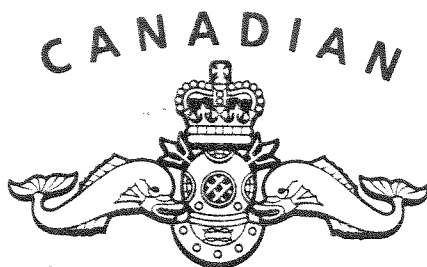


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NAVAL DIVERS
ASSOCIATION

DIPPERS DIGEST #18
DIVING TENDER #7 aka

cont'd

YARD MAINTENANCE TENDER

15 June 1994

FOUNDED
HALIFAX, N.S.
1981

FOUNDING MEMBERS

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

First President
Stanley F. Watts

As I recall, the Winter of '52 was a real rough one, what with the gales blowing down from the Nor'east and the occasional blizzard blowing ships ashore or floundering at sea, I didn't get too much time away from the Unit except on good days, and that was only going over to the Gun Wharf at the Naval Armament Depot(NAD) on the Dartmouth side with a load of empty aqualung cylinders. You see, the only high pressure air available at that time was at the Torpedo Repair Shop situated up a hill(naturally!) from the Jetty, up near the Main Gate. It was quite a chore too as they couldn't use a dolly and had to tote the tanks by hand, one of the lads hated walking so he carried 3 triples at a time, but the other lads didn't mind at all, only carrying one at a time - evidently they liked the hike up the hill!! About the only training that took place was up in HMCS STADACONA's pool, and by all accounts it was a pretty good time what with the warm water and all. Demonstrations were put on for the Brass a few times to promote interest in all the different types of equipment we had; the oddball Mine Recovery Suit held some attention, but the two Divers using the Mk 1 playing checkers with lead weights stole the show and Winter passed fairly quickly. I was always tied up to the Gate Vessel(GV) and, because I was at the extreme end of the shore steam lines, there wasn't enough heat getting through to be comfortable and stoking the boiler all night was too much trouble for the boys, so they slept on the concrete barge, however with the coming of warmer weather they moved back to the for'd Mess which still required a fire during the night, but just a banked one. After a few nights the lads were getting a little sloppy, and at times a new fire had to be laid - that was the start of the Minstrel show. Now our boy Ace, for want of a better name for this Stoker, he was prepared, he kept a coffee can of gas or diesel oil beside the boom on the upper deck. On this chilly morning, up he gets, pokes the ashes, goes and brings the can and douses the boiler. Unbeknownst to him is a small hot ember, not quite hot enough for an instant fire but enough to steam the gas, and when he stirred the ashes again she backfired. If you had ever seen anything as comical as five adult matelots standing in the chill morning in just their nicks looking at each other, stupidly wondering what happened, it was then! All of them were covered in soot but only Ace had singed hair and eyebrows and, because he was the culprit, he scrubbed out the Mess from top to bottom, changed all the linen and paid for uniform dry cleaning. But Ace wasn't finished with me by a long shot yet. My boss was always working towards recognition and a little publicity, but this next event sort of worked in reverse. It was a beautiful Spring morning when a call came through that an object, looking like a floating mine, was sighted just outside the harbour entrance and would the Unit look into it? Sure enough the boys came on board, the engine flashed up, lines let go and I started out the camber. I was at Slow Ahead then and when the bows of the Cape ships were passed, the wheel was swung to starboard and 'FULL' rang down when two things happened. First I turned a bit then I started to lean to port, then a little more, then a lot more and I began to turn. Now this was pretty scary stuff as no amount of wheel turning in the other direction made me right myself, and when the Stoker(Ace of course) didn't answer the telegraph to 'STOP', I knew I had a problem. He couldn't answer of course as he was on the upper deck with the rest of the boys, standing on the high side adding weight, as they thought I was going to turn turtle. Anyway, they got Ace back on the throttle and VERY slowly returned me to my berth. A line was rigged from the boom to the GV to correct the list and the boss man, being no simpleton, why he figured out right of the bat that something was missing from the bilges and ordered a muster of the ballast. While this was going on a harbour craft was used for the mine search, but with no results excepting that a large mooring buoy was found floating in the area. It was considered at the time a real emergency, as just a few years before a real floating mine had

washed up on a deserted beach on the West Coast with a resulting loss of life and injury to the Bomb Disposal Team. Naturally, the young Storesman was selected to do the ballast muster with the aid of a senior PO, of course you can guess who had to do all the mule hauling. The end of the muster tally showed that sixty odd pieces of lead ballast were missing, these were all in the hundred pound range. Because I was missing this large amount of ballast, a muster was called for on all the boats in the Yard, with the following results. DT #3 was completely stripped, not an ounce was found on her, and she was tied up near the Duty Boats. DT #5 only had a dozen or so missing as most of hers were pig iron ballast. DT #1's ballast tally was unknown as she was owned by the National Research Establishment (NRE) and didn't have a Permanent Inventory Record. Now missing ballast from any boat with the thought of thievery is bad enough but when they found that the sailing ship HMCS ORIOLE was short of even the counter balancing weight for the gimballed table, the poop really hit the revolving blades! Investigators from the RCMP and the Service came into play, with the whole Unit, Sirs excepted but in command, were lined up for presentation to the owner of the local salvage yard to view. These boys really knew their trade, as the trail of lead even showed up underneath a mound of hay on one of the culprit parent's potato ranch. They even found a couple of pigs wired onto the frame of one lad's half ton pick-up that they had used. Fortunately no Divers were involved, just the Seamen biding their time until their service time was up. It was up alright, right into Cells with a shaved head and a toothbrush for scrubbing out the heads. During this question and answer period they discovered the dastardly fiends who had swiped the turkeys at Christmas time, and to think that they only got \$2.00 for the hot bird complete with pan and Pierre the Cook's oven mitts - mind you at that time a draft of beer cost .15¢ or two for .25¢. Well the Unit wanted recognition (but not this kind), anyway I'm not finished with Ace the Stoker just yet. Shortly after, our boy was in the engine room and was going to pump the bilge as quite a bit of water had built up from the dripping stern gland. This was quite acceptable because if the drip stopped completely, it meant the gland packing was too tight and it was apt to burn out, hence the slow leak. As new ballast hadn't arrived yet I was down a bit at the bow, not much, just a little. In front of the engine are four valves, one for intake cooling, one for pumping the engine room bilge, one for the main hold and one for the fore deck, each individually tagged and colour-coded differently. Now our boy Ace pumped out the engine room all right, but he pumped it into the fore'd Mess, and when he went to check the other bilges he found an inch of bilge water over the floorboards up fore'd. Dashing back to his hole, he twisted a couple of other valves hoping to solve the problem and, on further checking, found 4 inches of oily liquid sloshing all around; being a smart cat he ran back and shut the pumping operation down and went looking for assistance. Now he didn't get any from the C2MM because all he knew was the gas engines in a Fairmile (MTB), and pumping bilges wasn't in his scope of things, but he did get some from a young lad who played with engines in his spare time, with the end result of dry bilges all around. I'm not quite finished with Ace yet. Another episode happened just before he was drafted out for Release. One of the lads was using the Galley stove when the flame went out (he was melting down some of the checker weights in a can for a 20 pound shot line), knowing what to do, he went to the propane tanks, shut off the empty one and opened up the full one, also informing our boy Ace about the tanks. Standing Orders stated that two full tanks were to be kept on board at all times and if one went dry the Stoker was to replace it forthwith, spares being available on the GV with the other gasses. When Ace was informed, he grabbed a crescent wrench and proceeded to the tank area, where he saw one valve open and one closed. Not being really stupid or dense, with great aforethought he decided to open the tank valve that was closed and close the open one, "good stuff" says he and attacks the brass nut with his tool. No matter how much he heaved and pulled that brass nut would not move, so he decided what he required was a bigger tool, so off he goes returning with a 36" pipe wrench. Now he was really confident he could open that nut, but alas the only thing he accomplished was a pile of brass chips under the nut and he was all puffed out. Red faced and all, he vowed he was going to crack that nut come hell or high water so, taking a fresh purchase on the almost round nut and bracing his oily larigans on the wheelhouse, he gave a giant heave and a grunt and something gave. It wasn't the nut though, it was the valve where it came out of the neck of the cylinder - it broke right off! Well sir, when that gas was suddenly released, it gave a big whooosh and a whistle, starting to coat the wheelhouse with a layer of hoar frost that ended up 3 inches thick near the wheelhouse overhang. Fortunately the flame was out on my stove and Pierre the cook hadn't laid on a new fire for supper, as it was, the stink and smell of raw propane is pretty wicked to say the least. Another piece of luck was the wind blowing off the camber and the noise was blamed on the Dockyard Mateys

doing a refit on the Cape ships. Two things our boy Ace had against him, one was not checking to see if it was the right tank and two, he didn't know that inflammable gas containers had a lefthand thread, so all he was doing was tightening that sucker up. For all his faults in the Stoker end, he sure could make up a good bunch of fudge for the lads and not once did he ever miss out on a clutch movement, a little slow on the throttle lever a few times, but that only made me look like I was in a drag race(ahem).

Summer rolled around and the NATO Fleets were exercising off Newfie when there was a collision of two American ships, one was a Supply and Repair Vessel and the other a Destroyer. The big supply ship had a 15 foot gash at her water line with most of the hole below, right smack in her ammunition lockers - no explosion however. When she came alongside at Jetty 4, a signal went out requesting Divers for a survey prior to going to the Floating Dock for temporary repairs. Diving Tender #5 answered immediately as they were right next door at the Diving School and under Flags nose, so to speak. By the time I came on the scene they already had a hardhat down and their Sir waved us off, I'm being biased of course but I'll swear he had a sneer on his face when he saw me, as if a new coat of paint meant anything. Anyway, my Sir eased up astern and secured to the ship and all the crew stood at the peak to ogle the pride of the diving world. Well sir, the first man they had put down was doing a lot of squawking on the radio and they hauled him out and dressed another, and be darned if the same thing didn't happen again, so he was hauled out too. It seemed that outside of not being able to see up very well they didn't like the fixed ammo and large shells falling out of the hole in the bottom and landing at their feet, stirring up the bottom! Now I'm not saying that there was a smug look on my Sirs face(he was too much of a gentleman for that) but he did have a glint in his eye when he told two lads to get dressed and use the Mk 1's. DT #5 didn't stay around and took off for home(next door) in a cloud of black smoke, their Sir didn't even wait for the engine to warm up first. After our survey, the ship's crew had to cut a hole through the deck to get down to the area as the watertight hatch was jammed in with wreckage and couldn't be opened. My whole crew, Sirs and all, worked until the wee hours of the night cleaning up the ordnance, both in the water and around the damaged hull. It was amusing as all get out to see the fixed ammo sliding down the bow of the ship into a net below on the Jetty, you see, a trough of two by tens were hammered together to form a 'V' and a lot of goofers thought that when they landed 25 feet below in the net one would go off, specially when our lads placed one in the channel, gave it a shove and shouted "DUCK". Anyway, it put a feather in our Sirs cap when the big Brass gave out some pats on the back. I have to say one thing though, the Yanks sure treated us good, what with their medical supplies of 100% Old Methusela, and it seemed to me that my Sir took an extra long time to come alongside the GV, being dark and all I suppose he was just being careful, and the lad from that Caribbean Island (Bermuda that is) with a patch on his ear had a most unusually wide grin, tired I thought! As I mentioned before, we had a hodge podge of equipment from around the world to work with, i.e. British, French, Italian and American, with one diving dress sticking out in my mind, that being the USN UDT suit. It was a one-piece back entry with double zippers, rubberized twill, easy to get in and out of with no time lost looking for extra pieces. Coloured green and a comfortable rig on the surface, in the water it was something else, the two opposing zippers were absolutely guaranteed to keep small and large pieces of gravel or foreign material out where they belonged, but when it came to water - that was something else. The deeper you dove, the faster the water came in. It wasn't very popular except for some of the lads to get their photo's taken in. The Unit was growing now with the addition of another Gate Vessel, the sister to the one we had, another cook to augment Pierre, and a Chief Mineman on exchange from the USN, Rue Custis, who was a true blue gentleman from the South, and a more capable technician you never will find. From boxes full of what looked to be old pieces of junk and guts from alarm clocks, he could put together breadboard of working mechanisms for known and existing firing units belonging to mines and bombs of other countries ordnance and instructing classes as to the workings of explosive devices. He not only could do it himself but was equally adept in his ease of teaching it in such a way that the lads could easily understand it. Its too bad that most of his classes passed his course but later failed the diving end. When it came time for Admiral's Rounds, a sign was painted up in red letters "SECRET" and screwed over his workshop door. When one of the 'know-it-all' Brass spied this sign, he asked the Skipper were the armed sentry was for guarding all this secret stuff. The sign came off the door immediately following rounds. GV #2 was used mainly for a large classroom and storage facility. It was in pretty rough shape to begin with and no funds were available for a refit and not enough support staff to make it worthwhile at this time, but it was dry and warm, which was immediately taken advantage of.

By any standards, the boys of the Lower Deck were underpaid, and most of the lads liked a little taste of the brew. What with two cooks, one excelled in pastries and such, it was decided that they should bake bread and not depend on the weekly deliveries CVD (Victualling Depot), besides it went stale very quickly, so an order was put in for flour and yeast. Whatever kind of yeast that they supplied would only last or keep for a few days, and when Pierre the cook mentioned this in the Mess, a bunch of lightbulbs lit off in some lads minds at the same time! In short order a club was formed with the Storesman as President (he had the keys to the locked Dry Stores Room) elected, rules made up and voted on, there was only one actually it being "whosoever maketh a horses ass of himself at the gathering shall be bardeth eternally and forever, up to and including two Duty Watches". Now the order of battle was this, every Duty Watch a batch of Japanese Gin would be mixed, the second Duty Watch would strain and cap the brew, letting it age until the third Duty Watch. Now an eight day bathtub gin packs a fair wallop and some of the mornings after the boys sure looked a bit peaked but, as long as they were able to do their chores, nothing was ever said, however in retrospect it is thought the CO might have suspected, what with the odour of brewing mash and the smell of rancid breath lingering about. One night though they were caught dead to rights by the Officer of the Watch when they were whooping it up in the empty walk-in ice box. It was after payday and one of the lads had bought a couple of jugs of wine to mix with the gin which, by the way, mixed very well and everyone forgot about rounds taking place. You see, the OOW drove in from home when his turn came, sometimes just phoning in. Anyway, the door opens up and there he stands with his pipe in his mouth, stunned. One of the lads, being a fast thinker said "Here Sir" and shoved a bottle of wine into his hand. Reflexes must have taken over automatically because he took his pipe out with one hand and accepted the jug with the other, after a few gurgles and slurps the bottle was passed back and the door closed, all in silence. The particular Watch was on pins and needles for a few days but nothing happened, so the boys carried on the routine for almost another year. On the diving end of it, quite a few varied tasks fell my way mainly because the Unit had the mobility that was unheard of a few years back but now is taken as common place, the hardhat people were being squeezed out of the scene more and more, but they still had their place in the underwater world. The next major event which brought us into prominence was a tragedy that occurred over Bedford Basin, ending up in 120 feet of water. In the late Spring of '53 a TBM-3 Avenger and a Sea Fury aircraft had a midair collision with the Fury crashing over by Mount Saint Vincent College and the Avenger crashing into the water of Bedford Basin just at dusk. By the time I arrived it was so dark the searchlight had to be used, but the only thing found was an aircrew flightboot which was fished out of the water and brought inboard. I'm not saying that our Ace at that time lacked couth, but he fitted that boot to his and started to look around for the mate, he must have needed a pair of boots as he had to be ordered twice to go down to man the throttle and clutch. A sad lad that boy. We had just received three used Bailey Bridge pontoons a while back and two 10 hp outboard motors and the next dawn I towed and positioned them over the rising oil and gas slick. The Diving School had turned this job down for two reasons, one being the depth and the other being that their Chamber was down. Besides it was not favourable for them to have to decompress in the water so my boys were going to use a gas mixture that was available for the dive. The Sir who was going to do this dive was a rather large fellow and the biggest suit he could fit into was the USN Jack Brown rig with communication, so along with this suit and the Buck Rogers space rig, over he went. Naturally the Comm. system failed to function right off the bat and signals had to be used. After about 10 minutes the tender failed to receive answers back so the decision to bring him topside was made. When the Diver surfaced he was a little bit befuddled and incoherent and it took four of the lads to mule haul him onto the pontoon. The first thing they then had to do was to remove the breathing gear but as he was lying on his stomach and the release buckle was on his front it was proving to be an awkward task. One of the Sirs with fast reflexes whipped out his Swedish Filet knife and took a swipe at the jockstrap where it hooks onto the backpack, but slightly misjudging his aim and force, he not only cut the strap but also went through the suit, two sets of woolies and the two cheeks of the Divers posterior!! Now he didn't bleed very much because he had a rather large set of buns covered with fat, but it eventually took a couple of stitches to close the cuts. Other than that, the rest of the task was routine with some scrap pieces on the surface and the Brass were quite satisfied, particularly my Sir. The next bit of memory that crosses my mind was the WWII Merchant Ship SS TRONGATE which in April, 1942 had caught fire in Halifax Harbour and had to be sunk by gunfire by the Bangor Class Minesweeper HMCS CHEDABUCTO immediately to prevent her cargo of 600 tons of highly volatile toluol and ammunition creating another

disasterous explosion in the harbour. She was sunk on the Dartmouth side just below the Nova Scotia Mental Hospital and since the Wars end the salvage Divers had cut and raised pieces of her until she was near level with the harbour bottom. However the Queen's Harbour Master (QHM) still considered her to be a hazard to navigation and wanted it cleared. The Unit had just received a new FENJON underwater movie camera and was pretty eager to test it out on an operational job, but there was just one hitch, the bloody thing didn't seem to work properly, out of sync or something. QHM was pushing for proof that the wreck had been completely cleared by the civilian diving contractor before final payment was made to them therefore the Unit asked for Technical Representatives of the camera company to come and fix it. This was a self-contained pressurized movie camera with all the inside equipment being very mechanically complicated which proved beyond the capabilities of these two experts to repair. This took place shortly after the policy was made that all entries into the Mine Clearance Trade were to come from the ranks of trained Armourers Mates, the first two being from that far away isle from warmer Southern waters, while the 3rd Armourers Mate was a pretty hefty lad. He was not too tall, had hands on him like ham hocks and fingers resembling a wire splicing fid, but with the dexterity of a fiddle player - even with all that against him he had an inquiring mind that couldn't rest until a solution to the camera problem was found. The two Tech Reps by this time were getting very frustrated, and when this third lad asked for a crack at it they agreed. This new trainee in the Diving Branch had never seen the inside workings of this camera before, but after looking it over for twenty minutes or so, used a small tool, gave a couple of twists, stood back and said to try it now. Well sir, the Tech Reps were so taken that everything was in sync that a job offer on Civvy street was made right then and there, naturally my lad declined as he only wanted to be a Mine Clearance Diver and to stay around his home grounds. Very shortly I was anchored over the remains of the TRONGATE and a film shot which allowed the QHM to make final payment to the contractor. At a later date another movie was made with a hardhat Diver and a swim Diver over the remains of the ship, those reels of film are probably at the same place as I presently am - on the bottom. Something was definitely in the wind for a major change that Summer in the early '50's as more and more fellows from the Diving School were coming over for a look-see, huddling and talking amongst themselves, poking around at all the gear that was around and generally making a nuisance of themselves, but being generally tolerated by the Sirs.

URGENT MEDICAL REQUEST

RCN Surgeon Commander(Ret) Ian Buckingham makes a request all Service Divers provide him with information that may eventually prove beneficial to all in future years.

"As a Navy Diver from 1968 to 1990, I did various dives in many different types of equipment, including a 400 F.S.W. saturation dive for 2 weeks. I am interested in explaining a theory that under pressure, water is driven out of the articular cartilage. This accounts for the discomfort felt on compression - particularly fast compressions.

Osteoarthritis of knees, hips and shoulders is common in Divers and is not caused slowly by aging. Albeit it is more common in older than younger Divers. Would any ex Divers who have undergone joint replacement(s) or suffer from arthritic joints please inform me of the details or let the DIPPERS DIGEST Editor know. I appreciate your consideration in this matter."

Dr. Ian Buckingham, 2378 Zela Street, Victoria, B.C. V8S 2X2.

94 DOWN EAST REUNION

The 94 Reunion Committee reports that everything is proceeding apace with applications to attend arriving daily. They wish to remind everyone that those who wish to obtain accommodations at the Best Western Micmac Hotel, 313 Prince Albert Road, Dartmouth, N.S.(which is the Reunion Headquarters) may phone 1-800-528-1234 or make direct to the Hotel reservations at 1-902-469-5850. Reservations are usually at a premium at this time of year so you may want to contact them right away to ensure you obtain your room there. For those wishing to partake of "UP SPIRITS" the number of tots must be known, therefore would you so indicate on your application how many people wish one tot. Also required is the number of people who wish a lobster dinner and how many require a chicken dinner in lieu of lobster. See you all at the Down East 94 Reunion.

Salvage of oil barge to cost \$10M

The Ottawa Citizen, Saturday, March 19, 1994 A5

Federal project depends on environment review

By Mike Crawley
Citizen correspondent

The government wants to raise an oil-laden barge that sank off P.E.I.'s north shore in 1970 but will wait for an environmental review, Environment Minister Sheila Copps announced Friday.

If approved, the \$10-million project will lift the *Irving Whale* from its 24-year-old watery grave in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

But taxpayers may be stuck with the bill to raise the barge and its potentially hazardous cargo, owned by the multi-billion-dollar Irving family empire.

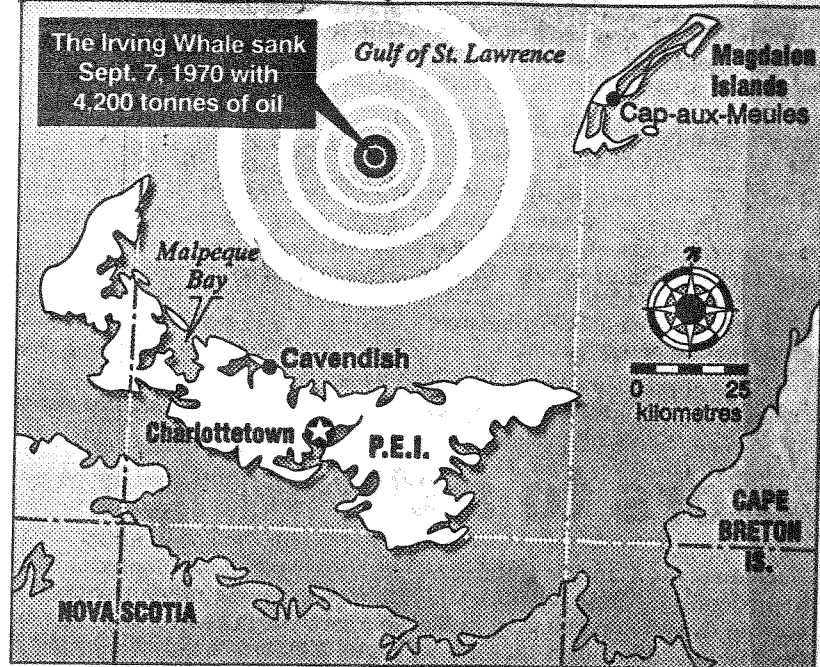
The government wants to lift the 73-metre-long barge from the sea rather than pumping its oil out, which would cost \$27-million.

Citing three consultants' reports that say salvaging is safer than pumping, Copps told reporters she's confident the proposal will pass the required environmental assessment, which will begin next month with public hearings.

Salvaging would take 40 days and be completed in 1995 at the latest, the minister told the Commons earlier.

She assured the residents of Prince Edward Island and Quebec's Magdalen Islands, 50 kilometres from the oil-laden barge, that "this cloud hanging over their heads will finally be lifted."

The *Irving Whale*, carrying 4,200 tonnes of fuel oil, sank in September 1970. Until last year, when



— Southam News graphic

Coast Guard workers sealed its vents and hatches, the ship had been leaking 80 litres of oil a day.

About 3,100 tonnes remain, prompting fear of environmental damage among fishermen and environmentalists.

The Environment Ministry will shell out for the salvage operation, but Copps said the government will seek reimbursement "directly from the owners."

However, Irving denies liability for the ship.

The federal government would like to get money from a shipping industry insurance fund designed to pay for cleaning oil spills, but the fund was not established until

a year after *Irving Whale* sank.

Although he said he's delighted at the proposal to salvage the barge, Bloc Québécois environment critic Jean-Guy Chretien charged that Irving "has gotten off scot-free. It's not up to taxpayers to pay for this cleanup."

Regardless, the barge must be lifted, said Copps.

"It's a case of assessing the risk of moving it out . . . or leaving it down at the bottom (with) the possibility that it may break up down there."

Southam News

Barge stays on sea bed off P.E.I. despite continuing oil leaks

OTTAWA CITIZEN June 1994

FREDERICTON (CP) — A sunken oil barge lying off the golden beaches of Prince Edward Island continues to leak slowly. Transport Canada says it won't be able to remove the problem for at least another year.

The *Irving Whale*, loaded with more than 4,200 tonnes of heavy crude, has been oozing oil off and on since it sank in a storm in the Gulf of St. Lawrence off P.E.I.'s north coast 23 years ago.

Transport Canada officials said Tuesday an underwater survey of the barge last week showed that, while the hull is in good shape and marine life is thriving around the hulk, oil continues to seep out.

"We are concerned about the small amount of leakage, but it is a very insignificant amount — we estimate less than 20 litres per day," said Dick Pepper, a Transport Canada spokesman in Halifax.

Pepper said the oil is seeping out of several vents that were fixed last year in an effort to stem the flow of the sticky, Bunker C crude.

He said Transport Canada hasn't decided whether action should be taken to stop the leaks.

He said it will be next summer before the *Whale* can be raised, considering lead time required to get contracts and equipment in place for the \$10-million job.

Stealthy U.S. subs spy from the depths

NEW YORK — The United States has for decades secretly operated a fleet of specially equipped submarines to comb deep waters for military intelligence by examining lost ships, submarines, planes, weapons, rockets, spacecraft, nuclear warheads and other countries' undersea cables and listening devices. They are the navy's counterpart to reconnaissance satellites, but better. The submarines are stealthy, cannot be photographed by spy satellites and, when stationary and silently deploying their deep-sea gear, are nearly invisible to acoustic detection.

WARRIOR

Fleet Diving Unit



NOV. 1987

The crew of YDT 12 just returned from an arduous week-long sea voyage to Shelburne. Chief 'DJ' De Jong and several of the crew were seen wearing West Coast Command Badges as they went ashore. Lt Reddy used a new navigational technique he learned from the zoomies: every few hours he would send the zodiac ashore to read the road signs to see where they were (IFR - "I Follow Roads").

The wild men of YDT 8 passed their Sea Readiness Inspection. This was no easy task, as Sea Training didn't realize that this is FDU's bilingual boat and they weren't familiar with some of the helm orders Bosn Raesemann used when conning his boat to anchorage. Nick 'Radar' Serbu skillfully manned the radar scope during this entire evolution. The boys really gave Sea Training a scare during the bomb threat drill when the entire crew piled in to the zodiac and took off. Anyway, guys, well done.

We have been busy doing our semi-annual PT test. The XO held off taking it, claiming he had too much work to do, could it be that he was just waiting for his birthday to pass? Something to do with the pushups, I think.

The EOD section is on the road again - it's time for the semi-annual trip to Newfoundland. Remember to say 'Hello' to Miss Doris guys.

FDU took first place in the semi-annual Base five mile run. Congratulations to all who participated.

RCMP Invade FDU(A)

The period 21 - 25 September saw Fleet Diving Unit (Atlantic) invaded by sixteen RCMP officers complete with diving vans and equipment. However, contrary to a rumour circulated, they were not conducting a covert investigation into the mysterious crustacean caper which would soon occupy local headlines. In fact, the occasion was the annual 'H' Division underwater training refresher. This course brought together all Nova Scotia-based RCMP dive teams to practice diving techniques and to receive an introduction to recently-approved diving equipment and search procedures.

While the RCMP was responsible for all instruction and lectures, FDU(A) provided support in the form of instructors in specialized topics, and a diving supervisor to critique each dive team. FDU(A) also co-ordinated meals and accommodations with CFB Shearwater and RCMP members. The course included three practical diving exercises, a night dive, and familiarization dives with Viking drysuits, underwater communication systems, and the AGA full-face mask recently introduced into CF use. Lectures were presented on equipment maintenance, diving accident management, CF air decompression tables, underwater explosive ordnance techniques, and toxic waste material handling (presented by Environment Canada). Other course highlights included tours of the Victoria General Hospital hyperbaric facility and *HMCS Nipigon*.

All students and staff were enthusiastic in their praise of the course and the hospitality shown by all personnel they came in contact with. Many thanks are extended to all involved, and next year's course is eagerly anticipated. Already in the planning stages, it is hoped to expand and include the New Brunswick RCMP dive team, again to be hosted by FDU(A) Training Department.



"It's not the ABs that worry me; it's those leading hands."

Navy Supervises Exams for Divers

JUN 65

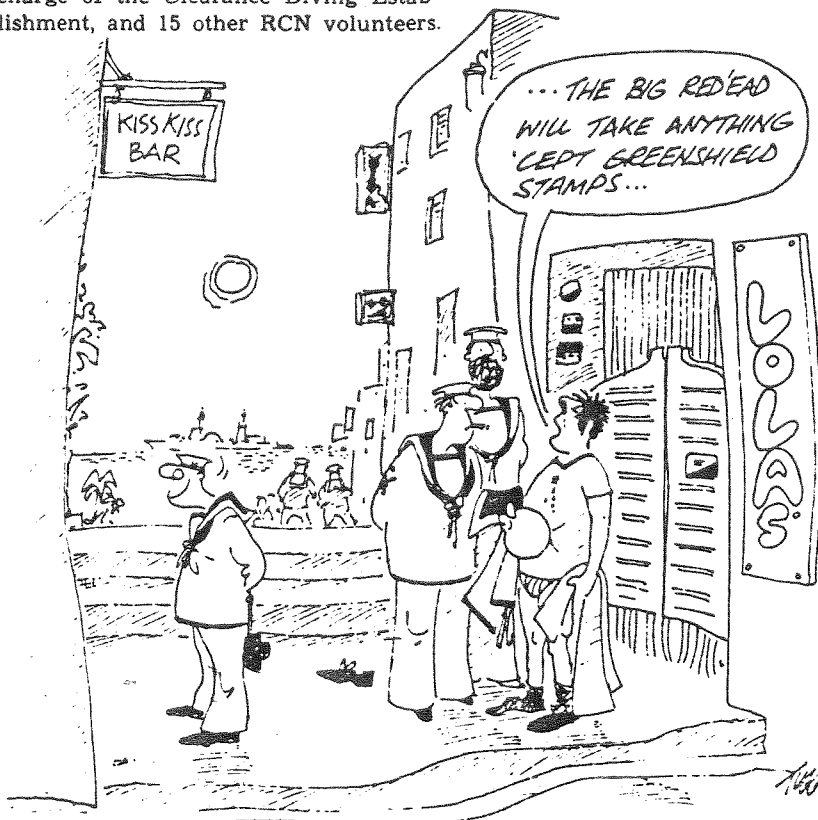
RETIREMENT

Some 50 civilian diving instructors, mostly from B.C. coastal points but some from the interior, sat for examinations at Esquimalt in mid-May under the supervision of the staff of RCN's Clearance Diving Establishment.

The three days of practical, written and oral examinations were based on the regulations recently approved by the B.C. Safety Council for sports divers.

Supervising the examinations were Lt.-Cdr. Ward W. Palmer, officer in charge of the Clearance Diving Establishment, and 15 other RCN volunteers.

CPO COLIN ARTHUR EDWARD DREW, CD; CICD4; joined RCNVR Dec. 12, 1937; transferred to RCN May 20, 1944; served in Calgary naval division, Naden, Prince Robert, Princess Marguerite, Spondelius, Ikauna, Reynella, Kootenay Park, Givenchy, Princess Eloise, Stadacona II, Kirkland Lake, Niobe, Peregrine, Cornwallis, Medicine Hat, Uganda, Ontario, Bytown, Niagara; retired October 9, 1964.



Bag shanty

JOHN ZAMBORY

John Zambory was born and raised in Calgary, Alberta where he joined the Royal Canadian Navy as an Ordinary Seaman Stoker Branch in June, 1955. He recalls joining other new recruits on the long 4 day train trip to take the 18 week New Entry training at HMCS CORNWALLIS, and that they took the ferry from Saint John, N.B. across the Bay of Fundy to Digby, N.S. where they were taken by vehicles to the training base. After finishing their New Entry training (in Rainbow Division) they took the old Dominion Atlantic train up to Halifax and thence by the Intercontinental out to HMCS NADEN for further training as a Stoker since he was an -E rating (Esquimalt ratings came from West of Port Arthur, Ont. while -H ratings came from East of there and went to Halifax). He served on HMCS ATHABASKAN, HMCS MARGAREE and HMCS OSHAWA - the latter was used extensively for research work and was frequently operating out of Prince Rupert B.C. John relates that when all his buddies were away on enjoyable trips to such places as Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, Hong Kong, Japan, etc, etc. that he was languishing in such exotic locales as the Gulf of Alaska and the Queen Charlottes - not a happy time for him.

John was a Stoker for 3 yrs before putting in for and successfully passing a Clearance Diver (Ships) course at HMCS NADEN on 14 Mar 58, followed by qualifying as a Clearance Diver Trade Group One on 26 June 59. After his CD course John was required to go to sea for 6 months because he came from the Engine Room Branch, and was duly drafted to HMCS MARGAREE to get the experience. He recalls that one evening the ship had anchored just off Comox, B.C. after completing some war game exercises when he and two other Divers considered they should mend their straight and narrow ways by doing some dastardly deed to one of the nearby ships - HMCS FRASER, wherein were located other diving buddies of theirs. This being the last night in the area, a scheme was hatched to make a silent surface swim over the 200 yards to her and see what subterfuge could be employed to redden the faces of their comrade-in-arms aboard Fraser. In due time (2300) the devious plot was thought through, wet suits were donned and faces blackened, and they went over the side by Jacobs Ladder carrying 2 new pails and some lengths of strong cord. Holding the buckets just clear of the water they stealthily stroked their silent way across the black water until they neared the ship. The three member "attack team" swam silently alongside until they reached one of the cutters tied up to the boom for the night. Although watched over by Fraser's Duty Quartermaster they were able to attach the 2 pails to the underside of a cutter, using the cord they had brought along, in such a fashion that they were undetectable, which would prove to be a most effective sea anchor. The Divers stealthily eased back to the side of Margaree, which they reboarded safely since their Quartermaster was also acting as a lookout for the Officer of the Day. Although Fraser's cutter was not used that night, upon being driven to the davits next morning, the coxswain complained that it was acting in a most peculiar manner! When it was hoisted clear of the water, lo and behold, it was discovered that 2 nice shiny unmarked pails were adhering to its underside. All of John's buddies on Fraser figured that John must have had something to do with this, however they had no way of knowing for sure - or of proving it - until some time later when, over a few ales, he admitted to the dirty deed, and they all had a few hearty chuckles about it.

John stated they trained in the old dry suit with Divers underwear, however if any of the Divers wished they could use the new wetsuit, but they had to buy their own! He remembers that Frank Bayfield-Davis once asked him to find out if one of the "Clammy Death" suits had 3 leaks in it, and when he came to the surface after the dive (and very cold to boot) informed Frank that there were about 18 leaks, Frank told him to go down and make sure, which he did even though he was frozen solid it seemed. The original Golden Hawks Aerobatic Team once visited the Pacific National Ex and one of the Pilots consented to going down with Standard Dress on. When he got to the bottom he took 6 steps, turned around and came right back up saying "You guys are nuts, you're all going to kill yourselves" and took off never to be seen again. John remembers also when he was diving that he was encloised by a huge amount of squid which vividly comes to his mind since his hands burned for three days after his encounter with them. A few of the Divers he knows were Ernie Madden, Paddy Dutton, Ron MacKenzie, Red Larsen, Chuck Greengrass and Ivan "Bud" Sherlock. John was a letter carrier for 20 years after getting out of the Navy in 1960, did a further 10 years at an inside Postal job, he expects to retire for good in 1994, then go to the 1994 Divers Reunion in Ottawa, where he wishes to visit the Museums, specially the Canadian War Museum, which he has never seen. He enjoys barbequing in his back yard and looks forward to some model railroad building. John resides at 9820 Athens Road S.E., Calgary, Alberta T2J 1B9 Phone (403) 252-1058.



Divers from HMCS Labrador prepare for Arctic plunge. (LAB-1587)



MOBY JUNIOR JUN 58

THE CLEARANCE DIVER Training Section of the Torpedo Anti-Submarine School in Stadacona was able to boast recently that amongst its members it had one of the world's best divers and swimmers. Without benefit of aqua-lung, mask or flippers, he put even the instructors to shame.

Having obtained perfection in underwater manœuvring, he apparently wished to volunteer his services to the Royal Canadian Navy. Unfortunately his slow-wittedness and anti-disciplinary nature caused some concern to the instructors. Also the Diving Section was unable to adapt the tools of its trade to his requirements.

The TAS School sends out a plea for any manual, recent or ancient published or in manuscript form, on "The Handling and Training of Arctic White Whales". Since this whale has not yet attained full growth and has not (at least to the knowledge of the School) chewed anyone's leg—Melville's "Moby Dick" has proved inapplicable.

This novice clearance diver (he cannot be called a mascot since he refuses to be leashed) is a 12-foot infant from the Arctic. Moby Jr., as the divers affectionately call him, turned up in Halifax Harbour about April 7 and after his arrival adopted the classes from the Diving Section as his own special playmates. Until he found them, he was a lonely individual. Who knows, he might have become mean and destructive from loneliness? Now he had all the pals he required.

How did his "pals" feel toward him? After an initial shyness, they came to accept his company. Every day they found him prompt and waiting for the first of the divers to enter the water. He accompanied the classes through all operations. Wherever there were two or more divers, he insisted on the middle berth. This gregarious young fellow appeared to be happy.

His innate curiosity was somewhat of a bother to the men working on underwater jobs. He came nosing and prying

about with a look in his eyes which seems to plea "Aw! Come on, give me a try at it!" However, he was soon disciplined by a rap on the "nose" with a hammer or wrench. But just like a playful pup, as soon as the memory of the slap was forgotten, he was back snooping again. Hence the discipline problem. How do you keep a fellow twice as long (not to mention his girth) as yourself in line! Did ever a three-foot high GI keep a platoon of six-foot ODs in line?

Moby Jr. remained with the divers until the last man was out of the water. Then he was seen to mope sadly away to find somebody else's business to poke his nose into, until the next morning when he returned promptly for classes.

On week-ends he was particularly lonely. He poked around the section looking so sorry for himself that finally some duty hand would get dressed and enter the water to begin the aquatic game.

Reliable sources at the Diving Section say that upon successful completion of training he will be promoted to ABCD3 Moby Dick Jr. ON 0013-H.

It is expected that if Moby's qualities reach the Detection department of the TAS School there will be a conflict as to which department could use him to the best advantage. With his, in the words of Rudyard Kipling, "satiable curiosity" they will argue, he would investigate any suspicious object, and report it to the proper authorities.

In any case, if he can prove his usefulness his next assignment will be a recruiting campaign in the Arctic Sea and a winter Newfie Patrol.

Just now, Moby Jr. appears to be on leave and it's the divers who are lonely. However, he appeared to enjoy his stay in Halifax harbour so thoroughly that his return is expected momentarily.

The white whale, a frequenter of the waters along Canada's East Coast, is a member of the dolphin family of small whales, which also includes porpoises and killer whales. It is about 18 feet long when fully grown and only a distant relative of Herman Melville's huge Moby Dick, which was an albino sperm whale or cachalot.

Schools of white whales sometimes venture far up the St. Lawrence River. They appear to share the cheerful, playful disposition of other porpoises and dolphins—the killer excepted. The scientific name for the white whale is "beluga".

