

ARGONAUTA



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ARGONAUTA

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Editors

Isabel Campbell and Colleen McKee
Jean Martin ~ French Editor
Winston (Kip) Scoville ~ Production/Distribution Manager

Argonauta Editorial Office

e-mail submissions to:

scmckee@magma.ca

or

Isabel.Campbell@forces.gc.ca

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Membership Business:

200 Fifth Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, K1S 2N2, Canada
e-mail: fkert@sympatico.ca

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In this issue of the *Argonauta*

Editorial	<u>1</u>
President's Corner	<u>3</u>
The Labrador: A sailors tale	<u>5</u>
Obituary - Skip Gillham	<u>9</u>
International Maritime History Association News	<u>9</u>
Call for Papers - CNRS AGM and Conference 2017	<u>10</u>
Henry Larsen Fonds Photo Identification	<u>11</u>
Keith Matthews Awards	<u>17</u>
Project Coastline	<u>19</u>
CNRS Membership Registration Form	<u>20</u>

Editorial

by Isabel Campbell / Colleen McKee



Many Canadians endured a hot, dry summer, but those attending the CNRS conference in New Westminster, British Columbia in August enjoyed fruitful sessions and lovely sunny West coast weather as a reward for their diligence and support of Canadian nautical history. We'd like to thank our President, Chris Madsen, who carefully organized the conference and guided the Executive and members, providing support to all. His President's Corner contains important membership information.

Congratulations to Faye Kert, winner of the Keith Matthew Award for her outstanding work, *Privateering: Patriots and Profits in the War of 1812*, the second prestigious award her book has received this year. The book may be ordered through Amazon.com or at the John Hopkin's University Press website at: <https://jhupbooks.press.jhu.edu/content/privateering>. The first recipients of the new award for books deserving special recognition was given to Derrick and Amy Bowring, author and editor respectively, for their work, *Down to Bowrings*. Congratulations also to Kenneth S. MacKenzie for the best article published in *The Northern Mariner*. Competition for these awards was tight as evidenced by the excellence of the Honourable Mentions which are listed in the awards announcements on pages 15 and 16 of this issue. Congratulations to all these authors on their outstanding achievements in the field.

As cool descends on our Ottawa nights, we offer a few pieces on northern subjects in this autumn issue; we think you will enjoy the submission by William Pullen about his time aboard *Labrador*. Those unfamiliar with the Pullen family will find a few intriguing details on some of their contributions to Canada's north in Pullen's article and in his brief biography. We hope this will be the first of many pieces about and from the Pullen family.

Those visiting Ottawa may want to drop by the Hull Marina and go for a cruise on *Pogo* which our readers will recognize as the research support vessel which served with *Labrador*. Here is a link to the Hull Marina website: http://www.marinadehull.ca/our%20history_an.htm which includes a short history of its role in this area and of *Pogo*.

Please also take the time to peruse the unidentified photos provided by Doreen Larsen Riedel. Doreen, the daughter of Henry Larsen, has contributed articles in the past and she and her brother Gordon have embarked on the formidable task of identifying thousands of Larsen photos held at Library and Archives Canada. We hope to run these few and more in future issues, calling upon our many readers to help Doreen and Gordon fully identify the people and scenes in these photos. If you have relevant information, please contact Doreen; you will find her e-mail address in her article. We also take this opportunity to thank Doreen and Gordon for their

contributions of Canadian maritime and northern history. Their years of devoted research into their father's career has helped to create and preserve information which otherwise would be lost forever. More and more archives, libraries, museums, and societies are relying upon volunteers to support the mandates of their institutions.

Finally, please note the call for papers for the next CNRS conference to be held from 10 to 12 August 2017 in Halifax (see page 10). Please feel free to spread the news to students and scholars that CNRS is a friendly, welcoming environment where young people will find expert encouragement and advice to help them advance their work. We hope you enjoy this issue and will consider joining the CNRS if you are not already a member.

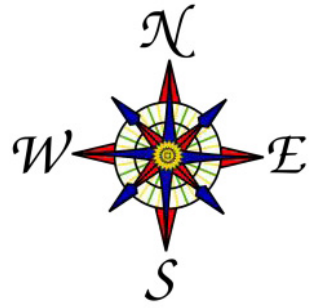
Fair Winds,
Isabel and Colleen



We encourage you to join us on facebook and twitter where we post links to interesting articles and announcements from around the internet. Our social media channels are where you will find time sensitive notices that are not suitable for publishing here in the *Argonauta*.

President's Corner

by Chris Madsen



Our 2016 Conference and Annual General Meeting in New Westminster was a great opportunity to meet old and new friends and to hear so many interesting presentations. Many travelled from afar to attend, from outside and inside British Columbia. Douglas College was a welcoming venue with excellent facilities and a convenient Tim Horton's on-site open for two out of the three days. Temperatures were hot by west coast standards with sunny weather for the waterfront walking tour and the afternoon visit to the Samson V snag boat museum as well as for the few who partook in a fish and chips lunch at the Steveston Fishermen's Wharf. New Westminster, a former commercial port once called "Canada's Liverpool", has a strong maritime heritage, and the Fraser River is still very much a working river, as evidenced by the busy daily activities on the water and ashore. Hopefully, the conference barbecue aprons have been put to good use as the days of summer came to an end.

Barry Gough, a former CNRS president, well-respected scholar, and now British Columbia fixture, was bestowed an honorary membership from the Society, joining our other existing honorary member, Alec Douglas. Congratulations Barry.

A good showing from the council and the editorial side of *The Northern Mariner/Le marin du nord* allowed some business to be transacted on the west coast. Fuller details can be found in the minutes of the executive, special general and annual general meetings which will be published in the winter issue of *Argonauta*. Some continuity and new faces featured in the executive slate nominated and elected in New Westminster. We welcome Ian Yeates to Council, and Walter Lewis moves up to the position of Second Vice President.

TNM now has a revamped editorial board: the total number of members has been reduced, with the appointment of new people with academic ties and scholars of note, and equal representation given to the Canadian Nautical Research Society and the North American Society for Oceanic History, with whom we partner to publish the journal.

In order to promote better regional engagement with members and leverage opportunities for activities with other organizations, a lead coordinator has been selected for the west coast and the Society is looking for a similar individual for the east coast in time for the CNRS conference and annual general meeting next year. Quebec, under-represented in our current membership, is another prime area for a regional branch, if any willing volunteers can step forward.

Next year's conference, to be held from 10 to 12 August 2017, will take place on the opposite side of the country on the east coast in the Halifax area. More details are in the call for papers which appears in this issue and on the CNRS website. Please mark these dates on your calendar.

The Society faces several longstanding membership and financial challenges which for the time being are manageable with the resources available. A President's Appeal for donations will be made in the New Year, to put the CNRS on a sounder footing and build funds necessary for making future initiatives possible, to expand our presence in digital media, create better member engagement and appeal to younger demographics. These activities are essential to survival of the CNRS as a viable organization with a diverse and strong membership base that fosters continued research, writing and teaching of maritime history in Canada.

How can you help the Canadian Nautical Research Society?

1) Please renew your membership, either for this year or the coming year. Keeping our membership numbers up is vitally important to the Society and directly facilitates core activities. Membership fees are the primary source of revenue for publication of the journal.

2) Recruit a new member or two. If you know someone interested in reading or writing maritime history from a Canadian perspective, suggest that they join the Canadian Nautical Research Society. There are many people active in the field, in academe and out, who do not currently belong to the Society. Although it is always a matter of personal choice, they could benefit from the association and friendly company. Invite them to the annual conference.

3) Make an effort to attend the conference yourself if it is convenient. The CNRS conference is quite a special event which is only as successful as the members who come out regularly. If fewer and fewer people actually attend, then the conference will eventually stop which would be a great loss to the Society and its engagement with members.

4) Consider giving a financial donation to the Society, no matter how big or small, either through part of regular charitable giving or in response to the call out for a President's Appeal. As with most such organizations, the CNRS could use the help from those who identify with its aims and activities for promoting maritime history in Canada. To have a future, the Canadian Nautical Research Society needs your support.

Chris Madsen
Toronto

The Labrador. A sailor's tale

by William Pullen

I joined the heavy icebreaker *Labrador* in 1968 as a very Ordinary Seaman. The *Labrador* was a ship with strong family connections. My Uncle, T.C. Pullen, commanded her when she was a naval vessel, and I was to serve in her three times, first as Ordinary Seaman, then as a Cadet, and finally as Second and Third Officer. The *Labrador* was a massive squatty thing - short, deep draught, with a huge beam, and a powerful diesel-electric propulsion system. There was a chunky superstructure containing the bridge, the officer's accommodation, a stubby little funnel, and a helicopter hangar.



CGS *Labrador* at St. John's Harbour, June 1982.
Photo Credit: G. Bouchard.

The ship had the air of a repressed bulldog and vibrated with power and purpose. When her main engines were running and blue diesel smoke belching out of the stack, she was an impressive piece of business. You could stand on her decks and feel the power throbbing underneath you. However, she had more than her share of quirks, could roll on wet grass, and had Byzantine accommodation.

Over the years, *Labrador* had been visited by any number of marine architects, each with a mission to make her more tolerable to live in for extended periods of time. This was no easy job because she was originally designed as a Canadian naval variant on the US Wind Class icebreaker, built in the Spartan wartime US Navy tradition which of course Canada then had to outdo. The result was a ship into which men and machinery were crammed without serious regard for the effects on humans of prolonged voyages in ice.

The many accommodation refits inflicted on the *Labrador* were designed to ease somewhat cramped living conditions, and so lighten the load that we had to bear, grinding through 10/10ths ice under full power on the way to some particular task. The results were a tribute to bureaucracy, poor planning, and general stupidity. It was just appalling. Instead of the cabins getting bigger they got smaller and more chopped up, and the communal washrooms got larger and larger. The one on the officer's deck became like a large and splendid tiled ballroom with the john placed athwart ships, in solitary splendour right in the middle.

Like every other icebreaker ever built, *Labrador* was designed with an egg-shaped hull so that she could ride more-or-less smoothly in ice and would rise when the ice came under pressure, much as an egg will lift. They also are built to have tremendous reserve stability and so roll very quickly. There were no permanent underwater projections like bilge keels to moderate *Labrador's* roll and roll she could. Transiting the Labrador Sea or Davis Strait often meant days of moving through an arc of thirty or forty degrees every thirty or forty-five seconds.

At one point *Labrador* had been fitted with stabilizers; little wings that came out from the hull at the turn of the bilge that dampened the roll. Unfortunately, one of them had fallen out, probably from the stress and shock of icebreaking, and we were left with just the one, which had the unhappy effect of actually increasing the roll. It was permanently housed and pointed at scornfully as an object of modern mechanical folly by the ship's engineers.

The main memory of my service in *Labrador* as an Ordinary Seaman was cleaning out the seaman's washroom. I had the job of "Captain of the Heads" for months and every morning would repair to the large communal washroom and work myself and a largish area containing toilets, sinks, and showers into a complete lather. I took the job seriously, mostly because more senior people detested it and I found out that I would be left alone. Also, it was winter, and I could spin the task out so that it occupied most of the morning and could thus avoid the tedious business of chipping rust on the upper deck in the rain, a job that could eventually drive you mad. Cleanliness is next to safety on a ship and I viewed this as a chance to put this notion into action. Equipping myself with a complete and quite comprehensive array of industrial strength cleansers, I would whip up a nice little chemical stew. Then, I would splash it about with lashings of scalding water on anything that even remotely looked like a place where germs could gather. Deck, bulkheads, toilets, sinks, showers, you name it, and I covered it with a substance that would disinfect, deodorize, peel paint, and forcibly cure hemorrhoids simultaneously. I used gallons of scalding water and after a bit, an excellent chlorine-based fog would form about three or four feet off the deck. The toilets would get special treatment, and I can guarantee that if you ever sat on one of them before I had rinsed my particular blend off there was an excellent chance you'd leave a patch of skin behind. At least, that's what happened to the Carpenter's Mate one forenoon when he came in for a quiet smoke and a bit of a think. He had no sooner touched down than he rocketed out of the toilet stall clutching his nether cheeks and making garbled mewling sounds.

As with most icebreakers, *Labrador* had a full complement of eccentric characters. There was the cook who liked to hold long soulful conversations with the frozen meat carcasses in the meat freezer, the radio operator who heard signals from a part of the universe we were not yet familiar with, and there was Clarence, the Second Engineer. A brilliant but wildly eccentric individual who had stood too long beside the thundering engines and who gradually began to slip away into another world.

Clarence was a mechanical genius and could perform the most delicate surgery on the inner workings and hidden mechanisms of a Fairbanks-Morse Diesel when lesser men would blanch at the thought. Unfortunately, his mind moved so quickly and directly that he left little time for reflection and analysis between problem recognition

and solution. His solutions, while elegant, were sometimes the cause of maritime nightmares. In any one four-hour watch down in the forward engine room he was known to have cut holes in water tight bulkheads and to reroute piping and electrical cabling in a drive to solve the problem that had suddenly swum into his mind. It got so that the engineer who relieved him was never too sure what he would find on taking over the watch: Clarence might just have decided to move all six main engines ninety degrees, reverse the polarity of the generators, or completely redirect the main fuel supply lines. After a while, a wise word was passed, and Clarence was never again left alone on watch.

The man was terribly eccentric. He owned a farm somewhere on Nova Scotia's Eastern Shore on which he was clearing land. One day, he paid cash for a brand-new Volkswagen with one of his enormous overtime cheques. He arrived back at the dealer about a week after the sale. The salesperson was dumbfounded to see Clarence drive onto the lot with a Beetle that looked somehow thinner and longer, with the body all crushed in just forward of the rear wheels. Clarence said that there seemed to be something wrong and, as the Salesman looked in horror at the wreck of the brand new car, explained that he had spent a happy week pulling tree stumps with his new VW and could he, please, have some warranty work done to straighten out a pesky little bend in the frame?

Clarence had a morbid fear of drowning; a fear so overpowering that he would brood and dwell on it for days at a time. He checked and re-checked the supply of life jackets and was always an enthusiastic participant when we practiced emergency stations. His abandon ship station was in the port lifeboat, and he could usually be found there well before the emergency signal was given. Indeed, there was a school of thought that said Clarence had established a temporary summer residence in the bows of the lifeboat and would retreat there to sulk after one of his more bizarre mechanical experiments had been over-ruled by an exasperated Senior Engineer.

Clarence's cabin was part of an isolated little colony of cabins way down in the bowels of the ship, aft of the main propulsion generators, and just over the two massive propeller shafts. This was the lair of helicopter pilots, ice observers and Clarence: not a place that regular people ventured unless on one of those periodic raiding parties the watch-keepers would sometimes mount to locate lurid reading material. It was, I think, a product of Accommodation Refit Number 2, the one where the naval architect had broken down and taken refuge in a gin bottle when faced with the task of making a zoo into a rabbit warren.

Over time, Clarence became convinced that he would be trapped in his cabin and be unable to reach the lifeboats if the ship began to sink. The fear became so real that one day he took matters into his hands and went ashore to buy a personal life-raft. Other crew would purchase elaborate sound systems and huge rocket-like automobiles with their pay, but Clarence bought a commercial six-man inflatable life-raft packed in a canvas valise. The life-raft was the kind you see advertised in obscure marine trade journals with strange model names like "Fearnaught" or "Saviour." The ads always had a wet and frightened mariner leaning out of the raft's canopy opening, holding a flare and looking beseechingly at the heavens.

Clarence stowed the life-raft under his bunk, positioned so that he could grab it in an emergency and manhandle it to the upper deck. One supposes that his plan was then to inflate the raft and sit happily in it, munching survival rations, lighting off flares, and drinking distilled water, waiting like King Canute to be carried safely off by the water as the ship sank.

Now, like most mariners, Clarence liked his rum. On occasion, he was prone to take rather more than was good for him. One evening, as the ship lay alongside a wharf after a particularly stressful trip into the Gulf of St Lawrence, Clarence consulted with Captain Morgan, of the dark variety. He consumed and consumed, and pretty soon became comatose, passing out in his cabin.

When Clarence awoke in the pitch black cabin, he was seized with the notion that the ship was sinking and that the moment had come to deploy the life-raft. Nipping out of bed in his skivvy shorts and T-shirt, Clarence dragged the raft out from under the bunk and, once again making a direct connection between problem and solution, inflated the raft. The only issue was that the life-raft was still inside the cabin, the cabin was tiny, and Clarence was slowly and inexorably being pressed up against the bulkhead by this huge orange and black thing that was now hissing and inflating rapidly. Flailing wildly, Clarence now found himself trapped inside his cabin by a partially inflated six-man life-raft, complete with blinking strobe light, solar still, a sea anchor, parachute flares, and a week's worth of Class B Survival Rations.

We were never certain how long Clarence remained mashed up against the wall of his cabin. Probably not long, but long enough to realise that the only way out was to chew and tear his way into the life-raft and deflate it. So he began to gnaw and rip away on rubber and canvas and eventually, with energy borne of rum and fear, reached the inner edge and broke through.

Now, the raft was inflated by considerable air pressure and the air began to vent rapidly out of the hole that Clarence had torn and chewed open. So did all the talcum powder that is used to line the inner surfaces of the raft to prevent them from cracking. Clarence couldn't move his head very much, and so the only thing to do was to close his eyes and squint into this jet-like blast of powder and stale compressed air. Eventually, the raft deflated enough for Clarence to make good his escape. He staggered onto the upper deck in his undershorts and T-shirt, looking like a demented porcelain Japanese Doll caught in a wind tunnel. His face was a ghastly pearl white, its uniformity broken only by two black eyes, now round with fear. His hair, stiff with powder, stood straight back from his head as if he had been sitting in the slipstream of a jet. Babbling incoherently through powdered lips, he was taken gently away to the Galley for a cup of calming tea.

Biography:

William Pullen is an ex-Mariner who served on the Canadian Coast Guard icebreakers *Labrador*, *John A MacDonald* and *Louis St Laurent* as a very Ordinary Seaman and then as a Cadet and as a ship's officer. He made multiple deployments into the Canadian Arctic and in the Gulf of St Lawrence in support of shipping. He held a Coast Guard Command Certificate and served in the Canadian Naval Reserve as a Lieutenant Commander (R71A) in HMCS *Carleton*.

His second career as a public servant took him through service in line departments, central agencies and arm's length organisations. He was a founding faculty member of the Canadian Centre for Management Development. He left the public service in 1995 and began a third career operating a professional consultancy providing leadership development for public sector clients in three Canadian provinces and the federal government. He is presently in his fourth career as an Executive-in-Residence with the University of Ottawa.

His life ambition is to stamp out the wanton and indiscriminate use of "impact" as a verb. When this important task is complete, he will devote his remaining years to eradicating the use of up-talk?

Obituary

Members of the CNRS will be saddened to hear of the death of Skip Gillham. He was the author of the "Ships that ply the Lakes" column which appeared in the *St. Catherine's Standard* for many years. A retired school teacher and coach, he also wrote and researched about the Great Lakes history for decades. We send out deepest sympathies to his family and friends.

His obituary may found at

<http://www.canadianobituaries.com/niagara/35552-skip-gillham-july-27-2016>

International Maritime History Association News

The General Assembly of IMEHA has decided on a name change for the organization to International Maritime History Association (IMHA) to better reflect the inclusiveness of the organization representing all fields of maritime history. In addition it has been decided to join forces with the International Commission for Maritime History (ICMH) via an amalgamation of the two organizations. Finally, a new President and a new Executive Council have been elected. New President is Malcolm Tull, new Vice Presidents are Amelia Polonia and Constantin Ardeleanu, new Treasurer is Maria Fusaror, and Ingo Heidbrink is the new Secretary.

Call for Papers
CNRS-SCRN Conference and Annual General Meeting
10-12 August 2017
Halifax, Nova Scotia

“Canada and Canadians in the Great War at Sea, 1914-19”

This promises to be the only gathering to be held in Canada providing opportunity to survey the various maritime dimensions of the First World War. The conference will be held in affiliation with the Royal Canadian Navy, in historic Admiralty House, the home of the Naval Museum of Halifax https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Naval_Museum_of_Halifax.

Papers need not be restricted to military operations and related issues. Indeed, the timing and location are chosen with regard to 2017 being the centenary of the Halifax Explosion, a defining moment in that port's long history, and several presentations on that subject are anticipated. As always, subjects other than the main theme will be given due consideration. CNRS encourages publication of expanded versions of the final papers in *The Northern Mariner* or *Argonauta* and publication of all abstracts and biographies in *Argonauta* before the conference is held.

Please send a working title, brief abstract, and a short biographical sketch **no later than 1 March 2017** to:

Dr Richard Gimblett
Richard.Gimblett@forces.gc.ca / richard.gimblett@rogers.com

33 Greenaway Circle
Port Hope, ON
L1A 0B9

Can you help identify these photos from the Henry Larsen fonds at Library and Archives Canada?

Editor's note: In this section, we are running some unidentified or partially identified photos sent to us by Henry Larsen's children, Doreen Larsen Riedel, and Gordon Larsen. Doreen kindly provided the introduction and brief biographies of her family. We look forward to further installments in this series.

Henry Larsen is best known as the captain of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police MV *St. Roch*, the first ship to transit the Northwest Passage from west to east (1940-42) and the first to complete the northerly route by ship from Atlantic to Pacific in 1944. Larsen had been a seaman since the age of fifteen and was a qualified navigator. His Canadian Arctic career began with two voyages (1924-5, 1927) into the western Arctic with Christian Klengenbergs trading schooner, *Maid of Orleans* (later renamed *Old Maid*). Thus he gained experience in the ice, over-wintering a ship, hunting for seals and walrus, handling dog teams, trapping, living among the Inuit, and supporting himself off the land. He realized that life in the Arctic suited him, but the days of Arctic trading ships were almost over and life at sea was also important to him. RCMP members at the Herschel Island detachment told him of the proposed construction of a supply ship and floating police detachment. Four years later, having met Canadian residency requirements for naturalization and joining the force, he sailed north as mate of the new vessel, *St. Roch*. Once in Arctic waters and having proved his capability, Larsen, the most junior member of the force, was designated skipper and navigator. A sergeant was appointed to be in charge of detachment policing activities.

The crew, usually between seven to nine men, was selected as for any other police detachment. Few had prior maritime experience. Without a supply chain, members had to be self-reliant. They sailed without the benefit of modern navigational aids using navigation methods dating back hundreds of years through largely uncharted waters. Radio contact was irregular, extending only 200 miles, so they relied on relayed messages.

Henry Larsen was not assigned to the *St. Roch* to be an explorer. Rather, the *St. Roch's* purpose was to demonstrate Canada's sovereignty over the Canadian Arctic; the task was primarily governance. Henry Larsen commanded the *St. Roch* in Arctic waters overwintering eleven times from 1928 until 1948 when the ship was retired from Arctic service. Due to economic and other restraints her activities were initially limited to the western Arctic from Herschel Island into the Coronation Gulf. From 1935-38 she operated out of Cambridge Bay.

G.W. Smith recorded that Larsen made repeated requests beginning in 1928 for permission to proceed through the North West passage, but it wasn't until the Second World War that the "Great Assignment" was approved. From 1949 until retiring in 1961, Henry Larsen commanded "G" division, which then encompassed the entire Northwest Territories, the Yukon, the remoter parts of Quebec and the James Bay region of Ontario. It was a period of great and difficult change. Larsen died in 1964, having barely reached 66 years of age. Fortunately he had been encouraged to record his memoirs.

His son, Gordon Larsen, donated his father's approximately 4000 photographs to Library and Archives Canada (LAC) for safekeeping, on the understanding that the family could have access to and copies of images that family members wanted. It wasn't until 1993 when research for the film "Mission Northwest Passage" was carried out and we were asked to help select photos from our father's collection that we realized that few of the photographs had been identified. Many were no longer in original groupings as archive staff had started sorting them by subject such as boats, dogs, people etc.

It was a daunting task. To deal with a "moving target", I penciled a code on the reverse of every loose photo and those that could be safely lifted from albums. Initially some photos were identified using photos or text in *The Big Ship* and then referring to a copy of our father's 1011 pages of memoirs, but it was a difficult and slow task as his manuscript had no headings and was not indexed.

Gordon lived near Montreal; as a commercial pilot with a young family, he was rarely free. Access to the Archives was limited at the time, it was not open on weekends, and after a work day and getting my young family settled, some evenings I had perhaps only two hours to devote to the task. The time spent searching through pages of text was often unfruitful. At that time, scanners were not common and, when used, provided poor results. Time passed. A few years later my teenage son became interested in computers and we purchased a scanner, and thanks to his efforts we eventually had a searchable digital copy of my father's memoirs.

One album contains photos taken before our father came to Canada. Many were of Norwegian relatives, friends and shipmates completely unknown to us. Unfortunately my request to take the album with me when I made my first visit to relatives in Norway was refused. The photo project was temporarily dropped. I spent my time more fruitfully reading about Arctic history and preparing public presentations based on the material found by searching through both the Henry Larsen and the RCMP *fonds* at Library and Archives Canada.

A few years ago Gordon and I took up the photo identification task again. Armed with a digital camera, Gordon photographed each photo while I built an extensive searchable table entering the codes I had assigned years before: photo printer's identifying marks; the general or specific subject of each photo; possible location and year, et cetera. With this database, it was now possible to refer to Larsen's digitized manuscript and to search on-line to compare our photos with other postage-stamp sized photos posted by various institutions. Slowly we have moved ahead, although subsequently we have found that searching the digitized manuscript in some collections is more complicated to access than it had been when we first listed the photographs. Nonetheless, digitization has allowed us to create sub-files of photos, allowing us to better target our identification task. For example, searching by printer's markings has allowed us to more accurately determine the years some photos were taken and thus identify crew members in photos. Unfortunately, all the Norwegian relatives who might have identified some of our father's earliest photos are gone, as are many northerners who could have identified many of the Inuit in the images.

Meanwhile, family members of crew (usually grandchildren), elderly members of the RCMP who once served in the Arctic and others have answered our call for assistance. We hope that some of the readers of this journal will recognize some of the as-yet unidentified individuals in the photos and we would appreciate any information they could supply.

Both my brother and I were born during years when our father was in the Arctic. The *St. Roch* was frozen in at Cambridge Bay when I was born in November 1935 and there also when Gordon was born in July 1938. After our very free roaming childhood in Victoria the family moved to Ottawa in 1949. While Gordon was attending Glebe Collegiate he joined the Royal Canadian Air Cadets, earned a flying scholarship and obtained a private pilot's licence on his 17th birthday. Determined to navigate the skies rather than the oceans, he joined the Royal Canadian Air Force in 1958, attended the Air Navigation School in Winnipeg, and in 1959 joined the Operational Training Unit for all weather fighters at Cold Lake Alberta. On graduation he was posted, in January 1960, to the Fighter Squadron stationed at Bagotville, Quebec. Two years later he went on the conversion course for CF101B Voodoo Interceptors at Namao, Alberta, and subsequently was stationed with 416 Squadron at Chatham N. B. When his short service commission was completed in July 1964 he joined the Canadian Marconi Company as a navigational representative and worked on Doppler radar navigation systems. Subsequently in November 1967 he joined Air Canada as a navigator on DC-8 and Vanguard aircraft and in 1974 transferred to pilot list and flew DC-8, B-727, L-1011, B-767, DC-9, A320, B747 and B747-400 aircraft before retiring as Captain on B767 aircraft in 1998. Since that time, Gordon remains heavily involved in small aircraft - building, sales, design and repairs, and developing a flypark in Eastern Ontario.

In 1957 I graduated from the Royal Jubilee Hospital School of Nursing in Victoria BC, but returned to Ottawa where I worked in city hospitals and attended Carleton University, graduating with a BSc in biology and chemistry in 1963. I was a graduate student at University of Western Ontario when our father died in 1964. The following year I married a fellow student and for a few years we became academic gypsies, moving to Toronto, Kansas, London (Ontario), and Cameroun before returning to Ottawa. During those years I worked in numerous fields: in a variety of specialized hospital units; teaching at schools of nursing, often in experimental programs; in several university departments; and assisting my husband in parasitology field work in Africa. Returning to Ottawa, I became involved in medical research, new treatment methods, and later worked in several Federal Government departments. During the past 10 years I have prepared and delivered numerous presentations about the *St. Roch's* voyages and its crew members. I am currently editing and preparing footnotes for my father's manuscript, hopefully for publication. Your help in identifying the people and places in these images would be deeply appreciated.

Please contact me at doreen.larsen.riedel@gmail.com, if you should have information about the people appearing in these photos from my father's collection. Some details accompany the photos on the next few pages.



Photo 1 (LAC number 1974-169 LP 243-1)
(left to right) Henry Larsen, Unidentified man 1, likely aboard Labrador, ca. 1954



Photo 2 (LAC number LP237-2)
(left to right) Unidentified man 1, Larsen, possibly taken in Vancouver, ca. 1944



**Photo 3, LAC 1974-269 LP281-3
(left to right), Unidentified man1 , Unidentified man 2, Henry Larsen, Kai Boggild**



**Photo 4, LAC 1974-269 (Gordon Larsen number 164533)
(left to right), Roberston, Larsen, Unidentified man 1**



Photo 5, LAC 1974-269 LP 269-1
(left to right) Unidentified man (possibly R.R. Curry, USCG of USS Westwinds) shaking Larsen's hand, Summer 1953

2016 Keith Matthews Awards

The annual conference at New Westminster was the first time to my knowledge, at least since 1999, that all the members of the awards committee were present. Therefore it was a pleasure to preface the announcement of the awards by introducing Roger Sarty and Ian Yeates. Roger is of course well known to CNRS members, and needs no introduction here. Ian Yeates will doubtless be familiar to avid readers of the book reviews in *The Northern Mariner/Le marin du nord*. Some may have remarked on his Regina, Saskatchewan, locale. Ian is a senior member of the financial side of SaskPower. On our committee of three, he is the voice of the informed general reader, and keeps both Roger and me honest.

Ian had been chafing for several years at the limitation of giving only one award for a best book. He has repeatedly argued that we need some other form of recognition. Taking advantage of all three of us being together, we addressed the matter. We concluded that we needed an award for a book deserving of special recognition. It might be a work of a very regional or local focus, or perhaps a memoir without the scholarly apparatus that is expected of the best book award. However, it must be a book which, in the view of the committee, offered an important record that would, in the future, be cited by historians. (An example would be *Landsman Hay: The Memoirs of Robert Hay, 1789 - 1847*, London: Rupert-Hart Davis, 1958, written for his grandchildren by a man who was pressed in the Royal Navy during the Napoleonic Wars. He served in Admiral Collingwood's flagship, and offers invaluable insights on Collingwood and to life in the lower deck of that era, but without any academic apparatus.)

The intent of this new award is to provide the committee with flexibility and to end an apples and oranges sort of comparison. Part of that flexibility of course means that this award need not be given if we feel that the books submitted will not provide that important reference for future years. We hope that offering it will offer encouragement to the many small presses that have been submitting books that could not compete with a full academic study. That is an important part of promoting the study of all aspects of maritime history.

It is therefore with pleasure that we announce the first, inaugural winner of the **Keith Matthews Award for a Book Deserving Special Recognition.**

The award is given to *Down to Bowings: A Memoir* by Derrick Bowring, edited by Amy Bowring. This work offers an important first-hand account of the retail commerce of an important mainstay to Newfoundland life and the relationship of the firm and the communities they served to the sea.

Keith Matthews Award for the Best Article published in *The Northern Mariner/Le marin du nord*.

Honourable Mention: The committee is pleased to give an honourable mention to Nicolas Landy for «Les dangers de la navigation et de la pêche dans l'Atlantique Français au 18e siècle». This article presents significant research on the maritime

history, not just of New France, but also of metropolitan France. It provides tentative conclusions on the dangers of 18th century navigation and of the strain that the relief of wrecked crews and the salvage of cargoes placed on the administrative capacities of governments both in New France and France.

Best Article Award: The Keith Matthews Award for the best article is given to Kenneth S. Mackenzie for "Scaremongering or Preparedness? Navy Leagues in Canada 1895 - 1939." Mackenzie brings important new research to bear on a lobby group - navy leagues, and on Canadian naval policy. As such, it offers a window to understanding contemporary defence debates.

Keith Matthews Award for the Best Book

The committee felt two books were worthy of an honourable mention. In alphabetical order of the authors' family names, the first is given to Adam Shoalts for *Alone Against the North: An Expedition into the Unknown*, (Toronto: The Penguin Group, 2015). This modern explorer recounts the setbacks of companions who leave him, the nay-sayers, and of course, funding. None of his challenges were new. Columbus traipsing around the courts of Europe looking for a backer comes to mind. This work puts a contemporary face on these problems, and so helps our understanding of historic problems.

The committee also awarded an honourable mention to Glenn Stein for *Discovering The North-West Passage: The Four-Year Odyssey of H.M.S. Investigator and the McClure Expedition*, Jefferson, North Carolina: McFarland & Company, 2015. Stein looks at one of the epics of Arctic exploration through the eyes of the participants, rather than those of the commander or the official accounts. His book is the product of extensive research, finding diaries and letters in many local repositories. As one committee member observed, it is written in a style that "moves the story along."

The **Keith Matthews Award for the Best Book** is presented to Faye Kert for *Privateering: Patriots & Profits in the War of 1812*, Baltimore: John Hopkins University press, 2015. Committee members' comments included, "I love it;" "It covers the gambit - social, legal, strategic organization" and "a practical guide." It is the product of impressive research from a wide range of disparate resources, both in their nature - logs, newspapers, and published - and in their location. This would be impressive for anyone, but the committee noted that it is even more so for an independent historian without institutional or funding support.



Young people take the lead and explore Canada's marine heritage – check out the big picture on The Map at www.projectcoastline.ca

Young Canadians are finding more 'about' what it truly means to discover and share knowledge and stories about our collective marine coastline and nautical heritage. Water connects us all.

Project Coastline is a project of the Broad Reach Foundation for Youth Leaders. Young Canadians design and deliver this leadership initiative (ages 13-29). Over 2,300 youth will discover, foster and celebrate Canada's marine heritage through nautical and creative leadership programming, including a social media campaign and the building of two canoes with Olympian Peter Code. These canoes will launch on Canada Day in 2017, commemorating Canada's 150th Anniversary and the first global circumnavigation by Canada's Joshua Slocum.

We are connecting youth aged 13-29 from Toronto, Kingston, Montreal, St. Joseph de la Rive, Lunenburg and Halifax to form the Skippers Council. This Council is putting forward exciting nautical facts, events and initiatives in their communities to inspire creative artwork and stories to reflect the wealth and challenges of Canada's marine heritage. Learn more about our Skippers Council on our website: www.projectcoastline.ca

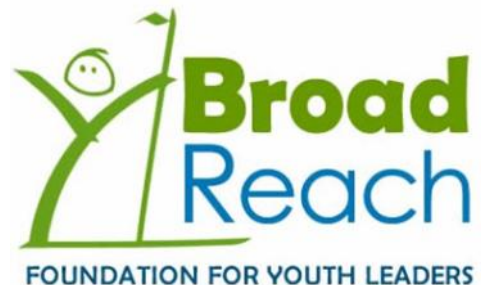
Project Coastline is seeking partners and collaborators to help involve more than 2,300+ young Canadians in learning about our marvelous marine heritage and the challenging, unique life and career opportunities within the marine sector.

Do you live in Quebec, Nova Scotia or Ontario and have networks that currently support nautical programming for youth? Are you interested in learning about our environment, our history and our waters? Would you like to get involved as a guest speaker, website content producer? You could become a leadership mentor inspiring young Canadians to take ownership and learn to lead an event, young adults workshop or assembly in your community or educational setting?

We want **you**, individuals, researchers, digital and fine artists, historians, musicians, writers, designers, editors, performers and photographers of nature, to bring enthusiasm and awareness to young Canadians about our country's successes, disasters and marine sector challenges, rediscovering Canada's marine history and the wonders of our 202,080 km of Coastline.

To **Get On Board** check out the website and navigate through young Canadian stories, workshop initiatives, events and facts that we discover and share with the world. . Feel free to contact Zeena Zaiyouna at manager@projectcoastline.ca to find out how you can contribute to this exciting Canadian Heritage initiative.

All partnerships, events, workshops and guest speakers will be recognized on the Project Coastline website and featured links will be activated to create a broad network of creative collaborators celebrating Canada and her marine heritage.





The Canadian Nautical Research Society

200 Fifth Avenue
Ottawa, Ontario, CANADA K1S 2N2
<http://www.cnrs-scrn.org>

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Members receive:

- **The Northern Mariner/Le Marin du nord**, a quarterly refereed journal dedicated to publishing research and writing about all aspects of maritime history of the North Atlantic, Arctic and North Pacific Oceans. It publishes book reviews, articles and research notes on merchant shipping, navies, maritime labour, nautical archaeology and maritime societies.
- **Argonauta**, a quarterly newsletter publishing articles, opinions, news and information about maritime history and fellow members.
- An Annual General Meeting and Conference located in maritime minded locations across Canada such as Halifax, Vancouver, Hamilton, Churchill and Quebec City.
- Affiliation with the International Commission of Maritime History (ICMH).

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