

How I Remodeled My Mother's Kitchen By Alan McFarland

I was a colonial boy – born and raised in British East Africa. The longest continuous time I spent in Britain was four teenage years spent on the west coast of Scotland. I received a good education and spent all my free time playing sports, and hiking and camping as a Boy Scout throughout the western islands of Scotland. World War 2 had just ended and there were many military planes and shipwrecks littering the whole area.

One night I got word from a fellow Scout of a twin engine civilian plane that had crashed on the moors about five miles inland from the coastal town I lived in with my parents and brother David. My buddy and I searched for the plane in heavy mist and fog. With the aid of a compass bearing on the high ground considered to be the crash site – and a keen sense of smell, we found it.

The survivors must have passed us in the misty darkness – we never saw them. The first clue we got was a heavy smell of fuel then a long rut in the ground leading uphill; then followed several propeller blades; an up-ended tail; a burned-out passenger cabin; two intact wings and two engines – plus scattered plane parts. After searching for loot we decided to strip one of the engines and haul what we managed to unbolt back down the mountain – being very careful not to sink into one of the lethal bogs. We stored all the engine parts upstairs in the family attic.

Two nights later, the whole lot crashed through the kitchen ceiling. My mother's stove was totally wrecked. There were gear wheels, pistons, kitchen plates, a shattered sink, broken shelves, pottery and all else.

I have a lasting image of my father standing in our bedroom doorway with two large shovels and my mother standing behind him screaming: "He's not my son. He's your son – he came from your loins. You're going to pay for all this damage. I want a new stove andand and!"

My father ordered me and my innocent brother to leave our beds forthwith, and haul our bodies over the garden wall and bury the junk anywhere we could find digging space. To this day, some homeowner has a pile of junk airplane ironware buried deep in his back yard.

The local newspaper produced a headline that read: "Investigators unable to decide what caused the recent crash of a civilian airline. There were no fatalities."

No fatalities, that is, except for my mother's kitchen!



**60 years ago this plane crashed at 150mph ...
all 20 people on board walked out of the flames**



APRIL 21, 1948 CRASH

