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A periodic publication of the UNTD Association of Canada designed to provide news and short stories in a lighthearted fashion. Back issues can be found on the web site here: [Gunroom Shots - UNTD Association of Canada](#)

Welcome Ken!

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Happy Birthday Oriole!

Joyeux anniversaire Oriole!



In this year of HMCS Oriole's 100th Anniversary it is only fitting that we in the UNTDA "cheer ship" to one of our treasured training vessels which happens to be the oldest and longest serving commissioned ship in the RCN. Those of us who sailed in her still have happy memories of scrambling topside in the fiercest of storms, racing up the rigging, or manning the main sheets (no coffee-grinders here please) for a hard coming-about. She really did give us that basic sense of the sea, its power and its lure.

Following is a reminiscence from our own Paul Seguna which first appeared in STARSHELL...

En cette année du 100e anniversaire du NCSM Oriole, il est tout à fait normal que nous, à bord du « navire de soutien » de l'UNTDA, l'un de nos précieux navires-écoles, qui se trouve être le navire commissionné le plus de la MRC. Ceux d'entre nous qui ont navigué à son bord ont encore des souvenirs heureux de s'être précipités à la surface dans les tempêtes les plus féroces, de remonter le gréement ou de manœuvrer les voiles principales (pas de moulin à café ici s'il vous plaît) pour un virage difficile. Elle nous a vraiment donné ce sens fondamental de la mer: de sa puissance et de son attrait.

Voici est une réminiscence de notre propre Paul Seguna qui est apparu pour la première fois dans STARSHELL...



CELEBRATING 100 YEARS OF SAIL IN THE CANADIAN NAVY

-by Paul Seguna

“Alright lads...we’re off to Browning Harbour!” Those words seemed the standard announcement of our destination from our CO, Lieutenant Commander Peter Hunter, upon letting go the lines at the Small Boat Unit (SBU) in Esquimalt Dockyard. My MARS training class, fresh from BOTC Chilliwack in 1982, and with no MARS training course to be immediately loaded onto to commence our formal naval officer training, found ourselves assigned to HMCS Oriole for six months. The delay in our path to admiralty proved instructive and an excellent introduction to both essential seamanship and naval life. For myself, having previously served eight years in the ‘lower deck’ as a naval reservist before entering the Reg Force as an officer, the adaptation was not as big a ‘mind the gap’ as for those younger ‘landlubberish’ members of our class for whom this was indeed their first intimate with naval life.

In this respect, we all came under the able tutelage of our CO, a wartime veteran of the RN whose naval career started as a boy-seaman and advanced through the ranks to CPO and then commissioned service in the RCN. He was the ‘old man’ in our ship - and of the sea - combined in the one white bearded mentor/voice of God presence on board. He was backed up by the coxswain, CPO Ernest “Freeman” Abbott, another senior member of Neptune’s court, as our task master and plain-speaking intermediary/interpreter of the captain’s intentions. What a pair they were! The ‘swain’ was the last of a species of sailor from the ‘old navy’ – a maritime Jack Russell terrier-type figure with the common sense, sense of humour and mischievous humanity of his Newfoundland breeding as he maintained control over our herd on Oriole’s deck. A more knowledgeable, experienced, and entertaining duo of characters as an introduction to navy life could not be imagined. They guided, cajoled, instructed, and commanded

discipline with the mix of fatherly concern, seagoing authoritarianism and -especially in the swain's case- humorous sailor speak, that while gently invective, was at the same time instructive in instilling some humility to balance the pretentiousness of young officers. We laboured daily under their seaman's eye through the rotation of various small ship duties – such as serving our turn as 'Jack Nasty Face' (cooking duties), duty 'Supply Bob', tricks on the helm or manning the sail sheets. All expertly designed in the traditions of the sea to further amplify that sense of humility in us and awe in the maritime knowledge and 'common dog' approach of the patient old salts in whose charge we were under. It was a work hard-play hard life perfectly fitted to the informality of life onboard and, especially once the captain went ashore, when we came under the close mentorship of the swain in the essentials of a sailor's life. Suffice to say the walk back to Venture was often wobbly -and not due to sea legs!

They have both now 'crossed the bar' – the good captain in 2008 and Freeman last October. In this centenary of HMCS Oriole as the longest serving vessel in the navy; it remains a graceful, seagoing memorial to their seamanship and love of the sea, while still serving as a school for the sailors of tomorrow.

.....

HMCS Oriole - history

HMCS Oriole was originally laid down as Oriole IV, the successor in a line of vessels named Oriole that were in service as the personal yachts of prominent families at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto, Ontario. The ship was sometimes referred to as the club's unofficial flagship. Work was stopped on Oriole's construction in Ontario due to a strike, but the vessel was subsequently taken to Neponset, Massachusetts where she was completed. Oriole was launched June 4th, 1921.

HMCS Oriole stands at an impressive 20.66 meters (67 Feet) in height and 27.72 meters (90 feet) in length. She has a standard weight of 69 tons and, fully loaded, weighs a massive 93 tons.

During the Second World War the ship was chartered by the Royal Canadian Navy (RCN) as a training vessel. Oriole was transferred to the Navy League following the war and was again chartered as a recruit training vessel in 1950.

Oriole subsequently moved to Halifax, Nova Scotia in 1951. The ship was officially commissioned HMCS Oriole 19 June 1952 and

NCSM Oriole - histoire

Le NCSM Oriole a été conçu à l'origine sous le nom d'Oriole IV, le successeur d'une gamme de navires nommés Oriole qui étaient en service comme yachts personnels de familles éminentes au Royal Canadian Yacht Club de Toronto, en Ontario. Le navire était parfois appelé le vaisseau amiral officieux du club. Les travaux ont été interrompus sur la construction d'Oriole en Ontario en raison d'une grève, mais le navire a été emmené à Neponset, dans le Massachusetts, où le navire a été achevé. Le navire a été lancé le 4 juin 1921.

Le NCSM Oriole mesure 20,66 mètres (67 pieds) de hauteur et 27,72 mètres (90pieds) de longueur. Oriole a un poids standard de 69 tonnes et, à pleine charge, pèse 93 tonnes.

Pendant la Seconde Guerre mondiale, le navire a été affrété par la Marine royale canadienne (MRC) comme navire-école. L'Oriole a été transféré à la Ligue navale après la guerre et a de nouveau été affrété comme navire-école de recrues en 1950.

commissioned HMCS Oriole in June 1952 and was moved to the Navy port of Esquimalt two years later for use as a training ship for junior officers. In 1956, Oriole was purchased outright by the RCN and attached to HMCS Venture at Esquimalt. The ship stayed on the West Coast until 2018 when it was sailed around, through the Panama Canal to the East Coast and now Oriole calls Halifax home.

Today she remains a training platform and performs critical strategic engagements on behalf of the Royal Canadian Navy in the Great Lakes, throughout Atlantic Canada and along the eastern seaboard. Her busy calendar consists of supporting Royal Canadian Navy activities, various community events such as yacht club openings, sea fairs and local sailing events. One of Oriole's prime roles remains engaging in RCN-sponsored adventure training for other units while introducing them to a different aspect of the seagoing lifestyle.

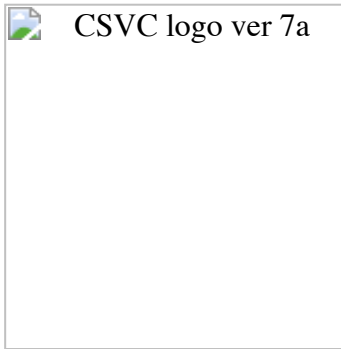
L'Oriole a ensuite déménagé à Halifax, en Nouvelle-Écosse, en 1951. Le navire a été officiellement mis en service le NCSM Oriole le 19 juin 1952 et a été transféré au port naval d'Esquimalt deux ans plus tard pour servir de navire-école pour les officiers subalternes. En 1956, l'Oriole a été acheté par la MRC et rattaché au NCSM Venture à Esquimalt. Le navire est resté sur la côte ouest jusqu'en 2018, date à laquelle il a navigué, à travers le canal de Panama jusqu'à la côte est et maintenant Oriole appelle Halifax chez elle.

Aujourd'hui, elle demeure une plate-forme d'entraînement et effectue des missions stratégiques critiques au nom de la Marine royale canadienne dans les Grands Lacs, dans tout le Canada atlantique et le long de la côte est. Son calendrier chargé consiste à soutenir les activités de la Marine royale canadienne, divers événements communautaires tels que les ouvertures de clubs nautiques, les foires maritimes et les événements de voile locaux. L'un des principaux rôles d'Oriole reste de participer à l'entraînement par l'aventure parrainé par la MRC pour d'autres unités tout en les initiant à un autre aspect du mode de vie marin.



Citizen Sailors Virtual Cenotaph Project

(Kim Kubeck, CSVK Project Manager)



Hello Shipmates,

Through the course of our research on the Citizen Sailors Virtual Cenotaph project, we sometimes come across interesting facts about our war dead. I will share these periodically.

DIEPPE

On 19 August of every year, Canadians remember the Dieppe raid in 1942. It turns out three Canadians serving in the RCNVR died during those raids. Others were wounded or became Prisoners of War. Follow the link for a Canadian Naval perspective of the DIEPPE raids - including first hand accounts by surviving RCNVR officers and an incredible poem by Lieutenant McRae, RCNVR, who spent the rest of the war as a PoW

[RCNVR contribution at DIEPPE - 18/19 Aug 1942](#)

Three young men serving with the RCNVR did not survive the Allies first attempt at Combined Operations. They were:

Sub-Lieutenant Clifford Davidson Wallace, originally from Montreal was an engineering student at McGill University when he enlisted at the Montreal Division RCNVR on 21 Mar 1941. He was killed when a German convoy happened to spot the DIEPPE-bound Landing Crafts transiting towards DIEPPE. He was hit by a shell and died

Bonjour camarades,

Au cours de nos recherches sur le projet Citizen Sailors Virtual Cenotaph, nous rencontrons parfois des faits intéressants sur nos morts à la guerre. Je les partagerai périodiquement.

DIEPPE

Le 19 août de chaque année, les Canadiens se souviennent du raid sur Dieppe en 1942. Il s'avère que trois Canadiens servant dans la RCNVR sont morts au cours de ces raids. D'autres ont été blessés ou sont devenus prisonniers de guerre. Suivez le lien pour une perspective navale canadienne des raids DIEPPE - y compris des témoignages de première main d'officiers survivants du RCNVR et un poème incroyable du lieutenant McRae, RCNVR, qui a passé le reste de la guerre en tant que prisonnier de guerre

[Contribution RCNVR à DIEPPE - 18/19 août 1942](#)

Trois jeunes hommes servant dans le RCNVR n'ont pas survécu à la première tentative des Alliés en opérations combinées. Ils étaient:

Le sous-lieutenant Clifford Davidson Wallace, originaire de Montréal, était étudiant en génie à l'Université McGill lorsqu'il s'est enrôlé dans la division de Montréal RCNVR le 21 mars 1941. Il a été tué lorsqu'un convoi allemand a repéré les péniches de débarquement à destination de DIEPPE en transit vers DIEPPE. Il a été touché par

towards DIERP. He was hit by a shell and died instantly. He is buried in Dunkirk town cemetery. He was 22 years old.

Able Seaman Robert Ansley Cavanagh, originally from Carp, Ontario was working as a messenger for the Civil Service of Canada when he enlisted at the Ottawa Division RCNVR on 25 Nov 1940. He was killed instantly when his landing craft was shelled after landing their soldiers. He is buried in the Dieppe Canadian War Cemetery. He was 19 years old.

Ordinary Seaman Joseph Alphonsus McKenna, originally from Pownal, Prince Edward Island was working on the family farm when he enlisted at the Charlottetown Division RCNVR on 15 May 1941. He was killed while manning his tommy-gun as his landing craft retreated with survivors rescued from the beach. He took a round to the chest, said, "Sir, I am afraid I am hit", then spun around and fell dead. He is buried in the New Haven cemetery, UK. He was 19 years old.

Share

Feel free to share this information with those in your network. You can find more about the Citizen Sailor Virtual Cenotaph project at <https://unttd.org/>

Join our Crew

If the life/career of one of these sailors seems interesting to you, please join our research crew by emailing this address. There is a simple template to follow and through your effort you will bring a story of sacrifice to future generations of Naval Reservists and Canadians.

un obus et est mort sur le coup. Il est enterré au cimetière de la ville de Dunkerque. Il avait 22 ans.

Le matelot de 2e classe Robert Ansley

Cavanagh, originaire de Carp, en Ontario, travaillait comme messenger pour la fonction publique du Canada lorsqu'il s'est enrôlé dans la division d'Ottawa RCNVR le 25 novembre 1940. Il a été tué sur le coup lorsque sa péniche de débarquement a été bombardée après avoir débarqué leurs soldats. Il est inhumé au cimetière de guerre canadien de Dieppe. Il avait 19 ans.

Le Matelot de 3e classe Joseph Alphonsus

McKenna, originaire de Pownal, à l'Île-du-Prince-Édouard, travaillait sur la ferme familiale lorsqu'il s'est enrôlé dans la division de Charlottetown RCNVR le 15 mai 1941. la plage. Il a pris une balle dans la poitrine, a dit : « Monsieur, j'ai peur d'être touché », puis s'est retourné et est tombé mort. Il est enterré au cimetière de New Haven, au Royaume-Uni. Il avait 19 ans.

Partager

N'hésitez pas à partager cette information avec les membres de votre réseau. Vous pouvez trouver plus d'informations sur le projet Citizen Sailor Virtual Cenotaph sur <https://unttd.org/>

Rejoignez notre équipage

Si la vie/carrière d'un de ces marins vous semble intéressante, merci de rejoindre notre équipe de recherche en envoyant un email à cette adresse. Il existe un modèle simple à suivre et grâce à vos efforts, vous apporterez une histoire de sacrifice aux futures générations de réservistes de la Marine et de Canadiens.

Canada's Navy during WW2: An Appreciation

By T.B.H (Tom) Kuiper -Donnacona 1962

Continued from the last issue of Gunroom Shots.....

It's curious that there are few lengthy accounts, either fiction or non-fiction, of Canadian destroyers in WWII. Perhaps it is because destroyers were the domain of professional sailors, RCN and RCNR, which likely did not include as many writers as the RCNVR. This appears to have been true in Britain also since "V" appears in most authors' biographical notes.

At the beginning of WWII the destroyers in the RCN had previously been commissioned in the RN. As time went by more RN destroyers entered the RCN, most from the inter-war classes designated with letters and re-designated as River class in the RCN. The RN even unloaded some ex-USN Town class destroyers on the RCN. (None of the latter lent their names to UNTD training divisions.) With the introduction of the Tribal class, Canada began to acquire its own destroyers. The Tribals were a significant improvement over early RN classes. (Tribe names from all the British colonies and dominions were assigned.) *Destroyer*, by Ewart Brookes, gives a very readable account of the evolution of the destroyer. The last chapter, written by Douglas Reeman, shows how the RN destroyers evolved after WWII and into the 70s. At this point Canada built its own destroyers and perhaps there is a story of their evolution to be told.

Douglas Reeman wrote many novels based on the destroyer experience. I find it hard to relate Reeman's characters, who seem to suffer from depression, because they do a lot of introspection, re-surfacing afterwards with no recollection of actions and events that just occurred. If there are psychologists or psychiatrists among reader of this review I'd be interested in a professional assessment. Could this be a symptom of PTSD?

Ian McKinnon was another prolific writer of novels set in destroyers, Australian in this case, and mostly in the Pacific but also in the Mediterranean. The RAN was well integrated with the RN. There is the big ship Navy (cruisers) and the small ship navy (destroyers). If the novels mentioned above were stories written to describe the naval experience, McKinnon uses the RAN WWII setting for about 150 short novels, with recurring characters. The novels are not easy to find in Canada. The dozen or so that I have all came from used bookshops in Canberra, except for one. I'm pretty sure that I did not buy *Duel Dans le Pacifique (Killer Ship)* in France. The books were not published in chronological order so if you find several you may want to consult McKinnon's publication list.

So the RAN and RCN experiences differ. One feature was not different. In *The Kill* it was said of one officer that "His tone was cultured, not cultivated like some who came back from experience of the Royal Navy with an outsize aural plum." One imagines that the RCN of 1937 envisioned a navy similar to the RAN. The U-boat commander in *Duel* observed "aucune difference entre un navire de guerre australien et un navire de guerre britannique." I think the differences between the Royal Navy and the Canadian navy caused some trans-Atlantic friction.

Did the war experiences of the prior generation carry forward into the UNTD? Jim Speight in *The UNTIDIES* argues convincingly that the program created a pool of leaders that served Canada well for decades. But

would the outcome have been different if there had not been a war at the beginning? One can only speculate. END

Tidbits

UNTDs - not for everyone!

Editor: How many of you went through the pangs of doubt when you joined the UNTDs?... Do I really want this? Can I 'hack' it? Well, let me scalp from national bestseller, poet and broadcaster Robert MacNeil's wonderful read, *Wordstruck* (Penguin Books, 1990, pp 154-156).

Robert who had always wanted to pursue a career in the theatre and ultimately in broadcast journalism was induced into the Navy by his father via the UNTD program in 1950. Robert's moment of truth arrived when confronted by an unusual challenge. Here are Robert's words....

From *Wordstruck*, by Robert MacNeil

Half the naval training was ashore, the cadets rising at six to double down to the harbour for boat pulling and doubling back up for hot cocoa and calisthenics, before a day of classes in everything from navigation to firefighting. The rest of the time we spent at sea, aboard a frigate, *La Hullose*. I was put in charge of a watch, which theoretically augered well for the POC (power of command) and OLQs (officer-like qualities) needed for a naval career; but I was thoroughly bored most of the time, which did not.

I collected my summer pay in September and decided to stop playing with the Navy. My father was stunned, and a friend of his in Naval Intelligence, Commander Ted Watt, came to see me. A poet himself, he was very sympathetic to the creative temperament, but he had another mission. He asked a lot of questions about the other cadets, what they felt about the weekly parades, what we did, what the officers and instructors were like, and above all why I wanted to get out.

"Well, I'm really more interested in other things," I said, trying not to be rude about the Senior Service.

"Do you realize that is exactly what the Communists would like to have happen: to have young men like you quitting the service just now?" (The Korean War had begun that summer and Canada was involved.)

"Do you think you could help us out?"

"What do you mean?"

"We think there may be people who have deliberately infiltrated the UNTD to destroy morale, to discourage people like you, to encourage the idea that it is boring, that there's no point to it. If we could count on you to stay in, go to the parades, and keep your eyes and ears open, it would be a great service for

your country.”

“Open for what?”

“Any thing that makes you think someone is turning people away from the service. I’ll be very honest with you, and this is highly confidential. We are having a lot of trouble with recruitment and with holding people – people like you.”

He played on my vanity and my guilt about my father’s ambitions for me. “Your father would be very proud of you if you could help your country – help us in this way. This isn’t a game. This is deadly serious.”

And he left me an out: “I’ll make a deal with you. Stay in till next term. Go to the parades. Give me a report on anything you observe that discourages attendance, that makes the exercise seem boring or pointless. At the end of that time, if you still feel you want to get away to other things, I won’t stand in your way.”

Thus recruited as the humblest level of spy conceivable, but unable to take it all seriously, I attended a few more weekly parades and “kept my eyes open.” I saw no conspiracy. It needed no red infiltrator to convince many of us that the evenings were tedious: an hour of drill in a dusty hall, lectures so elementary they were funny. I knew that the Navy and I had each been spared an inappropriate marriage. I quit, writing to the commander to explain, and to my father.

My letter brought the strongest blast from him. It made me heartsick to to read it, but angry too, and all the more determined to go my own way. His letter was melodramatic. I had disgraced him and the service in which he had fought. He was ashamed that a son of his was “such a quitter.” I was moved but not deterred.

In any case, if I was betraying him and my country, it was not to Communist agents; the true villain was William Shakespeare.

Editor: UNTD...to be or not to be. Aye, there’s the rub.

I highly recommend this book if you not only appreciate the intricacies of the English language but also the joys and inspiration Michael derived from his early life in ‘slackers’ Halifax in the War years and the magnetic influence of the sea on him.

Red Lead

- reflection by Tom Kuiper

Somewhat over two years ago, during the time I was re-reading books on the Canadian WWII naval experience, I had tomatoes that were past the salad stage and likely had seen recent mention of "red lead". Google rewarded me with one link: <https://www.readyayeready.com/jackspeak/termview.php?id=1659>, but no recipe. Certainly, I remembered the unloved concoction. Peter Chipman, who entered the year after me, wrote "*Ah yes, I remember standing in line at N-Galley, tray and plate in hand, waiting for 'Cookie' to*

ladle a 'splloge' of red lead on top of whatever else was on my plate." Curiously, my brother Art, who entered the year after that, wrote "I must have missed that term during my brief RCN(R) career, because I had never heard about red lead until today." In reply to those comments I wrote:

Red lead seems to be uniquely Canadian. There are references to it that go back a long way. I'm surprised you don't remember it. It must have been officially discontinued about the time you joined. Maybe a small step to improve sailors' lives.

But now I can't think of why I disliked it so much. Possible reasons:

- The cooks used it to unload unripe tomatoes?
- The cooks were skimpy with the bacon?
- We just mistrusted anything we didn't eat at home?
- Tastes changes as you get older?

Anyway, I made it this morning. Five tomatoes and three slices of bacon cut into thirds. It was delicious. Even Lilibet had some! We'll make it again.

If there were an active UNTD or RCN chat room, this could probably keep it busy for a while.

Now we have Gunroom Shots to pursue the mystery.

Whatever I did in March 2019 was received well enough that I wanted to try it again last March. This time Google yielded: <https://navalandmilitarymuseum.org/archives/articles/a-sailors-life/naval-nosh/>, nice cartoon but still no recipe. I wrote to the Museum suggesting they publish one. An automatic reply was all I got. However, a little additional research yielded:

<https://www.familycookbookproject.com/recipe/2468863/red-lead.html> which yielded good results. This shows the beginning of the crucial phase:

Only bacon and tomatoes! Cook covered on low heat for about six hours. When done, the bacon has been reduced to the consistency of finely ground meat and the tomatoes look suitable for application to fresh steel. It is delicious!

I shared the results with a few UNTDs then. Dave Freeman wrote: *"In the Second World War, the RCN used a RN cookbook so I suspect the origin of Red Lead and Bacon lies with the Brits. My Dad - RCNVR and RCN 1930 to 1962 - loved that meal!"* Our fearless editor (same entry year as Chipman) wrote: *"Ugh...red lead! Thanks for the memory-I had trouble keeping it down at the best of times!!"*

Today I asked a friend born in England, who emigrated as a young adult, if she recognized the dish. She hadn't ever encountered anything like it. In discussing it with the rest of the group, we concluded that Italy was a more likely country of origin. Indeed, I will try it next time on a heap of spaghetti instead of toast.

So I throw out the challenge to the readers: where does red lead come from?

Yours aye,

Tom

Editor: And here is our resident artist Paul Seguna's take on [Red Lead...](#)



Letter to the Editor

Re: Gunroom Shots- Vol 2, Number 3, July 2021

Dear Barry:

An interesting issue, even for an 'associate' Member like me – wartime RCNVR, etc.

I was pleased to see Stephen Ryback's contributions on historic books about the RCN/RCNVR. When I was researching my first naval book on the Reserves, 'Volunteers For Sea Service' (1973, Houston Standard

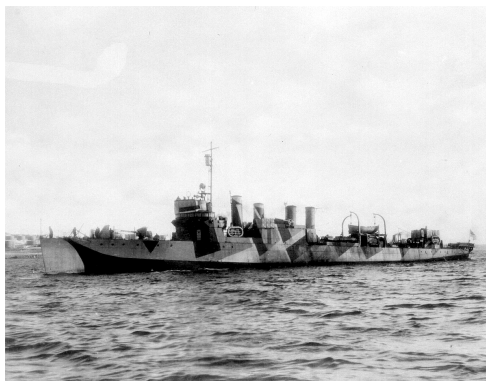
Pubs.) for the 'VR's 50th, Steve was of the greatest help in leading me through the Archives' RG series, locating old photos, and items from the almost unknown 'Black book' of 'VR references. It's good to see him still involved in the subject. It might be nice to see that little (69 page) volume republished for its 100th, with stories of the early 'VR half companies and their maturing progress. Houstons are long out of business, and I hold whatever copyright there is.

I do take a mild exception to Tom Kuiper's small reference in his article on books, where he says, *inter alia*, "...relative comforts in USN ships." Apart from the post-war submarine HMCS RAINBOW (in which I did one NT period as a LT(tas) in the 1960's), the RCN's only involvement with USN ships was the 7 'Town Class' wartime destroyers we inherited via the RN's trade deal of 50 destroyers for bases. As a loaned-in Ordinary Seaman, I made one trip in HMCS HAMILTON from Halifax to Cornwallis. They were really dreadful ships by 1943-'44. Although fast and well armed, their unfortunate narrow design and top-heavy with armament, meant at least HAMILTON was very unstable in any weather (our solo passage was in a February freezing gale with heavy snow), the 'fore-upper' leaked water everywhere, and we seemed to have no heating! I was fortunate in having an upper metal bunk in 3-tier lots, but sure slept in most of my clothes. She'd lurch to port, slush below me sloshing about, hang there, shaking; then roll massively to starboard and again shake, before repeating that. At one stage, the alarm bells went off, and at least in retrospect, I was a bit amazed at my phlegmatic reaction! 'Well, we're all going into the bloody ocean and drown with no-one around. But if you can't take it, you shouldn't have joined up.' I only felt sorry for my Mum, for my father was fighting his way up Italy as CSO of Canadian Corps Signals, 4 years away too. Then the C.O. came on the blower, announcing it was 'just' a short circuit. "Ignore the alarm. Stay off the upper deck!" We eventually made it, but I was glad not to be drafted to her permanently. No comparison with my later Algerine WALLACEBURG – all very comfortable. tho' not in February gales!

Your bulletins are the very glue that holds outfits like the UNTD Ass'n together, for most members don't get out to eve local events. BZ!

Fraser McKee
(‘VR & RCNR 1943-1978)

Editor: Thanks for your complimentary note, Fraser. Apart from your uncomfortable training memories in her, HMCS Hamilton had a rather undignified history of pranging and the Navy did right by paying her off. Here is some additional info...



HMCS Hamilton

Commissioned as HMS Kalk, this Town class destroyer was renamed HMS Hamilton at St. John's, Newfoundland where, on her arrival on October 1, 1940, she was damaged in a collision with her sister-ship HMS Georgetown. She was taken to Saint John, New Brunswick, for repairs and, while being undocked there on October 26, ran aground and received damage sufficient to lay her up for half a year. She was subsequently offered to the Royal Canadian Navy, re-commissioned at Saint John as a Royal Canadian Navy ship on July 6, 1941, and assigned to Western Local Escort Force. After escorting one convoy, she collided with the Netherlands submarine O-15 at Halifax. Following repairs, she again took up local escort duties, and in June 1943 became a member of Escort Group W-4. She still had not made a transatlantic passage when, in August 1943, she was allocated to HMCS Cornwallis, the naval training establishment in Deep Brook, Nova Scotia, as a training ship.

HMCS Hamilton was paid off on June 8, 1945 at Sydney, Nova Scotia, and broken up at Baltimore, Maryland, the same year.

"Do you hear there!"

The UNTDA continues its communications drive to reach and attract members, particularly those from the UNTD follow-on training schemes - ROUTP, NROC, UNTDv2 and RESO. Gunroom Shots and the Newsletter would love to run your stories and anecdotes as a reminder that the Naval Reserves legacy continues to live on through you, our younger members. Waiting to hear from you.....



Membership Renewals

If you're receiving Gunroom Shots, you're already a member of the UNTD Association, and participating in its central theme – Maintaining Connections. By now you will have received a membership renewal form with all the contact information we have on file for you. This is how we make sure we don't lose the connection. Stay connected – make sure our contact information is correct.

Send your letters, anecdotes or suggestions to Barry Frewer, Editor at:

Gunroom.Shots@UNTD.org

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