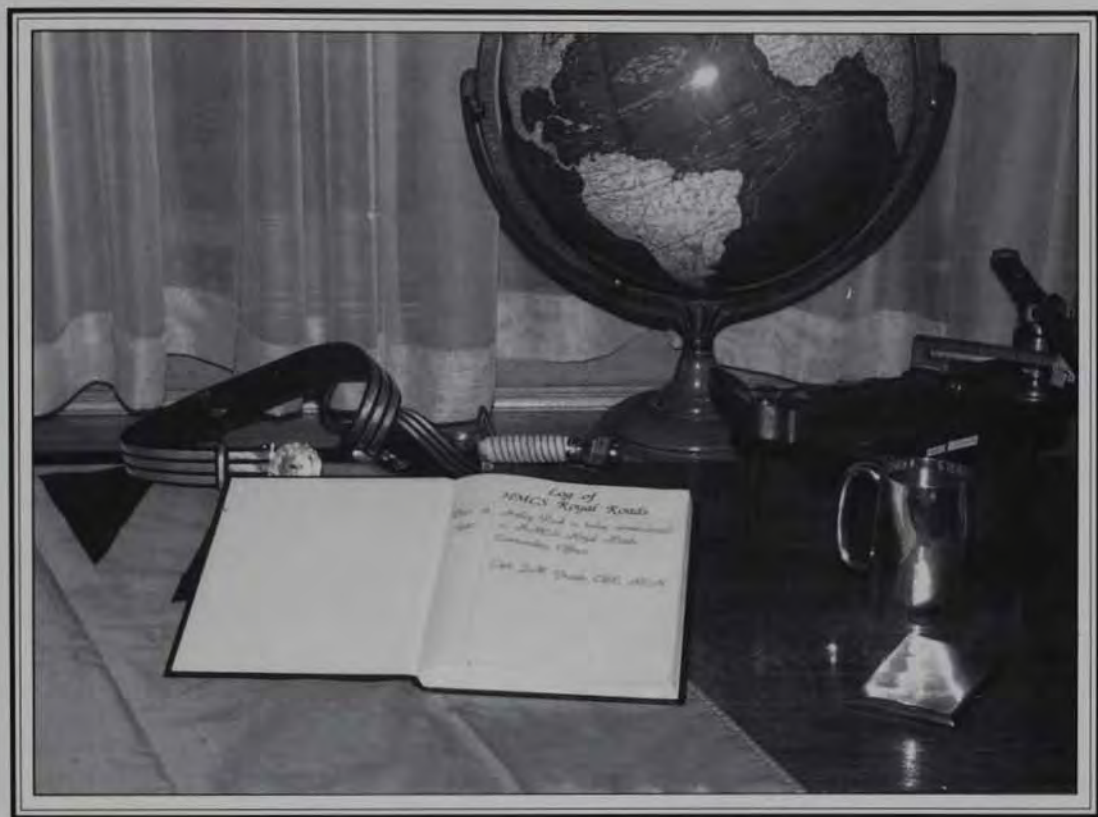








1 . 9 . 9 . 5



The Log

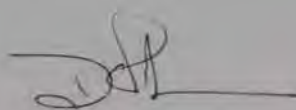
Forward

The "Log" is a naval term for a ship's record, holding within its pages important events and occurrences aboard the ship. At Royal Roads the Log is used to capture the memories, the people and the events, that have made RRMC a "University with a difference." This year, the final edition of the Log includes a special commemorative section in dedication to the 55 years of excellence Royal Roads has represented.

To the Cadet Wing, as Director of Cadets for Roads' closing year, I consider it to have been a unique honour and privilege to have been your commanding officer. During this busy year, I have watched you mature, meet new and demanding challenges, and have fun doing it all. En Vérité, le drapeau était rouge pour la plupart du temps.

To the class of 1995, my special thanks for your leadership of the Cadet Wing and your collective steadiness throughout your final year. To you also goes the responsibility for keeping the memory of this college alive and well for as long as you are able. As you go to your various reunions in the coming years, a toast to the memory of Royal Roads Military College would be appropriate indeed as it has shaped you all for the rest of your lives.

To all of you I send my congratulations on your achievements in this closing year. The college is, of course, only what the people who have gone through it, both cadets and staff, have made of it. Looking through these pages in years to come will, I'm sure, bring back fond memories of your time at Royal Roads. My best wishes for your continued success in your careers with the Canadian Forces and beyond. God Bless and Bonne Chance.



Maj. DC Palmer,
9824
"Class of '73"

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Address from the Governor General of Canada

Royal Roads has proudly served Canada for fifty-five years. Although the closure of the College may cause us to look back nostalgically upon its many fine traditions, we must not forget the graduates from Royal Roads will continue to serve Canada for many years to come.

La qualité insurpassable du leadership s'épanouit chez chacun de vous. À Royal Roads, vous avez sans doute affronté davantage de défis et d'épreuves que vous ne l'aviez prévu. Vous avez également pu apprécier un esprit de camaraderie hors du commun cimenté par le temps. Faites vôtres les leçons apprises à Royal Roads, vous souvenant de la formation officielle recue, mais aussi de la sagesse acquise à travers le travail et le cheminement accomplis aux côtés de vos pairs et de vos subordonnés. Dans le monde de demain, où le Canada jouera un rôle grandissant, ce seront précisément des officers de cette trempe que notre nation recherchera et exigera.

I wish to encourage those of you who will pursue their education at the Royal Military College in Kingston. May that period in your lives enhance those qualities that you have developed and provide you with the opportunity to achieve the goals that you have set. To the last Graduating Class of Royal Roads Military College, I extend my sincere congratulations and best wishes. I know that the future beckons with promise and that what you have learned at Royal Roads will serve you in good stead throughout your personal and professional lives.

His Excellency the Right Honourable Roméo LeBlanc,
P.C., C.C., C.M.M., C.D.
Governor General and Commander-in-Chief of Canada

Son Excellence le très honorable Roméo LeBlanc,
P.C., C.C., C.M.M., C.D.
Gouverneur général et Commandant en chef du Canada



Commandant's Message



It is with great pride and sadness that I write these few words for the 1995 LOG. Pride at having been given the privilege of being the Commandant at the college I entered over a quarter of a century ago, but sadness since those of you whom I am saluting today will be never be given such an opportunity at RRMC.

To you, the Lady and Gentleman cadets of Royal Roads Military College, I ask that you never forget the tremendous opportunity that you have had over the past few years at Roads. Not only have you been blessed with excellent academic instructors and dedicated support staff, but you have also been fortunate to work with some of the finest junior officers and NCMs within the Canadian Forces. Never lose sight of the contribution to your well-being and success that those around you provide.

C'est avec plaisir et un sentiment de fierté considérable que je vous félicite, vous qui êtes membres de la promotion de 1995, à l'occasion de la collation des grades du RRMC. Vous devez être très fiers de vos accomplissements et je suis certain que vous êtes prêts à entrer au service du Canada. Soyez honnêtes et raisonnables, fermes et justes, et en bons rapports avec ceux que vous aurez l'honneur de diriger dans le futur. N'oubliez jamais que leur bien-être passe avant le vôtre.

I am convinced that all of you leaving Royal Roads have learned the values of hard work, loyalty and responsibility. I hope also that each of you understand fully the value of friendship and persevere in maintaining those you have been fortunate to earn. In your future careers, be it military or civilian, I ask that you retain these values and, in so doing, keep foremost in your minds and actions the full meaning of our college motto - "Truth, Duty, Valour" - "Vérité, Devoir, Vaillance". You can never go wrong by adhering to its significance; it will guarantee your success.

I thank all of you, cadets and staff alike, for continuing the traditions and excellence that has been Royal Roads for fifty years. You have served this college with pride and distinction. A vous tous, bonne chance et mes meilleurs vœux pour l'avenir.

D.B. Bindernagel, CD
Commandant
9318



I am very pleased to have been asked to once again write a forward for The Log. Academic year 1994-95 has been a memorable year with the largest class in the history of Royal Roads Military College graduating at the 1995 Spring convocation and with the largest post-graduate class graduating at a ceremony in the late summer.

This has been a very difficult year for everybody associated with Royal Roads with the closure of the college set for the summer of 1995. However I feel that what could have been a very depressing year has been avoided and that good morale has been maintained by the officer cadets, faculty and staff of Royal Roads Military College. You are all to be congratulated.

To you, the graduates of the last graduating class of Royal Roads Military College, I wish the very best in your future careers. The education and training you have received at this college has well prepared you for the future whether it be in the Canadian Forces, the business world or the professions. Good luck to all of you.

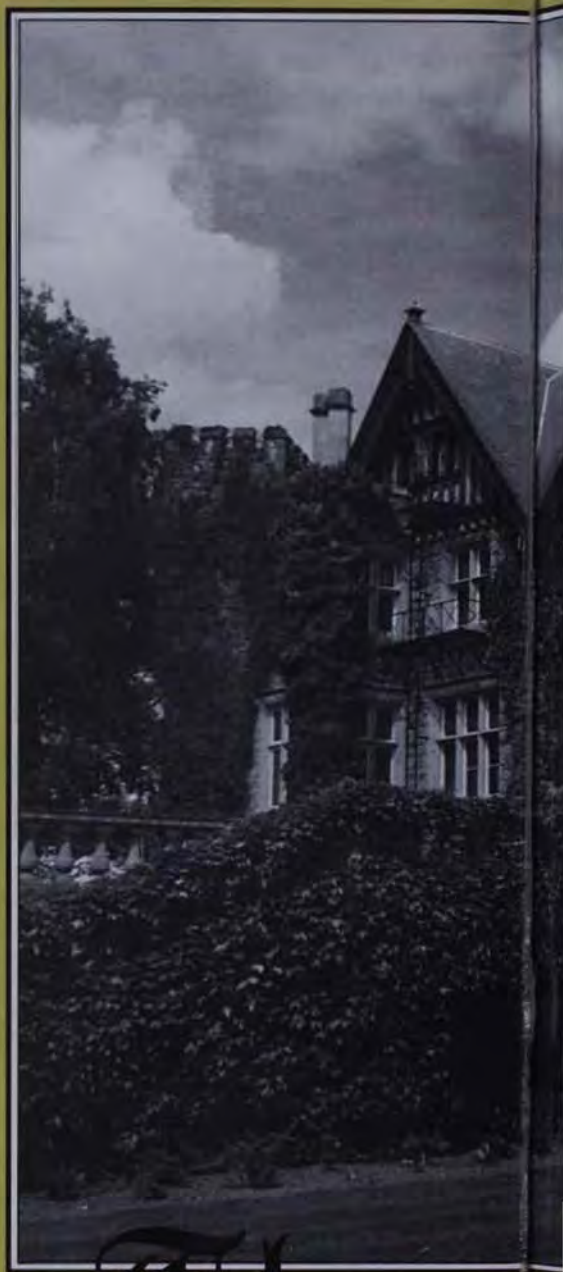
John S. Mothersill
John S. Mothersill
Principal
4517

Principal's Message

●
●
●
●
●

A leader is best
When people barely know that he exists,
Not so good when people obey and acclaim
him.
Worst when they despise him.
"Fail to honor people,
They fail to honor you."
But of a good leader, who talks little,
When his work is done, his aim fulfilled,
They will all say, "We did this ourselves."

-Lao Tzu, 6th Century;
verse 17 of the Tao Teh Ching



The



Castle

Director of Cadets
Maj. D.C. Palmer



& Lady



**Staff Officer Training, Capt.
Billings**



**One Squadron Commander, Lt(N)
Boegman**



**Two Squadron Commander,
Capt. Veronneau**



**Three Squadron Commander,
Capt. Jarrette**



LCol (Ret'd) Parker, Registrar



Dr. Dunnett, Dean of Arts



**Dr. Lancaster, Dean of
Science and Engineering**



Capt. Friesen, Padre



Defenders of the Realm, The
Commissionaires



Pay Office Staff, L-R Capt. Paquin, Sgt. Davis,
M. Alford



Registrar's Staff



Boatshed Boys, Back Row: PO1 Bourgeois, PO2 Mackew, LS Cantwell, LS Laker, LS O'Neill, Front Row: D. Smith, MS Chiasson



ADP, Back Row: D. Pettyjohn, Sgt. Rideout, Dr. Krauel, Sgt. Clark, W. Wu, Sgt. Guillemette, Front Row: V. Stefkova, S. Lanf, J. Dorscher, R. Amirault



Groundskeepers

Audio-Visual Department:
C. Barrett, D. Oxner, M.
Alton



Kitchen Staff



Mess Manager, PO2 Butler-Smythe

Mess Secretary, Marilyn Denny

Library Staff, S. Letcher, S. Day, R. Tannas, L. Julyan, M. Marens, C. Inkster, B. Jensen



the
Tailor







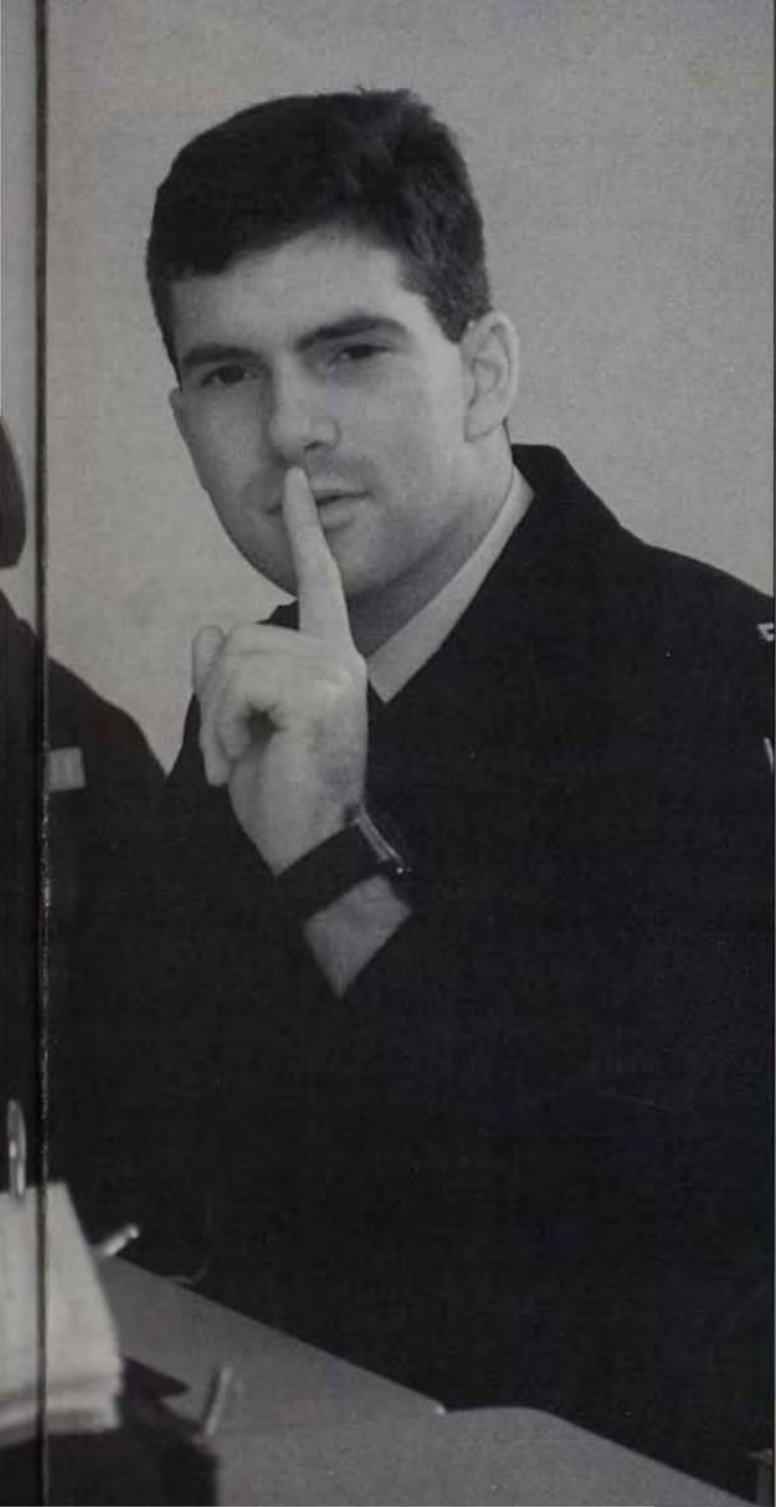
Here we pay a special tribute to PO2 Remi Huberdeau who served as the Senior Staff Mess Manager for 1993 and 1994, and who passed away on January 4, 1995. It is fitting that we remember PO2 Huberdeau in this last edition of the Log because his life and work as Mess manager touched the lives of many members of the Royal Roads family including the military and civilian members of the Senior Staff Mess, all members of the NCM's Mess "Roads End", the cadets, and members of the College staff. Remi will be remembered by all.



The Log



Academics



Education makes people
easy to lead, but difficult
to drive; easy to govern,
but impossible to enslave.

- Henry Peter Brougham

Mathematics



Mathematic Department, L-R Dr. Snell, Dr. B. Buckley, Dr. Wilmut, Dr. Milnazzo, Dr. Wolfe, Dr. Lancaster



Physics

Dr. J. Lacombe, Dr. R. Marsden, Dr. P. Schurer, PO J. Hutchinson, Dr. M. Stacey, R. Vance, R. Pettyjohn, Dr. M. Press, Dr. D. Krauel, Dr. S. Waddell

Chemistry



Dr. K. Reimer, Dr. S. Grundy, K. Burns, Dr. M. Barr, M. Cahill, Dr. M. Robinson

SLT Department, Back Row: Noelle Arnold, Suzanne Renaud, Sylvie Robert, Middle Row: Ghislaine Lanteigne, Dominique Miller, Berthe Leclerc, Front Row: Dominique Hamel, Gilbert Donnelly, Pamela Mckay



—Post-Grads—



left to right: Capt. Ryan Johnson, Capt. Dave Beeman, Capt. Chris Pague, Capt. Kevin Thurston, Lt(n) Alex Grant, Maureen Yeremy

After spending three years at CMR, Dave graduated from RMC in 1986 with a degree in electrical engineering. The completion of air nav school saw him depart for Shearwater, N.S. where he spent time at 443, 423 and 406 squadrons. His time here has been spent producing an 'Environmental Guide for Maritime Operations on the West Coast of Canada'. Dave returns to Shearwater to continue instructing in the HELTAS program at 406 squadron.

Chris graduated from Royal Roads with a degree in Physics and Oceanography in 1985. During the following 8 years he flew aboard the c-130 in Air Transport Group for both 435 and 426 Squadrons. As a member of Air Transport Group Chris was involved in global operations in Yugoslavia, Somalia, during the Gulf War and during famine relief flights in Ethiopia. Having had enough of the "good-life" he chose to return to Royal Roads to pursue his love of mountaineering (a MSc thesis unfortunately got in the way). Chris is heading to DREA in Halifax.

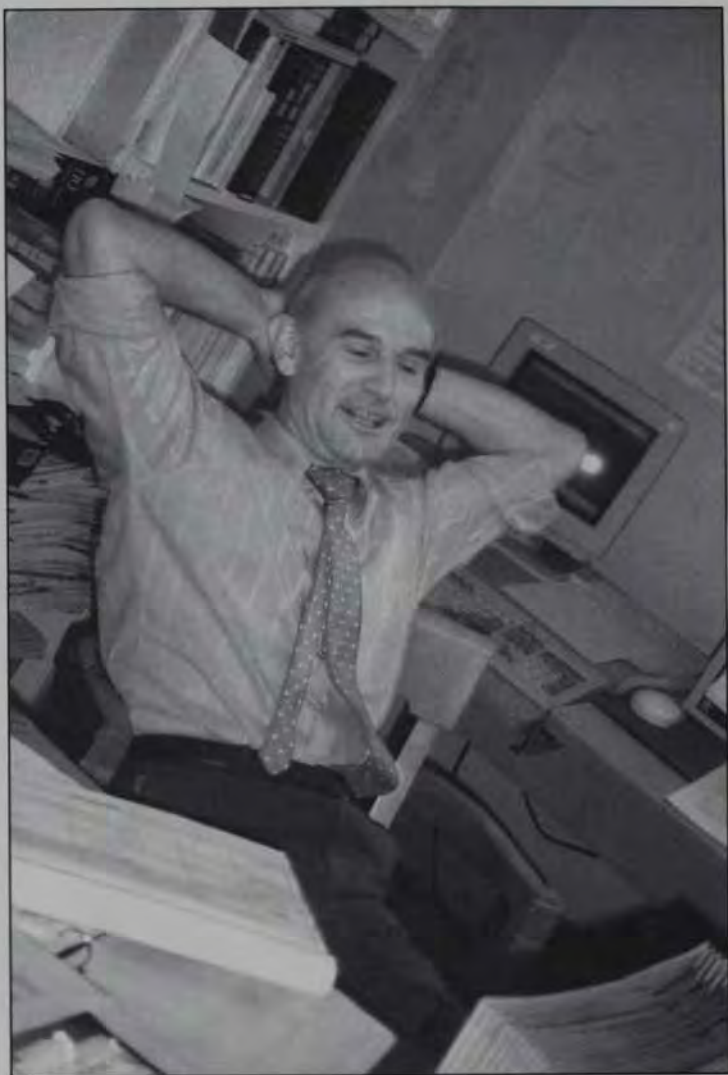
Kevin graduated from the University of Saskatchewan in 1986 with a BSc in Mech. Engineering. He enrolled as a DEO in 1986 and became an Air Navigator in 1988 and spent five years on 405 Sqn in Greenwood, NS. After completion of his MSc in Oceanography and Underwater Acoustics, Kevin will be posted to the Acoustic Data Analysis Center in Esquimalt, BC.

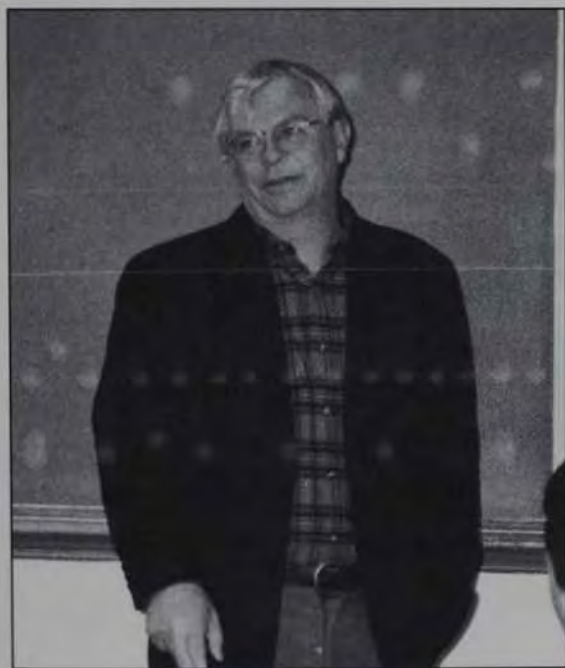
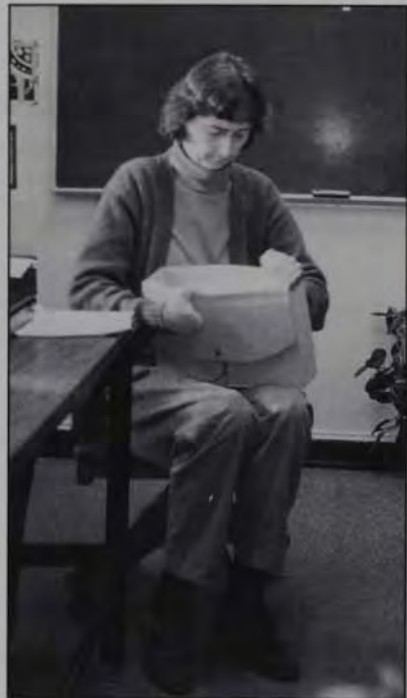
Alex spent three miserable years at CMR and then escaped to beautiful RRMCC where he graduated in 1986 with a BSc in Physics and Oceanography. Upon completion of phase training and qualifying as a Bridge Watchkeeper Alex specialized in Anti-Submarine Warfare. He spent two years as the Underwater Warfare Officer onboard HMCS ANNAPOLIS, which is equipped with state-of-the-art ASW sensors. His next tour was foreign duty, to Washington, to work with the United States Navy as an Operations Watch Officer in the Integrated Undersea Surveillance System. Alex created an acoustic model as his thesis project for modelling low frequency underwater sound in non-homogeneous ocean environments. He will be staying in Victoria and working at the METOC center as Staff Officer Oceanography.

Captain Ryan Johnson graduated from Royal Roads in 1986 with an Honours BSc. in Physics and Oceanography, two weeks after marrying Monica, his loving wife of nine years. After flight training in Moose Jaw, Ryan and Monica eventually moved to Greenwood, N.S., where Ryan served as a pilot with 405 MP Squadron, and generally enjoyed himself while trotting about the Atlantic Rim. He is looking forward to wrapping up his MSc. thesis on Radar Seaclutter prior to getting posted back to Greenwood, where he will be the Software Engineering Officer for the acoustic sensors on the Aurora aircraft. "The best part about returning to Roads," says Ryan, "is getting to know the cadets!"



Academic Gash





Academic Awards

Dean's List

Arts

Clive Butler
Lyn Kingsley
Isabelle Carisse
Jeff Ford
Stephanie Davies
Chris Ashton
Sarah McMillan
Jeff Wedman
Cathy Mialkowski
Julie Mackenzie
Robert Turgeon

Sciences

Dario Rossi
Adam Rose
Estelle Ducatel
Jason Rivard
Cora Sherburne
Josée Witherow
Isabelle Gagne
Stu Rogerson

Second Language Proficiency

Dario Rossi
Anthony Weicker
Greg Campbell

Best Marks: Humanities & Social Sciences (2)

Clive Butler

Best Marks: Military & Strategic Studies (3)

Keith Reichert

Wallis Award in Military & Strategic Studies (4)

Cathy Mialkowski

Col. W.R.N Blair Award in Applied Military Psychology (4)

Rob Turgeon

Cdn Institute of International Affairs in History/ Political Science/ Economics (4)

Jeff Wedman

Bull HN Computer Science Award for Excellence in Third Year

Cora Sherburne

Senior Bull HN Computer Science Award for Excellence

Stu Rogerson

Second Year Science and Engineering Award

Jason Rivard

Clarence C. Cook Award in Physics (4)

Isabelle Gagne

Class of '46 Oceanography Collection Prize

Isabelle Gagne

G.L. Pickard Prize in Oceanography

Isabelle Gagne

Capt. William Ogle Award (NCdt grade average)

Cathy Mialkowski

Zimmerman Award (fourth year communication)

Rob Turgeon

Roadent Study Habits **FLOW CHART**



0700: Frantic last-minute cramming

1345: Using Spares to get ahead:
How keen!



1745: Nourishment to keep that mind
sharp!



0230: Work ethic dead.
Caffeine high in full swing



2200: Necessary Dog-Break





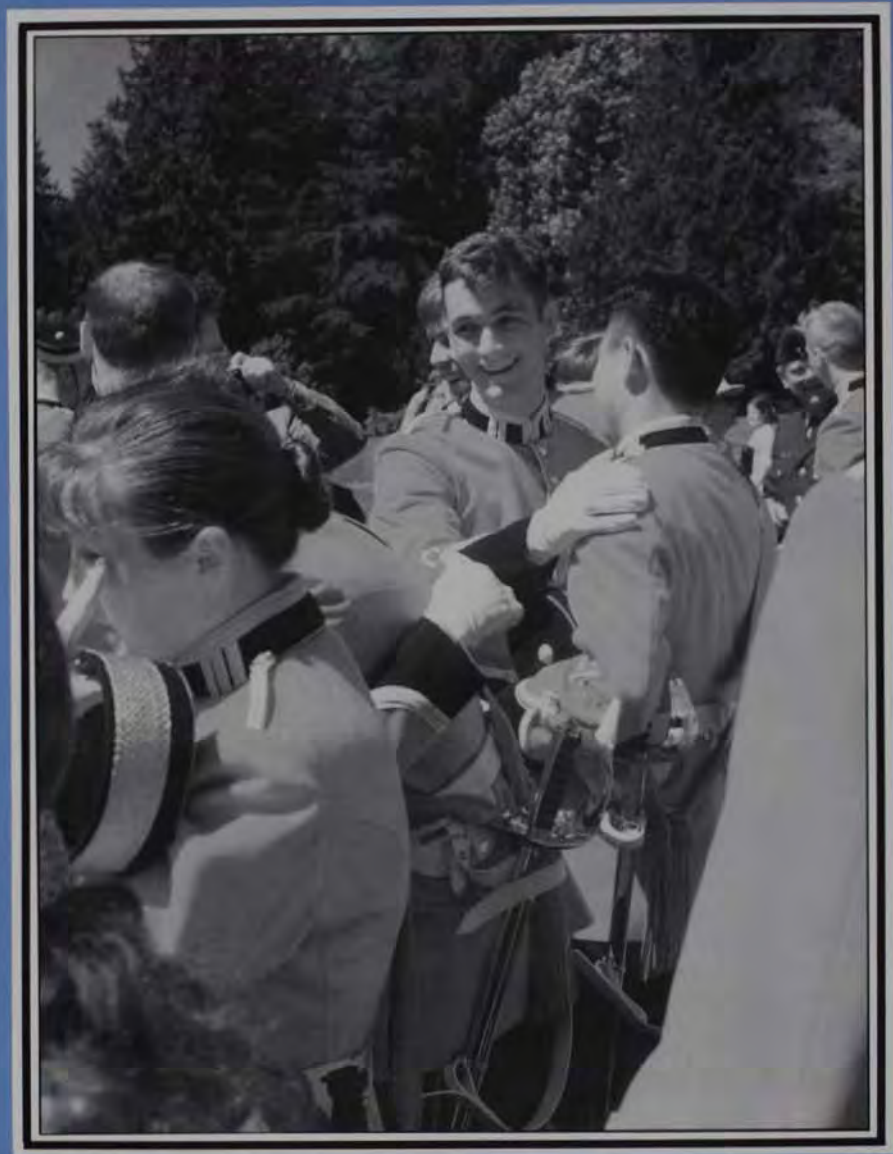


The
WINNING
T

here is a destiny that makes
us brothers;
No one goes his way alone;
All that we send into the
lives of others,
Comes back onto our own.

- Edwin Markham

The Graduates



Les Finissants



Lee Mathew Taal 19951
 Peterborough, Ont.
 Lasalle
 CWC / Sr. Cadet
 Oceanography &
 Earth Observational Science
 MARS



Mathew D Bowen 20007
 Halifax, N.S.
 Cartier
 DCWC / CWC
 Honours History &
 Political Science
 MARS

CWCs' Farewell

Four years have come and gone; the final hour is approaching and soon it will all be behind us. Remember back to those formative days of first year; marching, inspections, graunches, and other nocturnal festivities, activities that cemented many friendships. With each passing year, our responsibilities expanded and we soon found ourselves increasingly in the spotlight. Through it all, the friendships have endured. Though some have gone, new acquaintances were imported from across the country. And now, on the eve of the closure of the college, our class moves on to new careers with new friends, but always remember that which we have left behind. Roads has been a test for all of us, as the largest graduating class ever, but we managed to pull together to make it a successful final year. We've done more with less, put Roads in the public eye, and given it the farewell it deserves. As the gates of Royal Roads close for the last time, we will all take these memories, change the flag to green, and carry on.

To the second and third years, thanks for your support throughout the year. Maintain the Roadent spirit at RMC! To our fellow grads, we made it. Best of luck in all of your future endeavours.



CHRISTOPHER R ASHTON 20058

Hamilton, Ont.

History & International
Politics

Champlain

CSAO / Sr. Cdt.

Pilot

DAVID RA AWALT 19949

Lr. Sackville, NS

Computer Science &
Earth Obs. Science
(J. Conc.)

Hudson

CSC / CSTO

CELE (Land)



PHILIP M BISCHOFF 19966

Kelowna, BC

Computer Science &
Earth Obs. Science
(J. Conc.)

Hudson

CSC / CSC

ANAV





GREG J CAMPBELL 20060

Victoria, BC

Economics & Political
Science (Hnrs.)

Cartier

CWSRO / CSL

LOG (Air)

ISABELLE M CARISSE 19613

Hull, Que.

Applied Military
Psychology (Hnrs.)

Lasalle

CSC / CFL

LOG Transport (Air)



SEAN D CARSCADDEN 19798

Russel, Ont.

Physics & Oceanography

Lasalle

CFL / CWCOL

Pilot





ADAM C.J. CHECKETTS 19569

Waterloo, Ont.

Computer Science &
Oceanography (J. Conc.)

Fraser

CSC / Sr. Cdt.

MARS

BENNETT R COLES 19937

Ottawa, Ont.

History & Literature

Hudson

Sr. Cdt. / CWPIO

MARS



BRENDAN S COOK 19938

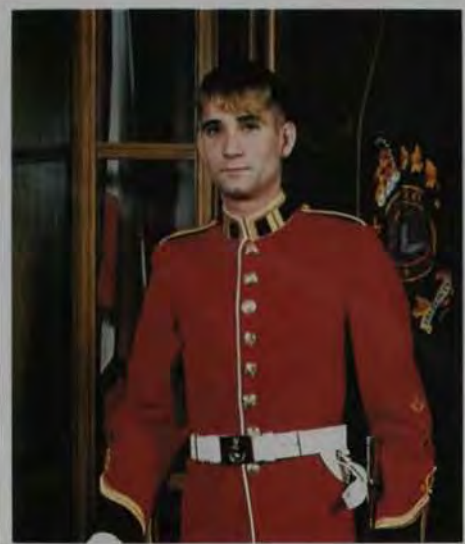
Port Elgin, Ont.

Earth Obs. Science &
Oceanography

Lasalle

CSL / CWSRO

ANAV



RICHARD A CORNELISSEN 20024

Stratford, Ont.

Applied Military
Psychology

Lasalle

CSC / CSSO

MARS

TORREN CRAIGIE-MANSON 20028

Oliver, BC

Computer Science &
Earth Obs. Science
(J. Conc.)

Champlain

CSC / Sr. Cdt.

CELE (Land)



WESLEY E CROMWELL 20287

Madoc, Ont.

History & Political
Science

Cartier

CSL / Sr. Cdt.

ANAV





COREY C CROSBY 20041

Dartmouth, NS

Earth Obs. Science &
Physics (J. Conc.)

Cartier

CSC / DCSL

CELE (Air)

STEPHANIE M DAVIES 20001

Kitchener, Ont.

History & International
Politics (Hnrs.)

Fraser

CWPIO / CFL

MARS



SCOTT C DAWSON M687

Squamish, BC

Earth Obs. Science &
Oceanography

4 Sqn.

CSTO / DCSL

ARTY





GAETAN JJ FIOLA 19982

Ste. Anne, Man

Economics & Political
Science

Champlain

CWCOL / CWVPMC ATC

JAMES BC FISHER 19983

Richmond, BC

History & International
Politics

Champlain

CSL / Sr. Cdt.

ANAV



JEFF A FORD 20040

West Vancouver, BC

History & International
Politics

Fraser

CFL / Sr. Cdt

Security



KEVIN S FRASER 19979

Medicine Hat, Alta.	Computer Science &
Mackenzie	Earth Obs. Science
Sr. Cdt. / CSC	Pilot

COREY J FREDERICKSON 20018

Regina, Sask.	Applied Military
Fraser	Psychology
CSC / CSTO	INF



IABELLE M GAGNE 19831

Hammond, Ont.	Physics & Oceanography
Champlain	
CFL / Sr. Cdt.	AERE



SCOTT A GARRIOTT 19834

Williams Lake, BC Physics & Oceanography

Hudson

Log Editor

MARE

STEPHAN R GRESMAK 20047

Quatsino, BC

History & Political
Science

Fraser

Sr. Cdt. / CSC

MARS



JD STEVEN HAINSE 19676

Thetford Mines, Que. Earth Obs. Science &

Mackenzie

CSAO / DCSL

Pilot





DANIEL B HARDY 20000

Tsawwassen, BC

History & Political
Science

Champlain

CSC / CSTO

ARMD

KATHRYN E HODGSON 20025

Guelph, Ont.

Applied Military
Psychology

Fraser

DCSL / CWPMC

MARS



ROBERT DS JONES 19980

Orleans, Ont.

Earth Obs. Science &
Oceanography(J. Conc.)

Lasalle

CSSO / Sr. Cdt.

ANAV



JAMES P JULIEN 19551

Athens, Ont.

Earth Obs. Science &
Physics(J. Conc.)

Lasalle

DCWSRO / Sr. Cdt.

MILE (Land)

LYN M KINGSLEY 19863

Val-Therese, Ont

Applied Military
Psychology

Fraser

CSAO / CSSO

MARS



JULI-ANN D MACKENZIE 20054

Weyburn, Sask.

Applied Military
Psychology

Mackenzie

CWPMC / Sr. Cdt.

Pilot



R CHRISTOPHER MACPHAIL 20011

Kensington, PEI

History & International
Politics

Cartier

CFL / Sr. Ensign

ARMD

SARAH K MCMILLAN 19728

Orleans, Ont.

Applied Military
Psychology (Hnrs.)

Hudson

CWA / Sr. Cdt.

MARS



CATHERINE ASL MIALKOWSKI 20015

Orleans, Ont.

History & International
Politics (Hnrs.)

Cartier

CWAO / DCWC

MARS



SEAN P MURPHY 20037

Comox, BC

Physics & Earth Obs.
Science

Champlain

Sr. Cdt. / CSC

AERE

M NICOLE NEWELL 19890

Stittsville, Ont.

Economics & Political
Science

Champlain

CWVPMC / Sr. Cdt. MARS



MALACHI WCK NORDINE 19972

Kelowna, BC

Computer Science &
Physics

Hudson

DCSL / Sr. Cdt.

AERE





KIMBERLY L PAYNE 20042

Warsaw, Ont.

Earth Obs. Science &
Oceanography

Mackenzie

CSC / CSSO

MARS

KRISTA L PELECHATY 19387

Holland, Man.

Applied Military
Psychology

Mackenzie

CSTO / CFL

LOG (Land)



BARRY R PITCHER 19487

Mount Pearl, Nfld.

Physics & Oceanography
(J. Conc.)

Mackenzie

CWTO

INF





SANDRA PLOURDE 19739

Roberval, Que.

Applied Military
Psychology

Champlain

CSC / Sr. Cdt.

ANAV

MARK N POPOV 19994

Essex, Ont.

History & Literature
(Hnrs.)

Lasalle

CSTO / Sr. Cdt.

ARMD



BRUCE D REDEKOP M684

Courtenay, BC

Computer Science &
Psychology (J. Conc.)

4 Sqn.

Sr. Cdt.

CELE (Land)





KAEL WE RENNIE 20031

Oliver, BC

History & International
Politics (Hnrs.)

Hudson

CFL / CSL

AWC

GRAHAM G ROBERTS 19255

Brigus, Nfld.

Earth Obs. Science &
Oceanography (J. Conc.)

Champlain

Sr. Cdt. / CFL

MARS



JODI L ROBILLARD 19404

Penetanguishene, Ont.

Physics & Oceanography
(J. Conc.)

Mackenzie

CSC / Sr. Cdt.

MARE





STUART P ROGERSON 19994

Powell River, BC

Computer Science &
Earth Obs. Science
(Hnrs.)

Mackenzie

DCSL / CWAO

Pilot

DANIELLE L ROSE 19464

Victoria, BC

Computer Science &
Earth Obs. Science

Lasalle

CWBO

MARE



DARREN M SELBY 20052

Tsawwassen, BC

Computer Science &
Earth Obs. Science

Mackenzie

DCWA / CWA

Pilot





AARON J SPAANS 19917

North Bay, Ont.

Earth Obs. Science &
Physics

Mackenzie

CFL / CSL

CELE (Air)

MICHAEL S SPEARMAN 19953

Winnipeg, Man.

History & International
Politics

Fraser

CSC / CSAO

MARS



AXEL E SUNDQUIST 19272

Stavely, Alta.

Computer Science &
Oceanography

Hudson

Sr. Cdt. / CSAO

CELE (Land)





MICHAEL A TEEPLE 19995

Chetwynd, BC

Earth Obs. Science &
Oceanography

Mackenzie

CSC / Sr. Cdt.

CELE (Land)

CHRISTOPHER W TESSIER 19921

Welland, Ont.

Computer Science &
Earth Obs. Science
(J. Conc.)

Cartier

CSC / CFL

CELE (Land)



KEVIN H TROMP 19925

Pembroke, Ont.

Computer Science &
Earth Obs. Science

Cartier

CSSO / DCWSRO

ANAV



ROBERT P TURGEON M688

Laval, Que.

Applied Military
Psychology (Hnrs.)

4 Sqn.

CSL

Pers. Sel.

JENNIFER L TYLDESLEY 19971

North Vancouver, BC History & International
Politics

Hudson

CSAO / Sr. Cdt.

Pilot



BRENT VAINO 20036

Saanichton, BC

Earth Obs. Science &
Physics (J. Conc.)

Lasalle

CSC / DCSL

Pilot



KENNETH R VANDE BURGT M685

Newmarket, Ont. Math & Physics

4 Sqn.

CSSO / CSAO

CELE

STEPHANIE J WALSH 19952

Hantsport, NS

Computer Science &

Earth Obs. Science

Cartier

(J. Conc.)

CSC / DCWA

CELE (Land)



JEFFERY G WEDMAN 19948

Wetaskiwin, Atla.

History & International

Politics

Hudson

CSC / CFL

Pilot





JOSEE MJ WITHEROW
(nee HUDON) 19846

Jonquiere, Que.

Champlain

CSSO / CSAO

Computer Science & Earth
Observational Science

AERE



DARCY J WRIGHT 19973

Salmon Arm, BC

CSTO / Sr. Cdt.

History & Interna-
tional Politics

INF



4th Year Gash



Chris Ashton

Well, to say that this has been an interesting year for me would be an understatement. (Unless of course you don't count all that stuff back in September, in which case it has been pretty relaxing!) I wasn't sure what to write until I started thinking about last fall and how all of my friends helped me out. Krista with her insatiable (loud) laughter, Juli with her positive (cold) outlook, Aaron with his big (nose) heart, Jenn and her sunny (spun) disposition, Lynn with that really nice (perverted) dream, (why can't I have one of those?). Cameron, as always, with his bitterness. The list could go on, and I'm sorry that I can't mention everyone . . . all of you have helped me more than you can imagine. But now, looking back, the best part was NO PT TEST, NO DRILL, NO MILL TRAINING, NO CMC PANTS — Yes, I am a lucky guy. Thanks.

& Write-ups

Dave Awalt

My four years at RRMc have taught me a lot about myself and others. They have given me four years of fun, great times and memories. Military College has also given me many other things I cherish very much: I was granted a BSc from a prestigious institution, I received a Commission to be an Officer in the Canadian Armed Forces, I met my wonderful wife Stacey, and most of all I have met a group of friends that were always there no matter what. Military College is tough and having the friends I have made it that much easier. To Phil, Jeff, Kael, Brent, and Axel, I say thanks for always being there and don't ever lose touch. We will drink our Scotch in 25 years. In the words of Guns'n'Roses "thanks to everyone for all the fun . . . except for the assholes. If you don't know who you are, we do!"



I will remember only the good times here at RRMC: the parades, the drill and especially the breaches. Of course there's my friends, and I will associate each with an object: Brent, a clock, Kael, a fieldmouse, Jeff, a bandanna, Mark, a bottle of MadDog 20/20, Dave, the Death Star, and The Big B. A big huge pile of bullshit straight from the fields of Stavely. For me, it's a shame to see this place closing because there won't be anymore Lasalle flight troublemakers or Hudson Knights causing trouble. We've had good times here: MNP's room, the Tank, the Turret, the Dean and of course the Cave. To the rest of our class I wish you luck. As well I wish luck to those we lost along the way. Sheri, Cora and Keith have fun at RMc and try to control the Sphincters. Kim, I'm truly sorry for everything I did to you. Yeah right! Finally, to Lee, I leave you with a big O-Ka-Lee-Doe-Ka-Lee-Do.



Phil Bischoff

HA, HA, HA! WHO DARES CROSS MY BRIDGE? Matt has crossed many bridges in his Mil Col career, aceing academics and excelling at impressing his superiors. Matt, however, is not one-dimensional. He is a talented hockey player, but his taste in hockey teams leaves much to be desired (Who's Bill McDougall?). His drive for five did not interfere with his Sport-space appointments, and neither did his romantic endeavours with his NEW "belle". Matt will be forever remembered for one of the great Mil Col blades (This handwriting looks familiar!), and his drunken late-night parade practices (it seems to have paid off). Matt is a hard-worker who will never fail to achieve, and will no doubt go far in the Navy (ARRRR!). Matt, as a future CO of HMCS Halifax, will be patrolling Canadian waters off his native Nova Scotia, and we wish him luck in everything he sets his sights on.



Matt Bowen

WHO'S THE CHIEF, BABY?

Greg "the hard man" Campbell was an extremely active member of Royal Roads life. Always driven he progressed up the chain of command quickly and was an avid member of the varsity running team and the mountaineering club. But beyond all the sunshine, Greg will be most remembered for flaunting his unrecognizable six pack and other such muscle groups, as one of the founding members of the "three tooked knights of wahhh", in his search for the necronomicon, for his deafening yaihhhs, for climbing between windows two stories up, and for his most heinous gastrointestinal problems with the dead fish that never quite made it out. Greg's most memorable moments were probably spent thrashing around his room to D.K. with Fordo, soloing the overhang at Flemming, or studying the American prole at Smith Rock. Greg's plans for the future include a round the U.S. chiming trip, some type of higher education, and the formation of a punk band to gain greater control of the masses. May you four point dislocate to a figure four blind folded, Sally forth big shooter!



Greg Campbell

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or friend!" I shrieked, upstarting
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul has spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! - quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"



Isabelle Carisse

Quote the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from that shadow that lies floating on the floor

Shall be lifted - nevermore!
Shall be lifted - nevermore!

Edgar Allan Poe

From Kingston's Royal Military Penitentiary (when it was a real school), Sean came to God's country and admits he loves it. The sun, the women, the bike trails, the flowers, and the women have captured his heart it seems. His big Olds', like Canada's sleek greyhounds of death in the harbour, is his pride and joy, and I own his other pride and joy.



Sean Carscadden

(great price - thanks buddy!) His laissez-faire, zero-stress attitude comes through with an eye-rolling, slouchy "pffff!" - (the original "Seanism") and one can invariably expect him to end every fourth sentence with "but I'm a pilot!" Czar of the beer and wine making club, bearer of the Commonwealth flag, and 'CW-Cool' are a few titles he wore. We encouraged each others' ice-cream and pizza indulgences and hung various banners from the huge crane downtown. Now he's off to play with the fast toys in Moose Jaw (I'll get a ride won't I?) - best wishes, Sean, and thanks again for the inspirational 3:5 ratio! - Scott.



Adam Checketts

Adam came to RRCM from Waterloo Ont. His Mil Col career has flown by ... it seemed like it was over in only seven seconds. From his time at RRCM Adam has learned several important lessons: always write glowing morale reports, it is important to always put your bed sheets out, and, get room insurance because someone else always wants what you have. Adam has also learned that nice guys don't always finish first and that BOHICAN was never more true. While at Roads, Adam enjoyed SCUBA diving, ETH, hockey and leave. Adam looks forward to beginning his career in the Navy, being an NHL goalie and to marrying Sarah next year. Truth, Duty, Valour, BOHICAN!

Ben, author of a nameless, unheard-of quasi-'trek' novel, (& the original Marlborough-Man) has been a happy member of 3 Sqn from the start, declaring it the happiest place on Earth (though maids don't actually make the beds). Occupying the lower elevations, he saw things differently, insisting that artsies DO have plenty of work but that college was for fun. His unique stature, perma-lip shadow, and gino-car never netted him a certain someone's fiancé, but helped



Ben Coles

choose between a woman and her daughter! In-between subordinates, he would sing 'Heart of Oak' or stare at his wall o' girls. An avid forward on the soccer team, Big Ben managed to stay in shape for the women, postponing the A/SLT belly for yet another year. We hope his crusty spirit never sinks, and that his book will some day find a name (or just an ending). As far as MARS goes, "drive them ashore, for if they won't fight we can do no more!" Best of Luck from Scott & Sean and vice versa.

Brendan hails from Port Elgin Ontario, famous for its beaches, rednecks and nuclear plant. Many have suspected that he's some kind of mutant nuke experiment gone wrong. The symptoms include an abnormally pale complexion, a propensity for climbing vertical surfaces,



Brendan Cook

and the ability to attain super human speeds. Brendan is an athlete extraordinaire whose interests include running, rock climbing, volleyball, mountaineering, biking and swimming. When not worshipping the Temple 'O'the Bod, Brendan can be found trying to subdue a rabid squirrel which he has become quite attached to. Rumour has it that he found the squirrel at Long Beach, half-drowned and completely pissed out of its tiny skull, and has since taken on the uphill task of teaching her human manners. In the future Brendan plans to make the pilgrimage to Winnipeg, the Mecca of all Air Naps. Other plans include moonlighting as a Kenyan marathon runner, good luck in the future Brendan, your wacked sense of humour and invaluable friendship will be sorely missed.

The guy who we call Tweety has left behind him a legacy of MIR chits, cheesy lines and cigarette butts! Four years after receiving his bird-like nickname, Tweety still lives up to it, although he is a bit more "refined" now.

Tamer, one might say... This tweety-bird has been caged for quite some time this year but we still catch glimpses of him leaving in THAT CAR! Tweety will be moving himself and his entertainment centre to Venture soon, with his Zellers card purchases and his character (CH) EASY chairs... We will miss his vivacious personality, but we know Tweety will continue to charm everyone around him wherever he goes.



Tony Cornelissen

Torren had a chit, man. Torren had broken shins because his feet were square. Torren liked his computer. He played with it lots. When he wasn't with his computer, he was either sleeping or trying to convince the rest of the wing that he actually did, indeed, hit the drum while playing. Torren obviously spent a lot of money on computers, CDs, and Star Wars stuff because he started wearing a skirt as he couldn't afford the laundry soap to wash his underwear. Or was it because he used it all in Neptune? Manson loved the number 50. Every time that he took a Math course he always made sure that his final mark was his favourite number. In fact he liked Math so much, he often wrote the tests twice. The Mansonator was often seen down by the pistol range, inhaling lead and "firing" a few rounds down range. Was it the pistols or the "Laaa" he really liked? Slug also enjoyed a lot of buffalo. By the way, how are those e-mail messages going between you and the elephants? Anyway Chuck, best of luck and God bless for the future.
(DMS, SPR)



Torren Craigie-Manson

The Husker, our local 1 Sqn hick, joined us from the sheep-infested town of Madoc, which he assures us actually exists in Ontario. His arrival in the big city opened his eyes to the opposite sex but initially he kept it in the "family". Yet bigger game (bigger bars?) soon captured his attention, forcing him to have his phone surgically attached to his ear. How much was that last bill. Wes? But Stress Cromskull's communication exploits have not

prevented him from displaying his athletic talents through his four years with RRMc Hockey, and he is one of the founding members of the Sportspage crew, despite his inexplicable support for the Nordiques. Wes' Air Nav aspirations should allow him to maintain his extended sleep schedule well beyond Mil Col, but we know his hard work will bring him future success in the Forces. Best of luck to you, Wes. It's been a great four years.

"Point for me!!!"



Wes Cromwell

Bing leaves us as one of the few surviving members of the original ABP program, which has since been discontinued. Coincidence? AS IF!! Although he currently has a liking for things Albertan, his heart has remained true to his maritime roots and he looks forward to returning there upon graduation. On a personal level, Corey likes desserts: Blizzards, yet more ice cream, and frosty muffins. Corey has also amazed us with his academic prowess, finding the time to learn not just two but THREE languages (I'm sure Swedish will come in handy someday). Yet his talents do not end there. His skill on the sports field, be it with his ETH face-dribbling or ball hockey ability, never ceases to amaze. As a hard core Sportspage member, Bing has proven his support for the Leafs, despite the loss of Wendel. We know Corey's drive will serve him well in the future and as a communications officer, his language skills will be put to good use. Good luck, Crosby, and...



Corey Crosby

"GOTCHA!!!"

Steph, one of the lucky ones, was privileged enough to enjoy four years at RRMC, having escaped the wrath of Ontario. If you can't find Steph wrapped up in her Lion King comforter, listening to her Lion King soundtrack or cuddling with her Lion King



Steph Davies

stuffed animals, you can always find her in her "Geek's" room. Rumour has it that it took a proper English accent to tame this once wild girl. Don't ask us how she does it, but Steph has a knack for knowing the in's and out's of everyone and everything at the College. Regardless of her connections to the grapevine, she is a true confidante to many, putting others before herself. Despite her academic talents, Steph's conversations are often peppered with many "... and like" and "... and stuff" phrases. Kind of makes us wonder how she manages to write so well. Steph has left an unforgettable impression on all of us close to her. We will always appreciate her generous and caring nature, but most of all, we'll miss our jogs together.

Well, it's been both a long go and a blur. It seems like not too long ago I was wondering whether I was going to make it past the first year. MILCOL has demanded much from all of us especially in the area of free time, but I can say without a doubt that I have been well compensated. I not only will have a degree at the end of four years but I will have had the opportunity to have met and made many good friends. I take with me the many good experiences that occurred over the last four years as well. I came to RRMC with many ideals of what a leader should be. My time at Roads has solidified many and rendered others insignificant and perhaps has assisted me on the road to being a better leader. I wish all of you good luck in the future.

UBIQUE.



Scott Dawson

Here are a few words of economical advice from Gates:

- Buy low, sell high.
- A penny saved is a penny.
- No balls, no blue chips.
- Cheques are always delayed in the mail; bills arrive on time or sooner.
- Them that has GETS.
- Best of luck to everyone and let's make CANADA a better country.



Gates Fiola

James Burns Cameron arrived at Royal Roads in a bus. He found recruit term to be a little different from the banking world. After surviving life with Jerry, he moved in with the little dark kid from down the street and found instant happiness. He had everything: a leader, a friend, a polisher, and somebody to abuse. Moving into second year, the Bitter Old Man became just that. Nothing was right, except he had his own pipe band. Wearing a dress was all that kept him sane. Then third year hit. With only two bar positions, Cam decided he needed more. Enter Melanie. The castle sent him to Japan, but Japan wouldn't keep him. So he came back. Fourth year - Not even in the gate and he was boned with being i/c of the Commonwealth Games contingent. He mastered his CSL-manship first semester, with help from Mel, but decided that underwear was not for him. So, back into the band he went second semester as the seniorest cadet. Now, into the real force, the Air Force, with donuts and CPS in hand. Bonne Chance, mon ami. (DMS)



Cam Fisher

What would life have been without Jeff here at RRMCC? To be sure, the Three Tooked Knights of Wah would not have existed, ground zero moshing would never have come to pass, and all of us artsies would not have had a clue as to who in the hell Noam Chomsky was. As well, we all would have missed the great fight scenes in the halls and the sound of the whip cracking from Lyn's room. We would also have missed the grogen pumping contests and the ensuing peanut butter mix. But if you don't understand any of these, I am sure that all will agree that we would have missed his congenial attitude and his spirit. Best of luck in your quest to become a brilliant intellectual and in your quest to subdue the masses.



Jeff Ford

When Kevin isn't studying, he is either playing the bagpipes, working with cadets or programming some project or other on the computer. Somehow, he managed to do only one parade wearing underwear. The other parades were done wearing a kilt. After graduation, Kevin will be undergoing civilian infiltration classes, as he is receiving a medical release.



Kevin Fraser

Corey "butt now!" Frederickson barged into Royal Roads without knocking, and demanded a smoke and whatever kye might be laying around. Seeing that this was a good place to meet women, Fred decided to punch in his 4 years in fraser flight. On his off days from the bar, Fred could be seen doing any number of things: 1) making certain parts of his anatomy talk; 2) disrupting other people's relationships; 3) lying to Carrie; 4) trying to make everyone else cheat on their girlfriends. When things were dull at Roads, Fred could be counted on to start up a juicy new rumour about someone (usually Grez). In his last year, Fred saw the light and joined a group that fit his needs perfectly: the rugby team. As a flanker, Fred was crucial both in the game and in the famous attack on the town of Campbell River. With his degree in Pysch, Fritz hopes to dazzle all his infanteers when he gets to 1 PPCLI in Calgary. Good luck Fred, and remember: Take the stairs and not the elevator!



Corey Frederickson

A brave little girl from RMC;
Took the plane and flew to RRMCC;
In order to get a bachelor degree;
In Physics and Oceanography.

Through her four years at military college;
She managed to gain a lot of knowledge;
That will undoubtedly help her in the near future;
As she becomes a qualified AERE Officer.



Isabelle Gagne

At last, our brave little girl is ready to depart;
To see the real world and start her new art;
And, as she says farewell to all her friends;
She hopes that she will eventually see them again.

Scott is famous here at Roads for a wide variety of unique talents including thunderbelches, food fights (grape air strikes), eating heinous quantities of ice cream in a single sitting, and developing spontaneous injuries. Scott can usually be seen running with Sean, late for something or other, because neither one has ever gotten off of RMC time. Scott, ever the flirt, has never had any sort of affectionate feelings for a girl here at the College. His only love has been the outdoors, in particular mountaintops which no other human has ever ascended. Of all the things this little redneck will be remembered for, the greatest was when he grew his hair to "critical height", where it would be so tall that it would collapse under its own weight. The eventual mohawk will be remembered fondly by all. For those of us who have known Scott, life has been anything but boring. And from us to him: go forth, little one, and rain happiness down upon your dinner companions in whatever fruity form you can find.



Scott Garriott

Stephan, aka Grez, Grezzie, Lightnin', the Chick Magnet, hailing from the environmentally-friendly town of Port Hardy, has impressed us all with his bargaining prowess (I think the dealer is STILL laughing). Grez, the pro-clearcut activist, has spent much of his time in the woods confronting forest animals whose names start with "B." Yet Grez continually finds time for his buds, whether it is providing rides to Subway or a quick low-interest cash withdrawal from the Bank of Grez. grezzie is also a member of the hallowed Sportspage crew, where his loyalty to the Blackhawks is evident. On the serious side, Lightnin' is always there to lend an ear to those who need it. In the future, Admiral Grez looks forward to keeping Canada's fishing grounds safe for the valiant fishermen of Quatsino. We all wish Grez the best of luck in his future endeavours and hope that he makes it through the winter . . .



Stephan Gresmak

Arrivé des bas fonds du Québec, Steven a eut son premier contact avec le monde militaire au CMR. Après avoir passé deux années dans cet établissement, il décida de partir à la découverte de nouvelles aventures. Ce long pèlerinage le mena à Royal Roads Military College. Bien que quelque peu désorienté, sa première année fut remplie de surprise!!!! Lorsque quelqu'un lui demanda



Steve Hainse

pourquoi il avait quitté ce merveilleux Collège qu'est, CMR, Steven se contenta de répondre qu'il était venu à ROADS pour parfaire son Anglais, chose qui fut tr'ages facile avec l'aide de ses multiples amis anglophones "AL, Gates, G and MIKE." Étant plus âgé que la majorité des étudiants, il a su faire preuve de maturité lors des différents événements sociaux (Air Force Day, October Fest, 100 Days) et il a également su partagé ses grandes connaissances en matière de bingo et de guichet automatique.

Dan 'da man' Hardy strutted his way from far away Tswwassen to arrive at Royal Roads and make his mark (which he has most certainly done in more ways than one). Dan has spent his 4 years at Royal Roads learning the finer points of 1) parking regs, 2) frat, 3) sleeping through class/meetings/inspections, 4) ensuring the elevator is lubricated. When Dan is not seeing females who perspire heavily, he can be seen practicing the mile & 1/2, learning to sing, stealing other people's kye, and teaming up with 2nd years (in more ways than one). On a positive note, Dan was a reliable friend, always eager to hit the weights. When it comes to Gagetown, Dan has proven that he has the skills to be an excellent armoured officer. As CSTO2, Dan portrayed an air of confidence on the parade square and was always quick with a joke to liven up any situation. All the best in the future Dan, we know that they will make a movie about you someday.



Dan Hardy

I leave this college with many excellent memories, and an awful lot of lessons learned. My only hope is that they are never forgotten. On this roller coaster ride through Roads, there has been lots of tears and lots of laughter, none of which do I regret. Friends and mentors have stood by me in all of these times, and for that I thank them. To Squad, my dearest friend and "big brother," I'll miss you very much, but my best wishes go with you everywhere. Mom and Dad, your love, support and encouragement have been endless; thank you from the bottom of my heart. As I come to the end of the ride, I can honestly say that I'm glad to get off and that I do not want to get on it again. I know that I'll be on another ride soon and it will undoubtedly have ups and downs. But after all, the ups and downs are what makes it go.



Kathryn Hodgson

... was the pursuit of academic excellence and a cleaner room. Upon completion of these two journeys, the two souls discovered a middle ground satisfying the two extremes. Unfortunately, the first soul still has a serious problem with his kit. Sometime later, the souls came to the realization that they shared a common bond ... VOLLEYBALL. Together, the souls ravaged the courts of the institution. As time passed, more bonds were formed between the two souls. They began to wear the same clothes, drink the same beer, and make the same poor choices in who their friends were. Over the years the souls became indistinguishable. They became one ... they became JIMSY. Upon graduation from the fine military institution, the two souls were forced apart. But that was O.K. because so was the institution!



Jim Julien

Once upon a time, long, long ago, a wandering soul found his way to a fine military institution. Here this soul discovered the wild life. A short time later a second wandering soul found his way to this same fine military institution. Here this soul discovered the importance of an education. The first soul, realizing that he enjoyed this institution so much, decided to stay an extra year. It was during this year that the first soul met the second soul. The first soul discovered that the second soul had yet to partake in the finer activities of life. To this end, the first soul took the second soul and commenced a long journey of debauchery and inebriation. Upon returning from this journey, the second soul discovered that the first soul had yet to experience the joy of actually passing a midterm and not getting burned on a walkthrough. With that, he took the first soul on a different journey, a journey in the opposite direction. The second soul's journey ...



Rob Jones

Waterfall flew over from the land of the Great Lakes to God's country after two long, hard winters. After shape-changing back to her human form she met up with Rats-in-Hair, Big-Belch, Forked-Tongue, and Box-Jaw. Things were never the same at Roads after that!!! Lookin for some lovin she shackled-up with a whitey. No one was too sure about that relationship at first but everything worked out in the end because he was a descendant of the Raven. Waterfall's most memorable moments were her many nights out with the Squaws, especially the time they drank all that liquor at the Pagliacci teepee! And you can't forget all the rain-dancing at Scandal's and the various other smoke-houses! There's also the visits to Big-Belch's and Rats-in-Hair's wigwams. We always had a great time feasting on the smoked salmon and passing the peace pipe. Our time has come. To my friends I offer: May the Spirit guide you!



Lyn Kingsley

Waterfall

Jules will be returning to her native home, Saskatchewan, in her airforce-blue squawmobile. As if she needs a plane with a car like that! Some have called Jules the "ice-queen", but we know the truth about her warm heart! We were really happy to have Jules all to ourselves during the last part of fourth year, and we can assure her Scottish sailor that we tried our best to keep her occupied while he was away!!! We love you, Jules! We're gonna miss you—but a squaw is a squaw forever. See you at the big pow-wow in ten years, eh.

"Thanks girls! I leave you with this . . ."

Remember that no matter how bad things may seem at times, they could somehow always be worse. So don't sweat the little things; just take a breath. And if that doesn't work, try ranting and raving, running through a Millward hallway for about 10 seconds! My thanks to those who have made life here liveable. God bless you." Jules.



Juli Mackenzie

It has been four years of laughing (and crying from laughing so hard) at this rather funny guy who hails from PEI. Though he rarely really tries to be funny, he has succeeded in making many who have known him well laugh or shake their heads at his antics. One need only mention the bank machine to understand this. Spud hasn't been the model of Mil Col; Mr. "can I have an extension for that essay Sir?" tallied 26 days by his second year. But he has at least earned the respect of his peers, and the friendship of many. Always willing to listen or help in any way that he can, his door is always open if you need a hand or an ear to listen.

The light at the end of the tunnel is in front my eyes. It has been fun, hard, and down right annoying as hell, but in the end

I will miss this place.



Chris Macphail

Sarah K came to us from CMR where she gained great fame as the "Andrew Brown Tamer". We, of course, don't know all the details, but who does know exactly what happened that fateful evening? Her exploits with Andrew provided her with good training in taming the male species. She put her skills to work on the CWSRO first semester of fourth year and successfully "whipped" him into shape. Not only has Sarah K displayed great skill in dealing with her fellow OCds, but she also has a certain way with the military and academic staff. This is evident from the beautiful necklace and earrings the Commandant gave her for her birthday at the CWSRO Challenge. No one knows for sure how Sarah K earned his favour . . . Despite her height (or lack of), Sarah K is not one to be ignored. Her dance music (ie. bass) and her personality won't allow it. Over the time that we've known Sarah K, she's been a great friend and we'll always remember our runs! What exactly does the K stand for anyway?



Sarah McMillan

Throughout her first two years at the college this Polish immigrant was widely known for her party antics and her willingness to give 20 percent more story for the same low price. But all that changed while recovering from exams in second year at Long Beach. On that fateful day her wild heart was tamed by the world's largest albino peacock. Since then it has been all downhill. Her hobbies include rock climbing, running and worshipping the Temple "O" the Bod. Though legally blind and incapable of counting on her fingers Roscoe is off to take command of the west coast Navy. We only hope she can get a seeing eye dolphin who can do math to guide her on the bridge. Her other plans include finding a use for the copious quantities of phlegm she produces. Good luck in your future adventures Cath, you will no doubt excel in whatever it is you plan to do.



Cathy Mialkowski

The past four years
have been great.

Good luck
everyone.



Sean Murphy

Nicki hails from the "promised" land. To her profs, especially in seminar classes, she appears to be a quiet, thoughtful, and poised young lady. However, those of us close to Nicki know that deep down, hiding under her ringlets, lives a giggly and somewhat ticklish girl — especially around certain soccer players . . . If it weren't for Nicki's Mom, the Cadet Wing would have starved by now. Too bad the VPMC couldn't hire her Mother to work in her Mess. It's a shame that she didn't have as tight a trip on the Mess staff as she did her soccer team. Referred to as "Mom", who can blame her for dedicating all her spare time to her "boys"? Despite the goldleaf prominently displayed on Nicki's right sleeve, there is a raging debate at RRMC as to whether Nicki can actually speak French — n'est ce pas? Known for her big ears, wide shoulders, and most of all the largest heart in the fourth year class, she is loved by all who meet her.

Ready Aye Ready?



Nicki Newell

Getting apples in the
dark . . . oh what fun.
Being sick in the sink .
. . . no more rum.
Playing soccer in Euro-
pe . . . it was a blast.
Having a section of
twelve . . . I learned a
lot.

What did we learn? Did
we leave our mark? I
think each of us will
take something special
from this place. For me,
I will take the true def-
inition of Friendship.

Friendship is not of con-
venience nor is it incon-
venient. It will cry with you and laugh with you. It will
always be with you and never run away. For me friendship
is best described in one word . . . consideration.



Malachi Nordine

Grad is finally here. I re-
member watching all of the
past grads, saying how
much they wanted to get
out of here and I always
thought that it wasn't so
bad. It still isn't bad but as
the year closes, I can un-
derstand their fever. I'm
really going to miss eve-
rybody, especially the
squaws. Farewell to Jenn,
Juli, Krista, Lyn and sticky
Nicki! And extra special
thanks to Juli and Krista
for your support during the
year, I don't think I could
have kept my sanity with-

out you two. Not to mention everything Lee has done for
me, thanks for sticking by my side. Farewell to Brent, Kael,
Jeff, and Phil. Thanks a lot for trying to put me in a barrack
box, handcuffing me to the men's urinal etc . . . NOT! I
won't forget you guys. Good luck to the 2nd and 3rd years
going to RMC next year. Lastly, thanks to Aaron (sweet ass),
Jonesy, and Chris. You guys made the year fun. Good-bye
Steve and Cyn.



Kim Payne

K-W-I-S-T-A!!!
This squaw has many talents - she is a singer, a comedian, AND she can make herself look like a muppet! She's obviously come a long way since her pig farming days in Manitoba! "HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!" - This is really all you have to say about Krista's infamous laugh. Well, this cute little squaw will be journeying to Groc-land soon and we shall miss her craziness and her sweet nature. But we will meet again... oh yes, we will meet again!



Krista Pelechaty

Well, I will definitely miss the squaws, we've had some great times together! My life at Roads wouldn't have been the same, however, without Aaron who was always there for me in good times and bad. As well, both Corey and Jonesy who were sure to make me laugh. I thank you guys for that. Finally, to Grant, my Cookie Monster, you've made fourth year a memorable one for me. I won't forget you guys, I'll miss you all.

Perry started what was to be a fruitful life on the Rock. However, he quickly learned that there was a lack of feminine companionship and decided to move west. Upon his arrival, Larry soon set out to establish a large following amongst the female UVic population, yet his wild ways were put to an end with the emergence of someone he calls (privately) "snooky-wookums". Or was it the chick who chased the bus? Militarily speaking, the man is a God. Having demonstrated his expertise in fixing trucks for a summer, he saw the light and transferred to a real trade, infantry. A legend in his own mind, Barry was famous for his "Love-me" wall of assorted pictures and certificates, and his bone crushing tackles on the Rugby Field. The halls of RRMc will forever echo with various Newfie slangs and phrases that nobody else understood but him. Still, there can be no denying that the man is squared away. We could wish him luck, but with his talents, he won't need it.



Barry Pitcher

(...) -Et que fais-tu de cinq cents millions d'étoiles?
-Cinq cent un million six cent vingt-deux mille sept cent trente et un. Je suis sérieux, moi, je suis précis.
-Et que fais-tu de ces étoiles? (...)
-Rien. Je les possède. (...)
-Et à quoi cela te sert-il de posséder les étoiles?
-Ca me sert à être riche.
-Et à quoi cela te sert-il d'être riche?
-A acheter d'autres étoiles, si quelqu'un en trouve. (...)
-Et qu'en fais-tu?
-Je les gère. Je les



Sandra Plourde

compte et je les recompte. C'est difficile. Mais je suis un homme sérieux! (...)
-Moi, je possède une fleur que j'arrose tous les jours. Je possède trois volcans que je ramone toutes les semaines. (...)
-C'est utile à mes volcans, et c'est utile à ma fleur que je les possède. Mais tu n'es pas utile aux étoiles.

Le Petit Prince, St-Exupéry

"S'il vous plaît... dessine-moi un mouton!"

BOTC - broken - admin platoon - RECRUIT TERM - room mate Malachi - FIRST YEAR - trouble begins - blade wars - meet Buck, Myers, Limey - blade Old Man - AAC - all nighters - who are you? "J/C Jestley", mark time - make signs, mark time - 100 days carrier landings - goodbye Buck + G. - SLT - Thetis lake - Hagen's car - Myers, Fordo, pubes - hiere - SECOND YEAR - CWBRO - 2nd floor - Troll and Old Man - have party, meet TorringtonSphinct, meet DCds, 20xS3 - all nighters - built dene - goodbye Myers - Drill Club - goodbye Moekus - Gagetown, ARMD PH II. - THIRD YEAR - SCSC 12 - tank-turret parties - Sanders' cabin - cheep cheep sauce - BCdt Reinchert - Mexico - ARIBA!! - all nighters - deplorable lack of organization in great haste at the last minute - sweet liquor eases the pain - flying orange ball - frozen kit - Junior Ensign - ARMD PH III en francais - FOURTH YEAR - AWOL - CSTO3 - running team - ARRRR!! - Heh Heh Heh - Dawsonwardroom = liquor - Thesis = ludicrous - Christmas Lucheon = bar slate re-org - messdinner trials - Kelowna, UBC, RMC, Montreal trips - sortingout in rapidfire - iced peacocks - strength through Drill - more all nighters - I BE OUTTA HERE!!!



Mark Popov

After working in the MIR at Chilliwack for a few years, Bruce decided that there should be more to life than just sticking CFOCS cadets with needles all the time. So he decided to become a cadet himself. However, after discovering calculus, modern physics and thermochem in his first couple of years, he quickly



Bruce Redekop

thought that maybe sticking it to others was the better way to go! The one comforting thought was that this self-proclaimed "Supp King" would never have to supp PT. After having spent over half his life in Spanish speaking countries, Bruce was quickly dubbed "Speedy Gonzales" during SLT in his first year. However, once a couple of folks discovered his nachos, tequila, and odd hot tub get-togethers, the name was changed to the Tequila O. He found the most enjoyable time here (besides visiting the bigger offices in the castle) was to be on the UT IM team which consistently walked away with the "black-eye awards" for squash and broomball. Hasta luego RRMCI VVV

Well, what can I say about my four years at RRMCI? I would like to say that I will only take from this place a collection of good times and memories.

However, that would deny the accuracy of true Military College life. Royal Roads for me was an awakening to all sorts of events and people both good and bad. Over four years I have



Kael Rennie

managed to witness numerous examples of both pathetic leadership and human behaviour. To these people I have no time. However, to all those who have provided four years of fun times and experiences, I thank you. Whatever admin force put me in 3 Sqn, I am grateful. From my first roommate in Rm. 407 named Hoops, to my best friend Jeff and the rest of the 3 Sqn gang, you guys made life liveable. I will remember you guys the most. Thanks for everything. The future beckons the eager soul; desperate to break with the present. Rushing blindly into the midst of confusion; unsure, unknown of its direction.

"Freeze this moment a little bit longer.
Make each sensation a little bit stronger.
The innocence slips away, Time stand still".

I started my Mil Col career at CMR and after three years decided to see what life at RRMCI would be like. It must have been good because I ended up staying here for three years as well! It's been a long haul, but I'm glad to say that there have been more good times than bad. I made new friends and lost touch with old ones but the memories will last forever. The memories of the camping and sailing trips, and the short but numerous walks to the Wad will remain and I hope our paths will cross again in the future. To fair winds and calm seas I wish everyone smooth sailing in their future endeavours.



Graham Roberts

Graham (aka G, Guh, G-Man, G-Spot)

Jody Leigh Robillard

Deeds, not words make the man.

A toast to the Silent Service.



Jody Robillard

Stu, raised in the land flowing with milk and honey, hopped over to the island for the express purpose of running the bell curve at Roads. He was raised on a mountain slope deep in the coastal forest (and in England) so if he wasn't doing assignments not yet assigned, he was surely scaling some peak. Although a gentle guy, the story of his punching a bus-driver out in his early days is known to a few of us. Maybe college tamed him (King Neptune might disagree). A softspoken wizard of academics, Steph's geek would help anyone and often offered a cheery pilot's point of view just because he could. Though life hit him unfairly in his fourth year, Stu never lost sight of what kept him going. Ever need your old climbing buddy, look me up!
- Scott G!



Stu Rogerson

Whatever your hand finds to do, do it with all your might, for in the grave, where you are going, there is neither working nor planning nor knowledge nor wisdom.

(Ecclesiastes 9:10)

I want to remind everyone graduating, as well as those going on to RMC, that life may be short, but it is yours for the living. Whatever we are asked to do, we should do it with passion and with our whole body and spirit, because we can't take back time, but we can make sure every second counts. So, no matter what life throws your way, remember that you're not alone and laughter may annoy some, but it inspires most. Thank-you Steph, et al., for making Roads more than just a military college. With life, liberty, love and laughter, I pursue this world and the gifts it grants me. So, good luck to all. And be good-but not too good.



Dani Rose

I found Miles in a jungle. He was pretty easy to train, although he preferred his spear to a drill stick. All he wanted to do was be one of those 'great silver noise-birds' he had seen flying overhead. Seems he has the aptitude, he's been playing with planes for a long time. He changed his spots from deputy chief of the He-man No Fratters Union in third



Miles Selby

year. He's quite content with his piglet. Third year he made the Coloured Party what it was. First semester fourth year, he led the Coloured Party. All first three years he had that damned plastic sword in his hands; now that he has the real thing, he hates parades. Upon graduation, he's going to that school (I think it's called Project X) where they teach all sorts of upright primates how to play with the auto-pilot. I'll miss the little fella, but you never know. Some day you'll be on a plane going somewhere, and over the intercomm you'll hear, "This is your Captain speaking... BYAAAAAAP!" Per Ardua Ad Astra, Selby, (JBCF-his BOM)

AARON ... SPAM ... SPAZ ... SWEET ASS ...

What can one say about Aaron's long (nose) 2 years at Roads? Not much!! Just kidding! Aaron came to us from the huge (nose), thriving metropolis of North Bay, Ontario. An import from RMC, Aaron made a large (nose) impact on many people at Roads. His third year was spent pursuing academic excellence ... NOT! and performing his CSC duties ... getting



Aaron Spaans

One word can pretty much sum up Aaron's fourth year at Roads ... (nose) JOHANNA! We didn't see much of Spam as he was always out cruising in his brand new, sleek, cherry red (nose) sports car! As CFL Mack and then CSL 2 Aaron was a hard-nosed leader. And although he was kept pretty busy, Spam always found time for his (nose) friends. Spam's cheerfulness and weird (nose) sense of humour always kept us laughing (at him)!! We wish you all the best with your (nose) CELE career Aaron. We'll miss ya!

Where should we start with Mike, considering Bubs and I know every little thing he's done over the past four years . . . Is it the reincarnation of dean Moriarty? A vampire? Left over punk? 'Nationalist'? All four, Mike has in four years impressed us all with his tolerance (ahem), hair, or lack thereof, and ability to convince you that he is the legitimate heir to your birthright. Mike's interests include Beacon Hill park, the Dene, er, the Deke, the Bakery, and UVic, that is if you haven't already found him in Bubs' or Scotty's room. His nocturnal activities range from accumulating an ever



Mike Spearman

growing number of "candle holders" to expending an ever decreasing number of pop can tabs. The only member never to accumulate his due number of days on breach, Mike has the knack of skillfully faulting even the most condemning evidence. Broom-ball anyone? Versed student of The Classics, including Mozart, the Misfits, Rancid, Clockwork Orange and the Sex Pistols, Mike is a continual source of fascinating culture, and will provide the anthropologists with more of an enigma than they can handle.

I can really relate to what Forrest Gump once said: "Life is like a box of Chocolates." I do not know which chocolate I have got but it sure isn't what I expected. Good Luck in the future to all my dear friends and peers in their endeavours and should our paths ever cross, let it be at "SUBWAY." Seriously, though, I am sure that we will all take some great memories from this place, myself included.



Axel Sundquist

Coming out of the closet after Third Year, Lee not only became CWC, but also got himself a girlfriend. Mmm, Lisa. Lee has found he does not need sleep anymore, and the best way for him to study is in fact at his girlfriend's house. Lee is actually quite a wonder of modern medical science, being able to play soccer, basketball and numerous IM's with only 0.674964 lungs existing in a functional capacity. Lee has done many admirable things here at the College, but what earned him the most respect of his peers and subordinates was his replacement of Randy as both starter soccer goalie and basketball hero . . . Oh yeah, he was a pretty decent CWC, too. In his final semester, Lee found the Path of Least Resistance to grad, by dropping his hellish honours project and leaving Stu to fly solo in that stupid math class (sorry, Stu). Lee has big plans for after Grad, as he and Ben set off on their quest to become barons of Victoria real estate. Best of luck, Flanders: you've got a real heart of oak.



Lee Taal

Originally hailing from the thriving metropolis of Chetwynd B.C., Mike came to Royal Roads four years ago as a member of Mackenzie Flight. Known as the one who rarely speaks, Mike has been heard to talk a lot at social functions (Bruce's parties/100 days), although not always too coherently. If you are ever looking for Mike, he can often be found at one of two places: in the SCR watching 'Al' with Steve, or free-falling from 10000' over Brentwood. Even though he constantly complains of a lack of money, Mike always seems to



Mike Teeple

scrounge up enough money for a jump, or to go out for a beer. To find Mike, the easiest way would be to follow the sound of the country music, or to listen for the roar of his '69 Mustang. After graduation, this 'redneck' will be travelling to Kingston, where he will be finishing his training as a CELE officer, and hopes to one day be posted back out west to 1 CMBG.

I decided to come to this college from RMC in second year in hope that I would make many friendships. I have not been disappointed. My friends here have been nothing less than great. I've also had the opportunity to work with very talented people which has made my job as CFL much easier. It is too bad that Sports Page doesn't play in Ontario, however, when I watch a sports cast, my thoughts will here. Finally, coming to Royal Roads gave me the opportunity to meet the one I love. Without this college, I would still be sulking in Kingston, loveless. I wish everyone good luck in their careers, good health and best wishes. It's been great.



Chris Tessier

Kevin spent two years at RMC in Kingston, then decided to move to BC for the snowboarding and outdoor sports year round. Kevin marginally enjoys the academic side of College life, and slightly less the military side. He is known to believe that "a little bit of discipline never hurt anyone". He looks forward to a career in the air force and feels that army and navy days at Roads were meant simply to serve as a reminder of how lucky air force personnel really are.



Kevin Tromp

Difficulties at Mil Col: two large recruit term CSC's, parking at RMC, campfires near Jarvis lake in survival school, and taking his ball date flying.

Successes at Mil Col: running, triathlons, snowboarding and Cindy.

Kevin isn't sure how he ended up in military college, perhaps because he spent most of his savings for university on snowboarding, however one way or the other he will miss the people he has done time with at military college.

My years at RRMCM have been an experience I won't soon forget. Entering this institution as a MCpl, I was shocked to find myself back at the bottom of the proverbial, albeit new, totem pole. Yet I have slowly come to see this phase of my life as one of substantial growth. I have learned a great deal regarding who I am, and what I deem important in life. My wife Patricia and I have seen our homelife dramatically altered by the tremendous demands of MILCOL, and more significantly by the birth of our daughters Carolyn and Natalie. Socially, I have developed many new friends and acquaintances whom I hope to contact once again. Truthfully, I still wish I was educated at a civilian university, predominantly because RRMCM is not properly geared to the needs of UTPNCMs. I will admit, however, that ROADS has given as much as it has taken, and that I am proud of the achievements this institution has driven me towards. Good luck to all.



Rob Turgeon

Jenn will finally be leaving her native west coast for bigger and better things. The prairies are calling and soon Jenn will be sniffing avgas in Moose Jaw, Sask. With no malls to satisfy her shopping habit, Jenn will be forced to spend her time making wine—damn! She leaves behind her a legacy: a trail of broken hearts, Carmannah clearcuts, loud boisterous laughter, and a record for the most fatigues performed by a Roadent. Rats-in-hair will undoubtedly miss the Squaws, as the Squaws will certainly be very quiet without her. We hope that the late nights, the dingy bars, the multiple bottles of wine with dinner and the drooling pilots weren't too much for you to handle! We love ya, Squaw! BRRRAAAAAAPPPPP!!!! Jules, Kim, Krista, Lyn, Nicki, Chris, Tweety, Fordo, Homer, Aaron, Darce, Mike - I will miss the times spent here with all of you. Christophah - you sure you don't want to live in my closet? Well, it's time to go!



Jenn Tyldesley

Woohoo! Done at last! I dedicate this passage to the late Buck: may his blade never go dull. Same for you, O Living Germ! Of the elite few who became my good friends here, I will miss you muchly. Of the rest of you? SEE YA! Many things I will always remember: Mark the likker-swilling monkey, Phildo the union worker, Kael the workaholic nemesis of gerbils, Jeff the hairbag cheese-di . . . guy, Moe the pillar of morality, Flanders the fallen angel, Dave the toxic emitter, Stu the man with but one flew, Corey my fellow drillaholic, Joelle . . . need I say more? . . . I will also think back on our many nefarious nocturnal sorties, questionable festivities, and other socially unacceptable behaviour, from the Drill Club to the AAC, and giggle my ass off. Whether doing drill in Mexico or decorating the square at night, you guys made it worthwhile to put up with all the crap that we did. Remember: drill takes precedence, jeans not auth, action and implement, OTT, MTF.



Brent Vaino

I think I knew I was in the wrong place the day the principal came in and welcomed us new UT's to RRMCMC. He told us this was a University first. The DCDTs came in right after the principal left. He told us that this was a military school for training officers. One day I'll learn when its time to quit.



Ken Vande Burgt

I learned that officers are people and often make mistakes. I hope I don't ever adopt an attitude where 'tis better to do it wrong than to not do it at all. It's not professional.

Better to let an NCO do it right. 'Default mode' is only used for people where people don't matter. I learned to distrust written regulations. Every one interprets them differently. I also learned to stay quiet, unless I had something 'nice' to say. Happy trails.

"All your life you are told the things you cannot do. All your life they will say you're not good enough or strong enough, they'll say you're the wrong height or the wrong weight to play this or achieve this. THEY WILL TELL YOU NO, a thousand times no until all the no's become meaningless. All your life they will tell you no, quite firmly and very quickly. They will tell you no. And YOU WILL TELL THEM YES." - A Nike advertisement



Steph Walsh

I would like to thank all my friends that I have made over the past four years. Thanks guys! Remember to look in a mirror once in a while and as long as you like what you're looking at, then you're doing okay. I never would be what I am now without you, my friends, especially Danielle. You were always there. To my Mom and Dad, all the packages and phone calls were always the highlight of every week for four years. I know it wasn't easy for you letting me move so far away. I love you. - Steph

I see the test of any experience is whether one would voluntarily endure it again. MilCol was an experience of people and activities, some that I never want to associate with again and some that I will very dearly miss. On the whole would I do Roads again . . . Sure.



Jeff Wedman

Josée (also known as Jos'B') came to RMC from parts unknown, very young and somewhat innocent. That quickly changed when she met up with her cohort, Jos'A' and Marie, and she began her reign of terror. Josée got away with her boy chasing and gossip sharing crimes until she made the ultimate mistake—Josée complained that her ROC term had been too easy. As punishment, Jos'B' was sent to the secret MilCol penitentiary in the West to serve 2 yrs less a day. Once at RRMC, she quickly saw the shadows behind the scenic surroundings and realized that to keep her sanity, she had to spend at least 14 hrs of each day off the college grounds. *She was successful.* Even rare sightings of Josée became far and few between after 3rd yr. This, of course, was the year Josée moved her residence off Roads' grounds. Never one to shirk responsibilities, Josée organized her time to accommodate being CSSO, CSAO and a navy wife. Highlights: Jos'A', Tish, Sylvain, square teeth!



Josée Witherow

Signed: Sabu

Grok came to us from the thriving metropolis of Salmon Arm eager to show his knowledge and skill to anyone who was willing (or unwilling) to listen, and as an added bonus, if you missed it the first time, he'd repeat it all for you. During the week Darcy can be found; 1) on the Rugby pitch saying "Yes, coach;" 2) having snowball fights with 2nd Years; 3) having "polite" conversations with a little blonde girl. All in all, Grok has been pretty good at confining his love interests within the Wing. Having spent two summers in Gaagetown, Darcy ensured that he always followed his compass and always had a kind word for his mates. Darcy could always be relied upon to help you force out one more rep in the weight room, and always offered a willing ear to buds in need. Best of luck in Winnipeg with 2 PPCLI, Grok. We're sure that you'll do the infantry proud.



Darcy Wright



3rd Years

Adam Carlson

Adam T. Wokin Pu Nub Carlson, aka checko, Adumb, single guy number two, Ghost rider RIO. The side-kick crew member of the illustrious Ghost rider sailing team, he always had his eyes open for oncoming traffic . . . talk to me Goose!! Adam is an avid believer in the nine millimetre solution. Just try asking him a stupid question. This Redneck cowboy is from the great hick town of Kamloops British Columbia. How do we know he's a redneck? Well . . . he's investing in a C.B. radio and a shotgun holster for his truck. Need we say more! But even being a redneck, Adam's a pretty nice guy. Any girls who may find themselves unhappy or depressed, need not be. Adam is the self-appointed morale officer on hug patrol every day in every corner of the wing. Adam's always been a true Boy Scout or should we say Beaver . . . Sharing Sharing Sharing! Adam is always looking out for his friends, providing frequent kye runs to McDonald's and Subway. However, no matter how hard he tries, his computer still has more friends than he does. Hey dumb, we love you anyway. Fly high!!



Grant Cooke

What can one say when describing Grant Cooke? Well, how about the right marker for every parade? Yes, at 6'4" & 220lbs, Grant is definitely known for his height and size. However, when describing Grant's third year, he is also well known for his other half . . . one of the shortest females in the college!! When not found cursing at his computer over Buckley assignments, Grant could always be found upstairs with a certain member from 2 Sqn!! Hmm, wonder who that could be? Grant also spent a lot of his third year on the rugby pitch putting his size to good use. After recovering from knee surgery at the beginning of the year (from rugby), Grant jumped right back in and proceeded to find many other ways to injure almost every part of his body!! As a pilot, Grant's top priority is to look cool, even in stressful or slightly dangerous situations. But hey, what else are pilots supposed to worry about?? Best of luck at RMC Cookie.



Kelly Jarrett

Kelly Jarrett hails from the Big Lake Gychigoomi in Ontario. He is currently attending Royal Roads but likes to think as himself as an underpaid UT and is the only one of his friends to have a life outside the college. Lisa may have stolen his heart but she has not been able to measure up to his one true love, his hair!! While he hasn't spent a lot of time at the college the Kelster has managed to participate in a number of college groups including the Windsurfing club and the Wine making club. He has also obtained the much sought after position of Vice President In Charge Of Milking for the Bovine Appreciation Organization. The competition was tough but Kelly won out due to his swift yet gentle hands and his story about a roll in the hay with a certain special person (himself). Kelly has achieved much at the college and all those who know him have appreciated his sense of humour, which could frequently be seen when hacking his buds. All in all he is a great friend and has made an impression on the small (but powerful) third year clan that will be remembered by all when he is doing a high speed fly by as a Snowbird pilot.



Tyler Kennedy

Deciding that he was bored with his life, Tyler fled from his home in Colwood to start a new life at RRC, 250 metres away. Having secretly enlisted under the little known 5 year plan, Tyler was disappointed to find out that the last year would be spent in Kingston. His summers are spent becoming intimate with the swamps and girly-mags of Gagetown. In his free time, Tyler enjoys doing the inebriated 100m breast stroke (with or without Rhea), keymaking, and scrumming down on the pitch (or in room 6028). Over a year into his common-law marriage, at times he still forgets to lock the door when caught up in the heat of the moment. The Rhino will be missed by all whose lives he has touched. The third year's of RRC 94-95 were a tight bunch and Tyler was a part of them. Hang on to your friends next year. Both RMC and the Artillery Corps should brace themselves for the thundering hooves of Tyler Kennedy.



Sheri-Lynn Kenny

Sheri-Lynn came to us at Roads 3 years ago from the small northern wasteland of White River, Ont. A typical mind-!@#*, Sheri decided that a degree in Psychology was the way to go. When she's not shrinking heads,

Sheri can be found inflicting pain on someone somewhere else on the college grounds (normally the sports fields). Fondly referred to as the Bulldozer by her field hockey teammates, Sheri has ploughed through several activities this year including diving, field hockey, and men (back injuries, eh?!) True to form, Sheri has worked hard at self-improvement this year in order to better fit in with the Navy. Her boozing ability is renowned in the college, and a number of stories exist regarding her passing out downtown and suspicious hickey-like bruises from falling while playing hide and seek. Wonder why you could never be found? Take care love and see you in Kingston!



Dale MacPherson

This year was a glorious turning point for Dale. Forever gone are the days of his hard-corps militia attitudes and lifestyle. He has matured from the girly-mags to the hunt for the real thing. The hunt is most definitely on, after discovering alcohol and girls. Coincidence? Probably not. As we have observed, it isn't his leopard-crawling skills that get the girls, nor his splits on the dance floor, but the cool and confident air that surrounds him as he hangs on to the speaker trying not to fall over. We haven't decided if Dale is going for quality or quantity, though perhaps another third year in the Wing could answer that question. He is still a loyal disciple of the Infantry Corps, as shown by his high standing on phase. After his year of conquest and exploration, he will return to the familiar hell known as Gagetown. Does his next year at RMC hold promise for Dale in the four pillars: academic, military, social and romance?



Mark Nasmith

Zippy, or Duffus, (I'd call him Mark but that's against the rules) has not always been motivated for academics, but he was nevertheless willing to make the biggest sacrifices to pursue an active social life. As evidence of his altruism he is always willing to visit when called upon by others (even if that means going to the second floor) or to open his own door for someone who needs a hug, or even anything more. If one doubts the understanding personality of Zippy they have only to look at his list of "friends" and their phone numbers. And if there appears to be a name missing from the page, fear not, she could probably be found on the RRMC Quick Phone List anyways. The fabled Woodsman himself unfortunately needs a little more work on his naphtha handling skills. Sure, the pants would look great as cut-offs, but they still wouldn't hide the scars would they Mark? We're sure Mark'll do great as a Nav, just keep him out of Sea-Kings and we'll have less to worry about.



Heather Ray

For those of you that know Heather Ray, you have probably already seen her resemblance to a racoon on several social outings (nice hat!), but you may not have realized that she is more like a racoon than just in appearance. Both undeniably cute, but

yet with razor sharp teeth that can make a man froth at the mouth. She has been a great friend and mentor to many, including the illustrious Tank Girl. Heather has taken on the responsibility of CSC, made (and drank!) wine, experienced French, kayaked, climbed, rowed, been president of the Bovine Appreciation Organization, and in short, been inspirational. Heather has accomplished much in her short time at the college. However, what one says in jest, it must be recognized that she has left an indelible mark on all those who know her and love her, and this mark will not be erased with years. Thank you for coming to Roads, Heather, we are all the better for it.



Keith Reichert

Keith Reichert came to RRMC from the hinterland of a small farm near a small town, which was near a small lake, which was itself a short distance from Edmonton Alberta. Moogwamp (Keith's name in his village's native warrior tongue) had great aspirations to

fly, and was even more encouraged when he learned that he did not need to hurl himself off a cliff to live his dream to soar with the eagles. At the end of his second revolution around the sun, Moogwamp was moved from the Exalted Clan of Lasalle to the Glorious Hudson Nation. Moogwamp was trained in many warrior skills, such as flying / hair styling, hockey, choir, volleyball, doo-wap, swill making, kayaking, mountaineering, fencing, vintage wine making, bovine appreciating, band, precision drill, sailing and french. In good memory, 'Klithgot reteret yachdoogen schpecken, Mien Feuer!'



Chris Scott

Scotty, hard core infanteer?, has spent 4 years here at Roads . . . OOPS! Scotty's first year is free of administrative corrections; he must have really behaved. If you need to find him during the day, he's in his pit. (LADIES DO NOT CROSS THAT LINE). While you are there take a gander at some of the high scores on his corruption test: tell us, who did get 205? After dark, however, it is somewhat more difficult to locate the Limey. If he isn't in Bubs' or Mikey's room, he's probably off to UVic in search of a party or down to beacon hill for some, ahem, quiet conversation. Scotty's habits include: drinking (booze and coffee), wandering (down some dark street in the not so safe areas of Victoria) and sitting on rooftops (enjoying the sights). Early mornings have occasional seen Scotty staggering into the block. (Don't worry, he always did have a tendency to lean a little to the right.)



Fiona Schreurs

Fiona Cecilia Schreurs hails from the frozen wasteland of Kitimat, B.C. She first went to CMR in St Jean thinking she would improve her french profile . . . NOT! Well she soon got bored with that and after leaving all of those broken hearts behind she came to RRMC. What was her reason . . . to learn psychology of course, what better way to learn how to screw with someone's mind. Well she certainly hasn't been lonely at RRMC . . . she has made a number of new 'friends' and she has also gotten to know Scandals quite well. So what are all the bouncers names FI?? Well she hit the varsity field hockey team with a burst of energy and it was decided that maybe rugby would be a better sport for her to try . . . we know that soccer is definitely not her sport . . . broken feet are not all that much fun. It also seems that combat boots should not be used when stepping on someone's face!! I guess a broken nose and two black eyes looks normal at Scandals right? Well we'll take her to Kingston with us next year and see what trouble she can cause there in a years time. It's been a great third year babe . . . see ya next year.



Cora Sherburne

Corrilla came to us from Marwayne, Alberta to join the ranks of Hudson flight. In mid-second year, she made the forced decision to change degree programs, and chose to postpone the move to Kingston by studying computer science. Unfortunately for Cora a small conflict of interest caused her to be banished to Fraser Flight for third year. Her loud unruly attitude has allowed her to fit in well. If you ask her rook term roommate, Cora should have been in one Squadron from the start. Two of her classmates (Dave and Phil) claim to have helped her get by her new program, but her days of "curve wrecker" (to the dismay of Tony, Kelly, Heather, Adam, Damian, GRant . . .) throughout the first semester have proved them wrong. By default (as a third year) Cora became a second semester CSC, allowing her to become involved with the upper echelons of one squadron sphincteredness. As well, Cora has on occasion been called Mrs. CSL, and perhaps holds responsibility for the smooth running of 3 squadron??

Sheri Thomson

After years of living in the snow, Sheri left Manitoba and headed west to the flowers and warm weather. It was here that she decided to pursue her studies in Science. However, it wasn't long (She didn't even make it past recruit term) before she turned to the dark side and joined the rest of the "dogs" of the college in arts. As for her life at the college, she was lucky enough to remain in the relaxed atmosphere of 3 squadron for all three years. This year as one of the 15 third years left at Roads, she was able to achieve a position of CSC. As a section commander,

she was able to dictate, I mean instill good leadership skills into her fine second years. As well, she made her presence (when she wasn't sleeping) in the band and choir here at Roads. Next year she will be off to face the snow once again as she finishes her MILCOL career at RMC.



Damian Unrau

Damian, the man who can not stay out of trouble for more than 6 months at a time, dives head first into everything. He is, "all that he can be!" A lover of the political sciences, this computer scientist has had a busy year. A member of the "Ghostrider" sailing crew, he has been known to recite the entire dialogue of TOP GUN at one sitting . . . you got to work on your twang if you're ever gonna sing country music. Of course, this swinging pilot has had his wings clipped and has been blessed with the joys of true love (single guys 1,2 and 3 are not impressed). She will follow him anywhere . . . literally. Well D, here's hoping you have a good summer on the ocean and all the best to you next year in Kingston.



Tony Weicker

Tony has come a long way since first year. He has gone from being a rebellious cadet who enjoyed such pastimes as underage drinking and lighting barmen's curtains on fire with flaming paper airplanes,



to being an outgoing, social guy who prefers to follow the college rules (or can at least weasel his way out of it when he gets caught not following them). Tony is a good Catholic boy (just ask his mother) who has been to church more times this year than he has been out at a bar. Tony was one of the founding members of the Bovine Appreciation Organization but, due to his non-western blood he was never able to achieve a coveted staff position. The Wookiee has done his best to harass the pilots enough to ensure that their life at the college is tougher then their life at Portage. Tony has been involved in many activities during his college career including Basketball Club president, wine making, SCUBA diving, and learning the bass drum (we are still waiting for him to acquire a sense of rhythm). For those who know Tony well his positive attitude and sense of humour has been appreciated and he has had an impact on the lives of those around him that will not be forgotten.

2nd Years

Jennifer Amirault

Jamie has been a long way from her home in Cole Harbour, Nova Scotia ever since she first arrived at Roads; she's homesick, but she's having the time of her life! Between a degree program in Computer Engineering and faithfully watching Bart Simpson, she found time to scuba dive, play numerous positions in Field Hockey, sing in the choir, sky dive, ski Whistler, participate in her first Pub Crawl and put up with me (thanks, Babe).

Some of the most notable changes in Jenn this year were a definite increase in social activities (The Forge, Monties, Julies, etc. etc), a definite decrease in Acad. Stress and the strange appearance of holes in most of her photos from last year that coincidentally seem to have taken the shape of a tall, thin man. Lotsa luck, Sis . . . I'll see you in class at RMC.



James Allen

Hailing from Waterloo Ontario, this long haired hippy came out of a drug-induced coma to find himself enrolled at Roads. He hopes to rejoin Civi-Land by applying for RRU. Good Luck! In his spare time, Jaime can be found either running, swimming, or

locking himself in a stall to pray to the white porcelain god. In first year after Kurt Cobain's death, Jaime played Nirvana continuously for a week which nearly killed his roommate, Crackbaby. Jaime managed to get in the "four fitty" club by using some of coach's special running candy. "ARRRRR Goatbeard are ye ready for phase yet" ie, did you buy an eyepatch, a parrot and soap on a rope? Bend over, here he comes!!



Jason Ammerman

Acosta the walking carpet has had a fairly boring year. He in fact, according to the milcol women, has no redeeming qualities, or personality, or good personal hygiene. It is hard to figure out Acosta's heredity, but the natives take to him well. He's always up for a smoke or a beer, but only if he isn't paying. And beautiful women flock to him in bars, especially ones in Chilliwack, where he met one with a devastating left hook. Though he gave as good as he got, with a hairy-palm heel strike to the sixteen year old girl's mouth. Jason hopes one day to deliver the mail in some underdeveloped African country . . . or Quebec. We wish Jay luck, and would like him to wash more often.



Catherine Bailey

Catherine was more than happy to return to Roads for, but yet, another second year, after spending seven months in Winterpeg. After a year she has come to know many of her new classmates well. From clothes to movies or even an ironing board, they always seem to know where to go. Things have gone well, at least, until the fateful day of January 19, 1995, at about 1630hrs. It was then that she broke her finger (with a little help from Christian Brown). This had put a damper on many activities since then, but she stubbornly struggled on with little sympathy from many, especially from one in particular. She has enjoyed rejoining the field hockey team, after a two-year hiatus, and continuing on with the choir. Many believe the CF does not know what kind of weapon it has:



"A singin' chick, swingin' a stick!"



Kirk Baltussen

This pro volleyball player (soon to be CISM) from the Soo came of age in second year. Literally. This can be attributed to his newfound addiction to women and alcohol. Having molested two women from coast to coast in a matter of 12 hours is a rather impressive feat. Speaking of women, I bet he can't wait for Fordo and Jimmy to leave for CISM so he can move in on Lynne and Christina. His fondness for women is obvious on the dance floor, after a few wobbly pops. Gee, is there a reason why he has obtained a new sofa and \$700 Camera in his room?

When not doubling as Wayne, he is a full time procrastinator, always leaving his homework to the wee hours of the morning. Consider this write-up a warning for all females in the greater Kingston area; a warning to prepare for the mile high club.



Graeme R. Basson

More commonly known as "G", Graeme is the latest woodnymph to hail from the metropolis of Castle-gar. Sensitive, yet insistently masculine, G is known around the college as Fabio, or the pretty South African one. In fact, if you don't find G preen-

ing himself, he's probably fantasizing about his last (known) girlfriend or Lumpy. The invaluable sock will remind G of his most recent conquests, (visually confirmed by observant roommates), although Gorillas in the mist are best forgotten. Having seen the folly of his past, G has moved on to new and better adventures, still treasuring the now more quiet moments with his sock. But we digress, G has been very successful in his tour of duty at Roads. Sensitivity aside, G aspires to perfection and although he will disagree he's not an island.



Stephanie Bennett

Stephanie Gayle Bennett hails from the remote islands of the Queen Charlottes, and yes, she finally made it through her SJ and 2nd year. This soon to be third year will soon be tackling such sports and activities as varisty field hockey, diving, Scotty, and the castle. Another year, another gruesome battle - but the mighty Northerner can handle it... she's already survived a few slip-ups like "acting Captain" right Stef-fa. The only problem that still remains is her MOC - she was

MARS but now Air Command thinks she'd be a better ANAV, good thing Mike is not around or the Navy would lose... don't worry Scotty. Well wherever she ends up - no doubt there will be trouble to follow - especially if she gets into the rum - 5 guys in a white van took you home?! Good luck next year Babe - see you in Kingston!



Jason Beschorner

Hi everyone, my name is Billy and I want to be yer friend. I come from Lumby where everyone either marries their sister or knows someone who has. Some of my favourite past-times include crying at school dances but not knowing why and imitating a little puppy dog when a certain someone is around. This summer saw me facing a drastic change in my life - I went from being Jason Beschorner; first year stealth cadet who never really got out or got much; to being Billy: Quebec City party animal who finally got out and never came back! Finally, I can only thank the Lord that my friends saved me from an imminent sexual disaster this year with Che leftovers! Thanks y'all.



Ben Bock

"Help... Help... HELP MEEE... Kotzer stop, in the name of everything holy and good, stop... No Clark... put the glue down... No... No... I won't dance for you... No... No... uhhmmmm... You don't have to put your shirt back on Steve... Give me... uhhnn... no... No... NO NO NO... give me back my door Clark, not during Exam routine... no... No Noooooo... not the aliens, not again, don't take my eyes!!... uhhnn... floor pie..."

-Secret tape recording of the dreams and voices of Ben's Nightmare, courtesy of Hurlbut 000.

Joe Box

Joe is not like all of the other children. From the way he breaks up with his girlfriend (a "thanks for coming out" note and a bag of M&Ms), to how he beats people who touch his nipples at three in the morning, Joe is unique. The girls in Joe's life are a mystery to us all. His secrets are sure to surface when the Kennedy assassination files are opened. We do know, however, that Joe likes to play with Kats, but insists that he is not a breeder of those felines. Joe also likes to play soccer. His most irritating accomplishment was, after 12 years of "practice", being named as one of the most improved players on the team. Good luck buddy.



Cristian Brown

Brown is the most amazing actor in the whole world. Who else could come across as the biggest run-around womanizer and yet be completely whipped by one skinny blond Mennonite in Manitoba. Joe "The Gentle" and Fraser "The Sweetsy-pudsin" have managed to get bad reps just by hanging out with him. Little does the wing know that this charitable man regularly volunteers for community service. He alone has been responsible for hundreds of dollars raised for female support clinics. When one of Christian's friends mutters a demeaning remark on the subject of the finer sex, he will often be heard saying "Hey guys, come on now! You have no right to judge her. Heck, she could be the nicest gal in the whole world!" Those who are fortunate to be in his company know that he is quick to point out the inner beauty and grace in a person. We love you Brown.



Fred Boyko

Lumpy hails from the land of the happy logger - Port Alberni. His wish of getting breached in second year has almost been met in drillfest. Remembered for handing in every essay a half-hour before they were due, Fred likes to sleep and despises everything that may deprive him of this. He has suffered from many panic attacks and for the love of his jeep, he has never done anything fast. His fear of G's sock has followed the move into Millward and will probably haunt him forever. Good luck on all your future adventures.



Wade Brinkman

When I was told about two years ago that the Canadian Government would be willing to pay for my post secondary education, give me a pay check once every two weeks and employ me for 5 years after graduation I thought I had received an offer that I couldn't refuse. So I packed my bags for Borden ON to complete BOTC and left the promised land of Winnipeg MB. Over the next two years I met a number of people who tried to convince me that, yes, the ROTP program was in fact an offer that I should have refused. However, though at times I'm known to be delirious, I'm still with you. My MOC is EME and my degree program is Electrical Engineering. I have been running with the Cross-Country team for the past two years and have on occasion been known to cascade head over heels down Mt. Washington.



Dawn Burgess

By far the most talked about girl in the college, Dawn has been known to get around quite a bit - she's on the running team after all. Her commitment to the Rugby team is undying; she spent almost a year and a half trying to improve team morale but has now moved on to women with some intelligence. Dawn has been known in the past to be quite a party animal, her career coming to a high point at the UT party last Christmas - the truth about her adventures that night are still somewhat of a mystery... although it is rumoured that she might have quite a career as a mud wrestler. Look for Dawn at one of the many weight loss clinics across the country this summer where she'll be looking to drop those HUGE.....!





Clive Butler

Clive is the only child-genius ever allowed into the Military College system at the impressionable age of 13. As one of the most intense (and small) members of the Rugby team, he spends a lot of his time in the ruck (where he shouldn't

be). Here is where he does his best work, between grunting men's legs grabbing for balls! Occasionally mistaken for a monk, Clive's womanizing skills simply aren't up to par. The greatest blow to his ego came when B.C. Tel apparently disconnected the line between her phone and his. This interesting episode increased his "little-man" complex which, in turn, caused his shoulders to expand at an exponential rate. Good luck Clivey!

Andrew Chernysh

Things have never been what they seemed to be to Andrew. First, Andrew had originally wanted to be an Air Weapons Controller (for some strange reason) but a small dose of colour deficiency fixed that soon enough. Secondly, he just couldn't get away from his days in the Comm Reserve so he had to go CELE. Thirdly, it seems he couldn't get away from Angus either because he spent his first summer in Borden for BOTC.

He should be partying it up in Kingston this summer and perhaps may become a permanent resident of Kingston (although he hopes not). At college, Andrew is known for his unique sense of humour (corny as it may be) and his strangeness but that doesn't seem to bother him. Andrew hopes to have a diverse and interesting career, travelling and meeting new people all around the world.



Lyndon Crossman

Lyndon, the man of many words, comes from River Glade, New Brunswick. Lyndon brings with him the all important, ever present, typical silent guy qualities, (there is at least one in



John Clark

Johnny Clark, now there's a guy. Perhaps he has a shady and somewhat uncertain past with various large, yet somehow wavering women, but he seems to have come a long way. To this day no one is certain whether or not John did the jam, but rumour has

it he did. He always has that vandalistic nature; just ask Ben Bock, a man who almost lost his mind solely due to John's knowledge of the properties of super glue. As for athleticism, John follows a rigorous routine. Nothing starts the day off better than a few smokes and a dozen beer. John has a fondness for life, especially for live chickens and voodoo ceremonies. One of John's greatest talents is his ability to acquire eye opening and revealing entertainment of the jiggly kind for early morning inspections. Good luck in all your future adventures.



Edward Cooper

Ted had quite an interesting year at Roads. Between episodes of Ricky Lake and arguments with his ex-girlfriend it's amazing that he found time for work. Actually, Ted prides himself on his ability to get by on as little work as humanly possible. If he can't earn something legitimately he can always buy it. Ted can usually be found either downtown spending money or uptown spending money, whichever costs more. Next year he is planning to open The Cooper Museum of Expensive Jeep Accessories where he can put his toys on display. Actually, next year should be very interesting for Ted. He will be much closer to St. Catherine's, the dear town he calls home, and Tara, who will probably kill him within the first three days. For her sake, I hope she doesn't scratch the Jeep.

Gavin Crouch

Gavin is from Comox, B.C. - a place where you'll only want to visit him once - or so its been said. Who would have thought that a vacation in wonderful sunny California - where blonde beauties pervade and the tanning is glorious - would act like the San Andreas Fault and split furniture (ag. a sofa and a couch!) Did this cause your insomnia problem, Gavin? After all, he gave up on second semester to pursue this other interest. He is determined to never take another Poli Sci course however, outside sources claim that they never saw him in class anyways. At least his essays were memorable night before creations. Well, Mr. Protein 2000 is trying to be a hardbody - hey, he's got the tatoo and mags, but with such minimal training, its a miracle that he actually passes the PT test. In all seriousness, good luck in flying this summer - need another loan?



every crowd). Lyndon, a member of Hudson flight and III Sqn. can be found, if you look hard, playing his bag pipes in rm 331 Grant, or riding his unicycle up and down the hallways; crashing into the wall every so often. Lyndon had but one thing to say about his Military College experience so far, "I learned to hate computers."



Melisa Dearsley

Mel, originating from Baldur, Manitoba, brought with her a great love for whiskey which she promptly exchanged for the love of a French Canadian. Since the audit, the finance officer has traced the CF budgetary problems to Mel's excessive use of autovon. All of Mel's friends appreciate her positive outlook on college life and her inherent ability to find the good in everyone she knows. After a few shots of tequila chased with peanut butter, Mel proceeds to tell anyone who'll listen exactly what she thinks of them, all the while sporting the ever famous "drunk face". Her outstanding score on the PT test will keep her in shape for her mad dash to the open arms awaiting her at RMC.

Joseph Dagenais

Joe hails from the crime capital of Canada, Quesnel. (Kwezz-nell) B.C. Not many people know Joe that well since he goes to bed very early so that he can rise at the crack of dawn to begin his daily ritual of moussing, brushing, and blow-drying that flower-pot hairdoo of his. Joe finally got over his mid-life crisis and exchanged the cheesy sports car for something more reliable. In preparation for his Naval career, Joe took it upon himself to experience diving in not only his wetsuit but also his birthday suit. Joe has been struggling with his second language training this year, but it's hard to learn by osmosis.



Stephen Donaldson

Steve was born in Vancouver, B.C., on July 21, 1985. Known alternately as "Cymbol Boy," the "don" or "Caveman", Steve experienced many firsts this year. He sailed oceans on his Uzbek Class yacht, climbed mountains, surfed the breaks off

Long Beach, and explored underground caverns. For Steve, life was a race against boredom. It was stop or go, on the bus or off the bus. Stephen was known in the classroom for his pensive note-taking skills - was that the same pen and blank pad of paper all year? Best memories include searching for winter gold with Dan and Mimi and wolf pack tactics on "the floor." If you wait, they will come. Having made the leap of faith, Stephen hopes to spend his future making some kind of meaning out of his life.





Tanya Douglas

Tanya, the stubble-jumper from "Rockin'" Regina, Saskatchewan came to Royal Roads not really knowing why. She wanted to become a Physical Therapist, but alas has to become a Chemical Engineer. Coming from the prairies, what element would you expect her to be? ... Not the Navy. Well I guess it had something to do with all her years in Sea Cadets. Tanya has been known for her talent in sports, she just can't choose one. This year not only did she sail and play basketball, she dabbled in Field Hockey and Rugby as well. Academics have never given "T" a headache. The males still vulched. In 1

yr, all that needs to be said is M.R.; in 11 yr, a certain IV yr found a barbie doll just in time. IF you can't find Tanya in her room, you can be sure to find her wandering around 1 Sqn. halls.



Estelle Ducatel

Estelle can often be seen roaming the hall spreading good cheer throughout the squadron. Everyone appreciates her positive outlook on life. Estelle is a person of great physical beauty and giving blood has never been a problem; her favourite feature being her

veins. One thing Estelle regrets is that little wish in high school that her chest might grow; whoa it hasn't stopped yet!! All future second year mile's have taken great comfort in Estelle's stories about summer phase, trenches, bugs and especially white moons under a summer sky. After a recent forthcoming in Estelle's life her friends fear she will be soon known as E.M.E. Bobbit.



Paul Duncan

Lurking within this shy, quiet, razor thin little man there is a mighty atomic lion waiting to be unleashed. Just add alcohol and stir ... Paul, the only pilot with glasses, is known to punctuate every pushup with a meaty grunt. He always puts 100% effort into everything he does, and as a consequence, was a frequent recipient of the prestigious Bulldog award. In an attempt to embody virtue and cleanliness, germs, foul language, and roommates were banished from his living space early on in first year.

Paul may have been the only cadet at Roads to have a car as stealthy as he was. Loosening up in second year to become the only "light rock - less talk" room in the hallway, those of us who have been lucky enough to know Duncan realize that he is quite simply one of the best friends that anyone could have. Just don't tease him about hair products.



Cherie Duriez

Hailing from the stony plains of Alberta, Cherie came to Roads with a love for whiskey and extra hot Prairie-Fires. She spent a lot of time this year travelling to Dairy Queen for blizzards with her want-to-be redneck. Cherie had two goals to accomplish when she came to Military College, to do her first solo flight, and to learn to speak french. She accomplished the former, but unfortunately most of her french knowledge was drained out of her thumb during SLT. If you were ever looking for Cherie, or Elmo, looking in her office did you no good because you probably would find her in DCSL 1's cabin.



Damon Dyer

Damon joined us here on the west coast from foggy Cole Harbour, Nova Scotia. A lock forward on the infamous rugby team, OCdt Dyer has lots of memories, and lots he'd like to forget. An arts student, Damon finds his courses interesting enough, but had thought he was going to learn how to paint. "I haven't even seen one paintbrush yet!" he wrote home. In the two years he has been in sunny Victoria, he had been, and probably will always be, lost in the fog.

Rob Dykstra

Rob, Rob, Rob, what can I say? One of the world's last romantics, Rob will soon change as he heads off for Gagenam. Rob has great concern for the well being of his friends, but has on occasion given poisonous beverages to unsuspecting drinking pals. Single Guy #3 is forever on the Hunt. Just a hint on your stalking technique Rob; girls don't go for moonlit boatshed strolls anymore. You should take some pointers from Single Guys #1 & #2. Don't worry, good things come to those who wait... then again? Rob's famous last words before a drinking expedition with Paul, "I'm gonna be #5% & *ed". However, as it turns out, Rob is usually the one wiping up the blood afterwards (poor Ben). An aspiring composer Rob hopes to complete his five years in the infantry then join up with Air Supply on their world tour.

Jarrett Feist

Have you ever been in a room when you swore someone was watching you but nobody was there? Chances are that Jarrett was. This guy is the most shy and quiet thing ever to invade Royal Roads. Of course this is easily explained when you find out where he comes from - Lloydminster, Saskatchewan - Where Men are Men and Sheep are Afraid!! To hear him talk though (if you're lucky) you'd think he's the biggest stud going. He has countless tales of trips to Onion Lake and beasts conquered. Of course for a more local description of his sexual prowess just ask Steph, way to go big guy! Finally realizing that country music is nothing but a bunch of lonely old men, he plans to take up a lifestyle of fast cars, easy women and rap music. Best of luck to ya Jarrett.



Ryan FitzGerald

Ryan FitzGerald is, among a myriad of other things, the reigning Swiss National backgammon champion. Ryan came all the way from Canada to join us in our happy little village we love to call Royal Roads. He came to RRM by means of a dare from his recruiting officer. After the military occupation lottery, Fitz



emerged boasting the title of pilot despite his queasy uncertainty at heights greater than he. Fitz started out studying engineering, but fleetingly changed to arts, where he has become accustomed to leaving all of his work to the final week, thus realizing enough time to do all of the things he otherwise does. Ryan has had a flourish of accomplishments in his two years here. Among them, he was first year rep last year and became a member of the colour party the next. He was the brain-child of the Royal Roads Theatre Company, redefining all preconceived notions of what a play should be. Fitz is the music, film, and art magnate of Royal Roads. But, his most definitive attribute is certainly is elegant and brilliant bald head.

Norman Gautreau

"Navy Boy's" exploits have become legendary, for example: NORM! made a huge impact (with the ice!) on the RRM hockey team. Norm's greatest feat was winning that cool dog dish at the sports banquet - what was it for Norm? The longest hangover shower, or the worst smelling room? People wonder how Norm passes with all the hours he spends playing NHL '93 on his laptop. Gooter's allegiance to the Queen has been questioned following his frequent trips to Philadelphia. Norm's not really sure what he wants to do in the military; he applied for pilot, was accepted MARS, yet was an active member of the CAO. Norm suffers from "Small Man Syndrome" which resulted in a fat lip on one infamous trip from the bus stop. Although he does his best to shun them, Norm has made many good friends at Roads, but how come so few of them are female?



Jeff Gill

A proud Hamiltonian, Jeff William Gill has acquired a knack for introducing non-drinkers to the wonders of alcohol (just ask Sue). Between his weekly menage-a-trois with Big Al and Steph, Judo and the Combat Arms Organization, Jeff manages time to play varsity soccer and yet still dog with the best of them. Somehow, despite all these activities Jeff never ceases to amaze his friends with a B average. While not stunt doubling as Garth, Jeff takes quite an interest (G. stimulation) in racking up phone bills to his newfound lover/neighbour. How old did you say she was Jeff? What ever happened to those 45 minutes at the Empress in first year? - \$140! How will his young neighbour like the "little Groc" that Gagetown is bound to turn Jeff into during infancy phase?





Lynne Girard

Lynne Girard, otherwise known as "Le", from Chelmsford, Ontario is a true artsie in that she possesses the talent for writing essays in one night ... or less! This "girlfriend" is well known for her ability to tell a good story, her red hot temper, and her sugar/milk concoctions.

Lynne confirmed at Oktoberfest this year that 3 day hangovers do exist. Lynne was that female version of the barrack barber in the wing, and also managed to find time to participate in the choir, french club, and theatre company. On the field hockey team, Lynne boosted morale with her "eradicator" cheers and rude jokes. Someone downstairs (follow the string from her window) thanks you for never having the same moods as her. Those who know Lynne love her, those who don't simply ... Just remember Lynne, when things get really rough, "You're still better off than a lot of Canadians!"

Affectionately yours Leslie



Patrick Heebner

Pat joined the military to get away from farming and small town life. He used to live in Kennedy, which is in the southeast corner of Saskatchewan. He joined as an armoured officer, and so far that hasn't changed. He is in science, although he does not know what

aspect of science he will take. Pat lives for rugby and partying with "da boyz". Things have been great since Pat and the guys converted an old room into a smoking, "studying", and partying room.

Scott Hale

Scott Hale comes from the hub of the Island - Nanaimo, B.C. (after a questionable start in Montreal). After squeaking through 2 years of engineering at Roads, he has still managed to avoid the call of the Rugby team. However, he has not able to escape the clutches of the Ladies Field Hockey Team. So tell us "Scottybear" did you join the team just to get another issued skirt or was it just the idea of being the only male on a team of 18 females? According to the girls he's one of the smartest guys in the college - even if he did get razzed about it! Well if that didn't get enough attention (he seems to enjoy all that he can get) he wears his "Scottawful ties" - possibly they act as attention-diverting devices for a hopeful stealth cadet. Anyway, on to Kingston and the saga continues ...



Sheridan Hortness

First and foremost, it should be stressed that this young altar boy is not a virgin, or at least maintains that he is not. Sheridan was born and raised in rural Manitoba but later moved



Darryl Higgins

Fresh from the boonies, in Northfield Nova Scotia, Darryl came to RRMCC to be a gunner so he can shoot more than possums and raccoons. Thus far the biggest challenges for Darryl at RRMCC are speaking so people can understand him, and keeping his Canadian citizenship. Usually Darryl can be found on the basketball courts training for his big chance at the NBA, or wandering about the halls looking for anyone who will listen to him. He is widely known for his long drawn out stories, and many wish that he would stop talking so much. Darryl is one of the few remaining gunners at the college and like the others should be successful in the future.

Best of luck to you in the future!!

Richard Hudson

Richard came to Roads and loved second year so much he decided, "Hey I want to do this again!" When the end of exams came this year, he decided that he loved exams so much he wanted to write a couple extras.

Next year Richard is on to RMC to see some old friends, meet new friends, keep the ones he already has, and of course to go to school with his baby sister. While he is in Kingston Rich might even get through a year without a couple supps. Well it *COULD* happen. But through 3 years here at Roads, Richard pulled through (sometimes nobody knows how he managed it). He lost a couple good friends along the way, let's hope he doesn't lose any more!



to Petawawa. After almost failing BOTC, this former logistics guru transferred to CELE and rose to the top in second year. Sheridan's late return from Christmas vacation in second year proves that it's not who you know but who you *\$@! According to him, it was his high standing that allowed him to escape the gaitors. Although Sheridan portrays a choirboy, few know his true nature. Sheridan spent a lot of time 'counselling' his female classmates but never with too much success. Hard working and determined, we hope that Sheridan can avoid anymore ulcers. Better luck in Kingston.



Laura Love

"Veni Vidi Via" (I came, I saw, I conquered) she would say, like her ancestors, the Romans. Laura Love, otherwise known as 'Love', came to CANADA from Romania in 1989 and then joined us here at Roads from Vancouver BC, thirsty for challenge and adventure. Well, she got plenty of challenge - especially in first year, with a bit of help from the MIR, and Mr. Wright, her recruit term Section Commander. But the summer in Montreal, Quebec, gave her all she needed to revive and stock up on energy for second year. Her French improved dramatically in a very short time, thanks to all the practice she got with a particular French friend... Her favourite things are classical music, singing, running, wild parties and French romance. Her not-so-favourite things are Todd Somerville, the PO, and mating peacocks. Although she had a tough time deciding whether to be or not to be an engineer, she stuck around hoping to get her electrical engineering degree. We will most likely see her at RMC playing field hockey, stressing over tests, in the choir or running with some French guy...

Steve Hurlbut



Even though Steve appears to be an academically dedicated Second Year, little can stand between him and a good episode of "The Simpson's", a Calgary Flames game, or any show that might be playing on the Discovery Channel. It is this predictability

and calm nature that has made Hurlbut 000 the sole class leader and universal scapegoat throughout the college. It is this fact that John Clark takes advantage of on a regular basis when using the Cadet Announcement Board outside the mess. When not studying or watching T.V., Steve enjoys running the RRMC trails, pumping iron (however, we have yet to see any results), and moonlighting as a night rated pilot of which details are better left unpublished in hopes that this event may someday be forgotten.

Stewart Irvine



Stu Irvine is tall, dark and not at all handsome, yet he still manages to pick up some teenage girl every time he rides the ferry. It's too bad that half the phone numbers were bogus. Stu is also one of those guys that is never satisfied with what he already has. Every other week

he drives home in some new piece of junk that he claims he got a good deal on. Maybe they should give him a job buying equipment for the CF. If there's a chopper worse than the Sea-King he'll find it and talk the owner into a trade. In his spare time Stu likes to hang around real pilots and pretend that he's one of them. Of course they'll never give him a CF-18 of his own because he'd try to sell it. Oh well, at least he's always welcome at the pow-wows in Belleville.



Jody Isenor

Jody Isenor crawled out of the woods of Middle Musquodoboit and joined the Armed Forces. He can usually be found in his room studying for "Thermo(flame)Chem" or talking on the phone with his girlfriend from the back hills. Jody arrived at Mil Col with an abundant supply of fly dope, good ole Maritime Muskoil. He thinks it drives the women wild but that's why his girlfriend is on the other side of the country! He enjoys playing basketball, and letting Hindenburgs in Rob's Room(Gas Gas Gas!) Jody dreams of owning his own Mustang some day so he can show Rob just how inferior GMs really are! His room is filled with posters of Michael Jordan naked, or is his room naked except for Jordan posters? or is it Jody naked in his room

looking at Jordan posters? I don't know, anyway, good luck on phase this summer Jody and we'll see you at RMC.



Toby Jacques

Dubbed a "Scandal's" frequenting, alternative minded, child of the Night" Toby is constantly watched by those jealous of her free spirit. Whether it be for her various outlandish outfits or the rings in various body locations, the many members of the anti-fun Gesta-

po are always there. A self-styled poet and chronically depressed person, Toby is prone to brief and intense bouts of extreme happiness (we suspect drugs but can't find them and she won't share). During these bouts she is unrecognizable due to her red hair and HUGE smile. An oasis of sanity (or maybe insanity) in this world of MilCol, Toby always manages to surprise even those close to her and positively makes life hell for those trying to suppress her independent and untamed way of life.



Dave Jens

Dave is a cool guy. Having journeyed the vast distance from Vancouver to be with us here at Royal Roads, Dave has certainly found a niche for himself here at the computer lab— that is, the College. Many an hour he has wiled away with Rich, Chris and Co. in Grant Block, playing computer Dungeons and DRagons, and it is rumoured that he has reached the all-powerful level of archmage/superhero/paladin. Back in the real world, Dave also tried his hand at the band, and his foot at soccer. His success has been remarkable, especially considering he learned how to play the tuba as he

marched on parade. No-one noticed. In soccer he made up for his lack of motor coordination by getting his huge head up to block every single pass that came his way. And finally, the highlight of Dave's stay here at the College was his stint as captain of the Hudson IM volleyball team, where he earned the nickname "Stuntman" for his death-defying manoeuvres on the court.



Greg Kelenc

Greg-Built Like Tree Kelenc, a close relation to Pat Weasel Fat and Smedley Many Bears; hails from the heartland of Eastern Europe. Greg is often confused with characters from Rocky IV and Dr. Zhivago. Greg also has his way with the ladies too, as they're always impressed with his disciplined character and PBW (Porsche Before Wife). "Everyone should live by a powerful acronym", Greg says. He would like to someday return to Slovenia to make Elan ski poles or fly with the Slovenice Freedom Fighters - he has no preference. On a serious note, it is always amazing to see the progress Greg has made under the excellent tutelage of Barry Pitcher and Darcy Wright.



Mark Kotzer

Mark Kotzer, now there's a guy. Few people understood Mark's love of kye and late night boiler room tours. Mark is in essence a blade. Talk to Bowman, or any local chicken hatchery to have this story confirmed. Speaking of chickens, Mark did let the rooster go, or at least he told me he did. Mark has never adequately explained his heritage, though the Sioux nation factors in heavily. Mark's notorious quest for love got him in all the wrong places this year, although his French level improved greatly! Mark is also a master of the mind game, right Ben Bock? Mark seems to be truly happy only when Ben is crying. Or in pain. Or paying him money. How many beer were bet. Mark, on "friendly" games of squash, or the cock fights in China Town? See you around, and

good luck.

Cory Kwasny

Often being described as rude, obnoxious, and resembling some type of farm animal (the LEGS that is), Kwas is not quite sure how he gained this reputation. You would think that the hours of charity work at an old folks home and the time spent helping handicapped people would earn him a pat on the shoulder, but somehow it never does (probably because this is his way to meet chicks). Always planning for the future, Kwas has aspirations to become the next lead guitarist for POISON, figuring that it can't be too hard if those long haired faggots can do it!! Others have been heard to say though, that he might have quite a career as an actor, having already starred in a local production of "Swizzle Sticks and Oyster Pearls". Always one to share his chew when your feeling down, Kwas is a good friend.



Craig Little

"Where there's a Little, there's a dog." Craig can either be found patrolling car lots in the wee morning hours or playing Doom on his computer. Speaking of hobbies, how about that Amway? Maybe if CRAIG had collaborated with LT(N) Lyon, he could have done better than just scraping by in Psych. His carefree attitude towards work can also be reflected in his band attendance record. However, this idleness retreats to a new driving force that emerges in the hot tub with a soon to be first year at RMC. Did you have your clothes on when your mom turned on the light? And now we know the real reason why he wants to buy a futon and a car with a big back seat. Maybe if we saw you at the gym more often you could keep up to her man-killing pace. Good luck on 500, big shooter.



Jen Lee

Jen's college career began on crutches in recruit term, and she soon became a pro at putting together gaiters, writing up barslates, etc... Relations with a particular roommate were a touchy subject as raised voices and objects hurtling through windows were at times common (that means you JA!!). Jennifer was a member of the varsity field hockey team and was one of the most sportsman-like players on the team ("that !@#! woman DID shove her stick in my face!!!"), and never let her temper get the best of her. Jen has departed the world of land log and in its place found something better. She plans on taking golf lessons this summer on phase...



Joelle Lewick

Joelle comes to us from the booming metropolis of Burlington Ontario. Joelle has always wanted to go to Military College but she wasn't quite as sure what to do once she got there. After first year she decided to go to the "Dark Side" and is much happier in the Business Admin degree program. Joelle holds the positions of the college "Useless Information-o" and Hudson flight's fierce Fund-O. Joelle displays her many talents in the choir, band and theatre groups. Joelle did the x-country thing for a while but her true love is the pool, she's a fish. Joelle seems to be getting a jump on her airforce indoctrination by hanging out with pilots, one in particular comes to mind... BV. Joelle has grown a second skin since she came to military college thanks to the "Hudson Boys".



Todd MacAdam

I decided to enrol at Royal Roads Military College primarily because Waterloo doesn't have a soccer team. Imagine my surprise when I discovered that neither does Roads. I'm not bitter though because I really enjoy camping and my violent personality makes me well suited to a military career. After being refused all my choices in combat arms the recruiting station stuck me with air navigator as a military occupation.





Travis Maxwell

Max "the Abyss diver" loves breathing compressed air at a 100 feet under the sea, killing innocent young octopus and searching for the undiscovered in order to satisfy his adventurous nature. However a few times a week when Max is

actually dry you can find him in the weight room getting in shape or running RRCM trails trying to regain his self dignity after being slaughtered by a much older commissionaire in the Nelles run. However, Max's ability to run is far superior then his driving skills. Max is proficient at collision avoidance, but finds extreme difficulty when it comes to avoiding potholes and ditches, and is hopeless when it comes to staying between the lines. Despite his weaknesses and murderous nature of sea life and wasps, Max is a very caring person and would never hesitate to help to relieve exam stress through a simple playing of "the Devil Went Down to Georgia".



Dan McLeod

Dan, often mistaken for Barry Pitcher, will one day be CWTO. In first year he trained his roommate, Boileau, to ask before using the sink, garbage, etc... there were punishments. Dan thinks he's a pilot but he's never actually seen the inside of an air-

plane. One of Dan's hobbies is blading Duncan or anyone else who leaves themselves vulnerable... underwear is his favourite. As well, he's a cross-dresser, he's often sighted wearing a skirt with all the accessories. He claims he's Scottish and it's part of his heritage, we all know the truth. He even took up the bagpipes as an excuse. We're all looking forward to the shock he will experience when he actually has more classes than spares. No one is really sure what he did with all of his free time besides playing Doom and taking off in his jeep. He likes to keep us wondering?!

Kathlene McDonald

Kathlene came to Roads from Southern Ontario - YES, Lakefield is a town! It is rumoured that her switch from the Rowing Team in first year to Field Hockey in second year was due to the loss of her favourite rowing pals, M.R. and T.C.. Kat has had a very interesting year in the love department. (Just make up your mind please!) Known for late-night essays, d-f sessions, and rack notes, it's a wonder she made it through another year. She enjoys stimulating conversation with her male friends, and has been known to make some of them hot under the collar. By the way Kathlene, Lynne does not want to hear anything more about Coco and his dumb cat! Kat loves the outdoors and would like to see more of B.C. during her training as a MARS officer.



Kathleen Merrick

Leaving the small town of Camrose, Kat set out to discover the real world. And that she did, from the fountains in Bastion Square to the MP Station in Quebec. As witnessed at many gun-



Paul Mellema

Extra! Extra! Read all about it! "Hitler's Love Child is attending RRCM!" No, wait! It's true. I was at 7-11 the other day, Elvis told me the story. Wanna hear? Too bad... 23 years ago (it was a dark and stormy night...) a hermitess emerged exclaiming the birth of Hitler's child (conceived in their pit o' passion). Worried for the safety of the child, Social Services managed to appease her two Dobermans, (what's wrong with tranquilizers?) SS and SA. Ripping the child from the mother's arms and running in fear of their lives, the social workers found a loving environment in New Westminster with the Mellema's, who happily welcomed the little boy. Too bad they knew not then what they know now, hey? Well, this Aryan model of excellence Doc'ed... ahh Decked out in his black jacket and shaved head wanders the halls as a silent reminder that anything can happen! Questions?

Mike Michaud

Who is this budding (or is it balding?) cadet. Some say Mike, Mitch, M.J. or just simply Michaud, but more often than not it's Sandy! "I am not 1st/2nd Year Sandy!!!" he often exclaimed throughout his Mil-Col adventure, which is now half done. :-) Since the first night he was "liberated" from the clutches of his Fraser Flight barmen, Mike has been spotted enjoying the occasional beer at his second home: the WAD... you know, the place where everyone knows his name? Well maybe not, but at least his favourite beer doesn't call him Sandy! A proud band member and sailor, Mike's time at Roads has been interesting, but RMC is a couple of months away, and only a couple hours from hometown of Gloucester, Ontario. Good times, bad times, what the hell? Who can tell them apart anyways? All he knows is that it's Kingston next, So LET THE FUN BEGIN!!



room functions, Kat's ability to philosophize and two-step improve as the night goes on until the clock strikes twelve and Kat disappears. Her love for tequila will keep her far away from Mexico and her luck with cars will keep her off the road, despite every exam that she supposedly "flamed" she still pulls off second class honors. She's a great friend to have and a better one to be bitter with. Puh-tah!



Coriann Mizzi

Having seen all of Canada while growing up, Coriann decided to return to Victoria and join the military. Like father, like daughter? (or so they say.) To those who don't know her, Coriann appears to be the "good little girl", but, as she proved in Quebec, "Satan can ride a white horse, too." She what DOES it mean when your lips are numb, Coriann?

Coriann, has survived two years of engineering (something her artsy friends often wonder about). However this should not be a surprise since her motto is: "Work hard and become a leader; be lazy and never succeed." (proverbs 14:24)

And on a final note... Who is this Steve guy???

Dan Milner



Daniel "Glooscap" Milner was born October 22, 1974 in Amherst, Nova Scotia. While growing up in the heart of Acadia he developed a unique outlook on life, and needed to enjoy Military College. He likes standing on chairs at mess dinners, painting flames on

cars, chatting with Rob and Constable Boggins, sailing UZBEK, and pulling manoeuvres with Steve. While Dan enjoys British Columbia heaps, he would have to say that the East is a whole different kettle of fish. Dan is one of those who are. He hopes to be remembered as the last cadet to be breached at Royal Roads. You might hear him say "Why do today what you can put off till tomorrow" or "Run... with the swiftness of a thousand horses." The future for Dan Dan includes running with the bulls in Pamplona, riding with the vaqueros of Dadanawa, and sailing the high seas.

Mike Montague



Mike, the lanky bass/horn player, hails from Ottawa, or Petawawa, or Victoria, sometimes Chilliwack, and even Germany. (It depends on when you ask him). From his 7 Platoon beginnings to his present Mackenzie flight second-year status, he has remained constantly

mellow, and has always been the sober-headed guy that you could fall back on if you're in a mess. Eager to follow in his father's footsteps but NEVER willing to dig a trench, he joined the maritime engineers. Don't be misled though, he is a scientist at heart. His collection of cheesy British music magazines might fool you, but he has a stack of "Scientific Americans" for after lights out. If the top quark is ever found, Mike will have had a hand in it, or at least painted an oil canvas of it. Even though he doesn't need it, we wish him luck in RMC land anyway.



Sean Morris

Sean is an adoring fan of his homeland, Vancouver Island, and was hoping never to leave. This dream has none the less been smashed by the doings of our Government. Sean sure knows how to pick a car because his inconspicuous Granny-mobile has been able to evade the wrath of the authorities while being parked in visitors' for the last year. (Unlike his counterpart, DP ...) You may remember his ritualistic blasting of that certain group, that's right, Spirit of the West, before EVERY exam written by him at this school. Spanky will rule at RMc!



Leslie Morrissey

Leslie Morrissey comes from the prairies (Manitoba), where you can watch your dog run away for 2 weeks. At the end of recruit term, she finally learned how to tie up her hair(bobby pins Les). Leslie was known as the impossible roommate, right Ree? She learned much

from her college mom, like staying away from her! Leslie remained with the running team all first year(even though she hated it), played rugby, volley-ball, was in the CAO, and found time for the choir, as well as the theatre company. Leslie taught us that "twiterpating" is good compared to cold or frigid. But, if I ever taught her anything, it's that tears always work - except with a certain rugby player. "Pooh Bear", is temperamental, snappy and don't ever piss her off or you'll hear about it. Les, remember, when you make an ass of yourself, you make an ass out of me!!

ton ami fidele, Le



snow battles, (To bad YOU lost!), as well as scoring goals for the ladies field hockey team. Wendy has an artistic side which tends to consume her. Running around, taking photos, and tinkering with the devilish sounds of the piano are just a few of her talents. All her friends wish her the best for a successful future ... McGill or Bust! We'll miss you woman!!

Dave Murphy

Following in the footsteps of his brother, Dave made the long trek from Comox to Roads. In true Irish form, Murph displays much of his real personality when alcohol is added. Friends and foes alike are forewarned to be on guard when Dave is on a roll. It not in the beer line or the boxing ring, Dave is most likely to be found at Steph's place. Dave's friends will always remember the "Tour d'Amour" and boxer shorts in the mall. If anyone wants to here a long-winded, pointless story, again ... Murph is the guy to see. All insults aside, Murph is a good friend and you can always count on him for a bucket of apple chips!



Wayne Niven

God he's loud! If you need to find Wayne, just follow the shrill of his laughter or the deafening tone of his voice. Wayne is known for his unique ability to continuously spout off endless pieces of useless facts. Having not flown a day in his life, Wayne can tell you everything there is to know about it. But luckily Wayne has found someone who likes to listen to his trivia. His stick-handling ability leaves much to be desired but we hear that he will fit in wonderfully with the RMC hockey team. Wayne is always there to volunteer his help or just to be a friend to talk to.

Chris Orrey

Hey! Can I borrow your car? Well, Chris is finally getting his truck insured, we hope, and we plan to see him ripping up the roads at RMC. Due to Chris's amazing luck with his truck, he doesn't have much cash to spend on himself. Good thing he's planning on being an Electrical Engineer. This unknown stealth cadet hails from Nanaimo, B.C. and is looking forward to wading through the snow in Ontario. The girls at Queens won't have all that much to worry about, at least from him, because Chris is going to try to get first class honours. We wish him luck, 'cause he's going to need it.



Chris Persyn

From the deepest, darkest regions of southwestern Ontario, Chris is a present and future member of the RRMCMELON legacy. Sidelined this year with chronic gimp-ness, he turned his attention towards the managerial aspect of Rugby where he learned how difficult dealing with neanderthals really is. Chris will never live down his exploits at SLT in St. Jean, ... no one will let him. Known for his frequent (yet highly unsuccessful) decisions to quit drinking, Chris is always eager to make up for lost time and see just how many brain cells you can kill before brain-death. Chris is thankful for his many friends at Roads ... without them he'd have no idea what the hell he just did, although sometimes I'm sure he'd rather not know.



Delta Norum

Delta Dawn Norum (yes she is still here!!) hails from the frigid north of British Columbia, the city is otherwise known as Prince George. She returned to us from her first MILE Air phase in Chilliwack a reformed woman. Even though she returned to RRMCM her heart went to Kingston ... as well as all her money for the phone bills that followed all year. The woman is brutal!!! Don't ever cross her, how old was that Grandma ... you broke her nose didn't you ... varsity field hockey is SUPPOSED to be a ladies sport!! Delta, even though she is NOT a swimmer, also became a diver as well ... the cold heart returned!! And thank goodness this is her last year ... no one will have to listen to the Mickey Mouse voice answer a knock at the door about flight and sqn clothing ever-again!! We love ya babe ... see ya next year in Kingston after another MILE phase ... it should be interesting ... will Steve be there too?



Nathan Packer

For the past two years, Royal Roads has squeezed out our little FUDGE. Through thick and thin Packer has persevered in college life, while finding new and exciting ways to bond with his friend and mentor Dan. This walking hair disaster has managed to stay in every weekend amidst intense planning for uncompleted homework endeavours. Despite his stress on organization, Nathan only succeeded in stressing himself out. We all have our ways to relax and Packer found his in greasing up female cadets like STUCK PIGS. We hope to see more of Nathan in the future, but not if peeking into our windows, throwing alcohol over base fences, or in gay bars.



Rob Petitpas

Robert "Otis" Petitpas was born and raised in good 'ol Sydney, Nova Scotia. Otis enjoys many things in life, and school is not one of them. Beef is usually doing one of four things, talking on the phone with A.D.A., DF'ing with the artsies, buying a car, or taking in a movie at the Caprice(I'm your Huckleberry). Some memorable moments before Roads: The basement window incident, the Voyageur trip, and evenings with the pier boys. Some memorable moments at Roads: The SFQ rock and the standing on the table incident in recruit term, sailing the high seas with Dan Milner and Steve Donaldson, the 99 cent whopper, calling the FRH, and the flaming boat. Have fun at RMC OJ.



Dave Pletz



those whiny engineers! Have you learned your lesson about drinking yet NORM?

Dave hails from the peace loving, dope smoking island of GALIANO, B.C., but he's still got some of that Northern RED-NECK in him! He can't complain about anything this year - NO SUPPS, Flying, Scuba Diving, not to mention the Commonwealth Games! Yes, he knows he was out of step BUT ONLY FOR A BIT! Being a B.C. boy, he's not particularly looking forward to RMC but hey, it can't snow there all the time! He'll never forget the experiences and friendships he shared at Roads and he wishes the best of luck to all - Especially

Quinton Rafuse

Two years ago, a little puppy from Terrace, BC chased a balloon through a white rabbit's hole, and when the dust cleared, Quinton found himself in the strange and magical land called Royal Roads. This MILE (Air) civil engineer discovered he was a Navy wanna-be, and purged himself of his guilt through rowing and sailing in first and second year respectively. Raf could be confidently called Mack flight's slyest member, staying up late planning and scheming larks and pranks. By second year, he had discovered that his imagination could be more constructively

spent, and multi-media art-forms were born. Photography, paint, sculpture, acting and music in varying degrees of success began to pour out of his room! The inspiration and dedication is there: all he needs from RMC in third year is an audience!

What happened to that balloon he was chasing two years ago? It grew up to be Mack flight's loudest taxi - a scary little fixer-upper 1974 Volkswagon bug!



Angela Ripley



Angie and I have known each other for a long time, 6 years in N.S. and two weeks as roommates in recruit term. Ange is in one of the most challenging MOC's, ANAV (yeah whatever) and is pursuing a degree in computer engineering. Ange will always be remembered for her ability to juggle school, a Illy bar position, and sappy I-luv-you recordings on her answering

machine to Gordo. Ange has been an invaluable friend to me the past two years. I will never forget our crazy caffeine highs at 0300 during exam routines (clomp-clomp) and all her questionable carpet burns! Love you and good luck! - Jenn

Life on the 2nd floor was a unique experience, and those select few of us who were privileged to be a part of it appreciate Angela all the more for her endless enthusiasm, and her ever-agreeable personality. And if you ever REALLY want to get to know a person, go to kye — you'd be amazed at the some of the conversations you can find yourself in. Best of luck, Ange, and if you're ever feeling blue, just think of those wonderful words: "Poe miffen," Ben

Jason Rivard



Jason Rivard can usually be found cooped up in the 2 Sqn cave, or in the far corner of the poop-deck. He can sometimes be found in the JCR watching Simpsons, on parade chucking his mace, or liquored out of his skull (ya right!) spinning firewood above his head. He tries to conceal the fact that he was born in Winterpeg, but he is proud to say that he grew up in Surrey (the murder capital of BC).

Jason has the biggest ears I've ever seen, but he worked hard this year and is now sitting on the top of the academic hill. As for PT, he is the new president of the 399 Club.

This summer "Recruit Rivard" will learn the finer points of EME truck driving and putting up with Crackbaby, at CFB Boredom.

P.S. Snore, figure it out yourself!!!

Adam Rose



A star is born. Move over Ron Jeremy, Peter North and Joey Silvera. Rosie's faSiNation with handy-cams has proven him to be the thirty-minute crowd pleaser. This academic powerhouse has had his fill but like Chinese food, he just can't get enough. But Rosie's best friend is his pit, be he alone, cheating or enjoying the last remaining page of Jimmy's look and paste magazine. However, Rosie does not alienate himself from others at the college as he does allow group shaving efforts and vaseline games with one certain Fat Kid.

Dario Rossi

Before arriving at Roads, Dario, the son of a Calgary mafia Godfather, had never done a day's work in his life. In the last two years this fact was yet to change. The harem of women that wop claims to keep remains safely hidden from inspection. However Dario's few attempts had proven amusing yet fruitless. Although his personal study time is often occupied explaining the engineering course to frantic francophones, Dario still manages to stay in the top five. Many of his hours are spent fishing and flying, but if anyone ever needed a friend, Dar's door is always open... just be careful, he might be bitter.

Matthew sandy

Good Lord! Where did the last two years go? It seems like I was just a Rook the other day, now it's off to Third Year. First Year was like no other experience I've ever had. Grok and Omand were my section commanders. Nuff said! When second year hit, suddenly the college was only half as big. If you can't learn an entire course the night before the final exam you won't make it through second year engineering. If there is one thing I've learned at this "University with a Difference" is that anything less than maximum effort just doesn't cut it. In this lies the secret to One Squadron winning WISENER all these years. I've met Canada's finest at this college, and made friends for life. The PLUG-O thanks the boys. Ubique.



James Schauer

Jimmy Schauer loves music. He must have misread the sign at the gate as "Royal Roads Music Conservatory" because he arrived on the first night with a kit bag in one hand and a violin in the other. The poor residents of Mack Flt halls have spent the two years since then listening to the damned thing, plus a melange of various other instruments. Like most engineers, Jimmy doesn't commence studying until well after midnight (after he has finished flipping through the two remaining pages of his cheezy magazines) and spends most of the day in his pit paying homage to the god of optional classes, even when he's course leader. Fortunately, this habit does not affect his academic standing and he will more than likely graduate from RMC with honours (in criticism). We would also like to take the time to mention Jimmy's loving mother who was named #1 customer of Priority Post courier this year. Thanks Mom.



Ryan Setter

Ryan came to Roads hoping to avoid the stereotypes set by his sister Meaghan, (two years before) and hence came to be known as the "stealth" cadet in his flight hallways. He knew he was successful when in the month of November a third year in his own flight asked what squadron he was in. This situation continues to this day as Ryan is still hailed as II Crouch. He took up piping at the beginning of the year and after several mistrials finally made it on parade in February. However, if you look closely you may notice that his fingers aren't moving in time with some of the songs being played by the pipe band... Goals at RMC: park where he wants avoiding as many extra duds as possible.



Lon Smedley

How! Me is Smedley Shot-Both-Sides, third cousin to Big Chief Milton Born-With-A-Tooth of the tribe Wear-No-Underwear-Get-No-Sex. I come to Royal Roads to spread my culture to all you ignorant white men, but when I get here all I get is infantry boys up my caboose - they can all smoke my peace pipe! I try to be happy and see life through rose coloured glass but me no like what me see (except for those promiscuous Mil Col squaws - me really like those). Me and my warrior brother, Greg Built-Like-A-Tree, were involved in an ancient Indian Ceremony involving Boom Sticks early this year but hi-poh-cryt-s, ignorant to my culture, put a stop to it. I thank my Gods every night that I've been given the chance to attend such a great institution - May Nappi Smile On All Of You.





Jeremy Smith

This average guy from a small town in central Ontario has struggled for the last two years to keep his sanity. Somehow he does, or at least creates that impression! He adds to his academic pressures with remedial soccer, finding one free hour every Sunday night, and trying to follow his favourite sport: Formula One Racing. If only the CBC wouldn't air the races Sundays at midnight so that he wouldn't have to worry about someone messing up his taping, or worse, someone telling him the result before he could watch it! Maybe life wouldn't be so difficult if Ferrari actually won a race! His poor french profile doesn't make things any easier either. To think he has cottaged in Quebec for every one of his 20 summers, yet he still doesn't have his two's! An experienced second year has tried to help him cope. "Relax Jer, only two more years to go!"



Mimi Sovia

Mimi Sovia. She's in the military... really? Her classification is MARS; she joined the Navy because, "It looks like fun!". Mimi has just finished her second year of arts here, moving on the Business Administration at RMC next year. She chose to come to RRCM instead of another university because of the larger array

of opportunity. Mimi comes from Langley, BC, so the move to Kingston will be a great change, even though she doesn't know MC either. Her greatest hobby is of course doing homework, being in arts and all. She swims and plays badminton. Mimi is an up-and-coming pool shark, and if playing the piano was like pool, she would have the table for hours. It must be noted that she possesses a few worldly possessions: the widely acclaimed elastic band ball (a whopping six inches in diameter) and all the Mickey Mouse paraphenelia that exists in this galaxy. Her room in like a star-lit Anaheim with an excess of elastic bands, with no uses for them.



Todd Somerville

Imagine a quiet, peaceful, serene area where you can just relax and have no worries... Well this would soon change if Todd were around!!! His friends may call him THE FATMAN, but he truly enjoys those 3 times a year when he finishes the 1.5 mile run with more than a minute left to set up the oxygen station before his Varsity Smoking Team friends arrive. This man of not so many talents also enjoys rugby and having fun at other peoples' expense. It's been said that he has been specially recruited to test peoples' limits of patience and in this area, he does excel. The smooth talking NEW BRUNSWICK lad can really charm the females, but it is really surprising that his girlfriend is from Uvic and not RRCM considering the high attention they give him. All things considered, when this fine young man puts all his energy to good use, he's one of the best.



Mason Stalker

With a name like Stalker, ya know this guy's gotta be infantry. While this is true, many would agree that he should be a Loggy as Mason's kit shop is usually open 24/7. Hailing from the northern metropolis of Revelstoke (remember it's KOOTENAY WEST - Revelstoke, Mase) this pinnacle of Army keenness is constantly telling everyone how good the damned water is in Revelstoke or how Army Cadets have the keenest drill (we all know it's the Air Cadets!). His goals in life include becoming a Major, just cause "Major Stalker" sounds cool and going back to Montreal again so he can actually go to the bars (without the broken leg this time). While not cleaning his room, manipulating the supply system, getting another haircut or listening to CCR, you can usually find Mase involved in almost everything, but his true priorities are always clear: beer, friends and more beer.



Sue Steflo

"Steflo! Stand up straight!" And so Sue stumbled through first year, the only rook to enjoy a private CD with ShiFon. With the departure of Shipton, Sue emerged from under her shell and became the goffawing, Canadian, horse freak who is well known throughout all military hospitals on the west coast of Canada. If only sprained ankles, falling off cliffs, scuba diving incidents, labrinitis, and drunken beach side injuries counted for frequent flyer points... Despite her injuries Sue tried to develop her athletic prowess - no matter what the IM volleyball team says. At least she made everybody else on court look good! Friendly and outgoing, Sue is a friend to all - except her neighbours who have to suffer through her 3am dog sessions. Maybe she'll get some sleep and some work done now that her Fourth Year trenchmates have graduated. Here's to mess candle-

light dinner with Claire, Robinson's employees, Space Brew, Strangeballs, and a good laugh at RMC.

Duncan Stewart

MILCOL MEMORIES by Duncan: Gosh, two years of milcol gone by already. New experiences . . . remember that fateful night when I whispered to Mitch, "climb in, I'll be gentle . . ." The Rugby squad was fun, too, I was soon nicknamed "Lackey Boy" and I made fast friends with a guy named Freddy. I even fell in love. fourth year LaSalle redheads, though, are a rare breed and tend to graduate on a guy. Then it was off to Quebec. And second year was cool. The ski trips were frequent and fun . . . but not quite free, hey Nimeck!!!! Thanks go to Jay and Dan: without you, I never woulda made it. See you in the field, Duncan S.

Rhea Stocki

One often wonders what it is like when a raw steak is thrown into a pit with two wild animals. Those who live next door to Rhea (or for that matter, Tyler, seeing as how it's one and the same) no longer feel the need to wonder such a thing. Ree has made her mark as an accomplished figure skater, an excellent rugby player, a record-breaking track and field athlete, and an extremely forgiving rhinoceros trainer. Her "Salute to Royal Roads" figure skating presentation was a delight to all who saw it. Congratulations are in order for her making the B.C. Women's Snorting Union representative team. Those who have ever seen her on the rugger pitch can not doubt that she will do well in her future rugby endeavors with either the Manitoba provincial team or whomever has the agony of her presence in Ontario.



Greg Togel

Greg joined the Canadian Forces because his grandfather was in World War II, and because the recruiters accepted his application. During his two years at RRMC, Greg has met many people that he can depend on. As well, he learned the importance of being dependable himself. Greg is known throughout the wing for his acting skills, especially his imitation of Yoda, as well as various other characters at mess functions. As a member of fRaser flight, Greg played for the varsity soccer team, and co-founded the RRMC theatre club.



Shane Todhunter

Bubs, the VLT, the Stinky Pig. Shane has exchanged the gutters of Tsawwassen for those of Victoria, Courtenay, and shortly Kingston. A misunderstood scholar, Shane's Mil Col life has revolved around classes and PT, ie; circle but never touch. Considered an escapee from a daycare centre (or a prison), Bubs' charm has won over friends and ex-girlfriends alike: ladies, don't be fooled! If you sift through the wreckage of his room, clad in NBC gear, and still don't find him amid the empties, try the Deke, the Dene, the Bakery, Mikey's or Scotty's rooms, or a host of other shady sites around the Wing, er, College.



Jason Toth

Jay is best described as "Four Pillar Man". Never has one cadet displayed such drive in all College disciplines. Jay was an academic power-house until he decided that he was too cool to be number one. Of course he'll blame his downfall on Dr. Krauel (or was it his daughter who failed his performance?). As an athlete Toth was at the height of human fitness when HeartBreak hill broke his heart and almost his ankle. Despite being the fattest member of the running team, Jay performed well all year. While French is not his forte (that's French for 'area of expertise' Jay), the rumours of his attempts to learn other languages (eg. Romanian and Czech) have been greatly exaggerated. Deciding that he was too keen for the Army, Jay transferred to the Navy, where he'll enjoy beer, smokes and cabin-boys a-plenty. Good work Jay! May you never have subordinates like yourself.





Paul Vardy

Coming to RRCM from Cape ... What was that again ... Nova Scotia (is that part of Newfoundland?) Paul BERKLEY Vardy, single guy #2 decided that 4 years of Mil Col was not enough and stuck around for another round of Second Year. Paul is a generous person who likes to share his playthings amongst friends ... Right Adam!? Paul is a lover of the outdoors. He enjoys camping, fishing, and long hikes in the Montreal snow (after "accidentally" stumbling out of the last subway). One can not forget his triple Sambooka escapades at closing time and the zombie cab rides which followed. Most importantly, it is Paul's helpful nature that is sure to put a smile, and perhaps some

bruises and abrasions, on your face (Poor Ben). And finally, words of wisdom from Paul ... "If at first you don't succeed, you had better find 5000 dollars pretty damn quick."



Barbare Whalen

If you find her first name too much of a mouthful, beware of what nickname you choose to replace it with, if you're unfortunate enough to mistakenly assume that you may call her "Barb" or better yet "Barbie" she'll promptly correct you with a

icy snarl from hell. Bree (the only nickname that she will actually respond to) has kept herself busy this year: Field Hockey, Head Ref for Broomball, the Band and Choir, Marshall arts, Scuba diving, an Engineering degree, and NUMEROUS other menial yet time consuming shafts.

Bree tried lots of neat stuff for the first time in these past two years (I guess that Mil Col generally does that to people). She has enjoyed the West Coast but is anxious to get back home to Ontario (and to a certain someone — "Sean is coming, Sean is coming!!!!")

We'll see you in Kingston, Bree, don't become a stranger.



Claire Vavasour

"Stefko! Steady up! Don't deek in the halls! Stefko - carry on!" And so Claire began her identity crisis at Royal Roads. LaSalle flight doors are now locked in fear that this flying ex-nun will jump on the beds of unsuspecting males (at 6am) in pursuit of a game of tennis. Claire, called 'Sue' by friends, Sue herself, et elle-meme aussi, was lucky to have made a harrowing escape after a near-bust by the CMR military police.

Her good looks and pilot charm have held her in good stead, as she then managed another crisis, when her 'Slowbirds' aircraft was caught in cross-spitball-fire, and had to come in on a wing and a prayer. But this hardcore, feminist pilot has a known softer side - especially for those handsome arty types, and harmless aquatic creatures. Here's to romantic mess dinners, camping supplies salesman, being 'pickled tink', and a good laugh at RMC.



Fraser Work

A classic Fraser Work quotation goes as follows: "The only reason people think I'm arrogant is because I'm so good looking." Fraser, while studying, stimulates the thinking process by probing near to his brain; namely right up his nostrils. Hence, Fraser's wealth of knowledge is stuck to the underside of his desk. Fraser's mother, when speaking of her three sons, often says "I wish I had a baby girl, and if I did, it would have been Fraser." In keeping touch with his feminine side, Fraser occasionally sports a woman's bathing suit, or can be seen ripping up the dance

floor in his "oh-so-macho" style, reminiscent of the Village People. But it is good to keep Fraser around 'cause he has a car. Thanks for all the good rides caboose-boy.

left to right:

Steve Bramhall, Al Bruce, Erik Lundell, Matt Tripp



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Flights



artier Flight



Top Row: J Lee, C Duriez, W Morrison, C Persyn, M Tripp, G Crouch, S Todhunter, A Ripley;

Middle Row: D McLeod, F Schreurs, M Nasmith, A Carlson, S Hale, J Smith, D Stewart, S Donaldson, E Lundell, R Setter;

Bottom Row: A Checketts, W Cromwell, C Mialkowski, C Crosby, M Bowen, C Tessier, C MacPhail, G Campbell, K Tromp, S Walsh.





Fraser Flight



Top Row: J Beschorner, P Heebner, M Stalker, N Gautreau, G Togel, J Toth, T Somerville, D Pletz, S Morris;

Middle Row: G Cooke, M Sandy, L Iove, J Amirault, K McDonald, C Bailey, M Michaud, W Niven, C Kwasny, P Mellema, C Sherburne;

Bottom Row: A Checketts, D Wright, M Spearman, C MacPhail, S Davies, K Hodgson, C Frederickson, L Kingsley, J Ford, S Gresmak.





Champlain Flight



Top Row: I Gagne, W Brinkman, T Jacques, M Sova, J Allen, C Orrey, J Feist, D Milner, S Irvine;
Middle Row: S Plourde, T Craigie-Manson, D Burgess, D Norum, B Whalen, S Bennett, R Petitpas,
J Isenor, J Rivard;
Bottom Row: N Newell, D MacPherson, S Murphy, D Hardy, G Roberts, G Fiola, S Kenny, C
Ashton, C Fisher.



A

ackenzie Flight



Top Row: N Packer, J Ammerman, A Rose, R Hudson, M Montague, P Duncan, J Higgins, J Shauer;

Middle Row: H Ray, A Chernysh, M Dearsley, S Hortness, J Robillard, J Mackenzie, R Fitzgerald, Q Rafuse, K Merrick, T Macadam, K Jarrett,

Bottom Row: M Teeple, S Rogerson, M Selby, B Pitcher, K Pelechaty, A Spaans, S Hainse, K Payne, K Fraser.



H

udson Flight



Top Row: J Gill, K Baltussen, L Crossman, J Clark, J Box, C Brown, F Work, D Jens, D Dyer;
Middle Row: K Reichert, C Little, B Bock, M Kotzer, J Lewick, T Douglas, S Hurlbut, C Mizzi,
 S Stefko, D Unrau, T Weicker;
Bottom Row: M Nordine, A Sundquist, B Coles, K Rennie, J Wedman, D Awalt, P Bischoff, S
 McMillan, J Tyldesly, S Garriott.



L

asalle Flight



Top Row: D Rossi, R Dykstra, R Stocki, T Kennedy, T Maxwell, J Dagenais, T Cooper, F Boyiko, D Murphy, E Ducatel;

Middle Row: S Thomson, C Vavasour, P Vardy, L Smedley, G Kelenc, C Scott, C Butler, L Morrissey, L Girard, D Rose;

Bottom Row: M Popov, S Carscadden, J Julien, R Jones, I Carisee, B Vaino, T Cornelissen, B Cook, L Taal.



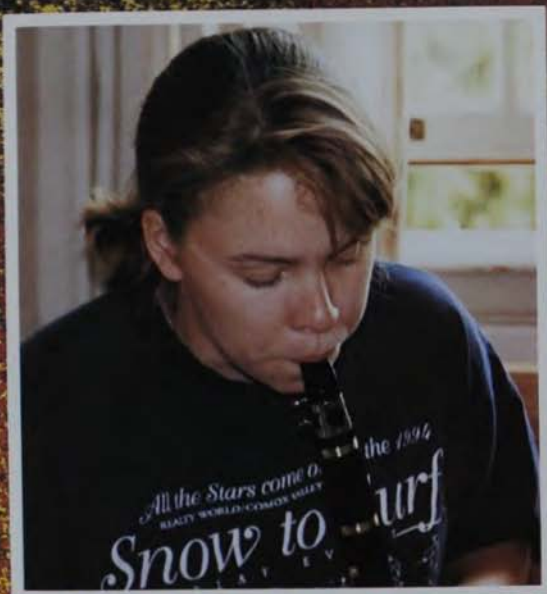
Les Anciens



Standing, Left to Right: B Redekop, S Dawson, R Turgeon, K Vande Burt;
Seated: S Bramhall, (missing: A Bruce).

La Fanfare





BAND &



CHOIR

*Congratulations to the
Class of '95!*

B. Gen. (Ret) Keith R. Greenaway

CM CD JMN DMSc

472 WELLESLEY AVE

OTTAWA, ONTARIO K2A 1B4

TELEPHONE (613) 728-8789

My brother William B, class of 1962, my son David, 1984-86, and I, class of 1955 are all graduates. We all congratulate the class of 1995 on successfully completing their time at the College and for keeping the standards high. We also congratulate the current and past staffs, military, academics and civilians, for maintaining such high standards over the years. Canada and the Canadian Armed Forces are better for your service.

Lieutenant-General (Ret) J.A. Fox
3818



Congratulations Corey on your graduation. You're # one and the world is all yours. Best of luck to you! We are some proud of you. Mom, Dad and Pet Flashie!

Congratulations, Ben.

The strength of the sea and the strength of the mind are well-matched. Use them both to your advantage in all your journeys and mind and body.

Mum, Dad and Aidan



Congratulations, Kathryn. We are proud of you.
Love
Mam and Dad



Laura is our pride and joy; we love her very much and we'll always be there for her. We are very proud of her and her accomplishments.

Mom and Dad





Our Energizing
Rodent . . . It just
keeps on talking and
talking and talking . . .

Keep on going Erik!
Love
Mom, Dad & Dave

To OCdt Teeple, M.
Congratulations on completing your final year
and best wishes for your future endeavours.

Love,
Mom, Dad, Susannah & Rob

Sports





The duration of an athletic contest is only a few minutes, while the training for it may take many weeks of arduous work and continuous exercise of self-effort. The real value of sports is not the actual game played in the limelight of applause but the hours of dogged determination and self-discipline carried out alone, imposed and supervised by an exacting conscience. The applause soon dies away, the prize is left behind, but the character you build is yours forever.

PERI-STAFF



IM2





CWSRO CHALLENGE





*Murderball
Champs!*

II vs. IV Year Challenge







SWIM-





-MEET



Track



&



Field



Right: Hearing rumours that the mess would be closed for lunch, Ryan FitzGerald takes aim at a flock of peacocks harassing the crowd.



VARSITY



TEAMS



RRMC X-Country '95

"READY... GO!!!"

First semester combined hard training with a rigid race schedule. It all began with "Buddy Guy's Running Indoctrination Camp" and continued in fine form with Coach's masochistic Tuesday track workouts. The many mainland trips also kept the team busy. There was Abbotsford, doing a battle against the evil forces of Afro-boy and Kev's arch-rival, Chatchi. Jamie discovered the only way to beat the field is to load up on Mars bars 15 minutes prior to race time. Then Vancouver gave the team their first big chance to leave their mark on the national circuit. And there were the snowy mountains of Kelowna to conquer. Smed wished he had bought spikes. Kathryn fought the villain known only as "Black Ice" and lost. Then came Mud, Sweat and Tears, a name more aptly suited for the Gunner Shaw two weeks later. Coach, you never mentioned that there was a swim at the 4k mark...

Second semester was equally challenging. The team fought its way through the Island Series, with individuals often taking their respective categories. Wade continued embarking on his famed "30



minute" runs, often without returning for days at a time. Jonesy was still the "Cool Down" man, remaining undefeated in every post-practice cool down session. Jay demonstrated his keen fashion sense time and time again. Even Mark, despite a professed hatred of running, successfully carried on in the hopes of more free race t-shirts and PowerBar samples. But

the flat road races offered in Saanich and Victoria left the team unsuspecting of what lay ahead. That's right, remember the Basil Parker? "Hey, it can't be that bad. X-country season is over, right Coach?" Wow. And just think, had you just stuck around 10 more minutes, Wade... the Running Room's entire inventory, and it all coulda been yours...

Then Cookie decided that these Victoria races were lame, so he "stepped up" training a wee bit. Now he's a CISM runner, and we wish him luck. Jay insists it was him who was slated for that spot: "Oh yeah, they wanted me bad. But you know, then this ankle problem came up so I, uh, I had to tell them I wasn't interested this year." Hey, if you didn't want to run the Reebok Smile Fury, Coach would have understood. Speaking of FURY, Kev had a fairly intense race. A wrong turn or something, Kev? We can't forget Heather or Dawn or Cathy. Nor you, Matt, the very last FNG and the vest best.

Finally a word to Sgt. Al Armson: You taught us to live to run and to run to live. Thanks for the memories, Coach.



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Field Hockey



Sailing



The sailing team, hardcore lot that they are, have spent the winter months honing their formidable skills. Through sleet and snow they diligently spent hours tuning their boats - the new Uxbeks class - to racing perfection.

The *Royal Roads*, the team's 24-foot keel boat, has had another exciting season. Gale force winds left the crew with a ripped spinaker and a disqualification. Revenge was sweet the next week when the competition really hit rock bottom. Skippered by the dread pirate Roberts, the sloop *Royal Roads* leaves the following message to bigger boats: "Don't follow us into shallow water."



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RUGBY





SLICERS



BEER & WINE MAKING



COMBAT ARMS



FLYING



FRENCH

Le club de français a eu beaucoup de succès cette année. C'est la deuxième année que le club existe. Mme Leclerc nous a aidés avec nos activités. Notre vin-fromage a eu beaucoup de support des élèves-officiers hors du club. Les vins portugais ont vraiment bien complété le vin et fromage.

Le club a participé avec plusieurs clubs de la ville de Victoria comme la Société Francophone de Victoria où nous avons démoli l'équipe de balle-molle. Des soirées avec le club de UVic et les flims français au cinecenta.

Le club a très bien mangé durant leurs soupers français. Le club s'est bien amusé pendant l'année.

GIRLS RUGBY



HOCKEY

HOCKEY CLUB ROSTER

#1	A. Checketts	#14	N. Gautreau "A"
#2	C. Brown	#15	M. Kotzer
#3	I. Gagne	#16	W. Niven "C"
#4	J. Robillard	#17	K. Payne
#5	M. Bowen	#18	J. Feist
#6	C. Crosby	#19	S. Irvine
#7	J. Smith	#20	M. Teeple
#8	C. Bailey	#21	G. Fiola
#9	D. Rossi	#27	C. MacPhail
#10	S. Carscadden	#33	2Lt G. Parker
#11	T. Cooper	#35	K. Reichert
#12	D. Stewart	#77	P. Heebner
#13	W. Cromwell "A"	#89	J. Allen

Manager W. Niven

Asst Manager N. Gautreau

Coaches: W. Niven, S. Irvine, J. Feist

MARTIAL ARTS

The Martial Arts Club started the year with a few rebel yells and thumps to the mat. It ended much the same way in May.

Our president and founder, Barbarie "Killer" Whalen, persisted in her efforts for the club and was able to attain enough funding to hire our infamous mentor and leader "Big" Al Cardy. "Big Al", as he is affectionately known, led us, or was that played with us?

Many dedicated members of the club came and went over the course of the year. These included "Quiet but deadly" Daryll Higgins, "Big Bad Billy" Beschorner, "Spindle-Legs" Cam Fisher, "Hard Man" Dael MacPherson, "Silent Killer" Steph Bennet, "Judo God" Jeff Gill and Stephanie "Deadlier than poison" Walsh.

Special thanks go to the executive who dealt with the finances of the club. Gotta love NPF, eh guys? Big Al and his assistant Dave "the hunk" Shannon. Best of luck to all. May we all NEVER meet in a streetfight.

MOUNTAINEERING



PISTOL



ROWING



SCUBA



SKIING



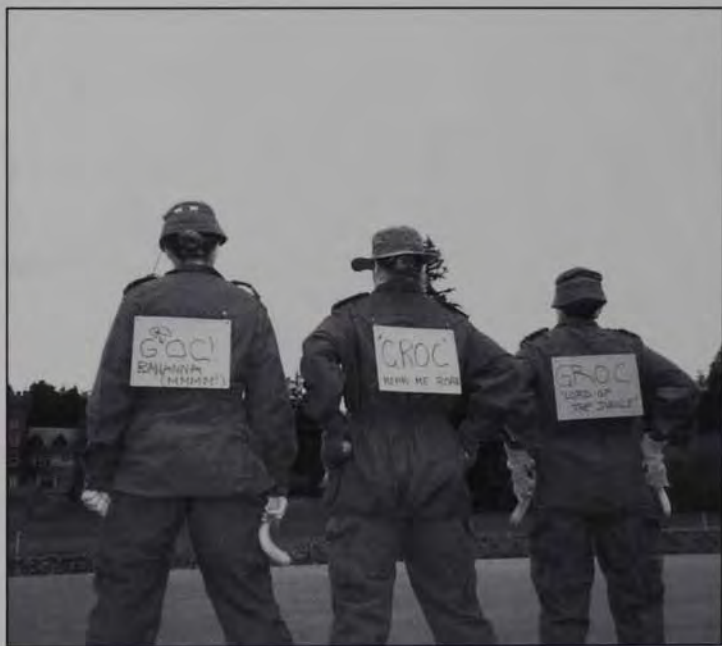
SKYDIVING



THEATRE

















CONGRATULATIONS TO LEE MATTHEW TAAL FROM YOUR FAMILY!!



We watched you grow and head into the future — As you embark on your journey, remember to look back at your loving family. With all our love and pride . . .

Mom, Dad and Shawn

OCDT Todd K. Somerville
2nd Year, Bachelor of Science



A special individual, with unique talents. We love you very much! We have always been proud of you!

Mom, Dad and Kimberly
Congratulations to all the RRM '95 Graduates.

"Do I look worried?"



Kim,
you've exceeded our expectations of you. Congratulations.

Love
Mom and Dad

Congratulations Sean on your graduation. You worked hard and deserve the honour of graduating from one

of the finest universities in Canada. Good luck on your future endeavours and keep smil'n.

Dave, we wish you all the best as you continue your studies at RMC.

Mom and Dad



NINETY

FIVE

The

Log

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near to God is man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
The youth replies, *I can.*

- Emerson





— Military Life —



Drill Staff





The Problem?



Too Much Fun!



The Solution?...

Military



Training



Navy





IR
FORCE



ARMY





Congratulations



YOU MAKE US PROUD!

Never forget who you are, and always remember,

"His eye is on the sparrow."

Love from your Mom, Dad, Sister and Brother-in-law



OCDT GREGORY J. CAMPBELL

We have watched you grow from the seventeen year old kid we sent off to Basic Training into a fine young man. We are very proud of you and your accomplishments. You've had a wonderful time, made many great friends and got your degree along the way. Congratulations!!

Love
Mom, Dad,
Grant & Garth

SPECIAL CONGRATULATIONS TO:

Sarah, Juli, Cathy, Kim, Brendan, Jeff, Miles,
Scott, Kevin and Chris.

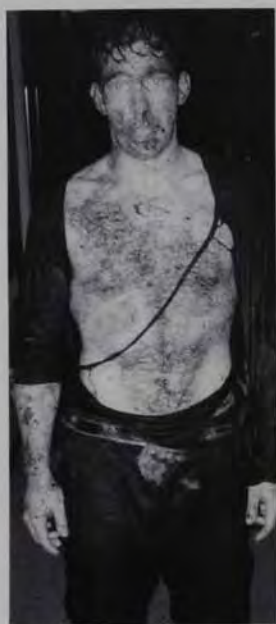
"Best Wishes and Fond Memories"

Christopher R. Ashton

*Congratulations Buddy ~
we are all very proud of you.
Your determination has been
an inspiration to all. Success
comes to those who refuse
to give up!!*

*Love Mom, Dad,
Gramma, Grampa & Granny ~*

Per Ardua Ad Astra





COMMONWEALTH







Congratulations to all the Cadets who "volunteered" their time to work for the Commonwealth Games ... Job Well Done!!!







CONGRATULATIONS



*Class of
'95*

19728 S.K. McMillan, daughter of 7783 P.G. McMillan (HMCS Royal Roads/RMC) and granddaughter of 2134 P.S.C. McMillan (RMC) — the tradition lives on! Congratulations Sarah — B.Z. from Mum, Dad, Andrew and Geordie.





"BORN TO SAIL!"

Congratulations Norman on your second
successful year

Love Mom, Dad, & Jason



Congratulations Rob!

We are very proud of you and wish you
continued success in the future.

Love,
Mum, Dad & Jen

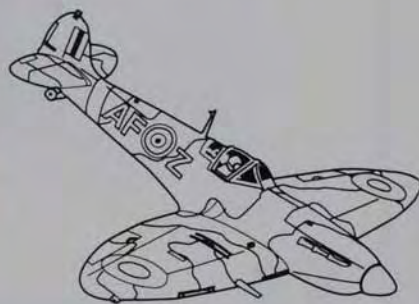


Félicitations Gaétan! Nous sommes fière de
toi. We love Lucille, Michelle, Joseph,
Gabriel et Raphael



Air Force Day

Battle Of Britain





Remembrance

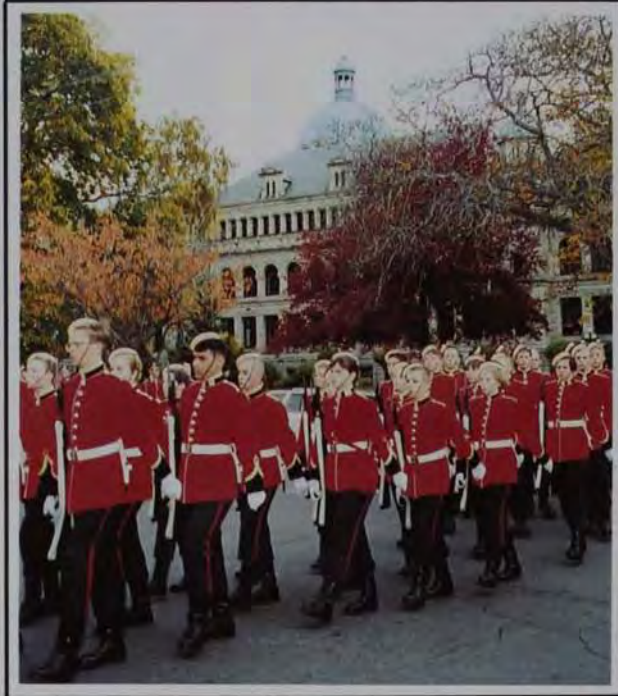




Day



Freedom of



VICTORIA





OPENING *of the* LEGISLATURE

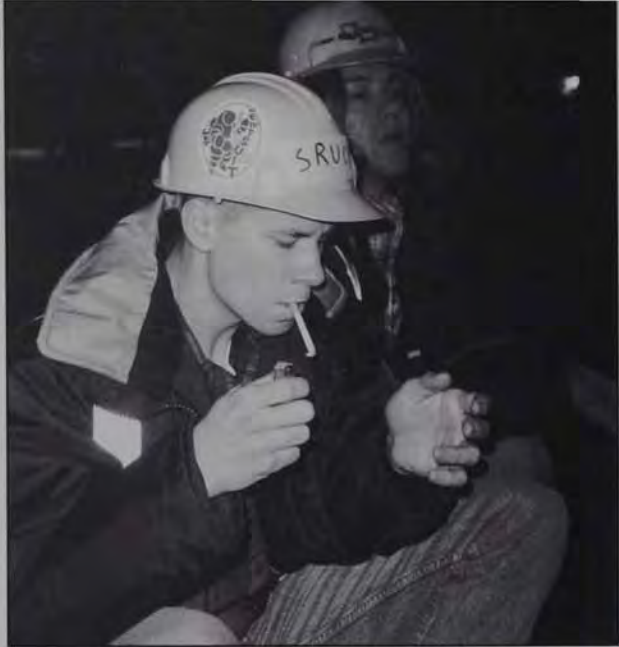




Army Day



NAVY DAY



NAVY Day



Parade

Freedom *of* *COLWOOD*



MILITARY





in step with
TRADITION



1Sqn
Dom
in an
Ce



Congratulations, Kid!



Spread your wings!

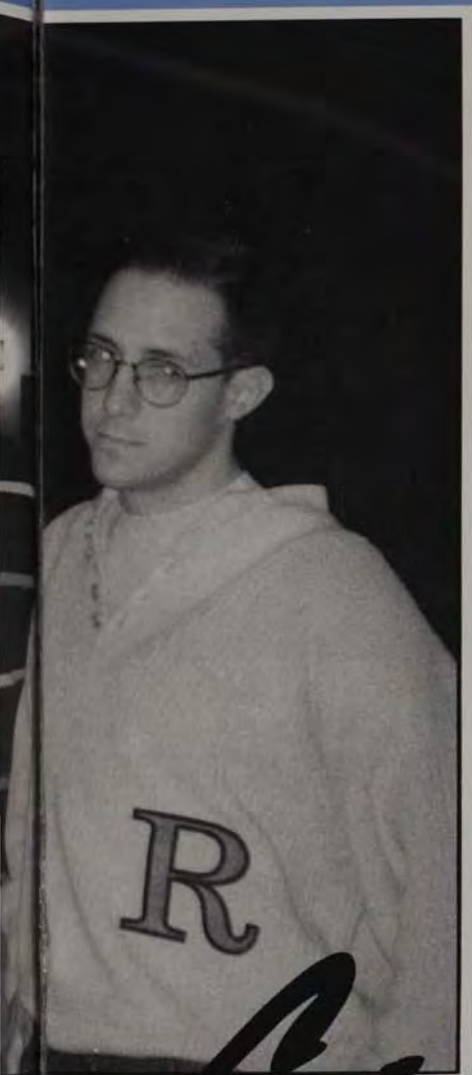



A World of Peace






Social



Wear a smile and have friends;
Wear a scowl and have wrinkles.
What do we live for if not to make
the world less difficult for each other?

- George Eliot

Life



Gash

These pages were brought to you by the 3 Sqn Pop Fund....Conserve water drink pop!!



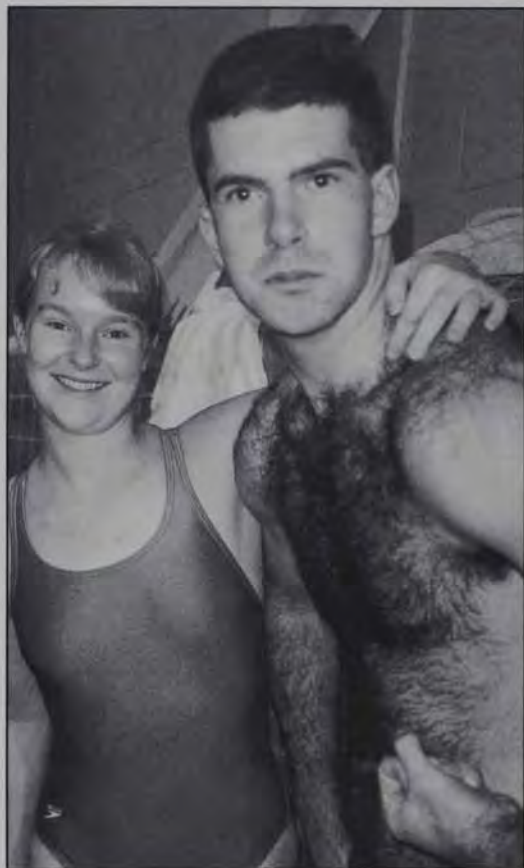
1 + 2 ≠ 3





Go Gumby go!! Thanks to our new-found mascot, 3 sqn wins track and field ... again.

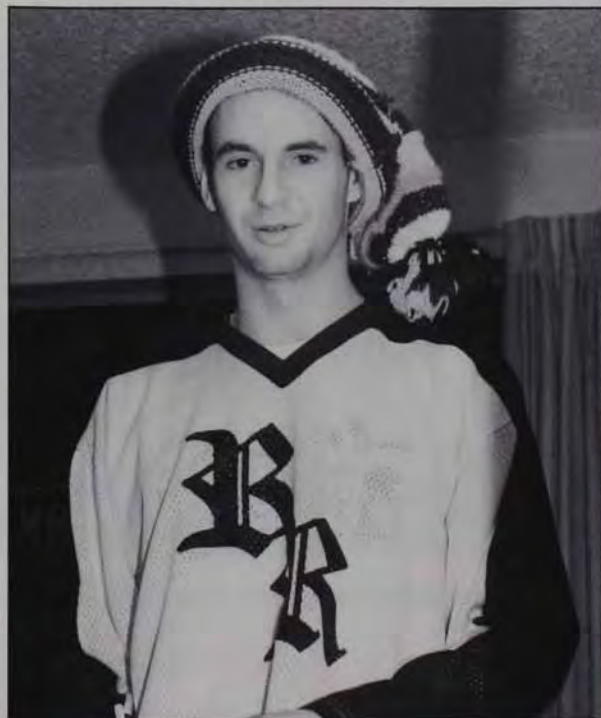




"Jimmy Running Bear" at the Casino

3 Lives

I love you Jimmy!!





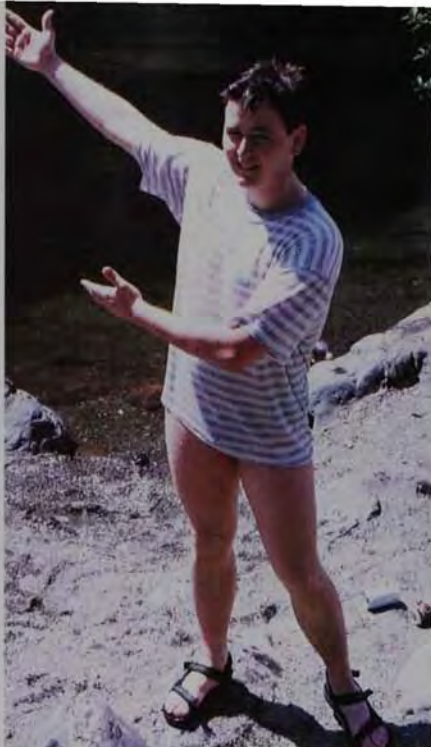
The all star cast at 3 Sqn Mess Dinner



Party on Dudes!!!

Forever!!!





Pose for us Axel!!!

We win again!!!

Thanks for coming out 1 and 2.....

gash



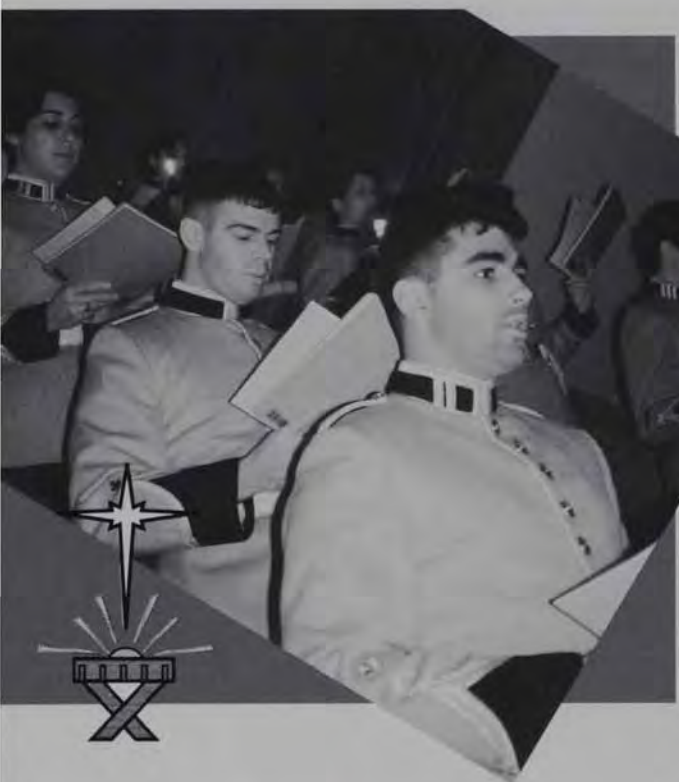
Oktoberfest





III S Mess Dinner SQUADRON





Christmas *Concert*



*Sound the trumpets,
Ring the bells,
Raise your voices high,
Say a prayer for the Child,
Christmas is nigh.*





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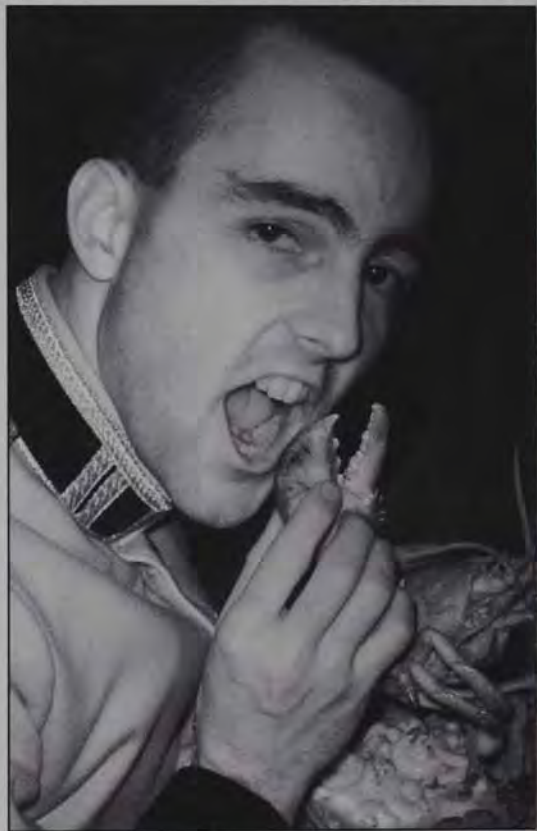


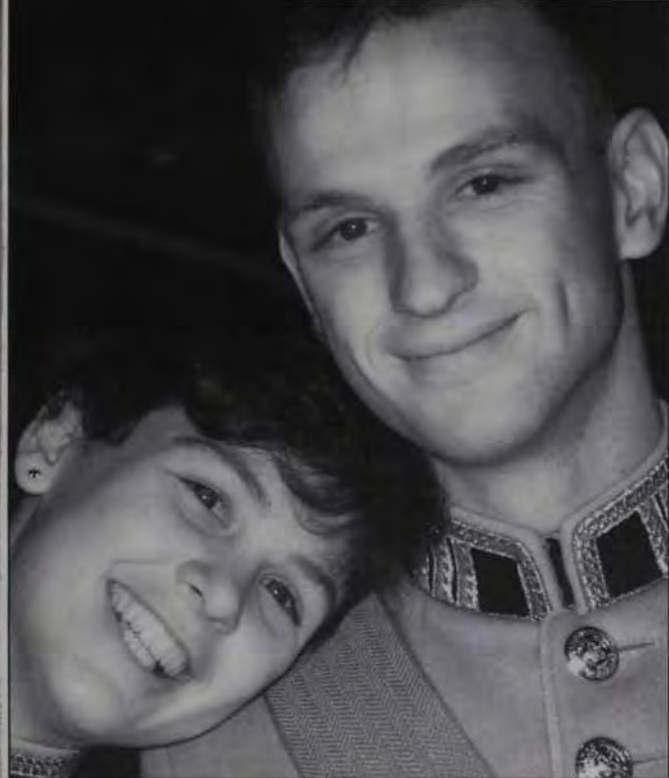
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The Christmas Ball





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Mess Dinner



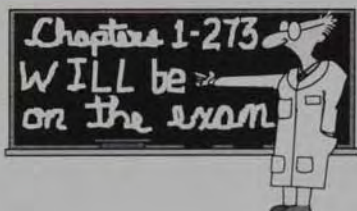


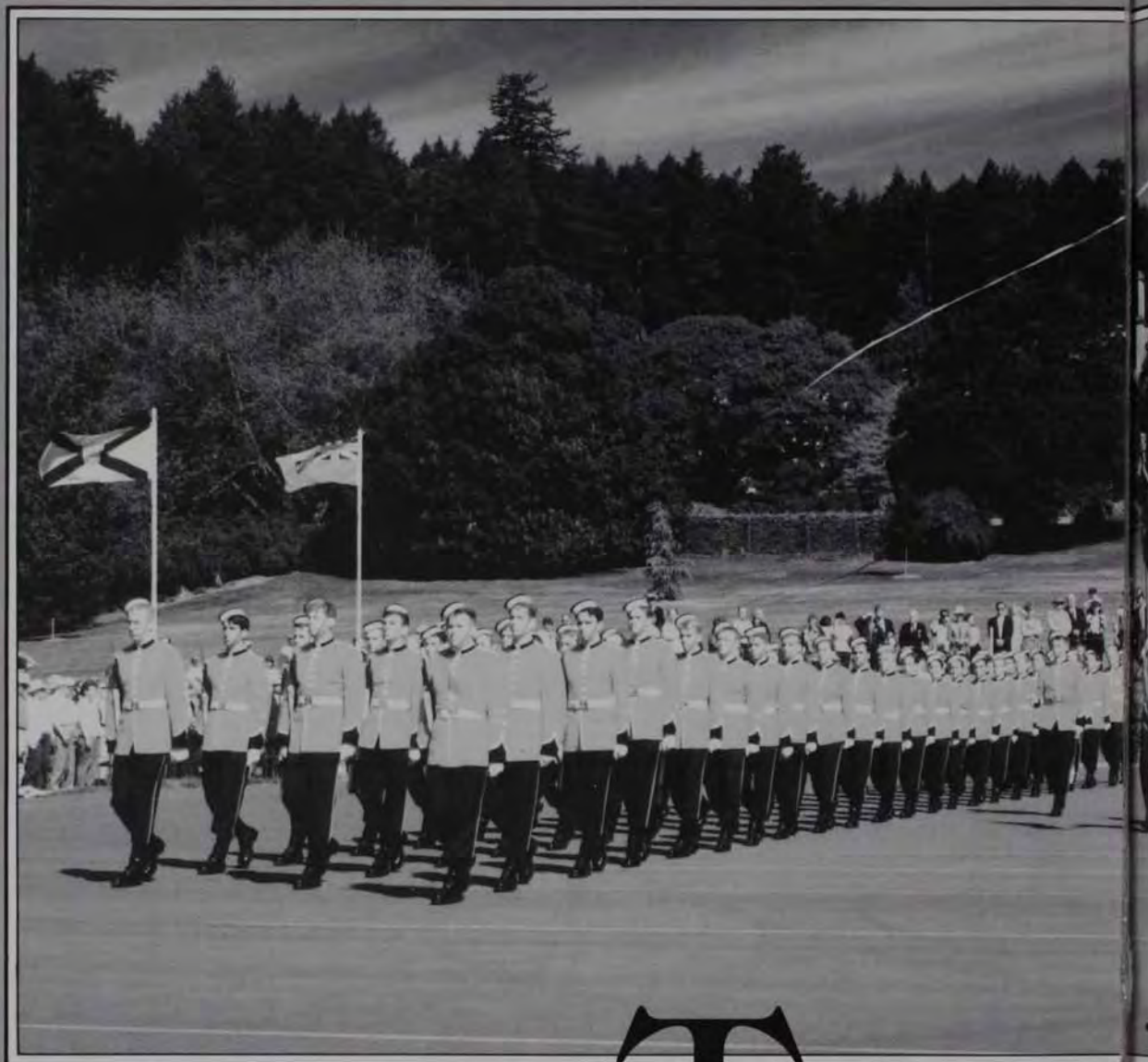
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SON
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The



the log

NINETY
5

WELFARE

Off with your hat as the
flag goes by!
And let the heart
have its say,
You're man enough for a
tear in your eye
That you will not wipe away.

- H.C. Bunner

Year's End



The Spring Concert





Drillfest



Obstacle Course



SUNSET





COUCHER^{DE} *Soleil*





CONVOCATION



Grad



Ball

Military

Sword of Honour (Best all-round 4th Year)

Brendan Cook

Award of Merit (2nd best all-round 4th Year)

Matt Bowen

Williment Trophy (Best all-round Squadron)

3 Squadron

*Gorgichuk Memorial Award (4th year that
best exemplifies College Motto)*

Stu Rogerson

*Air Cadet Award (Best 4th Year
air ops cadet)*

Juli-Ann Mackenzie

*RCAC Award (Best 4th Year
land ops cadet)*

Barry Pitcher

*NOAC Award (Best 4th Year
naval cadet)*

Cathy Mialkowski

*RMC Club of Canada, Vancouver
(Best UTPNCM)*

Rob Turgeon

*RMC Club of Canada, Toronto
(Best drill and physical fitness)*

Cameron Fisher

Awards

***RMC Club of Canada, Ottawa (Best
4th year, non-operational MOC)***

Greg Campbell

***USN Institute Award, (Naval cadet best
combining academics, communications
skills, and military training)***

Stephanie Davies

Picking Award (Best all-round 3rd Year)

Keith Reichert

Sellers Award (Best all-round 2nd Year)

Mason Stalker

***MILE Award (Best 2nd Year in an
engineering classification)***

Jason Rivard

***RCAF Award (Best 2nd Year in an
air classification)***

Angela Ripley

***Royal Canadian Infantry Association Award
(Best 2nd Year in a land classification)***

Sheridan Hortness

***Navy League Award (Best 2nd Year in a
maritime classification)***

Jason Toth

Top Female Athlete

Cathy Mialkowski

Top Male Athlete

Brendan Cook



RAD

P A R A D E



UATION

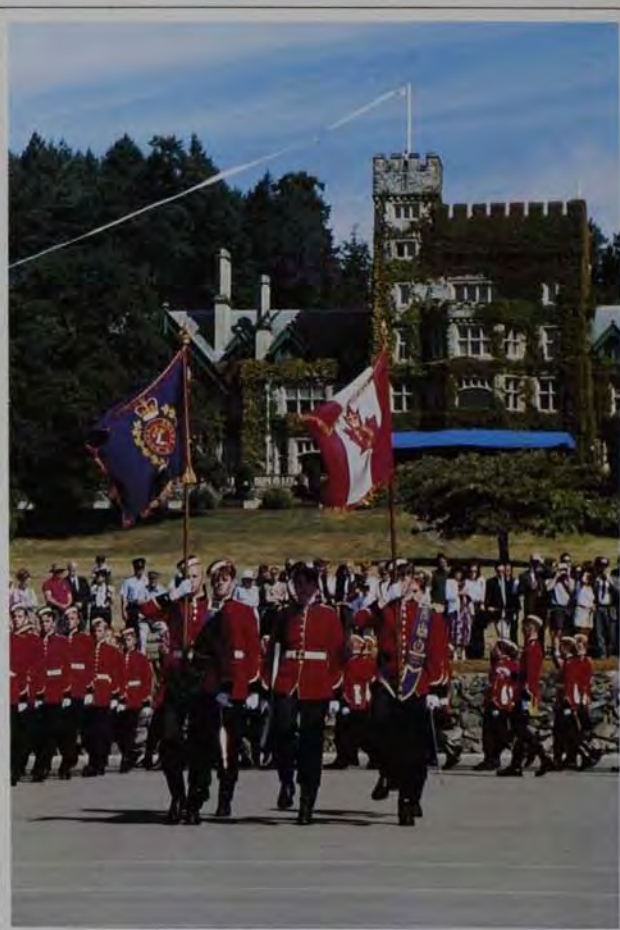






R R M C

Closing Ceremonies





Last Word from Log Forces H.Q.

I guess that I can't do the traditional "words of wisdom"-type of a send off as no one will be replacing me, so instead I'll just thank everyone who has helped out throughout this past year.

Thanks to: Jenn, Ben, Barbarie, Joelle, Claire, Laura, Nathan, and my partner Scott. -You guys kept me sane and smilin'. I'll see yah around.

From a professional point of view, however, a big thanks must go to Cdr (Ret'd) Birch-Jones, who has been a great source of both information and inspiration, especially for the commemorative section; without him, the Log wouldn't have looked like this!. I would like to thank all of those who helped us produce the book with their generous donations and purchases. And to the Black Beard: your sacrifice will never be forgotten, nor your good humour.

To everyone that stayed after closure, we owe you BigTime!!! Your help and enthusiasm was greatly appreciated (and so were the chocolate chip cookies). Sorry about the near-death experience I put you all through in the duty van.

Angela Ripley, RCDM
Plunder Allocation Commander

Here at Log Forces Royal Roads, Central Command Headquarters it's fairly quiet. The wind blows through the windows, the peacocks shriek and wail in the background, and the odd person comes in asking about some bike or lock on a locker. The small but busy staff are not in at the moment. Perhaps they are out saving lives or wrestling the Canadian deficit into submission, secretly smuggling Canadian peacekeepers out from under the noses of the Serbians, or dismantling terrorists' explosives in some shopping mall. It wouldn't surprise me.

The highly trained team was specially created from a small band of selfless volunteers. Their mission was to take an ugly debt, and while completing an exhausting academic and military year, produce from nothing, THE LOG. Having less than no money, and very little experience in the way of creating LOGs, they shocked the world by putting one together, larger than any before it.



It was designed to capture the school, its faces, events, struggles, pride, and spirit from every angle and showcase it for all to see. Without the effort of the team, only moderation would have been achieved. I owe you a great deal of thanks. So do those who read this book. Thank you.

Barbarie Whalen
Claire Vavasour
Corianne Mizzi
Dani Rose
Gates Fiola
Jason Toth
Jen Amirault
Lee Taal

Kathlene McDonald
Lynne Girard
Mimi Sova
Nicki Newell
Rob Jones
Sarah McMillan
Marie Demers!
Erin Stinson!

Thanks is extended also to Steve and Herff-Jones, Canada for their help and gift of top quality material. (note the great paper!!!)

This year, being characterised by change, introduced an unfamiliar and perilous battle-field. In the end, however, the accomplishment was far beyond what was demanded. Consequently, Supreme Command has recognized several distinguished LF members and awarded them the Royal Canadian Dubin Medal of Honour for exemplary service above and beyond the call of duty while in the face of the enemy.

Malachi Nordine

Reconnaissance Wing Commander

Ben Coles

Deputy Commander-in-Chief Log Forces,

Royal Roads

Sue Stefko

Chief Layout Artificer

Angela Ripley

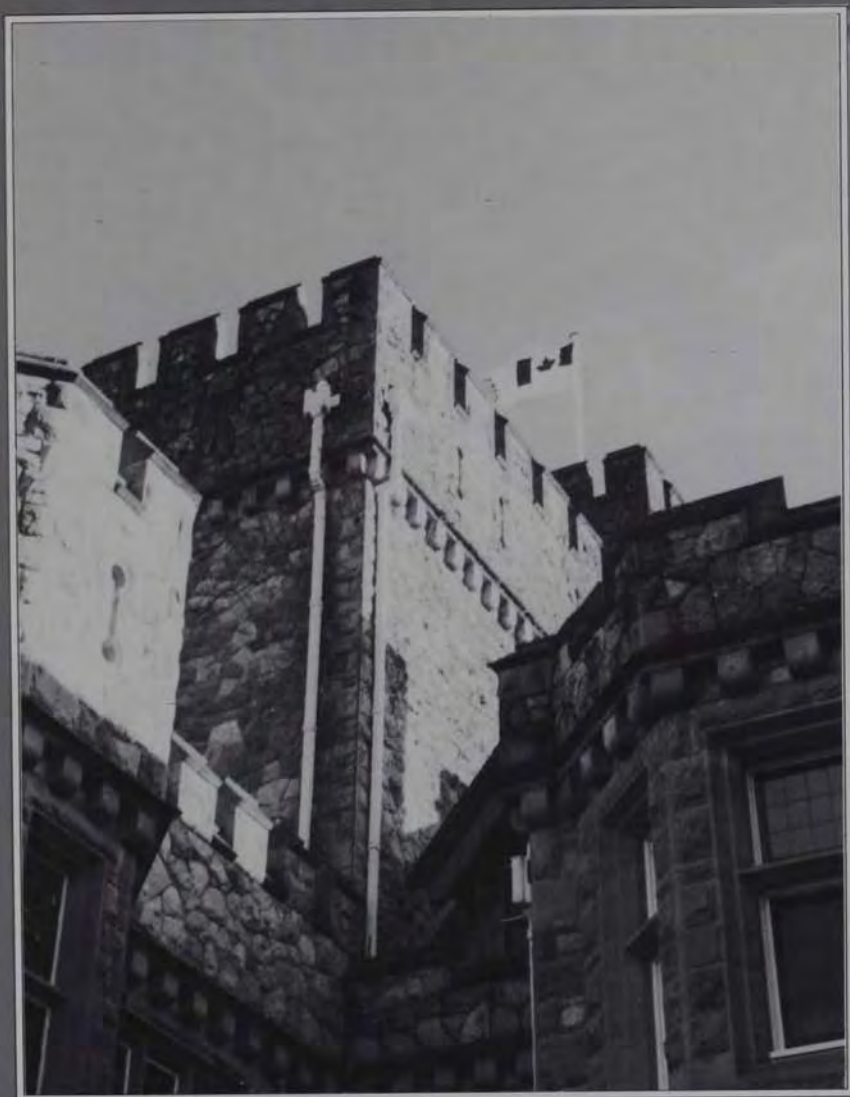
Plunder Allocation Commander

Scott Garriott

Commander-in-Chief Log Forces,
Royal Roads

Apart from the people who carry a bit of the College with them, there is no more Royal Roads Military College. Our forces have, however, tackled the immense barriers, and created a window into the past so that you may take a moment to step into 1994-95 at RRMC. We hope you will come here often.

Scott Garriott, RCDM
CICLRRMC



Nostalgia



Our College
in
Reflection

1940

1995

THE EX-CADET CLUB

FOUNDED 1884



LE CLUB DES ANCIENS

FONDÉ 1884

As President of the Ex-Cadet Club permit me to congratulate each of you on the completion of yet another successful year at the College. A special word of congratulations and best wishes is extended to those of you who will be graduating this year. As you leave the College you will quite naturally be anxious to get on to your new postings and your careers. As time passes, you will learn, as we have learned, that the training you have received at Royal Roads Military College will serve you extremely well in meeting those challenges that lie ahead. You will then undoubtedly want to repay the College for that which you have gained from your years as an officer cadet. I hope you will then look to the Ex-Cadet Club. We will welcome your contribution and involvement.

We have seen Ex-Cadets perform extremely well in difficult military situations both in war time and in the ever increasing roll as peace keepers throughout the world. We have also seen Ex-Cadets do well in the world of academics, medicine, government, business and politics. It has been remarked upon frequently by the gen-

eral public that Ex-Cadets stand out as possessing high qualities and attributes of leadership and management skills.

What is it which makes our College so special? The answer clearly lies in the four basic pillars of our military college education namely: leadership, athletics, academics and bilingualism. As Ex-Cadets, we continue to strongly support those four pillars and as serving officers and in the future as Ex-Cadets, I hope and expect that you will likewise recognize the importance of each one of those pillars. Other institutions can provide one or more of those attributes but there is no other institution which can provide or, indeed, strives to provide all four pillars. That is what makes our College, a unique institution.

In order to preserve the Military College education we must not let anyone of those pillars fall by the wayside. It saddens us deeply to see Royal Roads close as a Military College under its current structure but there is always hope that the institution can be resurrected as a training institution based on those same four pillars. Other colleges

operated at Royal Roads during war time for both the Navy and later on for the Air Force and graduates of those programs are now full and active members of our Ex-Cadet Club.

RMC at Kingston will be for now our only Military College, but no-one can predict what the future will hold. In the meantime, each of us as cadets and ex-cadets, has a tremendous obligation to help preserve and enhance the existing military college system including those four pillars upon which the system is based.

Please keep in touch by joining your class organization, a local branch where you are stationed or working, or the parent club. I look forward to working with you as we build for the future.

Truth, Duty, Valour.

Joseph A. Day, 7543

President,

Ex-Cadet Club 1994-1995.

RMC CLUB OF CANADA FOUNDATION

The Royal Military Colleges Club of Canada Foundation is the gift giving arm of the Club. It was set up as a bonafide charitable organization to bestow gifts on the three Colleges that would benefit, primarily, the Cadet life at the Colleges. It is a modest size at the present time, having about \$50,000 per year available, made up of both interest from investments and gifts from benefactors in the same year. Nevertheless, the Foundation has made some very worthwhile gifts to the Colleges, funding those things that the public purse will not or cannot fund. The Commandants are always consulted on the most appropriate gifts and, in fact, are encouraged to initiate ideas.

Classes should begin to think long term about their fights for the future. Generally, to date, classes have made varying size donations at their 25 and 35 reunions. However, these donations, and the purpose of the donations, are often hurriedly thought out at the last minute. The Foundation Board and the Club are now suggesting that classes start a fund within the Foundation (tax deductible of course) that will build up to one monster gift on the occasion of their 30th Anniversary of graduation, to be announced at that reunion. A minimum target of \$1,000 capability point of view over 30 years, as long as regular donations are made. The 30 year class gift would make at least \$150,000 available each and every year for Foundation work or for a Class directed gift. This should be apart from any regular donations Ex-Cadets or corporations may make each year to continuously support the Foundation's work. This new challenge should be taken on by all classes starting with the 1995 graduation year, as well as all those classes already graduated.

The Foundation needs the support of all Ex-Cadets continuously. It is one way that Ex-Cadets can put back something of the value of the total education they received from the Colleges. Regrettably, we now find that we have only one College to support. However, it does mean that we can concentrate that support to more meaningful gifts. Please consider the Foundation annually on a personal basis, as well as for your future Class support.

5244 A.T. Downs,
President, RMC Foundation

Editor's Introduction

In this, the commemorative chapter of The Log, I have compiled material spanning the entire history of the College. The point was not to produce a detailed historic work, but rather, to capture in photos and brief descriptions, some of the more important and interesting moments colouring the College's past. In this effort I was helped a great deal by Cdr Miller, Mr. Len Watling and by Cdr (Ret'd) Birch-Jones. Without their advice and resourcefulness, this chapter would have been sadly lacking. I also extend thanks to the RMC Club of Canada for the support the Log could not have done without as well as those ex-cadets who gave material and advice to make this your chapter. I must thank DR. Dunnett and apologize as his book was leaned upon heavily for this chapter. My sources were not limitless and so, without a doubt, there are pieces missing and highlights that are not here. I hope very much that what is present will both entertain and make reminiscing that much better. If these pages do bring back some nostalgia and help the young and old alike to remember Royal Roads with fondness, then it has been successful. To the ex-cadets who are Royal Roads - enjoy.

S Garriott, 19834

Log Editor

Once upon a time...

The ship's bell, rung many times over the years for church parades.



The Hatley Park Estate was acquired in 1940 and became, unofficially, a Naval Officer Training Establishment. In the fall of that year, the first Acting Probationary Reserve Sub-Lieutenants arrived. Known as the "90 Day Wonders", they were the first students at HMCS Royal Roads (Commissioned on December 13) and were destined to fill the gap in Canada's junior officer-starved navy. The students lived in the Castle for lack of any cadet block. Captain J.M. Grant was the Commanding Officer of the new institution.



Ship's crest still in front of the Castle.

The College was recommissioned in 1942 as the "Royal Canadian Naval College," on the 137th anniversary of Admiral Nelson's victory at Cape Trafalgar. From the yard arm in front of the castle flew Admiral Nelson's famous words, "England expects that every man will do his duty." In this year, the cadet block (now known as Grant Block) was being built, including the Quarterdeck, a large assembly hall for the students. The cadet block served as living quarters, as well as a mess and a training facility with science laboratories and classrooms. The gymnasium was built at the same time, along with the parade square. It was called the "parade ground," and it allowed the students to practise drill on a hard surface, rather than on the well-kept lawns.



The floor of the Quarterdeck is laid down.



The new Cadet Block under construction.



The Quarterdeck and central staircase upon completion.

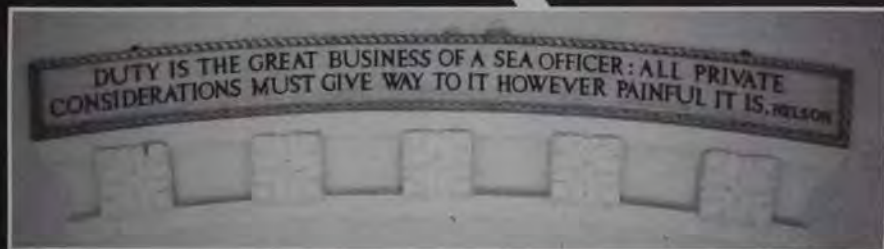
DID YOU KNOW?

The brass letters on the plaque displaying the famous quotation of Admiral Lord Nelson were cut out in the College engineering shop in rough, and then carefully hand-filed to the final smooth finish. The work was done (as punishment) by cadets; the two standard punishments being Number 11: 1 hour extra drill and 1 hour work

Number 16: 1 hour work

- up to 14 days could be given, depending on the crime

- caning was a legal punishment given for very serious crimes, such as swearing on the rugby field



On arrival at HMCS Royal Roads in September 1942, the first 100 Naval Cadets were assigned to one of six divisions. Several days later, Hawkins Division was doubling, as regulations ordered, from the Casile where they still lived to the classroom building (the Gunroom). All went as ordered until the Division reached the first hill, at which time the cadets doubling uphill considered it too much of an effort, and adopted a poor imitation of a 'quick march'. The cadet in charge let fly a mighty roar of "DOUBLE MARCH", to which the response was, "To hell with that, we're walking!". Unknown to this happy band of brothers, Chief Petty Officer Briggs was also proceeding to the classroom building, and heard the exchange between the cadet in charge and his charges. The whole Division appeared at the XO's table as defaulters; the sentence being 'one day number 11': one hour extra drill, and one hour extra work. The next day, 16 cadets spent an hour doubling nearly non-stop on the parade square, rifles held overhead. The members of Hawkins division had earned the dubious distinction of being the first cadets of the RCNC to undergo formal punishment.



The newly constructed gymnasium (1943).



◀ Cadets received instruction in one of the workshops.

▼ Officer of the guard, LCdr Davidson and Royal Guard from RCNC being inspected by Princess Juliana in January 1944.

▼ Cadets are inspected by His Royal Highness, the Earl of Athlone, Governor-General of Canada.

The RCNC's first exercise outside the boundaries of the College was the Victory Loan Parade, held in downtown Victoria on May 2, 1943. The RCNC guard was privileged to lead the parade, comprised of units from all three services. However, further honours were soon to be bestowed upon the College. In 1944, the cadets formed a Royal Guard for the first time, in order to welcome Crown Princess Juliana of the Netherlands. In May of that same year, the RCNC held a parade for the visit of His Excellency the Governor-General, the Earl of Athlone, accompanied by Her Royal Highness Princess Alice. The years of 1943 and 1944 were marked by sadder occasions as well. The sinking of HMCS Athabaskan in 1943 saw the death of three former members of Royal Roads; Sub-Lt. Annett, Lt. Izard, and CPO Sweet.

Despite the moments of pride and sadness, life at the RCNC continued on in a harried fashion. The cadet programme included rigorous physical training, a heavy academic workload, and military training consisting of navigation, seamanship, marine engineering, and weapons training. This high standard of training came at a price to cadets, for it wasn't until 1951 that the substantial fees to attend the College were waived.



On a Sunday afternoon, using calcium carbide pinched from the Chemistry Lab, I fired about three blank rounds from each of the two ornamental brass cannon at the entrance to the Cadet Block. I was preparing to reload when the Duty Cadet murmured, "Captain's coming!". I promptly made a strategic withdrawal, and the conversation that ensued was reported as follows:
 Cpt: "What were those explosions I heard?"
 DC: "Cannon, Sir."

Cpt: "What Cannon?!"
 DC: (gesturing) "Those cannon, Sir."; whereupon the Captain simply turned and walked back to his office. Some weeks

later, I was invited by Mrs. Grant, as were all the cadets in turn, to Sunday dinner, at which Captain Grant made a remark which clearly implied he knew who the culprit was. I later learned that I was unknowingly followed a family tradition, as my father's cousin cleared the Forest Building at Dalhousie in 1919 by rolling a 12-pound shot-put down the wooden stairs in the middle of morning classes.
 (Robert Stairs; RCNC '93)

A cannon at RNCC in Halifax (1914) may be one of those in front of Grant Block. (Note the different cap in barrel).



The HMCS Malaspina was a fisheries patrol ship, used in wartime as a coastal patrol vessel, and later as a cadet training ship for the RCNC.



D. Dawson confesses: One sunny afternoon while cadets carried out evolutions on board, Lt. Scott said to me, "Hey laddie, do you know where the Steering Engine and its steam valve are?" He then instructed me to secretly shut off the steering engine steam. I look at him in amazement, and then slipped down to perform the deed. Events unrolled quickly, as the main engine stopped, and the three black balls were hoisted. "Rig for emergency steering" was piped, and a team of cadets began awkwardly steering the ship by hauling on a purchase attached to the steering cable. The cadets were magnificent on the confusing, totally unexpected "evolution", and until now, I haven't told a soul.

Officers From The Class Of '45

(and of course twice from Harvie)



Back Row (Standing)

Harvie Cocks, George McMorris, Don Radford, Ed Cosford, Don ("Red") Slocombe, John McRuer, Bob Hampson, Tom Hebbert, Andy McMillin, Doug Everett, Pete Lawson, Wally White, John ("Red") Wilkes, Chris Wanklyn, Denny Evans, John Tucker, Brian Bell-Irving, Norm Jackson, Graham ("G.R.") Dawson, Derry ("E.J.") Dawson, It's Harvie Cocks Again!

Middle Row (Sitting On Chairs)

Dave Mather, Bob Stone, Bill Ogle, John Dumbrille, Paul Samson, Dave Common, C.P.O. Smith (C.Y.S.).

Here is a partial profile of what happened to the forty-five graduates of 1945 over the last fifty years.

Probably the most significant statistic is that thirty-three remain, twelve having died. Of these, two were killed in flying accidents, one operational off the carrier, and one in flying training. Two more died in accidents not related to the service and the remaining eight deaths were health-related.

Twenty-seven of the Class of '45 joined the R.C.N. and eighteen went into the RCNVR (volunteer reserve). The twenty-seven R.C.N. graduates produced one Rear-Admiral, two Commodores, two Captains, seven Commanders, twelve Lieut. Commanders, two Lieutenants and one Sub-Lieutenant, the last three of these being amongst the four who met accidental or flying deaths.

Of the volunteer reserves, many had left the

Happy 50th From The Class of '95!



Lieut. Fred Frewer (Senior Term Lieutenant), C.P.O. Parkinson (C.G.I.), Bill Tetley, Geoff Hilliard, Dick Carlé, John MacDonald, Mike Phillips, Roger Morris, Brian Mackay.

Front Row (Sitting On Grass)

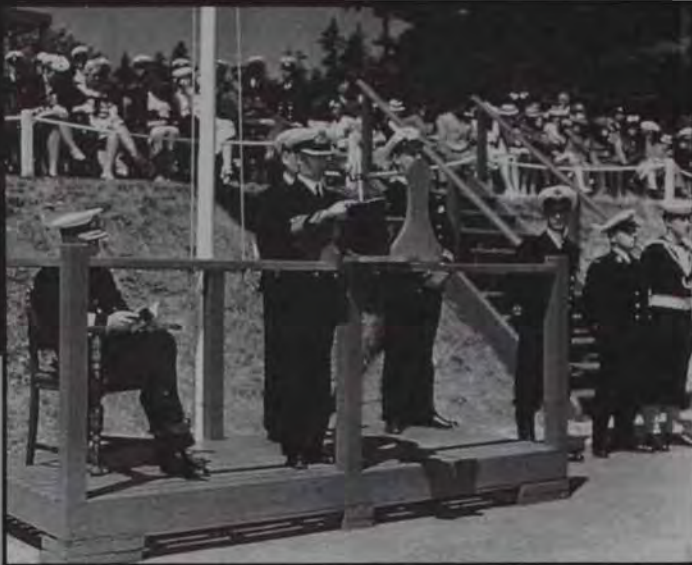
Trevor ("T") Roberts, Bob ("Moon") Mullen, Stan Mitchell, Peter Birch-Jones, Peter MacKell, Glen de Rosenroll, Jack Farquhar, Roger ("Dickie") Dickinson, Bill Lover, Al Sutherland, Peter Cornell, George Wither.

service by the end of 1947 and most went to University. This activity produced six lawyers, including a member of the Canadian Senate, and a politician who subsequently became a professor of law. The term can only lay claim to one economist.

Of the remainder, there was a mixture of bureaucrats, entrepreneurs, C.E.O.'s, those who ran and owned their own companies, and those who worked for large corporations.

In both groups the majority had two careers, though many had several. In a partial survey of twenty-four in the class, the results showed that there are now some ninety grandchildren. The number of children was not reported!

We of the class of '45 salute the Graduating Class of '95 and wish them long and successful careers which the vast majority of our class has enjoyed.



Captain J.M. Grant speaks at graduation, July 1945.

The first threat to close the College appeared as early as the end of the Second World War, as the costs of supporting a peacetime navy were questioned by politicians. The College was both changed and saved through the interest of the RCAF, and was renamed the RCN-RCAF College in 1947. Five of the seven entrance examinations were abandoned, and the College began to attract older cadets as it now offered a university-type education. Despite the changes, many naval traditions were kept, and the spirit of the College endured. One of the College's traditions was the running of the Recruit Obstacle Course, which began in 1944. The difficulty level of this obstacle course was increased as the seniors insisted the recruits run it with their pants on backwards; undone. The course ran over hills, through gullies and culverts, and included dousing with flour and water, as well as an icy swim through the lower pond. Not to fear however, the course was soon modified - to include threats to the last 20 to finish the race, as well as physical assault in one section of the course. A gentler tradition was that of the padre's half-hour on Thursday evenings, accompanied by song and discussion. Religion was in fact a large part of College life, with daily morning prayers, compulsory Sunday church parades, and an annual downtown church parade.

After just one year of the RCN-RCAF College, the institution became a Canadian Service College, incorporating all three services within its curriculum. At this point, the College was driven to separate military training from academics, and the year now consisted of seven months of school, and four months of environmental training. For the first time, cadets began to be paid to undergo military training, at the sum of \$140 per month in 1948. College life was now primarily devoted to academics. Staff was employed from all three services, and civilian professors and instructors began to be employed at the 'new' College. A common uniform was adopted for the College, and air-force organization was implemented; as squadrons and flights replaced the previous divisions. The names of the divisions themselves, traditionally naval in origin (Nelson, Rodney, Frobisher and Hawkins) were abandoned in lieu of Canadian names such as Cartier, Fraser, Champlain, Mackenzie, Hudson, and LaSalle. Naval cadets would complete a two year course before entering their profession, while army and air force types would complete two years at the Canadian Service College, Royal Roads, before moving on to RMC to complete the final two years of the Military College system. Even then, graduates of RMC did not finish with a degree; having to complete yet another year at a university if they required one.

Standing beneath the main door to the Cadet Block, which will be their new "home", are three cadets for the Navy, Army and Air Force pictured shortly after they arrived at the Canadian Services College, HMCS Royal Roads. Of the 88 cadets who will form the Junior Term at the tri-service school, nearly 80 made the sea trip from Vancouver to Esquimalt aboard the two Canadian destroyers, Cayuga and Crescent. Shown in this group are (left to right) F.D. Broadbent, Vancouver, B.C. (Air Force); R.W. Bull, Fort William Ont (Army); and I.S. Wishart, Toronto (Navy).



Royal Roads' traditional bell ringers started in 1949 by Mr. Izard.

The six cadet volunteers were easy to find, since it was better than rifle drill or boxing practice. They practiced their art with specially cast, finely tuned hand bells, and their first performance was at the 1949 annual Carol Service. On Christmas Day, a Vancouver radio station broadcast their routine.

DID YOU KNOW? —————

It wasn't until after 1950, and the threat of the Korean War, that the Regular Officer's Training Plan (ROTP) was implemented. Prior to this, cadets had to pay fees to attend Royal Roads, and had the option of entering civilian life after their training was completed. However, more officers were required, and the Military Colleges were having trouble garnering interest for their programmes. In order to open up the Military College system to all classes of Canadians, cadets would be paid to attend and in return, cadets were obliged to serve in the regular forces for three years after graduation.



Commandant 2253 Col C.B. (Cammy) Ware inspects the band. (Note the cadets' gaiters and "astrokans").

In 1951 the College was visited by yet more royalty, this time by Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth, and her



The plaque commemorating the opening of Nixon Block, polished by cadets up until the closing of the college.

husband the Duke of Edinburgh. Unfortunately, rain forced the parade to be held in the gymnasium, but that didn't stop cheering cadets from lining the driveway on the royal couple's departure. In 1952, the College was again honoured, as the Governor General presented the Military cross to Captain Trembley for bravery in Korea. Life at the Canadian Services College changed again with the development of a new cadet block, Nixon block. Building began in 1954, and at times classes were cancelled due to the loud noise created by its construction. The block was opened by Her Royal Highness Princess Mary in October of 1955. Professors were among the most relieved, as there were up to three professors sharing an office prior to the cadets moving in to Nixon block in February of 1956. The move to the new block was announced at the last possible moment to thwart any cadet plans for a dorm party.

DID YOU KNOW?

Her Highness Princess Elizabeth, soon to be Queen Elizabeth II, included Royal Roads on a tour of the Commonwealth in 1951. The visit had to be cut short due to the death of her father, King George VI, whereupon she returned home to become the new Queen.

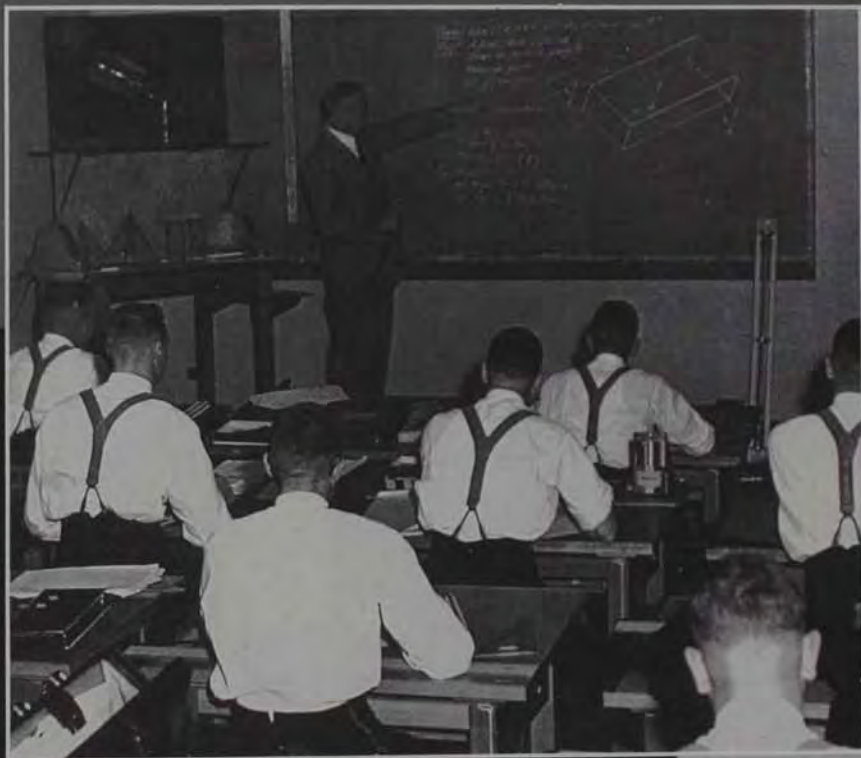
It wasn't until 1955 that the United States Air Force Academy (USAF) of Denver Colorado opened its doors. The traditional exchange between USAFA and Royal Roads began in 1956 with the Royal Roads soccer team visiting Denver for the first time. For the remainder of the history of Royal Roads, this was to be an annual event.

DID YOU KNOW? —————

Developments on the College campus continued through 1955 with the completion of the track, and through 1958, with the building of the pool and squash courts.

The Canadian Services College was privileged with a number of visitors in this year, as well. Among those were Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, the Chief of Naval Staff, Royal Navy, Admiral of the Fleet Earl Mountbatten of Burma, and the Governor-General, His Excellency Georges Vanier.

In 1957 the senior cadets were first issued scarlet tunics. Juniors had to wait a year for poorly tailored and rejected scarlets to be shipped from RMC. It was in 1958, for the Governor General's visit, that the entire College appeared on parade in scarlets for the first time.



New classrooms in Grant Block are finished.



Professor Izard with a surveying class out on the lawns.

1958 saw the return of rugby to the College sports repertoire. In 1950, Canadian football replaced rugby as the central team sport of the College, simply as a symbolic break from Britain. The team was coached by Professor Dutton until his departure from the College in 1961. His replacement, Dr. Lancaster, was to coach the team for most of the next 25 years. Another new extra-curricular item was the 1960 creation of a cadet musical group, known as the Wellingtons. The trio evolved from church parade on Sundays, when the College would sing "Oh What a Beautiful Morning", and the three cadets would harmonize on their own. The Wellingtons sang at balls, dances and mess dinners, and even recorded their own "Wellington Song".

DID YOU KNOW?

The Senior Cadet Gunroom acquired a television set in 1957, and it is reported that the social atmosphere thus deteriorated. Nevertheless, the juniors followed suit and purchased a TV set in 1958, and the practice of using the Gunroom to play the piano or the guitar dwindled. In 1960, *The Log* lamented that, "Whether we like it or not, the fact remains that life in the gunroom is centered around the one-eyed two-horned idiot box". Despite the criticism, the TV set became an important fixture in cadets' recreational time.

The 1962 graduation marked an important event in the history of the Canadian Services College, Royal Roads. It was on May 25 that the Queen's Colour, based upon the Union Jack, and the College Regimental Colour were presented by His Excellency Georges Vanier, Canada's Governor General.

The future of the Military Colleges was again in doubt in 1963. The 1957 Landymore Commission found that the costs of training an officer through the Military College system was comparable to educating an officer at a civilian university. Nevertheless, in 1963 the Glasgow Commission, in an effort to find federal government inefficiency, estimated that it cost three times more to use the Military College system. The commission recommended the consolidation of the Colleges, and it wasn't until ten months later that an advisory board found the commission unfair in its evaluation. Even though the Military Colleges were cleared of the inefficiency charge, concern over the high failure and withdrawal rate continued to plague them.

The Governor-General of Canada presents the college with its colours.



DID YOU KNOW? -

Royal Roads has become famous for many things, its acquisition of peacocks one of them. The first peacocks were presented as a gift by Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald in 1963. Care was taken to protect them from predators, and the peacock population began to grow in number. Visitors tend to be appreciative of the creatures, although the fact that their loud mating calls coincide with the spring exam routine has caused some chagrin within the cadet wing.

Victoria's warm climate didn't stop Royal Roads from creating an ice hockey team in 1963. It grew in popularity to eventually surpass that of the rugby team, and in 1964 the Hibbard Trophy became a hockey (and not a rugby) cup. Hockey drew spectators from cadets and staff alike, and became the main College sport. Shortly thereafter, in 1965, the injurious sport of boxing was replaced by the slightly less harmful sport of wrestling.

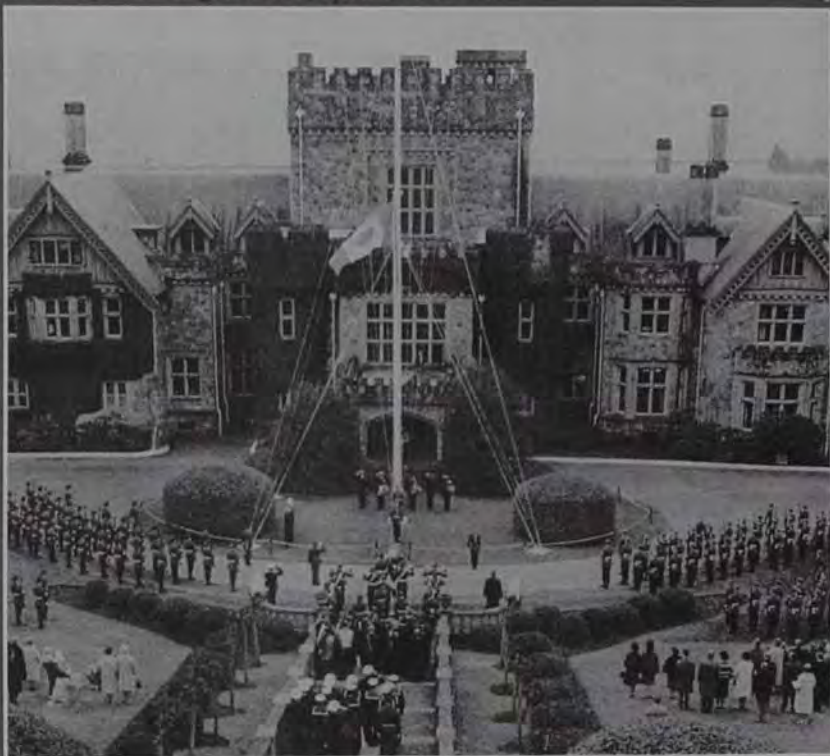


Peacocks become part of the college scenery (though they are both seen AND heard!)



15 February 1965 was a momentous occasion not only for Royal Roads, but also for all of Canada. It was on this day that the new Canadian flag was hoisted. A ceremonial parade was held on that day, as the College's former three armed service ensigns were lowered and given to their respective representatives to be hung later, in the Castle. The new Canadian flag took their place on the yard-arm. The cadets were outfitted in scarlets, the band played, and the parade was enthusiastically witnessed by the public.

The new Canadian flag is raised as spectators look on.



The three services' ensigns are lowered from the yard arm.



Each service takes its flag to be hung in the Castle.



The late 1960's saw the College acquire a variety of military equipment to be used as ornaments on the College grounds. These included the Sherman tank, the naval gun, and the Mark V Sabre aircraft. A 15-foot high concrete pedestal supported the aircraft, which was weighted down with ballast. Unfortunately, time took its toll on the integrity of the Sabre, and it grew increasingly rusty with age. The fact that its canopy was blown off during a thunderstorm prompted the removal of the aircraft from College grounds for safety purposes. The aircraft is now showcased in the Army, Navy and Air Force Veteran's museum in Sydney.

Over the years, the academic programme of the College has changed somewhat. In 1962 the academic year was increased from 25 to 28 weeks, research at the College grew in priority, and in 1964 the curriculum changed from a three-semester system to a two-semester system, with a lengthened school day. The Arts programme began in 1965, and was originally intended for those with difficulties in mathematics. The programme became popular, and soon began attracting all types of students.

On 17 November 1967, the Canadian Services College, Royal Roads, changed its name for the last time. Until the College's closure in 1995, the College was known as Royal Roads Military College. It was a fitting name for the campus as it had been christened "HMCS Royal Roads" in 1940.

DID YOU KNOW? —

Royal Roads was home to the BC Lions football team during the summers of 1967 and 1968. The training camps were open to the public, and attracted many visitors to the College. Unfortunately, military needs took priority the following summer, and the short-lived tradition was abandoned.



Recruits try on skis at Work Point



The Lt. Governor of British Columbia presents the college with the new Queen's Canadian colour.



Royal Roads once again came perilously close to closing its doors to military cadets in 1970. This time, it was the Chief of Defence staff, General Allard, who was among those who advocated the transformation of the campus from a military school to a World College. Once again, it was up to the Commandant to convince Ottawa otherwise. The Canadian Committee of the United World Colleges then built a new institution, Lester Pearson College of the Pacific, to fulfil its needs for a World College.

In April 1971, Royal Roads Military College was presented with a new Queen's colour; the old colour was laid up in the Castle's great hall. The Union Jack was replaced with the red and white pales of the new Canadian flag, the Royal Roads insignia emblazoned in gold across the red maple leaf. Representing the Queen on parade was Lieutenant-Governor John Nicholson, attired in the uniform of a Queen's Privy Councillor to make the presentation.

The next year brought with it further uncertainty as to the future of RRMC. The Defence budget was under serious scrutiny in 1972, and it took serious campaigning on the part of the school's principal, Dr. Graham, and the Commandant, Captain (N) Peers, to rescue the College once again. The necessity of the campus was also proclaimed by Canadian Forces Fleet School, Esquimalt, as it housed its on-shore trainees at the College in the summer. Finally, strong public support decreased the political utility of closing the College, and once again, the future of RRMC seemed secure.

1973 was a turning point for RRMC. It was a year in which the Minister of defence confirmed that not only would Royal Roads survive as a Military College, it would actually grow to become a four-year institution. Optimism infiltrated the College as morale rose, and failures and voluntary withdrawals fell. The construction of the Coronel Memorial Library began in that year, and was completed in 1974 on the 60th anniversary of the naval Battle of Coronel, in which four RCN shipmen died. "Operation Lift" was the name designated to the transferral of 54,000 books from the castle to the new library. The move was accomplished by cadets, during heavy rain and a power failure, in less than a day.

Memorial Plinth in the Italian Gardens from the Class of 1946.



The Coronel Memorial Library under construction.





The award-winning library finally finished.

Capt (N) (Ret'd) Grant unveils his portrait at the library.



Capt (N) Peers with the assent of the RRMCC Degrees Act.



Exercise New League gives cadets a chance to gain practical military training.

Seven former Commandants attend the first Degree-granting and Commissioning Ceremonies. L to R: MGen K.E. Lewis, Comdre W.P. Hayes (Ret'd), RAdm J.A. Charles (Ret'd), Capt (N) Grant (Ret'd), Col J.H. Roddick, MGen C.B. Ware (Ret'd), Col D.B. Wurtele (Ret'd), and Capt (N) R.C.K. Peers (Ret'd)



First Fourth-Year Graduating Class - 1977 in Physical Oceanography - pose in identical postures of First Graduates of RMC (+ 2).



The 'gun room' welcomes their Queen



Colonel George L. Logan, Commandant of Royal Roads Military College (left) and Officer Cadet Philip J. Chalmers, 22, of Agincourt, Ont., accompany Her Majesty into the Cadets' Mess, "The Gun Room", during her visit to the College. (Canadian Forces Photo by Len Watling)



In October of 1982, a reunion commemorated the 40th anniversary of the RCNC's re-establishment. The ex-cadets donated two stained-glass windows commemorating the RCNC and the RCN-RCAF College for this event. Another two windows were later donated by the RMC Club as well, to honour HMCS Royal Roads and RRMC. Several months after this occasion, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II visited the College. In preparation for this visit, bandmaster WO Bruner produced two marches; 'Hatley Park', and 'Dunsmuir Castle'.



One of the new female recruits discovers a senior cadet.

The original fifteen female cadets at the college. Top to bottom: A.M. Brusha, V.J. Molyer, L.S.L. Gibbon, D.Y. Boyle, V.G. Fraser, M.L. Andrews, D.A. Hislop, K.J. Van Duelman, D.H. Middlestend, K.A. Aselline, K.M. Vigneau, C.A. Tersposky, L.A. Chaubleg, T.L.I. Gobin.

The construction of Millward Wing, 1990



A Labrador sets the
CF 101 Voodoo
down, Oct. 1990



50 years

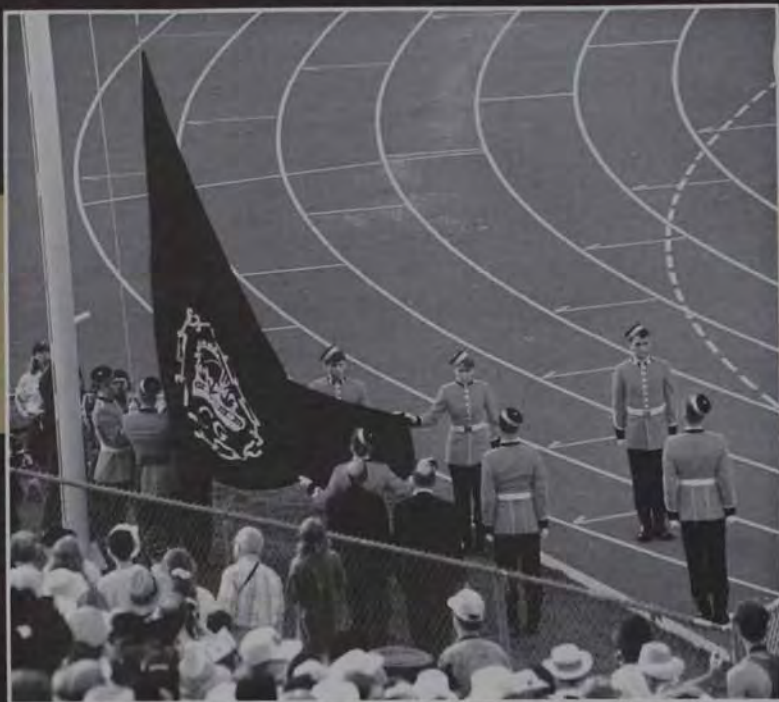
The 50th Anniversary of any institution is a prestigious landmark, but for none more so than Royal Roads, which endured for half a century despite numerous very serious threats to its existence. As celebrations of the anniversary took place on the ex-Cadets' weekend, many Roadents, both former and serving, felt a swaggering toughness, the passing years seemingly proving the stability and longevity of the College. When asked, "I've heard that Royal Roads might be closing . . .", a Roadent could reply with confidence, "They've been threatening to close Royal Roads since they opened it!" And in the balmy days of 1990, the future of the College looked bright indeed.



Col. Naud is presented with a stained glass representation of the new College Crest as part of the 50th anniversary celebrations.

Millward Wing of Nixon Block, completed, 1991





Cadets raise the Commonwealth flag at the opening ceremonies of the XV Commonwealth Games, in Victoria.

THE

The Final Year

The Padre blesses the colours in the closing ceremonies of the College.



END of Royal Roads

Many milestones have been reached in the history of Royal Roads; but none are as definitive, or as sad, as the "Roads End" sign we ran into in 1995. One might think that the cadets and staff, knowing this to be our final year, would have let Royal Roads simply close its doors, but nothing could be farther from the truth: this year has seen more spirit, and more love for the College than, perhaps, any in the past. The eyes of the world were on us as we participated in the XV Commonwealth Games, the dignity and friendliness of the cadets earning the respect and admiration of athletes and spectators alike. This respect was mirrored by the cities of Victoria and Colwood, who embraced us as we exercised our Freedom of the Cities for the very last time. There were no First Years for whom to set the example, but with a depleted yet dedicated Wing the year came alive with a wider range of activities and spirit than ever before. And now, as Royal Roads becomes but a memory for us all, this last year stands as a testament to what every Roadent has always known: with dedication and teamwork, you can accomplish anything, even the impossible.

The final and largest graduating class ever, are commissioned on May 13, 1995

We were young and naive during our first years here, this place called Royal Roads which we hold so dear. Through the trials of the obstacle course, that recruit term who could ever forget, our minds were awakened, our bodies abused as we earned the right to be called a cadet.

In those early days the training prepared cadets for war, thoughts were on navy - seafaring, its customs and folklore. O'er the years we've been fortunate to stay that naval course, though refined by traditions of our kin in the army and air force.

The shrill of wakey, wakey, wakey, from the Hall Porter we met with despise, for his early morning greeting drove us from bed and to rise. And yes, our skylarks were a challenge and a treat, and helped us get even with our seniors, showed our spunk at such feasts.

The drill on the square, those long hours, the repetition was clear, brought on by the gestures and commands of the drill staff who kept us in fear. But the results, oh the results on parades, in front of family and friends, showed that our pride, our precision and steadfastness would never bend.

On the sports fields we enjoyed both the sweat and the tears, from the grunts on the rugby pitch to those boxing ring fears. We were fierce against Venture, our sister Colleges and teams from afar, and through it all we were proud of our team spirit and each and every scar.

There were other great moments, ones each of us can recall, at mess dinners, flight parties, on the spit and in the dormitory hall. True friendships we formed though we came from four corners of this land, and we shared all our hardships and good times with each other in hand.

Many parts of this grand site as cadets we hold a view, which is much different than most visitors who daily pass through. The circle, for example, morning runs and the word doubling it conveys, and punishments handed out by seniors in too many ways.

The QD we saluted, revered and gave the respect it was due, and on its walls are located our class photos and appointments too. The dormitories hold so many of our secrets in its walls, and the ponds to cadet officers are places for getting wet with cat calls.

Many moments of inspiration there's no doubt we all could relate, at Carol services, Spring concerts, the formal Balls, in the Gunroom with our date. These events had their own music and shared laughter that kept us sane, and brought us together as a family, a feeling we know will never ever wane.

A peacock's call during exams or the deer that freely roam, birds on the Lagoon, jogging paths, beautiful gardens these formed part of our home. The hand kept us in step, the activities and clubs on our toes, all reminders of the fun and good times we've had at Royal Roads.

Now these are some memories, I know there are more, for we each have so many that we've lived and adore. But the College is closing, and we'll start something new, and pray that the memories are good for those attending RRU.

Over 5 decades of Roadents, each one of us proud, and we'll swear by our motto, and shout it aloud. For it's part of our life, something we'll never renounce, Truth, Duty, Valour, Verité, devoir, et Vaillance.

9318 Capt (N) D.B. Bindernagel



ROYAL

A Tribute to

Commandants



Capt Grant, CBE,
40-42 / 42-46



Capt Creery, CBE, CD
RCN 46-48



Capt Rayner, DSC,
CD, RCN 48-49



Grp Capt Millward,
DFC, CD, RCAF 49-52



Col Ware, DSO, CD,
PPCLI 52-54



Capt Charles, CMM,
CD, RCN 54-57



Col Cooper, OBE, CD,
L. EDWIN R 57-60



Grp Capt Avant, DSO,
DFC, CD, RCAF 60-63



Capt Hayes, CD,
RCN 63-65



Grp Capt Wurtele, CD,
RCAF 65-68



Col Lewis, CMM,
CD, CF 68-70



Capt (N) Peers, CD,
CF 70-76



Col Roddick, CD,
CF 76-79



Col Logan, CD,
CF, (RHC) 79-83



Capt (N) Draper, CD,
CF 83-84



Capt (N) Goode, CD,
CF 84-87



Col Betts, CD,
CF 87-89



Col Naud, CD, A de C,
CF 89-91



Col Caines, CD,
A de C, CF 91-94



Capt (N) Bindernagel,
CD 94-95

Vice Commandants / Directors of Cadets



Wing-Cdr Ingalls, DSO,
DFC, RCAF 47-49



LCol Ross, OBE,
ED, RCID 47-49



Cdr Timbrell, DSC,
CD, RCN 52-54



Wing-Cdr Middleton,
AFC, CD, RCAF 54-56



Wing-Cdr Davis, CD,
RCAF 56-59



LCol Price, MBE,
CD 59-61



Wing-Cdr Sprusten,
DFC, CD, RCAF 61-65



Cdr Jackson, CD
RCN 65-67



Cdr Traves, CD
RCN 67-69



LCol Peacock, CD
69-71



LCol Whitten, CD
71-73



LCol Herbert, CD
73-76



Cdr Reilly, CD
76-78



Cdr Morris, CD
78-81



Cdr Copley, CD
81-83



LCol McCarthy, CD
83-85



LCol Anderson, CD
85-87



Cdr Edwards, CD
87-90



Cdr Gadd, CD
90-92



Cdr Bindernagel, CD
92-94



Maj Palmer, CD,
RCR 94-95

ROADS *Leadership*

Directors of Study / Principals



Cdr Ketchum
42 - 45



Capt Ogle
45 - 51



Prof. Brown
51 - 55



Prof. Cook
55 - 61



Prof. Graham
61 - 84

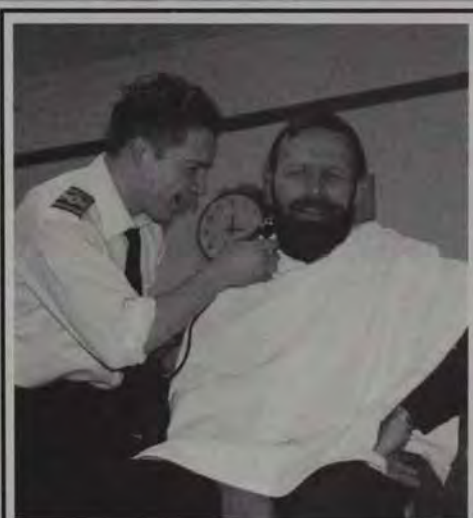


Dr. Mothersill
84 - 95

On behalf of all Commandants, Directors of Study / Principals, and Vice Commandants/ Directors of Cadets, I would like to convey thanks and appreciation to all military and civilian staff and faculty who have helped provide leadership and academic excellence for the past fifty-five years. It has been a privilege and an honour to have held a position of command and trust and to have known the lady and gentlemen cadets who have attended Royal Roads.

God Bless. Fair Winds and following seas to all.

Capt (N) D.B. Bindernagal



The Wing thanks the Black Beard for its gracious support of the Log and these pages it sacrificed itself for.

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