

SHEARWATER AVIATION MUSEUM FOUNDATION NEWSLETTER



Summer 2007

WWW.SAMFOUNDATION.CA

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

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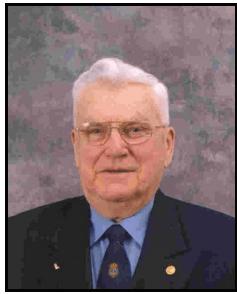
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EDITORS GRUNTS

There are no Grunts this issue (the editor is disgruntled). There is, however, an article deeper in these pages speaking of imperilled Freedom: that article will have to stand for the customary Grunt screed. The fit, I fear, may hit the shan where the politically correct are concerned. Ainsi soit-il. (*I hope you aren't worried Bill - I'm certainly not! K.*)



President's Report

Summer has arrived and hopefully it will bring lots of visitors and interested people to visit the Shearwater Aviation Museum! We have a proud connection with the past that we would like to share with others.

The Shearwater Aviation Museum will be the location for the Church Service and "Up Spirits" activities during the CNAG Reunion this Fall - October 5th, 6th and 7th.

I would like to personally thank the Volunteers who keep the Gift Shop staffed, who guide the visitors and answer questions, who restore the aircraft and artifacts and generally keep everything operating smoothly - many are SAMF and CNAG members! If you have a few extra hours - your help would be appreciated and you meet some interesting people. So, please give the Museum a call! (720-1083 for their Admin Office)

September 5th the Golf tournament will be held at Hartlen Point Golf Course - many thanks to the organizers - Eric Edgar and Chuck Coffen. A Wine, Cheese and Art show is planned for November - Hope you can make it.

A successful Dinner/Auction was held in June. Wonderful food and atmosphere was enjoyed. The

monetary return was less than previous events due to a smaller attendance. Many thanks to Patti, Kay and their volunteers. Plan now to attend next year.

Membership is a very important part of our Foundation. We need your continued support. If you have not paid membership dues for 2007 - please do so - and start thinking about 2008 dues. Our membership year is 1 January to 31 December. Anyone can become a member of the Foundation - former or present Military Service is not a necessity. So get your family and friends interested and involved.

Please support the New Building Project. Plans are still in the design phase for a new additional Museum building. Your funds are needed in order for this project to move forward. Additional space is required for proper storage and restoration.

I would like to say "Thanks" to the Foundation Directors for their support .

Have a safe and happy summer and for those CNAGERs - we'll see you in October. **Eugene 'Buck' Rogers**

Curator's Desk

By Christine Hines

I am anxiously awaiting the upcoming CNAG reunion in October. First, I look forward to meet in person those of you to whom I have only spoken on the phone or struck up an email correspondence. Most importantly I am excited for the chance to show to you what your contributions to SAMF have yielded.

Our volunteers and staff have made remarkable progress on many projects, most notably our aircraft restorations, and it shows! Keep in mind that volunteers allow us to make this progress. While the staff is busy writing grants, filling out applications and working with Construction Engineering to get building repairs and fencing projects arranged, our volunteers are able to keep the front door open, ring in sales, catalogue our photos, clean and catalogue artefacts, as well as restore, repaint and rebuild aircraft from the ground up, among many

other painstaking tasks and projects.

In terms of numbers and statistics, we estimate that we have lost almost 14% of our regular volunteers in the past year. These people accounted for almost 40% of the work as they were regular weekly volunteers. Their experience, in Maritime Aviation and as ambassadors for SAM, is irreplaceable. These were our "Warriors", always putting their names forward to help us out with many tasks, both for SAM and SAMF. An often un-seen effect of such a large loss of personnel is that projects are less likely to be completed in a timely fashion by staff members, especially during our busy visit season when visitors are being entertained and supported in their research requests.

I always mention in almost every public opportunity I get, that our volunteer corps extend our reach into the community, allow us to develop the museum more quickly, with more Shearwater stories being told to more visitors and groups.

Have you considered volunteering your time with SAM or SAMF? Both organizations have many opportunities and projects requiring extra pairs of hands. You'd be surprised at how many aspects of work there are when working in a museum. The museum stereotype of being a dry, dark, and quiet place does not apply to SAM! If you're interested in helping out, and helping us move ahead in telling the Maritime Aviation story , give us a call at (902) 720-1083. Remember every little bit helps, we practice a Team approach, so do not hold back if you can help out infrequently or only occasionally. We'd love to hear from you!

JUNICA MANAGEMENT SERVICES

**PROVIDING
MANAGEMENT & OPERATIONAL
SERVICES TO THE
SHEARWATER AVIATION MUSEUM**

The Story of Bill Martyn – Part 2

(Continued from Spring issue)

Bill woke up on October 6, 1941 to the sound of a group of R.A.F. pilots standing below his window singing, "Life in the Ocean Wave." The word was out! Bill was to leave the Shetland Islands the next day to join #880 fleet fighter squadron as its senior pilot. Bill flew off in 'his' Hurricane #7055 but was delayed by poor weather for a few days in Inverness from where Bill wrote to his Dad, "Don't worry about me – I'm happy, and where I want to be – the probability of not pulling through this war causes me no anxiety." On October 13, Bill joined #880 aboard HMS Indomitable flying Sea Hurricanes, and soon the ship headed for Norfolk, Virginia for repairs having run aground on a coral reef near Kingston, Jamaica which would have served as a base for working up on her maiden voyage.

Bill flew off Indomitable on November 10th to operate from USNAS Norfolk and back to Indomitable on the 22nd as she proceeded to Jamaica for work-up and then arrived at Cape Town on New Year's Eve. A few days later she proceeded to Ceylon waters where she operated from January to April 1942 as part of the new Eastern Fleet (Force Z) seeing very little action. At that point, Indomitable carried 3 fighter squadrons: 800 and 806 with a total of 24 Fulmars, and 880 with 9 Sea Hurricanes. She also carried 827 and 831 flying a total of 24 Albacores. Throughout May, 880 Squadron was in the Madagascar area flying as part of Operation Ironclad in support of Allied landings in the Vichy-controlled Diego-Suarez region. Then #880 flew off to Port Reitz, the aerodrome near Mombasa, Kenya for leave till the end of the first week of July while Indomitable proceeded to Killindini, the naval base at Mombasa. Bill took the opportunity to join three others and flew to what is known today as Tanzania to climb Mount Kilimanjaro with a cook, a guide, and ten porters.

Indomitable was back in the central-western Mediterranean during the first two weeks of August with Bill flying No. 1 in his flight, repeatedly escorting a convoy to besieged Malta as part of Operation Pedestal. On August 12th Bill's logbook reads: "Attacked by between 20 and 30 Ju-88's. Shot one down and put another out of action." In fact, the rear gunner of that second JU-88 had shot Bill's aircraft to a point where it lost power and Bill could not restart the engine. Knowing Bill's excellent flying skills it was decided to give him a choice to either ditch alongside one of the escort destroyers, or attempt a dead-stick landing on the carrier. Bill opted for the latter, and landed perfectly! That same day Bill witnessed S/Lt. Jack 'Crooky' 'Tea Planter' Cruickshank, whom Bill had welcomed to the squadron at HMS Gadwall a few month earlier, die after being shot down by two German aircraft. Bill's Commanding Officer on 880, Lt.Cdr. F.E.C. 'Butch' Judd was also killed that day. Sadly on August 12th also, a few hours after Bill's dicey landing, the carrier itself was hit with 4, 1100 lbs. bombs by JU-87's, three top-side and one under-water causing sections of Indomitable's fighter squadrons 800 and 880 to have to land on HMS Victorious which became unable to range aircraft with so many visiting Hurricanes and Fulmars from other carriers. Bill had managed to lose his first logbook and his Canadian passport during the melee. Meanwhile, Indomitable headed to the U.S.A. for repairs that would not be completed till February 1943.



HMS Indomitable Under Attack. Malta Convoy Operations. August '42

On November 10, 1942 Bill would be awarded a M.i.D. for, "Bravery and dauntless resolution when an important convoy was brought through to Malta in the face of relentless attacks, day and night, from submarines, aircraft, and surface forces."

With 10 months of first-line service behind him, Bill was granted a leave which he spent mainly in London. On September 2nd 1942 he was informed that he had been appointed Commanding Officer of #880 Squadron and was asked to report to RNAS Stratton for Seafire familiarization prior to his squadron embarking HMS Argus. Bill had thus become the first Canadian-born RN pilot to command a fleet single-seat fighter squadron during the second world war.

HMS Argus was capable of striking down many aircraft in her tall and capacious hangar. She had been the last carrier commissioned in world war one. Argus was now to switch from a training function to first-line action as #880 aircraft, 12 Seafire IIc's, flew cover for the American landings in North Africa during the first two weeks of November. Bill's squadron with Bill Fiddes as senior pilot then went ashore to Hatston to enjoy a peaceful Christmas.

It would be March 3, 1943 before Bill's squadron would begin to rejoin Indomitable after her repairs and June 26 when she would sail towards Sicily. During this spring period of 1943 four of Bill's letters to his parents included the following commentaries:

April 4, 1943: "I have a green maple leaf on both sides of the cockpit of my Seafire...I have enjoyed being on HMS Indomitable since she first commissioned."

April 12, 1943: "Writing as a C.O. to parents of pilots killed in action is no sinecure."

April 25, 1943: "What do you think now that I am a Lieutenant-Commander?"

April 29, 1943: "Captain G. Grantham, C.B., D.S.O. is Indom.'s skipper and Vice-Admiral A. L. Lyster who was my Captain on HMS Glorious in the late 1930's is now in charge of the home fleet. Indomitable is his flagship and I am not only the C.O. of #880, but also the most senior of all pilots aboard."

For Bill, July 1943 off Sicily started with a bang: a forced landing on the carrier. Then on July 13 there was another bang: Indomitable was torpedoed by a JU-88 aircraft causing Bill's Squadron to operate from Gibraltar and HMS Stalker. Again Indomitable would go to the U.S.A. for repairs. On August 16, Bill's squadron proceeded from Gibraltar to HMS Stalker and for the rest of the month conducted wing drills in the company of aircraft from the other four escort carriers under Admiral Vian in preparation for the invasion of Italy. A complex plan was being developed with a main force landing at Salerno, code name Operation Avalanche, to occur September 9th.



Surprise Visit by King George VI

**To Thank Bill's Squadron For Its Role
in the Italian Invasion**

Bill had been informed that there would be no previous naval or air bombardment so as to achieve surprise. Also, Bill was to serve as Wing Leader and provide extensive air support. Ten separate sorties were flown by the wing under Bill's leadership and the Salerno beachhead was secured by September 16th. 880 Squadron then headed aboard Stalker for Northern Ireland and a much needed rest with limited flying between December 8th and 18th and Christmas ashore to complete the year 1943.

Bill had displayed excellent leadership, being laconic and decisive as Wing Leader, and consequently was asked to take part in the Fighter Leader's course at R.A.F. Aston Down during January 1944. Then it was back to Ballyhalbert where Bill led 880 in preparing to fly aboard HMS Furious in anticipation of Posthorn: a series of air attacks on shipping off Norway.

Furious arrived on station, north of Bergen, with the Home Fleet on February 11, 1944 with Bill's squadron and 801 Squadron alternating to an from Furious from Skeabrac and occasionally from Arbroath. The first major operation, Tungsten, was on April 3rd and involved 29 ships, including carriers, with aircraft attacking the German battleship Tirpitz, sister ship of Bismarck. Dive-bombers killed 122 of Tirpitz' crew and injured 300 others causing enough damage to render her inactive for a number of weeks. During the attack on Tirpitz in Alten Fjord, Bill's squadron function had been to provide cover over the Home

Fleet using 12 new Seafire F.III's. On the 26th of April Bill was asked to provide the same cover during a bombing operation against a German convoy off Bodø, Norway and on May 6th, 880 Squadron again provided cover during Operation Croquet; a shipping strike near Trondhjem. Another attack in Alten Fjord on May 15 had to be cancelled one hour and forty minutes into the flight due to weather.



Seafires about to Takeoff May 1944

Throughout all of these events, Bill flew his own aircraft, Seafire #858, and by special request, absented himself from the war zone to take part in a fly past for the King on May 11th.

June 1944 was a quieter month for Bill and his squadron although it started on the 1st with a fighter attack on a convoy and flak ships near Stadlandet. Operation Mascot on July 17th was yet another attempt at sinking Tirpitz. 880 Squadron provided the usual cover but the attack was a failure, with just one near-miss. On August 3rd, Bill attacked shipping off Bergen and upon returning to HMS Furious, was informed that he had been appointed Commander Flying on the carrier HMS Ruler effective August 22nd 1944 and that his last day on 880 would be August 15th. On the 15th, Bill flew Hornet Moth #731 to HMS Furious from Skeabrac to say goodbye to the squadron and ship's officers with Captain S. Wruwop of Furious revealing to Bill that he had given him an excellent recommendation for his outstanding service on Furious. On the 16th, Bill left R.A.F. Skeabrac in the Orkneys traveling by ferry to Scotland for a few days of rest, clasping a bottle of scotch and a carved wooden crest of 880 Squadron received as going away presents. He prepared to join HMS Ruler with some apprehension at the thought that his intensive flying days could soon be over.

(To be continued next issue.)

W/C Bannock War Hero Visits his Former Squadron

by Capt. A. Matteau

406 Maritime Operational Training Squadron

SHEARWATER, N.S. - - Wing Commander (Ret'd) Russell Bannock, a 406 Maritime Operational Training Squadron wartime commanding officer and Canada's second-highest-scoring fighter pilot of the Second World War, visited Shearwater from May 8-11, 2007, and attended the Squadron's 66th Anniversary Mess Dinner as the Guest of Honour.



"The Mess Dinner was a great success. Many distinguished guests were present, including Mr. Bud MacLean, 406's Honorary Colonel Don McLeod, and Major-General Hincke, and all had the opportunity to meet with Mr Bannock," says Major Rob Kamphuis, the commanding officer of 406 (M) OTS. "At the end of the dinner, we presented Mr. Bannock with a print from local artist Wallace R. MacAskill."

During his visit to Shearwater, W/C (Ret'd) Bannock was involved in a number of activities. He received a tour of 406 (M) OTS' current and future spaces, including the Maritime Helicopter Training Centre (MHTC) and the Helicopter Maritime Environmental Trainer (HelMET). He went on a familiarization flight in the Sea King, and he gave a very interesting speech about his career to presently-serving and retired officers.

Mr. Bannock shared a few meals with 406 (M) OTS members, thus providing Squadron members with the opportunity to ask many questions about the exploits of this extraordinary leader. Cpl Alain Cormier, a member of the Technical Training Flight, even brought a copy of one of Mr Bannock's wartime pictures and had it autographed by the war hero.

Russell Bannock was born in Edmonton in November 1919, and worked as a commercial pilot before the start of the Second World War. He joined the Royal Canadian Air Force (RCAF) in September 1939, received his wings in early 1940, and was posted to the Central Flying School in Trenton, Ontario as a flight instructor in August of that year.

The young pilot was retained in Canada and worked as an instructor until late 1943, by which time he was appointed the chief instructor at No. 3 Flying Instructor School in Arnprior, Ontario. After many requests to go overseas, in early 1944 he got transferred to No. 60 Operational Training Unit based in Ercall, Shropshire, England. After completing his operational training, the fighter pilot was transferred to 418 Squadron and started flying intruder missions over Europe in the de Havilland Mosquito.

He quickly achieved his first victories and was promoted to the rank of Flight Commander. He was promoted again to the rank of Wing Commander and, in October 1944 at the age of 24, took full command of 418 Squadron.

"W/C Bannock was primarily responsible for shooting down German V-1 'flying bombs' that were causing havoc in London and southern England," explains Major Kamphuis. "During one mission, he single-handedly shot down four V-1s in one hour – an incredible achievement."

The war hero also showed a talent for carrying out night intruder missions against enemy airfields, and was awarded a Distinguished Flying Cross (DFC) for these duties. A bar for his DFC was later added for his effective missions against the V-1s.



W/C Bannock was transferred to 406 Squadron in November 1944 as the Commanding Officer (CO) of the Squadron, and was awarded the Distinguished Service Order (DSO) for his outstanding leadership abilities. By April 1945, Bannock was given the title "The Saviour of London" for destroying 11 enemy aircraft and 19 and one-half V-1 "flying bombs". He was also acknowledged as the

RCAF's top night fighter of WW II.

Retiring from the air force in 1946, Mr. Bannock accepted a position at de Havilland Aircraft Company as chief test pilot and operations manager. He was the first to fly prototypes of aircraft like the Beaver and other short take-off and landing aircraft. He was appointed President of de Havilland Canada and, in 1968, he established his own consulting business, Bannock Aerospace Ltd.

Mr. Bannock has held many other prestigious titles and positions, including: associate of the Canadian Aeronautical Institute; chairman and later director of the

Canadian Aerospace Industries Association's Export Committee; president of the Canadian Fighter Pilots Association; director of the Canadian Industrial Preparedness Association; and director of the Canadian Exporters Association.

In parting, Mr. Bannock was presented by 406 (M) OTS with a flying suit with all the appropriate patches, including his rank and personalized name tag.

"Mr. Bannock, being truly Air Force, did mention that he would have preferred blue slip-ons like the rest of us, but there were no blue Lieutenant-Colonel slip-ons to be found at supply," says Major Kamphuis. "We will make sure a pair is mailed to him as soon as it is available!"

The week spent with one of the wartime COs of 406 (M) OTS was an honour for the Squadron. His vigour, enthusiasm and friendly personality were an inspiration to all – and the Squadron looks forward to inviting him again for 406 (M) OTS 70 th Anniversary celebrations.



NEW COMMANDING OFFICER 406 MARITIME OPERATIONAL TRAINING SQUADRON

Lieutenant-Colonel Lise Bourgon joined the military in 1987 under the ROTP training plan and was selected to attend Le

College Militaire Royal de St-Jean where she graduated in 1992 with a Bachelor Degree in Business Administration.

Following wings training in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan in 1994, she was posted to 423 Maritime Helicopter Squadron in Shearwater where she served on HMCS Preserver, NCSM Ville De Quebec and HMCS Toronto. In 1998, she was transferred to 406 Maritime Operational Training Squadron, where she served as a pilot instructor.

Following her promotion to Major in 2001, she was posted to Ottawa in the Directorate of Air Requirements - Maritime as a Project Director working on projects such as the Maritime Helicopter Program and the Self-Defence Program.

She was posted back to 423 Maritime Helicopter Squadron in 2004 to serve as the Detachment Commander on HMCS Montreal. Following OP TRANSFORM, she was appointed as the Wing Plans and Tasks Officer in 2005. She graduated from the Joint Command and Staff Program at the Canadian Force College in Toronto in 2007.

Lieutenant-Colonel Bourgon is married to Capt Martin Roy, and they have two children, Jeremy and Megan.



CNAG ATLANTIC CHAPTER

DESERVING STUDENT AWARD AIRCRAFT MAINTENANCE ENGINEERING

Committee Members present the Deserving Student Award to the Top Students of this years Aircraft Maintenance Engineering graduating class. The award is accompanied with a \$300.00 cheque for each winner.

Left to right: Rolly West, Committee Member, Colin Wilmshurst, Class 07-1, Rainer Kemming, Class 07-2, Bill Gillespie, Committee Chairperson.

GUS – From Trapper Boy to Air Marshal

A new biography written by Suzanne K. (Sue) Edwards about her father Air Marshal Harold (Gus) Edwards will soon be available in the Shearwater Aviation Museum gift shop.



As a young child, Air Marshal Edwards emigrated with his parents from England to Glace Bay Nova Scotia where later, at the age of 14, he started work as a trapper boy in the coal mines. He joined the RCN in 1915 and later transferred to the Royal Naval Air Service (RNAS) where he was commissioned as a Flight Sub Lieutenant.

Air Marshal Harold (Gus) Edwards

Serving as a pilot, he was shot down over France in April 1917 where he was captured, escaped then recaptured and spent the remainder of the war as a prisoner of the Germans. In April 1918, the RNAS was amalgamated into the Royal Air Force where Edwards continued to serve until 1920 (including a year in South Russia fighting the Bolsheviks). He then returned to Canada to join the fledgling Canadian Air Force which became the Royal Canadian Air Force (RCAF) in 1924.

The Shearwater Aviation Museum has agreed to host Sue's book signing for her father's biography, **GUS – From Trapper Boy to Air Marshal**. Shearwater is a natural venue as not only is Air Marshal Edwards a native Nova Scotian but also part of the book is about her father's tenure as Commanding Officer RCAF Station Dartmouth from 1934-38 when the base was expanded from a small sea plane base to the largest air station in eastern Canada in preparation for the Second World War. Later during the Second World War Gus Edwards was promoted to Air Marshal as the "Air Officer Commanding in Chief RCAF Overseas" in England. Gus Edwards is best known for his fight to have Canadians serve in thirty-five of their own RCAF squadrons overseas (in accordance with Article XV of the BCATP) rather than have all Canadians merely populate British RAF squadrons. As the senior RCAF officer overseas during the Second World War, he had to convince the British Air Ministry and the RAF to implement that Agreement.

As is well documented in the RCAF's history, Air Marshal Edwards won the fight for Canadianization but the battle took its toll on his health and he retired from

the RCAF in September 1944. He died in Scottsdale AZ. on 23 February 1952 and six days later was buried in Ottawa with full military honours.

Sue, who lives in Cornwallis Park NS, is the last surviving member of her family and has spent the last five years researching and writing her dad's biography. She has accumulated nearly 2,500 archival records but more interestingly she documents her father's trials and tribulations over the first half of the 20th century.

Ernie Cable, SAM Historian

T-33 Silver Star

Also referred to as the "Silver Star" or "T-Bird", the T-33 is a two-place, land-based, low-wing monoplane of all-metal construction powered by a single Rolls-Royce Nene jet engine. The Canadian version of the type was designated T-33 AN Mk 3 by the military and CL-30 by its manufacturer, Canadair Ltd of Montreal. The Shearwater Aviation Museum's T-33 is one of 656 examples of the ubiquitous pilot trainer built in the early 1950s by Canadair under licence from the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation. It was allotted the serial number 21038 and the Manufacturer's Number T33-38, indicating that it was the 38th machine on the assembly line.

The Shearwater T-33 originally served with the Royal Canadian Air Force after having been taken on strength in July of 1953. For the next 11 years it was operated by several Air Force training units at various establishments across the country. Its first tour of duty was with No. 3 (All-Weather) Operational Training Unit based at RCAF Station North Bay, Ontario commencing in July '53. As a component of Air Defence Command, the role of No. 3 OTU was the training of aircrews for the CF-100 all-weather interceptor. In the spring of 1954, 21038 was allocated to Training Command, and up until late 1966 was on strength at a number of flying training schools in Western Canada: No. 2 Advanced Flying School (AFS) and No. 1 Flying Instructors School, RCAF Station Portage la Prairie; No. 3 AFS, RCAF Station Gimli; and No. 1 AFS, RCAF Station Saskatoon.

On 15 November 1966, 21038 was transferred to the Royal Canadian Navy's Utility Squadron 32 (VU 32) based at CFB Shearwater. VU 32 comprised several elements, one of which was the "Jet Flight". The latter was tasked with, among other things, refresher and proficiency flying and instrument training for pilots, and it was with the Jet Flight and in these roles that 21038 functioned until it was retired from active duty in mid-November 1974. At that time it was categorized as "Instructional" for the purpose of static display at Shearwater. T-33 AN Mk 3 21038 was officially struck off charge on 22 May 1980.

FROM THE SECRETARY:

Hi there:

For those that still don't understand, there is a difference between the SAM Foundation and the Museum. The Foundation is a group dedicated to fund-raising to support the Museum. Foundation business consists of the Wall of Honour tiles, SAMF membership donations which, when your donations reach \$1000 or more, your name is printed in gold lettering on our Donor Recognition Board and noted on our web site. Yes, you may donate directly to the Museum but that donation is not added to any you may have made through the Foundation and is not included on the Donor Recognition Board. It is requested that if you have business you are not sure whether Foundation or Museum, that you ask so that it can be handled by the appropriate people.

Fund-raising is not an easy task. Our newsletter readers/members and those wanting to keep Naval Air alive at the Museum must - yes - must - support the Foundation and hence the Museum - **IF** you want to ensure that Naval Air is never forgotten that is. The Shearwater Museum is the logical place for Naval Air artifacts etc to be kept. YOU have to ensure this continues - YOUR donations can make this happen. Why not visit the Museum to see how things are going. Let us know what you think.

If I've hurt anyone's feelings by nagging too much etc, I am truly sorry. For all the happy memories I have about the Base, I am grateful and thank you very much for making my time here at Shearwater some of the happiest days I've ever had. I for one intend to do my best to ensure Naval Air is never forgotten. (That may take nagging. Ha)

The Delta List keeps getting longer - but we're all heading in that direction. If we've missed any names for our list, please let us know.

The newsletter needs more of your articles. We are trying to get 'Hairy Tales' going but it is slow - very slow. Obviously you folks out there never had any 'Hairy' situations happen to you, so I guess I can expect a slow return to our request.

A while ago, I asked for photos and

received several - what I should have asked was to have a short note on what you have been doing since you left the Military to go along with it. So - if you don't mind, how about a brief write-up from those who have sent in photos and we'd still like to hear and see photos from the rest of you as well. Your time at Shearwater could not possibly have been boring - let us hear some of your stories - good, bad, funny, whatever.

By the way, if you think we need to change our newsletter - in any way, please let us know. I had one person tell me recently that some of the Letters to the Editor were boring. Ahh Ha NEVER HAPPEN! They are all great! That is one of two such criticisms we've received since I started working on the newsletter - and that wasn't yesterday. Ha The Letters to the Editor or Reader's Response pages are, to me, the backbone of the newsletter because they are from you.

Four months from the 25th of this month (August) - is Christmas - a time of hope. And, I am hoping I can count on you to dig exceptionally deep and send a few extra dollars, for the new building, in addition to your \$40 membership donation. **Yes, our membership fee is \$40 and has been since Jan.**

Jan 1 - Dec 31 is our membership year.

You may know someone out there that is not a member; why not make that person your own personal priority, and suggest to them they join the Foundation.

BTW there are several members right here in Nova Scotia that would make great volunteers, for Tour Guides, aircraft restoration etc - the Museum can always use the help. If you wish to volunteer, call the Museum - 720-1083.

If you wish to support the Foundation by volunteering, call 461-0062, fund-raising needs many volunteers.

Thanks again to all of you who keep in touch. I love hearing from you.

Kay



Pretty Baby

Ev'rybody loves a baby that's why
I'm in love with you
Pretty Baby, Pretty Baby
And I'd like to be your sister,
brother, dad and mother too
Pretty Baby, Pretty Baby
Won't you come and let me rock
you in my cradle of love
And we'll cuddle all the time
Oh I want a lovin' baby and it
might as well be you
Pretty Baby of mine.

GOLF GONE BAD

Saturday morning I got up early, put on my long johns, dressed quietly in my all weather gear, made my lunch, locked up the dog, slipped quietly into the garage to load my golf bag into the car, and proceeded to back out into a torrential downpour.

There was hail mixed with the rain, and the wind was blowing 90 kph. I pulled back into the garage, turned on the radio, and discovered that the weather would be bad throughout the day. I went back into the house, quietly undressed, and slipped back into bed.

There I cuddled up to my wife's back, now with a different anticipation, and whispered, "The weather out there is terrible."

She sleepily replied, "Can you believe my stupid husband is out playing golf in that?"

PLEASE SUPPORT THE SAM FOUNDATION



ACROSS THE FLIGHT DECK



Canadian Naval Air Group

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Founded 1984

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Roger Rioux Buck McCallum Chuck Rolfe



6529 Craighurst Drive
North Gower, ON
K0A 2T0

1 May 2007

Mr. Michael U. Potter
President, Vintage Wings of Canada
1699 Arthur Fecteau Street
Gatineau, QC, J8R 2Z9

Dear Mr. Potter,

I am writing to acknowledge the superb tour and visit to Vintage Wings of Canada arranged for Hampton Gray VC Naval Air Group last Thursday. It was hugely enjoyed by one and all, indeed without any exaggeration, more than a few were personally moved by the sight of such impeccably maintained old war birds. You and your excellent Team deserve the warmest of congratulations.

We would particularly like to thank you for taking the time to personally speak and spend some time with the group members. Don McNeil delivered a really impressive performance as a walking encyclopedia and flight log for each aircraft and the fact that he was the son of a highly regarded friend of many, the redoubtable John Angus McNeil, added icing to a fine cake. Carolyn Leslie did a wonderful job making sure everything fell into place for us which I suspect also included the arrangements at the airport restaurant. The Ladies there are a very nice group – they were cheerful, attentive, helpful and extremely efficient in spite of a big crowd and a short time frame and the food was great. Even Bob Childerhouse's wife Anna proved to be a willing and enthusiastic ambassador by allowing herself to be press-ganged into service to explain bomb and torpedo release mechanisms on the Swordfish.

In my 28 November, 2006 letter to you, we congratulated you on the acquisition of the Corsair and the Swordfish. May I add that we have high hopes that we may see the Swordfish flying over future Battle of the Atlantic ceremonies and both it and the Corsair flying for special events during the Centennial of the Navy in 2010. It would certainly bring some added sparkle to the fleet reviews being planned for that year both on the coasts and here in Ottawa.

We hope in the run up to that major milestone to sensitize the Canadian Public to the history of the Fleet Air Arm in Canada and to its contribution to the defence of Canada during war and peace. Hampton Gray's bust at the National War Memorial, as the only Naval VC of the War, will help with this but here is so much more to do.

As a small token of our very great appreciation for the many courtesies and the superb tour with Vintage Wings of Canada, we would like to present to you and to the key members of your team our CNAG Chapter lapel pin.

Yours in preserving Naval Air history,

Peter S. Milsom
President,
Hampton Gray VC Chapter, CNAG



Peter Milsom and Paul Biden presenting Michael Potter with a framed copy of Hampton's bio describing his famous last flight.



CORSAIR

Michael's latest addition to his collection which we hope will someday be painted in Canadian Naval Colours.

DON'T FORGET THE CNAG REUNION TO BE HELD IN HALIFAX THIS YEAR

**VISITING GROUP**

Jack Moss trying to pretend that he, Al Darwin, Chuck Rolfe and Gord Moyer aren't really lost in a time capsule.

CNAG PARTICIPATION IN BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC CEREMONIES

It was with great pride, that once again members of Hampton Gray VC Chapter participated in the Commemoration of the Battle of the Atlantic Ceremony at the National War Memorial. The Chapter's wreath was laid by Al Darwin while Chapter Director/National Chairman Paul Baiden laid a wreath on behalf of VP International. Following the March Past, Al, Paul, Bud MacLean, and Stan Conner attended a formal reception at the National Conference Centre. It was here that they had the good fortune to share a few stories with one of the last survivors of HMCS Valleyfield, Mr. Jake Warren, who proudly sports several WWII medals and The Order of Canada. His quick wit and excellent humor is indeed a testament to how great life can be while in your nineties.

Bud and Paul then proceeded to "Up Spirits" held at the Ottawa - Hull Naval Association Mess. The Chief of Maritime Staff, Vice Admiral Robertson and his lovely wife also took part in this function, including the Splicing of

the Main Brace, which gave Paul and Bud an excellent opportunity to engage the Admiral in a lengthy discussion regarding the future roll(s) of our naval personnel. The conversation was quite enlightening to say the least, in particular, the plans to decommission several of our Aurora Fleet and the ongoing problems with the Sea King replacement program.

Members Elizabeth and Bob Murray represented Naval Air at the Ceremony in Arnprior, while our National Secretary Gord marched with the London contingent of the RCNA during the Ceremony at HMCS Prevost and later joined Chapter Members Hugh Davies and Ross Gascho at the RCNA Mess for their Retreat and Tot.

It is also understood that several of the other Chapters across the Nation took part in similar Wreath Laying Ceremonies, which once again speaks highly of CNAG's continued interest and support of this historical event which cost the lives of so many of our comrades. "**WE SHALL REMEMBER THEM**".

2022 Glenfern Ave
Ottawa ON K1J 6G8

30 March, 2007

President, Hampton Gray VC

Many who served at HMCS Shearwater during the fifties and sixties witnessed the volunteer efforts of Petty Officer 1st Class, Aviation Technician, Martin Hamilton, in creating a museum in the basement of Warrior Block. By 1967, he had gathered a respectable collection of squadron crests, photos, documents, mannequins in flying gear and other items which were displayed in a manner to attract viewers. In 1971, after 25 years of service, Martin retired as a Chief Petty Officer and continued to volunteer as curator of the museum until a successor was appointed. It is understood that, when the existing Shearwater Aviation Museum was established, the items from Warrior Block were transferred to that site.

The 2006/2007 winter edition of the NOAC, "Starshell", contained an article stating that the Shearwater Aviation Museum was created in 1978. However, there was no mention of the original museum in Warrior Block. My ensuing discussions with the historian indicated that there was no record of the volunteer efforts of Petty Officer Hamilton in creating a museum at Shearwater. Moreover, there appeared to be no documentation recording the transfer of items from Warrior Block to the inventory of the existing Shearwater Aviation Museum.

Those who spent much of their career in naval aviation at Shearwater consider that Martin Hamilton established the original museum. Therefore, it is proposed that the Hampton Gray CNAG chapter executive consider an item for presentation to the Shearwater Aviation Museum in recognition of this fact.

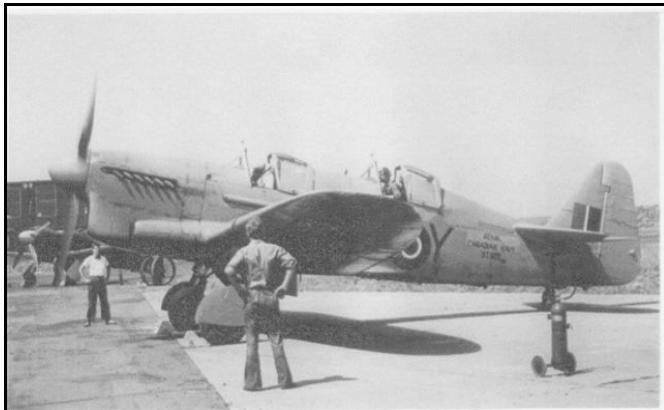
Although the decision rests with the executive, a tile for the museum wall of honour is suggested as being appropriate.

Thank you for your consideration

Yours aye,
Jack Moss

BAY'S TRAINER

In assisting Leo Pettipas in his research, I was constrained to look in my log book about the Firefly Trainer -- in my opinion, a none-too-great, aircraft. I flew it about 15 hours in all. Looks as if I simply was sent away solo without any check flight, which would seem to rather defeat the purpose of the machine! I had been flying Seafires regularly and as they had the same engine and starting procedure, it was chiefly a matter of getting used to the airframe, speeds and handling.



I had one most memorable and frankly terrifying flight though. As I recall it (and memory is a faded jade!) Al Woods and I were sitting around in the crew room at noon on 30 Jan. 1950 and one of us said something like, "Let's go up and wring out the Trainer." We were both instructing so were able to authorize ourselves, so away we went. It was a nice day, so we fired it up. Woody, who was an experienced Firefly pilot, was in the back (instructor's seat) and I was in the front. We climbed up to about 9,000 feet (just as well as things went!) and I started to do some stalls, clean and dirty. All were straight-forward, perhaps a minor wing-drop but all recoverable in the normal fashion. After a couple, I tried a power-on stall, flaps and wheels down, as if I were going to do a deck landing.

Suddenly, the aircraft bunted straight through and before I knew it, we were in an inverted spin. I was thrown into the coupe top despite my straps being fairly tight. I yelled to Woody to take control as I thought he might have a better idea of what to do next. He himself was being forced into the coupe top but yelled that he was retracting the undercarriage and flaps. That probably took 30 seconds, and had no effect that I could discern. We were still whirling around completely out of control. We yelled back and forth at each other that we were "gonna bail out," but the coupe top handle was hard to reach as I was so crammed up against the hood. Finally Woody jammed the throttle full open and we started to recover from the inverted spin and snapped into an upright spin. This was manageable and we recovered from that in a dive that took us out about 200

feet above the trees! We flew home without a word and landed as gently as we could manage.

We were greeted at the squadron by a delegation. It turned out that somehow our transmitter had been switched on through the whole affair and our panicky chatter had been received loud and clear by the Tower. We had every intention of reporting our difficulty but our reputation had preceded us! We put the A/C U/S and told our story. The Maintainer's took the A/C into the maintenance hangar and started to measure angles of incidence etc. I expected the usual "checked and found serviceable," but later it was claimed that the incidence of the tailplane was out of whack somehow and that the A/C had some predisposition to inverted spins. There was a suggestion that the RN had lost one or two in unexplained circumstances, though my memory of that is rather shaky. It was also suggested that the relatively high after-cockpit canopy in some fashion blanked the tailplane or rudder in the stall, and that may be "all my eye and Betty Martin"! But it surely scared the hell out of me! Never flew the damned thing again!

Rod Bays (Sent to us by Leo Pettipas.)

Official Definition of the term “Naval Aviator”.

Leo Pettipas sent out an email asking “Can anyone tell me the official definition of the term “naval aviator” in Canadian parlance, if there was one? Did it refer only to pilots or to all members of the aircrew. Thus, could an Observer’s Mate be a ‘naval aviator’? I’m inclined to think he would, but usually what seems perfectly logical to me turns out not to be the case.

To put it another way, I know the back seat drivers were formally called ‘Naval Aircrewmen’ when the Trackers came on line, but were they still considered ‘naval aviators’? I’m writing a paper on the OMs/Naval Aircrewmen and want to get it right. Thanks.”

Here are some of the replies to Leo’s question.

Carl Wright - We just called them Junior Birdmen - and those with rapid promotion.

Jim Stegen - In my opinion, anyone who flew for the Navy was a Naval Aviator. “Aviator” is a generic term as opposed to the specific term of “Pilot” etc.

Les Rosenthal - I don’t THINK this was ever an official term in the RCN (or RN). I always thought of it as the official term for USN pilots and probably the commissioned GIBs (back-seaters) in the F4’s, Tomcats, etc.

Ted Gibbon - Les is almost right. The term 'Naval Aviator' as used in the USN, and they originated the designation, refers to the men (and women) who pilot aircraft. Naval Flight Officers (NFOs) fondly referred to as "GIBs" in the go faster community, "differ from Naval Aviators in that they do not pilot the aircraft in which they serve."

Sandy Dewar - I don't think there is a dictionary definition of naval aviator, but when I use the term, I mean everyone who has, or had, the guts to sit his ass in a naval airplane on a regular basis. That includes the guys currently doing the job on our destroyers, funny coloured uniform or not. Frankly I always thought the guys in the back deserved the term more than the jocks up front because the jocks had control of their own destiny. The back seaters had a lot of courage.

Murray Decker - I along with all backseaters who flew as crew in Naval A/C consider ourselves as Naval Aviators.

Sherry Richardson - And so did I when an RA on VU32.

Ken Millar - According to my 'no lie' encyclopedic dictionary - 'aviator' includes all crew members who foolishly put their lives in the hands of those derring-do naval pilots - so my vote would concur with that.

Jim McCaffery - The Oxford concise and mine (DND???) says: Aviator - n, airman; pilot of an airplane. Airman - man who flies in an aircraft, esp as pilot or member of crew. Not to change the subject entirely; were we who were in Navalair in the Air Force?????????

Des Steel - When I was a U/T pilot on new entry training at HMS St Vincent, Gosport, I well remember our crusty old Gunnery Chief telling me two things:

1. Only fools and birds fly and the birds don't fly at night.
2. As long as your ass looks downwards, you'll never make a pilot.

Well he was right on the second count. I went on to become an a/c and made sure the 'birds' didn't prang each other.

Al Whalley - Couldn't resist sending along this old photo of my "first flight" taken a short time before launch at Shearwater 743 squadron..along with "Bud" Service"[not shown]..who did become a "Naval Pilot" in later years! Meanwhile... myself [by the target] ... I considered immediately after landing...that I was now and forever more ..a "Naval Airman"! :>)



(There you have it - what say you?)

50th Anniversary First Mail Crossing of Canada by Air 1920 - 1970



Capt Gerry Willis and Maj Bruce Baker shown here with then Mayor of Dartmouth, Roland Thornhill, as they prepare to commemorate the first crossing of Canada by taking a letter, by T33, from Shearwater to North Bay.

Can you provide names of pilots who carried it from North Bay onward West?

**Surcouf's disappearance still shrouded in mystery.
Submarine lies 8,000 ft below the Atlantic.**



Who Sank Surcouf? (A must read!)

Author James Rusbridger

By Alex Nickerson - the Mail Star August 30, 1991
(In Part)

The 9.2 inch guns at Sandwich Battery glowered as the ponderous Surcouf, the largest submarine in the world, slid through the gate of the boom across Halifax harbour, bound for Panama, Feb 3, 1942. Halifax had been home port for Surcouf several times since France had capitulated to Hitler's all-conquering panzer divisions. But after that February day, the port would never see Surcouf again. **The most controversial naval craft of the Second World War was sailing to her doom.**

Gunners at the 1st Halifax Coast Regiment, RCA had reason to look with suspicion on Surcouf. At the time in Halifax there were fears that Surcouf and other French naval ships might decide to team up with Admiral Darian and join forces with Hitler's Navy. Surcouf disappeared without a trace after she sailed from Bermuda, bound for Tahiti via the Panama Canal, Feb 12, 1942. The vanishing of Surcouf became one of the most debated mysteries of the world and, for a time, soured relations between the Allies and France.

In early 1941, Halifax was Surcouf's home port. On April 1, she began her first operational duty for the Free French Navy when she left Halifax with the battleship HMS Rambles. Visibility was poor and Rambles had difficulty in locating the submarine which could only manage a speed of 13 knots. It was at this point that the first of many rumours that were to surround Surcouf arose. The French sub, it was rumoured, was torpedoing ships she was supposed to be escorting.

Who sank Surcouf? Is a highly readable investigation into the extraordinary talk of the ill-fated Surcouf. Rushbridger has written a fascinating work of historical detection and his research has been prodigious.

It should be recalled that among the several books which have been written about the doomed French submarine, a Nova Scotian, George Young, who served with the Royal Navy, published **Who Killed Surcouf?** He too, conducted an extensive research while casting grave doubts upon

the official explanation of the sinking. (*Passed to us by WO Rick Mallory (Ret'd)*)



IN THE DELTA

BELTRAMI, George

CARROLL, Newton

COLE, Jerry

CRAWFORD, Jim

FULTZ, Ken

HOLLAND, John

HOLMES, Jean

JACKES, Herve (Bob)

JACKSON, Patricia (Pat)

JENKINS, Everett Milton

JOHNSTON, Creighton (Johno)

LAMING, Gloria Irene

LASSALINE, Phil

LEFAIVRE, Fran

MC LAUGHLIN, John B. (Jack)

MONTGOMERY, Wilf (Monty)

NEVILLE, Don

NICKERSON, Frederick William

NOWLAN, Joseph Robert

PHILLIPS, Vern

THOMPSON, Peter

VANNER, James Melbourne

NEW 12 WING COMMANDER -



COL J.B. PLOUGHMAN

Col. J. Bruce Ploughman was born and raised in St John's, Newfoundland and graduated from Memorial University of Newfoundland (MUN) in 1986. After serving for over a year as an assistant professor at MUN, he joined the Canadian Forces as a Direct Entry Officer in December 1988. Upon completion of pilot training at Portage La Prairie in 1991, he was posted to HS 423 Squadron, Shearwater, as a Lieutenant. During his tour, he was employed as a Sea King pilot, Squadron Standards pilot, and served as Detachment Commander for both HMCS TORONTO and HMCS CHARLOTTETOWN.

In 1996 Colonel Ploughman was posted to HT 406 Squadron as an instructor pilot. The following year he was seconded to 12 Wing Headquarters as the Wing Commander's Executive Assistant during which time he was promoted to the rank of Major. On his return to HT 406 Squadron a year later, he served as the Pilot Training Flight Commander and Standards Flight Commander.

He was posted in June 2000 to the Chief of Air Staff in Ottawa as the Requirements Officer in the Directorate of Aerospace Requirements Maritime Air/Aviation.

During 2001 and 2002, Colonel Ploughman attended the Canadian Forces Command and Staff College in Toronto. He was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel in June 2002, and in September returned to 12 Wing as the Operations Officer. Between December 2003 and July 2005 he commanded 423 Maritime Helicopter Squadron, following which he embarked on a year of professional development - the Advanced Military Studies Course in Toronto and second language training in Shearwater.

In July 2006 he was posted to the Project Management Office for the Maritime Helicopter Project in Ottawa as the Operational Requirements and Training Manager and in October he was named Deputy Project Manager.

Colonel Ploughman holds a Bachelor of Science in Biology, a Bachelor of Education and a Bachelor of Physical Education from MUN.

Colonel Ploughman is married to the former Susan Taylor; they have two children Claire and Jeremy.

SHOTGUN RIDING

By Jake McLaughlin



On the 22nd of December 1955 I rode shotgun in a T33 piloted by Jake Birks from Shearwater to St Hubert in Montreal where he dropped me off. The A/C was re-fueled and Jake took off again for Toronto. Weather had been CAVU all the way to Montreal but soon clagged to IFR after St Hubert.

Flying at 30,000 feet just short of Belleville Ontario. Jake ran out of fuel. (He had instructed the ground crew at St.Hubert to "top it up" and had emphasized that the tip tanks were to be tended to as well. Unfortunately, the ground crew neglected to fill the main tanks). Jake's only choice was RCAF Trenton which was marginally within gliding (like a rock) distance from his "out of gas" position.

He couldn't pick up Trenton tower, but quick thinking (it was his trademark), allowed him to identify the local radio station in Belleville. He calculated the bearing and distance from Belleville to Trenton. He then homed in on the commercial broadcast heading for Trenton. All of this in complete, down to the ground clag. He touched down dead stick at Trenton (to no one's surprise who knew his skills as a pilot) and rolled to a stop.

Later, as he recounted the story, he smiled and recalled that the music being played, the sound on which he homed over Belleville, was the carol "O Little Town of Bethlehem". Can't think of any one who more deserved a generous helping hand from on high than Jake.

While in flight training at Penhold, I was injured in a car accident and lost much of the use of my right hand due to nerve and tendon damage. It looked like my career as a pilot was over and I headed to Stadacona to begin my MARS Officer's training ... but I came back. Joe Paquette



FINDING THE "TIGER"**

*Tiger: Concise Oxford - fierce or energetic person, formidable opponent.

Air Force – That combination of skill, aggressiveness and daring that is a plus for a pilot and essential for a fighting pilot

It would have been easy to mistake the young man stepping off the train for an older teenager returning to university, but there was no university in this smallish prairie town. He looked around as if to get his bearings then set off with his two bags for where he remembered the taxi stand to be. Having given the necessary directions, he sat beside the driver, he hated the back seat in anything, and tried to quell the nervous stomach by looking for familiar sights along the way to the Flight Training Base.

As they drove down the uneven macadam road beside the train tracks, he couldn't prevent his mind from leaving the moment to worry in the past. It had been eleven months since the accident and seven since he had left the area. It had been a lifetime of bad memories since the noise and screeching metal which had injured two of his friends, destroyed Roger's VW and taken away his "tiger". As a result of the accident, which tore arteries and ligaments and almost severed a nerve in his right hand, he had lost the use of the hand and been removed from flying training. It could be said that he was lucky because, as a naval officer, his youth and location to the contrary, he could be trained in general naval duties and the impairment to his hand would not prevent a full career.

Those days taking the Navy's Junior Officers Technical and Leadership Training course had helped to keep him from remembering of what could have been ... almost. He never could bring himself to visit the Naval Air Station at Shearwater where his original course mates were completing their navy flight training.

The taxi slowed at the right turn, which led to the level crossing and to the Air Base. As it turned west, he was blinded by the low sun in his eyes

"... *He could hear the roar and feel the vibrations of the Wright Cyclone engine but he couldn't see Moxie Flight lead, his instructor Dale. This was the only downside of formation flying, when your lead turned into the sun and you had to hunt for references in a near blind condition. It didn't last long as the turn continued but that didn't lessen the adrenaline surge. He loved formation flying. He loved everything about flying, but formation was his favorite. It wasn't always that way and he had had a series of instructors. The first was a screamer who terrified him and gave him to believe that his name really was "Fuckhead". Another had been the other extreme, very timid. His nervousness, especially during aerobatics, had made Joe nervous in turn. For the last few months he had been flying with Flying Officer Dale Carlson and his outlook had changed. Dale loved flying and, more importantly, loved instructing. Other instructors had taught him to fly but Dale had taught him to love flying and to relax. Most importantly, Dale was cultivating Joe's "tiger", that special mindset of aggression and confidence that complemented flying knowledge to create the true military pilot. Though he had already flown tours in the CH-100 CANUCK Interceptor, Dale was not much more than Joe's age and was married with two small children. Joe loved visiting with the family. It made him feel at home and closer to this man whose job it was to make him a pilot. Joe wasn't the best pilot by any measure and Dale would be debriefing him on the way he over-controlled with the throttle. The Harvard was fairly unique in that when two aircraft were in close formation, the crew in the lead aircraft could actually hear the scream of the propellers of the other aircraft whenever the throttle was snapped wide open and the prop tips reached supersonic speed... as they were now as Joe realized that he was out of position. In spite of the debriefings, in spite of the sopping flight suit, in spite of the bursting kneecaps as one leg fought the other on the rudder peddles, thanks to Dale's tutelage, Joe knew that this was where he belonged. His immediate problem however was the fact that they were entering a high break and Joe couldn't remember the landing pattern or direction. As soon as his lead entered the break and Joe took his spacing for his own pattern, his lack of attention would be at least an embarrassment and, at the worst, the cause of a mid-air collision. "Moxie Flight, cleared for the break" called the tower. As the Dale banked away Joe made a quick decision and banked with him.*

If Joe didn't know where he was going, he knew he couldn't get lost if he stayed with lead. Joe tucked in as tight as he dare and the retracted wheels of Dale's aircraft filled his canopy. Since lead didn't know Joe was still desperately hanging in tight on his tail, Dale's movements were naturally more abrupt than normal but Joe hung in while trying to decide what he was going to do when it was time to lower landing gear and flaps, and, more importantly, land. Students just did not do formation landings.

Normally the lead signaled the other aircraft in the formation as he was about to change configurations, that is, drop his landing gear, lower his flaps or change speed. Well, Joe was close enough to Dale's HARVARD to be one aircraft so he would act as though they were one. As soon as he saw a flick in the landing gear of Dale's Harvard, Joe dropped his gear. Likewise, he watched the shape of the flaps of lead's aircraft and as soon as he detected movement, Joe dropped his, hoping that lead would go direct to full flaps and not stop at an intermediate position. If he did the latter, Joe would be left alone to balloon and decelerate under the effect of full flap as his leader soared ahead with a partial setting.

As they slowed as one unit, Joe realized that there was not time to slow further and get some separation from lead ... they were going to have to land together and Dale would not know he was there. This could end badly. Joe slid out from under lead and took a landing position close to Dale's right wing hardly able to control the shakes as he realized the full impact of what he had gotten himself into.

*"Moxie Flight, you are cleared for formation landing!" called the tower. Joe watched the instructors head twitch with the unexpected phrase "**formation landing**". After a moments hesitation, his head snapped around and he and Joe stared eye to eye across the yellow wings of their respective airplanes. Joe saw surprise, then anger and as Dale turned back to concentrate on the landing, As Dale continued to stare forward, Joe also thought he saw the beginning of a smile. Joe felt some of the tension go out of his body now because, for better or worse in the long run, Dale knew that he was there for the landing. Dale entered the flare and held off his touchdown just long enough for Joe to settle on the runway. Joe marveled at Dale's quick adjustment and his smooth control even as he felt his own wheels reaching for the runway."*

There was a hard thump as they crossed the train tracks and Joe could see again as the glaring sun was now hidden behind the large green sign announcing "R.C.A.F. Station PENHOLD". Joe's stomach gave another flip of nervousness. It had been so long since he had flown and he knew that the Air Force wouldn't wait while he tried to get comfortable and try to find the

"tiger" which had allowed him to complete his first formation landing and which had brought a smile to Dale's face that day in spite of all the rules that Joe had broken that day.

Since his accident, Joe had lived on a dream. A dream not shared by his course mates, his doctors or his family. He told himself that he would get this "claw" of a hand to work and he would fly again. Now, two operations later, he was minutes back from the main gate at Penhold and his hand would not be a problem, well not too much of a problem. Of his attitude he wasn't so sure. He just didn't know if he could ever get his confidence, his aggressiveness, and his "tiger" back.

As they approached the main gate, Joe saw that there was a person standing at the gatehouse in a flight suit as though waiting for someone. The sun was behind the stranger and Joe couldn't tell who it was as he was once again temporarily blinded until the taxi got closer and the Guardhouse blocked the glare.

Joe's eyes met those of the waiting pilot. He smiled as the expression on the person in the flight suit changes from nervousness, to apprehension, to recognition and finally, to a warm smile. Someone else had believed that he would fly again, and Dale was waiting for him with his "tiger"

Next will be "The rest of the story".

S/K Chapter BBQ

The Sea King Chapter of CNAG held their annual inter-chapter BBQ at Trenton on Sun 24 Jun 07 at the home of Bob and Dorothy Casement. Members and their spouses were in attendance including many new members who recently transferred from the decommissioned Tracker chapter in Toronto. The food was delicious, the company outstanding and the weather cooperated fully. A great day was had by all with Bev Eastwood winning the traditional 50/50 draw in aid of SAMF. Bev generously donated her half to the SAMF Building Fund.

Full details of activities in S/K Summer newsletter on CNAG Web site www.ncf.ca/cnag.



Bev Eastwood and S/K Chapter Pres, Paul Smith

(Thank you Bev. K)

DINNER / AUCTION DONORS
SAM Foundation

MAJOR DONOR



DONORS

CatNRose Jewelry
 Chief's & Petty Officer's Mess - Halifax
 Darrell Dexter, MLA
 Dartmouth Sportsplex
 Edward (Ted) Kieser
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 SAM Foundation
 Shearwater Museum Gift Shop
 Shearwater Yacht Club
 Survival Systems
 Taoist Tai Chi Club
 TD Bank
 The Westin Hotel
 William Mont
 Zwicker's Gallery

Pull Out Section

MEMBERSHIP YEAR
SAM FOUNDATION
1 JANUARY - 31 DECEMBER

**SAMF MEMBERSHIP AND/OR
 WALL OF HONOUR TILES MAY BE
 PURCHASED BY MONTHLY
 INSTALLMENTS**

WALL TILES:

Quarter Tile: Discontinued

Half Tile: \$300 \$100 when ordered and \$100 per month for the next two months

Full Tile: \$600 \$200 when ordered and \$100 per month for the next four months

SAMF LIFE MEMBERSHIP \$500

You may purchase Life Membership as follows:

\$100 on date of purchase and \$100 per month over the next four months.

For further info on Tiles/Membership etc., please call the SAMF Secretary at:

Toll Free: 1-902-497-7779 Locally: 461-0062
 Fax: (902)-461-1610

Email: samf@ns.sympatico.ca

Mail inquiries to:

SAM foundation
 PO Box 5000 Stn M
 Shearwater, NS B0J 3A0

**SAM FOUNDATION
 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
*to be held in the Museum at 0930
 on 7 September 2007***

WALL OF HONOUR - GUIDELINES FOR DESIGNING YOUR "WALL OF HONOUR" TILE

The tile in the "Wall of Honour" is made from high quality marble, which is 12 inches square. The tile can be scored to form four 6-inch squares, diagonally across to form two triangular halves or used as is, whichever suits your wishes. All letters will be in the upper case configuration (capitals) and the tile will be mounted in a diamond orientation as opposed to a square orientation, with the line of your message running diagonally across the tile. You have four options to choose from:

Option "A" One Quarter tile D I S C O N T I N U E D

Option "B" One half tile 12" by 12" by 17" and triangular in shape (isosceles), with up to 5 rows of $\frac{3}{4}$ " letters for a maximum of 60 letters and spaces. The longest row can accommodate up to 20 letters and spaces. The remaining 4 rows will decrease as the border/edge of the tile dictates. It should be noted that the upper half of a tile will start with a short row and the lower half with a long row.

Option "C" The full tile with up to 6 rows of 1" letters for a maximum of 55 letters and spaces. The two center rows can accommodate up to 16 letters and spaces. The remaining rows will decrease as the edge of the tile dictates.

Option "D" The full tile with up to 10 rows of $\frac{3}{4}$ " letters for a maximum of 120 letters and spaces. The two center rows can accommodate 20 letters and spaces each. The remaining rows above and below center will decrease as the edge of the tile dictates.

The colour of the tile will be "Belmont Rose". The only exception to this will be a black dedication tile. If submissions require any alteration, the subscriber will be contacted by phone or email (if you forward your own email address) by the coordinator for further discussion.

From:

Engraving Request:

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

Prov: _____ Postal Code: _____

Telephone: _____

Email: _____

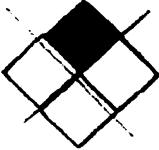
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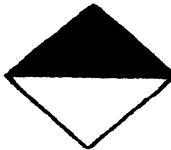
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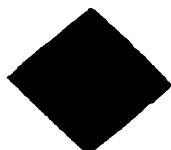
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Codicil to the Last Will and Testament of _____

which Last Will and Testament is dated this _____ Day of _____ 20____

I hereby add to that said Will as follows:

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

Signed and dated this _____ Day of _____ 20____

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NICE SHOT?

From Ron Bezant

When I joined the navy as an ordinary seaman, I never dreamed that years later I'd be commissioned-from-the-ranks as an air force engineering officer. I was attached to an air group headquarters in Lahr, West Germany. The Cold War was still on. I attended two formal dinners featuring interesting guests in what we called the Black Forest Officers' Mess. For my presence in West Germany I owed thanks to the opportunities that went along with the Canadian government's decision to fold the three former services into one on February 1, 1968. For my failure to rise above the rank of captain, I could thank either the inability of air force generals to recognize incomparable brilliance if they tripped over it, or the dogged determination not to rise in the world that has bedevilled my clan for generations, according to one distant ancestor.

The Black Forest Officers' Mess was idyllically set in the foothills of the rolling woodland of the same name. I was a nondescript, two-ringer, general service captain nearing the end of a four year (three plus one for not screwing up) Cold War posting with NATO. As nondescript captains tend to be more impressionable, I must admit to at least a twinge of exhilaration beforehand at the knowledge that former Luftwaffe General Adolf Galland would be the guest of honour at the first of the two dinners, and retired Royal Air Force Group Captain Sir Douglas Bader at the second. They were "mixed mess dinners," simply meaning that the presence of non-service wives and girl friends, aka the distaff side, kept the bun fights in check and prevented nondescript captains from passing a candle burning at both ends to an honoured guest who may have been unfamiliar with the significance of the related, pithy apothegm and become duly embarrassed.

Galland piloted his private aircraft into the Lahr Airfield together with his companion. I still remember the deep discomfort I felt as the commander of our headquarters introduced him at the dinner with an effusive rundown of the General's wartime decorations, some of which were awarded by Hermann Goering and others by Adolf Hitler. Here was a fellow who had shot down possibly as many as 104 Allied aircraft between May 12, 1940 and April 26, 1945, from his first "kill" of a Hawker Hurricane over Belgium while piloting a Bf109E to his last, a B-26 Marauder while flying the Me-262 turbojet over Munich-Reim. During this latter flight, Galland's last of World War Two, he was shot down by USAAF Lieutenant Jim Finnegan piloting a P-47 Thunderbolt escort fighter. The Me-262 crashed on landing.

Years after the war Finnegan and Galland began corresponding. They finally met in 1979 at an Air Force Association meeting in San Francisco. I recently related the tale of Finnegan's and Galland's meeting to a dinner guest at our house. I could see the wheels turning as

she smiled and mischievously said, "What do you say to someone like that? Nice shot?" (Yes, she was from Newfoundland and feigning a touch of the self-deprecating, mirthful innocence for which they are ubiquitously and warmly known.)

Finnegan is said to have been impressed by Galland as a "true warrior." It is events such as these that lend an intriguing perspective to the expression *strange bedfellows* and cause one to reflect upon whatever wisdom underlies a universal aversion by war veterans to talk about their experiences with family members and others who were not there.

While looking at a list of Galland's kills, I observed that one of them occurred over Chelmsford, in Essex. I wondered at the possibility that my uncle who lived in the area during the war and my cousins who still dwell there may have witnessed the dogfight without ever surmising that one of their Canadian born kin would be attending a formal dinner and listening to one of the combatants deep in Southern Germany, perhaps appropriately the home of the cuckoo clock, almost 37 years later.

Understandably, Galland didn't say much at all about the war except to mention his famous encounter with Goering when he was asked as General of the Fighters what he needed to achieve air superiority and he replied, "A wing of Spitfires." A large part of his brief speech amounted to the narration of some lengthy German poem, its intrinsic entertainment merit stemming from his nonsensically rapid-fire delivery. But what else could the poor fellow talk about for an audience of Canadians, and mainly pilots at that? How he might have wished that his side had won? It must have been a little frustrating for him, having to try to stifle the swashbuckling side of his personality.

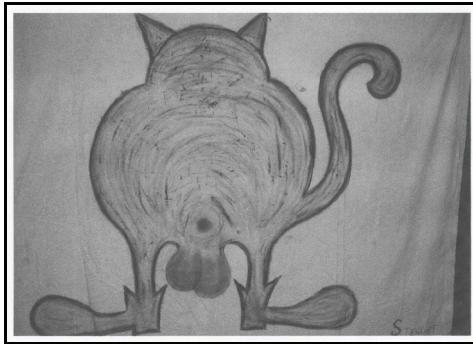
Sir Douglas Bader's disposition was less flamboyant, somewhat more naturally truncated by that endogenous conservatism for which the British are renowned. Bader was forcibly retired by the RAF in 1933, after he lost his legs in a crash that came about when he succumbed to a dare by fellow pilots to perform some low level acrobatic stunts in an aircraft not designed for them.

When war broke out, Bader and his metal alloy legs were welcomed back into the RAF where he qualified on the famous Hawker Hurricane. His first kill was over Dunkirk in 1940. He flew throughout the Battle of Britain and had shot down 22 enemy planes by 1941, when he collided with a Messerschmidt and was captured by the Germans. After he tried to escape several times, the Germans transferred him to Colditz, from whence he was freed in 1945.

The high regard in which Bader was held resulted in his being chosen to lead a 300 aircraft victory flypast over London in June of 1946. If he did so with a lump in his throat, who would have blamed him?

Following our dinner, Sir Douglas excused himself for having to pace back and forth when he stood to speak, an exigency imposed by his circulatory system. He spoke mostly of politics and politicians, whom he blamed for starting all wars. I still recall his summary statement: ". . and if we're not careful, they'll have us involved in another one."

Adolf Galland died in 1996, just short of his 84th birthday. Sir Douglas Bader died of a heart attack in 1982 at age 72. I've saved the menus from both mess dinners. It wasn't until I asked Bader for his autograph on the menu for the second dinner that I began thinking how I should have requested Galland's on the first one. When I think back, it wasn't exactly my best shot. I might have made a fortune by promoting them on eBay, pointing out the phenomenon that the letters in each of their full names add up to 12 and claiming that if both menus were held up to the light with the signatures superimposed, one could make out the image of a dogfight between a P-47 and an Me-262 being flown by the Madonna and the Pope, eating cheese sandwiches.



THE BEARCAT AND THE ROOSTER

by Dave Tate

During the two years, Aug 69-Aug 71, when Colin Curleigh and I were COs of HS 50 and VS 880 respectively there is little doubt that a fair amount of friendly rivalry existed between our two squadrons. This in turn precipitated a number of "hi-jinks", attempts at "one-upmanship"(by both units)and "try and top this" escapades.

One of the more memorable incidents that comes to mind was the time HS 50 won the Cock-O - the Walk. The very fact that they beat us for this very prestigious trophy was humiliating enough but to rub it in the way they did was the last straw. This is what transpired: On the morning following HS50s winning of the Cock-O-the-Walk I received a telephone call from Colin suggesting I take a look at their hangar. There in all its glory was a very large red rooster, painted on the side of their hangar facing ours. Enough is enough I thought,

and with that I got hold of our Chief OM, Joe Saunders, and mentioned that we couldn't let this display of bragging go unchallenged. He agreed wholeheartedly and with a parting "leave it with me Boss I'll take care of it" he left my office.

The following morning Joe came to my office and told me to have a look at HS 50s hangar. This I did and there ,in all its glory, was 880s mascot, THE BEARCAT, mounted atop THE ROOSTER. I couldn't resist calling Colin and suggesting that he have a gander at the side of his hangar. I won't repeat the telephone call I received after his "inspection". The next morning the Bearcat was gone, painted over by HS 50,however it was back atop the Rooster the following morning thanks to Joe and company. This went on for another day or so and finally Colin called and suggested we call a truce and quit wasting paint, to which I agreed. I then called Joe and advised him of the agreement I had made with HS50 to which he responded that if the agreement pertained to only the hangar wall then the hangar roof should be "fair game". I had no argument with that assumption.

The following day Joe asked if we could take a Tracker and do a short recce of HS 50s hangar from the air. We did just that and there on the roof of their hangar was a white Bearcat stretching from one side of it to the other , painted by none other than Joe and his boys using a number of gallons of pussers white paint. Needless to say I called Colin and told him that the next time he got airborne he may wish to look at his hangar roof. I don't recall his comments after viewing 880s handiwork but can only assume they were not complimentary.

It took awhile, but 880 finally got revenge and more importantly, the last word(for then).

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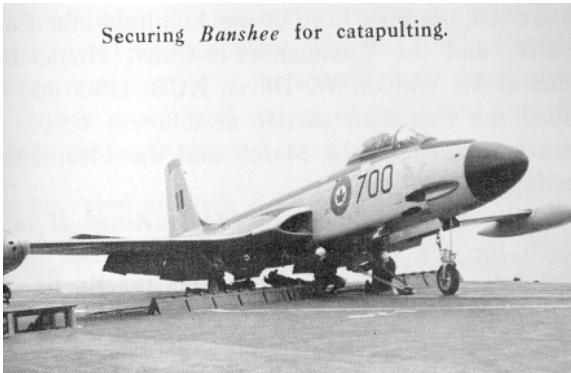
The cold war with the Soviets was running hot in 1960; their aircraft were overflying the ocean areas off Nova Scotia and openly communicating with their missile-armed submarines cruising between Newfoundland and Bermuda. It was said they were installing nuclear missiles in Cuba (*It turned out they were*). Those goings-on is why I was in Key West; our



Soviet Tupolev 'Bear 95 - keeping an eye on us'

Banshee jet fighters were there for special training and I was inspecting the Squadron's progress.

It wasn't all work; the flying took place after dark so I had plenty of time to fish in the gulf stream from a US Navy recreational boat; one day I caught 14 sailfish and three barracuda. That seems like quite a lot but there were so many big fish in the six knot current off Key West they ask to be caught!



Banshee fighter, could reach 50,000 feet

The Banshees launched after dark; they were guided by a control radar to intercept the simulated Soviet Bear bombers. When the high-flying Banshee pilot detected the target aircraft on his own radar he took over from ground control, his intent being to approach within about half a mile - missile firing range. At that distance the infra-red detector on his sidewinder missile would 'see' the heat generated by the target's engines and generate a buzzing sound in his headset. It was then time to fire the missile. The sidewinder buzz was also transmitter to us on the ground - we could keep the score, judge the

exercise, assess cheating!



Sidewinder missiles could 'see' in the dark

The pilots said it was unusually difficult to keep oriented; the stars in the heavens looked much the same as the lights from the ground and boats at sea. One pilot described the scene from 30,000 feet in the three dimensional blackness, "It's being inside a globe, like those glass decorations where hundreds of bright bits swirl about when you pick it up." Superb flying skill and a hunter's instincts were essential qualities for success.

I, safely on the ground, gazing at radar screens and watching the intercepts, knew I was privileged to be the commanding officer of such pilots - I could not do what they were doing.



The TBird hurried along at 600 MPH.

I'd been flown from the Shearwater Naval Air Station to Key West in a T-33; this plane had been a front-line aircraft but was now used for training the operational Banshee pilots. If one didn't mind being compressed like the Christmas turkey, breathing oxygen through a face-mask, sitting in an ejection seat on a rock-hard parachute pack, it was a fine ride. I became quite good at flying it; the plane had no auto-pilot and when the pilot wanted a rest someone had to do it.

When the Key West training was completed it was time to return to Nova Scotia - in the same T-Bird I'd come down in. The pilot was Whitey McNicol, highly experienced in fighters; he's flown the Seafire, the Sea Fury and the Banshee from carrier decks and was now commanding the training squadron.

We cleared Key West in the sunshine and aimed for the US Marine base at Quonset Point, Rhode Island, to refuel. We cleared from Quonset at dusk; the runway was wet, the time of the year was February. In Halifax the temperature was reported as below zero in clear visibility; we'd be there in two hours. We climbed quickly to 33,000 feet and steered for home.



Adjusting my suit. Whitey had over 500 deck landings

On passing over the Shearwater radio-beacon Whitey extended the air brakes, bunted the plane and descended at 12,000 feet a minute. That was standard fighter procedure, it saves fuel and time, and pops your ears something awful (*airliners descend at 500 feet a minute*). The altimeter spun down to 1500 feet and Whitey levelled out pulling three G; he put the flaps down and the wheels and then talked to me over the intercom.

"I've got a lot of red lights for the undercart" he said, "how about you?" The plane had duplicate controls, it being a trainer, so I looked at my panel.

"Mine are red too," That meant the wheels were not properly down. Whitey said he'd cycle them a couple of times. The cycling produced no different indication, the warning lights remained red.

"I'll climb to 10,000 then pull a few G," he said, applying full power and aimed vertically up. He rolled the plane and pulled out of the dive at 3,000 feet and four G. He cycled the wheels again. No change, all red lights, 'Undercarriage unsafe,' said a tiny illuminated panel. Whitey described our problem to the Control Tower. They told him to fly close by so they could put a searchlight on the plane. The Tower reported that all three wheels appeared to be down. It was Whitey's call as to what to do. We knew that if a wheel collapsed on landing neither of us was going to walk away.

He spoke to me over the intercom, "The air temperature at any field in range, Quebec, Chatham and Greenwood is below zero, so going to another airfield will do nothing to unfreeze our wheels," then he added, "We have three choices."

"What's the first?" I said into my oxygen mask.

"We could climb to 10,000 feet, eject over the ocean, and have the helicopters pick us up."

"In the dark Whitey! What are the other two?"

"We could pull the wheels up and land on the belly. But this aeroplane's fuel has always caught fire when that's been tried. Its not a great idea."

"How about the third?"

"We could assume the wheels are down and locked, but the little switches that operate these red lights are frozen and its safe to land."

"Do I get to vote, Whitey?"

"No Sir, Just tighten your harness."

Whitey put her on so gently we had run a quarter mile before I realized we were on the runway. He let her roll to a stop without braking. "Someone else can taxi her in," he said. We climbed out and drove off in the fire engine that had followed us down the runway.

And that's how you get to be an old fighter pilot.



The Banshees made it home - non-stop

From Rear Adm. Robert P. Welland

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PEACEFUL PEOPLE

A man whose family was German aristocracy prior to World War Two owned a number of large industries and estates. When asked how many German people were true Nazis, the answer he gave can guide our attitude toward fanaticism.

"Very few people were true Nazis" he said," but many enjoyed the return of German pride, and many more were too busy to care. I was one of those who just thought the Nazis were a bunch of fools. So, the majority just sat back and let it all happen. Then, before we knew it, they owned us, and we had lost control, and the end of the world had come. My family lost everything. I ended up in a concentration camp and the Allies destroyed my factories."

We are told again and again by "experts" and "talking heads" that Islam is the religion of peace, and that the vast majority of Muslims just want to live in peace. Although this unqualified assertion may be true, it is entirely irrelevant. It is meaningless fluff, meant to make us feel better, and meant to somehow diminish the specter of fanatics rampaging across the globe in the name of Islam. The fact is that the fanatics rule Islam at this moment in history.

It is the fanatics who march. It is the fanatics who wage any one of 50 shooting wars worldwide. It is the fanatics who systematically slaughter Christian or tribal groups throughout Africa and are gradually taking over the entire continent in an Islamic wave. It is the fanatics who bomb, behead, murder, or honor kill. It is the fanatics who take over mosque after mosque. It is the fanatics who zealously spread the stoning and hanging of rape victims and homosexuals. The hard quantifiable fact is that the "peaceful majority," the "silent majority," is cowed and extraneous.

Communist Russia comprised Russians who just wanted to live in peace, yet the Russian Communists were responsible for the murder of about 20 million people. The peaceful majority were irrelevant. China's huge population was peaceful as well, but Chinese Communists managed to kill a staggering 70 million people.

The average Japanese individual prior to World War 2 was not a warmongering sadist. Yet, Japan murdered and slaughtered its way across South East Asia in an orgy of killing that included the systematic murder of 12 million Chinese civilians; most killed by sword, shovel and bayonet.

And, who can forget Rwanda, which collapsed into butchery. Could it not be said that the majority of Rwandans were "peace loving"?

History lessons are often incredibly simple and blunt, yet for all our powers of reason we often miss the most basic and uncomplicated of points: Peace-loving Muslims have been made irrelevant by their silence.

Peace-loving Muslims will become our enemy if they don't speak up, because like my friend from Germany, they will awake one day and find that the fanatics own them, and the end of their world will have begun.

Peace-loving Germans, Japanese, Chinese, Russians, Rwandans, Serbs, Afghans, Iraqis, Palestinians, Somalis, Nigerians, Algerians, and many others have died because the peaceful majority did not speak up until it was too late.

As for us who watch it all unfold; we must pay attention to the only group that counts; the fanatics who threaten our way of life.

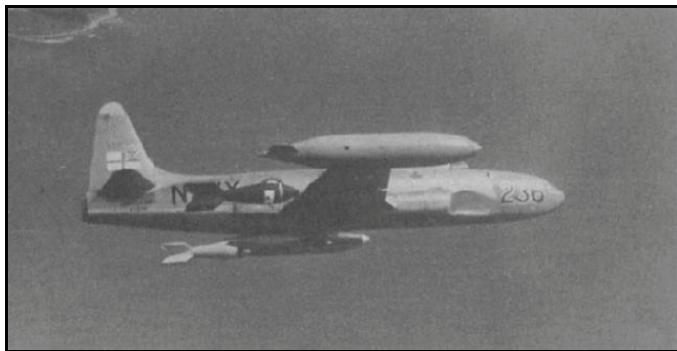
From the Editor: You may question the inclusion of the preceding article in a publication dedicated to maritime military aviation history and to the people who made it. This editor is not a bigot. He is a regular dyed-in-the-wool Canadian who objects most strenuously to newcomers to our land of tolerant peoples imposing foreign values, customs and prejudices on us, their hosts. Yes, I know that our European immigrant ancestors have a dark record of riding roughshod over the culture and faiths of the aboriginal peoples of the Americas. That was centuries ago. This is now. The 21st is the century we have to deal with. Let us not give in to imported intolerance. Our aboriginal peoples present plight stands as a living lesson and a warning.

Our Foundation members, many of them, fought against the racism and intolerance of the Third Reich and the Empire of Japan. This very day Canadians are fighting on the battlefields of Afghanistan. Then and now the aim was and is the preservation of our hard-earned liberty. An English poet had this to say about the value of liberty:

*You ask me why, though ill at ease,
Within this region I persist,
Whose spirits falter in the mists
And languish for the purple seas
It is the land that Freedom chose
The land here girt with friends or foes
A man may speak the thing he will.*

Let's keep it that way and turn over to our grandchildren the heritage of a free and tolerant society that, over centuries, was purchased with blood.

Why this in a military newsletter? Just because it has been said that the only way evil can triumph is if good men stay silent.



The T-33 (T-Bird)

by Wayne Halladay

The T-33 (T-Bird) single engine jet aircraft arrived at HMCS Shearwater in January 1955 and for the next 40 years supported the fleet with little fanfare. The T-33 operated from Shearwater and the west coast; however, I will concentrate on the eastern operation having flown 2 tours with VU 32. The venerable aircraft was tasked with several missions including radar tracking, target towing, missile profiling, air shows, some utility flying such as passenger transportation {one only!}, mail and parts delivery.

The most mundane flying was radar tracking supporting Osborne Head gunnery range, ships at sea and in the harbour. The majority of the tracking involved Osborne Head where students were taught to track the aircraft. Boring yes, but as the students proficiency increased we were allowed more latitude and the population around the gunnery range must have been entertained with jets screaming low over head as we climbed to clear the hill around the range. During this phase we often had requests from pilots from other squadrons to join the fun in the back seat, the only requirement being to keep the sick {barf} bag handy.

Target towing involved towing a target usually 10,000 ft. behind the aircraft for ships to fire at. The Delmar gear was operated and maintained by the weapon tech air personnel who were a good group who really enjoyed their role. Some of the names from my log book included McKinney, Hammond, Lester, Savoie, Larson, Nodwell and later there was Lesko, Chisholm, Fowler, Guilliant and Fortune. Those WTA's, who really enjoyed flying, are entered in my log book many times - it was a real pleasure flying with them.

Another mission was missile profiles against warships at sea. Most flights were flown at low altitudes, salt covering the aircraft prove that, and at high speed - at least relative to a Sea King! The most successful profile involved a high altitude approach and dive imitating an enemy missile attack. We approached at 20,000ft., rolled inverted and descended with speed brakes out and idle

power. This steep approach {60*} sometimes surprised the ships and was very hard on the poor sinuses.

As in every mission aircrew proficiency flying was mandatory. The T-33 was not a tough aircraft to fly except an instrument flight in the back seat {bag ride} and formation flying were both demanding. The aircraft with the Nene 10 engine was capable of all aerobatic flying although my attempts at a vertical eight were sometimes laughable. We flew designated low level cross country flights which were a pure joy to fly. Flying the T-Bird over the ocean in winter beyond gliding distance of land or flying low over a calm sea with no horizon and no radar altimeter did catch ones attention. Flying over water in any aircraft always presented a unique challenge which increased the satisfaction of flying in this demanding environment.

The T-33 accomplished some utility missions. I remember we were tasked to fly a letter immediately to Ottawa for an Admiral. We flew parts to ships in Bermuda and Florida. We flew personnel across Canada and I remember Bcomd. Scott Eichel always thought he was landing an Argus not a T-Bird. We flew a compassionate case in 1970 from Roosevelt Roads via Cuba and Florida to AW. When Ottawa discovered we had refuelled in Guantanamo Bay they were not impressed. The T-33 aircraft possessed reasonable range and speed to accomplish unique missions and the excellent maintenance always ensured a high degree of serviceability.

Airshows were always exhilarating to perform in especially the Shearwater International Airshow. The T-33 flew all types of airshows from Ian Ferguson's solo to four plane formations. The last 4 plane at Shearwater International Airshow included Halladay {Tracer 1}, Blondin {2} Munro {3} and Furlong {4}. Unfortunately after the Hercules tragedy in Edmonton all the T-33 airshow formations ceased except for tactical operation flying. What a time we had with the old T-33 until progress with it's rules and regulations caught up with us.

Finally one last story. I was flying out of Roosevelt Roads in the late 60's and sighted the Bonnie who had just completed flying operation. I contacted FLYCO and asked little "F" {Davy Williams ?} for a charlie pattern approach. After the break, down wind and meatball acquisition I continued on final when suddenly one of the flight deck crew came running out onto the flight deck waving his arms like a crazy man since I guess he thought I was going to attempt a touch and go. I was applying power at this time since even touching the deck with a T-33 would be considered a bit much but I'm sure he felt the jet blast as I flew over him.

It was the last time I saw "Bonnie" from final approach and I remember it so vividly --- like the song goes "*Those were the Days*".

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Philip Eisnor writes: I just received the SAM Foundation newsletter and oh my what a great edition, a real tribute to one of great R.C.N ships, the "Bonaventure", she was a great ship for all those who sailed on her. You and your staff are to be congratulated for bringing forth such a tribute and the photo's, Oh my!

Unfortunately, we lost the Naval Air Service all because of plain stupidity by politicians and perhaps very silly high ranking Officers, we had a service that was far superior than many Navies the world over had and it sad indeed not to see aircraft again in the colours and with the markings of the Royal Canadian Navy. But if one listens very carefully while at Shearwater you can hear the snarl of the engines of the Seafires, Fire Flies and Sea Furies and the rumble of the engines of the Avengers and Trackers.....all I have come to know while working at Fairey Aviation.

As a civilian I am very, very proud of knowing a number of R.C.N. pilots and Aircraft Technicians and of working with these people to overhaul and repair the Seafury and later the Grumman Tracker.

You know Kay, it was a complete travesty when the government of Canada made extreme changes with the unification of our Armed Forces, Officers and men dressed up like bus drivers, the word "Royal" was removed from the various army regiments, the Royal Canadian Navy and the Royal Canadian Air Force and the names of the different ranks changed, a bloody shame.

I read the story called "The Finale" by Cdr. D. Tate and what a great story. I recall seeing the Bonnie sailing in the confined waters of Bedford basin that day and it was amazing to see that Tracker come off her decks, Cdr. Rod Lyons did a magnificent bit of flying to get the Tracker off but with it ended the Royal Canadian Naval

Air Service, what a great loss to our country, your country, my country. Thank you so much Kay for a great edition, I will treasure it. Kindest regards.

Dear Kay: The Winter edition of the Newsletter brought back some memories for me. I was one of the two Squadron Chiefs on Bonaventure for that trip to Cyprus. There were only three lines regarding the sand storm that came to haunt us. Some genius had decided that the Army vehicles should go in the hangar and the aircraft on the flight deck. Of course we had engine covers on but in that kind of a storm they don't keep out everything. When we started flying we had several engine failures and eventually we ran out of engines. One aircraft that had a problem that couldn't be resolved at sea lost its engines. Thanks to P.O. Gord Troughton and his guys in the Hangar we never missed a launch, though we didn't always have a spare. **Douglas R. Davis C2AT4 (Ret'd)**

Earl Cale writes: Thank you very much for putting me in touch with Vic Dawson. He telephone me from Toronto and we had a nice little chat. He promised to drop in to see me the next time he passes through Vancouver.

I reminded him of the time when we arrived in the UK and I was on duty for the first night. He borrowed my brand new shoes to go ashore with. After he had a bit of the English bitters he thought he could walk on water, with my new shoes. Needless to say he sank, so did my shoes. Fortunately he tried this stunt in a local fountain so was able to easily extricate himself, and my new shoes. Now his version of the event was quite different, he said they were his shoes and that it was I who had tried the walk. Well I could easily recognize the shoes as mine when I rolled out of my hammock in the morning. They were black and wet.

Vic was one of the original aircraft handlers and it was great to hear from him. After only fifty years he sure sounded like he had aged.

Thanks again for the contact and it sure would be nice if he took out a membership so he could read more of my silly stuff.

"Cec" Belbeck P2AT retired & proud to have served 25 years.

Doesn't anybody have any stories about the OD's- AB's or hookies.P1's P2's & Chiefs?? We were not Naval Aviators, we were air types!, we hung out in the line shacks and spent hours refueling, doing D1's, mopping up fuel & oil spills on the hangar decks. We made sure the "Naval Aviators" were in a serviceable aircraft, and were proud of it. Sure we went on the odd test flight or cross country, but we were still air types who kept them flying, even if we had to service them all night to make the quota for the next days program for the 'NAVAL AVIATORS' .



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ENGINEERING INNOVATIVE SOLUTIONS

Bob Cornish writes: A remembrance of the first Air Riggers class at SNAM in Shearwater in 1948, brought to mind an early disappointment in an otherwise enjoyable 5 year hitch in the RCN

I enlisted in the Fall of 1948 at HMCS York in Toronto. At time, I was given several trade options amongst which was Air Mechanic. While not particularly mechanically inclined, the Recruiting Officer's comment that if I opted for this, my trades training would take place at an RN FAA station in the UK. sounded pretty attractive to an 18 year old anxious to see the world. It was not until I arrived at Shearwater in the Spring of 1949 after New Entry Training, that I learned the RCN had now established their own School of Naval Air Maintenance at the base. Obviously plans for the school were made far in advance of my enlistment and that either the Recruiting Officer at York was away outside the loop, or the powers that be thought that a minor bending of the truth in the matter was an extra inducement in encouraging recruits to join the relatively new Air Branch of the RCN.

I have never regretted my decision to join the Air Branch and in fact often wonder if a year or so in the UK may have found me taking up with an English lass who stole my heart away from my teen-age girlfriend in Toronto and with whom I have now been happily married for over 55 years.

From **Errol Aveling**: I really don't think there is any shortage of stories on ground crews of what ever rank, or fishheads of which I was proud to have been a member before my move to naval air. Just check out CNAG and the Shearwater magazine and you will find many stories of the ground crew and their contributions to Naval Air. Lets try and keep it "One for all and all for one".

Bill McDermott writes: Reading the SAMF newsletter is always a jolt to the memory box. When I transferred from the RN to RCN I was supposed to follow the new entry cycle at Cornwallis. During this time a recruiting movie was made and divisions was shot from several ground level angles while the band played as loudly as possible to combat the racket from a hovering HO4S filming the overhead views. The noise level was horrendous! Above all this bedlam a voice bellowed for the marching groups to get rid of the smiling faces because the film was intended to be serious and realistic. The owner of that voice was Boomer Cox. Possibly that was when he earned the moniker.

As Executive Officer at Cornwallis, Commander Cox held defaulters in the small building that was part of the main gate structure overlooking the parade ground. I understand that on occasion he would award a suitable punishment for a misdeed, but offer a double or nothing

clause to the miscreant. If the guilty party could beat him in a foot race across the parade ground and back the slate was wiped clean. Eager young and very naive new entries jumped at the chance, but after negotiating the standard obstacles - such as doors - they would arrive at the parade ground to discover the more experienced Commander had used the window and was half way across the parade ground. I have no idea how often this lesson was given to stroppy recruits.

Finally! Sea Furies. Despite the nostalgic plea for support stories I recollect, as an RN radio mechanic, that they were somewhat of a menace. No ejection seat required the pilot - who sat practically on the cockpit floor without any leg leverage - to exit "manually". I vaguely recall reading that it was recommended the pilot stand the aircraft on its wing tip and perform an outside turn in the fond hope it would pop him out of the cockpit like a champagne cork. The pilot of the odd RN Sea Fury I did see in trouble ashore chose to develop radio communication with the tower problems and instead land on the pristine runway edge lawns cultivated by any Commander Air worth his keep. Surely there are a few pilots who can recall the scary five blade propeller torque when approaching the round down, and other Sea Fury salty dips.

From a lowly technician's experience the first Sea Furies had many-many long screw fasteners on the underside hatch. I developed "housemaids elbow" or naval equivalent, and while on leave bought the first ratchet screw driver the squadron had even seen. That really dates me! Sadly the screwdriver, that had cost a hunk of my meagre pay - quickly became superfluous because the newer birds had a few, single turn fasteners - can't spell zuse fastener. I still have that screwdriver! For nostalgia geeks there is a Sea Fury mounted in a Havana square in Cuba along with the bakery truck, pleasure boat etc. that made Castro's dream come true!
Bill McDermott

(Two of my brothers were Stokers along with dad and his brother Ken who was dad's Divisional PO in one of the divisions there, and two of my brothers were Seamen. Stokers - Seamen what difference - they were part of the senior Service - the Navy. Kay)

From **Bob (Fritz) Fralick - Nova Scotia's Singing Cowboy**: Hi Kay. First off, thanks to Dave Tait and his tribute to the people sometimes forgotten by the scribes who send in letters - The "Mechanics" and those of us who flew cross-countries and those who flew out to repair a broken bird on some far off runway or farmer's cornfield.

When they finally started thinking about "Tech Crewmen" on the Trackers (VS880), it was decided

about 7-10 people would suffice to handle all the trips e.g. X-countries, Coastal and Fisheries Patrols, Navigation Flights, Ferry to West Coast, etc. The Air Force had Tech crewmen and flight Engineers in the RCAF since time began and the American's since the ice-age. I called them "Pit Ponies".

I received my Tech Crewman Wings from LCol Greenwood (deceased) around 1969 as I recall. Recommended by some of our Navy Pilot's who I previously flew with. Shearwater would not be providing me with any flying gear. So off I went to Navy surplus and bought combat boots, flying suits, nav bag, gloves, Cdn tire sunglasses, Helmet bag, etc. When I flew in the Avenger I had a chromatic watch (Sears) and Robert Simpson leather flying jacket. I had an old "Aristot" May West owned by LCdr Wood. I wrote to England when the bladder was no longer functional and they advised me they were issued to Spitfire and Sea Fury aircrew and were obsolete. I was issued with my own parachute harness. If you had to jump from the Tracker - pick up your chute from the door.

Talk about "Transfer Payment Cuts". Today people should be so lucky. When we unified I think someone tapped into our funds and suddenly we were broke.

Speaking of X-countries, I recall one with Dave Tate, Marsh Dempster, Don Chambers (Army) and myself flying to Victoria. We decided to drop in on Dave's parents in Regina for some home brew and to meet up with Dave's wife and children at the family cottage near Fort Quapelle. What a great weekend with a wonderful group of people - lots of guitar music, sing-a-longs, talking about old memories. I will always keep these guys close to my heart.

Wonderful pictures, Kay! Waiting for Flying Stations pg 15 center - Jimmy Gray VS880.

Pg 28 29 Mess

Top Picture - Stan Pyett, Harry Cuffe, Marv Mitchell, Charlie Gay

Bottom Picture - L to R Marv Mitchell, John MacLeod, Harry Cuffe, Glenn (Joe) Collacutt)

Pg 33 "Wanna Sit In"

Upper Picture - Joe Collacutt, Glen Hefford, Ulysses Melanson (Uly)

Lower Picture - Front Bob Bingham Rear Ed Placie

As the Mess "Mommy: for 29 Mess, I had 110 guys, I believe, to look after. A great bunch of guys. God bless them all.

Here's a good Rant! Rick Mercer - Honourary Lt Col for Heli Sqn. Who makes these decisions? I don't smoke, but somebody up there is puffing on "whacky". It's almost like General Adrienne Clarkson and her medals, namely the "CD" she refused to take down. My

old man (40 yrs Army) deceased, my son in his 28th yr and moi 33 yrs are all livid. What has happened to our way of life!!!!

I think you should be Honourary Lt Col of SAM Kay - you haven't changed since I first met you in SNAM. Keep up the good work and Bravo Zulu. (*Thanks Bob. So this is what I looked like over the years. Swell. K.*)

Vic Dawson writes: Glad and I just got back from California and getting my cheque off to SAMF was my #1 priority. We didn't make it to Vancouver to visit Earle Cale but I did talk to him on the phone. He did not hesitate to remind me that I ruined his #1 shoes stomping around the Fountain pond in St Johns, NB. I like to think it was the other way around. Oh well. What a guy - what a memory.

When my WARRIOR model is complete, if you like, I will send a photo of it. My Sea Fury turned out beautiful - I've had a lot of positive comments on it. It seems a shame to fly it.

From **Dave Tate**. Hi Kay and Bill: I have a few stories about the friendly rivalry and hi-jinks that went on between 880 and HS50 (1969-1971 when Colin Curleigh was CO HS50 and I had the good fortune to be CO 880. In some cases it was a wonder the Base Commander(s) Pop Fotheringham and Bob Cocks didn't have one or both of us on the carpet. I guess they realized that the intent of our "carrying ons" was really about fostering good morale and esprit de corps in both squadrons and therefore turned a blind eye.

Once again I must compliment you on the magnificent newsletter you produce. Thank you for your obvious hard work that goes into producing such a super document and offer a most sincere and heartfelt BRAVO ZULU for your sterling efforts.

Leo Pettipas writes:

I am writing regarding a pair of items that appeared in the last two issues of the *SAMF Newsletter* ("A Tragic Accident," by Cal Withers, Winter 2006, and a letter response by Jack Walter, Spring 2007) concerning the death of a seaman aboard Magnificent. The individual in question was struck by a propeller and died immediately. There seems to be some uncertainty as to his identity and the exact date of the accident, and in his memory I would like to offer some clarification. I have in my files a list of Naval Air personnel who lost their lives between May 1942 and April 1971 while on duty. It's headed "Shearwater Remembers: Those Who Died in Naval Aviation." I think this list is from an edition of *Warrior*, the Shearwater newspaper, but I can't say for sure. According to this source, the fellow who died was ABAC Stuart R. Tock, and the date was 16 August 1955. (*Thank you Leo. Kay*)

From **Bill Cody:** I received the subj newsletter today and believe it to be the best one yet. Patrick Dawson's recollection "Bonaventure from a Boy's Perspective" was particularly moving in paying homage to his Dad, our good friend "Shamus".

In a lighter vein, I'm grateful to Si "Slinky" Green for confirming that which I have attempted to explain to my dear wife during the many years that I had to sail away from home and family on duty. i.e. Quote Knobby and I made it ashore safely and started our run the way sailors usually conduct themselves in foreign ports, that is we visited museums, churches, other tourist attractions etc. Unquote However my wife remains unconvinced.

Stan Connor tells us: When I received the Spring issue of the SAMF Magazine, I started to read it and couldn't put it down til I read every page. What an excellent memory jogger for all of us who lived the "carrier experience". Ralph Fisher's two stories about the air Branch I feel are classics. Thank you one and all.

And from **Fred Fowlow:**

Hi Bill: I meant to get this off to you when I received the newsletter a week or so ago - as the saying goes procrastination is the thief of time. My congrats re your well thought out editorial. It was right on target...

George Moore, the Editor of Starshell who lives in Calgary and I have had several interesting moments with certain NOAC National Directors etc re saying what we felt in my Starshell Broadside column. I say BALLS to the wimps... I should mention that my last Starshell broadside was a deliberate attempt to receive some return fire...NO response so far.

Our response to the big wigs in NOAC National has always been - take Fowlow's stuff the way it is written or leave it. So far all is well.....

Your comment - what can I say that hasn't been said a score of times before is the same problem I have every time I sit down and start to think about my next Broadside.

So Bravo Zulu, Bill. All the Best.

(*From Kay - I had only two people (who didn't want their names mentioned) that didn't like Bill's editorial. Ahh well - such is life.)*

From **Ken King:** I received a message from Ken Davies who is the Secretary of the Telegraphist Air gunners Association in England. This past weekend they held their 60th Anniversary Memorial celebration at Lee-on-Solvent which was their main Fleet Air Arm Base

when they were active. Also note in his message that the 440 Productions High School group is from Yarmouth, NS and this will be their 3rd time performing for the ex-TAGS as Yarmouth was a British Empire Training Station during WW11.

Ken Davies message in part: We had the most wonderful weather for Sunday. A guard of honour marched in front of the Royal Marines Band, helmets gleaming in the sunlight and apart from the 180 or so who were attending lunch, there must have been at least another 100 at the Service who were not part of us, local residents and holiday makers etc., th stood and watch the whole time. As Admiral Zambella said afterwards, this was a super way to promote "Fly Navy" - a bit push that is going on to ensure that those who don't know can be made aware of the fleet Air Arm and its role in today's conflicts.

A concert by 440 Productions, the ex high school youngsters from Yarmouth who performed Tragedy and Triumph. A good mixture of wartime songs and some serious interludes including the Channel Dash and the Changi slaughter of the nine FAA Aircrew prisoners.

From **Ralph Fisher:**

An absolutely superb issue. If the Newsletter should last a thousand years, all will say, this was its finest hour! Bravo Zulu. The cover, photos, graphics and recollection of the Golden Years are simply outstanding.

From **Brant (Pop) Fotheringham:**

As a result of good fortune and with assistance from the RCAF I believe I may be the only Canadian naval aviator to have received the staff college qualification of 'pfc' from the Royal Air Force Flying College at Manby, Lincolnshire by virtue of having filled an RCAF vacancy on that course. The Air Force ensured I had sufficient heavy twin time on Michells at Saskatoon to meet the requirements for the course. I have since felt a special relationship with the Air Force. Apart from my wartime training as a naval executive officer at ITS in Belleville, EFTS in St. Eugene and SFTS in Kingston, I never spent time under any Air Force jurisdiction. Manby was a highly memorable event in my service career.

With that background I experienced all the emotional aspects as we laid the RCN to rest at Shearwater as a result of unification. Nearly forty years later I look back with many mixed feelings. Ernest Cable has written an outstanding article covering the significant aspects of those few years. I now have the assurance that the brief period he has so well described which formed a vital portion of my time will be remembered with respect in the annals of Canadian aviation.

Ray Creery writes:



Dear Kay: It was nice to see Julie again, even if only in her picture in the Spring newsletter. She was, of course, the exotic dancer who pried the clubs and bars up and down the Atlantic seaboard and gave name to the Sonobuoy Submarine-Detection System that depended upon making passive buoys active.

In May 1960, Bonaventure and her plane-guard Nootka visited Philadelphia. A bunch of VS880 aircrew and I found ourselves in a club one night where Julie was the principal performer. How she could! And how she did. She spent a lot of time at our table between acts and turned out to be gracious, charming and funny as well as talented. At the end of the evening, she gave "the boys of VS880" the photo you've shown and another one to me inscribed in flowing hand "To my favourite Commander, Love, Julie".

Going up Nootka's brow in the early hours, rolled-up photograph in hand, I suddenly wondered - what am I going to do with it? Display it, stow it, ditch it or what? Later, searching for inspiration, my eyes lit on a picture of the young Queen Victoria hanging in my cabin; it occurred to me that the young Queen and Julie might enjoy getting to know each other, so I got out some Scotch tape, carefully taped Julie onto the back of Queen Victoria, rehung the picture - Queen Victoria outward - on the bulkhead and retired to bed with satisfaction.

Next morning I found my Steward in a jovial mood grinning widely at me and I asked him why; oh nothing special, he said but I realized he'd somehow found the

photo. Bonaventure and Nootka proceeded to sea. At sea I rarely left the bridge but this day I went aft to my day cabin for something and found four seamen snickering outside. It eventually transpired that my Steward, in return for a consideration (rum perhaps?) had been allowing two men at a time in to take a quick look at Queen V/Julie while the other two stood guard. I had upset this apple-cart by arriving at a critical exchange of watches. So the practice stopped then and there. I did nothing about it, there being no harm done and soon the normal activities of plane-guarding overtook and subdued the jocularity and conjecture that had evidently spread through the ship beforehand.

When I eventually left Nootka, I left Queen Victoria and Julie hanging together there, waiting for a subsequent Captain to make the discovery and wonder which of his predecessors had deserved the sweet farewell "Love, Julie".

Bill Cody replies to question on page 32 Item penultimate article "Sidereal Warming": The 803 Sqdn Seafury Pilot was none other than Duke Wardrop; he was the hottest pilot and knew it. Shared many drinks with him. His first encounter with me, a former Englishman, was "I hate Kippers". However, we developed a great friendship over the years. He was a unique individual, God Bless his soul. (**The Editor tells me it was a pilot named Jeff Hardy. I'm sure there were lots of 'Hot' pilots around. Kay**)

Phil Steele P1AT writes (In part): My donation, enclosed, has significance for me with regards to my Official Number. The 'H' being #8 in the Alphabet.

I have had some good fortune, so spreading it around. Have a good summer.

(Thank you Mr. Steele, your generosity will be a tremendous help to the Foundation and, in turn, the Museum. K.)

We hear again from **Bill McDermott** who writes:

Hi Kay: Even though you are only listed as co-editor of the newsletter, we all know who is really in charge.

Enclosed are pictures I found while digging through old boxes of my history. You can keep them or toss them. The building demolition shot only features the younger aircrew - not a receding hairline or bald spot in sight! After you turn left off the main drag, going up the hill from the main gate there were a number of buildings of 1940's or earlier vintage on the right.

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"RELOCATION SPECIALISTS"

I lived in this one in the summer of 1953. Warrior Block was built/or being built at the other end of the road facing the swamp and boardwalk to the mess hall.

As noted on the back of the carrier shot, I feel the vessel was Maggie, but the destroyer steaming alongside will confirm it. If not, it is HMS Vengeance.



Many months ago I dropped off the last copy of Daily Orders for the day the RCN went out of business. Why did I keep them? I was the last DCO. With it were pictures of the museum's partially paint stripped H04S in C-Hgr with a number of people in front including the Goose. Other pictures were of the mad bagpiper John Cody who eventually became Base CO. They were making a movie on HMCS Protecteur and he is pictured on the ladder to the electronics workshop "directing". Great action and hangar shot photography intended to lure Air Force aircrew to volunteer for sea duty - right! Lousy editing, terrible music and singing caused the Admiral to give it thumbs down. Anyway, it seemed your archives lost track of these bits and pieces, but some must have resurfaced because one of your recent newsletters used the front page of the final DO's. Comments on the Spring 2007 Newsletter. Chuck Nelson was a CPO at the picture taking time. I hardly recognized him without his moth eaten wool cardigan. (*It is easy for me to be in charge - I'm the only one in the office. Although sometimes I lose it, even by myself! Ha K*)

BILL FARRELL Ancient Mariner/Aviator sends a letter to the Editor:

LUNACY AND APATHY

There is an epidemic of lunacy and apathy infecting this Canada of ours. It is like a cancer with its epicentre in Ottawa and its metastases in the Nova Scotia Legislature and Halifax City Hall -- and also in the newspaper (Halifax Chronicle Herald) to which this letter is offered.

The "New Government" in Ottawa has mumbled a policy of "restoring Canada's place in the world". A foundation of such restoration has to be a manifest policy of bearing our share of the loads of National Defence and Disaster Relief. Much as we beat our own drum we cannot currently be taken seriously by the other nation states of Planet Earth as a real player. We talk the talk but don't walk the walk. Our claim of sovereignty is seen as hollow : we are not what once we were . The world sees us as freeloaders on the Americans for our own national defence responsibilities and, concomitantly, as their obedient, fangless pet puppy -dog in international affairs. We piggyback to war on Uncle Sam's shoulders using his aircraft and his sea and air logistics trains. I, a veteran of three wars, see no rational policy and little action to save my country from oblivion -- to save Canada from being just a footnote to history as a bright dream that flourished briefly then died unwept, unhonoured and unsung: forgotten .

Your newspaper crows in a recent issue "Upgrades for Shearwater". This is Orwellian newspeak: Nothing could be further from truth. Shearwater is, in fact, being downgraded. This irreplaceable national defence asset is being castrated by the scalpel of a visionless, unprincipled federal government. In Shearwater we have, in-place, the infrastructure of an airfield capable of handling the new heavy-lift C17 aircraft, the F35 fighters and a marine base capable of supporting the warships needed for our fair share of NATO expeditionary duties (these same ships and aircraft can perform disaster relief missions). Show me a more Canadian location more strategically placed to cover emergent crises in the littorals of the North and South Atlantic Oceans, West Africa and the Caribbean and the Mediterranean Seas. Show me a better location where our soldiers, sailors and airmen can serve full careers in the urban environment of a city with all the social infrastructure -- hospitals, high schools, universities, community colleges and all the other needs of our career servicemen and servicewomen and their families.

As I type these words the bulldozers are warming up to rip a billion dollar runway into rubble. When it's gone it is gone forever and with it any hope of realizing the national and local benefits of establishing a permanent tri-service expeditionary force in this ancient garrison city.

The national benefits are the efficiency of co-locating the principal components of an expeditionary force and the immense saving of not having to build a base elsewhere. Duplicated or multiplicated administrative overhead, as we now have in dispersed bases from coast to coast, means fewer dollars for frontline warriors. It is arguable that significant concentration of defence spending in Nova Scotia can be a trade-off for equalization payments.

The local benefits of a Halifax-based expeditionary force are so huge that the paltry, largely temporary, benefits of destroying Shearwater's potential pale in comparison. If one does the arithmetic of counting the payrolls of the servicemen and servicewomen who would crew a major warship and a full-size military aerodrome and then we add to that figure the spin-off jobs we are looking at nearly **ten thousand permanent well-paid positions**. Now do the arithmetic on the permanent jobs to be generated by reducing Shearwater to an insignificant helicopter-only base. For the provincial and municipal governments to look on mutely and not speak up in anger is nothing less than lunacy -- or is it apathy?

Meanwhile, back at the Ottawa Ranch (asylum maybe?), our "New Government" is spending, without any discernible guiding policy, on military equipment with life-spans of forty years (our grand children-in-uniform will pay with their lives for these non-policy purchases-by-whim) :Ice-breakers with a pop-gun to assert our aspired sovereignty in the Arctic seas -- and then only when the ice is thin enough! Give me a break! How do you spell "folly"? I would challenge the reader to come up with a scenario in which a Canadian icebreaker would use a weapon to attempt to deny passage to any ship contesting our sovereignty over those frigid waters. Perhaps the first contestant would be our good neighbour to the south? Maybe China seeking a **northeast passage** to trade with Europe? What then? There is a Russian saying "Don't shake the fist, then wag the finger."

To close this diatribe I would invite your memory, to the caption of a recent article, in your paper, by Roger Taylor: "Shearwater's rebirth injects millions into the economy". I would re-word that to "Shearwater's requiem achieves short-term gain at the expense of enduring security and prosperity".

The lunacy lies with the politicians -- the apathy with most of the rest of us. The bulldozers are rumbling. This matter is urgent. Arouse from your usual Canadian apathy and speak up -- for your grandchildren's sake if not for your own.

I'll save comment on the lunacy of the move of the Coast Guard away from HRM for another day -- that lunacy is almost as egregious an act of mismanagement by the political poltroons in the "New Government" as is the Shearwater issue.

ROLLY WEST writes: I must compliment Leo Pettipas on his website article about CJATC Rivers, and how Canadian Naval Aviation was involved at that Base over the years. From my point of view, it was very detailed, informative and for the most part quite accurate. He certainly must have put in many hours of research to write the article. A Naval Air Bravo Zulu to him for his efforts.

Rivers has many fond memories for so many of us. I can only comment on my own experiences while there, in particular, the Winter of 1953 with VS-881, whereby our flying operations along with VF-871, were carried out under the most extreme cold weather conditions. The Arctic clothing issued to all the aircrew and maintenance types kept us warm, hence we survived. It is to be noted, however, that Operation Assiniboine was a big success, in that our aircrew, and the maintainers gathered excellent experience working at a strange Base alongside the Army and Air Force.

It was not all work, as both 881 and 871 squadron personnel took part in many of the Base recreation and sports activities. Many curled, went to Base dances and squadron smokers, and some of us even played for the Rivers' rep. hockey team (Al Browne, Fred Snooks, Don Gillis, Bill Knatchbell, and yours truly). The away game in Shilo was quite an experience.

There are many heart-warming stories that resulted from that visit in 1953; like those who met women serving in the Air Force and eventually went on to marry those gals. Squadron air show visits to major cities throughout the West were great adventures for both aircrew and groundcrew alike. I guess the best part of this trip to Rivers was that it allowed the personnel on the two squadrons to get to know one another and to gel into a very productive and cohesive 30th Carrier Air Group.

February and March of 1953 will always be a most memorable time for me, and I'm sure for many others who took that particular trip to Rivers, Manitoba.

David Williams writes: Dear Kay and Bill: I was recently in a ship that berthed adjacent to the Indian Naval dockyard in Bombay and what I observed may be of interest to some. First, two aircraft carriers, one in Commission and the other the recently opened Museum of Indian Naval Aviation. Both had the ski-jump ramp affair at the for'd end of the flight deck. The carrier in Commission appeared to be about "Bulwark" size and from time to time would spot a Harrier or two for noisy run-ups. But no flying operations. The Museum had a sea Hawk, a Sea King and I swear it, a Seamew spotted on deck. In the 50's, Short Bros was offering the Seamew in competition with the Fairey Gannet as a replacement for the Firefly and Avenger ASW Aircraft. I had no idea anyone bought them, but I guess India did. The drawings back then showed a rather ugly a/c and with a name like that, why not! In fact sitting there on deck it was quite a pretty a/c but it also seemed to be far too small to carry enough gear and stores to compete with the S2F.

It appeared that they followed many RN customs and routines. Colours, Sunset, White Ensign (with Indian

Flag in lieu of Union) flag, Officers flags and an almost total shut down for leave periods. I was unable to board the Museum as it was a leave period. Also, the Port Tourist Office had no idea that such a Museum existed.

There was a nest of quite modern looking DDE's looking very sharp with all the latest weaponry but with one anachronism - dead midships was what looked to me like a WW11 Quad Tube torpedo Launching Mount. I thought those things were all in Museums, but I have been a long time out of touch.

There were five submarines of two classes, one AOR about "Provider" size, a good sized Assault ship and many smaller vessels, all looking like they were well looked after. I was mildly surprised at how dark they were painted. They are a very dark charcoal colour and I imagine in that climate they would be very hot.

For those that are concerned with Political Correctness, I must explain that I have used the name Bombay since all the locals still call it that and 20 million Indians cannot be wrong. It seems that only the government and a few PR Firms use the new name, Mumbai.

Yours truly, David Williams

PS The Dhoby Wallahs are still doing their thing, the traffic is horrendous but the only way to describe the city is "**VIBRANT**". The country appeared to me to be on the cusp of a roll.

VU32 CREST

Stu Beakley a visitor to the Museum a while ago wore a vest adorned with a crest from VU32, one that I had never seen before nor even knew they had. This crest is unique - I wonder how many ex VU32 members have one. Kay



Answers to the questions (in the last issue of the nsltr):

Did the RCN ever have two carriers in Commission at one time?

Warrior was de-commissioned on March 23, 1948 while Maggie was not commissioned until three weeks later on April 17, 1948. Meanwhile Maggie was de-commissioned on June 14, 1957 BUT Bonnie had already been commissioned on January 17, 1957. So indeed there was a 5 month period during which the RCN had two carriers under commission.

The information was found from different sources and verified www.hazegray.org/navhist/carriers/ by Peter Lawson

How about this one -

On 5 Mar 58, Edward "Ted" Francis became the first Tracker Pilot to perform....what?

On 5 Mar 58, Edward "Ted" Francis became the first Tracker Pilot to perform a cross-deck landing on HMS Bulwark from HMCS Bonaventure.

Did you know -

The winter of 1932 was so cold that Niagara Falls froze completely solid.

Royal Canadian Navy Aircraft Finish and Markings, 1944 – 1968

Aviation author, Pat Martin, has produced another definitive book about aircraft paint schemes and markings. **Royal Canadian Navy, Aircraft Finish and Markings, 1944 – 1968** focuses on the evolution of RCN aircraft paint schemes and markings that trace their origin to the Fleet Air Arm of 1944 which was the initial pattern inherited by the first aircraft delivered to the RCN in 1946. The book was written with advice from Leo Pettipas and expands the detail in Leo's seven previous books on Canadian naval aviation.

Martin's book devotes a chapter to each aircraft type in the RCN's inventory, from Anson, Avenger, Banshee through to Tracker and Walrus and describes in detail the various paint schemes and markings on each aircraft type. The book also includes aircraft types that were not taken on RCN strength but had an association with the Canadian Navy such as the Fairey Barracuda and the Grumman Wildcat. Where possible, Martin marries unique Navy aircraft identifiers, e.g. "AB-D" and "NAVY 325", with aircraft serial numbers. The closing pages of each chapter about a type of aircraft briefly describe the history of individual aircraft by serial number.

Martin's book also includes a brief history of the four founding RCN air squadrons and their subsequent incarnations, the Air Reserve squadrons and the Fleet Air Arm squadrons that embarked on the RCN manned British aircraft carriers HMS Nabob and HMS Puncher.

The last chapters discuss the types of ships that were supported by Royal Navy Air Section at RCAF Station Dartmouth during the Second World War such as the Catapult Armed Merchant (CAM) ships, Merchant Aircraft Carriers (MAC Ships) and Escort Aircraft Carriers. The book concludes with short histories of the British aircraft carriers manned by Canadians (Nabob and Puncher) and the RCN commissioned carriers, Warrior, Magnificent and Bonaventure as well as helicopter capable RCN ships.

The 258 pages of **Royal Canadian Navy, Aircraft Finish and Markings, 1944-1968** provide a general history of Canadian naval aviation through hundreds of colour and black and white photographs detailing RCN aircraft paint schemes and markings. Any reference library featuring the RCN's Naval Air Arm would be incomplete without this volume. It is on sale at the Shearwater Aviation Museum gift shop.

Ernie Cable , SAM Historian

FACTS AND FIGURES

During the Second world War, the Canadian Navy convoyed 25,345 ships to Great Britain. These ships contained 181,000,000 tons of cargo. This means that during every day of the war, there were an average of 125 merchant ships on the Atlantic bound for Britain under Canadian escort. The delivery of 181,000,000 tons is the equivalent of 40,000 miles of freight cars. A

solid band of freight cars eleven abreast stretching from the piers of Halifax right across country to Vancouver.

NEW GUNS FOR NEW ENTRY TRAINEES - CORNWALLIS



Any idea what kind of guns they are and who these two new entries are?

“Cutbacks”

Amphibious Assault Craft (Combined Forces)





The Red Knight

*By John Corrigan
(In part)*

A solo, aerobatics performer of the Royal Canadian Air Force's Training Command from 1958 through 1969, the role of the Red Knight was actually shared by seventeen different pilots over a period of twelve seasons. Although originally authorized to perform only three shows, the Red Knight went on to make over six hundred appearances, all over North America. The Red Knight was commonly sent to venues considered too small for the aerobatics teams of the day. According to 1963 Red Knight, Bill Fraser: "As with the Teams, the positive publicity achieved was tremendous, and all for what was, even in those days, a very small budget. We did some "openers" for the Golden Hawks, and took part in some larger Canadian and US displays, but most of our shows [took place] in out of the way places that did not rate a Team."

The Red Knight was uniquely Canadian -- a solo military display. These pilots, with the help of their Crew Chiefs and support personnel, brought an extremely impressive and professional aerobatics show to communities that might not otherwise get the chance to see such an event. The trademark of the Red Knight was his brilliant red aircraft; first the T-33 "Silver Star" and then, for the last two seasons, the CL-41 "Tutor".

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The unique feature of the Red Knight displays was that all the manoeuvres were performed within the boundaries of the airfield -- keeping the action in view of the spectators throughout the entire show.

There were several reasons that, in the late fifties, the time was right for the Red Knight, as Jack Waters, the 1967 Red Knight, explains: "It was not surprising that the Red Knight aerobatics demonstration program saw its beginnings as post-World War II RCAF Training Command reached its zenith in the fifties. The

Command was endowed with a state-of-the-art modern fighter type aircraft, the Canadair T-33 "Silver Star", and thanks to the burgeoning North Atlantic Treaty Organization combat flying program, was endowed as well with a large supply of highly skilled, mature yet still young fighter-experienced instructors. On the one hand, the Command was anxious to demonstrate its capabilities to other military organizations and to the Canadian public in a dramatic way. On the other hand, many T-33 instructors were eager to take up the challenge of aerobatics demonstrations."

THE RED HERRING



Ian Ferguson - The Red Herring - 1965 (CF Photo)

Lockheed T33 silver Star Aircraft 631 with VU32 Sqn.

This aircraft was used for jet proficiency and instrument training. Initially assigned to VT40 which was formed in May '54 and then amalgamated with VY32 in May '59. VT40 first received its first four T-Birds in '55 - the RCN's first jet aircraft.

The aircraft depicted above is the mount of "The Red Herring" (Ian Ferguson) as it appeared in 1965 - the RCN's tongue-in-cheek rebuttal to the RCAF's famed "Red Knight".



**Shearwater
Aviation Museum
Fairey Firefly FR-1
(PP462)
Restoration Update**
by John Webber and
Christine Hines

As I understand it's been sometime since an official update has been made to SAMF via the Newsletter, let's start by saying that we have achieved numerous milestones in the project in the last two years. Since moving the project down into the "New" Hangar in early spring of 2005, the project has seen a lot of changes, in both accessibility of volunteers and visitors to the project, new team members to augment Bud Ayer and his years of "Lone Ranging", as well as mechanical progress. Although it took some time to adjust to each other's new surroundings, and to re-repair some pieces of work on the aircraft, The Restoration Team, and all at SAM and SAMF have much to boast about:

The electrical wiring has progressed nicely with the painstaking work by Don Logan and John Knudsen, but has to wait for the other trades to complete their phases of work before final wiring can be done.

The Griffin engine was installed by the team on 14 December 2006; a great Christmas present, to be sure!

February 2007: the starter works!

Apparently FR-1 rudder hinge eye bolts were not well engineered and tend to crack; after an NDT test, we found that one of our three eye bolts was unserviceable; thanks to our new friends Down under, Mr. Kevin Arditto and CEA of Australia; we have been able to overcome that particular challenge.

July 2007: The cooling pump returned from California where it underwent a rebuild; the existing pipes and gland nuts had to be cut off, so we're now in search of replacement pipes and seals, a task which is proving to be a big challenge than originally anticipated.

Painting of panels is in progress by IMP Group painters, as well as by SAM staff and volunteers (in dark & light sea gray, 826 Squadron markings will be applied).

We anticipate the propeller to be installed by Mr. Harry Hope, of Hope Aero from Hamilton, Ontario, in September 2007.

The tail shock strut is out being repaired at a vendor in Ontario; we anticipate its return in the late fall.

As you can see, the Firefly Restoration has been making great progress, and all involved are convinced that our goal of flight is realistic and achievable. We have been working closely with Transport Canada to ensure compliance every step of the way, and have received great support from all in the Regional office.

At this stage in the project, we are unable to put a date on roll-out, but hope to have the A/C ready in 2009 to celebrate the centenary of powered flight in Canada, or in case of unforeseen mechanical challenges, PP462's flight would be scheduled to

be our 2010 Naval Centennial Project.

From the entire Restoration Team and all who have contributed to this worthy cause over the years, we would like to thank the Shearwater Aviation Museum Foundation for its constant support of the Project, both moral support and financial aid. To the Team whose dedication and passion for Naval Air has made the project a reality, all of the staff at SAM and SAMF send you a hearty Bravo Zulu!

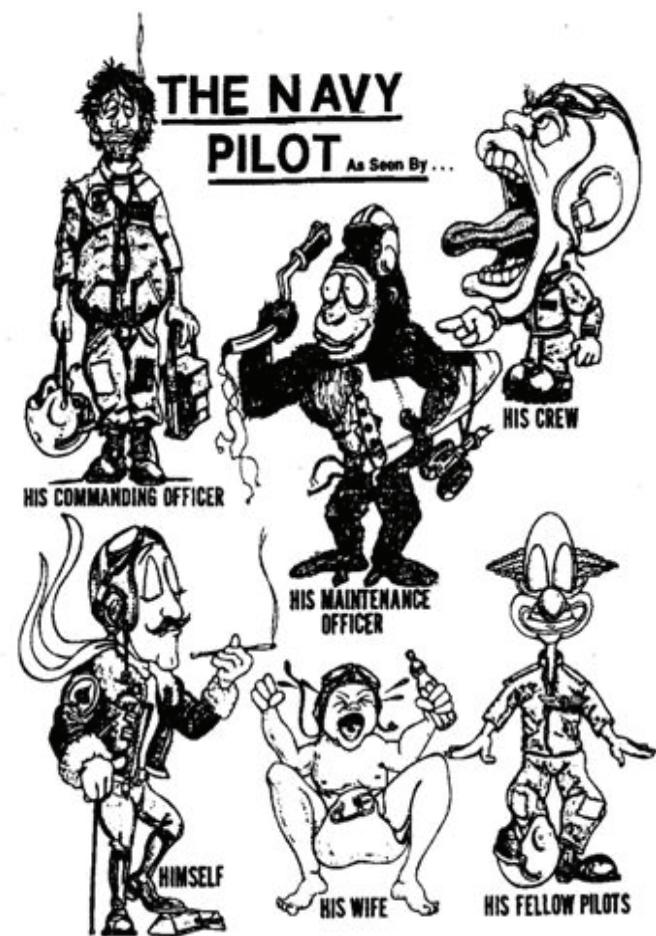
The current volunteer Firefly Team is:

Bud Ayer, Don Logan, Wayne Pettipas, Mick Stephenson, Tony Humber, John Knudsen, Bruce Page, and Bill Farrell, with staff support and volunteer time from John Webber, Duncan Mason, Chuck Coffen and many greatly appreciated CF members and technicians at 12 Air Maintenance Squadron (12 AMS).

(They can still use more financial help as well. Most parts required are by special order and it's hard to find those British fittings. The a/c looks great! K)

THE PILOT (*sent to us by Leo Pettipas*)

May I offer the attached for comic relief. It came to my attention some years ago in a chapter newsletter of the Association of Naval Aviation. Surely its producer was only joking wasn't he?





SHEARWATER FLYERS 1957 *By Pat Connolly*

Those among us of the eldering class who often indulge themselves in events of the past tend to best remember happenings of particular significance. Most often those are remembered for specific reasons, like personal involvement or having been there when the event took place. In this case, the following lines will attempt to recapture some of the magic (and at times personally terrifying) moments of a young broadcaster's involvement with Shearwater Flyers National Football Championship Team of 1957.

That was probably the greatest football team ever assembled in Atlantic Canada unbeaten and unmatched with a 22-0 record over two seasons of Nova Scotia Football League play and national playoffs. The individual and collective performances of this juggernaut that smashed every existing record in the national amateur football record book are well documented. What is less remembered about the 1957 season in this 50th anniversary year is that the national final between the Flyers and Fort Williams Redskins on that fall day in Halifax was also the first ever live televised sports event carried on the regional network of the CBC.

I was the CBC's radio and television sports guy when CBHT first went to air in late December, 1954 and over the next two years we had experimented with live sports coverage in rather primitive fashion because of our limited technical resources. They were the pioneer days, without videotape, play backs or any of the present technological advantages, everything was live and you better get it right the first time. Initially we dabbled with some Armed Forces league hockey games at the Forum, H-D League baseball from Dartmouth's famed Little Brooklyn and some football from Studley Field at Dalhousie.

It was at Studley that I accepted the fact that play-by-play football was not in my immediate or even foreseeable future, for the best reason I didn't know very much about the game, at least not enough to do an intelligent analysis. Canadian football at the time was not indigenous to the Nova Scotia sports culture, English rugby was the primary fall attraction. My lack of football knowledge was shared by virtually the entire broadcast crew including our producer Bill Harper who believed or at least hoped we were all quick learners and distributed books of rules for each of us to cram prior to our first excursion into Studley. It was not nearly enough study time.

In his excellent 2002 book, "A Picture Before Christmas", detailing the early days of the industry here, my dear friend Harper recounts the first disastrous results of our football coverage. "No one would admit to knowing nothing about football, but with the exception of one cameraman, John Huskins, we were all ignorant. The first of the game coverage was a mess. We got the scores wrong, we were missing the play constantly, and in general showed our complete ignorance of even the rudiments of the game. By the fourth quarter things had settled down somewhat until the losing quarterback decided to throw a desperation pass, faked and kept it himself. Pat Connolly, who was looking at the small monitor and not the field, said, 'now he's dropped back...looking for a receiver...and let's it go...just look at that ball...oh God....that's a pigeon'. I swear that, while it was bad performance, that didn't really happen but why spoil a good story? Besides it does serve to illustrate our overall incompetence as football broadcasters at that point."

Things improved dramatically for the national final Nov. 25, 1957. I voluntarily (and eagerly) withdrew from the play-by-play assignment to move to game interviews and recommended the Corporation bring in Keith Barry from CBC Sydney and previously an excellent football broadcaster on CHNS. We teamed together for the national final before a record 5,000 fans at Wanderers Grounds in Halifax and with Harper and the entire technical crew somewhat more expert, the result was much closer to becoming a success story. Unfortunately for the learning team but perhaps fortunately for the viewers, it was the last local football game of that period telecast by the CBC. Those of us who have survived to remember that dramatic Flyers victory over the Redskins have vivid memories of how spectacular it was, the Flyers roaring from behind a 21-14 deficit at halftime to riddle the Redskins with 13 unanswered points in the last quarter for a 27-21 victory.

It was this magnificent Shearwater team that implanted Canadian football into the Maritime sports psyche and firmly established the game as a major attraction in the region for the next half century. It is indeed a privilege on this 50th anniversary to salute these incredible athletes, so many of whom have become personal friends in the years since. Too many of whom have departed this mortal coil. Such fond memories of so many special talents well managed by head coach Harvey(Moose) Mills who stepped up after original mentor Don Loney moved on to establish a football dynasty at St. F.X. University.

Such as diminutive quarterback Don Lily, fullbacks that included the nonpareil Bob Hayes with Bruce Walker who each racked up 114 points that season, halfbacks Buck Taylor who chipped in with 78, Ron Parker and Gordon(Spook) MacLeod, offensive linemen Andy Swan, Dale Klassen, Danny McCowell, Torchy Smith, Alf Nicholson and Charles Cox and defending stalwarts Ivor Axford, Peaches Davidson, Roxy Carriere, Doug Grant and Cabbage Smith and the entire cast of excellence inducted into the Nova Scotia Sport Hall of Fame Oct. 10, 1987.