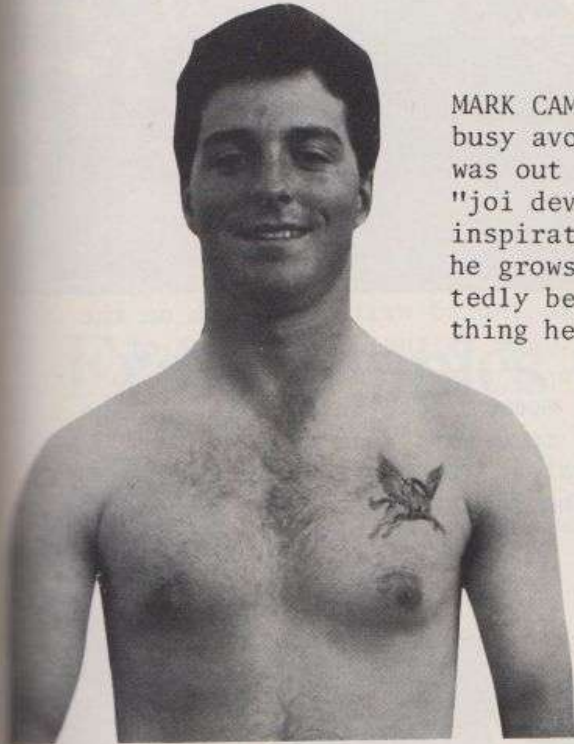
RANDY BEZEAU did it all in his final week, this includes marriage. He is on his way to being a family man and from what we understand a prospective reg force entry. There is an officer like aura surrounding Randy and I'm sure it will take him far.

REG LINCO - the missing link(0) who sometimes acted very fatherly to some members of Bonaventure. He became known for his great ability as a nasal tenor in keeping us sleepless during the night. He blended in the group well and is a friend to us all. Ehne! Ehne! Ehne!!!!





BOURGON - French people are known for their wine and the French individual was no exception. His wine was a fixture around the wardroom. Known as bogger he shows promise as a future Officer.



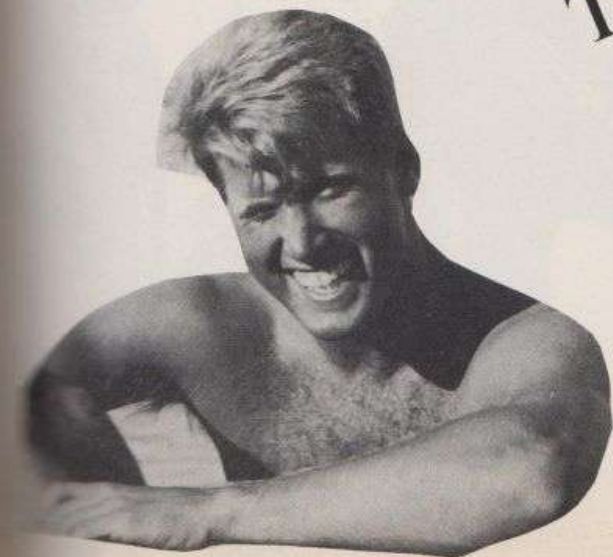
MARK CAMERON - When he wasn't busy avoiding certain girls, he was out chasing others. Mark's "joi devivre" and spirit were inspirational to us all. When he grows up Mark will undoubtedly be successful at anything he does.

CRAIG TUBBS - Bert, half the duo Ernie and Bert is known for his wit, charm and for the smallest ears you ever saw on a person. When not with his girlfriend, Bert can be seen building up his cardiovascular muscles as he frequently pushes his car to get from one place to another.



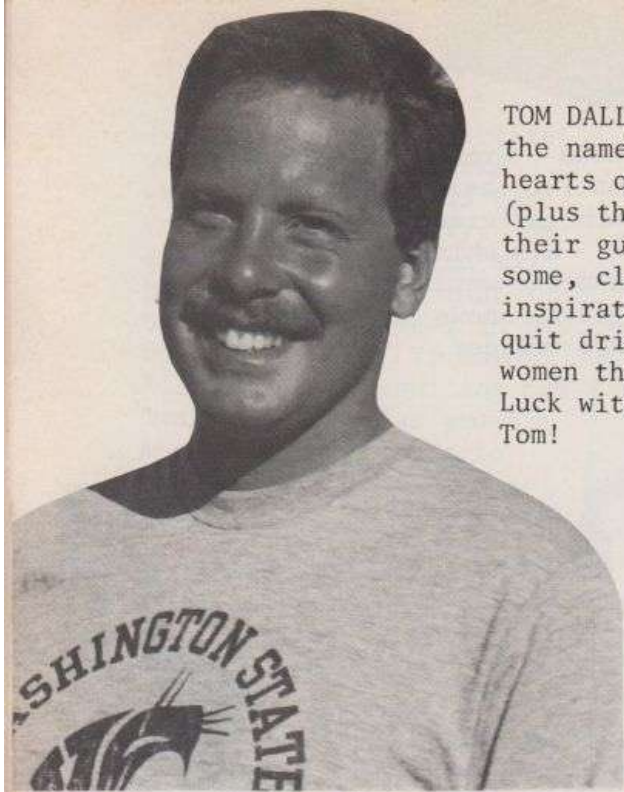
KEVIN TIMMONS - Our bleached blond Kevin could be seen laying about in patches of sun with toothpicks forced between his toes to capture that "perfect tan." His only pet peeve was his dislike for Nethercott and other "phony plastic people."

## The Men and the Machine



DERBYSHIRE - Known as "Darby" when he wasn't practising martial arts he was practising social arts, both of which he was dept at.





TOM DALLA LANA - Dalai Lama the name brings fear to the hearts of women everywhere (plus the urge to improve their gunnery). This wholesome, clean cut youth was an inspiration to us all - to quit drinking and chasing women that is - Best of Luck with the Shock Therapy Tom!

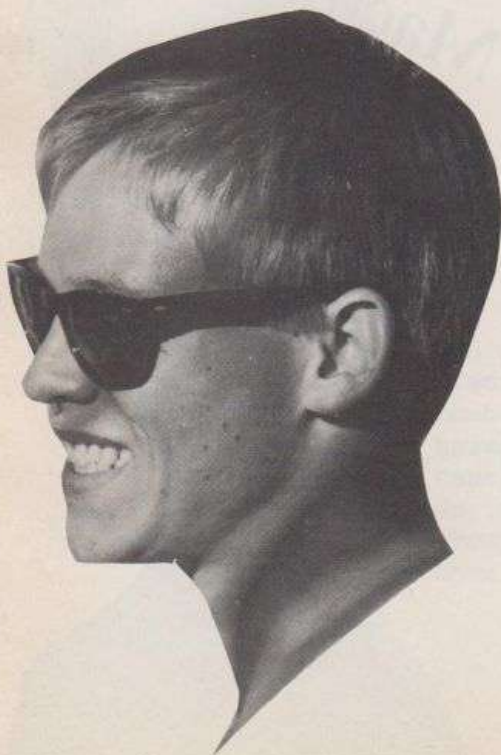


NETHERCOTT - Mike should write the book on the concept "relax". He is the living being of coolness. There is also no women around who would pass up a moment in being in Mikes' line of sight. Yes, some guys have it made and Mike is a natural at it. Believe it or not Mike, you are the ideal officer.

JIM BUCHANAN (Buke) was raised in the Highlands of Scotland. Jim made his way to Canada as a semi-pro soccer player. His lucky break came when he signed with the famed Cape Breton team "Bonaventure" and with any luck his contract will last the full three years.

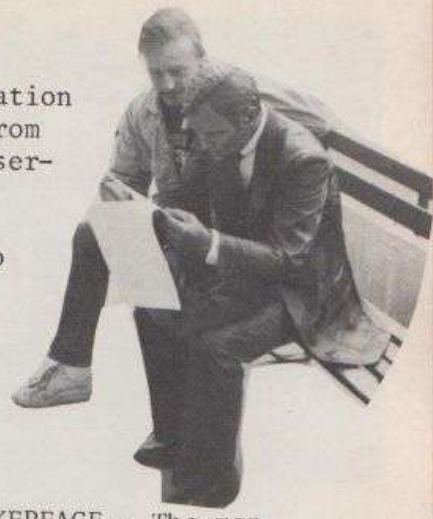
# FLIGHT OF THE NAVIGATOR

BRENT PRESTON - We all knew when Brent was on the helm or on the bridge as OOW. It was the way the ship responded to his reactions - this was Brents' uniqueness. Brent was always in a chippy mood and got along with everyone. It'll be a pleasure to sail with him in the future.





OLIVER MERSEREAU - The shrill enunciation of the name "Oli.....ver" emitted from groups of lonely, sex-starved men observing the STUD!! seemed to fill our everyday. Aside from his sexual promiscuity, Oliver found the time to help the under-achievers through this phase, and the women through theirs.



ANDREW MAKEPEACE - The man that truly loved drugs, sex, and Rock & Roll. Yes, Andy - better known as "Make Peace not War" - you truly fooled most of us, but we know your eyes don't glow in the dark because of your Radar Plotting Days. Best to you man!

# From Yippies to Yuppies



*Performs*



**CHILLING SUSPENSE**



*'I change lives every 10 years'*





We know things  
about

## Brockville



BACK ROW: Kropinski, Teed, Garvey, Provost, Macleod, Reynolds, Suddards.

MIDDLE: Olsen, Sherwood, Mercier, Lajoie, Atherton, Frank.

FRONT: Delgaty, Henry, LT(N) Whitehead, Collett, Busby.

Alarms ring simultaneously. Eager bodies are seen leaping out of pits even before the sun has had a chance to awaken. Girls from across Canada join together in athletics under the guidance of Sgt. Bowie. We are the famed second-year Naval Cadets that have not come to BC for a sports competition, but rather to engage ourselves in antique methods of navigation.

"Two Six Seven" rings throughout the ship as victims of the morning's brief return from the dreaded 3-minute breakfast for a gyro check. Seven thirty means congregating in the after cabin in hopes of convincing the Captain that they can trust us with their life today.

"Markers" we try to hold back our snicker as the parade Commander yells "number" regardless of the fact that only one cadet has come forth for the ritual. We continue from colours, ready to slip from the familiar Bedwell Harbour as the downpour brings promise of a new day. Perhaps we'll use our JMOT experience for oscar oscar wienes on the radar. Not a chance...well we did it for a spell, now the radar's shot to hell, Roll along Wavy Navy roll along.

The day is long and classes drag on. By 1400, the day now seems as though it's gone beyond the expected 24-hour cycle. Just then someone yells "man overboard" and the OOW's heart rate increases 100%. Will she remember - Revolutions 150, starboard 30, hoist flag oscar in this state of panic? Perhaps not, but this will be critical in her evaluation to follow. As she completes her Williamson turn, a sudden realization that, what was considered to be a MAN overboard, resembles a pink flamingo. This is the point when the average employee figures he has definitely been working too hard and goes home.

Coming alongside Esquimalt is near. We phone up QHM OPS to tell them of our intentions. The girl on line 4 contemplates the days misgivings (38 ft swells on Georgia Straits) and wonders whether or not QHM really cares about the particulars of YAG operations. Forced fun at weepers where the ratio is 5:1 guys to girls should provide for an interesting evening. No evening classes tonight - Thank God, But rules of the road will probably be discussed over a 'Growers' Cider. Naval Cadets will reflect on having seen lobsters giving birth on James shoal thanks to a considerate helmsman still trying to discern feet and fathoms. (Either those or the lobsters of a certain cadet's care package.)

During the wee hours of the morning, we try to balance our sleep, rounds and passage planning with thoughts of the day ahead: Teece and Blunden active pass and the Queen of Esquimalt (species: YAG eating ferry) We will be sure not to chase leadmarks, a thoroughly exhausting passtime, as we are haunted by past chartwork papers. By 0303 the last cadet hits her pit exhausted, mouthing the Navy Prayer "Nothing beats a good fix!"



KATHY MACLEOD - We've all discovered that Halifax is one lively town, & some of it seems to have rubbed off on Kathy our "girl of a thousand outfits." We



haven't seen a lot of her this summer, between those exotic nights at NY NY, & of course, a certain mysterious blond sailor, who seemed to think girls are never too old for dolls!!

LOUISE MERCIER had a very unique summer. She started a fashion trend. She was the first person to sleep wrinkle-free in full mess kit. The bridge had a bad effect on her: her forceful commands turned into mere squeaks after two weeks of hard sea-Don't you just hate it when that happens? Solution: Peddler's Pub. It seemed that stool dancing & a few draught beer were enough to cure any ailment. Back in Victoria, she once again assumes the role of meek, mild & retired housewife. - We Know Better!! -



MARY CATHERINE KROPINSKI (MC) is quite a dimensional woman. An enthusiast in the sports of soccer & v-ball. She's tasted the thrill of victory occasionally against rival NOTC teams. You know she's attacked a local blueberry bush when she returns with

CAROLINE LAJOIE our fine franco-phone friend hails from the cultural depths of Quebec City. Although she enjoys navigation & life at sea, rumour has it that her secret desire was not to navigate, but to extend her modeling activities into the armed



forces her dream was crushed when she realized that her life as a Subbie would not



CONNIE OLSON

When Connie rolled up this summer, no one recognized her. New hair, stylish car, different attitude. We thought it was someone new, but after a few beers, it was our Connie - Never giggling always laughing! We could always count on her being a friend & a great support when any of us were feeling down. When all is said & done, it's those with the big hearts we remember most!!

begin in Blues. This femme fatale charms all with her interesting use of the English language, but no one is more charmed than her ami d'amour. She has taught & helped us realize the true meaning of loyalty, trust & friendship. I would think her quiet & shy. More research on the matter would bring out the truth. She's been seen chumming with the Neighborhood sloths, but she's family!!!

BONNIE JEANNE FRASER HENRY has the name & appearance of a quiet, sweet, innocent human being. This however is grossely incorrect and this summer sh has proved it many times as she has reportedly been seen as the instigator to numerous practical jokes. Through toilet papering cars, manoeuvring beds onto roofs and water pisto ambushes, Bonnie has been there to lead the pack. It's nice to know that leadership training on BOC did not go to waste) Don't get us wrong though, Bonnie does



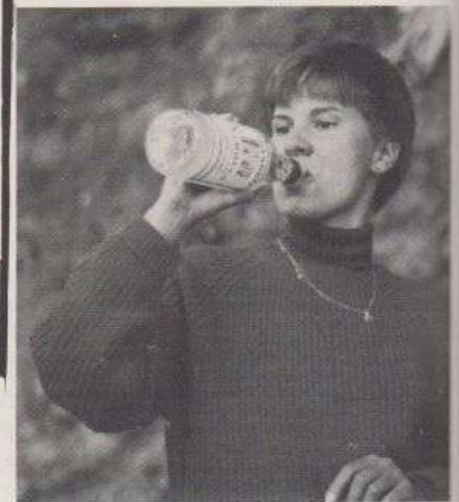
have some admirable qualities - she takes excellent care of Teddy bears and is an avid but dangerous soccer player - dangerous to herself that is!!!

KATE HOAG - that women is undescrivable; the 10



GLENDIA FRANK - By only looking at her "Cow eyes" one would think Brenda - I mean Glenda - was the quiet retiring type. However, her bruised arms would perhaps suggest a more physical existence. She is particularly slothful in the morning but eventually wakes up by Friday night Weepers which she participates in with great gusto before retiring to her comatose state. She pursues exercises in futility as shown by her fierce Rider pride. One thing is for certain though, her sense of humour and relaxed, easy-going manner were appreciated by all.

times enlarged picture of her should reveal to you all the attractive details about her phsionomy, for example, her smile responding to anyone's greeting. She is adept at running & often as the ship brings us



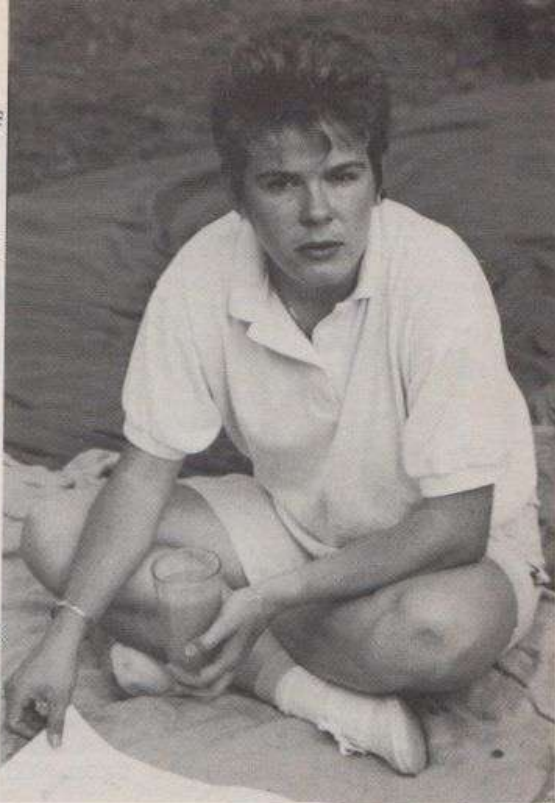
MAUREEN PROVOST - Standing tall and statuesque, this blond man killer stops at nothing. Belgians and CTO's alike fall at her feet. Is it the easy charm, the good natured laugh, the flair, or the savoir faire? This outgoing lady woos all with her friendliness. But the smooth exterior hides a strange species, the savage, unpredictable animalus partius frenchus. Not even dancing on tables at NY NY is beyond her. Yes, behind the accented vocabulaire lurk subtle strains of decadence. But who knows when the mantle will slip? Only the complex that is....MO



to a jetty, we can see the dust of her tracks fly. She runs in other areas too - racing against the clock from an ETA at OTD some 168 hrs later than scheduled. But her body & mind are in perfect shape, so she succeeded to "their" standards. Kate has a good sense of humour, she'll be happy to show you how to brush your teeth. Beware of that sentence "Je vais brosser mes dents" because she'll return covered with water spots all over her shirt leaving the bathroom with a sink clogged with bubbles. Good Luck, future nurse, your determination and independence will bring you far!



SHARON COLLETT - The newf brings a certain sense of fun wherever she goes. Always jovial & sharp witted her laugh can be recognized anywhere-even over the VHF while reporting unusual destinations. Always on the prowl for a good time she can be seen dressed to kill every weekend in a wardrobe that was acquired by leaving many merchantman destitute in her wake. There have been some accusations against her character saying she has an affinity for practical jokes. Really she only has a penchant for interior/exterior decorating. She has a good head on her shoulders & has taught us much about laughter!!



FRANCES BUSBY - We believe there is but one dilemma in this woman's life. "Frances Busby, if you had to make a choice between your dog & your man, which would it be?" We can picture the look of anxiety yet none would press for an answer. Busy recovering from an identity crisis: unspoken conversations, possible relations in Kingston (or is it Ottawa?) Ice cream with a pal is more than an adventure for her; a 'double' scoop cone would mean 'double' jeopardy. She's a friendly person & is a credit to our division. (Besides she hasn't seen her man or dog for months!!!)

JILL DELGATY - "woman in motion" was never found in one place for long, except bed. Off running or biking or once again sleeping! Although she did not stay with us for long due to circumstances dealing in Rel Vel she left for home. There for a week & she was off for Boredom or was that Bordon to become a LOGO Memorable events while in Chateau L' Hopital were close encounters with several rolls of TP & her annual date with a certain LT. Did he really spend \$500 on dinner?



LAURA ATHERTON - Despite the fact that we may have spent a week at sea without showering facilities, this woman has an incredible knack for looking as though she's spent the afternoon at Chez Pierre! It is believed by few that a feline streak can be traced to her ancestors that established roots on the east coast. Although we would say that she is by no means "catty", we would 'tabi'cally expect to find her lurking on the east end of town during the wee hours of the morning. This is probably where she spends her time bursting her ankles getting updated info regarding ETA's, ETD's, ports of call, men of call, and what a certain SLT does at various times of the day for the rest of Brockville!!!!





**LEIGH REYNOLDS-** This woman was the envy of her division. A single room, Holy Cow! But Leigh willingly shared her mirror & electric outlet with her "B" sisters! One of the more resilient cadets; nothing keeps her down for long. Even

in the face of night classes, Saturday morning sports & duty NAVO, you can always be assured of a wink & a smile from NCDT Reynolds!

**BRENDA SHERWOOD** - What can one say about the undisputed literary & cultural force of Brockville that she couldn't phrase in better terms? Musical, a clear thinker, a v-ball talent...yet one word seems to say it all: PARTY!! Shaming the rest of us with her spirit, she can often be caught practising her aim at throwing drinks, or perhaps learning new languages from foreign sailors. To date she can order beer in 23 different countries!!

**SUE TEED** - Who is Teed anyway? NCDT Teed, aka Sue (to her friends & that means everyone), is a warm-hearted individual who is usually found trying to make others smile. Her summertime hobbies include working hard, partying hard & meeting new people. She entertains us with her songs & sense of humour. Most of all Sue lends a helping hand wherever & whenever it is needed. Sue, thanks for being such a 'dude'!!!



**PAIGE GARVEY** can be most aptly characterized as both a dedicated and a devoted person. Many a night we've witnessed her voluntary telephone watches in the dark, as well as the occasions when she got chocolate for the troops to keep up morale & strength. She met obstacles with an intensity hard to describe, but the word "Fester" seems to be appropriate to encompass the kind of drive & obsession to detail this woman possesses.



**KAREN SUDDARDS**, or Suddaros as she was renamed in NCSO Nova Scotia, is a woman who really lives on the edge. She should be careful-or her end might just be Pat Bay! I will be forever indebted for her rescue of my babyoil. Nice work, Karen. And she really knows how to entertain men-nothing better than a chick with the flu!



# LOG Os

Ac·count·a·bil·i·ty

(ə·kaunt·ə·bil·ət·ē) n.

able to furnish  
justification.

Accountability is essential



"Did someone say golf?????"

The dreaded adding machine...  
a Logos nightmare.

## Canadian Personal Financial Management

You MCS and MARS types can keep your YAGS, SWEEPS,  
DDM's etc., us ICCOS have bigger and better things in mind.



# Barrie & Bordon

## Logozz in action



Rear: NCDT's Conran, Lancaster, Coo, Meekison, Waddell, Rousseau, Goseltine, Gagnon

Front: MWO McGee (SGT-MAJ), SLT Vahey (DS), CAPT Lyne (OC), LT(N) Nadeau (CD), P2 Clark (DS)

Donna Conran spent her time either talking on the phone or racing to answer the phone in the hopes of getting a call. Donna (who was also our resident Newfie) helped to liven up our group with her unique sayings, but there was one saying she never could get straight; now is that "lucked in" or "lucked out"?? "We're not quite sure."



Phil Coe is the quiet sort, but when he mumbles listen, it's almost sure to be funny and it is most definitely directed at W.W. Being a real womans man, Phil was most often found in the mess, in his whites, awaiting an innocent victim. Well, maybe it wasn't quite like that, but you did have your own "FAN" club, hey Phil? (electric, wasn't it?)

Laurie Gagnon was usually found waiting for P.D. to call, or calling him because she couldn't wait anymore. (She was also seen giving shifty eyes to anyone who was on the pay phone at 2300.) She had many admirers this past summer, but B.Z. Laurie, you passed the test(s) (in more ways than one.) If she taught us anything at all over the last two summers it would definitely have to be "When in Rome, do as the Romans," right babe???



Making sense with your dollars

CANADIAN FORCES - FORCES CANADIENNES

TRAVEL ORDER CLAIM - ORDRE DE MISSION ET DEMANDE D'INDEMNITE





Alexandra Coseltine has the distinction of being one of the original NROD LOGS. distinguishing herself on Supply in the summer of '85, she took a more laid back attitude to Finance and Sea Logistics in '86, preferring to spend her energies on the dance floor of TCIT at Waterloo Mess. Alex has the reputation of being told dirty jokes by the BCCPE and enjoying them. Alex is a "Poli Sci" major from "UBC" and hails from HMCS "DY".

When John Lancaster wasn't sleeping and "bobbing for apples", he was usually found laughing his head off. On those occasions he got so red you could direct traffic by him. Although he didn't get mail, he more than made up for it by living in Dundas, which allowed him to go home almost every weekend. It was fun having you on course John; and by the way, next time you lose your wallet look in your room first.



John Meekison has the honour of being known as a "Borden Special" for the summer of 1986. A man of great endurance, he completed Phase II Logistics at the top of the class, and he had the benefit of the hot sticky weather of Borden from May 'till the end of August. (Tee Hee) To stay sane in such an environment, John undertook the sport of golf, vacariously read every book he could get his hands on and saw every movie that played at the Terra and Astral Theatres. John hails from HMCS Discovery and has been counting the days untill he can return to those "Paiges" of his life in Vancouver.

Francois Rousseau (or is that Arnold Palmer?) could be seen out on the golf course perfecting his drive. Francois claimed to be the quiet sophisticated type but within time we found his true nature as a wild Frenchman. Yes, Francois, we saw you looking over at that cute tennis player. (Is this enough pictures for you??)



Although Wendy Waddell was a new Logo, she quickly came to learn her new classification. It seemed she always got the highest marks, even on tests after long weekends when she didn't have much time to study (right Brad?). Her demeanor, usually a steady influence on her peers, tends to take a turn for the worse on the few occasions when she imbibes a little too much. We have one warning for you Wendy for those "Mornings after the night before." Watch what you wash your hair with.

What do you mean where's Laurie?  
Someone had to take the picture.





"No not the camel silly, the guy behind us."

*Naval RESERVE*



This rare photo of Mr. Coo is truly a miracle shot. This, fellow babes, is the only known proof that Phil's hair does indeed move.



"The sweet aroma of the old hospital..  
oodeedooodeedoo."



# Government Executive School

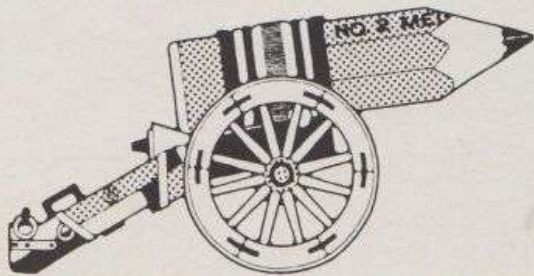


"WELCOME TO MILIER TIME."

May I suggest Tide to all you people  
out there who are now wearing "yellows"  
instead of "whites", "It gets the dirt out."



Did someone call the N.B.C.W. experts???



"So they were my sea boots,  
what's your excuse?????"

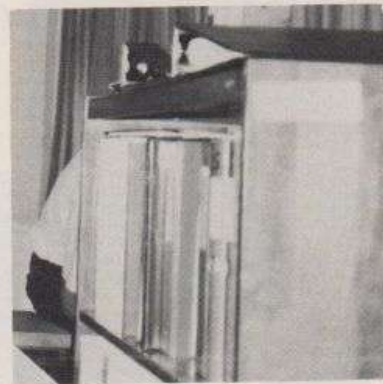



Due to John's hard work and dedication he was presented with his own personal set of CFAC's, FAM's, and CR&C's. What a proud lad.



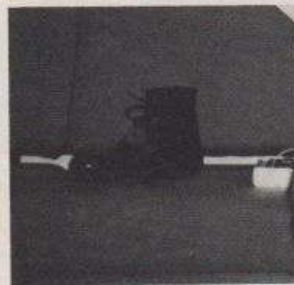
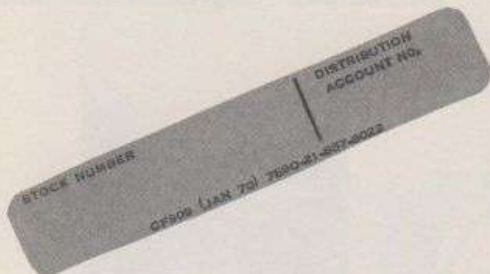
Wendy in one of her more vigorous workouts.

"I'm not going to shoot you Francois, I'm going to "shoot" your picture. It's just an English expression."



 Government of Canada  
Gouvernement du Canada

**ACTION REQUEST**  
**FICHE DE SERVICE**



A boot to most, but to a Supply Officer it's an "8430-21-868-7447".

NATIONAL DEFENCE - DÉFENSE NATIONALE  
TEMPORARY ISSUE TO AN INDIVIDUAL - PRÊT DE MATÉRIEL À UN PARTICULIER

SURNAME - NOM DE FAMILLE

RANK  
GRADE

SIN - NAS

# More LOG Os !!?

UNTD PHASE I SUPPLY SPECIALTY 8602

REAR: NCDT'S BINNIE, WADDELL, MEEKISON, SLT GIEG, ASLT GIRARD,  
NCDT COO

CENTRE: NCDT'S DELGATY, KRAWCHENKO, ALLISON, CAREW, SARJEANT,  
ROUSSEAU, COUGHLIN, CHOW

FRONT: SLT HUNT (DS), LT(N) POTER, LT(N) NADEAU (CD), P2 FRIZZELL (DS)

MISSING: NCDT KLOPROGGE



## QUIMPER DIVISION

I'm sure you've all heard the phrase "you can't judge a book by its cover", well you can't judge a division by its name, either! Quimper may sound "wimpy" but the people in it sure weren't. We fought side by side with Kellett during riot control and sustained a few injuries but nothing could get us down! Always competing with Kellett for the honour of being the best division knowing all the while that Quimper was the best, of course! And just when we would start to lose our spirit the instructors would give us some contraban to find and "dispose" of and that would get us back on our feet again! Even our divisional t-shirts have "fishbowls" on them! What a bunch of party reptiles we were. But the morning after you wouldn't see us wimp out and be sick all day. You would see our smiling faces in class bright and early, standing up at the back of the class trying to stay awake, but we were there! It was "one for all and all for one" all the way! We worked and played like a team all the way to graduation and I'm sure that those memories of BOC as Quimper division will remain in our hearts and minds for a long time to come! Here's look'n at you, kid!!



Back Row: MacDonald, James, Clavet, Voellinger, Lagasse, Campbell, Devlin,  
Raymond

Third Row: Poisson, Mallett, Meades, Manning, Allison, Giles, Martel

Second Row: Chow, Kimber, Smith, McIntyre, Hrycenko, Tremblay

Front Row: CWO Williams, SLT Hunt, CWO Clark

### JENNIFER ALLISON

Jennifer was the last member of Quimperto arrive here at Albert Head. Otherwise known as "the walking zombie" this woman is the master of surviving on 15 minutes sleep. Notorious for having her possessions everywhere but where they should be, her favourite words soon became, "I don't know... look in my barrack box!" Hardly ever without a smile "Jenner" made life in old 1018 alot more bareable.



### AMY CAMPBELL

As our only female padre Amy added lots of colour and fun to Quimper. By day she was heard telling sick jokes; by night, ensuring silence from the rowdy Kelletts so that the Quimpers could get their beauty rest. Right Sandra? Keep them laughing, Amy!

### BETTY CHOW

Betty is the only person we know who can eat 16 pieces of toast in the morning without gaining a single pound. She is characterized by her immeasurable appetite, which is inversely proportional to her height. Betty has a good attitude all the time. She even smiles when she gets up at 0530! NCDT Chow is a night person, as she always disappeared at 0200 to do her laundry! Betty is a LogO, a great disappointment to those in NCS. But she will remain a great friend always.



### MARCEL CLAVET

"Smiley"-the strong, silent type-Marcel constantly annoyed our Bart by being happy and made himself invaluable as a friend and excellent athlete. His great biceps came in handy on Dory, but made life difficult on the parade square. Keep those arms straight, Clavet, and march on!



### LESLIE DEVLIN

Leslie (commonly known as Aphrodite, the Banana Queen), is one of a kind, to say the least. Anyone who has even spoken to this chick can see the never ending energetic way about her, and of course, those "AWESOME" expressions that make up her very unique character. Leslie will be remembered by her unique way of handling straight Newfoundland Screech and for her belly button named Elizabeth (Beth for short!!)



### JENNIFER GILES

Is it Gilles or Jiles? Poor Jennifer, nobody could say her name right! Would the real Jennifer Giles please stand up? This chick got more care packages and letters each week than all of us put together. Those snacks were great, Jen!





**JUDY HRYCENKO**

Judy was usually seen clumping with...(gosh, what's his name?), and she was the only female cadet who had a rack and a half (lucky girl!) When we think of Judy we'll always smile. She was always there when you needed a friend or a hug and we'll never forget her happy face and those sexy eyes! She's one Cootie!

**GORDON JAMES**

Gord will be remembered by the Quimper girls for his hands. Now don't get us wrong- this is for being a masseur par excellence. Many wearied aching muscles found new life under his tender loving care. Wake up, Gord- it's time to go to bed!!



**JEANINE LAGASSÉ**

As her stint at Camp Sunshine comes to a close, Neener finds herself with a few more possessions than upon her arrival. She now has a host of tasteless acronyms, her very own harem, two other pink ladies and taste for fishbowls and cheese Pringles! BOC informed her that there is indeed a relationship between exam marks and a bit of over indulgence-00ps! She says, "Negat!", to that!!

**GAYLE McINTYRE**

Gayle is characterized by her great sense of humour. Gayle is known for being the first person to have success in getting our robust Chief Armstrong to smile!! She was like a mother to many of the girls in Quimper, especially to Nathalie. She initiated Nathalie to the famous fishbowls and taught her many useful expressions for dealing with the opposite sex (ie. jumping people's bones, have my way with you, etc.) With her laugh, her incomparable energy, and her immense spirit, Gayle became a solid friend for all the members of the division.



**DARRYL MacDONALD**

"Skippy", the boy next door, alias Dr. Bart. A Dr. Jekyll/Mr. Hyde addition to Quimper. His innocent appearance is believed by his actions when music is heard. Console yourself, Dr. Bart, if you can't make it in the Navy you can always join the Chippendales.

**LIETTE MALLET**

Liette always woke up with a smile (even when times were hard.) She never hesitated to tell you what she thought when the occasion arose. We'll always remember Liette as a person who cared. Best of luck, we all wish to you Liette, and may you remain happy with your new life.



**MAUREEN MANNING**

For Maureen, her loves were Danny and fishbowls. In her three minute speeches, she told us about the NAE (Newfoundland Accent Epidemic) and by the end of the course all of her bunkmates had caught it. She's a great chick and you couldn't ask for a greater bunkmate!



### NATHALIE MARTEL

Although at first she appeared to be a little lost puppy Nathalie soon showed us how determined she was to do well on BOC. Although a demanding course for us all, her ability to laugh at her own mistakes and overall sense of humour kept our spirits up during the most tedious situations. If she wasn't jumping someone's bones, she was inviting you to the lab to see what's on the slab! While in Victoria this summer, she discovered new uses for fishbowls and became everyone's best "Frog!"



### JUDY MEADES

Jude Meabus and her old sea puppy beret will long be remembered by a certain CTO who should have wanted for no asswipe because of this generous Newf. Most "chicks" will long wonder just what Judy had in her spit that seemed to bring out a shine on any boot. Her big island eyes will never be forgotten nor will her mom's baking. But what we all really wonder is where she lost all her underwear!!



### BENOIT RAYMOND

Benoit is a man who stands out in any crowd- the perfect officer cadet, you might say! He claims to not understand much English, yet his barracks mates report that he speaks it in his sleep! Hmmm?! Au revour, and come back againz-vous, Benoit!!



### SHERYL SMITH

Sheryl is the one who outshone everyone with her boots. In fact, her boots were so shiny that they blinded everybody- especially Master Seaperson Farquson! However, when we were able to see, we couldn't get close enough to the mirror to even take a boo because guess who was always fixing her hair. "It has to be perfect!" Then there are her two aliases Red and White, and we all know these aka's aren't because of her patriotism! Everyone knows why she's called Red (lookout Lucille Ball!), but why White? Maybe Sandra "Smith" knows?!



### REMI TREMBLAY

Still waters run deep in this youngest of padres. Remi managed to keep himself out of trouble which is a rare trait in a padre, but which leaves us with nothing juicy to write!! Oh well. Keep up the good work Remi, and you'll be Chaplain-General in no time!



### LIZ VOELLINGER

Well, there's no other person like Liz. Every morning she gets up with a smile on her face eventhough she doesn't know who she's smiling at because she doesn't have her "eyes" in! She is the only person I know who can lose a ground sheet, canary pants, and 2 berets in the first 5 weeks of BOC, but we love her anyway!





Top Row: Armstrong, Sarjeant, Mechsner, Gauthier  
Third Row: Binnie, Charland, Bertrand, Turpin, White, Kloppagge, Brygadyr  
Second Row: Clarke, Crossgrove, Saunders, Makowichuk, Philip, Coyle, Stirling,  
 Krawchenko  
Front Row: CWO Clark, SLT Prior, CWO Parsons, MW Farquharson

ANCHORS AWEIGH

Kellett Division stepped off on the right foot (shouldn't that have been left?) this summer as 1986's BOC guinea pigs. Slt Prior's experiment succeeded in forming 19 die hard civilians into 19 lean, mean, partying machines. In between battling riots, boarding ships, bush wacking, constructing road blocks, scrubbing the heads and inspecting the inside of our eyelids during lectures, Kellett (due to phenomenal time management) was able to keep actively mischievous with her sister division, Quimper. Highlights of Kellett's BOC include Toga inspections, dancing in the barracks, fish bowls, squeaky bunks, Summer Fun dances, duty watch, the Great Grape Hunt, Dory and Tiller (how dry I am), the Confidence Course (mega rope burn), BYOBB get-togethers, wrinkled armpits, unacceptably fluffy hair, bruised cheeks, duty tanning stations, the Albert Head Lawn and Country Club and gang bangs. From Victoria to St. John's, Kellett was composed of some of the keenest and most colorful people. The men were studs, the women aspiring nymphomaniacs. The enthusiasm was high, the talent extraordinary, and the padres were there for moral support and to keep us in line (especially Ian Binnie). All together we gave new meaning to the name Kellett.

MIKE MECHSNER added color to our group at Albert Head and as a family man he let us know a little more about the hazards of Navy life and being away from home for four months. We'll turn this ex-pongo into a sailor yet!



JANET PHILIP Besides being seen bombing around in the green "Ark" between Victoria and Vancouver, she can also be found walking around with a large roll of toilet paper! When she wasn't entertaining EXPO visitors she was burping or sneezing. Although she listens to too much music from the 1960's, and is overly concerned about dining etiquette and good table manners, she is really one in a million.

NICOLA SARJEANT had to be the neatest girl in BOC since her stuff was constantly arranged neatly on the floor, her bunk, everyone else's bunk... Nikkie had the most interesting pajamas; they always resembled the clothes she had on the night before! Always quick with a smile & a toss of her naturally blond hair, Nicola's secret passion is to wear a Swiss seat over all her clothes!



TERRI STIRLING We will all remember her mostly for her bright baby blues, & her bubbling personality. Her average of approx. 3 letters a day is comparatively depressing to an average of 1 letter a day for the rest of us. Unfortunately she has a deep psychological problem which stems from iglets and for which we all hope there will some day be a cure.

#### CHARLENE TURPIN

Charlene is one of our crazy Newfs who knows how to make people smile. She does alot for others and has fun doing it. This lucky babe not only made lots of friends, but some really special ones too, and we know that's because she's special.



SANDRA WHITE is infamous for those many nights when she fell into Kathy's locker & threw her contact lens solution down the air vents & out the closed window. Always good for a laugh, she really shocked us one day with her wild haircut. She brightened up morning inspections with her bad jokes & wasp slime. We always had to 'wait one' & watch out for 'fangs' when around her. She made the Jackstay - we will always remember that.



ALISON COYLE made us grin occasionally with her 'poking' remarks. She could often be found flicking on her Walkman & treating sex as a weapon. Unfortunately we all had to teach her how to party, however she caught on fast. She was a definite morale booster (I mean, who couldn't laugh at a face like that!). Alison - we can't forget you (we're trying, we're trying).

KATHY CROSSGROVE "Pooh Bear" soon turned into 'Poodle Bear' when Jude & Neener got hold of her at the A.H. Beauty Salon. It took Kath awhile to get into the swing of things, but once she did, she did an awful lot of 'yaking.' An avid fan of trail mix & pine cones, Kath soon became an expert on the ceremony of colors (sunrise that is). Squeaky bed & cherry pie.



SANDI ENGLISH Klopogge's personal hairdresser, avid biker, pleasant smile, friendly face, all around good person. But she has unusual habits: waking everybody up an hour early, hanging around junkies who hide drugs in their hair, staying up late at night to wait for Big Macs to come. She has all the qualities necessary to be a good nurse, however she has to correct her tardiness!



KEN GAUTHIER Cool and level headed is the best way to describe Ken. Through all the hard times he never complained and was always willing to lend a hand. A true officer and definitely a gentleman.



KATHY KLOPROGGE has come through BOC with lots of vigor. We now know she can rap with the best of us (even though it's in her sleep). The one thing that she found out is the difference between pongo and logo (lucky girl). She's a sweet girl and has alot to offer to many people.

NATALIE KRAWCHENKO aka Chernawko - her pet peeve: French men (cheap). Future goals: to be able to operate an instamatic 35mm camera (with film), to marry a Ukranian that can sing & dance, to become a Nurse (without having to give enemas) & drink 2 Caesars without getting drunk.



BRENDA MAKOWICHUK with a 'blue bug' hanging in her locker & her constant 'hey you guys!' was an integral member of Kellett & later Conestoga. Arriving here with her luggage somewhere in S. Am. she soon learned to love the routine! Her incredible amount of energy became something of envy for most of us. "DO they have any bananas?"

**CHERYL ARMSTRONG**

Bubbly, and cheerful; definitely a blond. Cheryl has done it again! After 5 cut locks and 4 lost station cards, Kellett pulled together to council her down the rocky path outlined especially for those with golden curls. She frequently exclaims: "If my head wasn't attached I'd lose it." And as she climbed to her top bunk every night it was a relief to see it connected.



**YVON BERTRAND**

This suave young Frenchman made a great hit with the ladies through his romantic and debonair manners. The ladies were spared what the guys endured, however- Yvon's strange habit of rising an hour or three before the required time!

**IAN BINNIE** As well as being the object of our lust, was the token male Logistics cadet. In addition to having a passion for being tied to his rack, Ian had a hidden desire to be a padre. He enjoyed being one of the "ladies" and the ladies certainly enjoyed him. Ian can always be found reading great literary masterpieces, and the National Enquirer on occasion.



**SHEILA BRYGADYR**

Knock Knock! Who's there? Sheila!! or better known in the barracks as "Miss Squeaky Bed Springs!" Her presence was not always honoured in bldg 1018 on the weekends!?! but her immense enthusiasm and participation during the week was greatly noted by all. THANKS for all the help and encouragement.

**JOANNE CARTER** aka Anita (Gangbang), the girl with the bright purple mascara, unacceptably fluffy hair, and boisterous laugh who is capable of consuming mass quantities of diet coke in a single shot, and was definitely the biggest slob in all of Quebec block.



**LOUISE CHARLAND** likes to partake in the 'burps and belching' contests with her buddies. Padre hours are more frequent for her. She will always be remembered for the precision drill practices, her finesse with the sword, her intense determination, her unique laugh and smile...and cheese balls. Even when her mooring lines get tangled and a certain instructor gets 'beefy-faced' - she stays cool.



## ASHE

The biggest part of the summer was spent with the two divisions together as Ashe. A few members of Cayuga left for various reasons, one ended up joining Crusader. Cayugans also had to get used to Lt. Swan up at the front of the classroom after they had finally gotten used to Mr. Erskine's fine teaching methods. The initial mix left us all feeling a little strange, but gradually the two divisions started to work as one.

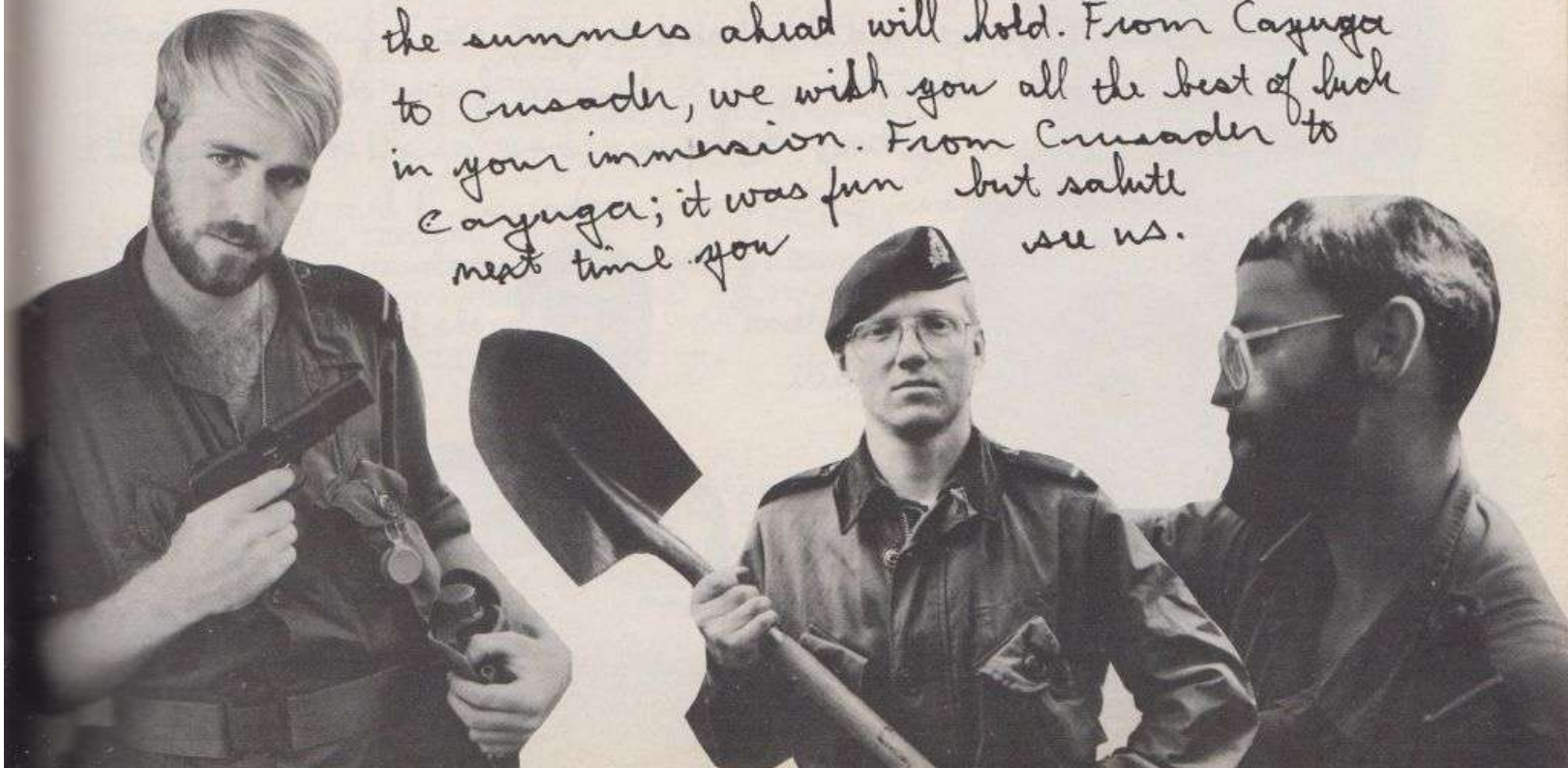
The Camp was a different place for the two groups though. For Crusader it was a new place to get used to and only the first of several they were to see. For Cayuga it was a familiar place to come back to, with all its quirks and faults known.





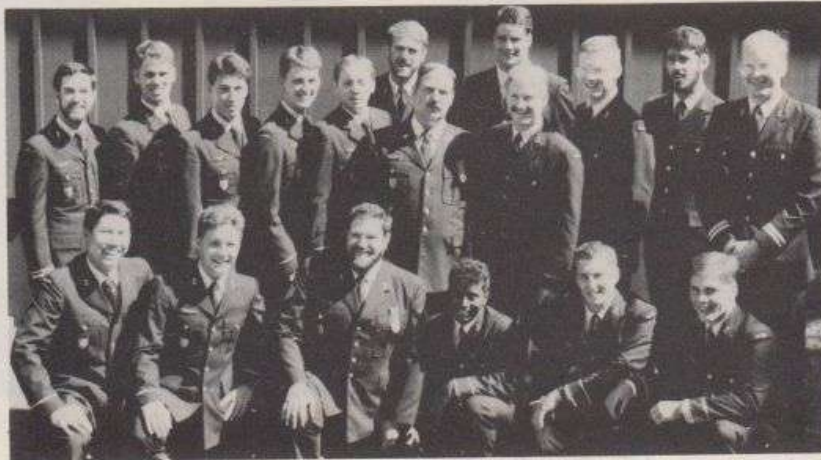
If nothing else, B.O.C. is a great way to get to know people. With all the pressure and expectations it would have been impossible to get through the course without helping each other out. We found we worked best together when we were in the small groups doing leadership tasks. Of course there was also a lot of fine social work done both in the sun room and the chaps in town.

Having made it out alive, we know each other's strengths and weaknesses. We know who we like a lot, and who we like a little, so we have an idea what the summers ahead will hold. From Cayuga to Crusader, we wish you all the best of luck in your immersion. From Crusader to Cayuga; it was fun but salute next time you see us.





# CAYUGA



Top Row; **SLt. Erskine, Thure Svardfelt, Phil Butler, Geoff Bird, Eddie Leverock, James Morris, MWO Armstrong, Duncan Matheson, Wilson Pearce, Bill England, Todd Egan, Lt(N) Swan**  
 Bottom Row; **Peter Wut, Simon MacDonald, Grant Dupuis, Juin Pinto, Rob MacLeod, Tim Bedo** Missing; Donald Bedard, Kevin Steeper

We were the first to arrive at Albut Head, and we like to think we hit the camp as hard as it hit us. We saw more rain in the first two days than fell for the rest of the summer. Damp though our bodies were, our spirits soared, and by the end of the week we had brought in the sun to greet all the newcomers with a fine beach party. We learned everything we needed to know to go to sea; fine instruction ensured this. While learning our lessons from day to day we also found ourselves getting to know one another very well. We each had our strong points and weaknesses. A big part of the summer came from working with these. It was there that the friendships were made.



Donald Bedard was allright for an old guy. His happy times came from talking to people, which he was always ready to do. Don decided to skip E.O.C. as it would have been a repeat performance. The question now is who's going to buy his clothes?



Tim Bedo quickly found his place in the division; on the floor in a wrestle to the death with any other member. High school habits we suspect. In real life Tim is looking to the reg. force to put him through medical school. God help us when the reg. force moves to meet the standards he sets.

When Geoff Bird wasn't hitting the dance floor in that cool way of his, he could be found enjoying any of his other activities. Whether luring young girls to the Awesome, or standing around in his sandals, anything could be expected of him. A quiet guy with a smile like that is a scary thing.

Phil Butler, a part time resident of Albert Head, was able to unload a '67 Rambler Rebel despite intermittent bouts of Alzheimers disease. Phil's talents lie in his social invisibility, his problems are with the barber and boy's nights out.

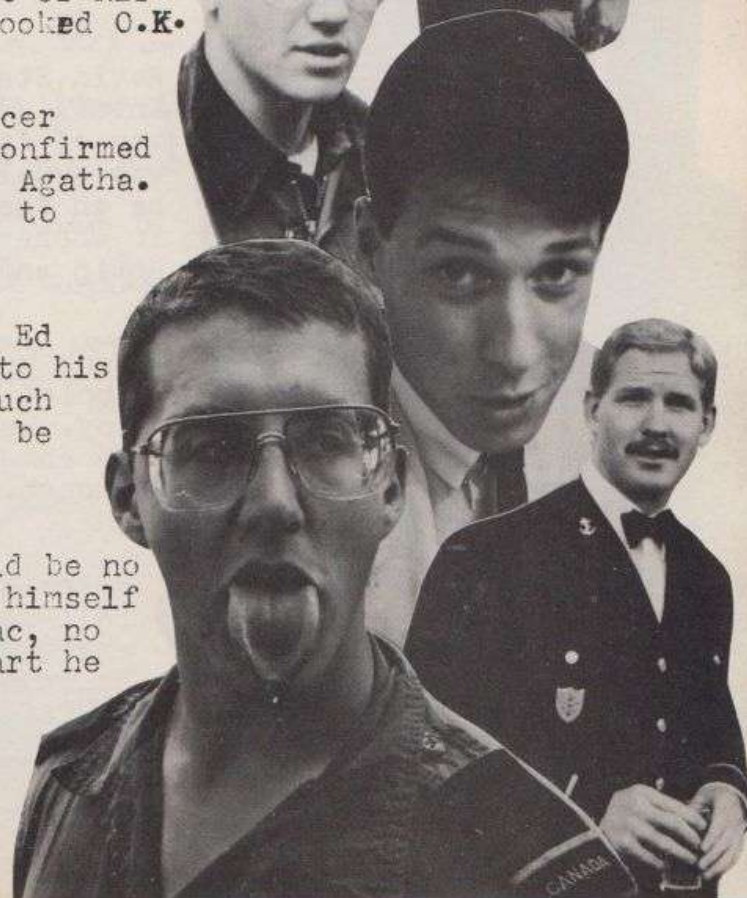


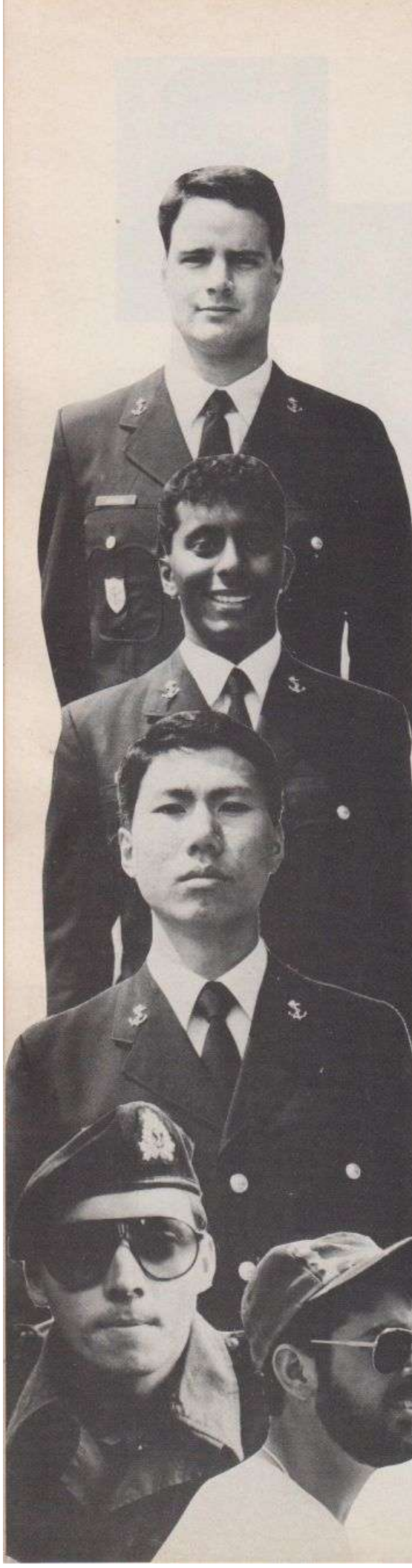
Todd Egan snored, ate with army manners and read comic books. Ignoring that, and his previous life as a zipperhead, he was a good guy. A major step in the right direction was getting him out of his T-shirt and into a black tie outfit. He looked O.K.

Bill England chose to become a naval officer because he can take a joke. This can be confirmed by anyone who saw his summer heart throb, Agatha. When last seen, Bill was frantically trying to figure out what to say to Kim about her.

Eddie Leverock treated us all to the Club Ed experiance. We laughed and sang with him to his tales of grrls from Tennessee and other such wonders. Around camp or in town, Ed could be counted on to be a fishbowl of fun.

A happy guy, Simon MacDonald was. It would be no surprise to find him sharing a little of himself in the middle of the night. Easy going Mac, no problem phased him. While others fell apart he was a rock... an example to us all.





Rob MacLeod, Cayuga's cowboy, made an impact on barracks life, proving that loud obnoxious sarcasm is possible. His energetic lectures will be remembered by all of us whenever we see a wall. It should be interesting to see what ship-board life looks like with Rob on the bridge.

Duncan 'El Presentente' Matheson demonstrated outstanding O.L.Q's over the summer. There is little doubt that he will make a fine officer. The Hulkster will be remembered most fondly for sweep snapping and general whaler destruction.

James Merris will be remembered for his ear ring, swept back hair style and Vancouver weekend warrior tendencies. He could be counted on to keep a class interesting if not long, and he left us with a solid grasp of the concept of time.

Wilson Pearce fooled us all. We figured he was a decent guy, easy to get along with, likeable; a friend. No such luck. Having sucked us in, he not only left us, but stuck around and chummed it up with the higher ranks. Next summer Wilson...

Thure Svardfelt, facial contortionist, smiled in one way or another from the first day, and he was still smiling when we left. Nobody else maintained it so manically; what else needs be said?

Kevin Steeper proved himself to be one of the more intelligent members of Cayuga by leaving early. A man of few words, when he did raise his voice, it was usually to say something profound ("we must all be on the alert for communist oppression, and stop it wherever it rears its ugly head"). We all miss Kevin and wish him luck in the future.

Look waay down and there's Juin Pinto. Don't be fooled by size though, he's a real prairie fire boy. We showed him off in New York and lost him. He came back a divisional transplant. He's ours though.... we had him first

Peter Wut, Ashe's most notorious snoozer, could fall asleep under any conditions. Strangely, his energy levels peaked around 0530 each morning. He enjoyed being class leader because it gave him a chance to "look mean and yell at people".

# CRUSADER



Back Row; Mark Suszko, Zolton Barabas, Roman Zarowski, Brian Basden, Chris Ipe, Dave Klein, Stephen Horseman  
Middle Row; Gord Hayward, Brian Pauls, Shawn Connely, Chris Pedrick, Russell Stewart, David Mercer, Andre Boisjoli, Lt(N). Swan  
Front Row; Dan Kieran, Michel Rozon, Grant Dupuis, Jules Bocarro, Barry Walsh  
Missing; Christine Caughlin

Unlike everyone else at Albert Head, we came into the summer of '86 as a prelude to a year away from home. For us, this is the longest summer job there is. We only had a week alone together before the rest of Ashe got back from sea, but it was important that we worked together as a group because we will be together for so long. Having gotten used to having Casuga around, it will be a little strange without them... we'll be sure to think of them as we head south to sunny Australia.



Zoltan Barabas, the god of drill EIGHTEEN times over became a stabilizing force for the division. He proved himself to be a man of extremes in his drill, his dress and his wierdness.

Brian Basden, a strange animal of varied habitat, is easilt tracked by his distinctive call..."Hooters-Hooters...Hooters". Mating habits are a mystery.

Andre Boisjoli had amazingly shiney boots, an immaculate uniform and seemed at home with the forces. We were able to disregard all that and liked him anyway

Christine Caughlin, our little sister, was the best female in the division. Her favourite part of the day was the morning walk.

Shawn Connely was just a little different; this is the man who eats apples during inspection. His unique approach to things will liven any wardroom.

Gord Hayward possesses a charm that one rarely finds. This is not to say that we rarely found Gord's charm; how could anyone say no to those eyes?

Steve Horseman, the old man of Ashe did time as a fire fighter and M.P. We all looked to him as an example in confidence and agility but he couldn't slide down a rope without falling over.

Chris Ipe's name comes up at the Vatican, and the Bishops are impressed that the Pope actually met him. Spending the summer with him left us in awe (which isn't to say it was awful).

Dan Kieran, the king of the caustic comment, was able to face any problem. He simply reduces everything to its motivating factors; lust and greed.

Dave Klein will be speaking Russian soon if you really are what you consume. Mr. Lucy suffered from culture shock at first, but the Navy is getting used to him.



Jules Bocarro is famous for discussing what the military isn't allowed to do. His spirits were dampened by a medical problem though; hot and cold flashes.

Dave Mercer stayed quiet and smiled a lot through the summer. At first it had us all wondering but then it came out that he loves having his picture taken. Dave lives in a perma-pose.

Brian Pauls, the man who supplied our motto, spoke a different language. He was sad to have to leave his urban aesthetic maintenance habits behind.

Chris Pedrick's charm and charisma was well known. This selfless guy was always ready to sacrifice his own comfort for the good of the group. We loved him.

Michel Rozon was the closest thing to an alien we had; an E.T. without the cute factor. His eight years in the ranks gave him experience to share.

Russell Stuart taught us all to be well equipped. A mountain man, life guard and first aider, he could say more in one breath than most can in two.

Mark Suszko was a victim of image. Contrary to popular belief he really does care about his job. He also had an appreciation for the romantic setting of the steps.

Barry Walsh is from Newfoundland. Having said that, to mention that he is outgoing, funny, and a party animal would be redundant.

Roman Zarowski was the most curious member of Crusader. Always getting to the root of the problem he left few points unclear. He is a real team player.





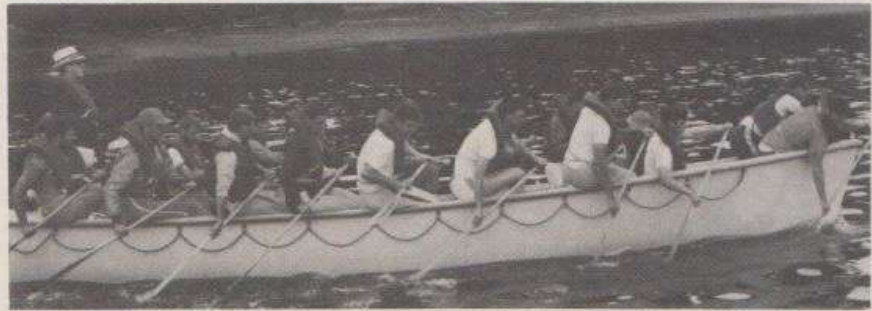
The Division BROCK

From all regions of Canada (and Newfoundland), the elite of Canadian students assembled at camp Albert Head. These young men, chosen from their innumerable peers, were individually selected on their great merit to undertake a challenge; a challenge only they were fit to accept. To guide our venerable Gate Vessels in the defense of Canadian sovereignty at home and abroad. They would endure many hardships in the course of their training: heat, cold, wet, dry, thirst, hunger, and most challenging of all, discipline.

At first, their disdain for each other was evident, however, as time went on they learned to channel this energy towards everyone, and everything else. Once this great transfer of energy had been attained, BROCK Division as an entity, came into it's own. A Division dedicated to the highest ideals of the traditional Canadian Naval Officer caste, as shown in their undaunted committment to mediocrity.

The grueling MARS II and BOC took their toll on BROCK, but through a dying desire just to get by, they perservered. This courage and strength was evident in all official and unofficial functions; details of these are better left to posterity than to the pages of this illustrious tome. We came not to bury the Navy, but to serve her, and remember, BE LIKE US!!

penned by  
NCdts Shakespeare and Hemingway





# Chaudiere



DAVID BECKETT: aka "Dtsaave" Amb: to meet some real PALS (can you say 'Wanna dance sailor?'), to have people believe me when I lie to them. (Is shoplifting a non-OLQ? Known for just about everything; ask almost anybody. (What can ya say, we miss ya dtsaave)



MARTIN BERGERON: aka "Ben the Chef", you wacky guy!!! Amb: to learn english so all the guys will appreciate my sense of humour (more). Quote: "I love da women; and da women love me" Known for: Collecting panties from women of dubious character.



ROSS GILLIS: aka "Spud"; A true submariner, sinks during pool test. Displays an odd affinity for licking Hafey's toes. During our sea phase aboard Kootenay he became MS Wiggins Little Helper (slurp slurp) Quote: "She'd never have to use toilet paper around my house."



GRAEME HAFEY: aka "Caveman", "the ego that wimpered". Amb: NCdt to MSBN (or R/ADM) in one(1), (count'em), one year. Quote: It hurts to know this much and still have 28 other guys still insist that you're wrong.



ROGER HARRIS: aka "The Vark", "Wockin' Woger", and "Rog the Dodge". Plans to write a book; 'Albert Head on 0.50¢ a week', and 'How to make foreign friends and influence American POs'. By the way, how does beer taste when DRUNK through a sock ... and, play safe Rog!



GRAHAM ISENEGGER: aka "Hans Isselgruber". A former grrrunt, Hans suffers from late night smegma glow and early morning flatulence. Amb: go to a party and totally alienate everyone in the room. Quote: Your a plebe ...



SHAWN MEIKLE: aka "Beaker", "Mr. Informative" Known for unique bondage positions; can you say 'Broomstick'. Amb: to leave Nova Scotia and move to the big city (T.O.), marry a NICE girl (like the one at the Loft (GAG)), and die happy! (Kids would be nice but no need to rush)

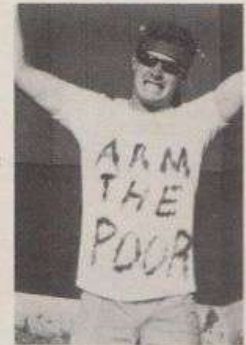
CLAUDE MONGER: aka "CLOD", "Pains-Wessex".  
Quote: What?!...How you say?... you explain  
da...ah...forget it!!! Known for burying  
wallets on densely crowded beaches and  
speaking better English while drunk. Amb:  
To know english well speak good!



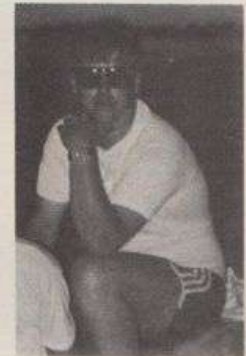
JEFF MUNN: aka "Mickey Munn", "Short little  
preppy kid", "munngaloid". Amb: to break out  
of my incredibly AVERAGE lifestyle. Pet Peeve:  
Trolls that dont dress right (you spin me  
round) Quote: Oh, by the way, I'm not preppy,  
I'm just riding the crest of a new fashion  
wave. WHHOAHH!!!



BRADLEY O'CONNELL: aka "Barracks  
Asshole;(BA). Amb: to aquire a more  
flattering nickname; to have my  
mother leave my kitchen alone.  
←Quote: KELP?!? Whats Kelp??!



ALLAN PHOENIX: aka "al". A poet at heart,  
very confusing in reality; spent most of the  
summer waiting for his girl to come home,  
and waiting. Amb: cultivate shrooms in Bali  
Bali or alternatively aquire a new hat. Quote  
"I'll second that!!" (Righto Mr. Phoenix!)



STEVEN POWER: aka "Troll"; This verbose species  
can be found under the nearest bridge or poorly  
made rack. Known for a unique dancing style, it  
was always entertaining to watch his catfights  
with the Gremlin over who was the greater slob.  
All we can say to this barrack grandmother is  
take care big guy, cod fishing is a dangerous  
business.



CHAD SMITH: aka "Iguana". Happy birthday to  
Yyooouuuuu!!! (Elmer the safty elephant says  
..."No spewing in confined quarters"). you  
know your a loser when ... You wait 8 weeks  
for your bike and you get a flat on the  
first ride out. (Just jokin' Chad)



ANDREW THEXTON: aka "Sextoy". A man whos  
never been seen at the Six Mile Pub after  
the first week of June; Can you say 'Verbal  
Warning'. List of Achievements: First man  
in division to projectile vomit and beat  
Beckett out, and succeeded in picking up  
the ugliest girl in Hawaii.

# Columbia



Mike (Brain dead) Chapman, Pet peeves include brain active people and the NO VACANCY sign on his pit. Fav things: Darth Vader shampoo and all star trek things. Brock now knows that space is the final frontier. Good luck on future explorations.

Doug Charko, The sun burnt elf came to us from Regina. He is the only guy in the div. who could make the bicycle look like a sexual aid. Doug is one of the few Jazz Catz around A.H. and will be remembered for his valiant efforts to try to save his facial hair.



Graeme (Kermi) Garrard Fearful leader, 'K' coined this nickname for himself the first time he was class leader. One could tell he was part of the intellectual set by the style of jammies he wore. K goes to school at U of T which he is always defending. His wit and humour was the kind that everyone enjoyed. (almost)



James Hyslop He really enjoys clumping in the PT tent at odd hours of the night. From Carleton, this shrad cat is always reminding us that "Ottawa is the nerve center of Canada and Winnipeg is the other side." Jake is a staunch believer in getting to know your CO on a first name basis. He has also shown us techniques of waffaling that never fail. Favs; J.H., bunkmate, Ralph Lauren and Norton.

Sean (Yak, FilthyFace, Ferret Face, Covered Wagon), During Sean's stay at AH he found out the true meaning behind the word CUMberbund. The only member of the division to have twenty nicknames, he was a constant object of amusement. Fav things; K.C, moustaches (or lack of them) and the Grateful Dead.



Martin Lepine, M being one of the French connection quickly realized that all us English blokes were crazy. Martin was the only guy that got mail that smelled. Martin will always be remembered for his Hawaiian triumph and Tiller where he led his men while still encased in plaster.

George (Gremlin) Maclean, This man is the only living expert on the art of waffaling. Noted for his nocturnal activities and the lack of sleep he gets and the wonderful conversations he does have when he is asleep. Norton always keeps the place slightly out of touch with reality. (Where's Jake!)





Richard Moller (woi'lar) n. 1. a nautical term for a sea going Queen's engineer & direct entry admiral; 2. to exhibit excessive preoccupation with naval knowledge & procedures; 3. an affliction of the mind, when gazed upon causes death within the year. (see admiral; lizard)

Kendall Myler, The man with the last first name who speaks in a dialect called Newfanese. "The old man of the sea" was in his natural habitat the moment he came to A.H., and exhibited it at all appropriate times. Brock was subjected to Newfie Drill compliments of Kendall.



Doug Ogglesby One of the 'Committee of Doug' will always be remembered for his acute sense of direction in Comox. Always noted for being shy in the gunroom he has finally corrected the problem. Oggies interests include flying planes to Hawaii and the Comox wardroom.



Frank (Bambie, broomstick, bedstick) Saint-Pierre Sp, is a very intriguing but rather eccentric person. A perfect eg. is after a long rigorous day of MARS2 Bambie was found hanging upside down on his rack and at the same time combing his hair. When asked why? SP replied "this is the only way that my hair combs right." As for his nickname 'Bambie,' we'll leave that up to your vivid imagination.



Kev Sanford, From scotian, got off to a great start by missing his connecting flight in Van. where he and a young lady were enjoying each other. Kev will always be noted for his helpfulness, as well he will be known for his frequent inspections of his eye lids and his impression of a coffee perculator.

Doug (Yag) Stark, Mr. Stark came to us from beautiful Vic B.C. and had much experiance to offer us. Some of this was about the weather but the most helpful was about how to be a YAG navigation expert. Good luck on your book "Professional Jetty Bashing."



James (Darth Vader) Sullivan What can you say to a guy who twists and contorts his body every night and puts his hair on end, likes cider more than anyone else alive, and struck out more than the whole division combined. Nothing other than Brock can only handle one Sulli!



Nigel Stoodley, Its a long way from Vic to A.H. He's a guy that loves having fun and parties. A true member of Brock! We appreciate Nige's company especially when he comes in singing "what do we do with drunken sailors" at an early hour. Stoodley (with 2 oo's) is always a constant source of enjoyment.

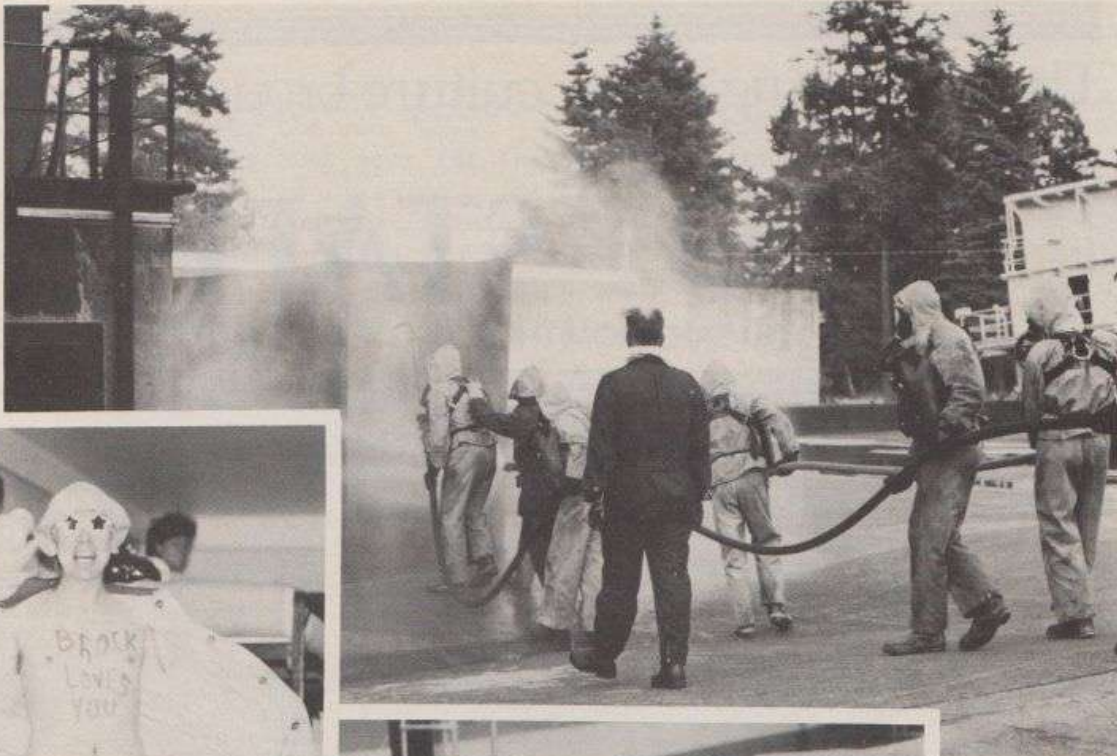


THE ALBERT HEAD LAWN AND COUNTRY CLUB



Sltts MESSER and  
LeGAULT  
(Course Trng Os)





There is nothing so enticing, disenchanting  
and enslaving as the life at sea.

Joseph Conrad (and entertainment director)

Lt(N) ELWOOD  
Sea Phase Trng O

The wellspring of our culture brought to life

# OTD STAFF

KEEPING YOU SAFE FROM THE SCUM OF THE EARTH.



BACK ROW - LT(N) BANMAN, LT(N) QUAIL, LT(N) STEWART, LT(N) MARTEL, LT(N) HANWELL  
 SLT BARRON, LT(N) LANG, LT(N) ELWOOD  
 CENTRE - LT(N) MACDONALD, LW MILNE, LT(N) ERWIN, LT(N) AMORELLI, LW CLYDE, LW LOCHHEAD  
 FRONT - LT(N) STOBART, LCDR RIGGS, CDR MACINTOSH, LCDR UNDERHILL, LT(N) WHITEHEAD  
 MISSING - LT(N) KING, LT(N) BENNETT, LCDR DEARMAN, SLT HORNER, LT(N) BLONDEAU

## 1986 OTD STAFF

OIC LCdr Riggs  
 TRG O Lt(N) Stobbart  
 ADMIN O LCdr Underhill/  
 Lt(N) Bennett  
 SECTY LW Lochhead  
 CLERK LW Clyde  
 STORES LW Milne  
 PERI Sgt Bowie

SNR INST Lt(N) Whitehead  
CTO UNTD III MARS Lt(N) Elwood  
NCS LCdr Dearman  
UNTD II/III NCS Lt(N) Lang

CTO UNTD II MARS Lt(N) Erwin  
 Lt(N) McDonald Lt(N) Quail  
CTO UNTD II NCS Lt(N) Blondeau  
 SLt Horner  
CTO TENDER CHARGE Lt(N) Amorelli  
 SLt Hardy  
NAV I's Lt(N) Hanwell  
 Lt(N) Martel Lt(N) Banman  
INCREMENTAL STAFF: Lt(N) King  
 Lt(N) Stewart Lt(N) Alexander  
 Lt(N) Therrien Lt(N) Miller  
 SLt Barron LCdr Watson

1986 marked the second year of Naval Reserve Training under the old "UNTD" Title and an unusually busy year for the Staff of Officer Training Division. For "the Boss" LCdr Riggs, and the Training Officer, Norm Stobbart, preparation had begun as soon as last year's program was completed. Large parts of the program were revamped and rescheduled and the resulting rush of paper kept LWs Milne, Lochhead and Clyde busy 8 days a week.

For most of us the summer training began in early May with an interview with the Senior Naval Reserve Instructor, Gary Whitehead. After some quick small-talk, Gary always finished his interviews with "I've got a little project for you." Those little projects included rewriting the entire exam and chartwork fixing paper bank along with scheduling and lesson planning. By the time the cadets arrived on 19 May, the organization was moving full speed ahead. Franco Amorelli, Fran Dearman, Mike Erwin, Bill Lang, Bill McDonald and Mark Quail manoeuvred into their CTO positions while the Nav Instructors, Greg Banman, Scott Hanwell, Edd King and Sylvan Martel prepared to teach almost 70 students the ins and outs of pilotage and Officer-of-the-Watch-manship.

Fran was the first to put to sea and while the cadets stayed ashore in the classroom she took the subbies of Acadia Division to sea for a month. Mike Erwin was the next to depart although he only went as far as Colwood to take on the job of Reserve Admin O at FDU(P) after turning over Bonaventure Division to Mark Quail. Greg Banman also departed in June leaving in his wake the broken hearts of Brockville Division. Naturally the staff all wished Greg the best of luck in his new position as Officers Career Mangler at COND.

Phil Elwood, Bill Lang and Edd King made particularly spectacular departures on 18 June aboard Auroras and 747's bound for Hawaii where they met the Destroyers of Two Squadron and sailed

back with Beauharnois Division and the UNTD I's. In the meantime, Kevin Stewart and Jack Alexander, two imports from the Reg Force, were hard at work putting together packages for the Command Development Courses and the Blind Pilotage Trainer.

After seven full weeks ashore it was time for the UNTD II's to try their skills at sea. Brockville Division departed under Fran Dearman's care while Beacon Hill and Bonaventure Divisions were divided and placed aboard four YAG's under "King Kan" Hanwell, "Crazy Man" Martel, "Rambling Man" McDonald and "Boiler Maker" Quail. At about the same time "Atsa ma boat" Amorelli was shanghied by TD2 and on a day's notice found himself called to sea as the Trg O of HMCS Porte Quebec.

In the midst of all these departures two new faces appeared on the scene: Jennifer "Bunny" Bennett came aboard as the Training Admin O and Pierre "Short Relief" Blondeau who took on the arduous task of CTO for the NCS girls.

Sea training continued in July and August aboard the YAG's for the females and aboard the Minesweepers for the males. For the staff the long days of instruction and writing assessments paid off as the cadets continued to refine their skills and prove themselves worthy as the future officers of the Naval Reserve.

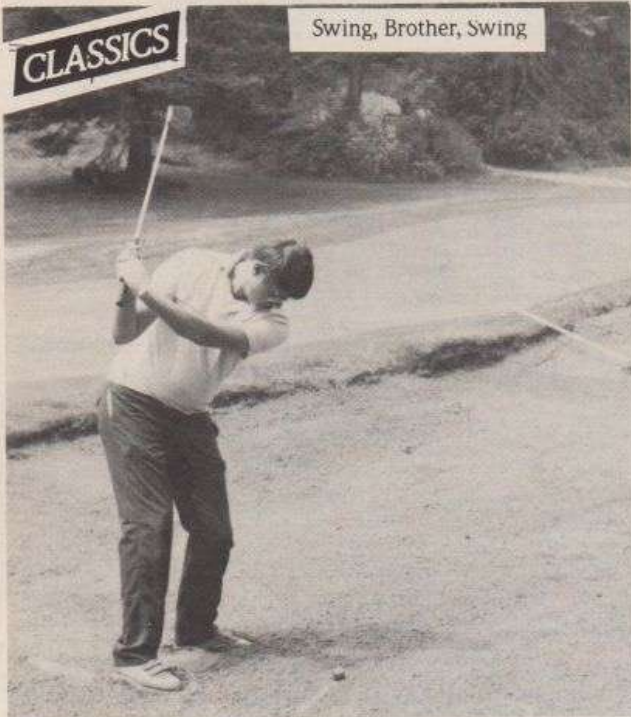
The 15th of August marked the end of the training period and the commencement of the scramble for 377's and the ever popular and always well attended parade practices. The Grad Parade and Cadet Ball followed and as quickly as it had started, the summer training came to an end.

As the cadets boarded their plane, they heard from the south: "Well, it took me four months, but I got them all on the big silver bird! Thanks for the memories!"



CLASSICS

Swing, Brother, Swing



# OUR BOSS!

LCDR RIGGS

As the architect of the summer training program "the Boss" was occasionally overheard to muse "at least now I know why these things happen." The summer got shorter and the days got longer, — with the addition of the Command and staff course and the Minor War Vessel Nav O course the building was full from early in the morning until late at night. From the start in the Drill Shed to the finish in the Empress Ballroom it was action-packed and challenging for student and staff alike. With the shortened summer even recreational activities had to be combined, but it is doubtful that golfing at the beach will ever take off, although you sure made it look like fun! Thanks Boss.

\$ Well good-bye to that two bucks

Well who'd have guessed?

I told you I could reach it!



LT JENNIFER Bunny BENNETT

Jennifer "luckily I'm a jock" Bennett was either on the phone, on leave or on her way to lunch all summer. The only admin this TAO did was to submit her leave requests and write 377's detrimental to other people's careers. Most particularly she'll be remembered for her numerous contacts in high places and the sanity she brought to a rather unruly office of OTD.



# Fine Slaves

ABUSE..... THAT'S ALL I GET  
 AROUND HERE.  
 NO RESPECT FROM ANYONE!  
 I'M SO EASY TO GET ALONG WITH,  
 WHY DOES THIS HAPPEN TO ME?



## LT BILL MacDONALD

Ramblin' man had an action-packed summer as CTO of Beacon Hill. He spent May and June ashore at OTD, keeping the paper mills well supplied with a constant stream of somewhat late paperwork. Known to all for both the brevity of his conversation and tendency to use his outdoor voice indoors, Bill put to sea in July and August where he intends to return this fall with TDI.

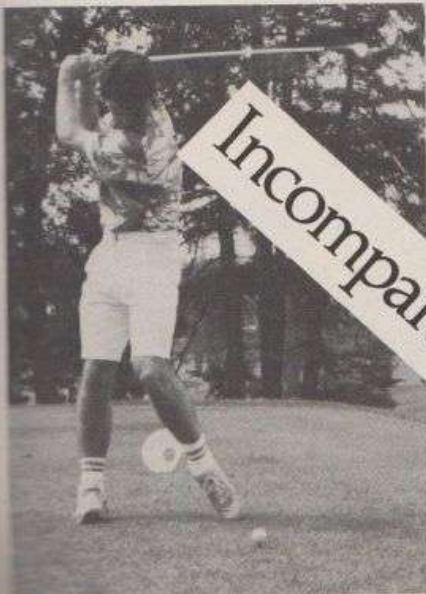
## LT BILL LANG . . . . . → !

Bill proved to be a particularly community conscious individual this summer and single-handedly kept several local establishments in business including the Donair Shop and the Tudor House, where he took full advantage of the nightly specials and the friendly clientele. After several exhausting weeks of this routine, the Navy took pity on Bill and sent him to Hawaii to recover. Bill spent the rest of the summer in the company of his girlfriend or on the golf course showing off what he claims is the perfect golf swing.

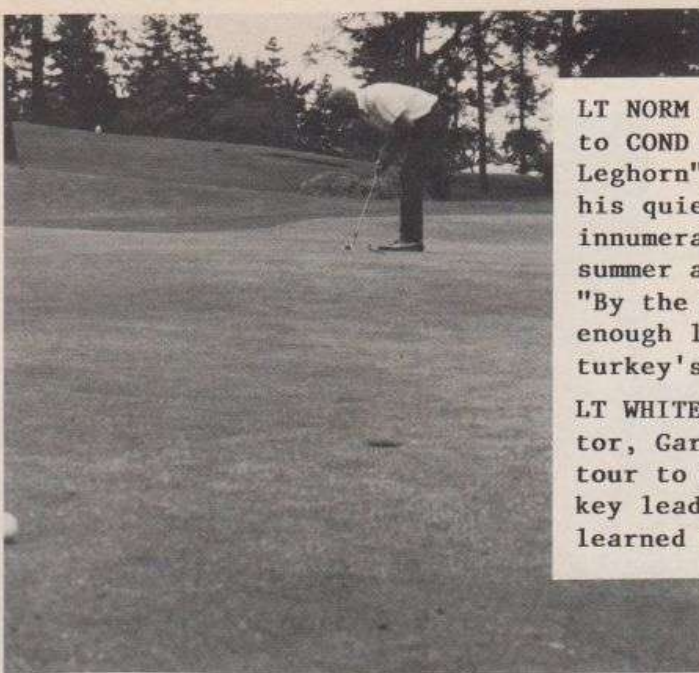


## LT EDD KING

Within weeks of his arrival at OTD from KOOTENAY, Edd had risen to the top of the squash ladder (his idea) and had won the First Annual OTD Pina Colada Invitational Golf Tournament. After these feats of Athletic prowess, Edd went to Hawaii and directed his talents towards "refreshing" heavily and mumbling: "Good day, eh" to perfect strangers.



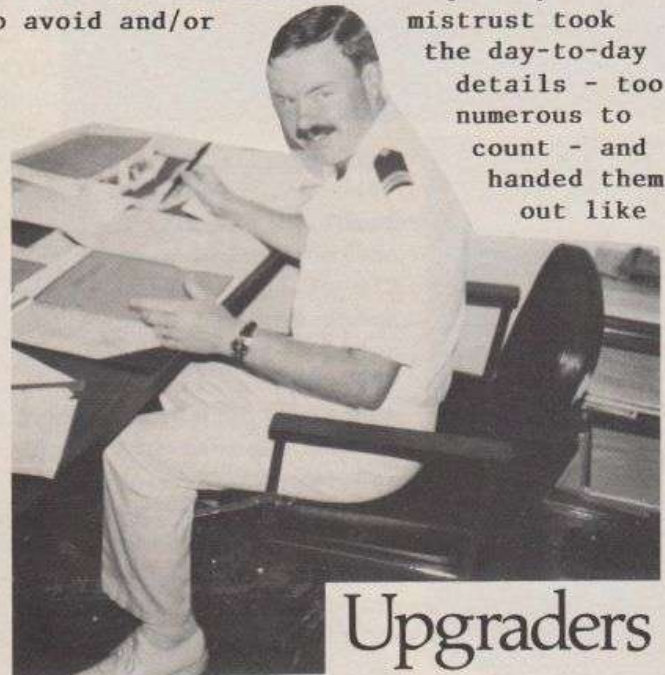
Incomparable



LT NORM STOBART: Famous for his ability to talk to COND without the benefit of a phone, "Foghorn Leghorn" will be remembered by all the Cadets for his quiet, fatherly counselling style. A man of innumerable quotes, Norm put in an extremely full summer and as one high placed source remarked: "By the time this summer is over there won't be enough left of Norm to make a draw string for a turkey's rectum."

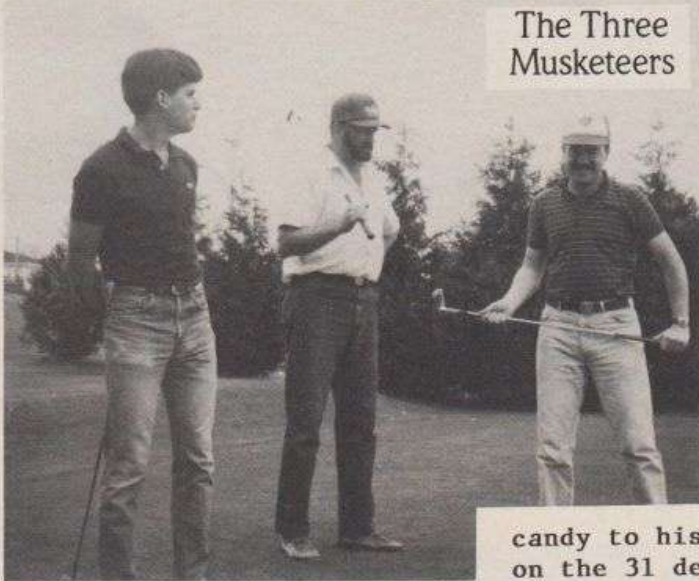
LT WHITEHEAD: As the Senior Naval Reserve Instructor, Gary had to pull himself away from the CPGA tour to repair on board from time to time. The low key leader that the Instructor Staff quickly learned to avoid and/or

mistrust took the day-to-day details - too numerous to count - and handed them out like



## Upgraders

### The Three Musketeers



candy to his troops. Gary formalized his staff skills on the 31 degrees C. Star I Course in Toronto, but after a week-long flurry of activity, he tired of all the "organization and time management" and went back to planning his tour of the local (golf) courses. With his home in Vancouver, it was lucky to find Gary on this side of the Strait come Friday night and, in spite of his best arguments, B.C. Ferries would not institute his suggestion of "Frequent Sailor" discounts and CASSDA. Maybe next year, eh?

LT MARK QUAIL: Mark Quailstein (Quailus interruptus) OTD's resident future Lawyer arrived at OTD just in time to take over Bonaventure Division from Mike. A tough worker he was always open to plea bargaining but spent most of his time either occupied with M.P.'s or skate boarding on the top floor of the Hospital. The world would still like to know how that Pink Nighty got into Mark's "locked" room.



### Gone With the Wind

**LT FRANCO AMORELLI:** Franco (armed and Dangerous) was OTD's "man on the move" this summer and so managed to stay ahead of the camera crew. He started as the CTO for Quadra Division, then became a CO of a YAG, then Train 0 on a Gate Vessel and finished the summer on the Minor War Vessel Nav O's Course. His spare time was spent in the company of a certain young female and on the soccer field where he showed a particular competence at whistle blowing.

**LCDR FRAN DEARMAN:** If there was anyone who saw more of the Gulf and San Juan Islands this summer, and got paid to do it - Fran wants their job. As the most experienced "sea dog" in the NCS section, she got the chore of non-stop cruising on government fuel. From long week-ends in Ladysmith to dredging operations in Montague Harbour - she's been there; done it, and ended the summer with an outstanding tan and a satisfied grin - and incidentally, turned out a couple of classes of NCS trainees who now know the difference between coming and going.



**LT PIERRE BLONDEAU:** Pierre "Short Relief" Blondeau was OTD's resident Francais romantique and kept the home fires burning for not one, not two but three Divisions of females - an arduous task at best. Famous for his cigarette folding technique, Pierre will be getting a chance to practice what he preached when he joins the Mine Sweepers this fall.

**LT ALEXANDER:** "On track" Jack was banished from HMCS GATINEAU and sentenced to two months service at OTD as the Command Development Nav Instructor. Jack quickly earned the respect and admiration he truly deserved, and in spite of it, he managed to finish the summer three weeks late. Thanks Jack - it was a slice.





LT SCOTT HANWELL

Scott "King Can" Hanwell, a man with a mission ... to break 170 in one round of golf and still keep his hair perfectly parted up in the middle. A man of striking contrasts, Scott was the embodiment of couth and refinement in the office and a dangerous dipsomaniac in the Hotel Dieu after Weepers.



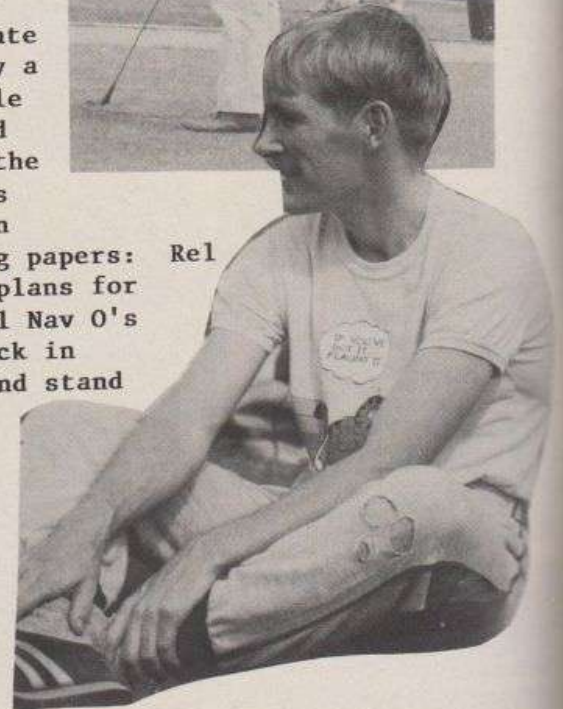
LT KEVIN STEWART

"Mr. Sweepers" dream of a shore posting was temporarily fulfilled this summer with his arrival at OTD. As OIC of Blind Pilotage training, Kevin spent much of May and June saying things like "Cubical One, this is Control: Try going to your other Starboard." He also taught the Minor War Vessel Nav O course and enjoyed himself immensely as the "High Priest of Swinehood" aboard HMCS PORTE QUEBEC.



LT GREG BANMAN

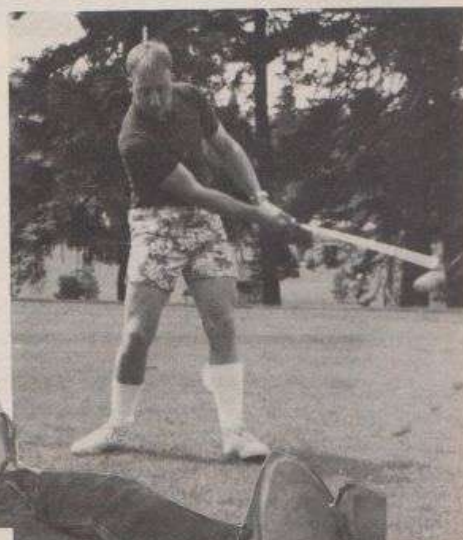
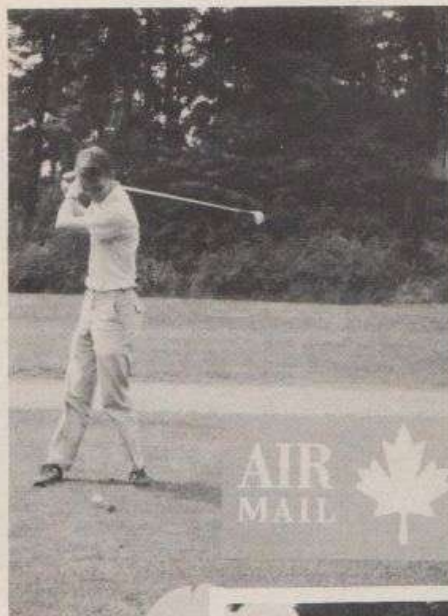
A charming, articulate man, Greg stole many a heart from Brockville Division. Quiet and athletic, Greg won the overtime award hands down for his work on the chartwork fixing papers: Rel Vel and the lesson plans for the Minor War Vessel Nav O's Course. Best of luck in Quebec City Greg, and stand by for our calls.



The Palace

**LT PHIL ELWOOD:** Phil was best known this summer for his cheerful disposition and willingness to volunteer for anything. He was on a first-name basis with the MP's since he was first draft to pick up the OTD keys and is considering a transfer to the Security Branch. In his spare time, Phil rode his bike everywhere, drank heavily, and won several local slam dance competitions.

**LT MIKE ERWIN:** Mike started the summer as the CTO of Bonaventure Division, but "took a dive" when he transferred to Fleet Diving Unit as the Reserve Admin O. Mike will be remembered for his cowboy boots, his creative golf attire and his never-failing ability to remember each of the nightly specials at the Tudor House.



## *Lady* and the TRAMP

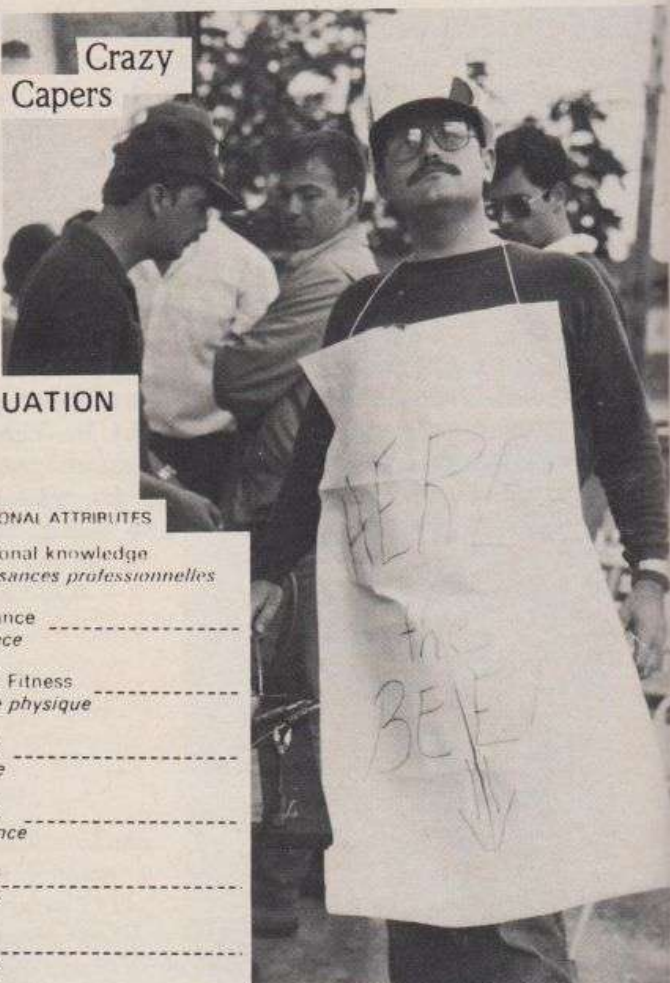
**LT SYLVAIN MARTEL:**

Over the course of the shore phase, Sylvain earned the name "Crazy Man" for his good natured classroom attitude and his somewhat unorthodox teaching style. The lines: "this is not important" and "don't need dat" were ingrained in his students' minds as was the lecture material taught. His classes were both funny and informative, and his students will never forget "his way" of calculating sunrise.

**ADVENTURE**

Jane Fonda's  
Prime Time  
Workout

administration  
and  
staff training



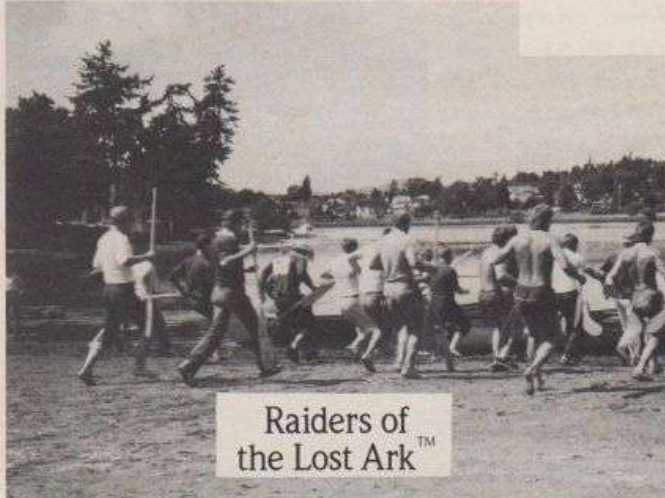
Crazy  
Capers

**PERSONNEL EVALUATION  
REPORT  
Officers**

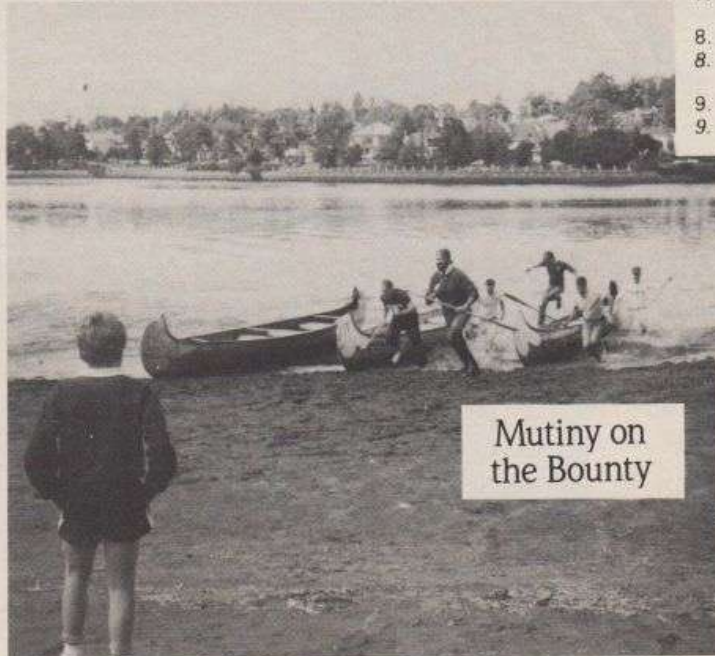
- b. PROFESSIONAL ATTRIBUTES
- 1. Professional knowledge  
1. *Connaissances professionnelles*
- 2. Appearance -----  
2. *Apparence*
- 3. Physical Fitness -----  
3. *Aptitude physique*
- 4. Conduct -----  
4. *Conduite*
- 5. Intellect -----  
5. *Intelligence*
- 6. Integrity -----  
6. *Intégrité*
- 7. Loyalty -----  
7. *Loyauté*
- 8. Dedication -----  
8. *Dévouement*
- 9. Courage -----  
9. *Courage*

SECTION 8 - POTENTIAL

SECTION 8 - POTENTIEL



Raiders of  
the Lost Ark™



Mutiny on  
the Bounty



Alice in  
Wonderland

SEE YA ALL NEXT SUMMER!