



Class of 65 Newsletter

Edition 8 - September 2008



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Editor's Corner

I hope everyone is having a good Labour Day Weekend. This will be my last one "in harness" with retirement looming at the end of the month. I remember Labour Day as being a time a frantic last minute arrangements to get the kids back to school. Apparently times haven't changed much as my wife is now starting to work on ways to get me back to work, or at least out from under her feet!

In this edition **Terry Pyne** shares a humorous reminiscence that may resonate for those of us who might recall Terry in his bad old days - a far cry from the dedicated individual I have had the pleasure to work with on occasion while in my present job.

With the kind agreement of Bill Oliver I have included a recent biography of **Fras Holman** for those of you that cannot or do not access e-Veritas and which appeared in the 30/08 edition. I know this will seem like needless repetition to some, but I have included it as part of the growing bank of information on classmates that is becoming an important part of this newsletter.

Finally, **Roger Chiasson** shares a red-faced experience from his time on the diplomatic circuit while Naval Attache in Tokyo.

RED CROSS TO THE RESCUE

By 6488 Terry Pyne

My first week at Military College (CMR '60) was mostly a blur of endless

alphabetical line-ups to get uniforms, haircuts, books, ID photos, etc. I usually did not know what the line-up was for until I got to the front of the line. Of course, I got to know everything about the people in front of and behind me - date of birth, place of birth, parent's names, initials, etc.



One line-up was strange in that we were going into the gymnasium. It wasn't until I got fairly close to the front that I realized we were volunteering (?) to give blood. There was a grey haired lady from the Red Cross with a typewriter asking for our name and date of birth, which she was typing onto little red cards and giving to us before we got to lie down on a cot and donate blood.

Thinking quickly, I did the math in my head to figure out what year I would have to have been born in to be 21 rather than 17 years old. When I gave that year to the Red Cross lady she did not hesitate or even look up into my cherubic face - although, whoever was in front of me, turned his head quickly at this because, after all, he had heard my date of birth many different times during the past couple of days. That earned him a loud "look to your front" from some senior cadet and it earned me a piece of ID that said I was of legal drinking age. At the first opportunity I bought a wallet that had facing plastic windows when you opened it - one side held my Military ID card (name and picture on the front, date of birth, unseen, on the back) and the other side held my Red Cross blood donor card with my fake date of birth below my name.

This fake ID worked flawlessly for four years until I actually turned 21. I recall one summer four of us army types went into a tavern at Wasaga Beach and ordered beer. The waiter brought the normal serving of two glasses of draft each, put them on the table, asked for payment, and, as he was pocketing the cash, asked us all for ID. The outcome was that my three friends were kicked out, the waiter kept the money, I had to chug eight beer (if anyone remembers old style Ontario taverns the glasses were quite small) and run to catch up to the gang who were talking to some girls on the beach. Not too sure what else happened that day, but this story is an example of how the Red Cross supported me back in the day.

I was recalling this while giving blood for the 72nd time a month ago

(supporting them in kind even if it is the Blood Services Agency now), so I thought I would share this reminiscence with my classmates from '65.

6541 Major-General D. Fraser Holman (RMC '65), CD (Ret'd)

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Major-General Fraser Holman is currently a member of the Senior Directing Staff at the Canadian Forces College, supporting the implementation of the National Security Programme, a year-long programme at the 'war-college' level commencing in 2008. Born in Toronto in 1943, he grew up in Ottawa and graduated from the Royal Military College of Canada (RMC) at Kingston, Ontario, in 1965.

MGen Holman's military career spanned 35 years and alternated between operational and educational assignments. Initially, he served as an instructor pilot on T-33 trainers at Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. Next he converted to the CF-104 Starfighter and served a four-year tour as a reconnaissance pilot in Baden-Soellingen, Germany, then at the headquarters in Lahr, Germany.

Returning to Canada in 1974, MGen Holman was assigned as an Assistant Professor of mathematics at the RMC for three years. Next he attended the CF Command and Staff Course in Toronto, before returning to Germany and the CF-104 - this time in the ground-attack role. This was to become a four-year tour as he was promoted lieutenant-colonel and appointed Commanding Officer of 421 (Red Indian) Squadron.

In 1982, MGen Holman returned to Toronto and the Command and Staff College, where he covered four different assignments over six years. He was promoted to colonel in 1986 and finished his time there as Director of Air Studies, as well as Director of Unified Studies. Returning to fighters in 1988, he was appointed Commander of BFC Bagotville, Quebec, a CF-18 Wing for a glorious two-year tour.

MGen Holman was promoted to brigadier-general in 1990 and assigned as the (last) Deputy Chief of Staff for Operations at the 4th Allied Tactical Air Force at Heidelberg, Germany. Next, he was reassigned in 1993 to headquarters NORAD, in Colorado Springs, Colorado. He served as Vice-

Director of Plans, then Deputy Commander of the Cheyenne Mountain Operations Centre, before being promoted to major-general in 1995 and becoming the J-3, Director of Operations, for NORAD.

He retired from the Canadian Forces in 1996 and returned to live in Toronto. He established himself in a consulting business and since 1997 has been working in support of the Canadian Forces College as a senior mentor and facilitator. He shared in the development and implementation of two advanced courses in senior officer professional development - the Advanced Military Studies Course, and the National Security Studies Course - which have now been replaced by the National Security Programme.

MGen Holman accumulated over 3600 hours of pilot-in-command time, primarily on the CF-18, CF-104 and the T-33. His education includes a BSc in Mathematics and Physics (1965) and an MSc in Mathematics and Operations Research (1978) both from RMC, and an MA in International Relations (1987) from York University, Toronto.

MGen Holman is married to the former Sandra Hayter of Ottawa; they have two adult sons and four grandchildren.

My Initiation as a Diplomat

by 6606 Roger Chiasson



Although my last real job in the Navy was running the dockyard in Halifax, my last posting was as Canadian Forces Attaché in Tokyo Japan. I know what you're thinking - but every once in a while the system fails and a Cape Breton engineer gets sent abroad to represent Canada. Not everyone gets to eat and drink for his country, but I was one of

the lucky ones, and, besides, as a Cape Breton engineer, I was highly qualified. I could write a book about the three years Bonnie and I spent in Tokyo, but I thought that this story about my first Japanese dinner as the invited guest of honour might be of interest.

We arrived in Tokyo on 21 July, 1995, after a year in Ottawa trying to learn Japanese. Learning one of the world's most difficult languages was such an ordeal that we looked forward to watching the O.J. Simpson trial when we got home from the language school. But, already I digress.

One of the Canadian Attaché's duties is to visit a monument to the last Canadian to die in the Second World War, Lieutenant Hampton Gray, a recipient of the Victoria Cross. He was flying off a British aircraft carrier, and died on August 9th, 1945, attacking the Japanese fleet in Onagawa Bay, about 400 km North of Tokyo. Terry Milne, one of my predecessors, was instrumental in having a monument erected to Hampton Gray, on a promontory just outside of Onagawa overlooking what is now a peaceful bay. But according to the accounts of a Mrs. Koda, whose lover had been injured, taken ashore for rehab, and who had rejoined the fleet, only to die that fateful day, the bay was red with the blood of war.

Mr. Suda, the mayor of Onagawa, was a staunch friend of Canada and Canadians, and was very much a part of Terry Milne's mission to erect a monument to Hampton Gray. The monument is about 100 metres up the road from the monument to the locals who died serving the Japanese imperial navy. It was customary for the Canadian Attaché of the day, accompanied by an interpreter, to visit Onagawa annually to pay respects at both monuments, on the Sunday closest to 9 August.

So, on cue, barely three weeks after landing in Tokyo, my interpreter, Harada-san, and I took the shinkansen (bullet train) to Sendai, then a local train to the last station on the line, and finally, a taxi to Onagawa. We picked up flower bouquets from a local florist, met up with the mayor, and proceeded to the Gray monument, where I placed the flowers, bowed my head, said a silent prayer, and then followed the mayor and a group of elderly imperial navy veterans to the Japanese memorial. There, in addition to the flowers, I deposited a bottle of Canadian Club rye whiskey on the monument, since I had been previously briefed on the tradition of depositing some article of food or drink to feed the spirits. When I half jokingly asked my interpreter where these offerings ended up, I was assured that they were not wasted. An attaché should never miss an opportunity to promote goodwill, and I can testify to the fact that a fair volume of Canada's most

famous liquor was used in those three years to promote and cement international relations.

Mr. Kanda was the president of the Japanese veterans' association in Onagawa, and it was the custom for him to host a dinner at his home following the ceremonies. It is rare for Japanese to entertain at home, but Kanda-san owned a gentlemen's clothing shop, and lived in a relatively large apartment above the shop. We all settled down for a veritable feast, prepared and served by Kanda-san's wife and daughter. I was wearing a dark suit for the occasion, and a white shirt. I followed the actions of the host, and removed my suit jacket before sitting on the floor to partake in the meal.

Very early on, I grabbed a piece of sashimi (raw fish) with my chop sticks, dipped it in a shallow dish of soya sauce, and proceeded to guide the succulent morsel to my mouth, when the sashimi slipped from the grasp of my chop sticks and fell into the soya dish. Veeeeery clever, these Japanese! They had designed the dish so that when a piece of sashimi was dropped into it, the soya sauce was propelled in all directions at a distance of over one metre. My white shirt was splattered with soya sauce, and I felt very embarrassed. The gracious Japanese said nothing, of course, but I noticed Kanda-san summons his daughter and whisper something to her. She promptly left, seemingly on some sort of mission. I asked my interpreter, Harada-san, what was going on. He told me that Miss Kanda had been dispatched to find me another shirt. Even though I was reminded that we were over a men's clothing store, I did not expect her to find a shirt that would fit a "gaijin" (foreigner) of my size.

Sure enough, Miss Kanda appeared with a new shirt, and presented it to her father, who took a good look at it and rejected it, presumably because it was too small. To which I silently muttered to myself - "I could have told you so". But, a few minutes later, Miss Kanda appeared with another shirt. This time, Kanda-san approved, and I was presented with a new white shirt. I tried to refuse, but eventually gave in and kindly accepted the gift. I was told I could change in the master bedroom, so proceeded to do so. The shirt was a perfect fit! It must have been in the store for decades, waiting for some gaijin to soil his shirt!

The rest of the dinner was uneventful - unless you count my first experience eating sea anemone. No, it doesn't taste like chicken, but is not unlike cooked pumpkin, without the cinnamon.

The moral of the story is: if you are going to commit a diplomatic faux pas, and spill food on your shirt in front of your hosts, better to do it with the proprietor of a clothing shop, while dining upstairs over the shop!

Closing Notes

With eight months now under our belt, I'd be interested in some feedback on the newsletter. For one thing, I don't think it really qualifies to be called a "newsletter" since there is little news in the content, but rather updates and past reminiscences. Personally, that's fine by me - I've enjoyed hearing from classmates I haven't seen for years and catching up on what has gone on in the interim. However, you may not all share that view and I'd be glad to hear from you.

I suspect it could also be accused of a little Ottawa-centric. If that is the case, I encourage those of you out in the nether regions to create a bit more balance with some updates on activities in those areas.

Until next time.