

# Class of 65 Newsletter

## Bulletin d'Information—Classe de 65

Number/Numéro 132



August/aout 2020

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### Editor's Corner/Coin du rédacteur

After an hiatus of a month we are back again, reinvigorated by the very encouraging and constructive feedback provided to my little survey. Eighty classmates, many of whom I have not heard from since graduation, responded to the survey. Without exception all supported the continued publication of a class newsletter and a number of useful comments on ways and means to improve the product were received and are summarised as follows:

- Keep articles short and punchy. Other than exceptional circumstances, they should not exceed 350 words (about one and a half to two pages). That said, some important stuff simply cannot and should not be compressed.
- More anecdotes on individual College experiences and reminiscences
- More biographical updates.
- Include personal pictures from College days and more recent times.
- Highlight contributions of “notable” classmates.
- Shorten paragraphs and vary fonts.
- Thoughts on major issues for discussion in subsequent editions.
- Bi-monthly. I think I will base this on inputs. Try for monthly but stretch it out if necessary.
- More French articles. I received a surprising and very welcome number of positive responses from Francophone colleagues despite the paucity of articles in French.

Many thanks to those of you who responded. For those of you who have “emerged from the shadows” I would love to hear more from you so that other classmates could catch up on your past 55 years. Virtually nothing is too trivial to be published in this blurb!

In keeping with the above, our Honourary classmate **John Cowan** has provided a number of topical opinion pieces that will grace the pages of this and subsequent editions. I am sure he would appreciate comments. Included in this edition is another topical issue by our favourite (and so far only) blogger **Gord (Navy) Forbes**. Breaking the rule for item length, but with good reason, is a very interesting piece of personal family history by **Ernie Cable**.

But first, and sadly, we must say farewell to another classmate.



# Numéro 132

## August/aout 2020

Page 2

6390 Ronald Wayne Staple  
(November 1, 1942 - May 22, 2020)



Born in Fort Macleod, AB, Ron spent his formative years in Calgary and North Vancouver. Ron developed a passion for hockey at a young age, he played on the varsity team at Royal Military College and on local teams wherever he lived.

Upon graduating in 1965 with a Chemical Engineering degree, he married his high school sweetheart Mary Lou and was posted to North Bay where his daughter, Kim, was born. Leaving the military, the family moved to Edmonton in 1968 and welcomed two more daughters, Tammy and Susan. During his 25-year career in the pulp and paper industry, Ron managed mills in Grande Prairie, Quesnel, Hinton and The Pas. Upon retiring in 1998, Ron and Mary Lou settled in Cochrane, AB where they enjoyed 21 years of retirement together. Some of his favourite activities included golfing, curling, camping, gardening and piecing together the family's genealogical tree. Ron was an active member in the communities where he lived. He volunteered his time to committees and organizations with an aim to make a difference.

Ron cherished his role as "Poppa" to Brenden, Sam, Danielle and Craig. He enjoyed watching their various sporting activities and supported each for their chosen academic path. Ron loved the outdoors, especially the mountains. Annual summer vacations included exploring parks and lakes from BC to Ontario. In recent years, Ron and Mary Lou enjoyed September holidays in the Okanagan.

Ron will be remembered for his positive nature; he was always happy, quick to smile and quicker to laugh. He was a very kind, wise and caring man.

## Carbon Taxes: Fine Idea, Terrible Marketing

By H24263 John Cowan

“Carbon tax” is a bit of a misnomer. It is in fact a carbon combustion tax. Or more precisely, a tax on the combustion of carbonaceous fuels recovered from beneath the surface of the earth. The idea behind such taxes is that, by increasing the fuel cost, they cause folk to either reduce the activity for which the fuel is burned, or, where possible, shift to energy substitutes sooner than they might otherwise have done.

Most politicians and others advocating for such taxes invariably focus exclusively on reducing such combustion (and hence CO<sub>2</sub> release) in order to slow or stop the warming trend of the planet. While this is indeed a perfectly valid reason for a carbon tax, it is by far not the best reason to cite in any campaign for carbon taxes. In fact, it barely makes third place amongst the list of valid reasons.

There are four main reasons why climate change (formerly known as global warming) is a divisive and ineffective political argument for instituting or increasing carbon taxes:



# Numéro 132

## August/aout 2020

Page 3

### Carbon Tax (Continued)

(a) First, it is very long term. The western liberal democracies work on a short electoral cycle, and no issue which is longer than about three electoral cycles has much traction either at the ballot box or in politicians hearts, because, if the good effects of any decision take a few electoral cycles to be felt, current players will get no credit during their term of office.

(b) Secondly, there is vast uncertainty about some aspects of the problem. The halving of the IPCC estimate of the climate sensitivity to CO<sub>2</sub> concentration is a case in point. On the other hand, some other gasses have a huge greenhouse effect, and are rarely discussed or addressed. Reforestation has made greater gains on the CO<sub>2</sub> front than any fuel reduction measure in recent years. Issues of orbital mechanics now also appear important, as does the behavior of the sun. So while there is no doubt about an anthropogenic component to climate changes, within the scientific world there are lots of uncertainties about the weight of each sub-component and the fix.

(c) Thirdly, vast numbers of folk have been persuaded, perhaps foolishly, to doubt the entire climate story, and are unlikely to endorse immediate action.

(d) Lastly, the nasty, usually unspoken truth about such warming is that there are winners and losers. Of course, with a populous society built upon the way things are now, any thermal deviation from the status quo will have substantially more losers than winners, but there are some winners. And Canada would very likely be a net winner. And yet, we are exhorted to do our utmost to prevent it to help other lands that will be less fortunate, but which themselves may seek exemption from the solutions.

As it happens, there are vastly better and vastly more immediate reasons for imposing carbon taxes. The very best reason is that burning such fuels currently kills about 10 percent of all people who die. The aerosolized particulates from such combustion make up the greatest part of human-produced harmful aerosols. Yes, there are plenty of natural aerosols, but they are mostly salt in the atmosphere from the oceans, and, interestingly, salt is soluble in water, so if one breathes it in, it just dissolves into our interstitial fluid, adding a bit more salt to the blood, to be excreted by the kidneys. The human-made particulates are the vast bulk of the dangerous ones, and, of those, most come from burning carbon-based fuels. Lesser amounts come from other industrial processes.

According to WHO data for 2016, of the 55.3 million people who died that year, more than 7 million were killed by these human-made aerosols, implying that perhaps 4-5 million a year are killed by the particulates from burning oil, coal and gas. That's two holocausts every three years! I have reviewed the WHO methodology for making these estimates, and while, like most epidemiological research, it does have some conjectural aspects, the methodology is generally sound and not slanted. So broadly, the figures are likely fairly accurate. That is a damned good reason to cut back on burning those fuels right away. Furthermore, particulate distribution tends to be concentrated near the originating source, so if we cut back, the improvement in health and longevity will be greatest near the point of cutback. That means our actions will differentially benefit us and our near neighbors, rather than being uniformly distributed worldwide.



# Numéro 131

## June/juin 2020

Page 4

### Carbon Tax (Concluded)

The second-best reason for avoiding burning those fuels is that they are also the feedstock for making enormously useful chemicals, polymers and plastics, and we'll likely have a need for these things for thousands of years. Burning up the feedstock for them in the short run to heat our houses is a bit like burning your antique furniture in your fireplace to heat the living room, which is perfectly reasonable in an extreme emergency, but a truly stupid plan for a normal routine.

These latter two reasons for a carbon tax are more obvious, more saleable and less divisive than the one folks mostly talk about. Why are our politicians and other public figures focussing on the only reason that is a hard sell? My guess is because they are scientific illiterates, but I'm sure there is a more charitable explanation somewhere.

(Originally published in Ottawa Life Magazine June 11, 2019)

*(Ed: Comments are encouraged)*

### 162 Squadron Family Connection

By 6601 Ernie Cable

To help commemorate the centennial anniversary of 12 Wing Shearwater, NS in 2018, I was asked to write an article about 162 Squadron and the Canso flying boats that flew out of the base during the Second World War, then known as RCAF Station Dartmouth. No. 162 Squadron was the RCAF's most successful anti-submarine squadron during the war and became even more well-known from the exploits of Flight Lieutenant David Hornell who was one of only two RCAF airmen posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross for valour. Since I mentioned my Dad in the article, I was later asked to write an article about my Dad who served on 162 Squadron from its inception in 1942 until the end of the war as the squadron Warrant Officer in charge of maintenance. Dad eventually retired in 1967 after 37 years of service.

My Dad was Warrant Officer First Class (WO 1) Stan Cable who joined the RCAF permanent force in 1930 at Camp Borden, ON, just six years after the RCAF came into being. The strength of the RCAF in 1930 was 177 officers and 729 airmen. After training at No.1 Technical Training School in 1930 as a rigger (aero engine mechanic) Dad remained at Camp Borden as part of the maintenance organization and worked on various types of biplane training aircraft in support of the station's three flying schools. Dad was an outstanding athlete excelling in hockey, softball, lacrosse and track and field and was stationed in Camp Borden for an unusually long six years because he was a stalwart on the Camp's sports teams and the Camp wanted the bragging rights for its winning teams in the local Central Ontario leagues.

After many moves across Canada during the war Dad was posted to 162 Squadron at Yarmouth, NS and later the squadron moved to Dartmouth, NS, flying anti-submarine patrols south of Nova Scotia to protect convoys sailing from Halifax's strategic harbour. In January 1944, Dad moved with the squadron to Reykjavik, Iceland from where the squadron patrolled the Greenland-Iceland-UK gap including the western approaches to the UK.

Dad talked very little about his time in Iceland, but I do remember a few of his rare reminiscences. He talked of flying as a passenger in the bomb bay of a B-24 Liberator en route to Reykjavik, the sides of the bomb bay had been configured with troop seats for 15-20 maintenance personnel and the floor consisted of wooden



# Numéro 132

## August/aout 2020

Page 5

### 162 Squadron (continued)

planks laying on the bomb bay doors. There was no heating in the bomb bay, and everyone was frigidly cold; the flight became even more uncomfortable when the flare chute that doubled as a toilet froze up. At the Reykjavik airfield the squadron was initially billeted in the RAF compound called Camp Corbett. The camp consisted of rows of Nissen huts (tunnel-shaped huts of corrugated iron with cement floors) that were heated by single coal stoves and were very cold. Messing provided by the RAF was a major dissatisfaction because the quality and preparation of the food was well below Canadian standards. Fortunately, the squadron was able to move into the vacated US Navy compound called “Camp Kwitcherbelliakin” where conditions were somewhat better, although less than ideal. The squadron later renamed their new abode “Camp Maple Leaf”.

Dad also spoke of F/L Dave Hornell’s saga of ditching in the North Atlantic after his successful attack on U-1225. The crew of eight battled the waves on the frigid ocean in their four-man dinghy (the other four man dinghy over inflated and exploded) for 21 hours, three crewmembers including Hornell died from hyperthermia. Fortunately, five crewmembers survived because of Hornell's selfless efforts, for which he was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross for putting the lives of his crew above his own.

Just before Dad moved to Iceland, my Mom and I moved to Toronto, our family’s hometown. While en route to Toronto on the ferry between Digby, NS and Saint John, NB, a German U-boat was reported in the Bay of Fundy and all passengers had to don life jackets and stand by our lifeboat stations. An aircraft was patrolling around the ferry and fortunately we were not attacked. We arrived safely in Saint John where we took the train to Toronto. It would have been ironic if our ferry had been sunk by a U-boat in the Bay of Fundy while Dad’s squadron was away in Iceland hunting German U-boats.

After the war in August 1945, 162 Squadron was disbanded at Sydney, NS, but Dad was posted to Yarmouth, NS to help prepare 419 and 428 Squadrons, two of eight RCAF Lancaster squadrons assigned to the “Tiger Force”, which was earmarked for the Pacific theatre to take part in the war against Japan. However, after Japan surrendered the “Tiger Force” was disbanded in September 1945. Dad’s post-war career in the RCAF was not nearly as hectic as his wartime service. His final posting was to RCAF Station North Bay, ON. Ironically, while at North Bay we lived in the station’s PMQ patch, which was named “Hornell Heights” in honour of F/L David Hornell who served with Dad on 162 Squadron.

Dad retired from the RCAF in 1967 after 37 years’ service during which he witnessed the greatest changes in RCAF history. Beginning in the RCAF’s formative years in 1930 with 900 officers and airmen on strength he witnessed the RCAF grow to 215,000 personnel, the fourth largest Allied Air Force at the end of the Second World War. He was involved in the maintenance of aircraft in all three areas of RCAF involvement in the Second World War: home defence with No. 3 Bomber Squadron at Trenton, Rockcliffe, Calgary and Dartmouth and 11 Bomber Reconnaissance Squadron at Dartmouth; the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan schools at Saskatoon, SK and Edmonton, AB; and operations overseas with 162 Squadron in Iceland. He also witnessed unprecedented changes in aviation technology as it evolved from fabric covered Wapiti biplanes in No. 3 Bomber Squadron in the 1930s, to Canada’s front line, world class CF-100 twin jet interceptor at North Bay in the 1960s.

Although Dad passed away in 1980, the Cable family connection with 162 Squadron was re-established in 1995; 50 years after Dad had left the squadron. In 1995, while Deputy Commander Maritime Air Group in Halifax, I received a phone call from F/L (retired) James McRae, who introduced himself as a former member of 162 Squadron. He explained that he was the coordinator for the 50th year reunion of RCAF Station Yarmouth, and included the three Canso squadrons (160, 161 and 162) that were stationed at Yarmouth at various



# Numéro 132

## August/aout 2020

Page 6

### 162 Squadron (Continued)

times during the war. He was calling to request a flypast by a CP-140 Aurora during the reunion's finale parade down the main street of Yarmouth. The Aurora was important because it was the RCAF's current maritime patrol aircraft that performed the same role as the Canso three generations earlier. After arranging the details for the flypast and exchanging names, James asked if I was the son of the 162 Squadron Stan Cable, which I confirmed. He said that he remembered my Dad well and invited me to attend the reunion as a son of a former 162 Squadron member and asked me to be the guest speaker at the banquet.

Attendance at the reunion was a euphoric occasion for me. I met many members of Dad's squadron all of whom, aircrew and ground crew alike, spoke of Dad in very glowing terms. They lauded his tireless determined efforts to keep 162's Cansos flying under very challenging working and weather conditions. I heard interesting reminisces about Dad and what he did on the squadron, things Dad never talked about. Air Commodore (Retired) Bill Chapman, Dad's 162 Squadron Commanding Officer, spoke very highly of Dad and I met Mr. Cy Green who introduced himself as Dad's best friend in Iceland and with whom he shared a passion for photography. I also met Mr. Ron Harris, a former 162 Squadron flight engineer, who revealed that after the squadron identification letters had been removed from the Cansos as a censorship measure, air and ground crews had to walk around the aircraft to the tail to find the serial number to confirm they had located their assigned aircraft. Mr. Harris and Dad came up with the idea of painting the last three digits of the Cansos' serial number on the nose so that the aircraft could be identified from the front, the usual approach to an aircraft parked on the tarmac. He believed that 162 Squadron was the first in the RCAF to initiate the nose-number practice that is still used on RCAF aircraft today.

After the war RCAF Station Yarmouth was closed and the hangars, including the one used by 162 Squadron, were torn down. Much of the material was salvaged and sold including the highly valued massive wooden beams that supported the hangars. At the reunion banquet, as a token of appreciation I was presented with a highly finished wooden block with a plaque mounted on the bevelled edge. The plaque was inscribed with my name and date and the fact that the block of wood was hewn from a beam in 162 Squadron's hangar. The block was presented to me as, "Coming from your Dad's hangar". What a wonderful memento of Dad's connection to 162 Squadron! It is among my most prized memorabilia.



162 Sqn Canso 9754 flown by F/L Hornell when shot down during successful attack on U-1225.



# Numéro 132

## August/aout 2020

Page 7

### 162 Squadron (Concluded)



B-24 Liberator that flew Dad to Reykjavik, Iceland from Dartmouth (Note Bomb Bay Doors partially open)



Dad's 162 Squadron hangar in Reykjavik, Iceland



# Numéro 132

## August/aout 2020

Page 8

### Be Patient, Seniors

by 6533 Gord Forbes

The current coronavirus pandemic sure is getting people down. Having to stay home or wear masks in public places is a drag. But we must be patient.

Everyone is hoping that a vaccine will soon be found that will end the current situation and make everyone healthy again. We are told that work is going on all over the world on such work. We are told that clinical trials, that important step to determine the efficacy and safety of promising products, will soon be underway. But in the meantime, be patient.

I am confident that a vaccine will be found, probably next year, hopefully early. There then comes the challenge of producing over 8 billion doses. Hopefully, it will be available for labs all over the world to make. But you can be sure that if the US has it first, they will only allow it for their own population first, and when it does become available to others, there will be a huge price tag. If China or Russia get it first, they again will restrict it to only their own people first. I found it interesting the other day when a man, supposedly a business executive, told the US Congress that they would have all the vaccine they needed in only a few days after approval. That will not be the case. Production facilities will have to be geared up to make the particular strain of vaccine that is finally approved.

The vaccine will be made and delivered at a steady pace, but not fast enough to have everyone vaccinated at once. Some sort of priority system will have to be developed. Where would you start for the first priority? Health care workers should be the first including care givers in seniors' homes. Where to from there? How about teachers and children so that schools can be opened with no fears. Next will probably be parents of those children. Somewhere you must make room for politicians and senior bureaucrats. Next will be other workers who can get the economy working full time again. So, who is left? Non-essential workers? Notice that we have not yet come to senior citizens. We will be the last. We have no priority.

On a cynical note, you must remember the problem of the retiring baby boomers who were going to overwhelm the health care systems as these people aged and got sick. Health care systems were going to collapse by 2030. Now imagine some bean counter in one of those health care agencies rubbing his hands in glee because so many seniors have become victims of the corona virus that the risk of bankruptcy of the health care budgets is less likely. Oh well!

So be patient seniors and try to stay well. Let's try to beat the bean counters.

*(Ed: Another opportunity to comment)*



# Numéro 132

## August/aout 2020

Page 9

### Closing Notes

In the spirit of the survey comment suggesting the sharing of College experiences/remembrances, I thought I would share a couple of my own. Some of you will recall that at CMR in particular I was regarded as a bit of a “keener”. At CMR, it was the practice to all gather in the respective squadron entrance halls while waiting for the PA system to announce the fall-in for parade. This announcement was invariably preceded by an audible click as the system was turned on. In the spirit of “keenness”, I used that click to leap into action and be the first on parade. It usually worked, until one occasion when I found myself alone on the parade square. The “click: had preceded an announcement that parade was cancelled!

Another instance that “keenness” failed for me was the time that I and several colleagues, hoping to save some time and discomfort for a winter parade decided not to wear shirts and tunics, but just tee-shirts, under our greatcoats. Needless to say, this little plan unraveled when the RSM decided to move the parade from the square to the drill hall, and ordered us to remove great coats!

Do you have any tales to tell? What have you been up to for the past 55 years? How are you managing the pandemic? Done anything interesting lately? Let’s hear from you. Thanks as always to this edition’s contributors and to all of you who took the time to respond to my survey.



SEATED (left to right): A.-T. Maheu, C. Johnson, J.-E.-P. Payette, P.C. Young, J.-A.-J. Charland, J.-G.-J.-P. Guilbault, J.R. Manning. — STANDING (left to right): P.S. Bury, R.P. Roelofsen, R.-G.-E. Loiselle, R. Zarina, T.-S. Drolet, Z.P.F. Dedicik, N.-D. Gauthier, C.-J. Bourgeois, J.-B.-F. Besner, R.-H. Ouellette, R.-J. Bélanger.

+v PÉCHO

1960 CMR Maisonneuve Squadron, Flight 13