

The Aussie Mossie

NUMBER 34

SEPTEMBER 2002

Airworthy Mosquitos on the way?

One of the world's most ambitious warbird restoration programmes took a major step forward recently when the first pair of newly built de Havilland Mosquito fuselage shell halves completed in over half a century were successfully removed from their complex moulds and brought together.

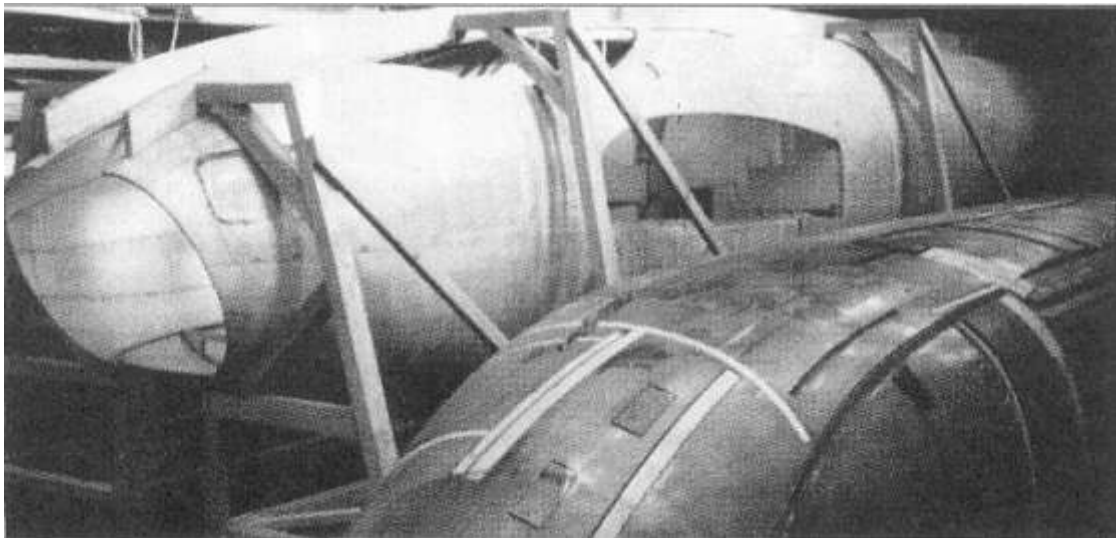
This significant milestone in latter day Mosquito history took place in a purpose built facility in Auckland New Zealand on Saturday 9 February and represented the culmination of over a decade of effort for Glyn Powell of Mosquito Aircraft Restorations Ltd.

Glyn's incredible achievement began with major research requiring his visiting almost every surviving Mosquito, gathering manufacturing drawings from sources around the planet, and then getting his head around recreating the original moulds in a way that makes them con-

The scale of the task is utterly daunting and many knowledgeable people doubted that the effort and determination of one individual would be sufficient to see this task through. Glyn has certainly proved what can be done with the successful uplifting of these two new fuselage shell halves from his moulds.

This fuselage will now be trimmed, joined and have some internal installation work carried out on it before being shipped to Canada where it will be used in a Mosquito restoration being carried out by the Mosquito Bomber Group of the Canadian Historical Aircraft Association at Windsor, Ontario to commemorate the Canadians who produced the Mosquito and flew them on operations.

Look out for further details on this impressive project in the next edition of *Classic Wings Downunder*.



vertible for use in the construction of the full range of Mosquito fuselages from fighters to bombers (see *Classic Wings Downunder* Vol 3, No 2).

Photo by Graeme Eason.

Article from the Mosquito Aircrew Association magazine, Edition No. 32, written by their New Zealand member John Beeching.

The President's Log—by Alan Middleton

Prior to the Annual General Meeting of the M.A.A.A. in August, Roy Urand, our President for the last two years requested to stand aside due to family and other commitments - like rebuilding an MG and renovating a home and as everyone knows, nobody wants to take on the job, including me. However, someone has to do it and I was told that I was that guy, so here I am as your new President.



On your behalf I thank Roy for the encouragement he gave to all of us, particularly in the establishment of a good working relationship between our Members volunteering for work on A52-600 and the Staff of RAAF Museum Point Cook.

My interest in the Mosquito restoration was due to my time in the RAAF as Navigator-Wireless Operator (Nav-W) with 94 Squadron which was being formed at Castlereagh, NSW as a low level attack squadron. I was aware of the tremendous part the Mosquito played in the European theatre and was delighted to have been assigned to be part of the Mossie scene.

My Pilot with 94 was Flt Lt. Bryan (Blondie) Bayly who had completed a tour of operations with a low level reconnaissance squadron in Baltimores in the Middle East and in my opinion, was the best Pilot in the Squadron.

Fortunately hostilities ceased just a few days prior to 94 leaving for the Pacific Islands so we returned all our brand new aircraft and went home.

Blondie joined Ansett Airways and then MacRobertson Miller in West Australia and unfortunately was Captain of a Viscount which crashed due to metal fatigue with no survivors.

I became a Chartered Accountant in Melbourne and retired from Practice in 1998 which explains why I have no technical skills as are needed in the restoration of A52-600 as displayed by most of our Members and particularly by the Friends of the Museum and other Volunteers at Point Cook.

I know that the enthusiasm of all our Members working on A52-600 will continue to be of great value to the project and I hope any small contribution I can make will be of some value also.

Patron Air Vice-Marshal J.C. (Sam) Jordan AO (RAAF-Retired)

President: Alan Middleton 61 (0) 3 9523 9774 ALMid@bigpond.com

Vice President: Graeme Coates 61 (0) 3 9428 2324 CoatBeam@melbpc.org.au

Secretary/Treasurer/Editor Bob Stevens 61 (0) 3 9800 4364 RSteven1@bigpond.net.au

Oral History Project Coordinator Reg Spooner 61 (0) 3 9466 8158

The MAAA Mailing Address: 32 Clarke Crescent
WANTIRNA SOUTH
Victoria, Australia 3152

Articles in this Bulletin have been faithfully reproduced and credit has been given to the reference source where known. If any details are misrepresented or incorrect, please contact the Editor who will make amends in following publications.

From the Navigator's Seat—by Brett Redway

This is the first article by the A52-600 Restoration Project Manager, LAC Brett Redway. He will be contributing progress reports in every Bulletin to keep you all up to date on what is happening down there in the Restoration Hangar.

The Navigator's Seat - words from the pointy end.

Well troops it has been a very productive couple of months, with quite a bit of visual progress happening as well, (yes the moss is slowly being removed, and the ball is starting to roll).

The catalogue, volunteer and plans databases are up and running, and our upgraded computer has finally arrived.

The jig base has been bedded

down into its final resting place; I mean, "position", and subsequently the fuselage has been moved back about four feet. Quite a few of you would have noticed that the rear hoop has been removed, and the poor old girl is slowly being engulfed in a jungle of steel framing as we prepare to jig it into working position.

To add to all this excitement, people's hands are starting to get dirty as various small items are beginning to be cleaned and restored to their former glo-

ry. In the words of the great, "That's one small step.....".

All in all, I would say that the project is starting to come along quite nicely, with positive feedback being received from all directions.

Until next we meet.

Brett Redway aka (B2)

Brian Fillery's information corner

A 1944 Mosquito Experience.

From Fighter Command 1939-45 by David Oliver. Page 69.
Published 2000 by Harper Collins Publishers, London.

There was an operation on 1 September, a No 307 (Polish) Sqn night-intruder mission to the Luftwaffe's night-training establishment near Stettin on the Baltic Coast. After a fruitless search during which my navigator was taken ill, we were north of Kiel when we ran slap over a German flak ship, which he would normally have picked up on the AI screen and which I could easily have avoided. I felt the Mosquito NF XII being repeatedly hit amid the searchlight beams and coloured tracers. All hell had broken loose, but the Mosquito kept flying, although in a somewhat wobbly fashion.

It was in the run-in to Coltishall, the forward base near the Norfolk coast, that the damage became manifest. As I lowered the flaps on the approach, the aircraft banked over to the left and nearly turned over on its back. A quick retraction of the flaps saved us and I landed successfully without them at a very high speed.

After taxiing in and switching off, all was quiet except for some gentle hissing and gurgling in the pipes. The sick navigator was given immediate attention, then one of the ground crew, shining a torch underneath the wing, shouted out, "Jesus bloody Christ! Come and look at this, Sir."

The mess was unbelievable. A big shell had gone through the port wing, missing the main fuel tank by inches. The flap on that side had only a few ribs left. We finished counting the bullet holes in the aircraft at 300. But neither my navigator nor I had even a scratch - a clear case of "more luck than brains".

The aeroplane was a write-off, and another was sent to take us back to our base at Church Fenton. But I doubt whether anything but a Mosquito could have stood up to that kind of punishment and still got us back. That's why I love the Mosquito.

Karol Ranoszek - Polish Fighter Command night fighter pilot.

HIGH FLIGHT

-- John Gillespie Magee, Jr.

*Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds - and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of - wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.*

*Up, up the long delirious burning blue
I've topped the windswept height with easy grace
Where never lark, nor even eagle flew.
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high, untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.*

Pilot Officer John Gillespie Magee, Jr. #412 Squadron, RCAF (1922-1941), was a 19-year-old American/British fighter pilot who flew with the Royal Canadian Air Force in World War II.

He went to Britain, flew in a Spitfire Squadron, and was killed at age 19 on December 11, 1941, during a training flight from the airfield near Scopwick, Lincolnshire.

The poem was written on the back of a letter to his parents, which stated, "I am enclosing a verse I wrote the other day. It started at 30,000 feet, and was finished soon after I landed."

Memorial to Mosquito pilots

Our Patron—AVM Sam Jordan, forwarded this article which is an extract from the Ayr "Advocate" 27/03/2002.

Sam explained that one of the pilots Doug Batzloff was his best man at his wedding only a couple of months before the crash. Also another Mosquito on its way to New Zealand the same day crashed at Mornington Island due to the atrocious conditions.

Men involved in the search for two pilots missing in the mountain range near Giru, Queensland in 1947 were taken back in time during a memorial service to remember the events surrounding the plane crash.

A group of people, including descendants of search party members, gathered at Brolga Park for the unveiling of a plaque erected to remember the two pilots killed in the crash. The three men who found the bodies are acknowledged on the plaque.

Flight Lieutenant Frank Langford of Sydney and Flight Lieutenant Douglas Batzloff of Toowoomba were killed when their RAAF Mosquito reconnaissance aircraft struck the side of Saddle Mountain on March 25, 1947.

At the time of the crash, cyclonic rains and

winds were ripping through the area, visibility was very poor. Search parties battled the treacherous conditions looking for the crash site. It was not until five days later a search plane discovered damaged trees about 50 feet from the peak of Saddle Mountain.

Three Cromarty men found the plane and the two pilots the next morning. Jim Burry, a member of another search party, who was 17 at the time, recalled he saw the aircraft go over Giru on the day it went missing, "there was very low cloud".

Shire Councillor Marlene Parison said in the last 10-15 years, bushwalkers have trekked in to find the crash site and remains of the plane, "it is very over-grown, hard going and plenty of stinging nettles up there!"

It only takes two things to fly: airspeed and money.

High Drama

from member Max Ordinall, an excerpt from Aeroplane Monthly – August 1993.

Summary:

On the morning of February 5, 1952, FLIGHT LIEUTENANT E. C. POWLES AFC RAF (Retd) decided to attempt a meteorological climb to 50,000ft from his Hong Kong base. He achieved it along with an unplanned rapid descent in which he experienced the then little known effects of transonic compressibility. Although he had not set out to establish any records, it later emerged that in a single sortie he may have flown higher and faster in a Spitfire than any other pilot, and may have flown faster in a piston-engined aircraft than anyone who survived to recount the details

As the officer commanding a detachment of 81 Sqn photo-reconnaissance Spitfire XIXs stationed at RAF Kai Tak airfield in Hong Kong from January 1951 to February 1953, I had as one of my supplementary duties when time and aircraft availability permitted, the carrying out of meteorological height climbs above 30,000ft to report the outside air temperature every 5,000ft, together with the height and air temperature when turbulence was encountered in clear air. This information was apparently needed to help prepare the necessary meteorological data for the proposed Comet jet airliner service between England and Japan.

By the end of January 1952 I had completed 36 of these meteorological climbs to various heights, nine of which were to 48,500ft indicated - which according to my Dalton calculator after applying instrument error and correction

for outside air temperature, was 50,000ft true.

The weather on the morning of February 5, 1952 was crisp and brilliant without a cloud in the sky. It was one of those few absolutely perfect flying days.

As we were up-to-date on all of our photographic commitments, I decided this would be an ideal day to carry out a meteorological height climb to 50,000ft, to check for turbulence in clear air



and at the same time to try to document, again, with photography, the high wind speeds of

up to 150kt I had occasionally experienced between 36,000 and 42,000ft. I estimated these winds came from between 250° and 265° true, over the Hong Kong area. The meteorological people were rather sceptical of these high-speed wind reports and I wanted to prove my point.

I authorised myself to carry out this duty in my favourite Spitfire PR.XIX PS852, which was equipped with two fanned F.52 36in vertical cameras. I enjoyed flying more than anything else, particularly flying Spitfires. When I strapped myself in the cockpit, I felt as one with the aircraft - we were a team. I was the control and the machine was the function. As I prepared to start the engine I said to the aircraft, "Well, my friend, we've got a very good day for flying. We're going to enjoy it".

I closed the canopy and

(Continued on page 6)

The similarity between air traffic controllers and pilots?
If a pilot screws up, the pilot dies. If ATC screws up, the pilot dies.

High Drama—contd

(Continued from page 5)

switched on my oxygen before take-off. Once airborne I climbed at 160kt with 9lb/in² boost at 2,600 r.p.m., over the colony of Hong Kong in a wide left-hand circuit to 30,000ft, where I noted the outside air temperature (OAT) to be -30.2°C. Continuing the climb, at 35,000ft the OAT was -43.0°C. When I reached 40,000ft, where the OAT was -53.8°C, I was disappointed that I had not experienced any turbulence or drift caused by high winds. The visibility was unusually good and there was not a cloud to be seen.

By the time I reached 45,000ft, where the OAT was -63.4°C, I had reduced my indicated airspeed to 140kt and increased the r.p.m. to 2,650. When my altimeter indicated 48,500ft, (50,000ft true) the OAT was -70.4°C and my indicated airspeed was 120kt. The controls of the Spitfire were quite sensitive in the thin air at this altitude and most of the time I was flying by my instruments.

As everything was functioning normally and as I had the time, I decided to see if I could get the aircraft to 50,000ft, indicated. I increased the r.p.m. to 2,700 and raised the nose of the aircraft reducing the IAS to 115kt. To keep climbing I eventually had to reduce the speed to 110kt; by the time my altimeter indicated 50,000ft the IAS was 108kt and the boost less than zero. The controls of the aircraft were now extremely sensitive. The nose was high and

flying the Spitfire was a balancing act. It was necessary constantly to make slight adjustments to maintain equilibrium. If I moved the control column back a little too quickly, the vertical speed indicator (VSI) initially showed a descent; conversely, if I moved it forward too quickly the VSI initially showed a climb.

A giant map

The sky above appeared black and the visibility was so good I could see from the Chinese island of Hainan, to the southwest, all along the coast of China to the island of Formosa, to the east-north-east. Along the Pearl River the city and airfield of Canton appeared to be just under my starboard wing. The view was breathtaking. It was like a giant map and I could see the curvature of the Earth.

I knew I was flying on the very edge of the performance envelope for the Spitfire and I felt exhilarated yet quite tense as I scanned my instruments for any sign of deviation from the norm. With the appropriate corrections applied, my Dalton calculator indicated my true height was 51,550ft.

I was just about to look outside the cockpit again when the pressurisation red light flashed on, indicating that the pressure in the cockpit was very low and less than an unpressurised cockpit at 40,000ft. Believing the pressurisation had failed, I realised I had to descend to below 43,000ft quickly, before the low pressure allowed the nitrogen in my blood to expand and bring on the very painful "bends". I instinctively pushed the control column forward and

at the same time pulled the throttle back to about the one-third position and moved the pitch lever to 2,200 r.p.m., in order to prevent the propeller overspeeding the engine in the ensuing dive. (I did not close the throttle completely because on two occasions when I did close it and rapidly descended from above 30,000ft, the carburetors froze in the closed position. Then, when I was flying straight and level and gradually moved the throttle forward - while I was looking outside the cockpit - the throttle was fully open before the carburetors unstuck: full power came on with a bang and the torque flipped the aircraft on to its back!)

While I was checking to see if the pressurisation seal around the canopy had burst, the aircraft started to shake and when I again looked at my flying instruments, I was shocked to see the needle on the airspeed indicator just passing the 280kt mark. (The Pilot's Notes state that 260kt should not be exceeded above 40,000ft!)

I immediately pulled back on the control column, but the more I pulled, the steeper the aircraft dived. It was now shaking so violently that I could not read the instruments. The Spitfire was in a vertical dive and I was standing on the rudder bars. The control column was immovable and I was afraid if I pulled any harder something would break. Besides the vibration, the aircraft started to yaw from side to side. It felt as though a giant hand was shaking it. I thought, "If I can't pull it out of this dive, maybe I can trim it out".

(Continued on page 7)

It's better to break ground and head into the wind than to break wind and head into the ground.

High Drama—contd

(Continued from page 6)

As my hand touched the elevator trim control, I saw a mist had formed over the wings and thought, "That's strange, whatever would cause condensation out there?". It then occurred to me that if I used the elevator trim tabs to do what I could not do with the control col-



umn, the elevators may be torn off just as the flaps would be torn off if extended at too high a speed. '

It was then that I remembered reading about a Spitfire test pilot who had experienced a similar problem. He reasoned he was close to the speed of sound and the centre of pressure on the wings had moved so far back that he was experiencing reversal of control. He survived by pushing the control column forward. I put both hands on the control column and pushed, at the same time thinking, "If I can't pull it out, maybe I can bunt it out of the

dive". The Spitfire was behaving like a runaway horse with the bit between its teeth and as I pushed harder on the immovable control column I shouted, "Come on, LET GO! LET GO! DA.NIN IT, LET GO! "

Eventually, after the longest few seconds of my life, the vibration and yawing stopped, the mist

was clearing from the wings and the nose started to lift. I was still pushing on the unyielding control column and when I felt the resistance lessen the nose dropped again so I quickly reversed the pressure and started to pull out of the dive. I placed my feet in the top stirrups of the rudder bar and I pulled hard on the control column until I started to black out. I then eased the pressure. I could not afford to lose control at this point.

When I scanned the instruments, the indicated airspeed was just over 500kt and dropping rapidly. The altimeter indicated 3,300ft. As the airframe was still very cold, condensation

formed on the inside of the canopy preventing me seeing outside the cockpit. The artificial horizon was toppled and the directional gyro was spinning. I caged and uncaged the directional gyro. Then, in conjunction with the turn-and-slip indicator, vertical speed indicator and air-speed indicator, I levelled the aircraft at 4,600ft. I had lost over 48,000ft in less than a minute!

The carburetors were frozen but I did have 4lb/in² boost, so I increased the r.p.m to 2,600 and started climbing to 7,000ft. (I knew there to be 5,000ft peaks in the area and I could not ascertain my position). At the

same time I aligned the directional gyro with the compass and turned on to 120° magnetic, to take me over the sea and away from Communist China. I switched off the pressurisation and called Hong Kong Approach Control, informing them of my predicament and that I could not open my canopy because it was frozen closed. I also requested a QDM (magnetic bearing to reach Hong Kong Peak with zero wind), I opened the small vent on the starboard side of the cockpit and about 5min later I was, with some difficulty, able to open the canopy. The condensation soon disappeared.

(Continued on page 8)

The difference between flight attendants and jet engines is that the engine usually quits whining when it gets to the gate.

High Drama—contd

(Continued from page 7)

I was at 7,000ft over the sea, about 15 miles south of Hong Kong Island, and all the controls were now operating normally. As I flew back to Kai Tak Airfield, I said to the aircraft, "Well, old girl, you got a bit out of hand during that dive, but

limits of the system, but for the possible stress factors imposed on both the engine and air-frame during the rapid descent and recovery from the dive. The engineering officer agreed the aircraft should have a complete inspection.

Lying in bed that night, I re-

the lower altitudes reduced the speed of the aircraft and the excellent aerodynamic design of the Spitfire enabled the machine to recover naturally from the dive. My pushing on the control column conceivably delayed recovery. We live and learn!



At that time I could not account for the build-up of the mist on the wings. When I first saw it, it started about one third back from the leading edge of the wings, curving up towards the trailing edge. It became denser within a few seconds until it covered most of the wings and I could not see the ailerons. It quickly cleared when the vibration stopped. It obviously was not condensation from the exhausts or wingtip vortices!

Sequel

During the next two weeks I carried out 12 photographic reconnaissance and meteorological flights in Spitfire XIX PS854 to between 30,000 and 36,000ft. On February 26, 1952, I intended to carry out a meteorological climb to 45,000ft in the same aircraft. However, at about 38,000ft I suddenly felt ill. My body ached and I perspired. I flew straight and level for a few minutes and feeling a little better, continued the climb. At 42,000ft the problem returned and as I did not feel any better when I flew straight and level, I thought I had a touch of the flu and decided to abort the sortie. As soon as I started to descend I felt much better and a sense of euphoria swept over me. When

(Continued on page 11)

then I'm sure we exceeded your design specs. You did well; you brought us through it. I hope you are not stressed too much".

As white as a sheet

It was not until after I landed that I realised I was soaking wet. After I climbed out of the cockpit, I found my flying suit was wet through to my "Mae West". My gloves, tropical cloth helmet and even my socks were wet. I really sweated out that descent! I was told I was as white as the proverbial sheet.

That afternoon I wrote an un-serviceability report on Spitfire PR.XIX PS852 not for a pressurisation problem, because I realised I had exceeded the

viewed the sequencing of events during that frightening descent. I concluded I had not really pushed or pulled the control column too hard because I was afraid of breaking something in the elevator control system. The elevator trim was most likely set at "neutral" and the high air pressures over and under the tailplane neutralised the movement of the control column. Had I tried to pull out of the dive using the elevator trim, these high pressures would probably have torn the elevators off. The yawing was possibly caused by the rudder trim I had applied to counter the torque of the propeller at 2,700 r.p.m., making the rudder vibrate.

The greater density of the air at

New Air Traffic Control motto: "we're not happy, till you're not happy"

A Man Born to Fly

An article about Dick Hunt, 1920-2001 published in the Weekend Edition of the Sydney Morning Herald on December 29-30, 2001.

Dick Hunt, who died in Brussels at the age of 80, loved life and packed his own full of fun and adventure - much of it in the air.

As a pilot in the RAAF during World War II, he was part of a Beaufighter squadron in New Guinea, engaged in low-level strafing attacks on Japanese positions. After one attack he returned to base with 28 holes in his aircraft and most of the controls shot away. Two hours later he was airborne again in another plane. He was awarded a DFC for that and the citation reads, in part: "He showed outstanding enthusiasm to attack the enemy".

Dick was born Vernon Harold Hunt in Melbourne in 1920. He was taken to England when he was six by his father, Harold Hunt, the founder of the Radio Rentals company, and his mother, Bobbie, a well-known Sydney actress. When his parents divorced, he returned to Australia with his mother and was sent to board at The King's School, Parramatta, at the age of 12. As a new boy, he was given a rough time, not only because of his Pommy accent but because of all things, he could speak French.

On leaving King's he spent a short time with an accountancy firm and a lot of time at Palm Beach, where he was a member of the surf club boat crew.

On the outbreak of war, he volunteered for the RAAF and was called up as a member of No3

course Empire Air Training Scheme. In 1940 he left for training in Canada, then went to England and flew with an RAF Havoc nightfighter squadron.

As the war in the Pacific worsened, Australia needed more experienced pilots back home so Dick was posted to a vastly different war, in New Guinea, where he won his DFC. When the Pacific war ended, Hunt was CO of 94 Squadron, a twin-engined Mosquito squadron which was reforming at Castle-reagh airstrip, near Richmond aerodrome. On VP Day three Mosquitoes flew under the Harbour Bridge in an entirely unauthorised

formation. its exuberant daring had all Hunt's hall-marks, but he always denied any part in it: "They must have been from some other fellow's squadron."

Hunt loved flying, so after the war he decided not to return to

the business world and instead became a pilot with Australian National Airways (later Ansett). He left after only a year, because "it was too boring".

Luckily for Hunt, the De Kantzow brothers were forming Cathay Pacific Airlines in Hong Kong and he joined them as chief pilot and operations manager. Life for a Cathay pilot at that time was far from a picnic. Only a few days after the christening of one of their early planes, the Miss Macao was shot down by Chinese pirates.

For five years Hunt flew all over Burma and the Far East, fre-

quently carrying cargoes of gold into Macao and, as Mao Zedong advanced, wealthy Chinese fleeing Shanghai -both very lucrative, he recalled.

On one occasion, he flew Emperor

Bao Dai, the last ruler of Annam (the central part of what is

(Continued on page 10)



A copilot is a knot head until he spots opposite direction traffic at 12 o'clock, after which he's a goof-off for not seeing it sooner.

Help Required

Two requests for information from member Brian Fillery:

(1) He received a request from a chap in Virginia U.S., but was unable to answer it, so he is seeking your help. The question was:

"Where was the Mosquito deployed and with what air units outside of Europe and Australia during WWII? Received note that Mosquitoes were deployed with Chinese in CBI. During WWII Chinese served with 14AF and flew P-40's and B-25's in Composite Wing of US and Chinese aircrews."

(2) If anyone has photographs of Mosquitos hidden away, especially unpublished but identifiable aircraft, could they get in touch with me please. I would like to scan them for my archives. All photographs will be returned.

If you can help with either request, please contact Brian via email— bfillery@gil.com.au or
32 Byrne Street, Windsor, Queensland 4030. Phone (07) 3357 7333

More help required along the same line as Brian, but this time from Stuart Howe. A section of his letter follows:

The revised edition of my last book, "*The de Havilland Mosquito: An Illustrated History*" sold out several months ago and I'm now gearing up to produce a Volume Two! For this I am needing to source over 350 fresh or little seen photos of our favourite aircraft. I am looking for photos of Mossies in any guise or form - in RAF and RAAF service, other overseas air forces, those on the Australian civil register, being serviced, pranged or derelict. Can anyone assist me in pics of Australian production, please? In my last book I was only able to include one example of Aussie production and I'd very much like to include a lot more this time. Any lent material I will copy and safely return.

Stuart's address is:

25a Marlborough Avenue, Edgware, Middlesex, HA8 8UH, England

A Man Born to Fly- contd

(Continued from page 9)

now Vietnam) to a secret meeting aboard a French warship, and on another flight landed on an airstrip in Burma carrying a planeload of Burmese troops, only to be taken prisoner by the Karen guerillas who had just captured the strip. He was released only after an assurance that he would never carry Burmese troops or arms again. Hunt retired after five years with Cathay Pacific and flew back to England where he joined Keith Hampshire, his former RAAF squadron commander, on a

flight to Australia. On the way he fell in love with Kenya and returned there to join the Police Wing in the fight against the Mau Mau.

When the campaign had finished, he decided to stay on. He married and bought a coffee plantation. When Kenya became independent in 1961, however, he left for England with his wife, Jane, and took up a position with Piper Aircraft as joint managing director of European sales.

Although this job allowed him to fly all over Europe, he persuaded Piper to let him fly one of its single-engined planes solo across the Pacific Ocean from California to Australia to become its sales director here. After only two years, he was posted back to Africa, where he spent five happy years flying around the country.

In 1970, Piper was taken over and Hunt accepted the position of general manager of Bell Helicopter International, based in

(Continued on page 12)

Without ammunition the RAAF would be just another expensive flying club.

High Drama—contd

(Continued from page 8)

I landed I felt fine. I had the aircraft checked for possible fumes in the cockpit or oxygen contamination. No problem was found.

The next day, again flying PS854, the same conditions affected me at 37,000 and 40,000ft. The third day I had the same problem at 36,000ft. On February 29, 1952, the station medical officer examined me. He found nothing physically wrong. During the afternoon I air tested Spitfire PS852 but did not fly above 20,000ft. Over the following months, this strange flu-like illness continued to affect me at decreasing altitudes, only in Spitfires.

I had the medical officer check me out again but he said I was still in good shape. I told no-one, not even my wife, of this continuing affliction. I had a job to do and I was determined to do it. At the time I knew nothing about psychology and I do not think the medical officer did, either.'

The last time I flew to 40,000ft was March 31, 1952. After that I only climbed up to 30,000ft when it was necessary for me to fly special jobs, but it took me much longer than the usual 10min to reach that altitude.

Some months

later, towards the end of my tour of duty in the Far East, it became increasingly difficult for me to carry out my duties because of this perplexing illness.

On January 20, 1953, I flew Spitfire PS852 on a local reconnaissance sortie for the last time; at just 2,000ft, with the canopy open, I felt ill and perspired profusely.

I did not know that I had a psychological problem, but I did realise that I was unable to carry out my duties to my satisfaction and it was time for me to quit flying.

However, at least I had achieved my objective of flying in the Royal Air Force although I had never actually been physically fit for flying duties. While the vision in my left eye was 6/5, the vision in my right eye was 6/15 and the minimum

standard for aircrew was 6/6 in both eyes. I had been rejected by many medical boards because of my poor eyesight until, during an eye test in Nairobi, Kenya, I discovered how to circumvent the system. Once I was medically certified A1-3B (Aircrew Category), I was soon on my way, to flight training in Southern Rhodesia.

Towards the end of February 1953, my Far East tour of duty completed, my family and I flew back to England in a BOAC airliner. By April 25, 1953, the Air Ministry agreed to allow me to retire from the Royal Air Force on medical grounds, as unfit for further flying duties owing to poor eyesight.

Published by The
de Havilland Air-
craft of Canada
Ltd., Toronto, 1944

Take your
pump handle



"No, maybe we won't need it, but it makes a nice mascot"

If something hasn't broken on your helicopter, it's about to...

Vale

It is with regret that the Association must relay the passing of another of our members.

LP (Laurie) Bond

of MENTONE, Victoria
Passed away on 13th April 2002

Our sympathies to his wife Margaret and family.

A Man Born to Fly—contd

(Continued from page 10)

Brussels, where he was responsible for Europe, Africa and the Middle East. He was so successful that Bell wanted him to join its head office in the United States, but life in America did not appeal to him and in 1976 he decided to give up flying and live in the French countryside.

True to his nature, however, he soon wanted more action in his life and looked around for something else to do. It was then, in 1980, that he heard of a former Dutch oceangoing barge lying neglected in Scotland. Dick had it luxuriously refitted and sailed it, with Jane, across the English Channel and up the River Seine to Paris, where they eventually had a permanent berth beside the Place de la Concorde. From here they formed a company called Canal Safaris, taking their friends and paying guests along the French waterways. The Zeeland Luister was a familiar sight on the canals and rivers of France and a frequent visitor to Epernay, in Champagne, the home of Moët & Chandon where the Hunts and their visitors were always welcome at the chateau.

In 1991 Hunt's health was deteriorating so they sold their beloved barge and went to live in a romantic, converted old silk mill, set among mulberry trees, near Uzès in the south of France. As Dick's health grew worse, the Hunts moved back to their apartment in Brussels, where he died on August 10, 2001.

He is survived by Jane and their son, Phillip, who lives in Vancouver, Canada. He wrote to Dick just before his death: "I must say, my life is better for having known and journeyed with you for this brief stretch. I will always know you as an adventurer, a bard, a philosopher, a being with a quest to reach the mountain-top, the next crest of a wave and a passion to be where life is lived."

New Members

The Association is pleased to announce that the following people have joined as members since the last Bulletin was published:

GL (Gayle) Clarke

80 Brady Road
DANDENONG NORTH, Victoria

DA (David) Devenish

42 Britten Street
GLEN IRIS, Victoria

JP (Peter) Horsley

24 Hillcrest Road
WARRANWOOD, Victoria

KW (Ken) Johnson

80 Brady Road
DANDENONG NORTH, Victoria

HJT (Hamish) MacLeod

78 St Georges Road,
NORTHCOTE, Victoria

JM (John) Mills

6 The Promontory
HELENSVALE, Queensland

MV (Maureen) Patz

4-145 Edgewater Drive
STONEY CREEK
Ontario, Canada

T (Tom) Perrott

RAAF Association
BANKSTOWN, New South Wales

CR (Chris) Pollock

KATANNING, Western Australia

M (Murray) Smith

45 Lord Rodney Drive
PATTERSON LAKES, Victoria

JEC (John) Tait

1/33 Court Street
WEST WYALONG, New South Wales

MT (Michael) Tait

113 Lower Dandenong Road
MENTONE, Victoria

Welcome to all, we hope you all have a long, enjoyable association and take an active interest in the restoration of A52-600.

I give that landing a 9... on the Richter scale.