

WARRIOR

Winter 2019



*Merry
Christmas*

A Thank You To Kay

Fellow CNAGers,

By now I hope you will have taken the opportunity to read John Cody's recent letter regarding Kay, and if not, I would ask that you do, and as you do, please consider how each and everyone of us can help too accomplish her fundraising initiatives and the continued production of the Warrior. Kay in her usual painstaking dedication to detail, has made it her personal goal to ensure that no prop has been left on turned prior to relinquishing the "HELM" as the editor of the Warrior.

Kay's enthusiastic support of the aims of SAMF has been a "MAINSTAY" of the organization for countless years. Always proud of her connection to Naval Aviation, she was unremitting in her roles as the volunteer Secretary of the Foundations Board of Directors and editor of the "Warrior" magazine. In fact it can be said that she was instrumental in expanding it from a newsletter to a full blown glossy magazine that is published three times a year. In 2010, during the "Canadian Naval Centennial" an edition of the "Warrior", dedicated to "Canadian Naval Aviation", was rated as the top museum magazine of the year!

The fact that Kay continued her passionate dedication to these extremely demanding tasks while suffering the daily trauma of her recent illness is truly commendable! Hopefully, those of you that have had an opportunity to know this "Naval Air Warrior's", extensive list of initiatives and accomplishments, will join me in raising a glass to say "THANK YOU KAY". Thank you for all you have done over so many years!

I'm certain I'm not alone when I say, Kay is indeed one of the finest individuals we have ever had the pleasure to work with, and I for one feel that "BZ", is the minimum we can say!

Yours in Naval Air,

Paul Baiden

National Chairman

Canadian Naval Air Group



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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 paragraphs etc. Graphics are best submitted electronically; they should be 300 dpi and a .tif file. A jpg file at 300 dpi is acceptable if no compression is used.

We will attempt to use any pictures, whatever the format.

NOTE WELL:

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

Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation
or
SAM Foundation
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STATION FORCES
HALIFAX, NS B3K 5X5

Deadlines for receiving submissions are:

Spring 1 March
Summer 15 June
Winter 15 October

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Front Cover Photo.



MCpl Scott Galbraith has served for 13 years in the RCAF. He works in 12 Wing Shearwater as an Avionics Systems Technician on the CH-148 Cyclone. He will be deploying aboard the HMCS Fredericton in support of OP REASSURANCE. His wife Amy is an Occupational Therapist who works as a Care Coordinator for the Department of Community Services in Halifax. Their son Oscar is one year old, and loves spending time with his family.

Any opinions expressed herein are deemed to be those of the author(s) and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation, its members, the Shearwater Aviation Museum and/or 12 Wing Shearwater.



A wise nation preserves its monuments, 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

A TRIBUTE TO KAY COLLACUT

On the last weekend in August, our dear friend, den mother and loyal shipmate, Kay Collacutt fell ill and had to be hospitalised. Kay has served Shearwater and SAM for a combined 69 years of service. She has now been in Dartmouth General Hospital for over a month, and while she remains quite ill, it is safe to say that we are all amazed she is *still* doing as much as she can for her beloved Warrior magazine from her hospital bed. When not catching 40 winks, she is still thinking about “her” Warrior, passing thoughts to her daughters Patti and Karen, who carry them out. So this issue is a truly combined effort largely done at the Dartmouth General under Kay’s watchful eye. We know you all wish her well and we thank you for the blessing of being you. Your cards and notes mean very much to her, so you are all encouraged to send along those very welcome few words to cheer her up. She remembers every one of us like we were her own kids.

Kay served as an Admin Assistant at VU 32, VX 10, and the BAMEO Branch for many years. For the last 26 years she has worked at our fine museum as the SAMF Office Manager. Oh how she loved taking your calls, reading your letters, and every now and then giving you one of her fearful tongue lashings for being slightly adrift with your dues. All done with a wink and a smile mind you. She has been there to see the move in to the old Canex building, the addition of the second hangar and the atrium, which joins the entire complex including the old RC Church into one very large display, gift shop, sports hall of fame and workshop areas. And she misses it dearly I can tell you.

A SAMF Board meeting was held as soon as we learned Kay was ill, to discuss her situation and indeed our own. The background, which you may not be aware of, is important to understand what has gone on here. Three years ago DND curtailed monetary support to all its museums.

Hopefully, this necessary support will improve over time. The Navy's Museums at Stadacona and Esquimalt are also in this boat, as is every other museum in the CF system. At last count, there were 70 some odd Military Museums across the country. They range from small Regimental museums in many armoured communities, to the biggest Army and Air Force museums. We are keenly aware of this history, as is our curator Christine Hines, who always keeps this as a top of mind issue in all she does.

OUR FUTURE

By careful husbanding of our resources, and carefully watching every management decision, we have so far managed to miss the damage that could have been caused. Last year for instance, the Board voted to supply some modest funding to assist SAM in the completion of some of the work that their Engineer and his band of merry men were doing on our aircraft collection, with exhibit displays and librarian services. This year it became painfully obvious to us that we had to start hunkering down financially until we knew which way the winds of change would finally blow in the future. No matter how distasteful the decision was, in April we had to shut down funding this SAM staff support in order to preserve our dwindling financial resources. Not a popular move but a necessary one.

Due to all this manoeuvring going on in the background, the SAMF \$2 Million fundraising drive, which was started a few years ago to allow SAM to house its growing collection, was grinding to a painful halt. Although nobody's fault in particular, it just happened.

DETAILED PLANNING

Take heart dear readers, for as soon as we heard about Kay's health situation, it was obvious that we should immediately start a rejuvenated funding drive to honour her many years of hard work done on our behalf. This effort had to be started soon, for as long as she remains with us she is heartened each day by hearing updated figures from her daughters Karen and Patti. Karen introduced herself to all of us in the last Warrior edition, and she is proving to be every inch her mother's child, as is Patti I might add. Karen knows when and how far to push, is not afraid of challenges, gets right in the middle of everything to lend a hand wherever it is needed. She is a joy to have on staff and her enthusiasm is infectious.

This decision to rejuvenate our major fundraising efforts was made on the 25th of August. It took a few days to gather ourselves and then we put out the notification to all our members. Have you ever responded colleagues! As we sit today, with many of you still to hear from, we have gathered over \$37,000 dollars for our campaign, and it continues to mount daily. And preliminary figures from our annual dinner-auction indicate we can add another \$7100 to that. We thank you from the bottom of our hearts for your generous support.

There remains much work to be done. A question from a colleague now living in the Vancouver area asked us if \$100 dollars per member would do the trick, or were we thinking of more perhaps? He was trying to frame his communications to west coast members along the lines of how much did we expect? The answer I have been mulling over ever since we kicked off this campaign would be this:

Each and every one of us has a budget in the back of our minds, and monthly reminders from our banks reminding us how much legal tender we still own. Every contribution we receive will continue to be very gratefully accepted and placed in our special account for the day we can start the renewal of our physical plant. \$2 million is a lot of money, so clearly we must follow up with a campaign to visit local businesses, large corporations from coast to coast and in the USA. So the bottom line is that anything that you can afford will be gratefully accepted, and added to our growing donation balance. Suitable recognition will be on view at SAM once our job is complete in addition to the personal notes of thanks we are sending along.

THE MECHANICS OF RAISING \$2 MILLION

We have discussed with a professional fundraiser the specifics of major capital campaigns. He showed us how to set it up, with tailoring for our audience and the businesses that support our world-wide helicopter operations out of 12 Wing. We have engineering drawings in place, which clearly show our proposed additions. SAM had these drawn up a few years ago, and an upgraded cost analysis was done on them in the last 18 months. And, these plans are very flexible. If we cannot afford to do them all at once, we can start with any of the three additions we have engineered that are doable with the money we have at that time.

So it may be the case that we can get the additions underway prior to gathering the entire \$2 million together. Our most pressing need is to properly house the 2 Sea Kings we have shoehorned into the building. One is exactly as it came off the assembly line 56 years ago, and the other is an upgraded model that went to the Gulf War. It and its five others carried considerable additional kit, which impresses all who visit, and served us well over the many international skirmishes it has been involved with.

The new addition added to the side of the current “new” hangar, will house these two large helicopters and possibly the HO4S Horse, freeing up space for additional exhibits as time goes along. We know that our financial figures for these modifications are correct, and this is exactly what the fundraiser told us we needed to do when we start our campaign. He was impressed with the quality of the paperwork work done to date. We’re good to go and he has agreed to assist us as we see the need in future.


A relatively little known fact about SAM is that it also has one of the finest reference libraries for things military and general aviation through the years. For anyone who is searching for information either for your term papers, general interest or even for your final thesis on the topic of Aviation from this site, going all the way back 101 years to US Naval Air Station Halifax days. It was in August 1918 when then LT (USN) Richard E. Bird, later to become the famed Antarctic explorer, came to Halifax to set up military flying operations at the request of the Canadian Government. A certain amount of the money to be raised will go to assist in modernizing the library and its holdings.

RCAF AT SHEARWATER

Of special note in this edition of the Warrior is an extremely interesting article written by our SAM Historian, Colonel (Retired) Ernie Cable. Shearwater has actually been run by 7 different entities over its 101 years of service. This article shows how involved the RCAF was during the war years, well before there was an RCN Air Branch. It provides a fascinating glimpse into the life at Shearwater way back when it became an operational and strategically important airfield, manned by the RCAF. And what a job they did while they occupied these spaces. You think it’s tough to haul 1 HELAIRDET out the door on a Monday morning. Try what these guys did!

Hope you enjoy the rest of this edition and please do let us know if you would like to become involved with our endeavours. But even more importantly, bring the kids in for a look and see what Mom or Dad is up to these days.

Yours aye,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "John M. Cody". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

John M. Cody
President
SAM Foundation



From the Curator's Desk

By Christine Hines

The summer of 2019 was our first summer in many years without a rather large anniversary or commemorative event in some years, so a “normal busy” pace was much appreciated, if an unusual experience. I’m not sure if our readers will be aware that 443 MH Squadron commemorated their Squadron 75th Anniversary in June 2019. While we missed being part of the celebration, the SAM contributed some artifacts to help create some displays in 443 Squadron’s new facilities in Patricia Bay, Arundel Castle. Sgt Greg Forsyth, 443 MH Squadron’s staff historian, has some great ideas for exhibits, so I hope we can partner on those projects in future. We definitely can use a more robust collection of artifacts representing 443 Squadron’s history, so if you have any memorabilia to share representing 443 MH Squadron, I’d love to hear from you!

As we’ve transitioned into fall, having fewer drop-in visitors, we’ve been able to turn our attention to streamlining our library to a large extent. Recent years have brought in significant donations of books for our library collection, which has necessitated the construction of shelves to accommodate the size of the collection. While Duncan has been busy cutting material in the woodshop for that project, I’ve been researching quotes for a compact mobile shelving to hold our

large collection of photographic prints. We’ve been slowly digitizing our photographs as able, and Lisa has been inventorying the collection and ensuring all images are stored and catalogued properly. The sheer volume has exceeded what we can hold with the furniture we have, mostly recycled filing cabinets, so to look at compact mobile storage systems for upgrading our storage facilities is a must. The new system will allow proper storage conditions and improve our ease of access to the collection. We also hope in future to acquire bar-code based cataloguing software for the library collection and are looking at methods to allow researchers to access our archives database online. The ability to have our collections online is a major milestone, and I hope to be able to give you an update on our progress with this massive project in the next issue of the “Warrior”.

Another project we’re undertaking this year is to improve our educational offerings and the way we communicate our programs with local educators. I hope to create a booklet for distribution, outlining our programs, and are working on creating a special event at SAM just for teachers, whereby they can try out our Theory of Flight program for themselves, as well as test-drive our interactive displays, take a formal tour, or explore on their own. While we have great visitation from elementary schools in the area, we can certainly improve our offerings to appeal to higher grade levels, and look forward to reaching out to all of our local school boards in the near future.

We’ll definitely be busy this fall and winter, looking ahead to HMCS Bonaventure’s 50th anniversary of her decommissioning in 2020, and planning our exhibits for next season, but if you’re around, please drop in to see our progress. We’d love to see you!

~Christine

It Takes a Village...

by Christine Hines

The Shearwater Aviation Museum is currently recruiting volunteers to look after a range of projects. We, like all museums, rely on volunteerism to help us reach our audiences, improve our exhibits, and help us with the promotion of the museum in various ways. All time contributed is of great value, and while some volunteers hold a regular shift, that's not a hard-and-fast requirement, as we have lots of special/on-call opportunities available also.

Of particular need at present are Anglophone and Francophone volunteers able to help with front-of-house activities such as duty tour guides, reception desk and shop clerks. Our word-of-mouth advertising and customer service staff are critical to the success of our museum, as these are the main point of contact and interaction between the museum and our visitors? If you're a people-person, let's chat about available opportunities!

A desperately understaffed area of volunteers is the collection unit: artifact collections management projects are desperately needed. The success of any museum exhibit program is based on collecting appropriate objects that tell your story. We need to continue to document our collection: cataloguing, research, and preparing condition reports are all clerical jobs we'd like to have completed, but also have a variety of hands-on tasks, such as creating custom exhibit mounts and storage containers, available for volunteers. We also have ongoing work in the library and archives, working with our photo collection, digitizing our photographic prints and flying log books, and helping us reorganizing the library once our new shelving units are completed and installed.

Aircraft restoration work is also needed, as work continues on our Fairey Firefly and Beech 18 to ensure they are exhibit-ready. Don't be shy to ask about opportunities in the workshop; aviation technical experience is considered an asset.

If you are interested in any of these volunteer opportunities, or any other area of interest, please call Christine Hines, SAM Curator, for details. 902-720-1083 or email at curator@shearwateraviationmuseum.ns.ca. Why not bring a friend?





Karen Collacutt-McHarg Office Administrator

The past 8 months have been a real eye opener for me; I never really understood what my mother did every day except that she loved it. I knew she worked on the Warrior every day at the office or at home and was always on the phone. As I settled into her role while she was in hospital, I found myself answering phone calls, processing the mail, doing fundraising and working on the warrior with her and my sister Patti. Anyone that thinks she was just another pretty face in the office, like I did, is sadly mistaken. This woman seems to know everyone across Canada, the US and Europe that are a part of the military family. Mom was on the phone daily recruiting new members, or in contact with the 650 of you for the foundation. When not taking care of the office admin she was, and still is working on the Warrior. Every day, I take her letters and cards from members all over the world wishing her well and a speedy recovery. She has been a driving force and an inspiration to me and many others. Our membership is starting to grow again. With everyone's help we will keep the Warrior and all your memories alive, and the foundation going for many years. The Warrior is getting a fresh new look combining now and then stories along with our history. If you are a veteran or a serving member, we welcome your stories and photos. As in Kay Fashion, I am going to remind everyone to send in their dues for next year 2020, and keep your stories and photos coming for the Warrior.



Update on our fundraising efforts; We just completed our 19th Annual Dinner Auction, Oct 5th 2019 and it was a huge success. Thank you to the Eastern Passage Lions Club for a great dinner, our auctioneer Bob Powers and our DJ Matthew DeSerres. Everyone had a great night and we raised \$ 7100 for our foundation. We look forward to next year's auction in October2020.



Our 500 club will be starting up again Jan 1st 2020, call the office you can get in on the action by phone or by email or mail.

We are doing a 50/50 draw just before Christmas to be drawn on Dec 2nd 2019,

902-461-0062 or Email samf@samfoundation.ca



From the Editors Desk!

Hi there! Another year has gone by and I would just like to get this out of the way. Yes, I am here in the VGH (Victoria General Hospital) and although I am old, I am not gone yet. I am still around. Thank you very much to all of those who took the time to write those beautiful letters, they sure helped me to get through this and your donations are out of this world. And that doesn't mean that you can stop sending them, because if you don't I might come back! Haha

Many thanks to my two daughters Karen and Patti for stepping in and doing the job for me, I think that's great. But please note, it took two of them to fill my shoes. ☺

I'm really glad they love the museum and Naval Air. I have ingrained this in their heads throughout the years. With the size of this family we can continue on for many years to come and Naval Air will never be forgotten. This is what we need to do, all of us, to ensure that the future of the Foundation and the Museum continue to grow. Please don't forget to send stories along for the next issue.

I've loved every day I worked at Shearwater all 69 years and hope there will still be more to come. Not only that I

loved all the guys there too, you know who you are.

So there you have it, just keep on as you are doing, and keep on helping the Foundation and the Museum. If you are not a member, or not paid your membership, then damn it all, get on it and join. Love you all.

I'll see you soon...

Kay

PS Naval Air there was no life like it!

From Patti:

So I sit in my mom's apartment, and I pull her computer chair up to the computer. I take a deep breath and try and fill her shoes. What was I thinking? I have to reiterate what my sister Karen stated, we are not mom, and OMG I have no business trying to do this Warrior. Cue the tears, they started flowing like crazy and I thought, "I can't screw this up, she is going to edit it all and kick my ass." I take a deep breath and I start going through the many letters that people have written her since she has been in hospital. I have to tell you, they gave me great inspiration and I will do my best along with Karen, and of course mom to keep this Warrior going. Working with her for the past 15 years, I had no idea. She is far beyond me but I will learn as much as I can from her and make her proud. Karen and I have a ton to learn. Please keep those stories and donations coming, we cannot do this without you. Stay safe and have a wonderful Christmas Season.





THE H&R MFRC PRESENTS THE COMMUNITY FALL FAIR



On September 14th 2019 The H&R MFRC had its fall fair Featuring The STADACONA BAND JAZZ QUINTET, dozens of community partners and vendors, prizes giveaways and much more.



ALL AGES FLOOR HOCKEY AT THE YOUTH CENTRE

LIVE CHALK ART BY: CHALK MASTER DAVE

HIKING, NORDIC POLES

YOGA & ULTIMATE FRISBEE

REFRESHMENTS BY:

THE CAKE LADY

THE GECKO BUS

FRANKIES EXPRESSO BAR AND MORE.....

HALIFAX REGION MILITARY FAMILY RESOURCES CENTRE

Fireflies and Avengers

A follow-up as told by Leo Pettipas

First, some historical background -- the RCN's first (four) Avengers arrived at Shearwater on 18 May 1950, and thereafter they were delivered at a rate of eight or nine a week. By the end of October of that year, all 75 of a first batch had arrived (a second and final intake of 25 came on strength in 1952). The first-ever unit to receive the type, 826 Squadron, had retired its Firefly Mk Is and had replaced them with a full suite of twelve Avengers by the end of October 1950. Meanwhile, 825 Squadron soldiered on with its Firefly Mk Vs. Thus, as of May 1950, Avengers and Fireflies were contemporaries at Shearwater. This remained the case until November of 1951, when the former 825 Squadron, now re-numbered 880, had finally re-equipped with Avengers as well. But it's correct to say that over the course of a year or so, the Navy "flew its Fireflies with Avengers" in the sense

that they were all stable-mates (albeit in different squadrons) based at Shearwater. To illustrate, attached is a photo of 825 Squadron Firefly Mk Vs parked on the after-deck of Magnificent as she departs Gothenborg, Sweden on 6 October 1950 during the European Diplomatic Cruise. During that same month, sister squadron 826 was completing its re-equipment with Avengers back at Shearwater. A year later, 825 Squadron, now re-numbered 880, would be following suit. Only 826 Squadron actually did so at that time, as I've noted above. It would probably be more correct to say, that "by December 1951, the RCN's entire front-line aerial anti-submarine force was fully equipped with Avengers."

Best wishes Leo



A day on board HMCS Edmonton!
By Roddy Mackenzie

Thursday 03 Oct 2019 was special. Thursday, I was at sea aboard HER MAJESTY'S CANADIAN SHIP EDMONTON. We were celebrating the 100th Anniversary of the Naval Officers Ass'n of BC, of which I'm an Associate Member.

Our leader aboard ship Thursday was Brian Cook. He's our Naval Officers Ass'n Immediate Past President, like me a Vancouver lawyer, and a former Commanding Officer of HMCS EDMONTON. Attached is a photo of Brian and me with Brooke Campbell presenting WWII RCN hero and my good friend Peter Lynch with his Life Membership. That event was one of the happiest days in Peter's life. Just a few months later, both Brooke and Peter died, so the attached photo of the five of us is a treasure.

Our hosts Thursday were the Ship's Company of HMCS EDMONTON headed by Commanding Officer Anthony Lefresne and Executive Officer Schmidt. They were wonderful. I particularly enjoyed the considerable time I spent with RCN Naval Warfare Officer Sub Lt. Christopher McFarlane of London, Ontario.

HMCS EDMONTON is the first Royal Canadian Navy ship of that name. She's a Kingston-class Maritime Coastal Defense Vessel, of which the RCN has a dozen. Although they primarily patrol Canada's coastlines, Brian Cook has taken HMCS EDMONTON to Hawaii to participate in RIMPAC, the world's largest international maritime warfare exercise. She was accompanied by her sister ships HMCS NANAIMO and HMCS SASKATOON.

In addition, HMCS EDMONTON has been north to the Arctic Ocean, and as far south as Panama in three deployments in Canada's Operation Carribe to fight illicit drug trafficking by organized crime in the Caribbean Sea and eastern Pacific Ocean. On 06 Dec 2018 HMCS EDMONTON broke her own record by disrupting 758 kg of cocaine from a smuggling vessel.

HMCS EDMONTON's Ship's Company Thursday was 42. Our cruise included lunch, a running commentary over loudspeakers, freedom to explore wherever we wished, a gun show and tell, and interesting maneuvers. For me, the best maneuver was the "hockey stop". Just like in ice hockey, it's Full Speed Ahead, then a sudden sharp turn to stop. HMCS EDMONTON is incredibly maneuverable.

Sadly the Royal Canadian Air Force did not dispatch fighter jets to dive bomb us Thursday. The RCAF did however years ago send fighter jets to do that. When it happened, I as Group Scouter with my Scouts Canada Beavers, Wolf Cubs, Scouts and leaders -- 98 of us in all -- were at sea aboard Canadian Frigate HMCS REGINA. The performance of RCAF fighter jets attacking HMCS REGINA was a day those youngsters and we leaders will never forget.

Another highlight to Thursday was Bob McIlwaine and I got to take turns steering HMCS EDMONTON. It's not nearly as easy as it sounds. My good news is neither of us ran her aground, nor collided with anything. Pretty impressive, eh?



A DAY ON BOARD HMCS EDMONTON.

ON OCTOBER 3, 2019, HMCS EDMONTON CELEBRATED THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE NAVAL ASSOCIATION OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.



PBY 5A Canso At Dartmouth And Overseas

Ernie Cable

Shearwater Aviation Museum Historian

Part 1



PBY-5A Canso

The PBY flying boat was designed and built by the Consolidated Aircraft Corporation in San Diego, CA., which established itself in the early 1930s as a supplier of naval patrol flying boats. The “PBY” designation followed the U.S. Navy practice of using a combination of letters and numerals, rather than names, to specify aircraft types and their manufacturers; for the PBY, the “PB” stood for Patrol Bomber and “Y” was assigned to aircraft built by Consolidated Aircraft. However, when the British became interested in the Consolidated PBY flying boat the Royal Air Force (RAF) followed the British tradition of naming aircraft and called the PBY a “Catalina”, after the small resort island off the coast of California. The Catalina name was universally adopted by more than 20 countries that flew various versions of the PBY Catalina, including its original operator, the U.S. Navy. The Catalina was admired for its reliability, versatility and ability to absorb tremendous punishment and earned everlasting respect and affection of the men who flew it during the Second World War. Overall, 3,431 Catalinas were built in the United States and Canada during the Second World War, culminating in more Catalinas being built than any other flying boat. Although the ubiquitous Catalinas performed yeoman service in the Atlantic, Pacific and Far East theatres during the Second World War, their sterling contribution over distant seas was often overshadowed in the public’s eye by wartime events closer to home.

When Canada first ordered Catalinas in 1939, the RCAF decided to allocate a uniquely Canadian coastal name and chose “Canso”; named after the Strait of Canso, the stretch of water that separates mainland Nova Scotia from Cape Breton Island. The names Catalina and Canso have caused confusion over the years. Some incorrectly believe that the Canso was a Catalina with an undercarriage. In fact, any Catalina ordered on a Canadian contract and flown by the RCAF was a Canso; the amphibious version with an undercarriage was a Canso A. The RCAF operated 244 Cansos and Canso A’s and 30 Catalinas including those loaned from the RAF.

These aircraft were based in the Atlantic Provinces and British Columbia and were the unheralded wartime guardians of our nation’s Atlantic and Pacific approaches.

During the Battle of the Atlantic the Catalina’s and Canso’s tremendous range and endurance allowed them to patrol vast ocean expanses to protect allied convoys, carrying war materials and food supplies to Europe, from attacks by marauding German U-boats. Although slow and vulnerable to enemy fighters, the Catalina earned its place in history by locating enemy capital ships and invasion fleets; these critical sightings were instrumental in turning the tide in

favour of the allies during major naval campaigns in the Second World War. In May 1941, a RAF Catalina located the German battleship, *Bismarck*, which had eluded its British pursuers in mid-Atlantic; *Bismarck*'s reported position enabled the Royal Navy to re-engage and sink one of Germany's most powerful warships and gave a disheartened British nation a much-needed boost in morale. In April 1942, while deployed to Ceylon (now Sri Lanka) a RCAF 413 Squadron Catalina flown by Squadron Leader Birchall reported the Japanese fleet approaching Ceylon before being shot down by Japanese fighters; the sighting warned the island's defences and resulted in the survival of the Royal Navy's Eastern Fleet in the Indian Ocean and the Japanese failure to capture the strategic island of Ceylon. Prime Minister Churchill later dubbed Birchall, who survived the remainder of the war in a series of Japanese prisoner of war camps, the "Saviour of Ceylon". In June 1942, a U.S. Navy PBY Catalina spotted a Japanese carrier force approaching to attack the strategic American base on Midway Island in the Pacific; the advanced warning enabled the U.S. Navy Pacific fleet to cripple the Japanese fleet by sinking four of their aircraft carriers and signalled the turning point in the war in the Pacific.

The Catalina

In October 1933, Consolidated received an order from the U.S. Navy to build an experimental patrol aircraft, which the Navy designated XP3Y-1. In October 1935, the prototype XP3Y-1 embarked on a spectacular pair of test flights during U.S. Navy service trials. The first flew from the naval seaplane station at Norfolk, VA to the U.S. Naval Air Station at Coco Solo, Panama, non-stop; and then as an encore from Coco Solo to San Francisco Bay, CA, again non-stop. The XP3Y-1, having flown a distance of 3,281.4 statute miles, established an impressive new international distance record for seaplanes. Its extended range and improved load carrying led the U.S. Navy to request further development to qualify the experimental XP3Y-1 as a patrol bomber.

Impressed by the obvious potential of the XP3Y-1, the U.S. Navy ordered four batches of incrementally improved versions known as the PBY-1, PBY-2, PBY-3 and PBY-4, totalling 209 flying boats. The PBY-4 incorporated new port and starboard waist "Perspex blisters" which became the trademark of all subsequent PBYs. The blisters enclosed the waist gunners' positions and afforded a panoramic view of the sea on overwater patrols. Each blister housed a .50 calibre machine-gun; one .30 calibre machine-gun was mounted in the nose turret and another was mounted in the ventral tunnel facing aft to defend against enemy aircraft attacking from the rear and below.

In April 1939, a PBY-4 flying boat was converted to an amphibian by installing a retractable tricycle undercarriage. The two main wheels retracted into wells on each side of the fuselage while the nose wheel retracted into a well in the forward hull that was automatically enclosed by doors when the nose wheel was raised. The new amphibian was designated PBY-5A with the "A" indicating the amphibian version.

Although the PBY-5A amphibian proved more versatile, there was a continuing demand for flying boats; therefore, the PBY-4 design was upgraded with the same features as the PBY-5A, but minus the undercarriage, and was designated PBY-5. Consolidated continued to build PBY-5s in parallel with the PBY-5As, both of which featured two up-rated 1,050 horsepower engines and provisions for extra self-sealing fuel tanks. Contracts placed in 1941 and 1942 called for 586 PBY-5 flying boats and a further 627 PBY-5A amphibians. Also, a further 225 PBY-5B flying boats, the American designation for PBY-5s destined for the RAF, were ordered under the American-British lend-lease program.

Aircrews were uniformly positive about the flying qualities of the PBY-5 and PBY-5A. With the increase in horsepower and refinements in the hull design, the handling characteristics were noticeably improved over earlier versions. A successful take-off involved in getting the aircraft up on the step built into the hull (to break the water surface tension) by adjusting the trim according to the aircraft's centre of gravity then simply flying the aircraft out of the water. The accepted landing technique was a power-on approach with a flat glide landing, then holding the aircraft up

on the step and “flying” as close as possible to the mooring buoy before allowing the aircraft to settle on its hull. Taxiing into wind was easy as long as the sea did not wash over the windshield, obscuring vision and drenching the pilots. However, taxiing in a strong cross wind was another matter; the technique was to frequently toggle full throttle one engine while keeping a high power setting on the other. To secure the aircraft to a mooring buoy a crewmember in the bow would snag the buoy with a boat hook then quickly tie a line and “snub” the buoy as close to the aircraft as possible.

British Catalinas

The British Air Ministry purchased a single Consolidated PBV-1 flying boat for evaluation in 1938.

After its trans-Atlantic flight, the aircraft was allocated to the Marine Aircraft Experimental Establishment at Felixstowe, Suffolk in July 1939. The outbreak of the Second World War terminated the trials early, but with little doubt of the excellence of the design a first batch of 50 aircraft was ordered under the designation “Catalina Mark I”. Initial deliveries of the RAF’s Catalinas began in early 1941 and subsequently equipped nine Coastal Command squadrons, including the RCAF’s 413 and 422 Squadrons, as well as 12 RAF squadrons serving overseas. In total, the RAF received 701 flying boats and 12 amphibians.



RCAF 413 Sqn Catalina Serving In Coastal Command

The RAF Catalinas were ferried from the Consolidated factory in San Diego to the UK via Elizabeth City, North Carolina and Bermuda, then a long 20-hour trans-Atlantic flight to Greenock or Prestwick on the west coast of Scotland. The RAF Catalinas were initially painted a disruptive brown and green camouflage pattern on the upper surfaces and sky (light green) underneath; the brown on the upper surfaces was replaced with sea grey in 1942. Later in 1942, a radical change was made when all the under surfaces, hull sides and vertical tail were painted matt-white to make the aircraft less visible when viewed against overcast skies that were common over the Atlantic. The upper surfaces of the wing and horizontal tail retained their grey and green camouflage colours so that the aircraft blended with the sea when viewed from aircraft above.

Canadian Catalinas and Cansos

A large number Catalina and Canso flying boats, and Canso Amphibians were built in Canada and deliveries were divided between the RCAF and the U.S. Navy. Under an agreement between the U.S. and Canadian governments in 1941, Canadian Vickers of Montreal (now Bombardier) and Boeing Aircraft of Canada in Vancouver began production of the PBV-5A. Canadian Vickers delivered their first PBV-5A on 3 April 1943 and by the time production ceased in May 1945, 369 aircraft had been produced. Of these 139 went to the RCAF and 230 to the United States Army Air Force (U.S.A.A.F.) for search and rescue.

Boeing built 240 Catalina flying boats designated PB2B-1 and PB2B-2 entirely for lend-lease, most were delivered to Britain as Catalina IVs and 41 to New Zealand. Boeing also produced 17 Canso flying boats and 55 Canso PBV-5As for the RCAF. The Canadian built aircraft were powered by two up-rated 1,200 horsepower Pratt & Whitney R-1830 radial engines and carried a crew of nine. Armament consisted of one moveable Vickers “K” machine gun in the nose turret, twin Vickers machine guns on double-yoked mountings in each waist blister and a further Vickers machine gun mounted in the ventral tunnel firing aft to defend against stern attacks from below.

Two external weapon racks for bombs, depth charges, mines and torpedoes were fitted under each wing.

As the Royal Navy, the RAF and their Commonwealth allies began to achieve greater success in countering German U-boats in the Eastern Atlantic in the Spring of 1941, the U-boats concentrated their attacks on convoys in the western Atlantic, west of 35° West longitude. Since the beginning of the Battle of the Atlantic, the RCAF had been lobbying the RAF and the Americans for a share of the Catalina patrol bombers coming off the American production lines, which had sufficient range to counter the expected U-boat threat off Canadian harbours and to escort convoys in the western Atlantic. But, since the U-boat had yet to present a serious threat in the western Atlantic the RAF and the Americans had higher priorities for the Catalinas and the RCAF had to make due with their shorter range Supermarine Stranraers, Douglas Digbys and Lockheed Hudsons.

On 20 May 1941, convoy HX 126 sailing from Halifax was heavily attacked 680 miles (1,130 km) east of Newfoundland. The RCAF pressed again for immediate delivery of Catalinas; the plea was strengthened by the fact that a number of these aircraft were lying idle in the United States and Bermuda waiting to be ferried across the Atlantic. The next day bearings on a German radio transmission placed a U-boat at 55°N 50°W, on the fringe range of No. 10 Bomber Reconnaissance (BR) Squadron Digbys based in Gander, Newfoundland. The RCAF made the point that Catalinas with an effective range of 600 miles (1,000 km) could have made a thorough search of the area. On 24 May, the Air Ministry informed RCAF authorities in London that nine Catalinas on order for the RAF were being diverted from Bermuda to the RCAF's Eastern Air Command headquartered in Halifax. The aircraft were being lent subject to replacement from the first delivery of Catalinas from the RCAF's own orders.

Also, on 24 May the RCAF's need for a longer-range coastal patrol aircraft was underscored when the German battleship *Bismarck* and cruiser *Prinz Eugen* broke contact with shadowing Royal Navy cruisers in the Denmark Strait west of Iceland. No. 10 (BR)'s Douglas Digbys searched for the *Prinz Eugen*, which had split away from *Bismarck* by continuing south and posing a threat to convoys in the western Atlantic, but well beyond the range of the Digbys based in Newfoundland.

The nine loaned Catalinas were promptly delivered to 5 (BR) at RCAF Station Dartmouth in June 1941. Having already sent personnel to Bermuda for training on the Catalinas, 5 (BR) crews were well advanced in converting to the Catalinas by the end of the month. However, the squadron was considerably shaken by orders to transfer its most experienced personnel and all Catalinas to 116 (BR), a new squadron forming at RCAF Station Dartmouth. The loaned Catalinas took-off and landed from their moorings on the water at Eastern Passage. (RCAF Station Dartmouth is on the shore of Eastern Passage, the eastern channel into Halifax harbour). Servicing, including refueling and arming, was conducted from barges that were towed along side the Catalinas at their moorings. For servicing and repairs that could not be performed at their moorings, maintenance crews, wearing hip-waders, bolted beaching gear to the hull and towed the aircraft up the concrete ramp onto the seaplane apron in front of "Y" hangar. By the end of July, 116 (BR) had dispatched a detachment of four Catalinas to the seaplane station at Botwood, Newfoundland where it carried out the important task of escorting UK bound convoys through the Strait of Belle Isle. In the meantime, 5 (BR) reactivated its Stranraer biplane flying boats at Dartmouth.



Loaned RAF Catalina At RCAF Dartmouth – Y Hangar

Canso Aircraft Arrive

In October 1941, 5 (BR) was the first RCAF squadron to receive the first PBY-5 Canso flying boats from Canadian orders in the United States. The Canso greatly extended the range and endurance beyond the venerable Stranraer on convoy escort and anti-submarine patrols. By December 1941, small numbers of Canso A aircraft, were becoming available off both American and Canadian production lines and by the end of February 1942 thirteen Canso A's were on 5 (BR) strength. The Canso A's operated from the Dartmouth airfield and conducted anti-submarine and convoy escort patrols south of Nova Scotia, particularly for trans-Atlantic convoys on the "Triangle Runs" between New York, Halifax and Sydney, NS. The squadron also deployed detachments to the seaplane station at Gaspé, QC to escort convoys in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and to Sydney to escort trans-Atlantic convoys south of Cape Breton and Newfoundland.

In the summer of 1942, Canso A's were fitted with the British ASV Mark II radar with two sets of telltale yagi antennae; the first set, consisting of four transmitter di-poles and a yagi receiver antenna was mounted on each side of the fuselage aft of the cockpit while the second set of yagi antennae was suspended on mid-wing struts under each wing. The Mark II radar could detect surface vessels out to 36 miles and six miles against a surfaced U-boat. The RCAF anticipated performance gains similar to Coastal Command where radar had produced a 20 percent increase in daytime attacks on U-boats. However, because of sea clutter the Mark II radar suffered from a one-mile blind radius around the aircraft, making nocturnal blind attacks all but impossible.



Yagi Radar Antennae Mounted On Wing (Foreground) And Fuselage

Part 2 of this article, which describes the Canso's outstanding anti-submarine success overseas, will be published in the next edition of the WARRIOR.

Editor

There are several stories of the “Gut Bucket 5” and I have found two renditions that I have decided to reprint for your enjoyment. If anyone has any updates or other stories of this group(s) we would love to hear from you. Pictures are encouraged as well.

MUSICAL LEGENDS

(by Tom Pollard)

Musical legends come in all shapes, sizes and colours as everyone knows. They make their mark on the musical world by impressing their audiences with their talent, verve and stage presence. A few examples of such talented performers are Louis Armstrong, Mick Jagger, Celine Dion and of course the legendary Gut Bucket Five (Plus Two). Wait just a darn minute you say. Who or what the heck is the Gut bucket Five (Plus Two)? Be patient, the whole point of this little story is to answer that question.

The origins of this fabulous group are truly lost in the mists of time but a popular legend has them first performing at a ships concert in the hangar of BONAVENTURE in 1961. Whatever the truth of the matter is, from that day forward their name resounded (noisily) throughout the music world.

In the beginning, the group consisted of a rum and beer soaked box which pretended to be a bass fiddle, a piano, a trumpet, a clarinet and a collection of oversized peanut tins which served as drums, plus approximately four warm bodies committed to doing strange

things with the equipment. Their first performance was received by the assembled ships company with constraint and resignation; after all, there was nowhere else to go when your venue is a ship in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. Since they only knew one tune at that time, they played it twice just to add insult to injury.

In spite of the underwhelming reception at their debut they decided to persist in perfecting their peculiar form of musical abuse, and over the next couple of years grew into a group of seven equally salacious, incompetent no-talent guys, the players changing frequently as various drummers and gut bucketeers were hauled away in funny white jackets. By the time they had reached this stage of maturity, or what passed as maturity for this weird bunch, the instrument collection had expanded to include a trombone, a banjo and a genuine antique gut bucket, as well as real drums and a cymbal.

With the advent of a full complement of instruments and “musicians’ and a minimal amount of talent, they proceeded to play to a variety of audiences up and down the East Coast of North America and the Caribbean. Audience reaction to their music was mixed, ranging from horror to simple disgust; however the fan club membership never wavered, with all seven members remaining steadfast.

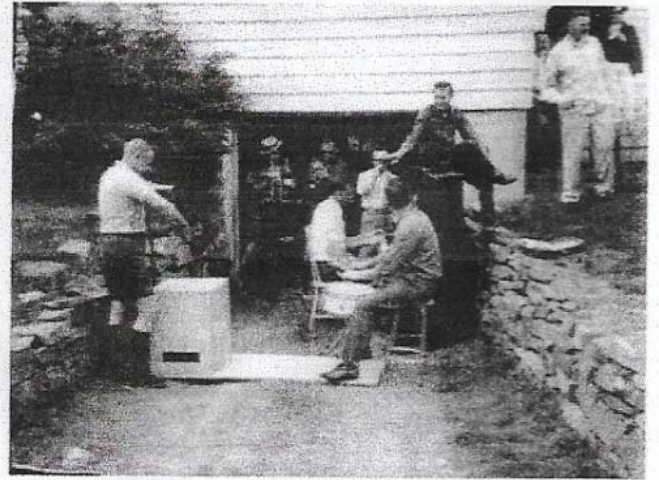
Rumor suggests that a performance in Quebec City may have helped spawn the separatist movement in Quebec. When the group was asked to play Allouette (not in the repertoire) and substituted several choruses of Chinatown instead, the audience reaction was less than enthusiastic. In fact, you might say it was a bit hostile. Nevertheless, we did manage to escape the lynch mob and repair on board the Bonaventure with our instruments, if not our dignity intact.

After several years of continuing success on the road, the group was forced to break-up due to the "exigencies" of the service, which was a nice way of saying "you guys have tormented the world long enough, so we are going to post you all out". Nothing daunted, we decided not to go without a fight and leaving something to posterior, oops! I mean posterity, we made a record. It was an outstanding success with everyone in the group buying several so they could send them to their least favourite friends and relatives to get even.

In due course, the postings took effect and the group slipped quietly into obscurity never to entertain their faithful fans again. However, the memory lives on.

Authors note:

To all those out there that can't stand the thought of never hearing this fabulous group, the author still has a tape of the final performance. Copies can be had for an absolutely exorbitant price. Well, after all, they are collector's items. (Summer 2000)



Gut Bucket 5 - Jam Session!

GETTING THERE BY EARLE CALE

When first you wake so stiff and sore

And groggy in the head,

It takes a slight persuasion

To tumble out of bed.

A coffee first, to quench your thirst

And stimulate your genes

Then, thankful for another day,

You go about your means.

The History of THE GUT BUCKET FIVE Oct 1958 – June 1959

In October of 1958 Bonaventure departed Halifax on a "Mediterranean Cruise" with VS 881, HS 50 and the HU 21 "Pedro" Detachment embarked.

One evening during the eastern transit Don Neilly, Art Williams and I were talking about music in general, when Don started to tell us about an alleged musical instrument called a "Gut Bucket." It was used to replace a double bass by "Skiffle" groups that were popular in Britain at that time. The Gut Bucket was not a complicated machine to build; it needed only a galvanized wash tub, some cat-gut 'G' strings (double bass length) a wooden broom handle, a bit of mechanical effort to fit them together and, voila, you had an improvised double bass. By evening's end we agreed that if Don could build a Gut Bucket, we should form a small group to make a little music for our own amusement and entertainment. It would be an HS50 trio of piano, trombone and gut bucket. Hardly your standard jazz ensemble but who knows, it might work.

On 16 Oct some of HS50's helicopters required compass swings and were flown ashore to the USAF base at Lajes in the Azores. Don managed to get to the PX and buy one galvanized wash tub and 3 "bass G strings." That evening, with the help of some of HS 50's ground crew, he created the "Neilly wash tub bass." It was probably the following evening that we adjourned to the wardroom anteroom to play.¹ After some considerable discussion about what and how we were going to play I blew the first two bars of a familiar jazz standard, Art played the echo, Don thumped the gut bucket and "Basin Street Blues" became the first number the group played.

We had barely started to play when we were joined by two more HS50 pilots; Dan Munro arrived with a ukulele and John Hewer with a set of "brushes." A brass "spitkit" made a reasonable drum and the "**HS50 Gutbucket Five**" was in business. We continued to play once or twice a week for the remainder of the cruise and enjoyed the occasional and most welcome addition of Bob Laidler on clarinet and Jim Murwin on trumpet.

I have a very vivid memory of an evening performance in Portsmouth, which was Bonaventure's last stop on the cruise. We had been playing for a while in the anteroom and as we finished a piece I had the distinct impression that Art Williams was levitating from his seat at the piano. I heard someone say, "I'll play for a while now," then saw that Art was being helped from his chair by two very large hands belonging to a rather impressive individual with three gold stripes on his sleeves. That was my introduction to the legendary Hal "Fatty" Fearon. I don't think Art managed to reclaim his seat that night.

By mid-January 1959 HS 50 was headed south with Bonaventure. During that month at home Don managed to borrow a real double bass from the Shearwater Bandmaster; the "gutbucket" was no more but we still kept our name. HS 50 was not remaining with the carrier for the entire trip; we would be disembarking in Bermuda to let one of the Banshee squadrons get some sea time. By 1 February HS-50 was established at the USN's Naval Operating Base (NOB) in Bermuda.

NOB, home to a P5M seaplane squadron, was not a large establishment. HS 50s pilots were housed in the facility's Bachelor Officer Quarters (BOQ) and it was readily apparent that there were very few single officers living at the NOB. When we visited the Officers' Club that first evening the O Club manager seemed to be overjoyed to learn that he would have regular customers for the next five weeks.

It was probably the second night that we asked to use the O Club piano to make a little music; since there were few, if any, patrons to be bothered, there was no problem. As the evening was ending the Club manager asked us if we would be willing to play at the Club on Saturday night. He thought that if he could advertise a special Saturday night event with live music that he might attract a few more patrons to the O club. We said O.K. He advertised, we played and the place was packed. I guess it turned out reasonably well. HS 50 was at the NOB until 7 March; the Gutbucket Five played at the O Club every Saturday night, the place was packed every Saturday night, the Club made more money than it normally made in a year and everyone seemed to have a good time.

The club manager was so appreciative of our efforts that he ordered what he thought we would consider a real culinary delight flown in from the UK. He was somewhat disappointed when he realized that regardless of "how special" that box of kippers was, we were not about to eat them. I have very fond memories of those five weeks in Bermuda when the Gutbucket Five was the house band at the NOB Officer Club. HS 50 rejoined Bonaventure off Bermuda on 7 March, 1959 and arrived at Shearwater on 19 April.

By early May we were at sea and heading south again. During our time at sea the GB5 continued to play fairly regularly but again, the final port on the last cruise produced another memorable moment. That last port was New York. It was a pleasantly warm evening so the obligatory cocktail party for Canadian ex-pats and local dignitaries was held on Bonaventure's quarterdeck. We were talking to some of the guests when a group of sailors appeared on the quarterdeck; they were carrying a piano. We thought that there must be some talented guest at the party who was going to perform. About 10 seconds later BV's Executive Officer proclaimed, in a very loud and commanding voice, "My band will play." Don and I must have been the first GB5 people he saw because he immediately informed us that we were his band and that he expected to hear music on his quarterdeck without any appreciable delay; actually, I think that his tone might have been slightly more imperative than that.

This must be the most extreme case of "carrying coals to Newcastle" that has ever been recorded. This is New York, New York "The Big Apple"; home of the Metropolitan Opera, with more symphony orchestras than exist in our entire country, the centre of jazz on the east coast and the toughest audience on the entire continent. And the Gut Bucket Five plus Bob Laidler and Jim Murwin is about to perform. We must have had either very big egos or have been as fearless as the "Light Brigade."

We played; there were no boos or catcalls and the applause and comments seemed to be quite genuine. After the party most of the members of the "Gut Bucket Five" spent the rest of the evening at Eddie Condon's Club listening to the real musicians play.

And that is the story of HS 50's Gut Bucket Five. During our eight month existence we played at sea, we played in England, we were the house band at NOB Bermuda, survived a performance in the Big Apple and had a great time doing it. Moreover we went out at the "top of our game"; all told not a bad effort. We played only once in our home port; that was for an HS 50 social evening for the wives and significant others that was held where it all started in BV's second anteroom.

J.E.McSweeney

The Jubilee get-together (Chuck O'Neill)

**It was two weekdays in September,
when a bunch of brothers made the scene.
Not the first time you'll remember,
and these meets are not routine.**

**We meet to chew the fat, and talk of other times
of days few others understand; and of visiting
other climes.**

**A band of brothers most savant;
We all did jobs that most men can't.**

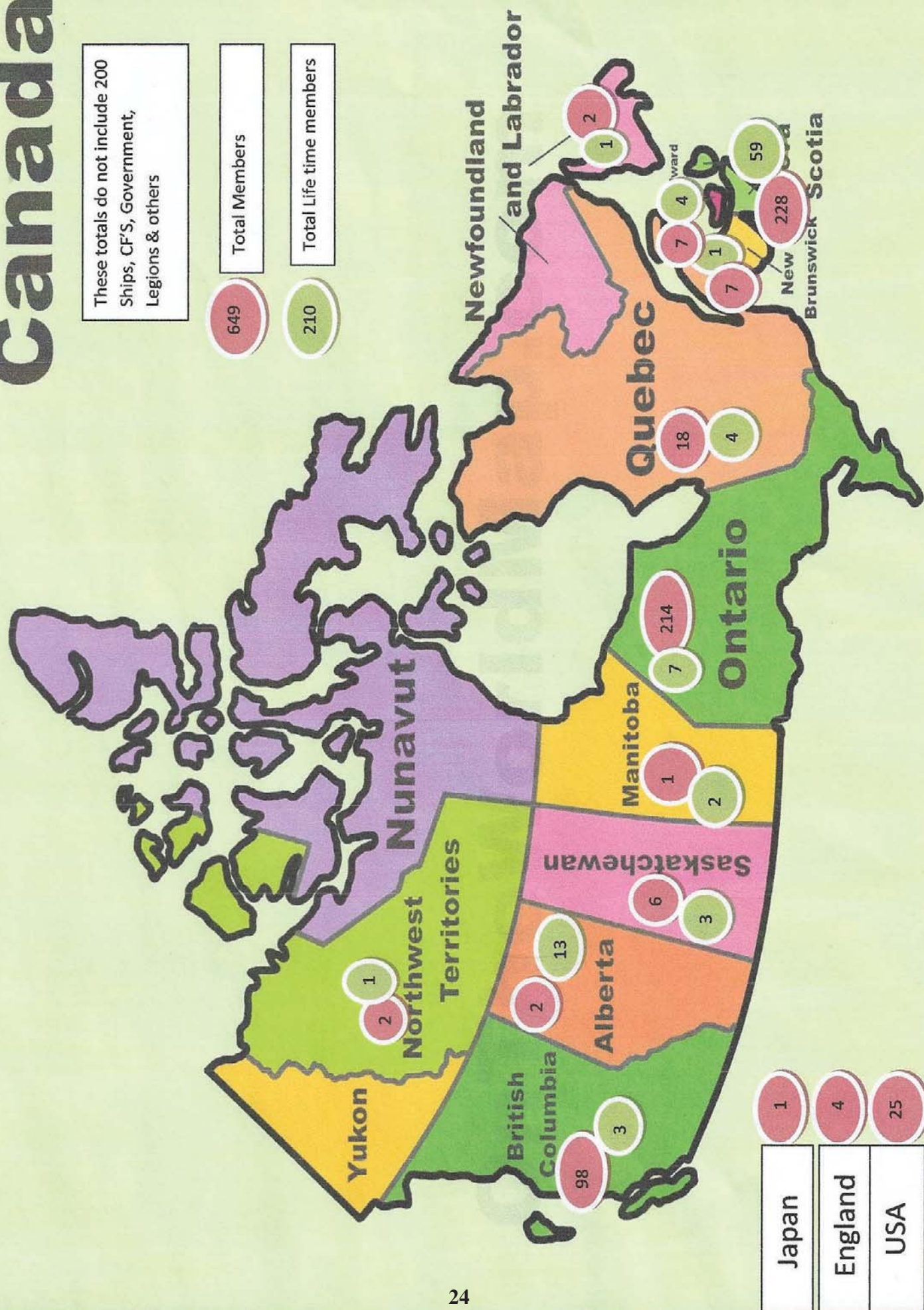
**Our ranks thin out as we grow old,
but our enthusiasm is never cold.
We'll meet until we all expire,
and always we'll maintain our fire.**

**We'll still keep meeting now and then,
when pouring rum we don't say "when."
And if not rum, it will be beer
let's pray we'll all there next year.**



Canada

These totals do not include 200 Ships, CF'S, Government, Legions & others



Japan	1
England	4
USA	25

THANK YOU FOR YOUR CONTINUED SUPPORT!

Pictured below is our office Administrator Karen Collacutt – McHarg and Jane and Dwight Peart.

This summer the Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation, received a generous donation of \$10,000 from Mr. and Mrs Dwight Peart.(Dave Tate's Daughter Jane). Jane, Dwight and family have donated generously over the years. This years donation was in support of Kay and the Foundation. A mere thank you is not enough for the generous donation and support they have given to us over the years. Dave Tate, as you know, was a Canadian Naval Aviator.



Dearest Kay, or better known as “Mum” to several generations of naval aviators who survived and prospered because of your tutelage.

I was certainly one of them. I think our first formal encounter was when I arrived in VU-32 in December 1962 after completing my four year operational tour in 880. You were the squadron secretary and we were together as I worked my way through utility flying and into instructing in the ATF. Over time I sent you several articles for the Warrior about that era of the Station. I featured our XO Tex McNab in a trilogy which you may recall where I related the cases of “detective Inspector McNab” that included the famous “Toilet Paper Caper” and “The Wayward Whaler”. There was one incident that defines your wisdom that I have never related until now. I was once assigned the duty of Squadron Pay Officer (to be avoided if at all possible” and went through the preliminaries of going to the Bank of Montreal and counting out the required cash to pay our personnel. I then sealed it in an envelope and placed it in the bank's vault. On payday I, accompanied by a burly sailor sporting white webbing and an empty holster, went to the bank obtained the envelope and again counted the cash before returning to the Squadron to begin pay parade. The ritual began as each squadron member attended called out his name and announced the money he expected me to deliver to him. Things went smoothly and when all who appeared had been paid I retired to the Instructor's Lounge to count the funds that hadn't been claimed, added that figure to the amount that had been distributed to balance the books. Alas, I discovered I had \$10 more cash than I should have. After three attempts at reconciliation I was still up 10 bucks. What to do? I went to visit Kay in the staff office and asked her to make an announcement that somebody had been underpaid \$10 and the individual should report to the Instructor's Lounge to pick it up. She said hang on sir, that would be a very bad idea, everybody will be at your door. How about I just say that an error was made during pay parade and anybody suspecting that their pay was incorrect should go to

the Instructor's Lounge and speak with the pay officer. She made the announcement and a few minutes later a nervous young tech told me he thought he had been underpaid by \$10. I handed him the 10 and that ended the incident. Thank you Kay. Another contribution that you made which must be acknowledged is your dedication to the Shearwater MQ community. I was a member of the council as well as being president of the Shearwater & District minor hockey association and the Shearwater Bluefins swim club. You were always there in support. Typing out the weekly practice schedule for all our minor hockey players or in the gym office typing up the swim meet results on those gestetner (sp) sheets. You always had the time for the community. You have been my friend and contact with the museum for nearly 60 years. What a ride it has been. Finally here is a story that has never been published but speaks to the people you have mentored and loved since the very beginning. You will remember these “dear hearts” Glen (Sid) Potter and Dick Davis, I'm sure. BV is in Portsmouth. I returned to the ship after attending the lord Mayor's cocktail party and encountered Sid & Dick on the brow in civvies preparing to go ashore. They said they were going to London and invited me along. Within minutes I had changed, gathered a few things into a bag, told the SDO I was taking y 48 and met them on the jetty just as a taxi arrived. WE piled in, Sid in front to assist the driver while Dick and I shared the rear. The driver asked our destination and Sid replied Portsmouth train station, the driver asked why and Sid said we were going to London. Driver said not by train you aren't, last one left 10 minutes ago. Dick then took charge ordering the driver to proceed to London forthwith. Driver responded that he would have to check with his office and started for the taxi garage. As he dismounted Dick inquired about the availability of liquid refreshment in the office. The driver said yes but it was expensive. Dick said that cost was of no consequence just get us a bottle of Scotch. Driver said that would be 20 pounds cash now. Funds were produced and the driver departed. A few minutes later he returned, handed over the bottle and said he was cleared to take us

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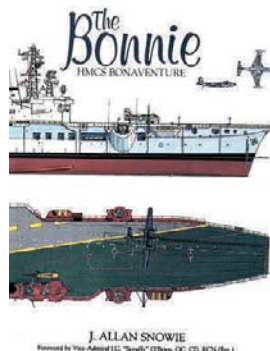
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WALL OF HONOUR

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:

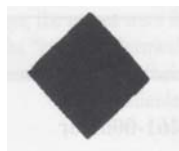
- Option A:** One half tile 12" X 12" x 17" and triangular in shape with up to 5 rows of 3/4" letters for a maximum of 60 letters and spaces. The longest row can accommodate up to 20 letters and spaces. The remaining 4 rows will decrease in length as the border/edge of the tile dictates. It should be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



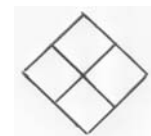
\$300

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

(Wall Tiles (continued))

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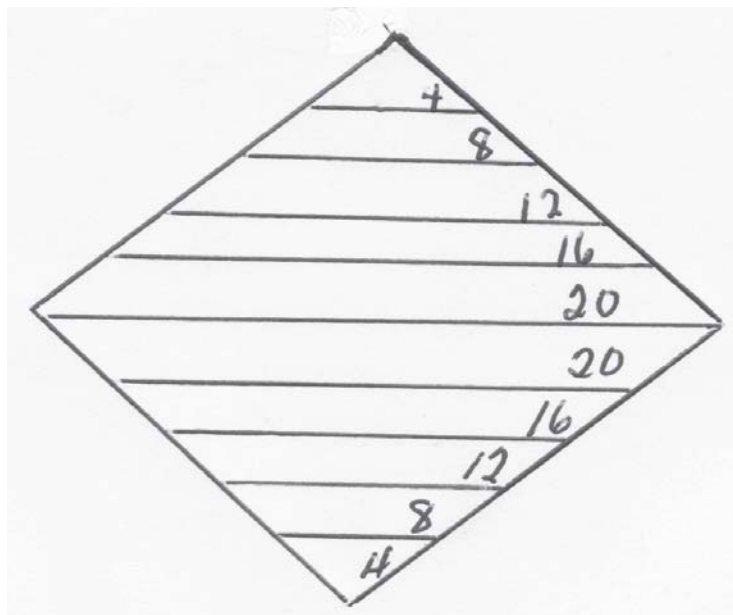
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LOCKIE James Edward Harrison

MCNAB David Ross

MORTON Eldon L.

MURRAY Bruce Douglas Rev

OKE, Doug

OXHOLM "Benny" Bendt

PETTIPAS Wayne

RUMSAM Jack

SEARLE John

SHERLOCK Donald

SHERWOOD Frederick Charles

SNOWDON John

SPEARIN Chris

STEVENSON Jav

TAYLOR Ted

THACKRAY Peter

TRACEY John "Earle"

TRINOCITY Edward

WALTON John

WALLER Ann

WITHERS Calvin

WILLIAMSON Al (Whitey)

In Flanders' Fields

In Flanders' fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch, be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders' fields.

Major John McCrae, 1915



to London but the 10 pound fare had to be paid in advance. Funds were again produced and off we went. The weather was typical UK fall/winter; close to zero-zero in an almost freezing fog but the driver seemed determined to get this task over in a hurry. After we cleared Portsmouth, Dick opened the Scotch, took a drink and offered the bottle to Sid who took a big swallow and then offered it to the driver. He took a pretty good gulp and gasped his appreciation. The bottle returned to Dick who to another pull and offered it to me. I declined as I did not like Scotch (still don't) and knew that it would not sit well on a stomach full of Brit pale Ale. Dick persisted and I finally succumbed to his persuasiveness. Shortly after I swallowed the libation I felt it interact with my stomach contents and begin to rebound. I quickly rolled down the window and got my head and shoulders clear of the cab to launch the mixture as far as possible from our carriage and felt Dick's hand in the middle of my back presumably to ensure I kept facing outward. I then discovered how narrow the main road from Portsmouth to London was and how the driver was using the edge of the road to keep him on track. I also noted how close the driver was coming to the telephone poles lining the carriageway and how close my head was coming to them. Having completed my discharge I struggled to return to the warmth of the cab but Dick, thinking my convulsions indicated I was still heaving, simply locked his elbow and continued in conversation with Sid and the driver while sharing the Scotch with both. Eventually I was able to overcome his prop (I think he may have fallen asleep for a moment) and got back in with the whole right side of my face frozen solid. As soon as I rolled up the window the driver pulled into a layby, produced a cloth and wiped down the left side of his vehicle in case I had deposited some paint dissolving liquids on his vehicle. Shortly after resuming the trip the outskirts of London began to appear and we noted a sign saying "Entering London", the driver immediately pulled over and ordered us out. We said we kind of expected Trafalgar Square or the Regent's Palace to be in sight. He said we only paid to get to London and

the sign clearly said that was where we were. He said: thank you very much gentlemen and took his leave. There we were, abandoned in the very outskirts of London with no idea where we were or what to do. God looks after sailors and drunks and although I was no longer one of the latter Dick & Sid certainly qualified on both counts and along came a Bobby. He was a bit startled to encounter us but convinced of our plight, found a call box and coerced a taxi to come and pick us up. Once again we were negotiating with a cabbie. We explained we had money but no destination however we needed and would accept his recommendations in finding accommodations in the heart of London. He accepted the challenge but insisted in the fare up front. Dang if it wasn't 10 pounds again. Eventually we arrived at a hotel (I think it was the Cumberland or Northumberland Arms) that had space and we were invited to register. Once that detail was completed Dick approached and elderly gentleman who, judging from the big ring of keys he carried was probably the hall porter and asked if it was correct that if one was a resident in a hotel in Britain he could have a drink in the hotel bar at any time. The old fellow said that was correct whereupon Dick ordered him to open the bar. The desk clerk then entered the discussion and while observing me trying to help Sid shinny up a square pillar for some unknown reason said that while the Porter was correct, if the bar opened we would no longer be residents of the hotel so the question was irrelevant. At about 0400 we retired to our room which consisted of three single beds dormitory style. About 10 in the morning we were rudely awakened by a loud controversy taking place in the hall. Dick investigated and discovered a group of Irish chambermaids cursing their employment situation. He invited them in to continue their discussion and they readily accepted the invitation. After a lengthy tirade about unfair working conditions Sid suggested to one of the gals that she should quit. She promptly agreed, went out into the hall and gathered up her tray of dishes, marched to the window of our room and threw them out. Six stories later they disintegrated in a small courtyard and she stomped off. The others

vented their spleen and took similar, but less flamboyant action and departed to pick up their last pay packets. Having done great work for the proletariat, we cleaned up and checked out. I suspect the management was grateful. At this point it was determined that the, we, were short of funds so it was decided to make for CDLS to get cash infusion before we took on London. I had the only cash remaining, a 10 pound note, when we boarded a bus for the short trip to Grosvenor Square. When the ticket taker arrived (she could have been the Porter's mother) I explained I would take care of the three fares and gave her the note. She looked at me as if I was bonkers then shrugged and proceeded to count out my change. I think the fares were tuppence each and the largest coin I received in my change was a six pence and there were precious few of those. My pockets were bulging with "shrapnel" when we alighted the bus and began our first day in London. It got funnier after that. I hope you enjoyed the story.

With love and admiration, the other Ted. (Ted Gibbon)

Under the direction of Kay Collacutt, the Warrior magazine has evolved into a magazine that keeps Canadian Naval Heritage alive. I have been a member of Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation since 1996 whereupon the Warrior went from a few pages to a magazine large in scope with emphasis on preserving Canadian Naval Aviation Heritage to the activities of 12 Wing and the introduction of the Cyclone over the SeaKing. The history of HMCS Naval Air Station Shearwater encompasses a proud heritage from 1947-1968, the period for 1969-the 1980's as Canadian Forces Base Shearwater and today's activities of 12 Wing from the 1990's to the present is covered in the Warrior through insightful articles in each addition. The Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation with its support by its members and other organizations has allowed the Shearwater Aviation Museum to expand into a collection of Canadian Naval Aircraft in two hangars that preserves the Royal Canadian Navy's Naval Air Branch and today's operations of

12 Wing. Kay Collacutt was the focal point from the 1960's – 2019 along with the support of the Canadian Naval Aviation Group and other players to build the Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation into what now exists.

Stephen Porrior.

Air – Types
(Chuck O'Neill)

I've started thinking recently,
as days go flying by.
And start to "ink" incessantly,
of days of flying high.

And try to use my time to rhyme,
a little air-type sonnet.
Found coloured foolscap...not quite lime,
and write the sonnet on it.

It seems I always get the yen
when word arrives from SAM.
Or maybe E's from NAVAIRGEN,
Brings out in me the HAM.

I have a TV, Channel ME<
that plugs into my skull.
Commercials? No. Completely free,
and never very dull.

Some black and white, but crystal clear, the
programs old I guess.
But switching on my memories dear
feels good, I must confess.

I'm thanking SAM for being there,
for poking at my brain.
Brings back the times, they're there to share alive
in mind again.

A special time my flying days,
at angels one or two.
And this old man he proudly says...
"My youth – well spent with you."

As I was working on a story by Ted Gibbon, he mentioned a few stories of “The Famous Toilet Paper Caper, The Case of the Clipped Cables and Whereabouts of the Wayward Whaler. Of course, the curiosity got the better of me, and I started searching through mom’s papers and lo and behold, I found the stories, so I am adding it to the Warrior so we can all enjoy them. ☺

The following are the “Chronicles of Detective Inspector McNab”. In the early 60’s, Tex was the XO of VU-32 and took the responsibility seriously, Indeed Tex was serious about all his responsibilities.

Episode #1 The Famous Toilet Paper Caper:

One Sunday Tex was Shearwater’s DCO. He was pacing the wardroom foyer awaiting the call to perform the duties associated with Sunset when he observed an automobile arrive under the canopy at the front entrance. The car was left idling as a young man jumped out, raced into the heads without so much as a by your leave Sir to the Captain’s representative and returned to his vehicle seconds later with two rolls of toilet paper under his arm. The car departed at speed and Tex sprang into action, instructing the main gate to apprehend and detain the thief until he could arrive to interrogate after first putting the Queen to bed. The bewildered and somewhat agitated culprit, in custody and under the steely gaze of that other venerable gate guardian Commissionaire Penny, was finally able to provide the diligent DCO with the following explanation. He had arrived in the area on Saturday with his wife and baby and took up previously rented accommodations in Dartmouth. On Sunday the baby, no doubt distraught at being raised in Nova Scotia, lost control of his bowels and the supply of diapers, as well as all other porous material, was soon exhausted. With no stores open on Sunday in those days, the resourceful young Sub resolved his dilemma by raiding the closest known source of relief – the Wardroom heads! Tex with his usual benevolence accepted the explanation and eventually released the felon on his own recognizance following a lengthy lecture on honesty, integrity and the illegal use of purloined government property. The next morning Tex provided us the details of his sleuthing experience and admonished all to be a diligent when we were awarded the honored responsibility of representing the Captain. Later, the still perplexed and concerned young pilot began his first day as a Naval Aviator in the ATF briefing room undergoing a series of “Welcome to Shearwater” addresses. You can imagine his reaction when Detective Inspector McNab, the Squadron XO, arrived to add his remarks.

Episode #2 “The Case of the Clipped Cables”:

One morning a pre-flight inspection of the Trackers by the Squadron Techs revealed that the wires to the trim button on the pilot’s yoke of one aircraft had apparently been snipped. The XO was immediately informed and with unusual alacrity Detective Inspector McNab declared that sabotage was afoot and suspended flying. Dumbo, (remember Dumbo?) underwent an exhaustive inspection, was declared serviceable and a guard was placed on the SAR bird. The Inspector then called the RCMP major crime unit in Sackville for investigative assistance but was informed that they has some really important things to do and their arrival would be delayed so our intrepid investigator embarked upon some preliminary work. The Divisional Officers for the Fitters, Riggers and Electricians were told to muster their troops. When all were accounted for they were escorted to their tool boxes and under the

watchful eyes of the Divisional PO's were relieved of all pliers and cutting devices that could have severed the wires in the belief that every edge would leave a distinctive mark akin to ballistics, the culprit would be identified and the crime solved. We thought Tex may have been spending too much time in front of his TV. The plan unfortunately was flawed. Not only did the perpetrator not identify himself upon realizing that the game would soon be up but as each Divisional Officer deposited a cardboard box full of devices capable of the deed in the XO's office it was realized that no method of determining individual ownership had been incorporated in the strategy. As most of our men would agree Divisional Officers were seldom selected for their mental dexterity. The RCMP Sergeant, who arrived a few hours later, was somewhat nonplussed at this initiative and much to the dismay of detective Inspector McNab declared the effort worthless, if not a major impediment to any worthwhile investigation and suggested the tools be returned. The Divisional Officers were again summoned, the troops were again mustered and an argument over what belonged to whom ensued that raged for days. To my knowledge the crime remains unsolved.

Episode #3 "Whereabouts of the Wayward Whaler":

Investigative work can be exhausting so our intrepid Detective Inspector (XO) declared that a little R&R was in order and entered a Squadron whaler in the annual fleet regatta sailing competition. (An entry in the whaler pulling event was flatly rejected during heated debate at a usual morning brief). Volunteers to crew the vessel under Tex's command were recruited in the usual naval manner and on a Saturday a half dozen pressed pilots set off from the Shearwater boat shed to defend Coward Cove's honor in a two day race against the best the Fishheads could muster. The first leg started adjacent to the NSYS breakwater and required the competitors to sail out to Sambro Light Vessel, round this marker and finish in Ketch Harbour. The Sunday race was the reverse of this route. All of us had been exposed to this environmentally friendly method of marine travel but most secretly revered the inventor of the outboard motor however, we set sail with high spirits well provisioned by the Warrior Block galley and Mr. Oland's brew master. With a fine demonstration of "time on target" expertise we crossed the start line with a substantial lead on the rest of the field. Following a tactical error reconfirming that when sailing the shortest distance between two points is not a straight line combined with a few bungled attempts at trying to obey the Captain's orders to change tacks, (there was understandable confusion here because we had all been castigated more than once for demonstrating a significant lack of tact in more formal circumstances) we were, within the hour, dead last. AS the day waned we finally were exiting Halifax Harbour when there occurred what sailors might construe as a mutiny. Tex continued to aim for SLV, the crew decided a right turn, VFR Direct for Ketch Harbour, was more appropriate. A discussion ensued but when the Captain retired to the quarterdeck to ponder the issue and consign a kidney filtered measure of Oland's finest to the deep he was relieved of the helm and the mutinous vessel established on the course for Ketch Harbour. This was obviously the correct decision as it immediately placed us back in the lead and we crossed the finish line in the same position we started. – First!

With this tactical coup in hand we forewent the banyan and camp out planned by the Fishheads for that evening and returned to Shearwater in a strategically pre located vehicle much preferring a night in our own beds and in dire need of re-provisioning for day 2. (Is it any wonder our seagoing comrades referred to us as the “ I go now Navy”?) Naval Aviators are great at planning but somewhat irresponsible when it comes to conserving consumables. About 11 pm our intrepid leader phoned to say how distraught he was with the afternoon’s junta and with little ceremony passed command for the return voyage to me. This complicated matters somewhat as Tex was to drive us to Ketch Harbour. The transportation glitch was eventually overcome despite the rejection of a proposal for an airlift by our HU-21 pals as being too provocative to our fellow competitors who had endured a night out on Nova Scotia sand. (each grain weighs about four pounds) and we all, minus the jerk who got us into this in the first place, were there to maneuver our vessel into position for the start of Day 2. As you would expect our innate sense of precise timing and the averaging of the variety of times available from our aircrew chronometers saw us once again lead the flotilla across the start line. History repeated itself and our inept sailing techniques soon saw us drop astern. A hastily assembled heads of department meeting agreed that the bar at the Shearwater Wardroom opened at noon and the only way to get there on time was to again abandon the dog leg around SLV and proceed direct. With a brisk 20K south wind we made excellent time and were abeam McNab’s Island before the others had gained their first turning point. In a continuation of our nautical in expertise we inadvertently crossed the finish line while attempting to come about and return to Shearwater. With our improving ability we were able to sail that damn whaler right into the boat shed where we abandoned it, sails in a heap and mast still stepped, arriving at the Wardroom just as the Steward opened the bar. All of us learned an important lesson from experience – Timing IS everything! About two hours later the phone rang and the caller inquired if any members of the VU-32 whaler crew were there. With some in trepidation I took the call to be informed that we had, much to their chagrin and surprise won both legs of the race and could we provide a representative to come over and accept the trophy from the Admiral. I was not up to perpetuating the fraud, having had some experience at how vindictive a frustrated Fishhead could be if the truth was ever revealed so I explained our inspired tactics whereupon the caller hung up. The next morning Tex spent considerable time explaining to a very upset Bosun why his command was returned in such an unseamanlike manner. The rest of us went flying!

CHRISTMAS 1973 (MARSHALL DEMPSTER)



I was a Canadian UNMO (United Nations Military Observer) operating in the Middle East. There were seven Observation Posts (OP's) on the Israel/Syrian border who reported to the Tiberius Mission who in turn reported to UNTSO (United Nations Treaty Supervisory Organization) headquarters in Jerusalem. There were also seven OP's on the Syrian side who reported to their Damascus Mission and who also reported to UN Headquarters in Jerusalem. There were a number of OP's on the Lebanon/Israel border in Lebanon but none on the Israeli side. Their mission operated out of Beirut and of course to Jerusalem. There was one other Mission in Jerusalem which had OP's along the of the Suez Canal; none on the Egyptian side.

Our basic responsibility was to report any truce violations between the countries which in the end were transmitted to UN Headquarters in New York. Usually two UNMO's were in each OP but you could not have two from the same country. You also were expected to take turns cooking while the other UNMO worked outside observing or doing maintenance routines. UNMO's were officers from either Air Force, Navy or Army and were from twelve or thirteen (I think) different nations, Canada United States, Australia, New Zealand, Netherlands, France, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Ireland, Belgium, Italy and Russia. We usually spent a four day period in OP's before being relieved and returning to our respective Missions. This four day period was extended if because of severe military activities or a relief could not get through. That happened to me once or twice. There were emergency rations in each OP set aside

for this otherwise we were responsible for our own rations. The time period for the OP's along the Canal was six days because of the distances involved between Jerusalem and the Canal.

After joining the headquarters of UNTSO in Jerusalem and doing a three day indoctrination, I was sent to the Mission in Tiberius on the Sea of Galilee and I was there when War of 1973 (Yom Kippur War) started 6 October up along the Golan Heights with the invasion by Syrian forces into Israel. Normally, each UNMO was expected to spend six months on the Israeli side and six on the Arab side, but in my case I spent more than the six months operating in OP's out of Tiberius and/or following Israel forces as they advanced into Syria.

The war initially involved very fierce fighting from heavy artillery, armored tank battles, aircraft dog fighting, air to ground missiles, katusha rockets and of course infantry and machine gun fire. In many cases this occurred around some of the OP's requiring the UNMOs involved to take shelter in their specially built shelters. Normally we operated in white caravans surrounded by sand bags but there was always the special air raid shelter. In some instances some Syrian soldiers did not know what the white caravans or UN meant as they advanced. In fact two of our UNMOs were taken prisoner by Syrian soldiers and rushed through the fighting to the Syrian lines for interrogation before authorities managed to retrieve them.

Just before Christmas 1973, the War seemed to be slowing down and consequently, transfers allowed between Missions. I was then transferred to Beirut to work their OP's. The main problem along the Lebanon / Israel border was the Fedayeen, or terrorists sneaking across the border into Israel.

Christmas 1973, I was in OP on the Lebanon/Israel border with a French Foreign Legion Captain.

During Christmas Eve day there was gun fire even though the War had been slowly dying down but just before midnight everything seemed to

completely stop. It was very quiet and very dark except for the odd pinprick of a light most likely in a kibbutz somewhere. Later that night, all radio discipline seemed to go all to hell when various OP's came alive with UNMO's all wishing Merry Christmas to each other not to mention the odd humorous comment. Each Mission had its own radio frequency so it was easy to switch channels to another Mission's frequency. The operating language throughout UNTSO was English. In dangerous situation, usually the best speaking English person was expect to handle the radio.

Russians who had joined UNTSO shortly before were working on the Syrian side of OP's even got into the camaraderie.

The Foreign Legion Captain and I had a quiet Christmas Eve. Canada had sent each Canadian UNMO a Christmas package which included cakes and a bottle of wine. We finished that off and I seem to recall there was even some Scotch but not from Canada! He was from Sardinia and told me that his legionnaires at Christmas usually carved dolls for children in Orphanages but, at the same time were very dangerous men to be around in hostile situations. He was pretty proud of them.

I told him about my family back in Canada. I guess the both of us were thinking and wondering how our families were doing back home. I expect each UNMO was thinking pretty much the same thing. One could not help but think about people back home who were walking around enjoying life etc. when here, most people were nervously near air raid shelters, wearing helmets and flak jackets and waiting for things to happen. It was a beautiful and a very quiet night. I have never ever been to a place in the world where there were as many stars as that night over the Holy Land. It was just beautiful and very ominous when you think that the site of the crucifixion took place not too many miles away from where we were. The reverence

was being celebrated by the stillness and the silence of that night.

We could neither send parcels home nor receive any. The entire Middle East was on a wartime footing since hostilities erupted. In Israel, the populace is organized in such a way that on a certain signal people go to allotted jobs I.e., a teacher might rejoin hi regiment and at the same time someone automatically would fill in his or her position in the school! Everyone seemed to have a designated job to go to. Normal day to day buses were used to take troops to the front lines.

I learned that all people are basically the same. I enjoyed talking to other UNMO's while in Ops and back at the Missions and listening when they talked about their families, where they had been and their lives not to mention experiencing each other's culinary delights and differences when it was our turn to cook in the OP.

That was Christmas 1973. Gunfire started up again at the end of Christmas Day. We were relieved a couple of days later and returned to Beirut.



How I spent Xmas 1964

Deciding to go home to Windsor for Xmas and being what they would call today a New driver I set off in my 1961 VW from Shearwater around the 16th of December. Having been advised that cutting through the states was a better choice than the Canadian route I plowed my way through New Brunswick to Woodstock crossing the border into Maine. Following I95 to Boston (still plowing) my 1st hiccup was a couple of circuit's in Boston as I was in the wrong lane to pick up I495 to continue westward. Becoming tired of tolls I ventured to a secondary route through the rest of Massachusetts not exactly a good plan, so it was back on the toll roads to the New York border. Back to I90 with the weather not cooperating approaching Little Falls NY (more on Little Falls later) anyway pulling into the passing lane (icy & bumpy) I had the sudden realization I was no longer in control, as I launched into the median embedding my fingerprints in the steering wheel I sledded on the roof for quite a distance coming to rest on the shoulder on the opposite side of the road lying on the right-hand side my seat dislodged and most everything behind the back seat in the front with me. My first thought was fire anyway opening the driver's door I perched on the back window before leaping into the snow bank. Cars were slowing { "like us to call a tow truck?" "Yes please I don't think I can carry it out of here") Along came NY's finest { "which way were you going?" "Buffalo" "That way pointing" " No that way says I"} 2nd officer arrives and confirms 1st officer's sense of direction. Would you like me to show you where you came off the road? Now in the patrol car I was asked for my thru-way ticket, and had to go back and dig it out, cutting my hand on the broken windshield. Sitting in the police car helping myself to its 1st aid kit. Many questions the one I remember Power Steering/Brakes? Reply In a VW? Along came a tow truck, the officer said I have to charge you with "Imprudent Driving" So we went to a judge's back porch. I thought this will be fun with the judges kid peaking around the corner. How do you plead? Not guilty, In that case you have to come back tomorrow with council. Sir except that I am in NY state headed for Buffalo I don't think I

could find my way back do you understand the charge Judge reads it to me" OK guilty or I wouldn't be standing here. The officer sort of became my defence attorney and the verdict was "Caution to be Recorded". Handed off to another officer who took me to where my car had been towed to. I recovered a suitcase and expressed concern about the rest of the contents. The tow truck guy gave a low whistle and out padded a rather large dog acting quite friendly the guy said don't come back when I'm not here! Then it was off in search of accommodations. Plugging into the hotel that would be my residence for the next week. I went to the room to cleanup and I would suspect from minor shock has trouble mating the tip of a cigarette to a match. So to the bar for some sedative. Continuing my journey still crappy weather white knuckle all the way via friends of the family in Stoney Creek and onward to Windsor the rest of the trip was uneventful. BTW I returned via Canada.

Little Falls NY was a booming town when the Erie Canal was a major transportation route. The people were friendly and helpful the towing folks even went to the scene of the accident and dug out windshield rubber gasket as they couldn't get one from a supplier. Exploring around I got to see a 1937 Singer Sewing Machine Chord. My unplanned stay was made a little more enjoyable by the repair shop folks and some others I met even being invited to join their Xmas party.

PS: sometime later I received a letter from the NY motor vehicle's demanding proof I had insurance at the time of the accident and failing to so do I would be prohibited from driving in New York state. It was many a year before I did and it was in early fall.

Paul Peacey



To your callout for possible Christmas service related stories, I pass this memoir along - written by my wife Phyllis.

A sailor in the desert, I spent two years in the Middle East as a UN truce supervisory observer in Syria & Israel 1970 - 72. I had been sent on a one year unaccompanied tour, leaving behind my family at CFB Petawawa from whence I had departed. After one week in Damascus - and noting nationals from other countries had their families in tow (Canada did not then support such a move), I wrote Phyllis and asked her to sell the car, store the furniture, get passports and required shots, and to join me. Two months later - with three young children in tow - we were reunited.

When the year was over, I was asked by the UN if I would like to extend my tour by a further year in Damascus. I jumped at the opportunity. At the end of that year I was again asked by the UN if I would be interested in a further extension, but this time Canada said no. Perhaps fortuitously, because it would have placed us in the midst of the 1973 conflict.

We very much enjoyed the beautiful ancient city of Damascus, and living amongst the Syrians and Palestinians - peoples we found to be friendly, hospitable and kind. Our children attended kindergarten and primary whilst there, and after our return to Canada we learned, with much sadness, that one of their classmates Wanda, was killed when their school was shelled in the later conflict.

Best to you Kay - and for all you do in keeping the memories alive.

Bud Jardine

Dear Kay I was posted to UNTSO Palestine in 1974/75. It was a one year unaccompanied posting and it was really an army job but this was in the middle of the Hellyer fiasco so this job was open to everyone. Canada was the only country of those involved who did not allow their families in the area. They said it was for safety reasons but I think it was to save money. Argentina not only sent the whole

family but shipped all their household furniture as well. At first I was stationed in Jerusalem and we did inspections along the Suez Canal. You may recall that a Canadian Buffalo aircraft was shot down just at the end of the Yom Kippur war and Canada said that they would not resume these flights for the UN until there was an air liaison officer on the ground and in Syria he had to be a Canadian and a pilot. I was the only one available so I moved up to Damascus. It was here that I spent my Christmas away from home. It was no fun. The Syrians do not do sports...any sports. There was no radio to listen to, no tv to watch, no newspapers or magazine to read so nothing to do. We did have unlimited duty free so we entertained each other throwing parties and even that got to be a bore. The one thing that kept us sane was we had to find our own room and board. There were four Canadians in Damascus and former Canadians had rented an apartment, which kept on being passed on to newcomers as the old ones left. The UN owns no real estate so they just pay you a per diem and you look after yourself. So cooking the meals for yourself and anyone else at hand became your entertainment. Needless to say it was a very interesting experience and I am glad I had it, but I was happy to get home. It was a long tough year on the family.

Dave Williams.



One Christmas Eve (Phyllis Jardine)

It might have been different if all three children hadn't come down with the chicken-pox, or if I hadn't been in a funk, longing for Christmases of my past, or if my husband had been home to help. But he'd been called away and wouldn't return until the morning of December twenty-fifth.

The year was 1970 and two weeks before Christmas we'd moved our family from ancient city of Damascus, Syria to an apartment overlooking the Sea of Galilee – in the small town of Tiberias, Israel. For my husband, a Canadian Naval Officer with The United Nations Truce Supervisory Office in Palestine (UNTSO), The transfer meant an opportunity to work on the Israeli side of the Golan Heights. For the children and me, it meant celebrating Christmas in the Holy Land.

Looking around the tiny apartment, I thought of Christmases at my parents' comfortable old home thousands of kilometers away in New Brunswick. Amid the chaos that was Christmas our family of ten always invited multiple aunts, uncles, cousins and friends to share in the joy of the holy season.

On this, my first Christmas Eve in the Holy Land, I sat alone amidst old and borrowed belongings; a neighbor even loaned us her portable oven to bake our chickens in, chickens that had been butchered and plucked at the local market. (No turkeys in Tiberias in 1970).

The night was long and still. In one corner of the tiny living room, a lean tree cradled a crèche of olive wood beneath its branches, challenging the purist in me to rethink what was important in life. Also under the Cypress tree, sat stocking stuffers from local Israeli shops, a box from home, and trinkets the children had purchased for one another at Souk El-Hamidiyeh in Damascus. Back in October, when we'd mailed our gift list off to an American catalogue—with the promise of a December delivery—we'd been so excited. But as days passed and no parcels arrived, enthusiasm dwindled. No games of Snakes and Ladders, no dolls or teddy bears sat under our tree.

While the children slept, confident of the wondrous celebration that was to come, I tip-toed into their bedroom and marveled at their innocence. Such blessings—adapting to all the moves around strange countries with their young parents. Kissing our toddler son in his wicker crib and our five and six-year –old girls snuggled together, I lamented my whining.

Why so ornery? I asked myself. How could I have forgotten the magic of childhood that implicit trust in a child's small world called, "mommy and daddy?"

I wandered about lighting candles, promising we would have our Christmas. Soon I was brushing away fears and admiring our daughters' crayon creations throughout the apartment: sketches of dad with our baby on his lap, another of all five of us in a U.N. Jeep. And another of baby Jesus smiling. I think I was crying.

I decided to cheat. Just a little. I pulled the twine and brown-paper from my parents' Christmas box and discovered not only gifts, but tucked inside, my mother had packed red and white tea towels, a Christmas tablecloth and napkins—even an afghan she'd knitted. Like a guardian angel, she'd hovered over me, sending

gifts that would make a house a home for Christmas. I wrapped myself in my mother's scent, absorbing her strength.

It was then I heard the knock. On our doorstep stood Alana Solomon, our downstairs neighbour. I invited her in and we talked about Christmas, Hanukkah, and her Hebrew studies. A mature student, Alana worked long hours on little sleep studying to become a rabbi. I worried about her health, but she fussed over our children. For that we were grateful.

"Story-books for the girls, "she offered. "And sweets for the baby."

"Thank you Alana; you'll come for Christmas dinner?"

"I'd be happy to break bread with your little family, "she said, and was gone.

As I stood outdoors waiting for Alana to reach her apartment, I looked up into the heavens and thought of my husband. Here I am snug and cozy in a warm apartment with our three little ones while he sits in a dangerous outpost trailer—in 'No Man's Land' – monitoring violations of the cease-fire between Israel and Syria. Into the cold night I sent all of my love.

Shaking off my lassitude, I settled under my mother's afghan to listen to the BBC from Bethlehem, when another knock sounded. Alana must have forgotten something.

At our door stood three Canadian UNTSO officers, laden with parcels. They had driven all the way through Galilee and Samaria, through the towns of Nazareth, Afula, Nablus and Ramallah to Jerusalem and back to Tiberias—on Christmas Eve.

"Merry Christmas," they chimed.

"But, how did you know?" I asked as "O Holy Night" echoed throughout the apartment.

"A message came in from Jerusalem Headquarters that your parcels had arrived, so off we went to make sure your children had their toys."

"Gifts of the Magi," I whispered.

Suddenly, and with such sweetness, it was Christmas.



CHRISTMAS IN CORNWALL

(John McDermott)

Monday, 25 December 1961, Christmas Day at RNAS Cudrose, in Helston, Cornwall, England. The phone was ringing, and it was still dark outside. When I answered the phone I was told by the Duty Lieutenant Commander to report immediately to the Motor Transport Facility on the base. I was to dress warmly and bring a shovel.

Now I have to back up a bit. In early 1961, the RN asked the RCN if they could borrow some helicopter pilots, preferably ones with instrument ratings. The RN was introducing their first all-weather helicopter, the Westland Wessex, and they were short of pilots. On July 1st, 1961, four RCN Lieutenants, Arnie Lewis, John McDermott, Bill Monkouse and Art Williams arrived at RNAS Cudrose, with wives and kids in tow. They were met there by a 5th RCN Lieutenant, Gord Fraser, who was on an exchange posting. Bill and Art were assigned to 814 Squadron which was waiting for HMS EAGLE to complete refit, while Gord, Arnie and I were in 815 Squadron, and we had just returned from a deployment in HMS ARK ROYAL. It was the first operational deployment of the Wessex, noteworthy in that the squadron had managed to ditch all 8 of our helicopters in little more than two months. Reliable was a word never associated with the Westland Wessex Mark 1. So at Christmas, all five Canadians were safely ensconced at RNAS Cudrose.

In those days, the Royal Navy shut down at Christmas. I was told by a rather pompous senior officer with a handkerchief protruding from the arm of his uniform jacket, and a pink gin in hand, that no gentleman would ever start a war on a Christian holiday. Who Knew? The result was that 75% of the base and squadron personnel were on leave. The rest of us constituted "The Retard Party". Originally, I thought it a rather odd title, but given subsequent events it now seems appropriate.

I dressed in one of those old nylon winter flying suits which made you look like the Michelin tire man, donned my fleece lined flying boots and a toque and stepped outside, into six inches of heavy wet snow. According to our local butcher, a man in his fifties, he had never seen snow in his lifetime in Cornwall. As any Canadian could attest, it was a very definitely snow, and of the heavy variety. I grabbed the shovel from the coal shed, and proceeded, with difficulty, in my trusty Mini-Minor, from Married Quarters to the base.

There were about 300 people gathered at the Motor Transport garage, including officers, Chiefs and PO's, sailors, Wrens and civilians, dressed in every conceivable interpretation of "warm clothing" and armed with shovels. We five Canadians were viewed by the base Captain as the Oracles of Snow Removal and he asked our opinion as to how one would remove the snow from the main runway. After a short consultation we responded "It's easy Sir, take 5 snowplows, put them in echelon, and run the up and down the runway until all the snow is gone." Apparently that was not the answer he wanted to hear, as he informed us that RNAS Cudrose did not have such a vehicle. We suggested, that given the normal weather patterns in Cornwall the snow would probably melt away in two or three days, and flying had been suspended for the holidays. That too, seemed to be an inappropriate answer, and he informed us that runway 12/30 had to be cleared of snow in five hours or less. Apparently, 801 Squadron, a Scimitar fighter unit, didn't get the no wars at Christmas memo and a flight of six of their aircraft had just departed Malta with a destination of RNAS Brawdy in Wales. Guess what, Brawdy had more snow than we did and that base also had no snowplows. Some enlightened authority decided that the solution to this problem was to divert the aircraft to Cudrose. Having exhausted Canadian expertise the Captain decided that the snow would be removed using human power, shovels, and a handful of Lorries. And so, the "Retard Party" lined up abreast at the downwind end of Runway 30, and began lifting snow from the

runway with a shovel and depositing it in a lorry. Some of the Wrens borrowed aircraft tugs and went up and down the shovel line with mugs of hot cocoa for the workers. I don't know the source, but I am certain that copious quantities of Navy rum somehow got added to the cocoa. Runway 30 was 6004 feet long, by 148 feet wide, and we did manage to clear every speck of snow in a little over 3 hours.

It was then we learned that another enlightened authority had diverted the 801 Squadron aircraft to Gibraltar, where they would remain overnight.

That evening the Canadian contingent enjoyed a lovely Christmas dinner at the home of Arnie and Anne Lewis, where we complained about the day's travails and the odd habits of the RN, comforted by some mulled wine, and some excellent company. Gord Fraser, Arnie Lewis, Bill Monkhouse, and Art Williams are all in the Delta now, great naval aviators and better friends. I remember them each Christmas, and our snow removal adventure. Some mulled wine helps.

A LITTLE THANK-YOU
(BY CHUCK O'NEILL)

WHEN I HAVE TIHE TIME I'M THINKING IN RYHME,
OF THINGS THAT I DID LONG AGO.
WHEN I USED TO FLY, DRILLING HOLES IN THE SKY,
AND I'D LIKE ALL YOU PILOTS TO KNOW.

THAT STUCK IN THE REAR GAVE ME PLENTY TO FEAR,
DEPENDING ON SKILLS UP AHEAD..
BUT OH! WHAT THE HECK, YOU DID HIT THE DECK,
NOT CRASHING, BUT LANDING INSTEAD.

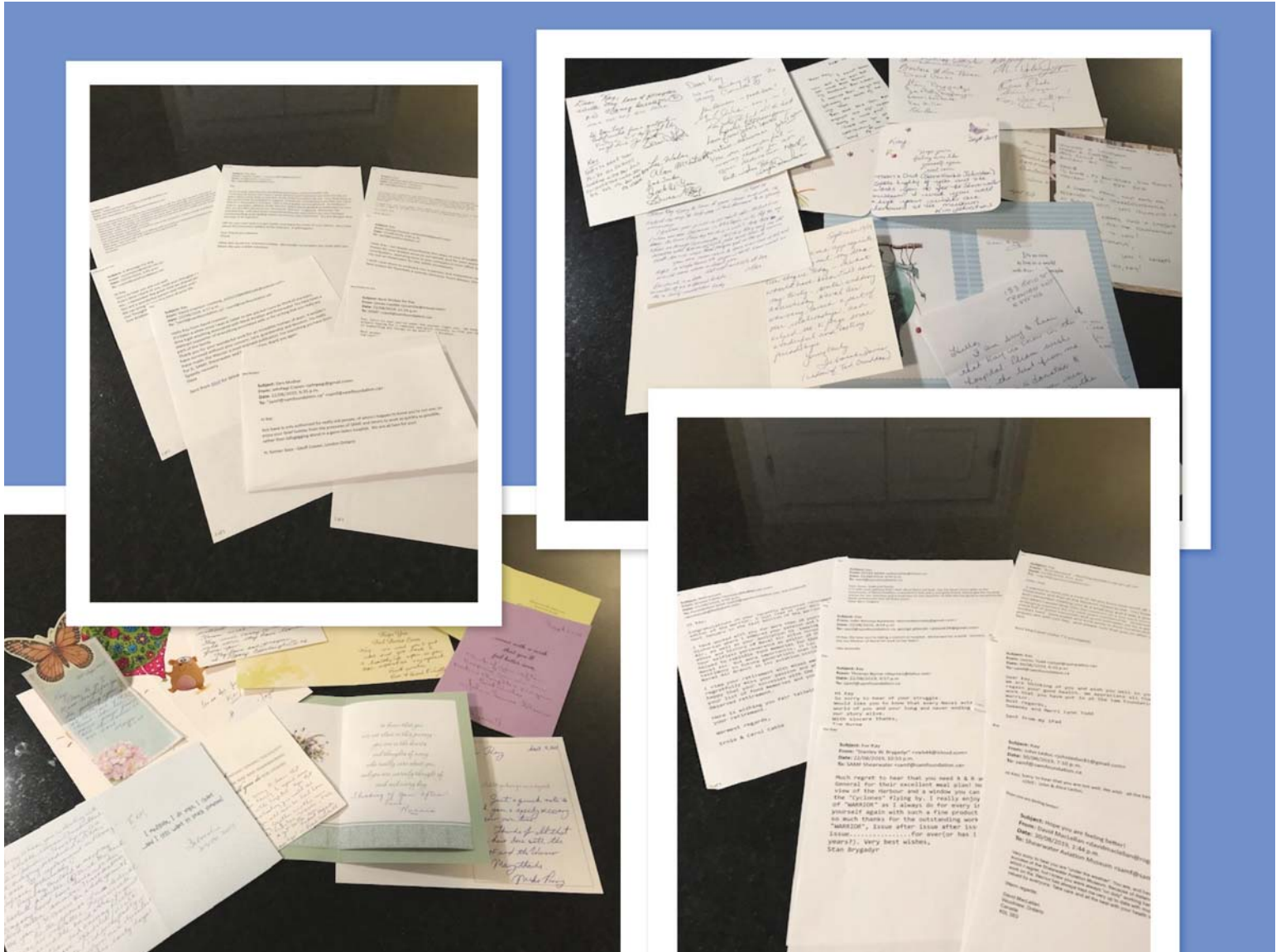
NOT NORMALLY NERVOUS IN 'LIZABETH'S' SERVICE
THERE WERE MANY TIMES YOU MADE ME TURN WHITE
WE POOR OLD BACK-SEATERS, WE NEEDOUT OUR "NEATERS"
AFTER LANDING WITH YOU IN THE NIGHT.

ABOUT THE DISCOURSE, I'M TALKING OF COURSE
OF BONNIE'S SMALL ANGULAR DECK
WHEN VIEWED FROM BEHIND, IT WAS SO HARD TO FIND,
EVEN WHEN STRETCHING MY NECK.

BUT HEH! I SURVIVE, AND MY MEMORIES THRIVE,
THE GOOD AND THE BAD AND THE SAD,
AND IF I COULD ARRANGE IT, I NEVER WOULD CHANGE IT
THOSE AIRBORNE ADVENTURES I HAD.

AND IF I'D BEEN DRIVING THERE'D BE NO SURVIVING
NOT KNOWING WHICH THING WAS THE CLUTCH.
DESPITE ALL THE TENSION YOU FLEW ME TO PENSION
SO I'M THANK YOU ALL VERY MUCH.

A BIG THANK YOU TO EVERYONE WHO SENT LETTERS, CARDS, EMAILS, AND PHONE CALLS TO MOM (KAY). YOUR WORDS MEAN MORE THAN YOU WILL EVER KNOW. UNFORTUNATELY, WE COULD NOT PUBLISH THEM ALL INDIVIDUALLY, AS THE WHOLE WARRIOR WOULD BE LETTERS AND SUCH. THANK YOU ALL AGAIN.





Do you know your Christmas Movies?



Match the movie with the actor.



Jingle all the way	Rita Wilson
White Christmas	Daniel Stern
Home Alone	Vince Vaughn
It's a Wonderful Life	Bing Crosby
The Santa Claus	Tim Allan
Home Alone 2	Catherine O'Hara
Four Christmases	James Stewart
Trading Places	Jamie Lee Curtis
Fred Claus	Barbra Stanwyck
Christmas with the Kranks	Eddie Murphy
Christmas in Connecticut	Macauly Culkin
The shop around the corner	Bing Crosby
The Bells of St. Mary's	Arnold Schwarzenegger

Match the Actor with the movie for a chance to win your \$50.00 membership back.

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For a chance to win your membership, the Membership form is the next page so put your movie trivia to work.

H.M.C.S Magnificent visits Wakeham Bay

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

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

Immediately the ship dropped anchor, a number of kayaks and small boats full of young Eskimos left the shore and began circling the ship. They were begging for handouts, specifically cigarettes. Most of the ship's company was either in the gun stanchions or on the flight deck and got a great laugh when these supposedly deprived natives each had a modern lighter which they



used immediately to light one of the cigarettes thrown to them.

Crew members were allowed to go ashore in small groups to visit the Eskimos.

They lived as family groups

in one big tent. The complete families sat outside of their own tent and the men showed great pride in their children. In the tent there was one sleeping area for the whole family made up on some kind of mattress laying on the ground, cooking utensils and one big wash tub (about 15" high with a diameter of about 36") full of raw meat and animal guts. It must have been seal meat because I would be at a loss as to how they would be able to get within gunsight of a land animal as there were no trees or shrubbery to be seen.

There also were many huskies and pups these

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

through the Priest. An interesting aside on this trip was that we had on board a small group of Americans that were in transit North to do some research.



They left the Maggie at Wakeham Bay transferring to a Destroyer who dropped them somewhere in Hudson Bay. These Americans later became the focus of an international search when they became lost in the northern wilderness. (Forced landed I think)

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

Fury Days

E. Myers

Just yesterday I read with great interest Pat Whitby's recollections of his Fury Days. I served in 883 Seafury Squadron under Ray Creery, which formed shortly after 803 Squadron and Maggie arrived in Canada. It wasn't too long after that 883 merged with 803 under the Command of Big Jim Hunter forming 19th CAG.

I can identify with much that Pat recounts but was amazed by his account of an 803 Squadron pilot who successfully bailed out of a Fury. Till then, I was under the impression that no Canadian had done so. Tommie Coltry's horrifying death with his chute tangled up on the tail plane, had served to convince me and most Fury pilots I chummed with, that bailing out was not an option. I can vividly recall that during our deployment to CJATC Rivers MN, I and most, if not all 19th CAGers, were keenly aware of every stream, lake, railway line, highway and open field along our route.

Pat's account of Doc Shellinck's engine failure on take-off from "Maggie" rang a bell. I was ranged to launch after Ken Liermonth who was to follow Doc. We were aware of Doc's plight almost immediately and expected the launch to be cancelled. It was no surprise when I saw Ken's prop wind down and the deck handlers begin moving his Fury up the deck. I expected the same treatment and was more than a little surprised when I was signaled forward and lined up for take-off. I was launched shortly thereafter and joined up with Pat as did those who followed me. Ken, as Pat recounts, had decided to chuck it in when Doc crashed.

During the 1990's decade that Doc and I wintered-over across the road from one another in a Gated Community in St Petersburg FL, we spent many an enjoyable "Happy Hour" reminiscing about our Fury Days. He delighted in pulling my chain for having flown over him after his involuntary ditching without so much as a waggle of my wings. My retort was to ask him "what in hell would that have done for him?" Besides I was too busy cleaning the aircraft up after T. O.

Another anecdote. Frank Murphy, the Bristol Test Pilot that Pat mentions was indeed a unique type. He had a pronounced limp, the origin of which we never learned, was slim and short in stature and presented quite a sight as he approached the big beasts. He had not been in the services during WWII but had flown a couple of unofficial sorties into France on train-busting missions whilst testing the famous Typhoon.

As Pat has recalled. Frank was a maestro at the controls of a Fury and he always did an impromptu low level aero display at the end of each test flight.

I, like Pat, was impressed with the aircraft's high rate of roll, which reminds me of a particular flight I had at Shearwater. I was the designated 19th CAG test pilot. I had no specialized training for the tests as all were within the aircraft's design envelope and called for after minor inspections at CAG level. At the end of each test flight I would contact the Tower and ask for "clearance for a high speed pass" which was always routinely given and then I'd point the nose down until I reached 450 mph and scream across the field at 2-300 feet. At the time of this particular flight a friend, Jimmy Pulford, a fellow Seafury pilot, was the Duty Controller. As I reached the centre of the airfield heading North, Jim asked "Let's see a roll Eddy". If I'd known then what I know now, I'd never have performed an unplanned low level aerobatic. Without hesitation I put the control column strait over to the left and before I knew it I was on my back looking up at fir trees as I had never seen them before. My fright was so extreme that as I eased the stick back towards the centre I put on so much top rudder that I came out of the roll in a sideslip so ungainly as to have made any witness flinch. My next recollection was a very trembly "Request permission to land". Apart from a "Clear to land", there was no other comment from the Tower. That was the closest I ever came to buying the farm.

As I recall we had quite a number of ditchings, forced landings and crashes during my tour in 19th CAG. I guess I was lucky, I never bent a Fury although I had two noteworthy incidents that resulted in A 25's. The first happened when I was on the downwind leg in the landing pattern and had pulled the throttle back to reduce speed and lower the undercarriage. When I advanced

the throttle there was no response. Of course I was in an ideal place for that to happen and I cut immediately towards the runway and landed unscathed. Hardly worthy of a commendation but I was awarded one by NDHQ. My next fright was while low flying near Peggy's Cove with Abby Byrnes on my wing. We were just letting down to commence low flying when Abby informed me "Eddy you're on fire!". As you can expect, I immediately started a climbing turn back towards Shearwater. There was no evidence of smoke in the cockpit nor could I see any coming from the nacelles although Abby still reported that I was trailing smoke. I did a straight-in approach and landing and dismounted the beast. I was of course swarmed by the crash crew followed by the Squadron AEO who asked me to get in and start her up again. My response was "If you want it started You do it." It was later determined that an oil line had sprung a leak and sprayed oil onto the cylinders. Thus the smoke! It was also noted that the last drop of oil in the aircraft had landed on the runway as it was being towed.



CLOSE CALL

This little tale took place in Argentia NL back in Jan of 1970.

Our crew of Ross Beck (#1), Andy Storrs (#2), Ken Hutton (#3) and myself (#4) doing type 1 and type 6 flights. It was a great crew, we worked well together and trusted each other.

This particular night in most unpredictable weather as the Avalon peninsula can give you, we taxied out to the button, the lads up front did their pre-flight checks and Ken and I checked out our equipment. It was Type 6 mission to get a correlation from a Sossus contact. It was overcast with visibility from ½ mile to zero in snow squalls. Ross and Andy had gone through their checks twice already only to have the snow drop on us from the heavens. These squalls came in and went out faster than you could imagine, suddenly it looked good again, Ross and Andy went through the checks for the third time, the weather stayed fine and we were cleared for immediate take off.

Off we roared down the runway only to hear Ross call abort about ½ way down, brakes were applied but it was greasy due to the squalls we had gone through and we slid as we lost speed. We came to a halt finally, and over the idling engines we could hear the waves hitting the rocks at the end of the asphalt. That was enough for the night. Ross canceled the flight, taxied back to the hanger, turned in the code bag and figured that was it. Not quite, Ross directed us all to meet in his room after we got out of the poop suits.

When we got there, he met us with a large jug of rum and proceeded to say "Boys, I damn near killed us all tonight and we're going to make sure it doesn't happen again". It turns out on the third "check list" they had missed the pitot heat and they had no airspeed indication as we were trundling down the runway. Ross always checked the airspeed prior to rotation and was shocked to see zero on the ASI. In our opinion of course he had done the right thing by

aborting and we are all still here. After thinking a little about it, I suggested Ken and I would carry our own copies of their checklists and simply be two more ears and eyes for Ross and Andy. The idea was immediately accepted and for the 37 flights with Ross over the next 8 months it was always done that way.

The respect and closeness we had in those days between the four souls who made up a crew in the Tracker was hard to duplicate and I will always cherish the men who I had the good fortune to fly with.

Just for interest, the only thing that met its' demise that night was the bottle of rum.

Charles (Chuck) O'Neill CPO 2 RCN
Ret.



A Day at Kindley Field (NAS Bermuda)



Rear Row L to R Carl Waddell, John Slor, John Richardson

Centre L to R Ken Kitt, Sam Houston, Ray Bakey, Rick Casavant, Knobby Hall

Front L to R Hank Baak, Andy Tremblay, Chuck O'Neill

Here's one from then Kindley Field which became NAS Bermuda, back in May of '69 during OTT 2/69. We all were living (of course) in the USN barracks and under their rules, so they felt. A lot of the guys who I see in the photo of that trip will recall this day. Now, those guys were Ken Kitt, Carl Waddell, Lloyd (Sam) Houston, John Slor, Ray Bakey, John Richardson, Rick Casavant, Ted (Knobby) Hall, Hank Baak, Andre Tremblay and myself. Unfortunately a lot of those lads have joined the Delta. I can't recall any other LS and below on that trip, but I stand to be corrected.

Anyway, as we often did, we were enjoying a mid afternoon "wet" in one of the rooms, one of us brain children decided to find out if 151 rum (which of course was the drink of the day) would actually burn. Simple enough, put some in a glass ashtray, which was in the middle of round arborite covered table, and light the liquid. What a lovely blue flame it produced, we were all quite proud of our successful experiment until the glass ashtray cracked right in the middle and this blue flame ran off the table in all directions

onto the carpet of the room. Talk about a whole bunch of guys doing a Fred Astaire in as hurry before everything caught on fire. We got it all out just before likely one of the biggest men I've ever seen appeared in the doorway. He was a USN Shore Patrol, black and as I said took up the entire door. He quietly said, "Gentlemen, I've just come out of the sunshine, can't really see very well, I'm sure there's no drinking going on in this room, but I'm going down to the head to wash out my eyes, I'm sure when I return I won't see anything wrong". Talk about getting rid of bottles, glasses, all evidence in a hurry, but we did it, he came back and was very happy to see "nothing" out of the ordinary. Man we laughed for a while over that, then proceeded to get back into it without the experiment! That was the same trip I got into a bit of bother from the USN Shore Patrol for taking a picture of a U2 on the tarmac, touchy people those Yanks.

Yours Aye, Charles (Chuck) O'Neill CPO 2
RCN Retired

TO MY CRITICS (Chuck O'Neill)

As for my poe-tree,
I know that you don't need it.
I know it's only doggerel,
I'll concede it
And we all know that my words,
are strictly for the birds.
Go on criticize, I'm happy that
you read it.

FROM PAST TO PRESENT:

Jose Lesage posing in front of the Grumman Avenger. Pictured below is

his son Richard with our Avenger in the new park at the start of 12 Wing.



I SPOKE TO YOU IN WHISPERS

By
Neil Andrew

I spoke to you in whispers
As shells made the ground beneath us quake
We both trembled in that crater
A toxic muddy bloody lake
I spoke to you and pulled your ears
To try and quell your fearful eye
As bullets whizzed through the raindrops
And we watched the men around us die
I spoke to you in stable tones
A quiet tranquil voice
At least I volunteered to fight
You didn't get to make the choice
I spoke to you of old times
Perhaps you went before the plough
And pulled the haycart from the meadow
Far from where we're dying now
I spoke to you of grooming
Of when the ploughman made you shine
Not the shrapnel wounds and bleeding flanks
Mane filled with mud and wire and grime
I spoke to you of courage
As gas filled the Flanders air
Watched you struggle in the mud
Harness acting like a snare
I spoke to you of peaceful fields
Grazing beneath a setting sun
Time to rest your torn and tired body
Your working day is done
I spoke to you of promises
If from this maelstrom I survive
By pen and prose and poetry
I'll keep your sacrifice alive
I spoke to you of legacy
For when this hellish time is through
All those who hauled or charged or carried
Will be regarded heroes too
I spoke to you in dulcet tones
Your eye told me you understood
As I squeezed my trigger to bring you peace
The the only way I could
And I spoke to you in whispers.....

Elwood letter #1

An Opinion

Editor.

I dont usually write to papers very often and when I do write its not to get my name in print but to make a point with somebody in charge. Thats why I'm writing to you, Editor, about the quality of your paper paper. I mutch preferred it the way it was before it became the way it is now.

I am not a member of the Military but feel closely related because I am geografically almost co related through the position of my house because I live in the Eastern Passage Cow Bay area so that pretty near makes us neighbors. Anyways, I was introduced to your paper about a year ago when I bought some haddock from Ralfie and found he wrapped it in a copy of the Warrior. Well the first few times this happened I didn't think mutch of it I just figured it was that Salvation Army paper the Warrior Cry. Well one Sunday Agnes (that's my wife) couldn't go to church because she had a bad head cold and didn't want to spread germs. So I thought I'd do some religious reading in honour of it being the Sabath and all. So I undone Saturdays fish and found out that it was the Shearwater paper we'd been getting the hole time. I was sure some surprised. I couldn't read all of it because a few bits of it stuck to the haddock- It sort of become a habit after that reading the Warriar paper.

Anyhows that brings me to the point of this letter which I will now comment upon.

The quality of the paper is definitely enferior to the better quality stuff you

used before. While it might not make mutch difference to the fellows who get it in a normal fashion it sure makes it some hard for those of us who get it thru non official chanel. The old paper use to come away pretty clean from the fish and stay pretty readable, but this new stuff clung to that poor fish like chewing gum to a your upper plate: About half of it got either left on the fish or too soggy to read.

Now I don't mind the odd cut back in the spending of the military but I think this is going too far. Fly one of your See Kings one time less a week and take your Petro Canada savings and buy some good paper with it so Agnes and me can stay in touch with the happening of our good miliary neighbors.

Respectfully yours

Elwood

The Elwood Papers are a compilation of letters as sent from Floyd Bosko and Jon Houston, then editor in 1984 and 1985. We thought you might enjoy reading the banter between our then Editor and "Elwood". We will be posting letters throughout the next few Warriors. We feel it is still relevant today. ENJOY!!!

**"19TH CAG PILOTS, IN EARLY SPRING '49 AT
SHEARWATER NS" (BY EDDY MYERS)**

Seafury number TG 120, before heading West on a lengthy deployment of 1700 miles, as the crow flies, to the "Canadian Joint Air Training Centre" at Rivers Manitoba. (A couple of asides) 1. In the summer issue of Warrior, Pat Whitby ably recounted much of the many happenings that befell 19th Carrier Air Group during that deployment. This narrative is therefore limited to the four members in the photo.

2. Of the four in the photo, three, Lt (P) Chuck Elton, Lt (P) Joe MacBrien and LT (P) Eddy Myers, on arriving at Rivers, returned to Shearwater to form the RCN Seafire Canadian National Exhibition Flight. All three had to re-qualify on the Seafires that had been decommissioned, held in long term storage and then demothballed before being pressed back into service to replace the grounded Seafury's, originally scheduled to perform at the 1949 CNE.

(Narratives about each pilot from left to right)

Lt (P) Don Joy – One of a few pilots in RCN Aviation that served his entire career as a Canadian Naval Officer. The majority of aircrew were ex-RCAF or ex-RN). After having flown Seafury's aboard HMCS Magnificent, Don returned to upper-deck service and captained several RCN ships as a Commander (P).

Lt (P) Chuck ELTON - An ex-RCAF pilot, joined the Royal Navy's Fleet Air Arm, before transferring to the RCN. On joining the 'Seafire Exhibition Flight', Chuck was chosen by the C.O., Lcdr (P) 'Clunk'Watson, to be his port-side wingman. Unfortunately, during the final 3-plane aerobatic rehearsal over Malton Airport, Chuck and the C.O. collided and both were killed.

(A retrospective article on the Seafire Exhibition Flight is planned.) Lt (P) J.J. (Joe) MacBRIAN – Also was one of a few who served an entire career in the RCN. Appointed to the Seafire Exhibition Flight in 1949, Joe was selected by Clunk as his

starboard wingman. When the fatal midair collision occurred, J.J. immediately flew clear and landed safely. A further testimony to his flying skills was displayed during his exchange

appointment to a USN Cougar Jet Squadron aboard the USS Oriskany during the Korean War. For his outstanding performance leading attacks against North Korean targets, he was awarded the United States Navy's 'Distinguished Flying Cross'. Following early retirement, he embarked on a successful business career.

LT(P) Eddy MYERS- An ex-RCAF pilot who transferred to the RN Fleet Air Arm and was subsequently recruited by the RCN for its newly approved Aircraft Carrier and Air Squadrons. During 19th CAG's deployment to Rivers, he, like J.J. and Chuck, was temporarily seconded to Lcdr (P) WATSON's 'Seafire Exhibition Flight' to perform at the '1949 Toronto International Air Show'. After rejoining 19th CAG, and once again flying Furies, he and his Commanding Officer, Lcdr (P) Ray CREERY, shared a speed record of 430+ mph during the last leg of the return to Shearwater, a

hefty tailwind didn't hurt. Now long retired and a couple of month's short of his 95th birthday, he may be the oldest living pilot to have served in the 'short-lived' RCN Aviation, and to have flown Seafires and Seafury's. Serving aboard three carriers, HMS

Implacable, HMCS Magnificent and Bonaventure, he flew Seafires, Seafury's and Trackers. In each instance, Deck landings were guided by a different system of signals. Aboard 'Implacable' it was RN Batsmen (using RN batting signals), on 'Maggie' it was RCN Batsmen (using modified RN/USN signals) and aboard 'Bonnie' it was the Mirror Landing Aid, by far the best and safest system.



Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation



Who are we:

A charitable organization that raises funds to
support the projects of the SAM
Foster stewardship of Naval / Maritime Air
community heritage.

What do we do:

Publishers of " The Warrior " 3x yearly magazine
Fundraisers - 500 Club, Dinner Auction,
Golf tournaments and more

Projects we have funded:

Facility expansion
Exhibit production, Aircraft purchase



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