



Class of 65 Newsletter

Edition 54-Nov 2012



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Editor's Corner

The real news this month is the huge growth in potential readership. Thanks to some diligent research, primarily by **Gaetan Dextras** we have about fifty new members added to the class list. To all of you receiving this newsletter for the first time - welcome back! Where have you been? We would love to hear about what has kept you occupied since we last met, so how about a brief resume for a future edition of this monthly class newsletter. Please feel free to submit in the language of your choice. That said, if you do not want to receive the newsletter, just let me know and I will take you off the mailing list. This also applies to those of you who have been receiving it already but who have suffered in silence.



We can add another Jubilee medal to the Class haul - **Hugh Spence** received his, along with yours truly, at a ceremony at the Canadian War Museum on Friday, 2 November. The medals, to about fifty recipients, were presented by former CDS, General (Ret'd) Ramsey Withers. The picture is taken alongside the recently restored 1917 6-Ton Tank. The tank is on the right.

Jack Harris has produced an article on his participation in Ironman Canada a few years ago. In his accompanying note, Jack reported, *"My time was rather disappointing, but I don't suppose anyone other than me really cares. We are off to our winter home at Pebble Creek in the west end of Phoenix at the end of the month. Despite John Adam's constant admonition that "Golf is a sissy sport", I have been forced to start. We have 5 linkable 9 hole courses in Pebble Creek, so it seemed appropriate. It is the only sport I have*

ever played where fat guys who smoke cigars can beat me! There is no justice."

In a follow-up note he added (referring to golf), "It is a hard game isn't it! I am always surprised how hard I have to work to be mediocre! However, the good thing is that it is fun and I really enjoy getting out there with friends. And, of course, every now and then things work correctly and I am left with the impression that I might do all right after all.....only to have my hopes dashed on the next outing. As one of my better friends reminded me after I had a bad hole after several good ones, he said "Jack, you can't swing the club and pat yourself on the back at the same time!!" He was so right."

Gord (Navy) Forbes has added some recollections of his time in the Navy that he kindly says were prompted by an article in a previous newsletter. For that, he receives a year's free subscription.

Finally, **Hugh Spence**, shares his latest "naval" experience.

Before getting to those however, **Tom Drolet** provided the following update on what he is up to as part of the recent review of the class mailing list.



I continue to do work in the energy consulting area. Boredom otherwise. You can check out the talks I give on the circuit at www.droletenergy.com

Biggest consulting jobs are with Japan Ministry METI and TEPCO re Fukushima Dai-ichi--3 visits over last year and 1/4. What a (expletive deleted) up... and a consensus driven culture that just will not move as fast as we on the DOE/IAEA task force want.

Other area is Geothermal Energy--35 MWe plant north of San Francisco, CA in the Geysers field; a 75 MWe plant at Suswa Kenya--and a new (part time) temp job as CEO of an innovative new geothermal company GreenWell Power Corp LLC that I just took to get funding to capture geothermal energy from abandoned oil and gas wells in Texas.

Some bit work in Shale Gas--the area that will totally revolutionize electricity in USA and to some degree in Canada in our lifetimes.

Best to you and all the guys. I remain healthy (Xrossing all my digits after the partial prostrate cyrothearpy in 2005)

Ironman !

By 6633 Jack Harris



The two thousand athletes standing in Okanagan Lake cheer as the singing of O'Canada finishes. The sun crests the Naramata hills and we knew that it was going to be another near perfect Okanagan day for Ironman Canada in Penticton.

Up to my waist in Okanagan Lake waiting for the start of Ironman Canada I am happy, I am comfortable, I am enjoying myself. I am looking forward to the long day ahead ... and no one is more surprised than me!

At 4am I wasn't quite so cheerful. It was cold and dark as I forced down a high carb breakfast before gathering my equipment and heading to the start area. A Tim's coffee with glazed donut made the final walk to the lake more pleasant.

By 6am the start area is energized by two thousand very fit athletes whose rigorous training has taken up to 5 hours a day for the last 4 to 8 months. Steve King "the Voice of Triathlon" is keeping up an entertaining banter. I get in line to be numbered before heading into the bike corral to pump up tires, put on my ankle timing bracelet and lay out transition gear.

There isn't much chatter; everyone is occupied by his or her own thoughts. The lady next to me has tears running down her cheeks as emotion overwhelms her with the realization that she is finally at the Ironman. I put on my triathlon wet suit, get in the water for a brief warm-up, then wander around enjoying the moment before steeling myself for the start of the swim. My coach had reminded me that this is special. The long hard

training is over and now it is time to savour the moment and try to have fun.

The helicopters are in the air, the safety boats are ready and the pros, who get a 15 minute head start to keep them separated from the rabble, are already underway. We help Steve King count down the last 10 seconds. The start cannon roars and we have 17 hours to complete the 140.4 miles of Ironman Canada.

To put the Ironman distances in perspective, imagine jumping into the water at the ferry dock on Wolf Island and swimming to the jetty in front of the Stone Frigate (3.8km). Now hop on your bike and ride to Ottawa, the long way, via Brockville (182 km). Rack your bike and do the Ottawa marathon (42 km). It makes for a long day.

The training starts months, if not years, in advance. This is my second Ironman. I am turning 60 and feel I should do something significant to mark the event. Jane and I spent the winter in La Paz, Baja Sur in Mexico aboard *Sirius*, our 37 foot Pearson designed ketch. It was a great place to run and work on core strength. Long runs along the waterfront under the comfortable Baja winter sun were a treat. Serious bike and swim training started in April when we returned to Victoria.

The start of the swim is chaotic and I struggle for swimming room with the other 2000 athletes. The pack eventually spreads out and I get a rhythm going toward the first turn point, just over a mile from the beach.

The second leg is a bit shorter and soon I turn onto the 3rd leg heading back to the beach. As I hit the beach, I take a quick look at the time and find I am out of the water in 1 hour and 13 minutes. I unzip my tri suit and get my arms free while running toward the transition. Before I have time to pat myself on the back for my swim time, I am thrown to the grass by a couple of giggling and bawdy middle aged ladies. These are the "strippers" and their job is to rip off your tri wetsuit and send you on your way (often with a friendly pat on the bum). They seem to be enjoying their job.

In transition I apply liberal quantities of Bag Balm, change into my cycling

gear, eat a Powerbar, drink more Gatorade and slap on sunscreen before heading out on my bike. The crowds along Main Street are noisy and enthusiastic. I spot Jane and we share a wave and a "good luck". I get my legs under me, get down into the tri bars and begin the long ride. See you in 7 hours.

The first part of the bike course is along Skaha Lake and is lovely and rolling. One steep hill takes me up to the bench and before long I am speeding back downhill into Okanagan Falls and on to the long road to Osoyoos.

My watch beeps and I realize it is "feeding time". My nutritionist was clear about nourishment. She pointed out that the Ironman is actually 4 events, the 4th, and most important, is Nutrition. Without proper nutrition and hydration I will not finish the race. Every 20 minutes my watch reminds me to eat and drink. Taped to my handlebars is today's menu. One water bottle of Gatorade every hour, peanuts, Powerbar (how I grew to hate them!), raisins, dates, candies and gels will keep me going. There are feeding stations along the way where I get more Gatorade and get gels, Powerbars bits, and grab handfuls of fruit and cookies.

After about 60km I am in Osoyoos and ready to begin the 11km climb up and over Richter Pass. They say this is the hardest part of the course, but, having done it before, I know this isn't exactly true. Much later in the race there is another, longer but less steep climb up Yellow Lake Road. Before the climb I have to pee - a handy bush presents itself, and I hop off the bike for a "natural break". As I climb back on I see that I have started a trend - at least 30 other triathletes have now stopped to water the desert. Elite athletes don't stop, they just let it go on the bike. Never follow a pro too closely - that may not be Gatorade that is streaming off the bike.

Once I grind over the top, I have a fun and very fast downhill. My carbon fibre bike and aero wheels are light, fast and smooth. I get into a stable and aerodynamic position and enjoy the ride. A quick peek at my computer tells me I am doing just over 75km/hr. I feel like the fastest man on the mountain, until several other riders pass me- they must be hitting close to

100!

A series of rollers takes me to Keremeos and the "out and back" at about 110km. I find my replenishment bag, quickly change socks, put on more sunscreen, clean the sweat off my sunglasses, grab my "defizzed" coke and peanut butter sandwiches, take a couple of Aleve and head back on the course. By now it is 31C and the day is starting to take its toll.

Yellow Lake Road comes at a bad spot - I am over 130km into the race and must now climb for nearly 20 km to the summit before heading down into Penticton. As I stand up on a steep part I hear a pop and realize I have a flat. Damn!! Off comes the wheel, the tube is out, I inspect the rim, put in a new tube, blow it up with a CO2 cartridge and get going again. I would later find that there was a hole in the rim tape and I had blown the 120psi tube through a spoke hole. It could have happened anywhere, and I am really glad it wasn't at 75km/hr coming down Richter!

The ride off the top and down the hill into Penticton is every bit as fast as Richter Pass. I try to give the road my total attention, but my mind is already on the marathon.

By the time I finish the bike, the winners have almost completed the entire course. Once they have a shower and a bite to eat, and looking fresh and rested, they will be at the finish cheering for the rest of us. Impressive athletes!!

The bike to run transition is a little slow - I am tired. On go the running clothes including my "lucky" singlet. It sports a Canadian flag and I wore it in the London Marathon when I did a sub 3 hour marathon over 20 years ago. I see Jane and we walk for a while as I get some food and drink into me before I am once again on the way out of town. The coach reminded me time and again that, if I make the bike cut-off time, I have lots of time to do the marathon before midnight when the clock turns everyone who hasn't finished into "also rans". My plan is to alternate walking and running.

The run course parallels Skaha Lake and is very pretty. At the turn around

point in OK Falls I once again change socks, grab "dinner" and start back. I am well behind my optimistic time - but will still be over an hour faster than my previous Ironman.

I link up with another athlete and we encourage each other as we get glow sticks to protect us from the encroaching night. There is a long line of glow sticks coming and going along the lake. A merry group is approaching, still on their way to the turn point. It is Sister Madonna Buder, the Iron Nun, and a retinue of supporters. She has done more than 300 triathlons including over 40 Ironmans. (The next time I saw her was in 2012 at the 30th, and last, Penticton Ironman Canada. She made it her final Ironman and finished in 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours - a great accomplishment for the 84 year old Sister!!)

People are still out cheering for us, and some are well organized. I pass a young lad who yells my number to his brother who is about 25 metres further along. He has a program and a flashlight. He quickly looks up my number and yells to Grandma, who is sitting another 25 metres along, "Jack, Grandma - he's an old guy". Thanks kid! But Grandma's encouragement is welcome.

As we near the finish I can hear the music, the crowd and Steve King. He has been announcing since before 6am and is still fuelling the crowd's enthusiasm. By this time my only focus is to finish. Time is no longer important - keeping going is everything. I approach the finish with its heartbreaking last 2km. The course leads me away from the finish area and



back along the beach for a km. I double back at that point and, using my last remaining energy, run along the lake to the finish. The crowd is still cheering, the music is loud and the finish is a very welcome sight.

I cross the finish line. With the same enthusiasm he has shown for hundreds of finishers, Steve King makes the announcement I have been working so hard to hear, "Jack Harris, 60 years old from Victoria, you are an Ironman!"

BRAVO ZULU Jack!

Memories, Oh Memories

By 6533* Gord (Navy) Forbes



The Class of 65 newsletters always bring forth memories. Some are vague and distant, some are more vivid. Edition 52 of the newsletter brought forth a few really meaningful memories for me.

The most vivid arose from Roger Chiasson's account of his early naval training, Ready Aye Ready - the Start of a Naval Career. I was in the same group as Roger during our Pre-Fleet course. His remembrance of the time at HMCS Hochelaga for supply training present a rather tame picture compared to my, somewhat cloudy, memories. During the five weeks at Hochelaga, as a young, healthy (at least when I arrived) and single officer, I went through about three months' worth of pay. I happened to share a cabin there with a newly married young man from the University of Saskatchewan who was out to have his last fling. I got to tag along. My memories revolve around going to a different bar or club almost every night of the week, arriving back at the wardroom in the wee small hours and trying desperately trying to stay awake during the next day's lectures on some obscure supply system document. What really annoyed many of my classmates was that at the end of the course, I finished second.

The next adventure was HMCS Cornwallis, or at least the trip to get there. In those days, I owned a 1963 Corvair coupe (you know, the ones made famous by Ralph Nader). It was a good car and served me well for about 16 months. We were all planning to drive solo from Montreal to Cornwallis, but at the last minute, one of our number (not an RMC classmate) who did not own a car (nor even a driver's licence) asked if he could travel with me. Foolishly, I said yes. Three or four days before we left, he invited me to his cabin to ask if I could fit all of his gear into the car. I took one look at his entire worldly possessions and was horrified. It would not even have fit in my current SUV, never mind my lowly Corvair. I told him to get rid of everything but the bare essentials or the deal was off. He did his best, but by Saturday morning when we left Hochelaga, we still had a sadly overloaded

car. Nonetheless, with him cradling his stereo equipment on his lap, we were on our way. By noon Saturday, somewhere in rural New England, we had our first flat. I dug out the spare and put it on, and we were on our way again. I decided that we should try to make St. Stephen, New Brunswick that night since neither of us had American money. Some who have driven from Upper Canada to the Maritimes through the States may remember the infamous Airline route, Maine Route 9. At that time, it had to be the most isolated highway in the continental US, with nothing for miles and miles. You guessed it, half way across this route, at nine o'clock Saturday night, we had our second flat, alas with no spare. Everything closed early on Saturday in those days. I was sure that I had seen a gas station a few miles back, so all I could do was try and walk back to find it - and hope it was open. I figure I walked about six miles before being picked up by a friendly soul and driven the remaining ten miles to that gas station that had not quite closed yet. Fortunately, he agreed to drive back to the car, pick up the tire and return it to us. We finally arrived in St. Stephen about two o'clock in the morning. The next day, after one more car incident, we finally reached HMCS Cornwallis for what was, for me, a two week recovery program. My passenger complained to me that it had not been a very good trip!

The next stop was Halifax and the remainder of our course at HMCS Stadacona. Four days after I arrived there, I met my future wife, Denee. We were engaged five weeks later. You can imagine how much of that part of the course really stuck to my memory.

I will close with one other reminiscence, this one involving Roger and his dear wife Bonnie. Every Friday night at the Stadacona wardroom, there was an informal dance. Both Bonnie and Roger, and Denee and myself, were regulars there. We were all sitting together one Friday, and the band, named the Gut Bucket Five, started to play a number. I turned to Denee and said, "Would you like to dance?" She said yes, so I immediately turned to Roger and said, "Denee wants to dance, dance with her." Roger, being a perfect gentleman (must have come from RMC) did so. And to think, Denee still agreed to marry me!

*** Unless there are errors in the College numbers, I would say that Jack**

owes Gord a beer!

From Naval Supply Officer to Ferry Captain By 6439 Hugh Spence

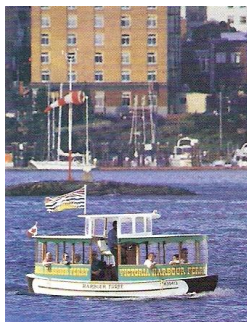
The world is amazingly "small", a fact of life which navy guys on their long distance travels discover early on in their career and ever afterwards. Ground pounders and airdales may come across this too, but the nature of their deployments means they are not *frequently* going far away, with the emphasis on far.



Disney's all-time hit from the 60s *It's A Small World After All* really resonates with anchor clankers when in various ports of call they run into folks they know, or folks who know folks they know, or folks who think they know folks... Or maybe they just come from the same folkling home town.

Well, anyway, if you chat up somebody in a foreign port, no matter how far away, they often surprise you with their familiar connection(s).

That was the situation when Chris and I were in Victoria recently, having a bit of a run ashore with Rod and Mimi MacKinnon.



I thought we might take one of the tiny harbour ferries (a waterbug-like cross between Little Toot tugboat and an old fairground bumper car) to go from our elegant time-share place down the length of the port to the city core, but didn't know how long one might have to wait at any of the ferry stops. (That's critical info if you need to catch a mainland-bound bus, and it's not something covered in the harbour ferry service brochure.)

So I approached a ferry driver as he came alongside the quaint Fisherman's Wharf next to our digs. I got the information I needed but the guy, noticing my *HMCS Gatineau* cap, then asked me whether I'd been on that

ship, what I'd done there, who had been my captain(s), and so on.

It transpired that he had been *Gatineau's* supply officer some time after I'd left her in late '66! Interesting, but after a bit of a chat neither of us had the time or inclination to go further.

Two days later, Chris and I were taking the harbour mini-ferry from the Empress Hotel jetty to Fisherman's Wharf, about a \$5 "hop" as they call it. Our skipper turned out to be none other than the ex-*Gatineau* supply officer, who is now the senior "captain" of Victoria Harbour Ferries. (They call all the drivers of those waterbugs "captain", which is kind of amusing.)

His name is **Yves Trottier**, he served some 37 years in the RCN/CdnForces and retired with the rank of Captain (four-striper).

As we pattered around and across the harbour he regaled us with tales of his interesting naval career, including wild times in the early days with some of our Classmates when he was S.O. of *Mackenzie* on the west coast. Something about a bachelor apartment den of iniquity inhabited by some of our less inhibited guys? (*Editor, this sounds like a potential mine for further bulletin tales!*)



And, to my amazement, he rhymed off the names of all sorts of fellows I knew, including **Richard Archer**, **Vil Auns***, **Tony Goode**, the late **Robby Murrell***, plus **Brock Horseman***, **Bill (?) Whitaker***, and **Jim Gracie**, *Gatineau's* nav officer 1965-66 and a guy who later helped me wet down my second stripe at Esquimalt in '67. [** on our post-grad Pre-Fleet "Whiskey" course with me.*]

Our fascinating but all too short trip ended with a "no charge" from Captain Yves, a really nice compliment.

I was unable to subsequently obtain his e-mail, but anyone wishing to get in touch with him can find Yves and Maureen Trottier in the Victoria phone

book; they live up on the Saanich Peninsula.

Closing Notes

For the "new guys" that's about it. Bits and pieces of trivia and reminiscences that are designed to foster a bit of class solidarity and to bring back memories - both good and bad. I look forward to hearing from you - hopefully you will be more fruitful with the pen than some of your more reticent classmates.

Just a heads-up, particularly for those of you in the Ottawa/Kingston area, it looks like the Class of 65 Teaching Excellence Award Lecture will be on 17 January 2013. Hopefully, we can have a good turnout at this event. Confirmation and details to follow.

To close, here is this month's tit-bit of **Drolet's Military Wisdom**,
'Never tell the Platoon Sergeant you have nothing to do.'

- Unknown Infantry Recruit-