

**Newsletter Volume VII
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The Communicator

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Remember this?

Editors Ramble
By David Smith

Turning leaves and a touch of frost serve to remind us that in spite of wishing we could do so, we can't stop time. If I could, the summer of 2007 (at least in Ontario) would be a good place to start.

As expected, there were some updates to the article "Where are they now?" It is interesting to note that three of our colleagues have retired from the Courier Service leaving Ken Ljungar as the last former CM still flying around the world. Amazingly, he has been doing so for what I believe is over 30 years! One can only imagine how many passports Ken has filled but one source tells me Ken is nearing the 150 mark. A story on the Courier Service and on Ken in particular is just begging to be told. Now there's a good winter project without question.

Happy reading

Where are they now? - An update to the previous copy
By David Smith

Have you ever wondered how many of our former colleagues are still working for Foreign Affairs as Indeterminate employees? Wonder no longer because here is a list.

In the CS group: George McKeever, Lucretia Sealy, Steve Galloway, Perry Lesk, Elizabeth De Boer, John Hagemeyer, Tom Tierney, Anna Maria Braia-Salvi, Judy Scrimger, Al Couture, Bob Hutchins, Bruce Sondergaard, Judy Bakvis, Eric Joyce, Bill Neelin, Gary Black (51st year of service), Shirley Gillette, Kam Bell, Michael Bell, Louise Deguire, Andre Huard, Denis Lacombe, Cliff Swelin, Serge Theoret, and Holley-Anne Tough.

In other groups: HélèneAnna Goyette (CR), Nicole Levesque, Yves Bachand (DA-PRO), Ken Ljungar, Bonnie Ward, Monique Barsalou, Ron Messett (AS)

Recently retired: Tony Washbrook, Gilles Clermont, Guy Lebars, Rick Pomerleau, Gary Morgan, Steve Gates, Marc Gérin-Lajoie, Michel Dargis and Paul Leblanc.

Our former CM complement of almost 300 souls has shrunk at the present time to a total of 32. As this list is a moving target; please contact me at drdee@sympatico.ca if readers know of any changes.

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Shiva's Essence

By Jim Fanning

The early-morning train, scudding across the flat dawn landscape, was something out of a latter-day Raj. Patches of green, fields of cane and rice in all stages of growth, alternating with the drab dun and ochre colours of the huts and shacks, combined in a complex and exotic mosaic. The train containing the time-travellers passed through an alien landscape for which no travel yet experienced had prepared us. The sight of multitudes of individuals squatting beside the tracks voiding their bowels made one query whether the country had been given a collective purgative.

Our family group was en route to three days and two nights at a whitewater rafting camp on the upper Ganga (Ganges) River. I was an officer of the Canadian Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade, working as Senior Systems Administrator at the Canadian High Commission in New Delhi. My wife, Terry, was Personal Assistant to the Economics Counsellor. Our son, Geoffrey, was seven and our daughter, Siobhan, was three. Our friend and ayah, Venus, whom we brought from Guyana for our tour in India, was with us to keep an eye on Geoff and Siobhan, while mummy and daddy do crazy things in a rubber raft.

Geoff's questions punctuated the visual tapestry. My neck was sore from its' constant bias toward the window, and I had discovered that I was keeping my breathing shallow in an unconscious tribute to the majesty and timelessness of the scenes outside. Dusty country roads are populated by water buffalo and Gandhi impersonators wearing longhis and riding ancient bicycles that seem as old as the time-worn landscape. Women, in colours as bright and surreal as a Ken Kesey acid flashback, spot the rice paddies and the cane fields, gathering an eternal harvest untouched by northern seasons. Small handmade clay smokestacks belch clouds of grey smoke, while within their warm wombs simple bricks bake and dream of reincarnation as yet another hovel. Trestles cross rivers whose banks are alive with yet more butterfly saris, their wearers pounding piles of laundry washed in mud-brown waters against the patient rocks. Scabrous stray dogs fight, forage, and procreate oblivious to their surroundings. Happy children play naked amongst the filth, with their future sex not yet determined: only later would they assume their preordained roles and take their places in the eternal struggle (or is it perhaps the eternal celebration?) that is India.

That afternoon we were introduced to the holy Ganga River where it flows through the sacred town of Haridwar. Hindu mythology has it that the Ganga springs from Shiva's head while he sleeps in the Himalayas. Outside of the railway station at Haridwar, a fountain depicts this. Geoff wonders why Shiva is blue. Reflecting upon this variation on the Daddy-why-is-the-sky-blue? theme, I answer that it was to distinguish him from mortals. Shiva's dreams would later transform, for us, into a nightmarish cascading maelstrom into which we would be voluntarily swept. Not just once, but many times!

The first day started with our young guide, Clayton, a 23-year-old New Zealander, giving us our briefing (caveat emptor!) And training us on survival techniques and what to do while IN the water! Our raft group is diverse, not to say eclectic, ranging from a British banker to an Indian university student. With the exception of the banker and his 14-year-old son, none of us had any rafting experience. At this point I had absolutely no intimation of what was to come. Sure, I reasoned, it's white water rafting, but the "white" part surely must refer to several sets of rather small rapids picked out especially to give each raft load of novices a shiver of excitement and anticipation without any actual danger! So much for my flawed and naive reasoning.

The rapids over the first day's thirteen kilometre stretch from our campsite to Rishikesh, were frightening, but we all managed to cling tenuously to our existence, personified by a 12-foot patch of feeble blue rubber. Joy at safely transiting one stretch of insane water quickly gave way to full realization that our collective folly was not yet complete. The soles of my feet developed a crazy-glue-like substance that kept me bonded with the bottom of the raft. My mind constantly reviewed my life, and I believe I entered a state of fear-induced Nirvana, becoming one mentally with the river with which I was certain of becoming one physically. Geoff joined us for the more gentle bits, and I rejoiced at seeing my son again after our trail by water.

Rishikesh (Hrishikesh) is a holy town on the Ganga, populated by guesthouse owners, pilgrims, neo-hippies, and holy men (sadhus). It is perched upon the sides of Himalayan foothills, and is a cacophony of sight, sound, and scents. The sweet smell of hashish and incense hung over the town like a benediction. This was where the Beatles and Donovan came to study with the Maharishi. As is my custom, I perused the faces of those denizens of Rishikesh whom we passed in or diesel-fume-filled carriage, and tried to imagine what strange vistas their insane and staring eyes beheld! Were their mental universes populated by the gods on whom the garish temple images were modelled? If that were the case, little wonder that they dedicate their lives to serving these gods! As an aside, I do muse on the fact that, unlike Christian artists depicting the different and varied faces of Christ, ALL the millions of images and statues of Shiva, Krishna, Hanuman, Vishnu et al, are constant in their representations. Is this meant to divulge to us some universal truth? Who, in fact, are the pagans?

The second day on the river we started by busing twenty kilometres up the river. We had been told that we would be going through such ordeals as Daniel's Dip, and the Wall. Oh good. What strange, wondrous and distant drums could prompt a man of 55 well-lived years to do this testosterone motivated, male-ego building, death-wish fulfilling river thing! Feeling that his

crew was experienced enough, our guide decided to take us through each set of rapids the hard way. Although we appreciated his confidence in us, I suspected that his decision was based on wanting a bit of excitement himself, rather than feeling complete trust in the virtuosity of his crew. We paddled on.

The feeling of approaching a geographic feature that roars and leaps high into the air while passing in a dizzying foam-drenched rush through cliffs of granite, and is possessed of hidden eddies that can suck one down to the jagged rocks just beneath the surface, can only be described as a controlled terror. First the noise, then the increasing speed of the river, and then the rapids, hidden from view until it is too late to scream “noooo!,” suddenly are before and below us, tossing spumes of white water three metres into the air! When you are committed (a word I use advisedly) to the rapids, thought is suspended and placed into a wet, white, noisy place where the taste of fear is the taste of the Ganga. Paddling furiously in response to the fervent exhortations of our guide, we are tossed into a washing machine from hell. The stern of the raft goes down and suddenly is at a 45-degree angle behind and below me. The entire raft rushes toward a rock wall while we assume a tilt of 40 degrees on our axis: nothing exists but the mad, fear-induced digging of the paddles, while the psychotic river attempts to wrench them from our puny grasps.

Daniel’s Dip claims two casualties. Terry gets hit in the nose by something unseen (a river sprite!), causing a brief nosebleed, while Clayton bashes himself in the mouth with his paddle, which does nothing to enhance our faith in him as the omnipotent guide: if this can happen to him, what, pray, might happen to lesser mortals?

A peaceful hiatus while our puerile comrades in the two other rafts enjoy themselves by splashing each other! A return to the safety of childhood prompted by the trauma of water psychoses. We feel smugly superior to them, as we took the more difficult routes through Daniel’s Dip and the preceding rapids, while they took the easy way. In our raft each of us is quiet and contemplative, reflecting on our feelings as we went through Daniel’s Dip. A certain inner peace descends upon each of us, perhaps as a result of the incredible adrenaline rush we had all experienced just minutes ago.

Like a visit from psychic forerunner, the Pink Floyd tune “The Wall” gives me mental goose bumps, and plays non-stop in my head. In the distance the sound of the Wall dominates all, reducing the mountains to insignificance, dulling the sunlight into insane rainbows, and forcing us all to see the river as though for the first time. Our senses focus, awareness is heightened, and our hearts provide the sluggish yet pervasive bass beat demanded by the Wall’s psychopathic symphony. We round a bend, and there, in front of us and dropping rapidly as it rushes by a solid rock face, is our Nemesis, the Wall.

The controlled terror that I feel shifts into high gear, and my entire existence to this point is focussed upon Clayton’s voice, screaming at us to “paddle, paddle, paddle!” Time stops. The feeling possesses me that an oar has broken the right lens from my sun glasses, will the river suck the moccasins from my feet as a token tithe demanded by the unforgiving river gods? I MUST start swimming to the shore, else be shredded against the cliff face. I am on my back looking UP at the surface of the water. My oar, still in my hand, is being buffeted by the angry river. Surfacing, I see an oar handle stretched toward me and I fight to reach it. Success! With no grace and a distinct lack of elegance, I am pulled aboard. Stunned and disoriented, I say to Terry, who was thrown across the raft into my seat, that I think I lost my sunglasses. They are still safe in my anorak pocket, and I have been through the Wall.

At night, the stars are only 10 feet overhead. The year is 1997, and the Hale-Bopp comet hovers slowly above the mountains, and all of us are affected by the cosmic majesty. Unseen trucks labour around the dark mountain roads high above our camp. The monkeys come down to explore the edges of the camp, while the children are afraid to pee in case they encounter a monkey while visiting the camp toilets. The campfire offers an ancient and symbolic protection against the forces of darkness, against the intrusion of the unknown, against the forces of Chaos. I feel strangely reborn, whether from surviving, or from drinking of Shiva’s essence from his holy river, I do not know. Yousef, the camp manager, plays an excellent guitar rendition of Pink Floyd’s “Shine on, You Crazy Diamond,” and Cat Steven’s “Moon Shadow”: he breaks into an old Robert Johnson-style blues number, and the spirit to the river moves me to sing my own ad hoc words for the riff, which the ranks of the river-initiated around the fire receive in kind approbation. I am alive. I am well. My long-quested state of peace and tranquillity is as near to me now as it will ever be.

Geoff talks to Venus all the way home. The excitement of living a childhood adventure drama has animated him as only video and computer games have done previously. From Haridwar to New Delhi railway station he stops only to swallow his train meals. Siobhan is tired, and is prevented from becoming cranky solely by the presence of her “blankie,” a faithful, if somewhat tattered blanket, and loyal companion and confidant since birth. Terry, Venus, and I continue to be impressed by the meals we receive on the train. It is fairly simple fare, but with exotic flavours and textures that enhance the experience for us. Excitement has found a fertile home in a young boy who has rafted on the holy Ganga. Exhaustion has wrapped in compelling arms a young girl who has played in sand ground by a sacred river from the Himalayas.

A midnight rain has polished the dusty streets of New Delhi as we drive home from the station. The children fall asleep quickly without the usual stories and songs. Terry saves her diary entry for the morrow. I do not sleep immediately, but savour an inner contentment that will stay with me as long as the memory of this experience lasts. I have drunk of Shiva's essence. Part of the wonder and mystery that is India has become part of me, and I feel that I have gained something intangible that will enhance the remainder of my life.

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Gary Morgan – Chinese Military motorcycle enthusiast
By David Smith



Gary writes: “The following are links to sites that publish the history of the CJ-750 (and its predecessors the Russian M72 and BMW R71). You'll probably realize a slight difference, from site to site, how the original BMW model evolved. There are some good pictures and drawings, nonetheless.”

<http://www.vintagesidecar.com/history.htm>
<http://www.changjiangcollective.com/index.php?p=History>
<http://www.changjiangunlimited.com/hist.htm>
http://changjiang-usa.com/cj_history.html
<http://www.changjiang750.com/>
<http://www.montrealidecar.com/english/history.asp>

Running into Gary Morgan at a cancer fund-raiser this spring, I learned we share a love of motorcycles. While serving myself in Beijing in the late 70's, I had a Russian motorcycle (a “Planeta” – a real two stroke leg breaker) but Gary owns this beautifully restored Chinese BMW knockoff which turns many heads here in Canada. Over the fall and winter months, I will be putting together a story of his bike in particular and the joys of biking in general. I suspect more than a few of our former colleagues are motorcycle enthusiasts. In the meantime, Gary has provided a number of websites above that will offer those interested in such things some interesting web surfing until the spring edition arrives. I have no doubt our friend and colleague Bob Alexander is still chuffing down the road on some very motorcycle-friendly route on his “Hog” and I'm envious. Not because I don't own a Harley Davidson but because I became mentally unstable last fall and actually sold my bike after 20 years of owning my favourite toy. 1st Corinthians 13 verse 11. Sigh.....

Stay tuned.

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Bazoos life's experiences in Foreign Affairs

By Marty Byzewski

A Trip in the Rice Paddies

The first time I was in Bangladesh (Translation Land of the People), I was asked by my cook if I wanted to go to his local village and meet his family. I had been in the country for two months and I thought that this might be fun to see life on the other side. I rented a four x four and a driver and we proceeded inland for about 50 miles. We almost drove off the road in two places where it was washed out. Finally we reached the end of the road because the country is all water. We then flagged down a passing fishing boat and I hauled my cooler of refreshment on board. For two hours we wound our way through rice paddies, bamboo thickets all the while our boatman was chewing some kind of nut which made his mouth all red. I found out later that this was a local narcotic. We finally arrived in his village and the welcome mat appeared. I was treated like the conquering King with the whole nine yards. The village girls put on a dancing show and my cook's father killed a couple of chickens for the feast. All the while I sat on my chair and drank brewskis and watched the show. It reminded me of the movie "The Man Who Would be King". Later that night after some picture taking we bid everyone adieu returned via the canals to our waiting jeep and returned to Dacca. It was a wonderful day!!

The Money Girl of Port-au-Prince

One thing a person learns while in third world countries is that you cannot solve the poverty by yourself. You are always approached by zillions of beggars who see you as a rich westerner with pockets full of money to give away. Well let me tell you about Yvette, who was on temporary duty replacing one of the secretaries. Yvette left work one day and on leaving the High Commission felt sorry for the two young kids with their hands out so she gave them both some money. The next night there were about six of them waiting and she proceeded to shell out more loot. By the end of the week I had to escort her through the crowd waiting outside the building. I guess they thought she was Saint Evita helping the masses. Yvette learned her lesson that week on third world policy towards the poor.

* * *

Trudeau's Pie in the Sky

By Buck Arbuckle

The government under the direction of Prime Minister Trudeau had decided that something had to be done to ease the airport and road congestion at Montreal's Dorval Airport. A plan was developed to build a whole new modern airport miles out of Montreal at a small town site called Mirabel. Enthusiasts for the project were mostly political and vast sums of taxpayers' money would be needed to accomplish those political aims.

But various airlines did not seem too keen on the project because they feared the resulting displacement of passengers from Dorval to some remote airfield miles out of town would drive business away. In fact, many airlines ultimately ceased to use Mirabel because this fear did materialize shortly after the opening. But I digress.

Land for the new airport was purchased, roads were built, and the huge construction job was underway. Government money flowed like a torrent into the area, but, as this was a Canadian project, built of Canadian materials and by Canadian labour, much of the expenditure was taxed back into government coffers, perhaps 50% to 60%.

As the job neared completion it seemed desirable that a small delegation headed by myself, should visit the new terminal for a preview of what our couriers could expect. After all, they would be frequent and regular customers and should be familiar with how to gain access from the ticket counters to the baggage area, a place usually restricted to employees, and they should know how and where they could be conveniently met. A meeting with the new airport manager was laid on with a full tour scheduled.

We were toured and dined which made for a very pleasant afternoon and subsequently assembled in the manager's office. He asked if we were pleased with our visit and was there anything else he could do for us while we were there. We suggested perhaps he could provide us with a plan of the terminal building so that we might adequately brief our couriers. He thereupon reached into a drawer of his elaborate desk and pulled out a beautifully engraved book. He opened it at the back section and tore out a fold out leaf and handed it to me. We were astonished. It was a complete plan of the building. A little taken aback, we asked what this beautiful book, which was now obviously incomplete, was for. He ventured that this book featured photographs and details of the construction project as it progressed and it would be presented to the Prime Minister when he visited the airport three days hence. The manager presumed Trudeau would probably never look at the book and he would never miss the layout diagram.

Such was our introduction to Mirabel.

Why?

By Buck Arbuckle

As a teenager with a newly declared war to think about, I joined the Cameron Highlanders of Ottawa as a recruit. School and other activities did not allow me much time for the Highlanders, and my hips were not structured to support a kilt. I harboured a deep concern that somehow I would discredit my unit if I lost my kilt in public, and this influenced me to take my patriotism elsewhere. I pictured myself flying in a fighter aircraft with my white silk scarf blowing in the breeze behind my open cockpit, so I approached the Air Force recruiting office. Having already achieved an amateur radio licence, I was welcomed into the fold, not as a potential pilot but as a radar man.

Intensive training rewarded me with graduation and I was dispatched to defend the East Coast of Canada with great knowledge of a secret radar system. Soon bored, I subsequently transferred to air crew where I was morphed into a trained killer and sent off to war to operate airborne radio equipment and a turret full of guns.

Upon discharge from the Air Force I returned to school. Following months of study I was getting desperate for funds so I applied to External Affairs for a monthly stipend. They agreed, but there was a hook in the deal, they wanted me to work!! After the usual government waiting period, I was summoned and asked to report to Chicago for further training. They were undoubtedly trying to fill a course quota already paid for, so there I was, a raw recruit, inducted into the striped trows set, travelling on an assignment to the United States, knowing little of the department I was supposedly working for and still shedding the effects of war.

Working for a communications outfit still in its formative stage did help with the expenses of myself and my lovely wife, Norma. In those days loyalty was still a very real part of life so I have spent sixty years so far with Norma and spent a career trying to do nice things for the Department. Operating on the theory that if my bark was worse than my bite, perhaps I wasn't biting hard enough, so I engineered some disagreements with the Department but that was mainly to keep my name in front of people who may have mattered. My overall experience was one of satisfaction with people for whom I retain a great admiration.

My recollections of those experiences, not always my own, are a weird collection of what it was like to spend a career in the Foreign Service, one for which I have no regrets.

Why do I bother to write about those experiences? Recalling them is simply for my own enjoyment and hopefully to arouse pleasant memories in others of times gone by.

* * *

Down Memory Lane

by David Smith



Via rail to Churchill



Rick Flett and myself 1961

This little missive will be of special interest to those of you who served in Churchill Manitoba as I did in 1960/61. I was surprised to learn, since returning to Churchill in the summer of 2001, how many former CMs had actually lived and worked in this foreboding place.

One might ask what prompted a visit. For starters, it was where I began my first real job working for the Navy. Further, my wife Janice comes from Winnipeg but had never been in Northern Manitoba and lastly, my curiosity as to whether the old base was still standing got the better of me.

As the saying goes....getting there is half the fun and this certainly applies to the Via rail trip to Churchill. Travelling to Churchill, one has but two choices - fly or take the train. All roads end at Gillam. The distance from Gillam to Churchill is 296 kms and takes almost nine (yup you read right) hours as it crawls over the muskeg on tracks that essentially float on top of it. This portion of the trip is definitely "different". Departing from Winnipeg, the train actually goes west into Saskatchewan and only then heads north back into Manitoba and through such places as The Pas, Thompson and finally Gillam, the last stop before Churchill. From Winnipeg, the trip takes two nights and a day so a sleeping compartment is recommended. One suspects that Via rail is not overly concerned about the state of the tracks –given that they no longer own the rails from Gillam to Churchill. That portion of the track is now owned by our friends south of the border.

Surprisingly, in contrast to the ancient rail cars we were in, the meals were superb which made it easier to overlook such things as no heat in some compartments. My 84 year old Mother-in-law was accompanying us and of course it was her compartment that lacked heat. Train travel to Churchill in 2001 however was a major improvement from that of my first trip in the fall of 1960. I don't remember any full-sized shower on that trip being included in my Navy financed travel. But then, as a 19 year old newly minted sailor, who would have cared! As the train trundled northwards, settlements became few and far apart until, on the second day, we left any sign of human habitation whatsoever behind and travel over the muskeg began in earnest. It had been impossible to forget my 1960 trip and those memories came flooding back quickly as the train cars lurched from side to side and walking from one car to another became an adventure as the floor between the cars would drop far more than I thought they should. Running rails over spongy floating muskeg is without question a real challenge and that challenge had not changed in 2001. Grain cars from recent grain trains lying on their sides providing Canada geese with a real feast did not instill a sense of confidence. The maximum speed for this part of the trip averages about 35kph and there were times travel was even slower than this velocity. Slowly the trees thinned out and it was evident by looking at the stunted branches which grew only on one side which way the prevailing winds blow. Eventually the trees ceased altogether. One of my most vivid memories from 1960 was how telephone lines were supported. Each "pole" consisted of a tripod made up of three poles, a design meant to prevent sinking into the muskeg. Those poles are still there today but are no longer used. Single poles held up with guy wires are now the system used to carry those all-important communication lines into this isolated port on the shores of Hudson's Bay. I was impressed with the fact that a rail line continues to exist and still works under such conditions. Grain shipments from Churchill are the reason of course.

Two days out of Winnipeg, we finally arrived and in spite of straining for a glimpse of the old Navy base, I couldn't see it. After boarding a little tour bus (having joined a group of tourists with a little finagling) the owner of the bus was so pleased that I had lived in Churchill that he handed me the keys to a modern mini-van and told us it was ours until we left. Our only instructions were to leave the keys in it when we left. With only a couple of roads in Churchill, he had reasonable assurances I wasn't about to drive off with it! My focus was now to find out about the base and to my surprise it still existed. Within a few minutes we were outside the old base and what a sad sight to see. http://www.jproc.ca/trp/church_closure.html. (This web site URL will give you a good view of the way the old base looks now but I encourage readers to view all of Jerry Proc's web pages on HMCS Churchill and view some early photos).

While the old base was in a sorry state, it was still easy to enter via the loading dock and it didn't take long to find my old dorm that I shared with seven other sailors. The ops center, the men's mess, the admin offices, everything was still there and even though almost 40 years had passed since I was last in this building, it was still recognizable, even in very dilapidated shape. My mother-in-law and wife humoured me while I poked around and delighted in remembering long-forgotten details. Standing amidst this flotsam and jetsam did not deter my recall of life in HMCS Churchill. I could almost see Rick Flett standing outside the base getting our photo taken or Pete Hurst standing behind the bar in the men's mess as he served up a cold beer on his off-duty hours. No more shiny floors, no spotless dorms, and of course no sailors. Just the three of us, the wind whistling through the broken windows and a badly treated building that has been ravaged by people, time and weather for the last 33 years (HMCS Churchill closed down in 1968).

Readers might be tempted to ask if the trip was worth it but I wouldn't have missed it for anything. It had been at the top of my "to-do" list for many years and I have no regrets. Yes, I would go back again but somehow I suspect I would be doing so on my own. My Manitoban born and raised wife wasn't as enthralled with my experiences in the sub-arctic as I was. Any further trips will be solo I fear. Good times and even greater memories.

Authors note: There is a plethora of material and photos covering HMCS Churchill on Jerry Proc's website which a number of us have contributed to, especially Ray White. Some easy surfing will provide readers with interesting historical data on the Navy's now defunct radio stations.

Comments from Merv McBride on Churchill:

I was in Churchill from around the winter of 57 and left there in Feb. of 59 so our memories of the place should be pretty close to the same.

Found it somewhat depressing to see the dorms and the op centre although found it interesting in trying to reconstruct the place in my mind. My God - we were so young and so ready for life, weren't we?

I can still remember our weekends in Goose Creek and treks over the river to see the abandoned fort, watching the whales on the beach and, of course, the frequent Polar Bear sightings.

Comments from Ray White:

Churchill. Yes, I was there from summer 1952 to May 1954. It was an interesting, but uninspiring place. They say if the Lord ever decides to administer an enema to the earth he will do it at Churchill. Guys in our system who were at NRS at same time as myself include Ernie Meldrum, Ron Waugh and Gord Hildebrand. Ed Smith was there after I left. Merv McBride was there too.

It will be interesting to see pictures of that desolate place as it is now.

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Final Comps "In memoriam" – 2007
Members and friends of the CM/EL community to whom we have said goodbye

BIRD, William (Bill) August 30th, 2007



Spouses:

MAILLOUX, Margaret E. May 3, 2007
Spouse of our friend and colleague Roly

Virginia "Ginger" Casey, May 16, 2007
Spouse of our friend and colleague John who passed away in 1999.

McBRIDE, Mary Joyce, June 24, 2007
Spouse of our friend and colleague Merv.

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