

John Greenwood

Information provided by John's son Robert.

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My dad came to Canada from the UK in a ship and flew to Toronto and looked around and went to the Avro office and was offered a job right away based on being a leading torpedo man and an engineer on an LCT. Working as an engineer at Avro on the Arrow project, he saved up and put a downpayment on a house on Ewing Street in Georgetown and brought his family (wife and two kids) over. I was in grade one. On black Friday the only thing they let him take was his charvos-roos psr-101d slide rule. We lost our home in Georgetown and spent many years adrift. He refused to use his slide rule ever again and gave it to me. I remember watching an Arrow take off and my pride for my dad and what he had helped build. We lost everything on black Friday and moved to Etobicoke where he became a furnace repair man and apartment superintendent. He then built apartment buildings and worked at Howard and Parsons Steel on Eglinton Ave in Scarborough. He hooked up with another ex-Avro employee named Redvers Warren and decided to become a dentist. He took grades 12 and 13 and premed makeup courses and graduated from U of T Dental in 1968. In the early 70's he went to the Republic of Chad and moved a medical ship from the coast to Chad Lake using his engineering skills and then worked on the ship in a medical capacity. He was probably one of the few people in the world that could have done that but had to leave the mission early due to poor health. He worked in private practice in Arnprior and Manitouwadge, and then worked for the feds in Thunder Bay, and the province in Belleville. After he retired, he moved to Trenton and with failing health decided to join the team that rebuilt the Halifax bomber that they had received.

My dad was working with a partially crushed hand and half a kidney due to contracting TB as an aftermath of the war. He was not given much chance of living a long life. That is why he had health issues in Nigeria, the anti-malaria pills were extremely hard on his half a kidney. What he and my mom went through to look after the family after we left Georgetown was heroic on their parts as far as I am concerned, so I am happy to share this abbreviated version of his incredibly interesting life. My brother, also named John, is the family historian.