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FOUNDED
HALIFAX, N.S.
1981

FOUNDING MEMBERS

Glenn Adams P. Eng
André Desrochers
Leo Goneau
Terry Havlik
Michael Walsh

First President
Stanley F. Watts

15 June 1996

DIVING TENDER #7 aka
YARD MAINTENANCE TENDER No.7

When this young Brit lad first appeared at the Diving Unit's Training Section for his first course in diving, the initial impression was that he was extremely well mannered and that his middle name might be docility. Regardless of who was talking to him at the time, he always had a sort of silly grin with his head canted down somewhat, so that you couldn't seem to see too much of his eyes. What with his unruly blondish hair that stuck up at odd angles, you would expect him to say something like Gee Whiz or Aw Shucks, imitating Will Rogers, that famous cowboy of years gone by. Except for those eyes, blue as a cloudless sky after a blustery Nor'easter they never changed expression. If you saw him looking at you it sort of made you a little leery because they seemed to go right through to the other side, making you wonder exactly what was going on in that brain of his. The Instructor couldn't have asked for a better trainee while on course, eager to please, never adrift, cleaning stations always spotless, continuously polite and an exceptionally good Diver who never complained about anything. And oh yes, there was absolutely no truth in the rumour bandied about that he saved his tot of Rum for the Class Instructor to get his good marks, or his selection to go on the next Clearance Diver course! Due to the length of the Clearance Diver training, he was drafted to that iron thing parked across the way in the chamber however, not liking the rowdiness of the For'd Mess crew, he got permission to bunk aboard me for a couple of reasons; one being that practically every weekend there was a chore to do and he was just another dogsbody who was readily available to do it, the other being that my For'd Mess provided him with the solitude that he required when he practiced his piccolo, good at it too he was. Again during his Clearance Diver training he was the epitome of good breeding habits, although his manner of dress had always left a lot to be desired. Due to the status in the society world (Embassy Folk they were!) of his parents, he would be sent many invitations, to 'TEA' mind you, held at that big pile of sandstone were Her Majesty's representatives made up their bunks, which he would attend in his own inimitable fashion. Now this young lad had absolutely no fashion pretensions whatsoever and garbed in his usual "going ashore rig" (you must recall that this place was considered to be in the 'Colonies' at that time) he would go dressed accordingly, which was a tattered houndstooth jacket, Tee shirt, dungarees and dirty white running shoes - sans socks. Of course the 'Ladies' were all a-twitter because he was the son of a high born so-and-so, and if he chose to wear that type of apparel it just showed how earthy and blasé he was - and wasn't he cute!! So eccentric, they said. Wot rot, said he, and besides, some of them do have daughters. Not once during that whole four months of intensive training (he had a good Instructor) did this young Brit step out of line or have a harsh word with his fellow trainees of the diminishing class, or didn't measure up - not once! When the rest of the class went down to the Put-Put Club to celebrate successfully passing out of the course, what does our lad do? Naturally he goes up in my For'd Mess and plays the piccolo. If anything, during all this time, they thought him a little odd, but being a Kipper this was taken for granted and hardly thought of as he was so much of a loner and did play a mean tootler....but the following Monday was the start of his escapades, and a change in his speech. "Up Spirits", except on the occasional days that the sun made living bearable and painting my hull a pleasure, was held around the corner from the For'd Mess and the Canteen, beside it's hatch; just a cubby hole sort of thing which left little room for two-way traffic - one mistep and you fall down the ladder to the next deck. There was a safety chain between the two stanchions but nobody bothered to rig it up, so that left a three by three foot square hole just begging for a customer. Anyways, there was the young Brit lad, waiting in line to get his coke to put in his Rum, with a dime in one hand and one of those Pusser plastic cups in the other (heavy duty they were), when a passerby

stumbled on the hatch combing and bumped into my lad. Before you knew it, the arm with the cup swung overhanded and came in contact with the stumblers head, shattering the cup and giving the young fellow an instant daze, who luckily enough was held up by the chap behind him, meantime the young Brit roars out "WOTCHER MATE". I guess he thought he had a line jumper and acted accordingly. But whenever he said that expression, and he did so frequently thereafter, my lads didn't know if it was a challenge, a dare, a greeting, a goodbye, why he even said it in the middle of a sentence at times and even to this day I wonder what it means. But some of the lads seemed to know, and they called him crazy, a Kipper to boot; henceforth he was known as the KRAZY KIPPER(KK), and left it at that. All the time aboard me, till his Discharge papers came through, he continued to prove it. There was usually no shortage of help during a job because the Diver was getting paid by the minute underwater, but every time my lines were secured, there was KK, fully booted and spurred - with the ladder down just waiting to go in, no matter whose turn it was. Immediately the first thing that comes to mind is that some one is losing some extra loot by KK getting into the oggin first. But not so, KK didn't give a hoot for the loot, he just wanted to get in the water, and of course some of the not keen Divers were left pretty happy with a "WOTCHER MATE" and in he would go. One day the boat driver yelled down the hatch for him to present his body in the wheelhouse "pronto if not sooner", interrupting a nice little Etude in 'D' Minor that was playing, and queried him point blank if he had anything to do with those seagulls flying around the harbour trailing inflated white balloons? "STONE THE BLOODY CROWS" was the only words coming out of his mouth, without a blink in those baby blue eyes. The boat driver didn't know if that was an admission or a denial, so to be on the safe side gave him a ration of poo which still didn't put a dint in his expression, so he gave up and turned away, with a "WOTCHER MATE" from KK. It seemed that somebody had tied a piece of animal fat to a long string with a stopper half way down, with an inflated prophylactic on the other end, after which it was tossed in the harbour. A gannet, upon seeing this tasty morsel floating along, quickly gulped it down and took off trailing his Commissioning Pennant. A known fact published in a movie star's biography(KK just happened to have a copy handy!) stated that some birds and fowl cannot digest certain fats and will discharge them in the same condition as first eaten. KK knew this first hand because he had done it to his Dads geese on the farm way Down Under and he had recounted the hiding he received from his parent. I suppose the gannet got a little tired of dragging the balloon around and settled back on the water, and with nature doing it's thing there soon was a little tidbit sitting there for another hungry bird to feast upon. Well the process was repeated until there were three seagulls in a row, tail to beak, flying and squawking outside of the Peepers window across the harbour in MARCOM HQ. I don't know for sure what the Head Sir thought at the time, but there sure was a lot of haw-haws coming from that room where they try to out-fib each other over their pre-dinner stomach deadeners. We sure looked forward to that Spring arriving because for the first time in modern memory Bedford Basin had frozen over from an extensively harsh cold spell. This was specially good for Ole Dutchy, the recluse living in the cut-away Long Liner near the ship; for the first time in months he didn't have to trudge down to the coal pile behind the heating shack to borrow a cup of coal - and he had company again! One of the nice things about KK was that he was kind-hearted, particularly to the elderly and the odd-ball (and Dutchy was both) so that he visited often, weather permitting, and passed the time of day. Come the warmer climate the ice in the Basin softened and broke up into little bergs, floating to and fro with the tide until they melted completely or were driven ashore. This one day while visiting, KK suddenly realized that unless he got a move on he would miss out on his Tot and, not wanting to run around the big building and through the Main Gate (there was only one) with all the snow and slush around, he decided to push off one of those little bergy bits near the half-yacht and pole over to the iron thing with the help of the tide. Well that seemed like a good idea, it wasn't very far all things considering, but the tide was running the wrong way and a cross current commenced taking him out towards the center of the harbour. Now that piece of floating ice was barely big enough to support KK's weight, because if he moved a foot that side disappeared under water, and those running shoes didn't do much to keep the seepage out either. Anyway, his plight was noted by a sharp-eyed young lad (he'd only had one Tot at that time) and very shortly I was under weigh, but not before a little word to the present Engineerroom Ace. If ever anyone needed proof of Darwin's theory, all that they would have to do is visit that department which supported the Divers with maintenance and engineerroom personnel. In among them would surely be found their specimen as this Ace fit the bill. Hairy is not the right word to describe the growth he was covered with as he did have some clear spaces, although very little - between his eyebrows, the outer parts of his ears and the palms of his hands were bare. Also there wasn't too much distance from his knuckles to the deck, even though he walked erect on his short legs. Viewed from astern and slightly hunched over, he appeared to be a primate dressed in working rig, and of course, our boy Ace was a

a little slow on the clutch and throttle - accurate as a trained ape, but slow. So the Boat Driver sent one of his young lads down, with an admonishment that if Ace continued being behind in the answering of the telegraph, to give him a 'slap on the ear', as if anyone in his right mind would do such a thing in that enclosed space with a hot diesel ticking over. Pulling up to KK on his bergy bit was a pretty dicey piece of boat handling, but the Boat Driver was up to it and, with the aid of a boathook, KK was lifted on board none the worse for the ordeal except for his cold feet. When asked why he was practicing for an eskimo regatta, all he said was "WOTCHER MATE", whatever that was supposed to mean, perhaps it was his way of thanking his rescuers. Because he had very little social life, with a few exceptions that the troops said would curl your hair, KK decided he would take flying lessons to take care of his spare time when he wasn't tooting on the tootler. In due course he gained his license to propel his body through the air with the aid of some sticks, string, some canvas plus a motor, and although some say that you can't pilot an aircraft(a Piper Cub) and play the piccolo at the same time, he did, according to the controller at the Flying Club, while maintaining a straight and level course. However, even defying gravity and making believe that he was covered in feathers, this cavorting around the heavens started to pall and, remembering that he had seen the movie Battle of Britain he decided to liven things up a bit by doing his own imitation of this struggle. So, this one fine Sunday KK arms himself with half a dozen Thunder Flashes, rents the local bucket of bolts (certified of course) and takes off into the wild blue yonder heading for that pile of floating iron that for some reason he has a personal hate on. The first pass was a little too high as the bang was well above the funnel and too far astern. No one aboard the ship paid much attention to this one as the sound was just shrugged off by the Ships Divers who were taking advantage of the weekends to get entries in their Diving Logs. The next pass was a little closer and the sound of the engine so close could distinctly be heard, which in itself brought the ship's crew out to investigate. The third pass was closer still and just about bang on, you could see who the pilot was quite well and breathes were being held since one of the main bridge supports (Angus L. MacDonald Bridge being built across the harbour at that time)appeared to be directly in his flight path. Well he missed it by a good margin(I think), but it looked pretty tight from where I'm parked though. Being the perfectionist that he was(wasn't he always practicing on his piccolo?), KK decides to make one more pass with a double barrage of bangers, so down he comes, and I mean really low, letting loose his missiles just perfectly, except that bloody bridge is now in the way and all he can see is that concrete abutment with steel girders in front of him. Well KK does just what anyone else would do in that predicament, cackle like hell veer a little and fly UNDER the bridge, yelling "STONE THE BLOODY CROWS". You can appreciate the fact that the popping away of an unmuffled engine going full bore would attract some attention, and though HE wasn't there Himself, his minions were with that long glass, so it wasn't too long before our Head Sir was called upon the carpet to give his version of why there was an aeronautical display over His harbour without prior approval, indeed. The end result being that KK lost his gannet licence(which he liked to be so much, after all he did feed them now and then didn't he?) and his contract to serve in the Royal Canadian Navy(lovely name, that)wasn't renewed. Strangely it was with a sigh of relief when he was gone, but the party down at the Put-Put Club was quite an event for his send off and the manager was good enough to take cash for the ensuing damages, although one wonders how you could claim against used folding Pusser grey chairs and no charges were pressed. Our KRAZY KIPPER was going "back 'ome", yet with all the stunts pulled by others in the Diving Unit, there was only one KK! Needless to say, there were quite a few others, before and after, who wore the tag of 'crazy'. The first one to come to mind was a chap called 'crazy harry', and that was before he even joined the Unit, while he was overseas fighting Communist aggression, although never once was he in any area of danger. You see, he always seemed to be in a residence where they treated violent cases of a social disease whenever the ship was going out on patrol, so he missed all action, so to speak. After the gallant ship returned to its Home Port they couldn't get rid of him fast enough, and since he was a hardhat trained Diver they naturally sent him to us. Also his records noted that he had acquired some training in 'scoobie' from the Allies near the Isolation Ward, which was inland a bit so it must have been taken in a swimming pool. He seemed like a straight forward cheerful fellow so the Sirs decided to use him right away since there was a small inspection required just across the harbour, right under the Peepers window. Before we were able to tie up our boat at the site, one of the vessels decided to move, which made me go astern and wait a short distance away till things settled down. In the meantime our lad was dressed in a dry suit leaning on the ladder when one of the Sirs(the one with the stitches in his cheeks)wondered aloud just how deep it was right there. Well, before you could blink an eye, our lad picks up a fifty pound shot clump that was handy and jumps over the side. That Sir never even got his wits back in order when 'Crazy harry'was on the surface telling him to lower the ladder as the clump was getting pretty

heavy and he couldn't hold on to it much longer, and that the depth right there was close to 70 ft. When they later examined his ears to see if there was any damage, one of them swore that they could see light at the other end, although that's hard to believe, but then again he just stood there grinning when being chastised for putting that clump in danger of being buried in the mud and lost - after all, it was carried on the Stores books! Somehow, when that lad's time in the Service was up, there wasn't a re-engagement paper to be found amongst his documents so they bade 'crazy harry' a quick farewell. The next young lad to wear the crazy title was 'andy'. He too grinned a lot, so you didn't quite know in what zone he was. He was such an avid underwater explorer that he had rigged up a Mine Safety Apparatus (that which is used in the mines for rescue work) to use underwater when he was having his recreational play time. It was quite a good and safe rig to use on the surface and only occasionally did it malfunction, so that when used it was always in a team of two or more in case of a breakdown - first aid being always at hand this way. However our boy 'andy' decided that the risk of using 100% Oxygen didn't outweigh the pleasures of solo diving, besides he always performed at a beach where there were lots of onlookers watching...and the young ladies admiring his 'cool', whatever that was. This one fine Sunday there he was, floating on the surface face down, twitching a little bit with the spectators oohing and ahing at the display. 'Andy' of course was in another zone entirely, until somebody realized it wasn't just another show but was now becoming a drama, swam out and brought him ashore. Luckily there was an attendant at the beach who knew what to do and brought him around with mouth-to-mouth. Shortly thereafter that rebreather set ended up in the local pawn shop window alongside a brand new CDBA rig still in its brand new black wooden box. That lad was always fascinated with things that made a bang and went to great lengths to make up devices with whatever materials he could find at hand. Like acetylene and a garbage can, specially when he was threatened with a baseball bat when he blew flame at a young lad with a mouthfull of acetylene after flicking his 'Bic'. That gas, being heavier than air, tended to hug the ground and spread out unless it was contained somehow, and those white oblong balloons seemed to be just what the doctor ordered. So our boy 'andy' fills a white balloon with acetylene gas, places the garbage can over it, just tilted enough so that he flicks his 'Bic' and tries to light it. I don't know if he was a little leery or his arm wasn't long enough, but he couldn't seem to ignite the gas container regardless of the encouragement he got from the ship's crew. Looking around for an extension he could use, he spotted an old corn broom left on the jetty by some sloppy Ace whose chore it was to clean up in front of the Machine Shop, whose handle was already primed with oil and grease, and decides to use this as his extended igniter. The upshot of this was that after belly crawling up to the garbage can with that flaming broom extended, it was just right to melt the latex balloon and ignite the gas inside. It didn't go BOOM or anything, just a big whoosh, and that receptacle took off and landed beside Dutchie's boat with a bang that scared the old fellow into a clean pair of shorts that he didn't own. Just because that lad lost his eyebrows and acquired an instant sunburn on his face didn't deter him from pursuing his hobby some more, no sir. At that time the Unit had recently been the receiver of a couple of sets of hydrogen-oxygen underwater cutting torches, complete with an ample supply of gas cylinders, just waiting for some one to read the instruction manuals and be put to use. But our lad 'andy' didn't have to read the text, because he knew all about that blimp that caught fire and the gas was lighter than air, so if you contained it the whole thing would go aloft - right? And what better container was there but those white balloons - right? And an oil-soaked length of string was a good igniter - right? So with those three rights, what could add them better together but 'andy's' fertile brain. Naturally, the Unit bosses were those trusting sorts who didn't believe that anything could happen to those hydrogen cylinders, no one would harm or steal them. They were rather heavy so they were left out in open sight, and why not - who would want the gas with the rest of the equipment locked up. No one, that is except 'andy'. It took a while before his Duty Watch coincided with a perfect night, and there he was at the bank of tanks inflating his dirigibles, deciding to only handle one at a time, and you can guess what occurs thereafter. The first one sent aloft only had a short oiled fuse and the container wasn't that big so that when it ignited very close it was quite frightening, so a change in the length of fusing was in order. The next one 'andy' used lubricating grease on the string instead of oil, and the blimp was bigger, so it rose about 50 ft and went out towards the centre of the harbour before blowing. Our boy 'andy' was no dummy so he made the next one even bigger and the fuse longer making it light up over mid channel, which was enough to put a shine of pure rapture on his face. I suppose that in his own little world he must have thought that no one but him could relish the spectacle of a gush of flame over the harbour. In a way he was right, because before you knew it the Quartermaster had to rush away from his vantage point to answer the phone that wouldn't stop ringing. I know for a fact that when the OOW is given a

'Stop and Desist Forthwith' by one of the Peeper's minions, he must obey soonest, even though he was watching and critiquing the proceedings himself. As entertaining as it was it quickly put a stop to the fireworks, as well as a stop to 'andy's' career in the Navy - halfway through his diving course. I gather that as there was no such thing as a substantive rating of Pyro Technician in the Canadian Navy, 'andy' definitely had to go. There was certainly no lack of candidates in the Unit for the title of CRAZY, many of them had their highlighted moment of glory fame or injury. Like the lad who was walking back to the Unit, from an afternoon ashore, along the railway tracks when a locomotive came along and took the trouble to whack him on the shoulder while he was trundling along minding his own business. Was he entitled to wear that crown? If he was, he would have lost it when he went head over heels a few times, besides he didn't even hear the train, much less feel the vibrations on the ties - cold sober too, he said, nursing that shoulder. Then there was the time I was awakened by a caterwauling, screaming and singing coming from what appeared to be the main suspension pillar of the harbour crossing bridge a short ways away from the Naval Armament Depot. For a while before the main deck and grating of the bridge was being built, the only way you could get across was by the catwalk which stretched from one side to the other about two feet wide and planked with boards that swayed back and forth at the vagaries of the prevailing winds. If you were stranded on one side of the harbour due to missing the last Duty Boat at night, you were up the proverbial creek, otherwise you would have to try your luck at hitch-hiking the many miles around the Basin but, at that hour the traffic was very sparse, and you could be abandoned at the head of the Basin without any shelter. OR, you could solve the problem by sneaking across via the catwalk! It would only be kind to say that the three lads attempting this that night were in charge faculties but, alas that was not the case; they were pissed as billy-goats, well, you had to be or else they would not have been on it, up over the oggin a couple of hundred feet in the air with hard land on either side, scary to say the least. Well, the convoy of three proceeded up over the first stanchion, then down to the middle and up again to the second stanchion where one lad decided to climb up to the very top where the aircraft warning lights were located. Why? The other two lads couldn't care less and kept on going to the Dartmouth side, and up he went and started to sing at the top of his lungs, if it could be called singing. From down here it sounded like a donkey's posterior riddled with piles that hurt considerably; but there he was, braying at the moon (there was one that night, thank god) with all the lustiness his lungs could muster. That is until his vocal cords gave out, or sobriety set in, whichever; eventually he completed his passage across the bridge, hoarse, sobered, and wearing a big sheite eating grin for the next few days. Now did he qualify for the moniker CRAZY, or was it just his moment? Or was it the next young lad who had three accidents in one afternoon. To be continued.

A CLEARANCE DIVER AS SEEN BY:



CINCFLEET

A drunken, brawling, Landrover (or dumper truck) stealing, woman corrupting liar with a Rolex watch, diving knife, black woolly hat and combat jacket.



HIS CO

A fine specimen of a drunken, brawling, Landrover (or dumper truck) stealing, woman corrupting liar with a fantastically accurate watch, diving knife, woolly hat and a combat jacket.



WIFE/GIRLFRIEND

A stinking, gross, foul-mouthed burn who arrives home every 3 or 4 months with a bag of dirty undersuits, a huge ugly watch, a filthy old hat and a hard on.



HIMSELF

A smart, handsome, highly trained, professional killer and female idol who wears a tailored, non regulation combat jacket, carries a finely honed diving knife, is covered by a smart woolly hat and is always on time due to the reliability of his Rolex watch.



MOD

An overpaid, overrated tax burden who is indispensable since he will go anywhere so long as he can drink, brawl, steal Landrovers (or dumper trucks), corrupt woman, kick dogs, lie, sing dirty songs, wear dirty undersuits, unofficial combat jackets, diving knives, a Rolex watch and unauthorised hats.

Ottawa Citizen March 27, 1996

O'BRIEN, Admiral John C., O.C., C.D.

In Ottawa on Sunday, March 24, 1996, after a short illness. Most beloved husband of Stephanie. Father of Gale (Ferd Ozkul) and Christopher. Grandfather of Siobán, Deirdre, Ben, Fulya and Suzan. Private cremation. A public memorial service will be held at a later date. In lieu of flowers donations to the Naval Officers' Association of Canada, Endowment Fund, P.O. Box 28083, Nepean, Ontario, K2H 9R6, or to a charity of your choice, would be appreciated. Arrangements in care of the Central Chapel of Hulse, Playfair & McGarry, 233-1143.

The Ottawa Citizen

April 4, 1996

Environment minister slams Irving family

QUEBEC—The Irving family is acting like 'corporate bums' for not taking responsibility for their sunken oil barge in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Quebec Environment Minister David Cliche charged Wednesday. The *Irving Whale* sank in stormy gulf waters in 1976. The Irvings have argued that because the barge sank in international waters they are not responsible for it. The federal government spent \$18.7 million preparing for the lift operation last year and expects to spend another \$15 million to \$17 million this year. The Irvings "should pay for the bill," Cliche said.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

O'BRIEN, Vice-Admiral John C., O.C., C.D.

Friends are invited to attend a Service in John's memory at St. Bartholomew's Anglican Church, 125 Mackay Street, Ottawa on Saturday, April 27, 1996, at 11 a.m. A reception will take place in the Church hall following the service.

Bob Coren has retired from his position at NDHQ/DMEE(Diving Systems) as of 27 Mar 96 with a group of his colleagues in attendance for his retirement. Bob joined the RCN in his hometown of Toronto, Ontario in September 1956, qualified as a Clearance Diving Officer aboard HMCS GRANBY in 1963. He served on YMT 11 and YMT 12 before becoming the XO at FDU(A) in 1967-68. He served aboard HMCS ASSINIBOINE before being recalled for diving duties once more during the oil tanker 'ARROW' oil spill disaster in Chedabucto Bay near the Canso Straits of Nova Scotia. Bob attended STAFF COLLEGE, was on the SDL-1 Project, was the XO(1974-76) and CO(1976-80) of Fleet Diving Unit(Atlantic), served aboard the Supply Ship HMCS PRESERVER(1980-82), took a position at NDHQ in 1982 and retired from the Navy in 1988. He continued at NDHQ as a civilian until his recent retirement where he now intends to enjoy his golfing, rowing, cross country skiing and travel. Bob expects to sell his residence in Ottawa and move to Fredericton, New Brunswick. All your friends wish you a great retirement!

Bruce Bowen in North Vancouver says his wife, Sharon went South to Las Vegas for the March school break, which left him time to do his own thing. Every once in a while he gets to talk to Stan Stephenson who lives just down the road from him in White Rock, B.C.. Bruce requested a copy of our Master Communication List we hold of all the known Diver's addresses in order that he can contact some of his other buddies from times gone past.

Dick Laukner in Brampton, Ontario informs us that he is definitely enjoying his retirement and says his good wife, Lisa now brings home the bacon, as she is happily engaged in the working world. Dick suggests that all members who have an E-Mail address should send it along to Chuck Rolfe(see address on front of DIGEST) who will publish all of them in the newsletter for dissemination to all others who wish to utilize it as a communication medium between friends. This is an excellent idea!

Admiral(Ret)John C. 'Scruffy' O'Brien has passed away in Ottawa on 24 Mar 96(see Obituary on earlier page). We recall how he looked favourably on the Canadian Naval Divers under his command and when he was the Maritime Commander in Halifax, Nova Scotia. May his soul rest in peace.

Wally Green and Chuck Rolfe had lunch at the RCNA Club on Victoria Island with Bruce Downie in April when he travelled from his home in Peterborough, Ontario to Ottawa for a weekend stay with Wally and his most excellent companion, Roma. Many topics were discussed, particularly where all their chums were located and what they are doing now. Bruce recalled that only himself, Al Blancher and Tom Cowan successfully completed their Diving Course in 1957 out of all the many applicants who wanted to be Clearance Divers. The successful Divers on Wally's course held in 1955-56 at the Naval Armament Depot site were: Stan Stephenson, Ike Eisner, Art Beaumon, Vince Patcheson, Bill Stevenson and himself. Stan lives in White Rock, B.C.; Ike lives in Chester, N.S.; Art lives in Victoria, B.C.; Vince lives in Toronto, Ont.; nobody knew where Bill is, and Wally lives in Ottawa, Ontario. All three old reprobates lamented the fact that although we still feel young in our hearts, the old body no longer lets us do whatever we feel like!! Al McRae enjoyed some time in Mexico in March and returned home to Victoria all tanned and raring to go again.

It was a most welcome letter we received from our oldest member(90 years young in May 1996) who became a qualified RCN Diver in the year 30 April 1926!!!

Bill Cryderman in Keremeos, B.C. sent along a photo showing himself, Lt Brown(Shipright), Sharp, Massic (E.A.), Turnbull(Gunner T), Lon Chaney and Howard Smedley on the shore at Beaver Lake - Vancouver Island - in 1937 doing a D.S.E.A. Exercise. Bill recalls the time he was in Comox, B.C. during WWII where they were sent to recover some rifles lost overboard during Army landing exercises and aircraft recoveries(they did plenty of these at that time!) off Sydney, B.C. Bill remains in fairly good health and recently passed the medical examination he needs which qualifies him to renew his Driver's Licence, although he says the British Columbia Department of Transport becomes very particular about them when a person applies for it at the age of 90!!



He saw Frank & Stella Meal(Frank was on his Diving Crew on the West Coast during World War Two) about three years ago, and gave him a photo of Frank in D.S.E.A. equipment in the Crystal Pool at the famous Empress Hotel in Victoria, B.C. way back when. In the photo from L to R: Bill Cryderman, Lt. Brown, Sharp, Turnbull, Smedley, Massic and Lon Chaney.

Montreal Diver Treated for Bends JUL 58

A Montreal commercial diver, Renaud Clauss, became the first civilian from inland Canada to be treated in the RCN's recompression chamber at Dartmouth when he was flown to the Nova Scotia centre late in May with a severe case of the bends.

Mr. Clauss is reported to have been working 80 feet below the surface of a northern Quebec lake May 16 when he was forced to ascend in ten seconds to avoid underwater currents dragging him toward a dam. Normal ascent time for that depth is 57 minutes.

During the next week the diver suffered from increasing pain in his left arm and his vision became affected. On the advice of Jack Bathurst, Montreal diving expert and formerly a lieutenant-commander, RCN, Mr. Clauss was flown to Halifax. He made the flight via TCA at an altitude of under 7,000 feet.

Met on arrival at *Shearwater* by Surg. Lt.-Cdr. H. D. Oliver, Clauss was taken directly to the recompression chamber at the French Cable Wharf. He entered the chamber at midnight May 25 and treatment began immediately under the direction of Lt.-Cdr. C. S. Smedley, officer-in-charge of Operational Diving Unit No. One.

The pressure in the chamber was set initially at 165 feet and gradually released over a period of 37 hours. He emerged from the chamber shortly after noon May 27. During his confinement he was attended by Dr. Oliver, who remained in the chamber with him for the first eight hours. He was ferried through an air-lock in the chamber and personnel of the diving unit took turns keeping him company.

As he stepped into open air, Clauss, who is president of International Underwater Contractors Ltd. of Montreal, and a recent arrival from France, said of the chamber: "It's the nicest one I've



Commercial diver Renaud Clauss, 32, Montreal, emerges from RCN recompression chamber at Dartmouth after 37 hours of treatment for a severe case of bends. He is assisted by PO Ronald Elliot, Montreal, a crew member of the *Granby*, the RCN's East Coast diving tender. (HS-53010)

seen, very roomy and comfortable". It was his second experience with the bends, which are caused by nitrogen bubbles in the bloodstream due to sudden change in pressure.

The Navy's Dartmouth recompression chamber is the only one in the Atlantic Command capable of therapeutic treatment. The RCN has another on the west coast at Esquimalt.

Among the divers who assisted in the operation were Lt. E. D. Thompson, Chief Petty Officers P. J. Nicholson and R. A. Wigmore, Petty Officers Norman Mitts and D. G. Pilot, and AB R. J. Corbeil.

Age Requirements for Marriage Allowance Lowered

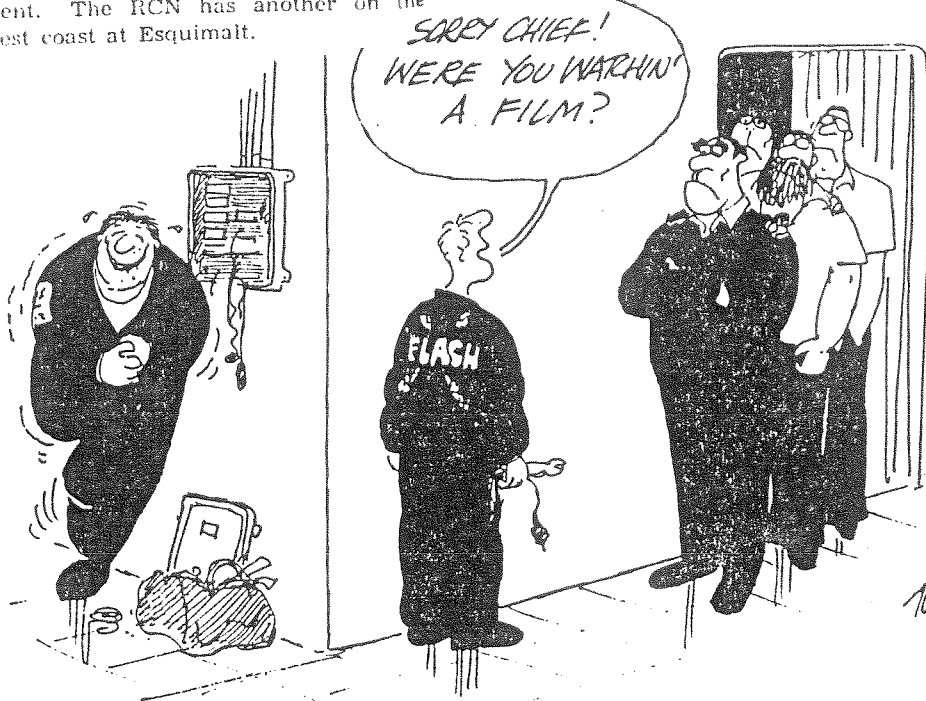
Effective April 1, 1951, the age requirements for payment of marriage allowance have been lowered as follows:

1. For an officer, to 23 years of age;
2. For a man, to 21 years of age.

With certain exceptions, an officer formerly had to be 25 years of age and a man 23 in order to qualify for marriage allowance. These regulations were waived, however, with respect to personnel who had served on active service during the Second World War and to officers and men of the Canadian Special Force.

Those eligible under the change in requirements should submit applications for marriage allowance, together with marriage certificates, in the normal manner.

JUN 51



CPO WILLIAM BURPEE DODSWORTH, 41, of Amherst, N.S., joined May 17, 1937; served in Stadacona, St. Laurent, Skeena, Assiniboine, Naden, Hochelaga, Rimouski, Brandon, Blairmore, Niobe, Ottawa, Avalon, Cornwallis, Thetford Mines, Fort Frances, Scotian, Micmac, Iroquois, RCNAS Dartmouth, Magnificent, Micmac, New Liskeard, Flamborough Head, Cape Breton, Huron; awarded the British Empire Medal in June, 1944; awarded Canadian Forces Decoration; retired May 21, 1957.

AUG 57

Divers Sail for Northern Duty

JULY 58

A seven-man clearance diving team from the Royal Canadian Navy's Operational Diving Unit No. 1 sailed from Halifax in early June to assist in the 1958 resupply of radar sites in Canada's northland.

The United States Navy icebreaker *Edisto* called at Halifax to embark the Canadians and their equipment.

The team is operating under the direction of the Military Sea Transport Service, the United States authority responsible for resupply of DEW Line and Pine Tree Lines sites in the eastern Arctic.

The RCN divers are operating in northern Newfoundland, east Baffin and Labrador coastal areas. Their mission is to survey, select and prepare beaches as landing sites for shipborne supplies.

In addition to selecting and blasting out beaches, the divers are preparing tidal information of the areas concerned, are available during the landings to effect emergency repairs on landing



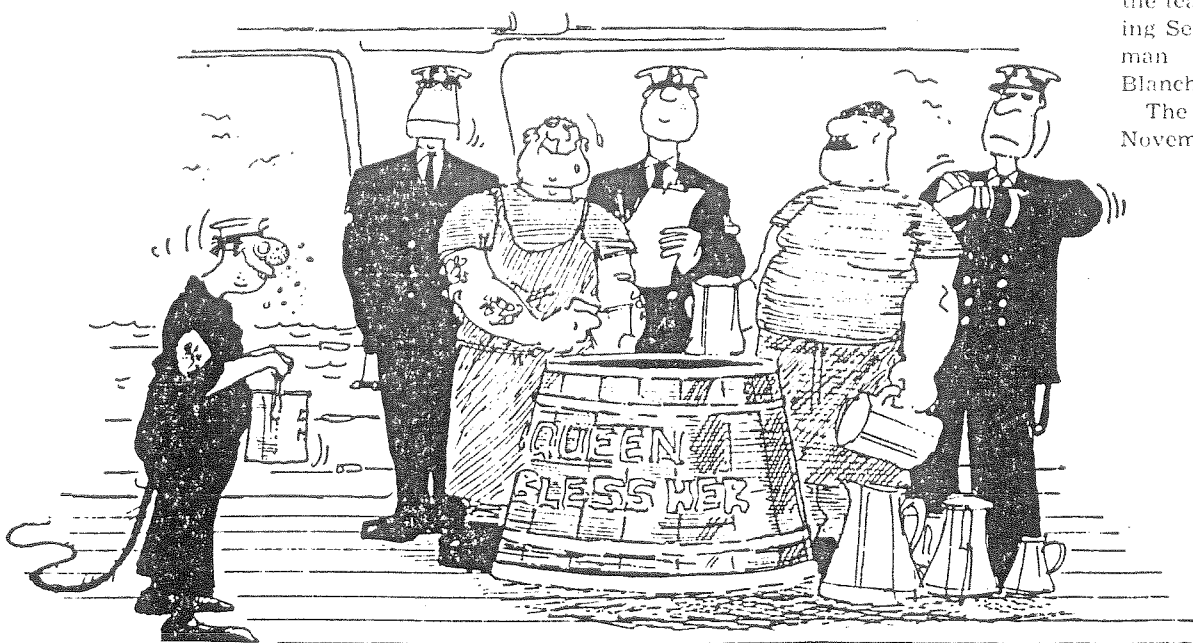
A diving team from Operational Diving Unit No. 1 went on board USS *Edisto* at the end of May for diving operations in northern waters. The team will survey beaches for the landing of supplies for northern radar sites. Left to right are AB Bruce Downey, AB Alex Blancher, PO Keith Power, Lt.-Cdr. Ross Dickinson, PO Patrick O'Neil, PO Brian Dillistone and Ldg. Sea. Leo Goneau. (HS-53039)

craft if required, and keep the beach area free from obstructions.

Heading the RCN team, which is made up entirely of volunteers, is Lt.-Cdr. Ross Dickinson, who has been engaged in clearance diving for four years.

Two members of his team, Petty Officers Patrick O'Neil and Brian Dillistone, have previously worked in the Far North while serving on board the Arctic patrol ship *Labrador*, which has since been transferred to the Department of Transport. Other members of the team are PO Kenneth Powers, Leading Seaman Leo Goneau, and Able Seaman Bruce Downey and Charles Blancher.

The team will return to Halifax in November.



Grog rat

Deep Sea Diver Smedley Retires APR 60

The oldest deep sea diver in the Royal Canadian Navy terminated 30 years of active service as a diver when he retired from duty at the end of March.

Lt.-Cdr. Charles S. Smedley, commanding officer of HMCS Granby, relinquished his command on March 31. He was succeeded by Lt.-Cdr. Ward Palmer.

Lt.-Cdr. Smedley began his lengthy naval career in 1928 at Esquimalt, when he enlisted at the age of 17.

After completing basic training, he was sent to the Royal Navy where he qualified as a torpedoman in 1930. From the torpedo school he went to the Royal Navy diving school where he qualified as a diver in the same year.

The following year, Lt.-Cdr. Smedley returned to Canada and served in various ships on the West Coast.

At the outbreak of the Second World War, he was drafted to the *Restigouche* as a torpedoman. During most of the war Lt.-Cdr. Smedley was assigned to trans-Atlantic convoys, Russian convoy duty and Channel patrols.

After the war he was posted to Washington, D.C., for further deep-sea diving training, involving standard diving equipment as well as helium-oxygen equipment.

On completion of his course, he was attached completely to the diving branch of the Navy. At this time the diving branch of the Navy was divided into two parts, standard divers, for underwater ship repairs, and clearance divers for clearing mine locations.

In 1932 both divisions amalgamated and became the clearance diving branch. Following the amalgamation, he went to Indian Head, Maryland, to qualify as a clearance diving officer.

Four years later, he was appointed officer-in-charge of the operational diving unit in Halifax and was given command of the *Granby*.

The deepest dives made by Lt.-Cdr. Smedley were at Washington in helium-oxygen equipment where he descended to a depth of 320 feet, and at Campbell River, B.C., where he went to a depth of 250 feet in the standard diving equipment. These depths invite comparison with the altitude of his former home town of Canmore, Alberta—4,300 feet above sea level.

Lt.-Cdr. Smedley plans to open a diving and underwater survey firm to aid fishermen, marine agencies and industrial firms that require diving services. MAY 61

CPO WILLIAM EDMUND JOHN CUBITT, C2C14 of Chauvin, Alberta; joined September 13, 1937; served in Naden, St. Laurent, Stadacona, Avalon, Skeena, Stratford, GivENCHY, Fort Colborne, Niobe, Restigouche, Cornwallis, Peregrine, Iroquois, Sault Ste. Marie, Uganda, Rockcliffe, (Diving Tender No. 2), Ontario, Athabaskan, Niagara, Cape Breton; awarded Long Service and Good Conduct Medal; retired May 23, 1961. X

New Structure For Two Branches DEC 60

A new structure for clearance diver and meteorological trades was approved by Naval Board and appropriate tri-service authorities and promulgated in November.

New trades consisting of the following, formed from former trades as indicated, were effective November 1.

Clearance Diver (CD) from Clearance Diver and Clearance Diving Instructor; Meteorologist's Mate (MM) from Meteorologist's Mate Trade Group I and II;

Meteorological Technician (MO) from Meteorologist's Mate Trade Group III and IV.

All men serving in the former clearance diving and meteorology trades are being transferred to new trades. Recruits will be allocated to the new meteorology trade in Cornwallis. All future clearance divers will be selected from men of other trades holding Trade Group I, preferably with Clearance Diver Ships qualification.

All men retain rank, trade group and seniority held at time of transfer to their new trades and all promotion and advancement qualifications attained in the former trade will be counted as equivalent qualifications in new trades where applicable.

Men who were in the zone for promotion to next higher rank at time of transfer to their new trades will continue to be considered in zone for

Naval Divers Recover Body MAY 61

Naval divers on April 27 recovered the body of I. J. Curley, 62, a drowning victim in Pictou, N.S., harbour.

Three members of the RCN Diving Establishment, Dartmouth, went to Pictou the previous day in response to a request by the RCMP.

They were CPO Norman H. Mitts, in charge, and Leading Seamen Thomas Cowan and Glendon A. Frauzel.

Lt.-CDR LAWRENCE CHANEY, MBE, CD, RCN, of Vernon, B.C., joined RCN as a boy seaman March 1, 1929, promoted to warrant rank August 21, 1942; served in Naden, Armentières, Thiepval, Vancouver, HMS Victoria, HMS Warspite, Skeena, HMS Vernon, HMS Excellent, HMS Nelson, HMS Iron Duke, Fraser, Nootka, Assiniboine, Stadacona, Harbortown, Ottawa, Preserver, Avalon, Rockcliffe, Ontario, Caribou; last appointment Diving Officer West Coast and officer-in-charge of Operational Diving Unit commenced leave June 13, 1961; retires February 23, 1962.

Diving Unit Put Plane Back in Air JAN 60

One of the untold stories of 1959 concerns assistance given the U.S. Air Force by the RCN diving unit, which went north with the annual sea-lift of the U.S. Navy's Military Sea Transportation Service.

The story came to light in a letter of appreciation written by Colonel Louis A. Rochez III, USAF, to Rear-Admiral H. F. Pullen, Flag Officer Atlantic Coast:

"On July 16, 1959, at Lake Fremont in Labrador, one of our SA-16 amphibian aircraft was taxied across a rock, resulting in a ripped hull. Because of the inaccessibility of the location and absence of beaching facilities, the repair was beyond the capabilities of our base. Knowing of the presence of the USS *Opportune* in Torrington Basin adjacent to Goose Air Base, I called upon Lt. Arthur Rowse, RCN for assistance. He immediately offered his men and equipment.

"Lt. Rowse, CPO P. J. Nicholson and Ldg. Sea. A. N. Eisner were airlifted to Lake Fremont. For three days, with only three or four hours of sleep each day, they worked on the aircraft, effecting repairs which enabled us to fly it back to Goose Air Base for final repair.

"Without Lt. Rowse's co-operation and the ingenuity and knowledge of Lt. Rowse, CPO Nicholson and Ldg. Sea. Eisner, it is problematical whether the aircraft could have been prepared for flight in less than 30 days. The loss of the use of the aircraft for an excessive period of time would have seriously hampered our operations.

"I would like to commend these men for their work and congratulate them for a job well done and in the best traditions of the Royal Canadian Navy."

CPO JOHN BRYAN RICKARD, C2C11, of London, England and Chilliwack, B.C., joined November 19, 1938; served in Naden, Van Isle, Malaspina, Prince Robert, Ingonish, Prince David, GivENCHY, Stadacona, Hochelaga, Winnipeg, HMS Nabob, HMS Marlborough, Niobe, Loch Achanalt, Cornwallis, Protector, Peregrine, Observer, Border Cities, Protector, Shelburne, Charlottetown II, Warrior, Crescent, Rockcliffe, (Div Tender 2), Niagara, Athabaskan, Discovery, New Waterford; awarded CD March 2, 1951; retired June 4, 1961. AUG 61

CPO ROBERT ARTHUR WIGMORE, C1C14, of Esquimalt, B.C.; joined July 31, 1939; served in Naden, Stadacona, Restigouche, Cornwallis, Naden (Diving Tender No. 2), Prince Robert, GivENCHY, Ontario, Niagara, Granby, (Aux. No. 5), Granby; awarded LS and GC Medal, July 31, 1954; retired October 15, 1960. NOV 60

NOV. 1949 CROUSNEST

DO YOU KNOW YOUR TRADE GROUP?

NOV 49

NOV 49

In order that men who have passed professionally or who hold professional qualifications may ascertain their trade group, the following table is reproduced. Men reverted for unsuitability shall receive the trades pay decided upon by the Senior Officer in Chief Command.

Branch or Trade	Trade Group I	Trade Group II	Trade Group III	Trade Group IV
(a) Gunner, Instructor, Torpedo, Anti-Submarine Instructor, For and Radar Instructor.	On qualifying for the second class rate.	On qualifying for the first class rate.	On qualifying for the first class rate.	On qualifying for the first class rate.
(b) Layer Rate, Quarter Rate, Anti-Aircraft Rate, Control Rate, Control Rate, Control Rate, Control Rate, Radar Plot Rate, Physical and Recreational Training Rate, Aircraft Handler Rate.	On qualifying for the third class rate.	On qualifying for the second class rate.	On qualifying for the first class rate.	On qualifying for the first class rate.
(c) Meteorologist Observer Rate.	On qualifying for the third class rate.	On qualifying for the second class rate.	On qualifying for the first class rate.	On qualifying for the first class rate.
(d) Safety Equipment Worker Rate.	On qualifying for the third class rate.	On qualifying for the second class rate.	On qualifying for the first class rate.	On qualifying for the first class rate.
(e) Torpedo Coxswain	On qualifying for the third class rate.	On qualifying for the second class rate.	On qualifying for the first class rate.	On qualifying for the first class rate.
(f) Diver Rate	On qualifying for the third class rate.	On qualifying for the second class rate.	On qualifying for the first class rate.	On qualifying for the first class rate.
(g) Regulating	On qualifying for the third class rate.	On qualifying for the second class rate.	On qualifying for the first class rate.	On qualifying for the first class rate.
(h) Communicator, Communicator (S), Communicator (C), Writer, Stores, Cook (S), Cook (O), Photographer, Air Mechanic.	On passing professionally for Able Seaman.	On passing professionally for Petty Officer 2/c.	On passing professionally for Chief Petty Officer 2/c.	On passing professionally for Chief Petty Officer 2/c.
(i) Steward.	On passing professionally for Petty Officer 2/c.	On passing professionally for Chief Petty Officer 2/c.	On passing professionally for Chief Petty Officer 2/c.	On passing professionally for Chief Petty Officer 2/c.
(j) Band.	On passing trade test for entry. (Note: Pandemon are entered in Standard, I or II depending on ability.)	(i) On passing trade test for entry, or Petty Officer 2/c.	On passing professionally for Chief Petty Officer 2/c.	On passing professionally for Chief Petty Officer 2/c.
(k) Engine Room Artificer, Air Artificer, Armourer, Electrical Technician, Radio Technician, Shipwright, Electrical Artificer.	On passing trade test for entry. (Note: Pandemon are entered in Standard, I or II depending on ability.)	(i) On passing trade test for entry, or Petty Officer 2/c.	On passing professionally for Chief Petty Officer 2/c.	On passing professionally for Chief Petty Officer 2/c.
(l) Plumber, Blacksmith	On passing trade test for entry.	On passing trade test for entry.	On passing trade test for entry.	On passing trade test for entry.
(m) Painter	On passing trade test for entry.	On passing trade test for entry.	On passing trade test for entry.	On passing trade test for entry.
(n) Shipmaker	On qualifying after transfer.	On passing professionally for Petty Officer 2/c.	On passing professionally for Chief Petty Officer 2/c.	On passing professionally for Chief Petty Officer 2/c.
(o) Stoker Mechanic	(i) On passing professionally for Auxiliary Watchkeeping Certificate, or (ii) On qualifying as Engineer Officer's Writer.	(i) On passing professionally for Petty Officer 2/c, or (ii) When reverted to Stoker Mechanic from ERA Apprentice.	On passing professionally for Chief Petty Officer 2/c.	On passing professionally for Chief Petty Officer 2/c.
(p) Air Radio Mechanic	On passing "ab initio" technical course.	On passing professionally for Petty Officer 2/c.	On passing professionally for Chief Petty Officer 2/c.	On passing professionally for Chief Petty Officer 2/c.
(q) Electrician's Mate	On passing professionally for Able Seaman.	On passing preparatory course for transfer to ET or RT.	On passing professionally for Chief Petty Officer 2/c.	On passing professionally for Chief Petty Officer 2/c.
(r) Seamen transferring to Armourer	On passing Part I of Conversion Course.	On passing Part I of Conversion Course.	On passing Part I of Conversion Course.	On passing Part I of Conversion Course.
(s) Motor Mechanic	(i) On passing professionally for Auxiliary Watchkeeping Certificate (A/C), or (ii) On passing professionally for 4th Class Marine Engineer's Certificate of Competency for Motor Driven Ships.	(i) On passing professionally for Petty Officer 2/c, or (ii) On qualifying for 4th Class Marine Engineer's Certificate of Competency for Motor Driven Ships.	(i) On passing Trade Test for Fitter in the rating of Petty Officer 1/c, or (ii) On qualifying for 2nd Class Marine Engineer's Certificate of Competency for Motor Driven Ships.	(i) On passing professionally for Chief Petty Officer 2/c, or (ii) On qualifying as Hygiene Assistant III, Laboratory Assistant III, Radiographer III, Physiotherapy Aide III, Operating Room Assistant III.
(t) Medical	On passing professionally for Able Seaman.	(i) On passing professionally for Petty Officer 2/c, or (ii) On qualifying as Hygiene Assistant III, Laboratory Assistant III, Radiographer III, Physiotherapy Aide III.	(i) On passing professionally for Chief Petty Officer 2/c, or (ii) On qualifying as Hygiene Assistant III, Laboratory Assistant III, Radiographer III, Physiotherapy Aide III.	(i) On passing professionally for Chief Petty Officer 2/c, or (ii) On qualifying as Hygiene Assistant III, Laboratory Assistant III, Radiographer III, Physiotherapy Aide III, Medical.
(u) Gunner Officer's Writer, T.A.S. Officer's Writer.	On qualifying.	On qualifying.	On qualifying.	On qualifying.
(v) Communicator (V) (W)	On passing professionally for Able Seaman.	Holds the old non-sub rate of V/S 2 or W/T 2.	Holds the old non-sub rate of V/S 3 or W/T 3.	Holds the old non-sub rate of V/S 3 or W/T 3.