

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST:

- Congratulations Divers
- National Update
- Butch Boucher

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September 3, 2013



Congratulations divers

The latest Fleet Diving Unit (Pacific) QLS Graduation ceremony was held at FDU(P) on Aug. 9.

Cpl Michael Bastien, MARPAC Imaging Services



Lt(N) Kevin Okihiro (left) receives his certificate of Completion from Capt(N) Bradley Peats.



CPO2 Robert MacKay (left) receives the second clasp to his Canadian Forces Decoration (CD) for 32 years of services from Capt(N) Bradley Peats.



MS Nick LePage is promoted to Petty Officer Second Class by LCdr Todd Bacon (left) and Capt(N) Bradley Peats (right).



PO2 Mike Hales is promoted to Petty Officer First Class by LCdr Todd Bacon (left) and Capt(N) Bradley Peats (right).



PO1 Don Morris is promoted to Chief Petty Officer Second Class by LCdr Todd Bacon (left) and Capt(N) Bradley Peats (right).



CPO2 Rob DeProy is promoted to Chief Petty Officer First Class by his father and Capt(N) Bradley Peats (right).



Tom Essery (right) presents Lt(N) Kevin Darling with his Course Certificate and Clearance Diver Dolphins.



Henry Mark presents SLT Mulcahy with his Course Certificate and Clearance Diver Dolphins.



Dirk Van Ek presents LS Shaun Charpentier with his Course Certificate and Clearance Diver Dolphins.



Charlie Savard presents LS Hector Ladron De Guevara with his Course Certificate and Clearance Diver Dolphins.



Marketa Lund presents LS Mark Littler with his Course Certificate and Clearance Diver Dolphins.



Mark Oliver presents LS Raphael Marcouiller with his Course Certificate and Clearance Diver Dolphins.

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Mark Paton presents LS Adam Mullin with his Course Certificate and Clearance Diver Dolphins.



Sean Williams presents LS Marc-Andre Ouimet with his Course Certificate and Clearance Diver Dolphins.



Bruce Irwin presents LS James Rolfe with his Course Certificate and Clearance Diver Dolphins.



Hayley John presents LS Raphael Marcouiller with The Joseph Lucien Gilles DeChamplain memorial award, which is presented to the student who demonstrates Superior Fitness throughout the course.



LCdr Todd Baccon presents Lt(N) Kevin Darling with The Stephan Flynn Academic Achievement Memorial award, which is presented to the student who attains the highest Academic standing throughout the QL5A/CLDO Clearance Diving courses.



Capt(N) Bradley Peats presents SLt Mulcahy with the Top Student award, which is presented to the Clearance Diver Student who demonstrated a consistent outstanding performance in all areas of the year-long course.

National Update by Chuck Rolfe

RCN's LOWER DECK: 1910 - 1968 Book Project

History Professor Sandy Gow (in Lower Deck 1950's/1960's) in Edmonton AB has been collecting information from RCN Men/Wren's over the past 10 years in order to compile the definitive story of life on the Lower Deck, 1910 to 1968. His book will be in the order of 13 Chapters, all of which will encompass the life of matelots on the Lower Deck, with some data included of wartime spouses living in Halifax while their husbands were away fighting the war at sea.

Sandy has finally retired from the University last year, and is now devoting his full time attention to preparing the script for the book, however he would like to obtain better information/data from Naval Divers, Medical Assistants, Radiomen and Electrical/Electronic personnel. Here is the perfect opportunity to put forth the Diving Branch story, and get your name into the one and only book about how the matelot fared in the period from 1939 to 1986 period of the old Royal Canadian Navy. We urge you to contact him at:

Sandy Gow
13471 40th Street
Edmonton AB T5A 3L9
Phone: 780-474-6819
Email: sgow@telusplanet.net

Every dive performed in the Navy has a safety diver- a stand by diver. His sole job is to come to the rescue of his team mate when he runs into trouble. Gary Reddy has volunteered to be my stand by diver today in case I run into trouble today. It's Standard Operating Procedure. I thank Gary for that.

Roger or Butch to many of his diving teammates, cared deeply for his family, both here and in Quebec. He unequivocally loved Connie and his children, and was so proud of them as they matured into adults. He absolutely adored his Grand children Alicia and Etienne.

He talked to me often about his growing up in St. Georges de Beauce and his Mama, his sisters, Ruth and Marthe and especially his brother Claude who he admired deeply.

I first met Butch on the Bonaventure- Canada's last aircraft carrier. He was a brand new ordinary seaman and I was a grizzled old one badge AB, in line for promotion to leading seaman. A lofty rank in those days. We didn't get to know each other all that well, as I was posted off to a new Cadillac destroyer. I feel a little old when I think the Cadillac's have been paid off for quite a few years. We met again on our Clearance diver pre-lim course.

For nearly 50 years, our friendship swirled around the water- diving, boats and great outdoors. He absolutely loved diving. For our generation, most of us qualified as Navy divers in the sixties.

The generation before us were the real pioneers of the clearance diving trade and we learned the trade from them and we learnt from the best. They were more than trainers, they were our mentors, and even more for some of us, They were father figures for some of us young miscreants that wandered off course into some minor mischief on a run ashore. They would nudge us back on track.

Diving was more than a job to both our generations, as I am sure it is now. It was a way of life for most of us. We were a band of brothers.

Our Diving team mates became our second family, the two Granbys were our second home, especially for Butch who lived on Granby as a young single diver. **Friendships were forged that would last a lifetime.**

In many cases, our team mates participated in our weddings, they became God parents to our children, and our kids grew up together.

Butch served over thirty years in the military. I won't dwell too long on his many achievements. As a clearance diver he worked in all parts of the trade as a team member and later as a team leader.

As a young clearance diver he loved being on the attack team. He loved the silent solitude of a long CDBA compass swim on a dark, starless night, and the warm feeling that the CDBA rebreather set gave off as the soda lime canister warmed up as it cleansed the carbon dioxide from the oxygen he was breathing.

He spent a few winters down south performing ship repair on the Canadian fleet, and training with the American Underwater Demolition Teams. This was a time when America was at war in Vietnam, and the training was intense as the teams prepared to be deployed back into combat.

He was a member of the first team to man and operate our 6 man mini sub SDL1. Years later he returned to the team as chief pilot. He loved every absolute minute that he spent on that mini sub. He knew every nut and bolt, O ring & spring in every valve, how to operate them, how to tear it down and fix them, and how to put it all back together. Then fly it to depths of up to 2000 feet underwater.

Shortly before he was promoted to chief, he completed the military jump course at CFB Wainwright Jump School and was awarded his Airborne wings. There weren't too many chiefs out there learning to jump out of an airplane. He was willing to try almost anything.

He spent many years in EOD centre One, as a team member and then as EOD chief. EOD is short for Explosive Ordnance Disposal or mine and bomb disposal.

After retirement from the Navy, Butch continued working steadily as an EOD team leader, in many parts of Canada and the United States including three years in Hawaii, and a couple in California.

He was particularly adept at motivating young people into highly productive team members. He understood that the firm, rigid military style of leadership would not always work with certain groups of people. Instead, he would work right beside them, guiding them in their efforts. Working harder than many of them and motivating them to try and keep up with him.

I remember one particular summer when he took a bunch of reserve divers mostly French Canadian and cleaned up a world war II wreck site with ammunition littered all around. These kids were so excited working with Butch and really doing an important job, rather than the usual menial jobs relegated to reserve divers on summer training. He really cared about them.

At the end of the job, he took them up Sheet Harbour for additional training in underwater search and recovery. That's what we called scalloping back then. It finished off with great fry up of scallops and perhaps some other local sea creatures.

National Updates by Chuck Rolfe - Continued

This low key-‘ lead by example’ leadership manner was always evident as a civilian EOD team leader especially with aboriginal teams or workers from the local area like Tsuni first nation band in Alberta, young French Canadians in Quebec, New Brunswick, locals in Newfoundland , and especially in Maui, with his Hawaiian team AP 13. I understand from other guys over there that Butch`s team won the monthly productivity bonus so many times that management felt it wasn`t worth continuing it .

Butch and I ran a diving company together for decades. Schooner Diving Services. Early on, we had a couple other partners but they were smart- and they got out of the commercial diving & salvage business. At times it was a non profit organization. We didn`t plan it that way, but commercial diving and salvage can be a stern teacher of economics. Butch and I ran some pretty big contracts that we were proud of, and that allowed us to play with our boats.

For over a decade, during the 70`s, Butch and I and many of our diving teammates spent most of the summer working on a commercial diving project to the east of Sheet harbour, living most of the time on the boats built by Greg Coady.

Many times, after a hard day of diving, we would gather up some scallops and other seafood. Sometimes other boaters in the area would raft up with us and we would have a good old fry up of scallops and a giant pot of boiling water for other sea creatures that somehow crawled into our scallop bag.

UDT shorts or Cut off blue jeans, and Schooner Diving T shirts were the dress of the day and we were bare foot a lot of the time. One of the local boaters joked about us being like Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn.

We worked hard, but we couldn`t believe how lucky we were doing the job we loved so much and getting paid for it.

At Butch`s request, he was laid to rest in his blue jeans and Montreal Canadiens` Jersey with #9 on the back - Maurice Richard. .. That was Butch in a nut shell- unpretentious – no false airs, Lain back and easy going. What you see is what you got. Always honest, straight forward , and with a wry sense of humour. . I could not have had a better friend or partner.

We often joked that we probably had owned more boats than we owned vehicles. He was a co owner in boats with Gary Crawford, Archie, me and later in life with Greg Coady.

Our biggest boat was the 57 foot Margaret and Marion. She had a great after winch on her that could haul up half the ocean floor and a great big hold for carrying it. The only problem was you needed four hands and three feet to operate that winch, but Archie was great at it!

The M&M was the typical old wooden boat story – a big hole in the water where you continually pour money . Some of our non profit years. It`s been said that the two most happiest days in a boat owner`s life is the day you buy it and the day you sell it. There`s some truth to that., but there are a lot of great memories in between, and sometimes it`s not all about making a hockey sock full of money, just enough to pay the bills and have some fun.

In later years, Butch and Greg Coady shared in the last of their big Cape islanders together. They would often take off for Newfoundland to fish some of the great salmon rivers and stop in at St.Pierre- Miqueon for some much needed provisions and to partake in the French culture. The Grey River was a favourite gathering spot.

St.Pierre by the way, is where Butch and Connie spent their honeymoon forty years ago. Over the decades ,he told me about his Mama. How he loved her! Their father had to work down south in the States, so he was away a lot. She taught Roger and Claude to cut and split firewood, how to hunt and fish and to snare rabbits. Some years Claude and he had over 200 rabbits that they took to Quebec City to sell.

I laughed when he told me that his Father Romeo had bought his mother a lighter chain saw for Christmas one year. She would be in her 70's then. Or another story about going home and finding some bullet holes in the garden shed. When he asked her, She said she had some trouble with a pesky gopher in her vegetable garden, and dispatched it with a 22 after a few tries. She said she would have used the shot gun, but it was too noisy as the city had grown up around them by then. I think she may have been in her late 80's by then.

Butch told me about the tree lot that he shared with his brother Claude. They had planted thousands of seedlings as teen agers. Every time he went home to Quebec, he would be excited to see the growth in their very own forest. These early days formed the love he had for the outdoors. How he loved and admired Claude.

Butch loved the solitude of the deep woods. He enjoyed embracing the quiet beauty and serenity of Mother nature to contemplate and rejuvenate his spirit. Sometimes, he would paddle downstream from his camp to a little a secluded meadow on the other side of the river ,hidden from view by a large island in the middle of the river. He would pitch a tent, and cast a fly for a salmon or trout resting in the pool beside the meadow.

Sometimes he would share the meadow with a Micmaq elder who was also camped there and was smoking some fresh caught salmon. As the boys grew up, he took them to the meadow for a few camp outs to share in this serene experience - where time almost stood still.

Butch was devastated last May, when his brother Claude passed away unexpectedly. Here was Roger fighting for his own life and he was hit with this tragedy of his brother's sudden passing. He was so close to Claude.

It knocked the wind out of his sails. He was demasted, rudderless , and floundering in a storm tossed sea of grief.... And I couldn't find a way to help my friend... If only I could helped to lessen his load. To help him jettison the grief.

I don't think he ever got over it. A short time later he told me the cancer had returned and he declined a third bout of radiation and chemo. He had fought a good fight, but was too tired to continue, and was resigned to his decision. He was a proud man and didn't want too many people to know how sick he was.

In the fall, I will take a walk up into the woodlot that Butch and I share to find 2 small white pine trees that I can transplant across the river from our camp.

White pine is a long needle ever green tree that has a pyramidal shape like a Christmas tree when it is young. But as they grow into a full grown tree, they develop their own individual shape.

I'm sure you have all seen a painting or photo of a rugged lone pine tree on a hill top with it's limbs twisted and gnarled by mother nature into an individual lone sentry standing proud against the elements.

I've planted one of these pines in memory of some old friends as each one of them was an individual person in their own right - just like those grizzled old pines standing proud on a hill top. And I will be planting one for Butch and Claude.

Then when we are at our camp, I can pour a coffee and look out over the river at the grove of pines on the other side and be swamped with memories.

Butch loved being down at their camp on the West River about a km down stream from ours. He called it the REST River. Every time we talked, by phone or in person he told me he was yearning to go to the camp.

Connie and the family fulfilled that wish for him a few short days ago.

I brought down a small mickey of Pusser Rum that I had picked up in the Tortollas , I think on Cormorant's maiden voyage back in the early 80's. It had all the Naval Toasts on it. I had saved it for a special occasion, and **I knew this was the day.**

With all of Butch's family around, we recited the Naval toasts for every day of the week. As it was Sunday, we had Sunday's toast as the second last toast, and it was very fitting .” **To our Mates- Here and Absent, and Those at Sea”.**

Roger's three sons are serving in the Canadian forces- a real military family. I like to think that they learned some naval traditions that day and a little more about their father.

We had one last toast together... which I will share with you a little later.

I would like to read a short poem. It was written by Henry Van Dyke in the 1800's but it's just as poignant and relevant now, as it was then.

I am standing by the seashore, a grand ship at my side.

She is an object of strength and beauty. She spreads her white sails to the fresh morning breeze, and glides towards the deep blue ocean, I stand and watch until... At last She hangs like a Speck of white cloud, Just where the Sun and Sky come down to mingle with the Sea.

Then someone at my side ... says " There she goes! - She's Gone! Gone Where?

She is only gone from our sight- that is all.

She is just as large in hull, mast, and spar as she was when she left my side and just as able to bear her load to distant shores.

Her diminished size is only in me, not in her.

And just at the moment when someone says ` There she Goes`

There are eyes on the other side watching her sails come into view.

And their voices take up a glad shout

Voices like Roger's father Romeo, his brother Claude, friends Gary Crawford , Yvonne the Bear', Greg Coady, Charlie, Knobby, Rueben , Glen... far too many other friends for this old mind to remember

They all take up the welcome cheer... 'Here She comes'.

Roger is only gone from our sight.

He is as Large in our hearts and memories as he was in Life.

Roger was a son, a brother, husband, father, grand father, friend, confidant, mentor. A man respectful and compassionate to all he met.

He wasn't perfect, he had his share of life challenges, perhaps a few more than many of us could bear.. But I could not ask for a better friend to share my life adventures with.

Connie, Robert & Sue, Danny, Andre and Rejean , I want to thank you for providing the loving care that you gave your husband , your father, and our friend in his remaining years of silent suffering and his diminished capacity.

Alicia and Etienne, thank you for the love you showed your GrandPapa. He loved you both so much. And Etienne you are such a good hugger. He loved your hugs. He was so afraid that your Mother and you wouldn't get home in time. Your arrival settled him down, and gave him some peace, having you close to him.

When a diver has completed his work on the ocean floor, he signals the topside crew by sending 5 bells on his air hose or life line. That signal tells them that he has completed his work and is ready to come up. The top side crew prepare to bring him safely to the surface. Then they signal the diver by sending four pulls on his air hose or lifeline. That signals the diver to commence his ascent upwards to the surface, towards the light.

I would like to think that when the time came, with his family all around, Butch took Connie's hand, and signalled 5 bells to his Creator, the Grand Architect of the Universe, that he had completed his work down here and was ready to come up.

I'm sure the lord signalled back four pulls, and maybe even a second set of four pulls. For you non divers present, four pulls means come up. Four pulls followed by an additional 4 pulls means Come up – Hurry up.

I'm sure our lord , would want Butch to 'Come up Hurry up' and be with him and the Bear. We wish you fair winds and following seas, brother, on you next sea adventures with Gary, Greg, and the Bear in the sky blue waters of heaven .

But save some of those salmon for us, and the scallops... and the lobsters. I know it's heaven, but you still need to maintain the brood stock.

The last toast Butch and I had together at their camp was an old naval toast: and it was in Connie's honour..

**To the Winds that blow
To our Ships that Go , and...
To the Lass
That loved a Sailor .**

Thank you Connie and family for the honour of paying tribute to my closest friend and brother.

5 bells passed and repeated ... Roger Philippe - Butch our brother – Le Bon Plounger has completed his work.

God has you in his keeping, and we have you in our hearts
Strength in Depth.

MISSIVES

From: [connie boucher](#)

Sent: Wednesday, July 31, 2013 10:50 PM

Subject: Thanks to all

I want to offer my heartflet thanks to the Fleet Diving Unit, its retirees and the Canadian Navy for providing me, my family and our friends the means and opportunity to give Roger Boucher, my husband, a proper burial at sea.

It means a lot to us, as I know it certainly does for Roger. He will live on in our hearts forever as a man who served as a mentor, co-worker, father, uncle, grandfather,.....and a true friend to all.

Thank you all again for all your help and prayers. Much love to you all.

Sincerely,

Connie, Robert, Danielle, Andre and Rejean Boucher.

Robert Boucher

1:13pm Jul 25

I would just like to thank the diving community for the enormous support since Dad's passing. From serving members to the C.N.D.A. You people are a truly awesome brotherhood. Our family cannot express our gratitude enough. We are proud of you all, as is Dad is I'm sure. I would like the serving guys to re-activate the term "soup sandwich" and use it in any context necessary along with colorful expletives as required in Dad's memory.

Thank you all, Boucher family...

www.cfappreciation.ca

As the only website for promoting exclusive Canadian Forces discounts, rebates, and incentives, the CF Appreciation Program partners with businesses, big and small, across the country and abroad. The continued growth of this Program will be the result of the increased presence of local Industry Partners, identified by the CF Community who know best the attractions, accommodations, restaurants, shops, and service providers in their region. We thank those of you who have taken the time to send us suggested additions to our Program or those who have referred businesses to us. Many thanks for your interest and for your on-going support. Is your family planning a staycation or a vacation? Regardless of your travel plans, let us help you find some amazing things to do and see this summer! With amazing deals through the CF R&R Club, you can make the most out of the time with the family.

July 29, 2013

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Fleet Dive Unit deals with UXO in Vernon

Shawn O'Hara
Staff Writer

Clearance divers from Fleet Dive Unit (Pacific) had their work cut out for them when they were called in to deal with an unexploded piece of Second World War ordnance.

On Aug. 6, FDU(P) received a call from Vernon RCMP regarding a potential piece of Unexploded Ordinance (UXO) at the bottom of Kal Lake. With only a few hours notice, FDU(P) sent a team to Vernon.

"We prepared our kit and headed out as soon as possible," said Lt(N) Mike St-Pierre, Operations Officer for FDU(P). "We arrived in Vernon the next day and already there was a ton of media attention. It definitely made our job more complicated."

After preliminary reconnaissance the UXO was revealed to be an unexploded mortar from Vernon's Second World War training days.

"Vernon was a training ground for the potential Pacific campaign during the Second World War," explained Lt(N) St-Pierre. "It's not unusual to find UXO in areas like that, but the presence of civilian boaters on the lake made this an important event."

When the team was directed to the location of the ordnance they were greeted by hundreds of civilian boaters out for their daily sail.

"The area was pretty kicked up with anchor chains, so we weren't able to relocate the UXO that day," says Lt(N) St-Pierre. "We came back later that night and marked it, and then moved in early the next morning to the Vernon Range for a controlled detonation."

Lt(N) St-Pierre says with the exception of the huge media attention, the mission went as well as could be expected.

"We got in, did our job and no one got hurt," he says. "At the end of the day it's exactly what you hope for."

BOUCHER, Roger Phillippe



Age 66, Lawrencetown, Halifax Co., passed away in Dartmouth General Hospital on June 24, 2013. Born in St-Georges de Beauce, Que., he was the son of the late Romeo Boucher. He joined the navy in 1965 with dreams of being a diver. His diving career took him from the far north to the south and all parts in between. His fondest memories were working with the original United States Navy Seal Teams and being Chief Pilot of the navy's mini sub, SDL-1. After 31 years in the navy, he began a second career in Explosive Ordnance Disposal, working throughout Canada and the United States with a three year stint in Maui, Hawaii. He is survived by his wife of 40 years, Connie; his children, Robert (Sue), Danielle (Joseph), Rejean and Andre; grandchildren, Alicia and Etienne. Memorial service to be held 11 a.m. on Saturday, June 29, in Pope John Paul XXIII. No flowers by request. Donations may be made to Canadian Cancer Society.

"Strength in depth"

Training for training - getting divers ready

Shawn O'Hara
Staff Writer

Standing along the edge of a 10-foot pier, finned feet dangling over the briny water, a group of HMCS Winnipeg sailors prepare to jump.

They're prospective Ship's Team Divers, and if they're going to make the cut they're going to have to get their feet wet.

"The Ship's Team Diver qualification course has something like a 50 per cent fail rate. It's hugely physically demanding," says PO2 Clint Mack,

Senior Diver in HMCS Winnipeg. "I wanted to give Winnipeg sailors looking to become a diver a chance to prepare for what is a truly gruelling course."

To do this, PO2 Mack takes Winnipeg sailors interested in the Ship's Team Diver course out to the Fleet Dive Unit up to twice a week for specialized training.

Prospective divers, along with current team divers, go through rigorous callisthenics such as running, jumping jacks, or wind sprints. PO2 Mack says intermingling prospective divers with current team members promotes a team cohesiveness not always found.

"As Ship's Team Divers we are trained to save lives and work under water while manipulating extremely heavy gear, so a higher level of physical fitness is required of our divers," he says. "The training I have instigated promotes team cohesiveness, camaraderie, and fitness between the new divers and the experienced ones. A physically fit team will do the job faster safely."

Part of the training also involves the traditional one mile swim around the harbour, in which divers swim a predetermined course around a series of floating checkpoints, each attempting to get a better time than the last.

"This is a swim that Clearance Divers do all the time, and they get very competitive about it," says PO2 Mack. "I want these guys to have a

firm grasp on how to swim it properly, so when the time comes to take the qualification course they can get the best time possible."

The waterborne race around the harbour is then immediately followed by a more brutal, wetter version of the "burpy."

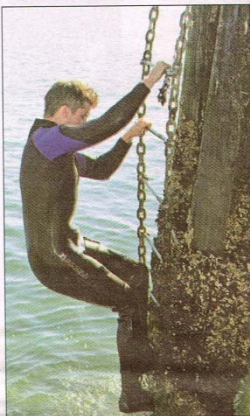
"They have to jump in the water at the same time, pop up, pull themselves back onto the pier, and then do push ups. Then they do it about 15 more times," says PO2 Mack. "It's tough, but this is the kind of thing they'll be doing when they take the qualification course. I'm just trying to get them ready."

AB Thomas Davis, a Naval Electronic Senior Operator (NESOP) in Winnipeg, says PO2 Mack's pre-training training has helped him get a handle on what will be needed from him as a diver.

"I always kind of knew it would be hard on the body, but I've never worked this hard in my life," he says. "The swim alone is hard enough, but the workouts you have to do after puts it right over the edge. It's tough, but I know every day I train like this I'm getting better."

While many sailors go into the qualification course at a base level of fitness, AB Thomas says PO2 Mack's training is giving him an advantage.

"Not many people train like this before the course," he says. "I'll be doing this training until I take the course in September, and I'll have a real advantage."



Top: OS Harrison Fownes climbs up the "Dolphins" for some rope work.



Left: OS Fownes swims across Esquimalt Harbour to prepare for the upcoming ship's diver course.

New divers hold underwater ceremony

By SLt Guillaume Desjardins,
HMCS Fredericton

Five new ship's team divers received their badges for completing diving training at FDU (A) on Monday, May 6.

The ceremony was unusual in that it symbolically took place underwater. Cdr Salt, Commanding Officer of HMCS Fredericton, presented the graduates with their dive badges while PO2 O'Brien, FDU staff, looked on. The deserving personnel received the badges in FDU(A)'s pool, marking the culmination of 29 days of both physically and mentally demanding training.

The graduates, Lt(N) Hooper of Ville de Québec; LS Cox of Fredericton; LS Renaud of Hali-



Graduates of the ship's team diver course, session 0170, hold their graduation ceremony underwater.

PHOTO CONTRIBUTED

fax; AB Mitchell of Montreal; and OS Gosse of Fredericton, all showed that they have the physical fitness and mental toughness to not only dive but effectively work in the unforgiving underwater environment. OS Gosse commented on the amount of work they completed in the short time frame. "Being able to say I clocked 30 hours under water, jumped out of a Sea King, used the self contained navigational/sonar imaging system, dove to 30 metres, learned how to do limpet mine disposal as well as numerous other diving tasks in six weeks is pretty amazing." The new divers will now be returning to their home units to join their ship's dive teams in providing the essential underwater capability.

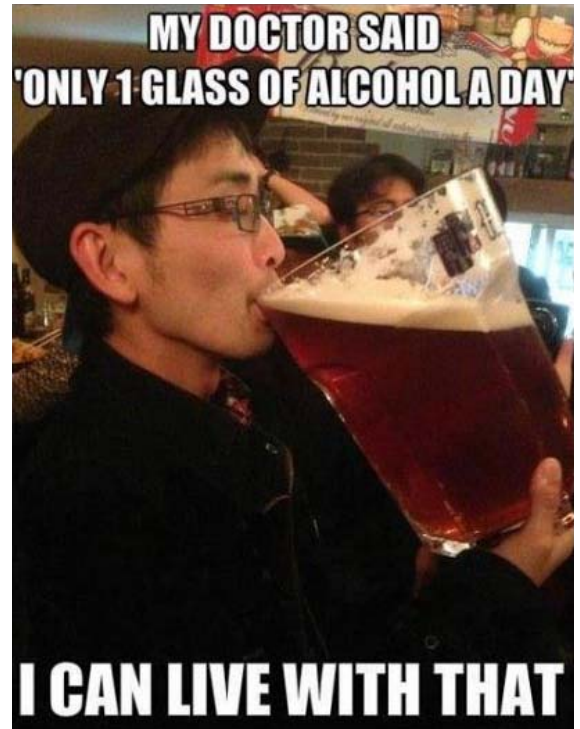
The Dead Horse Theory of Bureaucracy

The tribal wisdom of the Plains Indians, passed on from generation to generation, says that "When you discover that you are riding a dead horse, the best strategy is to dismount . "

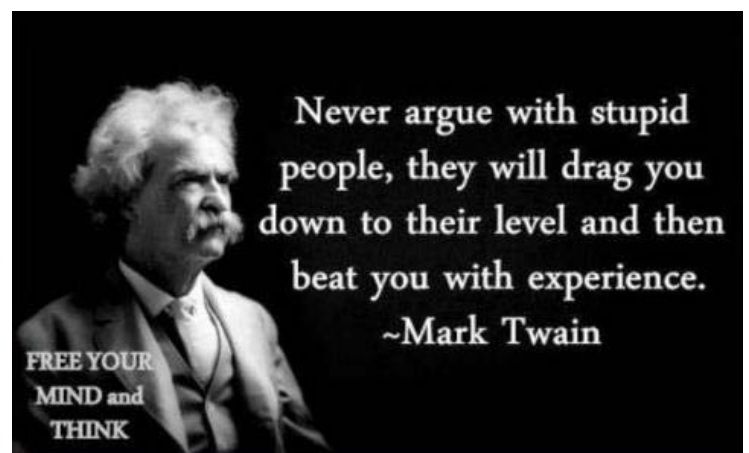
However, in Canadian Government more advanced strategies are often employed, such as:

1. Buying a stronger whip.
2. Changing riders.
3. Appointing a committee to study the horse.
4. Arranging to visit other countries to see how other cultures ride dead horses.
5. Lowering the standards so that dead horses can be included.
6. Reclassifying the dead horse as living-impaired.
7. Hiring outside contractors to ride the dead horse.
8. Harnessing several dead horses together to increase speed.
9. Providing additional funding and/or training to increase the dead horse's performance.
10. Doing a productivity study to see if lighter riders would improve the dead horse's performance.
11. Declaring that as the dead horse does not have to be fed, it is less costly, carries lower overhead and therefore contributes substantially more to the bottom line of the economy than do some other horses.
12. Rewriting the expected performance requirements for all horses. And, of course...
13. Promoting the dead horse to a supervisory position

All the above are logical reasons why we still have a Canadian Senate!



Possibly the best cartoon of this century



I personally would suggest government. They never go to jail.



CNDA

Founded

HALIFAX, N.S.

1981

President: Wally Green

FOUNDING MEMBERS

Glenn Adams

André Desrochers

Leo Goneau

Terry Havlik

Michael Walsh

First President: Stanley F. Watts

The mission of the Canadian Naval Divers Association (CNDA) is to keep Naval Divers, both Serving and Retired, informed and aware of what is happening within CNDA and other matters pertaining to Service Diving in Canada. It is also intended to keep everyone in touch with others of the diving community who may have been friends and diving team members from those tremendous days of service in our past.

Contact Information

Tim Flath

Editor

E-mail: navydiver@bigfoot.com

We're on the Web!
www.navydiver.ca

Editor's 10 Foot Stop

I hope everyone has had a wonderful summer! The weather out west here has been absolutely stellar all summer long and we are certainly not looking for it to end. As usual though, the summer went far too fast for my liking because once again I found myself up against another tight deadline for our last edition of 2013 which forced my hand against the scourge of procrastination. So another late evening rushing and trying to cobble something together last minute has lead me to this, the 12th edition of our venerable digest. I hope everyone has enjoyed it and once again my sincere thanks to all who contributed. The next edition is scheduled to be published 15 January 2014 so don't be shy about submitting new articles of past daring exploits.

I do have some very good news from the Western Chapter front to pass along. We've finally found a volunteer for the position of Western Chapter CNDA President in the form of the newest XO at Fleet Diving Unit (Pacific) - Lt(N) Dave Finlay. We very much appreciate him taking the horse by the reigns (albeit a different horse from that in our "Just for Giggles" section this edition) and leading us for the next two years while he is posted out here from his native east coast. We are currently in the process of making it official and look forward to improving the visibility of the left coast chapter of the association and hopefully draw in some newer membership from the latest crop of new divers. I want to take this opportunity also to thank Tom Essery for his tireless work that has gone on in the background to assist in keeping the Chapter afloat. He was also proudly there to represent the association by participating in pinning the new divers who graduated this year— A hearty Congratulations to them all!

Of course I cannot go without mentioning that we have sadly lost more diving brethren in recent months with the sad passing of "Butch" Boucher (featured herein), Gerry Mailloux, and most recently Tom Sawyer. As always we will keep the families and friends in our minds as we reflect back on the great lives they have lived. 5 Bells passed and received...

