



SHEARWATER AVIATION MUSEUM FOUNDATION NEWSLETTER

**The SAMF newsletter goes ecumenical saluting
our comrades in all services**



 **Seasons Greetings**

Winter 2007
WWW.SAMFOUNDATION.CA

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

Remembering the Battle of the Atlantic..... 11

Across the Flight Deck..... 13

The Immense Challenge to Naval Defence..... 36

Readers Comments..... 38

Submissions: Text submissions can be either paper, email or electronically produced - Word Perfect (preferred) or Word. We will format the text for you. No need to centre headings, indent paras etc.

Graphics are best submitted electronically, they should be 300dpi and a .tif file. A jpg file at 300dpi 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:

Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation or

SAM Foundation
PO Box 5000 Stn Main
Shearwater, NS B0J 3A0

Deadlines for receiving submissions are:

Spring	1 March
Summer	1 July
Winter	15 October

To contact us:

samf@ns.sympatico.ca
kcollacutt@ns.sympatico.ca
1-888-497-7779 (toll free)
(902) 461-0062
(902) 461-1610 (fax) or (902) 720-2037 (fax)

Newsletter/Website Staff:

Editor: Bill Farrell
Co-Editor/Secretary: Kay Collacutt
Nsltr Cover Designer: Jamie Archibald
Photo Coordinator: Ron Beard

Photos are provided by several sources: DND, SAM Archives, 12 Wing Imaging. SAMF website and those sent in with individual submissions.

Portions of this newsletter may be reprinted without prior permission provided full credit is given to both the author(s) and the SAM Foundation Newsletter. In accordance with this mandate, the Editor of the SAMF Newsletter reserves the right to edit, condense or reject copy to suit the requirements, as he/she sees fit, of the newsletter.

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.

SAMF website: www.samfoundation.ca



EDITOR'S GRUNTS

I have nothing new to say. Kay tells me that she receives enquiries about my health and that I should speak of it. Well, there ain't no health to speak of I have been on palliative care for many moons. Nuff said. I do get occasional evanescent bursts of high rpm energy; much like an old Merlin did just before it went silent from fuel starvation.

I use those moments to promote the re-building of our armed forces, particularly the Navy, by lobbying MPs, writing to media editors and, like Coleridge s Ancient Mariner, doing my best to shake my fellow citizens out of their apathy.

Bill Farrell, pseudo editor.



VULTURI HALIGONI AT CYAW FEAST

Pictured above is a gathering of local real estate developers digging in to an almost-free lunch provided by DND through the medium of Canada Lands Corporation. These loathsome creatures are slaving over the bones and guts of CFB Shearwater.

The encouraging news is that a group of retired senior officers, are relentlessly targeting and working with key members of Parliament to cease to stop the dismantling of Shearwater and to proceed post haste with the military development of the full Base. They and other supporters are from all three services Army, Navy and Air Force.

Now, dear reader, how about you getting onto the back of your Member of Parliament and instruct him to cease this folly. **Bill Farrell, Editor**

NAVAL BENEVOLENCE

Naval aviators have long suffered under the misapprehension that they were a hard-drinking, uncaring, wenching lot. Nothing could be further from the truth. There was a time, over fifty years ago, when a naval aviator led the way in an act of kindness to Canada's aboriginal people on the East Coast -- this act long before

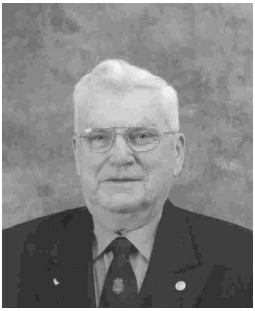
the country at large began to recognize the injustice done to the First Nations by our white European immigrant-ancestors. Sensing the envy of the East Coast tribes for the ceremony of the Potlatch practised by their West coast brethren he took it on himself to host the very first East Coast Potlatch for the Eskasoni Tribe of Nova Scotia. He opened his purse to provide, without stint, lashings of rum, brandy, liqueurs in a party that put the West Coast celebrations to shame. Modesty, a naval attribute, dictated that this act of philanthropy be kept anonymous. We have his name but are not, for legal reasons, releasing it. **Editor**

BURBERRY HILL

Sailors are often tarred with the unearned reputation of being, when on shore leave, lustful persons without gentlemanly feelings for the ladies. Nothing could be further from the truth: Witness the gallantry of our RCN matelots when, on dampish spring nights, they led their ladies onto the moist grassy slopes of BURBERRY HILL (that prominent hill in Halifax with an old fort on top, nowadays known as Citadel Hill). Ever considerate of the fairer sex and mindful of the exemplary conduct of Sir Walter Raleigh (who spread his cloak across a mud puddle to Keep Queen Elizabeth's feet unsullied) our noble sailors ensured their partner's comfort by always having a raincoat handy. Burberry, for those, who don't remember, was the trade name of a popular English raincoat. One cannot help but wonder if the Raleigh-Elizabeth story got cleaned up a bit over time.

Editor

Build Your Next Home With
SHIREBROOK
 DEVELOPMENTS INC.
 456-1389 or 497-1024
 www.shirebrook.ca



Presidents Report

by *Buck Rogers*

The Canadian Naval Air Group Reunion weekend brought many old salty dogs together to reminisce; to renew old friendships e Shearwater Aviation Museum! If you were among those attending - it was great to have you - and if not - you missed a really great time. I would like to thank all the staff at the

Museum for providing space for our activities and all the work they so willingly and helpfully did for us. It was a fitting place for the Sunday morning Church Service and Up Spirits.

The AGM was held recently and it was well attended. A new slate of Officers was brought forward and accepted President Buck Rogers, Vice Pres. John Knudsen, Treasurer Peter Staley and Secretary Kay Collacutt.

The restoration projects are ongoing. The Firefly will soon have the propellor reassembled and mounted on the engine shaft. The HUP3 rotor blades are ready for installation and work is progressing on a new vertical stabilizer for the T33. Many hours of volunteer work has gone into these programs - thanks to everyone.

SAMF membership continues to provide a large source of income and has remained fairly steady for the year. The membership is about 998 including 128 Life members.

We would like to see an increase in numbers of Naval Air and Post Unification personnel who have served and are now serving in 12 Wing Shearwater support this historical venture. Maybe more interest will occur when SAM acquires a Sea King Helicopter.

The Foundation revenue remained steady with a total income increase of \$12K over last year. Donations were down sharply but membership fees increased the income.

Last November, SAMF started a fund to support an expansion project proposed by SAM to erect a new building for storage; including a climate controlled area and work shop to restore aircraft. The plans have not been finalized. The project has been favourably received and to date around \$15K in donations are in the fund. Donations to the building funds can be made anytime.

Thanks to the SAMF membership for their support and loyalty to the foundation; the writers and newsletter staff who continue to provide the stories and historical information that reminds us all of our great Canadian Naval Aviation heritage and to the dedicated volunteers who support the SAM staff activities, host the Museum visitors and conduct the aircraft restoration programs. Hats off to one and all for their unselfish dedication and work effort.

Local fund-raising will be ongoing throughout the year. Don't forget the Wall of Honour. Is your name there? Why not? There is lost of space left and we can expand.

I would like to thank the Foundation Directors for their support during this last years involvements.

In closing, remember we have the same goals - to save and display our Heritage - whether we belong to SAM, SAMF or CNAG. We are alike only under different umbrellas!

Have a healthy, Happy Holiday. Buck

From the Curator's Desk

By *Christine Hines*

The best part of a Curator's job is to find that unique artefact, that one of a kind, or representative artefact that tells a particular story. Well, the CNAG reunion was of great value to this Curator, that's for sure, as I finally got to meet you and listen to the stories that put our treasures in the collection into context. Without the personal stories to interpret the museum's collection, the artefacts don't mean as much as they should. I want to thank each and every one of the CNAG delegates for your well wishes, your encouragement, and stories. What a pleasure it was to spend time with you and to have you all here at home in Shearwater!

While here at SAM, I hope you had a chance to see our new fenced compound adjacent to the new hangar. Thanks to the 12 Wing Commander, SAM was granted funds to erect this fence, and bring down the remaining aircraft collection pieces, our Voodoo, Tracker 1501, and a CF low-vis T-33, to SAM after residing on the ramp next to 3 Hangar for several years. This exercise was done just recently and was a huge success. Engineer John Webber and Exhibit Technician Duncan Mason, with help from the heavy equipment operators at Transport and MCpl Kirk Clifford from 12 AMS, ensured the small fleet was ready to be moved and made it look easy despite corrosion, seized oleos and a few other mechanical issues. As soon as space is available, Tracker 1501 will head into the restoration shop for an overhaul. For pictures of the move, please see elsewhere in this issue.

As our calendar year comes to a close, I'd like to sincerely wish all of our SAMF supporters, Volunteers and 12 Wing members every happiness for the holiday season, and a sincere thanks from the Team at SAM for your support over the last year. Each and every one of you reading this column has improved our ability to preserve Shearwater's past, and we're grateful for your contributions to our work.

"Hornell VC David Ernest 1910-1944, A Biography" by D.J. Neilly

Congratulations to SAM volunteer Don Neilly, who has recently completed work on a recount of RCAF Flight Lieutenant David Hornell's life. New research has added to our picture of this notable Canadian and his action earning him our highest award for valour. Copies of the biography are currently able to be viewed at the SAM library. Look for wider distribution of the book by next spring.



**IROQUOIS Det - Part of Standing Naval Maritime Group 1 on
OPERATION ACTIVE ENDEAVOUR.**



SEA KING HOVERING READY TO RECOVER BOARDING PARTY



STANDING NAVAL MARITIME GROUP 1

Call Lee Cluett or Ron Cluett today
for all of your

Cluett Insurance Brokers Inc. offers these services:

Life • Group • R.R.S.P • Annuities
Home • Auto • Commercial

Cluett
INSURANCE
BROKERS Inc.

“Planning ahead to protect your future”

Serving our clients from 4 convenient locations:
Halifax • Dartmouth • Cole Harbour • Summerside PEI
Main Office Phone: (902) 466-5328
Toll Free: 1-866-466-9660
Website: www.cluettinsurance.ca



Book Review

BOOK – Bob Welland’s “ADVICE”

It has been said that every old warrior has a book in him. Well, Bob Welland had a rollicking good book in him and he, unlike so many of us, actually got around to writing it. He takes us on a romp through actions at sea (some personal, some exciting fiction) and through sex episodes in boudoirs and unlikely unconventional settings (like swimming pools). It has also been said that the aim of the writer is to entertain, not to cleave rigidly to the truth: Bob maintains that aim in spades – particularly in the sex episodes. The book is, forgive me the cliché, a page-turner – not all sex and sea battles but some sound wisdom on current political problems endangering this potentially-great nation state of ours.

‘ADVICE’, by Bob Welland, is available at the Shearwater Aviation Museum Gift Shop; telephone toll free 1-888-497-7779 or you may order a book from Adm Welland personally at 604-536-0871 or by email rpswelland@telus.net



WANTED... (or, we cannot display what we do not have)

For those of us in the museum business, no matter what the museum’s mandate or type of artifacts the museum collects, the most frequently heard phrase is ‘You should have a XXXXX on display!’ Largely, the statement is usually correct, but generally not the result of an oversight on the museum’s part. You’d be surprised at how hard it is to find some artifacts for some museums. Researching those elusive artifacts is a difficult process, and often distance, time and faded memory prevent discovery of

these treasures. Take for example VT 40, a relatively short-lived RCN training squadron. Other than a few photos and a lovely brass crest, there are no other artifacts representing this squadron’s role and life at Shearwater between 1954-1959. It is very hard to develop an exhibit to tell a story in a visual, tactile way, without the physical proof of the story.

With the approval of the Newsletter editors, I’d like to have a small place in future Newsletters where I can list artefacts we are missing in our collection. Keep an eye out in future editions for our wish list items: it’s your history we’re working to preserve. For more information, please call SAM’s Curator, Christine Hines, at (902) 720-1767, or email at awmuseum@ns.sympatico.ca.



Tracker 1501 - Makes its last trip.

Tracker 1501 was the first Tracker built for the RCN. It arrived at Shearwater 13 Oct 1956. For further info on 1501 see Museum Website.

John Webber and crew bring Tracker 1501 to the museum for refurbishment.

A HAIRY TALE

KNOWING WHEN TO LET GO

Jake McLaughlin



In the summer of 1954 the Support Air Group VF 870 Fury fighters and VS 880 Avenger Anti-Submarine aircraft was moved temporarily away from HMCS Shearwater. The circuit, shared by Naval

aircraft ranging from helicopters, C-45s, Harvards, Furies and Avengers, plus the then Air Canada and Maritime Airways DC3s and occasional USN aircraft of several types had become too limited, too crowded.

We moved first to Scoduc, an abandoned wartime RCAF airfield close to Moncton and just outside the coastal town of Shediac in New Brunswick. We were warmly welcomed, made honorary members of the Moncton Golf Club and the social Club Bois Hebert in Shediac itself. We flew regular training missions over the Atlantic always making sure that our return path to base took us over the beautiful coastal beaches close to the town of Shediac. Life was good.

One day, a pair of Avengers were returning from an A/S exercise at about 2000 feet closing the beaches, the crews admiring the assemble pulchritude on the sand.

suddenly I noticed a Sea Fury diving on us from about 10,000 feet seemingly intent on jumping our two helpless Turkeys. But that's not what the pilot had in mind, he hurtled past, continuing his trajectory toward the beach where at a few hundred feet he pulled up and began a beautiful upward twizzle. The aircraft rose, the sun glinting off its wings when at about 5000 feet it abruptly stalled and began to fall, inverted, toward the water below. We watched, absolutely certain that we were about to witness the Fury, flown by a friend (by this time we'd figured out who was flying the aircraft), crash into the sea. No more than one hundred feet above the waves, the aircraft, still inverted, appeared to regain control. It climbed and as sedately as a Fury could do it, headed inland to the airfield.

Later, at the Wardroom bar, I joined my friend Jake Birks acknowledged by all as a superb pilot who was still obviously shaken and wan with care. He explained that the aircraft had gone into a flick spin as he twizzled away from the beach (it was a notorious Sea Fury characteristic from which few pilots survived). He tried every thing he knew to regain control as he hurtled down. Finally and in resignation, he decided to take his hands and feet off the controls and await the inevitable. By Jake's reckoning the plane recovered itself, still inverted, at less than 100 feet.

He flew home, landed and adjourned to the bar a wiser and very much surprised to be alive, Naval Aviator.

REMEMBERING THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC



By VAdm Ralph Hennessy – Canada's Senior Naval Officer (1966-1970)

These are memories of the Battle of the Atlantic and specifically, I suppose, of my participation, in it.

I spent 4-1/2 years of the war at sea, mostly in the North Atlantic, the only exception to that being the first winter of the war when I was privileged to be a part of the Jamaican force in the Caribbean, based in Kingston,

Jamaica, that is the way to fight a war.

The Battle of the Atlantic of course had been set off and started on the first day of the war and ended on the last. And you may wonder a little why, in that case, 1993 was chosen as the year to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the battle. The reason for that is quite simple--it was in 1943, in the month of May, that we had what might well be described as the turning of the tide in the battle. Up until then, we, on the allied side, had been losing continually and consistently but somehow or other things turned around in the spring of 1943 and while the Battle of the Atlantic was far from over, we remained in the ascendancy from that moment on until 1945.

In his diary on May 24, 1943, Admiral Donnets, the commander of the German U-boat fleet, decided that the losses to his U-boat fleet were such that he could no longer tolerate them and he issued orders to withdraw the bulk of the U-boats from the Atlantic to other, sort of fringe areas if you will, where it would be safe for them. He expressed this in terms of what on both sides we call the exchange rate, which is simply a ratio between the number of U-boats sunk and the tonnage of allied shipping sunk. In the month of May 1943, he was losing one U-boat for every 10,000 tonnes of shipping sunk. Earlier in that same year he had been losing only one U-boat for every 100,000 tonnes of shipping sunk.

Now this was a real disaster for him. He attributed, in his diary, the reason for the extreme losses as being the employment of aircraft by the allied powers, both shore-based and ship-based. And there is no question that by that time, 1943, aircraft were playing an enormously

effective role in keeping U-boats down and away from convoys.

I have two other reasons which I think are at least of equal importance. One was that we had won the technological war that had been going on from day one. Our gadgets, if you will, out-gadged theirs. Our laboratories beat them completely in research and development of new weapons systems to counter their new weapon systems and so forth.

That's one of my reasons for suggesting that there is an alternative to his rather simplistic view. The other was that the allied navies in general and the Canadian Navy in particular had, by 1943, after some pretty horrendous years from the beginning of the war, come of age, and had become professionals in the business of detecting, hunting down and sinking U-boats. At the beginning of the Battle of the Atlantic we were certainly far from professional. We were amateurs compared to the German U-boat fleet and our people came of age the hard way. Let me just tell you a little story to illustrate this.

In December, 1941, my ship HMCS Assiniboine was in refit in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, across the harbour from Halifax. Now when a ship comes in to refit, the happiest people in the land are the officers in the manning depot. That's the depot that has the responsibility for supplying you with officers and sailors. There's nothing they loved more than seeing a ship come in to refit so they could reach out and scoop off all your best people and a month or two later, replace them with a group of people fresh out of the egg if you will. And that was the situation we faced.

By then, I was, of course, a grizzled old veteran of 23 years of age. I was the First Lieutenant of this destroyer and for the benefit of any land-lubbers present, the First Lieutenant is the second in command--the one who really runs things on a boat.

Two days before Christmas I was told by the Cox'n that we had a very long list of requests to see me that morning. And these young men - you have no idea how young they looked even to a 23-year-old, these young men had only one desire--they wanted to go home for Christmas. Well, old hard-hearted Hennessy said no and he had two reasons for saying no. The first one was rather personal because he had just been told the day before that his father had been killed in action in Hong Kong. So he wasn't really too much in the mood for this sort of request.

The second, and really of greater significance, of course, was that I knew something that they did not know, and that was that on December 27 we were sailing in the evening to join a convoy. And they were literally going to be working around the clock to get that ship out of dry dock--stored, provisioned, munitioned, oiled--all the things that we had to do to be able to meet our sailing date.

In any event we made the sailing date and we took that convoy up to Iceland. Typical December, January, North Atlantic weather is foul. I can recall, at one stage in the journey, coming up for watch at four in the morning, and the first thing you do when you come on watch is to read the captain's night order book where he says what he wants done and where he wants to go and so forth. And usually Captains tend to put at the bottom of this, "Call me if it comes on the blow." Well for him to say that, what did he think was going on at the time? And then he wound up and said, "Happy New Year." I'd forgotten it was New Year's Eve.

We got into Iceland supposedly for a rest, only to spend most of the time steaming up and down at anchor watch because the weather was foul there too. Another convoy was going back to Newfoundland, and when we arrived back there they were indeed seamen and all we had to do was turn them into fighting seamen, which we managed to do.

Weather, it has been said, was our constant enemy in the Battle of the Atlantic and this is very true. And you really have no idea how much power there is in a large chunk of salt water until that large chunk of salt water and your ship collide. We ran into some very bad weather when we were on the Bismarck chase--we were one of the destroyers escorting the battleships out of Scapa Flow and at one time the speed of the fleet was 27 knots and we were doing 29 just to keep up in this weather and we took a very severe roll. And at that stage the ships have a tendency to try and carry on with the roll and almost literally dig themselves under the water.

Well the roll was such that I found myself standing on the polaris, that's the stand that holds your compass, looking down at my Captain who was literally lying on his back with his arms and legs wrapped around the polaris. He said later that it didn't fill him with confidence to see his Navigating Officer, myself, busy blowing up his life-belt at the time. After the ship got its balance and got up and we were on our way, I did a quick tour of the ship just to see how much damage had occurred. The wave had hit us on the port side. All four life-rafts were gone. The framework on which they sat was just a twisted mess of metal. Most of the guard stations were twisted and, in some cases, torn right out of the deck. Our motor cutter was history, just a pile of match wood.

You have to go on regardless of the weather, and on one occasion we even did an appendectomy in the midst of a howling gale in the North Atlantic. And your speaker had the immense privilege of being the scrub nurse for the operation and this is because the doctor felt that I had the strongest stomach in the ward room. I didn't exactly distinguish myself in this operation because towards the end, when he was sewing the patient up, the final thing is sticking the drainage tube in. He called out to his scrub nurse, "Drainage tube please," and this is one thing that I

did recognize right away in the sterilizer. So I picked it up with the forceps, the ship gave a lurch, I dropped it on the deck and after offering a few well-chosen naval oaths, I bent down, picked it up and handed it to the doctor, but you should have seen the expression on his face. So I said to myself, "Well back to the sterilizer." The patient lived by the way.

It wasn't all weather and U-boats and so forth, we had a lot of fun during the course of those five years. In fact, I told Admiral Mainguy in response to a query long after the war that I thought that those five years were the ones in which I had more fun than I had ever had in any other five years in my life. And I guess this is part of this selective memory thing, that you tend to forget the hard bits and just remember the nice times.

May I conclude this little survey by paying a little tribute of my own to that group that I consider to be the real unsung heroes of the Battle of the Atlantic and these were the men of the Merchant Marine.

What they did, what they put up with, beg a description. You remember these people, in many instances, were going to sea in what had to be called floating death traps. If you're in an ammunition ship, in a way you're lucky because when it blows, you're gone. If you're in a tanker and you manage to survive the explosion and subsequent fire, you're floating around the ocean in a sea of oil which may or may not be on fire itself. Your chances of being picked up, certainly in the early days, were slim in the extreme because we didn't have rescue tugs and as far as the escorts were concerned they were far too busy fighting the wolf pack to be able to pick up survivors. So we left them there. But they survived, a lot of them, and they came back and they survived again, and they kept coming back.

I think we owe them a tremendous debt. It's also a rather sad reflection of the Canadian government that it is only in the last two years that these gallant men were given the recognition that they should have had 50 years ago. And that is a sort of veteran status. It's little and it's way too late.

So when you do remember people on Remembrance Day, do in future years give a little extra thought to the men of the Merchant Marine because they really deserve it far more than we. Thank you



REMEMBRANCE



ACROSS THE FLIGHT DECK

The Tul Safety Equipment/Fred Lucas Memorial Award For CNAG MEMBER OF THE YEAR

As your National Chairman, I am very pleased to announce that out of the number of very deserving candidates proposed for recognition this year, the National Board of Directors, voted to award Gord Moyer of Hampton Gray V.C. Chapter the coveted title of CNAGer of the Year for 2007. As you are aware this award is given in recognition of a member's contribution to the CNAG organization; and in particular those efforts that continued to perpetuate the traditions and history of the Royal Canadian Naval Air Arm, rather than personal achievements. Nominated for several years, Gord Moyer has finally been recognized for his extremely demanding role as the HGVC Chapter Secretary and his recently added responsibilities of National Secretary/Treasurer.

A key member of the HGVC Executive, Gordon's proactive support to a series of our Presidents/Directors has been instrumental in guiding the Chapter's path. Based upon the minutes and several articles he has produced and distributed over the years, I would suggest that he has maintained what is arguably one of the best chronicles of current CNAG chapter life. His specific attention to recording and disseminating issues of both local and National CNAG events, including important political decisions that affect us all, is indeed commendable.

Gord Moyer has constantly shown as much concern for our National Association as he has for his Chapter. He has consistently been an active and articulate ambassador for CNAG with several outside organizations including; the Ottawa-Hull Naval Association, the Naval Officers Association of Canada, the Navy League of Canada, and the Royal Canadian Legion, just to name a few. It was Gord Moyer that took the time to catalogue the lengthy inventory of the naval air contributions to Canada's Navy over the past 100 years. His efforts have provided a

sound basis for CNAG National to correlate a collective approach with-respect-to our representation during the forthcoming Naval 2010 celebrations.

In closing I feel compelled to advise you that it was the general consensus of all the Directors, and so aptly expressed by the Past National Chairman, that this award was richly deserved and long overdue. Warmest congratulations are extended to you Gord from the entire membership of Canadian Naval Air Group. BZ my friend!

Yours in Naval Air,

Paul Baiden



Paul Baiden and Gord Moyer



Church Service



Ivor Axford, Dave Warren, Kerry Briard, Wayne Fairbairn, Jim Davidson, Jack Moss



Paul Baiden, Jack Moss and Peter Milsom at dedication of Wall Tile in honour of Martin Hamilton - 1st Curator of the Shearwater Aviation Museum.



Jack Sewart, Harry Cuffe, Fred Johnston



Barb Halfkenny, Barb Ryan, Evelyn Fairbairn





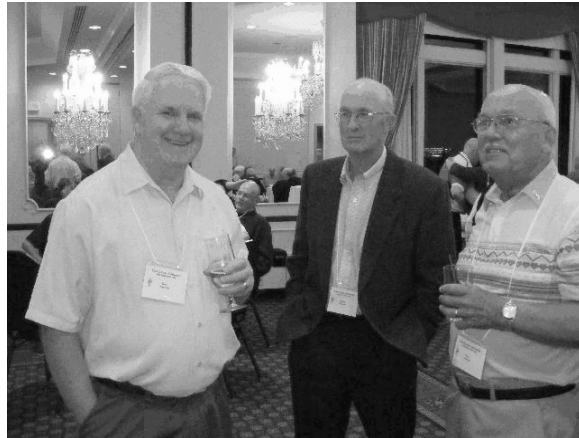
John Cody & Dale Smith



Jim Stegen & Ron Caudle



Dennis Shaw, Doug Cooke, Marie Peacocke



Ron Caudle, Dave Warren, Ron Beard



George Saleski, Fern Phillipe, Jim Davison, Clint Halfkenny, Dave Warner



UP SPIRITS

ED JANUSAS, WHITEY WILLIAMSON, KIT GOUGH, 'BUCK' ROGERS, STU MINGO, JOHN MACLEOD, HUGH MacLELLAN

THE FLYERS WIN - THE BONNIE SAILS

Wasn't it a Party? Now that our Canadian Naval Air Group (CNAG) Reunion 2007 is over and we have had time to catch our breath, I would like to offer my thanks to the Reunion Committee and all the attendees for helping make this an event to remember. Atlantic Chapter of CNAG once again, with the support and hospitality of residents in HRM, showed our guests from the rest of Canada, USA and UK how to throw a most enjoyable three day event.

Over 450 CNAGers and families enjoyed the wonderful big band sound produced by 12 highly accomplished musicians from the Maritime Command Stadacona Band. Everyone enjoyed an excellent dinner served up by the professional staff at the Marriott Halifax Harbourfront and I am sure appreciated the hotel amenities and particularly the location on the picturesque Halifax waterfront.

The attendance at the Sunday Church Service, organized by the duo of Buck & Minnie Rogers, must have pleased our guest Chaplain, Charley Black, perhaps his biggest single congregation? Up Spirits was well attended and enjoyed immensely and the staff at the 12 Wing WO & Sgts Mess are to be congratulated for the delicious lunch and for the afternoon Wine & Cheese.

All in all I think you could safely say that we celebrated the 50th Anniversary of the Bonnie Commissioning and the Flyers 1957 Championship in grand style. Thank you all once again for your support.

See you next year in Vancouver! *Eric G. Edgar, Co- Chair CNAG Reunion 2007*

THE CHEZZETCOOK AIR WEAPONS RANGE

Leo Pettipas

The Setting

Chezzeetcook Inlet is a narrow, north-south trending bay on Nova Scotia's Eastern Shore. It is situated some 12 miles as the crow flies northeast of Halifax Harbour and, like much of the general area, is characterized by numerous drumlins -- conspicuous rounded hills created by glaciers during the last Ice Age. The mouth of the inlet fronts on the Atlantic Ocean, and is defined by barrier beaches that connect several near-shore, partially submerged drumlins to the mainland. This combination of natural features was well suited to the establishment of a weapons range for HMCS Shearwater. Naval operational and training squadrons had been based at the station since early 1946, and among the various activities in which they were engaged was air-to-surface firing practice. Until the early 1950s, this type of work was accomplished with the use of targets anchored in the ocean or towed by ships at sea. The real need, however, was for a shore-based firing range, complete with fixed control and observation buildings, to supplement the use of seaborne targets.

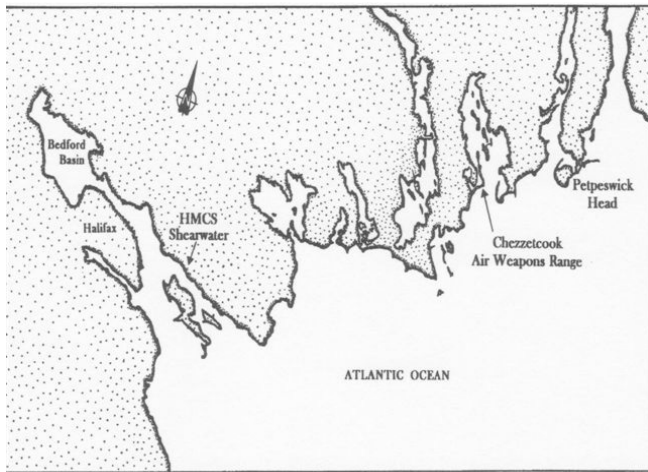
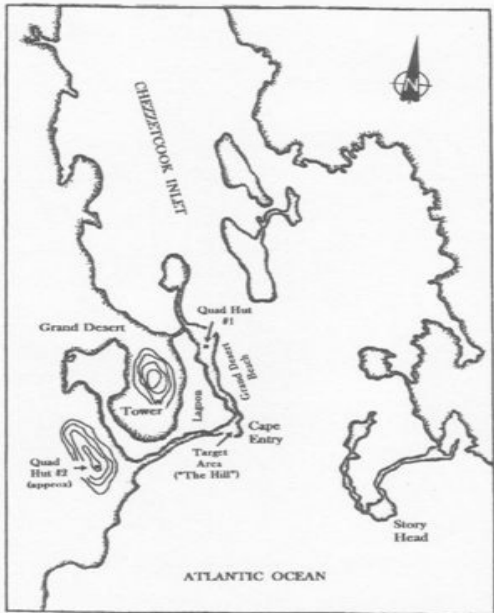


Fig.1 Regional setting of the Chezzetcook Weapons Range



By 1949, the search was on; charts were consulted, and in April of 1950 aerial photographs were taken of the nearby Chezzetcook area. A site on the west side of the inlet near its mouth and adjacent to the tiny Acadian village of Grand Desert proved ideal for the needs of an air-to-ground weapons range (Fig. 1).

Infrastructure

The immediate shoreline of the Grand Desert site was occupied by a prominent drumlin, the slopes of which offered a commanding view of the adjacent harbour mouth. It was on the south, seaward-facing side of this drumlin, some 200 feet above sea level, that the range control tower (call sign Bomber Control) was situated. According to local testimony, the original tower was actually a barn (or barn-like structure) to which an observation platform was attached. This edifice burned down and was replaced by a tailor-made building designed expressly for the purpose.

Situated at appropriate points in the general area was a pair of quad huts from which aircraft dive angles and fall-of-shot results could be measured. A lagoon separated the shoreline below the tower from a long sandy spit known as Grand Desert Beach. The south end of the beach morphed into an eroding drumlin that formed a small headland referred to by the naval personnel as The Hill and by cartographers as Cape Entry (see Fig. 2). Targets were placed on the north-facing (landward) slope of The Hill, and for many years, the bombing and rocketry target comprised a ring, approximately 50 feet in diameter, of large whitewashed beach cobbles, with a cluster of more such stones forming a bull's eye in the centre. Derelict tank hulks painted yellow also served as land targets.

Another target was positioned within the lagoon adjacent to The Hill. During the Banshee years, the lagoon target was a tethered floating barrel painted a bright fluorescent red, and this was also the aiming point for rockets and bombs. Chezzetcook Weapons Range Circuits over the range were flown in a racetrack pattern, and the target run was invariably north-to-south, i.e., seaward, so that ricocheting ordnance would tend to deflect towards the ocean (designated a danger area, code-named Fox trot), rather than onto the land.

First Salvoes

There is some discrepancy in the published records as to the official opening date of the Chezzetcook Range. The annual report of the Department of National Defence for the fiscal year 1950-51 notes that it was opened in the autumn of 1950. The official history of Naval Aviation places it in January of 1951 -- specifically, according to pilots' logbooks, on 17 January when Shearwater-based Sea Furies, Fireflies and Avengers put on an inaugural firing display to mark the occasion, and the range was in business.

Armament and Ordnance

The Chezzetcook Range was intended for year-round practice in gunnery, rocketry and light bombing. All of the aircraft types used at the range -- Fireflies, Sea Furies, Harvards, Avengers, Banshees and Trackers -- were armed with rockets and bombs. High-explosive bombs and rockets were not permitted at any time, and so the high-velocity aerial rockets (HVARs), a.k.a. rocket projectiles or RPs, were all fitted with non-explosive practice heads. Either single or multiple types of ordnance were carried/expended per mission. For example, in one Avenger pilot's log book, the duty column reads rocket firing on one

occasion, but R/P & Strafing on another and RP s & Bombs on yet another. Likewise, the log book of a Sea Fury pilot shows that he was conducting RP V & Strafing during one particular sortie.

Bombs: At the outset, the bombs were of the small, 11%_σlb practice variety of Second World War vintage. They were white and teardrop-shaped with a cylindrical tail. When the bomb struck the ground or a hard object there ensued a loud bang and a cloud of white smoke that was easy to plot. A 16%_σlb practice bomb came into use when Trackers were the only aircraft type still using the range.

Bombing exercises (Bombex s) at Chezzetcook were of two kinds glide-bombing, in w hich the aircraft approached the target in a dive, and low-level bombing, in which the aircraft closed the target at low altitude in level flight. Glide-bombing, as opposed to dive-bombing , involved attacking at less than a 60" dive. In a typical glide-bombing exercise, it was possible to make use of the gunsight. In a low-level Bombex, however, use of the gunsight was not possible, nor were RCN aircraft fitted with bombsights as such. Furthermore, bombs were simply released (dropped). Consequently, effective low-level bombing was as much art as it was science, and more an exercise in judgement than aiming.

Low-level bombing of the sort described above was particularly germane for the ASW aircraft. An altitude of 300 feet was used, for two reasons: (1) it was the tactical altitude at which an aircraft would localize and depth-charge a diving submarine, and (2) it was the prescribed release altitude for the Mk 43 torpedo, giving time for the parachute to deploy before the weapon entered the water. Accuracy was important because of the limited range of the weapon. When the practice target was an old tank with an open turret, the challenge was to drop one s bombs in the turret. If, as the exercise progressed, the pilot was not having much success and the limited on-board supply of bombs was diminishing, the tendency was to get lower and slower so as to increase one s chances of slipping the bomb into the cavity. When straddle-bombing the barrel target in the lagoon, the objective was to drop the first bomb some 40 feet short of the barrel to simulate the initial depth bomb of a stick of four bracketing a submarine. This linear staggering of bombs virtually assured that the target would be destroyed.

Rockets: Throughout the 1950s, the rockets used at Chezzetcook were also surplus from the Second World War. They were of the 3-inch variety that could be fitted with 25- and 60-lb concrete and 25-lb semi-armour-piercing heads for training and practice. The rockets were mounted on rails or zero-length launchers fitted to the undersides of the wings. The Fireflies and Sea Furies had provision for 16 rockets, the Harvards could carry four (two per wing), and the Avenger, eight. The radar pod on the Avengers was positioned immediately outboard of the starboard launchers and hence was subject to damage by the rocket blast from the projectile closest to it. When rocket-firing was scheduled, therefore, either the pod was removed or else the launcher next to it was left vacant.

The fighter-bombers (Sea Furies, Banshees) and the Fireflies were fitted with gyro gunsights mounted atop the instrument panel. These were used to aim both the guns and the RPs. The gyro gunsight was a most useful instrument inasmuch as it compensated for such ballistic behaviour as trail (drag) and gravity drop, as well as for wind speed and direction. The Mk 8 reflector gunsight fitted to the Avengers possessed similar advantages. In a Tracker, the rocket-firing exercise (Rocketex) was rather more involved than the routine described above for the Bombex. The sight comprised a small ball (pipper) mounted atop a post positioned on the nose of the aircraft just forward of the pilot s windscreen. Stencilled on the windscreen were horizontal and vertical mil lines. By holding the pipper in line with a particular vertical mil line, the pilot could correct his aim for the drop of the missile in flight and for drift caused by a crosswind. The approach to the target was to be flown at an angle of between 20" and 25".

By the early 1960s, the 3-inch RPs were being supplanted by the 5-inch variety. The last type to be used at Chezzetcook was the 2.75-inch folding-fin aerial rocket (FFAR). Initially, these were carried singly on under-wing pylons, but by the time the range went out of active use, the Trackers were firing their FFARs from reusable LAU 59 rocket pods (LAU stands for launcher aircraft unit) capable of carrying six rockets each. Earlier on the Trackers had presented something of a problem in that they were fitted with de-icer boots on the leading edges of the wings, and these often had to be changed due to scorching by the rocket blast. This problem was solved by the adoption of the pods. The Banshees were not fitted with de-icer boots, and so scorching problems did not arise in their case; however, the jets were retired in August of 1962 and the 5-inch rocket went out of vogue shortly thereafter.

Guns: In addition to bomb racks and rocket launchers, the Fireflies, Sea Furies and Banshees were equipped with 20-mm cannon and the Avengers with .50-calibre machine guns. These were used for strafing practice at the Chezzetcook range, and for this purpose three large, heavy wooden frames were placed upright with resin-covered fabric attached to them. The ammunition was painted different colours, each of which was assigned to the different pilots using the range at any one time. After the aircraft had finished their firing runs, the holes were counted and credited to the respective pilots. The Harvards carried a single .303, but the Trackers did not carry guns of any kind, that sort of weapon being considered passØ in anti-submarine warfare by the time the Trackers came on strength.

Procedure

In the normal scheme of things, two types of attack were conducted at the Chezzetcook range live and dummy. Dummy runs, so called because no ordnance was fired or released, were frequently conducted at the beginning of a session so that the tower could confirm that the aircraft had the correct dive angle. By this means, the pilot could correct his angle if necessary before proceeding with the live runs. Then, through the combined efforts of the personnel in the quad huts and the control tower, the aircraft dive angle, fall of shot bearings and yardage error of each run on the target were duly recorded and the appropriate information relayed forthwith to the firing aircraft via the Range Control Officer stationed in the control tower. In the interest of safety, the minimum ceilings for the various uses of the range were as follows: rocketry and glide bombing 2,000 feet; low-level bombing 1,500 feet; gunnery 2,000 feet. T he altitude and slant range were critical for the rockets in particular because the motors had to burn out just prior to impact to limit the distance ricochets could travel. Daytime exercises were forbidden when

either flight visibility was less than 3 miles or when ground visibility was less than 1 mile. In the early years of range operation, a crash boat was positioned in the vicinity while the facility was in use.

If for whatever reason an arriving aircraft could not be cleared to join the range, or if an exercise was in progress and an emergency arose, the pilots were directed to the Waiting Position located three miles up the coast above Petpeswick Head. The range could be used between sunrise and 2359 under VFR conditions. Note that business hours continued after sundown, when both bombing and rocket practice were conducted. These night time sorties were facilitated by a ground-sited, illuminated arrow that guided the pilots to the target.

Incidents

Military flying being what it is, a number of crashes occurred near the range during armament practice due to engine failures. In September 1957, while conducting rocket and bombing proficiency work, a VU 32 pilot flying an Avenger lost power and had to ditch in the ocean adjacent to the range. Two years previous, a VS 881 Avenger had belly-landed on the nearby flats when the tide was out. A mobile crane was brought to the site and the TBM was hauled ashore, but not before the tide had come in and flooded it with seawater. As a consequence, the aircraft was a write-off. On yet another occasion, a VF 870 Sea Fury suffered engine failure that resulted in a wheels-up forced-landing in a farmer's field adjacent to the range.

Immediately upon firing a rocket, the pilot was to raise the nose to the horizon and execute a climbing left-hand turn for another firing run; it was verboten for him to follow the ordnance down to observe the hit, as this increased the possibility of the aircraft being struck by a ricochet. For the same reason, rockets were not to be fired below an altitude of 1100 feet because the rocket motor would still be burning when the head struck home, and once again rebounds were a potential threat. Nonetheless, it was not uncommon to be hit by flying debris on rocket runs; on one occasion, a Tracker had a ricocheting rocket head lodge itself in the leading edge of a wing inboard of the engine after proceeding unimpeded right through the propeller arc!

Ordnance ricocheting out to sea posed a hazard to fishermen transiting the harbour entrance. To deal with this situation, an HU 21 helicopter was dispatched to clear the range prior to use. This was accomplished with a Sikorsky HO4S equipped with a voice amplifier attached to its fuselage. To further alert the locals that the range was manned and scheduled for use that day, a light on the tower was switched on and a red flag raised. Another flag was raised down on the beach leading to the lagoon and the target areas. If an emergency cease-fire became necessary, a red flare was fired from the control tower with a Very pistol. A green flare, used when radio communication had not been established, signalled that dummy runs only were permitted, while a yellow flare meant no firing and return to base.

The Army's Involvement

The Navy was not the only service that had a presence at the Chezzetcook range in the years prior to Armed Forces unification. Although anti-submarine warfare was the leading role of the naval air arm, an important secondary task for which it trained was close air support for the Army. Between 1951 and 1953, exercises were conducted at the range in conjunction with Army personnel and equipment. The objective was to give practical experience to naval pilots (called observers) in artillery reconnaissance, or ArtyR, whereby aircraft directed artillery fire onto targets via radio communications with the gunners on the ground. At Chezzetcook, the soldiers would simulate artillery rounds with explosive charges known as thunderflashes. An army truck served as a simulated target, and a ground controller would signal to the pilot that a round had been fired (i.e., a thunderflash detonated). It was then up to the pilot to spot the burst and smoke from the thunderflash, and give his corrections in yards for what he thought would bring the next round on the target. For training in live ArtyR, the squadrons deployed to the Camp Shilo weapons range in far-off Manitoba.

Squadrons

Both Regular force and Reserve squadrons held forth at the Chezzetcook range. The Shearwater-based operational and second-line squadrons practiced there regularly, and special programmes were held before heading to Rivers or Gagetown for the intensive armament training and co-op workups with the Army. During their summer camps at Shearwater in the 1950s, Reserve pilots from around the country carried out strafing, bombing and rocket practice at Chezzetcook in VT 40 Harvards and Avengers under the watchful eye of the squadron's Advanced Training Flight. Trials were carried out by VX 10 with the 5 rockets on the CS2F and the Banshee in 1960 and 1961 respectively. VX 10 also did test firings of LAU-32 rocket launchers cum 2.75 FFARs from 1963 through 1966 with an eye to solving the scorched de-icer boot problem.

In December 1973, the government revised its defence policy. This brought a change in function of the sole remaining fixed-wing operational squadron based at Shearwater at that time. VS 880's mandate was now heavily weighted toward fisheries, pollution and sovereignty patrol in place of ASW. The squadron was re-designated MR 880 in early 1975 to reflect its maritime reconnaissance orientation. On 1 May 1974, MR 420 Reserve Squadron had been formed at Shearwater and augmented MR 880 by sharing Trackers in coastal surveillance. An air-to-surface offensive capability was still required, and the ordnance of choice for anticipated targets -- lightly-armed surface vessels -- was the rocket projectile. Accordingly, the Chezzetcook range continued in use throughout the 1970s.

Bravo Zulu Like most other fields of endeavour involving two or more individuals, armament practice lent itself to friendly competition. In 1970, a contest was organized whereby airmen of VS 880 Squadron could vie for trophies by applying their skills at the Chezzetcook range, and most squadron crew commanders and some co-pilots competed. They dropped four practice bombs each, and to the winner of this Bombex went the Best Bomber Trophy. Organized along much the same lines as the bombing competition was the rocket-firing contest whose winner netted the Rocket Trophy. Another prize was the Blew-It Trophy; the pilot who collected this one got two bull's-eyes and missed the target completely with his other two bombs. The Blew-It Trophy was originally HMCS Bonaventure's Bolter Trophy, awarded to the pilot who missed the carrier's arrester wires most often when landing. **THE END**

The Bill Martyn Story Part 3

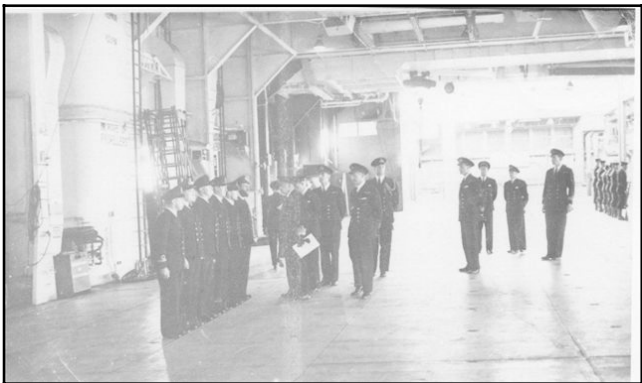
HMS Ruler commanded by Captain H.P. Currey, O.B.E. was in Newport, South Wales being converted to an assault-landing carrier when Bill joined her on September 7, 1944 after a few days of leave. Ruler, built on a C-3 merchant ship hull had been commissioned on December 22, 1943. She had a wooden deck finish, 2 lifts, 9 arrestor wires, a catapult, and 3 safety barriers. Her flight deck was 465 feet long and she carried a full complement of 710 when a fighter squadron was aboard. She could accommodate 24 fighters, or 18 fighters and 4 dive-bombers. She could use her flight deck and hangar to ferry a maximum of 80 fighter aircraft. After a post conversion ferrying trip to and from the United States it was intended that Ruler would become a fully operational carrier with the British Pacific Fleet by mid- April 1945.

Bill had no sooner settled aboard Ruler when he was informed that he had been granted a Bar to his D.S.C. for courage and skill in strikes against enemy shipping while operating from HMS Furious. And on September 19th he received a personal letter from the Office of the High Commissioner for Canada, Vincent Massey, adding his congratulations for Bill's outstanding contribution to the war effort having by then received a D.S.C. and Bar and 3 M.i.D. s.

Now that Bill was on Ruler as Commander Flying, he would be responsible for the Air Department which consisted of the air squadrons, air engineering, air headquarters, air liaison, aircraft armament, aircraft direction, flying control, and flight deck engineering all of which was supported by the meteorology and radar sections.

From Bill's point of view, Ruler's varied passages between September 1944 and April 1945 would give him an opportunity to get to know his function, the ship, and the crew and provide him with a bit of a respite after so many years of first and second-line action. Ruler would be crisscrossing the Atlantic and take nearly two months to reach Australia, 12,400 miles away, with no flying at any time due to all the aircraft being ferried on deck.

Bill had found out that many of the 885 Squadron pilots scheduled to come aboard Ruler in December had been assigned to a photo reconnaissance course in Northern Bill is Right nearest to the Honor Guard. Ireland. Bill who was very interested in that concept recommended that during the passage to Australia, 12 of the



Hellcats be fitted will full camera equipment mounted in the rear fuselage. This was achieved after many long hours and much

improvisation by the Squadron staff and Ruler's crew. Disappointingly, at a quick stop in Colombo, Ceylon in late February, it was not possible to obtain the necessary motors for the 36 cameras mounted in the Hellcats.

The following is a sequence of activities involving Ruler, Squadron #855, and Squadron #1772 for the period September 17, 1944 to April 15, 1945 that inherently reveals the various demands that would have been placed on Bill as Commander Flying during that period:

September 17: Carrier conversion completed.

September 26/27: Flight deck trials with an Avenger, a Hellcat and a Barracuda which promptly crashes on deck.

September 30: Sailed in a convoy for the U.S.A. from Greenock.

October 11: In Norfolk, U.S.A. to load aircraft and repair ship's engine.

November 1: In New York City loading more aircraft and awaiting convoy C.U. 46 to proceed with ferrying 66 aircraft to Scotland.

November 21: Berthed in Glasgow and unloaded aircraft. Leave period until December 9th

December 15/16: Loaded #885 Squadron personnel and aircraft in Belfast Squadron C.O.: Lt.Cdr. John R. Jack Routley.

December 19: Intensive work ups begin for #885 in the Firth of Clyde, flying everyday for one month regardless of holidays.

January 20: Berthed in Belfast. Loaded 18 Fireflies of 1772 Squadron, other aircraft as freight, and hundreds of bags of parcel mail bound for Sydney, Australia. C.O. #1772, Lt.Cdr. D.J. Holmes.

January 28: Sailed from Greenock in convoy KMF 39.

February 8: Heavy seas lift the forward end of the flight deck.

February 9: Berthed in Alexandria for repairs.

March 16: Unloaded all freight aircraft, mail, and 1772 Squadron ashore.

March 18: 885 Squadron flown off to RANAS Schofields, Sydney.

April 6 to 8: Provided flying training off Jervis Bay for 1772 Squadron with 3 Fireflies crashing in the process.

April 9-12: Provided flying training for 885 Squadron.

April 15: After provisioning in Sydney, Ruler with 885 Squadron aboard (24 Hellcats) left for Leyte to join the British Pacific Fleet (BPF).

When passing Japanese-held Islands in the New Guinea area on the way to Leyte's San Pedro Bay, Bill recommended, for air branch training and preventive reasons, that action station be declared with an armed Hellcat ranged on the catapult ready to launch even though the flight deck was chock-full of aircraft

being ferried to Leyte and landing aboard would have been impossible.

During 1945, the British Fleet Train would bring supplies and services to Manus, Ulithi, and Leyte. Fighting ships would leave their combat zones and go to one of these locations, or to an area some 200 to 300 miles at the rear of a combat zone, to replenish. Repair ships, floating dry docks, stores ships, hospital ships, ammunition ships, etc moved with the surge of war.

The BPF: Task Force 57 was in Leyte when Ruler arrived from Sydney and together they proceeded on May 3rd toward the Sakishima group of Islands and Formosa for Operation Iceberg VII to XII. Bill arranged for the transfer of six Hellcats and ten pilots to join Bill Atkinson on #1844 Squadron aboard HMS Indomitable and in turn received four Avengers with five full crews. Between May 5th and 27th, Ruler sailed within an area called, Cootie some six hundred miles north east of Leyte accompanying the tankers needed to re-fuel the BPF which would spend three days attacking and one and a half days refueling in the Cootie area.

Six such non-stop daylight-refueling evolutions took place during the twenty-two days: Five for the Combat Fleet and one for the Fleet Train. Bill arranged for 885 Squadron to fly all CAP s for the combat weary pilots. Bill would be up at 0330 to ensure everything was in readiness for an Avenger to take off at 0430 to proceed to a station beyond the destroyer screen before 4 Hellcats could leave Ruler to do CAP s over the refueling operation itself. Typically, a 0430 patrol of one Avenger and four Hellcats would fly again around 1300 and perhaps also just before dusk.

There were tragic and spectacular accidents on launching from and returning to Ruler s sturdy deck during May 1945. For example, on the 14th, one of the 885 Avengers landed while three Hellcats were on final approach as well. The Observer hurried out of the aircraft to report to Ops. with vital information about a hospital ship. Meanwhile, the flight deck officer and Bill watched in horror as the first of the three landing Hellcats missed the wires, bounced over the barriers, and smashed into the Avenger, killing the Hellcat pilot, S/Lt. Peter Orr. Sadly, the dive-bomber pilot, S/Lt. Grant died of his injuries the next day. For Bill, this accident had been an exact repetition of December 27, 1944 during work-ups in the Firth of Clyde when Sub Lieutenant Mike Furnival had crashed on landing into Lieutenant Sam Lang s Hellcat although both had escaped serious injury. Much of the carnage on deck was caused by inexperienced replacement pilots undertaking deck landing training, when many of them had never even flown a Hellcat with its high nose configuration and might at best have had a few hours of training in Wildcats.

Bill was quite shaken up by the non-combat events in May aboard Ruler. Six Hellcats and one Avenger had crashed with 3 pilots killed. On May 23, HMS Chaser had sent 4 Hellcats as replacements. One thing had worked very well during May in that Bill had asked the Aircraft Direction Personnel to work in two watches, which proved quite successful.

When he had left Leyte in early May, Bill had been informed that the aircraft of 1840 Squadron aboard HMS Speaker were being divided between two of the four combat carriers and that HMS Ruler would have to conduct the Train CAP s which Speaker would normally have carried out. Bill would be providing air cover over the logistic convoys as they brought supplies from Australia to the forward area. That became an onerous task.

As well as the functions already mentioned, Ruler

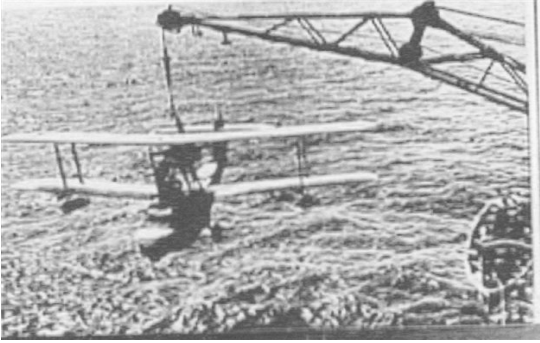
conducted Anti-Submarine Patrols (ASP s) and was called upon to transport wounded to hospital ships. Even more demands were placed on Bill as Commander Flying when it was decided that Ruler would receive flyable duds which could be repaired if brought ashore. These aircraft would somehow fly onto Ruler s deck, causing many anxious moments for Bill who already was working many days with only 3 to 4 hours of continuous sleep. Having these duds land on Ruler could be quite dangerous. Bill would ensure that the pilots were briefed about the abrupt stern, with very little rundown and the danger of aiming at #1 and #2 wires especially if the ship were pitching. So many aircraft had crashed after losing their hook to the ship s stern plates. Ruler would proceed with the flyable duds to Pityliu near Manus Island and as gingerly as possible transfer them by makeshift barges to shore. Then Ruler would embark new aircraft and aircrew, and as many aircraft frames as could be placed aboard for delivery to the combat carriers. During such an evolution, 885 Squadron would have to stay ashore.



A Flyable Dud Sent to HMS Ruler by HMS Formidable. Being Loaded on a Barge. Headed Ashore for Repairs.

Operating in the Pacific was physically demanding in such oppressive heat. Ruler had no air-conditioning system, and tepid seawater showers did little to cool or cleanse a person. Bill, like others aboard, would relish a pipe: Fresh water shower in about 5 minutes. The flight deck would fill quickly with near naked bodies hoping the ship would indeed intercept the dark rain cloud that had been spotted from the bridge.

Ruler arrived in Manus on May 31 from its extended period at sea, and Bill was informed to prepare to take part in Operation Inmate; a task force of some twenty ships, including the carrier HMS Implacable which would provide Ruler a Walrus air/sea rescue plane during the operation. Ruler was to act as a spare landing deck and conduct sea rescues. Bill had 885 Squadron disembark on June 9th. The task force proceeded from Manus to bomb the Japanese base at Truk on June 14th and 15th returning to Manus on the 18th. Six emergency landings were made aboard Ruler and during a severe squall the Walrus ever so gently broke her moorings and fluttered over the port side, dropped into the sea, and promptly sank!



That Is the Way the Oldest Aircraft in Service with the Royal Naval Air Arm – the “Walrus” Should Have Been Launched.

885 Squadron re-embarked Ruler on June 28, along with new pilots flying 8 Corsairs as they hoped to maintain their flying proficiency while awaiting assignment to one of the combat carriers. One of these Corsairs crashed the very next day.

On March 7, 1945 Bill had written his parents indicating that it has been so long since the fall of 1939, I can not remember when we were not fighting! Now in late June 1945 with talk of Ruler joining Task Force 37 for an assault on Japan itself, Bill felt that his war was over. In the last ten months as Commander Flying he had fulfilled his obligation with constant vigilance and great dedication but it had taken its toll and he felt considerable stress. His multi-faceted role had proven very demanding mentally with many accidents resulting in death and injury to aircrew under his command. Bill was experiencing battle fatigue and perceived that a younger and fresher pilot should become Wings on Ruler.

Moreover, Bill truly missed the exhilaration of flying. In the three years leading to his appointment to Ruler, Bill had flown 442 times from shore bases and from the aircraft carriers Indomitable, Argus, Stalker and Furious, more often than not under battle conditions. Yet, in the ten months aboard Ruler, Bill had never once flown from her deck, and had amassed a total of only one hour of flying from three short flights at shore bases!

Bill, a few months short of thirty years of age, was given a one month leave and was asked to report to RNAS Nowra, about 90 miles south of Sydney, Australia at the end of the first week of August where Bill was welcomed with open arms.

Between 1939 and 1945, Bill had served in every theatre of war except South America. He was certainly the most experienced and decorated Lieutenant Commander naval air pilot to arrive in Nowra in many months and was immediately assigned to fly a variety of dignitaries wishing to know about the war and wanting to witness its culmination, and experience its rewards from the safe distance of various bases in eastern Australia. For that purpose, Bill used a military Stinson Reliant that was fitted with photo reconnaissance equipment that he discreetly put to use, as requested by the Royal Navy Photographic section at Nowra, while flying the dignitaries

After one of these flights, Bill, who was a man of few words, did confess to one of the dignitaries that his first M.I.D. had been earned for reasons beyond those in the citation. Bill confided that in mid-June 1940, the newly created French underground had reported that huge long-range guns were being installed in the Calais region. Bill and his Observer, Johnny volunteered to fly a Skua to try and locate and photograph this activity. Both knew that it would be similar to flying through a shooting gallery, especially at the assigned

height of 1,000 feet. They spotted the guns and began taking pictures when all hell broke loose. Bill's aircraft was shot at repeatedly. The flaps were torn off. There was a huge hole in the port wing. The fuel tank was leaking and an explosion had occurred in the aircraft behind Bill and Johnny was not answering Bill's call. Somehow Bill managed to gain enough altitude to coast back toward the white cliffs, twenty five miles away, in time to save the life of the badly injured Observer who would not be able to return to flying for fifteen months. The fact that Bill led a three-squadron bombing sortie a few days later to annihilate the long-range guns was really an anti-climax.

While waiting to be repatriated and when not busy flying dignitaries/photographic sorties, Bill was permitted to fly anything with wings and most often would climb the skies in a Corsair to get that fighter pilot feeling again.

And so the end of Bill's courageous and extended service arrived with his last flight on November 27, 1945. He had flown 48 different aircraft types and had landed in 102 different aerodromes in 16 countries. He had operated from six different aircraft carriers and since October 10th, 1936 had flown 1,769 hours with the great majority of flights slightly less than an hour. Moreover, John MacFarlane and Robbie Hughes book, CANADA'S NAVAL AVIATORS, page 204, credits Bill with shooting down 4 aircraft himself and having 8 probables as well. For Bill it was time for his repatriation to Canada and peace.

Ironically, Bill had written his Dad on September 22, 1938 from aboard HMS Glorious and had predicted: I almost think that by the time I am 29 I'll have had all I want of it and should like to step into civy life. Upon return to Canada, Bill met Dorothy McDonnell and they married in 1947 and moved shortly thereafter to Vancouver where children Kathi, Lois, and Alan were born. Bill worked with the Canadian National Railway, in freight sales and the family lived in different locations. Children Michael and Eileen were born in Vanderhoof, B.C and son Tom was born in Prince Rupert, B.C. In 1965, the family made its final move to Victoria, B.C.

Although Bill did not go on to fly after the war, flying is definitely in the Martyn blood. Bill's brother Bob was one of the very first ultra-lite pilots in Canada. Much younger brother Ron trained in the RCAF and flew with Canadian Airlines International. Ron's son Bruce is a captain for Korean Airlines based in Vancouver and Bill's daughter Lois has a private license and does some recreational flying.

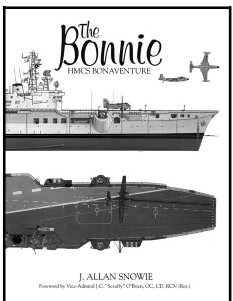
Sadly, although Bill had no apparent health issue, he died suddenly in 1975 at the age of 59.

We shall remember him. **Story by Peter Lawson**

Rodew Computer Services
Computer Sales & Repair

Dave Slauenwhite
A+ Certified Professional

85 Belle Vista Drive
Dartmouth, Nova Scotia
B2W 2X6
Phone: 902 435-6741
Fax: 902 435-4388
E-mail: dave@rodew.ca
Website: rodew.ca



8 1/2 X 11, Hard Cover,
200 photos - 336 pages

ORDER NOW!

Price \$50 + \$6.50 shipping and handling, if applicable. \$50 only if picked up from SAMF. For orders outside Canada, shipping and handling will be \$11.00

NOTE: As of 1 Jan 08, Bonnie Books will cost \$60 each (plus shipping and handling as per above).

SAMF Mailing Address:

SAM Foundation
PO Box 5000 Stn Main
Shearwater, NS B0J 3A

You may Fax your order to
902-461-1610, OR
Phone toll-free to **1-888-497-7779**
Local area call: 461-0062

I would like to order ___copies of The BONNIE Book.

- My cheque is enclosed
- Mastercard OR VISA

Card #: _____
Expiry: ____ / ____
Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____ Prov. _____
Postal Code: _____
Phone: () _____

**SEE OUR WEBSITE FOR A SECURE WAY TO
EMAIL YOUR BONNIE BOOK ORDER OR
MEMBERSHIP DONATION.**

Pull out section

SAMF MEMBERSHIP FORM

NOTE: Membership year is 1 Jan - 31 Dec

Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____ Prov: _____
Postal Code: _____

Phone: _____

Email: _____

Fax: _____

Status: Life \$500 Patron \$250/ yr
Sustaining \$100/yr Regular \$40/yr

Additional Donation: \$ _____ For:

- Building Fund Artifacts In Memory
- Firefly Restoration In Honour
- No specific Category

Note: If In Memory or In Honour, please provide name and address for recipient or family to receive a letter of acknowledgement from our Secretary.

Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____ Prov.: _____
Postal Code: _____

Payment Method: Money Order, Cash, Cheque

VISA or MASTERCARD

Exp. Date: _____

Phone: (902) 461-0062 or

Toll Free: 1-888-497-7779

Fax: (902) 461-1610

Email: samf@ns.sympatico.ca

II

CONTRIBUTION PLEDGE

I, of....., in the
(Name) (Address)

Province of, hereby pledge the total sum of
(Province)

....., \$....., the first installment of
(Amount Spelled Out) (Amount in Figures)

which I will pay on the of, in the amount of
(Day) (Month) (Year)

\$.....with further installments beginning on the of,
(Amount in Figures) (Day) (Month)
(Year)

all such payments being in favour of
(New Building Fund/General Fund)

of the Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation. Receipts will be issued as funds
are received.

TO: Secretary/Treasurer
Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation
PO Box 5000 Station Main
Shearwater, Nova Scotia B0J 3A0

Charity Registration number authorized by Canada Customs & Revenue.

Charity Registration #: 119925 3904 R0001

WALL OF HONOUR - GUIDELINES FOR DESIGNING YOUR "WALL OF HONOUR" TILE

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

Option "A" One Quarter tile DISCONTINUED

Option "B" One half tile 12" by 12" by 17" and triangular in shape (isosceles), with up to 5 rows of 1/4" letters for a maximum of 60 letters and spaces. The longest row can accommodate up to 20 letters and spaces. The remaining 4 rows will decrease as the border/edge of the tile dictates. It should be noted that the upper half of a tile will start with a short row and the lower half with a long row.

Option "C" The full tile with up to 6 rows of 1" letters for a maximum of 55 letters and spaces. The two center rows can accommodate up to 16 letters and spaces. The remaining rows will decrease as the edge of the tile dictates.

Option "D" The full tile with up to 10 rows of 3/4" letters for a maximum of 120 letters and spaces. The two center rows can accommodate 20 letters and spaces each. The remaining rows above and below center will decrease as the edge of the tile dictates.

The colour of the tile will be "Belmont Rose". The only exception to this will be a black dedication tile. If submissions require any alteration, the subscriber will be contacted by phone or email (if you forward your own email address) by the coordinator for further discussion.

From:	Engraving Request:
Name: _____	_____
Address: _____	_____
City: _____	_____
Prov: _____ Postal Code: _____	_____
Telephone: _____	
Email: _____	

Option Choice: Option "A" (Discontinued) Option "B" Option "C" Option "D"

Method of Payment: Cheque (made payable to SAM Foundation) Money Order Cash

Visa/Mastercard Card#: _____ Exp Date: _____

For further information, please call the SAM Secretary: Toll Free: 1-888-497-7779 or (902) 461-0062
 Fax: (902) 461-1610 Email: samf@ns.sympatico.ca Please check engraving details for accuracy before sending. We cannot be responsible for misspelled words on your order form.



\$150



\$300



\$600

Half and Full Wall Tiles may be purchased through monthly installments.
 Half Tiles - \$100 day of purchase - \$100 per month for following two months
 Full Tiles - \$200 day of purchase - \$100 per month for following four months

IV

**PURCHASE WALL OF HONOUR TILES
AND LIFE MEMBERSHIP IN SAMF BY
MONTHLY INSTALLMENTS**

WALL TILES:

HALF TILE: \$300

\$100 when ordered and \$100 per month for the next two months.

FULL TILE: \$600

\$200 when ordered and \$100 per month for the next four months.

SAMF LIFE MEMBERSHIP \$500

You may now purchase Life Membership as follows:

\$100 on date of purchase and \$100 per month for the next four months.

*For further info on Tiles/Membership etc, please call
SAMF Secretary at:*

Toll Free: 1-888-497-7779 or local 461-0062

Fax: 902-461-1610

Email: samf@ns.sympatico.ca

Mail inquiries etc to:

**SAM Foundation
PO Box 5000 Stn Main
Shearwater, NS B0J 3A0**

SAM FOUNDATION BOARD OF DIRECTORS

2007 - 2008

EXECUTIVE

Chairman	Adm Harry Porter
Vice Chairman	Eric Edgar
President	Eugene 'Buck' Rogers
Past President	Bill Farrell
Vice President	John Knudsen
Secretary	Kay Collacutt
Treasurer	Peter Staley

DIRECTORS

Jim Adam
 Ron Beard
 John Bowser
 Danny Brownlow
 Ernie Cable
 Don Cash
 Charles Coffen
 Patti Collacutt
 Dan Edgar
 Dick Jamer
 Vince Lambie, LLB
 O.K. (Bud) MacLean
 Kevin Marshall
 Ken Millar
 Bill Mont
 Lem Murphy
 Harold Northrup
 John Searle
 Colin Stephenson
 Dave Tate
 Serge Valade
 John Webber



The Rest of the Story

by Joe Paquette

In the last issue I told the story of a dedicated instructor who had faith in an injured student and was anxious to help him get his Tiger back after ten months off flying.

The story is true but there is more:

To help me get my confidence back before I joined the next year's Venture Course half way through their training, Dale (Dale Carlson) had arranged for us to fly ten non-syllabus hours together. In addition, our relationship became more that of friends than student and instructor. Dale was not much older than I but was married and had two young boys, one of whom was still in diapers (I remember getting a wet trouser leg when I held him on at least one occasion). I was over to supper on numerous occasions. Being young airmen, we tended to get in trouble as young airmen do and I remember visiting Rimby Alberta to visit Dale's mom and getting led astray by some of Dale's childhood buddies. The result was we were late for supper two days late.

With Dale's tutorage I completed the course in fine fashion and left Penhold in May 1963 to continue my training in Rivers, Manitoba. I said goodbye with mixed feelings as Dale was to be released as part of the famous 500 (Air Force downsizing) but he did have a slot on an Air Canada course.

Over the next 6-7 years I often thought of Dale. Even more so when I was posted to an Air Force job in Winnipeg. Joan and I bought our first home in a community south of the Assiniboine River and became involved in managing

the activities in the neighbourhood. The community meetings always began with a prayer for Mr. Carlson, the former Chairman of the committee, who was in the hospital and dying of cancer (No! I never even considered the coincidence). Another thing we knew of Mr. Carlson was that his sons were hellions but we couldn't be too hard on them because their dad was so sick.

I was sitting in the mess on a Friday night when another former Penhold instructor walked by and we had a chat during which I asked him about Dale and if he knew where he was. He told me that he was very ill and that he was on his way to visit Dale. I still assumed that he was in Toronto, or such, and was shocked when he said he was in the hospital right there in Winnipeg.

I went over that night not knowing what to expect or if Dale would even know who I was (I was now bearded and weighed an additional 30 pounds). The hospital room was dark and the person in the bed looked very tiny lying on his side under the covers. Dale's mother was there (we had visited her in Rimby) and either recognized me or I introduced myself. She leaned over to Dale and told him I was there and as I came close to the bed, he opened his eyes and said, Joe!! You never could do a Cuban Eight! This was an aerobatic manoeuvre that I never quite mastered he remembered me only too well. We chatted for about an hour and then I left. On the Sunday I stopped by on the way back from church with my family. I left them in the car as I went up to see Dale again only to walk into an empty room. Dale had passed away on the Saturday.

It was only after this that I found out that the sick Mr. Carlson was Dale and the family lived just a street or two away from us. The Carlson hellions were the two boys I had held as infants some seven years before.

Bear with me as my career runs its course and Joan and I move to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia to fly with

Cougar Helicopters on a Fisheries contract some 20 years later. We bought a wonderful home and settled down to a busy but socially quiet life. We used to joke that we should get around more as we hadn't been anywhere not even, I commented, to Greg and Allison's wedding as I pointed to the announcement on the marquee in front of the Rodd Grand hotel on our corner.

That afternoon in the grocery store I passed an attractive lady who gives me a rather interesting stare and as I congratulate myself for still having it she sees Joan and cries out a greeting. It is a neighbour from that community in Winnipeg 25 years ago who thought I looked familiar but instantly recognized Joan. It turned out that many of our old neighbours were in town for Greg and Angela's wedding, Greg being Dale's son and the hellion who had wet my trousers some 30 years ago. Angela is the daughter of our backyard neighbour.

We couldn't go to the wedding or the festivities but on the Sunday morning as we went for breakfast in a local restaurant there was no mistaking the features of Greg and his brother as they shared a day-after breakfast.

We spoke and I told him how much his dad had meant to me and promised to send him a copy of a story I had written of how his dad helped me find my Tiger so many years ago. When the family received the story, Dale's sister wrote a thank you note and said that now she understood the meaning of the only picture Dale had ever put in his Log Book, that of a young Navy student with a note beside it stating that he had been in a car accident and had to cease his training.

And that is the rest of the story God bless you Dale.

Merry
Christmas

THE PROP IS ON THE FIREFLY



L-R Bruce Paige, John Webber, Michael Hope,
John Knudsen and Duncan Mason preparing the prop.

And there it is!!!!!!

Every Wednesday night,
100% of our door proceeds are donated to the
R.C.R. Education Fund for the children of
members of The Canadian Armed Forces who
were killed in action in Afghanistan.

Pogue Fadó

1581 Barrington Street 429-6222 www.poguefado.com



SHEARWATER MUSEUM FOUNDATION WALL TILES

by Jack Moss

The CNAG Atlantic Chapter 2007 reunion committee members are to be congratulated in their decision to hold the Sunday morning events at the Shearwater Aviation Museum. The church service attendance required

extra seating and the up-spirits event offered a satisfying issue for all. Moreover, there was ample time to peruse the tiles mounted on the atrium wall. Other than the standard order form contained in the Museum Foundation Newsletter, the significance of these tiles receives little recognition. Behind each inscription, there is a story of a person, people or an event in the history of life at the Shearwater Naval Air Station.

A story behind the inscription **John and Paddy Bruce** and Family dates back to the late forties when RCN naval air entries were trained in the U.K. at Royal Navy establishments. John met Paddy during that time, they were married in 1948 and spent many years as members of our naval aviation community. There are many other tiles bearing family names and their tenure at Shearwater, or squadrons and ships in which they served..

Another tile bearing the names of four killicks, **John Gourlie, Jack Gibson, Bob Graham and Bob Cornish**, was purchased by the incumbents who served in the same squadron aboard HMCS Magnificent in 1951 and 1952. All four were five year entries who departed Shearwater in 1954 and joined CNAG chapters in the areas in which they settled. John Gourlie was an active participant in the restoration of the Swordfish aircraft. Their friendships continue.

A more sobering event is reflected in the memorial tile dedicated to **Lt. Derek Prout** who lost his life when the main spar of the Banshee aircraft he was flying fractured and the mainplane separated from the aircraft. **LS Gord McLeod**, who was standing in front of VX-10 hangar, witnessed the catastrophe. He ran back into the hangar shouting rapidly to the extent that he was almost unintelligible in trying to tell others what he had seen. **LCDR Meikle** approached Gord and asked him to come to his office and write down exactly what he had witnessed. Gord's account was possibly one of the best to appear before the accident investigation board.

The inscription **Wally Walton, Gray Ghosts**, raises happier memories of the Banshee era. The Gray Ghosts was the name given to a Banshee flight that performed aerobatics at local air shows and Natal day celebrations.

Wally was one of the LCDRs to lead the flight. Other members included **Alex Fox, Wally Sloan and Fred Hallet**. During this time there was also a T-33 titled **The Red Herring**, flown by **Lt Ian Ferguson** in solo aerobatic performances.

The tiles also provide an historical record of the museum. A tile unveiled at the 2007 reunion acknowledges the volunteer efforts of **Petty Officer Martin Hamilton** in creating a museum in the basement of Warrior Block during the mid sixties. He retired as a Chief Petty Officer in 1971 and continued to serve as a volunteer curator until a paid curator was acquired. Then, there is **the only black tile** which commemorates the establishment of the existing Shearwater Aviation Museum in 1972. Following that, there is a tile in recognition of **Alan Moore** who established the Tile Wall of Honour in 1995.

There is also a tile with which the writer is very familiar. It is the story of a young killick who met a Halifax girl and they were married in the Shearwater Chapel in 1953, and were part of the Shearwater community until 1967.

If the tiles could talk, the accumulated stories contained on the Wall of Honour would provide an historic account of the lives and activities at Shearwater from its inception. Tiles continue to be added and the story grows. Moreover, Shearwater is now recognized as the home of **12 Wing**, and those who serve in that community will want to record the significant activities and events during their tenure. Some have already done so. It is not too far fetched to say that a second wall will be required and that, not too many years hence, children will pass through the atrium and say, That was my dad, he worked on the helicopters of 12 wing, or grand children will look at a tile and say, That was my granddad. My mom went to Hampton Gray School. **Jack**

	P.O. Box 55 Dartmouth, NS B2Y 3Y2
	75 Macdonald Avenue, Burnside
	Tel: (902) 442-4040 Fax: (902) 442-1901
	www.carlow.ca
<p>. BURGLARY . FIRE . SMOKE . HOLD UP . TEMPERATURE . MEDICAL . CAMERA SURVEILLANCE</p>	

Renew your SAMF Membership

MAGGIE' BECOMES A SHIP WITH WINGS

by Peter Lawson

When Warrior was commissioned into the Royal Canadian Navy in January 1946, the Royal Navy assigned #803 and #825 Squadrons to the RCN. In May 1947, fighter squadron #803 and anti-submarine squadron #825 were formed as Carrier Air Group (CAG) #19 under command of newly promoted Lieutenant Commander Jim Hunter.

In August 1947, the 27 officers and 180 men of 19th CAG sailed aboard Warrior, without their aircraft, bound for Ireland to undergo courses and to receive Firefly V's and Sea Fury X's. Warrior left Greenock, Scotland in mid-August after disembarking #19 CAG personnel who then proceeded by L.S.T. to Ireland and then to the east side of the airfield at RNAS Eglinton.



WARRIOR LEAVING GREENOCK – AUGUST 1947

19th CAG's strength was roughly two thirds of its desirable complement and less than half of the maintenance personnel were fully qualified for the task facing them.

Both aircrew and ground crew were to undertake courses that were to be designed to reflect a new maintenance concept, with extensive accompanying manuals, adopted when 19th CAG had been formed four months earlier. The mixture of new aircraft, specially the Sea Fury, and a new maintenance approach quickly became a tremendous challenge for 19th CAG's Air Engineer Officer (AEO), Lieutenant Commander Dennis Foley as well as Lieutenant Art Geraghty, AEO of #803 Squadron.

Initially, #803 pilots trained on Sea Furies leased from the RN. Peter Wiwcharuck, #803 Squadron Chief and a small group of support staff proceeded to

RNAS Culdrose to begin to inspect and accept Sea Furies destined for the RCN. Throughout the rest of the summer of 1947, Firefly and Sea Fury aircraft were gradually flown into Eglinton by both RCN and RN ferry pilots and a Trials Unit was established. Here, some serious defects were discovered even though the manufacturers and the RN had supposedly deemed the aircraft fully airworthy.

The major source of problems was the Sea Fury. Vital written maintenance instructions were missing. Many tools had to be improvised. Engine over-speed was common and cost some pilots' lives. Maintenance personnel who had been sent to Worthy Downs for instruction on Sea Furies had been instructed with the wrong manuals by teachers who had never even seen a Sea Fury. Major problems with the reduction gear, and actuators were but some of the other challenges faced by #803 Squadron.

Meanwhile #825 Squadron had better luck with the new Firefly aircraft since many of the kinks had been taken out of the Mk.1 beginning in 1946. Nevertheless, Commanding Officer Dick Bartlett, senior pilot Doug Peacock, and Air Engineer Officer Al Brown designed a variety of in-house short courses and lectures to assist squadron personnel. Formal anti-submarine courses were planned for aircrew during the two months prior to Easter 1948.

CAG Commander Jim Hunter was most happy that Air Officers had begun to join Maggie in November 1947. This would provide an opportunity to initiate visits and communications in anticipation of 19th CAG boarding Maggie. As it was 19th CAG had reached the point by the fall of 1947 whereby many exercises were conducted with various components of the British Fleet Air Arm and the British Army. Disappointingly, the Sea Fury pilots prior to March 1948 barely managed to get 10 hours a month aloft because of the many problems to be overcome by #803.

As if that was not enough, 19th CAG pilots were informed that a new landing procedure on Maggie was in the offing. True enough, all of them during early 1948 had to undergo training to convert to the American batting signal system!

After months of pressuring RCN and RN senior officers, 19th CAG's AEO finally got approval for all riggers and fitters of #803 Squadron to receive a formal Sea Fury course during the two weeks Easter break in 1948. The course was given on site at Bristol and then at the Hawker Aircraft Plant. These maintainers looked forward eagerly to different accommodations. They, like personnel of #825 squadron had just spent a horrific winter at RNAS Eglinton. Conditions there need to be described to be believed:

- Living quarters were wartime buildings with very small coal burning stoves, with coal rationed.
- There was only one water faucet for each building. It was outdoor and had running cold water only.
- The aircraft hangars were very small and rarely

heated.

- The maintenance center was an unheated Quonset hut.
 - Heads were outdoor open brick structures, many at quite a distance from the living quarters.
 - There was no reliable transportation to get anywhere.
 - Many paydays were mysteriously missed with Robbie Hughes becoming the friendly banker.
 - The clothing issued would barely keep one warm.
 - Food was most inadequate although there were generous portions of mouton and half-cooked fish.
- Thankfully, ingenious ways were found of benefitting from the fact that farms surrounded the east side of the aerodrome.

Only a Canadian naval air group would have survived under these conditions and still continue to maintain aircraft flying under the worst possible maintenance conditions.

Meanwhile, a transfer of stores and an advance party of some 75 men had been sent to Maggie from Warrior in late February 1948. Four weeks later, a main party of 5 officers and 235 men left Warrior for Maggie. Then came Maggie's commissioning on April 7, 1948 followed by acceptance trials, flying trials, and then a trip to the jetty at the airport wharf near Belfast to hoist the aircraft of 19th CAG aboard before sailing for Canada on May 25, 1948. Maggie had become a ship with wings.

Acknowledgements:

This article was prepared by consulting two sources: The script and anecdotal sections relating to the 1946-1948 period from the excellent book, CERTIFIED SERVICEABLE, edited by Peter Charlton and Michael Whitby. Various notes kept by Dennis Foley, a few of which appeared in the first issue of MAG RAG distributed in August 1948 to Maggie's crew. Photograph from the extensive files available in the Shearwater Aviation Museum.

BATTLE OF ATLANTIC

By Ernie Cable, SAM Historian

It is deplorable that the Battle of Atlantic (BoA) ceremonies are miserably attended by the Canadian public, especially since Canada was a major participant in this longest campaign of the Second World War. The BoA was a defining event in the maturation of the RCN and the maritime air squadrons of the RCAF. The Canadian North West Atlantic theatre was the only Second World War theatre to be commanded by Canadians; Rear Admiral Murray, Flag Officer Atlantic Command and his deputy, Air Vice Marshal Anderson, Air Officer Commanding the RCAF's Eastern Air Command, were the first North West Atlantic theatre commanders. The Canadians' performance in the BoA led to Canada excelling in a similar role for NATO's SACLANT throughout the duration of the Cold War. Considering the more than 2000 sailors, 900 plus airmen and over 1600 merchant mariners who lost their lives, the BoA is not an insignificant feat in Canadian history and one that should be proudly

commemorated.

One can cast aspersions on our education system for failing to teach our youth that despite its unmilitary people, Canada has a very military history. Closer to home, perhaps we who served in the military are partly to blame for not sufficiently instilling in our subordinates and offspring the importance of preserving our nation's military heritage, history and ethos. Our youth and subordinates cannot learn of our nation's military heritage by osmosis; it is something that must be taught and who better to espouse our military virtues than those of us who served. Our youth are not apathetic or disinterested; when exposed to their nation's military heritage they are enthusiastic. Witness the 3500 Canadian youths who attended the Vimy Ridge ceremonies in France. When adults who are unaware of our BoA history visit the Shearwater Aviation Museum they ask, "Why are we not teaching this in our schools?"

The Air Force has recognized that our military aviation history requires better exposure and has authorized the establishment of Wing Heritage Officers on the Wing Commander's staff at each base to foster Air Force heritage and history. Serving and retired members who have an inclination for history are enlisted as Associate Air Force Historians to assist the official Air Force Historian by researching and writing about military aviation history, including Canadian naval aviation. This increased historical awareness perhaps accounts for the presence of the Air Force Ensign accompanying the White Ensign at BoA ceremonies to remember the ultimate sacrifice of members of the six RCAF squadrons that served with RAF Coastal Command and the 12 RCAF Eastern Air Command squadrons that flew anti-submarine and convoy escort patrols in the western Atlantic.

By having the members of 407 Squadron at Comox participate in the local BoA ceremonies the Wing Commander was instilling in his subordinates the tradition of victory and the memory of those who made the ultimate sacrifice represented in the Battle of Atlantic honours embroidered on the Squadron Colours.

**JUNICA
MANAGEMENT SERVICES**

**PROVIDING
MANAGEMENT & OPERATIONAL
SERVICES TO THE
SHEARWATER AVIATION MUSEUM**

The Canadian military then and, hopefully, in the not too distant future

by Ron Bezant

To realize the sad state of the Canadian military, for which the Trudeau and ChrØtien Liberals were largely to blame, one need only paraphrase the last half of the Most Holy Trinity's proclamation: "... as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be shortages without end. Amen." When I alighted from a coach on the DAR Railway at HMCS Cornwallis on August 17, 1953, along with 64 other untrained ordinary seamen, the Royal Canadian Navy numbered 21,000 personnel, the Canadian Army 49,000, and the Royal Canadian Air Force 51,000. The Canadian military was close to its maximum Cold War complement. Today, with more than twice Canada's 1953 population, the military personnel complement is less than half its 1953 level.

Eighteen days before at HMCS Star in Hamilton, I had signed on the dotted line for a five year hitch. The proverbial chocolate bar was no more than figurative. Gross pay for a new entry was \$87 per month. The recruiter neglected to tell me that after deductions for pension and income tax, including tax on the value of my "free" room and board, my net pay would amount to a mere \$60 per month. Recompense in the other two services was identical. For comparison, my friends were working in factories for \$90 per week. But, despite the paltry pay, it was our sense of purpose and belief in the country's military history that kept many of us reenlisting, much the way I suppose that Royal Navy sailors are said to have walked with a cocky swagger throughout the 19th century when they were long removed from any major naval battles.

During the mid-fifties the navy had a fleet of 51 ships, including an aircraft carrier and two light cruisers, the army possessed more than 500 Centurion heavy tanks, most of them positioned in Europe, and 1 Air Division of the air force was operating 300 first line fighter aircraft constituting 12 squadrons in France and West Germany. The Canadian military triumvirate was a moderately powerful force for the time. Each of the three branches was firmly cemented together by adequate equipment, first class training, and a strong belief in military culture, history and tradition that had gone before. With unification on February 1, 1968, the whole defence organization became unglued and, with Pierre Trudeau's ascension to power, the fragments were scattered like so many dead leaves. This I consider the true "beginning of the shortages without end."

Yes, there were other times when the Canadian military would have found a wet paper bag impregnable. During the 1920's and well into the Depression years, the greatest military threat to Canada was perceived to be the United States and, accordingly, Canadian Army doctrine revolved around a grandiose plan for the invasion of the

northern States and the occupation of several vital points, such as Seattle and the Chicago rail yards. The plan had been drawn up by one Colonel J. Sutherland Brown, the Canadian Army's director of intelligence. When my father served in the equine equipped Royal Canadian Horse Artillery between 1928 and 1932, the total strength of the regular Canadian Army was 3,000 men. The US Army numbered 175,000. But Canada was as yet a largely agricultural society; and the "war to end all wars" was not expected to see an encore.

One of Trudeau's early acts affecting the military was to withdraw half of the 10,000 personnel from Canada's NATO contingent in Europe. It was only international pressures that kept him from following through with an original proposal to withdraw them entirely. The first shock to the military's senses, and budget, was the requirement to finance the transformation from its historic language of operations to accommodate the imposition of bilingualism. Everything from aircraft markings to operating and maintenance manuals to signs on military bases had to be translated, produced and posted in two languages. After the Canadian Forces had spent hundreds of thousands of dollars undertaking studies on how best to bilingualize itself and on the costs of paint and labour and printing contracts and god knows what else, on one notable occasion Trudeau was boarding a military Boeing 707 when he made the offhand remark, "I can't see the French from here." Back to square one went the military, with the end result that every aircraft in the CF transport and fighter fleet once again underwent repainting so that the French and English were visible from either side.

The CF-104 fighter aircraft, designed as a high altitude interceptor, was modified for low level operations, sometimes with tragic results, and flown by our pilots in Europe long after other NATO countries had converted to more modern aircraft like the F-4 Phantom and the Tornado multi-role combat aircraft. Our 4th Canadian Mechanized Brigade Group in West Germany made do with Centurion tanks for years after their operational "best before date" had expired. It was only when Trudeau's overtures seeking special trade considerations with western European countries were met with a demand from NATO that Canada first replace its fighter aircraft and tanks that he reluctantly relented. The air element was able to procure a mere 138 CF-18 Hornet aircraft while the land element retired over 500 Centurion tanks in favour of 114 German Mark I Leopard's when the more advanced Mark II was already in production. The navy has given up its only aircraft carrier and completely lost its minesweeping capability, while its fleet has shrunk in total numbers. The popular traditional slogan "Join the navy and see the world" no longer applies to Canada's naval element as long overdue capital expenditures on other equipment have meant a shortage of money for operating costs and prevented ships from sailing.

This is not a call to arms. It is a call for the

country to place itself in a position to be able to defend itself. And if defending itself means to be able to pick the time and place to participate in pre-emptive action in distant corners of this earth, so be it. It is heartening to see the present government beginning to undo the years of neglect and damage.

Ron Bezant is a former Royal Canadian Navy Petty Officer, retired Canadian Armed Forces Air element Captain in the aerospace engineering branch, and freelance writer living in Milton.

SHEARWATER IS CHANGING





Retired Airline Pilots of Canada
Shearwater Aviation Museum Tour - 27Sep07

Mike McFadden, Museum Admin Assistant, is seen here briefing a group of Retired Airline Pilots and their spouses on what they will be seeing in the Museum.

According to the Group, they were very impressed.

Most of the Pilots had flown in and out of Shearwater in the days Trans Canada Airlines flew from here.

It is hoped they visit the Museum again.

Why Helicopter Pilots are Superior.

Sent to us by Bob Findlay: Thought you might like this one. A pretty rude comparison, but a lot of truth in it. The fixed wing guys do a tough job too, just different.

How Fast Can You Fly Backward? Or Why Helicopter Pilots are Superior.

This has been a serious debate for quite some time with battle lines well drawn and the debate field hot, furious, and emotional. Obviously, the heat of the debate and the surety of the participants are directly proportional to the amount of liquid intelligence that has been consumed. Nevertheless, this humble observer will present the evidence that clearly proves helicopter pilots are, as a matter of fact, the most superior pilots in the aviation community.

First, let's talk about the numbers. Airplanes have a lot of numbers, V1, V2, VTOSS, MMO, the figures many civilian helicopter operations emulate.

However, while helicopter pilots try to operate "by the numbers", the operating environment often precludes such a luxury. The 757 pilot is, "going to come over the fence at Vref+15k" or some other such number like that. Meanwhile, the helicopter lands on a rig, perhaps with a 30 knot head wind, a 15 knot crosswind, or maybe he has to land in a remote area with no wind... and he will LAND AT 0 KNOTS GROUND SPEED! If you know anything about aerodynamics, I shouldn't have to say anything else - the safety of the numbers does not always grace the helicopter pilot therefore, they need special skill to compensate when the numbers are not even applicable. The rotorhead may be landing at 40 knots IAS or 0 knots... airplane safety margins are all off!

Not convinced, let's talk operating environment. It would be nice to be able to land on a flat piece of paved real estate that was 200 feet wide and 8000 feet long, for every landing; but for helicopter pilots, that's the exception rather than the rule (We are even told to "avoid the flow" of the starch wingers lest we upset their "numbers.")

Helicopter pilots are called to land on small offshore platforms, smaller shipboard platforms (that can be bobbing and weaving like Mike Tyson), rooftops, forests, jungles, and next to highways at night to pick up the injured. This is a VFR (Visual Flight Rules) operation that would make most airplane pilots cringe. This goes beyond those fixed wingers who call themselves "bush pilots." Helicopter pilots are the true Bush Pilots - they land and takeoff in the midst of the bushes!

To this, the helicopter pilot adds all the stuff the corporate or 121 operator does. They operate in dense airspace, fly instrument approaches, operate at busy airports, and fly in severe weather - often without the help of a four-axis autopilot with "autotrim." (In fact, the only autopilot may be control friction... and any objective dual-rated pilots will confess the helicopter is quite a bit more difficult to fly on the gauges!)

At this point I have to interject for the prima donna part 91 operators in their Citation X's, Gulfstreams, and Falcon 50's. Yes Veronica, there are a lot of helicopters with color radar, multiple MFDs, EFIS, digital fuel controls, 4 axis autopilots, and all the other goodies, so don't go there! We can operate your fancy equipment as well!

I'm not done - what about workload? The helicopter pilot is normally the "company man" on the job. Therefore, they must not only be able to fly the aircraft, they have to be the

local PR man with the customer, often solving the customer's problems so the aircraft is used the most efficiently. The helicopter pilot might have to arrange for his own fuel and even refuel his own aircraft.

He checks the landing sites, trains people how to work around helicopters without getting injured, and makes sure the aircraft does not disturb Grandma Bessie's chickens!

But wait, like the Ginsu knife, "there's more!" The rotor-head does it all. He does all the pre-flight planning, submits the flight plan, prepares all the paperwork including the weight and balance, loads and briefs the passengers, loads cargo, and after landing takes care of the unloading and finally arranges for their own transportation and room. This is often interspersed by telephone calls to some company weenie that changes plans and expectations every hour.

Finally, the all important question, "What about control touch?" I want to shut up all the hotshot fighter pilots. I've been in their aircraft and they have been in mine... I could fly theirs but they were all over the sky in mine!

So then, Mr Starch Winger; when you see a Hughes 500 or Bell 206 pilot hold one skid on a 5000' knife edge ridge that is only two feet wide so passengers can step out onto the ridge, while the other skid is suspended in space... when you watch a Skycrane, Vertol, S61, 212, or 214B pilot place a hook, that's on a cable 200 feet below the aircraft, in the hand of a ground crewman... when you see a Lama, AStar, or Bell 206L land in a space in the trees that's scarcely bigger than the helicopter... and if you ever watch a BK 117, 105, or A109 pilot land in a vacant lot next to a busy freeway surrounded by power lines -at night... Well then, you'll have some idea who is the master manipulator of aviation equipment.

The bottom line is; if all you want is to get into the air, find a Cessna, Beech, F-16, or 757. However, if you want to truly fly, to be an artisan in aviation and develop a bird-like control touch; then, you want to be a helicopter pilot. After all, a rock would probably fly if you made it go 180 knots. The real question for our fixed wing brethren should be, "How fast can you fly backward?"

AN ICY RECEPTION

John Faulkner AM FRAeS

In 1965, although I had been flying fixed wing aircraft for some years, for various Naval reasons I was doing some sea time. My role was Gunnery Officer in a Frigate called HMS Relentless based in the West Indies. At some point we had damaged a propeller on coral in the Bahamas and this required us to sail for the nearest dry dock, which was in Halifax, Nova Scotia, to fix it. This would be my first visit to Canada.

This trip in itself was quite exciting as it was winter and we encountered gale force winds that coupled with tons of ice on the upper deck and only one propeller made the ship very unstable. There were times when it was not completely certain that we would come upright again. There was nothing we could do, as it was too rough to get out on the upper deck to clear it. The contrast with winter in the West Indies and Canada was a shock to say the least.

At a reception on arrival, a pilot in the Royal Canadian Navy, noticed I was wearing wings, and invited me out to fly in a Tracker the next day. This was a twin engine anti submarine aircraft of US origin, later to be used in the Australian Navy as well. The flight was to take place at an RCN airfield called Shearwater.

Keeping in mind it was winter, it was dark when we taxied out at about three in the afternoon. Just before lining up on the runway for take off, we checked the controls, which was a normal procedure. What was not normal was that they wouldn't move. Unbeknown to us we had encountered freezing rain this was a condition that can occur when water droplets close to freezing hit a very cold surface. This was relatively uncommon in European conditions. It was a first in my career in aviation. The result was that all the flying controls had frozen stiff. We then went back to the dispersal area and abandoned ship in order to go to the Wardroom for some restorative refreshment.

The next problem was that his car was covered in a sheet of ice and we had to borrow a blowtorch to melt the ice enough to open the door and start up. In those days all the cars seemed to be Volkswagen Beetles as they were air-cooled and could thus cope with the conditions.

If the rain had started a few minutes later or we had forgotten to check the controls we would have crashed on take off. A friend opined that if we had crashed, the resulting fire would have melted the ice and the crash would have been a straightforward case of pilot error.

It is interesting that in spite of this welcome my two sons now live in Canada!

COLDWELL BANKER Supercity Realty		
	The Wendy Bennett Real Estate Team	
Séan Brownlow Realtor® (902) 499-7659 Cell	128 Chain Lake Drive Halifax, Nova Scotia B3S 1A2 (902) 835-0695 Fax	Wendy Bennett Realtor® (902) 499-7699 Cell
sean-brownlow@coldwellbanker.ca • wendy-bennett@coldwellbanker.ca		



Hi there: Our newsletter contents include, on occasion, Naval Air and Military stories from other countries as well as our Military in Canada. Other things matter now - a whole lot. We are at war. The military and the security of Canada and all it encompasses matters. So, you will continue to see, on occasion, items that may not deal with just Shearwater, but with all of Canada.

I've been doing a fair bit of reading regarding the defence of Canada (*I must have been in the military in another life.*) For interesting reading on this subject look up on Google: A Nation at risk - the decline of the Canadian Forces.

If the last CNAG reunion here in Shearwater counts for anything, there are still a lot out there who will never let Naval Air be forgotten. Many friendships were renewed and new ones made. Lots of stories were passed around - why are you keeping them from me and the rest of our readers? Send them - and that's an order!

Coming up fast is the New Year when most of us make some kind of Resolutions. One of mine will be to try and not be so outspoken and quick to pass comments on ideas others have. (Remember, I said try.) Here are a few others to consider:

- Support the troops and pray for them.
- Support and say one for those of the Senior Service who are doing their best to look after the security of Canada, by sea.
- Join SAMF (if you aren't a member).
- Send in your membership.
- Send in articles for the Newsletter.

Well.....It's that time of year again, dearheart, and I want to wish you and yours **a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.** I think of you often. *Kay*



Remembrance Day has come and gone. We shouldn't wait until it comes around each year to pause and think of the men who gave the ultimate sacrifice - themselves. TAKE THE TIME!

MONEY

It can buy a house
But not a home

It can buy a bed
But not sleep

It can buy a clock
But not time

It can buy a book
But not knowledge

It can buy a position
But not respect

It can buy you medicine
But not health

It can buy you blood
But not life

It can buy you sex
But not love

So you see, money isn't everything and it often causes pain and suffering. I tell you all this because I am your friend and as your friend I want to take away all your pain and suffering. So send me all your money and I will suffer for you. Cash only, please.

(Submitted by Ken Millar - but send money to me. K)

Your Thoughts on the Delta List? *From the Editor*

People tell me that I should leave well enough alone. I can't do that. It is in my nature to face up to controversial issues. The issue in question is the icon that heads the Delta list - the Christian cross. The History Channel camera, as it roams through military graveyards, shows some headstones marked with the Star of David. I am certain that some whose names have appeared on our Delta List were of faiths other than Christian - Jewish, Sikh, Aboriginal, free-thinkers, deists, or whatever faith or non-faith they may have held. As a deist I, myself, would be happier with some faith-neutral icon heading the list. For us to list a Jew under a Christian icon seems to me to be quite wrong - even arrogant.

Readers, I need guidance on this thorny issue. *Editor*

SAM FOUNDATION GOLF TOURNAMENT - 5 SEPTEMBER 2007

The 2007 Golf Tournament was a resounding success. The tournament was sold out four weeks in advance. Indeed we accommodated an extra team who showed up but had not registered. We had a total of 148 golfers who played a slow round in windy and cool conditions; but nonetheless enjoyable. We enjoyed the support of many sponsors thanks to the staff of the NS International Air Show headed up by Colin Stephenson and aided by John Benson Jr. who produces their web site.

The two major sponsors were Halifax Stanfield International Airport Authority as the Presenting Sponsor and NS Business Inc. as the Dinner Sponsor. Additionally, Fleetway Inc. sponsored two teams, a hole, and provided 144 sleeves of golf balls and two major prizes. General Dynamics Canada was also generous in sponsoring three teams and five sets of four prizes. The lunch was sponsored by COSTCO. Marks Work Wear House provided the Golf Shirts and a team. Other Participants who also provided prizes included IMP Aerospace, 2 teams, P& WC, 2 teams, L3 Communications, 2 teams, L3 Electronic Systems, 2 teams, NS Home Builders Association, Brooke Ocean, Canadian North Atlantic Marine Partnership, Xwave, SAM and 12 Wing.

Of course we would not be successful without the volunteers who were in, alphabetical order Ron Beard, Russ Bennett, Simon Bennetts, Alma Coffen, Kay Collacutt, Patti Collacutt, Mary Elizabeth Edgar, Christine Dunphy, Bill Gillespie, Duncan Mason, Roger Patey,, George Ruppert, Barb Ryan, Ron Verbeke, John Webber, Whitey Williamson, Shelley Williamson. We are most grateful for the assistance of Major Duffy Mcguire, PMC of 12 Wing Officers Mess who not only arranged the COSTCO sponsorship but facilitated the participation of teams from the Military Messes of 12 Wing & CFB Halifax.

The forecast bottom line should yield in excess of \$13,000 after all payables and receivables have been satisfied. BZ to all concerned!
C. Coffen, E. Edgar Co-Chairmen



Angie Hebert Hewlett Packard
 Longest Drive-Ladies

Mike Bardsley NSHB



Longest Drive Men



Greg Barr NSHB Closest to Hole



Walt Linder-L3 Communication
 Winner Putting Contest



Halifax Stanfield Airport Team



Pratt Whitney Team 2007
 Winners

"WERE WE WHO WERE IN NAVAL AIR IN THE AIR FORCE????????"

BY Leo Pettipas

Have received the SAMF Newsletter (actually a journal) and was thrilled to see a question in it by Jim McCaffery, my worthy correspondent upon occasion. As an unabashed picker of nits, I was thrilled because it has availed me the opportunity to engage in one of my favourite diversions -- name games.

Jim asks, "**Were we who were in Naval Air in the Air Force???????**" If it please your Honours, I respectfully submit that no, you weren't in "the Air Force (caps)." You were in "an air force" (lower case) officially known as "Naval Aviation." From my standpoint, "the Air Force" was the RCAF. Naval Aviation did indeed comprise an air force, in every sense of the term. I would describe it as "a naval air force" generally speaking, and within the Canadian context only, "the naval air force."

Similarly, it's incorrect to refer to Canadian Naval Aviation as the Fleet Air Arm. "The Fleet Air Arm" was a creature of the British government. But there is no question that since 1945 Canada has had a fleet air arm, even after Naval Aviation *per se* was abolished in '68. And it would be correct, strictly in the Canadian context, to refer to it as the Canadian fleet air arm. But "the Fleet Air Arm" was not and is not a formal item in the Canadian lexicon.

Ah the joys of being an egghead.

Ad Astra and Yours Aye

AND THEN

Ernie Cable writes..... Leo,

My understanding is that the term "fleet air arm" even in the Canadian context and spelled with "small letters" would not be correct.

The founding rationale predates the formation of Naval Aviation in Canada. During the early stages of the Battle

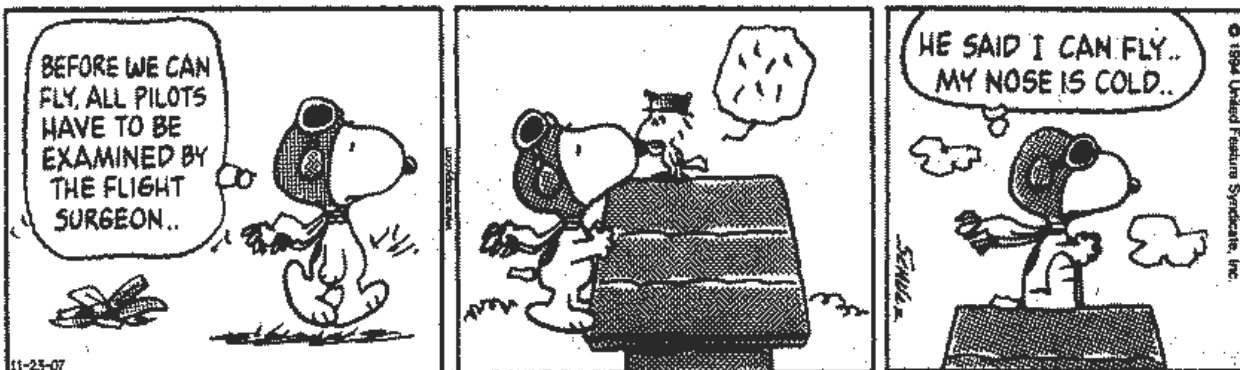
of the Atlantic in the Second World War the RCN convoy Escort Groups had less than an enviable record in protecting the convoys traversing the North Atlantic. This was because the RCN was expanding so rapidly that training had to be truncated in order to man the increasing number of corvettes produced by Canadian shipyards. To help resolve the problem the British Admiralty proposed integrating RCN ships into the more seasoned and successful RN convoy Escort Groups. Naval Service Headquarters in Ottawa refused the proposal as it wanted recognition for the massive contribution the RCN was making in ships and men to the Battle of the Atlantic. If RCN ships were integrated into the RN Escort Groups, Canada would be seen as merely a provider of men and ships for the RN and receive little or no recognition for its national contribution and increasing successes, which led to the RCN being recognized as the third largest Navy in the world at the end of the war.

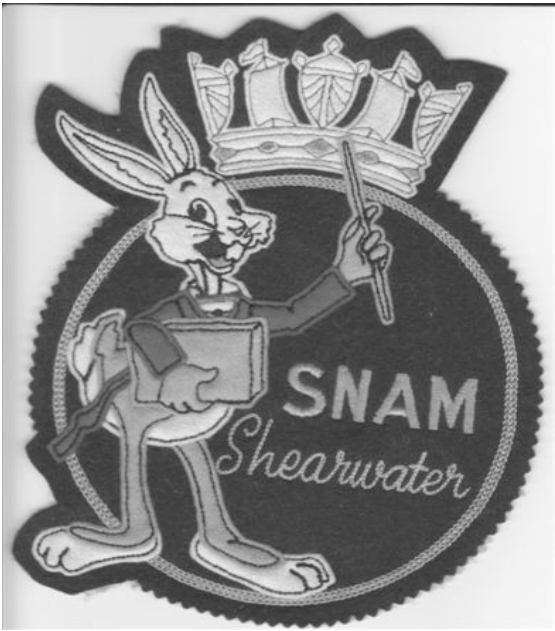
In the same vein, despite the RN's generous support in forming the RCN's air arm, Canadian naval planners wanted Canada's naval air arm to be recognized solely as a Canadian entity and not a mere appendage to the RN's prestigious Fleet Air Arm (FAA). Consequently, the name "Fleet Air Arm" was studiously avoided and the official name of the RCN's air arm was "Royal Canadian Naval Air Arm". Because the initial cadre of Canadian pilots, observers, fitters and riggers was trained by the FAA and imbued with FAA ethos, these personnel unwittingly referred to themselves as "Fleet Air Arm", which in the Canadian context never existed. Eventually, use of the terms "Fleet Air Arm" and "Naval Air Arm" was discontinued and the term "Naval Aviation" was used to describe the air component within the RCN. (Ref. Minutes Defence Council meeting, 7 March 1947, NS 1700-913 (4)).

Ready Aye..., Ernie

(Ernie and Leo were never in the Navy but sure know about it. I think they wanted to be Sailors. All the nice girls, love a sailor....la la la ...K)

PEANUTS





SCHOOL OF NAVAL AIR MAINTENANCE

Suit of Navy Blue

We wore the suit of Navy Blue
Tho tossed about we were the crew,
That kept the ship in tip top shape
Our buddies with us were first rate.

Out tiddly suit with stripes of gold
Upon the sleeves - made us feel bold.
The white hats worn - angled just right
On the flight deck made quite a sight!

In days of yore our pants were bells
Collars pressed with three small vales.
The jackets zippered - oh so tight,
Black ribbon tied and lanyard white.

That Navy Suit has stood the test
Pride was bursting in our chest.
We heard the call, we served our best,
With dreams of glory - we ll let it rest!

Minnie Rogers

PARALLEL PARKING

In the Spring of 1957 HS50 anti submarine Helicopter Squadron deployed to Key West, Florida to exercise with the USN. One particular day I was assigned the task of Air Officer for an AS Exercise aboard a US destroyer. Days work over, we were returning to harbour when the Captain invited me to be on the bridge to watch as the ship came alongside.

A strong offshore breeze was blowing as we began our approach but the Captain somewhat casually waved off the offer of assistance from a tug which was standing by. He began his approach at a shallow angle to the jetty but the breeze was too strong and the attempt had to be aborted.

The Bridge was silent as he took the ship around to try again. The silence increased when the tug signaled it was ready to assist and was waved off again. I looked for a place to hide. A second failure. Tension on the Bridge was palpable.

More determined than ever, the Captain circled the ship back and out, then waved the tug off for a third time. After much mucking about, the crew finally got the lines out and secured to the jetty. Silence still reigned on the Bridge.

I noticed a lone, obviously pregnant woman standing on the jetty. In a voice that carried very clearly, she shouted to the Captain, Don t you ever talk to me about how to park the car again!

It was very difficult to control the guffaws. Matter of fact, we couldn t.



By Bryan Hayter shown here on the right with his late brother Barry .

THE IMMENSE CHALLENGE TO NAVAL DEFENCE OF OUR INTERESTS IN THE HIGH ARCTIC

by *Commander Ralph Fisher, RCN (Retired)*

From the purely nuts and bolts aspect of asserting and enforcing sovereignty and compliance with our laws and regulations by other nations, the basics of modern ways and means are well known. The major question is whether future as well as present leaderships will have the vision, resolution and skills to meet the costs in defence and retaliatory actions in commerce and other forms against those who oppose or ignore our claims and authority.

The issues are hardly rocket science as the National Post editorial July 12, 2007 illustrates. On the cheap, we may be able to develop a reasonable show of presence, force and deterrence against surface and air incursions. However, the best in surveillance, detection, tracking and identification of underwater trespassers and violaters is not going to hack it. This can only elevate Canadian frustration and the contempt in which our claims are held especially by nations with nuclear or AIP powered submarines and



robot vehicles free to travel our territorial seas, explore, exploit and foul our sea bed resources, waters and environment. Our aging "Victoria" class boats will have only limited utility in the Arctic even when fully operational. AIP, (Air Independent Propulsion) retrofit is apparently out of the question. Without this they will have no capability to operate in areas with seasonal and year round ice cover. More than France and Britain, our wealthy country can afford and increasingly will need submarines capable of extended under-ice operation as monitors and enforcers of our sovereignty in the Arctic over the next five decades. It is instructive that no nation has been bold or stupid enough to challenge Russia on its Northern Sea Route frontier in the retreating ice cap linking the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

Those who have seen something of the High Arctic in flights to CFS "Alert" on Ellesmere Island via Greenland will appreciate the scale of the problem.

The task for the Navy alone will be enormous as the ice cap recedes and exposes more of the territorial seas of this vast archipelago to year round access, preceded by

that of the North West Passage. The resulting demand on self-sufficient ice capable patrol ships backed as needed by Polar 8 icebreakers for year round operations will be immense in the absence of a large and costly grid of island and coastal "service" stations. The planned Polar 5 naval arctic patrol vessels, though of limited seasonal capability, will be a welcome first step as the aging "Kingston" class of coastal patrol vessels are retired from service. Particularly at entrance and exit choke points of the Passage.

With suitably designed logistic and amphibious joint support ships, it will be the Navy that will ultimately provide basing and mobility for our combined ground and air forces and bear the heaviest load in policing of the High Arctic. It is time indeed for visionary pro-active planning and funding commitments to ensure the orderly and timely development of the capabilities needed. Or alternatively to follow Stephan Dion's inspired "make love not war" prescription for a hilariously utopian Arctic, the subject of a less than tongue in cheek comment in a July 11, 2007 release by the Conservative Party.

Ironically, the most effective opponent of our claim to ownership and control of the North West Passage may be not Russia or China, but our joint defender of North America, the United States. Allied naval aircraft "inadvertently" dropped practice depth charges to discourage entry of Soviet submarines into the operating areas of the NATO fleet during the huge amphibious Exercise "Main Brace" off Denmark in 1952. This kind of slap on the wrist or banging of ear drums will not work in the Arctic today. The "Manhattan" incident was only a signal of greater tests to come. Who and at what point is likely to blink first in the greater challenges ahead as climate change opens up not only the short cut between Asian and European markets but access to sea bed riches as well, particularly in oil and natural gas ?

Political and nature's forces at play, our belated efforts on scientific support of Canada's claims under the short time remaining to the deadline imposed by the Law of the Sea Convention, our neglect and weak position on physical presence and enforcement of sovereignty now present one hell of a daunting problem and wake up call for Ottawa. Voices need to be raised. Feet need to be held to the fire. It will not be the United States or any other nation who will pick up the tab for environmental disasters inflicted by ships or submarines in transit, fishing and sea bed operations or the bills for search and rescue and cost of maintaining navigable channels and aids. If we have learned anything at all since the marvels of wartime production, it is that Ottawa's speed in procurement of "nuts and bolts" has been marginally only faster than the melting of the polar ice cap.

The present government may even welcome the continuing media deluge of brutal realities. In broadening and reinforcing public concern, it could set its successors

as well on a more robust course of defence and diplomacy in our immediate and long term national interests. Bluntly, we are a country that has for too long neglected the priceless heritage and stake we have in the High Arctic.

Perhaps the cumulative effect of these many voices will finally be heard and heeded in Ottawa where it counts. Currently, the Harper government is making all the right noises with a switch from naval icebreakers to over twice the number in ice hardened patrol ships. However, it has yet to be backed by a coherent defence plan and funding program. Nonetheless, given the sad alternatives on the plush seats of the Loyal Opposition in Parliament, hope springs eternal in the optimists view of the present government seen dimly through the proverbial glass, half full.

A SAILOR'S RETURN

I remember the air strips
And the tower too.
The jetty was busy
With sailors in blue.
I remember the fog
And the feeling of pride.
But mostly the friend
Who stood by my side.

By Minnie Rogers



WHAT IS A MATELOT?

A Matelot is not born, he is made out of leftovers! God built the world and the animals and then recycled the gash to create this dastardly weapon.

He took the leftover roar of the lion, the howl of the hyena, the clumsiness of the ox, the stubbornness of the mule, the slyness of the fox, the wildness of the bull and the pride of a peacock - then added the filthy evil mind of the devil to satisfy his wierd sense of humour.

A Matelot evolved into a crude combination of John Dillinger, Errol Flynn, Beau Brummel and Valentino - a swashbuckling - beer-swilling - lovemaking - LIAR!

A Matelot likes girls, rum, beer, fights, uckers, runs ashore, pubs, jokes, long leave, his mates and his ticket. He hates officers, rounds, divisions, saluting middies, naval police, painting the side, jaunties, navy scran, his turn in the barrel and signing on!

A Matelot comes in four colours; white, off white, dirty and filthy - all looking alike under a tan and a uniform.

He is brave drinking beer, abusive playing crib, brutal defending his pride and passionate making love.

He can start a brawl, create a disaster, offend the law, desert his ship, make you lose your money, your temper and your mind!

He can take your sister, your mother, your aunt, and when he is caught get his Captain to vouch for his integrity.

A matelot is loved by all mothers, sisters, aunts and nieces; hated by all fathers, brothers, uncles and nephews.

He has a girl in every port and a port in every girl. He breaks more hearts, causes more fights and begets more bastards than any other man, yet when he is off to sea he is missed more than any other!

A matelot is a mean, hard drinking, fast running, mealy mouthed son-of-a-bitch, but when you are in strife, he is a strong shoulder to lean on, a pillar of wisdom, and a defender of the faith and cause. He fights for his mate, and dies for his country, without question or hesitation!

This is a Matelot! Anon.

READERS COMMENTS

Dick Morgan writes: It was surprising to find an article on this subject in a naval air magazine and even more remarkable that I was just in the process of writing my memoirs for 1942 which included the Surcouf incident.

The West Indies Squadron, at that time, comprised three old D Class light cruisers - Despatch, Dunedin and Diomedé and I was aboard the latter. We were well armed but had no ASDIC, so we operated south of the convoy routes to avoid submarines, as much as possible, but we lost Dunedin.

In late Nov 41, we passed through the Panama Canal and finished up in San Francisco, Fri Dec 5th, where we refueled and sailed immediately for Pearl Harbour. Fortunately for us, we were too late and were assigned to join USN Panama Defence Force, off the Galapagos Islands, in case the Japs intended to strike the Canal Zone. Fortunately again, this did not happen and we arrived back in Bermuda in dockyard hands in early 1942.

Surcouf lay astern of Diomedé along the basin wall and the RNVR Liaison Officer appointed to Surcouf was a frequent visitor in our wardroom. He was very unhappy in his posting and was sure that a mutiny on board was probable. Surcouf had been ordered to join the vichy French squadron in Martinique, and Tahiti was not all that popular with the rest. The Captain was not well liked and he and most of the crew were poorly qualified and not well experienced, or familiar with the operation of the Boat.

Nevertheless, Surcouf sailed for Tahiti and we left about a week later for Trinidad and heard on our way that she had been lost in the Mona Passage after colliding with a US merchant ship. In two reference concerning the loss of Surcouf, it is inferred that Diomedé had been ordered to sink her and had done so. Nothing is further from the truth, I can vouch for that. I was the Instructor Lieutenant on board. My major task being to train the six midshipmen we carried, three of whom were Canadians. Two became fine naval air Officers - **John Roberts** and **John Mason** and the third became **Admiral Boyle**.

From **Jeremy McGreevy**.

The photo was taken during the winter exercise in Puerto Rico February 1967. If my log book is correct it was probably 2 February. I was flying "515" with AB Grolman in the back seat. No. "038" was being flown by Larry Lott; I don't know who was behind him. The picture was taken by Ray Winslow (Lt.jg, USN) from an F9 Cougar which was technically a drone although some of them could still be flown by a pilot. He used an Instamatic camera of the day hence the so-so quality. Not to mention hanging on walls and being exposed to sunlight for the past forty years. The current custodian of the aforementioned photograph is my son Matthew (Major, USA) who is at the



US Army Post Yongsan, Seoul, Korea. You realize you've reached a particular stage in life when your offspring outrank you. But I digress....

I do hope you will be able to make some use of this but if not, no great loss. It was fun looking for it and seeing it once more brought back quite a few memories. Again, regards to all. (*It would be a great loss - it was yours. Sorry it couldn't have been printed in colour - except for last issue featuring the Bonnie pages, inside the covers are black and white - budget requirement. K*)

Hi Kay: Received the summer newsletter yesterday. A great read, as usual, and an excellent reminder for next years dues. Keep up the fine work! Cheers Aye

Gerry Watson

To Whom It May concern from **Stephen Day**.

I am writing to you regarding a picture printed in the Summer 2006 SAM Foundation Newsletter. The picture depicts three Canadian sailors present at the Coronation Celebrations in the UK in 1953. The sailor on the far left is named by a question



mark. That Sailor is my father Richard Day. I am including a photocopy of a photo taken of my father from around the same time period as proof.

Bob Bissell writes: I have a new residential address in the UK in Gosport, Hampshire. I can now see an aircraft carrier every morning - sometimes two! Nsltr good as usual. All the best.

Hi folks : I hate to ruin a good story but Jake did not run out of fuel as Mr. McLaughlin tells it. He (Birks) was using a commercial radio station to do a letdown in very bad weather and unsure of where he was, asked the range operator what the local radio was playing. It wasn't what Jake was listening to. He dialled in the right station and landed. Even the legendary John Henry Birks would have been hard pressed to dead stick a Tbird in woxof conditions. I know this because he told me about it when I was in the jet flight in '59. He did mention that he didn't have a whole bunch of fuel when he landed.

Cheers; **Hugh Fischer.**

From **Gordon A. Bonnell USN(ret)** In the 1950's, the US Navy was working on a submarine localization system, EER (Explosive Echo Ranging) at the Naval Air Development Center (NADC) in Warminster (Johnsville), PA. Being red blooded young men, they spent some of their free time at a Philly night club called The Wedge where a young stripper by the name of Julie Gibson worked. At some point, these Engineers took representatives of BUAIR and RCN to the club, where it was remarked that she made passive buoys (read boys) active. She was such a favorite that it was proposed that new ASW system be code named "Julie." This was approved by CNO in the late 50's

Subsequently Julie G became well known in the ASW community and several presentations were made to her, both at her club and aboard the USS Valley Forge and HMCS Bonaventure while they were in the Philadelphia Naval Shipyard for repairs. She responded with autographed photos of herself.

After nearly 6 months of searching, I finally found Julie (the person) alive and well. She related to me her life after the stage....she became a nurse, married a doctor (and divorced him) and is now active in managing her real estate holdings.

At this moment, I'm trying to convince her to be RAFS guest at RAFS Rendezvous '08 in Reno.

Maz Mazmanian writes: Howdy Kay; Had a good time during the reunion. Museum looks great and would meet the excellence of the many USA museums that I have visited. Was glad to be able to meet and talk with you while there.

The Foundation Newsletter is what binds us far flung CNAG'ers together.

That's all Kay- Over & Out *Maz*

To The Editor from **Richard Nimmo.** The Western end of the commemorative Mail flight was undertaken by VU-33. The Pilot was Gus Youngson and the passenger was LSOBS Richard Nimmo (Me) the T-Bird was 21421 and the flight time 2.5 hrs.

My log book shows : June 25 T-33 21421 Youngson YJ-YC-YJ D.C.O. 2.5

In July of 1969 our XO LCDR Hank Bannister asked for volunteers to take the High Altitude Indoctrination Course (HAI) since they needed more back-seaters to operate the targets during ship gunnery trials etc. I happily volunteered and even though I never flew on any target-towing trips, I spent 17 wonderful hours in the back seat of 421 and 435. They were great aircraft !

One of our many assignments. at VU-33 was to test Sonobuoys. We would get random samples from the production line at E.M.I. Cosser which we would drop on the test range at Pat Bay. Reliability of the test range was not all that great and we had many cancellations. It was after one of those cancelled trips that I met Gus Youngson in the Ops room wearing his "Jet Gear" . After some "polite" conversation about the reliability of the test range, Gus said "Since you are already dressed do you want to go to Calgary for coffee?" Who could turn down an offer like that ?

I found out enroute that we were to meet a T-Bird from Winnipeg who was carrying the commemorative letter. The transfer went smoothly, we taxied out on the apron and met the Winnipeg T-bird. A ground-crewman transferred the pouch and we taxied out and departed. Our arrival at Pat Bay was covered by the local TV News crews who took shots of the pouch being handed to a guy who ran over to a car which roared off to Victoria. Since this was a timed event, they didn't waste any time on formalities. A few weeks later I was called up to the CO's Office and presented with a "Commemorative Flight Momento" by LCDR "Knobby Westwood". Pretty good for a guy who was just bumming a flight.

It is my intention to visit "SAM" in about a year. I will bring the momento down with me and if you are interested will donate it to the museum.

From **Don Knight:** Reference the Photo on Page 35. Don't know who the OD's are, but I believe the weapons are called Lanchesters, basically a STEN gun with a wooden butt stock and forestock. Used by Naval boarding and landing parties.

Kay writes: A while back I requested personal photos to be used when an article or letter was published - just so folks get to see and remember who you are. I really did get some dandies - I always liked handsome sailors.

This one was the most special I've received so far.

He was at the CNAG Reunion - but I didn't get to meet him. Heard of him, but never met him. I'll give you a hint - his initials are JM. What a cute baby.



From **Philip Eisnor** :

Well here I am again. The crew have produced a wonderful issue, you folks have made yourselves proud.

For sometime now I have been wondering if it would be possible to obtain stories about the various areas of the Naval Flying Service, stories of various happenings some serious and many funny and surely many of those Naval types could relay many stories of the bumps, thumps and prangs; and heavens know what on the Carriers and Shearwater and perhaps the silly stories of happenings while searching for Russian subs and other things, or whatever!

For example I can recall a winters blustery day in February of 1952, it had been snowing that morning then turned to freezing rain. I was working at one of the hangars on a Sea Fury for Fairey Aviation and noticed a Sea Fury landing. It touched down okay and the pilot started to brake and then all hell broke loose, the Fury started to skid and then hit bare runway.....the result she came up on her nose and rolled over on her back with a badly bent prop and I suspect engine and airframe damage. The pilot wasn't hurt but some what shook up so I understand, anyway all in all it was an exciting ten or so minutes. My old brain is fuzzy as to the exact happenings but the story is basically there and I wonder just how many stories like this that can be recalled by all those who served.

Just some thoughts Kay, have a great week and all the best. Regards,

(We wonder too. It would be nice if they took the time to

send them to us. K)

Jim McCaffery writes: After reading Rolly West's article in the summer edition of the Newsletter regarding a trip to Rivers in the winter of 1953, a flood of memories came rushing into my head about the same trip.

Most of the ground personnel made the trip by rail. As I recall we had approximately a forty five minute stopover in Montreal. Most stayed around the station. However, some of us including Don Gillis, Ray MacKay and yours truly decided that we were a bit thirsty and had plenty of time to remedy the situation, so off we went to a pub close by.

I guess we must have misjudged the time because when we arrived back at the station we were the only sailors in sight. Shortly, a redcap appeared on the scene and said, you must be the three that missed the train. We were so surprised and saddened by that statement that we just turned around and went back to the pub to think about it.

We spent the most of the following day around the station as we had little or no money left to do anything else. I did manage to contact a cousin of mine in Verdun, who gave me \$5.00 which fed us from Montreal to Rivers, albeit very meagerly.

Needless to say, when we arrived in Rivers twenty four hours adrift, we had a reception committee awaiting us. The following morning all three of us were marched before the squadron CO. He asked us what excuse we had for missing the train. I spoke up and said that when we got back to the station I tried going upstairs but the steps kept rolling me back down. I further tried to explain that I was from Newfoundland and I had never seen any stairs like that in my life. To that he replied, fourteen days stoppage of leave, The three of you get out of here.

We were instructed by the RPO to report to the local RSM's office at 1930 that evening for further instructions. In the meantime, Don's brother Earle who was stationed at Rivers as liaison at the time informed us that the Army did extra work while on stoppers and we should tell the RSM that we were charged under QRCN in which case we were not required to carry out any extra duties. On our arrival, we noticed three snow shovels sticking up outside the office. I suggested to Don and Ray that no doubt they were meant for us. With that in mind, Don said that he would do the talking when we went inside. We were promptly informed by the RSM to report to such and such a place, and so and so Sgt would put us to work shoveling snow.

On hearing this, Don informed him that we were charged under QRCN together with the section and sub section and not QR ARMY. Therefore we were not required to work. His face turned as red as a beet and said, out, out, out of my office and don't ever let me see you again.

The Squadron electrical Officer who was in charge of the train detachment was now required to supply duty Petty Officers to muster us three times daily. They were not too happy about this, especially the one who missed a trip to Calgary on the weekend on account of us.

All three of us did ok on making our musters. Little did the powers that be know that a station card was not required to go out the gate at Rivers. After our last muster at 2000 we were away until 0630 the following morning. All being said, it worked out just fine for us. I might add that in my twenty five years, that was the only time that I was ever adrift and the only other charge I ever had was for maliciously losing one identification card, the property of Her Majesty the Queen. I could never figure out just how I maliciously lost an ID card, but that's another story.

Tom Bailey writes: I noticed what I think is a minor error in the summer 2007 issue of the SAMF newsletter. On page 8, in the article on "New Commanding Officer 406 Maritime Operational Training Squadron", there is a reference to LCol Bourgon having "...served on HMCS Preserver....". When I joined the RCN in 1961, we were taught that we served "in" ships. When squadrons deployed to sea (VS 880, HS 50), their personnel served on the squadron and "in" the ship. Also, HM ships names were always capitalized. Am I mistaken, or what's happened to these naval traditions? Anyway, great magazine with excellent articles. It's always nice to see familiar names crop up from time-to-time. thbailey@shaw.ca

(Kay, **your Editor** now imposes the additional punishment of keel-hauling -- Promise me you'll buck up! **Ed.** I know - I can't believe I didn't get this - no more rum for me. **K**)

Lorne McDonald writes:

Dear Kay and all the other hard-working staff and volunteers. The BONNIE issue brought back a raft of memories, all good I might add. Bravo Zulu to all of you. I hope to see everyone in Sep 09 when the Venture reunion is being held in Halifax. Cheers.

(Thank you dearheart, you are very generous. We look forward to seeing you in '09 along with other Venture reunion attendees. Kay)

Jack Beard writes: I wish I lived closer so I could help. *(Thank you Jack.)*

William Rikely writes: I trust that the Air Museum is continuing its fine work. As stated in previous letters, there are many memories within its walls for former Naval Aviators, of which I am proud to be one.

I was interest in the Summer 2007 issue of the foundation's Newsletter, Pg 15, concerning the firefly Trainer. In the picture on that page is one of these aircraft on the line being readied for flight. I recognized the picture immediately, because, I was the instructor pilot in the rear seat. The raised cockpit was unique to this version of the firefly. I flew the aircraft many times

from mid 1948 through 1949 as an instructor.

The late rod Bays is quoted in the article as saying that it was a none-too-great-aircraft . In some respects, he was right, although it had some interesting flight characteristics. Although it was fully aerobatic, it did go into some very unusual spin patterns. I put it into a spin many times, but, I was fortunate that it never entered into an inverted spin condition. It was a pleasant aircraft to fly and the raised position of the rear cockpit gave you a commanding view, not found in other aircraft. With kindest regards.

Adm Bob Welland (Ret) writes: Please pass my congratulations to Bill Farrell on his article in "Frontline" (Which you earlier briefed me about). A month ago I wrote to my my MP Russ Heibert explaining the unique facts about the long Shearwater runway, 1000 foot wharf, and stategic importance. Heibert is the Associate Min of DND and has promised to do what he can to preserve the runway. Best regards.

From **Dave Williams**: Brings back wonderful memories of a mighty ship, great squadrons and terrific people.[even the scallywags] My last posting in Bonnie was Little "F" but I left her 12 months before she was paid off. I was therefore not able to come by any keepsake of my time aboard. Some years later, a Padre friend of Naval Aviation, who shall remain nameless, presented me with the nameplate "flight deck broadcast" which he removed from FLYCO sometime during the paying off process. He spent almost as much time in flyco as I did and he was aware of how much I used that microphone. As I peck away on this machine that plate is about two feet from me as it is firmly attached to my desk at about eye level. dwilli@shaw.ca

Bert Joss writes: The late Doug Peacock was a good friend, and you have one of "my" aircraft - Swordfish HS468.

I was an RCAF pilot at #1 N.A.G.S. in Yarmouth, and although I never flew 468, I did fly its sibling, HS 486, with disastrous results! I have one question about 468 - I don't recall any Yarmouth Swordfish having "sand & spinach" camouflage. Is it authentic? With best wishes for the future success of your organization.

From **Bill Farrell** (Not as Editor but as private contributor)

On Arctic Sovereignty

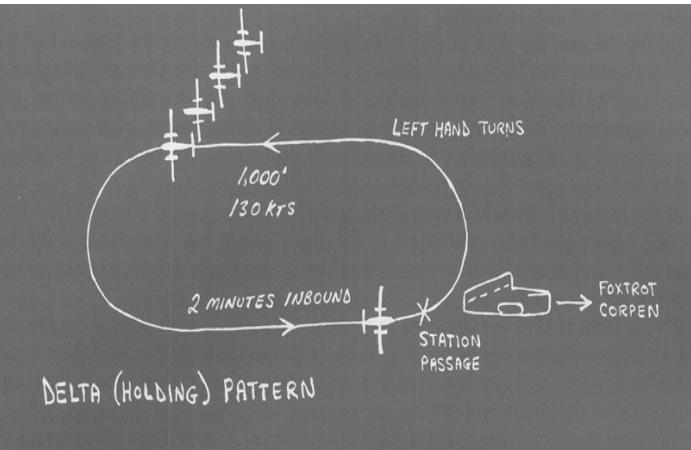
Much has been said on this issue by pols and pundits. I'll be brief: Our best defence, indeed our only defence, of our claim to the northern part of Earth's crust and to the mineral resources that may lie beneath the encircling

ocean is the aegis of international law. A few lightly-armed icebreakers would be brushed aside by any of the world's superpowers brushed aside cavalierly. Ironically, the most likely raptor of those resources is our great protector below our southern border the military-industrial behemoth whose motto might well be not In God we trust but Might makes right .



NAMES PLEASE

(I know one of the handsome devils.)



IN THE DELTA

BENOY, IRVINE JOHN (BENNY)

BOWER, WALTER

COWAN, WILLIAM

DAINARD, GEORGE MANUEL

DRAPEAU, HARRY

HAWTHORNE, GLORIA

IVES, VIC

JOHNSON, ROSS L.

JOHNSTON, JACK

MEAD, VERA

RANDALL, HENRI

SAUVE, GENE

SAWYER, ANNE

SNYDER, DUKE

VANDAL, MARGARET

WANNAMAKER, DON

WEIR, DAVID R.E. (DOC)



1000 WINDMILL ROAD SUITE 38 DARTMOUTH NS B3B 1L7 CANADA

**Marine Engineering
Systems Integration
Automation and Controls
Project Management
Documentation Services**

aka-group.com

Telephone **902.444.4252**
Fax **902.444.4253**

ENGINEERING INNOVATIVE SOLUTIONS