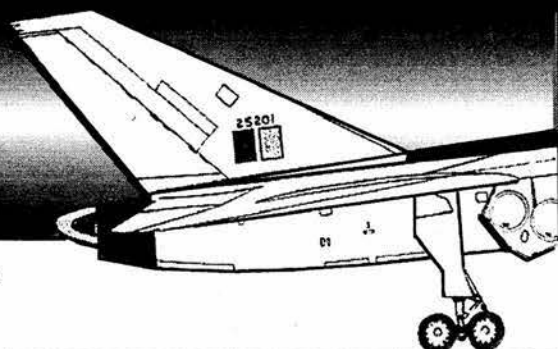


Pre-Flight

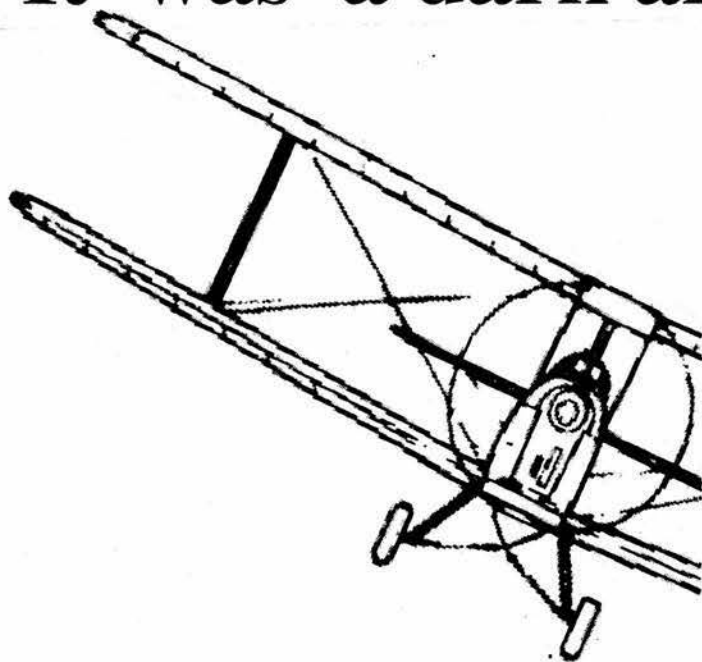
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It was a dark and snowy night in 1940 on Hwy. 27



Gerry Barbour, a repeat contributor to our newsletter, recalls an incident that happened over 50 year ago. His article helps us to understand a bit of what it was like to be "on the job", building aircraft to be flown by Canadian and other Commonwealth pilots. Its setting is a blustery winter evening, when darkness came just after 4:00 pm. It was the time when men went out the door from work, hurrying as best they could to return home to warmth and light, sheltered from the wind, cold and snow. This anecdote may bring back memories for some, but it is a good read for all in this wintery season of 2005.

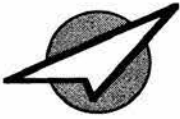
That winter of 1940 was a tough one, very cold, with almost daily snowfalls which, compounded by the long hours of work and long hours of darkness, made for transportation problems getting to and from the aircraft plant. Because of the lack of snow removal equipment and the personnel to operate it, the roads were often impassable after a heavy snowfall and circuitous routes had to be taken. These often lead to yet another wall of snow making forward progress impossible. A supply of snow shovels was standard equipment for travellers to and from work. It may be especially difficult for those of a young age to grasp how our weather patterns have undergone such a severe change. A favourite route for city dwellers was to use the Richview Side Road (now Eglington Avenue) an unpaved, single lane, east-west artery

beginning at Scarlett Road and ending at Highway 27, then north to the various roads which lead to the village of Malton and the aircraft plant. Highway 27, also single lane and unpaved, was often used. Both roads were badly rutted and poorly maintained. Nowadays, better road surfaces, better snow removal equipment, better all-around automobile equipment, tires and such, enable drivers to handle adverse driving conditions in order to get to work, rarely being late. It makes it hard for you to get a handle on how difficult, impossible on occasion, the drive to and from work became for the aircraft workers of those days. This particular evening, while proceeding slowly south on Highway 27 in early gathering darkness, with a high frontal wind and in a thickening snowstorm, the occupants of the car ➡

Founded 1989

AHFC

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From the President

In this issue I have reported on last October's two day CAPA Conference held in Ottawa. Meeting people from the various Aviation Museums from across Canada and the interchange of ideas on the different aspects of historical aircraft preservation and the associated problems faced by organizations was informative.

Like our Foundation, they too had similar difficulties and limitations to overcome. I was proud to share information about AHFC, its activities and especially membership support.

Jack Woodman always was a talented professional. that's why he was one of the RCAF test pilots assigned to fly the Arrow. After he left Avro, he did not receive the recognition that he might have. You will read more about his many successes in the May-June *Preflight*.

Frank

Barbour, cont'd.

became aware of an airplane making low-level passes overhead. The pilot would swoop down, follow the highway for a short distance, gain altitude, disappear in the murk and then would shortly re-appear and repeat his performance. After three such passes, it became apparent that the pilot was in difficulty. He wasn't playing the silly beggar, just fooling around. He was sending a message of his intentions and wanted our help.

"Son of a gun! He's going to try a landing on the highway. I'll bet he's running low on gas. Slow down and flip up the headlights!"

The yellow biplane appeared low over our heads, throttled back, and aided by the high wind, touched down ever so slowly, so much so that we were in danger of running up his tail almost ruffling his tail feathers. He was down, good boy, good landing. However, he just couldn't anticipate the magnitude of the snowdrifts in certain areas. He burst through one big drift, the aircraft spun sideways, cart-wheeled - or should I say ground-looped - and ended upside down, buried in the deep snow at roadside. Fortunately, without bursting into flames. Traffic came to a halt. People poured out of their cars, eager to lend assistance. Hurring over, we began to frantically dig snow from the cockpit area of the airplane. We dug like badgers knowing that the pilot could suffocate, buried as he was so deeply and upside down in an open cockpit. Worse still, the smell of gasoline became stronger as we dug.

But with so many helping hands, we got down to him in short order. There he was, strapped upside down, still wearing his helmet and goggles and unable to move with so much snow packed solidly around him. After a careful removal of snow from his head and shoulders, thereby allowing some freedom of movement, he patted a wad of snow, turned his head and exclaimed "Jasus, boys, what took you so long?" Irish! I could recognize that accent in a graveyard. He must be a trainee from the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan (BCATP).



Harbour, cont'd.

Shortly we were able to remove the restraining harness and slide him out very carefully, unsure whether he had sustained some form of injury, although with that comical greeting, I felt that he was either a very brave young man or his brains were slightly addled.

To our enormous relief, the pilot appeared to be quite unhurt, although by now, he realized how very fortunate he was to land safely. He seemed to be in a state of shock and probably suffering from hypothermia. An open cockpit in winter weather is guaranteed to freeze even the hardiest individual. We were all chilled. It was a brutally brisk, cold and snowy night.

By now all traffic, both north and south had stopped and curious spectators gathered around the airplane and its pilot.

A large, loud-mouthed individual standing nearby, informed these spectators that *he* had witnessed the crash and had dug the pilot from his snowy prison. He gave his name and place of business as a car dealer in the west end of Toronto and exhorted the spectators to see him personally for a really good deal on a used car. I still remember his name. Jupp. Now that is what I call a super salesman! A man capable of taking advantage of a situation to hawk his wares. I gave him full marks for being an enterprising individual. I hope it brought him a lot of business. It certainly gave all of us a chuckle.

Seated in our warm car and with teeth chattering, our Irish friend rapidly downed a cup of warm coffee left over from lunch. When we brought him for treatment, he ogled the nurses and made questionable overtures of friendship. We wished him a restful night and a full and complete recovery.

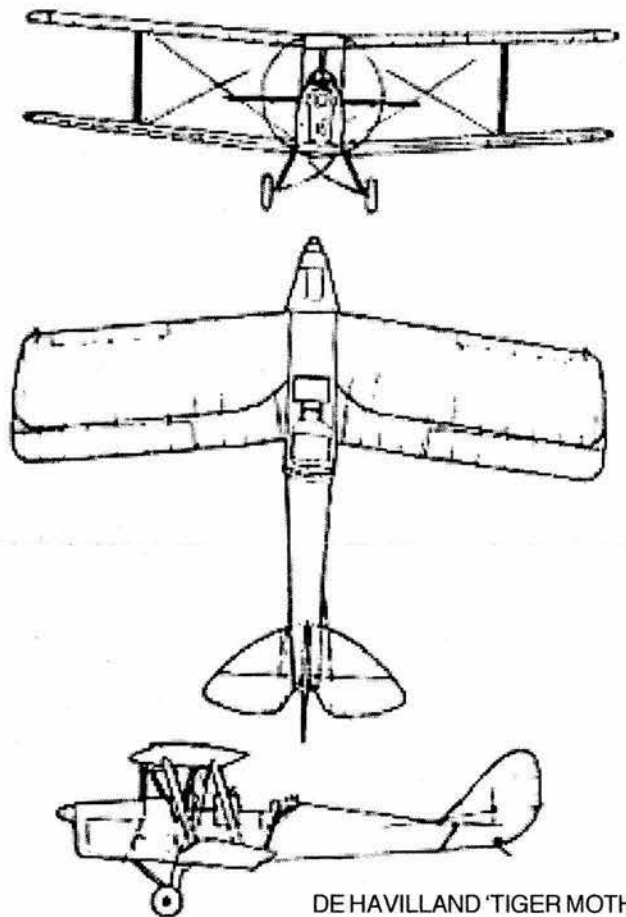
Happy with our efforts to preserve the life of one of our brave lads, we returned to our automobile, its muffler or the lack of it, blatting away in great style. Travelling the same route in the morning, there was no sign of the aircraft. The recovery team must have worked all night in absolutely horrible weather conditions.

The aircraft? It was a biplane, yellow.

A de Havilland Tiger Moth.

Perhaps the incident helped persuade the RCAF to install the canopy which appeared on later models of that type of aircraft.

I shuddered. I was used to the old Stearman's open cockpit in which I flew in summer. I just couldn't imagine the discomfort of flying in winter weather without offering the pilot some protection from the elements. The recovery teams were kept busy during these first phases of the BCATP. The trainees were landing where they could set their airplanes down, dropping like flies on a duck's back.



DE HAVILLAND 'TIGER MOTH'

This incident was taken from 'Fun and Games and Airplanes' by Gerry Barbour. Gerry's interests were, and still are, many and varied. At an early age he became an authority on the wildlife inhabiting the nearby forest and became a medicine man of sort to sick and injured animals.

Venturing into the sporting world, the desire to perform in a superlative fashion took precedence over schooling. Baseball, tennis, hockey - each assumed top priority in their season. Interest in aeronautics became all-encompassing as was travel. Every province and every state felt his footsteps.

Retirement brought him to the sparkling waters of Georgian Bay, where he fell under the evil influence of the game of golf. Persistent efforts to excel at this most difficult of games brings forth a terse comment attributed to Bernard Darwin. "The constant hope for improvement is what makes the game of golf so exquisitely worth playing." Winter brings him back to his computer.

His purpose in writing 'Fun and Games and Airplanes' was to preserve treasured memories of long ago. Gerry states, "This book is happily and respectfully dedicated to the many thousands of individuals, past and present, who by their interest and love of flying machines, forged the links which enabled mankind to soar with the eagles."



2004 CAPA Conference Canadian Aviation Museum, Ottawa, October 22/23, 2004

Approximately sixty representatives from twenty eight institutions were in attendance. The guest speakers included senior representatives from Canadian Museum Association, Canadian Revenue Agency, Charity Directorate, Canadian Heritage, Moveable Cultural Property, Canadian Nuclear Safety Commission and the Canadian Forces Department of Heritage and History and the soon to open War Museum.

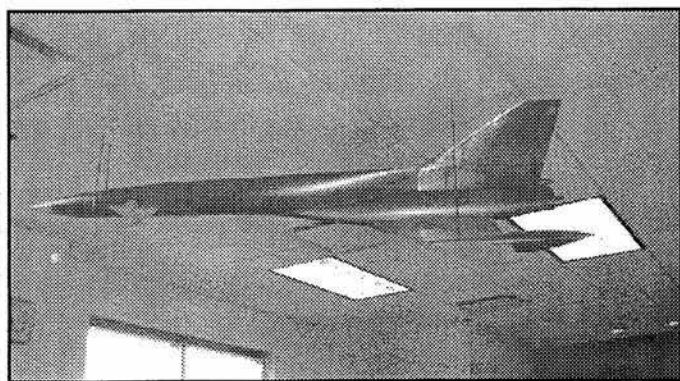
Friday afternoon we all went to the Flight Research Laboratory of the National Research Council and toured these flight facilities and a presentation on the history and research projects conducted over the years. I took the photograph below while in the lunchroom of the Flight Research Laboratory. It shows the model that was sent by Avro in 1956 for testing.

On Saturday we toured the new display hangars under construction at the Canadian Aviation Museum. When completed they will house all aircraft presently stored outside and provide space for future acquisitions.

The conference finished with a Dinner on the display floor of the CAM. It was a great evening with over 60 in attendance. The guest speaker was Major Hal Skaarup who related to us his experiences as a Canadian Peacekeeper in many parts of the world which are in turmoil. His talk was very informative and outlined the roll of our Canadian Peacekeepers in various trouble spots around the world. Not a career to be undertaken by the faint of heart.

I was lucky enough to receive an autograph copy of a book written and presented by Major Skaarup as a door prize.

- Frank Harvey



Members Matter

Our Foundation is very frugal in its operational expenses and relies heavily on help from **volunteers**. For example, **Al Sablatnig**, our long term Treasurer, has generously provided a room for use by AHFC at his facility in Brantford. This included storage racks, a spick-and-span tiled floor, excellent lighting, and included a truck for transportation of items from our room at TAM. The Brantford space will serve as long term storage. Short term storage will be accessed from AHFC office at TAM. Another example of volunteer help was at the Jetliner Dinner by members of 845 Avro Arrow **Air Cadet Squadron**.

Members may be interested to know that according to our latest report, **funds on hand** are just under \$3000. With these funds, AHFC, under the capable direction of the Board, is able to capably function. But without volunteers, we would probably need five times the funds.

Throughout the year, AHFC is present at appropriate functions, usually with a **display table**. This is not only a PR opportunity but also a chance for people to purchase items connected with Avro and related aerospace. Presently, our President is converting Avro photos to **disk**. This will include recently received slides and negatives, which will be added to the Foundation's collection. Much more could be done to record pertinent history by audio and video interviews, but AHFC is severely limited by the **monies** that would be needed. **Chris Tolley**, of Train, Trailer Rentals of Mississauga, has come forward with a donation of \$1,000 for Foundation operations. Our sincerest thanks for his generosity. Chris is a longtime member of AHFC.

The Ontario Science has renewed its contract with AHFC for the original Arrow model for another three years.

FYI, AHFC membership in CAPA is paid up. Our President, as is appropriate, attended and represented AHFC; the Board assisted with his expenses. Some have inquired about the **CF-100** book. Well, it is still on the table, the Union has OK'd it but other steps still have to be taken. Watch this column for further developments.

Because of your many requests, we will include more from the experiences of **Jack Woodman**, as chief test pilot at Boeing, in the May-June issue of Pre-Flight.

The Board of Directors of our Foundation (AHFC), with few exceptions, holds **monthly meetings**. These are generally held in the evening and usually lasting three hours. They are chaired by our President, Frank Harvey. The time donated by the Board members comes from their usual daily and weekend activities. Our members have expressed their appreciation for the dedication of volunteers to the Foundation and its goals and objectives.

Michael Doran