

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

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And other articles...

Submissions: Text submissions can be either paper, email or electronically produced - Word Perfect (preferred) or Word. We will format the text for you.

Graphics are best submitted electronically, they should be 300 dpi and a .tif file. A jpg file at 300 dpi is acceptable if no compression is used. We will attempt to use any pictures, whatever the format.

NOTE WELL: When sending mail of any kind, newsletter articles, letters, membership renewals, donations etc., please ensure the envelope is addressed correctly to the Secretary:

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Deadlines for receiving submissions are:

Spring	10 March
Summer	25 June
Winter	15 October

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Any opinions expressed herein are deemed to be those of the author(s) and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation, its members, and/or the Shearwater Aviation Museum.

Inside cover photo taken by Colin McCann:

The CH124 was given this special paint scheme to commemorate 443 Squadron's 60th anniversary.

From the Curator's Desk
by Christine Hines

Since the construction of the Atrium was completed and opened for business, staff, volunteers and consultants have been putting our collective heads together to focus on exhibit development. The new hangar is now ready for colourful stories to be told with colourful exhibits!

This winter we'll be installing a large exhibit dedicated to the Bear Trap, as mentioned in the last Newsletter, profiling its role in ship-borne aviation. In addition, we'll be assembling our "new-to-us" Link Trainer for a display on training, and exhibits profiling the design and use of sonobuoys and a look at ASW equipment carried by the Tracker, as well as a display profiling sports and recreation in Shearwater. We look forward to these new additions to SAM for our 2006 season.

Down the road, we're planning to produce thematic exhibits beside the aircraft: not that the aircraft don't stand on their own, but we must tell the story of the crew and maintainers and their role in the Maritime Aviation story (they certainly didn't fly on their own). We'd like to install Squadron exhibits that will show more memorabilia, especially the RCN's founding Squadrons. I think that dioramas are useful tools to illustrate our messages: I'd like to show Merchant Aircraft Carriers (MAC ships) and how the Swordfish were deployed in anti-shipping and anti-submarine roles, as well as Catapult Aircraft Merchant ships (CAM ships) to illustrate the catapulting of Hurricanes. These are just a few examples of larger scale, illustrative exhibit projects.

Of course, the aircraft collection is paramount to the SAM's operations. At present, we now have three active restorations, including the Firefly, Avenger, and since the last issue, our Piasecki HUP-3. We anticipate the removal of the CF-5 and the Voodoo from the collection, and acquiring "new" aircraft as we are able to house them under cover. The next aircraft acquisition will likely be a

Sea King, tail number and time-line TBA. As reported in SAMF correspondence, the sea containers we acquired to help us temporarily store items and equipment from our A & C hangar storage will not be sufficient for the amount of material we currently hold. If any further facility expansions are considered, an artifact storage facility and workspace is definitely a priority. We are just now evaluating the current storage requirements and space to accommodate future collecting.

The plans I've mentioned above are by no means the beginning or the end of projects we can consider. SAM is fortunate to be able to draw on an inordinate number of Military Maritime Aviation heritage topics and sub-topics, of interest to former and current serving members and students of Canadian military heritage. It is our duty to preserve and remember, not only the equipment, but the people who did the job. Have a suggestion? Please don't hesitate to share your ideas...it's a team effort! Email us at awmuseum@ns.sympatico.c or send mail to Shearwater Aviation Museum, PO Box 5000 Stn Main, Shearwater, NS B0J 3A0

HMCS / CFB CORNWALLIS REUNION

The Cornwallis Reunion Association is planning a reunion from Friday 25 August to Sunday 27 August 2006 to be held in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia.

During the fifty years that the Base was in operation, over 500,000 military and civilian men and women worked and trained at HMCS / CFB Cornwallis.

Early registration is encouraged as we are limited to 800 registrants.

Information may be obtained by mail:


Cornwallis Reunion Association
PO Box 33
Cornwallis, NS B0S 1H0

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EDITOR'S GRUNTS

Regular readers, if they glance above, will see that this writer's likeness has been changed from that of a Barbary Ape to one of an Aye Aye monkey. The Ape was selected years ago because of its and the Navy's historic connections with Gibraltar and its simian and striking resemblance to many naval pilots. It has lately occurred to me that the Aye Aye has the greater naval flavour. So Aye aye it is henceforth.

Now to some sober thoughts – thoughts on which I have harped issue after issue. The In the Delta list grows at the expense of the membership list. Our Foundation draws its membership almost, but not quite, exclusively from retired naval air personnel. These people are growing old – all but those who have ceased to grow older and all but the most struthious of us can see our membership approaching zero within, well within, this decade. I hate to surprise you with this bad news but that, dear mortals, is just the way it is. Live with it! (pun intended).

So we must, if the Foundation is to outlive us, pull our heads out of the sand and hunt out members elsewhere than in the ranks of the retirees. Hunt where? Enduring great museums, and ours has the potential to be great on the Canadian scale, seek out and win the enduring support of philanthropists and "deathless" corporations. We have done this,

but to no avail. Why haven't we achieved our potential? We actually were moving in that direction when we came across a roadblock that should have been obvious to an idiot (I so qualify). A remarkably elegant piece by one of our readers, one Llib Lerraff, in the previous newsletter pointed out, that as he sees it, major, big-money, donors are not motivated to give time and money to institutions they cannot have positive direction and control of. Such an institution is SAM – a DND-owned institution under the direction of military trustees. The solution, as I see it, or at least a partial solution, might be privatizing SAM while still maintaining DND connection and support.

So, in conclusion, I am a psychic (Kay says physic, confusing the medicinal with the spiritual). I hear breakers ahead – the good ship SAMF is headed for the rocks. Anyway, it's an honour to serve old shipmates .

Aye Aye to you all, Bill Farrell

Please don't get upset – you're not going to the other side of the grass in the next decade. We're selfish, we need you.

As for the rest ...????Kay



Sopwith Camel

Bill tells me he flew this type of aircraft. That should tell you something. Kay

Newfie Flight 101 was flying from St. John's to Fort McMurray one night, with Russell, the Pilot, and Glen, the co-pilot. As they approached Fort McMurray Airport, they looked out the front window.

"Lord tunderin Jesus," said Russell. "Will ye look at how short dat runway is." "You're not kiddin, Russell," replied Glen.

"Right Glen. When I give de signal, you put de engines in reverse," said Russell. "Right, I'll be doing dat," replied Glen.

"And den ye put de flaps up straight away," said Russell. "Right, I'll be doing dat," replied Glen.

"And den ye stamp on dem brakes as hard as ye can," said Russell. "Right, I'll be doing dat," replied Glen.

"And den ye pray to de Mother Mary with all a' your soul," said Russell. "I be doing dat already," replied Glen.

So they approached the runway with Russell and Glen full of nerves and sweaty palms. As soon as the wheels hit the ground, Glen put the engines in reverse, put the flaps up, stamped on the brakes and prayed to Mother Mary with all of his soul.

Amidst roaring engines, squealing of tires and lots of smoke, the plane screeched to a halt centimeters from the end of the runway much to the relief of Russell and Glen and everyone on board.

As they sat in the cockpit regaining their composure, Russell looked out the front window and said to Glen, "Dat has gotta be de shortest runway I have EVER seen in me whole life."

Glen looked out the side window and replied, "Yeah Russell, but look how friggin wide it is."

Hampton Gray Documents Donated

On September 28, the Shearwater Aviation Museum received several artifacts and photographs documenting the posthumous award of the Victoria Cross to Lieutenant Robert Hampton Gray. Some of



the artifacts date back to Nov 45 Lt. Gray was the only member of the RCN to be awarded the Victoria Cross, our nation's highest award for valour during the Second World War.

Some of the artifacts documenting Lt. Gray's leadership and courage during his attack on the destroyer *Amakusa* at Onagawa Bay were in the custody of his cousin in England until he recently died. While finalizing the cousin's estate, relatives discovered the documents and believed that they should be preserved in Canada rather than remain in England.

Christine stated that the treasured documents are a welcome addition to the museum's Victoria Cross Gallery. Which commemorates Lt. Robert Hampton Gray, one of Canada's Formidable Heroes.

Ernie Cable SAM Historian

PRESIDENTS MESSAGE

As the leaves fall and the air chills, we are reminded of the passing seasons and winter is now approaching.

From the President's point of view, I feel SAMF is doing very well - thanks to the Directors and conscientious volunteers who keep the Foundation running smoothly.

Since the last Newsletter, SAM has commenced restoration on two aircraft. Jim Adam is guiding the group of volunteers to restore the Avenger and Ron Kay and volunteers have taken on the job to restore the HUP3. The plan is to restore these aircraft for Museum Exhibits. I personally thank all persons who have donated towards the Avenger Fund which to date amounts to approximately \$17,000 and to the HUP and Firefly projects.

The Foundation membership is continuing to rise - thanks to Kay's 'friendly' reminders! Speaking of reminders - some Directors volunteered to phone members regarding their membership. It was a pleasure to phone my group and I had a great chat with most of them. Some I knew quite well - others I remembered by name only. The common reason for late dues was "I forgot about it"! The solution for this is to become a life Member. This can be paid for in five (5) consecutive monthly payments of \$100. Contact Kay about setting up an account for you.

Our most recent fund-raising event was a Wine, Cheese, Art and Craft Show. It was very successful thanks to the effort of one of our Directors - Patti Collacutt - and her faithful volunteers.

On behalf of my family, the SAMF Board of Directors and myself, I wish each one of you a joyous Holiday Season. **Buck Rogers**

REMEMBER IT'S TIME TO RENEW YOUR SAMF MEMBERSHIP

(We do not send out notices.)



Sea King

SARNIA AIRMAN IS EXPERT AT LANDING ON 'FLATTOPS' BY Dave McIntosh

ABOARD HMCS BONAVENTURE (cp) It has been said that to the airman landing on an aircraft carrier, the deck looks no bigger than a postage stamp. This is a gross exaggeration. The deck doesn't look any bigger than a piece of confetti. But, Lt C.A. Whitey Williamson, 33, of Sarnia, has managed to land expertly on flattops 140 times, 45 times at night.

On a recent exercise off the NS Coast, he landed on the Bonaventure in a peasoup fog after being "talked down" by carrier control approach, the same system used ashore and know as ground control approach.

When the hook of his Tracker anti-submarine plane grabbed one of the five cables stretched cross the aft end of the carrier, he couldn't see much beyond the island of the carrier, the fog was so thick. And he couldn't be seen from the carrier until a second or so before touchdown.

ON THE CAT



Like Cannon Shot The next day, he took a reporter for a flip to demonstrate takeoff and landing and the tactics used by the Tracker to find and kill a submarine. The takeoff is like being shot out of a cannon. Lt Williamson is probably one of the few pilots in the world who takes off without touching the control stick. The Tracker is literally hurled into the air by a steam catapult in the bow.

The plane taxis into position and is hooked to the catapult. The pilot puts on full power, says "OK, OK, OK" to his co-pilot who salutes the flagman. The flagman whips down his green flag and the under-deck catapult fires its missile - the Tracker - into the air. The blastoff drives the crew back into their seats with a violent jerk.

Lt Williamson figures that it is safer NOT to touch the stick until the Tracker is in the air, that the blastoff might make him pull back on it suddenly. So he lets the catapult do all the work. One moment the Tracker is standing still on the deck. The next, in a wink of an eye, it is in the air.

Done with Mirrors On this day, there was little or no natural wind. All there was, was that created by the speed of the carrier. As a result, it came straight down the deck and not down the angled deck. This created "stack wash" and Lt Williamson had to bank sharply to port at the last second to get down and avoid going around again. Landing is carried out literally with mirrors. Orange lights are shone into mirrors and the reflected light - known as the "meatball" - tells the pilot whether he is making his approach at the proper angle.

The Tracker touches down at more than 100 miles an hour and is brought quickly to a standstill by the arrester gear. The sudden stop throws the crew forward against their straps.

At night, the shortness of the flarepath and the fewness of lights would give a shore-based pilot the shudders. But such landings are all in a night's work for the Tracker crews who patrol the Atlantic from their tiny, sea-tossed airfield.

Lt Williamson in Class





RESCUE OF ARCTIC CHAR AT PAYNE BAY

By Jav Stevenson

The pen and ink drawing by me shows Air Department men of HMCS PROTECTEUR off loading boxes of arctic char in August 1973. (Some of the details are hazy as time has eroded my memory - as well as other things). Towards the end of the Northern Deployment the Canadian government ordered PROTECTEUR to rescue the annual arctic char catch at Payne Bay (north west side of Ungava) as ice and weather conditions had precluded the normal pick up by the packet boat. Without a pick up, the catch would have been lost, a disaster to the native community.

What first appeared as a routine job was complicated by dense fog. Visibility was not more than 100 yards (meters). PROTECTEUR was anchored off shore and the first Sea King flight with ship and on board radar assistance air taxied around the occasional rocks into the Harbour to a small landing pad. Once the first flight was successfully made, we set up a rotating "hot turn around" schedule and moved over 10,000 pounds of char to the ship to be stored in the freezers. This drawing shows a hot turn around in progress.

PROTECTEUR'S Commanding Officer was Captain (N) Dan Mainguy. The Sea King crew commanders included Brian Northrup, Fred Pratt and me (also Det Commander). The original drawing was presented to Major Kurt Theoret, Navigator on the aircraft shown here, on his retirement from the military and the Directorate of Maritime Aviation in 1984.

IT IS TIME TO RENEW YOUR MEMBERSHIP TO SAMF OR JOIN

(We do not mail out notices.)

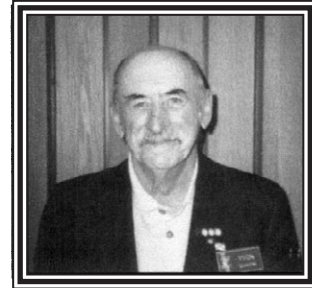




ACROSS THE FLIGHT DECK

YVON QUINTIN CNAG MEMBER OF THE YEAR – 2005

The CNAG "Member of the Year" trophy is awarded annually to the member who best symbolizes the ongoing spirit and traditions of Canadian Naval Aviation. The trophy embodies 3 Shearwaters (representing the 3 carriers that Canada operated from 1946 to 1970) connected in flight winging their way ashore to their home nest at Shearwater.



Yvon Quintin is a very dedicated and active member of the Shearwater Aviation Museum guide staff. In this capacity, he never misses his turn on duty and conducts tours in both official languages. He is very knowledgeable of the displays and artifacts in the Museum, and continually promotes and relates to visitors the history and deeds of Canadian Naval Aviation. Over-and-above his weekly shifts, Yvon regularly volunteers to conduct groups on special tour in the evenings and on weekends. His pleasant and cheerful attitude to both visitors and Museum staff has received many accolades from the museum staff and visitors alike.

Yvon has been a member of CNAG for many years, and has been the Atlantic Chapter's Entertainment Chairman for the past 3 years. In this capacity he has been the leader in planning and organizing Chapter social functions such as Xmas parties, summer BBQ's, and arrangements for the regular monthly meetings. Yvon's approach to his responsibilities is always one of dedication and excellence in everything he does and is in the true "can do" spirit of Canadian Naval Aviation. **BZ** Yvon for being awarded the Tul Safety/Fred Lucas Memorial Award for year 2005.



Emma Turner " took the "Flight over Victoria" Door Prize on 11 Oct 05 at The CNAG Reunion in Navalair's latest "Fighter"!! Her "First Flight" in a light aircraft!

From Al whalley

36TH ANNUAL CNAG REUNION – VICTORIA, BC

The National Headquarters on behalf of all who attended would like to congratulate the Victoria Chapter on hosting another very successful reunion. Our sincere thanks to all of the chapter members who worked so hard to make everyone's weekend so enjoyable. Once again, it was our old friends "Red" Atkins and Eileen Smith who spearheaded the organization, very ably assisted by "Stretch" Arnold and Paul Peacey. West Coast Hospitality was at it's finest.

Following the Annual Directors Meeting, the traditional "Up Spirits" was piped whereupon a long queue quickly formed at the rum barrel. Witnessing Officer LCdr. "Stretch" Arnold kept a sharp eye on Rum Bos'ns CPO Gord Synnuck and AB Kit Gough however they did manage to provide everyone with a little "spillers".

The Saturday evening dinner dance in the Crystal Ballroom of the Fairmont Empress was certainly the highlight of the reunion with some 160 guests sitting down to a sumptuous meal including some very fine Ontario wine and an delicious dessert table. Outstanding era (ours) Music was provided by the Swiftsure Band however everyone missed the usual gyrations of Frank Reesor and his lady friends on the dance floor.

Sunday morning a delicious breakfast was served in the Palm Court Room followed by another short opportunity to have a final chat with other members before leaving for home. The Sunday morning Memorial Church Service was conducted by Chaplain Wm. L. Howie CD RCN (Ret'd) who reminded attendees of who we were and what had been accomplished during our service over the many years that the Canadian Naval Air Branch existed. "Stretch" Arnold read out the list of 69 shipmates and 15 member's wives who have passed on since the last reunion in Trenton. He also expressed the Group's sincere condolences to all their families and friends.

The 37th Annual Reunion will take place at Ottawa 15 – 17 September 2006 and has the theme " A Family Gathering". We look forward to seeing our many old friends and comrades at what should be another outstanding reunion in the "Capital City". Note the date is 15-17 September 2006. **John Eden**



Banquet: Roger Rioux, Marg Rioux, Sharon Whittla, Barb Lenihan

Meet & Greet: Una Walton, Barb Lenihan, Rod Walton, Anna Johnston, Fred Rol, Betty Snelgrove, Creighton Johnston



Banquet: Bob Findlay, Red Atkins, Steve MacDonald, Al Brown



Up Spirits: Al Whalley, Roger Rioux, Paul Peacey, Stan Witwicki, Peter Bruner, Lee Roy, Don Sheard



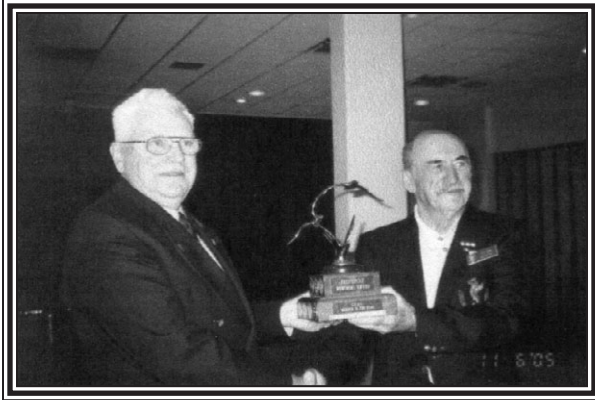
AC's (Missing from photo: Mike Fasevich and Donald Sheard)

Buck Rogers, George Davey, Stan Witwicki and Bob Casement

In front: Frank (John) McIntosh



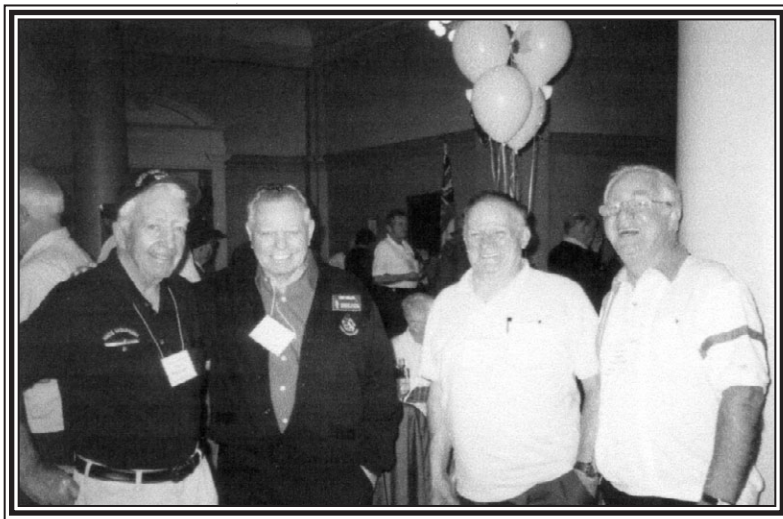
Paddy Bruce
Vi Anderson
Eddie Majeau
Jo White



Buck Rogers presenting Yvon Quintin with CNAGER of the Year Trophy.



Jane & Stan Witwicki and Minnie Rogers



Steve MacDonald,
Tony Keeler,
Alan Guatto,
Hugh MacLellan

HEAD TABLE





**Go Figure
or
Reader, write your own caption**

***South American museum already has a
Sea King in its museum!
Rio de Janeiro, RJ.***



Em 11 de outubro de 2005.

**MARINHA INAUGURA HELICÓÓPTERO
MUSEU NO RIO DE JANEIRO**

No dia 13 de outubro, às 15h, no Espaço Cultural da Marinha, será inaugurado o Helicóóptero-Museu SH3A Sea King. Essa aeronave será mais uma atração a ser oferecida ao público do Rio de Janeiro e turistas que visitam o Espaço Cultural da Marinha, que anualmente recebe mais de 120 mil visitantes.

THE RUBBER DECKY
From Earle Cale

Upon docking at Portsmouth aboard HMCS **MAGNIFICENT**, a few of us Aircraft Handlers

looked from our flight deck across the way and recognized our old ship, the **WARRIOR**.



About five of us, being curious to see what had happened to our old friend, walked over to where she was docked and received permission for an escorted tour. We went up to the flight deck and saw that it was completely covered with about two inches of black, hard rubber. These were times when the jet fighter aircraft had come into being, but the angled deck had not, as yet, been designed.

Many people were working on the "how to" problem of landing a jet fighter aircraft on the flight deck of an aircraft carrier. It was explained to us that the idea of a rubber deck was to have the aircraft land on skids, lift the aircraft with a crane, lower the wheels and then taxi the aircraft on the rubber deck.

As Aircraft Handlers, we shuddered in horror and quickly made our way ashore, leaving behind what had once been the Pride of our Fleet. Any comments?

Peter Stoffer, MP
NDP Veterans Affairs Critic



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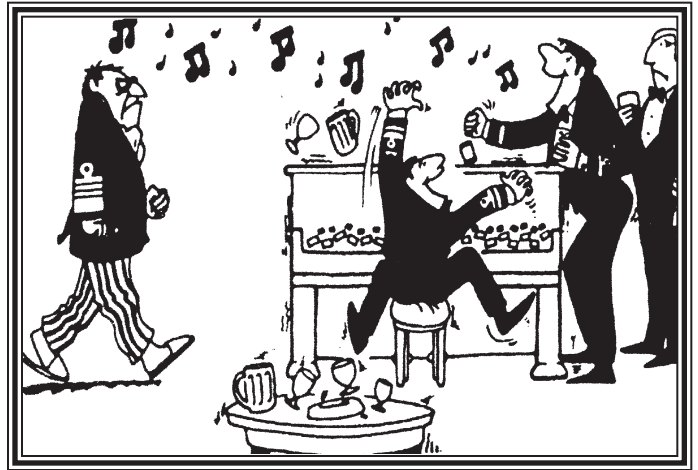
**SHEARWATER AVIATION MUSEUM
HARVARD 2777**

BY Leo Pettipas

The Shearwater Aviation Museum Harvard was originally a Mark II that was built at the North American Aviation, Inc plant at Inglewood, California. Allocated the Serial Number 2777, it was taken on strength by the RCAF on 14 Jan 41 at No. 1 Training Command, Toronto, and assigned to No. 6 Service Flying Training School of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan at Dunnville, Ontario for use as a Pilot trainer. It went into storage there in late 1945 following cessation of hostilities, but was put back in service in August of 1950 when it was assigned to 9403 Regular Service Unit for use by 403 (FB) Squadron (Auxiliary) at Calgary, Alberta. That same month it was equipped with a gyro gunsight so that it could be utilized as a Mark IIA armament trainer.

In December 1953, Harvard 2777 was transferred on indefinite loan by the Air Force to the RCN at RCNAS Shearwater. It initially formed part of the unit establishment of the Navy's No.1 Training Air Group and that of its successor VT40 when the latter formed in May of 1954. It remained on charge with the Navy until February 1957 and then placed on Inactive Reserve at No. 6 Repair Depot, RCAF Station Trenton, Ontario. By November 1959, it had been declared surplus to requirements and transferred to Fingal, Ontario pending disposal.

In 1960, the RCAF declared the Mark II/IIA variant obsolete, and Harvard 2777 was struck off strength effective 11 October of that year. It was turned over to Crown Assets Corporation and sold to private interests. It was subsequently donated to the Shearwater Aviation Museum by Mr. D. Currie of Toronto, restored by the Atlantic chapter of the Canadian Naval Air Group, and placed on display at CFB Shearwater.



**Bless 'em all! Bless 'em all!
The long and the short and the tall!
Bless the Commander whose deck we
must scrub;
Bless the Chief Steward who hands out the
grub
Though we'd rather be caught in a squall
Than dine on that wormwood and gall
Forget all those notions, you're sailing the
oceans
So cheer up, my lads, Bless 'em all!**

**Bless 'em all! Bless 'em all!
The long and the short and the tall!
Bless the instructors who teach us to dive,
Bless all our stars that we still are alive,
For if ever the engine should stall,
We're in for one hell of a fall;
No champagne or vi'lets for dead fighter
pilots
So cheer up, my lads, Bless 'em all**



DEFENCE DOLLARS

SCOTT TAYLOR is a former frontline soldier, blooded in peacekeeping missions; He is a constructive critic of national defence policies and practices. He is not a Sunday Morning Quarterback. He has walked his talk, been kidnapped by terrorists, tortured and reprieved from execution at the very last minute. Scott tells it like it is www.espritdecorps@direct.com. Do read his article (extract) herein on our inefficiencies and ineffectiveness in the use of defence dollars in comparison with other countries. Ed

...the tub-thumpers are misguided in that they consistently refer to "underfunding" as the catch-all explanation for our military's singular lack of capability. What these old warhorses dread most is a straight-up comparison of value for defence dollar with a NATO ally. So here it goes.

The Republic of turkey spends roughly the same amount in actual dollars (\$11 billion Canadian) annually on national defence, as does Canada. With the disparity in our economy, this represents a greater percentage of their GDP, but given that they geographically border Iraq and Syria and have an internal security threat from militant Kurdish separatists, this is understandable. But, let's focus on what sort of bang Canada and Turkey get for the same bucks.

Canada has a paper strength of 57,000 Regular Service personnel, with a Reserve Force hovering around 14,000. So we could mobilize 71,000 troops in a time of crisis. For their part, the Turks maintain a Regular Force of about 500,000 and a Reserve of close to one million. In terms of combat units, Canada has just three under-strength brigades, and the turks have four entire field armies, with no less than 14 armoured brigades.

While keen-eyed military buffs will point out that the Turkish tanks are mostly older models, the same can be said for Canada's Leopard tanks. The difference is that Turkey is in the process of replacing its armoured fleet with newer main battle tanks while Canada is purchasing light-weight wheeled vehicles instead.

Canada's army crown jewel is the elite 300-member Joint Task Force 2 commando unit. The Turkish generals can deploy up to five commando brigades (20,000 troops), with most of these special forces soldiers being battle-tested in combat.

In the air, Canada can scramble just three squadrons of CF18 fighters, with another three squadrons of these planes sitting in mothballs. The Turks operate no fewer than 19 combat squadrons equipped with many of the newer-model F16 fighters.

At sea, Canada can float 12 patrol frigates, three destroyers, two supply ships and 12 minesweepers, and we have four second-hand British subs still in the workshops. Turkey can put to sea 13 submarines, 20

frigates, 21 fast patrol boats, 21 minesweepers and 52 landing ships, and their navy has its very own amphibious brigade of marines.

Given the Turkish example, it is obviously possible to maintain a NATO-standard army, navy and air force for less than \$12 billion a year. So are Canada's defence woes really due to a lack of funding?

Yes, we remember...

CANADIAN NAVAL AIR

Gray birds in the dawn of light.
Gray birds in the day and night,
who keep their watch for me and you,
carrier based on a sea of blue.

Who's vigil often cast in fog,
by radar and sonar do their job.
Keeping track of sub and ship,
friend or foe on every trip.

And at flights end when all return,
safe to their haven, thanks to God,
each and every one will say
They made it safely back today.

From arctic ice to the Caribbean,
they keep the sea lanes free from foe.
And many a fisherman, merchantman, tug,
owe their lives to these brave "matelots".

Call if Naval Air esprit de corp,
coastal command from ship and shore
they carry on watch for me and you,
the men of the squadrons in navy blue.

Up "Puncher" and "Nabob" and "warrior" by fame
"Bonaventure" and "Maggie" these men all came,
from their homes on the Prairies, the cities by the sea,
a call from their country, a call to be free, and they came.

"Swordfish" and "Seafire", "Fury", "Avenger",
"Tracker", "Sikorsky", "Sea King" and "Bell",
"Walrus" and "Firefly", "Albacore", "Anson",
all did their job and all did it well.

The flying banana: "Piasecki" by name,
The "Harvard" and "Banshee" and "T-Bird" fame,
"Barracuda" and "Beechcraft", "Exploder" to all,
They were part of our lives now in memory hall.

As we gather together once more in "Up Spirits",
take a moment of silence for shipmates passed on.
Who kept this young country from perilous grave,
from all walks of life, they were "sons of the wave".

*J. Walter Clarke
copyright 1984*

Thanks Chief

My eyes welled up and my chin trembled on several occasions this past Sunday while listening to an 82 year-old veteran of WWII share his experiences during that period in history. He was nervously delivering a sermon at his church joined by Legion comrades and an eclectic group of parishioners of all ages.

His message was not to forget, a tough sell to many of his audience who likely weren't old enough to have been offered something to remember, me among them. It's hard for most of us to put into perspective but it was fifty-nine years ago that the Second World War ended. That leaves most of the surviving vets in their late 70's and 80's, or older. Unfortunately there are fewer and fewer of them left to share their stories, stories that have moulded our culture, mostly for the better thank God.

That old vet remarkably managed to inject humour into his tales of suffering and misery. He said that was an element of the human psyche that enabled most of that era to survive and probably more importantly, recover from the travesties of war. It was a simple blessing at a time when most needed.

He shared a vivid picture of what life for two years was like for him on the island of Malta in 1942-43, very likely the most bombed island of WWII. A tiny, but highly strategic, island located smack in the middle of the shipping lanes of the Mediterranean Sea held and never surrendered by the British. The island survived multiple blanket bombings day after day for over two years. Malta's residents, military and civilian, were being starved to death as they gallantly defended the little rock so important to that theatre of conflict.

Once a day the service men would line up for a bread ration, one piece per man, one piece per day. The vet said it tested his wisdom to make that slice of bread last twenty four hours. If you consumed it all at once you had the balance of the day to face the hunger pains until the following morning. That lesson was learned more than once the hard way he said. But a bigger and more painful lesson lay before him.

In the midst of the torture of hunger he lost discipline, pillaging a farmer's field where he sat and gorged on grapes. The following weeks saw him in a dysentery ward at the nearby military hospital. Not the most courageous circumstance to find yourself under medical care. Today that old vet finds a simple pleasure in food that my generation can't possibly appreciate. That vet is repulsed by waste and the greed we sometimes display all the while taking a meal for granted. It caused me to

think.

The veteran was British at the time. A long way from home, in his early twenties, likely confused and ill-informed of what the war meant in global political terms. That didn't really matter very much as it was a fight to survive if you were on the island of Malta. The true essence of what the war meant likely wouldn't set in for several years.

He said the biggest blessing that war and his naval service bestowed upon him was his draft by the Royal Navy to the Royal Canadian Navy. We needed experienced seamen at that time to crew ships and train Canadians who would later serve aboard our aircraft carriers, HMCS Magnificent followed by HMCS Bonaventure. He fell in love with Canada and met the love of his life while stationed in Halifax, a girl from Bedford who he married while in full naval dress. He parented a family, all but one that still live in Halifax, all proud of their veteran father. His grandchildren, as well, are aware of his years of distinguished military service.

He spoke so proudly of democracy, the less than perfect way we install governments of our own choice. He spoke passionately of the freedom to practice his religion of choice and to enjoy the endless bounty of the great nation of Canada. As a young man he saw the world, literally, and stands by the notion he now lives in the best country on the face of the earth. He says that he's a Canadian by choice, more than most Canadians can say. I sensed his pride, I agree with him, he is more proud of his country than most Canadians and he deserves that special feeling, he earned it.

That old veteran wants young people to know what we have and how it came to be. He wants us to think of the horrors of war and to exhaust all options before we choose that course of action again in the future. He wants his Legion comrades to measure the success of Remembrance Day poppy drives not on poppy sales and revenues but how many young people learn why we have a day dedicated to those lost in conflict and those that bravely defended our way of life.

That vet is my father, Dennis Shaw. I'm a proud son and a better Canadian because of him. Thank you for your sacrifice and thanks for the many more like you.

Robert C. (Bob) Shaw
Halifax, NS

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

Pat Whitby writes:

Great issue. It has prompted a response from me on three counts:-

1. **Tumbling** (TBird. I've forgotten how to do the other kind). When I arrived in Ottawa in '57 after my three years in the UK where I had collected a good number of Meteor VIII hours, I thought that I had better check out in the TBird and made my way to the Practice Flight at Uplands where I met my instructor, a keen RCAF type. He immediately said that he thought that we should do some tumbling. Being a Navy type I viewed this with some suspicion but relaxed when he explained the drill to me. This guy loved to tumble and in the process of my flying with him we did it frequently. While it was interesting I never pursued the trick myself.

2. I was invited to give a talk to the local branch of the Canadian Historical Society in the spring of '04 on the subject of flying Sea Fires and Sea Furies. I accepted and did so. Happily the local CNAG branch spread the word and Dave Tate, Jack Moss, Gord Moyer and Ed L'Heureux showed up to give moral support. Given the nature of the audience the talk had to be constructed accordingly and may not be at all suitable for your readers but if you would like to use any or all of it please do.

3. Antoine de Saint-Exupery, well known aviator expressed all of our sentiments very well:-

"Life may scatter us and keep us apart;... but we know that our comrades are somewhere 'out there' - where one can hardly say - silent, forgotten, but deeply faithful. And when our paths cross theirs, they greet us with such joy, shake us gaily by the shoulders! Indeed we are accustomed to the waiting."
Cheers Pat

Jim Crawford writes:

Upon reading Ernie Cable's wonderful article "Sea Hornets and Furies over Dartmouth", I'm prompted to pass along the part I proudly played in the first Canadian naval Air Show on Jul 21 48.

Early in July, I was asked to join a committee that proposed its own little show during the big one. The group consisted of a helicopter pilot, his co-pilot, air

crewman, a PA announcer, a "drunk", two Shore Patrolmen, a ground crewman and I (a P1Air Ordinance Artificer).

The plan was to demonstrate the lifting capability of the chopper. We found a car body stripped of its engine and wheels. My job was to mount a Firefly bomb carrier to the cables attached to the hoisting hook of the helicopter. I also mounted a smoke float in the car. Twenty foot lanyards were fastened to the manual release on the bomb carrier and also the smoke float. Commencing our show, the PA announcer explained that the lifting capabilities of the helicopter were about to be demonstrated. The chopper hovered over the car body, the bomb carrier was clipped to the hoist hook and the free ends, the two lanyards were tossed to the chopper crewman. At that point, the drunk, who had been flopping about in a hilarious manner showed up running toward the car. The announcer screamed for the Shore Patrol to arrest him, much to the enjoyment of the crowd. The drunk ran to the car, opened the door and jumped in. Unbeknownst to the crowd, he jumped out the other side and hid behind two hay bales close by. At that moment the chopper commenced its lift. Thinking the drunk was still in the car, the crowd and the PA announcer were screaming their heads off. As planned, at 300 feet, the chopper crewmen pulled the lanyard that ignited the smoke float and clouds of smoke poured from the car. The announcer screamed that the drunk had somehow started a fire in the car and the crowd screamed even louder. At that point the PA announcer said the fire was a danger to the chopper and the car would have to be jettisoned. Immediately, the chopper crewman pulled the release lever to the bomb carrier and the car came hurtling downward in a plume of smoke. If you thought the crowd screamed and shouted loudly before this, it was nothing compared to now. It was rumoured that one woman fainted (wife of the drunk perhaps?). Immediately, the drunk ran out from his hiding place and waved to the crowd. I still think half of them didn't see him and believed we would be pulling his body from the wreck. My 81 year old memory cannot recall the names of the PA announcer and the group that put on the show. Hopefully there is someone out there that can help.

The 806 Squadron team left shortly for Idlewild for the week long air show where they put on a very impressive display and a further nine shows in Canada. I was proud to have participated in the first Naval Air Display in Canada but I was disappointed that they didn't take us along with our

little car lift show. Was it because they couldn't afford the liability insurance?

Joe Paquette writes:

Kay,

Some of your readers may have a question about the cover picture in the Summer issue of the Newsletter. All is not as it seems and it is a composite picture created by a professional photographer who sailed with the BV on trip to San Juan and New Orleans in Jan. 1968. The shot of the aircraft was done on Mar12 (I think ... as my logbook mentions a flypast practice the day before and a "flypast" on the 12th). The shot of the fleet was taken during the same visit but at another time by the same fellow. The photographer combined the two shots for the image you presented. Some sharp eyed reader might mention the angles of the images don't quite seem real and he would be correct. The left hand formation of trackers (as you face the image) had Jim Robinson leading with Wayne Halladay on the right wing and myself on the left wing.

Hope to have another "First time" for your next issue. All the best, Joe (**Hey guys, if Joe can find time to write, why can't you? K**)

A smile for the day!

Hi Kay: In 1951 shortly after returning to Esquimalt in *Sioux* after her first tour in Korea, I acquired an Austin A70 Hampshire. This was a delightful car and one of my all-time favourites but it had a problem — it burnt out spark plugs. While not being a mechanic I did try a variety of hot plugs and cold plugs without success. A year later back at the air station I found that we had installed Lodge plugs in the Bristol Centaurus engines of the Sea Fury's.

Believing that Lodge might provide the solution to my problem I consulted the yellow pages of the Halifax phone directory. Finding a dealer whose full page ad claimed he was the biggest auto electric dealer east of Montreal - I made contact with a mechanic there. My question was ""By any chance do you carry Lodge plugs?" The call was brief. His response was ""How large do you want them"!!

Keep up the good work. **Pop Fotheringham**

Rolf (Sam) Schlichting writes:

Folks, I received a copy of your Summer 2005

Issue, on the inside back cover was a picture of the VS880 Detachment that went on the Bonnie to Cyprus in 1964

I'm in the picture, and have the original (taken in Valletta Grand Harbour Malta) hence the access... someone thought I might not have see it.....

I'm sure by now you probably have had numerous people identifying names that you indicated with a ? ...but in case you didn't.....

Back Row beside Don (Stormy) Knight ..to his left are Ralph Iris, and then Howard Thompsonto Wally Bereza's left is Jim Dawson...

Middle Rowon Fred Illingworth's left is Roy Houghson... (Hope this helps round out the detachment Photo)

Pat Whitby writes:

Dear Bill,

It was interesting to see the coverage of Commodore Fraser- Harris' induction into the Canadian Aviation Hall of Fame in the summer issue of the Newsletter. It's always good to see Canadian Naval Aviation in the public eye. I must say, however that I was surprised to see him referred to as "The Father of Canadian Naval Aviation". It is fitting that his accomplishments should be recognized but I wonder if that title is deserved.

As I ponder the question of who was "the Father of Canadian Aviation" many thoughts come to mind.

The OED defines 'father' among other things as "originator", "author of". In a more general sense, being a 'father' means that one was there at the beginning. In applying those definitions in the broadest sense many names arise in what is not an exhaustive list by any means. Without delving into our history one immediately thinks of Lay and DeWolf who conceived the original idea and Arbick and Stead who put the air Branch together. Later others like Storrs, Bird, Hunter, GC Edwards and Falls had

great influence. It appears most likely that there was no single "Father of Canadian Naval Aviation" but rather a series of dedicated, hard working individuals each making a significant contribution; unless of course we go back to those who established the Canadian Naval Air Service in 1918. However in our history there is no Admiral Moffat or Billy Mitchell or Lord Trenchard.

Though Fraser-Harris deserved to be recognized for his contribution to making Canadian naval aviation a success I wonder if calling him "The Father of Canadian Naval Aviation" does not do an injustice to those others who contributed as much to our growth and success.

Note from Ed. *Pat, I bow to your sagacity in this. In retrospect we (most of us) bowed to the enthusiasm of Ralph Fisher et al and just went along.*

Pat, you rightly call our memories to order but now, how the hell do we dig out of this one without ruffling a lot of feathers? I don't in any way want to be politically correct. I just want to tell it like it is, not pussy-foot around the issue -- but I do want to avoid giving hurt to anyone if I can avoid it.

Perhaps an article portraying Fraser as a late Champion rather than Father of Naval Aviation trying valiantly, but vainly, to preserve the foundation laid and nurtured by those you have named?

Au secours! Help! Aidez-moi!

Bill

P.S. Kay, this is clearly all your fault Your penance will be one bottle of Captain Morgans 150 octane rum.

(I think I need it about now. Want some?)

Leo Pettipas writes:

In my article "The Grumman (Eastern) TBM-3W2 'Guppy' Avenger in the Royal Canadian Navy" that appeared in the Summer 2005 issue of the Newsletter, I made a couple of mistakes that I'd like to correct here, if I may. On page 14, I wrote, "when VS 881 began re-equipping with the Tracker in January 1957, the Guppy Flight was transferred to VS 880." In actual fact, VS 881 began re-equipping with the Tracker in February 1957, the first machine arriving on the 7th of the month. And, the Guppies were transferred to VS 880 in March 1957, not in January as implied in my sentence.

Mike Page asks:

Bill, what can you tell me about cover photo. I've read the newsletter from cover to cover I think and

can find no reference to it. Enjoy the newsletter thoroughly keep up the good work. Personal regards Mike P.S I'm looking for more than "Canadian Naval Aircraft over Canadian Naval Ships M.P

From Al Whalley

I just finished reading Stu Soward's latest book..."One Man's War"!! The story of LCDR Dick Bartlett's historic and horrific survival as a German POW during the war! A "Must Read"!

What has never ceased to amaze me though, is how most of us had no idea whatsoever that we had the honour of serving with true Heroes, but were unaware until many years later!

The navy has always been referred to as the "Silent Service"...but I for one sure wish we had been just a little more noisier!

Peter Charlton writes:

Kay: I enjoyed the Newsletter received this week. Good job as always. Thank you very much. Leo Pettipas' story of the 3W2 jogged a memory and I would like to pass it on to him for his archives.

I'm sort of sorry I don't live close enough to be able to offer on-site help on the Hauldown project. (Page 4) As you may appreciate, I did have some experience of the system in its formative years, having invented about half of it and made the other half work properly. I was asked to assist the Canadian War Museum a year or so ago and was able to help them.

From Carl Wright:

Hi Sailors; Well it has been a long time since anyone has asked about # 1 DU. I will try to bring a little bit of it into view from my perspective tried to bring this unit to light many years ago when I first got out of service at a NAG meeting because at that time I was very interested in seeing if there was a registered ship type crest available. One of the directors was not interested at all?? Some of the members of # 1 DTU that I remember with great caring are, Sands, Stu Beakley, Pedro Welsh, Al Ashcroft, Fred Devlin, Art Corrigan, Rip Adams, Stevenson, Carl Wright, Wylie. I am sure that there are other names that I will remember. I still have a crest from the unit. When I was on the unit I was an SE at that time and my job was packing chutes in a

brown or kraft paper bag that matched the form or shape of the fuselage. Fish head duties and any other that were required. Not boring. We flew our a/c from Osborne Head Gunnery Range, while ashore. I got badly hurt out there trying to put catapult into wind. There was no pavement or asphalt just good old N.S. mud. Tractor flipped back over myself and I was crushed by it. Flown to RCNH by Helo from Shearwater. Had last rites, lived, and was told by Doc Willoughby that I probably would not be able to have any children. WRONG. We had four. While on the Drone unit we Commissioned HMCS Porte Ste Jean which I am sure that you all know was a Gate Vessel used for sub gates at entrance to harbour. Our job was to fly drones, recover spent torpedoes, tow wooden

targets for the fleet. One of our other jobs that I remember. was to go to Louisbourg NS and recover a Cannon from the bottom of the deck with divers and a CBC camera crew. Before getting there I can picture the Captain up on the Port bridge Quarter using a Rudee Vallee Megaphone hailing a Cape Breton fisherman who was handlining. "Ahoy is this the entrance to Louisbourg Harbour." We never did get the cannon up. It ended up being brought up by an American Buoy Layer who was in the vicinity. Well that is all for now. There are a lot more tales {DIPS} **Carl**

Bob Murray writes:

Kay: I was pleasantly surprised to see the photo in the Summer edition of the newsletter, that I had taken when I was a Midshipman, under training, in SWANSEA during 1949 - 50. I spent many happy days there with your father and I can remember a couple of your brothers being aboard working with the "hands". My memory after 50 plus years is fuzzy, but I do recognize eight faces as follows:

- Your father Lt. Frank Mackintosh
- Chief Superintendent Ken Hall, RCMP
- Lt. F. L. "Peter" Ross
- Lt. Alan T. "Pony" Love
- Lt (P) John Runciman
- Surg. Lt Ralph F. Plumer MDCM RCNH
- Lt. (P) James R. "Jim" Burns

Other photographs of the same party, that I hold, show Lt. D. C. "Doc" Edwards, Lt (P) D. H. Blinkhorn "Ret'd", Lt (S) John March and Lt(P) "Tommy" Thomas.

I really look forward to reading my copy of the newsletter, keep up the great work. Elizabeth and I will be moving to Armprior, ON by Mid-November. This property, five acres, has got too large for us to cope with so we have decided to down-size.

My regards to all. *Bob*

(Sorry the copy of the photo wasn't better. K)

Glenn Cook writes:

Dear Bill: Just a note to say how much I enjoy your Newsletters; when they arrive both my wife Audrey and I read them from cover to cover. The content is superb the layout infinitely readable and the memories stimulating. You and your helpers deserve much credit.

Earlier this year, pat Whitby was invited to speak to members of the Ottawa Chjapt4er of the Canadian Aviation Historical Society (CAHS) and his presentation was extremely well received. Sometime during the evening Pat mentioned that I had written a memoir about my experiences in Naval Aviation. As a consequence of this remark the CAHS subsequently invited me to speak about helicopters in the RCN which I did in late September. I found it most enjoyable with an audience that was very warm and receptive. They also offered to sponsor my book and thirty or so were sold later in the evening.

On reflection, I thought the shearwater Aviation Museum might wish to have a copy for the Library so I have included a complimentary copy for that reason. My motivation in writing this memoir was primarily for family but would be prepared to make it available to a wider rroup of readers through the Museum bookstore if it would assist in helping to raise money for the Foundation.

An excerpt follows.

Just before reaching the top of the loop an abrupt noise was heard which seemed to come from the tail section of the aircraft, and I immediately noticed that something was terribly wrong with the control column in the pitch mode. At the top of the loop, and upside down, I rolled the aircraft 180 degrees into a conventional attitude and tried to troubleshoot the problem. I could not remember any emergency drill for the symptoms experienced. Quite simply, the aircraft seemed to have no pitch control "feel". The control column felt like a wet noodle (my best explanation is the feel

The following is information that affects us all.

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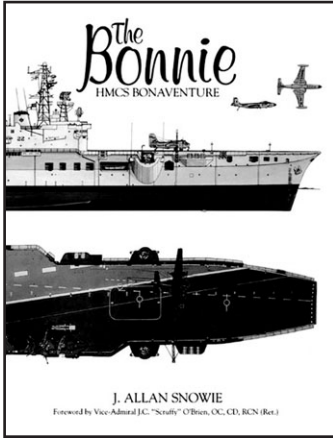
The Wine, Cheese, Art and Craft Party took place on 5 Nov 05 and was a pretty successful endeavor for the SAMF. Final figures were not all in at time of

print, but so far so good.

At this time I would like to thank the many people for their help during our event, and to let them know that we couldn't have done it without them. They are as follows: Christine Hines for all of her hard work ensuring that the space would be ready and that we had anything and everything that we needed. Next, Brent Hines for the wonderful cheese trays he prepared for the evening. We couldn't have held the event without our Bartender and to that I must say thank you to Rob LePine; not only was Rob our bartender, he was there for all of the setup and all of the cleanup. Thanks again Rob. Christine Dunphy and Barb Ryan for looking after the Museum Gift shop and for all the Foundation Board members who purchased and/or sold tickets to the event. In addition, I would also like to thank Eric Edgar for helping with this event and giving me the mental support to continue. And finally, to all who attended and participated. This event would be nothing without you.

On behalf of the FR Committee, thanks again for your help.

Patti Collacutt, Fund-raising Committee



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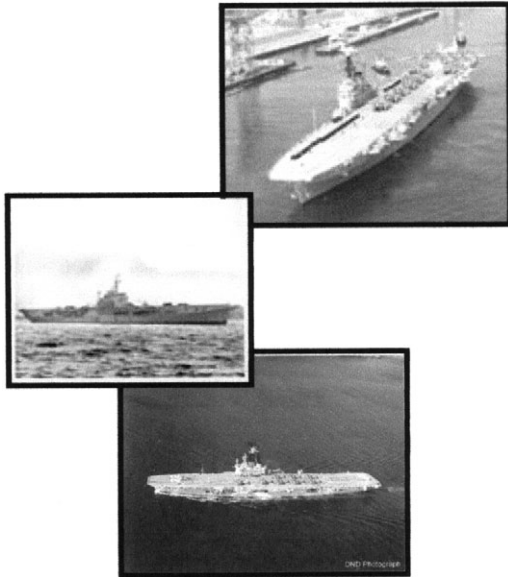
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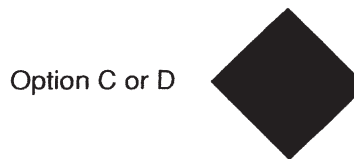
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one gets pushing a shopping cart backwards in a grocery store) and, when the column was moved fore and aft, the aircraft would over-respond by as much as 15 to 20 degrees of attitude inducing plus or minus 2 G in the process. As I compensated for the pitch down or pitch up, the aircraft responded in an aggravated divergent oscillatory mode. *Was I losing control of the bull?*

Hope this finds all in good health before embarking on another Canadian winter!
Cheers! *Glenn*

Tom Pollard writes:

Dear Kay: I herewith enclose my membership dues for 2006. Thought that just for a change I would get the cheque to you a bit early. (Much appreciated. Kay)

Have to say that the newsletter is just getting better and better. A big BZ to all concerned:

From Brian Finucan

I have read with interest the SAM article on tumbling the T33. I have experienced two of them.

Contrary to the Handling Manual statement that cross controlling is necessary to cause one, I agree rather with Turbo Tarling's comment that inept flying is all that is necessary.

Lockheed training films vintage 1960 covered the subject thoroughly and indicated that at hi altitude and low airspeed the aircraft could have a mind of it's own and enter a tumble, with little warning, from almost any attitude.

Sequences shot from chase planes clearly showed the avalanche-like nature of the tumble.

Flashback to 1960. I was an RCAF Flight cadet with a total of about 250 hours - 15 of them on the T33.

We were well brief on the tumble, and the clue was to renounce any attempt at control, put your hands on your lap, wait for the aircraft to assume some kind of recognizable attitude, then take control and fly out of it.

My current solo mission was to practice hi altitude aeros.

I took off from Gimli, climbed immediately to 15000' and with full jugs and near all up weight did my clearing turns and entered a loop. All went famously until the silver Star was inverted over the top. The old girl did not protest in any way, she just departed from controlled flight into the wildest contortions imaginable.

The amazing thing is G-forces were negligible, the ride was comfortable and vibration-free. The show was fantastic!

The gyrations were similar to the modern acrobatic maneuvers called something which sounds like "Lumpsevac". Good name!

I let go the controls and after going end over end, arse around teakettle several times, the T-bird settled out a bit and I established controlled flight n worse for wear. What hadn't dawned on me yet, in my vast inexperience, was that I was way too heavy for this kind of stuff at hi altitude.

So, after climbing back to 25000', I had another go, determined to finesse this one a little better. Cross controls would not be a factor because we did all these aeros with feet on the floor and the yaw string indicator on the nose nearly always zeroed.

Elevator control was, seemingly, the only input to consider. The long rudder-like schnozz on the T33 was obviously a factor as was possible aileron input at the critical juncture. Those big, fuel heavy jugs out on the wingtips created quite a moment arm against a relatively small vertical fin and rudder - but I didn't know all this.

So, despite smooth control input, at the top of the loop inverted, the aircraft entered another tumble without so much as a ripple. It felt like you had been smoothly "launched" into another multi-dimensional flight regime. A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse, so after recovery, I decided to practice that stuff another day!

Back on the ground I figured it out: burn off some fuel first. OI VAY!

The tumble visually was so spectacular as to make Jan Zurakowski's Falling leaf look like pretty tame stuff. But Jan was in control of his aircraft.

In a "Lumpsevac" all the pilot has to do is release back pressure, uncross his controls and he is instantly in business.

In the tumble, the T33 itself decides when to start behaving.

The G forces are almost non-existent so airframe damage will not occur and since the tumble happens at hi altitude, a crash should not result if the proper drill is followed. The near zero G configuration of the aircraft causes fuel to vent in a nice little double contrail.

And that's all she wrote.

It is a grandstand show by any measure and I can only hope that my description and analysis does it justice.

Lori Holden writes:

Visited the museum this summer. Aircraft look great; however, disappointed to see bare walls of the hangars. Would have been nice to see photos of aircrew and groundcrew so I could point out pictures of navalair friends to my family instead of thumbing through several albums of photocopied prints in a very dark archives. *(This has been mentioned to the Museum staff before. Kay)*

Another Spin on Tumbling....

David William writes:

Dear Kay - I have experienced a Tumble and the following article should be titled "The Lord Looks After Drunkards and Fools" and you will understand why as you read on. As Turbo Tarling wrote in the Summer newsletter, the Tumble is almost without exception caused by inept handling of the aircraft. However, I, and I daresay no one has ever met a pilot who cannot produce a plausible reason (excuse) for his inept flying and you are about to read mine.

First, a short discussion on the different characteristics of a spin and a tumble. A spinning aircraft is not the fearsome event depicted in the early black and white movies. Spins are regularly practiced during flying training. In the spin condition the a/c is still flying although both wings are in a fully stalled state. Air flow is still passing over the wings and control surfaces so the a/c is still controllable. Every a/c that I have spun has recovered almost the instant that corrective action was taken or the control column and rudder were simply let go.

The Tumble is a very fearsome thing. About the middle of the last century, 1940-50, the remains of a/c were being dug out of holes in the ground and it was discovered that they had struck the earth in every conceivable attitude - sideways, backwards, upside down etc. The a/c had been tumbling on impact. The a/c involved were all high performance types. The United States Navy Test Pilot centre at Patuxent River (and I am sure many others) set out to determine the cause. They were able to make a Panther tumble by introducing maximum sideslip. Think of a swept wing a/c in a sideslip. The wing into the slip is perpendicular to the airflow, thereby creating considerable lift. The wing away from the slip is traveling parallel to the airflow, thus producing no lift. This imbalance will cause the a/c to flip onto it's back and enter the tumble. Since no airflow is traveling over the control surfaces in any organized fashion, there is no recovery action that the Pilot can take to stop the tumbling. The a/c will either stop tumbling on its own or it will strike the ground, whichever happens first. Now to the story...

In Dec 59, while serving in VU32, Jake Birks was assigned to check me out in the T33. On my very first flight, another Jake, the inimitable Jake Cox, tucked me into the front seat, chattering and laughing the whole time as was his style. He started us up and sent us on our way. The first exercise was stalls and spins. There was a solid overcast based at 8000ft topped at 13,000ft with brilliant clear sunshine above. Keep this weather in mind as it bears heavily on my reason (excuse) for mishandling the a/c. Climbing to over 20,000 ft, Jake demonstrated the two exercises, then over to me. The stalls were no problem and my entry into the spin was normal. However, upon attempting to recover from the spin, I was looking down at an unbroken, featureless, brilliant white cloud top and I could not detect if the a/c had stopped spinning, I was concentrating so hard that I had neglected to centralize the rudder and my big right foot was creating.....maximum sideslip. There was a pained, drawn out noooo... from the back seat at the very instant that the a/c flipped on its back and commenced its earthward tumble. Somewhere between the cloud base and 5000 ft, the a/c ceased tumbling in a more or less straight and level attitude. Jake opened the throttle stating that that was enough of that for the day as we headed for the land low flying area. Along the way, Jake muttered that if the a/c had not stopped tumbling as we passed through 5000 ft he had planned to eject.

WAIT FOR IT! The tumble tale may be over but the

real heart stopper in this flight is yet to unfold and the reason for the title of this piece shall be revealed.

Upon returning to Shearwater, Jake wished to land the a/c. As it was a bit of a challenge to do a good landing in a T-bird, from the back seat, due to the limited forward visibility. As only Jake could, he greased it onto 34R, the new, long one and proceeded to taxi back to the hangar via RW 29 which for some unknown reasons was called "the back way" at that time. I am in the front seat with nothing to do so I say to myself, the flight is over so I may as well put the ejections eat safety pins in. I look into the map case where the three pins with their long, red, safety streamers are normally stowed during flight, but it is empty. Where could they be???? I quickly found them where they had been throughout the flight, firmly installed in the seat -safe positions making it impossible to fire the ejection seat.

Strangely enough, I was not frightened during the tumble. I, along with Ross Hunter had just completed the RCAF Flight Safety Officers Course at Avenue Road, Toronto and I was aware of what the tumble was. However, I did not know during the event that it was impossible for me to eject - you can believe me when I say that I never missed them again during my startup check. **Dave Williams**

From Frank Willis:

Hi Kay: As far as I can recall, most of us were pretty well "out of control" from the moment our wheels left the ground until they touched the ground again - hopefully, at the intended location!

Don't know too much about the "tumbling phenomenon". Vaguely recall something like that happening a couple of times in some less stable aircraft after some pretty wild maneuvering but, if you left the controls alone, the plane would come out of it quite nicely in the fullness of time - usually around 10-15 thousand feet when the air was a bit denser.

Lewis Langstaff writes:

I am enclosing a write up on Jimmy Watson for the Museum. Robert Johnson was a wartime pilot SLT (A) RNR in the Fleet Air Arm in 879 Sqn. He transferred to the RCN in 1951; he served in Canadian Naval Air Squadrons 825, VS880 and

Commanded 743 and VU32. He completed his Naval versatility in Command of HMCS Gloucester - a special communication station in Ottawa.

In my view, Jimmy Watson had a more impressive War Record than any of his contemporaries and this included the illustrious and flamboyant Alexander Beaufort Fraser Fraser-Harris with :

1000 deck landings
3 Stars
1939-43
Atlantic
Burma

I visited Jimmy in St Vincent's Nursing Home in Ottawa - he is hanging in there but is very frail and helpless. Very sad indeed. He is still mentally alert.

Cheers and God Bless - I don't think there are many of us left who started in 1939 or before.
Lewis

From Peg Buchanan:

Thanks for the most recent copies of the Newsletter. I have hardly put them down since they arrived.

I was very interest to read the story about pat Jackson, who was the RN Liaison Officer at Pensacola when Buck was appointed RCN Liaison there in 1954. Pat arranged accommodation for us, next door to the house where he and his family were living, and when they moved on to Corpus Christi, we moved into their larger and funny old house - a house many of the Canadian students were familiar with as a storehouse for their 'duty free' and a changing room when they came out to water-ski.

I can only re-iterate what so many have said, that our days at Shearwater were some of the happiest, never to be forgotten, and our Navy friends 'closer than family'.

Having been a British Wren during the latter year of WW11, and having been stationed at two RN Air Stations after the war, namely Hinstock and St. Merryn, where buck and I were married, I had the pleasure of knowing several Shearwater types who were on courses at those bases: Mack McCullagh My Signal Officer at Hinstock, Pat Whitby, Pat Ryan, Barry Hayter, Glen Hutton, Wally Walton -

he was our Best Man!

Thanks again Kay - my best wishes to Bill.



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FROM THE SECRETARY.....

Lots accomplished because of you our top notch supporters of SAMF. Both the Avenger and Firefly are in the hangar you built. It's great seeing people working on these almost daily. That Avenger is something else. It looks so huge. Jim Adam as Project Manager, has work progressing rapidly on it. Work has also begun on the HUP with Ron Kay as Project Manager - right now he's PM of one - himself. He could sure use some help. On occasion, Rob LePine of the Museum Staff is there to help him. Volunteers are still needed. Bud Ayer is back and he and his crew are still working steadfastly on the Firefly. Also, the request for funding of these projects has not stopped, as yet.

As you know, we are nothing without you. That includes the Newsletter. Boy, do we need help with getting articles and stories. Now, I know a fair

number of you retired Naval Air folks out there and I would say you all didn't lead a dull life here at Shearwater. Please take the time to drop me a line or two - you must have had some interesting things happen while you were here. Seems to me I recall Flt Safety personnel on the back of a truck with a shotgun going after birds/animals on the runway. If I'm close, there must have been a story about that.



Don't act like you never did anything funny or ran into a bad situation etc. Let's have that story.

Well dear-heart, it's time once again to wish you and yours a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Take care and have a Happy Holiday. Kay

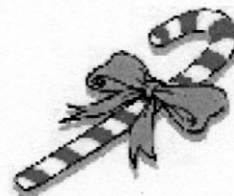
PS Wondering why the word 'Cronos' is on the cover? That's the Editor trying to get some sort of response from you to have the title of the nsltr changed to 'Cronos' - even though the majority already told him in a previous issue to leave it as it is.

PSS Just to let you know we will not be featuring the return envelope in this and future newsletters. It is too expensive for us to continue with them.

DON'T FORGET TO VISIT OUR WEB SITE

WWW.SAMFOUNDATION.CA

AND OUR PHOTO GALLERY THEREIN



SS TAGEAN ON THE ROCKS

by Ron Beard & Don Bolan



SS TAGEAN

On 28 Nov 66, word was received in the squadron that a freighter had run aground on the Sisters off Chebucto Head and we were to standby to launch if required.

Sometime after lunch, Sea King 4017 was launched with Lt. Hank Bannister at the controls to proceed to the vessel and possibly evacuate the crew. In the back seats were crewmen Ron Beard & Don Bolan. After much discussion with the search and rescue centre, we were told there were three crew and the Captain still on board and because of the rough seas they would have to be taken off by helicopter.



Under the con of the crewman, a hover was established at about 60 feet. This was higher than we would have liked for the hoist, but with the fore and after mast in place we could not get any lower.

The horse-collar sling was lowered and the first man put it over his head and lowered it on his body

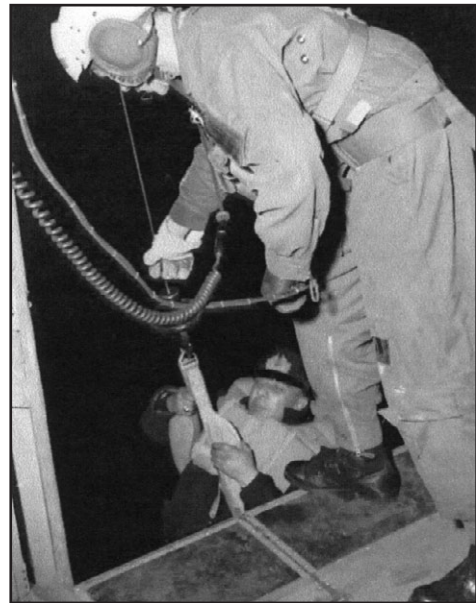
until he was sitting in it. Try as we might to communicate to him to put it under his armpits, he just left it where it was. It was obvious he was going to remain seated - the pilot said to go ahead and bring him up in the seated position.

This procedure went off without a hitch, but because of the dangers, Beard requested a man be put down and either do double lifts or just supervise the use of the sling and then come up last on the hoist. The pilot refused this so we proceeded to let the sling back down. The second man had seen his shipmate sit in the sling so he did the same and was hoisted aboard. While he was coming up in the sling a strong odour of alcohol was noticed in the after cabin.

On completion of the second hoist it was noted that the crew members had each brought a bottle of brandy with them in their jackets and were quite literally gulping it down. Guess hanging 50 feet in the air by a small wire will do that to you.

After the second hoist the Captain & mate decided they were not going to come off by that method so the con was broken and we proceeded back to Shearwater.

Later that evening the Captain & Mate had second thoughts and requested to be taken off.



**Sea King Crew member Les Stewart
And Tagean Captain**

Another Sea King was launched. This time the co-pilot Dave Monkhouse was lowered to the ship by crewman Les Stewart to ensure the proper use of the horse-collar. Both crew members were brought safely back to Shearwater.



Pilot - Bannister Co-Pilot Monkhouse
Tagean Crew Members

A few days later on the 1st of December, while on a hoist training exercise, HO4S 895 did a flight over the ship and noticed the Greek flag was still in place on the stern so it was decided to have a ship-board hoist exercise. With the two crewmen in the back, one was lowered to the after deck which was lined with oil drums. On landing on the drums the crewmen slipped and went down which wouldn't have been too bad, but the tops of the drums were full of water so needless to say he was wet for the remaining hour of the trip.

The recovery was successful, and the Greek flag was recovered and hung in HU-21's canteen for quite some time. Once again it was liberated and now has a place of honour in one of the crewmen's family room.

Around the middle of December, word was received that Tagean had broken in two on the sisters and an aircraft was launched to check out the status. Upon arriving on the scene it was found that in fact it was in three pieces with the bow broken free but the stern section was still attached but mostly under water.

Over the next couple of days, a salvage team was transferred back and forth to survey the ship. Because of the proximity to the Halifax approaches it was decided to blow up the wreck and hope the remains would sink. The only way to place the explosives was by air. HU-21 Sea Kings were tasked to transport and lower the cases of explosives to the salvage crew on board. This was accomplished by using a transfer bag which would hold two cases at a time. One crewman would operate the hoist and help maintain the hover because the mast was still in place. The second crewman would load the bag and then give the signal to lower on the hoist. This process took several flights to get all the explosives in place.

After lifting off the last of the salvage crew, the Sea King stood off a distance as the explosives were detonated. After the explosion, there sat the remains of the Tagean still seemingly fast in place on the rocks. But the next morning all traces of her had gone to the bottom.



IT IS TIME TO RENEW YOUR SAMF MEMBERSHIP

(We do not sent out notices.)



Front row - L to R K. Sawyer, R. langlois, L. Grimson, J. Cribb
Back row L to R G. Mottl, P. Lassaline, I. Axford, P. Davidson, M. Lawton

1960

**CAF Champions
Atlantic Command
Champions
Tri-Service (Atlantic)
Champions
Maritime Open
Champions
Halifax & district
Champions**

**SHEARWATER DYNASTY
"Service - Set - and Spike"**

Over the years those stationed at Shearwater and RCAF Dartmouth have been aware of the fame brought to the Base by the football and hockey teams. At the same time, other sports have brought team and individual honours and awards which gained recognition around the Base, the Province and the Nation. In fact, just recently the 12 Wing Flyers representing Shearwater and the Maritime Command, won the Canadian Forces ball hockey championship at CFB Borden for the second consecutive year.

While carrying out some research in the Museum archives, I came across some information about one specific team sport which brought more championships and awards than any other of which I am aware. I speak of the Shearwater Flyers volleyball teams of the late 1950s through the mid 1960s. Under the leadership of LCdr. Ray Langlois, the team manager, coach and player, a volleyball dynasty was produced and probably will never be duplicated in any sport from the

Base.

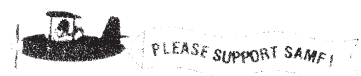
During this period these teams of the court captured six consecutive Tri-Service Maritimes and Navy Atlantic Command championships. In 1960 alone, they won the Canadian Armed Forces title; Tri-Service Maritime tourney; Atlantic Command title; Maritime Open; and the Halifax and District championship. Then in 1961, they again won the coveted Canadian Forces championship and Eastern Canadian Open championship as well as the local titles. In 1963 the team won the prestigious Maritime Mens Senior Open championship for the fourth year. These teams literally dominated the local civilian and military competition year after year until 1966.

Ray Langlois was given the nickname "Mr. Volleyball", and I'm certain that the players and those in volleyball circles can attest to this well-deserved handle. He was fortunate to have so many superb athletes playing on his teams. To name a few, there was Phil Lassaline (team captain for many years), Les Grimson, Jack Cribb, Keith Sawyer, Mike

Lawton, John Coughlan, Doug Dunham, Pete Davidson, and the versatile Ivor Axford of Flyers football fame. There were others of course, and all super stars in their own right on the volleyball courts.

It was an impressive time for these teams that played in numerous tournaments throughout the Maritimes, Quebec, Ontario and out West. They were a credit to the Base and to the RCN, not only for their skills on the courts, but the manner in which they represented Shearwater off the courts. They brought fame and glory to the Base and are deserving of the highest Bravo Zulu for their achievements within the world of volleyball.

By Rolly West



No. 1 Drone Target Unit



No. 1 Drone Target Unit was formed at Shearwater on 1 March 1955 to provide anti-aircraft training at sea for ships of the Atlantic Command. The Unit, formed at the request of the naval Gunnery Group, had very little to do with naval aviation except that "air expertise" was required to operate and maintain the drones. The Unit was disbanded on 2 May 1957.

In 1953, 75 KDS-G pilotless radio-controlled drones were purchased from the US Navy at a cost of approximately \$3,500 per unit. To launch the drones two second-hand catapults, one for shore-based and the other for ship borne operations were purchased for about \$15,000 each. The remaining support equipment was quite simple consisting only of a generator, radio-control devices and starter motors.

Similarly, the training program was straight forward with one pilot and a Chief Air Mechanic being sent on a two-month drone controller's course at US Naval Air Station El Centro, California at a cost of about \$20,000 each. The excellent weather and sparsely inhabited conditions in the middle of the California desert provided an ideal location for learning to operate pilotless aircraft. The course provided detailed instruction in both ground and air operations on two types of drones; the propeller-driven KDG acquired by the RCN and a jet powered model that was similar to the German V1 flying bomb.

The KDG drone had a wing span of about 12 feet (4 meters) and a 10 foot (3 ½ meters) long fuselage. It could attain 180 mph (300 km/h) and was fully manoeuvrable in all directions. The smaller jet drone could fly at 250 mph (415 km/h) but its engine was much more reliable. The KDG model had an endurance of one and a half hours, while the jet could stay airborne for only 30 minutes. Both aircraft, painted red on the upper

surfaces and white underneath, were monoplanes that were very difficult to see when airborne because of their small size and speed. Great care had to be taken to keep the drones in visual range of the controllers as control inputs were based on being able to see the drone. Both drones could be launched from the same catapult and were recovered by deploying a parachute. Damage was minimal when landing in the desert but quite extensive when landing in the sea as salt water corrosion in the engine and water ingress into the radio control boxes required major repairs.

During the planning process it was anticipated that 50 of the 75 drones could be kept serviceable through cannibalization; but the drones proved to be more finicky. Approximately 20 percent of the flights were a total failure because the engines seized or the radio link was lost; and of those launches that were successful it is estimated that one third of the flights ended with the parachute failing to deploy or the drone not properly responding to radio control signals.

The drones were catapulted into the air using compressed air and attained a launch speed of 75 mph (125 km/h). The stalling speed was 68 mph (114 km/h) so with the small margin between launch and stalling speeds care had to be taken not to stall the drone. Once airborne the drones took about one minute to attain maximum speed and again special attention was required to keep the drones within visual range as control inputs were based on visual contact with the drone. There were no speed or rudder controls; the only control surfaces were ailerons and elevators with trim tabs, which were used to steer the drones in a large circle. The gunners preferred that the drones approach from 10 miles (16 km) away at 30,000 feet (10,000 meters) but the drones could not be seen at ranges greater than four miles (6.5 km) and 8,000 feet (2,600 meters). Therefore, it was next to impossible to simulate a real attack profile and the drones were limited to kamikaze type attacks.

More modern drones were being developed at the time that could be controlled by radio commands based on radar returns. The propeller-driven drones purchased by the RCN had been used by the Americans for at least eight years and were not particularly sophisticated. The engines, manufactured by Outboard Marine, had been in storage for a long time and were not very reliable and prone to quitting at critical times such as immediately after take-off. Although the drones had a short range and low speed, they represented a definite advance over aircraft towed drogues. The drones led a charmed life as no one recalls any of them being shot down, probably because of their small size.

The Unit consisted of 13 people: two officers, including the Officer in Command (OIC) of the Unit, LCdr. Mike Sandes, the Unit Chief and ten other ranks. (Note 1) The key personnel were the radio-electronic types upon whom so much

depended. Petty Officer Fred Devlin and several other electronics personnel devotedly persevered in maintaining the radio controls while the mechanics did their best wrestling with the old and often corroded engines.

No. 1 Drone Target Unit was located at HMCS Shearwater in the old Naval Aircraft Maintenance School hanger. The Unit's motto was, "Skeet For the Fleet". The drones were serviced at Shearwater and transported to Chebucto Head where gunnery crews could train with their weapons. This was an ideal location for drone operations as the cliffs were at least 75 feet (25 meters) above sea level and naval tugs could stand off the shoreline to recover the drones that landed in the sea.

During a special display for the Chief of Naval Staff, Admiral DeWolf, the drone behaved amazingly well after a shaky start; so well that the Admiral ordered the Unit aboard HMCS Quebec. In order to gain some seagoing experience with the drones, LCdr. Sandes was sent to Norfolk Virginia to observe the US Navy operating drones from landing craft. As usual the US Navy were gracious hosts and much was learned from watching their operating techniques.

After the Norfolk trip, the Unit loaded about a dozen drones, a catapult and as many spares as possible onto a barge and went along side Quebec. Debbie Piers was the Quebec's Captain, Shaky McDermott was the Commander and Frank Prowse was the Mate of the Upper Deck. Under the eagle eye of McDermott, Prowse took charge of the loading operations where the ship's crane was used to hoist the catapult on top of "B" turret from which the drones were to be launched. This was something new for Quebec and created a good deal of excitement. Sky McRuer, the Gunnery Officer and all of Quebec's officers and crew of were in fine spirits as the cruiser was converted into a small aircraft carrier.

With Admiral Bidwell on board, drone operations began about 100 miles (160 km) off Halifax. Everything worked well and the gunners had great time! There was the occasional panic when the drones went behind the bridge and control was temporarily lost. This was a potentially hazardous situation as the drone was a fairly dangerous missile, especially if was last seen pointing directly at the ship. On one occasion the drone was seen diving headlong at the ship and continued in a direct dive until it entered the water about 50 feet (18 meters) from the bow. Admiral Bidwell, leaning over the edge of the bridge, appeared rather flushed and exasperated but soon all was forgotten over drinks in the wardroom.

Ralph Fisher recalls, "No account of mid-50's avionics developments, trials and tribulations would be complete without referring to the history of No. 1 Drone Target Unit (DTU) whose wayward electronics were tended to by an often desperate

Fred Devlin. With Mike Sandes as OIC, the Unit embarked in Maggie (HMCS Magnificent) in 1956 for the winter cruise to the Caribbean, to ostensibly to exercise the gun crews in the destroyers and the old Bofors mounts on our ship. About the only one who got exercised was Mike himself. My recollection is that, except for a handful, all launches from the portable catapult on the flight deck spun out of control into the sea. Naturally, the blame all fell on the electronics of radio control, not on the fearless aviator twiddling the knobs. It was not solid states' nor avionics' finest hour.

So the radio-controlled drones were treacherous things to launch on the electronic joystick. Whether it was actually the lack of adequate boost on the catapult, twitchy flight characteristics on launch or bugs in the radio control system, I cannot recall. Whatever the reason, "out to launch" time for the DTU was always a great source of merriment on the flight deck. This was second only to the near fatal mirth of the goofers at the pathetic and humiliating efforts of our 40-mm Bofors crews and the desperation of the ship's Gunnery Officer uselessly bellowing "Check fire!" as the little drone emerged from the roar, smoke and flame of misdirected shells, totally unscathed. For those who hated with a burning passion the bloody Whale Island tyrants of boots and gaiters, it was indeed sweet revenge, and euphoric vindication for the long-suffering Mike Sandes.

As for Fred Devlin, the avionics doctor who ran the trauma unit of the DTU; no man could have given more devoted care to his charges and their resurrection from a watery grave when the gas ran out and the parachute popped."

After No. 1 Drone Target Unit was disbanded on 2 May 1957, VU 32 continued to provide target-towing services for the Atlantic fleet. Initially, drogues or clothe sleeves were towed by two target tug Avengers painted with alternate black and yellow stripes on the cowling and wing tips; the drogues were eventually superceded by fiberglass Delmar targets towed by T-33's, with tip tanks, nose and tail sections painted day-glo orange.

Bibliography:

Certified Serviceable; Swordfish To Sea King, Peter Charlton and Mike Whitby
Hands To Flying Stations, Volume 2, Stuart Soward
Photographs: Roger Braun

Note 1 In addition to LCdr Mike Sandes and PO Fred Devlin other personnel reported to be members of No.1 Drone Target Unit were: Lt "Batt" Masterson, PO Stu Beakley, Doug "Pedro" Welsh, Al Ascraft, Art Corrigan, Rip Adams, John Whiley, Ray Ferguson, Carl Wright, Roger Braun and Stevenson (first name unknown).

Ernest Cable - Shearwater Aviation Museum Historian

AND THE WINGS GO 'ROUND and 'ROUND

From Joe Paquette

This is my third submission to the SAM Newsletter and I decided I might as well continue with my theme of "Firsts". Earlier I wrote about the First (and only) time I shot myself down followed by the first time I landed on a carrier and now I want to talk about a helicopter FIRST. While there was a time when this tried and true "Tracker" pilot would never talk about flying helicopters, all things are subject to change.

In fact, if I were to go back into my first contact with things military I should have seen the writing on the wall. I am sitting in front of the officer in Centralia who has just told me that the Navy is not accepting MARS candidates this year (1959) and asked me if I want to be a pilot. I said "Of course ... I would love to fly jets!" He says "No jets!" Then as my second choice ... "OK, I can fly helicopters!" Once again ... "You don't go directly to helicopters!" Well the next exchange led me to some 5,500 hours of fixed wing adventures but that is not the direction of this story so lets follow, the rotary wing thread.

Having been summarily rejected for those wings that go 'round & 'round, I carried on with my fixed wing "career" but I always remembered my first experience with an older woman of the rotary-wing genre. That would be the Piasecki HUP 3 flown by Ted Francis at VU-33 sometime in 1960. I was not impressed with the instability of the ^%\$* thing and was pleased that I hadn't followed that line of work.

My next exposure to helicopters had to wait until I got to Shearwater and joined VS-880 as a Tracker pilot. It must have been the result of Weepers bar talk, bad company or an idle curiosity but my logbook shows that on April 23rd, 1964 I did a night flight with Wayne Dannhauer, a Venture and flying training coursemate (who went on the make big \$\$\$ flying very large fixed wing aircraft with Canadian and Singapore Airlines). Why a night flight... I have no idea. I guess I assumed that helicopters were safe or Wayne was too nervous to go out at night alone. Nevertheless, that night is vivid in my memory for two events.

The first was our visit to Hartland's Point to check out the parked cars. I hope you realize without my saying it that helicopter pilots are a little perverse. Our trick of the night was to hover over the back of some likely vehicle until the young couple gave up and we could see two white moons bounce back into the front seat.

Having had "our fun" we then headed out over the harbour where, approaching the Angus L. MacDonald bridge at about 1000 feet up, I said conversationally, "These things can't come to a stop in midair can they?" The next thing I knew was that the bridge quickly changed positions from out there, to under my feet as Wayne pitched up to bring the speed to zero, then it was at the TOP OF THE CANOPY from door to door as we pitched down to recover. He had had HIS fun. Just six days later I went up with Terry Wolfe-Milner, another Venture and flying training coursemate (must have been a great Friday night to get me up twice in a week). This flight was in daylight and I remember nothing ... still in shock I guess. Terry went on to a long career in civil helicopter flying and helicopter journalism.



There were two more helicopter experiences in my other life, both in the venerable HO4S but from different perspectives. In the first flight I went up with Real Dubois out of Bermuda I believe. I was allowed to handle the controls but he should have kept me away from the "rudder" pedals because all I remember was flying down the coast with the beach constantly moving back and forth across my view until I was ready to upchuck. My next HO4S flight was as a medevac patient from a car accident near Spokane Washington. Contrary to my first flights, all I remember about that one is "gratitude" but it was an omen of what was to come.

Integration and good luck led me to Winnipeg where I was the Command Instrument Check Pilot (CICP) for Training Command in 1974. Some of the helicopter Instructors at CFB Portage chided at the fact that they had to retain their Instrument Rating while flying a non-instrument rated helicopter (the CH-136 Kiowa). As their CICP I felt that if I got checked out on the helicopter and did the instrument portion totally under a "hood" of my own design, they would be so impressed that they would now be happy campers.

My pitch to the boss went something like, "If I can do both things (my full time job and helicopter training) at the same time ... can I,

can I, please...?" He agreed and I would work at Training Command HQ on Monday then ride my little Suzuki 175cc motorcycle out to Portage to learn how to fly helicopters from Tuesday to Thursday. Back in the office on Friday I completed the rest of my day job.

Let me explain about the Suzuki. This was in the days of one car per family and one of the other conditions imposed by the mother of our four children was that I could not have the car. It was April in Manitoba but Momma was heartless. I jest not. There was one morning where having driven that two stroke in numbing noise and temperatures, I showed up on the flight line for a Lesson Plan # 7. After five minutes in the air, my instructor, Bill Matthews, returned me to the blister and told me to have a coffee, warm up and relax for an hour as I was useless (temporarily) as a student.

It went well, in fact so well that two months later I finished the course with the TOP HAT award for best student, while still doing all I had to do in my office in Winnipeg. I was so excited that on GRAD night in the Portage Mess I told the bartender that drinks were on me. Am I wrong or does that not normally mean the next round ... period. About an hour later, same bartender asks if I want to close off my tab now. My TOP HAT enthusiasm had just cost me \$150.00 in 1970 \$. But what the heck, I was now current on the T-33, DC-3 and the Kiowa while in a staff job, it doesn't get any better.

But I really haven't gotten to MY FIRST TIME...

Did you know

That ships **loading booms**, known as **Derricks**, got their name from an enterprising Hangman of Queen Elizabeth I's Reign. Mr. Derrick was a true artist and invented a swinging beam for his gallows complete with topping lift.

That **bootleggers** got their names from smugglers in King George III's Reign. The nickname was derived from the smugglers' custom of hiding packages of valuable in their sea boots when dodging His Majesty's Coast guard Men.

That the title of **Rear Admiral** was first given to Divisional Commanders of Reserve Fleets - hence the inference of being in reserve or in the rear.

That **tattooing** was first used in the Navy as a

means of identification. In the days where seamen could neither read nor write their names, it meant something to be able to prove identity by means of an anchor on ones arm or a full rigged ship on the chest. It is said that tattooing gave immunity from certain tropical diseases, but probably the veracity of this statement can be attacked by modern medicines.

That a ship's afterdeck, the **poopdeck**, receives its name from the old Roman custom of carrying pupi (small images of gods) in the stern of their ships for luck. When a ship is pooped it means that its poopdeck is under water or its stern awash, thus making it very hard to handle and slow to answer - which might describe you when you are pooped.

That **three miles seaward** is the distance which a nation has jurisdiction over its coastal waters. This is because, at the time this National Law was established, three miles was the longest range of any Nations' largest guns and therefore, the limit to which they could enforce their laws.

That to **ascertain the speed of his vessel**, a British Commander had knots tied at regular intervals in a coil of rope. The rope was then bent onto a log and the log put overboard with an hourglass. He timed each knot as it disappeared over the taffrail, thus originating the custom of telling of ship's speed by knots instead of miles.

That the **Slop Chest** or **Pusser's slops**, was a locker carried on Deep Sea ships from which the purser of the vessels would disburse clothes to needy seamen during a long voyage at a very excellent profit. The word 'Slop' is a corruption of the old English "sloppes" meaning breeches or trousers. "Pusser" of course, is a corruption of 'Purser' - (nowadays a Stores Officer).

That the Navigation term "**Dead Reckoning**" was originally spelled "Ded" (the abbreviation for deducted reckoning). An unscholarly British ship master thought the 'a' had been omitted, so inserted it. Ever since then, even the officially printed forms have spelled it "Dead Reckoning".





Ian Webster, Rod Lyons, ? Derek Chandler

**WELCOME
 RESOLUTE BAY HOTEL
 REASONABLE RATES
 WOMEN FREE
 IN THE HEART OF CANADA'S NORTHLAND
 SURROUNDED BY MILES & MILES OF
 NOTHING BUT MILES & MILES
 THE SERVICE IS POOR
 THE CLIMATE IS HELL
 BUT YOU'VE GOT TO STAY HERE
 THERE'S NO OTHER HOTEL.
 FINEST BAR IN CIVILIZATION
 HOT & COLD RUNNING CHAMBERMAIDS
 THE TOWN OF RESOLUTE
 PRONOUNCED DESOLATE
 CHOICE HOUSING SITES NEAR BUS & CAR LINES
 USED DOG SLEDS AND POLAR BEAR HIDES**

Looking at the picture, a person could wonder why should four air types from Shearwater be up in the Arctic posing in front of a rather unusual hotel? An

interesting story!

It all started in Spring 1957, when HMCS Labrador, the RCN icebreaker, left Halifax to survey the Bellot Strait, up in the Arctic. To assist in this task, she carried three helicopters, two Bells and a HUP, very useful accessories for the mapping work required.

The ship called into Frobisher Bay on the way up to the Arctic, and the pilots of the two Bells decided to take a spin around the area. One sighted a likely looking landing spot a few thousand feet up on Peter Point mountain. The landing was OK, but unfortunately the helicopter could not up and away as it was outside its flight envelope in the thinner air and was therefore stuck. Enter Bell #2, who seeing a brother aviator in apparent distress, promptly landed also, to see if help was required. So now there are two of Labrador's helicopters, completely undamaged, up on a mountain unable

to move.

The usual Naval message frenzy ensued. Messages were sent to the relevant Naval authorities and it was decided that a team of "experts" from Shearwater should be sent to Frobisher Bay to see what could be done as the Bells were considered to be important to Labrador's mission, besides, they were rather expensive to just write off. However, there were no "experts" in this type of flying at Shearwater, but that didn't seem to deter the powers that be and so four air types were detailed off and an intrepid Shearwater team set off for the North.

On arriving at the ship, our reception by the Captain was decidedly frosty - he was losing valuable time and the Bellot Strait was only ice free for a few weeks of the year. It didn't take an expert to realize very quickly that nothing could be done to recover the two Bell helicopters as there was no suitable equipment available. To get a clearer picture, however, there was a Coast Guard vessel in Frobisher at the time, and the pilot of the Bell helicopter that she carried took us for a flight one evening, to show us just how difficult and hazardous Arctic flying could be, and how it should be done. A memorable hour or so!!

So, the ship sailed out of Frobisher Bay and steamed further north, the Captain telling us we could conduct the inquiry as we went along, but he wanted it finished in three days as he intended to put us ashore in Resolute, and he would then get on with his shortened summer work. A few days later, the interviews were finished, Resolute Bay was in sight, the HUP was warmed up, and Bruce Oliphant flew the team and their gear ashore to Resolute. As we left, we saw that Labrador had already turned to steam away, and Bruce landed us and our luggage at the end of the runway at Resolute and immediately took off after the ship. So we picked up our bags and trudged along the runway to the Resolute mess.

Resolute was a very interesting place at this time in history - there were several hundred "bad boys" working up there, certainly no "Club Fed" - there was nowhere to run to, so no fences were required, and as the sun shone 24 hours a day, work went on around the clock. Consequently, the mess was prepared to serve either breakfast, lunch or dinner at any time, and the various meals were available on call all the time. We set to work to write up the report, which took all of two days, and then checked around on how to get back to Shearwater.

While waiting for a flight out, and between Bridge games, we took a tour around the area, a fairly limited expedition, but one of the interesting sights was a B17 (Flying Fortress) bomber, which had gone down off the end of the runway during WW2 - it was perfectly preserved in the moisture free atmosphere, and was as bright and shiny as when she slid off the runway some 15 years previously. There were also tens of thousands of empty oil drums just packed into piles, all too uneconomical to take away anywhere.

As interesting as Resolute was, and in spite of being so well fed, we were happy to cadge a ride out on an RCAF DC3 going down to Winnipeg - nonstop - so we sat on jump seats in an unheated fuselage for ten hours, gazing at a large auxiliary fuel tank mounted in the middle of the fuselage - no smoking on this flight!

Half frozen, we arrived in Winnipeg and caught a TCA flight in a comparatively sumptuous DC3 to the east and finally got back to Shearwater. We really hadn't achieved much, but we did enjoy the day off we were granted.

However, I sometimes wonder if those two Bells are still sitting up on that mountain, nearly 50 years later, and as well preserved as that B 17...

Submitted by D. Chandler



THE BRIDGES AT TOKO-RI:

The Real Story by CAPT Paul N. Gray, USN, Ret, USNA '41, former CO of VF-54.

Recently, some friends saw the movie "The Bridges at Toko-ri" on late night TV. After seeing it, they said, "You planned and led the raid. Why don't you tell us what really happened?" Here goes.

I hope Mr. Michener will forgive the actual version of the raid. His fictionalized account certainly makes more exciting reading.

On 12 December 1951 when the raid took place, Air Group 5 was attached to Essex, the flag ship for Task Force 77. We were flying daily strikes against the North Koreans and Chinese. God! It was cold. The main job was to interdict the flow of supplies coming south from Russia and China. The rules of engagement imposed by political forces in Washington would not allow us to bomb the bridges across the Yalu River where the supplies could easily have been stopped. We had to wait until they were dispersed and hidden in North Korea and then try to stop them.

The Air Group consisted of two jet fighter squadrons flying Banshees and Grumman Panthers plus two prop attack squadrons flying Corsairs and Skyraiders. To provide a base for the squadrons, Essex was stationed 100 miles off the East Coast of Korea during that bitter Winter of 1951 and 1952.



Skyraider's

I was CO of VF-54, the Skyraider squadron. VF-54 started with 24 pilots. Seven were killed during the

cruise. The reason 30 percent of our pilots were shot down and lost was due to our mission. The targets were usually heavily defended railroad bridges. In addition, we were frequently called in to make low-level runs with rockets and napalm to provide close support for the troops.



Panther

Due to the nature of the targets assigned, the attack squadrons seldom flew above 2000 or 3000 feet; and it was a rare flight when a plane did not come back without some damage from AA or ground fire. The single-engine plane we flew could carry the same bomb load that a B-17 carried in WWII; and after flying the 100 miles from the carrier, we could stay on station for 4 hours and strafe, drop napalm, fire rockets or drop bombs. The Skyraider was the right plane for this war.

On a gray December morning, I was called to the flag bridge. Admiral "Black Jack" Perry, the Carrier Division Commander, who told me they had a classified request from UN headquarter to bomb some critical bridges in the central area of the North Korean peninsula. The bridges were a dispersion point for many of the supplies coming down from the North and were vital to the flow of most of the essential supplies. The Admiral asked me to take a look at the targets and see what we could do about taking them out. As I left, the staff intelligence officer handed me the pre-strike photos, the coordinates of the target and said to get on with it. He didn't mention that the bridges were defended by 56 radar-controlled anti-aircraft guns.

That same evening, the Admiral invited the four squadron commanders to his cabin for dinner. James Michener was there. After dinner, the Admiral asked each squadron commander to describe his experiences in flying over North Korea. By this time, all of us were hardened veterans of

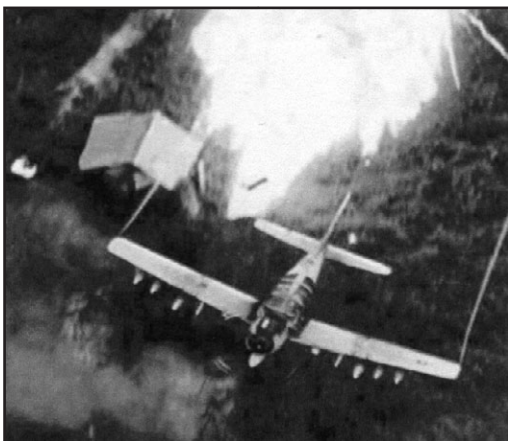
the war and had some hairy stories to tell about life in the fast lane over North Korea.

When it came my time, I described how we bombed the railways and strafed anything else that moved. I described how we had planned for the next day's strike against some vital railway bridges near a village named Toko-ri (The actual village was named Majonne). That the preparations had been done with extra care because the pre-strike pictures showed the bridges were surrounded by 56 anti-aircraft guns and we knew this strike was not going to be a walk in the park.

All of the pilots scheduled for the raid participated in the planning. A close study of the aerial photos confirmed the 56 guns. Eleven radar sites controlled the guns. They were mainly 37 MM with some five inch heavies. All were positioned to concentrate on the path we would have to fly to hit the bridges. This was a World War II air defense system but still very dangerous.

How were we going to silence those batteries long enough to destroy the bridges? The bridges supported railway tracks about three feet wide. To achieve the needed accuracy, we would have to use glide bombing runs. A glide bombing run is longer and slower than a dive bombing run, and we would be sitting ducks for the AA batteries. We had to get the guns before we bombed the bridges.

There were four strategies discussed to take out the radar sites. One was to fly in on the deck and strafe the guns and radars. This was discarded because the area was too mountainous. The second was to fly in on the deck and fire rockets into the gun sites. Discarded because the rockets didn't have enough killing power. The third was to



come in at a high altitude and drop conventional bombs on the targets. This is what we would normally do, but it was discarded in favor of an insidious modification. The one we thought would work the best was to come in high and drop bombs fused to explode over the gun and radar sites. To do this, we decided to take 12 planes; 8 Skyraiders and 4 Corsairs. Each plane would carry a 2000 pound bomb with a proximity fuse set to detonate about 50 to 100 feet in the air. We hoped the shrapnel from these huge, ugly bombs going off in mid air would be devastating to the exposed gunners and radar operators.

The flight plan was to fly in at 15,000 feet until over the target area and make a vertical dive bombing run dropping the proximity- fused bombs on the guns and radars. Each pilot had a specific complex to hit. As we approached the target we started to pick up some flak, but it was high and behind us. At the initial point, we separated and rolled into the dive. Now the flak really became heavy. I rolled in first; and after I released my bomb, I pulled out south of the target area and waited for the rest to join up. One of the Corsairs reported that he had been hit on the way down and had to pull out before dropping his bomb. Three other planes suffered minor flak damage but nothing serious.

After the join up, I detached from the group and flew over the area to see if there was anything still firing. Sure enough there was heavy 37 MM fire from one site, I got out of there in a hurry and called in the reserve Skyraider still circling at 15,000 to hit the remaining gun site. His 2000 pound bomb exploded right over the target and suddenly things became very quiet. The shrapnel from those 2000 lbs. bombs must have been deadly for the crews serving the guns and radars. We never saw another 37 MM burst from any of the 56 guns.

From that moment on, it was just another day at the office. Only sporadic machine gun and small arms fire was encountered. We made repeated glide bombing runs and completely destroyed all the bridges. We even brought gun camera pictures back to prove the bridges were destroyed.

After a final check of the target area, we joined up, inspected our wingmen for damage and headed home. Mr. Michener plus most of the ship's crew watched from Vulture's Row as Dog Fannin, the landing signal officer, brought us back aboard. With all the pilots returning to the ship safe and on time, the Admiral was seen to be dancing with joy on the flag Bridge.

From that moment on, the Admiral had a soft spot in his heart for the attack pilots. I think his fatherly regard for us had a bearing on what happened in port after the raid on Toko-ri. The raid on Toko-ri was exciting; but in our minds, it was dwarfed by the incident that occurred at the end of this tour on the line. The operation was officially named OPERATION PINWHEEL. The pilots called it OPERATION PINHEAD.

The third tour had been particularly savage for VF-54. Five of our pilots had been shot down. Three not recovered. I had been shot down for the third time. The mechanics and ordnance men had



Corsair

worked back-breaking hours under medieval conditions to keep the planes flying, and finally we were headed for Yokosuka for ten days of desperately needed R & R.

As we steamed up the coast of Japan, the Air Group Commander, CDR Marsh Beebe, called CDR Trum, the CO of the Corsair squadron, and me to his office. He told us that the prop squadrons would participate in an exercise dreamed up by the commanding officer of the ship. It had been named OPERATION PINWHEEL.

The Corsairs and Skyraiders were to be tied down on the port side of the flight deck; and upon signal from the bridge, all engines were to be turned up to full power to assist the tugs in pulling the ship along side the dock.

CDR Trum and I both said to Beebe, "You realize that those engines are vital to the survival of all the attack pilots. We fly those single engine planes 300 to 400 miles from the ship over freezing water and over very hostile land. Overstressing these engines is not going to make any of us very happy."

Marsh knew the danger; but he said, "The Captain of the ship, CAPT. Wheelock, wants this done, so do it!"

As soon as the news of this brilliant scheme hit the ready rooms, the operation was quickly named OPERATION PIN HEAD; and CAPT. Wheelock became known as CAPT. Wheelchock.

On the evening before arriving in port, I talked with CDR Trum and told him, "I don't know what you are going to do, but I am telling my pilots that our lives depend on those engines and do not give them more than half power; and if that engine temperature even begins to rise, cut back to idle." That is what they did.

About an hour after the ship had been secured to the dock, the Air Group Commander screamed over the ship's intercom for Gray and Trum to report to his office. When we walked in and saw the pale look on Beebe's face, it was apparent that CAPT. Wheelock, in conjunction with the ship's proctologist, had cut a new aperture in poor old Marsh. The ship's CO had gone ballistic when he didn't get the full power from the lashed down Corsairs and Skyraiders, and he informed CDR Beebe that his fitness report would reflect this miserable performance of duty.

The Air Group Commander had flown his share of strikes, and it was a shame that he became the focus of the wrath of CAPT. Wheelock for something he had not done. However, tensions were high; and in the heat of the moment, he informed CDR Trum and me that he was placing both of us and all our pilots in hack until further notice. A very severe sentence after 30 days on the line.

The Carrier Division Commander, Rear Admiral "Black Jack" Perry a personally soft and considerate man, but his official character would strike terror into the heart of the most hardened criminal. He loved to talk to the pilots; and in deference to his drinking days, Admiral Perry would reserve a table in the bar of the Fujia Hotel and would sit there drinking Coca cola while buying drinks for any pilot enjoying R & R in the hotel.

Even though we were not comfortable with this gruff older man, he was a good listener and everyone enjoyed telling the Admiral about his latest escape from death. I realize now he was keeping his finger on the morale of the pilots and how they were standing up to the terror of daily

flights over a very hostile land.

The Admiral had been in the hotel about three days; and one night, he said to some of the fighter pilots sitting at his table, "Where are the attack pilots? I have not seen any of them since we arrived." One of them said, "Admiral, I thought you knew. They were all put in hack by the Air Group Commander and restricted to the ship." In a voice that could be heard all over the hotel, the Admiral bellowed to his aide, "Get that idiot Beebe on the phone in 5 minutes; and I don't care if you have to use the Shore

Patrol, the Army Military Police or the Japanese Police to find him. I want him on the telephone NOW!"

The next morning, after three days in hack, the attack pilots had just finished marching lockstep into the wardroom for breakfast, singing the prisoners song when the word came over the loud speaker for Gray and Trum to report to the Air Group Commander's stateroom immediately. When we walked in, there sat Marsh looking like he had had a near death experience. He was obviously in far worse condition than when the ships CO got through with him. It was apparent that he had been worked over by a real pro. In a trembling voice, his only words were, "The hack is lifted. All of you are free to go ashore. There will not be any note of this in your fitness reports. Now get out of here and leave me alone."

Posters saying, "Thank you Black Jack" went up in the ready rooms. The long delayed liberty was at hand.

When writing about this cruise, I must pay homage to the talent we had in the squadrons. LTJG Tom Hayward was a fighter pilot who went on to become the CNO. LTJG Neil Armstrong another fighter pilot became the astronaut who took the first step on the moon. My wingman, Ken Shugart, was an all-American basketball player and later an Admiral.

Al Masson, another wingman, became the owner of one of New Orleans' most famous French restaurants. All of the squadrons were manned with the best and brightest young men the U.S. could produce. The mechanics and ordnance crews who kept the planes armed and flying deserve as much praise as the pilots for without the effort they expended, working day and night under cold and brutal conditions, no flight would have been flown.

It was a dangerous cruise. I will always consider it an honor to have associated with those young men

who served with such bravery and dignity. The officers and men of this air group once again demonstrated what makes America the most outstanding country in the world today. To those whose spirits were taken from them during those grim days and didn't come back, I will always remember you."

Courtesy of LCDR George Everding, USN(Ret)
(Former AFCM and Current Member of the National Chief Petty Officer's Association)

From Able Dogs - Sea Stories
abledogs.com

Submitted by Weldon Paton

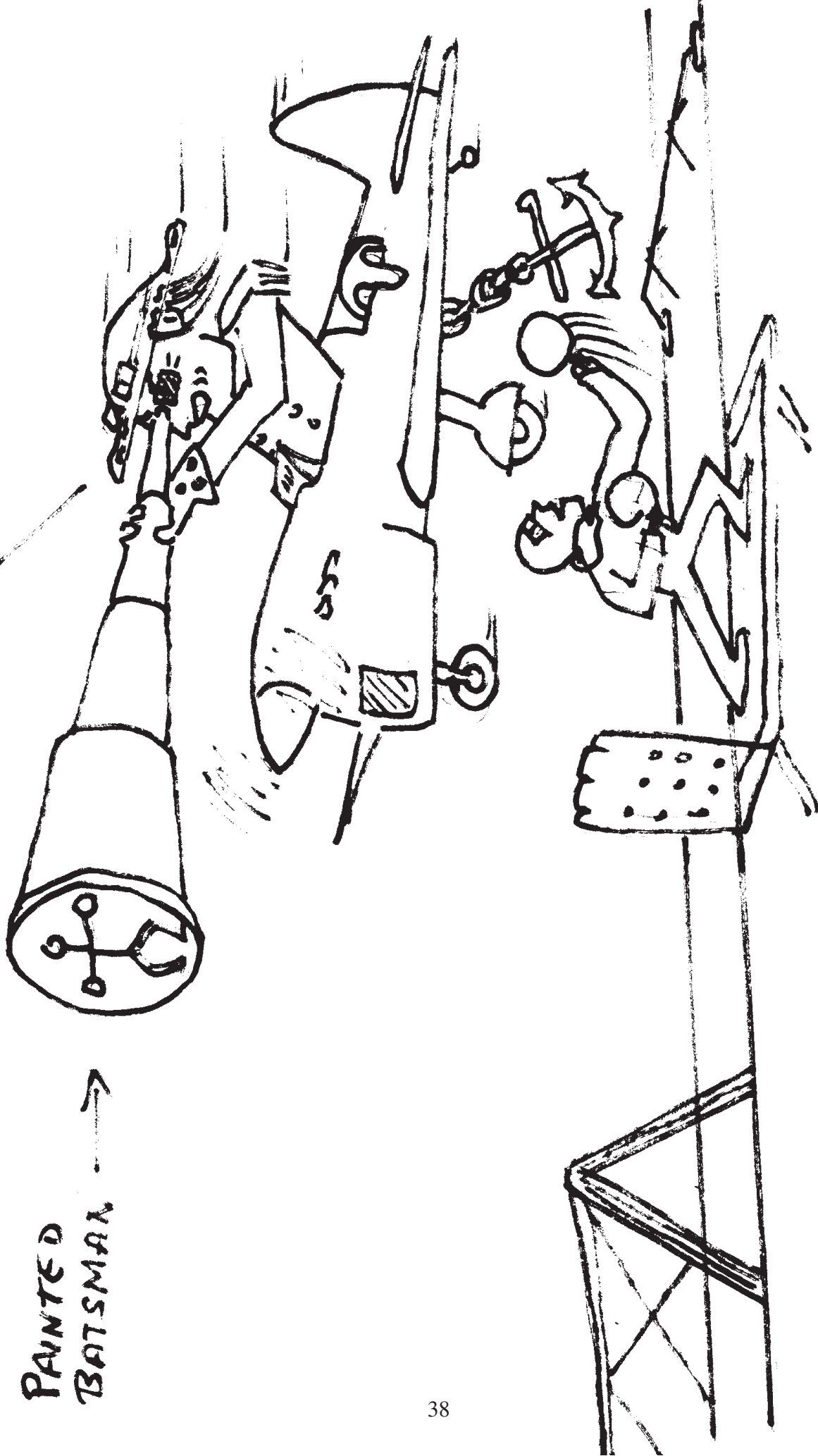
IN THE DELTA

Berryman, Muriel
Bristow, Alf
Jones, William A.
MacKinnon, Reg
Mooney, Gerry
Offley, George
Otto, David
Ross, Doug
Sargent, Bill
Saunders, Joe
Scotland, Doug
Stephenson, Eleanor



There is no beginning or end..
Yesterday is history.
Tomorrow is mystery.
Today is a gift.

PAINTED
BATSMAN →



LOOKS LIKE A ROGER
TO ME HANDY

NELSON NEVER WENT ROUND AGAIN
SO WHY SHOULD YOU?