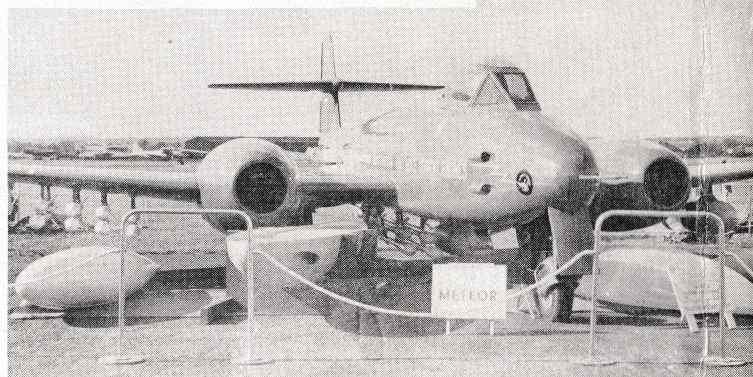




THE ARMSTRONG
WHITWORTH APOLLO
STARTS A EUROPEAN TOUR



THE GLOSTER METEOR

Royal Navy is now under way. The power unit is the Armstrong-Siddeley Double Mamba.

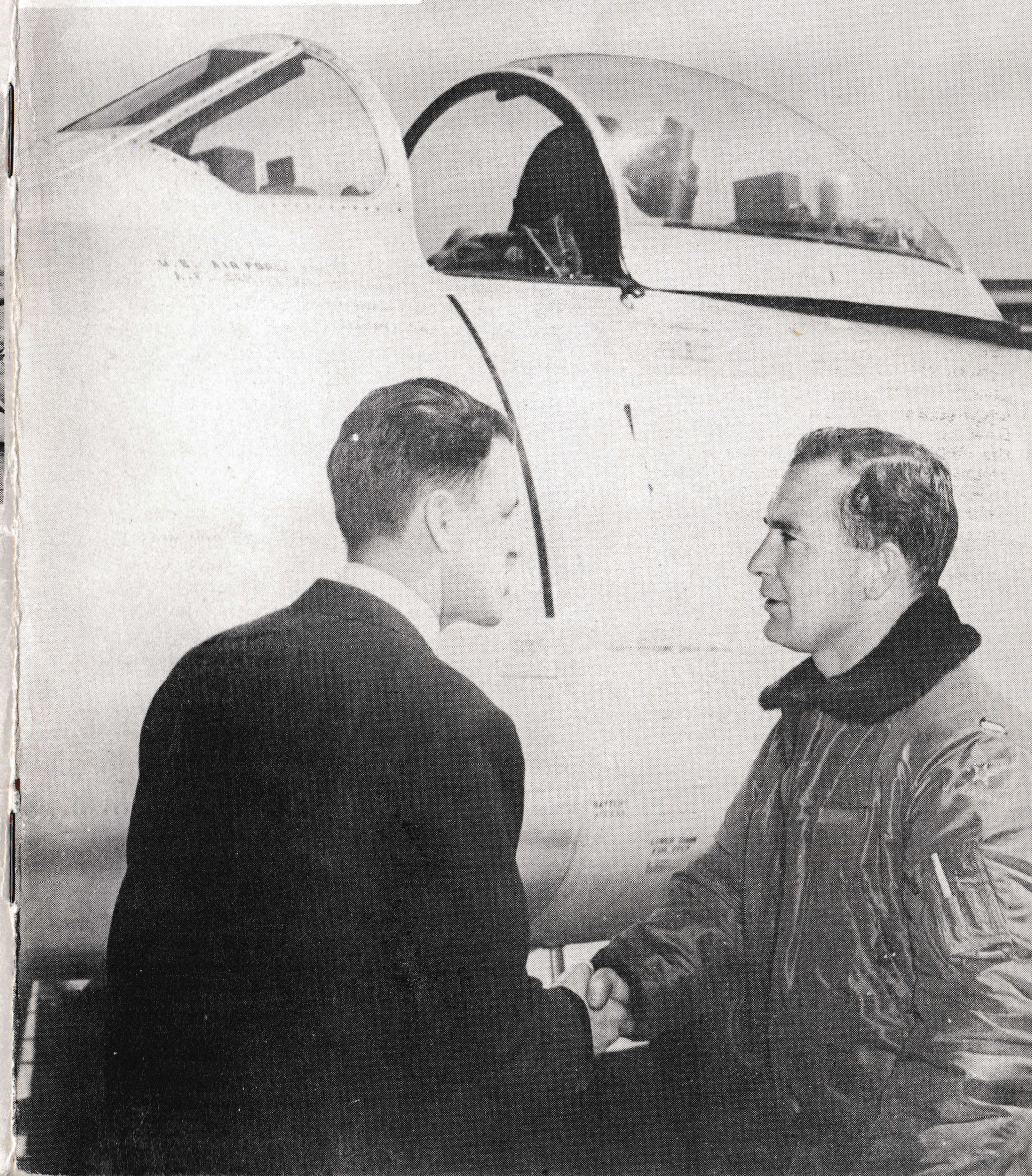
Mambas also power the Armstrong Whitworth Apollo which recently made its first journey outside Britain. It flew from Coventry to Orly airport, Paris, a distance of 275 miles, in 86 minutes, returning in 78 minutes. The normal scheduled service from Birmingham to Paris, using Dakotas, allows 21 hours 20 minutes. It is intended to make further proving flights to Zurich, Geneva and Brussels.

Another Armstrong-Siddeley product is the Adder, the

pure jet version of the Mamba. It develops 1,050 lb. static thrust at sea level and has been used to power a small aircraft of Australian design. This interesting aircraft of only 20 ft. span is intended to be radio-controlled and pilotless and only the first models are piloted. The eventual power unit will be the Armstrong-Siddeley Viper, of similar size to the Adder but of a completely new design. All that has been released to date concerning this engine is that it is constructed of cheap short life metals and that it has an annular type combustion chamber.

N^{ews}

AVRO CANADA
MAY 1951



PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
MONTHLY BYA. V. ROE CANADA LIMITED
MALTON, ONTARIOMEMBER
HAWKER SIDDELEY GROUPALL MATERIAL IN THIS MAGAZINE MAY BE
REPRODUCED. ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF
THE SOURCE WOULD BE APPRECIATED

PUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPHS AVAILABLE

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BOB BRADFORD RID DOWDING

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AVRO VIEWS

We are getting favorable comments on our new employee's news section. Our magazine, however, remains something like the weather: everybody talks about it but nobody seems willing to do anything about it. The future of this new section depends upon a constant flow of company news items from the readers. If your section is not represented in our columns, how about suggesting a reporter to cover your activities or sending in a few items yourself.

Margaret Aitken's "Telegram" column noted C. A. Hains parody on "The Thing" and the "National Air Review" reproduced. H. C. Cotterell's article, "Canada Spreads Its Wings".

We have awarded our monthly prize to reporter Frank Lord for uncovering the interesting career of fellow-employee Louis Novak.

COVER PHOTO BY VERN MORSE

Lt. James Nash, USAF, is welcomed to Avro Canada by Don Rogers, our chief test pilot. He brought the Orenda-powered Sabre up from California where it was being tested at a fast dip of 646 m.p.h., a new unofficial Canadian speed record, and arrived just in time to join the flight demonstration of our aircraft for the M.P.'s April 27. The Orenda-Sabre remains here for further testing.

TO US
THE TORCH

There is much inspiration for us in the supreme sacrifice made by Bruce Warren and Bob Ostrander when the CF-100 they were testing crashed.

Although these young men were not wearing Canada's uniform, they nonetheless died on active service. They both had splendid overseas flying records in the last war, Bruce serving with the RCAF and Bob with the USAF. They both realized the present threat to peace and they were doing their best in their own way to preserve peace. In many ways they represented the best our democratic way of life has to offer and they both used to say they could not be happy under any other system.

They were only with us a comparatively short time but they were so vital, selfless, genial and unaffected that we all feel a deep personal loss. Bruce was on loan from the RCAF and Bob was an American, but we quickly adopted them into the family. They were always the first to defend us if we were criticized and eager to assist us to get on with our preparedness program.

As test pilot for the CF-100, Bruce's job was particularly responsible. He didn't consider it glamorous nor dangerous - he was too busy doing the best he could at work he loved to be self-conscious about it. Unaffected by the personal publicity attached to the job, he was like Bob an extremely likeable chap.

We shall not cease to miss these fellows. Their personal example and uncompleted work spurs us on to renewed efforts to arm Canada effectively against any threat to our way of life. This is what they would want us to do.

These
CANADIANS

SIX FOOT TEN JOHN PALMER STEALS A LOOK AT WHAT ISABEL BATCHELLER WRITES ABOUT "THESE ENGLISH" WHILE SHE PLODS GRIMLY ON

by John Palmer

The immigrant to Canada used to have to be tough. First he had to live through a journey, which must have been the nearest approach to hell on earth. Then he faced the prospect of carving a home out of a wilderness with a climate which Mother Nature must have conjured up in a nightmare to assist him. To-day's immigrant, coming carefully packaged "Care of T.C.A.", finds that, although he may wish that some places were not quite so bleak in winter, the climate has been somewhat harnessed and that the wilderness is camouflaged behind a battery of neon lights.

One thing has not changed - the basic problem of adjustment to a new and different country. The language is somewhat the same but there is always that difference of approach. A people appearing similar in their outlook but with that "North American" twist: a country which is settled but still in many ways on the frontier; these give the immigrant enormous scope but leave him, very often, unaware of the problems which he as a new member must face.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6)

These
ENGLISH

by Isabel Batcheller

The other day the customary penny bid for my thoughts offered by our editor startled him by bringing a sudden sale. The fact was that I had been thinking about our English contemporaries, in whose native land I have recently spent something over two years, and in whose company here at Avro Canada, I now spend eight hours a day, five days a week, (and sometimes a little more over a "gin 'n' It" in nostalgic tribute to the memory of the English pub!) And although I do not pretend to assume the role of interpreter of the English nature in the much-too-brief space permissible for such an extensive topic, I should like to make a comment or two which might serve as pertinent reminders when we, as Canadians, become most astonished or startled, or merely annoyed.

Just here, there is an overwhelming temptation, which I steadfastly resist, to revert to the well known fact that within the confines of their tight little island there exists some 45 million people, the majority of whom are trying

to get away from each other to attain some aspect of privacy. The English are not anti-social, they are merely pro the dignity of man and this demands a certain amount of privacy. And now that I have so firmly resisted that impulse to explain a fact upon which a certain amount of reticence, - of withdrawal, perhaps - is based, if you can bear it, I will continue.

First I think it is important to remember that the Englishman abroad, - which includes Canada, - is not merely a sightseer, but also a "sight", - speaking always in the anthropological rather than in the sartorial sense! You will appreciate that this fact in itself imposes an element of strain. In his corporate capacity, he is expected by the foreigner (us) to fill two different and difficult roles. He must forget whatever sense of insularity he has and be friendly and frank and heartily charming to the people amongst whose alien corn he now bewilderingly wanders, but, if we are to believe in him, he must be English in the way in which so many of our misconceptions portray him to be. In this way, you must admit, he is threatened by both the upper and the nether millstones, - a fact, surely, which should call for the utmost tolerance when as might happen to the best of us, a simple, honest fellow, with the very best of intentions, and after months of

manful striving in the home field in anticipation of stern testing trials abroad, cracks under the strain, and, to our way of thinking, disgraces himself in his own export market!

In a day when the quiz expert bids well to become the new leader of thought, perhaps I am not being at all smart in attempting to give any of the inconvenient answers, or to say "boo" to the silliest geese personifying our most trifling prejudices. But the acceptance of the original premise that Englishmen and Canadians do not speak the same language - that the popular conception of our sharing in a common language is, after all, deceptive - and that we are, therefore, more "foreign" to one another than is usually admitted would, I feel, eliminate a lot of heart-burnings, and would encourage us to make more of an effort to tolerate and appreciate each other's national characteristics. Life, pretty well, seems to be made up of the "little" things, and it is these same seeming-trifles which can become the irritating grain of sand which gets under our skin or, perhaps, slips within our shell, - in which latter instance, of course, it can be made into a pearl of dignity and beauty. And in acknowledging this perhaps my readers will smile sympathetically when the Englishman upon arrival in this country finds himself required, for the sake of facil-

ity, to indulge in such (to him) betrayals of the so-called English language as calling a flat an apartment and a puncture a flat; of saying bill when he means note and check when he means bill; of talking about a car's hood as its top, of its bonnet as its hood; of asking for a cookie when he wants a biscuit and for a biscuit when he wants a scone; of using an elevator instead of a lift, a faucet instead of a tap, and, in spite of all forewarning, of running the risk of entering a likely-looking "shop" to ask for butter and be handed some kind of nuts.

This subject is temptingly conducive to unlimited expansion, but my space is running out. Before concluding however it might be just as well



FRANKLY, I FIND THAT YOU CANADIAN CHAPS DRESS RATHER ODDLY

to note that while the English sense of humor may appear different from our own, it is far from being less keen and is not infrequently more subtle in having mellowed through literally centuries of living. Also, the Englishman's prodigious staying-power as a nation has of course long been recognized and, indeed, saluted, throughout the world, - but whether or not they draw their resilience from tea is a moot point!

As evidence of that staying-power, as well as of certain strength which the French, with characteristic aptness, call "sang-froid", is an incident which happened not too long ago in the Penzance county court. In the course of his morning's duties, the registrar was confronted by a man with smoke pouring from his head. Judging from the bare facts of the case as it was told to me, the registrar approached the man in a discreet and unruffled manner. His question, "Are you smoking?" - while hinting at the nature of the conversation to come, paid typical due regard to the proprieties of the court. The preliminary skirmish having been answered in the negative, there followed the conclusion delivered casually and in unemotional monosyllables: "Well, then, your head is on fire!"

And the fact that this disconcerting information was apparently received in the witness-box with a sang-froid

in keeping with the high standard already set, would indicate, I suggest, one more justification for faith in the English temperament which refuses to (if you'll pardon the term) flare up in a panic over the extraordinary or unex-

These Canadians CONTINUED

Canadians, with a barren country in front, a steam-roller for a neighbour on the South, an even less inviting ice-wilderness to the North and an alternatively possessive and unloving England behind, have had to be anything but cissies. Welded out of an unholy alliance of French and English emigrés, it is amazing to think that they have been able to create anything that can be said to be intrinsically "Canadian". Nevertheless, difficult as it may be to understand, there is definitely something which can be described as Canadian, something with which, we immigrants by our own choice must live and with which we must come to some form of compromise.

Supposed to be English with American ways, the Canadians are, let's face it, rather baffling. Everyone insists on calling everybody else by their first name - whether the other person is the boss or not doesn't appear to make the slightest difference. Furthermore, they don't insist on being introduced! Toronto stoically insists on being the dullest city in the world; and a lot of people appear to be extremely proud of

pected. (Incidentally, the outbreak, which had been started by some inflammatory substance dropping from a gas bracket onto the hair of the witness - was quickly brought under control and the submission of evidence continued).

the fact. Their liquor laws are enough to make any Englishman shudder. They haven't taken to the American "money aristocracy" and they carefully avoid England's hereditary type. They live in a world of American products and still insist on being "British" - to the American's embarrassment and their own amazement. Yet bewildering and baffling as Canada and its inhabitants may appear those who do take the plunge and emigrate are on to a good thing.

From that aspect I may be, I confess, somewhat biased. Twelve and a half years ago, you see, I was a Canadian. Just another of those kids who goes hockey and baseball crazy by seasons; and, who spends most of his time playing marbles or fighting with the kids next door. For those intervening years I have been taught to be English. Canada became a dim but unforgettable memory and, Toronto, somehow, never quite lost the spelling h-o-m-e. For all the efficiency of the education, I don't think that my being English ever quite lost a bit of pretence. The result could probably better be described as a "Mid-Atlanticer" - i.e. - a person who lives on one side and always has reasons for

wanting to be on the other.

Difficult as I knew it would be to re-adjust, I didn't quite realize how much of a "god-damned Limey" I had become. And, although one person of those many with the little button "Empire Settler, C. of E." felt he was going home, he found that he was going to have to start from the beginning with the rest and learn to be a "Canadian" all over again.

Because of considerable contact with "North Americans", I was fairly aware of what I would be up against when I came back. But, no one knows what it really is to move countries permanently until they do it. One continual stumbling block to the English mentality is the fact that the colony that was is now a country in its own right, building its own traditions and having its own future within its control. Small wonder that the Dominion of Canada dislikes being confused with the colonial Canada by these who are virtually the present day "colonists". The fact that Canada is, compared with England, almost virgin soil is beside the point. The latecomers can't expect to call the tune; no one asked us to come and it's up to us to help build the country or get out.

Another stumbling block is that many of us English have the delightful idea that we can come across, hold out our hand and be led to what we want. Unfortunately for some the average Canadian has the idea that if you want something you have

to fight for it and get it yourself. There's no objection to using their methods, there is no objection to remaining English but there's no use sticking out like a sore thumb. When it comes to grumbling I can't see that there's very much to pick between the two. The fatal mistake made by far too many of us "emigrés" is that we are far too prone to grumble at, rather than with, those whom we must, unless we change our minds, live with for rather a long time.

If anything, it's the Canadians who have the right to grumble at us. From time immemorial England's colonial policy has been one of muddle, muddle, toil and trouble. The beneficial rule of Whitehall stopped, to most people's delight, rather a long time ago. But, that hasn't stopped them treating the Dominions in a delightfully cavalier manner - note the Canadian contracts cancelled in the last few years.

Yes, a little gratitude is not out of place, especially as a lot of us lived off Canadian food parcels for ten years or more. Now we are at the source of supply! While we are at it we might as well try and overcome some of the prejudices that have come about because of those who came before us wearing hobnailed boots. Before the first Great War notices could be seen at more than one Toronto works "No Englishman need apply". Let's ensure that those notices will be put away forever.



CAPTAIN BLAIR TELLS OUR TEST PILOTS ABOUT HIS ATLANTIC FLIGHT

FLYING VISIT

by Boyd Ferris

Nowadays, anyone who can afford the airline ticket can fly across the Atlantic, but it's still news when a man makes the trip by himself.

The latest to join the ranks of Lindbergh, Corrigan and others in this feat is Captain Charles Blair, who a few weeks ago flew a Mustang P-51 non-stop from New York to London in the record time of seven hours and forty-eight minutes.

Captain Blair, a pilot for Pan American Airlines, recently visited Avro Canada and we had an opportunity of chatting with him for a few minutes to get his impression of the trip.

The plane was his own, a Merlin-powered Mustang fighter which had been fitted with internal long-range fuel tanks. Originally he had bought it with the intention of making a round-the-world flight but the Korean war put a stop to that project and he had to settle for the New York to London hop, a distance of some three and half thousand miles.

Although he had logged more than 400 trips across the Atlantic ferrying planes during the

war for the American Export company and later for American Overseas Airlines, this was his first across on one engine.

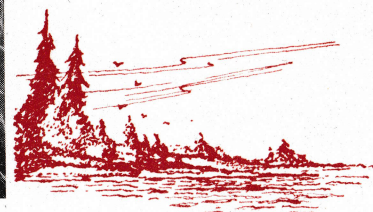
Most of the time he flew around 30,000 feet, and at that altitude he experienced strong tail winds which gave him a hefty boost on his way. Captain Blair estimated that these tail winds were as high as 200 miles an hour on one occasion.

Although the trip had been planned to give a landing in London before nightfall, a frozen fuel truck in New York delayed the take-off 2½ hours. As a result, it was dark by the time he got to Heathrow Airport at London. Since the weather was a little thick at London, the traffic control there held up other planes so that he could make his landing on the Ground Controlled Approach system.

Captain Blair left the plane in England, and when we asked him what he intended to do with it he said "Oh, I'm going to fly it back - but not non-stop and not by the same route." and then he added with a grin, "There's no point in pushing your luck too far".



CLEM ELY HOLDS A MAMMOTH PIKE HE CAUGHT "BEFORE BREAKFAST"



Going Fishing?

by George Dewsnap

To the uninitiated it might seem that to say a man is addicted to FISH, is merely a way of describing a peculiar type of gourmet or, alternatively, that other peculiar type, who looks forward to wet week-ends in order to enjoy (??) the time spent with nature - very much in the raw - and a Shakespeare wonder rod and reel (and possibly four crates of "Golden Anniversary").

Following up a remark passed by the incomprehensible - sorry incomparable - Rid Dowding to the effect that there was something "fishy" in the Gas Turbine Assembly Shop, I decided for the general peace of mind of everyone connected with the G.T. Department, to investigate the matter.

Invariably my guarded questions relative to fish took me to Norm Fenton, whom I eventually found out, was one

of the 'head serang', past-president, treasurer or general 'what have you' of the "Waneech Rod and Gun Club" at Avro Canada. As far as it was possible to ascertain, there was nothing fishy here, as not a single catch had been reported since the last 'stag'.

Looking around at the Department heavyweights for possible 'gourmet' types, neither Bert Marcouiller, George Chettle or even Jerry Jerome would admit to more than a passing fancy for Court Bouillon, Broiled Fillets Piquante, or even Sauteéd Fish (Pan Fried to you).

A chance remark by Macnot to be confused with Rid Dowding's Mach - to Stan Anderson (you remember him of course as the fellow who appeared in Avro News some months ago in company with Sir Roy and Wally Deisher - and an Orenda motor) - opened up the field considerably.

This was my undoing. A few simple questions to Stan and my brain was reeling with facts and figures concerning tropical fish, aquarium proportions and their fish supporting properties, both with and without aeration.

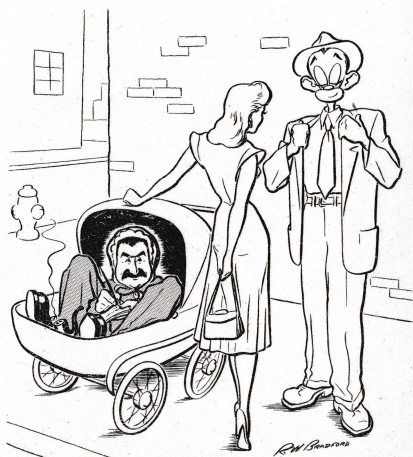
Without any further probing on my part, I was given to understand that there was quite a lot to this tropical fish breeding. Before I could extricate myself from the situation I was almost overwhelmed by advice on the subject from such well known Department characters as Les Foster, Fred Horrocks and no less a personage than Floor Planner Kenneth Goodman.

After this, conversations became just fervent discourses on the relative merits of AEQUIDENS PORTALEGRENSIS as compared with HEMIGRAMMUS RHODOSTOMUS. In no time at all I became sated with information concerning male and female plants of the VALLISNERIA SPIRALIS family and their distant relations MYRIOPHYLLUM, the feeding habits of the various types of fish whose names I will not even try to tell you.

The foregoing is just a brief insight into the way these exotic aquarium fish devotees go to town with their leisure moments, but let me tell you that when the spawning season came round, no expectant mother displayed more anxiety than did Ken Goodman. He organized a

shuttle service to the pay phone in order to keep in touch with his wife, who had to hover over the aquarium hatchery. He bit his finger nails to the quick as he heard how some of the more cannibalistic species were gobbling some of the new arrivals to his LEBISTES RETICULATUS (GUPPIES to you) shoal. He rushed about on the assembly floor as if he had spawned them himself. He only just caught himself in time to keep from handing cigars all round.

Now what do you know? A visitor to the Goodman domicile comes back with the information that all this effort has now gone by the board. The tank is filled with tap water and horror upon horrors, swimming about are four GOLDFISH. The renegade.



YOU WORK AT AVRO? - HOW THRILLING!



STANDING:

ART CANNELL,
JOHN NEWMAN,
DOUG FREE,
PETE CHEESEMAN,
DENNIS HAYTER,
HARRY CAMILLE,
JOE BRADSHAW,
GEORGE LAIDLAW,
JACK FLETCHER

SITTING:

BORIS ZULAUF,
JACK ROLLINS,
JACK FARMER,
DICK DOUGLAS,
FRANK HALPIN,
CHARLIE MCKINNON

wine.



BERYL MASHINTER, GERTIE THOMPSON,
SHIRLEY KEMP, SHIRLEY SMITH,
JOAN MCKENZIE, IRMA WILSON,
DOROTHY BOWLER,
SHEILA BROWNSON

women.



E. H. ATKIN, DIXON SPEAS

words.



music

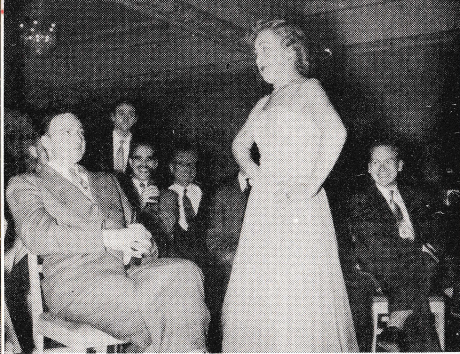


BILL PHIPPS, RALPH WAECHTER,
SHEILA BROWNSON, AL McNAB,
ROS LLOYD (PLAYING THE PIANO)

song.

DESIGN
OFFICE

Dinner



CARL LINDOW, KEN BARNES,
K. KIESKI, RON GIBSON.

well



CLEM ELY, JIM BOOTH,
GEORGE EMERSON

well ?



DIXON SPEAS, BARB COON, JIM FLOYD,
SHIRLEY BOOT, DICK DOUGLAS.

*well !
well !*



JIM BOOTH,
GEORGE EMERSON,
DON MUNRO.



JOE MORLEY,
FRED SMYE,
JIM FLOYD.



W. N. DEISHER,
W/C A. A. BUCHANAN

Study -



RON ADEY,
DICK SMALLMAN-TEW

in -



Reactions . .

STAN HARPER,
LES ST. LEGER



KEN CHURCH,
JOE TURNER,
COWAN JOBES





Louis Novak

by Frank Lord

Louis Novak, one of our machinists, died recently. Behind this non-descriptive fact lies the interesting background of a lifetime endeavour, for Louis Novak, who was 50 years old, was a person of no mean ability. Author, lecturer, trade journal editor, toolmaker, linguist, politician, and farmer - these are some of the jobs he filled with distinction.

A true believer in democracy, Louis Novak had an enviable reputation in his native Czechoslovakia as a writer and editor of political essays and trade union papers in metallurgy and mining, and as an organizer of trade unions. When World War II broke out, Louis Novak was Secretary of the Metal Workers Trade Union of Czechoslovakia. Thirteen days after the German army entered his country, Louis fled the Gestapo by way of Hungary, Yugoslavia, France, Belgium, England, and finally Canada. Here he worked as a toolmaker for Research Enterprises Lim-

ited, until in 1945 he sailed for London, England, at the request of the Czechoslovakian government to continue his social welfare and trade union work as their Deputy Minister of Social Affairs. Returning to Czechoslovakia, Louis was discouraged by the domination of Russian policy, and resolved to return to Canada to make a completely fresh start. Reading of the great agricultural opportunities of Canada, and having been born and raised in farming country, Louis settled in Callander, Ontario, with 143 acres of farming land. There he experimented scientifically to find that crops of onions, cucumbers, and tomatoes flourished in his particular type of soil.

Then Louis Novak read of the shortage of technically trained men in Canada, and decided he would be of more importance as an artisan than a farmer. So he rented his farm to a compatriot, and started work with Avro Canada in 1949.

A fluent linguist of Russian, German, Czech, Slovak and English, Louis was honored by President Benes of Czechoslovakia for his work.

An author of seven books, which have been published in Canada and the United States, he also was the proud possessor of a letter from the late Prime

Minister, Mackenzie King, expressing appreciation of his book - "Czechoslovakia, Before and After Munich". When asked what he thought of Canada, Louis answered with a smile, "Canadian are too polite. I do not know English as well as I should, and I make many mistakes in pronunciation of your very difficult language. I make the same mistake maybe a hundred times - but Canadians are

too polite to correct me. If you really want to know what I think, read my new book 'Canada, Country of the Future'".

THEY BUILD THEIR OWN HOMES

Last month's article under this title should have carried the double by-line of Art Harris and Bette Nedelcoff. Art, as a builder himself, apparently had much to do with the article.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR

by Boyd Ferris



You may think you have troubles with rising costs or a wife who doesn't understand you, but until you've seen an editor with nothing to put in his magazine you've never seen real misery.

Once upon a time in a far-off land there was an editor who had a magazine to get out every month, regular like clockwork - news or no news - and no excuses. Every month it was the same old scramble: come two days before the deadline for the magazine and not a thing to put in it (except his own writings which nobody wanted), so out the poor editor would go to

scrape, beg and borrow until he had enough to send to the printers.

One month, it so happened that the usual last minute scraping had produced nothing but sore editorial feet and a tired-looking picture of somebody's twins. The dark cloud that hung over the editor's desk on such occasions was thicker and blacker than ever before, and with only two hours left until the deadline the editor was wearing the harried expression of a man who was ready to clutch at straws. As a matter of fact that's just what he did.

Mistaking desperation for

inspiration, he suddenly jumped up and with a cheerful smile started emptying wastepaper baskets and cleaning out files onto his desk. When the pile of papers had reached the appropriate dimensions he swept them into a paper bag and sent them off to the printers. It might make rather dull reading but at least it would keep things quiet for a couple of days until he had time to dig up something more suitable for the magazine.

Another crisis demanded his attention immediately - and then another - so that in three hours he had completely forgotten about digging up "more suitable" material.

He was forcibly reminded of the matter when he came in one morning to find the magazine back from the printer's and sitting prominently on his desk. With a shudder he picked up a copy, and as he slowly leafed through it an icy chill ran up and down his spine. There, side by side with stockholders reports and social items were cake recipes and obituaries in a hopeless jumble. There are times when even an editor feels the twinges of a half-forgotten conscience, and this was one of those times.

As he was sitting there at his desk glumly looking through the Help Wanted column of the morning paper he heard a step behind him and felt a hand on his shoulder. Turning nervously he looked up to see his boss standing there with a copy of the ill-

fated issue in his hand.

The editor managed a weak "Good morning" but before he could go on his boss had cut in with,

"About the magazine -"

"The magazine? --" was the shaky reply.

"Yes, I think perhaps it could use a few more pictures next month."

And with that the boss turned and walked away, leaving the editor to calm his quivering nerves, and wonder why he had received a reprieve. He was determined to let the matter rest, but as the day wore on his curiosity began to get the better of him. Timidly at first, but with increasing boldness, he began asking others for their opinion of the latest issue of the magazine, but everywhere it was the same - all he got were blank stares and non-committal replies.

Finally he cornered one of his friends and asked him point blank, "What did you think of the magazine this month?"

His friend's eyes had a wary expression as he answered "Oh -- uuh --- Fine, I thought it was fine --- Better than usual in fact."

And then the bitter truth began to sink in. Nobody, not even his boss or his friend, had read the magazine.

You may think that you have trouble with rising costs or a wife who doesn't understand you but your woes are nothing to those of an editor who is his only reader.



L O N G S E R V I C E

Awards

TO BE CONTINUED



M. Carruthers
Secretary's Division



E. Bailey
Aircraft Engineering



G. Hoar
Standards



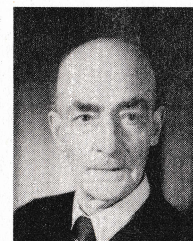
M.R. Kelley
Industrial Relations



D. Hall
Standards



L.W. Osburne
Aircraft Production



A. Jarvie
Plant Engineering



V. Mead
Aircraft Inspection



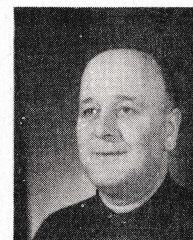
M. Burke
Aircraft Engineering



V. Mason
Industrial Relations



J.H. Spicer
Secretary's Division



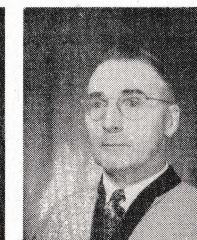
J. Wood
Aircraft Production



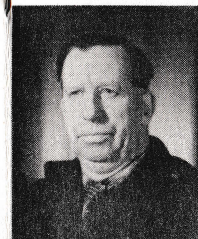
J. Tugwell
Aircraft Production



F.W. Cummins
Supply



H.A. Stephenson
Plant Engineering



C. Post
Plant Engineering



J.R. Cribar
Aircraft Production



P.C. Bailey
Aircraft Engineering



A. Peers
Aircraft Production



K.M. Prest
A.C. Mfg. Control



Colin Johnston
Management Control



G. Cowton
Treasury Division



C.A. Stratham
Treasury Division



G.F. Deveries
Aircraft Engineering



A.W. Sawyer
Secretary's Division



Kenneth Hall
Supply



Arthur J. McAteer
Gas Turbine Production



Arthur Oke
Aircraft Inspection



Joe Best
Plant Security



Arthur Langsford
Gas Turbine Production



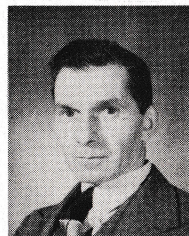
F. Fortune
Aircraft Engineering



John Stoddard
Plant Engineering



W. McCart
Plant Engineering



R. Beed
Aircraft Production



N. Ring
Aircraft Engineering



Jack Hilton
Gas Turbine Production



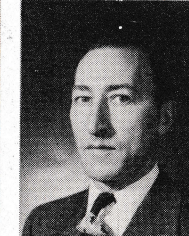
Leonard Chapman
Gas Turbine Production



W.P. McQueen
Secretary



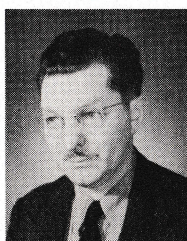
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Aircraft Production



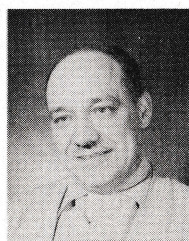
William C. Carter
Supply



H.E. Cochran
Supply



T.G. Henderson
Plant Engineering



A. Smith
Gas Turbine Production



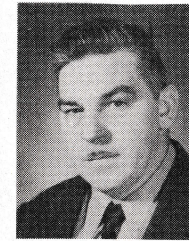
J.H. Milling
Aircraft Production



J. Savage
Gas Turbine Production



William R. Clancy
Standards



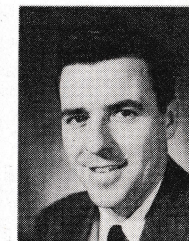
Steve Fulton
Gas Turbine Production



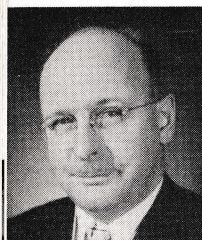
J.W. MacDonald
Supply



William Turnbull
Standards



Lorne Mavey
Standards



H.J. MacDougall
Aircraft Engineering



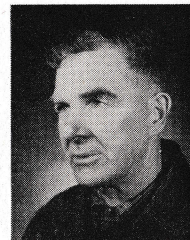
J.L. Garvin
Aircraft Production



H.A. MacLean
Aircraft Inspection



W.S. Bigger
Plant Engineering



G.C. Tarzwell
Supply



Robert Faulds
Supply



Hugh G. Gilmour
Plant Security



Cecil Harris
Supply



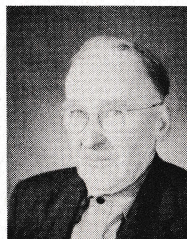
John A. Campbell
Plant Engineering



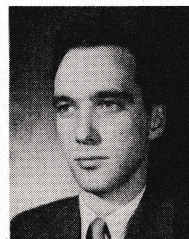
J.C. Magee
Gas Turbine Production



John W. Reid
Aircraft Production



D.A. MacKinnon
Plant Engineering



E.D. Colville
Aircraft Engineering



J.S. Ritchie
Plant Engineering



S.E. McBride
Treasury Division



C. Elcombe
Aircraft Production



H.A. Snell
Gas Turbine Production



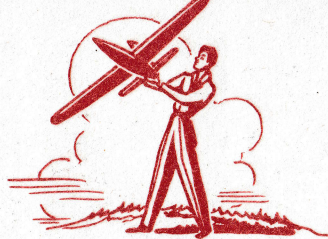
H. Shilton
Plant Engineering



W.C. Spink
Plant Engineering



S. Southern
Gas Turbine Production



THE AVRO CANADA MODEL AIRCRAFT CLUB

by Ray Barrett & Pete Butler

If you were to walk into the aircraft lofting department almost any day at lunch hour, chances are that you would be buzzed by a number of pint-sized model airplanes. These planes belong to a group of individuals known as model airplane enthusiasts.

Further inquiry around the plant would reveal such prominent model airplane builders as Roy Nelder, two-time winner of the coveted Moffat Trophy, which was, until the outbreak of World War II competed for in the U.S.A.; Bruce Lester, two-time Grand Champion of the Eaton's Model Aircraft Contest; Roy Thomason, noted low-speed model research enthusiast; Johnny Lemick and many others. These notables all belong to the Avro Canada Model Aircraft Club, whose purpose is to bring together all employees who are interested in model building.

Back in 1949 a group of Avro Canada model builders played an active part in the Canadian Wakefield Eliminations held at De Havilland Airport. The Wakefield Trophy donated by Lord Wakefield of England is the hottest contested

trophy in the model world. This annual competition is an international event in which model builders from all countries in the world compete. Yes, model competition is world-wide.

During 1950 a small group headed by Daisy Pon, Bill Etherington, Jack Fletcher et al, held a few small contests and one large invitation contest. This year we hope to repeat this schedule.

Every Sunday, weather permitting, the members of the club get together at a flying site to fly their models and have what is known in model building as a breeze session.

There are so many phases in model-building that it would require a complete copy of the Avro News to explain in detail. Radio control is the most fascinating of all, as the model is controlled in flight by means of radiotransmitted signals. This of course is also the most complicated and expensive phase of all. With such fellow members like Bert Beasley, who holds Radio Amateur License NO. VE 3ASY; Peter Comery; Ray Barrett; Bruce Lester and a few others, enthusiastic would-be members are insured fullest

co-operation in building a radio control unit.

On April 10 the first meeting of the Avro Canada Model Aircraft Club was held and an election of officers took place. The officers are president Ray Barrett, vice-president Bert Beasley, secretary-treasurer Peter Butler and contest committee; Bruce Lester, Jack Fletcher and Ross Taylor.

At the present our membership stands at 30, but we hope to double this figure. If you are interested in model aircraft please contact either of the following for full particulars about the club:

Ray Barrett or Pete Butler, Department 8091, Local 280, or Bert Beasley, Department 7012, Local 83.



Charlie Falardeau

by Shirley Munshaw

At an early age, Charlie Falardeau, of the Cost Accounting Department, had his future all mapped out; he was to be a concert singer. Away back in 1929 he began his intended career and in 1932 made his debut at Massey Hall. He was a success. In 1932 everything was set to go to New York to study concert singing, but, as fate would have it, Charlie was

stricken with arthritis. By swallowing his bitter disappointment and "making the best of what he yet may have", Charlie recovered and began singing as a tenor soloist in various Toronto churches. He sang with Urban's Canadian Opera and with the Eaton Girl's Club, and has given concerts at Sudbury and Owen Sound, besides in heavy demand at church operettas. At present Charlie is the soloist at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in Port Credit.

Coming to Malton in 1939, then owned by National Steel Car, Charlie was one of the few who managed to survive from Victory Aircraft.

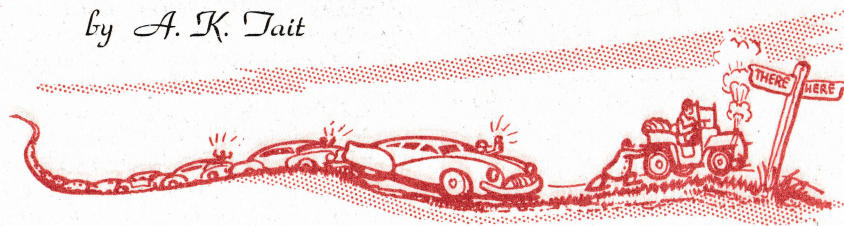
In the days when Avro Canada celebrated Christmas, Charlie gave his talent to the Accounting Choir, and we can vouch for his being good. Who knows the rest of you may have a chance to hear him some day!

MISS HOOD

We all regret the loss of a very dear friend and an excellent nurse, Miss May Hood, who for the past eight years was supervisor in the company hospital. After an illness of eight months, Miss Hood recently passed away in Toronto Western Hospital. Many beautiful floral tributes from the employees of Avro Canada, both at a memorial service in Toronto and in Paisley where she was buried, were greatly appreciated by her family. Miss Hood is survived by two brothers, Roger and Nelson Hood.

a late starter's lament

by A. K. Tait



A LATE STARTER'S LAMENT

Each night with evening's pleasures self-denied, we roll in bed,
Resolved to lick this Jonah of the time clock's ribbon red,
Alarm clock set, advanced again, with hope revived anew,
We visualize a perfect card of punchings blameless blue.

Were we not of that motley throng, that daily takes the road
Through Weston, York and County Peel, to A.V. Roe's abode,
Where myst'ry hazards unforeseen conspire to make time flee,
Success would no doubt crown our dream, of punctuality.

Our 'plaint is not of common things that do us all beset,
Which are expected, more or less, and with due measures met,
Like motor ills, too many pills, lost pants, or shoes misplaced,
Or muddy lanes, snow sleet and rains, such things just must be faced.

Nor can we justly feel aggrieved when traffic lights delay,
By turning red as we approach when for the green we pray,
This is a gambler's chance we take, as all you drivers know,
And anyway you get relief with language à propos.

Less tangible, but just as real, the things that make us late,
But it's for sure, 'tho cause obscure, that you'd a minute rate,
With bumpers kissing, front and rear, and progress like a snail,
That seems to be our cussed fate along the Malton Trail.

With sudden stop and jerky start, pent feelings held in rein,
You reach the highway twenty-seven and false hopes rise again,
For up ahead a goodly stretch of clear road meets your eye,
As with an all-expressive sigh you ease her into high.

Alas, the hill, that downgrade stop, you barely miss a crash,
And nosing out of line a bit you're tempted to be rash,
But, with resign, you realize, the jam is on anew,
What you would tell that jerk up front, if only you knew who.

Intriguing things these traffic jams, what brings the damn things on?
We'll never know, when we get there, what e'r it was is gone.
To that guy up in front, no doubt, the whole thing is quite clear,
But this won't help, when you're like us, forever in the rear.

Just why we are, it's hard to say, we never cease to pray,
That we may meet those gentlemen who cede the right of way.
Perhaps (bright thought) it is because, we'd rather be behind,
Than have it said that we belong, among that other kind.

Although aware of our own blame, those jams do have us stopped,
Excuse the pun, it's only fun, our rhyme has almost flopped,
But even so we'd like to know, and ask, what will be done,
When Avro's growing pay-roll will, to five round figures run.

APPOINTMENTS

W.D. MASON , Chief Tool
Designer, Experimental
Tool Design, Gas Turbine
Production Division.

P.S.B. DE GRAY , Mechanical
Maintenance Section Fore-
man, Plant Engineering
Division.

G. DEVRIES, Assistant Super-
visor, Drafting Section,
Aircraft Engineering Div-
ision.

R. GILBERTSON, Supervisor,
Co-ordination Section, Ex-
perimental Manufacturing
Department.

D.W.T. WELSH, Foreman,
Template Section, Aircraft
Production Division.

E.A. CARRIGAN, Foreman,
Armament Section, Aircraft
Production Department.

J. MOON, Standards Supervi-
sor, Aircraft Engineering
Division.

J. PRINT, Chief Planner,
Planning and Progress
Section, Gas Turbine Pro-
duction Division.

F. LEWIS , Assistant Exper-
imental Planning Engineer,
Gas Turbine Production
Division.

S. AIKEN, Group Leader-Stand-
ards, Aircraft Engineering
Division.

R.M. JOYCE, Production Engine
Test Foreman, Gas Turbine
Production Division.

E. HALL, Assistant Supervisor,
Lofting Section, Aircraft
Engineering Division.

J. HABDANK - DUNIKOWSKI,
Assistant to the Chief
Development Engineer, Gas
Turbine Engineering Div-
ision.

F.H. CHILDS, Foreman, Mach-
ine Section, Aircraft Pro-
duction Division.

Skating Party



SOME OF THE PEOPLE FROM
AVRO CANADA PRESENT

DORIS CAREY IS HELPED TO HER
FEET BY A COUPLE OF VERY
WILLING FELLOW EMPLOYEES

CROWD SHOT



Playing in a local hockey Mercantile League of four teams, A.V. Roe captured the championship for the second straight year defeating St. Peter's in the finals. The winners received the cup and a cheque for \$125.00 which will go toward jackets for the team.



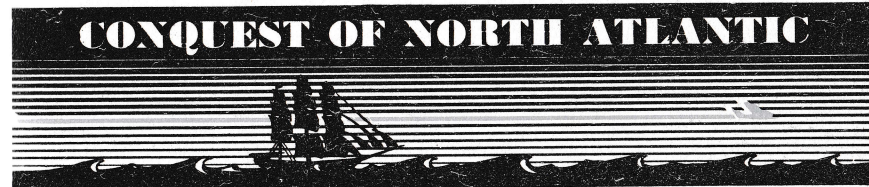
Marion Ogden, of the illustration staff, is making rapid recovery after her session in

hospital. We're doubly glad because she does a lot of art work on the magazine.



Our Jack Ames has been elected president of the Soaring Association of Canada for the coming year. He is also treasurer of the Toronto section of the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences, whose 1951 chairman is to be Charles Luttmann, our patents officer.

CONQUEST OF NORTH ATLANTIC



by Ross Willmot

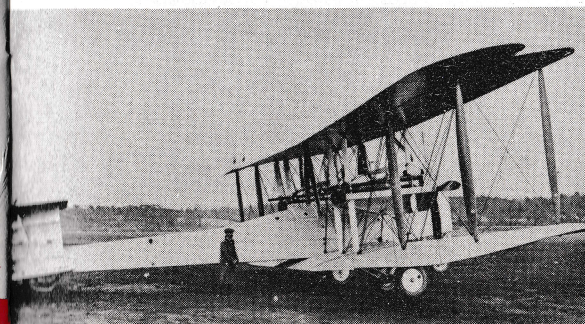
Until this century, the Atlantic was considered a barrier between the Old World and the New, but with the advent of the aircraft it has lost this old significance. The Atlantic is today the most travelled stretch of water in the world and at one time there may be 50 ships on its surface and 30 aircraft in the air above it. Jet power is the latest development on the Atlantic, just as significant in what it will do in slashing flight time between the two hemispheres as steam power which halved voyage time during the middle of the last century.

There had been some talk about flying across the Atlantic at the end of the nineteenth century by balloonists but actual flight goes back only to June 14, 1919, when Sir John Alcock and Sir Arthur Whitten-Brown made the first non-stop crossing by aircraft. The first airplane crossing had been made a month previously by a U.S. Navy Curtiss NC4 flying boat which stopped at the Azores after leaving

Newfoundland on May 16.

Then as now the hopping-off point for these hazardous trans-oceanic crossings was Newfoundland, Canada's newest province. This is natural as Newfoundland juts out into the Atlantic, cutting down the over-water distance considerably.

It took Alcock and Brown 16 hours and 12 minutes in their small twin-engined biplane with box-like wings and tail to fly from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Clifden, Ireland, some 1960 miles away. They were flying in a British Vickers Vimy bomber powered by two Rolls Royce Eagle engines, each of 360 horsepower, and they only carried 856 gallons of fuel. Their top speed was 90 m.p.h. The wingspan of the Vimy, which was considered a large aircraft in those days, was 67 feet. The modern 10-engined B36 bomber, which crossed the Atlantic for the first time January 16, has a wingspan of 230 feet, about the height of the Notre Dame Cathedral towers



THIS IS THE BRITISH VICKERS VIMY, WHICH AWAY BACK IN 1919 TOOK OFF FROM NEWFOUNDLAND TO MAKE THE FIRST DIRECT ATLANTIC CROSSING



SIR ROY DOBSON, OUR PRESIDENT AND SIR FRANK SPRIGGS, MANAGING DIRECTOR OF THE HAWKER SIDDELEY GROUP WHO RECENTLY VISITED THE PLANT. THEY ARE SHOWN HERE WITH S/L "SHAN" BAUDOUX OF THE RCAF

in Montreal.

There was heavy fog as usual over the eastern Atlantic that June 14 day when the Vimy shakily took off and it forced the two intrepid aviators down to about 400 feet above the waves. Rarely during the nerve-wracking trip were they above 1250 feet. Their airspeed indicator froze on the way unknown to them and they almost lost control of the aircraft when it lost speed.

The Atlantic crossing took the U.S. Navy NC4 much longer, 15 days in fact, although the flying time was only 53 hours and 58 minutes. The NC4 left Trepassey Bay, Newfoundland, May 16, 1919, in company with two sister flying boats which did not manage to make the complete trip. This 69 ft. flying boat of 126 ft. wingspan was powered by four Liberty engines of 400 horsepower each. The design gross weight at take-off was 28,500 pounds and the top speed was 90 m.p.h. In command of a crew of five men was Lieutenant Commander

Albert Cushing Read and Walter Hinton acted as pilot. The NC4 covered 4514 miles from Newfoundland to Plymouth, England, landing there May 31. Lisbon, which is 775 miles from Plymouth, had been reached on May 27.

Until Charles Lindbergh made his sensational crossing in 1927, there had been few other Atlantic flights and most of these had been abortive. Lindbergh's flight captured the imagination of the world and made trans-Atlantic flying a more or less popular sport. He set out solo in his Ryan monoplane, "Spirit of St. Louis," from New York on May 20, 1927, flew over Newfoundland and Ireland and landed in Paris 3610 miles away, 33½ hours later. He flew the whole distance by dead reckoning navigation and he carried only 425 gallons of gasoline. His small aircraft which had been built specially for the flight in 60 days was powered by a Wright Whirlwind engine of 220 horsepower giving him a maximum speed of 128 m.p.h. His flight was without incident although he flew a great part of the route ten feet above the rough waves to take advantage of the smooth cushion of air there. In contrast some of the aircraft of today fly at heights of 30,000 feet or more.

The Lone Eagle received tremendous acclaim both abroad and in the United States. It was estimated that 25,000 tons of extra newsprint described his exploit in U.S. pub-

lications alone, and at least 5,000 poems were composed in his honor, a town and many children being also named after him. He received personally 2,000,000 letters and several hundred thousand telegrams of congratulation.

During the next two years, 31 death or glory trans-Atlantic flights were attempted. Of these, none succeeded in reaching their announced destinations and fewer than ten succeeded in any degree. Nineteen fliers, including three women, lost their lives. It was a dangerous sport.

Amelia Earhart skyrocketed to fame on one of these trans-Atlantic flights, which she made on June 17, 1928, from Trepassey Bay, Newfoundland, to Wales in the seaplane, "Friendship," with two other pilots. On May 20-21, 1932, she flew solo from Harbour Grace to Londonderry, Ireland, in a single-engined Lockheed Vega in 14 hours and 54 minutes. This made her the first woman to fly the Atlantic.

Douglas "Wrong Way" Corrigan set out in his 9-year-old \$900 Curtis Robin from New York on July 17, 1938, and landed at Baldonnel Airfield in Ireland 28 hours 13 minutes later. This flight originally was to have been across the United States, but Corrigan claimed he had compass trouble.

The end to this series of "hit or miss" Atlantic flights came in 1935 when the British Empire Conference made plans to master the Atlantic weather

for commercial flights. Weathermen were sent to live at remote observation posts and finally the knowledge of Atlantic weather had so accumulated that in 1937 it was possible to supply pilots with a reasonably accurate and complete weather-chart of the route. The United States inaugurated the first trans-Atlantic passenger and airmail service on May 20, 1939, indicative of man's conquest of this route. Up to about this time, a flight across the Atlantic was high adventure. Now, as the result of these pioneer flights and particularly of regular ferrying of thousands of operational aircraft during the war over this route, it is a routine trip for commercial pilots.

Some 400 Lancaster bombers manufactured by Avro Canada's predecessor, Victory Aircraft, formed a small part of the large number of aircraft ferried across this wartime "Atlantic Bridge." Seven Lancastrians, civil versions of the

THREE FAMOUS PILOTS COMPARE NOTES. LEFT TO RIGHT: G/C DOUGLAS BADER, FAMOUS LEGLESS FIGHTER PILOT IN THE R.A.F. WHO RECENTLY INSPECTED THE CF-100 HERE; W.N. DEISHER, OUR VICE-PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER WHO HAS HAD EXTENSIVE BARNSTORMING EXPERIENCE; AND THE LATE BRUCE WARREN ONE OF OUR TEST PILOTS





WIMPEY WADE, CHIEF TEST PILOT OF OUR ASSOCIATE COMPANY, HAWKER AIRCRAFT, FLEW THE CF-100 ON HIS RECENT VISIT HERE. HE WAS KILLED IN A FLYING ACCIDENT ON HIS RETURN TO ENGLAND

bombers, which were also converted by Victory, formed the first Trans-Canada Air Lines fleet which started its trans-Atlantic operations in 1943.

When the ferrying organization was started, there were no aircraft, no mechanics, no radio officers and just three pilots. The Atlantic had never before been flown in winter and only a small number of operational flights across it had been made at any time. Some survey flights had been made in the British flying boat, "Caledonia," in 1937, and during the summer of 1939, eight return flights had been made.

All that was known was that the North Atlantic weather was exceptionally severe, that there would be considerable icing and extreme cold, which proved to be the greatest problem of all. In such conditions, engine oil and the hydraulic fluids, which operate many vital items of aircraft equipment, congeal. The unequal contraction of various metals creates difficult problems. Controls were found to jam, instruments in many cases failed to function prop-

erly.

Because of the lack of experience among the pilots, the first 21 bombers to be ferried were divided into three groups of seven, each to be lead by a seasoned man. One of these, D.C.T. Bennett, one of the leading air navigators of the world who led the vital R.A.F. Pathfinder Group during the war, was responsible for making the flight plans to be used for directing the aircraft.

The murk and cloud over the Atlantic broke up the formation, but following the flight plans, all the aircraft, except one which had to turn back because of engine icing, arrived safely at their destination within half an hour of each other. The aircraft which had to return was wrecked landing in the dark on a frozen lake. There was only one survivor.

After the one-way service was operating successfully, it was decided to make two-way trips both winter and summer, to save the time lost by ferry pilots returning by sea. Soon, flying converted bombers never intended for the job they made these ferrying flights routine.

Despite the winter conditions encountered over the wildest ocean in the world, these merchant airmen were the first to show that, given the right equipment, there was nothing to stop a safe, all-the-year-round commercial air service over the North Atlantic.

The Canadian operation began in 1943 when Trans-Canada Air Lines undertook the speedy

transmission of mails to and from the Canadian forces overseas and the carriage of urgently needed medical supplies and other equipment. With the end of the war, the service developed into a fully-fledged fare-paying passenger route. By 1944, the Atlantic air was being travelled by over 100 aircraft a day in all weathers - something approaching the conditions of commercial airlines. The hazardous route had become safer than the average bus service.

With the coming of jet power the present air crossing times for Atlantic crossing are being slashed considerably. Present-day jet fighter flights herald the day soon to come when jet transports are introduced into Atlantic service. The airline passenger will then be able to leave London at noon and arrive at New York before New Yorkers have lunch. These jet transports, comparable to the inter-city Avro Canada Jetliner cruise at 150 or 200 m.p.h. faster than the fastest piston-engined aircraft now in service. It has been estimated that nine such jet transports, prototypes of which are already in existence, if operated continuously on a practical basis throughout the year would be able to carry the same number of passengers as the Queen Mary. And this capacity would be achieved at about half the capital investment - figuring that the capital cost of a ship the size and efficiency of the Queen Mary might be about \$25 million.

On July 14, 1948, the first jet aircraft crossing of the Atlantic was made by six R.A.F. Vampire fighters, although stops were made at Ireland, Iceland, Greenland and Goose Bay. They covered the 2202 miles of ocean in a flying time of 8 hours 18 minutes. Led by Mosquito navigators, they proved that the long distance ferrying of an operational squadron is practical.

At Goose Bay these Vampire pilots met Colonel David G. Schilling, a distinguished U.S. fighter pilot, who was leading the first west-east jet aircraft crossing of the Atlantic. In a few days his ten F-80 U.S. Air Force Shooting Star fighters were ferried across the same island-hopping route to be followed somewhat later by 180 U.S. Thunderjets.

Trans-Atlantic flight by jets contrast startlingly with the early voyages by boat. Yet present-day flying routes parallel those taken by the old windjammers for aircraft are helped or hindered by prevailing winds just as are ships.

The early explorers, of

A PARTY OF U.S. MARINES RECENTLY VISITED AVRO CANADA. THEIR WORK BEING AERONAUTICAL. THEY WERE PARTICULARLY INTERESTED IN THE JETLINER SHOWN IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH



course, had little or no accurate weather information, and Alcock and Brown had little more than what they could learn by visual observation. Even for Lindbergh's flight, there were only 12 ships sending in radio weather reports and most of these were near Newfoundland or the English Channel. It is a different story now for not only has the number of ships sending in such reports from all points of the Atlantic been multiplied but in addition 13 ships have been stationed at strategic points on the Atlantic air routes by an agreement made by the International Civil Aviation Organization, for just this purpose. The times of wind and wood, when Atlantic seafarers took their chance with wind and wave without the benefit of weather forecasts have changed. Today such flights are calculated with almost mathematical certainty so that all weather conditions to be met are fully prepared for.

The first Atlantic crossing by boat was probably by the Vikings about the year 1000. Leif Ericsson reached New Brunswick or New England about this time, and called this land Vinland or Wineland. Later other Norsemen saw Labrador, Newfoundland and Hudson Bay. Some 30 Norsemen travelled in each of these small undecked "dragon" boats which made the crossings, using a couple of dozen oars and a single square sail as motive power. These dragon boats were about 78 feet by 16 feet,

smaller than the size of present-day airliners.

During the next five centuries, hardy European sailors gradually pushed back the curtain of ignorance over the Atlantic. Most famous of them all, perhaps, was Christopher Columbus, who discovered America in 1492 when he deliberately set sail westward on August 3 from Palos, Portugal. It was not until October 12, 69 days later that sailors on his three small ships, the Pinta, Nina and Santa Maria caught sight of land in the West Indies. The Santa Maria, his largest ship, the only one which had a deck, was a mere 100 tons in size, considerably smaller than the 80,000 odd tons of the present Queen Mary which is 975 feet long and whose engines generate 200,000 horsepower.

The time for John Cabot's significant voyage in the Matthew in 1497 from Bristol to Cape Breton Island was 52 days. His crew numbered only 18 men. His voyage started a long series of trips by French cod fishermen to the Grand Banks off Newfoundland. It is interesting to note that he was made hereditary chief pilot of England for his feat with a salary of \$100 a year. His descendants still get this title and salary. Jacques Cartier's voyages starting in 1534 in his 60 ton ships to the St. Lawrence River took several weeks longer. It took the Pilgrim Fathers in the 180 ton Mayflower, 66 days to reach a haven in the New World from persecution in the Old.

The next important development in Atlantic travel was heralded by the voyage entirely under steam of the Canadian-built Royal William in 1833 from Pictou to London in 20 days. This first steamship carried a strange cargo of 330 tons of coal, some stuffed birds, six spars and one harp, as well as seven passengers. Some years before, in 1819, the U.S. Savannah took 27 days to reach Liverpool from its American native city, 80 hours of which time it operated under steam. Most of the trip, however, was accomplished as a fully-rigged clipper ship. The improved time made by these wooden paddle steamers spelled the doom of the graceful clipper sailing ships. In 1840 the Britannia, ancestor of the whole Cunard fleet, steamed from Liverpool to Boston after touching at Halifax in 14 days and 8 hours, and the reign of steam on the North Atlantic had def-

initely begun. Iron ships with screw propellers later appeared, and then steel ships and turbines. All this meant more speed. The fastest time a ship has made on the Atlantic was made by another Cunard ship, the Queen Mary, which sailed from Southampton, England, to New York in three days, 20 hours, 40 minutes, and made the return trip in three days, 21 hours, 48 minutes.

Today even this time seems slow in comparison with the few hours taken by aircraft. We are apt to take Atlantic flying as a matter of fact, easily forgetting the courage of the early aviators and sailors who made this richest of all the world's trade routes so safe. To those adventurers the Atlantic was an unknown. But their pioneering spirit lives on in the pilots of today whose experience contributes its share of knowledge to the conquest of the North Atlantic.



GROUP NEWS AND VIEWS

by Ian Scott-Buccleuch

Geared-up production of Gloster Meteor aircraft now involves five different manufacturers in the United Kingdom alone. Each of the five firms concentrates on the construction of one or two of the main sections which on completion are sent to Gloster for assembly. Gloster Aircraft Company arrange the timing of this long production line to ensure there is no hold-up.

In addition to the existing production of the Dutch Fokker works, Meteor 8's are now also being made on the Continent in the Avion Fairey Works in Gosselies, near Chareroi, Belgium. This mark of Meteor is already in service with the Belgian, Dutch and Danish Air Forces.

Quantity production of the Fairey 17 "search and strike" anti-submarine aircraft for the