



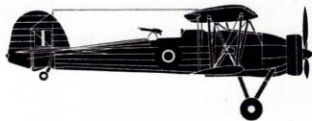
SHEARWATER AVIATION MUSEUM

Foundation Newsletter



Spring 2000





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Cover



This edition focuses on the restoration of the Firefly. The scene depicts carrier air operations. The work to launch aircraft was shared by many. The daunting task of restoring our Firefly, must be shared by many, see the Firefly Restoration article page 14.

READ ME FIRST

Bill Farrell, Editor



What I said last issue stands!

Ed.

VU32 NEWS

by Wildu Apr '60 (in part)

Wednesday of last week, one Tracker took off from AW with five crewmen aboard headed fr Bermuda. As you all know by now they with an unforgettable experience.

The crew were LCdr Rosenthal, Sit McGreevy, P1 Beakley, P2 Ryan and LS Hodge. The experience was one they would not forget for a long time to come. From interviews with a few of the crew, we will try to tell you of the event.

At approx 0045 Thursday Morning the men were all ready for ditching, having a good idea of what to expect. At 0130 LCdr Rosenthal brought old 1510 in on an instrument ditching. Everyone got out with only LCDR Rosenthal and PO Beakley able to remove their dinghys. The aircraft's six man dinghy inflated but as the aircraft sunk, the dinghy got caught in the tail section and went down with the aircraft. Having only two one man dinghys the men had to take turns in the water.

Half an hour after ditching the men were found by an aircraft from Bermuda. The men were dropped a radio and were able to give a report on how they were. Several 20 man dinghys were dropped but the men never got to one till 0900. Before reaching the dinghy, the men were bothered with sharks. After releasing some shark repellent and one getting a good beating on the snout from Stu Beakley with his hard hat, the sharks left. The men were picked up around noon by a German freighter and given nourishment. A short time later they transferred to a US Coast Guard Ship and were taken to St George, Bermuda. They came back home Saturday night, tired buy no worse for wear.



A 25

No one in their right mind streamlines after me,
They'll have to go round again sure as can be,
'Cos I've found a way to get on to a carrier,
Bugger the Batsman, aim straight for the barrier.

Chorus: Cracking show, I'm alive
But I've still go to render my A25



I'M ALIVE!

Navalair
 on of H-M-C-S Shearwater
 NOVA SCOTIA, FRIDAY, 22nd APRIL, 1960 CIRCULATION LAST WEEK - 5115

SURVIVE TRACKER DITCHING

LIEUT. COMMANDER L. C. ROSENTHALL	SUB LIEUTENANT J. G. MCGREVEY	PETTY OFFICER S. BEAKLEY
LEADING SEAMAN W. HODGE	PETTY OFFICER J. RYAN	

FORMAL PROJECT LAUNCHED TO DOCUMENT 12 AMS HISTORY

12 Air Maintenance Squadron (AMS) is a proud member of Canada's modern Air Force team and is dedicated to supporting shipborne aircraft conducting maritime operations. Although the name of the organization has changed over the years, as have the aircraft in inventory, the role of the organization however has changed little since its inception.

Therefore it is with great pride that 12 AMS reflects upon its heritage which is traced directly to the Royal Canadian Naval Air Service and the commissioning of HMCS SHEARWATER 1 Dec 48. 12 AMS draws its lineage to the Air Engineering Department, the Air Electrical and Air Radio Departments, and the Supply Department. HMCS SHEARWATER's Air Engineering (AE) Department was charged with conducting major inspections and repairs of the aircraft on the air station. Despite the fact that 12 AMS directly traces its roots back to the RCN through over 50 years of shipborne aircraft maintenance excellence, little of that proud history is actually recorded. This became readily apparent when the Squadron began preparations for the formal presentation of its crest in the Fall of 1998. Therefore, history presented at the ceremony was obtained mostly by word of mouth from those few long serving members of the organization.

That event formed the stimulus for the Squadron to launch a project to formally trace and document its history which transcends HMCS SHEARWATER and the BAMEO (Base Aircraft Maintenance Engineering Organization) of CFB Shearwater.

To date the first draft has been produced of what will eventually be a pamphlet of approximately 15 pages complete with text, photo-graphs and organization charts.

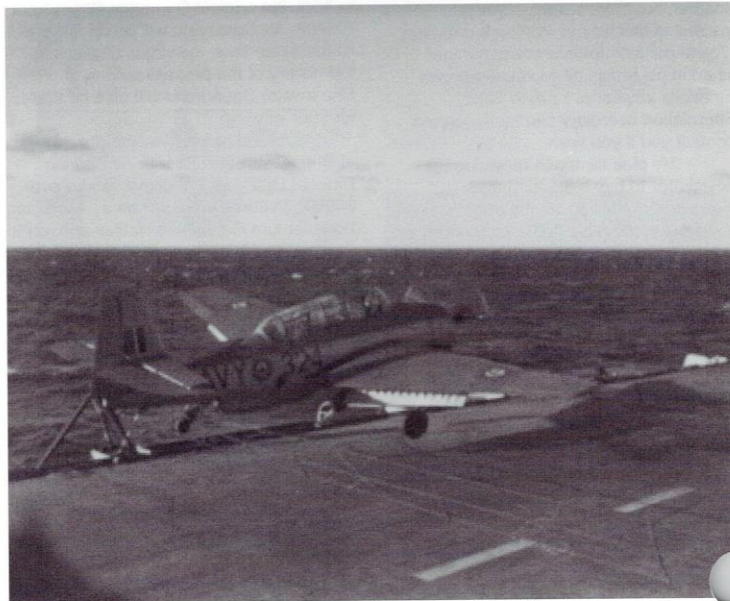
History is important. Those without a place in history likely will not have a place in the future. For those that do have a place in history, it is important to understand and acknowledge it, and to use it as a foundation upon which to build.

Thus, as 12 AMS entered the new Millennium, its role had changed very little since its first inception in 1948. The strength of its members, their dauntless

and dogged persistence in the face of the most challenging circumstances had ensured the success of Canadian deployed shipborne aviation operations to continue to be conducted around the globe. A remarkable contribution and a proud legacy. The informal motto 'PERSISTENCE' used by the BAMEO pointedly reminds us how the ever-changing challenges have been successfully addressed down through the years. The Gaelic form of the BAMEO motto was formally adopted by 12 AMS when it was granted Squadron status in 1993, BUAN LEANALTAS.

Without doubt, those that follow in our footsteps will continue to face ever the inevitable changing challenges of supporting forward deployed, mobile, global shipboard operations. Their success will undoubtedly draw heavily on the experience of the past as they boldly forge ahead and continue our proud heritage.

Contributed by LCol J. Madower



"A couple of extra knots for the wife and kids?"

READER'S RESPONSE

Fotheringham writes:

Enclosed is a contribution toward the Firefly restoration project. PP462 appears in my log book on 15 occasions including a total of nearly 16 hrs and 5 deck landings aboard WARRIOR. One sad flight includes an unsuccessful search for the missing aircraft of "Tats" and "Crash" in Feb of '47.

A circumstance of interest during this period includes the following. While WARRIOR was on the west coast, some replacement Firefly aircraft arrived in Vancouver having been shipped there from Australia. These inhibited aircraft were transferred directly to WARRIOR and in due course were brought to an operational state and, I believe, were even painted. Obviously there had been no opportunity for the compasses to be swung and some of the errors were estimated to be as much as 15 degrees. While it was possible to determine an accurate deviation on one heading by comparison with the ship's head prior to departure from the ship, the deviation on other headings was anyone's guess.

On the completion of a navex in one of these aircraft under the skilled guidance of Marc Favreau, the ship was nowhere in sight. WARRIOR had obviously not followed her brief PIM and was lost! While contemplating the possibility of ditching on the shores of the island of Guadalupe off the Baja California coast, the ship's ADR managed to locate themselves in relation to our 'accurate' position. We were duly recovered after a somewhat longer than planned flight when we finally reached WARRIOR's newly-established position.



Victor J. Wilgress writes:

Regarding Spike Morris' claim, on page 6 of the winter issue of the SAM Foundation Newsletter, to have been the first RCN pilot trained, I think he must be correct. In the fall of 1943, the RCN decided to form its own Fleet Air Arm. Although there were a lot of Canadian Naval Aircrew serving in the RN, it was decided to start training serving Officers as Pilots. I was one of the fortunate ones to be selected and was in the first group of four to start

the initial Training School in Jan '44. This was followed by further groups of four every two weeks for a total of 32. I graduated 6 Oct 44 with my cherished "wings".



From Ted Cruddas

In my letter on the Watson and Elton Memorial Service, I used the phrase 'one of only two Canadians to fly fighter operations in Korea.' I have since learned that more than twenty RCAF Fighter Pilots flew fighter operations during the Korean War, many while flying with the USAF.

This omission was neither intentional nor intended as a slight to those fine airmen. It was an error on my part. I apologize to those pilots, their families and your readers.



Frank Stymest writes:

I enjoy the magazine with its information on the Museum's activities and the stories by long-standing friends and acquaintances.

Keep up the good work.



From Jim Stegen:

Just a short note to congratulate Bill on a superb Newsletter. If I'd been thinking, I would have congratulated him in person at the gathering on the 28th Dec. Better late than never, Bill!

From Cal Wilson:

Dear Editor:

Aside from misspelling Nelson's name, showing him, complete with Pilots; Wings, as Admiral (P) was an inspired bit of humour that added a nice touch for the back page slot in the summer issue of SAMF Newsletter. As to "the best proposal on how to make the (proofreader's) punishment fit the crime", I gave you my suggestion already in the bit of doggerel I wrote and sent in to you last summer which began: "Flying high o'er the fleet at Trafalgar". I'm sure you'll get a good range of "punishment suggestions" and comments from other eagle/dim eyed readers as well as mine, which I hope you'll include in the next issue.

I enjoy the newsletter tremendously, and congratulate you and all those involved for the fine job you do in publishing it. Cracking Show! Cheers.



From Ernie Woodall

(In part)

Dear Editor: I have received the Winter Edition of your newsletter. Enclosed find my cheque for the 2000 membership dues.

The stories bring back fond memories. I hope that you will one day collect them together and have them all published.

My first connection with Naval Air came in Sep '46 when, as an ERA 4th, I was drafted to WARRIOR for the aircraft Sheet Metal Shop, so my memories go back quite a way. I subsequently transferred to Naval Air and took my cross-training at RNAS Arbroath.



"The only time you have too much fuel is when you're on fire."



From Ross Riddell

Gentlemen:
It is -17F here in the Adirondacks at the moment - reminds me of Cornwallis in the winter. I write in reference to your winter edition, pg 12, wherein you have the humorous comment:

If you push the stick forward, the houses get bigger.
If you pull the stick back, the houses get smaller.

There is a further line you missed:

If you keep the stick back, they get bigger again!

All the best, "Sody"



From George Purple

Dear Bill:
Sorry, the word processor is in Calgary so you may have trouble de-ciphering this. Won't be back in Calgary until mid-April but wanted to write re a certain photo on pg 7 of the Winter '99 Newsletter. The craft of course is/was my home-made tri-hull houseboat, built circa 1970 to '73 by Jake (the Welder) Bellerose and I.



In '73, having retired after 25 years of mostly undetected crime, my wife, Merle and I set sail (yes, we did have 3 sails) with high hopes of maybe reaching Victoria the hard way. We did not, but we had fun trying. Very rough seas in the Bay of Fundy plus being shagged by the tail end of a hurricane off the Jersey Coast pretty well convinced us that Neptune had it in for us because we launched the boat on a Friday. We did get down to Daytona Beach, Florida where we spent the winter. We sold the boat, eventually, after using it

as a winter getaway spot, in '77.
So, there you have the answer to "What ever happened to....."
Keep up the good work.
Cheers, Aye - George



From Glenn Brown

Congratulations on yet another excellent newsletter. What fond memories it evokes. I particularly enjoyed John Eden's "They Shoulda Got a Medal". I too recall an event similar to the one that John described so well. Indeed, except for the time frame, it could have been the same event. John recalls his event occurring in Nov 62, but I suspect it may have occurred in Oct 62 during the NATO exercise "Sharp Squall 1V". In Nov 62, Bonnie was engaged in operations off the coast of Newfoundland in support of the blockade during the Cuban crisis. I remember this time quite vividly because we sailed from Halifax after a rapid return from Portsmouth, and had no indication of when we would return. Since my wedding was planned for 24 Nov and I had contributed virtually nothing to the preparations, I felt that this was not helpful in easing my future wife into the naval air community.

However, in the paternalistic style of leadership that we all learned to cherish, my C.O., "Pappy" MacLeod, assured me that all would be copacetic. Should we still be at sea on my wedding day, he would give me an aircraft to fly into Halifax for the wedding, as long as I was back on board that night. Bonnie returned in time, but that is another story.

The "medal" event that I recall occurred in Dec 61 during "Fallex 61". Bonnie had sailed in October with 880 embarked, commenced qualifying new crews and re-qualifying experienced crews. As usual, the weather off the coast of Nova Scotia failed to cooperate and not all the new crew commanders had sufficient time to attain their night carrier qualifications. But not to worry, by cleverly managing resources, the new crews were scheduled to take off at night, fly the mission and land on at dawn and through these modalities sustained operations could be maintained. This system worked quite well, in fact so well that no time was set aside to finish the night quals. According to my logbook, my

last night CLP was on 29 Oct 61 and I did not see a night deck for landing again until 13 Dec, and what a sight it was!

As usual, the crews awaiting night qualifications were launched into the inside of the cow and were muddling along awaiting first light to return. However, things did not go according to the script. Before the end of the mission, we received a recall as the weather had unexpectedly deteriorated and, indeed, was falling below operational limits. So we had Tracker crews airborne, all with pilots who had not formally qualified at night on the carrier, ceiling and visibility lowering to 0/0, and time/distance to alternates shaky.

You can imagine the tension inside the aircraft. The co-pilot and the two crewmen had probably been in the goofers, during the brief period assigned for night qualifications, watching their crew commander make dirty darts at the deck in a failed effort to night qualify, and now....

Near the end of October I had completed a session of nine-day CCAs and landings under the watchful supervision of Doc Schellinck, so I had confidence in the system and the operators. Especially since I knew that Rumford Hogg would be in attendance. And since I was young, and therefore fearless, I was sure it would be all right. Now the events that followed are not absolutely clear in my mind, and I expect others with clearer memories will correct me, but this is what I recall. We bustered back to the carrier and I completed an approach and despite being placed by the skillful operators in the right place at the right time when I broke out, I was unprepared for the shock of seeing a moving, wet, black deck in my immediate vicinity. It was a deck that was not only obscured by the rain, fog and a dirty windscreen, but a deck that had twinkling lights of red and white outlining black holes. By the time I recognized what this was and recovered from the shock, it was time to go around again. This did little to inspire confidence in Commander Air, my C.O. and my crew. Although stressful for all concerned, the next approach was calmly controlled from the carrier CCA room and we were placed in a perfect position to effect a controlled crash. I seem to recall my crew applauding, and Peers Davidson, Jimmy Boyd and Bob Featherstone, you also deserve a medal. All Tracker crews were recovered safely, and as an interesting footnote, that night landing was accepted as meeting the

formal requirement for a night carrier qualification.

I know that Bob Hogg managed to show on this event for a few well-deserved grogs over the years and I hope that Art Morton was also duly rewarded. But I doubt if the other operators and technicians who performed their magic that night ever received the recognition and thanks that they deserve. If you are the same operators/technicians who were mentioned in John's article, or whoever you may be, please accept my belated thanks and my concurrence with John that "you shoulda got a medal".

The U S Navy hooked up stress monitors to carrier pilots during the Vietnam War and they showed that the tension in landing, particularly night landings, exceeded that of aerial combat. That may be so, but I would be willing to bet that the tension felt by the talented, gifted and dedicated operators and technicians in Bonnie often surpassed the level in the cockpit. Scruffy O'Brien in the Foreword to Allan Snowie's "The Bonnie" states: "it was the ship's company who made Bonnie what she was. They were dedicated, professional and very, very Canadian. They rejoiced in overcoming difficulties and raising standards." There were many heroes.



Harvey Hodgins writes (in part):

I enjoyed reading the HMCS Poverty article. I signed on with Poverty for the trip as far as Saskatchewan but became the first sailor to jump ship.

The story goes like this. Left Shearwater 24 May 47 but the first breakdown occurred in Truro causing an afternoon stop for repairs. Several of the older sailors on board were familiar with Truro's liquor store and by the time we sailed on, the crew were in great shape for a long night sleeping in the back of the truck. Next came a cleanup stop at the YMCA in Bangor and a greatly refreshed crew set sail once again through the New England states. Another long night for 28 of us in the back of the truck. We entered Canada early the next day at Cornwall, Ontario and headed for Toronto. As we passed Cardinal, Ontario, I saw my cousin's home and sunbathing on the lawn were two lovely young ladies. I

made a quick decision and pounded on the cab to stop while I gathered my belongings and waved farewell. Needless to say, I never did carry on to Saskatchewan but spent the rest of my leave touring southern Ontario.



Knobby Westwood writes:

Bill,
Thanks for your letter of 9 Nov 98; with respect to First Epistle of a Fury Pilot - author unknown to me; it goes back to the days of or before I was Flight Deck Officer in Magnificent 1954 - 1955.

With respect to Doc Schellinck's remarks concerning AC's, I fully concur. In addition to his remarks regarding hazards, crash removal could be hazardous as well. Particularly Turkeys in the sponsons and/or WT masts as well as 100 knot Sea Fury's. The Sea Fury lost its wheels in 2 barrier, went under 3 barrier and ended up on the edge of the forward lift - the only flamer we had on my tour. But added to the flaming petrol, the ship rolled and petrol poured in a hangar as well as having live 20 mm ammunition aboard the Fury - a busy half hour. Yet Gordie Edwards did not incur a scratch.

Additionally, a Fury Pilot (Jake Kennedy) came aboard wearing his new hard hat and he was sitting high in the cockpit to look over the nose. He was obviously fast, because when he luckily picked up a wire, his hat flew off -

through the prop and down the flight deck with everyone running for cover. Finally, on occasion, the 20 mm cannon would stop in the after-breach position, and, on picking up a wire, the 'G' would fire the last round down the flight deck. Another incident was Duke Wardrop picking up No. 1 wire on a wave off and dropped from 90K to zilch on the after lift. His prop (bent) continued to turn so I leaned into his cockpit to turn off his magneto switches; he called me a bad name but I did it anyway. All this and no showers (out of the dogs) during sustained operations. A great bunch of guys.

In another vein, I recall at the end of WWII, an Admiralty General Message as follows:

Para 1. Army Officers object to being called Pongos.

Para 2. In future, Pongos will be called Army Officers.

With apologies to my old boss, the tank Colonel, the great Laird MacDonald who Jim MacIntosh refers to was a great boss, but on one occasion had to endure pointed remarks from a Naval Pilot when he ran out of petrol on his way to work.

With respect to the Golden Rivet, that was, of course, the mythical rivet in the ship that you and your lady friend set out to find.

Yoursave, Knobby

Knobby apparently now intends to enter the field of creative writing in the Detective Story genre for he ends the above letter with what appears to be the title of a work in progress - The Prosecution of the Barbate Bivalve. Ed

1957 First Peace Keepers

Peace keepers? Hmm... 3 AC's? Do you know who the 4th member of the group is?



Formidable Reunion - 1999

A Warship to Remember

(by Cdr Vince Henry, RCN (Retired))

Earlier this year, I learned that former shipmates of *HMS Formidable* had formed an Association in 1986, and have been holding reunions at Derby in England every year since.

I had joined *Formidable* as an RCN Upper Yardman Petty Officer Writer on 16 May 44 and expected to remain at sea for at least a year. During my tenure, the ship operated initially with the Home Fleet in a series of raids against the battleship *Torpitze* and other German targets along the Norwegian coast. After the Allied Normandy invasion, operations shifted to the Mediterranean, then east through the Suez Canal to the Far East, and finally to the British Pacific Fleet operating on the southern flank of the American Fleet near Okinawa, where kamikazes were a constant threat to the Allied Forces.

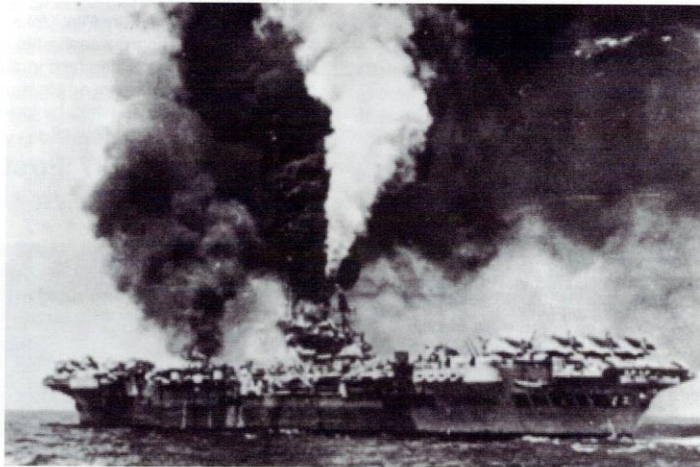
Formidable was twice hit by Kamikazes in early May 1945, and on 18 May received further damage from a serious hangar fire. Casualties and damage were on a scale that necessitated the ship's return to Sydney, Australia for repairs and replenishment on 31 May. While in Sydney, I passed a Fleet Selection Board and was then required to return to England for a final Admiralty Board. I left *Formidable* on 25 June 1945 and joined the cruiser *Devonshire* for passage to Plymouth, two days before the British Pacific Fleet sailed north for final operations against Japan that brought an end to the Pacific War.

After the Pacific War, *Formidable* was put to the immediate task of rescuing Allied prisoners of war from Japanese POW camps, providing hospital and medical help and bringing them home. The ship was placed in reserve from 1948 until 1953, when she was finally dismantled and broken up at the breaker's yard in Inverkeithing, near Edinburgh. The ship had earned Battle Honours at Matapan (1941), Crete (1941), the Mediterranean (1941), North Africa (1942-43), Sicily (1943), Salerno (1943), Norway (1944), Okinawa (1945) and Japan (1945). It was probably the most famous of all the British aircraft carriers in WWII. Its remarkable record and the pride of those who had served in the ship had evidently given rise to their desire to form an *HMS Formidable (1940-1949) Association*.

Spring 2000



Subduing fires and mopping up the flight deck of FORMIDABLE following Kamikaze attack on May 9, 1945 (RCN #G134 V. Henry)



FORMIDABLE with flight deck ablaze and smoke combined with steam escaping from the engine room and damaged boiler, following Kamikaze attack on 4 May 1945. (RCN #G136 V. Henry)

My arrival in *Formidable* as a budding Upper Yardman in May 1944 was close to the time that the three operational squadrons (1841), 1842, and 1848) mainly comprising Corsairs and Avengers, flew aboard. These squadrons were still in the ship in June 1945 when I left. In some ways, I felt a close bond toward the crews, as I also felt a close bond toward others with whom I had served in the ship. This applied especially to my messmates in the PO's Mess, where the numbers killed and wounded were, I believe, higher than in any other mess-deck, because many of them were manning the guns and were also in exposed areas on the flight deck.

In spite of the lengthy gap of 55 years since I lost touch with the ship, I decided for the aforementioned reasons to attend the reunion last September at Derby. The visit was indeed a memorable occasion and well worth the long journey from Victoria. My son, Rob Henry, a Major in the Canadian Air Force, came with me. Apart from good company, he was a great help with the baggage and also helped round up all the naval aircrew we could find for a group photo which accompanies this article.

Stuart Soward, in his book, *A Formidable Hero*, noted that of the seven Canadian Naval Pilots who had joined

Formidable in 1944 and 1945, only two had survived the Pacific War. Among those killed was one of Canada's greatest heroes, Lieut. Robert "Hammy" Gray, VC, DSC, MiD, RCNVR. During my visit, his name came up several times. He is obviously still held in very high esteem by his shipmates. I believe his memory is cherished as a hero at these annual gatherings and it helps to explain some of the great pride and spirit which still prevails among the surviving *Formidable* shipmates.

Hammy Gray was Senior Pilot of 1841 Sqn at the time of his last flight from the carrier on 9 August 1945. The enclosed group picture includes 32 pilots (Don Wood John Crosland and Jim Blaikie) from his old Squadron. I learned later that a 4th 1841 Squadron Pilot Bob Glading, DSC, MiD from New Zealand also attended the reunion but unfortunately missed the picture taking.

Yours truly was invited to hold the *Formidable Standard* when the group picture was taken. As a former shipmate, I was proud to do so. I wonder if any of you older readers might recognize some familiar faces from the WWII years. L to R - John Crosland, James Blaikie, Vince Henry, Keith Quilter, Robert Millard, Philip Hughes, Fred Lockhart, Donald Wood.

STILL IN THE DELTA



Bailey, Don
 Benner, Ken
 Bondy, Bob
 Butterworth, Charles
 Callard, John
 Campaugh, Larry
 Coe, Bob
 Cogdon, Noel
 Cowie, Charles
 Davis, Nick
 Grant, Laurie
 Gratton-Cooper, Adm Sidney (Zeke)
 Greenleaf, Al
 Frayn, Bill
 Fudge, Angus
 Hanchard, Chuck
 Harris, Dick
 Hershey, Dennis
 Hines, Paul
 Howland, V
 Jacob, Dick
 Kirk, Jim
 LeClerc, Jack
 Linquist, Ferd
 MacDonald, Steve
 McIntyre, Cameron
 Mills, Basil
 Moore, Archie
 Netterfield, David
 Quirt, Dickie
 Smith, Laurie
 Taylor, Ron
 Thibault, John
 Umphrey, Vern
 Wade, Ernie
 Waterman, Ken
 Windross, Pat
 Woodland, Ralph



(L to R): John Crosland, James Blaikie, Vince Henry, Keith Quilter, Robert Millard, Philip Hughes, Fred Lockhart, Donald Wood.

MEMBERSHIP

Jack Shapka
Membership Chairman

Greetings aviation buffs and supporters of the aviation preservers goal.

In the last newsletter, we made appeals to the individuals who are interest in contributing to the common goal of preservation of Canadian Aviation History. We asked you for your assistance by becoming members of the SAM Foundation. The goal of the Shearwater Aviation Museum is to preserve Canadian Aviation Heritage and inform citizens about our nations numerous accomplishments in aviation. Your support is vital if the museum is to continue its important work.

I am making this personal appeal to you to get involved with the museum and get the "museum experience". As a member, you will receive a quarterly newsletter and receive a 10% discount at the Gift Shop and an Income Tax Receipt for the full amount of your donation. Your contribution will make a difference in the preservation of Canadian Aviation treasures. For just \$30 a year - less than 8 cents a day, you will receive a tax receipt and 10% off at the Gift Shop. What a deal! By signing up you will become part of the aviation team and doing your part for aviation history.

Everything comes with a price. WE are in the process of fine-tuning our mailing lists. If you aren't interested in receiving the newsletter, please advise us and your name will be removed from our contact list. Eventually it will be, if you haven't joined us. The high cost of the newsletter demands that we have

to be more efficient.

As promised, here is the present standing of the SAMF membership - 821 total listed with the following breakdown:

131 Life Members, 279 paid up for a total of 410, which leaves 411 not paid up to date.

Just a quick reminder of our goal: 1000 members by the end of 2000, with your help we can do it.

Thank you for your support, without it we would be just another storage site!

SAM Artifact Search



The SAM needs every supporter to keep an eye

peeled for artifacts of every kind. Artifacts even of non-maritime aviation origin can be traded with other museums. Even hearsay leads can produce amazing results. And, don't overlook the tax-credit potential of anything just gathering dust.

Report sightings to:

Artifacts - SAMF
PO Box 5000 Stn Main
Shearwater, NS B0J 3A0

090


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Greenbacks, BC

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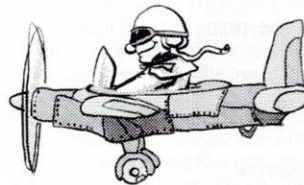
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PAY SAM Foundation \$ 100 -

One Hundred ⁰⁰/₁₀₀ Dollars

 THE BIG BANK
ANYPLACE

090



**SHEARWATER
AVIATION
MUSEUM
FOUNDATION**

SHEARWATER MARITIME AVIATION WALL OF HONOUR

The tiles in the 'Wall of Honour' are high quality marble tile, 12 inches square. The tile can be scored to form four 6" X 6" squares; diagonally across to form two triangular halves or used as is. All letters will be in upper case configuration (capitals) and the tile will be mounted in a diamond orientation as opposed to a square orientation, with the line of your message running diagonally across the tile. There are four options to choose from:

- Option 'A' One quarter tile 6" X 6" Square with up to 6 rows of 1/2" letters for a maximum of 40 letters and spaces. The 2 centre rows can accommodate up to 12 letters and spaces with the remaining rows decreasing as the border/edge of the tile dictates.
- Option 'B' One half tile 12" X 12" by 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 as the border/edge of the tile dictates. It should be noted that the upper half of a tile will start with a short row and the lower half with a long row.
- Option 'C' The full tile with up to 6 rows of V' 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 'D' The full tile with up to 12 rows of 3/4" letters for a maximum of 120 letters and spaces. The two centre rows can accommodate 20 letters and spaces each. The remaining rows above and below centre will decrease as the edge of the tile dictates.

The colour of the tile will be "Belmont Rose".

Please describe your engraving details in the space below: Option A __ Option B __ Option C __ Option D __
(Not too many letters for your option. Measure out or let us help you with the design.)

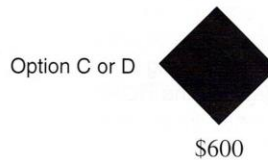
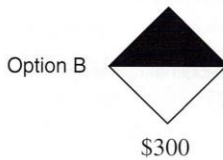
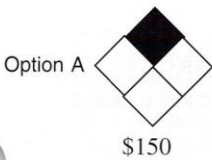
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 Fax: (902) 461-1610 Email: samf@ns.sympatico.ca

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



In reply to an anecdote from Chuck Nelson about no winter boots on a xcntry with Ted Gibbon. Ted sent along the following:

Frozen feet but never cold feet.

The Tracker heater was notorious for "flaming" out in the worst circumstances such as when you forgot to wear your winter boots or when you were halfway between nowhere such as the occasion one Christmas Eve when Bill Fraser and I were delivering Walter Brown to Torbay. When he got out, his parting gesture of thanks for getting him home for Christmas was to break or steal all the writing instruments we had stuffed in our sleeve pockets.

With some difficulty we managed to recall and read back the clearance and departed for Shearwater. The heater crapped out between Argentia and Sydney. See what I mean by halfway between nowhere? The feet thawed in time to dance on New Years Eve but we let somebody else retrieve Walter.

The heater in the C-45 wasn't much better but when I was the resident naval instructor at Portage and trying to teach Tanzanians how to fly formation in that aircraft, there was enough heat generated by fear (the Tanzanian) and apprehension (the Instructor) to bring an early spring to the Prairies. Besides the RCAF had better winter flying gear than we did.

Regards to all. Ted



Help!.....

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Firefly Restoration Team

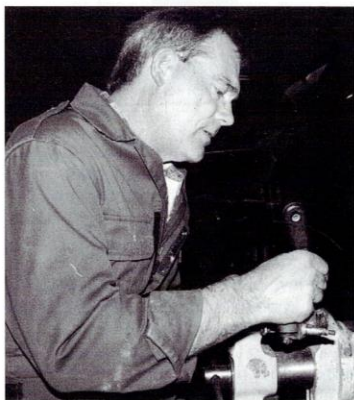


by Bud Ayer

With the considerable talents of Peter Disbrowe, Doug Ordinal and Eric Wright, the Firefly Project is progressing very well.

The skin panels on the center section are now completely installed, along with the wing fold lock mechanism which was disassembled for NDT.

Structural work on the port wing is now complete and with the flap actuator jack received, installation of the flying controls and flap operating mechanisms can be done.



Bud Ayer working "magic" on yet another part.

Laurie and Eddie are hard at work on the rudder and should be finished by Spring.

Reports from Texas indicate that the crack in the engine head can be repaired and work on that is progressing. We look forward to the return of the head so the engine can be assembled.

Eric is busy with electrical wiring and he has the landing gear port wing completed. Arrangements have been made to send the instruments away to be overhauled.

Your continued support is appreciated. (Bud is very modest, he's working very hard as well. K)

P.S. We have applied for a Millennium Heritage Grant for the Firefly (not as sexy

as a fountain in a river, but we feel we stand a chance). Ed

We've had some Firefly specific donations - some running to four figures.

J.P.T. Dawson
J.B. Fotheringham
Bill Farrell
CNAG Atlantic
E.S. Smith
J.W. Freeman
Peter Disbrowe
K. Collacutt
John Lay

Forty thousand pardons if our secretary's sloppy bookkeeping missed a name - we'll catch up in the next letter. Ed



From Archie's Saltwater Dictionary

Salty Dip: a sort of sailor folk tale...a sprinkling of facts embellished with BS and exaggeration. Told in salty jargon. Can be new, old, or imagined. Humor, embarrassment and screwing of authority are common ingredients. Sailors love Salty Dips. They are skeptical listeners, always eager to one up the teller with one of their own.

A Run Down The Gut

Swing the lights! Here's a salty dip about Bub. We were Observer's Mates on 881 Sqn, during the '51 Maggie expedition, to demonstrate Canadian Culture around the shores of the azure blue Mediterranean Sea; birthplace of western civilization. Following a busy week at sea... days and nights spent hunting and finding the elusive RN / USN Submarine...Maggie was anchored in harbour at Valetta, Malta. Given Liberty, sailors bee-lined for the "Gut". A street of noisy bars, cheap Malta Rotgut, etc.,etc. Matelot heaven!! Many straw clad bottles of that wormy white wine were dispatched with great alacrity by ever thirsty Canadian Warriors. Late one night, my winger returned from the Gut...underway but not under command...as they say. His crew had spent the long balmy evening dedicated to guzzling Malta Rotgut. These ceremonies completed; they hired

a Garry; (mini stagecoach pulled by a scrawny little horse), for the jerky ride down to the harbour. Then a Dhaisa, (Maltese Gondola), for the 300 yards out to Canada's pride; the Aircraft Carrier HMCS Magnificent with it's ominous 'deck park' of Avengers and Sea Furies looming high above in the moonlight. Following the 'coming aboard' formalities presided over by the OOW at the Brow; he stumbled along the dimly lit passageways hung with snoring, sailor laden hammocks, past the stale smells of the galley, up a couple of ladders and for'd on the port side Gallery Deck to the door of our mess, near the bow. Suddenly overcome by a 'must leave now' message from his own gut, he ducked into a nearby AA Sponson. As he was up-chucking over the side, a toe curling retch sent him flying through the air. As he related to me last week, the 60 foot descent to the drink was a strange fantasy. There was lots of time for the random thoughts that drifted through his mind such as ...I wish I was in Dawson Creek...gee the twinkling lights of the harbour are pretty... you have really effed up this time Bub!... how in hell am I going to get out of this mess...sheee-it! I hope I can go Sub hunting with Roger and the guys tomorrow... SPU...LASH!!! After surfacing in the warm Mediterranean water he grasped a bolt near the ship's waterline, and ditched his boots. He decided to avoid the Brow and an embarrassing confrontation with OOW. So, rivet by rivet he inched around the bow and aft on the pitch dark starboard side to the sea-boat boom. In dripping Summer Whites, he climbed the rope ladder to the boom and stepped out of the night on to the dimly lit weather deck, where an AB and a Killick sat smoking cigarettes to keep awake, and wishing their watch was over. Startled... the Killick demanded... "Who the hell are you!?" Bub growled, as any half drowned matelot would; "none of your effin business", and quickly disappeared up the nearest ladder. Disoriented; he hurried aft leaving a trail of footprints made by his soggy, black Pusser socks. I was awakened by the sounds of Bub, completing his eventful evening cursing at his 'mick as he unrolled it and threw it on the deck to make a nest to sleep on. "What happened to you ?", I whispered over the edge of my 'mick... "aw shit!", he angrily mumbled back..." I lost my new boots that took six months for the stores basher to get for me...geeze am I ever pooped!...ZZZ...snork!...ZZZ.

Next day Bub was noticeably quiet as we overheard amused comments about the strange, ink black footprints that appeared in wierd places about the carrier. It has taken almost fifty years for him to take this story beyond his, "lost boots" answer, and tell me the whole story of his "Run Down the Gut"...

Archie Dixon LSOM 8371E;
RCN '49...'54



Marsh Dempster writes:

Hi Kay:

Yesterday I received the Foundation Newsletter of Winter 1999 and noted your comment requesting retirement odysseys. I am currently in Trinidad with my boat 'Bonn Voyage I'.

Bissell finally returned from South Africa and is working on his boat "Meander II" to get it back into the water. Both of us got a kick out of your "note"!

As Bob mentioned I helped take a 35ft Halberg Rassy to the Azores and Falmouth UK. It was a great trip but not without those storms. It took two of us 23 days to Horta in the Azores and 12 days from Horta to Falmouth. We stayed 10 days in Horta awaiting parts which were damaged and of course frequented the famous Peter's Bar.

On departing UK I returned to Canada for a few months and then returned to Trinidad to get my boat into the water. I went up to Prickly Bay, Grenada then to Carriacou where there was to be a big yacht race. That is when Hurricane Lennie caught us. The swells were extremely large. In fact 'Bonn Voyage' and myself almost ended up surfing the waves. It did not take too long to get out of there and try to anchor somewhere else. There were 12 of us anchored near a place called Hillsborough off Carriacou. There was a great deal of anchor dragging but nothing as serious as they had in St.Martin. After we recovered, on to Union Island, Vincent and the Tobago Cays where the water is beautiful.

I returned to Grenada and Trinidad for Xmas and New Years. I am

currently in Trinidad and doing a bit of racing. Both Bob and I are here and have quite a lot of laughs remembering the old days. Incidentally every time I get thrown out of a bar I use Jake Kennedy's name! Jake if you are coming to the Caribbean for a trip please contact me first as there are a couple of islands that you might stay clear of!!

Bob and I and a friend went up the Macareo River in Venezuela some time ago. The Macareo River is across from southern Trinidad, so one must sail down the coast of Trinidad and along the south coast then cut across to where the delta for the Macareo R. is. The trouble there is that it keeps silting up so one must watch when approaching as, it is so easy to go aground. It really is not much of a problem because the bottom is mud. The water in the Macareo is very muddy. I really would not like to fall into the water there. The Macareo connects to the Orinoco further up.



When you get into the channel it is not too bad at all. One can see all sorts of very beautiful birds such as the scarlet ibis etc. We had to anchor beside the main channel as the water shallows quite quickly as one goes towards the shore.

During that particular time, it was the rainy season and; consequently, bits of the jungle were breaking off and floating down the river. Throughout the night we kept hearing little bangs, but did not pay too much attention to it. In the morning we found that the boat was almost surrounded by bits of the jungle which was wrapped around our anchor cable and the forward part of the boat. We could not raise our anchor cable and move with the engine. To make things worse, we did not have a machete. We managed to flag down some natives in a dugout canoe who, fortunately, had a machete on board and came to our assistance. The native who was doing the cutting actually stepped out of the dugout and stood on the bits of brush around the boat. While he was hacking away a big snake came out. It apparently was in the jungle brush when it broke off and floated down the river. The snake sure got everyones attention; but one

quick swipe with the machete ended the problem. Kind of scary!

We finally managed to get free. The natives do not use money so we had to use trade goods such as t-shirts, aspirins etc to give to them. We also added half a case of beer! This was a very educational trip! (I find it hard to believe you gave up half a case of beer! And, you never told me what they call people from Prickly Bay. Just joking! K.) (Way to go Marsh! One hell of a lot better than golfing! Ed)

**50th Anniversary
First Mail Crossing of
Canada by Air
1920-1970**

(test your memory)

Capt Gerry Willis and Maj Bruce Baker shown here with then Mayor of Dartmouth, Roland Thornhill, as they prepare to commemorate the first crossing of Canada by taking a letter from Shearwater to North Bay. Can you provide names of pilots who carried it from North Bay onward west.

(Had Willis and Baker been employees of Canada Post, would this mail still be in transit or perhaps lost? Ed)





MAGNIFICENT Memories

Bob Bovill writes us from "a little Cornish town" with a quaint address:

Appletrees, 1 Dell Meadow
North Petherwin
Launceston, Cornwall PL15 8QA
England

Bob keeps in touch with some of our other-side-of-the-Atlantic diaspora - Paddy O'Connell (Ireland), Bruce Vibert (Rutland). Here he recalls an event that made the RCN look good.

Long ago, when aviation in the RCN was an up and coming thing, I had - as they say - "the honour to serve" albeit for a short time. Happy days!

881 Sqn as it was called in those distant times was a well polished, highly trained unit embarked from time to time in "Magnificent" and dicing around the sky and on the deck in TBM A/S 3s. The Seafury boys under Ron Heath provided CAP and occasional excitement for the goofers.

The whole outfit, ship and air group, could compete with anything the RN, USN, or whatever threw our way. Mike Page was Squadron CO, having followed on from Bill Atkinson, and John Roberts the AGC. It was a happy outfit in a happy ship. For most of my time in Squadron, I had as my "looker" young David Donaldson ably assisted by LSOM Ken Bullock.

One night, old 313 was launched into a pitch black horizon less sky in heavy rain somewhere off the Irish coast on yet another phase of a NATO A/S exercise. It had all happened to us before and we did not expect this particular night to be much different from the rest, i.e. a nil sighting and return to the ship.

However about half an hour into our sweep David suddenly said that he had a firm radar contact at about 7 or 8 miles and we immediately altered course towards it. At that stage, it could have been a fishing vessel, but closing rapidly. David was increasingly certain that it was

a sub on the surface. We ducked down to 50 feet on the radio altimeter, opened the bomb bay doors and prepared to do our worst with the awesome 11 1/2 lb practice bomb hung in the rack.

Things were happening fairly rapidly. David keeping track of the target and calling out the range and any small changes of course necessary. Ken was readying the sonobuoys and waiting the word to sling the first one out and I was concentrating on the A/H, DI and radio altimeter and hoping to hell I would press the tit to release the bomb at the right instant.

Just before overhead, I glanced up to see a smudge of white water on either side of what was undoubtedly the conning tower



of our target. Auto-matically I pressed the bomb release and thought for sure we must have hit the outer casing and given them quite a shock. - we had indeed as we learned later.

The rest was routine; Ken chucked out the first buoy and we went on from there after gaining some height to lay a standard pattern. David confirmed that they were all working and that he could hear the sub which by then had pulled the plug. Eventually we had to extend the pattern to maintain contact and so it went on until we handed over to our relief aircraft and returned to the ship. Quite a night and the first time in nearly two years of A/S patrols we had ever had a really positive sighting let alone been able to

zap it.

Some days later and with the squadron ashore at Eglinton, we gathered at "Sea Eagle" in Londonderry for the wash-up. The exercise had been carried out under the aegis of the Joint School of A/S Warfare and all participants were called to account, worse, we had to do it before the Fifth Sea Lord, Admiral Sir "Roddy" McGrigor.

The sub commander gave an account as he and his crew had experienced it and was, if I remember rightly, slightly dismissive of our effort putting it down largely to luck. My turn next to set the airborne scene and to hand over to David who filled in the important detail of the tracking of the sub by sonobuoy.

Then he pulled out his ace in the form of the actual sonobuoy plot. The submariners would not believe it and reckoned we had by some skulduggery or other got hold of their navigator's chart - the two were almost identical. Admiral McGrigor was highly amused as were we.

All of which proved the value of the A/S training we received in the CAG in those days and proved to one submarine commander at least, that sitting on the surface at night even in dirty weather was not a safe option.

It says much for the squadron Engine and Airframe Maintainers that 'old 313' which was assigned to us during our time in 881 only twice gave us a problem during two years in the ship. Once a sticking precessing mechanism in the A/H gave it a prolonged list to port of 12-15 degrees - nasty in IMC and fortunately spotted before we entered cloud. On the other occasion the ship informed us after a catapult launch that our tailwheel had come adrift. After landing back on, the tail was jacked up, another wheel and new retaining bits and pieces slapped on, and we were launched again. Didn't even have to stop the engine during the wheel change.

Bob Bovill

Greetings from the Meander II

Dear Bill
I rec Winter 99 and note a req for
news from Bissell and Dempster.

Well back in Trinidad, it is work up time for
Carnival 2000. At a local mass tent the
calypso singers were singing about the
beautiful girls of Trinidad. I had just
finished reading Jim Cutts memoirs in
'Salty Dip' vol 5 when I remembered how
it all came about!

An old Calypsonian remembered too!

Here is a story, I tell you true
there was time, some years ago that this
fair island, just newly independent was
visited before Carnival
by the entire Canadian navy
drinkin rum and coca cola

There was Bonaventure at old Pier one
and oodles of ships alongside in Port of
Spain
drinkin rum and coca cola

De crews, from boss man Scruffy down to
jack tar

They all learned to lime
In young Bissell and Dempster had a
pretty good time
drinkin rum and coca cola

From jump up on the carrier deck to steel
bands galore
and with delightful inducements ashore
the strain of the fair sex was improved
those many years ago
drinkin rum and coca cola

The fleet escaped with most of her crew to
SA to happily return another day nostalgic
for their Caribbean Capers, and
drinkin rum and coca cola

And to this day old Bissell gets by
drinkin rum and coca cola

Old swamp, he resort to viagra I tell you
straight

A guitar and some rum does help.
Then there was the song about the
baggy trousers.... and the Pelican and so
it goes.....
Bob Bissell



Looking Ahead

In my *Winter 1999* issue we wrote:

Beyond Basics:

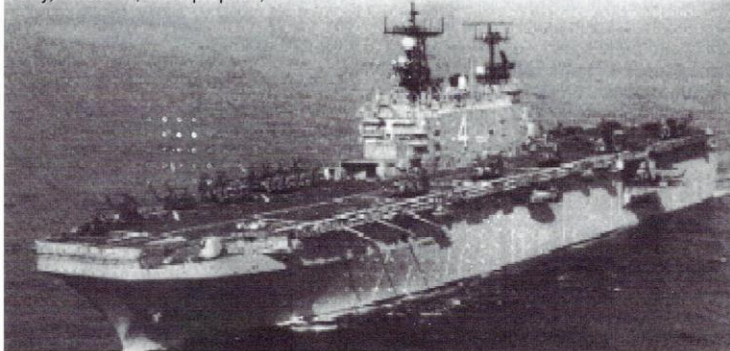
It seems to me that, by default, in addition
to our on-going duty of preserving it's
history, we must now take up the cause of
Maritime Military Aviation's future. Any
evidence of serious, credible interest on
the part of our Federal Government in the
keeping alive of the defence skills so
hard-won over so many generations,
escapes me. Downsizing, front line
aircraft on which our museum has a
more valid claim than do the active
squadrons, demoralizing career
uncertainties; all call for both protest and
constructive proposals by us so that the
"torch we threw" does not gutter out.
Write to us, cc to politicians, media and
anyone who will listen, your arguments
for an urgent revitalization of our country's
Maritime Military Aviation. We're not sunk
til we admit we're sunk! Remember
WARRIOR's motto? "Haul Together". Out
pens! (Or mice)!

Stu Soward now writes:

**THE MILLENNIUM
CHALLENGE**

The 1994 Defence White Paper states
'the need to maintain multi-purpose,
combat capable sea, land and air forces
and should evolve in a way which is
consistent with today's strategic and
fiscal realities'. Unfortunately, for 30
years the Canadian Forces have been in
a steady rate of decline in numbers,
resources, morale, flexibility and scope or
combat operations.

Sadly, "effective, multi-purpose,



combat-capable sea, land and air forces"
do not exist. Rather, each service has
unilaterally formed a force posture largely
unrelated to the other two. Financial
limitations and a lack of common focus
has merely preserved a diminished
status quo. There is no transport capabili-
ty for the army brigade group and heavy
equipment. There is no aviation capability
to transport, support and cover overseas
army combat operations on UN or NATO
assignments.

For the new millennium, we can regain
our sense of pride within the Canadian
Forces and in the public eye. Let us now
concentrate the combined operational
assets of the Canadian Forces three
services into the development of a truly
multi-purpose, flexible, combat-ready
"Quick Reaction Force". Designed around
two maritime heavy sea-lift Task Groups
for army battalion strength units,
equipped with transport and assault
helicopters with protective ship-based
fighters, such a concept, would evolve
into a proud, elite, mobile and flexible
self-contained force. The technology and
concept already exist and the financial
resources are within reach,

Developing such a force will require bold,
enlightened, unifying leadership and
great resolve. The successful outcome
however, will once more bring self
esteem to our Canadian Forces, assure
international recognition of our firm
commitment to the UN and an opportunity
to operate with our similarly equipped
and motivated NATO allies.

**Now here is a Millennium Challenge to
Our Readers: Get your pens out, tell our
politicians that it is time to end our Free-
loading on the Yanks for Canada's
Defence. Our national pride is at stake.
Out pens!**

Collishaw & Company

During the First World War some 936 Canadians served in the Royal Naval Air Service. What is fascinating about this "battalion-sized" group of men is that they served on nearly every front during that conflict. They were to be found in German East Africa, Mesopotamia, The Dardanelles, Romania and Russia... as well as in the combated skies over the Western Front, in the air defense of England and on the North Sea patrols. Raymond Collishaw is our best known

number of the new Royal Air Force decorations. By the Eleventh of November that year they had been awarded 39 DFC's and 24 AFC's. There were also a number of foreign medals, the best known being the Croix d'Guerre of which 28 came to Canada through this body of men.

These bravery ribbons were not won lightly. Casualty figures are heavy — and humbling to any amateur historian. One hundred and seventy-five of the Canadians died. Roughly half were killed in enemy action and half were lost in aircraft accidents. Another 55 were wounded in action and 61 were injured in



The brilliant Canadian flyer Major Raymond Collishaw was credited with 60 aerial victories in the First World War. Here, in July 1918, he stands beside a Sopwith Camel of No. 203 Squadron, which he then commanded. In the cockpit is Captain Arthur T. Whealy, another notable Canadian pilot, who was credited with 19 victories. (Public Archives of Canada photo.)

Canadian naval aviator of the period. Scoring 60 enemy aircraft kills he became the leading naval ace of the War's 130 naval aces — 43 of who were Canadians. These 43 accounted for over 600 enemy aircraft. Other Canucks sank 4 enemy submarines and brought down 3 Zeppelin airships.

Award numbers are quite enlightening. Of our 936, eight were recognized with the DSO; and two received Bars. The DSC was awarded to 42 with 11 Bars and 2 double Bars. When the RNAS was integrated with the Royal Flying Corps on the First of April, 1918, our former Naval persons went on to win a substantial

crashes. Forty-two became prisoners of war and a further eight died during the influenza epidemic at the War's end.

Numbers are not always an exciting way of looking at history. However, one is captured by the tenacity shouted out through these silent statistics. Although 107 were released before reaching Wings standard, of those who did wear the "bird" above the executive curl, 34 reached Flight Commander (Major) rank and 11 went on to Air rank with the RAF and the RCAF in the Second World War.

These are the very rough figures from an

initial overview of the names found to date. I hope you may agree that the investigation and fine tuning of their individual stories will produce a manuscript that all Canadians can be proud of.

*Yours aye,
Allan Snowie*



Hemorrhoids where hast thee gone?

By Walter S. Sloan

Way back in 1959 when I was flying Banshees in VF870, we went on a Fall cruise to old blighty to take part in a NATO exercise. The weather was pretty good considering the time of year and after a couple of day landings we were all set for our first night carrier landings in some time. The date was 11 Nov 59. The night chosen was dark with a sliver of moon sometimes showing up through high cloud cover but it was definitely nighttime. Start up well and the first three Banshees manned by Wally Walton, Alex Fox and Ed Hallet were catted off with no problems. I was number four in this illustrious group. Sitting on the catapult and winding up the engines I was starting to have some doubts on whether this was a good idea, but it was to late, everything was working, and, as the late Derek Prout used to say, its okay as long as you have "fuel and noise" and I had both. So, throwing the deck officer a, pussar salute, it was time to go flying. For all the pilots who have done this they will remember, and for the rest, it was one hell of a shove. The cat was only 102 feet long and we needed 120 kts, even with 15 knots of wind and the ship wound up to 20 knots that meant 85 knots of cat speed. You definitely knew you were going somewhere.

After the salute there is normally a slight pause which seems a lot longer when every sense in your body is working at top speed. I got the initial boost then it stopped. With all my heart I hoped I would still fly but just in case I grabbed the air driven canopy opening lever end it rammed the canopy fully open in jig time. Some people may ask why I didn't eject and the answer is

simple, the ejection seat was severely limited and unless you were at 5000 feet straight and level at 200 knots the chances were slim that you would survive. Anyway, I was still hopeful until I hit the water when it got dark, cold and very wet at about the same time. I released my seat harness, gave a mighty shove with my legs and popped to the surface. Have you ever seen BONNIE from water level bearing down on you? She looked pretty big, with a huge bow wave that had me bore sighted. I managed to get in two swimming strokes before I was tossed arsy tassy down the port side. About a third of the way along the length of the ship something was bothering the hell out of me, when I realized that my oxygen mask had filled with water. I yanked it off just in time to realize I was passing under a huge danboy which was supposed to be released at such a time. 'NOT NOW' I was thinking and fortunately it didn't drop. When I was clear of the stern, it was time to get into my raft which all went well and after I had assumed command, it was time to let people know I had survived. Now as Squadron Flight Safety Officer, I had done things mostly right in this situation. We carried flares in our mae vests and one side was a flare the other smoke. The flare side had a knurled safety cap while the smoke was smooth. I felt for the knurled cap, found it, turned it around and fired the smoke. Sitting there thinking what a clot I was, a search light picked up the smoke so it worked out. It was then I realized that the steely eyed fighter pilot was not as cool as he thought.

The rest of the ordeal went pretty well. I got picked up by the ATHABASKAN's sea boat's crew, had a good shot of brandy, compliments of Ron Heath who was XO, was rowed back to BONAVENTURE later on to get a medical. Never did find out what failed during the launch, but there seemed to be grease from the bridle marks slapping on the deck. Perhaps it slipped off or broke, or the attachment on the Banshee failed. The old Banshee had one last kick left when she punched a hole in BONNIE for this dastardly deed.

A note for flight surgeons. Before this incident, the good Doctor on BONNIE was treating me for hemorrhoids. They disappeared immediately after, but I'm not sure this is a cost effective way to cure this problem. However if all else fails...



Can you identify these Happy Deck Handlers

Remembering the Forgotten Mechanic

Through the history of world aviation
Many names have come to the fore...
Great deeds of the past in our memory will last,
As they're joined by more and more.

When man first started his labour in his quest to conquer the sky,
He was designer, mechanic and pilot,
and he built a machine that would fly.
But somehow the order got twisted,
And then in the public's eye
the only that could be seen
was the man who knew how to fly...

The Pilot was everyone's hero,
he was brave, he was bold, he was grand,
as he stood by his battered old biplane
with his goggles and helmet in hand...
To be sure, these pilots all earned it.
To fly you have to have guts...
And they blazed their names in the hall of fame
on wings with baling wire struts...

But for each of these flying heros
there were thousands of little renown,
and these were the men who worked on the planes
but kept their feet on the ground...
We all know the name of Lindbergh,
and we've read of his fight to fame...
But think, if you can, of his maintenance man,
can you remember his name?

And think of our wartime heros, Billy Bishop,
Buck McNair and Hampton Gray...
Can you tell me the names of their Crew Chiefs?
A thousand to one you cannot...

Now pilots are highly trained people,
and wings are not easily won...
But without the work of the maintenance man
our pilots would march with a gun...
So when you see mighty aircraft
as they mark their way through the air,
The grease-stained man with the wrench in his hand,
Is the man who put them there.

Anonymous



What does Jim MacIntosh, Jack Ford, Jim Murwin, Mike Elrington, Terry Wolfe-Milner, Ron King, Bill Caton, Al Horner, Ted Kieser and Tom Pollard have in common?

An unorthodox entry as a Control Tower Officer

by Sheila (Scott) Davis

In response to a suggestion by Kay Collacutt, I am submitting an article for your interest or otherwise, about my ascendancy into the Control Tower at HMCS SHEARWATER in the early 1950's. It was my understanding, at that time, that there were only three female Officers performing this duty in Canada. Two were in Shearwater (Dot Kiely, who was ex-Air Force, and myself) and another one whose location I cannot recall. I was

that the RCN was recruiting Air Traffic Control Officers and that seemed to be a positive transition! I applied, and was accepted for this position with the understanding that I would be sent to Centralia for their qualifying course. As I had not had any real experience with the Navy, I suggested that I should take the WREN Basic Training Course to be introduced to the 'other' customs of the Military, e.g. change my salute! As an Ordinary Wren I was dispatched to Cornwallis for the six week Conestoga 13 Course and I graduated at the top of this class. I still have the compact, inscribed on the back, that was awarded to me at

misses, new staff training, questionable in-coming aircraft, Cape Breton humour, snowed in A/P etc.

The Reservist who refused to listen to my repeated "no fly" weather suggestions and flew anyway as he had his CO's permission and was killed over the Arm.

The prang on the playing field which I could not see due to the 10% blackout created by designers as a Stairwell - they had to phone me from the Wardroom to tell me I had an a/c down.

The odd life style - shifts of 2 days, 2 nights on - 4 days off or other combinations we agreed to.

With my background, I never felt I was "pushing the edge of the envelope" I was simply carrying on with what interested me and felt I could maintain that interest with a desired level of competence.



somewhat amused many years later to read of the Air Force celebrating the FIRST female to hold his job - complete with pictures of the lucky lady.

I had received my Pilot's License in 1947 and I was qualifying, through COTC for my Commission in the Army while working and flying, for Chinook Flying Service in Calgary. I received my rank of 2nd Lieut. and served with 110 Manning Depot as Training Officer. Around the same time, I managed to (a) solo in 4 hrs in a Tiger Moth which, on another occasion, I ground-looped and (b) while touring a paying passenger, I experienced a faulty auxiliary gas feed and chose to land on the main railroad track to Banff as opposed to the Fall plowed fields. We had to push the Aeronca into the ditch of the shoulder at the CPR 'Canadian' was due to come by. It, of course, did come and the passengers waved at us. Did they even wonder how that plane got where it was?

At some point, I happened to hear

Divisions.

I returned to Shearwater to begin an in-house, make-shift, on the job training period. Some classes at SNAM (telegraphy?), and some short courses given to Pilots. One Communications Course found me near the top and just after entering the room where the marks were posted, I heard one of the Lt Cdr's exclaiming with some vexation "Imagine being beaten out by a Jenny Wren!"

The day my major mentor and support, Chief Radcliffe, told me I would be on my own on the next Watch was a banner day. He told me not to allow the helicopters on the button (in order to reduce traffic for my first day) and, of course, I had them out there. I know he white-knuckled it at home all day. The rest is history and another story.

Sheila shares a few memories...

Carrier Landings, non-compliance with flight patterns, near



30TH ANNUAL REUNION CANADIAN NAVAL AIR GROUP 6 - 8 October 2000

The 30th Reunion of CNAG will be held at the Crowne Plaza Hotel (formerly the Citadel) in Ottawa. For further info, please contact:

Don Hunter
1348 Matheson Rd
Ottawa, ON K1J 8B4
613-749-6288

It is expected that 400-600 CNAGers from Canada and abroad will attend this auspicious gathering titled, "Millennium Melee - Come Join the Mayhem"

Kay's Column



Hi there:

The Oxford Concise Dictionary explains "Millennium" as: (in part) 'Period of 1000 years, period of good Government, great happiness and prosperity.' That is what I wish for all of you. (Especially good Government.) In addition, 'Happy Birthday to all Aries' (of which I am one).

So, how have you been doing? Hopefully this newsletter finds you all well. I think of you often. I'm not wishing the time away, but summer will be here in and hopefully you'll come to visit in. Don't wait for summer, do it now!

Just a reminder, some of you are late getting in your membership renewals. They were due 1 Sep. Our year runs from 1 Sep - 31 Aug.

Rumour has it that in May, ground may be broken for the new addition to the Museum. Let's hope so.

A BONAVENTURE reunion will be held at the Fleet Club in Halifax the 15th of June. As well, the same weekend, Halifax is expecting hundreds of Legionnaires to the city for a reunion.

The Bonnie book and Wall of Honour tile projects are doing very well. If you saw the wall tiles, I know you would want one. They're very nice. The Bonnie book is a great gift to receive. So why not give it as a birthday present etc.

We have a new Membership Chairperson who is intent on ensuring everyone who receives this newsletter becomes a SAMF member. Don't say you weren't warned if the newsletter stops coming to your house. Get off your butt and get your application in!

By the way, are you happy with the newsletter is progressing? Let know if you have any likes or dislikes. And, don't forget we are still waiting for a story from you.

There are several ways to reach us:

Toll Free: 1-888-497-7779
(902) 461-0062
460-1011 ext 1053
Fax: (902) 461-1610

Email:
samf@ns.sympatico.ca
Kcollacutt@ns.sympatico.ca
Or ICQ 8004021

No computer? Then please write to:
SAM Foundation
PO Box 5000 Stn Main
Shearwater, NS B0J 3A0

Now what could be easier than that?
Please drop us a line or two.

Take care,
Kay

By the way: Would the unidentified parrot-voiced caller who responded to our winter newsletter with these words "Boring - Nice Paper - Boring" please expand with constructive criticism. With our anticipatory thanks - Kay and Bill.



Shearwater Aviation Museum

The official opening for the year 2000 will be held 7 Apr 00 at 2 pm. In addition to being open to the public, invited guests will include the Lt Gov of Nova Scotia and local dignitaries. During the opening ceremony, the Eastern Air Command exhibit will be unveiled.

Museum hours are:

10 -5 Tue to Fri

2-4 Sat

Beginning 1 Jun, in addition to the above hours, the Museum will be opened 12-4 on Sundays.

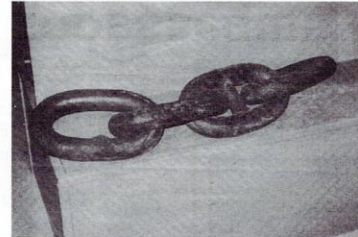
Don Cash Writes: Why in Moose Jaw?

BONNIE'S CHAIN LINKS EXHIBITION ON MILITARY ATC

by Rem Walker (Canadian Flight Sep 99)
(In part)

The HMCS BONAVENTURE was the Royal Canadian Navy's third aircraft carrier. It was Commissioned on Jan. 17, 1957 and decommissioned on Jul 3, 1970. Four links of the Bonaventure's anchor chain are on display at the Western Development Museum in Moose Jaw, as part of the military air traffic control exhibit.

This exhibit is presented as a tribute to the women and men of Canada's military air traffic control service, past and present. The exhibit is called "Eyes on the Sky: The Legacy of



Military Air Traffic Control." It was developed by #15 ATC Sqn personnel as part of the 75th Anniversary of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

The segment of anchor chain on display was used as part of the aircraft arrestor system at #15 Wing Moose Jaw until the mid 1990s. The cable is not attached to anything firm. Each cable is linked to a long chain which drags on the ground -in this case, the anchor chain salvaged from the Bonaventure. The cable is placed at the end of the runway to be used in cases where an aircraft's brakes have failed, or some other emergency arises that may cause an overrun of the runway.

