

CLASS OF 65 NEWSLETTER



Edition 2 – Feb 2008



Disclaimer: This Newsletter is produced for members of the RMC Class of 1965 and is based solely 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 of 65. Articles will be entered in the official language in which they are received. Regrettably the Editorial staff still lacks the linguistic skills to produce a bilingual version.

Editor's Corner

Based on the responses received, we got off to a reasonably good start with the first edition, at least enough to stimulate idle curiosity for future outputs.

Of course, I didn't hear from everyone, but as an eternal optimist and as a NATO-trained staff officer, I construed silence to mean consent!

This issue features some reminiscences by **Rick Archer** on his early perceptions of naval life. Having "suffered" similar experiences, they struck a chord both as seeming a long way off and yet remaining very familiar.

Perhaps in another issue I, or one of my *HMCS Gatineau* colleagues might share some of our early experiences with the senior service - not quite as inspiring as Rick's.

Also included are recent biographies of two classmates that appeared in a recent edition of *eVeritas*. Personally, I found them very interesting and a

great way to catch up on what old friends are doing. I hope that some of you will consider providing your own updates.

Apologies

Doug Cope noted that I had not identified which person he was in the photo accompanying the article *Copious in the Outback*. He is the one in the middle.

Gatherings

Ottawa Lunch: **Fats Carruthers** organised another lunch for the Ottawa gang and, as usual it was well attended. In addition to Jim and yours truly, **Hugh Spence, Rick Archer, Ken Clarkson, Doug Cope, Ed Sandford, Peter Houlston, Dave McCartney, Jim Astley, Roger Likins, Roman Jakubow, Gord Forbes, Jim Cale** and **John Adams** were present.

In addition to general catching up and chit chat, the large contingent of former naval persons entertained their less privileged brethren with a variety of salty dips on how they had survived their early days before the mast.

On a sad note, the gathering noted the passing of **Fras Holman's** mother and extended its sympathies to Fraser and his family. **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Canadian Defence Association Institute

Alain Pellerin very kindly provided the following.

Unfortunately, the picture Alain refers to is too large electronically and would crash everyone's e-mail if included. Sorry, but you'll just have to use your imagination. Other than Col. Petrolikas, it's not a very prepossessing group anyway!

Alain wrote, "I thought you might be interested in the attached picture of (left to right) Col(ret'd) George Petrolikas, **Phil Bury**, **John Adams**, moi and Jim **Carruthers**. **Terry Colfer** was also meant to be there but had to cancel at the last minute.

It was taken on 16 January at a roundtable where George was speaking on Afghanistan. These roundtables (normally one a month, but sometimes more often - in January we held 3) are organized by the Executive Director (moi) of the Conference of Defence Associations Institute (CDAI). Jim is a Board Member of the Institute.

Gen(ret'd) Paul Manson is the President of the Institute, and John Cowan is its VP. For more details about the Institute see: http://www.cdai-ca/CDAI_menu.htm

Where are they now?

The following are reprinted with the kind permission of eVeritas and the two classmates.



6588 Stephen J Arnold is Professor Emeritus, School of Business, Queen's University at Kingston, Canada. He is currently a Visiting Professor attached to the Retail Group at the University of Surrey. Steven has a BSc from the Royal Military College of Canada and MBA and PhD degrees from the University of Toronto. His interests in research methods range from structural equation modeling through to hermeneutics and institutional semiotics. His current work on retail globalization addresses research questions on consumer response to global retailers and management of the multinational retail enterprise.

Editors Note: This edition's free issue goes to anyone (other than Steve) who has any idea what **hermeneutics** or **semiotics** are!



6640 Tony Goode. After 30 years of commissioned service in the Canadian Navy, during which he commanded HMC Ships *Thunder*, *Chignecto*, *Saguenay* and *Algonquin*, as well as Training Group Pacific, Fourth Destroyer Squadron

and Royal Roads Military College, Tony Goode retired as the CF Naval Attache at the Canadian Embassy in Washington, DC in 1996 to join Litton Systems Canada (now L-3 Electronic Systems) as the Program Manager for the Tribal Class Update and Modernization Program (TRUMP).

As that program wound down, Tony assumed responsibilities for program management of the CP 140 Mission Systems Avionics Engineering and In Service Support program and other related contracts.

Moving from Toronto to L-3's Halifax facility in late 1997, he assumed responsibility for starting up the Vehicle Electronics manufacturing program for the Canadian Army's Light Armoured Vehicle program.

With the then General Motors Defence as the main customer, Vehicle Electronics developed one of the largest programs at the Halifax facility. It expanded even further with award of a contract from the GMD/GDLS joint venture for the US Army's Stryker Vehicle program to build all of the vehicle electronics for over 2000 vehicles.

In 2003, Capt Goode moved from Program Management to Business Development and was appointed Director of Business Development for L-3 Electronic Systems. He retired from L-3 in 2006 to join CFN Consultants Atlantic in their Aerospace and Defence consulting practice. In addition, he is currently the VP for Business Development for the Aerospace and Defence Industries Association of Nova Scotia .

He belongs to the Naval Officers Association, NS Branch and is an active Rotarian. Tony is a graduate of the Royal Military College of Canada and the National Defence College of Canada.

Tony is married to Terry, resides in Dartmouth and their twin sons, Charles and Jonathan are a teacher and a lawyer respectively.

The Summer of '64 - By 6585 Richard Archer

On a spring day in 1964, I dropped in to see RMC's resident Naval Staff Officer, Neil "Chesty" Norton (*He would later be the CO of the ill-fated HMCS Kootenay, and on another occasion, my CO in HMCS Saskatchewan.*) to

see if I could change my posting for the forthcoming summer training. I had been assigned to a West Coast ship, but after two summers in the Esquimalt-based World War II vintage frigate, *HMCS Antigonish*, used for junior officer training, I wanted to sail new seas.

In due course he let me know that I had been re-assigned to Halifax-based *HMCS Yukon*. Little did I know that that the assignment to *Yukon* would change much about my view of the Navy. I had originally joined as a naval cadet in the short-service, fleet air arm-oriented *HMCS Venture* programme looking for adventure. Along with **Roger Chiasson**, **Lynn Mason**, **Mart Leesti** and **Ed Young** our academics in *Venture's* first year had allowed us to transfer to Royal Roads. But whereas I could handle the load at Royal Roads and at RMC -- and while my *Venture* classmates were either flying Trackers and helicopters off ships or sailing the south seas - I had begun to lose interest in the academic grind. Instead of adventure, there I was languishing in a classroom in Kingston, a long way from the sea.

In the Spring of '64 the Navy itself was also in my bad books. The two summer training sessions in *HMCS Antigonish*, including the second year where I was Cadet Captain, had been 10 weeks each of constant hazing, sleep-deprivation and group punishments. A common penalty was stoppage of leave in foreign ports, which for us cadets was akin to capital punishment. Ask **Steve Arnold** - he was detected wearing the milcol-issued grey wool socks with his boots instead of the naval black socks so his leave was jammed in Hawaii by the Cadet Training Officer. Given such nonsense I wasn't a happy camper. Fortunately, *Yukon* changed all that.

After graduation and just before my 21st birthday I found myself at RCAF Trenton with 3 or 4 other ROTP cadets including **Tom Bailey** and **John Dodd** also posted to *Yukon*, ordered to fly to Amsterdam to pick up the ship there. On an archaic *Yukon* aircraft we endured ten hours of rearward-facing seating and constant four-engined droning vibration before landing at the Canadian base at Marville in north-east France. We then caught an internal flight to Amsterdam on a drafty Bristol Freighter complete with fixed undercarriage. We were met at Schipol by a ship's officer and taken to the ship.

This was more like it. *Yukon* looked beautiful alongside the wall- all curves and designed for all-out NBC warfare- virtually in downtown Amsterdam

after coming in from the North Sea via the Nordzeekanal. There may have been one or more other Canadian ships alongside as well, although I can't recall their names (it was 44 years ago...). *Yukon*, DDE 263, was the third of the four *Mackenzie*-class destroyer escorts and is now an artificial reef off San Diego. The CO was "Boomer" Cocks, a highly competent ex-pilot who, true to his nickname, growled in high decibels and brooked no slackers.

The XO was courtly Hugh Plant, who had seen some fame some years before in a Time Magazine article, recovering pieces of a Canadian naval practice shell that had landed in a schoolyard in Clallam Bay, Washington.

After being built by Burrards Drydock in North Vancouver, the ship had been commissioned in May of 1963 and still had its commissioning crew on board. The story was that the ship's coxswain had worked in the manning depot, and had personally selected the crew. It was a brand-new, competent and happy ship.

We summer trainees, now risen to the giddy height of "Cadet Midshipmen", with a white lapel button patch replacing the previous black one, were lodged in temporary bunks in a forward mess deck. Instead of being relegated to a separate cadet "gunroom", we now operated out of the wardroom.

After 3 or 4 glorious and eye-opening days in Amsterdam, we set sail back down the Nordzeekanal and out into the North Sea. We of course had a programme of formal training to follow, but when it came to sea watches, another big difference from the West Coast frigates was that we were no longer treated like ordinary seamen. On the frigates like *Antigonish*, besides learning seamanship and such things as celestial navigation, we had stood watches as helmsman, lookout, lifeguard sentry and so on. Now here I was standing watches as Third Officer of the Watch and Assistant Operations Room Officer, while the formal training introduced us to operations, weapons, marine engineering, supply and so on. I loved it.

We were headed over to Londonderry, Northern Ireland, and in due course sailed up Loch Foyle to a berth downtown. We were there to prepare for participation in a Royal Navy Joint Maritime Warfare Course (JMC). There was nearly a week of briefings and pre-sailing work-up exercises for the operational teams before the sea phase, and I talked the XO into letting me

take some leave so I could visit my aunts, uncles and cousins in the London, England area.

Knowing that I was visiting Northern Ireland, my Dad had given me the princely sum of \$25 to pay for the Ireland-England and return air fare, which in those days was about right.

The closest airport was in Belfast, so I first had to find my way to the Londonderry train station. With my pockets loaded down with a ton of huge coins, I caught a bus and found my way to the train station. The earliest train to arrive in Belfast was a milk run that stopped at every village on the coast, but I eventually got there and found a bus that that took me to the airport. I landed at Heathrow and took a taxi to the one address I knew of an aunt and uncle. I shared the taxi with a married couple who also lived in the area to west of London. The couple kindly offered to put me up for the night when the driver was unable to find my relative's address, however after a few inquiries at police stations, we finally arrived. I asked, "How much?" "A pound", snarled the driver. This elicited exclamations of shock from the couple. "Far too much," they said. But I paid it anyway.

I had three wonderful days with my aunt and uncle before retracing my steps back to the ship.

When I arrived in Belfast it was early in the morning and the train station was closed, with huge corrugated iron doors covering the main entrance. I sat on my suitcase. Before long a taxi pulled up, and I was called over by the elderly driver. I assured him I wasn't waiting for a taxi, but he asked me to sit inside anyway until the station opened. It was one of those memorable moments that we all have in our lives. I was tired from my red-eye from London, but he kept me awake telling me story after story of the "troubles" in Northern Ireland back in the thirties when the IRA was fighting for independence from the UK.

We were interrupted by a tap at the window. It was a policeman. We explained the situation. "Follow me," he said. We went over to the doors, where he took out his truncheon and pounded loudly on the corrugated iron, showering rust flakes on me. A watchman's head appeared in the gap, and the policeman ordered him to let me in. Before the ticket office opened I slept for a couple of hours on a bench in one of the tea shops.



A couple of days later we left Londonderry for the two-week sea phase of the JMC. It was a very simple scenario: the warships were escorting a "high value unit" through submarine-infested waters. I was in the operations room on watch when HMS *Ocelot* tried to penetrate the screen and was detected by *Yukon*. A close submarine action followed with lots of heavy manoeuvring, a cacophony of orders and responses, the manipulations and pings of the three different sonars, the identification and outwitting of submarine decoys and the pretended firing of anti-submarine mortars - the naval equivalent of a firefight. In due course Boomer Cocks took delight in informing *Ocelot* via underwater telephone that she'd been sunk...I was hooked.

In a break in the exercise play, we retired to Ballykelly, a refuelling station in the Loch Foyle estuary. This was of significance to me because just down the road was the Royal Navy's fleet air arm base at Eglinton.

After surviving Dunkirk, but soon thereafter being badly injured, my father had been de-mobilized and started work at the Fairey Aviation works near where we lived to the west of London. In the late forties, he was sent to Eglinton to support the sale and service of new Fairey Firefly aircraft for the Royal Canadian Navy's aircraft carrier, HMCS *Warrior*. He bunked with the Canadians and liked them a lot. When the chance came in 1953 to take up a job offer from AV Roe, outside Toronto building CF 100s and the Arrow, he jumped at it.

While we entered the estuary, some of the sailors dreamed up a lark. They painted a bedsheet with vertical blue borders down each side. In the centre they added the green three-leafed maple symbol as found in the Canadian coat of arms. It was one of the designs for the new Canadian flag then being debated in Parliament. The Captain agreed to it being flown from the masthead as we approached the fuelling pier. Big mistake! Word got back to Canada, and there were shocked questions in Parliament for the Minister. A political cartoon appeared in the Halifax Chronicle-Herald showing *Yukon* sinking in the distance and the Captain rowing across to another ship where the other captain, standing under his smoking guns, was saying, "*Sorry Old Boy, I didn't recognize your flag.*"

I guess Boomer Cocks was disciplined for his "error", but it didn't seem to hurt. The last time I saw him in uniform some years later he was a Commodore!

Another interesting event during the JMC exercises was an accident while practising the launch of Mk46 antisubmarine torpedoes. Instead of launching by torpedo tubes, the torpedo was thrown over the ship's side by a device developed from a WWII depth charge thrower. A dummy torpedo was used, and it had a rope secured to it for easy recovery. Unfortunately the ship moved ahead and the torpedo was dragged into the starboard propeller, seriously damaging it.

Arrangements were made for the ship to go into the fabled Harland and Wolfe shipyard (where the *Titanic* was built) in Belfast. The ship was put into drydock and the propeller put back into shape in three days.

After the JMC and its post-exercise debriefs *Yukon* was to meet with the new supply ship, HMCS *Provider* off the coast of Cornwall. *Provider* had just been fitted in a British shipyard with state-of-the-art replenishment-at-sea (RAS) equipment, featuring a probe that was let down along a constant-tension wire to be rammed into a bell receptacle. A simple lever then depressed the ball valve at the tip of the probe, and fuel could start flowing into the receiving ship. It was a major improvement on the old bolted flange hose-joining device, called a breakable spool.

The idea was for *Yukon* to rendezvous with *Provider* in the western approaches to the English Channel and to head south into relatively calm waters for the initial acceptance trials, with a port visit in Las Palmas in Gran Canarias. Afterwards, the two ships would seek out bad weather enroute Halifax to do the rough sea trials.

On the way south, however, *Yukon* experienced a minor fire in its 3"70 gun power system. The main gun drive had burned out. This wasn't a major problem for the RAS trials, but the situation in Cyprus at that time was getting critical, and *Yukon* was on notice to go to the aid of the Canadian troops if needed. The 3"70 would be critical if that happened. It was arranged for a new drive to be shipped over by the air force and delivered to *Provider*. By the time we met with her, *Provider* was at anchor in the roadstead off Portland, Cornwall.

We stayed a few days, getting the gun system up and running before heading south.

The trip south was largely uneventful, and the RAS trials went well. It wasn't long before we were off the coast of Africa. I spent the time doing my formal training programme and standing watches...and witnessing the excitement of the RAS events - always a hazardous operation at the best of times.

But it wasn't all work. Precisely at 1600 most days *Provider* would come to a stop and we'd do the same. A rifle and ammunition were drawn from the armoury, and one of the sailors would patrol the flag deck with the loaded rifle on shark watch. A scrambling net would be lowered over the ship's side to the water. The pipe would be made, "Hands to bathe! Port side only! Heads and washplaces on the port side are out of bounds!"

Most of the off-watch crew would take the opportunity to get into their swimming stuff and leap over the side. Water temperature in those latitudes was about 75 degrees. During one such occasion I was on watch on the bridge. I was asked by a sailor, "How far's the nearest land, Sir?" "About two miles," I replied, and he started searching the horizon. "No, no," I said, "straight down."

We arrived in Las Palmas to a cool welcome. There were about seven different types of national, state, municipal and military police forces, and before long they seemed to be in a contest to see who could beat the most Canadian sailors with their night-sticks. When I went ashore, I was eyed suspiciously and was discouraged from using certain public facilities like change houses for the beach. We couldn't wait to get out of there.

The time came for the two ships to make their way back to Halifax, but bad weather was in short supply, and we arrived a few days early. Unfortunately for me I had picked up a bug in the Canary Islands, and on arrival I was shipped off to the Stadacona hospital with gastro-enteritis. An inglorious end to a great adventure!

We cadet midshipmen only had about a week and a half left of our ten weeks summer training. I spent the first three or four days in hospital. The remainder of the time I spent exploring Halifax, my first time in the city.

When I got back to RMC in September, I asked a few fellow cadets what they did for summer training. For the most part it was, "I operated out of the administrative office in Moose Jaw", or, "I did inventory at Wainright." Of course I couldn't wait to be asked what I did....

But that is not the end of the tale of the summer of '64. Not long after I arrived home, there was a knock at the door. Standing outside were **Roger Chiasson, Dallas Mowat, John Dodd and Tom Bailey**. In the driveway were two cars, a late model Ford Thunderbird convertible and a full-size (ie, huge) '59 Pontiac convertible. "Are you ready to go?" asked Dallas. In a flash it all came back to me. Just before breaking up and heading out to summer training, I had agreed to help these guys drive used cars from a Toronto wholesaler to dealers in Winnipeg and Vancouver. The idea was to go non-stop...but it didn't turn out that way. But that's another story, the Summer of '64, Part 2.

Closing Notes

I was hoping to have a bank of articles by now but that is not the case. Some of you must have some interesting memories; be doing something that might be of interest; or have some other bump you might like to share with the rest of us.

Brush off those pencil stubs and get cracking or I am going to start making up stuff about some of you!!

Clearly the contents of this, and of the first edition, do not all fall into the category of "news", however, unless there are strong objections to the contrary, I will continue to encourage the submission of reminiscences for entry that I hope will provide a nice counter-point to more recent events.

Finally, I continue to be technologically challenged in my efforts to produce a newsletter that can be jazzed up a bit by some pictures. I have tried changing colour pictures into black and white and lowering the resolution with only limited success, vis. the picture submitted by Alain. Despite my best efforts, it ended up creating a 13 MB edition with its inclusion.

My next venture will be to try and set up a web site so that future editions can be forwarded as a link rather than as an e-mail attachment.

If any of you engineers have a suggestion in a language understandable by this technically challenged *Gen Scientist*, I would be grateful for the help.

I realise this edition is following a bit close on the heels of the first one, but I would like to establish a bit of momentum before settling into a less frequent schedule.

Anyway, I had enough material so decided to press ahead. Returning to my previous theme, it seems that around 10 pages is an optimum size as long as it is an e-mail attachment.