



CLASS OF 65 NEWSLETTER

EDITION 3 - APR 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

Thanks to all those who have commented on the first two editions. All inputs and constructive ideas on improvements are most welcome.

As I indicated in a post-2nd edition e-mail, I have been trying to overcome my technical ineptitude to produce this thing in a format that is readily e-mailable and which can include things like pictures without exploding everyone's mail box. The answer seems to be to put it into .pdf format and, until I have acquired my own capability to produce my own .pdf documents, **Alex Bovey** has very kindly offered to do that for me.

My overly bureaucratic concern that transposition of the newsletter onto the Class page of the RMC Web Site might be of concern to some classmates seems to have been misplaced so unless there are some second thoughts I'm grateful to **Waine McQuinn** for taking the initiative. It provides a backup means of accessing it for those who are able to keep track of the various formats that I have used to date.

You will note that I've done away with the column format. It was a weak effort on my part to make it look like a "real newspaper" and to show off my tech skills. I gather it made reading more difficult for those who read direct from the screen.

This issue features couple of updates on classmates as well as a very poignant memorial tribute to **Rob Murrell**. It also contains some hilariously painful memories provided by **Jim Kempling**.

Apology

The thing I hate about this job is the incessant requirement to humble myself. In Edition 1, I identified one of the attendees at the Ottawa lunch gathering as Carl Armstrong, when it should have been **Carl**

Anderson. Sorry about that Carl and to the Armstrongs of the Class who thought they had given birth to a triplet.

Past Sins

Remember all those circles you ran for a variety of crimes, real and imagined. They are probably faint but unpleasant memories.

Unfortunately, for some of you they are a matter of permanent record



that will forever stain your lives. For that you have **Jim Kempling** to thank. He provided the following: "I have in my possession the complete penalty records from #2 Squadron at Royal Roads including both the Circle Book and the record of other charges. I know we were all told that such youthful foibles would be forever expunged from our records BUT none the less they somehow fell into my hands and I have never been able to part with them. Here is a sample:

R Jakubow: 10 Oct 61. Punishment: 1 Day "D"

Offence: Doubling while excused doubling.

Awarded by: CFL Knetsch

B.K Harwood: 22 Sep 61. Punishment: 1 Day "D"

Offence: Up before 0630 hrs polishing gear in another cabin

Awarded by: CFL Knetsch

Were we all that keen? Well perhaps not:

H.W. Crawford: 16 Oct 61. Punishment: 1 day "D"

Offence: Disrespectfully mimicking a senior cadet

Awarded by: CSC Leduc

P.A.R Glynn: 15 Oct 61. Punishment: 1 Day "D"

Offence: Sleeping in church

Awarded by: CFL Knetsch

J.S. Kempling: 22 Sep 61. Punishment: 1 Day "D"

Offence: Walking on the circle (followed by similar offences on 8 Oct and 8 Nov - slow learner!!)

Awarded by: CSAdjt Keple

6602 Jim Cale

In his typically self-deprecating style, Jim sent the following, "I am not keen on bio's but I will provide you with a brief update on my life.

In the fall of 1987, I was posted from Ottawa to Halifax where I served my final six years in the Navy in Ship Repair Unit (Atlantic) as Planning Officer and in the Naval Engineering Unit (Atlantic) as Fleet Software Support Officer. I then traded in my uniform for civvies and worked for another two years on the Naval Engineering and Maintenance Functional Review Team. All three jobs were highly satisfying but at that point Freedom 55 was beckoning and I decided to obey. In 1996 I fully retired with no regrets. Two years later, Jane also saw the light and retired.

We stayed in Halifax, mostly because I liked it there. We found plenty of things to do in retirement and have had some great trips.

In 1999 our oldest son moved back to Ottawa from San Diego with his wife and our first grandchild. In 2001 we were blessed with a second grandchild, so after 8 years of trekking back and forth to visit the family, we decided to take the plunge and move back to Ottawa. We arrived here on December 1st and are now living on Cooper St. near Bank. It was a good decision. We are enjoying Ottawa and the family, and I am certainly looking forward to renewing acquaintances with classmates here.

6539 Nigel Hilliard

Nige sent this update, "Just a quick update on me. I retired in 2001 from Amdahl/DMR and basically spent two years playing golf in Aurora and Florida. I actually got bored and went back to work with TELUS as a Sales VP in Toronto. In May of last year I was enticed to join a small Canadian Software Company by the name of Diversinet and that is where I am currently, running their sales operations for Canada and Latin America.

While I am slugging out up here with this brutal weather Donna is in Florida for the winter although I do fly down a couple of times a month. Actually leaving tomorrow for the weekend to play golf"

Please note that Nige's e-mail address has changed from that currently on the Class page of the RMC site to nhilliard@DIVERSINET.COM

Nige: My mother sends her regards. She has fond memories of you from senior year, spread out on her couch with shoes off contentedly snoring after Sunday dinner. She still loves to see a man eat well!

6706 Dick Wright

Dick sent the following very informative e-mail, "I thoroughly enjoy reading the newsletters which you are putting together and sending out to our classmates. I think as we all get on in years we find the time to read much more and to read an interesting newsletter even though it might be 6 pages in length.



You are asking for material to put in the newsletter and particularly you requested information about our classmates who have passed on. About 10 years ago I attended a memorial service for Rob Murrell. I made the trip from near Saskatoon where I was living at the time. The memorial service was held at the Unitarian church in Vancouver. The place was full of Rob's family and friends and there was a wonderful reception afterwards where everyone got together, grieved and consoled and reminisced and reacquainted themselves.

At the service, Rod MacKinnon delivered a message which Bob Reid had prepared. Rod gave me a copy of the notes which I intended to type up and send around to all of Rob's RMC friends. The Class of 65 newsletter is probably the perfect forum in which to share the message and pay tribute to a terrific classmate who was thought so highly of by so many.

I made up the message from the type-written and hand-written notes which were passed on to me. I did very little editing. Perhaps you will want to do more to make it a part of one of the newsletters. I have been in contact with both Bob and Rod and they are pleased to see the material offered for the newsletter. (See below)

Rob had two boys from his first marriage to Julie. Their names are Paul and Derek. They were named after Paul Kerwin and Derek Carrier, two of his best basketball-playing friends from CMR days. My wife Dianne and I remember Rob especially well. He was in the honour guard at our wedding in December 1965 and during the next year in Victoria we saw a lot of Rob and after we left the west coast we always made of point of visiting whenever we could.

Bob Reid passes on his regards. He wonders if you remember the time in the spring of 1962 when you and Mike (Boots) Houghton went to Montreal to 'go out on the town'. Apparently you spent all your money entertaining yourselves and the ladies you met and didn't have sufficient funds to pay for the bus back to CMR. Bob also remembers reading the book "*Scramble*" that your father wrote about his night-fighter exploits during WWII. You had kindly lent him a copy of the book to read.

I am living and working in Toronto these days. We have three of our children living in the city and we see a lot of them and the 4 and 1/2 grand children of course. We also have a son in Red Deer, AB (three children) and a daughter in Al Ain, UAE (two children - twins).

I had lunch yesterday with Nigel Hilliard, a classmate I did not know very well but we had a great visit. We re-connected a couple of weeks ago at an annual event hosted by Fraser and Sandy Holman where we also saw Fred Sutherland.

I hope you are able to use this contribution of material, and to pay respects to a special class mate of cadets from two years at military college.

Note: Mike, I think Dick may have misrepresented you as my partner in the infamous run ashore in Montreal. I didn't think it was you, but I fried that corner of my brain so badly that night that I can't remember.

MEMORIES OF ROB MURRELL

These are words written by Bob Reid and delivered by Rod MacKinnon at a memorial service for Rob Murrell who died February 22nd, 1998. The service took place at the Unitarian Church on W 49th in Vancouver on Saturday March 3rd.

My name is Rod MacKinnon. These words were written by Bob Reid, one of Rob's many friends from his days at Military College. I'd like to recount to you some of my memories of Robby from those times that illustrate why his was so respected and loved by us all. He was a unique person and a special man. He knew the strength of gentlemen, he gave the gift of thoughtfulness, and he lived a life of kindness and love.

Rob arrived at College Militaire Royale in 1959 from Vancouver, although he had spent much of his youth in Chilliwack. He was assigned to Cartier squadron as were several others in attendance today - Doug Hyndman, Neil Carscadden and a year later, Rod Mackinnon. It didn't take long for Rob's character to come to the forefront. He clearly was the most popular cadet in the prep year class.

During my visits with Rob over the past few months we reminisced over many of our shared experiences of the years spent at Military College. Those experiences marked us for life and bound us together as brothers. No matter how old we become we will never forget them - in fact, they seem to improve with age because we can still remember the dreams and aspirations of our youth - of a time when the future stretched before us. We were like young stallions, impatient and trembling with the challenges facing us. And, one of us stood out from the others - Rob Murrell. He was the golden boy and in our minds he represented the best of what we all aspired to be. He excelled at everything. He showed us that all challenges could be faced and overcome.

However, notwithstanding his popularity, Rob wore a reserve - a cloak of privateness. He let his deeds speak for him. He never boasted of his abilities. He never blew his own horn. In fact, he never really competed

against anybody but himself. He did his own thing - usually better than anybody else. But he had something special which influenced those working or playing with him to excel. He brought out the best in others.

The *CMR* yearbook, *Le Défilé*, describes this phenomena, "It is not only Rob's skill which marks him as the man of the year, but also his love of sport for sport's sake, and his phenomenal ability to instill enthusiasm in his team mates. This vibrant 'something' is abstract and unexplainable but many an inferior team has emerged from a contest victorious because of it. This is the difference between a good athlete and a great athlete, and to his team mates, Rob is the greatest."

It was not only on the playing field where Rob's vibrant 'something' infected us. His easy-going manner, cheerfulness and quiet sense of humour was like an uplifting tonic. After talking with Rob you always felt better. In 1962 Doug Hyndman described Rob's character, "Rob is an amicable fellow of independent nature and indomitable spirit." The dictionary defines 'indomitable' as 'not easily discouraged nor defeated - unconquerable'. Doug's description accurately described Rob's spirit then and remains apt today. Robby was one of the bravest persons I know. When I first visited Rob at the Vancouver General and he told me of the leukemia, I railed at his fate and lamented that life was not fair. Rob looked at me, smiled, and said, "Bob, no one ever promised us life would be fair."

Rob I think, would have agreed with this 3,000 year old African proverb:

"Life has meaning only in the struggle
Victory and defeat are in the hands of the Gods,
So let us celebrate the struggle."

In retrospect however, life was sweeter and the struggle much easier in those early days.

Robby was a great college athlete. He played on several varsity teams. Basketball was his favourite but he also played on the soccer and volleyball teams. He participated in swimming, diving, gymnastics, football, and badminton. He received both the junior and senior athlete of the year awards.

Rob was a gifted musician and singer. He played the guitar and became an accomplished bongo player. He also taught himself to play the piano. Years after leaving college he visited Neil and Diane Carscadden and surprised them by playing their piano. They asked and he told them that he had taught himself to play.

My fondest memory of Rob at CMR is singing with him and others in the showers after soccer practices. At that time folk music was in vogue, and the Kingston Trio provided our favourite song - the Sloop John B, with its haunting refrain, "I want to go home." And did we all ever want to go home.

Year's later I often wondered why we never did just do that - go home. Rob and I discussed it in the hospital. We agreed that we stayed because we were too bloody stubborn to go home.

Rob's great love of music and his gift of sharing enthusiasm for it will always be with us. Our annual get-togethers will not be the same without Rob and the memories of his guitar and the songs we used to sing in the showers and on military buses going to sports events. Hopefully we will not lose these traditions.

In our final year at CMR Rob was Deputy Cadet Wing Commander. That fall we arrived at RMC and Rob was assigned to No. 1 Squadron at the Stone Frigate with Al, Brian and Jack. Frigateers lived a surreal existence all their own. Rob continued to shine in sports but disaster struck on the academic front when the powers that be would not allow Rob to transfer from engineering physics to political science. So Rob with his typical aplomb, failed his year and was then allowed to become an artsman. This is the reason why Robby is a member of two graduating years, the classes of '64 and '65.

During the graduation celebrations in the spring of '64 Rob experienced a car accident. He flipped his mother's car, end over end, in front of the nurse's quarters at Kingston General. No passenger appeared to be injured so he told his fellow cadets to disappear as they would be graduating in a few days. Unfortunately he had a broken neck. Moreover, for being caught driving a car he was court-martialled by the commandant. This unfortunate incident cost Rob. He was expected to hold a high cadet rank in his final year, but as usual Rob accepted his fate without regrets.

Rob was a fishhead, a member of the Royal Canadian Navy. After graduation he was posted to the west coast at Esquimalt where we got together again as I was up at Comox with the Air Force in Search and Rescue. In 1966 there was a tri-service volleyball tournament at Naden. Rob, Dick Wright, Vil Auns and Tony Goode were to play on the Navy Team and I came down to play with the Air Force. After Weepers on Friday night Rob and I headed out to a party somewhere in the wilds of Oak Bay on his motor bike. Fortunately for us we were not sober. Otherwise we might have zipped when we should have zagged. The next morning after fortifying ourselves with some strong orange juice, we arrived late for the tournament. The navy was playing the air force. Our respective coaches threw us into the thick of the contest but within minutes we were sitting on a bench together, isolated from our teams.

After those halcyon days of our youth, more serious events in our lives overtook us. Rob left the navy and went to work for IBM and did something with computers. I never really understood what Rob ever did with computers, although he patiently used to explain it to me. And I should have understood because I incorporated his company in the mid 70's - ISS, Information Systems Services. But whenever anyone ever asked me what Robby did, I always replied truthfully, "it has something to do with computers".

I don't think Rob had a passion for computers like he had for his family and for horses. I was surprised when he told me that he had hated horses before he met his wife Dian. He grew to love them, especially the colt he showed off like a proud father at the summer get-together at their place two years ago. He even took up trick riding. When I queried him about the wisdom of being a 50-year old cowboy he laughed. He enjoyed it.

This was Rob. He enjoyed life to the fullest. He grasped it, shook it and shone with vitality. He remained an example to us all. He is someone we could admire and love. He was someone who was an integral part of the best times of our lives, and a good friend and comrade. Even at the end he maintained a concern and compassion for others while accepting his fate with courage. He fought to maintain an awareness of everyday occurrences and to be able to converse with loved ones and friends. One day he asked me to open the curtains in his room at the hospital. He

commented on how much he enjoyed the fact that the days were getting longer and that spring was almost here.

We shall cherish in our hearts and minds our memories of Rob. He meant so much to us.

I know that every year from now, as the days get longer, we will remember Robby.

Closing Note

I think anything else in this edition would pale in the light of these touching words, so, other than to remind you to keep those articles coming, that's it for this edition.