

# Thunderbird Bulletin

Camosun Gyro Club, Victoria, B.C., Canada



## KEEPING UP

Time, as ever, is going faster and, before we know it, it will be June and time for the International Convention in ... Victoria, BC! Not only is the International Convention coming up, so is the Interim District bash.

Not to mention our friends in the Victoria Club's Installation.

The fact that all this is happening in "our" city should spur Camosun Gyros to get involved. That could just mean coming along to some of the events.

**This is also, however, an opportunity for us to publicise our club and the principles of friendship and fraternity that it stands for.** "Ordinary" people will no doubt, be asking what all this "Gyro" business is about. We should be ready to tell them.

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## EDITORIAL

Let it snow!

I don't think so ... sure, it looks pretty when it first falls, and if you're lucky, (and you're somewhere else) it stays cold enough to remain pretty. But, here, on the Island, it doesn't: it becomes a pain in the neck.

Which is why it's great that it's gone and we can all look forward to the next App 'n Yap. Bob and Judy hosted the last one ... and they're also hosting the next! That's good of them, but they shouldn't have to do it.

Hosting your friends – your Gyro friends – is a blessing, not a chore. We need more offers to host the App 'n Yaps. These are perhaps our most successful and popular events, so let's get together to make them work.

All it takes is a space, a bit of good will, a drop of wine for those who run out and an oven to warm things through.

## A WORD FROM PRESIDENT PAT MARSHALL



Another Christmas and New Year season has come and gone. There must be a law of physics that states: “the older you are the faster time goes”. There is no bank for time—only memories and mine of Gyro 2019 are happy ones. Thanks to all who helped to contribute!

We have already emerged – I hope – from PCSD (Post Christmas Stress Disorder), aided and abetted by the rain. Taking the outside lights down was not as exciting as putting them up while looking forward to the arrival of grandchildren and their parents.

The New Year is a time for renewal and hope. These are turbulent times (aren’t most decades) magnified through the lens of social media. Inger and I are grateful for many things including our many Gyro friends and acquaintances. My hope for the coming year is that Camosun Gyro will continue to thrive and provide ongoing, meaningful social contacts for all members and their partners.

We’ve started well, with an interesting and entertaining talk from Jim Swanson, part owner and general manager of the Victoria Harbour Cats baseball team and our annual Rabbie Burns Supper. Don’t forget Pub Night at the Monkey Tree on 27 January!

Pat

(I make no apologies for the joke that follows – it was the Editor’s choice, not mine [but I confess it was my joke!] to use it here)

“There was a Scottish painter named Smokey McGregor who was very interested in making a penny where he could, so he often thinned down his paint to make it go a wee bit further. He got away with this for a long time, but the local church hired him to do a big job on the outside of one of their biggest buildings. Smokey got the job. He set up and, of course, thinned down his paint.

Smokey was almost finished his job when the Heavens opened, and rain thundered down washing a his too-thinned paint away and a bolt of lightning sent him crashing to the ground. It was judgement from God, thought he. ‘Oh God, Oh God,’ he said, ‘What should I do?’ And the Lord replied: ‘Repaint! Repaint! And thin thee no more!’ Honestly; that’s really what happened!”

## Rabbie Burns Supper, 21<sup>st</sup> January at Uplands

This is our annual tribute to Scottish culture, as we celebrate the life and works of Robert (“Rabbie”) Burns. The traditional format included – in addition to our Scottish-themed meal – the address to the Haggis, Selkirk Grace from Hunter McDonald, Toast to the Twa Lands from Sam Chan (pictured at right, and who innovated by choosing Hong Kong as the other “Land”!), toasts to the lads and lassies (see the unusually abashed Marc being addressed by Sandy pictured, below) and of course, to the Bard, himself, brilliantly delivered by our President, Pat Marshall and reproduced in part here in the *Bulletin* (Page 3).



been.

For further entertainment, we were treated to traditional Scottish dances from members of the not-very-Scottish-sounding “Bon Accord” dancers. Their youthful enthusiasm and dancing skills were a real treat and enthralled us all. We ended the evening with our traditional closing rendition of Auld Lang Syne, and some of us even did it properly by not linking hands until the final verse! (Thanks for that one, Helen!).

Ron Frolek toasted the Sovereign and President Pat congratulated Ken Travis for staying alive for 92 years, as did we all. Helen Arnott won praise for her decoration of the room and Sandy Dumais was thanked for her wonderful programme.

The meal was an opportunity for some newer Gyros and their partners to sample the haggis and most, if not all, seemed to enjoy it!

The piper was absent this year for purely pecuniary reasons (he got a better-paid offer) but we hardly noticed and certainly forgot when young Stuart Cameron’s even younger grandson, Tim, got up to sing to the gathering. He chose “Loch Lomond” and sang with such passion that there was nary a dry eye in the house, as, indeed, there shouldn’t have



## A Toast to Rabbie Burns

The Scots have given us whiskey, oat cakes and Robert Burns, who was born on January 25<sup>th</sup>, 1759, in Alloway, Ayrshire, and died July 21<sup>st</sup>, 1796, in Dumfries; he was 37.

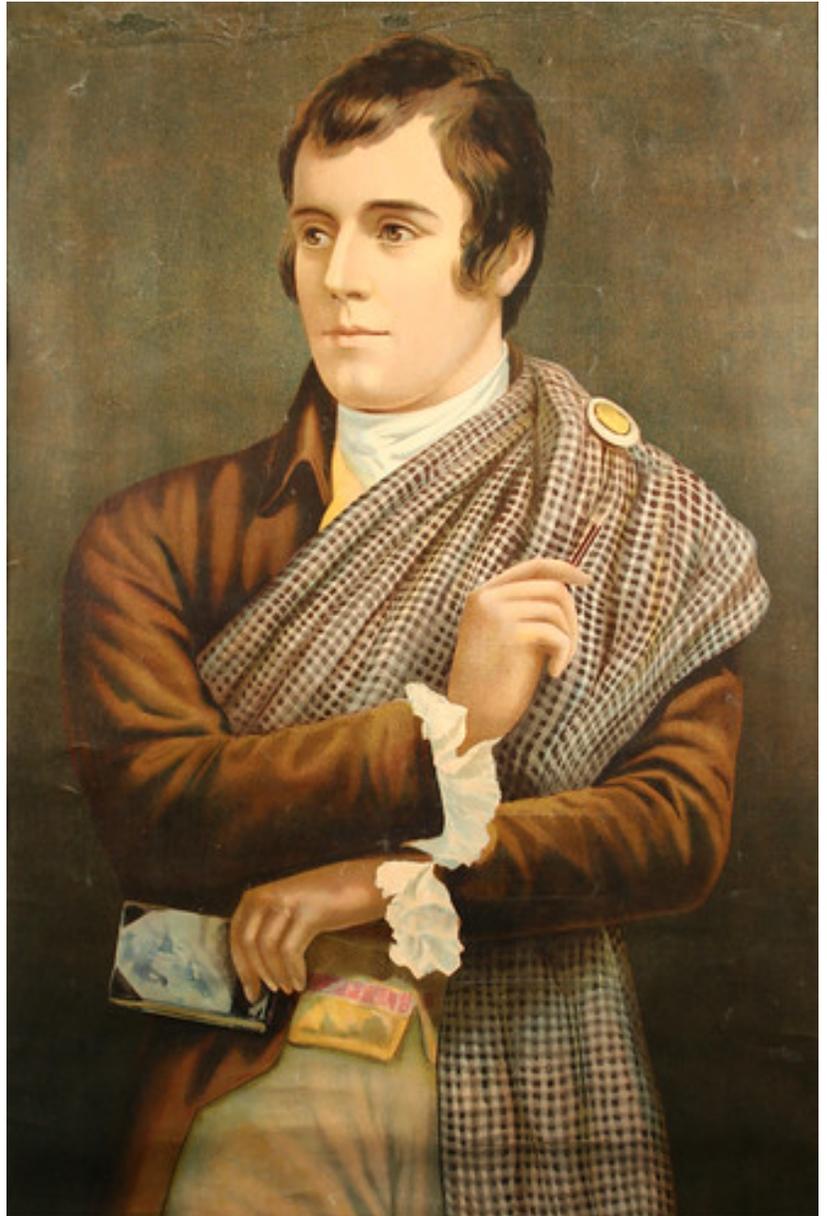
Burns was and is the national poet of Scotland. He wrote poems, lyrics and songs in Scots dialect and in English. He was famous for his amours and rebellion against Orthodox religion and morality. His poetry remains timeless and timely, as for example, in *Man Was made To Mourn* (1784):

*Many and sharp the num'rous ills  
Inwoven with our frame!  
More pointed still we make ourselves  
Regret, remorse, and shame!  
And man, whose heav'n-erected face  
The smiles of love adorn, –  
Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn!*

Burns was famous for his love affairs and he was responsible – or irresponsible – for no fewer than 13 children through liaisons with at least 5 women, all in the course of 11 years: quick work indeed! However, he only married once: serial monogamy was not for him and lawyers cost money, and he was a Scot!

Of marriage Burns said there are 3 rings:

the engagement ring,  
the wedding ring,  
and the suffering.



This brings to mind Burns' epic poem that some of we men can relate to today. That poem is *Tam o'Shanter* in which Tam, an all-too-often-drunk farmer, rides home from the pub at night to his wife. The poem begins with him at the pub and then his ride and waiting wife:

*The mosses, waters, slaps and stiles,  
That lie between us and our hame,  
Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,  
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,  
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.*

I'm certain that this does not apply to any of the lassies here tonight! There are many statues of Burns; I suppose they could be called cultural icons. Speaking of cultural icons if the mayor of Victoria is wondering what to do with a statue of Sir John A Mac Donald she could contact Donald Trump that would reduce his list to 51.

Past President and tonight's host, Marc Dumais, was not certain who would toast the Lassies and Lads, so I attempted to contact Meghan and Harry. I thought a \$100 honorarium would go a long way to helping them achieve financial independence! Meghan and Harry have certainly taken over the headlines from Prince Andrew - short media attention span or brilliant PR from Buckingham Palace?

To return to Rabbie Burns for a moment, in spite of his sometimes-impenetrable language, he has remained popular. So much so, in fact, that in the 1950s the lyrics of one of his songs was altered thus:

*Do not make a stingy sandwich,  
Pile the cold cuts high,  
The customer should see the salami  
Coming through the rye!*

Cheers!

Pat Marshall, Camosun Gyro President, 2019/2020.

### Upcoming *Mardi Gras* at Uplands

Camosun's next big event for February will be the Past President's Party, which, this year, will have a *Mardi Gras* theme. It will take place at Uplands, ably organised, as is the tradition, by our Past President, on this occasion, Monsieur Marc Dumais. *Mardi Gras*, literally meaning "Fat Tuesday", is so called because it is the last opportunity to feast before the start of Lent on Ash Wednesday. Ours will be on a Saturday, but we will, no doubt, feast anyway!

## Regular Dinner, January 7th at Uplands

President Pat Marshall opened the proceedings with his usual wry wit and precision, calling on the assembly to intone O Canada with our famous *a cappella* unison. It was then the turn of Ken Travers to say Grace with grace and Jim Bailey did the honours for Her Majesty.

Our Speaker ate with us, despite having already dined with his son, whose birthday it was, and left a film of a baseball game running on the screen while we dined. This unusual state of affairs was explained when Colm Foy arose to introduce the speaker as Jim Swanson, part owner and General Manager of Victoria's only resident professional baseball team, the Harbour Cats.

Jim is a well-known figure in Canadian baseball, having been a sports reporter in his hometown of Prince George, Chair of two Baseball Canada Senior Championships and three World Baseball tournaments. In 1996 he ran the office of the Prairie League, the following year he was VP and GM of the Grand Forks Varmints, while five years later he was GM of National Champions the Prince George Axemen. In 2013 he became GM & VP of the Harbour Cats and was mentioned as one of the most influential people in Canadian Baseball.

Jim gave us a brief history of the Harbour Cats and he was obviously proud of his and the team's achievements in the West Coast League. The Cats racked up several records under his management and reached the finals of the playoffs again in 2019, having hit the most home runs, had the largest crowds and in 2016 had the longest winning streak – 19 games. All the players are recruited from college clubs, many of them in the US, but also from nearer to home and even from Victoria. In fact, one alumnus from Victoria, Nick Pivetta, now plays major league baseball for the Philadelphia Phillies. Players are not paid for their performance in the Harbour Cats, but the team is rapidly becoming a springboard for young players seeking to make a career out of the game.

Peter Stanford thanked Jim for his excellent presentation and echoed the view of everyone in the room that the speaker had displayed a knowledge and passion for baseball that was both remarkable and entertaining. Many indicated that they would be at a Cats game this summer!

**New Member Vote:** on the proposal of John Read, Doug Kobayashi was unanimously elected as a member of the Camosun Gyro Club (see the Penultimate page).

President Pat closed the meeting at exactly 21:00.

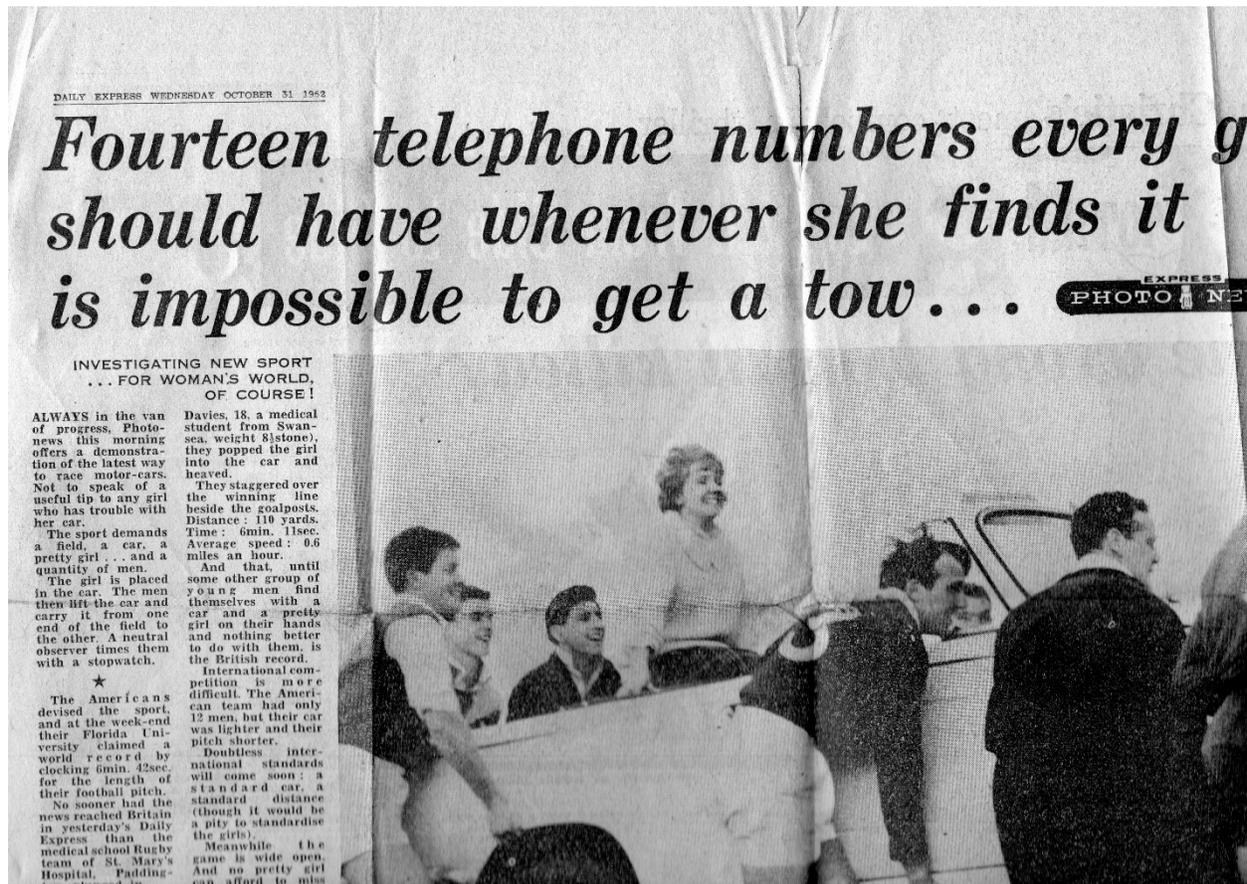
David Else and Colm Foy

## Making (up) the News

Keith Spacey

In the ongoing battle of reducing “stuff” accumulated over the years, I came across a newspaper cutting that I had saved from 1962 that made me reflect on how little the world has changed.

I was a student at London University, England, at that time and I recall the Secretary of our Rugby Club excitedly bursting into our Students’ Lounge yelling “How would you chaps like to earn a few quid this afternoon?”



Playing cards and newspapers were lowered. Most of us were in a chronic state of financial insolvency and, with no summer vacations and little opportunity to earn extra cash, he got our interest.

We learned that he had received a telephone call from a Daily Express reporter asking to take photographs of our Rugby team carrying a car containing a girl - with reimbursement for all involved. All we had to do was turn out in rugby kit at our sports ground later that afternoon. He would provide the car, we had to provide a pretty girl.

At short notice, we mustered 14 rugby players and later, having recruited the most petite female student we could find, headed to Teddington, home to our rugby field. The reporter, waiting with a photographer and convertible Triumph sports car, explained that a recent news item in the Express carried the story of a Florida university claiming a world record for carrying a car (with girl) the length of their football pitch in 6 minutes and 42 seconds. He wanted us to do the same and to try to beat their record (not withstanding different cars and field lengths!).

Well, we set to it but found we could only stagger 10 yards before giving in to the weight. Undeterred, the reporter stopped his watch. "Rest and take your time, we'll just record the carrying"! And so we carried on with frequent stops until we completed the distance, doing a celebratory dance at the end.

I don't recall how much we were paid for this nonsense, but it was satisfactory.

There was a reason for the Express reporter contacting our School. The owner of the Daily Express was the Canadian Lord Beaverbrook and in the elevated social circles in which these people moved, he was a friend of Charles Wilson (later made Lord Moran, personal physician to Winston Churchill) who for many years was Dean of our Medical School. Beaverbrook's Express was a National Newspaper that appealed to a middle market between Broadsheets such as the Times and the Tabloids like the Mirror. It was clearly not a serious paper like the Times but I was astonished to find that our venture was made into more than a half page story two days later. It was also totally fabricated. According to the reporter, we had read of the Florida achievement and took to the challenge beating their record by 31 seconds.

The whole story was made into a half-page, frivolous, contrived piece of rubbish in a national broadsheet newspaper with a circulation of over 4 million (and that's me in the photo behind the girl, by the way!). It taught me to take newspaper stories with a pinch of salt. Long before the internet, before President Trump and before the Gyro Bulletin -there was always False News.

## Four Questions to ... Tony Nadolski\*

*What defines you?*

On my mother's side Joyce Eaton is from London, England as was I. She also had Kavanagh and Tyrrel in her Irish genetic make up, which might well be the origin of my disposition. My father Zbigniew Nadolski was of Polish and Austrian background (Drexler). They met in London and decided to have a baby boomer (me). My father got his degree in engineering after the war and felt the need to emigrate. If one sees the movie *Last Christmas* you will understand the motivation. I like to think this heritage is what "defines" me, although I'm not sure what the question really means!

*What would you take to a desert island?*

I would take soap and a towel and a questionnaire for the author of this inane question!

*Favourite memory?*

I have too many favorite memories to pick out one that stands above the rest, which makes me a very lucky man!

*Why did you join Gyro?*

I joined Gyro at the suggestion of my wife and the Klompases and have very much enjoyed the side activities of bridge and other card games, as well, of course, as the camaraderie of fellow Gyros.

*\*Tony has been a Camosun Gyro for almost 24 years and currently draws bottles.*



## Fake News? by A.M. Ember

So, the **Sussexes** are coming. Fed up with the paparazzi, Boris Johnson, Brexit and the British, they are coming to tranquil Vancouver Island. One wonders, given the slogan on the Brits' currency and their heraldic titles, if the Deity is not punishing us all for giving them refuge. Ever since the transfer was changed from "moot" to "done", we have had the worst weather in living memory. As if that was not enough, we've also had an earthquake, for goodness sake!

The other explanation for the apparent wrath of God is the delightfully quaint goings on at the **McKenzie interchange**. Readers may remember that this enormous and costly project was going to ease traffic on the Trans-Canada Highway, although many wondered how exactly it would achieve that worthy aim. Now we can reveal – exclusively – that the traffic-improvement story was a cover. The real reason was to create a great, new outdoor swimming pool! Trials in January proved that the hole could, indeed, hold huge amounts of water.

Following the wildly successful Camosun Gyro **Rabbie Burns Supper**, wives and partners have begun lobbying for their menfolk to be permanently kilted. When challenged on this proposal, Lady Gyro H. Arlot denied that the motivation was the splendid attractiveness of their men's legs that excited the ladies. Nor was it connected to what might be deemed greater ease of access for wandering palms. No, the real reason is: the ladies have finally found a way to persuade their menfolk to sit on the toilet; have you ever tried to pee standing up in a kilt?

Ever since recent publicity surrounding Vancouver Island – including remarkable comments in the British press (really!) such as "it is surrounded by the ocean", "part of Canada" and "populated" – **US President** Donald Trump has renewed his interest in coming here. Unfortunately, he means permanently. Two options are being explored by his advisors. The first involves sending the armed forces to invade, on the pretext that half the island is south of the 49<sup>th</sup> parallel and was "stolen" from the US; the second involves the exact opposite: buying a mansion here for him to live in and escape prosecution following impeachment and removal from office. Canada, however, has said that if the lady from China can be extradited, so can he.

Teenage climate-change activist, **Ms Greta Thunberg**, who has been repeatedly attacked by illiterate, aging white men for being able to use words – some of them big ones like "climate" and "science"! – is considering coming to live on Vancouver Island. Interviewed by your correspondent, Ms Thunberg said her primary motivation was to save us from President Trump. "You've not always been the best for the environment," says she, "but you certainly don't deserve that!" It is widely believed that the Swedish youngster is toxic to the 45<sup>th</sup> president in a similar fashion to what garlic is to vampires.

## Budapest to Amsterdam - A River Journey Through Time

by Maury van Vliet

We in Canada think things are old if they are older than 100 years. In Europe if it isn't 1000 years old it isn't worth talking about!

At the start of our River Cruise Barbara and I thought we knew Budapest fairly well, having been there once before. Circumstances of low water on the Danube meant we had to stay a few extra days in Budapest and join our boat late in Germany. The weather was fine and we strolled around the town and did some tours that really opened our eyes. Lovely tree lined side streets with lots of welcoming sidewalk cafes offering all kinds of delectable treats.

Goulash, cabbage rolls and some unusual but delicious desserts were abundant. Not great for my waistline but this was only a mild precursor to what was to come! The hotel we were required to relocate to (with great reluctance on our part) proved to be a fabulous substitute! The Parisi Ulmar Budapest by Hyatt, recently renovated, is encountered by entering the modest looking front door and into a grand atrium lobby that can only be described as fantastic! Six storeys high with much of the ancient building restored, the atrium is a feature which would be hard to duplicate.



The next overnight stop before being able to board our boat was in Vienna. Let me confess right up front that we have an intense bias towards Vienna because of its history, cultural scene, architecture, geographical setting and city layout and food. Oh and did I say pastries? If not let me say that again - the pastries. The Spanish riding school, the incredible museum, and yes, the best pastry vendors in the world! I couldn't get out of the city fast enough in order to save my personal well-being.

The River Danube has seen it all. Wars, peace, wars, peace and the development of a civilized society. Wonderful scenery but the real treat is being able to wander the medieval streets of many of the small towns along the River. If you ever get the chance I will give you the same advice as many of my Gyro friends gave to me - this is the best trip in Europe. From Bratislava to Regensburg to Miltenburg to Passau, these walkabouts take you back to the 12th Century.



The boat (Crystal Mahler) was not too shabby either. Good staff, lots of good food and a host of really enjoyable folks whose company we thoroughly enjoyed. A real fascinating stop for us was the trip into Munich for.....yes the great October Beerfest! This was a crazy scene with beer halls housing over 5000 people all drinking their heads off and singing at the top of their lungs. And this was at 1:00 pm in the afternoon!!!

Amsterdam was fun with lots to see and do. I had never been into the city centre and it was a revelation to see this area first-hand. The most memorable event was the Rijksmuseum with all the old Dutch Masters paintings. Well maybe it was the second most memorable after a visit to the Red-Light District which I didn't realise we were in. We stopped at a corner to get our bearings and Barbara said "look over your right shoulder for a nice surprise". I did and jumped about 3 feet as I was looking at a very scantily clad beauty at a window at ground level not more than 3 feet away looking me straight in the eye! I did my best to look cool but I would love to have that video.

After Amsterdam was a short trip by rental car to the ancestral home of the Van Vliets - Utrecht. A lovely City with some nice canals of its own. My efforts to track down any relatives ended in abject failure when I learned that Van Vliet was as common in Holland as Smith is in England and knowing my ancestors left the area for New Amsterdam in 1652!

On to Arnhem to visit the great battle site for the bridge across the Rhine. Tragic to see where the British Red Devil Paratroop battalion got decimated trying to hold the north end of the bridge long past when they were supposed to be relieved. It was indeed "A Bridge Too Far"

Lots of memories, too much good beer and bitter-sweet pastries.

Home at last to kiss the tarmac and feel at home in the best country and city in the world! Barbara, however, did manage to make some special "friends", as you can see in the picture, but she had to leave them behind!



### Who is ... Harry Hyde?\*

I was delivered by a friend of my mother's when I came into this world on 21 July, 1929 at St Michael's Hospital in Toronto. Of course, I didn't know it at the time, but St Mike's is a major medical centre and teaching hospital founded by the Sisters of St Joseph in 1892. I have no idea why they called it St Michael's, instead of St Joseph's, but there it is. I also didn't know that it would play a role in my later life that was quite important. The other thing I didn't know was that, when I came home, I was housed in Ernest Hemingway's former residence, although he wasn't there at the time.

My father, who came from Pincher Creek, Alberta, was an auto insurance agent, which might explain why he took pains to be sure that we would be looked after should he die. In fact, in my first year, he was already a sick man and would die of transverse myelitis, an inflammation of the spinal cord that produces lack of feeling and paralysis in the lower body, when I was about three. He had been a great sportsman and had a commemorative Grey Cup that his University of Toronto *Varsity Blues* team had won in 1920. Despite losing him when I was very young, my mother never ceased talking about him throughout her life, so he was in some ways always "alive" for me.

By the time my father died, we were living for a time in Bowmanville, north-west of Toronto, where I entered Grade 1, which is where I learned everything I needed to know. After that, presumably thanks to my father's wisdom and prescience, we moved to a prosperous area of Toronto where our neighbours included Foster Hewitt whose son became a good friend (though he never took me to see the Leafs!). After school in the winter we would play shinny hockey in "every man for himself" games and hence began a lifelong fondness for playing the game that lasted into my 80s.

I grew in years and my mother finally carried out my father's wishes and sent me to a private boarding school. This was Trinity College School (TCS), where I spent the entirety of my High School career. A former student at TCS was Sir William Osler who was famously expelled from the school for pranks but then went on to become one of the four founding professors of Johns Hopkins Hospital in the US.

My mother loved New York and would go there often. It was because of these trips that I first got to see the jazz greats who would bring me so much pleasure and passion for the rest of my life. I have remained a jazz lover and still take every opportunity to see a show at Herman's or wherever jazz is accessible on the Island.

My mother thought that I should be an engineer and made me take an aptitude test to show me how talented I was. Unfortunately (for her) the result indicated that I should consider a career as a hockey player, which did not fit the scenario at all! In defiance of the science, my



mother determined that, if I could not be an engineer, then I would enter medicine. When I was 16, I duly applied at my father's alma mater of the University of Toronto and took the entrance exam, which I passed but was not allowed entrance because of my age. However, my mother was not to be so easily defeated and marched me into the Dean's office where she demanded to know why her son had been denied a place when so many others who had done worse at the exam (according to her) were admitted! The Dean, impressed (or terrorised) by this determined woman, caved and I began medical studies.

Life as a student at the U of T was fun and enjoyable. I enjoyed playing sports – football and hockey – but didn't feel the need to go to many lectures. This view was shared by my team mates and we soon had an efficient system of lecture-dodging that

involved one of us in turn going to the lecture and taking notes using carbon copies for the others. You were unlucky if you got one of the bottom copies, for the carbon was only really effective for the top few. Nonetheless, I managed to complete the six-year course, did my internship and duly became a doctor.

After that, I did some 13 years of post-med school learning surgery in various locations in Toronto and the area. I was part of something called the Gallie Programme where I did research into islet cells, which produce insulin and could, therefore, be very important in the treatment of diabetes if they could be reproduced in quantity. This project continues with some of the same team members now in Vancouver.

A connection with one of my bosses led me to hear of an opportunity for a surgeon in Edmonton. Both my then wife and I had wanted to "go west" for some time and the post was available immediately, having been vacated by the sudden demise of its former occupant as a result of melanoma. So, off we went to Edmonton and the Baker Clinic serving the Royal Alexandra Hospital.

During my time in Edmonton, I was happy to be able to train a number of surgical residents, which I enjoyed immensely. After that, I was privileged to mentor third-year medical students after I left Alberta and settled in Victoria. This was one of the aspects of my career that I remember with most fondness. I was also lucky to be able to coach community hockey while I was in Edmonton, which I also thoroughly enjoyed and hope that the kids did as much!

Our four children grew up in Edmonton and I stayed there for 30 years before moving to BC and Vancouver Island where a position became available at the Saanich Peninsula Hospital. I remained at the Peninsula for 15 years as the sole surgeon before changing my role to assisting, which was less demanding and more fun.

I had known about Peter Lougheed (Alberta Premier from 1971 to 1985) from Toronto before actually meeting him in Alberta. Peter lured me into political activism, and I joined two commissions: one on nursing-home reform and another on Alberta Telephones. I often think that we would be in a much better place if we had more people like him in politics. One thing that sticks in my mind about Peter was a story he told me: he asked some of his Liberal friends, "How can I get into politics?" They said, "run for the Conservatives – you'd have no chance running for us.", and he did, and he did.

I have enjoyed my professional career but in my eighth decade I decided it was time to wind down. I was still playing hockey with the old timers until after my 80<sup>th</sup> birthday, so I was in good health and able to devote myself to jazz and Paddy, my wife of almost 30 years, so I retired in 2015. My son, John, is now living near Courtenay (Black Creek) and, to my great delight, is an excellent bass player; I have had the pleasure of seeing him perform many times and am always impressed by his skill and talent. My other children, Patricia, a nurse, Nancy, a recreational therapist and George, who has recently retired from the CNR, are still in Alberta and we see them less often. I also continue to follow politics.

In fact, given my later occupations – clay and wire sculpture; cuisine; pastry making; marmalade and berry jam concocting; and, of course, wine making – I have had plenty of opportunity to sit and listen to politics on the radio! The wine helps me cope with some of the nonsense I hear, but a good glass of scotch, or – better – Irish, lubricates the tongue for many a good "discussion". Through these last 15 years, or so, Gyro has added to my circle of good friends and wonderful company, not to mention a frequent venue for some of those "discussions" I mentioned earlier ...

Not everything in life makes perfect sense but that's what makes it interesting.

*\*Harry has been a Camosun Gyro for over 15 years.*

## The Penultimate Page

Happy February birthdays to: Wanda Ollis (your editor's spouse – 02/02), Hunter Mc Donald and Les Wood (both 10/02), Ron Campion (17/02) and Mark Gillis (exact dob unknown!).

### Forthcoming Events

There's a regular meeting on February 4<sup>th</sup>, followed by the PPP on the 22<sup>nd</sup>, both at Uplands.

### New member Doug Kobayashi



Doug was raised in the Westshore area and graduated from Belmont High School and Royal Roads Military College. He has lived in Colwood since 1957. He received a Master's degree in Mechanical Engineering from the Royal Military College of Canada (Kingston, Ontario) and an MSc in Aeronautical Engineering from Cranfield University in the United Kingdom.

Doug is a recipient of the Canadian Merit Award, the Canadian Forces Decoration and the Canada 125 Medal, having spent 20 years in the Royal Canadian Air Force reaching the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

He has spent 27 years as a professional engineer and senior executive in the aerospace industry in vice-presidential roles for CAE Aviation, Conair Aviation and SPar Aerospace/L-3 Communications. He was also the President/CEO of Dee Howard Aircraft (San

Antonio, Texas). In addition, he owned and operated two businesses in Colwood and Langford before his recent retirement.

In 2018 Doug was elected to Colwood City Council. He has been happily married to Melinda (Mindi) for almost 40 years. Their daughter, Mariko, who is an engineer currently undertaking her Master's degree at UBC.

Contact details for Doug Kobayashi, as for all Gyro members, can be found on our website: [www.camosungyro.com](http://www.camosungyro.com) or on the International site : [www.gyro4.org](http://www.gyro4.org) (you will have to log in to either)."

## THE LAST PAGE

### YOUR EXECUTIVE 2019/2020

President	Pat MARSHALL	1 <sup>st</sup> VP	Mike WEDEKIND
Secretary	Peter WHELAN	2 <sup>nd</sup> VP	Hans RODENBURGH
Treasurer	Jay FRAY	Past President	Marc DUMAIS
Director	Tim EVANS	Director	Ron FROLEK
Director	Colm FOY	Director	Rick McKay

### CAMOSUN CLUB CALENDAR

Regular Dinner	4 February 20	Uplands
Past President's Party (mixed)	22 February 20	Uplands
St Patrick's Dinner (mixed)	17 March 20	Uplands?
Regular Dinner	4 April 20	Uplands
AGM	21 April 20	Uplands
Installation	1,2,3-May-20	Uplands +
Regular Dinner	19 May 20	Uplands
Regular Dinner meeting	2 June 20	Uplands
Steak Fry	18-Jun-20	TBD

The *Thunderbird Bulletin* is published by the Camosun Gyro Club for the benefit of its members. The views and ideas expressed in the *Bulletin* are those of the authors and do not necessarily represent those of the Camosun Club or Gyro International. Overall Editor: Colm Foy (colmfoy@gmail.com).