

# Class of 65 Newsletter

## Bulletin d'Information—Classe de 65

Issue/Numéro 90



Nov/nov 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

There is a good amount of input this month so I'll skip my usual previews and get right on with it. Recently, I gave a presentation to the Canadian Aviation Historical Society on my father's RAF/RCAF career and subsequent to the presentation **Gord Diamond** who attended provided me with the following link to a restored De Havilland Mosquito, one of the aircraft flown by Dad during WWII. It is a great video of a beautiful aircraft that the aviation enthusiasts among you might enjoy, particularly if you crank up the volume! The link is <http://vimeo.com/115546043>.

I received the following nice note from **6706 Dick Wright**, "*Thanks for sending the newsletter to me. Hope you are well.*"

*This past summer we had a little reunion at Lake Malachi at Lake of The Woods. We met up with Bob and Marsha Jenkinson, Jack and Jane Harris, Dallas and Joy Mowat, plus Mike and Elaine Grandin. We enjoyed lake life again for a few days and entertained neighbors with a pig roast."*

**6332 Gaetan Dextras** sent the following—a confusion shared by many of us I'm sure, "On October 12, I finished reading Gord Forbes' book "We Are As One" and sent him an e-mail congratulating him about it. The next day, I picked up the next one in my pile of books to read. Surprise: this book was a biography of Lt-Col Charly ... **Forbes!** In addition I found that the very first pages included background historical info about the Forbes going back to 1303. So I sent another e-mail to Gord to tell him about this and gave him an abridged translation of this background info. (see page 8 of this Newsletter)

The next day I got an e-mail from "Gordon Forbes" telling me: "*I know you intended it for my naval brother who stole my name (after all, I'm exactly six months older), and our wires still seem to cross each other after all these years. I will pass this on to him, as I did your earlier e-mail, but I just wanted to tell you that I really enjoyed this particular information.*"

So now I realized that there were TWO Gord Forbes in our class. While I thought I had sent my e-mails to Gord (RCN), I really had sent them to Gord (RCAF). Good thing they were on friendly terms! Looking back in Jim Caruthers's list, I had noticed there were two Forbes, one "Gordon" and one "JG". I had assumed that Gordon must be Gordon, while JG could be a lot of other names (John, George, etc.). Hence my mistake, but I found this amusing.



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## Editor's Corner/Coin du rédacteur

The following information and invitation was received from **6426 Serge Arpin**: “This is something I should have told you a while ago but as they say, it's never too late to say thank you. Yes indeed, I want to say thank you for the newsletter that you send out to class members. Yes, of course I read them. No kidding, every word of them as I find it interesting to follow progress on the class members.

I live somewhere north of Quebec City in Valcartier Village. In itself it doesn't mean very much to most of the class members, but I participate in the activities of the Quebec City Branch of the RMC Club and for the past few years have been the Webmaster and editor of the website dedicated to our activities. Now, since nothing is free except newsletters and websites, here's the catch. quit worrying, I'm not asking for money :-)

I'm wondering if you would insert the following note in the newsletter to mention that the Club is active in this area and that we would certainly be happy to meet some of the folks from the Class of 65.

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*If you live in the Quebec City area and would like to meet other ex-cadets from around here, we invite you to come and meet us for a super lunch at the Citadel Officers' Mess. We normally meet around 11:30 on the second Tuesday or Wednesday of the month in the lower bar of the Mess and sit down to eat around noon.*

*You will find all the details on our website that you can visit at : <http://chapitrequebec.rmclub.ca/index.html> The website is in French, however for bilingual guys like us, it should pose no problems since most of it is pictures. If you are from out of town or local please send a note to the President of the Branch saying that you plan on attending in order not to catch the cooks and personnel off guard. You will find the info under the 'NOUS JOINDRE' tab at the top of the page.”*

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*Si vous êtes de la région de Québec et que vous aimeriez rencontrer d'autres anciens de la région, nous vous invitons à venir nous rencontrer pour un de nos diners mensuels au Mess des officiers de la Citadelle. Nous nous rencontrons normalement aux alentours de 11 h 30 pour passer à table vers midi le deuxième mardi ou mercredi du mois.*

*Vous trouverez tous les détails sur notre site Web au <http://chapitrequebec.rmclub.ca/index.html>. Que vous soyez de passage dans la Vieille Capitale ou de la région, nous vous prions d'entrer en contact avec notre président pour lui annoncer la bonne nouvelle et sauver l'honneur du chef cuisinier. Vous trouverez l'information sous l'onglet 'NOUS JOINDRE' du site Web du chapitre.*



### Impressions of a Reunion Newbie by 6559 Gerry Mueller

It was with a certain amount of trepidation that I set out for Kingston on the Thursday morning of the Ex-Cadet weekend for the 50<sup>th</sup> Reunion of the Class of '65. After all, it had been almost 55 years since I had last been on the campus with the class, "officially". I'd been back to Kingston, and the College a number of times in the late 50's and early 60's, usually as a stop-over between Montreal (Sir George Williams University) and Waterloo (University of Waterloo), as I was on the faculty of the latter but still had research students at the former, and had a friend in Kingston who was good for dinner out and a stop-over. Over the years since I had stopped in a number of times, usually as a way of breaking up a long drive to somewhere else, but this would be the first time back for an actual College function, with people I had said good-bye to a half century previously, and I was not really sure how I would be received. I needn't have worried, I felt welcomed by all, and had a blast.



**First impressions:** Driving down Division and Princess Streets to my hotel, my first thoughts were that nothing much had changed in town! Then, entering the College campus for the Legacy Dinner by the new and impressive gates and gatehouse, and seeing all the buildings that were built over the last decades, I thought that lots had changed. I also noted that showing up in a tuxedo at the gatehouse was all the ID I needed to get in, and the Commissionaire just assumed I would be able to find my way to the parade square for parking. And so I duly parked on the parade square (and never in my wildest dreams did I think I would ever do that!); and my third 1<sup>st</sup> impression was, my goodness, they have gift-wrapped the Mackenzie building.

**Legacy Dinner:** Having parked, a very helpful cadet escorted me to the Cadet Mess, where another helpful cadet found my name tag, took me to the exact place where I would be sitting, and then to the bar, where I purchased an amazingly cheap glass of good wine, and surveyed the sea of scarlet, black, the occasional uniform of a serving officer, and evening gowns in front of me, having no idea who anyone was. Fortunately I had arrived later than planned (not having brought a spouse, adjusting the pre-tied Old Brigade bow tie took a lot longer than I thought it would – it really needs a pair of hands not attached to one's own body – and it would be nice if actual bow ties were made available), and the call to table quickly came. There I found myself seated next to O/Cdt Courtney Williams, who was socially very skilled, and across from Tony Goode and George Brown, with a number of other '65ers very near, and I was very quickly integrated into the company. The food was excellent, the wine flowed freely, the conversation was sparkling and the entertainment was excellent (although the debacle of placing the College colours, while entertaining, was really not intended to be entertainment – it however put a human gloss on much of the otherwise inhuman precision!). Richard Fadden, the speaker, was informative, but I suspect not just for myself, but many others, was also scary (and depressing). The culmination of the evening, with its many toasts with much port made me wish that I had taken a taxi, but, one of the cadets present invited me and others back to his floor for the singing of "Good Night, Saigon" ritual – not sure when that "tradition" started but it was certainly a novel experience, noting especially the extremely huge speakers and large wattage amplifiers that were used for the



### Impressions of a Reunion Newbie (cont)

accompanying music, and also the extremely casual verging on sloppy civilian dress worn by most of those present; definitely not as I remember evenings in recruit year! Whatever, after climbing up and down many stairs through many residence floors (as a Frigateer – short time, but still – three decks, straight up and down, are all I can handle) I felt I was safe to drive – carefully!

**Obstacle Course & Coin Presentation:** Not being a golfer, my next venture onto the campus was for the Obstacle Course, and its rather bizarre prelude and dress that I definitely do NOT remember from '61! Not sayin' it's bad, but it is different! By good fortune, I hooked up with Jerry Jensen early in the afternoon; we were both without spouses, so it worked well to hang about with each other for various events, and I think I made a new friend, with whom I hope to keep in touch. The bizarre costumes, motorcycles dressed as sharks (cadet owned motorcycles, who knew?), cars looking like unicorns (cadet owned cars, who knew?), and then chickens on the parade square (am I being paranoid, or was the fact that both subsequent lunches at the Senior Staff Mess featured chicken was NOT a coincidence?) made me wonder if I was really at the military college I remember. But the obstacle course itself brought the whole thing back to reality, no more fun and games, just physical exertion, mud, water from fire hoses, and team work. That last, for me, was the major difference, unlike the "every man (and we were all men) for himself" obstacle course of our time, this was very much a team effort, involving planning and cooperation. A great improvement in my opinion, and much more of what happens in real life, and real military life. The subsequent coin presentation was notable in a number of ways; there was a great deal less exuberance from thoroughly exhausted 1<sup>st</sup> Years, but more of a quiet glow of satisfaction. And a Cadet Wing Training Officer dressed as Spider Woman was not something I ever expected to see, but then I gather that she is a Frigateer, and I do remember the resident spiders. Dogs on parade were also new to me! The presence of the Rick Mercer crew, and their best effort to cripple a large segment of the recruit class plus FYOP staff in the taking of pictures made for an interesting conclusion to the festivities. I look forward to catching the whole episode on TV in good time.

**Class Meet & Greet:** Given my concerns about driving after the plenteous libations of the Legacy Dinner, the laid-on shuttle buses were very welcome (kudos Hugh Spence etc. – I might suggest that the organizers of the Legacy dinner consider doing the same). Arriving I was duly issued my '65 cap badge and nifty magnetic name tag. Whereupon the curse of the magnetic name tag descended upon me and remained with me. Again wading into a very large room filled with many people, very few of whom I knew, I hadn't moved more than a dozen feet when my name tag fell at my feet, and the magnetic bar that was supposed to hold it in place was nowhere to be found. Searching for it, even to the extent of moving some furniture, had one benefit, a great number of classmates came over to help, which, in retrospect made the name tag loss a great if embarrassing icebreaker. But, alas, no magnet bar was found, so I moved on into the bar, for the only thing to do, get a beer. There George Brown introduced me to Grimbergen, a Belgian beer, and as I remembered from George's bio, his advice on things Belgian was not to be ignored. Reaching into my pocket to pay for the beer solved the mystery of the magnetic bar's fate; it was firmly attached to my change purse (an indictment of the contents of our coins!), but just how it had managed to fall into the pocket remains one of those mysteries of gravity and physics. The remainder of the evening went well, and I continued to meet and chat with a great many people, some of whose names I remembered and others, who had come via Royal Roads and CMR were completely new to me, but all were welcoming and interesting folks. (Some may wonder about this guy



### Impressions of a Reunion Newbie (cont)

who was nervously checking his name tag every few seconds, but it remained firmly in place for the rest of the evening, but that was not to last!)

**Badging Parade:** The plan was to have breakfast in the cadet mess (what better way to reminisce 50-odd years back than to harken back to college food?), but the name tag curse returned in full force first. I made very sure it was firmly in place as I left my hotel room, and again when I got into my car. Duly parked at the college, I had not gotten more than 100 metres from my car when it was gone. I retraced my steps, searched the car and all around it; nada. It has not turned up since, but I'm hoping that when I get my car detailed before winter, as I do every year, it will be found, stuck in some weird place. Moving on, I came onto the Parade Square between the Frigate and the Mackenzie building, and suddenly realized that things learned long ago remain deeply buried in our psyche until triggered. In order to get to Yeo Hall my first instinct was to run at the double across the square, or to march around the sides! My rational mind won, and I marched across diagonally, but at every moment expecting to be shouted at for being a lowly worm transgressing on sacred ground. And, more instinct, without even thinking about it, as I passed the flag pole, I saluted. A demonstration of the power of early training! My impression of food quality at breakfast was that it was quite high, self-service was a novelty, and so was the number of cadets swanning through in civvies – I'm pretty sure that didn't happen fifty-odd years ago. The parade itself was totally impressive, with all the pomp, circumstance, and precision that I remember. One item that struck me in particular however was the rather eclectic placement of pillboxes on the heads of upper-year cadets; anything from where (in my humble opinion) God wants them to be, as far down on the left ear as possible, to the top of the head! My memory is that you didn't so much wear a pillbox, as stick it to the side of the head! The recruit class march-on showed that they cleaned up very nicely from the afternoon before, the badging ceremony, definitely a new tradition but a good one, was moving, and I still haven't figured out the tricky drill maneuver by which the recruit class ranks were "shuffled" into their squadron for the combined march-past. The Commandant's "address" to the cadet wing was also memorable, being basically "Gimme a beer!" and again, the mind is a wonderfully weird thing, I knew the response (even though I didn't ever, and still don't know what some of it means – Esses, Emma ... NCT?). The festivities over, Jerry Jensen and I repaired to the Senior Staff Mess, a chicken lunch, and a couple of Grimbergen, to which I introduced Jerry, and he pronounced it very good.

**Old Brigade Dinner:** First of all, let me say how much of an honour it was to be asked to say Grace at the dinner; it is something that I have often done elsewhere, but never has it felt more special than this time. And a 2<sup>nd</sup> proud moment was being able to stand and announce myself in the roll-call. Those two events made me feel fully a part of the RMC and Old Brigade family! That said, the food was great, the wine was plentiful, the company was sparkling and stimulating, and the pipes, drums, and Highland dancers entertainment stirred up the blood, even my Germanic blood! Had a great time, and was glad that after Jerry and I wandered next door to the Kingston Brewing Company for a post-dinner brandy (with no spouses the two of us dancing would have been unseemly) that I had had the foresight to book my room at the Four Points by Sheraton and thus was able to take the elevator home.

**March to the Arch:** Over the years, planning what might be on my bucket list, being part of a march-past in review with 52 other '65 comrades on the RMC Parade Square to "Precision" did not make the list, simply because it seemed a very remote possibility. Yet, here I was, doing exactly that! And, over my





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## Impressions of a Reunion Newbie (concluded)

professional years, I have organised many academic and church processions, which always feel like herding cats since neither academics nor clergy are very good at doing things in unison, but this one, despite some of the shambles initially (when did “Shuffle about 3 feet back” become a drill command?), once under way the group quickly fell into a “professional” march, all in step, arms up to the right height, keeping proper distance. I can’t help but think that marching for the first few hundred metres through 1<sup>st</sup> year cadets on the side of the road at the salute helped buck us up; the “we’ll show these young pups syndrome”! The memorial service at the Memorial Arch was well done (we clergy are always alert and finding fault with other clergy’s work; there was none to be found here!), and the new RMC Club Hymn, based on “Eternal Father, Strong to Save” struck a chord with me, and will be used this year at my church’s Remembrance Day service, as it is much more inclusive of Arms other than the Navy. The march back onto the Parade Square with the Recruit Class at attention in welcome was a nice touch. (It took me a few days, but later in the next week I realized I had a “Precision” earworm.) A quick lunch, some more Grimbergen, some hasty good-byes (sorry if I didn’t find you), and off back home, after a terrific weekend. Thank you, everybody!

## Update on the Class of 1965 Centre for Innovation in Teaching and Learning by 6588 Stephen Arnold

On October 22<sup>nd</sup>, I met with Principal Harry Kowal and Vice-Principal Academic Phil Bates. The purpose of the meeting was to obtain for the Class an update on the status of the Class of 1965 Centre for Innovation in Teaching and Learning (CITL).

First, I learned that the CITL concept had received “overwhelming support” at a joint meeting of RMC of Canada and CMRSJ faculty. A Committee of eighteen members was struck with faculty from all academic areas, the student body, the three Colleges (RMC of Canada, CMRSJ and Canadian Forces College Toronto) and other stakeholders such as the Canadian Defence Academy. The Committee has since had nine meetings.

The next step is to survey all faculty and students to ask “what they want and need.” Contacts and visits will be made to five other Canadian universities to learn “what is new and what works.” These surveys and visits will be conducted shortly with the results available early in 2016 in order to develop the CITL plan over the remainder of the year.

The timing of the Class of 1965 gift was considered “perfect.” Both the Principal and Vice-Principal Academic feel that the College needs to expand its activities that enhance education. They consider the CITL to provide an appropriate framework with its dual objectives of achieving teaching excellence and enhancing student success. Furthermore, and in addition to innovations in teaching and learning that would be created at RMC of Canada, centres for teaching and learning have been found to exist at several other Canadian universities and thereby provide many other initiatives to consider. Finally, the Principal suggested that the CITL might provide a vehicle for creating new named professorships. Donations to the RMC Foundation would be passed to the CITL which would create and fund the professorship. No public funds would be involved.

To view the complete update presentation, please go to the Class of 1965 website by clicking on the link

[http://www.rmc65.ca/CITL\\_CIEA.htm](http://www.rmc65.ca/CITL_CIEA.htm)



### Update on the Class of 1965 Centre for Innovation in Teaching and Learning (concluded)

Before the meeting ended, I took the opportunity to ask about the future of the Class of 1965 Professor in Leadership. I knew that Professor Nikolas Gardner's five-year appointment ended on June 30, 2016. It turned out that Vice-Principal Phil Bates was right in the middle of designing the process for selection of the new Class of 1965 "Chair" in Leadership and he shared his current thinking.

One difference beyond the name change is that the Class of 1965 Chair in Leadership will be held by a current member of the RMC of Canada faculty. The recipient will be the person who submits the best proposal as to how they would use the teaching release and research funding to advance the leadership topic. The selection committee will include three members of the Class of 1965 as well as the outgoing Chair (should he or she elect not to apply).

This proposed selection process for the Chair differs from the process which led to Professor Gardner's appointment. In that case, three external history professors including Professor Gardner were interviewed by a College selection committee. The objective of the selection committee was to identify a promising up-and-coming university professor and to offer such a person the Professorship.

My perspective on this possible change in the selection process is that it will provide greater visibility for a Class of 1965 Chair in Leadership. The Class name will be mentioned when the competition is announced, when the winner is named and on the occasion(s) when the recipient gives a public lecture. Classmate Keith Ambachtsheer agrees and observes that "the shift in direction for the Class of 1965 Chair in Leadership is smart (including refocusing it on already in-place faculty, making it competitive, setting an explicit term limit, bringing it under the CITL umbrella, and giving it far greater visibility)."

A final draft of the terms of reference for the Chair and the selection process will be proposed to the Class of 1965 in the near future.

### **Gord's Book Proposal**

by 6533 Gord (Navy) Forbes

Due to a recent turn of events, I have reluctantly decided not to proceed with my book about the Class of '65 and its contributions to the history of the last fifty years. This has nothing to do with the comments and feasibility of the project. For all those who have said that they would support me in this endeavour, I offer my thanks. I hope I have not disappointed you too much. I intend to continue writing on a more modest scale, including blogs, short stories and hopefully more articles for this newsletter.

I want to thank Mike Braham for allowing me to use the newsletter to "spread the word" about this project.



### **Books by the Forbes'** by 6332 Gaetan Dextras

#### **We Are As One by 6533 Gord (Navy) Forbes**

I really enjoyed this book. For those not familiar with the story, this book is about the explosion and fire that took place on HMCS Kootenay on October 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1969, killing nine men and injuring over fifty others. On this ship, Gordon Forbes was the Weapon's Officer and Al Kennedy was the Engineering Officer. The book does fulfill its stated goal of reaching out not only to the Kootenay crew and their families, but to the public at large. It describes these events from the Kootenay crew's perspective, providing much more in-depth info than what could be found on the Internet and the media in general. It also describes the long term impact on the mental condition of many of the crew. The writing style makes it pleasant to read. I heartily recommend this book, first because of its intrinsic value, and also because it seriously impacted the life of two of our classmates.

Link to Chapters/Indigo:

<https://www.chapters.indigo.ca/en-ca/books/we-are-as-one-the/9781926596945-item.html?ikwid=we+are+as+one&ikwsec=Home&ikwidx=0>

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#### **“Charly Forbes, Le dernier des fantassins”**

I'm still reading this book, so this is not a review, but the following info was of interest to the Forbes and might be of interest to others in our class (Scots in particular).

This book is a biography of Lt-Col Charly Forbes. It was written (in French) by Jean-Louis Morgan, based on a series of TV interviews by Alain Stanké, and published in 2010, probably around the same time that Charly Forbes passed away.

Charly Forbes (1921-2010), born in Matane, Gaspésie, QC, was a French-speaking Canadian Army officer who attended RMC from Sept 40 until 1942 when RMC changed vocation for the remainder of the war. He served with the Régiment de Maisonneuve from Normandy through Holland. He was awarded Holland's highest decoration (equivalent to the VC) by Queen Juliana in person. He later served in Korea with the R22R.

The following background information on the Forbes name is provided in the first pages of this book. Here is an abridged translation of this background info.

In 1303, Alexander of Forbes was killed by the English in the Urquhart Castle battle. He was a direct ancestor of Charly Forbes. Most of the Forbes originally established themselves in the region of Aberdeenshire in Scotland. Their motto was “Grace me guide”. Their Gaelic war cry was “Lonach!, which meant “I sweep”, probably describing their behaviour in sweeping their enemies off the battlefield. The Forbes' bagpipe tune was “The Battle of Glenn Eurann”. Their Coat of Arms featured 3 bears on an azure background. Legend has it that a certain Ochoncor had slaughtered 3 bears who were threatening a young lady named Forbess, whom he was courting. When asked to describe this feat, he started by saying “For Bess” and thus this would be the origin of the name Forbes, which was spelled “Forbess” back then. I understand from





### Books by the Forbes' (Conclusion)

Gord (RCAF) that Forbes is still pronounced “For-BESS” in Scotland.

Fast forward to 13 September 1759, and the Scots were now fighting with the English in the Battle of the Plains of Abraham in Québec City. One of the regiments involved was the 78th Fraser Highlanders, in which were two Forbes: James and Duncan. Charly Forbes believes he is a descendant of James. In 1763, the regiment was temporarily disbanded and its members were offered fertile lands along the St-Lawrence River. Descendants of the Forbes were found in the region of St-Vallier (on the South Shore, east of Quebec City). Charly's mother was a Stevenson, an old Matane family descending from a ship's captain from Plymouth (familiar to Kootenay crews) who settled in Canada in 1760. The Scots who settled in Gaspésie quickly “fraternized” with the local damsels who often originated from Brittany (Celtic culture) or Normandy (Frenchified Vikings with close relationships with the Scots). Thus their descendants became French-speaking.

Thus it came to be that the descendant of a Scotsman killed by the English in the XIV century came to fight the French with the English in 1759 in Canada, and that his own descendants became French-speaking!

Link to Chapters/Indigo:

<https://www.chapters.indigo.ca/en-ca/books/charly-forbes-le-dernier-desfantassins/9782894854846-item.html?ikwid=Charly+Forbes+Le+dernier+des+fantassins&ikwsec=Home&ikwidx=0>

### Post-Reunion Letters

**6515 Jim Boyd:** An excellent summary - how quickly you put pen to paper as it were. Just home yesterday, after 3890 km in our new Subaru Outback with plans for tent camping on the way home scuttled by Tropical storm Joaquin - we just missed the flash floods in NB on the way through...

I nudged Ed Sanford into presenting cap badges as well on the La Salle end of the parade, and my recollection is that 53 were numbered as present for the march to the Arch. I did not see the inappropriately attired newer Ex-Cadets but Angela did, and she was appalled as well, not only for their poor turnout but for their slovenly deportment - chewing gum, wearing flip-flops...? Perhaps they were making a statement (Ange says that would be - "Look at me, I'm an asshole")

**6339 Phil Bury:** Thank you for this as always. Only five days at sea!?!?! What the hell else do they do with their time?

I didn't see the scruffies, I guess they were at the left of the line and out of sight to me. But I had reports of more than several – classes / squadrons – that were a disgrace. I plan to write to Tony and Gerry on exactly that topic and, as you suggest, recommend that standards be maintained.

**6516 John Bardsley:** A very nice “Braham-centric” newsletter Michael. It made me feel that I was actually there, and also, sad to have missed it. Reading the “deceased” list at the end left a tear in my eye.



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## Post-Reunion Letters (Cont.)

**6667 Peter Messner:** Thanks for the Edition – sorry I could not attend – still working too hard!

**6380 Marc Jette:** Great to see you in good form at the reunion. Thanks for the newsletter so soon after the event. We too enjoyed most of the events, but some could use improvement. Suggestion: perhaps a quality control survey, so much in vogue today, could be put out to the attendees; like, on a scale of 1 to 5, did you like the meet and greet? How could it be improved? This could also be applied to the Old Brigade attendees. We may only have 1 or 2 of these left; it's not too late!

**6490 Charles Emond:** Well done, as always, but especially this time, with your most timely, warm personal account of our splendid Class reunion. A way for those unable to attend to share and a wonderful consolidation of our many happy feelings for all of us who did.

**6700 Bob Walker:** BZ, Mike, an excellent & timely souvenir production. Please pass our Walker Regards to your dear Jan, too. We enjoyed chatting with her immensely, even discussing our early-parenting, west-coast times when your Wendy & our Kimothy were teaching us adults just how to be effective parents. Long time ago! It was most evident that our spouses enjoyed their reunion event get-togethers to catch up, as much as did we RMC 65 macho males! Obviously, a good time was had by all!

## Reunion Reckoning by 6439 Hugh Spence

The Class's 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of graduation is now history. Cheered brightly by the magnificent weather, it was arguably the best reunion we've ever had, with 80 Class members in attendance, not far from a record number, and better halves making a grand crowd of some 150 at the main events. Nine "first timers" joined the group and all reported having a good time. Aably led by brevet CSL Phil Bury, 60 stalwarts made the memorial March to the Arch on Sunday, joined there by two more on the halt and lame bus.

The following is a summary report of the resulting financial picture:

(June 1)	RMC Class funds in trust	\$2,013.24	(Royal Bank c/o Spence)
	Registration fees rec'd	\$9,879.00	
	Bank interest	1.42	
	<b>Total credits</b>	<b>\$11,893.66</b>	
(Oct. 2)	Expenditures* total	<b><u>\$10,995.49</u></b>	
(Oct. 9)	RMC Class funds in trust	\$898.17	(bank balance remaining)

\* expenditures included: stationery, copying, postage, nametags, beret badges, shuttle bus, cadet honoraria, mess food, labour and wine charges (Meet & Greet and luncheon), gratuities, refunds

It was hoped that registration fees might result in a break-even situation, leaving enough in the bank that perhaps the next reunion could be held at no charge to attendees for Class events, or at least with a free bar at the Meet & Greet. Sorry, no such luck.



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## Annual Dinner Ottawa Branch RMC Club

The Ottawa Branch of the RMC Club repeated a successful formula from last year and held its annual dinner at the International Restaurant of Algonquin College. As part of its Culinary Arts Program, this restaurant serves as a practical training medium for future chefs, servers, bar tenders and restaurateurs.

The food was excellent—four courses beautifully prepared and displayed, in a very pleasant ambience. There were about 50 ex-cadets and partners in attendance and all thoroughly enjoyed the evening. The Class of 65 was represented by **Braham, Cale, Carruthers, Lukey** (who is not sure whether he is Class of 65 or 66!), and **Spence** plus their partners who brightened up an otherwise dull group!

## Closing Notes

Thanks to everyone who contributed this time, particularly those who offered comments on the excellent Reunion weekend. Loved **Gerry Mueller's** insightful and humorous report on his experience. It is not too late for any further thoughts on this or any other subjects that you would like to raise.