



The Royal Canadian Artillery Association
L'Association de l'Artillerie royale canadienne

Mixed Special Guest Night
Soirée d'invités spéciale mixte

October 14, 2023
Le 14 octobre 2023

Seating Plan / Plan de table

BGen Stéphane Masson OMM CD	LCol Leon Jensen OMM CD	Col Cmdt BGen David Patterson MSM CD	HCol Murray Beare CD	Mrs Leslie Horwitz- Beare	LGen The Hon Andrew Leslie PC CMM MSC MSM CD	MGen Stu McDonald CMM CD	Col Bill Kalogerakis CD
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Col Stéphane Boucher OMM CD	Col Cameron Ross CD				Col Charles Simonds OMM CD	DArty Col Krista Bouckaert OMM CD	
Col Telah Morrison OMM CD	Mrs. Laura Ross				LCol Yoann Leclerc- Desjardins CD	LCol Robert Elliot OMM CD	
MWO Denise Gordon CD	LCol John Dean CD				LCol Patrick Lanouette CD	Regt Col Col David Grebstad CD	
Maj Richard Gratton CD	HCol Donald Wilkin CD				LCol Brendan Insley CD	Mrs. Catherine Gagnon	
Mrs. Chantal Melfo	Mrs Jo- Anne Wilkin				Mrs. Rachelle Brisebois	LCol Joe O'Donnell CD	
LCol Doug Thompson CD	LCol Donald Hamilton CD				Capt David Burnett CD	Maj Robert Sears CD	
Ms. Shirley Thompson	Ms. Tammie Head				LCol James Brazill CD	Mrs Sears	
					David Chaplin	Sgt Joe McCormack CD	

MENU

First Service

Cinnamon Roasted Squash topped with Toasted Pumpkin Seeds or Grilled Kale Caesar with Bacon Crisps, Herb Croutons, Shredded Parmesan and a Creamy Dressing

Premier service

Courge rôtie à la cannelle garnie de graines de citrouille grillées ou salade César au chou frisé grillé garnie de miettes de bacon, de croûtons aux herbes, de parmesan râpé et d'une vinaigrette crémeuse.

Entrée

Grilled Beef Striploin served with Grilled Asparagus, Sautéed Mushrooms, Mashed Potatoes and Red Wine Demi-Glace

Plat principal

Contre-filet de bœuf grillé servi avec asperges grillées, champignons sautés, purée de pommes de terre et une demi-glace au vin rouge

Dessert

Vanilla Crème Brûlée with Fresh Berries and Mint

Dessert

Crème brûlée à la vanille avec baies fraîches et menthe

Wines /Vins

Pelee Island Baco Noir VQA 17

Pelee Island Vidal VQA17

Port/Porto

Taylor's First Estate

Sequence of Events / Séquence des événements

Arrival of Guests / Arrivée des invitées

Grace / Bénédiction de l'artillerie

Dinner / Diner

Loyal Toast /

Regimental Marches & Music / Marches et musiques régimentaires

Departure of Guests / Départ des invitées

Regimental Marches & Music/ Marches et musiques régimentaires

Royal Artillery Slow March

The British Grenadiers

The Screw Guns

Bonhomme, Bonhomme

SCREW GUNS

By Rudyard Kipling

Smokin' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the mornin' cool,
I walks in my old brown gaiters along o' my old brown mule,
With seventy gunners be'ind me, an' never a beggar forgets
It's only the pick of the Army that handles the dear little pets -- 'Tss! 'Tss!
For you all love the screw-guns -- the screw-guns they all love you!
So when we call round with a few guns, o' course you will know what to do -- hoo! hoo!
Jest send in your Chief an' surrender -- it's worse if you fights or you runs:
You can go where you please, you can skid up the trees, but you don't get away from the guns!

They sends us along where the roads are, but mostly we goes where they ain't:
We'd climb up the side of a sign-board an' trust to the stick o' the paint:
We've chivied the Naga an' Looshai, we've give the Afreedee-man fits,
For we fancies ourselves at two thousand, we guns that are built in two bits -- 'Tss! 'Tss!
For you all love the screw-guns . . .

If a man doesn't work, why, we drills 'im an' teaches 'im 'ow to behave;
If a beggar can't march, why, we kills 'im an' rattles 'im into 'is grave.
You've got to stand up to our business an' spring without snatchin' or fuss.
D'you say that you sweat with the field-guns? By God, you must lather with us -- 'Tss! 'Tss!
For you all love the screw-guns . . .

The eagles is screamin' around us, the river's a-moanin' below,
We're clear o' the pine an' the oak-scrub, we're out on the rocks an' the snow,
An' the wind is as thin as a whip-lash what carries away to the plains
The rattle an' stamp o' the lead-mules -- the jinglety-jink o' the chains -- 'Tss! 'Tss!
For you all love the screw-guns . . .

There's a wheel on the Horns o' the Mornin', an' a wheel on the edge o' the Pit,
An' a drop into nothin' beneath you as straight as a beggar can spit:
With the sweat runnin' out o' your shirt-sleeves, an' the sun off the snow in your face,
An' 'arf o' the men on the drag-ropes to hold the old gun in 'er place -- 'Tss! 'Tss!
For you all love the screw-guns . . .

Smokin' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the mornin' cool,
I climbs in my old brown gaiters along o' my old brown mule.
The monkey can say what our road was -- the wild-goat 'e knows where we passed.
Stand easy, you long-eared old darlin's! Out drag-ropes! With shrapnel! Hold fast -- 'Tss! 'Tss!
For you all love the screw-guns -- the screw-guns they all love you!
So when we take tea with a few guns, o' course you will know what to do -- hoo! hoo!
Jest send in your Chief an' surrender -- it's worse if you fights or you runs:
You may hide in the caves, they'll be only your graves, but you can't get away from the guns!