

Aeronews

THE EARLY POST-WAR YEARS: A Busy Time for Aircraft Design

When reading through some of the excellent books on the progress of flight after WW is especially true, with the rapid development of the turbine powered military and commercial aircraft designs. Here's a partial review of the '49s and '50s.

1949 plus: the Good Years

✓ The Avro C-102 Jetliner flew in 1949. The designers and engineers got it right. It was well ahead of anything in the air and had a positive potential as a commuter jet. Some observers commented that it was a typically Canadian product: sturdy, dependable and conservative in appearance. However, convergence of crucial decisive factors, including political, would close the door to the Jetliner flying commercially. Still, it deserves rightful, honourable mention.

✓ The Avro 707 was a scale model of a delta-winged jet turbine test-bed aircraft, evaluating parameters for future bombers. A two-seat trainer would help pilots learn how to handle such aircraft.

✓ It may be hard to believe, but the O.10, a ramjet, was an early design by René Leduc in France. To refresh your memory, a ramjet needs compressed air for combustion to take place. The O.10 was lifted to 13,000 feet, then put into a shallow dive and at 265 mph, the burners were lit. The pilot, pinned to his seat, forcefully pulled back the control column and put the O.10 into a climb at 400 mph. Fuel ran out after 9 minutes. Impressive.

✓ Turboprops, nevertheless, had captured the interest of the public. The Vickers Viscount and later the Vanguard, were "quiet and comfortable", especially the Viscount. European orders came in. Trans-Canada Airlines purchased a fleet and used it, mostly to prime destinations. It gave better air miles to the gallon of fuel. Trans-Canada Airlines considered this to be one of its major choice factors.

The Fifties: Better Years

The Fifties belonged to turbine powered aircraft, both commercial but mostly military. This period saw the development of the CF-100 Canuck, which was flown by the RCAF and Belgium air forces. After teething problems were solved, the Canuck served

Canada well for many years. But with the Cold War (remember?) 'heating' up, and Russian bombers threatening the north, a new interceptor was needed.

✓ The Avro Arrow was the answer. As an interceptor, it was miles ahead of anything in the world at the time. Its pioneering features are commonplace in military aircraft today. The Arrow was mismanaged by the government of the day and unsupported internally, even by a number of RCAF brass. Typically Canadian, eh?

Still, this was a golden, though short, age in aeronautics for Canada. Things may not have turned out the way we might have hoped, but it was the combined Canadian effort of professionals and trades people that made this possible. If you participated in it in any way, be proud and enjoy the memory.

Members Matter

Awards Presentation

It gives me great pleasure to announce the names of the winners of our awards of 845 Avro Arrow Squadron for 2007. Our President, Frank Harvey, was present at the Awards Ceremony and presented both awards on behalf of the Foundation.

The James C. Floyd Award went to Andrea Lipp, and the Janusz Zurakowski Award to Alicia Wuebbolt. I offer my sincere congratulations to these fine young people of 845 Avro Arrow Squadron.

The Memorial Plaque

The Foundation has had on-going talks with Mark Matthys, owner of the property where the CF 100 crashed near Komoka, Ontario. Both pilot and engineer were killed. Mr. Matthys is in full agreement with our proposal of a memorial plaque, which would include a rest area near the site of the crash on his property.

The Foundation will be submitting a proposal to Ontario Heritage Trust, Plaques and Markers to co-sponsor the plaque and installation. Our submission is to be in by September 15, 2007 to have it reviewed by the committee.

Click on 'Programs' at www.heritagefdn.on.ca for further information.

Nicholas Doran, Membership

Pre-Flight

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The way it was . . .

Gerry Barbour returns with an understandable rant aimed at one facet of the multiple centers of officialdom. It has persisted over the years in making life annoyingly difficult for the average person in the ranks. He shares with us how he felt and pulls no punches. Gerry harkens back to the days of striving to contribute to the aircraft industry in the golden era of the Jetliner, the Canuck and the Arrow. Take a deep breath and enjoy!

Ernie and the Big Pay-Back

I was happy in my work, making a worthwhile contribution toward the production of the world's first ever, pure jet transport. The Avro Canada C-102 Jetliner. The very name seemed synonymous with beauty. It conjured up a vision of a sleek, ably designed ship of the air, floating high above the clouds, speeding its passengers to their destination in perfect safety and comfort. And to think that the government of Canada, to whom I never gave the respect that it probably deserved, had made the decision that we should be the first people in the world to design, manufacture and fly an airplane of this type. It didn't matter that the designer came from England. He was transplanted and had his feet firmly in the soil of Canada.

While I might have wasted a portion of the war years in the 'wavy navy' beating up on the troublemakers, my interest in aviation had never wavered. I read every newspaper that I could lay a hand on, knew every airplane in the sky, knew that the internal combustion engine had reached the

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peak of its development, and was interested in Frank Whittle's development of the jet engine. I knew that the Germans had designed a jet engine to power their excellent Me-262 fighter, which, praise be to God, they failed to utilize to its maximum. Otherwise they would have swept every bomber from the skies of Europe. This information was courtesy of a 'Winco' friend of mind who, fortunately for him, had survived a brush with that type of aircraft.

So here we were, on the threshold of a brand new era in the field of aviation and I was part of it, albeit a very small part, but a part nevertheless. I found that my eyesight had remained undimmed. I could still read a scale graduated in ten-thousands of an inch without the aid of a glass, and I liked the Lofting Department. Admittedly, some of the group were 'different', but no more than I. Certainly the pay was better than that miserable dollar thirty-five cents a day during my incarceration in the Royal Canadian Navy.

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From the President

I trust that all members and their families are enjoying the summer and all the pleasures that it brings. I must apologize for the error regarding the date of our AGM in the last issue of *Pre-Flight*. The AGM was held on June 16th. The Board of Directors were all re-elected to serve until next year's AGM.

Next year, the members again will have the opportunity to hear reports from the Directors and vote to retain or change the Board of Directors for 2008.

This issue contains another article about Gerry Barbour's occasional tribulations at Malton. I hope that you enjoy it and that it brings back fond memories.

Frank

Ernie and the Big Payback , cont'd

So to my mind, "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world." That illusion was abruptly shattered.

Deeply engrossed in a layout that required a modicum of concentration, I received a smart tap on the shoulder. I whirled around and came face to face with Ernie Alderton. The same one who had set my feet firmly on the road to perdition by offering me a glass of demon rum called 'Cuba Libre'.

"Hey, Ernie! Boy, this is a surprise. How are you? Hear you've hit the big time. Hobnobbing with the rich and famous." All these questions fired off in rapid order. I used this ploy to throw him off stride. Very rarely will you find anyone capable of answering questions in the order in which they were delivered. Ernie rhymed them off perfectly. I knew Ernie was a smart one by that sentence.

"I'm fine. I'm in the Administration building."

"Oh really? You came to see poor little me. Why?"

"You haven't paid your income tax. That's why I'm here."

I believe it was Oliver Wendell Holmes who said, "Taxes are the price we pay for a civilized society." Wrong! As for Canadian income tax, it's the price the struggling mass of humanity of Canada pay to pad the pensions of those politicians in Ottawa, who continually fumble the ball, place the finances of the country in jeopardy, constantly put their foot in their mouth, ponder over decisions that a fifth-grader could answer immediately - and generally, screw up. That, to my mind, sums what the ordinary citizen, the taxpayer thinks of his representative in parliament.

I know taxes are necessary. The money to run the country must be made available to the Minister of Finance. But every taxpayer would feel better if they knew that their hard-earned dollars were being spent wisely and without waste. Sure, they have an Auditor-General. That's the person who every year publishes a report on the spending habits of our elected representatives in parliament, and admonishes them to exercise care in the disposition of the public's money.

Is any attention paid to his words of wisdom? Not bloody likely. Our tax dollars, money wrested from the long-suffering tax payer who

Ernie, cont'd.

is struggling to lay up a little something for a rainy day, put something by for old age, sees the trough rapidly emptied through abject carelessness, flushed down the drain. So there you have my personal feelings toward taxes, as handled by our munificent governments, both provincial and federal.

Let me explain about wartime income tax. By joining the military, the income tax payable for that year was placed on hold. If an individual 'bought it', so to speak, then obviously he or she was not in a position to pay. If the poor guy does survive, regardless of his physical or mental condition, he was expected to ante up - and quickly. I had been receiving these dumb dunning notices for some time. But being of an unsound financial condition, had thrown them into the nearest waste basket. You must look after yourself first, last, and always. Right? Wrong! What possible interest should a small matter like this be to Ernie Alderton, a big tycoon from the Administration Building?

"Ernest, my boy, that is a matter between the Government of Canada and myself."

"Not anymore it isn't. Haven't you received a notice from the Income Tax Department?"

"Yep. Two or three or four."

"Then why haven't you paid up?"

"Ernie, I was paid one dollar and thirty-five per day while in the navy. I sent the dollar home. Could you live on thirty-five cents a day? I don't think so. I am in the process of paying off an enormous debt accumulated while in the navy of my country. On top of that, dear 'Mumsy' never expected me to return. All my clothes went to the 'Sally Ann'. I am presently paying for civvy clothes, light, heat, lodging and food - all that good stuff. The government will have to stand at the back of the line."

"Correction. They are at the head of the line, with their hand out. Pay up!"

"Can't Ern. Every nickel is earmarked. What's your interest in this private matter?"

"It's no longer private. The government is threatening to garnishee your wages. That's why my interest. They've sent a letter warning me of their intentions."

"Frig 'em!"

"Now, now, be civilized about this. The company has enough paper work without another small peice of bumph. Pay up!"

"No!"

"I'll loan you the money. Just for old times sake."

A little warning bell clanged. Never, never borrow money from a friend. It will dissolve a friendship quicker'n a flash.

"No!" A bright light flashed. "Ernie, raise my salary five dollars a week."

"I'll send in that amount till it's paid." That was clever, I thought. Tax all paid and an extra fiver in the old pay packet.

"C'mon, we're already paying twice what you're worth."

Damn! That wasn't nice.

"Look, stop fooling around. This is serious. It could mean your job."

"Alright. I'll send a dollar down and a dollar when they catch me."

"Not enough. Take a bank loan."

"What do I use for collateral? These?" I held up my hands. "Not a chance. Bankers have no soul."

I had a quick thought of heading for the hills, much as some young men did at the start of the war. I quickly abandoned that idea. By now, I'm used to three squares and a good bed. I'm too old for that rugged life stuff. I could sense that Ernie was beginning to lose his cool. It was time to stop playing around.

"OK, Ernie. I promise to send those blood-sucking low-lifes a reasonable amount every week."

"Is that a promise? I know you're slippery."

I held up my left hand, palm out. Right hand behind my back, fingers crossed.

"Ernest, you know my word is my bond."

With a snort of disgust, he left. I paid. but slowly. Damn bloodsucking vampires. I and a host of others strive to keep the country afloat and the taxman won't wait a few months until a person gets his financial feet under them?

I'd like to meet the sender of those dunning letters in a dark alley. I'd ram his goddam letters up his rear so quick it would make his head spin.

Aw, come on now, Gerry. The poor guy was only doing what his supervisor told him to do.

