

WARRIOR

WINTER 2012





Some fields of human endeavour endure and become routine, while others are cut off before their time but live on in the memory to become legendary. Such was the fate of Canadian Carrier-borne Aviation. In 25 years, aircraft of the Royal Canadian Navy reached their peak of efficiency flying from HMCS BONAVENTURE. Their achievements were equaled by few, if any, Navies of the World.

Vice Admiral J. C. (Scruffy) O'Brien

081 Jubilee Celebration.....pg 14

**Sea King 409 on Exercise with
HMCS Athabaskan.....pg 25**

Crash On HMCS Fraser's Deck.....pg 33

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

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

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

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Summer	1 July
Winter	15 October

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Photos are provided by several sources: DND, SAM Archives, 12 Wing Imaging, SAMF website and those sent in with individual's submissions.

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**PLEASE RENEW YOUR SAMF
MEMBERSHIP!**



FROM THE CURATOR'S DESK

By Christine Hines

I can tell you that the pace at SAM has been quite brisk so far this fall. Our teams have been busy working away at aircraft restoration projects, and a great deal of behind-the-scenes

exhibit work continues in the areas of signage and interactive displays.

Specifically, the maintenance teams have been busily working on the Tracker and Firefly projects. The progress of the Tracker restoration continues to astound me, in no small measure due to the efforts of the students from the NSCC Aviation Institute. Without them, our progress would not have been as steady as it has been, and a huge thank you goes out to that team, also including Ron Kay, Wayne White, Tom Wright, and Jack MacIsaac. All that's left is to complete the work on the wings.

summer is setting into life back at Shearwater nicely. In the last issue of "The Warrior", Kay was kind enough to advertise that we needed an arrestor hook for the "new" Avenger: we had a response from none other than our friend John Arnold, who was able to provide the missing piece! Thanks John!



The work to repair and paint it is just about done, and it's looking like a million dollars. It will certainly be a fine addition to the aircraft.

The Engineering team plans to get a few ground runs in before the weather turns, and we hope to begin the process of putting the aircraft back into its sailor suit over the winter. We are still very pleased at the success of this project, and are grateful to the SAM Foundation for securing it for us, and to 12 Wing for giving us the clearances to fly it into CYAW.

We have been offered a pair of C-45 Expeditors for the collection, located out West, and hope to have a plan together shortly to cost out the recovery of these airframes; unfortunately, we cannot bring them to SAM until we have secured a new home for our CF101 Voodoo, which takes a great deal of storage space! It is our hope that the good folks at the New Brunswick Military History Museum at CFB Gagetown will provide a happy home for this long under-utilized airframe.



Bud Ayer and Mick Stephenson

The Firefly project is also making slow but steady progress. While still reluctant to call a date to lift off, we have a couple of ground runs scheduled before the snow flies. The Firefly Team members are all working patiently and diligently to ensure this project come to fruition. With each ground run, the team is more hopeful.

The Avenger we acquired from the SAMF this past

In closing, I'd just like to offer a few thoughts about our Volunteers: I'll always be the first to say that we cannot do our work without the support of our Volunteer Corps. I am not sure each one understands how vital they are to the success of our organization, just like so many other community groups out there. In these tough fiscal times, all of our Volunteers continue to chip in and give what free time they have, in order to help us maintain the programs and development SAM has achieved over the years. Each SAM staff member is grateful, and we congratulate you for your work and commitment to SAM. You are great for our morale and we thank you for it! All the best, Christine.

Museum's Latest Exhibit Dartmouth Squadron in Battle of Britain

by Ernie Cable Shearwater Aviation Museum Historian

The Shearwater Aviation Museum recently unveiled its latest exhibit portraying history of one of the base's more notable Second World War squadrons. Shearwater or Royal Canadian Air Force (RCAF) Station Dartmouth as it was then called was Canada's largest air station in Eastern Canada and the home of numerous anti-submarine/convoy escort squadrons. Less well known is that Dartmouth was also the home of the RCAF's No.1 (Fighter) Squadron that was hurriedly dispatched to England and thrust into the Battle of Britain. Although more than 80 Canadians flew with Royal Air Force (RAF) squadrons, the RCAF's No. 1 Squadron was the only Canadian squadron to fight in the epic air battle that saved Britain from invasion and changed the direction of the Second World War.

The museum's No.1 Squadron exhibit consists of a centre display panel, extending the full height of the hangar wall, flanked by two smaller panels which highlight some of the events in No.1 Squadron's history and its involvement in the Battle of Britain. Dartmouth's No.111 Micmac Wing of the Canadian Air Force Association assumed half the museum's costs of mounting the No.1 Squadron/Battle of Britain exhibit.

The origin of No. 1 Squadron dates back to 1 April 1930 when Canada's first Fighter Flight was formed at Camp Borden with obsolescent Siskin biplane fighters. Fighter Flight was officially re-formed as No.1 (Fighter) squadron at Trenton ON, on 21 September 1937. The squadron moved to Calgary AB in August 1938 and was re-equipped with the RCAF's first front-line aircraft, the Hawker Hurricane in February 1939. The Hurricanes had been shipped from England to Vancouver where they were uncrated, reassembled, test flown, and then ferried to the squadron at Calgary.

On 10 September 1939, the day Canada declared war against Germany, No.1 Squadron was mobilized at St. Hubert QC, and on 5 November it moved to its war station at Dartmouth NS with the first seven Hurricanes (Serial nos. 311, 315, 316, 324, 327, 328 and 329). These aircraft arrived at RCAF Dartmouth on 6 November 1939 and were the very first aircraft to land on the station's newly constructed runways. (Prior to 6 Nov., RCAF Dartmouth was a seaplane station only.) The squadron's prime duty was to protect the Halifax's strategic harbour from air attack. The squadron's first mission was flown on 20 November 1939 with Flying Officer (F/O) Reyno (promoted to Air Marshal in 1966) in Hurricane 324 flying a naval cooperation sortie (diving practice on naval vessels) in Bedford Basin. The last mission flown in Canada was on 24 April 1940 when two Hurricanes conducted a reconnaissance mission within a 50-mile radius from

Dartmouth in search of enemy shipping outside of Halifax harbour.

Battle of Britain

Starting on 3 September 1939, the official beginning of the Second World War, Nazi Germany's Wehrmacht (army) and Luftwaffe (air force) quickly conquered Poland, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium and France. With the RAF being overwhelmed in the skies over Europe and the British Expeditionary Force's miraculous escape from French beaches at Dunkirk in late May 1940, the Nazi sweep of continental Europe was complete. To achieve the last remaining objective the Nazi's planned to launch Operation Sea-Lion, a mammoth cross Channel invasion of Britain, scheduled for mid-September. But for Sea-Lion to succeed the Luftwaffe had to win air superiority over the English Channel and Britain by defeating the RAF; a feat the Luftwaffe was convinced could be achieved in a few days. Against a fleet of 3,358 German fighters and bombers the RAF could muster only 666 fighters to defend Britain. Starting 10 July 1940, waves of hundreds of Luftwaffe bombers, protected by fighters, made repeated attacks daily on Britain. The mass formations of bombers continued to attack until 15 September, considered to be the height of the air battle where the RAF claimed 185 German aircraft shot down at a cost 56 fighters. September 15 was the last day the Germans sent massive waves of bombers to attack Britain; the Luftwaffe had already lost close to 1700 aircraft and could no longer sustain such heavy losses. It was also the last RAF classic intercept of a Luftwaffe raid against England. On 17 September 1940, German Admiral Raeder conceded, "The enemy air force is by no means defeated. On the contrary it shows increasing activity." Without air superiority Operation Sea-Lion had to be postponed indefinitely and Britain survived as the last bastion of freedom in Europe.

RCAF No. 1 Squadron

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

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

Similar to the RAF squadrons in the Battle of Britain, No. 1 Squadron had its "finest hour" on 15 September 1940. Eleven of the squadron's Hurricanes swooped down on a Luftwaffe formation of 20 Heinkel bombers and cut them to ribbons. F/O P. Lockman was shot down but belly landed his Hurricane beside one of the crashed Heinkels and personally escorted the crew from the aircraft; one of the few fighter pilots ever to take a prisoner. After victory in the Battle of Britain, Prime Minister Winston Churchill declared, "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few." Some of the "FEW" were from No. 1 (Fighter) Squadron.

No. 1 Squadron's existence came to an end on 31 March 1941 when it was renumbered No. 401 Squadron as part of the RCAF's overseas reorganization. During the nine months No. 1 Squadron served in England, including the Battle of Britain, it flew 1694 sorties accumulating 1,569 operational hours and 1,201 non-operational hours. The squadron was credited with 30 enemy aircraft destroyed (28 ½ in the Battle of Britain), 8 probably destroyed and 34 damaged. Operationally, the squadron lost 15 Hurricanes,

13 pilots of whom three were killed and ten wounded or injured; two personnel were killed in non-operational (training) accidents. Three pilots were awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross.



President's Report

The 2011 – 2012 season was like the weather, very active with low and high points.

The "Mortgage Burning Party" was a much anticipated and well attended event held at SAM during

September, congratulations to the SAM curator and staff for job well done.

The new year started off on a sad note with the passing of "Buck" Rogers our President for the last eight years and a member of the Foundation for 17 years.

The Golf partnership with the Air Show fell apart; however, Chuck Coffen stepped forward to put the tournament together, much to the relief of everyone on the Board, thank you Chuck.

Kay started the 50/50 draw and after the first one, turned most of the work over to Margaret Ferguson and Carol Shadbolt, a nice piece of work ladies.

The Dinner/Auction, put together by Patti Gemmell and Kay Collacutt and assisted by others was a success. Thank you to all who helped, brought in auction items and to those who purchased tickets, it is also nice to have an enjoyable evening while raising money "for the cause".

The Warrior continues to gather praise from all sides, it shows the dedication and hard work of Kay and her various helpers, coupled with the many and varied submissions from members - thank you everyone.

Avenger purchase. The Board approved a resolution to purchase the last Avenger held by Forest Protection Ltd. during the November meeting, The purchase was completed between Christmas and New Year and the culmination of much effort and paperwork resulted in the "Homecoming of an old warbird" 26 July 2012.

The Firefly is not forgotten during the above activities much work has been carried out but there is still some way to go before she will fly.

Perhaps the most important event of the year was the review of our Constitution as directed at the last AGM. Chuck Coffen and his committee conducted a thorough review and produced recommendations that were received with full endorsement by the Board of Directors.



Former naval aviator honoured in building naming ceremony at 12 Wing Shearwater

By Lieutenant (Navy) Len Hickey - 12 Wing Public Affairs

A former naval aviator was remembered on 1 Aug 12, when the Maritime Helicopter Operations Support Centre was renamed the Admiral Robert H. Falls Centre at 12 Wing Shearwater.

Adm. R.H. Falls

"Admiral Robert Falls was an admired and respected naval aviator," stated Lieutenant-Colonel Larry Crewson, 12 Wing Head Quarters Chief of Staff. "He was a talented pilot, skilled seaman and inspirational leader who proudly represented the great airmen who came before him and the great men and women who continue Canada's legacy of naval aviation today and into the future."



Born in Welland Ontario, the late Admiral Robert Falls led a storied career. He distinguished himself as a pioneer in naval aviation, leading the first squadron of Banshee fighter jets on Her Majesty's Canadian Ship *Bonaventure*, a ship which he would later command. His subsequent leadership at the Canadian Forces Maritime Warfare School helped develop naval doctrine and tactics still used today by the Canadian Forces, as well as allied nations around the world. Admiral Falls was eventually promoted to the position of Chief of the Defence Staff, becoming the first naval officer to serve in that position. Following that role, he became the first Canadian to serve as Chairman of the NATO Military Committee, from 1980-1983.

"Dad remained a humble man and would be astonished to learn that a building has been named after him," said Ms. Janice Falls, daughter of the late Admiral. "As his children and grandchildren, we are honoured by this dedication and grateful for the recognition given to this man who knew the importance of naval aviation."

Colonel (Ret) John Cody was the guest speaker at this ceremony. As he and Gord Gray were the only ones present who knew the Admiral, he personalized the event for the Admiral's family with stories of how Admiral Falls had inspired him to join the RCN's Air Branch. He recalled the day he saw the RCN's Aerobatic Team, the "Gray Ghosts" which at the time were led by the Admiral, They were performing at the CNE Air show when he was a young Air Cadet in their Banshee jets. That aircraft had the most beautiful profile of any jet flying at the time he recalled. This team was actually the forerunner of today's Snowbirds. Ms. Falls remarked to Mr. Cody in later correspondence that she had completely forgotten the name "Gray Ghosts", and that commanding this team was one of her father's proudest accomplishments in his Naval Air career.

Mr. Cody also recalled the lighter story about when he was serving as a pilot in HS 50 on the *Bonaventure* when the

Admiral was the Captain. The ship was alongside at Isle Grande airport in downtown old San Juan. It was mid afternoon during "Tropical Routine" and he was proceeding ashore. At the same time as he was leaving the ship, he noticed a group of matelots just ahead of him. They had jumped the small fence and were running around on the runway playing silly bugger, having imbibed a few tots before heading out for the rest of the day. I also noticed that there was a small Cessna 150 in the circuit and that these guys were unnerving him. He almost stalled out trying to miss them. I recalled thinking "student pilot--first solo probably". I went up to the fence and yelled at them to clear the runway. One of them turned out to be the ships buffer. With 12 or so of his guys with him, they finally did clear the runway, but not until they had gathered around me, making sure what my name was. When I got back to the ship I found out that they had turned me in for some imagined transgression. They wanted to ensure their side of this imagined tale was heard before mine. I went up to the Captain's table the next morning to act as a witness to this event which I too had reported, only to find myself up on charges. I was given some stoppage of leave and a lecture, and sent on my merry way after explaining what happened. Dan Munroe who was my Det Commander, and Jean Veronneau were both furious that nobody in HS 50 had been told of this nor present at my appearance at the Captains table.

Captain Falls was concerned when he stopped me in the passageway a couple of days later, and he more or less apologized as he had since heard the true story from Dan. He told me to be a little more careful and to have a witness to these sorts of matters in future. Then he congratulated me for doing the "right thing" and that there would be no record on my file of this incident. I went ashore that afternoon with a clear conscience, with my stoppage lifted courtesy, I think, of one Dan Munroe.

But the story did not stop there. Some years later I was moving from NDHQ back to Shearwater, and the *Mayflower* moving estimator arrived at my house. He looked a little familiar, but then a lot of people do in our business. He looked around and seeing all the aviation stuff on my walls asked if I was a pilot. I said that yes, I was a Navy pilot. At this point he introduced himself, and it was the long retired buffer from the carrier, Chief Flanagan. We had a good laugh over that one.

This story set the family a bit more at ease, as they had up until this point looked a tad uncomfortable as the proceedings unfolded. His daughter remarked that she had enjoyed this story which she had not heard before, as it had personalized for her those years that he was on the carrier.

The naming of a building on behalf of the Department of National Defence is an order specifically reserved for occasions to honour and commemorate a distinguished person who has rendered service of a rare or exceptionally high standard to the Canadian Forces or to the nation. The honoured individual must also serve as an inspiration or example for future service personnel.

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McClung, W	Nickson, G	Rosenthal, L	Theriault, G	Wood, L
McColm, C	Nimmo, R	Runciman-	Thomas, B	Wooder, F
McCowell, L	Noble, J	MacKeen, S	Thompson, J	Woodruff, B
McDermott, J.W.	Nordland, P	Russell, S	Thompson, B	Woosnam, R
McDermott, W.	Northrup, H	Ruston, R	Thoms, R	Wright, C
McEwen, H.K.	Nowell, D	Sabucco, D	Thornton, D	Young, D
McFarland, E	Nunn, R	Sanderson, J	Todd, J	
McGowan, S	O'Brien, L	Sanford, H	Topping, D	
McGreevy, L	O'Grady, R	Sarty, M	Trinacty, E	
McHarg, W	O'Neill, J	Saunders, G.R.	Troy, E	
McIntosh, J.F.	O'Neill, C	Sawyer, Mrs R	Truran, J	LIFE
McKinney, Mrs G	O'Reilly, P	Sawyer, T	Tuck, L	Akitt, B
McLaughlin, I.J.	Olshefsky, P	Schramm, G	Tucker, A	Allan, T.S
McLennan, I.D.	Orr, L	Shadbolt, C	Tucker, J	Arai, Adm H.
McLewin, D	Ouellette, J	Shannon, H	Turner, P	Aruja, M
McNeil, Mrs B	Ough, J	Shatford, L	Tustian, G	Ashley, L

Atkinson, W
Baiden, P
Baker, J.R.
Barling, S
Beach, M
Beard, J
Bell-Irving, M
Bell-Irving, B
Benton, D
Biggs, L
Bingley, A
Bird, P
Bond, J
Boss, G
Brand, V
Bristow, A
Brown, G
Browne, N
Brownlow, D
Bruce, M
Brygadyr, S
Buchanan, Mrs P
Buckley, F
Buckoski, R
Cable, E
Caldwell, M
Calver, C
Casement, R
Cash, D
Chapman, H
Clark, H
Cobbold, R
Coffen, C
Conrad, S
Cook, L
Cook, G
Cormack, B
Crowe, D
Curleigh, C
Davey, W
Davis, T
Dayton, F
DelFabro, G
Doyle, E
Drage, P
Dubinsky, H
Dunn, P
Dutchak, W
East, L
Eden, J
Edgar, W
Edgar, E
Edwards, D
English, K
Field, A
Findlay, R
Finucane, B
Forster, E.R.
Fraser, W
Gautschi, Ms P
Gibbon, J.E.

Gibbs, Mrs J
Gillespie, A.
Grossmith, D
Haglund, E
Hennessy, Adm R
Hockin, D
Hodgins, H
Hood, W.H
Hughes, R
Hunt, D
Hynes, Mrs A
Inglis, N
Irving, D
Johnston, Mrs A
Jones, D
Jones, W
Keelor, T
Kent, R
Kieser, Mrs M
Kjellstrom, E
Kneebone, R
Lambert, Jr, N
Lambie, Mrs E
Langlois, R
Laquerre, J
Liley, A
Logan, R
Logan, J.W.
Lucas, R
Lyngard
Lyons, R
MacDonald, S
MacLean, O.K
Marlow, G
Martin, W
Maxwell, D.E.
Mayhew, M
McBain, A. R.
McBurney, R
McCaffery, J
McDonald, L.S.
McFadden, M
McGee, J
McSweeney, J
Milsom, P
Misener, Ms K
Montgomery, B
Moore, A.E.
Moran, W
Morin, L
Murphy, L
Myrhaugen, M.L.
Nash, W
Newman, G
Nielsen, E
Oland, B
Oxholm, B
Passmore, R
Paterson, W
Peacocke, B
Peacocke, Mrs M

Philippe, F
Piasecki, F
Porter, Adm H
Pumple, G
Raeside, V
Reesor, F
Reynolds, B
Richardson, S
Robertson, L
Rock, H
Rogers, E
Rolfe, C.
Rowland, J
Ruppert, G
Searle, J
Seaward, P
Segui, L.M.
Shaw, D
Shaw, M.S.
Shepherd, T
Sherwood, Ms J
Smith, E
Smith, S
Smith, G
Snelgrove, C
Snowie, A
Steele, P
Stevenson, G.F.
Stewart, J
Stirling, K
Suthers, W
Tang, P
Timbrell, Adm R
Tonks, T
Trenholm, R
Tripp, F
Turner, D
Turner, T
Urquhart, G
VanAlstine, L
Vondette, Mrs U
Voutt, K
Wall, J.D.
Washington, H
Webber, J
Weber, L
West, R
Whitby, P
White, T
Williamson, A
Willis, F
Winchester, N.E.
Winter, Dr R
Woods, M

PATRONS
Cramton, D
Davis, W
McEachern, R

Hutchins, R
Smith, C

SUSTAINING
Arnold, J
Arvisais, G
Atkinson, E
Beard, R
Bird, J.M.
Bissell, R
Bodner, M
Brayman, M
Brushett, G
Bryan, W.J.
Cantlie, J
Chandler, D
Cobley, D
Cody, J
Conner, S
Dannhauer, W
Davidson, W.R.
Davies, H
Dawson, P
Dowdall, F
Edwards, Ms A
Elder, A
Fegarty, B
Ferguson, F
Forrest, L
Fotheringham, J.B.
Greenwood, H
Gruber, J
Hawrysh, F
Hayter, J
Houston, C
Hull, L
Krys, H
Lelacheur, E
L'Heureux, E
Lindstrom, L
MacIntosh, Mrs V
MacQuarrie, A
Main, J
McCulloch, M
McIntosh, A
Millman, K
Monteith, R
Northrup, B
Odland, T
Paton, J.W.
Patterson, L
Peters, D
Roberts, J
Rowell, S
Ruzgys, V
Scott, J
Shaw, C
Sherman, M

Soutter, G
Stegen, J
Stewart, R
Zbitnew, L

(If a name is missed please advise.)

(If your name isn't on one of these lists, it should be.)

(Regular Membership \$40 per yr around 10 cents a day.)

THE UACL INCIDENT

BY Larry McWha

On Friday, 28 August 1969, I was a crew commander on HS-50's BONAVENTURE Det. The carrier was scheduled to sail the following Monday and my instrument rating was about to expire; the same was true for Willie Madder (another BV CC) and also, for André Jean, an OTTAWA Det CC.

That morning the three of us, along with ex-RCAF UICP Stu Smith launched from Shearwater in 4014 headed for Montreal. I flew my IRC"A" from Shearwater to Fredericton via Saint John. We refueled in Fredericton and Willie flew his IRC"A" from there to St Hubert via Quebec City. We were delivering the RCN red-nosed 4014 for its new CF paint job and were to pick up Sea King12405 in its shiny new paint scheme and numbers for delivery to Shearwater. André was to fly his IRC"A" from St Hubert to Fredericton.

We all went to the UACL flight office to sign out the new aircraft but there was quite a delay with the paperwork, so Willie and I headed out to the aircraft and did the pre-flight while the maintenance record "traveller" was being prepared. I recall that I wasn't very impressed with the UACL QA job because I found a bunch of masking tape stuck to the tail rotor cables in the after cabin and had to climb into the tail cone with my flashlight to make sure there wasn't any more of the stuff back there.

It seemed to take forever for the two pilots to eventually show up at the aircraft. By the time they were in their seats and flashing 405 up, the plant workers were all heading home but, from my vantage point of the TACCO's seat (we still had a forward-facing console then and the window was still there on the starboard cabin side) I could see a large crowd of workers lining up at the windows watching us... apparently they very rarely got to see the fruits of their labours actually going airborne.

André received his IFR clearance over the radio and we were cleared to taxi. There was by now a very large crowd of UACL goofers about 60 feet away behind glass. I settled down for a long nap. André was cursing the tail wheel because he couldn't get it to unlock. I glanced up and could see F/L Stu (a short-assed ex-Sabre jockey) leaning over from the co-pilot's seat to lend a hand on the recalcitrant tail wheel T handle. Just then, I heard the transmission noise increasing rapidly; Willie Madder, sitting beside me looked straight at me with widening and bulging eyeballs and his mouth agape.

I turned and looked out the window; the UACL workers were scrambling for cover; we appeared to be airborne in a very steep nose down attitude; both pilots could be heard shouting over the ICS "I've got it!" or something to that effect; I could hear crashing noises; the aircraft seemed to come level and then hit the ground pretty hard in company with some more very awful grinding sounds.

Stu and André did the fastest emergency shutdown and egress that I have ever seen before or since. I think that the rotor brake was still doing its work when their feet hit the tarmac. Willie followed them out through the personnel door and I was close behind him.

As soon as I was outside, I could smell jet fuel. I glanced down and saw a lake of fuel spreading forward just a couple of feet behind the lower grimes light which was twirling and sparking on the tarmac in a dozen mangled parts (it was powered by the battery bus and the pilots had left all of the cockpit switches on in their haste to get out). I ran back up the steps and secured the battery switch. Stu told me later that the mangled light stopped arcing and sparking just as the fuel lake engulfed it. By the time I had egressed for the second time, UACL first responders were already roping off the crash site.

As it turned out, the paint contract was just that... remove kit, paint the aircraft, replace kit. The UACL test pilots had recorded over 700 minor defects... many of which probably should have been entered as "majors" and Stu and André had not taken the time to read and digest them all. One of the "minor" defects that they had missed was "strong collective upload with ASE on or off" and another that they missed was "tail wheel lock pin will not retract" (in fact, the cable was severed, that's why it would not retract).

Between the four of us we had about twenty bucks, no credit cards, no civvies, no clean underwear. How we all managed to get back to Shearwater and sail away the following Monday morning is another story.



Remembrance Day 2012

Bill Gillespie, accompanied by his Grandson Noah, laying a wreath at the Dartmouth Cenotaph, on behalf of all Naval Air Personnel, .

NORPLOY '71

It was early September in 1971, and the NORPLOY fleet consisting of the supply ship Preserver, with the destroyers Assiniboine and Saguenay in company, headed for northern waters in what was to become the first of several years in a row of Arctic summer operations. We had spent several weeks taking scientists from several Universities to study the flora and fauna at various locations throughout the Arctic.



HMCS PRESERVER

The Helairdets from the two skimmers transferred to the Preserver for the last half of the trip to the high arctic for some military resupply work while the two DDH's departed and went on a series of port visits in Newfoundland and Labrador, less their helicopters.

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

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

A Sea King had taken a group of the lads in to do some Arctic Char fishing. That in itself was yet another story, as the ship ran afoul of the Game Wardens in the north with our unbeknown to us totally illegal fishing activities. When the lads dropped the fishing party off, they decided to shut the head down for whatever reason. While doing so the co-pilot had a total brain fart, and he made the Accessory Drive Switch at the wrong time. Interlocks somehow failed, and there they were, 7 clicks inland in the high Arctic, with the number one engine and Acc Drive Shaft totally locked up. Nothing was moving. It was solidly jammed from the front of the number one engine right the way through to the

Accessory Drive package. They had no option but to shut her down and examine the damage.

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

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

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

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

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

So, comes the big day when we needed to see if this thing had another flight in it. I took the aircraft captain who had bunged her up with me as co-pilot, who felt really badly about the incident, my good friend our RN exchange officer, Lt (RN) Peter Fish. We had the weight down, and none too soon, as the aircraft was sinking into the tundra, and it was beginning to freeze up at night. We had no external power so were restricted to a battery start on the number two engine. The bird was spread which was a good thing. We got the number two started with a little

coaxing (perhaps an extra one or two times around the horn and back again. I'll never tell). As soon as the number two was started, there we were with the head to engage, and no hydraulic pressure. Neither of us had engaged a Sea King head before with zero hydraulic pressure, but happily, as soon as the rotor brake came off and the head started to turn, the hydraulics came up very quickly. By the time the head had made 2 revolutions, the hydraulic power was up and we had good firm control.

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

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

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

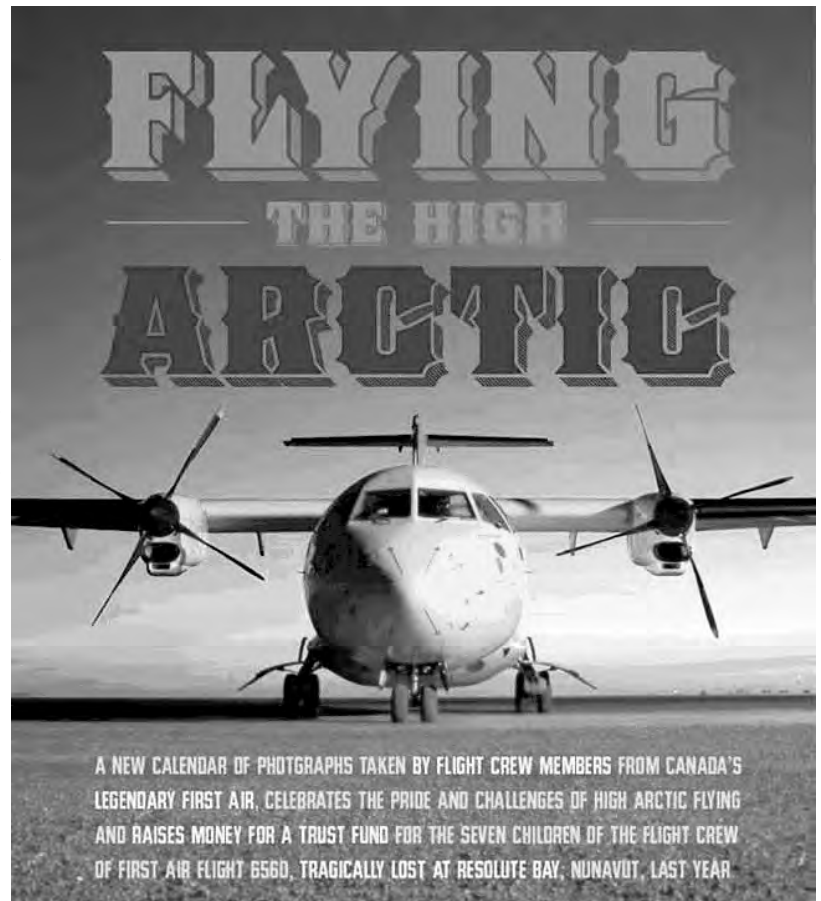
So that was the end of a rather long few days which included being aware that our ship's XO was mustering a Boson's Party to send ashore to hack the bird apart in order to salvage as much of her as they could (and that's not a word of a lie). The folks who had never been there before had passed as much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

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



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

*John M. Cody Detachment Commander
SAGUENAY and PRESERVER Detachments*



Ladies and Gentlemen: See www.vintagewings.ca for more info and to purchase a calendar. Thanks.

081 Jubilee Celebration



Our celebration of 60 years of our trade is over and from our point of view, and the comments received, it was a success. We ended up with 88 participants. Everything went as planned and our projections were close to being on the mark.

Jon and Lynn Main, once again produced a very professional welcome package for all, that included the schedule of events, name tags Tot cards, and designed a limited edition Lapel Pin that encompassed the trade profile in a most detailed and attractive design.

Those of you that were unable to attend were in our thoughts from beginning to end. Fred Illingworth did the kick off at the Meet & Greet and passed along the best wishes and regrets.

And then the party was on. The food was mostly prepared by Jon & Lynn Main, with some supplemental trays purchased to fill in. All was outstanding, delicious, very appealing to the eye and more

Our sincere thanks to the Wing Commander and Mess Manager, Robert Benoit, for allowing us to hold our event at Shearwater, their assistance and providing us with a most excellent venue for our event.

At the Up-Spirits, Dick Pepper provided his Home Made Muffins, that were superb and well received by all.

A wall tile commemorating our Diamond Jubilee (attached) as an official CF Trade was presented to Christine Hines, Curator of the Shearwater Aviation Museum. The presentation was presented by 5 former trade members who achieved their wings under the various names the Trade has experienced.

Representing Airborne Sensor Operators was Shawn Kennedy, Observers was Phil Comeau, Radio Navigators, George Giles, Naval Aircrewman David Bright and Observer's Mates Bud MacLean.

On behalf of us all, Bud MacLean then delivered a most warm address that was followed by a very inspiring Poem specifically written for this special occasion by John Thompson Titled "Salute to Back Seaters" (copy below)

This was followed with Dale Smith reading the names of the 19 members that remain in the Delta followed by a ringing of after each name was read.

This concluded the memorial portion of the program and

was followed by "Up Spirits" with duty Rum Bos'n Jon Main and Sam Allen issuing a measured amount of Rum.

The courtesy and professionalism of Museum staff, exceeded all expectations, and provided us with an excellent atmosphere and decor that suited the moment. Our thanks goes out to Christine Hines, Kay Collacutt and staff for their outstanding support.

The afternoon included a presentation on the procurement of the Sea King by John Orr and a most informative briefing provided by Mr. Peter Lewis, Integrated Personnel Support Centre and Mr. Glen Crain, Veterans Affairs Case Manager.

The day finished with a BBQ and entertainment provided by Jim Cope and Chuck O'Neil. What a hilarious entertaining evening.

Thursday morning wrapped the whole event up with a Farewell Brunch at Neighbour's Pub.



Wall of Honour Tile

Photos of some attendees are shown on next two pages after the following poem.

A Salute to Back-Seaters

Our little branch had many names,
I'll try to name a few.
For years we're called OBSERVERS MATES,
all that changed, as did the name.

As time rolled on, as fate looked on
our mission; still the same.
As years went by, we drilled the sky,
and played the sub-hunt game.

As OMs we fly, and duly ply,
 electronic expertise.
 Through many stints, we chase "ELINTS,"
 They're trawlers in disguise.

These ships are manned by Russian spies,
 tap our communiques.
 to catch them at it; foil their plot,
 it's why we flog the skies.

We try to capture them on film.
 We're sure that they're annoyed.
 Take pot-shots with a Very's gun,
 from quarterdeck deployed.

More fun to chase them in the dark,
 and give them quite a fright,
 and do a radar homing true,
 and "zap" them with searchlight.

We wonder why who do not fly,
 can change our name at will.
 Names rearranged, our goal unchanged
 NAVAL AIRCREWMAN's our new pill.

We have no voice, we have no choice,
 that pill is hard to swallow.
 Keep changing names, they play their games.
 Their reasoning's hard to follow.

They decide call us "RAD NAVs" now.
 Acronym for RADIO NAVIGATOR,
 Again they'll change it; when or how?
 But I'm sure they'll do it later.

Confirm our fears, and in a few years.
 It's RAD NAV to Observers.
 It gets old hat, and after that,
 AIRBORNE ELECTRONIC SENSOR OPERATORS.

The times they change, they rearrange,
 and jobs accumulate.
 To name a few: Search and Rescue,
 plus others tempting fate.

Then against our wishes, were chasing fishes,
 those that are caught "illegal."
 We've had our fill, yet chase oil spill,
 which lubricates a seagull.

Must not forget those ATCs, way up there in the tower.
 Telling aircraft where to go, controlling gives them power.
 A diverse bunch is what we are, of that there is no doubt.
 At GCA we talk them down, and hope they don't wipe-out.

But mainly airborne stuff we do,
 we manipulate black-boxes.

There's MAD and SONAR, RADAR too,
 the stuff we learn on courses.

In early days we earned our pays,
 communicating with a Morse-key.
 The frequency I do believe,
 was fifty-seven-oh-three.

Then came a choice, they gave us voice,
 up in the FM band.
 But still you see, notebook on knee,
 we still record by hand.

Two sexy ladies flew with us,
 they're JULIE; JEZEBEL.
 They flew with us from off our ship,
 our "out-to-sea hotel."

The birds in which we flew?
 I list with no remorse.
 Avenger, Tracker, Argus, Sea King, Horse.
 Others? But of course.

Different boxes, different years,
 we believe we were the best.
 So did others, our NATO brothers,
 we excelled at every quest.

Though it sounds silly, our "war" was "chilly;"
 no angry fired shots.
 We flew with pride, yet some men died,
 and have no funeral plots.

Their resting place? It shows no trace,
 I state with true emotion.
 We still flew brave, above their grave;
 the cruel Atlantic Ocean.

Aurora? It still plies the skies with electronic sensors.
 For what it's worth, and heading North, is the modified bird
 Arcturus
 It's latest task if you should ask - patrolling Canada's
 tundra.
 For what it's worth, patrols the North, North's silence's rent
 asunder.

Despite the butts, it still takes guts, still a case of do or die.
 These newer, swift, and powerful birds, are what the
 AESOPS fly.
 It's AESOPS now that take the load, and keep the game
 on track.
 While old boys think of many chums, who never made it
 back.

John Thompson OM19



1



2



3



5



4



6

#1 Murray Decker, Carl Laming, Bud MacLean, Ray Doucette

#2 Fred Illingworth, John McGuire, Trish Robb, Paul Crawford, Phil Comeau, Al Law, Jim Harroun

#3 Pat Boudreau, Winston Dominee

#4 Harry Windsor, Dale Lounsbury

#5 Wayne Bowlby, Paul Peacey

#6 Jim Cope, Yves Martel



7



8



9



10



11

7. John Richardson, Barb Sikora, Jim Harroun
8. Lynn Main, Jon Main, Fred Illingworth, Dick Pepper
9. Dale Lounsbury, Paul Crawford, Jim Cope, Al Law, John McGuire
10. Dale Smith, Lynn Main
11. Jim Pilgrim, Ted Seal

READERS COMMENTS

Cal Wilson writes: Summer 2012 Issue... VC 920 and the 1957 Ditching. The article in the Summer issue of WARRIOR made great reading, and it gave me so much more detail about that event than I ever had knowledge of before. It brought back memories that haven't surfaced in my mind, going back, now, fifty-plus years.

I had forgotten that I had a photo of that TBM, 907, showing the date and crew signatures.

Once we settled on the ice, Jerry Rol and I got the A/C dinghy clear and launched - with record speed - and climbed in, floating in the hole in the ice opened by 907. I don't think there was "plenty of time" as the article puts it. I think we had just enough time to launch and board the dinghy before 907 nosed over and slid quickly through the ice.

It was lucky that Morris Bertsch saw that flare, because the first one I tried to fire didn't function, and the second that did, was the last one we had. We expected we would be there all night, and because my feet got soaked while getting into the dinghy, I ripped open my chute and cut some of the fabric and wrapped my feet with it. The half-Wellingtons I was wearing, that I usually flew with I used to think were a lucky 'talisman' but when we were winched aboard the chopper I found I couldn't hold onto them and cope with getting into the "horse collar" as well, so they stayed in the dinghy and were lost. After we got safely aboard the HUP, I remember hearing Bertsch call out to Lewis Helms, the pilot, "hey, we finally got one !" which was to say, I guess, that this was the first, for real, rescue mission they had ever flown !

Over the years since, I've heard several reports that when it's sunny and the water's calm, the outline of 907 can still be seen where she lies on the bottom, in about 65 feet of water. I know there has been talk of raising her and that if she were salvaged, there was to be an area at Downsview that would be available to store and display her. That would have been something, to add to the history of VC 920 ! Which, for the record, gives me an entre for some VC 920 memories.

I was one of the original pilots to join the Squadron, when it was formed in May, 1953. I served in VC 920 through the years from 1953 to 1958, and as Senior Pilot from 1955. We were all very proud of what we achieved, including quite a few "firsts" and "onlys".

VC 920 was the first Reserve Air Squadron formed, and was later followed by others, in Kingston, Montreal, Calgary and Vancouver. We began flying in June 1953 with just 2 and later a total of 3 Harvards, but later with TBMs and an Expediter (to us, the "Exploder") so that by 1955 we were operating, in fact, as a "composite"

Squadron.

In 1955, after intensive training sessions flown at Brantford doing FCLPs ("Big Nick" Ken Nicholson and Shell Rowell were our LSOs) our Squadron pilots, flying from CANAS Shearwater, successfully completed CARQUALS aboard HMCS Magnificent. The next year, 1956, we went to the deck again, flew requalifying CARQUALS, and did further at-sea training and nav. exercises from "MAGGIE" operating with the C45 "Exploder" allowed for an IF training program that saw many of our pilots getting their Instrument Rating tickets. (I remember getting only a White ticket because I didn't have enough logged cloud flying time to qualify for a "Green").

Another "only" for VC920 was ab initio pilot training through which a number of untrained RCNR members (in my time often rudely referred to as "fishheads") attached to HMCS York, were enrolled in the Squadron, and through the dedicated efforts of Mike Turner, our resident Staff Officer and instructor, successfully completed flying training, up to "Wings" standard.

The Avenger's armament capability gave our annual summer sessions at "Snagwater" an exciting (and competitive!) addition to the flying program, with sorties to the Chezzetcook firing range, where the accuracy of our rocket firing was much improved, I think, by the side bets, and the pools we had, on scoring the best shots ! In the winter months, flying from Downsview, we also spent quite a few weekends to the east, in Trenton, to do Armament and R/P firing at the RCAF range that borders on the lake, south of Picton.

When VC920 was formed in 1953, most of the first pilots joining were Ex RNVR (sorry Derek, even ex RAF), so most of us had done no flying since 1945. Our first Staff Officer was Rod Lyons, who performed a minor miracle, I think, in working to restore our rusty flying skills. I have a vivid memory of doing dual with him in a Harvard and his (perhaps urgent!) advice to keep a "trickle of throttle on" after touch-down, so you get better rudder control. From a start-up, beginning in June, until our NT date in the fall, sometime in October, he had to complete the "re-training" program and then lead the Squadron to its first NT session at Shearwater, which, by any measure, turned out to be most successful. (That also marked my first ditching experience, when I had an engine failure in a Harvard and ended up ditching in the sea, off McNabs Island. I learned later that this turned out to be the first and only recorded ditching of a Navy Harvard (certainly no matter of pride for me).

Our second VC920 RCN Staff Officer was Mike Turner, who played a huge part in all the Squadron's achievements during his tour of duty with VC920. It was largely due to his leadership and boundless energy that made us able to do our CARQUALS and at-sea training in Maggie in 1955 and 1956. Each year we were able to

use Brantford for our FCLP work-up before flying to Shearwater for our requalifying CARQUALs and operating from the ship. He was the driving force behind the ab initio program and our week-end R/P firing sessions at Trenton. Without his instrument flying training and instruction, I don't think many of us would have ever succeeded in getting IFR tickets.

Mike never missed a party or an RPC, and was always the happiest, and often the loudest, voice to be heard when we all gathered around the piano when George Ballard would be playing. We would sing on and on, and Mike always knew all the words - even the unprintable ones ! I sometimes wonder if any of those "old" songs, like "The A25" are still being sung by a new, and younger, generation of pilots. But as they say, that would have to be "a tale for another day".

I smile when I remember "there are old pilots, and there are bold pilots, but there are no OLD bold pilots". I'm just glad to still be here, and to be one of the "old" ones!

All my best to you, Kay. Hang in there - the WARRIOR continues to be a special joy for me. Every issue is a delight.
Yours, Aye Cal Wilson

From Eric Edgar: With reference to the photo on page 16 of the signature on the fuselage of Avenger 303, the caption should read George H. Bush who was the 41st President not George W. Bush who was the 43rd President of the USA.

Denis Mitchell writes: Nice to see #23 in the Summer issue along with Bill Gillespie on the podium. I have been in touch with Larry Krusken, George Lenihan and Lou Kennedy. Thank you for your efforts.

Mike McCall writes: I note that SAMF is now the custodian of Avenger 53610.

I flew in VS 880 from 1955 to 1957 and thought it likely that I had flown this bird. My log book shows that my first flight in it was on Aug. 8th 1955 while 880 was based in Summerside. I flew it a lot that year when we were embarked in Magnificent, did a NATO exercise and subsequently visited Plymouth, Trondheim, Rotterdam, Gibraltar, Valencia and Genoa before returning to Summerside.

In May 1956 the squadron moved to Shearwater Hangar "D" and spent the rest of the year there except for a short cruise in Maggie to New York and Boston.

My last flight in the bird was April 2nd, 1957.

I have no idea whether that part of 53610's history, as extracted from my logbook is of any interest to SAM; perhaps it can form part of the documentation of the next part of its life. The fourth column in my record, DL, stands for Deck Landing.

At any rate, I attach the record of mine time in the air plane for whatever good purpose it can be put to.

Hugh MacLellan sends: This photo below was sent to me. It is part of our crew on HMCS Annapolis around 1970. The names are from left standing Dave Gibson, on his back Mel ----- can't remember last name; Lou Bidinost; Danny Belfontaine; Harry McLean; Jim Cannon; Hugh MacLellan. In front Andy Labonte; Wayne Petitpas; and unknown. Hope this brings back a few memories, it sure has for me.



Eddie Myers writes to Joe Sosnkowski:

Hi Joe:
A voice out of the blue, Joe, it's Eddy Myers here.

It's been a long time since our paths in the Air Arm diverged in such a way that our paths have not crossed since the '50s.

When I learned of your unfortunate circumstances Joe, via the Aviator's grapevine, ie Jake, John Searle and Kay Collacutt (editor of SAMF's Warrior), I feel compelled, by that deep-seated bond of the Brotherhood of Canadian Naval Aviators, to send my regards and best wishes to you.

Though it's been ever so many years since we last saw

and spoke to one another, and you were driving Banshees, I can clearly recall how enthused and upbeat you always were. A characteristic of Fighter Pilots of which you and your fellow Banshee Drivers were the best. I'm beginning to sound Maudling even to myself.

Change of subject. When I learned that your Dad had been a high ranking officer in the Polish Government and Armed Forces prior to and during the Nazi invasion, and subsequently in the Polish Government-in-exile, it immediately came to mind that my step-nephew's Father, Mark Fleiszer of Toronto, a pilot who flew Spits in the Polish Air Force with the RAF during WWII, might just know of and remember your Father. When I contacted him via the internet, I got an almost instant response that "Yes in deed, he remembered your Dad" and added that any Pole worth his weight knew of and admired their compatriot and leader 'Kazimierz' Sosnkowski.

I subsequently Googled your Father's name and was directed to Wikipedia. What an outstanding man he was. You're the product of a very distinguished lineage and you've done it proud, Joe. I salute you.

While not a religious person;an agnostic to be truthful, I feel at ease with 'MAY GOD BLESS YOU JOE'.

Over and out.....Eddy Myers.

STAN CONNER writes: A day in the life of the Shearwater flyers Football Team and VU32 Squadron.

I want to take you back to the summer of 1955. This was the halcyon days of Naval Air and shearwater and also the haydays of the mighty Shearwater Flyers football team under the leadership of ex Ottawa Rough Rider Don Loney.

So, it was on a quiet summers day that year that the Royal Military College (RMC) of Kingston challenged the flyers to a pre-season exhibition game. Well, of course, Loney and the team accepted the challenge. Now what??? How to get there - firstly, they asked the RCAF for transport and the answer was NO period. So in true naval air spirit of "Make do" - get on with it - VU 32 came forward with the idea to transport the entire team and equipment to Kingston in 10 Avengers (Turkeys)!

C1AT Cy Gilhen and P2PC Stan Conner were tasked with this. There were sufficient technicians amongst the team to look after fuelling and servicing the aircraft prior to returning after the game.

On Friday morning in late August we literally piled on board each aircraft with all the players and equipment spread among the 10 aircraft. Needless to say, we were indeed filled to the gunwales. There were some pilots among the team, ie Bill Gourlay also Observer's Mate Moose Mills but

I believe the rest were from VU 32

So we took off in loose formation and it was an uneventful flight to Kingston. I understand our fuel was not available and it had to be trucked over from Trenton. Anyhow, we fuelled the aircraft and stored them and we were bussed or trucked down to RMC. We were welcomed with open arms and everyone was addressed "Yes Sir or No Sir". It was great - nice accommodations and lovely meals provided. (Maybe this was their psychology in preparation for the game on Saturday?) Loney briefed the team that there was a game to be played the following day so NO drinking tonight! I'll say no more on that.

Saturday afternoon turned out to be a beautiful day for a football game and of course, it is a command performance for the Cadets - the entire one side of the field was absolutely filled with the RMC cadets. Picture this, on the opposite side was the Flyers players bench with Cy Gilhen, myself, some pilots, two Admirals from Ottawa and Don Loney's Mother from Ottawa.

Time for the game. Out came RMC on the field and the appeared like little people compared to the mighty Flyers as they came on the field - I thought no this is not fair - the game will be so one sided!

At half time, RMC were ahead and coach Loney lit into the players using language that he should not use in front of his mother! However, off they went into the second half and the Flyers were indeed beaten by the Cadets of RMC. Our team went on to a very successful season and as we all know, in 1957, went on to win the Intermediate Football Trophy for Canada.

P.S. Among the 10 Avengers used to fly the team to Kingston, I wonder if our newly acquired 53610 would be one of them?

ERIC ATKINSON writes: I was very happy to be picked to serve as Senior NCO in Charge and responsible for the maintenance and airworthiness of a H04S-3 helicopter provided by HU 21 for plane guard duties in BONAVENTURE from 22 Jan 69 - 22 Mar 69 and responsible to the Commanding Officer in charge of the Detachment Capt D.J. Neilly.

I am proud to say every one of the detachment personnel were dedicated to the serviceability of the helicopter working many extra hours to see it ready for any emergencies. They worked well together as a team, moral was high, I never served ashore or afloat with a better crew of Aircraft Mechanics.

Because of our dedication, we were able to be respond to two rescue emergencies from BONAVENTURE saving 5 lives. A Good Show scroll was awarded the men of HU21 Detachment. A photo of our crew follows.



SAMF 50/50 DRAW - NOVEMBER 2012

The winner of the November 2012 50/50 draw is:

Robert Ferguson Total Winnings:\$1988.00

Congratulations Mr. Ferguson.

PLEASE NOTE WELL:

Our 50/50 Draw committee has decided that we will hold our draws once a year. The next 50/50 draw will be held 25 Nov 2013. You may start ordering tickets as of 1 Sep 2013 or if you prefer tickets will be mailed out to you.

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There have been few aircraft in Canada's aviation history that have provided enduring and outstanding service worthy of note more than the SEA KING maritime helicopter. In 2013, the SEA KING's Golden Jubilee will commemorate 50 years of service to Canadians and Canadian interests throughout the world.

Those who have flown and maintained these venerable helicopters have formed a proud and fiercely loyal community that understands that as global events change, so must the capabilities of the aircraft that was for so long the Canadian Force's only shipborne helicopter. The talent, experience and can-do attitude of the SEA KING maintenance community provided mission capable aircraft when and where they were needed.

The SEA KING design is based on the United States Navy's Sikorsky SH-3 helicopter. The Canadian Navy ordered 41 SEA KINGs, originally designated the CHSS-2 which entered service in 1963. The SEA KING's CHSS-2 designation was changed to CH 124 in 1970.

Sikorsky's plant in Connecticut manufactured the first four aircraft and the components for the remaining 37 helicopters, which were assembled by United Aircraft of Canada, a subsidiary of Sikorsky's

parent company, in Longueuil, Quebec. The Canadian SEA KINGs differed from the USN version with the addition of Canadian mission avionics, Helicopter Hauldown Rapid Securing Device fitments, strengthened main undercarriage and an automatic tail pylon folding system.

The Canadian developed Helicopter Hauldown and Rapid Securing Device, colloquially known as the "Beartrap", provided a quantum jump in capability as it permitted a relatively large helicopter to operate from small warships. Considered first in 1943, further recommended in 1951 and again in 1955, called for and trialed in 1956, the helicopter carrying destroyer escort concept finally became possible with the introduction of the Beartrap.

The marriage of a modern twin-turbine helicopter, capable of day-night, all-weather operations with a destroyer size ship established Canada as a leader in the field of shipborne helicopter operations. A frigate or destroyer equipped with a 'Beartrap,' and embarked SEA KING Detachment transformed naval operations during the last half of the twentieth century. The embarked SEA KING expanded the ships' search area multifold and extended its tactical reach. The Canadian SEA KING -Beartrap concept was adopted by navies around the world, including those



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- 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.
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Option A



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Option B & C



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\$600

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Continued next page

(Wall Tiles (continued))

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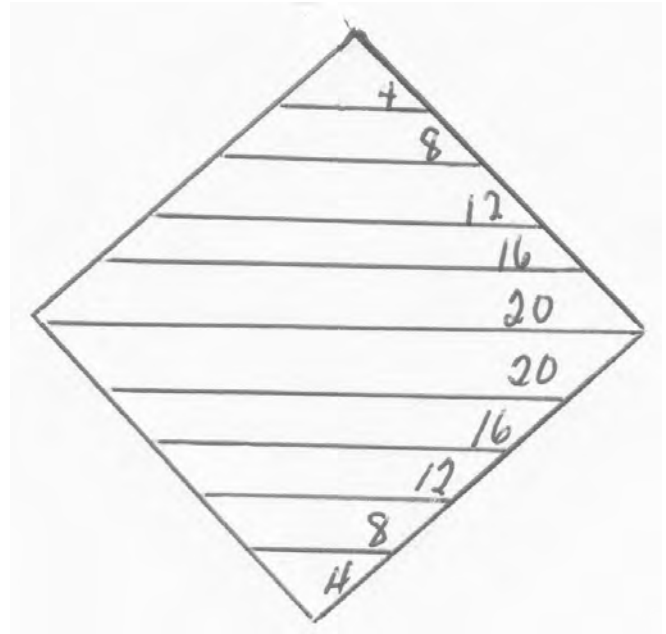
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of the United States, Japan and Australia. It is considered Canada's gift to naval aviation.

Operationally, the SEA KING first served in Helicopter Anti-submarine Squadron HS 50 until it split into Anti-Submarine Helicopter Squadrons HS 423 and HS 443 in September 1974. In January 1995, HS 423 and HS 443 were redesignated Maritime Helicopter Squadrons (MH) to more accurately reflect their maritime surveillance and interdiction roles, which encompassed much more than anti-submarine warfare. MH 423, MH 443 and 406

Maritime Operational Training Squadrons were based at 12 Wing Shearwater, Nova Scotia until MH 443 Squadron moved to Pat Bay, British Columbia in July 1989.

The SEA KING operated from the aircraft carrier *HMCS Bonaventure*, the three Operational Support

Ships, the seven *St. Laurent* destroyer escorts (DDE's), which were converted to helicopter carrying destroyers (DDH's), and the two *Annapolis* class DDHs, which were the first destroyers designed from the keel up to carry the large SEA KING. The four DDH 280 Tribal class destroyers carried two SEA KINGs each, and today, despite her advancing age, the SEA KING continues to complement the capabilities of our Navy's 12 *Halifax* class frigates.

Since her introduction, the Canadian SEA KING has been involved in United Nations and NATO sponsored

operations around the world.

Until the end of the Cold War, the helicopter was primarily used to extend the anti-submarine capabilities of the ships in which they were embarked. However, during the first Persian Gulf War in 1990-91, the extensively modified SEA KING proved to be incredibly flexible, filling a myriad of new roles to extend the effectiveness of Canada's Naval Task Group.

Because of the SEA KING's flexibility and capability to operate from small ships, it has played a leading role in most of Canada's humanitarian, peacekeeping and

peace-making operations since 1991. These operations have witnessed the SEA KING in national and multinational exercises and operations in virtually every ocean of the globe.

Throughout her half-century of service, the Canadian SEA KING's reliability, versatility

and relevance have been maintained by a series of improvements, modernization programs, modifications, depot level inspections, repairs, mission kit fitments, and engine and gearbox upgrades. These modifications and improvements enabled the Canadian SEA KING to provide outstanding service throughout her legendary career.

All who have enjoyed the pleasure of serving with this unique and distinguished helicopter since her introduction into service with the Royal Canadian Navy on 1 August 1963 are proud to pay tribute to such a Canadian icon on her Golden Jubilee.



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BLACKHORSE

August 18th was shaping up to be an interesting day for the air crew aboard HMCS ST. JOHN'S. The mission of the day was to fly to Grise Fjord, drop off the Ship's XO, Combat Officer and Doc for a community visit and pick up three local dignitaries, two of whom were Rangers, to conduct reconnaissance of the Sydkap Glacier on Ellesmere Island, then return to the ship. The crew, Captain's Hanley, Zydownicz, Frederick and Sgt Saunders were flying Sea King 433, call sign Blackhorse, embarked for Operation Nanook 2011, the largest of three annual Canadian Forces Arctic sovereignty operations.

At 0930hrs, Blackhorse took off without a hitch and proceeded to Grise Fjord for the passenger exchange. On the way the weather, which had been forecast to be VFR with a thin layer at 2000 feet, began to deteriorate. The approach plate into Grise Fjord depicts a curved approach path and the note that it is to be conducted day VMC only and only attempted by crews familiar with the area. As we approached the town we were down to 200 feet and just at the point of turning back to the ship when the weather began to scatter out and the town became visible. The small town nestled in a bay, surrounded by mountains, in the shape of a bowl. Not the kind of place to overshoot an approach. The landing was conducted without incident but was obviously an exciting occurrence for the town. After landing, the passenger exchange was conducted with a large number of the town's population of 134 people watching. It was an unusual sight for them to see a Sea King helicopter in the Arctic. There was 3000 pounds of fuel onboard, the clouds were showing every intention of breaking up as forecast and we had verified the layer was thin by climbing above it on the initial transit. So, once finished on the ground, Blackhorse took-off to do some reconnaissance of the glacier. The Canadian Rangers aboard were eager to investigate the possibility of getting onto the Sydkap glacier safely using their snow machines during the winter season as this was their main transit route to the hunting grounds. An advanced look at the area would provide the Rangers with valuable intelligence of the ice features to pass along to hunters in the area, thereby reducing safety risks in the coming winter.

After a 30 mile transit Blackhorse was flying in one of the most scenic canyons that had ever been carved by a glacier. The crew flew up the canyon to the start of the glacier and began filming possible ground routes to its highest point at 4800 feet elevation. After arriving at the summit, it was decided to do a confined area approach procedure to a sand covered, bare patch that looked just big enough for the helicopter. As we approached the spot each grain of sand grew. The lack of man made structures or trees gave the illusion we were closer to the ground than we were, so the spot was close to a kilometer across and each grain of sand was the size of a brick. Once on the ground the crew disembarked to take some photos from the top of the glacier. It was a beautiful day with the glacier spreading in all directions as far as the eye could see. It

was an absolutely amazing moment for all members of the crew.

Blackhorse then took off towards HMCS ST. JOHN'S with the transit plus 20 minutes worth of extra to delta fuel in the tanks. As we passed Grise Fjord on the way south we could see it was socked in with fog and low cloud. Those conditions seemed to persist further south than on the transit to Grise Fjord so the ship was contacted for local weather. They reported clear and a million so we began to relax a bit and enjoy the scenery for the transit. About ten minutes back from the ship we were contacted with updated weather, they had driven into a fog bank and couldn't find a way out again, Great Oogally Moogally. Once over the ship we began passing the position of ice free, open water in hopes of avoiding an instrument approach, all to no avail.

The ship came back with a report that visibility was now 200 yards and the only option, as they saw it, was an emergency-low-visibility approach to ST. JOHN'S. After discovering a glacier lane full of large icebergs in front of the ship and the possibility that these icebergs could extend hundreds of feet upwards and into the approach path of the aircraft, it was determined that the emergency landing procedure would be extremely difficult to carry out. The lack of visibility and proximity of obstacles would adversely affect the ability of both Blackhorse and ST. JOHN'S to maneuver closer to each other and conduct a safe landing. There are always other options and in this case the best one was to land elsewhere. With the fuel running low, Blackhorse's best option was to land on a nice, sheltered bowl of a beach; on an island close to the ship where visibility and ceiling were unrestricted, except in the patch of fog the ship was in, and wait for ST. JOHN'S to break clear. Once in the 15 foot hover, just prior to touching down in the confined area of the beach, the helicopter scared off a polar bear that was sunning itself on our landing spot. It had been unseen until it broke, ran and was pointed out by the Rangers in the back. The last thing we wanted was to spend the night on a beach where a polar bear lived. The polar bear immediately sprinted into the water and swam away while Blackhorse landed. Later the ship's captain reported seeing a polar bear swimming by the ship from the direction of the beach. Although the weather around the island was great, there was still a wall of fog nearby that was hiding the ship. Charts of the area were not the most accurate so the Captain was hesitant to come closer to land. The crew was monitoring the ship's progress on Tacan and offered the ship an HCA to the beach, "Two and half miles back, right of the on course, come left 320." With about 700 pounds of fuel remaining the crew saw, ST. JOHN'S emerge a mile and a half on the nose from the fog like the "Maid of the Mist" and no time was wasted taking off for a smooth recovery aboard. Just another day... North of 60.

by Capt. Norm Hanley

SEA KING 409 ON EXERCISE WITH HMCS ATHABASKAN

by Wayne Halladay

In 1977 HMCS ATHABASKAN sailed for the west coast for four months for exercises in the Pacific. She was the first 280 to venture west to demonstrate the ship's capabilities.

After passage through the Panama Canal we were to join up with west coast ships off Mexico. Our Captain, John Slade, gave us permission for a dawn attack on the West Coasters with our two trusty Sea Kings. Cunningly we skirted around the enemy to attack from their stern. Prior to this coordinated attack I briefed the other Crew Commander, (Grant) to take it easy on the OILER since their Captain might take exception. Our Sea Kings did surprise the enemy ships with our dawn attack; however, in the heat of the beat up the Oiler became an obsession with Grant who did a number on the stately old girl! After returning to our ship I was summoned to the Captain's cabin to discover the Oiler's Captain had already

dispatched an angry message concerning our dawn activities. The word "Horror" in his message still remains fixed in my mind. Waiting for the axe to fall Captain Slade surprised me by saying we would wait to see if anything further developed – nothing did!

After numerous exercises with different ships from Long Beach to Victoria and back to Acapulco the remaining Canadian ships, our Oiler and one destroyer from New Zealand were to separate and steam home. A departing sail past was planned and the evening before this event your trusty aircrew after our "two beer" decided we should moon the fleet during the sail past. The next morning I discussed the mooning with our Captain. Initially he was rather tentative about the idea; however, then surprisingly he agreed!

We prepared 409 for the flight and the word quickly spread throughout the ship that the air department was at it again. The three pilots who had agreed to moon the night before were a little surprised when informed the Captain said yes.

Being true professionals they prepared for this rather different flight. After launching we remained astern of

"Athabee" while our volunteers adjusted their harnesses and clothing to display their "derrieres". Approaching our ship I was surprised how many of the ship's company were taking advantage to view our shenanigans. Flying low and slow I was told in no uncertain terms (by Norm) to speed up since the starboard engine exhaust was searing their rear ends.



Names please? LOL

We then proceeded to fly past all the ships in the formation who were rather startled by the unlikely sight. Most, especially the ship's companies, thought it was a hoot while others on some of the bridges (Oiler) did not seem so enthralled.

Mission completed we landed thinking it was all over. We were first startled then roared with laughter when our ship was mooned by a well organized group of sailors from the quarter deck of the New Zealand ship as she passed on her long passage home.

Sometimes being at sea is not easy for a number of reasons; however, on that day we and our New Zealand friends made our own fun. It was a minor event but it provided a chuckle for a number of personnel.

*Happy
Holidays*

Canada's fleet played role in Cuban crisis

By: Peter McKenna (Sent to us by Paul Baiden)

Fifty years ago this month, then-Soviet premier Nikita Khrushchev agreed reluctantly to pull medium-range ballistic missiles and theatre nuclear weapons out of Cuba -- thus ostensibly ending the perilous Cuban Missile Crisis.

Some historians and commentators have described this tense period as Kennedy's "finest hour" and highlighted his decisiveness and adroit leadership skills.

Others are less effusive in their praise, saying that Kennedy was close to having this crisis spin out of control and barely averted a nuclear confrontation.

Avoiding a nuclear cataclysm also had profound implications for Canada, since many of the missiles in Cuba could reach into Canadian territory. While much was made at the time of Canadian prime minister John Diefenbaker's unwillingness to immediately accept the U.S. line on the crisis, underscored by the intense personal enmity between Diefenbaker and Kennedy, few are aware of Canada's naval contribution during that nerve-racking period.

Part of the threat came from nuclear-equipped Soviet submarines operating off the Atlantic coast and the wider eastern seaboard.

And because of Canada's military prowess in anti-submarine warfare (ASW), it was expected that the Halifax-based Canadian navy (minus the carrier HMCS Bonaventure, which missed much of the search for Soviet submarines) could assist the U.S. navy in this regard.

It was also understood at the time that the Russian fishing and merchant fleet often performed a supporting role for the Soviet navy. In fact, it was an open secret that these trawlers routinely collected important intelligence information on western naval movements and helped in refuelling Soviet subs.

Some preliminary reports in October 1962 intimated that there were several Soviet submarines operating off the coast of Atlantic Canada. For the most part, the senior naval leadership in Halifax knew that it was normal for less than 10 Soviet subs to operate in the North Atlantic.

It was the Atlantic fleet's job (along with a small number of Argus patrol aircraft) to carefully monitor both the Soviet submarines and the Russian fishing vessels. As part of its co-ordinated effort to defend North America, the Canadian Navy was tasked in very rough seas with creating a "submarine screen" in the Northwest Atlantic to defend against the Soviet subs and, if need be, to engage them.

Canada's Navy involvement was also important because it allowed the United States to deploy its naval assets further south and thus participate directly in the 60-ship naval quarantine of Cuba.

Although the evidence is pretty scarce that the Canadian navy actually contacted or confronted any Soviet

submarines during their ocean surveillance, it would have been a major international incident had they engaged the Soviets during this tense period.

One could argue, of course, that the very existence of the submarine screen was enough to deter the Soviet navy from engaging in any provocative behaviour.

In contrast, historian Tony German has argued that there were almost 30 contacts with Soviet submarines that October. Most experts, though, admit that they really don't know how many Soviet subs were operating in the North Atlantic -- and won't know for sure until the Russian naval archives are finally opened.

Retired submariner Peter Haydon has written extensively and carefully on this subject. He maintains that Canadian destroyers seeking to corner one Soviet submarine on Georges Bank were harassed by some Russian fishing vessels. Things could have got scary had one side or the other over-reacted or miscalculated badly.

It is worth noting (though I'm not for a moment suggesting that Canadian sailors or Argus pilots with nuclear depth bombs did the same) that the U.S. Navy forced several Soviet submarines near the quarantine line to surface.

In one instance, a Navy Commander took the high-risk step of recklessly dropping a depth charge near one of the subs.

Interestingly, not much has been said or written about the confusion surrounding whether the Canadian Navy had the proper political authorization to deploy for purposes of ASW. There has been some scholarly debate (see Peter Haydon's outstanding work) about whether it was covered under existing military arrangements with the U.S. navy, that Canadian defence minister Douglas Harkness had given the order or that a newly revised War Book had invested the military brass in Ottawa with all the authority that it needed.

Clearly, there is much that we still don't know about the scope and extent of the Canadian ASW angle--and what military and political lessons were learned in the aftermath.

What is not in dispute, however, is that the Atlantic fleet played a sizable role, working in concert with their American counterparts, in one of the most dangerous international crisis that the world has ever seen.

Peter McKenna is professor and chair of political science at the University of Prince Edward Island in Charlottetown.

Republished from the Winnipeg Free Press print edition October 15, 2012 A10

Here is a link to an NFB film on the RCN on its 50th Anniversary. In 1960 our Navy had a strength 20,000 personnel and 62 ships). It will be nostalgic for those of 'certain age' and a good history lesson for generations x, y, etc.

http://www.nfb.ca/film/an_enduring_tradition

“DAMN I GOT OLD QUICK”

So says one of the patches on my motorcycle vest ... and it is true. Today I am celebrating my 70th birthday. I was anxious to get through the 69's but now that I am entering another decade (for me) I am not so sure. I am really having trouble understanding this

Picture of patch

It just can't be 70 years since the day I joined the first of my seven siblings. Ron had led the way 21 months earlier ... as he led the way throughout our lives. He got me my first job at 14 then ensured the trucker I was working for didn't cheat me on my pay. He gave me my first motorcycle ride and started my life-long obsession with biking. When I learned that I had been accepted into VENTURE as a navy pilot-to-be he gave me my first flight (in a Cessna 120). THIS WOULD MEAN HE IS 72!!!!



I just don't believe it was 53 years that I ran off the bus onto the VENTURE parade ground with my fellow course mates. That image is imbedded in my brain as it is in a series of pictures I got somewhere. Al Altree is the first off, followed by Lorne Renyolds. Somewhere back there, waiting his turn, is 16 year old Joey Paquette. It is not possible that it was over a half century ago ... I can still feel the loneliness and homesickness of those first months. I have been reliving them more intently recently as my grand nephew (older brother Ron's grandson) is just finishing the obstacle course which marks the end of his first month at Royal Military College.

Can it be more than half a century since my first solo at the Victoria Flying Club in a Fleet Canuck? How did we survive those first hours of chasing each other around the sky? One student, with more ability but no more sense than I, led me up into a vertical climb then I watched him "hammerhead" back down past me just before I ran out of the proverbial "ideas and airspeed" and tumbled out of the sky to slink away and try get my heart rate to slow down.

It can't be fifty years since we completed our Graduation

Parade and I took my first salute from Gunner Shaw as we ambled (for the first time) through dockyard up to the Admirals Tea party?

Could it be that long ago that a car accident (I wrecked Roger Pyper's first car) which destroyed the tendons in three of my fingers and severely damaged the nerves in my right hand. We were in the last stages of HARVARD training and suddenly I was no longer a "pilot-in-training". I remained behind to mend and to find out what was to be done with me as my course mates of three years left Penhold to continue their training in Saskatoon and, with Navy wings, proceed to SHEARWATER.

I soon found my way east as well but to take the Junior Officers' Technical Leadership Course (JOLTC) with my former Juniors as I started my Surface Officer training ... but it was not to be. Not that I didn't enjoy my time at "STAD" (the partying, the studying, the Wren Officers and Nursing Sisters, Hammersville, waterfront crawls) but the decision had been made. With more medical operations and a reassessment, I was back to Penhold, the HARVARD and "Pilot-in-training" status ... only now with the air side of my former Junior Course.

I know that it has been a while since the Navy wings were pinned to my proud sleeve ... but it just seems like yesterday.

It seems like just yesterday as well that my soul mate and I walked out of St. Ignatius of Loyola Church in NDG Montreal to an Honour Guard with crossed swords (I didn't have to pay them). If I thought that joining the Navy was a shock, Joan had no idea of what awaited her becoming a Navy wife. I tried to warn her by getting drunk on our third date but she thought it was an aberration, after all it was my 21st birthday.



I and my Navy colleagues did our best to guide her in her new duties by getting inebriated every Friday and often

surprising her with late night requests for “egg in the hole” but she kept expecting better behavior. What she didn’t expect was to have four babies in the next five years (Catholics you know!) but she did expect that I would be home for the birth process, at least for first ... but once again ... surprise, surprise.

It also amazes me that this was the year of “Integration” with “Unification to follow three years later. As a Navy pilot I seemed hardly aware of the effects of Integration and Unification until Larry O’Brien and Don Monk got posted to the SABRE Training Unit prior to going on the CF-104 ... Yah! Now this is what we are talking about ... no more scary Watch Keeping stories.

My log book confirms that it is 47 years since I first flew off the deck of BONAVENTURE but I don’t believe it. I do know that I proceeded to scare the s%#\$ out of Tony Cottingham on my first crack at carrier landings. I don’t have to work at remembering this evolution (as if I could ever forget) because I decided to renew keeping a Journal, something we had to do during our training cruise on HMCS New Glasgow:

“Don McBride and I, both LSOs in Training, became unique yesterday. Our first take-off from the “Bonnie” was a free deck into the Delta ... then into the CLP (Carrier Landing Practice) pattern ... and we were doing the flying.” (Tony has since passed but he might argue this point) It was all extremely interesting ... well it was extreme anyway.”

I was still so young when those who make those decisions decided that, having flown the TRACKER for four and a half years, it was time to instruct on it. Once again it seems just the other day that Wayne Halladay and I spoke to our Career Managers and asked for “Jet Instructing” as a path to the really good stuff like CF-104s and CF-101s (this was the CM idea). In a perverse joke, the SOB gave Wayne Jets in VU-32 and gave me an instructing job in VU-32. It was “jet instructing” but not the way we imagined it.



It was just the other day when a position with the Instrument Check Pilot School in Winnipeg allowed me to “bag” some T-33 instruction on the sly and finally get my “jet” solo. I could actually say I was “jet instructing” but it was just instrument procedures. Some time in here the “powers” realized

that I was still wearing a Naval uniform and sporting a stylish Navy beard. I got my “greens” in a box for a squadron parade and the General called me the night before my first jet solo flight and advised me that for safety reasons I could not fly the T-33 solo while wearing a beard. The next morning I left four terrified children at home (who was that strange man in bed with Mommy) and went to work to fly my jet.

Well, now that I was in an air force environment in “green” and “sans” beard I was on my way to that great jet world like Tom Byrne, Larry Lott, Gus Youngson and others ... NOT!



Is it really 35 years ago that I completed the KIOWA Refresher Course with Gord Davis, John Orr and others and, sporting a new beard, headed back to Shearwater to learn how to fly the SEA KING?

It seems like weeks but after three years in SEA KINGS and a year at Staff College the Career manager said that the only posting available (well excluding back to SEA KINGS or to Ottawa for the second time) was Search and Rescue at Summerside ... I finally got my air force jet posting. Well the LABRADOR helicopter had jet engines (same ones as the SEA KING).

I mean, I just retired the other day for the first time and we moved to Yarmouth NS. Remember my soul mate ... she thought we had agreed to go back to Ottawa ... not!

I still consider myself the “new guy” around here but I realize that 22 years is longer than we ever lived anywhere. And who are these middle aged people who keep calling on Birthdays and Anniversaries and saying “Congrats Mom and Dad”.

How can I tell stories of carrier flying like they were yesterday when it has been 43 years since I last hit the deck in a TRACKER (my buddy Wayne Halladay by my side during the last “All Comers” ... if you don’t know the expression, that’s what I am talking about).

When I see crews from my old SAR squadron it isn't a question of them remembering me, most weren't in the Forces when I was there and a few weren't born yet.

If I want to see someone I remember and who remembers me I have to go to reunions but they are full of "old" people ... so maybe I am 70.

I didn't know anybody who was seventy for much of my life. When our brother Naval Airmen reached 47 we couldn't wait for them to retire to open up the promotion stream.

As retirement ages advanced (always just behind my age bracket) I remember expressing the serious concern that we were going to have 55 year old pilots flying HUEYs over the jungle. Ironically I was flying a HUEY over the jungle in Burma some 15 years later on my 55th birthday. I am not the only one who had trouble with this age thing. My Dad used to complain that he was sure someone screwed up his birth certificate.

I don't know how old 70 is. Is it the guy with the cane, the silver hair ... that's not me. Is it the fellow with Alzheimers in the home? Is it the guy with the knee replacement, the bypasses? Is it the guy in the Obit page?

I am the guy who rides a Harley in the summer, skis (poorly) in the winter and still flies. I am the guy who is slightly overweight (well 70+ pounds), has been told he might have had a heart attack but still can walk 7 km .. I can't be 70 ... besides all that stuff I mentioned just happened the other day ... didn't it?

If anyone can shed some light on this subject, give me a call. What the hell IS my number anyway?



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IT'S TIME TO RENEW YOUR SAM FOUNDATION MEMBERSHIP



IS IGNORANCE BLISS?



Crew Photo

It is a matter of historical record that the HMCS Preserver sailed in support of Operation Deliverance off the coast of Somalia in late Nov 92 to Apr 93. For me that meant a life altering experience...although one would never have known it at the time. Far too many experiences to relate but this one stands out in my mind more than most. Tuesday 15 Dec 1992 (sea day 31) and the Air Det was on its second day of operations to and from an abandoned aerodrome near a town called Bale Dogle some 56nm inland where our Airborne Regiment was just setting up. Our crew Capt Mike (Batman) Evans, Lt Walter Workman, MCpl Mike Young and yours truly were past the half way point when we got a blade pressure warning light which of course necessitated a land on to check the blade. Well as it turned out the blade had de-pressurized and Batman determined we would be staying the night.

Now as I stated previously, our Airborne Regiment was only just setting up and their camp and was not yet really operating at peak efficiency. We of course wanted to let the ship know our situation but too far for line of sight communications and unbeknownst to us the only other serviceable bird was broken so our hopes of a Maintenance Repair Party (MRP) that night were to be dashed. Being keen aviators we at least wanted to try and let the ship know our situation so Batman set off to see if the Airborne has some communications up in the derelict control tower while we put the Sea King 'to bed'. We were aware that Somalia was home to some venomous creepy crawlies so we thought "let's spray the landing gear with repellent" and good that we did. Can you believe that in the 20 minutes since we had shut down there were already spider webs on all wheels...not comforting as this was the hotel for the night and the sun had now set.

At some point for reasons that elude me now I had to catch up with Batman up in the tower so off I went through a camp manned by nervous soldiers in near pitch black

conditions. The tower itself was in fact devoid of all lights so how, I asked myself, do I get up the 3 flight of stairs without killing myself? Hug the walls of course. Well long story short I met up with Batman and we returned to spend an uneventful night in the helo to wake up to the sound of another Sea King with our MRP.

Once safely ensconced in the comfort of the ship and memories of an unplanned overnight with the super spinning spiders still fresh, I felt that a better acquaintance with the local fauna would be in order. Imagine my surprise when this list included not just mambas but camel spiders (which aren't actually spiders at all) as well. After seeing a pic of this beast, had I seen it before the previous day's flight, I don't think I would have even set foot on the ground.

So to sum up, wide eyed young Lt, Airborne Regiment in process of setting up ops and some of the most poisonous beasties known to humanity on sight (recall the wall hugging part)...is ignorance bliss? I'm thinkin'...dang right!

By Capt. David "Spinner" Langille

PS bungee cord finally sprung, posted to 423 in 2012 but don't think any Op will ever compare to this one.



Somalia Land Convoy



CH12410 delivering supplies in Somalia

HMCS ANNAPOLIS & THAT ROUGH WEATHER TRIP

The Helicopter Haul Down and Rapid Securing Device (HHRSD or BearTrap) had successfully completed the static testing phase that had proven to respond satisfactorily to operational requirements aboard ship. This benchmark was conducted in fair weather and moderate sea states.

The next phase was to expose the aircraft and the ship to more extreme weather and sea conditions. The 1st element in this phase was to verify compatibility of the Hanger High Tiedowns and the aircraft to ensure the efficacy of the Tiedowns to keep the aircraft secure under rough weather conditions.

The VX 10 Squadron project staff researched weather and sea states for a location where the test would experience the desired sea and weather conditions. They designated the Gulf of Maine and the Bay of Fundy as "target rich" for extreme weather.

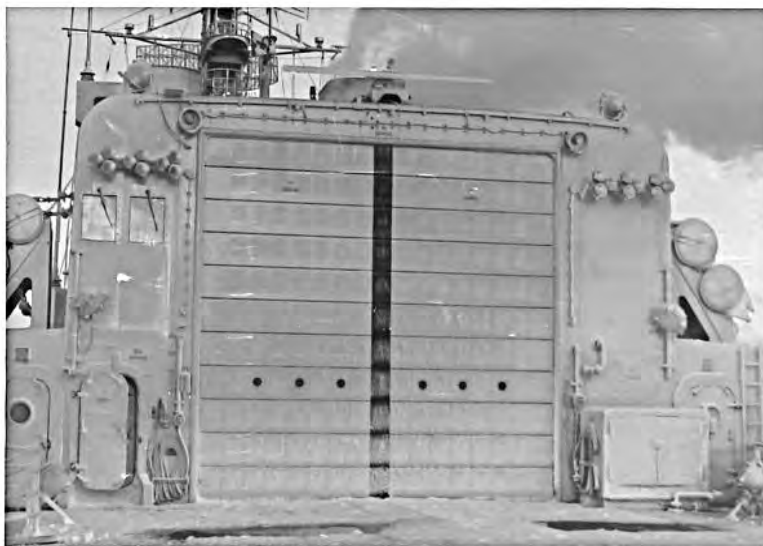
Thus it came about that in January 1968 HMCS Annapolis with the VX 10 trials crew on board departed Halifax for the "balmy" shores of the Gulf of Maine and the Bay of Fundy. Later that day the trials aircraft, CHSS-2 # 4016 with the remainder of the trials crew rendezvoused with the ship. The aircraft conducted a normal approach and was winched aboard via the Hauldown system.

Once parked in the hangar VX 10 technicians installed the High Tiedowns. The Tiedowns were connected to fittings at a midpoint on the port and starboard sides of the aircraft and to similar fittings on the hangar bulkhead hard points. Adjustment and tensioning of the High Tiedowns were carried out and they were considered safe. To complete the initial installations and verifying their safety the ship was exercised through forced rolls using the ships stabilizers. The High Tiedowns were observed during this process and did not show any sign of stress or failure.

The following day the ship entered the test area and from weather reports it was clear that ship forced roles would not be needed. The sea state was up and waves estimated to be 3 to 6 meters high, this was enhanced by strong winds, further, the temperature was dropping and the visibility was limited in snow.

The extreme weather needed by the the VX 10 planning staff had arrived in spades. Overnight the ship had begun to accumulate ice, access to the weather decks and the hangar was prohibited. The technicians who were in the hangar checking the Tiedowns were stuck there for the time being or until the weather moderated. The added

weight of the ice on the ship caused some anxiety in conjunction with the high seas and the wind. Any extreme rolling movements with the extra weight could cause the ship to roll over.



ICE - View looking forward from aft end of Flt. Deck-Hngr.



Doors

ICE - VDS (Variable Depth Sonar Instln.) on the stern from Flt Deck

The ship was manoeuvred to head into the waves and the and as well at that time the weather moderated allowing access to the weather decks. The trapped technicians in the hangar were released and sent below to warm up.

All personnel not required to operate the ship were set to chipping ice. Steam hoses and the ice chipping tools were applied until the Captain was satisfied that he had a fair measure of safety and ship stability.

Access to the hangar allowed VX 10 personnel to inspect the High Tiedowns and assess whether they were successful in keeping the aircraft secure from sliding around in the Hangar, it was concluded that this test considered the Tiedowns as being successful. Consequentially it became clear that the accumulated ice and snow on the flight deck, the track and the hangar doors that the trials had exceeded all limits set for the test. But the aircraft could not be moved out of the hangar until all the ice in the track and the deck was removed. This operational limitation would require further study and testing by VX 10.

The ship returned to Halifax, and on the way the temperature gradually rose and much of the ice fell off into the ocean. The rough weather trip was over, on approaching the dockyard the aircraft was tracked out of the hangar and departed before Shearwater the project staff would have much data to study and analyze and another facet of the Helicopter/Ship operations in extreme winter conditions to resolve for operations in the fleet.

From Bill Paterson

The attached ditty was plagiarized from a poem titled "The Wreck Of the Julie Plante"

(A Legend of Lac Ste.Pierre) By Dr. William Henry Drummond (1854 to 1907).

DAT ROUGH "WEDDER " TRIP

On wan dark night in Baie O' Maine
De win' she blow, blow, blow.
And de crew of Annapolis got tole' him
t' stay below.

For de win' she blow lak hurricane
Bime' m'by she blow some more,
An' de Annapolis she is tak' on ice
Wan arpent from de shore.

De captinne walk on de fronte deck
An' walk de hin' deck too ,
He call de crew from up below
He call de cook also
Tak' de chipper and 'ammer don't forget
de fire haxe
Cos' if we don't get rid dis Mon Dieux ice
We never see "alifax

De night was dark lak' wan' black cat,
De wave run high an' bleu,
De win' she blow from Nor'-Eas' -Wes',
De Sout' win' she blow too.
De crew from Annapolis is chip dat ice
Lak' dey were chase ' by de Loup Garou.

Bime'm'by dey smash mos' it off-
Nex' morning 'bout haf' pas' two.

De ship is sail again to port
An' de crew can pass on de shore
Le Bon Dieu's sun is melt dat ice
An' de ship is safe wance more.
Dat 'elicopter as' fly away
An' de trials crew he's leave too.
Dat Annapolis dey call "fair weather" ship no more
Is proud dat she came troo.

Now all good DDH sailor man
Tak' warning by dat storm
If you don' lak excitement
Den buy yourself a farm.
De win' can blow lak ' hurricane
An' suppose she blow some more
You can't get drown on Le Mare
So long you stay on de shore.

AVENGER 53610

With SAMF acquiring Avenger 53610 for the Museum, it has been suggested that a list of crews that flew, flew in and worked on this aircraft be assembled. Please send particulars of your association with this piece of Naval Air History to doncrowe80@gmail.com include date, locations, exercises, deck landings etc and any other stories you think others might find interesting. The crew you flew or worked with would be a bonus, as would ranks, ratings and specialties.

Don Crowe has volunteered to assemble the list for WARRIOR which was readily accepted by both Christine Hines (Museum Curator) and I because volunteers are extremely hard to find and this will entail a lot of work - too much for either of us to handle. The idea would be to use the information collected in a record to stay with the aircraft in the style of a "Line Book"

Thank you for your interest.

W. H. NASH - He's alive and well!

Several issues of WARRIOR ago, we noted Mr. W.H. Nash as being in the Delta. It was brought to our attention by Gordon Gray that this was not so. He is correct - Mr. Nash is alive and well.

My apologies, Mr. Nash, for this unfortunate notification. Kay Collacutt, Editor

CRASH ON HMCS FRASER DECK

6 NOVEMBER 1972 (Ver 5)

A "NAVAL AIR" EXPERIENCE

PRELUDE

The crash on HMCS Fraser's deck of CH 12435 occurred in the fall of 1972 during a major ship deployment on Eastlant. Fraser's helo, during the beginning of the deployment, was 439 but because of an earlier accident it had been replaced by 435, St Laurent's helo. This occurred when 439 had been involved in a mission involving a NORDO (no use of radios) transfer of mail and movies throughout the fleet, which included St Laurent, Yukon and the AOR, Protecteur. When 439 arrived over the Protecteur to start the mission there was another helo folded and ranged against the hangar face. Helo ops under NORDO involve the use of FLYCO (Flight controller) with trafficator lights and a director on the deck to advise the pilot when and where to move for the transfer. The intent was to have the helo lower its hoist to affect the transfer.

Unfortunately, when the trafficators turned green, authorizing an approach over the deck for a hoist transfer, there was a misunderstanding and the crew attempted to land. They felt a tremor in the helo (which happened when the tail wheel missed the deck and the helo's tail probe hit the deck edge). They were given a wave-off by the director and by FLYCO with red trafficators. Because the aft edge of the deck was inspected with no indication of a hit and the crew inspected the inside the tail of the helo and it appeared OK, the crew then completed a hoist pickup of the material and continued on the mission with the fleet.

After completing delivery to the rest of the fleet, they returned to Fraser for recovery. I was the LSO (Landing Safety Officer) and when I had 439 trapped I called for "Down Probe" the probe only extended partway so I had the Flight Deck Petty Officer, Wayne Fairburn, go to the helo to see what was the problem. He attempted to use a piece of two by four to move the probe, which was half extended, and had someone inside that he helo tail cone looking at the actual tail probe mechanism. He then indicated to shut down the helo. They had discovered the platform in the tail containing the probe mechanism was fractured which made the helo not only unserviceable but made 439 unable to fly safely. It was a wonder the crew had not experienced a catastrophic failure during their

many prior ship transfers!!

Now we were stuck with a totally unserviceable helicopter in our hanger. This was quickly remedied by our Captain, Commander Chuck Thomas, who would eventually move up the command levels to become Vice Chief of the Defence Staff at NDHQ. We were advised that, since St Laurent was being decommissioned following this cruise, it had been decided we would switch helicopters in Amsterdam, our next port of call. St Laurent would return to Halifax with our broken helicopter and we would receive their helicopter CH 12435.



THE CRASH

On 6 November 1972 my crew, consisting of Lt Fraser Steenson as Co-Pilot, Capt Don McQuarrie as TACCO (Tactical Coordinator) and WO Gary Swindley as Sonar Operator, launched on a crew trainer as part of the fleet TACAN and beacon trials. Fraser was in the right seat as I made a habit of switching seats with the co-pilots to give them the opportunity to gain experience for their OJPTR (On Job Performance Training Records), which was part of their upgrading to Crew Commander. My log book indicates we initially went to Protecteur and following the crew trainer we were tasked to go to the St Laurent to top up our fuel tanks as she would no longer require the JP-5. Because of the sea state during the landing at St Laurent we were required to use the portable bell mouth (using the hauldown cable only) in order to take advantage of the haul down system. The Bear Trap securing device was not available as our helicopter 439 was secured in the hangar using the ship's Bear Trap. As the fuelling crew were on the right side of our helo, it was very, very fortunate the right sponson did not fail at that time! After topping up our fuel we made a short stop again at Protecteur before returning to our home ship HMCS Fraser. The sea state (see photo above) was a little challenging to get a lull in the

heave, roll and pitch of the flight deck. After a first abort, when Fraser said "waiting for the deck" and then, following a short lull, Fraser made a perfect landing: the LSO trapped us and ordered down tail probe. I then began following the post landing the check list by retarding number one engine speed select lever to get our transmission into accessory drive prior to disengaging the rotor. I noted Petty Officer Wayne Fairburn in front of the hangar with two of his men carrying chains to secure the helicopter once he got the Landing Safety Officer's signal. Almost at once we saw a piece of what appeared to be rubber tape flying from the right sponson and then noted the helicopter was falling over on its right side and at the same time Wayne and his men were moving back to the hangar entrance. I realized we were going to roll as we were no longer level with the deck. I



secured number one speed select lever and reached for number two and secured it as there was a loud banging noise when our rotors hit the steel pipes holding the flight deck netting. I then called "ROTOR BRAKE ROTOR BRAKE" to Fraser as severe vibrations shook the helo. By this time the main rotor had torn thru the pipes and their nets. At the same time, as Jim Fowler was calling for "Emergency Flying Stations", the Howdah (the compartment he was in at deck level) was hit hard by the blades and he found himself on the weather deck (the next deck below the Howdah) and was therefore shielded from the "guided missiles" leaving him unscathed. The two technicians on deck managed to get to the hangar with only one fellow getting hit by a piece of blade weight. The Detachment Chief was on the Hangar Mezzanine and received a cut from a blade weight to a spot "where the sun don't shine" but fully recovered. It was truly a miracle no one was seriously hurt. On the bridge when the Captain and the officers on watch heard Jim's call they spotted a

tangle of deck netting and pipes fly over the bridge landing in the area of the ship's gun. Fraser applied the rotor brake and, as soon as the noise stopped, I found myself hanging sideways in my harness on the right side of my seat hanging over Fraser and could smell burning. Looking back towards the TACCO and the Sonar Operator, I yelled get the "expletive" out. At the same time WO Gary Swindley had climbed up the left side of the helicopter over my head, opened the personnel door and jumped out. As I felt I was blocking Fraser's exit, I stepped on the hydraulic enclosure behind Fraser, called the "broom closet", released my harness and pushed myself after WO Swindley (I have been accused of stepping on Fraser's head at this time but I don't recall it that way). As I climbed up to the door I saw a ship fire fighter with his arms out -yelling "JUMP". It seemed like a long way down but I guess I was helped by adrenalin as I almost jumped over him and fell off the other side of the ship. Fraser joined me and shortly we were followed by Don.

I told the firefighters we were all out and by this time the helicopter was covered in foam as shown.

FOLLOWING THE CRASH

The board of inquiry was held in HMCS Fraser upon its return to Shearwater. The President of the Board was Commander Barry Montgomery. As it happened, there had been two other Sea King starboard sponson failures. One had recovered on mattresses on Bonaventure our aircraft carrier and the other recovered on mattresses in Bermuda. Barry had been the crew commander of a helo which had one of the failures and was therefore very qualified to command the board. I knew my crew, the LSO and Petty Officer Fairburn and others had provided written statements so the board was more a confirmation of the facts as we had stated. One question I received does stand out in my memory: it was from the technical representative of the board. Basically, he asked why I didn't attempt to hold the Sea King upright which would allow Helairdet personnel to place material underneath the helo. I signalled to the President I wanted the microphone switched off which he did. I then stated that once we start rolling, combined with the ship's motion I just wanted to shut down the engines and stop the rotor. That felt there's no way I could control the Helo at that point as we were secured to the ship and, in fact, number one engine was already at ground idle and the number two was at full power which I felt could initiate a fire or an explosion when we slammed onto the deck. Barry agreed and asked me to repeat for the record when he turned on the microphone.

I had a chance later to speak with the Sikorski representative who told me the Sea King had been designed for carrier operations and in no way was the gear designed for a landing on the small deck of a 3600 ton

destroyer, especially with up to 5000 pounds additional weight caused by the hauldown system. Additionally, the stresses of the hanging and lashing of a Sea King, with inches to spare inside this relatively small ship, resulting in the helo experiencing the pitch, roll and heave when not even in flight, was definitely an unknown factor. He understood design engineering was in place to make the landing gear more robust (a fact which was proven a little later when I was involved in trials of this upgrade on Fraser where I could still see the patches on the hangar face). I later discovered, when I was posted to the Sea King desk in NDHQ that, based on a "risk assessment", this design upgrade was put off until the Sea King Mid-Life Update scheduled for 1975 – three years later.

I've also felt concerns that the previous landing on Protecteur might have been a cause factor. I had taken control in the left seat to demonstrate to Fraser the requirement not to be too slow when landing on the AOR as its flight deck sloped 3° towards the hangar and, as the tail wheel did not have brakes, a gentle landing had the tendency for the helo to move towards the hangar before touchdown; which was scary for the flight deck director (and me). Consequently my demonstration of a more firm landing resulted in a less than comfortable touch down. Enough so that FLYCO sent out a technician to check our gear. We got thumbs up and carried on to top-up our JP 5 fuel from St Laurent. I often thought that this initiative to use "Sally's" fuel could have also been a contributing factor to our crash. It brought our AUW (All Up Weight) close to the maximum (at that time) of 19,500 pounds. With this combined with the very rough, heaving sea and the LSO (Landing Safety Officer) applying 5000 lbs on the hauldown system, perhaps we landed far beyond the landing gear's capabilities.

I believe this overweight combined with the crystalline fracturing found in the starboard sponson, due to thousands of deck landings, the tendency of a tail rotor helo to hover "left wing low" and being secured inside a very active ship, it was only a matter of time before the gear failed. As a personal aside, we almost rolled right off the flight deck that day. As the helo rolled sideways on the deck, combined with our rotors chewing through the pipes and safety nets the main probe bent the 4 inch thick steel bars of the trap and was able to spring loose. At the same time the tail probe broke out of the securing deck slots. I believe the only way the helo stayed on deck before the crew could chain it down was the fact that we had a procedure of not releasing the hauldown cable until the rotor brake was applied and the rotor stopped. In this case the helo was loose and once fire fighters started spraying the helo with foam there was little friction, especially in that particular sea state. The cable to the helo can be seen on the photos and in fact the cable strands displayed the stress of holding onto our helo. Unfortunately, in the heat of the moment, I had neglected to turn off the battery switch which completes an

Emergency Shutdown Procedure. Fortunately, I believe Wayne Fairburn heard the inverter noise and had the battery compartment opened and the battery disconnected!

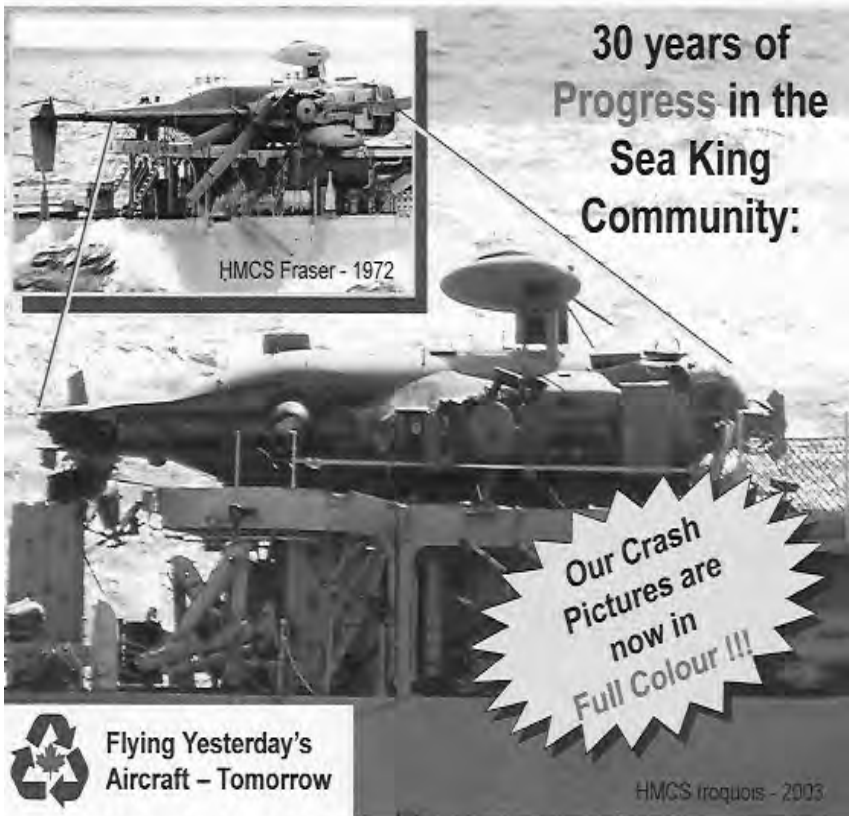
I would like to finish the saga with a few, I believe, amazing coincidences. As mentioned, my Co-Pilot, Fraser, had the same name as our ship and in fact he had recently married my sister Beverly. Our accident occurred on 6 November 1972 which just so happened to be my wife Cheryl's birthday.

Skip forward to 5 November 1988 (16 yrs later) when I received a call from HS 443 Squadron where my son John was a Crew Commander on Sea Kings. He called to tell me he was mounting up in my old helo 435 to fly it to IMP in Halifax for an overhaul. He had just briefed his crew and had told them my story of crashing this particular helo on Fraser's deck. His comment to me was "hey Dad you can still see the wrinkles on its tail". I laughed with him but had a strange feeling and told him to fly well as this was quite a coincidence! Later on the same day, I received a telephone call from Abbotsford, British Columbia asking me if I would accept a collect call from Captain John Edmonds. As soon as the call was put through, John said "you're not going to believe this Dad but as we were climbing to transit altitude we experienced what I thought was an explosion in the cockpit - the cockpit was suddenly full of what we thought was fire but later turned out to be hot, red, hydraulic fluid from a failure in the 3000 PSI windshield wiper system - initially, we declared a MAYDAY and carried out a forced landing in a farmers field where I'm calling from". He assured me all was well and they were awaiting a mobile repair party and would then continue on to Shearwater. My son continued to fly Sea Kings more hours than I had in my log book!!



Inputs provided by: Ken Edmonds, Fraser Steenson, Don McQuarrie, Gary Swindley, Jim Fowler and Wayne Fairbairn.

HS COMMUNITY HUMOUR



POEM FOR SAILORS

IN WATERS DEEP

*In ocean wastes no poppies blow,
 No crosses stand in ordered row,
 There young hearts sleep... beneath the wave...
 The spirited, the good, the brave,
 But stars a constant vigil keep,
 For them who lie beneath the deep.
 'Tis true you cannot kneel in prayer
 On certain spot and think. "He's there."
 But you can to the ocean go...
 See whitecaps marching row on row;
 Know one for him will always ride...
 In and out... with every tide.
 And when your span of life is passed,
 He'll meet you at the "Captain's Mast."
 And they who mourn on distant shore
 For sailors who'll come home no more,
 Can dry their tears and pray for these
 Who rest beneath the heaving seas...
 For stars that shine and winds that blow
 And whitecaps marching row on row.
 And they can never lonely be
 For when they lived... they chose the sea.*

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DDH Requirement for Helo

Support your SAM Foundation



Memories of a Back Seat Naval Aviator

By Peter Bruner

Part 10

In January 1968 I was posted to VX 10 Squadron which was probably one of the most interesting positions that I fulfilled in my flying career, which was now 14 yrs as a Naval Aviator.

Ironically, my first flight on the squadron was the acceptance flight of Sea King 4039 with Lt/Cdr Dunn which consisted of 6 flights and 8.5 hrs of flight time. Shades of flying on HS 50 Squadron.

In February I crewed up with an RCAF exchange pilot F/Lt Macintosh, we were tasked with trials on a new beacon which was for search and rescue, to be worn by individuals and activated when in distress. We flew a total of just over thirty hrs in a tracker. Average flight time was 4 hrs per sortie engaged in departing the beacon location, flying out to sea until contact was lost then flying toward the beacon location until contact was regained. Not a very exciting task for Macintosh who had been flying CF104s in Europe. Sitting in the co-pilot seat allowed me to fly the Tracker for most of the time. It had been quite some time since I had flown a fixed wing aircraft so my time at the controls was well spent. The end result of our task was not known to me and I feel the "Search and Rescue" beacon was not accepted.

One of my main tasks was acceptance flying at the "United Aircraft Plant" in St. Huberts Quebec in conjunction with UAC Pilots Ross Lennox (civilian), Colin Neal and Ken Waterman Ex RCN Retd. On June 27, 1968 Bill Monkhouse as pilot and myself were doing an engine check of Sea King 4037. This takes about ½ hr to run through all the associated engine and system checks. The United Aircraft mechanic was positioned in front of the Helo about 40 feet away smoking a cigarette. Monkhouse gave the mechanic the signal to start number 2 engine and received the signal in return to proceed. I was seated in the sonar #4 seat observing the switches being activated in the pilots position. Suddenly I could smell the strong odour of aviation fuel. I looked out of the windscreen and observed the mechanic still smoking at the same time I observed aviation fuel running down over my perspex and side of the Helo. I called the pilot Monkhouse to cease and desist starting #2 engine and shut down #1 engine. As the engines were shut off I ran from the rear of the aircraft and out the front door hollering at the mechanic who was still smoking to kill his butt. Behind me was Monkhouse who ran to the mechanic. Expressing what was not able to

state at this time. After clearing the area of the aircraft I stopped to see if I needed a diaper change and could hear the fire trucks approaching. Later that afternoon the pilot had a heated meeting with the vice president of UAC. The discussion and conclusion was that the Navy acceptance crew would no longer tolerate any further lack of attention to all procedures being conducted on the ground by the ground crew. On May 8 we flew Sea King 4013 and concluded our work at St. Huberts and returned to Shearwater.

On May 14 flying in CS2F-3 side number 1561 we departed from Shearwater on the first leg of our flight to cross the Atlantic to attend an Anti-Sub Warfare Symposium at Ballykelly, Ireland. Our crew in the aircraft was composed of Lcdr Bill Fuoco Pilot, Lt Irish Robinson co-pilot, CPO (Newf) Steve McDonald, mechanic, and CPO Peter Bruner, Naval Aircrewman. We departed Shearwater for Goose Bay Labrador and landed 4.8 hrs later. Refuelled and then took off for Sondrestrom Greenland. After 3 hrs of flight it was discovered that flying at 150 knots indicated air speed we had only covered 150 miles. A strong headwind made our ground speed about 50 knots. Fuel consumed was critical so we diverted to Frobisher Bay and arrived there landing under heavy forecast cloud cover. Arriving at the opening of Frobisher inlet we had to descend to approx 200 ft in cloud conditions and flew up the inlet until we could visually see the runway. This was utilizing the aircraft's anti-sub radar to a point approximately one quarter of a mile before we had visual contact, and landed safely. After refuelling and flight planning to fly Frobisher to Sondrestrom Air Base the next morning we checked into the transient quarters which was a 2 story "H" hut. The 2 pilots went to bed but Steve and I decided to have a beer or two and discovered there was a local club here where we could obtain a wet or two and a bite to eat. The bar was about a mile from where we were sleeping and we decided there was a local taxi which we could hire to take us there. The taxi arrived in the form of a 1941 Plymouth sedan with a native Eskimo driver and cost the sum of \$1.00 for the trip. We arrived at the bar which was a WW2 Quonset hut. Knocked on the door, explained who we were dressed in flying suits and were granted access to this shabby looking hut. What a surprise when we entered. The place would put to shame a Montreal night club with it's furniture, decor and lighting. There were about 35 ladies seated at various tables, dressed to the nines in the latest New York fashions and the MC introduced us to the clientele. We could not pay for anything including drinks and s steak dinner. We spent the evening talking to the people who were the wives of "Dew Line" workers who were up in the North constructing the Radar sites. The few men left in town were mostly locals and government employees. We spent about 3 hrs at the club, caught the taxi back to the "H" hut and paid the fare of \$1.00 plus a \$5.00 tip. Once back in the "H" hut we went up to our room which was the last unit on one end of the

“H” on the second level. Stripped down to our skivvies and climbed into our beds.

At this time Steve said he had to go to the toilet to “Whiz”. He did not feel too good about dressing and travelling 3/4 the way across the building to the men’s room. I suggested that at 1am he could stand on the fire escape and relieve the problem. The fire escape access was out the window of our room. Steve went out the window on to the fire escape while I settled down to sleep. I was just dropping off to sleep when outside there was a terrific commotion, a woman screaming and hollering and a man cursing and hollering. At this time Steve came flying in the window, slammed it shut and dove into his bed. I asked what was going on. He explained that he had urinated on the steel fire escape and it tinkled down over the rungs and settled on a couple which were standing below under the stairs.

The next morning we quietly checked out of our room and went to the airport to meet Fuoco and Robinson. They had a good laugh and proceeded to take off for Sondrestrom Greenland. 3.6 hrs later we landed in Greenland, refuelled, had lunch and took off for Keflavik, Iceland. 5 hrs later we landed there and marvelled at the sites of the ice cap, mountains and views of the land around us, not soon to be forgotten. The next morning we were airborne for Ballykelly, Ireland. 4.5 hrs later we landed and thus achieved the first part of our flight across the Atlantic Ocean and return to Halifax in our CS2f-3 Tracker.

RAF Ballykelly opened in 1941 as a base for RAF Coastal Command. It closed in 1971 and the site was handed over to the British Army, who renamed it Shackleton Barracks. It’s located approximately 13 miles East of Londonderry and around 44 miles North of Ireland’s Border.

On arrival we were greeted by the Base Commander and re-acquainted with the remainder of our Navy contingent and the Air Force Group from Greenwood NB who had flown in by Canadair CP-107 Argus, the RCAF 4 engine ASW aircraft. During the next 10 days we experienced and attended many lectures and discussions concerning “anti-submarine warfare” and the latest developments.

“Newf” and I rented a car and toured around Londonderry and area seeing all the sights. In general most pubs etc... closed at 10 or 11 pm at the time. But with only 10 minutes to the border, a lot of people would go across the border North of Londonderry to a town called “Muff”. Newf and I had been told visit there and go to a pub called “The Blind Pig”. Along with two RCAF Warrant Officers, “Newf” and myself went to Muff after 10pm, found the blind Pig and walked in the front door. The place was alive with music, laughter, people dancing etc...As the four of us approached the bar the music stopped. All laughter ceased, all movement stopped. You could have heard a pin drop. About 150 people did nothing but stare at us. The four of us were dressed in our Navy and Air force uniforms

and stopped moving. One of the bartenders approached, circled around us, turned to the crowd and said “Oy, They are Canadians”! At that point the music started, people started conversing and laughing and the bartender treated us to a Pint. He explained they thought we were British Military until they saw our Canada Badges. We never went across the border in uniform again.

May 26 we departed Ballykelly for Keflavik, Iceland, our co-pilot Irish Robinson was replaced by our Squadron CO Cdr Ken Meikle. 4.7 hrs later we landed at Keflavik, refuelled and took off for Sondrestrom, Greenland. Arriving 4.8 hrs later we stopped for the night. Ken Meikle had a large bottle which he said could not be taken to Canada. The four of us, Meikle, Fuoco, McDonald and myself ensured that there would be no trouble when we landed in Canada. The next morning we took off for Goose Bay, Labrador and landed 5.3 hrs later refuelled and departed for Shearwater, landing 3.2 hrs later.

This completed the first and only round trip crossing of the Atlantic, Canada to Ireland and return completed by a CS2F-3 Tracker, Navy 1561 - May 27, 1968. Total flying time 40.7 hrs.

Back to VX 10 Squadron testing and flying Sea King Helos. But That’s another tale. To be continued...

Yours Aye, Peaches

SAMF MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL TIME

It is time to renew your SAMF Membership for the year 2013. As you are all aware, your participation in SAMF is very much appreciated and needed.

Thank you.

58 of you have not renewed since the year 2011. It only takes your membership for the current year 2013 to bring you up to date. Please let us hear from you.

Should we not hear from you by February, we will take that as an acknowledgement that you are no longer interested in the Foundation and your name will be removed from our list.

Canadian Sailors shine in huge Pacific Military Exercise

From The Star, submitted by Ted Procher

To the young first-time sailor at sea there is no threat more chilling than a cruise missile racing toward her ship, centimetres above a roiling dark ocean, and closing the gap by two football fields a second.

On the bridge — in the green-glow gloom, the piercing klaxons, the roar of the massive naval cannons, the cacophony of bellowed orders, and the constant ping of multiple tracking systems marking the enemy's relentless progress — the tension is high. But this specially fitted Tomahawk missile will miss as this is an exercise.

It would surprise most Canadians to learn that their sailors were this summer important players in naval engagements such as this, the largest since the Falklands War. They were exercises but as close to real combat as experienced warriors and modern technology can simulate.

As one of a few Canadians invited to observe the opening rounds, I am awed at the scale of the exercise and at the quiet professional determination of every one of the Canadian sailors I meet. Unnoticed by the world's media, more than 25,000 men and women, on 46 of the most powerful naval fighting vessels drawn from 22 navies, hammered each other day and night off the coasts of Hawaii.

Our navy is widely respected among its peers and Canada played an important role. Our sailors are recognized as leaders in electronic navigation and tracking, in hostile ship boarding and a variety of other naval skills. Like Canadians in many international roles they consistently punch above their weight. A Canadian naval commander was chosen to lead one of the key task force battle groups in RIMPAC XXIII.

Despite "40-year-old ships and 50-year-old helicopters," as one seasoned Sea King pilot said with a proud grin, "we do pretty well. I land the largest and heaviest helo, on the smallest floating landing pad of any navy in the world. The Brits and the Americans are stunned when they fly with us. Sure I wish we had new equipment, but I'm proud of the job we do with these."

First-timers, perched nervously at the cargo door, watch these ancient shaking machines being gently eased — sideways! — onto a pitching frigate deck. The length of two hockey sticks separate the rotor tip, the hangar wall and disaster. We are exultant, speechless and green stumbling onto the deck.

Never have so many recent enemies and ancient allies conducted naval engagements on this scale. Imagine the potential for chaos as, for example, a Russian and a

Korean take radioed orders in English from a distant Canadian commander as that Tomahawk missile raced toward them.



Tomahawk Missile

When you next hear sneers about our perennial defence procurement fiascoes and wince at the latest stuttering defence

minister under attack, spare a thought for these sailors: the 3,000-flying-hour veteran pilot and the job she does in these machines — in Haiti, off Somalia, in Libya and in Bosnia. Or the young navigation officer whose ship may not be new, but whose navigation skill on bleeding-edge electronic tracking and jamming gear is so admired that he offers lessons to his American peers.

The Royal Canadian Navy is more modest about its achievements than others. But it is Canadian sailors who were the first responders to the Haiti disaster. They were the essential backup in the support for the Libyan revolution. They save disaster victims, seize drugs and people smugglers year round.

"So what! Those millions would be better spent on schools!" you say. Maybe. But for all of us for whom Pearl Harbor is merely a bad movie, it's useful to recall how the Pacific war was launched. One nation badly underestimated the capability of another. One group of military and political leaders seriously misread consequences. It is surely worth discouraging another dissatisfied rising Pacific nation from repeating that mistake.

These displays of multinational co-operation and naval firepower have two objectives: to hone skills within and between navies and to ensure that no one outside this naval partnership has any illusions about its capability. That essential deterrence role is a difficult pill for progressives to swallow. It is expensive. It requires regular aggressive muscle flexing. Just as it did when hundreds of Roman triremes patrolled the first mare Pacifica two millennia ago. We have found no better alternative to maintaining peace since.

The next time you read that ships or choppers are arriving late and over budget — again — think of the thousands of young Canadians who have created a first-class navy with the equipment they do have. And if you know a young graduate frustrated at the prospect of a McJob at the mall, consider introducing them to these uncommon young Canadians at sea.

Robin Sears is a communications consultant and formerly a national director of the NDP.



From L - R Les Shatford, Bob MacDougall, Kerry Briard, Nipper McNeill, Stu Mingo, Wayne Fairbairn, and George Saleski

SHEARWATER FLYERS 2012 HOCKEY REUNION

Perhaps one of the most satisfying events of the past 64 years occurred for some of us on Sunday, August 25, 2012.

The Shatford's, Marion and Les, really were the most gracious of hosts to a gathering of former hockey mates dating back to at least 1948.

Attending were Kerry Briard, down from Ottawa, Nipper McNeil over from Prince Edward Island, Al Browne up from Lunenburg and locals Bob MacDougall, George Saleski and Wayne Fairburn and of course Les Shatford, together with wives, friends and family.

Les and Marion set up their backyard and we sat around the gazebo table to swap stories of the past as hockey players for the Shearwater Flyers while we imbibed. Their yard was a perfect spot with two large BBQs where Les cooked delicious hamburgers and hotdogs with the table nearby spread with salads, breads, buns and condiments of all sorts. The practical garden on the lower level of the yard is alive with useful foods of all types. Someone has a very green thumb!!!

Additionally another table had been dedicated to beer coolers with many options all satisfyingly cold. The ladies had yet another table inside the gazebo with wines and drinks as well as the mixes.

The afternoon was bright and sunny in a cloudless Nova Scotia summer sky. It was remembered how back in the fifties that a group formed a Co-Op to buy some land out in the County and help each other to build their own homes on Ross Road. It was here we partied.

Many events were recollected from the leagues we played in to the trips we took which included Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and all over Nova Scotia plus for some, overseas games in Italy, England and Scotland.

We represented different eras from Les in the late 40s (and still playing into 2000s) Kerry, George and myself in the early 50s and Bob and Wayne and the later 50s and 60s.

The leagues we played in over the years would have included the Base team, the Dartmouth Industrial League, the Tri-Service league, Inter-ship games, the South Shore League, as well as the APC League. There was never a shortage of places and teams in which we could participate in our favorite sport. Winning the South Shore Championship for the mainland title was thrilling even though we lost to Glace Bay for the all Nova Scotia cup in 1955. Being forestalled by an Admiral's signal to forbid some of us playing in an APC League championship was a 'signal' moment.

Some of the players of those years would have included Stu Mingo, now in Burlington ON. Stu could not be there and was very disappointed so we took his head shot from a 1940's picture and added it to the group photo. It tended to show us just how beautiful we must have been in our twenties!!!! Mike Miljus, an accomplished painter, is in Niagara Falls ON, Jim Veysey, Cec Zimmer, Doug Scotland, Joe Gommer, Junior Foote, Chuck Emmons, Lou Darche, Darkie Lowe, Dave Tate, Ed Wiggs, Ben Oxholm, Bob Hayes, Bill Knatchbell, Rolly West, Paul Gowan, Johnny Bechtold, Danny McCowell, Ray Johnson, Mac MacLean, Morton, Nicholson, Fred Snooks, Jack Cribb and many others.

Our primary rivals were Dartmouth teams with such players as Buddy Ettinger, Jim Lahey, Eric Ritchie, Tommy McNeill, Clary Mullane, Bas Murphy, Reg Beaver, Eric Sutherland, Ralph Myers, Jackie Ferguson, Bill Bailey and Jim Warner to name a few.

During our meal little groups gathered and relived old memories. The Dartmouth rink was oft mentioned as a

gathering place where many met future wives at skating sessions. These ladies went on to become our most vocal of supporters. Hopefully the wives and friends had just as good a time and we thank them for realizing what an important event it was for the men and for attending with us.

Highlighting the afternoon was to see us all individually trying to fit into Nipper McNeil's blue leather hockey jacket which he brought with him. Nipper never was the largest of players but has a heart larger than most which made up for stature. Needless to say we could all just imagine proudly donning our jackets to head into town and impress the girls. That was then and this is now and it is incredible to think that such an inanimate object as a simple piece of blue leather could have shrunk so much in just 60 years. We took lots of pictures and these will ever be a reminder.

Mac McDougall was accompanied by his daughter who regaled us with her Tri-Athlete escapades and was very inspiring.

Coincidentally August 25th was the 62nd anniversary of the day I joined in 1950.

The 'good old days' were never as rich as that one afternoon. It is hoped such an outing will occur again with even more able to attend. To Les and Marion Shatford our most sincere thanks for that trip down memory lane.

Respectfully, Allan Browne, Lunenburg NS



**CANADIAN NAVAL AIR GROUP -
 ATLANTIC**

**CNAG Atlantic still meets the first
 Sunday of the month at the WO &
 Sgt's Mess, 12 Wing Shearwater, at
 1430 (2:30PM).**

**Membership is open to all ex-Naval Air Personnel
 and those who were associated with Canadian
 Naval Air. For more information, please contact:**

Eldon Johnston eldone@eastlink.ca

902-434-5129

or write to:

**CNAG Atlantic
 PO Box 89
 Shearwater, NS B0J 3A0**



Hi everyone. It's time to think 'Museum' again. The Museum, artifacts, hangars and Atrium are here because volunteers, made it happen and it's these folks that keep things happening. With all the cut backs to the military there is very

little funding for the museum, so expansion, as in more space required etc comes almost exclusively with volunteers sweat and charity of our members. Of the approx 1200 military personnel on the Wing, three are members of the Foundation. Not much help there.

Your contributions are more important to the Foundation than ever. Take a look at our continuing lengthy 'In the Delta' lists. Soon there will be very few we can count on to continue to maintain this museum and your heritage. Let's try again to get our families involved. If they aren't interested themselves, for their father/mother and his/her military heritage, they should be. They don't have to wait until you're in the Delta - you should have this up and running while you are still with us.

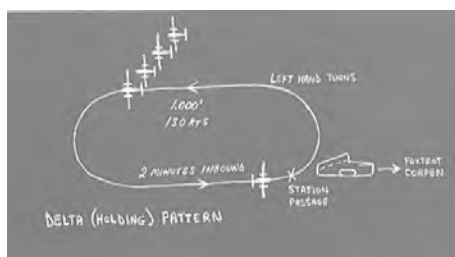
We have to encourage others to join now to support it. Your contributions are paying for a Museum that enshrines your memories for your children to savour throughout their lives - long after you have joined the Delta list. However, while we have you here with us, we'll savour it together.

Naval Air, as you knew it, will NEVER happen again! It's up to you to see it is NEVER forgotten. The bottom line here is to ensure the Museum, if nothing else at Shearwater, keeps going even when we don't.

In addition to the above, we are still looking for articles from you for the WARRIOR. Jim Stegen's "Hairy Tales" idea was great but no one took advantage of it. I'm sure all the flight's weren't perfect - perhaps you techs out there may have some 'Hairy Tales' sitting dormant waiting for a time and place to tell them.

Speaking of the WARRIOR. Our Chairman visited my office a few weeks ago to discuss my age amongst other things. He was concerned about who would do the editing of Warrior should I unexpectedly depart the scene. Just in case others are thinking about this as well, there is someone who will do their best to continue on until the Board finds a permanent replacement. I'm certain you are aware the WARRIOR is put together on the computer. So you don't even have to live in NS to put it together. Perhaps we have a budding Editor out there who would like to do the job sometime in the future (I hope I'm not ready for the pasture just yet). Just a matter of gathering info, putting it together and sending it to the printer.

Keep well! Merry Christmas and a Happy New year to you all. **Kay**



IN THE DELTA

ATKINSON, Donald 'Don'

BOUDREAU, Marc

CARTER, Harry

CARRIGAN, Sean

CHALLANDER, Robert Lawrence

CHAPMAN, Howard 'Howie'

CHIN, Danny

DUBINSKY, Harry

DUNCAN, Michael John

JOHNSTON, Frances (Frankie)

NEMETH, Alexander

RAMESBOTTOM, James

SOSNKOWSKI, Joseph 'Sos'

WELSH, Claire

19th Carrier Air Group Seafury Carrier Operations

by Eddie Myers

Embarked on HMCS Magnificent "Maggie" in early 1947, we were working up off Bermuda with all available Seafuries on deck and manned for free launch (sans catapult).

As each aircraft was marshalled and lined up on the Ship's centre line, then wound up and launched by the Flight Deck Officer, the next in line was marshalled forward for launch. This was the routine to minimize the time required to launch all aircraft and thus the time the Carrier had to remain on a straight course which made it vulnerable to submarine attack.

It becomes a steady routine involving a high degree of cooperation and precision between Pilots and Deck Handlers. The hand signals and footwork of the Flight deck crews when marshalling aircraft on a carrier has been described as 'Choreography at its finest' particularly during night operations.

I cannot recall exactly the number I was in the launch cycle but remember that I followed 'Doc' Schellinck. As he moved forward down the deck, I was marshalled forward and launched in close proximity.



It wasn't until after landing from that sortie that I learned that Doc had suffered an engine failure on take off and had ditched ahead of the ship. He later recounted to all we Squadron Buddies the harrowing experience of having no time at all to prepare for the ditching except to level the wings from the jink to Starboard, a standard routine for aircraft taking off to clear the flight deck of turbulence.

He recounted that the Fury went under nose first almost immediately he hit the water and that he had trouble getting clear of the aircraft and parachute harnesses. It was only when he stood up to exit the submerged aircraft that he realized he had not uncoupled his oxygen mask and headset cord. Fortunately, he said, there was a gulp of air still in the mask that provided him what he needed to disconnect and push himself to the surface before he started taking in salt water.

He was subsequently recovered by the Plane Guard Destroyer and transferred back to Maggie uninjured and quite unfazed by the experience.

Early in the new millennium, Doc and Lorraine and I reconnected when they and I bought places in a Gated Community in St. Peterburg FL. Until he passed away a couple of years ago, it was a great and close relationship with many shared recollections of our times together in 19th CAG and the especially created 'Seafire Toronto Exhibition Flight' of 1949.

When the ditching off Maggie came up in group conversation, he would take great delight in claiming that I had totally ignored him and flown merrily on my way into the wide blue yonder, whilst he floundered around in the briny. My defensive rebuttal "And what the hell could I have done if I had seen you ?", prompted his counter proposal that " You could have at least waggled your wings". With that, we would smile and return our attention to the business at hand namely a 'Bubbly'.



Avenger

She came to us with head held high
Her great big engine pointed to the sky
She was proud as a lion looking after us all
And she seem to be saying
I shall catch you if you fall

Her lines were sleek and rugged
Her colour was navy blue
She was called "Avenger "
And for us she flew and flew

She never seemed to tire
She was so very proud
To show our flag
And do her duty
She stood out in every crowd

At start-up every morning
She needed a very smooth hand
Because she could be cranky
And did not give a dam
She would whine and grumble

Then the smoke would fly
And with a whacking great roar and rumble
She would shake the ground
And say to us lets go my friends
Lets get to the sky

Then in all the weather
From ship or shore she'd go
To do patrol and protect us from
All the stuff at sea
Then with her duty finished

She would bring us home
To say " oh yes I did my duty today"
She flew in many flypasts
And was so very smart
With shining paint and glistening glass

Its been 60 yrs. since the queen was crowned
The commonwealth was proud
To celebrate and show our stuff
And a fly past was held
We took our airplanes an over we went

To show what we could do
And there we shined and polished
And tuned to the "n-th degree
And flew in the great fly past
And they saw our flag you see

When her service was over
Another career then started
She became a fire fighter
To protect our forests tall
From bugs and weeds and fire
She just fought them all

So the end of the road is here
It is very obviously clear
That we should honour the "Avenger"
In our museum fair
And let her sit and rest awhile

So everyone can see
How proud she was to show our flag
And help us do what we could do
And be all we could be
Rest in peace "old girl "

Bud Ayer

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Canada Post
Publication
Agreement #
0040026806

Merry
Christmas
from the SAM Foundation