

# The Frontenac Times

In memory of *The Wipers Times*, with apologies to Captain F.J. Roberts,  
12<sup>th</sup> Bn, Sherwood Foresters

Vol 2. No. 4

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Price: One tin of bully beef.

## Editorial Comment

To start by paraphrasing my esteemed peer, who good-naturedly takes a lot of grief for his energetic and voluminous contributions to the SDI fray:-- "I just have one niggling doubt." It's been bugging me since we started the Ethics package and my mind keeps returning to the point. It's even entrenched in the pocket card (and I do so love pocket cards).

Let's examine it from the pocket card's presentation:

What is an Ethical Dilemma?

- Ethics is about right and wrong. There are three types of dilemmas:
2. Two or more of our values may be in conflict; i.e., *honesty vs. duty to obey orders*.

Perhaps this oversimplifies it, but:

Right vs. Wrong ↔ Honesty vs. Duty to Obey

Sorry, it just seems to drag my mind into that "I was just following orders" defence that didn't work so well at Nuremburg. We all understand our obligations

to refuse an order that is clearly illegal or, at times, immoral. But what about one that is, taken in isolation, neither of these but which we know, from being in the middle of it, is clearly a less than ethical approach.

If you're working for a careerist bastard who is making decisions based principally on personal or career benefits, then respecting your higher moral values probably isn't high on his list of things to do. Then again, if fear of your righteous ethical outrage shapes his psychological battlefield, he's probably more craven than you thought (and he'll still do you in at the unit merit board).

The fact that we can use such a structure as a valid example of an ethical dilemma clearly demonstrates a need to teach our officers about ethics. Hopefully we can redevelop a coherent moral code and sufficiently entrench it that such a choice becomes a rare occurrence.

Then again, there's always satisfaction via "grass before breakfast," which worked as an effective levelling mechanism when a higher moral code was an expected attribute for an officer and a gentleman (insert appropriate gender neutrality clause here).

**Aim:** To Top the Course (even if they don't officially tell you)

**Factors:** The DS, The curriculum, The other candidates

**Courses Open:**

- The Anal Retentive Approach
  - Answer every DI question by diligently reading your cut & paste answers – strive to match the “pinks” verbatim to prove you're just as smart as the DS that ‘wrote’ them.
  - Offer to lead the syndicate in the extra work you think they need.
  - Make sure your DS knows that they are always right.
  - Never offer an answer until you know the DS' mind.
  - Always be prepared to make a 180° turn to conform to the DS' preferences.
  - Assume that verbosity, arrogance and the efficient use of disdain towards your peers will be taken as the visible attributes of your natural leadership ability and certain command of the course content.
  - Remember; process and products are the measureables, focus on them, matching the example precisely shows you were paying attention.
- The “How the Hell Did That Happen” Approach
  - Do the assigned work, do a bit more to achieve comprehension of concept (that's sometimes a bit beyond the process level).
  - Help your peers, Bligh circled the world in a small boat because everyone was rowing in the same direction.
  - Play the game, but don't be afraid to point out that the rules are stupid when necessary.
  - Lead a balanced life. Would you want to work for a commander who had no personal time or friends.
  - Watch, listen, learn, contribute when you have something to say.
  - Respect others and what they bring to the table.

**Plan:** Unfortunately for you, the plan is pre-programmed since it's character based and has been shaped by your reactions to merit list movement for some years. Basically, if you've climbed across the backs of your peers to get here, you'll probably not going to change your Main Effort now. (But don't be surprised when you don't get picked, you anal-retentive puke.)

**Quotes:**

- “John, you just can't get out of that box, can you.”
- “I just want to be the talc bitch.”
- “You're making a perfect argument against the conclusion you're making.”
- “If we have to argue about the size of the AI once more, I'm going to open a vein. And it might not be one of mine!”
- “If you didn't have shoulders, you'd slip right inside.”

**The FLOPP – Formation Level Operation Planning Process**

**DS Contributions:**

- “The aim is to get the first three questions done before the break.” (Now that's a higher commander's intent)
- “I want you to plan very hard” (a.k.a., my main effort will be your staff action?)

Canada's National State of Water → SOLID: What's with the heavy covering of ice in the Fort courtyard? If CE's going to leave that much around the least they could do is flood it regularly and send in the Zamboni.

**Exercise “Discipline the Simian,”**

**a.k.a., Monkey ~~Spank~~ Puzzle**

- How many sub-syndicates tried to make the trace fit the area SOUTH of the HARZ following the Corps' Commander's Campaign Plan briefing. Now that's dislocation. We'd be impressed if we though ‘they’ were that subtle, ... or that smart.
- "The T-72, isn't that the one with the SPANDEX missile?"
- "This is starting to make sense, there MUST be a harder way."

CCSC/50/WAS - How stable IS the network? How about a little practical CNA? What would happen if, during the Div Order, half the students mass e-mailed a one-half megabyte attachment to every other candidate? Given standard message replication in the mail server, that's 34 Megs of data for each such message, and a theoretical sudden demand for 1.2 Gigabytes of space. (PS - **DON'T DO THIS** - the system will probably collapse all on its own.) ((**PPS - set your MS Word Options/Save to 5-10 minutes and save to your own hard drive.**))

Although it is not expressly mentioned in the *Rules and Regulation, &c.* that brigade majors and aids-de-camp are to take up or prolong new assignments, or other field duties—yet a general officer expects that his staff will on every occasion, without his being told so, act for the good of the service, and assist him in disciplining the brigade committed to his charge. It also serves the best purposes—the improvement of themselves in every point of view, and what will enable them if they should attain rank, to command on a future occasion with credit to themselves and honour to their country. *Let it be remarked, that a staff officer can never can do too much.* – The Staff Officer's Manual; in which is detailed Duty of Brigade Majors, and Aides de Camp, in Camp, Cantonments, on the March, and in the Field; with a Preliminary Essay on the Education of Young Gentlemen intended for the Military Profession, by Brigade Major Thomes Reide, 1806

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### **Merit Lists:**

It's so nice to see all the Career Managers dropping by. It almost makes you think that someone cares. Just remember that Merit List Management for many of the Corps makes the OPP process look like child's play. (Think of yourself in an ape suit and the senior officers in lab coats.) Here's a handy guide to the state of the Merit Lists:

- **Armour** - "the mud and the blood"
- **Gunner** - printed on paper from the petrified forest, you only move up if someone dies
- **Infantry** - carved in stone, and no-one is willing to pay for a new slab
- **Sapper** - written in mud, and rewritten every time a senior officer walks across it
- **CELE** - like loose electrons in a charged matrix as well as a Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle experiment, every time one is examined it changes state (normally to a higher energy level through promotion)
- **Log** - some days its a pull system, some days its a push system: you can be pulled up or pushed out
- **EME** – bent like the proverbial wrench, and the "E" guys get torqued when the "M" guys leave big greasy fingerprints on it

**If I'm my own best career manager, I want a new one!**

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## Crocodile Hunter

G'day mate, welcome to this week's episode of the *Crocodile Hunter*. Today we're going into a fierce habitat from which few men have ever returned unscathed. We'll be exploring the Canadian Urban Wilderness, looking for that fierce hunter herself – the Cougar ('ku:-ga:).

Now these Cougars aren't your usual big cat. These Cougars are man-eaters, they are. And they hunt prey that often thinks it's the predator, but not in Cougar country, mate.

Now, as we enter the Cougar's hunting grounds, here in Kingston known as the Grizzly Grill (note the predatorial label assigned to this urban wilderness area), we have to be very careful, because they'll strike without warning, sometimes mesmerizing their intended prey with a piercing glance that makes the loins weak, or by the twitching of muscles beneath their glossy coats that completely unhinges their prey and makes escape impossible.

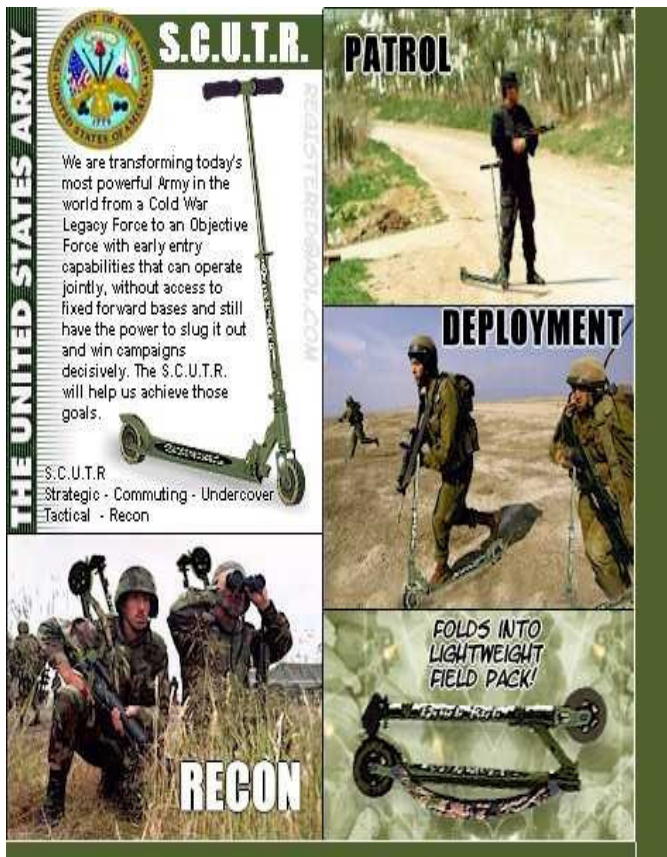
The Cougar's attack is nearly always lethal, once they've sunk teeth or claws into a chosen victim it's all over. The end may come soon, or they may make the prey linger in a seemingly endless round of catch and release. It's a little like you or I playing a trout you might think, but in this hunt every victim ends up in a Cougar's creel.

You might be able to avoid a Cougar attack by never meeting her eyes, but the only sure way to be safe is to stay at home behind locked doors. Occasionally, a Cougar's attack can be successfully interrupted by the victim's friends but as often the Cougars appear in packs and then each poor sod can be cut from the herd and taken down.

Watch as I approach this wary Cougar. She's attracted to my pheromone trail but the bright lights of the camera make her shy away. Now watch her reaction as I tempt her with a beer and flex my pecs at her ... NO ... NO! ... **AAAAAGH!** ..... help me.

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...the last seven words of a dying organization are: "We never did it that way before." - LGen (Ret'd) H. Tellier, DSO, CM, CD



A firm understanding of the value of good maintenance and recovery to maintain combat power:

A class of new trainees entered the Basic Armor School.

In "Mechanics" they were told, "A tank that can use it's weapons and communicate, but can't move around the battlefield is useless."

In "Communications" they were told, "A tank that can fight, and move around, but can't communicate on the battlefield is useless."

In "Gunnery" they were told, "Men, if you've got a tank that can move and communicate, but can't \*shoot\*, what you have is a 65 ton portable radio."

"Captain is such a dashing title. I've always thought." She gave him a bright, brittle smile. "I mean, colonels and so on are always so stuffy, majors are pompous, but one always feels somehow that there is something delightfully dangerous about a captain." - Terry Pratchett, Guards, Guards

And you think you're the first 'young' officer to have you genius ignored:

...nothing came of all the loss and effort, except a report which I sent over to the British headquarters in Palestine, for the Staff's consumption. It was meanly written for effect, full of quaint smiles and mock simplicities; and made them think me a rank amateur, doing his best after the great models; not a clown, leering after them where they with Foch, bandmaster, at their head went drumming down the old road of blood into the house of Clausewitz. Like the battle, it was a nearly proof parody of regulation use. Headquarters loved it, and innocently, to crown the jest, offered me a decoration on the strength if it. We should have had more bright breasts in the Army if each man was able without witnesses, to write his own despatch. - T. E. Lawrence, Seven Pillars of Wisdom, 1926



*The Frontenac Times Advice Column*

## Dear Suppenführer

**Dear Suppenführer:** Now that a precedent has been set with one DS' candidates providing him music to march by, should we endeavour to have accompanying music provided by appropriately fawning students for all of the DS as they roam the halls of Coucelles Block?

Signed: Whislin' Dixie

**Dear Whislin':** What in the name of Ares does this have to do with OPP, IPB or Targeting? Then again, a comprehensive music program may help us to inflict some understanding of tempo and synchronization into your thick crania. Since at least one of your peers pronounces each DI to either "suck" or "blow", it is just possibly you have a hidden propensity for brass, woodwinds, or those abominable bagpipes anyway.