

A Measure of Immortality – Onward to Vimy

By Allan Snowie, Team Leader, Vimy Flight

(Editor's Note: At press time, the Canadian Museum of Flight, in conjunction with Sound Venture Productions and The Canadian Geographic Society, were on the cusp of unveiling the first completed Sopwith Pup. The museum is often asked, what is the significance of the Sopwith Pup, and why are we taking two to Vimy in 2017? We are grateful to Allan Snowie for this first dispatch from the flying front. For more information, please visit "Vimy Flight" on facebook. We will be presenting a recap in the next issue. If you would like to support this project, please go to canadahelps.org "Canadian Museum of Flight.")

The First World War, also known as The Great War 1914-1918, has faded from modern memory as the last survivors of that terrible conflict passed away at the turn of the millennium. We now tend to concentrate on the few remaining Veterans of WW2 – and rightly so as living memory best carries the torch.

Ironically, what we do have from WW1 are inventions that have come to benefit our lives. One of those 1914-18 killing machines is the aeroplane. The urgency of War tends to rapidly develop primitive designs and the Wright Brothers' flying machine was only eleven years old in '14.

Doubtful Army generals soon became aware and appreciative of the reconnoiter and bombing abilities of their tiny air squadrons. To protect this resource, another air version, the Scout, was conceived to fight its own kind – The Fighter – in the air over and beyond the battlefield, by day and by night. The flying and fighting qualities of these early martial aircraft differed widely as the new machines developed. In terms of pilot affection and warmth, none was more highly regarded than the Sopwith Pup as a flying



Countdown to the unveiling – could this be the museum's best empenage? The faithfully recreated logo of the Sopwith company was hand-painted by volunteer Sam Beljanski.



machine. As a fighter, the Pup was soon outrun and outgunned in combat – but it was never outmaneuvered. Pilots could testify that they owed their lives to the Pup's agility. (Canada's first Sopwith Pup Ace was D. M. B. Galbraith of Carleton Place, Ontario, who scored his fifth victory on the 16th of August 1916. By the end of 'Bloody April' 1917, this nation had four more Pup aces: E. R. Grange of Toronto, Lloyd Breadner of Carleton Place, Joe Fall of Cobble Hill, B.C., and Jack Malone of Regina.)

This controllability made the Pup ideal for experimental flying, most notably in the pioneering of deck-landing aboard naval ships. The Royal Naval Air Service and, after April 1918, the Royal Air Force resourcefully pursued this work. History's first landing aboard a moving vessel was carried out by a Pup on the 2nd of August 1917.

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**Please visit our website www.canadianflight.org for more news and updates on events.
Follow us on the Museum facebook page and twitter.**

The Canadian Museum of Flight

Bringing British Columbia's Aviation Past into the Future

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Museum Hours

Open daily from 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

Message from your Editor – Spring, 2016

Our cover story by Allan Snowie is a concise, wonderfully written article about the historical significance of Vimy Ridge, co-joined with the museum's Sopwith Pup/Wings of Courage project. (Just before this issue went to press, the museum was in full swing for the grand unveiling, June 17 – 18. We will be presenting a recap in the next issue.)

This issue's "Editor's Rove" features airplane boneyards. It is a sad reminder that without organizations like the Canadian Museum of Flight, many airplanes would meet the same fate.

We also have a delightful story by Alec Cauldwell – "Me and My DC-3."

In "Then and Now," your editor got on her high horse – or her high step, perhaps, and took on today's jet bridge vs. yesterday's air stairs.

Dennis Cardy has also co-written a volunteer profile featuring John Edwards. As you will read, we could have called it, "You've Come a Long Way, Baby!"

The museum is in full bloom this Spring with many exciting projects and planned events. C'mon down and smell the flowers.

Carla Deminchuk
Editor, Glidepath



Letters:

I enjoyed the article featuring Jerry Vernon. It was a very short account of a much larger story. It did not cover the thought at the time that it might become combined with a railway group and maybe called a transportation museum. I hope that the records are all intact so that someone can eventually write a history of the Museum.

Kenneth Macgowan

Hi Kenneth – when I interviewed Jerry, he did mention that possible amalgamation. Squamish now has the railway museum, but the thought of adding something unique to our collection is always exciting. We just need that dream hangar. As to that "larger story," I too hope someone will pen a history of the museum before we lose more of our pioneers. Jerry has meticulously maintained a lot of the history on paper, and we are grateful for that. Thanks for your input. – Carla

Your Glidepath tribute to Doug was, to say the least, wonderful! (Winter 2016 issue). We can't thank you all enough for everything you have done to make Doug's "Send Off" so special. Doug was a great guy, but he certainly worked with a bunch of equally great guys.

Arline Moan & Family

Hi Arline – thank-you so much for your kind letter. We still miss that black cowboy hat around the hangar. Best to you and your family. – Carla

I just l-o-v-e our newsletter. Thank-you!

Cheers! Mo (alias: "Spitfire Mo")

Hi Spitfire Mo – thank-you. We just l-o-v-e to hear that. Please feel free to buzz bomb us anytime. – Carla

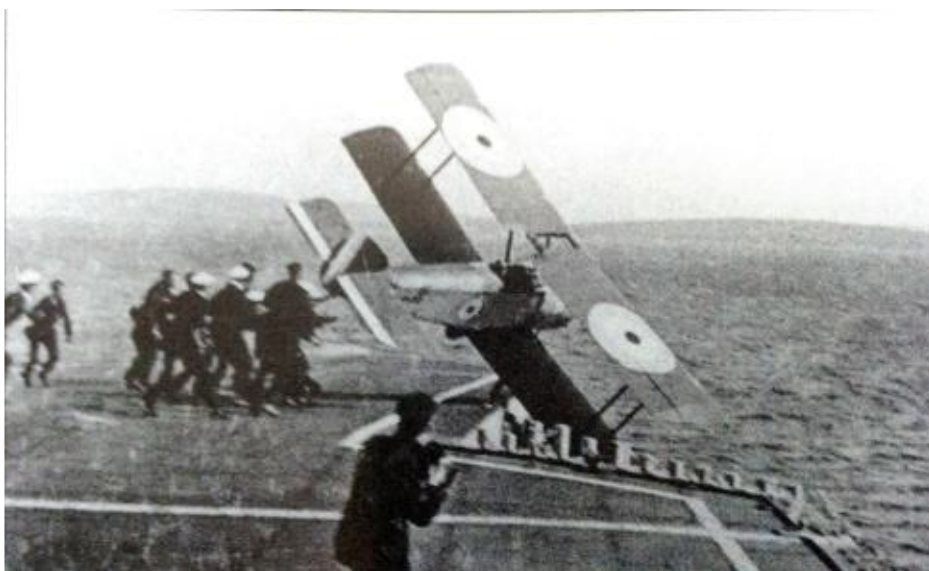
Onward to Vimy

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The ship was HMS Furious and, unlike modern day aircraft carriers, it did not have a flush deck, only a flat platform ahead of the bridge. British pilot Squadron Leader E. H. Dunning, DSC, made his approach along the port side of the vessel and then crabbed to starboard and cut his engine. The Pup was then seized manually by a deck party of fellow pilots and hauled down squarely aboard. Sadly, Dunning was killed five days later in another attempt but he and his Pup had proven the concept of aircraft operations from ships.

To quote First World War aircraft historian the late Jack Bruce, Deputy Director and Keeper of Aircraft at Hendon, England: "... it is meet, indeed necessary, even at this remove from the Kaiser's war, to record the story of aircraft such as the Sopwith Pup and the actions and feelings of its gallant young pilots. Such men, such deeds, deserve a measure of immortality in the annals of their war, as do the aircraft that they flew."

The Canadian Museum of Flight is carrying out this promise with the build of her two replica Sopwith Pups to fly a salute to our Veterans over Vimy Ridge, France, on the 9th of April 2017.



While no deck landings are planned for the museum's Sopwith Pup replicas, they were invaluable to the Royal Naval Air Service/Royal Air Force.

Annual General Meeting



The Canadian Museum of Flight held its Annual General Meeting on April 30, 2016.

The attendees enjoyed a light meal before getting down to museum business.

We welcome those elected/re-elected to our Board of Directors: Rick Church, Rebecca Darnell, Matt Offer and Sandi Sideroff.

Full recap here: <http://canadianflight.org/content/press>

Coming Events

Sponsor Fly Days: June 25, July 16, and September 17

Boundary Bay Airshow: July 23

Abbotsford Airshow: August 12 - 14

Chilliwack Airshow: August 20 - 21

Members Day Barbeques: August 28 and October 1.



Ally-Oop! Another Sponsor Fly Day.

Membership Benefits!

- **Partnerships!** Members are entitled to visit, free:
Flight Museum in Seattle
PBY Memorial Foundation, Oak Harbour WA
West Coast Rail Museum in Squamish
Military Education Centre in Chilliwack
- **Discounts in the Gift Shop of 15%**

Volunteers Welcome!

The Canadian Museum of Flight is always looking for new volunteers. We are always in need of history and aviation enthusiasts, of all kinds, from students to retirees, for aircraft restoration, gift shop operations, facility maintenance, and many other tasks. If interested, please contact the Museum General Manager, Mike Sattler, at 604-532-0035.

The Glidepath Newsletter is published quarterly by the Canadian Museum of Flight; Editor Carla Deminchuk. Contributions in the form of articles, news items, letters and photos are always welcome, as are comments and suggestions, although no payments are made for manuscripts submitted for publication in the Newsletter.

Me and My DC-3

by Alec Cauldwell

My baby: 30,000 pounds of oil leaking, sometimes cantankerous DC-3. The boss may have paid for her, but she was still ... my baby.

How we attained this DC-3 that we had absolutely no use for was mostly my fault. As Chief Pilot for a small corporate airline, I should have known better. In the early 1980s we were operating a Bell 222 helicopter, a Jet Commander, and a Westwind II executive jet. They handled the boss's personal flying needs in Canada, the U.S., Latin and South America rather well. When the boss had to take the occasional jaunt to Europe, he did not want to spend the money on a Gulfstream II or III, so took the airlines. We were a smooth running outfit consisting of three fat and happy pilots and one full-time mechanic.

And then one day I was driving by a neighbouring air field and I saw her. Squatting happily outside an aircraft sales company, she was the best-looking DC-3 in North America – perhaps the entire world. My father had flown the C-47 in WW2. She was already in my blood.

Before I could kick the first tire, the salesman ambled over. With a quick head to toe assessment, he calculated I was just another pilot without a pot to piss in, so got right to the point: "Your company really should buy this airplane."

Trying to feign sticker-lowering disinterest, I laughed and said the boss needed this airplane like I needed another hole in the head.

The salesman obviously had lots of experience with pilots who were lousy liars, and continued on. "Have you not heard of the Wrigley DC-3?" he inquired. "You know, William Wrigley, the chewing-gum industrialist. This was his corporate aircraft."

Before I could acknowledge my fondness for a good chew on a stick of Juicy Fruit, the salesman launched into a full-blown pitch. It was the lowest time DC-3, still flying, in the world. Less than 3,000 hours total time. Well, that got my attention. Then he told me it was the Wrigleys who owned it for most of its life since it stopped being a C-47. In fact, the original interior was still installed, except for the carpet which had been replaced a few times. Both engines were just overhauled and the cockpit had Flight Directors. Collins FD-102 Flight Directors, but hey they were Flight Directors. (Little did I know then just how much grief those bloody FD-102 Flight Directors would cause me later.) The only two negative things I could find was no auto-pilot, which was not that big of a deal and the transponder was just a two digit antique one with blind altitude reporting, whatever in the hell that was, and ATC just loved it – not!

So after that conversation I happened to be in the boss's office a few days later talking about his upcoming schedule. After we finished he inquired if I had anything else I wished to discuss with him and, like a damn fool, I opened my mouth and told him about this rare DC-3. I did so thinking that a friend of his that bought things he didn't need might be interested. The boss said that he didn't know about his friend, but he was interested, wanted to go look at it and to set a time with his secretary. Oops. What was I thinking? We really did not need this airplane. None of our pilots

knew how to fly it. The mechanic didn't know how to fix it. I could see the boss exercising his buyer's regret by implanting two large boot prints on the Chief Pilot's azz – mine. North America was in the midst of a recession. Another corporate flying job – any flying job – would be hard to get.

I knew the boss wouldn't be swayed. The appointment was made for a demo flight. When the boss showed up on time, I could already feel those boot prints. He had never been on time for the seven years I had flown him. We taxi out and takeoff. After we level off, he is like a kid in a toy factory. He sits in every seat in the cabin. The salesman and I are playing musical chairs trying to keep out of his way. He uses the lav, ducks into the baggage compartment, then he heads up to the cockpit. The guy flying in



the right seat comes back and tells the salesman that he thinks that the DC-3 is sold, unless they crash it heading home.

So, I head to the cockpit as fast as I can. I have got to nip this in the bud. (If you've ever tried to stop the sun from rising, then you may know what I was up against.) The boss, who used to fly himself around before he got too damn rich, is in the right seat with a Cheshire cat's grin on his face.

"You really like this DC-3?" I croaked weakly.

"Hell yes!" expounds the boss before cranking it over into a 40 degree bank. The guy in the left seat, a good friend who would later freelance for us on the DC-3, discreetly added some back pressure on the column to keep us spiraling out of control to our deaths, then gives me this 'You're screwed' grin.

I try one more gambit. At 6'4", I tell the boss that the cockpit is too short for my legs. The smile on the boss's face goes away. He looks at me and says, "Fix it so you can." I sincerely hope that he means the cockpit and not my legs, then he goes back to flying the DC-3, smile firmly back in place.

I head back into the cabin to talk to the salesman. If the boss is so dead set to buy this thing, the least I can do is get the price down. I asked what they would really take for the DC-3, not what they were asking, as it was a ridiculously high price. Over \$100,000, which was about double what other DC-3s were going for. I had done my homework, just in case. Before he could

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reply, the boss comes bounding down the aisle, sits next to the salesman and asks how much did they want. Before I could interject, the salesman, smelling blood, said \$125,000. I open my mouth to yell "Jeezus, that's too bloody much!" But before I can, the boss says, "Okay." Then he turns to me, pausing in an



attempt to figure out why my mouth is open and I'm turning pale, tells me to call the CFO and coordinate the transfer of the money. Then he hops up and goes back to the cockpit to fly the DC-3 some more.

After I have a few choice words with the salesman, some of which questioned the marital status of his parents when he was born, I force him into throwing in the two spare overhauled engines and some other spare parts that he was going to sell us for more money. I found out later through the grapevine that, even with the two spare engines and the other parts, they cleared over 50K on the deal.

When we finally land and get off, the boss takes one last look at the DC-3, then tells me to have it moved to our hangar at the other airport as soon as I can. When she's finally delivered I remember thinking, darnitt all, she is still one heck of a good-looking airplane. I was starting to fall in love with my new baby that I couldn't fly.

Right, then. I'll soon learn. First step, modify the cockpit so I can fit into the left seat. Can't be all that difficult can it? Well yes it can, when you don't have a clue what you are doing. But wait, my sidekick, Roy, was an Aeronautical Engineer and we had a full-time mechanic. So they can handle this modification, right? You'd think, but nobody seemed all that interested in making the modification except me, the chief pilot. I started dropping little hints to my mechanic, like "Fix that damn thing so I can fly it." or "If you have not started modifying the cockpit by the end of this week, where will you be working next Monday so I can forward your mail?" Subtle little things like that. Which, of course, were ignored. Roy was no help. He kept saying he needed to draw up diagrams, do a bunch of research and other nonsense, but was too busy watching his new grass grow in his back yard.

Fine. I'll just do it myself. I know how to use a hacksaw and a hammer, even really big hammers. I had somehow inherited a toolbox that had a hacksaw, some screwdrivers and a couple of hammers, one really big hammer, also some other tools that I had no clue what they were for. One was called a ratchet, whatever the heck that was. I grabbed the two hammers, the hacksaw and a couple of screwdrivers. Thusly armed, I head out towards the

DC-3. Enroute, I accidentally walk by Roy and the mechanic. I figured it would be about 45 seconds before they would follow me to see what I was up to, as they knew that tools and I were not a very good mix. I made it almost to the cockpit before I heard the pitter patter of large feet running up the aisle of the cabin.

"Hey guys, what's up?" I inquired. Roy replied, "Huh, what are you doing?" "Not much" I replied back. I told him I was just going to use the hacksaw to cut off the straps holding the alcohol tank mounted on the bulkhead behind the left seat and use the really big hammer to beat the bits I couldn't cut off into submission. As for the screwdrivers, well, I really didn't have a real use for them right then, but I figured that I'd run across something that I could use them on.

They told me to remain calm, not to make any sudden movements and for some inexplicable reason took the tools from me. Then they told me to go back to my office and do some of that chief pilot stuff, as they would start the modification right away. I agreed, telling them that I would check the cockpit the next morning and if I didn't see a lot of progress, I'd get one of them blow torch thingies and start over.

One week later the modification was completed and I had all the leg room I needed – and then some.

Made for each other – now she really was "My baby."

(Editor's note: Alec flew his baby for three years before "the boss" decided to sell her. Unfortunately, the DC-3 eventually fell into a state of disrepair, but was rescued and is currently being restored by a private company in Oregon. On a sadder note, Alec passed away earlier this year. A great story teller, I had encouraged Alec to write a book. His book was never finished, but he was happy to share the story of his baby. A true aviator, gentleman, and friend to many, he is greatly missed.)

The Scotch and Chocolate Fantasy Gala

Thank you to all of those who supported our major fundraiser. The Museum netted \$15,000 on the evening, which made a huge contribution towards 2016 operating costs.

Kudos to Tim Bowman for really getting into the steampunk spirit. (Photo – Mike Luedey)



Your Editor's Rove – Expect the Unexpected

Down and Out – Airplane Boneyards: May We Have a Moment's Silence, Please!



Volunteer Profile: Our "Workcationer," John Edwards

by Dennis Cardy/Carla Deminchuk

For the majority of CMF volunteers, a day at the museum entails a twenty minute drive from the burbs. Forty minutes tops if there is a fender bender on the freeway.

But for John Edwards, it is a ten-hour trans-Atlantic airline ride from Wales.

"My regular long-distance volunteer sessions started in 2005," says John. "The Canadian Museum of Flight time is combined with travelling around the West Coast, plus visiting a pile of cousins in Edmonton."

John was born in the UK and conscripted for military service in 1955, deciding on the RAF rather than the army. That was "One in the eye for dad, an infantryman from WW1," says John. "I couldn't be a pilot or air-traffic controller, so landed up being a medic. Lots of fun – even ended up doing a few minor operations. I spent most of my time at RAF Seletar in Singapore, April 1956 to July 1957, where they had the last of the Sunderlands (205/209



John Edwards

Sqn), a few Beaufighters (station flight). The last of the 'Mossies' and 'Spits' were scrapped in 1955," recollected John.

John admits that he has always fallen for RAF airplanes, but falling out of one would not be in his best interest. "In June of 1957 I was a guest passenger in the Sunderland for the Queen's birthday flypast. I was standing near the port side point five hatch, when the plane banked to port and I nearly fell out at 500

John Edwards *continued from Page 6*

feet. I managed to grab the top of the hatch in time. A few heart beats went missing," says John.

After his military service, John completed a part-time degree while teaching full time. After many years teaching in North London, John decided to relocate to Kingston, Ontario. While in Kingston, John learned to fly out of the SFTS (Royal Navy) training base which was also a BCATP base during WW2. John remembers those cold Ontario winters from 1971 – 1972 best because "The air was great to fly in. I only have about 500 hours to my credit, but 60 are night flying."

In 1993, John came to Vancouver for a couple of years before returning to Ammanford, Wales.

John says he "Compensates for not living permanently in the Lower Mainland by coming over for a month in May," and has been doing this for the last 11 years. While putting in his time at

the museum, John beds down at the Wayward Inn motel. Obviously a man with simple tastes, John says it is "A great place to stay."

During John's last stint at the museum, he did some hard and not very glamorous work like painting the yard picnic tables, scrubbing down some airplanes, and other odds 'n ends. Not too many people would spend their precious vacation time away from home doing such deeds.

When all the picnic tables had been painted and every airplane was gleaming, it was time for John to head back to the Wayward Inn and pack his bags for his return trip home to Wales.

See you next year, John. And thank you.

(Editor's note: John follows a dedicated pattern of volunteering. Back in Wales, John is involved with the Gwili Heritage Rail Road in West Wales where he restores passenger and freight cars.)

Then and Now: Walk This Way – Yesterday's Air Stairs vs. Today's Jet Bridge (An Editorial Commentary)

Then: Air Stairs

This is your first trip in an airliner. As you exit the terminal and make your way across the tarmac, you are awed by the size and magnificance of the DC-3. You smell the aviation fuel. In the distance, you hear the roar of another airliner taking off.

Arriving at the air stairs, you grab the handrail and place your well-shone shoe on the first step. It is an effortless short climb to the top. Your heart quickens because you will soon be part of what is to become the golden age of commercial aviation. Your boarding experience is like a dramatic tease. A film trailer before the big show. Just before you step inside the cabin door, you turn and wave like a departing movie star.

Today it is warm and sunny, but if it were a dark, rainy night you

would not mind. Your airliner windows glow like a cozy mountain cabin. It is all part of a wonderful new adventure.

Bon Voyage.

Now: The Jet Bridge

You are stuck in another crowded departure lounge.

Your Boeing Triple Seven arrived twenty minutes ago, but the gate agent can't get the ridiculous jet bridge into position. The thing is enormous. It must weigh hundreds of thousands of pounds and cost millions of dollars. As the gate agent struggles at the controls, hydraulic arms flex and groan, lights flash, bells ring, and machinery wails. He might as well be trying to dock a supertanker.

It's all part of "new and improved" technology, of course, and the jet bridge does support the aircraft's air-conditioning and power needs during its downtime. But do we really need this example of Rube Goldberg engineering when the walk from departure gate to airplane is a negligible distance? Ironically, this windowless passageway has made the airplane almost irrelevant. You know you are walking towards an airplane, but you cannot see, hear, or smell it. You might as well be headed to the subway. It has been said that birds who are caged think flying is an illness. That could describe those passengers who view airline travel as a spiritless endeavour.

So unlike those earlier days when air travel was eagerly anticipated and revered ... one step at a time.



TAILWINDS – Bits 'n Pieces from Around the Museum (and Beyond)

The Little Engine that (Almost) Could: Vic Bentley did an outstanding job cleaning-up this Nelson H-44 engine. This 4-cylinder, single ignition, two-stroke cycle engine was designed as an auxillary power launch for the museum's Dragonfly glider. Because of the weight (40 lbs.) and low performance (25 hp), it was not successful, and the engine was removed and a streamlined fairing was used on the rear fuselage. Still, this engine is quite rare and deserved the restorative hands of our museum's engine expert. Vic's TLC shows!



Retouching that Face, that Wonderful Face: 2016 marks the 100th anniversary of John Gillespie Magee's (RCAF) poem, High Flight. If you would like to read more about Magee, this book is highly recommended: "Touching the Face of God: The Story of John Gillespie Magee Jr. and his poem High Flight," by Ray Haas. (available on amazon).

Brace for Impact: Tom Hanks plays Miracle on the Hudson pilot Chesley Sullenberger in the upcoming film, "Sully." This should be a good one – Hollywood loves a hero. Look for the splashdown in local theatres this September.

Retail Therapy – What's in the CMF Gift Shop:

This has been an entertaining year for those watching the U.S. Presidential race. Here's the perfect Air-Force One mug for your Clinton coffee or Trump tea. \$19.95 Cdn.



Size Matters: Is an A380 passenger experience on your bucket list? British Airways now offers scheduled flights from YVR. If you'd rather just plane spot, the behemoth arrives daily at 2:00 and 6:40 pm.

Oh, my! The Most Romantic Aviation-Related Film Dialogue Ever: "You know, when we were on that plane, I was fascinated by the way the shadow followed us. That silly shadow! Racing along over mountains and valleys, covering ten times the distance of the plane, and yet always there to greet us ... with outstretched arms

when we landed. And I've been thinking that, somehow, you're that plane, and I'm that silly shadow. That all my life I've been rushing up and down hills, leaping rivers, crashing over obstacles, never dreaming that one day that beautiful thing in flight would land on this earth and into my arms." - Lost Horizon (1937)



Forget the Gnome – This is the Perfect Garden Ornament for Aviation Geeks. "Three Green" Thumbs?



Not Your Day? "When everything seem to be going against you, remember that the airplane takes off against the wind, not with it." – Henry Ford

