



Scuttlebutt

Crow's Nest Officers' Club

Fall 2014

The Arti-What Association?

By David Moores

Some of you must feel as though you've missed the first half of a long story.

For the past half-dozen issues I've been relating what's happening with the Artifacts Association, its issues and activities, assuming you know all about us. And of course, many of you –perhaps most– do not. So here's all about us.

The Crow's Nest is unusual in that it is home to two separate organizations which see to its well being. Almost all of you belong to one of them, the Crow's Nest Officer's Club, the big sister, as it were. A smaller number of us also (or only) belong to the Crow's Nest Military Artifacts Association, the kid sister. The CNMAA takes care of, and indeed owns, the artifacts. And while the two organizations are inextricably joined, with innumerable cross-memberships and endless cross-reporting, they remain legally and functionally separate.

Why this curious arrangement? Well, like everything else about the Crow's Nest, it has a history.

Back in 1987, the Crow's Nest was not the thriving place it is today. Membership was low and falling, dinners were infrequent, finances were tight, and the trend lines ran the wrong way. The members had a real fear that the place might fold, and the art work

would go to whoever bought the place. I tremble to consider what might have happened to it, but think garages and dartboards.

So the Crow's Nest did something remarkable: they created the Artifacts Association as a separate legal entity and donated all the art to it. So while the Crow's Nest owns the walls, it doesn't own most of what's on them. That belongs to the sister organization, and the few dozen of us meet separately, keeping it all safe and in the best possible condition.

It's a small group with its own character. I like to think of us as the history nerds, the ones who will break off from a talk about finances to discuss the value of the Canadian-built radar on the corvettes (Actually it had none, but I digress). But we get things done. Ruth Green catalogues the new acquisitions and arranges repairs to damaged artifacts, Debra McMahan sees to the finances, Stephen Foster has built several items for display, and all of us collaborate to deal with issues as they arise.

And those issues can be pretty big. For example, much of the renovation work which wracked the Crow's Nest was carried out under the name of the Artifacts Association—your donations went to us, and the receipts came from

us. And good thing too—we have charitable status, unlike the Nest itself. The Artifacts Association organized the work parties that took down the art and the plaques, put them up again and took some of them down again for a second time.

Of course, we didn't do it all—much of the heavy lifting, from organizing the fundraisers to overseeing the work to carrying cartons over the stairs, was the work of Crow's Nest members. But rest assured, the Artifacts people were front and centre, and will continue to be.

So the odd arrangement functions well, although it generates a lot of extra work. It's been suggested that the Association has outlived the crisis that brought us into being, and it should fold back into the Crow's Nest. Perhaps that may happen, although that's not as simple as it sounds. However things play out, the two sister organizations work well together and have the same goals.

But hey, we're family.

President's Report

by Margaret Morris

Being a tomboy is a lot of work. I've moved a lot of friends with my pickup truck, retrieved a lot of broken down motorcycles with my utility trailer and decorated up my garage with lots of spare parts for my old vehicles as well as friends' vehicles. Sadly, many of these parts may never see the road again but I continue to store them. This lifestyle is entirely my own doing so I really can't complain.

The Crow's Nest is also a lot of work. The food and beverage service is the easy part. Red Oak Catering has held the contract for 14 years now and that side of the Club practically runs itself. Everything else is the responsibility of your volunteer Board: building maintenance, membership database, Scuttlebutt, events planning, safety issues, security, souvenirs and merchandise, bookkeeping, providing tours, website updates, responding to requests for historical information and so on. Administrative issues can take a lot of time. The impact of the recent change in municipal taxation is still being sorted out. The Canadian Anti-Spam Legislation (CASL) is our latest big, ugly homework assignment. Trying to find a contractor in this busy city can also be difficult. We can't forget the work of our Military Artifacts Association in this effort. The care and custody of thousands of items is a daunting task. It is a huge inventory and an enormous challenge to keep it current.

I get discouraged when people see us primarily as a social entity.

I am confident that I speak for the entire Board when I say that none of us would devote as much time as we do for a social purpose. We have an impressive membership of well-educated, well-travelled professionals who do not need anyone to organize a social program for them. You certainly don't want a tomboy like me to plan anything for you. After all, the closest thing to a dinner party at my home is beer & peanuts in the garage! Personally, it is the history of the Crow's Nest that motivates me. I feel it is important to keep the story of the Battle of the Atlantic alive and remember the sacrifice of those who fought in that long, long struggle.

As the Club continues to grow both in membership and in the volume of activity, the amount of work also grows. When I started as treasurer, the books were kept manually in a Hilroy notebook. The database was simply a listing of names, addresses and one phone number. Over the years I have slowly adapted to an increasingly busy & complex operation. It is only now as I turn over the books to a new treasurer that the extent of our progress has become evident. Unlike my chaotic garage and tomboy ways, the growth of the Club is beyond my control and the effort required is beyond my resources.

Happily, we have a fine crew on the Board to help out. We also have members other than directors serving on committees. There are also spouses of members helping out from time to time. This is

particularly important with the assembly, editing and mailing of this newsletter. We are a Club, not a business, and your involvement is not only welcome, it is encouraged. I think we share the common goal of maintaining the Crow's Nest as close as possible to its war-time look, keeping the stories behind the gun shields alive and sharing our history at every opportunity. If the food and beverage service attracts and retains members, that is fine but it is a means to an end rather than an end in itself. If it were the other way around, we'd sell the periscope and merrily party through the long winter months with the proceeds!

Not only do we have a fine crew on our Board, it became evident at our last AGM that we have more people offering their time than we have positions available. This is an enviable position to be in. Another task of the current Board is revising our bylaws to better accommodate elections. I hope the volunteer effort continues to be as strong during my tenure as it was during Tony's leadership.

Summer is over and there is a lot of work to do! Don't hesitate to bring forth recommendations to improve our program. Equally important, don't be shy to offer your time and talent in helping your Board preserve our Club.

Welcome Aboard New Members

In Town:

Bruce Whitelaw
Gerry Beehan
Dr. Judith Adler
Dr. Crispin Russell
Lionel Churchill
LCdr (Ret'd) Dwight Verge
Mike Ryan
Robert B. Andrews
Greg Browne
Esther Eagleson
Kiki Brophy
Robert Paddon
Shawn Conway
Stephen Crane
Brent Smith
Capt. Steffan Thomas
Chris Frape
Senator David Wells
Paul Grant
Bruce Dyke
Michael Lush
Scott Tessier
Edward Williams
LCol (Ret'd) John
MacDonald
Dewi Jones
Patrick Janes
Michael Barker
Lt Jillian Kean
2Lt Oliver Whelan
Ed Riche
Leonard Penton
Stephen Foster
Michael Steckley
Capt. Joseph Prim
Andrew Bonia
Lee Shinkle
Dr Ian Landells
Ken Marshall

Out of Town:

Libby Earle-DePiero,
West Haven, Connecticut
Maj (Ret'd) Ron Carter,
Ottawa, ON
Caroline Christie,

Toronto, ON
Jeremy Gomersall,
Delta, BC
LCol John Mah,
Edmonton, AB
Ted Mead, Winchester, ON
Scott Dockeray,
Kingston, NS
Cliff Johnston, Bedford, NS
Edward Kotelniski,
Ottawa, ON
Raymond J. Reynolds,
Mississauga, ON
John L. Thomson,
Ottawa, ON
Michael Wager,
Stittsville, ON
Andrew Caddell,
Ottawa, ON
Lt(N) Christopher Barker,
Cobourg, ON
Bish Bora, Sudbury, ON
LCdr Nick Slonosky,
Winnipeg, MB
Harry Paddon, Surrey, BC
Anita Delazzer, Sydney, NS
LCdr (Ret'd) Jean Francois
Bilodeau, Montreal, QC
Serge Martel,
Ancienne-Lorette, QC
LCol (Ret'd) Roderick
MacKay, Orleans, ON
Thomas Gossen,
Innisfil, ON
Barbara Saipe, Toronto, ON
SLt Daniel Chamberlain

Life:

Keith Eric Johnson,
Edmonton, AB
Zofia Radziuk,
Toronto, ON
LCdr Rodney Bickford,
Kanata, ON

Members' Activities

Congratulations to Kathy LeGrow on receiving an Honorary Doctor of Law degree at MUN's spring convocation. Kathy has an impressive history of community service especially with the Jimmy Pratt Foundation to protect children at risk. She has also been recognized by the NL School Boards Association and the Canadian Teachers Federation.

Dr. Ed Williams was recently named a recipient of the Seniors of Distinction award by the NL Department of Health and Community Services. Ed was instrumental in developing what became the current Adult Basic Education Program and is a founding member of the Canadian Association of Retired Persons.

Club member Chris Brookes was recently recognized with a Gold World Medal at the New York Festivals for design of "Inside Outside Battery," an interactive, self-guided "soundwalk" of the Battery. There were 260 entries for media productions from 32 countries. Past president John Moyes was presented with the Leslie Yeo Award from the Actra Fraternal Benefit Society in Toronto. John has been very active in other organizations including the Canadian Institute of Marine Engineering, the NL Branch of the Royal Commonwealth Society and the Track and Field Association of NL.

In a Change of Command ceremony at CFS St. John's on Friday 4th July, Lieutenant- Commander Gerry Parsons took over as the new Commanding Officer of CFS St. John's. Originally from Newfoundland, we welcome LCdr Parsons and his family back to St. John's.

Out-going CO, Commander Larry Trim, has been posted to London, England as the Assistant Naval Attache. Larry has been a tremendous supporter of the Crow's Nest during his appointment as CO of CFS St. John's and is already missed. We wish him every success in his new posting.

Scuttlebutt editor Janet McNaughton's new book, *Flame and Ashes: The Great Fire Diary of Triffie Winsor, St. John's, Newfoundland, 1892*, will be published by Scholastic in September.

New Home for CFS St. John's Named in Honour of Founding Club Member SURG. LCDR W. Anthony Paddon

by Rev. Ian Wishart

Surgeon Lieutenant Commander W. Anthony Paddon served in the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve (RCNVR) from 1941 to 1945. A Labradorian, he had tried to enlist in the Royal Air Force as a pilot, already having a pilot's licence, but the RAF was not going to put a doctor into air combat. Having graduated from medical school, the Navy recruited him and he served at sea for much of the war. One of his ships was HMCS Kitchener, a model of which is on display in the foyer of the new CFS St. John's. He commented that corvettes were good ships; they could roll 45 degrees but still were more comfortable than the old destroyers. His duties included performing an appendectomy on a mess-deck table in the few minutes when his

ship was steady in the sea. Some of the ships in which he sailed were part of the Barber Pole Brigade, so named because they painted red and white diagonal stripes on funnels or bridge aprons as a mark of identification. The Barber Pole song was written by Tony Paddon and celebrated these ships and their sailors.

The son of Dr. Harry Paddon, the long-serving physician at the Grenfell Hospital in North-West River, Tony Paddon returned from the war to serve, as his father had, as the doctor for most of the Labrador coast. He brought the first penicillin to medical practice in Labrador. Appointed Lieutenant Governor of Newfoundland (at that time without the additional word Labrador) in 1981, he is the only Labradorian to have held that

office.

St. John's was a major base for Royal Canadian Navy ships during World War II yet there is no memorial or marker in the city to commemorate that service. Most of the men who sailed in those ships were enrolled, like Tony Paddon, in the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve (RCNVR). Very few were members of the regular RCN. The Surgeon Lieutenant Commander Anthony W. Paddon Building is the only public building in Canada named for a member of the RCNVR. It is an impressive building and a fitting tribute to a fine officer and a remarkable physician who devoted his entire life to public service.

The Pleasantville Consolidation Project was completed on Saturday 21st June with the official opening of the Surgeon Lieutenant- Commander W. Anthony Paddon Building at 115 The Boulevard. The impressive 35,000 square metre facility will be the new home for CFS St. John's, 1 Royal Newfoundland Regiment, 37 Service Battalion, 37 Combat Engineer Regiment, 35 Medical Company Detachment, 9 Air Reserve Flight Torbay, 37 Signal Regiment, Military Police Unit Detachment, 26 CF Health Services Detachment, 1 Dental Unit Detachment and the Integrated Personnel Support Center St. John's. There will also be several cadet corps operating out of this facility. These units had been housed in 18 different WWII era buildings that were spread out over the Pleasantville area.



The "Newfyjohn" Solution

By Paul W Collins

Contrary to popular belief, St. John's, Newfoundland, rather than Halifax, Nova Scotia, was Canada's major convoy escort base during the Second World War. This is significant for a number of reasons. Chief among them is that Newfoundland was a separate dominion at that time, and the base - commissioned HMCS Avalon - was built and operated by the Royal Canadian Navy (RCN) but owned by the British Admiralty. Furthermore, the RCN managed to create a major naval facility in the heart of a capital city with a civilian population of 40,000 when American and Canadian army forces already occupied most of the available vacant land.

Historians have suggested that the establishment of the Newfoundland Escort Force (NEF) at St. John's in May 1941 was a milestone in Canadian naval history as it elevated the RCN to major combatant status and was actually the key to the western defence system. Yet relatively little has been written on how Newfyjohn, as it was affectionately known, developed

from what was originally merely a defended harbour into a naval base of "strategic importance." This is a significant oversight because how naval forces fare at sea is bound up inextricably with their support ashore. This was especially so for the RCN due to its rapid expansion during the Battle of the Atlantic. The RCN's defence of the trans- Atlantic convoy system was a direct reflection of the efficiency, maintenance, and training capabilities of the shore establishments. For the Newfoundland Escort Force /Mid-Ocean Escort Force, this was HMCS Avalon located at St. John's, Newfoundland.

Over the course of the Atlantic war, in excess of 500 RCN warships were posted at Newfyjohn and hundreds of American and British naval vessels, along with those based in Halifax and Sydney, used St. John's as a turnaround port. Personnel at HMCS Avalon rose from less than 1000 in 1940 to upwards of 7,000 men and women by Germany's surrender in May 1945, and thousands of

ships' crews were accommodated at the naval barracks. As a port of refuge, as many as 6,000 survivors, including U-boat POWs, were landed and cared for in St. John's, and thousands of merchant seamen found respite at the various hostels established throughout the city.

HMCS Avalon accomplished all that was asked of it. It asserted Canada's special interest in Newfoundland in the face of the American "friendly invasion," and highlighted the country's contribution to the Allied war effort. Even more so, Newfyjohn facilitated "the safe and timely arrival" of over 25,000 RCN-escorted merchant ships in the United Kingdom over the course of the war.

The story of how St. John's evolved from a defended harbour to a major Allied escort base makes a significant contribution to the historiography of not only Newfoundland and the RCN, but also how Allied naval bases developed during the Second World War. The paperback edition is now available.



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The UNTD Recollections from the 1950's (Part One)

by Dr Arthur May

*Editor's Note: This article first appeared in **Sailing Through the Narrows**, published in 1999 as part of HMCS Cabot's 50th anniversary celebrations.*

From a distance of forty-five years, some memories fade, some are enhanced, while all are subject to the phenomenon of being viewed through rose-coloured glasses. So before undertaking to commit anything to paper, I hunted for, and found, my journals from 1956 and 1957, containing details of daily life and work at shore and at sea, based at Stadacona and Naden respectively. I discovered that some of the events I remembered best were not recorded—perhaps not surprisingly! After all, there were limits to what you wanted the Term Lieutenant to know. The impressions made on all those who participated, and the friendships formed, have stood the test of time, and many of us have maintained the connection through membership in the Naval Officers Association of Canada (NOAC). What was this organization, and how did it create such lasting loyalties? I think it had something to do with recruiting young men (all men in those days) at an age when they were ready to absorb new experiences, and giving them something worth absorbing. That said, the experience wasn't for everybody, and those who didn't respond to the discipline tended to jump ship at the end of the first year, so there was a lot of attrition between years one and two.

I joined the UNTD at Memorial University in September of 1955, just as I was

starting my second year of studies. My recollections of the first winter at Cabot are mostly of marching and rifle drill, perhaps because of the shambles it was for the first few months until the least experienced of us found their feet, discovering in the process that there was a left and a right! We arrived at Halifax for the first summer's training on May 11th. We were immediately assigned to ships, issued uniforms and various kit, and were at sea on May 15th. Of forty-two cadets assigned to one of the lower messdecks, forty were sea-sick within hours. Luckily, so I thought, I was one of the two who wasn't sick. Harvey Best was the other. As soon as our Cadet Captain discovered this, Harvey and I were set the task of cleaning up the Mess, and quite a mess it was. Enough said!

The very next day, just as the seasickness was subsiding, everybody was given an inoculation, and a card to prove it. This was a TABTD shot, which I later learned stood for Typhoid A and B, Tetanus and Diphtheria. This laid everybody low for the next two days, figuratively speaking of course. No allowance was made for the fact that people had left home just a week before, were now living on a ship which was a new experience for all, were in constant motion in all directions, and had elevated temperatures and very sore arms. There was work to do!

The daily sea routine began with a rude awakening at 0615, continued with breakfast at 0645, flashing light training commenced at 0715, uncovered guns at 0745, and cleaned ship from 0755 to

0855. Cadets were assigned to clean their own messdeck, the Heads generally, and anywhere there was brass that could be polished, whether it needed it or not. We removed dungarees and donned our best uniforms for Divisions at 0900. The day was then only starting. Then there followed daily lectures in everything from Basic Navigation to Atomic/ Biological/Chemical Damage Control, practical demonstrations of knots and splices, launching and recovering the whaler, which parts of the guns were NOT to be painted, etc., etc. Of course we also participated in competitive dogwatch drills with the other ships, and stood our regular watches. There was not the slightest inclination to be up and about after cleaning for Rounds at 2000, Rounds at 2030 and Pipe Down at 2130. Being called at 0340 for the middle watch, meant as you can see, a very long day. Some soaked it up, taking it as a challenge, determined not to be the weak link in the chain as it were, and gradually coming to enjoy the special camaraderie of shipboard life. Others couldn't believe what they had gotten themselves into, and endured it somehow until they were able to leave the experience behind them. Having friends on board, and forging new friendships made all the difference. I became part of a foursome
(Continued on page 7)

The UNTD Recollections (con't from page 6)

including Harvey Best, Basil Moore and Bob O'Driscoll, and we became inseparable for the rest of the summer.

An event occurred in the mid-Atlantic which almost had disastrous consequences. We were in the Gulf Stream, the weather was nice; the water was warm, and we were given the okay to go for a swim. The usual precautions were taken. A whaler was launched, manned by cadets who couldn't swim, and who were mainly from the Prairies, experiencing their first time on the ocean. A scramble net was lowered. And off we went. I recall going over the side and wondering how deep it was. I then struck off from the ship, but not too far because I wasn't a strong swimmer. When I turned to swim back I was surprised that the ship was farther away than I had suspected. I was more surprised to find that the harder I swam, the less progress I seemed to be making. The current was going in one direction and the wind in another, so as I was swimming away from the ship assisted by the current, the wind was preventing the ship from being carried along with me. Anyway, that's my theory. I kept going, starting to get tired, and just a bit concerned. I noticed that the whaler was beginning to retrieve some of the swimmers who were having difficulties similar to mine. Eventually I found myself within hailing distance, very tired, and drifting aft. I shouted to a hand on

the deck to throw me a line, and in short order a heaving line was thrown within reach. I wrapped it around my hands, expecting to be towed to the scramble net. Instead he just hauled me up to the quarterdeck, hand over hand. I did weigh 140 lbs at the time, so it was a bit more of a challenge than landing a newly jigged cod; in fact I have not ceased to be impressed, and grateful!

Within the hour, all hands were back on board, and mustered on the quarterdeck for rollcall. All were present. It could have been otherwise. Basil Moore, who was also swimming, and who later commanded several HMC Ships (he retired as a Commodore), told me that he never forgot the experience and never, never allowed any swimming at sea.

It is amazing how much activity, and how many memories, were packed into those ten days at sea: Navigation, flashing and semaphore, painting and cleaning, standing watch and keeping a journal, launching the whaler and doing jackstay transfers, rigging sheer legs and doing unique competitions such as getting the supply Lieutenant from the Engine Room to the Bridge in the shortest possible time-in a stretcher.

At the end of ten days, during which we had hardly seen the sun, and our world was various shades of grey and blue, we awoke one morning to the most intense green shoreline I have ever seen, at Lamlash on the Isle of Arran in

Scotland, where we enjoyed brief shore leaves, some onshore athletic competitions and lots of painting and cleaning up for the BIG VISIT-to the pool of London, where we tied up a few days later, with Tower Bridge in one direction and London Bridge in the other. What an experience overall for an eighteen-year-old who to that point had never been out of Newfoundland. The stay in London was fantastic. We were given 48 hours leave and my "gang of four" took rooms at the Cumberland, though I don't know why because I can't remember sleeping.

The return voyage was a replay of the transit across, without the swimming and with the addition of some naval gunnery. We were back in Halifax by mid-June. The whole thing was a formative experience, and I still look at the crest of HMCS Lanark with fond memories whenever I visit the Crow's Nest. I didn't know the origin of the ship's name at the time, but came to know it well after 17 years of living in Ottawa, and many visits to Lanark County, which is close by. (Concluded in next issue.)

Club Dinner Schedule September - December 2014

<p><u>Saturday September 20th, 2014</u> <i>German Oktoberfest Buffet</i> \$28.95</p>	<p><u>Friday October 31st, 2014</u> <i>Weepers</i> Complimentary hors d'oeuvres</p>	<p><u>Friday November 28th, 2014</u> <i>Weepers</i> Complimentary hors d'oeuvres</p>
<p><u>Friday September 26th, 2014</u> <i>Weepers</i> Complimentary hors d'oeuvres</p>	<p><u>Saturday November 8th, 2014</u> <i>Remembrance Day Dinner</i> Roasted squash and Apple Soup Carved Roast Beef Pear Strudel \$26.95 per person</p>	<p><u>Saturday December 6th, 2014</u> <i>Christmas Dinner</i> Roasted Squash and Apple Soup Traditional Turkey Dinner (Salmon Alternate) Christmas Pudding with a burnt Rum Sauce \$26.95</p>
<p><u>Saturday October 18th, 2014</u> <i>Remembering the Caribou Dinner</i> Spinach Salad Roasted Peppered Pork Loin Apple Crumble \$26.95</p>	<p><u>Tuesday November 11th, 2014</u> Complimentary Soup and Bread</p>	<p><u>Friday December 12th, 2014</u> <i>Christmas Weepers</i> Complimentary hors d'oeuvres</p>
<p><u>Saturday October 25th, 2013</u> Sweet Tomato Salad Lamb Dinner Apple Dumpling \$26.95</p>	<p><u>Saturday November 22nd, 2014</u> Garden Salad Crusted Salmon with Saffron Sauce Bavarian Cream with Berry Compote \$26.95</p>	<p><u>Wednesday December 31st, 2014</u> <i>New Years Celebration</i> Lobster Bisque Oven Roasted Prime Rib Belgian Chocolate Mousse \$60.00</p>

Flea Market Benefits CNMAA

By Patricia Mercer

On Friday, June 27, 2014 a Flea Market was held at the Crow's Nest during Lunch and Weepers. Crow's Nest merchandise and memorabilia were offered for sale, as was left over jewellery from the North Atlantic Gala and additional jewellery donated by

members Lydia Spurrell and Hazel Gladney. Pat Mercer, Marilyn Mullins, Lydia Spurrell and Hazel Gladney worked the table. We raised \$435. Proceeds will go to the Artifacts Association. We would like to thank all those who visited the

tables and purchased items. Left over jewellery has been donated to the SPCA Flea Market in Mount Pearl.