



# Class of 65 Newsletter Edition 51 - July 2012



*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

There are lots of inputs this month so I will spare you all of the details of the thumping I received at the hands of my brothers at our annual golf-fest last month.

I have pirated a brief biography of **Tom Bailey** from a recent e-veritas. In addition, **Mitch Kryzanowski** has provided a bio and a hilarious article on his brush with royalty. Finally, in the way of articles, **Larry Tolton** has provided a somewhat off-beat description of his post-college life and personal philosophy.

Before we get there however, **LT Taylor** has provided a clarification of one of the terms used by **Gord (Navy) Forbes** in his article on acronyms, as follows: *"The source of the term **Crabfat** for air force personnel, according to the Royal Navy, stemmed from the name of a brass polish which came in a can the colour of RAF uniforms."*

In the last issue, we featured five classmates who had been awarded the Queen's Jubilee Medal. This month, we are pleased to add another - **Terry Colfer**, seen below receiving his medal from LGen (Ret'd) Richard Evraire, President of the Conference of Defence Associations.



**Jim Carruthers** and his much better half, **Gail Wilson**, hosted their annual BBQ for the Ottawa and environs members of the Class and their spouses. The weather cooperated and, as usual the attendees thoroughly enjoyed themselves in the wonderful surroundings of Jim and Gail's home on the Ottawa River (below left). It will be noted, however from the picture below on the right that given this year's hot and dry conditions, the Ottawa River is at its lowest level on record.



Attending from out of town were **Keith** and **Virginia Ambachtscheer** (Toronto); **Georges** and **Yolande Wilson** (Montreal); **Yvan** and **Alice Gagnon** (Kingston); **Doug** and **Carol Cope** (the rural boondocks); and, **Phil Bury** (also from the boondocks).



Those attending from Ottawa were as follows: **Richard & Marilyn Archer**; **Mike & Jan Braham**; **Larry & Ruth Mills**; **Gord & Irene Diamond**; **Terry & Lynn Colfer**; **Michel & Jeanne Matte**; **Bruce & Lida Corbett**; **Cordell & Nicole Lukey**; **Jim & Mary Humphrey**; **Jerry & Angela Jensen**; **John Hilton**; **Bill & Deb Whitfield**; **John & Wally Adams**; **Charlie & Lucie Emond**; **Roman & Irene Jakubow**; and **Ed Sanford**.

Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the warm hospitality and the opportunity to meet with old friends although I must make a personal confession that it was a bit of a hardship on my male ego. I was forced to drop out of the annual

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RMC Club golf tournament at the last moment (next article) and fished around for a replacement. It quickly transpired that the most proficient golfer on hand was one of the ladies - Deb Whitfield was celebrating a recent score of 76!! I have shot 76 several times, but usually by about the 13<sup>th</sup> hole! To add salt to wound, however, as I blithely smoked myself and the rest of the guests in the process of burning the burgers and sausages, I found out that the same lady is a highly-regarded expert on BBQs and the art of BBQing!! She was however gracious in modestly acknowledging these feats.

Watching the crowd and listening to the conversations evoked the analogy of a car dealership. The ladies, all sleek and dolled up, discussing the latest fashions, personal trainers, and new activities reminded one of the new car showroom. The gents on the other hand, comparing scars and discussing parts replaced, repaired or removed seemed more like the used car lot.

Many thanks to Jim and to Gail for an excellent event.

As mentioned above, the Ottawa Chapter of the RMC Club held its annual golf tournament at the Greensmere Golf Club in Almonte, just west of Ottawa. The Class of 65 was represented by two teams and two serious independent golfers. The A Team was comprised of **Emond, Colfer, Diamond, and Adams**, semi-serious golfers all! The B Team (hackers all) was made up of **Carruthers, Archer, Houlston and Corbett** (a brave last minute replacement for yours truly). Our two "mongrels" chasing the silverware were **Ken Clarkson** and **Peter Cooke**

In the final reckoning, the A Team did not win the event, and the B Team did not come last, so, by my flawed statistical reckoning, it should be declared a tie. Sadly, our two pros also fell short in their quest. Despite the lack of skill prizes, however, it is reported that **Carruthers** cleaned up on the door prizes. Regardless, a good time was apparently had by all. The Class of 65 contingent is shown below, courtesy of **Terry Colfer**.



## 6589 Thomas (Tom) Bailey



Tom retired in Winnipeg in 2010 after 12 years as a civilian instructor at CFSAS and a military career of 37 years that began as a Naval cadet in 1961 at Royal Roads. Receiving his wings in 1966, he flew CS2F Trackers at Shearwater and onboard HMCS Bonaventure, and CC130's at 436 Sqn Trenton from 1980-84. After tours at DAR; Chief Investigator at DFS; and, EA to ADM (Per), he assumed command of 440 (T&R) Sqn Edmonton, 1991-93. He then travelled to Winnipeg as BAdminO, then WOpsO, and in 1996, A3 Task at 1 Cdn Air Div. Taking his release in 1998, Tom then instructed at CFSAS and co-ordinated the Military and Industrial Visits Program. Active in the Knights of Columbus, Tom also plays slo-pitch and old-timers` hockey. He is thoroughly enjoying his retirement and travelling with his wife, Terri.

*(Courtesy of e-veritas)*

## 6647 Mitch Kryzanowski



I retired in 1999 after a very enjoyable and interesting 36(+) year career: ten on Regimental duty as an Artillery and Armour officer (Gagetown, Germany, Petawawa, Calgary & Cyprus), six at RMC (Squadron Commander/Staff Officer Redcoats and UTPNCM), plus a year as a full-time PG

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student graduating with the M.A. in War Studies. The rest were spent on a wide variety of operational, administrative, instructional, training, doctrine, and equipment staff jobs at Combat Training Centre, Land Forces Command and Staff College, Mobile Command Headquarters, NDHQ, MFO Sinai, and 1st Australian Division Headquarters. Altogether I spent 6 years overseas. I can honestly say I never served at a location, job, or for a boss I didn't like - well, not more than one.

On retirement, I worked part-time for 5 years on contract for the Directorate of Army Training, and the Defence Academy in Kingston as well as teaching credit courses in Canadian Military History at Petawawa and Trenton for RMC Departments of Continuing Studies/History.

My wife, Sharon Price, a Queen's graduate, retired in 2010 as the Teacher-Librarian at LCVI. We have been married for 45 years, and have 3 married sons (all Queensmen and teachers) and 2 grandchildren. We spend much of our time travelling and spoiling our grandchildren. We expect to be touring China during the month of August with Son #3, who has been teaching ESL in Wenzhou for the past 3 years.

## **A Royal Garden Party**

**By 6647 Mitch Kryzanowski**

The Diamond Jubilee, the Royal Wedding, Royal Visits and the re-Royalizing of the Navy and Air Force in the past year brought back memories of our own modest brush with Royalty. Sharon had long been a Royal watcher, especially after the fairy tale wedding of Charles and Diana. Over the years this mild obsession had certainly made my Christmas shopping easy. Sharon probably has nearly every coffee table book on the Monarchy ever published. I must admit I wasn't quite as obsessed: in June 1953 I traded my Coronation Commemorative British Penny (presented to all school kids in Saskatchewan) for a Mickey Mantle rookie baseball card. Financially that was the best deal I ever made. Check it out on eBay.

So there we were in England: Sharon on leave from teaching and I a student attending the Army Technical Staff Course at RMCS Shrivenham. With time



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on her hands, Sharon read every bit of the bi-weekly bumpf put out by CDLS London. One spring day she noticed the schedule of Royal Garden Parties, and I got my orders: get us an invitation, or else. I duly applied; the Lord Chamberlain duly requested our presence; Sharon duly shopped for an appropriate ensemble, hat and all, and arranged a babysitter. Meanwhile, I got out my dress uniform and gained permission to skip scintillating lectures on the British Army weapons and equipment procurement system. (An aside here for those of you who have worked on Requirements Staffs in NDHQ. The British and Canadian systems were theoretically similar, but while our system was (is?) a "bureaucratic melee", the Brits actually design, produce and sell weapons systems so their system is merely a "bit of a bugger's muddle".)

Anyway, our Garden Party plan was to take the morning express train from Swindon, have a leisurely lunch, change clothes at CDLS, and make our way to Buckingham Palace for 4 p.m. However, the engine drivers at British Rail had other ideas: two days before the event they went on strike. The morning tabloids screamed "Chaos in London". This put driving in out of the question, especially in our Austin Midi, a venerable clunker which had passed from one Canadian to the next like an ugly heirloom. So we decided to drive the Austin the 30 miles to Oxford, have lunch, and take the noon bus to Victoria Coach Station, which would still give us time to change at CDLS. The other alternative was to take the 2 p.m. express bus from Swindon and risk being late.

We left for Oxford at 9 a.m. but a few miles out, the Austin, which had faithfully carried us through several family holidays including dizzying grades in the Welsh mountains, overheated. We drove stop-and-go to a nearby village and hunted down the local "mechanic". After a suspense-filled half-hour, he announced that he had identified the problem, but didn't have the necessary part. So he dispatched his mate by motorcycle to fetch one from another obscure village up the line. An eternity later, he pronounced the car fixed. But he lied. A few miles further out, the Austin began overheating again. By now there was no way we could get to Oxford in time. So we drove the Austin stop-and-go back home to Shrivenham. It was now 1:30 p.m. and the express bus from Swindon, some 15 miles away, would be

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leaving in half an hour. Even if we made that bus, we were likely to arrive late. I was ready to call it a day, but Sharon is made of sterner stuff, and after all, a Royal invitation is - well, a Royal command.

Sharon called an Aussie neighbour, and Speedy Sheila got us to Swindon with about a minute to spare. The bus was crowded, but fortunately made a stop at Heathrow Airport, where most of the passengers got off. With less than an hour to go, still in our travel clothes, we looked at each other and had the same thought: let's go to the back of the bus and change into our party togs now. And so it was: ducking down, squirming, and suppressing giggles while disrobing in stages to our undies, we managed to transform ourselves into a version of Cinderella and her escort.

Good thing too! When we finally arrived in downtown London, Victoria Coach Station was a disaster area. As well as overwhelming crowds, the main hall was filthy and the floor was flooded with what looked and smelled of overflowing toilets. There was no way we could have used the loos to change, and as it was, there was no way I was even going to walk into the station to check the suit bag which now contained our casual clothes.

There were no taxis in sight, but since Buckingham Palace was only about a 15-minute walk, off we went pushing our way along the crowded street. We must have seemed an odd couple, Sharon looking every bit the society lady, and I following in my green uniform, with a lumpy plastic suit bag slung over my shoulder like a chauffeur carrying the dry-cleaning. What to do with the suit bag? Obviously I couldn't carry it into the Palace, and the clothes were too good to simply throw away. Just then, Lady Luck finally smiled as we came upon a small hotel, and for a Fiver the desk clerk agreed to look after our stuff.

By the time we reached the statue of Queen Victoria outside the Palace Gate it was already 4:20 p.m. Not only were we late, but we got caught up in a boisterous crowd which was gathering to watch the next Changing of the Guard ceremony. As we tried to push our way through to the pedestrian gate without causing too much fuss, Lady Luck smiled again. A Bobby, bless him, noticed us, realized our predicament and with a "This way, sir" cleared a

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path. And suddenly there we were, Sharon and I, all alone, walking across the square towards the main portal of Buckingham Palace with an audience of hundreds watching through the fence.

Now in those days, dressed as she was, and at that distance, Sharon might have passed for one of Diana's older sisters. A hush came over the crowd, and we could hear people buzzing "Who are they?" and "Which one is she?" Just then I heard two taps of a rifle butt on concrete as one of the sentries in bearskin and scarlets warned the other of our approach. The sentries came to attention, shouldered arms and executed a present-arms such as only Guardsmen at Buckingham Palace do. Surprised at this unmerited honour, I resisted looking over my shoulder to see if anyone was behind us. The crowd went "ooh" and we could hear dozens of cameras clicking. I cannot tell a lie: I wallowed in the glory of the moment - a salute from the Sovereign's Guardsmen at the very centre of the Empire-Commonwealth. I managed to snap out of this reverie just in time to return the compliment with the smartest salute of my life. Sharon was beaming. The nearer Guardsman read our thoughts perfectly. From under his Bearskin, we could just make out a slight smile and a big wink. Only our being late had led to this moment. Had we been on time we would merely have been an anonymous part of a large throng.

The rest, of course, was anti-climax. We were guided quickly through the Palace to the garden - no time to admire the magnificent wall-hangings and artwork. We melded into the crowd: men in uniform, or rented top hats and morning coats, or dark suits and ladies in fancy dresses, with hats and gloves. We sat under a marquee, listened to the military band, sipped tea, and noshed on cucumber sandwiches and crumpets, which didn't quite make up for our missed lunch. We craned our necks and speculated on who was in the Royal Enclosure across the lawn. In due course, the band stopped playing, everyone gathered along a walkway and clapped politely as the Royals made their way to the Palace - The Queen and Queen Mum, followed by the HRHs Philip, Charles and Anne and her family. Andrew was probably still in the Falklands, and Edward may have been at school. To Sharon's disappointment, no Diana. But as a good mother she knew: Diana was probably at home nursing Wills who was then about two weeks old.

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The following is an e-mail I received from Larry Tolton in response to one of my pleas for input. Normally, I exercise editorial licence, however, I thought that in this case I would leave well enough alone. Perhaps it is because I am just a simple sailor with a Gen Sci degree but I suspect Larry and I are not of the same planet. I will however, refrain from any attempt at determining who is where. Regardless, thanks Larry, for a look at another side.

## 6694 Larry Tolton



Heh. Bizarre! I rather like that. A sign post on the road of life that says *'Senility this way. Not so very far now.'* Thanks for your suggestion (*Ed. To produce a bio summary since graduation*). It should appeal to my ego. Though all attempts to have it excised have been nearly successful and I fancy it is much attenuated the remnant still twitches now and again. (Which sounds an egotistical statement to me.) Can't imagine why anyone would be interested but I'll cogitate on it. Seems to me I have come a far way since those occasionally halcyon days and it has been now and then a jolting, if not wild, ride. Perhaps something could be made of it. I have, in recent years, attempted to allow my intuition a chance to grow and flourish (while not entirely neglecting my rational intellect.) The thought my intuition just handed me when I focused briefly on your proposal was an old Dutch adage: *"A ship on the beach is a beacon to the sea."* I'll stuff the idea into the hopper and let my subconscious gnaw on it for a while. See what it kicks out.

You may have noticed, though again, I can't imagine why you would unless you were conducting some sort of inventory, that I have not been particularly active as an ex-cadet, as an 'old boy.' There are reasons beyond simple sloth and parsimony for this but again doubt they would be of interest to many. Besides, sorting that complex welter into any kind of a rational arrangement would be a long, dreary, difficult exercise with no promise of useful output. I may give it a whirl if I ever feel the need for some self-prescribed therapy or in the unlikely event I run out of other topics upon which to

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practice my literary aspirations.

A great deal of my time these days is devoted to a bit of amateur advocacy. You've already been exposed to that. There are, it seems, a number of undeclared wars in progress just now. One, in which I am actively involved, is between the bio-tech industry and the population at large. (This is ideological meaning if you don't already believe it you probably won't believe it. Kinda like Christianity and Islam. Pro-Life and pro-choice. Tree huggers and loggers. Gun controllers and hunters. Our society seems increasingly polarized. [Bi- polar?]) My scant military training and brief career and my reading of Sun Tzu have been most helpful in this and several other 'campaigns.' Often wonder what my associates, almost all civvies, think of my outlook. Amused? Bemused? No doubt they think it's bizarre. I do hope so. I find it effective.

You can get a glimpse of my recent history at my much neglected personal website: [larry.tolton.org](http://larry.tolton.org) and my anti-GMO advocacy at the ever under-construction page [larry.tolton.org/idx\\_gmo.php](http://larry.tolton.org/idx_gmo.php) Tell me what you think. All feedback is valued. If you are on the other side of the abyss from me I shan't think less of you - I should quite enjoy a temperate dialogue with someone across the canyon. (That's a much more difficult proposition than you might, at first, guess. The passions run *very* deep and strong on both sides.)

This brief correspondence between us reminds me of the importance of mistakes.

Be well and have a great day.

## Closing Notes

Thanks to our new contributors. See, you other guys (and you know who you are) it isn't so hard.

For those of you who set your calendar by the publication date of this monthly blurb, please be advised that there will not be an August edition

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since Jan and I are embarking on a cruise to the Baltic. Next edition will therefore be sometime in early September.

This edition's piece of military wisdom from the recesses of **Tom Drolet's** memory is the following:

**'Without ammunition, the Air Force is just an expensive flying club.'**

**-Unknown Author-**