Class of 65 Newsletter

Bulletin d'Information—Classe de 65

Number/Numéro 188 **Sept/Sep 2026**

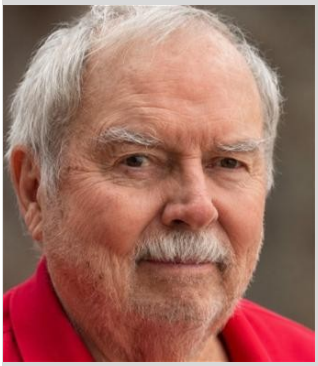
Disclaimer: This Newsletter is produced for members of the RMC Class of 1965 and is based primarily on inputs from members of the Class of 65. It is not an official publication of the Royal Military College nor does it purport to represent the views or opinions of all members of the Class. Unfortunately, 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

It has been several months since I promulgated Edition 187 but since I have not received a single query as to the delay and very little input for publication I can only conclude that the time has come to cut back and be driven more by input rather than the calendar.

This rather gloomy introduction is not improved much by the focus of this edition which is the sad news of the passing of three more classmates, **Quiller Graham, Doug Armstrong** and **Dave Young.** Their obituaries are reprinted below in alphabetical order with our deepest condolences to their families.

6587 Doug Armstrong



William Douglas "Doug" Armstrong passed away peacefully at Markham Stouffville Hospital on Sunday, July 26, at the age of 84. Just one week earlier, he had been surrounded by family and friends as they celebrated his birthday—a joyful day filled with laughter, stories, and the people he loved most.

Doug was predeceased by his beloved wife, Elizabeth, and his brothers-in-law, Cecil Lamrock, Brian Cook, and Lonnie Cook.

He is lovingly remembered by his daughters, Andrea Susan Illman (Jeff Illman) of Whitby, Ontario, and Alison Marie Armstrong (Robert Hernandez) of Oakland, California; his beloved sister, Marion Lamrock, who was a constant source of love and companionship in his later years, and her daughters, Elizabeth Del Genio and Lori Lamrock; and his cherished grandchildren, Rachel Barnes (Daniel Barnes), Lauren Illman, Diego Hernandez, and Bella Hernandez.

Doug enjoyed a distinguished 25-year military career that took him around the world. He proudly served in the Royal Canadian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers (RCEME) Corps, retiring with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. Following his military service, he embarked on a second 25-year career with Spar Aerospace and MD Robotics, where he continued contributing to Canadian innovation and engineering.

Known to some as "Army" or "The Duggar," Doug will be remembered for his quick wit, dry sense of humor, and the chuckles he brought to family and friends. He loved sharing stories, enjoyed the company of those closest to him, and took great pride in his family. His presence will be deeply missed by all who knew and loved him.

A Celebration of Doug's Life was held on Saturday, August 29, at Barnes Memorial Funeral Home, 5295 Thickson Road North, Whitby, Ontario.

In memory of Dad, donations to the Canadian Cancer Society would be appreciated. Messages of condolence may be shared through Barnes Memorial Funeral Home.

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6535 Quiller Graham

The following information was passed to John Hilton by Quiller's son Geoff.

I'm very sorry to let you know that Dad passed away peacefully on August 30th at the age of 84.

RMC and his Class of '65 friendships remained a very important part of Dad's life right through to the end. I know he always enjoyed staying connected with everyone, hearing the updates and getting together when he could.

I was hoping you could please pass the news of Dad's passing along to his RMC classmates and anyone else in the RMC community you feel should know.

We have posted a public tribute to Dad, and I would also really love to hear from any of his classmates who have a memory, story or photograph of Quiller from their RMC days. Those memories would mean a great deal to our family.

In keeping with Dad's wishes, his funeral and burial will be a small and personal gathering for close family and friends. We are reaching out separately to a few of Dad's particularly close RMC friends whom we know he would want with us, rather than circulating the funeral invitation broadly.

Dad will be laid to rest at Beechwood Cemetery on September 11th, just a few days before your September 14th Class gathering.

Thank you, John, and please pass along our family's best wishes to all of Dad's Class of '65 friends.

Dad was very proud to be **6535 Francis Quiller Graham, RMC Class of 1965**, and I know that connection and the friendships that came with it meant a great deal to him throughout his life.

Editor's note: I was on the Boxing Team with Quiller and remember how that gentle human being became an awesome figure in the ring. I thank the boxing gods that I was in a different weight division! Rest in Peace my friend.



6581 Dave Young 21 Sep 42-16 May 26



It is with great sadness that we announce the passing of Thomas David Young on Saturday, May 16, 2026, in his 83rd year. He is survived by his loving wife of 57 years, Penny (née Long); sons Andrew and Alex (Amanda); daughter Jenny (Jimmy) Osorio; grandchildren Max and Agnes Young; sister Jane Putman; nephew Tim; and niece Sue. He was predeceased by his parents, David and Janetta (née Muirhead) Young, and brother-in-law, Glen Putman.

Thomas David Young was born in Hamilton, Ontario, on September 21, 1942. He attended Hill Park Secondary School, where he was class President his senior year. He also played water polo and took up skiing. After high school, he attended the Royal Military College of Canada in Kingston, Ontario, where he earned a Bachelor's degree in mechanical engineering. When he wasn't studying or drilling, he was a ski jumper on the ski team. While in Kingston, David met the love of his life, Penny. The couple married on May 18, 1968, in Shearwater, Nova Scotia.

After postings to Cold Lake, Alberta; Quonset Point, Rhode Island; Toronto, Ontario; Shearwater, Nova Scotia; and Ottawa, Ontario, David and his family moved to the Washington, D.C. area in 1980. He worked at the Canadian Embassy and retired from the military in 1988. He remained in the area working on the CF-18 program with Calian Technology until he retired in 2010.

In 2015, David was diagnosed with Parkinson's Disease. He fought the disease with everything that he had, taking multiple medications, researching his condition, and exercising. He especially savored walking outdoors when the weather was warm.

Throughout his life, David liked reading, listening to, and playing music. He played the accordion and the upright bass, and while at RMC, he played the bagpipes in the marching band. He loved spending time with his family. He was also his kids' basketball, soccer, and T-ball coach and editor of most of their school papers.

David was also an avid outdoorsman who enjoyed traveling and hiking. In the summers, he appreciated being at the cottage in Parry Sound. There he liked to go fishing, boating, and spend time with friends along the beach. Everyone will miss his willingness to lend a helping hand on any project, his decency, and his kind and gentlemanly nature. He will always be remembered as a man with the mind of an engineer and the heart of an artist.

The family would like to extend its gratitude to the staff at INOVA Alexandria Hospital and the George Washington Health and Rehab Center, who provided care and support during David's final weeks. Instead of flowers, a donation to The Michael J. Fox Foundation or The Parkinson's Foundation of the National Capital Area would be appreciated.

A celebration of life in honor of David will be held at a later time.

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Genealogy by 6544 Rick Johnson



I've been interested in genealogy for most of my adult life. I really got into it in the early 2000's when the advent of the Internet made researching family roots easier, and programs for home computers provided a good way to manage all the information. I now have a family tree with more than 145,000 entries. One of the things I learned very quickly was that, but for a handful of ancestors who became famous through business or politics, the lives of the vast majority of us are quickly reduced to our dates and places of birth, marriage, and death. It's hard to find anything more of their lives than what appears on their tombstones, if they even had one. I found that disappointing, because, for example, the life stories of those of my ancestors who came from Scotland in the late 1700's, established an Inn near Albany, NY, and, after deciding to be on what became the losing side in the American Revolution, were forced to flee to Canada and become Loyalist Pioneers between Kingston and Belleville. I'm sure that they would have had a great tale to tell had they ever taken the time to record it.

That was what prompted me to encourage (i.e., bug the hell out of) my parents to get them to record their personal histories. Lucky for me, they did so, and it provided me with an insight into their lives before I came on the scene that I had really known very little about. Since then, I've persuaded both my sister and my wife to do the same, and I'm busy working on my own life history. Being a little more verbose than the others, I had to split my story into 20-year segments. Three have been published, and I'm currently working on the 4th. Thanks to modern printing technology and online companies like Blurb.ca, it is now possible to complete a 150-page, hard-cover book full of colour photos on a 1-off basis for about $1/page, something that would have been astronomically expensive when I was publishing RCAF squadron histories back in the early 1980's.

I would really like to encourage all of you to consider recording your life histories. We all started as babies in the middle of the greatest war in world history, and we have lived our lives through an amazing technological revolution that we could scarcely have imagined. When I was a child, we had no phone, there was no TV, airliners were driven by piston engines, and trains were pulled along by steam engines. 80 years later, and we carry in our shirt pockets a small device that can provide almost instantaneous access to ALL the world's knowledge, place a video call to almost anywhere on the globe, navigate with astounding accuracy, or simply tell if the desktop is level. While the advent of AI leads me to believe that the pace of development may yet increase, I doubt that future generations will see the breathtaking advances we have experienced in our lifetime...going from prop-driven aircraft to watching men land on the moon, to a world of computers and drone warfare. Your stories will be surely be of interest to the many generations of your descendants you will never meet. Start writing.



A New Alumni Web Site

*Class Secretary **6439 Hugh Spence** passed along the following:*

We're excited to announce that our new website has officially launched! This marks an important milestone, and we're thrilled to share it with our community.

The new site has been updated with a refreshed look and feel, improved navigation, and a stronger focus on helping alumni stay connected with news, Branch and Class activities, alumni stories, events, giving opportunities, and updates from across the Canadian Military Colleges community.

As Class and Branch leaders, you play an important role in helping alumni stay informed and engaged. We would be grateful if you would share the launch announcement with your classmates, members, and local networks.

Thank you for helping us extend the reach of this important launch and for your continued leadership in keeping our alumni community connected.

While the site is live and fully functional, we see this as the beginning of an ongoing process of continuous improvement. Over the next few weeks, we'll be making refinements to ensure the best possible experience for our users.

Thank you to everyone who has contributed to bringing this project to life.

www.rmcalumni.ca

Nous sommes ravis d'annoncer que notre nouveau site Web est officiellement en ligne! Il s'agit là d'un jalon important, et nous sommes ravis de le partager avec notre communauté.

Le nouveau site a été mis à jour : il présente désormais une nouvelle apparence, une navigation améliorée et met davantage l'accent sur les moyens offerts aux anciens élèves de rester informés des nouvelles, des activités des divisions régionales et des promotions, des témoignages d'anciens élèves, des événements, des possibilités de dons et des mises à jour provenant de l'ensemble de la communauté des Collèges militaires du Canada.

En tant que responsables de promotion et présidents de division, vous jouez un rôle important pour aider les anciens élèves à rester informés et mobilisés. Nous vous serions reconnaissants de bien vouloir faire connaître cette annonce de lancement à vos camarades de classe, aux membres et à vos réseaux locaux.

Merci de nous aider à élargir la portée de ce lancement important et de continuer à jouer un rôle de premier plan pour maintenir les liens au sein de notre communauté d'anciens étudiants.

Même si le site est en ligne et pleinement opérationnel, nous considérons cela comme le début d'un processus continu d'amélioration. Au cours des prochaines semaines, nous apporterons des améliorations afin d'offrir la meilleure expérience possible à nos utilisateurs.

Merci à tous ceux et celles qui ont contribué à la réalisation de ce projet.

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The Sufferers By 6533 Gord Forbes

I was born in England during the Second World War. My Scottish parents were working in a factory making wings for Spitfires. When that work ended at the end of the war, we moved to a village east of London called Chadwell Heath where my father had found work. There we had an apartment over a butcher shop. Across the street from our apartment there was a large hole where a building had stood. It had been a doctor's home and clinic. Chadwell Heath had been under the flight path of the V1 flying bombs on their way to London. Their range was determined by an estimate of the amount of fuel they were filled with. When that ran dry, the rockets fell to earth and exploded. That meant that some went long and some fell short, and that was what had happened to the doctor's house.

In Chadwell Heath, I played with two other boys about my age. Between the three of us, we had **three** good eyes, and I had two of them. Two young boys blinded, possibly for life, one with one eye, one with none. They had been blinded by flying glass from the explosion at the doctor's house.

The reason for this story is to emphasize the toll that is taken by civilians in wars. We see it today in missile and drone attacks in Ukraine and bombing attacks in Iran. It has been a tragedy in ever war ever recorded. Area bombing in World War two, havoc in the Korean and Viet Nam wars, Afghanistan, anti-colonial wars in Africa. All had their civilian sufferers. And that's only in the twentieth century, a so-called modern civilized era. In ancient wars between city states for example, the entire population of the losing side was exterminated or enslaved. There were attempts to limit the civilian suffering in many eras, but none have ever been truly successful.

War is particularly tragic on children. In many cases, their injuries will last a lifetime which will usually severely limit their ability to become productive. Their psychological damage, which can be very severe, will also last a lifetime. It will either make them scared of every little bang, or they will grow up seeking revenge from the enemy that caused their misery. The cycle will go on.

Military personnel get to know what to expect and are able to defend themselves. Injury and death are part of their profession. But not so for civilians. I don't expect future wars to be any different unless we fight wars with one single military person against another with the winner determining the outcome. But that will not happen. Breaking the spirit of a country's civilian population is too embedded in the military strategy.

Canada has been lucky; it has never experienced a war on our territory. It does not have a national memory of such damage. Any such memory comes from immigrants and refugees who have experienced it in their old country.

Each year we have a Remembrance Day to honour fallen military people. Each town has a cenotaph to remember their dead. Why don't we have a day of remembrance for civilians who have suffered in war?

Closing Note

A bit depressing this time although our departed comrades clearly lived full and rewarding lives, leaving rich memories for friends and families. On that note, I strongly endorse Rick Johnson's exhortation to leave a record of one's passage through life.