

WARRIOR

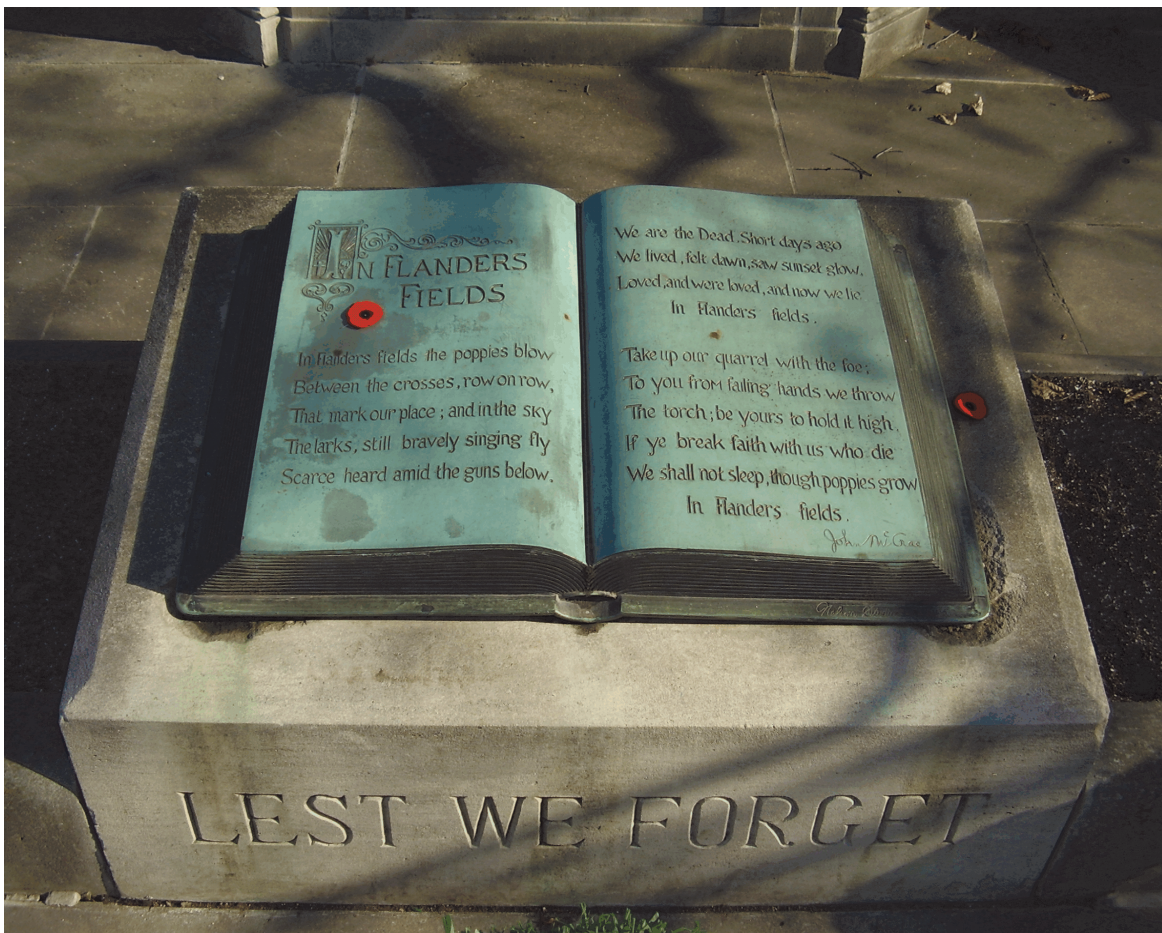


Merry Christmas

Winter 2010

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



" Some fields of human endeavour endure and become routine, while others are cut off before their time but live on in the memory to become legendary. Such was the fate of Canadian Carrier-bourne Aviation. In 25 years, aircraft of the Royal Canadian Navy reached their peak of efficiency, flying from HMCS BONAVENTURE. Their achievements were equaled by few, if any, Navies of the world."

Vice Admiral J.C. (Scruffy) O'Brien

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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

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RENEW YOUR MEMBERSHIP!

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SAMF website: www.samfoundation.ca



FROM THE CURATOR'S DESK

By Christine Hines

While we are winding down Canadian Naval Centennial activities, the SAM staff are in no way slowing down. In fact, the years in front of us will also bring a great amount of activity, and we have to be ready! As readers of this column are keenly aware, every museum is out of space, pretty much before they begin to operate, and SAM is no different. Despite the recently acquired compact shelving systems offering us added capacity to conserve and collect smaller Shearwater-related artefacts, the recommended 20% free storage space for collecting purposes may never be realized, and of course, we continue to collect very large artefacts (and eagerly look forward to housing a Sea King, or two, in the next few years).

So yes, it sounds a bit doom & gloom, but the good news is that SAM has been the recipient of substantial project funding to assist with a business profiling plan, which will address plans for a museum expansion and corporate fundraising: besides normal museum operations of display and collections and maintenance workspace, a new facility at SAM has to also be able to offer a value added experience, with some business savvy, in order to help raise the ever-elusive operational dollars to assist us with daily expenses, and be put back into added services. We expect a plan to be available early in 2011; with this plan, we can bring it to you, the SAMF members, to seek your support and to embark yet again, together, on a capital campaign to make our expansion needs a reality.

Additionally, we have freed up a bit of space in our outdoor storage facility early in the fall, when the long-awaited recovery of the CF-5 became a reality. The Recovery Team from 4 Wing Cold Lake made short work of dismantling the aircraft in F hangar; it was transported by flatbed, one quiet Saturday, to its new home out west. Plans are currently in progress to mount a recovery mission for the CF-101 Voodoo held at SAM, now owned by the Canadian Museum of Flight in Langley BC. Recovery of this aircraft will certainly be a huge move forward to clearing the lot, and freeing potential building space adjacent to SAM. Over the summer we acquired the TACAN mast from HMCS FRASER, also being stored in our compound, and we are strategizing as how best to use this large, "monumental" object. As you are no doubt aware, there is much proof suggesting this TACAN mast came from HMCS BONAVENTURE; however, recent information has to come to SAM contradicting this long-held belief: can you help clarify the matter for us? We are eagerly seeking documents or artefacts you may have, that can serve as evidence to prove or disprove this fact!

In closing, I would like very much to thank our supporters for one of the best visit seasons SAM has experienced in recent

years. The Canadian Naval Centennial has brought us improved visit numbers, shop sales, and more events being held at the museum, than in any previous year. It has been a challenging, but satisfying year indeed!



PRESIDENT'S REPORT

A year of special activities is coming to a close - the 100th Anniversary of the Navy and the final Reunion of the Canadian Naval Air Group (CNAG). Like the colourful Fall season with its fallen leaves, everything is preparing for the quiet Winter time.

As the new year approaches, it will be time to renew membership to SAMF. For CNAGers who are not members of SAMF, this will be your last issue of the WARRIOR magazine. CNAG's agreement with SAMF will come to an end on December 31st. Please consider joining to help keep our bond and heritage alive. We need your support.

The Annual Golf Tournament at Hartlen Point was held 8 Sep. This year it was organized by the N.S. International Air Show Committee but the SAMF volunteers worked the event that day. We have received \$10K from the tournament. A good time was had by all who attended.

The annual CNAG Reunion was held on Thanksgiving weekend in Halifax/Shearwater - about 360 attended. The Friday and Saturday gatherings were held in the Marriott Hotel Halifax. On Sunday the Shearwater Museum was host to the Memorial Church Service - Up Spirits then up to the familiar WO's and Sgt's Mess for brunch and entertainment. A good deal of remembering was enjoyed. Unfortunately this was the last reunion of this magnitude. Maybe small regional gatherings will take place in the future.

The Foundation is always in need of new members. We are certainly encouraging family members of Naval Air to join. There are a large number of ex Naval Air personnel who have not become members - as well as many, many serving and retired Air members in the Shearwater area. The Foundation is the financial support to the Museum to obtain and restore artifacts, build new buildings etc. We need your support to make these things happen. This is everybody's Museum.

I would like to thank the membership for your loyal support that we have received since I last wrote a note. The human interest stories and accounts of happening bring back forgotten memories. Keep them coming!

The Board of Directors would like to thank Kay for the last two editions of WARRIOR - dedicated to Naval Air. They were excellent.

In closing, I wish all the membership a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year - stay safe during the winter months.

Eugene 'Buck' Rogers

Canada's Naval Air Arm

by Ernest Cable - Shearwater
Aviation Museum Historian

The Royal Canadian Navy (RCN) came into being on 4 May 1910 and only four short years later its two ships, *HMCS Niobe* and *HMCS Rainbow*, were cleared for action in the First World War. However, Canadian naval aviation became a brief reality only during the latter part of the war after persistent urging from the British Admiralty and generous cooperation from the US Navy. At the outbreak of the First World War many Canadians volunteered for the Royal Naval Air Service (RNAS) before naval aviation was ever contemplated in Canada. These men gained valuable experience in naval aviation that would provide an excellent foundation for Canada's future air forces. Several Canadians such as Breadner, Curtis and Edwards who distinguished themselves in the RNAS eventually returned to Canada to rise to the highest ranks of the Royal Canadian Air Force (RCAF). Another much decorated Canadian in the RNAS, Raymond Collishaw, ultimately retired from the Royal Air Force as an Air Vice-Marshal.

Canada, as a nation, did not become interested in naval aviation until late 1916 when new extended range German U-boats such as the *Deutschland* began attacking shipping off the American eastern seaboard. To counter the threat in Canadian waters the Minister of the Naval Service, J.D. Hazen proposed, in February 1917, organizing a Canadian Naval Air Arm with two seaplane stations, one at Halifax and the other at Sydney NS. The Admiralty supported the proposal and sent Wing Commander Seddon, an experienced RNAS squadron commander, to Ottawa to help establish the new Canadian Naval Air Service (CNAS). However, the Canadian Privy Council voted unanimously against forming the CNAS as it would detract from current war efforts, which were already at maximum capacity.

In early 1918 the Admiralty again made several representations to Ottawa warning of the U-boat threat to Canadian waters and suggested establishing a capability to manufacture airships, kite balloons and aircraft as well as opening up air stations for patrol work. The Canadian Government rejected the plan stating that there was insufficient time to establish such an organization before the next navigation season. In the meantime the US Navy was exploring the possibility of extending its air patrols northward by establishing air stations in Nova Scotia. In April 1918 representatives of the Royal Navy (RN), US Navy and the RCN agreed on a comprehensive plan to establish seaplane stations at Halifax and Sydney. The Americans were prepared to supply aircraft and kite balloons and lend pilots for the seaplanes until the

Canadians, who would be trained in the United States, were ready to take over. Canada provided the land at Baker's Point south of Dartmouth (now 12 Wing Shearwater) and Sydney, and constructed all buildings required for the seaplane stations at an estimated cost of \$2,189,600.

Naval Headquarters drew up a recruiting scheme calling for 500 officers and men to be added to the strength of the RCN for air duties; ordinary rates of pay were to prevail with a special air allowance. A Canadian Order-in-Council dated 5 September 1918 authorized the new force to be known as the Royal Canadian Naval Air Service (RCNAS) which was to be patterned after the its British counterpart the RNAS. Aircraft pilots recruited by the RCNAS were to be trained in the United States while airship pilots were to be trained in England. By the beginning of November 1918, a total of 81 cadets were recruited and the RCNAS was well established with the high hopes of being a fully-fledged fighting force by the spring of 1919. However, the Armistice was signed on 11 November 1918 and the Americans departed their Halifax and Sydney stations leaving behind aircraft and equipment valued at \$600,000, free of charge, for the embryonic RCNAS. The Cabinet attempted to retain the RCNAS as a post-war component of the RCN, unfortunately, the time was not ripe and on 5 December orders were issued to disband the RCNAS. The RCN, without money, had to put naval aviation on hold for more than 20 years.

Canada's next involvement with naval aviation occurred early in the Second World War when Canadians volunteered directly to serve with the Royal Navy Volunteer Reserve (Air). To make it easier to formally recruit Canadians the Admiralty agreed, in September 1943, that Canadians recruited for the Royal Canadian Navy Volunteer Reserve (RCNVR) would be accepted in the Royal Navy's Fleet Air Arm (FAA). Lt. Hampton Gray was one of many Canadians who joined the RCNVR for subsequent service with the FAA and became the only member of the RCN in the Second World War to be awarded the Victoria Cross, the Commonwealth's highest honour for bravery. As Canadians helped to swell the ranks of the FAA, the RN was still critically short of manpower and had difficulty providing ships' companies for the increasing number of Escort Aircraft Carriers. In January 1944, the RCN agreed to provide the ships' companies for *HMS Nabob* and *HMS Puncher*, two American built carriers loaned to the RN under the wartime lend-lease agreement. The FAA provided the air squadrons and air personnel embarked on *Nabob* and *Puncher*. *HMS Nabob* provided sterling service in operations off the Norwegian coast until she was torpedoed in August 1944. Through the Herculean efforts of her Canadian crew *Nabob* limped back to Scapa Flow where she was eventually cannibalized. Similarly, *Puncher* provided yeoman service with the British Home Fleet and immediately after the war she was used as a troopship repatriating Canadian soldiers before being returned to the US Navy. The experience gained by Canadians flying with the FAA and manning *Nabob* and *Puncher* provided the essential foundation for the second attempt to form a Canadian naval air service.

The dialogue between the RN and the RCN on resurrecting the Royal Canadian Naval Air Service commenced as early as 1943. Finally, in a letter dated 13 December 1945,

the Admiralty proposed to loan Canada two light fleet carriers and offered to transfer the four FAA squadrons to the RCN. On 19 December, the Canadian Cabinet accepted the British proposal and approved in principle the formation of a Naval Air Component of the Royal Canadian Navy. On 24 January 1946, the date of commissioning the RCN's first carrier, *HMCS Warrior*, the Admiralty transferred 803 and 825 Squadrons to the RCN; these two FAA squadrons were manned principally by Canadians. It was also agreed that the FAA's 826 and 883 Squadrons should become RCN squadrons when all RN personnel had been replaced by Canadians or from the date of commissioning of the second carrier, *HMCS Magnificent*, whichever occurred first.

During these discussions the Canadian Naval Air Component was unofficially referred to as the Royal Canadian Naval Air Service and modeled after its British parent, the Royal Naval Air Service. However, in May 1946 the Canadian Navy's air branch was given its official title, Royal Canadian Naval Air Arm. Almost a year later the use of the terms "Fleet Air Arm" and "Naval Air Arm" were discontinued and the generic term "Naval Aviation" was adopted to describe the whole air organization within the Canadian Naval Service.

The RCN planned to man 803, 825, 826 and 883 Squadrons as they were transferred from the FAA with 550 ex-RCAF pilots, who were surplus to the RCAF's post war needs, plus RCNVR airmen with previous FAA experience. However, in February 1946, personnel shortages forced the disbandment of Nos. 826 and 883 Squadrons but they remained Canadian squadrons on paper. With the plan to acquire two aircraft carriers, the RCN required a shore base for its aircraft when not embarked in the carriers. Therefore, senior RCN and RCAF officers agreed to establish a Royal Canadian Naval Air Section at RCAF Station Dartmouth with the RCAF responsible for logistic support for the RCN's aircraft.

The initial batch of Supermarine Seafire and Fairey Firefly aircraft, obtained from the Royal Navy as part of the war claims settlement, made their maiden voyage to Canada embarked in *HMCS Warrior* and first landed at RCAF Station Dartmouth on 31 March 1946. The RCN also inherited 22 Fairey Swordfish and three Supermarine Walrus aircraft from the RN when *HMS Seaborn*, the Royal Naval Air Section at RCAF Station Dartmouth, was disbanded. In May 1947, 826 and 883 Squadrons were reactivated equipped with Fireflies and Seafires respectively. A Training Air Group (TAG) comprising No. 743 Fleet Requirements Unit and the Operational Flying Training School were also formed.

Reduced personnel ceilings forced the RCN decision to operate only one carrier; *HMCS Warrior* was paid off in March 1948 and replaced by *HMCS Magnificent*, which made its maiden voyage to Dartmouth with new Hawker Sea Furies and Fireflies embarked. Eventually, a total of 74 Sea Furies would replace the 35 Seafires on 803 and 883 Squadrons.

The joint RCAF-RCN responsibility for naval aviation proved unacceptable to the Navy. With the RCAF holding the purse strings for logistic support during the period of radical downsizing after the Second World War, the Navy was confronted with critical shortages. Conflicting requirements for Air Force wide funding led to the rapid deterioration of RCAF Station Dartmouth. Relocation of the Naval Air Section was considered, but in the final analysis Dartmouth offered the best location for naval air operations. If naval aviation was to be accorded a respectable and effective place in Canada's military, the Navy had to have fiscal control over its own destiny. Consequently, on 1 December 1948, RCAF Station Dartmouth was transferred to the RCN and renamed Royal Canadian Naval Air Station Dartmouth. Following the RN tradition of naming air stations after sea birds, the RCN commissioned the Dartmouth station *HMCS Shearwater*.

With signing of the new NATO accord in 1949, the RCN agreed to specialize in anti-submarine warfare. The RN subsequently loaned 13 FR IV advanced versions of the Firefly to the RCN until both 825 and 826 Squadrons could convert to the Firefly AS 5 specifically modified for the anti-submarine role. However, by 1950 the Firefly AS 5 had proved to be unsuitable for all-weather anti-submarine warfare and it was difficult to maintain. Therefore, the RCN broke with the custom of buying British aircraft and ordered 125 Grumman TBM Avengers from the US Navy to replace its 64 Fireflies. The TBM's were converted to the RCN Avenger AS 3 anti-submarine version by Fairey Aviation, located adjacent to the Shearwater air station.

In May 1951, the naval squadron numbering scheme was revised for Commonwealth nations. Consequently, 803 and 883 fighter squadrons were renumbered 870 and 871 respectively, while 825 and 826 anti-submarine squadrons became 880 and 881 respectively. As Canadian naval aviation became more closely entwined with the US Navy in continental defence, the Air Arm adopted the US Navy letter prefixes to squadron numbers in November 1952. Hence 870 and 871 Squadrons became VF 870 and VF 871, with "VF" indicating a fixed wing fighter squadron while 880 and 881 Squadrons were redesignated VS 880 and VS 881, with "VS" identifying fixed wing anti-submarine squadrons.

As aircraft systems and anti-submarine sensors increased in complexity, the Air Arm required an experimental squadron to develop and test equipment intended for naval aviation. In March 1953, a small cadre of naval aviation's best aircrew, engineering officers and technicians formed fixed wing experimental squadron, VX 10.

In January 1955, the RCN embarked on a major modernization program for the Air Arm. Lockheed T-33 jet trainers were acquired from the RCAF to train pilots on the McDonnell F2H-3 Banshee jet fighter, which was to replace the Sea Fury. In November 1955, the first of 39 ex-US Navy Banshees, armed with infrared heat seeking air-to-air missiles, was delivered to Shearwater. In 1956 the first of 100 de Havilland built CS2F Trackers replaced the Grumman Avenger. The Tracker, a twin engine, four crew aircraft, embodied the latest sensors and equipment and became the backbone of the

RCN's airborne anti-submarine warfare capability. Finally, in early 1957, the aircraft carrier *HMCS Magnificent* was paid off and replaced by *HMCS Bonaventure*, which was equipped with the latest innovations in aircraft carrier design that included an angled flight deck, a steam catapult and a mirror landing system.

Helicopters at first played a secondary role in Canadian naval aviation but in the final analysis outlasted their fixed wing brethren. In the early 1950's, the Naval Air Arm had a small fleet of Bell HTL and Piasecki HUP 3 helicopters that played a major role in surveying the eastern Arctic while embarked on *HMCS Labrador*. Also Sikorsky HO4S (Horse) helicopters were used for search and rescue both ashore and while embarked on *Magnificent* and *Bonaventure*. In 1955, the HO4S pioneered the use of dipping sonar which led to the wide use of helicopters operating from small destroyers in the anti-submarine role. To enable helicopters to operate from the rolling and pitching decks of its small *St Laurent* class destroyers, the RCN pioneered and perfected the Helicopter Hauldown and Rapid Securing Device (HHRSD), colloquially known as the "Beartrap". The Canadian designed HHRSD was one of the most important innovations in naval aviation as it permitted the operation of large helicopters from destroyer size ships; thereby expanding their anti-submarine warfare capabilities many fold. Navies around the world, including those of the United States, Australia and Japan, soon adopted the HHRSD concept.

In May 1963 the first of 41 CHSS-2 Sea Kings was acquired to replace the HO4S serving with HS 50, the operational helicopter anti-submarine squadron. The Sea King's twin-turbine engines not only improved reliability and safety for operations at sea, but also provided an all-weather day-night capability with greater speed, range, endurance and payload. Its hull design improved survivability if ditched at sea. The Sea King operated from both the aircraft carrier *HMCS Bonaventure* and from helicopter-destroyers (DDH's) equipped with the HHRSD. The carrier normally embarked four to six Sea Kings along with the normal complement of Trackers and a single HO4S plane guard. The *St. Laurent* and *Annapolis* class DDH's carried one helicopter whereas the larger *Iroquois* Class DDH's accommodated two Sea Kings.

With the integration of Canada's armed forces in February 1968 and the termination of *HMCS Bonaventure* as an operational carrier in 1969, naval aviation effectively came to an end. However, the legacy of naval aviation continues more than four decades after its demise. The sturdy Tracker soldiered on in the shore-based maritime reconnaissance role until retired in 1990, 34 years after it was first introduced into Canada's Naval Air Arm. Today, the venerable Sea King, now more than 45 years old, continues to provide integral air support for the navy's *Halifax* class frigates, long after the original *St. Laurent* class DDH's retired.

Memoire Extracts

from Ed Smith

- On October 18, 1956 I joined VS880 to fly Avengers. My first recollection of joining the squadron was when I walked into the brand new unfurnished "D" hangar. As I entered the lower crewroom Wally Schroeder was lying on the chesterfield, the only piece of furniture. Wally's first words to me were, "This is my chesterfield, Sub, and don't you f----forget it!" Subsequently, despite this start, I spent many friendly hours with Wally.

- In 1957 I took over as the Squadron Supply Officer from Mike McCall. It took weeks to sort out the inventory and among other jobs as a Supply Officer, I also was the "Pay Bob". Twice a month I collected thousands of dollars, put a 45 automatic on my hip, and paid each member of the squadron in cash which was the way in those days.

- A recollection of 1958 – I wonder if Jim Todd remembers the time he went on a x-country trip to Toronto with Bill Gourlay. Jim was brand new to the squadron and somehow, when told by Bill to refuel the aircraft it became obvious something was wrong when the tank filled very quickly. The tank he filled was the oil tank instead of the fuel tank. No one was very impressed and I was told to do a better job of training my co-pilot!

- I did my deck landings in January 1959 and I completed thirteen landings for a qualification. Incidences were occurring. Bud Jardine and Frank Down's aircraft did a neat dance up the deck after the nose wheel and tail hook engaged a wire simultaneously. One pilot applied power, one applied the brakes as they skidded along the deck and they ended up hanging over the front end of the flight deck trapped only by the safety chocks. A few days later Harry Beutel took his third trip over the side when riding co-pilot for Ian Bouch. I remember watching this one – it was spectacular! They hit the round down with their main gear which bounced the aircraft into an almost unimaginable nose down, right wing down angle, and proceeded up the deck, taking off the starboard wing when it struck the portable crane. It then took a 90 degree right turn in front of the island and the left wing was removed on contact with an antennae array. The aircraft went over the side, breaking its back in the process. The next clear recollection I have after the ship made a manoeuvre to swing away from the aircraft were Harry and Ian emerging through the top hatches of the aircraft. That seemed to be the only part of the aircraft that was intact and visible. Pedro made the usual rapid pick up and I'm not certain to this day, but I don't believe that in his three times over the side, Harry even got wet.



L-R: Paul Martin, Tony Cottingham, Dave Tate, Secretary of the Navy (USN), Dickie Quirt, Jake Leonard, Al Chranows, Glen Munroe.

EXERCISE SKIPJACK - *Dave Tate*

In August 1958 VX 10 undertook the evaluation of a prototype ASW plotting and tactical navigation system (ASWTNS). Between August 58 and February 59 a VX 10 project team, comprising Dickie Quirt, and myself as aircrew with Jake Leonard and Glen Munroe the technicians assigned to look after the repair, calibration and general care of the system. After 280 hours of bench running and 240 hours flying the initial portion of the evaluation and development was completed and it was decided that the aircraft should participate in a major ASW fleet exercise. This would allow VX 10 to evaluate the effectiveness and maintainability of the ASWTNS equipped aircraft for operating in a naval task force environment under operational conditions at sea.

At the invitation of the USN the trials aircraft and VX10 detachment went aboard USS Valley Forge, the flagship of Task Force Alpha, in July 59 to participate in an exercise where the nuclear submarine Skipjack would be the enemy and attempt to penetrate the screen and attack the convoy. The detachment was commanded by Lcdr Dickie Quirt, with Tony Cottingham and myself as pilots, Paul Martin and Fred Deacon the aircrewmen. The maintenance crew was headed by Al Chranows, assisted by Jim Law and Bill Elliott. It must be mentioned that the maintenance crew did a most professional and superb job of keeping the project aircraft serviceable so that it never missed a scheduled launch. In the same token the credit due Jake Leonard and Glen Munroe cannot be

overemphasize. Jake Leonard in particular not only kept the ASWTNS serviceable but devised solutions to many of the defects and technical difficulties that were encountered.

On the second day of the exercise with the crew of Dickie Quirt as ASWTNS operator, Paul Martin as Julie Operator, Fred Deacon on MAD and myself as pilot we launched from Valley Forge and began a MAD search for Skipjack 25 miles ahead of the Task Force. After a short period of time a solid MAD contact was made, the position was immediately marked with a smoke float, fed into the ASWTNS and tracking started. We realized that it was imperative not to lose this contact knowing full well that Skipjack, operating unrestricted, would be travelling at high speed. Accordingly I put the aircraft into a very tight turn to the left and managed to bring the

aircraft back on the task force side of the initial contact in less than forty seconds. Almost immediately on rolling out another Mad contact was made and marked with another smoke. It was apparent from the separation of the markers and the ASWTNS information that the submarine was travelling at a very high speed and heading towards the task force. Dickie informed the task force of our contacts, identifying the submarine with high probability as Skipjack and that it was heading towards them at very high speed.

Tracking by MAD and ASWTNS had started as soon as the initial contact was made. It was realized very quickly that both the MAD tracking, with its critical need for very steep turns and fast rate manoeuvring, and the ASWTNS tracking operation with its complex array of display controls, would have to be done at very fast pace to ensure that contact with the submarine was maintained. The additional need for fast and accurate JULIE ranges to assist in the reacquisition of the submarine when MAD contact was lost, meant that the entire crew had to work at maximum pace and in complete unison.

With, at times, wild gyrations of the aircraft the magnetic manoeuvring noise was high making it very difficult to identify the "MAD MARKS" of a detection. Fred Deacon's skills in operating this equipment were tested to the full and his performance in distinguishing real signals from the noise was brilliant. Paul Martin was equally adept with JULIE in getting dead accurate ranges for both "fixing" Skipjack, using a range from a single JULIE buoy for MAD trapping, and to maintain the submarines track record at all times.

The operation of the ASWTNS so as to present an accurate picture of the tactical situation required master-

ful handling of the Controls by Dickie Quirt and great skill in collating and coordinating the incoming information, in anticipating Skipjack's next move and in directing the correct aircraft counter. This in turn called for accurate flying of the of the target position symbols and close reference to the smoke markers that were dropped to mark the latest submarine's position. All of this often at altitudes below 100 feet where a seconds inattention could spoil the entire day.

During the tracking of Skipjack we would place either a helicopter or one of the screening destroyers in contact with Skipjack and then move off to let them prosecute the contact. Without fail the ship or helo would immediately get an initial contact; and almost as quickly lose it as the submarine manoeuvred away. We would then revert to the JULIE range/MAD trap, regain contact, track for awhile and then again try to hand off the contact to one of the other participants. All in all the crew had Skipjack's position accurately plotted for over 52 minutes, or about 47 minutes longer than this had ever been done before. The accuracy of this tracking was later verified when the aircraft and submarine track plots were compared and matched almost perfectly. This was most significant because the submarine had been unrestricted in both speed and depth. This tracking continued as Skipjack penetrated the task force's destroyer screen and as it manoeuvred inside the screen doing simulated attacks on the destroyers. In several cases we were able to advise a destroyer of the submarine's approach direction and its apparent intentions.

It was during this period of rather intense pressure, chasing Skipjack inside the screen, that Admiral Thach, the task force Commander, sent the following message to the project crew in the air:

From: COMHUKFOR

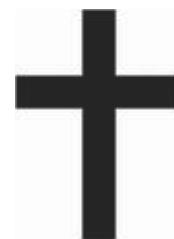
To: CO VX10 DET VALLEY FORGE

RADM THACH SENDS X

A PLEASURE SEEING A VISITING PROFESSIONAL IN ACTION X WELL DONE.

That evening Admiral Thach invited the crew to dinner in his mess, asking that he be allowed to hear the tape recording of the aircraft's internal communications during the aforementioned exercise. We then commenced a frantic effort to "sanitize" the tape of some of the profanity attendant upon such a stressful, and at times hectic, operation. This "sanitizing" was forestalled by the Admiral's aide, however, who said that the Admiral would very much like to hear the original and enjoy the full flavour of the operation. And he did, enjoying the colourful and descriptive internal communications and once again reaffirming his "Well Done" in person.

The outcome of this exercise was that the Admiral made forceful recommendations for the most urgent procurement of the ASWTNS and its rapid introduction into US Navy service. As a result, the system was soon put into production and went into US service in a little more than a year as AN/ASN-30. By contrast, the first Canadian set, designated AN/ASN-501 did not enter service until the advent of the CS2F-3 over five years later. Nevertheless VX10 can rightly claim to have carried out the first continuous real time tracking of a submerged, unrestricted, high speed, nuclear attack submarine.



IN THE DELTA

Anderson, Vi

Bird, Donald

Boon, Paul 'Daniel'

Brown, Warren

Cairney, John (Jack)

Campbell, Bev

Cash, Donald

Charles, John Radm

Derbyshire, S

Hickey, J. (Paddy)

Kirwin, Terry

Lockhart, William

Mainguy, Dan Vadm

Maynard, Joan Elizabeth

Miseferi, Joe

Moyer, Gordon

Powers, Larry

Steele, Dick

White, J



Capt (N) Dr. Wilf Lund

HMCS VENTURE IN RETROSPECT

By Capt(N) Dr. Wilf Lund

The traditional naval toast of the day for Wednesday is 'TO OURSELVES' often followed by the rejoinder "because no one else really cares." It is my intention to focus on "ourselves" more specifically creating the band of brothers, surface, subsurface and air, who received their basic officer training at the Royal Canadian Navy's third naval college, HMCS Venture from 1954-1966. This retrospective look examines the early days, the "invention" of Venture, its mission in and its impact on the RCN and the personalities that made it work. It will argue that HMCS Venture was a journeyman's naval college that produced solid, dedicated professional officers that powered the navy and air force in later years. Their loyalty first and last was to the navy and their classmates – the band of brothers. Also, this paper is a tribute to our founding Captain, Rear Admiral Bob Welland, who died three weeks ago at the age of 92.

The creation of Venture is part of the larger story in which the postwar RCN struggled to produce sufficient officers and men to complement the massively expanding fleet and its naval aviation component. This was not a tidy process because as in WWII the RCN clearly over-committed itself in setting NATO force goals. In March 1948, the strength of the navy stood at 6,860. The authorized ceiling for 1960 was 21,000, a 300 percent increase. The RCN was in the order of 895 officers short in 1953 projected to grow to 1400. This gap was being filled temporarily by officers from World War II. "Retreads" would not suffice for modern ships and aircraft ordered. In the opinion of Captain Bob

Welland, then Director of Naval training, the current officer training system that depended on Canadian Service Colleges (CSC) and University Naval Training Divisions (UNTD) schemes was "dysfunctional". He would fix it.

HMCS Venture was conceived as part of the solution, an "emergency plan", for rapidly increasing officer production. The new officer training establishment was authorized by the Naval Board in October, 1953. It had two objectives: to bridge the production gap of 100 a year and to make up the deficit of the 895 officers. What became known as "the Venture Plan" was to be a common entry for all branches. Venture cadets would undergo two years of professional training including sea time and be educated beyond Senior Matriculation level. A total entry of 276 cadets of all branches was authorized for 1954. The plan would be continued for ten years. Venture would be financed from the naval estimates with no new money. HMCS Venture was to be a naval college in every aspect except title and a pretender to Royal Roads ready if or when it failed. The RCN wanted a naval college having lost Royal Roads in 1947. However HMCS Venture would be kept low profile to avoid any suggestion that the navy was moving away from the tri-service concept.

Captain Bob Welland was both an inspired and fortuitous choice to "invent" and command HMCS Venture. He had won the DSC in two wars and was regarded as the premier destroyer driver in the RCN, a perfect role model for aspiring young naval officers. Naval war fighting was hard, demanding and dangerous work and Welland was a born leader. "Serving under Bob Welland was better than being on leave", said a former Chief. And most of all, Welland was imbued with that greatest of all Royal Navy traditions, winning. Two Wellandisms were; "Never lose, it's not fun", and do everything "full-throttle".

Welland had been a special entry cadet and had no preconceived notions what Venture should be. He had been the Executive Officer at Royal Canadian Naval College Royal Roads in 1946 but was not impressed. The syllabus was set by academics from RMC and the cadets were under-challenged and bored stiff – civilians in uniform. Worse there was no requirement to serve and nothing to instil loyalty to the RCN. Royal Roads was an expensive waste of time for the navy. Venture would be different.

Welland informed the Venture cohort in the naval cultural norm. Welland subscribed to the belief that to be a naval officer was to belong to a special breed, a "band of brothers" with a unique calling to duty and service. The Welland touch would be apparent in every aspect of cadet development - work hard-play hard but always follow the rules of the game, be a gracious winner or a good loser, continuously strive for excellence, suffer in silence, neither howl for the moon nor cry over spilt milk, and always think in the terms of what is best for the naval service. Welland wrote a primer on social graces for cadets. "Neptune's Notes". The manual is elitist, sexist and deliciously

politically incorrect by today's standards but expressed the RCN cultural norm of 1954. His philosophy guided and directed the operation of HMCS Venture through the 12 years of its existence.

The emphasis at Venture was to be officer development not behaviour modification. Building officer-like-qualities or OLC's, was the primary objective. This would be achieved by immersing the cadets in a professional naval and academic environment under constant supervision "operating full-throttle" 24/7 for 11 months a year. A cadet's daily bread would be the Royal Canadian Navy; his credo Service above every personnel consideration. His first duty was to his ship and his men. HMCS Venture was a post-Mainguy Report endeavour, a blend of old and new. Venture was ambitious but no more so than Welland was for the RCN, and himself.

Bob Welland knew that HMCS Venture would succeed only if the best personnel available of all ranks were selected to launch the college. He was a proficient team builder and surrounded himself with proven performers loyal to him. He chose Commander Ray Phillips, a meticulous organizer "who was good with young people and had young ideas", to be his Executive Officer". Phillips' own influence was extraordinary. Vice Admiral Chuck Thomas commented, "Commander Phillips was to me a man of great knowledge. My sense then was that he made things work. He knew who could do what, and when and to what effect. This was a model I came to adopt." To Venture cadets Welland was the "godlike" figure and Phillips made it work.

Phillips adopted the Royal Roads naval college model for organization. The wheel would not be reinvented. Venture would run like an RCN warship in every respect of dress, routine, ceremonial, and language. The cadets' uniform was the RCN standard with some slight modifications. Rear Admiral Pullen, Chief of Naval Personnel, insisted that the cadets wear fedora hats with plain clothes, the walking out rig. A cadet would learn to behave like a naval officer in every respect. The programme replicated some aspects of the new-entry recruit training at HMCS Cornwallis to teach cadets what to expect as divisional officers. Cadets would learn to be thorough seaman in boats, read Morse code and practiced in drill and ceremonial. Phillips' challenge was to achieve a balance between teaching conformance and developing professional skills and self esteem. He achieved his objective. As Chuck Thomas remarked, "Venture as a starting place did something right."

Welland asked Commander George Amyot to be his Director of Studies. Amyot had served with Welland at Royal Roads and was the current Director of Studies at College Militaire Royale. Highly competent, Amyot, a francophone, was a big man part native Indian and former professional football player. Welland commented "George was tough, and the cadets loved him." Amyot convinced

Welland that allocation of cadet billets should be proportionate to provincial population and that Venture should be bi-lingual, offering instruction in both official languages. Although short lived, a bi-lingual establishment would be a first in the RCN, an idea ahead of its time. It would require more staff but Welland agreed on the stipulation that all instructors be naval officers. To do this the navy emptied HMCS D'Iberville of its bi-lingual instructor officers.

Amyot knew that the greatest challenge would be to motivate cadets to survive the daunting challenges presented by "the college". Amyot's directive, "How To Stay In Venture" became a guide for staff and a mantra for cadets. Initially, Venture would be a "bewildering mill" for harassed new cadets rushed off their feet. The cadets had to be stabilized quickly and taught tools for survival. It was about "acquiring self-discipline and learning to think for one's self. VENTURE is a place for adults, not an advanced school for children." Hit the deck running, study hard, develop good study habits, make and keep to a plan, and "the conscientious application of energy was indispensable." Passing required a full time effort. The bottom line was attitude. It was about winning. Losing would not be fun.

Welland set about inventing Venture in mid-1953; from "scheming to 'Fall in' at Esquimalt" took less than a year. There was both a sense of urgency and need for economy. Everything; a home, staff, material support, a training ship and money had to be found within existing RCN resources. The first year intake of 175 cadets had to be recruited. The complement was set at a maximum of 300 cadets with 85 naval and 57 civilian personnel on the staff. The former HMCS Givenchy buildings in the heart of the Esquimalt Dockyard were selected to accommodate Venture. The facilities were less than ideal but conveniently located should Royal Roads fail. HMCS Ontario, a cruiser, was designated as the training ship and HMCS Oriole assigned as Venture's sail training vessel.

Set to open on 10 September, 1954, rapidly Venture came together materially as a very basic journeyman naval college to handle the first intake. No effort was spared by Rear Admiral Jimmy Hibbard who put all the resources of Pacific Command behind the enterprise. It was a rapid makeover producing instant basic facilities including science and language labs, and a chapel. New buildings would have to be built to accommodate over 250 cadets in the second year. Uniforms, beds, desks, table china, sports' gear, boats and all the necessities were ordered. On arrival all cadets had beds but no desks and no basic working uniforms for three weeks. Venture had the look of "hurry" when it opened. A later Captain would complain that Venture was like the Ford production line when compared to the Rolls Royce facilities of Royal Roads. But Welland saw only opportunity and was very pleased with the result. He commented with satisfaction, "It was a great credit to my senior officers that we got everything that we

asked for.” The navy had its college.

The recruiting campaign started in the spring with the target set at 160 cadets. It was estimated that Canada produced 16,000 males with junior matriculation each year and only 1 in 40 could pass the air crew medical. Brochures advertizing for “suitable young men aged 16 to 18 with Junior Matriculation or equivalent” were pushed out to recruiting centres and to schools across Canada. Special recruiting teams were sent out to scour the provinces. The fleet, HMCS Cornwallis and reserve divisions were canvassed for candidates. In 1954, Venture caught the attention of over 1,000 young men who applied. Of these 164 including 16 from the fleet were selected. The reasons for joining varied – some had always wanted to join the navy or had a sea cadet background, or Dad or Uncle Harry was in the navy during the war. For some it was adventure, some to fly, others because there was no money for university, others just to get out of a small town or away from the prairie winters. Recruiting Quebecers was a challenge but BC and Alberta made up the short fall. The final selection was made by Welland himself.

September arrived and a ritual to be repeated by ten consecutive Venture classes began. Successful candidates were notified by NSHQ, received joining instructions from Venture and a travel warrant designed to put them all on the same cross-Canada train. The 16 French-speaking of 34 Quebecers had been mustered at HMCS D'Iberville earlier for basic English training. The train was met in Vancouver by a Chief Petty officer and the hopefuls, awkwardly attired in suits, bussed to the CPR ferry for Victoria. Thence bussed to the Esquimalt dockyard and cast into chaos - Amyot's “bewildering mill” with everything going “full throttle”. Of many first impressions, one with Biblical connotations stands out, “Everyone spoke in a strange tongue with flames of fire”. Another wrote, “Everyone was yelling that I was doing something wrong but no one had bothered to tell me how to do it correctly.” Another [Doug Hinchliffe] wrote home being “just dazed” and “I don't know whether I'll be able to stick it or not”. Welland had a “talk” with the cadets remarking, “...when you were attested you became professionals in a great service and you will find it a great adventure. You will lend your enthusiasm to all we do.” And he told them to win.

Systematically the Venture staff spearheaded by superb Chief Petty Officers with huge voices created order from chaos. Supervised and regulated 24/7, immersed in naval environment, surrounded by the sights, sounds and bustle of the busy dockyard, young Canadians became functioning naval cadets. They were organized and housed in four divisions, four cadets to a cubicle, every French-speaking cadet with three English speakers. The gaggle became an efficient ship's company. Team work developed through drill, sports, boat work and sailing. There were constant inspections. They ran everywhere and everything was done at the rush.

Without any senior cadets the burden of supervision fell completely on the senior NCO's. Their influence on that and subsequent classes was decisive according to evidence, more so than the Executive and instructor officers. Many of these be-medalled WWII veterans were legends. CPO Sam Shaw, the biggest man in the navy, scored the highest marks recorded on the RN's gunnery course. He would straighten a slouching cadet's shoulders with a vice-like grip and was always available when on duty to tutor cadets in mathematics. CPO Draginda, the chief steward, who had orchestrated a mess dinner for the Queen. Draginda moved up and down the tables in the dining hall like a wary escort through lines in a convoy. “Mr. Cameron. Knife in the right hand and fork in the left curve on top, you'll get used to it”. “Mr Mason. Elbows off the table it will not float away.” “Mr. Farquhar. Don't shovel in your food. It is unbecoming a gentlemen.” CPO Frank “Cheyenne” Boddy was probably the homeliest man in the RCN, full of colourful language (swearing was forbidden) and anecdotes. He took great pride in his “weasels” and was admired universally. The chiefs conveyed respect and fostered self esteem. They taught the language and demonstrated through example how the naval culture functioned. The point is the cadets busted themselves to please these chiefs. They never forgot that they became naval officers through them. Ventures learned the RCN at base was men not ships and you never let them down. This is the heart of the Venture story.

A cadet had to be turned into a competent junior officer in two short years. The first year heavy on academics was followed by a year of professional training and cruising. Attrition was inevitable. Of the 164 entries 102 graduated. Welland set the Venture standard high and maintained it. Headquarters expressed alarm at the high attrition. Welland responded that Venture's wastage was less than similar service establishments and that he had no intention of sending the unfit out into the fleet. The navy would have to recruit to a higher standard and be more selective with applicant screening but the standard could not be lowered.



HMCS Venture continued until 1966. It operated longer than both the RNCC and Royal Roads. In 1955, there were 250 cadets, the highest in college history. Welland left in 1956 as did Philips and Amyot. Venture morphed into the Short Service Officer Plan (SSOP) in 1964 and was reduced to 14 months. But the story in the post-Welland era is for another time.

Venture graduated 462 naval officers including 15 Belgians and 202 pilots. In the short term Venture produced officers in a hurry to man ships and aircraft of the RCN during a period of rapid expansion. Without Venture the fleet could not have sailed in manning crisis of the 1960's. The Tribals and Frigates were manned almost

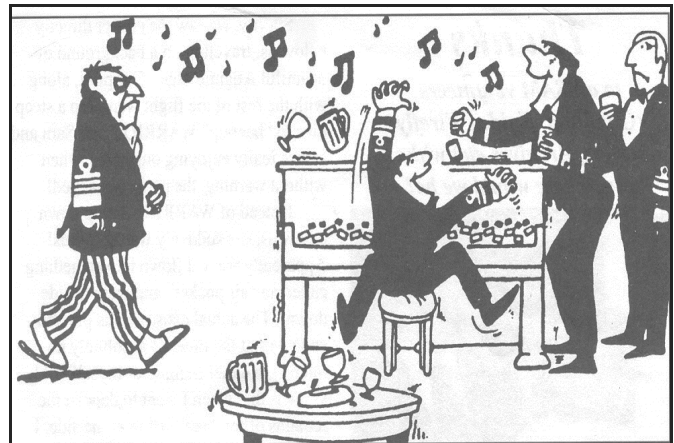
exclusively by Venture Officers. Later, most of the submarine officers would also be Ventures; seven passed the RN "Perisher" to command boats. The majority of pilots in the Naval Air Squadrons flying off the "Bonnie" in the 60's were Venture graduates. Ventures were the first pilots to train to fly helicopters from DDH's. Thirteen Venture pilots were killed in the performance of their duty.

The long term impact of Venture to the Navy and Air Force was the many career officers who transferred to the permanent force. In the 80's and 90's the majority of officers in senior ranks of the navy were graduates of Venture. Venture produced 13 naval flag officers including three Vice Admirals who served as the Commander Maritime Command, one as VCDS, a Commodore of Naval Divisions, and a Commodore in both the RAN and RNZN. At one point the majority of ships and squadron were commanded by Ventures. Bob Welland rose to rear admiral, and another Venture Executive Officer, Andy Collier, to vice admiral and became the Maritime Commander. In the air force, Venture contributed one Brigadier General, 15 Colonels, and 14 Lieutenant Colonels who commanded squadrons, groups, wings, and bases. It was reported, when it came to the selection board process, the Venture pilot graduates invariably out shone their opposite numbers on the list from the Air Force and Army. One Belgian rose to Lieutenant General to be CAS. The last Venture graduate retired in 2002, 48 years after Venture started.

The impact in the civilian sphere was equally impressive. The graduates who retired early or after full service careers went on to be diplomats, doctors, clerics, lawyers, business executives, architects, accountants, authors, artists, academics, teachers, and charter boat operators to name a few. Pilots twin-engine qualified were immediately recruited by grateful airlines. The Venture graduates include: two former MP's, one a cabinet minister, a former ambassador, a provincial court judge, a Doctor of Divinity, several PhD's, a president of a community college, the current President of the Justice Institute of BC, a former Senior pilot of Air Canada, two members of the BC Jazz Hall of Fame, and a doctor who delivered over 10,000 babies. Regardless of a primarily service or civilian career graduates are unanimous in their view that Venture was decisive in teaching them self esteem, leadership, team work and to succeed. They remain loyal to their classmates and the navy. The reunion last September in Halifax was attended by over 350 persons including Bob Welland. The Signal, the Venture Association newsletter, has 506 subscribers. The association is open to all who served Venture not just graduates. HMCS Venture was after all a ship; a "stone frigate" albeit, but a ship nevertheless. The history of HMCS Venture is permanently displayed in the Welland Room at NOTC Venture re-established in 1976. The navy could not function without a Venture to train naval officers.

HMCS Venture had a very good run. The pity is that it was

too short and they broke the mould when it was finished. Venture was a period piece, of its time and for its time – dated possibly but not with respect to values. In a purely naval environment it produced that last "band of brothers" in the Canadian navy. In retrospect are they proud to be Ventures? You are damn right they are! Keep on "full throttle". Thanks Bob Welland.



I HAVE OFTEN FLOWN OFF THIS SHIP BEFORE

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

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

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

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

Of Sun and Sand and Sadness Bermuda 1954

by Walter Henry

"Klag" was a word we used to describe that gray misty stuff airplanes have to find their way through when the possibility of being able to see the surface is a joke and the top side is an unlimited expanse of billowed white; a wonderland of beauty---a mythological invitation, even if insidious, to enjoy the sun forever.

We were at about eight thousand feet on the last hundred miles of a four plus hour flight from Florida to Kindley Air force base in Bermuda. Below us was solid cloud---I suppose you would say stratocumulus, but in any case, showing no visual path that might lead to the surface. The time had come to reduce altitude; commit to flying by instruments and return to visual contact with the sea. The two echelons of four TBM avengers spread out so as to avoid in-air collisions and the telegraphist cum radar operator cum sonobuoy-ejection-mechanism--- otherwise known as Observer Mates---hovered over their antiquated low power 'A scan' radars (APS4) in an attempt to locate the fourteen mile island of Bermuda; thereby to confirm the Observer's dead reckoning navigation across the near nine hundred miles of the Bermuda Triangle. It should be easy and, eventually, it was: one by one seven of the eight TBMs confirmed their position course and speed based on the increasingly larger contact of the island of Bermuda at about sixty miles out. The aircraft, singly, came out of the klag at about 800 feet altitude and made course for Kindley. Within a few minutes thereafter the cloud bank that had been our companion over the greater part of crossing of the Gulf Stream, gave way to brilliant sunshine, and within a few tens of minutes seven TBMs landed safely at Kindley.

There are two memorable aspects of that last forty minutes of flight. One is the gradation of the color of the sea from its normal dark blue-black of the North Atlantic, to a more pleasant shade of blue and then, quite quickly to an emerald green shading into white and finally to the glow of the pristine beaches of Bermuda. Really quite a kaleidoscope, and one of many reasons for remembering Bermuda with good feelings.

The other was the missing TBM. The tactical Very High Frequency radio, the VHF ARC1, was notorious for intermittency but on this occasion, its use permitted the errant TBM to be heard quite clearly. 'Kindly Air Force Base this is Canadian Navy (side number of the aircraft--- and I forget what it was) Request course to steer.' It would have been the pilot making the call and as he repeated it over and over, one might have imagined some increase in the tone of his voice---maybe, or not. Certainly in other respects he remained very cool and organized. The receiver portion of his ARC1 was on the fritz and he was not hearing Kindley's repeated instructions. Further the radar in his aircraft was either unserviceable or too

indiscriminating to permit identification of the island of Bermuda. One might think it not much of a task from several thousand feet altitude to detect a target that is fourteen miles long. Still, dead reckoning notwithstanding, they had managed to overshoot Bermuda and, if no other action was taken their next landfall would have been Africa.

I am reminded by Al Evens, the OM in the TBM of LCDR John Burns, that these calls of 'Request course to steer,' were not made in isolation. Indeed all eight TBMs were requesting 'Course to steer' instructions from Kindley. So much so that the VHF airways were filled with it. Again it may have been the faulty ARC1 transmitters but Kindley advised that TBM transmitted signals were too broken up to be usable, and that pilots should put their microphones against the canopy of their cockpit--- either that or hum into the mike. Some impatience was felt with the resulting chorus of hummers that increasingly became a source of their own interference.

In any case the pilot of the overshooting aircraft, notwithstanding the elevated tone of voice, was cool. There was a fall back system called Radio Range. The Morse code letter 'A' and 'N' were transmitted from Kindley in four alternating and adjacent ninety degree segments. The idea was that the lost navigator would turn down the volume on his receiver as low as possible and simply remain on the course currently being flown. If the volume increased it meant he was nearing Kindley and if it lessened he was moving away from Kindley. In either case there was a procedure of ninety degree turns, followed by a further estimate of 'nearer' or 'farther.' Then, given that determination, another ninety degree turn and another estimate. Logically, and assuming the pilot to be right in his estimates of the volume of the received signal, he would eventually come to a place where the letters changed---from 'A' to 'N' or from 'N' to 'A.' He could then use the heading that demarked the change-----or its reciprocal (another matter of estimating the received volume).

About an hour after the rest of us had landed, the eighth TBM made a lonesome but enormously welcomed landing at Kindley and taxied up to the nose bay structures that served as hangers while we were there. It is a testament to the aircraftman ship of the crew that this rude and fairly complicated fail safe procedure was made to work so well for them. Africa is a long way from Bermuda and the whole squadron was nearing the limit of its fuel supply given the flight from Florida already made.

On the other hand they may have been comforted by the sure knowledge that the water would be warm. The trouble for me, however, would have been that I was once told that the tail section of TBMs tended to break off in ditching. That is where my seat was and its strange how the thought of sea ingressing at about one hundred knots never entirely went away.

We spent about six weeks at Kindley, working with a submarine and gaining air experience in ideal training conditions that would never have been possible at that time of year in Canada. We also were able to 'go ashore' (a strange phrase given that this is an Air Force base) and even rent scooters that served admirably to review the flowering beauty of this idealistic place. Note though that a certain beach hotel (I think it was the Elbow Beach Hotel) in St Georges was out of bounds. I think it was what our American friends would call 'officer country.'

Well that is the 'Sun and Sand' part. Now we must turn to an event of real sadness. The loss of four squadron members on our return flight back to the temporary home made for us by the RCAF at their Summerside Station.

Time spent in Bermuda was meteorologically ideal, but the 'to and from' were problematic. We had been grounded four days in Florida on the way down and, even when the forecast seemed favourable to do the Kindley leg, we had hardly been airborne an hour before the klag started to move in. Expecting clear skies over Bermuda, we had opted to increase altitude to stay above the klag. It should be noted that many of our flight crews were inexperienced in flying the TBM. Indeed I am told that the pilot of the aircraft we would eventually lose only had seventeen TBM hours prior to our departure from Summerside for Florida. Of course the training in Bermuda would have gone a long way toward the needed familiarization, but not of great help in the matter of flying by instruments. The weather in Bermuda had been so good that one always had a horizon and a clear view of the surface.

In any case, again after four days of suiting up, kit all packed and ready to go, a prudent evaluation of the met report called for a stand down. On the fifth morning things looked a lot better for, although there was some cloud up around Maine there was an expectation of improvement, and so we launched. Again the pristine beaches became the white satin of the near shore and then emerald blending into a deeper blue. Again we were in two echelons of four aircraft each in a close but comfortable formation. This time we were heading for home in one step. Different from the two step sequence via Florida followed on the way down---and followed earlier that same year by our other TBM squadron, VS881,--- we would set a course directly for Summerside. Indeed given the geometry of the matter, the Summerside-Kindley leg is shorter than either of the other two sides of the triangle if one includes a stop-over in Florida. It was somewhere off Virginia that the first wisps of cloud could be seen below our eight thousand foot (?) flight path. But it kept coming up to meet us. Each time we would move to avoid it by increasing altitude by one thousand feet and notifying Air Traffic Control of our intentions. Four thousand feet higher and an hour later we again were met with a gradual increase in the meadow-smooth and glistening top of a cloud blanket.

I was in the lead aircraft of the first echelon and as a result could see---although my window was probably no more than ten inches by twelve inches, the whole squadron: one off our starboard wing and two off our port, followed by the second echelon of one to starboard of the lead aircraft, and two to port. I had taken to watching out of my two windows and so when the squadron was ordered to climb to thirteen thousand feet, I had a limited but adequate view of the other seven aircraft. The first echelon pulled up and away from the cloud followed by the second. However the fourth aircraft of the second echelon, being a few tens of feet below his upwardly stepped companion planes, momentarily dipped into just the slightest whiff of a cloud. Momentarily I could see the shadow of the aircraft top through a thin mist. And then he was gone. I could hardly believe an aircraft could disappear so quickly--- not more than five or six seconds from first entry to visual loss of his shrouded shadow. My immediate reaction was to advise the squadron commander on the intercom that number four Bravo echelon was missing, but I hesitated. What a useless piece of chatter given that there were already twenty eight pairs of eyeballs--- (oh, yes. All the mid upper (passenger) positions were occupied) --all certain to be looking for and all seeing the same thing. Even as I hesitated the Squadron Commander began to call the absentee aircraft on the tactical VHF frequency. He called perhaps three or four times. But there was no answer.

Again we had to go down through the klag. Our destination this time was Yarmouth, about ninety miles distant, and again the aircraft separated as safety measure. All the Observer Mates were again using their 'A' scan radar hoping to get some sign of the Nova Scotia coastline and, especially, some salient that would permit the Observer to plot a course to steer.

Never to abandon an exciting day, we suddenly heard one of the aircraft declare an emergency 'Pan,Pan,Pan, this is Canadian Navy 340 Engine failure. Decreasing altitude. Attempting to restart.' I recall the Squadron Commander's reply as, perfectly correct but somehow laconic in its brevity. 'This is Canadian Navy 362. Roger.' It seemed such a small reply to the threat of chaos that must have been going on in the imperilled aircraft's plunge earthward.

I am reminded in writing this that a second TBM, Lt Wally Schroeder as pilot, chose to follow his engine-sputtering wingman down through the klag. From time to time they would have visual contact but mostly it was a fully shrouded descent until they both broke out again at three hundred feet. Schroeder's aircraft (Don Byer aboard as OM) may indeed have been the infamous 337, whose claim to fame was an insatiable appetite for oil; thereafter generously disbursed over the engine and cowlings, as far back as the OM's window. The intention to proceed to Dartmouth was received with the same laconic 'Roger.' The two plane flight to Dartmouth was

successfully undertaken using radio range, and their landing at, an officially klag-closed Shearwater airport, sequentially and successfully made.

Recent discussion with Al indicates that, on exiting the klag, their position was unknown other than being west of Halifax--- Al's conclusion in that the shoreline was rock filled whereas east of Halifax the shore tends to be sandy. I am told that the Squadron Commander was a little ticked that the recovered aircraft had not opted for the shorter flight to Yarmouth, but certainly, given the still missing number four of the second echelon, he can only be relieved at the report of restart and the well developed experience of the lead pilot of what might have become a second disaster.

There is an amusing vignette that accompanies the failed engine experience. The pilot was LCDR John Burns who must have had a particularly acute sense of smell. After they were on their way to Dartmouth--- engine started again, position approximated, course laid in, and the Observers Mate, one Allen Evans---and this is his own telling when we next spoke in Summerside---must have felt that all was cool and, given that he had not had time to eat his lunch since leaving Kindley, set about to do so now. Leaning back in his bench seat, feet resting on his high frequency (ART 13) radio, seat belt off, he began to eat an orange only to have Burns on the intercom with 'Who is eating an orange?' Al 'fessed up. He was then asked if he had his seat belt on. Again Al 'fessed up. LCDR Burns was just a little 'burned.' 'Do you realize that if this thing fails again we will be in the water in less than ten seconds?' Well, Al got his act together and the remainder of the flight to Dartmouth, accompanied by Schroeder's 337, was without incident.

As we shall see there is a mystery around the in-cloud loss of one of our aircraft. There is another mystery in this latter matter however. How does one LCDR smell a peeled orange the whole interior length of a TBM's fuselage and be able to do so when the major airflow is in the opposite direction?

The remainder of the squadron continued downward in cloud that did not permit visibility. The five aircraft landed in Yarmouth in a heavy cross wind that bounced at least my aircraft, 362, about three times. Safely landed nevertheless.

We remained in Yarmouth for a week looking for our absentee aircraft without success. Later a wheel was found that had come from a TBM but there was no other trace. It was later concluded by investigators that the cause had been one of hypoxia of the pilot. He had been between eight and twelve thousand feet for an hour prior to entering the cloud and, while one can still exist at twenty thousand feet (an altitude of half normal atmospheric pressure and therefore something of the equivalent to breathing with only one lung) there are a number of

complicating factors such as inexperience, anxiety, possibly vertigo, any or all of which might account for such a sudden and silent a disappearance. There were four men in that aircraft all of whom knew how to use a press-to-talk switch but none were able to do so. This alone, it seems to me, attests something to the terror and incapacities created by uncontrolled free fall.

It should be noted as well that the fuel filters on some of the aircraft landing at Yarmouth were found to be water and particulate contaminated. I recall from my aero engine (fitters) training that water and fine particulate contamination is most likely to be an agent of failure when tanks are less than full. Much later I learned that it has to do with the difference in density between particulates and/or water, and liquid gas, the continuous mixing of the two as the aircraft flies, resulting in an effective concentration of the water as the tank level becomes lower.

The foregoing may account for LCDR Burns need for a restart. It probably does not account for the lost aircraft.

And finally, since this is the sadder part of the trip, one should note that at least one (and perhaps more) of the four lost men left families behind. The names of the four lost airmen were S/Lts James Holden, Robert Jones, John MacLeod and P.O. John White. There was a funeral and memorial service following recovery of the Squadron.

(Corinne Burns writes: My husband was LCdr J. R. (Jim) Burns. Johnny Burns was LCdr J.M.J. Burns. I believe Jim, after transferring from the RCAF and joining the FAA returned to Canada on the Warrior - I could be wrong - that was 1946/7. Jim hadn't received any mail from me for three months - it was all going to J.M.J. Johnny had married a lovely London model, Pat, and they retired to Bermuda.

My Jim died June 6, 2005 in Vancouver.)

REMINDER

IT'S TIME TO RENEW

YOUR MEMBERSHIP IN THE

SHEARWATER AVIATION MUSEUM FOUNDATION

FOR 2011

READER'S COMMENTS

From: *Don Crowe* <d.crowe.70@gmail.com>

I was RCN® and most of the time at Shearwater was on a 3 year short service. I arrived there in January 1957 appointed to 880 via VT40 and was reappointed to HU21 in June of the same year. The period of time I spent at Shearwater and on the Bonnie still stands as probably the most memorable of my whole career in aviation. I mustered out in March 1960.

I really enjoyed the Summer issue and in particular "A Miracle at Sea" by Bryan Hayter. I myself have experienced the odd small miracle that saved my.. well just lets say I survived. Also of personal interest was the article on the Avenger by Ed Smith. It was really interesting to hear his recollections of his initiation to the Turkey. I'd like to sketch a few of my memories of the same experience.

I started my TBM checkout at VT40 in 1957, my first flight in the Turkey was February 1. It was a success in that I arrived back alive and with no visible damage to the aircraft or myself. My self esteem was however seriously challenged. Toward the end of my flying training on Harvards at Moose Jaw I had made the fatuous declaration "Just give me any single piston engine aircraft!!" Like I was going to ace it with no problem. My problems started just sitting in the TBM to do cockpit famil the days before my first flight. So HUGE!. A behemoth! Then the day of my first flight and I couldn't get the engine started until the NCO in charge of the ground crew climbed up on the wing and turned the boost pump on for me.

At least I took off in the right direction on the runway unlike my room mate in the Gunroom (who shall remain nameless) who turned toward the short end of 26 (think that runway was 26) and got off the ground downwind not hearing the tower calling to him to stop.

On that first famil I was doing just fine letting the Turkey fly me around while I tried to figure out what precisely was going on. But then after doing a couple of stalls I tried slow flying. Too slow and it fell out from under me, and I mean fell. This would have been traumatic enough but the day was overcast and hazy and I was flying along the coast, so almost upside down I had no horizon whatsoever and no sign of the ground. Naturally I compounded my problem by retracting the gear and flaps and now my trim was wonky. As Ed mentioned, I too was a bit concerned about getting it back on the ground but that was an anticlimax I'm sure. I don't remember the landing but the TBM was so forgiving on landing that all the while I flew them I never did know when I'd made a good landing. Getting back to VT40 after that first light, I was just buzzing. Not really shaken up or anything although the dirty stall slow flying had had its effect on me. To compound this when we went down to

the Wardroom for lunch, (that was the old Wardroom) as I stepped out of the car, there below us in the hospital parking lot was a Lancaster. A Lancaster I thought?? How could this be and why was it there? It turned out it was being towed up to the field from I think Fairey Aviation where it had been in overhaul and as lunch time came around, the civvy ground crew had just pushed it into the hospital parking lot.

Two little events on my low level nav exercise at VT40: Flying well below the prescribed 250 feet above ground (or was it 500 feet), I strayed off course as I crossed over to the Bay of Fundy and managed to fly out of the hills at tree top level and right across HMCS Cornwallis. Despite my fears of being reported I never heard anything about it later.

So feeling pretty cocky now, I proceeded across the Bay at really low level and approaching the coastal hills in eastern New Brunswick ran the throttle up to take off power to climb up and over said hills at low level. About half way up I ran out of airspeed, rate of climb and ideas all at the same time. I managed to half skid and half turn (I think) until I was pointed down the slope, sweating and flying very carefully for a change. I must have had a guardian angel to get away with all the bonehead things I did in my early flying career.

One thing in particular I remember about the Avenger was the really short stick. Short because to stay below the chartboard that pulled out from under the instrument panel. Another is how heavy it was on the controls. Doing a tail chase you need both hands on the CC. I do recall one night exercise jinking off the runway during a stream takeoff and nearly rolling it upside down, the control was so light. I thought later it might have been booster tabs set up properly (if the TBM even had booster tabs) but reading Ed's story it was probably as he says that the auto pilot residual pressure was not there because the servos were not hooked up.

On one of my night sea navexes at VT40 I opted to return to Shearwater not long after t/o. The night was overcast and there was no horizon and it was cold. That could be why I turned back but I like to think I really did hear a strange sound that worried me. On arrival back to dispersal at VT40 I stepped out onto the wing and my feet went out from under me. I slid down and off the wing and managed to land somewhat upright. There was a sheen of oil on the wing and if my memory serves, the oil filler was located just ahead of the cockpit. The access panel was loose and the cap wasn't on the filler tube. I can't find an entry for an aborted night navex in my log book so maybe that was just a bad dream. I'm pretty sure it wasn't.

I remember that the wing fold and cowl gill levers were identical and after leveling out on one occasion reached up and selected wing fold in error. I'm sure they wouldn't have folded in the air but I didn't know that for sure. Well they didn't fold in any case and I did rectify the mistake pretty

quickly.

Ed mentioned in his article the loss of Moe Komarnisky. That day, March 18th was my first operational flight at 880. I remember it vividly because it was a scary flight.

We were briefed for a sea navex, four aircraft and I was number four. My observer was Cam Maxwell. I have him in my log book as Lt. Maxwell but I'm almost sure he was LCDR. and XO of 880. I'll have to ask him about that. Leading seaman Rix was OM. The forecast was for a trough coming through but no real weather problems. The met forecast changed twice after that, lead asking first if we were ok to go at 800 feet because ceilings under the trough were now forecast to be lower than the original 1500, and then 500 feet because once again ceiling were lower than forecast earlier. Of course we all agreed, we would have agreed to go at 50 feet if needed I'm sure.

We took off on 08 and as per briefing headed toward a join up at Hartlen Point. I think I'd reached 1000 feet when the first 3 Turkeys disappeared into the murk and then almost immediately I was in it too. I did a 180 and emerged from the cloud heading back to the station but whether I did a level instrument turn or was just lucky I have no idea today and didn't even at the time.

It turned out that it wasn't a trough coming through but a short sharp cold front and everybody was scrambling to get on the ground. Harvards, TBMs, C45s, S2Fs, Banshees, probably every type of airplane and helicopter at Shearwater. I was at 500 feet and when I got through to the tower I requested a carrier procedure. Cam piped up from behind me "No no go to a thousand feet" which of course, he being a two and a half and me being an A / Subby I promptly tried to do. I didn't make it to a thousand before I was in the goop again and I pushed over and came down right behind our #2 and unbeknownst to me right in front of #3, (Jud McSweeny I'm pretty sure). It was about that time I heard a call from a Bearhead aircraft for a VHF homing and the tower reply to stand by. I never heard them respond further to the Bearhead aircraft. It was of no significance to me at the time, just one of the continuous calls to the tower. I didn't know it was Moe, but after we were all on the ground and heard that he was missing I heard that it was his call sign. (Was Bearhead a VX10 call sign?)

George Seymour was a TCA captain and reserve Navy pilot who was also airborne in a TBM at the time and the story I heard, maybe from him was that while stooging around somewhere outside the CZ in rapidly deteriorating weather he had come across Moe. He called to him to join up and they would climb out on top and head over to Greenwood. Moe evidently joined up but when George broke out on top Moe was no longer with him.

We searched for days with no luck. On my second search on the 19th with Goose and Rix we flew for an hour after dark. My last search flight was March 25th with Goose

McLennan and LS Urquhart.

My recall is that months later, someone turning final for 08 glancing down saw a flash of dayglow in a swamp. It was Moe's helmet. Most of the aircraft was never recovered. It appeared he'd gone straight in.

Some or maybe much of all this could be inaccurate and if so I would love to hear anyone else's recollection of that day, or of just experiences on the Avenger. It was over 50 years ago and my memory does have a habit of rearranging things, at least it does according to my wife.

A couple of months later I was appointed to HU21 but I didn't entirely bid goodbye to the TBM. I flew VT40 TBMs over the next couple of years whenever I got the chance, including formation practice with Dave Matheson who had just been checked out, once on a non approved flight out to Sable Island, which got me in hot water with Jack Arnett and on another occasion for VX10, a couple of trips to Charlottetown to bring lobsters down for a big party.

At the time I was frustrated flying the Turkey, would have much preferred to have flown the Sea Fury (I was far too later for that. There was only one Fury, brand new, left at Shearwater when I got there and I saw it take off on a test flight. A few days later it left for Calgary donated to the tech school there), or Banshees. In retrospect I'm really glad I had the chance to fly TBMs. It was a great aircraft. I would love to fly one today. **Don Crowe**

PS A friend of mine was a student at Calgary Tech in the 60s and did a lot of training on that Fury. He seems to recall that aircraft had an ejection seat. I've never heard that any Fury's had ejection seats but since that was one of the very latest Fury's it's possible it had been retrofitted with one. Maybe someone can enlighten me on this. I know that pilots have said that it was not easy to bail out of.

My recollection of the runways at Shearwater is pretty hazy so runway 26/08 may be the wrong designation.

At VT40 with me training on the Avenger was a course of JAOBTC guys, Dick Davis, Murray Caldwell, Norm Ogden, Lyle Bannister, Jim Watkins and some others whose names will come to me after I've sent this, if I know how my memory works.

Dave Williams writes:

I have not heard from some of you for some time and its raining here today so maybe its time for a rant. hellyer's stupidity lives on although small steps back to sanity have occurred. I note, with pleasure that the executive curl has been replaced in the Naval Officers rank rings, and about time. It is a very small step but important to me. If I had

wanted to wear the rank insignia of a fire chief or ferry skipper I would have joined their organization and besides, it keeps the Nuns in Halifax busy making those curls and perhaps keeps them out of mischief. The next step would be to put our seamen back into a sailor suit. Our troops look pretty smart in the present outfit, the navy blue and white looks good but it is not a sailor suit. I wonder if our guys go ashore in a foreign port and wear that outfit with pride? Does the rest of the world recognize them as men of the sea? Do they cut any ice with the ladies, or even the laddies. When many foreign navies paraded through Victoria this summer to celebrate our centennial, all were recognizable in their uniforms as seamen, except ours.

Using modern material and design but incorporating as many of the traditional bits as possible I am certain that a smart, comfortable and pleasing to the ladies sailor suit is not beyond reason.

My last beef for today may surprise you.... parade drill. When I parade with Legion on Nov 11, an x militia RSM takes the parade and each year he uses the same line. When coming to attention, lift your left foot up 6 inches and put it down 7 inches. This foot pounding may be good for the Army but is totally out of character for the Navy and for good reason. Can you imagine the XO of a carrier put up with heel clickers and hobnails while taking aboard 115/145 octane fuel. Hellyer had no idea that there were sound reasons for Navy drill and after all, we are the "silent service". I never followed the RSM's order because A, I probably would have fallen over and B if I did try it, I would probably break a bone or injure my back. Its tot time, but one editorial correction is in order. *The lower case 'h' in Hellyer is intentional. DW.*

Hi Kay, I have just finished reading the latest Warrior. What interesting stories. You in particular and your staff are doing an amazing job. I usually finish reading from cover to cover before Al.

I particularly wanted to thank Stu Soward for his excellent story of the Demise of Naval Air it was absolutely heartbreaking. One thing with Stuart is he tells it like it is not leaving out anything that he thinks might upset anyone in Ottawa.

I think we were in Clinton when we heard the sad story that Bonnie was on it's last deployment it was a very sad day. We knew then what was coming next. It was hard to take especially after the refit.

I have always been very proud of our pilots. They were very talented and heroes in my book. They were admired by many countries especially when you measure the deck they had to land on and in many cases rough waters.

I know that Al has always been very proud of being in the Naval Air Branch. He had joined up as a Stoker, when Blackie Edwards told him the Navy was opening up an Air Branch and that he was going to apply so Al applied and that was his start. He loved every minute. Especially when he was on Test Flight, his pilot was Ted Loney and they are still keeping in touch via the internet.

Well Kay keep up the good work I am sorry for rambling on and on but I get that way at times I guess it's because of age and reminiscing. **Vi Whalley**

Pop Fotheringham writes:

WARRIOR Summer 2010. It is amazing that the role and record of H.N. Lay as a Flag Officer of the RCN has been so ignored by RCN historians. While he was not the only supporter of naval aviation, his position forms the keynote for Stu Soward's outstanding account in 'The Tragedy of Success' of that 25 year period. Post-unification naval officers will one day have to include that internationally acknowledged period of excellence as forming a worthy part of RCN history.

Bill Buchan writes:

We were on our 2nd leg, to Japan. Hawaii to Kwajalein (Oil Stop). It would be on the island of Kwajalein, among the Marshall Islands. Which I was looking forward to seeing it. As I had watched a movie of it as a kid during the war.

I will never forget arriving there. As I was up early, to see my first sighting of a tropical island. Of which I was very disappointed!

There was nothing to see. (I was told after, that sea level there, was approximately 6 ft., along with only 11 palm trees left from the American bombardment retaking the Island. You bump into it to find it).

While taking on fuel, they piped that we could go ashore, for swimming (in a lagoon, surrounded with nets, to keep the sharks out. NO THANK YOU !) I chose the Looky-loo route. Tropical rig of the day, required.

Well first of all, it was HOT! 2nd there was no, none, shade. Along with the sun being straight up. With this Looky-Loo soaking it all in. There was not much to see or do. As the Americans really did a bombardment here.

I had spent three hours ashore (as I had the 1st dog in #1 BR. Back in the mess, a few of my mates were commenting on my shade of colour (along with me starting to feel scratchy). Then changing into my dungs and steaming boots (I couldn't lace up my boots, also my dung's chafed my legs, ouch!!). My Bosses, after seeing

me, stood me in the corner under the fan. I WAS TOLD TO STAY !!

After we were underway, we had a visit from the Engineer and the Chief Stoker, doing there rounds. As I remember there was not much discussion. As I was relieved, and sent up to the Chiefs office.

Next morning (I was wishing, my Mother was here, and I was where she was !) After seeing the EO, (hearing words like self inflicting wounds, I was headed to the XO). The XO passed me onto the Captain.

Captains Defaulters. I believe I was the only defaulter there. All the Div Officers along with heads of dept's were there also.

When asked by the Captain, if I had any thing to say for myself, in my defence (I mumbled, "Nothing Sir".) He then asked the surrounding officers if any one had anything to say on my behalf !

The silence was deafening(seemed like an hour). THEN one of the officers, stepped forward ! It was the Medical Officer! In my defence!

He said: "Sir, you will notice, that Ordinary Stoker Buchan's sunburn, is only affecting his skin that was not covered by the RIG of THE DAY, Shorts and sandals." Captain's reply: CASE DISMISSED!! The DOCTOR was, Dr. Joe Cyr or better known later as THE GREAT IMPOSTER !!!

Goerge Plawski writes:

Dear Kay, I was most interest in Ralph fisher's comments, a few issues back, about Brian Bell-Irving, who unwittingly played a decisive role in my choice of career.

I was among a group of UNTD cadets embarked in the Ontario in the summer of 1955 completing a European cruise which culminated in traversing the Panama Canal on the way home to Esquimalt.

BBI was serving in some kind of 'fish head' appointment, and I clearly recall how his presence and demeanour commanded my attention.

There was a palpable devil-may-care air lingering about him like an aura. His manner and bearing exuded a sense of marking time, of being out of place. As I admired him from a distance, instinctively I understood that there was an indelible connection between his style and his wings.

I had the opportunity, as Duty Cadet, to observe him one night in a Caribbean harbour when he was Officer Of the Day. It was an uneventful watch and BBI took advantage of the warm and tranquil night to lounge on the

quarterdeck. In contrast to the pusser self importance of other OOD's, Brian was the quintessence of informality. As he balanced himself in a chair with his feet up on the railing, his hands supporting the back of his head, his hat perched carelessly on a stanchion, he struck a pose legitimized - in fact practically commanded - by those magic wings.

I remember idling nearby, hoping to be spoken to. He called my attention to some passing fish, I believe, and during the ensuing conversation, there was never a hint of superiority, just easy banter oblivious of rank. The image of Brian which burned itself into my memory, however, occurred when we were coming alongside in San Diego.

While ropes were being heaved and orders yelled into the animated bustle on dock and on deck, I became aware of a convertible pulling to a stop just beyond the mayhem, a classic blonde behind the wheel.

On board, resplendent in his whites, BBI paced the deck with undisguised impatience. The brow was still being muscled into place when a white blur sped down its length. All activity came to a halt. Spellbound, all eyes followed Brian as he sprinted along the jetty, vaulted over the door into the front seat, swept his hat off his head and encircled the blonde in his embrace in one continuous, seamlessly choreographed motion.

At that moment, I knew that's what I wanted to be, and all that separated me from that swashbuckling showoff were those enchanting, mesmerizing, irresistible wings.

Thank you Brian, to emulate you has been a lifelong passion.

Bill Farrell is not happy today. The proof reader of the Peter Worthington article obviously missed some dates. President Kennedy was killed on November 22, 1963 and Oswald shot on November 24. I'm sure others have noted that. Very good story and we have this film replayed here every anniversary. I will look for Peter in the next showing.

I remember where I was when it was reported. I was at the gas pumps by the old football field(right behind you) when the news came. I was filling up to go to Trenton, NS (My wife's parents) for the weekend.

I also have flown into Love Field in Dallas and saw the location where Air Force One was parked. I also visited the Dealy Plaza. Still very eerie and an almost silence as you stand there. In the summer months it has become somewhat of a shrine.

Great job on the latest Edition of Warrior. **Gerry Dollmont**

(Hi Gerry - as I mentioned to you earlier, our proof reader was asked to check for spelling errors basically. We take what the writer gives us at face value; unless, of course, the error is so blatant that even I could find it, and it is corrected. If an error, such as you have noted here happens, we depend on the writer or others to get in touch with us regarding same - this opens the doors of communication with each other as well.

As I've mentioned before, Bill gave me a Ouija Board so I could keep in touch with him after he left us - he said he is happy. He wasn't put out at all about the error - he didn't remember the exact dates and neither did I. Thanks for writing. **Ed**)

Neil Goodwill writes:

I have just read the 'Summer issue of Warrior' & am left with a so nostalgic feeling.. that indeed the Air Branch & Navy had the best of comradeship that can be shown. Your articles take us from day one to present of the air-stations & carriers not to mention Buckingham & her tests pre DDH's. I was in that squadron at that time. I almost felt like I should have joined the Air Arm in lieu of Engineering on reading ..mind you I say "almost" - as we all commemorate the Centennial year of the Navy. We were all one!

Sent to us from **Dave Shirlaw of SEAWAVES**

Vikrant maritime museum proposal to be revived
Calcutta News.Net
Tuesday 5th October, 2010 (IANS)

In part.....

The proposal to convert the decommissioned aircraft carrier INS Vikrant into a maritime museum is expected to be revived soon with fresh tenders for the project, a top official said here Tuesday. The proposal to convert INS Vikrant into a maritime museum has been hanging ever since the country's first aircraft carrier was decommissioned in 1997.

Though the full-fledged museum proposal is pending, the Indian Navy has already started a museum on board the ship. It attracts huge crowds of students and tourists during the Navy Week and other occasions when it is thrown open.

The ship is presently permanently berthed off the Oyster Rock in the Arabian Sea near the Gateway of India.

(From Kay: VIKRANT - wasn't that the one that was suppose to be the twin of Bonnie - or something like that? Hmm - you don't think... maybe... Well, I believe Elvis is still living.)

Taken from an email from *John Gruber*:

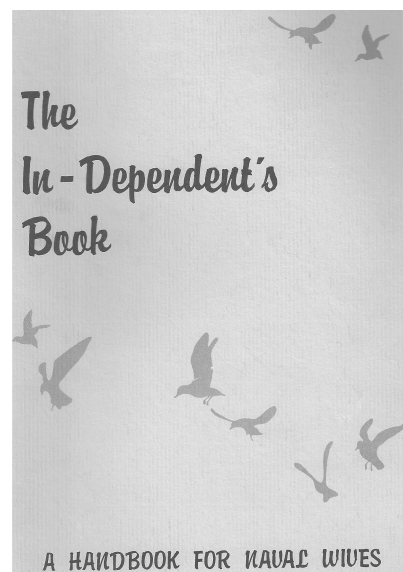
I should begin by noting that my Naval Air employment was the result of that "unholy Unification experiment" and ended in late 1967. Although I have been a longstanding member my recent (4 Oct.) visit was my first to the SAMF buildings. I was completely overwhelmed at the spectacular achievement with the "Wall", it is a truly magnificent tribute to both Naval and Canadian history.

(Thank you Mr. Gruber, the idea for the Wall of Honour was first presented to the SAM Foundation Board of Directors by Al Moore. Great idea wasn't it! Kay)

Bill Murray writes: The other day I was reviewing a few articles of Sea Fury experiences and came across an article by Jake McLaughlin (pg 53 from the previous Museum Foundation publication WARRIOR).

The Sea Fury played the same trick on me as it did on Jake Birks. Fortunately it happened at 10,000 feet during an acrobatic manoeuvre so I had more time to recover than did Jake. I remembered that the Fury could torque stall (airframe turn around the large 5 blade propeller) if, when near stalling speed, the throttle is thrust forward too quickly - I tried moving the throttle back and forth several times, while falling inverted, with no affect - until when passing between about 3000 ft, the Fury suddenly turned right side up - the heavy nose dropped. I pushed the control stick forward to gain speed and was able to pull-out over the trees without stalling - just made it - no doubt due to the denser air at low altitude.

So - I joined Jake as one of the few who survived ' *The fury of the FURY.*'



Does anyone remember this booklet? Given to the Museum by Al Moore (the Pilot).

**2010
WINNING TEAM
NSIAS / SAMF GOLF
TOURNAMENT**

The winning team (Low Gross score of 59) was Pratt and Whitney Team One.

The players were:

Tom Raymond, Shawn Avery, Todd Sparks and Adam Osborne (*not necessarily shown in that order*).

Presenting the trophy is Eric Edgar from the SAM Foundation.



AD HOMINEM (but no DEUS EX MACHINA)

When *Bonaventure* was introduced to the fleet in 1957 part of the fit included a CCA capability. However, because we had no qualified operators, a training course for two Officers, one P1 and five P2's was arranged with the United States Naval Air Facility, Olathe, Kansas, a smallish town(then) about 35 miles SE of Kansas City.

Since there was no suitable accommodation on base for the P2's, we stayed in the only hotel in town, which sat immediately next to the Santa Fe Railroad tracks from Independence, Mo. to Sacramento, Cal. We got used to the long, noisy freight that went past our window every night at about 2AM, as well as other odd goings on at all hours. I was bunked with Bud Maclean. One night a commotion was going on outside our door that sounded like WW3 had started. We opened our door and had a peak at what was going on. There before our eyes was Del Brooks, legs 2 feet off the ground flailing wildly in mid air, and being carried down stairs by two burly State Troopers, exactly as you might see in a Hollywood movie. As most of you know, Del wasn't very tall and had red hair. We found out from the hotel proprietor that there had been a robbery at a bar just down the street. The owner identified the robber as being "short and with red hair". As no one new of anyone in town by that description a couple of locals immediately noted it must the redhead in our group.

Del was taken to the bar where the incident occurred and the owner told the cops he definitely wasn't the perpetrator. He was released, returned to the hotel and we all went back to bed. We didn't even advise Lt. "Swifty" McKay our Det Cdr until class next day. The incident was a typical example of AD HOMINEM, i.e., it had to be him because of his red hair etc. Luckily, we didn't have to invoke DEUS EX MACHINA.

Slinky Green

Another tidbit follows from Si:

I experienced really good times as a naval aviator and made some lifelong friends. I was also a participant in a few capers, one in particular comes to mind; to whit. When VS880 was stationed in Summerside, a few OM's decided the highway sign just outside the base boldly stating ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE STATION SUMMERSIDE did not correctly depict it's use so we changed it to CANADIAN NAVAL AIR FACILITY. This accomplished under the eagle eyes of the base AF Police. After about 3 weeks or so someone spotted the changed and took down our sign.

We almost prejudiced our chances of of a happy stay in Summerside. Nevertheless, everyone took it in good humour other than the Station Commander, Group Captain Sweatman who I am told became apoplectic and never spoke to a sailor again. *Slinky*



AIRCREWMAN (081 TRADE) GATHERING 2010

Held in conjunction with the 2010 Thanksgiving weekend CNAG Re-union to celebrate 65 years of Canadian Naval Aviation was the largest "Gathering" of back-seat aircrew in many years. Having gone through so many trade name changes over the past 60 years, we decided upon "Gathering 2010", simply because there was not sufficient space on the name tags to list them all. Formerly we were a Naval Aviation Trade, now our current Military Occupation designator is that of Airborne Electronic Sensor Operator (AES Op) 081. Over the years we've been Observer's Mates (OM's) 1949, Naval Aircrewman, (NA's) 1960, Radio Navigators (RN's) 1966, Observers, (OBS) 1968, AESO's (1980's), and then to the current designation. As an RCN Trade, we were certainly 'A bastard trade'; we had not just the Aviation Trades represented, but Seamen, Stokers, Sonarmen, RP's, Cooks and Stewards, Stores bashers, all trades. All manner of individual came, we like to think for the glory of a flying career; but perhaps because the 75 bucks a month Flying Pay almost equaled their monthly pay. Most learned to love the trade, the job variety offered and the career opportunities presented. From humble beginnings

in TBM Avengers, we progressed to CS2F Trackers, HO4S Helicopters (Horses), CH124 Sea Kings, CL28 Argus, CP140 Aurora and Arcturus and soon the CH148 Cyclone.

When the RCN purchased TBM Avengers in 1949 and configured them as an ASW platform, there then came a requirement for a third crewmember, the "Observer's Mate". Not many were required and these billets were initially filled from the Aircraft Handler's (AH) trade, a two year tour as an OM, then back to the AH trade. Primary OM's duties were the operation of radar, HF communications, MAD equipment, ESM equipment and Ordnance stores. In 1952, the decision to make the OM trade integral to the RCN was made, and the trade opened up for transfers from all RCN trades. Some of the Avengers were modified as Airborne Early Warning (AEW) platforms and OM's operated the long range warning radar with a capability to vector friendly aircraft towards any threat area.

With the purchase of the Carrier HMCS Bonaventure and the CS2F Grumman Trackers, the RCN decided to eliminate the Observer classification and use a 2 pilot OM team. This dramatically increased the manning of the OM trade and during the next few years other decisions provided enhancement and job variety for the OM trade.

RCN helicopters were used in a variety of roles; the Sikorsky H04S was equipped with a 'dunking sonar' and OM's replaced the Sonarmen who were seconded from sea billets to HS-50 for sonar operator duties. With the Sea King on the horizon and the need for more crew this was a logical step to ensure future needs would be met.

Acquisition of Ground Control Approach (GCA) radar at Shearwater also opened the door for more job variety. As a break from flying operations, OM's took GCA training with the RCAF and the USN and manned and operated the GCA site at Shearwater and the Carrier Control Approach (CCA) radar in HMCS Bonaventure. Along with members from the Aircraft Control (AC) trade, OM's also manned the Shearwater Tower facility in both "A" Stand and "B" Stand positions. Training was provided through the Department of Transport facility in Ottawa.

When the CHSS2 Sea King was introduced in 1964, back seat manning required two Aircrewmen for sonar operation, hoisting and observer duties. In 1966/67 when the Sea Kings were outfitted with a Tactical Navigation System, that system was operated by Tactical Coordinators, (TACCO's). These were OM's who had previously been Commissioned in the trade.. The expansion of the helicopter fleet duties and HelAirDets required an increase in TACCO's and a number of senior NCO's were commissioned to meet this requirement.

With Integration on the horizon many studies were conducted to determine the fate of the 081 Trade. The final result after months of hard haggling was that the Trade would totally survive. We would continue to man the positions that we already occupied and we would assume the duties filled by Radio Officers in the Argus in the Maritime Patrol (MP) world.

The trade blossomed in the post Integration years. In addition to the manning requirements for the Trackers and Sea Kings came the increased requirement to man the RO positions in the Maritime Patrol (VP) squadrons. The trade was opened to re-musters from all trades in the Canadian Forces. A basic course was set up at Canadian Forces Air Navigation School (CFANS) in Winnipeg. The basics required for the trade were taught and successful candidates then proceeded to Maritime Operational Aircrew Training (MOAT) in Greenwood, and on completion were posted to either a VP Squadron or to Trackers, where further training on type was required. Certainly this was a long haul for a new Pipe-liner into the trade. Observers posted to Sea Kings needed at least one fixed wing tour before conversion.

Many changes and advancements have occurred since the trade was expanded. We changed names again, this time from Observer to AESO then AES Op. Acquisition of the CP140 Aurora introduced new sensors and expanded job requirements. Current AES Op's operate a variety of airborne surveillance sensors, including radar, Electro-Optical and Infrared Imaging (EO/IR), Magnetic Anomaly

Detection (MAD) Electronic Support Measures (ESM), under water acoustics, gunner duties, hoisting, photographic and communications equipment. The missions performed by today's AES Op's are wide and varied. They include Anti-Submarine Warfare, Surface Surveillance, Over-the-Horizon Targeting, Sovereignty Patrols, Anti-drug Ops, Anti-Pollution Patrols, Search & Rescue, Northern and Fisheries Patrols, and Operate UAV electronic sensor systems, to name a few. They have an incredibly interesting and challenging profession and are now recruiting directly from Civvy Street into the trade. It is very gratifying to know that from such humble beginnings, the 081 trade has evolved into such a specialized and vital branch of the Canadian Forces.

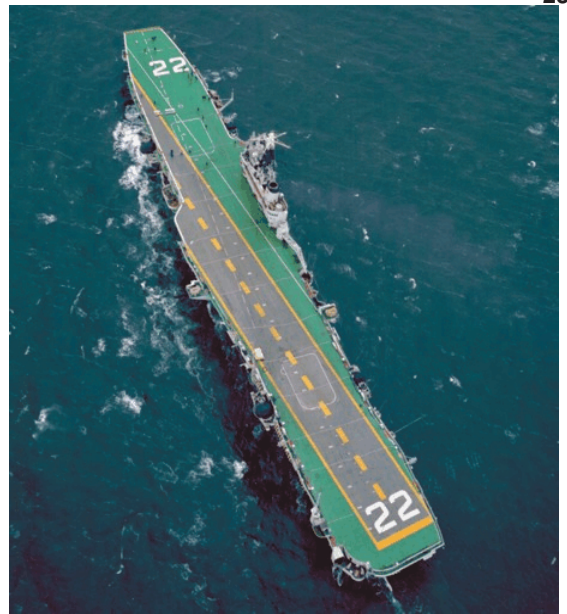
About five years ago, some retired 081 trade members on the West Coast decided to have a small get together. That event was well received and attended and the word spread East. A group of guys in Ontario held a get-together, then, we in the real East decided it was time to get ourselves in gear. Our first East Coast version was held at the Shearwater Aviation Museum in 2008; it was a one day event, and pretty well attended, so the foundation for the future was laid. In 2009 a much larger event was held, again centered on our first home, Shearwater, and again utilizing the Museum as a focal point. We had over 60 former members attend this event, which included the meet and greet, brunch and a presentation of Trade memorabilia to the Museum, a dinner cruise on Halifax Harbour and a remembrance gathering at the Bonaventure Sailor's Memorial in Point Pleasant Park to honour our Mates lost in Flying Operations.

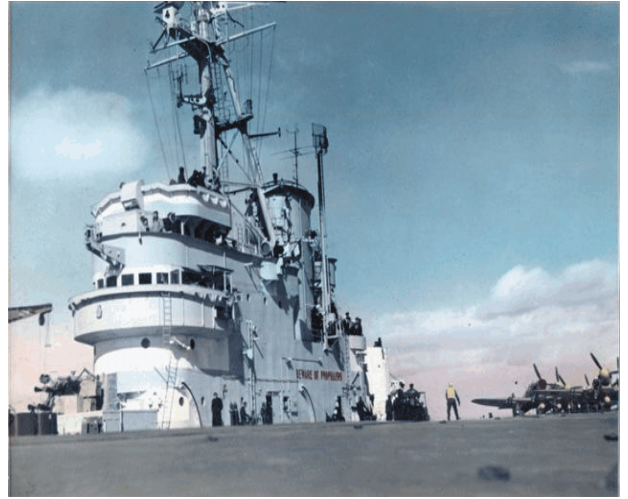
This year proved a perfect venue for another Trade Gathering as we've come to call these events. Many of the trade were coming here to attend the CNAG Re-union and the timing could not have been better. We hosted two functions, a superb "Meet & Greet" at the Mess in Shearwater, attended by over 100 folks, and then we held a great brunch on the Saturday morning. This Gathering of trade souls was an incredible experience. We had Trade members from as far back as OM Course #5 right up to current serving AES Op members attend. Old friendships were rekindled and new friendships were forged. Many 'war stories' from the past did not let truth stand in the way of a good yarn, and the camaraderie and laughter from all was heard late into the evening. We really hit it right, and the compliments the organizing committee received were very much appreciated. We, the committee, had agreed that this would be our swan with respect to future Gatherings, but as folks departed with "We had great time, when's the next Gathering?" we have sort of agreed to rethink the issue in a year or so!

Jon Main OM15
Dick Pepper OM15
Fred Illingworth OM18
Dale Smith NA210

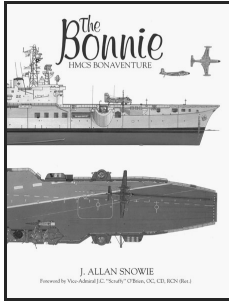
Photo: Courtesy of John Thompson
Some historical info courtesy of
The AES Op website.

MEMORIES





Pull out section



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The options are:

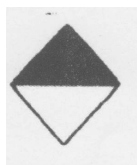
Option A: One half tile 12" X 12" x 17" and triangular in shape with up to 5 rows of 3/4" letters for a maximum of 60 letters and spaces. The longest row can accommodate up to 20 letters and spaces. The remaining 4 rows will decrease in length as the border/edge of the tile dictates. It should be noted that the upper half of the tile will start with a short row and the bottom half will start with a long row.

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

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

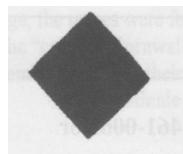
Option D: The “Buddy” Tile - sold only as a full tile. This tile is divided into 4 quarters - each 6" X 6". Each quarter can accommodate up to 6 rows of 1/2" letters for a maximum of 48 letters and spaces. The two centre rows can accommodate up to 12 letters and spaces with the remaining rows decreasing as the tile edge dictates.

Option A



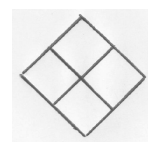
\$300

Option B & C



\$600

Option D



\$600

Wall Tiles may be purchased through monthly installments.

Half Tiles - \$100 day of purchase - \$100 per month for the following two months.

Full Tiles - \$200 day of purchase - \$ 100 per month for the following four months.

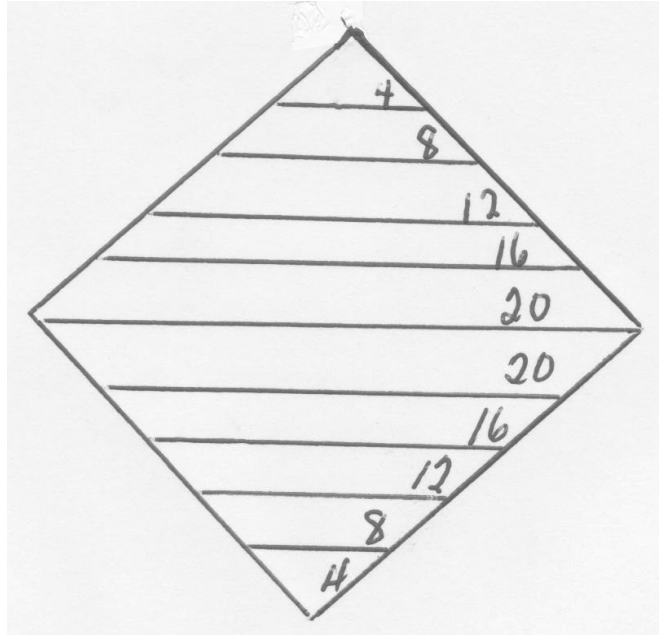
Continued next page

III

(Wall Tiles (continued)

The colour of the tile will be 'Belmont Rose'. If the submission requires any alteration, the subscriber will be contacted by phone or email by the coordinator for further discussion. REMEMBER TO COUNT THE SPACES!

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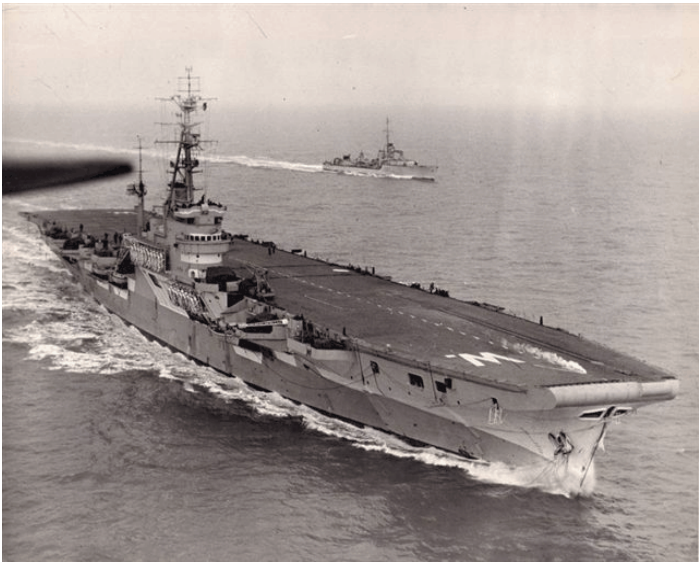
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MEMORIES OF A BACK SEAT NAVAL AVIATOR

by Peter Bruner

...continued Part 4

On arrival at Shearwater March 1957 I was attached to the Observer's School in preparation for our training as "Carrier Controlled Approach Operators". There were six Petty Officer Second

Class, Al Evans, Del Brooks, Si Green, Bud Maclean, Ken Bullock and Yours Truly. In addition to the six were 2 officers, LCDR McKay and Lt. Ted Cruddas.

Our first part of training was being sent to the fleet school at Stadacona to learn all about ships Radars. ("yawn"). On completion of this enlightening phase, we were sent to RCAF Station Greenwood and were initially trained on a "Ground Control Approach Radar" which was the counterpart of the ship borne "CCA Radar" but without a glide path indication.

After a few weeks at Greenwood we were sent to NAS Olathe Kansas to be trained on the "SPS-8 CCA Radar". There were no quarters available for NCOs on the base so we had to stay at the local hotel. Olathe Kansas was located 20 miles from Kansas City KS and Kansas City MO. Twin cities straddling the state borders with a narrow strip separating them called the "Federal Zone".

Olathe Kansas had a population of about 800 people when we checked into the Hotel. There were only 3 rooms available. We were allocated the 3 rooms with 2 of us to a room sharing a double bed. Talk about navy trained but it only cost \$1.00 per night so we had a bit for entertainment. It is to be noted that NAS Olathe was also a training base for US Marines.

Our second night there we went to see a new movie at the base theatre called "The Drill Instructor" with Jack Webb starring. It was all about basic training for Marines and part way through the film a voice in the audience said "what colour is chicken S-T." Six voices replied "Gyrene Green". About 200 Marines rose to their feet while 6 Matelots crept out the exit - Post Haste.

Bud MacLean had rented a U-Drive car so we were able to tour the twin cities' brighter spots and also the federal strip which had very few rules and regulations. So much for the sailors life.

Having completed the course we returned to Shearwater to await the "Bonaventure" which had recently been

commissioned on January 17, 1957.

Prior to leaving NAS Olathe we were commended by the school for attaining the highest marks for the course of any of the 20 persons who attended (top 8 all Canadians).

August 1957, posted to Bonaventure air operations as CCA Controller. With LCDR McKay, LT. Cruddas, Al Evans, Del Brooks.

We sailed for Belfast Ireland to complete requirements for the ship at Harlan & Wolfe dockyard. We three NCOs were sent to #one mess starboard side just aft of the cable deck. There were 40 bodies in this mess, all Petty Officers Second Class from all trades. I made many good friends in the two years I was aboard as CCA Operator.

In Belfast, we attended many a Pub. Amongst them was one called "The Ambassador". Our first night there was in uniform and Steve McDonald, Tex Bent, Al Evans, Buck Rogers and myself attended. It was a rather noisy and dangerous place to be as there were many altercations between male and female, male and male and female and female. When a couple of beer bottles broke on the wall where we sat and showered glass all about. We decided immediately to vacate the place.

Being after 10 pm, there was no public transportation available, so we decided to hitch a ride to the ship.

As we walked along a larger car approached, stopped and gave us a lift to the dockyard. The driver, a well dressed person, chatted us up and asked how we had enjoyed things that evening. I.... immediately told him about "The Ambassador" pub we had attended and how rough and ready it was with drunkenness, fights and the flying beer bottles. I would NOT be going back again, which my wingers agreed upon.

We were approaching the dockyard and could see our ship across a field about one half a mile away. At this time, our host/driver said that was as close as he could take us. The car stopped and we all stepped out thanking our host for bringing us there. He replied you're welcome, started away and advised us he was the owner of "The Ambassador" pub.

We left the road and started out across the field toward our ship. It was not long thereafter we discovered this was swampland. Upon going up the gangway we viewed our water soaked shoes and pant legs covered with mud. Lesson learned - "Keep my big mouth shut!".

The next weekend, George Merkley rented a U-Drive car and we drove up the road to the town of Bangor Ireland. Del Brooks and I obtained accommodation for the four of us at a Bed and Breakfast while George and Al Evans took off on a tour of the local countryside. We agreed to meet at a local pub at 6pm. At the time designated plus 30

minutes the pair arrived and apologized for being late.

They had toured the local countryside and along the way gave a lift to two girls who were hitchhiking to the town. When they stopped and the girls were getting in the car, George the driver got out, opened the trunk and placed their naval topcoats in the trunk. Back in the car and traveling to Bangor, George kept looking at Al and Al at George, wrinkling up their noses. When they stopped and let their passengers out they looked at each other and expressed the fact that the girls could really use a good bath. The stank in the car persisted even with the windows cranked down. When they stopped for petrol and stepped out of the car, George discovered the cause of the smell. It was dog feces George had stepped into when he had gone out to open the trunk of the car. It was all over the pedals and carpeting. The late arrival for our meeting was time spent cleaning up the driver position. We speculated what the passengers must have thought of Canadian Matelots and had a good laugh about it. In later years, George was often asked if he checked his shoes before getting into one of our cars.

Having sailed in Sept '57 for Ireland we were in mid Nov now, ready to go home to Slackers. All the goods were aboard and everything ship shape and Bristol fashion. On our last weekend in Belfast, Steve MacDonald, Tex Bent and I went ashore to say our goodbyes to some of the dockyard friends we'd made.

It was rather brisk out and the temperature around freezing. It was early afternoon and we decided to take in a movie before meeting our friends. We entered the theatre, checked our coats and were seated in the balcony. About 30 minutes after we were seated, there was a loud cracking noise, about 5 seconds later Tex leapt out of his seat to the sound of splashing liquid and tinkling glass. He had a Mickey of Pusser's Rum he had taken out of his topcoat and put into his right front pocket of his trousers. A gift for his "friends". It was a bottle he filled to the brim, capped it and had not left any airspace in the top for expansion. Just goes to show you that cold air and a warm thigh just don't mix. The pungent smell of "neats" in the theatre expedited our exit. We later shed a few tears with our friends at the local pub and said our goodbyes.

The next day we were to sail for Halifax the following morning. Many of the ships company took this opportunity to say farewell to Belfast, leave expired on board at 0700 hrs. But many others were aboard and fast asleep in their bunks.

About 01:00 hrs two of the flight deck crew approached the ship. Tom Guthrie and Al Downey were walking up the jetty leading a poor old thin horse. Al Downey came aboard, explained to the officer of watch that he and Guthrie bought the horse from a carriage driver and wished to take it home with them. The hangar deck was

packed with furniture and pets of the commissioning crew returning to Halifax. They felt the horse was their pet and wished to take him along too. The officer on the brow told Downey to get rid of the horse which he conveyed to Guthrie who was last seen leading the horse back down the jetty. Downey came aboard and went foreword to his mess deck. Half an hr afterwards the brow crew heard the motor on the ship's crane running. Peering over the side, they saw the horse in a sling halfway up to the flight deck with Downey driving the crane and Guthrie directing. They were placed under arrest, constabulary took the horse away and the next morning we sailed. Downey and Guthrie were brought up before the commander and were punished with "Stoppage of Leave". Funny thing, at various times while en route to Halifax, small piles of fresh and steamy horse manure was found in various passages from the bridge to the wardroom including officer's quarters. It is surprising what a freezer and hot plate can do for morale on an Atlantic crossing.

We docked in Halifax late November. Home for Christmas '57. In the new year we sailed again, but that's another tale for another time.

To be continued... Yours Aye, Peaches

CARRIER HITS ELEPHANT

During one morning watch, HMCS BONAVENTURE, a light aircraft carrier, Canada's last operational carrier, was steaming merrily along in the north Atlantic on its way home from England, when it hit something that caused the entire ship to shudder. Action and rescue stations were activated and all hands accounted for. A check of water tight integrity proved no apparent damage. She circled the area until first light to identify what she had hit. The forward lookout reported to the bridge that the ship had hit an elephant.

Reports were sent to Halifax Command and disbelieving messages flew back and forth. Against all common sense, ship's log were filled out with all pertinent details recorded for posterity.

Apparently, after much investigation it was determined that a cargo ship carrying the Barnum and Bailey circus to the US had jettisoned a dead elephant, and as it was mid Atlantic, never filed a hazardous flotsam report to any authority.

The "Bonnie" remains, to this day, the only ship with a recorded collision with an elephant...

Unconfirmed yarn sent in by S/M George Apps. Can anyone shed any light?

(From Fall 2010 Yardarm)



Canadian Naval Air Group

ACROSS THE FLIGHT DECK

REUNION 2010 Hosted by ATLANTIC Chapter

Fellow CNAGers;

Unfortunately the subject reunion was the last formally scheduled gathering of Canadian Naval Air Group, and I must say that as sad as this maybe, I can't think of a better place to close the "HANGAR DOORS" on our forty years of perpetuating the true story of "Canadian Naval Aviation", than in the place where it all began, Shearwater. To attempt to highlight the numerous accomplishments of those forty wonderful years would definitely require considerably more space than I'm sure Kay will allow me in this article! Therefore, suffice it to say; that if you have enjoyed the many books and/or articles that have been published; participated in the several aircraft restoration programs; and/or any of the countless other initiatives that we have undertaken; including our own website, you will have to agree that CNAGers can hold their heads high for we have accomplished the aim of the Founding Constitution. Peter Milsom's article, in this edition, describes our involvement in the Naval Centennial Year events and further amplifies this testimonial.

I do not wish to pre-empt the 2010 Board of Directors (BOD) minutes, however, considering that not everyone takes the opportunity to read the minutes, I feel an abridged summary of the major executive decisions is appropriate. The members have spoken, and to that end, CNAG we will no longer be conducting annual BOD meetings, holding annual Reunions and/or collecting National dues. However, the Directors have confirmed their Chapters intent to retain their current CNAG names and continue to meet on a social basis. Having said that, I think you will also be extremely pleased to know that after considerable deliberation the BOD decided that we have worked too hard over the past forty years to close the "HANGAR DOORS" completely. Therefore, it was agreed to establish a "ZONE STRUCTURE", to ensure that CNAGers and former Naval Air Personnel remain connected/ informed about things happening within their geographical area and/or on the national front. This would also provide a focal point whereby we can still have a voice to advocate on behalf of these individuals regarding Veterans' issues etc. For further amplification of the new Zone Structure please see the 2010 BOD minutes.

In closing I would offer that this year's Reunion was yet another example of what CNAGers are capable of achieving when they put their minds and efforts together towards a common goal. The camaraderie, and wonderful memories that we all continue to share, was evident throughout the entire weekend, and I would like to thank Richard Pepper and the entire Atlantic Reunion Committee, for hosting yet another fantastic gathering of the Group, "BZ" to you all.

Yours in Naval Air, Paul Baiden

National Chairman, Canadian Naval Air Group

LAST OFFICIAL RECOGNITION OF OUTSTANDING CNAG MEMBERS

As stated in the preceding article, the 2010 BOD was the last official meeting of this nature, and therefore, also the last opportunity to recognize the CNAG "**Member of the Year**". This is never an easy task considering there are so many CNAGers that have given so much to our organization over the past forty years. Well as the title may suggest, this year's choice was even more



difficult as the two members that were put forward were equally renowned amongst the Group. Therefore, there was unanimity amongst the Directors in that we would recognize both, Eugene (Buck) Rogers and David Tate. The following is a brief summary of their efforts as CNAGers:

Eugene “Buck” Rogers;

Buck joined the Group at Founding Chapter in 1974 and has been a member of the Atlantic since its inception in 1975. He has served on their Executive Committee in a number of capacities and is currently their President, a position he has held 4 times in the past. He has represented Atlantic Chapter at all of the Directors meetings since 1995 during which he has always provided sage and sound advice. He has also been one of our CNAG representatives to the Shearwater Aviation Museum since 1999 and as such, has provided clear, concise and informative reports at our annual Directors Meetings.

An enthusiastic member of his Chapter, he has been a mainstay during the previous four (4) annual reunions held at Halifax (years 1990, 1996, 2002 and 2007) and is this year's Reunion Vice Chairman as well as being responsible for “UP-Spirits” and bus arrangements to the Sunday Memorial Services at Shearwater. Not only is he a driving force for his home chapter but is always ready to assist other chapters in any way he can, most notably with the traditional “UP SPIRITS” where Buck seems ever present in his naval uniform.

Buck is a Life Member of the SAM and has been a Director thereof since 1999 serving on a number of in-house committees and as the President since 2004 – the longest serving President to date. Although he lives 60 KMS from Dartmouth he has indicated that he intends to continue in this very demanding duty as long as he is physically and financially able.

Buck's numerous years of involvement/commitment to the community, and the following organizations, has rendered considerable recognition too both Naval Air and the RCN: Trustee of HMCS “Sackville”; Trustee of the Kingston NS Arena Assn; Vice President HMCS “Acadia” Alumni; Life Member of Cornwallis Museum; Member NOAC; Member of Admiral Desmond Piers Naval Assn; Member of the Atlantic C&PO's Assn; and an active member of the Royal Canadian Legion for over 40 years.

“Wow Buck”, given your most impressive résumé it is difficult to believe you have not been recognized as our CNAG “Member of the Year”, long before this! “BZ” My friend!

David Tate:

David's nomination was based upon his countless years of dedicated service within the Hampton Gray VC Chapter, and for continuously promoting an awareness of Naval Aviation throughout Canada. He has either chaired and/or served on all of the HGVC Reunion Committees, taken an active role on the Chapter executive and has provided valuable input on various matters ranging from obtaining guest lecturers, fund raising, social events, the 2010 Centennial activities and most recently the deliberations on the potential for CNAG to function as an organization beyond 2011.

Dave has also spent numerous hours as a volunteer at the Canada Aviation and Space Museum (CASM). He has flown 20 of 120 aircraft on the museum inventory, and is therefore recognized by the Director General, as the go to person when it comes to providing creditable information on our Naval Aircraft. From his experience as a guide, he quickly realized that many who visit the museum were not aware that Canada had, had a Naval Aviation Branch and in particular operated from five aircraft carriers including three of our own. He also discovered that a model of HMCS *Bonaventure*, previously displayed at the museum was now located in the army museum at Gagetown. To date, Dave's extensive efforts to have that model returned to CASM have been unsuccessful, however, not to be deterred, Dave has convinced the Director General to continue pressing this issue while investigate alternative possibilities of obtaining a model replica of HMCS *Bonaventure*, including having a new one constructed.

Dave was also instrumental in the development of another major enhancement to the Naval Aviation display at CASM. He devoted months of his time canvassing members of the Naval Aviation community for photographs, films and VCR tapes, which has subsequently resulted in the production of a compact disc, which now enables the projection of a compelling displayed above our proud Canadian Naval Aircraft at CASM. Visitors to the museum can now enjoy a detailed visual presentation of Canadian Naval Air Operations aboard Puncher, Nabob, Warrior,

Magnificent and Bonaventure. This prominent tribute to our history is shown continuously during the opening hours of the museum and has become a focal point which further perpetuates the public's awareness of that magnificent era.

There is no doubt that Dave will continue to promote CNAG and Naval Aviation with this same enthusiasm for many years to come. "BZ" to you also my friend!

Submitted by; Paul Baiden



CNAG and the Naval 2010 Centennial Celebrations by Peter Milsom

The preparations for, and the activities involved with, the Canadian Navy 2010 Centennial have presented an opportunity to reacquaint Canadians, and indeed, our current Navy, with the enormous contributions of naval aviation personnel to the sum total of our navy's remarkable record of achievement in the last one hundred years.

Peter Milsom, CNAG's representative to the Navy 2010 Centennial was appointed on 28 October, 2004, by John Eden, as National Chairman, CNAG. The first official guidance was received from VAdm Bruce MacLean, CMS, in April 2005. The first official meeting took place on 6 January, 2006. Since that time, CNAG has been closely involved in Navy 2010 planning and activities on behalf of Naval Aviation in the period prior to the retirement of HMCS Bonaventure. While the primary goal has been to support the Navy 2010 initiative, CNAG involvement has always had the express goal of ensuring a proper place for naval aviation within this formal acknowledgement of the Navy.

To keep naval aviation personnel apprised of progress with the initiatives and of issues that needed to be addressed, annual CNAG 2010 reports to the National Directors Meetings commenced in 2006 and periodic special reports were made to Chapter Executives to highlight important thrusts. The National Executive and the Hampton Gray VC Executive, under the strong leadership of Paul Baiden as National Chairman, were actively involved in the proposal, design and execution of a number of national and local projects over the last three years. In the last two years, detailed reports have been presented on an increasing array of CNAG-sponsored activities and these have been promulgated in the official Naval 2010 Centennial Website, in "Across the Flight Deck", in NAVAIRGENS, on the CNAG Web Site, and in publications such as *Warrior*, *Starshell* and *Soundings*.

Highlighted in these reports were other Navy 2010 Initiatives that brought a welcome and much-needed focus on Naval Aviation, such as the Centennial Paintings where half of the selected paintings depicted naval aviation operations. The Commemorative Coffee Table Book edited by Richard H. Gimblett, CD, PhD, contained, among its excellent accounts by noted authors, the centennial paintings and also colour spreads of all five of the carriers and naval aircraft by noted graphic artist, Lt. (N) Carl Gagnon. The Naval Reserve Coffee Table book will also highlight Naval Reserve aviation. The reports also highlighted a series of CNAG National and Hampton Gray specific initiatives, each of which was officially recognized as a 2010 Initiative through formal submissions to the Canadian Naval Centennial 2010 Project. They included:

- A. Bud MacLean's outstanding initiative to nominate "Canadian Naval Aviation" for Canada's Aviation Hall of Fame, "Belt of Orion Award" (*CNAG National*),
- B. A formal submission for a Historical Monument to acknowledge the formation of the Royal Canadian Naval Air Service in Shearwater, N.S. (*Hampton Gray VC Chapter*);
- C. The Naval Centennial Bell in which a number of CNAG members across Canada made contributions (Coordinator: *Hampton Gray VC Chapter*);

- D David Tate's initiative to contribute a detailed, to-scale replica of *H.M.C.S. Bonaventure* to the Canada Aviation and Space Museum in Ottawa (*Hampton Gray VC Chapter*);
- E The development of a multi-media "loop" presentation in audio-video format to showcase the history, evolution and active operational activities of Canadian Naval Aviation and Carrier operations for the Canada Aviation and Space Museum. (*Hampton Gray VC Chapter*)
- F The sponsorship and fostering of public awareness of Lt J. Allan Snowie's new book, "*Collishaw & Company*" as an individual 2010 Initiative. (*CNAG National*)
- G The validation of Canadian Naval Air memorials through an initiative undertaken by Robert Ferguson. (*Hampton Gray VC Chapter*)
- H The National Chairman, Paul Baiden and Hampton Gray VC Chapter organized and hosted a Commemorative Ceremony to honour the only naval VC of the Second World War, *Lt. Hampton Gray VC, DSC, MID, RCNVR*, at the National War Memorial on 19 May, 2010 which was attended by many prominent military and civilian dignitaries, including members of Hampton Gray's family. The ceremony was over flown by the Vintage Wings Canada Corsair. This was followed by the Annual Naval Aviation Rendezvous hosted by CNAG at HMCS Bytown (*Hampton Gray VC Chapter*)
- I Support of Kay Collacutt, Editor of the SAMF *Warrior* Magazine, to assist in ensuring *Warrior* in 2010 had special 2010 material dedicated to Naval Aviation. (*CNAG National and Hampton Gray VC Chapter*).
- J The Gray Ghost Initiative – a collaborative Vintage Wings Canada (VWC) - Canada Aviation Museum (CAM) - Hampton Gray VC Chapter CNAG initiative to support the Naval 2010 Centennial. CNAG members on both coasts in Atlantic and Banshee Chapters also contributed greatly to make this a successful national initiative. (*Hampton Gray VC Chapter*).
- K The original "Tour of Duty" Gala in which CNAG was playing a lead role was cancelled due to loss of key foundation officials but it has been replaced for this year by a "Salute to Canadian Naval Aviation" gala event being hosted in November at the Canadian Aviation and Space Museum by *Hampton Gray VC Chapter*.

In addition to these eleven initiatives, CNAG members have been involved in a wide variety of events and activities mostly because of a strong effort to keep CNAG and Naval Aviation up front and recognized in each forum of the Centennial. Because of this, and the active endorsement of Capt (N) John Pickford, Project Leader for Navy 2010, the Prime Minister, the Minister of National Defence and the Chief of Maritime Services, VAdm Dean McFadden, all recognized Canadian Naval Aviation in their speeches in the Senate of Canada as did Senator William Romkey in his speech in the Senate on the 4th of May. The CMS has since regularly acknowledged the contributions of naval aviation, in several events punctuated by overflights of the ceremony by the VWC Corsair.

CNAG was aided in its efforts by the support of some distinguished military Canadians: the late Admiral Robert Falls, General Paul Manson, LGen Larry Ashley, RADM Dudley Allen, and LCdr Stuart E. Soward all provided their time, their effort and their interest in helping CNAG initiatives to succeed. VAdm Dean McFadden, CMS, RAdm Nigel Greenwood and Capt (N) John Pickford and his team in the Navy 2010 Project Office provided active support in a number of events and activities. In another example, a superb article for the Conference of Defence Associations Institute *ON TRACK* Magazine by General Paul Manson provided a comprehensive and highly complimentary summary of naval aviation in Canada.

In summary, members of CNAG and naval aviation personal can be proud of the contribution of their organization in ensuring the Navy, the Government and the Canadian Public have been made aware in this Naval Centennial year of the contributions of naval aviation to Canada.

Peter S. Milsom, President, Hampton Gray VC Chapter, CNAG National 2010 Representative

2010 CNAG Reunion - Atlantic Chapter by *Minnie Rogers*

A week of renewing old acquaintances, re-telling stories and reminiscing was enjoyed by 360 members of the Canadian Naval Air Group (CNAG) from across Canada on 8, 9, 10 October for their annual, and unfortunately last, Reunion held at the Marriott Harbourfront Hotel and at Shearwater.

Friday nights 'Meet and Greet' brought 320 former shipmates, messmates and partners together to enjoy recalling old experiences and partaking of delicious food. The cheerful registration committee greeted each one and kept information available. The Aviation Museum Gift Shop provided a chance to purchase numerous souvenirs and clothing.

Many thanks to Millie MacLean for donating two crocheted afghans and to the reunion committee for the decanter, sailor, rum etc for the ticket draw.

Many enjoyed the interesting slide presentation covering the years of Naval Air both Friday evening and Sunday. Thanks to Ron Beard.

Saturday morning the Directors met and finalized the business matter and closing down process of CNAG National.

A banquet supper for about 292 filled the ballroom after enjoying a cocktail hour. Appropriate gift souvenir place mats adorned the tables with wine from Jost in special designed labeled bottles. Music by the 'Tuesday Night' band, numerous spot dances and Dick as MC kept everyone entertained.

For the first time ever, there were two CNAGers of The Year announced by National. They were 'Buck' Rogers and Dave Tate. Congratulations guys!

Sunday morning, busses transported members to the Shearwater Aviation Museum, where coffee and refreshments awaited them - thanks Christine. A Memorial Service was held in the Museum. Minnie led the Service, Terry Caldwell read the message, Dot Flight was the Organist and 'Buck' Rogers read the Honour Roll of 83 departed members since our last reunion. During the Service, Buck gave tribute to the eight Founding Members who formed the first CNAG in Edmonton in 1970 and recognized Leon Roy (and Joan) as the only Founding Member at the reunion.

At the conclusion of the Service, a Certificate of Appreciation was present to Kay Collacutt for her commitment in promoting Naval Air during the Naval 100th

Anniversary and her work with the WARRIOR publications.

Six shipmates in various uniforms served "Up Spirits" with the traditional 'tot of rum' (if you had your grog card).

During the morning events, everyone enjoyed viewing the restored "Firefly" that was on display outside the Museum. Thanks to the crew for all their work preparing the aircraft and their many years of restoration.

Everyone trooped up the hill where Brunch was prepared and enjoyed in the familiar WO's and Sgt's Mess. Easy listening music and dancing concluded the afternoon.

It was sad to say goodbyes to so many in surroundings that had been home base for such a long time. This wonderful weekends success was due to the dedicated committee - Chairman Dick Pepper, Vice Chair Buck Rogers, Secretary-Treasurer Peter Staley, Members - Christine Hines, Barb Ryan, Eric Edgar, Minnie Rogers, Wayne Fairbairn, Lorne Wood, Kay Collacutt, Gordon Coldham and Carol Shadbolt and all the volunteers who so willingly helped out whenever needed.

Hats off to you all - A job well done! Here are a few photos from the reunion.



Band vocalist singing Happy Birthday to Dennis Shaw upon his 88th birthday. (*Denny you old dog - you are flirting with her. Happy Birthday from all of us here at the Museum. Kay*)



UP SPIRITS PARTY - From l - r: Ed Janusas, Gord Synnuck, Kit Gough, Buck Rogers, Stu Mingo, Dave Patterson.



Joyce Sherwood and daughter Karen Lindsey



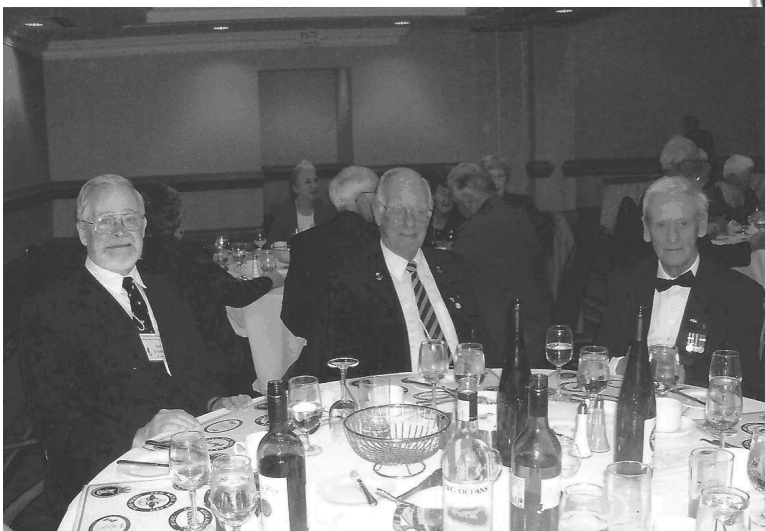
L-R Ossie Osgood, Frank Dowdall, Suds Sutherland, Stu Mingo in whites.



Joan & Lee Roy (CNAG Founding Member)



L-R Bud MacLean, Dick Pepper & Ron Beard



L - R Ted Cruddas, Ken Brown, Bob Murray



Christine Hines and Catherine West



Clint Halfkenny and Fern Phillippe



Wayne Fairbairn, Ron Beard and Ray O'Grady



Dennis Shaw and Dave Tate

D. Patterson and Ed Janusas





Sunday Morning Church Service.



Church Service



US Navy Reunion Group Makes Gift to Shearwater Aviation Museum

from Berry St. John

A US Navy Reunion Group presented a gift to the Shearwater Aviation Museum during a ceremony held at the museum on September 8.

The U.S. Navy veterans group—alumni of Air Antisubmarine Squadron 28 (VS-28) and the aircraft carrier USS *Wasp* (CVS-18), presented the gift in memory of the Cold War era collaboration between the Royal Canadian Navy and the U.S. Navy.

Welcoming the US Navy group, RCN veteran and museum volunteer Ron Beard recalled that RCN Squadron VS-880 and USN Squadron VS-28 often flew together during joint operations during the 1960s. On several occasions during that era, Squadron VS-880 operated from the *Wasp*. Both the American and Canadian squadrons flew versions of the Grumman S-2 *Tracker*, a twin-engine carrier-based aircraft.

VS-28 reunion group representative Captain L. Albert Forrest (USNR-Ret.) presented to the museum a painting by noted Canadian aviation artist Jack Ford showing a Canadian S-2 landing on *Wasp*. (Ms Christine Hines and the artist's daughter, LT Tammy Ford Joudrey are shown below).

Accepting on behalf of the museum, Museum Curator Christine Hines gave a warm welcome to the US

Navy group and expressed thanks for the gift. Ms Hines noted that many of the museum's exhibits cover the time period of the 1950s and '60s during a very active period of US/Canadian naval collaboration.

The VS-28 Group also honored one of its former Commanding Officers at the ceremony. Captain Jack M. Stevens (USN-Ret.), who skippered VS-28 in 1964 and 1965, was recognized by his squadron mates with a Jack Ford painting of two VS-28 *Trackers* over *Wasp*. Presenter Berry St. John praised Stevens as a skipper who led by example and always made his share of night carrier landings.

Following the presentation ceremony, the US visitors and Canadian hosts enjoyed a buffet lunch and toured the museum exhibits. The US attendees greatly enjoyed renewing acquaintances with veterans from Canadian squadron VS-880 and other RCN units.



L-R Lt. Tammy Ford and Museum Curator Mrs Christine Hines

The US Navy group was participating in a reunion cruise from New York City aboard the *Carnival Glory*, which made port visits in Halifax and Saint John, New Brunswick.

Naval Vignettes of a Formative Time-

The Early Fifties - Recruitment

(Walter (Hank) Henry. Military Service 1951-1989)

The seat covers of the day coach that carried recruits from Vancouver to the on-board railway station in HMCS Cornwallis were a web weave of flax-like material; very hard, and after five sequestered days under the close stewardship of uniformed sailors from Calgary -- six days for those from Vancouver, we were tired and sore bottomed. Pillows had been issued for sleep and we took turns for the dining car. The change of trains in Montreal had given a brief time to wonder at the largeness of the station and to recognize the Oratoire and the giant cross on Mount Royal in post cards that offered some small cultural sample of Montreal's wonders to the station's daily travellers. But I am not one of them. The uniformed sailors ensure that there will be no stragglers in the short time it takes to board another train. On this train the toilets do not flush directly onto the track. I feel a bit special in that I have experienced the sight of passing ties many times in the west and can use it to beggar my small awareness against the towering savvy of the smart guys from places like Vancouver and Toronto. Still, I do not expect to ever be able to compete with the wide bottomed zoot suits they wear. I am concerned that there may still be cow manure in the insteps of my working boots.

St John is a blur of many speeding taxis on narrow streets, wooden piers and huge wooden warehouses, and the smell of the sea. Another train of at least two or three cars, was moved without delay onto a train ferry that would take us to Digby Nova Scotia. I do not recall seeing much of the Bay of Fundy. We were confined during the several hour trip across the Bay and only as we debarked in Digby did I see a bit of too-brown waves lapping at the piers of the unloading dock. Like the image of the top of Mt Royal, I felt that I was in a new place with strange ideas and language; even a sort of foreignness in big-time important matters like religion and values and language.

I would understand just how foreign such things could be when we left the train inside the recruit training base of HMCS Cornwallis. It was just noon when we lined up, two deep on the station platform, and in the first really big storm of the year, the driving wind and fulsome snow did nothing to muffle the bellowing of the Petty Officers that inspected this seemingly unwholesome lot gathered from across the dregs of Canada. At a volume suitable for the thundering of pitched battle we were told how loathing were our haircuts, civilian clothes, footwear, and our chances of ever surviving the nineteen week experience ahead of us. We were marched (if it can be called that) to dinner carrying our single suitcase----I had also brought my accordion and that would turn out to be a problem---and hence to our half of an H block that would hereafter be referred to as Skeena Division. From there, a production line of gathering kit assigned by size in the experienced

wisdom of the quartermaster, shoving it into a bag, receiving a pusser haircut and returning to Skeena. I recall that the snow was now knee deep and that I found the three fold task of carrying a duffle bag, a hat box, and keeping my new flat black cap on my head to be difficult. The more ingenious, recognizing the utility of a hat box already carrying our white hat, attempted to also stow the black cap there. Such inventors, for such they were called, were roundly put in place by the P1GI who had previously bellowed devastation in my ear in respect of my haircut, and soon gave 'inventors' to know that they WILL NOT be seen out of doors without their cap on.

A late evening meal, our kit 'stopped' and stowed, and 106 of us were into bed at 22:00 hours. As the lights went out and I listened still to the howl of the wind, I knew, I JUST KNEW, that this was the biggest mistake I had ever made. I didn't understand it. In the three years I had been on my own anyone who bellowed at me got as good or better in return, and yet here bellowing seemed to be the order of the day. There was no escape. I had really blown it.

It was 31 December 1951.

A week later another 100 or so recruits had the same experience. I was still alive.

Naval Vignettes of a Formative Time(2)

The Early Fifties – Trades Training

(Walter (Hank) Henry)



Shearwater Main Gate

After nineteen weeks of give-em-what-for in Cornwallis, Shearwater was a breeze. We were allowed to wear civvies off base, our weekends were free - apart from Base watch duties that were really not very demanding—and there was shore leave from 16:00 to 23:00. We were issued with Station Cards that were

turned in prior to departure and those remaining for pickup at 23:00 were turned over to the Master at Arms, with an automatic three days naughty - naughty at Commander's Defaulters the next working day. Indeed, the Regulating Office, that had to be passed in order to get from the barracks to the air field, was a place for squared-off caps, a straight-backed marching pace and no tom foolery. The thunder of the Master at Arms, or his Regulating minions, and the regimentation of 'Ordinary Seaman Bloggins. Ho. Quick march. Off Caps.' Was broadly and summarily known as 'March the guilty bastard in and give him a fair trial.'

In order to avoid the mandatory 23:00 return from shore leave, some scallywag (oh yes, there were a few) suggested that we not turn our cards in but make a more surreptitious departure from the Base. Then on return, get off the bus near, but not within sight, of the main gate. It worked until the Master at Arms took action to bring it to an end. He had a Commissionaire patrol the path through the woods. I heard a definite 'Halt'; loud, and then repeated. I was inclined to comply but my buddy said 'Blow it. We can always out run a Commissionaire.' Something inside me said that a command from a Commissionaire wasn't really legal, and so I followed my friend's disappearing whisp of outline between swaying alder branches. Whooo! We got away with it. I do not recall that we ever repeated the exercise. Something inside me saying that military rules were rooted in reason and should therefore be respected. Oh my! How sweet it is to be young and able to believe.

Trades training was another matter. I took the Air Fitters course because I thought it to be of greater value than any of the others. It meant a very long stay at the School of Naval Aircraft Maintenance (SNAM) and I recall vividly my attempt to learn all and everything about a Wright Cyclone R2600 fourteen cylinder engine. We were even taught about things we would never have to maintain. It seems that Fairy Aviation, a near collocation with Shearwater, did all of the really interesting stuff such as carburetor overhaul. Still we spent three weeks examining every nook and cranny of this very complex and important piece of kit. I seems to me now that such emphasis on depth of awareness would be considered unnecessary and outside of budget. But not so then.

I recall an occasion when our day was enlivened by the thunder of that same much-studied Wright Cyclone engine just above our heads. Apparently it had caught fire on takeoff from the base and the pilot, having aimed it away from married quarters, bailed out at 800 feet, and landed unharmed on the Station. At noon that day we were able to see the remains of it burning on the near side of McNabs Island.

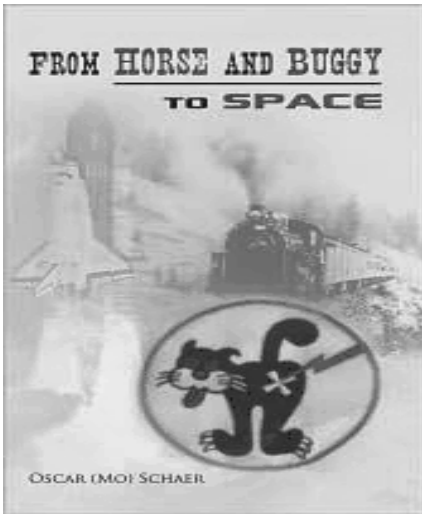
In Stu Soward's book 'Hands to Flying Stations' he describes a near identical set of circumstances (pg 297) and ascribes heroic behaviour on the part of one Lt Paddy Moore whose VU 32 turkey caught fire; he escaped from the burning cockpit to scramble onto the wing and controlled the aircraft's direction until he was clear of married quarters, and able to bail out at 800 feet. The discrepancy seems to be in the timing—Soward dates the event in 1954, whereas our thundering visitor was in mid to late 1952; and in the location of the crash site which he says was sufficiently near the marine jetty that an adjacent building caught on fire. In any case I recall with some wonderment my first view of a 'crash;' a curly queue of smoke arising from a well burned area on the shore of McNabbs.'

There is more to 'Trades Training' but I am already over 700 words. Another time perhaps. SNAM remains synonymous for me with CPO Knobby Clark, who managed to turn morning fall-in, into 'Divisions,' with an attendant emphasis on dress and deportment. It is the first time I ever thought of working dungarees as a 'uniform' but Knobby made them so. I tried pressing mine but it didn't work very well. I survived and eventually was sent to VU 32 to work on Harvard Pratt and Whitney R1350 engines. Later still to VS880 --- where signing up for an Observer Mate interview, and its attendant escape from scrubbing the hanger deck on a Wednesday afternoon, would lead to still more training and a different sort of life in the back seat of turkeys and, the brand new and shiny, CS2F Sentinels.

Exciting days of new stuff, new assignments, and a lingering naivety that served me well.



"From Horse and Buggy to Space" by Oscar Schaer



An interesting and adventuresome read from an ordinary American growing up from the horse and buggy to the present time. Follow the Auto-Bio from the 1920's depression, WWII, College, Naval Flight Training, Anti-Submarine Warfare with the Gumman AF and S2 (Stoof) aircraft, Horse shows, Clog Dancing and loss of our FREEDOMS. This tiny book will hold your attention as if you are riding on the shoulders of the author. Book may be purchased from Amazon, Barnes and Noble, and Trafford (the publishers) by entering the Title and author names in the Search Bar as: "From Horse and Buggy to Space by Oscar Schaer" for the small price of \$15.75 for the paper back or \$9.99 for the EMail "Kindle" copy.

Note: Author of above book is CDR Oscar Schaer, USN Ret. who resides in Corpus Christi, TX.

WE NEED MEMBERSHIP

The survival of the Foundation, and; therefore, the Warrior, is dependent upon the support of Members and their dues. The dues collected from Members are used to cover the operating costs of the Foundation, that way, all funds donated to the Building fund or Firefly fund go directly to those designated funds. Anything surplus to the year's Operating Requirements, is transferred to the Building Fund.

I do appreciate and thank those members who keep the Foundation's head above water; however, the Foundation's membership has dropped to 896 individuals over the past few years. Sixty-nine members did not bring their Membership up to date for this year (2010) and forty previous to that. This means the Foundation is trying to operate with less funding than what their previous membership indicated would be available. It only takes the paying of 2011 dues to bring you up to speed and assist the Foundation in meeting its goals. Come on - \$40 per year - slightly more than 10 cents a day and less than a Tim Horton's coffee every week.

There are also, the rest of the retired Naval Air and Shearwater folks who talk the talk, but fail to walk the walk. Hundreds of ex -Shearwater people are out there who do not belong to the Foundation. You know who these people are. I ask you, on behalf of the Foundation, to talk to these people and inform them how important it is for them to join the Foundation and help preserve their history. Just think what the Foundation could do towards the preservation of our history if they joined us.

Also, although the Museum itself is supported by the Base (Wing) through 1 CAG and Formation Halifax, members of this Base (Wing) do not have the time to take a real interest in the Foundation/Museum that they once did; consequently, there are only four personnel on the

Wing who are members of the Foundation. This is not to say that there is no support from the Wing in other ways. The CO 12 Air Maintenance Squadron, supplies personnel from that unit to repair and refurbish museum aircraft when time permits, and of course there are two or three Wing members who assist in the Museum on their own time, all of which is greatly appreciated; however, the Foundation needs more funding help at this time if it is to meet the goals and build the much needed new addition to the Museum that is required to display and refurbish our artifacts which are presently held in storage containers.

A few years ago, Bill Farrell, the late Editor of the Newsletter wrote: "When the Guard is changed - when we throw the torch to younger hands - our names and our stories will mean little, if anything, to the new guard." This is now, sadly happening. What are you willing to do, to change that fate?

Please see our centre pull out section of this edition of WARRIOR for additional information on membership and our membership application form,

Remember, this is your history the Museum is putting on display. No one else is going to do it. When I, as a Guide, hear from our Visitors as they take in the exhibits, that they, "Did not even know that Shearwater is one of the oldest military air bases in Canada and that we even had a Fleet Air Arm", it makes one realize how important this museum is.

Thanking you in advance for your support and dedication, as a Member of the Foundation, I wish you and yours, a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

A.W. (Bill) Gillespie
A Concerned Foundation Member

**It's time to renew your SAMF
Membership for the year
2011.**



#7 JAOBTC - HMCS CORNWALLIS 1954

Front Row: L-R Ross Riddell, Ralph Symington, Al Greer, Al Bennett, Paul Schweitzer +, Red Barber, Paul Duguay

Middle Row: L-R Colin Winter, Tom Copeland, Milton 'Sam' Menzies, Al Hawthorne, Howard Cooper +, Ted Cruddas, Robert Bullough, George Stephen *

Back Row: L-R Mel Babcooke, Conrad Bissett +, Bob McNish, Ellis McFarlane, Dick Davis *, Roger McEachern, Ron Capon, Bob Rainboth, Norm Ogden +

Missing from Photo: Jim Miller

Deceased* Killed on duty +

Up Spirits

Can anyone tell me how it came to pass that at meetings, reunions, etc. we declare "Up Spirits" when we are going to do a "rum issue?" In the Daily Routine, "Up Spirits" was the pipe that ordered the Coxswain/MAA/Duty PO, and the Victualing Storesman, accompanied by the Witnessing Officer, to go to the Spirit/Rum Locker and draw the days ration of rum. The order for rum issue was "Hands To Muster For Grog."

I don't really mind what you call it, as long as I get my share :-), but I'm curious as to how this shift in routine/custom/tradition came about. *John Snowdon*

NAVAL AIRCREW TRAINING the "Junior Aviation Officers Basic Training Course (JAOBTC) Way

In the late 1940's and early 1950's, when the number of RCN air squadrons was expanding and 'new' aircraft (Avengers) were being ordered from the USN, Naval Headquarters realized there would soon be a critical shortage of aircrew. So, in their wisdom, they devised the 'Junior Aviation Officers Basic Training' syllabus to rapidly recruit and train Pilots and Observers. As Naval aircrew officers were expected to be Naval Officers first and aircrew second, the training included a considerable amount of seamanship and leadership training. Many of the 'recruits' to this training system came from Naval Air Trades, other RCN trades, or from RCN Reserve air squadrons, with a few young men from 'off the street'. Those that passed the RCAF aircrew suitability and classification process were Commissioned as Air Midshipmen. There were 9 JAOBTC Courses in all from 1952 to 1956. Each course consisted of 6 months of seamanship, academic upgrade, parade training and leadership development in HMCS CORNWALLIS followed by 6 months of seamanship, navigation and leadership training at sea in one of the two training cruisers HMCS ONTARIO on the West coast or HMCS QUEBEC on the East coast. Those that survived this first year of training went on to aircrew training; Observers to the Observer School in HMCS SHEARWATER followed by ASW training with the RN in HMS EGLINGTON, Northern Ireland. Pilots in the early courses were trained by the RCAF in Centralia, Gimli etc followed by deck-landing training with the RN. Later JAOBTC Pilot training took place with the USN in Pensacola and Kingsville, Texas. Pilots and Observers then joined operational squadrons at Shearwater before embarking with their squadron in HMCS MAGNIFICENT or HMCS BONAVENTURE.

NOTE: This article was submitted by Ken Brown JAOBTC #6 from his fading memory with help from Bruce Baker, JAOBTC # 4 and Rodger MacEachern and Ted Cruddas of JAOBTC # 7. There may be errors or omissions.

We are appealing to former JAOBTC members to correct and update our records. Please contact Kay at 1-888-497-7779 toll free, or samfoundation@sympatico.ca with additions or changes. Ken may be reached at 902-463-2832 or nfsna@eastlink.ca

JAOBTC Course numbers 2,3,6 and 9 now have their members names engraved on a tile and mounted on the JAOBTC Wall of Honour at the Shearwater Museum.

We need members of the other courses #'s 1,4,5,7 and 8 to get on with getting their course tiles up on the Wall. Ken and Kay are willing to HELP, but we need YOUR KNOWLEDGE.

The following were members of JAOBTCs as known to the Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation at this time:

JAOBTC #1

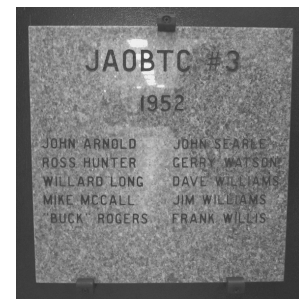
JAOBTC #2

Arnott, J
Chandler, R *
Cowie, J
Craven, G
Edwards, G
Hewer, J
Maloney, G
More, G
Prout, D +
Sherwood, F
Walter, J
Zbitnew, L



JAOBTC #3

Arnold, J
Hunter, R
Long, W
McCall, M
Rogers, R
Searle, J
Watson, G
Williams, D
Williams, J
Willis, F



JAOBTC #4

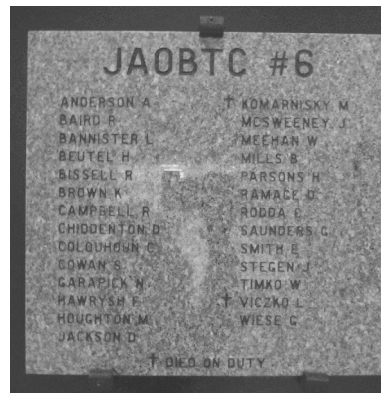
Alexander, E +
Baker, B
Brown, W
Dunn, J *
Garneau, P
Gunn, W (MR)
Laing, R
MacArthur, G *
McArthur, L
McLennan, I
Miller, C
Perrault, D
Robertson, I +
Watt, R *

JAOBTC #5

Clark, D
Dainard, G *
Oliphant, D
Sloan, W *

JAOBTC #6

Anderson, A
Baird, R *
Bannister, H
Beutel, H
Bissell, R
Brown, W
Campbell, R
Chiddenton, D
Colquhoun, C
Cowan, S
Garapick, N
Hawrysh, F
Houghton, M
Jackson, D
Komarnisky, M +
McSweeney, J
Meehan, W
Mills, B
Parsons, H



JAOBTC # 6 (continued)

Ramage, D
Rhodda, C
Saunders, G
Smith, E
Stegen, J
Timko, W
Viccko, L +
Wiese, G

JAOBTC #8

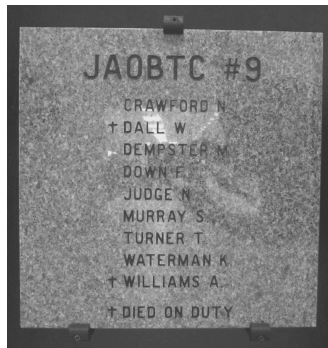
Monkhouse, W *

JAOBTC # 7

Babcooke, M
Barber, P
Bennet, A
Bissett, C +
Bullough, R
Capon, R
Cooper, H +
Copeland, T
Cruddas, E
illiams, A +
Davis, D *
Duguay, P
Greer, A
Hawthorne, A
McEachern, R
McFarlane, E
McNish, R
Menzies, M
Miller, J
Ogden, N +
Rainboth, R
Riddell, R
Schweitzer, P
Stephen, G *
Symington, R +
Winter, C*

JAOBTC #9

Crawford, N
Dall, W +
Dempster, M
Down, F*
Judge, N
Murray, S
Turner, T
Waterman, K



W

45` degrees and more
And if we go much further sir
We all will know the score
The ship would pitch with gusto
And shudder bow to stern
She would clatter viciously
When her props came free
She seemed to say
Just give me your all
And by God I will stand tall
I have a crew of men in here
And I will protect them all
Do you hear
And it became a tug of war
Our ship against
Mother nature's best
And when the sea
Was fully spent
She was there with us
And on we went
To do our job and always be
Together with our ship and the sea
Bud Ayer

* **Deceased** + **Killed on duty**

H.M.C.S.

On a dark and stormy night
The sea was dark and mighty
The waves were high and tight
And the ship was pitching crazily
The watch was all closed up
And the off were strapped in bunks
We were riding a 10 foot sea
And movement was not to be
The waves were crashing the bow
And riding up the foc'sle
To smash with greatest thunder
And send the ship asunder
The captain said "helmsman stay your course"
Aye' course 095 but ship is rolling sir

Neither Rhyme, Nor Reason

A thing which has neither rhyme ,nor reason, something that makes no sense,
We, present here today, have lost more than a few friends,
training in Canada's defense!

Observer's Mates, Naval Aircrewmen, Radio Navigator,
Airborne Electronic Sensors Op,
Even some of the originals are here today, while other
mates' lives, came to a full stop!

Whether flying off a carrier, a DDH or land, they didn't
return for that drink in the mess,
Some are still in the Delta, others we buried, why them
and not us, it's anyone's guess!

They are still young men, that's how we see them, while
we here today, are mostly grey,
Naval Aviation claimed more than a few, while us old
birds, lived to fly another day!

They didn't make it to grandfather, or Snowbird, or retiree,
like you, and you, and me!
They are mates we talk about at reunions, some have
grave sites, others are still at Sea!

Author Unknown

The Griffon

The first time that I saw her
She wasn't at her best
She'd taken on the desert
And she had failed the test

The test was 30 years
Of wind and sand and rain
The sand was fine like sugar
And the wind was like a train

So after many years
She had succumbed to disrepair
The sand had mostly covered her
And filled her with despair

But then we went and found her
Sitting in her grave
And took her in to clean her
To see what we could save

Then we found a masterpiece
Of gears and wheels and parts
And all of them were saying
Please try and make us start

So then the project started
To make her run again
And later on to power
The Firefly from which she came

So her components were removed
And found to be exact
Her pistons came out freely
But the head was slightly cracked

The damage was not extensive
And repair could be carried out
The head was sent to experts
Who made her new and stout

Her valves were ground
Her rings were cleaned
Her crank and bearings too
Her fits and specs were covered
And assembly could ensue

With care and patience
She was assembled
To look her self again
And seemed to say thank you
For making me great again

Installed upon the aircraft
She looked so proud and strong
With head held high
You could hear her sigh
This is where I belong

The day then came
To start her up
And I swore she spoke to me
She said thank you son
Now you will see

Tentatively at first
She was feeling her way
Then after a second
With a mighty roar
She came to life
And said lets soar

She wants to fly
There is no doubt
And although I'll be nervous
I will let her go
Because that's where she belongs
you know

Bud Ayer



SALTY DIPS FROM SHEARWATER BY PAUL CRAWFORD

The Day Joe Saunders Did Not Crash land on the Chester Golf Course!

A man named Colonel Miller built the original Chester Golf Course and Joe Saunders was his constant caddy during the war years. Joe must have been a good caddy, one Fall the Colonel tried to take Joe to Bermuda for the Winter and go to school there, his mother said no, because Joe's father had been in the navy and was away a lot, "they needed Joe at home!" she said. Shortly after Col. Miller died. Joe joined the Navy also.

In 1953, an Avenger, #323, from Shearwater crash landed, wheels up, on the Chester Golf Course, which

was in disrepair, and not being used at that time. The pilot was Lt. Jim Burns. He and his mechanic experienced carburetor icing near New Ross and the engine began cutting in and out. Lt. Burns successfully landed on the old # 7 fairway with no injuries to either man.

Joe had reason to remember the occasion very well. Joe had talked his way out of the flight, it was Friday afternoon, he wanted to go home to Chester and it was a test flight, not requiring him to operate any equipment. Lt. Burns agreed, but asked Joe if he would lend his jacket and Mae West to the mechanic.

Joe had almost got out the gate that afternoon, when he heard the horn that meant all air crew had to return to their Squadrons. He soon found out it was his scheduled aircraft that had crashed. Jim Burns had called Shearwater from Commodore Hope's house near the course. Joe's wife Mary, was the telephone operator that connected the call. Joe and Mary later went to the golf course to see the downed plane, along with hundreds of others that evening.

Here are two quotes from Joe written in the 50th Anniversary book about Chester Golf course. "I got detailed to stand as a sentry until official ones came from Shearwater. People wanted to know, so I explained what it was and what had happened. The mistake was that many of the people thought I was in the plane when it happened. They saw me standing there and they saw the name "Joe Saunders" on the Mae West the mechanic had been wearing, they put two and two together to make 22."

" One time I heard a fellow in Stacy's Restaurant in Chester insisting that I had been on that plane because he said, he seen me there!"

And that's how rumours get started in a small community! There is also the rumour that the crash, because it got so many people out to the old course, was the catalyst in the Chester golf course being revived within a year!

AIR MECHANICS ON THE FLIGHT DECK

Maintaining and servicing aircraft from shore bases had many challenges, demands and satisfaction for air maintenance personnel. There is however, no comparison to the on-going action that confronts those technicians who were employed on the carrier flight deck. One must experience this exciting workplace before an appreciation can be gained from the personal responsibilities and coordinated operations required to launch, recover and service aircraft while aboard the carrier at sea.

All squadrons deployed to the carrier, employed a flight deck crew. Each crew varied in size, depending on the type of aircraft; however, most were made up of riggers and fitters under the supervision of petty officers. Their primary duties were to carry out daily and before flight inspections, special checks, standby for start ups and wing spreading, refueling, look after snags, and they were the technical crash crew. Each squadron also had representatives on the flight deck from other trades, such as electricians, avionics, safety systems and armament. The balance of squadron technical personnel were employed in the carrier's hangars and work shops. Only the minimum of personnel were required on the flight deck for obvious safety reasons.

Technicians on the flight deck had the minimum of tools to carry out their role. A tool box had to be stowed in a sponson alongside the deck. On the deck however, was a unique piece of equipment for the flight deck only - the "crash dolly." This was a four-wheeled wagon, usually located in close proximity to the island during flying stations - under the control of the riggers and riggers of the squadron. On the "dolly" were special tools for the type of aircraft on board, slings, spare wheels, arrestor hook points, plus an array of equipment to be used in the event of a deck "prang" or crash.

Every foot of space on the flight deck was precious; maneuvering room for aircraft limited; hence, equipment had to be stored clear of the deck. This was very evident to the squadron technicians when it came to refueling and when external electrical power was required for the aircraft. Refueling hoses and electrical cables were always stored in the sponsons, which ran the full length of the flight deck on both port and starboard sides. The 50 foot electrical cables had to be run out to the aircraft for start ups, and then, stored prior to the aircraft launches. The refueling hoses had to be run out and hoisted up on top of each aircraft after every flight. I mention these two requirements because of the arduous

task of having to manhandle these cables and hoses during flight stations. This was most prevalent during the days of the Firefly, Sea Fury, Avenger, H04S and Tracker.

The flight deck working conditions were extremely hazardous, and always at the mercy of the weather. All personnel were subjected to turning propellers, helicopter rotor blades, propeller and jet blast on a continuing basis. Aircraft were always parked very close together prior to launch and upon recovery. One had to be very alert of these dangers all the time. For instance, when the Tracker wings were folded, the propellers extended eleven inches outboard of the wing stub-plane - and personnel had to move in and about the close vicinity of these aircraft, both day and night. Of course there was always a chance that a person might all over the side. On many occasions personnel were blown over by an aircraft propeller blast - the rule-of-thumb was to stay down on the deck because of aircraft running up on the after end of the deck.



Dress of the Day for 1950 Flight Deck Crew.

Names anyone?

Working together with other trades from the ships' company came into play on the flight deck. Squadron flight deck crews worked alongside the AC's (Aircraft Controlmen) and the flight deck Stokers on a daily basis. The AC's were in charge of all aircraft movements, fire-fighting and crash recovery. The Stokers were responsible for the supply of aviation fuel, the catapult and arrestor wire systems. The flight deck operations were under the direct control of the flight deck officer, flight deck chief and the "yellow-shirted" petty officers. When a

technical problem arose with an aircraft, these people would call upon the squadron technicians to check out the serviceability of the aircraft.

The technicians had to carry out this task expeditiously, but with extreme caution. When moving about or onto aircraft, turning propellers, rotor blades or jet exhaust, or a rolling deck, plus more than 28 knots of wind over the bow made it quite concerning when checking out a defect. In the event the aircraft was on the catapult or at the front of a "free-launch" range of aircraft, and it became unserviceable, it had to be moved immediately in order to launch the other aircraft. On the other hand, it always gave a technician great satisfaction to repair a snag quickly, and thus allowing it to take off and carry out its mission.

Life on the carrier flight deck was anything but dull. It was always the centre of action, a technician couldn't get any closer to aircraft taking off or landing. It was dangerous, but exciting. There were constant demands to meet the operational schedules in launching aircraft, with the subsequent recovery of aircraft returning from a mission - there was always pressure to meet the commitment. Yet with all the adverse conditions in being employed on a flight deck; ask any squadron technician who sailed in WARRIOR, MAGNIFICENT or in BONAVENTURE, as to where they wanted to work in the carrier - the answer would always be, on the flight deck.

Rolly West



"Near forgotten memories of happy times."

From George Pumple

On a sunny day in June, 1957, a few aircrew from VS881, the Tracker Squadron scheduled to be deployed on board the Navy's carrier Bonaventure Commanded by LCdr Dickie Bird, drove over from Shearwater to HMC Dockyard to check out our new "home away from home", purchased

from the Royal Navy. Bonaventure had recently arrived from Belfast, Northern Ireland, where she had been completed to Canadian Navy specifications. Our first stop was the flight deck where we admired the new (to us) angled deck, the mirror landing system, the steam catapult that would launch our aircraft into the air, and the lifts that would transfer aircraft to and from the hangar deck.

One deck below the flight deck brought us to the Briefing Room which included a Flight Kitchen to provide hot meals at all hours; a nice touch. Nearby was the Operations Room where the senior officers decided our fate.

We checked out the junior officers cabins on four deck; nice enough we thought. We then noted that individual cabins for the more senior officers were located on three and two deck above. In the Wardroom ante-room on four deck we discovered a bar where we enjoyed a "wet", or two, before going ashore.

When our squadron joined what we affectionately called "Bonnie", we were allotted a cabin in the spaces near the wardroom flats - the sailors description of a wide walkway outside the Wardroom. I was assigned a cabin that I shared with a United States Navy exchange pilot. We got along very well. I should mention that the cabin was about seven by nine feet. It had two bunks which folded up, the bottom one becoming a settee, two combined knee-hole writing desks with drawers, two chairs, a narrow clothes locker each, and a small sink with hot & cold water taps.

Soon after coming on board and finding that we could purchase cigarettes from the Dry Canteen for a mere ten cents a pack (duty free you see) we both decided to quit smoking in the interest of maintaining our health. We regularly declined cigarettes, concluding that we would thankfully avoid getting smokers hack. Naturally we saved our cigarette ration for others.

The Squadron Scheduling Officer produced a Daily Routine Order which gave a list of the next day's flights. Having dressed up in flying clothes one would arrive in the Briefing Room a few minutes early in order to have a meal or a cup of coffee from the Flight Kitchen. The Squadron Duty Officer had our flight information available, having ensured that everyone scheduled for flying was present. The Duty Officer would brief us, followed by a weather forecast by a Met specialist.

In VS 881, on day flights, the Crew Commander and his co-pilot would alternate in the left seat so as to keep both pilots current at deck landings.

Once properly briefed we were ready for the next move that required the Crew Commander to check out and sign the aircraft log in the Aircraft Control Room located on one deck. Then out onto the flight deck to locate our cab (old navy expression for "aircraft"). After a careful walk-around inspection of the aircraft the crew took their places inside and began the pre-flight checks.

When directed by "Flyco"- the navy's control tower, we would start the engines and prepare for launching. A flight deck hand was stretched out beside each main wheel under the engines, each in charge of a chock in front of the wheel. When directed, the chock-men having pulled away the chocks, we would taxi forward toward the steam

catapult. On arriving at the proper launch position the launch bridle would be attached, joining the aircraft to the catapult mechanism, plus another device that literally held the aircraft back, so that the steel catapult chocks in front of the wheels could be lowered flush with the deck, and separated when the "cat" shot the aircraft forward.

The Flight Deck Officer, using a green flag, directed us to run up the engines. If all was well, the co-pilot would so indicate by saluting the Flight Deck Officer who would double check that all was ready - deck level, the catapult engineer giving a "thumbs up"- then whisk his green flag forward as he bent low to be clear of the starboard wing and engine slipstream, whereupon there would be very rapid acceleration as the "cat" shot our aircraft forward the full 90 feet and we became airborne. Gear up, flaps up, a gentle turn in order to not leave our slipstream as a problem for the next aircraft, then reducing to climbing power, radome down and off to our assigned sector for the usual four hour mission.

The recovery on board was noted previously.

When taking breakfast and lunch in the wardroom we were allowed to wear work dress. Formal mess dress was required at dinner, which in winter was mess kit and in summer it was "Red Sea Rig" that consisted of black shoes and trousers, white sleeveless open-neck shirt with shoulder board rank badges and a black cummerbund. A Scottish cummerbund was allowed, Woe to the one who wore the shoulder boards with the rank curl rolling in the wrong direction - usually this happened because the shoulder board was being worn on the wrong shoulder, an oversight that would mean one would have to supply a libation to everyone who "caught" him out.

Most everyone would enter the ante-room and belly up to the bar for a pre-prandial sip or two before crossing to the wardroom for dinner. Often a bottle of wine was obtained from the bar to enjoy with shipmates during dinner. The food on board was excellent. After a post-prandial libation one could watch a movie, play cards or other amusements.

SAILORS....

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was God. In the beginning was God - and all else was darkness and void, and without form. So God created the Heavens and the Earth. He created the Sun and the Moon and the Stars so that light might pierce the darkness. And the Earth God divided between the land and the sea, and these He filled with many assorted creatures.

God created life in many forms, one of which was human, and the lowest form he called Soldiers. But God is filled with love and mercy and to cover their nakedness he gave

them trousers which were too long, shirts which were too short and deep pockets in which to warm their hands. Then he gave them very loud voices and a limited vocabulary of words, all of which have only one syllable, that they might understand each other.

But the result was such that God's sense of humour was outraged so he embellished their uniforms. God gave them badges and he gave them coloured cords. Then he gave them ribbons, and patches, and crowns, and chevrons. He gave them emblems and crests and all sorts of shiny things that glittered and devices that dangled. (When you're God you tend to get carried away in a big way). When all this was finished it was the fifth day of God's labours. For looking after Soldiers is very tiresome and God looked for an easier creation.

Then God created flighty creatures of the air, which he called Airmen, (God is very bright), and these he clothed in uniforms which were ruffled and foul. But being a wise and just God he allowed them to wear bushy moustaches in order to hide their ungodly features. And the Airmen too talked to each other and were not understood by the Soldiers. So most of the time the Airmen talked to themselves and remained in constant admiration of the brilliance of their dialogue. And on the seventh day God rested.

On the eighth day God looked down upon the earth and was not happy. GOD WAS NOT HAPPY!!

So He thought about His labours and in His infinite wisdom He created divine creatures and these creatures he called Sailors. And Sailors were created in the image of God Himself. He made them tall, with wavy hair and sparkling eyes, of splendid physique and calm demeanor. Resolute and courageous, God made them rule the seas and to give direction and guidance to the lesser creatures. And to complement their superior bearing, God gave them wonderful uniforms. He gave them practical, fighting uniforms so that they could wage war against the forces of Satan and Evil. He gave them Service uniforms for their daily work and training, so that they might be sharp and ready.

And he gave their Officers and Senior people evening dress uniforms. Sharp, stylish, handsome things so that they might win the hearts of the ladies at cocktail parties and impress the hell out of everybody!!

And at the end of the eighth day, God looked down upon the earth and He saw that it was good. But was God happy? No! God was still not happy because, in the course of his labours, He had forgotten one thing. He had forgotten to give himself a Sailors uniform! But He thought about it and finally satisfied himself in knowing that, well, not everybody can be a Sailor.

Sent to us by Ken Brown

(All in fun guys.)

Collishaw & Company

Allan Snowie writes regarding his book *Collishaw & Company*. Note inside back cover showing painting by Geoff Bennett.

The book '*Collishaw & Company, Canadians in the Royal Naval Air Service 1914–1918*,' was launched at the CNAG Reunion in Halifax during October.

To ease keeping track etc. on this effort, Allan asks that all email book inquiries be directed to nieuportxi@gmail.com

Below is a part of the Foreword that was kindly written by Admiral Robert Welland in 2009.

...When Air Marshal Wilf Curtis was Chief of the RCAF in 1947 and stationed in Ottawa I was a junior Lieutenant Commander. Because of his Naval beginnings Curtis frequently visited our Naval Mess, a popular haunt of naval aviators. The Air Marshal began his flying career as a Naval Sub Lieutenant and was not shy about letting us know that he, and many other Air Force officers originated Naval flying. On the other hand it was an equally honest argument that the Navy created the Air Force by equipping and training the hundreds of pilots whose names are mentioned in this book. I recall one of our Admirals stating, in the spirit of inter-service rivalry, that the Navy invented the Air Force. "A major mistake, torpedoing ones own ship."

I also had the privilege of meeting Air Chief Marshal Breadner in the informal atmosphere of the mess. Also Air Marshals Leckie and Edwards and Cowley, all of who began their careers as Naval Sub Lieutenants. I was well aware these men had pioneered military flying, faced the enemy, got away with it, and then led our Royal Canadian Air Force throughout the Second World War to its great achievements - and that they carried the responsibility for the enormous sacrifices of Canadian aircrew.

The nature of air warfare is that only a few engage in the actual combat, as did the knights and champions of ancient times; this book has identified our Canadian Naval Knights of the First World War, told us who they were, what they did, and what happened to them. All Canadians will feel a surge of pride to learn about our early fighting aviators, our Royal Naval Air Service Sub Lieutenants, who made Canada's greatest Naval contribution to winning that War. These men then went on to form the Royal Canadian Air Force, of whom all Canadians are rightfully proud...

Well done.

Rear Admiral Robert P. Welland, DSC & Bar, CD RCN (Ret'd)

Special thanks to Ron Beard for his continuing assistance with photos and to Rose and Dave at Rodew Computer Services for all their help with our website.



The last word...

My dear friends, here it is, the end of another year. Thanks to those who sent in articles - they are very much appreciated. As well, many, many thanks to those who sent in donations over and above their membership.

Another Centennial is about to start - but we won't be here to see it end. Let's sit back and think about the one just finished. All the good and bad things that happened - how lucky you were to be part of it all.

Do me a favour, please? Jot down all the pertinent things you can remember that happened at Shearwater and on the Ships during your time in the Service. They don't have to be in a story format - a list is good - or if you want to write a story - go for it. Think about all the friends and maybe not so friendly folks you met during your time here and jot down the circumstances of their impact on your life. All the happy/sad times, celebrating promotions (or not) etc. Then if you will, send me your list, it will be great. I imagine there will be others like yours. A reunion in itself. Sign it or don't - your call. It will be great for others to see your comments and how they compare with theirs. Even if you don't send yours in, it'll give you something to think about. Send to:

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

or samfoundation@sympatico.ca

This a very important time of year - the time of year when Hospitals, FTC, Cancer Society, Schools for the Deaf, the Blind etc ask for financial help. These are truly important issues and I beg you to help where you can. Another of importance to me is the WARRIOR - it's costly but also important to you, our readers (I hope). Not as important as those societies mentioned above, but still important to your memories that we are trying to keep in tact. Perhaps you might wish to even sponsor the newsletter. So, dear friends, if you could dig just a little deeper and send us along a donation over and above your membership, which, by the way, is due 1 Jan 2011, it would be most appreciated. For Life Members who have donated one time only, perhaps this could be your year to send along a donation for this worthwhile cause. Many thanks everyone.

I think of you often and wish you and yours a very ***Merry Christmas*** and ***Happy New Year***. Keep well and be happy.

Kay