



The 50th Anniversary of the Canadian Armed Forces Logistics Branch

“In the Shadows of the Limelight”

The tales, anecdotes, salty dips and rumoured to be true
stories from those who served

Edition 1
January 18, 2019

Edited by LCol Mike Hendrigan, CD (Retired)

Dedication

In putting this collection of stories together, I often wondered if a dedication was required, and it was, how would I word it? I pondered the subject for way too long and as the weeks turned into months, I thought about possible options and formats. In my research into what I thought would be an easy matter, I found the following information on dedications:

A dedication could be addressed to a parent, a sibling or other family member, a friend a supervisor or even a mascot.

Ok, this was a start.

A dedication could be formal or informal, and provide a reason. There is no one way to write a dedication.

Darn, back to square one. So with no right answer, no fixed format and no further ahead, I came up with a couple dedications that seemed appropriate. If you want to see what I came up with, keep reading. Otherwise, skip this part and flip a few pages forward to the first “Log Tale”.

On my first attempt, I came up with this:

This book is dedicated to the thousands of serving logisticians who will be celebrating the 50th Anniversary of the Canadian Armed Forces Logistics Branch on 1 February 2018.

That seemed a little too vanilla and bland, so I came up with a second version:

To all logisticians, past and present, who supported CAF operations, missions and exercises with honour. To you, this book is dedicated.

That was pretty good and I thought I was on the right track, but in the end, I decided on a different approach. Taken from the spirit of a humorous and witty retirement message (Major Dan McNeil (Log-Land) who retired on 31 July 2016), I picked this dedication:

This book is dedicated to the soldiers, SNCOs & WOs and Officers that ever served in the Logistics Branch. The good ones know who they are.

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Introduction

Hello, my name is Mike Hendrigan. In 1985 I joined the Canadian Armed Forces to begin a career in the military, with the intent to follow my father's footsteps. My dad had been in the Royal Canadian Air Force (RCAF) in the 1950s as an instructor on the North American T-6 (commonly known as the Harvard). When I was a kid, our time as a family was filled with stories of my dad's adventures in the military, and then later as a bush pilot in northern Canada and finally as a commercial pilot with Wardair. Over those years, I gained an appreciation of what made a good story – how it was told, what happened, if it was exaggerated or not (the more the better) and whether or not it made me laugh, cringe or shake my head. Anyways, I always admired a good story, and more so the good story tellers.



Figure 1 - A Harvard in Claresholm, AB

Over 30 years later, I found myself posted to the Canadian Materiel Support Group (CMSG). There, I was advised that the 50th Anniversary of the Logistics Branch was fast approaching and future celebratory events were being planned. I started thinking about the thousands of logisticians who had served in the Logistics Branch over the decades, and of all the stories they had to tell.

More importantly though, I thought of the stories, tales and adventures that would never be told, and I thought that was a shame. So when then Col Tattersall started up a committee in Ottawa to plan Log 50th events, I volunteered to produce a “Log Tales” book that would be a collection of humorous moments, “salty dips” as the Navy would say and anecdotes from the members of the Branch – both past and present. My offer to put the book together was accepted. Initially, all I had was a concept. I thought that I would tell the Logistics Branch, different chains of command, the Canadian Forces Logistics Association, the Legion Magazine and my friends what I was doing, and I would then let the stories rush in. The stories did flow in periodically through email over a two year period, and my approach was to read the story, conduct minor edits on it so that minor typographical errors were removed and making sure the message was clear. I returned edited submissions back to the authors to confirm they agreed with my changes, and they all did. That said though, if there are any errors or omissions in this book, the errors will rest solely with me. Well that's it. There are twenty six days remaining in 2018, and it's time to wrap up my contribution to the “Log 50th Committee” and finalize this project. I hope you enjoy the stories as much as I did.

LCol Mike Hendrigan (Retired)
Nairobi, Kenya
5 December 2018

Contributors

In order of receipt, the following forty-one people contributed stories and submissions to this book. Thanks to all for taking the time and effort to capture these colorful moments in our history.

Maj Ryan Matthies Maj Jayson Geroux LCol John Stuart Maj James Ellwood Lt (N) Mario Rivard LCdr Rick Guitar Maj Douglas Thorlakson Maj Doug O'Neill Maj Michel Dagenais LCol Mike Hendrigan MCpl William Moeller Maj John Andruszka Capt G.L. Rivera Maj Gord Jenkins LCdr Hal Pottle Maj Keith Inches Mrs Tracey Trowsdale-Pollitt Col Ian Nicholls LCol Ken Mills Capt (N) George Forward Capt Catherine Smits	PO1 Robert Bates Capt Joe Reid Requested to be Anonymous Maj Dan McNeil Mr Gerry Cann Maj Derrek Williamson CWO Al McGee LCol Douglas Martin MCpl Annie-Claude Venne LCdr Norm Normand Maj W.E. (Gary) Campbell LCol Dave Ferguson LCol Rick Palfrey LCol Scott Baker Capt Simon Litalien Col Carla Harding Capt Cass White Maj John Page LCol Bob Baxter CWO Paul Flowers
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Note that the following reference materials were provided by my friends and colleagues for formatting purposes, guidance and inspiration. Thanks to Col Ian Nicholls and LCdr Rick Guitar for their help. The materials were:

“Salty Dips”, Volumes 1-9, Canadian Navy 1910-2010, Naval Officers Association of Canada – Ottawa Branch

“Rendezvous 81”, DND Canada 1981

“War Stories, Anecdotes and Lies” by Major Bill Leavey, CD, The RCR, June, 1993

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Call for Submissions

Call for Submissions

**50 Years of Service
Remembering the Canadian Armed Forces Logistics Branch
1968-2018**

**“The Anecdotes, Salty Tales and Fading Memories of its’ Members
and Those They Served”**

The Canadian Armed Forces Logistics Branch 50th Anniversary Steering Committee is looking for short stories and anecdotes of the lighter moments and humorous memories of life in the Branch, that have occurred over the last 50 years.

Your story or submission should focus on the humorous events that reflect the spirit of the men and women who served as or with logisticians, regardless of rank, civilian classification, trade, era or color of uniform.

If you, a friend or a friend of a friend would like to share a story of an adventure, anecdote, humorous moment, mishap, photograph or cartoon of an event in the day in the life of a logistician, then please send the information to Michael.hendrigan@forces.gc.ca and chosen stories will be published in 2018. The published print and/or e-book will document the stories, anecdotes, reminiscences, jokes and salty tales of daily life in our unique military and civilian environment, all in support of the Logistics Branch and the customers they served.

Deadline for submissions: 1 September 2018

Maximum length of submission: 1,000 words (exceptions may be made)

Estimated publication date: 1 December 2018

For more information, please contact Mike Hendrigan.

Contact email: Michael.hendrigan@forces.gc.ca



Ver 20 May 2016

Figure 2 - The Original Call for Submissions

Demande de soumissions écrites

**50 Ans de Service
Célébrer la Branche Logistique des Forces armées canadiennes
1968-2018**

“Les Anecdotes, Histoires Colorées et Beaux Souvenirs de ses membres et de ceux qu’ils ont desservis”

Le comité directeur du 50ième anniversaire de la Branche Logistique des Forces armées canadiennes est à la recherche d’anecdotes et courtes histoires relatant des événements humoristiques ayant pris place au travers de la Branche au cours des 50 dernières années.

Vos histoires et soumissions devront mettre l’accent sur des événements humoristiques qui capturent l’esprit du travail des hommes et des femmes qui ont servi en tant que logisticien ou auprès d’eux, peu importe le rang, classification civile, métier, époque ou élément d’appartenance.]

Si vous, un ami, ou même une connaissance désire partager une histoire, anecdote, événement humoristique, mésaventure, photographie ou caricatures sur la vie d’un logisticien, alors SVP faite parvenir vos soumissions à Michael.hendrigan@forces.gc.ca Les soumissions sélectionnées seront publiées en 2018. La publication écrite ou électronique finale documentera les anecdotes, souvenirs, farces et histoires colorées de la vie de tous les jours dans l’environnement militaire et civil particulier à ceux qui ont servi en support de la Branche Logistique ainsi qu’à ceux qu’ils ont desservis dans leur travail quotidien.

Date limite pour vos soumissions: 1^{er} septembre 2018
Longueur maximale des textes: 1,000 mots (sauf en cas d’exception)
Date estimative de publication: 1^{er} décembre 2018

Pour plus amples informations, SVP contactez Mike Hendrigan.

Courriel: Michael.hendrigan@forces.gc.ca



Ver 20 May 2016

Figure 3 - Demande de soumissions écrites

Chapter 1 – Pre 1968

“Maj-Gen. Verney, GOC (General Officer Commanding) of the British 7th Div., came to see me. He was not happy... I got the feeling that as far as he and his staff are concerned we’re just a bunch of ill-mannered damn Colonials... a lot of ruffled feathers on the British side... Christ, you’d think we were at war with each other instead of the Germans.”

– The diary entry sometime in September 1944 of Major-General Harry Foster, GOC 4th Canadian Armoured Division (4 CAD), during the fighting in Northern France on the Western front of the Second World War. MGen Verney had come to complain to MGen Foster due to an incident that had occurred between Foster’s Quartermaster Lieutenant-Colonel John Procter and his counterpart in the British 7th Division.

The incident:

When the two divisions were advancing side by side, they shared the same highway as a dividing line. LCol Procter stationed his Canadian Provost Marshals on the line to ensure traffic for 4 CAD was well organized. When the British Provost Marshals came along, the Canadians kindly asked them to wait until 4 CAD had passed through. The British instead arrested their Canadian counterparts, locked them up in assorted towns and village jails enroute, and stationed their own Provost Marshals along the highway to ensure the British 7th Division could pass through.

Angry, LCol Procter stormed over to see his 7th Division counterpart and demanded an explanation. The British Lieutenant-Colonel called him several rude names. LCol Procter (who in civilian life had been a roughneck diamond driller) invited the Englishman to join him outside, and once behind a hedgerow, Procter knocked his counterpart out cold with a solid left hook. When the man woke up a few minutes later, he went to see MGen Verney, who in turn of course went to see MGen Foster. After the discussion between the two GOCs, nothing more was said of the matter.

A selection From “*Meeting of Generals*,” by Tony Foster

Submitted by Maj Ryan Matthies and Maj Jayson Geroux
Directing Staff, CTC CFB Gagetown

The Royal Canadian Pay Corps used the red blanket as its symbol; during WWII, blankets were used to cover vehicles when making payments and the blankets were covered in blood stains from carrying wounded soldiers. After the creation of the Logistics Branch, some pay officers covered their desks with red blankets in recognition of the RCPC’s history. This practice continued until the early 90s when the memory faded and red fire blankets were no longer readily available.

Submitted by Maj James Ellwood, CD

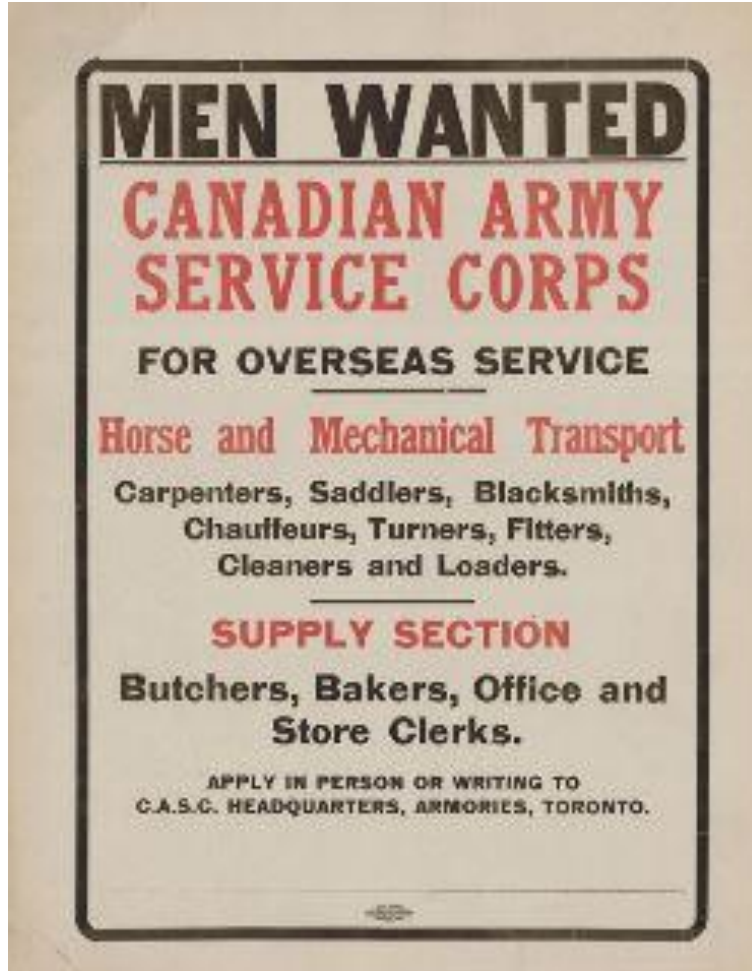


Figure 4 - Recruiting Poster

The Parade (1958). I was on parade at Camp Borden one beautiful Friday morning for the weekly CO's Inspection. Being Officer Cadets on training, we rotated who would take the front as "Platoon Commander" and while we were formed up, the CO, RSM and party approached from my left. As per SOP, I went over to the corner of the formed group to greet the CO and gave him a smart snappy salute.

Unfortunately I hit the brim of my cap. Here's what happened next:

The cap went straight up in the air,
It did a 360 degree turn,
It came down and landed right side up on top of my head, and
Amazingly, it landed in exactly the same position, as it was before I saluted.

The CO said "Can you salute again Jenkins? Oh never mind." With a wry grin he carried on with me to inspect the platoon. The RSM, who was not known for his sense of humor, I noticed, also had a slight grin.

Try as I might, later in the barracks, I tried to see if I could replicate that perfect pirouette with my cap again. Nope. Not a chance. That was once in a lifetime occurrence, and of course it happened on the Friday COs Parade.

Submitted by Maj Gord Jenkins (Retired), former RCASC/Log Officer

A future historian. In 1958, my roommate at Royal Canadian Army Service Corps (RCASC) Basic Training at Camp Borden was a Royal Military College (RMC) Officer Cadet (O/C), and as O/C, we were considered the lowest form of military life. At that time we were billeted two to a room in Hennessy Block, and my roommate came to Basic Training already possessing shiny boots and impressively prepared kit. During morning inspection by our Platoon Lieutenant, he was always able to find fault with my turnout, as I was considered "easy meat". In my case, I was a Regular Officer Training Plan (ROTP) O/C attending Acadia University, and I had all new kit and boots that needed some time to get up to an acceptable standard.

Anyways, during these inspections there was never a fault with my roommate, except one day that stands out even today. This day, the inspecting team was the Lieutenant and a Sergeant, accompanied by two Corporals. My roommate's bunk was beside a window and mine was near the door. Our drawers were opened before inspection with all the contents lined up perfectly inside, and just before the call "Stand by your beds!" was made, we closed the drawers carefully.

Of course I got my usual roasting and then, to my surprise, so did my roommate! When the inspecting group opened my roommate's first drawer there was an audible gasp by the inspecting Lt. He found an item out of place, and he held the offending object one inch from the RMC O/C. In this position, the Lt. yelled "WHAT IS THIS? ARE YOU GROWING A CROP? AM I INSPECTING A BARN?"

A leaf had blown in and my roommate Jack had not noticed it when he closed his drawer.

Later in life, the RMC O/C that I roomed with in Phase 1 Basic Training went on to become a famed Canadian military historian. His name? Jack Granatstein.

Submitted by Maj Gord Jenkins (Retired)

Rifle inspection. On one clear summer day, we RCASC Officer Cadets were being paraded around without mercy, as per normal, in the heat and humidity of the Camp Borden Parade Square. Every once in a while we were given a short reprieve, and we were allowed to cool off in the shade under the one lone tree that was in the vicinity of the Parade

Square (this particular tree is located on the right hand side of Figure 4 below). After a short rest, we went back to rifle drill, and continued on with our training. To change things up during the drill practice, the Drill Corporal decided to conduct a rifle inspection. In preparation for the inspection, we had to take the weapon, pull back on the bolt to open it and then “put finger in bolt housing.” The Cpl would then look down the barrel to ensure that the rifle was clean. At this time, we were drilling with the .303 Lee Enfield, and not the 7.62 mm FN rifle that would later come in to service.

On this particular day, the Corporal looked down my barrel and then looked at me. He then called over the Sgt, who then called over the S/Sgt. In turn, the S/Sgt called over the Senior Lt. “God” I thought, “Am I going to be court martialed?” As this and other thoughts entered my mind, the S/Lt yelled “Never seen anything like this in my life Jenkins!”

“That’s it” I thought, “So much for my military career.” At this low point, they all started to laugh, which was ended when I was told in no uncertain terms, “Get off my square and clean your rifle Jenkins – now!”

Leaving the Parade Square and quickly inspecting my own rifle, I immediately discovered that a caterpillar had found its way into my rifle and was crawling slowly up (or down, depending on your perspective) my weapon’s barrel. I never heard another word from the Cpl or Sgt on this matter again, but that could not be said the future ribbing that I later received by my roommate.

Photographs at Figure 5 and 6 and article submitted by Maj Gord Jenkins (Retired)



Figure 5 - Parade Square at Camp Borden - 1958



Figure 6 - Horse Transportation Driver

Chapter 2 – 1968 and Integration

It wasn't easy being green! It was the spring of 1969 and I had just graduated from the ROTP at the University of Western Ontario and received my commission. I was directed to Wolseley Barracks to receive my uniforms. To my surprise, I was issued two long sleeve green shirts, one green tie, one green forage cap and yardage of green material and gold braid! With my clothing allowance, I was to hire a military tailor to make my new CF green uniform. No problem! While the tailor hadn't made a CF uniform before, he had a pattern and my uniform was soon ready. It looked good, but more about that later.

The next thing was to pack up my car, a 1969 Camaro (green, what else?) and drive to Borden. CFSAL, except for the recent name change, was pretty much the old RCASC School. The influx of former navy and air force personnel would happen later in the APS. For the handful of us on the Phase 3 RCASC course, the first orders of business were to settle in to "Skunk Hollow" and do our "in routine". For some reason, I was the only one wearing the CF green uniform. I suspect that I was among the first, if not the first, to wear this uniform at CFSAL and, indeed, all of CFB Borden. Part of our in routine involved a visit to MSE Safety to have our DND 404s renewed. The corporal there refreshed our memories of DND driving and then went into a question and answer session. I don't think that my presence really registered with him until

I put up my hand to answer a question. He paused, looked at me in a slightly bewildered manner, and said “Yes, the naval officer in the back row”! I blended in better one we were issued with our combats.

The course went well until it was time to receive our posting messages. Everyone was hoping for a transportation company in a service battalion. My posting was to Base Transport at CFB Uplands. I didn’t know where it was, nor did my course mates and the Directing Staff. It was suggested that I submit a memo and ask where it was, which I did. A short answer soon came back...it is in Ottawa. Armed with this knowledge, I packed up my car and drove to Ottawa. Fortunately, on my way in on Bank Street, I saw a sign pointing to the left that said “Uplands”. I followed it and there it was...nestled against the Ottawa airport. I wasn’t the first former army person at Uplands. Glen Bucci had preceded me to Base Transport and Bob White was at the former RCASC Ration Depot. There were also a few NCMs such as a Sgt. Ken Walker at Base Traffic. However, I was the first green one! All was well except for the RCAF summer dress code for officers. While the former army officers could wear their single service uniforms with open neck and the shirt sleeves rolled up, the air force code was to wear the long sleeved shirts rolled down with a necktie. I fell under this rule and it was most uncomfortable in the heat of the summer. Then, when I made my frequent trips to NDHQ, I had to wear my tunic as well. Unfortunately, air conditioning was not common!

Things went along well until October when we went into winter dress. I discovered that one of the breast pockets on my tunic needed to be retailored. It would be a week before it would be ready. Of course, this was the week that the Base Commander, Colonel Edwards, was visiting Base Transport. We had to be properly dressed for his visit. What to do? The simple solution was to change into battle dress, which I did. The Base Commander knew me and looked a bit surprised to see me dressed in brown. I quickly explained to him that, as it was the Fall of the year, I, like the trees, had changed colour! A strange look of puzzlement passed over his face and he quickly moved on to speak with someone else. All was back to normal the following week. The next year, green uniforms began to be issued on a wider scale and the uniqueness of being green faded away.

Submitted by Maj W. E. (Gary) Campbell (Retired)

On weather, lawnmowers and bells. When I was at CFS Churchill, the television feed came out of Vancouver, about two hours behind local time. One evening, we were watching the news and there was an article about a golf tournament. There they were, playing in short sleeves! Meanwhile the weather outside was minus many, many degrees, the wind was howling, and there was a white out. Not fair, I thought! I was able to use this experience to my advantage a few years later when I was in Esquimalt. It was spring, the Blossom Count was happening and CE was cutting the grass. Conveniently, there was a snow storm in Ottawa. I timed my call there to coincide with the CE groundskeeper going by my window with the lawnmower. “Excuse me”, I said, “I will close the window to keep the noise down”. I don’t think this was appreciated!

A few years later, I was at MOD (UK) in London. My office overlooked the Houses of Parliament and Big Ben. From time to time, just for fun, I would call a colleague at about 11:50 a.m. As we talked about business, the minute hand inched upwards to 12 and Big Ben began to chime. "Sorry", I would say, "could you speak louder, I can't hear you". A bit later, my office was moved to the Whitehall side of the building. One thing I noticed right away were the curtains on the windows. Most government officers had venetian blinds but these were ceiling to floor curtains, nice and full, and puddled in boxes on the floor. My enjoyment of them was short lived when my office mate told me they were blast curtains! Thank you IRA!

Submitted by Maj W. E. (Gary) Campbell (Retired)

A Captain by any other name. When I was at Military Sealift Command in Washington, DC, I was very conscious that there was a two stripe captain (me) in the headquarters and that all the other Captains had four stripes. When conducting business over the phone, I was very careful to make this clear to the person I was speaking with. One day, I forgot to do this but the results were worth it. Friends of ours were in the USN. The husband had joined his ship and his wife was home with the children and was selling their house. She called my wife Carolyn one day and was very upset. The kids were sick, there was an offer on the house that needed a quick reply and she could not contact her husband. Carolyn said "I will see what I can do". She called me and explained the situation. So, Captain Campbell, from Military Sealift Command, made some phone calls. I was pleased with the cooperation that I received. In a short time, I located his ship, which was in port, and left a message for the husband to call home. He did and the house sale went through. So, all was well that ended well!

Submitted by Maj W. E. (Gary) Campbell (Retired)

On the safety of family. While we are aware of the risks that the service members face when on training, exercise or deployments, the risks that family members are exposed to are seldom mentioned. Here are two cases in point. When we were at CFS Churchill, my wife, Carolyn, worked at the town hospital. Her routine was to take a taxi and drop our daughter off at the day care and then walk a couple of blocks to work, except when there were bear warnings, then she took a cab. One non-bear alert morning, as she was walking to work, she saw motion to her left. It was a mother Polar Bear with her cub. Fortunately, the mother bear was between Carolyn and the cub. Carolyn set a land speed record sprinting to the hospital. While you are not supposed to run from a bear, it seemed like a good idea at the time!

A few years later, we were living in London, UK. We frequently went to the theatres in the West End to enjoy the plays. After the play was over, there was always a mad dash to Waterloo station to catch the last train of the evening home. We had found several shortcuts to help save time, including cutting through a certain alley. One evening, Carolyn had taken her sister and her husband to a play. While I was waiting for them to return, I was watching the news and learned that an IRA bomb had just exploded in the alley that we usually went through. When they arrived home, I asked if they had taken the shortcut through the alley. They had! I figure

that they had missed the bomb by minutes. I am certain that families living in Germany had similar close calls.

Submitted by Maj W. E. (Gary) Campbell (Retired)

On conversion training. One of the early goals of the Logistics Branch was to make officers “all singing, all dancing”. This meant taking a “Conversion Course” that would train you in the two disciplines of transportation, supply or finance that you were not already qualified in. In my case, it was supply and finance. My turn for the course came in the winter of 1973 and off to Borden and CFSAL it was. The finance part was very useful to me as I learned the ins and outs of TD benefits. However, my personal life was also converted!

One Friday evening, after Happy Hour at the CFSAL Officers’ Mess, a group of us decided to go to the Maple Mess on the Air Force side of the base as we had heard that they were having a dance. Maybe we might get to meet some nurses. Well, I did meet a charming nurse. She claims that I rescued her from a drunk. Gallantry notwithstanding, we hit it off and were married in the fall. As she was in Masset and I was in Petawawa, and there was no plan to post us together in the foreseeable future, Carolyn took her release. At the time, I was on the ten week Cargo Officer’s Course at Fort Eustis, Virginia. She met me there and we enjoyed our honeymoon at government expense. Thank you, DND!

Submitted by Maj W. E. (Gary) Campbell (Retired)

Chapter 3 – The 1970s

The First Logistics Hat Badge. In June 1974, before the Commandant or anyone else at CFSAL at CFB Borden received their cap badges, newly promoted Major Guy Tousignant was the CFSAL LO to our Cadet Corps. He personally signed for the entire shipment of the first Logistics Cap Badges and issued them to our Cadet Corps for our Annual Inspection by the Commandant CFSAL. The parade went well and we looked great with the cap badges, but after the event he recovered every single one from the cadets. Yes he signed for them and I know I really wanted to keep one, but with that look in his eye after the parade, you knew you just had to give it back!

Submitted by Maj John Page (Retired)

Chapter 4 – The 1980s

HMCS Annapolis Visit to Annapolis Naval Academy – Summer of 1980. I was a P2 stores man onboard HMCS Annapolis, and Cdr George (later to become Admiral George) was the Captain of the ship. The HMCS Annapolis was scheduled to host a cocktail party one evening for all the Academy VIPs, and the local press was keen to promote a local media line,

that could look something like “Canadian Warship, HMCS Annapolis, makes Historic Visit to US Naval Academy Annapolis”.

During this visit, the Captain’s approach on docking this day was a bit off, ever so slightly. We came in on a 45 degree angle and collided with the jetty, which resulted in the ship sustaining a very noticeable dent in the bow. Luckily no one was injured and the damage to the bow would not affect our sea worthiness, however, it most certainly would change the headlines in the local papers.

Of note, a normal routine on arriving in port after a period at sea is to store fresh provisions, which, in this case, were ordered before we left Halifax. As I was organizing my storing party, I was piped to the bridge. On arrival I joined the Buffer, and Chief HT. The Captain wasted no time in detailing what would happen. I received the first set of orders:

“PO, get a vehicle and go buy 150 pounds of “Automotive Polybond”.

Next came the direction to the Chief HT:

“Chief, figure out how you are going to fix the dent before the cocktail party this evening.”

Then for the Buffer:

“Buffer, get your Bosns to rig a platform so the HTs can repair the bow.

We then hastened off immediately to perform our pressing and unique chores. The HTs did a credible job making the bow look somewhere close to normal and the Bosons managed to get the paint to stick to the still-wet polybond. When the Captain examined the “face lift” close to the arrival time of our guests, the Chief HT and the Buffer cautioned that “the repairs may not hold very well.”

In the end, all’s well that ends well: The body filler held; Many pictures were snapped of our fabulous ship; The cocktail party was a big hit; and last but not least, the ship’s crew had a lot of laughs over the incident and the crafty Canadian solution.

End Note: As we were leaving harbour a few days later, the face lift slid into the water, never to be seen again.

Submitted by LCdr Hal Pottle (Retired)

A Saskatchewan story from 1983. I have always been a Militiaman and Reservist, and later in my career I commissioned from the ranks. At the time of this event, I was a Major with civilian experience with chartered banking, accounting and sales of investment and insurance products. As a member of 16 Service Battalion and

originally in the Royal Canadian Army Pay Corps (RCAPC), I went to the annual CF Logistics Conferences for a number of years and prior to my posting to 16 Svc Bn, I was in the Saskatchewan Militia District HQ. While there, I had the HQ Unit Fund registered as a charity with Revenue Canada. I was the "Finance Representative" for Western Canada for the *CF Logistics Association* and there was a discussion about raising funds as donations, such as the Royal Canadian Artillery Association, of which I am also a life member.

As result of the Finance Committee discussions, the Logistics Association Secretary asked that I get the paperwork together to have the *CF Logistics Association* also registered as a charity. I proceeded to address this during the following year, and I even left a day early for the CF Logistics Conference so that I could meet with Charities Representatives in Ottawa. They were very helpful.

On arrival in CFB Borden for the Conference, I advised the Secretary that I had the charities paperwork together for the Executive Committee to review and consider. He said I should run it by Col Owen Barrett first, so I walked over to the group surrounding Col Barrett and waited my turn to be recognized. On informing him that I had the papers ready for the charitable registration, he said in a loud voice:

"Who do you think you are? Why are you becoming involved in this"?

I informed him that I had been asked by the Secretary to look into this matter, and at this this time I saw the Secretary leaving out the door into the hallway. When Col Barrett wound down I took my leave and went after the Secretary where he was waiting in the hall. I said:

"What is going on? I did as you asked."

He informed me that Col Barrett, a lawyer and a Second World War veteran of note, had been considering raising the paperwork but had not got around to doing it. I asked him to tell Col Barrett that he had asked me to take on the task, but he did not want to do so. Nothing further was heard from the Executive Committee on this matter during the Conference.

The following year we were in CFB Borden again for the CF Logistics Conference and of course I flew in through Toronto. Upon arrival at the airport, I looked around to see if there was military transportation available going to Borden and there was in fact a Corporal in the baggage area waiting for passengers. I asked him if he was going to Borden by chance and he advised me that he was "Maj. Inches' driver" and that I would have to wait till Maj. Inches arrived. I advised him that I was the only Maj Inches that I knew of, so he must be my driver. We decided to have coffee, something to eat and wait for more arriving passengers to get a full vehicle load to cut down on expense claims. At this time, I noticed Col Barrett come into the area and approach my driver. After the conversation Col Barrett came over to me and announced that as he was here, and we could leave immediately. I advised him that as the Finance Representative, and with the vehicle tasked to me, we would wait until we had a full passenger complement. He got huffy, but I did not relent. We waited until we had a full load and then left the airport.

When we arrived at CFB Borden later, the Mess was closed but we were met by the Mess President. The President greeted Col Barrett and said, "I thought you were coming in earlier?" Col. Barrett informed him curtly that "Maj Inches would not release the driver." Then, Col Watson from Vancouver said to me, "I did not think you would be back after last year." Great start to this conference I thought...

Of note, as far as I know, there were no other staff cars sent to pick up attendees for the Conference and certainly not Militia Majors from Saskatchewan. I still do not know who arranged to have a driver assigned to me, but looking back I enjoyed making Col Barrett wait. It was small of me, but it was nevertheless a bit of what goes around, comes around. In the end, the Secretary never took the charities application for registration from me, and nothing was ever done the Treasurer later informed me. All the forms are still in the CF Logistics Association files now in the Saskatchewan Military Museum. In this case, it was too bad that someone's ego got in the way of a good idea – and in particular a senior ego that had a less than positive effect on an organization. And of course, you readers will note that my ego was also bruised on the initial encounter with the Col. Another day in the life.

Submitted by Maj Keith Inches

Political correctness. Back in the late 1980s and early 1990s, a certain large Supply Depot located in Western Canada was working hard at fostering Logistics Branch and individual unit pride through encouraging traditional military morale activities such as sporting events, adventure training, parades, recognition programs and the like. Part of this was reinstituting annual all ranks mess dinners held on the premises in the huge cafeteria. They were the real deal with all the trappings and were well received by all. Of course, in maintaining traditions the time-honoured custom of the most junior military member serving as CO for the day coincided with the dinner. One year the junior member was a female supply tech who held the rank of Leading Seaman. Being a progressive unit, the CO decided that it would be inappropriate to refer to her as Leading Seaman nor would it be any better to use the term Leading Seawoman! Ergo the unsuspecting "volunteer" was referred to as Leading Sea Thing! Needless to say this was enjoyed immensely by everyone including the young supply tech and contributed to a very merry evening indeed.

Submitted by Col Ian Nichols (Retired)

Exercise Rendezvous 1987, Wainwright Alberta. At the time, Reservists were paid in cash and inter-bank deposits were just starting to become the norm. During the Exercise an ingenious Reservist arranged with their friends to collect all of the wages, to have a MP escort comprised of Exercise members, and to visit a number of banks in the Wainwright and Lloydminster areas to deposit the funds. One bank manager called up the Exercise finance office to confirm the validity of an upcoming armed escort to the bank; where this was not an official visit, the manager was told no. The unofficial visit escorted by MPs with 9mm Sub-Machine Guns (SMGs) was met by an armed RCMP presence which was resolved without gun fire.

Submitted by Maj James Ellwood, CD

The year was 1983, and the location was Canadian Composite Logistics Company, Camp Ziouani Golan Heights, Middle East. Back then it was a six-month tour, but troop rotation was on an individual basis that was dependent upon a very few available seats on the service flight that transited from Ottawa, through Lahr and Cyprus, to Damascus. Therefore there were folks arriving/departing every week so there was little continuity. In order to instill safety consciousness into the newbies (“Pinkies”), there were weekly indoctrination briefings ranging from driving habits, alcohol consumption, don’t drink the water, etc. but also on the local creepy crawlies not the least of which was the deadly venomous Palestinian Viper! They were everywhere and they were scary. They liked to come out at night. One night, after the A Line (WO/Sgts) Mess closed, the RSM (a fine figure of a man) was marching back to his quarters with his omnipresent pace stick. On arrival at his trailer, one of the aforementioned nasties was relaxing on the front step! As fitting, the RSM dispatched the snake (witnesses said with a one/two/one/two/three cadence) with his stick. Within a few minutes the news was spreading throughout the camp and it certainly formed the basis of much of the conversation the next day. Well, that very next night, a young Logistics Lt., who, it turns out, was well known to be deathly afraid of snakes, was returning to his quarters and was scared out of his mind to discover a snake on his doorstep. Yelling to the moon he grabbed a shovel that was leaning against the trailer and proceeded to beat the offending reptile to a pulp. His cries brought four of his junior officer colleagues from around the corner where they had been hiding. Roaring with laughter they gleefully pointed out the dead piece of garden hose that they had carefully positioned to look like a snake in the moonlight. The Lt was not amused and even less so the next day when his adventure had spread throughout the camp and his performance was being shamelessly compared to that of the RSM. That, of course, is why they teach target recognition. Suffice it to say that he did not see the humour in it all.

Submitted by Col Ian Nichols (Retired)

In 1985, I was a Reserve Master Corporal in the 23 (Hamilton) Service Battalion, attached to 2 Svc Bn for Exercise Rendezvous ’85. We formed Charlie Company of the Transport Company (which was headed by a Regular Force Captain) and mainly staffed with Reservists. However, we did have some Regular Forces folks sprinkled throughout Charlie Company.

Located in Charlie Company unit lines, they had a '2 person Shitter' (luckily two holes) that unfortunately wasn't rigged for privacy. But when you have to go, you have to go. So anyways, one day one Reservist sits down on one hole, and starts reading a newspaper while doing his business. A Regular Forces guy then comes up to the facilities and also has to use the toilet. Professionally and calmly, he sits on the other seat and also takes out a newspaper.

Someone viewing the situation then grabbed a camera and snapped a shot of the scene! Later, underneath the photograph caption, it read "The Regular Forces and the Reserves working side by side." I can't remember if it got sent to the RV '85 newspaper and published or it was just a joke photo posted within the Company, but it was hilarious!

Submitted by MCpl William Moeller

Late for Graduation – 1986. I happened to be on a series of courses that Land Loggies had to go through at CFSAL called, Environmental Specialty Land (ESL) and Land Field Force Logistics (LFFL) – basically one involved living and working in a tactical field environment (probably equivalent to the common army phase conducted now) while the other dealt with the theory and practice of combat service support. Because these courses were usually concurrent to each other a high level of camaraderie developed amongst the students who had been together since BLOC, and the end of LFFL was a culminating event. Traditionally a mess dinner was held for the LFFL course the evening before the formal graduation where the students could mix with senior officers of the branch and say their goodbyes from training for a while. This particular story relates more to the details following the Mess Dinner and the LFFL graduation ceremony, or at least what I can recall.

The morning of the LFFL graduation started with my roommate telling me to get up and get ready and that he would see me at the OTC auditorium. The actual story starts with one of my course directing staff (Capt John Wates) yelling at me to get up and going as I was late for the graduation. Notwithstanding that I started from the prone position in a bathtub, I believe I was ready to go out the door in my 3A's in record time. When I got to the common room of the accommodation pod, I was met by the same and somewhat more anxious DS and asked where the other five morons (or words to that effect) lived and that I would lead him to the nefarious creature's abodes. The resulting response received from knocking on doors of Topper, Z, Don, Chuck and Johnny D was less than positive, yet eventually successful as we all made our way out to a waiting panel van to what we knew would be at its best a severe reprimand and at its worst a re-course.

Not to be disappointed we were paraded in front of our classmates who had been waiting for the ceremony to begin and straight out to a hallway outside an office where the CI (Maj Bill Reid) received us one at a time in order to deliver an epic dressing down. After the desired contrition from each of us we were sent back to our seats auditorium to await the arrival of the

Deputy Commandant (LCol Bob [Bobby] Baxter). We felt that we were in the clear until the D/Cmdt called us up onto the stage for yet another reproof in front of our classmates. What followed for me has become the stuff of legends (for many Bobby Baxter is a legend in the Branch), for instead of berating those called to the stage he expressed his displeasure in the actions of those seated. He was more disappointed that officers would allow their kind to “mess up” like this. Although I did not appreciate it at the time standing with my fellow culprits in front of our course mates, I did come to realize that the sum is only as effective as its parts. This is a message that has resonated with me throughout my career. As a future leader I grew considerably that day, and whenever I get together with the reprobates that caused the event we laugh and realize how far we have come because of those who trained us and managed to impart some key values.”

Final perspective was achieved when I became the DComdt/CI at CFSAL, and I must give kudo’s to Col Bill Reid (Retired) for his ability to keep a straight face when chewing out someone for something you know you could have easily done yourself.

Submitted by LCol Dave Ferguson

The New Pilot. In the summer of 1987, I was a young Officer Cadet (OCdt) undergoing primary flying training at 3 CFFTS in Portage la Prairie, and my military occupation code (MOC) at the time was 32U (pilot - untrained). I was a Regular Officer Training Plan Civilian University (ROTP Civie U) OCdt, and even though I had a big inglorious U behind my classification, life was still pretty grand in July and August 1987. I managed to pass all of my courses at the University of British Columbia, I was now wearing a flight suit every day “going to work”, I was taking the first steps in commencing what I was sure to be a long a distinguished flying career, and now I was surrounded by my friends who were all pretty cool guys. The world was my oyster.



Figure 7 - CT 134 Musketeer

One day, during a professional development session on the Pilot Course, we were briefed by the officers who were supporting CFB Portage la Prairie and ultimately 3 CFFTS. I’m sure that we received briefings from the Base Operations Officer, Base Physical Education and Recreation Officer (BPERO), etc., but the only briefing that

I remember now 30 years later was the presentation that was given by the Base Supply Materiel Control Officer (MCO) – or maybe she was the Systems Control Officer (SCO). I don’t know, it doesn’t matter now. Anyways, she gave a presentation and I remember that she was nervous. Her face and neck turned an anxious-public speaking shade of lobster red and her voice waivered a few times by the end of the briefing we were all made well aware that “B Sup”:

- bought the fuel that later went into the mighty CT-134 Musketeer
- ran the Clothing Stores that issued us our dashing flying suits
- managed the warehouses holding spare parts for the Maintainers to fix the airplanes, and
- provided us the mountains of publications that we had to read on meteorology, airspace and air traffic control regulations, radio procedures, flight operations, aeronautical theory, navigation, emergency aircraft checklist, etc., etc., etc.

By and large we did gain an appreciation of what the logisticians did for us OCdt 32Us, but at the end of the day we were young and still pretty focused on how important we thought we were, how much we enjoyed our own company and how pleased we were being supported by a whole bunch of administrators logisticians, maintainers and other support staff behind the scenes.

So what's my point here? Well, later that summer I fell off a roof of a hotel doing something I should not have been doing, broke my arm and was thus re-coursed off my pilot course. The next year I returned to 3 CFFTS but was ultimately cease trained and later re-classified to 69U (logistics – untrained). A short time later, I was a Supply Officer supporting young (and old) pilots and I had a knack for knowing what to say, when to say it and how to say it that gained the pilot's respect. All that to say, decades later, it has been a good career and I have great memories – especially the one of the night I was chased off a hotel roof and having to come up with an imaginative (yet true) explanation to the Course Director of how I broke my arm.

Submitted by 'Requested to Remain Anonymous'

The Logistics Flag Jump. Sometime in the late 1980s, two Supply Technicians from the Parachute Maintenance Depot (PMD) were freefalling through the sky over Drop Zone (DZ) Buxton in Namao / Lancaster Park / Edmonton, on the occasion of a "Logistics Flag Jump". One was MWO Mike Bedel (on the left) and the other was WO Al McGee (on the right) with the photo taken by Sgt Colin Beattie. Of note, the Logistics Flag was affixed with Parachute Rigger Wings (visible under the crest) to commemorate the event. This "Flag Improvement Initiative" by MWO Mike Bedel and WO Al McGee would be rewarded years later, as they were both ultimately promoted to CWO and later appointed as Depot CWO of 7 Canadian Forces Supply Depot in Edmonton.

Submitted by CWO Al McGee (Retired)



Figure 8 - Free Falling over DZ Buxton

The Mess Dinner. ‘Twas a dark and stormy night... Actually, it was Thursday evening on December 3rd, 1987 and the Land Field Force Logistics (LFFL) Course serials 8703 and 8704 (English and French combined) was having a Mess Dinner at the Waterloo Officer’s

Mess with the graduates. I was lucky enough to be singled out to sit at the Head Table along with the Course Director (Captain Ben Roth), the Directing Staff, senior members of the Canadian Forces School of Administration and Logistics (CFSAL) HQ and the Chief Instructor (LCol Robert “Bob” Baxter) who was attending as the Guest of Honour.

My road to attend LFFL was unique in that I had already reported for Regimental Duty to my first unit 4 Service Battalion, in Lahr, West Germany in June 1987, after graduating from College Militaire Royal de St-Jean. In 4 Svc Bn, I was employed as the Assistant Adjutant, the Commanding Officer was LCol Bill Brewer and the Adjt was another EME guy, Ryan Jestin. After FALLEX 87, where I deployed as the Battalion’s Field Adjt (Ryan got to stay home and be

OC Rear Party), I returned to Canada and CFSAL Borden in October for our final phase training, then known as Land Field Force Logistics.



Figure 9 - John Page at the Head Table

The course was an interesting mix of classroom and field portion, where we were able to use the Transportation Company's YJ Jeeps as syndicate vehicles and conduct all sorts of practical siting exercises. I believe that the last task was a Command Post Exercise, but may be mixing my time at CFSAL.

Another interesting thing is that throughout the course, we had to change quarters a number of times. We started on the Airforce (South) side, close to the Maple Mess in Officer's quarters, with two to a room. Throughout the course we moved about four times, and eventually I ended up in my own room in P-182 attached to Waterloo Officer's Mess (the only person from my course in that family unit). Graduation parade was set for the next morning on Friday December 4th, and I did in fact get up and go to breakfast in the mess – yes most people saw me there. After breakfast I went back to my room, and lay down to “rest my eyes” for a few minutes since I had been up a little late that night and morning. I guess I was more tired than I thought as I went into a much deeper sleep than I expected and I neglected to set my alarm for just a 30 minute snooze.

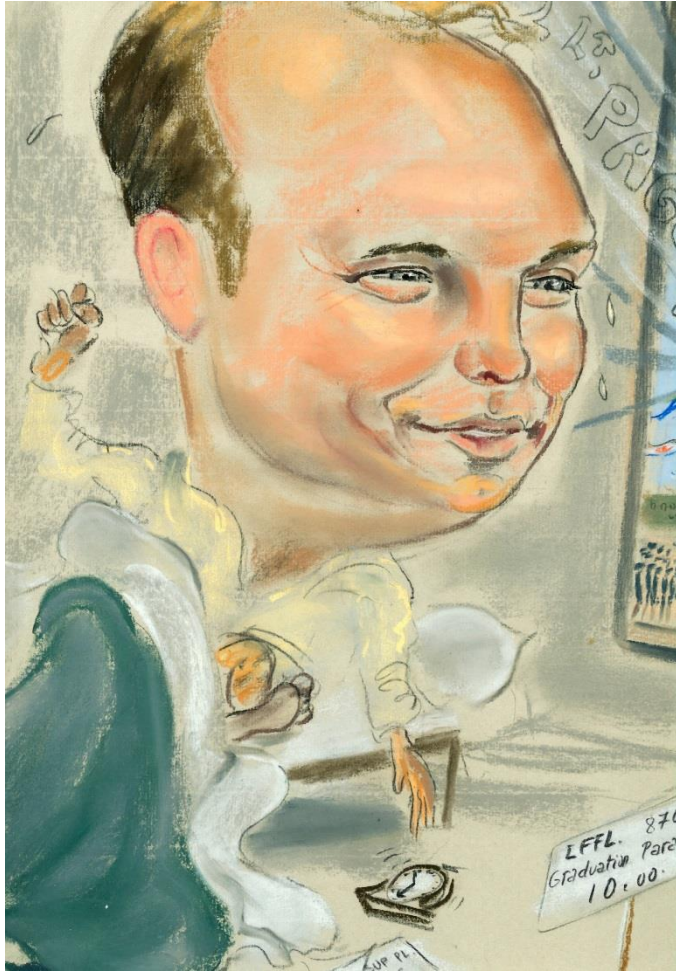


Figure 10 - Sleeping In After a Mess Dinner

The next thing I know, Lt Chuck Lamarre, one of our Incremental Staff from 1 Service Battalion in Calgary is banging on my door and I quickly look at my watch. “Holy sh^it!” I yelled.

No one noticed me missing at the form-up and throughout the parade, until Ben Roth, the Master of Ceremonies called out the name of the recipient of the Top Candidate, with top academic and military marks for the course, “Second-Lieutenant Page”. In response, there was a stunned silence. He called the name again, and then Guest of Honour and Reviewing Officer – General Clive Milner, wondered aloud if anyone was going to come and take this thing? I was not there and then was when someone dispatched young Chuck to “go and find him!”

Well, in the end I was pretty lucky. I joined the course, very sheepishly at the reception in the Maple Mess, meeting General Milner and offering my sincerest apologies. He was totally amused by the whole event, but the rest of the CFSAL Command Team were not...

So what became of that? I was told that for at least the next five years (maybe longer), before every school parade there will be a roll call of everyone and account for them fully. I was awarded the Top Candidate Sword, it sat in OTC in a glass and oak case; every other recipient has a brass or gold colored plate engraved with their name and year - mine is BLACK and engraved with the year. There was also a re-write of my Course Report, adding in the words that “uncharacteristically, 2Lt Page missed his graduation parade and embarrassed the school and his unit. Follow-up action will be taken by his unit, on return.” (or words to that effect). I had the opportunity to come back to the School in 1990 as a student on the Quartermaster Course, and took a picture of the Sword with the black plaque (something to remember me by).

Above in Figure 10, is my Regimental Caracature. Every officer in the Battalion has one made and normally it is the opportunity to take a dig at something that happened on FALLEX. In my

case, it was me missing my Graduation Parade - something that made me stand out from the crowd.

Submitted by Maj John Page (Retired)

In 1988 I had left the Primary Reserve and was transferred to the Supplementary Ready Reserve. I believe that around the summer of 1994, I got a phone call from National Defence Headquarters and they asked me “Sergeant Moeller, do you have a job”? Taken aback, I said “Yes, why”? They replied that they were looking for an instructor for a QL (4) Supply Tech course at the Canadian Forces School of Administration and Logistics at CFB Borden. Excited to do something once again with the military, I agreed and was instructed to pick up my uniform at HMCS Star in Hamilton, where my old unit was based. When I got to the base, I found out that I was going to be in the Navy, because the course was a naval focused course! Shocked, I collected my new Navy uniform and proceeded to CFB Borden to report to my new job at CFSAL. At the gate, the Commissionaire asked me my rank. I replied “I guess it is Petty Officer 2nd Class”. Incredulous, he remarked “What do you mean, you guess”?

Of course, feeling rather like a ‘fish out of water’, I started teaching at the school. A few weeks later, I am at the bar in the Sergeant’s Mess, and two Regular Force Navy guys are there and casually ask me, “So, what ships have you been on”? I replied “None!” Needless to say, the shocked look of disbelief on their faces was priceless.

Submitted by Master Corporal William Moeller
(a.k.a. PO2 Moeller)

Manoeuvreschaden Award – Part of every exercise in Germany was our Damage Control Parties at Section, Platoon, Company Battalion and Brigade level (plus higher). They would go around after every move and clean up/repair what they could, sweep the roads, fix fences and make a detailed trace of where every vehicle and person had gone – all with the intent to start the paperwork for any compensation that the Canadian Government would pay to the landowner.

On FALLEX 88, my platoon was responsible for a number of tasks, including the processing of contaminated soil, waste oil and other POL products for back loading through the Forward Mobile Support Unit (FMSU) to LahréBaden, and then final disposal through the Canadian contracted system. As I was essentially the HAZMAT guy, I hastily established an initial point on the ground where I parked some of this contaminated materiel, with a view to coming back and picking it up again for proper processing and disposal.

Well, things happened as they do on exercise and we had a couple of crash moves, and I had not properly recovered my HAZMAT site. As time went by, others were dropping off their waste POL there and the spot was growing exponentially in size. About three days later, I managed to return to the site with two x 5 ton trucks and a couple of guys to recover the materiel, and low and behold, while we are there picking up our own (and everyone else’s) HAZMAT, the

Brigade Manoeuvre Damage officer (an Engineer Major flown in from Canada) happened across the site because he had heard there was Canadian HAZMAT site in the area and he was checking out a complaint. Expecting the worst, I thought I was in for a blast but he was ecstatic that I was there, recovering the items and cleaning up the site!. In fact, he was so happy that I received the Brigade Manoeuvre Damage Award for cleaning up an Exercise HAZMAT site (that was of my own making and my own responsibility). Looking back, the award wasn't necessary, but it was a nice way to end an exercise!

Submitted by Maj John Page (Retired)

Op VAGABOND. I was promoted to LCol in June 1988 and was appointed DTRP 2 with primary responsibility for all CAF operational deployment planning and execution by the then DGT NDMCC amongst other responsibilities. My first operational task was Op VAGABOND, a UN peacekeeping mission to intervene between Iran and Iraq which had been fighting since September 1980. Its acronym was UNIIMOG. The UN wanted a peacekeeping force deployed by 20 Aug 88, the day that a cease fire would be signed.

The NDHQ task was to deploy UNMO personnel and deployment of a beefed up 88 CDN Sigs Sqn based on the SSF HQ & Sigs Sqn from CFB Petawawa. Planning for this UN peacekeeping deployment to Iran and Iraq started in 28 Jul 88, and I started from a clean piece of paper.

We went through hoops to get the unit deployed evenly between the two nations. Iran was difficult to deal with, but finally agreed to our troops carrying personal weapons for self defence. They required that as each aircraft was dispatched, that we send them the name of the individuals on each chalk including their full name, CAF number, passport number, and weapon serial number. My staff worked diligently with the unit to ensure that all those numbers were correct.

The return trip from Iran and Iraq was unique. Troops from Iran would be flown in an Iranian Air Force Boeing 707 to Moscow and then commercial air (Aeroflot) to Montreal. Our 707's flew the guys home from Baghdad. Vehicles and equipment in Iran would be deployed from the Iranian port of Bandar Abbas on a Ro/Ro ship and then the ship would go to Kuwait City to load the equipment and vehicles from Iraq.

NDHQ received a message from Capt Norm Heward that upon arrival at the Kuwait port of embarkation, that Kuwaiti customs had detained Pte J. Walker. The message went first to Col Forand (DMPC) who was the senior NDHQ duty officer and he went through the lists that we had so carefully composed to account for each flight into Iran. Col Forand was very frustrated that he could not find Pte Walker on any list and when I arrived at 0600 hrs to prepare my morning brief to the Battle Staff, he gave the job to me and I passed it on to Maj Dave Fitz-Gibbon. After a few hours searching, Dave came to me and said, "Col, we've been had. Capt Jude Mayer did the road move from Baghdad to Kuwait City and I'll bet you that he sent the message. He is a practical joker. I'll bet that Pte Walker is a bottle of Scotch." Sure enough he was correct. Col Forand eventually got the joke and all was forgiven and the message was not part of my morning brief.

I wore the joke for quite a while. Whenever I was asked to guest lecture at CFSAL Jude would always ensure that a student was encouraged to ask about Pte Walker. When he came over to the Persian Gulf in 1991 to work with our Movements Team at Al Jubail, he had to ask if I had told them about Pte Walker. I finally got back at him when he retired in 1992.

LCol John N. Stuart, OMM, CD (Retired)

Chapter 5 – The 1990s

Many years ago, in about 1991, I went on a NATO Allied Command Europe (ACE) Orientation Course in Geilenkirchen, Germany with a very fine Log LCdr named Hal Pottle. This officer amazed me in that he could keep up with the Norwegians at the bar night after night, usually into the early morning. We would arrive at the lecture hall and sit in the front row for the first lecture of the day. I fought to keep my eyes open, but my fellow Loggy, of the Sea environment persuasion, would promptly close his eyes right after the speaker said “good morning”. Throughout the presentation, his eyes never opened (was he sleeping?) and the stares from the speaker got more and more intense throughout the presentation. Once the presentation ended, the speaker would open the floor to questions and Hal would put up his hand and ask the most intelligent questions. Many times the speaker would stand in awe and disbelief, taking many seconds before responding to the question. I appreciated this officer immensely as the speaker focused on him and not on my yawning and fighting the urge to sleep.

Submitted by Maj John Andruszka (Retired)

Secretarial Response from LCdr Pottle – Maj Andruszka forgot to mention that LCdr Pottle was presented with a pair of fluffy slippers (with a US Flag all over them) from the American Course Director to thank him for the quantity and quality of questions that he posed throughout the course.

Secretarial note from LCol Hendrigan. I guess it pays to close your eyes, think about the complex issues and then follow up with the tough questions.

When the Toronto Supply Depot (1 CFSD) closed and all of the shelves were cleared, there were many parts from long decommissioned vehicles and equipment. One crate in particular was sent to the military museum in Borden: an Indian motorcycle in the original factory shipping crate; the museum has the crate on display, and in 2013 was in the process of recording the interior of the crate using a camera with a flexible scope.

Submitted by Maj James Ellwood, CD (Retired)

I was joining HMCS SKEENA as the acting Chief Clerk in July 1992. This was my first time onboard a ship and as I met, for the first time, the Executive Officer (XO) he handed me a correspondence for the “Secretary”. I had to ask him “Who is the secretary onboard of a ship?” He responded: “You are! Is it a problem?” I said: “I am surprised to be called the

secretary onboard this ship” (yes, there was a definite lack of naval terminology knowledge on my part). The XO asked if I had any suggestions. I said: “Well, if this is a Ship’s Office, how about Ship’s Office Clerk?” He looked at me for a few seconds and said: “I will be back shortly as I was on my way to see the Skipper as well.” Twenty minutes later he returned, looked at me for a few seconds and then shook my hand saying: “Welcome aboard LS Rivard, you just broke a tradition of many decades. Please change all correspondence to replace the word “secretary” with “Ship’s Office Clerk”. I don’t know if this was a coincidence or not, but from that moment to this day, RMS Clerks onboard Canadian naval vessels are known as: Ship’s Office Clerks.

Je joignais donc NCSM SKEENA comme commis-chef par intérim en Juillet 1992. Ce fut ma première fois à bord d'un navire et rencontrant pour la première fois le cmdt en second, il me tendit un document pour le "Secrétaire". Je devais lui demander: “Qui est le secrétaire à bord d'un navire?” Il répondit: “Vous êtes! Est-ce un problème? Je lui dis : "Je suis surpris d'être appelé le secrétaire à bord d'un navire" (oui, il y avait un manque définitif de connaissance de la terminologie navale de ma part). Alors le cmdt en second me demande si j'ai des suggestions. Je lui répondis: “Eh bien, si tel est le bureau du navire, que diriez-vous de “commis de bureau du navire”? Il me regarda pendant quelques secondes et me dit: “Je serai de retour bientôt car je devais rencontrer également le skipper. “Vingt minutes plus tard il est retourné, m'a regardé pendant quelques secondes, puis me serra la main en disant: "Bienvenue à bord mat 1 Rivard, vous venez tout juste de rompre une tradition vieille de plusieurs décennies. S'il vous plaît changez toutes correspondances afin de remplacer le mot “secrétaire“ par “Commis de bureau du navire“. Je ne sais pas si cela était une coïncidence ou non, mais à partir de ce moment-là jusqu'à aujourd'hui, les commis SGR à bord des navires de guerre canadiens sont connus comme: commis de bureau du navire.

Submitted by Lt(N) Mario Rivard

My first posting in 1990, after completing my Basic Logistics Officer’s Course and Supply Specialty Course at CFSAL, was CFB Edmonton. As a new arrival to CFB Edmonton, I moved into the shacks in Lancaster Park (also known as Namao) with a number of other junior officers, and started off as a new Supply Officer starting his career at an Air Force base (inexperienced and professionally blind - though motivated - and doing my best to stay out of trouble and to remember to “listen to my WO”). In spring 1990, the Edmonton Oilers were off to the Stanley Cup Finals, and life in Edmonton was grand. Sure work supporting air operations and the Hercules, Twin Otter, Kiowa, Twin Huey and Chinook fleets was enjoyable, but watching the likes of Mark Messier, Bill Ranford, Glenn Anderson, Jari Kurri, Grant Fuhr and Esa Tikkanen battle Ray Bourque, Cam Neely, Greg Hawgood and Andy Moog was just as fun.

Anyways, on 21 May 1990 the Oilers beat the Boston Bruins in Game Five of the Finals to win their fifth Stanley Cup, and the city erupted. Jasper Avenue that evening was a blur of orange, white and blue, and I thought to myself, “What a posting!” Two years later, while in Toronto at “Staff School” (at the Avenue Road location – now closed down), I was on Yonge Street when

the Blue Jays won their first World Series. Again, the streets were filled with shiny-happy-high fiving Canadians. What a great start to a career!

Submitted by LCol Mike Hendrigan (Retired)

The Mess Meeting. Usually, Officers' Mess Meetings are rather ordinary events, and quite nondescript from one meeting to another. Normally, the process is for the agenda to be approved, then the minutes from the previous meetings, pass annual budgets, hear reports from Mess Committee Members, approve renovation proposals or special purchases (like sound systems or popcorn machines), and then to open up the floor for open discussion. However, back in the fall of 1991 and in the spring of 1992, there were two Officers' Mess Meetings at CFB Edmonton that were very memorable that had every officer talking - and even looking forward to the next meeting to see what would happen next. Here's how the story goes.

Meeting Number 1, Fall 1991 – All was well and as per SOP the President of the Mess Committee opened the meeting. Everything was normal - agenda proposed and voted on, the previous minutes were read off and approved, and then the Financial Officer (Fin O) started on providing her financial report. The Fin O (a rather new Lt who shall remain nameless to protect the guilty) started off by reading the Mess Financial Statement and flipping her overhead projector (OHP) slides. For you younger readers, OHPs were used before computers, automation and the use of PowerPoint. Anyways, as the Fin O just about wrapped up her report, there was one entry on the slide that generated a glimmer of interest on the subject of Mess Expenses. The list on the slide was about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a page long, quite detailed and very normal, except for one entry called "Miscellaneous Expenses - \$10 K".

At this point, there was just a slight change in the atmosphere of the meeting, and you could see an increasing level of movement in the audience as all the mess members were wondering exactly what that entry meant. For the most part, the junior officers simply sat stunned wondering what would happen next, and that's when an older, grey haired and more experienced Major from 435 Squadron raised his hand to ask a question.

Pilot: "Excuse me, could you please explain what the \$10,000 in miscellaneous expenses is and what it contains?"

Everyone was quite patient as the Fin O checked her notes and tried to look up the information, but it was clear that she did not know what the entry exactly meant or have the information available. This is where the story gets good. Instead of saying something like "Good question Sir, I'm afraid I don't have the information available and I'll re-introduce this point at the next meeting and get back to the Mess membership", she said,

"Yes, this entry is for \$10,000 in miscellaneous expenses incurred by the mess that were not captured in other the entries that are listed here on this list, that now need to be

approved by the mess as other expenses that are miscellaneous in nature” (or words to that effect).

I think about 200 sets of eyebrows arched and heads cocked to their side at the same time as everyone realized that this was not the right answer. Even the LCol Squadron Commanding Officers and Base Comptroller shifted forward in their seats to see how this would go.

Pilot: “What? You didn’t answer the question? What are these \$10,000 in expenses?”

Now everyone was paying attention. In response, the Fin O said,

“Ah, I’m sorry Sir, but these are complicated financial reports that older people like you might not fully understand.”

The Mess Meeting then erupted in snorts and laughter as the Lt was obviously entering dangerous territory with the senior officer, and going nowhere fast.

Pilot: “I think I can grasp the financial concepts here and your response is out of line!”

At this point, the Base Comptroller (also a Major) stood up and relieved the Fin O from her reporting and said, “In the interest of providing a proper response to the question on miscellaneous expenses, we will do the necessary investigation into this matter and report back at the next meeting”. The situation between the Lt and the Major was temporarily put on hold, but the tension and excitement from the heated interaction was noticeable for the rest of the meeting.

Meeting Number 2, Spring 1992 – With CFB Edmonton officers called to the first Officers’ Mess Meeting of 1992, no one really cared about proposed mess renovations or standard agenda points or popcorn machines; everyone wanted to see the Lt Fin O face off again with the Major from 435 Squadron. The entire mess was packed – it was standing room only. There was a buzz in the air as the meeting started, but where was the Fin O? Where was she? She was not there! Instead, a brand new Fin O was named as Mess Financial Officer, and was called upon to provide the financial report. When it came to expenses, all were leaning forward when it came to a familiar line in the report: Miscellaneous expenses - \$10 K. The new Fin O mentioned the expense category, but didn’t elaborate as most were expecting.

At this point, the same major from 435 Squadron asked the same question:

Pilot: “For the Mess Members, and in follow on from the previous meeting, could you please explain what the \$ 10,000 in miscellaneous expenses is and what it contains?”

You could hear a pin drop as Lt Joe Reid, the new Fin O, looked at the Major, looked at his notes, looked at his boss the Base Comptroller, and said:

“As a matter of fact Sir, I’d love to.” Lt Reid then pulled a fresh OHP slide from his notes, placed it on the projector for all to see and for the next ten minutes gave a line by line breakdown of date, requirement, originator, expense, supplier and date paid and remarks.

The Mess went crazy with cheers, yells, clapping, high fives and laughter as the question was not only answered, but answered in a way that was obviously months in the making. The PMC later called for a keg of beer to be tapped at the end of the meeting, and it turned out to be the best Mess meeting that I ever attended. Good job, Joe!

Submitted by LCol Mike Hendrigan, edited by Capt Joe Reid (Retired)

Sandbags, anyone? In 1993, I was serving in the UNTAC HQ as an SO Supply. Like most UN HQ’s it was a multinational headquarters and was incredibly busy with about 20,000 military and police and over 2,000 civilians from 46 countries.

One of the biggest and most demanding aspects of my job on this mission was dealing with the sheer volume of materiel demands from national contingents. Fortunately I had some dedicated staff who would help me vet demands before sending them to the personnel who worked in the UN contracting office. This process worked incredibly well for most commercially available materiel, yet the mission struggled with increased demands for defensive stores, particularly sandbags. In 1993 one could not go to www.sandbags.com and order from an extensive catalogue of defensive stores. Because of this the Chief of Mission Support decided that one of his junior staff officers would go to Vietnam to source as locally as possible to fill the missions demand. As that junior staff officer, I travelled from Phnom Penh to Ho Chi Minh City to meet with several of the companies that bid on contracting stores to UNTAC. With the aid of a translator I spent several days being shown samples of product (some still in original US crating) and determining ability to deliver to our warehouse sites in Cambodia.

Upon my return to the HQ, I was debriefed by the UN contracting cell and thought nothing more of it until I received a call from our main military warehouse in Phnom Penh several weeks later that an initial order from one of the suppliers had arrived. I was keen on closing the loop as I had initiated the process and I was always advised of when materiel arrived for furtherance to contingents. When I talked to the Colonel who ran the warehouse he was rather agitated and told me that they while they were unloading the sandbags as quickly as they could they were running out of space to store them. Understandably confused as I knew we had ordered 10,000 or just 10 bales of sandbags in an initial order I was not sure why there was a storage problem. The poor Colonel on the end of the line answered “Yes David, but the sandbags are full”.

So yes there was a problem with over 150 pallets of filled sandbags as the supplier who was concerned about obtaining and retaining the contract had included the extra bonus of filled sandbags at no extra charge. The warehouse managed to distribute some of the sandbags locally and empty the rest for further shipment within Cambodia by air. Fortunately we included more specific clauses in future sandbag orders. I learned that in contracting “There is strength in

simplicity” and you must be clear and unambiguous; you must also “Write with the worst in mind” and think about what might happen; and finally “Use plain, clear, and effective language” to lower the risk of misunderstanding.

Submitted by LCol Dave Ferguson

The new “SLogO”. In the summer of 1995, I was posted from 18 Wing Edmonton to be the Squadron Logistics Officer (SLogO) of 441 Tactical Fighter Squadron (TFS) in 4 Wing Cold Lake. Having just spent five years at “Second Line” in Edmonton in Base/Wing supply positions as Supply Group Officer- Domestic (SGOD), Supply Group Officer – Technical (SGOT) and Systems Control Officer (SCO), I was ready for a career progression posting to First Line. When a posting to 408 Tactical Helicopter Squadron in Edmonton didn’t materialize, I leapt immediately at the opportunity to move three and a half hours up Highway 28 to Cold Lake, Alberta. After all, who wouldn’t want a posting to TFS in Fighter Group where deployments and exercises to Florida, Hawaii, Utah, New Mexico and Oregon were the norm, rather than weeks on end on modular tents in Wainwright, AB?



Figure 11 - 441 Tactical Fighter Squadron Crest

Anyways, when I arrive in mid-July, 441 Squadron just completed a change of command and as scheduling would have it, the squadron was on block leave. The new CO and I were basically alone in the squadron, and he wanted to reorganize his office to personalize it. “No problem” I thought and we proceeded to move his desk, his chair, his guest chairs, a table or two and his book cases. When we were done, it was time to hook up his computer and telephone, but the phone cable was too short to reach the new spot across the room. Of course I told new CO that I’d look after getting a longer cable, so off I went on the scrounge throughout the empty hanger looking for a longer phone line. I found one in the “Pilots Room”, disconnected it from the wall and re-attached it to the CO’s phone. All was well, until next day when he decided to return everything in his office to its original position. “Whatever” I thought, as I then returned the long phone line back to the Pilot’s Room and hooked up the temporarily disconnected telephone.

Fast forward two weeks, and everyone was back off leave ready to re-start squadron flying activities and training (air to air, air to ground, etc.). These activities were coordinated by the “Scheduler” in Squadron Operations. However, upon return to work, the Scheduler was having problems with his phone so he called me to ask for help. He was visibly angry as he explained the snag that was delaying the start to his work week. I said “Hmm, it must be a phone line problem” and I disappeared under the desk to look at the connection. I saw then that the phone line I had originally disconnected, and then re-attached, was not fully connected to the jack. “Oops” I said to myself and I simply re-attached the line.



Figure 12 - 441 TFS CF-18

“How’s that?” I asked. The Scheduler picked up his phone and heard a welcoming buzzing tone, indicating a good connection. He smiled, gave me the thumbs up and then pronounced to the room, “Hey, that new SLogO is off to a good start! He fixed my phone and he’s a pretty handy guy. Thanks man!” Being a humble SLogO and the new guy, I acknowledge the thanks and left the room before any further investigation into the matter would reveal the true extent of my new “signals expertise”... It was a positive start to a four year posting that was a

highlight of my career.

Submitted by LCol Mike Hendrigan (call sign “SLogO”, “Cliff” or “Crush”) (Retired)

Combining Land and Sea Logistics – The Best of Both Worlds. In May 1996, I managed to sink my Iltis (the Brigade G4s Iltis - Call Sign 94) in the Battle River, in Wainwright on Exercise PRAIRIE RAM. During the exercise, I was tasked to deliver a set of Brigade Group Orders with Traces to LCol Tim Grant, the Commanding Officer of the Lord Strathcona’s Horse (Royal Canadians). Although my G3 (Operations) counterpart had advised me to take the long way to the CO (outside the Base and back in through one of the back gates), I decided to take the most direct route and cross the Battle River in the North West corner of the Training Area, all in order to save me a couple of minutes



Figure 13 - Capt Page’s Submariner Dolphin (Land)

At this time in reading this story, it is important to note the date. This is May and spring time in Alberta. The Battle River in August is sometimes down to a shallow, slow moving and meandering river, but in spring it is a rather deep, cold and quicker flowing body of water that should have been avoided. However, I knew best at the

time and without physical recce, no preparations and full of youthful energy, I guided my young signaller driver to follow a particular route. “Here” I said, “We will just skip across the river here and continue on to this location”. Nice and easy, or so I thought...

As we approached the water, my driver gave me a quizzical look as if to say “Are you sure, Sir?” With great confidence, I nodded my assent and we entered the water. Things were off to a good start, until the water started coming into the cab. Neither of us panicked, as we kind of expected that to happen (a bit anyway). All was well and then we noticed a little slip of the vehicle with the current to the right. Then the four wheel drive really started to slip on the bottom and the water was really coming up higher and into the engine compartment. That was when the engine started to sputter. We were barely past the deepest part of the river with the current

continuing to push us to the right. The water by now is over our seats and we are both “a little damp”, and then silence – the engine quit. Half-way across the river, and we are floating away from the destination bank on the other side of the river.

At this point, my driver gets out of her seat and climbs on the roof of the Itlis, along with the microphone to our radio. As for me, I get out into the river and walk around the vehicle with the water rushing past, almost knocking me down. The young signaller then expertly broadcasts across the Brigade Admin Net:

“Zero, this is Zulu 94 – Mayday, Mayday, Mayday” (or something like that).

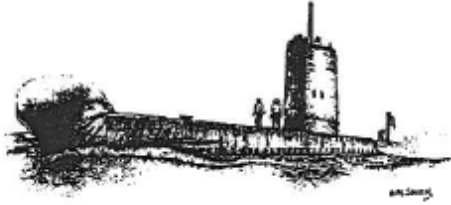
“Repair Recovery Request, Battle River GRID XYZ123.” I can just feel CO Service Battalion, everyone in Logistics Operations and all of the Call-Sign 8s (Unit Administration Companies) just laughing at the Bde G4, stuck in the middle of the Battle River.

About 15 minutes later, the Maint O of 1 PPCLI, Captain Franck Camire, comes to the rescue with his 88 call-signed HLVW Wrecker and a great big smile on his face. I am certain that there are a couple of pictures somewhere in RCEME world of the Logistics Branch’s Captain Page dragging the recovery-tow line from the back-deck of the wrecker out into the middle of the Battle River to recover his ride! One of the gallant RCEME guys rescued the young signaller from the roof of the Itlis and helped her to shore, and yes we looked like a couple of drowned rats.

CWO Darrell Chipman (G4 Supply 2) still had quarters on Base so we were recovered to his place, had nice hot showers and changed into clean, although ill-fitting combats. I continued the mission at this point, taking Darrell’s vehicle the long way around, and delivered the Orders to LCol Tim Grant - about 4 hours later than planned, around 2330 that evening.

So you think the story was over? Not so fast. Just to rub salt in the wounds received on this misadventure, I later received a letter from King Neptune, through official channels, congratulating me on my first Diving and Surfacing evolution and awarding me with my Submariner’s Dolphins (Land). Then, a couple of weeks later when HQ 1 CMBG was in Kingston on Exercise ROYAL DAGGER (a Command Post Exercise sponsored by 1 Canadian Division with 1, 2 & 5 Bde HQs plus a German and American Brigade), the Divisional Commander, Major-General Romeo Dallaire, in front of the assembled masses, re-hashed the incident and presented me my Submariner Badge (Land) in front of BGen Bob Meating, my brigadier. Needless to say, I was a red-faced junior officer that day. But in the end, I did learn the importance of conducting a proper recce and using the right vehicle for the right task.

Submitted by Maj John Page (Retired)



HMCS ONONDAGA
FMO Halifax
Halifax, NS B3K 2X0

16 May 96

Captain John Page
1 Canadian Mechanized Brigade Group
Headquarters and Signal Squadron
CFB Calgary
Calgary, AB T3E 1T8

Dear Captain Page,

I am writing to extend my congratulations on your recent Diving and Surfacing evolution for which I understand that you were awarded your Dolphins (Land). I recommend for your next Surface Transit that you carefully check the chart prior to sailing!

I further trust that as a new Dolphin wearer, you are writing to your Member of Parliament to request that the money currently being spent on APCs be re-directed towards purchasing UPHOLDER submarines.

Diesel Boats Forever!

I AM Neptune

I.A.M. Neptune
King
Commanding Officer

Figure 14 - Letter to Capt Page

The Company 2IC In-Brief. Back in June 1996, I was a very young Captain recently posted into 2 Service Battalion as the Supply Company Headquarters Platoon Commander and Company Operations Officer. I had been on the ground for less than two days when I was asked by the outgoing Company 2IC to prepare a quick in-brief to the incoming Company 2IC. I was advised this brief would be quick and would take no more than a single hour. All my information was gathered and organized, and all I had to do now was wait until the new 2IC

arrived. Several days later, the new 2IC got on the ground and I commenced the brief as directed. Normally, a task such as this would be routine in scope and given that I had little experience in the unit, it should have been extremely brief. However, in this case, the new Captain (who shall remain nameless) did nothing but talk, interrupt me and tell me how the section should have run and will be run under his leadership. I was polite at first but as the hours turned into days (or so it seemed) my patience ran out. I finally said “If you don’t stop talking, I’m going to punch you in the face!” Yes this was a threat and not at all politically correct, but that was the 1990s for you. Anyway, he got the message and we completed the brief, albeit under slightly strained conditions after my clear and concise messaging.

Post Script - Approximately 18 years later, that incoming Captain was now a Lieutenant-Colonel and about to be posted in to be my new Commanding Officer of 7 CFSD. I was the Deputy Commanding Officer at the time and when I heard that he was going to be my new CO, I said “Oh great, he’s the guy I threatened once to punch in the mouth and now he’s going to be my new boss”. Luckily, time has healed all wounds, there was no hard feelings whatsoever, and we got along just fine upon his arrival – but I admit I was a tad worried for a little while.

Submitted by Maj Dan McNeil (Retired)

The leading cause of death among UNPROFOR personnel within the theatre of operations of Croatia, Bosnia-Herzegovina and Montenegro was vehicle accidents. This was largely due to the inexperienced drivers arriving from participating countries. In an effort to reduce driving injuries, “UN ID Card Readers” were installed requiring a valid ID card swipe before the vehicle’s ignition could be engaged. The card reader also enabled monitoring of the speed of the vehicle to which speeding fines were applied if the vehicle had exceeded the speed for a certain amount of time. There was an audio signal (an annoying buzzing sound) to advise the driver he/she had exceeded the speed limit and that they had seconds to reduce their speed before fines started to accumulate. A new member of our observer team from France was required to drive to a destination up the Dalmatian Coast, roughly three hours each way. When he returned we inquired how his journey went and he replied, “Well, OK, but that damned car beeped at me the entire way”. I never heard what the fine was but he must have logged around six hours-worth of fines for speeding.

Submitted by Maj Derrek Williamson

As an UNMO in the former Yugoslavia, various social events would be planned that would require the participation of local dignitaries, UNHCR representatives and senior military officers. At a particularly memorable event, there were about ten dignitaries, military personnel and their spouses. Towards the end of a fine meal, a liaison officer offered cigars around the table, starting with the young Capt (who politely turned it down) to his left and continued clockwise around the table. When the Capt (whose command of the English language was, let’s say...uneven) realized that everyone was taking a cigar except him, he blurted out: “*I think I’ll join you in a blow job*”. The dignitaries and senior military personnel were desperately trying (failingly) to suppress what could not be suppressed. When the spouses received a

whispered response to their quizzical gaze, they began to giggle. The poor Capt was mortified when the outright laughter and giggles clearly advertised what he had just said.

Submitted by Maj Derrek Williamson

Damn Abbreviations... At a Unit Logistics Support Review Meeting, the senior logistician was sitting around the table with the other Squadron Support Officers, Squadron Quartermasters and senior Transport NCMs – all working through an agenda in an effort to resolve issues that would ultimately provide the Sqn with better levels of service support. One of the agenda items was to identify the quantity of PDET's (acronym deliberately not expanded) required by the Wing. When asked around the table, squadron by squadron of the quantities required, the first response was for quantity four. The second response, two, the third, three and so on. As a unit support officer it was my turn to submit my request. Hesitatingly, I inquired, "What is a PDET?" Not one person around the table tell me what a PDET was, including the guy asking for the submissions, but this guy needed four and that guy needed three, etc. At that point, we needed to adjourn for a laughter break.

Note: A PDET is a Portable Data Entry Terminal. Wouldn't this have been made so much easier if the military could, in all its wisdom, call something by the right name? In this case...a common *bar code reader*?

Submitted by Maj Derrek Williamson

Op PALLADIUM. It was 427 Tactical Helicopter Squadron's turn to take the Tac Hel Roto 7 into Bosnia-Herzegovina. As the deployed aviation detachment was increasing from a three ship to eight ship organization, a site recce was authorized to permit planning for the larger sized deployment. I attended the recce, and from the visit I could see there was plenty of space in my future office as the Support Officer. As a one-time professional and still practicing musician, I thought I would use that extra space and pass the off hours in the office/hangar practicing on a studio caliber electronic drum set that I had purchased a few years earlier. As I was packing them up at home, I asked myself why the hell I was doing this, but in the end I'm glad I did.

As we prepared for the deployment, 8 Wing Trenton's main runway was in repair so our CC 150 Polaris flight was now departing from Winnipeg, picking us up in Ottawa and then flying on to Zagreb. That was the ideal plan, but what happened was that the plane was full departing Winnipeg so not all of our *accompanied* baggage could accompany us, and it would follow us in 48 to 72 hours. Having arrived in theatre, we were advised to check Movement Control for the accompanied baggage that had made the flight. "Mov Con" had only one bag with my name on it. It was the bag with the foot pedals and all the hardware for the electronic drums. The brains and wiring of the drums were in my carry-on baggage, so I managed to arrive into the Theatre of Operations with nothing but the clothes on my back and an electronic drum set. *Rock & Roll!*

Submitted by Maj Derrek Williamson

at the same time. We also used every single round of 105mm tank and every Leopard spare part in Canada, and still managed to keep everyone moving.



corner of the Training Area. The above markings reflect the details of the amended Reception Staging Onward Movement (RSOM) plan of the Brigade

During the exercise, there was a late change to the offload and load location and times for the tractor trailers coming out of Edmonton. Originally we were going to offload and outload from the main loading docks in Camp Wainwright, supplemented by the British Army docks. Then the change occurred and we had to improvise and use offload ramps in the distant NORTHWEST

When in Quebec, one must understand. In a land far, far away, called Quebec by some old Indian tribe, it sometimes happened for Logisticians that some brave and adventurous souls from the Anglophone side of the country would be posted there to represent Her Majesty 'en français'. Once upon a time, a hardy English LCol Ron Poirier was posted to the great walls of 25 Canadian Forces Supply Depot where he was subjected to such hardships as French procedures, memos and project analysis.

LCol Poirier was supported by his valiant Francophone officers who would help him to understand the local intricacies but, let it be told, even though he was quite capable to get through his day ‘en français’. The Depot was at that time, during the winter of 1987, fraught with little field mice that found ways to enter the buildings and hide their nests in a few crates and packaging strewn about. They were called ‘mulots’ in French and were the stars of the season. The ladies in the offices would shriek and jump nimbly (or so) on their chairs or even on their

desks when a monstrous ‘mulot’ would scurry through the office. The little creatures were just looking for a place where there were less legs and screaming, trying to get back to their cuddly nests. This had to stop. It was affecting the production of memos.

Young Major Michel Dagenais decided to buy traps to capture the beasts since the ladies were getting frazzled. When some 24 traps were bought, Major Dagenais reported during a French General Staff Meeting, where some fifteen operations’ managers were present that they would soon be installing the traps for the ‘mulots’ throughout the sheds. LCol Poirier jumped up and said ‘But that will take up too much space all over the buildings’. Officers, Senior NCOs and a few civvy managers were surprised. After all, a trap was some 2 by 3 inches. Major Dagenais told the boss that the traps were purchased and were ready to be deployed (the ladies in the offices would be also quite relieved that the beasts would be handled).

LCol Poirier was not happy. ‘How can you put out these traps when we have forklifts and equipment trains travelling all over the place? Warehousing space is of premium importance. Besides, since when do we have to capture mules in the warehouse?’

The members were dumbstruck and it took a good 4 to 5 seconds before good ol’ MWO Laforge started laughing with gusto. The rest, seeing that the MWO dared to laugh, joined in and the meeting degenerated. LCol Poirier had misunderstood, thinking that they would be installing traps for mules rather than for little critters called ‘mulots’. Needless to say that this small mishap soon became the joke ‘du jour’, nay, the joke of the month. People were looking everywhere for wild mules in the warehouse and when a ‘mulot’ was seen scurrying about, the ‘HeeHaw’ mule call was sounded by many around. What a happy place the Depot had become thanks to LCol Poirier’s leadership.

Ah, but the story does not stop here. Some months later, during another Meeting, members were discussing the alarming rate of work related accidents and their consequences. Major Dubois, the WHO, brought up the point that employees were having more and more accidents called ‘invalidantes’ in French. LCol Poirier once again pounced and was flabbergasted at this horrible statistic where many employees were now invalids, having lost a hand, an arm or a leg, with blood splattered everywhere. He said with vehemence, ‘This is serious and it must be stopped immediately. Stringent measures must be put in place’. The attending members looked at each other quizzically and wondered just what the LCol was talking about. ‘Invalidantes’ was the term used in French to indicate that a day or more was lost by the employee following a work place accident. LCol Poirier, having never heard the term, was seriously under the notion that employees were rather becoming invalids left and right and that management was watching this from afar. It was deftly explained to the boss that there was no massacre on the floor. Again, this became a subject that roamed the floor freely for days. Employees were now jokingly looking for situations where arms and legs could be cut off in the work place.

The reader must think that these misinterpretations stopped there but no, there were more occasions where LCol Poirier saw something else. 202 Workshop Depot wanted to build a common docking ramp for trains in the industrial sector of Longue Pointe and asked fellow units

for some part of the money to build a ‘débarcadère’ behind Bldg 3. LCol Poirier, always on the lookout for ways to save, answered in a short memo to 202 WD that he did not see why 25 SD should help in a matter of Health and Safety. If 202 WD wanted to improve the ventilation system in Bldg 3, that was their responsibility.

You see, LCol Poirier understood that they were building a ‘débarque l’air’ which translates into something like unloading the air in English. This snag leaked because a manager witnessed the return call by the 202 WD DCO in the boss’ office. Things were quickly cleared up. This fuzzy moment did not become as viral as the previous misconceptions. 25 CFSD helped with the financing but the 7 miles of tracks in the garrison were ripped out some three years later. Still the ‘débarcadère’ stands today, a monument to units cooperating together in the good ol’ days.

One must admire the guts and determination of Anglophones who readily accept to be posted into the heart of Quebec and leave their comfort zone back home. Sometimes, they may not understand everything that ensues around them but there are friends around to laugh at things with them, all the while explaining that there are no wild mules running around the racking within the Depot or that there are no invalid employees without hands or legs hopping about. One must just understand.

Submitted by Maj Michel Dagenais (Retired)

The Hiring of the Handicapped Storeman. In the mid 1980’s, DND was trying hard to convince managers to hire handicapped employees. At 25 CFSD, there were no such openings because of the dangerous industrial environment and so, the usual words from Depot management for disabled employees were ‘No thank you, but we can’t’. Still, the Union never stopped trying to get extra hands in doing the work (and why not pay Union dues).

On fine morning, the Friendly Union President, good ol’ Paul, came knocking with a big smile on his face. This usually indicated some pretty heavy ‘doodoo’ about to hit the fan. But no, good ol’ Paul stated that the employees were unbelievably happy and he then innocently presented an interesting offer to Major Dagenais at 25 CFSD. There was a program at NDHQ that transferred salary funds worth 6 months as an incentive if you hired a handicapped person (although it had to be a recognized disability). Better still, there were no strings attached. Right, and if at the end of 6 months, the Depot wished to keep the employee, there could possibly be extra funds available.

What more could one ask for when salary funds (Salary Wage Envelopes were not even in one’s dreams yet) were freely accessible. Why not try and good ol’ Paul would do all the footwork and hiring, even keeping the handicapped person working in his Bin Area. He had a light duty job there in filling small issue baggies and possibly accessing the TNR (Terminal Network Replacement). Besides the job was just too boring for the regular employees. Even if the Depot did not have a ramped entrance, he or she could use the vehicle ramp to get to the garage door and the handicapped person would just roll into the warehouse, no problem.

Major Dagenais thought this was a great idea and off went good ol' Paul, a-hiring, getting the funds from NDHQ and doing this quickly before somebody said no. In all the process, the DCO and CO were forgotten but they surely would have agreed. Good ol' Paul came back just two weeks later and presented Mr Michel Poitras, a person suffering from paraplegia who, as a bonus, did not need a ramp of any sort because he could walk (slowly but he got there). Mr Michel told Major Dagenais, slowly but surely, in a good naturedly kind of way that he was a rock and roll kind of guy that loved to shake, shake, shake. He was somewhat hard to understand but one got the gist after a few tries.

Good ol' Paul had interviewed all sorts of disabled persons (some were blind, some had a missing arm or leg or some were confined to a wheelchair with other disabilities). Good ol' Paul picked the guy who could best slip things into baggies and who seemed the most jovial. Mr Michel was looked at strangely at first by the team but he grew quickly into his companions' hearts and basically became the life of the group.

Ah, but these things could not stay long from the CO's ears and so Major Dagenais was called to the head office in Bldg 42 with portents of a bad storm rising and serious 'doodoo' about to hit the fan. The Depot CO was seriously pissed that he had not been consulted, that the Union was dictating to management and that his boss had phoned him from Ottawa asking what was happening with this handicapped hire. Major Dagenais had garnered a royal fail. This went against policy at the Depot. Handicapped employees could not work in an industrial dangerous zone.

The Depot CO asked what was the idea of hiring a wheelchair ridden person who was blind and mute, missing an arm and a leg and that had to be pushed around the floor in a wheelchair (obviously his intel was a bit skewed but Major Dagenais was not about to correct him). If there was a fire or an accident it would take a detail of three to four people just to get him out. They would probably drop him or worse yet, leave him behind. What was Major Dagenais thinking? The Major did not break down crying or heap blubbery excuses on the already bad situation. He invited the CO to come visit Mr Poitras in the work place where the man was pulling his weight and efficiently doing the baggie thing with immense pleasure. The CO gave him more 'doodoo', because he was in true form, and told the Major it was too late to send Mr Poitras home, now that Ottawa knew about this foolish business. Everyone predicted that this disabled person would not hack the job for very long. Major Dagenais was entirely responsible for this fiasco and was to keep tabs on this on a daily basis.

Major Dagenais escaped back to Bldg 2 and, after telling good ol' Paul about the CO's objections, was simply told by Union President, 'It's OK, he'll get over it'. Good ol' Paul said he already had an eye on Mr Michel and that the man was doing more than expected, especially showing his fellow workers, who were not incapacitated, that he could work just as well, if not sometimes faster. An unexpected bonus.

Eventually the CO came to visit, was impressed by what Mr Michel could do and the CO returned to Ottawa to brag that this was a very workable situation. Well, this allowed the Depot

to snare another 6 months of free salary. The new man was so good that he was allowed to participate in a competition and won a permanent job as a STS-03. He stayed on for a good 15 years, doing different jobs that he learned to adjust to with energy and a lot of determination. This bold hiring paved the way for other handicapped persons at 25 CFSD and money was later spent to provide proper access for the handicapped to some buildings.

Mr Michel become a star within DND, showing how well handicapped people could be integrated in a difficult workplace and succeed. This was one of the best initiatives that management could have taken, with a little nudging from the Union.

Submitted by Maj Michel Dagenais (Retired)

Life on the road. I did the math once. From summer 1996 to summer 2000, in my time split between 1 Svc Bn and 1 PPCLI, I spent one year in the Former Yugoslavia (seven months in Bosnia and five months in Kosovo) and one year in the field. One year of exercises: a week or two, three or four at a time; two weeks in Dundurn here; one week in Cold Lake there, three weeks in Suffield there; three more weeks in Wainwright there; and then seven straight weeks in Wainwright while waiting for 5 Hangar in Edmonton to be renovated to accept the units moving up from Calgary. One year in the bush! Friends like Capt John Page and Capt Rick Palfrey were there for a chunk of it, doing a tactical re-deployments from Wainwright to Edmonton. There were the strange times like having to tell families that their husbands' flight to Kosovo was stuck in New York, and seeing Rick Palfrey trying to coordinate deployment chinks from a cell phone in the bow of my 14-foot fishing boat on Lesser Slave Lake. Happy Times!

Submitted by LCol Scott Baker

Chapter 6 – The 2000s

Am I on speaker phone? This simple question came through the phone and the words rang clearly in my ears and I started to laugh out loud, and I guess ultimately at (and not with) my good friend Major Mike Hendrigan. I was on the phone at the time with Mike, who asked me this over the phone from his office in “The Box” at J4 Log, on the 10th floor in NDHQ in Ottawa.

It was the spring of 2004 and I was the A4 Log at 1 Wing Headquarters in Kingston. We were preparing for the deployment of 408 Tactical Helicopter Squadron from Edmonton to Haiti under OPERATION HALO. Op HALO was the Canadian contribution to the “Mission des Nations Unies pour la stabilisation en Haiti” (MINUSTAH), and a question came up from a unit about what kit to bring from the squadron's home base, and what would be provided in theatre. The squadron was concerned that all of its laptops, spare parts, vehicles, field stores, specialized equipment, etc. would be deployed to theater and then left there for future rotations, without replacement. It was a valid concern and I needed clarification on the information provided in

“DCDS Directives for International Operations” (DDIOs), so I called my colleague Mike to clarify the situation.

Well Mike must have heard the same concerns after deploying with CF18s from 4 Wing Cold Lake and spending several years in 3 Canadian Support Group (3 CSG) and with the DCDS Group in J4 Log, because when I called him and said that 408 THS was reluctant to deploy with



Figure 16 - 408 Tactical Helicopter Squadron

their kit, he said “That’s the stupidest fuc&*&%^ing thing I’ve heard all day!” and then he launched into a doctrinal rant about Air Force units needing to get their sh&*&^t together, deploying with their necessary kit and then yes, handing it off to the next rotation. That was the way the system worked. Equipment backfill would be addressed later by the force generating element.

Anyways, the 30 to 40 second speech was filled with lots of colorful adjectives and language not appropriate for younger audiences, and then the phone line went dead. Quiet. Silence. Nothing but dead air. Then Mike softly said, “Derrek, am I on speaker phone?”

“...uhhhhm...yes? Sorry, I couldn’t get a word in.” I replied, “I’m in the office with the A4 and Ops O, from 1 Wing HQ and we were all enjoying the DDIO brief”.

Everyone started to laugh, except Mike, who quickly changed his tone to a more civil approach.

“Oh man” Mike said back, “I guess I should know my audience before launching off on a military tirade”.

The phone call ended shortly after that, but we did get our answer on the mission mounting process to follow and we did get 408 THS out the door on time and with its kit. I also learned about DDIOs that day, but probably more importantly, I learned about knowing your audience and how to (and how not to) exercise speaker phone ROE. Looking back, this lesson from 2004 has served me well over the years. Thanks Mike...

Submitted by Maj Derrek Williamson

And the Problem Got Even Sh% ^&*&%#%ier. In 2004, the mission in Afghanistan was in full force; Camp Julien was established in Kabul, planning was underway for the Provincial Reconstruction Team in Kandahar and the ISAF expansion to Kandahar was not far off. Meanwhile, in UAE, Camp Mirage was now firmly established to provide Tactical Airlift support to the mission in Afghanistan. The only piece missing was the Strategic Airlift in to Camp Mirage.

To a non-mover doing support planning in the then DCDS National Logistics Coordination Centre, this would be seemingly easy to resolve – just land the Airbus there, unload all of the troops, pick up the redeploying troops and head back home. But, alas, it was not going to be that simple. In order for the plane to Remain Overnight (RON) [seriously, that is an acronym], it needed to be fully serviced at Camp Mirage. So, as a non-mover Army Supply officer, I thought to myself, what does full servicing mean? I envisioned fuel trucks, box lunches, MHE for the Airbus, etc. and it never occurred to me that meant that Camp Mirage needed a ‘Honey Wagon’, or more appropriately, a Waste Management Truck.

Alas, to 1 Canadian Air Division A4 staff I went with the question, where do we get a ‘Honey Wagon’? The A4 team quickly sourced the truck in Winnipeg, got it all cleaned and prepped for international shipment and got it low bedded down to Trenton ready to be shipped on the next contracted airlift. Perfect, we could now start planning the next rotation to land at Camp Mirage. And it was a perfect plan, until I got the call from the LCMM:

“Capt Harding, what was the CFR of the ‘Honey Wagon’?” I checked my records and told him.

“Oh my God” he responded.

“That truck is still sitting on the tarmac in Trenton!”

But as I thought to myself, ‘that’s impossible, the plane left a couple of hours ago’, the truth dawned on me. The wrong truck was loaded onto the contracted airlift. A couple phone calls confirmed that, yes, it was a half full truck that was on the plane and destined for Dubai.

The next panicked call was to the Camp Mirage Duty Officer to get the OC Log on the phone ASAP because we now had a potential crisis on our hands. Not only were we meeting no international air standards, this truck had been sloshing around in the back of an aircraft for several hours and would need to be emptied immediately (and covertly) upon arrival. I had visions of diplomatic notes flying back and forth as I was quite certain this was not covered under the technical agreement. But, alas, due to the ingenuity of the team on the ground (and a nighttime arrival of the aircraft), the covert mission was achieved, the ‘clean’ Honey Wagon was on the tarmac and we were ready to RON the next deployment in Camp Mirage.

What’s the bottom line? When you are a Loggie, sometimes you just can’t make this sh*t up!

By Colonel Carla Harding

Sir, where’s the horse cock? WTF? In October to November 2006, I was a participant in Exercise Maple Guardian held at CMTC in Wainwright, AB, preparing for a deployment with the National Support Element (NSE) to Roto 3 of Task Force 1-07, Op ATHENA. As the exercise ran and the weather started to turn for the worse, life in modular tents and the Weatherhaven Shelters was actually quite comfortable, but one morning at about 0300 hrs our

tent's heater ran out of fuel and the temperatures in "the mod" started to fall as the outside air temperature was – 18 C. Being the new guy and the Air Force augmentee on the Army run collective training exercise, I felt it was only fair that I do my bit and be the one to get out of my sleeping bag and refuel and restart the heater. But when I went outside, I found that there was no spout around for me to attach to our jerry cans of diesel fuel to allow me to refill the now silent heater. Standing there in the silence, dark, and growing cold, I remembered hearing that these spouts were in short supply for some reason, so a number of them were strategically placed in a few of the tents for common use. My only problem that night (actually morning) was that at our spout, commonly referred to as a "horse cock", was located in the CO's tent sited beside ours. What do I do? Stand there and freeze? Try to enter the CO's tent to find the spout? Go back to bed and try to go back to sleep in the cold?



Figure 17 - NATO Jerry Can with Free Spout

Not wanting to seem indecisive, freeze and ultimately let my tent mates freeze, I slowly entered the CO's tent and there saw LCol Chuck Math , CO NSE, sleeping soundly in his sleeping bag, with arctic hood. I (with great respect) crept around my bosses tent while he slept for what seemed like an eternity, but finally I admitted that I was stumped – where the hell was that spout? I couldn't find it. It was getting colder by the minute so I said screw it, I'll wake up the CO and ask him where it is. Strange thoughts entered my mind as I approached the sleeping Col Math . Here I was, RCAF Supply Officer, on an Army exercise, about to deploy to Afghanistan, and now saving my CO and his command team from slowly freezing to death in Wainwright. I bent down towards him, looked into his face and watched his breath exhale. "Sir" I said. No response.

"Sir" I said, a little louder. Still no response. I then touched his shoulder, slightly shook him and said "Sir", even louder. His eyes quickly opened up and he stared upward, blinded by my flashlight and he said (at least I think he said), "What the hell? What do you want?" Sheepishly, I said, "Sir, where's the horsecock?" - not fully realizing at the time that was in fact a strange thing to say to another man, and even a stranger way to wake up your future boss at 0330 hrs in the morning.

The experienced LCol Math  must have realized the nature of the problem immediately, because he calmly pointed to a spot under a nearby pallet, where I then saw the spout. He closed his eyes, went back to sleep and I exited his tent to refuel and restart the heater (I'm sure saving everyone from certain death) . Not a word was spoken of that moment for the remainder of the exercise, or even on our following deployment in Afghanistan. That said however, later in 2015 when our paths crossed again on respective postings to Ottawa, the now Col Math  would never fail to remind me of that moment, and say that when ever he heard my name, he thought of my face, in

the dark, only inches from his, saying that I was looking for a “horsecock”. What a way to leave a mark. At least we didn’t freeze that night...

Submitted by LCol Mike Hendrigan (OC CMC Task Force 1-07 Op ATHENA, Roto 3) (Retired)

Southern Afghanistan, summer 2006 – Op Archer/Athena Roto 1. Standing in the outskirts of the desert, over 200 km west of Kandahar Airfield, a short discussion was held. CO of the National Support Element LCol John Conrad looks at me after spending four and a half months into the tour in support of Task Force ORION (1 PPCLI) in combat operations:

CO: Doug, do you know what sustaining a Battle Group on deployed combat operations is like?

Me (pretty tired): not really Sir.

CO: Well, it’s the same as if you were a mule standing on the prairies in a hailstorm!

Me (puzzled): Not really following you Sir?

CO: That’s right – there’s nothing you get to do about it. You just get to stand there and take it.

This moment definitely summarized some of the challenges of Logistics.

Submitted by Maj Douglas Thorlakson, MMM, CD

No Dirty Laundry Here. On 20 March, 2000, the RCAF made it official that Mr. Ron MacLean (the popular wing man to Hockey Night in Canada’s Don Cherry) was the new Honourary Colonel (HCol) for 17 Wing’s 1 Air Movements Squadron. At the time, I was living it up as the MAMSO for the squadron’s infamous 9 MAMS and the squadron’s Commanding Officer at the time was Maj Brook Bangsbohl. He advised me that I was to ensure that Ron’s arrival to the squadron and his much anticipated official introduction at the Squadron’s upcoming Annual Mess Dinner were to be seamless. I was also notified that Ron had specifically requested one thing - that he wanted to look like every other member of the squadron when conducting official HCol duties.

In 2000, the dress of the day for squadron members was quite simple – worn out, drab green combat pants complemented by a black squadron t-shirt and the mandatory blue flight jacket. The previous year, I was lucky enough to be the first Supply Officer selected to cross train in Air Movements so when I knew that in short time I had to get the HCol’s clothing taken care of, I was aware that I had to call in some favours from Wing Supply. When I approached the WSupO (Maj Wayne Collins), he said without hesitation that Clothing Stores would support whatever I needed to make Mr. MacLean happy. Through Ron’s wife Cari, I was able to get his clothing measurements. This tunic, pants, tie, name tag, wedge and shoes were no problem. With

Cpl Jeff Brown at 1 Air Mov Sqn taking care of the HCol's flight jacket Squadron badge and Squadron t-shirt, the only thing left was Ron's combats – more specifically his combat pants. The fine staff at Clothing Stores (Tom Dillon, Kendra Pennell and, the tailor Chiara) were more than willing to give only the best support. This meant that sharp new combat shirts, pants and jackets were presented to me. I was one week away from the HCol's arrival. Then I remembered his only request "I want to look like every other member of the squadron..." Of course no one ever wore "new" combats back then, in fact our combats were so worn out that the knees and thighs of our pants were more brown than green due to excessive wear. With a solution in mind, I went home that night and requested Niner Domestic (aka Sandra) to start washing and drying all of these combats and not to stop until they looked like mine. She willingly took on the task.

Fast forward to the night of Ron MacLean's official introduction at a mess dinner that we could have scalped tickets for a least \$100 per seat. We were the hottest show on base and we had the coolest Honourary Colonel in the military. Somehow that day, word got back to the HCol about what my wife had done for the entire week leading up to this event. To the surprise of everyone in attendance, he said the following when he first took the floor (I will paraphrase here)... "Mr PMC, Col McLennan, fellow members of 1 Air Movements Squadron, thank you for this amazing opportunity. But before I go ahead and give my prepared speech, I want to recognize Sandra O'Neill (at this point most people look around with confusion). Apparently Sandra has been laundering my combats for the last week so I won't look like a nerd when I walk amongst my fellow squadron members. So to Sandra – thank you." The room erupted in laughter and he went on to entertain us for hours. Throughout his entire tenure as HCol to the squadron, he always came off as "one of the guys" and we always appreciated that.

Submitted by Maj Doug O'Neill (Retired)

It was the early fall of 2009 in 437 Squadron, 8 Wing Trenton, and the MCpl in the Orderly Room (OR) and I had started working on the Squadron's Annual Personal Readiness Verification (PRV) checks. We had circulated an email to ask everyone to drop by the Squadron OR for 15 minutes to give us an update on any personal information, and to confirm that Member's Personnel Record Resume (MPRR) data was correct.

One of our members came to the counter and asked if he could update his information. He had just completed a statutory declaration ("stat dec") and he wanted to officially update his records by completing the MPRR update. My MCpl, with her bubbly Newfoundland accent, proceeded to collect his info and sat back down at her desk. The conversation was as follows:

MCpl: Do you have de birth certificate for your spouse?

Mbr: Yes, its paper clipped to my common-law stat dec.

MCpl: (5 min delay), there's a mistake on your form d'ere. It says your spouse's name is David?

Mbr: No, that's correct. (As he smiles at me and looks back at her)

MCpl: What kinda name is David? (As she raises her hands)

Mbr: It's catholic. (He starts to smile even wider.)

MCpl: (She looks up at the member, confused) Who names d'ere daughter David? Is she from dis country?

Mbr: (who has started to chuckle) Yes, he is.

MCpl: (still very confused) Dat's de craziest name I've ever heard for a spouse. Is dis de right birth certificate? (She picks up the birth certificate and says) It says David... Michael...?

Mbr: Yes, that's his name.

After more confusion, where my MCpl wasn't picking up on the cues from the member himself. He finally replies:

Mbr: I am gay.

MCpl: Yes, I know you're a happy guy, but I don't understand how anyone could name d'ere daughter David Michael? (Shaking her head)

Mbr: No, no dear, I am gay and David is my partner!

MCpl: (with a serious look on her face as she puts her hands on the desk) Yes, yes I know. You always have d'a smile on your face and are laughing, but I still dont...

Mbr: (interrupts her) I am openly gay, he repeats.

By this time both the member and I are laughing because my poor MCpl still hasn't clued in. So he explains that David is another man and that they living together, after 30 seconds it finally sinks in. She had confused the term gay with him being happy-go-lucky. Once she keyed in on the error we all had a big, tears-rolling-down-your-face laugh about it. At the MCpl's retirement luncheon the following summer, the member told the story to everyone, including mimicking her Newfoundland accent and all her hand gestures throughout the conversation. Everyone enjoyed the story, and then he introduced David to her.

Submitted by Capt G.L. Rivera

A day in the life at Clothing Stores – October 2016. Did you ever have something simple happen that just tickled your funny bone? At CFB Esquimalt's Clothing Stores, there is a "Sign-In Sheet" that helps the section track the total number of customers served, what they required, the time of day they arrived and the time they got served. On an overcast afternoon after an earthquake drill (that lasted about an hour and a half), we were getting back into the swing of things and started to assist customers with their needs such as clothing issues and exchanges, completing the necessary paperwork and coordinating release returns. When we called for the next customer, we could not help but have a huge chuckle over what was written under the "Time Served" column. Instead of the time of day, it read "under 1 year".

I realize waiting times can be long at times but I sure am glad we were able to serve her in under a year. It is customers like this that make our day and make us want to come into work.

Submitted by Mrs Tracey Trowsdale-Pollitt

A MAMS Story. A Mobile Air Movements Section Officer (MAMS O), accompanied by his Sr NCO, greeted MGen Bouchard, then Commander of 1 Cdn Air Div and his Chief Warrant Officer, and began to give them a tour of the passenger terminal of an Air Movements Squadron.

As they walked, MGen Bouchard asked, "Have you had any big movements lately?" The MAMS O, who will remain anonymous (but is now a LCol) replied with a straight face, "That is a rather personal question sir."

The Sr NCO got a kick out of the reply; however neither the Comd, nor the CWO even acknowledged the comment and the tour continued...

Submitted by LCol Ken Mills

Shifting Gears. I am an extremely passionate and proud Logistician who is a Mobile Support Equipment Operator by trade. With 29 years of service under my belt, most of the miles I have logged in the military have been occupied by tearing up the asphalt (so to speak) and I have had my share of close calls while driving in Canada and while on deployed operations. Nothing however would have prepared me as a young Sergeant for what was to transpire in Afghanistan (AFG) in 2008. Stationed at 8 Wing Trenton at the time, there were limited opportunities at my rank and trade to go on tour to AFG. However, given that the MSE Op trade is the only other entity within the Canadian Armed Forces (CAF) professionally qualified to operate Heavy Equipment, when I was asked if I would volunteer as the Platoon WO in support of a road project with the engineers, I immediately said "Are you kidding me? Absolutely".



Figure 18 - Sgt Flowers on Route Langley

Within three weeks, I found myself in the heart of the Panjway District 25 km west of what was Forward Operating Base (FOB) Wilson, living in a 60 X 100 ft clay walled compound. Within a day, I quickly realized that this was going to be no ordinary revitalization project and the simplicity of gathering my section together and providing them with scope of work like I would do back home was going to be quite the challenge. How hard could it be? Well, all that was in the way of me completing my mission was figuring out how to secure a massive

portion of land, how to hire local workers, how to teach them how to construct a road, how to procure some equipment and then have metric tons of gravel delivered on site. Not a big deal, right? Wrong. The challenges to come were absolutely unimaginable as we tried to hire more than 500 workers to get the job done. But due to the activities of the Taliban in the area, attacks on the workers that resulted in death was a deciding factor by potential employees and even sustaining 50 workers at any one time was a mammoth of a challenge. This was **strike one**. Next step was to order equipment but with no self-propelled machinery available, we had to go old school with hand tools, rakes, shovels and wheel barrels. This should have been simple but since there were no hardware stores in the area, we asked the locals to bring tools and when my five workers (yes only five) showed up that day, they brought with them bent picks, shovels whose blades were bent and handles that broke in half, and wheel barrels in similar condition with even seized wheels – this was **strike two**. Next came the subject of road materials. My plan was to order in gravel from the community so that they could make some money locally (a great hearts and minds approach that I thought would work out great). But as I saw myself from only meters away, contractors don't like to come on site under fire and get their trucks all shot up so they just kept on driving while making their delivery - **strike three** for me. Needless to say that we had great intentions but it was the wrong place at the wrong time, and after more than four months of trying, that part of our infrastructure project had to be terminated.



Figure 19 - Police Station Pulchacan, Afghanistan

What followed next though was one of the best experiences of my life, as I ended up in FOB Wilson with the sole purpose of acquiring some space to accommodate the replacement rotation that would be taking over our responsibilities. Anyone that has been to AFG knows nothing happens at the “drop of a dime” and anyone who knows me understands that I need to be busy, because I don’t like to even have my foot on the brake, let alone to be stuck in park. So when I had some spare time on my hands and when I saw a

big gun sticking up in the air in the FOB, I wondered if they needed assistance. I

introduced myself to the Battery Sergeant Major who was in charge of the gun battery and asked if he needed help. “Ah, young fellow, if you want to come over and pull the lanyard just let me know,” was his reply. No I stated, I want to work. His eyes lit up like he had won the lottery. “Great” he said. “I am 10% down on personnel due to Home Leave Travel (HLT), you can work with that gun troop.” I introduced myself to the troop and went to work. I completed tasks such as activating the explosive tips of the rounds with a hand held device, I loaded more 100 pound shells on the tray then I can count, I rammed just as many rounds or more up the barrel of the gun using a curved T type stick with a giant wad at the end. To this day that tool still reminds me of a gigantic Q-tip on steroids and of course eventually I got to pull the lanyard. Pulling of the lanyard only transpired after about a month and a half of working with the troop. This was about the time I believed I had supported them enough in the daily activities to have earned the right to do so. The M777 towed Howitzer is a 155 mm artillery piece and a well-organized troop has the ability to put a maximum of five rounds down range in less than a minute. The M777 is impressive in every way that you could possibly comprehend and with the right amount of charge bags, it can propel the shell up to 24 kilometres away. We did this often. I learned so much in those last two months of my tour and I truly witnessed a camaraderie, sense of pride and a professionalism like no other that I have ever seen or experienced in my career. In my personal opinion, the artillery trade is one of the most efficient and effective teams I have ever witnessed in action.



Figure 20 - Sgt Flowers on the M777

I will leave you with this last detail, as personal as it is. One day after about a two weeks of working with the troop, we were sitting around the gun waiting for a mission fire order and I kept licking my lips due to the unfamiliar taste that seemed to be lingering in my mouth. “Something wrong Sergeant?” one of the Bombardiers asked. “I have this weird taste in my mouth,” I replied. “Oh that’s from being around the gun for a while, what you are experiencing is the absorption into your system of the cordite dust residue from the charge bags after the gun is fired.” “Okay,” I said, “is there any effects I should be aware or concern about?” “Just one,” he said. “In, the near future when you make your daily visit to go sit in the blue rocket, it most likely will be in the appearance of multiple colors like a rainbow. Don’t panic and run to the medical staff thinking you are not going to make it through this war, you are perfectly fine.” The group laughed, a lot if I recall, what he failed to tell me however, is that you can clear a tent out of well-deserved resting soldiers in about 10 seconds, I was not so popular in my own tent lines after that. Needless to say, the experience for me as a young MSE Op Sgt, was truly extraordinary and priceless, it is something that I will remember, value and hold close to my heart forever. I would never have imagined in my wildest dreams that I would be in the middle of Afghanistan with a young group of artillery men that I have never met, be completely accepted by them as a comrade, be totally embedded into their world of operations and have the opportunity to put 10 rounds down range in a theatre of war. The brotherhood of soldiers is truly remarkable and it justly amplifies the reason I joined in the forces in the first place almost three decades ago. “One Team, One Mission”, the Canadian Armed Forces, there really is no life like it. We only get one ride through life, so live it to the fullest.

Submitted by CWO Paul Flowers

Chapter 7 – The 2010s

RIMPAC 2014 was underway and a VVIP was expected to arrive late one evening with a semi-luxurious vehicle and driver laid on for their transportation needs and local movement. I had a few hours off for the evening, and was pleasantly enjoying Honolulu when my BlackBerry went off. The VVIP transport had been involved in a “fist-a-cuff of sorts” with the Secure Area Access Gate, and now the VVIP group was stranded on the outskirts of the Air Force Base. “Wonderful” I thought and faced with few other options, I headed over to recover the vehicle, as well as help the VVIP and EA in any way that I could.

Upon arrival, I quickly noticed that the vehicle had definitely lost the fight with the gate security system, as it was securely semi-suspended in the air with enough damage that could not be buffed out. Thankfully, everyone was perfectly fine (despite the still airborne vehicle) and they were awaiting some sort of plan to get out of there. I found myself scrambling into the damaged vehicle to recover the group’s suitcases, and my dedicated rental vehicle was now going to be the transportation for the impressive group from the Base back into Waikiki.

Unfortunately, I’d essentially been living out of that car as my work duties took me from one site to the next all day long. For future reference, the awkwardness of contorting a tall VVIP and EA into a micro Fiat riddled with sunblock and Gatorade was crippling. Luckily, both were very amenable and eased the tension with casual chatter as we made our way to their hotel in what felt like a clown car.

Submitted by Capt Cass White

AHorse Story. In October 2015, I was approaching the end of a fairly complicated Caribbean exercise involving a detachment of CH-146 Griffon helicopters, air and ground crews, a ground element, and Jamaican Defence Forces. We had torn down the entire camp, and were on our last night in the field with an early anticipated start for our redeployment back to Canada the next day. Everyone was more than ready to get home. Dead asleep under my rain fly, I was abruptly shaken awake by my Jamaican counterparts shouting, “Ma’am! Ma’am! Wake up! The horses are eating the helicopters!?” I stumbled out of my cot, grumbling about shooting the horses, and ran through our camp in pyjamas towards where the aircraft were parked. We had been living out of a field proximate to the ocean, meaning the helicopters were salty from their over-the-water flights. Through the night, local wild horses had somehow broken into the airfield and were licking the salt off the birds like they were a delicious snack. I was even more thrilled to see they’d discovered the exposed “pitot tubes”, and were mercilessly chewing on the aircraft that were scheduled to redeploy that day. I was left with no real aircraft spares element, as it had been packed for sea lift, no computers, and limited power sources. The struggle was real but in the end, the birds were repaired and brought home with, likely, the most interesting Flight Safety investigation to date.

Submitted by Capt Cass White

Chapter 8 – 2018 and the Year of the Branch’s 50th Birthday

The Great Flood of 2018. On 5 February 2018, the headquarters building of Canadian Forces Ammunition Depot (CFAD) Rocky Point was victim to the “sunny winter weather” of British Columbia (not). It started when the HQ staff noticed a small leak in the ceiling. We called Real Property Operations (RP Ops) who investigated the matter and found that our roof drains were clogged and that there was 12 inches of water on the roof (which was a bit of a structural concern). They unclogged the drains which then over loaded the drainage pipes and then we had quite the deluge of water coming through the walls and vents. The DND Fire Department helped us with the clean-up and we managed to get all electrical equipment off the floor as soon as possible, but the water level continued to rise. We were just about to kill power to the building and disconnect the emergency generator but with the Fire Department’s help we were able to start pumping the water out faster than it was coming in. Had we cut power we would have lost our sump pumps and shop vacs which would have meant we’d have to sit back and wait for the water to drain by itself, which would have likely caused more damage than there already was. At the end of the day, no one was hurt but there was definitely a bit of angst as we were witness to losing the flood battle right in front of our eyes. Sure had some frazzled folks and soggy feet, but all in all we’re no worse for wear.

RP Ops had to assess the damage that will result in some drywall replacement, but at least we have cleaned out drainage pipes and an updated preventative maintenance program to make sure that it doesn’t happen again.

Submitted by LCdr Norm Normand



Figure 21 - CFAD Rocky Point supporting the HMNZS Te Kaha

A Day “Not So Normal” in the Life at a Canadian Forces Ammunition Depot. In March 2018, CFAD Rocky Point successfully offloaded the ammunition onboard Her Majesty’s New Zealand Ship (HMNZS) TE KAHA. This was conducted so that the ship could proceed to Fleet Maintenance Facility (FMF) Cape Breton for a refit in support of an Australian-New Zealand Frigate System Upgrade project that would see the Defence Departments of both countries working together to facilitate the upgrade to their Frigates. It’s not every day that a Canadian Materiel Support Group (CMSG) CFAD receives a foreign vessel alongside the unit’s jetty. In checking CFAD Rocky Point’s records, it looks like the last time the unit did this for a Mexican ship in the late 1970s.

There were some slight hiccups in the berthing and offloading (as is to be expected when trying something completely new with a foreign country) but Rocky Point’s staff and the crew of TE KAHA worked very professionally together and we successfully and safely completed the evolution. Another day completed. What’s on the go for next week?

Submitted by LCdr Norm Normand

Diner régimentaire, 2 février 2018, Saint-Jean-sur-Richelieu.

Mon colonel, président, confrères et consœurs logisticiens, distingués invites. Avant de commencer, j’aimerais vous faire part d’une petite anecdote qui m’est arrivée il y a quelques années alors que j’étais en mission et servais sur un camp avancé... Je me suis retrouvé au sein du comité de bien-être du camp pour représenter les Ingénieurs de combat auxquels j’étais attaché au QM d’escadron. Approchant du 1^{er} février, j’ai demandé la possibilité au comité d’excuser les logisticiens du camp pour célébrer l’anniversaire de notre service...

Tout comme les RCD, RCR, GEMRC et les ingénieurs l’ont fait depuis la montée en puissance et en déploiement, je revendiquais le droit de célébrer une journée entière. Le comité s’est mis à rire prétextant que nous n’avions pas d’histoire, ni d’importance, donc rien à célébrer... Et c’est alors que je leur ai raconté brièvement le parcours historique de la Logistique dans les FAC.

Coincés, ils nous ont accordé une heure pour couper le gâteau, mais pas plus. Évidemment, ils ont remarqué que j’étais très déçu. Puis on m’a donné comme raison que le camp ne peut fonctionner une journée sans l’équipement, les repas chauds, le caissier, le bureau de poste ou le soutien administratif... J’ai aussitôt souri et c’est à partir de ce moment qu’ils ont réalisé qu’ils faisaient l’éloge de la logistique bien malgré eux. Je leur ai dit qu’ils pouvaient maintenant rajouter à LEUR histoire régimentaire, « la fois où ils ont sauvé le bon fonctionnement du camp »...

DÉBUT

Ce qui réunit aujourd’hui les logisticiennes et les logisticiens d’un océan à l’autre, c’est le 50^e anniversaire du Service de la Logistique, mais ce qui nous réunit plus particulièrement dans cette

salle, ce soir, c'est NOTRE belle histoire militaire, celle de la logistique dans la région du Grand Montréal.

Comme vous le savez, Montréal est situé au centre d'un grand réseau de voies navigables. Un lieu naturel et important pour le commerce au temps du régime français. Sa proximité de la Nouvelle-Angleterre en fait une plaque tournante pour les expéditions françaises contre l'ennemi et vice et versa. Les autorités militaires françaises ont fait de Montréal un lieu où il était possible de déployer des troupes et du ravitaillement sur les fronts éloignés et les avant-postes, en la dotant de divers entrepôts de matériel et d'une fortification. En 1717, Montréal compte une poudrière, une citadelle ainsi que les magasins du Roi.

La vocation militaire et logistique de Montréal va demeurer la même sous le Régime britannique. Elle demeure essentiellement une ville garnison. Montréal devient rapidement le centre d'une puissance économique et politique et suscite la convoitise des voisins du Sud. Le renforcement de la présence militaire devient donc essentiel. En 1774, avec la crainte des rebelles américains, le pôle logistique se déplacera vers le Richelieu, où on nomme un commissaire aux transports pour les troupes britanniques sur la frontière.

Suite à la guerre de 1812, le système de défense de la colonie doit être restructuré et un réseau de fortifications s'érige le long du Richelieu. En 1818, le gouvernement se porte acquéreur de l'île St-Hélène pour y construire un ensemble fortifié comme la citadelle. On y retrouve un dépôt de munition, une poudrière, une armurerie et des casernes pour quelques centaines de militaires.

Comme pour les expéditions françaises, les troupes britanniques employaient souvent des Montréalais pour effectuer des tâches logistiques telles que conduire les canots chargés de matériel nécessaire aux expéditions (petits canons, poudre, outils, bagages et vivres), souvent portés à dos d'homme aux points de portage. Ces voyageurs accomplissaient de véritables exploits humains et logistiques. Ces succès étaient si appréciés que le gouvernement mit sur pied un corps de voyageurs. Lors de l'expédition du Nil en 1884, une partie de ces voyageurs avait été recrutée à Montréal.

Lorsque les troupes britanniques quittèrent le Canada, le matériel laissé derrière tomba sous la gestion du «Store Department», une branche de la fonction publique civile établie pour cette occasion. La responsabilité de la solde, des allocations, de l'approvisionnement, de la livraison et de l'entretien des marchandises et de l'équipement militaire revient alors aux magasiniers civils de chacun des districts au Canada.

Insatisfait de la gestion, le commandant britannique de la Milice canadienne conclut de créer, à l'instar de l'armée britannique, une organisation militaire capable de gérer le matériel. C'est en 1899 que les choses commencent enfin à bouger lorsque la demande de créer une armée complète en service administratif incluant le «Canadian Army Service Corps », qui sera chargé d'approvisionner en nourriture et en fourrage, ainsi que de transporter le matériel militaire, les approvisionnements, les bagages et les malades.

Suite à la guerre d'Afrique du Sud (1899-1902), la réforme du Gouvernement Borden met sur pied ses unités spécialisées. En 1901 la *Canadian Militia Gazette* affirmait que le Canada compterait une Intendance de quatre compagnies, dont l'une serait située à Montréal. Chaque compagnie serait composée en partie de transport et en partie d'approvisionnement. Le corps sera sous la direction du Quartier-maître général, à Ottawa...

Le Corps d'Intendance canadienne (ou le «CASC») naquit officiellement le 1^{er} décembre 1901. Quant au Corps des Magasins militaires canadiens (ou ce qui allait devenir le «COC»), verra le jour le 1^{er} juillet 1903. De ce dernier naîtront la Trésorerie militaire canadienne (CAPC) en 1907 et, plus tard, le Corps royal du Génie électrique et mécanique (RCEME) en 1944.

Avec l'avènement des deux guerres mondiales, l'émergence de l'industrie lourde et sa situation géographique en tant qu'axe des réseaux de transport, Montréal devient le point névralgique de la logistique militaire au pays. C'est à cet endroit qu'on y produit des véhicules militaires, l'armement, les munitions ainsi que toutes sortes d'équipements de guerre. Malheureusement, celle-ci s'essoufflera graduellement avec l'ouverture de la voie maritime du St-Laurent en 1959.

En 1964, un Livre Blanc sur la Défense, publié par le gouvernement, annonce l'unification de la Marine royale canadienne, de l'Armée canadienne et de l'Aviation royale canadienne qui deviendront les Forces armées canadiennes (FAC) le 1^{er} février 1968. Du même coup, les corps administratifs de l'Armée canadienne seront aussi dissous et reformeront avec la Marine et l'Aviation les divers éléments du personnel des FAC.

Avec le soutien exemplaire de ces corps et métiers de profession logistique au cours des deux guerres mondiales, de celle de Corée ainsi que la contribution soutenue aux missions de l'OTAN et de l'ONU, et après près de 70 ans d'existence et de traditions, la fin d'une époque et le commencement d'une nouvelle ère se mettent alors en branle.

Le Corps royal canadien des Magasins militaires (RCOC) et la partie approvisionnement et transport du Corps royal d'Intendance de l'Armée canadienne (RCASC) formeront le nouveau service de la Logistique. L'école du RCOC quittera Longue-Pointe et ira s'installer à Borden en Ontario, et deviendra l'École d'Administration et Logistique des FC (CFSAL).

La partie administrative du RCASC (incluant les cuisiniers), le Corps Postal Royal canadien (RCPC) et la trésorerie militaire royale canadienne (RCAPC) formeront la Branche de l'Administration qui, pour certains d'entre nous qui nous souvenons, rejoindront le service de la Logistique au fil des années.

En effectuant mes recherches (à propos du premier «gâteau » de la Logistique) auprès de quelques membres retraités qui ont servi avec d'anciens corps ainsi que la nouvelle «branche», le changement d'insignes (badge) ne s'est pas fait tout d'un coup le 1^{er} février 1968. Ce jour-là, il n'y avait eu ni tambour ni trompette, pas même de cérémonies ni de parades. Au contraire, c'est avec une certaine nostalgie, et peut-être la réticence au changement, que les nouveaux «logisticiens» firent le deuil de leur appartenance d'origine. Dans la plupart des endroits, ont

remettait aux militaires leur nouvel insigne, une fois disponible, qu'ils devaient commencer à porter dès le lendemain.

Quant au personnel muté vers de nouveaux postes, ces derniers portaient graduellement le nouvel insigne et, jusqu'au 7 février 1974, les militaires des anciens corps de métier qui restaient au sein du QG de la nouvelle Force mobile et de quelques unités de la réserve participèrent simultanément à des cérémonies plutôt humbles de changement d'insigne.

Alors, regardez et contemplez bien vos insignes logistiques... Vous y retrouvez les couleurs bleue et rouge du RCASC et du RCOC, ainsi que sa devise : «*Servitium Nulli Secundus* » (Service à nulle autre pareil). Adoptée dès sa création 1968, la devise du Service de la Logistique annonçait la qualité de ses services en s'appuyant sur son passé. Et puis écoutez la marche du Service de Logistique qui jouera plus tard dans la soirée... Elle est un «medley» du «Village Blacksmith» (RCOC) et du «Wait for the Wagon» (RCASC). Devenus officiellement des logisticiens le 1^{er} février 1968, nos «Loggies» avaient déjà leurs manches retroussées et continuèrent naturellement leur travail comme ils ont toujours su le faire depuis 1901 (et avant) et comme nous le faisons toujours encore. Nous sommes eux et ils étaient nous... Pas besoin de gâteau!

Pour couvrir l'histoire des 50 dernières années de la Logistique, je vous laisse ce soir ce plaisir de discuter, entre vous, de vos histoires et anecdotes, de poser des questions ou d'informer les retraités des changements depuis leur départ. Racontez-leur le cheminement de nos nouveaux administrateurs des services financiers et des ressources humaines... Allez surfer sur la présentation interactive des missions auxquels le Service de la logistique a participé. Mais, surtout, faites-vous un devoir cette année d'aller rencontrer M. Andrew Gregory et Mme Fabiola Corona, respectivement directeur et conservatrice du seul et unique Musée de la Logistique des FAC, situé à la garnison de Longue-Pointe depuis 1962.

N'oubliez pas, VOUS êtes celles et ceux qui écrivent quotidiennement les pages de l'histoire de la Logistique.

Servitium Nulli Secundus

MERCI

Capitaine Simon Litalien

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The Dental Appointment - Ottawa. On 4 June 2018, I was on my way walking from my office at 110 O’Conner Street to NDHQ at 101 Colonel By Drive, to go for a scheduled dental cleaning. I was in the area of Laurier Ave and the Lord Elgin Hotel and I saw some young skateboarders that were shabbily dressed with ripped pants, had Mohawk-multicolored haircuts and were yelling loudly at one another to their friends across Elgin Street. One skateboarder had particularly wild eyes, scruffy beard, dyed blond and green hair, a ripped jacket, knees torn out of his pants and looked noticeably older than the others.

This skateboarder took a look at me straight in the eyes and asked me “How’s the institution?” I wasn’t sure exactly how to respond to the question so I respectfully said “Oh, we’re hanging in there” and he nodded. He then took a closer look at me and replied, “Logistics eh?” (He saw the cap badge on my beret.) He then said, “Ya, I spent 20 years in ATC and then got out”. That ended our short conversation as we continued on our respective ways but it made me think how you never really know the people that you may see every day on the street.

Anyways, I made it to the Dental Clinic on time but then found out that I made a mistake and that my dental appointment was not for 4 June 2018, but rather for 6 September 2018. I was three months early for my appointment... On my way back to work, I never saw the skateboarders again, but I did wonder who that wild eyed ex-ATC skateboarder really was and if he ever showed up to appointments three months early.

Submitted by LCol Mike Hendrigan (Retired)

Chapter 9 – The Timeless Entries

A CFLTC Story. In September 1967, I reported to Canadian Forces Logistics Training Centre (CFLTC) from Germany on the day that it was formed. I was a charter member of the Logistics Officer Study Team (LOST Team), and some people for a long period of time often mentioned that “we never got found”. Kidding aside, I instructed on the first two or three Basic Logistics Officer Courses (BLOC) and I admit that the first one was a disaster. We had over 1,000 performance objectives (POs) to teach, so just image the ‘BS’ this created as we did our best to manage this beast of a curriculum. That said, things did get better...

Submitted by Col Bob Baxter, OMM CD4 (Retired)

No Show Page. I had four postings to CFLTC and later the Canadian Forces School of Administration and Logistics (CFSAL), and 2Lt John Page was the first of any rank that I know of that was rated as "outstanding" at the end of his course even though he failed to show up for his own Graduation Parade. Others have been "No Shows" or were absent without leave (AWOL), and they were charged, but the situation was a little different for 2Lt Page. When it happened, and considering the extenuating circumstances behind the occurrence (mess dinner, late evening, preparatory nap before the parade), a group of us assembled after the parade and we discussed what happened. Colonel Harkey Smith (Commandant), General Milner and myself as the Chief Instructor went the events, and at the time we decided to give young Page a break. That said, we would get the last laugh on this one.

After the parade, a ceremony was held at the Officer's Mess and it was decided to proceed with presenting 2Lt Page with a special presentation. As we all know General Milner had a great sense of humour and he thought the special presentation would be funny, but I didn't! Anyways, it was a first for Gen Milner to stand on the podium to hold a sword for official presentation to the top candidate, but there was no one to present to! No Show Page was still absent! The Course Director politely took the sword back from Gen Milner, and in the end it was funny (but only with a lot of hindsight)...

Submitted by Col Bob Baxter, OMM CD4 (Retired)

In the days before the computer on every desk, pay clerks worked from pay statements which were printed quarterly in Ottawa and mailed to each Base/Wing. Upon receipt, the Pay Offices conducted reconciliations between the old sheet and the updated new ones. The policy at the time was for members who did not have a pay sheet to be paid at their basic rank, assuming that no historic pay was owed. The military humour element involves the occasional pay sheet which was found behind a picture on the wall or a pay sheet which were inadvertently mail to another Base/Wing; both indicated that someone had really pissed off a pay clerk; the affected member would have received incentive Basic instead of possibly incentive 4 for the remaining 3-6 months or so until the next pay sheet arrived.

Submitted by Maj James Ellwood, CD (Retired)

Air movements was always a crap shoot when flying Priority 5. I remember a time when my family and I arrived at the AMU 2-3 hours in advance of a Herc flight, the ground crew were great and helped keep my young kids entertained. The flight when it landed quickly offloaded then took off, much to the amazement of everyone. I later found out that the pilot calculated the amount of fuel needed for the return trip and if the engines fully stopped, he would need to refuel which would entail a full safety check. The ground delay would have made him late for game 7 of the Stanley Cup which is why he did the touch and go based on pilot judgement.

Submitted by Maj James Ellwood, CD (Retired)

Non-Public Fund activities were historically managed from within the Logistics Branch whether by Stewards, Canex Officers, NPF Accounting Clerks/Officers and others. Military golf courses were part of the training area, used where troops could conduct field movement on DND land. The golf part was created as a result of the need by Construction Engineer sections to train their heavy equipment operators. The training involved moving dirt moved into mounds, ground landscaped and all areas roughly smoothed; that work was followed by members of the clubs sowing grass seed thereby producing a usable golf course.

Submitted by Maj James Ellwood, CD (Retired)

The Range Weekend. I was working as a Recruiter in CFRC Toronto when our CO decided to hold a range weekend in Borden. Now, as a Recruiter I was specifically told I was not a Supply Tech while I was there and wasn't to do Logistics things (we had hired a Reservist Engineer on Class B as our unit Sup Tech). Despite this, I offered to drive the cube van and provide support for the weekend as I had recently qualified and did not need to participate in the shoot.

Our unit Warrant Officer was Armoured and more familiar with CFB Meaford than CFB Borden, but he knew well enough how things worked there. He made all the pre-arrangements with the MSA in Borden for all of our support equipment and safety equipment, as well as making the arrangements with Base Accommodations for our stay.

The first day of the shoot was all C7 on the 400m range and everything worked out fine. When checking into our rooms however, we found that the nominal role neglected to include gender on it, so I quickly had to step in and get that all sorted out so the girls were at their own end of the building.

As you can imagine with a group of adults away from home and responsibilities for the weekend, that night became pretty raucous. The next morning on the 9mm range, most of the CFRC staff was already in a miserable state - so the lousy, drizzly weather didn't help the situation!

Around 0915 I decided to see what I could do for morale. Being Navy my entire career, I knew the power of SOUP TIME and told the WO that I was heading off to the galley to see what I could scrounge up. The WO responded most negatively, telling me, "This is BORDEN! This is the Training Base. They do things by the regulations here and you're not going to get anything." I replied and said, "Well, I'm not really doing anything sitting here anyway, so it doesn't hurt to try does it?"

Where the WO got the idea that he would know more about Borden than me, I have no idea. At this point in my career I had spent every trade course and almost every voluntary course in Borden with the exception of JLC and OSQAB. So off I went to the Galley.

Walking in the back door, I piped up to the first cook I saw: “Hey Cookie, I’m with the CFRG group on the ranges ... do you have soup for us for today for lunch?” “Yeah, of course.” he replied. “It must be ready right? It’s almost 10 and you’re probably well into prepping the main lunch meal already.” I said, knowing full well how the Galley works on board ship. This couldn’t be THAT much different. “Yeah, it’s over there already in the bomber in the warming oven. You want it now?”

So then the idea struck me ... “Hey cookie, what about coffee? You got some of that for us too?” “Yeah Buddy, we can do that. Grab one of those dispenser’s over there and just hit this button on the coffee maker to fill it. Creamers and sugars are all over here, grab as much as you need, just bring back what you don’t use.” So I packed up the soup, coffee and all the fixin’s I’d need to serve it and I drove back to the 9mm range.

I arrived right around 0955, swung open the back door of the cube van and hollered ‘SOUP TIME!’ ... all the Navy guys cheered and rushed right over to line up. The Army and Air Force types that had never been to sea looked bewildered for a second or two, then quickly figured it out and joined the line, including the WO. You’ve never seen a happier group of hung over, sopping wet troops in your life.

When the WO got the front of the line he looked straight into my face and said, “How’d you do that? There’s no way I thought you’d be able to get stuff from the Galley here.” I looked straight back and said, “Warrant, no matter what YOU guys tell me, I’m a Bin Rat ... always have been, always will be. No matter where we are, we get stuff ... it’s what we do.” From that day forward I found myself in charge of more and more “Logistical” stuff for the CFRC, including eventually doing the co-ordination for the vehicle fleet the Recruiters and Staff used.

Submitted by PO1 Robert Bates

Chapter 10 – Back to Our Roots: Royal Canadian Army Service Corps March Past

Royal Canadian Army Service Corps March Past

- inherited from the RASC

WILL YOU come along, my Phillis dear, too yon blue mountain free
Where the blossoms smell the sweetest, come rove along with me,
It's ev'ry Sunday morning, when I am by your side,
We'll jump into the wagon, and all take a ride,
Wait for the wagon,
Wait for the wagon,
Wait for the wagon,
And we'll all take a ride.

Where the river runs like silver, and the birds they sing so sweet,
I have a cabin Phillis and something good to eat,
Come listen to my story, it will relieve my heart,
So jump into the wagon, and off we'll start,

**Wait for the wagon,
Wait for the wagon,
Wait for the wagon,
And we'll all take a ride.**

Do you believe my Phillis dear, old Mike with all his wealth,
Can make you half as happy, as I with youth and health?
We'll have a little farm, a horse, a pig and cow,
And you will mind the dairy, while I will guide the plow,

**Wait for the wagon,
Wait for the wagon,
Wait for the wagon,
And we'll all take a ride.**

Your lips are red as poppies, your hair so slick and neat,
All braided up with dahlias, and hollyhocks so sweet,
It's every Sunday morning, when I am by your side,
We'll jump into the wagon, and all take a ride,

**Wait for the wagon,
Wait for the wagon,
Wait for the wagon,
And we'll all take a ride.**

Together, on life's journey, we'll travel till we stop,
And if we have trouble, we'll reach the happy top,
Then come with me sweet Phillis, my dear, my lovely bride,
We'll jump into the wagon, and all take a ride,

**Wait for the wagon,
Wait for the wagon,
Wait for the wagon,
And we'll all take a ride.**

Chapter 11 – A Special Submission: A Sailor in Sudan

A SAILOR IN SUDAN

By Commander George Forward

Senior Staff Officer Logistic Operations with the United Nations-African Union Hybrid Mission in Darfur in 2012.

The opinions expressed therein are those of the author only and not the Government of Canada

How did I get there? How does a RCN Log Commander end up standing in an interrogation room in real danger of losing much more than his dignity? Well, the short answer is, I jumped at the chance.

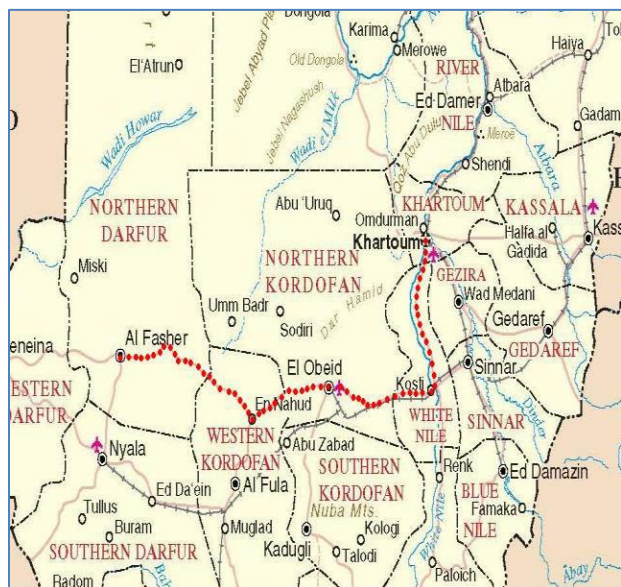


Figure 22 - Sudan

I was asked to take a long-range convoy from Girouard's railhead in Khartoum all the way west across the Sudanese desert to strife-ridden Darfur, close to the Chad border. This was an opportunity to follow a route older than the written word through some of the world's most unforgiving territory plagued by hostile factions and escorted by an equally hostile escort. What's more, I was paid to do it.

As Senior Staff Officer Log Ops with the United Nations-African Union Hybrid Mission in Darfur (UNAMID), one of my primary roles is the planning and monitoring of intra and inter-theatre convoys. The mission's mandate in Darfur of facilitating the implementation of the peace process is frankly, overshadowed by the sheer scope of the job at hand. Although currently the largest UN mission in the world,

the area of operations is the size of France and with 27,000 peacekeepers, of which only 18,000 are military at the end of a 1400-mile supply chain, the logistics can be baffling.

Further complicating the issue are the million plus internally displaced persons (IDPs) in Sudan and the thousands of refugees in neighbouring countries who are not in their homes, not farming, not herding and consequently retarding any hope of economic recovery. The UN's goal is to get these people home so that they can get on with their lives and Sudan can recover enough to feed itself. However, this great and supposed repatriation will only happen if their homes and the routes they must travel to those homes are secure. UNAMID means to bring stability to Darfur by simply establishing a presence in a place so cursed with conflict ranging in scope from outright rebellion against the Government of Sudan (GoS) to inter-tribal and resource-based flare-ups. This is done by dividing UN forces and resources amongst 3 sectors and nearly 40 team sites,

something akin to a forward operating base. The network of patrol routes, information gathering and monitoring provided by these establishments is critical to achieving the mission.

Team sites are usually established at critical junctures of roads, migratory routes, water sources or at sites of traditional conflict or IDP camps. Supplying these team sites is my job and, being relatively new to the mission and certainly to the UN way of doing things, I try to get out on some of the convoys I organize to see firsthand the challenges they face. The route between El Fasher (where I am based), Nyala, and El Geneina to the team sites are standing and oft-used routes. Within a month, I had a good grip on the issues we faced and why. Long range convoys from our sole seaport of Port Sudan into theatre are usually executed by contracted trucking and not so easily accompanied. So when the opportunity arose to move UN vehicles from Khartoum all the way to 'sector west', like I said, I jumped at the chance.

So, there I was, an over-ranked Convoy Commander of 25 vehicles comprising 15 SUVs and 10 massive garbage compacting trucks; the latter of which were spectacularly ill-suited for desert driving. My staff consisted of 10 professional Sudanese truck drivers for the big rigs and 17 civilian police officers from 14 different countries...most of whom were also spectacularly ill-suited for desert driving. Because we were starting from outside UNAMID's area of operations, our force protection was GoS Central Reserve Police who would turn over to armed UN troops at the Darfur border. If the personnel and consistency of the convoy wasn't enough to give pause, this GoS police escort certainly was. Picture, if you will, five four-wheeled drive pickup trucks of dubious age and condition each mounted with an old Soviet 12.7 mm anti-aircraft gun and carrying at the very least eight AK-toting, flip flop-wearing paramilitaries in all manner of dress. In fact, the only degree of uniformity found in our escort seemed to be their worrying immaturity both in age and weapons discipline. Seemingly harmless outcrops of rock and vegetation would elicit the most brutal and direct fire.

I won't get into a history lesson of this storied corner of the world but I was quivering with anticipation of traversing a region that was little-changed from the time of the Mahdi and Kitchener's expedition up the Nile to Khartoum. There was a Canadian connection there too with Voyageurs used to pilot his river boats and Percy Girouard performing miracles of engineering in laying hundreds of miles of rail across the desert. My contribution was negligible in comparison but the challenges of moving men and material across a land better-suited to no movement at all remained unchanged.

So, with visions of 'Beau Geste' and 'Sahara' (the Bogart film, not that ridiculous Cussler adaptation) I flew from El Fasher to Khartoum to make final preparations. The morning of departure dawned like most other mornings in Khartoum, hot and dusty. I found the vehicles fuelled and with fresh batteries but that was the extent of their preparations. One was missing a back windscreen, two had doors that wouldn't close and all were disgustingly dirty. I don't mean dirty on the outside as all vehicles in Sudan are coated in a fine talc-like dust. I mean dirty inside with mounds of refuse, garbage and local critters. When UNMIS peeled out of Khartoum a few months before, they left their surplus vehicles in an unused motor pool. Unlocked doors coupled

with a large homeless population amongst the locals ensured that nothing went unused, especially the option of a roof over one's head.

After mucking out what we could and killing what we couldn't, we loaded our personal gear and six days of rations into the vehicles and waited for the GoS escort to show up. I had made sure that most SUVs had a second driver as we were pushing through with no delays. The Sudanese police had made it quite clear that we were to expect 16 to 18 hours of driving a day and our goal was to get to the Darfur border and under UN escort sometime on the afternoon of the third day. Mine turned out to be a rather chatty South African beat cop but that didn't last too long.

Our departure time of 0600 was delayed repeatedly as the morning cooked away with still no escort. Calls were made and then re-made until finally, in a cloud of dust and war whoops, they showed up. Quick introductions were made uncomprehendingly but certain that I could identify at least the officer amongst them, we did a comms check, mounted up and moved. The first hour was spent fighting our way out of Khartoum's notorious traffic. It is said that Chinese Gordon had the roads laid out in Khartoum to resemble the geometry of a Union Flag when seen from the air. This romantic explanation is a far cry from the tactical advantage of being able to control eight roads with one cannon placed at the centre. Whatever the logic in the 1880's whether whimsy or a darker purpose, the eight streets converging together made for some interesting traffic conundrums in 2011!

By the afternoon of the first day, we had crossed the White Nile and made El Obeid by late evening. Situated centrally, El Obeid was a UN logistics hub up until the fragmentation of Sudan into north and south and the subsequent move of the UN mission in Khartoum to Juba in the Republic of South Sudan. El Obeid is also where the pavement runs out and the real fun begins.



Figure 23 - GoS Central Reserve Police

Unfortunately, the fun would have to wait for a full 36 hours. Our GoS police escort was requested by necessity as we needed protection and armed UN soldiers are not permitted to operate outside Darfur. Officially, the escort is provided as a courtesy by the government. However, if I take anything away from my UNAMID experience, Bashir's government does little for the UN and never out of courtesy. In addition to providing them with rations and bottled water each evening, the pickup of which they were never late for, the request for bribes was incessant. Districts in this country are run like feudal

states by the local police and army commanders and everybody, naturally, wants a cut. Our escort was from Khartoum and try as they might to whisk us through a region without having to share the spoils, often times they reluctantly had to give up a share to their police and military brethren. The plan to get into El Obeid late and leave early before the local authorities caught on was foiled by a particularly diligent local soldier and we were stuck until tea was drank, deals were made and pockets were lined.

Late on the third day, we pulled into a town called En Nahud to fuel at a Petronas gas station whose well-lit and chromed existence was as out of place in the dirty, dusty and miserable collection of mud huts as I was. Remarkably, in the middle of all this, a tiny provincial village of a few thousand people, was a gleaming white marble hospital. Not big, only a couple of stories and judging by the tinted windows, about six rooms per floor, but remarkable nevertheless. I immediately rethought my fast-forming opinion of an uncaring government after all the poverty we had passed to date until on closer inspection, I found out that the most remarkable thing about the hospital was its facade. In fact, the only thing about the hospital was its facade. Not a joke nor a cover-up but literally a facade. The marbled front exterior wall complete with tinted windows and gleaming sign and red crescent over the door was literally 8 inches thick and propped up by a motley collection of timber and old pieces of pipe from behind. My investigation was curtailed by an AK-toting soldier but I wondered what occasion, what inspection or what visit would necessitate the building of a facade without a structure. Not unlike the countryside visits of Catherine the Great, things were not always as they seemed.

I walked back to the collection of UN vehicles that had already fuelled and was waved over by the drivers. Like truck drivers the world over, they spent too much time awake and trying to concentrate not to relax when they have the chance. If they had to wait, they would do it either eating or sleeping and it was a mouth-watering concoction that was bubbling up from the wok-like pot perched precariously on the primus stove. With broken English I was invited to sit and, in the traditional Sudanese manner and armed only with a piece of bread for an implement, we shared a communal meal of goat and gravy.



Figure 24 - On the Road to An Nahud

When we finally pushed out of En Nahud later that night, it was starless, windy and the dust hung heavy in the air. I had lost my South African co-driver to accompany one of the Indonesian police who had little cause to ever learn how to drive a four-wheeled drive standard shift. Our next stop for the remainder of the night

was to be a village named Wad Bandha. Just a few hundred miles down the road, we figured we could get there in three to four hours but the fair, albeit dirt track we had been following so far, gave way to pure desert and the maddening speed set by the front escort vehicle and the inability of the 'heavies' to keep up, meant that the convoy was spread out over 5 miles of dusty desert night and in real danger of getting split up. Repeated radio calls to the lead GoS truck went unanswered and watching the fading yellowed lights of the vehicle behind me blinking in and out of sight, I ordered all to a more sedate pace so as to stay together. I was resolved to the probability we would get lost but at least we would be lost together. We slowed and I strained the eyes out of my head to follow the fast-disappearing tracks of the long-gone GoS truck.

We had made good time for an hour or so as I was pretty confident I was on the right track. Visibility was down to about 40-50 feet but I could still see the GoS tracks faintly in my headlights. Staring at the track, I was a nearly too late to yank the wheel hard over to get out of the way of a truck coming at me like the hounds of hell were on its heels. I ran a dozen feet off the trail and up and over a dune before regaining track and stared at the lead GoS vehicle in my rear-view mirror pull a u-turn and pass me. They had reached Wad Bandha and had come back to look for us. Only a few miles out, we picked up speed and followed them in. It was still too fast for my liking as I keep overdriving my headlights but, apart from a bright green flip-flop that flew out of the murk to catch up on my windshield wiper, I didn't hit anything.



Figure 25 - Wad Bandha Traffic Jam

I marshalled the vehicles laager-style around a copse of acacia in the middle of Wad Bandha and strung my hammock between the back rack of my Nissan and a convenient tree. Most lads decided to sleep inside the vehicle but with the engines off and the windows up, I found it too hot after the first night. My hammock had a built-in bug net so I was cooler and protected and not for the first time did I thank the occasional foresight of the supply system. I was draining the dregs of my evening coffee after having seen a joyous GoS policeman come and retrieve his flip-flop when the GoS Lieutenant came up for a chat. I called over our transport I/C, a Canadian ex-corporal from Maniwaki named Danny

Moore to join in. I might be the convoy commander but Danny had been driving for the UN for 7 years and running convoys in Sudan for four. He knew the ins and outs of this and I wanted him close.

It turns out that the local army commander had heard of our presence and wasn't too happy about it. He hadn't received any requests and alleged we were there without official

permission. There without paying for his hospitality, more like. The GoS Lieutenant was out of his depth against a full Colonel but he entreated us to wait and wait we did. Danny said that usually these things worked themselves out and after cooling our heels for a bit, face would be saved and we would be allowed to move on. Turns out there was a lot of face to save.



Figure 26 - Brewing A Cup

For 5 days and nights we waited. It was maddening. The Darfur border and a UN escort comprising a company of Egyptian infantry was a scant 50 kilometres away but it may as well have been 500. To proceed alone and without escort was to court disaster and despite working the phones back to UNHQ and to whatever contacts we had in Khartoum, we were stuck. It was easy to convince a state official in Khartoum to let us move onward but that order was appreciable diluted by the time it hit the local army commander's desk.

We were down to a day's rations by the second day in Wad Bandha. We had gotten the customary visit by a member of the National Intelligence & Security Service (NISS) that morning with a thinly veiled warning that we were not to wander. This Sudanese version of a secret police is pervasive in all facets of Sudan's society and is Khartoum's watchdog constantly on the lookout for all manner of transgression. I ordered the rations preserved for the time being and not having much of a choice, I sent a couple of the Sudanese drivers into the village market for food. My hopes of a low profile was dashed when a pick-up came screaming into our little cantonment with the two drivers all smiles in the back along with a decidedly unhappy-looking goat. The driver of the pick-up was also the butcher and to a chorus of oohs and aaahs from the ever-present and ever-growing pack of youngsters, he dispatched the goat and proceeded to dress the kill after hanging the carcass in a tree.



Figure 27 - Dinner Phase 1

Over the course of those five days, some very real truths became evident. The first and the source of the biggest relief was the friendliness of the locals. Despite the assertions that the ‘don’t wander’ rule from NISS was for our own safety, all we ever got from the local population was smiles. All I ever lost to them was arm hair to the children. Fascinated, they would gather round and soon little fingers would pull and tug on the blonde hair on my arms. I guess blue-eyed Newfs weren’t a common sight. Our drivers visited the market daily and in addition to goat, we had watermelon, rice, and local vegetables that staved off hunger. We still kept as low a profile as we could as Wad Bandha’s NISS seemed particularly stringent.

The second truth that emerged was that no matter the language, the culture, the race or the religion, euchre, once taught, is a huge hit. I didn’t worry too much about any of the lads getting into trouble. It’s not like there was an Irish pub on every corner. What I did worry about was boredom. There were the card games of course and after the first day with not much hope of a move any time soon, I made them all do maintenance on the vehicles daily. Nothing seriously complicated but fluid level checks and stuff like that. Next, I organized ‘cultural exchange’ classes where everybody had to conduct a class explaining one element of their culture to the rest of us. This was a particular hit as we had classes on Indonesian cooking, Egyptian history, South African animals, the Royal Canadian Navy (mea culpa) and Sudanese phrases. All went well save for when one of the Sudanese drivers thought that the Phillipino police officer was explaining how to kill somebody by elaborately cutting into their skull. The man was actually visually paling until he figured out that what was being explained was the proper way to cut up a pineapple.

Finally, I discovered (and not for the first time) that when you get yourself into a sticky situation, help usually comes from the strangest of corners. Bored, and equipped with a shipment of ‘Izzy Dolls’ that I found in some lost mail in Khartoum, I took a Yemeni police officer as a translator and we walked a short distance up the road to where we knew there was a school. Looking back now, it was stupid and irresponsible but seemed like a good idea at the time. At the gate, my Yemeni colleague called for the headmaster and explained that we were in the UN, passing through, and his Canadian commander would like to make a gift of these dolls to his students. The man smiled until looking over my shoulder, I suddenly saw his face darken and he slammed the gate in our faces. We turned around and were faced with three armed NISS agents who motioned us to precede them. A hundred yards further along, we were conducted into a compound and separated.

Now, I pride myself on being able to talk my way out of most situations. It’s the gift bequeathed on me by my Newfoundland heritage. Take the finest that English prison hulks have

to offer, add a dash of Irish, a sizable quantity of adversity and cook for 400 years and you have a race that rely on their tongues as much as their fists. Well, they had the guns and I was armed only with a blue beret so talking my way out seemed the only option. The problem was, I don't speak Arabic and they didn't speak English...much anyway.

They stripped me to my unmentionables and went through my pockets. Wallet, ID, Passport, some money, lip balm, and some other stuff but certainly nothing to warrant the none-too-gentle shoves and repeated questions yelled at me in Arabic. I was pushed to a corner and standing in my boots and not much else, I felt very vulnerable. One kept yelling in my face while a couple of others were field-stripping my wallet. Finally I got some English.

"You America!"

"No...no Canada. Ana Canadi!"

"You America...you USA!"

"No. CAN-A-DA. You know, Toronto, Montreal, Vancouver..." Where the hell would the Sudanese community be in Canada? There had to be one. We had everyone else and maybe, just maybe, one of these guys had heard of it.

Another lad came into the room while I tried very hard to keep composed. He seemed to command some respect and he looked at me hard through his Ray-Ban knock offs. I suddenly had to use the heads very badly but before I could frame the request, he asked in heavily accented English, "What you like, Starbucks or Tim Hortons?" I was momentarily stunned but without thinking said, "Tim Hortons."

"My brother!" he exclaimed and slapped me on the shoulder.

A few staccato words and I had my clothes back. In fact, I had everything back except whatever Sudanese Pounds I had on me but I didn't complain. A few minutes later we were released and on our way with a renewed warning to not wander about. My Yemeni colleague was as shaken as I was but sequestered in the next room, he had picked up on much of what was said. It turns out that this NISS Major had failed out of Carenton a few years ago but not before hoisting aboard a little piece of Canadiana. I consider myself very fortunate to have been raised in the East Coast Navy. Had I been a 'sandy bottom sailor' with more refined coffee taste, I would still be there.

Out of rations, nearly out of safe water, and with pressure from Mission HQ, we convinced the GoS to give it up and take us back to Khartoum. Breakneck speed and a wee bit of frustration saw us make the journey in a couple of days. Once the euphoria of that first shower had worn off and waiting for the flight back to El Fasher, I had time to reflect on the experience.

I didn't get the convoy through and I didn't see much of historical Sudan. We didn't stop at any ruins nor did I see much evidence of the country's colonial history. What I did see was a

proud and friendly people who accorded us every courtesy that was within their means and I did face some of the challenges that our convoys face each and every day. The crippling bureaucracy of the dictatorship that is the Government of Sudan is forced on the UN and the Sudanese people alike. This one thing is the greatest obstacle to development in this country that needs it so much.

A week after I got back to El Fasher, we learned of the bombing death of Dr. Khalil Ibrahim of the Justice and Equality Movement, one of the rebel groups, in the vicinity of Wad Bandha. His presence must have been suspected and this explains the erratic behaviour of the NISS. Perhaps he was even one of the multitudes of locals who paid us a visit, hiding in plain sight. I don't know but in the wake of the unconfirmed stories of civilian collateral damage in the bombing, I only hope that everyone I encountered escaped unscathed. The trouble is, I will never know but will always wonder. I am afraid for me that will be the legacy of Sudan. *The End.*

Chapter 12 – A Historic Moment

CHRISTMAS DINNER WITH “BOMBER HARRIS”

By Gerald D. Cann

Introduction. In December 1952, our leadership decided on short notice to get as many of us Canadians out of France, for the holidays, as quickly as possible. Without even a rumour that something might be in the works, a list of people appeared that were chosen to fly to the United Kingdom. My name and that of my chum, Frank Turner were on it.

Background. It escapes me now just how many Canadians were at 2 Fighter Wing, RCAF Station Grostenquin then. I do recall that we were not nearly at the strength required to run a Wing of three squadrons and a headquarters unit. Airmen had been arriving in dribs and drabs from May 1952 on, and we had received our Sabres in late October, but at years end the base was still under construction. The advance party was about forty strong in May, and everyone, officers and men together, played and ate in the building which would eventually become the Officers Mess.

Getting into the mess was hazardous. One had two choices - walk through the mud or cross a concrete foundation built kitty-corner across an ell in the building. About a foot wide, the foundation created a large triangle, always full of water. It was a dicey trip at the best of times, made riskier still after a few beers in the evening. One or two hats floating in the pool at breakfast time was not an unusual sight. The beer deserves comment. It was rice beer, each bottle wrapped in its own little straw mat; really excellent stuff. It was quite a while before we tumbled to the fact that it was imported from what was then French Indo China, now Vietnam. At the time, France was fighting the Communist north in an effort to maintain control of her colony.

Grostenquin is located in eastern France, about twenty-five kilometres from what was then the Saar border, the first of four Canadian-manned NATO stations planned for Europe (#1 Wing

stayed in England until October 1954). Grostenquin had been a Luftwaffe fighter station during the war and now was being enlarged and the runways lengthened to handle F-86 Sabres. The contractor was a German who employed French foremen and carpenters and Arabic-speaking Algerian labour. The place was a regular Tower of Babel. The local language of choice was German-over-French, and we Canadians spoke mostly English. The few French speakers among us, mainly Maritime boys, had difficulty making themselves understood, and I was the only one who had any German at all - and that was of high school variety. It was linguistically interesting to say the least. Later on when our boys became familiar with the local French idiom things got easier, but for a while the situation was frustrating. Finally a French lady, a seamstress in clothing stores who spoke all four languages, sorted things out on an as-required basis.



Figure 28 - 2 Fighter Wing Grostenquin

France was then in the middle of a civil war with Algeria which was a French province, and Algerian refugees by the tens of thousands had fled to mainland France where they were not at all welcome. We had warned to stay away from them, but we fraternized anyway and Algerian labourers became our prime choice when a job had to be done. Once they discovered that we would treat them well, they'd do anything for us.

The place was a disaster from the beginning. First of all, the mud was so glutinous and deep that it was impossible to bury the steam pipes that would eventually carry heat the buildings. They were mounted on a cross-piece between two angled telephone-poles which gave the place an odd appearance. One's first impression was of a forest of poles with buildings underneath. When it came to burying the big tanks which would hold the various fuels required to run a station, we discovered that we had to half-fill them as soon as they went into the ground, otherwise they would break their steel holding bands and float to the surface.

As for barrack accommodation, when a building reached a state of near completion we moved in. There was no heat, no lights and no furniture beyond a bed and mattress, sheets and blankets. Everything we needed was on the station, but nobody knew where to find it. There were mountains of boxes everywhere - a whole ship load, stacked in piles as they came off the trucks. We had the paperwork, but finding boxes that jibed with shipment numbers was impossible. They were all mixed together. The result was that every day was Christmas. We

didn't know what was in a box until we opened it.

The adaptability of our chaps under these circumstances was amazing. The lack of furniture was not a problem. We had empty boxes, and within hours every room was outfitted with a table, a chair, and a wardrobe of sorts, all made from boxes of varying size. We were dry, but we were not warm, and we didn't get warm for a long while. The steam pipes were not yet hooked up, and there was no electricity. One image I treasure: a man writing a letter home with the stub of a candle waxed to the bill of his baseball cap.

During the war a contraption called a "Herman Nelson Heater" had been invented. Its' purpose was to warm radial aircraft engines to the point where they would start in freezing temperatures. We found some and parked one at the entrance of every barrack. Rectangular in shape, the things had an overgrown lawnmower engine in one end which ran a fan; the other end was outfitted with a pot burner, gravity-fed from the same gasoline tank that fuelled the engine. The air from the fan was directed over a box heated by the pot burner and blew hot air into a short fabric hose about eighteen inches in diameter which ended in a wooden baffle. Four smaller hoses ran from that. We had lovely heat on a cold morning - if you could get hold of a hose and keep it long enough to warm your room. The competition for those hoses was keen, but while the heat produced would warm a room, it wasn't sufficient to heat the entire barracks.

The engines were cranky things to start, and the burners, fuelled with raw gasoline, were dangerous to light. They would blow back in your face if you didn't do it properly. Properly was sort of a "by guess and by god" proposition. If it didn't blow up, you got it right. If it did, you got it wrong. There were lots of singed eyebrows and the Medical Officer (MO) treated more than a few second degree burns.

Trip to London. But I digress. This story is really about meeting the legendary "Bomber Harris". The preceding preamble simply provides the basic information on why we were there, how we got there, and why they sent us to the UK on special leave over Christmas. Simply put, we were miserable

The mode of transportation for people and freight in and out of the country was a British twin engine air plane called a Bristol Freighter. An ungainly looking beast, it had a hinged nose that swung up to reveal a large hold, and like a bumble bee. It didn't look as if it could fly. Actually it flew very well and carried a large load. Three days before Christmas, we lucky ones chosen climbed into a Bristol to fly to England.



Figure 29 - Charing Cross Station (Opened 1864)

Originally bound for Croydon, we developed engine trouble over the Channel and landed at Manston on the English coast. A local bank changed our francs to pounds sterling, and we caught a train for London. At Victoria Station we switched to the underground and first glimpse of the city was when we emerged at ground level from Charing Cross Station. It was early evening and there wasn't an empty hotel room in the entire West End.

Completely lost, Frank and I wandered rather aimlessly away from Trafalgar Square. Suddenly he stopped and pointed up at a street sign. It said Downing Street. A Bobby walked toward us and before he could say a word Frank spoke up and said, "Where's Number Ten?" The Bobby pointed at a window above us and said, "Mr Churchill's probably asleep in that room up there and you buggers keep quiet!" We told him who we were, why we were there and about our predicament. As advertised, London Bobbies were the source of all knowledge "Just keep on walking a couple of blocks in that direction, lads, and you'll see a sign that says 'Over-Seas League'. They'll take you in."

Anyone who has been in London looking for a particular building will remember that all the signs are little brass ones. We walked along peering at each sign in the half light of street lamps, and finally found one that jibed with what the Bobby told us, went in and asked for a room. An elderly gentleman who turned out to be the concierge looked us over and suggested that we might be more comfortable somewhere else. In utter ignorance of things British, we said no, we were from overseas and this place was fine with us. We discovered later that we were a bit out of our league in the 'Over-Seas League'. The place catered to people far more senior than we. Frank was an LAC and I had reached the dizzy heights of a Corporal. We didn't really belong but were too green and brash to know it. But he took pity and gave us a room anyway. Looking back, I think he just didn't feel like arguing with us. Christmas spirit perhaps.

Next morning, our friend from the Front Desk called our room before we were out of bed, saying that "Sir Arthur would like to see us in the bar." Sir Arthur? We didn't know a soul in London let alone any knights. A bit nervously, we got dressed and went down to the bar where we were introduced to Air Marshall Sir Arthur Harris!

I still get out of breath just thinking about it. Certainly I lost mine just by finding myself in the presence of this man. Schooled as we were in Air Force folklore, we recognized him now - "Bomber Harris", or "Butcher Harris" if you happened to be a surviving member of a bomber crew. Now in my seventies and not quite as impressionable as I was then, I believe I would still

look at Sir Arthur Harris with the same awesome wonder as I did then. Not a large man physically, he looked like the friendly gentleman he turned out to be. One of the great commanders of WWII, and a fighter pilot during the first war, he had remained with the Royal Air Force through the inter-war years of peace. Churchill appointed him Chief of Bomber Command in 1942. Frank and I didn't know it then, but after WWII he was driven out of England, publically vilified as a war criminal for his indiscriminate bombing of German cities. In disgrace he left England for South Africa. History has him returning to England with impunity in 1953. By then most people knew the bombing campaign was supported and encouraged by Churchill. Looking back, since we met in late 1952, I believe he had just recently arrived, and had put up temporarily at the Over-Seas League.

I remember being a bit uncomfortable in his presence, and the very fact that I recall this so clearly a half century later gives credence to how impressed I was, and still am, with this man. I'd never seen anyone higher than a Group Captain before, and then only when he passed within the fifteen degree span of my vision while I stood rigidly at attention on parade. But I very quickly found out something that I've noticed with interest many times since. People who attain high rank are often the easiest to be with. They have nothing to prove and are completely at ease in any company, which is probably among the reasons why they attained their rank. Certainly I knew then and know better now, that I was in the presence of greatness, and in the company of a giant among men. I wondered as we chatted that morning, and wonder still, how do such men so suddenly appear? And condemned to live with the knowledge that he was responsible for the deaths of untold thousands, what gave him the strength to carry on? What kind of man was he, who sent young men into the skies above the most heavily defended places on earth to suffer over fifty percent casualties? Perhaps the answer lies in Winston Churchill's observation:

There are no extraordinary men; simply ordinary men who, in extraordinary circumstances, are called upon to do extraordinary things.

Sir Arthur must have known how we felt, for he quickly put us at ease. With a warm handshake he said that we were the first Canadians he'd seen since the war, and then he gave us each a double scotch. My first scotch, and I've been an aficionado of the stuff ever since. It didn't sit too well that morning, and fifty-odd years later I remember the results of scotch before breakfast. We talked for probably an hour. We, not being able to climb to his level, he had not the slightest difficulty in coming down to ours. He simply treated us as he would treat a friend. I remember his curiosity about the Canadian Fighter Wings in Europe and where they were in relation to the Americans. And I remember our curiosity about the war and his answers to our questions. Of the rest I have no recollection save for the fact that he enquired about our plans for Christmas. He was a widower, this was his club, and would we join him for dinner on that day. What could one do save gulp and say "Yes sir, thank you."

I don't recall seeing Sir Arthur again the next day, but he left tickets to two top-rated shows for us at the desk. Four tickets for each show. But four? Frank and I were only two. We found out why just before Christmas dinner. When we arrived in the lobby at the appointed time on

Christmas Day Sir Arthur was waiting for us with two girls in tow. He had contacted Canada House, found two unattached Canadian girls alone for Christmas, and invited them to dinner. Company for us, and I suppose, we for them. So we five celebrated Christmas with a memorable dinner in that wonderful old club. Four young Canadians, well out of our depth, but made welcome indeed.

I can't remember how long we stayed in London, but I do remember my first stage show: *South Pacific* at Drury Lane theatre, starring Enzo Pinza and Mary Martin! And I remember *BBC Ballroom*; true-blue British music hall; both shows in the company of those two Canadian girls. And then with leave over, we flew back to Grostenquin and back to the rain and mud.

I've never been able to remember if we thanked Sir Arthur for his kindness. Certainly, I hope we did. But when integration of the Canadian military was under discussion his views on that disaster was published in the *Ottawa Citizen*. His address was included the by-line and I wrote him a letter. About a month later I received a short handwritten note in which he proved that he did remember the occasion of Christmas dinner with two Canadian airmen and two Canadian girls.

Fast forward to the mid-1970s. My wife Jean had a long-time school friend who was secretary to a succession of Canadian ambassadors in various parts of the world. She and a fellow embassy secretary, both on leave, were at dinner in our home one day. Over the table I began to tell this story. The visiting lady, bug-eyed, blurted half way through my monologue, "I was one of those girls!"

Submitted by Gerry Cann

Chapter 13 – Flag Dispatches

Service Second to None Flag Dispatches No. 1 – Ottawa

By LCol Douglas Martin

An incredible journey has begun. For the next 15 months a Canadian Forces Logistics Branch flag will be passed among Logisticians around the world and across Canada to commemorate the Branch's 50th Anniversary.

"This relay, featuring the Logistics Branch flag and a 50th Anniversary rectangular pennant, acknowledges the professional contribution Logisticians have made to support operations since its formation on 1 February 1968," said BGen Virginia Tattersall, National Committee Chair of the Logistics Branch 50th Anniversary. "Canada's 150th Birthday marks the beginning of the Flag's international journey, while the Canada-based relay will begin on 1 February 2018."

To mark the launch, Logisticians gathered at the National Military (Beechwood) Cemetery in Ottawa on 1 July 2017 to unfurl the Logistics Branch 50th Anniversary flag for the first time in public.

“Today we unfurl ... the official 50th Anniversary Logistics Branch Flag,” said BGen Michael Rafter, Chief of Staff, VCDS, during a brief ceremony at the cemetery. “The Branch thought it made ample sense to start the relay of this flag here at the National Military Cemetery in order to honour all Canadian military buried here, especially those who fell during conflict.”

The aim of the Flag Relay is to inspire unity among Logisticians. Logisticians have unique capabilities and occupations that will assist them in taking the flag around the world to CAF operations and then across Canada to Bases and Wings. The Logistics Branch is calling all Logisticians to be involved.

“I encourage everyone to take pictures of the flag and send them to your Logistics colleagues wherever they may be,” said BGen Rafter. “We need to get the word out that this flag is traveling around the world and across Canada. We need Loggies of all ranks to think of events, activities and places where this flag should be seen.”

The Flag is carried in a sturdy, weather resistant backpack and comes with a Logbook, detailed instructions and other paraphernalia with the intention that as many members as possible of the Branch, serving and retired, may sign the Logbook stating where and when they saw the Flag.

“A special feature in the bag is a GPS tracking system,” said MWO Paul Flowers, National Committee member and the Flag Relay planner and coordinator. “This way we can provide Branch members with updates about the Flag’s travels, hopefully with photos of Loggies with the Flag.”

After the ceremony in Ottawa, the flag was delivered by MWO Flowers to Maj Dwayne Demers, Deputy Commanding Officer, 2 Air Movements Squadron at 8 Wing Trenton.

On 6 July, Maj Demers passed the backpack to MCpl Jeff Clements and MCpl Bryan Hogg, Loadmasters of 429 Transport Squadron. The two loadies signed the Logbook and will be responsible for the Flag as it makes its way to the Middle East and Europe.

“Nothing Happens Unless Something Moves” Flag Dispatches No. 2 – 8 Wing Trenton

By LCol Douglas Martin

The official 50th Anniversary Flag of the Canadian Forces Logistics Branch is in the hands of two 429 “Bison” Transport Squadron Loadmasters in the Middle East. For the next 15 months this flag will be passed among Logisticians around the world and across Canada to commemorate the Branch’s 50th Anniversary.

“This relay, featuring the Logistics Branch flag and a 50th Anniversary rectangular pennant, acknowledges the professional contribution Logisticians have made to support operations since its formation on 1 February 1968,” said BGen Virginia Tattersall, National Committee Chair of the Logistics Branch 50th Anniversary. “Canada’s 150th Birthday marks the beginning of the Flag’s international journey, while the Canada-based relay will begin on 1 February 2018.”

MCpl Jeff Clements and MCpl Bryan Hogg, both loadmasters with 429 (T) Squadron will be responsible for the Flag throughout the Middle East and into Europe.

“It’s an honour to be the first loadmasters to transport the Flag,” said MCpl Clements moments before his CC-177 Globemaster taxied for takeoff on 6 July, heading for the Middle East.

Maj Dwayne Demers, DCO 2 Air Movements Squadron, gave MCpl Clements the flag complete with a sturdy, weather resistant backpack that also contains a Logbook, detailed instructions and other paraphernalia with the intention that as many members as possible of the Logistics Branch, serving and retired, may sign the Logbook stating where and when they saw the Flag.

“To hand our own Logistics Flag off on its journey is something that will stick with me for sometime,” Said Maj Demers. “As the saying goes, ‘nothing happens in the CAF until something moves’ and this is exactly what we are doing with the Log Branch 50th Anniversary...kicking it off by moving this special flag around the world like we do in support of CAF Operations.”

The aim of the Flag Relay is to inspire unity among Logisticians. Logisticians have unique capabilities and occupations that will assist them in taking the flag around the world to CAF operations and then across Canada to Bases and Wings. The Logistics Branch is calling all Logisticians to be involved.

“I encourage everyone to take pictures of the flag and send them to your Logistics colleagues wherever they may be,” said BGen Michael Rafter, Chief of Staff for the VCDS. “We need to get the word out that this flag is traveling around the world and across Canada. We need Loggies of all ranks to think of events, activities and places where this flag should be seen.”

The Flag will be passed from Logistician to Logistician at numerous posts outside of Canada. Early next year the Flag will begin its National relay including 8 Wing Trenton scheduled for the end of June 2018.

I, like many, look forward to seeing and hearing about all the adventures that the Flag will go on,” said Maj Demers. “It’s truly going to be a great 50th Anniversary for the Log Branch.”

"Rien ne se produit à moins que quelque chose ne se déplace"
Flag Dispatches No. 2 - 8e Escadre Trenton

Par le lcol Douglas Martin

Le drapeau officiel du 50e anniversaire de la Direction générale de la logistique des Forces canadiennes est entre les mains de deux 429 maîtres de charge de l'escadron de transport "Bison" au Moyen-Orient. Pour les 15 prochains mois, ce drapeau sera transmis aux logisticiens du monde entier et à travers le Canada pour commémorer le 50e anniversaire de la direction.

"Ce relais, mettant en vedette le drapeau de la logistique et un fanion rectangulaire du 50e anniversaire, reconnaît la contribution professionnelle que les logisticiens ont fait pour soutenir les opérations depuis leur formation le 1er février 1968," a déclaré BGen Virginia Tattersall, présidente du Comité national du 50e anniversaire de la Direction de la logistique. «Le 150e anniversaire du Canada marque le début du voyage international du drapeau, alors que le relais basé au Canada débutera le 1er février 2018."

Le Cplc Jeff Clements et le Cplc Bryan Hogg, les deux maîtres de charge du 429e Escadron (T) seront responsables du drapeau du Moyen-Orient et de l'Europe.

"C'est un honneur d'être les premiers chargés de charge à transporter le drapeau", a déclaré le Cplc Clements quelques instants avant que son CC-177 Globemaster ne compense pour le décollage le 6 juillet, en direction du Moyen-Orient.

Maj Dwayne Demers, DCO 2 Air Movements Squadron, a donné au Cplc Clements le drapeau complet avec un sac à dos robuste et résistant aux intempéries qui contient également un journal de bord, des instructions détaillées et d'autres accessoires, dans la mesure où le plus grand nombre de membres possible de la Direction logistique, desservant et À la retraite, peut signer le journal de bord indiquant où et quand ils ont vu le drapeau.

"Donner notre propre logo logistique sur son voyage est quelque chose qui va rester avec moi pendant un certain temps", a déclaré Maj Demers. "Comme le dit le discours," rien ne se passe dans la CAF jusqu'à ce que quelque chose se déplace "et c'est exactement ce que nous faisons avec le 50ème anniversaire de Log Branch ... en lançant ce drapeau spécial dans le monde comme nous le faisons à l'appui Opérations CAF. "

L'objectif du Flag Relay est d'inspirer l'unité des Logisticiens. Les logisticiens possèdent des capacités et des emplois uniques qui les aideront à prendre le drapeau du monde entier dans les opérations de la CAF et ensuite partout au Canada dans Bases and Wings. La Direction générale de la logistique appelle tous les logisticiens à participer.

«J'encourage tout le monde à prendre des photos du drapeau et à les envoyer à vos collègues logistiques où qu'ils se trouvent», a déclaré BGen Michael Rafter, chef d'état-major du VCDS. «Nous devons faire comprendre que ce drapeau se déplace partout dans le monde et partout au Canada. Nous avons besoin de Loggies de tous les rangs pour penser aux événements, aux activités et aux endroits où ce drapeau devrait être vu. "

Le drapeau sera passé du logisticien au logisticien à de nombreux postes à l'extérieur du Canada. Au début de l'année prochaine, le drapeau commencera son relais national dont la 8e Escadre Trenton prévue pour la fin de juin 2018.

En tant que beaucoup, je suis impatient de voir et d'entendre toutes les aventures que le drapeau va continuer, " a déclaré Maj Demers. "Ce sera vraiment un excellent 50e anniversaire pour la branche du journal".

“Nothing Happens unless Something Moves” Flag Dispatches No. 3 – Service Second to None in Ukraine

By LCol Douglas Martin

Edmonton-based Logisticians who served with Op Unifier in Ukraine took part in an incredible celebration. The Logistics Branch is ramping up for its 50th Anniversary on 1 February 2018 and a keystone activity involves passing an official Canadian Forces Logistics Branch Flag among Logisticians around the world and across Canada.

“The Flag arrived here on July 28 on a service flight from Poland,” said Capt Christopher Williams, Contracts Officer, Joint Task Force – Ukraine. “Our Movements Officer, Capt Rachel Hilbig was given the backpack containing the Flag by the loadmasters of 429 Transport Squadron. She in turn passed it to MCpl Penny Warford, a Traffic Technician, who then gave it to me.”

The aim of the Flag Relay is to inspire unity among Logisticians. Logisticians have unique capabilities and occupations that will assist them in taking the flag around the world to CAF operations and then across Canada to Bases and Wings. The Logistics Branch is calling all Logisticians to be involved.

“Although the Logistics Branch has a limited history,” said Capt Williams. “This Flag relay gives us a chance to pay homage to the corps and organizations that preceded the Branch in 1968 while at the same time it solidifies us as a Branch.”

Cpl Jennifer Couturier, a Human Resources Administrator whose home unit is 2PPCLI spoke about the Branch history. “The Canadian Forces have earned international recognition as professionals in the field of logistics,” said Cpl Couturier, in her brief remarks.

“We gathered together at Canada House for everyone to see the Flag and sign the Logbook,” said Cpl Couturier.

The Flag began its journey on 1 July 2017 when a group of Logisticians gathered at the National Military (Beechwood) Cemetery in Ottawa to unfurl the Logistics Branch 50th Anniversary Flag for the first time in public.

“The Branch thought it made ample sense to start the relay of this Flag here at the National Military Cemetery in order to honour all Canadian military buried here, especially those who fell during conflict,” said BGen Michael Rafter, Chief of Staff, VCDS, during a brief ceremony at the cemetery.

The Flag is carried in a sturdy, weather resistant backpack and comes with a Logbook, detailed instructions and other paraphernalia with the intention that as many members as possible of the Branch, serving and retired, may sign the Logbook stating where and when they saw the Flag.

“A special feature in the bag is a GPS tracking system,” said MWO Paul Flowers, National Committee member and the Flag Relay planner and coordinator. “This way we can provide Branch members with updates about the Flag’s travels, hopefully with photos of Loggies with the Flag.”

The last person to sign the Logbook in Ukraine was Capt Louis-Phillipe Roy-Cyr, a Supply Officer from 1 CER who has been training Ukrainian forces for the past six months. “This relay is fantastic,” said Capt Roy-Cyr. “Honestly, we were happy to see our Flag fly the entire day in front of the headquarters. It represents the work we are doing behind the scenes.”

Camp Adazi

Flag Dispatches No. 4 – Dispatch from Latvia – 0420hrs EST – 11-08-17

The Flag has arrived in Latvia. My plan for the Flag's visit has three parts.

The first part is for JTF-Eur HQ staff to get together and take a group picture at our place of work on the 11-08-17. The second part will be for the Flag to be present during the unloading of our chartered ship with our equipment and supplies from Canada, 12-08-17 and then, the final part will be to participate in the Maintenance day in Camp Adazi on 15-08-17.

To take pride in our Branch we need activities like this. Most people don’t have time to take pride in their job. In Latvia, we have Navy, Army and Air Force Logisticians coming from all over Canada and no matter how busy we are, we will be taking the time to honour our Flag. This may seem silly for a lot of people when we talk about it, but this is a symbol of coming together, showing we are proud of our trades and this gives us time to remember why we are doing this job. Events like this give people a feeling that they belong to something great and that they can do so much more.

This Flag is now, and will be forever, bringing us closer. When I talked to my fellow Logisticians about this, we are impressed with the journey that the Flag has already completed. It makes us think of friends and co-workers who are working in many locations around the world and back home in Canada. We remember the memories we have had serving in different places and the challenges that we’ve had to endure. We think of the challenges ahead. And, at the end of the day, we know we can count on our world of CAF Logisticians. We know the professionalism and

efficiency of our colleagues. We feel unity, no matter what job we do -- supply, transport, finance or movements or no matter which element we come from.

We are Logisticians before anything else.

By Captain Catherine Smits (J4 Mov and Tn, JTF Eur HQ), 11 August 2017

RCAF Logistician Injured in Alberta Death Race

An RCAF Wainwright-based Traffic Technician received several bloody lacerations during the physically demanding and aptly named Death Race in Alberta's Rocky Mountains on 4 August.

Corporal Kane Edmonstone of Wainwright's Logistics Support Company was running a treacherous 19-kilometre stretch of the annual Death Race when he encountered an unforgiving wet patch of mud.

"It was about five Ks into the race when I fell – basically the ground went out from under me," says Cpl Edmonstone. "I didn't even feel anything when I hit the barbed wire, I guess that was because of adrenaline. About 500 metres later I felt what I thought was water dripping down my arm. I looked and saw my blood."

But Cpl Edmonstone didn't quit because he was carrying a truly valued possession of the Logistics Branch – the 50th Anniversary Flag and Pennant.

"I was half determined and half stubborn that I was going to handoff our Flag to the next person," says Cpl Edmonstone.

In fact, Cpl Edmonstone ran another 14 kilometres stopping once at Grand Cache Lake to take a picture of himself with the Flag.

At the end of his portion of the race, Cpl Edmonstone was treated by Death Race medics then transported to a medical centre in Grande Cache, AB, for treatment where he required five stitches to close the cut just on his forearm just below his elbow.

"Cpl Edmonstone's valiant display of perseverance, fortitude and overwhelming personal will to succeed while carrying the Log 50th Flag and Pennant, should be an inspiration to all Logisticians," says CWO Paul Flowers, the National Lead of the Flag Relay. "His never-give-up attitude demonstrates a key quality required in today's NCM Corps. In my opinion, his strong loyalties to the Logistics Branch and especially the Log 50th Flag Relay, provides an admirable example for his peers to emulate."

The 50th Anniversary Flag Relay began in Ottawa on Canada Day 2017 and has since visited CAF Logisticians in 11 countries and has traveled a distance one and a half times the circumference of

the Earth at the Equator. The Flag will continue across Canada culminating with a special parade on Parliament Hill in Ottawa in October.

Un logisticien de l'ARC blessé dans la course à la mort en Alberta

Le 4 août, un technicien de la circulation basé à l'ARC de Wainwright a reçu plusieurs lacérations sanglantes au cours de la course à la mort exigeante et bien nommée dans les Rocheuses de l'Alberta.

Le caporal Kane Edmonstone, de la compagnie de soutien logistique de Wainwright, effectuait une course périlleuse de 19 kilomètres lors de la course à la mort annuelle quand il a rencontré une parcelle de boue humide impitoyable.

«À ma chute, il y avait environ cinq kilomètres dans la course - en gros, le sol s'est détaché de moi», explique le Cpl Edmonstone. "Je n'ai même rien senti quand j'ai heurté les barbelés, je suppose que c'était à cause de l'adrénaline. Environ 500 mètres plus tard, j'ai senti ce que je pensais être de l'eau coulant le long de mon bras. J'ai regardé et vu mon sang. "

Mais le Cpl Edmonstone n'a pas démissionné parce qu'il possédait une possession vraiment appréciée de la Branche Logistique - le drapeau et le fanion du 50e anniversaire.

«J'étais à moitié déterminé et à moitié têtu que j'allais remettre notre drapeau à la personne suivante», a déclaré le Cpl Edmonstone.

En fait, le cpl Edmonstone a parcouru 14 kilomètres supplémentaires, s'arrêtant une fois au lac Grand Cache pour se prendre en photo avec le drapeau.

À la fin de sa partie de la course, le Cpl Edmonstone a été soigné par des médecins de la course de la mort puis transporté dans un centre médical à Grande Cache, en Alberta, où il a eu besoin de cinq points de suture.

"La vaillante démonstration de persévérance, de courage et de volonté personnelle de réussir du Cpl Edmonstone tout en portant le drapeau et le fanion Log 50th est une source d'inspiration pour tous les logisticiens", a indiqué l'Adjuc Paul Flowers, responsable national du relais. "Son attitude sans concession démontre une qualité essentielle dans le NCM Corps d'aujourd'hui. À mon avis, ses fortes loyautés envers la Direction de la logistique et en particulier avec le 50ème relais Log Log, constituent un exemple admirable pour ses pairs. "

Le relais du 50e anniversaire a débuté à Ottawa le jour de la fête du Canada en 2017 et a depuis rendu visite aux logisticiens des FAC dans 11 pays et parcouru une distance égale à une fois et demie la circonférence de la Terre à l'équateur. Le drapeau continuera à travers le Canada et se terminera par un défilé spécial sur la colline du Parlement à Ottawa en octobre.

By LCol Douglas Martin

Aviator sets speed record with Log Branch 50th Anniversary Flag 4 Wing Cold Lake

A Canadian Forces Logistics Branch aviator stationed at 4 Wing Cold Lake made history by being the first to break the sound barrier while carrying the Logistics Branch 50th Anniversary Flag and Pennant.

Aviator Catherine Grenier of 4 Mission Support Squadron completed the supersonic flight in Northern Alberta on 9 May aboard a CF-188 commanded by Capt Denis Beaulieu of 410 Tactical Fighter Operational Training Squadron.

“I was surprised to be chosen to have the honour of taking the flag on this historic flight,” said Aviator Grenier, a Human Resources Administrator at 4 Wing. “The most impressive part of the flight was the crushing force the aircraft has on the body. It’s amazing that we have pilots who do this everyday.”

Aviator Grenier was chosen as a deserving Logistician to carry to the 50th Anniversary Flag and Pennant by a selection committee that included Warrant Officer Les Wilson, the Logistics Branch 50th Anniversary committee chairman at 4 Wing.

“Aviator Grenier and the Flag flew to an altitude of 35,000 feet and at a max speed of Mach 1.25, more than 1,500 kilometres per hour,” said WO Wilson. “She also experienced a gravitational force of 4.7 Gs during the flight.

The 50th Anniversary Flag Relay began in Ottawa on Canada Day 2017 and has since visited CAF Logisticians in 11 countries and has traveled a distance well over the circumference of the Earth at the Equator. The Flag will continue across Canada culminating with a special parade on Parliament Hill in Ottawa in October.

By LCol Douglas Martin

Un aviateur brise son record de vitesse avec le drapeau du 50^e anniversaire de la Branche des services de logistique

4^e Escadre Cold Lake

Un aviateur de la Direction générale de la logistique des Forces canadiennes stationné à la 4^e Escadre Cold Lake a marqué l'histoire en étant le premier à franchir le mur du son en arborant le drapeau et le fanion du 50^e anniversaire de la Branche des services de logistique.

L'aviateur Catherine Grenier du 4e Escadron de soutien à la mission a effectué le vol supersonique dans le nord de l'Alberta le 9 mai à bord d'un CF-188 commandé par le Capt Denis Beaulieu du 410e Escadron d'entraînement opérationnel d'avions tactiques.

«J'ai été surpris d'être choisi pour avoir l'honneur de prendre le drapeau de ce vol historique», a déclaré Aviateur Grenier, administrateur des ressources humaines à la 4e Escadre. "La partie la plus impressionnante du vol a été la force écrasante que l'avion a sur le corps. C'est incroyable que nous ayons des pilotes qui le font tous les jours. "

Aviator Grenier a été choisi Logisticien méritant pour porter le drapeau du 50e anniversaire et Pennant par un comité de sélection qui comprenait l'adjudant Les Wilson, président du comité du 50e anniversaire de la Direction de la logistique à la 4e Escadre.

"Aviator Grenier et le drapeau ont volé à une altitude de 35 000 pieds et à une vitesse maximale de Mach 1,25 (plus de 1 500 kilomètres par heure)," a déclaré l'Adj Wilson. "Elle a également connu une force gravitationnelle de 4,7 G pendant le vol.

Le relais du drapeau du 50e anniversaire a débuté à Ottawa le jour de la fête du Canada en 2017 et a depuis visité les logisticiens des FAC dans 11 pays et a parcouru une bonne distance sur la circonférence de la Terre à l'équateur. Le drapeau continuera à travers le Canada et se terminera par un défilé spécial sur la Colline du Parlement à Ottawa en octobre.

Par le lcol Douglas Martin



Figure 30 - Loggie Five O

Nearly 350 CAF Logisticians gathered to form this image marking the Logistics Branch's 50th Anniversary. Designed by CWO Paul Flowers and photographed from a 95-foot ladder fire truck by Imagery Technician Corporal Jessye Therrien, this image boasts the record of being the largest 50th Anniversary group photo of Loggies to date.

Près de 350 logisticiens des FAC se sont réunis pour former cette image marquant le 50^e anniversaire de la Direction de la logistique. Conçu par l'adjuc Paul Flowers et photographié à partir d'un camion de pompiers à échelle de 95 pieds par le caporal Jessye Therrien, technicien en imagerie, cette image est la plus grande photo de groupe du 50^e anniversaire de Loggies à ce jour.

Retired Supply Technician has HUGE effect on Logistics Branch 50th Anniversary

When Mike Deschamps , a retired Supply Technician and current chief clerk of 8 Mission Support Squadron Replenishment Flight at 8 Wing Trenton wrote "LOGGIE FIVE – O" in the Logistics Branch 50th Anniversary Flag Relay logbook back in September 2017, he had no idea that it would become the inspiration of something huge.

That's what happened when nearly 350 Canadian Armed Forces Logisticians gathered together at CFB Borden on 2 May to celebrate the Canadian Forces Logistics Branch 50th Anniversary.

To mark the occasion the students and staff of Borden's Canadian Forces Logistics Training Centre formed up to create the words "LOGGIE FIVE – O." More than 250 Logistics students including 24 cadets from the Royal Military College in Kingston formed the 26-foot letters while 80 school staff members formed a line under the words.

"When I saw Mike Deschamps' comment in the logbook, my imagination immediately took me to the vision of designing a gigantic image using as many Logisticians as possible," said RCAF CWO Paul Flowers, the Flag Relay OPI. "My hope is to transpose this image on a T-shirt for sale as a souvenir."

The Logistics Branch 50th Anniversary Flag and Pennant is making its way across Canada after having visited 11 countries around the world. The dash in LOGGIE FIVE – O was formed using the 50th Anniversary Flag and Pennant held by CWO Paul Flowers, his 2iC, PO2 Sonja Chisholm and three SkyHawks parachute riggers.

Mike Deschamps, who enjoyed 22 years in the CAF then became a public servant in 2009 says he remembers the day he signed the logbook vividly. "My father (Maj John Deschamps) was a trucker who always used the word 'Loggie.' So I just wrote the first thing that came into my head – 'LOGGIE Five – O.'"

Postscript – Both 'Loggies,' CWO Paul Flowers and retired Cpl Mike Deschamps were born the year the Canadian Forces Logistics Branch was founded – 1968. Coincidence? They don't think so.....

By LCol Douglas Martin

Un technicien d'approvisionnement retraité a un effet énorme sur le 50e anniversaire de la Direction de la logistique

Lorsque Mike Deschamps, ancien technicien en approvisionnement et actuel chef du 8e Escadron de soutien à la mission de réapprovisionnement de la 8e Escadre Trenton, a écrit «LOGGIE FIVE - O» dans le journal de bord du 50e anniversaire de la Logistique en septembre 2017, il n'avait aucune idée deviendrait l'inspiration de quelque chose d'énorme.

C'est ce qui s'est produit lorsque près de 350 logisticiens des Forces armées canadiennes se sont réunis à la BFC Borden le 2 mai pour célébrer le 50e anniversaire de la Branche de la logistique des Forces canadiennes.

Pour marquer l'occasion, les étudiants et le personnel du Centre de formation en logistique des Forces canadiennes de Borden ont créé les mots «LOGGIE FIVE-O». Plus de 250 étudiants en logistique, dont 24 cadets du Collège militaire royal de Kingston, ont 80 membres du personnel de l'école ont formé une ligne sous les mots.

«Quand j'ai vu le commentaire de Mike Deschamps dans le journal de bord, mon imagination m'a immédiatement amené à concevoir une image gigantesque en utilisant autant de logisticiens que possible», a déclaré l'Adjud Paul Flowers, le BPR de Flag Relay. "Mon espoir est de transposer cette image sur un T-shirt à vendre en souvenir."

Le drapeau du 50e anniversaire de la Direction de la logistique et Pennant font leur chemin à travers le Canada après avoir visité 11 pays à travers le monde. Le tableau de bord de LOGGIE FIVE - O a été formé à l'aide du drapeau du 50e anniversaire et de l'adjud Paul Flowers, son 2iC, le M 2 Sonja Chisholm et trois gréeurs de parachutistes SkyHawks.

Mike Deschamps, qui a passé 22 ans au sein des FAC et est devenu fonctionnaire en 2009, dit qu'il se souvient du jour où il a signé le livre de bord de façon vivante. «Mon père (le maj John Deschamps) était un camionneur qui utilisait toujours le mot« Loggie », alors je viens d'écrire la première chose qui m'est venue à l'esprit:« LOGGIE Five-O ».

Post-scriptum - Les deux «Loggies», l'adjud Paul Flowers et le caporal à la retraite Mike Deschamps sont nés l'année de la création de la Direction de la logistique des Forces canadiennes - 1968. Coïncidence? Ils ne le pensent pas ...

Par le lcol Douglas Martin

Cook Dives with Log Branch 50th Anniversary Flag 19 Wing Comox

A Logistics Branch cook stationed at 19 Wing Comox has made history by being the first to dive to a depth of nearly 60 feet, about 18 metres below sea level, with the Logistics Branch 50th Anniversary Flag and Pennant.

Corporal Patrick Espanola of 19 Mission Support Squadron made the salt-water dive in Tayee Cove, NanOOSE, B.C. on 19 February with the safety assistance of fellow members of the Pacific Divers SCUBA Club.

"To me this Flag is building connections from here to the farthest coast," said Cpl Espanola. "It shows how we support each other and we rely on teamwork."

Cpl Espanola and his friends made the 30-minute dive under chilly temperatures.

"We wore dry-suits and dove to about 55 feet below the surface," said Cpl Espanola. "The visibility wasn't very good so we came back to about 35 to 45 feet for the photographs."

Cpl Espanola has been a cook in 19 Wing Comox since 2015. He is a stalwart member of the 19 Wing community. Along with his membership with the dive club, Cpl Espanola has held executive membership in the Wing's Auto Club and Woodworking Club, he is the Food

representative at the Junior Ranks Mess, is a bartender for all three Messes at the Wing and if that wasn't enough, he is a member of the Ground Search and Rescue team in the Comox Valley.

"I volunteer to help run clubs and to have better connections with our huge family," said Cpl Espanola.

The 50th Anniversary Flag Relay has already visited 11 countries and two American states. It has traveled a distance well over the circumference of the Earth at the Equator. The Flag will continue across Canada culminating with a special parade on Parliament Hill in Ottawa in October.

By LCol Douglas Martin

Logisticians – Sky Hawks style

By Master Corporal Annie-Claude Venne, Human Resources Administrator, CJOC

As part of the lead up for the celebration surrounding the 50th Anniversary of the Logistics Branch, a flag relay has been organized to highlight the contribution to the Canadian Armed Forces by Logisticians. This past autumn 2017, the journey brought the flag to Trenton where two members of the Canadian Armed Forces Parachute Demonstration Team, The Skyhawks, took it for a skydive from 6,000 feet. Along with the two members from the team were six other Logisticians on board the aircraft to do various types of airborne currency training.

"The SkyHawks' Team Warrant Officer, WO Steve Ouimet, informed me about (the Flag Relay). His wife, Sgt Isabelle Dufour, is a Logistician and they thought that this would be a good opportunity to show that riggers are also Logisticians," said Master Corporal Jeremy Canfield, a supply technician and parachute rigger.

Parachute riggers are supply technicians by trade. There are around 50 who are currently qualified to rig parachutes in the Canadian Armed Forces. They are mainly located in Trenton, but can also be posted with Search and Rescue squadrons and other units with parachutists. It takes three years of training to qualify as a parachute rigger.

"Perfection" is the word MCpl Canfield uses to describe a parachute rigger's job. "It has to be perfect every time," he says. "When we give a parachute to a guy he has to have no doubt in his mind that the chute is going to work."



Figure 31 - Cpl Jason Bent, a SkyHawks Parachute Rigger

Corporal Jason Bent, a parachute rigger, had the privilege to carry the official 50th Anniversary Logistic Branch flag during the dive, while MCpl Canfield, who has more experience with doing camera work, took the lead with imagery.

Cpl Bent describes this event as a good opportunity to show pride in the Logistics Branch. “It feels special to be part of the only few people that will have the

opportunity to jump with this specific flag,” he said. “Other than that, it was like any other day at work. It was fun to have my teammate filming to get the perfect shot.”

To prepare for the jump, the riggers removed numerous lapel pins attached to the flag and a small banner for safety reasons. These items were put in a small bag and were also part of the jump.

MCpl Canfield explained that they did a quick rehearsal, what the SkyHawks call a “dirt dive,” to plan the whole sky dive before the actual dive. “This jump is a good opportunity for us to show what we can do, not only as Logisticians, but also to take what we do as job and show the rest of the community what we can achieve.”

Logisticians are the back bone of military operations and the flag relay contributes to get the word out about the 50th Anniversary of the Logistics Branch. “It is important, we have been around for 50 years,” MCpl Canfield said. “Especially within my unit, this place couldn’t run without Logisticians.”



Figure 32 - Para Riggers.

A great photo. Logistics Officer Major Mathieu Gauthier (kneeling) with parachute riggers Corporal Jason Bent and Master Corporal Jeremy Canfield (L to R) proudly pose with the Logistics Branch 50th Anniversary Flag and Pennant at 8 Wing Trenton.



Figure 33 - CFAD Dundurn in Action

MWO Luc Sevigny and Maj Andrew Wilson hold the *Logistics 50th Anniversary Flag*, with the team from CFAD Dundurn and a beautiful backdrop of central Saskatchewan. Here, Ammunition Technicians and Officers gathered together on the range to commemorate the flying of the Logistics Branch 50th Anniversary Flag and Pennant. Photo by Cpl Benjamin Grimshaw, Medical Technician, Dundurn

Ammo Techs give Log Branch 50th Anniversary Flag warmest welcome Dundurn, Saskatchewan

Nearly two dozen Ammunition Technicians and Officers gathered together at the National Destruction Site in Dundurn, Saskatchewan on 14 June to give the Logistics Branch 50th Anniversary Flag its warmest welcome during its 16-month trek across Canada and around the world. Actually, it was the “hottest” welcome yet.

“To welcome the flag, we set up what is called an open burn of 192 kilograms of propellant – pure cordite,” said Sgt Martin Richard, Dundurn’s Range Safety Officer. “The flames went about as high as a five-story building. And yes, it was very hot.”

‘Very hot’ is an understatement. According to Sergeant Rémi Létourneau, who leads the Destruction Range section at the Canadian Forces Ammunition Depot in Dundurn, the flame far surpassed 1,370 degrees Celcius, the melting point of steel.

“The propellant in Red Bags, used by the Royal Canadian Artillery, burns at 2,296 degrees Celsius,” said Sgt Létourneau, “The Destruction Range section is a mix of civilian and military members, and I am very proud to lead them. We work year round on the National Destruction Range and it is with great pride that we got to display our work for (the Flag) relay.”

Det Dundurn staff and participants of Exercise Dusty Thunder set up the event. This annual exercise is designed to provide extraordinary training for members of the ammo community with the positive bi-product of large-scale destruction of surplus, obsolete, and deteriorated ammunition and explosives.

“Disposal of Ammunition and Explosives is the very last step in the life cycle of Ammunition and Explosives,” said Sgt Létourneau. “Ammunition Technicians are tasked to do so and we take great pride in this. Most people in the CAF know very little about Ammunition Technicians and what we actually do, from Technical Services, to Conventional Munitions Disposal, IED Disposal and Logistical Disposal. For me, showing the rest of the Logistics Community what we ‘are all about’ reminds me why I love my trade.”

“Personally I have always been proud to be a Logistician,” says Capt Derek Vanstone, Materiel Processing Officer, Canadian Forces Ammunition Depot Dundurn.

“We do a thankless job, and we accept that. I found the Flag Relay to be an extraordinary way to unite us all and show off a little; which is why I made such a big effort to ensure we got the best picture of all. What we do is arguably the sexiest part of Logistics, even if it is ‘taking out the trash.’ I look forward to Log Branch Newsletters just to see the new pictures with the Anniversary Flag. I really hope this has inspired the rest of the Branch as much as it has me.”

The 50th Anniversary Flag Relay began in Ottawa on Canada Day 2017 and has since visited CAF Logisticians in 11 countries and has traveled a distance one and a half times the circumference of the Earth at the Equator. The Flag will continue across Canada culminating with a special parade on Parliament Hill in Ottawa in October.

By LCol Douglas Martin

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Chapter 14 – Remembering a Friend



Figure 34 - Major Bruce Fitzsimmons, DCO 7 CFSD

This chapter is dedicated to the memory of the late Major Bruce Fitzsimmons, former DCO of 1 Service Battalion and DCO 7 CFSD at the time of his passing.

Submitted by Maj John Page (Retired)

Bruce's passing was a shock. At the time of his passing in 2007, I was getting ready to repatriate to Canada after spending three years in Budapest, Hungary. My plan was to drive to Geilenkirchen, Germany for my Annual Administration (PT Test, Medical and Dental visits, etc), out-clearances and the dropping off of my truck for shipment back to Canada. I would then fly into Portsmouth to join the Queen Mary II for my voyage back to Canada via New York, NY.

I had first met Bruce in 1983 when we (2 Svc Bn, SSF) deployed on RV83 – Bruce as a Transport Platoon Commander and I was a newly promoted Cpl in Repair Parts Platoon of Supply Company. Our paths did not cross too much, but he was still a subbie in the unit when I was appointed OCdt in June 1984 and then welcomed into the Officer's Mess. We next crossed paths in Germany 1989 when he deployed as part of HQ 1 Can Div Fwd and I was the Supply Platoon Commander in S&T Coy, 4 Svc Bn. Later, we met again when I was incremental staff at CFSAL Borden in the late 1990s and he was OC Tn Trg Coy (or maybe it had already turned into B Division or something like that).

He came to Edmonton in summer 2001 from Borden to be DCO 1 Svc Bn and was later named DCO of 1 GS Bn. In this timeframe, was selected by his CO to command the first (and only) SLOC (strategic line of communication). The SLOC was the brainchild of then LCol Christopher Thurrot who was J4 Log Ops at the National Defence Logistics Coordination Centre (NDLCC).

From a friend's email:

I first met Bruce in early 1983 when we were subbies in 2 Service Battalion, and later in AB Service Commando. He met and married Bernie in those years, she was a Finance Officer serving in Petawawa as well. Bruce was one of those rare Logistics officers who bloomed where ever he was planted, even if that happened to be a pile of dung! Bruce my friend, blue skies, fair winds and soft landings.

Bruce Fitzsimmons passed away at the Foothills Medical Center in Calgary from injuries sustained in a traffic accident while on leave on 3 July 2007. Bruce was currently the DCO of 7 CFSB, and is well known in the Logistics community. He had celebrated his 50th birthday on 29 June. Bruce had served in Petawawa with 2 Svc and the Airborne Regiment, Germany with 4 Brigade HQ and 1 Div HQ, Trenton and Edmonton with the Parachute Center, CFSB Borden, and in Edmonton with 1 Svc, 1 GS, and LFWA HQ. He also served in operations in the war on terror twice. (SLOC and TF Afghanistan).

From the Edmonton Journal today (6 Jul 07):

FITZSIMMONS, Bruce Stewart June 29, 1957 - July 3, 2007 On July 03, 2007, Bruce Stewart Fitzsimmons of St. Albert passed away tragically at the age of 50 years. Bruce is survived by his loving family, his wife, Bernadette; daughter, Megan; son, Andrew; mother, Jean; brother, Bob (Joanna); sisters, Brenda (Neil) and Bev, and many extended family members and friends. He was predeceased by his father, Alan. Prayers will be held at Holy Family Catholic Church, 75 Poirier Avenue, St. Albert on Sunday July 08, 2007, at 8:00 p.m. Reverend David McLeod will celebrate a Mass of Christian Burial at Holy Family Catholic Church, on Monday, July 09, 2007 at 11:00 a.m. with cremation and private family interment to follow at a later date. Those who wish may make memorial donations directly to the Edmonton Community Foundation, 9910-103 Street, Edmonton, T5K 2V7; or STARS Foundation, Building 16, 29 Airport Road, Edmonton, T6G 0W6 or a charity of one's choice. Connelly-McKinley Ltd., St. Albert Chapel, 9 Muir Drive, (780) 458-2222, to send condolences: www.connelly-mckinley.com

Looking back on Maj Fitzsimmons' passing, it makes us remember those days when the world's "war on terror" commenced and we were introduced to "Camp Snoopy". Camp Snoopy was in Doha, Qatar and was at its height the largest pre-positioning base outside the United States. A considerable amount of this equipment had been moved from Qatar to Kuwait during the last months before the invasion of Iraq in 2003. Camp Snoopy had stockpiled enough equipment to accommodate a brigade set with two armored and one mechanized battalion, as well as equipment for combat service support units. The troops to use it could be airlifted and ready for

action in 96 hours. Unlike Kuwait, advance parties will fly to Qatar, draw the equipment and use commercial heavy equipment transporters to move it to port to be loaded onto ships for transport to the combat zone. It also served as home for the U.S. Air Force's 64th Air Expeditionary Group, which was enlarged to become the 64th Air Expeditionary Wing prior to the invasion of Iraq. The 64th primarily operated the then brand new C-17 Globemaster III. Snoopy also served as the final departure point for personnel and equipment headed for Afghanistan until the base was closed in 2004. The base also served as the central mail distribution point for bases in Afghanistan with all mail being delivered to the base, sorted then placed on aircraft for delivery to individual bases in Afghanistan. During December 2002 this postal hub processed an average of 3,000 pounds of mail a day and operated 24 hours a day.

As Bruce's friend and involved in the mounting of 3 VP BG into Kandahar, I have two stories related to this time:

Ammunition. It was a unique moment to look a long in the tooth WO in the eyes and reassure him that I was sending his ammunition with him and his Advance Party, as they mounted into the rear passenger compartment of the C5A Galaxy. We had loaded all of the small arms natures and 20mm on that flight which led to a bit of a kerfuffle when they landed in Germany (Rhine-Main Airbase) because Canada had not asked for overflight clearance of Dangerous Cargo. Upon arrival, they had to offload everything in Germany, find a place to store it, ask for diplomatic and HazMat clearances and programme it onto future flights. I don't know if the WO appreciated what had to occur to get approval to ship these items, but I'm sure that if he had his way, all of his boys would have left Edmonton loaded for bear on the aircraft. Weapons were bundled and in the hold and ammo was palletized and strapped in the cargo hold as well. "One man one kit" as they say.

The SLOC (Strategic Line of Communication) Unit Deployment. Another story from the Edmonton years, when I have everyone from the SLOC ready to deploy on their respective chalk to the Middle East. The entire organization is at the airhead and we have our personal gear packed, the aircraft is loaded and we are ready to leave in 30 minutes. Then, I get a last minute phone call from the National Defence Movement Control Centre (NDMCC) in Ottawa. Essentially, this is the "J4 Move Operations" for the Canadian Forces and if my memory is correct, it was LCol Blaine Streithorse who ordered me to take all of the weapons off of the aircraft and to not let the SLOC deploy with them. Apparently we did not have diplomatic clearance to bring them into the country the SLOC was deploying to, the location was a SECRET, and the nation did not want to be seen helping the US/Coalition of the Willing/NATO. To top it off, that nation certainly did not want to let any weapons onto their national soil. My immediate reaction was that it was "too late, they just left", but after I talked to Bruce Fitzsimmons and his Ops O, we decided to off-load the weapons bundles and send them back with the RQMS at the Edmonton Garrison. We managed to avoid a diplomatic incident by taking these actions, and Bruce later gave me a "Camp Snoopy Coin" as a way to say thanks after they got back.

Submitted by Maj John Page (Retired)

Glossary

3 CFFTS	3 Canadian Forces Flying Training School
3 CSG	3 Canadian Support Group, Montreal
3 CSU	3 Canadian Support Unit, Montreal
4 CFMCU	4 Canadian Forces Movement Control Unit
7 CFSD	7 Canadian Forces Supply Depot
AMU	Air Movements Unit
AMS	Air Movements Squadron
CA	Canadian Army
CFAD	Canadian Forces Ammunition Depot
CFLTTC	Canadian Forces Learning Training Centre
CFSAL	Canadian Forces School of Administration and Logistics
CFSD	Canadian Forces Supply Depot
CMTC	Canadian Manoeuvre Training Centre, CFB Wainwright
CTC	Combat Training Centre, 5 th Canadian Division Support Base Gagetown
DCDS	Deputy Chief of Defence Staff
GOC	General Officer Commanding
HCol	Honorary Colonel
HMCS	Her Majesty's Canadian Ship
J4 Log	J4 Logistics, ADM (Mat) / DCDS Group
OR	Orderly Room
MO	Medical Officer
MPRR	Member's Personnel Record Resume
PMD	Parachute Maintenance Depot
PRV	Personal Readiness Verification
RCAF	Royal Canadian Air Force
RCN	Royal Canadian Navy
RCASC	Royal Canadian Army Service Corps
RCAPC	Royal Canadian Army Pay Corps
RV	Exercise Rendezvous
SOP	Standard Operating Procedure
WTF	Wrench Throwing Friday