

LEAD AND LINE

NEWSLETTER OF THE NAVAL OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION OF VANCOUVER ISLAND

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Arctic Star approved for Canadian sailors

Approval to wear the Arctic Star has been granted to Canadian vets who braved the ice and storms of the North Atlantic to resupply Russia during WWII. It has take a full year for approval to come from the Governor General's office sparking concerns that the few hundred remaining Arctic con-

voy vets might never get to wear the decoration.

The veterans who are in their 80s and 90s were concerned that our deteriorating relationship with the Soviet Union over the invasion of the Crimea and tensions in other parts of the Ukraine would put an end to the program.



Ice chipping in corvettes



Some 3000 merchant sailors died on the Murmansk run and the Russian government has made several attempts at honouring the sacrifices of Canadian (and others) sailors who were willing to risk the supreme sacrifice



Monday 26 May Luncheon

4509 West Saanich Road, Royal Oak, Saanich.
When making your reservation, please advise Bill of any food allergies or sensitivities.

Featured speaker:

Rear Admiral Bill Truelove, Commander, Maritime Forces Pacific with his annual update

*Guests - spouses, friends, family are most welcome
Lunch at the Fireside Grill at 1130 for 1215*

For MAY Luncheon reservations please contact Bill Conconi at 250-652-1634 or at "billconconi@me.ca"

NOAVI LEAD AND LINE



President's Column May 2014

Following on from my comments in last month's *Lead and Line*, your Executive has spent some time in reviewing the editorial situation as well as our finances, and it was agreed that effective September 2014 the position of Editor would become a paid position at a rate commensurate with other nonprofit news-magazines in the area, and to that this position would be initially offered to our current Editor. I am very pleased to tell you that Felicity has accepted this position, and so our newsletter will continue in its current format and frequency. Our Treasurer has been doing his sums and it appears that an increase in local dues will not be needed, at least for this year.

Thank you to all those who have taken the trouble to advise me of their thoughts, both on the *Lead and Line* issue and on the proposed change of name. On the name change, it would appear so far that those who have opinions are on the

side of changing the name to match the national organization – and within this group opinion is fairly evenly divided on whether we would become NAVI or NAC-VI. But I do remind you that so far this is only a very small sample size, so if you do have an opinion please do not hesitate to express same.

You will find the requisite notices for the AGM elsewhere in this issue. Please mark your calendar. I know that an AGM is not as interesting as is a Guest Speaker – but, after all, it's Your association, and You deserve to have a part in running it. So please join us!

Yours aye

Cdr M. F. Morres RCN ret
President
Naval Officers Association of Vancouver Island

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100th Anniversary of the Submarine Service

The Canadian Submarine Service has overcome repeated attempts to sink it since 1914. Surprise, controversy, political expediency, and naval manipulation overflow its 100 year history.

Heroes, eccentrics and ordinary people populate this extraordinary story, epitomizing the true essence of the service.

Through a Canadian Periscope offers a colourful and thoroughly researched account of Canada's silent service, from its unexpected inauguration in British Columbia on the first day of the Great War to its uncertain future. After describing the activities of the submarine service during and after World War I, author Julie Ferguson details the careers of the Canadians who served with distinction in British submarines in all theatres of World War II, as well as the British submarines lent to the RCN to train their crews and escort groups.

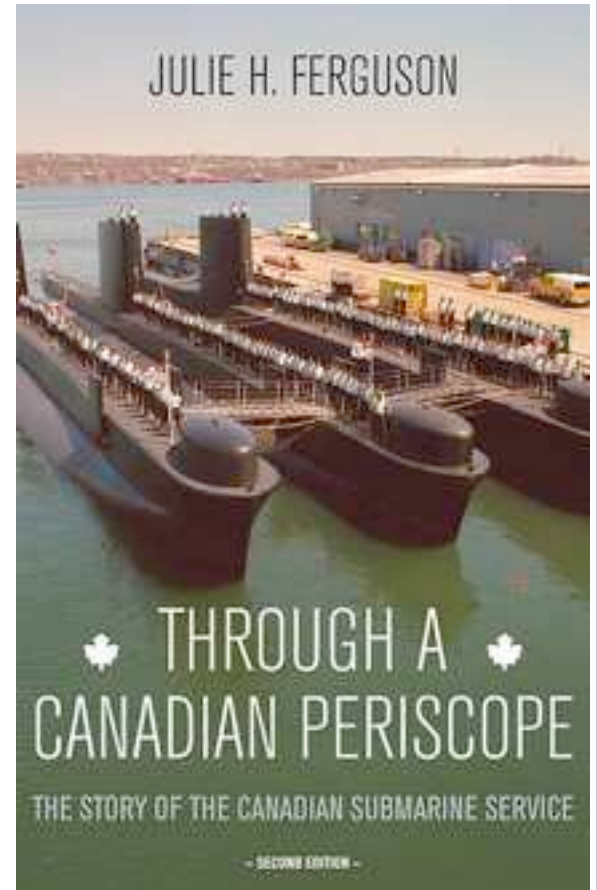
She goes on to examine the modern era, from the rebirth of the service in the 1960s to the present and provides little-

known information which gives a new perspective on the controversial Conservative initiative for nuclear-powered boats in 1987.

This vivid account celebrates the individuals who dedicated and in some instances gave their lives to Canada's submarine service.

420 pages, 123 illustrations, 3 maps, 3 tables.

New foreword by RAdm Daniel McNeil, RCN, CMM, CD2 (Ret).



Calling all Tiffys

Dr. Joseph Homer is one of *Haida's* newest volunteers – welcome aboard. He is embarking on a project to refurbish *Haida's* Sick Bay to the time period of WW2 through to the Korean war.

In order to do that, he is looking for any equipment, medical supplies, pictures, medical logs, names, photos, lists of past serving medical offi-

cers or Sick Bay Tiffys. If you know of anyone who can offer assistance, please contact Joseph Homer at: jjhomer41@gmail.com

Contributions to The Lead & Line costs gratefully received from Associate Member David Nicholson



David has been providing trusted investment advice for over a quarter of a century!



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A single point of Failure...

What really sank the *Thresher*

Excerpts from a special to the Navy Times in April, by Bruce Rule (the analyst at the SOSUS centre in Norfolk, Va at the time of the sinking) and Norman Polmar a Navy Times associate editor.

The *Thresher*, which sank 50 years ago on April 10, 1963 with the loss of all 129 men on board, remains the world's worst submarine disaster in terms of lives lost and her loss remains controversial, a half-century later.

The *Thresher's* test depth was some 1300 feet with a predicted "collapse" depth of about 1950 feet and was immersed in diving trials when the accident occurred.

As the *Thresher* approached her test depth early April 10, 1963 a companion submarine (*Skylark*) received several messages from the *Thresher*: Garbled, they were remembered by *Skylark's* commanding officer, Lt. Cmdr. Stanley Hecker. They included these words: "Experiencing minor....Have positive angle.... Attempting to blow....Will keep you informed."

At some point the number "900" appears to also have been transmitted. This is accepted to have been a reference to test depth, indicating that it was being exceeded by 900 feet -- the submarine had reached 2200 feet.

Moments later Lt. James Watson on the *Skylark's* bridge heard a sound that he recalled from his World War II service: "the sound of a ship breaking up...like a compartment collapsing". Then nothing.

The Navy's most advanced submarine was gone -- the world's first nuclear submarine to be lost.

Beyond reasonable doubt, the available evidence defines the initial *Thresher* casualty as an electrical bus failure, which shut down the submarine's main coolant pumps causing the instant reactor scram.

Unable to rapidly restart the reactor to regain propulsion and unable to blow ballast, the *Thresher* slowly sank toward the ocean floor -- a depth of 8400 feet -- with 129 men on board.

The loss of the *Thresher* was a reminder that the seas are deep, cold, and dark and while man has mastered them with his submarines, those who go down to the sea in undersea craft must be ever vigilant. But when tragedy occurs, it is vital to determine and understand the truth.



The Arion Male Voice Choir

Spirit in the West

A concert of Spiritual and Western songs

Friday 7.30 pm - May 9, 2014

Centennial United Church

612 David St at Gorge Rd

Tickets \$15 in advance - \$20 at the door

Accompanied children under 12 free

Tickets available from Choir Members or at the door

For tickets in advance 250-472-8914 or visit www.arionchoir.ca

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NOAVI Annual General Meeting

In preparation for the Annual General Meeting the President has issued the Annual Call for volunteers to serve on the Executive Committee and for proposed resolutions to be tabled at the next NOAVI AGM. Please forward any nominations and/or resolutions to the Secretary - Bud Rocheleau at 250-386-3209 or "bnhrocheleau@shaw.ca"

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Chicoutimi at Ogden Point



Shortly after noon Good Friday, I watched as HMCS Chicoutimi silently surfaced at Ogden Pt Camber. This historic diving and surfacing completes, in my mind, the proof-of-capability of the matched set of Canada's four formidable submarines. There are more tests and work-ups scheduled; but to the inquiring mind and the informed expert, this quiet surfacing shakes for ever the media stigma that has unfairly dogged these boats for some years.

Elle est encore vraiment: "Maitre du Domaine" (ships motto of Battle of Atlantic corvette K156 & of SSK 879)

Larry Dawe



Crikey...what next!

Recent news reports tell us that *HMCS Iroquois* has discovered cracks in the upper part of the vessel which will limit future operations. Specifically, she will be unable to sail when the weather is rough,



Iroquois in happier times

which in the North Atlantic can be expected fairly often. Although *Iroquois* is scheduled for refit in 2020 others report suggest the vessel's life span will be over by 2017.

Add this to the engine-room fire in *Protecteur* while off the coast of Hawaii in February, the damage done to *HMCS Winnipeg* upon being rammed by an American fishing trawler while in dock in Esquimalt, the December 2012 damage down to *Athabaskan* when

a tugboat crashed into her, further damage done to *Corner Brook* upon making close contact with the ocean floor and things are looking a little grim.

Of 33 large ships and submarines, 15 are being repaired or receiving upgrades. Another four are currently testing newly installed systems and are playing limited roles. The future does not promise great improvements.

A little political muscle about now would be nice. **Ed.**

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The end of HMCS Cape Breton

Photo taken March 30, 2014 by Dave Shirlaw showing the scrapping progress of the remains of HMS Rame Head (prop) and stern and triple expansion engines from HMS Flamborough Head/HMCS Cape Breton. The triple expansion engine is visible to the right of the yellow discard tube while the cut up propeller is not visible but just behind the left scaffolding



NOAVI LEAD AND LINE

Excerpts from the letters of Lt Claude Lane Campbell RCNVR.

Editor's note

You may remember in our last issue of the Lead and Line that Lt Campbell was trained to be a Control Officer with a specialty in anti-submarine warfare

I am slated for a boat similar to those built in Victoria last winter, hundreds of which have also been built in England for convoys. I used to go down to Pt. Ellis bridge and watch those they were building and wish I could get on one.

I put in four and one half weeks at *H.M.S. King Alfred* and enjoyed it immensely, but it was rather hectic. Here is a sample of a day's routine:

- | | |
|----------------|--------------------|
| (1) Navigation | (5) Pilotage |
| (2) Gunnery | (6) Field Training |
| (3) Seamanship | (7) Signaling |
| (4) Torpedo | |

We were taught for the most part by C.P.O.'s (Chief Petty Officers), who had retired and were called up again for training purposes. They are great characters and for the most part very intelligent men, for with very little formal education it requires a lot of native wit to rise to be a C.P.O. They make some awfully funny cracks. One was giving us a lecture on how to handle men, and, pointing to his good conduct ribbon he said, "This is for fifteen years of undetected crime." Another one, when an officer turned left about three times in succession shouted, "Good God sir, you must have been born on Friday the 13th with two left arms." We were in roars of laughter about every fifteen minutes during lectures on seamanship, provisioning ship, etc.

Sunday. Nov. 10, 1940

We expect to receive our appointments tomorrow and we leave here on Tuesday.

When I first came to Campbelton, Scotland I wondered if any Campbell relatives might be here and I asked a few questions of a lady who runs a stationery store. She told me that



Lt Claude Campbell RCNVR

the headmaster of the local school had been named Malcolm Campbell and that his widow was still alive in the town. I told her that my father's name was John Malcolm Campbell and that he had been a school master in Victoria for about forty years. A few days later she told me she had been talking to Mrs. Campbell and that the old lady would like to see me. She gave me the address but I did not go around till yesterday.

There, was a long row of stone buildings, or rather one building a whole block long. Every fifty feet or so is a tunnel leading in. It looked pretty drab but I went in and at the back was a stone staircase. The stones were sandstone and scrubbed almost as white as snow. The steps were worn down in hol-

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lows at least two inches in the centre. When I got to the top there was an oak door with a large shiny brass plate with Mrs. M. Campbell on it. There also was a very shiny brass bell pull. A handsome old woman with white hair opened the door and said, "Come in, I know who you are." She took me to a nicely furnished parlour looking out through lattice windows on the street from the second floor. It was as cold as a vault, but she lit the grate and in about half an hour it emitted a feeble glow.

She was a charming old Scottish lady nearly 80 years of age. She talked about all her husband's relatives and was quite sure my grandfather was her husband's cousin. Her husband's father had had two brothers, named respectively John and Malcolm, and she was sure Dad had been named for them.

About 4:30 her daughter and the district nurse came in. The daughter is an old maid of about 40 and works in the town offices. The nurse boards with them. We all went into the kitchen for tea and it was much warmer. It was a great big room with a huge fire-place. The left-hand side was a coal range, the right-hand side a gas range, and the centre a grate full of glowing coal. There were flowers in the window and a canary singing away in a cage. The whole flat was as clean and shiny as a new pin. She told me she had lived in the one house for 54 years – just imagine. Those stone houses are hundreds of years old.

We had a grand tea - bread and butter, cold meat, oat bread, bramble jelly, short bread, fruit cake and tea. I wanted to go in town for our dinner at the ship, but they begged me to stay and so I remained till about 9:00. The three women had been knitting for the Navy and insisted on giving me six Balaclava helmets.

I really don't expect to get any leave, so I may be on the Atlantic this time next week. If you are on convoy you have a week or so at sea and then about 3 days in port. They tell me your clothes are never off at sea and you spend most of the time in port sleeping. I will know more about it soon.

My room-mate, Dick Hart, had a surprise party for me on Friday. He invited about six of our best pals in and bought a bottle of wine and they gave me a toast on my wedding anniversary. It was very decent of him. He is an extremely fine chap.

Thursday, Nov. 14, 1940

Last Tuesday our class was lined up and the I.C.I.C. came out of his office with a list of our names. First he called for five volunteers to go to West Africa. There seemed no enthusiasm on the part of the English lads, (and you can't blame them, for their wives and families are here), so I said I would be glad to go. It was not to be, however, as they could only take Sub-Lieutenants. After that the I.C.I.C. just read out the name and then detailed you to a job.

I was told to go to a certain port in England and report to H.M.S. *Basset*. I travelled for two days and changed trains twice and finally arrived at a seaport. I found the Navy administration building and signed several documents and then was told to go and find the *Basset* and report to her Captain. There was a long quay with dozens of grey painted trawlers, mine sweepers, mine layers, corvettes, etc. They were two and three deep, very few names showed, and no one seemed to know the *Basset*.

My spirits had been pretty low ever since I left *Campbelltown*. I wondered what kind of a ship I was going to. What would her commander think of me?

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H.M.S. *Basset* 1938

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Every mile increased my feeling of ignorance and incompetence. Now as I walked along the interminable length of this huge jetty I reached my lowest ebb.

At last someone pointed out to me a large trawler which was loading coal and in consequence filthy dirty and in a mess from stem to stern, as my ship. I went aboard and after poking about for a while located her Captain. He is a grand fellow, and in spite of the fact that he had not even known he was getting another officer and was up to his neck in work and trouble, could not have been kinder to me. The other two officers are young and very attractive Englishmen - one is married to a Canadian girl. The *Basset* is what is known as a happy ship, and that means everything.

I do not know how much I can tell you of what we are doing, so till I enquire I will not say much.

Monday, Nov. 18, 1940

Well, sweetheart, we have completed our first voyage. We are convoying freighters up and down the coast, and it looks as if we will be about 50% of the time at sea and the remainder in port. The ship is based at an East Coast Port, and we, along with various other units of the Navy, escort the merchantmen for two days' journey North or South then are in port for a couple of days and pick up another convoy back to our own base. Our first voyage was quite eventful, but I will have to tell you about it when I get home.

The second officer on board is a young Sub-Lieutenant R.N.R. and a most delightful boy. He is married to a Montreal girl and sailed out of Montreal for several years. He greeted me like a brother and has just showered kindness on me. R.N.R. means that he has a Mate's ticket in the Merchant Service, and of course knows ten times as much as I do about his business. He is junior to me and you might think he would resent a green horn being made number one on the ship, but he shows no sign of it and helps me in every way. It is ridiculous in a way, too, but as I have two stripes I could not be under him according to the Navy. He does our navigation



Convoy in the Atlantic

largely, and my job is to handle the crew, look after all the gear - washing down, anchoring, mooring, etc. I have to keep mess accounts, supervise issues of stores, rum rations, etc. etc. En route I am in charge of the A.S.D.I.C work of course. I think I will like it when I get my hearings, but at first it is rather overwhelming.

The Captain is a grand fellow, as I said before. He is almost too nice and won't ask you to do things or give you definite instructions. He was a yachtsman before the war with a business in London, but to see him handle this ship you would think he had been steam boating all his life. His name is Herriot and the second officer's name is George McClory. He (McClory) has a baby boy about 18 months old and his wife is living with his people in Lancashire.

You cannot count on being anywhere long here, for crews are frequently shifted about - sometimes a man stays with a ship at one base for a year or more and sometimes another shifts every few months.

The crew are a likable lot. They were mostly fishermen and dirt is their natural environment. They are most untidy and cannot understand this constant washing down and tidying up of ropes, gear, etc.! They are very good about it, however, and one can hardly blame

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them for thinking as they do, for on a coal burning craft like this with everything greased to keep it from rusting you can never keep clean.

We have a nice bathroom for us three - a wardroom with a coal stove and separate cabins. The Captain has his own cabin under the bridge, but eats with us in the Wardroom. We have a steward to look after us. He serves our meals, makes our beds and cleans the quarters.

Friday, Nov. 22, 1940

Yesterday I had a big thrill; I berthed the ship by myself. We were anchored out in the stream and both the other officers were ashore on business when we were hailed from the pier and told to come alongside for coal when the ship at the bunkers moved out.

My heart sank in my boots and cold shivers ran up and down my spine. I nearly signaled ashore for someone with experience to give a hand, but decided that I would have to take charge some time, so it might as well be now. I ordered the Chief to warm up the engines - sent the Cox'n to the wheel house and I went up on the bridge. The helmsman is in a little house under the bridge and cannot see out. He has the wheel, a compass, an engine room telegraph, and a rudder indicator in front of him. I give him orders through a voice pipe leading from three positions on the bridge.

I stood on the port wing of the bridge for half an hour waiting for the other boat to pull out. I planned my moves a hundred times and all the time my knees were knocking together. The space I would have to go in was only ten feet longer than my ship and there were sixteen depth charges, each containing 250 lbs. of high explosives on the stern of the vessel ahead, and sixteen in my own stern. They say it is almost impossible to set them off, but one always has doubts.

At last the other ship worked her way out and my moment had come. I gave the order to hoist anchor, and when it was secure I hailed down the voice pipe "Slow

ahead" - back came a sepulchre voice - '*slow ahead, sir*'. The ship did not move, for we were heading into the tide which flows quite strongly, so I gave "*Half Ahead*" - '*half ahead, sir*'.

I had already stationed three of my best hands on the fo'c'sle top with heaving lines and two more at the stern, also several along the side with fenders. The ship began to move forward. "*One Turn to Port*" was the next order - '*one turn to port, sir*'. The ship did not seem to turn much, so I gave her another turn of the wheel to port.

Now she gathered way and made for the open space at the dock between the two ships. "*Amidships*" - '*amidships, sir*' - "*Ease to Slow Ahead*" - '*slow ahead, sir*'. Then came a flurry of orders so fast the poor helmsman could hardly repeat them, let alone perform them. "*Stop Engines*" - "*One Turn to Starboard*" - "*Two turns to Starboard*" - "*Slow Astern*" - "*Half Astern*" - "*Stop Engines*".

Then our bluff bows rubbed along the dock and she stopped right on top of the next boat, it seemed to me. The lines were heaved and the wharfingers carried the bow line forward and put it over a bollard. I looked astern and our stern was outside the bows of the vessel behind, and they shouted that I would have to go ahead.

Then men on the fo'c'sle head said there was about fifteen yards, so I gave slow ahead and we crept up ten yards, then I gave stop engines and ordered the men to take in slack on the bow rope and make fast. Still my stern lay out in the stream at an angle of about 15° and although we had a line ashore we could not pull her in, having no winch.

Just as this situation began to get embarrassing, I got an inspiration. I suppose any, of the ordinary seamen could have told me, but it seemed like a divine revelation to me, I ordered a wire spring line leading from aft forward to prevent the ship going back, then I ordered "*Slow Astern*" in the engines. The line tightened with a groan and then slowly the stern swung into the dock. "*Stop-*

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Engines" - "Make All Fast" and we were there. I looked about me for the first time and was surprised to see twenty men on the dock, going about their business as if nothing had happened. Very phlegmatic, these Englishmen. I suppose hardly one of them had even noticed I was coming in.

I have lots of clerical work to do in port, as signals instructions, letters, bills, etc. flow in all day long, but I am liking it fine. I had to deal with two of my best men who got drunk and did not come home till morning, when they should have been tucked in at 10:30 p.m. They are exactly like kids.

Tuesday, Nov. 26, 1940

We have been three days and three nights at sea, doing four hours on and four hours off. It is hard work, as between dressing and undressing and getting food, one never gets between the blankets for more than three hours at a time. We will be in for two days and then off again.

The weather has been stormy but not cold. When it gets cold I don't know what I shall do, for I have so many clothes on now that I am almost round. To my great surprise I have not been sea sick but we have not hit any really bad weather yet. They tell me the convoys do not travel in really bad weather if it can be avoided, so that is something to be thankful for. These boats are excellent sea boats and this one has a particularly easy motion I think. The trip was absolutely uneventful and the only worry was keeping back of the convoy at night. No lights are shown and very few aids to navigation exist now, so it is quite a problem. We have to keep station in a ghostly line of ships which merge into a rain cloud and disappear before you know it.

I am learning a lot each day and I hope I will be a fairly competent navigator before many months are up, (that is coast wise navigation). There is a terrific amount of correspondence (official) which collects and



HMCS Nootka commissioned in 1938 (renamed HMCS Nanoose in 1943) and decommissioned in 1945, one of 4 Fundy class minesweepers.

has to be attended to when we return each trip. Half of it might be in Chinese for all I can make of it, and it seems impossible to get anyone to tell you. It will probably take ten years after the war is over to straighten it all out.

This ship is very similar to the "Nootka" and the "Comox" which were built at Yarrows about two years ago, if anyone asks you. It is 160 ft. long, 27 ft. beam and has coal burning steam engines. It does an easy twelve knots and displaces about 600 tons.

The food is very good and we can order any groceries we like. They are purchased at the Navy stores very reasonably, and then we must pay the difference between the monthly bill and the allowance for food from the Navy.

Saturday Nov 30, 1940

I am based at Parkestone Quai about two miles from Harwich. It is all right to tell you where I am if I do not mention the name of my ship. When you write to me always use the address G.P.O. London. Harwich is a drab little place at the best of times, and as its chief

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business resulted from tourist travel to Holland, Belgium, and Germany. It is half deserted now. There is a nice little town about the size of Nanaimo called Dover Court just about 1 1/2 miles from here. It has two theatres (movie), several hotels, but very little in the way of entertainment.

This used to be a very busy point of embarkation for cross channel passengers. Do you remember a sticker on Dad's suitcase *Harwich to the Hook of Holland*? Poor Dad, when he walked this quai he little expected that this war would develop and that his son would be stationed here.

These ships have to lay up for a boiler cleaning about every six weeks, and all hands usually get six days leave. If we have any luck our turn should come about Christmas. I don't know what I shall do, but I think I will, if I get a chance, go back to Brighton. It is the nicest place I have visited yet and we were told to consider *King Alfred* our home. We are honorary members of the mess and could probably have a jolly time there. I may of course get an invitation from some of the officers here.

You should see me, as I think I have said in several previous letters, in my sea-going rig. I am trying to get some snaps but cameras are forbidden here, so I will have to dress up some morning and walk a half mile into the country. These lambie coats are made of thick spongy woolen cloth, fawn in colour, very large, double breasted, with a parka or big hood which will go on even over your uniform cap. They are the warmest things and would be wonderful on the *Barbara Jean*. I am going to buy one for myself as they only cost 32s. about \$7.50 and the ones on the ship have to be passed around i.e. they are no one's particular property

This coast is much like the mouth of the Fraser River for miles and miles - all sand banks with narrow channels between. It takes a bit of careful navigating as the tides are very strong. I hope to learn a good deal in the next few months, but I wish it was spring instead of

winter. I have not been sea sick yet but am keeping my fingers crossed.

Sunday, Dec. 1, 1940

Just think, December the 1st - it will soon be 1941. I will be glad when the spring comes round and the weather becomes pleasant again. It has not been really bad yet, but the two worst months are ahead. Well as we burn coal we have lots of fuel anyway and we have a nice stove in the Ward Room. Its heats my room quite well and we keep it on night and day. There is always somebody on watch at sea or ashore whose job it is to slip down every two hours and stoke up all the stoves. There is also one in the men's mess and one in the Captain's cabin.

Well, another two days trip completed safely and satisfactorily. We had no excitement except one bomb was dropped. It fell about half a mile from the convoy and the destroyers opened fire. I could see the shrapnel bursting away up in the sky but I never saw the plane. I think some Jerry passing over, away up, let one go on a chance then when he saw the escort was awake he buzzed off about his nasty business.

About twenty trawlers work out of here and only one has been lost in the last four months. It hit a mine and they beached it just before it sank. No one was even injured, although six went to hospital for a few days to recover from the shock of immersion in the cold water. We wear what they call Mae West life preservers all the time at sea. They are rubber, covered with a sort of stocking cloth and are inflated.

A beautiful four masted schooner yacht acts as the base ship here. All the staff - officers, captains, commanders, etc. have cabins on her and they have a beautiful ward room and smoking room, etc. She is painted grey and has her topmasts down but she is still a lovely ship and the interior is the last word in luxury. She is called H.M.S. *Badger*.

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I went for a long walk last time I was in port and found my way across some fields to a little golf course. The small club house was deserted and the place was going to seed, but it had been a very nice little 9 hole club. It was sad to see it that way and imagine the good times they used to have there.

Wire was stretched on poles across the fairways to prevent planes landing and on several small hills were gun emplacements with soldiers on guard. One soldier

told me the professional had stayed on with his family till just a few weeks ago when he got another job.

I am afraid this is going to be a long war but I think the action will shift from these shores next spring. If it does and things quieten down here I keep hoping that you might get over here.

Lt Campbell's fascinating memoirs will be continued in the June issue of Lead and Line

Canadians not the only ones having trouble getting the Arctic Star

Andrey Makarenko of the Russian embassy in London told The Independent that not all the names of Arctic convoy veterans had been provided by the UK authorities, because of data protection rules. He said officials had worked flat-out over the summer to process the

applications and forward a list of names to Moscow for consideration. Anyone who has completed the application will receive a medal, he said.

"Now we need to wait until a special decree will be signed, the medals would be minted and delivered to the UK. After that we will be ready to start the awarding process," he added.



Notice of NOAVI Annual General Meeting

Notice is hereby given that the 67th Annual General Meeting will take place at the Fireside Grill 4509 West Saanich Road, Royal Oak, Saanich, BC on Monday 23 June 2014 on completion of the Luncheon.

1. To consider, and subject to any necessary amendments, approve the minutes of the 66th Annual General Meeting held on Monday 24 June 2013;
2. To receive the report of the President;

3. To consider and approve the financial statements for the year ending 31 March 2014;
4. To appoint auditors for the year ending 31 March 2015;
5. To ratify and confirm the actions of the Executive Committee and Officers for the year 2013/2014 and to authorize the Executive Committee to take action on behalf of the Organization for the year 2014/2015; and
6. To transact such business as may be properly brought before this meeting.

NOAVI LEAD AND LINE



Rocket firing from Regina

Photo: Cpl Michael Bastien, MARPAC

Regina fires an exercise chaff rocket at a simulated target in the waters east of India during Operation ARTEMIS. This is Regina's second deployment (first in 2012) in the Arabian Sea. Her Captain is Cdr Daniel Charlebois

Former naval officer and Kandahar veteran in Vancouver running for Parliament

John Bolduc Arthur, a former Navy Intelligence Officer has thrown his hat in the ring for the 2015 Federal election. He did time in Kandahar in 2008 and has been a Business Consultant since leaving the CF.

He hopes to represent Vancouver Kingsway in the Liberal Party in the next Government.



Rick Town, who has been the Coordinator for the OBIT service for about five years, has stepped down from this position. We thank him for his faithful service. However this means that the position of Obits Coordinator is now open. I do hope that one of our members will step forward. It is not an onerous position, consisting mainly of checking the TC obituaries every day and passing on those which concern our membership

President Michael Morres

Service Officer's report

Mrs. Margaret Bartlett,
Mount St Mary's Hospital,
861 Fairfield Rd.

LCdr. Ted Clayards
Palm South Broadmead Lodge

Lt. Sheila Davis
Oak Bay Lodge, 2251 Cadboro Bay
Rd. V8R 5H3 Ph: 250-595-4844
tinda@shaw.ca

Cdr. Rusty MacKay also Liz
4619 Elk Lake Dr.
Ph 250-727-7460

LCdr Bill Creighton
Daffodil Lodge, Sunridge Lodge,
361 Bundock Pl. Duncan B.C,
Behind Dairy Queen

Lt Tom Arkell
602 Ross Place Retirement Home
2638 Ross Lane. Ph 250-385-2638

LCdr. Ward Palmer 3101 Dolphin
Dr. Nanoose Bay B.C. V9B 9J2
Ph 250-468-7101

Cdr. W. Walker and
Nursing Sister Catherine Walker
3225 Exeter Victoria
Ph 250-592-0769

Captain (N) Robert Peers
Broadmead Lodge

Please phone prior to visiting



In Memoriam

Mrs. Mae Boyd Feb

Wilfred Yurgensen 22 Mar
William (Bill) Creighton 13 April

An overhaul of the Service Officer's Report and Visitation Committee is underway. If you would like to join us, phone Irvine Hare 250-592-2268 or Peter or Elizabeth Campbell at 250-478-7351