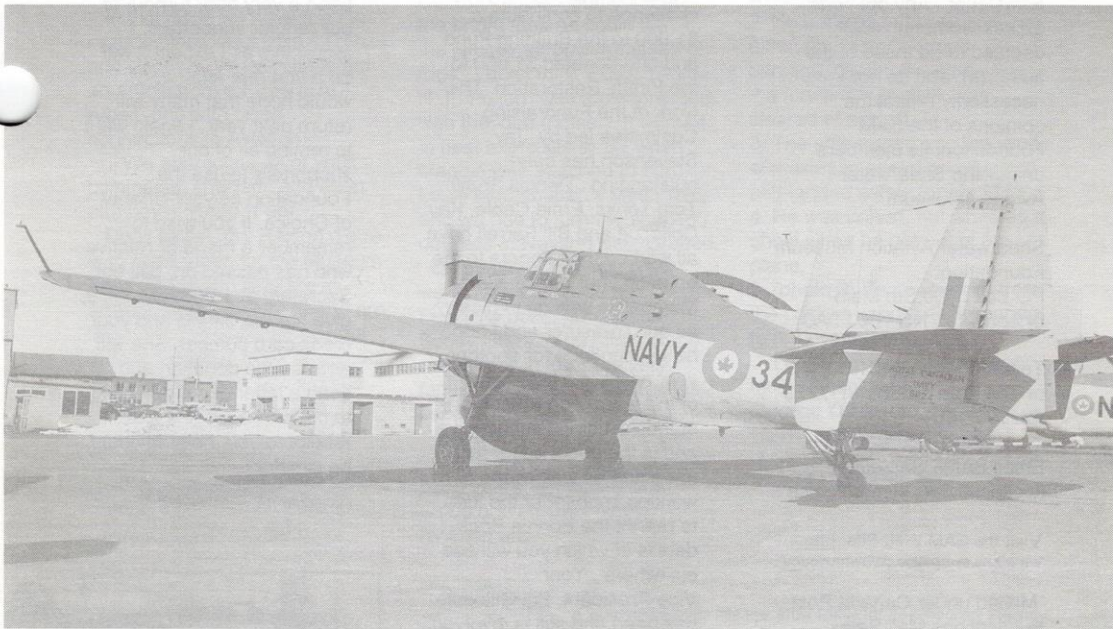




SHEARWATER AVATION MUSEUM

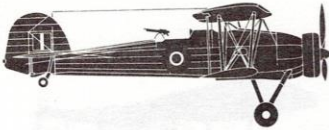
FOUNDATION NEWSLETTER

Summer 1999



Guppy Avenger 3W2 with APS20-Radar





The SAMF Newsletter is published three times yearly.

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President's Message

This is the last chance I will have to address the membership as my term of office will expire at the Annual General Meeting which will be held on the 10th of September at 0900 hrs. in the Museum Theatre. I am pleased with the efforts put forth by the few on behalf of so many. I am disappointed that we have not achieved more. I am also disappointed that many of our Board members do not even attend meetings and that the majority of what is accomplished is always done by the same few. I am pleased to report that several of our members took up my challenge to contribute a \$1,000 to the Building Fund and one donated \$1,000 to the Firefly Restoration. The work of the Fundraising Committee led by Jav Stevenson has been outstanding. Dennis Shaw, Tom Tonks, Ernie Cable, Kay Collacutt and Bill Farrell have all worked their fingers to the bone on your behalf. Gerry Marshall is settling in nicely as our Treasurer and I hope he will continue for another year as he is a key member of the team. Ted Kieser is enthusiastic and imaginative and is the guest editor for this issue as well as the hard working sponsor of the idea to reprint the Bonnie Book details of which you will see elsewhere. Your Vice-President, Bill Gillespie has been and still is involved in a number of tasks including the Investment Committee and development of a budget for the Foundation. The request for

a millennium grant has had to be resubmitted as they have advised us that they will not provide grants for infrastructure so we will rework it to try and get a grant for the Firefly Restoration. The Grant Application to the Halifax Regional Municipality has not as yet borne fruit but we remain optimistic. The 'Salute to an Artist' tribute to Geoff Bennett, organized by Doug. & Marie Peacocke was successful in directing attention to the Museum and will I suspect, bear significant fruit in our future fund raising activity. I understand from Jim Adam, our rep on the Foundation/SIAS Golf Tournament that there has been a very poor turnout of our regular supporters. I regret this as I expect it will be a first rate affair and would hope that many will return next year. I again want to remind 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, call our Secretary at 1-888-497-7779, give her the details and your credit card number. She will arrange the donation and send a letter of condolence to the bereaved and a tax receipt to you, nothing could be simpler.



EDITOR'S CORNER

This only goes to show that it never pays to Volunteer!

Since Bill Farrell is busy heckling politicians, hanging out in Porters Lake, and, when he has nothing better to do, instructing at the Shearwater Flying Club. I, another living artifact, have been asked to be 'Guest Editor' of this issue.



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In this issue we have tried to include more input from all ranks and trades. (We even included an article from a FISHHEAD! Albeit, one with close connections to Aviation).

We appreciate all of your comments, criticism, and even **atta boys! Keep it up!**

Don't forget, our Raison d'etre is to raise funds for the Museum. So, those of you who are in arrears, or not members and are receiving this publication, haul out your cheque book or contact Kay RIGHT NOW and sign up for next year; it's only \$30 bucks, and think how good you will feel. So will we.

Respectfully, Ted Kieser
(Guest Editor, locum tenens)



LETTERS

Ted Fallen writes:

I was very interested in your winter Newsletter. It brought back fond memories. I spent many hours in the old H04S - in HU21 and HS50. I see the argument about Pedro and Angel was mentioned. When I flew plane guard in the mid 50's, it was Angel. My crew had 'Fallen's Angel' painted on the side of old 877, along with many Maple Leaves. In fact, I think Larry Zbitnew was flying it when it picked my crew and I from the water after I put my CS2F-1 over the side of Bonaventure in 1957.

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George Otterman, LSAC

1951-1956

(A great story even without pics, one can use ones imagination! Ed.)

FORE! A guy stood over his tee shot for what seemed an eternity, looking up, looking down, measuring the distance, figuring the wind direction and speed. Driving his partner nuts. Finally, his exasperated partner says, "What's taking so long? Hit the blasted ball!" The guy answers, "My wife is up there watching me from the clubhouse. I want to make this a perfect shot." "Forget it man - you don't stand a snowball's chance in hell of hitting her from here!"

**John Shee writes:
47 Trail Dr
Island View, NB E3E 1A1**

Dear Bill:

It's been a long time and I don't think I have ever written to you before - but what the hell "never too late", is it? The front cover of the Spring 99 issue of the SAM Newsletter with 3 'Turkeys' in formation brought back many old memories. Just before getting them from the USN, I was appointed Staff Officer (O) in the DNA of NDHQ responsible for all (non pilot) items in the dear old TBMs when arrangements were being made with Faireys to convert them to RCN requirements.

Hard to believe they are still doing yeoman service fighting forest fires - see one of the enclosed clippings from the Fredericton Gleaner of 17 May 99. About a year ago I took a quick count at the local airport where they were 19. Me thinks they will outlast the dear old DC-3 (Dakota) that is, if they haven't already.

May I say you are doing a wonderful job as Editor of the Newsletter - a great improvement. Fully support you mentioning the Museum's mandate of including the light blue. After all my better half, Edie, was a WD.

Up "Spirits,

PS Pg 2 of the Newsletter. I'd recognize you from the photo did you really join the "skinheads"?

PPS Is there any deadline for getting a tile on the Aviation Wall?

Vernon Howland of Halifax writes: (abridged)

I notice in the Spring 1999 Newsletter a reference to the loss of HMS GLORIOUS on page 9. She had two attendant destroyers, ACASTA and ARDENT. A full description of this action was, perhaps still is, on www.primenet.com/~inro/no11994.htm (it is, Ed). Details of the action are still controversial and questions have been asked in the British House of Commons as recently as this spring. The story of Fraser-Harris's adventure is covered in John Winton's book "Carrier Glorious" 1986. In case you feel that a very brief summary of this action would be useful, I offer the following:

In the early hours of 8 June (daylight in that latitude) GLORIOUS landed on 10 Hurricanes of 46 Sqn RAF (S/Ldr K.B. Cross) and 10 Gladiators of 263 Sqn RAF (S/Ldr J.W. Donaldson) for transport to the UK. For all these aircraft and 18 of their pilots, it was their last day.

In addition to the RAF "cargo" she had on board 5 serviceable Swordfish and 10 Sea Gladiators. Her Cdr (Flying)Cdr J.B Heath awaited her return to Scapa pending trial by Court Martial on a charge of disobedience of orders. He had refused his Captain's order to deploy the ship's five Swordfish on a shore bombing mission with no maps or intelligence, by aircraft that were unsuitable and aircrew untrained for such missions.

With the dawn came a beautiful day, sea calm, wind SW force 2-3 water temp +1C, visibility unlimited. S/Ldr Cross remarked later that "the whole ship seemed gripped by a curious lassitude". The Carrier was zigzagging at 17 knots on 12

of her 18 boilers with the destroyers 2 cables on each bow. There was no lookout in the crow's nest and no aircraft were flying or ranged on the flight deck.

SCHARNHORST and GNEISENAU were in position 6900N 0310E, course 330, 19 knots when a puff of smoke was seen on NE horizon at 1545. Both ships started raising steam for full speed and altered to intercept.

The German ships were noticed in GLORIOUS shortly before 1600. The enemy opened fire at 1632 and the carrier received her first hit at 1638 at a range of over 16,000 yards and suffered hits frequently from then on. By 1700 she was a "pillar of smoke and flame" according to one German officer. The destroyers laid smoke screens and attacked the enemy with torpedoes. ARDENT was sunk while attacking at 1725. ACASTA, crossing the bows of the enemy at about 1730, fired torpedoes from the disengaged side. One of these hit the SCHARNHORST below the after turret which caused serious damage and casualties and reduced her speed to 19 knots. GLORIOUS sank at 1812, ACASTA at 1817. The Germans broke off the action and headed for Trondheim at SCHARNHORST's best speed.

(Ed: For more stories of naval lore, see; www.primenet.com/~inro/index.html)

Sailors Shore Leave Prayer

May the Lord above
send down a dove
with wings as sharp as razors,
to slit the throats
of them there blokes who sell
bad booze to sailors!

EDITOR'S CORNER

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Bill West writes:

Dear Editor,

Am sorry not to have your name, however, on getting the Spring issue of SAM's Newsletter containing items re Grumman Avengers (in which I flew TBR with 820 from HMS INDEFATIGABLE in the Pacific and Indian Oceans during WW2) plus your great back page picture of the Warspite's Pusser's Duck 9A leads me to provide you with a copy of my story published in a RAN magazine.

The article could easily be titled 'French aircraft shoot down a navy Walrus in September 1940'. I made one small error in the article when I called it a seaplane instead of amphibian. Further comment: At that stage the RAN cruisers were equipped with SM Seagull amphibians, however HMAS Australia's Seagull was unserviceable and a Walrus had been provided by the RAAF who had one or two of them. Please notice in the article the mention of Bob Geale, Canadian. Well Bob, like me, trained as TAG at the RCAF Base Yarmouth, NS, going later to the RAN and retiring as Lt Cmdr M.B.E., I opted out of the RN in 1946.

Regards.

(Article Follows - Ed)

27th June 1999. From: Current issue of 'Touchdown' Royal Australian Navy's F.A.A. Air Safety magazine. Note SONAS indicates Staff Officer Naval Air Safety. Bert

WE WILL REMEMBER THEM

As another ANZAC Day approaches (at the time of preparing this article), it is timely to remember those who gave their lives for our freedom.

Mr. Bill West of Florey, ACT reminded us of this when he wrote in recently about a lesser known action during WWII:

'Referring to pg 5 of *The RAN Fleet Air Arm History At A Glance* (Touchdown 3/98), a few years ago with the help of Captain Keith Eames RAN, here in Canberra, I was searching on behalf of our RAN Fleet Air Arm Museum for

records of Telegraphist Air gunners that served with the RAN. One name that surfaced was that of Petty Officer Colin K. Bunnett. Whilst some record was found, Bob Geale, the Museum's Curator, got hold of quite a story.

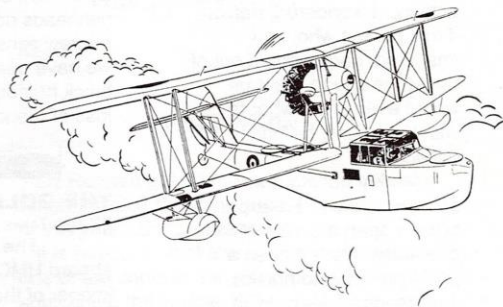
In 1940 when France fell to the Germans, the French Fleet in the Mediterranean fled into the port of Dakar. HMAS AUSTRALIA was there with the British Fleet commanded by Admiral Cunningham, who was trying to control the activities of this now Vichy French Fleet. HMAS AUSTRALIA's Walrus seaplane was used for spotting the French activities, but, on 25 Sep 50, the seaplane was shot down by two Curtis Hawks of the Vichy French, with the loss of our crew.

The crew of the Walrus was:

Pilot:	Flt Lt George G. Clark RAAF (Formerly RAN)
Observer:	LCdr Frank K. Foggarty RAN
TAG:	PO Colin K. Bunnett RAN

By SONAS

I checked our local records and you are spot on Bill. The Supermarine Walrus was lost exactly as you described. The particular aircraft was A2-L2247 from 9 Sqn, RAAF.



**Further news about
Maggie's trip to Wakeham
Bay**

Ken Odell writes

"Readers' Responses" in the Winter 1998 edition of the Newsletter includes a letter from Jim Hunter describing some events of 'Maggie's' Autumn 1948 cruise to Wakeham Bay in the Hudson Strait.

I, too, was in 'Maggie' for that cruise and remember vividly one of the events Jim alludes to in his letter.

Shortly after seeing us anchor in the Bay, a local Inuit paddled out to us in their skin kayaks to get a closer look.

Maggie's sponsons soon filled with sailors who, generous as always, began throwing gifts into the water - bananas, oranges, apples, cartons of cigarettes, etc which the Inuit began to scoop up. I watched one of the paddlers, the deck of his kayak stacked with retrieved goods to the point of capsizing, as he retreated a few strokes from the frenzy of activity. I wondered, naively, if this person who, as I imagined, had paddled out of the stone age to greet us, would even know what to do with the bounty he had collected.

My question was soon answered. He expertly broken open a carton of cigarettes, flipped open a pack, put a fag to his lips, then reached deep down inside his skin parka, hauled out a Ronson lighter, lit up, inhaled deeply, and leaned back to enjoy his 'stand-easy'!

**Knobby Westwood
writes:**

With reference to your Summer 98 issue, I note that in Jim Stegan's piece on the Trackers, a squadron was missed. Trackers were flown by VU33, Patricia Bay which, I believe, was the last RCN squadron (Regular Force) to have them prior to squadron standdown on 27 June 1992 (Ex CO).

Regarding the NIPIGON explosion, it happened prior to Exercise TOTEM POLE which was held in the English Channel. I was LCDR (OPS) in BONAVENTURE at the time. I believe the explosion occurred, not only because of faulty fuel seals, but also the ship was inadvertently carrying JP4 rather than JP5.

A turn of Aircrew "black" humour ensued between myself and Don Saxon, CO of NIPIGON and G5, Captain Dickie Leir in Portsmouth after the dust had settled. Westwood: "I understand that you in NIPIGON are developing a new ASW tactic." "What's that?". "Give up or we'll explode!" The fishheads do not have an aircrew sense of humour, but we have been exposed to black humour for years in the loss of friends.



THE GOLDEN RIVET

BY Tom Tonks

The Chief Stoker aboard HMC Ships was keeper of the Golden Rivet. A young seaman joining a ship for the first time was assured of rapid acceleration for promotion if he located the Golden Rivet.

The Chief would

place the seaman in front of the porthole in his cabin and tell him to look down the side by the water line. In order to do so, he would have to lean far out. He was to let the Chief know when he saw the rivet.

Eventually the seaman would exclaim: "I don't seeeeeeee it."

Having spent twenty years as a PO, I obviously never found the golden Rivet.

INFORMATION WANTED

Do you know the whereabouts of P20M Robert Hammer's family? Please write or call to:

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

Toll Free: 1-888-497-7779

**SAMF CHARITY GOLF
TOURNAMENT -
HARTLEN POINT**

The SAMF Charity Golf Tournament will be held Thu 9 Sep 99. Tee off 1200 hrs (noon). Shotgun start/Team scramble (weighted handicap) Entrants must provide handicaps or last score. Fee \$140 - includes green fees, shared cart, lunch on the course. Dinner and awards at the Shearwater Officers Mess. Minimum age - 19. Inquiries please phone: (902) 465-2725 or FAX (902)484-3222.

There are only 48 slots still open. Don't be disappointed by missing this great charitable event.

THE KISS AND THE SLAP

A handsome young naval aviator and his Commanding Officer boarded a train heading through the mountains of Switzerland. They could find no place to sit except for two seats right across the aisle from a beautiful young woman and her grandmother.

After a while, it became obvious that the young woman and the young aviator were interested in each other because they were giving each other "looks".

Soon after the train passed into a tunnel and the railcar became pitch black. There was the sound of a smack of a kiss followed by the sound of a smack of a slap. When the train emerged from the tunnel, the four sat there without saying a word.

The grandmother thought to herself, "It was very brash of that young aviator to kiss my granddaughter, but I am glad she slapped him."

The Commanding Officer sat there thinking, "I'm surprised the young aviator was brave enough to kiss the girl, but I sure wish she hadn't missed him when she slapped and hit me!"

The young woman was sitting and thinking, "I'm glad the young man kissed me, but I wish my grandmother had not slapped him!"

The young aviator sat there with a satisfied smile on his face. He thought, "Life is good. When does a fellow have the chance to kiss a beautiful girl and slap his Commanding Officer all at the same time!"

Submitted by Jim "Negat" Watkins

KAY'S KORNER

Hi there! Well here we are into the summer months. Everyone taking vacations etc. Perhaps maybe visiting the SAM. The most popular part of the Museum these days, is the Flight Simulator that was built by staff.

For this edition, we have a 'guest Editor' - Ted Kieser. Ted was asked to do it all for this issue. If he is as good as he says he is - perhaps we'll hire him. (No, we won't Bill - it's only a temporary thing - what would we do without you? Next time, don't be so busy in the summer! You could have at least supplied me with a few Valium pills.)

In addition, Ted has taken on the job as head honcho of *The Bonnie* book project. You're going to be a busy camper this summer, Ted.

I've been kept fairly busy lately myself with calls about the Wall of Honour. Not only have we had individual requests for a tile, but a couple of 'aircrews' have asked to share a tile. For instance, one crew bought a full tile between three of them but it included a quarter of it for their deceased friend. I needed a Kleenex that day. I was really touched. What a great idea guys. Do you have a special crew or friends you would want to share a tile with?

As well, requests have been coming in fast and furious for *The Bonnie* book.

Did you guys notice I didn't bug you about joining the SAMF? I shouldn't have to. You're big and cute enough to do it on your own.

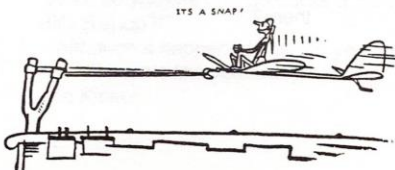
Have a great summer.

Kay

The Golden Age

The Golden Age is here at last
My RSP's are fading fast
God take me soon, is all I ask
My equity ain't gonna last.

Sknot - T.



HOLE-IN-ONE

Liz Ruppert got one on the second hole at Pinehurst Golf Course, Largo, Florida in March of this year. Congratulations!

It is rumoured that she is also responsible for one of the dents in the siding of a residence adjacent to the course.???

Husband George is taking lessons from Liz.

CNAG Atlantic Chapter

Canadian Medals Showing

*by Owen Walton, President
CNAG Atlantic Chapter*

On 22 Jun 99, my wife Shirley and I were finishing a great barbecue with some relatives from New Brunswick, the phone rang. On answering it, a gentleman told me he was calling from the office of the Department of Veterans Affairs in Ottawa. He told me the Minister, Mr. Mifflin requested my presence as the representative of CNAG at a showing of Canadian Medals at Province House in Halifax. Following this we were to be guests at a showing of the Nova Scotia Tattoo on the occasion of it being Veteran's Night on 2 Jul 99 and asked if I would be available. On hearing this, I immediately told him I would make myself available. The gentleman then told me a package would be forthcoming via Canada Post with all the details. I said fine and hung up.

I waited for the package for nearly two weeks and it never appeared. Now, I am thinking, this is a hoax. Someone is pulling my leg. Then another phone call from Ottawa telling me there was a mix-up in getting the letters out and asking if I had an Email address where the letter could be sent. In five minutes I had all the information and then for the first time knew it was indeed genuine.

On 2 Jul 99, my wife Shirley and I presented ourselves at the Red Room

in Province House and viewed the traveling medal display set up by the Dept of Veterans Affairs. I have to say it was an impressive display, well worth seeing if one has the opportunity to view it. And, as an aside, I would heartily recommend that readers of this who have not seen the interior of Province House do so at their first opportunity. I could go on extolling the points of interest of this place, but we will leave that for another time.

After viewing the Medal Display at Province House we were taken by bus to the Trade and Convention Center. There we were served cocktails and a delicious meal, after which we were treated to a showing of the Nova Scotia Tattoo and accorded recognition along with other representatives of the various veterans associations.

It being Veterans Night at the Tattoo, I have to tell you, I was very proud to be a Canadian and to have represented CNAG on this occasion.

CNAG Banshee Chapter - Victoria

The Banshee Chapter is hosting the 29th Annual CNAG Reunion Thanksgiving Weekend 8-10 Oct 99 at the famous Empress Hotel in Victoria.

The weekend starts on Friday with registration and the Meet & Greet; Saturday evening begins with

Cocktails at 1800, dinner at 1900 and dancing; Sunday morning will feature a Buffet Breakfast 9-11 AM.

Friday, Saturday & Sunday
Members.....\$85
Non-members.....\$95
Dinner/Dance only..\$45

For info, please call:
Red Atkins at
(250) 744-1236

"Old Friends"

Though life leads a separate pathway
Putting miles between each heart
When old friends unite
It's like they never were apart.

Courtesy, Jack Moss/Hoss Anderson

CNAG Sea King Chapter

In November, the Sea King (Trenton) Chapter will become the National Headquarters of CNAG.

A SOUTHERN 911 CALL

Emily Sue passed away and Bubba called 911. The 911 Operator told Bubba that she would send someone out right away.

"Where do you live?" asked the Operator.
Bubba replied, "At the end of Eucalyptus Drive."
The Operator asked, "Can you spell that for me?"
There was a long pause and finally Bubba said, "How 'bout if I drag her over to Oak Street and you pick her up there?"

GUPPY FLIGHT DAYS

In Maggie, the Guppy Flight was formed as a detachment of VS881 to provide airborne early warning facilities, and a platform to conduct air-to-air intercepts utilizing the Sea Furies. The aircraft was also used in an ASW role. All officers and men in this detachment operated with a high degree of skill, and morale was tops.

There were, of course, incidents. One of these concerns a night wherein we dined Bruce Vibert, having been told by the Met Forecaster, (Rabbit) Bristow, that the next day's weather would be either a blanket fog or a howling gale. Over the years, several versions of this story have been told. I hope to get it straight. (I was there, and have pictures to prove it.)

The first one is a 'before' pic taken in M55 prior to dinner. (Pete VanFleet, Ted Kieser, Colin Macaulay, Bruce Vibert(ACR Officer), Tony Cottingham, Wally Schroeder, Weldon Paton and Joe Davis(RN DetCdr). Absent Pete Needs (RN),

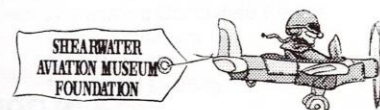
As I recall, we carried on in the Anteroom after dinner, with Uncle Bruce on the coffee table reciting poetry (Rangy Nell?) Long after bar closing, and after a few more libations, we were back in M55 and Bud Service took the 'after' pic (not a pretty sight!)

Trouble began when "Hands to Flying Stations" sounded! So much for the forecast. Paton with me, and Schroeder with Macaulay were launched. Not much is recalled of the mission, except at least two wave-offs occurred.

Later, Joe Davis came to M55, where all occupants had repaired to their respective carts, and began to lecture the group about 'drinking at sea' and 'being fit to fly 24 hours a day', etc. He had not even required anyone to put on lights, or get out of bed!

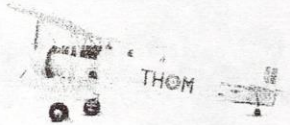
Finally, Wally Schroeder leapt to his feet 'in all his naked glory' and shouted, "What do you want for 30 bucks a month, Billy Bishop?!"

Although it happened over 40 years ago, "it seems like yesterday!".
Ted Kieser



BRING BACK MY STRINGBAG

Excerpts from the above book by Lord Kilbracken, a WWII Swordfish pilot have been printed in previous issues of the Newsletter. Here is another entertaining factual account:



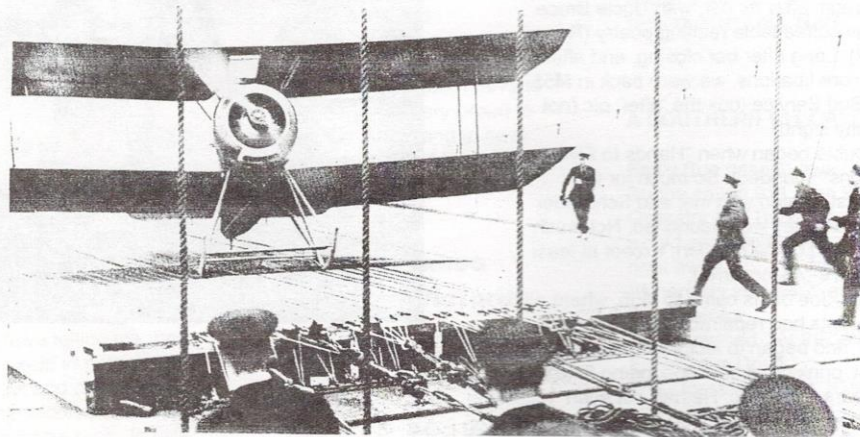
In Consideration of Calls of Nature:

"Have you considered the question of peeing?. For a Stringbag pilot it was a very tricky matter. The routine was as follows. First he asked his observer for a suitable receptacle. The most popular,

because the biggest, was a dust-marker tin, several of which we fortunately carried. After emptying over the side its contents of aluminium dust, the observer passed it *complete with lid* (authors italics), a vital matter to remember, forward over the bulkhead to the pilot. The pilot meantime, who might well be on U-boat patrol over the Atlantic, flew one-handed while he undid his harness, unsnapped his parachute, unzipped his flying suit, unbuttoned his flies. Then he put the tin to use. It was of such a size that I always seemed to come within a tenth of an inch of filling it. No one knows what would have happened if a U-boat had been sighted at this instant.

"That was but half the battle. The pilot put on the lid; now how to get rid of it?"

Experience soon taught me it was most unwise to try putting it over the side. Before you could drop it, half the contents would be blown back by the slipstream into your face. The approved technique was to hold the brimful container in the right hand between the legs below knee level, meantime flying left-handed; then boldly and firmly throw it vertically upwards as hard as you possibly could. It was the done thing to warn your crew at this moment, so that they could shelter behind a bulkhead but, if the operation were carried through with courage and resolution, the slipstream would whisk it astern at a great rate of knots -possibly striking the tail-fin but what the matter?-with no more than the finest of sprays upon all concerned at worst."



**" A BLOODY GREAT BARRIER
LOOMED UP IN FRONT"**

FUNDRAISING UPDATE

By Jav Stevenson

As you are no doubt aware our two principal fundraising Projects are the "Save our Heritage Aircraft" New Building and the Firefly Restoration. To support these two projects we gratefully rely on your continued support but we also have a number of periodic and ongoing fundraising initiatives. These initiatives include:

1. The Shearwater Wall of Honor is in the start-up phase and has begun well. The first order (approximately 20 tiles) has been initiated. Our plan is to have the first wall segment available for the Nova Scotia International Air Show (NSIAS). (See the order form in this newsletter)

2. The fundraising dinner and auction on June 18th at Shearwater netted a fair profit. Guest opinions were that it was great fun. We are planning the next one, likely for spring 2000.

3. Al Snowie, author of "The Bonnie", graciously offered a business opportunity for SAMF to print and sell 1000 additional books. As a start, we plan to have them available for the NSIAS and the various Naval reunions during 1999.

4. We have submitted several Heritage grant applications this fiscal year. These are followed up and new ones are submitted each year.

5. The SAMF Golf Tournament is still on. We share this tournament with the NSIAS corporate organization in order to guarantee previous profit margins, marketing and sponsor support.

6. Other initiatives include picture sales, planned giving (bequests) and corporate sponsorships.

7. The New Building project initiation will depend on the success of the fund-raising initiatives outlined above. To date we have raised about 25% of the necessary funds, however many of our major fundraising projects are in the early stages. We also continuously look for more cost-effective options, and several of these are under consideration at this time. We are most grateful for your continued support to this project. Please keep it in mind.

8. The work on the Firefly progresses at the best rate possible with the limited money available. The enthusiasm of the volunteer wrench-benders is there - the dollars, despite some generous Firefly-specific donations by members, are limited. The two most costly problems are the engine and the propeller which require a significant investment to make them airworthy. There is in hand an application for a "millennium grant" but approval is problematic. One of the factors necessary to ensure adequate funding for the project, with or without the grant, is the enlistment of partners from industry. This is where you our readers come in, we need leads, names and addresses of key people in industry, senior people in corporations who we will approach to become partners in our efforts to preserve our history both in restoration and building projects. It is our intent to offer, in return, sponsorship, publicity and valuable advertising of products and services of the partner company. With the co-operation and participation of all we can and will preserve this venerable warbird and the other artifacts in our collection while providing a suitable venue for their display.

13th Annual General Meeting Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation

The 13th AGM of SAMF will be held 0900 hrs 10 Sep 99 in the Museum Briefing Room.

The following is the proposed Agenda.

1. Call to Order.
2. Approval of Agenda.
3. Approval of previous AGM Minutes.
4. SAM Briefing/Remarks.
5. President's Report.
6. Treasurer's Report.
7. Appointment of Auditor.
8. Fundraising Committee Report
9. Proposed Foundation By Law amendment.
10. Nominating Committee Report.
11. Golf Tournament.
12. New Business.
13. Next AGM Meeting.
14. Adjournment

**Etch Your Place forever on the
SHEARWATER MARITIME AVIATION WALL OF HONOUR**

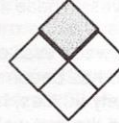
For your purchase we provide: An engraved polished granite tile: Mounting on the Wall in the entrance to the Museum: A tax receipt for the full amount: A record of location on the Wall: & An invitation to the dedication ceremony, (date to be announced).

3 Options with Costs for Individual, Family, Business and/or Memoriam

Option A

\$150 Cdn each ¼ Tile
Spacing for several rows with ½" letters.
Up to 40 letters & spaces total.

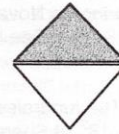
¼ Tile = 6X6" square



Option B

\$300 Cdn each ½ Tile
Spacing for several rows with
½ - ¾" letters.
Up to 60 letters & spaces total.

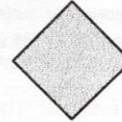
½ Tile = Triangle



Option C

\$600 Cdn each for a Full 12X12" Tile.
Up to 55 1" letters & spaces or more
with ¾" letters

Full tile



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

ORDER FORM:

Name _____

Address _____

Postal Code _____ Phone _____

Method of Payment: ___ Cheque (made payable to SAM Foundation) ___ Money Order

___ VISA / MasterCard: Card # _____

Expiry Date _____ Signature _____

For further information re the Wall of Honour, the Museum or Membership in the SAM Foundation,
please call: SAMF Secretary. Phone: (902) - 461-0062 Toll Free: 1-888-497-7779
Fax: (902) - 461-1610
Web: www3.ns.sympatico.ca/awmuseum/

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

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM

SAMF FISCAL YEAR 12 Sep - 31 Aug

Time to renew your membership for 1999-2000

Name: _____

Address: _____

Postal Code: _____

Phone: _____ FAX: _____ Email: _____

Membership: (Pls Circle) Life: \$500 Patron: \$250/yr Sustaining: \$100/yr Regular: \$30/yr

Donation: (Pls Circle) In Memoriam In Honour Building Fund Artifact Restoration

Note: If 'In Memoriam' or 'In Honour', please provide name and address for recipient of a letter of condolence or acknowledgment from our Secty.

Amount: _____

Method of Payment: (Pls circle) Cheque, Money Order, Cash or Credit Card (VISA or MASTERCARD)

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 (with Credit card #). An official receipt for Income tax purposes (\$100 or more) will be issued on receipt (or when credit card authorization is processed). Our Registered Charity Number is 119925 3904 R0001.

Mail to: SAM Foundation, PO Box 5000 Stn Main Shearwater, NS B0J 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.sympatico.ca

All members are listed in our Donor Recognition Book in the Museum. When your contributions total \$1000 or more, your name will be mounted on our Donor Recognition Board, also in the Museum. To check your total contributions, please call our Secty.

THE VENTURE REUNION OF 1999 by Jean Véronneau.

A handful of them are still serving in the Canadian Forces (CF) as senior naval and air force officers, but their numbers are dwindling quickly. They and their predecessors had come in droves in the mid-fifties and early sixties to join the Navy and see the world. And joining the Navy to them meant joining HMCS Venture, in Esquimalt, BC.

Not only did they join and serve with distinction in the Executive, Executive Air, Engineering and Supply branches of the RCN for varying periods of time, but at one time or another, many of them filled some of the most senior posts in the Armed Forces of Canada. A couple of them even served as senior officers in the New Zealand and Australian Navies. A few more served in NATO or the United Nations before and after leaving the Service. Many are now pursuing busy careers as airline captains, lawyers, doctors, businessmen, industrialists, marketers, farmers, publishers, etc. You name it, and somebody has probably done it!

For example, one is about to retire as Canadian Ambassador to Cambodia. Another is a semi-retired Judge of the Provincial Court of BC still serving as an Ad Hoc Judge of the same Court. Another has pursued a career as a well known author of fiction stories. Someone else has combined a busy career as a senior airline captain and a writer of

military history. One became President of an Applied Arts and Technology College after retiring from the CF as a senior airman. Yet another went in very short order from being a Rear-Admiral to being a Minister of the Crown. And the list goes on...

It will soon be 45 years since the first group of one hundred and sixty motley young men traveled from every corner of Canada to assemble at Venture in September 1954. In the subsequent years, they were followed by eleven other groups of Venture cadets. Many of those ex-cadets have now retired from the military, but they keep in touch with former members of their class and other classes of the all encompassing Venture Association. Their newsletter "the Signal" keeps them linked to each other wherever they are and whatever they do.

Their first reunion of ex-cadets took place in 1969 in Ottawa. They have been meeting regularly every five years in Ottawa, Halifax or Victoria on the anniversary of the commissioning of HMCS Venture. They are about to meet again this year in Victoria in September to celebrate the 45th anniversary.

They come back with their spouses by the hundreds drawn by different compelling forces. Some are attracted by the camaraderie which developed through those formative years and which endured through the follow-up occupational years. Others want to re-live the memories of the days spent going through a tough officer

training program and a much tougher professional training program. Still others (spouses included) are pulled by the remembrance of the times, happy or not, spent together helping each other through demanding careers and busy family lives. And yet others simply want to satisfy their curiosity and find out how their old buddies have fared after all those years. Many of them also come because of the time set aside during the reunion to remember those who were not so lucky and who did not live to see that day. Many of those paid the ultimate sacrifice by giving their lives in the service of Canada. For a larger number though, old age, sickness or non-service related accidents were more likely, but no less tragic, causes.

We invite all Ventures to join us and take part in the 45th Anniversary Reunion which will begin on the 8th of September and end on the 12th.

During that intervening period, there will be a barbecue, cocktail party, dinner dance, garden party, an Association meeting, various touring events, and a Memorial Service. The Association can be reached for more details by writing to: The Venture Association, 3521 Ravine Way - Box 109, Victoria, BC, V8X 4Z1, or by e-mail to johnveronneau@home.com. You should also visit the Association Web site at: <http://www.vultech.ns.ca/venture/> to learn more about the Reunion.

Aye,
John Veronneau

NAME THE FACES

1952 OBSERVER'S MATE QUALIFYING COURSE #5

In the Spring issue, we asked you to put names to the motley selection of Naval Types of the OM5 Course. Many of you did. Here is the list.

Back: John Boden, Ray Doucette, Joey Saunders, Roger 'Geek' MacEachern
Stu Cowan, Jim Hamilton, Doug Burrows, John Bosquette, Bill Gunn.

Front: John 'Digger' Waddell, Jim 'Shuff' Carlson, George Merkley,
Laurie Boucher, PO White, Al 'Silky' Hawthorne, Carl Laming, Al Watts.

CAN YOU NAME THESE FACES?

BONUS: What is the occasion?



Archie Dixon LSOM (Ret)
White Rock, BC writes:

SHORT AND TALL IN THE RCN

I am vertically deprived "five foot six and a half", that's it. I can't reach things without a stool or read labels on top shelves. I have endured comments from tall guys..."short-ass", and "oh you ARE standing up". There is one snicker-worthy experience, though, from my time in the RCN that I love to recall.

In the early fifties I was enjoying life at Shearwater as an Observer's Mate on the over-trained, and under-rated Submarine Hunter Squadron VS881. Admiral's rounds were scheduled and we were required to have everything shipshape. The generous application of paint, soogie and elbow grease had the hangars, workshops and our proud old Avengers at their tiddly best.

For Admirals Divisions, an Honour Guard was to be "mounted". I was among the half dozen sent from VS 881. There were about 40 slouchy, faded dungaree and beret-clad odds and sods to be whipped into shape and to smartly perform the required RCN formations, marching and salutes. Several evenings of square bashing on the Tarmac were ordered. This assignment was as welcome as Keel Hauling.

On the first evening the Chief Gunner's Mate in charge got right down to business with several of the allowable (post Mainguy) insults, and the revelation that the quicker we got it together, the better...and!!... he was going to impress the Admiral with a very "Pusser" Guard or we would suffer, "...whatever is left since flogging has been ditched!"

The first evolution was sizing, tallest on the right, shortest on the left and, of course, "five six

and a half" was the leftmost guy. (Jimmy Spicer at five six and a quarter refused to be on the end and squeezed in on my right.) A couple of clumsy close-order drill moves, orchestrated by the Chief and I'm the middle guy in the front rank. Much, much too close to the Chief. As he shouted orders I could see his molar fillings and watch the spit fly!

At this point the chief huddles with the Officer of the Guard who had suddenly appeared out of the shadows of a nearby hangar, fully booted and spurred as they say: shiny black gaiters, shiny sword and a shitty-liver scowl to top it off.

These two, while casting furtive glances at their ragtag raw material, conferred in hushed voices. Then they suddenly marched smartly over to the middle of the guard...ME!. I was expecting a personalized dose of shouting and intimidation. To my amazement, the Chief began to apologize to the middle section for not being able to keep us- too many bodies for an Admiral's Guard...he didn't want to disappoint us...he was sorry (?)...but we were surplus to requirements..."Fall out and return to barracks!" We were dumbfounded but moved at lightning speed.

For us this reprieve was a divine experience, like going to heaven without dying. In restrained glee, the other two vertically challenged matelots and I took off as fast as our short legs would take us. Around the nearest corner and out of sight. We sat on the grass behind a hedge and had a hearty, though painfully restrained, laugh.

I felt a slight twinge of guilt as we listened to the Chief's booming voice snarling out commands: "Keep silence...Right dress...Close up, close up the gap in the

middle...We will now proceed to the Armament Section and sign out rifles...Keeeeeep silence!...Pay attention...Hold your heads up...Stand up straight...That man!! Get a haircut...Button your shirt...Right turn...By the left...double march!..." As they doubled past our secluded spot we could hear several clandestine hisses from tall guys in the ranks.

"Five six and a half" was a boon that day, and I have a smile whenever it comes to mind, even 45 years later. Mark one up for the short guys,eh!!!!



"Dinner at the Ritz or no dinner at the Ritz, you're not going ashore like that."

Now that I have your attention -
Time to renew or start your SAMF
Membership for the year 2000.
(SAMF year 1 Sep - 31 Aug)

THE CASE OF THE BLACK (AND DEAD) BUDGERIGAR.

Submitted by Rod Bays.

In about 1955, I was commanding HU 21. Fred Bradley was 'Wings'. I had a call from him to say that a lady in North Dartmouth was complaining that a helicopter had flown over her house, causing an enormous downdraft which blew soot all over the house and "...killed my budgie.." (Lots of tears) Fred was dealing with an aircraft reported overdue and told me to go see the lady and fix the problem.

We had been tasked to do some sort of exercise for the National Research Establishment which had a facility just north of the Dockyard Annex, likely something to do with radar calibration. I sent a HUP piloted by a fairly new pilot who had completed helo conversion in the recent past. He was a good pilot though, full of beans, a Sub Lieutenant.

I duly drove to the address accompanied by the offending pilot. He busied himself on our drive by explaining why he had flown so low. It was not very convincing, but it was all we had. We went into the house, a modest two-storey which had an oil-fired range in the kitchen, common enough in those days. It was a MESS! There was black, oily residue everywhere, over furniture, floors, curtains, a fine sheen of black. It was clear that the downdraft (the helo must have cleared the

house by about 10 feet!) had blown the oil stove out, the stove lids were blown off and the soot cleaned out! And sure enough, there was the poor old budgie, flat on his back, legs sticking straight in the air (some sailors might say "tits up") and very dead. The lady was naturally indignant and in a state of anguish, not to say rage. I tried to assuage her emotions and explained that the pilot had some sort of emergency which necessitated him flying very low over the house, a comment which you might properly say makes the grass grow green and is somewhere south of the whole truth. But that's what the pilot said. The lady was somewhat mollified though whether she believed us was another matter. We left with the promise that we would pay for the clean up, and replace the budgerigar. The lady was a heavy smoker so I expect that there was a certain residue in the house anyway so she was perhaps not as angry as first appeared, it seemed to me.

The pilot was told to engage a cleaning organization and supervise the clean up himself. This he duly did and reported back a day or two later that the task had been accomplished. The Service paid for the clean up and the pilot paid for a new budgie. The lady phoned me a few days later and thanked me, told me what a nice young man the pilot was! HU 21 didn't share the opinion at the time but the moment passed. That Christmas both

the pilot and I had a card from the lady!

Rod

BERT WILLIAM MEAD, CD*

Col, CF(Rtd)

Mead was named a member of Canada's Aviation Hall of Fame in 1973 with the following citation: "His record can be matched only by those airmen of higher endeavor and professional calling, who have devoted their lives and skills to the benefit of the free world despite adversity, and whose contributions have substantially benefitted Canadian aviation".

The purpose of Canada's Aviation Hall of Fame is to explore and initiate every responsible measure available to elevate, protect and preserve the names and deeds (for the enlightenment of present Canadians and generations yet to come) of those persons, both alive and dead, whose contributions to the advancement of Canadian aviation or acts of supreme gallantry in the arena of aerial combat while a member of Canada's armed forces, have been of superior benefit to the nation. (Bert played a pretty good piano, too! Ed.)



JUST LIKE PRESLEY,EH?

VF 870 Grey Ghosts at the Miami International Air Show, 1959. By Alec Fox

We had performed at the CNE Airshow (Toronto) in 1958. We spoke up on behalf of the Blue Angels there when the Airshow Chairman virtually gutted their show for safety reasons. They remembered this.

In 1959, at Key West Fl, we met them again. As the Blue Angels were not allowed to fly at the same show as the USAF Thunderbirds, they told the Miami International Airshow committee that we were coming and might fly in their place.

A MIAS rep soon came and invited us. CDLS(W) and NDHQ

agreed but with a lot of restrictions. WE were embarrassed and hesitated to accept. The show people thought we were playing 'hard to get' and offered nation-wide coverage; bus our ground crew 125 miles to Miami, provide complimentary cars for the CO and XO(me) and throw a cocktail party for us. We agreed.

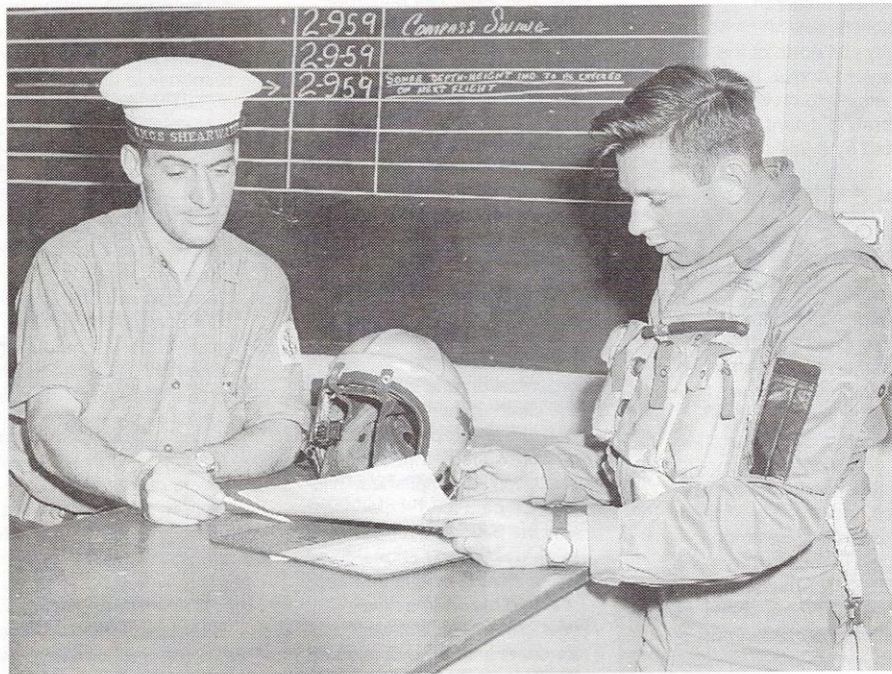
We did two shows. We did what we were allowed, including low and slow, close by with lots of noise, We closed with low carrier circuits to touch and go landings with a madly waving unqualified batsmen (Fred Goodfellow). He was blown about and sprayed with pebbles to the delight of the spectators. We landed, folded wings by

radio on the way in and shut down almost amongst the people with our ground crew looking very smart in gunshirts and bell bottoms. We were mobbed for autographs and as we pushed our way to our complimentary car, a Miami cop said "Just like Presley, eh?".

The Miami News showed only a picture of the Banshees in formation, captioned "The Royal Canadian Air Force Banshees Thrill crowd at Airshow. We got 3 paragraphs including "--saw the Royal Canadian Air Force steal yesterday's show with precision high speed aerobatics"

The Thunderbirds only got a 4 line mention.

DO YOU KNOW THESE PEOPLE?



Sub Caption: " I know I have to check the sonar, but when is high tide?"

EARLY HISTORY IN RCNAS

(Thanks to Knobby Westwood for this merry yarn and a trip down Memory Lane. Ed)

A number of pilots accepted by the RCN from the RN were returned to Canada in March 1946. We were to form 883 (Seafire Sqn), but for various reasons, mainly shortage of ground crew, this did not come about.

As a result, the pilots were usefully employed in divisional Courses, WK's in ships, familiarization in HMCS WARRIOR, and flying aircraft of 743 sqn in RCNAS. Thus, a few of us were given the task of ferrying Swordfish to many inland Divisions for their future Air Training.

A flight of note was the ferrying of three Swordfish, SF948, SF171, and SF129, flown by Mike Wasteneys, Knobby Westwood, and A.J. (Abby) Byrne. The Ground crew were LAM Smith and AME Anderson. Also aboard was 'Windy' Windover to act as Navigator with a battery-powered Radio Range receiver. (Later, Windy went

back into the RCAF and ended up as the "Red Knight").

In any event, the three a/c took off from RCNAS on 17 September, 1946, arriving at Calgary 24 September. My logbook indicates that the flight time was 34.05 hours (all in an open cockpit).

The trip went swimmingly through Megantic, Dorval, Trenton, Toronto, NorthBay, Kapuskasing, Armstrong, Kenora, Winnipeg, until 7 miles NE of Neepawa, Manitoba, when the engine of Abby Byrnes aircraft failed. He force landed in a stubble field creating a massive cloud of dust. Mike Wasteneys (Flt Ldr) quickly assessed the problem and landed adjacent to Abby in the field, followed by me with AME Anderson aboard. It turned out that a fuel line leading to the carburetor gave up. However, we had recently ferried a Swordfish to the Winnipeg Naval Division, so there was a serviceable pipe there. The solution was obvious. Wasteneys would fly to Winnipeg with Anderson to

get the fuel line. I would ferry the remainder to Neepawa (which took three trips)

So Westwood, Byrne, Windover and Smith had a marvelous night in the Neepawa Legion - they still don't know where the Hell those Navy characters came from.

The next day, 22 Sep, Mike returned to the field with a serviceable line, which was installed and we all carried on to Yorkton, then to Saskatoon (HMCS Unicorn) the next day. The enclosed photo was taken in Saskatoon.

We then ferried the remaining two Swordfish to Calgary (HMCS Tecumseh) and Edmonton (HMCS Nonsuch).

Thank you for your time and patience, Aye, Knobby Westwood Sidney, B.C.

PS The Swordfish in all Divisions seem to have disappeared. The rumour has it that the (fish head) Staff Officers sold them for scrap in the 50's. They didn't like the oil on their Parade Square. KW



SONGS OF THE BEER-YODELLING CHORUS



THE BONAVENTURE SONG

Don't give me a CS2F
The bastards will make you go deaf
They're short and they're stubby
The Pilots are grubby
Don't give me a CS2F

Chorus:
Nooo - give me Bonaventure
Way out in the Gulfstream so blue
For she's always at sea
'Cause fish-heads they don't have a clue.

Don't give me an HSS2
Their rotors are stuck on with glue
They auto-rotate
When their engines abate
Don't give me an HSS2

Don't give me an H04S
The bastards are always U/S
They're old and they're rundown
Especially at sundown
Don't give me an H04S

Don't give me a Charlie-O-D
The buggers are never at sea
They're out chasing tail
When they should bring the mail
Don't give me the Charlie-O-D

Don't make me an AFDO
They get lots of sunshine I know
A drop of a flag
Sends you off in the clag
Don't make me an AFDO

Don't give me a Quarterdeck Bar
My cabin is too goddam far
The Heads are below
The service is slow
Don't give me a Quarterdeck Bar

Don't give me a screaming Banshee
They only go splash in the sea
There's only one wire
With which to aspire
Don't give me a screaming Banshee

Don't give me a scaly Argoos
with RO's running loose
They're right in their heyday
When they cry MAYDAY!
Don't give me a scaly Argoos.

BALLAD OF THE BIG, BOLD 'B'

Oh they say the BONNIE's going
She'll no longer sail the seas
She'll be scrapped in 1970
That's how the message reads
So remember in the morning
When the first blood starts to flow
That it may be BONAVENTURE
That you're shaving with, you know



AVIATION FACTS OF LIFE

Rule one: No matter what else happens, fly the airplane. Forget all that stuff about thrust and drag, lift and gravity; an airplane flies because of money.

It's better to be down here wishing you were up there, than up there wishing you were down here.

An airplane will probably fly a little bit over gross but it sure won't fly without fuel.

The propeller is just a big fan in the front of the plane to keep the pilot cool. Want proof? Make it stop; then watch the pilot break out into a sweat.

A check ride ought to be like a skirt, short enough to be interesting but still be long enough to cover everything.

Speed is life, altitude is life insurance.

No one has ever collided with the sky.

Don't drop the aircraft in order to fly the microphone. An airplane flies because of a principle discovered by Bernoulli, not Marconi.

Helicopters can't really fly - they're just so ugly that the earth immediately repels them.

What's the difference between God and Pilots? God doesn't think he's a Pilot.

Flying is not dangerous; crashing is dangerous.

The Scene: Bonnie's Operations Room

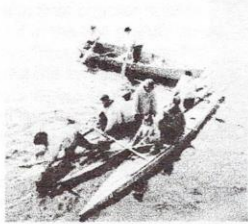
- Trackers and HSS2s airborne
- Several Officers, Chiefs and Plotters clustered around the main plotting board, all talking at once.
- Tension high..
In comes COMFLT's Staff Officer,
" Change the Screen.
Reposition the Helos
Stand by for a new course!"
C2RP Horncastle slams down his grease pencil and storms out of the Ops Room shouting, "They would never do this in a f----- Civvie Carrier!"

H.M.C.S. Magnificent's Visit to Wakeham Bay

I believe it was in August 1948 that the Maggie visited Wakeham Bay.

The Maggie's approach to the Bay was done in a very cautious manner as we were in iceberg country and there were a number of large ones in the area. The land was very barren, just a massive rock formation really, as far as the eye could see, it was occupied though, one cabin, completely radio equipped (The Priest Home) surrounded by tents of Eskimo families.

Immediately the ship-dropped anchor, a number of kayaks and small boats full of young Eskimos left the shore and began circling the ship. They were looking for handouts, specifically cigarettes. Most



of the ship's company was either in the gun stanchions or on the flight deck and got a great laugh when these supposedly deprived natives each had a modern lighter which they used to light the cigarettes

thrown to them.

Crew members were allowed to go ashore in small groups to visit the Eskimos. This being summer they lived as family groups, each family having their own tent. In the winter they moved to their hunting grounds and lived in Igloos. The families sat outside of their tent. The men showed great pride pointing out their children to the visiting sailors. In the tent



there was one sleeping area for the whole family



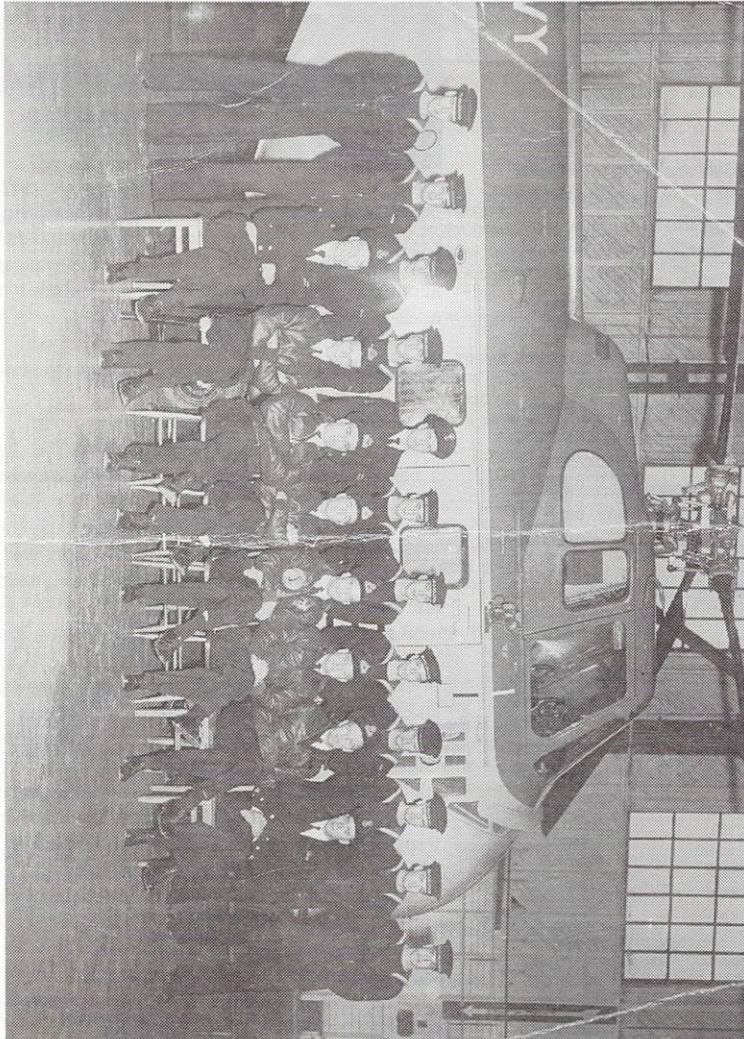
made up of a type of mattress laying on the ground covered by animal skins, cooking utensils and one big wash tub (about 15" high with a diameter of about 36") full of raw meat and animal guts. It must have been seal meat because I would be at a loss as to how they would be able to get within gunsight of a land animal as there were no trees or shrubbery to be seen.

There also were many huskies dogs and pups. Unfortunately the pups were just too attractive and a number ended up being smuggled back to the ship. The ship was not long gone from Wakeham Bay when the ship received a message from the Priest informing the Captain that the pups were missing and advising him that this loss would represent a hardship for the Eskimos in the winter as they depended on them for transportation and hunting. The Captain informed the ship's company of the problem and suggested that a collection be taken up to cover their replacement. The ship's company was generous and the money was passed onto the Eskimos through the Priest.

An interesting aside on this trip was that we had on board a small group of Americans that were in transit North to do some research. They left the Maggie at Wakeham Bay transferring to a Destroyer that dropped them somewhere in or around Hudson Bay. These Americans later became the focus of an international search when they became lost in the northern wilderness. (Forced landed I think) They were eventually found and rescued.

The Maggie's next port of call was further south.

W.F. Moran



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**A LITTLE THANK-YOU TO ALL PILOTS
I FLEW WITH**

From John Thompson

When I have the time, I'm thinking in rhyme
of things that I did long ago.
When I used to fly, drilling holes in the sky
And I'd like all you pilots to know,

that stuck in the rear gave me plenty to fear
depending on skills up ahead.
But oh! What the heck, you did hit the deck
not crashing but landing instead.

Not normally nervous in 'Lizabeth's service,
there were times you made me turn white.
We poor old back-seaters, we needed the
neaters,
after landing with you in the night.

About this discourse, I'm talking of course
of Bonnie's small angular deck.
When viewed from behind, it was so hard to find,
even when stretching my neck.

But heh! I survive, and my memories thrive,
the good and the bad and the sad.
And if I could arrange it, I never would change it,
those airborne adventures I had.

And if I'd been driving there'd be no surviving
not knowing which thing is the clutch.
Despite all the tension you flew me to pension,
so I'm thank you all very much.

STILL IN THE DELTA



The following comrades have
recently departed .

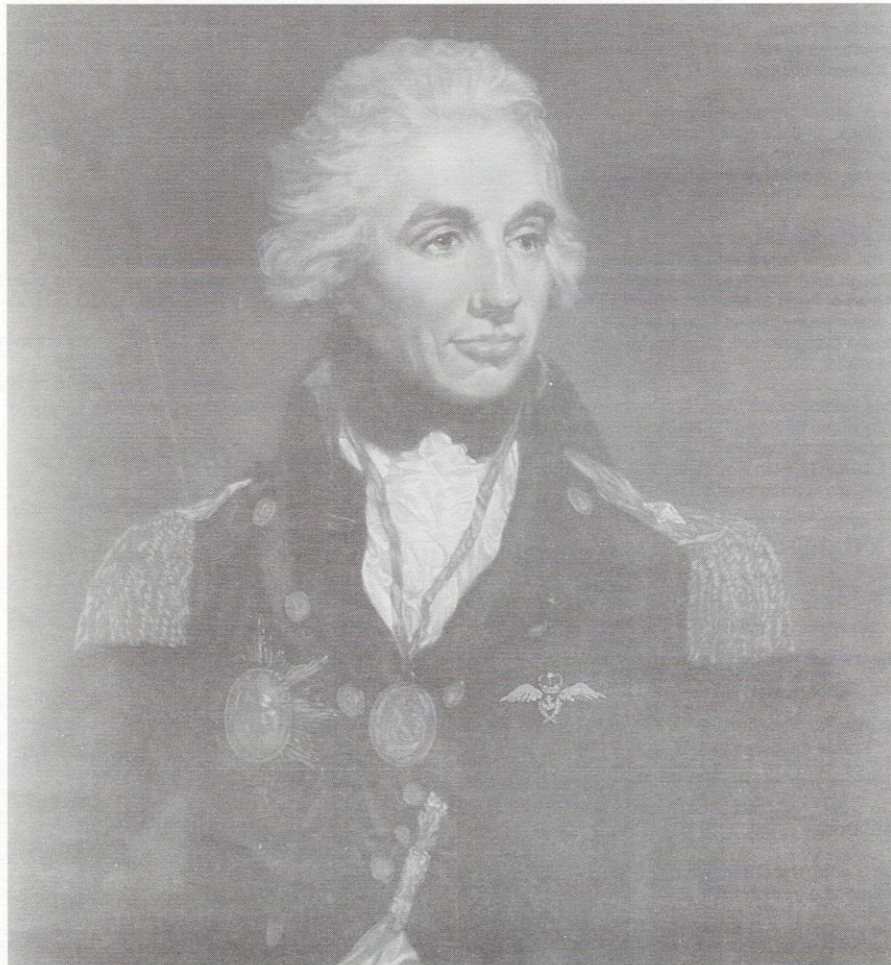
- Tim Bell (April 99)
Antonio Vincenzo Ciccolella
(May 99)
Louis Fateau (May 99)
Lorne Howard (January 99)
W.E."Sandy" James (April 99)
William "Bill" Judge (March 99)
L.M."Laurie" Smith (June 99)
Bruce Torrie (May 99)

--These names have come to our
attention. Readers please update (Ed)

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