



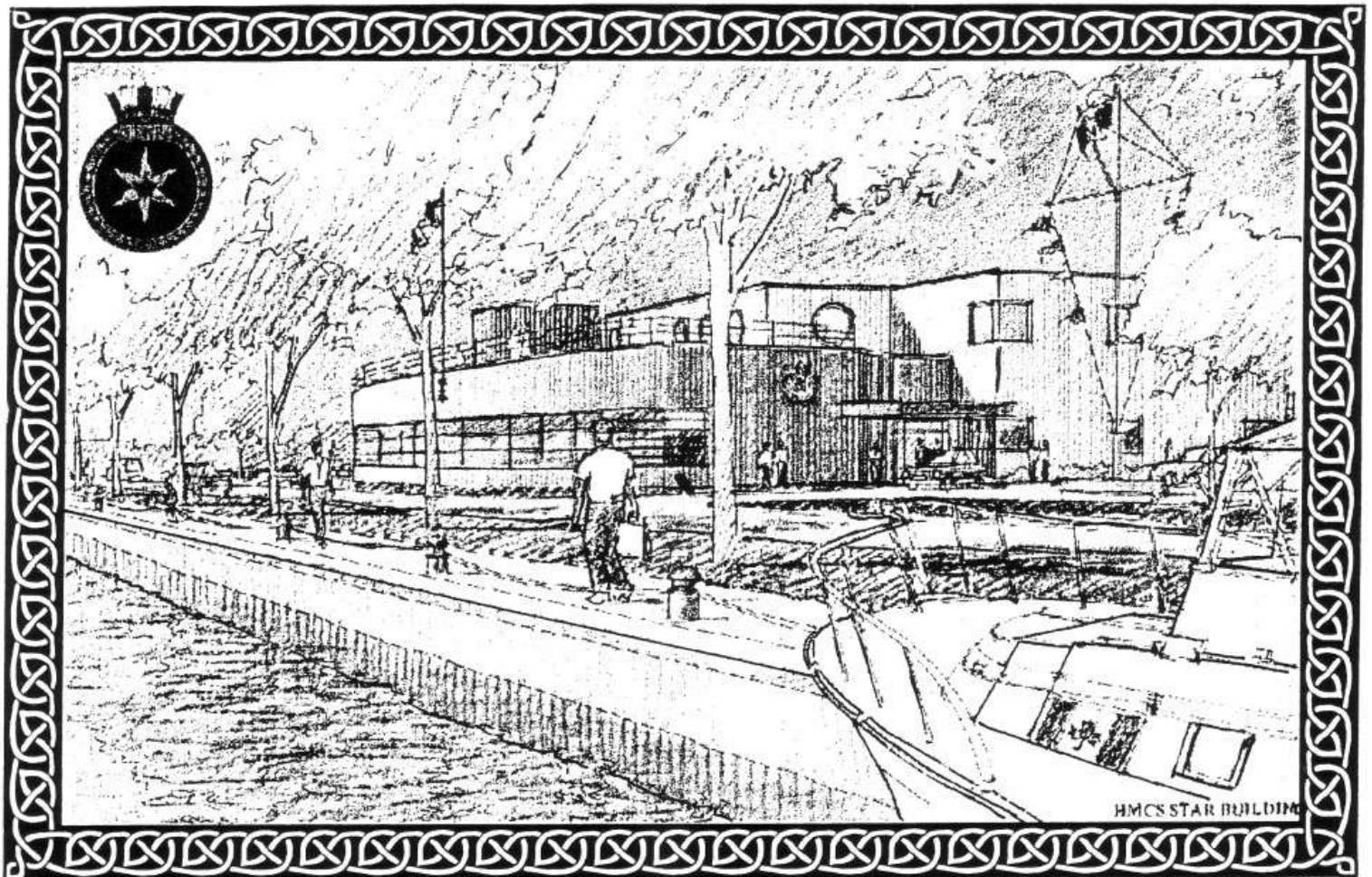
# THE NEWSLETTER



Of The UNTD Association of Upper Canada

SPRING EDITION

MARCH 1997



## A NEW STAR RISING

THIS IS AN ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF WHAT THE NEW HMCS STAR WILL LOOK LIKE WHEN CONSTRUCTION IS COMPLETED IN THE FALL OF 1987. THE VIEW, TAKEN FROM THE WATERFRONT NEAR THE MAIN GATE ON CATHARINE STREET, SHOWS THE FRONT ENTRANCE TO A LARGE QUARTERDECK AND DISPLAY FOYER RUNNING THE WIDTH OF THE BUILDING. THE MESSES HAVE HUGE WINDOWS OVERLOOKING THE HARBOUR. DOCKING FACILITIES CAN ACCOMMODATE THE LARGEST SHIPS IN THE RCN. THE TWO STOREY BUILDING BEHIND THE FOYER WILL CONTAIN CLASSROOMS, OFFICES AND A DRILL DECK. THE EXTERIOR WALLS WILL BE COVERED IN METAL SIDING SYNONYMOUS WITH STEEL TOWN.

Story on page 7.

## SOMETIMES A GREAT NOTION

The following is a copy of a letter that your editor sent to the honorary Captain Bata in 1993 and a National Defence Policy Directive published in 1996. Are they related? Is someone up there really listening?

Dear Captain Bata,

I was very pleased to meet you at the NOAC Christmas Hoist held in the Wardroom of HMCS York on Dec. 3, 1993. Everyone present agreed with your thesis that the Navy needs more publicity and has generally done a poor job of public relations in the past. This is a theme that I have advocated for years and now that I am retired from command I continue to promote the Navy in any way that I can.

I am concerned about a short sighted policy in effect at this time which requires all reservist to retire and surrender their uniforms when they reach age 55. Anyone who reaches that age in the Naval Reserve is usually a senior officer or petty officer with a wealth of experience, knowledge and very likely holding a prestigious position in their community. Are these the kind of people from whom we should be stripping uniforms, telling them that they no longer have a place on the team? Perhaps we should consider creating an honorary senior naval advisory group at no cost to the government except one "used" uniform. Their influence could be immeasurable.

Yours sincerely,  
Robert Williamson,  
Commander RCNR

NAVRESHQ: 5323-3 (COS)  
19 January 1996

### RESTRUCTURING THE RESERVES

1. In April 1995 the Honourable David Collenette, Minister of National Defence, appointed a Special Commission to review the Structure of the Reserves.

2. The Commission's Report recommends that all trained personnel, officers and NCMS will be enroled in a

Supplementary Ready Reserve on leaving the Reserve after five years or at age 55, whichever is earlier.

3. The Commission further recommends that personnel so honourably released from the Canadian Forces retain their uniforms.

Chief of Staff

### COMMISSIONING - UNTD DINNER Kingston, 20 Sep. 1996

The view of Crawford Wharf with HMCS Kingston alongside could only be described as ringside seating from the adjacent hotels where UNTD Association members had reserved rooms for the week-end of the commissioning. It was an event that did the navy proud and was blessed with warm sunny autumn weather.

On the Friday night before the commissioning ceremony, UNTiDies and their significant others gathered at the Faculty Club of Queen's University for dinner. Over cocktails, old acquaintances were renewed. Herb Little, Bob Wootton and Bob Duncombe were there from Ottawa. Harvey Neuman, the subject of at least two anecdote in "UNTiDy Tales" was the representative from Montreal. Kingston members were in the majority with Don Carter, Dean of Queen's Law School; David McLay, Professor of Physics; Bob McKenzie, Professor of Municipal Planning; Peter Watson, Professor of Education; George Vosper, a former Engineer and Ron Paquin, former Commanding Officer of HMCS Cataraqui heading the list.

There was no dinner speaker, but the gathering was small enough to allow each former cadet to give a short, personal UNTD anecdote. These humorous stories brought back a lot of memories, livened up the party and challenged the wit of those present. Bob Wootton read a selection from his "Middle Watch" poems and played a few salty tunes on his harmonica. Everyone left the party with a nostalgic glow and feeling perhaps a little younger.

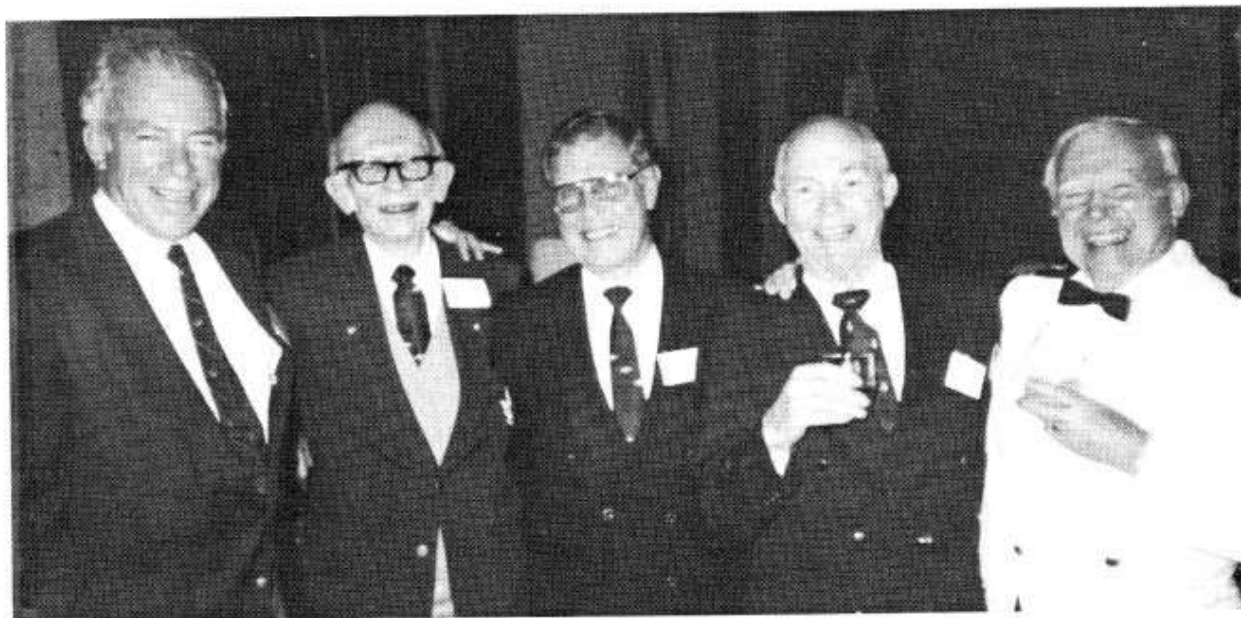


## ANNUAL REUNION MESS DINNER HMCS York, November 16, '96

The dinner got under way with Mark Llewellyn, York '64, attempting to set a record by breaking as many dinner rules as possible in one logical and coherent sentence. Bill Brown, Chippewa '62 went one step further by demonstrating how, in several cases, the dinner rules needed to be revised. He was especially distressed about the "no foreign language rule" which forced the Newfoundlanders at his table to sit in silence. Thus the challenge to authority and the exchange of wit and witticism continued in UNTD fashion throughout the uproarious but delightful dinner.

After dinner, Commodore Robert Baugnet, OMM, CD, Commander Naval Reserves and UNTD McGill '63 compared the old Naval Reserve that we all trained in, to his present command. In a nut shell, the Reserves now have very specific Coastal Defense and Naval Control of Shipping tasks with state of the art ships to work with. Best of all, the Naval Reserve now comes under the command of a commander who is a Reservist with Commodore rank and answers directly to the Maritime Commander. We were left with the opinion that the Navy and the Reserves have never been in better shape.

Commodore Robert Baugnet OMM, CD, Commander Naval Reserves, addresses the guests at the Annual Reunion Mess Dinner at HMCS York, on Saturday, Nov. 16, '96



Billing themselves as the original "DORKS" from York are: Terry Doran, Bill Ogden, Jim Roberts, Randal Kenny, and John Sherin. Enlisting in 1946, they

celebrated their 50th anniversary with a hilarious, ribald, reunion dinner while stuffing themselves with delicious Atlantic baked salmon and white wine.



After the Annual Reunion Mess Dinner, Bill Brown '62 Chippewa (hand extended) makes retribution for his sins by addressing the pleasure of Dinner President Andy Shaw '64 Cataraqui & Vices: SLt Steve Carius and David Fry '48 York, at the bar. Program Chairman, Errol Rowe '59 Cabot, awaits his turn in the background.

#### WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

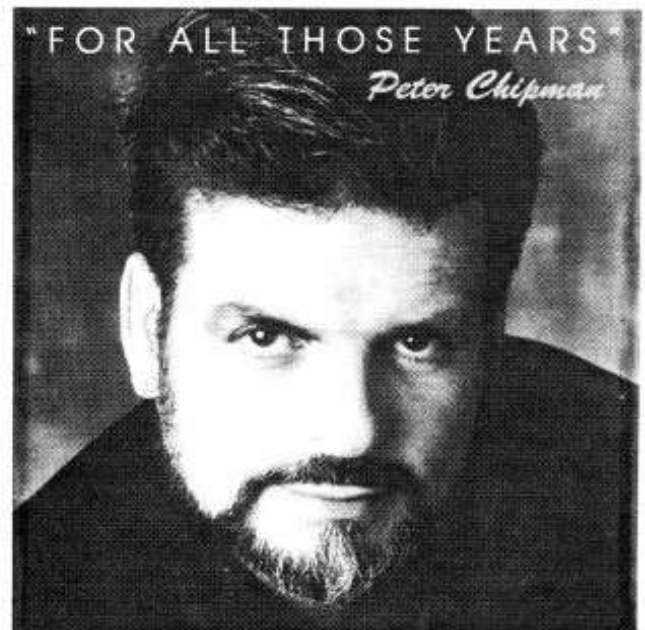
Editor's Note. It is planned to make this a regular feature of the newsletter.

Peter Chipman, UNTD Brunswicker '64 is now a singer and entertainer by profession in Vancouver. He runs his own company called CAPCAN Music Distribution which publishes songs and distributes fine quality digitally remastered compact disks. He was also, until recently, a partner with Barrie Jackson and Rick Daycock (both UNTD Chippewa) in the Cooper Boating Centre, a large yacht charter and sailing school in Vancouver. Unfortunately, Barrie Jackson, who until two years ago was serving in the Reserve Navy as X.O. of HMCS Discovery, died suddenly last summer from a massive brain haemorrhage at age 52.

Peter is a dedicated member of The Variety Club and has been involved with "special needs children" for over 18 years, performing on Telethons across North America. Funds raised have been used to finance capital projects for hospitals, child development centres and special equipment for independent living.

Recently, Peter released a collection of twelve of his favourite songs recorded on a CD. It includes songs such as: *The last Farewell*, *You Light Up My Life* and *Ghostriders In The Sky*, as well as Peter's

popular original songs: *You Girl*, *Everybody's Writin' Songs*, *Rodeo Roadshow Man* and *Hey Daisy*. The title song for this recording is a new release called, *For All Those Years*. One dollar from the sale of each CD or Cassette is donated to the Variety Club of British Columbia.



Peter lives at: 10 - 5053 47th Avenue, Delta, B.C. V4K 1R2. Tel:(604) 940-0147 Fax: (604) 940-1705 The CD is available by direct mail or by calling: 1-800-JOE-RADIO (563-7234)

## BOOK REVIEW

### SEA FEVER

Captain John Caldecott Littler, RCN, CD, 1995, Kiwi Publications, Victoria, B.C. ISBN 0-9680370-0-3, 316 pp., illus. 53 photos, index, soft cover.

The seagoing memoirs of Captain John Littler were originally prepared for his family and friends from accounts taken from his journals and letters. This material has been edited and published in Canada by Cmdre Jan Drent (former UNTD).

John Littler first went to sea in 1927 at the age of seventeen. In the first half of the book he describes his adventures afloat and ashore as a cadet and later a mate in the British Merchant Marine, a system that produced officers with the highest professional standards and nautical skills. As he became a Master Mariner, he provides an insight into life at sea in the era of declining British Imperialism when British shipping in the Far East came into conflict with Japanese Expansionism.

In 1940 as the tiny RCN quickly expanded, mariners with John Littler's background were desperately needed and recruited by Canadian foreign agents. Through his non-biased eyes we get an excellent appraisal of the RCN's war effort. He commissioned the new corvette, *HMCS Brandon* and commanded her during the most difficult phases of the Battle of the Atlantic. Having won the trust and affection of Commodore Murray, he was appointed as Commander of the RCN's little known sea-training establishment on Pictou Harbour, Nova Scotia (later moved to Bermuda). He had a front row seat to D-Day when he served in the cruiser, *HMS Belfast* throughout Operation Neptune. Finally, because of his cruiser experience, he participated in the last stages of the Pacific war as Navigating Officer in Canada's new cruiser, *HMCS Uganda*. He was thrilled by her fighting efficiency and ashamed of the political actions that lead to her infamous vote to quit the war.

In the post-war navy, Captain Littler commanded the destroyer, *HMCS Crescent* and held key shore appointments on both

coasts that brought him into close association with Cdr. Herb Little and the UNTD program. His observations in this section of his book will be of special interest to our newsletter readers. We also get the inside story behind the *HMCS Micmac* "incident". After a delightful year at the Imperial Defence College, he took the cruiser, *HMCS Ontario*, on her last foreign cruises and ended his career in 1961 with a staff position at COND in Hamilton.

By his writing style, knowledge and story telling abilities we can see why the unassuming Captain Littler was known as a "gentleman's gentleman" and proved to be an excellent trainer of men and cadets. He thrills us with his exploits and bold ship handling abilities. He lives now in retirement at Rivington, Vinegar Hill Road, R.D. #1, Kamo, New Zealand.

*Editor*

### MEMORIES OF A WARTIME UNTD

Warren D. Forrester's story continued...  
The Second Year

During the second school year, 1944-45, we continued our naval classes and drills on the campus and at *HMCS York*. After Spring Exams we headed off for another two weeks of "active" service on the East Coast. By this time, the War in Europe had just ended and the Halifax V.E. Day riot was still in the news. We were sent this time, not to Halifax but to *HMCS Cornwallis* via CP Rail and the Dominion Atlantic Railroad under similar travelling conditions to those of the previous year. Upon arrival, we were signed on as temporary crew members of *HMCS Quinte*, a minesweeper converted for gunnery training duty. It was said that she had been sunk twice and raised each time. I can't recall what caused the original sinking, but the second sinking was said to have resulted from the salvage crew breaking into the rum locker after raising her.

We had all been issued hammocks and taught how to string them and lash them in rolls. These we slung fore and aft in the stockers' mess below decks, hoisting them tight to the deckhead during the

day, and lowering them only for sleeping. This arrangement was very efficient since it occupied no deck space. The hammocks swung in unison with the rolling of the ship and the cocoon effect gave the illusion of security and privacy to its occupant. The galley was one deck up from the stoker's mess, so we had to carry our food along the deck and down a ladder to the mess before consuming it. I don't know whether this arrangement was necessitated by ship design or was intended to reduce food consumption; it certainly made one think twice about having a second helping.

We were assigned to watches as apprentices to the regular crew members, alternating periodically between the boiler room and the engine room. The Arts guys were likewise assigned to watches above deck doing ordinary seaman things. The stokers were a friendly and informal lot who treated us with candour and good humour. The *Quinte* had steam reciprocating engines and boilers fuelled with light bunker oil. Air pressure in the boiler room was kept higher than the outside pressure to prevent possible backdraft from the flame jets. A favourite prank was to call an apprentice in the engine room to take a message from the boiler room. When he stuck his head into the voice tube funnel, he would receive a facefull of black smoke from some smouldering oily waste held to the funnel in the boiler room. Since the air flowed only one way through the voice tube, there was no way to return the smoke signal. The only useful duty that I remember performing on the engine room watch was monitoring the temperature of the giant bearing where the connecting rods joined the crankshaft. This was done by letting the bottom of the bearing slap your hand as it came around (no rings on the fingers please). If it felt hot, we used large syringes to shoot jets of water and oil onto the bearing to form a lubricating lather. Another duty I remember, may or may not have been useful; mopping up the bilges after the bilge pumps had done their best. Several of us were sent down under the deck plates of the engine room with pails, tin cans, rags and an extension light to scoop up and wipe up any water and oil that had been left in the nooks and crannies of the bilges. Mostly we

would lie in the restricted space between the deck plates and the bottom of the hull discussing some weighty problem in the glow of the naked light bulb. I still wonder whether this was a necessary chore or just a make-work project.

The ship went about its regular routine with us aboard; mostly taking gunnery teams out for practice shooting at targets towed by aircraft. One day we were required to steam from Cornwallis to Saint John. Midway across the Bay of Fundy we entered a thick fog. Some time later we ran aground on a mud flat, fortunately at slow speed so no damage was done, although we did have to be pulled free by a tug and escorted into port. We were told later that the watch officer was relying on the magnetic compass and ignored the radar officer's warning that there was land where there should not have been. The radar was right and the compass was wrong. We spent the next day steaming around on fixed courses to swing the compass. The radar scope was a simple cathode ray oscilloscope on which appeared a straight green line with a distance scale etched below it. A blip on the line at the zero of the scale marked the initiation of the radar pulse while blips of various shapes and sizes at various distances on the scale marked the reflection of parts of the pulse from objects at those distances. A trained operator could fairly well identify an object from the shape and character of the reflected blip. Land for example, gave a reflected pattern of many small spikes resembling grass. The radar antenna did not continually sweep the horizon, but could be aimed in any desired direction by the operator. Radar was still fairly new back then and perhaps the navigator could be excused for not trusting it.

The ship required bunkering in Saint John and my mess mate, Shubik, and I were detailed to place a pan under the hose connection on deck to catch any oil that leaked out, disposing of it overboard. It was a rainy, blustery day so we took the shortest path to the rail to make our dump. As we did so, a gust of wind caught the falling oil, spreading it out into a beautiful fan, plastering the side of the ship. Like a scene from John Winton's, "We Joined the Navy", the Captain was

looking out his porthole when everything went black. The cause of this unexpected eclipse was uncovered and we were ordered over the side on a plank to clean off the oil. Shubik declared a vertigo condition and was assigned another punitive task while I was lowered over the side. Fortunately we were at anchor in the harbour so no great danger was involved, although I was at one point half submerged by the bow wave of a passing destroyer.

After returning to Cornwallis, Shubik and I requested to stay with the ship as she steamed around to Halifax on her next mission. This was approved by our supervising UNTD officer but denied at higher command, so when our two weeks were up we returned home for the rest of the summer.

By the time university re-opened in the Fall, the atomic bombs had been dropped and the war ended on V J Day. We handed in our uniforms and were formally discharged. It was my impression, at that time, that the UNTD had been disbanded. I heard no more of it until after my graduation in 1947 when it appeared to have been resurrected. I believe that my UNTD experience confirmed in me a fondness for the sea. Certainly it gave me confidence to find that I was not prone to sea-sickness and this contributed to my choosing a career in physical oceanography and hydrography with all the sea time inherent therein.

*Warren Forrester, PhD,  
RR #1, Hampton, ON. L0B 1J0*

### **A NEW STAR IS RISING** Cover Story

Against a backdrop of three ships dressed overall and illuminated in the growing dusk from stem to stern, an impressive ground-breaking ceremony took place along the waterfront of HMCS Star on Wednesday evening, September 25, 1996. After inspecting a smart fifty member guard of honour under the command of LCdr Neil Bell, the Deputy Prime Minister, Sheila Copps, MP for Hamilton East, took pleasure in announcing that a new \$4.1 million facility will be constructed along the north revetment wall of Hamilton

Harbour to house the Naval Reserve Division which has been in temporary quarters since last year. The Deputy Minister reminded the large audience of the valuable contributions that Star has made to the region's heritage and defense dating back to the War of 1812. Taking the opportunity to mention the Liberal party's job creation platform she proceeded to a back-hoe machine where an operator assisted her in breaking ground for Hamilton's new stone frigate.

The ever supportive Commander of Naval Reserves, Cmdre R. Bagniet, OMM, CD, proudly guided the Deputy Prime Minister through the ceremony. And a proud moment it was, with the Naval Reserve's new MCDV's; Kingston and Glace Bay, along with the Auxiliary Minesweeper, Anticosti, providing an impressive backdrop for the ground-breaking ceremony, the Naval Reserve's "star" has never been brighter on the local scene.



Gathered at the STAR ground-breaking site and relishing the reality of the long awaited new construction are former commanding officers: Cmdre R. Bennett, CMM, CD, 1966-69; Cdr R. Williamson, CD, 1985-88; Cdr F. Lee, CD, 1971-75; Cdr A. Woodrow, CD, 1991-95, Cdr D. Mark, CD, 1988-91. All, with the exception of the '91-95 appointment, are products of the UNTD training system.

By September 1997, the ship's company of HMCS Star hope to be aboard a modern training facility similar in design to HMCS Cataraqui but with a much simpler exterior structure, in keeping with its harbour and industrial surroundings.

## UNTIDY TALES

### Hal Lawrence's story continued..

Final Instalment

COND, Hamilton, Ontario, 1954-5

In 1954, the RCN's hard line philosophy was outdated. The Navy was in the throes of technical and organizational changes. They were going to need officers with university degrees but were slow to accept this.

The Association of Universities and Colleges of Canada (AUCC) was to present a brief to the Chief of Naval Personnel in Ottawa. Professor (and Colonel) Gordon Shrum Ph.D. from the University of British Columbia led the delegation. I had been to Ottawa to see the Director of Naval Training, Captain Philip Haddon, on the matter of summer courses for the UNTD. He took me in to see the Chief of Naval Personnel, Rear Admiral Hugh Pullen. The Admiral invited me to attend the meeting with Professor Shrum. The substance of the brief was simple; the permanent force naval cadets did not complete more than two years of a general B.A. because they were sent to the Fleet after their second year. The Canadian army and air force had recognized the importance of an undergraduate degree for their cadets. What was different about the Navy?

Admiral Pullen rose, face flushed, jaw jutting, lips compressed. He stared slowly around the table and fixed upon Shrum.

"Oh my suffering Aunt Nelly!" murmured Haddon to himself.

"I haven't got a university degree," announced Pullen in such a ponderous tone that he automatically invalidated all university degrees. He reached for a loose slip of paper and waved it violently back and forth over his head.

"I have," he continued with all the finality of Judgement Day, "I have," still fluttering the paper, "**a Bridge Watchkeeping Certificate.**"

With averted eyes Captain Haddon and I sat out the rest of the meeting which as you can imagine wasn't very long.

It was clear however, that the Navy was going to change more in the next twenty years than it had since the advent of steam, yet we were still dragging some of our admirals, screaming and protesting, into the 20th century. One electrical officer, Bert Rowley, had come from boy seaman to Electrical Commander via the Torpedo Gunners Mate route. Now on his staff was a UNTD graduate, Electrical Sub-Lieutenant David McLay from McMaster University. His father was eminent in the field of physics and commanding officer of the UNTD at McMaster. From now on and in ever increasing numbers, our officers would have to come from the universities.

As I started my third year, it could be heard increasingly in the gatherings of RCN officers that, "Those UNTD cadets are not so bad really."

Despite my obsession to produce a cadre of professional reserves, I held tenaciously to the fact of naval life, - only through command of a ship could I enter the world-wide aristocracy of the sea. But I seemed to be growing apart from my sea-going friends. On my visits to the East and West Coast Fleets, I talked of the importance of the cadets' academic courses and earned the derisory nick-name of "Professor". Me, a university drop-out was accused of being overly addicted to Advanced "Guzintas".

But I'd suffered a sea change; never again would the Navy be quite the same for me, the end-all and the be-all. One day, Naval Headquarters announced my successor, LCDR John R.H. Ley. He was a junior to me by a few years, a fighter pilot. He had never been to university at all. I could not help but wonder how he would adapt to this extraordinary environment of the UNTD Cadet.

## SPINDRIFT UNTIDY TALES

**Have you got your copy yet? Don't wait too long; it's a limited edition and may soon go out of print. This is a collector's item or a wonderful gift - a must for every UNTD alumni. Reserve your copy by sending \$15.00 + \$2.50 mailing, payable to the Editor of the UNTD Newsletter. (See below)**

### UNTD NEWSLETTER

**This newsletter is published twice a year by the UNTD Association of Upper Canada as a means of promoting activities of the association and encouraging UNTDIES to maintain their special status as Naval Persons.**

**Newsletter Editor: Cdr Robert Williamson, 1 Clonmore Ave. Hamilton, Ont. L9A 4R2.**

**Letters, anecdotes, and jokes are welcome. Take advantage of the "Where Are They Now" column to get in a personal item that makes the newsletter more interesting to readers. Don't be shy. Lets stop hiding our light under a basket.**

### UNTD WEST COAST MESS DINNER

**The editor has heard from Peter Chipman that there may be a UNTD dinner on the West Coast possibly in May 1997. No other details are available at this time.**