

# Class of 65 Newsletter

## Bulletin d'Information—Classe de 65

Issue/Numéro 82



March/mars 2015

*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'm pleased to report a busy issue this month. **Gord (Navy) Forbes** provides us with some powerful thoughts on a subject that many of us have probably been (or are being) familiar with. On a less serious note, **Rick Archer** shares his thoughts on the grand old game of cricket. For those of you not familiar with the game, he has also provided a summary of the rules. **Jim Carruthers** has provided a copy of a thank-you letter received from our latest Teaching Excellence Award winner. There are a couple of social notes to share, one from the local Ottawa area, and the other from warmer climes. But first we would like to provide a couple of updates on this year's important reunion as provided by **Hugh Spence** and **Roger Chiasson**.

Program: 50th Anniversary of Graduation Reunion – Sep. 24-27, 2015

#### *Thursday, Sept. 24*

**RMC Foundation 18<sup>th</sup> Annual Legacy Dinner**, 1800 for 1900, 2nd Floor Yeo Hall, \$200 per person; you may also sponsor a cadet to attend for the same amount. Partial tax receipt for any remittances. Our own **Fats Carruthers** is Grand Panjandrum of the Foundation, and will offer up free autographs and selfies.

*Please advise the Class Secretary ASAP at [hjm.spence@rogers.com](mailto:hjm.spence@rogers.com) if you think you might attend this truly elegant dinner, and whether alone or accompanied. This is solely for planning purposes and does not commit you.*

#### *Friday, Sept. 25*

**Golf Tourney**, Garrison Golf Club, 0830 shotgun start; info: **Roger Chiasson** [chiassonr@ns.sympatico.ca](mailto:chiassonr@ns.sympatico.ca)

**Recruit Obstacle Course**, 1400-1700 hrs on campus, followed by commemorative coin presentations to recruits for which Class volunteers may be required.

**Class Meet & Greet**, 1900 hrs-on, cash bar "cocktail party" with finger food; RMC Senior Staff Mess bar. Shuttle bus between the two Class-booked hotels and the SSM until approx. midnight.



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Program: 50th Anniversary of Graduation Reunion (Continued)

### ***Saturday, Sept. 26***

**RMC Club Family & Friends Breakfast**, 0730-0900, Cadet Dining Hall; \$10 at the door.

**Badging parade**, a full Wing Parade 1000-1200 hrs on the square (weather permitting); ends with Old Brigaders presenting cap badges to the First Years; again, Class volunteers may be required.

**Class of 65 Lunch**, post-parade, in Senior Staff Mess (to be confirmed)

**Old Brigade Dinner**, 1800 for 1900 hrs, Four Points by Sheraton hotel, \$75\* per person.

*Please advise the Class Secretary ASAP at [hjm.spence@rogers.com](mailto:hjm.spence@rogers.com) if you think you might attend this dinner, and whether alone or accompanied. This is solely for planning purposes and does not commit you. Seating may be limited this year due to a large influx of Old Brigade recruits, (Class of '70,) and the dining hall is smaller than we experienced in 2010.*

### ***Sunday, Sept. 27***

**March to the Arch**, 1000 hrs – form up on the square with Old Brigade squadron; brief memorial service at the Arch to salute SOS classmates and other fallen ex-Cadets.

**Old Brigade Luncheon**, an RMC Club event for anyone wishing to have Sunday lunch on campus before heading home; Senior Staff Mess, \$25\* per person.

*\* Note: Non-RMC Club members pay \$10 per person more for all Club-billed, non-Class activities.*

### **Accommodations**

Rooms in a reserved block may now be booked at the following hotels. Quote "**RMC Class of 1965**" for the first two, "**RMC Old Brigade**" for the third (it's the hotel where the Old Brigade dinner is held Saturday night):

**Holiday Inn Kingston Waterfront**, 2 Princess St., 613-549-8400, 150 rooms, \$199.95, (\$209.95 king); parking \$16/night

**Delta Kingston Waterfront**, One Johnson St., 613-549-8100, Ext 1, toll free 1-888-548-6726 Ext. 1; 30 rooms, \$179 Thurs., \$199 Fri. or Sat.; parking \$18/night

**Four Points by Sheraton**, 285 King St. E., 613-544-4434

*For orientation: the **Holiday Inn** and the **Delta** on the waterfront are "bookends" for the Kingston boat harbour/marina in front of City Hall. The **Four Points** is close by.*



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Program: 50th Anniversary of Graduation Reunion (Concluded)

### ***Weekend costs***

The Class has kept costs down to pretty much the same as our last two reunions (20 years!), and thus this time will charge **\$35** per person *per Class event day*. If you're not good at math, this means attendance for a couple for Friday *only* would be \$70; and if they stayed through Saturday too, the tally would be \$140. Alternatively, a couple arriving on Saturday morning but attending the lunch would need to remit \$70. And finally, a "stag" attending the Meet & Greet on Friday plus the Class lunch on Saturday, would pay \$70. Registration fees will be solicited through the mail, and payable by cheque or money order *in advance*.

The cost of RMC Club/Old Brigade events are mentioned above, and when booking must be remitted through the Club, **not** the Class.

### ***Further information to come:***

If the Class list has a **good postal address** for you (could you check that, please?), you may expect a snail-mail package in April containing the following:

- the above information with any updates, further specifics, *etc.*
- details on recommended dress for gents and ladies, including Old Brigade obligations (like the beret and badges,) and how to get any necessary sartorial stuff like berets, badges and ties, with prices.
- a **Notice of Intent** (registration form) for you to complete, which itemizes your specific attendance intentions and other important information required for Class reunion organization.
- a pre-addressed return envelope to use for returning your Notice of Intent with payment by cheque or money order.

As the popular 1959-66 song goes, "*See You in September*"

Friday Stroll by 6607 Ken Clarkson



Ken Clarkson & Jim Cale out for a quiet stroll – Friday, 20 Feb 2015 on Trail 72 in Gatineau Park. It was –18C when we started. Both of us are still alive and breathing. Diane (my wife) took the picture.



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### A Note about Reunion Golf from 6606 Roger Chiasson

A golf tournament will be held as part of the RMC reunion on Friday September 25th. The organiser, Jim Simpson, (class of 1970) is coordinating the event, and would like numbers for planning purposes, and before he opens the event to other golfers in the event there are vacancies. Here are the details:

Venue: Garrison Golf Club; open to members and spouses/partners

Shotgun Start at 0830, followed at approx. 1330 by lunch and awards/prize ceremony;

Cost: \$100 per golfer, including shared cart, range balls, lunch and prizes; any excess revenue will be donated to the Foundation;

A limited quantity (30) of rental clubs (L&R, male only) will be available;

Players from the Kingston area are encouraged to lend extra sets of clubs to out-of-towners;

Individuals or companies are being solicited for sponsorships and prizes; for holes (\$200), lunch, as well as individual prizes ;

***Please let me know “now” (I will report to Jim within two weeks of this newsletter issue) at [chiassonr@ns.sympatico.ca](mailto:chiassonr@ns.sympatico.ca) if:***

You and/or spouse/partner will be golfing (formal registration will occur with reunion registration)

You want to rent clubs (first come first served)

You can provide extra sets of clubs;

You wish to sponsor a hole (\$200), lunch, etc. or donate items for prizes or a possible silent auction;

*Note: You may want to discuss sponsorship directly with Jim Simpson at [simpsonj@look.ca](mailto:simpsonj@look.ca)*

### Letter of Thanks—Teaching Excellence Award

Dear Mr. Carruthers,

I would like to thank you and the other members of Class of 1965 for their efforts and passion towards teaching at RMC. This award that they commit themselves to every year was one of my little dreams since I was hired at RMC. I am a very anxious professor and the idea of being recognised by my own students for the work, structure and creativity I try to put in my courses is very reassuring.

This award gives me the necessary encouragements to pursue my work with confidence and to keep developing my teaching methods and contents. For that, I am deeply grateful.

Thank you, once again, for this immense present, which will be, for a long time, one of my most beautiful professional memories.

Soundouss El Kettani



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### Snowbird Old Beergade Lunch by 6439 Hugh Spence

A dirty dozen of our Class met in Port Charlotte, Florida, for a fab' luncheon on Feb. 25, winding up with a salute to the national flag that was "born" in our grad year. The banyan in the warm sun was kindly hosted by Mike Houghton and his partner Nancy Berman; nine other "better halves" joined in, for a total of 22 on parade. Tears were shed for all the unfortunate classmates stuck in the frozen north this winter, and for failing memories that could not recall precisely where each of us was on Flag Day fifty years ago. Do you remember where you were?

L. to r. 6375 Ken Eyre, 6541 Fras Holman, 6339 Phil Bury, 6360 Carl Anderson, 6660 Waine McQuinn, 6523 Terry Colfer, 6584 Keith Ambachtscheer, 6475 Mike Houghton, 6539 Nige Hilliard, 6480 Tom Drolet, 6439 Hugh Spence, 6527 Gord Diamond.

(Photo by Sandy Holman)



L. to r. Nellie McQuinn, Nancy Berman (Houghton), Donna Hilliard, Virginia Ambachtsheer, Carole Eyre, Shari Anderson, Lynn Colfer, Irene Diamond, Sandy Holman and Chris Spence.

(Photo by Tom Drolet)







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### Still Crazy After All These Years by 6533 Gord Forbes

That's what people would have called me some years ago. But nowadays they say I have a mental illness. And since there is more and more emphasis on recognizing mental health and removing the stigma associated with it, I thought it was a good time to tell my own story.

It all seemed to start just before Christmas 1989. I had had problems with Christmas for a few years, but that year it seemed worse. And it didn't go away after Christmas like it usually did. I was morose, argumentative and upset with myself. After a few months of this, which was showing no signs of getting any better, my wife finally got me to our family doctor. He listened to us for over an hour and then pronounced the diagnosis . . . I probably had clinical depression. That was certainly the last thing I expected to hear. He prescribed anti-depressants and referred me to a psychiatrist. So began a journey to find some sort of cure, still unaware that there is no "cure", only ways of trying to live a normal life. Even after being accepted by a psychiatrist who confirmed the diagnosis, it would be years before I found some degree of normalcy, and even that proved tenuous.

The first chore was to find a drug regime that worked. This is not as easy as it sounds. Different drugs, each with their own side effects, had to be tried. Combinations were attempted, again with mixed results. Dosages were adjusted. It is no easy task to change anti-depressants. You don't just stop one and start the other. You have to wean yourself off one drug which usually takes three or more weeks before you start the next which takes a week or more to become effective. In the meantime, you have once again become depressed. I went through this several times over the next ten or twelve years. Sometime after 2000, we finally came upon a combination that seemed to work. It has only had to be adjusted once since then.

So what is depression really like? It can be the worst feeling you ever experienced. They say that everyone's experience is different. In my case I experienced feelings of sadness, listlessness, self-loathing, unwillingness to socialize, being argumentative, paranoia and fear. Night after night I would wake up in the wee small hours with what my psychiatrist called the night terrors where you feel panicky and fearful of some vague worry. During the day, I would be anxious over the simplest task. I would try to make it through a week of work, only to have a meltdown every weekend which often resulted in serious arguments with my wife. I felt terrible many times, but for some reason I persevered and never missed a day of work because of depression. This was my first civilian job and I didn't want to jeopardize it. But I did make one mistake. At one point, I revealed to my manager the nature of my problem. Although he said he understood and promised confidentiality, he nonetheless informed all of the senior managers of my problem. From then on I was stigmatized in that workplace, even although I worked diligently for that company for several years thereafter. There were other results that inhibited life in those years. I found out from experience that volunteering was a risky business. Several times I tried, but sooner or later, I would have a bad turn and not be able to carry out my responsibilities. To this day, I am not comfortable in volunteering for anything long term.

Depression is hardest on the family. It was my wife who got me to a doctor, saw me through the worst times, and is the best bellwether of my moods. It did take a toll on her and on my children. One son worries whether there is a genetic disposition to depression, and unfortunately there are indications that there is.



### Still Crazy After All These Years (Continued)

I moved on from that first company in 2000 at a time when my symptoms were getting better. We weren't all the way there yet, that would come a year or two later. Meanwhile I managed to forge a fairly successful career as a consultant and later as a project manager for another company. In the latter job, once I was sure that the management group had faith in me, I once again revealed the fact that I suffered from depression. I did this in order to sensitize these managers, who were scattered across the country, to be aware of any apparent mental health problems with their people. They had no problem with knowing this fact and their trust never wavered, a refreshing change.

Finally, a drug combination was found that seemed to offer some sort of stability to my life. Except for one upward adjustment in dosage, I have been on it ever since and life has been somewhat more normal. Not perfect, mind you, but better. What is the effect of these drugs? Other than offering normalcy, they do have the effect of limiting your emotional responses. Whereas you do not suffer much downward emotion, you also do not experience really high emotion. You seem to live in an emotionally narrow band.

I finally found an answer to why I became depressed three years ago while pursuing a claim from Veterans' Affairs. Their in-house specialist spent two hours with me and decided that I really didn't have much of a problem. I appealed this finding and found a clinical psychologist who spent twelve sessions with me and diagnosed that my depression was caused by the trauma of the explosion and fire aboard HMCS *Kootenay* in October 1969 where I was one of the officers. In 2010, I had written a book about the incident, *We Are as One*, and the psychologist found this ample evidence of the cause.

So it looked like I had finally overcome the depression with the help of medication and understanding the reason why. But it turned out not to be that simple. About a year ago, I had a relapse. I became angry and argumentative, and almost got into a fight at the fitness club where I go. That night I refused to go to bed and lay awake all night on the couch giving the most serious thoughts I had ever had about suicide. I was convinced that the world would be better if I wasn't here. I thought of three or four different ways the suicide could be accomplished. I was close. And then in the early hours of the morning the most amazing thing happened. My dog, Only (really, that's her name), came over and cozied up to me asking to be petted, as she frequently does, and I realized that this animal would miss me, for all my problems and faults, and I couldn't bear to leave her. The next day I found another psychologist thanks to Veterans' Affairs and I have been in treatment with him ever since. It is just an example that clinical depression never goes away.

There are a couple of things I have learned about depression over the years:

- you never really cure depression. You learn to manage it either through medication or therapy;
- one big mistake people make when they are diagnosed with depression and are given medication to manage it, is to assume that when they feel better, they think they are cured and refuse to continue the medication; and
- the most dangerous time for someone suffering from depression is not when they feel their worst, but shortly after they start medication. When they feel their worst, they have no will to do anything, but shortly after they start medication and are just starting on the upswing, they feel energized enough to actually take action, such as suicide.



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### Still Crazy After All These Years (Concluded)

Statistically, there should be a number of my classmates who have been affected by mental illness, whether themselves or someone close to them. To them, I can only hope that they have overcome the problem and are able to live a normal life. To those who have had no such experience, I can only say that I hope that this exposé will make you more tolerant of those of us who have been affected by such problems. Those who are afflicted by these problems need understanding, not stigmatization.

So the next time you see me and I'm acting a bit down and morose, just have a kind word and maybe buy me a beer.

*Ed Note: A pretty powerful message. Thanks Gord. I owe you a beer.*

### My Cricket Career by 6585 Richard Archer

In Len Deighton's iconic series of books on the travails of Bernie Samson, the most competent spy that British intelligence has in the 70s and 80s, before the fall of the Berlin Wall and the Soviet Union, Bernie is being held back from promotion in the headquarters because of his middle class roots. He is an acerbic observer of the British upper crust, from which his bosses are drawn. One such observation is that it is extremely important for those in the upper reaches of British society never to be seen to be trying too hard.

I kept this in mind when I was at the staff college in Greenwich and when I served at HMS *Dryad* near Portsmouth, I also realized that it sure explained cricket!

Now, I was born in England and emigrated to Canada at age ten. So when I was back over there representing the Canadian Navy I was familiar with the fundamentals of the game. And I confess that when I was a junior cadet at HMCS *Venture* in Victoria I played one game for a cricket team organized by our Anglican padre, who had actually just recently joined the RCN from the UK. I was good in the field, but when I batted I was out before I could score any runs. I didn't know how to control the flat bat.

After arriving in Canada in 1953 I had taken up the Canadian game of softball with alacrity. We local kids used to play a game called "500". One kid would be the hitter and the rest of us would spread out in the field. A fielder would score 25 for catching a ball that bounced two or more times, 50 for a one-bouncer, and 100 for a ball caught on the fly. None of us had mitts, and so we also doubled the score if you caught the ball with one hand. The first one to 500 had the honour of becoming the hitter. This game became very combative – all of jostling and leaping high to catch the incoming softball with one hand. We got quite good at it. And as a teenager before joining the RCN I played in a series of competitive fast pitch leagues as a centre fielder. So when it came to cricket, the fielding at least wasn't a problem.

For those unfamiliar with the game of cricket.... In the middle of a large grassy field, two wickets of three posts called stumps, surmounted by two smaller horizontal pieces called bails, are set up 22 yards apart. Teams comprise eleven players. Two separate batsmen bat from the wickets, while all eleven of the defending team are spread around the field. The batsmen have in front of them a line called the crease where they must initially stand to protect the wicket and/or try to hit the ball out into the field. The idea is once a ball is hit anywhere in the field, both batsmen can run between the two creases and score runs before the defending





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### My Cricket Career (continued)

team can get the ball back to the pitch and knock a wicket down. The only player with any hand protection is the wicket keeper behind the target wicket. The ball is usually red with one raised seam that encircles it. It is slightly larger than a regular baseball and just as hard. The batsmen don't have to run if they don't wish to, but in all cases if a hit ball is caught in the field the batter is out. A ball hit directly over the boundary is automatically six runs, while a ball that bounces over the boundary is four. The defending team provides a bowler who must bowl from the area of one wicket towards the other so to either knock down the other wicket or at least minimize the number of runs the batsmen score. A bowler has the opportunity to bowl six times towards one end in what is called an "over". Two umpires enforce the rules and declare if a batter is out. A more comprehensive explanation of some of the terminology is in the side-bar.

In 1977 Marilyn and I and our two daughters, aged 7 and 2, arrived in London. We were put up by CDLS London at a hotel near Regent Park. Having travelled all the way from Victoria, we were suffering some serious jetlag. We tried the television but all we could find at first was a televised cricket match. But there was no sound. Marilyn jacked up the volume, but still nothing. She turned it up some more. Suddenly the TV set blasted out "OH MY LORD!" from one of the cricket commentators. It was Marilyn's first introduction to the game.

When I was at the staff college at Greenwich in east London, one of my syndicate mates was a fellow called Mike Gretton, son of a well-known Battle of the Atlantic hero and later admiral. My path crossed with Mike years later when I was on the staff of Nato Headquarters and he was a vice-admiral acting as the British Military Representative to the NATO Military Committee. But at Greenwich we were fellow lieutenant-commanders. When it came time for the college to have joint gatherings with the British army and air force equivalent colleges, some sports events were set up. This of course included cricket games, and I asked Mike, the Greenwich cricket organizer, if I could participate, admitting that my experience with the game was limited. Indeed I didn't even have the right kit, the almost obligatory white long-sleeved shirt and long pants. Even so, I was invited to show up for the game against the army's Camberley team.

As it turned out, I was the eleventh man and our RN team took the field first. Mike, as captain sent me to defend the farthest reaches of the field, just inside the boundary. It wasn't long before a long fly ball came my way and I caught it easily, and threw it directly back to the wicket keeper in standard softball fashion. Okay, so I could field...and Mike moved me up to about the hallway point in the alley where many hard hit balls were directed. I had seen some of the other team members trying to field hard hit grounders and not doing too well. They would run at right angles to the ball, inevitably fail to intercept it and then chase it to the boundary. I did better than that, intercepting such balls at the correct angle before they got too far. At first I tried to throw the ball directly at one of the wickets, but this was a mistake because when it missed neither the wicket keeper nor the bowler could field the hard thrown ball...and further runs were scored. Okay, so I had to back off from my softball practices. Besides, it was readily apparent that I was breaking one of the unwritten rules, in that I was trying too hard. I made my throws more like the lobs I had seen the other players use.



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### My Cricket Career (continued)

At this point, Mike made a bold move. He asked me to bowl an over. I had witnessed how the previous bowlers had operated, so I knew most of the drill. After a run-up to the crease at the bowler's wicket end the ball is bowled with a straight arm in a swinging motion over the head. The umpires won't accept any bent elbows. The standard bowl is to bounce the ball ahead of the batter. If a bowl is aimed directly at the wicket without bouncing it was called a full toss. The umpire asked me how I bowled so he could position himself properly. "Right arm over", I said, as I had heard others say.

Basically there are two kinds of bowlers, fast and spin. The fast bowlers rely on a speed bounce to get by the batter and go for the wicket. The spin bowlers put lots of spin on the ball to rely on strange bounces to either get by the batter or make him hit an easily fielded ball. I knew I was a fast bowler.

I made my way back behind the wicket in preparation for my run up. I had no idea how much I needed and so started the run slowly. I wanted to position and time my last left foot step by just inside the limit of the crease, at the same time as my arm came over my head. I could see it was going to work well so I moved up to a full speed run, hit the crease just where I wanted to and let the ball go as hard as I could directly at the wicket, with the bounce just short of the batter's feet.

The batter simply put his bat out to stop the ball without any intent of running. I guess he wanted to get a feel for my bowling before he tried to hit to score.

Myself, I gained some confidence in seemingly knowing what I was doing. My second bowl was even harder and the batter took a swipe at it. But he popped it up in the air and was caught out. My teammates gathered round me to congratulate me on my first ever "dismissal", much to the disbelief of the Camberley players.

The next batter was Camberley's Regimental Sergeant Major. While he was making his way out to the pitch I had a thought about what I would do next. I had confidence in my bowl, but I decided to put something extra into it. For the next bowl I would maintain the speed but aim slightly to the left of the wicket and put lots of spin on the ball so that it would jump towards the target. This I did and it worked perfectly –the stumps were down and the RSM was out on the first ball. Now, a batter who is out without scoring a run is said to have been dismissed for a "duck". If it happens on the very first bowl that he faces, it is called a "golden duck". I sympathized with the red-faced RSM as he made his way back to the pavilion.

So I had dismissed two batters in a row. Apparently there was something mystical in the achievement of three dismissals in a row, and Mike brought in most fielders to short range to try to get that third out. But to no avail – the next batter simply blocked the ball so that it dribbled a few feet forward. My two remaining bowls were similarly unsuccessful, but at least the opposition didn't score any runs.

When it came time for our side to bat, I was so far down in the batting order I didn't get a chance to go in before the two captains mutually agreed to end the game. I can't remember who won – it didn't seem important.



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### My Cricket Career (continued)

My next chance to exercise my cricketing skills occurred when I was on exchange with the RN at HMS *Dryad*. In my first year there I was the Deputy Training Officer in the Redpoll (a British bird) analog ship operations team trainer. My boss in Redpoll was the Training Officer, a gentlemanly fellow named Richard Hastilow. After my first year there, Redpoll was shut down. Richard moved on, back to sea, and for my second year at Dryad, I was the first Training Officer in the newly commissioned Cook (as in Captain James) digital operations team trainer. I ran into Richard again when I was serving with USN Commander Third Fleet in Pearl Harbour, Hawaii. Richard was in command of a Type 42 AAW destroyer and part of the RN task group going around the world and, among many other events, participating in the 1986 RIMPAC. He had asked about me when in Esquimalt, had found out I was in Hawaii, and had sent me a message to make contact and invite Marilyn and me on board. The last I heard about him, he had command of the carrier HMS *Invincible*.

But back to Dryad. I played a lot of intermural sports for the division I belonged to – many sailors and a group of feisty wrens for whom I was the divisional officer -- and we won, for example, the deck hockey and were quite good in the field hockey. As the scrum half I was also a mainstay of the Dryad rugby team, although there we had only partial success, playing mostly the teams from the many other RN establishments in the Portsmouth area. In my first year Richard Hastilow, as it turned out, captained the Dryad cricket team. As far as I could tell, the play wasn't exactly competitive – other teams were simply challenged as the opportunity permitted. I asked him if I could turn out for the next game and he agreed. I immediately went to a colleague who wasn't playing and borrowed his kit.

The games I played for Dryad were very special. They took place on a field that wasn't in any sense level, as it was at the top of one of the rolling hills of the area. It was called Broad Ha'penny Down, and was considered by all to be the birthplace of cricket. Just across the country road that skirted the down was a Victorian-era pub called The Bat and Ball. This pub brewed its own real ale and displayed artifacts from the earliest days of the sport. Including the cricket, Marilyn and I well-appreciated the historic ambience and tradition of the area.

Broad Ha'penny Down was managed by Dryad's sister establishment, HMS Mercury, which taught communications and was tucked away in the nearby woods. I remember well the first game I played for Dryad. We were at bat first, and for some reason Richard put me in as one of the two first batters. Hmm, I said to myself, I'd better get this right. I picked up a bat and experimented with how to get the flat face to connect with an incoming ball. Holding the bat over the shoulder like a baseball hitter, for example, was a non-starter. I heard that no golden ducks were allowed. Essentially all batters were to have one mulligan, if needed, on the first bowl.

Not surprisingly, the Mercury team decided to bowl to me first. The bowler turned out to be medium speed. His first offering was well outside the line of my wicket and so, thinking of the no golden duck rule, I made a half-hearted stab at it, knocking it a few yards on the ground. I admit, it didn't look good.



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### My Cricket Career (concluded)

So the bowler came at me with confidence on his second bowl and bowled a full toss at my wicket at about half the speed of a fast pitch softball. Now this was more like it. I hit the ball into the parking lot.

From then on my batting partner and I started accumulating runs at a steady pace. After a half-dozen or so of overs, I could see that it was unlikely that the other team could ever get me out, so in order for other players to get a chance at batting, I did what I had heard was possible. I turned to an umpire and said, "I declare," which is a way of saying I've done enough and am going back to the pavilion to allow another batter to take over. Dryad scored enough runs to let the other team bat, and we won the game in the field. Both teams then followed tradition and repaired to The Bat and Ball to sample their room temperature ales. Ah memories.

I played a number of other cricket games for Dryad, but with my 1979 posting to HMCS *Ottawa* as XO based in Halifax; my cricket career came to an end. I can still watch the game though, on the rare occasions I come across it. The last was a game two or three years ago between the crews and actors of the Stratford Shakespearean festival and the crews and actors of the Shaw Festival. The game took place that year in Niagara-on-the-Lake, and we were invited to be a spectator by our B&B landlady, who was keen on and an organizer of this traditional annual challenge. I have to admit that watching the players go through their paces on the field, I had a distinct urge to get out there amongst them and enjoy the game once again.







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### The Rules of Cricket

You have two sides, one out in the field and one in. Each man that's in goes out, and when he's out he comes in and the next man goes in until he is out. When they are all out, the side that's been out comes in and the side that's been in goes out and tries to get those coming in, out. Sometimes you get men still in and not out.

When a man goes out to go in, the men who are out try to get him out, and when he is out, he goes in and the next man in goes out and goes in. There are two men called umpires who are out all the time, and they decide when the men who are in are out. When both sides have been in and all the men have been out, and both sides have been out twice after all the men have been in, including those who are not out, that is the end of the game.



### Parting Shots

Phew, this one is almost as long as a cricket game! Thanks to Gord and Richard for their excellent and diverse articles. The reunion is starting to take shape thanks to Jim, Hugh and others who labour to make sure that the Class of 65 is well taken care of. I hope those labours will be rewarded by a typically large Class turn-out in September. Cheers until next month.