

**David J. Howe, OLS # 706**  
**1921 – 2010**

David was born on November 30, 1921 in Pembroke, Ontario where he received his primary education. He passed away in his 89<sup>th</sup> year on April 6, 2010.

David served in the Air Force (RAF) during WWII. David's wartime experience flying fighter combat missions in England, Malta and North Africa was a source of pride for his family and kindled a passion for flying for many family members. While serving in England, he met his wife Beryl. Following the war, David attended McGill University and the University of British Columbia.

In 1947, he joined the Hydro Electric Power Corporation, where he earned his Ontario Land Surveyors commission in 1949 under W.H. Williams, P. Eng., O.L.S. David established his own business in Kitchener, Ontario in 1954 and successfully operated the business until 1967. In 1968, he joined Marshall, Macklin and Monaghan as the Manager of their Hamilton office and eventually retired from MMM in 1980. David will be remembered for his strong dependable character, integrity, spirit and as one who was dedicated to his family and profession. So many wonderful memories that include: skiing, hunting, fishing, walks, gardening, cherished family celebrations, vacations, Christmas drinks and many surprise outings.

Wayne Brubacher's reminiscence about his eleven years with Dave Howe.

It was 1953. I had finished Grade 13, which more recent students would recognize as 1<sup>st</sup>. year university and was trying to make some money to go back to school and earn a degree. It was not to be. Those were bad years economically so I replied to an ad in the local paper for a job with a surveyor. My marks were good, had some citizenship awards and Dave hired me on the spot. I would be dressed for winter as my first day of work was January 2, 1955. The work week was 44 hours which included Saturday morning and it's inherent equipment servicing and washing Dave's car.

We were a two-man crew and he would remind me that if I were to become an indentured student (apprentice) I should be grateful for the \$40 per week that I was being paid. Students should be paying the master for their training!

I soon became party Chief and within a year I was articled and – with a raise. Dave's practice grew rapidly and by the first spring he had a full time draughtsman and two crews led by future OLS's. John Metz was the other party chief. He ran a tight ship, making unscheduled trips to the field to make sure that we knew he could show up at any time – like 4:30 on Friday afternoon. Clean equipment, sharp axes and tidy gear were his trademark. Hats were removed instantly upon entering a building. That rule was even imposed on his clients. We were strongly discouraged from being seen in a bar with any competing company's field crews. "Victorian" is the word that comes to mind!

Several times a year we would go trout fishing with a bottle of Dewar's Scotch Whiskey. We were on the creek by the first light of day, done by noon, always cooked our catch, drank about ½ the scotch and were home by mid-afternoon. Dave was not a person who could relax. One Friday he left for England to take care of family matters and was back at work on Monday.

Dave talked freely about his years with the R.A.F. – “one of the few”, he would say. The obituary said that it was the R.C.A.F. but that is wrong. He flew spitfires and that word is plural on purpose as he was shot down several times. He “bent his plane” as the British would say. He told about the worst part of that experience which was bailing out and watching what was happening below as he descended onto the North African desert. Three groups were racing toward his landing spot – the allied army (good), the enemy (not so good) and the Bedouin (the worst). I don't recall that he was ever captured.

I left the firm in 1966 to set up my own practice and John Metz took over the practice about two years later. Dave next tried his hand at running a practice in the Barrie area, close to hunting and fishing and maybe he could take it easy. I don't know the reason but I can guess that he just got itchy and jumped back into the thick of it.