

WARRIOR

Spring 2016



**SEA KING AIRCRAFT
50 YEARS PLUS AND STILL GOING STRONG**

THE BUNKER HILL CANNON HEIST



Another dip into the memory well from Ted Gibbon with help from Fred Hallas and Ken Eliason.

This well planned and executed operation took place in the early evening of 6 or 7 July 1962 while Bonaventure was in Quebec City but had its' genesis many months earlier.

On one of the ship's excursions to warmer climes in the Spring and early summer she was host to a visit by the National Defense College. During the obligatory reception for our guests a former Commander of the Royal 22nd Regiment, the Van Doos, then BGen later General and CDS JV Allard in a fit of ill-considered bravado, fueled by a glass or two of high octane spirits, mentioned a weapon of war known as the Bunker Hill cannon was ensconced at the Citadel in Quebec City under the impenetrable protection of his Regiment. The cannon had been liberated from the White House environs during the sacking of Washington in the War of 1812. He boasted that security was so tight around their prize that it could never be removed from its' sanctuary. He even ventured to say that if anybody successfully liberated this artifact he would be obliged to pay a ransom in the amount of \$1000 (later raised to \$2000 after a few more libations) to host a reception in honour of the cannon.

Unfortunately for the General he made these statements in the presence of several VS 880 pilots and probably in ignorance of Bonaventure's forthcoming visit to Quebec City.

This challenge could not be ignored and a small, elite team was soon assembled to plan an operation to liberate the cannon.

Somebody had heard from an army colleague that reconnaissance was a valuable tool so in the finest traditions of military planning Benny Milhomme who was from Quebec City and had family there was dispatched to L'Ancienne-Lorette in a stealth stouf to probe the defenses. He visited the Citadel and immediately determined the precise coordinates of the target in a fairly well secured but accessible location. Shortly after Benny's return to Shearwater the team assembled for an 'O' Group (another army term) to consider his intelligence report. After a short discussion it was deemed the heist was "doable" (Air Force term).

The plan to change ownership and location of the cannon was a marvel of simplicity. The team would penetrate the Citadel's defenses as a group in the ship's van, load up the cannon and transport it to Benny's parent's farm on the outskirts of Quebec City where it would remain until the next morning. Pedro, the ship's utility helicopter, would drop by sometime the next day in the course of his regular duties, land at the Milhomme farm, embark the "Bonaventure" cannon and fly it on board. So simple was the plan it wasn't even recorded on the back of a cigarette package.

The 880 Detachment Commander, LCdr. Doc Schellinck would then be informed of the Squadron's successful operation and it was assumed he would make the appropriate messages to the Van Doo principals, especially MGen Allard who was then serving in Europe to arrange payment of the ransom.

After arrival in Quebec City the conspirators assembled and the details of their surgical strike were reviewed. It was to be executed when the focus of attention would be on the Van Doo

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

Rescue of the Kismet 11 crew.....pg 16

Launch of new 500 Club Draw.....pg 36

The Day the Navy Diedpg 42

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

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Deadlines for receiving submissions are:

Spring 1 March
Summer 1 July
Winter 15 October

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Purchase your 50/50 tickets AND your 500 Club Tickets. More info herein.

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SAMF/SAM CALENDAR OF EVENTS 2016

SAMF Sponsored

EVERYONE WELCOME

SAM Foundation - (*Membership Year 1 January - 31 December*)

500 Club - Final date for this current draw is 4 May 2016

**- Next Draw will begin in June 2016 - For info call: 902-461-0062 OR
TOLL FREE 1-888-497-7779**

**Golf Tournament - Open to Everyone September 8, 2016 - For info call 902-461-0062
OR TOLL FREE 1-888-497-7779**

**50/50 Draw - January - draw to be held November 2016 Get your tickets now!!!!
- For Info call: 902-461-0062 or toll free 1-888-497-7779**

**Dinner/Auction 25 June 2016 Open to all For info call: 902-461-0062
Or toll free 1—888-497-7779**

***The Bonnie Book* See attached poster in pull out section.**

To order call 902-461-0062 or call toll free 1-888-497-7779.

**If you wish, we will gift wrap the book for Christmas or birthday etc
and we will mail directly to the person and address of your choice.**

Shearwater Aviation Museum sponsored:

**The Museum is OPEN TO ALL - FREE OF CHARGE -
DONATIONS GRATEFULLY ACCEPTED**

**406 (M) OTS 75th Anniversary Meet & Greet, 13 May 2016 (Pre-Registration required, please
visit: [http://rcafassociation.ca/advocacy/links-resources/military-aviation-
links/406lynxsqn75th/](http://rcafassociation.ca/advocacy/links-resources/military-aviation-links/406lynxsqn75th/))**

406 (M) OTS/HT406 75th Anniversary, Temporary Exhibit, May-June 2016

Operation Friction photo exhibit, June-December 2016

Open House & BBQ, July 2016 (TBC) Everyone Welcome!!!!

Hawker Hurricane Replica unveiling (TBC)



From the Curator's Desk

By Christine Hines

Old Man Winter wasn't too hard on us this year, compared to 2015, but it's been full steam ahead at SAM this winter. The restoration team has seen a few new faces join the team in recent months, and those new recruits have joined our weekday crews with the same level of intensity and enthusiasm. The Expeditor restoration is surging ahead, volunteers having stripped the old paint off of the aircraft and aluminum polishing has begun.

We've also had good news on the exhibit front; just before Christmas we received news of a grant to support major exhibit refurbishment. The plan is to work ahead at providing an improved core historical theme exhibit, and we'll be installing that exhibit upstairs in the mezzanine level. We'll also be renovating the Bonaventure Briefing Room and adding programming features, both projects intend being completed in the next year and a half or so, in time to celebrate Shearwater's Centennial in 2018. Other commemorative projects are being planned for 2018 as well; more information will follow as plans evolve.

Speaking of commemorative events, 2016 sees 406 (M) OTS celebrate their Squadron's 75th Anniversary this spring, and a large reunion is planned with several events, including a Meet & Greet being held at SAM. Pre-registration is required, and information on the event can be found at <http://rcfafassociation.ca/advocacy/links-resources/military-aviation-links/406lynxsgn75th/>. Additionally, the SAM will be installing a temporary exhibit to support this event. A "Speaker's Corner" will also be set up to capture your memories of the squadron, so please get involved! SAM's oral history collection needs your voice! This year also marks the 25th anniversary of the Liberation of Kuwait in 1991. The RCN recently held commemorative events to mark the occasion on both coasts, and the SAM will be mounting a photo exhibit later in our visit season.

In the last issue of Warrior, I mentioned that the Hurricane project was just about to be completed by WO Dave Rowe and his team. The project is largely completed but we were awaiting an engineering assessment on the roof trusses, to be sure they can hold the weight of the Hurricane, as we had planned to suspend the Hurricane for exhibit. Unfortunately, while our trusses are in suitable condition, the engineers feel this display technique would not be advisable, so we are now working on "Plan B", which is a floor mounted support for the Hurricane, which weighed in at a little over 1500 lbs. Check out images of the project elsewhere in this issue of Warrior; it really is an amazing project, and WO Rowe was presented with "CF Member of the Quarter" at a recent 12 Wing Honours and Awards parade to recognize his contributions to SAM. Congratulations to Dave and the entire team involved with the project, and a hearty thank you from all at SAM!



SAMF President's Report

by John Knudsen

When Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation (SAMF) was started, mainly by ex Naval Air types, the aims were to help preserve the history of Naval Aviation. That was mainly done by raising funds to help the Shearwater Aviation Museum (SAM) and by other means of "spreading the word". Many of the people who worked hard for this, have passed on or are no longer able to help, but the

history still needs to be preserved and SAM still needs our help.

Although the membership is open to anyone, this piece is directed at recent past and current serving members of Maritime Military Aviation, SAM safeguards your history and is in fact your legacy so that in 20 or more years when your children or grandchildren ask "What did you do in the military" you can show them.

How can you help?

By taking out membership in SAMF (Fees mainly pay for the production of "Warrior")

By participating in various SAMF fundraising activities ie 50/50 draw, 500 club, Dinner Auction, Golf Tournament etc

By submitting photos and stories from your deployments - they are of interest to others and help preserve YOUR HISTORY.



SAMF President John Knudsen presents SAMF's newest member, 12 WComd Col Peter Allen with his membership card

Photo by LS Bradley Upshall

TAIL HOOKS *by Ed Janusas*

When the TRACKERS were about to be sold in 1972/3/?, twenty-nine tail hooks were removed by persons unknown for souvenirs. I wasn't fast enough. Fast Eddy wasn't fast enough to unscrew one as a souvenir. Hmmm.

There is a Tracker, 1577, at the Hamilton Heritage Warplane Museum that is being refurbished. (Two Hamilton Business people bought 2/2 refurbished engines so that it now WILL fly some time this year or next.)

I intend to have a symposium there, on the day of its first FLIGHT, and at the same time present a HOOK for installation on 1577.

It is requested that anyone having this HOOK and would like to part with it for a good cause, please contact me at 905 318 5034 or EMAIL ed48.73@sourcecable.net

Would be thankful for a reply.

Vintage Aircraft Tell Shearwater History

Ernest Cable, Shearwater Aviation Museum Historian

12 Wing Shearwater is second only to 16 Wing Borden as the oldest RCAF Station in Canada. Although constructed in 1918 by the Canadian government for the Royal Canadian Naval Air Service, the base's first tenant was the U.S. Naval Air Corps, a stopgap arrangement between the Royal Canadian Navy (RCN) and the United States Navy (USN) to counter German submarines attacking shipping south of Nova Scotia during the First World War. The base was known as United States Naval Air Station Halifax and its first Commanding Officer was Lieutenant (USN) Richard E. Byrd, later renowned as Admiral Byrd the arctic explorer. The base's naval beginning portended its 98-year history of supporting maritime air operations, a history unlike any other air base in Canada. The Shearwater Aviation Museum displays many artifacts, which portray the base's unique history.

The History To Portray

As the museum grew and attracted researchers it readily became evident that the base had a unique past dating back to 1918. Museum curators realized that the base was more than a naval air station; it was an air station that witnessed much of Canada's aviation history from its earliest beginnings; starting with the formation of the Royal Canadian Naval Air Service and eventually the Canadian Air Board, the Canadian Air Force and in 1924 the creation of the Royal Canadian Air Force (RCAF). During the Second World War RCAF Station Dartmouth expanded to become Eastern Air Command's largest and most important air station in Eastern Canada. RCAF Station Dartmouth was home to many Bomber Reconnaissance (anti-submarine/convoy escort) and fighter squadrons to protect the sea and air approaches to Halifax's strategic harbour. During the war the RCAF shared their airfield with Royal Naval Air Section Dartmouth, a Fleet Air Arm lodger unit that provided a shore facility for British naval aircraft while disembarked from their aircraft carriers. In 1946 after the war, the RCAF shared the airfield with the newly formed Royal Canadian Naval Air Section Dartmouth, a lodger unit shore base for the RCN's new Naval Air Arm and its recently acquired aircraft. In 1948, the RCAF turned the station over to the RCN and the station was re-named Royal Canadian Naval Air Station Dartmouth. In keeping with the naval tradition of naming air stations after sea birds, the RCN commissioned the Dartmouth air station, His Majesty's Canadian Ship (HMCS) Shearwater. In 1968, following integration of Canada's three armed services the station was re-named Canadian Forces Base Shearwater. In 1993, the station was re-designated, 12 Wing Shearwater. Retaining "Shearwater" in the name recognizes the station's naval heritage while at the same time draws on the former RCAF Station's Dartmouth's Second World War historical link with 12 Group of Eastern Air Command.

Vintage Aircraft Collection

Much of Shearwater's history is told through the histories of the museum's vintage aircraft collection.

.Swordfish. A 1934 vintage Fairey Swordfish is the museum's centerpiece exhibit. After secondment from the Fleet Air Arm (FAA) to RAF Coastal Command for English Channel operations during the Second World War, Swordfish HS469 was crated and shipped to the Royal Naval Air Section Dartmouth in 1943. Originally intended for service aboard Merchant Aircraft Carriers, the Swordfish was transferred to the No. 1 Telegraphist Air Gunner School, a FAA lodger unit at RCAF Station Yarmouth. After the war in 1945, HS469 was one of 22 Swordfish donated to the RCN's fledgling Naval Air Arm. In 1946, HS469 was disposed for scrap in Ontario and later restored to flying condition by a Toronto group of former Canadian Naval Air Arm volunteers who donated the Swordfish to the Shearwater museum in 1994.

Firefly. In early 1946, the FAA transferred 29 FR 1 Fireflies and 35 Seafire XVs to the RCN. Since the aircraft were part of the war claims settlement between Canada and Britain, Canada did not pay for the aircraft. Firefly PP462 was one of nine Fireflies to fly off the aircraft carrier *HMCS Warrior* on 31 March 1946 and land in Canada at RCAF Station Dartmouth and its new home at the Royal Canadian Naval Air Section. The Fireflies were assigned to 825 and 826 Squadrons. In 1954, PP462 was sold to the Ethiopian air force, which donated the Firefly back to the Canadian government in 1993. The Firefly was subsequently returned to Shearwater, the original Canadian home for 29 Firefly FR 1's progressively taken on strength by the RCN between June 1946 and April 1947. The Shearwater museum has recently restored Firefly PP462 to full working condition in its original RCN colours as 826 Squadron's "AB-J".

Avengers. The museum owns two Grumman Avengers that were acquired from the USN and delivered to the RCN at *HMCS Shearwater* in 1950 and assigned to VS 825, VS 826 and VU 32 Squadrons. When not ashore the Avengers embarked on the aircraft carrier *HMCS Magnificent* and were used in the anti-submarine role as well as training aircrew.

- Avenger 85861 crashed after take off from Shearwater in 1953 and lay on the bottom of Bedford Basin until 1972 when it was raised by the Fleet Diving Unit as training exercise. Technicians from 406 Squadron subsequently restored 85861 in the RCN paint scheme at the time of the crash, as VU 32 Squadron's "TF-D" and presented the Avenger to the museum.

Avenger 53610 served with the RCN until 1958 when it was sold to a forest protection company for budworm spraying and water bombing. In July 2012, the Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation purchased Avenger 53610 from Forest Protection Ltd in Fredericton, NB and

turned it over to the museum where it has been restored in its original RCN colours as 825 Squadron's "NAVY 303".

Horse. Sikorsky HO4S-3, 55885, was one of ten "Horse" helicopters delivered to the RCN at Shearwater in 1955. Horse 55885 was equipped with dipping sonar and assigned to Helicopter Anti-submarine Squadron 50 (HS 50) to investigate the feasibility of helicopters in the anti-submarine role. In its rescue role with Helicopter Utility Squadron 21 (HU 21), 885 was credited with saving more than 20 lives in Canada. Horse 885's most notable rescue mission occurred in 1962; while flying from *HMCS Bonaventure* it was instrumental in saving seriously injured survivors from a Flying Tiger Constellation airliner, carrying 76 American military and family members, which ditched in the North Atlantic. In 1970, 885 was transferred to the School of Aerospace Engineering at CFB Borden as an instructional aid. The Horse was returned to Shearwater then loaned to the New Brunswick Community College in Dieppe where various aviation trade courses restored 885 to working condition. In 1998, Horse 885 was returned to the Shearwater museum in RCN colours of "NAVY 885".

Retriever. In 1954, Piasecki HUP-3 Retriever, serial number 51-16621, was one of three HUP-3s purchased from the U.S. Army and delivered to HU 21 at Shearwater to support the RCN's only icebreaker, *HMCS Labrador*. During *Labrador's* arctic cruises from 1955 to 1957 the HUP-3's were used to airlift heavy cargos ashore for oceanographic and hydrographic surveys in Canada's arctic archipelago. Upon retirement from the RCN in 1964, HUP-3, 51-16621, was donated to the B.C. Institute of Technology to train aviation technicians, then given to the Canadian Museum of Flight in Langley, B.C. The Langley museum then exchanged the flyable 51-16621 for non-airworthy HUP-3 from the Classic Rotors Rotorcraft Museum near San Diego, CA. In 2002, the Langley museum traded their Rotorcraft HUP-3 for a future consideration from the Shearwater museum. In 2006, the Shearwater museum restored the HUP-3 as 51-16621 in its RCN paint scheme while serving as "NAVY 245" with HU 21.

Harvard. Harvard, 2777, was delivered to the RCAF in 1941 and subsequently served at No. 6 Service Flying Training School at Dunnville, ON as part of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. In 1953, the Harvard was transferred to the RCN at Shearwater and served with No. 1 Training Air Group and VT 40 training squadron. It was returned to No. 6 Repair Depot, RCAF Station Trenton, ON in 1957, struck off RCAF strength in 1960, and sold to a private interest. It was subsequently donated to the Shearwater Aviation Museum by Mr. D. Currie of Toronto, restored by the Atlantic Chapter of the Canadian Naval Air Group, and placed on display as "NAVY 930" in the Harvard's traditional training yellow paint scheme.

Banshee. The RCN acquired 39 F2H-3 Banshee jet fighters from the USN to replace its piston engine Sea Furies in the fleet air defence and ground support roles. The Banshee was the RCN's first and only jet fighter. Banshee, 126402, arrived at Shearwater in 1957 where it flew from the aircraft carrier *HMCS Bonaventure* while assigned fighter squadron VF 870. In 1962, Banshee 126402 was among the eleven remaining Banshees to be struck off strength from RCN inventory. The aircraft was subsequently refurbished in its RCN colours and placed on display as "NAVY 402" in the Shearwater museum.

Trackers. In the late 1950s, the RCN acquired 100 Grumman CS2F Tracker anti-submarine aircraft, which were flown by VS 880, VS 881, VU 32 and VX 10 Squadrons based at *HMCS Shearwater*, which flew the Tracker from the aircraft carrier *HMCS Bonaventure*. Two of these Trackers are displayed in the Shearwater museum.

- Tracker 1501 was delivered to de Havilland Canada in 1954 to verify the fidelity of jigs and tooling required for the production of 99 Grumman Trackers for the RCN. The RCN formally accepted 1501 later in 1954 to allow Experimental Squadron, VX 10, to test a wide variety of avionics and engineering change proposals from Grumman's evolving Tracker production. In 1956, de Havilland brought 1501 up to the production C2SF-1 Tracker configuration and the aircraft was assigned to the Naval Air Maintenance School at Shearwater as an instructional airframe. Struck off RCN strength in 1972, Tracker 1501 was refurbished in 2013 in RCN colours as "NAVY 501" and displayed at the Shearwater museum.
- Tracker 1557 was taken on RCN strength in 1959 and assigned to VS 880 (anti-submarine squadron) as a CS2F-2 with an improved automatic tactical navigation system. The Tracker was later modified to the CS2F-3 configuration with an improved stable platform tactical navigation system, new search radar, Doppler radar and updated Julie/Jezebel submarine detection systems. After service integration in 1968, the anti-submarine equipment was removed and 1557 was re-rolled as a Maritime Reconnaissance aircraft and re-designated from CS2F-3 to CP-121. In keeping with the Canadian Armed Forces practice of incorporating the aircraft designation into the serial number 1557 became 12157. While serving with 880 Maritime Reconnaissance Squadron, Tracker 12157 was struck off Canadian Forces strength in 1995 and displayed in the Shearwater museum in its maritime low-visibility two-tone gray paint scheme.

Silver Star. Taken on RCAF strength in 1953, Silver Star (T-33) 21038 was transferred to the RCN's VU 32 (utility/training squadron) at Shearwater in 1966. In addition to pilot training, Silver Star 21038 was widely used to simulate air launched anti-ship missiles and to tow targets for proficiency training for the navy's shipborne anti-aircraft systems. In the target tow role, 21038 was configured to carry two radar reflective Delmar targets, which were streamed over 3,000 meters (10,000 feet) behind the aircraft for safety. Following service integration in 1968 Silver Star 21038 was re-numbered 133038. Silver Star 133038 was struck off RCN strength in 1980 and refurbished by the Shearwater museum as "NAVY 038" in its target tow configuration with a canister under the fuselage housing a winch and two reels of thin steel cable; the cables are routed to two Delmar targets housed in a basket-pylon under each wing. The Silver Star is finished in natural aluminum with the nose, tail empennage, and wingtip fuel tanks painted high visibility red.

Tutor. Although, 431 Air Demonstration Squadron, and their CT-114 Tutor jet trainers, better known as the "Snowbirds" were never based at Shearwater, they performed at the inaugural Shearwater International Air Show in the early 1980s and have been continual performers at all subsequent Shearwater air shows. There is a Shearwater historical link to 431 Squadron. In 1945, 431 Squadron was transferred from Bomber Command's No. 6 (RCAF) Group in England to RCAF Station Dartmouth to train as part of the "Tiger Force" for the war in the Pacific. Japan surrendered before 431 Squadron could deploy and the wartime 431 Squadron was disbanded at RCAF Station Dartmouth. Tutor 114075, painted as "Snowbird 7" in its iconic red and white colour scheme is displayed at the Shearwater museum.

Hurricane. The museum is in the final stages of building a full-scale replica of a Hawker Hurricane. At the beginning of the Second World War Hurricanes of RCAF No.1 Squadron were hurriedly transferred to Dartmouth to provide air defence for Halifax's strategic harbour. They were the very first aircraft to land on the runways of the newly constructed RCAF Station Dartmouth air station in November 1939. In June 1940, No.1 Squadron was sent overseas to reinforce the Royal Air Force in the epic Battle of Britain. Hurricane P3670 bearing No.1 Squadron identification letters "YO*E" was one of the first Hurricanes to engage the Luftwaffe in the squadron's first sortie in the Battle of Britain. After No.1 Squadron's departure the RCAF established Nos. 126, 127 and 129 Hurricane squadrons at Dartmouth to provide air defences for Canada's Atlantic sea approaches. British Hurricanes from Catapult Aircraft Merchant (CAM) ships also landed at Dartmouth while their mother CAM ships loaded their cargoes in Halifax.

Expeditor. In the latter half of 2015 the museum took delivery of C-45 Expeditor, 2312. The aircraft was first

delivered to No.412 (Transport) Squadron at RCAF Rockcliffe in August 1952. In November 1957, the Expeditor was transferred to the RCN at HMCS Shearwater where it served on VU 32 and VT 40 Squadrons. The aircraft was initially assigned local squadron number 856 but later changed to 312 when the RCN adopted the RCAF practice of using the last three digits of the serial number for its side number. The aircraft also served with VC 920 Naval Air Reserve Squadron at Toronto until 1964. In March 1965, Expeditor 312 was struck off strength to Crown Assets Disposal where it was sold to civilian interests and registered as CF-SEB. The Expeditor was de-registered in 1982.

Stranraer. The museum is in the lengthy process of rebuilding the aft section of Supermarine Stranraer 915, a twin-engine biplane flying boat. The Stranraer was taken on strength by No.5 BR (Bomber Reconnaissance) Squadron at RCAF Station Dartmouth in 1938. On 10 September 1939, Stranraer 908 flew the very first Canadian sortie of the Second World War from the water at Eastern Passage. The Stranraers continued to fly anti-submarine and convoy escort patrols over Halifax convoys until replaced by more modern aircraft in 1941. When completed the Stranraer will be painted in the mantle of No.5 Squadron.

Sea King. With the arrival of the first CH-148 Cyclone helicopters, the first CH-124 Sea King helicopters, which have served at Shearwater for more than 50 years may soon be retired. The Department of National Defence has indicated it will look favourably on donating at least one of the retiring Sea Kings plus support equipment such as simulators to the Shearwater museum.

Community

The museum receives tremendous support from 12 Wing senior officers. Wing and squadron parades and social events are held in the museum to expose personnel to the museum and the base's unique heritage. Similarly, a replica of *HMCS Bonaventure's* aircrew briefing room doubles as a large conference room with state-of-the-art audio-visual aids that is available to base organizations and the public. The museum regularly hosts lectures to schoolchildren on the theory of flight, thereby fulfilling a lesson requirement in the Nova Scotia school curriculum. This year the museum received 25,000 visitors. Although, admission is free many visitors are inspired to make gratefully accepted donations. For more information about the Shearwater Aviation Museum visit the museum's website at www.shearwateraviationmuseum.ns.ca

Replica Hawker Hurricane *By David Rowe , WO*

Squadron Historian 406 Sqn, 12 Wing

In the spring of 2012, shortly before the Shearwater Aviation Museum's Annual Spring Hobby Show, myself and Christine Hines were discussing the possibility of the construction of a full sized replica Hawker Hurricane. A \$10,000 donation had been made, specifically to help get a Hurricane for the Museum. The real deal was out, given a price north of 2 million dollars. Even a fibreglass replica, if one could be obtained, was around the \$100,000 mark. Neither option was going to be possible. I was asked if it was possible to take on such a task, and if so, what sort of cost would be involved? The research began. Now, I'd built a lot of scale Radio Controlled aircraft, as well as two homebuilt aircraft, mostly of wood/composite construction, so I was reasonably confident the basic airframe could be built. So the main issue, would be cost. A purely static replica, no motor, no controls, was, unfortunately required to keep the costs down. Once I'd calculated all the various costs I knew we'd incur, plywood for fuselage frames, wing ribs, sheeting, clear pine for the basic fuselage structure, stringers, leading edges of wings and tail, paint, etc, it was certainly going to be close. I couldn't factor in landing gear, wheels, propeller, spinner and canopy, as these in my view, were far past my skill set. But, the basics were there, and in April 2012 the go-ahead was given.

In order to make the project happen, I first needed a good set of plans to work from. There are no plans for a full-sized Hurricane readily available, and they wouldn't translate well into a wooden replica. While the fuselage bulkheads, stringers, and a portion of the cockpit were all wood, the wings were all metal, and the fuselage structure was steel tube framing, and forward fuselage all-metal. The best way to go, was to simply enlarge an all balsa wood and plywood model, to full size. The best Radio Control large scale kit available, is the Mick Reeves 1:4.5 scale Hurricane out of England. The SAM arranged the purchase and shipping of one kit, and from that, the plans for the full-sized Hurricane would be made. Rather than going from plans to bigger plans, to parts, I decided to loft all of the lines onto the wood directly. Every part of the aircraft was done in this manner. It requires some serious drafting skills, but fortunately my father, who was Chief Loftsmen at AVRO during the mid to late 50s, had taught me the process long ago.

Complicating the build process was the issue of space. When Leeann and I started the build, we were renting a house that had a small workshop (big enough for the rudder, vertical stab, etc, but not the fuselage wings nor horizontal stab), and a large garage. Unfortunately, the garage was neither heated, nor wired. Progress was also interrupted by a move, to a new house, with, finally, a fully attached garage, heated and insulated! However, it was not quite long enough for the fuselage, so starting in

the fall of 2013, I went to work with the plan to construct the fuselage from the firewall, to about six feet back from the tail, then build the engine cowl, and the rear fuselage section, as separate components, only joining them on the day we'd move the fuselage to the museum, to prep it for the fabric covering. Very tense times spring 2014, when we were finally able to bolt on the tail section of the fuselage, then roll it out into the driveway, and bolt on the nose section!

With the fuselage out of the way, I was then able to concentrate on the Horizontal and Vertical Stabs, elevators, and when those were done, and shipped to the museum, the wings. We started the wings, and had them to the museum by the summer, the center section was essentially complete, and outer wings framed up, but not sheeted.

Now, if you're keeping track, that all sounds great, but there was much, much more to do! Fortunately for me, John Webber, AME at the SAM, had an ace up his sleeve, well several of them. He acquired a tailwheel from a Polish Crop Duster that was an identical match for the Hurricane's. He also acquired a set of main wheels. While they were a bit smaller than original, they'd do the trick. He also had a great volunteer, Chris, who was a top notch fabricator, and the pair quickly took on the making of the landing gear. My spouse, Leeann and I breathed a big sigh of relief. John also had a crew, led by himself, that took on the fabric covering of the entire fuselage, which again, was a great help, and really saved some time. I concentrated on fabricating stuff, Leeann painting everything as it was completed, and the project jumped ahead.

My concerns about the canopy were unfounded, Leeann and I built that in a weekend! The propeller blades were another concern, but I had an epiphany, and built a jig that would incorporate the required blade twist. I then glued up 3 layers of 1/8th ply for each blade, and clamped that to the jig. Once dry, we cut out the shape of each blade. I then added an inch of pink foam rigid insulation, sanded each blade to an airfoil shape, and then applied a layer of 4 oz fibreglass cloth. The Spinner was probably the most fun, and the most terrifying part of the build. I decided to cut a plywood circle base, and then glue layers of 2 in pink foam, each one a slightly smaller circle. When we had sufficient height, I then built a jig to allow me to use the SAM's woodworking lathe, via a bowl turning jig. The spinner was not at all well balanced at the start, so I had to quickly turn on the lathe, and the second it came up to speed, shut it down, and sand until the lathe stopped. Over and over, the whole time fearing there'd be a huge explosion of pink foam. I'm sure there's still pink foam dust somewhere in a corner of the museum. Once I got the desired shape, the whole spinner was fibre glassed, filled, sanded, and painted.

At the end of the day, about 4,000 hours of work, and a whole lot of blood, sweat, and tears went into the project, and a lot of people quickly showed up to lend a hand, every time we needed help. While I don't have room in this article to thank them all by name, we most certainly will be doing just that, when it comes time to unveil this crazy project to all.



Replica Hawker Hurricane and proud Maintenance Crew



Replica Hawker Hurricane

OUR SHEARWATER ROOTS

By Joan and Joe Paquette

When my travel brings me to the Halifax area I often take the opportunity to drive or ride (my motorcycle) over to Shearwater. Sometimes I visit the museum, other times just ride through the base or make a pass through Married Quarters, or head out to Eastern Passage. I'm not looking for anything or anyone specific but nevertheless my psyche needs to make this journey.

Like so many of us, Shearwater was my first posting. But Shearwater wasn't "just" a posting to a Navy pilot, it was the birthplace, the only place for Naval Aviation. We joined the Navy to go to Shearwater and expected to remain there for most of our careers. It was also where our course mates went so that after the close bonding years of Venture and flight training we became Navy pilots on the same base and deployed on the same ships. This was unique in our military.



By the time I arrived in Shearwater I had spent four years (HMCS Venture and RCAF training) with my Venture classmates (and Juniors) and then began my Operational Training with VU-32. Living off base was not an option in those days.

Halloween 1963

I lived in the Wardroom where there were three floors of single rooms with ablutions down the hall. There was also a sink in your room. While such accommodations seem spartan by today's standards, they sure beat the "two to a room" cadet type accommodation we had been used to until then.

We ate our meals in the beautiful dining room served by wait staff who became stand-in mothers and sisters and who still recognized us decades later. The FOXTROT HOTEL bar was our favorite drinking hole and it just happened to be under the same roof. Actually given that the Wren Officers and Nursing Sisters occupied the third floor, everything really was under one roof. I can remember the days of big university football games when after lunch we would all meet in the main wardroom bar for a "wet" before heading to the stadium.

During the work week you would have your breakfast and walk across the road to the hangar. Being proper Navy, if

you were flying and wanted to nip over to the Wardroom to catch lunch one had to change into a proper uniform as flightsuits in the mess were considered improper.

I moved out of the Wardroom when Joan and I got married in '64 but within a few years we were back on base in the lower PMQs. Ed and Lynn Vishek (Venture classmate) were on one side and Larry and Merle O'Brien (Venture senior) on the other. Tom and Gaile Byrne (another Venture classmate) lived across the street, Charlie and Alma Coffin (my first Crew Commander) just up the road. Next to them were Larry and Linda Lott (another Venture classmate). Getting the idea?

The PMQs were a mixed blessing. Rent was reasonable and the houses were large enough, and the view We were right on the shore of Halifax Harbour and could watch the ships and submarines heading up to the Shearwater jetty and to the Carport. However our basement flooded, they were drafty and we paid the heating bill.

The BONAVENTURE Days

This could be considered the time of the BONNIE as the Destroyer/helicopter marriage had not yet been consummated. Half of both TRACKER and SEAKING squadrons deployed on the BONAVENTURE and everyone sailed together. Crews deployed and flew missions together as a unit. We normally spent a year working up on a shore side crew as a co-pilot prior to deploying to sea for a year. In your third year you made Crew Commander and spent the next year improving your skills shore side prior to taking your own crew to sea. At the end of four years you cycled out of the squadron to other employment.

It was a wonderful environment in which to serve and to learn our duties as Junior officers which included being Divisional Officers to the technicians who worked on the aircraft. Learning the role and needs of the technicians was as important to our development as was learning the intricacies of the TRACKER and Anti-Submarine Warfare.

Our training was both formal and informal. The formal part was provided by VU-32 and Aircrew Division just down the road while the informal consisted of listening to Wally Sloan, Ted Gibbon, Dick Davis and so many others telling war stories as we all hung around just outside the office doors in the squadron.

It was the best of times flying wise. While the Cold War required professional operations in dangerous conditions, we were not bloodied. We practiced our craft in a very accepting environment. No other military, I believe, allowed pilots with only two years operational experience to take on the responsibilities of an ASW Crew Commander who in another year would take his

crew to sea on the carrier. We were led by aggressive Senior Officers who could out fly us and provided superb role models.



LCdr Davy Williams, BONNIE

Following an initial tour with one of the operational squadrons almost always meant another tour at Shearwater or perhaps a tour as a Ship's Officer. In my case, with Unification and Integration a fact, Wayne Halladay and I decided that we would become "Jet pilots" like Larry O'Brian and Don Monk who were flying CF-104s. This role was denied to Navy pilots with the loss of the BANSHEE but open now with Integration. We were convinced by the "Career" Manager to ask for Jet Instructing like Tom Bryne and Larry Lott. So be it and the "first choice" box was changed to read "Jet Instructor". It was not to be and we both stayed at Shearwater in VU-32, Wayne flying the T-33 while I instructed on the TRACKER. During the next two years we both refined our flying and professional skills in an environment we knew well and were allowed to live the Navy life for a few more years

The SEA KING era

We returned to Shearwater eight years later (1978) when I received a posting to SEAKINGS. The view of Halifax Harbour as we came down the Circumferential Highway was truly a familiar and welcoming one. This is not to imply that there weren't changes waiting for us at Shearwater. For one thing the BONAVENTURE was gone and I was now a Major and wearing my new Green uniform. The Wardroom, though filled with many new faces, had enough old ones to be comfortable and somehow the new ones seemed to fit the place. Though we all wore green uniforms in a way we were more navy than ever because most detachments were on the

destroyers and you can't be any more navy than that. Our new digs were now in the "upper" PMQs with Lyn and Ed Vishek again our neighbors.

Professionally what was really amazing was how our young officers who had no navy background showed the real navy spirit and not only embraced the sea going role but excelled at it. When I joined ALGONQUIN a few of the pilots had more sea time than some of the ships officers. But it was not the Shearwater of old. Now there were a large number of small detachments assigned to various ships and who actually had their own office space within the squadron. The idea of having a year ashore to work up your crew were gone. I flew down to Puerto Rico to join HMCS ATHABASKAN's Air Detachment the day after I completed my Operational training and I remained in various detachments for the next two years.



BINGO on the ATHA "B" 1981

While single officers could now live ashore, many chose to remain in the Wardroom because the short and irregular periods that they were ashore hardly made it worth it. As one walked through the hall way numerous "cabin" doors had signs stating that "so and so was deployed aboard"

The crew structure continued to be used but whereas the pilot had always been "Boss" now while he was the Helicopter Crew Commander he or the Navigator/Tactical coordinator (TACCO) could be the Mission Commander.

A further change was the loss of Squadron Maintenance. Now all the helicopters belonged to Base Maintenance and daily meetings determined which unit got which aircraft.

The Civilian Era

Having retired in 1990, Joan and I settled in Yarmouth where I was flying a civilian helicopter for Canadian Helicopters. In 1996 Nova Scotia established a helicopter Air Ambulance service based in Shearwater which Canadian was awarded and I commuting back and forth between Yarmouth and Shearwater as the Ambulance Base Manager. We were based in the old VU-32 hangar. Just down the hall was the Shearwater Flying Club where the Chief Engineer was John Webber who had been an OD in my first Division.

This Shearwater was definitely different and not just because I was now a civilian. The Wardroom was now a very quiet place and the most vibrant Friday night was Family Night. Breakfast was served in a small ante room. Meals and the bar were now mostly located at the new Combined Mess. While flight suits were now allowed in the Wardroom I had to get used to the young women with Pilot and Navigator wings on their uniforms. The base now shut down at 11pm each night and was not open at all on weekends. Even most of the runways had disappeared and only 11/29 (now 10/28) remained but only as a heliport and emergency run-on area.

It was still fun to be on the base and rub shoulders with a few of the old hands I remembered, or who remembered me. When my seven days of day shift ended on Friday nights I had no duties until Saturday night and, as Joan was in Yarmouth, I was free to visit the Wardroom for Friday Night "weepers" as subdued as it was. It was a comforting feeling to stand at the FH bar and watch the sun over the harbour remembering a life time of stories.

Wives and Mothers in PMQ's in the 60s (Joan's view)

Leaving our home towns, we arrived in Shearwater from everywhere. We came from cities, small towns and from farms. We left our work as nurses, teachers, secretaries, flight attendants ... We were "officers' wives" and would become life-long friends, friends who replaced the families we left behind. We had to learn that you couldn't hold your husband's hand when he was in uniform. You couldn't call him at work or when he was at the mess. You might have a gang come home for egg-in-the-hole at midnight on a Friday night.

We had our babies far away from our mothers and families but we had each other. Joe was in Stockholm when Kelli was born and my birth coach was Carol Smith, our neighbor and the wife of one of Joe's course mates. Joe first saw Kelli when the Bonaventure came alongside six weeks after she was born. Home we went from dockyard with a bag of laundry and three people who had to figure out how to be a family. More babies, and more time spent with our friends as our husbands continued to train and fly off ships and from Bermuda and Puerto Rico, Quonset Point RI and Norfolk, VA. Our children got to

know each other and played together in the safe confines of the PMQ where we all looked out for each other. The base had churches, a school, and a bank and satisfied almost all our needs. The Wives' Club gave us opportunities for socializing at the Wardroom without the men and most of us didn't work outside our home. Being mommy and wife was enough. That was the '60's.



Lifelong Friends

In the late 70s and early 80s

When we returned in 1978 our children were now ages 8, 10, 11 and 13. We moved onto Firefly and they now attended Hampton Gray Memorial School. The kids were in gymnastics, swimming and hockey and some moms spent more hours than we could count in the arena cheering on their hockey players and figure skaters. The activities of our kids provided socializing time for Moms.

Military wives were often the heads of their households. I did a survey in 1979 as part of a course that found that wives on the Base did a great job running the house, taking care of the kids in all their needs, paying the bills and arguing with CE to fix the many problems with housing. In fact it seemed that the challenging part of being a military wife was fitting Dad back into the family after a long deployment.

To this day, fifty years after the beginning, my dearest friends are those who embraced me at Shearwater. Just a few weeks ago Joe and I drove through married quarters remarking at how fine it still looks and being grateful for the memories.

The Value of a SAMF Wall of Honour Tile

Jim Elliott, Wall of Honour Overseer

The Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation (SAMF) tile project continues to have contributors and we have reached a current total of 973 names recorded on the tiles.

There is no production of tiles during the winter months due to production difficulties in the cold. The tiles crack quite readily when being cut and blasted. However, we still accept and process orders for the tiles, we just can't get them made immediately. We do end up on the early production list when manufacturing restarts.

Many people wonder what the advantage of having a tile is. I suppose I should say first that it supports the SAMF which in turn supports the Shearwater Aviation Museum (SAM). This is truly an honourable objective, but there are also other benefits. Generally, we die and have a headstone or urn set in the ground and few, if any, other people remember us. A tile at SAM puts a testament to our lives on the Wall of Honour where literally thousands of people visit each year. Many of these visitors are/were shipmates and co-workers and they are reminded of us and the good and not so good times. The stories start to flow. Most of us have fleeting memories of other members and when the stories break loose we do remember each and every one. I spend a lot of time at the museum and I can attest to the positive effects the tiles have on visitors.

We process tiles all year round. If you want a tile as a gift or other occasion over the winter months, please remember to order it early. SAMF is willing to accept cash, cheques, credit card (Mastercard and VISA) only, and installments can be arranged (check the pull out section of WARRIOR). To order a tile please contact Kay Collacutt:

Phone: 902-461-0062 or toll free: 1-888-497-7779 e-mail: samf@samfoundation.ca Or Kcollacutt@bellaliant.net

Snail mail:

Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation
12 Wing Shearwater
PO Box 5000 Stn Main
Shearwater, NS B0J 3A0



Just part of our Wall of Honour Tiles - Your name(s) should be here as well.

JARGON

By Gordon Soutter

It seems a given that jargon becomes a way of life with any business, occupation, or really, whenever people gather regularly.

The military is probably foremost in its creation of nicknames, euphemisms and especially acronyms, many of which become new 'words' and claim a place in common usage.

Discourses in a recent Warrior prompted further by providing some excellent examples. While there is no need to repeat them, two bear a second glance;

'Slackers', which we always used as the name for Halifax itself, not just Stad, and 'Jumbo' for the Maggie flight deck mobile crane, which was a hardy machine unless something heavy needed to be hoisted. Then it was a call for hands and about five or six bods clambered onto the back of Jumbo to help hold it down. Hands and bods = jargon.

As a duty crane driver - at the permanent crane, 'abaft' the island, the operator had to learn such terms as : Up purchase 'roundly' , or down jib 'handsomely'. Sheesh.

How about pusser and tiddley? Spillers or sippers at Up Spirits. Punkah louvres. Scuttles. And whether you were ashore or aboard — there were no stairs in the navy. We had many words which couldn't apply to civilian use and were inbred to the point where 'deck' and 'alongside' still sneak into conversation occasionally. So many things depended on chits and request forms. Where else would you have to ask "permission to grow"?

We received a great deal of this by way of the Brits — as they taught us, and then joined us — always with the names : tall guys were Lofty or Stretch, little guys were Titch or Shorty. . New kids were sprogs. Tiffy — covered a number of trades, and heritage usually figured in names such as Jock or Scotty, Geordie, Dutch, Taffy and of course in the RCN, the ever so common Kipper.

Last names brought about plays on words such as Dusty Rhodes, or Miller, Shady Lane, and Shorty, again, was a natural. for someone whose last name was Long. All Clarkes were Nobby and anyone with the last name of Heard always became Buff - for buffalo. Not to forget - Buck Rogers. Spud and Newfie pretty well identified homelands while appearance often dictated such monikers as Red, Blackie, Sandy, Curly, or Rusty.

As well, alliteration — and diminutives — seemed a natural, as in Hammy Hamilton and the like, and it goes without saying the way-beyond-rude and/or now politically incorrect sobriquets were numerous.

Back in the good old days when we wore different coloured uniforms, the other guys were always sure targets. Someone in khaki was oft referred to as a 'brown job' or a 'pongo'. Pigeons' wore light blue. It seems the fly types of today are 'zoomies'.

Matelots became a common sobriquet for naval ratings and that leads to a personal story. For a time I assisted a civvy friend of ours with material for the regular 'Mophead the Matelot' segment of his morning radio show. It is a convoluted tale but sufficient to say, I wound up with 14 days Number 11 and 30 days stoppers.

There's that jargon stuff again.

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LCdr J. H. Beeman and the Rescue of the Crew of the Kismet II

By Jaclyn Lytle

The night of November 25th, 1955 was a remarkably frigid and tempestuous one off the coast of Cape Breton Island. The weather maintained such an ominous admixture of bitterly cold temperatures, heavy snow, and gale-force winds that area resident John Angus Fraser recalled the conditions to Cape Breton's Magazine with ease over four decades later. It was on this night that the S. S. Kismet II, a freighter based out of Liberia, was attempting to navigate the volatile waters just beyond the northern Cape Breton township of Meat Cove. En route from its last port of call in Philadelphia to P.E.I. to pick up a shipment of potatoes destined for Europe, the Kismet II was running light. The ship's cargo holds were barren and the decks largely empty, save a crew of 21 and a small menagerie of pets—a dog, cat, budgie, and parrot also called the freighter home.

It is not difficult to imagine what must have run through the minds of the ship's limited crew as they attempted to pilot the massive ship through the heavy wind, snow, and swells that bombarded them. In the blackness of the night, with limited visibility exacerbated by the growing storm, one can imagine the anxiety and the terror that the men must have fought to keep at bay. Struggling to stay on course, the crew engaged in a valiant battle against the elements. Despite their best efforts, they were overwhelmed. Forced against the exceedingly high and jagged cliff face of Meat Cove, the Kismet II ran aground.

Shipwrecked and freezing, conditions for the crew swiftly moved from bad to worse. An inspection of the food stores aboard found them to be waterlogged and thus dangerously depleted, and extreme winds and high swells made it impossible for the men to escape their predicament via their only remaining route, the ship's lifeboats. Thus the crew found itself to be utterly stranded and at the mercy of the elements until help could be summoned. It would surely have chilled their steely reserve to have known in those desperate moments that there would elapse almost 48 hours between the arrival of help and the crew's eventual liberation from the deck of the Kismet II.

It did not take long for the crew to notify the outside world of their dire straits and, in true heroic fashion, a plethora of earnest rescue efforts were initiated. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP), the Royal Canadian Navy (RCN), civilian ships, and local residents alike rushed to the aid of the Kismet II. And yet, despite the immense manpower made available, a swift rescue was unable to be affected. The still-turbulent waters, pocked with often imperceptible outcrops of rock and coral, made it impossible for rescue boats to approach the stranded ship too closely. The S. S. Gulfport, a U.S. based tanker that had answered the call for aid, was forced to idly stand by. Though by no small miracle the ship's lifeline was drawn to land and anchored there, momentous winds rendered this effort useless. Crew and would-be rescuers alike were disheartened by the realization that any rescue approach by sea would not be feasible.

It was at this point that it became clear that the RCN would be the only actor that could possibly spearhead any further rescue operations. The decision was made to attempt to liberate the crew from the peak of the cliff above. The naval rescue equipment was transferred to a truck, and a heavily equipped convoy was assembled. After commissioning a snowplow to lead the group and bore a path through the immense snow, the cavalcade set out for the cliff's crest. Following Cabot Trail, the motorcade laboured slowly forward on the narrow roads which were slick with ice. In time even the conditions on land became too much; the roads were too dangerous for the vehicles to traverse. The naval ranks were forced to abandon their conveyances and push forward on foot.

In due course, the men achieved the cliff's summit. Yet, any joy in their success was destined to be fleeting. Upon reaching the peak of the cliff, it became clear that the tremendous wind that had hindered rescue attempts thus far had not yet abated. Any hope of a rescue from the rock shelf above the wreck of the Kismet II was dashed. One can imagine that the frustration in the air was palpable. Rescue attempts had now been made via sea, via land, and via the rock face above and each, in turn, had been foiled by the extreme weather conditions. Freezing, hungry, and immensely fatigued, the crew of the Kismet II was running out of hope. Only one means of approaching the ship remained—by air. The now-defunct Royal Canadian Naval Air Service was called.

A Sikorsky HO4S-3 helicopter, also known as the Sikorsky Horse and later dubbed the Shearwater Angel, swiftly made its way to the wreck site. Aboard the aircraft was a crew of four men: pilot Lieutenant Commander (LCdr) John (Jack) Henault Beeman, co-pilot LCdr Francis Roger Fink, and volunteer crew Petty Officer Lawrence Vipond and Leading Seaman Paul Smith. Upon the helicopter's arrival at the scene of the wreck early on Nov. 26, initial plans were made for the aircraft to hover above the ship and attempt rescue by hoist. The crew of the Kismet II had now been stranded without food since the previous night, and thus the crew of the Sikorsky were eager to liberate them as quickly as

possible from their plight. Alas, the extreme winds which had plagued rescue efforts thus far thwarted this plan in turn. After many attempts, the frustrated crew of the Sikorsky was forced to return to Sydney to rest and regroup. The following day, well rested, the crew of the Sikorsky chopper awoke with a renewed sense of determination and innovation. While they had rested, the suffering of the men aboard the Kismet II had persisted. This was not a fact that sat lightly with LCdr Beeman. Decades later, recalling the events to his granddaughter, Beeman spoke with severity regarding his firm resolve to liberate the men of the Kismet II that morning, come hell or high winds. Insofar as Beeman was concerned, these men would not spend another night aboard their wrecked ship. The Sikorsky's four-man crew loaded onto the aircraft and made haste for the Kismet II wreckage a second time. Though the winds had abated somewhat, and changed direction ever so slightly, it was still impossible to hold the helicopter steady either above or alongside the ship. If Beeman and his company intended to emancipate the men aboard the Kismet II, then they needed to strategize beyond orthodox methods.

It was now the morning of Nov. 27, and the crew of the wrecked freighter had been stranded for nigh on two days. Beeman and the rest of the men aboard the Sikorsky were intent on getting the crew safely on land before nightfall. Struggling to keep the chopper steady, Beeman piloted the aircraft toward the freighter keeping close to the rock face against which the ship had wrecked. To his joint surprise and elation, he found that in this precarious position the turbulence that he had been struggling against had begun to ebb somewhat. The Sikorsky was thus able to fly within close range of the ship, achieving a proximity to the wreck which had evaded both the chopper crew and all other rescue attempts thus far. Despite this success, however, the turbulence was still too great for Beeman to hold the Sikorsky steady above the ship. The men could still not be hoisted into the aircraft. Frustrated, but not defeated, Beeman thought quickly. Turning to the rest of the crew aboard the aircraft, he gave his orders. The men aboard the Kismet II would need to clear the deck, the Sikorsky was going to land.

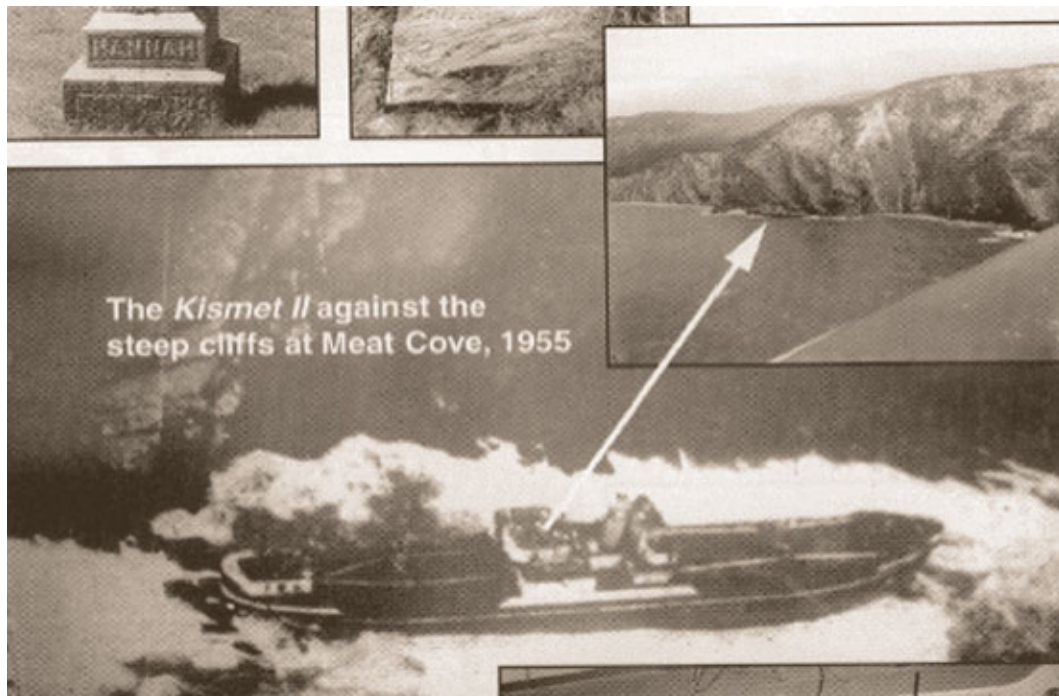
Holding the chopper as steady as he could, Beeman piloted the Sikorsky as close to the wreckage as he could. Leaning out of the aircraft, both Vipond and Smith gestured to the Kismet II crew, signalling for them to clear the steering platform of equipment and debris. The freighter's stalwart crew moved quickly, throwing what they could overboard and dragging what they couldn't out of the way. The makeshift landing pad hastily cleared, Beeman was free to maneuver the Sikorsky toward the deck of the wrecked freighter. And yet, fearing the structural integrity of the ship, Beeman knew he could not bring the helicopter to a complete landing. His tactic wasn't going to be easy, but it was going to work.

The crew of the Kismet II took cover as the Sikorsky made its approach. Beeman flew the aircraft with seemingly impossible daintiness, allowing the chopper to make contact with the deck. First one wheel touched down, then another, and finally a third. Refusing to let the full weight of the chopper rest on the deck of the wrecked freighter, Beeman held the chopper steadily balanced on only three of its four wheels. Signalling to the crew of the Kismet II to make haste, the crew of the Sikorsky heartily welcomed four of the fatigued sailors aboard. With great care, Beeman lifted the chopper off the deck of the Kismet II and flew the first of the rescued to the Bay of St. Lawrence, the nearest village where the men could receive the warmth, sustenance, and medical attention they required. Leaving the men in safety, Beeman and his men returned to the Kismet II.

In a second maneuver, precisely mimicking the technique of the first, Beeman affected the rescue of an additional seven members of the Kismet II crew. Then, succumbing to exhaustion, he handed the reigns to his trusted co-pilot. LCdr Fink conducted two further trips to the Kismet II, managing to rescue not only all remaining crew members but also the dog and cat that lived aboard. By day's end on Nov. 27, 1955, the crew of the Kismet II knew the meaning of safety once again. For their courage and determination," both LCdr Beeman and LCdr Fink were awarded the George Medal of bravery by Queen Elizabeth II on July 1, 1959. The Sikorsky's two additional crewmen, Petty Officer Vipond and Leading Seaman Smith each received a Queen's Commendation on the same date for their contributions to the rescue efforts.

It has now been over five years since LCdr Beeman or, as I called him, Grandpa, passed away, peacefully and surrounded by family. Though cancer and the ravages of age had weakened him bodily, his memory remained undeniably clear until his final days. I will forever be thankful to have taken the time to speak with him about the rescue that earned him his medal for the first time mere months before he died, so that I may share his story, now, with you.

Photos next page.



Admiral Bidwell congratulates the four-man crew that rescued the 21 crew members from the freighter Kismet II on November 1955 off the coast of Cape Breton Island, N.S. left to right: Leading Seaman Paul Smith, Petty Officer Larry Vipond, LCdr Roger Fink, LCdr John Beeman

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Beard, Jack	Cottingham, A	Gruber, John A.	McDonald, L.S.	Richardson, Sherry	Thornton, F. J.
Beazley, R	Cowan, Maria	Halladay, Wayne	McEachern, Rodger	Rikely, William	Tillett, Eric
Belrose, Harold	Cowan, William	Hawrysh, F	McEwen, M	Robertson, L	Timbrell, RAdm. R.W
Bird, J.M.	Cowell, S	Headley, Doris	McFadden, M	Roberts, J	Todd, James A.
Bissell, Capt. R.D.	Cowie, J	Henderson, John	McGee, J	Roberts, Trevor	Tonks, Thomas
Bond, James	Cowper, R	Hennessy, Adm RL	McIntosh, A	Robinson, J. C.	Trenholm, R
Bosquet, Ron	Cramton, Dave	Hill, E	McNulty, Gordon	Rock, H	Trerise, E.J.
Bouch, I	Creery, R	Hinton, G	McSweeney, J	Rock, Herman	Tripp, Frank E.
Bouch, Ian	Cribb, Jack	Hodgins, Harvey	Mead, B	Rogers, E.S.	Turner, J. (Dick)
Briard, K	Cruddas, Ted	Hollywood, J	Mean, B	Rogers, R	Turner, T
Brideau, T.J.	Cunningham, Vern	Houston, C.K.	Meikle, Ken	Rosenthal, L	Ultra Electronics
Bright, David	Dance, George	Hughes, R	Mercer, W.P.	Ross, Doug	Vandahl, Earl
Bristow, Alfred	Danhauer, W	Hunter, Don	Mingo, Stu	Rowland, John A.	Vangalen, Joseph
Brown, Kenneth	Davies, D	Hunter, Jim	Mitchell, D	Royal Cdn Legion	Veronneau, BGen J.J.
Browne, N	Davies, H	Hutchins, R	Monteith, R	Branch 160	Voutt, K
Brownlow, Daniel	Davis, Doug	Hynes, Mrs. Anne	Montgomery, Barry	Royal Cdn Legion	Wagener, Jean
Bruce, Maureen	Davis, Ted	Inglis, N	Moore, Alan E.	Branch 31	Wall, John David
Brunelle, Paul J.	Davis, William	Instance, F	Moore, Ken	Rubin, Donald	Walton, Owen
Bruner, Peter	Dawson, J.P.T.	Irving, David	Moran, W.F.	Ruppert, G	Wannamaker, B.R.
Brushett, Gerald	Dawson, Mrs. V	Janusas, E.J. (Ed)	Morin, L	Sandy, F	Webber, J
Brygadyr, Stan	Decker, M	Johnson, Clyde	Moss, J	Saunders, G	Welland, Adm R.P
Buchanan, J. D.	DeLFabro, G	Johnson, W	Muncaster, D	Sawyer, Reta	West, Roland
Buckley, Frank	Dempster, Marshall	Jones, Donald	Murphy, Lemuel	Scotiabank	Whitby, Patrick
Burgham, A.R.	Dowdall, Francis	Jones, Walter	Murray, R	Scott, John	White, Gordon
Burns, James	Down, Frank	Judge, Neil	Murray, W	Searle, J.V.	White, T
Buykes, Jack	Doyle, Edward	Keating, Charles	Muzzerall, Cecil	Seaward, Peter	Williams, David
Cable, Ernest	Drage, Peter	Kieser, Ted & Marie	Myers, E	Shaw	Williams, James
Caldwell, Murray	Dubinksi, H	Kent, Robert	Nantel, Roger	Communications	Williamson, Whitey
Calver, William	Dunn, Paul	King, Eric	Nelson, R	Shaw, Colin H.	Willis, Frank
Cantile, J	Dutchak, W.R.	Kjellstrom, E	Newman, G. R.	Shaw, Dennis B.	Winchester, N.E.
Carter, Harry	Eden, John	Knapp, R	Nielsen, Eric	Shepherd, Tony	Woods, M.
Cartwright, Brian	Edgar, Eric	Krueger, Hal	Northrup, Harold	Sheppard, D. J.	Woods, L
Casement, Bob	Edwards, Davis C.	Kry, H.	Nowell, David	Sherman, M	
Cash, D	Edwards, G	Langlois, Real	Oland, Bruce S.	Simpson, R	
Caudle, D	English, K	Langman, Michael	Ouellette, Jack	Smith, Calvin	
Chajkowski, Ed	Falls, Adm. R.H.	Laquerre, Dr.	Oxholm, B.A.	Smith, E.S.	
Chambers, D	Fane, P	Laramee, Guy	Page, M.H.E.	Smith, Edward	
Chance, P	Farrell, Susan	Laurie, William	Paquette, Joseph	Snelgrove, Carl	
Chapman, H	Farrell, William	Lefavre, Francis	Park, William G.	Snelling, Sidney R	
Charlton, Peter	Fasevich, Mike	Lelacheur, E	Passmore, R	Snowie, Allan	

***If we have missed
your name, let us
know and we'll
print it in the
next edition.***

REMEMBER US, PLEASE!



DON NEILLY

MARY JANE BIGGS

BILL PARK & GEORGE PLAWSKI

W. FAIRBAIRN & C. HALFKENNY

DOUGLAS T. LAURIE

BUD AYER

ATTENTION 081 TRADE MEMBERS

Hi everyone.

There will be another AESOP gathering at Barry Van Dusen's Whistle Stop Pub in Courtenay on Saturday, May 7th, at around 11:30 or so.

If any out there will be in the Comox Valley area on that date please drop in – even if just to shake a couple of hands, say hi and share some good cheer. A lot of the snowbirds should be back from their nests down south and the ones that are travelling during the summer may not yet have left.

This is, nominally, an AESOP event but, since we all flew with other aircrew during our time, please feel free to extend the invitation to any pilots, navs and FEs that you may know and

who would be interested in attending. We flew as a crew, so why not socialize as one. It'll be interesting. . It's nothing formal or fancy.

Thanks and have a great summer.

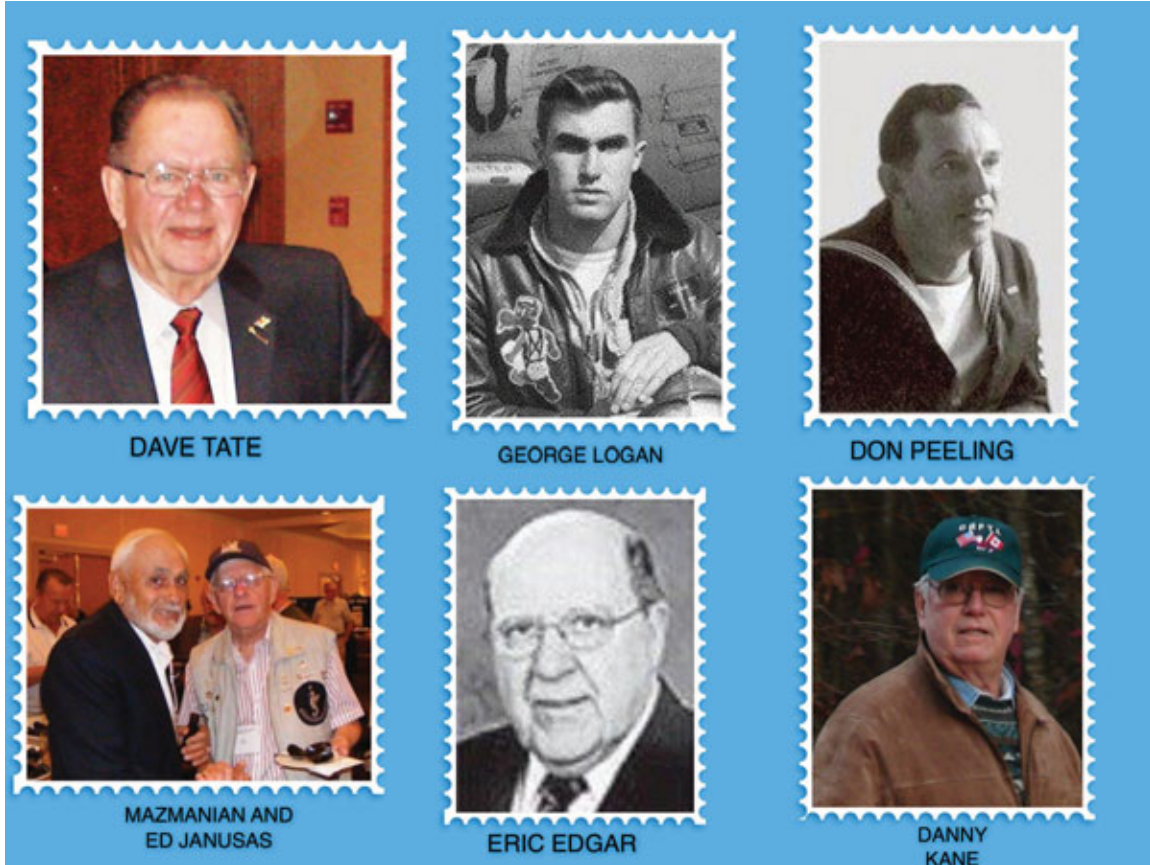
Please send your intentions or good will to:

Dave Gibson davidgibson2@gmail.com

or

Glen Hooge eghooge@shaw.ca

REMEMBER US TOO!



DAVE TATE

GEORGE LOGAN

DON PEELING

MAZMANIAN AND
ED JANUSAS

ERIC EDGAR

DANNY
KANE

406 Lynx Squadron 75th Anniversary

Dave Rowe, WO Squadron Historian

As 406 nears the 75th Anniversary of its formation, an exciting new airframe, the CH-148 CYCLONE is being introduced, ensuring the Squadron's future for decades to come. In honour of all who served, and continue to serve the Squadron, and for all those Maritime Aviators and Technicians who learned their craft at 406, we will be holding our 75th Anniversary Gala, 13-14 May, 2016. Alumni from all generations, including famed Wartime CO, Wing Commander Russ Bannock, DFC and Bar, will assemble for a meet and greet at the Shearwater Aviation Museum, at 1800hrs, 13 May. On the 14th, a Parade will be held at the Archdale Hangar, at 1100, followed by a Reception at the MHTC Cafeteria. The afternoon will be reserved for tours of the new 406 Maritime Helicopter Training Centre (MHTC), as well as Sea King and CYCLONE displays in the Archdale Hangar, and tours of the Shearwater Aviation Museum. That night, the Mixed Dining in will commence at 1800hrs, at Casino Nova Scotia. The weekend promises to

be a great reunion for 75 years of aviation heritage.

The Sub/Lieutenant Browns of 881 Squadron.

by Ken Brown

About 1955 three very junior officers, Sub/Lieutenants, joined 881 Squadron at HMCS Shearwater at about the same time - all named Brown. To avoid confusion we got to be known by our initials. In alphabetical order there was Harry Brown, an Observer in the AEW "Guppy" flight who became known as HJ; Kenneth Brown, an Observer; known as KF; and Walter Brown, a pilot, known as WK or "ugly".

HJ, living in Alberta, joined the Delta many years ago; WK, a long time resident of Bedford NS joined the Delta March 1st, 2016. KF is alive and well in Dartmouth NS, a member of the SAM Foundation's Board of Directors.

WE'VE GOT MAIL!

Fellow CNAGers and Friends Thereof

I write today to inform you that the subject CNAG website has now been archived in accordance with the decision taken during the CNAG 2010, BOD Meeting held Saturday, October 09, 2010, at the Harbour Front Marriot, Halifax. That decision in Para 2. Old/Repeat Business/Reports, Section (n) entitled: CNAG Website Funding 2011-2015, stated that: "The \$1000 authorized at the 2009 BOD for website funding has also been set aside from the National Account". Note: That funding has now been depleted and the original agreed mandate to maintain the website until 2015 has actually been exceeded.

The closing of our website comes with mixed emotions as its content provided those that chose to visit the site with some very significant historical information about just who we were and what we have managed to accomplish regarding our Founders, Constitutional Aim: "To perpetuate the traditions of the Royal Canadian Naval Air Arm; the companionship of those who served or were associated with the Royal Canadian Naval Air Arm and to encourage the organization of other CNAG Chapters".

Unfortunately the visits to the site by CNAGers and friends thereof have been dwindling rapidly over the past few years which has made the decision to close it down even more justifiable.

However, the closing of the website does not spell the end to our organization as those Chapters that are still functional will hopefully remain so for as long as possible! And unless otherwise directed I will continue to represent (as your National Chairman) CNAG regarding Veterans issues at both the Royal Canadian Legions, Veterans Consultation Assembly, and the National Council of Veterans Associations in Canada meetings. I'm also willing to continue to distribute Chapter minutes and/or any other pertinent information provided me to my current email list.

It is my personal belief that over the past forty-six plus years our organization has consistently exceeded the original dream that our Founding Members; Arthur Aldrich, Tim Bell, Gordon Edwards, Ken Mead, Lee Roy, Roy Sharkey, Sid Snelling and Fred Lucas, envisioned in Edmonton, on January 23rd 1970. Their original efforts enabled CNAG to establish itself throughout Canada and abroad and become a highly respected authority on the history of Canadian Naval Aviation. "BZ" to them and the numerous others that have kept our organization so proud and strong!

I know you will all join me in taking this opportunity to thank Ron MacKinnon for his excellent development and maintenance of our website over the past several years!

I look forward to any comments and/or concerns you may wish to express regarding this notification.

Yours in Naval Air,

Paul Baiden National Chairman
Canadian Naval Air Group (613) 824-1561

Linda A Long writes:

RE: SN John Anthony Long (Grandpa)
William C. Long (Dad)

My family cannot boast of great military engagements or victories at sea. We have few men who served whose histories we remember. My father heard excruciatingly little from his father of his WWI experience. In retrospect, it seems not uncommon that the men of WWI and WWII spoke little of their wartime experience if they were fortunate enough to make it back to their homes safely once the wars were won. As a boy, my father would ask questions, but little would be shared and instead young Dad might be gently distracted to a new line of conversation. Yet, the questions kept their hold on him for decades, remaining even after Grandpa's death in 1980 and growing into a gentle urgency during my father's later years of life.

My grandfather, SN John Anthony Long, was called into service for the US Navy in 1918, and served under Lieutenant Richard Evelyn Byrd at NAS Halifax during WWI. We do not know the specifics of what he did while serving or what role he may have played in the American support of Canada's efforts to repel enemy U-boats from reaching Halifax Harbour, but his children and grandchildren were curious to learn more about that history.

About 5 years ago, my father began expressing a wish to visit Halifax to see the site where my grandfather had served. As he was a full time caregiver for his ailing wife at the time, the wish stayed with him for several years until her placement in full time care last year freed him to travel. In October 2015, my sister and I accompanied Dad on what he called his "bucket list" trip to Halifax. We were so warmly greeted by the museum staff! John gave us an in-depth tour of the museum, describing history we were unfamiliar with and helping us understand the progression of naval air history to its modern role at that site. Christine found some pertinent pictures and maps in the museum's archives while we were touring, and sat us down to some interesting images of 1918 Halifax after the tour. A picture of Lieutenant Byrd with one of his dogs was familiar to my father – somewhere in the family records was the very same picture!

We were all so moved by the experience of our visit that we ordered a memorial tile for SN John Anthony Long to be placed on the Shearwater Wall of Honour as a Christmas present for our father. Kay and Jim were

terrific to work with, and the tile is set up and ready for engraving when weather permits this spring.

Sadly, my father passed away on 22 December 2015 as I was enroute with his Christmas present wrapped and ready for sharing. We siblings shared it with him anyway, and I'm sure he was touched by this loving tribute. Thank you, Shearwater, for making his last travel adventure so gratifying and meaningful!



W.C. Long



W.C. Long and family

From **Mick Stephenson:**

On page 34 of the Fall 2015 edition of WARRIOR above the Nifty Fifties photo is a caption that doesn't belong there. (He's correct - it doesn't - cross it out. Ed.)

Same page bottom left photo - Names are: L to R

Willie Forrest Rosevelt McLean Hank Henwood

James Fleming (son of George Fleming) writes:

Sad news for both Dad and Mom. Dad had a series of strokes starting in October. The last one, in February, landed him in the QEII and he won't be able to return home. Sadder news, Mom had a heart attack this past Sunday and passed away. (Our prayers are with you and your brother. Ed)

Eldon Morton writes: My wife and I were up to visit Lee Roy at the Kipness Centre for Veterans. Not much change in his condition. Still in a wheelchair, unable to walk or speak. We found him watching hockey, trying to speak, glad to have visitors. His wife now lives in a condo in an adjoining building and is usually there when we are, but was likely at Sunday Church.

Gordon Davis sends: Hi Kay - thanks for all your hard work and for the memories. Wishing you and SAMF a Happy and Healthy 2016.

From **Norm Lovitt:** Hi Kay. Hope your daughter passed along the 'Hug'. Had a great visit to Shearwater last Sept. My grand-children had no idea that I flew such 'old' aircraft off 'boats'. Take care. (Yes she did - thank you. Perhaps, I can get it personally next time. Kay)

Ralph Logan writes: Hi Patti I was very surprised and pleased to receive the cheque for \$500 from the SAMF 500 Club Draw.

Please find enclosed \$250 that can be applied to where it is most required. (I'm sure you'll find a spot. LOL) I will send the other half of my prize to "OPERATION SMILE". As you can see, the prize money will be well spent.

Thank you, again. I will accept another cheque whenever you see fit. Ralph.

Jean Veronneau sends: Dear Kay.

It is that time again, for my wife, Doreen, and I to honour the memory of our cousin Lt (P) Louis Veronneau who was killed in a TRACKER accident at sea at the age of 28 on the 15th of August 1960.

Enclosed you will find a cheque as an "In Memoriam" donation to SAMF for the year 2015.

Our belated best wishes to you for the New Year!

(And to you and yours, Sir. Kay)

Marvin Mitchell writes: (ABAR1 in 1956)

Just a quick note on the Fall 2015 issue of WARRIOR. I'm on page 31 busy cleaning the fuselage of an AVENGER aircraft.

It was summer in the year 1956, VU32 was in 'C' Hgr at Shearwater. In the Fall, I was posted to the MAGGIE - Air HQ's Det.

Very good issue - I haven't seen many of these people since I left Shearwater to go to Cornwallis in 1980. BZ





#6 JAOBTC

**L TO R KEN BROWN, BILL MEEHAN, NICK GARAPICK, DON RAMAGE,
JIM STEGEN, ROGER 'GUNNER' CAMPBELL,
ED SMITH, BOB BISSELL, GLENN PAPPY WIESE, DOUG CHIDDENTON**

THE BONNIE BOOK

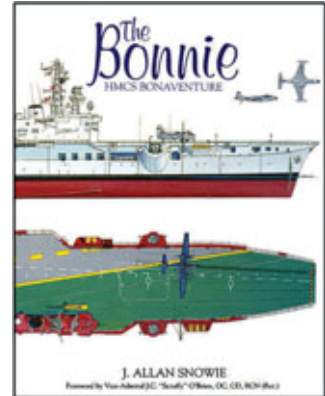
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Reduced Price!

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Tax, S&H Incl.

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8 1/2" x 11" hard cover • 200 photos - 336 pages

The blockbuster saga of **HMCS Bonaventure**, Canada's last aircraft carrier, the sailors who manned her and the aircrew who flew from her deck. Purchase the book at the **Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation**, 34 Bonaventure Ave., Shearwater, Nova Scotia or order from information listed below.

Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation

P.O. Box 5000 Stn. Main, Shearwater, N.S. B0J 3A0

Phone: 902-461-0062 • Toll Free: 1-888-497-7779 • Email: samf@samfoundation.ca

NAVAL TRIVIA....



Naval Lt (E) J.F. (Frank) Mackintosh seen here, as a Divisional Officer in HMCS Cornwallis, with his brother P2 (Stoker) Ken Mackintosh a Divisional Instructor.

Lt Mackintosh left many proud moments behind during his Service Career. Some of those were:

He worked his way through the ranks from OS retiring as LCdr. He was part of the crew of HMCS SAGUENAY at the unveiling of Vimy Ridge in 1936. He served on many ships throughout the War years.

He escorted and coached a Naval contingent of Canadian Military Boxer's to participate in the British Empire Games. He himself was a very good boxer - Middleweight Champion (known to some as Stoker Mackintosh).

He and Mrs Mackintosh raised a family of 13 children - 7 boys and six girls. Four of the boys joined the Navy as well. Two as Stokers - one a Radar Plotter and one a Storesman. For several years, the Mackintosh's were known to have had the largest family in the RCN. Lt Mackintosh was extremely proud of this title.

Upon retirement he became Manager of the first Fleet Club in Halifax. Mr. Mac's Room, in a newer establishment of the Fleet Club, was named as such after him. He was well thought of by most who knew him.

Pull out section



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

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more, your name will be mounted on our Donor
Recognition Board in the Atrium. Call Toll Free
1-888-497-7779 for your total to date.**

SAMF MEMBERSHIP FORM

NOTE: Membership year is 1 Jan - 31 Dec

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ Prov: _____

Postal Code: _____

Phone: _____

Email: _____

Fax: _____

Status: Life \$500 Patron \$250/ yr

Sustaining \$100/yr **Regular \$50/yr**

Additional Donation: \$ _____ For:

Building Fund Artifacts In Memory

Firefly Restoration In Honour

No specific Category

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

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ Prov.: _____

Postal Code: _____

Payment Method: Money Order, Cash, Cheque

VISA or MASTERCARD

Exp. Date: _____

Phone: (902) 461-0062 or Toll Free: 1-888-497-7779

Fax: (902) 461-1610

Email: samf@sympatico.ca

Note: Life Membership may be paid over a period of
three months - \$200 down and \$100 over the next
three months.

WALL OF HONOUR

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



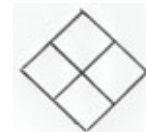
\$300

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))

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!

ENGRAVING REQUEST

From:

NAME: _____

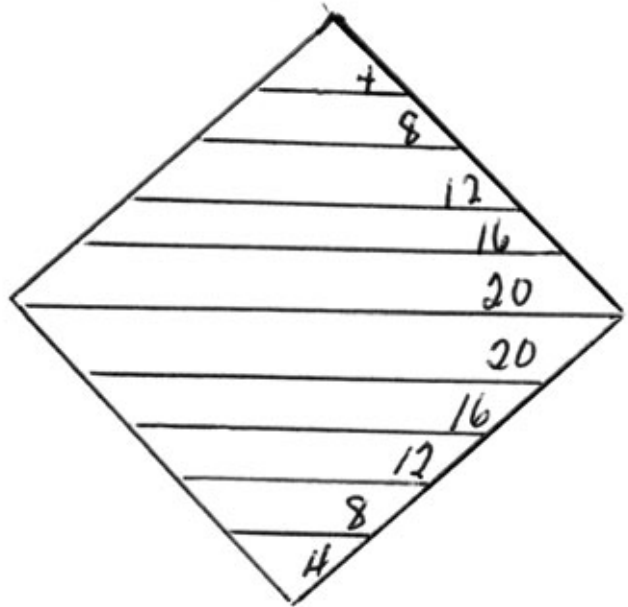
ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____

PROV: _____ POSTAL CODE: _____

TELEPHONE: _____

EMAIL: _____



TYPICAL OPTION 'C' above

CIRCLE CHOICE: OPTION 'A' OPTION 'B' OPTION 'C' OPTION 'D'

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

VISA/MASTERCARD Card # _____ Exp.Date: _____

For further information, please call the SAMF Secretary: Toll Free: 1-888-497-7779 of (902) 461-0062

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

Please check engraving details for accuracy before sending. We cannot be responsible for misspelled words on your order form.



AS OF 1 JANUARY 2017 SAMF MEMBERSHIP WILL BE:

REGULAR MEMBERSHIP	\$ 50 **
SUSTAINING MEMBERSHIP	\$ 100
PATRON MEMBERSHIP	\$ 250
LIFE MEMBERSHIP	\$ 500

SAMF MEMBERSHIP YEAR IS 1 JANUARY - 31 DECEMBER

Date for Membership is mentioned in the Summer and Fall edition of the WARRIOR; yet folks are still, 2 and 3 months late with theirs. It was suggested that SAMF send out invoices only at years end. This should not be necessary and to say the least, postage is very expensive. Please, when you see the reminder in WARRIOR, mark your calendar. Thank you

**Shearwater Aviation
Museum
Foundation**

**Annual
Dinner and Auction**

To be held in the Shearwater Warrant Officers' and
Sergeants' Mess – Warrior Block
Everyone welcome!

25 June 2016

Dinner: 6:30pm for 7:00pm
Dress: Smart casual

\$60.00 per ticket
(An income tax receipt for \$30.00 per ticket will be
provided)

For further information or tickets, please contact the
SAMF Secretary 902-461-0062 or email
samf@samfoundation.ca

Shearwater Aviation Museum Building Expansion Update C.Hines - Curator

Regular readers of the Warrior won't be surprised by this topic being discussed. The SAM will expect two CH124 Sea Kings for the museum collection, likely in the next two years. Our challenge at that time will be an overcrowded exhibit floor. We would lack both space in the restoration bay, to make the cosmetic changes to one of the Sea King airframes to ensure it depicts the 1963 RCN configuration, and for exhibit of the other Sea King in its CF current configuration, with which to complete our planned "bookends" exhibit approach. The plans for expansion and addition have been in place for several years; **however, the SAM has not been successful in acquiring any federal funds to assist with this capital project.**

Additionally, we have been investigating funding programs for museums and their societies, that would normally be a good fit, but as the benefit at the end of the project would be to a government department (DND/CF), neither the SAM nor the SAM Foundation qualify as a recipient under these programs. This certainly slows down the progress of funding campaigns, which is truly disappointing.

Complicating the process, we have to find a new home for the CF101 Voodoo we inherited many years ago. It takes a great deal of room in the area east of the museum where we plan to build. Efforts to find a new owner have been ongoing for 10 years or more, with several offers to purchase the aircraft from Government Surplus (Crown Assets), falling through, usually due to recovery efforts being cost prohibitive for the potential new owners. This large item is not a rare piece, and any CF museums who may wish to have one for their exhibits typically already have one or more in their collection.

In the meantime, the SAM has been working on projects that fall into a marketing and PR category. We have recently produced a video, that we have offered to the SAM Foundation as a tool to illustrate the work of the SAM when campaigning for funding to support the building fund. With offshoot projects being produced, it is my hope we can contribute in a meaningful way to the SAM Foundation's stalwart efforts to help us preserve Shearwater's heritage.

Continuing thanks to all SAM Foundation members for believing in us and the work we do at SAM.

HAROLD J. NORTHRUP, CD Harold has been a member of the Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation for over twenty years. He was nominated by the Air Force Association to be a permanent member of the Museum Board. He has served on different committees and is presently Nomination Chair.

He is a 67 year member of the RCAF Association and Life Member since 1955. He is also a Life Member of the Royal Canadian Legion and has served 65 years with them. As well, he is a life Member of the Korean Vets of Nova Scotia. He has served and held office in all these organizations.

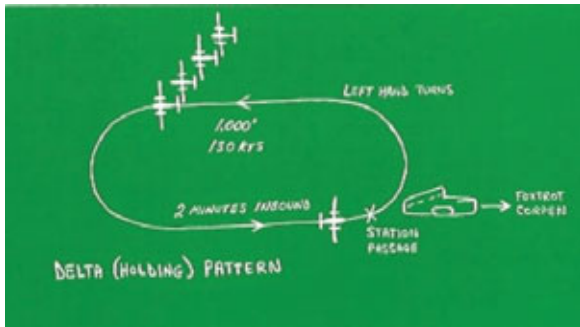
Recently Harold was presented with the Order of Excellence from the RCAF Association which is the highest award presented. Over the years he has received every award available and he values each and every one.



Harold is also Treasurer of the Veterans Service Committee of Nova Scotia. This Group recently gave Camp Hill Veterans Hospital \$16,000 to repair lifts. Shown in the photo is John Bowser, Russ Hubley Veteran and Harold Northrup.



Harold receiving the RCAF Award of Excellence Medal and Plaque by Serge Desseres.



In the Delta

- BALDWIN, Conrad Walter
- BATEMAN, Cliff
- BELBECK, Cec
- BELL, John, H.
- BIRD, J.M.
- BOUTIN, Mary
- BOWLES, Robert (Bob)
- BROWN, W.K.
- BUCKLEY, Frank Sr.
- CAUDLE, Doug
- CHISOLM, Gwen (Bob)
- CLEVELAND, Eugene Howard
- COUGHLAN, John
- DOMINEY, Herb
- FLEMING, Avril (George)
- FLEMING, George (Avril)
- GODDARD, Terry
- HILL, Ron AESOP
- HOLMES, Robert 'Bob'
- HULL, Les
- HUTCHINS, Roger
- MEIKLE, Ken
- MELNYK, William
- O'BRIEN, Jack
- PETERS, Delbert
- PORTER, H.A. 'Harry' Adm
- PRINGLE, Gilbert
- QUICK, Fred
- ROLFE, Chuck
- SHAW, Dennis
- SPICER, Ivey (Bob)
- TOPPING, D
- UWINS, Lawrence 'Larry'
- WHITE, Ron (Civilian VIP Driver)
- WHITNEY, Kenneth (Ken)
- WOLFE MILNER, Terry

RETURN TO THE DELTA

*What called them home before us
 Gone before their time,
 All young, all men, all gifts of God
 Not yet in their prime.*

*They took the call to service
 As many have before,
 To soar like eagles day and night
 From near and distant shore.*

*We mourn their missing friendship
 Ne're more to speak with them,
 Mere memories are all we have
 Until we meet again.*

*The Delta beckons all of us
 In time, once more we'll form,
 Going home to all our comrades
 And with them, once more be born.*



BAMEO MAINTENANCE RESEARCH TEAM 1978

L TO R ROSS MOORE, GORD CRUMPLER, MICK SEPHENSON, GERRY MACALPINE,

SAM SWAN, ___ MACALLISTER, N/K, BILL MCWHINNIE

SEATED: JOHN LEDUC, JIM LAWTON

'Trailer run-away'

by Dave Banfield

Bob Barwell and I were near the end of our Group2 course at NAMS in '65. It was time for each person to perform a run-up on the school's Tracker. We were told to report to LS Scottie Guthrie (a well known & well liked character) We hooked up a flat bed trailer to the old mule and headed up to VS-880 'D' hgr., to get a start cart to start our Tracker. Once securely tied down to the trailer, we proceed back to NAMS. Scottie was driving and Bob & I rode on each fender (highly illegal now). We had just gone through the main gate and went over the RR tracks bouncing merrily along.

At a point just before the church I looked to my left and saw 'a trailer that looked just like ours', passing us. Then we all saw it racing down towards the main street, and building up speed. I don't think any of us was breathing as we saw that the traffic light was 'green' for the cars on the main road. Well that trailer tore across the road (with a lucky lull in traffic) and headed toward the Commissionaire's shack. They saw it coming and ran out of the shack. It ended up embedded in the steel link fence just to the left of the shack. Scottie told us to go back to school and we never heard another thing about the

incident. The bumping up and down of the trailer had caused the upper hook of the pental to raise and away went the trailer. I guessed that the safety people must have been on the job because months later I noticed that to hook up to a mule, one had to remove and reinsert a safety pin into the upper pental latch. Later, a locking device was incorporated into the upper pental latch.

Trivia

The name of the Institute is the Jr. Ranks Mess, Fleet Club Atlantic, CFB Halifax, NS: hereafter referred to as 'The Mess'.

The Mess is divided into the following three rooms:

First Room is: the 'Slackers' and consists of The Games Room, Pub, Video Arcade and Dart Room.

Second Room is: 'Mr. Macs' and consists of the lounge and dining room.

Third Room is: 'The Bonnie - Maggie Room'.



“Royal Canadian Naval Air Branch 1945-1968”

To Receive

**Canada’s Aviation Hall of Fame - Belt of Orion
Award For Excellence**

Citation

The Royal Canadian Naval Air Branch grew out of the wartime experience of Canadian air and naval forces as integral parts of the Royal Navy married to a decision that the Royal Canadian Navy (RCN) would develop an autonomous aviation capability. The need for this became clear with the onset of the Cold War and the need for Canadian embarked aviation resources to counter Soviet conventional and then nuclear submarine threats in the Atlantic. From modest beginnings, the small RCN Air Branch developed a highly respected level of operational capability, both from the three carriers it employed during its lifetime but also for its ability to innovate to overcome resource constraints in the face of operational necessities. Such innovation was evidenced by the pioneer work to operate anti-submarine helicopters from small surface warships, including the ground breaking adoption of a haul-down system to permit landing on small decks. This occurred far in advance of the adoption of such systems by the RCN’s larger NATO allies. The RCN’s Air Branch was a distinct organization that made an outstanding contribution to the advancement of aviation in Canada.



A letter to the Canadian Naval Air Community

In the coming months, formal announcements of the award of the prestigious Canada’s Aviation Hall of Fame Belt of Orion Award for Excellence will be released to aviation media across Canada. The recipient of this award will be “The Royal Canadian Naval Air Branch”. The genesis of this particular award is something that should be of interest to all past and present members of the naval air community but also to all of the current and past naval personnel who have worked so closely and so effectively with naval aviation of their day.

In the late spring of 2007, with the Canadian Naval Centennial looming, Commander Owen K. (Bud) MacLean flew one of his typical trial balloons at a gathering of fellow naval aviators over a beer and lunch at a local Orleans watering hole. His idea was to

find a way to commemorate what he described as “the incredible accomplishments of the RCN Air Branch” during the turbulent period from 1945 to 1968. Bud was concerned that Canada’s Naval History would not adequately recognize the role played by our Naval Air Branch and he concluded that an initiative on our part was not just warranted but necessary.

With his usual thoroughness and vision, Bud set his sights on submitting the Royal Canadian Navy Air Branch to the Canada’s Aviation Hall of Fame for their award of the prestigious Belt of Orion Award for Excellence as one of the eleven Hampton Gray, V.C. Chapter of Canadian Naval Air Group (CNAG) Naval Centennial initiatives. This singular, national honour was awarded most years to recognize organizations, groups, societies or associations who had made outstanding contributions to the advancement of aviation in Canada. Previous recipients such as Trans-Canada Airlines (1974), Canadian Pacific Airlines (2013), the Snowbirds (1994), CF Search and Rescue (1998) and the Aerospace Engineering and Test Establishment (2005) were national icons and Bud felt it was precisely the award to preserve for posterity the unique and extraordinary accomplishments of the RCN Air Branch in the aviation annals of Canada.

How Bud MacLean came to care so deeply about this project is not surprising, certainly not to those of us who had the pleasure of knowing and serving with him in his 29 years of uniformed service and later in industry. Bud, as the driving force and principal architect of the submission, had been one of the first two naval aviators to be highly decorated under the new Canadian Honours and Awards System and he personally experienced much of what he wrote about in what was a monumental and purposeful sifting of historical material. He was intimately involved from early days in operational flight from aircraft carriers and destroyers, and mastered many of the aircraft types and the associated challenging operational conditions that earmark anti-submarine aviation at sea and are the subject of this submission.

In his long career, encompassing service as an enlisted aircrew specialist right up to Command of an operational squadron, he was personally involved in many of the important technical innovations that so distinguished the Royal Canadian Naval Air Branch from those of its allies. He spoke with the indisputable veracity of one who was there to witness, to participate, to be a part of - to live through, (including a ditching at sea) - many of the significant events and innovations that are so well described in the submission. He also worked with, and later served widely in Canada’s aviation industry so his understanding and appreciation of the critical interface between the two domains was well developed and soundly based on personal experience.

Over the course of the next few years, he approached many naval and air colleagues and military historians and, encouraged by their support and enthusiasm, gathered together a team. Under his leadership, Stu Soward, Dave Tate, Gordon Moyer, Ted Forman, Bob Falls, Paul Manson, Larry Ashley, Peter Milsom, Paul Baiden and Dudley Allan began the task of telling the Naval Air Branch story. Everyone realized that this might become a long term project but no one knew the extent of the challenge.

The first submission to the CAHF targeted the Belt of Orion award for 2010. The protocol of the Hall of Fame was that a submission, if rejected, would remain on the books for 4 additional years and after that time the nomination would cease. Bud was hugely disappointed when the Navy's Centennial year passed without success. And, the project seemed doomed with failure in the following 4 years. But in 2014, the Hall of Fame recommended that the RC Naval Air Branch submission be updated and re-submitted. By this time Stu Soward, Gordie Moyer, Ted Foreman and Bob Falls were in the Delta but with their inimitable spirit at hand, Bud and his team, augmented by Dr. Rich Gimblett, the RC Navy Command Historian, made their final submission. Sadly, Bud did not see the final success of his major undertaking as he entered the delta in June of last year, followed in October by Dave Tate. The announcement of the award of the Canadian Aviation Hall of Fame, Belt of Orion for 2016 to the RCN Air Branch was made on 30 November, 2015.

The success and accomplishments of the RCN Air Branch through the years 1945 to 1968 was the product of operational savvy, technological vision, courage, risk taking, team work, high level sustained professionalism, dedication and individual and collective leadership. The contribution that the Air Branch made to the RCN in the accomplishment of its missions and to Canadian industry and to Canada and her Alliance partners during a challenging time in global history was extraordinary. The award of the Belt of Orion is testament to that achievement.

This initiative was a CNAG Naval Centennial initiative, as was its Historic Sites and Monuments Board historical plaque initiative. Both were undertaken on the behalf of all Canadian naval aviation personnel past and present. To all members of the Royal Canadian Naval Air Branch, the prestigious Belt of Orion is *your award for excellence!*

The 2016 CAHF Induction Ceremony will take place on 9 June, 2016 in Ottawa, at Canada's Aviation and Space Museum. Full details regarding the ceremony are available on the Hall's website. www.cahf.ca

LGen (Ret`d) Larry A. Ashley RCN CF

Capt (Ret`d) Peter S. Milsom RCN CF

MWO (Ret`d) Paul A. Baiden RCN CF

Gordy's Flamer

On 18 May 1955, Lt Gordon Edwards, piloting a Sea Fury, experienced the one and only landing accident aboard a Canadian aircraft carrier in which the aircraft caught fire and was destroyed. Two accounts, one by a witness (Lt Jake Birks), the other by Gord himself, are presented below. *Submitted by Leo Pettipas*

Jake's version

"I remember 'Gordy's Flamer' quite vividly. I was doing duty in the ACR (Aircraft Control Room) which was the little cubicle inside the island off the flight deck which had a projected window (like a sun porch) so you can look out over most of the flight deck and, via a squeach-box, control what was going on. It was also directly offsite Number 2 barrier which was the one Gordy's aircraft went under and which sheared off the canopy (I thought his head too).

It was a fairly clear day but the deck was pitching quite steeply. Gordy's pass to the cut was super but, as is the way of carriers, the deck (stern) came up with an extra erg or two just as Gord chopped power -- a critical time. Instead of meeting the deck three-point, the main wheels hit hard, the hook bounced over Number 3 and/or 4 wire, and the Fury got airborne again (fully stalled) over Number 1 barrier and down under Number 2 barrier virtually right under my nose.



My first duty of ACR "0" was to crank the alarm (over my head) to alert the engine room and elsewhere -- 'prang on deck.' Everything seemed to happen at once then. The deck-crew ACs in asbestos suits appeared to be hauling something out of the cockpit. I thought it was Gord but I looked over to my right and there he was standing at the doorway to the island. He must have egressed the aircraft in the blink of an eye at the same instant it caught fire, and I could see the fuel pump was still activated as the flaming fuel was pulsating out of the engine. The fire was not only going into the refuelling sponson, but the forward lift was stuck about 2 inches from the top and, as the ship rolled, the fire went from side to side and threatened to go down into the hangar. Because of the rolling deck, I am pretty sure it was about

30 minutes before the fire was extinguished, as it would keep flaring up again as the fuel sloshed from side to side."



Gord's version

"I had never heard Jake's version which is quite interesting to me, as indeed it was a much rougher day than is apparent in the photos, although one can see a lot of whitecaps. As I also recall, it was a tough decision before we launched as to whether it was a good idea, mostly insofar as no one was sure it wouldn't get worse than it already was. However, those were the 'can do' days, and off we went. I also remember the pass to the deck more than vividly, as recognizing there was deck movement, I worked extra hard on making it as perfect as possible. These were somewhat difficult approaches, as one had to maintain an exact height and speed right to the cut, and of course the speed was not far above the stall, so there was invariably a lot of engine control in the final 90 degrees. I was more than pleased as I came up to the cut, and felt that all was going just fine; I had no real concern, and the deck looked pretty steady. I then recall that just before the cut the deck came up a bit, but at that time I was pretty well committed, or at least I was in the hands of the LSO, who made the final decision, more or less, although one could always overshoot on one's own, but I saw no reason to do that.

Just at the cut, the procedure in the Fury was to pull off the throttle, ease slightly forward on the stick, and then ease back a bit harder. All I recall then was a longer time than usual to get to the deck, then a bounce, and the rest is history. Jake was indeed correct when he thought I could have been beheaded, as when the wheels caught #2 Barrier, the aircraft pitched forward and the nose went under #3, those cables coming right up and over the cockpit canopy and on to catch the tail. It happened fast, but it would seem that the forward motion meant that my head was well ahead of the cockpit area and the wire just touched the top of my helmet, although I really didn't know that at the time. Such was the life of a carrier pilot in those days, and it all could have ended differently. Naturally I was concerned as to whether I had screwed up in some way, but I was pretty well given no blame by the two LSOs, Stu Soward and Ken Nicolson. No matter, of course, as one always wonders if there was something one could have done to avoid it ... not have eased forward as much, not have pulled back too much, whatever, but it all happens VERY fast at the cut, and there's not much latitude any more for special action.



I recall that as I was getting up to get out, which seemed like one hell of a good idea at the time, an aircrewman was in my way trying to turn off the fuel, not one of my priorities at that time. And anyway, flames were already roaring past the port side of the cockpit, no doubt urging on my desire to pull that good old naval manoeuvre, called 'getting the hell out of there!' I recall walking into the ACR but don't remember seeing Jake, and for some reason I went to the bridge to report to Vic Wilgress, Cdr Air, and Captain Storrs -- just seemed like a good idea at the time. I then only recall Vic asking if I was OK and then saying I should go to sick bay. All I really recall after that was a tot of rum, a cursory check, and then going to my cabin to change. Whatever, my CO, Deke Logan, put me on the first flight the next morning, the sort of 'get back on the horse' syndrome, and I had a good flight and a good deck landing, which naturally gave back needed confidence at a crucial time.

In spite of all of this, I loved the Fury, an incredible aircraft, but I also recognized that it was always somewhat TOO exacting in that landing phase, as no matter the accuracy of flying to the cut, other aspects always made it difficult. No one is ever pleased with any aircraft accident, but time does help! Most of our aircraft were side-numbered in the hundreds, but for some reason this aircraft was #294, and I think it was scrapped, so guess I get credit for a 'kill', even if it was one of OURS!

Years later when I made 14 passes one night in an F4D onboard *USS Intrepid* due to a failed hook damper, I was fully appreciative of the angled deck. That's another story, but it was a good but dark night, and I was in the wires on every pass, but it took about five passes to figure out that the hook was just hanging rather than being forced down, and therefore it had to hit a wire at exactly the same time as the deck in order to pick it up. There was NO alternative but to keep trying, and when I finally did get trapped, I had fuel for one more pass. If that didn't work, the only recourse would have been to jump out at night -- not something I was relishing, but I must admit that that didn't seem to occupy my thoughts as much as making perfect passes to the deck. They were about to launch an AD tanker for me, but I don't think it would have been there in time, and also, even though I had refuelled from several types of tankers, I'm not sure I looked forward to doing it at night with a low-fuel situation and lots of adrenalin. I'm not sure, but this might have ended up as a record number of night passes to the deck on one sortie, up to that point in time at least."

Remember the “Sea Horse” project in 2004?

REPAIRING THE DECADE OF NEGLECT AND REDUCTION AT SHEARWATER

by Lt Cdr Ralph Fisher

... In this respect, the combined land, marine and air facilities of Shearwater are an integral part of our principal naval complex and Joint Task Force Atlantic Command in Halifax. Most importantly, it is the only such centre in North America equipped and capable of tri-service combined operations served by a highly developed urban and industrial economy, and strategically positioned on the Atlantic frontier for efficient world wide deployments of our Forces.

In June 2004, an assessment of expeditionary force capability requirements was presented to the then Prime Minister and MND by a volunteer group of retired soldiers, sailors and airmen under the leadership of MGen(Rtd) Lewis MacKenzie. It was endorsed by 19 other distinguished senior officers of all three services, including Vice Admiral (Rtd) Henry Porter. Known informally as the “Sea Horse” project, it focussed on the need for rapid reaction global deployment of fully booted & spurred combat and humanitarian forces by sea, ready to hit the beach running on delivery ashore, dockside or by landing craft and helicopters. Like other NATO and Australian allies, it drew upon the long established development and expertise of the US Navy and its Marine Corps over some 70 years in war and peace. Of necessity, this requires facilities for training and deployments from our Atlantic and Pacific coasts, located for efficient joint operations and support by our only fleet bases in Halifax and Esquimalt.

In this respect, the combined land, marine and air facilities of Shearwater are an integral part of our principal naval complex and Joint Task Force Atlantic Command in Halifax. Most importantly, it is the only such centre in North America equipped and capable of tri-service combined operations served by a highly developed urban and industrial economy, and strategically positioned on the Atlantic frontier for efficient world wide deployments of our Forces.

In essence, Shearwater is a vital, ideally suited and irreplaceable element of our only naval and major base in Eastern Canada. This allows direct air transport delivery and pickup by our new C-17 Globemasters and C-130J Super Hercules of troops, vehicles, equipment, weapons, explosives, aviation units and stores, their marshalling and embarkation via short internal road connection to ships at

the deep water jetty in the marine section, whether our own or those of NATO and other allies.

The assessment therefore strongly recommended the return of the upper airfield in full from Canada Lands Corporation to DND ownership, not only to preserve priceless long term strategic and versatile capabilities for a highly unpredictable future, but to meet the needs of the new expeditionary forces. With the appointment of General Rick Hillier as Chief of Defence Staff shortly thereafter, work began on the planning of Expeditionary Command for global mobility by sea and air as part of the transformation to combined operations and projection of security forces and humanitarian aid from Fortress Canada. Its genesis was the new outward looking 3-D international policy of Diplomacy, Defence and Development dependent upon deployment of forces and aid by sea and air.

Under the subsequent Conservative government, a dual role for Shearwater was approved as a combined facility for helicopters and the Standby Contingency Task Force. This included plans for a SCTF headquarters building in addition to extensive renovations then underway for maritime helicopter maintenance and training.

Consistent with this, there remained a fundamental need to regain ownership of the upper airfield and avoid otherwise disastrous consequences. A major concern was the threatened loss of the only land reserve to meet increased space needs in the years ahead. These include pre-positioning of SCTF vehicles, equipment and materiel and installations for Expeditionary Force and Canada Commands and civil emergency operations, including those under the new joint US-Canada Civil Assistance Plan. A second is the loss of access to secure landing and military servicing facilities at Shearwater for fixed wing aircraft of allied carriers, expeditionary and logistic support ships as well as our own. A third is the complete inability to accommodate a replacement for the long runway #16-34 on the truncated remains of Shearwater adequate to the needs of current and projected military and civil transports.

However, earlier submissions by MGen MacKenzie and Vice Admiral Porter to the previous MND had pointed out the complete lack of reasoning or substantiation for sale and loss of the upper airfield based on three assurances given the Minister. The first was that there was no need for the long runway, period. The second was that any need for aircraft service, deliveries and pickups could be met efficiently, securely and at lower cost by the use of Halifax International Airport and trans-shipments of personnel, troops, vehicles, equipment, weapons and explosives by road to and from Shearwater or other units in the Command.

The most egregious was the alleged \$100 Million cost of refurbishing the long runway, totally unsupported by any engineering survey and wildly in excess of the actual DND survey reported in 2003. The latter’s assessment of total

costs to meet DND standards was about \$6.2 Million with lighting improvements, the major expense.

These were repeatedly stonewalled by the Minister's office. Regrettably, admired for his forthrightness and integrity, the previous Minister had in 31 good faith trusted in the assurances given him. Thereby against all common sense, the paramount interests of national defence were sacrificed to the presumed economic benefit of a proposed, albeit highly questionable commercial and controversial residential development of the upper airfield. Appeals by even the Nova Scotia Legislature and failure to justify the sale in strict compliance with policy on disposal of "surplus" property were also ignored. This applied as well to sharp and dissatisfied questioning by the Senate Defence Committee. Fortunately for Canada, the sale to CLC, a creation of the federal government, is not irreparable, given the formidable corrective powers of the Crown in matters of national interest.

The later appointment of the Honourable Peter MacKay as MND could not have been more appropriate and timely. He is the senior cabinet member from Nova Scotia, the Minister for Atlantic Canada Opportunity Agency, former Minister of Foreign Affairs and a seasoned Member of Parliament. He has consistently supported the preservation and efficient use of Shearwater's absolutely matchless strategic land, air and marine capabilities to meet current and future combined and individual operations of our three Services along with the Coast Guard, RCMP and other federal departments in the rebuilding and transformation of our Forces.

This includes the continuing ability to meet the needs of visiting submarines, carriers, expeditionary and ancillary vessels, embarked aviation and shore based transport, patrol and AWACS aircraft of our NATO and other allies. And in demands of civil emergencies or as an alternate to the Halifax International Airport when circumstances so require. The utility and value of Shearwater will be further enhanced by the joint US Canada Civil Assistance Plan.

In this, the Honourable Peter MacKay has been supported by the Mayor of Halifax Regional Municipality and the Premier, backed by the unanimous resolution of the entire Legislature of Nova Scotia. Informal advice confirms that return of the remaining Shearwater lands containing the vital upper airfield is under review and consideration by the new Minister and his staff .

Close and protracted exposure to highly objectionable noise levels from helicopter operations rules out any viable residential development.

Markets in the region are awash in inventories of unsold industrial and commercial lots, many in superior locations. These are buttressed by 3,500 acres available in the Debert Air Industrial and Colchester Business Parks, readily accessible to Halifax by the Trans-Canada Highway.

In addition to the long runway, there is a potential site area of not less than 17 Million square feet for development on the 624 acres of the upper airfield. Given current and projected market supply and demand factors, it could well take over 30 years to fully develop and sell, even at an average rate of over 500,000 square feet annually.

As the joint submissions by MGen MacKenzie and Vice Admiral Porter have stressed, there is an inviolate principle and lesson in this unfortunate affair. Such assets of unique long term capabilities and strategic value are a public trust, to be held and prudently managed under the guardianship of successive governments of the day. However, as in our national parks, some parts of the upper airfield could be shared for civil and commercial operations where mutually feasible and desirable. But only on appropriate leases to preserve ownership, control and management by DND, similar to the practice at Abbotsford International Airport, a former RCAF base.

While the precise outcome of the new Minister's review is uncertain, the issues are stark and clear. They compel no less than service of the paramount national interest by preserving ownership and benefits of a vital defence capability and asset under successive federal governments, whatever their partisan stripe or inclination. When, if ever, a world free of conflict allows the beating of swords into ploughshares, Shearwater's priceless 1,600 acres from Morris Lake to Halifax Harbour will be a magnificent national legacy for public development and benefit.

These efforts were long preceded by those of some former naval aviators. The most notable is the late Lieutenant Commander "Bill" Farrell, RCN (Retired), a long time editor of the SAMF Newsletter. In his characteristic way, Bill rose to the occasion with force and determination that a priceless defence asset and capability would not be butchered and lost. All three Services are indebted to his pioneering leadership in this long struggle. We salute him with admiration and gratitude.



NEW 500 CLUB DRAW TO BE LAUNCHED 1 JUNE 2016

The Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation has been working in conjunction with the Shearwater Aviation Museum for the past 27 years to continue to build and expand our programs and offerings to the military and civilian community alike. In order to meet our goals, we rely on the generosity of individuals and businesses for support. We hope that you will be able to take part in our venture to grow our building fund.

The FIRST 500 Club was launched this past year ! What is a 500 Club you ask? We will be selling 500 tickets at a cost of \$100 per ticket between the months of June 2016 and May 2017. We will be having weekly and monthly cash draws as well as special events draws for additional cash and prizes. First draw will be 7 Sep 2016. When you purchase a ticket you are assigned a numbered tag on our 500 club board, the board remains at the museum for each draw. Each draw, ALL tags go into the drum to be drawn out regardless if you have already won previously. Your odds of winning are 1 in every 11th draw. However, if we do not sell 250 tickets, the draw will be cancelled and all funds returned to the ticket purchasers.

This Fund raiser is a great addition to our fundraising efforts and we look forward to your support. Should you have any questions please feel free to contact us. To purchase tickets, contact SAMF office at 902-461-0062 or toll free 1- 888-497-7779. You can purchase your ticket over the phone with Mastercard or Visa.

500 CLUB DRAW WINNERS TO DATE

SEPTEMBER		WINNER		10TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	Ivor Axford
9TH	FUN DAY OPENING DRAW	\$ 2,000.00	Peter Seward	10TH	MONTHLY DRAW	\$ 500.00	Vaughn Raeside
9TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	Mrs E. Lelacheur	17TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	John Gruber
16TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	Mike Swinimer	17TH	VALENTINES DRAW TRIP	MEXICO FAMILY OF FOUR	
23RD	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	Blanche Keats			\$ 5,000.00	Michael Owens
30TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	David Williams	24TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	Jacquie Cody
30TH	MONTHLY DRAW	\$ 500.00	Norman Inglis	MARCH			
OCTOBER				2ND	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	Daniel Cyr
7TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	Peter Pratt	9TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	Sharon Berrigan
14TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	R. Cheaters	17TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	Jack Devenney
21ST	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	Ivor Axford	17TH	ST. PAT'S DAY	\$ 2,000.00	Catharine West
28TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	Ken Brown	23RD	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	S.Bowles
30TH	MONTHLY DRAW	\$ 500.00	Owen Walton	30TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	George Del Fabro
NOVEMBER				30TH	MONTHLY DRAW	\$ 500.00	Gary Doirion
4TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	Clint Halfkenny	APRIL			
11TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	Lorraine Hogg	6TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	Vic Brand
18TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	Edward Doyle	13 th	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	Stewart Russell
25TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	Phyllis Jardine	<i>to date....</i>			
30TH	MONTHLY DRAW	\$ 500.00	Ross Riddell				
DECEMBER							
2ND	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	Allan Darwin				
9TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	Tim Kemp				
9TH	Xmas PARTY	\$ 3,000.00	David Williams				
16TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	Eric Tillett				
23RD	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	Jeff Hall				
23RD	MONTHLY DRAW	\$ 500.00	Weldon Paton				
JANUARY							
6TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	Bob Bailey				
13TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	Frank Dowdall				
20TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	Marsha Wilson				
27TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	Mick Stephenson				
27TH	MONTHLY DRAW	\$ 500.00	Ralph Logan				
FEBRUARY							
3RD	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00	Dave Cawthra				

Get your 'red hot' tickets for the next series of 500 Club Draws!!!

Milk Run

by Chris McKenna

The Captain of a Navy ship at sea is perhaps the closest thing to an absolute dictator left on Earth. While this is certainly true of most ships, it is not quite the whole truth aboard an aircraft carrier. The Captain rules the ship absolutely, but he leaves the Air Boss to run the flight deck. As a Naval Aviator, I saw the Air Boss as larger than life. He was the voice of authority crackling in my headset, a tyrant with a hair trigger who lashed out at anyone foolhardy enough to disregard him. He used strong language and demanded immediate compliance. He was a man with immense responsibility and an ego to match. He was addressed by everyone aboard, including the Captain, simply as "Boss."

I flew the CH-46 Sea Knight, a tandem rotor helicopter typically deployed on supply ships within the battle group. It was our job to deliver "beans and bullets" to the fleet. While not actually stationed on the carrier itself, we "hit" it at least every other day, restocking everything needed to keep a small "city at sea" running. It was exciting, challenging flying, requiring great precision and skill, and I loved it. I was in my early twenties and in command of a four-man crew and a multimillion dollar aircraft; but always there, just below the surface, was the aura of the Air Boss. It would lead me to one of the biggest blunders I have ever made in my flying career. For a matter of a few feet, excellent training, and some dumb luck, it could well have claimed the lives of my crew.

It was a day like most others for a Sea Knight pilot. We launched before dawn on a vertrep mission, the vertical replenishment of ships at sea that was our specialty. In a synchronized aerial ballet, we flew maneuvers called side-flairs and button-hooks, moving tons of cargo, attached externally to a heavy gauge steel hook beneath the helicopter. Whether it was ammunition, food, machinery, or mail - referred to as "pony" - the ships in the Battle Group depended on us for sustenance. Vertrep allowed the Battle Group to disperse over more than a hundred miles of ocean, and still receive the daily supplies necessary to operate.

By noon we had completed the vertrep, and only had a load of internal cargo left for the carrier. At ten miles out, I keyed the microphone and called the Air Boss for clearance into his domain.

"Boss, Knightrider zero-six, ten miles out for landing."

"Negative Knightrider, recoveries in progress. Take starboard delta," he monotoned, referring to the holding pattern designated for helicopters.

Sometimes I thought he put us there just to show his disdain, as there often seemed to be no reason for it. But today he actually was recovering jets, and we took our interval in the delta pattern with the carrier's Sea King helicopter already orbiting. I watched as the jets made their approaches and either "trapped" - caught one of the four arresting cables on the flight deck, or "boltered" - missed the wires and went around. As many times as I saw it, I never lost my fascination for carrier operations, and my admiration for those guys. With all the jets aboard, I anxiously awaited our landing clearance. We hadn't eaten since around 3am, and wanted to get back to our ship for chow. But the voice of authority had other plans.

"Knightrider, I've got another cycle fifteen minutes out. I'm going to recover them first before I bring you aboard," he said matter-of-factly.

"I haven't got the fuel for that Boss," I shot back.

"Then you'll have to bingo," he replied, without a hint of sympathy in his voice.

"That cocky so and so," I thought I could land, offload, and be airborne again in less than five minutes, and he knew it. But he was the Air Boss and his word was law, so I shut my mouth and turned for home. Then I remembered those big orange bags on the cabin floor behind me - the ones with "U. S. Mail" stencilled on them - and realized that they represented my landing clearance. As any sailor knows, "mail-call" ranks just below "liberty-call" in a mariner's heart. Not even the Air Boss could resist the powerful lure of his mail. I keyed the mike, and played my trump card.

"Be advised Boss, we have pony aboard."

I knew that everyone in the tower was staring at him right then, silently willing him to reverse himself. If he didn't, word would spread like wild fire to each of the six thousand sailors on that ship that he had denied them a mail-call. He couldn't say no.

"Ok Knightrider, you're clear to land, spot three," he spat, specifying the area all the way forward on the angled deck.

He was obviously annoyed, but what did I care? In minutes we would be out of his airspace and on our way back home for chow. I flew a slow, shallow approach, careful not to let my rotor wash disrupt the activity on the flight deck. As soon as I touched down, my aircrewmembers lowered the aft deck and began pushing pallets down the rollers to the waiting forklifts. It was like clockwork. Only minutes after receiving his grudging clearance, we were empty and buttoned up.

"Boss, Knightrider zero six is ready to lift, spot three," I transmitted.

"Hold on Knightrider," he ordered. "I just got a call from supply. They want you to move a load of milk back to home plate for dispersal. How many gallons can we load max?"

It was a question I had never gotten before. I knew we could lift about seven thousand pounds with our current fuel load, but I hadn't a clue how many gallons of milk that equated to. I looked over at Dave, my copilot, and wondered if he had any more insight on the nature of milk than I did.

"Got any idea what a gallon of milk weighs?" I asked.

He just looked at me, shrugged his shoulders, and turned his palms upward in what is commonly referred to as the Ensign's salute.

"Come on Knightrider, I need a number. I've got Tacair inbound," the voice of authority growled.

I could feel my palms starting to sweat as the forklifts came off the elevators with pallets of milk.

"Come on Knightrider!" he snarled.

I pulled the calculator out of my helmet bag and input 7000. Now I just needed to know what to divide it by. The supply officer usually did all this for us. But here on the carrier I was on my own, and for some reason it was important to me to impress the Air Boss. I was determined to take the biggest load we could.

"Hey Knightrider!" he barked. "I need a number and I need it now. How many gallons?"

"I guess milk weighs about the same as fuel, right Dave?"

He rendered another Ensign's salute.

I knew that jet fuel weighed 6.5 pounds per gallon. We used that figure all the time. Even though that voice in my head told me it was a mistake, I convinced myself that a liquid was a liquid, and milk must weigh about the same as jet fuel. I plugged it into my calculator and, just as the Air Boss started to growl again, closed my eyes and gave him his number.

"One zero five zero gallons Boss," I transmitted with far more confidence than I actually felt. It was meager comfort that I had actually left a twenty-seven-gallon "cushion," just in case milk was a little heavier than fuel. How much heavier could it be?

"Ok Knightrider. Here it comes. Be ready to go as soon as we button you up," he ordered. "I have Tacair inbound."

The forklifts dropped the pallets on the ramp, and our aircrewmembers pushed them up the rollers and secured them to the deck. In minutes the cabin was filled with enough milk for the entire Battle Group, the ramp was closed, and I was ready to lift.

"Boss, Sabre Seven, five miles out for the break."

"Cleared for the left break Saber Seven. Caution for a Helo lifting spot three. Break, Knightrider you are cleared for immediate takeoff."

That was it. My welcome, as tepid as it was, was officially worn out now that the fighters were on station.

I had hoped to do a thorough power check while hovering in the ground effect cushion of the flight-deck before transitioning over the deck edge.

Ground effect, or the extra lift derived from operating close to the ground, can be a blessing or a curse. Given a long hover run, a pilot could accelerate in ground effect until reaching flying speed, thereby lifting far more weight than would be possible from a standard climbing transition. The carrier however, presented the opposite situation. From our position forward on the angle, I would take off into a ground effect hover, and then transition over the deck edge ninety feet above the water, to an immediate and complete loss of ground effect. It would require tremendous power at max weight . . . every ounce the aircraft had. The little voice inside my head kept telling me about it as I slowly raised the collective to hover, but the big voice in my headset kept drowning him out.

"Come on Knightrider, I need my deck!" he bellowed.

I stabilized in a ten-foot hover and glanced down at the torque gauges to evaluate the power required. Back on my ship, I would have taken thirty or forty seconds in the hover to evaluate a takeoff this critical. But this wasn't my home deck. It was the Air Bosses deck, and he wanted it back.

"I want that damn Helo off my deck Knightrider, and I mean now!" he screamed. So without ever getting a stabilized torque reading, and against all my better judgment, I eased the stick forward and the aircraft lumbered across the deck edge.

As soon as I saw blue water through the chin bubble, I knew we were in trouble. The aircraft immediately settled, and I instinctively countered by raising the collective to add power. But instead of checking the sink rate, the helicopter only settled faster. The steady whirring noise of the rotor blades changed to a distinct "whump, whump, whump," and the familiar peripheral blur slowed to the point where I could clearly see each individual rotor blade. A quick glance at the gauges confirmed that both engines were working normally. I was simply demanding more power than they could produce, and the rotor speed was decaying under the strain.

I should have predicted what would happen next. With a perceptible jolt, both electrical generators "kicked" off. Powered by the rotor system itself, they had been designed to "shed" at 88% of optimum rotor speed. Thankfully it was daylight, so lighting wasn't an issue, but the jolt I felt was the loss of the flight control stability system. The helicopter was still controllable, but it was far more work without the stab system. Things were starting to go very badly.

As the rotor speed continued to audibly and visibly decay, I realized the only chance we had was to somehow get back into ground effect. If I continued to "wallow" like this, the helicopter would eventually "run out of turns" and crash, or simply settle into the ocean and sink. Neither of those appealed to me, so I determined to try a maneuver the "Old Salts" called "scooping it out."

Any pilot will understand when I say it is counterintuitive, when faced with an undesirable sink rate, to decrease either power or pitch. But "scooping it out" required both. In order to dive back into ground effect, I lowered the nose and the windscreen filled with the sight of blue water and white foam. To preserve some of the rapidly deteriorating rotor speed, I lowered the collective and descended. The ocean rose fast. Remembering my crewmen, I managed to blurt out "Brace for impact!" over the intercom. Dave immediately sensed what I was attempting, and began a running commentary of altitudes and rotor speeds.

"Fifteen feet, 84% "

I needed forward airspeed and knew I had to trade some more altitude to get it, so I eased the stick forward a little more.

"Five feet, 85% "

I stopped descending and stabilized in the ground effect run.

"Three feet, 85%."

"Ok," I thought. "We're not settling anymore, and the rotor speed has at least stopped decaying." But I couldn't seem to coax any acceleration out of it, and this close to the water,

even a rogue wave could bring us down. That's when I decided that I really hated milk.

"Three feet, 86 %."

With just the pitiful speed I had brought from the dive, and no sign of any acceleration, I began to despair. What else could I do? I thought about asking Dave, but didn't think I could bear another Ensign's salute. Then I remembered those Old Salts in the ready room again. "Remember, this aircraft has no tail rotor. If you ever need just a little something extra, try a fifteen-degree right yaw. The increase in drag is negligible, but it feeds undisturbed air to your aft rotors."

Well, what did I have to lose at this point? I gently pushed on the right pedal and the helicopter yawed. Again, it seemed counterintuitive. If I was trying to accelerate, shouldn't I streamline the aircraft? But I was out of options.

"Two feet, 85%."

I began running through the ditching procedures in my mind. But then I noticed that the waves were gliding by slightly faster than they had been only seconds before. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, we were accelerating.

"Three feet, 88%."

I glanced down at the airspeed indicator and my heart leaped; it had moved off the peg and was passing through forty knots. The next thing I felt was that beautiful shudder every helicopter pilot knows as translational lift - the point where the aircraft is flying more like an airplane than hovering like a helicopter.

"Five feet, 92%."

Then I felt another jolt, and knew the generators had come back on the line, bringing the stab system with them. We were a fully functioning aircraft again. I accelerated through our normal climb speed, remembering those Old Salts once again. "Speed is life."

"Ten feet, 100%."

At ninety knots and all our turns back, I finally felt confident enough to climb. Passing through one hundred feet, and over a mile from the carrier, the voice of authority spoke.

"It's great to see you flying again Knightrider. We were all holding our breath up here. I hope I didn't talk you into doing something ugly."

Well what do you know? The guy was human after all. Who knew?

Turning for home, I passed the controls to Dave, and sat back. For the first time, I took a deep breath and noticed that my hands were shaking. I had made a rookie mistake, and very nearly paid for it with four lives and a helicopter. I had allowed myself to be intimidated by the Air Boss, and sacrificed my judgment as a result.

I did some checking the next day, and found that the weight of a gallon of milk is 8.7 pounds, a far cry from the 6.5 I had estimated. So even with my little "pad," we took off from that

carrier more than 2,100 pounds overweight. And that doesn't even consider the weight of the pallets and packaging. All in all, I was very lucky to get away with it.

That was long ago, and I guess I'm the Old Salt now. I've accumulated thousands of flight hours and more than a few gray hairs since then, but I try never to forget the lessons I learned that day. Besides a life-long loathing for milk, I came away from that episode with two rules.

First, never allow external pressures to force a rush to judgment on any matter of safety. There's simply too much at stake. If I ever feel rushed, I make a conscious effort to step back, slow down, and think the matter through.

And second, I never, ever ignore that voice in my head when he tells me something just isn't right. I've learned over the years that he is frequently the only one in the conversation making any sense.

Oh yeah, and when the guy at the supermarket asks me if I want my milk in a bag, I always ask him if he would mind double bagging it for me - just in case.

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Our respect and thanks to Air & Space Smithsonian for the above cartoon. Ed



Also in 1998 I received a phone call from Larry McWha asking if I knew anyone who had a Helicopter Airline Transport Pilot Licence, had SEAKING and LABRADOR time and could write. The job was to go to Italy to fly the EH-101 there and write an article for Helicopters Canada. The article was to appear in an issue timed for the 1998 Shearwater Air Show. I suggested Terry Wolfe-Milner, a course mate and helicopter journalist, but apparently he was busy and Larry settled on "moi".

As I was working in Burma with Canadian Helicopters on a six week rotation, timing would be difficult but finally it was settled. I would arrive home from Burma on July 25, overnight in Halifax to visit with my wife

then fly out the next day for Brindisi, Italy where Agusta-Westland was doing operational testing on the EH-101 SAR/Offshore variant. While I was not to be paid any salary, I would get travel and living costs and I talked Agusta into paying for a return Business Class ticket. My reasoning was that if I was to travel $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way around the world to fly a helicopter, write an article and return to Halifax in a week I had better be traveling in comfort. In fact it was a blessing as I slept the entire flight to Amsterdam (enroute) and arrived in Brindisi ready to go to work ... and what work it was.

The Senior Engineer for the project, Fiorenzo Mussi, took us (a CF SAR buddy, Alex Thompson showed up in Brindisi at the same time) under his wing, answering all our questions during the day and selecting the meal and the wine every night. The Deputy Chief Test Pilot Jeremy Tracy and some of the Bristol Helicopters crew who were doing the operational testing would join us and proved to be a wonderful experience both day and night.

During a week of beautiful weather we flew a total of ten hours split between the right seat flying and standing in the generous aisle between the Captain and Co-pilot seats. At the end of this period, the whole Cormorant crew was to relocate to Aberdeen Scotland for the North Atlantic experience. This gave Jeremy an excuse to do a very commendable "beat-up" of the Agusta hangar and I had to ask Jeremy if he wanted me to erase the video I took from the aisle as we passed by the hangar at parking lot height and pulled up into a 90 degree plus wingover, all in air conditioned comfort in a 29,000 pound helicopter. Brave man that he was, Jeremy said "No. Keep it as a souvenir!"

On the long flight home in my very comfortable seat I wrote the article and on arrival submitted it to Westland-Agusta. It was a bit of a break from their journalism tradition but with some whining they decided to accept it and it went to Canadian Helicopters magazine for publication. This was to be a last great push for the Navy to select the CORMORANT as the New Shipborne Helicopter. The article was to appear coincident with the Shearwater International Air Show and passed around as a flyer. It was also, as I mentioned, 1998 and SwissAir was to change everyone's plans as it plunged tragically into the Atlantic.

In the next Issue, the long lost article on the CORMORANT, my one and only professional writing endeavour.

DREAM ON(Part One) By Joe Paquette

This is the title of my first and only "professional" article, ie. one for which I got paid. While it dates back to 1998 it had been lost since then and was only found the other day.

The story begins around 1985 when I was in the SAR desk at National Defence Headquarters. All three elements were looking for a new helicopter but each was at a different stage. The Navy had a program, money and no helicopter; the Army had money but no program and the Air Force, which meant Search and Rescue, had a program, no money but we wanted the EH-101.

When the Navy eliminated the Super Puma and Sikorsky did not have any actual offering it became obvious that an EH-101 variant was to be their eventual choice.

An informal meeting among three friends, LCol John Cody (Directorate of Maritime Air), LCol Ken Penny (Directorate of Land Air) and myself, Joe Paquette (Directorate of Air Operations and Training – SAR), led to a plan for a tri-service buy of three variants of the EH-101. Part of the plan was to loan a member from each of the non-Navy offices to the Navy program just to make sure that nothing on the Navy variant would preclude its acceptance in the other two roles.

As things progressed, the Army decided that the EH-101 did not have the slinging capacity required and under a Quebecois Minister of Defence we purchased 100 Bell 412 GRIFFINS with half of the slinging capacity of the EH-101 BUT they were to be built in Quebec ... and then there were two.

In 1987, the government placed an order for 48 helicopters in the SAR and the Navy variants. In 1993 the Liberal government, under Jean Chrétien, cancelled the whole program.

In 1998, the government announced that the CH-113 LABRADOR helicopter, the mainstay of the SAR program, would be replaced by a scaled down version of the EH-101 called the CORMORANT. The first two helicopters arrived in Canada in September 2001.

The replacement for the SEA KING has still not seen the light of day in its fully operational version.

31 January 1968 *Brian Worth*

'**The Day the Navy Died**' was a memorable but sad event for all those who had invested their lives and careers in a concept that we knew was fading.

The back ground; ever since WW1 there were factions in the government trying to integrate the Armed Forces of Canada in some fashion or another and it was well known that the RCAF didn't want Naval Aviation to exist on its own; far too efficient. By the early 60's 'Bean Counters' and Civilian Generals (Civil Servants with the same or more power as their military counterparts.....and NDHQ is rife with them) convinced our government that not only was integration the way to go, unification was even better; made much more sense and besides, wasn't 'Esprit De Corps' just a translation of some 'airy fairy' concept to comply with the bilingual policy of the Canadian Government; not in the least important.

The Front Man, the 'Shucker and Jiver' of this movement was Paul Hellyer, Minister of National Defence at the time. One story goes, and I've heard this from a very reliable source; from the brother-in-law of a cousin of the milkman who had an affair with a secretary from the steno pool that Mr. Hellyer had used to type several memos; so you know it's a good source; that he really only wanted to 'integrate' the Forces, not unify, but the 'Bean Counters' finally got to him. Others, however, say that it was all a power play by Mr. Hellyer to defeat Pierre Trudeau for the Liberal leadership and hence the Prime minister's office. In any case, we all became 'Paul's Pawns'.

The wisdom of unification was later disproved when, after 20 years of identity crisis we have reverted to the three distinct uniforms but there are still some anomalies of unification such as airmen, with faded dreams of flying CF18's, in a hover, at night, tethered to a bucking, heaving destroyer with a hangar deck dancing 12 feet from the ends of their whirling rotor blades. Despite their Air Force Blue uniforms though, they are every bit the Naval Aviators we were. I guess we can put that down as a loss for the 'Bean Counters' but only a partial win for us.

Anyway, so, Wednesday, 31 January 1968, was the last day the Royal Canadian Navy was to exist; the next day 01 Feb 68 the Navy was to become the Sea Element of the Canadian Armed Forces and we Naval Airmen were to disappear into the Air Element; very impressive, eh? I'm sure all sailors and naval airmen everywhere gathered to mark the sombre but by no means sober occasion and I'm pretty sure our Admiral had piped 'Splice the Main Brace'; if he didn't, he should have.

The ritual at HMCS Shearwater, augmented by copious quantities of rum, had started early in every mess on the base. On the lawn in front of the wardroom a grave had

been dug and a symbolic and solemn burial of the Royal Canadian Navy had been carried out complete with a 'well over the bay' Lt. Gus Gower, VS880's Electrical Officer, tipping ever so gracefully into the pit taking LCDR Ted Gibbon's new Gieves cap, complete with shiny new wire hat badge, with him. Of course Gus was recovered; couldn't leave him there, far too good a guy and besides, far too much paper work involved but Ted's cap was interred, (he still wants it back). I do recall Gus, head bandaged from his fall, demonstrating at least a 'sea state 5 or 6' for the remainder of the afternoon.

Aside from the drinking and carousing, there were two other demonstrations that day. A well respected Naval Aviator, Sean Carrigan, had gone off to fly the Argus with 415 Squadron in Summerside with the 'Crabfats' (the integration/unification thing) and, knowing of the 'wake', made it part of his tasking that day to rattle the chandeliers of the wardroom. With all four huge engines thundering at maximum 'wet power' blasting our ears and shaking our innards Sean threw that massive beast around in his final salute to Naval Aviation.

I can remember one LCDR Davy Williams, then Operations Officer of VS880, greeting our course, fresh out of VU-32, in the briefing room and telling us that at all times people should be able to recognize a Naval Aviator even if he were walking down Main Street naked; the stroll would be done with dash, verve and élan.

Well, what happened next was done with that and more. Two crews, LCDR Bruce Baker and co-pilot, A/S/Lt Reg Lanthier along with LCDR Pete Hamilton and co-pilot, S/Lt Jacques Vallee had taken off ostensibly for crew trainers but both crew commanders had received authority for and had briefed a formation fly past to mark the occasion. Everyone was out on the Wardroom lawn as two Trackers, led by Bruce Baker, carved in from the south, line astern, hell bent for election and screamed over the playing field in front of Warrior Block at or below roof top level. Two Petty Officers casually strolling from the parking to their mess for a well deserved 'wet', upon seeing some 26 tons of Naval Aviation hurtling towards them, were forced to hit the dirt. Just exactly what their comments were is unknown but I'm sure it was 'salty'.

Meanwhile, up the hill at the wardroom we were high enough that we could see all this from above and as they roared past Warrior Block, banked sharply right and pulled hard up towards us. I thought I'd seen a flash but, then again, I'd had a rum or six by that time and was unsure until some other drunk asked if I'd seen a flash. No matter, the two Trackers thundered overhead and made a left 270 for a second pass from the north and there, silhouetted against the sky, we could see that the right ECM Can of Pete's 'Stoof' was missing from his wing tip.

It was at that point that someone, three sheets to the wind, stumbled out of the wardroom and muttered that

drinks were going to be hard to get for a while; the power was off. What we didn't know was that as Pete banked, his wingtip severed the main power supply for the base and that's what had happened to his ECM Can. The wire had neatly clipped it from his wing tip and it had landed in a secure compound just north of Warrior Block that involved most of the power and all the fuel transfer for the base. Thus ended the last 'beat up' of the Royal Canadian Naval Fleet Air Arm. No one, aside from Gus, was hurt and a statement had been made with dash, verve and élan. It had to be done.



SHEARWATER FAREWELL

We all remember the times when we seemed always to be involved in beginnings. Opportunities dawned, ideas emerged, choices blossomed, occasions arose, and we perpetually found ourselves standing at the brink of something new, fresh, and exciting.

It was therefore strangely premature, in 1968, to be confronted with a termination. A finality which severed expectations, burst dreams asunder, and put paid to aspirations.

Already?

The time for endings is bound to come, but surely it should still be half a lifetime away.

These were the feelings which I, already by then a civilian, assumed must have permeated the members of the Naval Air community when they were forced to relinquish forever

their uniforms, identity, culture, and a lifestyle which they had every reason to believe should outlive them, not the other way around.

I wasn't, until recently, aware of the fact that a stunningly defiant burial ceremony had taken place on the lawn outside of the wardroom at Shearwater eulogising this sad occasion, and decided that this required enshrinement in our lore.

This project had its beginning in a letter from Butch Miller who caught my attention with the following sentence:

“The 'death of the Navy' occurred in Feb 1968 at AW when we had the formal burial ceremonial and Pete took out Dartmouth's power with his wingtip.....”

Instantly intrigued, and having no idea of the identity of the daring low flying Pete, I asked Butch for some amplification.

When Butch replied with the following, I felt I was on the track of something worth exploring:

“Hi again, George! In February 1968, (if I recall correctly) (hereafter abbreviated 'IIRC') I had just returned to AW after about 18 months away, on various courses in Canada and the almost year long course at Pax River, so I was getting 'caught up' on local affairs and old buds.

The 'death of the Navy' (due Unification) was about to be 'celebrated' by the assembled masses in the Wardroom. Copious quantities of various lubricants had been consumed, to suitably prepare the multitudes for the occasion, which also involved a procession. At the appropriate time, the gun carriage moved out from the vicinity of the Wardroom parking lot, bearing the casket containing the folded White Ensign. I do not recall the propulsive mechanism associated with moving the gun carriage along the road, but the majority of us trailed along behind it in an almost orderly manner, befitting our collective state of mind. The Gun Carriage (and the procession) ultimately stopped down on the lawn in front of the Wardroom, where, after due ceremony and process, the casket was reverentially lowered into the previously prepared grave.

Now, IIRC, a final salute / flypast was then performed by Pete Hamilton in a Tracker. He'd been given permission to make a low pass over the wardroom lawn area, and so he did, a MAGNIFICENT low pass complete with good bank angle, such that the tip severed one of the power lines leading down into Dartmouth.

Charlie Coffen (CanComCoff) might recall more of the ensuing activities than I, but we all returned to the wardroom and continued enjoying the final salute / flypast and good spirits, which in my case was only for a while because then my wife arrived, and after engaging CanComCoff to help her pour me into my Volkswagen, drove me home.”

That was sufficient to convince me that, because there must be a much more extensive story lurking beneath this promising start, I began ferreting for further augmentation, and soon received a note from Les East, who witnessed the event from the wardroom balcony and mentioned some heroics performed by Lorne McDonald.

Lorne contributed the following:

“Colin as XO of HU-21 gave me permission to do a fly past, so I demonstrated the ability of the old Horse to do stalled turns, - vertically of course!

After flying had ceased for the day I went to the wardroom for a coke but the bartender could not find a glass that was not either in use or broken. Colin then appointed me as Duty Driver, collected a cluster of equally worthy gentlemen, and ordered me to distribute them among a number of ships in Stadacona.

Though staying sober to drive was not strictly compulsory in those days, I had to because I was still emergency helicopter pilot on call.”

Judging by this lively account from Colin Curleigh, Lorne clearly decided to soft pedal his participation:

“I remember well that day. I was playing squash and suddenly all went dark. I even had to shower in the dark! Apparently Pete had approached the Wardroom back lawn in a Tracker at low level over the ball diamond, and while making a steep bank, his wing snagged a key electrical line, knocking off his ECM canister along with the power for the Base and its surroundings.

To add to the excitement of that day, Sean Carrigan, an RCN pilot on exchange at Greenwood, flew an Argus at roof top height over the wardroom and really rattled the furniture and glasses.

I had just joined the crowd on the back lawn enjoying my first beer when I got a call from the duty Shearwater Angel pilot, Lorne MacDonald. He was sitting in HU-21 hangar and could hear and see all the aviation activity going on over by the Wardroom and asked permission to give a little helicopter demo to the crowd assembled on the back lawn.

I was the XO of HU-21 at the time and I gave my OK. I also told Lorne not do anything foolish. I shouldn't have wasted my breath. He put on such a show that I was sure I would be sword and medals in front of the Captain the next day, However the Captain had enough other matters to worry about so Lorne (and I) were not hauled up.”

The story was then brilliantly fleshed out by Ted Gibbon:

Tracker Tribute

The last official day of the RCN was a solemn occasion at Shearwater. The weather suited the event. Unification of the Forces that we had once dismissed as unthinkable was soon to be formalized. The death of our Navy had to be recognized with an appropriate Naval Aviation tribute and so it was. It began early and the mourners gathered as the afternoon flyers paid their last respects with flight tributes. Some of the Rotary persuasion, were even able to pause reverently over the grave site prepared in the front lawn of the Wardroom.

Sean Carrigan, a well-known naval aviator who had been posted to an Argus Squadron in Summerside, had heard about the service and arrived to provide a salute. The tower informed us of his intentions and the assembled congregation gathered on the patio. Sean came by in full wet power about as low and as fast as anybody had ever seen an Argus move and we were all treated to an oil dilute.

Shortly after Sean's tribute the funeral party mustered and the mourners arranged themselves at the grave site. I had located myself at the head of the grave to salute the departed as the casket was lowered.

Two Trackers, led by LCdr. Bruce Baker with #2 piloted by LCdr. Pete Hamilton began their pass. It was an overcast drizzly day, just about dusk. Beginning south of the field they proceeded at full power north aligning themselves up with the road in front of Warrior Block at street level and turned right to climb up the incline and pass over the ceremony and the Wardroom.

As they approached Warrior Block two Petty Officers were just exiting their vehicle proceeding towards their mess to return bottles of rum they had previously obtained from the bar's unofficial off sale. It was the 31st of the month and stock taking would be done the next day. Hearing the approaching R-1820-82s they turned to see two Trackers that appeared to be coming down the road at them. They threw themselves down, soiling their uniforms in the slush and unfortunately broke the bottles. This addition to the story wasn't revealed to Pete until well after the event and he didn't tell me about it until years later.

At about the same time the crocks became dead soldiers the formation initiated a hard right turn to overfly the ceremony. Unfortunately, Pete's starboard wingtip caught the main line providing power to the Base. The line broke and also severed the ECM can from the wingtip which landed in the fuel compound pumping station at the base of the hill. Upward they came, thrilling us all as they passed overhead just as the casket had settled to the bottom of the grave. In the ensuing pandemonium Gus Gower slipped into the grave taking my cap with him where it remains to this day unless some irreverent SOB has desecrated the site.

After things settled down we realized the lights had gone out and some confusion ensued but the stewards recovered quickly and the party continued as we waited for power to be restored. It wasn't. Eventually it was reported that power was out all the way to Eastern Passage and about that time the source of the failure had been located. The Tracker pilots were somewhat delayed in arriving at the Wardroom to receive the accolades of their associates and offered no reason. Never did it to my knowledge.

What a night. The best party of all was in the Wren's quarters with lots of candle light, lace and libations. Can't remember when power was restored but it was long after the mourners had dispersed.

Cheers Ted

Pete's widow Marlene was kind enough to contribute her impressions:

"This was so very long ago but some things do stand out in my memory. As I recall I was home awaiting Pete and had no idea why he was so late. Any of you who knew Pete well also knew he was a very private and proud individual who tended to keep things to himself. He told me bare minimum of details that evening and in fact I learned only later from Andy Anderson at a squadron party much more detail of exactly what had occurred that day and the seriousness of it all. I recall that prior to this day Pete had been told he was on the short list to go to Staff School in Toronto the next year which was subsequently squashed by the CO. I knew not to question Pete too much about the incident as I felt he was terribly upset about it.

To add to the humiliation, I also recall reading in the local newspaper the next day that the Military, when approached by the press to explain why the power was knocked out in Eastern Passage refused to comment, prompting the Press to compare this to the American cover up of the U2 incident!"

Marlene Jackson

Then this contribution came from *Jack McGee*:

"What great memories!

I recall when in need of entertainment on the Bonnie or at Shearwater, we were entertained in many ways including the Gut Bucket 5, and when pianos were around, Colin Curleigh or Don Monk accompanying what could be loosely called 'a chorus.' As you know the songs were often ribald ballads.

On some occasions Neil Robertson would slip away from the throng and return a few minutes later with new lyrics to add to the old stalwarts. The A25 Song was frequently one he embellished.

In that spirit, the following 'new' verses are offered to capture some of the antics marking the death of naval air.

(See next page.)

1968

All four Argus engines roared tribute that day.
No unification, no Hellyer I pray.
Hugging the hillside all the way to the top,
Grass flattened beneath me, Wardroom shingles dropped.
Cracking show I'm alive. But I still have to render my A-25.

I had a Tracker to fly over the grave,
Naval air is buried. Steady Boys - Be brave.
As I banked in salute my wing hit a wire,
Power went out in town, thank goodness no fire.
Cracking show I'm alive. But I still have to render my A-25.

I flew a Sikorsky to honour the past,
No more Navy blue, but dark green sure won't last.
The nose pointed high the 'Horse' clawed its way up,
The helo reversed; nearly ran out of luck.
Cracking show I'm alive. But I still have to render my A-25."

Jake Kennedy summed it up with his remembrance of the white ensign being lowered for the last time.

End of an era indeed.

Final salute.
T'was a memorable knell,
And a fitting farewell
Which you mourners so artfully gave,
But I'll guarantee that
It won't be a hat
That ends up on Hellyer's grave.

GEORGE PLAWSKI

detachment engaged in the daily sunset ceremony that took place in another area of the fort. Nothing could be better than to have a distraction prepared by the custodians themselves.

The team, consisting of Andre Barbeau, Fred Hallas, Don Wallace, Joe Gallant, Benny Milhomme, Jav Stevenson and the van driver who has not been positively identified but may be L/S Blake (help here please) proceeded to the citadel. With an audacious bit of naval panache, they arrived at the Officer's Mess about an hour before sunset and had a drink at the bar while the van waited outside.

From Fred Hallas: "when the sunset ceremony started we all left the mess and proceeded to the roped off area containing the cannon and had the driver position the van nearby. We lifted the cannon and were maneuvering it toward the van when we heard a shout from an army sergeant: "Hey, what are you doing" we all gave a giant push to heave the 300# cannon into the van, jumped in and took off for the exit. This involved driving around a high stone wall circling the inner passage and through two sets of gates manned by army guards. The first set were open so we roared through but the second set was closed as we approached with the guards in position to stop us. Unbelievably, a young lad was standing next to the gate and seeing the approaching vehicle pushed open the gate. We shouted to the driver to keep going, accelerated through the gate, drove through the city to the Milhomme farm". Pictures were taken, celebratory glasses were hoisted and in time the crew returned quietly to the ship.

Bonaventure was the immediate suspect but to confuse the issue there was a USNR destroyer from the Great Lakes Training Division secured just forward of Bonaventure. The patrolling army and QPP were suspicious of both vessels but were being frustrated by the absence of evidence, language difficulties and OOW's that resisted their efforts to board and search. The next morning things had subdued and just before noon the cannon arrived as planned in Pedro. The helicopter was struck down into C hangar and relieved of its' cargo.

The perpetrators proudly announced their successful engagement with the Citadel guardians and awaited the accolades that were sure to follow.

Alas, accolades were not to flow. The Van Doos were not happy, our Captain was not amused, the Executive Officer was never happy and it follows our Detachment Commander was acting displeased. Probably because he had not been informed of the operation.

The ship had been searched by the army and QPP in the forenoon without success which was not unanticipated as

the prize was still resting comfortably under straw in a barn on the outskirts of Quebec City. Shortly after the cannon did arrive our enterprising technicians decided to become part of the action and dismantled the cannon, scattering body parts throughout the ship. The barrel for example was placed amongst the hoses and fittings for underway refueling. The parts dispersal survived a second search conducted in the afternoon. Some things are best hidden in plain sight.



Meanwhile the situation was becoming more tense, the Colonel of the Regiment, Col Dextraze (another future CDS) was now involved and high level discussions were being conducted to mollify those who seemed to be grievously offended. As we all know stuff flows downhill. I was summoned to an audience with Doc Schellinck and informed that I would be accompanying him to the Citadel that afternoon to formally return the cannon to the Regiment. I was not to expect an offer of hospitality and under no circumstances was I to inquire about the payment of the promised ransom. Proceeding to C hangar to make preparations to move the cannon was when I discovered it had been dismantled and dispersed. I explained the current state of negotiations with the army to the duty PO who quickly appreciated

the gravity of the situation. He assured me all would be well and of course it was.

Dressed in #1's and armed with sword I reported to Doc's cabin to join him in returning what was now being referred to as "that bloody cannon". Doc then told me that the Major in charge of the Citadel Van Doos refused to see us and it had been agreed by our leaders the cannon would to be returned surreptitiously without fanfare or ceremony.

And so it was.

It is not known if General Allard was ever informed of the successful heist but the ransom was never paid and I'll bet there is no mention of it in the Regimental diaries. But we have the photos.

The ship's visit to Quebec City was hugely successful. We flew 4 plane formations over the city (and the Citadel) at noon every day, visitors crowded the ship on a daily (and evening) basis and the citizens warmly received the Ship's Company. The only folks who missed the hospitality were the Van Doo officers who were forbidden any social interaction with their naval associates.

VIVE LA DIFFERENCE!!!!

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