

## LEAD STORY

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### HEALY

When the Canadian corvette LOUISBURG sank in the Mediterranean, her captain lost his life because he was trying to save additional ratings from the mess decks. He was not injured by the torpedo explosion which sank the ship.

These facts were revealed today as one officer and 37 ratings, back in Canada again, sped towards their homes on survivors' leave. All agreed many owed their lives to their captain, Lieut. Cdr. W.F. Campbell, R.C.N.V.R., of Saskatoon.

They told, too, many other tales of courage and heroism. Of how, for instance, Lieut. H. Tingley of Fort Garry, Manitoba – now in hospital in Algiers – swam 150 yards to a float, giving help and words of cheer to others, only to collapse himself when he was pulled to safety. They discovered both his legs were broken.

It was because of the fact that Lieut. Cdr. Campbell sized up the situation and gave prompt orders to abandon ship that most of the men who were saved got away. The corvette sank in between three to four minutes.

"He took a quick glance over the ship, saw that she was going, and gave the order to abandon," said Lieut. R.A. Jarvis, R.C.N.V.R., of Toronto, first lieutenant of the ship. "There can be no doubt that his prompt action enabled many to get away who otherwise might not have done so. After giving the order, he carried on, helping the men and destroying secret papers, quietly and efficiently."

"I was the last man out from below decks, and the last man to see him," said Leading S.B.A. James Cornell, R.C.N.V.R., Fort William, Ont. "He had been helping some men get away. 'Is there anybody left below?' he asked. I said I was the last out, and he replied, 'I'm going to check up anyway. You jump over.' He disappeared behind the blackout curtain leading to the men's mess decks, and I jumped overboard – and half a minute later the ship went down."

Tingley, one of the last to leave the ship, was slowly swimming to a float when he found Officers' Steward John McAuley, R.C.N.V.R., of Windsor, Ont. "I'm afraid I'm no swimmer," recalled McAuley. "I had my lifebelt on, but I was hurt a bit and in difficulty."

"Are you all right?" Lieut Tingley asked me. "Sure," I said. "I don't believe it," he said, and saw me to safety."

"How he swam that distance is amazing," interrupted Leading Seaman Andrew Buckley, R.C.N.V.R., of Verdun, Que. "He didn't say a word about his legs until he was pulled into the raft. He collapsed in my arms then. He told me to take charge of the float."

In hospital in Algiers, Tingley's injuries were diagnosed as a broken shin bone and a broken ankle.

Of the ship's sinking there was little to add to earlier accounts. "We were hit in the engine room on the port side," stated Lieut. Jarvis. "There was a flash, and an almost immediate list to port. The port after float [floating harbour] was smashed, and some of the men in that part of the ship were hurt."

"It was a torpedo plane that got us," he said. "We were being bombed at the same time as the torpedo planes were attacking. We were closed up at action stations, and got away a good many rounds at the one that got us – it was a perfect target. Whether we got it or not we don't know, although one of the other ships said it was smoking as it went away.

"The sea was calm and the water reasonably warm. The attack was just at dusk, and we were fortunate that we had made it routine to close action stations for an hour at dawn and at dusk, as this is a favorite time for attack. Consequently most of the ship's company were on deck, and the guns were already manned."

Jarvis himself, busy looking after the needs of the others and cutting a jammed raft away, finally found himself in the water without a lifebelt. "I found a floating biscuit tin," he said, smiling. "It was buoyant enough, but when it became covered with oil it was so slippery I could hardly hang on to it."