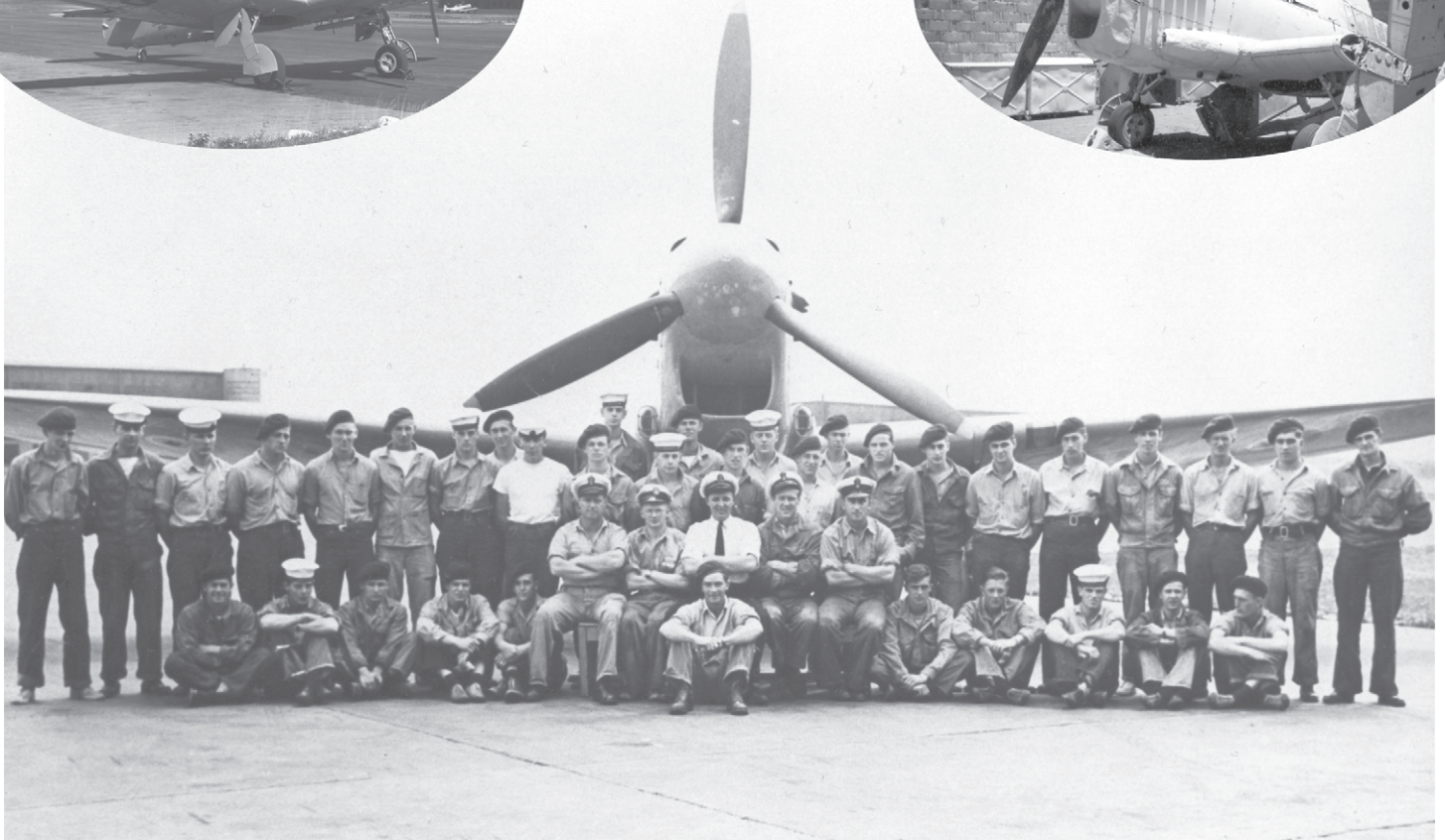


# SHEARWATER AVIATION MUSEUM FOUNDATION NEWSLETTER

Summer 2001



# 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*



### Cover

Firefly handlers (825/826 Sqn? Any idea which one), with a pristine RCN Firefly and the SAM Firefly as it was found in Africa.

## 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

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**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**

## EDITOR SPEAKS



**H**ello All! My health having taken a sudden turn for the better (sort of and pro tem) I m back in the saddle for this issue. My sabbatical gave me time to ponder the purpose of SAMF in putting out a newsletter and how best to make it serve the interests of our members. I ll offer my take on this subject and (hereby) invite yours - I may be way off base. Our Foundation s function include: maintaining the camaraderie of old professional warriors and augmenting the inadequate heritage budget of the federal treasury.

Our membership consists largely of retired Naval and Air Force types, the former outnumbering the latter. All members have in common memories of days both halcyon and exciting when they served here in their youth. They are proud of that service. They cherish bright memories. They see this Base as a sort of Mecca to regularly visit in the mind or in the body. They hold in reverence the old roaring aircraft they once serviced and flew, now still and silent on our museum floor. Many of us are in a position to volunteer time and money to the expansion of the museum building and to the acquisition and restoration of aircraft artifacts - and do so willingly and proudly.

Would that the keepers of the public purse appreciated the contribution that military heritage museums such as Shearwater Aviation Museum make to the cause of national unity and to military morale, public image and esprit de corps! Our foundation s function is two-fold then: maintaining the camaraderie of old professional warriors and augmenting the meagre heritage budget of the federal treasury. I put it to you, and this will be seen by some to be radical and controversial, that we can be more than just preservers of the past. We have, collectively, vast experience in, and empirical knowledge of, maritime military aviation, of what it has done and what it can now and in the future do for Canada s defence. We can and should share that knowledge and experience with the decision makers in our elected national government. To be silent when we should speak up would be dereliction of duty. So, it s time now to pick up the pen, to write to us or to your representative in Ottawa or to both. Be direct, pithy, succinct, brief, forceful - not pleonastic, verbose, loquacious and redundant like your editor.

*W.L.D. (Bill) Farrell*

## CORRECTION

*with apology to Eric Heywood*

### **A Firefly Crash in Northern Ireland**

Spring 2001 Edition of the SAMF Newsletter

The third column, second last para, should read:

The pile of pieces from the aircraft measured 5' wide by 12' long and 5' high. The hole in the ground measured 30' across by 10' deep by 40' long.

## PRESIDENT S REPORT



Ted Kieser

**T**he President s Report of the August 1995 issue by the late Doug Peacocke says in part: By the time you read this, the SAM will be operating in its new home.... The next step, of course, is a big one; the 20,000 sq ft expansion of SAM . The Grand Opening of the original museum on the site of the old Canex building (old Gym for some of we living artifacts) was on 4 August ,1995.

Well, shortly after you read this issue of our newsletter, another Grand Opening will occur on August 24, 2001. A mere six years later, the new wing (albeit 15,000sq ft) will officially open. This feat would not have happened but for the exemplary work of the museum and foundation people in those intervening years, and the generous support of our members, whose donations amount to half of the cost of building the new wing. The Central Fund loan of \$200,000 (repayable at a low interest rate) provided the remainder of the funds and Charlie Coffen was in his element, directing the construction of this great edifice! Your fund raising committee has been diligently preparing plans for a major corporate sponsorship programme. As yet, little corporate support has been achieved, however, the committee plan a media blitz just prior to the official opening of the new building, which will endeavour to attract interested companies to visit our museum and consider providing support. Notwithstanding, considerable funds have been raised this year in a variety of ways, not the least of which is through the sale of tiles for the Wall of Honour. The committee have raised over \$60,000.00 during the period from September through May. Membership dues and interest on our savings have returned over \$35,000.00. All in all, our gross income for the period was just over \$100,000.00. Moreover, we have reached the break even point on sales of the Bonnie Book after just two years. Now every sale shows as pure profit! Of course, now comes the time to

give the money to the museum to pay for its construction. That, of course, is our *raison d'etre*. We must continue our efforts to provide the needed funds. You can help by donating to the Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation.

I am pleased to announce that Bill Farrell has agreed to return as editor of this newsletter, his health having improved. He brings a wealth of experience along with a novel turn of phrase which should contribute to your enjoyment of this magazine.

I will not be re-offering as your president of SAMF. In agreeing to serve, I knew that being absent for approximately half of the term and languishing in the sunny south might provide difficulties. It did. In order to do a proper job, one must be available when needed. I strongly believe that any volunteer to a board position must be prepared to do his job. If not, he shouldn't have volunteered in the first place. I am indebted to my vice president, Eric Nielsen who kept things running smoothly in my absence. and I thank all the members of the board for their cooperation this year.

## FROM THE CURATOR'S DESK

The dream has become a reality. After several years of fund raising and various plans and alterations of the design, the Museum finally has a new building; a 15,000sq ft addition to the Museum complex. The basic building is essentially complete with the exception of the heating system, which will be installed during the summer months. The Museum team and volunteers are busy drywalling the interior and preparing the spacious hangar to receive aircraft and exhibits.

The basic building was completed within budget and we were able to fund some of the additional requirements such as drywalling and some landscaping from the contingency allowance. While the steam heat system may be more expensive than planned, the downstream effects of cheap heat will be well worth it.

On 24 August 2001, the new addition will be officially opened. A ribbon cutting ceremony and reception are planned. Of course, all SAMF members are invited to this shindig.

The freshly painted Banshee will be on display at the opening as will our T33 and Snowbird's Tutor. 12 AMS Refinishers and a host of volunteer

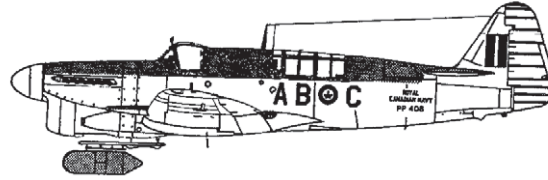
Technicians did a marvelous job in restoring the Banshee. Our thanks to LCol Madower and his people. Special kudos to Scott Trimmer for his contribution to this project.

Meanwhile, back in C Hangar, work on our Fairey Firefly continues at a pace which we hope will see the aircraft ready for initial roll out during the Air Show on the 8th and 9th of September. We are on a tight schedule to make it happen, but Bud Ayer and all the volunteers are dedicated to making it happen. The propellor assembly is still in Germany; ETA CANAS 30 July. The engine rebuild is going well. We are confident that we can get this venerable old warbird back in the air.

Finally, at the risk of being repetitive, many thanks to the Foundation membership for your support. It is gratifying to be able to show concrete (no pun intended) evidence of the fruits of your labour.

Bravo Zulu

*Chuck Coffen*  
Curator



*Dear CAPA Members*

As a result of the tremendous efforts by Don Reed, Aerospace Museum of Calgary, we are anxiously anticipating a favorable announcement from Westjet regarding sponsorship of our 2001 National Annual Conference in Hamilton.

May I remind each member museum to please ensure that you are displaying prominently in your newsletter and printed materials, reference to Westjet as a generous supporter of CAPA, and that Westjet Airlines is CAPA's Airline of choice. It would be a significant help to our cause if you would also send a copy of these references, to the CAPA office. If you require any suitable artwork for Westjet, please contact me.

Thank you for your kind assistance!

*Brett Binnie*

Canadian Aeronautical Preservation Association  
PO Box 6295  
Wetaskiwin AB T9A 2E9  
Canada

Phone: 780-352-3797  
Fax: 780-352-4018  
e-mail: [capa@wtc.ab.ca](mailto:capa@wtc.ab.ca)

## NOTICE 15<sup>TH</sup> Annual General Meeting SAM Foundation

0900 hrs 8 Sep 01 Museum Briefing Room

### Agenda

1. Call to Order
2. Approval of Agenda
3. Approval of Previous minutes
4. SAM Briefing/Remarks
5. President's Report
6. Treasurer's Report/Auditor's Report
7. Fund Raising Committee Report
8. Nominating Committee's Report/  
Election of Directors
9. Appointment of Auditor
10. New Business
11. Next AGM
12. Adjournment



## CANADIAN NAVAL AVIATOR NUMBER ONE

Within two months of its start, the First World War was stalled in the trenches of the Western Front. On the Eastern Front, the Czarist Troops had been routed. To break this impasse, the Allies, chiefly First Lord of the Admiralty Winston Churchill and Admiral of the Fleet Jacky Fisher, decided to mount an attack from the Mediterranean at Germany's soft underbelly. Their plan was to steam through the Dardanelles Straits, capture the Gallipoli Peninsula and bombard Constantinople. This strategy, it was hoped, would force the surrender of Germany's ally Turkey and open a third front.

Thus the stage was set for the first deployment of the Royal Naval Air Service (RNAS) outside of the United Kingdom or France. Among the pilots was Flight Lieutenant Francis Gilmer Tempest Dawson, Canada's first Naval Aviator.

Wuffy Dawson was a first year engineering student at Montreal's McGill University in 1912 when he developed a strong interest in flying. In order to pursue this fascination he went to England to study aeronautical engineering at Cambridge. There, he spent his summers at Eastchurch, the Royal Aero Club's flying field, on the Isle of Sheppey. Together with three other undergraduates he built a biplane glider based on the Wright Brothers design.

At the outbreak of war in 1914, he joined the RNAS on 16 September as a member of the first class of wartime navy pilots. Earning Royal Aero Club (RAC) Certificate #937 in October he was promoted to Flight Lieutenant by the month's end based on his previous practical knowledge of flying. With a total of 7 hours solo experience, young Dawson was appointed to Number 2 Squadron for the Dover Patrol, carrying out bombing missions over gun emplacements on the Belgium coast. In March Flight Lieutenant Dawson was awarded a Mention In Dispatches (MID) for his services.

By June he was enroute to the Dardanelles to act as a reinforcement to Number 3 Squadron, RNAS. There his CO would be the pugnacious Commander Charles Romney Samson, the first Royal Navy aviator (RAC Certificate #71 - 1910). It was the responsibility of Number 3 Squadron's 18 aviators to support joint Army and Navy operations by aerial reconnaissance, artillery spotting, and

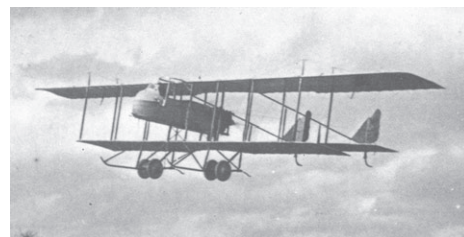
bombing. Due to the Turkish guns, airfields could not exist on the Peninsula and flights to Gallipoli had to be based out of the Island of Tenedos - a feat similar to crossing the English Channel and back. (Aviation pioneer Berliot had completed the first one-way channel crossing in 1910). The Squadron aircraft consisted of a mix of aeroplanes and seaplanes of five different types and six different engines. Standardization was not an issue - it simply did not exist!

This was not an easy assignment by any count. Although enemy air power was minimal, the weather could be



*Dardanelles*

prohibitive; even clear days assaulted aircraft with unrelenting wind, sand and heat. It was only the sheer tenacity of the Royal Navy ground crews that kept the equipment operational. Gallipolitis, an intestinal bug, ravaged the Squadron - over one third of the sailors and officers were sick at any given time. With the short supply of water and ample supply of flies and scorpions no one escaped unscathed. Comfort was a relative term. Sleeping quarters were tents or wooden aircraft packing cases pitched alongside the rudimentary airstrip.



*Maurice Farman M.F.11 "Shorthorn"*

As great as the operational challenges were, they were overshadowed by a lack of understanding on the part of the Admiralty and the War Office of the tactical disabilities and abilities of aircraft. The slow, heavy seaplanes operating from the new and untested HMS Ark Royal were entirely unsuited to the task of ranging

naval guns to force the Straits for passage to Constantinople. When the Australia-New Zealand Army Corps (ANZAC) was brought in to attack and hold the flanks at Gallipoli, Dawson's Squadron (now renamed 3 Wing) moved to the Island of Imbros to be closer to the action. In early August 1915, their aircraft reconnoitered Suvla Bay just before the ANZAC landing and reported an absence of Turkish troops. Tragically, the commanding British General did not use that information to immediately capture the high ground.

In late August Wuffy became the victim of the unhealthy living conditions as well as the stress of sustained operations. Diagnosed with sand in his stomach and a murmur in his heart, he was evacuated to hospital, first in Malta then onward to England. His naval commission ended with a medical release in October 1915. He was not yet twenty-two.

By December, the Army, now bogged down in trenches, withdrew from Gallipoli. Captured German reports later confirmed that the RNAS had successfully camouflaged the evacuation by keeping the Turkish artillery exhausted with all-night bombing attacks. In their nine months of operations, 3 Wing's total flying time was an amazing 2,600 hours.

For Dawson, the flying days were not over; immediately on becoming a civilian he accepted a Directorship with the newly founded Fairey Aviation Company. Described as shy and modest by nature, he stayed out of the limelight but worked with fervent interest in the company until he retired in 1933. During the Second World War he worked in Ottawa for the Department of Munitions and Supply returning to England in 1943 to work on Sonar experiments with the Navy. His four children also served in the 1939-45 War. Son John joined the Royal Canadian Navy and would retire in the 1960s as a Captain. His daughters served for the duration as Canadian WREN officers.

Dawson returned to Canada and bought property in Chester, Nova Scotia, near where his father was born. When Wuffy died in Ireland during a visit in 1982, The Times described him as one of the last links with the early days of aviation. He was 88 years old. In keeping with his wishes, the ashes were scattered at sea from a Westland Sea King helicopter of the Fleet Air Arm.



## From the Membership Chairman

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the individuals who have renewed their memberships and also those who have become new members during the past few months - welcome to the historical aviation group. Thank you for your interest and support in this area. If we continue to have responses at this rate, we should be able to achieve our goal. As the good weather and summer have arrived, I would invite all personnel who will be in the Halifax area to visit the Shearwater Aviation Museum and spend some quality time enjoying the displays.

*Jack Shapka*



## Radical Bill (Bill Farrell)

*Allan Snowie wrote:*

Dear Kaye;

Radical Bill you say... Actually, I enjoy his words which often send me scurrying to the dictionary.

One thing about writing, you must have no vanity; it must all stand up to scrutiny. God knows, enough Canadian history has been badly written.

It is my contention that naval types do make fairly good authors. We were trained under the gimlet eyes of our seniors and came to appreciate their input (otherwise known as critique).

yours aye,

*allan*

No Allan, it's not Bill's words - it was an inside joke about his political views - nothing startling. His passion is Shearwater and he dislikes the way the Government handles the military (among other things). His every breath is fighting to keep Shearwater active and for, someday, the lower Base to be part of the Museum structure. I also enjoy his words. He's probably one of the smartest guys I know. (Don't let this go to your head Billy.) Besides being smart, he's really quite funny.

## Flying West

I hope there's a place, way up in the sky,  
Where pilots can go, when they have to die.  
A place where a guy can buy a cold beer  
For a friend and a comrade, whose memory is dear:

A place where no doctor or lawyer can tread,  
Nor a management type would ere be caught dead;  
Just a quaint little place, kind of dark, full of smoke,  
Where they like to sing loud, and love a good joke;  
The kind of a place where a lady could go  
And feel safe and protected, by the men she would know.

There must be a place where old pilots go,  
When their pain is finished, and their airspeed gets low,  
Where the whiskey is old, and the women are young,  
And songs about flying and dying are sung,  
Where you'd see all the fellows who'd flown west before,  
And they'd call out your name, as you came through the door,  
Who would buy you a drink, if your thirst should be bad,  
And relate to the others, He was quite a good lad!

And then through the mist, you'd spot an old guy  
You had not seen in years, though he taught you to fly.  
He'd nod his old head, and grin ear to ear;  
And say, Welcome, my son, I'm pleased that you're here.  
For this is the place where true flyers come,  
When their journey is over, and the war has been won.  
They've come here at last to be safe and alone

From the government clerks and the management clone,  
Politicians and lawyers, the Feds and the noise,  
Where all hours are happy, and these good old boys  
Can relax with a cool one, and a well deserved rest;  
This is heaven my son....You've passed your last test!

*Author unknown*

*Submitted by: AJW Holmes*

## 9 Mar 55 - A Day in RCN History

*from Dave Shirlaw, Editor Seawaves magazine*

9-3-55 Lt (P) Douglas Albert Duke MUNCASTER, with disregard for his own safety, was instrumental in saving the life of S/Lt(P) John Victor SEARLE, RCN, who was trapped inside his flaming Sea Fury A/C which had crashed and broken in two in a heavily wooded area approximately one mile from the Naval Air Station at Shearwater. Muncaster, the Co-Pilot of a BELL Helicopter had arrived about three minutes after the crash. The Pilot could not land the helicopter due to dense bush. The Pilot hovered the A/C about 50 yards from the crashed A/C and Muncaster jumped to the ground from an approximate height of 8 feet. As Muncaster ran towards the crash site, one of the fuel tanks exploded. On nearing the crash, from the sounds inside, it was evident that the Pilot was alive. Muncaster, with a rock, broke the canopy open and extricated the Pilot, assisting him from the scene. Shortly after, the remaining fuel tank exploded.

## A Visit with Lord Kilbracken (John Godley)

by Eric Edgar

A recent article in the Daily News, by Bruce Nunn, the CBC's Mr. Nova Scotia Know It All, which was reprinted in the spring 2001 edition of the SAMF Newsletter, piqued my interest in Lord Kilbracken, author of *Bring Back My Stringbag*, several other books and numerous articles. Having already planned a visit to Ireland, I hoped to

accommodation we did not accept his generous offer.

We left Halifax, via Air Canada, for Heathrow Airport in London then via Aer Lingus to arrive in Dublin on the 1st of May. After touring the Irish republic by car we arrived in Cavan on the 10th of May when I again contacted Lord Kilbracken and set up an appointment to visit him on the afternoon of the 11<sup>th</sup>. Our plan was to arrive at the house at 4:00 pm, get acquainted, and go out to dinner later. Accordingly we drove through the narrow, winding, country roads to the village of Killegar (the only public building being the church) turned in

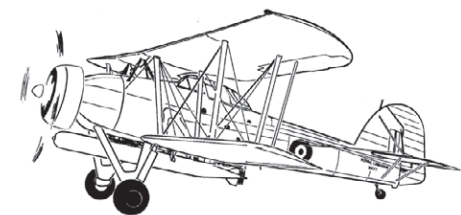
and down a staircase to a drawing room with a Georgian - Palladian window and out through the front doors to the lawn with a lovely vista over the two lakes. The sun was warm the birds were singing, cherry trees are in blossom, a Wisteria just coming into bloom, climbs over the entrance doors. The house, constructed of lime - stone is perhaps 100 feet long, with camellias, azaleas etc. under the Palladian windows. The drawing room is furnished with a grand piano, an antique pump organ, portraits of ancestors, a long sideboard with exquisite china displayed on top, an oval table and chairs. Statuary stood in niches, many rooms opened off the hallway, running the length of the house. I presented his Lordship with a picture of our Swordfish, a Shearwater Aviation Museum tee shirt with the Swordfish pictured on the front and a copy of the Foundation newsletter. We took some pictures, he autographed the Museum copy of his book and we talked about the Museum, the Swordfish and his rescue from the North Atlantic by a Lunenburg Fishing Schooner. He told us of the disastrous fire which practically gutted the house in 1970 and of the insurance money which ran out before he had finished the restoration, therefore several rooms remain in ruins. His Lordship told us of his heart problems, that he was not feeling quite up to scratch and felt unable to join us for dinner so after about an hour we said goodbye and departed feeling honoured to have had the opportunity to have met this distinguished war hero, author and statesman. An interesting experience that neither of us will soon forget! For those on the net who wish to learn more about Lord Kilbracken or Killegar House and its history go to



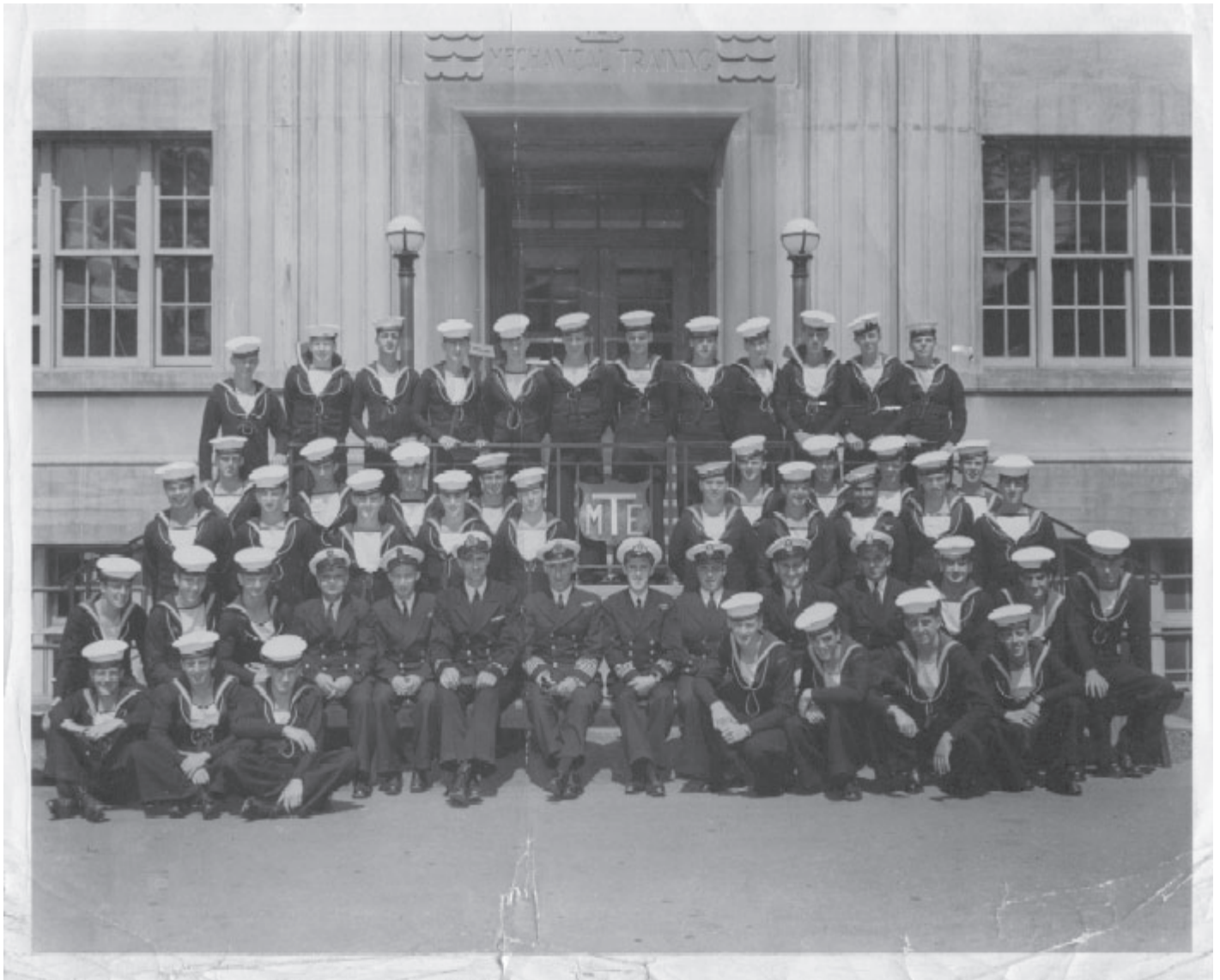
*Eric Edgar presenting Lord Kilbracken with a SAM moment*

arrange a meeting with his Lordship. Some preliminary research on the Internet turned up a listing of his books, extracts from debates in the British House of Lords and a history of the family along with a picture of the Georgian Manor House at Killegar, County Leitrim, near the border between the Irish Republic and Northern Ireland. Having done my homework, I contacted Bruce Nunn who kindly provided me with a telephone number for Lord Kilbracken and the rest as they say is history. I telephoned his Lordship and he readily agreed to a meeting and even offered to put my wife and I up for a few days if we wished. As we had already had made plans to stay in B&B

opposite the Church of Ireland and drove 3/4 of a mile up a winding tree lined avenue to the manor house, very secluded, hidden by trees and tree sized rhododendrons in bloom. The manor, built in 1813 by the Lord's Great-Great Grandfather, fronts on 2 good sized lakes so, according to instructions, we drove into the rear courtyard between the house and the stables where we were greeted by his Lordship, a very tall, thin man with a light beard, longish hair, and aquiline features. He led us in the back door to the kitchen, a large room, probably 20 by 30 feet with a 12 foot ceiling and a stone floor. He served us tea, in mugs, at the huge 10 ft. long kitchen table, then led us up through the house





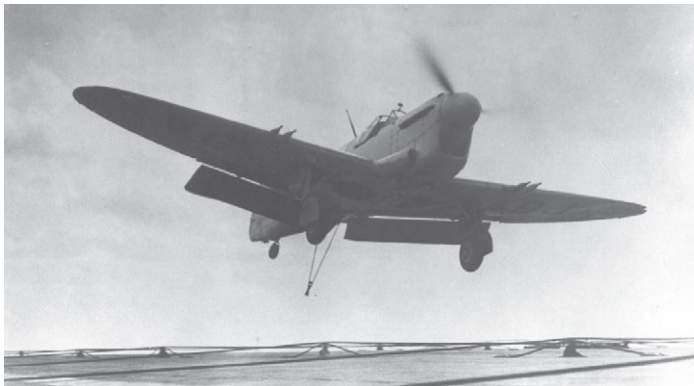


### AIR MECHANICS CLASS HMCS STADACONA 1947

*From Bill Moran*

*Starting back row - left to right:*

*Bud Carniar, Bill Moran, Guy Brulotte, Chuck Kelly, Dean Rawding, Doug Bruce, Hircock, Bash Basharah, Gord Keir, Benny Nicks, Don Spratt, Foxy Renard, Red Taylor, Ross Archer, John Mckelvie, Gord Lowes, Pete Robertson, Vic Ives, N/K, Bill Eastwood, Gene Sauve, Piers Barber, Garth Hodgson, Doug Launder, Red Turnbull, N/K, Ron Fletcher, Sunny Shaw, Bob Moran, Jake Cambrai, Brendon Shelston, Bob Hartling, Abbie Brownell, Bob Fletcher, Charlie Wilber, N/K, Giles, Hardy, N/K - first officer on the left is "Boots" Maxwell, the last two in fore and aft rig are Chief Licence and Tony Gasper, Ron Cheaters, Don Patterson, Bill Paterson, Rollet.*



*A Firefly reaches for the wire.*

*Those were the days...*

## Eastern Air Command Fighter Operations

The following is an extract from a paper prepared by Ernie Cable. Fighter operations played a prominent role in the history of this base. This subject deserves feature treatment and there is not room in this issue. I am requesting Ernie to flesh out the full article with supporting photographs for the next issue. Ed.

At the outset of the Second World War, the Royal Canadian Air Force (RCAF) was responsible for building, an as yet non-existent, air defence organization for Canada. The prime air threat was Germany's very long range, four engine, Focke Wulf Condors (FW 200). These aircraft were originally built for commercial purposes but were easily converted to bombers with a trans-Atlantic range. Allied intelligence also 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. In the final analysis Germany failed to produce a suitable naval aircraft and the Graf Zeppelin was never completed. The RCAF's Eastern Air Command (EAC) was responsible for directing all air activity in eastern Canada and the western Atlantic and had three primary air defence concerns:

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

"Be kind, for everyone you meet is fighting a harder battle."

## HOW TO GIVE TO SAMF INSTEAD OF TO REVENUE CANADA!

As many of us are approaching (or have reached!) retirement age, the concept of an estate becomes more of a concern, and the whole notion of leaving something that will last longer than we will is appealing to more and more people.

Throughout the course of their lives, many Canadians have given to their favorite charities. This type of giving has become an important part of the fabric of our society, especially now as we are seeing dramatic government cutbacks, forcing charitable organizations to rely increasingly on the generosity of the private sector.

The estate planning process offers individuals the opportunity to make a significant contribution to SAMF. Here is a way you can leave a large donation to the SAM Foundation for a small investment. And your beneficiary gets a tax credit for the full amount of the charitable donation.

Industry professionals have long recognized the value of Life Insurance as an excellent vehicle to use when considering your final and potentially most generous contribution to a non-profit organization.

The 2000 federal budget has recognized the importance of gifts from private citizens and has improved the rules governing charitable gifting.

Since the last budget changes, the policy owner can designate the charity as beneficiary and a donation credit will be permitted on the final tax return for the amount of the insurance proceeds, bypassing probate fees in the process.

Let's take a look at some numbers: Here are some examples for a couple, both 65, with a life expectancy of 20 years. Annual premium \$1000 Upon the second death, the policy would provide a \$70,000 tax-free benefit to SAMF. Furthermore, the final tax return can claim a \$70,000 charitable tax credit thus reducing the final tax bill!

Other examples:  
Premium \$435 annually-Benefit \$25,000  
Premium \$300 annually-Benefit \$15,000

There are some real opportunities for giving through life insurance. Talk to your financial planning professional to see if this concept should become part of

your estate planning process. And, don't forget, TELL SAMF YOU HAVE DONE IT!

\* E&OE, numbers based on a 6% return on a Universal Life policy.

*Ted Kieser*

*Sea King  
Maintenance Gathering  
2001*



*Shearwater, Nova Scotia*

**INVITATION**

You are invited to join the Present and Former Sea King Maintenance personnel for a Reunion 20-22 July 2001.

**ACTIVITIES**

Friday the 20th July 2001  
Arrival & Registration  
Come Register and join us at the Meet and Greet at the Warrant Officers and Sergeants Mess  
Steaks & Chicken BBQ  
18:00 hrs  
Dress is Casual

For information regarding this momentous event contact

CWO Pete Gotell  
12 Wing WCWO  
(902) 460-1011 ext 1004



## WHEN HARVEY WAS ALMOST WRONG

by Ron Bezzant

It was November of 1959, to be precise. In fact it was precisely in November of 1959. I was a young leading seaman in the Royal Canadian Navy and I was serving aboard HMCS Bonaventure. We were headed into the worst storm the proverbial they said was to hit the Bay of Biscay in 30 years.

Bonaventure was the last of a long line of three aircraft carriers operated by the RCN in post World War Two years. At 18,000 tons, she was also the largest of the three. I believe that she was categorized as a light escort carrier. In relative terms, she displaced less than a fifth the weight of the largest, modern US Navy carriers.

Unfortunately, no one on board seemed to believe them. If someone had, then we would have battened down the steel covers on the ship's ventilation intakes arrayed along the weather decks. When the ship was at rest, or gently rolling, you could stand on the weather decks, lean on the guard rail with your elbows, and watch for lobsters. In rough weather, though, you were apt to get a green one if you ventured onto the weather decks. In naval parlance, getting a green one meant being deluged by a blessedly big ocean wave. As a sometime recipient, I can vouch that the experience rates imperceptibly lower than a high level belly flop on the scale of discomfort.

And so we sailed, oblivious, right past the teeth of the storm and smack into its tonsils. The apparent thinking went as follows: When the storm hits, we'll seal off the weather decks. Did it work? Not! The wind came up with instantaneous gale force. Suddenly, I was thinking of the words of Harvey, a boyhood friend who a few years before had said, Get on an aircraft carrier because they never sink. In fact I was praying that Harvey had been correct.

Suddenly the weather decks were off limits, and not simply by decree. Not only were they submerged beneath the surface when the ship rolled, but the flight deck itself was plowing under each oncoming wave. The indulgent reader will recall that the ventilation intakes were still open. The trunking, designed to transport fresh air to the various compartments, including the living spaces, was now channeling water to all

these same areas. All compartments below the waterline and some of those above it were inundated with ankle deep water. Seawater rushed into crew lockers and ruined various personal belongings. By Naval Headquarters decree, later requests for compensation were met with the patriotic apothegm: Personal losses are to be accepted as one of the hazards of serving at sea.

But the fun had only begun. Someone had neglected to install a locking pin in the mechanism designed to hold the forward aircraft lift in place flush with the flight deck. Under the weight of the water streaming aft over the deck, the lift dropped about two feet, opening the hangar to the deluge. Mercifully, it was hand cranked back into place. Rumour was rampant that the ship's engineering officer had calculated that if the amount of water on the hangar deck was equivalent to an overall three-inch depth in still conditions, its weight would be sufficient to capsize the vessel when it rolled. Sailors thrive on rumour,

“...and watch for lobsters.”

and sailors are notorious for their superstition, but we all knew that there must be something sinister to the call for us to man the brooms and shovels during continuous, hour long, round-the-clock shifts. We stood abreast for the length of the hangar and each time the ship rolled to port, we swept and shovelled the water toward the drains, trying to keep it there just a bit longer as the ship reversed its roll.

Meanwhile, it was too dangerous for the cooks to try to prepare hot meals in the galley, and the surfaces of the tables and benches which were chained to the cafeteria decks were pitching and rolling along with everything else. We survived the storm on a diet of cold, canned pork and beans, spooned directly from the can as we sat on the decks, knees up and backs braced against the ship's bulkheads.

After two or three days, the storm abated and we were again out of danger in calmer waters. How fierce was the storm? One million 1969 dollars in damage was done to the ship. How high were the waves? One of them smashed the windows in the command position, high in the ship's island. When the ship was at rest, those windows were 90 feet from the surface of the water.

How worried was I? Worried enough to throttle Harvey.

## ARMAMENT ON TALL SHIPS

Don't know how true this is????? Any of you older types know???

John Thompson

Every sailing ship had to have cannon for protection. Cannon of the times required round iron cannonballs. The master wanted to store the cannonballs such that they could be of instant use when needed, yet not roll around the gun deck. The solution was to stack them up in a square-based pyramid next to the cannon. The top level of the stack had one ball, the next level down had four, the next had nine, the next had sixteen, and so on. Four levels would provide a stack of 30 cannonballs. The only real problem was how to keep the bottom level from sliding out from under the weight of the higher levels. To do this, they devised a small brass plate (brass monkey) with one rounded indentation for each cannonball in the bottom layer. Brass was used because the cannonballs wouldn't rust to the brass monkey, but would rust to an iron one. When temperature falls, brass contracts in size faster than iron. As it got cold on the gun decks, the indentations in the brass monkey would get smaller than the iron cannonballs they were holding. If the temperature got cold enough, the bottom balls would pop out of the indentations spilling the entire pyramid over the deck. Thus it was, quite literally, cold enough to freeze the balls off a brass monkey.

Armament on Tall Ships (reply)

John;

I am not older than you but your story is almost correct. I believe that the brass cannon ball holders were more like interconnected round rings and I understand they received their name from association with the boy seamen who, because of their small size, were able to more easily go below decks to the powder magazine and bring up the powder and shot. They were called powder monkeys, hence brass monkeys held the shot. Cheers

by Eric Edgar

Enthusiasm is contagious.  
You could start an epidemic!

## ZEKE - FULMAR ENCOUNTER, EARLY 40s or ALONG FOR THE RIDE - NOT BLOODY LIKELY!

- Bill Farrell SAMF Member  
(With all due respect to RAdm Haruo Arai (Ret'd))

The Fairey Fulmar was a two-seat Royal Navy fighter designed to provide fighter protection for the fleet when out of range of land-based RAF fighters (the RAF was exceedingly jealous of its turf and had a big say in the development of requirements for naval aircraft).

Being a two-seater, though armed with eight wing-fixed machine guns, it was not, in combat, a match for the nimble Japanese Zeke fighter. (Reader, take a moment to attempt to fathom the logic behind the development of operational requirements for this aircraft.) The Observer was charged with navigation and communication duties and sat midships in a spacious perspex

greenhouse. There was no provision for defence against attack by hostile fighters; i.e., there was no flexible gun mounted for the use of the Observer (perhaps he was meant to make the *observation* to his pilot. I say, old chap, we have bandit on our tail.

So, a Fulmar was easy meat to a Zeke in anything but a head-on encounter. Every Zeke pilot knew this and, once astern of a Fulmar had visions of adding a Royal Navy roundel to his tally of USN stars. He could practically taste the Saki Wine with which he would, after landing, be toasted. There is, alas, many a slip twixt the cup and the lip.

High over the Pacific (or maybe it was the Indian Ocean) a long, long time ago, a Zeke pilot was understandably surprised, taken aback, hornswaggled or whatever, when the rear canopy of the Fulmar he had in his sights popped open and up popped a scarf and leather-helmet clad figure. This figure was aiming a hand-held Lewis gun. This figure at him was shooting! The figure was our Terry Goddard. The Fleet had made up for their Sea Lord's oversight by strapping an OFTUO (Observer for the

use of) Lewis gun into the rear cockpit.

Getting Terry (grown taciturn as he approaches middle age) to give me amplifying detail ain't easy: I offer the following precis of his succinct account:

A Zeke came at us from the port quarter - I opened fire at about fifty yards - observed hits in the Zeke's cockpit - our own evasive manoeuvres led to a flick and a spin at about 2000' with no recovery from the spin apparent, I mused - wonder if I shot our own tail off? - then unstrapped to bail out - spin stopped - I re-strapped and scanned for the Zeke - no sign - just empty sky - did I get him? - I'll never know for sure.

At a time like this, Terry may also have been musing how good would look the high mast that sticks up from Formid and that he would happily cough up more than fifty quid to exchange his Fulmar seat for a seat in the goofers.

## A Man's Gotta Do What A Man's Gotta Do

Les Brown

One of the major accomplishments of HMCS *Labrador* during 1957 was completion of a hydrographic and oceanographic survey of Bellot Strait which runs in an eastwest direction between Boothia Peninsula and Somerset Island - about 72 degrees North.

As part of the survey of the strait, Captain Pullen had a team of sailors stationed at each end for several days to take tide readings at prescribed intervals. The team on the west end of the strait was provided with camping gear, including tents, sleeping bags, etc. Cooking was done on a Coleman naphtha gas stove. If my memory serves me correctly, the men had some difficulty with the stove and managed to burn the tent. At the east end of the strait the party was accommodated in an abandoned Hudson's Bay Company post called Fort Ross.

The men were supplied at regular intervals with fresh provisions by the HUP. On the last resupply run, the starter drive shaft of the chopper's engine sheared while the aircraft was ashore and the pilot, Lt Dave Oliphant, was unable to restart the engine. Because of the nature of the defect, it wasn't possible to simply



Rough translation

\* I say, old chap, that's not cricket!

\*\* We're not playing cricket!

replace the starter; the whole engine in fact had to be changed.

By good fortune, a spare engine was carried in a metal canister aboard ship. It was brought ashore by one of the ship's landing craft. Captain Pullen ordered me to take charge of the engine change in my capacity as ship's Air Engineer Officer, and he told me that I had to have the job completed in two days time because the ship had to leave the area in order to avoid being caught in the fast-approaching winter freeze-up. It was now the end of August and there was still ice from the previous winter in the water adjacent to Fort Ross. On the plus side, we had the benefit of 24 hours of daylight at this latitude. This of course meant that work could proceed around the clock if necessary.

The problem that I had to overcome ashore was to erect a device to lift the engine out of the chopper. There was no such mechanism available anywhere. The ship's Bos'n, Lt Dorken with the assistance of the Shipwright, erected a crane using heavy wooden timbers from the ship which were carried for damage control purposes. The crane had to be set up in such a way as to be able to lift the damaged engine out of the

chopper and -set it on the ground off to one side of the fuselage.

Two heavy 2" x 10" timbers were run above the fuselage and secured to a pair of 4" x 4" uprights at each end. A heavy 3" galvanized pipe was set on the 2" x 10" timbers with a heavy wire strop hanging from the pipe. A heavy-duty chain block was hung from this wire strop and this lifted the engine out of its mounting in the fuselage of the chopper. Once lifted clear of the fuselage, the engine could be moved to one side of the aircraft by rolling the heavy pipe across the top of the 2" x 10" timbers and then lowered to the ground. The crane was suitably braced by wires secured to the ground, which was permanently frozen just below the surface.

With ice still in the water close by, the Engine Fitters were bothered by the cold prevailing wind. To overcome this, a tarpaulin wind-break was erected and a Herman Nelson heater was brought ashore to provide some measure of warmth for the Fitters.



*Replacing engine in Piasecki HUP from HMCS Larador at Fort Ross, Bellot Strait, August 1957. (LAB2640)*

The engine change was completed on schedule and the chopper returned to the ship safely. I believe I can safely claim this to be the most northerly unscheduled helicopter engine change ever completed off an air station anywhere in the world.

*Extracted from "Certified Serviceable - The Technical Story of Canadian Naval Aviation by Those Who Made It So"*



*Many this group of RCAF personnel served at Shearwater in the early '50s. Harold Northrup, CD, one of SAMF's Directors is in the back row - 3rd from the left.*



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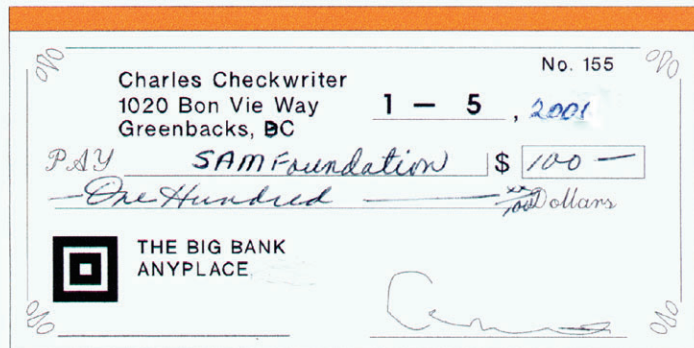
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All members are listed in our **Donor Recognition Book** in the Museum. When your contributions total \$1000 or more, your name will be mounted on our **Donor Recognition Board**, also in the Museum. To check your total contributions, please call our Secretary.



**GUIDELINES FOR DESIGNING YOUR WALL OF HONOUR TILE**

The tiles in the Wall of Honour are high quality marble tile, 12 inches square. The tile can be scored to form four 6 inch squares, diagonally across to form two triangular halves or used as is; whichever suits your wishes. All letters will be in upper case configuration (capitals) and the tile will be mounted in a diamond orientation as opposed to a square orientation, with the line of your message running diagonally across the tile. You have four options to choose from:

- Option A      One quarter tile 6" X 6" square with up to 6 rows of 1/2" letters for a maximum of 40 letters and spaces. The 2 centre rows can accommodate up to 12 letters and spaces with the remaining rows decreasing as the border/edge of the tile dictates.
- Option B      One half tile 12" X 12" by 17" and triangular in shape, with up to 5 rows of 3/4" letters for a maximum of 60 letters and spaces. The longest row can accommodate up to 20 letters and spaces. The remaining 4 rows will decrease as the border/edge of the tile dictates. It should be noted that the upper half of a tile will start with a short row and the lower half with a long row.
- Option C      The full tile with up to 6 rows of 1" letters for a maximum of 55 letters and spaces. The two centre rows can accommodate up to 16 letters and spaces. The remaining rows will decrease as the edge of the tile dictates.
- Option D      The full tile with up to 10 rows of 3/4" letters/spaces to a maximum of 120 letters and spaces. The two centre rows can accommodate 20 letters and spaces each. The remaining rows above and below centre will decrease as the edge of the tile dictates.

The colour of the tile will be Belmont Rose. The only exception to this will be a black dedication tile. If submissions require any alteration, the subscriber will be contacted by phone or email (if you forward your own email address) by the coordinator for further discussion. The coordinator is Al Moore and he can be contacted at 902-434-1726 or by email at [benmoor@ns.sympatico.ca](mailto:benmoor@ns.sympatico.ca). He does not have an answering machine.

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Option A



\$150

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Option C or D



\$600



## Kay's Korner

Hi everyone: Looks like summer is finally here. To me, that means many visitors to the Museum - perhaps you.

The new building addition to the Museum is up and just waiting patiently for the Gate Guardians to come on down from the upper Base (or Wing as it's called now -

I won't comment on that.) This new building would probably not be in place if it weren't for you members. I would

venture to say that 80% of the funding came from you - the remaining 20% from Fund Raising projects - our annual FR Dinner and Silent Auction, Wall of Honour Tiles, Bonnie Book sales, and we receive \$10,000 from the SAMF/NSIAS Golf Tournament. Of the 80% I would have to say that 75% was from our Naval Air members. We are nothing without you. The Museum is a Maritime Aviation Museum and although this means different things to different people, it only means one thing to me - Naval Air. (I'll get my wrist slapped for that.)

Since last September, we have 124 new members. Isn't that great! No doubt you have heard from our gal Maribeth. She's called nearly all you non members and will probably do so again in the future. Why not make the call a success and join SAMF?

June 16th is the date of this year's FR Dinner and Silent Auction. Eric Edgar and his band of merry men are hoping it will be even more successful than last year's. Bill Mont who is overseeing donations for the Auction has brought in some lovely (?) items including an intro course to sky diving, a round trip on VIA Rail to Moncton

(hopefully they'll get out of Enfield/Elmsdale), one yard of cement - hmmm, I could use that for making shoes, a ball and chain from Ada's, (yep you read it right) etc. In addition, we have several beautiful paintings by local artists (one is our own Jav Stevenson - (he said he was talented and he can paint too.), several books (Altimeter Rising is one), a Sky Box at the Metro Centre for hockey, Green fee passes at several Golf Clubs, a day trip on the TUNA, a helicopter trip and picnic to Devil's Island, and many more items.

Ted arrived back from Florida in April. Somehow, he survived the hectic pace of running the Foundation so far away from home - even producing the newsletter.

I have to go - I've used up a lot of space. Oh yes, before I go, thanks to Al Moore for bringing Doug Mallette into the office. You haven't changed a bit, Doug. (For that matter neither has Al.)

Take care, have a great summer.

Kay

[www3.ns.sympatico.ca/awmuseum/](http://www3.ns.sympatico.ca/awmuseum/)

# Paul Stockall

Senior Financial Advisor 902-466-4234



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## OTTAWA NAVAL AVIATION RENDEVOUS

by Laurie Farrington

The 13<sup>th</sup> 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.

## Maritime Helicopter Project - Political Interference or Just Influence

Since the cancellation of the \$5.8-billion contract to replace the Sea Kings and Labrador's with a fleet of EH-101 helicopters in 1993 there have been repeated efforts on the part of the government to justify their decision based on a saving of taxpayer's money. Throughout the intervening eight years there has been tremendous effort to advance a project to replace the Sea Kings that would withstand departmental and political scrutiny. Any proposal that was not trimmed of all real and perceived excess would run the risk of further failure. Under these circumstances the pressure for a solution that would just meet the military's minimum requirement has been overwhelming. Accordingly, it is not surprising that, with a highly reduced military budget, the MHP requirement was subjected to a rigorous process to ensure applicability and minimum requirements.

Today we find ourselves in a situation where the requirements have been lowered to encourage competition. The consequence is that the procurement policy of lowest price makes it particularly difficult for some of the major helicopter manufacturers to be competitive. To illustrate, if a manufacturer has the flexibility to manufacture a helicopter with a variety of fuel tanks dependant on the needs of a potential buyer, then he will provide the minimum number of fuel tanks to meet the endurance requirements stipulated in the statement of requirement. In the current situation the MHP requires an endurance of 2 hours and 50 minutes with a 30-minute reserve under standard atmospheric conditions. However, because a helicopter with the minimum required fuel carrying capacity would be purchased at the minimum price, there will be insufficient spare fuel capacity to extend the endurance even though the helicopter can be lightened of personnel, stores and equipment to make room for additional fuel.

The lowest price approach also promotes a product with little room for growth potential to accommodate changes during the life span of a weapons system to ensure it remains relevant. When a weapon system must ensure applicability for thirty plus years, room to accommodate new modifications to handle changing circumstances must be built into the system. While it is true that the operational requirement of the MHP has changed since the demise of the Soviet Union, the most valued assets of the Sea King in every deployment throughout the world in the last ten years has been its endurance and payload capability.

The way to ensure a fair and open competition is to adopt a policy of best value within the budget by providing bonus points for additional value in a helicopter that exceed the minimum requirement.

Lee Myrhaugen  
Colonel (Ret'd)  
Coordinator, Friends of Maritime Aviation



## SEA FURY RADIO CALL NUMBERS

by Leo Pettipas

In 1952, the RCN adopted the British system of marking their a/c with blocks of 3-digit radio call numbers reflective of crew structure. Thus, single-seaters (e.g. Sea Furies) received 100 block numbers, and three-seaters (e.g. Avengers) got 300 block numbers. In the majority of cases, this system was followed and most of the Furies received 100 block numbers (105, 121, 154 etc). However, the Sea Fury carrying serial number TF 996 was marked with the number 254 and subsequently 294, and Sea Fury WZ 636 got a 300 block number, 354. Does anyone out there (ex Fury drivers?) Know the reasons for these rare exceptions to the single-seater/100-block number system?

## FATHER DOUGAN

Ted Gibbon writes:

You will remember Father Dougan in Bonaventure, the kindly old RC Padre. Bonaventure at sea, morning defaulters at the Commander's Table. The night previous the Master at Arms had happened upon a poker game being held in one of the Mess decks. He charged the participants and confiscated some cash as the evidence. All the players involved in this high seas courtroom drama assembled including an array of Divisional Officers and both the RC and Protestant Padres. The Court session concluded with the gambling charges and it became apparent that the individuals were really charged for being stupid since all admitted they were aware that gambling on board ship for cash was one of the greater sins in the hierarchy of misdemeanors and the use of matchsticks rather than coins would have precluded all the unpleasantness. Each was given a nominal punishment and sent on his way. Aft the last case was heard the XO turned to the Padres and said: Here is the evidence \$1.82, I'll let you two decide how to split it up. Father Dougan turned to the Protestant Padre, who was a bit of a fire and brimstone preacher known to be strongly anti-gambling and said:

I'll toss you for it.

The scene immediately lost all of its judicial decorum.

## BYRD CAME BACK

Lieutenant Byrd returned to Halifax on May 8, 1919 when two US Navy-Curtiss (NC) flying boats, NC-1 and NC-3, landed at the former US Naval Air Station Halifax, then under the control of the Canadian Air Board, on their historic world's first trans-Atlantic flight. Three of the four NC flying boats that were built, NC-1, NC-3 and NC-4, had taken off from the US Naval Air Station at Rockaway NY on the first leg of their trans-Atlantic flight, however, the NC-4 developed engine trouble and had to divert to the air station at Chatham Mass. Therefore, only the NC-1 and NC-3 remained overnight on 8 and 9 May at Halifax, their first scheduled stop, before proceeding to their next stop at Trepassey Newfoundland. Lieutenant Byrd was the Trans-Atlantic Team's navigation project officer and one of two navigators on NC-3. His task was to verify the performance of the navigation instruments on the Rockaway-Halifax-Trepassey legs. Much to Byrd's disappointment the plan called for him to remain behind in Trepassey and not accompany NC-3 on the trans-Atlantic legs to the Azores, Lisbon and on to England.

Shortly after take off from Halifax on 10 May one of the aircraft developed a crack in its wooden propeller and had to return to Halifax to be replaced, but it was discovered that neither aircraft carried spare hub plates. Byrd's previous duty in Halifax proved helpful as he recalled that when he turned the 12 HS-2Ls over to the Canadians he had also given them spare hub plates. Since Byrd had left only a short time ago he still had many friends in Halifax and was able to call on them for the required spare hub plates. The aircraft was quickly repaired and departed for Trepassey with minimum delay. Due to fortunate weather delays in Newfoundland, NC-4 caught up, with an intermediate stop at Halifax, to NC-1 and NC-3 at Trepassey on 15 May. The next day all three aircraft departed for the Azores.

Because of a fortunate sighting of land through a hole in the undercast only NC-4 arrived at its intended destination, the island of Horta in the Azores. The NC-1 landed on the water in fog several hundred miles from

Horta and broke up in the rough seas; the crew was rescued by a USN destroyer that had been pre-positioned in the area. The NC-3 also landed on the water because bad weather obscured the mountainous islands in the Azores and the crew was afraid of flying into the peaks. Similar to the NC-1, NC-3 encountered heavier seas than anticipated and after a harrowing two days of riding out a storm a very badly damaged NC-3 water taxied into the port of Ponta Delgada on the island of San Miguel in the Azores. Only the NC-4, commanded by Lt. Cdr. A.C. Read, was able to continue on and successfully complete the first trans-Atlantic flight from the North America to England, arriving in Plymouth on 31 May 1919 via the Azores, Lisbon and Ferrol del Caudillo (Spain). Total flying time from Rockaway NY to Plymouth England was 57 hours 16 minutes.

### Post Script:

Two weeks later British Capt. John Alcock and Lt. Arthur Brown made the first non-stop crossing of the Atlantic from St John's NF to Galway Ireland in a Vickers Vimy bomber on 14/15 June 1919. Total flying time was 16 hours 27 minutes.

On 20/21 May 1927 Charles Lindbergh made the first non-stop solo crossing of the Atlantic from Long Island NY to Paris in the Ryan built Spirit of St. Louis. Total flying time was 33 hours 39 minutes.

Prepared by



Colonel ESC Cable OMM, CD (Ret'd)  
Shearwater Aviation Museum Historian

## LAUNCHING FURIES

Recalling his carrier days, Bob Cocks reflects upon the images the new SAM will help preserve:

Can we not all remember the Sea Furies ready to launch at dawn. The flight deck crews lying close against the undercarriage, inches away from the prop arcs, their shadowy hands gripping the wheel chocks, the propwash tearing at their coveralls. Engine exhausts rosy in the still-dark morning, perimeter lamps spilling pools of soft white light on the grey steel flight deck. The ship heeling slightly as the bows search out the elusive wind. The disembodied marshalling wands beckoning from the takeoff position. Taxi forward, right wheel on the centreline. A quick final takeoff check, the power-on signal. Throttle up, control column fully back, fingers clenched, all the engine pointers steady, the cockpit vibrating as the engine develops full power. The ghostly green signal wand now whipping around in tight, urgent circles, asking for even more power. And the pilot grunting to himself that there's no extra power left and why can't the Launch Officer hear that. The wand drops.....GO! Release the brakes, up comes the tail, condensation streaming from the propeller tips. Airborne at the bow, the dawn just breaking. A quick turn to clear the sky of slipstream for the next airplane already winding up to full power on the deck behind. Lift the landing gear, up flaps, set the climbing speed and make for 20,000 feet. Seven other Furies climbing fast behind. The wind out of Tripoli, the sun rising over Cyprus. Below is Malta, Lampadusa, and Sicily. Off to the East the USS WASP just visible on the rim of the horizon, launching the Bearcat fighters we're going to jump as soon as they enter the airspace we've just laid claim to.

NOTE: The foregoing is an extract from a former issue of the Naval Aviators and Associates Newsletter.



## The 3rd Annual SHEARWATER AVIATION MUSEUM FOUNDATION Dinner and Auction

is now history. It was, I believe, a most successful event - preliminary results indicate a profit in the order of \$5,000 for the building fund. Notables present were: GEOFF BENNETT, NOTED ARTIST, & HIS WIFE JOAN; GEOFF REGAN, MP, HALIFAX WEST & HIS WIFE KELLY ; COLONEL BRIAN AKITT, COMMANDER 12 WING & HIS WIFE DOROTHY; LT. COL. JIM COX, MUSEUM DIRECTOR & HIS WIFE DAPHNE and TED KIESER, FOUNDATION PRESIDENT & HIS WIFE MARIE. The Halifax Regional Municipality supported us by purchasing 12 tickets for which I would like to thank Councillor Bruce Hetherington. The auction featured over 100 items, some really unique, ie a Skydiving Course and a Sea Survival Course to mention only 2, thanks mainly to the efforts of Bill Mont. Special thanks to Rob LePine, Janice Mont, Peggy Poirier, Michelle Anthony, Ernie Cable & Jav Stevenson for helping with the auction. Of course we especially thank the donors , the 12 Wing Food Services Staff, Chuck Coffen and his Museum staff, the WO&SGTS Mess and 12 Wing personnel for the support with the menu and the sound system. Finally I wish to express my gratitude to my committee: Kay Collacutt, Mike Kelly, Bill Mont, Barb Hicks, Jack Shapka, Jav Stephenson. A great job, gang, thank you all for a splendid effort.

*Eric Edgar, Chairman*

## NSIAS 2001 Proudly Presents The Eighth Annual SAMF Charity Golf Tournament

*What:* NSIAS on behalf of the Shearwater Aviation Museum presents the SAMF Charity Golf Tournament as fund raising activity for the expansion of the Museum dedicated to the preservation of our aviation history.

*When:* Thursday, September 6th, 2001 Lunch 12 noon & Tee Off at 1 PM.

*Where:* The breathtaking Hartlen Point Forces Golf Club.

*Format:* Shotgun Start/Team Scramble (weighted Handicap).

*Handicaps:* All entrants must provide Handicaps or Last Score. \*\*

*Entry Fee:* \$140.00 (plus HST) includes Green Fees, Shared Cart, Lunch on course, Supper and a huge selection of Great Prizes.

*Entry Age Minimum:* 19 years of age.

*Payment:* Make cheques or money orders payable to NSIAS and mail to:

**Nova Scotia International Air Show Inquiries: NSIAS Main Office**

PO Box 218  
Shearwater, NS  
B0J 3A0

PH: (902) 465-2725

FAX: (902) 484-3222

E-Mail: nsias@ns.sympatico.ca

### Sponsorship Opportunities:

Be the Major Sponsor for \$15000

Supporting Sponsor for \$5000

Exclusive Hole Sponsor for \$1500

You can enter a Team of four for \$560 (plus HST) or

Co-exhibit a hole for \$300 (plus HST)

Call the NSIAS Office for details.

Fill in and fax the registration below or contact the Main Office:

Company Name \_\_\_\_\_ Sponsor \_\_\_\_\_ Co-Exhibit \_\_\_\_\_

Individual Names

1 - \_\_\_\_\_ ( )

2 - \_\_\_\_\_ ( )

3 - \_\_\_\_\_ ( )

4 - \_\_\_\_\_ ( )

\*\* (Please indicate Handicap in brackets beside each name)

Payment Amount = \$ \_\_\_\_\_ + HST 15%= \_\_\_\_\_ Total= \_\_\_\_\_

Contact Phone Number(s) or e-mail: \_\_\_\_\_



*Hudson I of No 11(BR) Sq, Dartmouth.  
Artist Robert Finlayson*

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

*John R. Midlane writes...*

Dear Sir:

Up to your last issue, I had never read an article that in any way applied to my WW11 flying experiences. Then I read an article on FIDO written by Don Kennedy who writes of his flying Corsairs from Yeovilton and that did bring back some memories.

I had two very exciting experiences there. The first was when I was returning from a flight in my Corsair and an unfamiliar aircraft cut in the circuit ahead of me, so I slowed down and followed it in. As it landed something fell from underneath it and to my horror I realized it was a bomb. The control tower yelled at me to go around, but I had already poured on the gas and pulled away. Fortunately the bomb did not go off. It turned out to be a hellcat returning from France that had been damaged by ground fire. In retrospect, I decided he was the one suffering the most stress.

The second experience was during an Air to Air firing exercise. I sort of brightened up the lives of the two guys towing the drogue. I was determined I was going to have the best results in the Squadron. So on my last run in, I kept firing until I could see the drogue shredding before my eyes. Too late I decided to pull away. My Pitot Tube penetrated the drogue and it wrapped itself around my wing. Things went a bit wild. The towing aircraft has lost part of its tailplane and they were yelling for an emergency landing. For a minute or two I had to fly on instruments, then the drogue blew away, but unfortunately, my Pitot Tube had a U bend in it and would have had a zero reading if it had been working. When all the excitement quieted down, I realized I had to land the monster without an Air Speed Indicator. Fortunately the commander of Flying was in the Control Tower and he successfully talked me down. I think I would have been Court Martialed if I had not already received a posting to Nowra, Australia to join HMS Formidable.

Yours truly,  
*J.R. Midlane*

*James D. Zufelt writes:*

Dear Mr. Farrell:

My friend Peter Olshefsky has just lent me his copy of your newsletter of SAM Summer 2000. In it was an article about the Blackburn Shark A/C and its service in the RCAF written by Col E.S.C. Cable (very well written and very interesting) that caught my eye. I am writing this because I was personally involved with the first Sharks that were sent to the RCAF. I was an LAC RCAF Machinist at No 1 Repair Depot in Ottawa in 1938 when the Munich tension was in full swing. We at the Depot had our own tension in that we must carry out all the mods to 14 stored Sharks sent to the RCAF from England complete with two engines each, Armstrong Siddley 14 cyl Tigers. The mods that I was involved with had to do with the Master rod bearings (2 per engine) total 28X2 - 56 and the lower tappets 2 per cyl 28 per engine 28 engines x 28 tappets = 784 tappets. All this was accomplished in about two weeks working 24 hrs a day. We slept on a pile of dirty overalls behind one of the lathes. They brought our meals to us on a tray, no showers or baths since there were no barracks or lodgings on Victoria island in the middle of the Ottawa River. That wasn't the worst of it. About two months later after No 6 TB Sqdn (Trenton) got their Sharks, we heard by the grapevine that one of their A/C had a forced landing on the Bay of Quinte due to engine seizing. We all held our breath until we could find out what happened and who had signed it out. Guess what? The failure had nothing to do with our mods. It was caused by one of the Master rods counter weights shearing its attachment causing the engine to stop so violently that it sheared off the prop shaft, thus I agree with the Colonel's statement that the Tiger engines were extremely troublesome?. I hope this little bit of guff will give you a laugh.

Sincerely yours,  
*James D. Zufelt W/O1 (retired)*  
RCAF 9525

PS Excuse my printer. Its old like me. I m 87!!

*Laurie Farrington writes*

The first sentence of Rotary Wings in the RCN by Eric Edgar (SAMFNewsletter Spring 2001 page 18) states: In the beginning - 1944 - Dennis Foley & Jean Paul Fournier first RCN pilots trained on helicopters. This statement requires some clarification.

In 1944 both of these pilots were posted to RAF/RN/USCG School Floyd Bennett Field for helicopter course. At the time Dennis Foley was RNVR and did not transfer to RCN until 1946; Canadian Raleighite Jean Paul Fournier was already a seasoned RCNVR pilot.

Another veteran RCNVR pilot who deserves recognition in this helicopter first scenario is Eric McLean Marshall. In May 1944 he left the Naval Air Gunnery training base at East Camp, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, for the US Coast Guard Naval Air Station at Floyd Bennett Field, Long Island, New York. In his memoirs Eric writes: Four Canadians, including myself, and two English RNVR pilots were learning to fly helicopters, the Sikorsky YR4. By some good fortune, I was the first to solo and to qualify as a helicopter pilot in the group, this making me the first Canadian serviceman to fly one of the whirly birds. At the completion of the course, I remained as an instructor. [This is an extract from East Camp Memories RCAF Station Yarmouth Nova Scotia published in 1984. ISBN 0-9691755-0-7.]

Eric Marshall later joined a helicopter squadron embarked on HMS Thane which in December 1944 set sail from Norfolk, Virginia, for the UK. He survived the torpedoing of the carrier in the Irish Sea by U-482. Thane was finally towed into the Clyde where five of the twelve serviceable choppers were flown ashore.

Question: If there were four Canadians on the helicopter course in 1944 and two of them were Fournier and Marshall, does anyone know the names of the other two?

*Laurie Farrington*

Dear Kay

Just received my copy of the Spring edition of the NewsLetter:- Good Stuff !!! As I scan thru the pages, I can't help but wonder why hardly any of the older original Shearwater occupants do not tell their stories of the tenderfoot years of Canadian Naval Air, when our address was R.C.N.A.S. Dartmouth.

For example: I have read many stories about our Championship Football Team. I have seen nothing in print about the original Naval Air Team. I still have the clippings from the Halifax Press. Why Stu Beakley or Pat O Connor or Padre Edwards, never submitted any print is beyond me. If no one takes the hint, I will be forced out of my part time writing career, to submit something myself.

Right now I want to answer Don Neilly's Text about his Gut-Bucket Jazz Band. The first group to play for a dance in what is now part of the Museum ( the old Gym ) was to celebrate the return of the Warrior from UK. Most of us had been playing for awhile in small groups in the billets , but this was to be our coming out Party.

We knew about a half dozen tunes, that we played at three tempo s slow, fast, and not so fast. It was a gala occasion. Every one had a lot of fun since Air Crew have log - books it is easy for them to establish dates. Since my memory isn't as long as my You Know What anymore, I will guess it was the fall of 47.

Many in attendance spent some time playing in the band, they would come up from the dance floor, bang the drums or play the guitar, then go back to their Gals on the dance floor, I had no Gal, I lost her when I went to Nunneaton.

Names I remember from that night many moons ago, Ken Marlow (trumpet), Stew Stuart ( piano ), Tex Langlois ( ??? ) George ( hard-rock ), Hickie ( drums ) and yours truly (guitar ).

Kay, get hold of Al Moore , he was there , maybe he can fill in some of the blanks. This may be unprintable , but I ll do better next time when I write & send in the clipping about the original football team.

*Thanks for all the nice things you do for us.*

*Frank Tripp*

PS. As a result of our First Outing Lcdr Leaming , the XO at the time decided to recruit a team for a travelling Naval Show.

*Ralph Logan writes (in part)*

Dear Ted:

Greetings from the past. We spoke briefly at the Wall Dedication. I'd like to say again, how good it was to see old friends once more.

But to business. In the Spring 2001 issue of the newsletter, the article Rotary Wings in the RCN by Eric Edgar really caught my attention. It was most informative and interesting , until I read that in January 1967,... the first Helairdet under the Command of LCdr (later General) Jean Verroneau was embarked in HMCS Annapolis.

I agree that Annapolis was J.J. s first Helairdet, but in the context which I believe was meant by Eric s article - the first Helairdet ever to go to sea operationally was in HMCS Saguenay and was led by Lt. R.A. Logan (later LCdr). Included were the four Super-Subs who were picked especially for this first helicopter/DDH marriage, namely Harzan, Myrhaugen, Russell and Meneley. The maintenance team was led by CPO Ross (I m not just a pretty face, Sir) Archer. We were part of the matchmaker Squadron commanded by Capt. Visee.

(As an aside, I gave J.J. Veronneau LP #4 on DDH deck landings on Apr 23, 1967, in CHSS-2 Serno 4015.) Herb Harzan and I flew 4028 to Saguenay and began the fun on May 18, 1967. Aren't log books great sources of info?

.....Would you or Eric be so kind as to check the source of Eric s information and ensure that recognition for the first Helairdet goes to the proper people. All my people, without exception, worked extremely hard to make the concept work. And, I am very satisfied that we succeeded very well. There were problems, but the concept was proven and great strides have been taken since then. The ships have been modernized, but the helicopters - well, that's another story.

Yours Aye,  
Ralph

*Rod Bays writes:*

You have just published yet another great N/L. BZ! I was particularly struck by the balance you achieved over a time span of something like 70 years. Compliments to the team.

*LCDR R.E. Geale, M.B.E. RAN (rtd) writes (in part):*

I do hope you are keeping my old Avenger and Tracker in good condition and I will be please when I hear they are both under cover.

I am still the curator of our museum which is now known as Australia s Museum of Flight but I am still tasked with the honourable task of keeping the RAN Fleet Air Arm history up to date and in order. By the way, another RAN Squadron, 805 Squadron was recommissioned in March and is now being equipped with Kaman Super Sea Sprites.

If in any way, and particularly with the history of the RCN Fleet Air Arm that I can help, please let me know.

Keep up the good work.

*Richard Bunyard writes:*

Needless to say, I was most interest in your article of HS 469 Swordfish, all of which took place nearly 60 years ago - I in fact flew 469 to Yarmouth.

However, in your second article regarding the MAC Ships and the high attrition suffered by the Swordfish, to the best of my recollection of 60 odd years ago, I do not recall any losses from MAC Ships at sea!

I was #1 and Senior P from Aug 42 to Aug 45 at Seaborn.  
Yours sincerely,



*Eric Edgar writes:*

Dear Ralph ;

I just picked up my mail from the SAMF office today after returning from a vacation in Ireland and England. It contained a copy of your letter to Ted Kieser and his response to you. I appreciate your writing to set the record straight and must agree that log books are indeed a great source of info. On checking my sources I found I made an error in my dates, my source was Volume II of *Hands To Flying Stations* by Stu. Soward, which states in Chapter 5, on page 395 that quote The first Helicopter Air Detachment (Helairdet) formed was under command of LCdr. Jean Veronneau, and joined Annapolis on 26 May, 1967, with their Sea King. unquote. Mea culpa, as I had the date wrong in my article. It appears that Stu also was wrong since your Det to Saguenay began on 18 May, 1967. I will be pleased to put a correction in the next Newsletter as an addendum to your letter to the Editor, if he agrees. I am not in the least embarrassed as I am of the opinion that he who has never made an error has never done anything. It is, I am sure, gratifying to the Editor that the newsletter is being read so thoroughly and that you were willing to take the time to put pen to paper in order that the record be corrected. Thank you on behalf of all of us who are doing our best to preserve and record our proud history. As Ted said, keep an eye out for an announcement on the Grand Opening of our new wing on or before the Air Show this September. Look forward to seeing you there, keep the letters coming.

Yours aye,

Eric

*Geoffrey Pazant writes:*

Dear Ernie:

Thank you for the copies of the newsletter. The editing and production of my Stranraer piece are excellent, and I am happy to be represented in this very interesting journal.

I shall send a copy to Elizabeth Hargreaves, the editor to whom I originally submitted the piece, and who had accepted it for publication. She is being very affable about the matter of its being pre-empted, so I have no further worries about it.

Please extend my thanks and respects to the editor.

*Eddy Myers writes:*

Just a short note to congratulate the newsletter staff members on the excellence of the SAMF newsletter. The Trivia from Rod Bays on 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 ft., 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 seat 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.

*Cheers, Eddy*

As the airliner pushed back from the gate, the flight attendant gave the passengers the usual information regarding seat belts etc. Finally, she said, "Now sit back and enjoy your trip while your captain, Judith Campbell and crew take you safely to your destination."

Joe sitting in the 8th row thought to himself, "Did I hear her right: is the captain a woman? I think I better have a scotch and soda. When the attendants came by with drink cart, he said, "Did I understand you right? Is the captain a woman?"

"Yes," said the attendant, "In fact, this entire crew is female."

"My God," said Joe, "I'd better have two scotch and sodas. I don't know what to think of all those women up there in the cockpit."

"That's another thing," said the attendant, "We no longer call it the cockpit."

As a result of an earlier discussion I have put together this bit outlining an evening I have long remembered. Trust you will find it acceptable for print. Best wishes from soggy southwestern Ontario.

## A NIGHT ASHORE

*"Away Number One Jeep !".*

That's how the evening started. I was duty driver, so that was me being piped. Mid-winter Halifax - and a cool Jeep - called for appropriate clothing and in this case flight deck gear fulfilled the need. As I see it now it was the forerunner of today's two-piece snowmobile suits. It was, big, warm and baggy and this third attribute was the operative word for this particular run.

At the port after bow I was informed the First Lieutenant would be going ashore. So accordingly I made my way down to the jetty and warmed up the Jeep . . . as best I could. As the Jimmy came down the gangway I offered a salute in the proper seaman-like manner ( thought to be quite an achievement for an Aircraft Controlman). We exchanged greetings and I offered to put his rather large dufflebag in the rear. He declined my suggestion and handled it, carefully, himself. That is when I detected the faint clink of what one could only guess to be matter of a glass nature. And immediately I breathed bit easier, although somewhat prematurely I discovered later.

Perhaps I should back up a bit at this point and note we are talking here about Maggie, tied up alongside Slackers dockyard a short while after a cruise to pre-Castro Cuba and other selected ports.

Because I was the Captain's Coxon (staff car driver) and driver of the Jeeps and the duty truck at different times, I had been approached by an acquaintance who wanted my help in getting some bottles of rum ashore. With visions deeply etched in my mind of horror stories told by those unfortunate enough to have been caught in similar and other nefarious activities, I demurred. As well as being a craven coward and certainly not a gambler - - I had no desire to spend any period of time at The Ranch at Eastern Passage, the Army Provost detention barracks.

My friend then pointed out he had bought the rum in Cuba and had it brought aboard along with the ship's supplies and had the receipts to prove it. I softened a bit. The turning point came when he said I would get one out of every three bottles I

took ashore. And that was how I came to have a 26er of Bacardi Cuban tucked inside my baggy flight deck winter gear on that particular night.

So off we went, the Jimmy and I.

This will work out fine, I told myself. I'll drop the Jimmy off with his cargo and I will deliver my jug to its new home and scoot right back to the ship. All nice and tiddley and Robert's your mother's brother!

However, at the first stop as directed by the Jimmy, he rummaged through his supplies in the rear, withdrew some of the contents and suggested I stand by as he would be only a few minutes. After the same thing occurred at the second and third stops I began to get inwardly panicky. And sure enough after the fourth stop he returned to the Jeep and said: Fine. Let's go back to the ship.

Needless to say, my stomach started to churn with visions of me now in the position of carrying booze on board. What kind of a story could I concoct? How would I be able to explain anything without implicating my winger? Close inspection of the bottle would reveal Cuban seals and no Canadian identity.

In the end I dropped the Jimmy off at the gangway, parked the Jeep, took a deep breath and made my way up to the brow. After doing the salute thing with the Officer of the Watch, I quickly made my way back to G3 Mess and discreetly hid the bottle where it would be safe until the next time. Yes, there was a next time and also one after that. But that was it, in all I wound up with four bottles. I didn't even ask if there were more, I just packed in my smuggling activities.

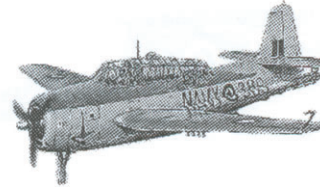
It wasn't any matter of conscience, it was a matter of cowardice and nerves. I never did open any of it on board as I was afraid of what may ensue being surrounded by a bunch of unruly aircraft handlers.

And anyway, I had come to the conclusion one didn't need to take any further chances such as that for rum when a hand could get good rum free every day - and if there was ever any better rum than Bacardi Cuban it had to be Pusser Rum.

Gord Soutter  
St. Marys, Ont.

Who was the last serving  
Canadian Carrier  
Qualified Pilot  
Any ideas????

**Old soldiers never die**, they just fade away: So likewise with old TBMs. For years after their release from naval service they worked as civilians, spraying budworms with insecticides and suppressing forest fires with liquid retardants - and flown and serviced by decrepit old former naval persons.



## AIR FEVER

I must go down to the drome again, to the tarmac strip and the sky  
And all I ask is a good run-up and a not-too-murky sky:  
And the stick's kick and the Cyclone's song and the round cowl shaking,  
And a twilight glow in the forest top and a warm dawn breaking,

I must go down to the strip again for the call of the morning ride  
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;  
And all I ask is a windless day with no clouds flying  
And a plume of smoke from a vanquished fire; and the budworms dying

I must go down to the strip again, to the vagrant pilot's life,  
To the Turkey's way and Sphincter's way, where winds like an angry wife;  
And all I ask is a balderdash tale from a boasting fellow rover,  
And a huge nightcap and a stoned dream when the long tricks over.

*(an obscure, recently unearthed, poem from the pen of the neo-classical poet and former naval person, The Great McGinty)*



803 Sdqn, Nutts Corner, North Ireland, Winter 1945 (submitted by W (Hal) Teason)

Back row (left to right)

W.H. Fearon, Mel Douglas, Hank Leidl, J.C. Sloan, R. Beach, W.D. Munro, W. Hutchinson

Front row (right to left)

W. Rikeby, R.H. Falls, J.B. Hartle, Lt R. Monks, Lt Cdr R. Tanner (CO Designate),

Lt Cdr Dave Wilkinson, RN (CO), Lt B. Hayer, RCN (Senior (P) Designate),

Lt B. Loftus, RN Admin Officer, H. Rounds, J.W. Logan, J.P. Whitty

## Landing A Harvard On A Carrier??

*Frank Down remembers when...*

After Basic Training in the T-34 Mentor, Instrument training in the T-28 Trojan, we moved on to Barin Field, Foley, Ala. a satellite training base for USN Trg Comd.

This is where we were introduced to the SNJ. The aircraft differed from the RCAF Harvard in that the Harvard had walking undercarriage and a full swivelling tail wheel. The SNJ, by contrast, had rigid undercarriage and a lockable tail wheel as well as an arrestor hook. These were the most important differences.

After the obligatory dual check-out and some dual instruction on Field Carrier Landing Practice (FCLP), a total of around 70 in about 50 hours flight time, we were deemed ready for the big event. The target was the USS Saipan, a jeep carrier of some 12K tons. She had a straight deck, no mirrors and six arrestor wires, followed by a barrier in case of a miss. Landing was controlled by the LSO who stood on a platform on the port side at the stern of the ship. The approach pattern was of necessity in a constant turn from the 180 position in order to keep the LSO in sight right to the last few seconds. In the SNJ you couldn't see him on a straight-in approach due to the attitude of the aircraft at landing speed. The nose was up with full flaps and hook down. No touch and go practice on a straight deck. If you didn't have it all right over the round-down (fantail?), airspeed, altitude, line-up, the LSO or Flyco would wave you off full power and try again. BUT, if it was right, he would give the CUT signal. Chop power, nose over and flare to landing attitude just in time to get your hook in the wires and there is an arrested landing.

Then the roll-back to disengage the hook, lock it in place (up), and the flight deck Chief is winding you up for a take-off straight down the deck. A jink to starboard to clear your slipstream and climb back to circuit altitude (500 ft) and follow around for another go, all the time wondering what happened.

When you have the required six deck landings, you go home. Just like that. Frank

P.S. I heard it said that when the USS Antietam replaced the Saipan, there was so much room that it was possible to land, ground loop and then taxi up to the #1 wire.

## LEADING SEAMAN OF THE MESS

I think it is time to pay tribute to the unsung heroes of the RCN, particularly, the Killick of the Mess. This was not a promotion, it wasn't a perk, it wasn't a nomination, it wasn't voluntary and it wasn't pleasant. It was a heap of responsibility delegated to a Leading Seaman without a shred of authority, yet it worked, some of the time.

The poor old Killick was responsible for the cleanliness of the Mess, the morale of his troops, the good order and discipline of Mess members and the general welfare of the Mess inhabitants. It was into this situation that LS Magdrop found himself on board HMCS MAGNIFICENT in the early 1950s. He was able to cope with the many little problems that arose such as the seasickness of some of the boys, the odd occasion when a couple of them squared off and one spit out a tooth and he did step in when a matelot's personal hygiene needed improvement. He was also there to ensure that totally inebriated sailors did not succumb in their hammocks after a run ashore. It wasn't easy as many of the members were of equal rank and some were much tougher, but by using tact, threats and cajoles, all survived. It was understood that Mess problems remained in the Mess.

Magdrop was one of the more proficient Air Fitters and he was in demand in his primary role. He was a bit of a workaholic and appreciated by his old Welsh Chief so he was called on to spend many long hours up in A Hangar. After a couple of months at sea, he was up working and some of the crew were down in the Mess relaxing between launches. The Mess was on the port side and separated from the starboard mess by personal lockers about six feet high. They were just the right height to shield the men from the commander who was on his way forward. As he wended his way between the lockers, a loud voice from the Mess stated, Don't go up on request, just approach the old bastard. Of course, the Commander challenged them and of course nobody would admit to the deed. The commander then asked, Who is the Leading Seaman of this mess? Of course he was told LS Magdrop. The heat was on!

That very evening it started. The Commander made his evening rounds

and Magdrop, not too dumb, had delegated the task of reporting the Mess to another Leading Seaman and made himself scarce up in the hangar. The Commander asked for him by name and questioned the cleanliness of the mess. This continued for days and finally Magdrop realized that the commander didn't know what he looked like so he continued with the scheme. Magdrop did have a sense of humour though, and in complicity with the boys, reported the Mess himself telling the Commander that he was working in the hangar. The latest plan was to stay in effect until the ship docked in Halifax and Magdrop was safely ashore in Shearwater. Everyone in the mess was enjoying the ruse and helping to perpetrate the scheme. Morale was high!

HMCS MAGNIFICENT was on her last leg of this cruise and heading for Glasgow. This is where Magdrop dropped the ball. He and another Killick went ashore and met some local Scottish types who were determined to show them a good time. It was in the Yokers District and Magdrop and his friend partied until the wee hours of the morning then lay down for a wee nap before heading back to the ship. They woke at 0900. The ship was under sailing orders to slip at 0800. Big trouble. They wended their way down town and found to their delight that the sailing was delayed 24 hours due to a storm in the North Sea, so they could get back on board albeit still in big trouble. The jinx was up!

The next day, the ship sailed and LS Magdrop found himself hat-in-hand on the quarterdeck before the commander who was standing behind his little dais. The RPO read off the charge. Leading Seaman Magdrop!! It went downhill from there. LS Magdrop was assessed exactly twice as much stoppage of leave as was his friend as the Leading Seaman of the Mess should set an example.

What a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive. Ain't it the truth.

Actually Magdrop didn't do too badly. He still had 7 days stoppage of leave to complete on arrival in Halifax but the old Welsh Chief saw to it that he was transferred to Shearwater the first thing the next morning and that the paper work didn't follow.

The Killick of the Mess - the unsung hero!

*Anon*



## Still in the Delta



St. John, Dick  
Gibbs, Ken  
Brayton, R.J. (Doc)  
Jachimowicz, Steve  
Dalgetty, George  
Amodeo, Frank  
Robinson, Clarence (Red)

### Vision

In the dusktime of my days  
I shall light a taper tall  
With the flame of desert dawns,  
From the torch of woods in fall,

Driftwood of an ocean dream  
Will be kindled for my fire  
And the rainbow sparks shall leap  
With the breath of old desire,

Perfumes of a summer night  
Will beguile the watch I keep:  
Once again from pungent pines  
I shall take the gift of sleep,

In the dusktime of my days  
I shall dream and I shall see  
In the tarnished frame of life  
Lasting beauty that will be.

GILEAN DOUGLAS

## Old Canadian Tradition - Leaning on the Yanks for OUR defence . Early US Navy Opera- tions at Shearwater

The first aircraft to fly from Halifax were US Navy Curtiss HS-2L biplane flying boats. The seaplane base was actually established at Baker's Point south of the city of Dartmouth overlooking Eastern Passage but was known as US Naval Air Station Halifax . Lieutenant R.E. Byrd (USN) was the station's first commanding officer who also acted as the liaison officer between the American and Canadian governments on naval aviation matters. Lieutenant Byrd later became an Admiral renowned for his polar exploits. The US Navy (USN) flew six HS-2Ls from Halifax from August to November 1918 on anti-submarine patrols to protect convoys from lurking German submarines outside Halifax's strategic harbour. The USN also operated a seaplane base at Sydney NS where an additional six HS-2Ls flew anti-submarine patrols to protect convoys en route to or from Halifax. The HS-2Ls at both Halifax and Sydney flew approximately 400 hours on patrols and were augmented by several kite-balloons also used for anti-submarine duties. It was intended that the USN conduct the aerial anti-submarine patrols until the fledgling Royal Canadian Naval Air Service could be formed and assume the air patrol duties. However, the First World War came to an end before the Canadian Naval Air Service became operational and subsequently disbanded. After the war ended in November 1918 Byrd returned to the United States and the USN donated the 12 HS-2Ls that were stationed at Halifax and Sydney, the associated spares and ground handling equipment to the Canadian government. These aircraft formed the nucleus of the newly formed Canadian Air Force in 1920 and subsequently became Canada's first bush planes.

(The above is an extract from an article prepared by Ernie Cable. The caption "Leaning" is my own caustic comment, not Ernie's. It seems ironic that after we sent them packing back below the 49th\* in 1812 or so we have leaned on them for our defence from 1918 up to this very day. \*Queenston Heights was even more to the south says Eric Nielsen, Ed.)



Denis Aucoin has prepared a multi-page recapitulation of our Firefly's history. It is somewhat lengthy for this issue and is being banked for some future issue(s).

In brief: The work of restoration forges on and we are still aiming at a roll-out (not necessarily a test flight) at the Air Show in September. Bud Ayer and Peter Disbrowe are the leading, but not the only, hands-on volunteers - cutting, fabricating, assembling. Denis Aucoin is doing a truly remarkable job of liaison with suppliers and in recruiting people with special skills to attend to discrete component repairs/replacements.

Engine: Our arrangement with Orenda for overhauling the Griffon V12 did not pan out. Orenda withdrew and we retrieved the dismantled engine. Bud, under the surveillance of John Webber and Ernie Smith is mantling it together (John and Ernie have the ultimate signing authority to certify the engine as airworthy and so must satisfy themselves that all is well in the Griffon's innards).

Propellor: Still in Munich, but close to completion. Denis has tasked himself with finding a way to ship it from Munich to Shearwater. His original plan was to get a CF Hercules to pick it up on a return flight from Europe but the Herc's hold may be a tad too small - he's still pursuing this avenue but is also asking the Yanks about using one of their larger freighters.

Painting: Scheduled for August - probably in old 826 Sqn colours.

Tires: Graham Heron is working on Dunlop (who produced the originals).

Fuel: Mike Kelly is approaching Imperial Oil for a donation of 1,000 gallons or so of 100 Octane avgas.

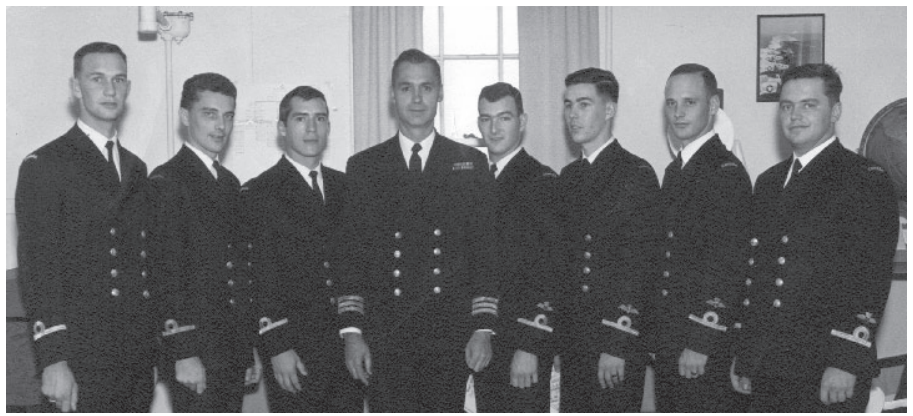
While all this and a lot more are going on, Curator Chuck is quietly encouraging and keeping the project on the rails.

*Bill Farrell*

## The First of Many with dates of joining the Royal Naval Air Service

- |                |             |
|----------------|-------------|
| 1 - Dawson     | 23 Oct 14   |
| 2 - Mulock     | 20 Jan 15 * |
| 3 - Barron     | 17 Mar 15 * |
| 4 - Bone       | 21 Mar 15 * |
| 5 - Kerby      | 21 Mar 15 * |
| 6 - Smith      | 11 May 15   |
| 7 - Boyd       | 22 May 15 * |
| 8 - Lawson     | 31 May 15 * |
| 9 - Reid       | 24 Jun 15 * |
| 10 - Ince      | 11 Jul 15 * |
| 11 - Gooderham | 12 Jul 15 * |
| 12 - Geale     | 20 Jul 15 * |
| 13 - MacLaurin | 20 Jul 15 * |

\* mentioned in "Canada's Naval Aviators"  
by Robbie Hughes



*Who are these Rotary Wings?*

*L-R Bob Sontag, Jay Doyle, Syd Helmkey, Mike Wasteney, Bob Henderson, Al Moore, Bill Hetrick and Doug Malette*

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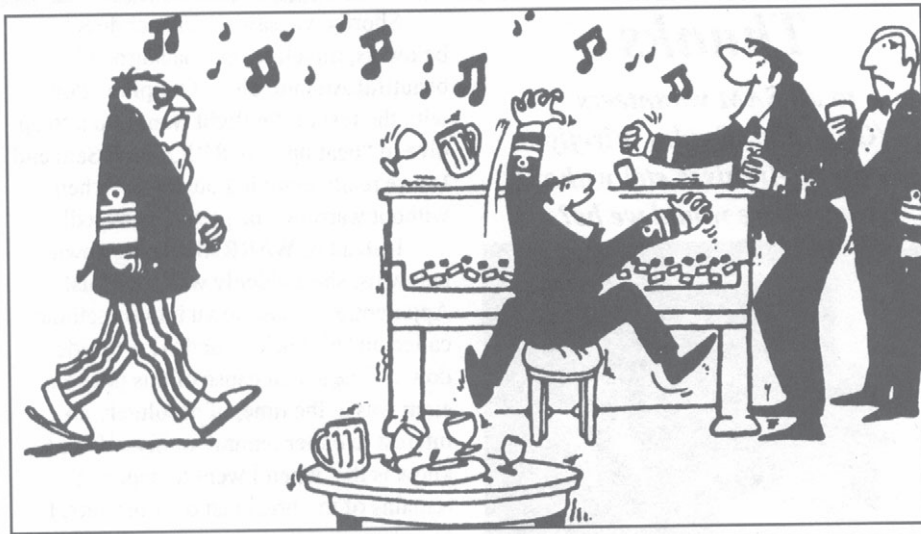


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## I HAVE OFTEN FLOWN OFF THIS SHIP BEFORE

*(Tune: I have often walked down this street before)*

I have often flown, off this ship before,  
But the meatball never looked quite like that before.  
All at once am I, several Nordo's high,  
Looking down on the ship where we live.

And oh, the Towering feeling,  
Just to know these wires are there.  
The Over-Controlling, Powering Feeling,  
That any second Pappy may be on the air.

Goofers stop and stare, as I bolter by,  
And the Wave-Off lights illuminate that Blackassed Sky.  
I will never die, just so long as I,  
Keep that cotton-picking orange meatball high!

## Millennium Project

I have taken on as a project to place a tile on the Wall of Honour in the Shearwater Aviation Museum in memory of the following trades AH's, AC's, SE's, AM's, AIR BOS N's and ATC's. I ask former members from across Canada to donate toward this project. I will guarantee to provide whatever funds needed to finalize this project before Shearwater Reunion 2002. This will keep us bonded together. Send donations to

Eugene Rogers  
P.O. Box 265  
Kingston, NS  
B0P1R0  
Telephone 902-765-3292.

If funds received exceed the price of the tile, the extra amount will be donated to SAMF in their honour. A list of donors will be recorded.

Signed,  
Eugene "Buck" Rogers

## Which one should we really thank?

Dear Kay:

The enclosed cheque comes with a brief explanation. It is payment of a bet on last year's Grey Cup Game but it goes back much further than 2000.

Barry Montgomery and I were in Pensacola when the 1956 Grey Cup Game was played in Montreal. Barry was extremely proud of the Alouettes and very vocal in his derision of Western football expertise. I eventually tired of his BS and accepted a \$20 bet on the game, I, of course, took the Eskimos. Somebody in our group had a high powered radio and was able to pick up the play by play on an overseas broadcast. Late in the game the Al's were leading and deep in the Edmonton zone. Barry was chortling in his beer and expounding at length on the superiority of the Eastern League when an ill-advised lateral was attempted by the Alouettes and J. Parker intercepted it. He ran untouched for about 90 yards and scored the winning TD. I was gracious in my acceptance speech.

This Fall, BC played the Alouettes for the first time in league history. I couldn't let such an historic moment pass unnoticed and challenged Monty to another East-West bet. Unexpectedly BC won - Barry lost - and I got another \$20 of Montgomery's money.

Since none of this would have happened if both of us hadn't been associated with Naval Aviation, I thought the Museum Foundation should be the benefactor. My cheque is in current dollars. I couldn't afford to convert it to 1956 dollars.

*Cheers Ted*

*Note: Thanks to Ted Gibbon for donating the proceeds of his bet with Barry Montgomery. Hmm, I wonder which one we should really thank?*

## Honey

A man is recently separated from his wife, and gets drunk. It's the dead of winter and he staggers to their house and starts pounding on the door.

After about fifteen minutes, she finally opens a window and asks what he wants.

"Honey! I'm half froze, can't I stay here tonight?"

"Yes, of course. I thought you wanted to come in!"

Return Address:  
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