

# SHEARWATER AVIATION MUSEUM FOUNDATION NEWSLETTER

Fall 2001

## Perimeter Defence ...Then...

Chatham

Moncton

Summerside

Charlottetown

Saint John

Ridge

Debert

Greenwood

North Sydney

Sydney

Dartmouth

Halifax

Shelburne

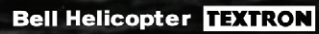
LZ V

REON

AEOW

# CORMORANT

THE CANADIAN ARMED FORCES  
DESERVE NO LESS



**MULTI-ROLE**



**OFF-THE-SHELF**



**SEARCH & RESCUE  
COMMONALITY**

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## Submissions

To facilitate a good product, the staff would like to pass on the following info:

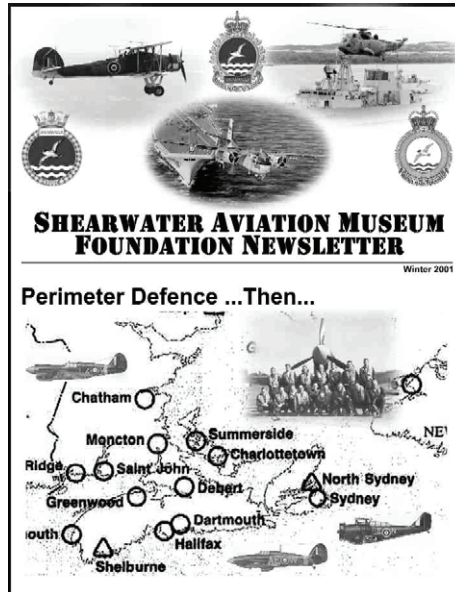
Text submissions can be either paper, email or electronically produced, Word or Wordperfect. We will format the text for you.

Graphics are best submitted as an original photo (not a fax). If submitted electronically, they should be 300 dpi and a .tif file. A .jpg file at 300 dpi is acceptable if no compression is used. However, we will attempt to use any pictures, whatever the format, that you may desire to send to us.

If anybody requires a hand or additional clarification please feel free to email Bob at [rgrundy@accesscable.net](mailto:rgrundy@accesscable.net).

Following these guidelines will allow us to produce clearer newsletters in a timely fashion. Thanks in advance.

*Bob Grundy*



*In this edition, Eastern Air Command is featured as the first part of a three part series by Ernie Cable.*

## MEMBERSHIP PERIOD CHANGED

All subscribers are reminded that, effective last January 2001, all memberships are now calculated by calendar year.

This means that all memberships that were originally expiring August 31, 2000, were automatically extended to the end of December, 2000. All renewals and new memberships will henceforth be effective for the calendar year (Jan to Dec). It is hoped that this change will make it easier for current members to know when it is time to renew!

**For those in arrears, If you haven't already done it - do it! It only takes the paying of this year's dues to bring you up to date.**

Newsletter Staff

Editor Bill Farrell  
 Secretary Kay Collacutt  
 Design Layout Bob Grundy

The Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation (SAMF) Newsletter is published three times yearly. Cheques made payable to the "Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation" or "SAMF" should be mailed to PO Box 5000, Station Main, Shearwater, NS B0J 3A0. Portions of this newsletter may be reprinted without prior permission provided full credit is given to both the author(s) and the Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation Newsletter. In accordance with his mandate, the Editor of the SAMF Newsletter reserves the right to edit, condense or reject copy to suit the requirements of the Newsletter. Any opinions expressed are deemed to be those of the author(s), and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation, its members, and/or the Shearwater Aviation Museum.

**A wise nation preserves its records, gathers up its muniments, decorates the tombs of its illustrious dead, repairs its great public structures, and fosters national pride and love of country by perpetual references to the sacrifices and glories of the past.**

**-Joseph Howe, 31 August 1871**

## Grunts from Editor



We're back to the customary hectic last few days of putting the newsletter together. It is not easy when one is learning on the job and flying by the seat of the pants – and it's not easy when one doesn't have a clear idea of what the end product should be. What should the end product be? Let's go back to Square One.

SAM is a DND museum tasked to preserve Canada's maritime military aviation heritage, Naval and Air Force. SAMF is an institution formed and supported by volunteers (read you members) to fund enhancement of SAM beyond what DND is able to afford. Volunteers have accomplished the near-impossible in funding the recent extension of the museum building. Accolades galore to the many who made this dream come true!

The volunteer corps is made up largely of veterans and retirees (and their spouses) with numbers weighted heavily on the naval side. Many of us, most of us really, are not all that far from "slipping the surly bonds of earth" in a sense not intended by John Magee. With the demise, some years ago, of naval aviation the well-spring source of volunteers pretty well dried up: there aren't any trickling into the pipeline. There is therefore a looming shortage of replacement volunteers to carry on what we have begun.

The function of this newsletter, whether intended or accidental, has been to tickle the hearts of us oldtimers with stories to evoke dreams, memories and

reflections. It has been a component of the glue that holds us together and motivates us to preserve our egregious heritage. Without this newsletter our contacts with each other and with our shared past would be rare and sporadic – save for the cybernaut subscribers to NAVAIRGEN.

When the guard is changed - when we throw the torch to younger hands, as soon we must - our names and our stories will mean little, if anything, to the new guard. A recounting of Jeff Harvie's oft-uttered boast "Who's the hottest pilot in 803 and why am I?" will only puzzle a newcomer who wasn't there, way back then. And preparation for the changing of the guard is now overdue. This newsletter must find fresh content that, while preserving our history and camaraderie, will also appeal to the new, incoming guard.

This screed gets lengthy, but bear with it – it's important. It is now time for the old guard to sum up the naval air experience in sort of grand valedictory issue – a fat "keeper" issue, a compendium of the naval aviation epic with a glossy full-colour cover. This memorial issue would remember each of the carriers, charts of the furrows they cut through the oceans and seas during their commissions, the major ports and the major exercises, the aircraft they carried and more. This issue would contain as well the kind of content that has filled recent issues – content reflecting the experiences of all who served, from Ordinary Seaman to Admiral. The cost would be probably half as much again as the regular issues. By eliminating one of the three planned issues for 2002 this could be accomplished within the annual budget. The decision on this rests with the Board of Directors. Readers are asked to comment via letters to the editor or calls to the secretary.

As to appropriate content for those who will catch the torch – for future issues - I am somewhat at a loss. My gut feeling is to mine the past for accounts of the exploits of Canadian naval and air force aviators' exploits in the 1914-1918 war, the 1939-1945 war and the long Cold War: tales of heroism, adventure, endurance and

courage have a timeless appeal. And I also believe that we should look ahead as well as back, making space for punditry about the path our maritime defence should take in the future. Who is better qualified to inform the general public than we who have been there, done that? We owe it to those who follow in our steps that our hard-won lessons are not forgotten.

*Bill Farrell*

## President's Report

It is indeed an honour to have been elected President of your Foundation. For this, I thank the members who voted at the last general meeting. In the way of an introduction, I should offer a brief resumé for those readers who don't know me.

My association with all of you began when I joined the Royal Canadian Navy's officer training plan in 1958 at HMCS Venture in Esquimalt, BC. After graduation I was assigned to the RCAF Training command for pilot training and received my Wings in 1961. At first I was posted to VU-33 at Victoria BC. I arrived at Shearwater in the early spring of 1962. On completion of the Tracker conversion and ASW training course at VU-32, I was assigned to VS-880 where I remained until 1965. During my 880 stint, I had the pleasure of serving in Bonaventure during several cruises for NATO manoeuvres. In 1965, I decided to leave for "civvy street" and began my second career by joining Air Canada. It turned out to be a fortuitous time to return to civilian life as a massive hiring campaign was just beginning in the airline industry. At Air Canada I flew the Vickers Viscount, DC-8, DC-9, L1011, B-727, B-767, B-747 and B-747-400. During my Air Canada career, I lived in Vancouver (twice), Montreal and Halifax (twice). During my time in Halifax in the 70's and 80's, I joined 420 Reserve Sqn. at Shearwater where I had another go at flying the "good old" Tracker in 1978 and 79. At the turn of the millennium, I began my third career, retirement. So here I am, back in Halifax, and back at Shearwater as your Foundation president.

Many thanks to Ted Keiser for his example and guidance through the last

year, when I served as your Vice-president. I hope that I am able to follow in his rather large footsteps and serve the Foundation well.

The past years' biggest achievement was of course the completion of the new wing to the museum. This brought to fruition several years of planning and fund raising. The new wing was completed on time and on budget thanks to the tireless work of Chuck Coffen and the building contractors. The achievement was even more remarkable since it was undertaken during the winter. And what a winter it was! It began earlier than usual and turned out to be the third snowiest winter on record. Hats off, and many thanks to Chuck and all the builders and helpers!

Our new year begins with new challenges. The first, being the payments on the building loan on which the Foundation is committed to making monthly payments of \$1500.00. We have recently hammered together a budget for the coming fiscal year and the payments will be manageable. The second, being the start of planning for an Atrium to serve as an entrance and to connect the buildings. In addition we hope to expand our efforts to get some corporate support. A comprehensive corporate sponsorship program was developed by Jav Stevenson, the outgoing fund-raising chairman; we will be identifying potential businesses and contacting them to solicit their support. A small number of corporations have been contacted so far, with some failures and some minor successes. Much needs to be done and efforts are continuing. If any of our readers have leads, please forward them to the Foundation by telephone, Email, Post, jungle drum or smoke signal. Your leads will be followed up! On the individual level please remember that membership renewals are now due at the end of the calendar year!

In closing, I wish to express my deepest sorrow for those who lost their lives in the tragic events in New York and Washington on Sept. 11. Let us not forget that freedom and democracy are precious commodities that must be defended. Perhaps our efforts to preserve military aviation history will somehow remind the public how important the Armed Forces have been and will continue to be in the preservation of our freedoms.

*Eric Nielsen*

## From the Curator's Desk

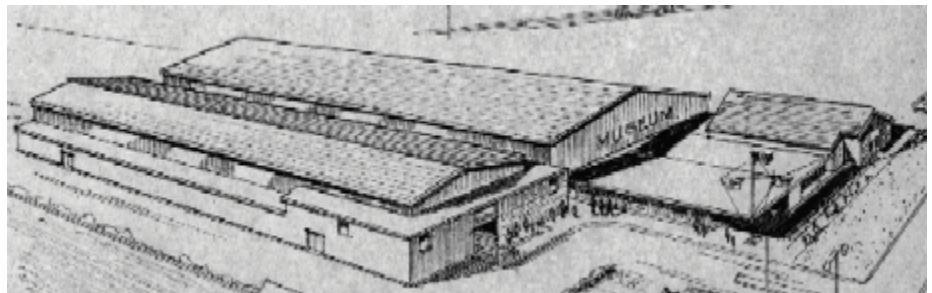
At the opening for our new hangar on August 24<sup>th</sup>, we had the opportunity to recognize the exceptional contribution of the late Doug Peacocke to the Museum. Having served as President of the Foundation for about six years, Doug was a powerful force in helping both the Foundation and SAM in achieving their goals. Doug's children honoured his memory at the opening by donating a magnificent painting by the renowned aviation artist, Geoff Bennett. Doug was not only a personal friend to me and many of the 300 people who witnessed the ceremony, he was a true gentleman and magnanimous patron of SAM.

The new hangar is now up and running with four aircraft on display; the F2H3 Banshee, the CT133 Silver Star, the CT114 Tutor in Snowbirds livery and the CP121 Tracker that had been on display in Building 13. Over the winter we will develop and implement plans for exhibits both in the new hangar and to freshen up those in the Building 13 galleries.

We are still waiting for MT Propeller, Inc. in Germany to finish the very difficult job of rebuilding the propeller assembly for our Fairey Firefly. Although they have had some snags, they are making progress and we hope to see completion in the near future. Meanwhile, the restoration project team is busy restoring the Griffon Mk XII engine and the airframe. We are still resolved to render the Firefly serviceable for flight.

With the new hangar complete we are now faced with the challenge of erecting an "atrium" that will connect all three buildings and will also be the people gathering place that will house the main entrance and the Gift Shop. We have been very fortunate to have Don Cash, B.Arch, on our team to advise us on matters dealing with architecture and design. Indeed, Don was an enormous help during the construction of the new hangar. His original design was basis for selection of a pre-engineered building. Don is now helping with a design for the Atrium. Incidentally, Don is one of the very few naval aviators left who flew the "Stringbag". With volunteer support from professionals like Don Cash we will achieve the goal of building a World Class Museum.

*Chuck Coffen*  
Curator



### Our own AA, with a membership of one! (Architects Anonymous)

When we look at our new museum building, twice the size of what we had a year ago, how many of us stop to ask ourselves "What architect produced a design so in harmony with the original structure and yet at a cost our gallant fundraisers could manage?" Well, by careful research, using CSIS and other arcane sources of intelligence, I have come up with a positive identification.

'Twas an old naval pilot currently hiding out in an East Coast town. **Don Cash**, former naval pilot (Avengers, Fireflies, Swordfish and God knows what else) is a practicing architect in Lunenburg and the volunteer architect of the new museum structure. Without your unstinting work Don, our old warbirds might be facing yet another winter out in the snow. From them and us, **thanks!**

Don, by the way, flew from HMS Nabob, losing one of His Majesty's TBMs in anti-submarine operations - probably covering a Russian convoy. Foul weather - flew into the water - Don sole survivor.

An example to the rest of us, apart from refusing to retire, Don still flies his own aeroplane. Don is pushing eighty! **Keep the throttle to the firewall Don!**  
Ed.

## SHORE LEAVE

It all started out in the crash sponson as a motley crew of fuzzys were idling between launches on HMCS MAGNIFICENT as she headed for Portsmouth. The ship was participating in the exercise "Castinets" and was due to arrive in Portsmouth on 26 Jun 52. The big discussion was what the fuzzys intended on doing when they finally got shore leave in a super friendly port. However, the subjects of discussion took an immediate turn for the better when the Protestant Chaplain joined the group. Among the crew were **LS Mickey Owens and his buddy Frank Dowdall**. Mickey mentioned he would like to grab the opportunity to cross the channel and visit his brother Barney's grave in a Normandy Military Cemetery. The Chaplain thought this was a great idea and left to go about his business.

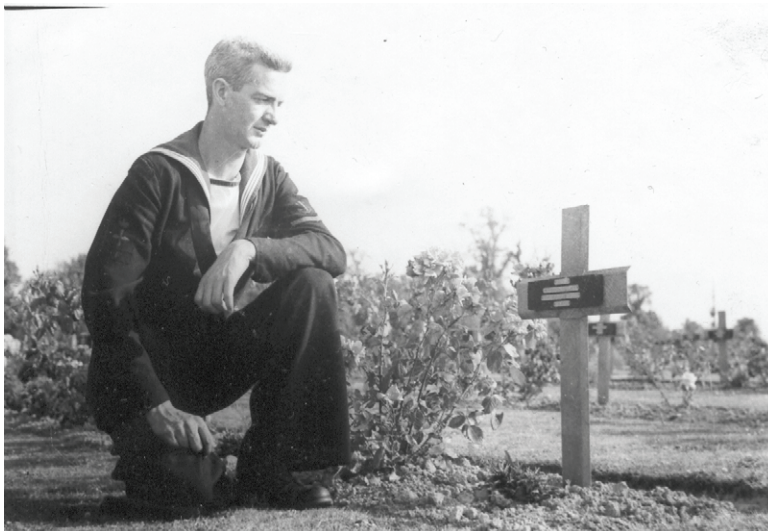
The conversation reverted to its original subject, the girls in Portsmouth.

The next day, the chaplain was back in the crash sponson with a few suggestions. He had spoken to the Captain and they felt that a weekend wasn't long enough to accomplish the visit but the Maggie would be back in Portsmouth a week later and if Mickey had seven days annual coming, it might be arranged. The Captain insisted however, that Mickey be accompanied by a French-speaking friend. The Chaplain suggested they get right on with the plan as there were a limited number of Visas available to visit France and the Officers were grabbing them up. A plot ensued. Frank suggested that he along as Mickey's interpreter as he had some high school French and a little blue French/English dictionary. He arranged to change the emphasis on his name to the last syllable and it almost sounded French. Mickey and Frank went up on request to get the formal approval. Mickey's request was granted subject to having the services of a qualified interpreter. Frank bravely stepped up to the dias requesting to go along as the interpreter. Asked by the commander if he spoke French, he answered "Fluently, Sir!" The reply was "Leave Granted". Two Leading Seamen resumed breathing and got the Hell off that quarterdeck before some Frenchman wanted a conversation.

The weekend saw these two "Request permission to go ashore, Sir" on

the brow in Portsmouth and head directly to the Royal Sailor's Rest Home for some directions on travel options. They spent the night there in clean cheap digs and the next morning, headed for Southampton where they would find a room after having sampled a few glasses of Scrumpy, a local cider. In the morning they headed out to the airport for the flight across the channel in a strange little freight plane that had seats for two passengers and landed in Cherbourg. The final leg of the journey to Normandy was by train.

Finally in Normandy, it was necessary that Frank get the little blue book out. They had arrived in the station in Caen and it seemed that nobody spoke English. The sailors approached the stationmaster and Frank spoke, "Son frere est morte de guerre, Ou est le Canadien Militaire Cementaire?" The stationmaster grabbed Mickey and



*LS Mickey Owens at his brother Barney Owens grave in a Normandy Military Cemetery*

kissed him on both cheeks then led the two across the street to a bus terminal where he explained their situation. The bus driver herded them onto the bus and soon they were heading in the right direction with a busload of local French people. At the spot on the bus route where they should have disembarked, the bus stopped and the driver spoke to the passengers in French. They all cheered and the driver drove right up to the gates and let the boys off. Everybody clapped. They were in Bretteville-sur-Laize!

It wasn't long before the boys came upon Barney's grave. It was a sea of mixed emotions for them as Mickey knelt by his brother's grave and Frank snapped a few photos. It made them appreciate what the ultimate sacrifice really meant and the real cost of liberty. There were white crosses lined up for miles in every direction, all

Canadian, all young and all so far from home. Barney was killed on 8 Aug 44 at the age of 19. He had been a proud Trooper in the British Columbia Regiment of the Canadian Armoured Corps. Rest in Peace Barney and all you young men who didn't return. The boys noted that wild poppies grew in profusion around the cemetery.

As the day drew to a close, the two matelots headed back to Caen hitchhiking. They soon were in the city when they discovered they had another problem. They went to the only operational hotel in Caen only to find no vacancy. It was owned by a Mr. Masson who spoke English and had a relative in Toronto. His wife came to their rescue as she found an empty room in another establishment and delivered them there. The city was still a disaster after the war with streets blocked off and the buildings boarded up. They were one lucky pair of matelots.

Frank and Mickey were surprised to end up in quite elegant digs. They checked in late and found a very comfortable room with a double bed and all the trimmings. Clean, white sheets and comfort not even dreamed of in the Seagull Club. They had a great night's sleep and in the morning the only thing missing was a match to light Mickey's cigarette. Frank was already dressed so he went searching for a match and noticed the hallway full of milk bottles. Hearing some voices behind a door he opened it to find several young girls with babies. It

was then that they realized that they had slept in a home for unwed mothers. Another first for the RCN. Soon the lady of the house came in and asked if they preferred cream or calvados with their coffee. The house Calvados was very, very strong. What an experience!

Later that morning found the boys on a train heading for Paris. Their luck held. They were sharing a compartment with an English couple in their fifties who were heading for Paris for a vacation and this couple insisted on guiding the boys in Paris. They had reservations in a little hotel on Place Pigalle, Le Grand Hotel de Bon Genie, and they suggested the boys get a room there. It all worked out. Norm and Jean Downey from Whitely Bay, England became their companions during their Paris sojourn. They were wonderful!

## QUICK AND PECK

By Bob 'Windy' Geale

The two Canadian matelots made their stay in Paris worthwhile. They visited Notre Dame Cathedral where they climbed the spiral stone staircase to see the huge bell, they enjoyed a beer at almost every sidewalk café between Notre Dame and the Arch de Triomphe while strolling along the Seine in eighty degree temperature. They visited the Arch de Triomphe and finally the Eiffel Tower where, on the upper level, they were invited to join a young honeymooning Canadian couple and drink to their recent wedding. The couple had spotted the Canada badges and insisted that the boys join them. The boys enjoyed their first taste of champagne on the top of the Eiffel Tower. They climaxed their stay by taking in the night show at the Follies Bergere. Paris was all packed into three very exciting days. Regrettably, they had to leave.

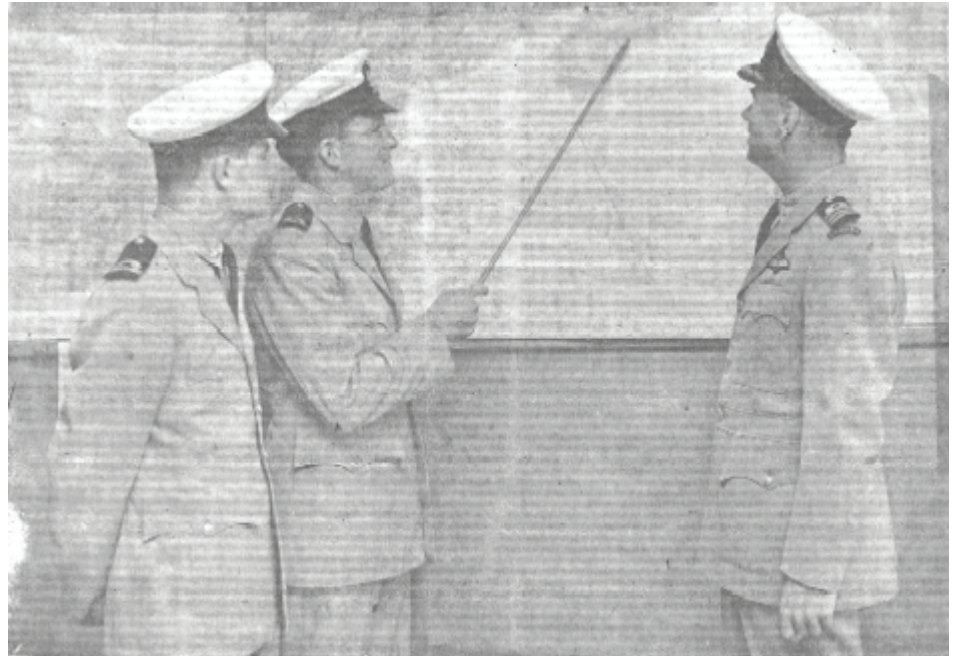
Luckily, the matelots had bought return tickets to get them back to the ship. The last day on the home journey they had not one sou left and it was a long, hungry, thirsty twenty-four hours. It was a train to Calais, ferry to Dover and train back down to meet the ship in Portsmouth that ended the adventure. They had left the ship on June 27 and returned on July 1<sup>st</sup> to sail for Malta on July 2<sup>nd</sup>. Even pusser meatloaf tasted good! Back to the grind but what a dip they were able to spin up in the old crash sponson. As good as the trip was, they still managed to embellish it a bit. That's the way it was in the Navy!

They were at sea a few days later and Frank received a card in his mail slot. It was addressed simply to Frank and Mickey, Canada's Carrier Magnificent, Portsmouth. It was from Norm and Jean telling them how much they enjoyed their company. The world seemed smaller then.

In the 1970's when Mickey had transferred to the Federal Public Service in Ottawa, his Director came in one morning and accused him of having "Slept in a home for unwed Mothers". Mickey suggested he must have met Frank Dowdall. He had, at a party the night before, and stated what a fine fellow Frank was. Mickey agreed. Those not so young matelots remain friends to this day!



SLT (P) Graham John Quick, RAN and SLT (P) Trevor Aubrey Peck, RAN joined VU32 from VS 880. After leaving VU32, they came back to Australia via the USA. Both flew Grumman Trackers in VS816 Squadron both in the Light Fleet Carrier HMAS MELBOURNE and ashore from HMAS ALBATROSS, RANAS Nowra the home of the Fleet Air Arm and also VC 851 Sqn.



*Sub-Lts. T.A. Peck (left) and G.J. Quick, RAN, show Cdr. R.S. Lyons, RCN, C.O. of VU-32 Squadron, the location on Mabone Bay where they spotted an overturned yacht with three men clinging to it while on a routine Tracker flight. Their action in radioing Shearwater for assistance resulted in a quick helicopter rescue of the men. One was a non-swimmer, and they had been in the water more than an hour. Both Sub-Lts. Peck and Quick are members of the Royal Australian Navy on a Tracker course with the RCN at Shearwater.*

Graham Quick became an excellent pilot and also an LSO (Landing Signals Officer). After a few years, Graham resigned and went into commercial flying and flew with Trans Australia Airlines (TAA). I understand he had a successful career and has since retired.

Now as for Trevor Peck, he stayed on and flew for many years in Trackers. In 1979 when I was CO of VC851, he was my pilot. In the RAN we only had one pilot in the aircraft and Observers, like myself, flew as TACCOs. He was a great little pilot with a quiet but good sense of humour. Later he became CO of VC851. From there he went to Navy Office in Canberra. He later retired as a LCdr (P), I believe from ill health, to Grafton on the Central Coast of NSW where he died of cancer leaving a wife and two boys.

Both Graham and Trevor are well remembered in the RAN.

(Editor's note. Kay was reminiscing about VU32 and remembering Quick and Peck, asked Windy for info on their whereabouts.)



## MULOCK Redford Henry

### Canada's First Ace

"Red" Mulock may have been the second Canadian to join the Royal Naval Air Service but it was his notoriety for "firsts" that dominated his flying. He has been rightfully called Canada's most versatile and experienced airman of the First World War.

Born in Peterborough, Ontario, in 1888, Mulock was raised in Winnipeg, Manitoba. He graduated in engineering from McGill University in Montreal and, like many patriotic Canadians, joined the colours in August 1914. Although he held a commission in the militia, Mulock enlisted in the First Contingent of the Canadian Expeditionary Force (CEF) as a corporal to get overseas sooner. Following training with the Canadian Field Artillery at Valcartier he shipped out to England that October.

In January 1915, Mulock requested a transfer to the RNAS. By March he qualified and received both his pilot's certificate (#1103) and his confirmation as a Flight Sub Lieutenant. He was the first of some 152 CEF Officers and NCO's who would join the RNAS overseas.

It was late April 1915 when German airships began to carry out raids on southern England. At this point in time the responsibility for home defence of Great Britain had been given over to the Admiralty as the Army and its Royal Flying Corps were completely embroiled in Flanders. During the night of 16-17 May, Mulock made the first interception of a Zeppelin raider over Britain. Patrolling in an Avro 504, he discovered LZ38 casually floating over the Thames at the unusually low altitude of 2,000 feet. Swivelling his peg-mounted Lewis machine gun on target Mulock opened fire, but after a couple of rounds, his weapon jammed. While he struggled to clear his stoppage, the startled dirigible crew dumped ballast and soared to safety.

In July Mulock was sent to Number 1 Naval Wing at Dunkirk. Flying Nieuport 10 and 11's he carried out fighter patrols, bombing missions, photo reconnaissance flights and directed naval gunfire. He also pioneered the use of parachute flares to spot for artillery at night. In September, Mulock became the

first Canadian to attack a submarine when he dropped five 20lb bombs on a U-boat. Later that same month he made a lone bombing raid on the Zeppelin sheds at Berchem Ste Agathe near Brussels. His Squadron Commander called that night action "a remarkable incident of cross-country flying as he had to depend almost entirely on compass and timing."

At the close of 1915 Mulock had been Mentioned in Dispatches (MID). He had also scored his first aerial victory,



sending an enemy aircraft out of control on the 30th of December. In January of the new year he downed another two enemy machines and by March he was promoted to Flight Commander together with another "Mention".

On the 21st of May, Mulock scored a double kill and became both the first Canadian ace and the first RNAS pilot to claim five victories. This feat was accomplished during the time of the "Fokker Scourge" when the Germans had revolutionised aerial warfare with aircraft machine-guns synchronized to fire through the turning propellor. The Dunkirk Nieuports were equipped with a single Lewis gun mounted above the top wing to fire over the propellor arc and therefore

did not have the advantage of simply aiming their aircraft as did the Germans.

The London Gazette cited Mulock in June 1916 naming him to the Distinguished Service Order (DSO): "This officer has been constantly employed at Dunkirk since July 1915 and has displayed indefatigable zeal and energy. He has on several occasions engaged hostile aeroplanes and seaplanes, and attacked submarines, and has carried out attacks on enemy air stations and made long distance reconnaissance."

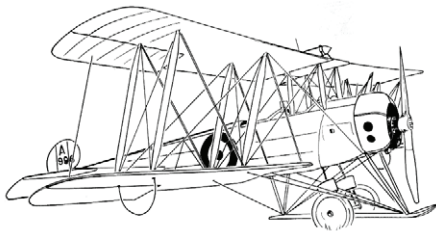
In the winter of 1916 / 1917, Naval 3 Squadron was formed, and Mulock was appointed as its Commanding Officer. That spring the Admiralty loaned the Army four naval squadrons for RFC reinforcement on the Western Front. Three of the squadrons flew new Sopwith Triplanes and the fourth, Mulock's Naval 3, was equipped with the older but agile Sopwith Pup. This period became known in aviation history as "Bloody April". The Germans had formed fighting squadrons (Jastas) and they ruled the skies. Of the 23 British fighter squadrons facing them only Naval 3 was commanded by an ace. Under experienced leadership Mulock's pilots (half of whom were Canadians) claimed eighty successful combats for the loss of nine Pups. When the unit returned to the Navy in June, General Trenchard of the RFC stated: "The work of Squadron Commander Mulock is worthy of the highest praise; his knowledge of machines and engines and the way in which he handled his officers and men is very largely responsible for the great successes and durability of the Squadron."

One of Mulock's English pilots gives us a good "snapshot" of his Naval 3 CO when he described him as: Older than most of us and I was at once impressed by his strong personality. A man of medium height, he had a square, weatherbeaten face with eyes that nearly always had a twinkle in them. Later I was to discover that he was a highly competent organizer and had a deep understanding of human nature he knew most of his pilots were mere boys and sometimes mischievous boys and he was always ready to turn a blind eye on these occasions so long as you did your job loyally and well." This same Englishman went on to become the squadron's highest scoring pilot with 29 victories by the war's end. Departing his Naval 3 command in



September 1916, Mulock become Senior Officer of the RNAS depot at Dunkirk. There he played a major role in rebuilding the base which had been wiped out by bombing raids. He now earned the French Legion of Honour, was gazetted for a Bar to his DSO, and again Mentioned in Dispatches. A promotion to Wing Commander soon followed.

In 1918, shortly after the RNAS and the RFC were joined together as the new Royal Air Force, Mulock was called upon to form a Bomber Wing. The objective of this 82nd Wing was to attack the industrial heartland of northwest Germany. One month later, in July, he was promoted to Colonel (Group Captain) and given the charge to establish and train 27 Group, a special force consisting of two wings of Handley Page V/1500 "Super" bombers designed to strike deep into Germany from bases in the British Midlands. These monster four-engine machines gave the RAF a "Bloody Paralyzer" of an aircraft and Mulock was just the man to make them operational. By early November he had worked up one



of his squadrons to bomb Berlin. At the eleventh hour the mission was scrubbed and German capital was saved by the Armistice. Only later did one of the aircraft see action when a Handley Page V/1500 bombed Kabul during the Afghan War of 1919.

1919 saw Mulock involved in a totally different role. Due to delays in demobilization, unrest was building in the ranks of the enlisted airmen, anxious to get home. Strikes began taking place at aerodromes around England and Mulock was given full powers to settle the problems. With his native ability to grasp the essence of a situation, Mulock resolved the troubles by dealing with ringleaders man-to-man, explaining the difficulties besetting the government's change of mode from wartime to peacetime. For this action together with his wartime services, Mulock was appointed a Companion of the British

Empire (CBE).

When the Canadian government finally got around to forming a Canadian Air Force in 1919, their first choice for a commander was Colonel Mulock; however Mulock expressed no desire to remain in military aviation. He left the RAF and returned to Canada to become involved in the peacetime aircraft industry. He did join the RCAF Reserve and rose to the rank of Air Commodore. In 1935, he joined Canadian Airways and he was a member of the Honorary Advisory Air Council during the Second World War. In 1961, Redford Henry Mulock died at age 82 in Montreal, Quebec.

Speaking in England in 1919 to the pilots of the newly formed Canadian Air Force. Mulock offered eloquent advice on the type of military aviation that Canada should maintain after the war. "Don't forget that every Canadian in the air services wanted to fight — you couldn't keep him on the ground. That was to the credit of you fellows, but now it reacts.(sic) We have no highly trained technical men, no experienced equipment men. If this Canadian Air Force goes across to Canada, as some of you are proposing, you must have an organization from the ground up — not the other way. We've got the best flying men in the world, and they're a great future asset to the Dominion — but don't forget that there are such things as aerodromes, a supply system for spares, and, above all, a real Air Policy. Someone has got to go to Ottawa with a clearly defined plan."

**Canadian Naval Aviator Number One**

Correction to detail: While we can't be accurate first time around we take solace in our ability to make corrections and are grateful to those who bring errors to our attention. We made a few errors in our tribute in the previous issue to Canada's first naval aviator.

F.G.T. Dawson studied at McGill even earlier than we reported (1910 instead of 1912) and so intense was his dedication to flight that he spent not only summers but also weekends, while at Cambridge, with the Royal Aero Club. Dedication or total fascination? Secretary Kay has a dyslexic keyboard so we must forgive her for misspelling the name of that great aviation pioneer Bleriot (accent on the 'e'). Lastly, F.G.T. was not just an appointed Director - he was a **co-founder**, with Richard (later Sir Richard) Fairey of the company that went on to produce so many fine aeroplanes. Mea Culpa for all this. Ed.

**The Mad-Mad-Trap**

I'm remembering the mad-trap  
A careening that was mad-cap  
We're in a circle tight and steep,  
which makes my stomach growl and leap -  
a foot or two from Neptune's waves -  
all while the Co-Jo rants and raves.

And the "Gs" that we were pulling  
while we're praying that God willing -  
as we zoomed beneath the scud  
with our brains devoid of blood  
pushed far down into our seat -  
that soon we'd have that old sub beat.

And then my guts would surge in me  
as I saw against the turquoise sea  
a painted line of silver smoke  
so beautiful it made me choke.  
We've got him taped - we've got his track  
PDCs ready in their rack.

Again the mad pen madly waves  
Again the Co-Jo madly raves -  
as he calculates his sums  
before the pickle order comes,  
then, as we earn our flying pay,  
an indicator drops away.

We're able to press home attack  
because we knew we had the knack  
It's well known that we were good -  
for years our reputation stood  
We gave those subs a real bad time  
Yet though it's done, there's no sad time.

It sure is fun to sit and dwell  
on when we zoomed above the swell  
I loved it - Oh! so very much

the great companionship and such  
I've never felt before or since...  
Hell! - You I don't need to convince.





## Volunteers are the Heart of our Community

Recently, Helen Trenholm, received recognition from the HRM Volunteer Recognition Program for her volunteer service. She is a volunteer worker in the SAM Gift shop.

**Congratulations Helen.**



Enthusiasm is contagious. You could start an epidemic!

## SOME AVIATION TIDBITS

It only takes five years to go from rumour to standard operating procedure.

Landing on the ship during the daytime is like sex, it's either good or it's great.

The three best things in life are a good landing, a good orgasm and a good s—. A night carrier landing is one of the few opportunities to experience all three at the same time.

A check ride ought to be like a skirt, short enough to be interesting but still long enough to cover everything.

Speed is life, altitude is life insurance.

No one has ever collided with the sky.

A 'good' landing is one from which you can walk away. A 'great' landing is one after which you use the airplane again.

It's better to break ground and head into the wind, than to break wind and head into the ground.

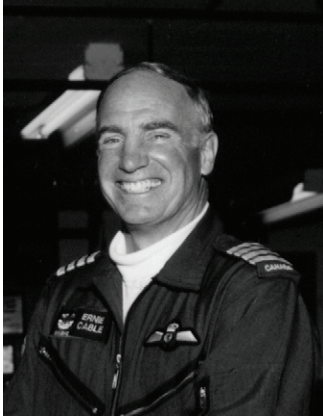
The difference between flight Attendants and jet engines is that the engine usually quits whining when it gets to the gate.

New FAA motto. We're not happy 'til you're not happy.

Pilots are just plane people with a special air about them.

Try to stay in the middle of the air. Don't go near the edges of it.

## Continental Air Defence Before NORAD Eastern Air Command Fighter Operations



*Prepared By  
Colonel Ernest Cable OMM, CD (Retired)*

Since its inception on 1 April 1924, the Royal Canadian Air Force (RCAF) was modeled after its forefather, Britain's Royal Air Force (RAF). However, immediately prior to the Second World War there was a difference in the two air forces' aircraft priority requirements. The RAF's top priority was to build an effective fighter force to prevent the German Luftwaffe from gaining air superiority over continental Europe and England. Whereas, the primary threat to North America did not come from the Luftwaffe but from German submarines and naval surface raiders. Therefore, the RCAF's top priority for continental defence was the acquisition of long-range coastal patrol bombers. Consequently, the requirement to build a credible fighter force and the infrastructure for a Canadian air defence network took second priority.

In anticipation of hostilities with Germany the RCAF formed Eastern Air Command (EAC) in April 1938 to direct Air Force units in air and coastal defence of eastern Canada. Eastern Air Command Headquarters was established in Halifax Nova Scotia and was responsible for all Air Force activity in its vast geographic area encompassing Quebec, the Maritime Provinces, Newfoundland and Labrador. Since geography extends Canadian territory another one and a half time zones to the east of the American eastern seaboard EAC in fact formed the eastern vanguard for the defence of North America. At the outbreak of the Second World War not only did EAC

assume North American air defence responsibilities, later in 1943 it also became the focal point for directing Canadian and American air participation in the Battle of the Atlantic. Although the ensuing air defence organization included only the eastern portion of the Canadian nation, the die was cast for an entire continental air defence system just over a decade later, known as the North American Air Defence (NORAD) Command.

In September 1939, Canada mobilized again for a general European war. Unlike the nation's entry into World War I, Canada's decision to declare war did not depend on colonial duties dictated by Britain but on a commitment to support its trusted European allies. As the Nazi blitzkrieg smashed through Poland, Hitler's offensive on Western Europe seemed imminent. Norway, France and the Low Countries fell in early 1940 and by August, the Luftwaffe had launched attacks on Britain and the Royal Air Force in the epic campaign known as the Battle of Britain.

While Canadian airmen learned the latest air defence concepts in the Battle of Britain, the Royal Canadian Navy and Eastern Air Command became embroiled in the Battle of the Atlantic, the longest campaign of the Second World War. As early

as the summer of 1940, the German Navy had sunk 200 merchant ships and by 1942 German U-boats threatened the strategic convoy ports of Nova Scotia and penetrated the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This was the first hostile warship incursion into Canadian territorial waters since Confederation in 1867.

While victory in the Battle of Britain portended the survival of England, in 1940 long-distance flight was just becoming a way of life for North Americans. Alcock and Brown had made the first non-stop trans-Atlantic flight in 1919 and by 1927 Charles Lindberg had demonstrated the same feat except that he flew solo in the "Spirit of St. Louis". Over the next decade, airlines established routine flights between Europe and the United States.

Similarly, military aviation continued to advance after World War I. Although Germany had been forbidden to build and deploy an air force under the Treaty of Versailles, Hitler defiantly vowed to rebuild the military to its size during the Great War. Throughout the early 1930's, Germany secretly launched a campaign to acquire military aircraft. After forming the Luftwaffe in 1935, Hitler's new air force could immediately call upon a fleet of 1,888 aircraft and 20,000 officers and men.



*A formation of 118 Sqn. Grumman Goblins patrols over Nova Scotia. At the outbreak of WWII 15 Goblins provided the sole air defence for the East Coast.*

Germany's prime concern prior to the war had been to establish an air force capable of spearheading the conquest of continental Europe and maintaining air superiority over occupied territories. Luftwaffe planners, however, did not seriously consider the need for a heavy bomber force with inter-continental range at that time, yet it is interesting to note that over this period the German national airline, Lufthansa, expanded its non-stop service to North America. For Canadian defence planners, this new technology did not represent a major threat and German air attack seemed remote.

Germany's trans-Atlantic military capability, to a degree, lay in the Focke Wulf 200, Condor; a four-engined aircraft designed initially as a commercial aircraft but easily converted into a long-range bomber. Based on its demonstrated non-stop Berlin to New York range, the Condor was believed by Allied intelligence to have the capability to bomb North American cities. However, Hitler's primary concern was stopping the North Atlantic convoys rather than encouraging the strategic bombing of North American targets. Therefore, the Condors, operating from bases in France and Norway were tasked to provide intelligence to U-boats as far into the Atlantic as the west of Iceland. The Condor, though not intended for this role, was effective in convincing the Allies that not only was air power an important part of the Battle of the Atlantic but also a latent threat to North American cities.

The use of aircraft carriers was another new feature of the Second World War. By the 1930's, Britain, the United States and Japan had integrated aircraft carriers into their naval planning. As early as 1937, Japan had deployed its aircraft carriers in the conquest of Indo-China and later in the attack on Pearl Harbour in 1941. The German Navy did start construction of an aircraft carrier, the *Graf Zeppelin*, which Allied intelligence thought capable of launching aircraft to attack North America. However, the German aviation industry failed to produce an effective carrier borne aircraft, therefore, German planners had to resort to naval air support from shore-based aircraft. In the end, German naval forces had to make do with the harbour-based twin-engined obsolescent Heinkel 59, the Heinkel 115 and the ubiquitous single-engined Arado 196. These were effective for reconnaissance, but were not successful in torpedo or bombing operations.

Canadian air defence planners considered the possibility of an air attack against land targets to be remote but possible. In 1940, Canada and the United States began to look at the realities of North American defence. Both countries considered Newfoundland to be a major strategic concern in the defence of the North American continent. If Britain succumbed to Germany, Newfoundland, then a British colony, would become a German forward base for an offensive against North America. The two nations also believed an attack could be launched from temporary bases located in isolated areas of the Canadian North. This threat assessment resulted in the Canada-United States Basic Defence Plan, the "Black Plan" of October 1940. This policy committed Canadian and American armed forces to the defence of Newfoundland.

As the war progressed, however, the German threat came not from the sky but from the sea. As early as 1939, Ottawa had known of the great threat to convoys from U-boats lurking in the North Atlantic. On 20 May 1941 convoy HX 126 was heavily attacked by U-boats east of Newfoundland. On 13 January 1942, U-123 struck first blood in a convoy offensive off Nova Scotia. As with the attack on Pearl Harbour a month earlier these incidents brought the war closer to home for civilians. Air detection observers along the coasts now were tasked with watching the sea as well as the air for enemy activity.

To counter the threat of German air attack EAC formed a total of eight fighter squadrons to provide air defence for the sea approaches and other vital points including Halifax's strategic harbour. As part of its air defence structure EAC constructed a chain of radar sites along the coasts of Labrador, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and into New Brunswick and eastern Quebec. However, since air attacks against North America never materialized EAC's greatest efforts were directed toward providing convoy escort and anti-submarine patrols in the ocean areas off Nova Scotia and Newfoundland as well as in the Bay of Fundy and the entire Gulf of St. Lawrence. These patrols were coordinated with Canadian, British and American naval forces.

To carry out its mandate, EAC's Order of Battle consisted of 30 radar sites and 22 air stations, which provided bases for 13 Bomber Reconnaissance (Maritime

Patrol) squadrons and eight Fighter squadrons. RCAF Station Dartmouth (now Shearwater) was the largest EAC station and was at one time or another throughout WW II home to nine of the 13 Bomber Reconnaissance squadrons and five of the eight Fighter squadrons. EAC also operated a Marine squadron from RCAF Station Dartmouth consisting of over 80 vessels to service flying boat anchorages, provide search and rescue for downed airmen at sea and to construct and re-supply the remote coastal radar sites.

From 1941 control of all air assets in Eastern Canada was shared among EAC, the American Army Air Force in

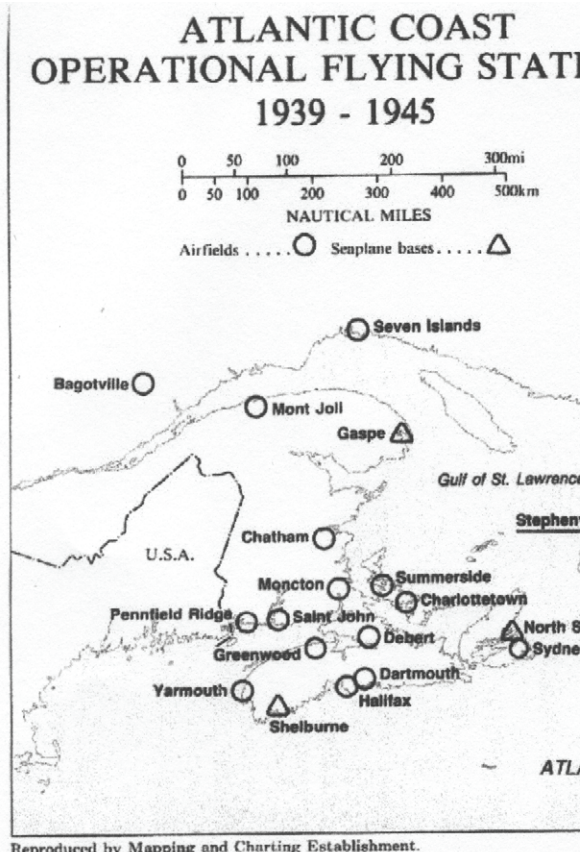


Figure 1

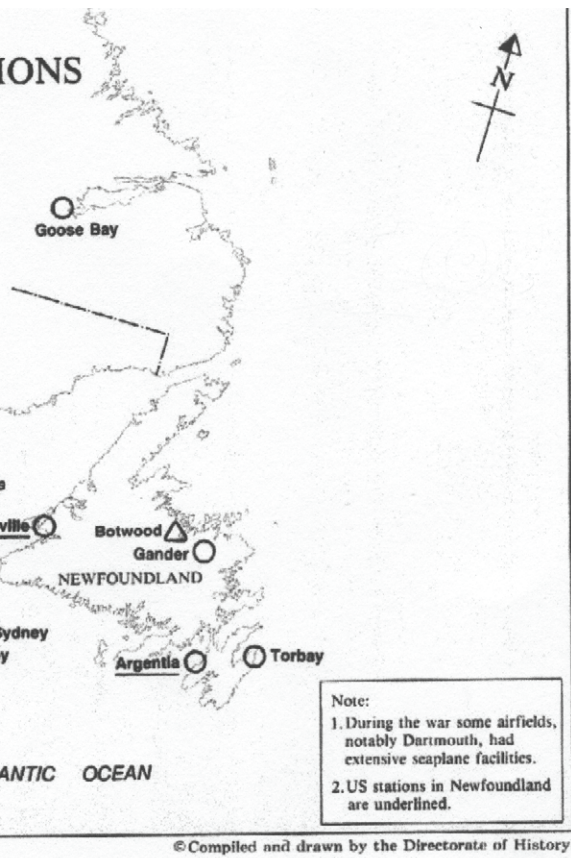
Stephenville Nfld. and the U.S. Navy in Argentia Nfld. However, in 1943 the allies agreed that a single control authority was needed to defeat the enemy and EAC assumed full responsibility for directing all air activity on Canada's East Coast and the western side of the "Battle of the Atlantic".

**RCAF Home War Establishment Air Defence Operations**

At the outset of the Second World

War, the RCAF was responsible for building, an as yet non-existent, air defence organization for Canada. As previously explained the prime threat was Germany's very long range, four engined, Focke Wulf Condors (FW 200) and Allied intelligence believed that the German navy's aircraft carrier, "Graf Zeppelin", would be capable launching aircraft to conduct air attacks along the eastern seaboard of Canada and the United States. Eastern Air Command's primary air defence concerns were:

- Halifax's strategic port, which anchored the western terminus of the convoy lifeline to England,



fighters to protect each of the strategic targets in EAC's vast area, which ranged from Labrador and Newfoundland to the Ontario-Manitoba border the RCAF decided to base its meager fighter defence along the coastal perimeter of the Atlantic Provinces as indicated in Figure 1

The first priority was to protect Halifax harbour; therefore, No. 116 (Auxiliary) Squadron was formed as a Coast Artillery Cooperation (CAC) unit at the civilian airfield at Halifax on 1 April 1938. The CAC squadrons' primary role was to spot seaward targets for the various coastal artillery batteries that protected the approaches to Halifax harbour. However, at the outbreak of WW II, the RCAF did not have sufficient aircraft so No. 116 Squadron was disbanded in November 1939, only to be reactivated later as a Bomber Reconnaissance squadron. But prior to No. 116's disbandment, "A" Flight of No. 118 (CAC) Squadron, based in St. John NB, was transferred to the Halifax airfield to provide air defence for the harbour. Although the CAC squadrons' Blackburn Shark and Westland Lysander aircraft were totally unsuited for the air defence role they had to make do until augmented on 6 November 1939 with the arrival of No. 1 Fighter (F) Squadron at RCAF Station Dartmouth. Equipped with Hawker Hurricanes, No. 1 Squadron was the first credible fighter squadron assigned to the air defence of the harbour and the first fighter squadron to be based at the newly constructed RCAF Station Dartmouth (Previously Dartmouth was only a seaplane base). However, in January 1940, No. 1 (F) Squadron was renumbered No. 401 (F) Squadron and was transferred to England where it participated in the Battle of Britain and went on to become the RCAF's highest scoring fighter squadron in WW II. With the departure of 401 Squadron in March 1940 there was sufficient space to move No. 118 (CAC) Squadron from Halifax to the new airfield at RCAF Station Dartmouth. Again, the squadron's obsolete CAC aircraft provided the sole air defence for Halifax harbour until September 1940 when the squadron disbanded.

From the outbreak of WW II the RCAF was desperate to acquire a suitable fighter to replace its 28 WW I vintage Armstrong-Whitworth Siskins (12) and Atlases (16). Fortunately, during the late 1930's Canadian Car and Foundry in Fort William Ontario built Grumman Goblin single seat, biplane fighters under license for export. This afforded the RCAF the opportunity to

hurriedly buy 15 of the obsolete Goblins to be used as an interim fighter until they could be replaced with more modern aircraft. Consequently, Grumman Goblins equipped No. 118 Squadron, which was quickly reformed at Rockcliffe Ontario in August 1940. The squadron returned to RCAF Station Dartmouth in July 1941, as the RCAF's, only fighter unit available for East Coast air defence. In November 1941, No. 118 Squadron re-equipped with the more modern Curtiss P-40 Kittyhawk aircraft; however, in June 1942 the squadron was transferred to Alaska to augment the United States Army Air Force (USAAF) in the defence of the Aleutian Islands. Fortunately, the East Coast was not left without air defences as the production of Hawker Hurricanes for the RCAF's Home War Establishment had sufficiently progressed to fill the void. Nos. 126, 127 and 129 Hurricane fighter squadrons were formed at RCAF Station Dartmouth in April, July and August 1942 respectively. Throughout 1942, Eastern Air Command completed the formation of three more Hurricane squadrons to defend Halifax and the Atlantic approaches; No.125 and No.128 Hurricane Squadrons were formed at Sydney NS and No.130 Hurricane Squadron was formed at Mont-Joli Quebec.

As part of EAC's assumption of air defence responsibilities for Newfoundland a chain of radar stations was constructed from Goose Bay Labrador southward along Newfoundland's east and south coasts. Since there were no aircraft available to form additional fighter squadrons to take advantage of the advanced warning provided by the radar stations Nos. 128, 129 and 130 Squadrons were forward deployed to the new airfields at Torbay, Gander and Goose Bay respectively.

Since the threat of air attack on Canada never materialized, EAC's fighters never had the opportunity to distinguish themselves. However, the fighters did assist in the battle against the U-boats. During coastal air defence patrols EAC fighters carried two 250 pound (115 kg) depth charges in the off chance they encountered a U-boat. The only contact with the enemy occurred when two Kittyhawks from Dartmouth's 118 Squadron machine-gunned a surfaced U-boat 10 miles (16 km.) east of Halifax. Although a number of hits were observed around the conning tower the U-boat escaped. As East Coast air defence needs diminished in early 1944, Dartmouth's No. 127 Squadron was

- The aluminum plant at Arvida Quebec and that province's hydro electric generating capacity, which were essential for producing the strategic metal to support the war effort, and

- The locks at Sault Ste. Marie, a choke point for shipping food and other war materials from the Prairies through the Great Lakes to Atlantic ports.

Since there were insufficient



*Curtiss P40 Kittyhawks shown here at Dartmouth replace the obsolete Goblins until early 1942 when 118 Sqn was transferred to Alaska to help the USAAF defend the Aleutian Islands.*

renumbered No. 443 Squadron and transferred overseas where it distinguished itself in the D-Day invasion and the Allies' advance through the Low Countries and into Germany. Table I summarizes the disposition of EAC's fighter squadrons. The Halifax/Dartmouth column shows that all but three of the squadrons were at some time stationed at Halifax/Dartmouth indicating the importance assigned to the defence of Halifax harbour.

**Table I  
Eastern Air Command Fighter Squadrons**

SQUADRON	FORMED AT	HALIFAX/ DARTMOUTH	AIRCRAFT TYPES	REMARKS
116 CAC* (Auxiliary)	Halifax NS Apr 1938	Apr 38 - Nov 39	No aircraft assigned	Disbanded Nov 39
118 CAC* (Auxiliary)	Saint John NB Oct 1939	Oct 39 - Sep 40	Shark Lysander	Disbanded Sep 40
1 (Fighter)	Trenton ON Sep 1937	Nov 39 - Jun 40	Hurricane	Formed 401 Sqn Overseas Jun 40
118 (Fighter)	Rockcliffe ON Sep 1940	Jul 41 - Jun 42	Goblin Kittyhawk	Transferred to Alaska Jun 42
125 (Fighter)	Sydney NS Apr 1942	None	Hurricane Sydney & Torbay	Formed 441 Sqn Overseas Feb 44
126 (Fighter)	Dartmouth NS Apr 1942	Apr 42 - Jul 43 Jun 44 - May 45	Hurricane	Disbanded May 45
127 (Fighter)	Dartmouth NS Jul 1942	Jul 42 - Aug 42 Jul 43 - Dec 43	Hurricane	Formed 443 Sqn Overseas Jan 44
128 (Fighter)	Sydney NS Jun 1942	None	Hurricane Sydney & Torbay	Disbanded Torbay Mar 44
129 (Fighter)	Dartmouth NS Aug 1942	Aug 42 - Apr 43 Dec 43 - Jun 44	Hurricane	Disbanded Gander Sep 44
130 (Fighter)	Mont-Joli QC May 1942	None	Kittyhawk Hurricane Bagotville & Goose Bay	Disbanded Goose Bay Mar 44

\* Coast Artillery Cooperation

## Thirteenth Annual Ottawa Naval Aviation Rendezvous

The thirteenth annual Ottawa Naval Aviation Rendezvous was held 9 May 2001 in the HMCS Bytown Crowsnest.

The following 52 people supported the event:

Bud MacLean, Robbie and Di Hughes, Gord Edwards, John Searle, Eric Bays, Seth Grossmith, Dave Tate, Art Percy, Gord Moyer, Bill Christie, Bill Rikely, Ed L'Heureux, Gene Weber, Laurie Farrington, Jean-Marc Favreau, Glenn Cook, Angus Brown, Stan Mitchell, Norbet LeBlanc, Bill Cody, Jack Beeman, Robert Falls, Don McClure, Pat Whitby, Edward (Spike) Morris, Bruce Cormack, Ted Fallen, Scottie Grant, Bob Murray, Bruce Baker, Cal Smith, Jack Moss, Ken Meikle, Vic Wilgress, Rod Hutcheson, John Frank, Fred Frewer, Bill Munro, Ted White, Fern Philippe, Tony Delamere, Jack Arnott, Lew Langstaff, Tony Turner, Bruce Wilson, Roy Kilburn, Don Jones, Gordon Armstrong, Ron Wade, Ted Forster, and Alec Fox.



Hi Kay; Here is a shot that was taken in Summerside PEI. The guy is LSSE Don Bolan who was stationed in Summerside when the new uniforms came in. This was taken on the last day of the wearing of the square rig.

Ron Beard:-)

Dear Bill:

I will begin this tragic tale by crediting Stu Soward's book - *Vol #1 - Hands to Flying Stations* for dates - since Bowser Drivers were not required to keep a log book. The date was 28-03-49 we in Z#1 Hangar had spent the morning, readying Seafury TG125 for an acceptance flight prior to being transferred from storage to one of the Fury Sqns - 803 or 883 - which I do believe were on the Maggie at that time.

My memory for detail is not that reliable after some 52 years, but as I recall, we towed the cab out of the hangar with the wings folded and parked her facing the general direction of the Tower. One of the ABEMs, I've forgotten who, started her up and proceeded to run through his checks, the electrical people, and the radio lads had done their checks in the hangar and signed off in the 700. The ABFM had the wings spread to check the hydraulics and to make sure that the 2 RED pins on the stub planes retracted properly assuring that the jacks were fully extended and locked. This run-up took approximately 15 to 20 mins. The Mechs went in and signed the book and had Chief Leadbeater call TAG for a pilot to come over to do the Test flight.

For some unknown reason, there was a time lapse between the call and the arrival of the pilot LCdr Bob Monks. The crew had left for dinner (the noon day meal) - this was before the politically correct people changed the rules. The duty crew was left to top off the fuel tanks and refill the starter cylinder with cartridges after the 20 min run up.

The LCdr arrived in a hustle, dressed in shirt sleeves, even though it was cold, carrying his helmet and Mae West. The crew strapped him in. He hit the button and she started on the first shot. I pulled the Bowser around and came between the hangar door and the port side of the a/c and pointed Lizzy toward the hill down to the galley and my dinner. As I turned to pull away, I looked back over my left shoulder and decided to take a shot with my Zeiss (one of the first to come out of Germany after the war) with the old crate rolling in neutral. I stepped out on the running board and snapped the last known photo of the OFTS Commander.

**Frank Tripp**

Note our "State of the Art" transporter! That's an old bomb trolley that was willed to us by the RCAF. We installed planks on it in the M/T Section to haul out the trash for the weekly Captain's rounds. I can't recall ever having to wait for volunteers for these kinds of chores - going to Divisions was not our Cup of Tea - hauling garbage was. I can even remember the name of the Rating on the Trolley - an Electrician named Nicholson.



*Sea Fury TG125/ with LCdr Bob Monks minutes before T/O on his last fateful test flight. Mar/28/1949*



*This is the original dump: adjacent and east of the original TCA Hangar. Note the half dozen Swordfish put out to pasture and left to the mercy of the dog-patch vandals:-in the background:-*

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Tony Burleton writes:**

Dear Mr. Farrell. I had to add the 'punchline' to the airline story submitted by 'soggy s'western Ontario. "We no longer call it the cockpit - we call it the box office!" I would also like to say hello to Eddy Myers who wrote to you. I believe he was Naval Liaison Officer at RCAF Centralia when I was instructing there in 1953. I joined the RCNR, VC920 Squadron at Downsview, HMCS York and HMCS Carleton in Ottawa, this included Summer Training at Shearwater for four very enjoyable seasons - 1957-60.

**From John Dawson**

All best wishes to SAMF on the occasion of the Grand Opening of its new home with its new facilities. Many congratulations to all those whose dedicated efforts have ensured the continued success of SAMF. We can all feel proud of the fruits of their labours.

**Col S.W. Brygadyr writes:**

As to the 'last serving Canadian Carrier qualified pilot' question. I expect it was Shawn Byrne, son of Tom Byrne (Naval Pilot of the 1960's and an LSO with me in VS880 and on Bonnie). Shawn, (now LCol), was on exchange with the USN in 1991 flying F18's aboard USS Saratoga. He is currently in NDHQ as a Staff Officer to Chief of Air Staff, LGen Campbell.

**'last serving Canadian Carrier Qualified Pilot'**

I'm guessing, but Brian MacLean may well be the the last serving Canadian Carrier Qualified Pilot. I say "Canadian Carrier" because Tom Byrne's son Sean was deck qualified by the USN in the F18 while on exchange and he is still serving. Others may have followed Sean as well.

*Ted Gibbon*

**Leo Pettipas writes**

We have been advised that the Red Herring was the Navy's answer to the RCAF's Red Knight - but I'm not so sure. Back in 1955, one of the VU Squadrons came up with the idea of painting an Avenger target-tug fluorescent red overall except for the engine cowling and control surfaces (these were to remain grey). The stated reason was to enhance the aircraft's visibility in the

interest of aircrew safety, since the drogue was being fired at with live ammunition. The intent was laudable, but the image of a 90% screaming-red, glow-in-the-dark Turkey boring holes in the sky (or even just squatting on the tarmac) would no doubt be regarded by some - from an artistic standpoint at least - as the ultimate in bad taste. In any event, the Powers-That-Be, for a variety of reasons, turned the idea down. Aren't you glad?

PS The USN painted their drones high-visibility red overall, but of course drones are targets whose sole reason-for-being is to get shot down.

**Rotary Wings in the RCN**

I read with interest the article on Rotary Wings in the RCN in the Spring 2001 edition by Eric Edgar, and found it quite enjoyable and it brought back some very nice memories. There seems to be one event concerning Helo Ops not commented on in any historical article that I have read but one in which I was indirectly involved in.

When I first joined the RCN in 1956, I, like many others, sojourned as a seaman. I was a Radar Plotter in HMCS Saguenay from Feb '57 to the summer of '58 when I then proceeded to the "O" School for my OM qualifying course (#17). Ironically my connection to navalair can be alluded to during my Fishhead days in the fact that I did my new entry training Cornwallis trip on Buckingham (with its Flight Deck) and later sailed on the ship's squadron which included HMCS St Laurent, HMCS Ottawa (two of the ships mentioned) and HMCS Assiniboine. We were the new "Cadillacs". Reading Eric's article, HMCS St Laurent had already done her trials with a makeshift platform in '56, but while I was serving in Saguenay, we shored up the Limbo well and did an exercise with an H04S. The specific cates of this event and the pilot involved eludes me and not being a zoomie at the time, I hadn't heard about log books, but I do believe it was the first exercise involving a helo flying operational missions from a destroyer. Maybe some other reader has a better memory and some knowledge of this occurrence.

*Doug Robinson*

**Dear Ted and Kay,**

Just a short note to congratulate you and the other newsletter staff members on the excellence of the SAMF newsletter. The "Trivia from Rod Bays" pg 11 of the Spring 2001 issue re Ray Creery's and my high-speed (for then) flight from Malton to Shearwater in Sea Furies at 20,000 feet, reminded me of the discomfort all pilots felt at higher altitudes in the poorly heated Fury. I can't recall now if we always flew with the canvas water bag, which was intended to hold drinking water in the event of a bailout or crash where such was not readily available, ie ocean or desert, but I remember it fitted between the sea parachute and your derriere. On one occasion, after a number of sorties at altitude in winter and suffering from the cold, I decided to take drastic action and filled the bag with warm water. As it turned out, I hadn't thought this through. The comforting warmth was rather short lived. After an hour or so, at altitudes between 20 and 25,000 ft, I sensed a growing coolness in my seat followed by a distinct awareness that something was crunching in the water bag. You guessed it. The water had cooled and was forming ice. By the time I landed, my derriere was colder than ever and I had a water bag full of solid ice. The moral, if there is one, is "in the flying business it never pays to forget your high school physics".

*Ed Myers*

**Dear Bob;**

We just received our Summer 01 edition of the Foundation Newsletter and enjoyed it very much. I noted a question in the newsletter which asked the question "Who was the last serving Canadian Carrier Qualified Pilot?" I think that I may be the missing link and if so the question should be "Who is the last serving Canadian Qualified Pilot?" I am Colonel Brian "BB" MacLean and while I was in VS-880 from 1967 - 70, I had a full stint on the Bonnie in 1968-69 moving handles as a co-pilot for fellows such as Bill Ainslie and Walt Mercer, and I did get to carqual(day) prior to her last trip. If my log book is correct and I assume it is, I got 18 day landings on the Bonnie. Fortunately, I was sent on an exchange tour in the US in 1970 and managed to get 100 DL's on the USS Intrepid; now a museum in New York city. How time flies. If you are still wondering who I am, I was the Base Admin Officer in Shearwater from 1986 - 89. I am currently the Canadian Defence Attache in Cairo, Egypt and will retire from



the CF in August 02 after 37 years of service; although they are now saying I can go till age 60(ugh). I don't think there are any other ex-naval aviators still serving as I am the last of my Venture class with my fishhead classmate Capt(N)Kim Beardmore recently retiring. Not too incredibly, I will probably leave the service without our leaders even knowing that yet another phase has passed. How sad. Warmest regards from Cairo;

*Brian MacLean*

*Colonel*

*Canadian Defence Attache*

## How I didn't have tea with the Queen

*By Spike Morris*

I was serving in NAS Rattray in 1945. I had previously served in NAS AYR. I received an invitation to attend a closing-out party as AYR was closing. I saw Cdr (Air) and he agreed to a cross-country flight on the weekend so I could attend the party.

One of my duties at Rattray was the Visiting Flight. The crew got into the spirit of things and polished and painted a Barracuda so I might arrive in style. They even arranged for a practice torpedo to be fitted. On the morning I was leaving, Cdr (Air) had seen my beautiful Barracuda and wanted to know what was up. I said he had agreed to my flight to AYR and I wanted to arrive in style. Cdr (Air) said as he had seen my beautiful Barracuda, that things had changed. I was to take my beautiful Barracuda to RAF DREM the next day as Princess Elizabeth had expressed a desire to see a Barracuda and I was to have tea at the base nearest to Balmoral Castle.

Party forgotten, I flew my beautiful Barracuda to DREM. Unfortunately, Princess Elizabeth had been injured and was not able to attend and Princess Margaret came instead.

Princess Margaret (15) did the honour of a walk round of my beautiful Barracuda and we had a pleasant tea in the Mess.



## Airborne!

*1951 - from Dick Winters*

Two new schemes for providing Naval Aviation training for Cadets R.C.N. (R) commenced this year. Eleven began training as Naval Observers at H.M.C.S. "Shearwater," the R.C.N. Air Station at Dartmouth, N.S. While at R.C.A.F. Station Trenton, Ont., nine Cadets began training to qualify for pilot's wings. The plan is designed to provide the Navy with a reserve pool of qualified air officers to serve in an emergency.

Being the first summer course, the Observer Class has been asked to outline the setup for Observers, with a view to our counterparts, the Pilots.

All applicants went through a series of tests to determine which of the two branches they were best suited. The first Cadets began to arrive in Shearwater and Trenton in mid-May, but the course was not scheduled to start until early in June and the job of familiarization with the air bases and the equipment began. We were placed in such centres as the Tower, Air Detection Centre, Operations and Safety Equipment. We also became accustomed to the daily routine of an air station.

Our course got underway on June 5th in the Observer's Mates' School. The head of the school, Lt. (O) Brooman, outlined the course; the first six weeks of which would be straight ground school, followed by ten weeks of flying training, bringing us into late September. The training is so planned that a Cadet may earn his "O" wings in two summers, which is quite a step down from the regular fifteen months in the Royal Navy. It is hoped to graduate ten fully qualified Observers every year commencing in 1952.

Emphasis is on Navigation in the courses, with the next most important subject being Communications-Morse, flashing and procedure on which is spent one and one-half hours daily, apart from regular periods of communitary procedure. Other subjects included are: Radio and Radar Equipment, Meteorology, Map Reading, Ship and Aircraft Recognition, Air Photography, and Anti-Submarine Warfare. We also have dinghy drills and watch films on survival, etc.

The modern Observer's main tasks are Navigation, Radar, Sonobuoy, A/s Warfare and Reconnaissance. Aiding him is the Observer's Mate who handles all the radio communications. He also assists in Radar, Sonobuoy and Windfinding. During

our air training we fly in pairs; one as the Observer, and the other doing the O.M.'s job. The first few weeks of our flying training were done in Ansons, practising Map Reading, pin pointing, bearings and fixes. From there we graduated to the T.B.M.'s, using TAG facilities. With the fundamentals over, we began flying on Navex cross country runs, keeping in constant radio contact with the base.

As soon as concentrated flying started, it was evident that some sort of penalty system had to be instituted because of the many careless mistakes which were being made. That is: forgetting Mae Wests, pencils, instruments, etc. Therefore a fund was instituted, with a list of fines ranging from ten cents to seventy-five cents for various "blacks." The money in the fund is to be used, at the end of the term, for entertainment at a final party. The day after it was started one Cadet forgot his parachute, which cost him fifty cents. Fewer mistakes are being made in the latter part of the summer but fines are enough to keep us on our toes and help with the expenses at our closing party.

It is surprising how quickly one picks up naval aviation lingo, while studying the difficult technical aspects of the course. Green as we were, we soon found out that a plane is a cab; when you look around, you goof; the ocean is the oggin; anything you cannot find a word for is an urfie; you don't crash, you prang; lots of power is lots of jippers; you do not fly along, you bog along; all of which helps to make a Cadet's life confusin but amusin'.

The group of Cadets appointed to Trenton take classes and flight training with R.C.A.F. Flight Cadets of the Reserve University Flight. Their entire course will extend over three years and will consist of three twelve-week summer periods. The substance of the course will consist, to begin with, of basic flight preparation. After that half their time will be spent in actual flight training and half at ground school. They make their all-important solo flight after twenty-five hours in the air and approximately two months after their flight classes begin.

"Here endeth the lesson . . ."



## Escape from Morocco

by Eric Nielsen

My first visit to Morocco was in the early spring of 1964. The Bonnie was in Gibraltar and some of us took a short tour across the Straits to Tangier. It was a fascinating visit to an ancient city with narrow streets and crowded markets. We crossed the Straits in a Gibair DC-3 and if memory serves me well, a good time was enjoyed by all.

My second visit to Morocco was in September 1980 as an Air Canada pilot. Air Canada was operating a weekly DC-8 freighter carrying cows from Canada to Casa Nuasseur airport near Casablanca on a once a week schedule. My crew and I traveled to Morocco from Paris to be in position to meet the airplane that would be arriving from Canada with a load of cows and, after it was unloaded, ferry it to Zurich and operate a regularly scheduled cargo flight to Montreal. So far so good! After a pleasant layover at the charming seaside town of Mohammedia we proceeded to the airport to do our duty.

The flight arrived from Canada pretty well on time and soon the 78 cows had been unloaded onto trucks and hauled away. This process resulted in a couple of huge piles of plastic sheets, straw, urine soaked sawdust and much manure being left on the tarmac in front of the numbers one and two engines. The local workers disappeared and I was left with a bewildered crew and a rather puzzled cargo-master from Frankfurt who was to travel with us to Zurich and home to Frankfurt from there. His name was Helmut but his surname eludes me. Piles of manure and trash! What to do, what to do?

I was at a complete loss, as was my first officer. Helmut, however, rose to the occasion. Soon he had commandeered a car and sped off to the other side of the airport to the passenger terminal and promptly returned with a tractor pulling a train of LD-3 baggage bins with Air France logos on them. My second officer, equally resourceful, managed to recruit a half dozen workers from a nearby cargo building and succeeded in talking them into stuffing all the detritus into the Air France passenger baggage bins. Helmut once again jumped into the driver's seat of the 'borrowed' tractor and drove off toward the passenger terminal with this trainload of booty. Soon he was back with the

commandeered car, quickly parked it and ran to the airplane shouting "Now Captain please hurry up and take off before Zey realize Vatt Vee have done!"

We quickly closed the doors, obtained our clearance and took off. We had a hard time to maintain our composure for the next hour and a half enroute to Zurich. Helmut left us there, and after our flight was loaded and serviced we took off for Montreal. To this day I have not heard what, if anything, became of all this. I asked for Helmut every time I was in Frankfurt for several years afterwards, but each time I was there, he was on days off. No one else in the company office knew anything about any of this. I can only imagine what the reaction of the Air France ground crew was when they opened this baggage train that we had left for them! 'Zut alors, merde!' are the only words I can conjure up when I think of it. Perhaps there are more appropriate words in Arabic but I don't know them. The final outcome remains a mystery.

## PDCs ready in their rack.

Again the mad pen madly waves  
Again the Co-Jo madly raves  
as he calculates his sums  
before the pickle order comes,  
then, as we earn our flying pay,  
an indicator drops away.

We're able to press home attack  
because we knew we had the knack  
It's well known that we were good  
for years our reputation stood  
We gave those subs a real bad time  
Yet though it's done, there's no sad time.

It sure is fun to sit and dwell  
on when we zoomed above the swell  
I loved it - Oh! so very much  
the great companionship and such  
I've never felt before or since...  
Hell! -You I don't need to convince.

John Thompson



## BACK TO SQUARE ONE

Dave Shaw, President of CNAG Atlantic Chapter is shown presenting the Deserving Student Award along with a cheque for \$300 to this years winner, Derrick Goodine, of the NSCC Air Tech Course, with Instructor Dave Banfield looking on.

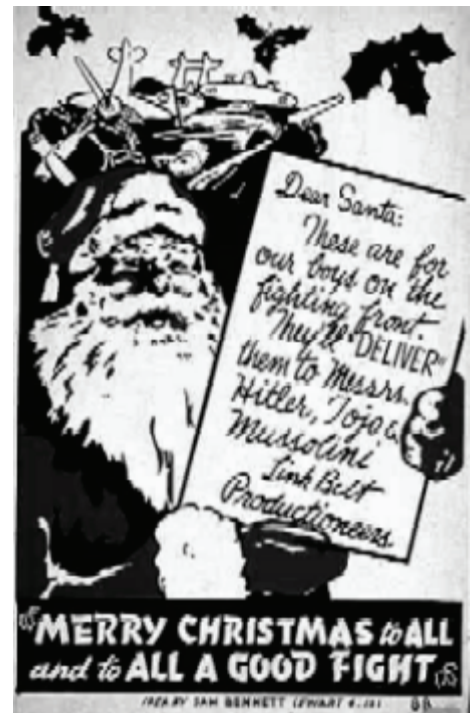
Banfield has been teaching the course since its inception he has arranged for three weeks on the job training at IMP for the final weeks of the course, at which time, all graduates are offered employment at IMP. (The demand for aircraft Techs is four times greater than the supply.)

The picture was taken in front of #4 Hangar at Shearwater (the old Air Canada Hangar), which is being leased by the Nova Scotia Community College. Dave finds it ironic that he is back in #4 Hangar after all these years as it is the first hangar he worked in after completing his Air mechanics Course at NAMS many, many years ago.

The tribal wisdom of the Dakota Indians, passed on from generation to generation, says that, "When you discover that you are riding a dead horse, the best strategy is to dismount."

However, in the modern Canadian Armed Forces, a whole range of far more advanced strategies are often employed such as:

1. Buying a stronger whip.
2. Changing riders.
3. Appointing a committee to study the horse.
4. Arranging to visit other countries to see how other cultures ride dead horses.
5. Lowering the standards so that dead horses can be included.
6. Reclassifying the dead horse as living impaired.
7. Hiring outside contractors to ride the dead horse.
8. Harnessing several dead horses together to increase speed.
9. Providing additional funding and/or training to increase dead horse's performance.
10. Doing a productivity study to see if lighter riders would improve the dead horse's performance.
11. Declaring that as the dead horse does not have to be fed, it is less costly, carries lower overhead and therefore contributes substantially more to the bottom line of the economy than do some other horses.
12. Rewriting the expected performance requirements for all horses.
13. Promoting the dead horse to a supervisory position.



And the beat goes on...



## Remembering....



WW II produced many heroes. One was Butch O'Hare, a fighter pilot assigned to a carrier in the South Pacific. The squadron was sent on a mission, and as he got airborne, a glance at his fuel gauge showed that no one had topped off his fuel tank. He would not have enough fuel to complete his mission and get back to his ship. His flight leader told him to return to the carrier.

Reluctantly he dropped out of formation. As he was returning to the ship, he saw a squadron of Japanese Zeroes speeding their way toward the American fleet. With the American fighters gone, the fleet was all but defenceless. He couldn't reach his squadron and bring them back in time danger.

There was only one thing to do. He must somehow divert them from the fleet. With no regard to his own safety, he dove into the formation of Japanese planes. Guns blazed as he charged in, attacking one surprised enemy plane and then another. Butch wove in and out of the now broken formation and fired at as many planes as possible until all his ammunition was gone. But still he continued the assault. He dove at the Zeroes, trying to at least clip off a wing or tail, in hopes of damaging as many enemy planes as possible and rendering them unfit to fly. He was desperate to do anything he could to keep them from reaching the American ships.

Finally, the exasperated Japanese squadron took off in another direction. Deeply relieved, Butch O'Hare and his tattered fighter limped back to the carrier. Upon arrival he reported in and related the event surrounding his return. The film from the camera mounted on his plane told the tale. It showed the extent of Butch's daring attempt to protect his fleet. He was recognized as a hero and given one of the nation's highest military honours.

Today, O'Hare Airport in Chicago is

named in tribute to the courage of this great man.

Story number two:

Some years earlier there was a man in Chicago called Easy Eddie. At that time, Al Capone virtually owned the city. Easy Eddie was Capone's lawyer and for a good reason. He was very good! In fact, his skill at legal manoeuvring kept Big Al out of jail for a long time.

To show his appreciation, Capone paid him very well. Not only was the money big; Eddie got special dividends. For instance, he and his family lived in a mansion with live-in help and all of the conveniences of the day. The estate was so large that it filled an entire city block.

Eddie lived the high life of the Chicago mob and gave little consideration to the atrocity that went on around him. Eddy did have one soft spot, however. He had a son that he loved dearly. Eddy saw to it that his young son had the best of everything; clothes, cars, and a good education. Nothing was withheld. Price was no object. And, despite his involvement with organized crime, Eddie even tried to teach him right from wrong. Eddie tried to teach his son to rise above his own sordid life. He wanted him to be a better man than he was.

Yet, with all his wealth and influence, there were two things that Eddie couldn't give his son. Two things that Eddie sacrificed to the Capone mob that he could not pass on to his beloved son was a good name and a good example.

One day, Easy Eddie reached a difficult decision. Offering his son a good name was far more important than all the riches he could lavish on him. He had to rectify all the wrong that he had done. He would go to the authorities and tell the truth about Scar-face Al Capone, and testify against The Mob, although he knew the cost would be great. But more than anything, he wanted to be an example to his son. So, he testified.

Within the year, Easy Eddie's life ended in a blaze of gunfire on a lonely Chicago street. He had given his son the greatest gift he had to offer at the greatest price he would ever pay.

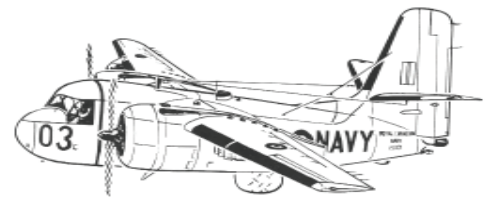
So, the question is, what do these two stories have to do with one another?

Butch O'Hare was Easy Eddie's son.

## CS2F Tracker 1519 Crash - AB Jacques Pierre George Bouchard & AB Angus Kenneth MacLean

*Dave Shirlaw - Seawaves Magazine*

20 Aug 59. Tracker 1519 of Anti-Submarine Sqn 880 crashed on take-off while carrying out Field Carrier Landing Practice at Naval Air Station Shearwater. The A/C stalled at about 150 feet from the ground and went into an uncontrollable, slow roll before landing, right side up, in a revetment near the tower. The co-pilot managed to escape from the plane, but the pilot was unconscious, remaining in the a/c which was on fire. **Bouchard** and **MacLean** witnessed the accident and were among the first on the scene. Without regard to their own safety, they entered through the after hatch and attempted to remove the harness from the unconscious pilot. Being unable to unlock the overhead hatch, both held the pilot clear of the port side window while it was being smashed by the Crash Crew and, at the same time, succeeded in removing the harness and other entangled gear from the pilot. While they were still assisting the pilot, the flames spread aft, a sudden burst of fire engulfed the after fuselage section and one of the Officers assisting in the rescue ordered the two AB's out of the a/c. By this time, however, the port side window had been cleared and it was possible to remove the pilot safely from the burning a/c. Shortly after, the a/c became a mass of flames.



28.9.67 AB Howard Alexander SHEPPARD RCN, at Kindley Air Force Base, Bermuda, another member of VS880 Air Sqn, became temporarily mentally incapacitated, violent & unaware of his actions. During this period, he dove into the shark infested reef area with the intention of swimming to Canada, without hesitation & with complete disregard for his own safety. SHEPPARD dove into the sea & succeeded in dragging the man from the water, & with assistance took him to hospital. (see 9 Mar 1968)

*Dave Shirlaw*

*Editor, Seawaves Magazine*

[www.seawaves.com](http://www.seawaves.com)

## Still in the Delta



Amodeo, Frank  
 Archibald H.N. (Arch)  
 Besharah, R (Bash)  
 Blinkhorn, David  
 Boyle, D.S.  
 Cayley, Peleg Howland  
 Foley, Dennis  
 Gibbs, Ken  
 Grant, Scottie  
 Hawtrey, Ralph  
 Michaud, Howard  
 Parris, Gerry  
 Robinson, Clarence (Red)  
 St. John, R  
 Stackhouse, Eric  
 Storey, Francis Gerald  
 Souchereau, Rick  
 Turgeon, Gilles  
 Wadds, George 'Trigger'  
 Walker, Bruce  
 Youngson, Gary

Dear Kay:

I thought you might be interested - I had one flight in Firefly PP462 when I worked for Fairey Aviation as a Lt(P) RCN as NATLO on 9 Feb '50 for an engine test - duration 20 minutes.

*Hal Fearon*

### An Airy Comment

*by John Thompson*

I've started thinking recently  
 as days go flying by,  
 and start to ink incessantly,  
 about days of flying high.

I try to use some time to rhyme  
 each little air-type sonnet  
 Found coloured foolscap -  
 not quite lime,  
 And wrote the sonnet on it.

I always seem to get the yen  
 when word arrives from SAM  
 Or maybe "Es" from NAVAIRGEN  
 brings out in me the ham.

I have a TV channel - "ME",  
 It's broadcast in my skull  
 Commercials? No, completely free,  
 it's never very dull.

Some black and white,  
 but crystal clear  
 the programs? - old I guess.  
 But switching memories on,  
 I hear feels good, and I confess.

I'm thanking SAM for being there,  
 for poking at my brain  
 Brings back the times,  
 they're there to share,  
 The mind's alive again.



## Firefly Restoration Project

The work marches on. We did not meet our NSIAS target date. The propellor blade replication in Munich was put onto the backburner there because of a heavy work schedule (including a propellor for a FW 190).

Our DOT certificated volunteer engine man was called away for the summer on his own contract business but should be back in the saddle by the time this goes to print; we need his skill and signature for the re-installing of the Griffon's cylinder liners. An electric starter and new tires have been ordered to use up the heritage grant before its September 30th "best before" date. IMP has been supportive with fairing and fastener repairs and fabrication. Shearwater "Base" has extended all the co-operation one could ask for. Bill Walsh, one of the grand old men of eastern aviation, is pushing through the re-covering (fabric) of the rudder before his scheduled heart surgery. Bud Ayer and the rest of us soldier on.

To the nay sayers, the roperipes, those who deride the team's dedication, we say, in old naval parlance, "Go void vertically along the axis of a rope!"

Pilots write in to tell us that a dusting off of their log books brings to light records of flights in Firefly PP462. Hal Fearon is the latest (see above). I consulted my own log; -- Feb 1, 1947 Observer Self, Pilot Don Knox - search for N for Nan - Pilot LCdr. Tattersall with Lt. Gavel in observer's cockpit. The aircraft was never found but there was touch of irony in the finding of a piece of luggage, Gavel's suitcase. Just weeks before, when Commander Air had become dissatisfied with the quality of Gavel's deck-landings, he had said to Gavel (known by his squadron-mates as "Crash" Gavel) "Gavel, you're losing your grip". A bit of a wag, Gavel then scrawled in chalk on the briefing room blackboard "Lost, one suitcase!", signed C.Gavel.

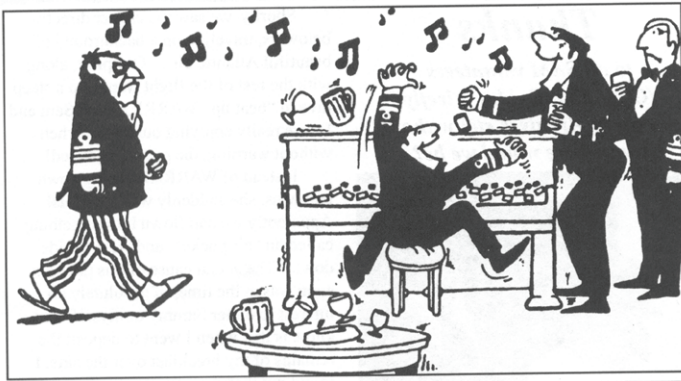
**Bill Farrell,**  
*Restoration Team Dogsbody*

## Bonaventure Paying Off Date

*by Dave Shirlaw*

The quoted date of 1 Jul 70 for the paying off of Bonaventure (also mentioned by Jack Arrowsmith in his daily Canadian Navy Info Sheet) bothered me as it stuck in my mind that the date was 3 July. Consequently, I went back and checked my posting date from Bonnie to the dockyard and found it was 3 July. Now this in itself would not be proof, but the Navy was not in the habit of leaving one in limbo even for two days. Anyway, I then dug out Snowie's book, The Bonnie, and found that the Captain, Cdr Hank Vondette, had on 1 July, pointing out that the day being a holiday nothing of significance to mark the occasion would be possible. He persuaded the Admiral that 3 July would be a more appropriate date for a proper paying off ceremony. The Admiral agreed, so the actual date for paying off the ship was Friday 3 Jul 70.

See the insert for the details of how to acquire your very own history of the last serving aircraft carrier in the Canadian Navy, The Bonnie Book, still available ... a great Christmas present.



### A 25

In the Training Command it is often said  
That the Harvard had everything from Able to Zed  
But don't you believe it my friend, not at all  
For the Goddamn thing will do nothing but stall

The Tracker is Canada's ASW machine  
We fly o'er the ocean defending the Queen  
our landings are lousy but our parties terrific  
and the Co-pilots' plot takes us to the Pacific

The Sea Kings the answer for chopper boys now  
The pilots can't start cause they don't know how  
And if it gets airborne, it's such a great shock  
The pilot is pissed and the crew is all shot



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## The Last Word - Kay

Hi there:

Well, another year gone by - too fast. However, I met a wonderful visitor to the Museum this year, Cdr Rod Lyons. The best boss I've ever had. He hasn't changed a bit. Still very charming. We had a great visit - at least I thought so. I hope I see you again soon, Sir.

As most of you probably know, the new addition to the Museum is up. We still have to pay for it, but we're getting there. There's no way the new building would be there today if it wasn't for members. It wasn't Corporation's etc that put up the building, it was you. We still need you! I was in Toronto and missed the grand opening. I'm told it was attended by a fairly large crowd who were very proud to see how much has been accomplished by the Museum and Foundation. Chuck Coffen worked wonders to get it open on time. Our thanks to Don Cash for his assistance with the design of the building and to those who helped in many other ways. Frank Willis was the hit of the show, so I hear. Way to go Frank.

At present the building houses a Banshee, Tracker and T33 all in Navy markings. Also housed in the new building is a Tutor aircraft. (I'll like it better when the rest of the gate guardians get in there. I'm sure they're the aircraft people are waiting to see.) A round of applause please for 12 AMS (BAMEO) who are restoring the gate guardians as they get the time.

Perhaps you're asking why a Tutor aircraft. Apparently, it is in recognition for the many years they were involved in the Shearwater Air Show. Considering TCA aircraft flew from Shearwater for years, who knows, perhaps we'll see something of those aircraft in there also.

Bill Farrell, our Editor, tells me the above secretary's comments will probably put you to sleep. They probably will; but hey, I'm not a writer. Bill, on the other hand, writes a great column. Of course, there are times I need a dictionary to understand some of the words he puts forth, but he's great at it. However, there is an underlying sadness in what he has written this time - "When the guard is changed - when we throw the torch to younger hands - our names and our stories will mean little, if anything, to the new guard." How right he is. There is nothing about Shearwater today that is even remotely like Shearwater was in earlier years. Many Forces personnel on this Base (oops Wing) could care less about the early years of the Base. It's an 8-4 job, so to speak to the majority of them. Guess how many Shearwater military members (lower deck and officers) are members of the Museum Foundation? If I say 10, then I'm really stretching it. But then, there's many ex naval air guys out there who obviously couldn't care less either. Many have told Maribeth, our canvasser, that they were going to join, but to date, they haven't. Those of you who

aren't members yet - don't you think it's time you paid back something to your heritage? It's up to you to leave reminders behind to show them what it was all about in your day. And, what better way of doing it then by supporting your Museum through the Foundation and your newsletter - not just with money (although that's good) but with your stories and experiences. How about sharing them? By the way, I don't want to hear the lower deck cry of 'jeez there's only stories about officers, etc etc.' Except for a very few of the ex lower deck members, the majority of our material does come from the officers. So guys, if you want to read more about yourselves, then let's get those stories in. I'm not into mind reading just yet. Oh well, it's time for me to get down off the soap box.

It's that time of year again folks - Christmas and the New Year. You know I'm thinking of you all and wishing you and yours - Happy Holidays.

Keep in touch.

*Kay*

*(By the way, I did get my wrist slapped - so to speak - about printing my thoughts on Naval Air and the Museum in the last issue. Oh well - I have two wrists.)*



*Have a very Merry Christmas and Joyous Yuletides..*

**WHAT: WINE, CHEESE AND ART SHOW**

**WHERE: SHEARWATER AVIATION MUSEUM**

**WHEN: 2 FEBRUARY 2001 7:30pm**

Return Address:  
Shearwater Aviation  
Museum Foundation  
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