



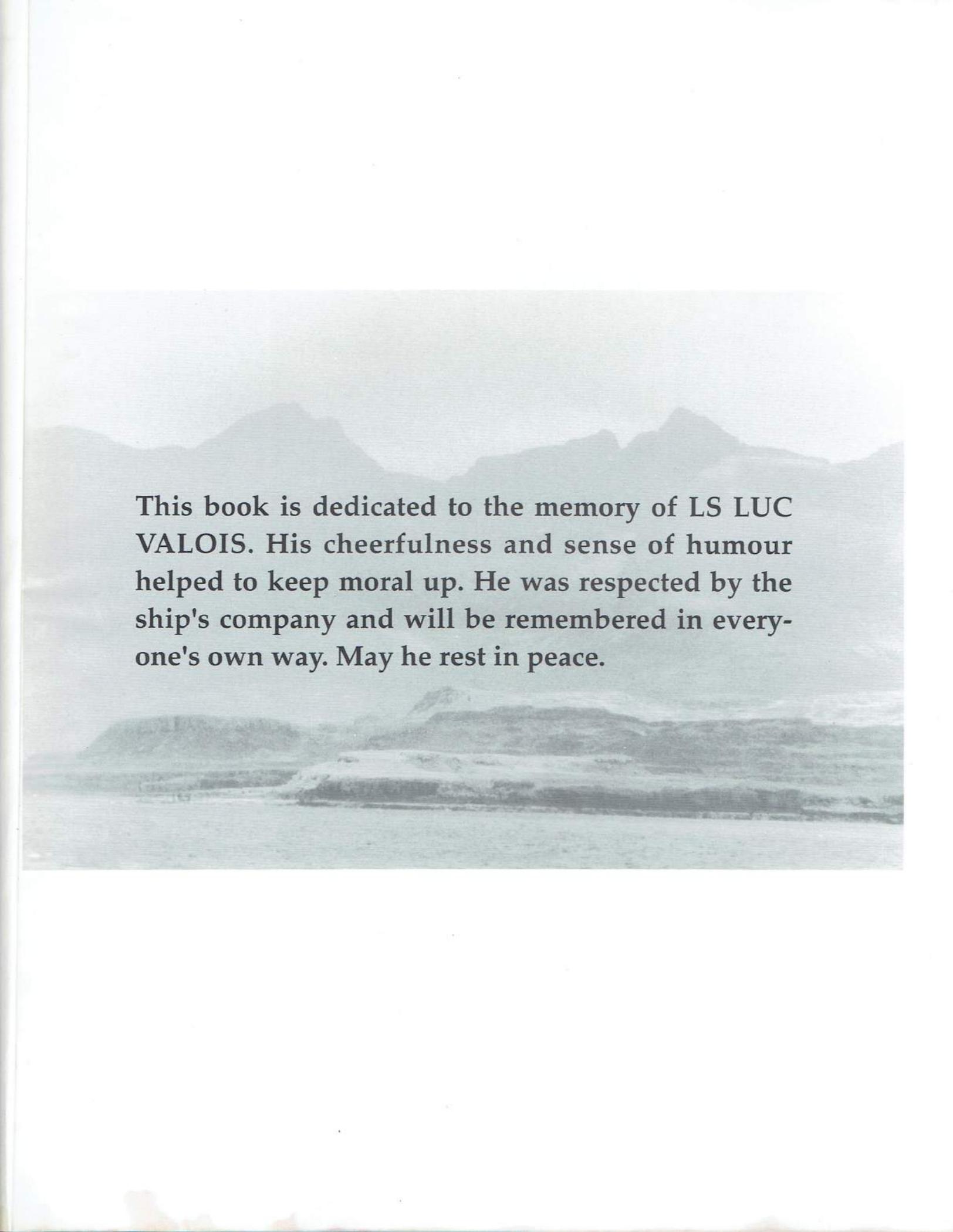
HMCS RESTIGOUCHE
NATO 1991

WEST COAST 1st EDITION







A black and white photograph of a coastal landscape. In the foreground, there is a body of water. The middle ground shows a low, rocky shoreline with some vegetation. In the background, a range of mountains with several prominent peaks is visible under a clear sky. The overall scene is serene and natural.

This book is dedicated to the memory of LS LUC VALOIS. His cheerfulness and sense of humour helped to keep moral up. He was respected by the ship's company and will be remembered in everyone's own way. May he rest in peace.



Message from the Captain

Every so often fate intervenes and allows an individual to do something unique. In the case of RESTIGOUCHE, being prepared for a deployment to the Persian Gulf led to the historic deployment to the Atlantic, and the chance to serve in the Standing Naval Force Atlantic. During the five months away RESTIGOUCHE visited ten ports, worked with ships from seven NATO nations, and France, and steamed over 32,000 miles.

This was the first, and will probably be the last, time a Pacific based ship will serve in SNFL; and you were there. I hope that this book will bring back happy memories of this unique trip and as you peruse its pages you will realise that ... WE SET THE STANDARD ...

To all of you who worked so hard to make this trip so successful I can only offer my heartfelt thanks. You made me very proud to be part of RESTIGOUCHE, and to be her Captain.


G.C. Oakley
Commander
Commanding Officer





Petty Officer Plumb supervises the Wheelhouse crew.



Keeping the ship's bell bright and shiny.



Never ending paperwork for Slt Fedoruk.



The lonely vigil of Lifebuoy sentry.



LS Sylvestre on lookout.



SGT Slaughter threatens Felix.



The sharp eye of the Coxswain.



LS Breland contemplates life.



Three blind mice.



Hi Mom.



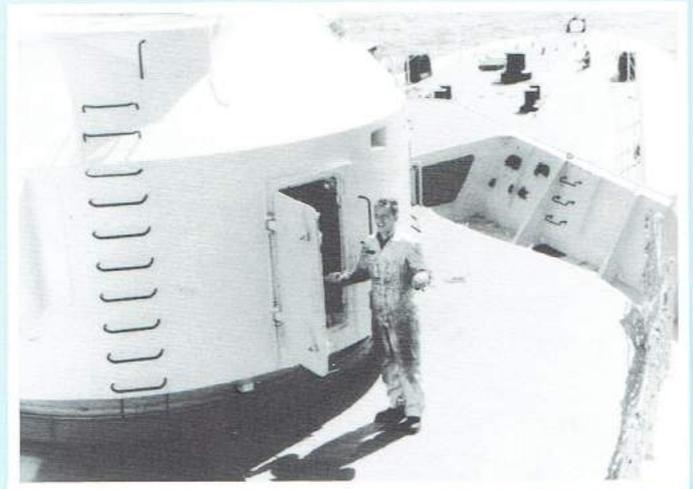
The low hills of Plymouth.



Some new equipment.



MS Vandenberg hard at work (seriously).



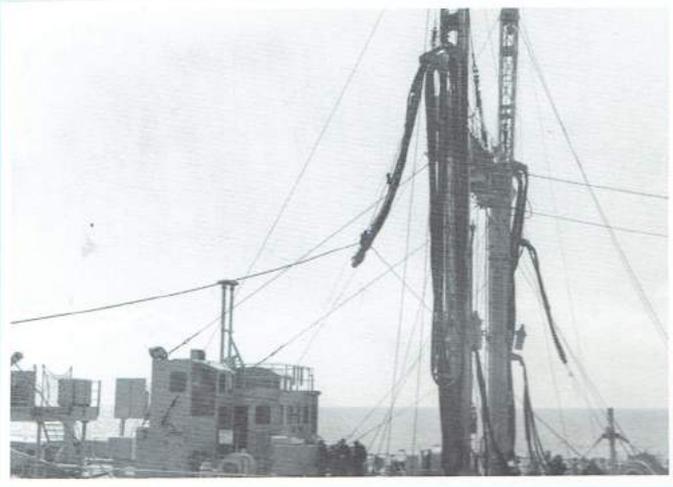
Whaddayermean fix it today.



Wakey Wakey.



Preparations for Fuelling





Petty Officer Scott hides from LT Liang.



Doc hard at work.



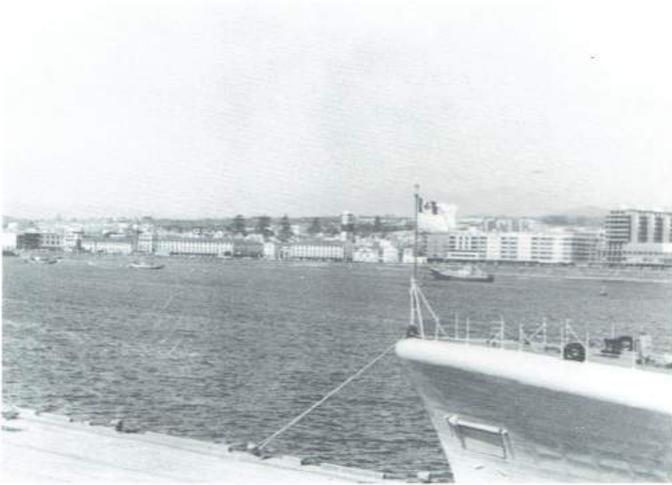
Waiting to come alongside.



The unending supreme effort to keep the ship safe.



A stoker who has seen the light of day for the first time.



1

1) Ponta Delgado, Azores.

2) LT Eugene Kuhn in his candid pose.

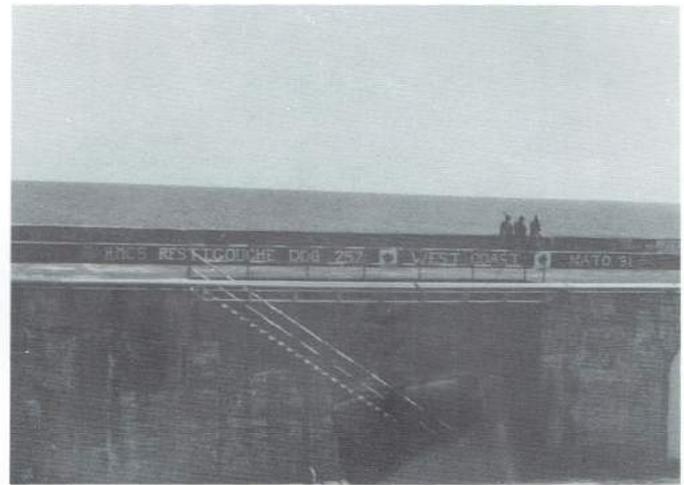
3) A job to be proud of.

4) Restigouche leaves her mark.

5) Think they will notice.



2



5



3



4



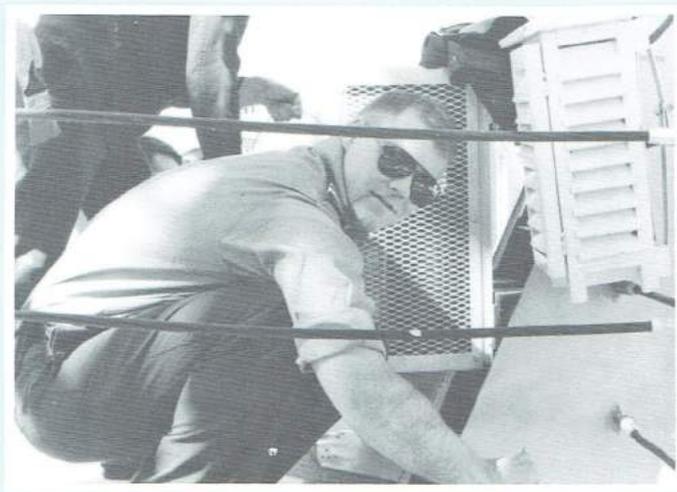
Just hanging around.



What do mean I missed a spot.



Hey! It's my turn.



Remember you promised me a beer when I am finished.



Notice my artistic qualities.



Pull me up quick. It's standeasy.



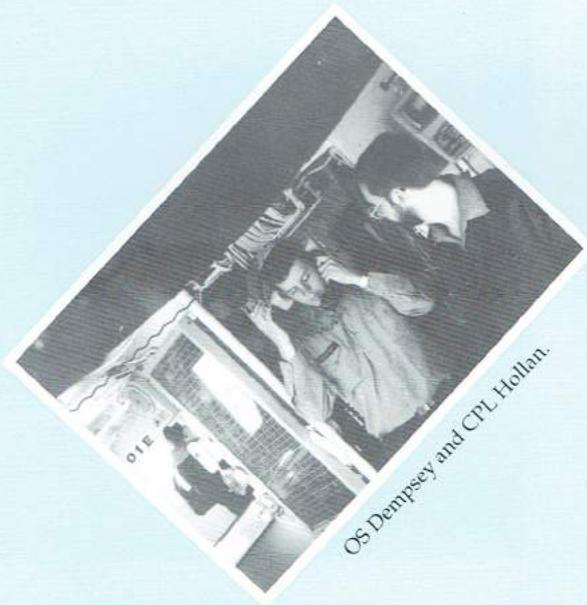
Hey! Who took my soap on a rope?



Upperdeck maintenance.



Completing a ras.



OS Dempsey and CPL Hollan.



I am so nervous when he is around.



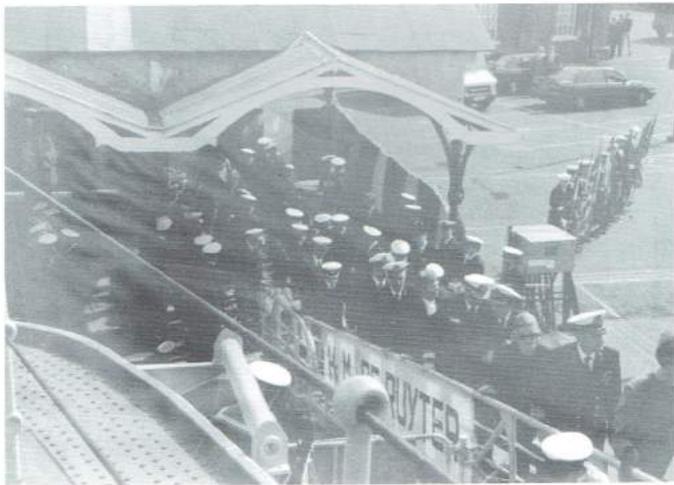
Of course I know what I am doing.



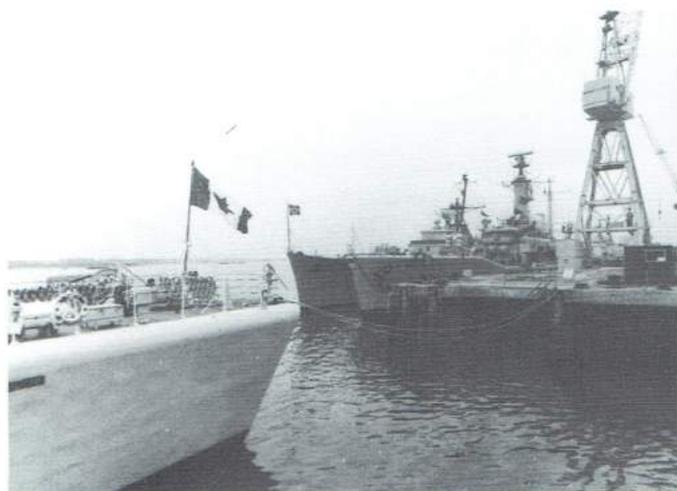
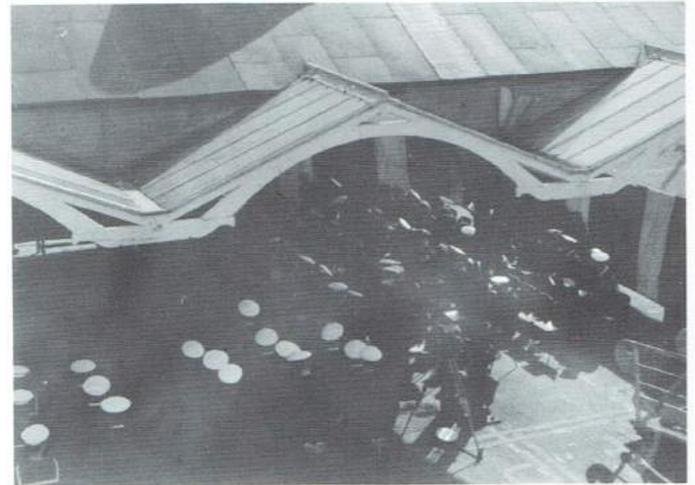
PO Conrad receives a sports award from Commodore Van Grup on behalf of the CF.



RESTIGOUCHE's first Divisions with STANAVFORLANT.



Change of Command ceremony on HNLMS DE RUYTER.



RESTIGOUCHE alongside in Portsmouth.

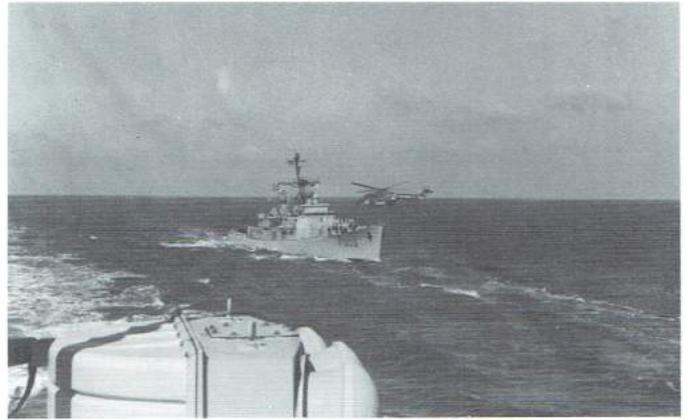




USS PHARRIS



HMCS YUKON



HNOMS STAVANGER



FGS LUBECK



HMS CHATHAM

HNLMS DE RUYTER



Sports Meet in Portsmouth



I have an attitude.



Waiting.



The teams form up.



Ready The Tug of War.



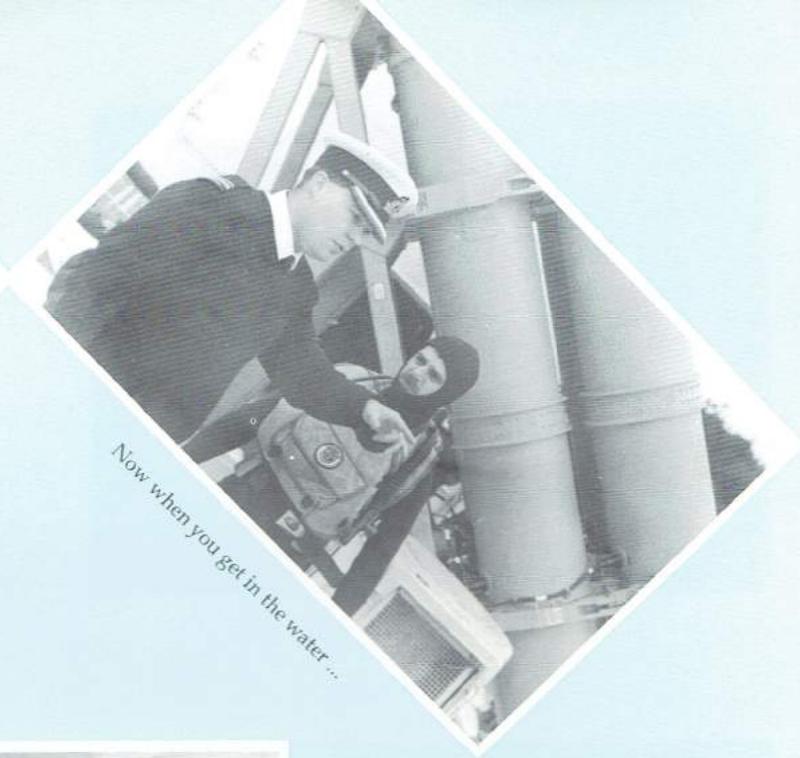
Prepare to kick butt.



What did you call me?



Why ask me? I'm just an XO.



Now when you get in the water ...

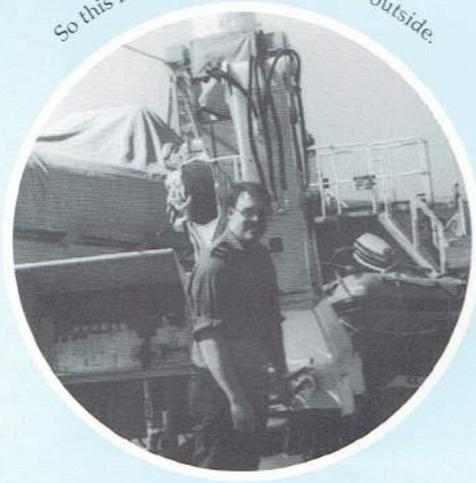


Homey don't think so.

It'll work, just wait and see.



So this is what it looks like on the outside.

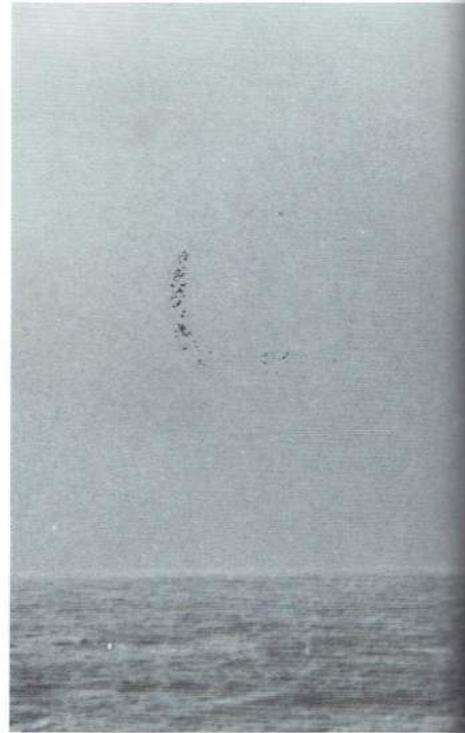




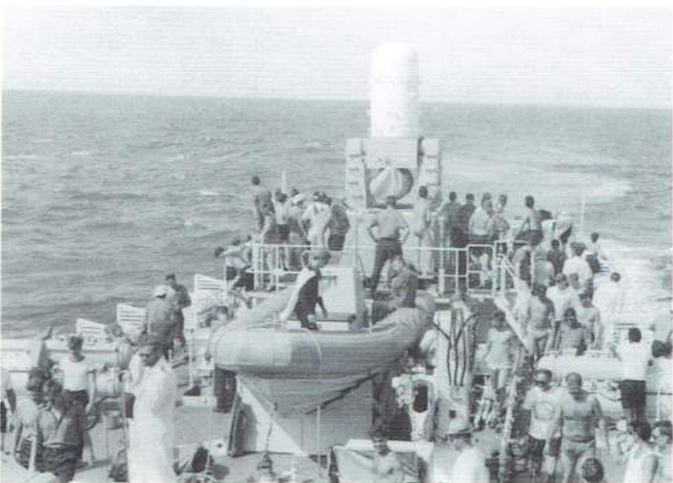
Baron of Beef.



The RESTIGOUCHE Air Force.



The winner s

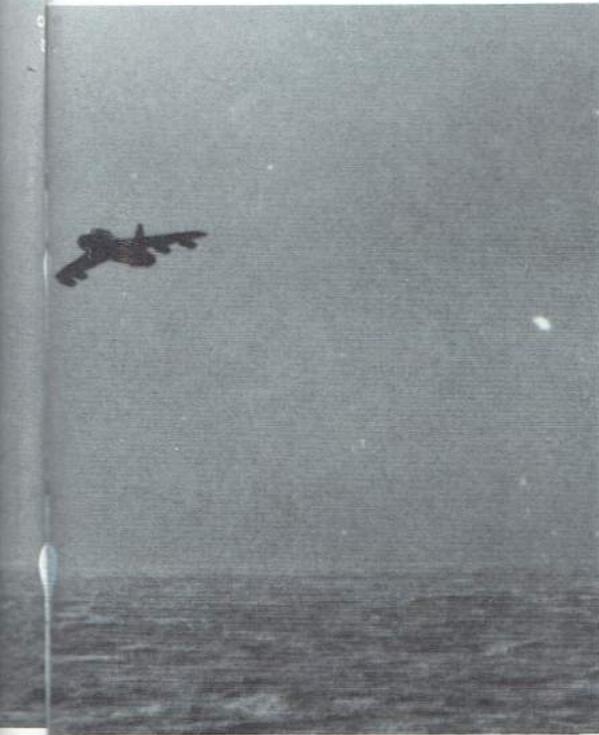


Where did it go?



I know it will fly.

y Day



Now this is an airplane.



The moment of launch.



It's mine, No it's mine.



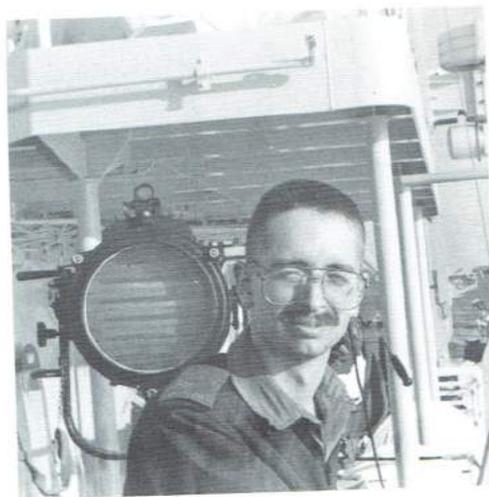
Ready for sacrifice.



Damn those ants.



I always wanted to be a marine.



This is really a parrot on my shoulder.



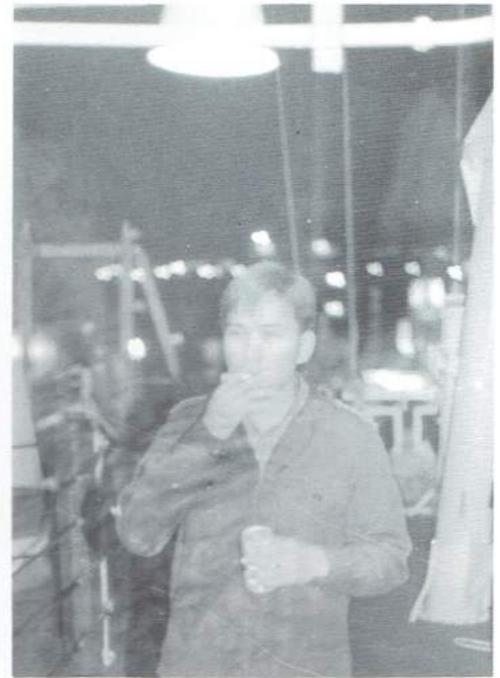
Yeah that's right, two large with extra cheese!



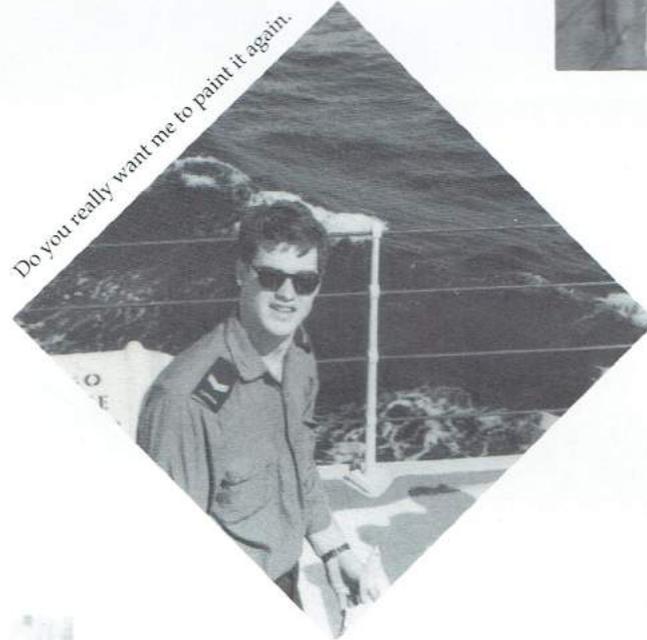
Cool.



This is good for the back.



My first cigarette.



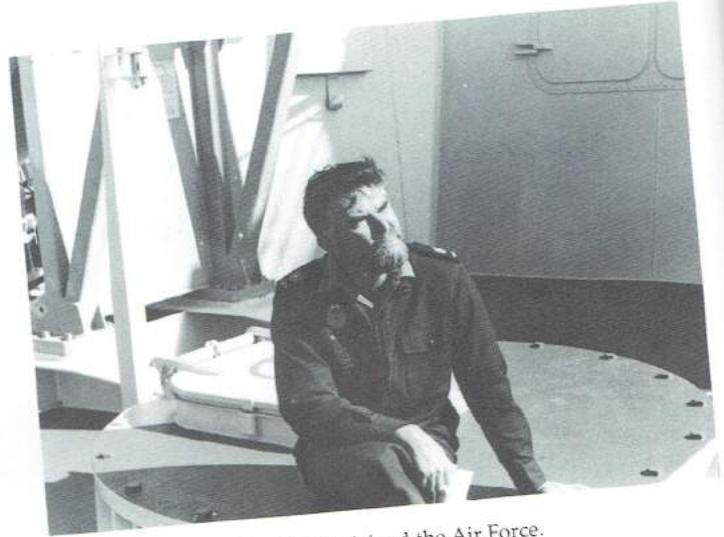
Take me to your leader.



I'm telling you, there's mice in here.



It's too nice to be working.



I should have joined the Air Force.



Here comes trouble.



The A Team.



Alarm Air; I think.



Is this the right port.



Come any closer and I'll hit you with my flashlight.



Some people pay big bucks to do this.



You had better move that camera.

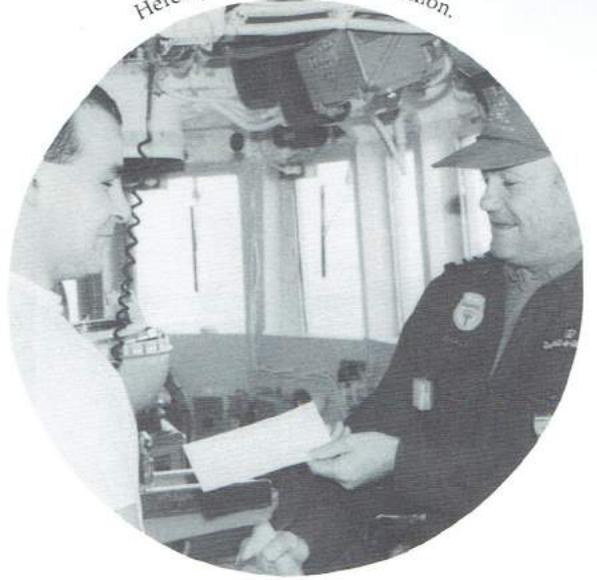


Nobody likes me.

Get down from there.



Here's your cheque for \$4 million.



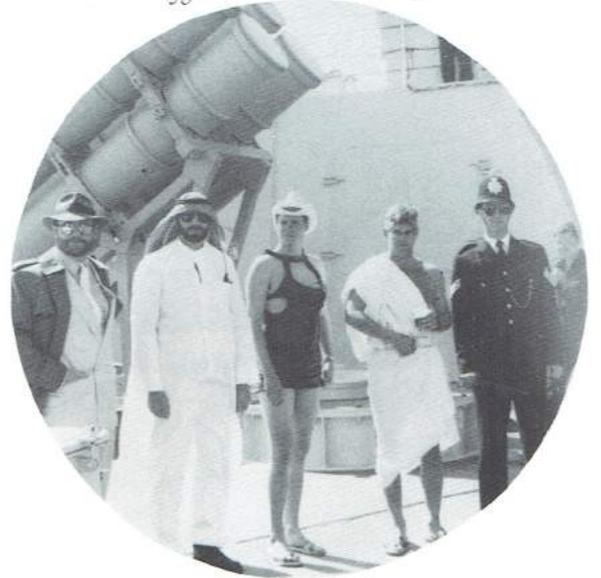
Maybe I can sneak by.



Seize Him.



Sgt Stone with his prisoner.



Making the arrest.



It's mine; all mine!



Got a problem with that.



I've been a good little Chief.



The Head Honcho.





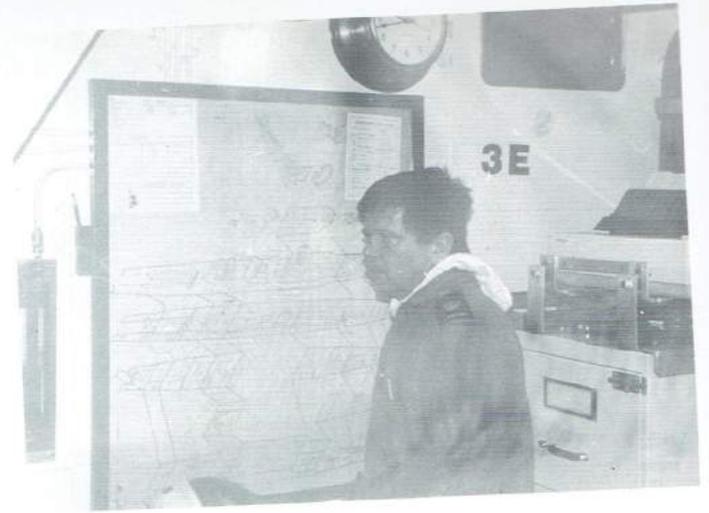
Children Liverpo

s Party,
1





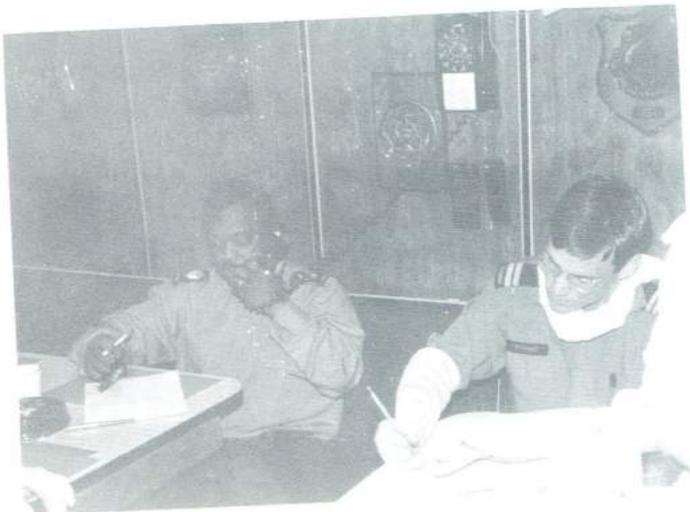
We have been away too long.



Has anybody seen my crayons.



The official looking pose.



Hello! Am I caller number 7?



Now let's see, where was I? Oh yeah, the part where Jack climbs up the beanstalk ...



I'm King of the Mountain.



Wow! Would you look at the size of that thing.



Oh really? Well, just let me straighten my cravate and we'll step outside and talk.



Look! All the dots make a bunny.

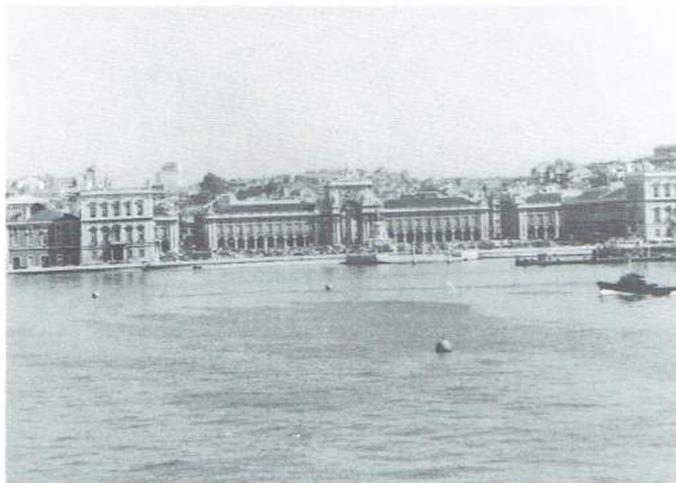


We're off to see the Wizard.

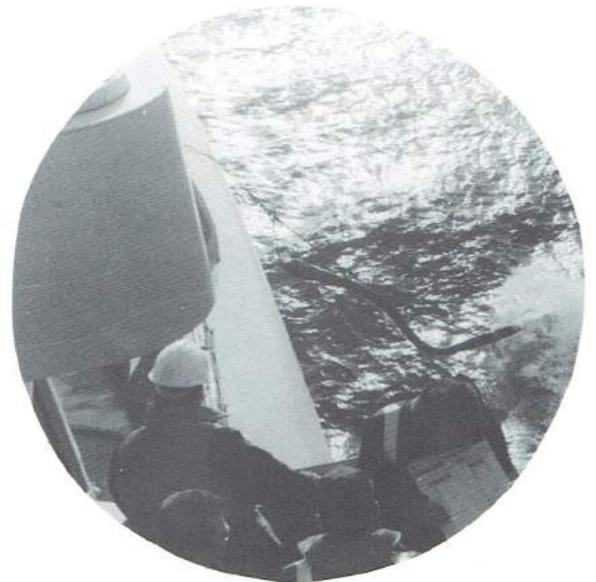
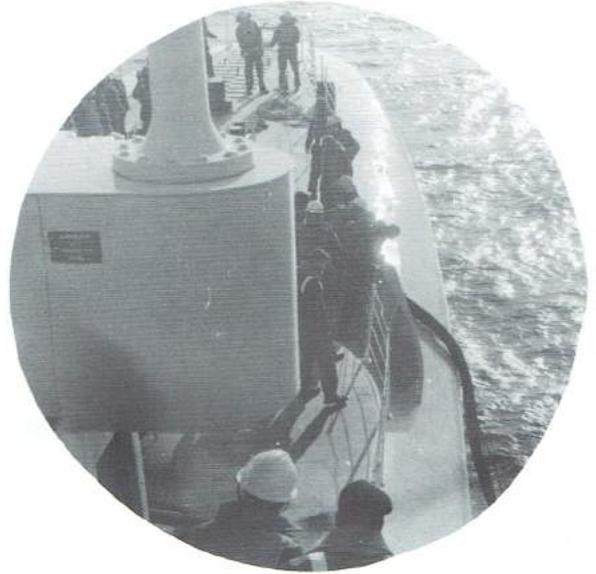
Ports of



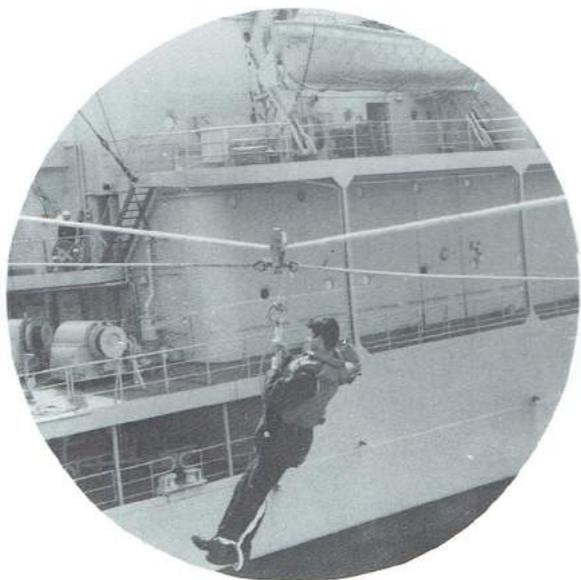
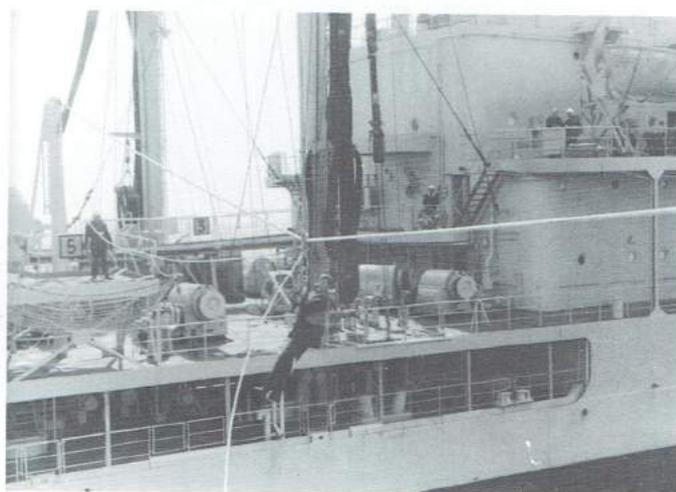
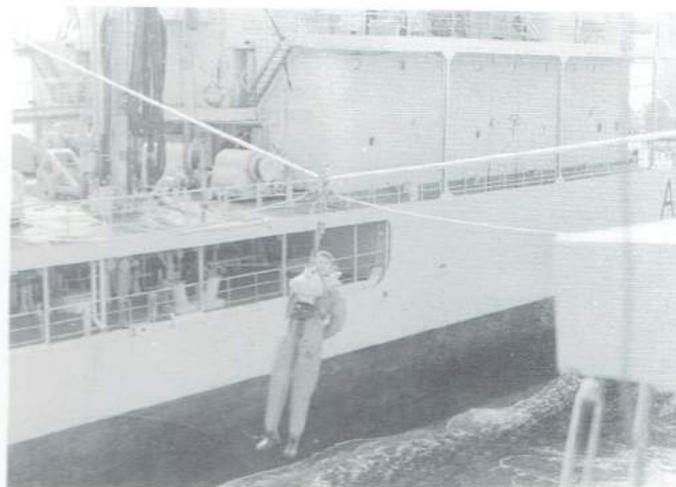
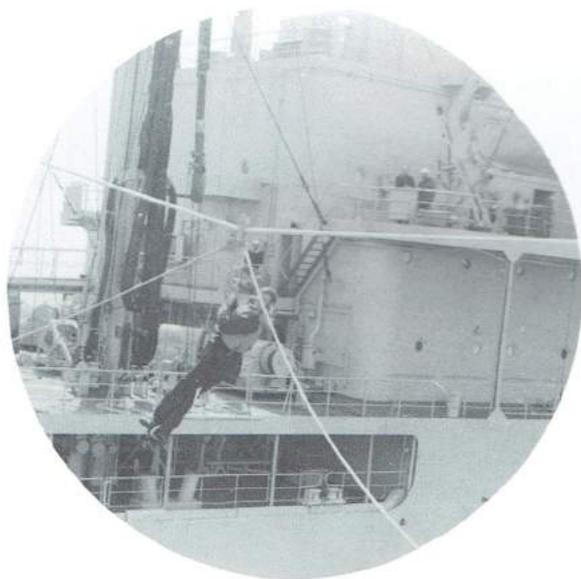
Call



Preparations for a Replenishment

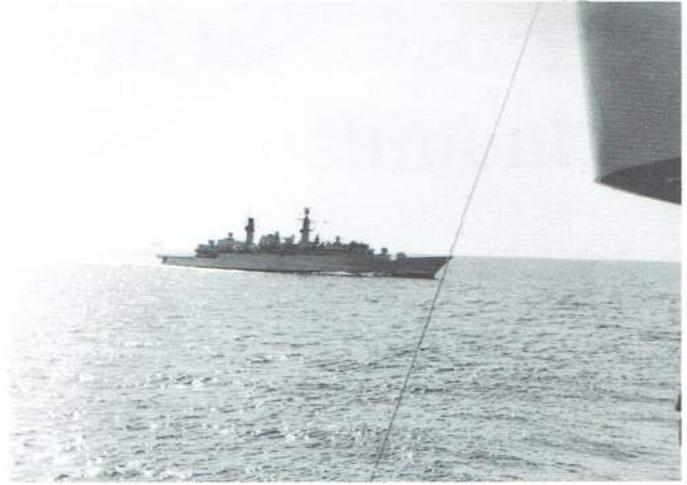


Transfers at Sea





HNLMS DE RUYTER



HMS CHATHAM



Sea King conducts a hoist rescue.



Alongside MARGAREE in Portsmouth.



More seamanship.



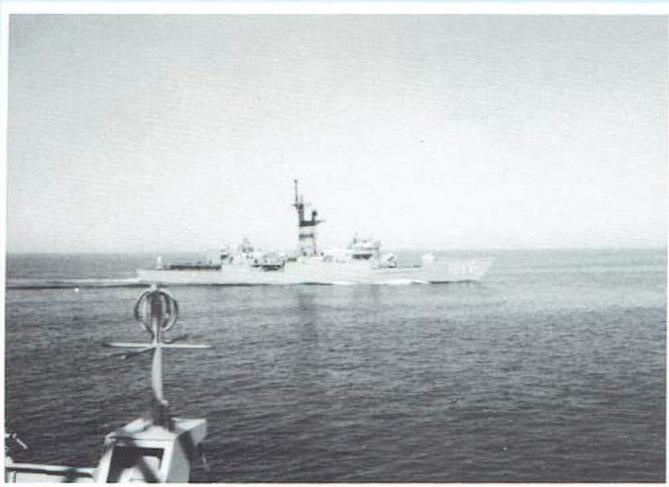
FGS LUBECK



HNOMS STAVANGER



Watching and waiting.



USS PHARRIS



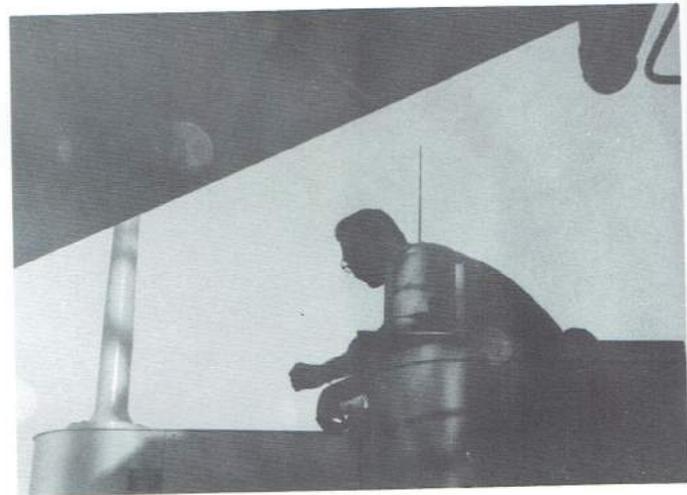
High speed manoeuvres.



OS Lindberg caught in the act.



The banner for RESTIGOUCHE's final sailpast.



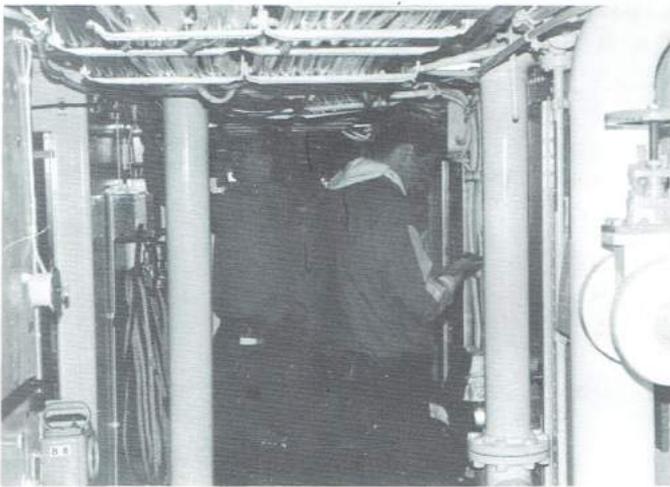
Who is that masked man.



Hey! Leave me alone when I am working.



Where is the trigger on this thing.



Five? Right?



I've checked the map and I still don't know where we are.



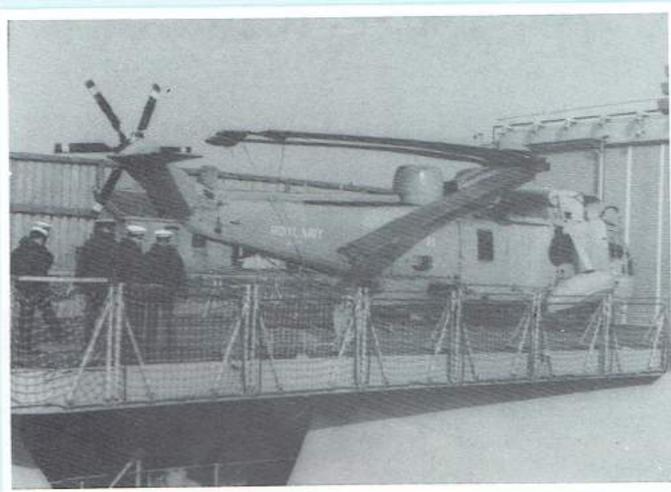
We ran out of toothpicks.



HMS VICTORY in Portsmouth, England.



HMS CHATHAM.



Royal Helicopter.



Divisions.



I suppose you're wondering why I've called you all here.



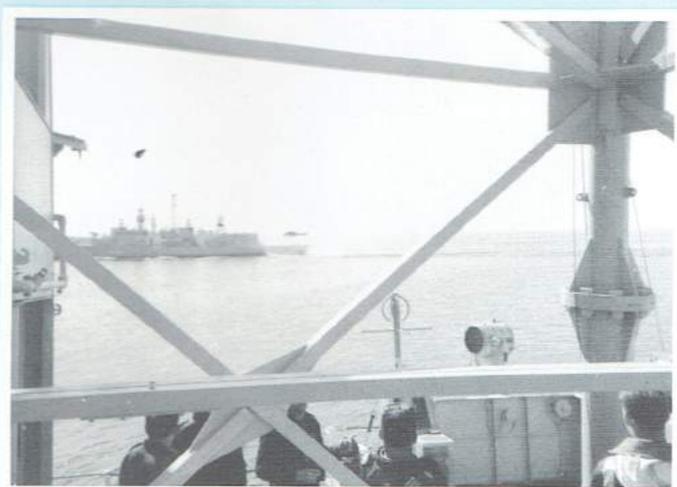
Petty Officer Singer looking his usual happy self.



Closet Francophone PO Reno.

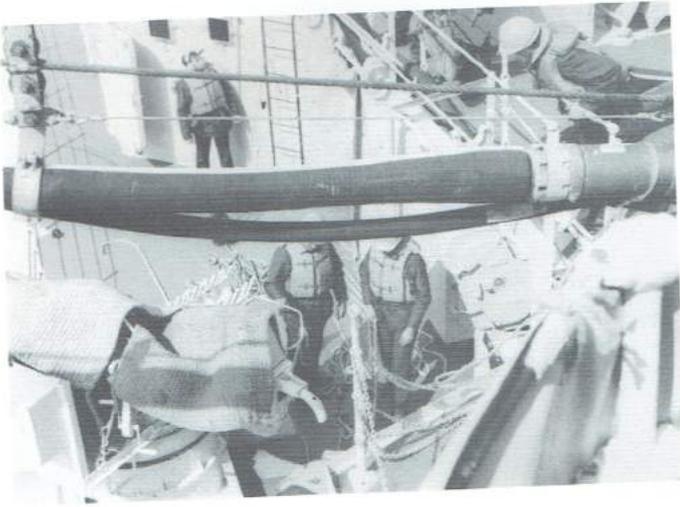


A Banyan at sea.



Let me outta here.

Another Fuelling



Boarding Party



Alongside.



Taking Over.



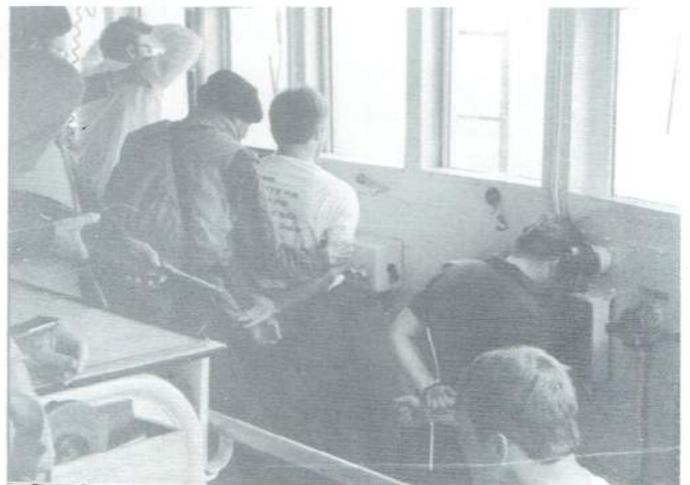
On Board.



The XO with his toys.



Get away from my donut!!!



Check for cash and credit cards.



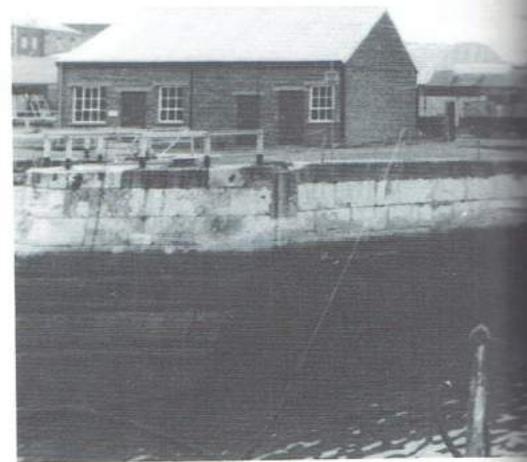




The Scottish Highlands.



Liverpool, England



Portsmouth



Azores.



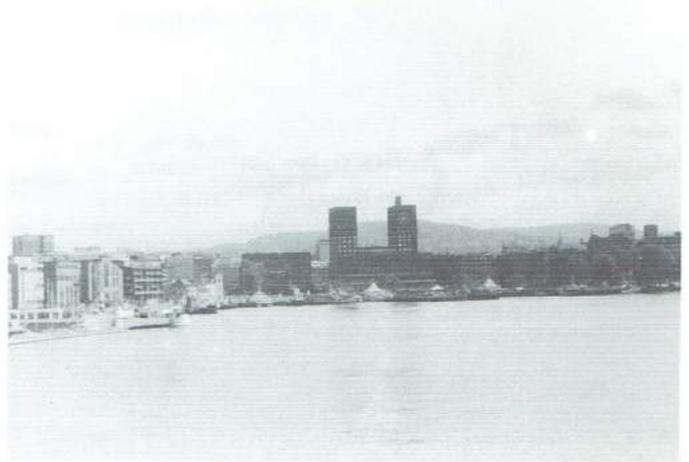
La Caruna, Spain



Lisbon, Portugal



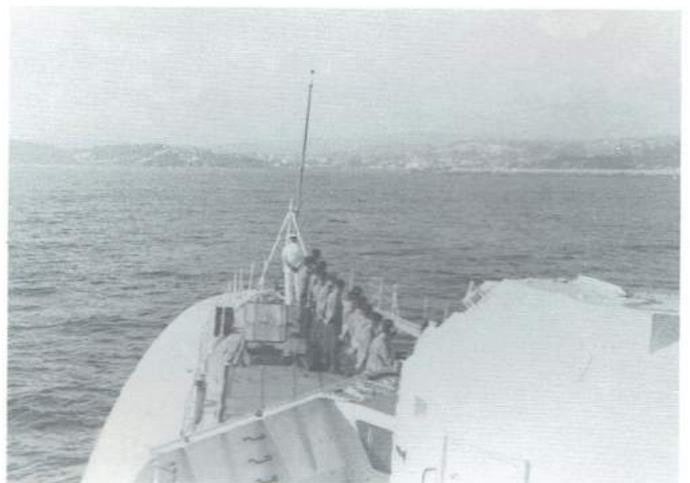
England



Oslo, Norway



Oslo, Norway



Plymouth, England

With Boffins, Harpoon and CIWS new on board
Communications and Radars and miles of cord
The lady was ready to make her debut
To the blue Persian Gulf was the cry of the crew

But the Gulf War had ended just as quick as it started
And the crew of the RESTIGOUCHE was somewhat disheartened
Then the word from the brass was to the east coast you go
To join STANAVFORLANT for a European NATO

So off from Victoria, the Guts she set sail
For jolly old England where Nelson did hail
More than eight thousand miles and a few ports in the sun
We pulled into Portsmouth for beer, women and fun

After eight days of parties with new friends from the fleet
We sailed out together for we all were dead beat
Six different countries "Sailing United" the phrase
A sight to behold if their guns they did blaze

From Portland to Liverpool and far off Oslo
The Norwegians they loved us and didn't want us to go
Then off to Plymouth, Lisbon and Spain
The parties were plentiful, but the mornings brought pain

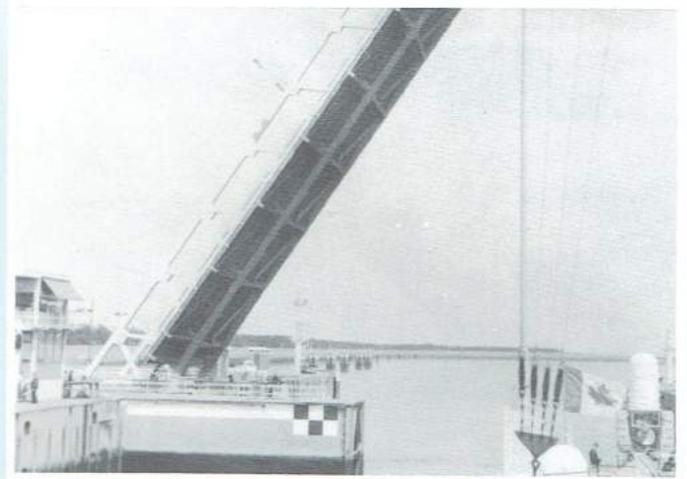
It was now off to France and chance to see Brest
Where all the women will love you but give you no rest
We then left for Belgium, soaked to the skin
To prepare for our sailpast where the fun will begin

The Chatham was first and the eggs they did fly
Schleswig-Holstein was next and Moose Milk was their cry
Cataluna and Doyle and then De Ruyter was last
With fire hoses, cheers and ships whistles that blast

It's now been five months, the routine known by heart
Friendships and memories that will never depart
So as we sail back to our west coast home
We wish you farewell and following seas with this poem.



Alongside Liverpool, England.



Lock gates to Ghent, Belgium.



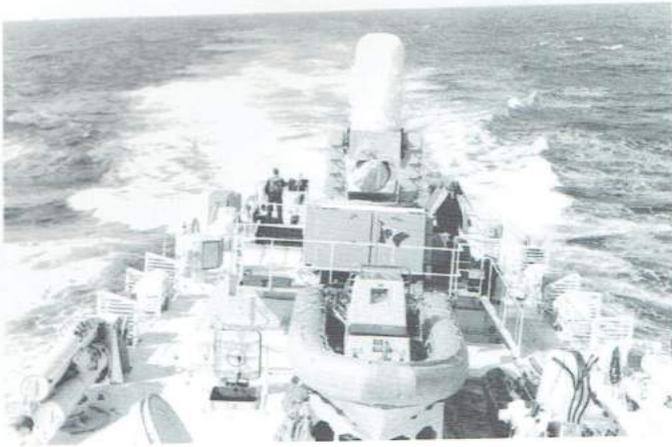
USS DOYLE in the locks.



Belgian countryside.



Locks at River Mersey.



The race is on.



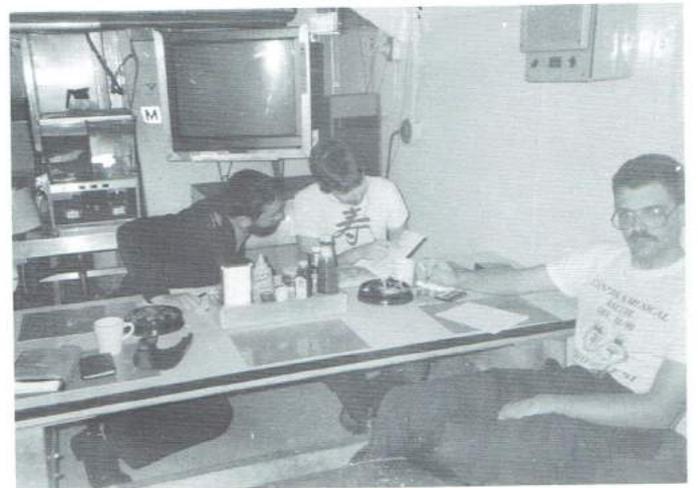
Soccer anyone.



OS Dale.



Could you make it blank please.



See Spot Run.



Culinary completion.



Anyone see a tanker.



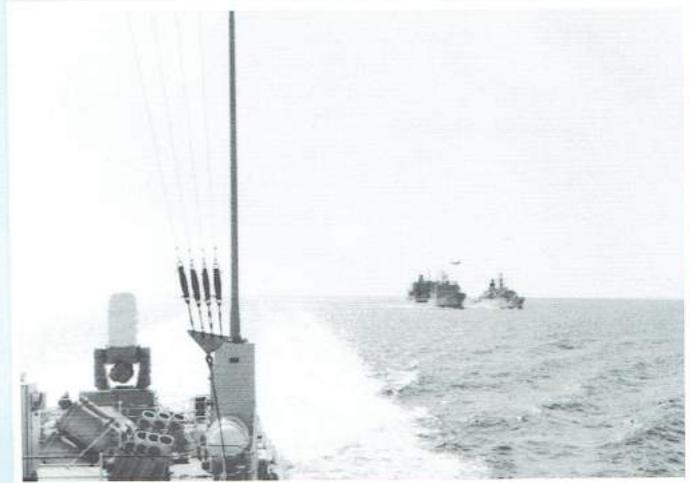
What are we looking for.



I thought we were going to the Gulf.



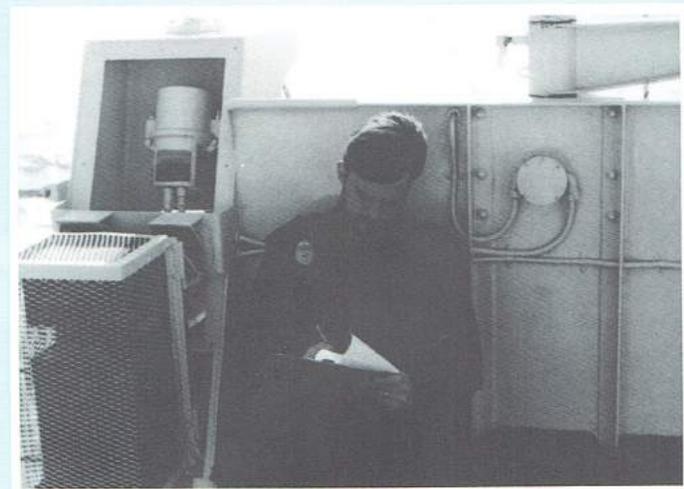
Congrats to Petty Officer O'Quinn.



Looking back to Europe.



Always working hard.



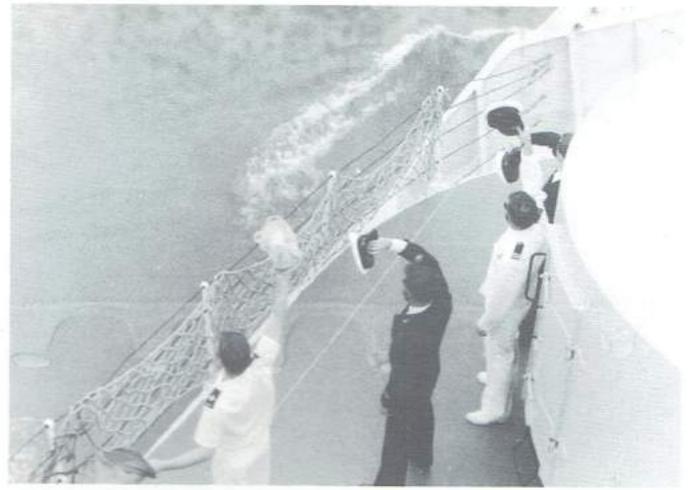
A quick note home.



That's a nice butt Lindberg.



OPS looking busy.



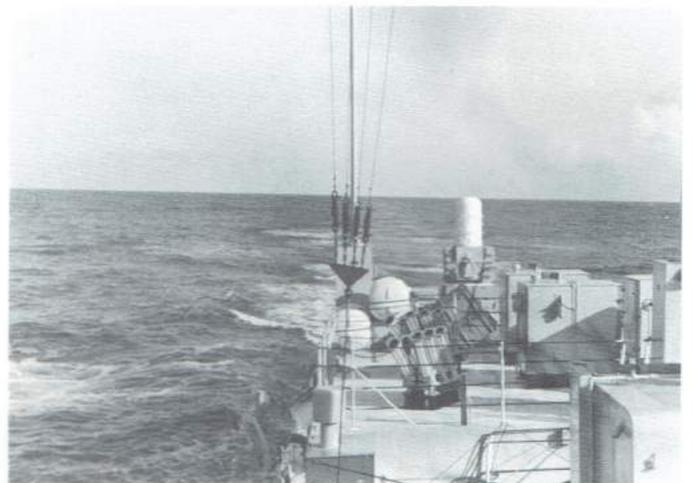
Farewell to STANAVFORLANT.



This is my secret agent disguise.

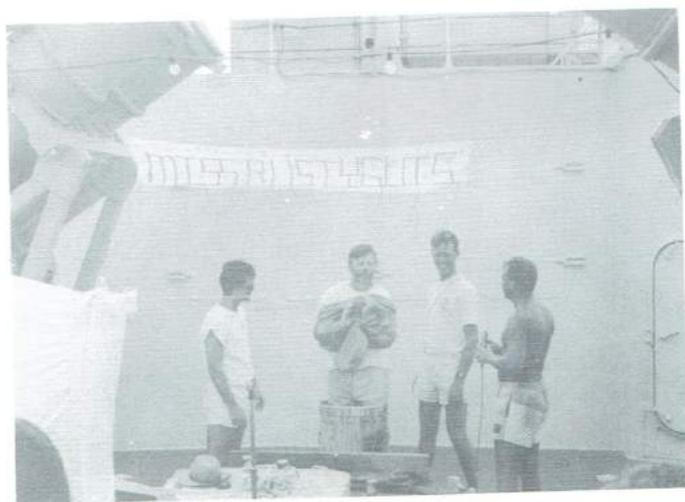


You guys again?

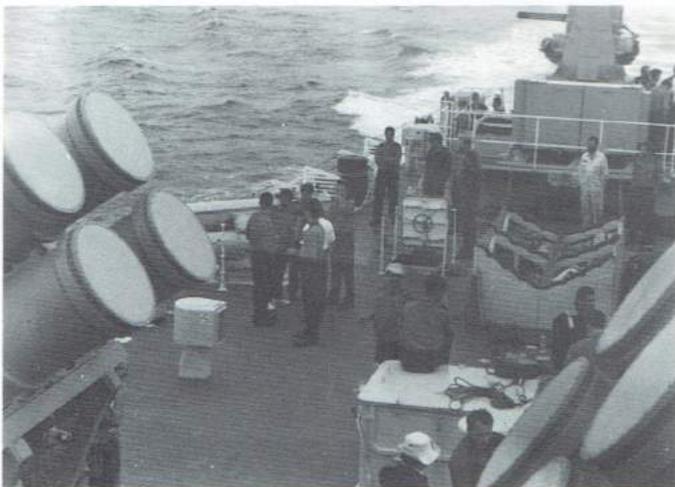
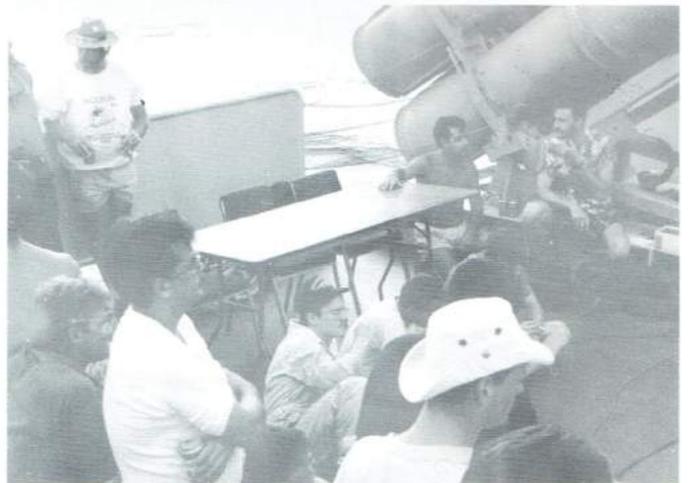
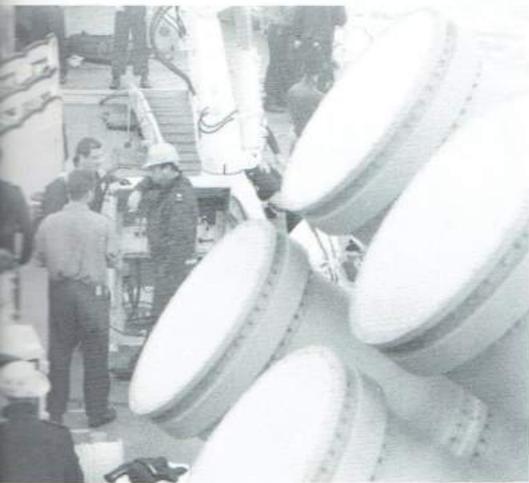


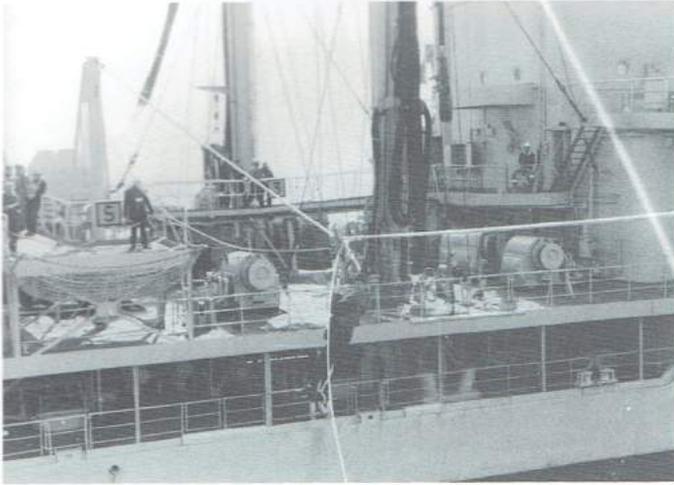
Another long day at sea.

Banyans



at Sea





Crosspolling?



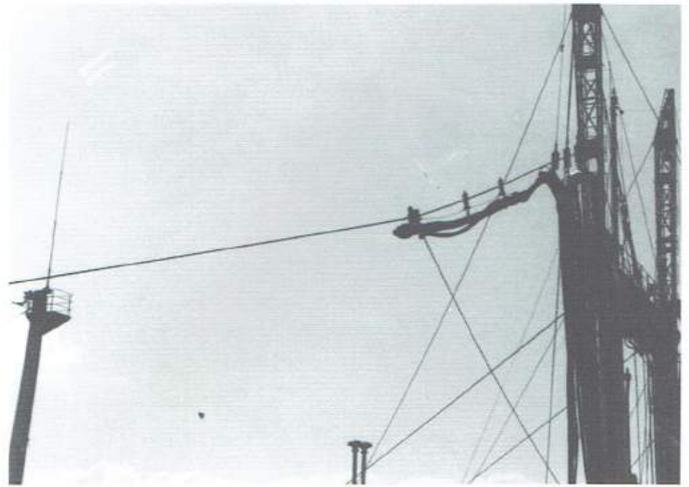
Threading the Needle.



I hope that's unleaded.

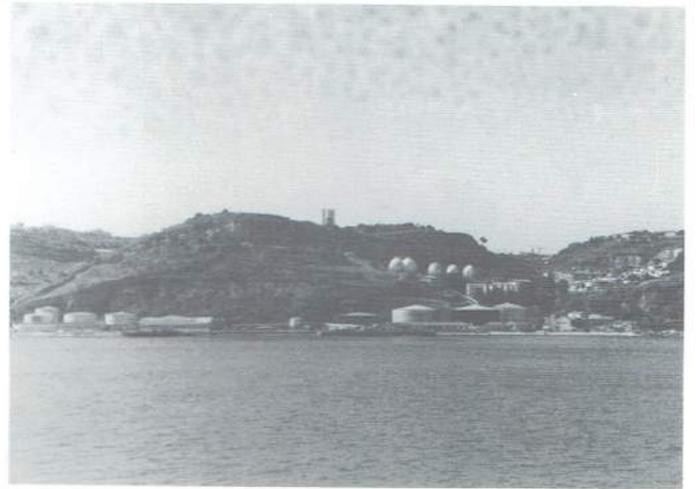


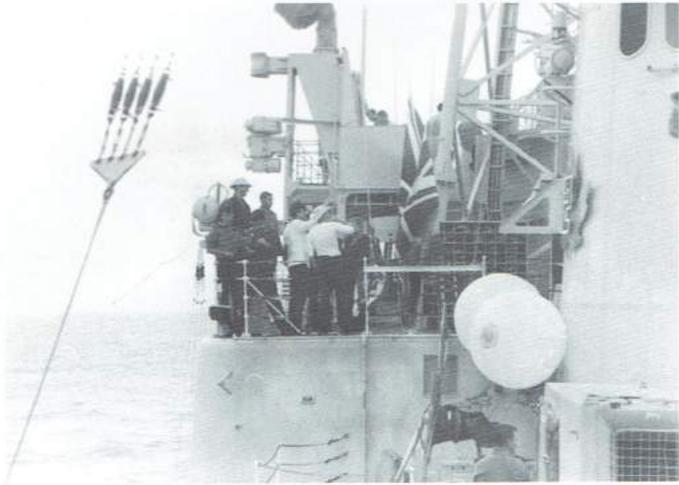
What's with all the attention?



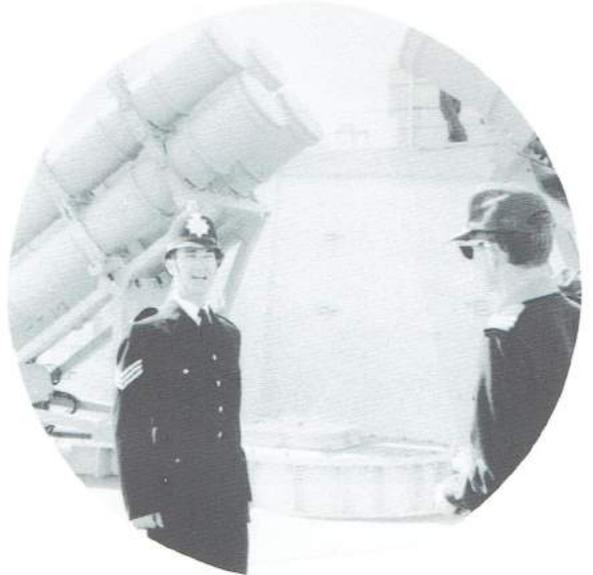
Fill it up.

More Foreign Ports

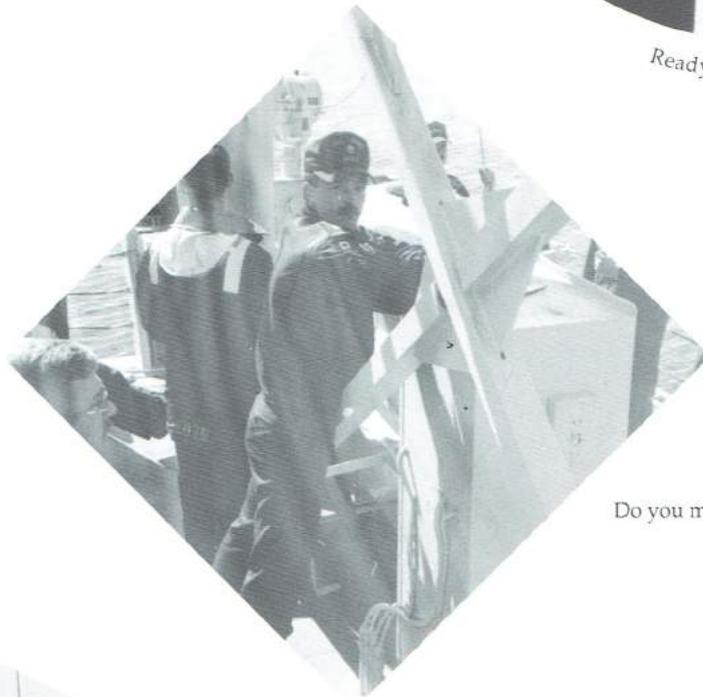




Now how did you make that signal again?



Ready for Inspection.



Do you mind, we're having a meeting.



Make a face like him.



You need more practise.

Statistics

| | |
|----------------|-------------------|
| Eggs | 60,900 each |
| Steak | 4,700 each |
| Potatoes | 10,500 kg |
| Flour | 3,000 kg |
| Bacon | 990 kg |
| Rice | 1,800 kg |
| Apples | 680 kg |
| Peanut Butter | 240 kg |
| Milk | 30,000 ltrs |
| Sliced Cheese | 300 kg |
| | |
| Nautical Miles | 32,800 |
| Fuel | 1,061,500 gallons |

Christma



Cox'n, where do you want those Xmas lights.



Does this make tomorrow Boxing Day?



XO, I wa



Now chew your food and you won't choke.



? One more guy calls me Molly.

in July



Let go of my sword.



You are what you eat.



address the troops.



PZero finds job.



We may eat here more often.



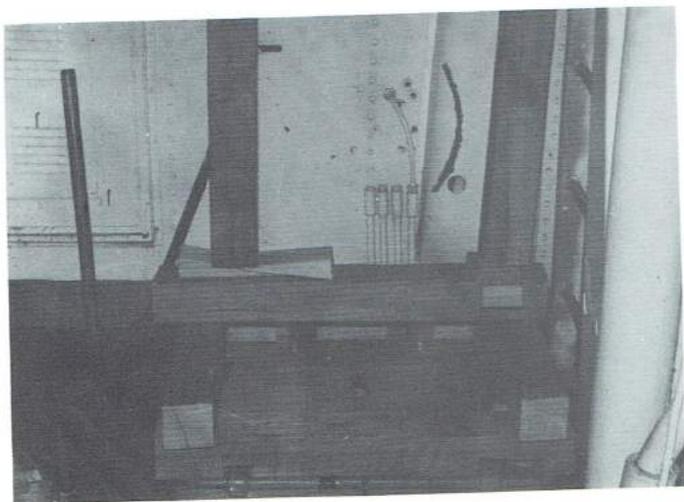
Wish we ate like this all the time.



Ghent Canal.



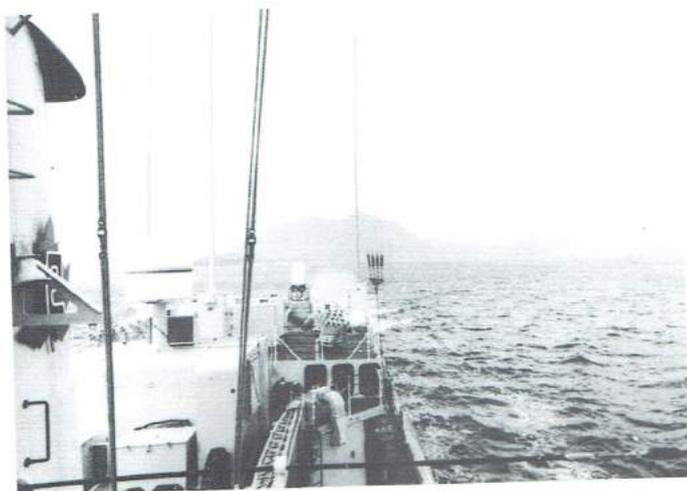
Mine departure.



NO more fish.



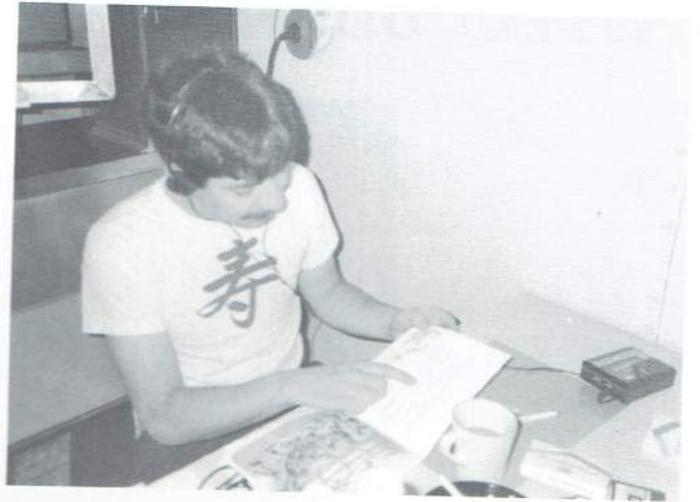
"F" Troop.



Homeward Bound, Azores.



Lisbon.



"And then the Big Guy said"



"Call me Bullwinkle".



No Cox'n, wasn't me.



Air Show Day.

NATO Book Fundraiser



I told you "Don't touch my programs!"



I said I want



I'm sorry, I'll ask a Tech.



Cornucopia e



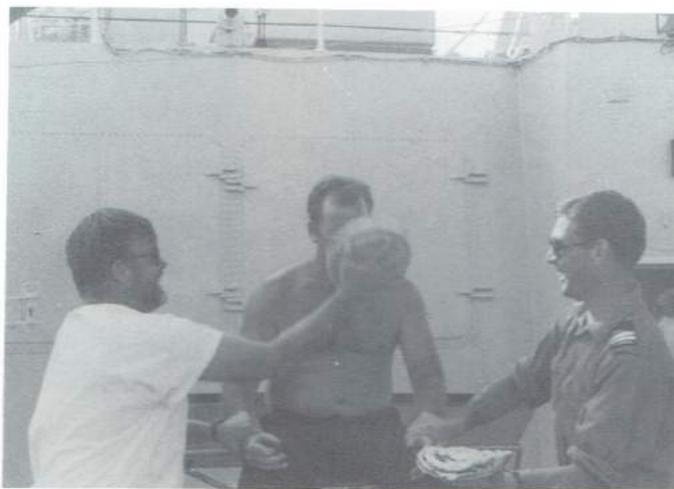
Do you think I'll make a good steward Sir?

O.K. he can't see





my pay now.



Remember the money we borrowed, Buff.



culinary delights.



He wants it someplace I can't even spell.

check his shorts.



Show him how much you like 1 in 3 "AI".



Wax on! Wax off!



I tell you "The buffer catches me I'm in shit!"



Sorry did the flash wake you up?



This is a stealth fuelling. Get behind the pads!



O.K. I know it's only fish!



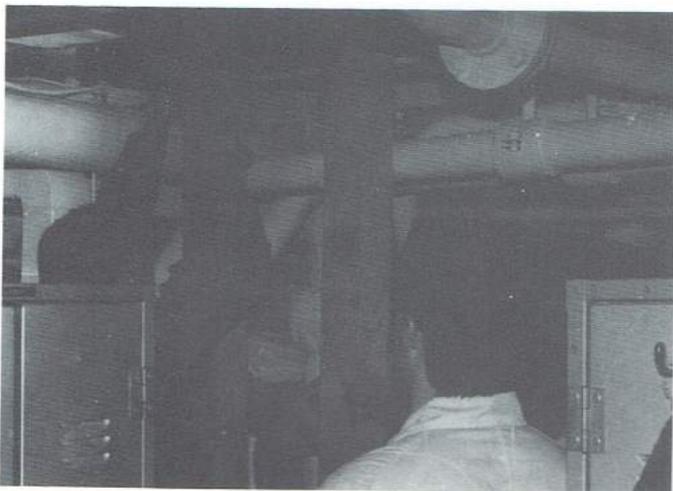
Damn Techs!



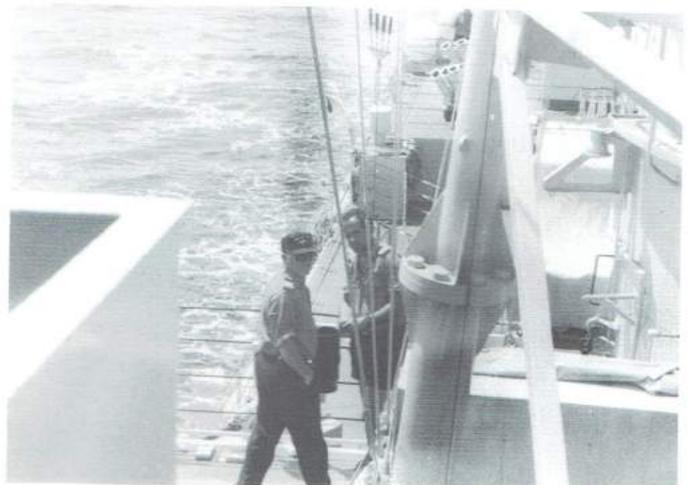
You pick the bright one.



This is stupid without a pool.



Typical, everyone is in the dark.



Don't look Sir, they'll never know.



Keep looking, Oscar's got to be in there somewhere.



Is it Sunday again?



Fishing anyone?



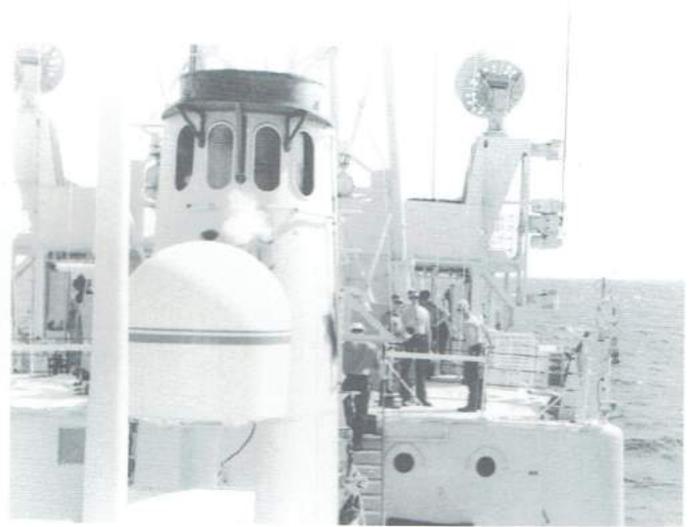
Lt Ferguson.



What's so hard about being a Molly?



Take a fix.



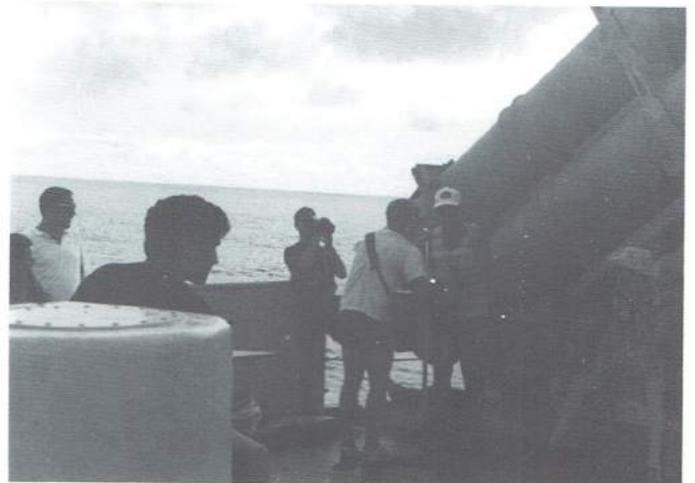
I know, let's paint again.



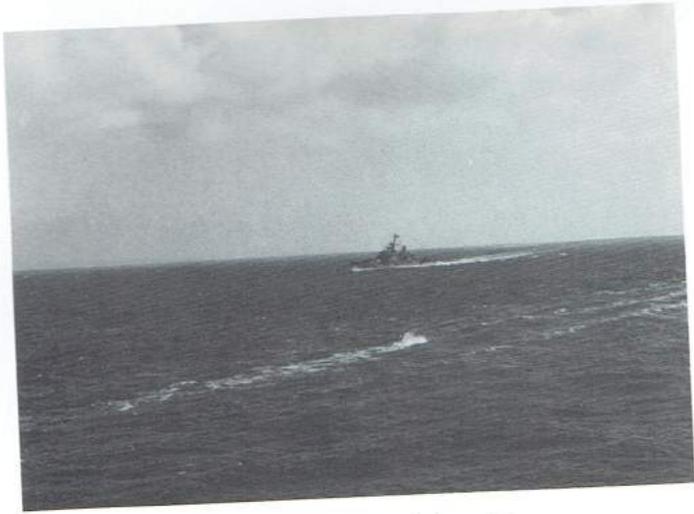
I told you, these aren't flags.



Oh Joy. Here we go again.



They should be gold in about 70 years.



That's a funny way to do laundry.



Pass the sauce, it needs more flavour.



We could get you a saw!



A Christmas Palm.



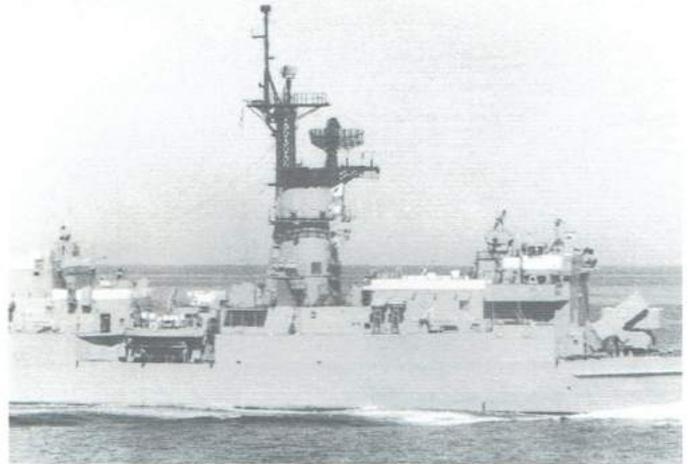
Land Ho.



I'm the new XO and I'm not leaving.



So this is the mighty Atlantic.



What do those flags mean.



HMMM; Someday I'll be like him.



Someone give that driver a breathalyzer.



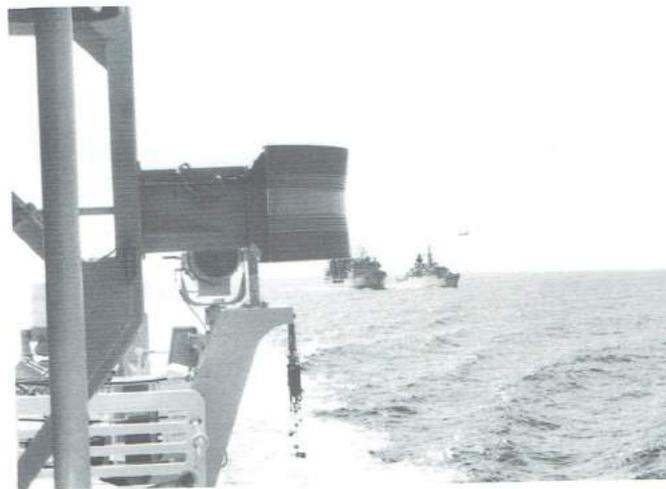
The guys on the ship eat better than this.



This place looks familiar.



Sure would be nice to sit in this seat.



Let the airplane get them.



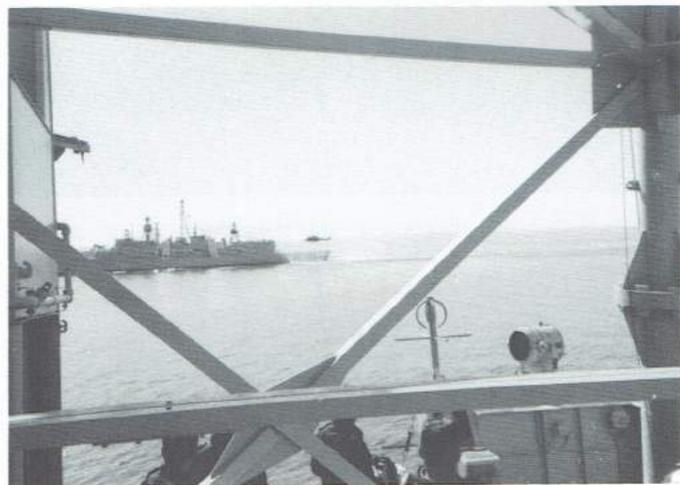
Is that where the heads are?



Boy, these banyans are tough.



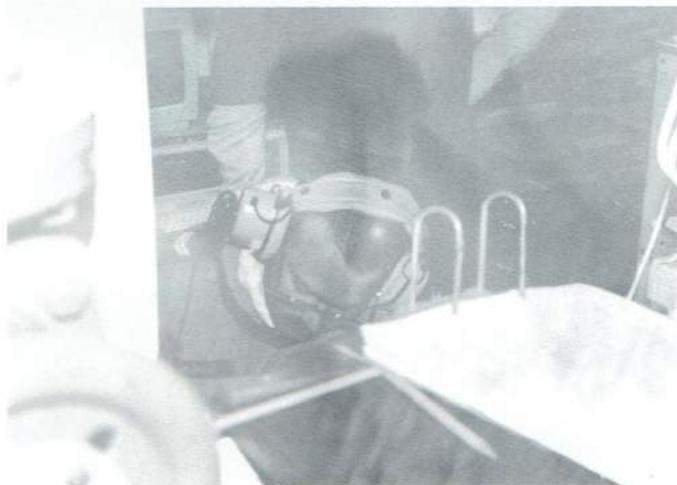
Forget it. I'm not falling in.



Looks like he'll make it.



Hey. I know that guy over there.



This walkman isn't working.



Are we almost home yet.



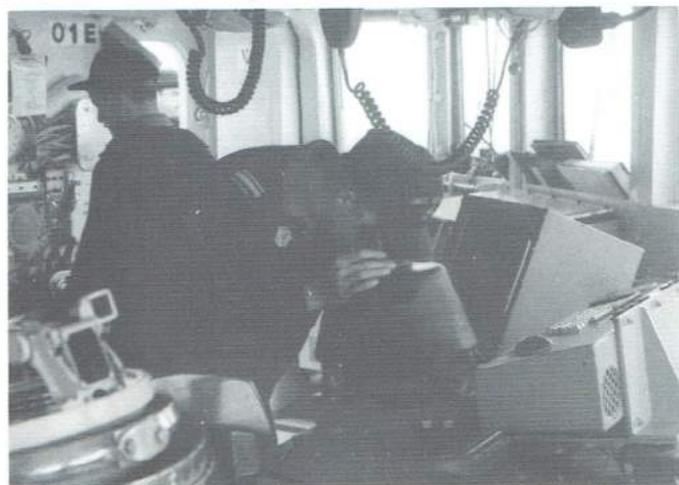
I wonder if we can get the harpoon off without getting caught.



Peek a Boo.



Have you considered trying neet.



Hey! This isn't the Pacific Ocean.



I told you, I can feed myself.



Wait till they see what's for supper.



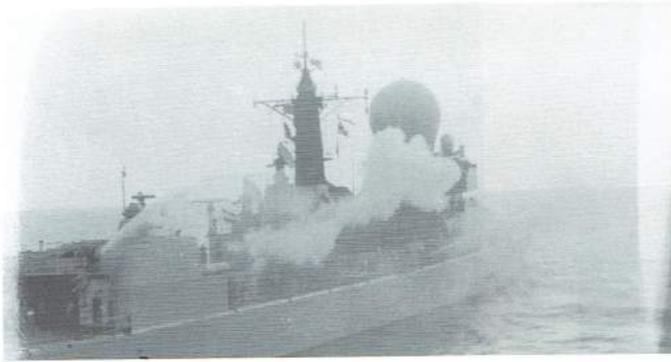
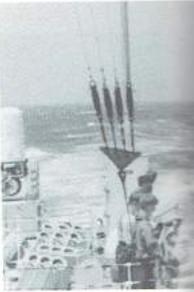
I'm trying to dump gash so don't look.



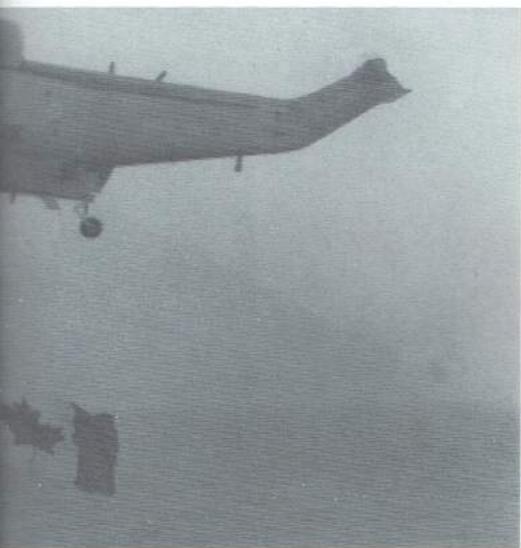
Do I look like I'm enjoying myself?



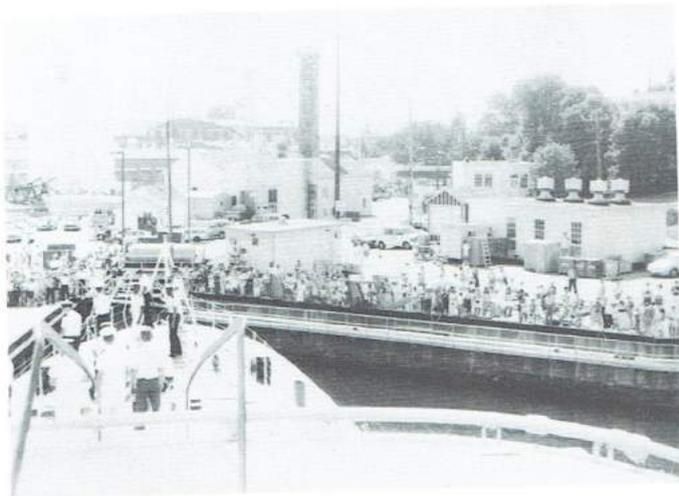
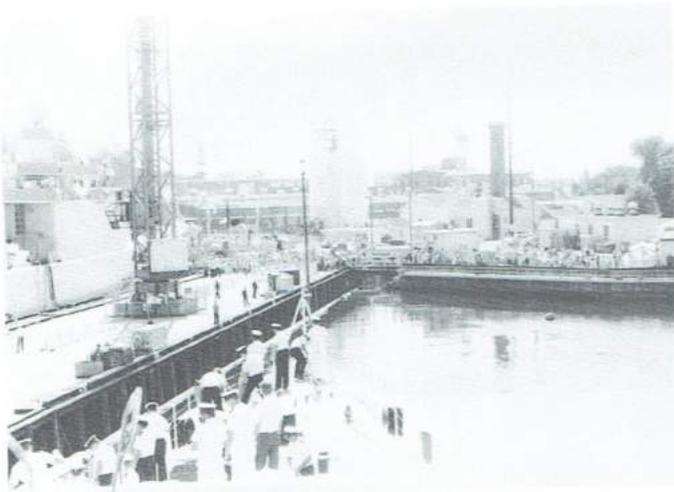
Caught me.



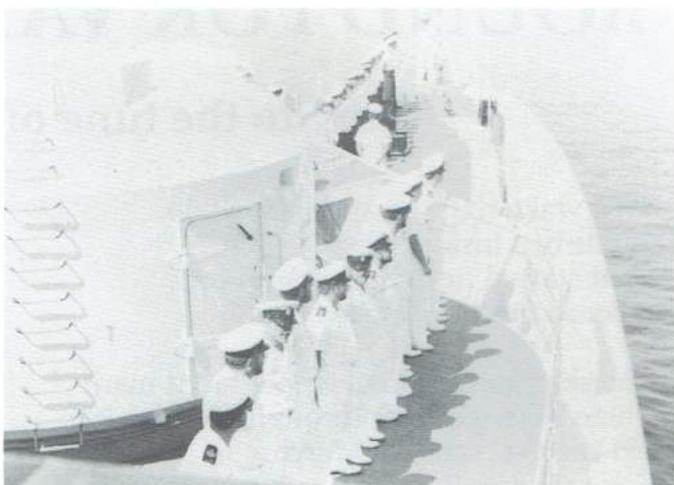
Sailpast



The



Homecoming



BOUND FOR VANCOUVER ISLE

(Sung to the tune of Gilligan's Island)

Well wake right up and hear a tale,
A tale of a historic trip,
That started from Esquimalt Port,
Aboard this beer-laden ship

The skipper was a naked pie-faced man,
Three XO's we went through,
251 men set sail that March,
For a six month cruise, a six month cruise

We joined SNFL and did more wups,
In the land of fost,
If not for Thursday's weekly war,
The kippers would be lost, the kippers would be lost

The ship is bound for the shores of this,
Rocky Vancouver Isle,
With Falkingham,
And Babette II,
The Buffer and his rib,
The MET guy, SLT Ralph, and LT Liang,
Full of west coast style

So this is a tale of Restigouche,
We've been gone for a long long time,
We'll have to paint the ship again,
It's a rusty crime,
The Decko and the Buffer too, will do their very best,
To organize and supervise this grey unholy mess

No VDS, no shields, no gatling gun,
Many an OPDEF from the CSE,
Like a large impotent sperm whale,
We drift across the sea

So join us here for lunch today,
You're sure to like the salmon mousse,
It's fish today and everyday,
Here in the Restigouche

lyrics by Julie, your Cruise Director



180° A 165° B 150° C 135° D 120° E 105° F 90° G 75° H 60° I 45° J 30° K 15° L 0° M 15° N 30° O

ARCTIC OCEAN

GREENLAND (Den.)

NORTH AMERICA

UNITED STATES

ATLANTIC OCEAN

BERMUDA (U.S.)

ATLANTIC OCEAN

SOUTH AMERICA

ATLANTIC OCEAN

C I F I C

C E A N

FALKLAND ISLANDS (U.K.)

SOUTH GEORGIA (Far. Is.)

SOUTH ORKNEY ISLANDS (B.A.T.I.)



