

WARRIOR

Spring 2015



Snow
Daze!





**Col. Lise Bourgon
12 Wing Commander**

To all 12 Wing members, past and present:

Wow! The last two years have flown by and it's already time for me to pass the leadership baton to the next Wing Commander. It seems like yesterday that I took command of the Wing, fresh with ideas and eager for any challenge. Indeed the challenges have been numerous. 12 Wing and the RCAF have had to face budgetary constraints, adjust to cuts in our yearly flying hours, manage reductions in

national procurement and overhaul of spares, contend with the reduction in RCN sea days and handle the revised Cyclone Implementation Transition triggered by the new Blocking Strategy.

However, throughout every challenge thrown our way, the constant has been the dedication to success from every member of 12 Wing. Each member rolled up their sleeves and worked on finding solutions, either by adapting our current processes or finding new and creative ways to continue to deliver the highest level of deployed maritime capabilities. Basic Force Generation, both for the aircrew and maintainers, has continued to be a huge success. 406 Squadron has continued to excel, even surpassing their Maritime Helicopter Co-Pilot production requirement. On the operational front, 423 and 443 Squadrons have continued to deploy high readiness HELAIRDETs in support of countless RCN and CJOC operational deployments and exercises. The recent presentation of a USN Meritorious Unit Award to HMCS TORONTO HELAIRDET is only one small example of the professionalism and dedication of our operational crews. Whatever the challenges in operations, our crews continue to excel. Success in operations is only possible due to the unwavering dedication of 12 AMS to conduct the heavy maintenance and provide the shop level support required to sustain continuous deployed operations. Although the reliability, safety and the airworthiness of the CH124 remains very high, the true success is directly linked to the dedication of every maintainer on both the East and West coasts; their efforts are vital to our ability to conduct both basic and advanced force generation activities. Finally, we can't forget the operational, logistic and administrative support being provided by Wing Operations and the HQ. While not as visible, they remain absolutely critical to the success of 12 Wing.

Albeit challenging, the future remains bright. 12 Wing and the RCAF will accept delivery of the Cyclone Block 1.0 this summer and then the adventure truly begins. It would be imprudent to think that the road ahead is going to be easy. It's going to be tough and challenging, but never boring. Once unlocked, the operational capabilities of the Cyclone will support maritime operations for the next 50 years. I could not select a better team to face this challenge. 12 Wing and the Maritime Helicopter community will do what it has always done... Succeed!

Remember, it's never been a better time to be MH!

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

Joseph Howe , 31 August 1871

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

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

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

Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation or

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

Deadlines for receiving submissions are:

Spring	1 March
Summer	1 July
Winter	15 October

To contact us:

samf@samfoundation.ca
kcollacutt@bellaliant.net

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(902) 461-0062
(902) 461-1610 (fax) or (902) 720-2037 (fax)

RENEW YOUR MEMBERSHIP!

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FROM THE CURATOR'S DESK

By Christine Hines

While the winter has proven to be eventful in terms of facility management issues, I am delighted to report our big news to our readers, specifically that the SAM Foundation has again supported the museum's aircraft acquisition program by securing a C45 Expeditor for our collection from Valcourt, Quebec. An ex-Shearwater aircraft, the C45 will make a great addition to our collection; while space is at an all-time premium, it was an opportunity not to be missed. Sincere thanks go out to the SAM Foundation membership and Executive for your stalwart support of the museum, especially with respect to this great project. We'll be sure to update you when the aircraft is due to arrive at SAM, later in the spring.

Regular Warrior readers will know that WO Dave Rowe, an AESOP instructor at 406 (M) OTS, is currently building a replica Hawker Hurricane for the SAM in his spare time. He is making great progress and will soon be ready to prime, paint and apply fabric. Dave has been regularly posting updates on the project and photos to our Facebook page at <https://www.facebook.com/shearwateraviationmuseum>. (Feel free to "Like" our Facebook page if you haven't already!) Dave is doing an incredible job on the replica aircraft. The plan for the project are to have the project completed and unveiled in the late summer, in order to tie into commemorative events surrounding the 75th anniversary of the Battle of Britain, before it is lifted into its place of honour at SAM, suspended from the rafters in front of our graphic wall panel discussing the Battle of Britain.

I would also like to acknowledge some new student volunteers from the Nova Scotia Community College Aviation Institute who have joined our restoration team. Working with John Webber on the Saturday crew, they are putting their hand to assisting with various projects, including the Stranraer restoration. We continue to have a great relationship with the NSCC and look forward to reporting on their projects in future issues of the Warrior. Our existing volunteer corps continues to make great progress in their various projects. We couldn't manage our restorations, collections work, and front-of-house tasks without each and every volunteer, who generously give their time and expertise to move the museum's development continually forward. They are, quite simply, rock stars!

Our spring kickoff is just around the corner, and we celebrate this with our annual spring hobby show and fund raiser in early April. Now in its 17th year, the hobby show has grown into a must-see attraction and is considered to be a signature event, and allows us to offset our administrative expenses. If you're going to be in the area 11-12 April, consider dropping in to see the show. We are also working on a new television commercial and some other marketing initiatives to launch in the spring and summer, to assist us with improving promotion of the museum. Our winter months have been productive at SAM, I can assure you!

All the best from the volunteers and staff at SAM!



President's Report

by John Knudsen

With spring comes renewed growth and energy. That is not only true in nature, but also at SAMF. We are building a stronger Fund Raising Committee (FRC), and planning is already underway for some of our tried and true fund raising activities and new ones are being looked at. The FRC will now consist of co-chairs, namely Bill Mont and Patti Gemmell supported by, we hope many others, John Cody and Ken Brown who are among the newcomers to the committee.

Patti Gemmell and her team is working on the Dinner / Auction, the first fund-raiser of the season. The date for the event is 20 June 2015. John Cody will be the MC for the evening. More info when available.

50/50 draw handled by Margaret Ferguson and Carol Shadbolt will soon be underway.

The tiles for the Wall of Honour are a steady income, ably handled by Jim Elliott

The Golf Tournament will be looked after this year by Don Evans, assisted by Chuck Coffen (who is training the "new guy").

Last but not least, Kay Collacutt our Secretary, is the Editor of the Warrior, plus many other things that helps keep us all on track - one of which is Membership Chair. The SAMF membership dues cover the period 1 Jan until 31 Dec of any given year. The dues are to a large degree used to cover the cost of printing and distributing the Warrior Magazine. While many members are paid up and some have even paid for future years, too many have not paid this year and are jeopardizing the Warrior. For those that sent in their membership early last October, it was very helpful - thank you. We will continue this practice of paying membership early. If you forgot to renew your membership, please do it now or do like I have to, write yourself a yellow sticky for action tomorrow. Remember, even if you haven't paid in years, it only takes the payment of this years dues to bring you up to date.

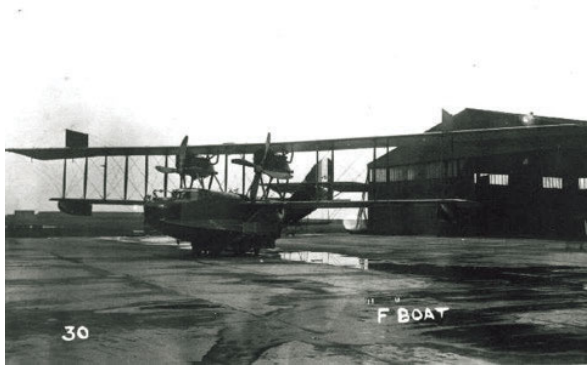
I wish to thank each and every one in your effort to preserve our history.

Speaking of preserving history; an Expeditor came on the market in Dec 2014 and was purchased by the SAMF for the SAM. It previously was flown by VU32, VT40 and VC920. We will be welcoming an old friend back sometime in the Spring.

Take a look at the above and find where you best can help SAMF preserve our memories and history.

Felixstowe F3 Flying Boats in Canada

Ernie Cable, SAM Historian



Felixstowe F3 Flying Boat beached ashore resting on a beaching dolly.

The Felixstowe twin-engine flying boat helped to pioneer the development of Canada's vast uncharted territory in the early 1920s. Canada received eleven Felixstowe biplanes as part of England's Imperial Gift of aircraft to the British Dominions at the end of the First World War. The Felixstowe was a blend of British and American aircraft technologies and designed with long range and endurance for anti-submarine and Zeppelin patrols over the North Sea.

Felixstowes are named after the Royal Naval Air Station at Felixstowe, England where new types of flying boats were developed during World War One. Before the war, Squadron Leader John Porte, Royal Naval Air Service, had worked with American aircraft designer and manufacturer Glenn Curtiss on the flying boat, America, in which they intended to cross the Atlantic in order to win the £10,000 prize offered by the British Daily Mail newspaper for the first aircraft to cross the Atlantic within 72 hours*. Following the outbreak of war in Europe, Porte returned to England and rejoined the Royal Navy, eventually becoming Commanding Officer of the Felixstowe Naval Air Station. Porte recommended that the British Admiralty purchase the Curtiss H-4 flying boat an improved version of the Curtiss America on which he had worked, resulting in the Royal Naval Air Service receiving two prototype Americas and 62 H-4 production flying boats derived from the Americas.

The Curtiss H-4 was found to have a number of problems; it was underpowered with a hull too weak for sustained operations in the North Sea and had poor handling characteristics when afloat or taking off. In 1915, Porte attempted to resolve the H-4's hydrodynamic issues by carrying out a series of experiments on four H-4s fitted with a variety of modified hulls. Using the results of these tests he designed a new 36-foot-long (11 m) hull, which was fitted to the wings and tail of an H-4 powered by a pair of 150-horsepower Hispano-Suiza 8 engines that became the Felixstowe F1. Rather than the lightweight boat-type structure of the Curtiss boats, the F1's hull was built around a sturdy wooden box-girder similar to that used in contemporary landplanes, to which were attached a new V-shaped curved hull with a single-step bottom and side sponsons. Once modified by the fitting of a second step to the bottom, the hull proved to give much better take off and landing characteristics and was much more seaworthy.

The range and load capacity of the F1 was found inadequate for North Sea patrols and Curtiss was asked to develop a larger aircraft known as the Curtiss H-12 or Large America. The hull was again found to be unsuitable for North Sea conditions and was redesigned by Porte, the engines being replaced with more powerful 250-horsepower Rolls-Royce Eagles. This became the F2 and, after a few more modifications, the F2A, which was a popular and successful aircraft and remained in use until the end of the war, about 100 being built.

In February 1917 the prototype of a new flying boat developed from the F2A appeared, designated the F3. It was intended to carry a much heavier load, but the only significant modifications were slightly extended wings and fuselage. The same engines were retained, and consequently the F3 was slower and less manoeuvrable than its predecessor, rendering it less able to engage enemy aircraft and less popular with crews. More F3s were ordered than F2As because of the F3's 100 per cent greater bomb load, but only about 100 were built, some of these being converted to F5s, which became the Royal Air Force's (RAF) standard post-First World War flying boat. (On 1 April 1918, the Royal Naval Air Service and the Royal Flying Corps amalgamated to form the RAF). In early 1918, Canadian Aeroplanes Limited in Toronto received an order from the U.S. Navy to produce 50 Felixstowe F5s. The order was later reduced to 30 aircraft with the last being delivered in January 1919.

At the end of the First World War the British Air Ministry had a surplus of aircraft and in 1919 proposed an Imperial Gift of surplus aircraft to help the British Dominions establish their own air forces; 100 aircraft were offered to Canada. One of the conditions was that the aircraft had to be used for military purposes. The Canadian Air Board, a civilian government organization newly established to develop aviation in Canada, was alarmed at the prospect of losing the aircraft accepted the conditions. The Air Board met the Air Ministry's military proviso by having established the Canadian Air Force under its auspices not only to create a national air force, but also to support civilian government air operations.

The types of aircraft initially offered were all landplanes, whose utility would be severely limited in Canada by the almost complete absence of land facilities (airports). The Canadian Air Board requested that the Air Ministry consider donating more flying boats and seaplanes even at the expense of fewer landplanes as Canada had a plethora of lakes and rivers across the nation with suitable shores to build seaplane stations. The Air Ministry found it did not have enough surplus flying boats to meet all the Canadian requests. However, they found eleven Felixstowe F3s, two Curtiss H-16 flying boats (the final version of the H-4, H-12 series of flying boats), as well as one Fairey III C seaplane. In addition to the flying boats, the final list included the originally proposed 100 aircraft consisting of: 62 Avro 504 trainers, 23 DH 4 and DH 9 bombers, 12 SE 5A fighters, two Bristol fighters and one Sopwith Snipe fighter. As an added bonus the U.S. Department of the Navy donated 12 Curtiss HS-2L flying boats plus spares which were stationed at Dartmouth and Kelly Beach (near North Sydney), Nova Scotia during the war.

The first Imperial Gift aircraft arrived Jan. 15, 1920. After delivery the aircraft had to be uncrated and assembled. Although there was a shortage of trained aircraft mechanics, each aircraft was checked scrupulously, rubber connections were replaced, Air Board registration markings painted on wings and fuselages, and finally the formal registration paperwork completed. Each machine was test flown for at least one hour. Once deemed airworthy, it was either assigned to the Canadian Air Force station at Camp Borden or dismantled and packed for rail shipment to Air Board flying stations across Canada (Dartmouth NS, Roberval QC, Rockcliffe ON, Victoria Beach MB, Morley AB, Jericho Beach BC).

Not all Imperial Gift aircraft were immediately assembled. At least nine never left their crates. One F3 flying boat was assembled, registered, but not given a certificate of airworthiness and hence never flown. Apart from work at Camp Borden, Canadian Vickers in Montreal was contracted to assemble the Fairey III C seaplane and at least one F3 flying boat while two F3s were shipped directly to Vancouver for assembly. Other F3 crates were sent to Victoria Beach, MB. (southern Lake Winnipeg) and Dartmouth, N.S.

Although, the Imperial Gift of aircraft originally included eleven Felixstowe F3s, only eight appear to have been flown operationally in Canada. The eight F3s were assigned the following Canadian Air Board registration letters: G-CYBT (SOS September 1922), G-CYDH, G-CYDI (Only F3 based at Jericho Beach), G-CYDJ, G-CYDX, G-CYEN, G-CYEO, G-CYOH, G-CYOT and possibly G-CYDT.

The vast majority of Canada's lakes and rivers freeze over during the winter resulting in most of the Canadian Air Force's flying boats operating in Eastern Canada retreating to the ice-free seaplane station at Dartmouth for refurbishment for the next summer's flying season.

Felixstowe F3 with Air Board registration G-CYBT was the most notable F3 for its role in the first Trans-Canada flight in October 1920. Initially, the Fairey III C seaplane, G-CYCF, was chosen to fly the first leg of the Trans-Canada flight from Dartmouth to Selkirk, MB (north of Winnipeg). The Fairey III C was the only Imperial Gift aircraft with sufficient range to fly the proposed first leg non-stop. However, the Fairey III C with the weight of fuel required for the non-stop flight was too heavy to take off on floats so the plan was revised to fly the Fairey III C from Dartmouth to Riviere du Loup, QC then fly the remaining legs from Riviere du Loup to Selkirk in a Felixstowe F3. Former Royal Naval Air Service pilot, Lieutenant Colonel Leckie was chosen to fly the Dartmouth to Selkirk legs because of his flying boat experience during the war (Leckie was the head of the Air Board Operations Branch who later became a RCAF Air Marshal and Chief of the Air Staff, 1944-47). Three hours after take off from Dartmouth, the Fairey III C was forced to land on the Saint John River near Fredericton, NB and had to abandon the

Trans-Canada attempt. The Air Force was able to resume the Trans-Canada flight by immediately dispatching a former U.S. Navy HS-2L flying boat with Air Board Registration C-CYAG from Dartmouth to Fredericton to ferry Leckie and his Fairey III C crew to Riviere du Loup to rendezvous with Felixstowe F3, G-CYBT. From Riviere du Loup the F3 crew resumed the Trans-Canada flight to Selkirk with interim refueling stops at Rockcliffe, Sault Ste. Marie and Kenora. (As planned, the remaining legs of the Trans-Canada Flight from Winnipeg to Vancouver were flown by a series of single-engine DH 9a biplane bombers. The total flying time to complete the 3341-mile (5568 km) distance from Halifax to Vancouver was 49 hours seven minutes with an average ground speed of 68 miles per hour (113 km/h).

Endless summer patrols took their toll on the aircraft, and the Air Force was faced with the need to replace them. The Air Board's reliance on the postwar Imperial Gift aircraft from Great Britain allowed it to delay capital expenditures for replacements. Of the flying boats, the heavy twin-engine Felixstowe F3 and the Curtiss H-16s were seldom flown because they were too difficult to maintain. The RAF practice was to rebuild wartime vintage aircraft after five years, renewing all wooden parts, after which they were flown for no more than two years. By 1922, the Canadian aircraft were all more than five years old, and none had been rebuilt. The last Felixstowe F3 was withdrawn from Canadian service in 1923 and by 1925 the Royal Canadian Air Force began to replace its Imperial Gift Felixstowe and Curtiss flying boats with Vedette flying boats that were built by Canadian Vickers in Montreal specifically designed for operating on the hinterland lakes and rivers of Canada.

* The first trans-Atlantic flight was made by the U.S. Navy's Curtiss NC-4 flying boat; departing Rockaway, NY on 8 May 1919, arriving at Lisbon, Portugal on 27 May with interim stops for repairs, weather and refueling at Dartmouth, Trepassey Bay, Newfoundland and the Azores. Several weeks later on 15 June 1919, British Captain John Alcock and Lieutenant Arthur Brown flying a Vickers Vimy bomber completed the first non-stop Trans-Atlantic flight from St. John's Newfoundland to Clifden, Ireland in 15 hours 57 minutes to claim the £10,000 reward.



Curtiss "America" from which the Felixstowe F3 was derived.

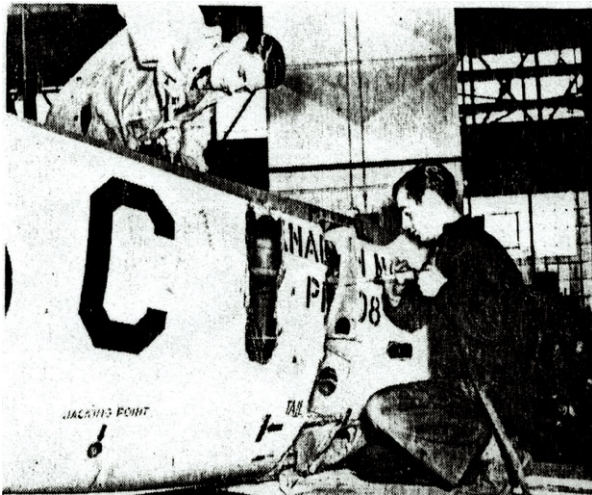
FORGETTABLE FIREFLIES

Leo Pettipas, Winnipeg

It has long been the practice of aircraft designers to create trainer versions of single-seat operational aircraft for their military customers. This involved adding a back seat to the airframe to accommodate a pilot instructor. There were two-seat Spitfires, two-seat Sea Furies, and two-seat Hurricanes, to name just a few. The ubiquitous T-Bird was a two-seat training version of the P-80 single-seat Shooting Star fighter, etc, etc.

Between 1945 and 1950, the Fairey Firefly was the première a/c of the RCN's strike-reconnaissance squadrons. Within that time, the British had developed two instructional versions of the Firefly Mk I fighter—an unarmed pilot trainer (T Mk 1), and a tactical trainer (T Mk 2). The RCN bought four of the toothless T Mk 1s directly from the Brits, but had a pair of their own FR Mk 1s converted to T Mk 2 weapons trainers at the Fairey Aviation of Canada plant at Eastern Passage.

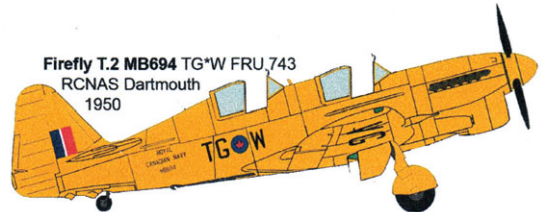
The serial numbers of the two machines earmarked for conversion to weapons trainers were MB 694 and PP 408, and they both went into the Fairey shops in March of 1949. They re-emerged as T Mk 2s the following year with the distinctive raised canopy aft of the front seat (to permit the instructor a clear view of the goings-on up forward), a single 20-mm cannon in each wing, and a gyro gun sight in each cockpit.



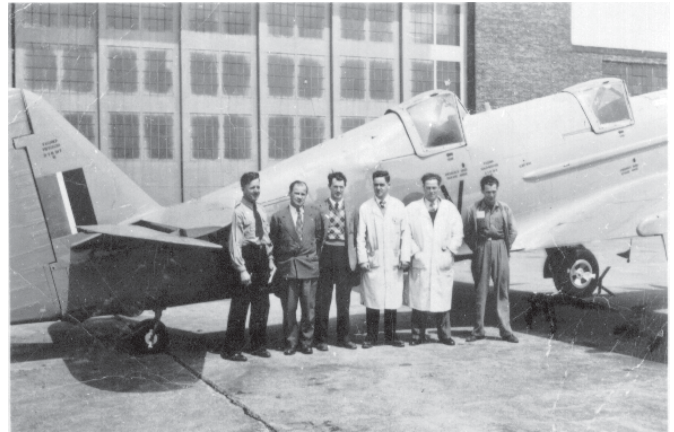
PP 408 undergoing conversion to T Mk 2 standard at Fairey Aviation of Canada Ltd. Credit: 'Canadian Aviation' Magazine

By June 1950, the now-converted MB 694 (side letters TG-W) was being used by the Training Air Group (1 TAG) for low-flying practice and aerodrome dummy deck landings (ADDLs). As for PP 408 (side letters TG-V), its Aircraft Record Card makes no mention of its having been allocated to the TAG at

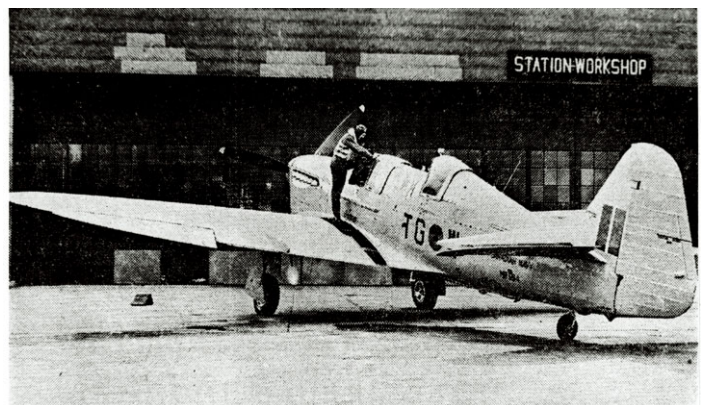
all. Examination of 33 archived pilot's log books failed to turn up any record of post-conversion use of PP 408. On this basis, I think we can safely conclude that, unlike MB 694, PP 402 went straight into storage reserve until both aircraft were placed in long-term storage at Debert. That's where they were when, on 1 March 1954, they were struck off charge and sold to Ethiopia along with the other surviving Firefly Mk 1s.



Side-view of RCN Firefly T Mk 2. Courtesy of Patrick Martin©.



Fairey Aircraft of Canada employees and the newly-converted PP 408 (TG-V) T Mk 2.



Test pilot Lt(P) Hal Fearon climbs aboard newly-converted Firefly T Mk 2 MB 694 for its first flight. DND photo.

Interestingly, neither of the two T Mk 2s saw any use in the role for which they were designed. Although they were configured for weapons training, testimonies by former pilots deny any recollection of their having been used for this purpose. The question that arises is, why didn't the Navy put them to their specialised use? The matter is worthy of some discussion, so let's discuss it.

It has been pointed out that in 1950, when the Firefly T Mk 2s became available, the decision had already been made to re-equip with the Avenger. The front-line Firefly AS Mk 5s were on their way out, and since the Firefly trainers were intended to train people to operate Fireflies, they lost their purpose with the arrival of the TBMs. The assumption here is that the Firefly trainers were procured, or were considered suitable, only for transitioning pilots to other (operational) variants of the Firefly.

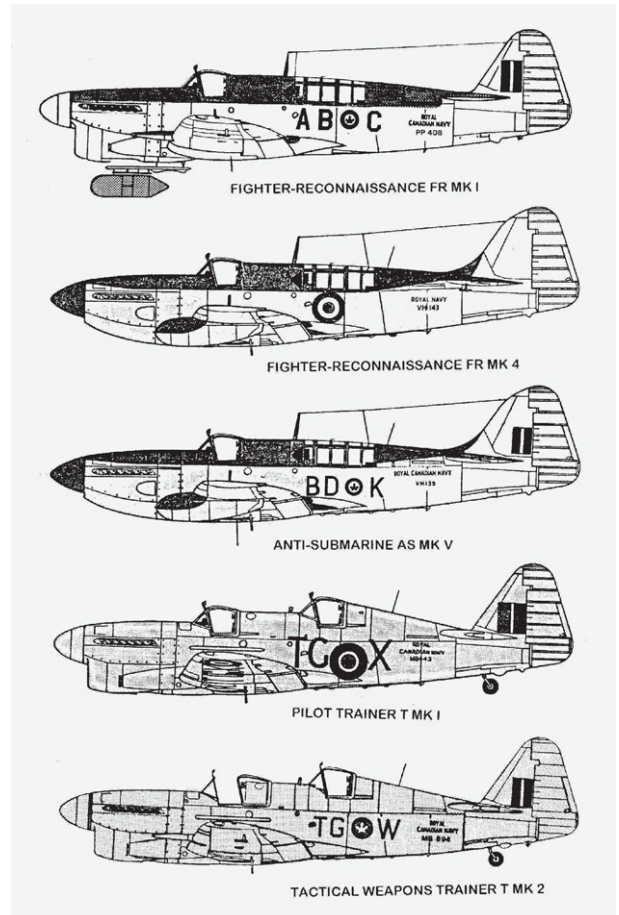
This is a poor argument. Why couldn't Firefly tactical trainers be used to train front-line Sea Fury and Avenger pilots? Indeed, it was stated in a leading Canadian aviation magazine of the day that the gap between the Harvard and the Sea Fury was to be filled by the Firefly trainer. The second-line Air force T-33 wasn't used to train flyers for use of the first-line P-80 from which the T-Bird was derived – the RCAF didn't even fly P-80s.

Likewise, Harvards weren't used to train pilots to fly armed and dangerous front-line, combat-tasked Harvards, because such things didn't exist, at least not in Canadian service. Rather, the RCAF employed the Harvard and the T-Bird to train aspiring Sabre and CF-100 pilots. Theoretically, the Firefly T Mk 2 – the direct equivalent of the T-33 armament trainer -- could certainly have been a useful asset as long as the RCN was operating Sea Furies and Avengers.

From the standpoint of flying hours alone, it doesn't appear that the Navy got its money's worth from its Firefly T Mk 2s. Actually, the Service already had an armament trainer in the form of the gun-equipped Harvard IIA, so why bother acquiring Firefly T Mk 2 gunnery trainers in the first place?! The simple fact is, they just weren't needed.

If nothing else, the time, effort, and expense that went into turning a pair of Firefly FR Mk 1s into Firefly T Mk 2s arguably provided some measure of experience for workers at the newly-established Fairey Aviation of Canada facility in advance of the far more ambitious Avenger modification program that was just around the corner.

DID YOU KNOW ... that no fewer than five different variants of the Fairey Firefly were operated by the Royal Canadian Navy?



*Sea King
Technicians & Engineers
Reunion 2015*



Shearwater, NS

INVITATION

You are invited to join the Present and Former Sea King Personnel for a Reunion weekend
31 July - 2 August 2015

FRIDAY 31st JULY

Arrival & Registration
Come Register and join us at the **MEET AND GREET** at the Warrant Officer's and Sergeant's Mess

BBQ to follow at 1800 hrs
Dress is Casual

SATURDAY 1st AUGUST

GOLF

Location - The Links at Montague
222 Montague Road, Dartmouth
Tel # 902-433-3330
Tee Off Times - TBD

Note:

Cost of Golf separate from Reunion Fee

DINNER & DANCE

Music by "Serge" at the Warrant Officer's and Sergeant's Mess
1900 - 0100 hrs

Dinner will be served at 1920 hrs
Dance to follow

Dress is Casual

SUNDAY 2nd AUGUST

**SHEARWATER AVIATION
MUSEUM TOUR**

The Museum will be opened for gathering guests from
0900 - 1200 hrs

Guests are invited to tour the many exhibits and Gift Shop

**REGISTRATION AND
MEET AND GREET**

Friday 31st July 2015

The doors open at 1300 hrs for participant Registration at the Warrant Officer's and Sergeant's Mess, 12 Wing Shearwater.

Pre-registration packages can be picked up at this time and registration will be taken for events that are still available.

Stay and share a few "war stories" and reminisce about the past with friends.

The Meet and Greet BBQ will follow at
1800 hrs

Cost is \$25 per couple or
\$12.50 per person

Dress is Casual

**SEA KING HELICOPTER
Technician & Engineer REUNION
2015**

Information*First Name**Last Name**Address**City**Province**Postal Code**Telephone**E-mail**Attending with a
Guest*

No

Yes

*Guest's name***Events**

- | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------|-------------------|------------------|
| 1. | Meet and Greet | Couple - \$25.00 | Single - \$12.50 |
| **Please indicate BBQ food choice | | Steak | Chicken |
| for above event | | | |
| 2. | Dinner and Dance | Couple - \$100.00 | Single - \$50.00 |
| 3. | Both 1 & 2 | Couple - \$120.00 | Single - \$60.00 |
| 4. | Golf | | Yes No |
| | Golf Cart | | Yes No |
| | Club Rental | | One Two None |

Methods of Payment

Online banking e-transfers or please
enclose a cheque or money order, payable to **Peter Gotell**
and mail along with Registration form to:

Reunion 2015, C/O Peter Gotell**15 Carlisle Drive, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, B2V 1V7****NOTICE**

Due to necessary expenses the Organizing Committee incurs in preparing for this event, notice of cancellation received after 1st June 2015, will not be reimbursed. **Cancellations** received prior to 1st June 2015 date will be reimbursed at 50% of the initial fee. Due seating availability and initial show of interest for the Dinner and Dance, 1st Aug, a first come, first served basis will apply.

THREE GENERATIONS OF DIVERS

Joe Paquette

My first love had been underwater diving and not only did my brother Wayne and I construct "Diver on Diver" play fights but I read all I could find on Jacques Cousteau and was even called out from the pulpit for ignoring my "Calling" to the priesthood to work towards the life of a Navy diver.

My first practical training was a SCUBA course done through the local "Y" in Montreal. While we never left the pool the training was quite comprehensive.

My next exposure was while I was on the Senior Cruise in Venture.

While in Fiji Bill Brunlees came up with the idea, and the equipment, to slip away during a native display and go diving from the local beach. Not only did we break every known rule about diving but we never told anyone what we were going to do.

Down at the beach with masks, flippers and tanks, we realized that we had to cross about 100 meters of reef covered by about a foot of water to reach an area where we could go diving. Sharks were another concern as was some area where we could get back to the beach without crawling over the reef.

A local boy was quick to reassure us that there were no sharks in the area and that there was a sandy beach down the shore where we could exit the water easily.

Bill and I donned part of our gear and dragged the rest over the water covered reef to its edge. How we avoided stepping on a sea urchin or worse is a wonder. At the edge of the reef the wave action made getting the rest of our gear on very difficult. Bill was first and literally was washed over and out just as he finished securing his tank. Staying in place was impossible so Bill gave a "thumbs up" and disappeared. I was now desperate, so quickly finished with my gear and let the waves carry me off the reef.

As I searched for Bill the first thing I saw was a shark ... type, size, distance ... not a clue but he was gone before I could react. I spotted Bill down near the base of the reef (out of the wave action) and swam after him intently

scanning for sharks.

I caught up with Bill and together we were enjoying our adventure proceeding along the reef looking for the beach that had been mentioned. As time passed and air supply was becoming an issue, we finally realized that the only route out of the water was going to be as bad as our entry. We had no choice but to turn right and head to the beach over the jagged coral reef.

We decided not to try walking in but to use the wave action to lift us in, in stages, as far as possible to shore before trying to stand. This worked out OK and we finally made it to the sandy shore with little idea of where we were or how long we had been gone.

Suddenly up on the side of the hill we saw the bus we had come in and it was heading home. We yelled and I think someone in the bus spotted us and it stopped. We scrambled up the hill with our gear only to find out that we were in very deep s%#t.



SDO COURSE

The Officer in charge had organized a search when he found us missing at the end of the festivities. The search turned up a native boy walking along with our sandals. When questioned he said we had gone out "there" a long time ago. When a further search didn't locate us the officer assumed the worst and was heading back to the ship to report us missing, presumed dead.

Happy as the Officer was to have us back in the fold he forced me to drink myself sick (to match how he had felt???) and placed me on stoppage of leave until we got home.

By the time I got to VS-880 my request to take my training as a Ship's Diving Officer (SDO) had been granted. The SDO course was a 30 day "Boot Camp" taken at HMCS Granby, the Naval Diving Unit. Our day started at 7 am with fitness training (a two mile run on the railroad track) then classroom sessions and water time. It was a strange existence what with being husband and father from 6pm to 6am then the divers' version of "Hell Week" from 7am to 5pm.

Eventually the runs became one mile swims. It was physically and psychologically tough with blindfolded and night dives but I received my SDO qualification. Unfortunately we were not issued the equipment that would have allowed us to continue our diving on our own (and get paid \$0.08 a minute) because a marine oil spill at Arichat NS resulted in the navy divers destroying the entire stock of dive gear in their efforts to clean up the spill. (Author is standing second from the right, little changed in appearance from today

I did dive once or twice with borrowed gear but that was it. Snorkeling would have to fill in, as in spite of two dive courses, things were getting more formal and one needed a NAUI or a PADI certification, neither of which I had as they didn't exist when I was learning.

When I joined the SAR world, things changed and when the Squadron was on a DIVEX I was able to get the gear on and do some diving at Saint Paul's Island twelve miles off the north east point of Cape Breton. We deployed most of the SAR Techs to the island using the BUFFALO to move their gear to Sydney and the LABRADOR helicopters to transfer it all to the island. On the island, we took over a two story abandoned building that we had made weather tight.

While the water was cold, the diving was excellent with amazing visibility, lots of fish and lobster and even a wreck or two. We looked for brass in a sunken metal trawler and I decided that under the vessel's hull (jammed into some rocks) was a likely location. The problem was I had all these stories of underwater earthquakes in my head. It would take me ten minutes to screw up my courage and then 30 seconds under the hull to lose it and have to come out from under to get it back again. I was no Jacques Cousteau.

When I returned to 413 Squadron as the Commanding Officer and the SAR Techs were planning a DIVEX in Key Largo FL, I made a point of the fact that "No one can dive without certification" with the exception of the CO since I would wear the can if anything happened anyway.

The SARTech Team Leader always made sure I had a "Minder" to ensure I didn't exceed my capabilities, after all, if I was to die in a diving accident he was definitely going to have to answer some questions. Key Largo was a beautiful spot to dive. We leased the services of a dive boat and enjoyed the warm clear water, the beautiful coral reefs and the multitude of fish. Among these were Barracuda of various sizes but none as big as the six footer who hung motionless in my path as I looked up from my sightseeing. As I came to a panicky stop something crashed into me from behind, my "minder", Bo Maize. When we got to the surface to debrief he noted that he had seen the Barracuda quite a bit earlier and was waiting to see my reaction. What he didn't expect was to see me go "Full astern". He said even my hair went backwards.

I even went with the boys when they went ice diving but one look at how seriously they took this was enough to tell me that this was no place for an amateur.

Later during vacations or cruises south I (we) would always book snorkeling trips but in my heart I wanted to get in at least one dive ... but without a PADI Card it wasn't going to happen. On our last cruise I booked a one day "Resort" course in Grand Cayman. For the "Resort" course, you are given some basic skills training you get to dive in the "Grotto" with an instructor. It was very windy and the visibility was poor but the equipment was comfortable and my buoyancy was right on. It was a wonderful hour.

FINALLY In June of 2014, my son Steve mentioned that he and his ten year old son, Natha, were thinking of taking a dive course together. I said that I would like to join them if they didn't mind. So, after so organizing I signed up for the "Open Water Dive Course".



My Grandson Natha

We met at the Dive Centre on Saturday, August 3 to get fitted with our equipment, sign any last minute paperwork and meet our instructor, Hussein Mohammed.

We loaded our air tanks, suits, flippers and other gear and followed him to a place called Sloan's Lake where he did the training.

After some basic instruction on the lake, the gear and the skills we were to practice it was time to suit up. Steve, who had a PADI card, was not going to have to do the basic stuff but Natha and I were to get the full meal deal.

The lake bottom where we entered was quite uneven and muddy so getting all geared up was not an easy affair. Natha's fins would not stay on and I needed more weight than Hussein considered. In the end Natha lost a fin and I had every pound of lead Hussein had in my BCD and even then I could barely get under water.

Visibility. I had dived in pools, at ocean vacation spots and in Halifax Harbour but I was not prepared for the extremely poor visibility in Sloans Lake. It was quite an effort for me to keep any contact or orientation and it did add to the stress. Natha, on the other hand, didn't know what he was missing and was as happy as a seal.

As we did the basic drills (mask clearing, regulator removal, mask removal, buoyancy control) it was obvious that we had a very conscientious instructor and I was also glad for my recent Grand Cayman training.

Mostly though, I was so proud of my grandson Natha because even in very stressful exercises (and poor visibility) he was always cool and in control. During "Mask flooding" he was initially using the incorrect procedure to clear his mask and not having any success. This meant he was breathing by mouth but his nose was full of water, something that would freak most of us out. Instead, Natha calmly gave the "I am not OK sign" and signaled to go up. It took him three tries to get the procedure correct but he was calm and in control the whole time.

When we were practicing buoyancy control and I was struggling between popping to the surface and dropping like a stone into the cold depths, he calmly rotated upside down and floated with his face next to mine as comfortable as a bat. When the instructor signaled "OK" and that we were to surface, Natha returned the "Go up" sign then realized that his "Go up" was upside down (because he was) and almost dislocated his arm to give the "Go up" in the right direction ... cool.

In the end Natha outdid us all. The last dive was to be in the ocean and given the tides here in Sou'west Nova Scotia, this is a serious scheduling problem. I was not able to get my ocean dive in (I was awarded my PADI Qualification anyway) but while escorting some Canadian

Army Veteran motorcycle riders on a tour of the area we stopped to watch some divers and discovered that it was my grandson, Natha, on his qualification dive.

Not only had I finally, at 72, completed my dive course but three generations of Paquette's had received their PADI cards.

The Argus and the Cuban Missile Crisis *EASTLINK TV DOCUMENTARY*

For the past two years, Eastlink TV, the Greenwood Military Aviation Museum Society and several military veterans have worked diligently to bring to fruition a documentary on the Royal Canadian Air Force's Maritime Patrol aviation, as conducted from bases in Greenwood, Nova Scotia and, until 1981, Summerside, PEI. To illustrate the complexity and high security of this military role, activities during the dangerous Cuban Missile Crisis are used, and exemplify the critical importance of the missions flown by 404 and 405 Squadrons from Greenwood and 415 Squadron from Summerside. This event was so secretive that prior to, during and long after the Crisis, no public mention was permitted of the Maritime Patrol contribution. Release from that secrecy has only recently occurred, and the Eastlink documentary puts into perspective what the highly-skilled airmen of these squadrons contributed to the prevention of nuclear war.

Entitled "The Eagle, The Buffalo and the Swordfish" – the emblems of 405, 404 and 415 Squadrons – the documentary was shown 31 December 2014 at 8:00 pm in high definition on Eastlink channel 610 and on regular channels 5 in Kings County and channel 10 in the remainder of Nova Scotia, PEI and Nfld.

Did any of our readers see this documentary? Did the RCN or Naval Air have any part in this? Comments please, Ed?

But Sir, I'm a Reserve

By W.L.Ewing, Ex-Leading Seaman, RCN(R)

"Ewing!" (Ah, thought I, my master's voice!) "What are you sitting around for? Grab your gear and let's make like the birds." Thus spaketh the Commanding Officer of VC-920 Squadron, Lt. Commander Derek Tissington. Not only was he the Squadron CO and my pilot, but as he lived across the street from me, sometimes my chauffeur as well.

It was a pleasant Saturday in early summer of 1957 and sprawled against the hangar in the sun seemed infinitely finer than sweating in the back of a TBM-3m, but then, he was the boss.

I had joined the Royal Canadian Navy (Reserve) in 1954, and had gone through the RCN's School of Naval Air Maintenance, and through some whim of Ottawa, my Dad had been transferred to HMCS York in Toronto allowing me to join VC-920. He was RCN Executive Branch, and I was RCN® Air Branch. Oh, but it did make for some spirited family discussions.

VC-920 was the best squadron in the Naval Air Reserve -- we had the best CO, the zaniest Executive Officer (an RCN type, "Buck" Rogers), and the most aircraft trusted to any Reserve squadron. We flew more hours, our Observers were the sharpest, and our groundcrew were the keenest. Hell, we even had three WREN's qualified as Riggers or Fitters, and even the RCN didn't have that. And, we were qualified for carrier deck landings.

It was a cozy spot and I was comfortable, but the boss was the boss, so with a silent groan, I pulled myself to my feet and gathered up the few things I required for flight. The pilots and observers flew with flight suits, gloves, boots, parachutes and helmets, while we technical types got away with our normal work dress, gloves, parachute, and a light headset. Things were different in those days.

The normal flight position for the crewchief (or Plane Captain), was in the mid-upper -- a cramped seat aft of the pilot and forward of the Observer. A quick check around failed to show any of the squadron's Observers making toward the Avenger, so I quickly threw my parachute into the turret seat. This was the Observer's normal spot and was a lot roomier than the "hell hole". When they modified the Avenger to anti-submarine standards for the RCN, they removed the old ball turret; but they left in the moveable seat and track, just extending the "greenhouse". Roomier, cooler, less noisy, and you could rotate the seat in flight.

A quick walk-around, sign the CNA700, and strap in. Radio checks okay, then I hear the wind-up of the starter, and with much noise, smoke and vibration, the Wright Cyclone hanging on the front end starts. A few minutes for warm-up and checks, then away chocks. Derek releases the brakes and the ungainly beast rolls forward and stops.

Now the TBM Avenger had the nickname, "Turkey", and I love the old bird, but I figure she got stuck with the wrong nickname. On the ground and with the wings folded, she should have been called, "Pelican" -- the tail drags and the "bridge" is twenty feet in the air.

At the signal from the linecrew, the wings are spread and locked into position. We then turn and taxi down to the runway. Now comes the part I like. We share hangar space at RCAF Station Downsview (Toronto) with two of the RCAF Auxiliary squadrons, 400 and 411. Both fly T-33 and F86 Sabres. The sight, sound and smell of VC-920 Avengers is enough to send the older members of the squadrons right up the wall; especially when we Plane Captains taxi past to do our own run-ups without the benefit of pilots. The Avenger towers over the jets and gives us the opportunity to give the Air Force the well-known "one finger salute" as we taxi by.

Into the air, Naval Airman. "What's up today, boss??" (In the air and out of sight and sound of senior officers, VC-920 tends to get a bit lax.

"Oh, nothing serious. How about a couple of practice fish runs and then to Windsor for lunch. Normal routine."

We've done this before. Pick a small island on some lake or a lake freighter heading down Lake Ontario; drop in low over the water; then pickle off an imaginary torpedo and climb up and over the unsuspecting target. Shades of the South Pacific....except you don't get shot at.

Down across Lake Simcoe -- torpedo doors open -- steady..."Drop!" Then the Wright howls and the Avenger reefs up and around. Another enemy cruiser splits apart and sinks. Fantasia can't have too many left now. (Fantasia in those days was always the enemy -- sorry, Walt!) Now for Windsor and lunch.

We had developed our own routine for parking at "foreign" airports. One of the crew would hop out and direct the pilot into the parking spot. This saved frayed nerves and bent wingtips. As the Plane Captain (and the only one aboard aside from the pilot), I climbed out and did my thing. Finally I signaled the "cut" and waited for the blades to stop turning. The final move is for the pilot to open the torpedo bay doors. This time, when the doors opened, a two-foot length of fir tree dropped onto the tarmac.

I ducked under the aircraft and retrieved the souvenir. With mock severity, I formally presented the small bit of tree to the CO. "Next time you want a tree, sir, let me know and I'll go out and cut one down....from the bottom!!" He bought me lunch on the agreement that I never tell the rest of the squadron...and I didn't!! Until now.

Recollections of Flugzeugabwehrkanone (Flak) – By Flight Lieutenant Bill McRae

Early in the spring of 1944, 401 Squadron saw a gradual reduction in the principal role it had played over the previous nine months, ie: high level, or close escort, most often to U.S. B-26 Marauders. Focus began switching more to ground targets, initially attacks on trains and barges, but in April dive bombing was added, with Noballs [at the time these were “mystery” targets - usually V-1 buzz bomb and V-2 rocket launch sites – Ed.] and railway bridges becoming the main objectives. Following D-day the main targets became enemy transports moving up to the front. These targets were often heavily defended by light flak, which, although it was no stranger to us, was now seen in much greater concentrations than previously experienced.



A gun crew for a German 88 mm anti-aircraft gun, known simply as the Eighty Eight, have a lunch break in France during the Normandy campaign. In the First World War, a similar 88 mm gun was used for anti-aircraft defence - German soldiers and airmen called them by a similar name – Acht-Acht (Eight Eight) – which likely gave rise to the nickname used by the British at the time – Ack Ack. Photo: Bundesarchiv

There was also a psychological factor which came into play since most of these guns used tracer ammunition. It was rather unnerving to be diving at a target from which streams of red or white ping pong balls were floating up at you, seemingly right at you. Usually these would arc down before reaching you, having been fired out of range. Other times they would have the range but not the line and the pyrotechnics would sail by on either side. Not very comforting, knowing that just one of those things hitting your Achilles heel, the radiator, and your flying days would be over.

Statistics for total loss of aircraft and pilots reflect only a small percentage of the number of Spitfires which were damaged but able to return safely. I recall one day when 401 was unable to mount any operations during the afternoon due to an insufficient number of serviceable machines. The Wing ORB [Operational Record Book] for June 27 states in part: “Flak opposition through the day was quite heavy, especially while strafing, and the Wing suffered 12 aircraft temporarily out of action from this cause”.

German anti-aircraft gunners with a “light” flak gun called the Flakvierling 38 - combining four 20 mm Flak 30 guns on one mount. Despite its smaller size, it required a crew of eight. Like all mobile flak guns, it could also be used against ground targets - with devastating effect. The gun fired 800 rounds per minute. No



Flight Lieutenant Bill McRae, 401 Ram Squadron, Royal Canadian Air Force. Photo via Marilyn Best (née McRae)

I should explain the definitions of flak. There were two general categories, ‘light’ and ‘heavy’, neither of which referred to the intensity of the fire but rather the caliber. Light flak could be anything from machine gun caliber to 40 mm cannon, effective up to about 10,000’. Heavy flak usually came from the superb German 88 (88 mm) which fired a 9 kg projectile at 800-1,000 m./sec. velocity with some models reaching altitudes up to 20,000 m**. With tray loading for rapid fire, and radar ranging, it was a formidable weapon. Intensity of fire was described equally for both categories, ‘intense’, ‘moderate’ or ‘insignificant’; this last one struck me as a joke, one bullet was insignificant, but not if it went through the radiator of a liquid cooled engine!

It was light flak which caused the majority of our losses leading up to and during the Normandy campaign.

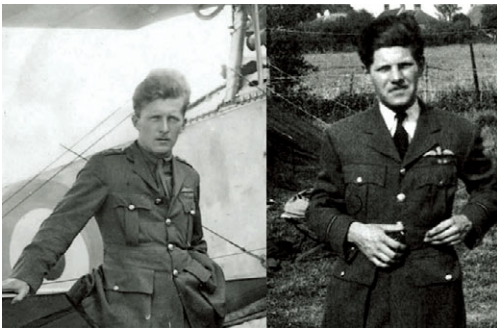
Because the small caliber weapons had a high rate of fire, the guns were often mounted as multiple units, and as we were attacking down to very low levels, the odds of being hit were quite high.



wonder **Bill McRae** and his fellow Spitfire pilots of 401 Squadron feared "light" flak most of all. Photo via fhs.wikia.com

It was not always enemy flak causing the damage. A few days after D-Day, 127 Wing, attempting to cross the beaches to take up patrol, were fired on by the Royal Navy. After several unsuccessful attempts, in which one pilot was killed, another wounded, and six aircraft damaged, the Wing gave up and returned to Tangmere.

Despite its delicate appearance, and the admitted vulnerability of its cooling system, the Spitfire could take a lot of punishment. Soon after we took up residence in France, I flew the Auster to B-6 to pick up Art Bishop following his emergency landing there. I have never seen a machine so badly mauled and still flyable - it looked as if a madman had attacked the wings with an axe, yet the radiator was untouched. On another occasion one of our pilots had his stabilizer sliced through from leading edge to spar while dive bombing, yet it held together long enough for him to get back to Hawkinge.



In this story, **Bill McRae** speaks of flying the squadron Auster liaison aircraft to pick up **Art Bishop**, whose Spitfire had been shredded by flak. **William Arthur Christian Avery Bishop** (right) was the fighter pilot son of one of the greatest aces of the First World War, Canada's Air Marshal **William Avery "Billy" Bishop**, VC, CB, DSO, and Bar, MC, DFC, ED, LL.D (left) who had 72 aerial victories to his name. Photos: TheStar.com (Right) WarMuseum.ca (Left)



An RAF Auster light utility aircraft similar to that flown by the author when picking up Art Bishop. McRae was likely

flying 126 Wing's liaison aircraft or "hack". Photo: Imperial War Museum

As much as light flak was highly visible, heavy flak was stealthy - unseen until it arrived and burst. A direct hit would be catastrophic. On at least two occasions I witnessed B-26's cut clean in half by direct hits. Sometimes a volley of only a few rounds, or even a single round, could appear when least expected. This was the case when S/L Hap Kennedy was brought down. I had a somewhat similar experience, with more fortunate outcome, a few weeks before D-Day. We were returning home from an uneventful fighter sweep in the Paris region. Flying over Rouen at about 15,000', an 88 round burst directly in front of my spinner; I saw the burst and flew through it at the same instant. Whether from the explosion or having instinctively pulling the stick back I don't know, but when I looked down I could see the rest of the squadron sailing along about 200' below me, and where they had been a moment before the sky was filled with black puffs of smoke from a box barrage. Perhaps I had received the ranging round. I could not believe that such a close call would not have hit me somewhere, and spent some anxious moments checking the coolant temperature gauge until I was satisfied my radiator had not been hit. On landing back at Tangmere, the crew and I examined the whole aircraft carefully and found only two hits. The starboard navigation light had been cut away cleanly, as if by a knife, and there was a chunk of flak several inches long protruding from the wooden blade of my Rotol prop, about two feet out from the spinner. I thought this warranted a new prop, but they pulled out the flak, filled the hole with plastic wood, and dabbed some black paint on it!



Escorting both RAF and USAAC Martin Marauders on bombing missions against heavily defended V-1 and V-2 launch sites, McRae witnessed the devastating effects of heavy flak at altitude. Here, in Valentine's Day, 1945, B-26 Lafayette, We Are Here II (serial number 42-95900) falls from the sky. The official, but dramatic, caption from the Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Force (SHEAF) censor, typed on the back of this photo reads in part: "A Martin B-26 Marauder, aflame from engine to tail, hurtles earthward during a 9th Bombardment Division attack against a German front-line communications center in the path of the advancing First and Ninth Armies. A direct hit from enemy anti-aircraft artillery penetrated the left engine. Flames, starting at the point where the cowling has come off, engulf the wing, fuselage and tail from both sides." Such scenes had a powerful effect on pilots like McRae. Photo: USAF

When I left 401 in August of 1944, I was flying my fourth Mk IX since my first one back in November 1943, three having been temporarily retired due to flak damage. Since I assume most pilots had similar or greater experiences, it adds up to an impressive number of aircraft having been required to keep one squadron operating.

Addendum: While waiting for transport back to England from France, I continued to visit my old squadron, just up the road a short distance. On one of these visits the pilot who had inherited "my" Spit invited me to come and have a look at it. The starboard wing had a neat round hole in it, slightly larger than 88 mm, in the bottom and out the top, and very close to the fuselage. Obviously an 88 mm round, fortunately failing to explode, had punched a hole clean through before continuing on its way, taking out the camera gun. You don't get any luckier than that!

Damage Done



A pilot (left) and two ground crew inspect the flak damage of a 332 (Norwegian) Squadron Spitfire Mk Vb. Close calls like this were commonplace, but flak near the engine, fuel tanks or even the radiator could cause the total destruction of the aircraft. Photo: WarAlbum.ru



Flight Lieutenant Arthur Sager of 416 Squadron RCAF was clobbered by flak while flying on a "Rhubarb" over Holland on 13 November, 1943. Despite a damaged aircraft, destroyed radio and injuries, he was able to get the Spitfire back to their base at RAF Coltishaw. Rhubarbs were defined by the RAF as operations when sections of fighters or fighter-bombers, taking full advantage of low cloud and poor visibility, would cross the English Channel and then drop below cloud level to search for targets of opportunity such as railway locomotives and rolling stock, aircraft on the ground, enemy troops and vehicles on roads. As such, they were very susceptible to small caliber flak. Photo via spitfiresite.com and flyingforyourlife.com



RCAF Flight Sergeant Mehew Zobell, of Raymond, Alberta, was hit by flak while supporting the Canadian-British raid at Dieppe on the north coast of France on 19 August, 1942. His Spitfire was struck both around the engine cowling and the rudder. Despite wounds to his head and face, he was able to get the aircraft home and safely on the ground. Photo: RCAF



Flak was the bane of all flying operations, fighter or bomber. The image of a B-17 Flying Fortress that managed to return bears testament to two things - the devastating power of heavy flak and the incredible ability of the "Fort" to sustain damage and continue. Photo: USA



This story and many others, Bill McRae wrote for the Canadian Aviation Historical Society (CAHS) over many years. He sent this and several other stories to Vintage Wings before his death in 2011.

19th Carrier Air Group Sea Fury Carrier Operations

By Eddy Myers

Embarked on HMCS Magnificent "Maggie" in early 1947, we were working up off Bermuda with all available Sea Furies on deck and manned for free launch (sans catapult).

As each aircraft was marshalled and lined up on the Ship's centre line, then wound up and launched by the Flight Deck Officer, the next in line was marshalled forward for launch. This was the routine to minimize the time required to launch all aircraft and thus the time the Carrier had to remain on a straight course which made it vulnerable to submarine attack.

It becomes a steady routine involving cooperation and precision between Pilots and Deck Handlers. The hand signals and footwork of the Flight deck crews when marshalling aircraft on a carrier has been described as 'Choreography at its finest' particularly during night operations.

I cannot recall exactly the number I was in the launch cycle but remember that I followed 'Doc' Schellinck. As he moved forward down the deck, I was marshalled forward and launched in close proximity.

It wasn't until after landing from that sortie that I learned that Doc had suffered an engine failure on take off and had ditched ahead of the ship. He later recounted to all we Squadron Buddies the harrowing experience of having no time at all to prepare for the ditching except to level the wings from the jink to Starboard, a standard routine for aircraft taking off to clear the flight deck of a high degree of turbulence.

He recounted that the Fury went under nose first almost

immediately he hit the water and that he had trouble getting clear of the aircraft and parachute harnesses. It was only when he stood up to exit the submerged aircraft that he realized he had not uncoupled his oxygen mask and headset cord. Fortunately, he said, there was a gulp of air still in the mask that provided him what he needed to disconnect and push himself to the surface before he started taking in salt water.

He was subsequently recovered by the Plane Guard Destroyer and transferred back to Maggie uninjured and quite unfazed by the experience.

Early in the new millennium, Doc, Lorraine and I reconnected when they and I bought places in a Gated Community in St. Peterburg FL. Until he passed away a couple of years ago, it was a great and close relationship with many shared recollections of our times together in 19th CAG and the especially created 'Seafire Toronto Exhibition Flight' of 1949.

When the ditching off Maggie came up in group conversation, he would take great delight in claiming that I had totally ignored him and flown merrily on my way into the wide blue yonder, whilst he floundered around in the briny. My defensive rebuttal, "And what the hell could I have done if I had seen you?", prompted his counter proposal that, "You could have at least waggled your wings". With that, we would smile and return our attention to the business at hand, namely a 'Bubby'.



***A few of the notes received over Christmas.
Thanks to all who wrote in.***

WE GET MAIL...

From Leo Pettipas. Hi Kay: Just catching up on back-logged correspondence, and I'd like to supplement the fine articles by Messrs C. Chiddenton and L. Willits in previous issues of Warrior re. Avenger target-tug 53227 and her May 1959 crash off Osborne Head.

Attached is a pair of very rare photos of her showing her under-water after the ditching but before she was recovered, and while being hoisted from the brine. Note the stripes on the engine cowling -- standard target-tug rig. Please credit the photos to The Pat Martin Collection.



Here's some more bumf about the RCN target-towing saga. It came to me from the late John ("Lucky") Knowles. To the best of his knowledge, the target towing installation in the Avenger was developed by the USN; the RCN just purchased a winch and had Fairey install it the same way it was fitted by the Americans to their own aircraft. In effect, it was proven apparatus with no major mods required by the RCN. It was fine-tuned on one of the camel-back (Mk 2) Avengers by VX 10, added to a couple of VU 32 TBMs, and away she went until replaced by the Delmar set-up on the T-Birds. ***Cheers Leo***

Bill Cody writes: Thanks for your kind Christmas Wishes. Enjoyed Warrior again, particularly Robbie Hughes account of the Freddie Rice accident. Lived those days and sad memories. Also delighted to see Mickey Owens pic. Bill

Terry Lynch writes: Dec 24 To all I wish a Merry Christmas. To those of you that "grew up" with me, to those of you who experienced the thrill of a "cat shot", I tell you sincerely that if I had to do it all again I would pick the same cast and crew. I do hope you all enjoy continued good health. Aye TJ

Lorne MacDonald writes: HAPPY NEW YEAR!! Judy & I hope 2015 is good to you. We are both well and still ticking along. I'm doing a bit of skiing (downhill) with 3 other old guys. I'm really enjoying it.

You can rely on my support of SAMF . Cheers Lorne

(Not old, better! Thanks for your continued support. Kay)

From Larry McWha: I just realized as I signed the date on my membership cheque that today (14 Oct) is exactly 48 years to the day that Pop Fotheringham pinned Navy wings on the sleeves of RCN Pilot Course 66/1 at RCAF Station Portage La Prairie. Paul Hellyer had already ordered the lid placed on the coffin and was replaced by Leo Cadieux less than a year later. Leo oversaw the burial. ***Larry***

(Wouldn't you think we would have learned something from those days? NOPE! Not yet. God only knows how long it will take for us to learn anything from all that took place then. ***Ed.***)

Ted Gibbon writes:

Dear Kay: Barry Montgomery and I had our annual football bet and once again, I lost. SAMF won and Montgomery gets the tax receipt. Please pass your appreciation for his generous donation to Barry and apply it to any project you deem worthy of our support.

Also, have a wonderful Christmas season.

BTW. My grandson just arrived in Shearwater for duty at FDU (Atlantic) situated in Y Hangar. My first duty station in 1956. Quite a coincidence.

(Thanks again for the donation. Keep it up, I love it. If you switch to hockey I would assume you would choose the Toronto Maple Leafs considering your losing streak. Actually, they are my favourite team. Kay)

And from **J.S. Cantlie:**

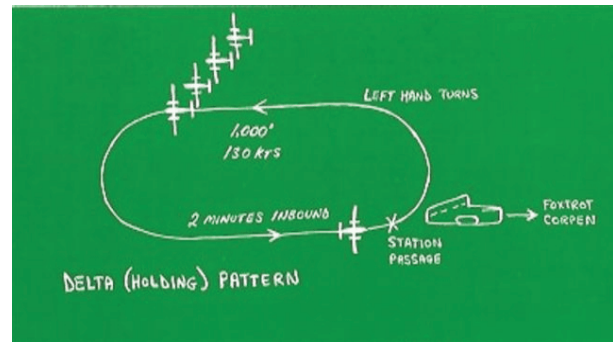
Thank you to all who put in so much effort and time to ensure the success of the Shearwater Aviation Museum and the production of the magazine *Warrior*. I always read *Warrior* from cover to cover and thoroughly enjoy the numerous articles.
Best wishes to all the staff.

John O'Neill writes: Dear Mrs Collacutt:
I am a retired Naval Officer (Marine Engineer) whose roots were in the Naval Air Branch. I joined the Navy in 1946, was assigned to the Air Mechanic Engine Trade and shipped off to the UK for training. I came to Shearwater when it was still an RCAF Base.

During my service (at about year five, as I recall) I was selected as an Officer Candidate and sent for University Training, graduating as a Mechanical Engineer. My path then took me to Marine Engineering Training in HMCS MAGNIFICENT, the Dockyard Training Course, the Marine Engineering Course with the Royal Navy in Plymouth, England, and to BONAVENTURE for watchkeeping (engineering) and qualification to serve as Engineering Officer of a Ship.

I served as Engineer Officer of HMCS STETTLER and HMCS ASSINIBOINE on the West Coast and on HMCS ST CROIX and HMCS ST LAURENT on the East Coast. I also served in the Engineering Division of the Fleet School in Halifax, in the Dockyard and on the Admiral's Staff Atlantic. In addition, I served in the Hydrofoil, HMCS BRAS D'OR for the Rough Water Foilborne Trials.

Thank you for your consideration, and my compliments on the work you do for the Foundation and Naval Air. I still follow it with interest and even get to the Museum at least once or twice a year.

**IN THE DELTA**

AQUANNO, Frank
BABCOOKE, Mel
BIGGS, Leonard
BRADLEY, Diane (Gary Bradley)
BROWN, Robert 'Bob' WTechA
DeFREITAS, Claire
DOYLE, Adrian (Newf)
ELLIOTT, William (Bill)
FISCHER, Hugh
FISHER, Cdr Ralph E.
FOSTER, Gordon Douglas
GOODMAN, Glenn
HILLABY, Paul (OSCAR)
MacPHAIL, Agnes
MATTATALL, Frank
MERRICK, Michael 'Mike'
MUGGAH, Revere 'Paul'
PERCY, Arthur Montague
PILGRIM, James Andrew
ROBERTSON, Wayne
ROBICHAUD, Al
RUTHVEN, Hugh Anthony (Tony)
SCOTLAND, Faye (Doug Scotland)
STUART, Alexander K.(Sandy)
VAN FLEET, Bernard
VAN HAASTRACHT, John Peter
WAHL, Faye (Peter(Pat)Wahl)
WYBENGA, Peter
ZBITNEW, Larry



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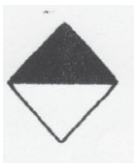
Guidelines for designing your “Wall of Honour” Tile.

The tile used is made from high quality marble which is 12 inches square. The tile can be sand blasted in various ways to suit your wishes. All lettering will be in upper case and the tile will be mounted in the diamond orientation as opposed to a square orientation. All Text will run horizontally across the tile.

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



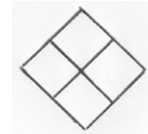
\$300

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.

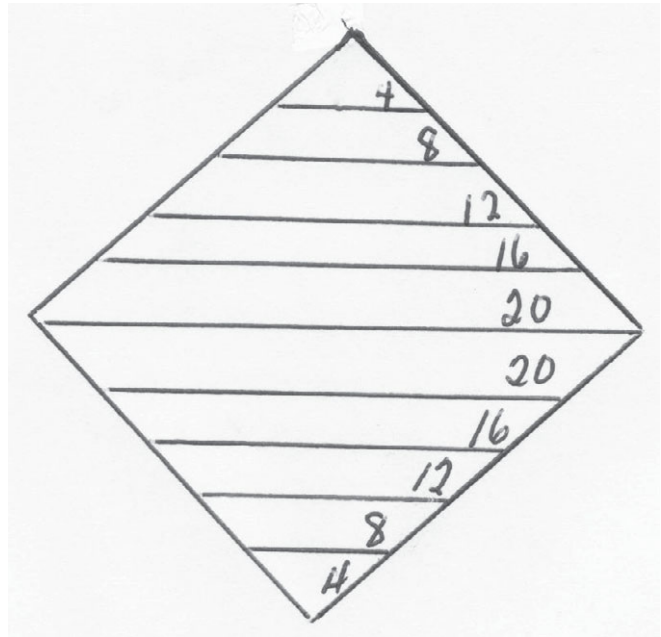
Full Tiles - \$200 day of purchase - \$ 100 per month for the following four months.

Continued next page

(Wall Tiles (continued))

ENGRAVING REQUEST

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!



From:

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Fax (902) 461-1610 Email: samf@samfoundation.ca

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There are two primary ways in which gifts may be made to the Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation: by giving a gift of money or securities as a Gift (Inter Vivos) or by making provision in your Will for the giving of a gift to the Foundation. Remember, a Will 'speaks' for us from the date of death, since Wills are revocable and thus any Tax Benefits of a gift to the Foundation, through a Will, cannot be realized until one dies. A gift (Inter Vivos) i.e. a gift NOW does benefit from a **reduced rate of Income Tax**. So don't wait for Spring - DO IT NOW!

Requests made by Will: In your Will, you may leave a lump sum bequest or a bequest of a specified percentage of the remainder of your estate, or a bequest specified as ' the rest and residue of your estate' to the Foundation. You may also make a gift of property or securities (stocks, T Bills, bonds, GIC's) to the Foundation by means of a provision in your Will.

Income Tax Benefits: A bequest made by your Will confers an important advantage to your estate when the bequest is made to a Charitable organization such as the Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation. Your lawyer or financial advisor can advise you on such advantages and the implications or limitations of such bequests.

Request of Life Insurance: The gift of a Life Insurance Policy can be an effective way of offering a benefit to the Foundation on your death. You may either give an existing policy which you may no longer need, or a new policy obtained specifically for the purpose of making a donation to the Foundation. In both cases, the Income Tax benefits of such gifts can be very important to the Foundation and to you. Consult with your Insurance Agent re the specifics of such benefits.

Or **BY MEANS OF A SIMPLE CODICIL TO YOUR CURRENT WILL.** (The following is a simple Codicil which can be added to your present Will.)

A Codicil to the Last Will and Testament of _____

Which Last Will and Testament is dated this ____ Day of _____ 20___. I hereby add to that said Will as follows:

I give, devise and bequeath to the Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation the sum of \$ _____

to be paid out of my general estate.

Signed and dated this ____ Day of _____ 20__

In the City of _____ Province of _____ Postal Code _____

Witness: _____ Witness: _____
Signature of Testator

Address: _____ Address: _____

First World War Story

by Don Crowe

This is not a Navy story but it is a flying one that I am pretty sure most Navy pilots will relate to. It concerns Bert Rebiere's father, who was a WW1 Pilot.

Bert had been a French Air Force helicopter pilot and had flown in French Indo China, Viet Nam as we know it. He'd actually flown into Dien Bien Phu in its last days. I met him when he came to work for Okanagan Helicopters in 1963 and a year or so later met his father and mother when they came to Vancouver to visit. Bert was later killed in a Jet Ranger he was flying for Expo.

Bert's parents were frequent guests in my home and although Mr. Rebiere senior could not speak English, he had an amazing fund of stories and risque jokes that Bert would translate for us. My favourite story was his experience in WW1.

Rebiere Sr. was a junior officer serving with the French army in the trenches and was not particularly happy there. (I would assume this was a universal feeling of anyone in those trenches). He was entranced with the little biplanes flying over and, not aware that the life expectancy of new combat pilots in those days was a matter of weeks, if not days, decided that being a pilot had to be much more attractive than what he was doing, so he applied for a transfer and was accepted.

He completed his training and was assigned to a Farman Bomber squadron. Very soon after he joined the squadron, the CO called for a volunteer for a special mission. True to military tradition no one volunteered, so the CO volunteered the junior pilot.

Rebiere Sr. proceeded to the CO's office, certain that he was about to be sent on a suicide mission of some sort. The CO informed him that he didn't know the nature of the mission but would tell him as soon word came through.

A few days later, having lived with the ever increasing dread of what he expected to be his last flight ever, he was called into the CO's office who, with great disgust, told him that he'd been appointed to a newly formed squadron, which was to be stationed just outside Paris, Rebiere Sr's home town. The new Squadron's role was to test fly every aircraft that the French Air Force could get their hands on, allied or enemy, fighter, bomber or reconnaissance.

A Pilot's dream job.

But the best was yet to come. The new Squadron was to be based on farmland adjacent to a fair sized town. There were no facilities in town that could accommodate the Pilots so the Air Force took over a few of the town's houses of ill repute and moved the pilots in. They did not move the ladies out, so Rebiere Sr. spent the last days of the war living in a bordello with all its services intact, flying day and night I would assume. Talk about a Pilot's dream! And he survived the war as well!



On Sea Survival... by John Thompson

They'd never cared how much you'd plead,
They'd say it's something that you'll need.
This yearly ordeal you'll concede,
was SE's annual dirty deed.

It's sea survival time again,
a rubber boat on briny main.
A soggy arse - an aching pain,
a poopy-suit seal - a blood-starved brain.

You're floating off Chebucto Head,
you're wishing now you'd not been fed.
Your face it turns to green from red,
you're wishing now that you were dead.

The time goes slow, the hours drag,
you roll and gag beneath the clag.
Can chopper fly? A worried nag!
And chilly spirits start to sag.

Piles will suffer, this I'll bet.
Any sign of rescue yet?
Can't help it if I start to fret,
how much wetter can I get?

I'm hoping I'll be picked up soon.
Don't they know it's way past noon?
A rescue now would be a boon,
but probably it will be by moon.

At last I hear the helo's hum,
And shift to ease my frozen bum,
a bum so cold it's gone quite numb,
exciting moments yet to come.

I watch the helo lower hoist,
into my transportation - moist.
On hooking on I have no choist.
I'm glad they're picking me up foist.

I found it was a rough old trip,
a'bouncing in my rubber ship,
and all I'd did was moan and drip.
Now, how was that for a salty dip?

HMCS TORONTO HELAIRDET AWARDED GOLDEN HAWKS TROPHY

12 Wing Public Affairs



The men of HMCS *Toronto's* (TOR) HELAIRDET were awarded the prestigious Golden Hawks Trophy Thursday, 27 Nov at 12 Wing Shearwater.

The HELAIRDET was awarded this trophy due to their outstanding contribution to Combined Task Force (CTF) 150, conducting counter terrorism and maritime security operations 14 Jan, 2013 – 27 Feb, 2014 as part of Op ARTEMIS in the Arabian Sea.

One of CTF 150's main objectives was to disrupt the trafficking of narcotics between Pakistan and Africa. Over the period of 13 months, TOR was immensely successful, conducting nine interdictions and intercepting more than 2300 kg of heroin and 6000 kg of hashish. These interdictions accounted for more than 85% of narcotics seizures by all of Combined Maritime Forces during that time.

The Sea King was instrumental in these successful seizures, often departing and searching a wide area more than 100 nm away from the ship. The Sea King provided extended sensor coverage over the horizon which allowed for the search, detection and identification of vessels of

interest and providing over-watch during boarding operations with her C-6 machine gun.

Accepting the trophy on behalf of the HELAIRDET was Maj Blaise Boutilier, HELAIRDET Commander.

“Being part of HMCS Toronto’s HELAIRDET was one of the highlights of my career,” stated Maj Boutilier. “The level of professionalism, dedication and teamwork demonstrated by the technicians, aircrew and our Navy colleagues was truly inspirational. Receiving the prestigious Golden Hawks Trophy with such a great group of aviators was a true honour and something I will be very proud of for a long time to come.”

The HELAIRDET was also called upon to provide medical evacuation of civilian workers from two merchant vessels, succeeding in airlifting two injured persons to shore despite challenging environmental conditions. In addition, the Sea King detachment provided several medical evacuations of ill crewmembers, bringing them to shore for eventual

repatriation to Canada. Of particular note, the TOR HELAIRDET provided the rapid rescue of a man overboard, recovering a shipmate who might otherwise have perished. While on approach to the ship, the crew of the Sea King spotted the man in the water and reacted quickly and professionally, providing a timely rescue of their shipmate.

All of this was accomplished as a result of the combined determination and skills of the HELAIRDET's technicians and aircrew, keeping Sea King airborne and highly productive for more than 1000 hrs during the 13 month deployment. The HMCS *Toronto* HELAIRDET's resourcefulness and determination directly contributed to the overwhelming success of TOR in the war on terrorism, intercepting and destroying a significant amount of illegal narcotics. The substantial success achieved by HMCS *Toronto* and her HELAIRDET has had a direct impact on the security in the region, significantly reducing the funding available to terrorist and extremist groups.

The Golden Hawks trophy was established in 1993 to recognize outstanding contributions or highly commendable achievements in any field of military aviation in Canada.

FROM THE EDITOR:

Thanks to those who have written that they like WARRIOR. Makes my day. To those that send in articles, I am extremely grateful.

You will notice in this issue and others to come, that Leo Pettipas' name is on several articles. No, he didn't write them all, but has them in his possession and is good enough to send them along for your reading enjoyment. Thank you Leo.

To say the least, it is disappointing that we rarely get articles from you. Time is rushing against us guys and I'm not going to let your memories get lost if I can help it... Do you want your history to be lost altogether? I can only put in Warrior what I find printed about it.

The Museum has several projects in hand - all requiring funding. Biggest of all is the new building project. Please dig deep guys; they really need our help.

For the tour of your lifetime, please visit the Museum. It doesn't cost a thing, except your time.

Take care. Kay

SHEARWATER AVIATION MUSEUM BUILDING CAMPAIGN
Preserving Shearwater's Heritage

\$250,000	\$500,000	\$750,000	\$1,000,000	\$1,250,000	\$1,500,000	\$1,750,000	\$2,000,000
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***WARRIOR** readers are the first to get a sneak peek at new signage soon to be installed on the museum, advertising the kick-off to our next building expansion campaign. We want to ensure all who pass the museum are aware of our need for a new home for restoration works and a future home for our Sea King, simulator and training equipment. Preserving Shearwater's history is a big job, and we need your help to achieve our goal!*



Photo credit: "The first group of cadets of the Royal Canadian Naval Air Service being trained at the US Navy Ground School, Walker Hall, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, circa Sept 1918." Photographer - Unknown (Part of the E.J. Marsh collection). Credit Library and Archives Canada - Canadian Navy Heritage website. Image Negative Number PA

Royal Canadian Naval Air Service

From RCN Public Affairs

The Royal Canadian Naval Air Service (RCNAS) is established in 1918 during World War I in response to the German Navy's new class of U-boat that could voyage across the Atlantic. It was determined that defensive air patrols off Canada's Atlantic coast could protect shipping from German U-boats.

U-boats could be a threat near ports, bays or channels where ships would be certain to be grouped together. The United States already had aircraft and bases to defend its own shores, but it was concluded that additional stations in Canada would be needed.

The United States supplied the fledgling RCNAS aircraft and personnel while Canada recruited and trained its own aircrews and

support personnel to replace the Americans. RCNAS aircrews were trained in the United States and the United Kingdom.

Convoy escort missions and reconnaissance patrols were flown from two air stations which were established in Nova Scotia near convoy assembly ports:

- Dartmouth, Nova Scotia (Naval Air Station Halifax)
- North Sydney, Nova Scotia (Naval Air Station Sydney)

The war ended before the RCNAS aircrews had completed their training and the RCNAS was disbanded. The Halifax station would remain in operation, while the North Sydney station was left inactive until the Second World War.

A MATTER OF PRIDE

In 2003, Mickey Owens wrote a piece to Navairgen. He was responding to the bad press the Sea Kings were receiving concerning down-time, costs, and accidents due to mechanical failure:

I was a Leading Seaman at Shearwater in the early '50s coming back from leave. When I got off the Dartmouth Ferry with all of my kit, some gent offered me a ride out to the base. I accepted, but all the way to Shearwater this guy was prying into the life on the base, the meals, accommodation, the morale, etc. Finally I'd had enough and I suggested to him that if we had problems we could sort them out ourselves and we didn't need any civilian help.

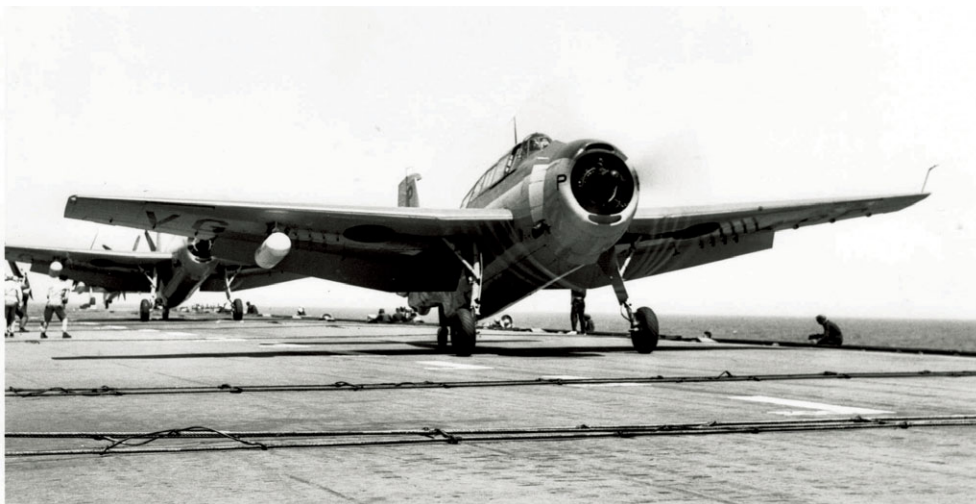
When we arrived at the Main gate, Don Ring, the old salt, greeted me with some terribly salty language. My driver spoke up and said, "Don't use that language in the presence of your Captain!" This was my intro to Captain Finch-Noyes. He complimented me on my attitude, but to me it was a matter of pride; I felt that I was doing a good job when servicing the old aircraft with which I was encumbered, and I know that the pilots that flew them were proud of their performance. I also found that it was a real downer and morale-buster when others belittled my aircraft and my efforts, especially those dinks on the Fury squadron. It was even worse working with the Yanks when on the Banshee squadron.

I better get back to the point. We all are now on the outside looking in. There are real good men out there doing what we once did, and every time I read in the paper or see cartoons depicting the sad state of the Sea Kings, I wince. Yes, we should harass our politicians to get them off their butts, but we should also show our confidence and pride in these guys out there doing an exceptional job at every opportunity [Ed note: he's referring to the Sea King maintenance crews in 2003]. Gosh, I accepted the Sea Kings into the Navy when on VX-10 in the '60s, working on shiny new airplanes!

The point is, "Dear Mother, I'm sending you a dog, it's a bitch". It must be a horrendous task to maintain any aircraft over there now. Let's boost morale, not knock it.

... To which Bill Cody replied:

Well said, Mick; nobody knows more about working on the old tubs than you. Think of all those old Turkeys that we acquired from the USN, complete with dried up fluid lines from standing out in hot sun until we got them, not to mention the other "bugs" because of which I had the misfortune of ditching one (Popping Peter for those who remember).



"Popping Peter" (Avenger AB-P) ready for take-off, August 1951. DND Photo

Nevertheless, those old tubs SAVED THE AIR BRANCH FROM EXTINCTION in the early 1950s due to the multitude of accidents ashore and afloat – certainly not by the Avengers nor through any fault of the maintenance crews, but

because of the "other" aircraft we had that had not been designed for carrier work. Think endurance as well as inappropriate design.

The turning point that saved the Air Side was the venerable Turkey: like that time when we went on a search for the Maggie and four (4) destroyers returning from the European Cruise. We flew the entire squadron (826) led by Dick Bartlett and Norm Donaldson (Group & Squadron COs) three-quarters of the way down to Bermuda. When there was no sign of the returning ships at the point of no return, we decided to abort the search until Denny Feagan (Dick Bartlett's Observer) noticed Five echos 40+ miles to the east, whereupon we turned to intercept our returning comrades.

We found them in the midst of a howling gale and carried out a dummy torpedo attack (my engine "coughed" at 100 feet ASL and my volunteer passenger Rod Lyons nearly had a fit). All of this happened after sundown and the entire trip lasted for 9:50 hours (nine hours & 50 minutes) of night formation with nearly empty fuel tanks. LOL.

Upon discussing the operation with the returning tourists, they remarked that the weather was so bad that they didn't know that they had been attacked, as they were all down in the wardroom getting tanked up. When Naval HQ heard about what the old tubs could do, they gave the Air Side another chance to survive.

Nostalgia? Yes, but everybody (maintenance, support staff, and flight crew) gained a lot of pride in doing a lot with little.

AMEN

... To which Leo Pettipas adds:

For those in the know about and take a serious interest in Canadian military aviation history, the reputation of the Naval Air ground crews and maintenance personnel borders on the legendary.

Mickey alludes to the spot of bother he endured in company with the Yanks. I remember one of the former armourers talking at a CNAG meeting about his own experiences when his Banshee squadron was on detachment to the US. It was a few decades ago, but I still recall him describing a USN colleague asking him where the Canadians got those spiffy, shiny new airplanes. Our man replied, "They're not new; they're your old ones!"

After each and every sortie, the Canadian armourers would clean the guns. Apparently that wasn't common practice at the hosting base, and it left the USN weaponmen with their sooty guns a tad self-conscious. When comparing notes, it would seem that our SNAM alumni fared very well indeed ...

Below is one of the photos I have of the Banshee hulks parked behind ASD waiting to be cut up for scrap. There's an element of sad irony there -- seeing those ruined airplanes in that condition after all the TLC they received when they were the pride of the squadrons and the people who maintained them.





Information Paper - 7 March 2015

NAMING SHIPS

by Colin Darlington

Steel will be cut in the few months for the first of the Harry DeWolf-class Arctic Offshore Patrol Ships (AOPS). The official date of the cutting will be an opportunity for senior politicians, Royal Canadian Navy (RCN) and industry to mark the occasion with media announcements, interviews and photo-ops. The real date of first cutting will probably be sometime earlier than the official date if for no other reason than the actual shipbuilding program schedule is driven by other than times convenient to various agendas. Before all this, though, there is one date under government control, that of the announcement of names of other ships of the class. Considering the national environment, that is likely to be soon.

Naming government ships, particularly warships, is a government prerogative, and that is the way it should be. Warships are a piece of Canada², and with other department ships are signs of national presence and action. Past vessels of the RCN have been named according to various conventions including geographical features, first nations and animals. Of late, with the Halifax-class frigates and Victoria-class submarines (and, to be built, the Queenston-class replenishment oiler replacements), there has been an explicit effort through naming to connect with the Canadian public. Despite some misgivings that in cases this results in warships lacking antecedents (and therefore inheriting history and battle honours, elements important to esprit de corps in ships' companies), naming warships after cities and towns has worked. It remains to be seen whether naming the AOPS after people, whilst long a practice in other navies and other Canadian government departments, will work.

With the announcement of the name of the first AOPS to be HMCS Harry DeWolf (HAR3), the policy for naming the remaining ships was made public⁴: "Subsequent ships in the class will be named to honour other prominent Canadians who served with the highest distinction and conspicuous gallantry in the service of their country." Whilst the opportunity to name the AOPS after northern locations or animals has been passed over, the government decision has been made. Lately, Coast Guard vessels and Halifax ferries have been named after Canadians whom people take to be heroes, and there has been a certain resonance with the public in the names. As long as the warships names decided upon continue to receive general support, and not be divisive, especially for

the companies onboard, because of disagreement over achievements, politics, etc., then naming warships after people will continue to serve good purpose.

One can play a game guessing at names of subsequent HAR-class class (AOPS is a shipbuilding program name), looking at lists of recipients of Victoria Cross and other high honours. More useful in the names announcement will be the indications of government thoughts and intentions. There may be those who would draw conclusions about class size from whether four or five names are announced. It may be more useful to the government, therefore, to continue to highlight the shipbuilding program but also avoid untimely controversy by announcing only two or three names at this time. The remainder can be announced at a later, more convenient, time. As an aside, when considering the number of HAR ships to be built, there appears not to be much public discussion as to what the ships are to do, that is, their concept of employment. They are sizable and with or can be fitted with a variety of capabilities. How many are needed for Arctic operations, and how many are desired to be available for offshore operations elsewhere, balanced against shipbuilding funding, are interesting but generally unanswered questions.

In addition to names and numbers of ships, there are some other indications yet to come out in announcements. Canada is a signatory of a North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) agreement which sets a standard for designating types of ships (e.g., the Kingston-class vessels are designated MM - mine warfare vessel, general). Alliances such as NATO can be useful for the development of common terminology for planners and operators for writing messages and plans, developing marine surveillance databases, and displaying ship locations in plots. By that NATO agreement, the HAR-class could be type designated as PSO (patrol ship, offshore) or PGB (patrol ship, icebreaker). With national focus on the Arctic, it is believed that PGB is the more likely designation to be selected, indicative of the primary intent in the use of the ships.

Finally, another indication is the "pendant number," sometimes known in other navies and colloquially as the "hull number" because it is painted on a ship's hull, for the HAR-class. In the RCN the number indicates the type of ship, e.g., 300-series numbers are assigned to frigates. The 400-series is the number block for patrol ships. It is understood that HMCS Harry DeWolf and her sisters will be assigned numbers starting with 430, emphasizing their patrol role.

The next months will be interesting, especially for the RCN as a time of needed revival after many years of a declining fleet, but also for Canada as a whole. The building and commissioning into service of the HAR-class will provide the country a significant capability to operate ships at a wide variety of defence, security, research, national

development, humanitarian and other missions, up north and deployed overseas. One can be confident that Canadians can look forward to being proud of HMCS Harry DeWolf and her sisters, whatever their names and designations.

1. This paper is amended from when it was first published 1 March 2015 with information that subsequently became available.
2. Not quite legally; see RUSI(NS) paper "Warships: Sovereign Immunity versus Sovereign Territory" at <http://rusi.ca/security-affairs-committee>.
3. The RCN assigns two and three letter initialisms to ships (e.g., HAL for HMCS Halifax) to facilitate correspondence and plotting. The three letters are usually the first three letters of the ship's name. The two letters are usually the first and last letters of the name. Though HAR for HMCS Harry DeWolf has not been announced, it is the likely initialism. Similarly, HF is likely.
4. <http://pm.gc.ca/eng/news/2014/09/18/pm-announces-name-first-royal-canadian-navys-arcticoffshore-patrol-ships>, accessed 1 March 2015.

SOME INDISPENSABLE ADVICE

Sometime, when you're feeling important,
Sometime, when you're ego's in bloom,
Sometime, when you take it for granted,
You're the best qualified in the room.

Sometime, when you feel that your going
Would leave an unfillable hole
Just follow this simple instruction
And see how it humbles your soul;

Take a bucket and fill it with water;
Put your hand in it up to the wrist;
Pull it out and the hole that's remaining
Is a measure of how you'll be missed.

You may splash all you please when you enter,
You can stir up the water galore
But stop, and you'll find in a minute
That it looks much the same as before

The moral of this quaint example
Is do just the best that you can;
Be proud of yourself, but remember
There is no indispensable man

Sent to us by Dave Tate

Remember your Navy



You can talk about your glorious Army
And your glorious Air Force too
But do you ever think of the Navy
And the job they have/had to do

No sane man ever sails the sea
And expects to live it through
So you can thank your stars
You've got fool tars, who wear Navy blue

We don't fly over your cities
Or march with heavy packs
But the Navy always takes you there
And the Navy brings you back

There's never more than a whistle
As we quietly put out to sea
To protect the precious Merchant Fleet
From the ruthless enemy

No frantic crowds to see us off
No commotion in the town
And whenever we're lost in action
It's just another ship gone down

We face the cold Atlantic,
the icebergs and the sleet
And no matter what the sacrifice
For us there's no retreat

We're tossed around by angry seas
Been torpedoed by the Hun
Bombed by enemy aircraft
And blasted by their guns

It's freezing cold on the upper deck
And it's awfully hot below
We're seasick bruised battered and broken
But the convoy must go on

We guard your vital food supplies
And guns and plane and tanks
For your existence over there
To the Navy boys give thanks

So give credit to your Army
And your Air Force when it's due
But I'd like you to remember
You've got a Navy too.

Author HW /JS

Canadian, American survivors of Devil's Brigade to receive highest civilian honour

(Copied from Newspaper/TV Articles)

The surviving members of a legendary force of Canadian and U.S. soldiers will be honoured in Washington for their courage and bravery -- and the rough-and-tough tactics that helped win the Second World War.

Known as the Devil's Brigade, the elite fighting force was made up of roughly 1,800 Canadians and Americans, many of them lumberjacks, miners and rural tough guys with survival skills. They were tasked with getting behind enemy lines and waging unconventional warfare against the enemy.

The surviving veterans were presented with a Congressional Gold Medal on Feb. 2, by leaders of the U.S. House and Senate.

"It was the only unit formed in WWII with troops from the U.S. and Canada -- building on the special bond between the two countries," according to a statement issued by House Speaker John Boehner's office. "The unit was instrumental in targeting military and industrial installations."

Boehner will take part in the ceremony, along with Senate Majority Leader Mitch McConnell, Senate Democratic Leader Harry Reid, and House Democratic Leader Nancy Pelosi.

The Congressional Gold Medal is the highest civilian honour the United States Congress can bestow. Fewer than 150 of the medals have been awarded since the first was given to George Washington.

A single medal will be struck and awarded to the unit as a whole. Approximately 230 members of the unit are still alive.

Herb Peppard, a 94 year-old Truro, N.S. man, will be among those travelling to Washington for the ceremony.

"I'm surprised we'd be given it, as there are a lot of American units that deserve it. But I'm very appreciative of it. There's not many of us still alive, and I don't expect there will be many of us there," he told the Truro Daily News.

Officially known as the First Special Service Force, the elite Montana-based unit was formed in 1942. Members were trained to engage in what was then wildly unconventional warfare against the Nazis. Their skill set included hand-to-hand combat, mountain climbing,

parachuting, and cold weather survival skills.

Their nickname, the Devil's Brigade, came from a journal they captured from a German captain. In one entry he described "the Black Devils" who were all around -- a description likely due to the fact members would blacken their faces before going on raids.

"We never know where they're going to hit or strike next," the German officer wrote.

They took a liking to the name, and later came up with the idea of leaving calling cards with the logo -- a red spearhead with the words "USA CANADA" and the bleak warning "the worst is yet to come," written in German.

Many of their missions were considered impossible -- virtual suicide missions of the James Bond variety, such as destroying German nuclear research capabilities in Norway.

In one famous battle, they managed to take the Germans by surprise, by scaling the back of a mountain and launching a surprise attack in the dark against the soldiers who had the advantage of higher ground and sweeping viewpoints.

The Devil's Brigade would go on to liberate towns in Italy and France, and capture a stunning 30,000 prisoners of war in just two years, never losing a battle.

Despite its successes, the First Special Service Force was disbanded after two years. But its legend lived on in the form of sometimes unintentionally hilarious Hollywood films.

In 1968's "The Devil's Brigade," actor Jeremy Slate plays a straight-laced Canadian sergeant who picks a fight with a burly American bully in order to demonstrate the techniques he will teach the unit as hand-to-hand combat instructor.

"Is it true that all you Yanks are thieves and murderers?" Slate asks, before dispatching the enraged American. By the end of the film, the Canadians and Americans have bonded as a fighting force.

And in Quentin Tarantino's "Inglourious Basterds," Brad Pitt commands an elite and unorthodox fighting unit while wearing the uniform and insignia of the Devil's Brigade.

From the Editor.

Just recently, when this group was being noted on TV and in the newspapers for their heroic deeds, a neighbour to Shearwater. Diane Tibert advised her dad was a member of this brigade. The Tibert family resided for years, and still do, on Atholea Drive behind Shearwater.

Steve Tibert proudly showing his Red Patch on his sleeve.



Steve Ellsworth Tibert by Diane Tibert (in part)

Stephen Ellsworth Tibert enlisted with the Halifax Rifles on July 31, 1940 (F/30464). He was eighteen years old. His initial training was completed at Aldershot. By April 1942, Private Steve Tibert was posted at Camp Borden, Ontario with the 23rd Tank Battalion, Halifax Rifles.

On May 26, 1942, Steve was transferred to the PEI Highlanders and served time 'overseas' in Newfoundland.

On July 18, 1943, Private Steve Tibert embarked for overseas. He arrived in the United Kingdom and was immediately drafted to Italy as reinforcements for the West Nova Scotia Regiment, 1st Canadian Division. Suffering from pyrexia (fever), Steve was hospitalized for 29 days on February 8, 1944. He returned to his regiment only to be wounded in the attack on the Hitler Line, 120 km south of Rome on May 24. He spent five more days in hospital.

Through the heat of the summer, the 1st Canadian Division pressed on, earning their own battle honours while Allied Forces invaded France on D-Day. Dubbed the D-Day Dodgers, the WNSR was by no means taking a vacation from the real action. The Germans knew them by the red patches on their sleeves and nicknamed them the Red Patch Devils for their fierce fighting strength.

Late in August 1944, the 1st Canadian Division attacked the Gothic line. From this battle, the total wounded and dead were 2,511. Steve was among them.

Around 5:30 a.m. on August 31, Steve received a rifle shot wound to the chest. It is not known if Steve remained on the battlefield for almost 24 hours before being picked up, but war stories tell of him being pronounced dead on the field only to be later found alive. His military records seem to support this as he was picked up the morning of September 1st and taken to the Casualty Clearing Station.

For the next three months, Steve was transferred from one hospital to another as he recovered from the loss of his right lung. He returned to his regiment on November 27th.

On March 20, 1945, just five days after his 23rd birthday, Steve and the 1st Canadian Division waved good bye to Italy. He had given 19 months of his life on Italian soil and had lost many good friends in battle. Northward they went, to liberate Holland.

After the Germans surrendered and troops began

returning to Canada, Steve signed up for the war in the Pacific. However, when Japan surrendered, he remained in Europe, serving with the Canadian Provost Company.

Steve arrived at Halifax in February 1946. On March 28th, he was discharged and awarded the Canadian Volunteer Service Medal (CVSM) & Clasp, France and Germany Star, 1939-45 Star, Italy St

On May 6, 1989, at the age of 67, Stephen Tibert passed away.

Diane noted one of her dad's stories - the Brigade (Canadians) actually took Rome from the Germans, but were told to clear out so the Americans could parade in and claim the victory. She said: "Dad was none too happy about that."

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 defence!

Observer's Mates, Naval Aircrewmen, Radio Navigators, Airborne Electronic Sensor 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 gravesites, others are still at Sea!

Paul Crawford, CD
Radio Navigator, Retired

***Please support
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803 Squadron Seafire XV

803 SQUADRON

By Pat Whitby

In Arbroath we learned that we were to form 803 Sqd. which would be equipped with Seafires. The Seafire was a navalised version of the Spitfire, the famous WW11 fighter. Navalised in the sense that the undercarriage had been strengthened for deck landings, a tail hook added so that arrestor wires on the carrier could be caught to stop the a/c and catapult attachments fitted so that the a/c could be launched by catapult if required. In all other respects it was the normal, high performance, delightful a/c known to history. There is a maxim among aviators about airplanes:- "If it looks right it will be right." That was true in spades for the Seafire/Spitfire.

The RN FAA was expanding to increase its participation in the Pacific and several Light Fleet carriers were built or being built in order to meet this growing need. To man them more people were needed. We were the first of that new bunch and at Arbroath were formed into a squadron to be prepared for that role. In fact 803 was at first really an Operational Training Unit (OTU) where we had to learn to become operational naval fighter pilots before becoming a fully fledged squadron. We were still 33 but it was expected that over time that number would be reduced to be squadron size. The Commanding Officer was an experienced naval aviator named Lieutenant Commander (LCdr) Dave Wilkinson and he was assisted by three experienced people as Flight Commanders. They were Des Farthing, the Senior Pilot or second in command, Sandy Sanville and Bob Tanner who was a Canadian. (There were a good number of Canadians in the FAA as pilots and ground crew - Hammy Gray was awarded a Victoria Cross for his attack on a Japanese destroyer which cost him his life). There was also a New Zealander Observer who was the squadron adjutant. A good many of the hands were Canadian air mechanics although the Petty Officers and Chiefs were English. We were operating from a dispersal site across the airfield from the main base and hidden behind a small ridge so

were left pretty much alone. There were no hangars so that the a/c were outside and all work done in the fresh air. We did have offices, crew rooms and workshops. The CO insisted that the a/c be kept clean; the Seafire was prone to oil leaks and exhaust stains and he further decreed that the pilots would assume that responsibility so we spent one morning a week washing airplanes.

Our living accommodation was quite comfortable, 3 to a cabin (note naval terminology with which we had to become familiar). I shared with Bob Falls and Ian McQuaig and we became fast friends. Bob proudly displayed his girl friends' picture, Belle from Windsor, Ont. Ian was a very experienced ex-Harvard instructor.

In the RCAF the junior officers had no responsibility for the men, they were looked after by station staff. In the RN we were introduced to the divisional system where many of the junior officers had direct responsibility for the men in their division. That responsibility included all facets of a man's service life. It ranged from ensuring that they got their trade advancement courses to being their "friend" at the defaulters table. A division was a section of men who had common duties and the numbers in it ranged from half a dozen to 25 to 30. In my case I had been given the collateral duty as Safety Equipment Officer. We didn't have such duties in the Air Force, we just flew. My job entailed full responsibility for all aspects of the safety equipment we used, particularly our parachutes, dinghys and related materiel. There were workshops etc. and the men to do the work involved for whom I was responsible. I also had to ensure that drills were carried out by the pilots in the use of the equipment. The 'wet' dinghy drill meant a trip to the public pool in Arbroath where we all had to practice the routine of abandoning a simulated cockpit under water, extracting the one man dinghy from its seat pack, initiating the inflation process, righting the dinghy if necessary (they always seemed to inflate upside down in the water like toast always landing butter side down) and climbing aboard which required a particular method otherwise the thing came back over your head. The main attraction of the drill at Arbroath was the young WREN officer who got into the pool as safety officer clad in a bathing suit. Early on I had been sent to the RN base at Eastleigh near Southampton to attend a Safety Equipment course so that I could do my job. Incidentally of course, through travel and contacts I began to become familiar with the ways of the English which I gradually grew to understand and appreciate.

The squadron training went on apace and we flew a lot. Our work routine consisted of long days, dawn to dusk, seven days a week with every second Sunday off. Flying the Seafire was a great experience. Since the a/c was single cockpit there was no dual instruction before flying them. We were given the Pilot's Notes and a briefing by one of the Flight commanders and turned loose. I was a bit large for the a/c and the cockpit was a crowded place.

There was a 90Gal. fuel tank between the pilot and the engine which posed a threat in sudden stops but gave about 1 hour in the air depending on power settings etc.

One had to place the parachute and dinghy in the seat pan, climb in and settle into the seat. The parachute straps were fastened and then the safety harness done up tightly. Helmet donned and the radio and oxygen hose connected. The oxygen mask was worn all the time since the radio microphone was part of it. When set, the cockpit side door was closed to the half latch, this to prevent the hood from slamming shut and preventing egress from the a/c in the event of a sudden, unplanned stop. The cockpit and instrument arrangements were quite different from what we knew in our previous, North American a/c. Once settled in the engine was started and because it was liquid cooled it tended to overheat quickly on the ground so taxiing for take-off had to be done without delay. Because of the big in-line Rolls Royce Merlin engine in front, forward visibility was nil so that taxiing had to be a constant weave to see forward and avoid unscheduled contact with other hard objects. On arrival at the runway, the engine was quickly run up, pre take-off checks done and having obtained take-off clearance, a quick look to the approach to be sure it was clear and line up for take-off. When the throttle was opened there was a kick in the back and away you went. With the powerful engine there was a lot of torque and the a/c wanted to go hard left so prompt positive rudder control was imperative. One got airborne very quickly, much of a blur the first couple of times. Once airborne you were very busy for a few seconds. The undercarriage (u/c) had to be quickly retracted so as not to exceed the safe u/c extended speed. This meant changing hands on the joystick because the u/c retraction lever was on the right side of the cockpit whereas the engine controls - throttle, propeller were on the left side. Once the u/c was on the way up one reached across one's body and fully closed the side door and then reaching back over the head the sliding hood was brought forward and locked shut. You could then switch hands and attend to the business of flying. All of this had to be done quickly while continuing to carry out a safe and orderly take-off!

The Seafire was a delightful a/c to fly, light and responsive and you felt as though you had wings strapped on your back. Landing was another adventure the first few times. Flying downwind in the circuit the cockpit convolutions had to be done in reverse and then a curved approach to the runway carried out and the flaps selected 'down'. You had to come over the runway threshold at 90 Kts and as you lined up to the runway and the nose was raised for the three point touchdown the runway disappeared from sight because of the engine. Visual clues about height and direction relied on peripheral vision. Once clear of the runway the a/c had to be taxied in to dispersal quickly and shut down.

Most of our flight time was spent in learning the skills

necessary to be a fighter pilot. Tactical formation flying had to become second nature and required a lot of concentration and practice. The basic tactical unit was 2 a/c and 2 pairs made a flight. We flew in what was termed "finger four" because in plan view the formation looked like the tips of the fingers. The business of manoeuvring the flight and conserving fuel called for sometimes difficult moves. During one of these practices another flight was practicing at very low level over the sea and during a turn Andy Forbes became our first casualty. He got a little low, his prop hit the sea and he went in. He was our only married member. From the outset of my flying career it was obvious that there were certain hazards which could have fatal results but each of us subscribed to the theory that, "It will never happen to me". From time to time and all too frequently there was the unhappy circumstance that, for that individual, belied the rule.

To make it easier for practices we had been organized into permanent flights of 4. These were led by the CO and Flight Commanders and another 4 flights were led by our more senior people. I was put into Black Flight led by Ian McQuaig with Bob Falls and Jack Hartle. We became very competitive with the other Flights to see which could outdo the other in our various exercises and naturally felt that we were the best.

Our other main concentration was on all aspects of aerial combat and the variety of air-to-air methods of engagement. This involved a lot of flights one-on-one where we practiced our attacks and carried film in our camera guns which replicated the firing of the guns and could be assessed later. On one such trip I was paired with Len Wade and we decided that we would do some sight seeing and flew over to Glasgow and the Lock was full of ships about half of whom flashed Morse code at us. We quickly left. The squadron also worked on shooting the eight .303 wing mounted machine guns at a towed drogue where our accuracy could be checked. This was done by painting various colours of paint on each bullet in a belt and when they penetrated the drogue they left a trace of colour. Thus, it could be determined how many hits each of us had made and a score recorded. The targets were towed by specialized target towing a/c manned by pilots who were very alert to the fact that they were towing targets being shot at by real bullets. To avoid putting them at risk one had to break off the attack well before getting right behind the target. We were in fact practicing deflection shooting which meant approaching at an angle, leading the target and judging the range so that bullet and target arrived in the same bit of sky at the same time. We did a lot of skeet shooting on the ground to develop our "eye".

By this time we had become a close knit group getting better at our trade, knowing that we were pretty good and exuding confidence. We discovered that Hal Fearon was an accomplished pianist and we spent many an hour

around the piano in the Wardroom, to the evident dismay of the RN types, consuming beer and signing songs in many cases based on hymns but with unprintable lyrics. On our Saturday nights prior to our Sunday off we went to the Mercat Cross pub in Dundee for more of the same. We used to hire a bus for the outing so transport was taken care of. Lloyd Nash didn't drink but came into town anyway and went to a movie and when we left the pub and went back to the bus Lloyd was always there with enough fish and chips wrapped in the News of the World newspaper for all. The return trip to Arbroath was punctuated by frequent stops along the way to "pump ship".

By early August we had progressed enough that the work pace was slackened and we had more time to look around. In mid August Bob and I took a couple of days leave and went to Aberdeen to see the sights. Our arrival there coincided with VJ day and we met up with an American pilot who had his own Jeep and a bottle of good Scotch that he had been saving for the day. We gladly accepted his invitation to celebrate with him. We joined the main festivities down at the harbour where there was much firing of Very pistols and rockets into the air and general joie de vivre.

About this time it was announced that we would be re-equipping with Seafire XV's to replace the original tired old Mk IIIs. It had also been determined that 803 would provide the fighter squadron for HMS Warrior, a light fleet carrier that Canada had agreed to take on pending completion of HMCS Magnificent which would be owned by Canada. While we would provide the fighter element another recently formed Firefly squadron, 825 manned by those who had followed us would provide the recce, ASW role. Since Warrior was completing in Belfast we would move to HMS Pintail at Nutt's Corner near there.

NOTICES



The 2015 SAMF Dinner/Auction will be held on 20 June at the WO/SGTs Mess at 12 Wing Shearwater. For information, please call: 902-461-0062.



The SAM Foundation 2015 Golf Tournament will be held 10 September 2015 at the Hartlen Point Forces Golf Club. **Shotgun start set for 13:30 hours.**

For further information, please call Don Evans at 902-461-0062.



Colin Stephenson, Executive Director of DEFSEC presenting a \$6000 cheque, as sponsor for the 2014 Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation Golf Tournament, to SAM Foundation Director, Chuck Coffen.

Belated Happy Birthday To The McDonnell F2H Banshee 11 January 2015

By Aviation Enthusiasts LLC
www.warbirdsnews.com



BANSHEE

The McDonnell F2H Banshee flew for the first time 68 years ago 11 Jan 2015.

Affectionately known by those who flew it as the "Old Banjo," the F2H served the Navy and the Marine Corps as its first single-seat, carrier-based, jet night-fighter. An F2H set an unofficial altitude record of 52,000 feet in 1949 for a jet aircraft and Banshees used the first steam catapults aboard the USS Hancock in 1954.

Used extensively during the Korean War, the Banshee's high-altitude capabilities made it ideal for escorting Air Force B-29s on bombing missions over the north. The Banshee had the distinction of being the first jet-powered reconnaissance aircraft built for the Navy.

Canada was the only other nation to operate the F2H, with the Royal Canadian Navy flying the type between 1955 and 1962. The Banshee was the Canadian navy's first operational jet and the service's last carrier fighter. They were the only jet-powered carrier-based fighters ever deployed by the Royal Canadian Navy.

by Dave Shirlaw

NEXT SAMF 50/50 DRAW **WILL TAKE PLACE ON** **17 NOVEMBER 2015**

Tickets, or requests to have your name submitted for the next draw, must reach our office NLT 10 Nov 2015 for them to be included in the 17 Nov 2015 draw.

There are 6 tickets in each book and they are sold as a book for \$10.

HERE IS AN EASY WAY FOR YOU TO PLAY.

If you wish, just call, email, or write to us, give us your credit card number and the amount of tickets you want put in the draw and we will fill out the tickets for you. Can't get any easier than that!

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You may email us at samf@samfoundation.ca

Write to us at:

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

The SAMF Secretary will be available at the above numbers etc and ready to help you.

Mr. George Hulan, our last winner, took advantage of our 'call in and order your we fill out your tickets' way of playing.

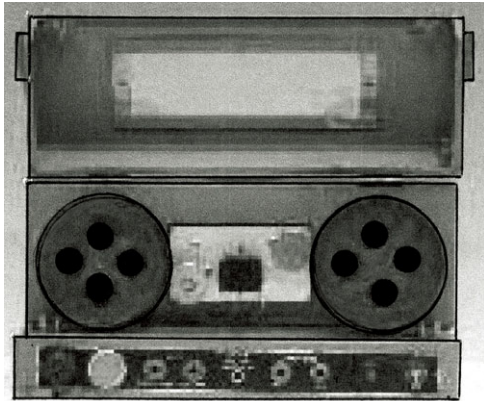
If every member of the Foundation purchased even one book, they would win approximately \$4000. This hasn't happened to date and probably won't, so if you feel lucky, why not purchase two books. A great time to win - just before Christmas!

We look forward to hearing from you. Good Luck!!

A RAT'S NEST

by Jim McCaffery

The heroes of the piece were two OMs, Jon Main and Creighton (Jono) Johnson, working together in the back of a Tracker during a Julie series, busier than the proverbial one-arm paper hanger.



Wire Recorder

Credit: www.museum.uec.ac

As usual, in the heat of battle the wire recorder jams. Now, you have to understand that whoever designed the set-up couldn't have put the recorder in a worse spot. Jon wasn't a big guy like Jono, so he went into the electronic compartment at the back to fix the problem. Standard procedure: take the cover off the recorder, remove the reels and, using your aircrew knife, slash the wire off the reel that has the "rat's nest" (somewhat similar to a backlash on a fishing reel, only the wire is "finer than a human hair" and impossible to untangle). So you cut it off, which leaves thousands of short little strands of wire all over the aft section of the a/c which will have to be cleaned up after landing.

Then attach the end of the wire onto the take-up reel and get back to work (all within 10 seconds or less). The OMs, however, have a better idea. To speed things up and not cause a mess, one of them quickly finds a loose end in the rat's nest, ties an eraser on the end of the wire, slips the reel onto a pencil, opens the Tracker door, locks it in the slightly-open position, and chucks the eraser out the door.

One of you pilots can do the real math on this. I think it was a 3-inch reel, the a/c is doing something like 130-150 kts, so what are the RPMs on the reel? In approximately 1/10th of 1/16th of a second, the reel burns through the pencil and starts ricocheting around the back of the a/c.

Thank heavens we wore helmets, and the mae west in this case acted somewhat like a bullet-proof vest. Stark terror in the back of the a/c, trying to stay out of the way of the wayward reel.

Now, no way are the OMs going to let the pilots know they are conducting this experiment until it has been proven a success. While the two of them are practicing reel-evasion in the rear of the a/c, there is a scream from the front office, "Smoke! Smoke! I smell smoke. Something's on fire."

I think the smoking pencil followed the eraser out the door.

In conclusion; upon landing, check around the tail section. No wire visible, no one smelled any smoke in the rear of the a/c. Obviously, no harm done. Keep your mouth shut.

(Sent in by Leo Pettipas.)

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**Lossiemouth Scotland, 16 November 1951.
A Seafire XVII.**

A WILD AND HAIRY RIDE

by Dave Tate'

To set the stage for this adventure, I was at the OFS in Lossiemouth and about to embark on my first flight in a Seafire (there were no dual Seafires). Up to this time the hottest aircraft I had flown was a Harvard, with only a mild amount of torque.

After a thorough briefing from my instructor, which included get started, get going and get airborne ASAP because liquid cooled engines overheat rapidly on the ground. Also use lots of left rudder on take off, because of the torque generated. I was about to find out just how much torque.

I managed to get started using only 3 or 4 cartridges, about average for beginners. I managed to taxi to the button without hitting anything and while doing my run up noticed the engine temp was creeping up so better get going. So on to the runway, apply full power, get the tail up to see where I was going and get airborne. I guess I applied full power too fast and too late getting left rudder on because the bitch headed off, on the grass and about 45 degrees to the runway heading. Oh well, no sweat because during the war they used lots of grass strips. As luck would have it, I got airborne without hitting anything and headed off over the hills of Scotland making valiant efforts to get the bloody aircraft under control.

OK so let's get the gear up. To do this it was necessary to hold the stick with your left hand and raise the gear with your right. No problem except in my haste to get airborne I forgot to tighten the throttle friction and the power started to come back. To do this I had to change hands to hold the throttle and tighten the friction with my

right hand while holding the stick between my knees. While careening over the hills of Scotland, during all this at full power, I managed to get the friction nut tightened. Now I can finally raise the gear, which I selected up, I started to crank the canopy closed, not only because of the noise with it open at about 200 knots, but it was also getting bloody cold in the cockpit. Whoops, after about one turn of the canopy crank, with the canopy half open, it wouldn't close any further because the chain linkage had broken.

So there I was, not too sure of my whereabouts, roaring over the hills of Scotland, cold as hell and noisy, when another problem appeared. The engine temp was going off the clock. I didn't take too long to figure out the cause as the gear indicator, which was showing unsafe, meant it was only partly retracted and obviously blocking the engine cooling intake. After a few recycling's of the gear I got it up and locked and the temp problem disappeared.

As if I hadn't had enough problems another one emerged. I was unable to contact Lossie to tell them I was still airborne and only roughly aware of my position, but no reply as the radio had gone TU. However, they had already deduced I was having problems and had sent an aircraft out to find me and shepherd me home. Soon another aircraft appeared alongside and pointed to the direction of Lossie. WHEW.

Once I spotted the airfield. I joined the circuit, using NORDO procedures, and came in for a landing, and what a landing it was.

Because I wasn't aware of the elevator effectiveness at slow speed and because I was about 10 knots too fast over the button when I pulled the stick back to round out I ballooned to about 10 feet above the runway. So while attempting to motor the aircraft down to the runway I touched tail wheel first, followed by the main wheels slamming on to the runway with the starboard wing dropping to within inches of the ground and not losing a wing tip. After taxiing to the ramp, I shut down and climbed out nonchalantly as if it had been a routine first flight in a Seafire.

**REMEMBER TO PURCHASE
YOUR TICKETS FOR
THE 2015 50/50 DRAW**

MY HAITIAN MAKE WORK PROJECT

By Captain Chris Bowers, 406 (M) OTS
Friday, December 17, 2010

It has been almost a year since the earthquake.



Big Dawg delivering 750 litres of water.

A couple of days ago, a young guy at work was giving a power point history lesson on 423 Maritime Helicopter Squadron. It was a pretty dry summary of someone else's research. The presenter stumbled over the script and the slides. Unfamiliar with the material and nervous about the crowd, he tried to ad lib.



He spoke of 423's battle honours, listing Normandy, the Bay of Biscay, Battle of the Atlantic, and Kuwait- then he added that our tradition of excellence continued in Haiti. The rest of the audience fidgeted and did not notice the addition. To me, it was the only thing he said that I remember.

I was a member of the air detachment that sailed with HMCS ATHABASKAN 36 hours after the terrible quake. Looking back, I remember being excited to be going on this mission. That feeling of boyhood thrill was soon tempered when we loaded 10,000 body bags on the back of the ship. They came stacked on pallets. My last thought sailing out of Halifax harbour was that we were going someplace that a part of us was never going to leave.

Our crew launched at daybreak the first day on scene. The sun was rising over the early morning cloud and the air smelled like fire. Everything felt still. As soon as we made landfall we began to assess the destruction- calling out on the aircraft's intercom the various points of interest

- a collapsed building, a fire, signs for help, bodies. Soon we realized that we didn't need to highlight areas of destruction - everything was destroyed.



One of the many signs for help.

That first morning we had to transport the ship's Executive Officer (XO) to meet with the Canadian point of contact and the UN representative in Leogane. This would lead to my greatest single accomplishment of the entire mission.

The day was just beginning, but it was already getting hot. There wasn't any wind that morning and I'm sure if it was anyplace else in the Caribbean it would have been the nicest day.

Heavy helicopters don't like hot, humid, windless days. The landing zone for the meeting was relayed to us, and it soon became apparent that we were limited (torque limited to be exact) with the number of options as to how to land there. I briefed my approach plan to the crew. I detailed the wind and obstacles and an escape route in the event we had an engine malfunction. My approach was to maximize the limited wind we had available and I was going to use a shallow approach path to limit the power requirements that I would need to stop. Unfortunately, my approach path flew directly over the only undamaged building in Leogane.

As we flew over, the guys in the back of the aircraft said, "Oh, we just blew the roof off that house." We continued with the approach. The XO met with the military commanders on the ground and they began to develop a coordinated relief strategy. When we departed the landing zone, we learned that we had flown over an orphanage.

I had blown the roof off the only standing orphanage in Haiti.

I felt pretty bad about it. Later that evening, the Captain of the ship called me to his cabin to talk about what I had done. He told me that we are all doing our very best under very difficult circumstances and although I had blown the roof off the orphanage, the Canadian command team was able to solidify a relief strategy. He continued by reassuring me that he had assigned a ship's team of engineers to go to the orphanage the next day and make it "better than before."

I snapped to attention and said "Thank you Sir," and then with a smirk I continued. "...being from Newfoundland I am quite familiar with make work projects. I'm am just glad I could provide my expertise." Thankfully the ship's command team appreciated my sarcasm.

i believe by the time we left Haiti to return to Canada, the ship constructed eight separate orphanages in Leogane.



Moving a hospital over a mountain.

I was the only clown on that deployment. The other members of the air detachment were average Canadians who did unimaginable feats exceptionally well.

My Aircraft Captain (AC) once shot an approach into a remote mountain valley to deliver food and water to a village that had not received supplies for weeks. The landing zone was so small and off level, that the AC had to hover on two wheels for twenty minutes while the two 'backenders' unloaded 3000 lbs of aid.

My TACCO embodied the Canadian effort in Haiti. His leadership was the reason why we were successful. This photo of him lifting an elderly woman from the aircraft will forever represent to me what it means to be Canadian.

The Tacco is the guy with the wedgie.

Sometime during the mission, we went back to our early squadron roots and painted some nose art on our aircraft. We delivered two mobile hospitals, over 160,000 lbs of supplies and 45,000 litres of drinkable water.

It was very humbling to be on that air detachment with those people. IMAX just completed a movie about the event. If you watch carefully you will see those great people and the clown.



Big Dawg's nose art.

Used with permission:

http://epwinesnob.blogspot.ca/2010/12/my-haitian-make-work-project_17.html

(Just reading this made me feel very proud of your Det. Ed

(See back inside cover for photo of

OP HESTIA 2010

Helicopter Air Detachment)



My AESOP (don't ask me what it stands for), held a dying woman's hand for a half hour while we tried to transport her to the USS Comfort. She smiled at him and whispered, "Thank you."



OP HESTIA 2010
Helicopter Air Detachment

