

The Aussie Mossie

NUMBER 32

MARCH 2002

What is the origin of the famous Digger Hat ?

According to what was known years ago to the New South Wales Ordnance Department, it was born from a shortage of helmets during the South African war.

Sir Harry Chauvel traced the hat from a Tyrolean style first worn by the South African police and later (in the early 1890s) by the Victorian Mounted Rifle Regiment.

The first unit to top its uniform off with the slouched felt hat was the Imperial Bushmen's Corps, which was raised by public subscriptions on a federal basis in January 1900.

Military stocks were notoriously short at this transitional period of Federation, and in Adelaide, at least, that hat was simply an emergency issue.

The Poet Laureate (John Masefield) paid the following tribute to that hat:

"Instead of an idiotic cap that provided no shade to the eye, or screen for the back of the neck, that would not stay on in a wind, no help to disguise the wearer from air observation, these men (the Diggers) wore comfortable soft felt slouch hats that protected in all weather and at all time looked well".



Bits and Pieces

The MAAA Committee is constantly looking for ways to lower the overheads in running the Association. One suggestion is to electronically mail these Bulletins directly to members who have the capability of receiving them via email. This will directly reduce printing and mailing costs, leaving the funds to be used for the restoration of A52-600. Would those Bulletin recipients wishing to receive them in this fashion, please email the editor requesting this service.

Editor's email address: rsteven1@bigpond.net.au

Following the success of sales of MAAA merchandise as advertised in the last Bulletin, Alan Middleton is seeking an indication of interested parties who would like to purchase an MAAA Bomber Jacket.

The price would be in the vicinity of \$50-\$60. Members should drop Alan a line or phone him.

His address: 14 Fitzgibbon Crescent or phone: (03) 9523 9774
CAULFIELD, Victoria 3161 or fax: (03) 9532 8115

Brett Clowes, our mentor and Technical Curator at the RAAF Museum is seeking assistance from the members of the MAAA and friends to help with non restoration tasks around the Museum. He has many tasks that are light work such as being hosts for the general public through to cleaning of the display aircraft. People to perform any of these tasks can work just about any day of the week. He would love to hear from you on (03) 9256 1411. For those having difficulty getting to Point Cook, see the item on Page 3 covering Public Transport.

Reveille

The custom of waking of soldiers to a bugle call dates back to the Roman Legions when the rank and file were raised by horns playing Diana's Hymn.

To this date the French term for Reveille is "La Diana",

When George III officially introduced bugle calls into the British System, a special call was written for the waking of troops. This was known as Reveille, meaning "to wake" again, from old French.

Joseph Hayden is generally regarded as the composer of the calls, which exist substantially, unchanged to this day.

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WANTIRNA SOUTH

Victoria, Australia 3152

The first carrier landing by a twin-engined aircraft

Member Max Ordinall writes:

My father was on board the HMS Indefatigable at the time when sea trials were being held to land a Mosquito on the aircraft carrier. He did not actually see the landing, but was below deck carrying out his duties as a mechanic working on Seafire IIIs of 894 Sqn, Fleet Air Arm; however he certainly heard all the fuss.

He has included an extract from:

"Wings On My Sleeve" by Captain Eric "Winkle" Brown CBE, DFC, AFC, RN

March the 25th was given as the date for the first Mosquito landing at sea. This would be my first big test as an experimental pilot. I had got some sort of reputation as a deck-landing pilot, but now for the first time I was being asked to do something for which there was absolutely no precedent.

My worry was not my flying, but the reliability of the machinery, which I knew the scientists connected with the project all shared. Would the arrester gear cope? Would the hook stand the strain of a real carrier landing? And there was the structure of the Mosquito. I had seen the entire back end pulled off a metal aircraft on the deck. Here we had a wooden machine... All

my RAF friends at Farnborough, although they never said anything openly to discourage me, were obviously sceptical of putting such a fast, heavy plane on to a carrier's deck without any trouble.

What would I do if one engine suddenly failed on take-off? And always there was the nagging thought, 'If I ditch, how the hell am I going to get out?' This was a very real worry for a Mosquito pilot. The escape hatch consisted of a knockout panel above the heads of the crew. The pilot had to let the observer escape first lest they should both get jammed in the narrow roof hole, so his chances of escape were cut down considerably.

The trial was set for the afternoon. I had lunch at Macrihanish and prepared to fly out to the Indefatigable and give all the brass and boffins who had embarked in her their money's worth. For this reason I did not do the usual preliminary aerodrome dummy deck landings first, in case I broke something and put off the trials. There were some Very Important People on board who could only spare this one day.

The ship signalled to say she was ready. I took off and steered to pick her up. There she was, steaming between the bottom tip of Arran and Ailsa Craig. It was a beautiful blue and gold day over the sea, the

(Continued on page 4)

Point Cook News

PUBLIC TRANSPORT TO RAAF MUSEUM

Great news! A local bus operator is now running a shuttle service from Flinders Street Station to the Werribee tourist attractions and on demand to the RAAF Museum, Point Cook Homestead and Coastal Park.

The Museum Shop has brochures for this 7-day a week, twice a day service, which is being trialled until March 2002.

Visitors wishing to use the Werribee Park

Shuttle should phone the number on the brochure to make a one-way or return fare booking.

TWILIGHT SPECTACULAR

The Museum will again be flying as part of the annual Twilight Spectacular at Point Cook, to be held on Saturday 23rd March 2002 at 18:30 hours.

The theme of this year's event is "The RAAF's contribution to Peacekeeping".

The first carrier landing by a twin-engined aircraft—contd

(Continued from page 3)

wind speed good, the water smooth, and I was on my old stamping ground, where I had made so many carrier landings before.

I arrived fast and low down to give them a real taste of the Mosquito's style, then went into my circuit of the ship. Flying past the starboard side I could see the island packed with goofers. As I went past the island I lowered my hook.

I banked ahead of the bows and came down the port side. Opposite the island downwind I lowered the undercarriage and

my flaps fully down, checking my airspeed very carefully, and switching on the special accelerometer which would record the deceleration G of my arrested landing.

In front of me was the most wonderful view of the deck I had ever had. For the first time I could really see everything. From about 400 feet I settled down, expecting to land on the ship at about 85 mph.

She was as steady as a rock coming down. I did not for once have to turn and twist to get a look at the deck. Then we were very near the rounddown. I could

to straighten out. Her aileron control at these low speeds was not good.

I watched Bob Everett, worrying that if he did not get out of the way smartly he would be chewed to bits by my port propeller.

As I crossed the rounddown he slashed his paddles across in his inimitable brisk cut signal. Then I saw him dart across the deck into the nets on the port side.

I did not cut the throttles right back, just eased them back, in case too sudden a loss of power dropped her abruptly to the



De Havilland Mosquito FB.Mk VI (LR359) makes the first carrier landing by a twin-engined aircraft. The aircraft was modified and underwent trials on board HMS Indefatigable.

put the flaps down to the take-off position, the propeller pitch levers to Fully Fine. This is always the moment when I tense up and begin to concentrate hard, in tune with the rising hum of the airscrew moving into fine pitch.

About a mile and a half astern of the ship now, I turned in on to my approach path, putting

see the batsman, Lieutenant Commander Bob Everett, very clearly standing out near the centre line of the deck. He was giving me a good steady signal all the way, with only a small correction to level up my wings as the machine caught the inevitable funnel gases over the stern. I felt the lurch quite distinctly. The Mosquito was slow

deck and she bounced.

She sank. I judged her about a foot or two from the deck and cut the engines completely. She touched the deck in a perfect three-point attitude and ran forward. Astonished, I felt a very gentle pull as we decelerated. We had caught the second wire. We ran very quietly

The first carrier landing by a twin-engined aircraft—contd

to a stop. I reached behind my head and switched off the accelerometer, then the engines.

I climbed out. First to arrive on the scene were the boffins, all swaddled in their Sidcot suits against the fierce wind which tore down the deck. A few quiet words of congratulation from one or two of them you never get more than that from a boffin then Flag Officer Air (Home), Rear-Admiral Portal, and Commodore Slattery, Chief Naval Representative at the Ministry of Supply, appeared. Commodore Slattery was his usual unruffled self. He had had confidence in the trial and showed no surprise at its successful outcome. At least, that was the impression he always gave.

The Mosquito was struck down into the hangar for a thorough check of instruments and airframe. The film of the landing was developed and it was found that I had landed at only 78 mph, much slower than I had anticipated. In fact this is usually the case when you come to put an aircraft down on the deck of a carrier at sea after trials on land only. The sea is kind, the airflow is smoother, with no trees, houses, haystacks to ruffle it, and you are not worried by obstructions in your path. The accelerometer recorded an astonishingly mild deceleration in spite of the high aircraft weight. My Seafires had weighed about 6,000 lb. The

Mosquito had carried more than twice that load, at 16,000 lb.

After the machine had been checked over I took off for a further four landings. I was much more concerned about the take-off than the landing. With the Mosquito's long wingspan I would have to take off with my starboard wheel on the centre line of the deck so as to be sure of missing the island. Thus I would be displaced even more towards the side where the engine swing would carry me. When I released the brakes I would have nearly full power on. Unless I picked it up very rapidly on the rudder I could go over the side.

As soon as we started to move forward I put on starboard rudder to counteract the swing. With the forty knots of wind I was getting, the rudder bit much more quickly than normally and we got off very smoothly. I still had to be very quick with the rudder. I had an almost overpowering urge to look to starboard to see if the wingtip was clearing the island.

That night on board everyone had their own special party. At a very late hour I made enquiries about a place to lay my weary head. In the end it had to be the wardroom couch, after the last of the celebrating horde had gone. They had forgotten to give me a cabin. I felt a little hard done by, particularly when

I was turned out in the cold grey dawn by a steward who wanted to sweep out. And I had to be off the deck again at 8.45.

I had been alone before. Now Bill Stewart was to fly with me to supervise a further three landings at steadily increased weights. We did two landings without incident, the first at a total weight of 16,800 lb, the second at 17,000.

We came in for the third, for which the weight had been put up to 18,000 lb, and touched down. The extra weight made us decelerate hard. I knew that we had picked up a wire. Suddenly there was a lurch, the tail kicked, and the deceleration stopped abruptly. We careered on up the deck.

I had a fraction of a second to make up my mind. What had broken? Had the hook gone? Had the rear end been torn off? In that case to open up and try to take off again was suicide. Had the arrester wire parted? If so, there was a danger of snagging another wire and tearing hook or tail right off if I was to accelerate again by opening up the engines.

I had had some experience of these things by now, and I thought it was most likely the hook, which had parted. I opened up instantly to full power, slamming the throttles wide

(Continued on page 11)



Vale

RAE (Ray) Taylor
of
Floreat Park,
Western Australia

Thanks to member Ivan Pretty for replying to the request for information and confirming that Ray passed away (probably September 2001).

ORIONs Delivered

The Royal Australian Air Force has taken delivery of the first two of its new generation AP-3C Orion long-range Maritime Patrol Aircraft from the contractor Raytheon Australia.

The upgraded AP-3C represents a quantum leap in maritime reconnaissance capabilities for the Australian Defence Force with its state-of-the-art surveillance sensors and mission systems.

One of the new arrivals was the prototype which was modified in Texas, and the other was the first production aircraft modified by Australian industry at Avalon, Lara, in Victoria.

The development and integration of the mission systems into the first AP-3C was conducted at the Raytheon facility in Greenville with further testing at Raytheon Australia's production facility at Avalon.

The combination of the new 'imaging' radar with the Electronic Support Measures, fitted under an earlier project, will give the AP-3C one of the best maritime patrol capabilities in the world. In addition, the AP-3C's new technology will improve the ADF's capability for anti-submarine and anti-surface warfare, surveillance and search and survivor supply.

From the Mailbag & an apology

I am not sure if you guys deserve this!! Take a look at page 2 of the last bulletin and you will see that you have re-named me "Tom Baird".

Oh well. Now you know I am Tom Parsons!

My number was 409436. I was in 19 Course at Somers and after a stint at 11EFTS Benalla, and No 7 SFTS at Mallala, went to the U.K. in June 1942 on a *dreadful* old tub called "The Westernland".

I did a "Tour" in Training Command as a Pilot Instructor flying Oxfords, before being transferred to No 139 Squadron, Pathfinder Force, flying Mosquitoes.

My kids have been on my back to write some memoirs, and I can remember some funny incidents that happened all those years ago. Ask me to remember something that happened yesterday, and I have a problem! I wrote a few short notes, and you may like to use them if you feel they are suitable. Perhaps you may like to spread them out over a few months. I'll try to think out some other stories, and if you are lucky, you will get a copy!! Keep up the good work.

I went back to the UK in 1992 and together with my former Navigator; F/Lt Dick Burgess DFC paid a visit to Salisbury Hall where the original Mosquito was made under wraps.

I was allowed to get up into the cockpit again and get the feel of all those years ago. The guide amused us when he asked if we knew how to get into the thing!!

They even had the cement moulds used in steaming the ply into shape. I asked a very

old guide who said he used to work on building the Mossie, how big was the scarf joint on the plywood where the joins were made. He said it was about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch. That rocked me as I remembered throwing a Mk 16 around the sky over Berlin with a German Jet on my tail.

Oh dear. A Long time ago!

Regards to all, Tom Parsons, Leongatha, Victoria

My apologies for giving you a new surname Tom—my glasses need replacing—Ed.

Some light hearted comments to go with the full history story...

11EFTS Benalla was the first time we saw an Aircraft, having done our rookie training at Somers.

We were expected to go solo in under 8 hours dual instruction. I made it in 7 hours, which was about the average in our course of about 35 members. I remember Vic Pedersen, who just couldn't get it right, and didn't seem to be able to judge the height of the ground when coming in to land.

They gave him an extra hour and then scrubbed him. He was from a Salvation Army Family, and immediately went on to be a Salvo throughout the war. Did a great job!

After the War, Vic went up north and learnt to fly again and spent the rest of his life flying around the outback as a Salvation Padre, landing on all sorts of roads, in all sorts of conditions!

So there you go! Maybe the RAAF were wrong!

Next story...

When I was doing my Service Training at Mallala, South Australia prior to graduating as a

(Continued on page 10)

Australia Day

January 26th is a day when Australians all over the world stop, reflect and celebrate Australia Day in displays of national pride.

"Australia Day is an opportunity for us to think of our people deployed overseas and the good work that they are doing," Chief of the Defence Force, Admiral Chris Barrie said.

"I am sure Australians will be proud of the contribution Australian Defence Force personnel are making to a number of peace keeping, peace monitoring and military assistance programs all over the world."

The Australian Defence Force currently has more than 3000 personnel deployed around the globe in Mozambique, Sierra Leone, Somalia, Eritrea, Kosovo, Middle East, Afghanistan, Malaysia, East Timor and Bougainville.

New Member

The Association extends a warm welcome to the following new member:

R (Rob) Barnard
of
23 Kidman Street
Yarraville
Victoria

Phone: 0419 510 823

He says he is *mad* about DH98's, he has come to the right organisation!

'... I turn green and yellow with envy when I see the mosquito. The British knock together a beautiful wooden aircraft that every piano factory over there is building... There is nothing the British do not have.'

Reichsmarshal Hermann Goering

And the young people ask...

Now every April I sit on my porch
And I watch the parade pass before me,
And I see my old comrades,
How proudly they march,
Reviving old dreams and past glories,

And the old men march slowly,
Their bones stiff and sore,
They're tired old heroes from a forgotten war,
And the young people ask what are they marching for,
And I ask myself the same question,

And the band plays Waltzing Matilda,
And the old men still answer the call,
But as year follows year,
More old men disappear,
Someday no one will march there at all.

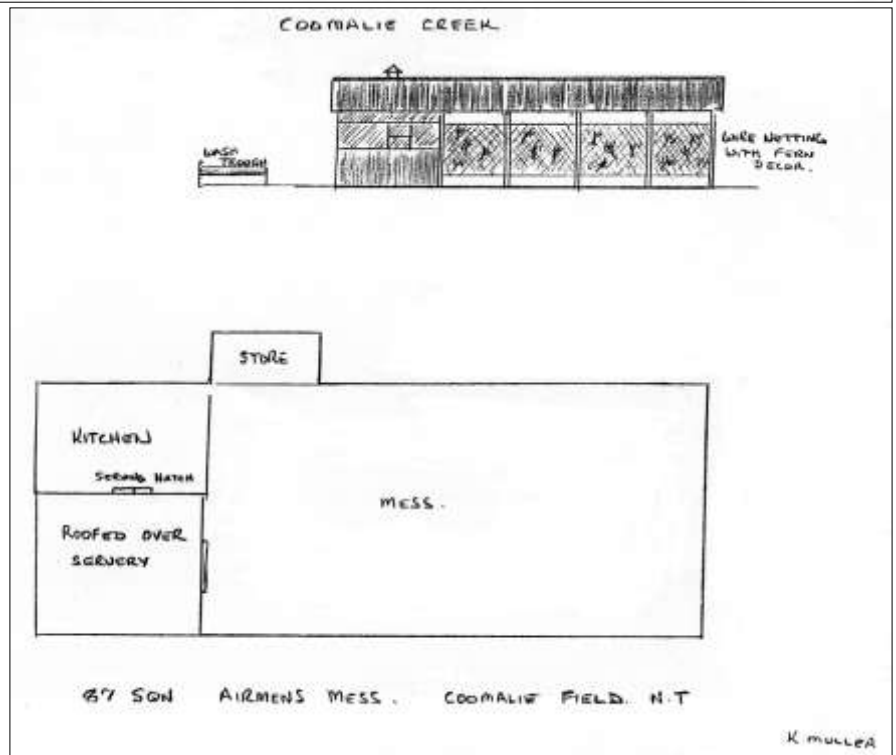
Erie Bogle

Airmen's Mess and Tent Lines at Coomalie Creek

Here is the third pencil drawing by Association member Keith Muller of Penrith, NSW.



And if anybody is interested in building a replica of the Airmen's Mess, then here are Keith's plans for the building.



CRISIS Calls by Mobile Phone

A little-known function of GSM mobile phones is an ability to summon emergency help even when service seems improbable.

Digital GSM phones, as opposed to CDMA or satellite systems, have a dedicated secondary emergency number (112) which can be used to call fire, police and ambulance services.

The Australian Communications Authority's Warren Duncan said the industry and ACA were eager to promote '000' as the major national service number for emergency aid.

Mr Duncan said people should always attempt to use the 000 number in the first instance for emergency calls, although he admitted the choice was at the discretion of the caller. The alternative 112 service can lock onto any available digital network, even those of a rival company, in more remote regions. All 112 calls are transferred through to the nearest switch, which automatically transfers the call to the 000 network.

For GSM phones, the 112 number can be accessed when the phone is locked, if the SIM card has been removed and when service can be accessed through any network. Phone users must have charge in their mobile phone battery to make 112 calls.

Mobile phone users who dial 000 are unable to piggyback on another carrier's network.

The 112 number is compatible overseas, although not all international digital phone networks have the same frequencies and some older digital phones operate on just one bandwidth. More modern mobile phones can work on two or three frequencies, although it is best to check about overseas networks before any trip.

Story by Chris Bishop

'Road Ahead' Magazine published by RACQ

Great Predictions

With regard to electric light, much has been said for and against it, but I think I might say, without fear of contradiction, that when the Paris Exhibition closes, electric light will close with it, and very little more will be heard of it...

- Prof. Erasmus Wilson, 1878.

"There will be no great war in Europe in 1939"

Daily Express, London, 2 January 1939.

Hercules now operational

The fleet of twelve new generation C-130J Hercules aircraft were formally accepted into operational service by the Chief of the Air Force, Air Marshall Angus Houston, at a ceremony at RAAF Base Richmond in New South Wales.

"The C-130J represents a quantum leap in technology over its predecessors with a head up display and glass cockpit, new computer controlled engines and six-bladed composite propellers, a fully integrated digital avionics system and a computer based maintenance support system," Air Vice-Marshal Conroy said.

The new design offers improved performance in areas such as payload capacity, cruise speed, endurance and take-off distance. The Australian configuration C-130J is a 'stretched' version, nearly 5 metres longer than its predecessors, providing greater cargo volume capacity.

"This exciting new platform provides the Australian Defence Force with improved airlift reliability and availability, and will meet the Air Force's strategic and tactical airlift requirements well into the twenty first century," Air Vice-Marshal Conroy said.

"Forty years ago, the Air Force became the first international customer to take delivery of the C-130A Hercules aircraft with subsequent purchases of the E and H models."

Story from Defence Media via email.

From the Mailbag—contd

(Continued from page 6)

Pilot, I was flying Avro Ansons. We had to do a long Cross Country Flight Solo, and I was sent to Kangaroo Island and back. It was over the sea, and there were no land references, so my navigation had to be spot on, or I would miss the Island. This day, with all the excitement of preparation of charts etc, I forgot to have a pee before I took off. Facilities for this in the Anson consisted of a funnel on a flexible pipe back near to the entrance door, half way along the length of the fuselage.

Normally this would be quite satisfactory if there was more than one person on board.

The problem was that if I left the cockpit and moved back towards the rear, the balance of the plane was upset and my weight going backwards would send the nose upwards, which was not too good, as eventually would cause the aircraft to stall. There was no such thing as auto-pilot in those old Ansons.

So I had to trim the elevators to fly nose down to allow for my dash to the rear to carry out the exercise. After several attempts, the mission was finally accomplished. Never forgot it!

Next story...

When I arrived in England in September 1942, I was eventually sent to No 14 Advanced Flying Unit to do a 3 months course learning to fly in England under "dreadful" conditions, because the weather was unlike anything we had encountered in Australia. From this course I was sent to Scotland to undertake a Flying Instructors Course. After graduating from there I commenced my career as an Instructor on Twin Engine Oxfords. Whilst on duty at a place called Castle

Coombe, just out of Bath, we were all called out and loaded on trucks and had to surround a 2 mile block where it was suspected that a German had landed by parachute. Being an Officer, I was issued with a .32 Smith & Wesson 6 shot revolver together with 6 bullets. The rest of the men were given pieces of stick! We all stood around in the cold for about 4 hours, then taken home again. I still don't know what I would have done if we had found anyone. One night later, we woke up to hear loud noise of a heavy aircraft over head and somebody turned on our Circuit Lamps, which we used to teach night flying in Oxfords. This large aircraft had engine trouble and tried to land on our short runway. It was a Halifax Bomber fully loaded with mines, which it was supposed to be laying in the Irish Sea. Of course the runway was not long enough for it, so it went right through the fence, crossed a road, through another fence in smack into a hay stack on the next door farm. The hot engines set the hay on fire. The crew got out and ran like hell! The whole lot went up in several loud explosions, which shattered windows, blew the roof off our buildings, and damaged some 26 Oxfords. The only casualty was the Adjutant, F/Lt Hewitt who was in bed and his tin hat fell off a hook above him and hit him on the head.

Next story...

Eventually I arrived at No 139 Squadron and Dick and I commenced operations. We were introduced to our operational Mosquitoes and told about the 50 gallon drop tanks that were fastened to the wings. The idea was to take off on main tanks, and when at a safe altitude, change over to the wing tanks

and use the fuel in them for the initial climb and part of the trip. When the wing tanks were empty, (we never had a gauge on them) the engines would cough due to lack of fuel.

We then changed back to the main tanks and pressed the jet-tison button and the 2 wing tanks would tumble down and land somewhere in Holland. They were made of paper mache painted with dope paint and so were very light. The sequel to this story is that here in Leongatha are two Dutch families who lived there at that time and they remember going out as kids and finding the tanks and looking for any fuel that may have remained, and later cutting them in half and making canoes out of them.

An Australian friend whom I had met early in my training, Len Clarke, was on the Squadron when I arrived and he told me about the '5 degree' rule to escape flak. My first raid was on Hamburg, and there was a considerable amount of flak and we were coned in searchlights. On our run-in to the target, I thought I would take Len's advice, and it worked! The lurk was when the flak started, to gently turn 5 degrees to port and go up 100 feet. Fly for 10 seconds on this course, then turn 10 degrees to starboard and drop 200 feet. Fly for 10 seconds, then turn 5 degrees to port for 10 seconds, then back on track and hold that for 10 seconds and climb 100 feet. This procedure kept the track correct, but each alteration would confuse the gunners on the ground. It actually worked and saved us many times from some very accurate firing by the German Ack Ack guns. The strange sequel to this story happened some 30 years later

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The first carrier landing by a twin-engined aircraft—contd

open far more harshly than I would ever have dared do normally. I had to pick up power quickly. We had used up a good third of the deck already and been slowed down to start with.

I had opened up so quickly I could not check the swing, which took us off to port. We rushed towards the side. But I did not want to check the swing entirely as we were dangerously near the island. I saw that the port wheel was about to go over the edge of the deck. I pulled back gently on the stick and lifted the machine fractionally off the deck enough to miss the excrescences that cluttered the side.

We cleared the edge by our momentum, but we were so near stalling speed that we at once sank low towards the water. I was prepared for us to go in. But we pulled out with the wheels ten feet off the sea.

Bill and I flew back to Macrihanish in shaken silence. All he said when we got out was, 'Well, you can't blame my calculations for that.' We found that the claw at the end of the hook had sheared. The Mosquito was returned to the makers at Hatfield to have the hook strengthened.

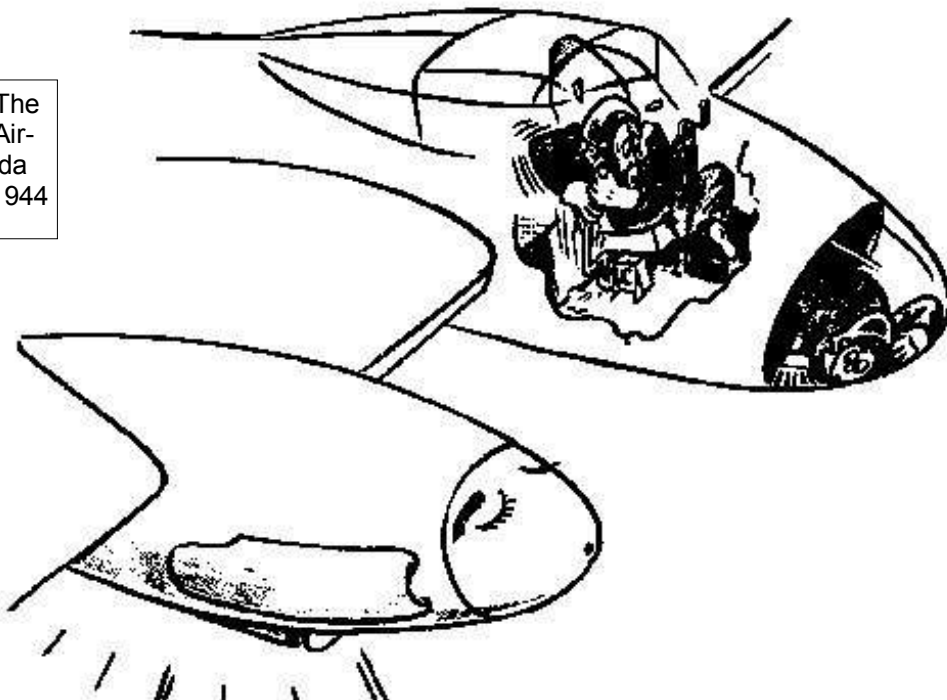
When tests started again on 9th May I had my old CO of Service Trials Unit days with me as se-

cond Trials pilot, Commander 'Tubby' Lane. For this series our machines were fully loaded, with all operational gear aboard, including bombs. As a special treat we were allowed to drop the bombs near the ship. This got the aircraft down to landing weight more quickly than stooging around burning up petrol. The trials went smoothly, except for one landing when Commander Lane missed all the wires, narrowly missed the island, and screeched to a stop inches from the bows with his brakes completely burnt out.

We had proved the thesis. It was decided to build Sea Mosquitoes.

Patience and P.T.

Published by The de Havilland Aircraft of Canada Ltd., Toronto, 1944



Hydraulic pipes sometimes get damaged by flak. If the chassis won't come down normally use the hand pump. It takes about 4 minutes—a long time when you are worried. But

Great Predictions

Well informed people know it is impossible to transmit the voice over wires and if possible to do so, the thing would be of no practical value.

The Boston Post, 1865

The Catalina Arrival

It is now common knowledge around Point Cook about the arrival of the RAAF's restored Catalina fuselage from Amberley base, Queensland.

The aircraft travelled well and arrived unscathed on the back of a semi.

Those who have seen it would agree that Dennis Doggett and crew have done a great job. The fuselage is now resting under covers in storage and it is hoped that it will go on display in Hangar 180 early in 2002.

Meanwhile Mark Campbell and crew at Point Cook are continuing with the restoration of the wings, having nearly completed making all the upper wing skins for the first of the outer wing panels. The centre-section, which also arrived from Amberley, will require some further attention when the outer wing panels are completed.

Luck is no Accident

Member Col King writes:

Congratulations on the progress now being made with our exciting restoration project on A52-600. I hope to pay a visit sometime in the New Year.

I wonder if you could arrange for distribution as widely as possible, of my enclosed flyer for my new book *LUCK IS NO ACCIDENT*, which has sold remarkably well in its first month of life.

Your members would unquestionably find the read enthralling. It includes a significant segment on my (87 Sqn) operation of heavily loaded Mosquitoes with *many* hair-raising occurrences, but this is just one part of a continuum of rather astounding eventualities, which the book sets out in entertaining and informative fashion.

Compliments of the season to all! Thank you.

Col's leaflet is enclosed with this Bulletin—Ed.



The Catalina VI was delivered to Australia for service with the RAAF. Scheme is Dark Sea Gray over White. (Boeing)

From the Mail-bag—contd

(Continued from page 10)

when I was a patient in the Avenue Hospital Melbourne. One of the nurses was a large lady with a strong accent. I asked her where she came from, she answered from Berlin. I asked was she there during the war. "Of Course" she replied. Foolishly I said, "I missed you". Ah, she said, "You were one of them, I missed you too. I was a Sgt. in charge of one of the Ack Ack guns"! We had a great laugh.

Stop Press

The blokes working at Point Cook recently met a very nice Canadian woman named Maureen Patz. Roy gave her a quick 'Cooks Tour' and a run down on A52-600.

She works in the archives of the "Canadian Warplane Heritage Museum" in Hamilton, Ontario and the "Canadian Museum of Flight" in Langley, British Columbia. She wishes to extend an invitation to any MAAA member to call in and see her should you get over to that neck of the woods. Maureen's phone number is 905 643 2042.

She sent us a Mosquito mouse pad which has taken pride of place beside the computer in the project office.