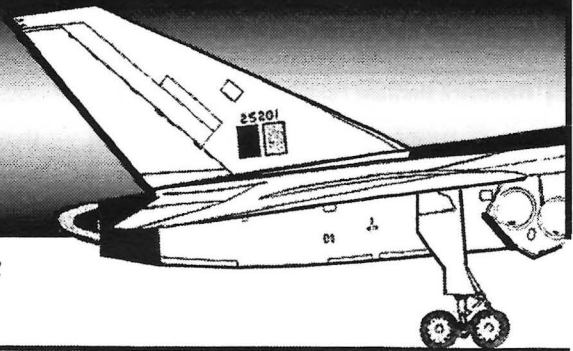


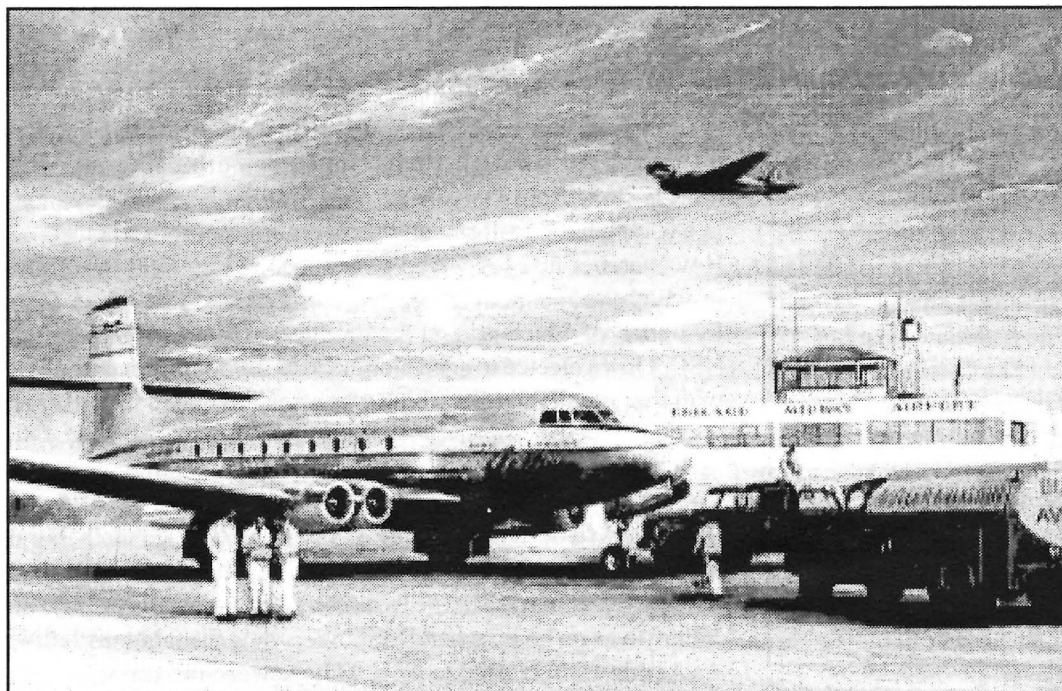
Pre-Flight

A Publication of the Aerospace Heritage Foundation of Canada
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C102 Jetliner

The C102 Jetliner was the creation of a small team of dedicated engineers, led by Jim Floyd, Chief Design Engineer (Transports) for A.V. Roe Canada Ltd. Built at the company's facilities in Malton, Ontario, Canada, the Avro Jetliner was North America's first jet transport, and the world's first regional jet. This painting by aviation artist Charles Kadin, depicts the Jetliner at Chicago's Midway Airport in November 1950. Test pilots Don Rogers, Mike Cooper-Slipper, with flight engineer Bill Baker flew the Jetliner to Chicago to demonstrate the aircraft to United Airlines. Seven months earlier they had flown from Toronto to New York's Idlewild Airport, carrying the first airmail to be delivered by a jet powered airplane in North America. On April 18th, 1950, the Avro Jetliner became the first jet passenger plane to land in the United States.

(From the estate of Don Rogers)

I was saddened to learn of Charles having passed. His gift touched many aviation enthusiasts the world over. His remarkable ability to capture the moment of the Avro Jetliner at Chicago's Midway Airport in November 1950 is shown above. On behalf of the Board and all members of the AHFC I express our condolences to the Kadin family. I thank them for their permission to reproduce this scene.

Founded 1989

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From the President

As President, I have received write ups from several members after my call for member's memories to be published in Pre-Flight. I wish to thank the members that have submitted their information and I trust these write ups will bring back many memories for a lot of you.

As we close in on the end of the 2013 I want to take this time to wish, on behalf of the Board of Directors a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy, Healthy and Prosperous 2014 to each and every member and family. To the Members of the Board I thank you for your assistance and support throughout all of 2013. May we see our ideas and suggestions come to fruition.

Frank

Dear Mr. Doran:

During our telephone conversation, you inquired if I would like to contribute an excerpt from my book "Malton Dreams" to the "Pre-Flight" newsletter. At first thought, I felt somewhat reluctant to do so because my writing relates to my Malton story from January 8th, 1942, until "Black Friday" February 20th, 1959, in a somewhat free-form, and sometimes humorous manner.

However, because I received a very special historical card from Mr. Don Rogers, in which he mentions cherished memories of test flying the amiable Westland Lysander, of which several hundred were manufactured during the early years of NSC, I have elected to send along one of my fondest memories of my involvement with that grand old bird which was affectionately called "Lizzie".

Sincerely, Kenneth Jay

P.S. Should you decide to print, simply end it Kenneth Jay as I am, a modest writer who likes to stand in the wings ... Also, I am enclosing a copy of a letter written by Johnny Thorne who was, in Arrow days, my immediate superior Johnny was on board when Don Rogers flew the fabulous Jetliner on to California. As Archie Bunker used to sing, "**Those were the days,**"

"MALTON DREAMS"

One morning early, we had quickly ducked into an Anson to avoid a sudden rain shower. It was over in minutes and when we emerged a very large and brilliantly coloured rainbow stood spanning the adjacent airport as if some supernatural hand had placed it there as an omen. In a flash, my mind raced back to younger days when my Irish mother had told me, "If you follow the man who - follows a rainbow, you'll follow a man who follows a dream" - I stood there reflecting upon my own personal dream; I heard a voice cry out, "Help! Get help! Get a stretcher! George has been hit by a prop! Snapped back to reality by the cry for aid, I ran with the others toward the engine run-up line, which was strung out along the western side of the apron, and taxi strip, which ran northward up to the Canadian Associated Aircraft hangar.

We had only reached the scene of the accident, when the small door at the end of Bay #3 was flung open and two men carrying a stretcher and a first-aid box rushed toward us. In seconds, they were kneeling beside George who was lying on his back in front of the port engine of the second Anson on the line. He had been hit on the right forearm and was bleeding profusely. Taking a tourniquet from the box, they immediately applied it to the upper portion of the injured arm and signaled two others to help them lift him onto the stretcher. While the first

two held the injured arm straight, the other two made the transfer. They were in the act of comforting him when the company's ambulance arrived to take him away. Apparently someone in the nearby flight office had calmly and quickly called our plant hospital for emergency assistance.

The accident report, which followed in a few days, stated if a radial engine stands at rest over a prolonged period of time, say at least overnight, oil could accumulate in the lower cylinders and produce a state of incompressibility, and, if an attempt to start the engine is made when this condition exists, severe internal damage to the engine could occur. The findings were George had been hand swinging the prop to disperse any such build-up, and he was unaware that cockpit switches had been left on. Fortunately, the engine had only kicked over and did not continue to run. As it were, George suffered a deep gash and several fractures to his arm and was unable to work for a very long time.

The Canadian Associated Aircraft Companies were forced in 1938 when the British Air Commission came to Canada seeking aeroplanes for expanding RAF. Following negotiation with Ottawa, a group of Canadian manufacturers, some of which were already aircraft builders, banded together to set up shop under the new name to satisfy the British requirements. Two sizeable hangars were erected, one at Malton Ontario, and the other at St. Hubert Quebec. The Malton establishment was located slightly north of the NSC site and the newly hired staff wasted no time in starting to assemble the twin engine Handley Page Hampden bomber, otherwise referred to as "The Flying Suitcase". It carried a crew of four, sported two 1000 hp Bristol Pegasus radials, and flew at a maximum speed of 254 mph. The first order was for a batch of 80, which was evenly divided between the Malton and St. Hubert locations.

After these were completed, an additional order for 80 was tacked on. Finally, with 160 Hampdens to their credit, production ceased in March 1942,

Although six subcontractors, located in both Ontario and Quebec, contributed fuselages, wings, and empenages, for the production of the Canadian made Hampdens it was a remarkable achievement for such a small and hastily formed wartime undertaking. As a lad, I had been kept up to date by my friend Hughie Paton, who was one of the first to be hired by CAA in 1939. He stayed with the firm until shortly before it ceased to function, at which time he enlisted in the RCAF as a fitter. More about Hughie later.

Both CAA and NSC started to produce at roughly the same time. In the early stage NSC was obliged to work under an unfinished roof in bay #1, which was the first of the three bays built. They had received an order to manufacture the Westland Lysander, which was nicknamed "Lizzie". The first plane came off the makeshift line in: August 1939. CAA's first Canadian made Hampden flew at St. Hubert in August 1940. NSC also manufactured the wings for CAA's Malton outlet.

While NSC went onto build 238 Lysanders in bay #1, the company also took orders to produce a total of 753 Avro Ansons in bay #3. 17 were the British type and 736 were

Canadian. Affectionately, the Ansons were nicknamed... "Annies".

When the CAA venture came to a close, NSC was in desperate need of floor space and subsequently acquired the vacant CAA hangar up the road. In later days, this historical structure became known as "Experimental Hangar D-1". Later still, another dual purpose structure was erected slightly further north and to the west, with it's longest side paralleling the Derry Sideroad. The eastern half was designated "Preflight Hangar D-2" and the western half "Flight Service Hangar D-3.

Meanwhile, on the south apron, we had paused for lunch in the middle of a compass swing. Determined to see what was going on in the vicinity of the acquired CAA hangar, I pinched the company tractor and took off to the north on the taxi strip which led past the engine run-up line, as I approached the last "Annie" on the line, a lean and wirey looking mechanic, munching on a sandwich, stepped suddenly onto the strip. Raising his free hand as if he was going to push the tractor backward, he yelled Hey; Where in the blazes do you think you're going? Don't you know that you are entering a restricted area? And besides, you nearly ran over me! Shouting back with a grin, I said, "I guess dems da brakes". Well, he coughed, turned red, and nearly choked on his sandwich.

I had heard about Alf Watt. He was an old barnstormer of the late twenties and thirties who had spent many a night under the patched up wings of his dilapidated Curtis Jenny, before moving on to become lead mechanic at NSC. Anyhow, after he had gotten his wind beck, I explained that I wasn't aware the area was restricted and I was simply exploring. Then I take it you work for Admiral Byrd, he hollered above the din of six rotating Jacob engines. Not at all, I replied. My name is Ken, and I work with John Horn and Ernie Holloway, swinging compasses. Well Ken, he responded, I wouldn't want you to swing my compass because right now you are 180 degrees off course. So, do a quick turnaround and park that blessed tractor where you found it. And by the way, where did you learn to drive it? Never had a lesson, I shouted over my shoulder as I turned around and sped back to the apron. Once on safe ground, I muttered to myself. "Man, was he even lucky, for I might have rolled him out like a rug".

Hoping that Dave Wagner, Foreman of Flight Service, hadn't heard about my daring escapade with the company tractor, I decided to ask him for a lift in a Lysander with Don Rogers. Why the Lysander? he inquired. Why not the Anson with Ernie Taylor? Well, my brother Harry keeps raving about the Lysander in his letters from England. So, I would like to tell him I'd had a lift in one. I think it might also give him a lift to hear, about it. Besides, I'm learning to fly at Barker.

Dave was certainly familiar with the bond, between brothers, for he had one working on the NSC tarmac. Also, he had worked with Harry earlier in the Lysander program. Okay, he replied. I will see what I can arrange with Don, but don't breathe it around. Afterall, we don't want to be plagued with requests for flights in a flying circus, when our job is to

produce badly needed aeroplanes for those engaged in fighting the war. Accordingly, and for Harry's sake, I will attempt to bend the rules.

Later that afternoon, Dave informed me that Rogers was willing to take me aloft at 9:00 am the following morning. Having arrived on the south apron exactly on time, Dave handed me a chute and said, Let's get this on you quickly, for Don has the "Lizzie" warming up. Naturally, I knew I would be riding in the gunner's rear seat, but I was somewhat disappointed when I learned I would be obliged to do it while sitting with my butt into the wind. In other words, facing the tail instead of the back of Rogers capable head. A few minutes later, we were zooming along runway #28 into a stiff breeze from the west. It was almost unbelievable the way that bird came off the deck, There was a surge of power and the tail was up by the count of three. Then, after rolling a few hundred yards, the tail went down until I feared the hind wheel would bash the pavement. But, it never did for our NSC "Lizzie" pointed it's three blade prop at the blue and climbed out at an angle of about 35 degrees. Presently we ascended to about 3500 feet, picked up the CNR railway line, needed past Brampton,. circled the Georgetown area, and flew bank to Malton. After extracting myself from the gunner's seat and safety harness, I descended to the apron where I thanked Dave as he retrieved the parachute and Don taxied away.

Frankly, although the flight was short, it was certainly impressive, and I was particularly taken up by the functioning of the wing slats, and the flaps which appeared to operate automatically in conjunction with the throttle and intake manifold pressure. As for flying backwards in the gunner's seat, the feeling was not per usual, for the acceleration on takeoff forced me away from the back of the seat and towards the tail.

Held in that position by the safety harness, I felt like a puppet on a string. However, on descending to land, gravity held my back, to the seat, and when on the runway, braking by the pilot did likewise.

Keeping the flight secret from those inside the plant was not difficult, but hiding it from the compass crew was quite impossible. Hey Ken! yelled Froggie the trickster as I stepped onto the apron next morning... We hear you have been teaching Don Rogers how to fly! No way, I quickly fired back. I just went up to see if you buggers look as ugly from the air as you do on the ground Smart-ass, he shouted. Do you know something Ken? You've got more hot air than management and if you keep blowing it around, they're bound to get wind of it.

Kenneth Jay

"Tribute to Dad"

Dear Sirs:

My father was an employee of AVRO aircraft for 7 years

before that fateful day they shut down Canada's Dream.

My Father was Don Mc Donald, Husband, Father, Machinist, Naturalized American Citizen.

When I was young, I remember watching with dad some video of a Flying Saucer. I thought, Wow, this looks top secret, I asked questions but dad would never reply. He seemed so sad; it was a very private thing for him I guess. I never knew why. Dad died in October of 2010 on a hot afternoon with the rest of the family gathered around.

After that we all flew back to Dunnville, Ontario, Canada to bury him next to his Grandfather.

When we got back and started going through his things, I discovered many tapes that I remember from my youth. AVRO tapes. The Avrocar, The Arrow, The CF-100.

And again, I started asking questions of my mom. This time I got answers. Mom said Dad worked for AVRO during the heyday of Canadian Aviation and Aerospace. She talked of The Arrow. Then she talked of the day the plant shut down. One-day mom came home to find Dad sitting on the Couch, Kennedy toolboxes at his feet, crying, dumbfounded, lost.

They packed up Dads 55 Chevy and drove to California where the aerospace industry was just taking off, (forgive the pun) they crossed the Canadian Border in August of 1959, (legally) and drove to Los Angeles to begin a new life. I have film of this journey also.

Eventually they ended up in Riverside, California, and Dad landed a job with Boums Inc. where he worked for 45 years and retired.

Dad contracted Parkinson's disease after that he slowly slipped away, until he passed from us to be with my Grandparents. I never knew. Now when I look at those films and the books dad had stored in his workshop, tears well in my eyes also, to think what could have been, I could have been a Canadian, I could have worked at AVRO next to my Dad.

Such promise and possibilities all gone now forever. I often think of Dad, the good times we had flying remote control airplanes, going out to Hesperia in the desert here to play with his Ultralite, (Dad had a pilots license here in the U.S.) so I've decided to also be buried in Canada, next to Dad, and Great Grandfather. (My Grandfather went down in a Dredger accident in the Saint Lawrence Harbor.) Even though I was born here in the U.S. I still think where I really belong is back in Canada, and I would leave everything here and move back to Canada, if there was only work there that supported machinists. While going through some of Dad's things I came across some old things of his. One was an employee badge from AVRO, his name and face on aged paper covered with plastic. He looks so young, vibrant, and alive. This I will treasure forever, and pass down to those who come after I pass from this earth.

Rest In Peace Dad. I miss you terribly.

Permission to publish is granted.

Terence Wayne Mc Donald