



# SHEARWATER AVIATION MUSEUM

FOUNDATION NEWSLETTER

Spring 1999

## The Paths of Glory . . .



*A formation of Canadian-modified Avengers as flown from HMCS Magnificent are in formation over the Atlantic. The venerable Avenger is the featured aircraft in this issue of the SAMF Newsletter.*

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## Read Me First

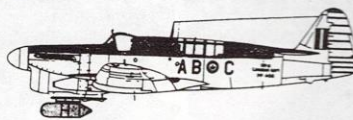
This is a kind of road map to this issue - an explanation of why some submissions were included and some not. If you skip it you'll be asking yourself "Now what the hell is that article in here for?"



### Basics:

1. Our aim is to inform SAMF's membership of their Foundation's activities in support of SAM. The current focus is the building fund - you'll find plenty of reference to this here.
2. The Museum's mandate covers Maritime Military Aviation (RCN and RCAF) - you'll find light blue as well as dark blue stories here.
3. It is fond memories of the camaraderie of service life that binds our readership into something akin to worship of the old warplanes we serviced and we flew. We honour our old kites and our old comrades in these pages.
4. Our roots, through the sires of several of our members, reach back in time to the RNAS, The RFC and the RAF of the 1914 - 1918 war. We remember these.
5. Without jokes and lies life would be pretty dull. We found space for a few.

-Bill Farrell, Editor



*"When once  
you have tasted flight,  
you will always walk the earth  
with your eyes turned skyward,  
for there you have been  
and there you will always be."*

-Leonardo DaVinci 1432 - 1519

## President's Message

How time flies when you're having fun, I think! I now realize just how much effort my predecessors put into this job. Frank, how did you ever put up with it for three years?

Seriously, I have a wonderful Board who are working extremely hard on behalf of the Foundation and I would be remiss if I did not take this opportunity to publicly thank them on behalf of all members. I also want to thank all those who responded to my plea for donations as well as those who responded to my reminder about dues in arrears. We now have 768 members on the books and only 239 in arrears as opposed to 745 & 431 respectively at the end of December.

I am pleased to report that we have a number of initiatives under way. Our Fund-raising Committee under the able leadership of Jav Stevenson is preparing a Prospectus, Business Plan and Project Plan for a Fund-raising Drive to "Save Our Heritage Aircraft" targeted for mid April release.

They are also working on a "Wall of Honour" project to raise funds by selling engraved tiles to supporters. Note the enclosed brochure. We hope you will all be interested as it will provide a beautiful entrance to our new Museum while providing you with a chance to record your service/family history in perpetuity.

Vince Lambie, our Legal beagle, has prepared a brief on "Planned Giving" which will also appear in this issue. Dennis Shaw, who has worked tirelessly for the Foundation since its inception, was successful in convincing Somme & Centennial Branches of the Royal Canadian Legion to donate a combined total of \$2,000 to our Building Fund. Dennis has organized a Fund-raising dinner in the WOs' & Sgts' Mess on 18 Jun 99.

Tom Tonks, another stalwart, has undertaken to sell tickets on two pictures of an Airship hovering over the Maggie, which were donated to us by John Grant. Ernie Cable is the honcho for a request for a millennium grant and has already submitted a Grant Application to the Halifax Regional Municipality. Doug & Marie Peacocke are in the advanced planning stages for a "Salute to an Artist"



event to pay tribute to Geoff Bennett who has many pictures on display in the Museum. This event, by invitation only, will be held in the SAM at 7PM 20 Jun 99, and, it is hoped, will enhance public images of both SAM & SAMF, direct attention to the role of our Museum in education generally, and more specifically the work of artists in recording events in our history.

But, much work remains to be done if we are to be successful in getting the Gate Guardians under cover. They are no longer on their pedestals at the Main Gate of Shearwater. They have been deteriorating at an alarming rate so Chuck Coffen arranged for them to be put in "A" Hangar for refurbishing.

However, when the Swiss Air disaster took place, they were moved out of doors again as the hangar was used for the salvage operation. It now appears that because of Adm Miller's intervention they may be moved into 4 Bldg. The sad news is that they will not be able to be seen, by the public, until a permanent home for them has been completed. What a loss!

Perhaps if all of you reading this newsletter were members of SAMF it would hasten the acquisition of a permanent and adequate home for all our artifacts!

Our Golf Tournament is being run by the SIAS this year with the Foundation guaranteed \$10,000 minimum. We will get a letter out to our regular supporters with the details when they are finalized..

For those of you who read this newsletter and are not members, you can join for as little as \$30/yr. Life members are reminded that they are still allowed (and encouraged) to make an annual contribution.

Last but not least, I want to encourage all of our supporters to use the Foundation as your Charity of Choice. If you wish to remember a friend or relative who has passed on, or honour a friend/relative's birthday etc, call our Secretary at the toll free number, give her the details and your credit card number or fill in that particular part of our application form and mail it in. Our Secretary will arrange the donation and send a letter of condolence to the bereaved/or an acknowledgment letter to the person you are honouring, and a tax receipt to you. What could be simpler!

Incidentally, our office hours are 0830-1130hrs and 1300-1600hrs. (Doug Peacocke suggests you adopt his policy of asking his large family to make a donation to the Foundation in his name on birthdays etc. How many of us really need another tie or pair of socks anyway?)

## Most Humble Apologies! -Ed.

*In the previous issue, the account of a Canso attack on a U-Boat was butchered. There can be no excuse for such editorial negligence. I therefore proposed Hara Kari to my two colleagues - they to provide the bellies, I the blades. In the end, we settled for the less draconian remedy of printing, in this issue, the missing paragraph in the hope that most of you will have kept the previous issue.*

### Submarine Attack: From the Right Hand Seat - The Missing Paragraphs.

A Sunderland flying boat appeared, and the crew was heartened when a message was flashed that help was on the way. Shortly, a Warwick Air Sea Rescue aircraft fitted with an airborne lifeboat arrived. After a run to drop smoke floats to determine the wind, the lifeboat was released. For a moment it appeared that the boat would drop right on the dinghy, however it drifted downwind to land about 175 feet away. In normal circumstances, the dinghy would drift toward the lifeboat, but in this case, with most of the crew in the water, hanging onto the dinghy, the lifeboat was getting farther and farther away. It was then that Waterbury decided to swim for it. He removed his heavy clothing, put on his Mae West and began. When it was reached, he found that the boat had been holed on contact with the water. Its deck was awash, and only the two inflated portions at bow and stern were above water. The oar locks were useless, so it was necessary to try to paddle the heavy boat canoe-fashion from the stern area.

In the meantime, Leatherdale began to weaken and was unable to hold on. The others were unable to help. For a while it seemed that Waterbury would not be able to succeed. He could be seen only when both he and the dinghy were at the top of a swell. At other times he was out of sight. His progress was very slow, and when he finally made it, he was completely exhausted.

Then began the labourious process of getting everyone out of the water onto the lifeboat. Staples and Reed were in very bad shape by this time, and it was with great difficulty that they were brought aboard. The legs of their immersion suits were cut off to release the accumulated water, and the-men were kept as much as possible above the surface.

A second Warwick arrived and dropped a ten-man dinghy. Unfortunately, it fell too far away to be reached so another was dropped. This one was retrieved and, although it had been damaged, it was of help in keeping crew members out of the water. They were also able to mount the lifeboat mast, which helped by providing something to hang on to. From then on it was just a matter of doing everything possible for Reed and Staples and awaiting rescue.

At last the Warwick approached at low level from the south, and it became evident that a rescue launch was being directed to the scene. It was very a welcome sight and was soon alongside. The crew was lifted aboard and given dry clothing. Efforts to revive Staples and Reed were not successful. The crew had been down for about eight-and-a-half hours. The trip to Lerwick in the Shetland Islands was uneventful. The crew was hospitalized for a couple of days and was debriefed while there. They learned that their attack had been successful and that some members of the U-boat crew had also been rescued. They were flown back to Wick in a Ventura aircraft and, on return to Reykjavik, were given leave.

U-715 was the fourth German submarine sunk by 162 Squadron. Unfortunately, the desire for pictures to confirm the results of the attack led to the loss of Canso 9816, and the unserviceability of the dinghies due to over-inflation, to the

(Continued on next page . . .)





## Submarine Attack

(Continued on next page . . . .)

tragic loss of three of the crew.



### Postscript

It was later learned that on 13 June 1944, Machinist Max Forner was a member of the crew of German U-boat U-715, enroute from its base in Norway to attack allied shipping. Built in Hamburg in 1943, U-715 had spent some time training along the Norwegian coast and was travelling westward about 150 miles north of the Shetlands to engage the enemy. With the exception of four of its officers, the crew was young and inexperienced. Max Forner was only 18 years old.

On this day the U-boat Captain, Kapt-Lt Rottger, elected to transit submerged at periscope depth, making use of the schnorkel breathing device so that he could use his diesel engines. It was the feathery wake made by the schnorkel and periscope which was spotted from Canso 9816 and the fate of U-715 was sealed. Four depth charges were dropped from an altitude of 50 feet. Enveloped in the plumes of the exploding depth charges, the U-boat managed to surface, but was mortally wounded. As the U-715 went down, 48 of its 52 man crew got out, but most perished. Max Forner was the last to escape and was able to don his life vest. He and 15 others clung together for about eighteen hours when they were picked up by a Norwegian fishing boat, which was under British control. The prisoners were first taken to Scapa Flow in the Orkneys and then to Edinburg. They were sent as prisoners of war to several locations in the USA and not until 1947 did Max Forner reach home.

But the story does not end there. After 54 years, Jim McRae and Max Forner are now in contact with each other. Several surviving members of the crew of U-715 meet each year and they have forwarded a gracious invitation to Jim to join them. Hopefully, this will come to pass. \*



# LETTERS

( And Email )

#### From Jack Moss:

Ref Winter 98 Edition - Name that Crew.

B- Row: Left: Bob Murray, Centre: Roger Fink

F- Row: Left: Joe Carver and 3<sup>rd</sup> from left is "Kipper" Stephens

#### From Doug McSweeney

Pilot's Bob Murray in flying gear and Roger Fink in Centre.

#### From Jeremy McGreevy:

"Name that Crew?" The gentleman pictured holding his flying helmet might be Bob Murray. I note from my handy reference work (Canada's Naval Aviators) that he was a Pilot in HU21 in 1955/56. The markings on the aircraft would seem to confirm that general time frame.

#### Answer to Trivia question #1:

I believe the pilot was Alec Fox, the XO VF870, fall cruise 1959. The event occurred in the UK and the target was a droned Firefly.

#### From Robert Murray:

Standing L - R: Lt Bob Murray, LCdr F. Roger Fink, PO Scottie Grant  
Front L - R" AB Binger, AB Thibault, LS Roy "Kipper" Stevens and AB Gorman.

#### From Laurie Farrington:

Congrats on a fine SAM Newsletter Winter 98 issue. The story by Jim McRae appears to have been cut off on page 20. As the story of the survival and rescue of some of the gallant crew deserves to be told in full, I would hope in the next issue to see the article completed.

#### From Roger Fink:

Just received the winter newsletter and thoroughly enjoyed the many articles. Especially interesting was George Plawski's account of his fathers flying career in the Russian Navy. I can recall classmates at flying school complaining about having to take ground school -

especially engines and airframes - but if they had to assemble the aircraft they flew, I am certain they would have seen the value.

And of course, the "Angel" story - brought back a few good memories. Also liked the "First Epistle to a Fury Pilot" - as I recall, it was composed by a USN Exchange pilot????



#### From Rod Bays:

As a small nigger, can the Editor-in-Chief, who claims to have some expertise in teaching the unwary to aviate, explain to me how a BANSHEE managed to "torque-stall"???? (vide p.3, col.1, para. 7) or did this particular Banshee somehow slip an aircrew????!

Re: Quest II for Cognoscenti, pg 17:...."There I was, at night, on my back at 40,000 feet, nothing on the clock but the maker's name, and moonbeams coming through the floor boards." Well I know the feeling!

Re: Quest I: A titter ran through the crowd!

#### From Don Cash:

Dear Kay - Many thanks for your moral support on the disgraceful term of "Turkey" from those rude young men who show disrespect for the most gentlemanly aircraft of WW2. Those who flew the "blowtorch specials" will never capture the spirit of flying in evening dress (with my top hat on the Navigator's table).

Also, the propellor kept the pilot cool, which was very necessary on an Escort Carrier like "Nabob", due somewhat to the Skipper thereof.

*Ed's Note: Don's adjective is not quite right - in Kay's case, immoral support is more credible.*

(Continued . . . .)



## Looks like somebody read us all the way through - fabulous!

The Editor/Secretary SAMF

Dear Kay Collacutt  
 Congratulations on a really splendid Winter 1998 edition of the Foundation Newsletter!

Among the many items of great interest to me was (1) Dickie Bartlett and Peter Berry's torque stall and crash was in a Firefly. (2) George Plawski's story. While serving in SKEENA, Plawski was sometimes attached to our C3 escort group. (3) Knobby Westwoods First Epistle to a Fury Pilot is a classic. (4) The LCdr (F) of a night ashore is another super fine story of one of the "characters" whom I have met in fairly recent years out here where he was involved as a general factotum around the Sandown Racetrack, and, I see lots of friends from my Shearwater days 1960/62 and MAGNIFICENT 1948/49.

.....Peter Chance

**Bryan Nelson - Curator  
 ZX Military Aviation Museum**  
 writes: (in part)

.....Let me say what a joy it was to receive my first issue of the SAM Foundation Newsletter (summer 1998 issue). On receipt I immediately took time out to read it from cover to cover. It was just like old home week with many names that leapt off the pages evoking many super memories of my "Tracker Days". Names such as Coffen, Stegen, Curleigh, Gibbon, Bissell, Holms, Pumple, Tate, and of course my first No.2 Rick Anscorb. A trip down memory lane!

I was much amazed at the number of contributors who have taken an active part. This just proves that the silly servants at the "Puzzle Palace" can disband 880 and other Sqns, but they will never deprive the members of that comradeship that belongs to those fortunate few who served this unique and may I say "Elite" group. May I take this form to render a very LARGE hello to all those I had the privilege to serve with on 3 tours of VS/MR 880. WHAAUNGA!

**H.J. (Curly) Hoare** writes:  
 (abridged)

I have several subjects that I would like to write about, if you have the time to read them - here goes.

I very much enjoyed reading the SAMF Newsletter and my only regrets are that I did not subscribe to it earlier and that there is not enough input from the "lower deck". As I am just as guilty as all the other ex-ground crews who do not contribute.

I would like to make a suggestion that might encourage people in my category to submit all those stories that are stored "up top in the old hard drive". I know that during my service career, many humorous events occurred, some, not so humorous at the time, but which now seem hilarious. Would it be possible to start a column specifically for this purpose? The Editor could select the best story received for each issue. Perhaps a catchy title for the column could be used, such as "A funny thing happened on the way to my pension". If it should happen, I will try and do my bit and dig deep in the past for things that might be interesting to the readers.

On page 23 of the latest issue, I think I recognized the Pilot, (back row left side) as LCdr (P) Bob Murray and the tech in the same row on the right side of the picture as PO (perhaps CPO) Grant.

I was pleased to read the letter from our old 19<sup>th</sup> Carrier Air Group Commander, LCdr Hunter (affectionately known, but not to his face, as "Hamish"). I was in 825 Squadron at the time the incident occurred to our CO, LCdr Bartlett and the feeling of relief referred to in the Air Group Commander's letter, was felt by all of the "troops" as well.

**From Jim MacIntosh:**  
 (Abridged)

I recently reviewed some old magazines that were in my uncle's collection and came across a "Legion" National Magazine of the Royal Canadian Legion dated Sep 70. In it there appeared a picture of Commodore Falls turning over H04S 877, "Pedro", to R.W. Bradford, then the head of Rockcliffe's aviation museum. This brought back fond memories of the

event.

At the time, I was working as DPCA 2-3 for Commodore Falls (DPCA). My immediate superior was LCOL Slim Creelman who worked for a Tank Corps Colonel by the name of MacDonald. Prior to the arrival of "Pedro" there were details to arrange -overnight accommodation for the crew, transportation back to Shearwater and a small welcoming party to suitably commemorate the occasion.

Those details were passed on to yours truly who completed them in true Naval Aviator fashion. For my careful attention to detail, Bob Falls wrote a memo to be inserted in my file. The memo of course was passed up the chain of command and the Tank Colonel added a 'Minute' to the effect: "Major MacIntosh is to be congratulated for his fine work. He should be encouraged to place as many airplanes as possible into museums." I couldn't let that get by so replied; "I am also available to put tanks in museums, but am unable to find any that aren't already in a museum." The bantering continued for six or seven 'Minutes' and finally came to a halt. (Col MacDonald wasn't a fan of airplanes or Pilots.)

**F. Roger Fink** writes:

Have just received the winter edition of the Newsletter and thoroughly enjoyed the many articles. Especially interesting was George Plawski's account of his fathers flying career in the Russian Navy. I can recall classmates at Flying School complaining about having to take ground school - especially engines and airframes - but if they had to assemble the aircraft they flew, I am certain they would have seen the value.

And of course, the story of the "Angel" brought back a few good memories. Also liked the "First Epistle to a Fury Pilot" - as I recall it was composed by a USN exchange pilot??

Keep up the good work.

**Ed: I attribute the epistle to Knobby Westwood.**



**"Thoughts of Home and Loved Ones"** -*Summer 1998 edition of the Newsletter.*

Peter Holmes writes: "Until reading this edition of the Newsletter, I was unaware that 'Lulu' was a sailor's lament. In fact, in the version I have, there is no mention of sailors or the sea. The closest reference being the inability of her son Jim to swim in her chamber pot." - and he goes on with further graphic, to say the least, language.

Peter Holmes (ex RCAF) a regular respondent, just doesn't get it: Ribald verse (and prose) has to be couched euphemistically (this rag has a tarnished image to uphold after all). So, Peter, find couth words that will tweak the memories of but not offend the sense of decorum of us genteel Naval types. (*And that goes for the rest of you bums too. -Ed*)

**29th CNAG Reunion,**  
**Victoria, BC**



To be held at the Empress Hotel.  
Book your room now. Rate for those attending is \$95 per night plus tax. Registration for the Reunion is:

- \$85 for members
- \$95 for non members

We hope you will attend -we're looking forward to seeing you again.

For further info please call:  
Red Atkins 1-250-744-1236

**The Golden Rivet**

Even the most ignorant of landlubbers and pigeons knows that a ship's mainmast is stepped on a golden coin to ensure its good fortune on the high seas but only the cognoscenti know of the Golden Rivet. Where, in HMC Ships can this be found and what kind of good fortune did it hold

in store for a sailor? Prize for the first correct answer is the usual all expense paid salt water cruise between two major East Coast cities.

**Failing Memory?**

Your memory may be better than you think - despite your advancing years. If you can remember all the lyrics to the song "Lloyd George Knew My Father" score 99%. If you can also remember a tune (whatever that may be) your mark is a full 100.

**Roots - Bell-Irving**

A book, "Gentleman Air Ace - the Duncan Bell-Irving Story" by Elizabeth O'Kiely, Harbour Publishing, Madiera Park, B.C. gives an account of the Bell-Irvings in the RFC 1914-1918. Does anyone know if our Brian Bell-Irving, killed in a Banshee accident, Bonaventure was a scion of this family? \*

**Can You Name The Faces ??**



How about this *Observer's Mate* class? Can you supply names?







# Cash in the Carribean

-An Avenger Adventure



## Deus Ex Machina!

**S**nuggled down in your easy chair? Feet to a cozy fire? Hot buttered rum in hand? Pretty damned comfortable eh?

Now close your eyes and trade places with Don Cash, sitting on a parachute pack, feet to a hot engine, no rum, dark night, dark sea and, at his patrol's end, no welcoming flight deck in sight - fuel gauges inexorably homing in on the zero mark, shark habitat below. Pretty damned uncomfortable eh?

H.M.S. Nabob, Caribbean Sea, Avenger, Anti-Submarine Patrol, March 1944. That's the broader scenario. Don's was more localized: Don's world was a dimly lit instrument panel plus a windscreen and canopy that, at ETA, yielded not a trace of the image of Nabob - not a

trace of phosphorescent wake - just empty and sea. "Before him not the ghost of a ship, before him only a shipless sea".

Not to put too fine a point on it, this



Avenger crew was L-O-S-T lost! Whether this was because of a PIM screw-up, the Observer's screw-up, or the then yet-to-be-discovered Bermuda Triangle effect may never be known. In situations like this the eyeballs get one hell of a workout - watch, fuel gauges, sea scan, watch, fuel gauges, sea scan over and over and over. The grip on the Newfoundland seat-belt becomes like that of your pit bull on the neighbour's cat. Now squirm down deep into your easy chair, sip your rum and cast off that nasty thought - Thank God it's Don, not Me!

So what does any well-trained crew do? Why, search (square search) for the flight deck of course! Steer and scan, scan and steer while gauges and watch predict the conclusion of the airborne phase of this patrol. Then comes



An early, pre-modification Avenger, with the original ball turret still installed -- as depicted in the story.

decision time: We ain't gonna find her - let's head for the nearest land.

Somewhere out there should be Jamaica and Cuba, lush tropical islands with unlimited supplies of rum. So let's go! (flying for range of course - not BUSTER throttle).

Suddenly, breakers ahead, stark white against the dark sea. Then the question "Whether tis better to suffer the bumps and grinds of outrageous bellying-in on a beach of unknown surface or, by ditching near the shark-harbours breakers, impale yourself on the Dilemma's other goring, sharp horn?" With either choice the depth charges had best be got rid of first. A quick dart offshore, away charges (un-armed) and then back to the beach.

Perhaps a Very Pistol light would illuminate the beach enough to read its surface? Pow! Bang! Pfutt or whatever and the flare casts its feeble light about.

Now here we come to the deus ex machina bit. Forget about the beach. Forget about the breakers. Forget about the sharks. Like in a Greek play, while our desperate aviators are peering intently down through the glare of the flare, knowing full-well that they are running on fumes, Salvation comes on stage. Runway lights come on! Yes, actual honest-to-

God, Edison variety electric runway lights - and very close aboard. Fate (Don says "The Divine Navigator") had seen fit to bring him and his crew, with absolute precision, to an airfield they didn't know existed. The new U.S.N. Base, Guantanamo, Cuba.

*With the connections Don demonstrably has, he'd be a good man to trust your eulogy to. Might improve your chances at your Pearly Gates reception - "I'm a friend of Don's, your Majesty".*



### Don's epilogue:

Would like to add at the end, that a very warm welcome was given at the Officers' Quarters for us all and that we were given an F6F (Hellcats to you) escort back to the ship, were we had been posted as missing and that it took the Admiralty a week to correct the telegram that they had received! If you wish to soften the "blow" be my guest. Otherwise, you have indeed found another vocation!

Regards, Don  
 Editor's Note: *Contrary to a mountain of evidence, Admiralty was on our side.*





## Early Days of Canadian Naval Air

by S/Lt(A) Fred W. Lynch  
(Abridged)

On 2 Jul 1945, 825 Squadron was re-formed as a Canadian Naval Air Squadron. It was manned by Canadian Naval personnel, with the exception of most of the Aircrew, due to a lack of qualified Canadians at the time, and of the Officers' Stewards, as the Canadian Navy had a notable lack of such people. My Telegrapher Air Gunner was APO Alan Temperton, RN.

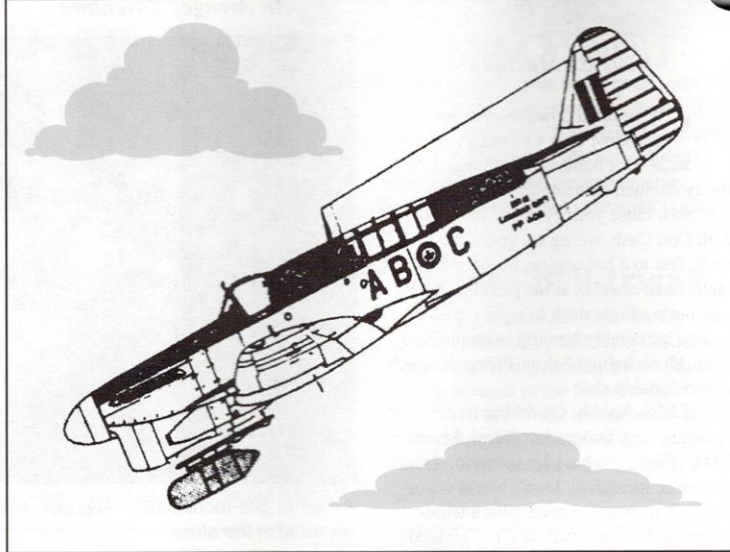
Lt Cdr Stovin-Bradford had a distinguished career in the FAA prior to taking command of 825. We Pilots accused him of being a mere Observer who didn't know the finer points of flying. He introduced us to night dive bombing, which entailed one aircraft dropping flares to silhouette the target for the other eleven who dove on the target at about 60 degrees in line abreast, dropped their bombs and then pulled up through the line of flares, not only blinded by the glare, but also with their gyro instruments toppled and unserviceable, and ten other aircraft all around in the same predicament. How we survived was purely a matter of luck it seemed to most of us.

### Search & Rescue Corner

At the site, one lone survivor sat with his back against a tree, chewing on a bone. As he tossed the bone onto a huge pile of bones, he noticed the rescue team. "Thank God", he cried out in relief. "I am saved!"

The rescue team did not move, as they were in shock, seeing the pile of human bones beside this lone survivor. Obviously he had eaten his comrades. The survivor saw the horror in their faces and hung his own head in shame. "You can't judge me for this" he insisted. "I had to survive. Is it so wrong to want to live?"

The leader of the rescue team stepped forward, shaking his head in disbelief. "I won't judge you for doing what was necessary to survive, but my God man, your plane only went down yesterday!"



*Fairey Firefly*

Initially, the squadron was equipped with Barracuda II aircraft fitted with the latest ASH radar - I believe the only Barracudas to be so fitted. Later we were given Firefly FR1 aircraft as we prepared to join HMCS WARRIOR which was fitting out in Belfast. This meant having to fly really airworthy aircraft, which was a great bonus, but it meant that we lost our TAGs, which was an emotional parting, as we had been together as aircrews since Operational Training at RNAS Crail.

Most of the aircrew had been on other first line squadrons prior to joining 825. In my own case, together with my crew of Jimmy Poland and Alan Temperton, we had been on 818 Sqn until it was disbanded shortly after VE Day in May of 1945 when we were gradually replaced on 825 by former RCAF aircrew who had transferred to the RCN, our aircrews just seemed to melt away. We had been very proud to have been chosen as the founding members of Canadian Naval Aviation, and Stovin-Bradford never let us forget that we were a CANADIAN Squadron. He set a high standard for all of us and we did our best to live up to his expectations. They

were great times and I am glad to have been part of them.

Reference the new 'low flying standards' - I flew my Harvard under the Thousand Islands Bridge while at 31 SFTS at Kingston in 1943! Does anyone remember the Swordfish that accompanied our train at <10 feet when we left RNAS Crail on graduation from the OTU there in 1944?

#### "Sic Transit Gloria Mundi!"

**Eric Edgar writes:** I heard the other day that our Canadian Military Pilots must restrict their flypasts to a minimum altitude of 1000 ft. **Benny Oxholm** would last about 20 minutes before being grounded indefinitely. Anyone remember the time he buzzed the tower at Rivers so that the VIPs had to look down to see his Ban-shee? Ah well, I guess it's a sign of the times - pity though!

*It gets worse - two Forces Pilots were fined for flying a helicopter under a bridge across the Northumberland Strait - I thought that was what choppers were designed for. Ed*





## Lieut ABF Fraser-Harris, RN in Norway circa 1940

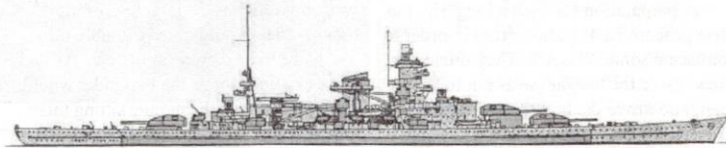


Fraser-Harris later served in the R.C.N. and commanded the crew of HMCS Magnificent (a right good crew). He retired in the rank of Commodore

From FAAOA News Sheet, March 1999: (p.74) "Norwegian Museum Returns Skua Control Column to Safe Hands!" The control column of a Blackburn SKUA was recently handed over to the aircraft's original pilot, the then Lieut. **Fraser-Harris** at a ceremony held at the Fleet Air Arm Museum. **Klas Gjolmesli** and other staff from the Norwegian Aviation Museum in Bodo made a special visit to return the control column, which will be used in the reconstruction of the SKUA at Yeovilton.

Telegraphist Air Gunners **Georgie Russell** and '**Dickie**' **Rolph** from 803 were also on hand to witness **Fraser** receiving the same control column which he had last seen on 25 April 1940 when he and **George** were forced to ditch the **Skua** in a Norwegian fjord after a dawn raid on Trondheim Harbour.

The flight to Trondheim was made from HMS GLORIOUS, which lay off the Norwegian coast. They were two hours into their mission when a stream of tracer bullets struck the fuselage. Shortly afterwards the oil pressure gauge dropped to



zero and the engine cut. In view of the mountainous nature of the country, Fraser-Harris decided to land in a small fjord. Both men swam ashore unhurt.

Local villagers witnessed the descent of the **Skua** and initially both pilot and gunner were pelted with rocks as they were mistaken for Germans. When the Norwegians realized that they were Allies, the men were taken to a nearby farmhouse to thaw out, where they were given warm clothing and food.

Disguised in Norwegian dress, the following 24 hours saw both men undertake the 69 mile trek over the mountains to escape advancing German forces. Melting snow made heavy work of the journey and

they alternated between walking and skis - although their efforts at this art were not very successful. After being smuggled aboard a Norwegian fishing boat, eventually they reached Namsos harbour where they were transferred to HMS CALCUTTA and shipped safely home.

The **Skua** was the first Royal Navy monoplane fighter and the first purpose-built British dive bomber. The Fleet Air Arm had been quick to come to Norway's aid with its carrier-borne **Skua** squadrons and now the Museum, which can provide information, drawings and background on the SKUA, and the Norwegian Aviation Museum - which salvaged many of the parts - are helping one another to rebuild two **Skuas**. One will be kept at the FAA Museum and one in Norway, and these are likely to be the only two in existence. (article courtesy Rod Bay's eagle eye on aviation pubs.)

Is irony the word? Glorious and her attendant destroyer *Acosta* were presently to fall to the guns of the battlecruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* and go down with only 38 survivors

### 825 Squadron

Greetings to all when Dominion/Canada Day 1999 rolls around. This is a special day for it marks the 54th anniversary of the formation of 825 Squadron as a Royal Canadian Naval Air Squadron, and of my joining it as a lowly Sub-Lieutenant (A) RNVR, under the command of Lt-Cdr (A) Fred Stovin-Bradford DSC RN. I will raise a glass in honour of the occasion and of my squadron mates of 825. "God bless her, and all who sail in her!"

-Fred Lynch.





## HMCS POVERTY

By Tom Tonks

During the war, service personnel on leave would be issued a voucher which allowed them to travel by rail for \$15 anywhere in Canada. This practice was canceled in 1947.

825 and 803 Sqns were given 28 days leave prior to sailing to the U.K. in 1947 to pick up HMCS WARRIOR. Since rail fare to Vancouver was \$200, Fred Lucas (who later became a Founding Member of CNAG) organized personnel from both squadrons, thirty one in all, at \$60 each, and purchased a 3 ton war assets truck for \$1250. Before leaving Dartmouth the truck was painted in a style befitting such an enterprising group. 803 Sqn crest was painted on one door, with 825 on the other. One side was painted "Oh for the life of a Sailor" (Home for a little while), "Atlantic to Pacific". The other read (Sailors Express) "Halifax to Vancouver and return". A Commissioning pennant was draped across the front of HMCS POVERTY - this was confiscated by the Regulating Office before the truck was allowed out of the main gate.

In preparation for such a long trip, the crew procured a 45 gallon drum in order to confiscate some AVGAS. They drove the truck inside the hangar (so as not to be seen) and drove the bowser in beside it. A well known PO (later retired a C1) was filling the barrel from the bowser when the Commander walked in. The PO simply explained there was an emergency and completed the job of filling the barrel. So with 45 gallons of free gasoline, a banjo, a radio, a watch system of four drivers and four navigators. They set out for Vancouver - each watch drove for 150 miles.

The crew planned to do their own repairs. Shortly after leaving Dartmouth, the clutch started slipping. When they got to Truro they had to replace it, causing a three-hour delay. The plan was to drive through the Northern States. Before they reached Chicago they were burning as much oil as they were gas and the truck had very little power. When they stripped the engine down it was obvious the block required re-boring. This was done with the use of equipment at a local garage.



The only place oversized pistons were available was in Chicago - a hundred miles further on. Two of the crew were sent to fetch the pistons. Somehow they became separated in the big city and didn't return for four days.

Meanwhile, the crew frequented one of the local bars to soon discover the locals didn't drink rum and the bartender was only too pleased to get rid of his quota. They would order a double rum and place their money on the bar. As their glass became empty, the bartender would refill it and leave the money sitting there. One of the crew got pretty drunk and the bartender cut him off. He didn't want to offend him, however, so he handed him a full bottle of rum and told him to leave. Of course the police picked him up and put him in jail for the night. Since there were 31 bodies sleeping in the back of a 3 ton truck, either sitting up or lying between each others legs, it was the only bed he slept in during the whole trip. Needless to say the best night's sleep he had.

Another member decided to try his luck fishing in a nearby stream and managed to catch a fish. He was able to coerce one of the local housewives to cook it for him. He claims it was the best meal he had during the trip.

While driving through Montana at 50 miles an hour in a 35 mile zone, they were pulled over by the highway patrol. The driver asked the patrolman how to get to

Canada. He said "Follow me". They were escorted all the way to the border with no mention of a ticket or fine.

Driving through the mountains of B.C. the generator quit. It was decided they could reach Vancouver before nightfall they would be OK as long as they didn't shut the engine off. While driving up the Patula Bridge over the Fraser River in New Westminster the truck began to falter. The driver had inadvertently switched the lights on. When he switched the lights off, the motor picked up speed and there was a surge of power sufficient to get over the top of the span. They coasted down the other side and parked in the nearest parking lot. They had dropped members off along the way, so by now there were only twelve left. They pooled their resources and arrived home in taxis. The twelve names I have are Hamilton, Diney, Lucas, Smith, Knowles, Reid, Ironside, Gorton, Ferguson, Hill, Modine and Cassidy. By the time they reached New Westminster they had been on the road for 10 days. They clocked 5000 miles, crossed the Canada/US Border six times. They put a new generator on before leaving BC, gathered at the CN station in Vancouver and returned to Dartmouth in 5 days without incident.

They sold the truck in Dartmouth and split the money. The entire crew agrees, it was "the trip of a lifetime"! ☼



## Magnificent photo raffled

When I attended the CNAG Reunion in Trenton last October, John Clark presented me with 3 coloured, framed, heritage pictures of the MAGNIFICENT, for the Museum. The original was taken off of Bermuda in 1952, and shows an American Blimp approaching the stern, with two Avengers ranged on the after-deck.

We are keeping one picture for display in the Museum, the other two will

be raffled off with the proceeds going to the Firefly restoration.

Tickets are \$1 each, or six for \$5, and may be purchased from the SAM, the SAMF and all CNAG Chapters. Other organizations may order, in bulk, from SAMF, 461-0062, or toll free 1-888-497-4449. The draw will take place during the 1999 NSIAS at Shearwater. There will be two winners.

-Tom Tonks



## SAM/SAMF - The Difference

**The SAM** is a wholly owned subsidiary of the DND. Its budget, including salaries, originates with Federal tax dollars. As an agent of the Crown, it is subject to certain benefits and certain restrictions. One of the latter is that its staff is not permitted to "go public" to raise or solicit funds. Hence, the Foundation.

**The SAMF** was created to provide an "arms-length" fund-raising agency for SAM without SAM's direct participation. The Foundation is incorporated under the Statutes of Nova Scotia and maintains an identity quite separate from SAM.

All donations, bequests, memorials, and other forms of financial support for the Foundation's activities should be made payable to the **SAMF** because the SAM is not raising funds for the new museum building - the Foundation is. If these donations are made to the SAM, then they must be sent for deposit to the DND account and later paid to the Foundation. The SAM would like to avoid this extra handling.

We therefore request that you please ensure all donations are made payable and forwarded to the SAM Foundation. ☺

## From the Scy



Hello everyone: I hope all is well with you. Things are very busy around the Foundation these days, Museum opening, fund-raising, etc etc.

We have received some wonderful letters that are most appreciated. However, it would be nice to hear from more of you with your exploits/stories - printable ones - that you would like to share.

I have a story. One day when I went to the office in 3 Hgr, I found staff looking out the window and snickering. When I asked what was going on, they told me a T33 had been taxiing past 'C' Hgr when it suddenly stopped outside 'B' Hgr and the pilot got out, climbed through a window (into the washroom), came back out, got in the aircraft and taxied away. No doubt they were probably putting me on. Although, they told me the pilot's name at the time, I can't remember it - I think it began with 'F' - anyone want to fess up?

The area by the Main Gate area is pretty bleak without your beloved Naval Air Gate Guardians. Don't expect to see them for a while - a long while - or maybe never again - unless we get a permanent shelter for them. There are a few who are working hard supporting the "Save our Heritage Aircraft" project and then there's the rest of you. These old war birds are your most tangible connection with the great days of your youth. Your membership payment of \$30 a year - less than 8 cents a day - will keep them there for you to touch and enjoy the rest of your life. The application form is in the center section. USE IT! (Don't be such cheapies.) If you are a member and you order anything from the SAM gift shop, please give your membership number and receive 10% off whatever it is you are purchasing.

Have you checked out the Museum home page lately? It's looking better every day. <http://www3.ns.sympatico.ca/awmuseum/>

Bye for now - Kay ☺





**PLEASE NOTE THE FOLLOWING:** The Foundation Fiscal Year is from 1 Sep -31 Aug.

1. When you receive your Christmas issue of the Newsletter, please check your address label. If it does not read the following year ie if in Dec 99 your address label does not read 2000, then it is time to remit your annual contribution. A reminder will appear in the Summer issue.
2. Please specify if your contribution is to be used partially for membership and partially as a donation. If your application just specifies 'donation', then it will be used for that purpose only.
3. All members are listed in our Donor Recognition Book in the Museum. When your contributions total \$1000 and above, your name will be mounted on our Donor Recognition Board, also in the Museum. If you wish to check your total contributions, please call our Secretary.

**MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM**

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ Fax: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_ Email: \_\_\_\_\_

Postal Code: \_\_\_\_\_

**Membership:** (Please circle) Life: \$500 Patron: \$250/yr Sustaining: \$100/yr Regular: \$30/yr  
**Donation:** (Please circle) In Memoriam, In Honour, Building Fund, Artifact Restoration

NOTE: If In-Memoriam or In-Honour, provide address for recipient of a letter of condolence/acknowledgement from our Secty.

Amount: \_\_\_\_\_

**Method of Payment: (Please circle:)**

Cheque, Money Order, Cash or Credit Card: VISA or MASTERCARD only.

Card Number: \_\_\_\_\_ Expiry Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Your signature please: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

If you **wish your Credit Card** debited **with** your contribution automatically, please note below:

Membership and/or donation: Amount: \_\_\_\_\_

Annually in September \_\_\_\_\_ or in \_\_\_\_\_ (Other month)

Contributions may be made in person, by mail, telephone, FAX or Email. An official receipt for Income Tax Income Tax purposes will be issued on receipt (or when credit card authorization is processed) for any contribution of \$10 or more. Our Registered Charity Number is 119925 3904 ROQOI.

Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation (OR: SAM Foundation)  
 P0 Box 5000 Station Main, Shearwater, NS BOJ 3A0

Telephone: (902) 461-0062 (902) 460-1011 Ext 1053 Toll Free: 1-888-497-7779  
 FAX: (902) 461-1610 Email: SAMF Secty: [kcollacutt@ns.svmpatico.ca](mailto:kcollacutt@ns.svmpatico.ca)

NOTE: To ensure you remain on our mailing list, please complete the above form. For those who have been away from the fold for a while, it takes only the payment of this year's dues to put you back as a member in good standing. Please -- lets hear from you.





### PLANNED GIVING

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

**Requests made by Will**

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

**Income Tax Benefits**

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

**Request of Life Insurance**

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

**-- or by means of a simple Codicil to your current Will.**

The following is a simple Codicil which can be added to your present Will:

"Codicil Number One to the Last Will and Testament of \_\_\_\_\_

which Last Will and Testament is dated this \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_ 19 \_\_\_\_ . I hereby add to that said

Will as follows:

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

to be paid out of my general estate.

Signed and dated this \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_ 19 \_\_\_\_ in the City of \_\_\_\_\_

Province of \_\_\_\_\_

Witness: \_\_\_\_\_ Witness: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_ Address: \_\_\_\_\_

: \_\_\_\_\_

: \_\_\_\_\_

Signature of Testator



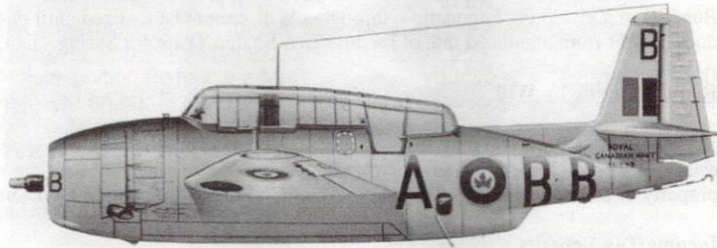


## The Avenger History

### Variations on a monoplane theme

The Grumman TBF Avenger can be traced back to 1939 when the U.S. Navy Bureau of Aeronautics issued a requirement for a VTB (carrierborne torpedo bomber) to replace the Douglass TBD Devastator. The Bureau demanded that the winning airframe be able to undertake torpedo and bomb attacks on surface ships, lay heavy smoke screens, scout for surface forces and engage light surface vessels with light weapons such as machine guns.

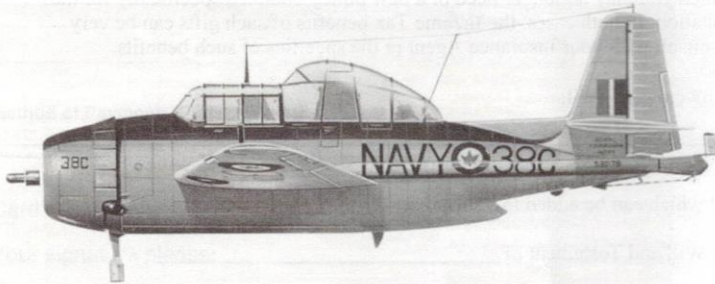
After a disappointing combat debut at the Battle of Midway when five out of six Avengers were lost. The Avenger went on to become one of the decisive weapons of World War II. It was flown by... U.S. Navy



Aviation of Eastern Passage, Nova Scotia made modifications to the TBMs so it could better meet the roll the RCN demanded of it. Sixteen aircraft were modified to carry MAD equipment for improved submarine detection, these Avengers became known as the AS Mk.3M model.

and water bombers throughout Canada and the United States. Several of these contractors operated the Avenger in those roles in New Brunswick.

The Shearwater Aviation Museum had an Avenger on display inside the main gate at CFB Shearwater. It is now moved to a taxiway pending the finding of a shelter for it (Building Project)



and the Royal Navy.

In 1942 Eastern Aircraft Division of General Motors was contracted to produce the TBM Avenger. This production line was set up to allow Grumman to concentrate on the production of the F6F Hellcat fighter. Grumman's Avenger production ended in December 1943 after producing 2293 aircraft. Eastern Aircraft went on to produce the Avenger until September 1945 with a total of 7546 aircraft completed.

The Avenger has a long established association with Atlantic Canada, in both civilian and military roles. After 47 years the Avenger is still performing much needed service as water bombers in New Brunswick. The TBM entered Canadian service as the Avenger Mk.3. Fairey



In September 1952 the RCN added eight TBM-3W2 Avengers to its inventory. These Avengers soon became known as the "Guppy" due to its large radar dome under its fuselage. The Guppy was used in the Airborne Early Warning and Surface Search and Detection roles.

The RCN retired the Avengers on the 13th of June 1960 after ten years of operation from HMCS Shearwater and the aircraft carrier HMCS Magnificent. Naval Reserve Squadrons from across Canada also flew the Avenger.

Not all of the Canadian Naval Avengers were scrapped or found their way to the fire dump. Civilian contractors bought the TBMs for use as aerial spray planes



*An very early Mark of this most venerable aerodyne (!)*

Forest Protection Limited is still flying the TBM in the water bombing role from two New Brunswick locations. The airport in Fredericton and the former CFB Chatham. FPL currently has twelve Avengers, six are active water bombers, one is maintained on standby and the remaining five are held as spares. In 1975 FPL had 23 Avengers operating in New Brunswick. FPL currently plans are to operate the Avengers well into the next century.

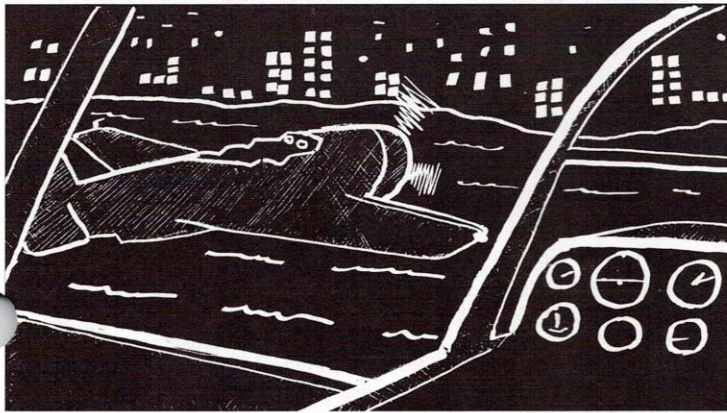
*With thanks for the text from "Skywritings"*



## Hit and Miss

(by Robin L. Hughes)

One evening in April 1953 (see 'THE BOOK' for exact date) Freddie Rice and myself found ourselves "renting" a couple of Avengers for a little night proficiency flying. We were both on non-flying jobs and needed to qualify for the princely sum of 30 bucks a month flying pay. A warm front was approaching Shearwater and we had a



*Danse (formation) Macabre*

ceiling of 1700 feet and about five miles in whatever (haze?). There were a bunch of aviators going aloft that evening and most had a similar idea to ours, ie, stick close to the alma mater airdrome in case the crud rolled in. Fred and I elected to do some formation. He was to lead for the first half. In my back seat was a Wren officer named Merle Jacquest who was Captain's Sec. Merle in her thrashing about had pulled her intercom plug and was incommunicado but her eyeballs were showing the whites. We rolled for take off with a right turn approved off old runway 20 (it might have been 24 which continued down the hill and out the gate if you kept it low) and by the time we were passing the Dartmouth Ferry (no bridge in those days) I was riding on Fred's right wing. About halfway up Bedford Basin a streak of red passed close in front on a downward path westbound. I looked beyond Fred to see what had just missed us. I punched the R/T button and said to Fred "Did you see

that?" No reply. I continued watching a white light (it seemed to be rolling left) which continued its path and crashed in a bright burst near the hill where the TV tower is located. I then really focused on Fred and noted to my shock (to put it mildly) that I was flying formation on an Avenger with no cockpit, no pilot ----- nothing. The rest is a tad blurred.

I switched back to AW Ops and pushed out the required three "Maydays" to get their attention, didn't know what to say, so piped up with two more sets and then blurted out the news that I was

headed for Bedford in company with a pilotless Avenger in the lead. They were a mite stunned too and asked for a "say again all after Mayday". I firmly kept my finger on the xmit button and kept a running commentary on the fact that the Turkey had started a gentle turn left and was easing down toward the Prince's Landing bit on the shore of the basin. The turn began to wind up and the (now) spiral steepen, until there was a great splash safely in the Basin. I returned to base and pancaked----even remembered the gear!

### Postscript:

A roll call over the RT produced a missing fury. The pilot was on his first night trip, had entered cloud, turned left and down to exit cloud base over the basin. He missed us in the lights of the city behind us. His left wing missed me by millimeters, hit Fred and was then ripped off. The rest you know. I subsequently met the Press and a Court of Enquiry. ☼



Atton, Bill  
 Bagnell, Geoff  
 Cairns, Laurie  
 Cox, Bill  
 Craik, Bob  
 Cridland, Norm  
 Dunbar, Frank  
 Flavele, William  
 Harkins, Ray  
 Howie, J.J.  
 Jones, Norman  
 Kidd, Denzil  
 MacKenzie, Jim  
 McBride, Don  
 Power, Charles  
 Randle, Randy  
 Raymond, Cndre, D.L.  
 Stokes, John  
 White, Ted  
 Winger, Robert



*These are the names that have come to our attention. Readers please update from 1999.*





## ROOTS

From the U.K. Diaspora Member,  
Sam Row:

"Windyridge" Parsonage Hill  
Colne Road  
Bures  
Suffolk, England

Dear Editor:

With reference to your article "Roots" in the Winter '98 Newsletter, I too have a connection going back to the Royal Flying Corps. In 1915, my father transferred from the R.A.S.C. to the R.F.C. qualifying as a Pilot at the age of 31, thus becoming one of, if not the oldest man flying over the line in the First World War.



During the latter part of the war, he served on the Italian/Austrian front as a Captain under Col. Barker. At the time Col Barker took the then Prince of Wales over the enemy lines, in fact, father being about the same height and build as the Prince, lent him his flying gear and could well have been logged in the rear seat. When in fact he was given a bottle of whisky and told to get lost for a few hours. From what my father told me, the Prince got ordered back to England over that escapade and wrote to Col Barker saying, "How much he would like to be back with the flyers and not cooped up in this old barn in London", or words to that effect. That letter could still be in existence in the family archives.

Post war, my father, returned to Canada where he had spent a couple of years or so around 1907.

Where does the rest of the family fit in with aviation and/or Canada? I emigrated to Canada in 1930, only coming back to join the R.N. because the waiting list for the R.C.N. was almost as big as the fleet during the depression. Pre war, I was in the West Indies, North and South American Station, then in 1938 when the F.A.A. restarted I transferred to form the original



ground crews as an Armourer and spending two very happy years as a Commissioned Officer at Shearwater in the '50s.

Back to other aviation connections - my brother did over sixty ops as aircrew in Bomber Command before getting killed.

Links with Canada are still strong, not only through my old Shearwater friends but through my youngest son, living in Sidney, who has been in B.C. for thirty years, and who when I go out to see him, I say I am going home.

As ever,  
Sam Row

*(An ocean away in body, but present in spirit.  
-Ed)*

### Robert Murray writes:

Lt(P) Charles E. Butterworth who flew Corsairs from HMS Formidable (1842 San) with Hammy Gray (1841 Sqn). His father Flt Lt Charles H.S. Butterworth, RNAS, Three Naval Wing, was wounded and forced down behind German lines by a Folker D-111 in Oct 1916. He spent the rest of the War as a POW.



SlT(P) Arthur Gordon Byshe was killed in a flying accident near US NAS Jacksonville, Fl. 16/11/44. His father Gordon Thomas Bysse, Flt SLT, RNAS, Two Naval Wing, was shot down near Hamidge during a reconnaissance flight over the Dardanelles and spent the remainder of the war as a POW at Afjou-Kara-Hissar, Turkey.

Additional information can be obtained from 'Canada's Naval Aviators'. Note the two spellings of Bysse/Byshe. The son dropped one of the S's in his name.

## A NAVAL POINT OF VIEW



An old Sailor and an old Marine were sitting at the VFW arguing about who'd had the tougher career. "I did 30 years in the Corps" the Marine declared proudly, "and fought in three of my country's wars. Fresh out of boot camp I hit the beach at Okinawa, clawed my way up the blood-soaked sand, and eventually took out an entire enemy machine gun nest with a single grenade. "As a Sergeant, I fought in Korea alongside General MacArthur. We pushed back the enemy inch by bloody inch all the way up to the Chinese border, always under a barrage of artillery and small arms fire. I did three consecutive combat tours in Vietnam. We humped through the mud and razor grass for 14 hours a day, plagued by rain and mosquitoes, ducking under sniper fire all day and mortar fire all night. In a firefight, we'd fire until our arms ached and our guns were empty, then we'd charge the enemy with bayonets!"

"Ah," said the Sailor with a dismissive wave of his hand, "Lucky bastard, all shore duty, huh?"

### USE A PLAIN ENVELOPE AND SEND BY COURIER !

This message is to the person who has absconded with the 803/870 SQN LINEBOOK from the SAM archives.



**Courier** (do not trust this priceless artifact to Canada Post) to the Secretary SAMF. Your identity, if we discover it, will be kept strictly confidential and placed in a file sealed until 2050 C.E.. This to protect you from the lynch-mob that is gathering outside the museum even as we go to press.



## Merry Christmas!



At the SAM Volunteer's Christmas Party a very generous cheque (\$2,000) from the Somme and Centennial Branches of the Royal Canadian Legion was presented to our extremely happy SAMF President. From left to right: Milton Samms, Centennial Legion, our Pres Eric Edgar, Alan Moore, Somme Branch and SAM Director, LCol Jim Cox. Our thanks to these two Royal Canadian Legion Branches.

### And so say all of us!

#### Brave Souls

BY Doc Schellinck

There is little doubt that Naval Aircrew lived a glamorous life and much is said about their exploits, often at the exclusion of other worthy branches. There were many "unsung heroes" in the Air Branch; however, as an LSO on the carriers, I developed the greatest admiration for the Aircraft Handlers. Unless you have been through it you simply cannot imagine the horrible experience of the chockmen, particularly at night, as they lay next to the undercarriage with no proper protective clothing and with the propellers whining a scant few feet from their heads. With the aircraft "running up" the hurricane force wind would pick up particles of nonskid paint and pummel the Handlers. Add to this a rolling deck and the constant fear that an aircraft might pitch forward and

send propeller and deck metal flying into the launch park. When the aircraft were ready to launch they had to remove the chocks, drag themselves under the aircraft while hanging onto the arrester wires to keep from being blown into the aircraft propellers astern and worm their way to the edge of the deck and the safety of a gun sponson.

The Handlers and indeed the entire Flight Deck Crew can reminisce with pride.

#### Harry Brown *replies:*

As an Observer, the most hair-raising thing I encountered was changing aircraft on the flight deck when all the planes were running. This didn't happen too many times, but I have to agree with Doc that the ACs who were in this position daily, were truly the unsung heroes.

### And we say it again!

Doc Schellinck is correct on how terrifying it can be crawling under aircraft staged and running up on the flight deck. I was called on only once to do it.

It happened on the MAGNIFICENT. One of the planes had an oxygen supply problem. Fifty years later I am not sure of the details but I was sent out to fix it. The Pilots had not yet started their engines when I opened a cowling located almost directly under the Pilot's seat. I was standing with half my body in the opening when the planes started up. I completed my work, then with all the planes running up, I had to get out of there. I was hesitating as I was worried about being blown into the propellers of the planes behind me. Fortunately, an Aircraft Handler saw my hesitation and came out and guided me under the planes keeping the rear wheel between me and the propeller of the planes behind.

Aircraft Handlers had a very demanding and at times dangerous responsibility.

.....Bill Moran ☼

## Cognoscenti Corner

*The drawing above is of a rare, some think extinct, bird noted for its ability to perform turns of infinitely-diminishing radius.*

*Name it and describe, onomatopoeically, its cry.*





## Landing Etc - Trials -Bonaventure - Boss "Big" Jim Hunter

by Jake Birks

**INTRODUCTION** "Slide Rule" - having only gone through one half year at McGill in Montreal 1949, my only knowledge of a "Slide Rule" was action to take after the landing from a ski jump.

**THE CAST** (Pilots) Big Jim Hunter, Doc Schellinck, Big Nick (Ken Nicholson) Shel Rowell, Mo Kormanisky, Me.

**THE SCENARIO** Friday PM before the trials started on the following Monday - discussion on fuel load (weight) wires (6) to be caught - G forces acceptable etc etc. Big Jim has an enviable sense of humour, dead pan. Meeting coming to a close, Big J. asks, "Any questions?"

I merely asked, Sir, what about 6 wire, it's only "X" to angled deck end." (Short distance) Big J. tried to hand me his slide-rule and I said "Please don't point that thing at me". A tiny grin appeared on his lips.

Now five days later, all had gone well since Monday. It is 6 wire time. I'm elected out of two, Doc and Me. Well, yawl don't say, "I'm gonna catch 6 wire". But that day, I did, kept the ball a tidge high, got wave off from Fly-Co, and at the same time caught the wire.

To the best of my knowledge I yam the only N.O. to catch 6 wire. I stared down at the ocean waiting to die. It, 6 wire, was taken out, forever, that day.

Five wire (for a Banshee) was bad enough, ask Joe SOS.



## Target Towing Bermuda, circa '59

**INTRODUCTION** Two T-Birds - Two Trackers avec crews doing towing and stuff for Tribals to make war.

**THE CAST** Les Rosenthal, Les Grimson,



Me - not sure of the others - they'll know.

**THE SCENARIO** Rosy and I are required to attend an event at Government House, BDA being O.C.'s of Commonwealth Detachments. "Lady Gascoigne" G.G.'s wife 's request. There was a last minute requirement for a T-Bird at that very time, so I've got to locate Grimson to fly, but, as most know, Grimson was different - could be anywhere on the planet.

It's about 12030 and I go to the Kinley "O" Quarters, Grimson was not in his room so I shout "Grimson" down the hall and a couple of calls later, a door, opposite mine, opens. A much older Grimson appears, very friendly, says "Yawl looken for me". It was Gus Grissom (the astronaut), down in BDA for control of a mission two days later (a year before he augered in.)

At the time we met I had no idea who he was. However we scuttle-butted in my room until the wee hours. A great Guy!

Needless to say, I never did get in touch with Grimson - so some sarcastic/facetious messages flashed back and forth re the whereabouts of VU32 Detachment.

The only sad commentary is the tragic demise of Gus, White & Chaffey about a year later. Gus really was our kinda guy - I think!

## A Killick Electrician

by Eric Edgar

The story I have about the Avenger occurred in or around 1955/56 when I was a Killick Electrician working in Z-2. During that time Fairey Aviation worked out of 4 or 5 Hangar and did some 3<sup>rd</sup> line maintenance on various and sundry A/C. The Avenger had an electro-hydraulic auto-pilot and the servos were located on the floor of the mid-upper compartment. Anyway, one of the Fairey Fitters, Eric Shortt (now deceased) was doing an engine run with the A/C fastened at the tail to a tie-down in the concrete between A and B Hangars. I was head down in the mid-upper adjusting the follow-ups and the A/P servos, feet stuck in the air when Eric went to full power.

Shortly thereafter, I noticed a considerable breeze on my ankles and raising my head out of the compartment noticed that the VT 40 hangar was approaching at a horrendous clip! Apparently the tie-down had pulled out of the tarmac and the Avenger was heading west at full throttle. Needless to say, Eric did get the old 'Turkey' stopped in time, since I am still of this world.. However, it did give me a bit of a fright.

I didn't get any flying pay either!



## 90th Anniversary of Powered Flight in Canada - 75th Anniversary of the Royal Canadian Air Force

by Harold Northrup (Abridged)

As the RCAF celebrates its 75th Anniversary, the Air Force Association, which celebrated its 50th anniversary in 1998, continues to be a very strong support of not only the Royal Canadian Air Force (RCAF) but also the Air Element of today's Canadian Forces. The Association continues to meet one of its formal objectives - to perpetuate the proud traditions of the RCAF.

The past 50 years of the Association have not been without difficulty, the close affinity with the Air Force began to decline following the demise of the RCAF when unification was imposed in 1968. Also during this period, the two organizations began to drift apart.

In 1992 things began to turn for the better with a name change from the RCAF Association to the Air Force Association of Canada, together with other incentives and membership increased by 30%. Also, during this period, the CF charged the Association to maintain and safeguard the many, symbols and badges of the RCAF.

For the Air Force fraternity serving or retired, these significant anniversaries carry our traditional motto: Was, Now and Forever will be- *PER ARDUA AD ASTRA* - *Through adversity to the stars.* ☼



# Lost for Three Days on the Atlantic

Extracted from a letter home

*Dear Mom and Dad, having a swell time on this all expense-paid cruise in the south Atlantic. Wish you were here. Love Ted*

**The author, Ted Trerise served as a Walrus Pilot in HMS Birmingham He hails from Pitt Meadows**

Dear Mother and Dad:

Warrington, PO Holmes and I climbed into our "shagboat" at dawn on Sat March 1 and were catapulted off at about 7:30 to carry out a 3 hr patrol, rejoining the ship at the end of that time. We were delayed 15 minutes investigating a lone merchant ship and so we eventually returned to where we thought the ship would be at about 10:45. However, not a thing was in sight at that time. Warrington quickly worked out a search to cover an area about 20 miles long by 10 in width but, after 20 minutes or so, it was obvious that we were lost and well out of range of land.

Towards the end of the search we jettisoned the missiles on our bomb racks and sent out wireless requests for a D-F bearing, but no reply was received. After sending out several request for bearing to which no response was received, we set course for land to get as near as possible to it before running out of petrol. The wireless was kept transmitting all the time and we sent signals advising of our decision to head for land.

After going down low to examine the condition of the sea, it was decided to stay in the air till the engine cut out rather than to make the landing while we still had some juice. Finally, at 1220, the engine cut - 4 1/2 hrs running which I think must nearly constitute a record for a Walrus endurance. The landing was alright and then we all set to work hoisting sails, the material used being the parachute silks; very shortly we were drifting ashore at two or three knots aided by a favourable breeze.

After about an hour or so, I became rather violently seasick, which was unpleasant on an empty stomach (I had last eaten at supper time on Friday). A continuous watch was maintained during the afternoon from the top wing and as



*"Rescued after a three-day harrowing experience off the coast of Africa when the amphibian plane he was piloting had to descend into the sea 100 miles from land, Ted Trerise of Pitt Meadows is shown with fellow adventurers. From left to right are: Richard Graham, African*

*fisherman who took them to a British port; S/Lt Warrington, Observer; SLT E.J. Trerise, the pilot, of Pitt Meadows, BC, and Petty Officer Holmes, Air Gunner. The picture was taken just after their rescue. (Reproduced by courtesy of the Vancouver Sun)"*

night came on the lookout was posted in the pilot's cockpit. As the night went on, the sea became a bit choppy so we steamed drogues from the bows to keep the plane head to wind so that she would take the seas in the direction she was designed to take such strains.

At dawn on Sunday, Warrington spotted land on the horizon and called Holmes and myself up to make certain he was not seeing things. However there was no doubt about it, so we were all very relieved. As the morning wore on, the wind swung around and by 11 o'clock was blowing us off shore so we dropped our sails. After a bit of discussion we decided to try to make the shore in our rubber dinghy, the main point of debate was whether or not the dinghy would be attacked by sharks as we were in shark infested waters.

We set off about midday after having loaded the dinghy with our emergency rations, water bottles, a compass, distress signals, Verey cartridges and pistol, a parachute to protect us from the sun and finally some floor boards to use for paddles. After about 3/4 of an hour Warrington thought he saw a shark so we turned back and pulled as hard as we could

to the Walrus again. All the gear was unloaded and the dinghy tied up to the A/C

After an hour or so it was obvious that land was getting further and further away and we came to the decision that the trade winds would continue to take us out to sea so our only chance was to set out again in the dinghy and take a chance on the sharks. The dinghy was loaded up again and we set off at 1410. After about 3 hours we were alarmed to find that the dinghy was now rather limp so we again turned around and pulled for the aircraft. Another blow was dealt here when we found, after an hour, that the wind was taking the aeroplane away from us faster than was our progress towards it. This was the only point at which our spirits dropped at all as we were quite convinced that the dinghy would never reach the shore. However, there was nothing to do now but head for land and hope for the best.

We rowed through the night, keeping an easterly course with out compass, though it was a difficult task to keep the dinghy heading in the right direction, much like trying to steer a saucer. About 11pm lights were seen

(Continued on next page . . . )





ashore so we set off one of our distress signals and some Very lights but they attracted no apparent attention. We got rather tired as the night wore on and found ourselves nodding off to sleep at very frequent and inopportune intervals. Dawn found us, to our pleasure and surprise within 3 or 4 miles of land and course was set for the nearest point. A couple of hours of pulling without achieving much headway made it apparent that the tide was going out. However, we were gaining slightly and could now see the higher parts of the beach and what we thought were a couple of natives thereon.

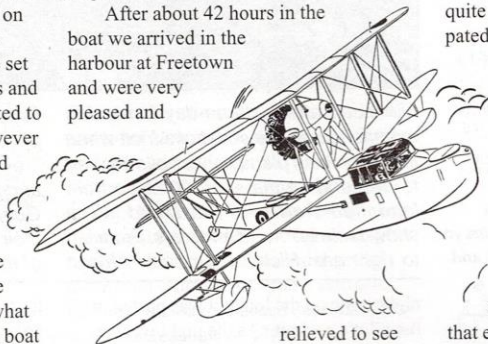
About midday a ship was sighted on the horizon heading towards us. This revived our interest a bit more and we set off the remainder of our distress flares and Very cartridges. We were disappointed to see it alter course away from us. However we attracted some attention ashore and soon a native boat was alongside taking us aboard just in time too as the dinghy would not have kept afloat for more than half an hour. The first boat, also native, had by this time turned around and came back to see what was up; actually it turned out that this boat was owned by the son of the man who actually picked us up.

They spoke English and we soon found out that our signals were the cause of their turning away from us, as all the coloured lights had frightened them. On being told who we were, the son, whose name was Richard Graham, offered to take us in his boat the 300 odd miles to Freetown where we knew our ship was. We were near Vichy French territory at the time so they left us anchored in the father's boat out in the bay while R.G. went ashore to stock up with food and water. We stripped off our clothes to dry them in the sun and were thoroughly sunburned during the process; also, while waiting, we partook of food and water for the first time in just under three days.

At dusk, Richard Graham returned and we transferred to his boat and we set sail for British territory. He kept well out to sea out of sight of land and kept a course by the aid of a small mariner's compass. We were in good hands now and on the way "home" so we set out to enjoy life as much as possible on this trip. R.G. produced a large bunch of bananas the

following morning and we really attacked them with a vengeance; I don't think I ever enjoyed a banana quite so much. The fruit also help to serve as a filler until we got used to the native cooking and could eat full helpings of that. Their main diet was rice and fish, though we helped out with the food situation, using that of our emergency rations which wasn't spoiled by the salt water. We had one dish and two spoons between the three of us to eat our meals from; the bowl served also as a wash basin. Some other of their food receptacles were actually used to bale out the bilges.

After about 42 hours in the boat we arrived in the harbour at Freetown and were very pleased and



relieved to see that the ship was still there. By this time we were all pretty well shrouded in a coat of tan and several days growth and although our native boat had attracted a considerable audience as we approached the ship, it was not until we were alongside that we were recognized, when most of the ship's company appeared in the waist to see what was going on. The guests of a cocktail party on the quarter-deck were neglected for the next half hour or so as, we came on board to the company of quite a bit of cheering, etc.

Naturally, we were whisked back to the quarterdeck and questions were flying from all directions. Richard Graham and his men came on board with us and they were well looked after by all and sundry. They were handed out with a lot of clothing from the troops and were presented with some canvas etc for a new sail, a most necessary article, too, as the one they were using looked as though it would be carried away if any of so much as sneezed. Each of the men was given a sum of money and Graham was presented with a certificate of commendation for his timely aid. It is believed that his name has

been forwarded to higher authority for an official recognition by H.M. Government because of his thoughtfulness and care in preventing our presence being known to the Vichy French authorities.

We found, on questioning and being questioned, that our W.T. requests had been answered and thus our set must have been faulty. Also the ship refueled and went out to look for us immediately on arrival at the port; practically every ship using this Base went out with her to aid in the search. We more or less foxed the search by staying in the air about an hour longer than they expected us to, thus being quite a bit nearer land than was anticipated.

As it turned out, it was quite a useful experience though not one of us would look forward to doing it again with much relish. If anyone had told me that I could have gone that length of time without water and food I should have given him the "hee-haw"; however, "seeing (and doing) is believing." It just shows what one can do if put to the test. If we hadn't been heard from that evening they would most likely have sent out the official notice that we were missing. I'm very glad indeed to have prevented you from getting any shocks like that.

All's well that ends well and after a couple of good night's rest, we were quite ourselves again. Don't know when I shall be able to post this letter, at the moment it's still censored material. However, now that I have written, it can be popped into the mail the moment the ban is lifted.

Love to all, Ted

*Editor's note: I hope you enjoyed this tale - I had to save it from Kay's paraphrasing pen.*

*Bill: thanks for giving me clearance to shorten up this article - here is my proposed paraphrasing:*

*Three guys in a Walrus get lost, run out of gas, ditch in the South Atlantic, jump into a dinghy and row towards Africa. They are rescued by native fishermen and returned to their ship where they interrupt a cocktail party. They all lived happily ever after.*

*As ever, Kay*

*K's note: If you buy that, well . . . you'll buy anything !*







Work goes on. The most encouraging advance has been the overcoming, by John Webber, the Project Engineer, of what seemed an insurmountable obstacle. Some corroded rivets in the main planes were discovered in the process of paint stripping by conventional processes (solvent and scraper). John had technical advice that called for replacement of all rivets, the several thousand of them. Mission Impossible! Not for Webber. His solution: soda blasting, a process much like sand blasting but benign to the aluminium (british aeroplane, british spelling) skin. The result - main planes virtually ready for painting and the revelation that only a relative few rivets need replacement: Mission Possible!

The team has recently added (civilian war bird enthusiast) Brian Richards as procurement officer and Peter Disbrowe (also civilian war bird enthusiast) as a front-line wrench bender. Welcome to them both! Brian has taken on the task of searching, worldwide, for the components we need. Sam Michaud, who did the initial procurement work, remains very much onboard to back up Brian. This will free me to go looking for dollars to buy the parts he finds. Our biggest single item is the propellor at about \$25,000. Once we have found an institutional or corporate (or other) sponsor for this item the way ahead looks like clear sailing.

The team sends a special VMT to CNAG and to some honourable members who have earmarked donations specifically for this restoration — Ted Smith (erstwhile air engineer), John Dawson (whose father was a cofounder of Fairey Aviation and Johnny Lay (825 Sqdn pilot). El Presidente has some misgivings about what he sees as a possible diversion of financial support from the building fund but I'm doing my best to persuade him that our efforts will be synergistic. I may be persuading him to fire his editor - but, what the hell, the pay ain't great.  
-Bill Farrell restoration coordinator

## Thanks

to all SAM volunteers  
(Gift Shop, Guides, Firefly  
restorers, Archives etc) without  
you, where would we be?



Pictured here are Museum Guide Ron Kay and his wife Bess who is a Gift Shop volunteer. Our thanks to both of you.

## A Stringbag Flies

BY H.J. (Curly) Hoare)

Back in the early days of Canadian Naval Aviation, in that period before HMS SEABORNE became HMCS SHEARWATER, a large part of the nucleus of the air-arm-to-be, clung precariously to a small piece of terrain known as Canadian Naval Air Station, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

During that period, I was attached to 743 Sqn as part of the aircraft maintenance staff, along with another Petty Officer, Sammy Mason. One day, we heard that HMCS WARRIOR was returning from her west coast cruise and that some of our Pilots were going to fly out in whatever "Stringbags" could be mustered to welcome her home.

As we had never had a ride in a Swordfish before, Sammy and I asked one of the Pilots if we could go along, to which he agreed. It was a fairly cold, although sunny day and as we would be flying in an open cockpit, we both donned all the warm clothing we could find, including heavy turtle-neck sweaters and battle dress. We got airborne, along with the other "Stringbags" and flew out to meet WARRIOR.

Shortly, we saw the carrier directly below us, traveling on a background of beautiful Atlantic blue. Our pilot, along with the rest of the flight went into a steep dive to "beat up" WARRIOR and Sam and I were really enjoying ourselves, when without warning, the picture changed!

Instead of WARRIOR being down below us, she suddenly was above us! Apparently we had flown into something called an "air pocket" and were upside down! The actual cause of this phenomenon was at the time, of absolutely no interest to either Sammy or myself; all I know is that when I went to deposit the remains of my breakfast over the side, I found out that Sam was not really leaning out to enjoy the view either, but had in fact beat me to it! We spent the rest of the trip sitting on the deck, in a corner of the rear cockpit, trying to fan the sweat off our by then, bare chests. On landing, I remarked to Sammy that his ace was a weird colour, at which he disgustingly suggested that I take a look in a mirror!

This was my one and only trip in a "Stringbag" and I had nearly forgotten the incident until I saw the article "a Stringbag Flies" (Air Force, Fall 1994). I don't know if the aircraft in this project (HS469) was the one in the incident that I have just related, but I would like to think so.

My thanks go out to that group of hard-working people who have brought this piece of Canadian Naval Aviation history back from the grave.

## Tabloid Corner



Pilot listed as missing many years ago seen alive and well and living in Gib. Can any reader identify?



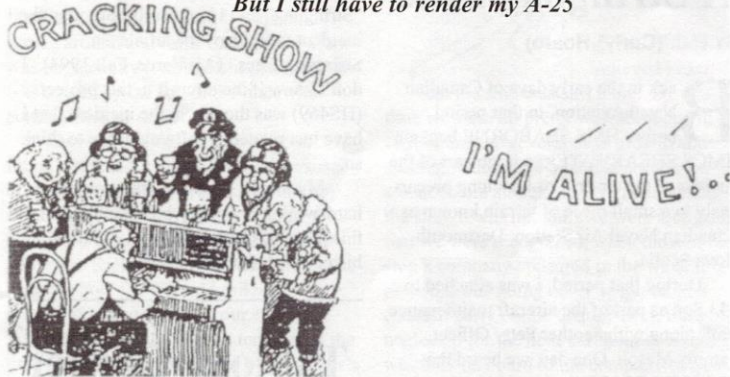




A - 25

*They sent me to Lee and much to my wrath,  
 They gave me some dual in an old Tiger Moth.  
 It does fifty knots or something fantastic,  
 A bloody good show for some string and elastic.*

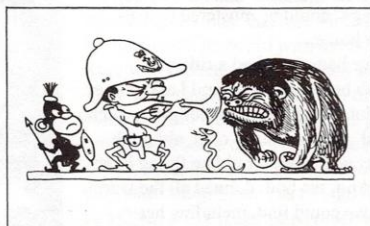
*Chorus: Cracking show, I'm alive!  
 But I still have to render my A-25*



The Laws of the Navy

From The Crowsnest,  
 Vol.2; No.1  
 November 1949

#8



*If ye win through an African jungle, unmentioned at home in the press,  
 Heed it not; no man seeth the piston, but it driveth the ship non the less.*



... Lea



This is a civilian style A25 for one of our old Turkeys that came to its final rest in the New Brunswick woods. C-FAXS (I do not know the naval number) was employed in forest spraying and fire suppression in the province of New Brunswick. It was one of several to crash there over a span of a decade or so.

There are, I believe, more Turkeys on the forest floor in N.B. than on the ocean floor at Midway. The following "A25" was dictated while a little under the influence of inebriation and a hangover after the mandatory post-crash party. The not-too-serious tenor was meant to send up the rather starchy Dept. of Transport bureaucrats who were, we budworm pilots felt, a pain in the ass with their insistence on textbook safe flying and maintenance practices. In retrospect, they were just doing their job and if they hadn't been continuously snooping around I suppose the work could have become hazardous.

(Forest spraying was done in echelon formation at a nominal 125 feet above the forest floor following what is now called understand, the nap-of-the-earth. I say "nominal" because practice was to relieve the boredom of spraying by engaging in



# But to the Grave

low flying - the soft crowns of living green trees did no material damage to blades or cowls - dry and brittle dead "snags" were another matter. We sat on parachutes but, at our operational altitude, I never could understand why - perhaps because without them to fill up the bucket seat one would have difficulty seeing over the cowl ?)

Take Off : At gross, L&R Tanks full, Left tank selected, MP 45-46", 2750rpm  
Post Take Off : All controls and instruments normal.

Operation : Forest spraying in formation at 125 feet at 150 knots

Problem : Power failure.

Onset : Entered formation turn, 29 inches mp, 2150 rpm. Airspeed came back to 100 kts (normal 125-130), mp read 24-25".

Added throttle -some increase in power and began to overtake formation but with slow acceleration. Airspeed increased to 135 kts, then began to die away - changed tanks and switched on booster pump - no change - added throttle to firewall - momentary surge of power (not very much) then died away (as if throttled right back) - carried out standard checks - no joy .



Approach and Landing : Advised formation leader of situation "Zebra 3 is going in" but power failure - Zebra 3 is going in" but time element ( 8 to 10 seconds) did not permit consultation about symptoms and remedial measures. Altitude and airspeed (tree tops and 100-105 kts) limited selection of landing area - turn not possible. Tried for an area of new growth deciduous trees (Populus Balsamifera)\*- glide carried past and toward stand of mature evergreens (apparently Picea Rubens or Picea Glauca) averaging 70 feet in height - put flap lever to extend position (flap indicator bar\*\* not observed ) - adjusted glide to hit the larger trees about 20' from ground - cut off top of one Betula Papyrifera without noticeable degrading of control. Observed the largest of the Picea trees was in alignment with the right wing root but considered avoiding action inappropriate - considerable noise attended contact with the smaller trees at the edge of the stand - noise increased with penetration - right wing separated on contact with the aforementioned Picea with immediate loss of aileron control - elevator and rudder control decayed, the aircraft yawed to the right and struck the ground in a 20 degree nose down attitude. Contact with the

ground produced a somewhat more remarkable negative acceleration than did the contact with the trees. - the forest foliage and debris from falling trees had the effect of reducing visibility to a few feet during the latter stages of the landing but, in the absence of control responses, this did not exacerbate the situation. Impact produced a short-lived unconscious state (some dispute the adjective). When conscious again, smoke from engine area suggested incipient fire - evacuated with alacrity over stub of port wing.

Damage assessment : D.O.T. says "destroyed" but note that they limited their inspection to components forward of the rudder trim tab and that opinion is therefore questionable. Cause of engine failure - carb air door broke away and shut off air to carb. Pilot injury was limited to severe bruising to inside of both arms.

\* Botanical terms were used in the hope of annoying the stuffy bureaucrats.

\*\* These aircraft had a rod attached to the flap to indicate degree of extension - the pilot had to look aft to view.





Return Address:  
Shearwater Aviation  
Museum Foundation  
PO Box 5000  
Station main  
Shearwater NS BOJ 3A0



*SUPERMARINE WALRUS aka The Shagbat : This single engine amphibian was purpose designed to serve aboard larger warships for reconnaissance and gunnery control (spotting the fall of shot). It was launched by catapult and recovered by crane, the aircraft taxiing close aboard the "mother ship" while one of her crew engaged the crane hook. When shore based the Walrus was frequently in the air sea rescue role and many pilots downed in The Channel owe their lives to this ugly duckling. A pilot, an observer and a telegraphist -air gunner comprised the crew. In this photo a Walrus is being launched from the battleship HMS Warspite.*

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