



The Intercom

“The result was a certain sense of pride; knowing that you’re paying”

**Welcome to the Army...
Now Dig.**

“Which bug repellents work and which ones don’t.”

A Story of Courage, Teamwork, Learning and Never Giving Up.

“What bonded us, as a platoon, together.”

**Private Ryan Ludwick and Kevin Motton’s
Incredible Stories from Course 0827 on Page 2!**

WORD FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER

LCOL. COLIN ROBINSON

In the few short months since the last issue of the Intercom we’ve managed to enjoy some success as a Regiment: Our hockey team won the MMBHL Championships for a second time in a row under the leadership of Sgt Castonguay. We qualified more than 20 new infants this summer in Valcartier.

We really boosted our junior leadership by promoting six new MCpls, two 2Lts, and one Lt in September. Capt Gauthier’s team in B Coy has conducted some highly professional and challenging GPE training (particularly for those who like patrolling in mountains in the rain!). Capt Paulin led a Small Unit Exchange in Scotland with our sister Regiment. We were awarded Freedom of the City of Hampstead and we had a new monument to the Regiment unveiled in France. We like to



keep busy... We’ve also qualified over 80 on the RMR Fitness Challenge (still a few dates left for any slackers feeling guilty). You folks are getting so fit now that we’ve actually had to order more gold pins – pretty impressive! Keep up the good work, you’re setting the standard.

Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense.

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A forerunner of the RMR Intercom, the 14th Battalion Bugler, was published in October 1914 aboard the SS Andania carrying the First Canadian contingent overseas.

WELCOME TO THE ARMY. NOW DIG.

PTE. RYAN LUDWICK - PART I - &

PTE. KEVIN MOTTON - PART II

PART I

Standing in the Longue-Pointe parking lot on that rainy day in June, I was a bit nervous. We probably all were. I, with a few other people, had just come off our full time BMQ course, but that didn't matter; whether we'd done our BMQ just last week or the year before, everyone was in the same boat as we boarded that bus to Valcartier. We weren't really sure what would await us there, but it would turn out to be a summer to definitely remember.

As soon as we got off the bus we were put through the usual sausage machine that happens on all courses. That's the paperwork that has to be filled out by candidates and instructors before any actual training can start to take place. We got taken to what would become our main classroom and introduced to the staff that were there, briefed on what would happen during our SQ course and then made to write the dreaded and omnipresent autobiography. Then we went to go arrange ourselves in the tents and get ready for the course.

The Soldier Qualification course was an exciting array of weapons training for us newly arrived recruits, and to say we enjoyed it immensely would be no stretch. Tempered in this was the fact that we had to learn to responsibly handle weapons which were not only vital to individual success in combat, but for success of the section and platoon. I have to admit it was more fun than not, though. Being able to say that we were qualified on the C9 light machine gun, the C6 general purpose machine gun and hand grenades was something that we were all happy to do.

What I haven't spoken of was what bonded us, as a platoon, together. That was – the physical hardship. In the



morning we'd go for a run with the Lieutenant, and sometimes he'd set a pace that was hard to keep up with. Keeping everyone together, encouraging our platoon mates and keeping moving was tough but



rewarding. Even more so were the forced marches that we did, incessantly. In the end we were all very happy that we did them, because we came out much stronger. At the time, though, every march seemed like hell, but through that we all stuck together. When someone was about to drop out of the march, we'd verbally and physically make sure they didn't. Sure, there was yelling and frayed tempers, but we got over it – our bond stuck, though.

The other thing which really kept us together was messing up in front of everyone else. It could be embarrassing to not know everything or perform perfectly, but everybody did it and when we'd correct each other or help with tasks that weren't another's strong suite, it made us a more solid training unit.

That final exercise of SQ really sealed the deal for us, though. It was a week of defensive operations where each section dug positions on a ridge and waited for attack. Everything we did, we did together. We got almost no sleep, pulled guard duty and patrolled around the area, dealt with "civilians" and suicide bombers trying to probe our line and finally defended against a full on attack while withdrawing. It was exhilarating, it pushed our physical and mental limits and showed every one of us what we were really capable of.

Following that, our DP1 infantry course was more focused on field craft in the form of tactics and battle maneuvers, the kind of things which are essential to the trade.

As this course wound on, we found ourselves increasingly held to tighter and tighter regimes as far as conduct went. I remember one day near the end where I was sent back to shave three times and ended up with a bloody neck. We would get yelled at for things we didn't understand, and even though we thought it was unjust or crappy at the time we realized after that the point of the course was to see how we acted while under stress.

I have to say while the SQ course was

Can you spot the soldier? Didn't think so. CADPAT: From Us, By Us.





Val Cartier. You get to go “camping” in a “tent”. And you get to see the sunrise every morning.

fun for the pure variety of weapons we trained on, the DP1 course was better because it was to be our bread and butter. Learning how we were supposed to react in combat situations and then applying those to the frequent field exercises was very engaging and interesting. Our final exercise, which was moving from a defensive position to a patrol base and eventually conducting an ambush was the culmination of our summer's work – we had to use every single skill that we had learned throughout both courses and persevere through what was common Valcartier weather – rain and swamp.

I can safely say that everyone who completed the courses came out the better for it. We went from individuals who had an interest in the Canadian Forces to soldiers working as a group doing what the average person back in the civilian world would be at a loss to carry out or even really imagine. I think we were lucky to get instructors dedicated to making us the best soldiers possible. When other groups of candidates would take trucks to ranges, we'd march. When other courses seemed a bit looser on timings, we were kept to extremely tight schedules and we turned out the better for it. Kudos to the instructors, then, and kudos to the soldiers of 0827, SQ & DP1. Hooah!

PART II

This past summer came the time when I, along with almost forty other candidates, did our time in Valcartier on our Soldier Qualification and Infantry Qualification courses. It was undoubtedly the most memorable summer I have ever had, if not always the most enjoyable.

The topic of instruction which I found to be the most appealing was the weapons handling and the machine-guns in particular. I was especially partial to the C6, and with my rather prolific firing rate it became a sort of running joke

within the platoon.

The subject matter not pertaining to the weapons was still interesting and all the candidates seemed to take an acute interest in the formation of a defensive line and also to patrols in general. The first time we were dug in defensively on the last week of SQ we asked ourselves why we had thought this was so interesting, but the final attack was more than worth the wait. Waiting for the attack to happen had produced several code-named “Gucci Trenches” just to pass the time, complete with several seats, specially-fitted machine-gun positions and passageways into other trenches.

Another rather memorable experience had to do with the first recce patrols we went on; to incorporate all aspects of realism our section commander made sure we went through water that was well up to my chest and mud that got the entire patrol stuck for almost two minutes. This instance – more than any other – made us appreciate the Infantry trade for what it is. I also played a small part in the organization of the patrol as the 2IC and was able to see the extent to which detail had to be accounted for, particularly when dealing with the map model and ammo allocation.

The live-fire ranges were very educational as well, especially the fifty-round burst on the C6. The only disappointments occurred at the level of the M203 and 60mm mortar rounds. The rounds we used for the M203 didn't explode on contact with the ground making it impossible to determine accuracy, and due to a lack of ammunition because of the need for it overseas we didn't have the chance to fire the 60mm mortar.

Above all else, however, I think we remember the P.T. and the ruck-marches. Being the only Anglophone platoon

Continued on Page 5.

SUE WITH THE YORKSHIRE REGIMENT

CPL. ELIAS RENTOULIS

It was on the 5th of September 2008 that 13 members of the RMR departed for Scotland on a small unit exchange with our sister unit, the Yorkshire Regiment.

After an enjoyable trip, we finally arrived at Camp Barry Buddon quickly realizing how windy it is in Scotland. We had a really hard time keeping our berets on our heads during our guided visit with their charismatic RSM. That being done, the RSM did not waste any time and started training us on the British service rifle, the SA80A2.

It took us a while to get used to the bullpup configuration of the rifle and the fact that all the drills are carried out with the left hand, the right hand always being on the pistol grip.

Things turned out very well with the rifle and some of us actually scored as British marksmen on their Army Personal Weapons Test (APWT).

We were not the only foreigners on the Camp; a group of American gunners arrived shortly after us, and later on got joined by the rest of them because they landed at the wrong airport. The Americans took longer to complete each shoot-



ing portion and we were assigned to sentry duty because the Americans and the Royal Marines Commando were occupying all the ranges at the Camp.

We later did the fire team assessment, a 2 mile run in full fighting order, including body armour, immediately followed by some shooting. A British fire team is comprised of 4 riflemen instead of 2 for Canadians.

After discussing and comparing our tactics, we did pairs fire movement and moved up to the British fire team movement, the equivalent of a live fire section attack with fewer men.



A parade with the 4th Battalion marked the end of the SUE, which saw us being presented with a very nice plaque and every member of the RMR being awarded a coin.

We then moved to HMS Caledonia, a Navy base, to spend our last day in Edinburgh for a cultural visit. We visited the incredible Edinburgh Castle and had a great time around the city.

It was a hard departure, but we were all extremely happy to have been given such an opportunity from the RMR. This trip was truly a gift that will not be forgotten by any of us!

Participating members:

Capt P. Paulin	MCpl AQ. Rajabi	Cpl P. Nikel	Cpl P. Lecouffe
WO C. Jordan	MCpl M. Johnson	Cpl D. Jang	Pte E. Aoun
MCpl N. Giliaka	Pte C. Drakes	Pte S. McMillan	Pte A. Levesque



Read Battlefield Tour on Page 9.

Welcome to the Army, continued...

on base meant that all eyes were on us, and therefore the standard to achieve was set much higher. Granted, at the time we weren't always pleased with the outcome of the transportation allocations when it came time to suddenly move from one sector to another, but the result was a certain sense of pride; knowing that you're paying harder than the other courses and still succeeding. To aid us in these endeavours the instructors came up with several chants that kept the morale up, and the infamous cry of "0827!" for which our platoon became well-known.

This past summer taught the platoon a lot about the military, but also about the limitations to which one can go to achieve the means they want. It taught all the candidates the difference between their mental and their physical capacities, the importance of working as a team and which bug repellents work and which ones don't. Overall the course was enjoyable and all the candidates took away something apart from the material that had been instructed.

COMMON ARMY PHASE COURSE (CAP)

BY 2LT. DELPLACE

The Common Army Phase Course, or “CAP” as it is often called, is the third course an officer must take on the way to becoming a qualified platoon commander. The two previous courses are BMQ and BOTP. Coming from the ranks I did not have to redo BMQ, however, I did have to do BOTP. BOTP is essentially 2 weeks of battle procedure and small party tasks. I would like to mention the exemplary efforts

of Lt. Stec and Sgt. Richards who did their best to keep me informed and get me nominated on a CAP course. Usually, CAP is done at Gagetown NB, however, there is a detachment of the infantry school in Aldershot, NS. Now Aldershot is kind of like Québec’s Farnham, except with larger barracks and classroom facilities. As it so happened I, and one other Ocdt from Montreal were sent to Aldershot for CAP.

Now CAP is 5 modules of 2 weeks, and for the rest of

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LA GARDE EN ROUGE CPL. PETER LECOUFFE



most regular of the three. Wake up at 07h00, PT till 08h00, breakfast, and parade practice, followed by the parade. The job was pretty straight forward, like anything in the army, you screw it up and you will be sorted out all afternoon.

Standing still for two hours, twice a day is what we called beats. Sounds like a good deal until you and all the hidden factors (ridiculous uniform, summer heat and annoying tourists).

Finally you had the sale de garde; I mean the sale de garde. It was pretty much a fire picket 24/7 and instead of two people doing rounds together, you were alone and there were at least five different posts, depending on your chef de garde. This was usually the penalty for arriving late or poor dress and deportment. I had the pleasure of doing a 24 hour shift, for reasons not to be mentioned.

Since the Governor General decided to take up residents in the Citadel for most of the summer, the Garde en Rouge was called on to additional task, including security for her excellence, and the much dreaded, 100 man honor guards, which quickly got most of our platoons leave passes revoked.

After Cpl Wladysiuk and I arrived at the Citadel, we quickly began to spread our famous RMR cheer and partying spirit. While there were communication barriers and some forms of minor discrimination, all of this was ended when everyone starting speaking in the international language of “beer/biere”.

At the citadel there are three types of duty, the parade, beats and sale de garde. Cpl Lady Features and I were on the parade. It was the

With endless amounts of parades in numerous parts of the city due to the festivities, the Garde en Rouge was constantly providing personnel for security and parades. My contract was extended “by force” to accommodate the needs for the final march past Quebec city with 12 different bands from around the world. I personally think, it was kind of a work up to the BFT, but in an over insulated red tunic and bear skin.

As busy as we were, we were able to meet up with fellow RMR members who are on the FO, and took time to go visit camp Vimy and see the RMR’s junior leadership doing what they do best. All in all Quebec City will miss the two of us and will never be the same. The city might just have the pleasure of seeing Cpl. Wladysiuk and I again for round two.

La Garde en Rouge performing their daily parade in Quebec City.



the article I will go through each module at a time.

MOD 1: Navigation

This MOD consisted of 1 week of GPS lectures, NAV lectures, and arranging everyone's kit to the same standard before departing for the field. The Aldershot QM was very accommodating, and I was introduced to Mark 4's, CADPAT fleece's (which I have been waiting for years to get in Qc), and the best CF kit for a summer hide, the Bug Hat. We did not have the weekend off and instead left for the field. This may seem harsh, however, we had a 6 day Canada day holiday right afterwards.

While in the field we were required to each command a det of soldiers to complete a day NAV and a night NAV. The Coy commander in Aldershot decided that all CAP courses would do their NAV's at Birch Lake under the saying. "if they can navigate there, they can navigate anywhere"; this was quite true, for Birch lake was mountainous, full of rocks and deep crevasses awaiting the unaware Ocdt, and the spot Iron Ore deposits that would mess with our GPS and Compass'. By the second day, most of us had actually passed the PO, and the NAV Ex quickly tuned into "BFT" prep. One day we marched over 20km with a 522 radio and a full gerri can shoved into a patrol pack. In my opinion, this was not the most exhausting, but definitely the most challenging physical aspect of CAP.

MOD 2: Weapons & Running a Conventional Range

The first week of MOD 2 was all C9 and 9mm and some lectures on how to research CF manuals, namely, Training Safety, and the responsibilities of personnel on a range. Here my previous experience in the ranks really stood out as I was continually checking out fellow candidates that couldn't get their drills right and providing extra training. The range instructions were about 30-40 pages handwritten and held to a high standard of penmanship, it was this task that was the most frustrating, one which anyone who has had to scrap an entire page of tables because of an ink smudge at the bottom.

The running of the ranges went quite well and the course was starting to get together and start acting like good soldiers.

MOD 3-4: Offensive/Defensive/Patrolling/Urban Operations

These MOD's were by far the most interesting and the whole reason I became an officer. It was here where the candidate's ability to command and solve situations under duress

were assessed. It involved entire days of section attacks, followed by the defensive all night. My defensive was by far the most interesting, serving as QRF to morning Offensive Ops and having to deploy rapidly to the field and provide extra security and extract the wounded. It was by far the most exhilarating of my CAP experience. Urban Operations, as it always was, was definitely the most fun any of us had. Firing 5.56mm simunition rounds at each other in an urban environment, getting excellent instruction in the introductory lessons. Having our own subject matter expert at the RMR, Sgt. Yu, I was well beyond prepared for the training, but there is no such thing as complete urban ops training as it is always evolving.

MOD 5: Running PT and Instruction

This MOD consisted of learning about the Army Fitness Manual, proper exercising techniques, and instructing a knowledge and skill lesson. Essentially the everyone was looking forward to going home at this point and it ended up being a long 2 weeks.

Conclusion

Overall I found CAP to be a great experience. It was my first time to the Maritimes, and I met a lot of great guys and gals from Victoria, BC to Newfoundland. The course itself was a great leadership experience, offering some valuable basic field and garrison leadership skills to be honed back at the unit in preparation for Phase III, the Infantry Platoon Commanders course.



Officer Paperwork FOB Construction, PO 101.

PLQ AFTER-ACTION REPORT

MCPL. ADBO RAJABI

Wednesday May 14th, 2008 the confirmation message was sent out to myself, Cpl A.Q Rajabi and my partner in crime, Cpl R. Vescio for the last module of the infantry Primary leadership qualification course. We were to be in CFB Petawawa no later than 1800 hours on Sunday the 18th. With very little time to prepare and so much to do, we set out early Sunday morning for what we knew would not be a walk in the park. On arrival at our destination, we were introduced to the Staff of 1 RCR Petawawa Leadership Company. Along with the other 40 candidates that were as lost as we were, we made our way to the introduction briefing. In doing so, we came to realise the vast amount of experience that was around us at time, not only from the staff but also from the candidates. Amongst us were over 10 corporals from the Royal Canadian Regiment First Battalion who had just recently been back from operation in Afghanistan, five specialists from the Canadian Special Operations Regiment, ex-JTF operatives, master snipers and ex pioneers. Amongst all of this sheer pressure, cpl vescio and I quickly understood that this was no longer a joke and that from now on there was only one switch and it was ON.

The mod six, otherwise know as “the six” is probably the most feared course within the junior ranks of any regiment. During the first few days, we were introduced to leadership



MCpl Abdo Rajabi.

coy's standard operating procedures and the rules we were to maintain and uphold. Very quickly, we were told that we would be constantly in the breach and that military professionalism was a must at all times. Without delay, master corporal training kick into full force. Lecture after lecture we analyzed, studied and debated the art of soldiering and leadership. After numerous hours of stressfull studying, spot inspections, brutal PT mornings and section senior drills, we were ready to start the field portion. By this time, we had already spent many nights learning and feeding of the knowledge of the other candidates, notably the CSOR and JTF operatives. What we learned from them was nothing like we expected to come across on this course.

The field portion of the mod six pushed me and cpl vescio to our limits, to the point where we couldn't push anymore, and then of course, we pushed some more. The field portion involved small party tasking and learning order formats. This was then followed by the Recce week, which broke even the strongest of men. This was then followed by 20 km of section attacks up and down the Matawwa plains. Finally, the last few weeks involved fighting in built up areas and hallucinating during eight days of defensive occupation. After spending so much time with the same people and living the same experience, you can't help but feel a sens of belonging to the group. At a time where we were so far from home and learning something so new to us, we sort of felt alienated and push aside by the regular force and 32 brigade soldier. But as



early as the end of the Recce week, we were no longer the Italian and the Arab from Montreal; it was Abdul and Rob, the guys from the RMR.

After all the screaming, hallucinating and bleeding, the course was finally done. At this point in time, we realised that this is it, we were no longer followers, no longer just another helmet in a platoon, we were now the example, the select few that made it. From this point on, soldiers will look up to us and say “Hey i want to be like that guy”. I don’t think there is a better way to put it than how the Leadership company sergeant major said it: “From now on boys, there’s only one way through that door, head up gun up, and there’s no going back”.



BATTLEFIELD TOUR

LCOL. COLIN ROBINSON

Ex QUEBEC WARRIOR was originally supposed to have a professional development portion of it that would see the RMR contingent visiting battlefields, monuments, and cemeteries that are particularly significant to the RMR. The aim was “to learn tactical and leadership lessons based on the RMR’s war history. Participants were to walk the ground (in uniform) and follow the RMR’s progress from late August to early October 1918 in order to best understand with the tactical dilemmas faced by our ancestors, with a particular focus on the actions of Captain G.B. McKean, VC, MC, MM. A historian (Michel Gravel) would act as the guide and will provide the historical “DS Solutions” en route. A tour of key monuments was also to be undertaken and formal celebrations with the towns of Sains-lez-Marquion and Cagnicourt had been arranged.”

Unfortunately, funding was cut for this portion at the last minute and the RSM and I decided to go on our own to represent the Regiment at the various official functions that had been arranged in France and Belgium. Most importantly was the participation in the commemorative march and the unveiling of a new monument to the RMR in the village of Sains-lez-Marquion on 31 Aug 08, which had been arranged for by the long-time friend of the Regiment, historian, and author, Mr. Michel Gravel.

On 30 August 2008 the first event kicked off at 08h00 in the CWGC cemetery of Tilloy. This was a 23 km commemo-

rative march from Tilloy to Cagnicourt, retracing the route taken by the RMR during the offensive against the Drocourt-Quéant Line in 1918. Approximately 30 people participated, with Mr. Gravel animating the entire journey and pointing out where the RMR would have formed up, attacked, billeted, etc. There are numerous bunkers still intact along the way where the German defensive positions were, shrapnel and shell fragments still in plain view, and trench lines visible 90 years later. (Photo Below)



It was a fascinating journey that really illustrated what our soldiers would have seen as they advanced, particularly given the fact that the French villages were rebuilt exactly the way they had been prior to the War. In fact, I carried Volume 1 of the RMR history with me throughout and the maps therein

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were perfectly accurate to navigate with and orient ourselves on the ground. This commemorative march organized by Mr. Gravel certainly shattered the paradigm held by most people that the Great War was only a static war fought over a few yards. They certainly understood his point of view by the end of the day as they massaged their aching feet – but it was good practice for the RSM and me to get ready for Ex BACK BREAKER. Of course, before we get to macho about the whole thing, Mr. Gravel's 12 and 15-year old daughters also completed the march in fine form!

When we reached Cagnicourt (Photo below) there was a small rededication ceremony held by the Mayor where the RSM and I were asked to lay a wreath at Place George Burdon McKean. This is the monument that had been initially inaugurated in 2003 due to the efforts of Mr. Gravel, and the RMR had sent a contingent under the command of Captain Talarico. Cagnicourt takes the monument quite seriously and conducts their annual Remembrance Day service at it. (See photo top right). The town also held a dinner in honour of the RMR visiting in 2008 and we were treated very well. I encourage any RMR members visiting the area to make the effort to visit the town and the monument.



The next day was the main event: The town of Sains-lez-Marquion – again due to the organizing of Mr. Gravel – had passed a resolution early in 2008 to build a monument honouring the RMR for liberating their town from German occupation in 1918. The town invited the RMR to participate, and thanks to the generosity of numerous members from the RMR's Regimental Advisory Council (RAC), a beau-



tiful bronze tablet explaining the significance of the RMR's actions in 1918 was cast and shipped to France to be affixed to the monument.

Early that morning Mr. Gravel led the townspeople of Sains-lez-Marquion on essentially a TEWT of the RMR's operations that had occurred in 1918. The tour of the area, particularly the Canal-du-Nord which was an enormous obstacle, really brought home the reason why it is one of our battle honours. As the RSM noted, the RMR had to first attack and secure its own Start Line before beginning an assault across a 30m wide canal... The entire operation was a remarkable feat of arms that is considered to be one of the most complex operations of the war. (See photo below).



The dedication ceremony itself was lovely. They had decorated the town in red and white and there were Canadian flags hanging everywhere. Numerous local dignitaries and



several hundred spectators were in attendance, along with the French equivalent of the Royal Canadian Legion, a French military honour guard, and a band (See photo above). After the national anthems had been played and the speeches made, the Mayor made a touching gesture and invited the children of the village to come forward and unveil the monument which commemorates the exploits of the Royal Montreal Regiment and the friendship that has sprung up between them and the village. (See photo below).



A reception was held after the ceremony and Mr. Gravel-

el's book "Tough As Nails" about a RMR hero, CSM Foley, which had been translated into French was available for sale. Someone kindly asked me if I would autograph their copy. Not sure why they wanted my signature but not wanting to appear ungracious I politely acquiesced and wrote a short note... and then looked up to see that a queue had formed of happy people wanting their books signed – and a smiling RSM taking immense pleasure in my discomfort at suddenly being "famous". Of course, I immediately bladed the RSM and told everyone that he is the real important figure in the RMR and that he should sign the book, too – which is what we did for the next 90 minutes or so.

At the end of the reception we presented the Mayor with a RMR plaque and camp flag, requesting that the town fly our flag every 11 November, as does Cagnicourt. At this rate, Mr. Gravel will have RMR flags covering most of Northern France in time for our 100th Anniversary! All kidding aside, the Regiment owes Mr. Gravel a tremendous debt of honour as he has spent considerable time, effort, and personal funds to tirelessly research and promote the RMR's actions in the Great War.

The remainder of the trip was dedicated to seeing such key sites as Vimy, the Somme, Beaumont-Hamel, etc. In the few days that we had we managed to visit 40+ CWGC cemeteries, as well as some French and German national cemeteries to gain perspective. Most of us have read about the incredible sacrifices made by our ancestors; however it is next to impossible to fully comprehend the scale of what they went through until you have seen the ground and visited the cemeteries. The trip made a remarkable impact upon me as a Canadian and as a member of the Regiment and I can't recommend it highly enough to all members of the RMR family to try and make it at least once during their life time. The sheer volume of casualties suffered in such a small area is truly horrific; however the overwhelming emotion that came across me was pride. Proud and humbled to be associated with the men who fought wearing the cap badge we have today. (See photo on Page 5)

We will remember them.

THE BACK PAGES

PROMOTIONS

Lieutenant T. Stec
2nd Lieutenant P. Delplace
2nd Lieutenant J. Weiser
Master Corporal F. Cusson
Master Corporal N. Giliaka
Master Corporal M. Johnson
Master Corporal A. Rajabi
Master Corporal K. Rutkowski
Master Corporal R. Vescio

AWARDS

CO's Challenge: LCol Colin Robinson (1h42m)
MMHL 07/08 Champion Banner, presented to
Sgt. B. Castonguay

DECORATIONS

MCpl (Ret) J.E Yeo, Canadian Peacekeeping
Medal
Capt G. Marinier, a second bar on his CD for 32
years of service to the CF.

NEW HONORARY COLONELS

Col Harry Hall, CD
LCol Andrew Molson

EDITOR

Corporal M. Belley
Send any comments, questions or complaints to:
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**Thanks to everyone who provided articles
and pictures!**



**Don't forget, we need more
articles and pictures every
few months. So, next time
you take pictures... save
them. You'll need them lat-
er.**

www.royalmontrealregiment.com
A new, updated website will be available
shortly. Stay tuned!



JRC: THE ONLY PLACE TO BE CPL. MICHAEL WLADYSIUK

The Junior Ranks Club has always held a reputation of party oriented atmosphere, where all the RMR “regulars” get together and decide how to save the world. During the summer, a dedicated group of JRC members took charge to clean out the entire mess, fix and restock the fridge, and above all, varnish the wood panels. To improve air circulation, the executive mess committee approved the installation of 6 new ceiling fans and CE has just finished installing them. The new ceiling fans give a nice cool breeze, not to mention the new lights will improve lighting in the mess.

As many new members have noticed, the JRC is a mess that stays open late, and the only reason the bar get closed is because of provincial regulations and complaints from the duty Sgt's, not the lack of partying RMR-types. So far this training year, the JRC has held numerous events from the Back Breaker Saturday night, (which somehow turned into an empty the fridge operation...) to Election Night in HD and Oktoberfest. All of those events were a success. All members should keep an eye out for upcoming events like “Dark and Dirty Club” and the RMR Poker tournament.

I invite all members to participate in mess life and to get involved. Help is always well appreciated. The mess is a place to bond with the RMR family, release your daily stresses and above all, to enjoy a refreshing drink for a cheap price. We are fortunate to have a mess that is open late, and its members stay late. The JRC has an atmosphere that other unit in 34 brigade are envious of. This would explain the amount of members from other units that show up for a good time. All work done in the mess is done on a volunteer basis, so I ask all members to respect the effort people put in and above all, to keep the mess clean. The JRC is our mess, let's keep up the reputation of the best mess in the brigade, and above all, show other units how to party.

Last but not least, members are not allowed to drink and drive, I remind everyone that they have the option to crash in the mess if they are too intoxicated or tired.

