

PUGWASH, N.S.  
FEB. 22, 1969

DR. THOMAS RADDALL,  
LIVERPOOL, N.S.

DEAR MR. RADDALL:

I WAS INTERESTED WHEN I HEARD YOU SAY ON RADIO THIS A.M. THAT YOU WERE GOING TO PUT TO PAPER THE HISTORY OF FLYING IN NOVA SCOTIA. I HOPE YOU PURSUE THIS WITH VIGOR BECAUSE I KNOW IT WILL BE DONE WELL AND A VALUE TO POSTERITY.

I ENCLOSE A LETTER FROM W.L. FILLMORE, AMHERST THAT HE WROTE TO ME TEN WEEKS AGO WHEN I SENT A SNAPSHOT TO HIM FOR IDENTIFICATION. I MUST SAY IT WAS AN EXCELLENT SHOT OBVIOUSLY TAKEN FROM A BI-PLANE.

BILL FILLMORE, WAS THE ONE AND ONLY SALT SALESMAN OF THE MALAGASH SALT CO. AND I HAVE NOT CLEARED WITH HIM HOW THE STRUGGLING COMPANY COULD AFFORD TO FLY THEIR SALESMAN AROUND IN THE LATE 20'S AND EARLY 30'S.

AMONG OTHER THINGS, IT WAS IN MR. FILLMORE'S ROOM IN THE NORFOLK HOTEL, NEW GLASGOW THAT THE DECISION WAS MADE BY OFFICIALS OF THE MALAGASH SALT COMPANY (IN 1927) TO PURCHASE SUCH A BOAT AS THE CLYDE VALLEY.

NEEDLESS TO SAY THIS LONG STORY OF THE CLYDE VALLEY (BUILT 1886) SEEMED TO TERMINATE AND BREAK OUR HEARTS A FEW WEEKS AGO WHEN THE "NUT" PAISLEY GOT ABOARD HER AS SHE DOCKED IN IRELAND AFTER BEING ON THIS SIDE SINCE 1928. FILLMORE AND I HAD URGED THAT SHE BE SAVED FROM THE SCRAPYARD AND RETURNED TO LARNE TO BE USED AS A MUSEUM - BUT WE NEVER DREAMED OF HER GETTING INTO THE BLOODY BUSINESS.

HOWEVER THAT IS ANOTHER STORY. I THOUGHT PERHAPS MR. FILLMORE MIGHT HELP FILL YOU IN ON HUMP MADDIN AND IT SEEMS

CONTINUED-----

DR. THOMAS RADDALL, CONTINUED

FEBRUARY 22/69

TO ME THAT HE (HUMP) MUST CREEP INTO THE STORY. I REMEMBER MYSELF OF HIM FLYING UP SIDE DOWN (AT TRENTON, N.S.) UNTIL THE ENGINE SPUTTERED AND THEN RIGHT SIDE UP TO SAFETY. A REAL THRILL FOR ME IN 1929-30.

BILL FILLMORE WILL TELL YOU HOW IT WAS THAT HE AND HUMP FLEW UNDER THE NEW GLASGOW BRIDGE.

I HOPE I HAVE BEEN HELPFUL.

SINCERELY,

*J.R. (John) MacQuarrie*

P.S. MR. FILLMORE PLANS TO BE AT THE NOVA SCOTIA HISTORICAL MEETING MARCH 14, 1969.

P.P.S. IF EVER YOU FIND IT NECESSARY TO BE IN THE PUGWASH AREA IT WOULD BE GREATLY APPRECIATED IF WE KNEW WELL IN ADVANCE SO THAT WE COULD HAVE YOU SPEAK TO OUR HISTORICAL SOCIETY. YOU SHOULD CONTACT MYSELF OR MR. H.R. BROWN, PRESIDENT OF THE NORTH CUMBERLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, R.R. #3 PUGWASH, OR PETER VALE, SECRETARY, R.R. #4 PUGWASH. WE WOULD BE MIGHTY PROUD IF THIS COULD BE.

*Jan.*

JRM/dc



J. R. MACQUARRIE

MINE MANAGER  
CANADIAN ROCK SALT COMPANY LIMITED  
PUGWASH, N.S.

OFFICE 243-2511  
RES. 243-2069  
AREA CODE 902

W. L. FILLMORE

REAL ESTATE, PROPERTY MANAGEMENT  
75 SPRING STREET  
AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA

Dec 5 1968

John Mac Innes  
Pegwash NS

Dear John

Thank you for the snapshot contained in your letter of Dec 3/68 just received. You of course I remember the place the plane and the picture very well and all the details connected with it. The place is Lunenburg. The plane is the Glut owned by H. O. Madden. The first plane ever to land where the present New Glasgow Airport is now. This picture was taken in late fall as I recall but the year I am not sure of at the moment. I took the picture myself from the rear cockpit. The tankers are anchored in the front main harbor usually there are as many but this was on a Thursday and there was always more in on the truck ends. The water shown at the top of the picture is the back harbor of Lunenburg. The ground beyond is covered with snow but only about 6 inches deep. It is all hills rough ground. This is when we landed. Unfortunately we had to land on ground sloping downhill instead of uphill as the wind was blowing



uphill and we hoped it would stop our  
progress when we touched the ground. The ground  
was so steep the plane after landing slowly  
rolled along with the tail still up. In order  
to get the tail down I had to crawl out with my  
body over the fuselage sliding back towards the  
tail fin this put the tail down till the  
tail skid touched the ground and slowed  
up the planes forward movement but it  
was quite exciting because we only got it  
stopped 3 ft from a huge boulder I can  
still see the propeller going around slowly as  
I looked ahead. It was wooden with brass  
tips. These tips actually struck the rock and  
altho the damage was slight we had to file  
the tips off smooth later as even this caused  
the plane to vibrate badly. We had 4 iron  
stakes that secured into the ground like a  
Cook screw we tied the plane down with ropes  
behind a barn. Two men helped us by the  
name of Rhuland one was still alive 4 years  
ago when I called on him in Leinburg.



He was the Chief ships cooperates at  
Rhulands ship yards Lunenburg only this  
man remembers the actual incident someone  
found us across the back harbor in a boat  
and we climbed the hill to the town and  
went to a hotel call the "Sch Klein" I think it  
means "I serve" The next morning In fact  
all during the night there was an awful  
storm and we expected the plane to be on the  
back to land a taxi the next day and went  
around the head of the harbor and in the road  
called first south when we around we found  
the two brothers had gone out during the night  
and put more ropes on the plane and she  
was first class shape This plane was all Hump  
Modden had and he used plenty on it  
we lived together in an apartment at Mrs  
McDonagall's right opposite the old Curlew inn  
on the road to Trenton not too far from Bell  
Corner New Glasgow

Accidentally the Barkus Halgerson is one of  
ships in the harbor she was a sister ship to  
the Blue nose built off the same model





But could never sail like the Bluenose  
On this same trip after leaving New Glasgow  
we stopped at Kentville Middleton Sleigh (this was  
really bad getting out of that field The tail skid  
struck a phone wire and we broke the wire off)  
Someone told us of a large field we could land  
in down on Long Island when we got there a fence  
was right across it so we went on to Boies Island  
and an old hay rake was right in the middle  
of this field anyway we got down we had to  
only about 3 gallons of gas left we got hot gas  
out of barrels to get to Yarmouth and in those  
days it had a lot of water in it Crossing to  
mainland we hit about Church point or Yarmouth  
The wind was dead ahead 50 MPH and the best  
air speed we had was 85 to 90 so we were only making  
45 over the water The field was so small on the  
island we only took enough gas to barely make  
Yarmouth but this head wind made it bad  
Anyway we made the land and followed  
the coast down towards Yarmouth when  
we got into Yarmouth we just dropped down  
into the field and the engine stopped not enough  
gas left to take up to the end of the field we



went to the Grand Hotel New day Morning  
I reached Yermouth and phoned Ralph  
Bell mgr of the fish plant in Hookport Ok  
Yer plenty place to land on the beach when  
we got there It was a neck of beach by round  
rocks you know the kind 8 inches in diameter  
with a 40 mile Cross wind blowing fair over  
it we made two or 3 passes but could not  
get down safely so went on to Lunenburg and the  
stony just as first told you Ralph Bell was  
son as Hell we did not land He phoned A RC  
and kicked up an awful fuss because we  
did not land (Later during the war he was  
head of something in the Airforce Ottawa I  
often wondered if he learned anything about  
flying later he did not know much then

After he left Lunenburg we went to Halifax  
(Dan Saunders was running it then) There  
was a frantic call for medicine to be taken to  
Pleasant Bay on the North tip of Cape Breton  
Hamp took it up alone from Halifax and  
I went back to N Y by train



I still write to Hump the just returned  
last Christmas. After he left N & G he flew  
all over the North later got a job in the  
Airforce during the war flying Catalina  
and the big shots around including Royalty  
He got off his days to be married this was the  
time Rogers was killed and he was to have  
flown him that trip. After the war he  
flew all over the world for C P A and lived  
in Vancouver now for a long time his route  
was over the pole to Amsterdam and the last  
route was via Hawaii to Fiji and Australia  
This altho long was easy he told me because  
after Hawaii the traffic was light. Dad never  
told you about the time Long Juan Jim Barr  
and I were forced down on Red Island in  
Cape Horn Bay fogged in for 3 days no  
chance to get a message out to St. Johns. That was quite  
a trip. We had to go in circles around for those days  
in the open plane and landed where we could see  
ice. I called at a place on P.C. & this summer Cove  
Head, I found the home where we stayed the night  
but all the folks were long dead.

Sincerely Bell

