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"Be kind. Be calm. Be safe."



With that catch phrase, in response to COVID-19, **Dr Bonnie Henry**, UNTDv2 BRUNSWICKER 1985, has endeared herself to not only residents of BC, as their Provincial Health Officer, but to the the entire country and beyond – **story on p 2**

Dr Bonnie Henry - "Be kind, be calm, be safe"

In the May Newsletter, scant mention was made of COVID-19, other than to realize that it was going to be a game changer. Personalities were stepping into the spotlight and becoming household names. There were a number of them who have or had connections to UNTDA Members.

Christine Elliot, Ontario Health Minister, who is the sister-in-law of Ted Flaherty (UNTD SCOTIAN St FX 1959). Carla Qualtrough, Federal Employment Minister, is the niece of Bill Qualtrough, well known in NONSUCH and YORK circles, who was Navy League of Canada President 1992 - 1994. Evan Dyer did much of the early reporting from CBC Ottawa and he is the son of Gwynne Dyer (UNTD CABOT 1959). More directly involved as current Deputy Minister of Defence, is Jody Thomas (NROC CARLETON 1983).

As the Provincial Health Officer for BC (since 2018), Bonnie Henry emerged early on and often, as the face of their COVID-19 response. Her superb qualifications to deal with the matter at hand, along with her reassuring demeanour, resulted in her soon becoming a news story in her own right. Articles and interviews appeared detailing her medical and epidemiology experience with only occasional mention of her military service.

On April 10 and then on June 5, 2020, the prestigious New York Times featured her with references such as: "it feels like she has become one of the most famous and beloved people in Canada. She has inspired fan clubs, musical tributes, T-shirts and street art. We all share this person who comes and talks to us every day. The interesting thing is she is delivering, for the most part, really awful news: more people sick, more people dead, more people going to die. But somehow, the way she does it and the level of empathy she shows, it just seems like she is the right person for us at this time"

"Dr. Henry would prove to be one of the most effective public health officials in the world, with lessons for nations struggling to emerge from lockdowns."

It was in the May 15, 2020 edition of NOABC's "The Dog Watch", that John Blatherwick published a comprehensive article on both her Navy and post-Navy medical experience. That article is linked below:

[May 15, 2020 - NOABC Dogwatch - p12-13](#)

In July, Victoria artist Elfrida Schragen painted the two portraits of Bonnie Henry that appear on the Cover Page. They were to be auctioned off to support Our Place, an inner-city organization. Schragen described Bonnie as "charming" and "generous." "It was difficult to get a time to photograph her. She's a very busy woman".

Even Bonnie Henry's favourite Fluevog shoes have gotten into the act. The designer has created and named a shoe for her, with her "be kind, be calm and be safe" mantra stamped inside. Proceeds will go to Food Banks BC.

Also in July, "Murals of Gratitude" in Vancouver, featured a portrait of Bonnie, beside one of Theresa Tam, Canada's Chief Public Health Officer.

Dr Bonnie Henry ... "Be kind, be calm, be safe" - cont'd

On July 3rd Bonnie Henry was chosen to launch CCGS JOHN CABOT at Seaspan in Vancouver. (picture below)



Andrew Liebmann (NROC YORK 1984) was to be the ship's Master at sea trials.

In the August 4, 2020 edition of LOOKOUT - MARPAC NEWS, is a 1-page article entitled "Dr. Bonnie Henry's military roots". It is also a comprehensive summary focusing on how her Naval service impacted her future civilian medical career.

That article is linked below:

[August 4, 2020 - LOOKOUT - MARPAC NEWS](#)

With numerous public appearances and interviews throughout this COVID period, in September Bonnie Henry re-focused attention on the BC overdose crisis, noting how they continue to intersect in ways that are proving increasingly deadly.

On October 9th it was announced that Bonnie Henry will receive an Hon LLD from Royal Roads Univ. on November 6th, which caused her to reflect on her having lectured there just prior to the closing of RRMC.

During all of the media attention over the last half-year it was not mentioned that Bonnie Henry's military start was actually in the Naval Reserve. First in the summer 1984 SYEP at BRUNSWICKER and then as a UNTDv2 Cadet in the summers of 1985 (Blake Div) and 1986 (Brockville Div).

Gary Reddy - New CO CNMT SACKVILLE

Early this year Gary Reddy (ROUTP CABOT 1972) assumed command of the ship after a long association with the Trust.

Over the years there have been no less than 6 former UNTD/ROUTP+ Cadets who have served as either Commanding Officer of the ship and/or Chair of the Trust.

Most recent of those and previously reported on, is Wendall Brown (UNTD QUEEN CHARLOTTE 1958) who is the immediate Past-Chair of the Trust. BZ to Gary and the entire Team as they continue their important work, including a major hull refit currently underway.

O'Brien and Frewer - Fathers and Sons.

It was back in June this year when we were contacted by Chris O'Brien (UNTD CARLETON 1963). He was wanting to touch base and update his contact information. He is the son of VADM John "Scruffy" O'Brien, whose service life covered the entirety of the original UNTD Program, including his being ComMarCom during Forces Unification. Upon our asking, Chris provided some anecdotes as to what it was like being a UNTD Cadet while your father occupied "Admiralty House" at STADACONA. Chris then indulged us further by providing a more elaborate recall.

Chris cross-checked some of his information with his life-long friend and fellow UNTD, Barry Frewer (UNTD SCOTIAN 1963), son of CAPT(N) Freddy Frewer, also well known to the UNTD cadre. Their lives and those of their fathers' were so intertwined, that Barry also indulged us by recalling what it was like for him growing up under similar circumstances to Chris.

What follows are their stories:

Chris O'Brien:

I was born into a Navy family and it wasn't just my father who influenced my upbringing as a Navy kid, but my mother, Stephanie, as well. Mum had herself been brought up in a Navy family after her widowed mother married an RN officer in the 1920s, so Mum was well prepared for her life as a Naval wife, steeped as she was in the traditions that became so familiar to me in the first couple of decades of my life.

I had a great time growing up in my Navy family. Typically, we moved quite a bit over the years, from Ottawa where I was born to Victoria, then to England and back to the East Coast (Stadacona and Cornwallis), then a stint with NATO in Norfolk Virginia, then Stad again, and then after Dad was the XO of Magnificent, to Ottawa where Dad had two postings with a couple of years as Captain of Bonaventure in between. We didn't move to Halifax while Dad was on Bonnie which meant that Mum, my sister, Gale, and I actually got to live in one place for 6 years in a row right up through high school, an unusual thing for a Navy family in those days.

But my most vivid memories of growing up as a Navy kid are from when we were living on Naval bases, in particular, Stadacona and Cornwallis. I was four when we moved to Cornwallis in 1950. We lived in the last row of houses in the married quarters, and being surrounded by so many other Navy families in Cornwallis really gave a feeling of security and being part of a much bigger family. Like any little kid in those days, I would spend hours roaming the woods right behind our house looking at bugs, catching frogs etc., and I firmly believe that living so close to Nature there prepared me for being what I am today — a hard-core environmentalist.

In late 1951 we moved for the second time to Stadacona where Dad was Commander. Unlike Cornwallis, the parade square was right in front of our house, so I got to know some of the daily routines of the Navy up close, for example, morning divisions. There were other things to learn about too, for example, one particular aspect of my Dad's job as XO — discipline! One day while playing in my sandbox in front of our house, a sailor approached me and asked, "hey kid, is your Dad the Commander?" "Yes", I said. "Well tell him from me to go to Hell!" "Okay", I said and headed over to our house. "Dad", I said innocently, "there's a sailor outside who wants you to go to Hell."

O'Brien and Frewer - Fathers and Sons - cont'd

"Did you get his number?" "No..." Dad ran out of the house and took off after the sailor who, when he saw Dad running towards him, ran like a rigger up towards A Block and disappeared inside before Dad could catch him. Lesson learned!

Dad always said that the Navy was "a great club", and it seems he not only enjoyed his career as a Naval officer but had a lot of fun doing it. It was fascinating to read his stories of his training with the RN during the late 1930s and, later on, his early career during WWII. One of his great friends in those early days was Fred Frewer, and he and Dad trained and served in some of the same RN ships and, later on, held some of the same positions in the RCN — XO of Stadacona and Magnificent, and Captain of Bonaventure. Over the years our families kept crossing paths as Naval careers progressed. From an early age I remember thinking of "Uncle" Fred and "Aunt" Gill and the kids as family which was great for us because most of our blood relatives lived in England and we rarely got to see them. The Frewers lived in Cornwallis in the early '60s when Uncle Fred was Captain, and I spent part of one summer with them there. The oldest of the Frewer kids, Barry, says that while I was visiting he remembers throwing green apples at UNTD cadets, and who knew that as cadets ourselves only a few years later in 1964 it would be our turn to be the objects of such great respect and adulation!

When Uncle Fred was Captain of Bonnie he allowed Barry and me to sail with her on a short trip from Halifax to St. John for a refit. I remember staying up late on Bonnie's bridge learning all about flashing lights on the horizon, radar, and other navigational aids like LORAN and Decca. I had been on several of Dad's ships for very short visits in Halifax and had really enjoyed them, but this was the first time I had actually been at sea on a Navy vessel, so it was a real eye opener and made quite an impression on me.

So, with this background and with the necessity of making some money the summer after my first year in university, like Barry, I thought I'd give the Naval life a first-hand try by joining the UNTD in the Fall of 1963. I can't say there were any surprises the next summer in Cornwallis, but I still had to get used to the day-to-day rigours of basic training, for example being a "bird" on defaulters for leaving an iron on overnight after pressing the perfect creases into my ever-pinkening 23s! My Dad happened to be visiting the Captain of Cornwallis at the time, and he seemed quite amused at my predicament, no doubt remembering some of his own mis-adventures when he was a cadet with the RN decades earlier.

I don't remember seeing much of Barry that summer of '64. I guess we were pretty busy with our separate (Kootenay and Nootka) divisional duties and training, although I do remember seeing Barry in the gunroom pretty regularly (important supplemental training!). We were also on different cruises, Barry on Alpha to Europe and me on Bravo up and around PEI. Actually, Bravo was a hoot — besides all the training "fun" onboard, there was marching in the stink of the fish plant during our "parade" through Souris, the fist fight between (town unnamed!) locals during a cocktail party on the quarterdeck as we lay anchored off Cape Breton, and the charming female company to be met at the Rollaway Club in Charlottetown. Ah, life in the Navy!

The real highlight of the summer was being one of a handful of cadets to spend a week on Grilse. Sleeping next to a torpedo was a novelty alright, but the real revelation for me as a sufferer of seasickness was how smooth it was below the surface, and I was pleasantly surprised that I didn't even suffer a claustrophobia attack as I had while doing NBCD training (those smoke-filled compartments!). Other memories of the summer were "fishing" with ASW mortars; slogging through heavy log-strewn bush on exped training on Saturna (?) Island; only half the division mustering on the quarterdeck due to rough weather and turning even greener when the Chief asked us where the rest of us "sausages" were; standing terrified on a loosely-slung 2x4 with a rope tied around my waist painting the top of Antigonish's (?) funnel; realizing that my messmates didn't hold it against me that Dad was a senior officer when they all cheered on hearing the news that he had been promoted to Rear Admiral; and spending time with some charming female company while on shore leave in Portland, Oregon.

One other vivid memory I have of training on the West Coast was being on the wheel of Antigonish on a particularly rough day. As long as I was winding the wheel back and forth to keep a straight course I was fine, but when suddenly the ship started tracking straight and true all by herself, I had nothing to distract me, and the seasickness struck. I excused myself and ran down the passageway to the heads. When I returned, the Leading Seaman in charge asked me if I'd found him. "Who?" I asked. "Biiiiiiii", he replied, "we heard you calling his name!" Very funny, I thought, and was reminded that my Dad was never seasick in his life. He told me he did come close once when he was a young Sub-Lieutenant on a small coastal patrol vessel. A sailor came up through a hatch carrying a bucket. Trying to be interested and keen, Dad asked, "ah, Bloggins, what's in the bucket?" "Vomit, sir, would you like to take a look?" "Thank you, Bloggins. Carry on!"

I spent my final summer in the UNTD in Stadacona as an Acting Sub studying various subjects but concentrating on Comm, as I remember. I was living with Mum and Dad at Admiral's House and was almost late for my first day of training. I was driving a Triumph Spitfire back from Montreal for a friend but got delayed by licensing issues and had to drive non-stop all day and all night, arriving home exhausted, haggard and unshaved only a couple of hours before I was due to report for training. Dad was not at all impressed!

One day later on in the summer, I neglected to salute the Commander Maritime Command (Dad!) as we both arrived outside Admiral's House for lunch, Dad in his staff car and me on my flat feet. Going up the front steps, I waved and said, "Hi Dad." His reply came swiftly — "That Sub-Lieutenant!" I froze, straightened up into my best Cornwallis parade square posture, marched as smartly as I could over to Dad and gave him my keenest look and a quivering salute. "Don't you know enough to salute me?" "Yes Sir!" "Good, and don't make the same mistake again. Carry on!" "Aye aye, Sir!" I saluted and, much embarrassed, marched back towards the house. Half-way there, I heard Dad say, "Oh Chris, will you tell Mum that I'm going to the Wardroom for lunch?" "Okay Dad, see you later."

My time in the UNTD came to an end that summer.

Dad had never put any pressure on me to make a career in the Navy, but having gained the greatest respect for Naval pilots while he was Commander of Maggie and Captain of Bonnie, he did suggest to me that if I ever did decide to join the RCN I should be a flyer. "That's where the real excitement is", he told me. With my background, it was natural that I'd give the Navy a try, and joining the UNTD was certainly an excellent way to do it, but the prospect of perpetual seasickness wasn't very attractive, and other interests (motor racing in particular) drew me away.

I hope I didn't disappoint Dad, and I like to think that, given my limited talents, I did my best while in the UNTD. Just as Dad said, the Navy is indeed a great club, and I have some wonderful (though somewhat fading) memories of my three years of service. Even though I didn't embark on a Naval career, the Navy still means a great deal to me. Just the word "Navy" is hugely nostalgic for me, and if I hear the strains of "Heart of Oak" played by a Navy or Royal Marine band, I will certainly get misty-eyed.

Barry Frewer:

Family blood and my naval experiences in the footsteps of my father have largely made me the man I am today. Dear old Dad, or "Freddy" to all his Navy pals, had a commanding stride. Trying to measure up to him over the years has been a privilege and a happy challenge.

My formative years were a big part of this story but for the most part it was my UNTD period 1963-69 that had so much influence on me; for Dad and I crossed paths many times as serving officers then. I was at the beginning of my military career and Captain Freddy Frewer (1920-2005) was in his last throes before retirement. The following are some light-hearted reflections of father and son which I hope will resonate with a few of you who have gone down to the sea in ships.

Let me first address my DNA. Granddad George Frewer was the last of the Canadian Merchant Marine Clipper Ship captains plying the Great Lakes supply routes in the late 1800s. His ship, the gargantuan 3-masted sailing vessel Tasmania, made the naval training schooner Oriole look like child's play. A tough but kindly man, my last memory of Granddad was at the family cottage in Lake Joe, Muskoka. He was making me a model boat with his buzz saw when a horrific yelp and gushing blood heralded the loss of his thumb. Surprisingly, with great composure he offered me 25 cents if I could find his digit ... but I lost out to the family dog that ran off with the bloody trophy in his mouth. A stoic man was my grandfather.

My other grandfather, Captain Barry German, was one of the first ten cadets to form the Royal Canadian Navy in 1910. "Gramp", who lost an arm in the War, commanded the intelligence tracking station in the Gulf of St Lawrence. He directed the prosecution of German submarines menacing shipping up the St Lawrence River. His son, my uncle Commander Tony German, also had a distinguished Naval career. Many UNTDs would remember him as a revered gunnery instructor at HMCS Cornwallis ("arms at the port, Cadet!"). He eventually commanded HMCS Mackenzie as part of the training squadron on the West Coast and later wrote a notable history of the RCN titled *The Sea is at Our Gates* (a must read).

And then there was my father. In 1936 he had just left Toronto Collegiate School when he was drafted to play for the Toronto Marlies, farm club for the Maple Leafs. His prospects for a professional hockey career looked good but the sea and a looming war had a stronger calling. Following cadet training in England he joined the RCN in 1937. His fellow midshipman included John "Scruffy" O'Brien and Johnny Charles, both of whom later became outstanding Admirals. The three of them were wingers throughout their careers. Uncle Scruff became my godfather; Chris O'Brien, Scruffy's son, was Dad's godson; and Admiral Charles' daughter Anne was Dad's goddaughter – truly and incestuous tribe of naval brats who have remained solid to this day. (Incidentally, hockey was Dad's passion. He played on every base and ship's team where he later served.)

All through my upbringing I was a joiner. I served in cubs, scouts, sea cadets, and finally army cadets, the latter while I was at Rothesay Collegiate School 1959-60 Talk about irony ... our current UNTDA president Graham Scott (Prevost '60) was a senior at Rothesay at the same time. He says he can't quite remember whether he felt my pain or had one of the other proctors who caned me describe my whimpering to him.

I vividly remember Dad, who was CO of Cornwallis, helicoptering into Rothesay to inspect our year-end cadet parade. As stiff as we all were during his inspection, I did get a special wink from him while he kindly turned a blind eye to an obvious Irish pennant on my shoulder flash.

HMCS CORNWALLIS – the name and place holds so many strong memories for UNTDs who lasted through their first two years of summer training. Those were our foundation years of grunt and grind in the Naval Reserves ... where we threw up, and grew up. I first got to know the Base as the young son of the Base Commander. As a Base kid, it was my first insight into the UNTD world. From afar I observed and coveted the lives of the cadets there, the echo of a 120 cadets snapping to attention, their spiffy uniforms, sports days, and the partying blasting from their gunroom. I wanted it all!

My pal Chris O'Brien (Scotian 63) and I as kids knew the Base well. His dad earlier had headed the Officers Divisional Courses at Cornwallis. Chris and I made a pact that we'd be in the UNTDs one day, and so it came to pass. We both eventually joined HMCS Scotian, he from Dalhousie King's and I from St Mary's University.

In 1961 Dad had just become CO of the aircraft carrier HMCS Bonaventure. He was a former Exec Officer of the carrier HMCS Magnificent in the 50s. Interestingly, he was following the same Navy path as Uncle Scruff. Our family had now moved to Halifax and the following year I entered UNTDs; however, I ended up only doing three training evenings at Scotian before being informed I'd have to wait another year because they had exceeded divisional quota. Talk about disappointment! The Fall of 1962 was scary for us all but held exciting possibilities for young naval officers when we were advised that the system was prepared to fast-track UNTDs into the Navy should the Cuban Missile Crisis blow up into something bigger. I would have been so ready to sign on the dotted line had I not been told to chill-out for another year.

Before the Canadian fleet set sail for Cuban waters my Dad had a quiet chat with me about my 'options' down the line. Shortly thereafter he stealthily took the Bonnie along with the Canadian Escort squadron to RV with the US Task Force forming the blockade against the delivery of Soviet missiles to Cuba. Fortunately military confrontation was avoided. I was back at University anxiously anticipating my re-entry into the UNTD Program.

My reintroduction to HMCS Scotian and our weekly training nights of drill and seamanship was largely marked by our formidable CO, Captain Bruce Oland (Scotian 51). To keep the "Old Man" happy we regularly gave into his end of evening penchant for liars dice and heavy drinking. You knew that he wanted to focus your attention when he removed one of his size 14s and slammed it on the table. "You, Cadet, you don't leave my game until your wallet is empty!" With about 18 of us around the table, we always dreaded the knock-on effect of those interminable evenings which made us less than fresh-eyed to face university classes in the morning.

Ahhh ... the summer of '64 and back to Cornwallis as a bona-fide first-year Cadet. Off came the hair and then handshakes all round as we met fellow cadets from across Canada and assigned our divisions. And then there was Cadet Captains Dave Freeman (Nonsuch 60) and Peter "Chip" Milsom (Prevost 62) directing our first parade to fall-in. In the eyes of a junior Cadet those two guys were magnificent. Ram-rigid, crisp and commanding in their orders, and emulating everything we wanted to be as future leaders.

Chris O'Brien was also there. Throughout our training we checked in with each other regularly to see how we were "hacking it". Word was out that Scruffy and Freddy's boys were part of the latest stream of guppies. I secretly chuckled when Chris kept being dropped in it, winning the uncoveted title of "Birdman" of the summer. Chris was constantly being called out for being late for parade or for leaving the iron on. I can't recall if he ever enjoyed a weekend leave because of it.

I too had my time. Whereas Dad was a well-regarded ship handler and could weather any storm, I was not quite the seafaring sailor, although an honest wannabe. I think I spewed in every corner of HMCS Swansea on Cruise Bravo to Portsmouth, England that first summer. "Never to windward, Cadet!" I particularly hated scrubbing duty in the flange spaces ... up it came again ... and again. And then there was my stoppage of leave and fine of \$100 for locking myself in the Captain's sea cabin and bringing up the last of my bile (apologies to readers). It didn't help my case that I was supposed to be standing second officer of the watch.

Regarding my ship handling: As second year Cadets a number of us from Scotian had an opportunity for a familiarization short cruise aboard the Bonaventure. Dad was still CO. Those of you who were there would remember Leading Seaman Irving who was assigned our supervisor in Bonnie's wheelhouse.

As orders came down the voice pipe from the Bridge, Irving would bark them out and with a whack from his stick "help" you set the course. During my stint at the helm I kept over-compensating by about 3 degrees.

I was soon relieved of wheelhouse duty and summoned to the Bridge with LS Irving. I faced Capt Freddy and the Navigation Officer, the latter advising me that it can take up to 3 nautical miles to get this behemoth to turn. I had single-handedly just thrown the aircraft carrier off track and off schedule by 20 minutes. My Dad barked, "Not good enough! And, Irving, I'm disappointed". Luckily there were no further consequences beyond the dressing down other than the great embarrassment for Irving who failed to make a helmsman of me. He became quite the brunt of jokes below decks.

The Bonnie was Dad's last sea command. His first was circumstantial as an acting CO at age 21 early in the War in the North Atlantic. The Captain of the destroyer had had a nervous breakdown, the XO was indisposed, and Dad as First lieutenant had to order the Captain be locked under watch in his cabin while Dad took command. Technically Dad was the youngest CO in the RCN at the time. Such was the awesome responsibility placed on young officers during the war years.

A sense of humour and boldness was endemic in Her Majesty's Canadian Ships which helped all to get through the many challenges faced. A CO with those qualities was usually well-liked and admired. I'm proud to say these were hallmark traits of my Dad, but sometimes his good nature and ease got him into some awkward situations.

He always maintained his best Command was as a young Lieutenant Commander captaining the Tribal destroyer HMCS MicMac in the late '40s. One winter the ship put into Bermuda for its paint spruce-up. On a Sunday morning Dad and his XO were sunning themselves on the wing of the bridge, gin and tonic in hand, and extolling the wonders of life at sea when Dad irreverently intoned to his number one, "I wonder what the poor people are doing today." Up popped a grizzly Able Seaman from outside the railing. "Painting the side of your fg ship, SIR!"

There was the time when MicMac hosted a dinner party for dignitaries in Cuba. Among them was the Cardinal of Havana. After a convivial evening, Dad escorted the party to the quarter-deck. As they were being piped off the ship, suddenly with a loud crash, a load of the wardroom silver jettisoned from the sleeve of the Cardinal. Red-faced and bewildered the OOD turned to Dad to seek guidance on what he should do. "Gather it up, give it back to the Cardinal, and help him off the ship ... with a smile." Now that is what judgment in command is all about!

My father's happiest years were at sea but equally he gave his all to our family upon each return to Halifax. Our family of 5 siblings grew exponentially. Seventeen years separated me as the eldest from my youngest brother. My other two brothers and sister were also home port conceptions, as far as I know. I was the only one who carried on with a military career.

As Integration, and later Unification, was looming, and Bonnie was heading off for her controversial \$17 million refit, Dad reservedly assumed new appointments as Base Commander Esquimalt and Naden. He had turned down a move and promotion to NDHQ in Ottawa for the sake of seeing out his days on the West Coast. It was a very fortunate time for me as I had not seen my parents on a regular basis since leaving home at 16.

My years as a junior officer in the UNTD from 1966-69, now attached to HMCS Malahat, were a ball. Together with my fellow divisional and training officers we drove the last of the UNTD training program cadets through their paces. Peter Chipman (Brunswick 63) and I had been great buddies during our first UNTD years and now we had reunited in Victoria where we put our soon-to-be fiancés up together in an apartment while we attended to our regular naval regimen. Likewise, my bride Caroline and I became good friends with Russ (Chippewa 62) and Genny Cape. Russ is currently the Chair of the demanding membership committee for the UNTDA.

Serving on the West Coast at the same time as my father brought his shadow a little closer to home. Many UNTDs remember "hands to muster on the quarter deck". It was tot time on a particularly wretched day at sea. As duty grog officer aboard the gate vessel Porte de la Reine, I stupidly ordered the left-over daily rum ration over the side of the ship(I swear, the option to do so was right there in the OOW guide book!). The seasoned officer would have followed the customary practice of giving it to the Chiefs and Petty Officers Mess. The comments I got from the lower decks were pretty tough on a young man's ego especially when I heard, "and you call yourself Freddy's boy!" Another time as OOD in Esquimalt I put a steely Leading Seaman on charge for being drunk and disorderly . At defaulters I fined him and gave him time in the brig with hard labour. I then asked him if he had anything to say for himself. He shot back, "Yes, sir! At least your father had a sense of humor."

In his last years it was noticeable that Dad was becoming less enamored of the "new" Navy and he was considered aligned with Admiral Landymore's cabal against Unification. But he still felt comfortable enough to try to get away with the odd derring-do. The Base Commander's quarters were at beautiful Journey's End overlooking the inner basin in Esquimalt and the Belmont Park married quarters. The errant shotgun blasts reported to the military police early one morning were from Dad firing away at some wandering pheasants below my parents' bedroom window. The police, somewhat bemused showed up at the door and admonished him more for having spooked a couple of local horses running amuck in the married quarters than for disturbing the peace. Dad admitted to his irresponsible behavior and later confided to me, it just wasn't fun anymore. Sad, but true for so many naval officers who wrestled with Unification in 1969. Choices had to be made.

Admiral O'Brien was a calming influence on Dad as much as he was a comforting tower of reason and leader for the Navy. As the newly appointed Commander Maritime Command, Admiral Scruffy kept up a running open dialogue with the naval fleet to sustain morale and their operational direction during this controversial transition period.

One of my last encounters with Dad before he resigned from the Navy was sitting at a Base board meeting that he was chairing. There must have been 20 officers at the table. I was at the far end representing the UNTD training program, which was also about to end, when somebody directed a question to Captain Frewer on the state of naval affairs in Esquimalt. Dad and I answered at the same time, me somewhat presumptively.(It was that confusing time when we began to use universal army ranks under Unification.)

I had responded as a lowly two-striper saying something very erudite but to nobody's amusement, as the subject was above my pay grade to venture an opinion on. Dad laughed and directed that to ensure there was no further confusion at his meeting, Captain Barry Frewer would henceforth use his Naval rank and be addressed as Lieutenant Frewer.

Like Dad, upon Unification I went through a difficult time deciding on my future. All I ever wanted to be was a Naval officer. Now the Navy was going into their green uniforms, using Army ranks, even eventually they would change the traditional Naval toasts of the day. And to top it all, I had learned I couldn't control my incessant sea sickness. (Chris O'Brien and I had this in common). I consequently took off to 'find myself' in the Australian Outback for a year. That decided it; time to get my life together.

I returned to Canada and in the summer of 1970, Dad in civvies at my side to do the honors, I was sworn into the Regular Force in Victoria. I was ready to stomach the ocean but, aghast, my eyesight had deteriorated to the point I was told I'd never get command. Devastated yet determined, I accepted a position in the newly formed DND Public Information Branch. Over time I rose to become the senior military public affairs officer for DND, my "Command" by other means.

I retired from the military in 2001 after a rewarding career that took me to many operational theatres globally. I was able to retain my Naval rank and get back into a Naval uniform. I had proud years in support of the Navy working as part of the Canadian Patrol Frigate acquisition program and being on many international Naval exercises; and as Headquarters spokesman for Canada's Navy in the Persian Gulf War. I also had a year-long posting as the Defence communications advisor to the joint Senate-Parliamentary Committee that developed the 1994 Defence White Paper which, among other policy developments, set the course for Naval equipment acquisitions in subsequent years.

The Parliamentary chairman of that Committee was ex-UNTD Bill Rompkey (Cabot 54) who later was appointed to the Senate. We developed a real bond as we travelled internationally researching and building the foundations for the new policy paper. But our personal link was clearly built on our shared experiences in the UNTD program. Those of us in the Ottawa chapter of ex-UNTDs appreciated Bill's leadership as one of our UNTD "Old Oars" Senate(oar) Rompkey; Rob(oar)t Bob Duncombe (Donnacona 55)... my divisional Term Lieutenant in my first year at Cornwallis; Rob(oar)t 'Bob' Rooten Tooten Wootton; and Pete(oar) 'Chip' Milsom. Who could forget the annual Mess Dinners, 75th Anniversary celebrations on Parliament Hill, and other events organized by this loyal group.

My career spanned 38 years and, though perhaps a bogus sailor by professional sea-going standards, my heart has always been with the dark blue. I was never more proud when Dad and Mum attended my retirement ceremony in Ottawa where I was presented with Freddy Frewer's ships' pennant (Foxtrot Foxtrot) as well as the old Base Esquimalt street sign - "Frewer Way". Both mementos found their place at the family cottage. Nostalgically the family career circle was now complete. Dad always encouraged me to "Give em hell, Bar ... and have some fun along the way". I hope I am still meeting his expectations.

Many thanks to Chris and Barry for these compelling narratives.

Treasurer's Report

Financial Report January 1 - August 31, 2020

UNTD Association of Canada
Ross Connell - Treasurer

Income:

Membership Dues	6,355.01
Regalia Sales(net)	-
GIC Interest	-
Miscellaneous(US Exch)	9.63
	=====
	6,364.64

Expenses:

Bank Service Charges	52.57
Board Meetings	-
Gifts, Presentations	3,000.00
Events, Subsidies	-
Telephone	-
Postage	76.12
Website	1,245.42
Miscellaneous	-
	=====
	4,374.11

Assets:

Cash in Current Account	2,364.28
Cash in Oaken Account	10.00
Oaken 18 mo GIC 2.75% (matures 1 Feb 2021)	7,196.00
Oaken 18 mo GIC 2.55% (matures 22 Apr 2021)	6,180.00
Oaken 18 mo GIC 2.70% (matures 4 Oct 2021)	6,000.00
Oaken 18 mo GIC 2.70% (matures 16 Mar 2021)	5,004.81
Regalia	2,721.33
	=====
	29,476.15

Speaking of Finances ...

Those in Edmonton will be pleased to know that as of January this year, their Deputy City Manager and Chief Financial Officer is Mary Persson (nee Rich), (UNTDv2 NONSUCH 1987). Previous to that appointment, Mary was Senior Assistant Deputy Minister, Treasury Board and Finance, for the Province and prior to that she served in Audit capacities for both Alberta Health Services and the University of Alberta.

Like almost every person and entity, managing COVID is a challenge. Despite multi- \$Millions of unanticipated debt, Mary has managed to preserve the City's credit rating.

Mary is married to Chris Persson, former CO of both NONSUCH and DISCOVERY.

UNTDA Board of Directors – Changes

In addition to the changes announced earlier in the year, at the most recent Board meeting on September 9th the following changes are in effect.

Joining as Directors at Large are:

Jennifer Bennett, Daniel Haché, Kim Kubeck and Marta Mulkins.

Joining as Regional Directors are:

Nick Slonosky - Manitoba and Craig Walkington - Maritimes

All 6 new Directors started as post-Unification Cadets from the 1970s and 1980s. All have lengthy and significant NavRes service, including NRD and MCDV Commands. Jennifer Bennet (RADM Ret'd) and Marta Mulkins (CMDRE Ret'd) having served as ComNavRes.

Retiring to Director Emeritus status after long-standing and significant stints, are Bob Duncombe and Bob Jenkins.

When the UNTDA of Upper Canada was formed in 1987, it was so-named so as not to conflict with Bob Duncombe's existing UNTDA of Ottawa. When the UNTDA went National, subsuming the Ottawa group, Bob continued as Regional Director, organizing local events and ultimately becoming part of the Old Oars (Rompkey, Maxwell, Thompson, Milsom, Wootton, Duncombe). Under Bob's direction, 6 successive, spectacular, annual events of national scope were held between 2005 - 2010, with Parliament Hill as the venue, courtesy of Bill Rompkey's Senatorial privilege.

Bob Jenkins was the NL Regional Director for over a decade. His penultimate achievement was taking over the organization of the UNTDA 75th Anniversary Reunion in St John's in September 2018, after the tragic passing of Art May in 2014. COVID problems did not escape Bob as he underwent a complicated surgery and recovery in Edmonton, just as the pandemic reached gale force. He is now safely back home in Conception Bay.

There are now 18 active Directors, 10 from the post-Unification period.

The current line-up of UNTDA Directors can be seen at:

<https://unttd.org/board-of-directors/>

Dick Fadden - Vimy Award Recipient - 2019

This prestigious award is a product of the Conference of Defence Associations (CDA). It was instituted in 1991 and Dick Fadden (ROUTP DONNACONA 1973) was the 29th recipient. That list is a veritable Who's Who of significant military and political figures in prominent Defence roles over that period.

Previous and very recent winners with UNTDA connections are Bill Graham in 2017 and Jim Boutilier in 2016. The text of Dick's November 2019 acceptance speech, is linked below:

[Dick Fadden's 2019 Vimy Speech](#)

Naval Reserve Centennial in 2023

Although there is nothing concrete to report as to NavRes or UNTDA plans for this significant Centennial, Committee Chair Roger Elmes and his committee members have been busy laying the groundwork. Connections with NavRes have been established and a network of regional UNTDA members have been identified, who are ready and willing to institute and coordinate activities as things become clearer. As the saying goes ... Stand By!

Lou Howard Tribute

In the last issue of the Newsletter we ran a piece on the Battle of the Atlantic - 75th Anniv., focusing on Archie McKenzie as an example of the wartime experiences of the original 1942-43 UNTDs. We had at that time only just become aware of the passing of Lou Howard (UNT D CHIPPAWA 1942) (1924 - 2020). Brian McCullough (ROUTP DONNACONA 1972) was also in the process of doing a piece on Lou, for the Maritime Engineering Journal.

That article appeared in the MEJ Summer 2020 issue, with this addendum by Brian:

"A sad postscript: It was my very great pleasure to enjoy a number of lively conversations with Lou Howard in the preparation of this article, a shorter version of which appeared in the Ottawa Citizen in 2017. It saddens me now to report that Lou died on May 4, one day after Canada commemorated the 75th anniversary of the end of the Battle of the Atlantic. He was a remarkable Canadian, one of many who answered the call in our country's hour of need. – Brian McCullough"

A link to the complete article is below:

[Lou Howard Tribute](#)

En français s'il vous plaît !

As a first step in bilingualizing UNTDA content, the Home page of the website is now also available in French.

On the upper-right corners of the Home Page, in either language, is a button labelled either **Française** or **English**.

To go to the French version directly, the link is:

<https://unttd.org/home-french/>

Thanks to the Communications Committee and particularly to Phil Anido, for bringing this initial foray into existence.

*The UNTD Association of Canada publishes this Newsletter a number of times a year. Send letters, anecdotes, or suggestions to: Newsletter Editor: Bill Clearihue
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Newsletter back issues are available from the Editor and online at <https://unttd.org/>