In Memoriam

GOSH, Eugene (Gene) (1923 - 2015) Age: 91

UNTD CATARAQUI 1943 O-28035

Commander (E) (A/E) EUGENE (Gene) GOSH, R.C.N. (Retired) It is with great sadness that we say goodbye, one day before his 92nd birthday, to Gene: beloved husband of 67 years to Babs; Dad to Stephen (Bobbie), Paul (Danika), and Anita (Chris); Grandpa to six grandchildren; and Great Grandpa to three great grandchildren. Gene was born in 1923 in Toronto, the only child of George and Mary Gosh. He graduated from Queen's University in Mechanical Engineering in 1946 in the first cohort of the officer training program. Gene had a distinguished career in the Royal Canadian Navy where appointments took him from coast to coast, to Ottawa and to Washington, D.C. as Assistant Naval Attaché. On 1 April 1974 Gene retired from the Navy and joined the Provincial Government of British Columbia as Executive Director of the Provincial Metric Conversion Programme. After ten years of steering the province through conversion to the metric system, he continued this work as a consultant until full retirement in 1994. Gene led an active retirement of cruising and social life with Babs as well as tending his lovely garden - he will be remembered as a one-time President of the Oak Bay Garden Club. Gene passed at home surrounded by family after a lengthy illness. A memorial service will be held at St. Luke's Anglican Church, Cedar Hill Cross Road, on Monday, July 13, 2015 at 11:30 a.m. In lieu of flowers, please donate to the health charity of your choice. Published in The Times Colonist on July 9, 2015.

He was one of the original UNTDs, joining in 1943, after spending 1 year with the UATS, the precursor to the Air Force's URTP. He joined the RCN immediately or soon after graduating as an Engineer at Queen's. He was qualified as both a Marine and Air Engineer and served ashore and afloat in those capacities.

It appears he did have some WWII RCNVR service post-1943, before returning to Queen's, as his transcript to The Memory Project (see below) indicates;

"And we had to do things to keep the ship running regardless. When I was in Dartmouth [Nova Scotia], we had one of our ships sunk by a submarine. And it turned out to be a so-called French one but actually, it was Vichy [belonging to the German-controlled French government]. And then when we sunk her, all our problems stopped. Which isn't the thing to do, but we did it, because we felt it had to be done. We did a lot of things which we thought had to be done. That was my Dartmouth days when I was in the Air Arm, aircraft carriers, I was a Squadron Tech. Meaning Squadron Technical Officer. We looked after the aircraft and the landings were pretty hairy and we'd have to be up on the flight deck when the aircraft was landing and that's how I lost my hearing. Day after day after day, that noise. And it just got to you. In the Royal Navy, they put the officers in 12 to a cabin, large cabin. And that's where we stayed, cramped. I particularly remember looking up in the ceiling and to see a rat staring at me. You're on for four hours and then you're off for eight. And it keeps repeating and repeating and repeating. I like the morning watch. That's 4:00 in the morning until 8:00 in the morning. You go up on the deck and watch the sun come up. The sunrises are beautiful. I loved it, which is a terrible thing to say but I was one of the silly asses I guess that enjoyed it. Mind you, you were frightened many times but it sort of came with the job. Sheer fright. At sea in the North Atlantic I would get seasick, which was a dreadful feeling but it passed and you just did it - because we all did."

WAC
December 29, 2017