



MAYDAY

The Official Newsletter of the Motorsport Emergency and Turnworkers Association
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All opinions expressed in the Mayday are those of the individual authors and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Mayday staff, Club Executive, or the members of META.

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A "Celebration of Life" was held at the last race at Mission on April 23 for Bob and Hilda Randall. An emotional and touching event for all that knew them.

A summary of Bob's 95 years of life including 73 years with Hilda was available to all who attended. I have reprinted that life story in this special edition of the Mayday.

They lead a rich and fascinating life.

ROBERT CHEETHAM RANDALL 1908 - 2004

The Early Days

Robert Cheetham Randall, better known as Bob, was born in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan on November 2, 1908, a year before Robert Perry first made it to the North Pole on foot. Bob's Father, Arthur John Randall was originally supposed to immigrate to Canada from Elsing, Norfolk with the Barr Colonists in 1903, but was delayed. He arrived in Canada either in 1903 or 1904 at the age of 23. He was a machinist by trade. Bob's mother, Edith Emma Cheetham, was born in Redcar, Yorkshire, however the family moved about a lot while in England. She emigrated with her entire family from England to Canada about 1905.

Bob was the first-born child of Arthur and Edith, followed two years later by Florence in 1910. Edward (Ted) in 1912, Edith in 1913, and Phyllis in 1915. On Bob's fifth birthday he dearly wanted a little red wagon. He got it and also a baby sister, Edith on the same day. The Randall family lived at 1019 Avenue A North in Saskatoon just across the street from the Normal School. Aunt Edith reports that Bob was the apple of his parent's eye and could do no wrong. At times his siblings used his charm to gain extra favors from their parents!

Need for speed

Bob's initial foray into racing began in 1924 at the age of 16, when he raced motorcycles in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. On completion of high school, he became a mechanic, while continuing to race motorcycles in his spare time. During the next three years, the young Randall was involved with this two-wheel sport until 1928, when the ultimate "flying machine" replaced racing.

Discovering the ultimate “flying machine”

In the mid 1920's, the federal government announced an initiative that would help establish flying clubs across Canada. If a group of local aviation enthusiasts built an airfield with a hangar, and hired an instructor and air engineer to teach a minimum of 30 people to fly at any one time, the federal government would give the flying club two planes and a grant of \$100 per pupil. This initiative would ensure that Canada had a nucleus of trained pilots in case of war and provide cities with rudimentary airports that could be developed. The Saskatoon Aero Club was the first flying club to fulfill all of the conditions and receive two planes. Bob joined the club, following an interest in flying that he got from a favorite uncle who had flown Handley Pages in World War 1. The Saskatoon Aero Club got the first airplane released from the RCAF for the flying club initiative, and this, a Cirrus Moth, was the aircraft on which Bob learned to fly. On May 25, 1928, the Star Phoenix newspaper reported that Bob Randall made his first solo flight in GC-AKG and was going to do his commercial license. As a mechanic by trade, Bob was a very useful member of the flying club.

After building up his time and acquiring a commercial pilot's license Bob went to work early in 1929 for Cherry Red Airlines, flying a Buhl Air Sedan out of Prince Albert into the Lac La Ronge area. He then became a barnstormer and occasional instructor, first for Bilby Air Service and then for Duncan Motors in Saskatoon. Barnstormers were aerial gypsies who earned a precarious living flying old biplanes from town to town, living off what they could charge for shows and rides. In this work, he got a trip to Regina to carry some parachute jumpers. A member of the parachute club in training for her first jump was a girl named Hilda Bard. Rather than accomplish her dream of floating through the air like a leaf, Hilda chose to marry Bob on August 16, 1930. Although they were living in Regina at the time, they eloped to Moosejaw. They spent 75 cents in a pay phone on a Saturday afternoon trying to find a minister who would marry them. They located one who was going out that evening, but if they could meet him at the church in ten minutes he would marry them. Thus, Bob and Hilda were married in the Cathedral in Moosejaw with two strangers who were invited in off the street to witness the ceremony.

In May 1931 Bob joined Brooks Airways of Prince Albert doing forestry patrol work and general bush flying that included surveying and freighting, gaining valuable experience as a northern flyer. One summer Bob and Hilda even lived in a tent on Lac La Ronge.

At that time, most pilots flew by what they could see: roads, railroad lines and even power lines. This restricted their operation to daylight hours and good weather. In 1932, Bob was selected to take a class in instrument flying at Camp Borden, a class offered by the RCAF to commercial pilots. Far-sighted people like Bob understood that in order to compete with railroads, they had to learn to fly at night and in poor weather. Bob took a leave of absence from Brooks Airways to take the instrumentation class, working hard and finishing first in his class.

Although Hilda remained air minded, even learning to fly, she was soon too busy raising children to get a license. On March 18, 1932 in Regina, the twins Robert Bard Randall and Howard Edward Randall were born prematurely at six and a half months gestation. Little was known then about the care of preemie babies, and it was a tribute to their medical care that they survived. When they eventually came home from the hospital, it took an hour to change and breast feed each baby and they ate every three hours. Apparently, Hilda would fall asleep with her head in her dinner plate and her Mother would have to lift her head out of it and send her to lie down.

Northern adventures and the spirit of a bush pilot

In May 1934, Brooks Airways sent Bob to the Yukon in a Fairchild 71. He fell in love with the North, and in the fall of that year, Bob left Brooks to join Northern Airways, an outfit that was based out of Carcross, on Lake Bennett in the Yukon Territory. Faithful Hilda bundled up the eighteen-month-old twins and all of their possessions and made the long journey from Saskatoon by train to Vancouver, ship up the Inside Passage to Skagway, and narrow gauge railroad to Carcross. The young family settled in a log cabin in the Indian settlement, where there were few white folk. The Tushi was a well known riverboat that plied the waterways in those days and eventually was docked on the river across from Mom and Dad's log cabin.

Money was scarce and most fresh groceries were shipped in by air and hence rather costly. One day in Mathew Watson's General store Hilda looked down to see each twin taking a bite out of a fresh tomato on display. At \$15.00 a pound for the tomatoes (or \$202 a pound in today's dollars) I wonder what they ate the rest of the month?

One of Bob's assignments for Northern Airways was to fly a Fokker from Nelson to Carcross and in doing so, he became the second man to fly the Rocky Mountain Trench; Stan McMullen was the first a year earlier in 1934. The Rocky Mountain Trench later became the route on which the Alaska Highway was built.

In the book *Bush Pilots — Master Aviators of the Wilderness*, bush pilots are described *as a tough independent lot who pioneered the use of airplanes to carry people and goods to places that had been accessible only by dogsled or canoe. They flew over unmapped mountains in the worst weather that God inflicts. If the plane crashed, there was little hope of rescue. It required a very resourceful and talented pilot to make a living out of this work, without radios and maps, in severe climactic conditions and without navigational aids. The difficulties of navigating near the magnetic pole also made compasses unreliable.*

A bush aircraft had to have essential emergency equipment stowed on board: rations, heavy sleeping bags, a tent, coal oil, shovels, firepots, snowshoes, engine spares, rifles and a tarpaulin. These necessities weighed about 75 pounds. While they took away from the payload, they were essential to survival in the event of an emergency. Bob's mechanic's background, knowledge of aero engines, and spare parts no doubt saved his life and that of his passengers on more than one occasion.

Bob flew over many parts of the Yukon and Northern B.C. with Northern Airways. His flights over the Yukon and Northern British Columbia region were over areas that were blank uncharted spaces on maps. He flew mail, passengers and freight between Whitehorse and Dawson City and from Atlin to Telegraph Creek. He did the first air mail run from Carcross through Atlin to Telegraph Creek, and subsequently spent a lot of time doing that run.

The National Geographic Expedition, 1935

In 1935 Bob was chartered to fly supplies and make photographic flights over the unmapped territory of the St. Elias Mountains for the National Geographic Society's 1935 Yukon Expedition that would survey and map the border between Alaska and Canada. Bradford Washburn, the famed alpinist and explorer, led this expedition in which Bob flew supplies to places several thousand feet above sea level into rugged mountain country strewn with glaciers. Although the mountain peaks averaged 12,000 feet in height, some were giants — Mount Logan at 19,850', Mount St. Elias at 18,008' and Mount Luciana at 17,150' above sea level. The glaciers were immense and one, the Hubbard glacier, extended seventy miles in the sea.

On March 7, 1935 Bob flew Mr. Washburn and Mr. Bates through the heart of the St. Elias range, over the great Seward glacier, past Mt. Logan and northward past Mount Luciana to Kluane Lake in a FC —2WZ Fairchild. The Fairchild had a service ceiling of 11,000 feet and most pilots would have flown around the mountains rather than over them. The flight took several hours in the bitter cold at an average altitude of 18,000 feet without oxygen. The aircraft had no camera well and Bates had the rear door of the cabin removed so that the aerial camera could be used to photograph the terrain. They were the first to fly over this forbidding wilderness photographing an astounding number of hitherto unknown glaciers and peaks. By the end of March, Bob flew Washburn and Bates on a photographic flight down the gorges of the Skselk River to the Pacific Ocean. On April 22 Bob and Washburn explored the last unknown wilderness east from Mount Logan, past the unmapped glaciers with rolling hummocks of ice buried beneath the debris of rocks that had fallen on them in avalanches from the mountains. Every major peak was named and photographed, its height and position calculated later, and the boundary between Alaska and Canada fully mapped. In recognition of his work, which contributed greatly to the success of the Expedition, Bob was elected a member of the National Geographic Society in April 1935.

Bob later recounted the following story: *“In 1935, nearly 50 years ago, I was pilot for the National Geographic Society’s Yukon Expedition (headed by Bradford Washburn of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who mapped 2000 square miles of formerly unknown territory in the Yukon and Alaska.) The expedition was organized to attempt the first crossing of the Elias Range and to map as completely as possible this unknown region of Canada. Blockaded on the West by the gigantic mass of the St. Elias Range and on the East by 150 miles of virtually unmapped mountain wilderness, the mere approach to our region presented a problem. Summer weather in coastal Alaska is notably treacherous for photographic work or surveying. In the winter, however, despite the intense cold and frequent gales, the skies are generally much clearer than in summer. The glaciers are blanketed in deep snow that covers the dangerous cracks, and progress on skis from camp to camp is both safer and speedier. Therefore, the only reasonable transportation into the area was by airplanes equipped with skis. For this purpose a base camp was established, complete with supplies, 6 dogs and driver, near the tongue of an immense unknown glacier descending eastward for nearly 50 miles into the Alsek Valley from the peak of Mt. Hubbard, one of the greatest peaks of the St. Elias Range. On our reconnaissance flight of March 7th we decided that to cross the St. Elias range was one thing to map it, photograph it, and still cross it was another. To establish our upper base soon enough to complete our job before the June thaws meant either more dogs or further assistance from the plane. That night we had a serious conference and it was decided that since no more dogs were available, the next day I would endeavor to find a spot higher on the glacier that we could use as the main base. After looking over many photographs that we had previously taken, we established that there was an area large enough to land on, just below the upper fork of the glacier and icefall. On March 8th Brad Washburn and I took off from Carcross and flew to this position, where I descended low enough to assess the surface. I decided that the area was large enough, but I had no idea how much snow there was in depth or how hard it was. I finally decided to give it a try, throttled back going down the glacier and allowed the skis to run on the surface. I kept partial power on and made a huge circle coming back on my tracks four or five times, which indeed gave me a runway. I then decided to cut all the power and let the airplane come to rest. Everything was fine. This was the first landing on a glacier in Canada at high altitude. The skis of the airplane were sitting about 2 feet below the surface of the snow but when I stepped off the beaten track made by the skis, I sank to my hips in soft snow. We then decided to try and find out how deep the snow was. By using 10-foot bamboo poles we were able to penetrate the snow 15 feet before any resistance was felt. We then took off and I came around and made another landing. Needless to say I made many more landings in establishing the base camp. Our height above sea level turned out to be 5000 feet. The upper base camp was established and the overland trek to the Pacific Ocean was accomplished.”*

Leaving Carcross, 1937

In 1937, Bob was planning on leaving Northern Airways early in 1937 and joining Mackenzie Air Services based in Edmonton Alberta. Arrangements were made for Hilda, who was in her last month of pregnancy, and the twins to leave on the last boat of the season from Skagway. Bob and an R.C.M.P. constable left on a flight to pick up a pregnant aboriginal woman and take her into Whitehorse for her labor and delivery. They did not return as scheduled. The priest approached both wives and told them they were widows. He told Hilda to make her peace with God and leave Carcross. Hilda did not feel that Bob was dead, but knew that if she remained in Carcross until he returned that he would 'kill her'. So she packed up all their worldly possessions and with a toboggan piled with the twins and what boxes she could load at one time she pulled them across the frozen river to the train station. She piled these boxes on the platform and then returned for another load. How many trips were required to move all of their belongings? Finally Hilda and the twins left by train for Skagway. When she got on the boat, Hilda promptly went into labor! When she arrived in Prince Rupert there was a telegram from Bob that he was back and fine; weather had forced them to land on a lake and sit out the storm. He was alive and well and he would see her later. With the reassurance offered by the telegram, Hilda's labour stopped. After docking in Vancouver Hilda traveled four days and three nights on the train to Regina to be with her own parents. She had one day of rest before going into labour again. Beverly Joan was born on January 29, 1937. When Joan was three months old Bob and Hilda and their three children were reunited in Edmonton. Bob nicknamed his daughter "Butch" for some unknown reason and it stuck for a lifetime.

Life in Edmonton, 1937-1952

The Randall family lived in rental accommodation at 10725 — 125 Street in the west end of Edmonton. There is a family picture of three rather grubby urchins sitting on the front steps of their home with Aunt Sadie, Hilda's sister. Based in Edmonton, Bob routinely flew to Yellowknife, Aklavik, Peace River, Coppermine, Goldfields, and to Eldorado on Great Bear Lake, and down the MacKenzie River to the Arctic coast.

In August 1937, Sigismund Levanevsky, a Russian flyer, and his five companions were on a Trans polar flight from Moscow to Fairbanks, Alaska when they became lost in the Arctic. The Soviet government asked the British explorer Sir Herbert Wilkins to search for their aircraft. But even before the Wilkins team began flying north, one lone pilot was already looking for the downed aircraft. On August 14th 1937 under contract by the Soviet Embassy in Washington, Leigh Brintnell, dispatched Bob to the Arctic coast to participate in the search. Bob made an unsuccessful coastal search flight of 600 miles from Aklavik to Point Barrow. The search covered all of the Western Arctic coastal areas between Siberia, Alaska and Canada. Bob landed wherever he saw native groups, asking if they had seen the Soviets.

Bob became the second pilot ever to fly between Aklavik and Point Barrow, the first being Colonel Charles Lindberg who did it during his around the world flight. For his part in the search, 27 year old Bob was made a member of the prestigious Explorer's club.

In 1940, Bob became Operations Manager for MacKenzie Air Services and continued in this capacity when MacKenzie merged with Canadian Airways to form United Air Services. United Air Services was bought out and merged with Yukon Southern Transport by Canadian Pacific forming Canadian Pacific Airlines in 1941

December 7, 1941 the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbour; the United States and Canada went to war in the Pacific against Japan. An inland air and land route from Dawson Creek BC to Fairbanks, Alaska through the Yukon that was safe from Japanese carrier aircraft became an immediate priority. A project called the CANOL Pipeline to carry oil from Norman Wells to Whitehorse was also begun in case fuel supplies brought by sea were cut off.

Canadian Pacific Airlines was contracted to provide the personnel and aircraft to carry engineers, construction workers, and equipment to what became the biggest undertaking since the building of the Panama Canal; the 16,000 mile Alaska - Canada Military highway. Bush pilots with Bob's expertise were in demand and he was loaned to Bechtel, Price and Callahan, an American construction company that was building the Alcan Pipeline from Norman Wells to Whitehorse. Bob organized and managed their flying operations. On one trip home from Fairbanks Alaska, Bob had been able to purchase three suckers and three balloons in the canteen. Joan, who was a small child at the time, had to ask her brothers Bob and Ted what they were as this was during the war years when sugar was rationed and rubber was used for tires.

Childhood was a very happy time. In 1939, the Randall family moved to another house at 10713 — 123 Street. Joan recalls happy times of picnics and berry picking on the banks of the Sturgeon River, and fireworks in the back yard, including the time Bob Jr set the wooded lot next door on fire. Christmas Eve, Bob always showed home cartoons with a movie projector before the children were sent off to bed with visions of sugar plums dancing in their heads. We had a white polar bear rug on the living room floor. The head was mounted with glass eyes, an open mouth and sharp teeth and a tongue. The tongue was the children's "Tooth Fairy" spot where teeth were exchanged for a nickel. The kids played a lot on that rug — it was rather rough and scratchy and eventually they wore it out. Too bad. It was a rather nice trophy that Bob had brought home from the North.

A son, John Arthur Randall was born in Edmonton on June 12, 1943. The house became rather crowded for six so Bob and Hilda purchased their first house at 10746 - 128 Street in Edmonton in 1946. The children were put to work on their hands and knees polishing the linoleum and hardwood floors with paste wax and old towels. The children would wrap the towels on their feet and skate about to buff the floors to a brilliant shine. Happiness came the day when Hilda purchased a weighted polisher that they wielded about like a scythe. Bob built the garage with the help of his sons Bob and Ted.

While living in Edmonton Bob became a member of the Order of Free Masons. He joined Ivanhoe Lodge 142 AF & AM and received his Master Mason's Degree in 1947. Later, when he moved to Vancouver, he was a founding member of the Aviation Lodge which was established May 11, 1960.

About 1944, Bob and Hilda purchased KOM ON INN, a summer cabin at Seba Beach on Lake Wabamum, not far from Edmonton. Bob stripped the exterior of the cabin, added a long enclosed veranda and resided it. He also revitalized the interior. In the backyard, he built his own concrete and brick grill and Bob became very adept at flipping burgers. One time he tried cooking spaghetti in a pressure cooker. When great shouts were heard the family looked out to see Bob hiding behind the chimney of the grill while the pressure cooker, having blown its valve, was spitting bullets of steaming spaghetti into the air. Many vacations with visiting relations are part of our childhood memories at Seba Beach. To this day, Bob Jr still owns this property.

During the years in Edmonton the twins Bob and Ted became passionately involved in building and flying model airplanes, an interest nurtured by both Bob and Hilda. The basement of the Randall home was cluttered with plans, balsa wood, and smelled of airplane glue and paint. They competed in many flying competitions both locally and internationally. The twins also became involved in Air Cadets and eventually were awarded flying lessons. After graduation from high school they worked to pay for their flying time towards obtaining their commercial pilot licenses. Eventually they followed in their father's footsteps and were hired by Canadian Pacific Airlines. This was the first Father/Son flying trio in Canada.

New adventures in Vancouver, 1952 onward

For ten years Bob flew the domestic routes out of Edmonton into the North, eventually bidding into Vancouver. Early in 1952 Bob and Hilda moved to Vancouver where they purchased a newly built home at 1755 West 68th Avenue. When Bob and Ted were transferred from Edmonton to Vancouver in 1953 they resumed living with their parents, bringing along their friend Rick Kilburn. Although Rick only intended to stay a short while, he was the second last to leave home thirteen and a half years later. With many other young pilots transferring from Edmonton to Vancouver, Hilda took them under her wing, baking her famous banana cup cakes and mending their clothes as needed.

Bob pioneered the first official route over the pole to Amsterdam on June 3, 1955 with Canadian Pacific Airlines, flying a DC 6B CF-CUR from Vancouver to Sondstrom, Greenland and then to Amsterdam. Over the years, Bob's flying career took him to Tokyo, Hong Kong, Honolulu, Fiji, New Zealand and Australia and in Europe to Italy and Portugal. During his layovers Bob loved to shop. He always brought home trinkets and presents from his travels and his returns were just like Christmas, all year round. Our homes have many reminders of the thoughtful treasures he found.

Bob was always very clever with his hands. His granddaughter Jacquie once stated that if Pops couldn't fix something then it simply could not be fixed. He kept the family washer and dryer operational until the manufacturers no longer made the parts he needed to fix them. He loved to tinker in his basement workshop. He reused and recycled materials before it was cool to do so, creating cheeseboards from odd pieces of tile set into a wooden frame, lamps out of discarded bottles, and even floor lamps out of antique fire extinguishers.

When Bob's youngest son John was in his early teens, he lobbied for a go-kart. Bob, who had been involved in motorbike racing as a teenager understood his passion. He told his son that he would get him a go-kart if there was a place where he could operate it safely and legally. Before long, John had the place and the kart, joining a karting club in 1958. Because he was too young to have a driver's license, Hilda had to take him out to the "Mountain High" Westwood track and wait for him as he competed in his races. John suggested to his mother that she should have a go-kart too, and then she would have something to do while she waited for him. So they got another kart to keep her from getting bored. Then one day John said, 'Mother I think you're ready for a race' and Hilda replied, "OH NO!" However, John was persistent and Hilda did eventually make her racing debut and won her first kart race, becoming a successful competitor in her own right. Bob worked behind the scenes keeping the karts finely tuned. He always said that if the kart couldn't finish the race, the driver could never win a race. From 1961-63 the Randall family spent a lot of time at the kart track, and in 1964 they began their long term association with SCCBC and Conference racing.

Following his six year stint in karts, John Randall spent the next nine years (1964-73) driving his Brabham BT-5 sports racer. During this time, auto racing began to consume the Randall family. Aside from raising a family, Hilda was busy earning her ICSCC Novice driving license driving a Lotus Super Seven. In 1965 Hilda began her eventual 20 year tenure as SCCBC's membership chairperson. Meanwhile, Bob was also embarking upon a new career; re-building the Cosworth twin cam engine in his son's Brabham (Rhodes, 1995).

After suffering a series of broken camshafts, Bob was determined to solve the problem. In hopes of improving the situation Randall machined two camshafts from solid steel billets, but that didn't work. Finally, after extensive research they discovered a serious oiling problem in the engine head. Using ingenuity, Bob cured the problem by drilling a hole in the back of the oil galley, which enabled the excess oil to drain back into the crankcase. During their research into this oiling problem, Bob discussed the problem and his subsequent fix with the Cosworth folks in England. Needless to say, their response wasn't exactly what he expected....

“Cosworth told me that they were unaware of this problem with broken camshafts in this engine,” as Randall reminisced “After I discussed my modification to our problem, they had an alternative cure. Their approach consisted of installing a venturi jet for the oil system, which restricted the amount of oil entering the engine head.” However, Bob wasn’t exactly happy with their solution. “I told Cosworth that they had built a good engine, and the reason for all the oil in the head was for cooling,” said Randall. “Unfortunately, you never got rid of the oil and now you want to restrict its flow. Where is the cooling going to come from now? They replied, “You win!”.

Bob continued to fly the overseas routes until his retirement in November 1968 after forty years of flying. In his career, Bob accrued over 31,000 hours of flying time. On his retirement, Bob was presented with a fine model of a stretch DC-8, the last plane he flew, with a small model of a Cirrus Moth, which his son Bob Jr had made, nestled below its nose. In July 1973, Bob was named a companion in the Order of Icarus, an honor limited to living airmen who have made a contribution to the advancement of aviation. In the same year, Bob was inducted into Canada’s Aviation hall of Fame. His citation for the Hall of Fame reads *“His pioneer flights over unmapped mountains, and his dedication to purpose during the 1937 aerial search for six Russian fliers, despite adversity, have been of outstanding benefit to Canadian Aviation.”* For many years Bob served on the Board of Directors for Canada’s Aviation Hall of Fame. He was further recognized by the British Columbia Aviation Council in 1997. Bob also became a member of the Quarter Century in Aviation Club, serving as an officer of the club for many years and President in 1984-85. This is a very active organization in Vancouver open to all those who have worked in aviation for 25 years.

Bob and Hilda led a very active retirement life. They traveled together to many European destinations including visiting with family in England, Australia and to special events in the North. They purchased a summer home at Lindell Beach at Cultus Lake where they celebrated their 40th, 50th, 60th, 65th and 70th wedding anniversaries with Randall-Bard family reunions. Their daughter Joan fondly remembers one family reunion when Bob delivered a spontaneous lecture on how to build a successful marriage. He asserted that a long-lasting marriage was not a gift, but something that each person in the relationship had to work at.

For a number of years Bob assembled his “ham radio” corner in the rumpus room and under the call letters VE7 ANP established contact with friends throughout the world.

With his outstanding 41-year aviation career coming to a close, Bob had no problem in deciding his next move. As Bob reminisced, “During our racing efforts I was approached several times by some SCCBC members to take an executive position with the club, but I declined because I was still flying the overseas route. However, I told them the day that I retire, I might be interested. When that day finally occurred, they were there.” A few days later Bob was elected Vice President, but shortly afterwards the President of SCCBC passed away, thus beginning Randall’s five year stint as their leader.

Even though John eventually left competition, Bob and Hilda maintained their keen interest in motor sports for nearly 50 years. As a team, they traveled in their motor home to all the races in the lower mainland, helping wherever they were needed. The Randall’s expansive motor sports accomplishments include the following:

- Bob: Vice President of the International Conference of Sports Cars (1974-1986) and President of the Sports Car Club of British Columbia (1968-73; 1981-82).
- Hilda: Charge D’Affairs of the International Conference of Sports Cars (1974-1995); Membership Chairperson of the Sports Car Club of British Columbia (1965-74, 1980-82, and 1989-95).

They both have been members of the ICSCC Race Officials Division since 1972. They provided timing and scoring support for the PPG Indy Car series in Vancouver from 1990 to [insert end date], when they eventually had to forsake the ‘real thing’ for a ringside seat in front of the TV.

The momentum from the '90 Indy Car event, spurred some dedicated SCCBC members to embark upon a three year project of replacing the beloved 1.8 mile Westwood circuit lost to housing development with the opening of the 1.1 mile Mission, BC road course in 1993. Bob commented about the emergence of Mission. "I'm very enthusiastic about this track because the SCCBC members bounded back to replace Westwood. They worked hard to find a place to race and have accomplished this task very well."

In summarizing their involvement in ICSCC racing since 1964, Bob and Hilda found the experiences to be very positive. "We've worked hard in keeping our sport growing in British Columbia and across the border too. It was gratifying to have spent this time watching many Conference drivers come up through the ranks, towards becoming professional drivers. We can't mention any names because we might miss one, and that wouldn't be fair." Bob continues their review. "Conference racing is a family sport! The gang all gets together during the weekend to have some fun. We have made a lot of friends and it is really something else to see the participants every other weekend, all on an equal basis; we are all equal when it comes to Conference racing."

In 1987, Bob and Hilda received the ICSCC "Worker-Of-The-Year" honor. Seven years later at the 37th annual ICSCC Awards Banquet, the ICSCC Driver of the Year trophy was renamed the Randall Cup in recognition of Bob and Hilda's dedicated and outstanding efforts within the Sports Car Club of British Columbia (SCCBC) and Conference racing (Rhodes, 1995). When asked about their thoughts/response about the now Randall Cup award, Hilda remembers that November 12, 1994 evening. "I was speechless! I never ever thought of anything like that would happen. I think it is wonderful and we certainly appreciate this honor." Bob was equally surprised. "My thoughts are even deeper than Hilda's. I was a member of the ICSCC Executive Board when this cup was originated and I have seen it awarded to drivers for the past 27 years. Then, to have this award be re-named in our honor was unbelievable!"

In 2003, the Sports Car Club of BC named the timing and scoring building after Bob and Hilda (The Randall Building) for their contributions over the years.

Their daughter Joan believes that her parents' involvement with the motor sports organizations and their personal ties with people of all ages is what maintained their young spirit. Your energy, enthusiasm and passion for the sport invigorated them and kept them going. Although you are too numerous to name, special mention must be made of Paul and Katherine who went out of their way to drive Bob and Hilda to Conference meetings, Maida and Derek who provided that transportation in Vancouver, Roger who provided their Anniversary cake every August and the gang at META for the wonderful 95th birthday lawn decorations at 1755. You all enriched their lives and our family appreciates your caring and thoughtfulness. We are very proud of the contributions that Bob and Hilda Randall, our parents, grandparents and great grandparents made to Sports Car racing. Dick and Billie Boggs summed it up, "Bob and Hilda were truly amazing people and were probably two of the most remarkable supporters of racing in the Northwest (Rhodes, 1995)."

Life at the Waverly, Chilliwack, 2005

Bob and Hilda continued to live at their beloved 1755 West 68th Avenue, the home they first purchased when they moved to Vancouver, well into their nineties. Their intent was to remain there until they left "feet first" as Hilda said. They nearly made it. Hilda had several falls in November 2003, which prompted both Hilda and Bob to be admitted to the STAT Centre at Vancouver General Hospital, a specialized centre for the care of the elderly, in December 2003.

Although Hilda nearly died that Christmas, she fought her way back to everyone's amazement. At the end of January of 2004, Hilda and Bob were moved to The Waverly at Chilliwack within a week of one another. There, they had a room across the hall from each other. Every night Bob would faithfully kiss Hilda goodnight before retiring to his own room. It was there that Hilda died peacefully in her sleep on March 6th 2004. After 74 years of marriage, Bob was understandably lost without his beloved Hilda. Nine months later he too passed away in his sleep on December 11th 2004.

With Bob Randall's passing, one of the last links with the early development of aviation in Canada is lost. During the first half of the last century trappers, prospectors, missionaries, sportsmen and entrepreneurs in the remote corners of Canada all shared one thing, their reliance on the bush pilots. Flying in minutes or hours over territory so rugged that it took days or weeks on the ground, the bush pilots connected countless remote settlements and lone individuals with the outside world, bringing in mail, medicine, essential goods and emergency aids. His further work in assisting with the development of commercial aviation was remarkable. We are so very proud of Dad's contribution to aviation.

Aircraft flown by Robert Cheetham Randall

Dehavilland Cirrus Moth	Bellanca Aircruiser
Dehavilland Gypsy Moth	Bellanca Skyrocket
Dehavilland Tiger Moth	Bellanca Pacemaker
Dehavilland Puss Moth	Northrup Delta
Pheasant	Northrup Gamma
Waco 10	Stinson Tri-Motor Model T9
Waco	Lockheed Vega
Stinson Jr.	Lockheed 14
Avro tutor	Lockheed Lodestar
Avro Avian	Boeing (Twin Engine)
Cessna 110	Douglas DC-3
Fleet Kinner	Douglas DC-4
Velie Monocoupe	Douglas DC-6
Buhl Air Sedan	Douglas DC-8
Stinson Reliant	Douglas DC- Stretch
Fairchild FC2W2	Bristol Britannia
Fairchild 71	Beech Craft Staggerwing
Fairchild 82	Beech Craft 2 engine
Fairchild Sikanni	Fokker Super Universal
Fairchild KR24	Ford Tri-Motor — Wright J5
Gruman Goose	Ford Tri-Motor — Wasp
Lambert Monocoupe	Ford Tri-Motor — J6
	Stinson Tri-Motor U