



Class of 65 Newsletter Edition 56-Jan 2013



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Editor's Corner

Happy New Year to everyone. I trust everyone had a good holiday and is charged up to keep the Newsletter primed with interesting stuff. With that, enough coercion from me. I'm pleased to say that we have a lot of interesting stuff for our first edition of 2013.

First of all a report on the presentation of the 2012 Class of 65 Teaching Excellence Award. **Jim Boyd** then provides his inaugural offering. More familiar subscribers are **Roger Chiasson** and **Rick Archer** who have provided travel and Jubilee medal experiences respectively. Finally, we'll close on a literary note from **Gaetan Dextras**.

2012 Teaching Excellence Award: This year's award ceremony was held in Currie Hall on Thursday, 17 January with about 70 persons in attendance, including 6 members of the Class of 65. (**Adams, Archer, Arnold, Carruthers, Emond and Nellestyn**)



The recipient of the 2012 award was Dr. Yahia Antar of the Department of Electrical and Computer Engineering.

The evening was opened by Dr. Joel Sokolsky. **Jim Carruthers** then spoke on behalf of the Foundation and specifically, of the contributions made by the Class of 65. **Charlie Emond**, the Class representative on the TEA selection committee, then spoke of the award - its origins and its objectives.

Dr. Antar was introduced by the Dean of Engineering, Dr. Phil Bates. The title of Dr. Antar's presentation was "Integrating Teaching and Research for Excellence in Teaching."

BZ to Dr. Antar and thanks to those classmates who made the trek to Kingston to attend this important Class event.

A Cautionary Tale from 50+ Years Ago

(the acronyms used are for JG Forbes' benefit)

By 6515 Jim Boyd

A starting question: do the principles of war apply in peacetime? Or is their failure to work in this case due to inept practice or maladroit understanding? You, dear reader, be the judge...

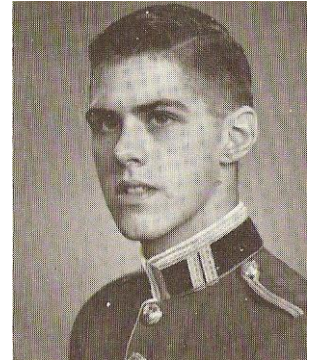
The Situation

It is late fall at RMC. Cadets have finished midterms and are eagerly awaiting Stand-down Weekend, when, for many, a fleet of rented buses will swoosh onto the parade square some time around 2 PM and sweep them off to the bright lights of Ontario and Quebec far beyond grey, institutional Kingston. Yours truly is a 17 year old youth from Winnipeg, the only recruit from Manitoba, who has recourse of necessity to an electric razor only every second week or so. I have been invited by Arnie "Boog" Powell to come home with him for a tour of the fleshpots of Montreal. The promise of French-speaking girls and quarts of Molson's is (may I say?) very alluring.

The Problem



By the time these buses are loaded, struggle out to the 401 along Division Street and make their way to downtown Montreal (Arnie comes from Chateaugay), we will be *forever* getting to the local tavern where the Mighty Mohawks are rocking, the bière is flowing and les femmes are flocking...



Friday night seems too much to sacrifice. Is there an alternative? Could Military Studies 101 and AMOS SCEFCA provide an answer?

Selection and Maintenance of the Aim

A no-brainer, as we often hear today, even for recruits. We must leave earlier, by catching a bus at the crack of dawn. Admittedly, we risk someone taking attendance if we skip morning classes (as Prof. Binhammer subsequently did, the following year, with the result that of 20-30 of our class formed the critical mass of a crack CCD squad for two days). But fortune favours the brave, so it is said, and our resolve is steely. Our escape must be made while everyone is at breakfast, giving the appearance that we have gone to Yeo Hall for our porridge, but craftily timed to avoid the possibility of a slothful, crotch-scratching senior who might be ambling about in the halls somewhat later.



Economy of Effort

Finding the bus schedule and reserving an Amey's taxi to get us to the depot was efficiently done while I was disguised as a Telephone Orderly. However, as I phoned, a soupçon of danger surfaced in my mind. I was pondering an earlier small misfortune with Gord Diamond. (Allowed to take taxis with dates, recruits were supposed to drop them politely (and chastely?) at

Queen's or at Hotel Dieu / KGH nurses' residences, and then march promptly home. Gord and I risked taking a cab back from Chown Hall one evening and asked the driver to let us out at the Arch. Instead, the weasel drove us swiftly to the gate, where we emerged from the taxi only to find a few seniors waiting for a pizza, including the CWTO. "May I say good evening, Mr. (aptly named) Kaiser" we chirped in unison. He skipped a similar courteous salutation and simply replied " Mr. Boyd, Mr. Diamond - out on the town? Charge yourselves". 2 x CCD from JMJL Filion as I remember, but I digress.)

Co-operation / Security

One of the structural anomalies of Fort LaSalle was a room with a closet which was a great deal larger than the others in the building, perhaps due to an adjacent storage room around the corner for the flatman's cleaning supplies. The closet was big enough to hold a meeting in - far more than most of us had, to hang up two sets of uniforms in the prescribed order (with their buttons done up), and house the strongboxes which contained our worldly possessions. That is, somewhat secret possessions, other than the clothes we arrived at the College in - these being stored in trunks in the locked caverns of the basement, far from being accessible. A simple plan to recover these, and wear them to sneak out on leave, seemed somehow beyond our capacity to imagine...

Even better, this ground floor room was across from the stairwell to the side door, affording a rapid exit. Added value - we could "stick it to the man" (as it would be described much later), as we departed, by A: not doubling across the parade square when we left, and B: usurping the 2nd year privilege of using the side door and the walkway toward Massey Library. With the assistance of our confrères who lived in the room, we could secrete a small travel bag the night before. (Was it Arnie himself, who made this possible, or Jim Hampton, Pete Lloyd, John Macko, Ken Robertson, Dave Young...? I can't remember...)

In our imagination, as the Flight Runner stomped around the halls, swinging his arms shoulder-high, calling "C / D Flight, Turn out, turn out, turn out for breakfast", we could march equally smartly to our hiding place behind the

green closet curtain in the perfect room and listen intently for all of the footfalls to subside. And we saw an advantage to being Flight Runner on this day - in being privy to any announcements of drill or room inspections which might disrupt the plan.

But on getaway day, discipline seemed a touch lax. So we changed uniforms, lurked in the dark until the floor was quiet, and then burst forth to slip down the stairs and out the door to freedom.

Surprise

The sight of frosty exhaust plumes from our waiting taxi, billowing over the wall by the RSM's office, was a little unnerving at first. Would we be detected as we left? Would someone notice that we lacked red or gold piping on the cuff of our spiffy 4's as we marched to the gate? Off we strolled, insouciantly swinging our arms waist belt high only, a subtle ruse to disguise our 1st year identity from anyone watching. I knew, thanks to a prior orthodontist visit (to have braces removed the day before my recruit boxing final), that proceeding apparently purposefully to an approved appointment in town would not likely be questioned. So, we departed in proper WOD (walking out dress - pillbox, cape, gloves (unlined, brown), swagger stick, spit shone shoes). Perhaps for us they would instead be weapons of destruction - something we contemplated when we met the aforementioned femmes fatales in Montreal, who would be drawn irresistibly to men in uniform... but admittedly the **Offensive Action** we planned there was a little hazy at this point.

Out we sallied to the Frontenac depot as planned to buy our tickets, but there was no early bus as advertised. So some uncomfortable waiting ensued in the public gaze, but at least our crack of dawn approach meant that we were mostly alone. We clambered gratefully on the bus when we could, but almost right away we had to sink low in our seats at the back when several Fourth Year got on the bus (in civvies); they took no notice of us (as far as we knew).

Mobility (or the lack of it) and/or **Maintenance of Morale**

As the bus rolled down the 401, we congratulated ourselves on the plan so

far. You may bring to mind, if you will, from the heady vantage point of several years later, Paul Simon's song *America*: ("*Laughing on the bus, playing games with the faces... Boog said the man in the gabardine suit was a senior*") We wondered - would we catch sight of the famed Boldt castle, or the Thousand Island excursions so frequently advertised on the clandestine radio link we had to the outside world? However at Gananoque, we diverged onto Highway 2.

As the morning sun rose in the sky, it very slowly dawned on us that our coach was in reality a Canada Post delivery vehicle. The announced stops rolled on: Brockville, Maitland, Prescott, Cardinal, Iroquois... each with plenty of time for the driver to chat with the locals as people got on and off, and he took out and replaced parcels in the underneath compartments. Arnie and I were imprisoned, because the seniors were sitting in front of us and would need to be passed to get off the bus; in any case our resplendent selves in #4's would no doubt stand out in rural SE Ontario where our whirlwind tour was taking us... Morrisburg, Ingleside, Long Sault, Cornwall, Lancaster...

("I'm empty and aching and I don't know why") We had skipped breakfast, and hadn't imagined the need to pack a lunch, certainly not when we were living an indulgent life where you could pick up freshly laundered shirts every week, where endless educational supplies were issued, where you could have your fill of liver and onions...

But would our growling stomachs give us away as we passed the Dairy Queens, with no chance to take advantage of the myriad detours off the highway? Sure, we could doff the #4's jacket, cape and pillbox, and our scarlet 2 Squadron T-shirts might be OK as a casual outfit - but how about the high-backed blue trousers with a red leg stripe, held up by a tri-coloured belt with a buckle comprised of intertwining snakes, or otherwise by natty tan suspenders? Was our unravelling plan lacking in **Flexibility** or **Administration**?

Dénouement

Lest this rambling tale take as long as the original trip, let me conclude by noting that we made it to Montreal (we guessed) about a full hour (!) ahead

of the express excursions leaving the parade square (only 3½ hours down the 401 for them).

But a smoked meat sandwich and several draft ales made it all worthwhile in the end; the Mighty Mohawks were the toast of Caughnawagna, as promised, and we didn't miss the church parade at all. As life at RMC subsequently unfolded, this was not the last weekend trip where I could savour the hospitality of Arnie's parents - it was much better travelling later, by car, with girlfriends.

But I am somewhat sore at heart - since 1965 I have never laid eyes on Arnie again. No doubt he would remember this completely differently (and is this not one of the charms of reminiscences?). After graduation, he was posted to Puntzi Mountain; since then, he has apparently vanished (*as far as Fats' spreadsheet is aware*).

A WALKING TOUR OF TURKEY

By 6606 Roger Chiasson

Shortly after I retired, in 1999, while working under contract for DND, I had occasion to travel to Istanbul on business to attend a NATO Working Group meeting on Nuclear Biological and Chemical decontamination. While I was there I had occasion to play the tourist, and was very impressed with this exotic and fascinating city. I promised Bonnie that I would take her there someday, and that we would dine at a rooftop restaurant with the Blue Mosque silhouetted in the background.



Last year, while I was surfing the web for possible travel destinations, I came across the Teachers Travel web page (www.teacherstravel.com). We had used Teachers Travel before, for walking tours in the Cotswolds and the Black Forest, and had been impressed, so when I saw that they had an upcoming walking tour of Turkey in October 2012, it piqued my interest. Unlike the previous tours we

had taken, which were self-guided, inn-to-inn walks, this was a guided walking tour, with 4 and 5-star hotels awaiting us after trudging the Turkish landscape.

So we jumped at the opportunity, and we arrived in Istanbul on 1 October, after a harrowing scare in Zurich when Bonnie discovered that she had left her passport on the plane. After getting the run-around and a full tour of Zurich airport, we were directed to the SWISS airline transit desk, and after a very tense 15-20 minutes, the agent we were talking to disappeared into the bowels of the airport and reappeared 5 minutes later with the passport. It was obvious that SWISS agents are not used to getting hugs, but what else was Bonnie going to do? I overcame the urge to imitate the guy in the Leon's commercial and shook the agent's hand and thanked him profusely.

Our tour included a very knowledgeable and professional guide who was with us for the entire duration. We also had a Teachers Travel representative assisting her, whose base of operations was the Greek islands, and who had joined the tour so that the two of them could discuss possible changes to the itinerary, which they had jointly designed a few years before. In addition, the head guide hired other guides on several occasions to help out on some of the scheduled walks. The bottom line is that we were very well served by guides!

The 2-week itinerary had us in Istanbul for two nights, with sufficient time to see the Blue Mosque, the Hagia Sofia cathedral and the Grand Bazaar, and to cruise the Bosphorus, the body of water that joins the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmara/Dardanelles, and which separates the European and Asian continents.

Next, we took a one-hour flight to Cappadocia, where we spent three days exploring the very unique terrain carved by nature out of the ancient volcanic rock into fairy chimneys and enchanting valleys. The area is also rife with cave dwellings chiseled out of the soft rock. The caves, which are now abandoned, give the area a "swiss cheese" appearance. We walked the Pigeon and Rose Valleys in comfortable 20-degree weather, under clear blue



skies. We visited the Kaymakli underground city capable of holding 5,000 people for short periods, a UNESCO world heritage site built by early Christians to protect them from persecution. The piece de resistance for me was a sunrise hot air balloon ride overlooking the spectacular terrain - but half the attraction was seeing the other 110 balloons that

were up at the same time! I had always had hot air ballooning on my bucket list, but I never thought I would be checking it off in such amazing surroundings.

We then headed south in our private coach towards the Mediterranean coast, passing through the majestic Taurus Mountains. The next 10 or so days were spent winding our way along the Lycean coast from Antalya to Izmir, visiting a host of archeological sites dating back to Hittite, Greek, Byzantine and Roman times. One of the more fascinating walks was through the ghost town of Kayakoy, abandoned after WWI as part of a population exchange in which Greeks living in Turkey and Turks living in Greece were uprooted and deported to their "proper" countries.



The tour was the perfect mix of pleasant walks over fascinating terrain, including ancient roads and aqueducts, and some of the richest flora on the planet, interspersed with amazing historical and cultural insights, and capped with top-notch hotels and delicious Turkish food. On two occasions we boarded our private chartered boat, which dropped us off along the Mediterranean coast for spectacular walks, followed by on-board lunches and swimming in the azure waters of a cozy bay.

After visiting the amazing ancient city of Ephesus near Kusadasi we flew

from Izmir back to Istanbul. The tour ended with a visit to the Topkapi Palace, the throne of the Ottoman Empire. Bonnie and I stayed behind for another week, with an overnight guided trip to Gallipoli and Troy, and a few days back in Izmir with Turkish friends we had met when he and I were military attachés in Tokyo.

We were very impressed with Turkey, the cradle of several civilizations, a proud, modern, affordable country with extremely warm people, stunning scenery and excellent cuisine.

We would highly recommend this tour to anyone wishing to combine exercise with comfort, while "walking through civilizations" in one of the most interesting countries on the planet.

Oh.....Bonnie and I dined in the glow of the Blue Mosque on our last night in Istanbul - promise kept!

Jubilee!

By 6585 Richard Archer

Recently I was honoured with the award of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee Medal. My appreciation goes out to those members of both the Naval Association of Canada National and NAC-Ottawa who nominated and then approved the award. Looking at the other recipients, and in my ongoing participation in NAC activities, I certainly have a lot to live up to.

But the Diamond is not my first exposure to Jubilee matters. In 1977 Marilyn and I and our two daughters, Susan then aged 7 and Cathy aged 3, were in London, with me attending the Royal Naval Staff College at Greenwich. My Canadian classmate was Roger Bernard with wife Moira and children Scott and Colin. Jan Drent was the Canadian on the college staff, just back from his first stint as naval attaché in Moscow.

Marilyn and I of course knew that 1977 was the Queen's Silver Jubilee year, and one Saturday morning in our apartment in Lewisham, across Blackheath from the college, we saw on television the preparations for the trooping of

the colour on Horseguards Parade. Hey, we said, that's not that far away, and on the spur of the moment we decided to catch the train and head downtown. After some tube time we found ourselves on The Mall, the route from Horseguards to Buckingham Palace. It was drizzling rain, but nobody around us, all in a festive mood, seemed to care. With Susan walking and Cathy in a stroller we made our way toward the palace end of The Mall and found a good spot just at the point where the road split to encircle the Queen Victoria monument in front of the palace. Marilyn hoisted Cathy up into her arms and I put Susan on my shoulders.



We could see everything clearly - the Household Cavalry, the guard regiments, the royal entourage on horseback including the Duke and his sons and daughter, and finally the Queen in her Guards uniform riding side-saddle on a black horse reputedly given to her as a jubilee gift by Canada. Soaking wet in the rain, she didn't appear too happy, but she graciously acknowledged the cheers of the crowds lining both sides of the street.

Once the entourage were in the palace grounds and the palace gates shut, the police allowed the crowd to approach. En masse we surged forward, and we the Archer family found ourselves not that far from the black wrought iron fence that protects that part of the palace forecourt. Naturally and in due course HM and the royal family appeared on the palace balcony - and we all cheered our hearts out...cheering loudly again when the RAF did a fly past. We Archers went home thoroughly pleased with ourselves - that we had taken a chance to see and even participate in something historic.

But that was not the end of our Silver Jubilee adventures. Later in the summer, Roger and I received word from the Canadian Embassy that it had some invitations to one of the Queen's garden parties at Buckingham Palace. We immediately applied, and shortly thereafter received official invitations on palace letterhead signed by the Lord High Chamberlain.



*The Lord Chamberlain is
commanded by Her Majesty to invite*

Mr and Mrs Richard Archer

*to an Afternoon Party in the Garden of Buckingham Palace
on Thursday, the 21st July 1977, from 4 to 6 p.m.*

Morning Dress or Uniform or Lounge Suit

The garden party was a few weeks away, but Marilyn and Moira had great fun heading down to shops like Harrods (which at the time was affordable) to search for just the right outfit, including the mandatory gloves and hat. It was easier for Roger and me (and obviously less fun) - we'd be in uniform.

Finally the big day arrived. We put the four kids with babysitters and headed into town. We had been given two options for finding our way to the extensive garden at the rear of the palace - either through the front entrance of the palace itself or through a gate in the garden wall somewhere to the rear. No contest!

It took a while to wend our way through the palace, all the time admiring the decor, but it was well worth it. Finally we found ourselves descending a rather grand stone staircase down to the greensward to join the thousands of others, all in their best finery, on the grass and around the royal ponds with their ducks. White marquees had been erected to act as covered places for tea and sandwiches.

We soon got the hang of how things were organized. Rather than the Royals leaping into a general melee, lanes were cleared through the crowd so that a lone Royal could make her or his way to meet and greet and chat with some

lucky people.

Along with the Bernards we could see a lane set up for the Duke of Edinburgh. We decided to join the crowd near the far end of the lane. We could see the Duke at the beginning of the lane dressed in full grey morning suit with cravat, tails and mandatory top hat, which he was carrying in his hand

Shortly we were approached by a young-looking naval officer who had been making his way down the lane in advance of the Duke. He turned out to be the Duke's Junior Equerry. He engaged us in some pleasantries, and then excused himself. Soon thereafter a full Colonel, the Duke's Senior Equerry, did the same thing. Finally we were approached by a gentleman called Lord Nevil, the Duke's Personal Secretary. Apparently we had passed muster, because he invited us out of the crowd to stand as a group in the middle of the laneway.

Okay, so we were about to be introduced to the Duke of Edinburgh, whom we could see talking with other groups that had been pulled out of the crowd, and slowly making his way in our direction. Roger and I looked at each other and acknowledged that that this was the first (and probably only) time that we were glad we were wearing the weird green uniform of the Canadian Forces. It was certainly eye-catching, and maybe the only reason we had been noticed. We then agreed that he and I wouldn't bow, we'd only salute.

Meanwhile, Marilyn and Moira were discussing the intricacies of the curtsy. They finally decided on the right foot slightly back, the left knee bent, and the head tipped demurely forward.

Before the Duke arrived, the Junior Equerry chatted with us again, to give some ground rules - one of which was that the Duke was to be the sole initiator of any line of conversation. That is, we were not to speak until spoken to.

At last the moment arrived and the salutes and curtsies were impeccable. But the Duke found that he had very little in common with us middle class

Canadians and he struggled with initiating the small talk. We weren't supposed to help him, so we waited quietly for any opportunity to respond and did so when appropriate. The conversation lasted all of 8 minutes, if not less. So unfortunately the encounter with the Duke was a little unsatisfying, even a touch anti-climactic.

But not to worry, we were so pleased to be participating in the Jubilee garden party and knew that we now had a story to tell our grandchildren. But of course the party wasn't over. We made our way over to the Queen's lane, which had been expanded to a wide circle where she could pick the direction she'd like to go and, as far as I could tell, meet whomever she chose.

Next we went over to the circle of people surrounding the Prince of Wales, Prince Charles. This was before he had met Diana, and he was alone. He approached a couple near to us and his first words were, "Have you had your pocket picked yet?" He was much livelier than his father had been, and was actually making an effort to resonate with the crowd.

The remainder of the time the four of us just enjoyed the gardens and the atmosphere and the sense of pride everyone was carrying. Eventually we took part in the tea and sandwiches.

Fast forward. For Marilyn and me, our next exposure to such matters occurred 25 years later, in 2002, the year of the Queen's Golden Jubilee. I was in the Naval Section on the NATO International Staff, and Marilyn was in the highly enviable position of "NATO Wife", with all its rights and privileges. The job was going well, and Marilyn and I had developed a wide coterie of international friends - life was good.

When it came time to award the Queen's Golden Jubilee Medal to Canadians in Brussels the usual high-ranking suspects were first in line, but then the Canadian Embassy found that it had one left over. The Embassy approached Ambassador David Collins, who had an office one hallway over from me. He had the job of leading the integration of Partners-for-Peace nations into NATO affairs. David, who is a longstanding member of NAC-Ottawa (his

father was an admiral and he had seen sea service in the Navy), was asked to find an appropriate recipient of the medal. He sent out an internal email to the 50-or-so Canadians on the International Staff, asking for nominations along with rationales. As it turned out, Marilyn and I were selected.

How this came about deserves some explanation. When I left my last naval posting on the NATO Military Staff and took up the position on the civilian International Staff, since we had lived in Brussels for two years the transition (for example, from subsidized, embassy-controlled accommodations to a place we rented on the open market) was relatively painless. But other Canadian newcomers to the International Staff weren't so lucky. This came to a head when a young mother appeared on the scene, pregnant and with a babe in arms. She had arrived at NATO HQ to take up an IT position, having left her husband working at his teaching job back in Canada. She went looking for some help in getting settled, but the Canadian Military Delegation told her that she was on her own. She was eventually helped by some other members of the Canadian community on the civilian side, but the lesson was learned. The Canadian community occasionally met as a group socially, and at one such gathering, some women proposed that the Canadians form a "Canadian Contact Group", to be there to help out newcomers and any other Canadian for that matter. For my part, I offered to write a periodic newsletter to be distributed to all International Staff Canadians - to introduce newcomers, provide info on upcoming Canada-related events, and even informing the Canadians about such things as the ongoing saga of the non-recognition of Canadian driving license by Belgian authorities (it's a long story).

We actually had another group already in existence at NATO HQ - the Brussels Branch of the Naval Officers Association of Canada (NOAC), which met for lunch monthly. I became the Branch Vice-president, with RMC 65 classmate George Brown as President. This group was not suited to do the Canadian Contact Group type of work, as it focused on the retired Canadian military working at NATO or just living in Brussels.

It wasn't long before the lead women moved with their retiring husbands back to Canada, but we kept the contact group going. It became a generator

of social and other events for all Canadians at NATO.

When we had first arrived in Brussels, Canada Days were organized by the Canadian military, but it wasn't long before they couldn't find the volunteers to lead with the preparation. A retired army colonel named Mac Savage and his wife Pat were the ones who had stepped into the breach. Their preparations were entirely successful, and included Canadians not only from the International Staff, but also from the military delegations and the ambassadors and staff from the three Canadian embassies in Brussels (to NATO, to Belgium and to the EC).

The Savages were also the ones that had taken over the organization of Remembrance Day ceremonies at the Commonwealth grave site in the main Brussels cemetery in the commune of Evere, not far from NATO HQ. They had to step in when once again the Canadian military delegation had given up on organizing it. This became an annual event that the Canadian Contact Group continued after the Savages had departed, and after each ceremony we all enjoyed retiring to a pub across the road from the cemetery main gates for beer and sandwiches, a pub that was amazingly full of RCAF memorabilia.

As it turned out, my work on the newsletter gradually morphed into more and more of a leadership role in the Canadian community. As the eventual de facto leader I was the one who spoke at the gatherings, saying goodbye, for example, to departing Canadians. And I was the one who dealt with the three embassies to get them to recognize at least the existence of the Canadian (orphan) community on the International Staff.

And with the departure of the Savages that had initiated them, Marilyn became the principal organizer of the annual Canada Day picnics for the Brussels area, a huge task. We first held them at the American High School, on the softball field, but after 9/11 the school became an armed camp, and we had to move the picnics to the British School, on the cricket pitch.

So you see where this is leading. By the time David Collins canvassed the

Canadians on the International Staff for the Queen's Golden Jubilee Medal, the names of Marilyn and I came up. We were awarded the medal in a brief ceremony in the Canadian NATO Ambassador's offices. A report on the Canadian ceremony was published in the NATO HQ newspaper. Lucky for me, I'm the one that gets to wear the medal.



Book Report

By 6332 Gaetan Dextas

I just finished reading a book titled "Citizen Sailors" by Glyn Pryor. It is a history of the Royal Navy in WW2, but drawn from diaries and letters written by sailors and officers. It provides a more human aspect than the formal military history books. It covers all campaigns (Atlantic and Murmansk convoys, Mediterranean, Indian and Pacific oceans, etc.) High level presentations are made so as to provide context for readers unfamiliar with the history of the various campaigns. Maps and photos are included.

I thought to provide you with this info so it might be published in the newsletter. It should interest all you Navy types, and even a few ground pounders and airdales, such as myself!

Here is a link to the Indigo web site for this book:

<http://www.chapters.indigo.ca/books/Citizen-Sailors-Glyn-Pryor/9780141046327-item.html?ikwid=citizen+sailors&ikwsec=Books>

The ISBN is: 978-0-141-04632-7

Editor: Penguin

While looking this up on the Indigo web site, I saw there is another book by the same name, but which is a Chronicle of Canada's Naval Reserve, 1910-2010. No doubt also an interesting book, but not the same that I have read.

This might be the start of a literary section of the newsletter, initiated by a roundly educated engineer! I would hope that arts men will pick up on that!
(Ed Note - Good idea)

Closing Notes

Thanks to this month's contributors - a good start to a new year. I'm looking forward to hearing from more of you over the next year.