

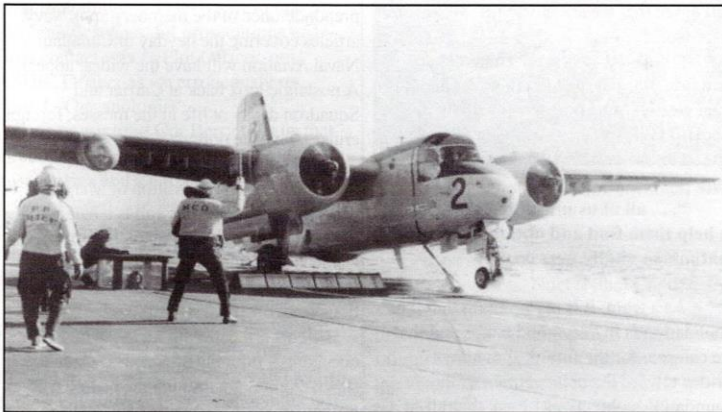


SHEARWATER AVIATION MUSEUM

Volume 5, Number 3

FOUNDATION NEWSLETTER

Winter 1998



A CS2F-1 Tracker of VS-881 Squadron on the catapult prior to launch. In this photograph, the launch bridle and the hold-back gear can be seen clearly. 'Tis enough to bring a nostalgic tear to the eye.

SAM REPORT - ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL YEAR

As the Museum winds down operations for another year, we can look back on a very successful high season during the summer of 98. We estimate that by the end of our fiscal year some 15,000 visitors will have passed through our gates. These numbers reflect about a 15 per cent increase over the last year. Gift Shop revenues are also up. All in all, an excellent season, considering that our marketing budget for the year was cut back considerably.

Our Archives/Library now houses the 12 Wing Reference Library and our Library shelves are with more than 3,000 publications catalogued. Brooke Guilfoyle's excellent database is very user friendly and provides the customer with an excellent search tool.

The arrival of the H04S from Dieppe NB where it was restored by the generous help of the folks at "Collégé Communautaire du Nouveau-Brunswick" was truly a noteworthy event.

12 AMS refinishers spearheaded by MCpl Gary Brink did an excellent paint job in 1950's livery. This wonderful artifact is in the Hangar Gallery for all to enjoy.

Over the winter we will be working

(Continued on Page 19)



**SEASON'S
GREETINGS
TO
ALL**





The Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation (SAMF)

Newsletter is published three times yearly and is mailed to all who purchase membership in the SAMF (expiring on the 31st of August of each year). Cheques made payable to the "Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation" should be mailed to the address indicated below.

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Layout and production of
the SAMF Newsletter is
performed free of charge
for the Shearwater Aviation
Museum Foundation by

AsKey Electronic Publishing
Dartmouth, NS
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Printed by
Bro Moc Print & Litho, Dartmouth, NS



Message from the Vice Chairman of the Foundation

It is my privilege as the recently elected Vice chairman of the Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation, an honour I greatly appreciate, to give you my thoughts on recent developments at the foundation.

Our hard working and sincere President, Frank Willis, has decided that he has achieved all he can hope to in his watch as President and, at the Annual General Meeting this year, tendered his resignation. What he has achieved is commendable and I am certain all of you will agree that we are most grateful for his good work.

I think we are very fortunate that Eric Edgar has agreed to take over and has been elected to be our new President and that Bill Gillespie has been elected and agreed to back him up as our vice President.

"... all of us must do our very best to help them find and obtain these funds that are so vitally necessary."

As a team, it is my opinion, that the Foundation is in very good hands and that we can see, for the future, some great strides toward the achievement of the Foundation's objectives. I ask that all of you will join me in wishing them a fruitful, imaginative and successful march forward, in their watch, to the incorporation of our treasured aircraft that are outside in the weather, our Firefly that is being reconstructed, and others we hope to acquire, including a Canso, into the Museum.

To do this, a major task to raise the funds for this is required and all of us must do our very best to help them find and obtain these funds that are so vitally necessary.

Our Chairman, Larry Ashley, joins me in wishing each and every one of you and your families all the very best for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year in 1999.

Harry Porter
Vice Admiral RCN (Retired) ⚓

Read Me First!

A wise man has said, "If there is no need to change, there is a need not to change". On rereading our Editor's column of our spring issue, we stand back, awestruck, at the eloquence and succinctness of his pen-guiding muse. (Can you stomach that? K) We reprint that column.



This is the fifth edition for the current editorial gang. We are still "learning the ropes". Bear with us. Our aim is to give our readers what *they* want. Our problem is that only a few of you are telling us.

Our impression is that, since the preponderance of the membership is Navy, articles covering the heyday of Canadian Naval Aviation will have the widest appeal. A nostalgic look back at Carrier and Squadron days - at life in the messes, foreign cruises, favorite ports.

However, SAM is more widely dedicated to the preservation of Maritime Military Aviation so our aim is a balance of dark blue and light blue material. Ernie Cable is carrying the ball, almost alone, for the Air Force side. Let's see some contributions from other RCAF sources.

This is a paper for all ranks and all occupants - from the Stoker who made the steam engines go, through the people who pushed aircraft, the people who bent wrenches, to all the people who bent aircraft. Pick up your pens all those people!

This is also a paper for young history buffs who just plain revel in aviation chronicles and anecdotes.

We will continue to give due coverage to maritime military aviation's earliest roots. Rod Bays laid the foundation with his treatise on the history of Naval Aviation. Since then, there have come to light some remarkable connections between member of SAMF and pilots in the 1914-1918 war. «My father was a pilot in the RNAS flew a fighter over the Somme and Gallipoli», "My dad was a pilot for the Czar - flew against the Turks over the Black Sea", "My uncle flew with Barker in the 1914-1918 War". Our roots run astonishingly deep!

Article length is a real problem. We are loathe to edit and abridge but there just



ain't room for all of the excellent contributions offered so edit, abridge, serialize we must.

PS: Your Editor (and our Secretary) apologize for delinquency in responding to letters. World's Champion Procrastinator (in Guinness Book) W.L.D. (Bill) Farrell, Editor Demeritus

We give a hearty *Welcome Aboard* to Jon Houston who has joined our editorial team and to whom the fresh new layout is entirely attributable. ☼

Correction to Detail

Peter Berry (back cover, previous issue) earned an MID for "Courage, resolution and skill while serving in HMCS Ottawa and Kootenay in anti U-Boat operations". Peter's part in one of Kootenay's successful prosecutions of U-Boat contact was as Plot Officer, not ASDIC Officer as we erroneously reported. Our apologies.

Long-retired Cdr Berry tells us that circumstances required him to be at his post for two and a half days with only three hours of sleep. He learned to sleep, he tells us, standing up, a skill that this Observer notes never quite left him throughout his career.

There were a number of reader responses to the photograph of the aircraft "torquing in" telling us that this was not a Firefly but a Banshee. With aircraft identification skills such as these, it is credible that the Captain of a British battleship had to calm the concern of his passenger, Winston Churchill, with the explanation that the racket up on deck was "just the gunners firing at friendly aircraft".

And further apropos this photo - story we must correct some recent misinformation broadcast on the Internet: Contrary to the net account, this aircraft



Dr Cooper writes

The Last Surviving Fighter Pilot of WWI?



Front: Henry Botterell, with attendant visitors: Don Cooper, Nibs Cogdon, Phil Foulds, Don Sheppard, Ted Davis

One of our Canadian Association Members, Noel (Nibs) Cogdon discovered via the subject's son, of the presence of an R.N.A.S. World War I fighter pilot, Henry Botterell, living in the Veterans Wing of Sunnybrook Hospital, age 102 years! Henry, a Canadian, flew several types of aircraft, in various R.N.A.S. Squadrons, lastly the Sopwith Camel in Naval 8 Squadron.

In coordination with Henry's son, Nibs Cogdon arranged a visit to Sunnybrook, in Toronto, 12 July 1998, to meet this remarkable. Man. Attendees

were Ed and Garlene Botterell, Nibs and Marion Cogdon, Don and Gwen Sheppard, Don and Pat Cooper, Ted Davis, Phil Foulds.



did not float after impact - it continued, without hesitation, its homing to Davy Jones' Locker. Your editor had a bird's eye view of the event from a skybox (third aircraft back in the circuit) and recalls a brief elation at the prospect of early promotion from 04 to 03 - an elation that changed to chagrin with 01 (Berry) popped to the surface from some fathoms down. (The "0" numerical designations reflected seniority in them thar days). ☼

Although Somewhat frail and confined to a wheelchair, Henry astounded us all with his memory of WWI service, his cracking of jokes, signing of autographs (after removing his spectacles) and so-on. He was delighted to be in the company of us other ex-naval aviators.

Later, Nibs and marion Cogdon entertained us all for lunch on the patio of their home. We went home in awe of this incredible man. ☼





Please note well!!!!

BY-LAW AMENDMENT - SYNOPSIS

The following amendment to the By Laws was moved by Frank Willis and seconded by Sandy Kerr.

APPROVED

Article 11	MEMBERSHIP
Sect. 3	Classification of Members - Delete
Sect. 4	Member - Renumber as Section 3
Sect.	
5,6 & 7	Sustaining, Patron & Life Member - Delete
Sect 8	Termination of Membership - Re-number as Section 4.

These amendments were proposed by the B of D to delete the member classifications of Sustaining, Patron and Life Member. It is understood that these classifications were originally incorporated in the By Laws as a first attempt at a recognition policy for the Foundation.

While the concept of and need for recognition of our supporters is considered essential, the Board felt that such a policy should be more comprehensive and flexible than the By Laws permit. Further all members should be considered legally equal.

A new Donor Recognition Policy has been adopted by the Board and is being further developed. In the meantime, please continue to send in your membership dues for the same categories as before. We have not changed our membership forms and will not, until we have a firm policy.

We have established Donor Recognition Boards and a Donor Recognition Book which are prominently displayed in the Museum. The former displays the names of those who have contributed \$1000 or more and the latter the names of all contributors. It is intended that members who hold existing designations such as 'Life Member' shall be 'grand-fathered'. An amendment to the By Laws to change the fiscal year to coincide with the calendar year was referred back to the B of D for further consideration and submission at the next AGM.

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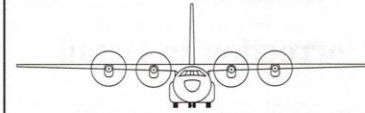
Tom Tonks



How many remember 'Red-ink entries'?

Weldy Paton sent the following as reported by the USAF about those pesky problems:

Here are some actual maintenance complaints submitted by US Air Force pilots and the replies from the maintenance crews.



Problem: "Left inside main tire almost needs replacement."

Solution: "Almost replaced left inside main tire."

Problem: "Test flight OK, except autoland very rough."

Solution: "Autoland not installed on this Aircraft."

Problem: "The autopilot doesn't."

Signed off: "IT DOES NOW."

Problem: "Something loose in cockpit."

Solution: "Something tightened in cockpit."

Problem: "Evidence of hydraulic leak on right main landing gear."

Solution: "Evidence removed."

Problem: "DME volume unbelievably loud."

Solution: "Volume set to more believable level."

Problem: "Dead bugs on windshield."

Solution: "Live bugs on order."

Problem: "Autopilot in altitude hold mode produces a 200 fpm descent."

Solution: "Cannot reproduce problem on ground."

Problem: "IFF inoperative."

Solution: "IFF inoperative in OFF mode."

Problem: "Friction locks cause throttle levers to stick."

Solution: "That's what they're there for."

Problem: "Number three engine missing."

Solution: "Engine found on right wing after brief search." ☸



Submarine Attack: From The Right Hand Seat

By James M McRae, DFC, CD,
F/L RCAF, Ret'd

Editor's Note: We were going to edit this down to fewer words but just couldn't - so - park yourself in an easy chair, feet to a warming fire, hot buttered rum (easy on the butter) in hand and, word by word, travel back in time some fifty years and then across some thousands of miles of North Atlantic to the Norwegian Sea. Enjoy!

There was a feeling of anticipation in the crew of Canso 9816 as it taxied out at Wick in northern Scotland. It was Tuesday morning, 13 June 1944. At the controls was Wing Commander Bill Chapman, Officer Commanding 162 (BR) Squadron. There was also a tinge of uneasiness in Flying Officer (F/O) Jim McRae's crew. Today the Wingco was in the left hand seat and it was different, somehow. The rest of the crew had been together since the squadron left Yarmouth the year before, and had over 500 hours under their belts. Today they were to search an area some 200 miles north of the Shetland Islands.

The anticipation was well founded. Just two days earlier, F/O Larry Sherman had sunk a U-boat, and on patrol again today he had sent out another sighting report. He had not been heard from since. Canso 9816 had already had a baptism of fire ten days earlier when Flight Lieutenant (F/L) MacBride attacked and sank U-477.



Groundcrew launch a Canso at Shearwater. Recognize the ramp area? It's the current venue for the Shearwater Yacht Club, adjacent to Bonaventure Jetty.

Intense flack had been encountered, but luckily the aircraft had not been hit.

Leaving Wick en route to the search area, 9816 skirted the Orkney Islands and the British Naval base at Scapa Flow, flew along the west side of the Shetlands and set course from the RAF seaplane base at Sullom Voe. The crew took up positions, with Flight Sergeant (F/S) Gerry Staples manning the twin 303 Browning machine guns in the nose. Sgt. Bob Cromarty was in

(now retired in Chester NS) was the navigator.

Flying at an altitude of around 1000 feet over a relatively calm sea, they had not yet reached the search area when McRae spotted something unusual about 45 degrees off the starboard bow, several miles away. Maybe it was just a patch of seaweed, a school of porpoises, or a larger-than-usual wave. But with binoculars handy a closer look was warranted. This



A Canso, low over the water, as it would appear to an unwary submariner.

the flight engineer's position and Warrant Officer 2nd Class (W02) Joseph Bergevin at the radio. F/S Harry Leatherdale and W02 Frank Reed took up lookout positions in the blisters, manning the pair of twin guns mounted there. Jim McRae was in the copilot's seat and F/O Dave Waterbury

time it was the real thing: a schnorkel and periscope leaving a feathery wake. Action stations was sounded. Chapman turned in the direction indicated, Waterbury plotted their position and Bergevin sent out a sighting report. McRae turned to confirm the settings on the bomb control panel on the bulkhead behind him. Chapman had not yet spotted the periscope, and McRae had a sinking feeling that the U-boat had submerged. He picked up the binoculars again and there it was, a little more to starboard. Chapman could now see it, and started descent to drop the depth charges from 50 feet. McRae picked up the hand-held K20 camera and started taking pictures.

Chapman continued the run in from a few degrees off the submarine's port bow and dropped the four depth charges in a perfect straddle. Holding his course for several seconds, he held down the control button for the rear facing camera to get a series of pictures of the depth charge explosions. Waterbury had by this time





proceeded to the blisters to use the second K20 camera from there. As the aircraft passed over the U-boat, the conning tower railings could be seen just breaking the surface at the bottom of the swell.

“...conning tower disappeared and the stern emerged at a steep angle with screws and rudder visible.”

Climbing back to 1000 feet, Chapman turned to port and circled at a safe distance. Emerging from the plumes of the exploding depth charges, the submarine surfaced and started a slow turn to starboard. From its original westerly heading, it turned north, slowly came to a stop and started to go down by the bow. The conning tower disappeared and the stern emerged at a steep angle with screws and rudder visible. Now was the time to get pictures needed to confirm the results of the attack.

Closing in from the north the aircraft dove in on a run similar to the original attack, passing directly over the sub at high speed to get more pictures with the rear facing camera. A number of the crew could be seen in the water.

“...no one in the crew of 9816 realized there was any danger.”

The aircraft turned, climbed again to about 1000 feet, and circled to make another run from the same direction. The option to fly alongside at low level, thereby giving the crew the best possible view of what was happening, and to use the K20 cameras for pictures was not used. At some time in the excitement the intercom had become unserviceable, as though one of the microphones had stuck in the “on” position. Communication between crew members then became next to impossible. Chapman was very intent on what he was doing, and there was little opportunity to confer on tactics.

The stern of the U-boat was getting lower in the water and finally disappeared.

From a distance, it appeared that the vessel had gone down for the last time. The run in was continued and no one in the crew of 9816 realized there was any danger. But the guns mounted high on the conning tower had resurfaced. At the very last moment, Chapman saw the puffs of the anti-aircraft fire and quickly pulled up. McRae, still taking pictures with the K20, suddenly found the camera down in his lap, due to the G force in the pull-up. He had just breathed a sigh of relief, thinking the danger had passed, when explosions were heard as the aircraft was hit. Flying



directly over the sub, Canso 9816 was a point-blank target.

The port engine was now pouring out black smoke. Attempts to feather the propeller failed, and the engine kept windmilling. Chapman had enough speed to climb back up to about 1000 feet and, realizing that they could not maintain altitude, set course for the Shetland Islands.

The aircraft was gradually losing altitude, even with full power on the remaining engine. Cromarty lowered the wing tip floats in preparation for landing. The Canso finally struck the top of a wave and bounced into the air. Another mile or two was made before the aircraft struck again, a heavy jolt this time and flying speed was lost. Power was pulled off, and both pilots held the control column back as the aircraft settled into the water, this time more gently, just at the top of the swell.

They were safely on the water and no one was injured, but the aircraft was filling with water from a hole in the hull. The two five-man dinghies were launched from the port and starboard blisters, and

the crew began loading them. Included were two metal cases of survival gear that each aircraft carried, as well as the Gibson Girl emergency radio, the two K20 cameras, the magazine from the rear facing camera and a very pistol and some cartridges. There was also time for the crew to don ditching suits that were carried. Bergevin remained at the radio as long as possible to ensure that their emergency message was received. The sea was still relatively calm, with a long, gentle swell.

All seemed to be going very well when suddenly the port dinghy exploded. Everything in it was lost.

Almost immediately the starboard dinghy was holed somehow and rapidly deflated. It was not possible to keep enough air in it to support more than two people, and it was necessary to jettison all other equipment. The dinghies had, unfortunately, been fitted with extra-large carbon dioxide inflation bottles and, as the cold gas warmed up, the pressure was too great.

The aircraft was by now so low in the water that just the top of the wing and the tail were visible. Soon the wing submerged and the crew watched as the tail slowly sank from sight. They were alone except for a lone sea gull that appeared from nowhere and seemed to welcome the company as it swam just a few feet away.

“Exposure was starting to take effect on some of those in the water.”

From then on difficulties came one after another. The immersion suits of rubberized material were not waterproof, as they were thought to be. The frigid water began to seep in, coming higher and higher up inside the legs. The crew’s plan to keep changing positions in the dinghy became next to impossible due to the weight of the water trapped in the suits, and to the flabbiness of the damaged dinghy. Exposure was starting to take effect on some of those in the water.

(Continued on Page 20)





Firefly Restoration

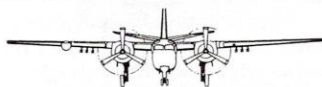
The team soldiers (sailors?) on.

In the previous report, we spoke of a monstrous problem with thousands of corroded rivets. The expression "Mission Impossible" raised its ugly head. That expression was taken as a challenge by John Webber (Master Warrant Officer) and he came up with a solution - soda blasting (like sand blasting but gentler) to clean off the rivet heads and the use of a non-destructive testing (NDT) apparatus to identify the relatively few suspect rivets. Base Maintenance extended full cooperation and the Wing (Base) Commander is fully behind the project. VMT to them and also to IMP for their continuing support.

We are exploring ways to find funds to advance this work - without diverting support for the building extension project which remains the Foundation's fundraising priority. Ideas anyone?

Much gratitude to Mr and Mrs John Eden for their \$300 contribution to the Firefly Project. Mrs Eden made a beautiful quilt and tickets were sold to CNAG members with proceeds going to the Firefly Project. Many thanks.

Bill Farrell has been named Project coordinator. ☸



Don Cooper reminds us -

"On the breasts of a barmaid
in CRAIL
Were tattooed the prices of ale,
And on her behind
For the sake of the blind,
Were the same - but printed
in Braille."
(RNAS Craill - HMS was an air
station in Scotland)☸

Now then, what's this all about?



Formation take-off while not in direct alignment with the runway?

Readers' Responses

To the Editor:

Dear Sir"

When I withdrew the Summer 1998 edition of the Foundation Newsletter from its envelope in September of this year, the back cover faced me, and took me back fifty years in a couple of thousandths of a second.

As Dick Bartlett, with Peter Berry, were on the approach, I was looking down the flight deck from Flying control ("Little F's" perch), checking that the barrier was in place, and so on - then I heard someone cry out "Good God", or some such, looked up, and my mind took a mental snap shot of exactly the same picture that is on your back cover.

We could hardly believe our good fortune when both Dick and Peter were recovered; shaken, of course, but otherwise uninjured.

They both received our admiration when they continued flying together, although I doubt if, at any time, the true bravery of the Observer, putting his life quite literally into the hands of the Pilot, has ever been fully appreciated.

And the same can be said of those

who followed the Firefly crews, the larger Avenger and Tracker crews. I regret that I do not know enough about rotary wing crews. But it must be the same principle - when you climb aboard, your life is in the hands of the guy in the left hand seat.

The autumn of 1948 produced some interesting flying in "Maggie" - as she was known, with the resultant somewhat crude additional verses for the simple ditties that were 'sung' in the Anteroom in the evenings.

One or two examples come to mind:

"Far away on homings, Don't know
where we are,
All because of a balls up in the ADR ..."

"Operation Grindstone came to a
grinding halt,
All because our petrol
Was all mixed up with salt"

Grindstone was one of the island in the Magdalen's, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence - and I seem to remember that we were attempting some dummy strafing runs on the uninhabited bits of land when one or two ditchings due to engine failure caused us to suspend flying until the problem in the ship's fuel tanks was sorted out.

It was about that time that we cruised up to Wakeham Bay, a small bay





just to the west of Ungava Bay, on the north coast of Quebec. At anchor there we were treated to some interesting local sights, as local Inuit came out to the ship in their kayaks, hoping to sell oddly assorted items of their own making.

The ship's Executive Officer at that time, was a very "pusser's" type who insisted on strolling on the flight deck, when we were at anchor, with his telescope under his arm - a somewhat odd combination of Nelsonian and modern equipment.

On the way back to Slackers, as Halifax was affectionately known at that time, we had a final Mess Dinner, with subsequent high jinks in the Anteroom.

During those games, some of the air types decided to "de-bag" one of the ship's officers (as far as I know, an RN game, stripping the pants off someone for something done in the past). To our astonishment it appeared that this Officer had never heard of the Latin tag "Semper ubi sub ubi"

(Semper - always; ubi - where (with a little bit of phonetic licence); sub - under). Gasps and laughter all round.

I think it safe to say the Maggie at that time was quite a happy ship - and as we returned to Shearwater for Christmas leave the air types were in good form.

With best wishes, and admiration for the superb publication that you favour us with during the years.

Jim Hunter

Editor's Note: Perhaps (Big) Jim recalls that, in the anteroom high jinks, the piano player cried (literally) until the assembly indulged him by doing avian imitations while bounding about and singing "Along came a dirty great shite-poke." These antics yielded some fractured bones whereas the ditchings were quite injury-free. Passing strange! ☼



24 September, 1998

Hi Kay,

Here's a donation to help sweeten the pot. I sincerely hope that a few others are encouraged, as I was by the excellent Newsletter. I really enjoyed your column and trust that it will be a regular feature. However, like your caller, I find it hard to believe that any lovely young lady serving in Shearwater in the 50's or 60's I had not encountered Jake "the snake"!



I left Banshees in '59 for a tour in Rivers, Manitoba. The following summer VF870 arrived for their annual weapons exercise. Shortly thereafter a Shearwater T-33 rolled in, bearing Jake and Ben Oxholm's brother Fred. Fred was with the RCMP's narcotics division in Halifax at the time and soon became known as "Fred the Fed". They stayed with us for a few days, did a little duck hunting and had a beverage or two. The first night Jake called to ask if I could loan him a tie. I guess he had packed in a hurry. A few days later, after a number of messages from Shearwater, trying to find their missing T-bird, Jake and Fred reluctantly departed.

It must have been a week later when after a call from the CE section, I went to the barracks. Lo and behold there was my missing tie, supporting a couple of well-aged mallards, hanging from the window of the room Jake had been in. I did not recover the tie.

Regards to the entire crew,

John Searle

☼

With all the technology being passed along by Edward's and Stegen, thought Navairgen could use a Joke. Or are those jokes Gord and Jim are passing along. Good stuff guys, keep it coming.

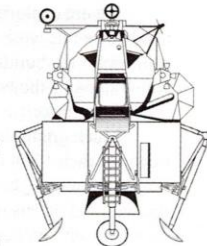
Apollo Mission

When Apollo Mission Astronaut Neil Armstrong first walked on the moon, he not only gave his famous "one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind" statement but followed it by several remarks, usual com traffic between him, the other astronauts and Mission Control. Just before he re-entered the lander, however, he made the enigmatic remark "Good luck Mr. Gorsky."

Many people at NASA thought it was a casual remark concerning some rival Soviet Cosmonaut. However, upon checking, there was no Gorsky in either the Russian or American space programs. Over the years many people questioned Armstrong as to what the "Good luck Mr. Gorsky" statement meant, but Armstrong always just smiled.

On July 5, 1995

(in Tampa Bay FL) while answering questions following a speech, a reporter brought up the 26 year old question to Armstrong. This time he finally responded. Mr. Gorsky had finally died and so Neil Armstrong felt he could answer the question.



When he was a kid, he was playing baseball with a friend in the backyard. His friend hit a fly ball which landed in the front of his neighbour's bedroom windows. His neighbours were Mr. & Mrs. Gorsky. As he leaned down to pick up the ball, young Armstrong heard Mrs. Gorsky shouting at Mr. Gorsky, "Oral sex! You want oral sex?! You'll get oral sex when the kid next door walks on the moon!"
Compliments of Gerry Watson.

Larry and Sheila Zbitnew,
164 Green Briar Rd.
Alliston Ont L9R IX9,
Phone (705) 434-0145 ☼



SAGA OF A NOBLE CHOPPER

The Crowsnest, Vol. 12, No. 6, April 1960

When Sikorsky helicopter V V 877 was brought on board the *Bonaventure* in March for plane guard duties, her well-earned nickname of "Angel" was callously thrown over the side and she perforce became "Pedro", because it better suited shipboard nomenclature.

Notwithstanding, the venerable flying machine preserved her angelic disposition by performing yet another mercy mission. She retrieved a sailor of the carrier's maintop division who accidentally fell overboard on March 26. This happened a scant four days after her joining the *Bonaventure*, which indicated to those who knew her well that she was willing to forgive the powers that be for discarding her honoured nickname, in the interests of duty.

As "Angel", she had performed six outstanding rescues which were duly painted on her nose in the form of maple leaf symbols. So a seventh was added for her most recent work of mercy. Her proud record began in 1955, the year she joined Utility Helicopter Squadron 21 at *Shearwater*.



The first maple leaf indicates the dramatic rescue of 21 men from the freighter *Kismet* which ran aground at the base of a 1,000-foot cliff near Cape North on Cape Breton Island. "Angel" bucked a snowstorm to the area, then survived gale winds to take off the crew in four trips, averting their deaths. Pilot and co-pilot were awarded the George Medal, the two aircrewmembers were given Queen's Commendations. So, under her first maple leaf are painted the George Medal and oak leaf.

On March 3, 1956, while operating from the *Magnificent*, she picked up from



"Pedro", alias "Angel", plane guard in HMC5 *Bonaventure*, poses for a family portrait on the flight deck of the carrier. Grouped below symbols denoting seven rescues carried out in the Sikorsky helicopter are, front row, left to right: AB William McMullen, Ldg. Sea. David Harding, PO Joseph Carver, AB Sherwood McQueen and AB Noel Black, all of whom are maintenance personnel. Back row: AB Malcolm Marshall, aircrewman; Sub-Lt. Wallace Morris, co-pilot; Lt. Robin Watt, pilot, and AB Edward Olliffe, aircrewman. (BN-60936)

the sea a man who had fallen off the flight deck. A pilot was retrieved twice after ditching on one side, then the other, of the *Maggie*, on the 26th and 28th of September in the same year. That meant three more oak leaves.

The next misadventure, on July 11, 1957, involved the rescue of a pilot, downed in the bush.

A year ago she was called upon to pick up three crewmembers of an aircraft which came down off Osborne Head, N.S.

Below the symbol of the angel painted on her nose is the global emblem of the United Nations. She went to Egypt in the *Magnificent* when the carrier was dispatched to the Suez in December, 1957. She served briefly as General E. L. M.

Burns' personal aircraft during the period the *Maggie* was at Port Said.

Another exploit, which caught the public eye but which is unrecorded on her fuselage, involved the rescue of two terrified dogs caught on thin ice on Lake Mic Mac, Dartmouth, N.S., during the spring thaw of 1959.

Pedro, Angel or 877, whatever you wish to call her, still belongs to HU 21 although she operates from the flight deck of the *Bonnie*. Perhaps she made the headlines most frequently, but the other helicopters of the squadron are responsible for many mercy missions. The squadron averages 40 civilian rescues and searches each year, in addition to its naval duties. Transporting people in need of urgent





medical attention is one of the mercy tasks and the burden was greatest during the Springhill mine disasters of 1956 and 1958. HU-21 machines also operated in the Far North on board HMCS *Labrador* in history-making voyages and served in the sub-Arctic during the building of the Mid-Canada Warning Line.

Now, as a plane guard, she is airborne before the carrier launches or recovers aircraft and hovers close by, ready to dart to the rescue should this be necessary. She also performs utility chores for the carrier and ships in company at sea.

Her current crew includes Lt. Robin Watt, pilot; Sub-Lt. Wallace Morris, copilot, and Able Seamen Malcolm Marshall and Edward Olifee, aircrewmembers. The maintenance crew which takes loving care of her venerable "innards" includes PO Joseph Carver, Ldg. Sea. David Harding and Able Seamen William McMullen, Sherwood McQueen and Noel Black.

Old 877 has been until very recently one of those aircraft that seem to fly without any trouble, whatever the conditions. On the last cruise, there were times when she just wouldn't start. The more pragmatic blame this on her aged condition. She has been flying for more than five years and has logged 1,800 hours in the air, more than any other RCN Sikorsky.

Her intimates claim otherwise. She survived the business of having her name changed, but a recent incident may have soured her completely. One of the utility runs this spring involved the transfer of a movie film from the carrier to a destroyer escort. Unfortunately, the film wound up in the drink. Since it was the very popular "Hound Dog", the captain of the ship, Captain J. C. O'Brien, decreed that a film case be drawn on the other side of the machine, embellished with a hound dog.

Against the protests of the crew, who knew better, the deed was done. She hasn't been the same since.

"After all," as Lt. Watt says, "she's a very human machine." ☼



You guys shouldn't encourage me ..I guess I must be suffering from an accute case of galloping nostalgics ... ya think??? John T

Night Touch-and-go's

*It's dark out there. I sit and stare
and watch through starboard port
The deck-hands gleam in starboard green
as engines snarl and snort*

*And proffered tie is held on high,
to prove our craft is free
An engine spark, a flash-light arc,
a night-time launch at sea.*

*Brake still in park we face the dark,
hydraulic cat-shot cough.
The engines cry and claw for sky,
old Bonnie squirts us off.*

*We feel the squeeze of added gees,
inertia's heavy load.
The plane behaves, avoids the waves,
by God we're on the road.*



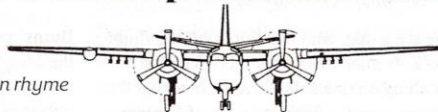
A little thank-you to all the pilots I flew with

from John Thompson

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

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

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



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

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

*We're climbing out, no time to shout,
it's practice landing time
And don't you know it's touch-and-go,
we're landing on that dime.*

*All night we fly and trace the sky
with others of our kind.
And so we beg for final leg,
the meat-ball for to find.*

*Our final hop, it's now full-stop,
with hungry tail-hook reach.
First of the cabs, the tail-hook grabs,
the tortured tires screech.*

*A stifled yawn, a brightening dawn,
the mule tows us away.
"Twas quite the ride, we're qualified.
We've earned our flying pay. ☼*





Why can't you have a steering engine failure when you really need one?!



Paul Hellyer (then Minister of National Defence) is shown in a jackstay transfer between RESTIGOUCHE and BONNIE, back in the "Halcyon Days".



From the Scy:

Hi again. My sister and I drove to Trenton for the Sea King Chapter CNAG Reunion and had a great time. Met many friends I hadn't seen for some time - Red Atkins, Frank Down, Jack Moss, Anna and John (never knew your name was Creighton) Johnston, and Ted Cruddas just to name a few. (Boy, if they didn't bring back memories of my VU32 days I don't know what will. Cdr Lyons - best boss I ever had, Bill Moffat (hope you're feeling better), really handsome Larry Lott and the above noted are some remembered.)

It was a privilege to sit at Table 22 (renamed the BONAVENTURE table) with George Davey, George Hotham, Bob and Irma Shepherd, my sister Trudy and Dave and Anita Springer. Great company.
(Continued on next page)

A Chief Petty Officer

NEVER drinks!

But . . . should circumstances align against him and, against his better judgement, force him to drink, he never permits himself to become intoxicated!

However . . . in the unlikely event that such a devilish situation should arise and dictate it be more prudent to consume more than one drink, he never staggers!

If . . . perchance, the weight of his societal responsibilities cause his gyros to precess and he does stagger . . . he never falls!

But . . . should he fall, he does so ONLY in the privacy of his quarters, or with his arms folded in the proper, prescribed manner, so as to conceal his rating badge and the fact that he is a Chief Petty Officer in Her Majesty's Canadian Service. ☸





From the Scy (Cont. from Previous Page)

Everyone had a good time. Next year's CNAG reunion will be held in Victoria - my vacation spot. Perhaps Ted Gibbon, Lyle Bannister and maybe even Sean Carrigan will be there. It was mentioned that I talk about a lot of men - that's because I worked with so many of them (all good looking) and rarely met their other half. Never had a crush on any of them though - just loved them all - well maybe not all. And yes, I did work with a few ladies - well maybe they weren't all ladies.

One lady I worked with is Shirley MacDonald. We were together in BOPs and Shirley had a sense of humour that was something else. Part of Shirley's job was to maintain a book of ID photos of all Base Officers for the BComd. One day she drew a cartoon of a Pilot (could have been a Navigator), with no head, in his flying suit, zipper down, sitting on the 'throne' reading a 'Theory of Flight' manual. She then chose a picture from the ID book and fastened it to her drawing. You can imagine what some of the ID photos looked like. This is what she did every time she was stressed out. I'd never get involved with anything like that. Did she use your picture - naw.

Many thanks to Lillian Eden for selling tickets on the beautiful quilt she made with proceeds going to the Firefly Restoration Program. The Firefly Restoration team appreciate it very much. Thanks. Vi MacLellan was the lucky winner.

Well guys (and gals), it's that wonderful time of the year again, when family and friends seem to come closer together. Happy Holidays to you and yours

Kay ☼



Remember the Salad Days?



Lt. Richard Davis inspects a comedy guard of honour on the flight deck of the Bonaventure immediately after he became the one to make the 5,000th arrested landing on board the carrier. Officer of the guard is AB Albert C. Downie, and the three members of the guard to the right of Lt. Davis are AB John Walker, AB Kennedy Bowen and Ldg. Sea. C. F. Coyle. The Bonaventure also steamed past the 100,000th-mile mark on the same cruise [WINTEX 60]. (BN-3325)

Just Move-Along, Please

Three old men were talking about the best thing that could happen to them at that time of life.

The 80 year old said : "The best thing that could happen to me is to be able to have a good pee. I just stand there and it dribbles and hurts, and I have to do it over and over again."

The 85 year old complained, "The best thing that **could happen to me** is if I could have a good bowel movement. I take every kind of **laxative I can** get my hands on and it is still a problem."

The man who was 90 wheezed, "That's not my problem; **every morning at 6:00am sharp** I have a good long pee and at 6:30 sharp I have a great bowel movement. The best thing that could happen to me is if I could wake up before 7:00."

-Anymouse ☼

Santa was very cross. It was Christmas Eve and nothing was going right. Mrs Claus had burned all the cookies. The elves were complaining about not getting paid for the overtime they had while making the toys. The reindeer had been drinking ail afternoon and were dead drunk. To make matters worse, they had taken the sleigh out for a spin earlier in the day and had crashed it into a tree.

Santa was furious. "I can't believe it! I've got to deliver millions of presents all over the world in just a few hours - all of my reindeer are drunk, the elves are on strike and I don't even have a Christmas tree! I sent that stupid Little Angel out hours ago to find a tree and he isn't even back yet! What am I going to do?"

Just then, the Little Angel opened the door and stepped in from the snowy night, dragging a Christmas tree. He says "Yo, fat man! Where do you want me to stick the tree this year?"

And thus the tradition of angels atop the Christmas trees came to pass..... ☼

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

It is with some considerable reluctance that I have agreed to once again become a member of the Executive Team of the Foundation, this time following in the footsteps of Frank Willis who has laboured long and hard as your President for the past three years. On behalf of the Foundation I extend a hearty Brave Zulu to Frank for a tremendous effort put forth on your behalf.

I am pleased to report that Bill Gillespie has also been re-elected to the Board as Vice President. The knowledge that this talented and competent individual will be there to support and assist me, and replace me next year, was the determining factor which prompted me to accept the position.

We have a new Treasurer, Gerry Marshall, and I am pleased to welcome him aboard, although I regret that Peter Staley had to withdraw as he will be sorely missed. Peter has done yeoman service for over four years and I know that I speak for all the members when I express our grateful appreciation for a good job well done!

The Foundation was founded for the purpose of preserving the history of Maritime Military Aviation by providing financial and in kind support to the SAM. In my simple sailor mind, that means money and volunteers. Money to allow the **Museum** to expand sufficiently to get all our "Gate Guardians" under cover and provide space for the Firefly and additional artifacts still in storage or yet to be acquired. In addition, volunteers to restore artifacts, act as guides, gift shop attendees, run the Foundation and perhaps most importantly to raise the funds necessary to achieve our purpose!

At the 11th AGM in 1997 the following Mission Statement was adopted: **To raise \$600,000 by 31 Aug 98 to fund construction of an appropriate expansion to the museum to accommodate the current inventory of vintage aircraft.** While we did not achieve that goal in the allotted time frame we shall achieve it, if not this year then next year or the year after.

If all our 745 members made a one time donation of \$1,000 each, we would exceed our goal and have those irreplaceable vintage aircraft under cover before the Millennium. As a "poor Naval pensioner" (to borrow a phrase from Dennis Shaw) I know that is a huge sum of money for many people but if we were to pledge \$250 a year over four years, perhaps it is doable. Peter Charlton's book about VX10 said "Nobody told us it couldn't be done", so let's do it as we always have in Naval Air!

Bud MacLean has served faithfully as Vice President and has had to resign due to his pending move to Ottawa. Thanks for all your hard work Bud, and we hope you will continue to support SAMF from your new base.

I would be remiss if I did not thank our wonderful secretary, Kay Collacutt for dedication above and beyond the call of duty. Thanks also to Tom Tonks, Jav Stevenson, Dennis Shaw, Dan Brownlow, Ernie Cable and all the others on the Fund Raising Committee. Bill Farrell for his dual role as Editor and Chief Guru of the Firefly Restoration Team, and thanks to all the unsung volunteers who support all of these activities.

A special thanks to Capt Bill Ropp and his Golf Tournament Committee who, despite the cancellation of the NSIAS, were able to raise over \$7,000 for the Foundation. BZ guys!

Finally, on behalf of everyone at the SAMF may I take this opportunity to wish you and your families a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Yours aye,

Eric G. Edgar, President

SAVE OUR HERITAGE AIRCRAFT PROJECT - UPDATE

We are approaching the \$150,000 mark in fund raising for SAM's building addition. The major portion of that has come from our membership. Other initiatives which have greatly supported this project include book sales (Canada's Naval Aviators) and the SAM Foundation Golf Tournament, a joint activity with the Nova Scotia International Air Show (NSIAS). Unfortunately, due to the Swiss Air tragedy, the Air Show was canceled this year - but the golf game went ahead and did raise a significant though lesser sum. Our fund raising effort carried on throughout the summer and, even though we face a highly competitive private sector fund raising market, we are making progress. Several corporate and financial sector businesses have expressed an interest in the future of SAM. The competition for funding however is fierce and it has forced us to become more professional and more organized than before. We are confident that we will get there. It may take a little longer than expected and it will certainly require your continued support. We again thank those of you who have supported us to date. Our displayed donor boards are growing each month.

Jav Stevenson
Chairman SAMF Fund-raising Committee and
Project Coordinator.



George Plawski writes:

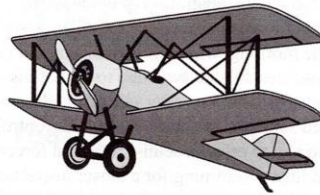
Rod Bays' article in your recent newsletter on "Our Naval Aviator Forbears" included a mention about aviation in the Russian Navy during WWI. This caught my eye because my father happened to have been one of those aviators in the Czarist navy at the time.

His memories of those pioneering days revive a fascinating time - in many ways so similar to our fledgling forbears in the West with whom we are familiar - and yet uniquely different for the fact of its geographic location and Slavic "accent." Following his graduation from the Naval Academy in St. Petersburg in 1914, he was appointed with the rank of Lieutenant on destroyers in the Black sea, where he took part in numerous engagements against the Germans, Bulgarians and Turks.

By 1916, however, this 21 year old decided that enemy shipping, bombarding shore installations, supporting invasions and participating in blockades, all at close quarters with the enemy, was insufficiently exciting, so he requested a transfer to Naval Aviation.

Accordingly, he was ordered to report for training to a school located on an island near St. Petersburg. The school was equipped with some 20 seaplanes, mostly Stetinin M5's, all rejects from the fleet, of which sometime, as many as two were in flying condition.

Following two weeks of theory of flight, the students were divided into groups of six, and assigned to the maintenance sheds where each team was responsible for producing an airworthy machine.



This way they became familiar with all aspects of rigging and fitting, and eventually earned the right to actually go flying.

The average flight lashed around 15 minutes, usually terminated by mechanical failure. At this rate, gaining sufficient experience before the first roles, (in my father's case 2 hrs and 15 minutes) depended on a healthy dose of pure luck. Likewise the achievement of 'wing status', since one requirement was to climb to 2000 meters and remain at that altitude for one hour. When my father's time came, he was fortunate to succeed on an early try. There were, however, some students in the school who had been attempting this seemingly simple feat since genesis.

One such, whose exploits are hilariously detailed in the memories, had made dozens of attempts over many

months. Eventually, he managed to reach the prescribed height, but his elation waned as he circled around (when he noticed) the inexorable formation of a ceiling below him. In spite of the thickening overcast, nothing could persuade him to leave his lofty perch since a cunningly coupled barometer and clock- an early precursor of the black box - kept an accurate record of his progress. When his hour was up, nothing could be seen through the pillowy blanket beneath him.

This time his luck held out, as nearing desperation, he spotted a hole in the cloud. On spiraling through, however, he was confronted with the next surprise, he was over land, with not even a pond or a puddle in sight.

Suddenly he noticed a sizeable haystack. Judging it to offer a reasonable cushion for his landing, he made his approach, only to notice in the last moment that the stack was moving, - pulled by a pair of increasingly hysterical horses.

With no options left, he landed in a hayfield, bringing his craft down without a scratch. He did not have much time to savor his redemption, however, as he was quickly surrounded by infuriated farmers brandishing axes, shovels and pitchforks, convinced that only the Germans or the devil could possibly concoct such a satanic contraption.

Unmoved by his frantic protestations, they prepared to get serious when one of the women challenged him to authenticate his claim that he was Russian by making the sign of the cross. Mindful of the theatricality of the moment, he
(Continued on next page)

The 1914 - 1918 War

Family connections with the Great War keep coming in (and keep them coming please) - the most recent from Jim Burns in a fascinating account that takes us from the trenches at Vimy to flying training in Egypt. This in a future issue. (And there is a Billy Bishop connection.) Ed.



ROOTS

We had intended, for this issue, a time-ranging treatment of what we choose to call ROOTS - the tracing of family names that have had an association with aviation from the First World War up to the present or the recent past. New bits of information keep flowing in - most recently **Bob Bissell** tells us that his father flew over the Western Front (RFC and RAF). Previously, we had heard about Dawson, Plawski, Birks and now Bell-Irving and Barker.

This subject deserves serious and comprehensive attention and we put it on hold to the next edition: we expect more skeletons to emerge in response to this. So Letters, photos, logs etcetera by January 31st please.

In the meantime, here are a few teasers:

Jim Barker

Lt (P) Jim Barker VF870 Sqn - nephew of Barker VC.

Brian Bell-Irving

LCdr Bell-Irving was related to several WWI pilots, and his uncle was the Lt. Gov. Of BC at one time. Four Bell-Irving are listed in "Canadian Airmen in the First World War" by S.F. Wise and are also mentioned in "The Brave Young Wings" by Ronald Dodds - this includes all honours and awards.

From Bob Bissell

During WW1 my father joined the royal Flying corps and became an Observer/Navigator (some similarity).





solemnly removed his gloves and his headgear, kneeling before each of his tormentors in turn, the piety of the execution of each gesture would have convinced the most skeptical inquisitor. Though this saved his life, it did not help him pass his PPC since his landing, brilliant though it had been, was not performed in accordance with regulations in front of the examining committee.

At the onset of the winter of 1917, the school was transferred – foundry, blacksmith shops, kitchens, aircraft, horses and all – by train to the ice-free climb of Baku on the Black Sea.

After his qualifying flights, my father was assigned to a seaplane tender which accommodated three aircraft, lowering and retrieving them from the sea by crane.

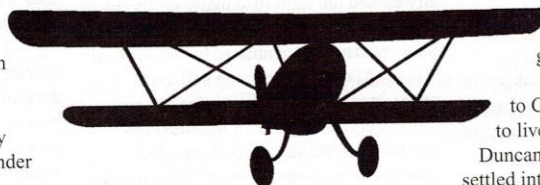
He was involved in a top secret experiment to mount a 37mm cannon in the forward position in the M9 pusher type seaplane with which they were equipped.

One of the flights my father described to me, (not included in his memoirs), involved a photo reconnaissance mission over the Turkish coast. He was ordered to climb to a prescribed altitude, start his camera which was programmed to activate the shutter at pre-set intervals, and fly along the coastline photographing the defences.

Being a full spirited and courageous soul, he decided that from a much lower altitude, he would be able to not only prove his bravery, but also provide much clearer close-ups. He encountered spirited opposition from ground fire, but felt very pleased with himself when he delivered the film with only a few bullet holes through the fabric. Shortly thereafter he was ordered to appear before the C.O. Prepared to accept the expected accolades with appropriate modesty and grace, it was a chastened young pilot who showed up at his airplane, fresh film in hand, with orders to re-fly the mission. Not only was he chastised for unnecessarily endangering his aircraft from the altitude at which he flew, the photos, instead of having proper overlaps, now showed large gaps between frames.

It was now the spring of 1917, and the revolutionary ferment which eventually

led to the disintegration of the Russian armed forces began to spread in earnest. One morning, when his own airplane was unserviceable, he switched to that of his colleague, but just after takeoff he discovered some discrepancy in airplane control and had to effect a semi-controlled forced landing. Returning for a closer inspection, he discovered a piece of wood had been wedged into a pulley this blocking the



movement of the airplane. An investigation it was revealed it to have been a personal vendetta by one of the mechanics against the other pilot. When a revolutionary investigation committee exonerated the mechanic, my father decided to request a transfer back to the fleet.

When Poland regained its status as a state following the Treaty of Versailles, he appealed and was accepted because of his Polish origins, into the newly formed Polish Navy. He commanded various units between the wars, eventually becoming OIC of the submarine squadron and Chief of Undersea Warfare.

The outbreak of WWII found him on a mission to France, which stranded his wife and two sons in Poland to which he was unable to return.

He became active in organizing the free Polish Navy in Britain, commanded the "N" class destroyer PIORUN during the chase of the BISMARCK, acted as naval attache in Stockholm, commanded the courier DRAGON, and finished up as the Chief of Staff with the rank of Senior Captain.

Sometime during the war, my father had met a Canadian Naval Officer, Rollo Mainguy, who suggested that, when this fracas was over, my father should consider immigrating to Canada. Demobilized in 1947, and now joined by his wife and youngest son (myself) who had managed, separately, to escape from Poland, (the oldest was executed by the Germans in

Norway at the age of 20, in 1944 following an attempt to escape to Sweden from a German work camp). He turned down an offer by the Polish Navy under communist control to accept the top position of CNS. A colleague of his who accepted, was tortured to death by the secret police after a few months in this post.

With no prospects in Britain, he decided to try the memory of his Canadian wartime acquaintance, now Vice Admiral Mainguy and CNS in Ottawa, who proved as good as his word.

Not only did he sponsor us to Canada – in 1948, he permitted us to live free of charge on his estate near Duncan until such a time as my father, settled into a job, which he did, within a year, in the mill in Chemainus. It was Admiral Mainguy's generosity which allowed my father to establish himself and become an enthusiastic citizen of this wonderful newly adopted country.

In 1952 my father was hired by the RCMP for whom he as a translator until the age of 76. Retired for reasons of health in 1971, he died of cancer the following year.

It is a source of great personal joy for me to have been able to share my pride with the old flyer when in 1960 I showed up at home with wings on my sleeve.

From George Plawski

SAM ARTIFACT SEARCH



The SAM needs every supporter to keep an eye peeled for artifacts of every kind, be they directly related to Canadian Naval Air not. Even hearsay leads can produce amazing results. And, don't overlook the tax-credit potential of anything just gathering dust. All artifacts, regardless of condition or historical connection, are valuable to the SAM. Please report any sightings to: SAMF Artifacts PO Box 5000 Stn Main Shearwater, NS BOJ 3A0





SAMF GOLF TOURNAMENT 1998

While the Air Show for 1998 was regrettably canceled due to the crash of Swissair Flight 111, after a great deal of thought it was determined, in conjunction with the Air Show Board of Directors, that the Golf Tournament should proceed, to provide some sense of a return to normalcy for 12 Wing. And so it was that 80 golfers took to the links at Hartlen Point Forces Golf Club on Friday September the 11th for a great day of golf. It proved the correct decision, despite the difficulties surrounding it.

The organizing committee consisting of Captains Bill Ropp and André Martell, and our own Ted Keizer, John Cody, Jim Adam, Kay Collacut, Eric Edgar and Chuck Coffen and his capable staff from the museum (who murdered the steaks) are to be congratulated for staging a fine event under less than ideal circumstances. Our thanks also go out to the WComd Col. Brian Akitt and to the BComd at CFB Halifax who waived the green fees for the day, allowing the Foundation to realize \$7500 to be turned over to the building fund. A very special and sincere thank you goes to our corporate sponsors who so generously gave of their treasure to help our museum. Special mention to our major sponsor, IMP Aerospace and their team who by all appearances enjoyed the day immensely and did so much to financially assist us. Lastly, to our members who toiled anonymously behind the scenes as spotters, scorers and course assistants, our thanks as well.

Of course, we greatly missed our out of town players from the Air Show who always add so much to the event, but with the cancellation of NSIAS, our hats are tipped to the "in towners" who stayed the course with us, ensuring a fine day on the links. Dennis Shaw was his old self at the helm of the MC'ing duties, and together with a greatly improved check in system, a slightly delayed Tee Time for the shotgun start and good growlies to start and end the day, it was a truly fine event.

The next SAMF Golf Tournament will be held on 9 Sep 99. This is due to the fact that NSIAS is now a full three day event. Again, our thanks to the many folks

NABOB Days

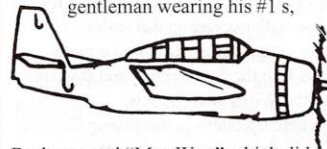
SAMF Director Don Cash takes a walk own memory lane.

A rear guard action.

July 1944 in "Nabob" had not been the best of Months for me. We were steaming in the Western Approaches, working up our night flying and that night I came-in a little low and snapped off the bar on the rounddown complete with tail hook and thus my first visit to the crash barrier. So next morning, in the philosophy of the cure for falling off a horse, off I went with the standby spare Avenger, little knowing that the servicing of the aircraft had missed servicing the hook cylinder and I left the hook and bar on #3 wire and visited the barrier for the second time in 12 hours Off to sick bay for an hour of R and R.

The following day, we were to be honoured with a visit from Flag Officer Flight Training from Ireland (who shall remain unnamed unless confirmation of the following is mandated). Cdr.(F) or someone who hadn't been watching the earlier events, decided that I should be the choice to go ashore and bring him aboard. I guess, what the Admiral didn't know, wouldn't hurt him, so off I went to the land where arrestor wires are not the order of the day.

The Admiral, in the best manner of Gilbert and Sullivan, was a slightly rotund gentleman wearing his #1 s,



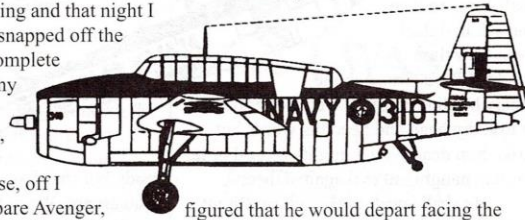
Burberry and "Mae West" which did little to ease his problem in getting through the small door beside the lower gun station and with a certain effort finally settled into the O's seat The flight back to "Nabob"

who participated in, sponsored and organized the SAM Foundation Golf Tournament for 1998.

John M. Cody
SAMF Golf Tournament 1998 ☼

was smooth and we were all relaxed. Flying downwind beside the carrier, I could see the bridge was loaded with "brass hats" and the "goofers" with lesser breeds. Strangely, the landing was a normal controlled crash and the barrier was lowered. Then came the business of the Admiral getting out to survey the assembled, slightly lower, brass hats.

He had entered the plane face forward and I guess he



figured that he would depart facing the same way. What a hope. The assembled throng were entertained to view the rotund rear firmly stuck and apparently unable to go forward or aft. I believe it was Bobby Bradshaw (three DSCs) our Squadron Commander, who, with great presence of mind leapt forward and battled the royal backside back into the plane and gallantly assisted the Admiral to descend feet first. Somewhere in the 852 line book, there is a photo record of the event, but anyone who has a copy of the "Nabob" book can turn to page 74 and observe the look on the Admiral's face as he trotted to the receiving line their faces struggling to look as if they hadn't seen a thing. It was NOT a good week.

Editor's Note 1: It is small wonder that Lieutenant Cash did not rise to high rank - here he was offered the osculatory road to promotion and declined to take it - whether out of failure to appreciate the Admiral's offer or because of his own impeccable principles is for the reader to judge. To quote Nelson "Kiss me Hardy".

Editor's Note 2: The assignment of Lt Cash, after mangling two aircraft in twelve hours, to fly the Admiral suggests that someone in NABOB was promotion hungry.

Editor's Note 3: Don, at age 75 still bores holes in the sky as an active pilot and still earns his daily bread as an Architect. He lives in Lunenburg. ☼





First Epistle to the Fury Pilot

To all who fain would operate the Great Iron Bird from the Tilting Aerodrome, Greeting:

Hark ye to the Centurion.

When one shall come to thee and ask in dulcet tones how thou wouldst like a Cruise to the Sunny Mediterranean it were better not to lose thy head and heed his words but strike him dead with a mighty blow. For he plotteth naught but evil against thee.

He shall speak of the roll of a stout deck beneath thy feet and the sting of salt spray in thy face but he speaketh as a man with a head full of Missing Buttons and he quoteth from the Recruiting Pamphlets

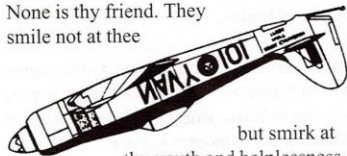
The roll of the deck shall send thee to the Heads with a great retching in the belly and the salt spray shall cloud thy windscreen so thou art blind in the Groove.

When he speaketh of hands outstretched in friendship and of the exotic maidens of foreign lands regard him with a curled lip for he knoweth not what he saith.

The hands are exceeding dirty and are thrust at thee palm upward and from the maidens thou shalt go to the M.C. to enquire wherefore the sting, and thy afflictions shall be many.

But he is a man of great rank and hence of great persuasion and thou shalt go unto the ends of the Earth upon his order. Even shalt thou go unto Maggie.

There thou shalt find all manner of men who will reach thee with smiles and kind words but think ye then of the Centurion and remember his teachings. None is thy friend. They smile not at thee



but smirk at thy youth and helplessness.

Thou wilt find one called Farrell who will come to thee before thy trip with a thing called PIM which can be of use to thee and save thy hide. He is therefore most beguiling and treacherous for the



dope he giveth thee is false and is 180 degrees out of phase. It is written that he receiveth this bum gen from those above him, but this the Centurion believeth not.

Know ye the one called Greco and clutch him not to thy bosom for verily he is mad. He taxieth the unwary driver onto the Cat and windeth him up

with a mighty roar and is then in his glory. He shall delay firing thee whilst thou art

ready but shall surely boot thee off when thou art not. When thou indulgest with him in a little Game of Chance, call thou not his two little pairs with thy four kings or thou shalt incur his wrath end perish in a Cold Shot. He prizeth a winning hand above all things.

One of thine enemies shall be known as Buckingham or Lushwell who is indeed a man most confused. He peereth at his Scope with unseeing eyes and knoweth not top from bottom. Yet shall he direct thee with great authority and many transmissions. He sendeth thee in all directions and no man knoweth where thou art when thy Engine quits. When he sayeth thou hast bogies at six by the hour glass and one-half mile then shalt thou cry out in a loud voice saying, "Hey Rube and Mayday".

There are two known as LSO. Heed them not for they are doltish oafs and poorly coordinated. They distinguish night from day with exceeding difficulty. Because of them shalt thou make many journeys into the Steel Fence and thy days among the Wires shall be few.

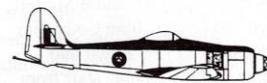
There dwelleth in the Flying Control Position a giant whose name is Wings. Tread softly before him and anger him not lest thou suffer great torment. He shall rend from thee thy Fiery Chariot and thou shalt dwell forever in Ready One. Thy arguments shall be as breaking wind against thunder. Beware his assistant "Little F" for he concealeth a serpent in his breast.

Above all things let not the Captain know thy name for he who is known to the Old Man shall go many times to the

Wailing Wall and his promotions will be long withheld. It is in the powers of the Boss to give Stoppers, and he dineth with the Commander upon the luckless Subby.

Heed then the words of those who have gene before because their woes can be thine. The Deck Landings of the Centurion commenced in the days of Moses and he cannot count his Barrier Prangs without first removing his sandals. He is thus a sadder and wiser man than thou

So saith the Centurion,
Ave Wings!! ☼



WESTWOOD, CENTURION CLASS II
for leave.

Answers to Questions from Previous Newsletter

There were correct answers to last issue's Quiz for the Cognoscenti, but they were, alas, unprintable. (Re: Who remembers the miserly cave-dwelling

Q: Who hit the inner wave-off light at night, in a Banshee, on BONAVENTURE?

A: Frank Willis

Q: Who were the only two RCN pilots to fly across the North Atlantic in Banshees?

A: Jake Birks and 'Doc' Schellinck

Do You Have The Answers to These Two?

Q: Who fired the first Sidewinder missile at a real airplane and missed?

Q: Who was the leader of the 'yellow submarine' event? ■



OP Persistence

- A 423 (MH) Sea King Maintenance Perspective

By Lt Steve Brazel,
D/SAMEO 423 (MH) Sqn

At 2230, the night of Oct 2, Swiss Air Flight 111 crashed into the waters off the coast of Peggy's Cove Nova Scotia. Within approximately 1 1/2 hours of the crash, a 423 (MH) Sqn Sea King was on site assisting in the search for survivors. Due to the nature of the disaster, the mission for the Sea Kings changed to pinpointing the location of aircraft components as well as the transportation of human remains.

As the operation switched from a rescue to recovery mode, the role and mission "suite" of the Sea King were modified to carry out three new roles. These three roles were: search for debris from the crash site, Helicopter Delivery Service (HDS) i.e. personnel transfers, delivery of supplies (Tim Horton's coffee), and the transportation of both human remains and personal effects back to Shearwater. For each of these roles the Sea Kings would require a different configuration.

For the purpose of Helicopter Delivery Service (HDS), helicopter 419 was chosen as this aircraft is fitted with modified floorboards. The floorboards permit additional personnel to be transported by the fitting of two additional troop seats, which increases the passenger capacity to six. Additionally, an increased load of supplies may be carried, as the floorboards are more capable of transferring the loads to the airframe than the standard fitted floorboards.

A helicopter capable of pinpoint accuracy in its search pattern as well as searching in the dark was required in the continual role of searching for debris from the crash site. Accuracy was accomplished through the use of the ASN 501 or the newer ASN 123 Tactical Navigation Computer interfaced with the Global Positioning System (GPS). In low light missions, the aircraft needed to be fitted with Forward Looking Infrared Camera (FLIR).

Aircraft 414, on loan from HT 406 Sqn, was originally used for the transfer of human remains as well as personnel effects from the crash site. This aircraft was chosen as it is specially fitted with a rubber "bathtub" in the cabin area and the tail cone section. The purpose of this bathtub is used to prevent the ingestion of water into the cavities of the aircraft reducing the potential for corrosion in the airframe, during aircrew water landing training missions by 406 Sqn.

As the operation continued, HT 406 Sqn required this aircraft to continue training. Therefore, aircraft 422 was modified to continue the role of transporting both human remains and personnel effects. To provide space and reduce the aircraft weight for the human remains, the sonar reeling machine was removed. As well, to prevent water ingress, a new bathtub was fitted. The ACS technicians from 12 AMS designed and constructed the new bathtub, which covered the area from behind the TacNavs, seat to the general-purpose chutes. During the initial flight with the new bathtub, it was noted that the bathtub billowed up as air entered underneath. The bathtub was further modified with grommets, to secure the bathtub to the floorboards, preventing the bathtub from lifting from the floorboards in the case of an incident with the aircraft.

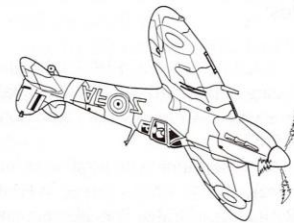
Initially, bio-hazardous waste caused serious concern amongst the technicians working on the aircraft used to transport human remains. A call was made to 413 Sqn who's experience in Search and Rescue enable the provision of a procedure for handling bio-hazardous fluids. Using their procedure after each mission, the aircraft had its bathtub washed by the aircrew using a weak solution of Javex. At the end of each day the aircraft was again thoroughly washed with a disinfecting solution by the technicians. This alleviated any potential danger to squadron personnel coming into contact with the biohazardous fluids.

FOR THE COGNOSCENTI

"HELLO TOKYO!"

This exclamation, accompanied by hand gestures simulating evoking the manipulation of radio tuning knobs was an appreciation of what?

So . . .
there I WAS...



Cognoscenti are invited to fill in the blanks

"There I was,
Upside down over the Pacific...

_____ through

LOST TRAILS

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Rigger Mortis is asked to inform him that his membership has expired.

During the 51 days that the operation continued, the Sea Kings flew over 368 hours; with 252 hours flown in the first 14 days. There were a total of 143 missions flown for this operation and an additional 150 hours flown for other mission requirements. ☞





Readers' Response

John Dawson writes:

Reference query under photo at top of pg 10 of the Summer 1998 edition of the Newsletter. As I'm sure other aged aviators will remember, in the days of our catapult trials, in WARRIOR in 1946, the aircraft type used was "Flying Flossie".

Captain (N) Colin H. Shaw writes:

I left the service in 1981 following four years as BCOMD of CFB Esquimalt and one year as Chief of Staff Operations, MARPAC.

My association with naval aviation goes back to 1947 when I served in HMCS WARRIOR as a Bridge Watchkeeper until she paid-off to the RN and then in HMCS MAGNIFICENT in the same role until December 1938.

I qualified as a ND(D) (Direction

Officer) in 1952 and was appointed to HMCS SHEARWATER as one of two Direction officers, the other being Bruce Torrie. We operated from a small building in Eastern Passage, off the end of Runway 34, if my memory serves me right, controlling aircraft, in particular the Sea Furies, using an antique radar known as a CHL, designed by the Brits right after the Battle of Britain and placed on the east and south coasts of the UK to detect low and medium altitude raids.

In spite of its age, however, the old set did pretty well and we could carry out good intercepts. We even developed a simplistic form of GCA whereby we could provide the heading but no altitude info but providing the aircraft descended on the planned glide path, all went well. I brought many of my aviator friends in pretty murky NS weather.

I thoroughly enjoy the Foundation Newsletter - the last issue was excellent and I will certainly continue my association.

SAM ARTIFACT SEARCH

The SAM needs every supporter to keep an eye peeled for artifacts of every kind, be they directly related to Canadian Naval Air not Even hearsay leads can produce amazing results. And, don't overlook the tax-credit potential of anything just gathering dust All artifacts, regardless of condition or historical connection, are valuable to the SAM. Please report any sightings to: SAMF Artifacts PO Box 5000 Stn Main Shearwater, NS BOJ 3AO, or by email (address listed in the masthead on page 2)



Lt Cdr (F) - for a night ashore

This is a true story about my shipmate and running ashore mate Tom Guthrie - Scotty to all who knew him aboard HMCS Bonaventure.

We were on a NATO exercise in '67-'68 (I was never good with dates) and were tied up at the large US Naval Base at Quonset Point, RI. It was a Sunday night and our last night ashore without money - not for taxi fares into the town anyway. Tom and I, in our best civvies, made a shore call at the main gate which was manned by US Marines - very smart - with chrome helmets and 45 side arms. Tom said, with a wink, "Let me make the call". (I thought to myself - wait for it, he's at it again. For when you went ashore with Thomas Guthrie, there was never a dull moment.) "This is Cdr Flying, Tom Guthrie and also Lt Cdr Flying who wish transport to town, could you please send a staff car to the bow of the Canadian Carrier?" I knew my life of crime was about to start.

Tom told the guard at the gate that as it was such a nice night, he and Lt Cdr Flying would like to walk down to the gate and could there be a staff car waiting there? I told Tom he would never get away with it and with another wink of the eye, he told me not to worry about it as it was all arranged and we had to carry out the sham.

Our dress in civvies, if I may say, was good enough for any Officer we might meet ashore. With shaking legs and a funny feeling in the pit of my stomach, we at long last, came face to face with the Marine Guard at the main gate. "Good Evening, I'm Cdr Guthrie and this is my Lt Cdr Flying. I believe there is a staff car waiting for us?" "Yes Sir", says the Marine, "Right this way, Sir" and gave the Marine driver with his shiny car the eye at which time we got a snappy salute and Tom returned it with a curt "Thank You". The Guard told us to enjoy our night ashore and to phone the Guard Room when we were ready to come back to Base.

By this time, I was numb and in awe

at the stupid prank we had just pulled on the guard who did not ask for our I.D. Cards (which would have given us away right then and there). After our night on the town, 'Car Guthrie' phoned for our ride back to Base - only this time we came on to the Base. Tom asked the driver to stop at the gate as he wished to inspect the guard on duty. I was

trying, unsuccessfully, to blend into the darkness of the back seat of the car, but was told to come out and see this smart, turn out of US Marines. The Guard was standing at attention and our Cdr was walking up the line of Marines inspecting their rifles - and to top it all off, found a dirty rifle, or so he told the poor Marine in front of him. Tom then fumed and thanked the Guard Commander for his respect and the smartness of his command. "Come along No. 1" he said "Let's get back to the ship!" As we sped away, I could not believe the run ashore I had with Cdr Air - I still can't.

During that time I was Lt Cdr Flying - but most people know me as P2AC Charlie Porter. ☸





Remember When.....

The flight deck of the **BONAVENTURE** is a show, if you're lucky enough to get to see it. No actors can throw so much of themselves into a part as the Naval Airmen, or AMs, who hustle the aircraft up and down, on and off the ship.

The carrier spearheaded a task force into northern waters for an anti-submarine exercise. Round-the-clock flying was the feature of exercises in Hudson Bay and Davis Strait, more than 1200 miles from the home port of Halifax.



The Naval Airmen may work at a phrenetic pace. Some launch a big Tracker from the catapult, others direct a second into place and a third "fly" (team) is away to get one just landing on. Fair game in fair weather but in a snow squall a director in almost nil visibility must have his full attention focussed on the aircraft he is coaxing into a deck park over the bows yet keep precarious balance on the heaving deck.

While moving an aircraft aft, the deck may suddenly ice up from sheets of spray breaking over bow or quarter. Add the big roll of the ship and disaster is trying to break loose. The plane and the struggling AMs might, but never do, go over the side. Life is measured in minutes in the cruel northern seas.

They are versatile, driving all mobile

equipment including a Lorain crash crane, standing by to fight the fires that could threaten a carrier's life, caring meticulously for parachutes, dinghies and other safety equipment, controlling air traffic. One crew of them took down a two-and-a-half-ton radar antenna for repair and got it up again, at sea.

A Leading Seaman Naval Airman can put his hand to anything, boasts his Chief Petty Officers. LCDR Vince Greco, once the most colourful of them all, told what makes them tick:

"They have the spirit to work as a unit and not as individuals. The lowliest Ordinary Seaman is briefed. They do an order instead of relaying it. The drill, talking it up and competition with the other watch are part of it. Of they're behind you they'll do anything: even lift the crash crane for you...somehow. But there is a little something e/se that gives them the extra push. Even the lowly Ordinary Seaman knows that the Captain or Commander Air or the 'goofers' may have an eye on him alone. It makes the difference."

CPO Hugh Clark, Aircraft Con-



troller, described the life of an Naval Airman as "long hours of sheer boredom interrupted by moments of utter terror."

LS Jack Romsam described his duties: mule driver for towing aircraft, fire fighter, hook man, catapult crewman, lashings man. The chores vary according to whether aircraft are landing on, taking off, being moved, parked, or in trouble. "When we work, we work like hell, and when we play, we play like hell."

"It is rough work up there and in all kinds of weather" said CPO Randall Higgins. "If you get wet on watch you stay wet until you're off watch."

AB Russell Cameron ticked off the clothing worn during the far northern exercise. "Up in iceberg country, with cutting winds and searing prop blasts, they need it all."

The Flight Deck Officer and his two assistants are Pilots who are rotated through this appointment. It adds nothing to their professional status but they find the job fascinating and the men worthy. There is mutual respect. No Naval Airman in his right mind would essay that dangerous flying trade. No Pilot in his right mind would tackle the equally dangerous airman's work.

(Article abridged -from The Crowsnest, February 1962) ☼



SAM Report - Another Successful Year

(Continued from Front Page)

on enhancing and adding exhibits. We recently acquired a T-33 cockpit from Borden and we plan to refurbish it as an interactive display where kids (young and old) can actually sit in the cockpit. We also plan to have our computer flight simulator up and running by April 99.

Although the Museum is officially closed to the public from 1 Dec 98 to 31 Mar 99, we welcome tours and visitors who can make an appointment for us to open; telephone 460-1083 to set up a visit. ☼





Just In Case You Were Asking



This photo has made its way 'round the Bazaars fairly frequently, but for one young OM, it has a very personal significance.

By October '65, I had been aboard Bonaventure as a "Back-Seat Driver" for a number of cruises, but I'd never had the opportunity to visit the LSOs' platform during a recovery evolution. But at last! the day came when I wasn't flying or required for some duty, and the LSO had a friendly disposition.

Off I went, happy as a three-badge AB with two tots! Clambering out of the large scuttle that provided access to the platform, I stood there marveling at the scene. A nasty, heavy swell was running, and the sky was leaden. But what a marvelous view of the proceedings!

Signal Charlie! One by one, the Trackers entered the landing pattern, made their way around to final, acquired the ball and either trapped or boltered, depending on the way the deck was misbehaving.

As side number 579 (then-Lieutenant Jack McGee, as I recall) came down the glide slope, Bonnie's stern dropped particular low. Then, just as the Tracker approached the round-down, the stern rebounded back up and seemed to be trying to smack the descending aircraft back into the sky.

With a loud bang, 579's port main gear crashed into the deck, causing the entire wheel assembly to disintegrate completely. As the Stooft then staggered back into the air, the remains of the wheel and tire bounced along the angle, over the



side, and disappeared into the water. After a moment's stunned silence, the LSO platform's many inhabitants bellowed a collective and magnificently synchronized "OH S_ _ _ !!!!"

Looking up at the Goofing Sponson, I could observe much animated commentary among the excited onlookers. The High-Priced-Help on the bridge appeared to be apoplectic! Me? Well, I was ecstatic!

Here I was on my one-and-only visit to the "best seats in the house" and the ship had a full-blown emergency on its hands. I couldn't believe my good fortune! Unless . . . they kicked me off the platform for being in the way.

Making myself as insignificant as I could, I looked back up at the Goofers to see . . . nobody. They'd cleared all unnecessary personnel from all areas of the uppers. Except me! I could feel the mantle of infallibility settling onto my shoulders. I'd have an "exclusive" to tell!

Since we were in the middle of the *oggin*, the Suits wisely decided to recover aboard with the barrier rigged. Swiftly and expertly, the deck hands scrambled to rig the massive webbing. Final instructions were exchanged among all concerned -- especially with the LSO. Then it was time for the final act.

Anticlimactically, the pilot expertly slipped the damaged Stooft down the chute

(Continued from Page 6)

A Sunderland flying boat appeared, and the crew was heartened when a message was flashed that help was on the way. Onto the dinghy, the lifeboat was getting farther and farther away. It was then that Waterbury decided to swim for it. He removed his heavy clothing, put on his Mae West and began. When it was reached, he found that the boat had been holed on contact with the water. Its deck was awash, and only the two inflated portions at bow and stern were above water. The oar locks were useless, so it was necessary to try to paddle the heavy boat canoe-fashion from the stern area.

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

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

this time as an Air Traffic Control Officer; and served at Greenwood; Torbay, Newfoundland; Marville, France; and Bagotville, Quebec before retiring in 1964. He was self employed until 1966, when he joined Revenue Canada as a Customs Inspector in Yarmouth until 1982. He is now enjoying his retirement years at his home just outside of Yarmouth, NS.

Jim maintains an interest in flying and is a member of the Aircrew Association, the Atlantic Canada Aviation Museum, the Canadian Aviation Heritage Society, the Lancaster Support Club, and the Air Force Association of Canada, and VP International. ☞

and trapped a nice, tidy three-wire as though it was all in a day's work!

-Jon Houston ☞



The "WARRIOR" bids "Au revoir" to
No. 19 CARRIER AIR GROUP
(803 Royal Canadian Naval Aircraft Squadron)
(825 Royal Canadian Naval Aircraft Squadron)

On the eve of the disembarkation of his Air Group the "WARRIOR" has got around to looking up the record since its aircraft first touched his deck in March, 1946.

He finds that his aircraft have flown for 1300 hours consuming 54,738 gallons of petrol, enough to take a jeep round the world on the equator 44 times.

Aircraft have been catapulted 141 times and have landed on the deck 1063 times.

The popular wires are numbers 3 and 4 which have each been hooked up on 210 occasions. Number 10 wire has had (fortunately) only 10 extensions.

Nine aircraft have entangled themselves in the barrier, always seeming to get there just ahead of the Fire Rescue Party.

Altogether 26 aircraft have pranged on the deck, involving the preparation of 16 lbs of forms A-25.

Only one aircraft has been written off charge.

331 520 litres of oxygen have been used, which the Air Engineer Officer claims is sufficient to service a firefly at cruising speed to the moon and half way back.

The Aircraft Handling Party have run 6,750 man miles up and down the deck.

BULLETIN

It is reliably reported that a Seafire will be flying on Wednesday 14th May, 1947.

COPIES TO: Captain Commander Commander (F) Commander (O) Commander (E) Commander (S) Wardroom Notice Board Warrant Officer's Notice Board And to any Officer or Man who would like one.

WARRIOR

Signal from High Commissioner For Canada in UK to CNMO dated 24.1.46

Following received from Admiralty "relating to the squadrons armed for service on the light fleet carriers WARRIOR & MAGNIFICENT, I am commanded by my lords commissioners of the Admiralty to inform you that on the understanding that the RN personnel serving with the squadrons shall at all times, during such service, whether ashore or afloat, receive RCN rates of pay as a RCN liability. My lords have no objections to the squadrons for HMCS WARRIOR being called RCN squadrons as from the 24th January 1946. In order to ease certain administrative difficulties my lords earnestly hope that the RCN will make every effort speedily to replace the RN personnel serving in the squadrons by RCN personnel and take them over so that the squadrons may become truly RCN squadrons. My lords would of course expect the RCN then to purchase aircraft equipment and stores of the squadrons in accordance with sub-para 1(F) of Admiralty letter M059005/45 of 13 December 1945 which is now proposed should read as follows: The squadrons for HMCS WARRIOR shall be called RCN squadrons as from 24th January 1946. The squadrons for HMS MAGNIFICENT shall be called RCN squadrons as from the date upon which the RN personnel serving in them shall have been completely replaced by RCN personnel or as from the date upon which HMS MAGNIFICENT commissions as an RCN ship. Whichever date shall be the earlier the RN personnel shall at all times during service with the squadrons whether ashore or afloat receive RCN rates of pay as a RCN liability. etc etc..... ☞

One of The Faithful

A story is told, in distant hallways, that Bill Farrell once had a large poster of The Last Supper hung on his office wall. One day a group of padres/chaplains wandered past his sanctum sanctorum, glanced through the open doorway, and quickly entered to look at this fine gesture, and to compliment Bill on his devotion to the scriptures etc. Bill's immediate response was "I'm glad you like it. It must have been one hell of a mess dinner!"

Don't believe all you read in this Newsletter!



"When a man is once made famous for jests and merry adventures, he is often made to adopt such as want a father and are unworthy of him." -Rabelais

(Your editor suspects that your secretary is going to sneak some calumny into this issue after he clears it for printing. Ed)

IT ONLY TAKES THE PAYMENT OF THIS YEARS MEMBERSHIP TO BRING YOU UP TO DATE





The Sikorski S-55 (HO4S-3 "Horse")

The S-55 was the second Sikorski helicopter built on a large scale. The first S-55's were completed in 1949 and designated H-19 by the U.S. Army which used the helicopter as a troop and assault transport. The U.S. Navy ordered their first S-55's in 1950 under the HO4S-1 designation for fleet support. The U.S. Air Force and U.S. Coast Guard also flew the S-55 and when production ceased more than a decade later Sikorski had delivered 1281 S-55's to military and civilian customers from more than 40 countries. The S-55 was also built under license in the United Kingdom, France and Japan.



The Royal Canadian Navy (RCN) operated a total 13 S-55's, that were built at the Sikorski plant in Bridgeport Connecticut, under the U.S. Navy HO4S nomenclature. In 1952, the first three helicopters, the HO4S-2 variant with a 600 horse power Pratt and Whitney R-1340-57 engine, were delivered to HMCS Shearwater for No. 1 Naval Helicopter Flight which later became Helicopter Utility Squadron 21 (HU-21).

In 1955, ten additional HO4S-3's, with an 800 horse power engine, were delivered to the RCN. Six of the HO4S-3's were destined for the newly formed Helicopter Anti-Submarine Squadron 50 (HS-50) with HU-21 being assigned the remaining four. While flying HO4S-3's, HS-50 pioneered the concept of operating large helicopters from small destroyers to improve the warships' anti-submarine capability. The idea was adopted by navies around the world, including those of Britain and the United States.

HU-21 used their HO4S-3's to train helicopter pilots and to transport up to 2,267 Kg. (5000 lbs.) of cargo to ships at sea. However, HU-21 gained most recognition for their HO4S-3's in the search and rescue role. Crewed by two pilots and a crewman to operate the



hydraulic hoist, capable of lifting 236 Kg. (600 lbs.), the HO4S-3 was the RCN's primary rescue aircraft both when based ashore at Shearwater and when embarked on either of the aircraft carriers HMCS Magnificent or HMCS Bonaventure. HU-21 assigned the call sign "Angel" to their "duty" rescue HO4S's when ashore and "Pedro" (The Flying Burro) when embarked on the carriers at sea.

This particular HO4S-3, Serial Number 55885, was delivered to HMCS Shearwater on 31 August 1955 and was initially assigned to HS-50 where the squadron number, a large day-glow orange "7" was painted on the nose and sides of the aircraft. On 26 November 1956, No. 885 was reassigned to HU-21 where, by coincidence, it also was assigned squadron number "7". In addition to its normal training and transport duties, No.885 was involved in at least seven rescue missions saving upwards of 20 lives. These missions ranged from hovering over two burning aircraft to blow the flames away from the cockpits, thereby enabling the Shearwater rescue crews to remove the



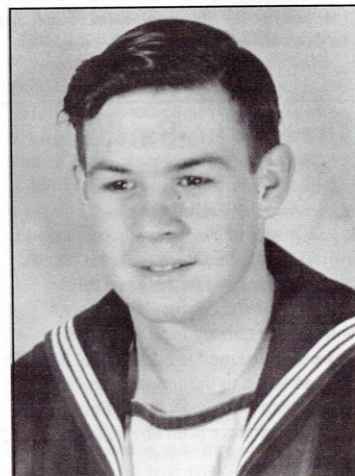
pilots, to rescuing four crewmembers whose Tracker aircraft had bolted over the side of HMCS Bonaventure into the sea, in a landing mishap. However, No. 885's most notable mission occurred in September 1962 while embarked as "Pedro" on

Bonaventure. No. 885 was instrumental in saving seriously injured survivors from a Flying Tiger Super Constellation, carrying 76 American military personnel and family members, which ditched in the North Atlantic.

On 8 May 1970, No.885 was retired from active naval duties and transferred to the School of Aerospace Engineering at CFB Borden as an instructional aid until struck off Canadian Forces strength on 15 August 1985. The helicopter was subsequently donated to the Shearwater Aviation Museum which, in turn, loaned the aircraft to the New Brunswick Community College in Dieppe where various aviation trades courses restored No. 885 to working condition to gain practical learning experience. The totally refurbished helicopter was presented to the museum 26 August 1998. ☼

Editor's Note

Thanks to all SAM volunteers (Gift Shop, Guides, Firefly restorers, Golf Tournament, Archives etc). Without you, where would we be? Ed.



Can you identify this volunteer? CNAG Secty - past Dir. of Volunteers





The COD SQUAD

The COD (Carrier Onboard Delivery) aircraft was a standard Tracker, modified to carry passengers, mail and urgently required spares to and from Bonaventure.



The COD Squad Lt G. Pumble, Leading Seaman I. Boelhouwer" PO P. Atkins, Lt (JG) R. Kortegast, Lt R. Bissell, and Lt R. Christy



Can You Name That Crew?

Someone out there knows at least one of these smiling faces. If you recognize anyone, let us know, please.





A Grand Old Lady of Yesteryear



With the continuing good will of the Government and the people of Newfoundland, this Canso may come home to its old Shearwater home base to join others of its era at the Shearwater Aviation Museum.

The Laws of the Navy

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

#12

Dost think in a moment of anger 'tis well with thy seniors to fight?
They prosper, who bum in the morning, the letter they write overnight;
For some there be shelved and forgotten with nothing to thank for their fate
But that, on a half sheet of foolscap, a Fool "had the honour to state."

