

Class of 65 Newsletter

Bulletin d'Information—Classe de 65

Number/Numéro 134



October/octobre 2020

Disclaimer: This Newsletter is produced for members of the RMC Class of 1965 and is based primarily on inputs from members of the Class of 65. It is not an official publication of the Royal Military College nor does it purport to represent the views or opinions of all members of the Class. Unfortunately, the Editorial staff lacks the linguistic skills to produce a bilingual version. Items are published in the official language in which they are received.

Editor's Corner/Coin du rédacteur

I hope all of you have enjoyed the Thanksgiving weekend in spite of the Covid-19 restrictions. For those of us in the Ottawa area, we were fortunate to have beautiful Fall weather for most of the time.

This edition contains another eclectic mix of entries from a number of classmates, and I'll start off with a couple of important announcements. I hope some of the articles might generate some discussion.

The 2020 Teaching Excellence Award

By 6496 Charles Emond

Covid 19 has negatively impacted many things, including plans for the presentation by the recent recipient of the Class of 1965 Teaching Excellence Award, Dr. Jennifer Shore, from the Department of Physics and Space Science, at RMCC's Currie Hall which traditionally occurs in the late Fall. The primary purpose of this event is to attract members of the Class of 1965, together with Faculty, students, friends, family and dignitaries to celebrate the recipient and the importance of teaching excellence for students at Canada's military colleges, which the award promotes.

However, current governmentally imposed restrictions make such a large gathering impossible. Consequently, this event is postponed at least to next Spring, though it is far from clear that life will return to normal by then. So stay tuned!

Until then, know that the Class of 1965 effort's to promote teaching excellence, thanks to your financial support, is as relevant, if not more so, during these challenging Covid times.

Charles Emond, Class representative on the Selection Committee.

Covid 19 a eu un impact négatif sur beaucoup de choses, y compris notre plan pour la présentation par la récente récipiendaire du prix d'excellence en enseignement de la promotion de 1965, le Dr Jennifer Shore, du département de physique et les sciences spatiales, au Currie Hall du CMRC, qui a lieu normalement à la fin de l'automne. Le but principal de cet événement est d'attirer les membres de la promotion de 1965, ainsi que le corps professoral, les étudiants, les amis, la famille et les dignitaires pour célébrer le récipiendaire et l'importance de l'excellence dans l'enseignement pour les étudiants des collèges militaires canadiens que le prix promeut.



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2020 TEA Award (Concluded)

Cependant, les restrictions actuelles imposées par le gouvernement rendent cette rencontre en nombres impossible. Par conséquent, cet événement est reporté au moins au printemps prochain, bien qu'il soit loin d'être clair que la vie reviendra à la normale d'ici là. Alors restez à l'écoute!

Jusque-là, sachez que l'effort de la promotion 1965 pour promouvoir l'excellence de l'enseignement, grâce à votre appuis financier, est tout aussi pertinent, sinon plus, en ces temps difficiles de Covid.

Charles Emond, représentant de la Classe au Comité de sélection

Webinars of Potential Interest

The Class of 65 Professor in Leadership, Dr Christian Leuprecht has provided information pertaining to two upcoming webinars that might be of interest to some of you. They are presented by the Defence and Security Foresight Group of the University of Waterloo.

The first, *Violent Extremism in Canada: Anticipating the Future by Clarifying the Past*, will be held from 1400-1530 EDT, Thursday, 22 October. Additional information and registration information may be found at: <https://uwaterloo.ca/defence-security-foresight-group/events/violent-extremism-canada-anticipating-future-clarifying-past>

The other, entitled, *The Impact of the US Election on Canada, Risks and Challenges of Unpredictable Outcomes*, will be conducted from 1200-1330 EST on Friday, October 23. Further information and registration details may be found at: <https://uwaterloo.ca/defence-security-foresight-group/events/impact-us-election-canada-risks-and-challenges-unpredictable>.

Lockdown vs Open the Economy: COVID & the Lost Generation by 6560 Andrew Nellestyn

Humans prevaricate when faced with hard choices which become more acute when decisions, in this instance the coronavirus pandemic, pertain to the collision of wellbeing and economic survival and balancing potentially life-altering risks. Hence the COVID binary choice: LOCKDOWN OR OPEN THE ECONOMY. Millions of jobs were "suspended" on lockdown. Many jobs are now permanently gone. Many returned to work as the "curve" flattened and lockdown relaxed. Most jobs were professional and very few were lower economic strata such as casual labour and hotel, restaurant and bar services. Recent graduates and students still in professional and vocational post-secondary institutions, are facing a stark future. They, along with low strata workers, are THE LOST GENERATION. The time has come to make bold, courageous, informed, caring decisions. Lives have been lost to COVID and there will be more. But lives have also been and continue to be lost or impaired due to suicide, depression, addiction, low esteem, financial stress, family breakups, &c. Some posit that economies world wide may collapse and cause a depression far more severe than the early 20th century Great Depression. WE CAN'T RETURN TO LOCKDOWN AND MUST OPEN THE ECONOMY. The pandemic will recede. Empathic, responsible risk balances wherein people are gainfully employed and their future, health and self-esteem assured, are imperative.



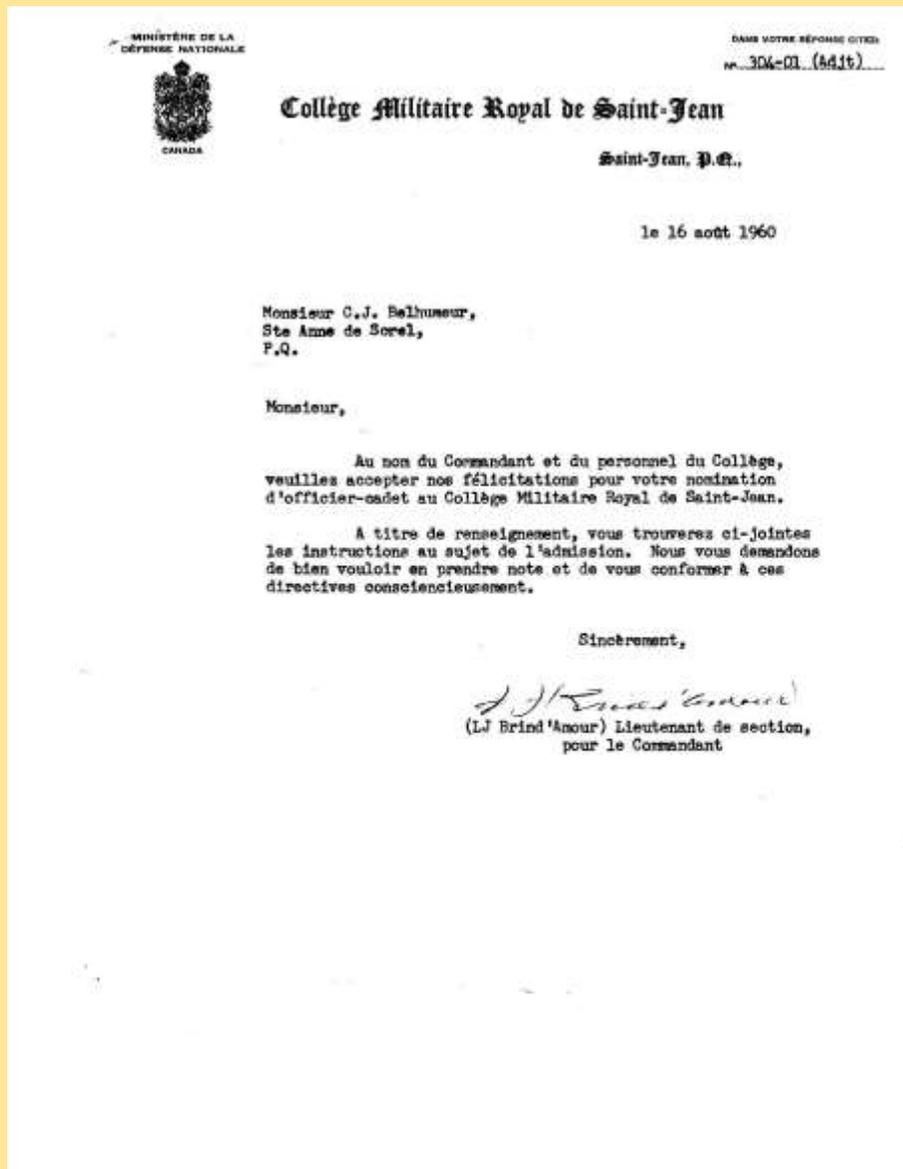
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Souvenir du 8 septembre 1960
Par 6401 Claude Belhumeur

Considérant que nous ne pouvons nous rencontrer à cause de la COVID, voici un souvenir de notre arrivée au CMR. Le 8 septembre 2020, ce sera le 60^{ième} anniversaire de notre entrée au CMR, à l'exception des BA qui sont arrivés en 1961. J'ai retrouvé dans mes archives la lettre d'acceptation au CMR, copie ci-jointe. Je me rappelle, accompagné de Pierre Marchildon, que mon père nous avait reconduit en auto au Collège. Nous sommes débarqués devant l'escadrille Maisonneuve, des seniors nous accueillaient avec un style très militaire. C'était le début d'une grande aventure.





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A Rewarding and Significant Moment of a Career by 6637 Jim Humphrey

The phone rang shrilly in the early light of the mid August morning in 1981. My Edmonton-based Search and Rescue (SAR) stand-by crew was being called out to launch our flight ready C-130 Hercules – destination: Lynn Lake, Manitoba. A light aircraft was overdue on a flight north from Lynn Lake into the North West Territories. Passengers on the Herc included the Search Master and his team deploying to set up search headquarters in whatever facility was available at the small airport. My crew's subsequent task was to conduct the initial track-crawl search for the float equipped, single engine Cessna. A track crawl means flying along the same route the missing aircraft was flight planned to fly or thought to have flown while looking for any anomalies that might indicate a downed aircraft.

The missing aircraft was owned and flown by Lynn Lake dentist, Rod Johnston, who used it to deliver his services to remote reservations. This flight however had been to pick up some acquaintances at Dubawnt Lake in the North West Territories at the end of a canoe trip which had started about a week earlier when he dropped them off at their starting point along a river which in due course flowed into the lake. The flight was supposed to be completed within a day but the aircraft did not return on schedule and was eventually reported overdue. Search Headquarters followed procedures to confirm the missing aircraft report, conduct a communications search and gather enough information to justify launching a search mission with sufficient detail to look in the appropriate area. Then the call went to the stand-by aircrew and the search master and his team.

At the Lynn Lake Flight Service Station (FSS), my navigator and I checked on the latest weather for an extended time and area, reviewed the Notices to Airmen (NOTAMS) for updates and studied a map of the search area. Present in the office was the wife of the pilot. I moved frequently to remote areas of the room to avoid having the proximity necessitating I speak with her. Although I had flown a number of search missions, only three had been successful in my crew finding the missing aircraft and in all three there were no survivors. I didn't want to be asked about my experiences. The wife - syndicated Canadian cartoonist Lynn Johnston.

We launched around noon, immediately commencing our track crawl at a height of 1,500 feet and a speed of 130 knots. Spotters, crew whose sole job while on station was to scan for potential signs of the missing aircraft, were in position laying on the floor on each side of the cockpit looking through the lower cockpit windows while two others were seated in front of large plexiglass windows swung down to replace the paradoos on each side of the cargo hold. Each of the four wore a headset connecting them to the aircraft communication system ready to call out a sighting of anything suspected of being related to the downed craft. The spotters scanned for twenty minutes then were replaced and rested to ensure they remained alert at the windows. As we crawled along the track, the spotters called several times, observing some anomaly on the ground. Each sighting required circling around to investigate; one float equipped aircraft parked along a river shoreline was definitely identified as not being the subject of the search; another possible glint of sheet metal was sunlight reflecting off a small puddle in the brush.



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A Significant Moment (Continued)

About four hours into the flight, as we reached the lake and the intended pick up point, a spotter called sighting something floating in the lake. As we turned in the designated direction, the bottoms of a pair of upturned aircraft floats were visible on the surface at one end of the lake. Obviously, an aircraft was inverted in the water and the size of the floats indicated the aircraft was of a dimension similar to the missing one. The SAR techs immediately began to don their scuba gear readying for a parajump into the lake. These technicians are highly skilled, superbly trained and extremely motivated individuals with capabilities as paramedics, in bushcraft, sea survival, mountaineering, parachuting and more, able to function and assist others in any environment or weather. I ordered them to standby until we took a look around the lake. I could order the SAR techs not to jump, but I couldn't order them to jump – it was always their call – for a myriad of reasons. A circuit of the lake revealed four people actively waving on the opposite shore near some upturned canoes – all on board accounted for. As the downed pilot later indicated, they heard the search aircraft approach, watched it pass by, turn and overfly the lake then come back around and treat them to their own air show the likes of which he had not before seen. Descending to a couple of hundred feet, we flew several passes dropping small cylinders containing notes and with red streamers attached; the notes inquired about the health and needs of the men with instructions to stand or lay on the ground depending on the answer to the questions posed. Simultaneously, contact with the Search Master via High Frequency radio advised the world that the missing aircraft had been found and that all aboard survived and were safe - a first for me.

All of the men's spare clothes, food, camping gear and equipment had been trapped in the overturned aircraft, pinned up against the floor. Only the canoes had provided any shelter through the previous night. Equipment drops followed – tents, sleeping bags, food and other survival gear. With agreement from the Search Master who would have to arrange to recover the techs, survivors and equipment, the SAR techs, without scuba gear, parachuted down to ensure delivery of appropriate care. Recovery happened the next day. We later heard that after landing and picking up the canoeists and manoeuvring for take-off, a gust of wind flipped the aircraft over. The occupants scrambled out and perched on the upturned floats, diving down unsuccessfully several times to try to retrieve their gear. One eventually decided to swim what was considered a short distance back to the canoes and then rescue the others. He barely made it to shore with only enough energy to push a canoe into the water. Extremely fortunately, the wind carried it the kilometre or so to the upturned aircraft.

With the missing aircraft located and reported and the SAR techs on the ground, there was nothing else our search aircraft and crew could do. We headed for Churchill to refuel and for an overnight stay – Lynn Lake by that time had 2 more search aircraft loaded with aircrews and spotters, the Search Master and his team, filling all the available hotel rooms. The following day the plan was to fly into Lynn Lake, pick up the Search Master and his crew once the recovery of the survivors and SAR techs was complete and head back to Edmonton. By the time we reached Lynn Lake, my crew had just enough time to refuel again, stock up on food and coffee, gather required information, pick up some other SAR techs and fly off on another search, never to meet those who had been found and rescued.



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A Significant Moment (Concluded)

Lynn Johnston based a series of cartoons on the incident, some of which were later published in her book, “Suddenly Silver,” celebrating 25 years of her comic strip. Excerpts also form a small part of a display about Search and Rescue operations in Gallery 4 in the Canadian War Museum.

Twenty-three years after the incident, in late winter, my wife and I sat relaxing and watching the six o’clock news after arriving home following a long drive back from Florida. Around 6:45, a brief news clip reported an in-progress book signing by Lynn Johnston at the local mall bookstore. I seized my copy of “Suddenly Silver” and my flight log book and darted the few minutes to the mall. The waiting line was over an hour long, the mall closed at 8:00 and I was at the end of the line. As a few more fell in behind me, the bookstore manager announced the signing would continue until everyone was served. She then began to hand out slips of paper on which to write the words fans desired be written in their book. I asked if a signature would only be inscribed in a copy of the commercial book and indicated I’d like a signature in my log book opposite my flight log record for SAR Johnston. It became necessary to give a brief recounting of the incident. When I reached the book signing desk, not only did Lynn Johnston enthusiastically sign both my log book and my copy of “Suddenly Silver,” but emotionally confirmed, “That was the first time you found someone alive.” I had no idea that she would have heard about my limited success, let alone remember that detail. We traded addresses but with people still in line clutching their copies of her book, our reminiscing was short-lived. Although our families exchanged Christmas cards, I never met her husband and with their subsequent dissolution of marriage the exchange ceased. However, I still remember the exhilaration of seeing four people frantically waving from the ground beside a frigid lake in the North West Territories, mosquito-bitten, cold and hungry, but all alive and intact.

Making a Ball of it by 6533 Gord Forbes

There is time to think while you are watching a group of men transforming your kitchen in a major renovation, long overdue. Your house is topsy-turvy with a fridge and table in the living room and only your barbeque to cook on (praying for good weather). So, it is no wonder that sometimes strange and odd thoughts cross your mind in the middle of this chaos.

(At this point I tried to think of a way to segue into the next section, but failed)

One such thought brings me to the subject of this article. Do you remember formal balls at college? As a four-year resident of “Jackboot U” (so described by Naval Staff Officer Lieutenant-Commander and later Commander “Chesty” Norton who was also my CO on HMCS Kootenay), I attended all of the balls during my time there. There were three each year. The first was in the fall, usually November and was just called, strangely enough, the Fall Ball. The second was the Christmas Ball which was held the night before Christmas leave began. The third depended on the particular year it was held. In the years that West Point visited for the annual hockey game it was called the West Point Ball. In the other years it was just the Winter Ball.



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Making a Ball of it (Continued)

They were lovely affairs. A committee of cadets would decorate the new gym with decorations appropriate for the occasion. Cadets would show up in their scarlets with young ladies on their arm who would be in long dresses and the latest hairdo. It was truly a magic evening.

The first ball I attended, in addition my new (to me) scarlets, I also wore two black eyes, the fault of Bill Whitfield and recruit boxing. The eyes went with my shiny black shoes. The reason I had a date was because a few weeks earlier we had had a recruit dance. We were literally told, "You will go, and you will enjoy yourselves" and a list of possible blind dates was duly posted. I chose a name and phone number and a date was dutifully arranged. Unfortunately, it was not a successful date. But at the dance I met up with a girl who had been the girlfriend of one of my friends in Hamilton. That was the girl I took to the ball.

Christmas was with another girl from Hamilton who travelled to Kingston for the event. My fondest memory of this occasion was the all-night train trip home and watching the sunrise from the open area at the back of the train car.

I don't remember much about the West Point Ball that year nor the Fall Ball in second year. I guess they weren't very memorable. Although photographs were taken of us with our dates at each ball, mine were lost when there was a flood in my father's basement after which he threw out all of the stuff I had left with him (including all my books from college). So, I don't have anything to remind me of these occasions (age is cruel).

The most memorable ball in second year was the Spring Ball. A couple months before the ball I had met a girl from Toronto, a nurse in training. For the sake of clarity, we'll call her M. She had been in Kingston for some reason and we met and hit it off. I invited her to the Spring Ball, and she accepted. All good so far. A couple of weeks before the ball, I went out to a dance at one of the female residences and met S. We got along very well and had a couple of good dates. I brought up the ball and she told me that she had agreed to a blind date with another cadet. For clarity, let's call him Al Cole. She was quite upset about the whole thing because with less than a week until the date she had not heard anything from him. So, there I was wanting to go to the ball with S but having the date with M. I told S to be ready on that night and I would let her know who she was going with. I got ready and went to meet M at the train station. When she got off the train, I tried to explain the situation to her and told that Al was a nice guy who would take good care of her. To my great relief, she reluctantly agreed to the switch. I then went and picked up S from her residence and she was truly glad it was me who showed up. I later met with M and Al at the ball and they assured me that they were having a good time and apparently getting along. Two years later, M had moved to Kingston to work. We dated a few times. I asked her to the Grad Ball, and she replied, "Remember what you did a couple of years ago? I have accepted an invitation from another cadet." My come-uppance, I guess.

I do remember that at least twice I escorted friends of other cadet's girlfriends. One was a friend of Sandy, future wife of Fraser Holman. She was a very nice, attractive girl but she was quite short compared to my 6-



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Making a Ball of it (Concluded)

6-foot 1- inch height. The other was a cousin of Dave Barratt's girlfriend, Joy. She was also genuinely nice, attractive and closer to my height. Things went very well until she told me that she was engaged to someone else.

Balls came and balls went. At the fourth year Christmas Ball, I had a girl coming from Toronto again. I also had just bought my first car (you won't tell this to the college staff, will you?). She arrived by train, but I was to drive home in my car. Dave Harries had a date who lived down the Niagara Peninsula and he asked me if I could drive them home as well, which I agreed. The morning after the ball we set out with Dave and his date (who was also quite tall) in the back seat of my Corvair coupe. First, we dropped off my date in Toronto, then off to one of the small towns beyond Hamilton to drop Dave and his date off, and finally off to my home in Oakville. I learned a lot about the Corvair on that trip. I guess we had a good time at the ball.

I didn't get to the Spring Ball at RMC that year because I was part of the contingent that went to West Point. They also had a formal affair for us, and I believe that several of us shared the same date. But it was a nice outing.

The last ball was of course the Graduation Ball. I told you that M had turned me down for that. But it turned out for the best. My Dad had invited his sister and my cousin Ann to come to Canada from Scotland over the period of graduation. Since Ann was a fairly attractive 19-year-old, I invited her to the ball. Ann had grown up in poor circumstance in Aberdeen, Scotland being raised from a baby by our grandparents and a maiden aunt. She had never been to anything like what she saw at RMC. Dad bought her a lovely long dress, something she had never had before. Some of the other cadets' girlfriends took her under their wings, got her hair done and helped her get ready. She was totally overcome with the experience and we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

I often wish that my wife, Denee, could have come to one or more RMC balls. But we didn't meet until a few months after graduation. In October 1965 we did go our first ball together, the Trafalgar Ball at the Stadacona wardroom. She wore a beautiful blue dress that went with her red hair. But I had to tell her later that I wasn't very keen on her hairdo. She still married me.



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Fraser Flight Greetings (Continued)

In the last edition, we shared some updates from former members of the 1961 Royal Roads Fraser Flight. A couple missed our last deadline and are reproduced here (without their permission).

6603 Dean Carriere: I apologize for not responding earlier to all your interesting emails and pics. I got involved for several weeks of long days renovating a friend's house. The husband has been working in the States on a permanent job and hadn't seen his wife and baby very often because of Covid, so they decided to suddenly put their house up for sale. But there was a lot of work to be done first. We couldn't get any tradesmen to come in on short notice (except for three days) so I thought what the hell, I am still young and know how to do all this stuff...I'll just do it myself. Well I did the work but after 10 hour days of climbing up stairs and ladders I realized that I am not as young as I thought. I hit the pit pretty early. Luckily I only had one accident during that period. I was rushing up the back steps as fast as my arthritic limbs would allow and tripped on the last step and fell up, taking a header onto the deck. Most normal people fall down.

I got up, brushed myself off, ready to go back to work. My friend freaked out when she saw the blood that I hadn't and insisted that she drive me to an emergency clinic. The doc there sent me to a hospital. From there they sent me to another hospital for a brain scan. After 7 hours I learned that my brain was perfectly fine...at least as good as before. The several skid marks have healed so I am just as beautiful as before.

Now I am back to climbing ladders and stairs in my own house...two sets of stairs with 17 treads each...as I upgrade this 100 year old abode. I'll see what other adventure awaits.

My son, Judd, and I had a great visit to the Airplane Museum here a week ago Saturday as he wanted to film the Lancaster Bomber. As you probably know it is one of only two left in the world, the other being in London. We found a spot on a country road at the edge of the airport. The Lancaster roared right over our heads followed by two which I had flown in the old days...the Harvard and Chipmunk. Judd was thrilled to get such great videos. Several years ago as a birthday present I paid for him to go up in the Harvard. The pilot gave him quite a bit of time flying plane. Maybe one day I'll rob a bank and take him and his sister up the Lancaster.

All in all Mira and I, her family of five daughters, all their broods and my two are doing well through this pandemic. Keep up your good humour guys. All the best to you and your families.

In the words of the New Zealand Prime Minister: Be well, be safe, be kind.



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Fraser Flight Greetings (concluded)

6610 David Cooper: Greetings to you all from Victoria on this day, the 59th Anniversary of Fraser Flight Juniors stepping onto the Upper Square at Royal Roads! Can we ever forget???

Thanks Doug for your email sparking various responses, but I thought that it would be appropriate for me to wait until today in order that I could drive to the College today and take some photos of the on this Anniversary Day! They need no other comments other than to confirm to curious car buffs that my car is a 1963 Rover P5 Mk1A which, for naval types, was initially owned by RAdm Patrick Budge.



I am well, but slowing down due to angina and surviving lockdowns to date with some reluctance. All activities have ground to a halt, so life is rather boring! My friend Geri and I took my Pleasureway RV up the Island for 10 days at the end of June as far as Malcolm Island. My daughter, Gillian, brought my younger grandson, Oliver, down from Creston for his final summer of sailing lessons staying for 3 weeks which altered the household arrangements and routine! As an elementary school teacher, she returns to school tomorrow but no idea whether she will have a grade 5, 6 or 5/6 split or some other combination to teach or who might be in the bubble/cohort! So much for Back To School planning!

Have a healthy fall, and enjoy those eastern fall colours!

Closing Notes

Thanks as always to our contributors. I now have a bit of a backlog of articles so if you didn't see yours in this edition, don't worry, it will be coming up.



1963 CMR Curling Team