



The Signal



Taking the “Future Big Boss” for a Ride

by Stan Brygadyr, Class of '59

During the Unification process of 1968 the Air Force was fractured and some major parts parcelled out to the Army and Navy (Maritime Air became part of Maritime Command, i.e., Navy!). This lack of a cohesive Air Force was one of the serious failings of Unification. In the early 1970s at NDHQ LGen Bill Carr worked hard at correcting this setback and in 1975 his success was obvious with the formation of Air Command and various Air Groups which brought military aviation back under one umbrella. LGen Carr thus became known as the “Father of the Modern Air Force” as he was appointed as the first Commander of Air Command. In Feb of 1974 when gathering his “ammunition” for a reformation of the Air Force he visited CFB Greenwood and CFB Shearwater to get a “feel” for Argus and Sea King operations. I was assigned to take LGen Carr on an Argus Crew Training flight of about 6 hours which took place in a rather stormy late afternoon and early night. He was shown all aspects of Argus anti-submarine tactics and briefed at all “stations” by the Crew Leads. Much of his time was spent standing behind the Pilots observing how we maneuvered the aircraft, often at 300ft ASL, in darkness, as we practiced submarine tracking and attacks. After several hours of this show in rather turbulent conditions we proceeded to Shearwater to deposit the Gen who was to board a Sea King for what I’m sure would be a most interesting evolution out for a landing on a Destroyer in this rough weather.

On arrival at Shearwater the winds were about 220 degrees at about 35-40 knots. This was well outside of cross-wind limits for an Argus to land on runway 16, the only one used for fixed-wing aircraft. I advised this to “Tower” who advised that we would then have to go over to Halifax International airport where runway 24 was close into-wind. I then asked “Tower” if the old Shearwater short runway of about 21 or 22 was available (currently used only as a heliport). After a short pause a new voice came on the radio; “this is Cdr Lyons, BOpsO, who’s flying that aircraft and are you familiar with this airfield”? I said “Hi Cdr” (I was his Sec at the Shearwater Golf Course when he was the Pres in late ‘60s!). I then advised that the Pilots were Stan Brygadyr and Jack McGee, old Tracker drivers with years of experience at Shearwater! He then advised that the old short runway was available but without lead-in lighting. I replied “no sweat” as long as the runway weight bearing could take me at 120,000 lbs. He replied “affirmative” so we landed into this strong wind with no problem and saved much time for the Sea King and the Gen from a “hop” to the Halifax airport. Gen Carr boarded the Sea King which was churned-up ready to depart to sea for what I’m sure would be a most interesting DDH landing! Soooo, back to Greenwood? Nope, not yet, as a request from “Tower” came asking if we could go over to Summerside to pick-up the CO of 405 Sqn (a Greenwood based Sqn) who wanted a ride back to Greenwood. Off we went to Summerside to find an old Navy Pilot waiting for the lift home; it was LCol Geoff Craven! It seemed to be Navy Pilot day for the soon to be Commander of the modern Air Force!



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Collision at Sea

by Lee Myrhaugen, Class of '63-II



During a recent dinner party with friends and colleagues, the conversation turned to how fortunate we all were to have lived and served during a relatively benign period of economic and political activity. We didn't endure the Great Depression of the 1930s and we didn't serve during a shooting war. While the Cold War provided some tense moments we weren't being shot at.

At this point I reflected on an experience I had while serving on exchange duties on the British aircraft carrier HMS *Ark Royal* during the introduction of the Sea King into service with the Royal Navy. We were conducting an exercise with the Royal Air Force off the island of Crete in the Mediterranean. A Soviet *Kotlin*-class destroyer had been shadowing the carrier throughout the entire exercise. On 9 November 1970, *Ark Royal* raised all the international signals that she was commencing flying operations. The carrier increased speed while conducting a zigzag course to evade any lurking submarine threat. During the maneuver *Ark Royal* altered course but the *Kotlin*-class destroyer didn't, resulting in a collision. The incident resulted in the death of two Soviet sailors and another seven being knocked overboard.

Ark Royal was damaged only slightly while the Soviet destroyer sustained significant damage. *Ark Royal*'s commanding officer, Captain R. Lygo, was cleared of blame at the subsequent board of inquiry.

To quote Hansard:

[THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR DEFENCE \(LORD CARRINGTON\)](#) My Lords, H.M.S. *Ark Royal*, together with other Royal Naval and R.A.F. forces, is taking part in a national exercise being held in the Central and Eastern Mediterranean. Last Monday night she was in open waters between Malta and Crete, and was engaged in night-flying exercises. She had begun launching her aircraft, and was displaying the appropriate internationally recognised lights which showed that she could not easily manoeuvre.

After the launch of the first aircraft, a Soviet *Kotlin*-class destroyer approached *Ark Royal* on a collision course from the starboard bow. The carrier took what avoiding action she could and put her engines at full astern, but she was unable to miss the Soviet vessel, whose port quarter struck the *Ark Royal*'s port bow.

The *Ark Royal* immediately stopped her night-flying exercise and diverted the aircraft already airborne so that she and her accompanying frigate, H.M.S. *Yarmouth* could undertake, with Russian vessels, a search for Russian crew members who were understood to be in the water. Although some were picked up by the *Ark Royal* and *Yarmouth* and returned to their ship, I regret that two are still believed to be missing. Only minor damage was suffered by *Ark Royal*, and she had no casualties. In accordance with normal practice, a Naval Board of Inquiry will be convened to consider all the circumstances of the collision. Meanwhile, appropriate representations will be made about the incident to the Soviet Government.

It is not uncommon for Soviet vessels to keep close company with ships of the Royal Navy which are engaged on training and exercises. This particular incident reflects the dangers of this practice, and we trust that the Soviet naval authorities will take full account of it in their future deployment.

My crew launched to assist in the search for Russian sailors knocked overboard. We conducted a sweep between the two vessels illuminating the water with our landing and search lights. As we located the Soviet sailors in the water, *Ark Royal*'s rescue boats picked them up. There was one sailor who refused to be picked up so we guided him as he swam back to his vessel. As we approached the Soviet destroyer a red flare was shot at us. While it caused no damage the brightness of the red flare was highly distracting resulting in a quick reversal of track back towards *Ark Royal*.

The following morning was very eerie to witness *Ark Royal* surrounded by Russian warships presumably summoned from their large Mediterranean Sea Anchorage nearby.

Shortly thereafter we were alongside in Malta for a Short Work Period before recommencing exercises in the Mediterranean.

Being shot at with a red flare from a Russian warship served to lighten a dinner party conversation which concluded that we indeed lived and served during the best of times.

MEMORIES

by Bill Hood, Class of '62 (with editing by Richard Archer, also Class of '62)



I am now in my 81st year, comfortably living in retirement in Penticton, BC, after a full career of piloting for Air Canada. A recent encounter with my 1965 RCN crew commander, a fellow named Bob Woosnam, has brought forward vivid memories of my time as a naval pilot way back in the 60s — a long time ago. When I was a new co-pilot in the Navy's Anti-Submarine Squadron VS 880, Bob was the pilot-in-command. We were flying Grumman CS2F Trackers, both from ashore and from the Navy's carrier, HMCS *Bonaventure*, known to all as the Bonnie.

A keen teenager, I had joined the RCN in 1960, and had been one of the survivors of the stringent two-year *Venture* Programme, graduating with the glorious title of Acting Sub-Lieutenant. I immediately went into flying training and in due course received my wings. It's been said by those that don't know better that flying an aircraft is 99% boredom and 1% pure terror...but my memories of my time in the Tracker are ones of mostly excitement and adventure, completed by a sense of accomplishment.

As Bob's co-pilot and navigator, I remember his efforts in June 1965 to land on Bonnie, a relatively small carrier bucking rough seas north of Londonderry, Northern Ireland. The winds were over 50 knots, almost 100

kmh. It took 3 approaches and 2 wave-offs before he finally got us back on the deck. Why they had us flying in such conditions I will never know. Were we all out there to just hone our military skills or was it to show other NATO countries what we were capable of? Maybe it was both.

With Bob as pilot, I also remember the October 1965 approach and landing on Bonnie in fog off Land's End, southwestern England, when the three other Trackers airborne with us had to fly to an alternate airport ashore. Thinking of Bob has me recalling the details of that low-visibility approach and the heavy deck-landing. We came in on a Carrier Controlled Approach following the instructions of the ship's air traffic approach radar controllers. On the approach we were flying at low level with the ship invisible in the fog, relying on the controllers to keep us lined up with the landing deck centerline.

As we closed the ship, its white wake came into view. The plan was for me to tap Bob on the shoulder as soon as I saw the ship's stern. We were less than a half-mile from the ship when it finally came in sight. With my tap, Bob could at last focus on what was called the Meatball, a bright light on a stabilized concave mirror which, depending on the aircraft's height relative to the specified glide path, showed either above or below a horizontal line of lights. It was "Meatball High" — we were above the glide path necessary to hit the small target area on the deck so that our hook could capture one of the three arrestor wires. But in the short space remaining, Bob masterfully cut the power and maneuvered the aircraft to hit the deck solidly in the right place. The drill was to immediately put on full power in case of a missed wire, but the arrestor wire was caught and we were pulled up short. The adage that a carrier deck landing is little more than a "controlled crash" was never more true. We were the only aircraft amongst the four that had been launched for the sortie to arrive back on board that day.

But not all adventures occurred at sea. I remember our nighttime landing on black ice on runway 34R at HMCS *Shearwater*, in November of '64, if memory serves. It was a radar Ground Controlled Approach and after touching down a little bit long, we found that the braking action was ZERO, and we were in danger of running off the end of the runway. I can't remember who initiated the aircraft spin around to cause the aircraft to skid down the runway backwards. The idea was to use the engines to apply braking as we slid backwards. The idea may have been mine, because my reaction, in sync with Bob's, came from an experience some months earlier when, while taxiing on a downhill icy taxiway approaching the VS-880 hangar from *Shearwater's* runway 28, a strong northwest wind caused my Tracker to weathercock clockwise. Applying left brake did not stop the weathercock because I was on shear ice. I was headed for a collision with parked cars lined up adjacent to the VS-880 hangar. Seeing a snowbank on my right side, I powered up the port engine to increase the weathercock rotation and drive my nosewheel into the snow, hoping the aircraft would come to a stop before hitting the cars. The nosewheel went into the snow, but the main gear wheels were still on the downhill taxiway ice and the aircraft pivoted on the nosewheel. The tail of the aircraft swung around 180 degrees and began dragging the nosewheel back through the snow. I held my breath as I waited for the snow to stop the aircraft, hoping that would occur before the aircraft hit the parked cars that were now behind the aircraft. The aircraft came to a stop short of the cars. Phew! I shut down the idling engines not knowing how close I came to a collision. I left the scene to get my camera and returned a few minutes later to take the (above) photograph.

That night I had trouble sleeping. I kept wondering how could I have avoided such an incident and WHY did I wait for the snow to stop the aircraft when I had two great big engines I could have powered up, once in the 180-degree position, to assist the aircraft's deceleration. I shook my head in disbelief, because I did not use all the power at my disposal...but I sure learned something.

Anyway, back to Runway 34R. With that icy taxiway incident etched in my memory, I was now in the right-hand co-pilot seat of a Tracker with Bob. It was a pitch-black night. We were returning from a Marlant ocean patrol. We had landed and discovered we were on black ice. It was probably Bob who powered up one engine to spin the aircraft around to avoid running off the end of the runway into a ravine. As the aircraft rotated to the 180-degree position, all the while we prayed that we did not hit a dry spot on the runway that could tear off the landing gear, I was ready to push both throttles up to full power to stop the aircraft. At the 180-degree position Bob's hand was already pushing forward the throttles when my hand joined his. We quickly came to a stop and I looked out my side window to see the red runway-end lights just a few feet behind us. One of the two crewmen seated behind the cockpit bulkhead and hearing the roar of the engines called out, "What was that all about...? I thought we were taking off again!"

(cont'd on p. 4)

MEMORIES (cont'd from p. 3)

I think I answered, "We just did a 180 on the runway". It was so slippery; the two crewmen had never felt any rotational G-forces. No one could have seen us; it was so dark. The tower was about 1 km away. The tower operator asked if all was okay. He must have heard the engines roar but we had not taken-off. We answered, "All okay". So, some useful experience was acquired, but happily it was something I never had to use again. In any case, it's a technique too risky for the big jets that I later flew for Air Canada. But all experience pays off, and it was later in '65 that I switched seats with Bob and successfully completed some carrier landings in Bonnie off Bermuda.

In the late Spring of 1966, I became a crew commander of the CS2F. Later that year I did my carrier qualifications on the USS *Wasp* off Norfolk -- a bigger deck than the Bonnie. Daytime landings went well, but of nine nighttime landings I had three touch and goes, 5 bolters and 1 arrested landing. Night carrier landings were quite a challenge, despite all the training in land-based "field carrier landing practices" and at sea. I logged 39 carrier landings, six on the Bonnie.

I do recall, embarrassingly, one stupid incident on the Tracker, nothing to boast about but one to relate to know how we sometimes manage to get in and out of trouble and gain experience. It is certainly not the best way. I had taken a Tracker up to Montreal for a visit with my parents. I was on my way back to *Shearwater*, cruising at 10,000 feet, over the Bay of Fundy. It was January. The co-pilot was flying. Following the normal procedure of practicing an engine failure safely, I feathered the right engine to give that practice to the co-pilot. I had intended to feather the left engine.

Realizing my mistake, with an appropriate expletive, I abruptly, without thinking, feathered the left engine. There we were, over the Bay of Fundy on a clear cold January day at 10,000 feet with both engines feathered. We were within gliding distance of the shoreline, but needless to say, there was a flurry of activity. I threw on the emergency power. We only had battery power with both engines out. I pulled out the left engine feathering button to unfeather the engine. Not wanting to kill the battery, I released the feathering button sooner than I should have, as the left engine began to rotate, expecting it to continue. It promptly re-feathered. We were descending. Once again, I pulled the left engine feathering button -- this time I was not going to let it go until I was assured the engine would restart, and so it did. With power on one engine, we levelled off, started the right engine, and climbed back to 10,000 feet. We had lost only 1,000 feet of altitude. Dumb.

Thankfully, no further noteworthy events happened before leaving VS-880 -- welllll, almost none. In October 1966, we had been detached from *Shearwater* to Victoria, BC to fly out of the Patricia Bay airport in support of the west coast ships. It rained continuously the last 40 days we were there. We flew patrols off the Pacific coast. Because of low visibility sometimes we had to fly at 300-500 feet up the Strait of Juan de Fuca using radar to keep away from the shoreline.

In December of '66, it was time to return to *Shearwater*. We flight-planned to Winnipeg as our first refueling stop. Based on the weather data, it was calculated that we would have enough fuel for Winnipeg plus 45 minutes in reserve. We climbed out of Victoria in the rain. We never saw the sun until we broke out of the clouds over Alberta. The windshield sparkled with ice around its perimeter. There was about an inch of ice on the rocket aiming sight. The engine propellers shed ice regularly as we crossed the mountains. I had no reason to suspect our de-icing equipment did not work as it should have. I expected the remaining ice to sublime as we continued eastward. Over Regina, we recalculated our fuel range. Making Winnipeg began to look iffy. I thought to recalculate over the Saskatchewan/Manitoba border and kept CFB Rivers in mind as a potential refueling stop. Over the provincial border I decided we had better put into CFB Rivers. I had done my Expeditor training and had graduated there, getting my wings. I called Air Traffic Control to refile CFB Rivers as my destination. ATC told me Rivers was closed due to ice-covered runways. I answered ATC that I did not think we had enough fuel to reach Winnipeg. It was now night. I was asked if I was declaring an emergency. I answered, I have to land at Rivers. I knew the Tracker, and as mentioned I was familiar with icy runways and short field landings. I had no worry. The strong northwest wind was down the runway, no crosswind. It was -30F (Canada was not metric yet). I put her down on the runway and easily came to a stop on the centerline. We refueled in the frigid air. An inspection showed the aircraft was ice-free. With alacrity we took off out of there, and headed for Ottawa, our next refueling stop on the way to *Shearwater*.

I left the RCN June '67 and after moving to Montreal and after having an enjoyable summer at Expo 67, I began with Air Canada that August. In November, I began flight training on the Vickers Viscount in Winnipeg. I remember being instructed while doing touch and goes in freezing rain, and then climbing above the freezing level after take-off to shed any accumulated ice. Winter just seemed to be something I had to learn to deal with.

I have some further excitement I could report in my career in commercial flying, but fortunately nothing serious. I will leave it there, except to say that I have a ton of gratitude for my naval flight training and exposure. And in my 40 years in the air, just maybe, someone above was looking after me and those with me.

Buggins



Two 90 year old guys, Leo and Buggins, had been friends and baseball fans all of their lives. When it was clear that Leo was dying, Buggins visited him every day. One day Buggins said, "Leo, we both loved playing baseball and we played all through high school. Please do me one favor: when you get to heaven, somehow you must let me know if there's baseball there."

Leo looked up at Buggins from his deathbed and said, "Buggins, you've been my best friend for many years. If it's at all possible, I'll do this favor for you." Shortly after that, Leo passed away. A few nights later, Buggins was awakened from a sound sleep by a blinding flash of white light and a voice calling out to him, "Buggins — Buggins ..." "Who is it?" asked Buggins, sitting up suddenly. "Who is it?" "Leo. it's me, Leo." "You're not Leo. Leo just died." "I'm telling you it's me, Leo," insisted the voice. "Leo! Where are you?" "In Heaven," replied Leo. "I have some really good news and a little bad news." "Tell me the good news first," said Buggins. "The good news," Leo said, "is that there's baseball in heaven. Better yet, all of our old buddies who died before us are here too. Better than that, we're all young again, it's always springtime, and it never rains or snows. And best of all, we can play baseball all we want, and we never get tired." "That's fantastic," said Buggins. "It's beyond my wildest dreams! So what's the bad news?"

"You're pitching Tuesday"

The Editor's Corner

Winter", as we call it out here on the Wet Coast, has finally arrived, with darker days, intermittent rain, and even the odd flake of what might be called snow (or sleet or hail). We are no longer hunkered down 24/7, and already planning travel beyond the local drugstore.

You are particularly directed this edition to our *President's Report* which comments on the revival of HMCS *Venture* as the training centre for all surface warfare (formerly MARS) officers and NCMs. As Rugger Williams would say "PERSEVERE VENTURE!"

Thanks also to Stan Brygadyr, Lee Myrhaugen and Bill Hood (courtesy of Dick Duffield) for their contributions to this *Signal*.

Please, members, dig into old journals or notebooks and your fallible memory to come up with a few hundred words of deathless prose that might interest and amuse your fellow Ventures.

And let me know of upcoming regional reunions or other social gatherings — these can be stepped up after the pandemic— ask your Class Rep about possible funding.

We have a quite a few additions to the "In Memoriam" list this time around — no surprise given our demographic — among them the late Vice Admiral Chuck Thomas, who rose from Chief Cadet Captain to head of the Navy. Chuck's obit and reflections from his family are featured on the website www.hmcsventure.com. The efforts of our webmaster, Darryl Harden, are always worthy of your attention.

As we go to press, we take note of the new Indo-Pacific Strategy put out by the Canadian government. This is the first foreign policy paper to be issued in many years and it is worth a read, especially for those of us who spent a large part of our careers on our pacific coast. Check out the press release at <https://www.canada.ca/en/global-affairs/news/2022/11/canada-launches-indo-pacific-strategy-to-support-long-term-growth-prosperity-and-security-for-canadians.html>

N.B. Without your input, there will be no more *Signal*!

*Aye,
Gordon Longmuir, Class of '57,
Registrar and Editor of the Signal*



The President's Message



Well folks, it is that time of year again. Our summer came to a grinding halt actually a little later than expected. It is a good time to be a Venturite. The circle of life seems to be happening again: Venture is reborn. The latest re-organization has HMCS *Venture* formed into a unit once again as of July 15, 2022, and it has a living, breathing Commanding Officer, Cdr Mike Steffanson, who will be the guest speaker at the Naval Association of Canada (NAC-VI)'s luncheon at the Royal Victoria Yacht Club on Nov 24. The new C.O. will once again be a post-sea command commander; Cdr Steffanson is the former C.O. of HMCS Winnipeg. The luncheon will also be an opportunity to celebrate Peter Chance's 102nd birthday.

It makes sense with all the Junior Officer Training needed for the immediate future. The newly named establishment will be home to the Naval Leadership Training Centre and conduct leadership courses for officers and NCMs, as well as continue to train all Surface Warfare (previously MARS) Officers in all things navigational, including the simulator.

Our plans to hold a regional gathering in the fall have been put on hold until next summer. Please drop a line if you would be interested in attending a get-together. Hopefully we will be able to get an invite to use the facilities at Venture by then. I should note that Tim Kemp and his class of '62 had a very successful reunion last summer and they received outstanding support from the Training System headed by Capt Coates. You will note elsewhere in this newsletter an item on the latest "Pussers Reunion" in Ottawa. We still gather support for our past accomplishments. I will do my part to work my way into Venture. Note that the executive of NAC-VI were invited to the Venture monthly Command coffee and cake held in the Gunroom in November. All in all, things are starting to look positive for the future. We will see what the Fall and Winter do for Covid 19 and the flu. Looks like a good idea to still mask up indoors.

Aye,

Peter Bey, Class of '65

President

Register Changes

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In Memoriam

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Tom Davidson, Class of '63-I (belated)
Charles M. (Chuck) Thomas, Class of '56
Fred Walton, Class of '62
Graham Faraday, Class of '66



Naughtical Terms*

GANGWAY

- n. fr. OE gangweg, meaning “going away”. The maritime version retains the original Old English meaning of ‘going’, whereas the term has adopted an associated meaning in the word “gang” meaning group of people or things and “gangster” meaning a member of a group who ‘go together’, so, while they are a cognate, a gangway is not a runway for a gang. The collective terms came after the meaning of gangway was established. A ship’s gangway was originally a temporary platform over the ‘skids’ stowed in the waist of a sailing ship (the ‘skids’ were spare spars carried for emergencies, down which ships’ boats were often launched while at anchor and to which they were secured; they were thus renamed ‘skid-booms’). The gangway provided a means by which one could pass from quarterdeck to forecabin without descending into the waist, which was often awash at sea. Later vessels made this passageway a permanent fixture specifically for safety at sea, when destroyers, frigates and corvettes had low freeboard aft of the cut-up. It provided a means of getting from the forward superstructure to the after guns and depth charges with reasonable safety in a seaway. The meaning has been extended to cover any long passageway in a ship and is an imperative demand in a crowd which is short for “make a gangway”. The derivative of the associated terms “gangplank” and the less used “gangboard” are obvious. The gangway, however, gained the reputation of being the ship to shore connection for longshoremen, baggage and freight, and not a place for passengers or gentlemen to be seen. As a result, gentle people arrive and leave a ship over the “brow”, a term which is descriptive of a “bridge” or any other curved or bridging structure such as the “eye-brow”.

***courtesy of our late, lamented former President Joe Cunningham, Class of ‘56**



PUSSERS' REUNION 2022

After a two-year pause, the annual Pussers' Reunion was held at the interim facilities of HMCS Bytown Wardroom on 20 October 2022. In attendance were 86 pussers including 21 retired pussers. Included in the festivities was the traditional photo of those who had sailed under the White Ensign. The backdrop for this year's photo was the Sunday bunting White Ensign last flown on HMCS Bonaventure. Pictured L to R: Dick Duffield (Class of '62), Bob Mitchell (Class of '58), Ralph Nelson (Class of '58), Leo Clarkin, Nigel Whiteley, Ian Duncan, Bob Hamilton and Chip Milsom.

Distribution of *The Signal*

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***NB: Class Reps are members of the Executive**

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Esquimalt Naval & Military Museum, CFB Esquimalt (Naden) Victoria, BC V9A 7N2
 Telephone: (250) 363-3655
www.navalandmilitarymuseum.org

The Military Museums, 4520 Crowchild Trail SW, Calgary, AB T2T 5J4; Telephone: (403) 410-2340
<https://themilitarymuseums.ca/>

The Naval Museum of Manitoba, HMCS Chippawa, 1 Navy Way Winnipeg, MB R3C 4J7 <https://naval-museum.mb.ca>

HMCS Haida National Historic Site, Pier 9, HMCS Star, 658 Catherine St, Hamilton, ON L8L 8K4 Telephone (905) 526-6742; www.pc.gc.ca/eng/hn-nhs/on/haida/index.aspx

Musée Naval de Québec, 170 rue Dalhousie, Québec, QC G1K 8M7; Telephone: (418) 694-5387
www.musees.qc.ca

Shearwater Aviation Museum, 34 Bonaventure St, Shearwater, NS B0J 3A0; Telephone: (902) 720-1083
www.shearwateraviationmuseum.ns.ca

Maritime Museum of the Atlantic, 1675 Lower Water Street, Halifax, NS B3J 1S3; Telephone (902) 424-7490
www.maritimemuseum.novascotia.ca

The Canadian War Museum, 1 Vimy Place, Ottawa, ON K1A 0M8; Tel: 1-800-555-5621 www.warmuseum.ca

The Canadian Aviation and Space Museum, 11 Aviation Parkway, Ottawa, ON K1K 2X5; Telephone (613) 990-4340
www.ingemiumcanada.org

HMCS Sackville—Canada's Naval Memorial Trust, PO Box 99000, Stn Forces Halifax, NS B3K 5X5;

Telephone (902) 444-3773
www.hmcssackville.ca

Naval Museum of Halifax, Admiralty House, 2729 Gottingen St, Halifax, NS B3K 5X5; Telephone (902) 721-8250 www.hmhps.ca

Comox Air Force Museum, PO Box 1000, Stn Forces, Lazo, BC V0R 2K0 (250) 339-8162
www.comoxairforcemuseum.ca

Vancouver Naval Museum and HS PO Box 47050 Denman Place, Vancouver, BC V6G 3E1; Telephone (604) 738-2075
w.vancouvernavalmuseum.ca

