

WARRIOR

Fall 2015



NAVAL AIR



OUR PRIDE FLEW HIGH



REMEMBRANCE

As we gather at the cenotaph,
where we once again give thanks.
To all of those who died for us,
in ships and planes and tanks.

We stand here with our heads bowed low,
in the steady falling rain.
And think of how they suffered,
through so many years of pain.

How they stood there in the trenches,
midst the mud and dirt and grime.
waiting for the dreaded sound,
of the enemy attacking one more time.

How a young man on the front line,
felt an awesome painful thud.
Then slowly slid down in the trench,
and laid there dying in the mud.

How the airmen watched the tracers,
floating up towards their planes,
Then slowly tumbled earthward,
where they crashed and died in flames.

How the sailors on the briny deep,
were filled with massive dread.
When torpedoes tore their ships apart,
and the sea consumed the dead.

They gave their all that we could live,
in a world that was free from strife.
They never really had the chance,
to lead a normal life.

Now as we hear the "Last Post",
echoing through the crowd.
Once again we think of them,
and how they were so proud.

To march away to foreign shores,
where they'd bravely fight and die.
to ensure a country that was safe,
for folks like you and I.

Now we must never forget them.
So on each remembrance day,
we must gather at the cenotaph,
and for our dear departed, pray.

George Del Fabro



A wise nation preserves its records, gathers up its muniments, decorates the tombs of its illustrious dead, repairs its great public structures, and fosters national pride and love of country by perpetual references to the sacrifices and glories of the past..

Joseph Howe , 31 August 1871

Submissions: Text submissions can be either paper, email or electronically produced - Word Perfect (preferred) or Word. ***We will format the text for you. No need to centre headings, indent paras etc.***

Graphics are best submitted electronically, they should be 300dpi and a .tif file. A jpg file at 300dpi is acceptable if no compression is used. We will attempt to use any pictures, whatever the format.

NOTE WELL: When sending mail of any kind, newsletter articles, letters, membership renewals, donations etc., please ensure the envelope is addressed correctly to:

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Deadlines for receiving submissions are:

Spring	1 March
Summer	1 July
Winter	15 October

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Ode to Dave Tate

*In a wee town named Edgley in
1931;
For Agnes and Clarence a new
life had begun.
Born in the prairies among
wheat and dust;
As a farmers young kid, flying
was a must.*

*He left his own home, to pursue his dreams;
A life in the sky was his choice it would seem.
His dreams they all thought were a little bit crazy;
From a place with no water, Dave joined the navy.*

*One day he met Mary who made his heart sing;
After 60 plus years she too earned her wings.
Then came three children, Jane Paul and Julie;
He loved them so much. ..so often. ..so truly.*

*He taught them to walk...ride bikes. ..and to drive;
He taught them to reach as high as the sky.
Through skinned knees and schooling and grand kids
and carriages;
Divorces and sickness and all of our marriages.*

*Sea Fury, Harvards and Trackers all mastered;
Banshees and Tudors that climbed higher...soared
faster.
Year after year brought to him new adventures;
A highlight for sure, tailhooking Bonaventure.*

*Known for his gift to tell a great joke;
They would laugh so hard they thought they would
choke.
There was one more passion for Dave it would seem;
The green and the white. ..the Roughrider team.*

*This wonderful man was never a bragger;
Unless it was family, his friends or CNAGers.
Friends through his life whom before him have gone;
If you wrote down a list it would be ten feet long.*

*Like Soz and Jack...,like Shell Ned and Gerry;
Like Gordy and Bud like Jim and there's Larry.
True blue friends he has lost coast to coast;
Have been anxiously waiting to raise tankards and toast.*

*He would not want us mourning. ..oh no not at all;
For the officers mess in heaven there comes no last call.
And fear not for Dave as he is not alone;
As Clarence and Agnes have welcomed him home.*

*And I know by now that you all get the picture;
With him in our lives we were all that much richer.
To the man we adored and have watched him in awe;
Who's integrity and honor were always the law.*

*Remember him always by talking out loud;
To the man we so loved and had made us so proud.
He would want us to salute him. ..his virtue his true;
Remember him always with eyes twinkling blue.*

*And look up to heaven if you would do so tonight;
And find comfort in knowing he has just flown his last
flight.*

Your loving daughter Julie

NORPLOY 1971

It was early September in 1971, and the NORPLOY fleet consisting of the supply ship PRESERVER, with the destroyers ASSINIBOINE and SAGUENAY in company, headed for northern waters in what was to become the first of several years in a row of Arctic summer operations.

We had spent several weeks taking scientists from several Universities to study the flora and fauna at various locations throughout the Arctic. The Helairdets from the two skimmers transferred to the PRESERVER for the last half of the trip to the high arctic for some military resupply work while the two DDH's departed and went on a series of port visits in Newfoundland and LABRADOR, less their helicopters.

As a side note, the underwater life in the Arctic that the scientists brought back was some of the most exotic and colourful that I have ever seen. Simply beautiful! Who knew? On another very quick note, one evening we were up and came across a group of these scientists in a Zodiac who were trapped by a field of shifting bergy bits and couldn't make their way back to the ship. We could see the concern on their faces. We settled in to a very low hover between them and the ship, our rotor wash opening up a path for them to get through.

The ship was working close to Robertson River in the NW Territories. Robertson River is WAY up on Ellesmere Island, at Latitude 72.084622855° Longitude 81.015370609°, with Bylot Island to the north and Koluktoo Bay visible approximately 6.4 Km to the east.

A Sea King had taken a group of the lads in to do some Arctic Char fishing. That in itself was yet another story, as the ship ran afoul of the Game Wardens in the north with our unbeknown to us totally illegal fishing activities. When the lads dropped the fishing party off, they decided to shut the head down for whatever reason. While doing so the co-pilot had a total brain fart, and he made the Accessory Drive Switch at the wrong time. Interlocks somehow failed, and there they were, 7 clicks inland in the high Arctic, with the number one engine and Acc Drive Shaft totally locked up. Nothing was moving. It was solidly jammed from the front of the number one engine right the way through to the Accessory Drive package. They had no option but to shut her down and examine the damage.

I was the Detachment Commander so found out about it obviously pretty darned chop chop. The techs and I went ashore in the second helicopter, and after looking at it, they proclaimed: "yep, she's totally bunged up Sir". The number one engine and the Acc drive were totally locked. If we were going to do anything it would have to be done on number two alone.

After some too'ing and fro'ing we got in touch with MAG Headquarters back in Halifax to seek their advice. We only had Satcoms for approximately 4 hours a day which complicated matters somewhat. We found out they had been trying but failed to secure the services of a Sikorsky Sky Crane which the US Army was operating in Alaska at the time. It was tied up and was not available to give 4022 a ride back to the ship. Almost knowing for certain what MAG HQ was going to say, we started quietly making the aircraft ready to fly.

All the equipment that was removable was taken off: the sonar, the radios, the navigation gear, the Billy Pugh net, even the windows were removed to allow easy escape in case we decided to ditch along the way. Anything and everything that was not attached came out. After that we took off most of the stuff that was attached, paying attention to weight and balance. We wobble pumped off most of the fuel, so that at take off we figured we were approx 9500 pounds and our weight and balance was within limits.

Meanwhile, MAG HQ back in Halifax was giving us all sorts of helpful information: do this, don't do that, and the classic best of all: "we can't tell you to do it, and we can't tell you not to do it. But our advice is that if you do it, fly high and fast".

High and fast! Were they kidding? First of all, in the Arctic, you have no depth perception as the air is so clear. Not good for autos. For instance, the mountains on Bylot Island that we could see to the north looked like they were perhaps 20 miles away. They were in point of fact over 100 miles away. If we were to get this wounded bird off the ground, there was a chance that the tranny would have some issues with being airborne again, and we wanted to be as close to the water as we could as we beat our way back to the ship, which was anchored out in the bay.

So, comes the big day when we needed to see if this thing had another flight in it. I took the aircraft captain who had bunged her up with me as co-pilot, who felt really badly about the incident, my good friend our RN exchange officer, Lt (RN) Peter Fish. We had the weight down, and none too soon, as the aircraft was sinking into the tundra, and it was beginning to freeze up at night. We had no external power so were restricted to a battery start on the number two engine. The bird was spread which was a good thing. We got the number two started with a little coaxing (perhaps an extra one or two times around the horn and back again. I'll never tell). As soon as the number two was started, there we were with the head to

engage, and no hydraulic pressure. Neither of us had engaged a Sea King head before with zero hydraulic pressure, but happily, as soon as the rotor brake came off and the head started to turn, the hydraulics came up very quickly. By the time the head had made 2 revolutions, the hydraulic power was up and we had good firm control.

The next step was to see if we could get it off the ground. It was freezing and the starboard landing gear had partially sunk into the tundra by this point. I pulled up very gently on the collective until it started to lift. As soon as the aircraft broke ground at 45%, I locked the collective and using ground effect began to very slowly air taxi back to the ship. The T's and P's all looked good on number two and in the transmission, so we just kept running for the ship at approx 40 knots, 10 feet off the ground, across the shoreline and then the water. My thoughts at the time were that if this thing was going to seize up it would happen if we reduced power at all. So we kept the collective locked, at approx 45% and nursed her back at approx 45 knots. High and fast my arse! It felt comfortable where we were and that was that.

Now for the interesting part. When we got back to the ship we did a gradual turn, flared her into a hover up and over the deck edge and planted her on. I recall sitting there for a moment when all of a sudden, the tranny began to make some pretty weird noises. Grinding noises. We secured the number two engine, put the rotor brake on and made our exit from the cab in a rather nimble fashion. The aircraft was secured and the second aircraft which was up covering us with rescue on their minds was brought on board.

I read the transmission strip report several months after the incident. As a matter of fact, I still have it as a souvenir of this rather exciting albeit short trip back to the ship. Almost every tooth had broken off the gears, or was in the process of being stripped, and it looked to us like she really didn't have a lot left in her.

So that was the end of a rather long few days which included being aware that our ship's XO was mustering a Boson's Party to send ashore to hack the bird apart in order to salvage as much of her as they could (and that's not a word of a lie). The folks who had never been there before had passed as much info as they could: from the books. The books had never encountered this before. The strip report told the rest of the story.

All in all this was a rather inglorious note for 4022 to end on its first trip to the high arctic. It was however, much better than the alternative which was to sail away and leave her there, stranded on the tundra at Robertson River, NW Territories, for all to see for a hundred years into the future.

This incident was a testament to the ruggedness of the Sea King helicopter.

John M. Cody, Detachment Commander
SAGUENAY and PRESERVER Detachments



FROM THE CURATOR'S DESK

By Christine Hines

Summer was all too short in the Maritimes, but with the arrival of September we also welcomed the latest aircraft in the Shearwater Aviation Museum's collection, the C45 Expedito. The Beechcraft arrived on 3 Sep 15 in good order thanks to Gaetan ("Phil") Belanger, the proprietor of 6540503 Canada Inc. of Valcourt, Quebec, who sold the aircraft to the SAM Foundation. Delivery of the aircraft was originally slated for the spring, but due to the ridiculously bad weather we had in Eastern Canada over the winter and spring, transport was delayed. The aircraft wings, cowlings and other small parts had been delivered over the summer in a separate shipment; due to the wide body of the fuselage, special arrangements to secure the aircraft to a flatbed truck were required in order to satisfy Transport Canada criteria for wide loads and secure the required road permits over three provinces.

Before the arrival of the fuselage, work had already begun on stripping paint and markings on the wings by restoration volunteers. The new project has been undertaken enthusiastically by our volunteers, and excitement is building for when we can manage to accommodate the fuselage inside the restoration shop.

The aircraft was last flown commercially in 2003 as a parachute jumper aircraft, wearing registration CF-SEB, our C45, serial number 2312/856, was taken on strength 08-11-57, working with VC920, VU32, VT40, and a few stints at 6RD before being struck off strength on 03-03-65, when it was sold to Inland Air Transport of St. Laurent, Quebec.

Our deepest thanks go out to the Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation for securing this aircraft for the Museum. It is a great opportunity to add another aircraft to the collection, especially an ex-Shearwater aircraft, and to also have an opportunity to interpret an aircraft with a slightly different role than the ship-borne fleet we normally boast. Be sure to visit our Facebook page over the winter for photos and updates of our restoration progress.



John Knudsen, SAMF President

The following is part of the SAMF Presidents annual Report presented at the AGM 2015. A new hangar is still the most critical requirement for SAM and therefore Fund raising the biggest and most challenging under-taking of SAMF.

2014/2015 season consisted mainly of the following activities:

- Publicity, joint effort with SAM. Funds have been provided to SAM for publicity purposes and that appears to be working. Drawing more visitors to the museum this summer and hopefully some of these visitors will turn into donors.
- Purchase of C-45 (Expeditor). Although there is little room available in the museum, at SAM's request a C-45 (Expeditor) was purchased for SAM. This particular aircraft has a Shearwater history and it was purchased for a relatively low price.
- Re-organization of the Fund Raising Committee (FC). The Fund-raising Committee after some initial difficulties now seems to be gathering a full head of steam under the leadership of Patti Gemmell and her many helpers and supporters.
- Fund raising:

Dinner Auction: The Dinner/Auction, put together by Patti and her team of willing helpers, is the first major SAMF fund raising event of the year. It was held in June 2015, and by all accounts it was very successful; food and service was outstanding. Such an event does not happen by itself, but is the result of hard work and support from many.

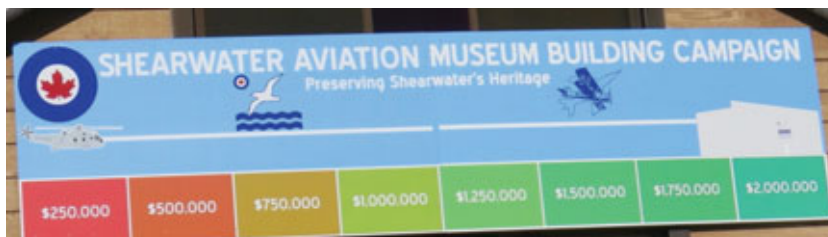
50/50 draw: There was concern that the 50/50 draw would fade out due to the 500 club but it appears to be holding it's own due in part to Carol Shadbolt and Margaret Ferguson's efforts.

Wall Plaques: The wall plaques continue to be a good source of revenue, ably handled by Jim Elliott. Money has been set aside to provide proper lighting in the new area.

Golf: Don Evans chaired the annual golf tournament which was held at Hartlens Point.

500 Club: Although 16 draws will have been made by December, 29 draws still remain including 6 major prizes. It is still not too late to get in on the action. Call the SAMF Office at 902-461-0062 or, if long distance, our toll free number 1-888-497-7779 for your ticket.

- Warrior: SAMF's magazine still continues to get rave reviews from our members and casual readers. Well done to Editor Kay and her various helpers.
- Building Fund status: Two signs have been fastened to the SAM Buildings. These signs show our first phase of one million to build a new Hangar and the second phase (an additional million) to properly equip the new hangar. You will notice a Sea King at the extreme left on the track, our job is to move the Sea King to the extreme right on the track.



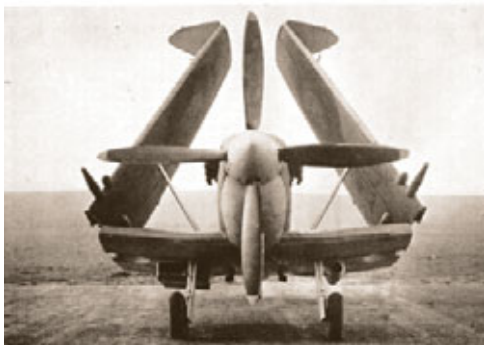
ADRIFT ... being a sequel to "A Beer-Soaked Billiard Room" (*Warrior*, Summer, 2015). Bill Cody

Following my 1945 Christmas leave in London, I was in the process of returning in my Seafire to home base at RNAS Nutts Corner from Henstridge, Somerset.



I made my way to the Mersey Channel which seemed to line up with Belfast. Continuing on course, I flew for a considerable time at 9,000 feet, but couldn't see the northern Irish coast.

My mind started playing tricks on me and suggested that I may have gone around the north Irish coast and was heading westward across the North Atlantic! Remember that I was a 20-year-old, low-time Seafire pilot!! In retrospect, I believe that I had got head-on into the jet stream which accounted for my not seeing the Irish coast as expected.



My noble steed – the Seafire Mk III. Vickers photo

To be safe, I did a 180 and soon saw the English coast. I found a runway (RNAS Peplow, as it turned out, happened to be the site of the navigation school) and landed. I reported to the control tower and re-filed for Nutts Corner, advising the WREN on duty to inform Nutts of my impending arrival. Alas, she didn't. On my second try I noticed a Warwick air-sea rescue aircraft with an underslung life boat and thought that it was looking for some unfortunate soul. WRONG -- I found out later that they were looking for me, Bill Cody.



Vickers Warwick air-sea rescue of the type that went looking for me. Note the life boat attached to the underside of the fuselage. Ministry of Defence.

Upon my return to Nutts, my CO LCdr Bryan Harris gave me seven days Duty Officer and sent me to Wings. Having already been rendered my just punishment, Wings just gave me a lecture and dismissed me forthwith.

UP SPIRITS

Note: This story was edited for publication and submitted to *Warrior* by Leo Pettipas.



MAPLE SPRING 1966

Gus Pokotylo

I have been sorting out old pictures and came across several taken in early 1966 during that year's Maple Spring. The cruise included the Caribbean and South America. It occurred to me these might be of interest to older Warrior readers.

The Canadian Forces Sentinel magazine for April 1966 devoted a couple of pages to the Exercise and states "when twelve ships and 3500 men arrived in Rio de Janeiro in early February, they formed the largest task group ever to make a formal visit to a foreign port".

This coming February shall mark 50 years since the event.

One email involves three photos on entering Rio. The second email hopefully conveys six photos making up a sequence of tracker launch and recovery sometime during that cruise. The pics were taken by Brownie camera.

PS I was John (Stretch) Arnold's co-pilot.







SHEARWATER FOOTBALL FLYERS SOAR AGAIN

In June of this year, I had the pleasure of attending the induction of the 1950's Flyer teams into the Maritime Sport Hall of Fame. This function was held in the BMO Center in Bedford, NS. Also in attendance were Gord MacLeod, Ivor Axford, John Smith, Ron Parker, Ken Whiney and Eldon Johnston. Of course, the Flyers nomination was alongside of other teams and individuals from a variety of major Maritime sports. However, the Flyers were the only football entry, and the only Military entry for this inaugural induction ceremony.

For those readers who are not aware, this induction goes along with the 1957 Canadian Intermediate Football Champion Flyers team that is in the Canadian Forces Sports Hall of Fame, and the Nova Scotia Sports Hall of Fame.

A team photo of the 1957 team is mounted in the new Hall, and represents all the teams of the 1950s and 1960s. The Certificate shown, like the one above, was presented to all inductees in attendance, and for display in the Shearwater Aviation Museum.

Rolly West

READERS COMMENTS.....

STAN BRYGADYR writes: The summer issue of 'WARRIOR' made reference to "Dickie" Bartlett's participation in the Great Escape. This prompts me to give a few more details of his ill-fated adventures, followed by much good luck in achieving longevity, by recounting a presentation I made to the Naval Assn in Victoria at a Remembrance Day lunch just after his death.

In 1938, Richard "Dickie" Bartlett, a prairie lad from Fort Quappelle, Sask., had a yearning to be a Navy Pilot. And so he joined the Royal Navy, completed Wings Trg in 1939 and was soon deck qualified. In June of 1940, while serving in the Carrier ARK ROYAL, he was part of a launch off the coast of Norway for a strike on the SCHARNHORST, at anchor, in a Norwegian Fjord. He was flying a "Skua", a slow, two place aircraft, and so had a Telegraphist/Air Gunner onboard. During this operation the RN formation was attacked by ME-109 fighters and "Dickie's" aircraft was badly shot-up. He was seriously wounded by cannon fire and had great difficulty in maintaining control of his aircraft. Soon the vibrations of his damaged plane caused the engine to completely separate from the airframe which then became somewhat of a "falling leaf" and striking the ground, fortunately, in a small clearing. Miraculously, "Dickie" was still alive and so was his crewman who tried to evade capture but was unsuccessful. "Dickie" was far too injured to even move and was immediately captured, which was fortunate, as he was soon in an Norwegian hospital being medically cared for. That's once Lucky for "Dickie"! After a few weeks in hospital he was taken to Germany where he spent over 4 years moving from prison camp to prison camp.

In the Spring of 1944, he was at Stalag Luft 3 at the time of the Great Escape. In fact, he was scheduled to be one of the escapees but near the appointed day, a new Norwegian prisoner arrived who just happened to be a good friend of "Dickie's" assigned escape partner, also a Norwegian. "Dickie" volunteered his position to the new arrival who then went out the tunnel with the group of 76 escapees. Soon 73 were recaptured and 60 ("Dickie's" recollection) were executed. "Dickie's" replacement was one of the 60! That's twice lucky for "Dickie!" Next came the long march from SE Germany to northern Germany, a distance of over 500 km for the 3 month trek during the worst winter that Germany had experienced in over 50 years!

Adequate food and clothing were luxuries NOT bestowed on the prisoners. Many became too weak to continue and fell by the wayside. There was no transport or hospitalization; it was march or die! Fortunately, "Dickie" survived to be liberated by the British Army in early May. That's third time lucky for "Dickie"! Of note; during the "Death March" (the title of a book on this event) "Dickie" carried and/or assisted as best he could, a fellow prisoner quite often for much of the journey, as this friend

had been weakened by injuries. After repatriation this friend visited the Bartlett family in Sask., and married "Dickie's" sister!

On "Dickie's" return to the UK, he soon learned of the coming-into-being of the RCN Air Branch. Recruiting from RN and RCAF de-mobilized aircrew was vogue and so he joined and became one of our pioneer aviators in the RCN. I think we can say that was the fourth time lucky for "Dickie"!

By 1947, he was promoted to LCdr and appointed as a Squadron Commander flying aboard our first carrier WARRIOR. One year later he became the Air Group Commander with flying now conducted from MAGNIFICENT.

"Dickie" never had the good fortune to fly operationally from an angled deck, but while serving at Shearwater as LCdr Flying in 1960-62, a time when he became lifelong friends with the Station XO, Peter Chance, he did qualify on the Tracker and managed to scab a few deck landings on BONAVENTURE. Thus, his log book is complete, inscribed with landings on all 3 RCN carriers!

"Dickie" retired in 1964 from the Air Staff position at MARPACHQ. Farming in SASK., and business in Victoria kept him busy until complete retirement in 1979.

"Dickie" entered the Delta on Boxing Day 2010. Widow Margaret remains bright and cheery and resides in a nursing home in Victoria. I, along with Peter Chance (still going strong), attended her 99th birthday party earlier this summer (2015).

CPO2 Mick Stephenson (Ret'd) writes:

Brown Boeing Bomber. Concerning Bill Paterson's very informative narrative (Summer Issue 2015) about the visit of a homeless B17 to RCAF Station Dartmouth in 1948.

When one crested the top of the hill on the road that led from the living blocks to the hangar line you were still a long way from Z2 hangar - maybe one thousand feet and there were several of the wartime wooden hangars in position to block a persons vision of the Z2 hangar area. Perhaps the marchers were closer to Z2 than the brow of the hill when they espied the rogue B17.

After finishing my Trade Group One Course in October 1952, I walked the hill for four years, first from 59 & 62 blocks and then from the newly opened Warrior Block. These walks were interrupted by my time on MAGNIFICENT in 1955 with VF871 Squadron. I also doubled up and down that hill with a 303 rifle on my shoulder while sentenced to fourteen days number five punishment.

In my time, living at HMCS SHEARWATER there were many who read newspapers and perhaps were more attuned to world affairs than the young men in 1948. The Naval Airmen of 1948 must have been titillated by material other than Playboy and Penthouse as these magazines did not publish their first editions until 1953 and 1969 respectively.

I do not recall Shearwater Naval Air types being referred to as 'jolly jacks'. Sounds like a British term to me or something that was used by the media and not always in a complementary context. We used the word 'jack' to describe a show-off type of person.

As always Kay, the magazine is excellent and I read it cover to cover several times.

Karen Chaster writes: A short note to thank you for taking care of the tickets for the 50/50 draw scheduled for 17 Nov 15, in Lennard's name. Just rec'd the latest copy of WARRIOR. I was surprised to see my letter to you on this very subject. Now Saint Lennard has decided, not for the first time, to trade me in for two twenty year old females. Lots of luck gals! You're going to need it.

Thank you for the additional information on the SAM Foundation. Enclosed please find a cheque to purchase one ticket at \$100 for the 500 Club, in Lennard's name.

As before, if the ticket wins, I/we would like to donate the whole amount too the Building Fund. As you have concerns re finding 250 people to purchase tickets, please keep my contribution to the Building Fund, if you don't find the 250.

From **Bob Spicer** - Hello Kay, enjoyed Leo Pettipas' write up on CPO Johnny Knowles in the last issue. I was in the area today so dropped in to see the old Chief. His cohorts of yore will be pleased to know that the cheerful smile is still in place. It was my good fortune to be one of his AB's on the Eglinton Ireland Seafurys, garnering knowledge as his P2 in the Z2 prop shop and again with the Trackers in deHaviland Toronto.

I left as the swarm of female staff came in to administer to his needs.

Gordon Soutter writes: In reviewing the Winter '14 issue of Warrior I noted the bit re Deke Logan, a name which always reminds me of an event on the flight deck of Maggie. Bearing in mind what birthdays do to the memory box I will relate what I recall of said incident.

We had been at Charleston, SC, where amongst other things we had taken aboard a supply of 'Murrican' flight deck paint. I have no idea how or why that came about except that is what we put down on our nice metal deck when we sailed in warm waters and painted ship. We did realize, however, it wasn't the usual type of gritty non-skid paint we had always used in the past.

Later on during flying exercises we were bringing on the Furies, having already landed on the 'lesser' a/c, and parked them forward. In this instance it was a clean catch and when the wire was off the hook, Hammer Donaldson, the first director waved him forward and passed him to me. As the next director, and using the appropriate signals, I slowed him a bit, added a slight turn to port and passed him to Mr Greco, the flight deck boss, who expertly guided him into place and gave him the crossed flags for brakes.

Aaah — the moment of truth. Brakes were applied, the wheels stopped turning, the fresh U.S. GI paint peeled neatly off the deck and rolled up in front of the tires, the aircraft moved inexorably forward, and the big five-bladed prop began to munch away at the tail-end of a parked Avenger. Or could it have been a Firefly? In the appropriate jargon; the US paint was u/s.

The point of the story of course is that the pilot was Deke Logan.

Though we didn't have much personal contact with the flying types, we of the deck gang had a lot of respect and yes, envy too, for them.

And I have to note one of those most liked and admired was Deke Logan.

Michael Whitby writes: Dear Kay As usual, I enjoyed the Summer 2015 edition of Warrior, and found it a source of great stories and information.

I especially enjoyed the section on the Cuban Missile Crisis; a time I well recall as a student at Hampton Gray Memorial School, joining fellow students endlessly practicing hiding under our desks to shelter from atomic blast. Yikes!

Ernie Cable is spot on in his salute to the role played by the Argus maritime patrol aircraft; they gave the USN a capability they did not have and were a real difference maker. But I want to correct one other very critical matter. Ernie Cable wrote that "there were no official communications between Halifax and Ottawa." In fact, through our research for the official RCN history we know that Naval Headquarters and the Minister of National Defence were kept fully apprised of exactly what Rear Admiral Dyer was doing. Rather than just using the telephone, each day throughout the crisis (ie from 24

October through to mid-November) Dyer sent a number of SITREPS, Contact Reports and other messages to Ottawa, all of which were circulated around naval headquarters including to Vice-Admiral Rayner and other senior staff. These messages were also copied to RCAF Headquarters, and to the Minister and Associate Minister of National Defence. On several occasions Dyer also received direction from naval headquarters. Thus Ottawa, was fully in the 'official' loop. These messages can be found in the archives of the Directorate of History and Heritage in Ottawa, and emphasise the important role the RCN and RCAF played in the crisis. We still cannot be sure what Prime Minister Diefenbaker knew of or suspected at the time, but Vice-Admiral Rayner and Minister Harkness were completely aware of Naval and Maritime Air Group activities, and gave Rear-Admiral Dyer important political top cover.

A little light on an important part of our history.

From **Les Southwell**: The summer edition of the Warrior is very interesting. I notice on page 22 top right paragraph relates to the sinking of the Bismarck.

A Swordfish torpedo removed the Bismarck's Rudder. This aircraft was maintained by Chief Air Artificer William Leadbeater who recently passed away. (July 2015). Bill also served on HMCS Warrior and at HMCS Shearwater.

The picture is of my old friend Sheila Van Dam owner of the London Windmill Theater about 1952 in Portsmouth. She used to race around with Stirling Moss.



Leo Pettipas writes: Bill Patterson's "Shearwater BC - Boeing [B-]17 Bomber" in the Summer 2015 issue, it's noted that the a/c was painted "a khaki brown." I don't know how many B-17s visited Shearwater BC, but if this description is correct, there may have been at least two. Attached is a not-great, undated photo taken from inside Z2, facing east. Visible on the taxiway in the background are a Lancaster and a B-17. Note that the B-17 isn't

painted khaki -- it looks to me as though it's sporting a natural metal finish. Since visiting B-17s were a rarity at the station, maybe Bill's understanding of the khaki paint job is in error. The photo had to have been taken after 1 June 1948, as that was when the Firefly trainers (foreground) arrived locally.



Ken Whitney writes: SHEARWATER OLD AND NEW GYMNASIUM

I re-joined the RCN as a Physical Training Instructor (PTI) in 1957 and was drafted to HMCS SHEARWATER

That was in September, and the PTI's worked out of what at that time was the old wooden Gym, but what is now part of the Shearwater Aviation Museum. Being the Base Physical Training Center, both the senior and the junior Shearwater Flyer Football teams utilized various rooms therein as their locker rooms. I, of course, attended all football practice sessions and, on game days, we would be bussed into town for our local games against either Stadacona Sailors, Saint Mary Huskies or Dalhousie Tigers.

Back in the early 1950's, there used to be movies put on during the weekend in this old gym, at which one paid a small fee to see. The Duty Hand was required to open the building for those attending the movie, dependants and Base personnel usually, then secure it upon completion.

We in the PTI Branch were eagerly awaiting the completion and opening of the new Gymnasium on Boundary Road, where the old accommodation "H" buildings and Galley used to stand, as it was to be our new operating center. It was to become our mecca, with 3 crosscourt basketball areas, with a main one in the centre, 3 squash courts, 6 bowling alleys, a large swimming pool, saunas for both Men and Officers, an equipment room and, from 1962 on, a judo room – although I was still going over to HMCS STADACONA to take judo training.

Some of the PTI members from those early days you may remember were:

Rolly Carrol, George Angrigan, Johnny Pike, Morrison Headdon, Rege Pitt and myself. I eventually became a Clearance Diver, and retired as a C2CD4 in 1983.

What brings this short tale forward, is that I recently came across an article about the opening of the new Shearwater Gym that showed a few old buildings in the parking lot out front – the rink hadn't been built yet. The old Hospital(Infirmary?) was still located half way up the hill, just off Bonaventure Street, with the Dentist's building and the small Manual Party building nearby.

Email kwhitney@bellaliant.net

MEMORY LANE

by Shirley MacDonald



Kay has asked me to submit an article for the Warrior on various occasions. So I decided I had better do it or she will hound me forever. So here goes. I'm sure some of

you will recall some of these people.

Looking back on my years at Shearwater, I think of the numerous people that I worked with and often wonder of their whereabouts.

I arrived at the Base Infirmary the winter of 1960; the PMO was LCdr Oliver, then Dr. Kierstead took over, followed by Dr. Knight. Some of the other names I recall were PO Beaudry, LS Christie and LS Oster. Vangie Cote was the PMO's secretary at the time. It was a great place to work. At that time the WRENS lived in a barracks just up the hill and ate their meals in the Infirmary galley. I got to know a few of them. We had a few Infirmary parties. I recall them at the beach at Cow Bay by the moose, at the P&RT Centre, and even one at our place (I think it was on the spur of the moment when someone got promoted) which almost got us evicted.

I then moved up to the Admin Bldg. as the XO's secretary. Cdr Paul was the XO, then Cdr Sheppard, Cdr Lowe, and Cdr Wasteneys were the Executive Officers during my time there. It was there that I discovered to my horror, that I had to be the steno taking Boards of Inquiry and Summary Investigations. Over the years there were numerous of these duties, in fact, it seemed then if it wasn't Kay Collacutt's turn it was mine. The Captain was Captain Edwards followed by Captain Ryan and Captain Fotheringham. Helen Martin was the Captain's Secretary at the time, and I had to fill in for her on various occasions. As the position was commonly referred to as the Captain's Sec., in later years I often wondered what my mother-in-law, who was staying with us while Steve was at sea, must have thought when I got home and told her I

was working in the Captain's Sec's office that day. Some of the other personnel were Joan Daniels, Ken and Donna Fultz, and Charlie Smith. P2 Scotty Guthrie was the Captain's driver as was Ron White. Vangie took over as Base Commander's/Captain's Secretary and I replaced her at OPs where Cdr Laidler was the Operations Officer.

Looking back Ops, was my favourite place to work. There was nearly always something to see on the runway, and since the coffee boat was in our office, always people around. Kay and I were always busy and spent many lunch hours typing papers for pilots who were taking university courses. LCdr Nicholson, LCdr Rosenthal, LCdr Rhyg and Lt Robinson shared offices next door, I think one of them being the Flight Safety Officer. I later moved to BAMEO where I was Maj Greenwood's secretary. CPO Gumbrell, Carol Cleary and Jim Farmer were co-workers.

I was only at BAMEO a year or so when I changed from being a secretary to a clerk to work in Civilian Personnel. I missed working directly with service personnel, but as I always liked working with figures, calculating pensions, compiling weekly payrolls etc. it was interesting and certainly kept us busy. Peter MacDonald was the Civilian Personnel Officer and Don McKay, Phyllis Graham, Joan Daniels and Avril Fleming were co-workers. When our youngest son graduated from university I decided to call it quits so I could spend my summers at our cottage. I will always regard my time at Shearwater as a happy and rewarding experience. I still have ties to the Base by attending CNAG meetings and helping in the Gift Shop at the Shearwater Aviation Museum. Regards to all, Shirley.

Eddy Myers writes: At Canadian Joint Air Training Base Rivers, Manitoba, during the summer of 1949, while our Sea Furies were grounded for a major modification to the Centaurus Engines, we pilots were kept busy taking part in various and sundry aviation activities related to Close Air Support for ground troops, i.e. Paratroop training, Photo Reconnaissance Interpretation training, plus Familiarization flights in Horsa and Hadrian gliders.

I mention this only because as we wended my way through the various stages of these "Pongo" activities the more I came to admire my Khaki dressed Brothers in Arms.

While we completed the entire Paratrooper's training course up to and including jumping from the "Mock Tower", Naval Headquarters would not approve us jumping from an aircraft for fear one or more of us "expensively trained pilots" might get injured. Nonetheless, I got a first-hand idea of what it would be like to hurl oneself out of a mock aircraft, loaded with 45 lbs of extra gear and on alighting, roll onto your shoulders and hips. Our Troops during the pre-dawn of D-day, did that in the dark with the enemy firing at them and with just under 100 lbs of rifle, ammunition and sundry supplies to subsist for days,

dangling from a lanyard attached at the waist. Not for this Kid.

Next we were taken for familiarization rides in both the Horsa and Hadrian Gliders, each towed by a Dakota/DC3. On one such flight we flew with a jeep aboard. Knowing that the Jeep was tethered to the hinged nose of the glider so as to raise the nose (complete with Pilot and Copilot), out of harms way as the jeep came hurtling forward in the event of a crash, was not very reassuring to we dozen or so Naval Aviator passengers.

Earlier, I mentioned "Photo Interp. Training". It was during these classroom sessions pouring through stereoscopic lenses at myriad authentic WWII Arial Reconnaissance Photos, that I learned a number of very interesting things about WWII Army and RCAF actions. Firstly, we viewed the actual photographs taken by Allied Photo-Recce Aircraft that first located and pinpointed the launch sites of the V2's thundering down on London. The Allies were thus able to more accurately direct counter attacks.

It was through the archives of the Photo Interpretation Course that we viewed D-day, D+1, D+2 & D+3 etc Stereo Photographs of the the pre-Dawn landing sites of the Allies Parachute Forces and the landing sites chosen for the Gliders. The photos were quite graphic and disturbing.

Those of the Paratroop landing sites showed where troops missed their drop zones and had been dropped in ponds and small lakes and because of weight of equipment had drowned, others could be seen hanging from their shroud lines caught up in tree branches and probably picked off by the enemy.

The Glider Force appeared to have faired much worse. In anticipation of just such an attack, the Germans had erected rough-hewed poles randomly on any field that might allow a glider to land safely. The post-D-day Reconnaissance photos recorded very few undamaged Gliders. The majority had major damage including wings sheered off and evidence of violent landings some with the nose of the Glider showing evidence that the vehicle inside had plummeted forward on impact and smashed into the cockpit. Bloody grim, to say the least.

As I sign off on this epistle, I am proud to have had the privilege, between 1962 and 1965, to have served as Naval Assistant Commandant, of the Canadian Joint Air Training Centre, Rivers, Manitoba. My Wife Betty and I, and our 2 sons, enjoyed the Army and RCAF Families and friends we made. Notwithstanding the cold and it did get cold (when we drove our Volkswagen Bug) the 28 miles to Brandon to see a movie, I would leave the car idling at the parking metre and go out every 30 minutes or so to feed more money to the metre and confirm the car was still idling. Winter was always an adventure out there.

Do you remember any of these ladies?



Here's an old newspaper clipping - Remember Norma Wells?

Santa takes on a new trim shape at Shearwater's VU32 Sqn as Wren Norma Wells of New Westminster, BC decorates a radar target drogue in a true Christmas spirit.



GUT BUCKET 5 (PLUS 2)

MacIntosh

Ford

Murwin

Elrington

Wolfe-Milner

King

Pollard

The fiendish sound which emanates from this record, when activated, stems from the lungs and sinews of a diabolical group of Naval Officers known as The Gut Bucket Five, Plus Two. A similar mixture of enthusiasm and discord first thrust its dissonances into the atmosphere on Bonaventure in Nov 1961 when Jim Murwin, Ron King, Bill Caton and Mike Elrington converged onto an abortion of wood and wire (that passed as a piano) with a wash tub and two penny whistles, and played to the assembled company, who put down his drink and left.

Unabashed by this overwhelming reception, they then had the gall to appear in a ship's concert before 1200 people in Quonset, RI, that is before 1200 people in Quonset, RI could stop them. By dint of diligent practice, they had learned a new piece for the occasion which brought their repertoire up to 4 numbers, including a delightful little etude for gut bucket and harmonium.

In January of the following year, when they finally finished the last chorus of 5'2", they felt that more stability would result with the inclusion of a drummer in the group and thus James MacIntosh (even his name is guaranteed to miss a beat) joined, fully equipped with a stick and inverted peanut pail.

After a brief work-up period in the Bermudas, the carrier sailed for San Juan, PR with this neurotic team. It was here that they had their first tropic engagement, Bill Bailey and all, at the Reserve Officer's Beach Club and carefully preserved in the archives of the Oakland Road Conservatory of Dixie, is a short strip of film, mercifully silent, showing the band in action, in technicolour, in the sun, incomprehensible!!

While south, other engagements, such as in the BOQ john, were fulfilled and flushed with success, at the curbside on a busy street, where an appreciative audience of three Puerto Ricans and a vacationing Maltese swineherd were visibly moved - by a policeman.

Presently the band returned to Canada, much to the relief of Puerto Rico and their wives, and for a year or so, were to be

found most Saturday nights inciting riot amongst otherwise respectable members of the Naval community, in the wardroom of Bonaventure.

Without the knowledge of the Council for Canadian Culture and whilst on another short cruise, they managed to strain ethnic relations to the limit by repeatedly performing most moving versions of things like "Chinatown" in Quebec City.

About this time, Jack Ford finished a course in pneumatics and pipefitting, procured a sacbutt, false teeth and a wife, and joined the group to add (technically speaking) musical depth to this mob of philharmonic lunatics. The fact that a working quorum made it to Hamilton, Ont. for the wedding was another spectacular occurrence in 1963, considering that they also made it home again, despite the Chinese food, home brew and pizza pie.

For some odd reason (perhaps because they are so touchy) the attrition rate of bucket players has been high. In 1961-21, Bill Caton, in 1962-63 Al Horner, also in 1963 Ted Kieser and in 1964 Tom Pollard, were all nobly backed up by Mother Murwin. The group's latest recruit was a clever plucker of dubious background named Terry Wolfe-Milner, who also fingered a mean banjo to no ones detriment but his own.

Many concerts had been given in Shearwater, Stadacona, Bonaventure, LaHulloise, Shelburne and Anderson Square Officer's Messes, while frequent engagements survived at such spots as the Army-Navy Sailing Club, Herman's etc.

This album is dedicated to the wives of the band and all proceeds from the sale thereof were to help finance the divorces.

(Author of the above? Unknown.)

MEMORIES









PILOTS WHO CAME OVER ON WARRIOR



Art Liley, Brian cartwright, Doug Peacocke, Rod Bays



Stu Soward - Dick Bartlett - Doug Peacocke



Back Row L-R: Jack Crowe Gerry Dollmont Mike O'Connor Roy Haight Freeman Rudderham Bob Buckowski
Front Row L-R: Wayne Pettipas McInnis Mel Birmingham Jack Hay Mick Stephenson King



SHEARWATER FLYERS 1957-58 MARITIME ARMED FORCES CHAMPIONS

Front Row L-R W. Fairbairn, J Veysey, R. Parker, D. MacNeil, R. Beazley, J. McGrath, L. Shatford, V. McBain, L. Darche
Back Row L-R B. Kidd, C. Armstrong, K. Briard, M. Granville, D. Scotland, G. Saleski, B. MacDougal, J. White, E. Gagnon



**Front row, left to right: J. Beck, Bill Calver, W. Cuthbert, D. Stapleford, D. Roberts;
Back row, left to right: ? Brougham, W. Heaton, B Duffield. Courtesy of Bill Calver.**

WHEN I WAS IN THE NAVY...

Sent by John Knudsen

When I was in the Navy, I wanted to be out,
No more daily orders, no more PO's shout,
No more middle watches, no more skippers rounds,
No more swing of hammocks. no more tannoy sounds.

No more pussers dhobi, no more number ones,
No more saluting officers, no more bangs of guns,
No more jackstay transfers, no more RAS at night,
No more heaving rough seas, no more brass so bright.

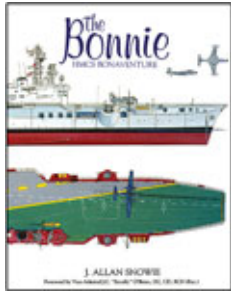
No more action stations, no more pussers kye,
No more call the hands, no more bread so dry.
No more noisy engines, no more life buoy ghost,
No more seven days number nines, no more mail to post.

But when I'd left the Navy and settled down outside,

The bad times soon forgotten, the tales I'd tell with pride,
Now I miss the things I've seen and done, and it doesn't
seem so bad,
In fact I'd recommend the life to any enquiring lad.

I miss borrowing clothes for a run ashore. even if they
didn't fit,
I miss a dinner time sesh, and rabbit runs, and movie
runs and more.
I miss the messdeck lawyers, banyans, and the
messdeck bore.

I miss make and mends and long weekends, and the
rush to catch the train
I miss the mates I had, now lost touch, but hope to meet
again,
I miss the arguments at tot times, sippers, gulpers, and
Queens,
I miss travelling the world, seeing things that civvies
could only dream.



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CHRISTMAS

WALL OF HONOUR

Guidelines for designing your "Wall of Honour" Tile.

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

The options are:

- Option A:** One half tile 12" X 12" x 17" and triangular in shape with up to 5 rows of 3/4" letters for a maximum of 60 letters and spaces. The longest row can accommodate up to 20 letters and spaces. The remaining 4 rows will decrease in length as the border/edge of the tile dictates. It should be noted that the upper half of the tile will start with a short row and the bottom half will start with a long row.
- Option B:** The full tile with up to 6 rows of 1" letters for a maximum of 55 letters and spaces. The two centre rows can accommodate up to 16 letters and spaces. The remaining rows will decrease as the edge of the tile dictates.
- Option C:** The full tile with up to 10 rows of 3/4" letters for a maximum of 120 letters and spaces. The two centre rows can accommodate 20 letters and spaces. The remaining rows will decrease as the edge of the tile dictates.
- Option D:** The "Buddy" Tile - sold only as a full tile. This tile is divided into 4 quarters - each 6" X 6". Each quarter can accommodate up to 6 rows of 1/2" letters for a maximum of 48 letters and spaces. The two centre rows can accommodate up to 12 letters and spaces with the remaining rows decreasing as the tile edge dictates.

Option A



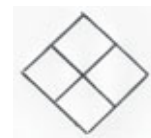
\$300

Option B & C



\$600

Option D



\$600

Wall Tiles may be purchased through monthly installments.

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

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

Continued next page

The colour of the tile will be 'Belmont Rose'. If the submission requires any alteration, the subscriber will be contacted by phone or email by the coordinator for further discussion. REMEMBER TO COUNT THE SPACES!

From:

NAME: _____

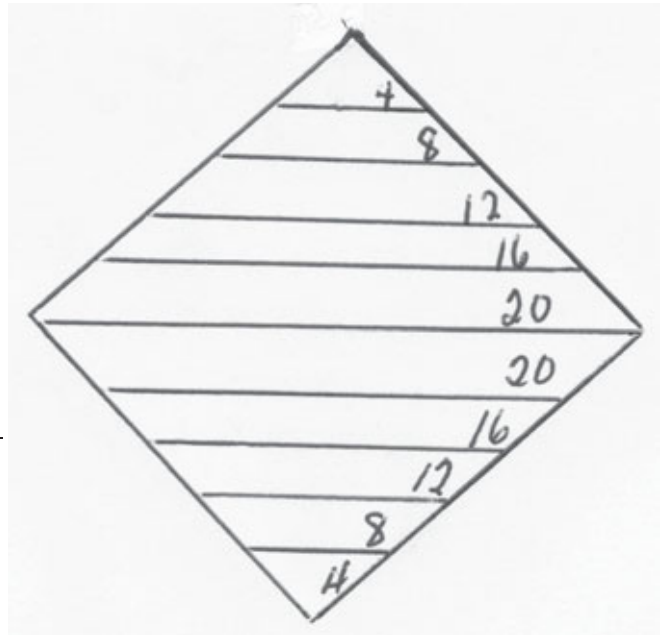
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Income Tax Benefits: A bequest made by your Will confers an important advantage to your estate when the bequest is made to a Charitable organization such as the Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation. Your lawyer or financial advisor can advise you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

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Which Last Will and Testament is dated this ____ Day of _____ 20___. I hereby add to that said Will as follows:

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

Signed and dated this ____ Day of _____ 20__

In the City of _____ Province of _____ Postal Code _____

Witness: _____ Witness: _____
Signature of Testator

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HMCS WARRIOR (Colossus Class)

Commissioned as Light Fleet Carrier on 14 Jan 46. She wore pennant 31 until paid off on 23 Mar 48. The first of two planned for Canada's post war fleet. Unsuitable for cold weather she was returned to the RN and exchanged for HMCS MAGNIFICENT when the Navy's Carrier establishment was reduced to one ship. WARRIOR flew Fairey Fireflies, Supermarine Seafires and Fairey Barracudas.



HMCS MAGNIFICENT (Majestic Class)

Commissioned as Light Fleet Carrier on 7 Apr 48. She wore pennant 21 until paid off on 14 Jun 59. "Maggie" flew Hawker Sea Furies, Fairey Fireflies, Grumman Avengers and Sikorsky HO4S Helicopters **and was the platform from which Canadian Naval Aviation prospered in its development.**



HMCS BONAVENTURE (Modified Majestic Class)

Commissioned as Light Fleet Carrier on 17 Jan 57. She wore pennant 22 until paid off on 3 Jul 70. The last RCN carrier, she embodied all the latest advances - angled deck, steam catapult and mirror landing aid. While smaller and slower than its USN counterparts, the high level of experience and training of the personnel who manned her allowed her to be operationally effective, even in weather conditions during which other carriers had ceased flying. **She was a victim of the cutbacks which were made in the period following integration of the Canadian Armed Forces.** "Bonnie" flew Grumman Trackers, McDonnell Banshee's, Sikorsky HO4S3s and Sikorsky Sea Kings.





L-R Lt G. Pumble, LS J. Boelhouwer, PO P. Atkins, Lt. R. Kostegast, Lt R. Bissell, Lt R. Christy.



Fred Illingworth Jack McGee Harry Hollywood Ron Frank



**DUTY SALVAGE
CREW - 1953**

Top L - R

**Simon Leo ‘Shorty’ McLean,
Bill Elliott,
Murray Harris MacDonald**

Bottom: L-R

**“Big” Jim Cochrane, U/K,
Eric Mitchell**



L - R

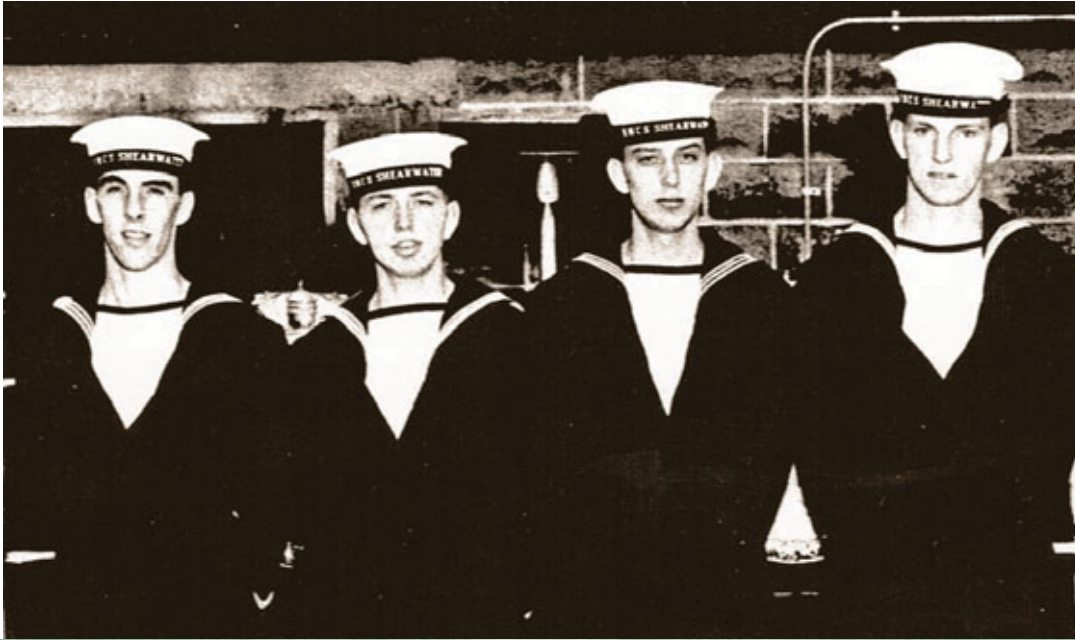
**Chuck Green,
Chuck Nelson,
Fred Hill,
John Leduc,
John MacLeod
Sam Johnston,
Mick Stephenson**



The Hayter Boys



**L - R Frank Willis
Donald ‘Red’ Chandler
John ‘Stretch’ Arnold**



*L - R
Frank Fish,
Gerry Rol,
Fred Rol,
Harry Windsor*



*L - R
Same as
above photo!*



Beyond the Blue Horizon

*Beyond the blue horizon
Waits a beautiful day
Goodbye to chores that bore me
Joy is waiting for me*

*I see the new horizon
My life has only begun
Beyond the blue horizon
Lies a rising sun.*



L to R: Jimmy (Shamus) Dawson; Doug Peacock; Bob Laidler; Larry Robillard and Joe (J.J.) McBrien.



L - R: S. Johnston, W. Williamson, E. Janusas, J. MacLeod, E. Rogers



Lorne Macdonald



George Plawski & Charlie Poirier



Michael Collacutt



Benny Oxholm



Rod Lyons



Adm. Harry Porter



Sean Carrigan



Brant "Pop" Fotheringham



Mike McCall



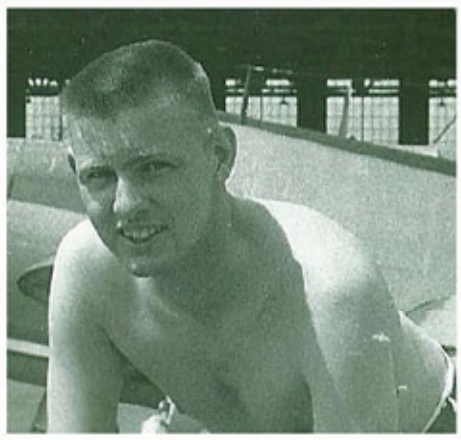
Peter Bruner



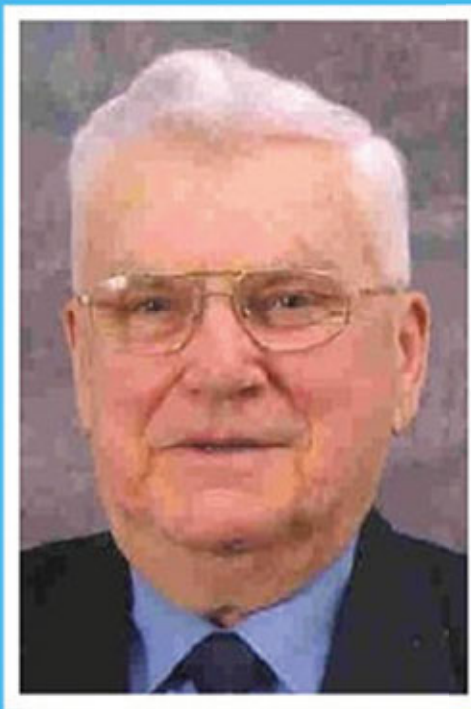
Joe VanGalen



John Webber



Mitchell



Eugene "Buck" Rogers



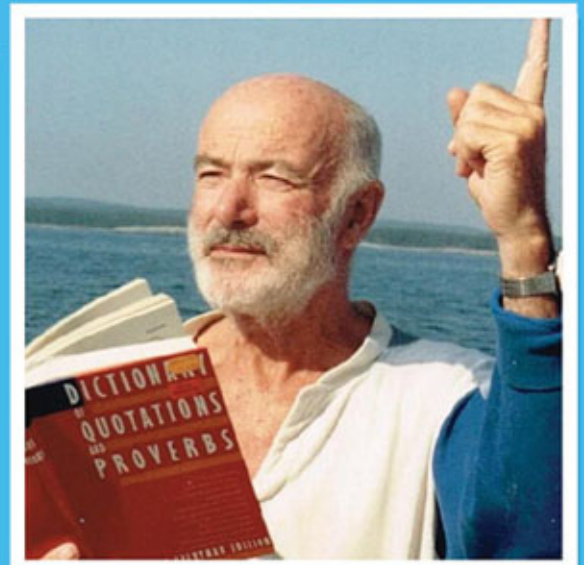
Norm Lovitt



Ron Kay



Gerry Brushett



Bill Farrell



George Saleski



Lto R Mel Birmingham, Frank Pike, Mike Walsh, Mick Stephenson, Ron Kay, Alex MacDonald, Ed Kelly, Bob Thomas, Dave Shaw, Dick Cooper



Col L. Ashley's last Sea King flight before leaving Shearwater as Base Commander.

ES/OM Walter Henry &



Summerside, P.R.I.



BACK ROW NO2 OBSERVER'S MATE QUALIFYING COURSE WINGS PARADE FEB. 1951
ABOM COPELAND ABOM E MARSHALL ABOM D WILLIAMS ABOM W THOMPSON
C2OM E SOGG P2OM E MILLS

ES/OM Owen MacLean



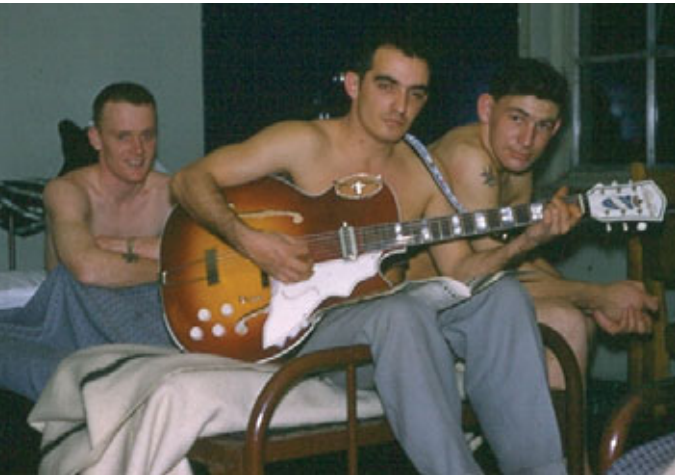
David Russell



R. 'Deke' McEachern



Bill Gillespie



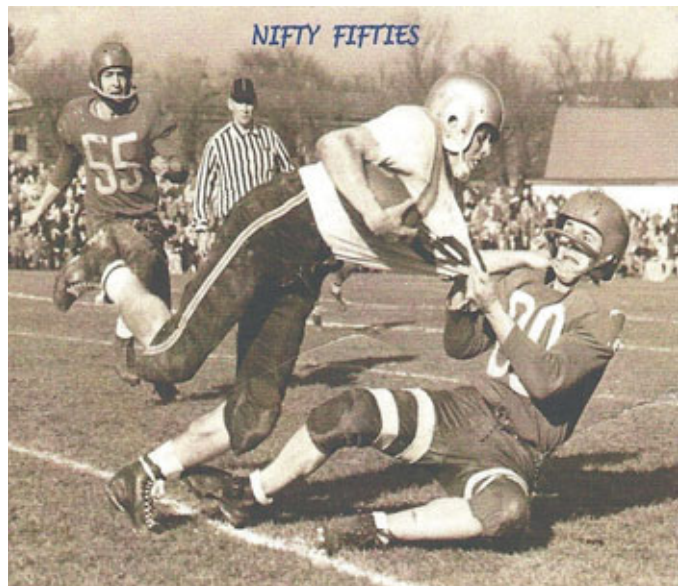
Names please



*Back Row L - R N/K, George Robbins, N/K, Mayo,
Mick Stephenson
Front Row L - R N/K, Dick Fryer, Jake Cox*

*Bonaventure Volleyball Champs 1967
South America Cruise*

29 Mess - Names please - I see Charley Gay in the top





Back Row L - R Alex Fox, Wally Sloan, John Searle, Bob Falls CO, Frank Willis, Peter Wiwarchuk (Sp ?) Sqn Air Engineer Off, Cliff Owers Sqn Air Electrical Off.

Front Row: L - R N/K McDonnell Tech, Jake Birks, Dave Hill Army Liaison Officer, Fred Goodfellow



Tom Brideau



John Cody



Charles Poirier



Wayne Halladay

A “VERTREP” To Remember

By Paul Baiden

No doubt the title term “VERTREP” will be totally unfamiliar to those that have never had the opportunity to experience one, and therefore, suffice it to say, within the simplest of explanations that it's considered to be the utilization of a helicopters hoisting system to vertically replenish a ship at sea with some of the necessary supplies and/or personnel required to continue their mission without the necessity of a port visit.

The helicopter conducting the VERTREP in this particular scenario, was a Sea King, skippered by John McDermott, and our mission was to deliver/transport mail, movies, video equipment and three members of a CBC editorial team assigned to document life on board a Canadian Submarine, “HMCS Ojibwa”, during a Caribbean Exercise, in February of 1971. A simple enough operation, or so it would seem! However, as you will see, nothing is ever quite as simple as one would anticipate especially when it involves individuals that are totally unfamiliar with the potential dangers associated with the extreme complexities of the mission manoeuvres they were about to encounter.

First we had to acquire the aforementioned items/personnel which entailed a trip from HMCS Ottawa, to Roosevelt Roads, US Naval Air Base. Then conduct a hot refueling (meaning refueling with engines running) while also providing the CBC personnel with a formal briefing on the application of Sea King emergency equipment and the associated flight safety procedures.

Once airborne and en-route to our destination, I provided the reporters with a more in depth explanation of what was about to transpire with-respect-to the utilization of the Mae-West (life jacket) and the Horse-Collar. (Again in simple terms it's a device similar to a harness that is connected to the hoist cable to enable the safe/secure transfer of someone from the helicopter to their final destination, in this case the submarine). Note: A briefing of this nature is not an easy task when contending with the roar of two turbine engines!

Now one must keep in mind that these particular reporters had never experienced the joys of a flight in a Sea King before let alone one of the most exhilarating thrills of a life time, dangling below one on a thin wire over a Canadian Submarine in the Caribbean Sea. No doubt their adrenaline was running ramped (BROWN) to say the least! It's also imperative that I provide you with a brief description of each of these individuals, at least from a stature prospective, IE: the long, the short, and the tall, for believe it or not that was indeed what we were contending with. One about six foot two with an athletic

build, one about five foot seven with a slight build, and then my future dilemma, that was about five foot four with an extremely large girth.

It's also probably worth mentioning that my Tactical Coordinating Officer “TACO” was somewhat uncomfortable working in the aft compartment when the cargo door was open, and therefore, he would not be joining me to assist in affecting the pending hoisting procedures and/or provide supervision of our passengers during this critical stage of the task.

Upon arrival at our destination, the Skipper quickly established communications and set us up in a stable hover over the Sub while I began preparing to lower the smallest of our three reporters which given all things considered went quite well. He seemed quite content with what was about to happen to him and things were proceeding as planned until I looked over my shoulder and to my great horror saw the tall reporter standing in the aft section of the cargo door area. There he was, with his shoulder mounted camera, videoing the transition of his comrade to the Ojibwa without the previously briefed mandatory restraint of a cargo seat belt to ensure that he would remain safe and prevent his potential ejection from the Sea King. Fortunately the aforementioned didn't happen, however, perhaps you can now fully appreciate why it's imperative to have two fully trained operators in the cargo area during operations of this nature.

Given what had just transpired it now became essential to ensure that the remainder of the VERTREP's would be conducted without further potential mishap, and therefore it was decided that all of the camera gear, mail etc would be lowered before transporting the remaining two reporters. On completion I proceeded to lower the “TALL” who was now (given his previous birds-eye view) quite familiar with what was required of him and his transition to the sub was executed flawlessly.

And so now the only requirement left to complete our tasking was to safely transport Mr. Bulbous himself to the Ojibwa. However, before I continue, I think it's important to explain two other assets that help simplify the communications between the pilot and the hoist operator during a personnel transfer operation which is the use of a communications device called a “sound suppressor cup”, which alleviates/masks a considerable amount of the engine noise, and a switch on the intercom panel called “hot mike” that once selected enables the hoist operator to communicate with the remainder of the crew on the intercom system (ICS) without the requirement of depressing a mike switch. (Hands Free) It also means that anything transmitted while another communication system is being utilized IE: VHF and/or UHF etc will be

received by all those on that same radio frequency. Sounds rather technical and perhaps unimportant with respect to this particular story. However, as you will soon realize, these two communications enhancements play a critical role during this final hoisting scenario.

By now you may have surmised that our final reporter was the one with the extremely large girth, and for those of you that are not familiar with the standard ships Mae West (life-jacket), suffice it to say that the securing harness does indeed have maximum limitations. You guess it, my short bulbous reporter exceeded those limitations, and therefore, could not be properly secured. Oh and did I mention that he was now having considerable deliberations as to whether he wanted to be lowered to the sub?

So the fun begins! The horse collar is on him, and reluctantly, out through the cargo door he goes to descend the thirty or so feet to the deck of the Ojibwa, and the anxiously awaiting arms of her crew. It's also at this point that the difficulty with the life jacket harness becomes apparent to the sub commander who proceeds to enlighten us that this is the second time in the last two weeks that someone has been inappropriately attired while being lowered to his sub. Of course, his comments are being transmitted while we are all on the previously mentioned hot mike configuration, and therefore any transmissions that may emanate from the Sea King can also be heard by him which in this particular case was considerable laughter on my part. As you can well imagine, this did not go over well, or at least not until I had the opportunity to enlighten him as to what was so funny.

Unfortunately, the Commander was unable to see the two members of his ships company attempting to assist our soon to be infamous CBC reporter through the forward hatch of his conning tower. There they were, exerting all their efforts, shoulder to shoulder on the buttocks of Mr. CBC but unable to get him to fit through the hatch. Rather reminiscent of the square plug in a round hole scenario! Needless to say, once I had stopped laughing, and had the opportunity to ask the Commander to look at what was taking place below, he soon understood the levity of the situation.

It's my understanding that once on board, via this traumatic experience, and through a much larger hatch in the upper conning tower, Mr. CBC was escorted to the executive officers cabin where he spent the remainder of his time awaiting the sub's arrival at a scheduled port visit (several days later) in Bridgetown Barbados. It has been contended that because of his size he was unable to manoeuvre throughout the sub.

So much for the taxpayers money spent on his contribution to the production of this documentary!

From the Editor:

Hello there: Hopefully this issue will bring back fond memories of those remarkable years, for you. If it doesn't, then the buck stops here - with me! We will be using many photos. Why? A picture says a thousand words.

I must remind you that the years are passing quickly and our 'Delta' list is getting longer all the time. The Foundation still needs you. You must help us look for new members to support the Museum and keep your memories alive. It would be great if you could convince your family and friends to get involved. What a perfect birthday, anniversary or Christmas gift for you if they would join us in keeping your heritage alive and kicking. Not just for one year, but for good. \$40 per year - around 10 cents a day.

Have you a Wall Tile on our Wall of Honour? No? What a wonderful way to be remembered. (See our pull out section.) No, you don't have to be dead to get a tile on the Wall. Now is the time to do so.

We have been making strides getting funds together for a new hangar; but it is slow. Yes, you know what's coming - we need you. There are several other ways you can help us; either immediately or in your Will when you leave us for good. There is our 50/50 draw. In August, our new 500 Club took off quite well - but we must keep it going. Read more about these later in this edition. These are open to everyone military and civilian.

There you have it guys, the bottom line is - there will be no new building without you. Keep involved and help where you can - dig deep please.

Before I go, I'd like to wish you and yours a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. Kay

Don't forget to renew your membership - it's that time again.



A SALTY DIP

by Joe Carver

What is a Salty Dip? For those readers who might be strangers to Canadian naval slang, the term "Salty Dip" is jargon for the relating or describing of a usually humorous, sardonic or ironic event or incident, which has occurred involving naval personnel either on board a ship or within a barracks or some other naval environment. I have heard it argued that the term "Salty Dip" is incorrect and should actually be "Salty Dit" -- short for "Salty Ditty". Regardless, any "Dip" or "Ditty" you read or hear invariably occurred several years ago or perhaps not at all because -- as they say -- nothing is lost in translation.

Readers, interested in the following discourse, will probably be "matelots" (sailors) or people who are or were service or military oriented. Therefore, early clarification of the legality, the correctness and the classification of the tale or tales being heard, are of utmost importance. For example, is the story being heard a "Salty Dip" or a "Fairy Tale"? The introductory statement should immediately inform the recipient of that important detail. For a matelot the difference between the two was instantly discernable, because we all knew that a "Fairy Tale" began "Once upon a time..." While a "Salty Dip" always started with, "This is no shit..."

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

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

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

early in our Naval Air careers. I believe we are all - or should be - mature enough to admit that we enjoyed each other, the laughter, the absurdities and the "bullshit".

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

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

During the 2010 Centennial celebrations of the Royal Canadian Navy praiseworthy historic events were recalled and commemorated, but, what of the events that could possibly be overlooked? I ask this because perhaps the principal and most important development period which could be overlooked is the 20 year era of Canadian Naval Aviation. I say "could be overlooked" because regretfully "Naval Air" and the role we played, while significant -- or at least we thought it significant -- at the time, was one which a very large percentage of the Canadian populace, plus a majority of our present Canadian Armed Forces personnel is totally unaware! Canada no longer has anything that might claim to be, or even resemble, naval aviation. Therefore, if you served in the Royal Canadian Naval Air Branch between December 1945 and September 1966, be proud! We were and will always remain a vital piece of Canadian Naval history. You lived - you experienced - you still and you will forever represent that period of Canada's naval history which disappeared in 1966 -- more than 49 years ago!

Certain portions of this narrative contain "Naval Jargon". For those not familiar with Canadian naval life and for a better comprehension or understanding of that life with its idiosyncratic surroundings, a brief explanation or description of our habits, our expressions and practices, is probably required. Hopefully you will not find these details too boring, verbose, prosaic or confusing. However, this brief digression plus a few embellishments is necessary to either describe or explain the situation, the time of the event, plus the class distinctions which loomed large and impacted upon us daily.

A FEW DEFINITIONS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

One was “Adrift” if he was late for anything.

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

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

There were proper methods or protocols for addressing or approaching a senior person. If one wished to speak with a person senior to themselves one prefaced any opening statement with the person’s rank. Chief Petty Officers were addressed as “Chief”, Petty Officers as “PO”, and Officers were “Sir”. The only exceptions to this were if one spoke to the Master at Arms or the Coxswain. While they usually carried and wore the rank or insignia of a Chief Petty Officer, if one had occasion to speak to either, they were addressed as “Master” or “Cox’n” respectively. If someone erred and called either of them “Chief”, it was not unusual to hear: “Did I hear you address me as Chief? Good Christ! You’ll probably be saying Bollocks to the Commander next.”

Regardless that a Gunner’s Mate would turn the air blue with his descriptions of you and your actions when handing you a

“blast”, it was considered impolite or tactless to use certain four letter Anglo-Saxon expressions in front of, or to, a person of higher rank - especially if speaking to or while addressing an officer.

A BRIEF HISTORY

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

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

In late 1945 or very early ‘46 the Royal Canadian Air Force (R.C.A.F.) base in Eastern Passage N.S. was closed and officially became the Royal Canadian Naval Air Station (R.C.N.A.S.) Dartmouth. Sometime in 1947 R.C.N.A.S. Dartmouth was commissioned as H.M.C.S. Shearwater and became the home of Canadian Naval Aviation. From May through September 1946, the ship’s company of R.C.N.A.S. Dartmouth numbered perhaps 300 officers and men. Leading Seamen and below lived in one of several two storied buildings referred to as “Blocks”. The configuration or shape of a “Block” was like a large or capital letter “H”. Each “wing” of the “H” served as sleeping quarters or dormitories. Located in the centre or cross section on each level of the “H” were the “heads” (toilets), showers and wash places. In 1946 each dormitory of “62 Block” billeted 20 men in bunk beds. Later as Naval Air grew (1947 – ‘49) more “Blocks” were opened and the “dormitory” numbers were reduced to 10 men per dormitory – in single beds - and later still (1950) these dormitories were divided into cabins with two men per cabin.

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

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

In the military environment of 1946 life was easy because it was completely controlled. Just for the moment try to recall your Naval Air life in R.C.N.A.S. Dartmouth when we were 17

and 18 years old. Young servicemen - and in 1946 we were young - did not have to think. A person under 20 years of age was referred to as "UA" (Under Age). Being UA and an Ordinary Seaman the young serviceman was told when to wake up; when to sleep; what to wear; when and what to eat; what he may or may not do in any given circumstance; when he might go ashore; when his leave expired and at what time he was expected back aboard. He did not and was not expected to think for himself. It was not unusual to be told or hear, "Don't think! Wrap up! (Shut up) Just do as you're told!"

If one was classed as "UA" - as we all were - one was not allowed into the "Wet" canteen where beer was available. However, there were many ways around that. Also, while one was "UA", or had less than a year's seniority, shore leave expired at midnight.

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

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

A "Defaulter" was paraded before the Commander who, depending on the severity of the charge, deliberated and passed judgement. His judgement was the type and amount of punishment the "Defaulter" must fulfill. Certain violations had laid down or standard amounts of punishment. For example, a person would be awarded 3 days "stoppage of leave and pay" for every hour they were "adrift". This punishment was referred to as "3 days scale".

At 08:30 every morning the Requestmen or Defaulters would "Fall In" (line up) outside the Commander's office, on either side of the hall - Requestmen on one side and Defaulters on the other - facing each other. When a name was called by the Master at Arms or the Regulating Petty Officer on duty, one replied loudly; "Sir!" and took one pace forward; turned either right or left and doubled (ran) into the office; halting and coming to attention in front of the Commander's table between all assembled officers or any others who might be involved.

The principle difference between a "Requestman" and a "Defaulter" was that as a Requestman - after "doubling" into

the Commander's Office - one was ordered: "Salute!" following which one stood - at attention - while the "request" was read aloud to the Commander. When and if asked, one could explain the reason for or any circumstances surrounding the request. The atmosphere, while formal and strict, was not unpleasant. Any logical or reasonable request was not usually denied.

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

During the investigation portion of "Defaulters" any statement or comment resembling a question was usually rhetorical in nature. Therefore a reply was not expected. If the "Defaulter" attempted to speak without permission he was loudly and sharply ordered by the Master at Arms to: "Keep Silent!" If a request or violation was beyond the Commander's sphere of authority the Requestman - or the Defaulter - was referred to the Captain. A person could be a Commander's Requestman or Defaulter any day of the week. Captain's Requestmen and Defaulters however, were held just once a week - on Thursdays.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

While I remember and dedicate these reminiscences to all, there are a few who particularly stand out. I especially remember "Red" – who dove off the Dartmouth Ferry on a \$2 bet; and "Ernie" – who went to jail because of the Ferry incident. Or "Blackie" – who bailed us out of the Dartmouth jail after the Ferry incident. Then there was "Moose" – who loudly called out and told the waitress as she walked away, in the "Green Latrine" (Lantern) restaurant to make sure there were plenty of "shit-bags" in his "shit bag soup" (Clam Chowder). I remember "Norman Edward", who would drink a bottle of vodka before he became brave enough to see the dentist, and cried at every funeral. Or "Arthur H." who gave the Cuban policeman 50 cents for his horse and then rode the horse into the bar in Quantanamo City, Cuba.

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

Messmates, though many of you are gone, none are really forgotten. The Naval Air we knew may have - like the old

soldiers in that Barrack Room ballad – just faded away. *However, as long as the happy times live in your memory, as they do in mine, our Naval Air will never die.*

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

If you can not recall these things, there is perhaps another place to visit which could refresh your memory. Take a few minutes and quietly walk through Shearwater's Museum. You might remember it as two buildings -- the RC Chapel and the old gym. It is three buildings. As you walk through, study the displays. Closely peruse the photographs. View the different aircraft. Look at the various Squadrons or Ships' crests. Recognize and acknowledge that what you are re-visiting was your life! Read the names on the wall tiles. Reach out. Touch and run your hands over those wall tiles as you read the names. Do you recall the faces? Memories will crowd and flood your brain while you remember your past. Images will flow through your mind. You may as I did, feel a few tears of remembrance. You will think of the associations. You will recall faces and times gone by. Even though you may "choke" up a little listen closely and I guarantee you'll hear and recognize a friendly voice, softly whispering in your ear.....
"I'm tellin' you, this is no shit....."

A Bit of Whimsy - Billy MacArthur

Last year "Billy" MacArthur joined a bunch of guys in the Delta There are many stories one could tell about Billy - here is one of them.

I joined the Navy in 1951 and was selected to become an Air Armourer, as was Billy. I have long been aware of Billy's fun loving personality.

In 1969, I became a Sea King Detachment Commander from HS50 Squadron, assigned to the DDH FRASER. I was fortunate to have Leading Seaman Billy MacArthur in charge of my Weapons Department.

It was customary for the Captain and XO to conduct rounds of the ship on Thursdays (I think it still is). It seems that everyone who was in charge of anything in the air detachment had some sort of workshop to report " Ready for Rounds, Sir". Billy however, reported from an area in the hangar where the torpedoes were stored.

Enough of this nonsense for Billy. On Thursday, rounds day (unknown to me) Billy had taken matters into his own hands and improvised a workshop.

He had chiselled the outline of a door on the starboard funnel in the hangar. He welded two hinges on the door, then welded a door knob with a simulated key hole in the right place. He then painted the Hatch (Door) a lighter shade of gray and did a very good job of painting ARMAMENT WORKSHOP on the door.

Billy stood rigidly at attention and reported "Armament Workshop Ready for Rounds, Sir." The Captain stood aside so the Executive Officer (XO) could enter the "Workshop". The XO tugged on the door knob quite a few times before he realized what was going on. The Captain grinned. The XO looked humiliated but slowly grasped the humour of it all.

Billy was allowed to report his phantom workshop for the rest of the tour. We all played the game and had many laughs about it

As an aside, the good humoured Commander who was the Captain, later became an Admiral.

Fred J. Hawrysh, Cdr RCN (Ret)

'COOL' WORKING



NOT SEAFOOD AGAIN !!!

Friendly Fire

Leo Pettipas, Winnipeg

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

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

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

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

We in 883 seemed to spend a fair amount of time in Air Liaison with the Army (known as "CBALS" -- Carrier-Borne Air Liaison Section). Not only did we go to Rivers, but we flew quite a number of hops there spotting for the gunners at Shilo (got to be quite good at 'Up 200, Left 100, Shoot'), but we also did a number of ground attacks against old Army vehicles. Indeed, I nearly shot myself down one day when a .303 bullet ricocheted off one I was shooting at with too much vigour and closeness, and lodged itself in one of my radiators, causing it to leak. Nice glycol trail all the way back to Rivers about 40 miles distant where I landed without incident, although I had nearly run out of coolant by the time I got back. Since I was blissfully ignorant of the whole thing, I didn't twitch much, though the rapidly rising coolant temperature and a pretty warm engine were some cause for alarm!"

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



***Lt(P) Rod Bays in the cockpit of his Seafire, about to leave CANAS for Rivers, August 1948. The standing personnel are left to right: LCdr(P) Pop Fotheringham, 883 Sqn CO
Inst LCdr MacLean and Lt(P) Welsh. DND Photo***



Rod's Seafire during a stop-over at RCAF Uplands en route to Rivers, 1948. Jack McNulty photo



883 and 826 Sqn a/c at Rivers. Rod's Seafire is second from right. DND Photo

Bermuda , Here We Come!

By Stan Brygadyr



It was a dark and stormy night but we had to go to Bermuda as an RN "A" Boat was waiting. It was 25 Nov, 1961, Doc Schellinck (VS-880 Ops0) was to lead a 4 plane to Bermuda for a Trainex, and I was his co-pilot and the "Lead Navigator" for the formation. Navigation the 750 nm to BDA was not normally a

problem provided one goes VFR and stays low in order to see the "wind-lanes" on the water surface, and/or can do a "360 wind-finding" to assist in the " Dead-Reckoning" navigation. The Tracker was not equipped with any long-range capability except for a low-freq radio and TACAN which allowed for IFR over-land Airways navigation, and at-sea relative positioning with the Carrier.

The morning ETD was stymied by weather as Shearwater was zero/zero in fog. We waited and waited, and finally the weatherman advised us of a rain-shower approaching the field and we would likely see the fog dissipate somewhat. By now it was mid-afternoon and we faced a flight that would be mostly at night. A 4 plane, VFR flight was out of the question and so we filed IFR flight plans with New York Oceanic Control, stacked 9, 8, 7 and 6 thousand feet in that take-off order so we could depart with the minimum time and spacing between each other. Now came the challenge. The weatherman had briefed us on a Frontal System between Nova Scotia and Bermuda, the exact location though could not be determined (no satellites in those days!). We were also advised to expect severe thunderstorms and changing winds en-route. The track to Bermuda is virtually due-south and I initially biased our heading to the West (a west wind was predicted at the start). By 4 hours airborne we should have been able to receive the Bermuda low-freq beacon. unfortunately, we were in an area of severe thunderstorms and the ADF needle spun aimlessly: we couldn't even tune-in the beacon and we were still too far out for the TACAN. All of a sudden our windscreen lit-up like it was on fire. My apprehension level was already rising rapidly and this first-ever (for me) encounter with St Elmo's Fire caused me to shout to the crew "They don't pay me enough for this crap!!" Doc Shellinck and Sr Naval Air crewman, Joe Saunders, tried to male some levity of the situation which helped me calm-down a bit, but only a bit!

Jim Pilgrim was the Jr Air crewman onboard but he stayed awfully quiet, for good reason no doubt. If the senior crew of the Squadron was temporarily uncertain of their position, a contribution from him was not likely to change things! We motored-on trying to keep all four aircraft in close proximity using UHF bearings and trying desperately to figure out where we were, or where Bermuda was from us! 4.5 hours airborne we really, really should have been able to get the Bermuda beacon and /or TACAN, but

neither could be received. Doc Schellinck then urged a course of action, up to me though, the Navigator! Fortunately, I had done a but of navigational research long before our departure and thus had taken along a CONSOLAN chart for the Carolina Beach Station. That facility provided me with a low-freq aural signal, unaffected by the thunderstorms, which by counting the "beep/pulses" gave me a reasonable position of geographical latitude. I thus knew we were still a bit North of Bermuda. As I had biased our heading to the west, my best guess was to turn easterly and so I advised Doc to turn 60 degrees left (to ESE). In about 20 minutes we locked on to the Bermuda TACAN at about 90 miles, almost on the nose! What a relief: however, the drama was not over as about 10 minutes later the low fuel warning lights illuminated (30-40 minutes on dry tanks?). With heightened anxiety the next 20 minutes or so seems to drag forever. But all 4 aircraft made it no doubt with not much but fumes in the fuel tanks. That 5.5 hour flight was my longest in a Tracker, and that was before the installation of long-range tanks. Memories are made of this!



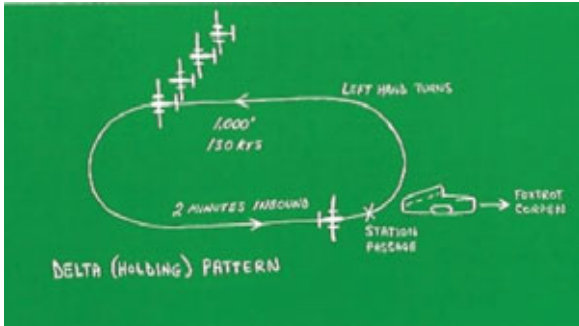
Remembering Pop Fotheringham's thoughts on UNIFICATION

Canadian Naval Aviation and its VX 10 Squadron, initiated and perfected the operation of ASW helicopters from escort ships. Subsequently it developed the ability to track a submerged nuclear submarine from the air.

It is difficult to imagine either of these developments emanating from a group of naval ships or from the Royal Canadian Air Force. I have no recollection of VX 10 ever receiving so much as a Bravo Zulu from any Canadian source.

Finally, the whole of Canadian Naval Aviation was discarded in order to facilitate unification. Amen.

May we be allowed to grieve the loss of a component of our service responsible for a major aspect of our present capability?



IN THE DELTA

Adam, Glenys (James)
Ayer, Bud
Brenton, Harry
Calver, Ulva (Bill)
Cann, Charlie
Hamilton, Ian
Heaton, Doriene (Cyril)
Hill, Lorraine
Lilley, Don
Manning, Tom
McCormick, R 'Skip'
McLaughlin, Irwin 'Bash'
Moody, Harold
Northrup, Brian
O'Donnell, Paddy Gen.
Orrell, Donald
Patterson, Rev. John
Reesor, Frank
Skiffington, Bill
Stephenson, John 'Steve'
Stone, James 'Jim'
Tate, Dave
Taylor, James Edward 'Jim'
Theriault, Denis
Verran, Harry
Whalley, A

AND WE THOUGHT THAT WE'D BE FOREVER YOUNG

And we thought that we'd be forever young,
 As those that shared our friendship forged while crossing
 over the "Round Down",
 With nothing but steady hands and a protruding "Tail
 Hook" to get us safe aboard.
 We were proud young Naval Airmen, destined to
 become eternal shipmates,
 And share our dreams of professionalism as we ruled the
 anti-submarine-warfare world.

We shared the hiss of Sea Kings, with their big sonar
 balls a dipping,
 And the ribbing they took as sun-downers while the
 Trackers still met the call.
 We watched in awe as their "Sting" advanced into a
 stand alone force on DDH's ever so small,
 And continue too revel over their development of a Haul-
 down System that is now world renown!

We were immortal young Naval Air comrades,
 With that undaunted, exuberant fortitude, to overcome
 the tribulations of our tasks,
 And reminisce daily about those wonderful adventures,
 that the boundaries of time will never surpass,
 Surviving black-assed night wave-offs, broken bridals,
 launches through waves, ditching at sea,
 And horrific hurricanes, all of which only served to make
 our bondage even stronger!

This comradeship engraved in moments of hardship,
 Has provided us with the courage, wisdom, and enduring
 friendship, that will forever last,
 So, let's crank up those tired old engines, rejuvenate the
 past,
 And until we join our comrades in the "DELTA",
 Let's live our lives with that same steadfast enthusiasm
 that so long ago made us, "Forever Young"!

Paul Baiden

FUND RAISING NOTICE

50 / 50 DRAW (*Open to everyone*)

Book of 6 tickets - \$10 The next 50/50 draw will take place in May or June 2016. More info to come on this.

We will fill out tickets for you and add them to the drum. Call toll free

1-888-497-7779 or locally 902-461-0062.

500 Club (*Open to everyone*)

Tickets are \$100 each. There are still many draws to be held. Call to get your tickets - toll free 1-888-497-7779 or locally 902-461-0062.

(For info - the next 500 Club draws will begin in June 2016.)

DRAW DATES

SEPTEMBER

9TH	OPENING DRAW	\$ 2,000.00
9TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
16TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
23RD	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
30TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
30TH	MONTHLY DRAW	\$ 500.00

OCTOBER

7TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
14TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
21ST	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
28TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
30TH	MONTHLY DRAW	\$ 500.00

NOVEMBER

4TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
11TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
18TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
25TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
30TH	MONTHLY DRAW	\$ 500.00

DECEMBER

2ND	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
9TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
9TH	VOLUNTEER	
	CHRISTMAS PARTY	\$ 3,000.00
16TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
23RD	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
23RD	MONTHLY DRAW	\$ 500.00

JANUARY

6TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
13TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
20TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
27TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
27TH	MONTHLY DRAW	\$ 500.00

FEBRUARY

3RD	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
10TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00

10TH	MONTHLY DRAW	\$ 500.00
17TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00

17TH	VALENTINES DRAW TRIP MEXICO	
	FAMILY OF FOUR	\$ 5,000.00
24TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00

MARCH

2ND	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
9TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
17TH	ST. PATRICKS DAY	\$ 2,000.00
23RD	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
30TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
30TH	MONTHLY DRAW	\$ 500.00

APRIL

6TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
13TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
20TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
27TH	WEEKLY DRAW	\$ 200.00
27TH	MONTHLY DRAW	\$ 500.00

MAY

4TH	FINAL DRAW	\$ 2,600.00
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TOTAL \$ 25,000.00

See our website under "NEWS" for Winners etc.

www.samfoundation.ca

Get your tickets now - and remember, even if you win, your ticket(s) go back in for the rest of the draws.



Patti Collacutt-Gemmell, SAMF FR Chair, presenting Peter Seaward (our first winner) with his \$2000 cheque.

*Canadian Naval Aviation
1945 - 50th Anniversary - 1995
Secure Flying Stations*

*There was a time ,for many years
When Naval Air was King
We'd fly & fight, we did things right
We were tops at everything
With those who sailed and ran our ships
We formed an awesome team
Compared to all the others we were the Creme de la Creme*

*With Furies, Horses, Trackers ; Seakings and Banshees too
We ruled the mighty oceans, we were champions tried and true
We had Warrior, Bonnie, Maggie to take us far and wide
We flew our banner "Naval Air" with confidence and pride*

*We were the "Can Do" Warriors
We never failed a test
And when the score was tallied up
We always were the best*

*No submarine could hide from us
Our flyboys were the tops
We'd hunt them down and flush them out,
We were the Ocean's Cops*

*In the world of sports, the Flyers teams provided many thrills,
With White and Shatford , Walker, Hayes and certainly Moose Mills
There were so many others, I could really write a book, but like the few
I've mentioned here, they all had what it took*

*Since 1967, when integration took it's toll
Naval Air has disappeared, we no longer call the roll
So join me as I lift a tot and toast with one small tear,
To when the days were long and the legs were strong,
And we were Naval Air.*

C H Nelson



CPO Ret'd-1949-1979

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Merry Christmas

From the
Shearwater Aviation
Museum Foundation