

WARRIOR

Summer 2018



A new Era at Shearwater - THE CYCLONE



Sea King in the Shearwater Aviation Museum

12 WING SHEARWATER 100 Years of Maritime Air Operations

Founded in 1918, 12 Wing Shearwater will celebrate its 100th anniversary this year. 12 Wing Shearwater is one of the oldest military airfields in Canada, second only to 16 Wing Borden. Shearwater's varied and colourful history reflects the evolution of flying in Canada and indeed the growth of Canada's Air Force. Shearwater was originally created as a seaplane base in August 1918, when the small promontory in Halifax harbour's Eastern Passage, known as Baker Point, became U.S. Naval Air Station Halifax. It subsequently became an air station for the Canadian Air Force, the Royal Canadian Air Force (RCAF) and the Royal Canadian Navy (RCN) known as HMCS Shearwater. With the integration of the armed forces in 1968, Shearwater was designated a Canadian Forces Base (CFB), and re-named 12 Wing Shearwater following Air Force restructuring in 1993. Shearwater has been a home for Canada's air squadrons for the past 100 years, continuously supporting flying operations longer than any other Canadian military air base. By virtue of its coastal location, 12 Wing Shearwater has been inextricably linked to the defence of the air and sea approaches to Atlantic Canada. In fact, it was the threat by sea that provided the original *raison d'etre* for the Wing. Today, Shearwater provides RCAF maritime helicopter detachments to RCN ships in support of UN and NATO naval operations around the world.

The Birth of Maritime Aviation in Canada

During the First World War, German submarines operated between Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, particularly in the waters off the eastern and southern shores of Nova Scotia. In peace and even more so in war the amount of shipping entering and leaving the Gulf of St. Lawrence and using the harbours of Nova Scotia was enormous. Vessels sailing singly or banded together in convoys were departing in rapid succession from ports in eastern Canada, especially from Halifax and Sydney, laden with troops and supplies to support British and Canadian armies in Europe. Moreover, many transatlantic ships bound for or departing from the northeastern United States passed through the outer fringes of these waters. Therefore, both the Canadian and American governments were vitally interested in protecting these shipping lanes.

Until 1915, no German submarines operated in Canadian waters. The submarine threat wasn't taken seriously until 8 October 1916 when German submarine U-53 sank five merchantmen off Nantucket. The appearance of U-53 prompted the British Admiralty to warn Canada that anti-submarine patrols off its coast should be strengthened. A subsequent Canadian proposal to base anti-submarine air patrols at Halifax and Cape Breton Island was welcomed by the Admiralty and sent Commander Sneddon, Royal Naval Air Service (RNAS), to Canada to investigate the feasibility of such patrols. Sneddon recommended that a small seaplane force,

divided between Halifax and Sydney, NS be formed and that required aircraft be built in Toronto by Canadian Aeroplanes Ltd. The Canadian Cabinet rejected Sneddon's report on the grounds of excessive costs (\$2.5 million), the diversion of skilled labour from other wartime priorities, and concern over seasonal weather changes limiting the effectiveness.

By 1917 the success of east bound convoys sailing from Halifax and Sydney compelled the Germans to shift the focus of their operations. About the same time they had developed large ocean-going submarines, capable of staying at sea for three months or more and mounting 6-inch deck guns. Suddenly the Canadian coast became a vulnerable target area. The Admiralty warned Ottawa of these latest developments and the Canadian Naval Service immediately attempted to strengthen its patrol force. However, no additional ships were available and it was decided that aircraft operating from shore bases were the best means to protect merchant shipping in Canadian waters. But where were the aircraft to come from? The Admiralty had no surplus and the only possibility seemed to be the United States Navy (USN).

Meanwhile the German threat was so acute that the Admiralty renewed its warning and offered a preliminary plan for aircraft patrols. Shortly thereafter, British and American Admirals convened a conference in Washington, which included Captain Walter Hose, the Royal Canadian Navy's (RCN) Captain of Patrols on the east coast. The conference settled two points: first, air stations should be established at Halifax and Sydney; secondly, that the United States would supply these stations with pilots, seaplanes, airships and kite balloons until the embryonic Royal Canadian Naval Air Service (RCNAS) was trained and ready to take over. On 23 April 1918, it was also agreed that the United States would take responsibility for coastal patrol and anti-submarine work as far east as western Nova Scotia and that assigned American forces would be placed under operational control of the RCN. Because Canada had no officers experienced in maritime air operations, the Admiralty appointed Lieutenant Colonel Cull, Royal Air Force (RAF) (formerly Wing Commander RNAS), to overall command of the air patrols. (On 1 April 1918, the RNAS and the Royal Flying Corps were amalgamated to form the RAF).

On 5 June 1918, after following rather ineffectually in the wake of the Admiralty and the USN, Canadian authorities finally approved establishment of two air stations. Cull arrived from England in July and approved the seaplane base just south of Dartmouth, NS, but moved the Sydney seaplane base to the western side of North Sydney. Despite the lateness of the season, Cull persuaded the USN to implement the April agreement. The Canadian government was to furnish the site and buildings and all ground equipment, while the American government was to provide the aircraft and the personnel to operate them as well as the operating expenses. British and Canadian naval



The past as prologue... looking ahead to the Cyclone

*written 7 years ago by Colonel S.M. Michaud,
a Past Wing Commander 12 Wing*

**"Impossible is a word to be found
only in the dictionary of fools."-
Napoleon Bonaparte**

As the Maritime Helicopter (MH) community slides to the end of another hugely successful year of operations, it's worth taking a quick look at where we have been before we turn to face the challenges and opportunities ahead.

Without a doubt, 2011 promises to be an exciting year with the long anticipated arrival of the Cyclone and a full schedule of new operational demands both on the horizon. If anything was learned in 2010, it's that the need for MH capability has never been higher and it is obvious that this demand is growing steadily. A contemporary security environment that is characterized by uncertainty and volatility – when combined with a globalized international economy that relies heavily on international stability and open lines of trade – implies the requirement for military forces that have near instant responsiveness, significant mission flexibility, worldwide sustainability, and global reach. Nothing currently in the Canadian Forces (CF) inventory approaches the Sea King when it comes to these attributes and no other capability offers this breadth of multi-mission capability at a more affordable cost for the country. The MH community is truly the cheapest date in the Air Force.

Undeniably – given the growing demand for MH services and the level of investment in new MH infrastructure – this is a time of renaissance in the Canadian naval aviation community. Hardly a major operation took place this past

year without the involvement of the MH community. From security operations at the Olympics to humanitarian relief operations in Haiti, the year started off with a bang and the pace did not relent. Barely out of the Olympics, the MH community was called upon to implement a Rotary Wing Air Intercept (RWAI) capability for the G8/G20 summit held in Ontario. Building, and certifying, the RWAI capability for the Sea King in just a few weeks allowed the deployed crews to protect the summit from low and slow air threats, ensuring that there were no gaps in the air defence umbrella. Later in the year, availability problems in the Cormorant fleet meant the advent of longer periods of primary Search and Rescue (SAR) standby; so the Sea King SAR capability was enhanced with the integration of SARTECHs with the Sea King crews to ensure that the high-level of SAR protection that Canadians have come to depend on was never reduced or compromised. Take all of those notable operations and mix in the usual range of exercises, recurring operations, and force generation activities and you get the recipe for a busy year. But as capable as the Sea King has proven to be, even as it approaches its 50th birthday, the future of naval aviation in Canada clearly rests with the Cyclone. On the surface, the transition to the Cyclone looks like an evolutionary change from one maritime helicopter to another.

A look deeper inside reveals a much more revolutionary change involving a multi-generational leap to a leading edge weapon system featuring a full fly-by-wire (FBW) control system, a fully-integrated mission system, an expansive range of 21st Century sensors, and unprecedented flexibility in its cabin configuration. These new characteristics represent a level of operational capability and mission flexibility that exist in no other maritime helicopter in service and will see the demand for MH services, already at historic highs, continue to grow in the future. As well, this level of capability drives the Cyclone into the realm of a strategic ISR (Intelligence, Surveillance, Reconnaissance) platform.

To help reduce the steep learning curve in the transition ahead, significant investments have been made in the Sea King to build transitional capabilities needed to start the shift to the thinking and processes that will be required by the Cyclone.

Two main initiatives are driving things forward: the introduction of a full Night Vision Goggles (NVG) capability and the development of the Augmented Surface Plot (ASP) situational awareness tool to the Sea King. NVGs open up the night by enabling the crew to see on the darkest of nights. The key benefit from the early introduction of NVGs is the development of the expertise in NVG operations, on an aircraft that is well understood,

In many ways, Canada's efforts to embark a large aircraft on a small flight deck revolutionized the concept of organic air support to naval operations by demonstrating



First flight, Sea King CHSS-2 4005, April 1964.
Photo: UACL and Don MacNeil Collection

the theoretical to be possible⁴. By leveraging the inherent capabilities of a larger helicopter, crews could carry more armament, more fuel, and a suite of avionics with capacity for growth. Considering the rapid advancement of submarine capabilities in the 1950s⁵, the CHSS-2 became a potent counter-punch to non-friendly submarines, and over time, it also proved capable of acting as an autonomous, multi-role ASW weapon system through several permanent and temporary modifications, including radar, sonobuoy processing, GPS, Automatic Identification System, Tactical Common Datalink, and various iterations of tactical navigation computers, as well as

the development of aircraft-specific tactics for crews to wield.

In an effort to pay tribute to the history of Canada's esteemed maritime helicopter, Maj Trevor Cadeau, 443 (MH) Squadron Aircraft Maintenance Engineering Officer (SAMEO), initiated a project with technical and operational staff at Director Aerospace Equipment Program Management (Maritime) and 1 Canadian Air Division (1 CAD), respectively, in December 2017. He sought the necessary approvals to change CH12417's modern livery to one that recalled a bygone era. The requested paint scheme was inspired by the original RCN livery from 1963 (as pictured on aircraft 4005), and previously applied in 2010 to commemorate the Canadian Naval Centennial.

The success of the latest livery project can be traced to a large team of personnel within Patricia Bay, Shearwater, Ottawa, and Winnipeg. Crucial to project approval were Maj Cadeau, Maj James Wilson (CH124



4025 south of Shearwater, May 1966.
Photo: Mr. David Wall

⁴ Stewart E. Soward, *Hands to Flying Stations: A Recollective History of Canadian Naval Aviation Volume II* (Victoria: Neptune Developments (1984), 1995), 326.

⁵ Captain (USN) Brayton Harris, "World Submarine History Timeline, Part Four: 1941-2000," NOVA, February 6, 2010, <http://www.submarine-history.com/NOVAfour.htm>.

Aircraft Engineering Officer), LCdr(RN) Simon Peck (12 Air Maintenance Squadron (AMS) Senior Support Engineer), Maj Ryan Snider (Staff Officer MH, 1 CAD), Capt Michael Aubry (Staff Officer, A4 Maintenance 1 CAD), Sgt Hank Pilgrim (12 AMS), and MCpl Hans Brasche (443 (MH) Sqn).

Essential to its impressive execution were technicians from 12 AMS, 423 (MH) Sqn, and 443 (MH) Sqn; namely, Sgt Hank Pilgrim, Sgt Jason Miller, MCpl Matthew Fournier, Cpl David Anderson, Cpl Terri Brown, Cpl Kevin Coakley, Cpl Jean-Philippe Caron-Vadeboncoeur, Cpl Jeffery Cheeseman, Cpl Scott Delaney, Cpl Carl Hillier, Cpl Megan McKeigan, Cpl Troy Mckinney, Cpl Eric Parker, Avr Mark Belliveau, and Avr James Proulx from 12 AMS and 423 (MH) Sqn; and, MCpl Ryan Harpell, Cpl Francois Morin, and Cpl Draven Cowan from 443 (MH) Sqn.

Of course, once painted, it had to be re-assembled! WO Michael Griffin, Sgt Tom Legg, MCpl Luc Godin, MCpl Derrick Curry, MCpl Luc Garneau, MCpl Aaron Pottelberg, MCpl Kevin Ferguson, Cpl Michael Milton, Cpl Doug Luffman, Cpl Craig Cox, and Cpl

Logan Randall from 12 AMS and 423 (MH) Sqn; and, WO Jean-Francois Bordeleau, Sgt Paul Van Bommel, MCpl Erick Gagnon, MCpl Eric Duchesne, MCpl Hans Brasche, MCpl Jonathan Audet, Cpl Brendan Wales, Cpl Robert Bracey, and Cpl Andrew Hamilton from 443 (MH) Sqn all worked hard to put it back together and prep the aircraft for its cross-country ferry.

Not only does the special paint herald the Sea King's history and exceptional contributions to RCN and RCAF operations over the last 55 years, but the project presented an uncommon professional development opportunity for many Aircraft Structures (ACS) technicians. Those involved were able to exercise their own painting skillsets, as well as utilize the new paint booth in the 12 AMS hangar in Shearwater, NS. In addition to CH12417, team members repainted aircraft CH12401 in preparation for its induction into the Shearwater Aviation Museum (SAM).

Although 423 (MH) Squadron ceased Sea King flight operations on the east coast in January, 2018 and has already transitioned to the CH148 Cyclone, 443 (MH) Squadron has been busy flying the CH124 throughout 2018



CH12417 in commemorative livery with CH148817 in Shearwater, June 2018.
DND Photo: LS Clarke

Guidelines for designing your "Wall of Honour" Tile.

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

The options are:

Option A: One half tile 12" X 12" x 17" and triangular in shape with up to 5 rows of 3/4" letters for a maximum of 60 letters and spaces. The longest row can accommodate up to 20 letters and spaces. The remaining 4 rows will decrease in length as the border/edge of the tile dictates. It should be noted that the upper half of the tile will start with a short row and the bottom half will start with a long row.

Option B: The full tile with up to 6 rows of 1" letters for a maximum of 55 letters and spaces. The two centre rows can accommodate up to 16 letters and spaces. The remaining rows will decrease as the edge of the tile dictates.

Option C: The full tile with up to 10 rows of 3/4" letters for a maximum of 120 letters and spaces. The two centre rows can accommodate 20 letters and spaces. The remaining rows will decrease as the edge of the tile dictates.

Option D: The "Buddy" Tile - sold only as a full tile. This tile is divided into 4 quarters - each 6" X 6". Each quarter can accommodate up to 6 rows of 1/2" letters for a maximum of 48 letters and spaces. The two centre rows can accommodate up to 12 letters and spaces with the remaining rows decreasing as the tile edge dictates.



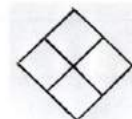
Option A

\$300



Option B & C

\$600



Option D

\$600

Wall Tiles may be purchased through monthly installments.

Half Tiles - \$100 day of purchase - \$100 per month for the following two months.

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

Continued next page

Morris E.B.	Sherman M.	Woods Mrs M.
Muncaster D.	Simpson R.	
Muncaster P.	Sloan W.S.	
Munro D.	Smith C.	5000 - 10,000
Murray R.	Smith E.S.	
Muzzerall C.	Smith E.	Brushett G
Nantel M.R.	Snelgrove C.	Buckley F.
Naval Air Armourers	Snelling S.	CNAG National
Naval Aviation	Snowie J.A.	CNAT PROJECT
Rendezvous Ottawa	Sosnkowski J.	Swordfish Print - Donald
Nearing T.	Soutter G.	Cash
Nelson R. Newman G.	Soward S.	Cody Sr. W.
Nielson E.	Spiers P.D.	Cramton D.
Northrup H.	Springer D.	Davis W.
Nowell D.	Staley P.	Eden J.
Oland B.	Steel G.A.D.	Edgar Eric
Ouellette D.	Steele P.	Fearon W.
Oxholm B.	Stegen J.	Findlay R.
Paquette J.	Stephens M.R.	Hotham G.
Park W.	Stephenson M.	Johnson W.
Passmore R.	Stevenson G.F.	McDonald L.S.
Paton J.W.	Stewart R.	Murphy L.
Patterson L.M.	Stewart J.	Nielson E.
Peters D.	Storrs A.	Reesor F.
Peterson W.	Sutherland D.	Rogers E.
Pickering H.	Symonds J.	Sandy F.
Pokotylo A.	Tang J.	Trerise E.J.
Porter B.	Thorton F.	West R.
Porter H.	Tillett E.	Willis F.
Pumple G.	Todd J.A.	
Purchase D.	Tonks T.	10,000 - 50,000
Raeside V.	Trenholm H.	
Ratcliffe R.	Trenholm R.	Bays R.
Raymond D.	Trerise E.	Brooman E.
Reesor F.	Trimbrell R.W.	CNAG ATLANTIC
Richardson S.	Tripp F.	Davis E. 'Ted'
Rikely W.	Turner T.	Hughes R.
Roberton L.	Valentate R.	Keating C.V.
Roberts T.	Vandahl E.	Kieser Mr & Mrs E.
Roberts J.	Vangalen J.	MacLean O.K.
Robinson J.C.	Veronneau J.J.	McDonald L.S.
Rock H.	Vondette U.	Murphy L.
Roger E.S.	Wagener J.	Peacocke D. and Family
Rosenthal L.	Wall D.	Rogers E.
Ross D.	Walton O.	Snelgrove C.
Rotherham G.	Wannamaker B.	The Bonnie - Snowie A.
Rowland J.	Webber J.	West, R.
Rubin D.	Welland R.P.	
Ruppert G.	West R.	
Saunders G.	Whitby P.	
Scott J.	White T.	
Searle J.V.	Williams J.	<i>(If we have missed</i>
Seaward P.	Williamson A. Family	<i>your name, please</i>
Shaw D.	Willis F.	<i>advise. If it just isn't</i>
Shaw C.H.	Winchester N.	<i>here, perhaps it</i>
Shepherd T.	Woods L.	<i>should be.)</i>

Did you know...

Brad Marchand the prolific, scrappy, goal scorer for the Boston Bruins has a good reason to be called a "warrior" - both his grampa's were Canadian Naval Airmen.

Contributor's name withheld.

The Last Post Fund, a History of Service and Dedication

By Rear-Admiral Barry Keeler (ret'd), National President, Last Post Fund

This national not-for-profit organization originates from an act of compassion and respect. On a cold night in December 1908, an unconscious homeless man is taken by two police officers to the Montreal General Hospital. Allegedly inebriated, he is left in a room to sleep it off. Later on, the Head Orderly Arthur Hair - a Veteran of the South African War - notices an envelope sticking out of the poor man's coat pocket. It contained an honourable discharge certificate issued to Trooper James Daly by the Great Britain War Office. Daly had served for 21 years under the British flag and this document was his sole possession.

Trooper Daly was not drunk but suffering from malnutrition and hypothermia. He died two days later at age 53. His unclaimed body would be turned over to medical researchers before disposal in a pauper's field. Deeply shocked by the Empire's disregard for its Veterans, Hair raised money from friends and colleagues to give the soldier a dignified burial worthy of his many years of patriotic service. This was the catalyst for the creation of the Last Post Fund (LPF) in 1909.

The early work of the LPF was exclusively supported by private donations. Then in 1921, it was federally incorporated and began receiving regular financial support from the Canadian Government.

Since its humble beginnings, the LPF has ensured that no eligible Veteran is deprived of a dignified funeral, burial and headstone for lack of financial resources. Its primary mandate is to deliver the Funeral and Burial Program on behalf of Veterans Affairs Canada. To date, over 160,000 Veterans from across Canada have received financial assistance under this Program.

Eligible Veterans Include:

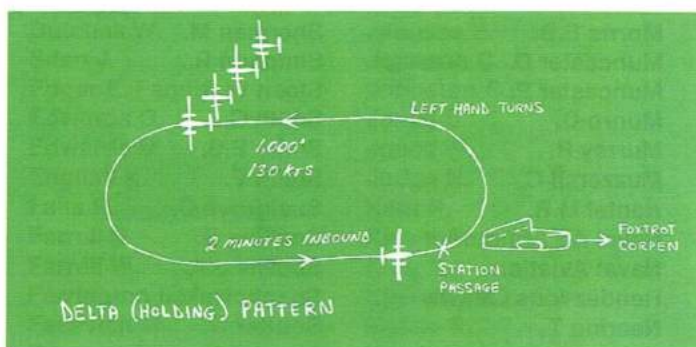
- *A former member of the Canadian Forces
- *A Canadian Merchant Navy Veteran
- *An Allied Veteran who meets certain conditions

In addition, the LPF owns and operates the National Field of Honour located in Pointe-Claire, Quebec. Established in 1930, this beautiful military cemetery, the first of its kind in Canada, has become the final resting place for more than 22,000 Veterans and loved ones. The Field of Honour is available to Veterans from across Canada.

In 1996, the LPF created a program mandated to place a military headstone on the grave site of Veterans who do not have a marker. It is estimated that there remain some 4000 unmarked graves in Canada. It is a huge challenge to find these sites and the Fund looks to everyone for help in making their discovery and reporting their whereabouts.

Please do whatever you are able to ensure Veterans and their families are aware of the LPF. After all, "To honour and protect in death seems but a small return to those who have protected their country in life", wrote Arthur Hair, founder of the LPF.

You are invited to visit: www.lastpostfund.ca or call 1-800-465-7113 for additional program details and information on how to make a charitable donation.



IN THE DELTA

BOSKO, Floyd Douglas
BRYGADYR, Mollie
CARR, David
CHANDLER, Derek
COTE, J.R.
COWELL, S
CREELMAN, Ira
DECKER, Murray
FREEMAN, John
GRAY, Gordon
GREENAWAY, Claudia
HALFKENNY, Barbara
HALL, John 'Jack'
HEWER, Joan Helen
HOLMES, Douglas Gordon
HORNER, AI
KRYS, Harry
LAMING, Carl
McCONNELL, Desmond
McGOWAN, Robert 'Mark'
McLELLAN, AI
QUINTON, Yvon
RUPPERT, George
SHEPPARD, Don
VAN FLEET, Bernard
WALTER, Jack

We've got mail!!!

CPO (Ret;d) Allen Darwin writes:

Dear Kay: Thank-you so much for the Spring 2018 edition of the *Warrior*. I devoured its content as soon as the magazine arrived. What memories and recollections it inspired.

I noted with particular interest the back page item on the 100th Anniversary of 12 Wing Shearwater. Being that I spent so much of my naval career at Shearwater, I really wanted to take part in the festivities. The Shearwater community was so supportive of my darling wife, Freda, and our two boys during my long absences at sea. So many great friendships were formed that lasted a lifetime. Unfortunately, I am not sure my aged body could manage the trip from Ottawa.

At the suggestion of my son, who assures me I have the resources to do so, I have decided to honour the event through a financial contribution to SAMF. I hope this will assist the organization in meeting its goal of preserving the Naval Air tradition and thus reminding people of its contribution to the safety and security of our country.

Kindest regards from a proud Naval Air veteran (1946-1969), Allen Darwin, CPO (Ret'd)

Please accept my donation.

Robert Bissell writes:

I note you are surrounded by light blue these days.

Here in the UK, the Royal Air Force have just celebrated their centennial. At our Naval Yacht Club in order to be friendly, we hosted a dinner to celebrate 100 years of the RAF, even though, the Naval Air Service, FAA and Naval Aviation have been around a lot longer.

However, in spite of our best efforts, the starter on the menu was CRAB cocktail. Our Chef is a retired CPO cook!
Cheers.

David Darwin writes: Hi Kay!

I have been sitting on this piece of writing for a long time. I often wondered if it was something that might be suitable for inclusion in the *Warrior*. So, I have done some light editing of the original and am sending it along for your consideration.

(From the EdL Thank you David. You can read David's article following our We've Got Mail column.)

LEO PETTIPAS writes: Addendum to "HMS Seaborn/RNAS Dartmouth: A Convoluted Lineage of Names"

In the Spring 2018 issue of *Warrior*, Ernie Cable and I published an article under the above title. Further research on my part has turned up additional information on the subject, as follows:

The late-War Admiralty Fleet Order 4442 noted that effective 1 July 1944, the RN Establishment in Halifax, Nova Scotia, known as HMS Canada and located in the old King Edward Hotel, was amalgamated with the RN Air Section at Dartmouth under the name "HMS Seaborn." Accordingly, the name of "HMS Canada" ceased to exist, and all functions except accounting were assumed by the RN Air Section at Dartmouth.

Note that Halifax is specifically identified as the ongoing location of the Accountant Officer's digs. In other words, the King Edward Hotel, the former site of the now-defunct HMS Canada, remained home to the Accountant Officer after June of 1944, but under the moniker HMS Seaborn.

In the Summer 2009 edition of *Warrior* magazine, an anonymous writer asked the readers this question: "**If you were around in 1946, do you recall seeing the sign of HMS SEABORN on an old hotel building at the corner of North and Barrington Streets? Apparently, it was the wartime headquarters for the Fleet Air Arm in Halifax.**" The "old hotel building" in question was of course the King Edward Hotel, and the aforesaid "HMS Seaborn" sign on the building was apparently never taken down until the time that the hotel was demolished in the latter half of 1946.

So from 1 July 1944 until the end of the war we seem to have had a single establishment -- HMS Seaborn -- composed of two distinguishable components, one of which was located on the Halifax side of the harbour near the corner of North and Barrington, the other on the Dartmouth side at the aerodrome. *Both* elements must have been officially called "HMS Seaborn" during that time.

Historians J.D. Kealy and E.C. Russell wrote that, and I quote, "in September [1945] the Royal Navy's flying establishment at Dartmouth, HMS *Seaborn*, requested permission from its administrative authority to dispose of 22 *Swordfish* and 3 *Walrus* aircraft." May I humbly suggest that it shouldn't be inferred from this wording that the RN Air Section alone comprised the sum total of HMS Seaborn at the time of the latter's decommissioning in January 1946.

Len Willis writes: Hi Kay, Hope you are well.

While perusing the latest edition of the "warrior" I recognized a familiar name, "In the Delta" section. The name "James Bond" gave my memory bank a jolt.

A few years back (55) in 1963 while serving aboard the "HMCS CAYUGA" our EXO was none other than LCdr. J Bond. Our travels took us across the Pond. One of our ports of call was to Portsmouth, Eng.

Before going ashore the ship's company was assembled and lectured by our EXO LCDR. James Bond about our behaviour ashore and that we were all "Good Will Ambassadors of Canada".

I remember my first pint of British Ale but not my last. Next morning all were assembled on the jetty and resplendent in his Naval uniform stood the ship's EXO sporting a black eye. It seems a British Royal Marine had taken exception to his impersonating "007". Our EXO apologized to us for his behaviour. We were all some proud of our EXO, LCDR. James Bond.

As many of you already know, after he retired from the Navy, Mr. J. Bond went on to lead a distinguished career in education. He also became a pilot and President of the Halifax Flying Club and a life member of SAMF. Dead at the age of 91, at Camp Hill Veterans Hospital, Halifax, 19 Jan 2018.

I left the "fishhead" navy and became a "Naval Airman".
Len Willis, RCN, PO2, Ret.

PS The real "Great Impostor", Fred Demara, also served aboard the Hmcs Cayuga during the Korean Conflict.

From the Ed: Around the latter part of 2017 or in early 2018, at a Board of Trustees meeting it was mentioned that I, as Editor of WARRIOR, would/should put in up to date articles for a change. I mentioned this to Joe Paquette in an email and noted that I couldn't publish current items if they were not sent to me. Besides I intend to look out for the folks who financially support SAMF - the former Naval Air Members - noting we do not have even one member from the Wing. I'm damned if I do and damned if I don't - can't win.

JOE PAQUETTE replied (in part) That is a conundrum. Your current Wing population probably sees Naval Air as a bunch of grey-haired old farts (and we are) who flew from the BONNIE, the MAGGIE and maybe even the WARRIOR with not a lot in common with themselves. No doubt your major contributors (those grey-haired old farts) don't have any current stories.

Yet I am certain the current population at Shearwater must love to share their stories. They are certainly different from ours and I, for one, would love to hear what they are about.

I know the Museum has some great displays from the Gulf War and I would be fascinated to hear what it was like operating in that Chem gear as well as how the new Cyclone is equipped and being used compared to the Sea King of the 80's,

Just a thought but I sometimes shy away from sending a story that isn't about the 'old days' and Naval Air. But surely these guys identify with the RCAF. I know Sqdn Cos love to task Junior Officers with a writing chore to assess their skills (note 'tell' not 'ask'...like you do with me. Ha).

Then again, we are getting older and we can't ask people to care. It seems to be a dying sentiment.... but they may be more interested to hear about themselves.

I often come across comments on Facebook looking for more information on a 'grandad' or 'great uncle' who served or perished... Last was a comment on the loss of Clair Tully and Doug Madder in Leo Wolfe and Brian Roberts crash. I just noticed the article from the Winter edition and I am going to try and locate the Facebook request and send it along.

All the best...Joe

From STAN BRYGADYR in reply to Patti Gemmel's letter re Fund Raising Events:

You have a thankless task in seeking donations for the Museum - Well Done to you, and always to Kay also for such outstanding work. *Stan Brygadyr*

JIM CANTLIE writes: I must take this opportunity to compliment all involved with the production of the WARRIOR. I look forward to reading every new edition for the chance to learn more about Naval Aviation that I either didn't know or have forgotten over the years, as well as what some of our cohorts are up to. Thank you and keep up the great work you do.

I also extend best wishes and thanks to all who work tirelessly at the Museum to ensure Naval Aviation is kept alive and well. BZ

From PETE BEY: Sorry for being so late with my yearly dues. I have seen a lot of "reminder letters" but I think this is one of the best ever.

DALE LOUNSBURY Class of NA213 writes: Kay: In the interest of saving SAMF unnecessary postage costs for shepherding recalcitrant members who are truant in their yearly dues, find the enclosed cheque which should resolve the problem neatly.

Paul, Russ and I are squeezed in like sardines in the back of the car. No seatbelts on as there is no room to find them.

The Navy Club. A huge picture of Halifax Harbour (Bedford Basin actually) taken in 1941 or '42 covers most of one of the thick, grey stone walls. A convoy is being formed. The water is covered with ships of every description. Other pictures are of frigates. I find out there are two classes, the difference being the design and placement of the fo'castle. There is a ship's wheel. There are navy uniforms everywhere. And the men in them look as if they just walked off a ship and slipped into a quay-side bar to relax.

The conversation starts with the recent CNAG convention in late October. Dad tells me about a fellow selling memorabilia - ships' crests, insignia, pins, badges, and such. He presents me with a CNAG Ottawa pin. I put it on. I really like it. A keepsake to cherish and remember this day.

We are joined by various men during our stay. Bill Calver is a real character. He passes around a card showing he is a member of the old bastards club. Al Zwicker drops by. I tell Dad I remember a Fulton Zwicker. Other names come out - Admiral Landimore, ship's captains under whom Stan or Russ or Bill served. Some are familiar, some not.

The stories start to flow as the ale and rum relaxes the group. The clam chowder or spicy chili, with crackers and rolls, fills the empty stomachs. Paul comments about the bond of friendship which exists between these seamen. We may count our colleagues at work as friends, but they do not last as long as these navy friendships. There is something special about having lived, eaten, drunk, and swore with these fellow shipmates, often for months at a time at sea. More than friends, in wartime you depended on them for your life, and they likewise on you.

The stories are fun to hear. Most I have never heard before. Dad says some of them are recounted in the various books, like *Banshees*. I listen closely...

Dad got off ship one time when I was very small, picking up his ration of a 40 ounce of rum. He and Mom were going out that night and asked Fulton Zwicker to babysit. No problem, says Fulton. Dad invites him to enjoy a drink while looking after me. They return to find him fast asleep, the empty bottle of rum nearby. Some babysitter! He stayed the night.

Dad's closest brush with death. Shearwater, doing maintenance on a Seafury. They use a gunpowder cartridge to kick over the engine. There is a holder for six cartridges on the engine. They use about ten without success. Dad goes to the engine to try to find out what was wrong. The other guy decides to try firing up the engine one more time. Dad hears the bang and the propeller begins to rotate. He hits the deck, the propeller within a fraction of his body. He sees a friend in the hangar entrance go pale. Frantically the friend signals the pilot to stop the engine. A close call.

Stan remembered Gibraltar as his closest call with accidental death. He was there with a helicopter squadron. There were six helicopters, parked nose to nose in a threesome, with their rotors folded. Standard procedure is to move them apart, unfold the rotors and turn them to face the wind. It didn't seem too windy, so they pulled them apart, unfolded the rotors but didn't turn three around to face the wind. Now, when helicopter blades rotate they change their pitch twice during a full rotation. As one of the 'copters not facing the wind started up, a gust of wind caught one of the blades and caused it to dip towards the ground. Right where Stan was standing. He said the blade passed within two inches of his face.

Stan and others talked about the frigates and their design. Some were not done right and they were too long. When the bow went up on a wave the stern would go under the previous wave. That is why they changed the length of the forecabin on the later models.

Stan has lots of tales about being on board the ships. Like the fact they used to roll so much, that on the bulkheads there were footprints way off the floor. It was where you planted your feet when the ship rolled on the sea. Sometimes there would be a big wave, it would hit the ship and dislodge the heavy chain from its resting place in the bunker. When asked to clear the mess, they often referred to playing a little golf on the links.

The funniest stories are about the heads. They were fun to use on a pitching ship. The water passes through from one side of the ship to the other, under the heads. Stan said if one were constipated, you just had to sit there as the ship pitched and the water rushed out, creating a suction effect. Of course, on the other part of the roll the water would rush in - and up.

And since the water went in one direction, they used to have fun with newspaper and matches. If you dropped the flaming paper in the first, or upstream, head, it would be carried along to those downstream. They figure that is where the term hot seat comes from!

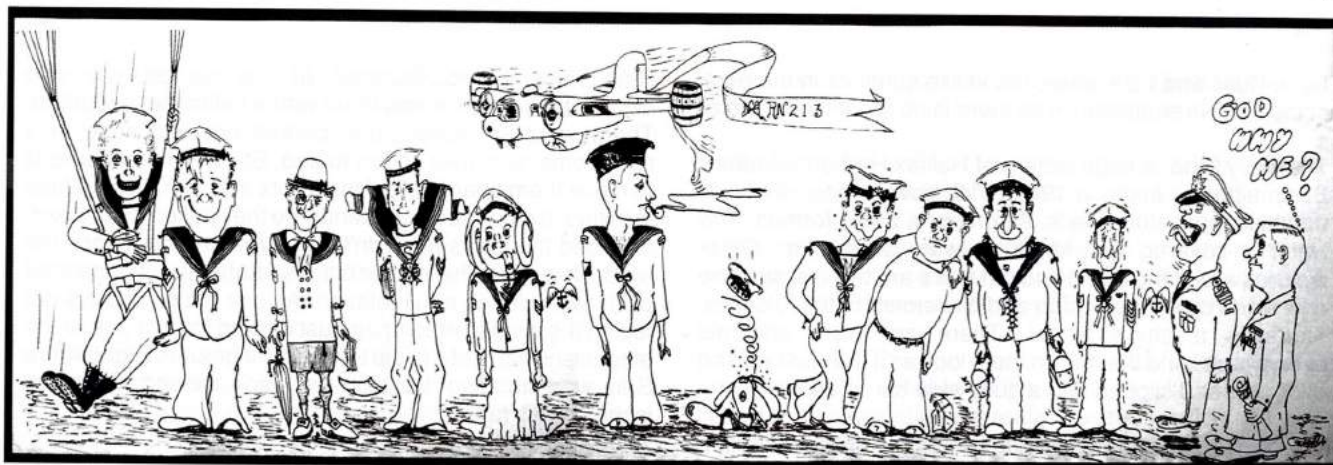
The afternoon is progressing nicely, now after two. We are thinking about leaving. The power goes out. A funny thing since the Navy Club is directly across the street from an Ontario Hydro generating plant.

Dad drops me off at home. It has been fun. I feel the urge to write down my thoughts and feelings. I don't want to forget what I have experienced. I want it to be something I can share with others.

There, I've done it. Feels good.

Thanks, Dad, for a wonderful day of memories. Nineteen ninety-three. November 11. The eleventh hour. Remembrance Day. Memories of a time spent with my Dad.

David Darwin



NA213 CLASS

Reading from left to right as you view the splendid specimens arrayed.

PAUL CRAWFORD - ex-paratrooper/medic and perpetrator of this whole event;

JIM COPE - museum extraordinaire and co-producer of this artwork;

AL BURCHALL - expat Kipper and partner in crime with Jim of said scroll;

DALE LOUNSBURY - (me) AKA Zick - bon vivant and occasional scribbler

JAKE COX - gone from this mortal coil, wicked sense of humour (Miss Piggy is engraved on his tombstone);

DAVE (CHARLIE) BOYER, the junior member of our motley crew;

BOB MacDONALD - ex Boson and more than a match for Jake Cox in the humour department - Jim said they had a few (?) sips and just couldn't get his caricature right, hence the supine position - RIP old buddy);

AL LAW, who admitted that he'd never met a tot he didn't like;

CHUCK HALIBURTON, prone to both sea AND air sickness;

JOHN MAGUIRE, AKA Magoo --- always well provisioned;

JIM MULHALL; very senior member of our group;

JACK FORD - Course Officer who grew hoarse occasionally from admonishing the troops; and

FRED ILLINGWORTH, our great white Leader who occasionally (we suspect) made dents in his desk with his forehead, Fair winds - he's left us too.

All in all it was a marvelous time for our group and we will stay in touch (God Bless the Internet).

Hope this is of some interest to you and your staff and (hopefully) anyone who views it.

Best Wishes and Good Seas. Dale Lounsbury

MEDEVAC TO HONDURAS 12 WING HELAIRDET TRAINING PAYS OFF

Posted on January 30, 2012; Royal Canadian Air Force

On Oct. 18, as Her Majesty's Canadian Ship St. Johns was patrolling the Caribbean Sea during Operation Caribe, the onboard helicopter air detachment was asked to provide standby medical evacuation for a nearby United States Coast Guard ship.

The ship and her crew were on a dive mission to retrieve a sunken vessel used in the shipment of narcotics, as well as its cargo, from depths off the coast of Honduras, when a problem occurred.

Our crew was tasked with flying the CH-124 Sea King to pick up two personnel from the Coast Guard ship and fly them to a remote air strip in Honduras where we would be met by a U.S. Army Blackhawk helicopter.

After a quick planning session, the crew Captain Chris Bowers and I, air combat systems officer Capt Pete Tomlik, airborne electronic sensor operator Sergeant Chris Saunders, and the ship's medical assistant, Corporal Giles Doucette were put in motion.

We were to fly 136 nautical miles [251 kilometres] to the ship, hoist the patient and his escort, return to HMCS St. Johns (where the ship's doctor could assess the patient further) and then proceed to Honduras for drop-off.

After a few passes, Capt Bowers began the approach to the port side of the vessel to get the best references for the extended hovering we were about to do. Both Capt Tomlik and Sgt Saunders were readying themselves in the back of the helicopter; Capt Tomlik would be operating the hoist and Sgt Saunders would be going down to the vessel to retrieve the patient and his escort. Once onboard the helo, Cpl Doucette would take over care of the patient.

The hovering while hoisting was difficult as Capt Bowers tried to keep steady next to the ship pitching in the ten-foot swells while two people dangled underneath.

With the ship anchored at four points and unable to point into the wind, it was not only moving up and down but side to side as well. On the last hoist up, the ship had taken a roll towards the hoist. To avoid collision with the hoist and the ship, Sgt Saunders had shot his foot out to stop them from impacting and the only casualty of the day occurred when he accidentally put his foot through the closest solid item.

I think they are going to need a new speaker, he said once back onboard the Sea King.

Phase one of our mission was complete when we returned to HMCS St. Johns. After a quick stop for fuel and a

check-up by the ship's doctor, we were off to Honduras.

Crossing the Honduran coast, we searched for the remote airstrip, which was no easy feat as it was in a small community surrounded by trees. We eventually caught sight of the bright blinking beacon coming from our rendezvous helicopter sitting at the side of a large dirt airstrip.

The American Black Hawk helicopter had parked in the grass, which gave us the runway to land in. As we got closer we realized that this was not your typical airport. The runway was in the middle of town, unfenced and embedded with walking and bicycling paths. Once all the men, women, children and dogs had cleared the area, we picked a spot to land.

Since it was a seldom used dirt landing strip, our rotor wash began to kick up a large dust ball. In these situations the pilots lose their visual cues that are imperative for landing. However, this is something all Canadian helicopter pilots are trained to handle as they must be familiar with landing in snow, which can create the same phenomenon.

As we passed through ten feet [three metres] of dust I was thinking of the words that are familiar to all helicopter pilots from day one of no-hover landing training: forward and down, forward and down. This allows the pilots to remain ahead of the thickest part of the dust ball while slowly bringing the helicopter to the ground. Once we had landed, the pedestrian traffic resumed on the runway/walkway as locals crossed back and forth as if nothing was happening.

Once on the ground, the American medical team moved towards us. With the full handover from Cpl Doucette and transfer complete, we flew back to our ship to carry on with Op Caribe.

In the maritime helicopter community, we train for these circumstances every chance we get. Its during times like these where we get to see how our training truly pays off.

Op Caribe is an ongoing multinational operation focused on fighting narcotic terrorism and stopping the flow of illicit drugs into North America.

PHOTO: A CH-124 Sea King ship-borne maritime helicopter from HMCS Toronto hovers near the ship during its deployment on Op Caribe last February. Credit: Pte Dan Bard (file photo).

(Unfortunately, photo did not accompany article.)

Many thanks to HOTEF for providing the above article (via WO Saunders). Very much appreciated. Hope we hear from you again. Editor

I was going through my stuff and came upon the enclosed article about an old tactical manoeuvre called 'Glowworm'. I do not know who wrote it, it certainly was not me. The author is a much more skilled wordsmith than myself. However, for my sins, I did experience Glowworm. First as an OM and later as a pilot and I can attest to it being a very scary manoeuvre - particularly on a black-ass night over a no horizon ocean.

It was a great relief when the Tracker with its searchlight arrived and Glowworm became history. Yours Aye,
David Williams.

GLOWWORM

In 1950 the Canadian Navy flew its Firefly aircraft with Grumman Avengers. While not new, the Avengers were superior in many ways to the Firefly. They allowed new air antisubmarine tactics to be introduced and old ones improved.

One of these tactics was called Glowworm. It was a hair-raising nighttime manoeuvre in three parts: a dive to increase airspeed, followed by a sharp pull up to loft rocket flares high into the night sky, and a quick pushover to attack, visually, the submarine illuminated by the flares. My introduction to this remarkable tactic came one night in 1952. The event is burned deeply into my mind. In those days I flew in Avengers as a back seat radio/radar operator. I was away on leave when my squadron adopted glowworm so I missed all the ground lectures and the daylight practice flights. And, on my very first night back from leave I found myself in the back of an Avenger flying seaward into the blackness to practice Glowworm with an exercise submarine. My pilot was new to the Squadron so I didn't know him well. I knew less about Glowworm.

Enroute to the exercise area we investigated a few radar contacts but not in a very aggressive manner. This lulled me into believing that the new pilot might be a bit conservative. I didn't realize he was adapting himself to his nighttime surroundings. Since the radar compartment was not used for takeoff and landing, I was not strapped into my seat.

We were approaching the exercise area at 1500 feet when a submarine-like contact appeared on the scope. I dutifully reported it to the pilot, fully expecting a gradual descent and run-in not unlike the kind we had just been making. I should have guessed something would be different for, instead of getting an acknowledgement, I heard an ominous increase in engine RPM and felt a slight yaw as my 'conservative' pilot pushed against the radar pedals to wedge himself more firmly in his seat. Concentrating intensely on the target, I kept my face pressed into the rubber visor of the radar scope and continued to report the decreasing range. Then, I uttered the fateful words the pilot was waiting like a coiled spring to hear. "Range - 2 miles".

Before the last word was out three things happened - all at once. On comes the power, over went the nose, and upward shot the writer, propelled toward the roof of the radar compartment by negative G. Part 1 of Glowworm had begun.

My helmet with its short lead was instantly torn from my head,

adding the engine's howl and the roaring slipstream to the shock of my sudden unseating. Just as my eyes assumed the shape and size of dinner plates, the aircraft steadied in the dive, allowing the dissipated G to drop me painfully onto the cabin floorboards, somewhere in the blackness behind the seat I had just seconds ago occupied. Totally disorientated, I groped for something to cling to, and had partially regained my feet, when three more things happened all at once: We reached the bottom of our dive, we hit the red-line airspeed, and we commenced Glowworm Part 2!

As suddenly as he had pushed the nose over, the pilot now wrenched back on the pole to send the airplane zooming skyward at a fearful angle, buckling my knees and throwing me back onto the floorboards. My heart was now racing at about 300 beats per minute. In my frantic search for something to hang onto, I unwittingly grabbed the elevator control cable that ran exposed along the fuselage wall. I didn't know what I had seized but I wasn't about to let go even though I could feel my arm moving oddly back and forth each time the pilot moved the controls.

Suddenly I sensed a slight change in attitude and some reduction in airspeed. Were we about to level off, all safe and sound? Not on your life. We had just reached the apogee of our upward zoom and Glowworm Part 3 was only a microsecond away.

With the nose of the aircraft still high above the night horizon and the airspeed falling off at an alarming rate, the pilot pickled off the Glowworm rockets and simultaneously pushed over for the attack sending the rockets skyward, the aircraft seaward, and me once again toward the cabin roof. But, this time I had a death grip on the elevator cable and floated only as high as the bilge window that gave onto the underside of the starboard wing. As I peered out through confused eyes, the rockets suspended on the wing rails suddenly belched out their fiery innards. And, at this precise moment my fingers, moving smartly along with the forward rush of the elevator cable, jammed painfully into the small tunnel that guided the cable into the recessed pulley. All this proved too much. I let go.

Down we hurtled toward the submarine, the night sky now alight with flares and me sprawled again on the cabin floor convinced the rockets had misfired and were now burning off the wings.

Then thankfully, there came level flight, darkness again, and reduced RPM. Moments later the pilot kicked briskly on the rudder in accordance with lost intercom procedure. I recovered my helmet and said, in a voice I didn't recognize, "Y-Yes, Skipper?"

And Skipper cheerfully replied, "Sorry Radar, we can't make a second run. I had the rocket switch on SALVO and shot off all four!"

To which the unrecognizable voice replied, "Aah, too bad...too bad!"

A SALTY DIP

What is a Salty Dip? For those readers who might be strangers to Canadian naval slang the term "Salty Dip" is jargon for the relating or describing of a usually humorous, sardonic or ironic event or incident, which has occurred involving naval personnel either on board a ship or within a barracks or some other naval environment. I have heard it argued that the term "Salty Dip" is incorrect and should actually be "Salty Dit" -- short for "Salty Ditty". Regardless, any "Dip" or "Ditty" you read or hear invariably occurred several years ago or perhaps not at all because -- as they say -- nothing is lost in translation. Readers, interested in the following discourse, will probably be "matelots" (sailors) or people who are or were services or military oriented. Therefore, early clarification of the legality, the correctness and the classification of the tale or tales being heard, are of utmost importance. For example, is the story being heard a "Salty Dip" or a "Fairy Tale"? The introductory statement should immediately inform the recipient of that important detail. For a matelot the difference between the two was instantly discernable, because we all knew that a "Fairy Tale" began "Once upon a time..." While a "Salty Dip" always started with, "This is no shit..."

Several years ago, while attending a C.N.A.G. (Canadian Naval Air Group) reunion in Winnipeg, someone suggested the numerous and humorous "Salty Dips", concerning people and past events, which we had known and had occurred during our early service years, should be documented. It was agreed that the actions of some of our Messmates; the awkward predicaments of others; along with the absurdities which we had tolerated and at which we had laughed, should not be lost. But, who could or would do the writing? Who amongst us could satisfactorily describe and document those situations which we believed so ludicrously humorous? The *raison d'être* therefore, in writing these "Salty Dips", is an attempt to fulfill that suggestion of year's ago and to capture or describe those real or imagined incidents and events which we retell and relive during our reunions.

The person relating a "Salty Dip", depending upon their vocabulary or descriptive skills, may embellish or expand the truth of the actual event. Regardless of truth, exaggeration or rumour, there is always something factual or circumstantially humorous to the story. Usually a "Dip" is both sardonic and humorous with its irony. Throughout the "Dip" either something or someone is looking silly or the circumstances are just too absurd to be real. It is that silliness and absurdity which makes it humorous. When there is absolutely no truth in the described event or in its description then it simply becomes a "Fairy Tale", a rumour, or just a "Buzz". You may not believe the "Dips" which follow. There are some however, who will swear to the truth of these occurrences.

Messmates; I do not profess to be a writer of quality. I am merely trying to serve as a collector and a relater of times gone by. I am not attempting to convince anyone of how pleasant it was to serve in the transitional post war Canadian Navy or, to make any political statement or criticism. My intent is merely to relate a few anecdotes of our Naval Air life. Hopefully these "Dips" will bring a smile, or stir some pleasant

memories which may in turn serve to remind you of how we felt early in our Naval Air careers. I believe we are all - or should be - mature enough to admit that we enjoyed each other, the laughter, the absurdities and the "bullshit".

I apologize to those whose names have been used without consent or approval. I can not request or get your permission because I do not know where you live or if you are alive or dead. One can only assume or hope you would/will not disapprove. You were willing participants and did not object to the situation when it originally occurred so why would you object now? Certain numbers or figures used in the descriptions of the 1946 R.C.N.A.S. Dartmouth are estimates or general in nature. Do not discard or cease reading the remaining "Dips" because you perhaps disagree with any approximations. I assure you the estimated numbers are or were as near as "damn it" is to swearing.

Your grandchildren, if and when they read or hear these "Dips" -- will probably view you with newly discovered knowledge or respect. They will recognize that you were once like them - a young, vital person. With a smile they may turn to you and say, "Granddad is this true?" "Did you guys really do stuff like that?" Therefore, to those of you - my messmates - who made the early years both bearable and unforgettable, I shall attempt to relate a couple of memories, in which, many of you were directly involved and all most certainly shared. At the time of this writing we are more than mid way through 2009. Over the years our Naval Air "thing" has changed. As we have aged the active membership in C.N.A.G. has dwindled. Attendance at the annual reunions has decreased and regretfully, many remembrances of people and past events are waning.

During the forthcoming 2010 Centennial celebrations of the Royal Canadian Navy praiseworthy historic events will be recalled and commemorated. But, what of the events which could possibly be overlooked? I ask this because perhaps the principal and most important development period which could be overlooked is the 20 year era of Canadian Naval Aviation. I say "could be overlooked" because regretfully "Naval Air" and the role we played, while significant -- or at least we thought it significant - at the time, was one which a very large percentage of the Canadian populace, plus a majority of our present Canadian armed forces personnel is totally unaware! Canada no longer has anything that might claim to be, or even resemble, naval aviation. Therefore, if you served in the Royal Canadian Naval Air branch between December 1945 and September 1966, be proud! We were and will always remain a vital piece of Canadian Naval history. You lived - you experienced - you still and you will forever represent that period of Canada's naval history which disappeared in 1966 -- more than 43 years ago!

Certain portions of this narrative contain "Naval Jargon". For those not familiar with Canadian naval life and for a better comprehension or understanding of that life with its idiosyncratic surroundings, a brief explanation or description of our habits, our expressions and practices, is probably required. Hopefully you will not find these details too boring, verbose, prosaic or confusing. However, this brief digression

plus a few embellishments is necessary to either describe or explain the situation, the time of the event, plus the class distinctions which loomed large and impacted upon us daily.

A FEW DEFINITIONS

"Pussers", for example, means an official action. A "by the book attitude" or a Government issued item.

"Tiddley" refers to appearance both personal and the surrounding environment. One was wearing his "Tiddley" when dressed in his #1 uniform which was especially tailored made from good quality serge, with gold badges and medals. When one cleaned up or prepared for inspection - the person or place could be referred to as being or looking "Tiddley".

To be "Drafted" was to be transferred or "Posted" to a different ship, a different squadron or another place of duty.

"Divisions" were our formal parade. Over the years, depending upon the personal preferences of our various Commanders or Captains, "Divisions" were usually a weekly or sometimes a monthly occurrence. Even the day or time for "Divisions" - Friday afternoon or Saturday forenoon - depending on the Captain or the Commander's preference - could vary. However, for "Divisions", the entire Ship's Company was "fallen in" on the parade square or tarmac in the hangar area, inspected and then "Marched Past" the saluting dais.

The "Master at Arms" along with his "Regulating Branch" personnel was the police force and prosecuting attorneys of the navy.

To "Secure" was to finish work or cease what ever one was doing.

A "Killick" is actually a wooden sea anchor and considered to be somewhat useless. Naval tradition has it however, that all Leading Seamen were referred to as "Killicks".

To "Jump Ship" was to improperly leave the ship or barracks.

One was "Adrift" if he was late for anything.

A "Black - Listman" was a person undergoing punishment which had been awarded for some misdemeanour.

The twenty-four hour clock was used to describe time. For example if it was 10 AM one said Ten Hundred or for 10:30 AM one would say One Oh Three Oh. For the same times but, after 12 noon, one described the time as Twenty-Two hundred or Twenty-Two Thirty. We did not use the term "hours" following a statement of time. The word "hours" was deemed redundant and therefore left for use in the Army or Air Force.

There were proper methods or protocols for addressing or approaching a senior person. If one wished to speak with a person senior to themselves one prefaced any opening statement with the person's rank. Chief Petty Officers were addressed as "Chief", Petty Officers as "PO", and Officers were "Sir". The only exceptions to this were if one spoke to

the Master at Arms or the Coxswain. While they usually carried and wore the rank or insignia of a Chief Petty Officer, if one had occasion to speak to either, they were addressed as "Master" or "Cox'n" respectively. If someone erred and called either of them "Chief", it was not unusual to hear: "Did I hear you address me as Chief? Good Christ! You'll probably be saying Bollocks to the Commander next."

Regardless that a Gunner's Mate would turn the air blue with his descriptions of you and your actions when handing you a "blast", it was considered impolite or tactless to use certain four letter Anglo-Saxon expressions in front of, or to, a person of higher rank - especially if speaking to or while addressing an officer.

A BRIEF HISTORY

In 1946, Canada had 3 navies; - one on the West Coast in Esquimalt, B.C. (referred to as the Yacht Squadron); a second - on the East Coast, in Halifax, N.S. (referred to as the Fish Head navy) and the third - R.C.N.A.S. Dartmouth, also on the East Coast, 5 miles south of Dartmouth, in Eastern Passage (referred to as the Air Dales of Coward's Cove). Some 'wag' once remarked that, "Halifax was the asshole of the world and the naval air people were 5 miles up the passage."

Regardless of our rivalries each of these navies has had its share of characters, events, incidents, stories and traditions. I doubt therefore that anyone will ever remember and/or capture all the "Salty Dips" of our now 100 year old Royal Canadian Navy. Salty Dips are told and re-told, time and time again, wherever "matelots" meet or assemble - be it in a pub (the Peacock Lounge in Halifax or the Tudor House in Esquimalt), a hotel room, a mess, or during a reunion. Every group of "matelots" whether they are from different ships, or different barracks, on the East or West Coast, have and will gladly relate their own favourite "Dips". However, the events related in this particular collection of "Dips", with the exception of two, occurred in H.M.C.S. Shearwater, between 1946 and 1966. The 20 year period that marked the life of Canadian naval aviation. Regardless of location or time, all the stories, with one exception, involve Canadian naval aviation "Lower Deck" personnel; the Chief Petty Officers (Chiefs), the Petty Officers (PO's), plus the Leading Seamen (Killicks) and below.

In late 1945 or very early '46 the Royal Canadian Air Force (R.C.A.F.) base in Eastern Passage N.S. was closed and officially became the Royal Canadian Naval Air Station (R.C.N.A.S.) Dartmouth. Sometime in 1947 R.C.N.A.S. Dartmouth was commissioned as H.M.C.S. Shearwater and became the home of Canadian Naval Aviation. From May through September 1946, the ship's company of R.C.N.A.S. Dartmouth numbered perhaps 300 officers and men. Leading Seamen and below lived in one of several two storied buildings referred to as "Blocks". The configuration or shape of a "Block" was like a large or capital letter "H". Each "wing" of the "H" served as sleeping quarters or dormitories. Located in the centre or cross section on each level of the "H" were the "heads" (toilets), showers and wash places. In 1946 each dormitory of "62 Block" billeted 20 men in bunk beds. Later as Naval Air grew (1947 - '49) more "Blocks" were opened and the "dormitory" numbers were reduced to 10 men per

dormitory – in single beds - and later still (1950) these dormitories were divided into cabins with two men per cabin.

In 1952 McKenzie House was opened and billeted the first 9 members of the Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service (WRENS) to serve at H.M.C.S. Shearwater.

By 1955 our old wooden living quarters were razed and replaced by Warrior Block.

In the military environment of 1946 life was easy because it was completely controlled. Just for the moment try to recall your Naval Air life in R.C.N.A.S. Dartmouth when we were 17 and 18 years old. Young servicemen - and in 1946 we were young - did not have to think. A person under 20 years of age was referred to as "UA" (Under Age). Being UA and an Ordinary Seaman the young serviceman was told when to wake up; when to sleep; what to wear; when and what to eat; what he may or may not do in any given circumstance; when he might go ashore; when his leave expired and at what time he was expected back aboard. He did not and was not expected to think for himself. It was not unusual to be told or hear, "Don't think! Wrap up! (Shut up) Just do as you're told!" If one was classed as "UA" – as we all were – one was not allowed into the "Wet" canteen where beer was available. However, there were many ways around that. Also, while one was "UA", or had less than a year's seniority, shore leave expired at midnight.

Special permission was required for any participation in any event, not described or normally permitted in the Ship's or Barrack's Standing Orders. To gain such permission a properly filled out and completed "Request Form" with the correct wording and phrasing, was submitted to, and through, a person's Divisional Officer. If the request was beyond the Divisional Officer's authority, you were referred to and later paraded as a "Requestman" before the Commander. Commander's Requestmen were held at 08:30 every day in the Administration Building. Commander's "Defaulters" were also held daily but they were dealt with after any "Requestmen".

A "Defaulter" was some one who had been disobedient; insubordinate; insolent; or was guilty of some violation of military conduct and for which some senior person felt punishment was necessary. One could become a "Defaulter" for any violation, not only of the Ship's Standing Orders, or their Squadron's Standing Orders, but also the more serious rules and regulations found in K.R.A.I. (King's Rules and Admiralty Instructions) – later Q.R.A.I. (Queen's Rules and Admiralty Instructions). These "Rules" - in effect since the time of Nelson - governed and controlled every moment or aspect of a service man's life – eating, breathing, awake or asleep. For example, an insolent or "dirty look", was considered "Silent Contempt" and as such a chargeable and therefore a punishable offence!

A "Defaulter" was paraded before the Commander who, depending on the severity of the charge, deliberated and passed judgement. His judgement was the type and amount of punishment the "Defaulter" must fulfill. Certain violations had lain down or standard amounts of punishment. For

example, a person would be awarded 3 days "stoppage of leave and pay" for every hour they were "adrift". This punishment was referred to as "3 days scale".

At 08:30 every morning the Requestmen or Defaulters would "Fall In" (line up) outside the Commander's office, on either side of the hall - Requestmen on one side and Defaulters on the other - facing each other. When a name was called by the Master at Arms or the Regulating Petty Officer on duty, one replied loudly; "Sir!" and took one pace forward; turned either right or left and doubled (ran) into the office; halting and coming to attention in front of the Commander's table between all assembled officers or any others who might be involved. The principle difference between a "Requestman" and a "Defaulter" was that as a Requestman – after "doubling" into the Commander's Office - one was ordered: "Salute!" following which one stood – at attention – while the "request" was read aloud to the Commander. When and if asked, one could explain the reason for or any circumstances surrounding the request. The atmosphere, while formal and strict, was not unpleasant. Any logical or reasonable request was not usually denied.

A Defaulter however, after doubling into the Commander's office, was ordered: "Off Cap!" The Defaulter then remained - at attention - bareheaded and silent - while any charge or charges were read aloud by the Master at Arms to the Commander. The "Defaulter" remained bare headed and unspeaking, throughout any discussions or investigatory comments which might occur between the Commander, the person responsible for making the charge, the Defaulter's Divisional Officer and the punishment decision. While the Defaulter might be asked for an excuse he normally was not spoken to. For a brief period, H.M.C.S. Shearwater did have a Commander who, when asking the Defaulter for his excuse, would preface the question with: "Tell me something I have never heard and I'll dismiss your case." The Commander would then rebut the excuse by relating when, where and how often he had heard the story. Not many cases were ever dismissed!

During the investigation portion of "Defaulters" any statement or comment resembling a question was usually rhetorical in nature. Therefore a reply was not expected. If the "Defaulter" attempted to speak without permission he was loudly and sharply ordered by the Master at Arms to: "Keep Silent!"

If a request or violation was beyond the Commander's sphere of authority the Requestman - or the Defaulter - was referred to the Captain. A person could be a Commander's Requestman or Defaulter any day of the week. Captain's Requestmen and Defaulters however, were held just once a week - on Thursdays.

Throughout the entire discipline aspect of our lives there were rank and class levels with privileges and obligations attached. The Canadian Navy's philosophy was; if one became envious of the privileges and pay afforded to a higher rank, then one would strive to be promoted to that rank and gain those privileges. Shore Leave for an Ordinary Seaman for example, expired at Midnight while an Able Seaman was

permitted to stay ashore all night.

As members of the Canadian Naval Air Branch we saw R.C.N.A.S. Dartmouth grow from approximately 300 officers and men in 1946 to over 3000 by 1966.

During the summer of 1946 - when 18 CAG (Carrier Air Group) - with their 18 aircraft and perhaps 150 officers and men were embarked in H.M.C.S. Warrior - there remained ashore - not counting Officers or Chiefs and Petty Officers - only 16 files, 3 deep, of Leading Seamen and below. From May through August - all 48 of us would "Fall In" twice a day, out side 62 Block, and march to work.

Excluding 18th CAG, with their 9 Seafire and 9 Firefly aircraft, R.C.N.A.S. Dartmouth's assortment of aeroplanes was varied and few. One Ten hangar housed 743 Squadron; which consisted of 3 Fairey Swordfish; 1 Supermarine Sea Otter; and 1 Supermarine Walrus. They were all that remained of the Royal Navy's war time Wireless and Air Gunnery School.

In another hangar there were a couple each of Ansons and Harvards. These, plus a few Seafire and Firefly aircraft - perhaps 18 or 20 aircraft in total was Canadian Naval Air.

From that few, Canadian Naval Aviation grew to two Carrier Air Groups with four squadrons; two Helicopter squadrons (HU 21 and HS 50); a Training squadron (VU 32); an Experimental squadron (VX 10); a Naval Air Maintenance School (N.A.M.S.); an Observer Mates school; a Central Maintenance Hangar (Z-2) with Pneumatic, Hydraulic and Propeller shops. Sheet Metal and Machine shops (5 Hangar); a new Armament Sect'n; a new Electrical Bldg; a Safety Equipment Sect'n; A new Gymnasium complete with Squash Courts and swimming pool; A new Wardroom (Officer's Mess) and a new barracks building - Warrior Block - Shearwater's large central living quarters - all this by September 1966 - 20 years.

As time passes it is becoming more and more difficult to recall the names and faces of the many people, who served in H.M.C.S. Shearwater, between 1946 and 1966. Some served for longer than those twenty years. Some served only three. Perhaps the people and times one remembers most are those with whom one served during their formative or introductory naval years. For me that was, 1946 through 1951 -- my first five years of Canadian Naval Air. Some of my mess mates served their whole career in the Lower Deck while others became officers and moved to the Wardroom (Officer's Mess). It matters not because in my memory's passing parade, when at different times some reminder occurs, I think of yesteryear and those simple carefree days. I recall the faces and hear again the voices. Once more we are eighteen - all the same rank and all immortal - again.

While I remember and dedicate these reminiscences to all, there are a few who particularly stand out. I especially remember "Red" - who dove off the Dartmouth Ferry on a \$2 bet; and "Ernie" - who went to jail because of the Ferry incident. Or "Blackie" - who bailed us out of the Dartmouth jail after the Ferry incident. Then there was "Moose" - who

loudly called out and told the waitress as she walked away, in the "Green Latrine" (Lantern) restaurant to make sure there were plenty of "shit-bags" in his "shit bag soup" (Clam Chowder). I remember "Norman Edward", who would drink a bottle of vodka before he became brave enough to see the dentist, and cried at every funeral. Or "Arthur H." who gave the Cuban policeman 50 cents for his horse and then rode the horse into the bar in Quantanamo City, Cuba.

Do any of you (my readers) remember the Saturday night dances in the old gym? Can you remember the North Woodside girls who attended every weekly dance? Does any one remember "Elsa", the Butcher's daughter, who looked like and came dressed as "Daisy Mae" to our Sadie Hawkins dance? Do any of you recall the trainee nurses from the Nova Scotia Hospital? Remember, the draft beer in the "Wets" was only 10 cents a glass and the quarts only 50 cents each? We would drink three quarts; then buy a fourth and put it in our Burberry pocket and stagger down the road to the dance in the gym. A large packet of "Players" cost only a quarter. On dance nights we would splurge and smoke "Tailor mades". Not the normal self rolled "Sailor mades" we smoked every day. We could have a hell of a night on just \$3.

Messmates, though many of you are gone, none are really forgotten. The Naval Air we knew may have - like the old soldiers in that Barrack Room ballad - just faded away. However, as long as the happy times live in your memory, as they do in mine, our Naval Air will never die.

Our Base - Shearwater or Dartmouth - which ever you wish to call it has changed. The old wooden "Blocks" those fire traps in which we first lived, are gone. The entire hangar area is changed with new more modern permanent facilities, replacing the old spooky, eerie, wooden hangars. Remember those long, long winter nights, fighting to stay awake, while standing Hangar Sentry?

If you can not recall these things, there is perhaps another place to visit which could refresh your memory. Take a few minutes and quietly walk through Shearwater's Museum. You might remember it as two buildings -- the Church of England Chapel and the old gym.

As you walk through, study the displays. Closely peruse the photographs. View the different aircraft. Look at the various Squadrons or Ships' crests. Recognize and acknowledge that what you are re-visiting was your life! Read the names on the wall tiles. Reach out. Touch and run your hands over those wall tiles as you read the names. Do you recall the faces? Memories will crowd and flood your brain while you remember your past. Images will flow through your mind. You may as I did, feel a few tears of remembrance. You will think of the associations. You will recall faces and times gone by. Even though you may "choke" up a little listen closely and I guarantee you'll hear and recognize a friendly voice, softly whispering in your ear..... "I'm tellin' you, this is no shit....."

(Name withheld by request. Ed)



Cyclone - Ship Take-Off

WARRIOR

Summer 2018



A new Era at Shearwater - THE CYCLONE

We here on the Wet Coast enjoy the WARRIOR - many familiar scenarios and old mates from the halcyon days of operations from the BONNIE and beyond, along with well-writ articles to be read and re-read as time passes and memory fades.....not that has yet happened, of course!

Actually, this donation is an economy measure on my part; I'm now 80 years old, and intend to hit the century mark as did my Mother, so it makes perfect economic sense to anticipate 20 more years of continued enjoyment of your fine publication at a considerable reduced rate – plus it helps the Foundation — win/win for me, and hopefully for you folks as well.

Should my plan fail, what the hell – it was fun, anyway.

Continued wishes for great success. **Dale**

(Thank you. You are such a dear man - wish everyone thought like you. Kay)

Another note from Dale:

Kay---After months of wondering if the postman had snapped up my missing copies of the "Warrior", I found out recently that it has apparently been decided – without consulting SAMF members--that issues of this fine publication are proposed to being published ONCE a year???? Apparently one or two of your Board members have an agenda that doesn't acknowledge the fact that they are in danger of precipitating an all-ranks mutiny in the membership. If this is so, perhaps they should sit down, take a breath, and take the time to realize that the Warrior is not only a responsibility; it's also a legacy. The Warrior is NOT an inconvenience to be lightly tossed aside. It is, if you will, a gathering of young and old members of a proud Naval Tradition, who can reminisce, learn, and share experiences from days past with members old and new; mates and personnel who are so generous with their memories.... It's likely funding is the problem---it always comes down to the pennies. If so, has anyone discussed the possibility of a subscription fee to those who refuse to let go of their favorite publication? Stay the course! Understand that the new generations need the depth of our Naval history to fully appreciate the responsibility that has been passed to them, and allow them to become part of the ongoing dialogue. The thought of not having Warrior coming quarterly leaves same feeling as when the Navy Jack was replaced back on February 15, 1965.....not good at all. Aye- Mutinies have been started over such errors in judgement, Rethink, gentlemen,

BILL PATERSON from Duncan, BC writes: Please use this donation where it will do the most good. Over to you.

Yours Aye, **Bill**

TERRY LYNCH writes: On this day in 1971 19 April, while making a low pass near German Freighter "Bergflak" off the coast of AW, the crew of a CS2F # 12176 out of VS 880, crashed into the sea with no survivors. Those lost were, Lt Walker, S/lt MaGee, P1 Gus Brown and Cpl Mitchell. They are not forgotten.

From **Bob Bissell**
Hi Kay

You will be pleased to know that the Warrior has arrived, and as usual have to congratulate you in finding interesting articles. I have heard from Ken that Shearwater is celebrating their centennial this summer. As it stands We will not be there as we are already scheduled to be Med sailing at that time.

As usual Marsh tells me he has already bought his ticket for Greece so he will be joining us at some point and will bring us up to date on happenings in Canada. I daren't use Naval as your government seems unwilling to spend on the defence of the country which includes the navy. I understand that at the cost of one Admiral the navy now has a replenishment/support ship on charter for 10 years. Unless some new ships are built, in ten years time there won't be any naval ships to support.

I was distressed to read in the Warrior about the crash of tracker 1543 and the loss of 4 naval personnel. Looking back in my log book I note that in Jul 1967 I gave Eric Nielsen his Tracker check ride in 1543. Worse still I note that I took a few of that group in the warrior on training flights from VU32, including S/Lt P Kaersvang in 1543.

Oddly, I don't recall the tragic incident, I believe I had been recruited to join the COD detachment on board Bonaventure at the time. And that's another story!

Best wishes, Bob

Memories – A Tribute

It's starting to be a habit now, going to the National War Memorial to join the dwindling numbers of veterans in remembering the terror of wars past. Like most people attending the ceremonies, I wasn't there. I wasn't even alive when they happened. But through the television and

press, the stories of the wars then and those which occur now, give a bit of the flavour of the battles.

The fear.

The dying.

The wounds – physical and mental.

And the friendships. Friendships true and strong. My Dad belongs to the Canadian Naval Air Group (CNAG), Ottawa Branch. On behalf of the Group, he lays a wreath each year at the Cenotaph. Last year, he was joined by Doug Bruce and Stan Connor. Like many veterans, Doug died earlier this year. But we remained a four-some because Stan's son Paul came along.

Dad picked me up around 10:00 and we drove to the National Arts Centre parking lot. We parked in a spot Stan liked to use. We were a bit late and the ceremonial band and Governor General's Footguards were already in place. This made it hard to get in to the 'inner circle' where the wreath was to be picked up. There seemed to be an impenetrable ring of crowd control fences. And people everywhere.

I noticed a large group of secondary students pressed against the fences. They had cameras and were straining to see. They were well behaved. They seemed sincerely interested in the event. Maybe it was the hope of seeing an important dignitary like the new Prime Minister, Jean Chrétien. I noticed them later in the day, still watching, quiet. An honour to their school (Bell High I learned later from a letter to the editor of the *Citizen*).

We finally had to travel to the Wellington Street access to the memorial, passing through the dignitaries' seating, past the Armed Forces Band, the OBE choir, until we finally reached the point where the wreaths were waiting.

CNAG honours the memory of Lt. Hampton Grey, VC who died in an heroic effort to sink a Japanese warship. Dad said his plane carried two 500 pound bombs. One was shot off the plane before it could be used. The other found its mark as the wounded plane headed for its watery grave, taking the lieutenant with it.

The War Memorial looked very different this year. The week before, Public Works completed a refurbishing of the brass figures of soldiers, horses, cannon, rifles and all. It had been returned to its original colours and coated with plastic to keep it from tarnishing. It was heart-warming to see how many people looked on in admiration, pride, and interest at the restored monument. It seemed to really hold some meaning for them. The way it should. Many took pictures.

Dad spotted the mayor of Ottawa, Jacquelin Holzman. I had sent her an enlargement of a slide I took last year of her, Dad, Stan and Doug. Dad went over to see if she had received it. She had, and invited Dad to bring his copy down

so she could sign it with her gold pen. I wonder if Dad will do that. Probably not. But, you never know.

I watched the other important people milling about. The First Nations vets always fascinate me. Olvide Mercredi looked marvelous in his full headdress, buckskin coat and pants, and moccasins. There was John Manley, fresh from his re-election victory and a newly appointed cabinet minister. A few bars of the anthem are heard. The GG has arrived, with the PM.

The ceremonies proceed as the usually do. It is not so cold this year, it seems. But I am really dressed for the occasion, too. Just as the GG picks up his wreath to lay it at the memorial's base, as if on cue, the sun breaks through the cloud cover. I happen to turn to look behind me. All the workers on a construction project at Sparks and Queen have stopped their work and peer down from high up on their workplace. Stan recalls hearing of an incident in Halifax where workers stopped during the dedication of a memorial. They didn't have to, but they did. Nice touch.

Dad and Stan got their wreath laid near the beginning of the second wave (after the big wigs and some of the diplomats). They certainly take the job seriously. Dad likes to make sure the wreath is prominent so people can read the writing. Paul and I tried to take pictures but the TV crews got in the way.

After the main part of the ceremonies, we took up positions facing Wellington Street for the march-past. It must be the military blood inside that really gets to me at this time. The marching, the bands playing familiar marching tunes (like *Hearts of Oak* for the Navy), the salutes. But it is the veterans marching by that gets the emotions going strong. Tears always come to my eyes. I'm proud of these men and women and what they did. I remember. I give thanks.

Stan points out a man with a Scottish regiment hat. He tells us it is Ernest "Smokey" Smith, one of the two living Victoria Cross holders. Paul tries to get his picture, but he disappears into the crowd. After the parade, the crowd lining Wellington Street convinces Jean Chrétien to come near. He shakes and touches hands. One lady gives him a big hug.

The crowds walking by the piles of wreaths mounting the steps of the memorial are heavier than I remember from last year. Paul and I want to get pictures of Stan and Dad with their wreath, but it is difficult. While waiting a young lady strikes up a conversation with Dad. She is keenly interested in the medals, stories, etc. I can't really figure out why. Paul takes her picture and gets her address so he can send her a copy.

We get some pictures. Then we meet Russ Moses, a neighbour of Dad's and a navy veteran. He joins us for the walk back to the car and the trip to the Navy Club on Victoria Island. Names are dropped. Stories begin to be told. Do you remember....? I worry more about breathing as