

# Our Navy Our Memories

By Natalie Anderson and Madelaine Johnson

The County, because of its geography, has always been a maritime community – the schooners built here during the ‘Barley Days’, the Hepburn fleet, the excursion steamers, the commercial fishermen from Long Point and Salmon Point, commercial wharves, and private docks are a testimony to our heritage.

People from the County have always been drawn to the water, whether for swimming, boating, fishing or other recreational activities, or for careers that enable them to traverse the rivers, bays, lakes, and oceans of Canada and the world, in the merchant marine and the navy.

County residents have pursued careers in the Canadian Navy since its inception in 1910. The *Picton Collegiate Institute Honor Role of 1917* lists a number of alumni who served in the Royal Navy (RN) and Royal Canadian Navy (RCN) during the Great War of 1914-18. Honours student and future proprietor of *The Picton Gazette* **Lindley Calnan** was in his

second year at the University of Toronto when he enlisted in the Royal Naval Air Service (RNAS).

**Willet Hubbs**, one of Picton’s star hockey players of the time, served in the navy as a lieutenant in the North Sea and later joined the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserves (RNVR), while his brother **Walter** swept the English Channel for German mines.

During the Second World War, the County was again well-represented in the RCN. To **Harry Walmsley**, a linotype operator for the *Gazette* who served on a minesweeper and was present at the Normandy invasions, the navy was “just another job.”

**Vernon ‘Beef’ MacDonald** of Wellington was a motor torpedo boat gunner, sustaining life-threatening injuries after his side of the boat was hit in the midst of a convoy raid.

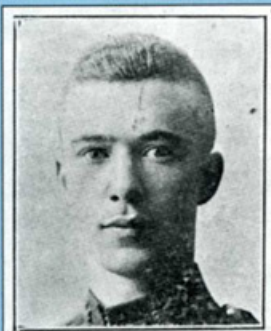
Over the century, County residents, both those who were born here and those who moved here, continued to serve proudly and prolifically in Canada’s Navy.

In the summer of 2010, the **Archives and Collections Society (ACS)** held *100 Years of Our Navy* to commemorate the Canadian Navy centennial. The exhibition included photographs and other memorabilia from people from the Quinte area who served in the RCN, the Women’s Royal Canadian Naval Service (WRCNS, better known as the Wrens), the Royal Canadian Naval Reserves (RCNR), the Sea Cadets, and the Maritime Command – the current Navy of the Canadian Forces.

To complement the exhibit, the contributors from Prince Edward County, Belleville, Kingston, and the surrounding region shared their experiences with ACS summer students Natalie Anderson and Madelaine Johnson in videotaped interviews for a forthcoming documentary about local perspectives of the Canadian Navy.

*Our Navy, Our Memories* is an ACS project supervised by Paul Adamthwaite and Betty Ann Anderson and supported in part by Service Canada and Young

Below, left to right: Lindley Calnan, Willet Hubbs, Walter Hubbs, Harry Walmsley. Opposite: ‘Beef’ MacDonald.



**LIEUT. L. B. CALNAN**  
Enlisted in his second year of Arts at Toronto University. Was a member of C. O. T. C. Now holds commission with R. N. A. S. Also a member of 1914-15 P. C. I. honour class.



**LIEUT. WILLET HUBBS**  
Brother of Lieut. Walter Hubbs. Was one of Picton’s star hockey players. Is now with the Navy in the North Sea.



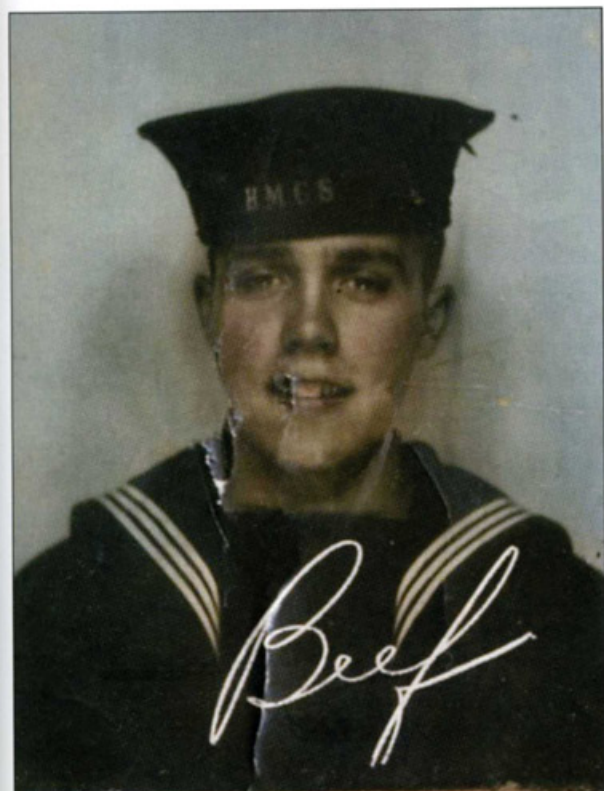
**LIEUT. WALTER HUBBS**  
Son of Mr. A. H. Hubbs, Picton. Joined the Patrol Service, but is now engaged in mine sweeping in the English Channel. Brother of Miss M. Hubbs, at present on P.C.I. staff.





Above: Seaman Torpedoman George Devonshire with his comrades, relaxed now, but ready for combat.

Canada Works. The following stories from seven naval veterans represent some of the varied and far-reaching contributions of County residents to Canada's Navy over the past century.



## Looking for fun: George Devonshire

George Devonshire's love of the water began when he joined the Sea Cadets as a young boy in Toronto. After leaving home without his parents' permission to satisfy his teenage need for excitement and adventure, George took up an offer to be a galley boy in the merchant navy, serving on the Danish ship, *MV Asbjorn*.

At this time, the Germans occupied Denmark, and the *Asbjorn* was under charter to the Canadian government. One night, while George was in a convoy headed to Londonderry carrying 500 tons of TNT and 250 tons of picrate, three of

the other merchant ships were torpedoed.

George wrote about the attack in his diary the next morning, Monday, Aug. 3, 1942:

*When I stepped out on deck I was amazed at the sight. It looked like a real expensive 24<sup>th</sup> of May exhibition. Snowflake and star shells littered the sky. The convoy was already under attack. It was an eerie sight to see the black forms of ships when there was a rocket in the sky.*

George then joined the RCNR, believing it to be safer than the merchant navy, and began active service with the RCN in January of 1943.

He eventually became a Seaman Torpedoman, because he "wanted to be more than just a sailor," on board HMCS *Waskesiu*, the first Canadian designed frigate.

As a Torpedoman, George began working on depth charges, where, in preparation for an attack, he would receive orders to set the hydrostatic pistols for the charges to explode at different depths. George recalls in his memoirs, "I liked the job because it was exciting to be actually making the underwater booming noises, instead of just listening, as was the case in *Asbjorn* the previous year."

Later George was assigned No.1 on the *Hedgehog*, a spigot mortar with projectiles that were fired all at once, hitting the water ahead of the ship in a wide pattern. During late 1943 and early 1944, while *Waskesiu* was part of a blockade-runner patrol northwest of Spain, George watched in horror as a torpedo struck *HMS Tweed*, a river class frigate:

*She sunk in a few minutes. There was no warning and we were not at action stations. A little later, the submarine periscope was*



Above: George Devonshire, left, receives a medal for his service; Above, right: proudly displaying a Waskesiu T-shirt; Right: At *The Victory* in Picton. Below: After the war, George became friends with Waldemar Nickel, one of the German lieutenants captured from a German U-boat.



briefly sighted. [HMS] *Nene* started to rescue survivors while we screened the area and continued the ASDIC (Anti-Submarine Detection Investigation Committee) sweep. We gained contact and carried out two depth charge attacks. The bad part was that one of our attacks was fairly near the survivors, many of whom were floating in their life jackets. It took me a while to get over that scene. I remember anguishing over why we always seemed to lose. Were we losing the war too?

But the real highlight for George while working on the *Hedgehog* was on the night of Feb.

24, 1944 when *Waskesiu* destroyed *U-257*. The German submarine was about to attack a convoy when *Waskesiu* gained ASDIC contact. *Waskesiu* attacked with the *Hedgehog* first, which proved to be ineffective, so the crew proceeded with two attacks using depth charges. The depth charges damaged the submarine, forcing it to the surface before it sank under the Atlantic waves for the last time. *Waskesiu* picked up four survivors from *U-257* and *Nene* rescued another ten. The German prisoners were given blankets and warm food, in a manner that one lieutenant described as "nearly comradely," before being taken to Londonderry, Ireland.

After the war, George came into contact with **Waldemar Nickel**, one of the German lieutenants captured from *U-257*. The correspondence between them over the events of that night grew into a lasting friendship that George feels is illustrative of the "stupidity of war."

## "I wouldn't have missed it for the world": Sheila (Orr) Gribble

In 1944, when **Sheila Orr** turned 18, she knew exactly what she wanted to do. A romantic, patriotic girl who spent her summers on the Muskoka lakes, she had always wanted to join the navy, and when she was old enough, she joined the Wrens.

Basic training in Galt, Ontario involved marching, discipline, and learning about naval history and traditions. Sheila recalls in her memoirs, "I enjoyed basic training - I think we all did. We were a bunch of idealistic 18-year-olds for whom this adventure was a putting-off of the serious decisions of life and career that we knew we must make eventually."

Sheila received duty-specific training at *HMCS Cornwallis*, Nova Scotia from the naval official she would replace, enabling him to go to sea and fight in the war, which is what he was "aching" to do.

Sheila worked in the Action Room of the Wheelhouse - the training facility nerve centre with an artificial plot that imitated the position of a convoy - where the ship's company practiced tracking, identifying, and sinking enemy vessels.

Sheila worked in the Action Room for two shifts every day, which corresponded with the times that the crew came in to train. When asked what a Wren did in the Action Room, she laughingly replied, "What she's told."

Sheila remembers working in the ASDIC room, tracking the position of ships, represented by models on an artificial horizon, and sending submarines to "wreak havoc" on them. According to Sheila, "Our job was to make this all behave as realistically as possible so that a ship's company could come in and, in an hour or so, have an experience of what passed for action at sea."

Sheila thoroughly enjoyed her time as a Wren, and "life was



Above: Sheila Gribble joined the Wrens at the age of 18.

Above, right: Sheila in uniform c.1944,

Right: She was on duty in the 'Action Room' at the time of the devastating Halifax Explosion, which levelled the Nova Scotian town.



### **"A great adventure": Ken Koyama, C.D.**

On Sept. 14, 1949, **Ken Koyama** was one of the first Canadians of Japanese descent to enlist in the RCN. Ken joined the navy because he "thought it would be a great adventure." After facing a great deal of racism as a civilian, he found that the RCN was virtually free of prejudice, commenting that people in the navy were "very, very nice." Starting as an Ordinary Seaman, Ken worked through the ranks to become a Petty Officer 1st Class.

Ken underwent new entry training in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, where he endured snowstorms and bad weather before being sent to the West Coast as part of the medical branch on *HMCS Naden*, a west coast land base. While there, Ken received

training in ward protocol, diagnostic treatment, and lab, pharmacy, emergency, and x-ray procedures. He explains that witnessing his first surgery was quite surprising and made him a little queasy. Ken also performed minor surgeries which he describes as both "scary and exciting."

For Ken, the medical branch was challenging because he was constantly on duty; crew often woke him up in the middle of the night, and he found it difficult to count blood cells through a microscope when the sample swayed with the motion of the ship.

On one occasion, while in the middle of the Pacific ocean, Ken had to keep a crew member on antibiotics for appendicitis for three days until a helicopter could take him to a land-based hospital.

Ken enjoyed the camaraderie of the navy and explains how one officer liked him so much that he brought his whole family onto the ship to be medically-treated. Ken eventually became a Staff Officer Hygiene for the west coast, inspecting pools, food and dairies.

Ken left the RCN in order to go to university where he pursued theology, and later joined the RCNR. After four years, he was a commissioned officer for two years, and then received his second ring and became Lieutenant. Ken also received a Canadian Forces Decoration medal (CD) for 13 years of good service.



Ken Koyama

good": there were always new things to learn, the work was exciting, and the base was fully equipped with amenities. In addition, Wrens constantly received positive reinforcement from their superiors and were reminded of how important their work was to the War effort.

But being in the Wrens was not all fun and games, even after the war in Europe had ended. On the seemingly ordinary night of July 18, 1945, over two months after V-E Day, Sheila was alone on duty watch in the Action Room when she heard a tremendous boom and instinctively dove under her desk. When she emerged from her makeshift shelter, she looked out the window onto Bedford Basin:

*There was a great black cloud rising, in the shape of a great full-leaved tree. Bright flashes of colour came from the foliage making it into an elaborate fireworks display. The expression 'mushroom cloud' arrived in the vocabulary three weeks later when the first atom bomb was dropped, and that fit as well.*

Ken admires the discipline he was subject to while in the navy, and hopes that the same level of discipline exists in the Maritime Command today. According to Ken, naval discipline encourages respect for higher ranking officers for the sake of "good order."

In 1980, Ken came across Picton as he was "looking for a place between Montreal and Toronto"; today, Ken considers Picton to be home, and is active in the community as a proud member of the Picton Rotary Club.

***It started with a raincoat:  
Mary (Minnikin)  
Wellein***

Mary Minnikin never expected to join the Wrens, but in 1959, as she was waiting for a streetcar in the rain, she saw a woman wearing a raincoat issued by the Wrens and did what she had to do to get one for herself.

Mary had moved to Toronto from Barrie with hopes to work at the Alcoholism and Drug Addiction Research Foundation. She started to attend monthly Wrens meetings at HMCS York and obtained a position in the medical branch there instead.

After a two-week course in Halifax, Mary practised nursing in a naval hospital at HMCS Naden in Esquimalt, BC.

Back in Toronto at HMCS York, Mary assisted patients in the wards and helped with eye exams, x-rays and other medical procedures. After only six weeks in the service, Mary was among the naval personnel who lined the red carpet at the Royal York Hotel for the visit of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II.

Children behind her were eagerly poking their heads between the line to catch a glimpse of the Queen, but were repeatedly pushed back by naval officials.

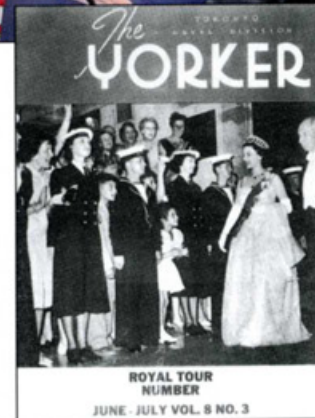


Above: Wrens on the HMCS York.

Right: Mary, left, shares a laugh with fellow Wren June Macaulay.

Below: Mary's wedding party is fully decked out in uniform.

Right: A 1959 photo of the Queen and Mary appeared on the cover of *The Yorker*.



Mary advised the children to wait until they could see the Queen before they nudged their way through the row, and that is exactly what they did.

This charming contrast between naval formality and childish rapture led the *Toronto Daily Star* to feature a photograph of the Queen, Mary, and the children on the front page of the June 30, 1959 issue.

On certain Sundays, Mary took part in the Church Parade where

Wrens marched down Avenue Road. Although her parents' declining health forced her to move back to Barrie and work at Camp Borden, she would not give up being a Wren, and her new boss provided the transportation enabling her to attend the monthly meetings in Toronto.

Mary left the Wrens after seven years of service to marry to Sid Wellein. With Sid, who served in the army, Mary moved to Ottawa. For his last two years of service,

Sid was able to live in a place of his choice.

When they found Picton, Mary thought, "how could we go anywhere else? It was nice here." Mary fondly remembers her time with the Wrens and continues to keep in touch with friends she met there.

## ***Daring to be different:*** **Mark Aulhouse**

**Mark Aulhouse** of Picton joined the Canadian Navy in 1983, motivated by a desire to be different. Influenced by the stories his uncle and cousins told him about their time in the army, Mark decid-

ed he would have his own unique and exciting tales to tell from his experiences at sea.

Although Mark found it difficult to adjust to naval life after being surrounded by a close-knit family in the County, he was not discouraged and devoted himself to his naval career. After training for six months in Halifax, he was shipped to western Canada, to teach navigation and sailing at a fleet school for one and a half years in Victoria. He recalls, "I loved that, I love being on the water."

## ***For love of the water:*** **Hugh Charlebois**

**Hugh Charlebois** of Demorestville served with the RCNR for eight years (1964-1972). A highly successful commercial artist by trade, Hugh participated in the RCNR on a part-time basis, embarking on two- to three-week long training cruises during the summer.

Hugh joined the reserve because of his interest in ships and

his love of the water. When he was in high school, he had a summer job working on the Great Lakes in such locations as the Welland Canal and the north shore of Lake Superior.

Although he enjoyed his summers of training in the reserves, Hugh found one of the toughest aspects of adjusting to naval life to be the sleeping arrangements, which were tight and cramped, and involved shared hammocks. On the cruises, Hugh learned seamanship and engaged in ship maintenance, deck painting, gunnery practice, and anti-submarine training on such vessels as *HMCS Porte St. Jean* 180.

Hugh's favourite aspect of the RCNR was the travelling opportunities. He particularly enjoyed a cruise to

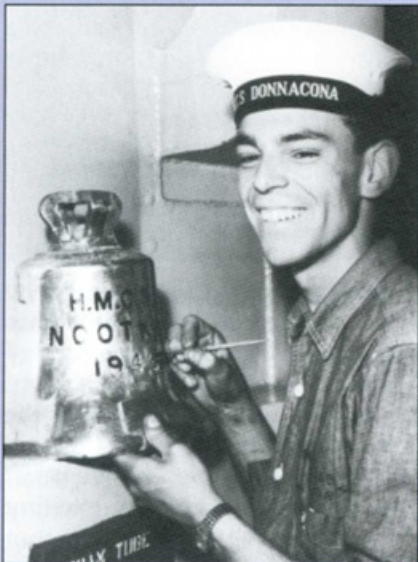
Cobourg when he had time to spend considerable time onshore and enjoy the amenities of the town itself.

Hugh's eight years in the RCNR instilled in him a strong sense of discipline and taught him how to deal with other young people in close quarters for long stretches of time. In response to the centennial of the RCN, Hugh reflects fondly upon his "eight good years" in the reserves.

Hugh's model *HMCS Demorestville*, a combination of the two variants of the Flower-class corvettes used in the RCN, is on permanent display at the Archives and Collections Society.



Above: Hugh Charlebois at the Archives and Collections Society.



Young Hugh aboard the *Donnacona*.

Continued on Page 52

Plus **Tyler Atherton's** story



Above: Mark Aulhouse;  
Middle: Christmas on the ship;  
Below: Providing aid to the people of East Timor.



every stitch, and don't ask me how many there were!" She laughs and shudders. "I didn't count. But I picked them all up and made up my own border design with holes similar to the body." It's terrific.

We had laughed about my asking to see her studio or workshop, which turned out to be her kitchen and her living room couch and the homes of her fellow Thursday night River Rats. Lise laughed again when she told me about the final step in making her large shawls.

"You have to wash the finished piece, then block it - gently spread it out to its full size and pin it. We've got a king-sized bed which is handy, with a nice plump comforter. I lay out the piece and pin it right to the bed." She gave me a big smile. "It's my finishing room."

As I left she slipped me a greeting card with a piece of hand-weaving decorating the front.

"Here you go, there's only one of these left. I use up bits and

pieces to make these." Staring out at me from the front of the card was a tightly woven row of teeny Santa Clauses standing ramrod straight with red suits, white beards and coal black eyes. Neat, tight and clever. □

## DEVONSHIRE

*Continued from Page 24*

The crew of *Waskesiu* felt united by the destruction of *U-257* and has had a couple of reunions, one in *Waskesiu*, Saskatchewan, and another at George's own house in Prinyer's Cove, where Waldemar was the guest of honour.

*Waskesiu* was also part of a convoy travelling to the Soviet Union in 1944 for the Arctic Campaign. During this trip, three merchant vessels were lost and submarines continually harassed *Waskesiu* as she traveled up the coast of Norway.

George remembers the hostile atmosphere in the Soviet Union

when the convoy delivered their supplies. Forty years later, George joined the North Russia Club established for veterans of the Arctic Campaign. Through this association, he was able to revisit Russia in 1995. George recognized some of the locations he traveled to during the war, and this time found the Russian people more welcoming, commenting that they "laid out the whole town for us."

During the Normandy invasion, *Waskesiu* was positioned on the western approaches to the English Channel to prevent submarine entry. George remembers, "It was an easy job. We enjoyed the fine weather."

George left the navy at the end of the war, achieving four medals for his service.

When asked about his best memory of his war years, George jokingly replies "girls!" More earnestly, George goes on to describe the fun he had ashore with his crewmembers and friends. He thoroughly enjoyed St.

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John's, Newfoundland, relating how "the people there were fantastic."

He liked coming through a slot in the cliffs to a calm harbour that was lit up - in Europe no harbour could have its lights on.

George also has fond memories from the other side of the ocean. Coming from the North Atlantic to Londonderry, even in December, he remembers that the grass came right down to the sea: "It's like going to the springtime."

The Navy also led George to something more tangible than fond memories. Early training brought him to Quebec City, where he met his future wife, Phyllis: "It was love at first sight. We were married after the war and 44 years later, we can look back on a happy, busy and eventful life." Reflecting on his contribution to the Second World War, George, smiling, has one word to describe how he feels: "good." □

## GRIBBLE

*Continued from Page 25*

Sheila did not know whether she should stay or flee, but an officer who hurried into the room to use the telephone made the decision for her when he asked, "What the hell are you doing here? Get out of here!" in a tone imbued with anger and surprise.

When Sheila innocently replied that she was on duty for another hour, he retorted impatiently, "This place could go up any minute. Get out - fast! You're relieved!" Sheila was the last person squeezed into a Wren evacuation truck that drove them to a school gymnasium in Citadel Hill. As she laid on the hard floor, uncomfortably trying to sleep, she remembers:

*The high windows of the gym glowed red and orange and we heard intermittent explosions. Suddenly I became aware of a roaring. "The city's*

*on fire!" I thought. And that's the only time that I was afraid. I was truly scared.*

Sheila learned later that the explosions resulted from the ammunition being hurriedly removed from naval ships as they were refit for the Pacific War.

Sheila's best memory from the Wrens occurred on V-J Day, 1945, which also happened to be her birthday. That day, a party at HMCS Stadacona celebrated the end of the War, and a large crowd joined hands in a snake dance. When the war ended and Sheila was discharged, she was desolate, not knowing what to do next. Navy-subsidized education at Queen's University was the best answer, where she met her husband Bill.

In 1973, Sheila and Bill took early retirement and moved to a house they built themselves in Long Reach. Sheila remembers her Wren days as a "wonderful, stimulating time," during which she

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developed lasting friendships and was exposed to new opportunities:

*I had only been in the Navy for 10 months, but it wrought lifetime changes ... it certainly helped me to grow up and realize that there was much more to the world than my own small village. It helped me to realize, too, that going places was easier than one might think. I wouldn't have missed it for the world.* □

## AULHOUSE

Continued from Page 27

In 1998, Mark served in the Persian Gulf, searching ships for illegal drugs. Mark was responsible for driving the motorboat that transported the boarding party to the ships under inspection. Mark said that inspecting vessels could be scary because not all crews were cooperative. When the Canadian Navy discovered illegal materials, they were responsible for transporting those involved to a holding area or to the Americans.

In 1999, with the Canadian Navy in union with the Australians, Mark participated in peacekeeping missions in East Timor aiming to lessen the violence resulting from the region's attempt to separate from Indonesia.

Mark describes the city as a "ghost town" - many of the locals were afraid and had fled or were hiding. Aside from supporting the Australian Navy, Mark assisted with placing tarps on schools whose roofs had been blown off, so the children would have somewhere to learn.

He found his time in East Timor most rewarding when he was leaving: fruit and vegetables stands were able to open, and people seemed happy in a country where, when he arrived, no one was to be found. When he was driving away in a military truck, Mark relates how children ran after it waving "like they were saying thanks for being there" and remembers how rewarding it was "just to see a kid smile."

Mark's numerous excursions abroad have given him a sense of patriotism and thankfulness for all he has. Mark was working in the fleet school in Esquimalt on 9/11, and when he heard about it he felt "numb."

He was given ten days notice that he would be going to the Persian Gulf off the coast of Pakistan to fight the War on Terror. For eight months, he assisted in searching for Al-Qaeda and inspecting cargo for bombs and other weapons. Although he never discovered any weapons, he did find other illegal items like drugs and alcohol that caused him to consider whether they were supplies for Al-Qaeda.

Mark comments that 9/11 "changed the world". Americans were not the only ones to be affected since people of many other nationalities died in the attack.

While in the service, Mark spent three Christmases on board ship. Although it was the loneliest time for everybody on board, the holiday also imbued the crew with a sense of community. The senior officers served Christmas dinner to the junior officers, and a tree deco-

rated the mess deck along with stockings and paper snowflakes.

Mark was in *HMCS Ottawa* when she was commissioned in Cornwall. On board the *Ottawa*, they stopped in Quebec City for three days where a convention for retired astronauts was taking place. All the astronauts were invited onto the ship, and Mark was fortunate enough to meet Canadian astronaut legend Steve MacLean.

Mark decided to retire from the navy in 2003 after achieving the Canadian Forces Decoration Medal for 12 years of service, and earning International Force East Timor, General Peace Keeping Service, Special Services, and Afghanistan War on Terror medals.

After reflecting upon how naval values have affected his life, Mark states, "[It] makes me a better person because I've seen a lot throughout the world that a lot of people don't see, don't realize."

The celebrations of the navy centennial in 2010 make Mark nostalgic for his time in the navy.

### *A "sense of belonging and direction":*

#### **Tyler Atherton**

Following his friends and motivated by a "small passion for life on the water," lifelong County resident **Tyler Atherton** joined the Quinte Sea Cadets in 1998. He eventually became a Supply Petty Officer 2<sup>nd</sup> Class in 2003, instructing other cadets until 2006.

Tyler's devotion to the cadets and love of the sea earned him a trophy for a "job well done" as a civilian instructor. Aside from filling the only Supply Trade Petty Officer position at the Quinte Sea Cadets, Tyler achieved a high standing with the Canadian Yachting Association.

Tyler explains how being a cadet helped him in many aspects of his life, including summer jobs

that involved skills such as ship repair, organization and logic. Sea cadets also inspired his interest in Lord Nelson and the *Bluenose* - subjects he continues to read up on today.

Tyler reminisces that cadets instilled in him a "sense of belonging and direction," explaining that "what you get from [cadets] is what you give to it."

The values of Canadian citizenship encouraged by the Sea Cadets have motivated Tyler to volunteer within his community as a soccer coach and to lend a hand at the Archives and Collections Society.

Sea cadets has also formed the basis of Tyler's adult life - after being employed as a dock and yard hand at a marina, Tyler currently manages his own business in the marine industry, which was "something that happened because of my involvement with cadets."

The Canadian Navy centennial celebrations reinforce Tyler's

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**Tyler Atherton**

strong sense of patriotism and pride for his time in the cadets and the achievements of the military, especially the navy. "It's a sense of pride," he says.

He strongly believes "any cadet course is worthwhile for most youth ... anybody can find direction and purpose through sailing, regardless if it's in a military form or not." Tyler is an example of the extent to which the Navy and its subsidiary organizations have enriched the lives of Canadians, old and young.

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This collage of navy memories paints a picture of

not only the diverse contributions of County residents to the Canadian Navy, but also the changing function of our navy from its inception to the present.

The stories illustrate how growing up in the County fosters a love for the water that drives some of its inhabitants to devote their lives to the navy; in addition, naval veterans from outside the County have found a peaceful and fulfilling life on this island, surrounded by the water they have grown to love.


The Canadian navy is not just a defining aspect of our nation's history but an intrinsic facet of County heritage. The County has, after all, proven to be both the inspirational germ and contented epilogue of many naval careers.

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