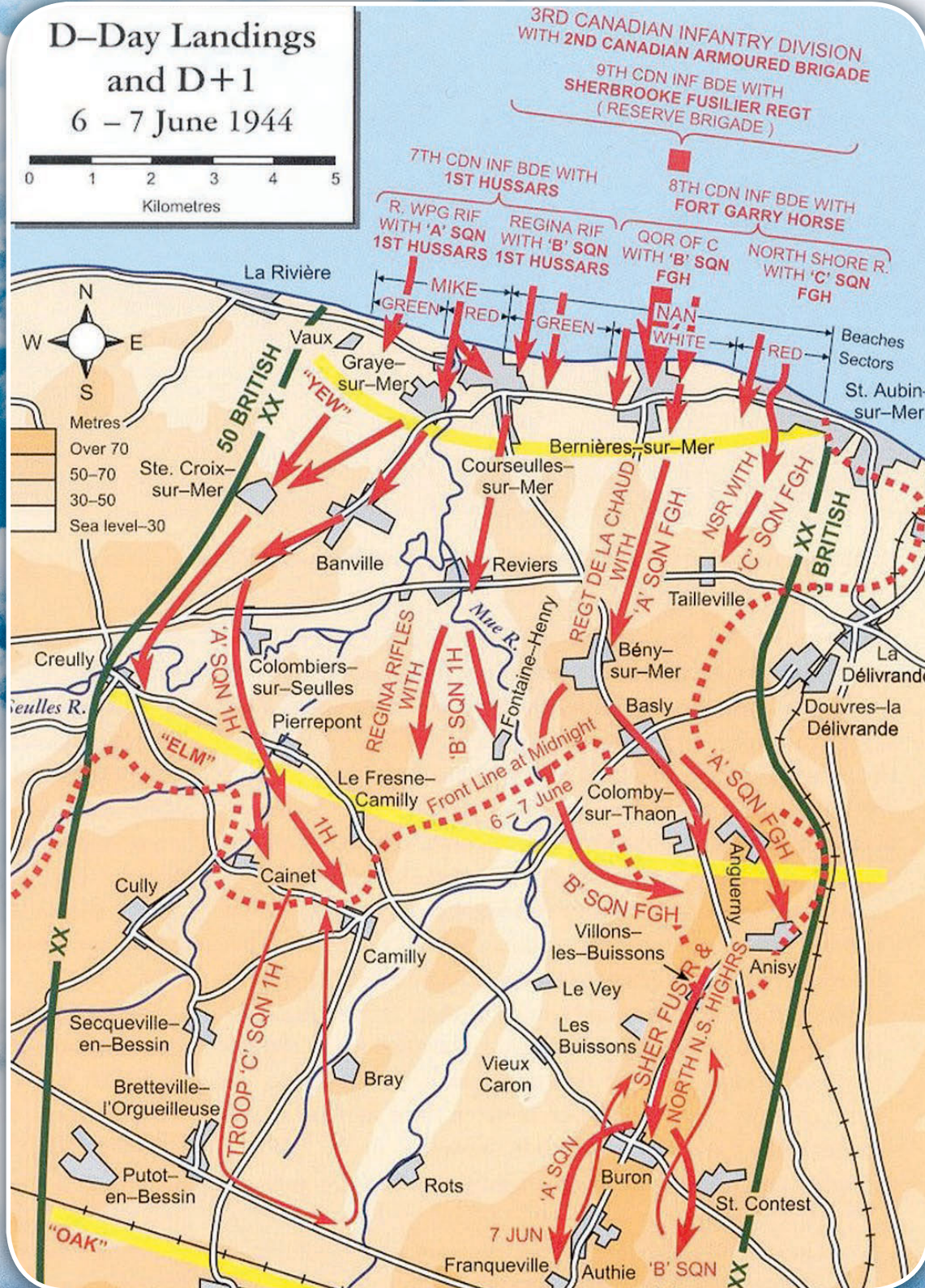


WARRIOR

Summer 2019

We should never forget!



Canadians Landing at Normandy

Challenges and Successes

Early in the war, German U-boats took a heavy toll on merchant shipping as the Allies struggled to find effective ways to combat the enemy threat. Between 1939 and 1942, the Germans increased the number of U-boats from 30 to 300 and developed effective hunting techniques like using groups of submarines, called wolfpacks, to attack convoys. Their efforts initially paid off, with 454,000 tonnes of shipping being lost to German U-boats in June 1941 alone. Their successes continued as nearly 400 Allied ships were sunk between January and July 1942, while only seven U-boats were lost. The situation was very serious for the Allies, as merchant ships were being sunk faster than they could be replaced, thereby putting the supply link between North America and Europe at great risk.

Technology played an important role in the Battle of the Atlantic. Aircraft were effective in protecting merchant ships, but the Allied planes used earlier in the war did not have enough range to offer air cover for the convoys all the way across the Atlantic. Indeed, the central area of the ocean beyond aircraft range became known as the "Black Pit" as that was where many of the heaviest convoy losses occurred. However, the introduction of new long-range planes helped reduce the hazards of this dangerous portion of the run.

Both sides kept trying to get the upper hand in technology and tactics during the Battle of the Atlantic. Germany developed torpedoes that were attracted to the noise made by a ship's propellers. Allied scientists responded by inventing a noise-making device that was towed behind a ship to divert the torpedoes. New radar and sonar (ASDIC) technologies helped the Allies find the U-boats and new weapons, like the "Hedgehog" bombs, helped sink the submarines more effectively. The Germans also developed technological advancements like snorkel tubes that allowed U-boats to run their diesel engines while travelling underwater and on-board radar that increased their submarines' capabilities. Eventually, the improved equipment and tactics of the Allies finally helped turn the tide of the battle in their favour, with the U-boat fleet suffering heavy losses during the later phases of the war.

The growth of Canada's navy was remarkable. At the beginning of the Second World War, the RCN had only six ocean-going ships and 3,500 personnel. By the end of the war, Canada had one of the largest navies in the world with 434 commissioned vessels and 95,000 men and women in uniform. Canada's industry also played an important role in the growth of our military and merchant navies. From 1941 to 1945, Canadian shipyards produced approximately 403 merchant ships, 281 fighting ships, 206 minesweepers, 254 tugs, and 3,302 landing craft.

Reminder - please note well

Over the last Christmas holidays, 12 Wing Shearwater's mailing address was changed without 12 Wing being notified. Hence hundreds of donations for membership never arrived at the Foundation. Some received their mail back but others received nothing. It is assumed they are in the dead letter department from which there is no return. To ensure your mail gets to the Foundation in the future, please use our new mailing address:

**SAM Foundation
12 Wing
PO Box 99000 Station Forces
Halifax, NS B3K 5X5**

Devils Brigade.....Pg 13

Longest Day.....Pg 22

In The Delta.....Pg 30

....and other items

Submissions

Text submissions can be either paper, email or electronically produced, Word or Word Perfect. We will format the text for you.

Graphics are best submitted as an original photo (not a fax). If submitted electronically, they should be 300 dpi and a .tif file. A .jpg file at 300 dpi is acceptable if no compression is used. We will attempt to use any pictures, whatever the format.

NOTE WELL: When sending mail of any kind, newsletter articles, letters, membership renewals, donations etc, **please ensure the envelope is addressed correctly** to the: Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation or SAM Foundation. Deadlines for receiving newsletter submissions are:

Summer 27 June

Winter 4 oct

Spring 7 March

Some Donations are being sent directly to the Museum and therefore may be deposited to the Museum account and not credited to our membership in the Foundation and therefore no receipt will be given.

The Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation (SAMF) Warrior is published three times yearly. Cheques made payable to the SAM Foundation or SAMF and should be mailed to :

SAM Foundation
12 Wing
PO Box 99000, Station Forces
Halifax, NS B3K 5X5

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A wise nation preserves its muniments, decorates the tombs of its illustrious dead, repairs its great public structures and fosters national pride and love of country by perpetual references to the sacrifices and glories of the past. Joseph Howe, 31 August, 1871

THE MORE THINGS CHANGE THE MORE THEY LOOK THE SAME

SAM HAPPENINGS

It has been a sickly season at your foundation and SAM itself folks, euphemistically speaking. At the Board meeting held on the 24th of April, our producer of this wonderful magazine for approximately the last 25 years has finally decided it is time to hang up her spurs. She called to let me know and then wrote a nice note to the members of the Board. She announced in typical Kay, self-deprecating fashion, that she would see the Foundation through the next two Warrior editions, retiring on the 31st of January 2020. That's the next nine months. Enough time to get another season of phone calls from those of you who she knows so well and loves out there in Canada land. And she will remind you "to send your dues for 2020"!

We will all miss her, but candidly, she has been at Shearwater for most of her adult life, and I know that you are all of too generous a disposition to wish her anything but the best as she approaches her chosen retirement date. I am putting this note out to you all dear readers so

that you can have lots of time to get a funny card and send along your best retirement wishes to her. And for Pete's sake, please use the correct address as she would say!

Kay has settled nicely into her own apartment which is in the same building as her daughter Patti and our former GM of SAM, one Charles (Chuck) Coffen. She has set herself up with her computer linked in to her SAM office and her phone at the office is forwarded to her home as well. So she is quite well situated to handle your calls and notes as often as you are in touch. So yes, part pf her shtick is to say she has retired to the balcony, and just loves it!

As if that isn't enough, our gift shop manager and mastermind of the draws and our annual dinner auction, I speak of Kay's daughter Patti, has finally landed herself a position as Office Manager with a real estate company in Burnside Industrial Park. As she used to work in real estate (I did not know that.... did you?) she is over the hump of not having to play strange in her new position, which leaves her to get to know everyone in her new office. We had a small pizza party in the office and after saying goodbye to us she exercised her wish by slipping out the side door of the library on her last day, pleased to have made a very large contribution to SAM and SAMF, being Chief Cheerleader and proof reader of all warrior editions, the purveyor of all news good and bad to all at SAM, and an all-round kindred spirit.

The third departure at the end of April has been coming for quite some time. Last year the Foundation was approached and asked to support SAM by underwriting some of the salaries of SAM personnel. One of these was SAM's Engineer John Webber, who has been with SAM for a very long period of time. Methinks at least as long as Ms. Kay has been with us.

In past years there were three or four employees who were supported solely by SAM. The money for these folks came from the operating funds that SAM was allotted by the Directorate of History and Heritage at NDHQ. Three years ago this money was removed from the table, and museums across the entire CF system were left to fend for salaries and artifact restoration funds on their own. Last year SAMF stepped in and underwrote the funds to keep three employees working, in the hope that a solution might be found in the near future. Such was not the case. The allotted funds ran out at the end of April and alas, with nothing forthcoming, we had no choice but to cease SAMF's support to these employees. The Board of Trustees agreed with this course of action, and so it has come to pass. The Board of Trustees by the way is the Wing Commander and all CO's and Branch Heads from 12 Wing.

And it was not without a few tears that we had a small

gathering at SAM on Tuesday morning 30 April, and said our final farewells to John. We hope that he does turn out with the volunteers every now and then but in the meantime, we will be monitoring and supporting the efforts of the RCAF at finding ways to fund our unique Air Force and Naval Air history going back a full 100 years. As our building fund to allow for a modest expansion to house our growing collection is still a live program, trust me when I say to you, your support is still very much required. We are approximately 1/3 of the way towards this goal.

LETTERS... WE DON'T GET ALL YOUR LETTERS

So, what else is happening around here? Some of our mail seems to have finally found its way across the harbour, while other bits and pieces seem to be still missing. So if you have a letter returned to you, open it up and see if it contains your dues cheque for 2019. If it does, please write us out another one and send it along to our new address, which is in a couple of different areas of this magazine. I sent out a little notice a few weeks back which you should all have seen by now, but we are still missing "many" of your responses. Dead letter file you say! Well, yes actually, that is where most of them could well be. So spare us a kind thought, and do an ever kinder deed and send us a nice fresh cheque. If we eventually do get a second one, we will return it to you post haste.

THE ELWOOD TALES

Back in 1984, I was the Base Ops Officer at CYAW, just back from the LAMPS MK 3 project office in Washington DC. There was a little Base Newspaper called of all things "The Warrior". It was a pretty good little rag for a bunch of guys from pretty well every section of the base submitting a monthly little article about this or that going on in his Section or Squadron, some humour and of course where would one be without a little cabbage patch gossip.

One of the neighbours from Eastern Passage took to writing a series of letters to the Warrior editor. They were humorous, on point, and a good read for all. Reminded me of that great Canadian comic who used to be on the CBC up until he died a couple of years back, Stewart Maclean, host of the Vinyl Café. So there I was poking around in the archives at SAM last month and I came across the entire series of Warriors produced on the Base in 1994/1995, complete with Elwood's letters.

The Base Commander of the day was a very fine fellow by the name of Scott Eichel. He finally figured it out that Elwood's letters were written by somebody on the Base, and he called me up several times, and if he didn't get me he spoke to my 2 IC, a mighty fine Air Force Officer by the name of Floyd Bosko.

The boss wanted to know who Elwood was and why he seemed to be so knowledgeable about stuff and things on the Base. He was knowledgeable alright. He had been a

VP Pilot for many years, flying the Argus and then the Aurora, and if memory serves me correctly I think he may have even had a little 2 turning and 2 burning Neptune time as well. A few years before that he went on exchange duties to the UK with the RAF, where he flew the Nimrod Maritime Patrol Aircraft out of Scotland (That's 4 burning). After all the Scotch was downed he went to CFMWS in Halifax, after which he cross trained and became a very fine Sea King Pilot. A very dry sense of humour had he, and so I am going to introduce Elwood to you all somewhere else in this edition of the new Warrior, 25 years after Elwood made his debut. Watch for our neighbour. And...oh... I forgot to tell you this. Elwood knew stuff. You had better be careful what you say after reading his letters, as he was a very shrewd dude.

If memory serves me correctly, poor old Colonel Eichel did not find out who Elwood was until Floyd was leaving the Base for NDHQ. I met up with Floyd and Mary Ellen a year later, when I was posted from Base Ops to NDHQ. And who was my right hand man when I got there to DMA... you guessed it. Elwood! How sweet those simpler times were.

Until next time,



John Cody, President
SAM Foundation



Introducing

Karen Collacutt-McHarg

Karen is my eldest daughter who has offered to step in and assist me at the SAM Foundation. Next time you call us she will be your contact. Introduce yourself.

She worked for 32 yrs at Loblaws Superstores in many roles from managing departments, to many training roles.

Mother of two girls Korryn Warner and Jessica Paquette and grandmother of 5. Married to Bill McHarg recently retired with 37yrs military service and who is now working for Bluedrop training and simulation with the new Cyclone.

Welcome aboard Karen.

(Kay Collacutt /SAMF Office administrator)



From the Curator's Desk:

By Christine Hines

After the pace of last year's commemorative events, I was amazed to discover that 2019 was as hectic as last year, although for different reasons. The exhibit enhancements and Sea Kings installed last year continue to be well received. Next steps for the Sea Kings are to create interpretive panels and also to install a Virtual Reality viewing station in order to allow visitors a more "experiential" opportunity to learn about Sea King operations and the environments in which they operated. Last year, before the Sea Kings' retirement, SAM had an opportunity to capture 360 degree video footage of several Sea King flights to get the project on the rails. Many hands were involved in this project, including professionals in the VR world, Silverback Studios and Ka'Nata Productions of Halifax, but great thanks has to go to Capt. Peter Sokol, the staff of the Sea King Weapons Systems shop in Ottawa, and many folks at 443 MH Sqn, including Capt. Matt Wallace, MWO Bruce Hollington (camera-operator extraordinaire). I expect the Virtual Reality viewing station to be installed this summer, and hope it's the start of some new interpretive techniques at SAM.

Another notable project slated for action this summer includes completing the exhibit planned for viewing the Lt(N) Barry Troy artifacts, found in Florida last year. The plan for this exhibit is to tell the story of this most extraordinary turn of events. I recently had a visitor from Ontario who had been onboard Bonnie at the time of Lt(N) Troy's incident. We had a great chat about the discovery of the objects and that fateful exercise in general, so a wonderful professional development opportunity for me to

learn more about Lt(N) Troy and his colleagues.

Lastly, I am sad to report that we have had some staff changes at SAM. In March and again in April, we had to say goodbye to some long-time staff, Gift Shop Supervisor and Marketing staff, Patti Gemmell and AME John Webber. Both of these individuals have contributed huge amounts of effort and care into their work, and their projects have vastly improved the quality and success of the museum. They are missed, but all at SAM are very grateful to both Patti and John for putting their heart and soul into the museum and the SAM Foundation. Congratulations to Patti and John on a job well done!

As we enter into our busy summer season, and greet families and Veterans during their summer travels, I hope we'll get a chance to meet some SAM Foundation members dropping in to see our progress.



Christine Hines seen here receiving a great donation on behalf of the SAM Foundation from Mr. Ian Whitby. Thank you Ian - a wonderful donation. Ed.

21st Annual Spring Hobby Show Another Success!

By Christine Hines

Early spring heralds the return of the SAM's high visit season, which we celebrate by running our annual spring hobby show. This signature event is extremely well attended every year, and is a fundraiser we use to purchase supplies for the aircraft restorations and many other museum projects. It is the only time of the year we charge an admission fee, and this year raised just under \$4,000.00. The spring hobby show has grown from an afternoon plastic model aircraft contest to a two-day, multi-discipline hobby show and sale. The show features something for everyone, including model Aircraft, Armor, Ship, Figure, Science Fiction, Automotive subjects, and two large model railway layouts; dolls and dollhouse miniatures; radio control ship and aircraft models; Lego displays; historical gaming; a radio-controlled car demonstration, a Trade Fair, and much, much more. A family-friendly event, the hobby show was moved to the Sea King Club in 2016, as the museum exhibits and furniture, and recent aircraft acquisitions, made safe displays and ease of traffic flow nearly impossible. With the gracious permission of 12 Wing and the Sea King Club Manager and Staff, the show has improved significantly since its move a few years ago.

Special events include a model contest on the first day of the hobby show, for various types of models and dioramas, and all age and skill levels. Sixty-nine entrants participated, for a total of 196 models to be judged. Prizes were provided by Elm City Hobbies, Maritime Hobbies and Crafts, Ultracast, Nautilus Aquatics and Hobbies, as well as our friends at the Atlantic Canada Aviation Museum. Andrew Waddington, Bruce Campbell, Warren Joyce, Iain Matheson, and the Halifax Military Modelers Club also contribute. J's Hobbies of Sackville, Nova Scotia, is new to the group this year. The Nova Scotia Miniature Crafters led a children's "make-and-take" hands-on activity on day two of the show, to introduce children to the hobby, which was very popular with children of all ages.

An event like this takes a great deal of preparation, and like any museum project, relies heavily on volunteer assistance. I would like to take this opportunity to recognize the assistance of the following volunteers: Carol Shadbolt, Jennifer Winter, Iain and Geoff Matheson, Warren Joyce, Joe Perry, David Brown, Rick MacKay, Mark Peapell, Harold Hughes, Terry Randell, Jason Sloboda, Barry Maddin, Blair Quinn, Clyde Gates, David Brown, Lynn Crabtree and the Nova Scotia Miniature Crafters, Vic Rusgys, Kevin McKay and the Shearwater Radio Control Flyers Club, Lisa and Terry Bullen, and Jim and Elaine Elliott, who kept the museum open for special extended hours during the Hobby Show weekend. Special thanks go out to Crystal MacNeil, Sea King Club Supervisor, without whom this fundraiser would not have been possible.



NS Lego Users Group display



Museum Volunteers Carol Shadbolt and Jennifer Winter staffing the admissions desk

Elwood's Letter from 8 August 1984 Edition of The Warrior

The Editor:

It's from a factly humbled man that you receive this letter from. Before I wrote cause I felt like it, but now I'm writing this cause the wife made me write. I am supposed to apologize for the comments I made regarding Agnes'es mother in my last letter. So I apologise!

I mean it wasn't as if said anything dogatory about Maude (the mother in law - not the horse). If I'd of said they was similar cause they both stand 16 hands high and both weighed in at near the ton mark, then I'd of understood why Agnes was so soar. But I didn't even comment on that. She was also a touch upset about the remarks relating to the Ladies' mental health capacity. Well, OK, I'll admit she never spent no time at the funny farm, but on the other hand she was hot by popular demand as a guest lecturer to Brain Surgeons Class at Dalhousie Medical School neither!

Anyways, I apologise.

You probably think I'm a bit hen pecked having to write like this, but this is nothing compared to what Wilford (that's the fater in law – God rest his sole) went through. If I'm hen pecked then Maude had that poor guy buzzard bit.

Went shopping at your CANEX the other day – well, sort of. Agnes got a bit tired of the KMART and wanted to do some high class shopping WOOLCO or someplace like that. With me being an avid reader of the Warrior, I remembered some of the good buys advertized at your CANEX department store. So me and the Missus climbed into the trusty Studebaker and headed over to your store and try to support the economy of our good military neighbours. We didn't plan to spend much but thought every little bit helps and we'd just as soon any profits going towards keeping them fly boys up in the sky. Well Sir, we had no trouble getting into the store. Mind you we got a couple of right queer looks from some of the other people there, but they seemed friendly enough. We was still looking around when one of the clerk people all dressed up in cute brown tops comes over and asks about privilegdes and cards and authority and like that. I told them I was sort of associated with the base paper (hope you don't mind) but they still wanted identification. The lady was real polite but firm so

Agnes and I had to go to WOOLCO. I'm not annoyed or anything, just a bit embarrassed. I was only trying to help out the military community in this time of "Short Cash and Physical Constraints. (I heard that phrase on the radio last week). I suppose I'll have to stop getting my gas at the CANEX Garage now too.

Oh well.

Just one point in closing. I tried to read that part of the paper about that Commodore 64 calculator. What in Sam Hill are they talking about? It didn't make no sense to me at all. All I know is I watched one being demonstrated on TV and you just touch the screen and it does stuff and draws butterflies and everything. They kept talking about POKE this and POKE that. I think that whoever is running that thing should try one yu just have to TOUCH.

Your neighbour,

Elwood

PS: I was just kidding about buying the gas at the CANEX. The Studebaker won't run on anything but Irving. It's made right here in the Maritimes, for Maritime engines, you know.

EL

Good night Mary Ellen. Good night John Boy

**SUPPORT THE
SAM FOUNDATION
JOIN US**

Canadian Forces Summer Staff



The SAM has always had great fortune to benefit from the University Training List and from the CF Transition Centre. We currently have several CF members work at SAM. OCdt Alex Philpott and OCdt Clayton Spearns have been assigned to SAM while awaiting summer training courses. Alex and Clayton have been heavily involved in creating a new exhibit on the Swordfish, relying on the plentiful model collection at SAM to show the aircraft in its various roles. Their next project involves the creation of a diorama study of bomber aircraft, and in between this project also work weekend

front-of-house duties.

Also assigned to SAM this summer is Acting S/Lt Dennis Boucher, who has been very effective in working at backlog cataloguing of artifact donations, and augmenting guiding staff.

We wish all three every success in their training courses and thank them for their work at SAM.

Photo caption: (L) OCdt Alex Philpott and OCdt Clayton Spearns show off their handiwork.

Photo credit: C. Hines

Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation **19th ANNUAL DINNER AND AUCTION**

To be held at the Lions Club in Eastern Passage, NS
EVERYONE WELCOME!

5 October 2019

Dinner 6PM for 6:30PM

Dress: Smart Casual

(An Income Tax Receipt for \$30.00 per ticket will be provided.)

Tickets \$60 each.

Contact SAMF Admin Assistant: 902-461-0062 or at
email samf@samfoundation.ca

Friendly Fire

Leo Pettipas, Winnipeg

When someone on your side shoots you down by mistake, it's called "friendly fire." When you shoot yourself down, or almost shoot yourself down, I suppose that's the friendliest fire there is; I can't imagine it getting much friendlier than that!

Over the years prior to his passing I had exchanged quite a bit of correspondence with Rod Bays concerning his many and varied experiences in Naval Aviation. Below is a summary of his "I wuz there" recollections of weapons training.

"I can't recall that we shot at anything locally on the ground as long as we were flying Seafires with 883 Squadron out of AW. [Editor's note: at the time, the Chezzetcook weapons range had not yet been activated]. We dropped bombs (dive bombing) at targets anchored at sea, and we once flew over to Grand Manan to shoot at a ship-towed target.

We did however shoot at old tanks, Bren gun carriers, etc while deployed to Manitoba using the Shilo weapons range. In August of 1948, personnel and aircraft of 883 and 826 squadrons were dispatched to the Joint Air School at Rivers. The purpose was to obtain specialized offensive ground-support training with the Army at the nearby weapons range, and seven Seafires were among the twelve aircraft that made the trip.

We in 883 seemed to spend a fair amount of time in Air Liaison with the Army (known as "CBALS" -- Carrier-Borne Air Liaison Section). Not only did we go to Rivers, but we flew quite a number of hops there spotting for the gunners at Shilo (got to be quite good at 'Up 200, Left 100, Shoot'), but we also did a number of ground attacks against old Army vehicles. Indeed, I nearly shot myself down one day when a .303 bullet ricocheted off one I was shooting at with too much vigour and closeness

and lodged itself in one of my radiators, causing it to leak. Nice glycol trail all the way back to Rivers about 40 miles distant where I landed without incident, although I had nearly run out of coolant by the time I got back. Since I was blissfully ignorant of the whole thing, I didn't twitch much, though the rapidly rising coolant temperature and a pretty warm engine were some cause for alarm!"

On return from Rivers in September, 883 Squadron retired its cabs in exchange for Sea Furies, and the first-line use of the Seafire came to a close.



Lt(P) Rod Bays in the cockpit of his Seafire, about to leave CANAS for Rivers, August 1948. Left to right, LCdr(P) Pop Fotheringham, 883 Sqdn CO; Inst. LCdr MacLean; and Lt(P) Hal Welsh. DND

Master Corporal Emil Edwards: A love of music contributes to success as sensor operator

By Corporal Nick Betts

“I believe that interest in music helped [me] develop an intuition for listening to underwater acoustics,” says Master Corporal Emil Edwards. “Being able to listen for subtle changes as well as pick up quickly on rhythmic patterns.”

Master Corporal Edwards is an airborne electronic sensor operator (AES Op) serving with 406 Maritime Operational Training Squadron at 12 Wing Shearwater, Nova Scotia. In March 2019 he graduated from the first Sensor Operator Conversion Training course (SENSO CT 1) at the squadron. The course is designed to enable sensor operators to move from the CH-124 Sea King helicopter to the new CH-148 Cyclone.

He was born in Prince George, British Columbia, into a family that loves music. His father enjoyed playing folk songs on his guitar while his mother preferred opera and theatre. He says his lifelong interest in music contributes to his success as an AES Op today.

“We [AES Ops] maximize the effectiveness of our underwater sensors,” he says. “Seeing and hearing with eyes and ears whose senses go beyond human limitations is remarkable—but the real selling point for me begins with just being on the [Cyclone] helicopter.”

Master Corporal Edwards enrolled in the Canadian Armed Forces (CAF) in 2001 as a naval combat information operator (NCI Op) in the Reserve Force. Over the following 12 years, he served with the port security section in Esquimalt, British Columbia, and Her Majesty’s Canadian Ships Brandon and Whitehorse. His naval career took him as far north as Skagway, Alaska, and south to Puerto Vallarta, Mexico. He fondly recalls taking part in Operation Podium, the CAF’s support to the 2010 Vancouver Olympics; he worked on security with HMCS Brandon, whose task was surveillance of the Strait of Georgia.

There were some similarities between the work of NCI Ops and AES Ops that help him to this day.

“The NCI Op trade also uses voice reporting of contacts and requires a similar level of understanding of radio frequency,” he explains. “It has kept me digging in to publications after I made the occupation transfer.”

Master Corporal Edwards was trade trained as an AES Op in 2013. He enjoys going to places that fixed wing aircraft cannot, conducting shipborne operations and operating a hoist to lower or raise personnel from the helicopter—something he says many people would pay money to experience.

As an AES Op, Master Corporal Edwards has served on both CH-124 Sea King and CH-148 Cyclone helicopters. In 2016, he deployed on NATO Operation Active Endeavour with HMCS Fredericton.

“When flying became unrestricted, it was our air detachment that began collecting imagery for the Navy,” he said.

“Overall, the deployment enabled me to see much of Europe, struggle to learn a few phrases in one language before having to learn them in another, and being able to

experience life on the ship with so many great people.”

With 631 flying hours on the Sea King and 35 hours on the Cyclone, Master Corporal Edwards says the transition from the CH-124 Sea King to the CH-148 Cyclone was, in many ways, like taking a big step into the future. Working on a Cyclone is about integration with a digital environment, providing a new challenge for even the most technically proficient AES Ops.

Looking to the future, he plans to further his education and take advantage of the various career opportunities the CAF provides—always with a focus on what is best for himself and his wife and daughter.

Outside of the military, Master Corporal Edwards takes great pride in his skills as a photographer and graphic designer; he created the 423 Maritime Helicopter Squadron’s 75th anniversary display at the Shearwater Aviation Museum.

“In the immediate future,” he says. “I’m looking forward to upcoming flight instructor cadre training to then contribute to the successful training of our future CH-148 Cyclone sensor operators.”

About AES Ops

AES Ops are responsible for detecting and tracking submarines, providing support for search and rescue operations/medical evacuations, and assisting other government departments and agencies in the collection of evidence and counter-narcotics patrols. Their primary technical functions are to:

Operate radar, electro-optic/Infrared systems, magnetic anomaly detection, and electronic warfare equipment

1. Take airborne photography
2. Load and arm airborne weapons, and search stores systems
3. Operate the helicopter-mounted machine gun system
4. Operate unmanned aerial vehicle electronic sensor systems
5. Communicate with internal and external agencies; both civilian and Allied forces
6. Collect evidence

Photo caption: Master Corporal Emil Edwards, an airborne electronic sensor operator serving onboard CH-148 Cyclone helicopters at 12 Wing Shearwater, Nova Scotia, says

a love of music helps him in his tasks of listening for underwater acoustical sounds. PHOTO: Corporal Jessica Fox, SW09-2019-0124-0



The Battle of Britain

Ernest Cable - SAM Historian

This year Canadians commemorate the 79th anniversary of the Battle of Britain and pay tribute to the men and women who made the ultimate sacrifice. The Battle of Britain was the first major campaign to be fought entirely by air forces and was the largest and most sustained aerial bombing campaign to that date. The Royal Air Force's (RAF) victory in the Battle of Britain marked Nazi Germany's first major defeat and became a crucial turning point in the Second World War. The German Luftwaffe's (air force) failure to destroy Britain's air defences and gain air superiority over England forced Hitler, Germany's Fuehrer, to abandon his planned invasion of Britain. Canadians played an important role in the Battle of Britain; in June 1940, the RCAF's No.1 (Fighter) Squadron was hastily sent from Dartmouth, Nova Scotia to England to provide badly needed reinforcements to the RAF and was the only Canadian squadron to fight in the Battle of Britain. Additionally, another 84 Canadian pilots served in RAF Fighter Command squadrons during the epic battle.

On 3 September 1939, the official beginning of the Second World War, Germany's army and Luftwaffe, in a stunning campaign of Blitzkrieg attacks, conquered Poland, Denmark, Norway, Holland and Belgium and concluded with the surrender of France in June 1940. While attempting to stem the Nazi invasion RAF fighters were overwhelmed in the skies over Europe; losing more than 430 aircraft to vastly superior numbers of more modern Luftwaffe fighters. In their final action in the Battle of France RAF fighters provided desperately needed air cover over the beaches at Dunkirk to keep the advancing Luftwaffe fighters at bay. This gallant defence of the beaches allowed more than 360,000 British Expeditionary and French troops to miraculously escape across the Channel to England in makeshift naval and civilian flotillas. The Nazi sweep of continental Europe was complete. British Prime Minister Winston Churchill proclaimed that the Battle of France was lost and the Battle of Britain was about to begin.

To achieve their final objective of occupying all of Europe the Nazis planned to invade Britain. German military staffs mapped out Operation Sea Lion, a mammoth cross Channel invasion of Britain scheduled for mid-September. But, for Sea Lion to succeed the Luftwaffe had to win air superiority over the English Channel and southern Britain by defeating RAF Fighter Command; a feat the Luftwaffe was convinced could be achieved in four days. The Luftwaffe planned to attack radar sites and airfields near the coast and gradually move inland to attack the fighter airfields defending London; then to wreck the British aircraft industry to starve the RAF of replacement fighters. To achieve this goal the Luftwaffe had to destroy Fighter Command either in the air or on the ground; yet preserve its own strength to support the invasion.

Starting 10 July 1940, waves of hundreds of Luftwaffe Heinkel and Dornier bombers, protected by squadrons of Messerschmitt fighters, attacked Britain daily. Against a fleet of 3,358 German fighters and bombers the RAF could muster only 666 fighters to defend Britain. Despite being greatly outnumbered by as much as ten to one, RAF Hurricane and Spitfire pilots fought gallantly through the Luftwaffe fighter protection in an attempt to attack the bombers before they could bomb RAF airfields and aircraft. With the advantages of a coastal radar warning network and a superb system of fighter sector controllers the Hurricane and Spitfire pilots inflicted heavy losses on the Luftwaffe attackers. Although able to keep the upper hand by only a very narrow margin Fighter Command suffered aircraft losses in the air and on their airfields that were unsustainable. RAF ground crews and the British aircraft industry had great difficulty keeping up with the Hurricane and Spitfire losses; but more critically, there were few experienced fighter pilots to replace the many pilots killed or injured in action.

During late August and early September 1940, Fighter Command's position became grim in the extreme; 295 fighters had been totally destroyed and 171 badly damaged against an output of 269 new and repaired Hurricanes and Spitfires. Worst of all 103 pilots were killed or missing and 128 were wounded. Experienced pilots were like gold dust, and each one lost had to be replaced by an untried pilot whose life on

squadron was often measured in weeks. During the entire month of August, the operational training units produced no more than 260 fighter pilots while casualties for the month were just over 300. Fighter Command was withering away defending southern England.

However, Hitler became impatient with the Luftwaffe's inability to decisively destroy RAF Fighter Command and shifted tactics to bombing the city of London in an attempt to destroy British morale and force the British government to capitulate. On 7 September, 400 bombers escorted by more than 600 fighters targeted docks in the East end of London. The Luftwaffe fighter escorts had limited fuel capacity and could spend only 10 minutes over London before heading for home. This left many bomber raids undefended by fighters. More importantly, the shift in tactics away from Fighter Command airfields gave the British time to recover from their earlier aircraft and airfield losses.

On 15 September 1940, the RAF decisively repulsed two massive waves of German attacks, with every available Fighter Command aircraft in southern England airborne that day. The total casualties on this critical day were 60 German and 26 RAF aircraft shot down. The Luftwaffe had already lost close to 1,700 aircraft and could no longer sustain such heavy losses. The air battles on 15 September became known as the [Battle of Britain Day](#). Two days later, German Admiral Raeder conceded, "The enemy air force is by no means defeated. On the contrary it shows increasing activity." Without air superiority Hitler had to postpone Operation Sea Lion indefinitely and Britain survived as the last bastion of freedom in Europe.

On 20 September 1940, Winston Churchill paid tribute to the 2,927 airmen who undaunted by odds turned the tide of the World War; especially, the 544 airmen, including 19 Canadians who paid the ultimate sacrifice. In Churchill's immortal words, "**Never in the history of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few.**"

Canadian Squadron in Battle of Britain

On 10 September 1939, the day Canada declared war against Germany, No.1 Squadron was mobilized at St. Hubert, QC under the command of Squadron Leader E.G. Fullerton. Since No. 1 Squadron was the only RCAF squadron equipped with a modern fighter it was immediately moved to RCAF Station Dartmouth, NS to protect Halifax's strategic harbour from air attack. The first six Mark 1 Hawker Hurricanes to arrive at Dartmouth on 5 and 6 November 1939 were the very first fighters to land on the station's newly constructed runways. (Prior to 3 Nov, RCAF Dartmouth was a seaplane station only. On 3 Nov, 11 (BR) Squadron Lockheed Hudson maritime patrol aircraft were the first to land at Dartmouth.)



By May 1940, continental Europe had been overrun by Nazi Germany and Britain's survival was severely threatened. To re-enforce the RAF, which had suffered heavy losses in the battle for France, No. 1 Squadron was brought up to its established strength by absorbing No. 115 Squadron from Montreal before sailing to Britain on the *Duchess of Atholl* in June 1940. While No. 1 Squadron's Hurricanes were en route across the Atlantic the RAF learned that the squadron's aircraft lacked armour plating and the latest propellers and would be quickly overpowered by the Luftwaffe's superior Messerschmitt Bf 109 fighters. Upon arrival in England the squadron was quickly re-equipped with the updated version of the Mark 1 Hurricane with a more powerful Merlin III engine, better armour protection and a three-bladed propeller. The pilots trained at an RAF Operational Training Unit to take advantage of the improved flying capabilities of their new Hurricane and the lessons learned from the air fighting over France.



Supermarine Spitfire

On 18 August 1940, No. 1 Squadron was thrown into one of history's most decisive air battles, the Battle of Britain. However, it was not until 26 August that No. 1 Squadron had its first encounter with Luftwaffe aircraft. Ten Hurricanes based at Northolt, but operating from North Weald for the day, scrambled and intercepted an enemy bomber force of 25-30 Dornier bombers. Flight Lieutenant (F/L) G.R. McGregor and Flying Officer (F/O) T.B. Little each shot down one aircraft. The squadron was credited with two Dornier's destroyed and two damaged. One Hurricane was destroyed and two were damaged; one pilot, F/O R.L. Edwards, was killed in action and two were wounded, but not seriously. No. 1 Squadron was the first RCAF squadron to engage the enemy, to score victories, to suffer casualties, and to win gallantry awards.

Similar to the RAF squadrons in the Battle of Britain, No. 1 Squadron had its "finest hour" on 15 September 1940. Eleven of the squadron's Hurricanes swooped down on a formation of 20 Heinkel bombers and cut them to ribbons. F/O P. Lockman was shot down but belly landed his Hurricane beside one of the crashed Heinkels and personally escorted the crew from the aircraft; one of the few fighter pilots ever to take a prisoner.

No. 1 Squadron's existence came to an end on 31 March 1941 when it was renumbered No. 401 Squadron as part of the RCAF's overseas reorganization. During the nine months No. 1 Squadron served in England, including the Battle of Britain, it flew 1694 sorties accumulating 1,569 operational hours and 1,201 non-operational hours. The squadron was credited with 30 enemy aircraft destroyed (28 ½ in the Battle of Britain), 8 probably destroyed and 34 damaged. Operationally, the squadron lost 15 Hurricanes, 13 pilots of whom three were killed and ten wounded or injured; two personnel were killed in non-operational (training) accidents. Three pilots of the RCAF's No. 1 Squadron were awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for their efforts during the Battle of Britain: the Commanding Officer, S/L Ernie McNab; his second-in-command, F/L Gordon Roy McGregor (Later president Trans-Canada Airlines); and F/O "Dal" Russel.

THE SINKING OF H.M.H.S. LLANDOVERY CASTLE

(Note.--The Honourable the Minister of Overseas Military Forces of Canada, Sir Edward Kemp, K.C.M.G., having made careful inquiries into the sinking of the H.M.H.S. Llandoverly Castle on June 27, (1918) has authorized publication of the following article. The information contained therein has been obtained and verified by personal interviews with the survivors and affords convincing evidence of the deliberate intent and foul motive of this latest German outrage on non-combatants.)

How the Nurses Died

"Unflinchingly and calmly, as steady and collected as if on parade, without a complaint or a single sign of emotion, our fourteen devoted nursing sisters faced the terrible ordeal of certain death--only a matter of minutes--as our lifeboat neared that mad whirlpool of waters where all human power was helpless."

---Extract from Sergeant A. Knight's story of the destruction of the Llandoverly Castle.

Official verification of the facts surrounding the sinking of H.M.H.S. Llandoverly Castle confirm two main points--the supreme devotion and valiant sacrifice of the medical personnel and the ship's company, whose courage and resignation were in keeping with the proudest traditions of the British Army and Merchant Marine Service; and the utter blackness and dastardly character of the enemy outrage on this defenceless institution of mercy--a crime surpassing in savagery and already formidable array of murders of non-combatants by the Germans.

Deliberate Murders

Deliberate in its conception, every circumstance connected with the incident reveals the German in the light of the cunning murderer who employs every foul means of destroying all traces of his despicable crime. No other explanation can be attached to the systematic attempts of the submarine to ram, shell and sink the life-boats and wreckage floating helplessly with their two hundred and fifty-eight unfortunate victims, one hundred and sixteen miles from land--a work of destruction so successfully performed that only one boat, containing twenty-four survivors, escaped.

This list of survivors includes only one officer and five other ranks of the hospital personnel of ninety-seven, and the official story of Major T. Lyon, Sergt. A. Knight, Private F. W. Cooper, Private G. R. Hickman, Private S.A. Taylor, and Private W. Pilot, all of the Canadian Army Medical Corps, is a stirring record of the perfect discipline of all ranks and the loading and floating of the lifeboats in the face of every possible obstacle.

Through it all nothing stands out more brilliantly than the coolness and courage of the fourteen Canadian nursing sisters, every one of whom was lost, and whose sacrifice under the conditions about to be described will serve to inspire throughout the manhood and womanhood of the whole Empire a yet fuller sense of appreciation of the deep debt of gratitude this nation owes to the nursing service.

The majority of these volunteered for service at the very outbreak of the hostilities in 1914, came to England and France with the First Canadian Division, had seen active service, chiefly in casualty clearing stations in France throughout the intervening period, and recently had been transferred to transport duty by way of change, and what would under ordinary conditions prove a rest.

For many months, and, in some cases, two years, these sisters had endured the hazards of the shelled areas in France, splendidly contributing to the efficiency of our Medical Service. How magnificently they faced the final ordeal on that awful evening of June 27, 1918, is simply, yet graphically, related in the story of Sergt. A. Knight, the non-commissioned officer of the C.A.M.C., who took charge of life-boat No. 5, into which the fourteen nurses were placed.

"Our boat," said Sergt. Knight, "was quickly loaded and lowered to the surface of the water. Then the crew of eight men and myself faced the difficulty of getting free from the ropes holding us to the ship's side. I broke two axes trying to cut ourselves away, but was unsuccessful.

"With the forward motion and choppy sea the boat all the time was pounding against the ship's side. To save the boat we tried to keep ourselves away by using the oars, and soon every one of the latter were broken.

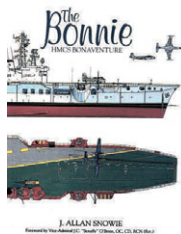
"Finally the ropes became loose at the top and we commenced to drift away. We were carried towards the stern of the ship, when suddenly the poop-deck seemed to break away and sink. The suction drew us quickly into the vacuum, the boat tipped over sideways, and every occupant went under.

Not a Single Complaint Made

"I estimate we were together in the boat about eight minutes. In that whole time I did not hear a complaint or murmur from one of the sisters. There was not a cry for help or any outward evidence of fear. In the entire time I overheard only one remark when the matron, Nursing Sister M.M. Fraser, turned to me as we drifted helplessly towards the stern of the ship and asked:--

"Sergeant, do you think there is any hope for us?"

"I replied, 'No,' seeing myself our helplessness without oars and the sinking condition of the stern of the ship.



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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.



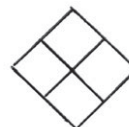
Option A

\$300



Option B & C

\$600



Option D

\$600

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

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From:

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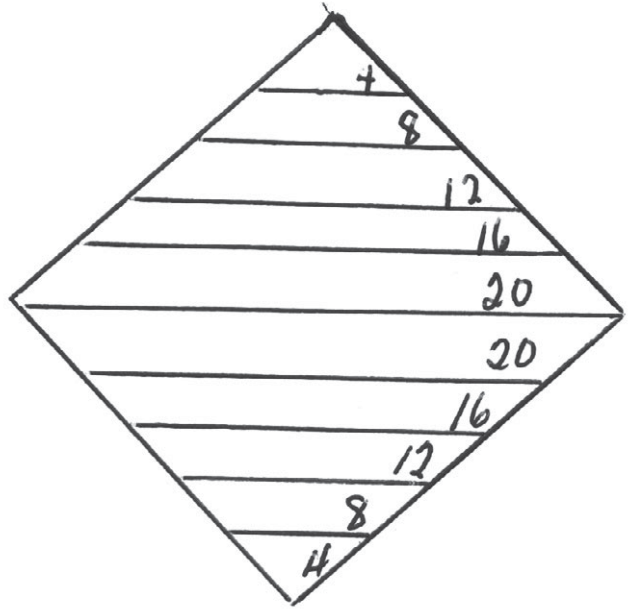
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Please check engraving details for accuracy before sending. We cannot be responsible for misspelled words on your order form.



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

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

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

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

Or **BY MEANS OF A SIMPLE CODICIL TO YOUR CURRENT WILL.** (The following is a simple Codicil which can be added to your present Will.)

“Codicil to the Last Will and Testament of _____

Which Last Will and Testament is dated this ____ Day of _____20___. I hereby add to that said Will as follows:

I give, devise and bequeath to the Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation the sum of \$ _____
to be paid out of my general estate.

Signed and dated this ____ Day of _____20__

In the City of _____ Province of _____ Postal Code _____

Witness: _____ Witness: _____

Signature of Testator

Address: _____ Address: _____

"A few seconds later we were drawn into the whirlpool of the submerged afterdeck, and the last I saw of the nursing sisters was as they were thrown over the side of the boat. All were wearing life-belts, and of the fourteen two were in their nightdress, the others in uniform.

"It was," concluded Sergt. Knight, "doubtful if any of them came to the surface again, although I myself sank and came up three times, finally clinging to a piece of wreckage and being eventually picked up by the captain's boat."

To hundreds of officers and men of the Canadian Overseas Forces the name of the Nursing Sister Miss Margaret Marjorie ("Pearl") Fraser will recall a record of unselfish effort, a fitting tribute to this nation's womanhood.

Volunteering for active service in the C.A.M.C. on September 29, 1914, Miss Fraser went to France with the Canadian Division, and for almost three years had been on duty in casualty clearing stations.

In that time not a few of her patients had been German wounded. Many times had she been the first to give a drink of water to these parched enemy casualties. Many a time had she written down the dying statements of enemy officers, and men, transmitting them to their relatives through the Red Cross organization.

Her faithfulness was only typical, however, of that service for humanity exhibited by every one of these precious fourteen lives sacrificed in this latest act of Hunnish barbarity.

Major Lyon, Sergt. Knight, and the other four survivors of the hospital ship, Pte. T. W. Cooper, Pte. G. R. Hickman, Pte. S. A. Taylor, and Pte. W. Pilot are agreed that the Llandoverly Castle was torpedoed without warning, was displaying the regulation hospital ship lights, went down within ten minutes after being struck, and that for upwards of two hours the German submarine repeatedly attempted to blot out all trace of the crime by rushing to and fro among the wreckage and firing twenty shells or more from its large gun into the area where the life-boats were supposed to be afloat.

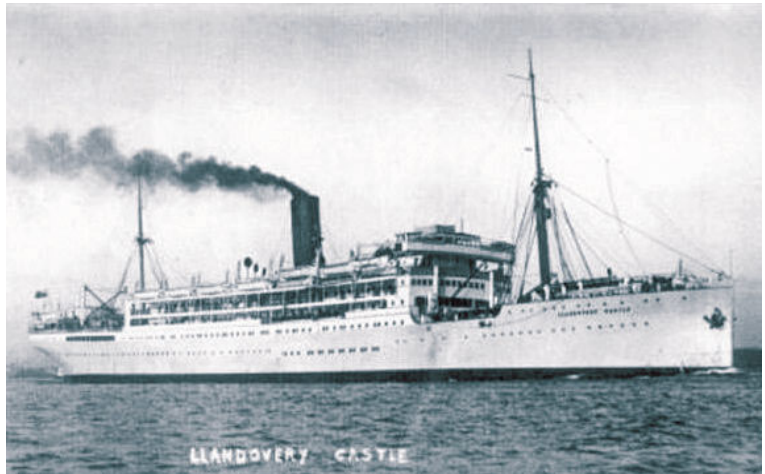
That one boat survived is not the fault of the enemy, for at least three efforts were made to run it down, in addition to shell fire directed towards it.

On June 17, 1918, the Llandoverly Castle had arrived at Halifax with six hundred and forty-four military patients. She started on her return voyage on June 20, 1918, carrying her crew and hospital unit establishment of seven officers, fourteen nursing sisters, and seventy-six other ranks.

Ideal summer weather prevailed. All went well and uneventfully until Thursday evening, June 27, 1918.

"At 9:30 p.m. the night was clear," stated Major Lyon. "All lights were burning, with the large Red Cross signal prominently displayed amidships. Most of the medical personnel had not yet retired. Without previous warning or sight of any submarine the ship was struck just abaft the engines at No. 4 hold.

"There was a terrific explosion, badly wrecking the afterpart of the ship. Immediately all lights went out. The signal to stop and reverse the engines was without response, all the engine-room crew evidently being killed or wounded. Consequently the ship forged forward, but was gradually forced down by the head.



H.M.H.S. LLANDOVERLY CASTLE

Submitted by Ron Beard



'WE WILL REMEMBER'

Canadian, American survivors of Devil's Brigade to receive highest civilian honour

(Copied from Newspaper/TV Articles)

The surviving members of a legendary force of Canadian and U.S. soldiers were honoured in Washington for their courage and bravery -- and the rough-and-tough tactics that helped win the Second World War.

Known as the Devil's Brigade, the elite fighting force was made up of roughly 1,800 Canadians and Americans, many of them lumberjacks, miners and rural tough guys with survival skills. They were tasked with getting behind enemy lines and waging unconventional warfare against the enemy.

The surviving veterans were presented with a Congressional Gold Medal on Feb. 2, by leaders of the U.S. House and Senate.

"It was the only unit formed in WWII with troops from the U.S. and Canada -- building on the special bond between the two countries," according to a statement issued by House Speaker John Boehner's office. "The unit was instrumental in targeting military and industrial installations."

The Congressional Gold Medal is the highest civilian honour the United States Congress can bestow. Fewer than 150 of the medals have been awarded since the first was given to George Washington.

A single medal will be struck and awarded to the unit as a whole. Approximately 230 members of the unit are still alive.

Herb Peppard, a 94 year-old Truro, N.S. man, will be among those travelling to Washington for the ceremony.

"I'm surprised we'd be given it, as there are a lot of American units that deserve it. But I'm very appreciative of it. There's not many of us still alive, and I don't expect there will be many of us there," he told the Truro Daily News.

Officially known as the First Special Service Force, the elite Montana-based unit was formed in 1942. Members were trained to engage in what was then wildly unconventional warfare against the Nazis. Their skill set included hand-to-hand combat, mountain climbing, parachuting, and cold weather survival skills.

Their nickname, the Devil's Brigade, came from a journal they captured from a German captain. In one entry he described "the Black Devils" who were all around -- a description likely due to the fact members would blacken their faces before going on raids.

"We never know where they're going to hit or strike next," the German officer wrote.

They took a liking to the name, and later came up with the idea of leaving calling cards with the logo -- a red

spearhead with the words "USA CANADA" and the bleak warning "the worst is yet to come," written in German.

Many of their missions were considered impossible -- virtual suicide missions of the James Bond variety, such as destroying German nuclear research capabilities in Norway.

In one famous battle, they managed to take the Germans by surprise, by scaling the back of a mountain and launching a surprise attack in the dark against the soldiers who had the advantage of higher ground and sweeping viewpoints.

The Devil's Brigade would go on to liberate towns in Italy and France, and capture a stunning 30,000 prisoners of war in just two years, never losing a battle.

Despite its successes, the First Special Service Force was disbanded after two years. But its legend lived on in the form of sometimes unintentionally hilarious Hollywood films.

In 1968's "The Devil's Brigade," actor Jeremy Slate plays a straight-laced Canadian sergeant who picks a fight with a burly American bully in order to demonstrate the techniques he will teach the unit as hand-to-hand combat instructor.

"Is it true that all you Yanks are thieves and murderers?" Slate asks, before dispatching the enraged American. By the end of the film, the Canadians and Americans have bonded as a fighting force.

And in Quentin Tarantino's "Inglourious Basterds," Brad Pitt commands an elite and unorthodox fighting unit while wearing the uniform and insignia of the Devil's Brigade.

From the Editor.

Just recently, when this group was being noted on TV and in the newspapers for their heroic deeds, a neighbour to Shearwater, Diane Tibert advised her dad was a member of this brigade. The Tibert family resided for years, and still do, on Atholea Drive behind Shearwater.



Steve Tibert proudly showing his Red Patch on his sleeve.

Steve Ellsworth Tibert by Diane Tibert (in part)

Stephen Ellsworth Tibert enlisted with the Halifax Rifles on July 31, 1940 (F/30464). He was eighteen years old. His initial training was completed at Aldershot. By April 1942, Private Steve Tibert was posted at Camp Borden, Ontario with the 23rd Tank Battalion, Halifax Rifles.

On May 26, 1942, Steve was transferred to the PEI Highlanders and served time 'overseas' in Newfoundland.

On July 18, 1943, Private Steve Tibert embarked for overseas. He arrived in the United Kingdom and was immediately drafted to Italy as reinforcements for the West Nova Scotia Regiment, 1st Canadian Division. Suffering from pyrexia (fever), Steve was hospitalized for 29 days on February 8, 1944. He returned to his regiment only to be wounded in the attack on the Hitler Line, 120 km south of Rome on May 24. He spent five more days in hospital.

Through the heat of the summer, the 1st Canadian Division pressed on, earning their own battle honours while Allied Forces invaded France on D-Day. Dubbed the D-Day Dodgers, the WNSR was by no means taking a vacation from the real action. The Germans knew them by the red patches on their sleeves and nicknamed them the Red Patch Devils for their fierce fighting strength.

Late in August 1944, the 1st Canadian Division attacked the Gothic line. From this battle, the total wounded and dead were 2,511. Steve was among them.

Around 5:30 a.m. on August 31, Steve received a rifle shot wound to the chest. It is not known if Steve remained on the battlefield for almost 24 hours before being picked up, but war stories tell of him being pronounced dead on the field only to be later found alive. His military records seem to support this as he was picked up the morning of September 1st and taken to the Casualty Clearing Station.

For the next three months, Steve was transferred from one hospital to another as he recovered from the loss of his right lung. He returned to his regiment on November 27th.

On March 20, 1945, just five days after his 23rd birthday, Steve and the 1st Canadian Division waved good bye to Italy. He had given 19 months of his life on Italian soil and had lost many good friends in battle. Northward they went, to liberate Holland.

After the Germans surrendered and troops began returning to Canada, Steve signed up for the war in the Pacific. However, when Japan surrendered, he remained in Europe, serving with the Canadian Provost Company.

Steve arrived at Halifax in February 1946. On March 28th, he was discharged and awarded the Canadian Volunteer Service Medal (CVSM) & Clasp, France and Germany Star, 1939-45 Star, Italy Star

On May 6, 1989, at the age of 67, Stephen Tibert passed away.

Diane noted one of her dad's stories - the Brigade (Canadians) actually took Rome from the Germans, but were told to clear out so the Americans could parade in and claim the victory. She said: "Dad was none too happy about it."

Neither Rhyme , Nor Reason

A thing which has neither rhyme nor reason,
something that makes no sense,
We, present here today, have lost more than a
few friends, training in Canada's defence!

Observer's Mates, Naval Aircrewmen, Radio
Navigators, Airborne Electronic Sensor Op,
Even some of the originals are here today,
while other mates lives, came to a full stop!

Whether flying off a carrier, a DDH or land, they
didn't return for that drink in the mess,
Some are still in the Delta, others we buried,
why them and not us, it's anyone's guess!

They are still young men, that's how we see
them, while we here today, are mostly grey,
Naval Aviation claimed more than a few, while
us old birds, lived to fly another day!

They didn't make it to Grandfather, or
Snowbird, or retiree, like you, and you, and me!
They are mates we talk about at reunions,
some have gravesites, others are still at Sea!

Paul Crawford, CD
Radio Navigator, Retired

BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC COMMEMORATIONS AND UNVEILING OF THE 'INTERNATIONAL SAILOR' STATUE

Rolfe Monteith



A youthful 89, Rolfe Monteith, has many memories of his time in the Canadian Navy - including many convoys he was involved in as part of the Battle of the Atlantic.

In Derry at the weekend as part of the Battle of the Atlantic commemorations, and the unveiling of the 'International Sailor' statue, Rolfe felt that being here to see the statue unveiled was "extremely important".

"I am originally from Ontario, Canada, which is right in the middle of the country, yet despite not being from the coast I always wanted to be in the Navy. From as young as eight, it was my ambition, and I went to join up aged just 16. However, at that time the recruiting officer sent me back to finish my last year at school, advising me that I would be better joining with an education, so I joined a year later, in 1940."

When asked if he had any reservations about joining amidst a world war, Rolfe was emphatic in his response. "No, not at all, and I left home aged just 17 to travel to the naval college in Britain. At that time, there were nationalities from all over the Commonwealth in training alongside me - from Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and India - but with the war going on in much of Europe we were joined by those from the occupied countries too, including France, Norway, Belgium and Poland. So the training had a very international feel to it."

But it would be almost three years before Rolfe actually went to war. "I was trained to be an engineer and when I finally went to sea it was as part of the convoys going from Britain to Iceland, and in later years, down to Gibraltar. "These would have been taking troops and supplies to where they were needed."

And yet, despite the German U-boats claiming many casualties, Rolfe said he never felt a sense of fear. "It was what I was trained to do, and I just did it. It's only retrospectively that I look back and see that it was a dangerous time. However, I sailed mostly on destroyers or cruisers. It's when you speak to the veterans who sailed

on the smaller corvettes that you sense how rough a time they had.

"The corvettes were much smaller and the living conditions would have been appalling, with water seeping onto the deck continually. And those sailing on them would have been there for years at a time. You can imagine their elation when they would have come into ports like Derry. To see green fields, eat proper food and sleep on a decent bed, they are all things that the veterans speak of."

Rolfe himself had little sense of the danger he was facing on a daily basis. "I was a mid-ship worker and would have known little about the details of our convoys. But the bottom line is that U-boat attacks were a very real prospect. In fact, just two weeks after I had disembarked from HMS Hardy, it was attacked and ultimately run aground. Forty two men lost their lives that day and the incident got nothing more than one paragraph in the national newspapers."

Having returned home, aged 21, with a British bride in tow, Rolfe remained in the Canadian Army for 25 years following the end of World War Two. He eventually moved back to Britain with his wife Peggy in 1970, but she sadly passed away three years later. He took up engineering work within the strong British industry but it is now, some 40 years later that he is determined to see the Battle of the Atlantic get the recognition he believes it deserves.

"So many people are aware of the Battle of Britain, and its significance in the war, but very few would say the same about the Battle of the Atlantic. Yet, it was the longest-running campaign of the war, and without it there is no doubt that we would have struggled against the Germans."

And that is why Rolfe made the trip over to Derry last weekend to see the unveiling of the 'International Sailor'.

"We've visited the statue in Canada, and I've always loved it and when I heard five years ago that there was talk of getting an identical one made for Derry I always said I would be here for its unveiling. "It's a beautiful piece of work, and it's positioned so that it's looking back towards Nova Scotia, and the other statue. Although I believe the one in Derry has a more weathered look about him, which is apt, given that he has spent years at sea in battle."

Now, Rolfe hopes to fulfil an ambition, and persuade the BBC to produce a documentary about the Battle of the Atlantic. "I lost four school friends and a cousin during the war, and I have marched on every Armistice Day for almost thirty years. Now, I think they, and countless other seafarers should be recognised with a programme about their fight on the high seas so that people today understand the significance of the war at sea."

.Tidbits from "LEGION MAGAZINE"
magazine@legion.ca>

Provided by John Cody

For whom the ship's bell tolls

Story by Stephen J. Thorns

Ships' bells mark the watch, sound alarms, send signals, declare a ship's presence in foggy weather and even serve as baptismal fonts.

Usually engraved, the ship's bell is often the primary identifying element of an historic wreck, as was the bronze bell from HMS Erebus, explorer John Franklin's vessel that was found after 168 years beneath Arctic waters.

Bells aboard modern ships often bear the name of the shipyard that built the ship in addition to the name of the ship itself. If the ship's name is changed, maritime tradition dictates the original bell with the original name remain with the vessel.

READ MORE

Attacks in the Saint Lawrence

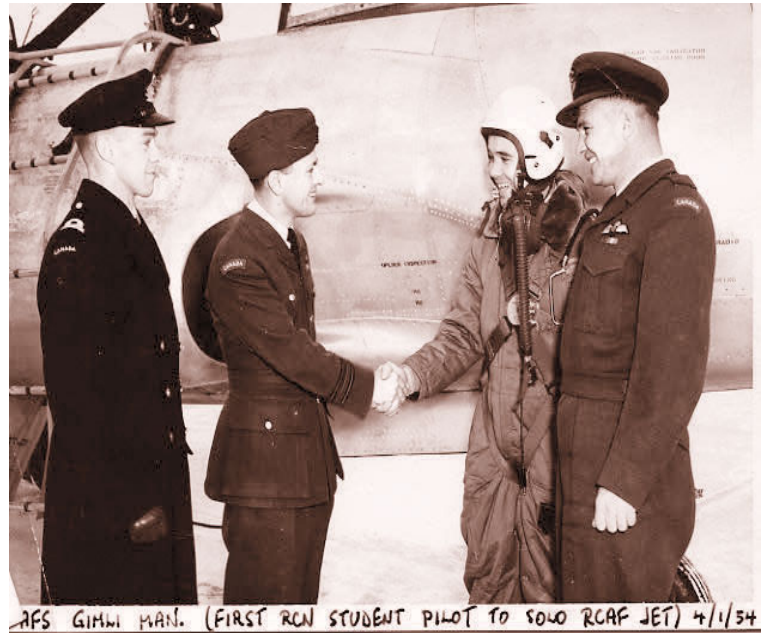
Story by Sharon Adams

The Second World War came home to Canada with a U-boat attack in the Gulf of Saint Lawrence in the spring of 1942, bringing the naval conflict to Canada's inland waters.

Between 1942 and 1944, 23 ships were sunk by German submarines and hundreds of lives were lost.

Kapitänleutnant Karl Thurmann had dispatched five ships and damaged another during U-553's first six missions in far-ranging patrols in the North Atlantic. His seventh mission brought him to Canadian waters.

In the late hours of May 11, 1942, off the Gaspé Peninsula, the British ship SS Nicoya, en route to join a convoy in Halifax, crossed his path. U-553 launched a torpedo. As the crew was abandoning the ship, a second torpedo sealed its fate, and that of six crew. The next morning, 111 survivors were rescued.



First RCN Jet Pilot

Sub Lieutenant Gordon Edwards (Rear Admiral, Retired) received his Pilot's wings at No.3 Advanced flying School (3AFS) at RCAF Station Gimli, Manitoba on 3 Mar 54. He subsequently trained on jet powered aircraft at 3 AFS and soloed in the T33 Silver Star on 1 Apr 54 to become the first RCN Pilot to qualify on jet aircraft. RAdm Edwards reports that his RCN classmate at 3AFS, Sub Lieutenant Derek Prout could have been the first RCN Jet Pilot, but that it was just the luck of the draw as to who flew first. (As told to Col Ernie Cable, Retired)

Next SAMF Meetings.

The next SAMF Board of Directors'

Meeting is scheduled for

Wednesday, 21 August 2019 at 0930

hours in the Museum Conference

Room.

The Longest Day

No I am not doing a replay of the movie on D-Day but in my experience some days are longer than others and this was undoubtedly MY longest day, September 12, 1984.

“Duty Day” limitations didn’t seem to be a factor when we were flying TRACKERS and while the SEA KINGs were operated on a 12 hour cycle, our day often included substantial duties outside of this flying cycle. Even in normal SAR operations, while we had a concept of a “Duty Day”, it normally only meant that you didn’t have to work the day your SAR Standby started (normally at 1630hrs).

I can tell you that the concept of a “Duty Day” was very real in the post CF helicopter world and any duty day in excess of 14 hours meant a letter of explanation to Transport Canada. Given that we stood 12 hour shifts and a Sydney, NS MEDEVAC was a 3 hour trip without considering the time waiting for the patient, we were always trying to balance common sense with the Regulations with the patient and crew well-being.

But this day was in the SAR world and no such oversight was in place.



I was the LABRADOR Flight Commander at 413 Squadron based in Summerside and had established a more formal system of converting pilots to the LABRADOR Helicopter and to their role in SAR. This meant starting an Instructor’s Training program so that those instructing on the conversion course did so with at least some formal training. Needless to say that as the Flight Commander and the one who created the program, I was “Instructor” rated.

On the day in question I reported to work at 0800 and after morning brief, had decided to ride along on the BUFFALO on a “shrimp buying” trip to Port Saunders, NF.

A little explanation here: most SAR squadrons had an intimate relationship with the various communities in their

region due to SAR training exercises and actual searches. This in turn led to a sampling of the local fish products and eventually a side activity where we would enhance our communications and exposure to the region by conducting “buying” operations. Cross country training in turn became a great opportunity for “selling” activity. The end result was a healthy Squadron Fund and a wider market for local seafood. This was all “just” under the table and when I took over a SAR squadron the Base Commander informed me that while he knew about the “fish operation” if he ever HEARD about the “fish operation” he would shut it down.

Back to my day: the trip to Port Saunders was quite an eye opener and we returned to base at about 1600 with a full load of frozen shrimp for the fish locker. It was here that, Capt. Ted Ellan, my duty SAR helo pilot, informed me that there was a mission pending and that the Co-pilot, Steve Teatro, was ready for an upgrade to Aircraft Captain but that he could only fly the mission as an AC if there was an Instructor rated Pilot with him ... and that was I.



“Okay, I can do that!” says I and Ted left for the day while Steve and I prepared for the mission. I am not sure to this day if I had been “had” but the mission was a MEDEVAC to the Bedford Institute research vessel, M/V HUDSON “**250 miles off Halifax**”.

Obviously that was beyond our range but not if we landed on the oil rig ZEDCO 709 which was 90 miles SW of Sable Island ... the mission was on. The run to ZEDCO 709 from Summerside was into the dark and long but the weather was not a factor. At the rig we refuelled and scoffed some of the excellent rig food, rechecked the position of the HUDSON (175 miles SE) and departed letting them know that we would be back for more fuel on the way home.

At the HUDSON, the rigging on the ship meant that we would have to hoist the casualty from the bow but, while this was a little more difficult with the vessel moving towards you, it was something we practiced. Approaching to the hover in front of the moving vessel on a pitch black night would be very difficult in a non-autohover equipped helicopter but we had a SAR advantage ... our squadron mates in the BUFFALO overhead. On any overwater SAR mission beyond 50 miles of land we were normally accompanied by the SAR BUFFALO crew. In this example of aerial hand holding, the BUFFALO crew would proceed ahead, check weather enroute, ensure good communication, double check our navigation, locate the subject ship and guide us there with the minimum of delay. More importantly, THEY CARRIED FLARES to light the area and assist us in our visual approach to the ship at night. When asked how many flares I wanted them to carry, I said "All you can!".

With flares being dropped at regular intervals behind the ship into wind to light a horizon Steve's approach to the hover over the bow of the HUDSON was straight forward. Once there we lowered the SARTechs with the stretcher to locate, stabilize and prepare the patient.

The issue now was whether to remain in the hover where we felt safe and secure or launch into an orbit to save fuel but then have to make another approach to the bow (maybe it hadn't been as easy as I said). With lots of fuel and with lots of flares available to the BUFF crew, we chose to remain in the hover until

Dropping flares behind a vessel into wind means that the flares drift down towards your position and burn out while more flares are dropped upwind. Sometimes the drop position is difficult to determine resulting in the flares being at the wrong angle, too far or, as was happening now, too close. As we sat in the hover the discussion went something like this: "That flare seems to be drifting close ... think it will burn out before it gets here ... looks awfully bright ... it couldn't possibly try to occupy the same space we are in ... OH S#@T! let's get out of here!"

With an experienced pilot (me) in the left seat we chose to hover over to the opposite side of the HUDSON and watch a burning LAU 2-b magnesium flare settle into the ocean exactly where we had been hovering a moment before.

With the excitement over, the SARTechs appeared on the foc'sle with their patient and we returned to station to retrieve the casualty and the SARTechs. Now it was off to visit the ZEDCO 709 for the second time and then, with a full fuel load, head to Windsor Park in Halifax to transfer our patient to a waiting ambulance. Next we were to head to Shearwater. We had discussed our options for our arrival at Shearwater. We could declare a duty day and leave the SAR helicopter in Shearwater without a crew or we could suck it up and, having refueled, head for the barn at Summerside for a well-deserved rest. We decided to refuel and head for home but not before flying over the Halifax Commons to view the site where Pope John Paul II would say mass for tens of thousands that day. When we called Shearwater for landing clearance the tower had the gall to tell us to avoid making noise over the city as many were tired from setting up the Commons for the Pope's visit. I told him that we had been in this cockpit since 1700 the day before (it was now 0700hrs) and that that was not one of our priorities.

Now I have to say that the flight so far had been totally without incident (save the flare with our name on it) and the morning flight to Summerside was a treat knowing that we had done the job.

Back at Summerside the paperwork was done but being the Flight Commander there was always "just one more thing." Noon passed, then the afternoon ... then it was time to host the Maritime Commander's Senior Officers Bonspiel, an annual event which saw all the senior officers and their ladies get together for a weekend of fun. Well I guess I was well into a second .. or third wind because the longest day didn't end until I excused myself at midnight of Sept. 13, forty hours total and 9.7 flight hours in the helicopter and 5 hours in the BUFFALO after reporting to work on Thursday morning at 0800.

Rather than getting in trouble for this endurance contest, I was to bring it up in detail when I had an argument that some of the definitions for fitness in the BMI program noting that if endurance was the aim, my "Longest Day" certainly proved that I had this. There was no BMI standard for common sense but everyone got home safely, we enjoyed the bonspiel and Steve Teatro went on the be a very successful SAR Helicopter Aircraft Captain. **Joe Paquette**

We had a scare last week. Through nobody's fault there was a mix-up of names between Ted Taylor and Ted Gibbon. The MAVA lads from Ottawa put out a short note

about Ted Taylor's passing from the VP Community. This unfortunately was somehow misunderstood to be Ted Gibbons announcement. The entire thing was a tempest

in a tea pot which was over very quickly, when Ted Gibbon reached me with a short note as he was about to step out of the house for a game of golf with friends, letting me know that the rumours of his death were greatly exaggerated. In an hour it was all over. Glad you are still taking nourishment Ted G.

However, it did get me to thinking. Every one of our old colleagues and friends who crosses the bar and takes the delta are dear to so many of us. In our case, this includes many Naval folks as well. So many great memories flood back with each and every name I hear, and I know it's the same for others as well. I well remember when I was much younger, when these names would mean so much to so many who were older than I, but not so much to me.

I have never been ashamed of myself for feeling this way, but now that the years are passing much more quickly and all my triumphs are behind me, I must say I feel a real sense of sadness. It reminds me of the old saying: "would the last man out please turn off the lights". It do pass quickly, eh folks?

And that's the way it seemed to me when I heard two names in the past few weeks. The first was a real airman's airman: Geoff Bennett. Major Geoff Bennett, a Pilot from the VP world. With 10,000 some odd hours under his belt, he was also a marvelous aviation painter. Next time you are wandering down to the museum to pick up a flight patch or a cap badge, leave yourself an extra few minutes and just wander up to the art gallery on the second deck of SAM. You will see many paintings done by Geoff, and he was a true benefactor to our little museum down the hill. You will get a true sense of the man as his areas of interest and aviation subjects was so vast it is hard to imagine. As a matter of fact, take a look at the walls in your CO's offices: there's in all likelihood a Geoff Bennett painting hanging there as well, so Christine tells me.

Last Saturday afternoon myself, our curator Christine Hines and our former curator and retired Naval and CF Pilot Chuck Coffen took a spin down to Bridgewater to attend a memorial service that his family and friends staged for him. It was a marvelous event. So many old faces from the old gang that used to fly the Neptune, Argus and Aurora aircraft who are retired up and down the valley were there. Many of whom I recognized, but couldn't tell their names. And there's the shame of it. Geoff was well remembered, the stories were told, the little reception sandwiches were all consumed, and the last act was a reading of the poem High Flight. Read by HCol Hennessey of 14 Airfield Engineering Squadron in Bridgewater, you could hear a pin drop. A everyone was thinking of exactly what McGee was thinking about as he reeled off the sights and sounds of a typical flight, and regaled us with the thousand things he had done in an aircraft. Makes one a bit nostalgic at an event such as this to hear McGee's famous poem read. But as soon it was over, friends were bid farewell to and we were on our way to our personal comforts of home. What a great man Bennett was. A true gentleman, a great pilot and a superb aviation artist. He will be remembered by many.

And also in the last couple of weeks I was reminded of the many truly fine Naval Officers I had come through the Navy system with. Classmates of mine from my Alma Matter: HMCS Venture in Esquimalt. Messmates who had taken many differing avenues into the Navy, XO's and CO's that I served with at sea over the 25 year period of my sea going days. Then there was one name that riveted me. Captain (N) Rick Towne passed at the end of May in Victoria. My, this was a fine man. Many old Sea King folks will remember him. In recent years he had two Commands that were worthy of note. HMCS Annapolis and HMCS Preserver. I was COS OPS in MARPAC from 91-93 when he had command of AS, and was in charge of some pretty impressive trials of the tail which was then being installed at the time on the brand spanking new CPF's.

And the second was a very sad time for all who were involved in any way with the mess that the crash of SWISSAIR 111 became shortly after I had retired. Captain Rick had Command of the AOR which was sent to St. Margaret's Bay and served as the HQ Ship for the search efforts. Search efforts which affected so many people: ship's company members from PS, Fleet diving Unit folks, the NAVY PA folks community, Army Reserve types who were tasked at very short notice to search the shore lines and who turned up some truly stomach wrenching things for bagging and tagging, and certainly for the many folks from the various fishing communities that dot the map around St. Margaret's Bay, who sallied forth in the dead of night, and who for the most part wound up in their own personal hell as they suffered terrible bouts of PTSD in silence. And still do.

And then there were the 70 or so folks who worked in the sprung hangar that was erected on the runway beside "H" Hangar and in "A" Hangar. Every one of them came down with very bad bouts of PTSD: the Police, Fire Department personnel, Nurses, Doctors, Dentists, Med A's and Med Techs. In short, EVERYONE in that hangar came down with the first case of mass PTSD seen in these parts. Oh, it had been seen before, but nobody recognized it for what it was until it was too late. And for many of them Captain Rick (along with others as well) took a personal interest and did his best to comfort them in their personal time of need. Rick, you were one fine fellow in your life and Naval career. You were taken much too early by that other scourge of our times: cancer. You will not soon be forgotten by your Navy colleagues, family and friends, and also in one corner of Halifax Harbour where the denizens of Cowards Cove still ply their trade in big, brand new shiny helicopters. You will be remembered Rick Towne. You certainly will be remembered. Rest easy old friend.

John Cody, President
SAM Foundation

AHH.THE TIMES THEY ARE A CHANGING

There I was one day a couple of summers ago, on my way up to the brand new Hangar where D Hangar once stood proudly. D Hangar if I recall, was erected in the mid 1950's with a large bit of NATO money that was thrown into the pot. It served us well for many years, but as the new helicopter would shortly be coming on stream, the space it occupied was now required for part of the new complex up the hill, across the road from the old Wardroom parking lot. As I arrived at my destination for a meeting, noticed that great progress was also being made on the tearing down of the scene of many raucous mess dinners and Friday night Weepers sessions.

As I was getting out of the car I looked over at this rather strange and sad sight. I well recalled the room where the old Foxtrot Hotel Upper Bar area was, just down the hallway from where the accommodations wing used to stand, and around the corner from the Games room which in this picture is occupied by a steam shovel. As a sign of the times, the Games Room was now not used so much for pool sessions and other games of chance that occasionally took place there, as it was for where the kids could be left with the Baby Sitting service mess provided so Moms and Dads could still take in a beer and a bite once month on a Friday evening before heading out for the weekend. That surely is a big change.

I'm told this is the way things are right across the country, and in point of fact, in former messes in many countries around the world. It is a definitely changing scene on the social side. And who is to say this isNwrong, or a stretch too far? It is certainly a far cry from the days in the late 60's when five men were killed in car accidents on the Base, or just off the Base in one six month period as they headed home after an after work turn at the fun and games that took place in those days on pretty well every Friday night after work. So it was no wonder to me that these memories were jogged as I watched the demolition fellows working away on cleaning up the last bits of a bygone era. I closed my eyes and I could still hear the old piano playing in the corner, the subbies from the various Squadrons around the base gathered in their respective circles. Particularly with the great divide that existed between those fixed wing wankers over there by the bar, and the smooth and decidedly debonair chaps from the Sundowners with their sharp Gieves Number 1's, stiff white collars and Wellies looking ever so natty, and of course there were those of us who had

superseded all others by flying those exquisite, brand new Sea Kings, gathered over by the windows or under the Fury prop, watching closely for the approach of any Cowan's or Eavesdroppers to our clutch of gentlemen from the newest flying club on the base. New helicopters arrived monthly for several years, until all 41 of them were gathered together in the old A, B and H Hangars, where in the H Hangar the true elites made their home, where the wise showed the "how to do it". There were groups talking about the recent things th happened on the new Helairdets, the prowess and stealth of the brand new Sea Kings as they flew by night now as well as by day and wondering who could be coerced into buying the next round.

My goodness this exercise brings back good memories. I recall being up with Herb Harzan one day, as Al "Silky" Hawthorne was trying to first of all explain what would happen when one was properly set up at "The Gate", and what would subsequently take place when the coupler was engaged. After a very erudite Silky had explained and demoed and supervised, Herb had had his turn it was getting late in the day, approaching nautical twilight, when it was my turn to take the bird for a spin. So there they were having risen to the safe height over water of 200 feet, when Herb, as he was delicately trying not to step on anything important, put his big foot right on the collective, thereby giving many radio toggle switches another lease on life, and stood on the same said collective as he heaved himself, poopy suit, Mae West, his electric hat still plugged in, delicately out of the Pilots seat. Well, the helicopter took what could only be called a dart for the H2O, while Silky was hauling the collective up so as to at least lessen the blows we were all about to take, as he hollered into the mike for Mr. Herb to please remove his delicate little foot off the collective. Or words something to that effect. Herb of course finally managed to extract himself from what could only be called "his predicament", as I gave his arm a yank and out he came. As for my turn, I got into the seat, paying particular not to step on the collective going, strapped myself in and reported dutifully for my lesson, which elicited this response. "Turn her towards Shearwater and take us back Sub". After which pretty well all conversation stopped in the aircraft. It could have happened to anyone I guess. But it was just the three of us who witnessed this little episode. And it has remained so until now. I feel safe as both Messer's Herb and Silky have gone to the Delta. After all were safely back on the ground, the bird was buttoned up, we all were proceeding back to the hangar when Silky remarked: "Well, that was a great experience wasn't it now. First thing is, we now know why folks cannot put their size 14's on the collective when operating at low level and

doing an airborne crew change". Or a reasonable facsimile to that.

And here to think that the last sight of the old Wardroom, with its cornerstone noting that Admiral Welland I think it was, who had his name inscribed for all to see for what seemed like it would be a millennium.

Turned out to be something in the order of 63 years before the wreckers came in and dismantled it. I wonder where the chandeliers have gone. In whose house they are now swinging. Where did all the Naval crockery go all those years ago with the blue RCN crest on all the plates and serving dishes as they were replaced with new ones with the Gold embossed Canadian Forces crest on them. And where indeed did the crowds of people go on any given Friday night, at first gathered in their Number 1's, later giving way to the flight suits that were at last permitted to be worn across the flight line. Time was when you crossed the road the hangar line was built along, you had to step into your number 1's or the Dress of the Day, as flying suits were strictly verboten off the flight line.

Ah, the times they have changed so much, and they still seem to be doing so. But the essence of this struck me as I was walking towards the Commissionaire who would soon start a national investigation on me as I deigned to enter HIS hangar for a briefing with the CO of 423 Squadron about his upcoming 75th Anniversary proceedings, that the more things change, the more noticeably they actually stay the same. You young fellers and gals are in for the run off your lives as you teach yourself all the tricks that this new helo can do for you, and the vast quantum leap in capabilities you bring to the fleet. Ah, the times they have indeed changed.. and for the better would hazard a guess.

Except, wouldn't it Have been nice to retain the old Wardroom Officers Mess. The space it occupied was required for a parking lot to swallow up all the personal conveyances of the staff and students in that massive training complex.

John Cody

Sea King Driver from Course 1 at Shearwater

Grand Fellow With A Whole Hockey Sock of Stories For Anyone Who Will Buy Me A beer.



“A Cross Sticking Up Out of the Sea”

by Pat Whitby

In the summer of 1947, three of us – Jeff Harvie, Deke Logan and myself -- were sent to join the Royal Navy's Trials Unit at *RNAS Ford* in Sussex to fly the Sea Furies to gain some experience prior to reforming 803 Squadron. The Trials Unit was engaged in putting a lot of flying hours on the Sea Furies to prove out the Bristol Centaurus engine. The method was to fly the aircraft under a wide range of conditions and to do so hopefully for 300 hours. We flew up and down the south coast of England waiting for the engine to quit. One did and a Royal Navy pilot was killed. In the long run, the trials were a success and the 300-hour life was achieved. Bob McKay and Rod Lyons were the first Canadians to fly the Sea Fury and were serving with a Royal Navy Ferry Flight to *RNAS Culham*, near Oxford, and picked up aircraft from the Hawker factory for the Royal Navy as well. I had the honour of making the first flight in a Sea Fury squadron aircraft.

In September 1947, at *RNAS Eglinton*, Northern Ireland, the five of us formed the nucleus of 803 Squadron. The others were all new to the Sea Fury, hence our first task was to check the rest of the pilots out on this aircraft. This squadron, one of two that formed the 19th Carrier Air Group (CAG; the other was 825 Squadron flying the Fairey Firefly FR IV), was the first Canadian squadron of Hawker Sea Furies to be formed and was the first operational Sea Fury squadron to be formed anywhere. The CAG was ordered to *Eglinton* in order to work up to an operational level awaiting the completion of *HMCS Magnificent* in Belfast, Northern Ireland.

In looking back on those days, one tends to remember the personal things – the places themselves, the trips to Packies Bar in Moville, the weekends in Bunrana, the Northern Countries Club and the Northern Countries Hotel in Derry, the living conditions at *Eglinton* with the living sites so far from the baths and the Wardroom, the food and our difficulty in adapting (I can still remember the large field of Brussels sprouts beside the Wardroom and watching all winter as we slowly ate our way across it), the parties and fellowship among us and the personal things (I met my wife there), and of course the flying.

Throughout this period we had experienced engine problems which we finally concluded were caused by fouling of the plugs in the bottom pots if not properly cleared after taxiing. Until we learned this there were a few shaky take-offs. A more serious problem arose when Jim Hunter, while practising for an air display at *Eglinton*, had a complete engine failure over the airfield at low altitude and with his canopy covered with oil carried out a forced landing on the edge of the airfield. That confirmed our view that without power the Sea Fury had all of the gliding characteristics of a brick. It turned out that one of the sleeve valves had failed and

had subsequently been struck by the big end coming around, with catastrophic results. This turned out to be a serious problem in the future of the Sea Fury's engine. The Centaurus was basically a bomber or transport engine, and the sleeve valve was fine in that arrangement. But in the fighter aircraft arrangement, with frequent and sometimes large power adjustments, lubrication and temperature variations were critical to the sleeve valve functioning. Valve failures in standard radial engines were not normally catastrophic, but in the sleeve valve they generally resulted in a noise and oily seizure of the machinery. It was a long time before this was satisfactorily fixed.

During the time that we were doing our thing in *Eglinton*, Jim Hunter had spent some time in southern England getting deck landings with the RN and consequently spent a lot of time away, leaving us to our own devices. Even though away, he was never forgotten. He set high standards for us all and expected that they be met and maintained. This included strict R/T discipline, and I can remember once being up with three others, knowing that Jim was far away to the south. We must have gotten careless, because suddenly, faintly out of the ether came a short message in a familiar voice: “This is Niner Niner – SHUT UP.” We did.

At about this time, Jim and Jeff Harvie worked out a scheme to fly two Sea Furies back to Canada via Iceland. It was perfectly feasible in terms of range, etc, but the Powers That Be in Ottawa refused permission.

During the fall of 1947, we were primarily concerned with learning to operate the Sea Fury properly and in developing our skills as pilots on them. Consequently, we did a lot of formation flying and fighter tactics. We did a very limited amount of cine camera work and some air-to-ground firing, but nothing like the amount we should have. No air-to-air firing at all. We also had to prepare for the deck and ran a program of ADDLs. This was interesting since there was little knowledge of the subject as far as the Sea Furies were concerned.

Not long after 803 formed, the Royal Navy formed a Sea Fury squadron at *Eglinton* and there were some interesting comparisons to make. For example, there was a lot of interest being generated over the question of the best approach speed for deck landings. The RCN arrived at a speed of 95 knots and the RN had decided on 90 knots. Both of these speeds were at or near the “dirty” stalling speed, and the RN's lower speed provided some interesting spectacles. At those speeds, the flying was a bit tricky and I can remember watching the RN types literally staggering around the circuit and making some horrendous arrivals. They finally came around to the RCN's way of thinking and they were much safer. The Sea Fury was pretty good at that speed, but one had to be careful when suddenly applying power to go around again because with that big five-bladed prop the torque was fierce and the aircraft tended to rotate in the opposite direction.

During this time our only serious accident was Bob McKay's bail-out. He and Jimmy Pulfer had been doing a chase-me-charlie over Rathlin Island (northeast corner of Ireland) when they came together. The damage to Pulfer's aircraft was slight, but McKay's would not fly and he was forced to bail out. He was not quite sure what happened, but thought that after some judicious kicking, he was ejected. In the process he injured his arm and shoulder and was not able to fly thereafter. He landed in the sea and was observed by Pulfer to be OK. He was quickly rescued by some Irish fishermen and returned to us. That was the first time we had an idea that the Sea Fury was going to be a brute to get out of when in dire straits. Bob McKay was the only Canadian Sea Fury pilot to successfully bail out of a Sea Fury.

We had barely settled in when we were asked to put in appearances at a couple of RAF stations for Battle of Britain ceremonies, one in Northern Ireland and the other at Jurby on the Isle of Man. I took the Jurby job and Deke Logan went off to the other one. We were looked upon as something of celebrities since the Sea Fury was still a rare bird. I arrived at Jurby on the morning of the day, along with an RN fellow called "Porky" Meadowcroft in a Barracuda. At the briefing, the CO of Jurby told us all that there were to be no aerobatics so Porky and I worked out a skit where he would fly past the crowd as slowly as possible all "dirtied up," wearing a great long muffler with his crewman in the back flying a large White Ensign while I went by as low and fast as I could. No one had seen the Sea Fury before and when I was taxiing out for the take-off I was recalled because the tower thought that a panel had fallen off. However, it was only the cooling shutter open. In any event, I managed to pass the Barracuda at the appointed spot after the Spitfires and such had their go, and was doing 455 knots which was the fastest I had ever gone. As I started the pull-up I pushed the stick over to the right, forgetting about the assisted ailerons and went around very rapidly about six times before I could cage my eyeballs.

Others were not so fortunate. On 17 January 1948 at the Winter Experimental Establishment, Gerry Quarton was killed piloting a Sea Fury. He was one of the original 33 ex-RCAF pilots that formed 803 Squadron at *RNAS Arbroath*, Scotland in the spring of 1945. He decided to leave the Navy in late 1945 and returned to Canada. He subsequently rejoined the RCN not long before he was killed. He did indeed miss on a loop. Apparently, he was only about a foot too long, since only the prop actually struck the ground; but with the high speed involved, the gross imbalance created by that big prop with damaged blades caused the aircraft to literally vibrate to pieces and it was spread over a large area.

In the spring of 1948 we went down to *Yeovilton* to do some work with the British Army in artillery-spotting in pursuit of our expanding role in Army co-op work. While there we had an unfortunate incident when one of our ground crew (Alford) was struck by a prop while starting aircraft and was seriously and permanently injured. In April we left *Eglinton* with a glorious flypast at very low level and made our way to Belfast where we

were hoisted aboard *Magnificent* and set out for Halifax. The squadron returned to Canada in *Magnificent* in the early summer (June) of 1948 and were based at the Naval Air Section at RCAF Station Dartmouth. Upon arrival we expected to fly off but the weather was against us and only one aircraft got off (Bird) and thus the Sea Fury arrived in Canada. We thought we had a pretty good aircraft and were anxious to see how it stacked up against the Grumman Bearcat operated by the USN. I think we had the better aircraft. It's little known and not likely acknowledged by the RCAF that during those early Sea Fury days the RCN had the only operational fighter squadron in the country.

I remember Jim Hunter and myself flying off the carrier just north of Bermuda and heading for *Shearwater*, a long jaunt over a lot of water. We had a long trip to Wakeham Bay in Ungava and a cessation of all flying because the carrier fuel system was contaminated. When we went on the southern cruise in the spring of 1949, I was on my personal swan (easy duty) as Jim Hunter's permanent Number Two. I had recently returned from the School of Naval Air Warfare course in the UK and so took on a role of developing plans for various exercises during the cruise. I had no duties but to fly with Jim every time he flew (and he loved to fly) and to plan and write the orders for some CAG exercises. On one occasion I was leading the eight Sea Furies for the morning flight so I was first off and "Doc" Schellinck was next as my Number Two. It was a grand day; we were about 10 miles west of Nevis which was clearly visible. As I climbed out expecting to see seven Sea Furies all swinging up to join me, I was surprised to see no Sea Furies and the ship stopped, with the destroyer stopped not far away as well. I was finally informed by the ship that "Doc" had been recovered and was OK. I flew around enjoying the spectacular scenery for 30 minutes or so and finally we got the morning task done. Interestingly enough, one of the pilots who had been in the morning range decided after seeing "Doc" disappear over the side that he was no longer interested in that kind of occupational pursuit and declined to fly. The Air Group Commander, not wanting any kind of rot to set in, had the gentleman involved out of the ship that afternoon. He shortly thereafter left the Navy and lived happily ever after.

The strike on *HMS Jamaica*, *HMCS Ontario* and Red Force on 14 March 1949 was another interesting morning in which I happened to participate. As an aside here, bear in mind that the only aircraft on the carrier were Furies; we had no recce aircraft on board. Anyway, about eight of us were sent off to scout to the southwest out to 200 miles for the opposing force. We were spread out on a line about a mile between us and flying above about a 8/10 deck of stratus without much hope of any luck when suddenly, right on ETA, there they were through a small hole. We were very pleased with ourselves, made the appropriate sighting report, and a strike was launched.

The ship subsequently made her way to Colon in the Panama Canal Zone where we had a bit of a run ashore

– the less said about that, the better! The interesting point here is that after we left to go about our business, we obtained permission from the Americans – a unique case – to fly over the entire length of the canal, so Jim Hunter and I had a rare view of the whole thing.

On the night of 21 March 1949 I had a vivid dream of a cross sticking up out of the sea. The next morning I had just stepped out onto the quarter deck and there framed through the ship's side and silhouetted against the early eastern sky was the tail of a Sea Fury sticking up vertically out of the sea exactly as I had seen the night before. Of course, it was J.J. MacBrien, who was alright. I have not had that experience before or since, and can't account for it. I think I mentioned before the nasty tendency of the Sea Fury at low speed and high power to want to rotate one way while the big 13-foot, five-bladed prop went around the other way.

The 1949 trip to *CJATC Rivers* was another interesting interlude for us. We fitted the long-range tanks which gave us over three hours in the air. Sitting on those dinghy packs for three hours was not fun – they were carried for safety, not comfort. We duly set off for the far west and were doing nicely on the first leg just past Montreal, near St. Eustache -- a closed WW2 EFTS, in fact -- when Johnny Runciman abruptly dropped from the formation and landed unscathed in a farmer's field with a dead engine. The farmer's first words to Johnny were, "Why didn't you land on the airfield over there?" That was the first of a series of engine problems that led to our being grounded when we arrived at *Rivers*. We had gone there to do some training in Army co-op and ended up doing a bit of work in some Harvards they had there, and finally in some Army Austers after we were able to convince the pongos that their airplanes would be safe in our hands.

Finally, it was arranged that we would do the "jump" course. George Marlow, one of the RCN pilots, was on exchange duty at *Rivers* and had done the full course. He was to take us through the thing, the difference being that we would drop into Lake Wasagaming since water would likely be our landing area for real. We went through the whole thing, running and all, but just before the big day HQ vetoed the idea. It think it fair to say that that was one HQ decision not taken too hard by us peasants in the field. There is an interesting photo of the bunch of us all rigged out as paratroopers, helmets and tight harness prominent, as were all the family jewels. They did insist on the harness being tight!

Fundamentally, oil pressure problems and coring were the cause of the engine failures and the subsequent grounding of the Sea Furies. Modifications were made to the Centaurus engine for fighter use, that is, higher oil pressure and bigger pipes, thus eliminating overspeeds, engine seizure and coring. The aircraft were then flown back to *Shearwater* in November 1949.

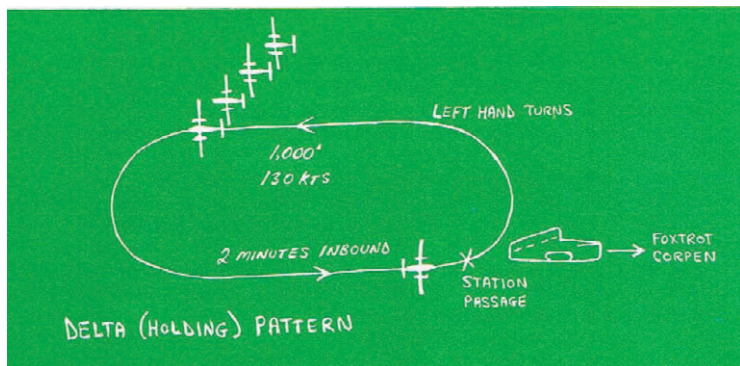
The Middle East Furies did not have these failures. As it turned out, they never flew their Furies as real fighters, but only got to full power on take-off and landing – otherwise it was straight and level. The Centaurus engine was installed in the Bristol Freighter, the Brabazon and other commercial aircraft without any apparent problem. Obviously, when the engine was used as a fighter engine as were the Rolls Royces, etc, something had to give until it was basically rectified. The test pilot for Bristol, who was at *Rivers* after repair and mods of the aircraft, was Frank Murphy who, although slightly crippled, could make that Sea Fury sing.

On 3 July 1949, M. (Butch) Hare disappeared while ferrying Sea Fury TF 997. Butch was the Naval Test and Liaison Officer at Avro in Malton while they were doing the Fury overhauls, and was bringing one back to the coast. He stopped at Quebec City and put on an informal airshow after take-off, then set out for *Shearwater* without refuelling, thereby starting out with a serious fuel shortage. The weather was also marginal at the time. It was a late Friday afternoon, because I remember we were sitting around the crewroom at the Training Air Group in our smelly flying suits having completed the week's work, and anticipating the upcoming visit to the Wardroom when the phone rang. We were ordered off to *RCAF Station Greenwood* immediately with all serviceable Harvards to assist in the search. We were in *Greenwood* several days flying back and forth twice a day across the Bay of Fundy and up into New Brunswick, without success. We almost got used to the smelly flying suits, having had to live in them for several days before our logistics caught up with us.

The Sea Fury was a good aircraft and a great machine to fly. There were difficulties in terms of engine problems and there were fatalities regrettably, but it was the ultimate piston-engined fighter and consequently demanding and unforgiving. Operating from the deck of the Light Fleet Carrier was always right at the limit – indeed, it was as nearly impossible as was the Banshee/Bonaventure combination of subsequent years. The fact that it was done says something for the skill and drive of those that did it. The one thing missing in the Sea Fury, it seems to me, was some kind of ejection seat such as the FW 190 had. Might have saved some lives.

A final anecdote to illustrate the point about the tight fit on the carrier: a parliamentary committee on defence had decided to see us operate, so they arrived in Halifax and we laid on a day trip in *Maggie* for them to see some flying. We were only a few miles off the coast and launched eight Sea Furies to do a fighter direction exercise and then land on and go home. In the time-honoured tradition, the MPs quickly found their

way to the Wardroom and the bar, and were not interested in anything else. In the fullness of time, the aircraft were back in the circuit and the word was passed, but by the time the MPs finished their drinks the aircraft were all down. This caused some consternation and so we decided to launch one aircraft just to do a quick circuit and landing for the MPs' edification. Stu Soward had been last down and so was easiest to launch. Off he went and on landing things didn't go quite right and he ended up in the barrier. Afterwards one of the visitors asked, "How long do you have after you realize you've missed the wires and are going to hit the barrier?" Stu quickly said, "Well, sir, how long does it take to say, "Oh shit?"



IN THE DELTA

- Allen, Harold 'Spike'
- Atkinson, Eric
- Beard, Jack
- Bennett, Geoff
- Eastwood, Harry
- Ferguson, Robert (Little Fergie/Bob)
- Green, Max
- Hallett, Edward Captain
- Henman, Rodney
- Hipson, Rita (Rod)
- Hogg, Lorraine (Mackintosh)
- Keats, Blanche (Edgar)
- Mackintosh, Frank
- MacMillan, Sam
- McGowan, Andrew George
- Murray, Rev Bruce Douglas
- Noble, John

Rioux, Roger

30

Sheard, Donald

Sherlock, Don

Sherwood, Fred

Sturgess, Roy MGen

Towne, Capt (N) Rick

Walton, John

Willits, Fran (Larry)

Wrigley, Gerald Wayne

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Allied victory in the Second World War...

Allied victory in the Second World War would not have been possible without victory at sea. It would require overcoming great odds, but the courage of the RCN, Merchant Navy and RCAF personnel helped keep the Allied convoys running and the supply lines to Europe open. These brave men and women were some of the more than one million Canadians who served in the cause of peace and freedom during the Second World War.

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Above taken from Battle of Atlantic remembrance information found on web site.

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