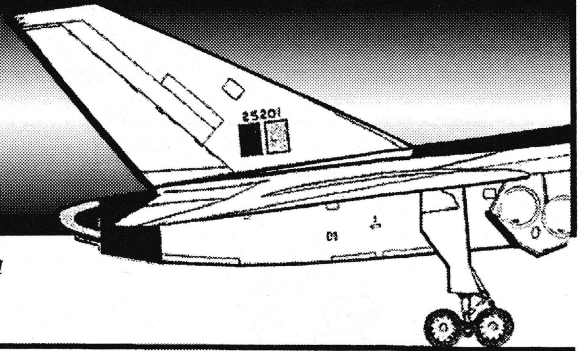


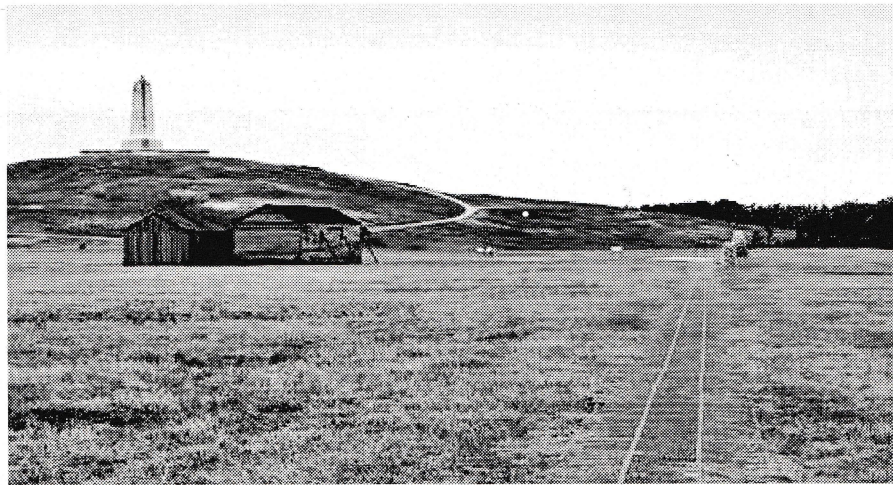
Pre-Flight

A Publication of the Aerospace Heritage Foundation of Canada
P.O. Box 246, Etobicoke "D", Etobicoke ON M9A 4X2



Vol. 22, No. 5

September - October 2011



The Second Incident

by
 Gerry Barbour

Intrepid though Gerry was as a student, there comes a time in every young man's life when he feels definitely threatened. Faced with the unexpected return of the master of the household and the memory of a scoped 303, his body went into a high state of arousal..When Gerry heard the word "Git!", he did. Stat!

Reaching the shelter of the woods, I now experienced the afore-mentioned rush of adrenaline. Galloping over hill and dale, never pausing for a breather, utter exhaustion finally claimed me. I went to my knees and finally supine. Utterly spent, but grateful to be alive, I gazed aloft and found the shades of night were falling fast. Finding a nearby brook I stripped, washed off the stains of toil and travel and slipping into my sleeping bag, murmured a heart-felt, "Thank you God" and drifted into the arms of Morpheus, the ancient god of sleep. Believe me, I was happy to settle down into HIS arms rather than the arms of that mountaineer's wife. That would have been big trouble. I had made the acquaintance of many, many transients during my travels and they were mostly good people.

The second incident? Three unsavoury-looking characters arrived at my camp site, the very look of them setting off the alarm bells in my head. They shared my can of tea and then turned on me with malice aforethought.

Founded 1989

AHFC

Aerospace Heritage Foundation of Canada



Patron William Coyle
President Frank Harvey
Secretary Keith McLaren
Treasurer Al Sablatnig
Membership Nicholas Doran
Director Bill Daniels
John Hughes
Dave Sotzek



Legal Consultant Jerry Faivish
Editorial Consultant John Thompson

PRE-FLIGHT Nicholas Doran
Ted Harasymchuk

President's mailing address:

1951 Rathburn Rd., E.
Unit 199
Mississauga ON L4W 2N9
905-624-4909

The Aerospace Foundation of Canada (AHFC) is a federally chartered non-for-profit organization. The current emphasis of AHFC is on Avro and Orenda. The Foundation is actively trying to locate former employees of these companies. No part of this newsletter may be reproduced without prior written permission. Opinions expressed in Pre-Flight do not necessarily reflect those of AHFC. Cash donations over \$25.00 and "gifts-in-kind" will be acknowledged by a receipt for income tax purposes. For more information on AHFC and how to support its activities, please write to:

**Aerospace Heritage
Foundation of Canada
P.O. Box 246, Etobicoke D
Etobicoke ON M9A4X2
(416) 410-3350
www.ahfc.org**

From the President

I wish to thank Nick Doran, who sits as your representative on the CASMuseum Board, he prepared the 10 page document you received in the mail showing how the Museum's situation was progressing well and how each of you can assist in saving the Museum and the historical 65 Carl Hall Road by calling or emailing your MP, your MPP, now that the Election is over and your Councillor.

Frank

The Second Incident

(continued)

Finding no money after a quick pat-down, they contented themselves with a few blows, and kicking over the tea can made their departure. I was happy they didn't do a strip search. My folding money was tucked away "where the sun don't shine." Answering a nature call in the nearby bushes soon after their arrival provided the opportunity to make the deposit. I learned to size-up people very quickly after meeting those three and almost invariably found that first impressions were the best.

Arriving at Kitty Hawk late in the day, I found that the U.S. Government had had the foresight to make the whole area a National Park. It reeked of nostalgia. I loved it. I simply couldn't get enough of the place. I toured the whole of Kill Devil Hills, selected a place on the warm sands for the night and bedded down happy and ready for tomorrow's lecture and tour. The night was beautiful, sky full of stars and I was grateful for the cooling wind off the ocean after a hot, dusty, day on the road. I drifted off, and was awakened by a smart kick in the ribs. Looking up I saw uniforms. Early in life I had developed an aversion to uniforms and I didn't like these one little bit. Those uniforms clothed two men. Big men.

"What are you doing here, kid ?"

"What does it look like? I was sleeping, until you kicked me awake. I'm waiting for tomorrow's lecture. I've come a thousand miles to see where the Wright Brothers made their first flight."

Those were the magic words. Hunkering down beside me those guys listened to my story, shook their heads, said rules would not permit overnight napping on the grounds, escorted me to the perimeter of the park and sent me packing down the beach, calling after me, " Go into the weather station. We'll make a phone call."

Spending the night in the weather station was a great experience. I received a crash course on mapping the weather, admired the pictures of weathermen adorning the walls, one especially interesting as it showed a man on each wing of the first heavier-than-air machine to rise into the air on the 17th day of December 1903. The station was old and weather beaten and why not? Buffeted as it was by Atlantic storms it is a wonder that it had survived. I was content. Morpheus claimed me again.

Second Incident. *cont'd.*

Anyone who is deeply interested in the history of aviation should, if possible, pay a visit to Kitty Hawk. You will find that it is preserved much as it was in those by-gone days.

I was first in line for admission next morning, and who was on the gate? One of those "kick-"em-in-the-ribs" guys of the previous night. With a broad smile he said, "Have a good night? Glad you could make it. Have to charge you though. \$1.00. Helps to make the place self-supporting, you know." Handing him an odour-free dollar bill-(I'd washed my folding money and dried 'em in the sun), I made my way into the hallowed ground. It was everything I hoped it would be, and more! I ran my fingers over the replica of the Wright Brothers airplane (the original being in the Smithsonian Institutes in Washington) carefully, of course, "you may touch but don't bend." I listened to the lecturer explain how the warping of the tips of the wings took the place of today's ailerons, viewed the actual photos taken by Wilbur on that memorable day of the first flight, trudged up Kill Devil Hills again and admired a replica of their last glider.

I was fascinated by the primitive track upon which that flimsy airplane had travelled and had lifted into the air for 59 seconds. I became aware that the reason Orville Wright had become the first man to fly a heavier-than-airplane was simply a matter of "turnabout", the brothers took turns. Wilbur had flown the glider and when the wind freshened the following day and it was decided the time was right for the attempt at powered flight, it was Orville's turn.

Jealousy was not part of the make-up of the Wright brothers. They knew they were going to fly. Who cares who's first? The more that I listened, the more I became certain that older brother Wilbur was the guiding light on the project, so to speak. It seemed that he pioneered the use of aluminum in the power plant. It was Wilbur who travelled to France to make his famous long distance flight. It was he who had written to the Smithsonian Institute for copies of the work of Sir George Cayley. My admiration for the Wright brothers, especially Wilbur, increased tremendously. Regretfully the day was drawing to a close and once again fate played a part in my life. It just so happened, as I was sitting on a bench gazing blissfully out to sea, full of the days experiences, that a gentleman seated himself beside me and said..

"Are you looking for work?", he asked.
"Can you drive an automobile?"

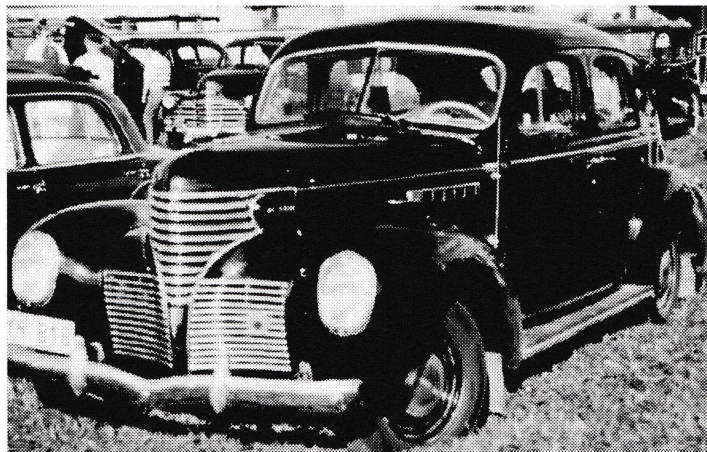
"Are you a gardener perhaps? Or a cook?
The park rangers tell me you might be available for employment."

Slowly swimming up from my reverie, I regarded my possible benefactor with something akin to surprise. Had I heard right? Was I being offered gainful employment? Why me? While I bathed frequently in every clean creek on my journey south, my clothes, clean though they might be, were in need of pressing. No Beau Brummel, me. Still-he asked me. I might as well pursue the matter. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. His explanation? He was urgently needed in New York. He and his family were vacationing a few miles down the beach. The maid-cook had quit. He wished to leave them in the hands of a responsible person while conducting his business in New York. Me, responsible? I inwardly chuckled. We regarded each other silently. What he saw wouldn't excite him, I was sure. A skinny young fellow, scantily clad in shirt and trousers that had seen much wear. Obviously a transient, his bedroll beside him, a New York Yankee baseball cap set squarely on unkempt black hair badly in need of trimming. I, in turn, saw a well-built, well-dressed middle-aged man with pale blue eyes, which I noticed, seemed to bore right through me, and with an air of authority about him. I made up my mind.

"Yes, sir! I am all those things. When do I start?"

"Immediately. Come along."

Approaching the car, he said two words, "You drive." Slipping behind the wheel of a De Soto, I found to my relief, the mechanisms were virtually the same as the old Ford on which the boys of my town had honed their skills; and off we went down those hard packed sands.



The late, great De Soto sedan, with automatic drive.



Second Incident, cont'd

The cottage - weather beaten though it was on the outside from constant bombardment by wind, rain and blowing sand, was beautifully decorated inside. Large comfortable rooms, a magnificent view of the Atlantic Ocean from a wide veranda and a kitchen with all modern cooking paraphernalia. I would no longer be brewing my tea in a bean can. Hastily, he introduced his wife and two daughters, ten-year-old-twins, then rushed off to pack. Returning, suitcase in hand, he said, "We'll have to hurry. Come, drive me to the station."

I loved driving that De Soto. What an automobile! So responsive. I felt like Barney Oldfield or Louis Chevrolet. Being of a curious nature, I asked, "Sir, how come you trust me to look after your family? I might be a baddie and do them harm". A sideways glance. "I'm a good judge of character. Have to be in my business. The boys at the park are friends of mine. If they say you're O.K., that's good enough. Anyway, if you did my family harm, I would see to it that fatherhood would be an impossibility for you. "OUCH!. That message was one I understood. Messing around with this man would bring dire consequences. I hastily patted myself to make sure my jewels were intact, then delivered my employer to the train station.

With a grin he said, "Your baseball cap did it. I'm a Yankee fan myself." As a parting shot, he said, "Those two kids are little devils. That's why the cook quit, so watch your back." Watch my back? He just got through warning me about my front, and now he was warning me to watch my back? Returning from the long drive to the station and parking the De Soto, I made a tour of the grounds, found everything in order and entered the semi-dark house. Surprise! Coffee perking and a note. "Sleep in the room off the kitchen. Bed made up. See you in the morning." That was nice of the madam. I knew I was going to like it here, but my employer's warning sounded in my head. Those two kids! Would they lace it with Ex-Lax. I'd had that trick pulled on me. I cautiously sipped the coffee. Yep, It was loaded with salt. A big swallow would be enough to gag a maggot. I prepared for bed, and clang-clang, went the warning bell in my head. Slowly I peeled back the covers. Bingo! a big bullfrog made his appearance and leaped straight at me. Stumbling backwards, I tripped and went sprawling. Well, well we have a pair of practical jokers, have we?

Up at dawn, I went for a two-mile run down that wonderful beach, accompanied by "Charlie", the dog. A mut of uncertain lineage who proved to be the perfect companion.

Charlie didn't talk, he kept up - except when a piece of flotsam interested him. He didn't pee or poop until we arrived back home and then he made his deposit in the flower garden.

Smart, not as smart as Mac, but smart. Entering the house I found its occupants awake-barely. Madam settled for toast and coffee, the children ate bowls of that disgusting glub that the cereal companies love to display so prominently on grocery store shelves, washed down with copious gulps of a well known soft drink. No wonder they were so pale and full of the old nick. I resolved to make a few changes. After all, I was now the cook and was fully in charge. Checking the larder, I was appalled at the amount of junk food.

"Madam I'll need money for groceries. We seem to be out of some necessary items."

"Certainly. Money for the household is kept in that drawer. Take what you need and take the children. I have a headache and they need a little air."

A little air? They had oodles of it, right off the Atlantic Ocean. Placing the children in the rear and Charlie in the front, I opened the driver's door, sat down and a loud disgusting sound usually associated with the passage of gas from a persons posterior rent the air. A torrent of giggles from the little demons, a surprised look from Charlie and we were off. I never did any grocery shopping, that is strictly a woman's department, but here I was with two precocious children who insisted on filling the shopping basket with what they like instead of things that are good for them. Fine-so be it. Selecting another cart and leaving them quarrelling over their purchases, I made the proper purchases (to my mind anyway) and presented myself at the check-out counter. Following right behind me were my two little cherubs with their heavily laden cart. Groceries bagged, the money handed over, I prepared to depart.

"Hold on Sir, these children with you?"

"Nope. Never saw them before."

Howls of rage, much stamping of feet filled the store. The manager appeared. "What's the trouble?"

"This man says he doesn't know these children."

"Well, I do. This happens every time they come in here. Their mother always pays." I had enough of this nonsense!

Second Incident ... cont'd.

"Mister-I am not their mother or their father, praise be to God, and I am not paying for that load of junk." I walked out followed by the twins, the manager on their heels.

He tapped on the roof for emphasis. "Do not bring those little hyenas into my store again. Take your goddamn business elsewhere."

He went off slowly. We went off with alacrity.

Silence reined supreme on the way home. I could just imagine what fiendish schemes those young minds were hatching. I would have to be doubly careful, increase my surveillance and watch my back.

The day ended and the "ladies" retired. I did my evening walkabout, made sure everything was ship-shape Bristol fashion, pushed open the door to my room and-my sixth sense warned me-too late. A pail of water descended. Drenched, I gave vent to some mule-skinners curses, aware of the smothered laughter emanating from the top of the stairway.

Something had to be done, and lying in the darkness a fiendish idea popped into my head. While returning my froggy friend-that bullfrog of the previous evening-to the nearby pond after my first nights "scare", I had noticed a few small garter snakes slithering through the grass or lying motionless sunning themselves.

Aha! It has been my experience that few, a very few women can stand snakes. They simply go bananas. I went off to sleep with a pleased smile on my face..

"There is no sleep like the sleep of the innocent but the wicked shall never find rest." That quote may be from Shakespeare or the Bible, but don't you believe it.

Evil schemer that I was, restful sleep came easily.

The next day was uneventful. Charlie did his 2 mile trot beside me. I fed my charges, washed "my" De Soto, weeded, repaired a broken step and while Madam and those two maniacs were "beaching" slipped away to the pond. Catching a snake was no problem a forked stick did the trick.

I placed him carefully in a small box along with a plentiful supply of insects to keep him happy, then set him down quite out of sight, in the garden. He proved to be an excellent pet. On my periodic visits he would promptly coil and strike ever so softly at my outstretched finger.

Am I an authority on snakes? No, but I had one for a short spell, that is, until dear "Mumsy" found him crawling over her kitchen floor and promptly went into hysterics. The evening passed.

With the approach of bedtime, I did my thing, turned out the light and left "Horace" curled contentedly on the coverlet in the twins room. Most animals, unless nocturnal, will remain quiet when darkness falls. It went as I expected. The cacophony of screams emanating from that bedroom was music to my ears. To put the icing on the cake, so to speak, Madam, realizing that her little darlings were not indulging in mere girlish giggles, entered the room and promptly, as my Mumsy did, went into hysterics.

I hadn't bargained for that. Taking the steps two at a time, I rushed in, "bravely" scooped up a startled Horace, and with him (or her) coiled around my wrist, retired to the out-of-doors and returning in answer to pitiful calls, made a thorough search of the house. I assured my charges no vagrant snakes were napping on the premises.

After hot milk and cookies for kids and a shot of something stronger for Madam the house settled down. The following day, out of earshot of Madam, the twins accused me of subterfuge.

Did I deny it? Of course not. It is folly to lie to a child. Looking them straight in the eye, I laid out the ground rules.

- #1-Up at dawn. A 2 mile run with Charlie and me, then a shower.
- #2-Breakfast-oatmeal porridge (a chorus of moans). No more cherrybites.
- #3-A few housecleaning duties. Make your own beds. (More groans.)

I finished with, "Anymore shenanigans out of you two little blighters and Horace goes back in your bed." They looked at each other. Then a small voice said. "What's is a blighter?"- and I knew I had 'em.

The days flew by. I taught those kids to swim, to play volleyball, badminton and poker, the last being a mistake. They sopped up instruction like a sponge. They quickly picked up on poker jargon. "Hit me. I,ll take two. See your Washington and raise you two more. A Hamilton's in the pot, you stayin' or foldin'? Call .hah..bluffed you that time." Poker needs at least 4 players, but Charlie couldn't seem to grasp it so we rang in Madam.

Second Incident ... cont'd.

This high society lady proved as brainy as her offspring. She quickly grasped the concept of the game, the values of the hands and the principles of betting. She was a winner alright. We weren't playing for match sticks either. The kids used their allowances. Madam used her weekly stipend. Me? I used the house-keeping money, and more than a few times I had to put an I.O.U. in that afore-mentioned kitchen table drawer, (to be redeemed of course, when and if I got paid).

By now, I didn't give a damn if I never got paid. I had fallen down the proverbial back-yard crapper and had quite literally surfaced smelling of gardenias. I was clean, comfortable, had 3 square meals a day and was exposing two young minds to the wonders (and the wickedness) of the world around them. My "family" had settled into a routine. A morning run, breakfast, a few chores, swim, lunch and lessons in whatever held their attention. Madam? She gave me free rein. After me "saving" her from Horace, I could do no wrong.

She was really a lovely lady. She liked the way I made her morning coffee, not too strong but just enough bite, and she especially enjoyed her cocktail hour on the veranda. "Martinis, baby, martinis." She knocked back two each afternoon at 4.30, followed by whatever specialty I had concocted for the evening meal. The owner had left no stone unturned in supplying amenities for his guests. I found some dandy cook books written by famous chefs. By intense study I produced some startling concoctions. Frankly, I startled myself with my virtuosity.

Heck! Why not? It is a fact that the best chefs in the world are men. A wonderful friend once told me, "If you can read, you can cook." A true statement. I often thought of cooking up a meal using the basic ingredients and my battered bully beef tin that stood me in such good stead along the highways and byways of this wonderful country. Do Americans realize how very fortunate they are? I doubt it. Like us Canucks we all tend to take our blessings for granted. I got to know Madam and the children very well and a splendid rapport sprang up between us. Charlie abandoned the twins for a restful night on my bed and in every sense became my dog. While playing cards he would sit on my lap facing the playing surface and shake his ears vigorously if the players became too boisterous and I became aware that Charlie had a problem. Gas!!!

The conclusion of the 'Second Incident' will be in the final issue of this year. You will enjoy the ending!

What in the World is Happening!

Unexepected bad news is often difficult to accept. This bad news came, almost out of the proverbial blue. The Canadian Air and Space Museum received an eviction notice to vacate their premises. This is an heritage building, from a significant timer period, from post WWI years of aircraft construction and continuing over the years. Workers from Downsview Park came to change the locks, a harsh touch of finality and doom.. The volunteers arriving as usual, to do their regular daily tasks and functions could hardly believe what they heard and saw. They were stunned. Museum CEO Robert Cohen was distraught. They were being thrown out of their museum, their pride and joy for over ten years! It was a terrible, disastrous shock of unbelief.

The museum has six months to vacate, completely. This meant sorting and packing artifacts. It meant deciding what to do and how to store the replica historical aircraft presently on display. Meanwhile, it seems that monies will be spent to prepare and leave just a facade. This also means that the many small business are faced the same eventual fate of CAS Museum, but no facade. They will be served with termination notices. Lawyers will be pouring over legal minutae over rental space. A very unhappy eventuality.

As for the museum, it seems that it now must pack up and leave. It must leave valuable historical buildings and especially aircraft and related items of an important era in an historic period of Downsview and yes, Canada. You, dear members, have received material with more information on the background of this unnecessary saga of the 'important' big guy versus the smaller people. Somewhere sense and sensibility and logic were lost.

Something is just not right. Phone calls and e-mails will be a potent reaction to rectify an historical wrong. Don't be deterred if it's difficult to get through. Sometimes a letter or e-mail is quicker! But do it now!

Members Matter

We've had the annual meeting at the Museum on September 10, 2011.

You will find enclosed the President's and the Treasurer's reports.

For the members that have just renewed, I am presently processing your memberships. The delay is because I, as the representative from AHFC, have been involved with the situation at CAS Museum.

