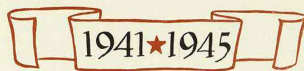




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1941-1945



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THE NIGHTHAWKS

Foreword

All who read this brief history of 409 Squadron cannot fail to be impressed by the magnitude of the effort of its personnel. The record of this night fighter squadron is a superb one and all aircrew and groundcrew alike can feel justifiably proud of the part they have played in making it so formidable. The Royal Canadian Air Force has acquired a magnificent record in World War II and it is the activities of squadrons such as this one which have brought lustre to the name of Canada.



(G. O. Johnson) Air Marshal,
Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief.

AIR MARSHAL
H. EDWARDS C.B.



AIR MARSHAL
L. S. BREADNER C.B.
D.S.C.



AIR MARSHAL
G. O. JOHNSON C.B. M.C.
(Croix de guerre)



TO

ALL THE GRAND FELLOWS
PILOTS, NAVIGATORS AND GROUNDCREW
WHO PLAYED SUCH A VITAL PART IN
THE DEFENCE OF DEMOCRACY
AND TO
THE PARENTS AND LOVED ONES OF THOSE
WHO LAID DOWN THEIR LIVES IN ORDER
THAT FREEDOM'S CAUSE MIGHT PREVAIL

THIS SOUVENIR IS DEDICATED

Roll of Honour.

Sgt. Barber, B. B.	31.12.42	P/O. Mosley, W. D.	31.12.42.
P/O. Brooks, B.	31.12.42	P/O. Marchie, R. M.	28. 2.42.
P/O. Briggs, T. S.	18. 2.43.	Sgt. Murray, A. J.	19. 1.42.
W/C Beveridge, M. W.	DFC. 20. 9.44.	McBeath, D.	18. 2.43.
F/O. Brenton, K. S.	16. 3.45.	F/L. McPhail, W. B.	13. 1.45.
F/O. Carter, A. R.	DFC 9. 8.44.	F/L. Peacock, J. W. F.	7. 8.44.
F/S. Dickson, J. W.	27. 3.42.	Sgt. Pendleton, E. (RAF)	5.12.42.
F/O. Donoghue, J. E.	13. 1.45.	W/C Petersen, N. B.	2. 9.41.
F/L. Ellis, B. S.	12.12.44.	F/O. Roberts, J. M.	27. 7.44.
A/C.2 Gibbons, A. R. (RAF)	25.11.41.	F/L. Robinson, G. D.	26.12.44.
P/O. Gibson, W. D.	19. 9.42.	J/C. St. Hilaire, J. J. A.	5. 3.42.
F/S. Gore, F.	31.12.42.	F/O. Sibbett, C. D.	15. 7.44.
S/L. Harbury, B. A.	27. 3.42.	F/L. Skelly, J. D.	23. 6.45.
P/O. Barker, B. M.	18. 4.43.	F/O. Slater, J. N. (RAF)	2. 9.41.
S/L. Jephson, R. S.	27. 7.44.	Sgt. Svendsen, E. E. (RAF)	19. 1.42.
W/O. Joss, N.	7.10.44.	F/O. Sweet, F. N.	27. 3.42.
F/O. Kewer, T. C.	9. 8.44.	F/L. Taylor, M. C.	15. 7.44.
F/O. Kinton, D. J.	13. 1.44.	P/O. Thornley, B. A.	8. 8.42.
F/O. Lee, R. S.	11. 7.44.	F/O. Vautour, A. F.	29. 6.44.
W/O. Lailey, P. C.	7.10.44.	Sgt. Wales, J. W. (RAF)	11. 7.44.
F/O. Linn, P. J.	23. 6.45.	P/O. Warner, K. E.	5.12.42.
F/O. Long, R. D.	16. 3.45.	F/S. Watson, F. S.	11.10.42.
F/S. Matches, A. J.	8. 8.42.	Sgt. Williams, V. J. (RAF)	18. 4.43.
W/O. Mitchell, W. L.	29. 6.44.		

HONOURS AND AWARDS

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER

V/C Somerville, J. D. DFC

AIR FORCE CROSS

F /L MacKenzie, R. M.

F /L Marr, W. L.

BAR TO DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS

/L Trousdale, R. N. DFC (RAF)

MEMBER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

P /O Barrass, R.

F /L Fiksdal, V. L.

DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS

/L Britten, R. E.

V/O Cole, E. F.

BRITISH EMPIRE MEDAL

LAC Carter, H. R.

F /S Sullivan, G.

V/C Davoud, P.

/O Domone, E. (RAF)

/L Eames, J. (RAF)

/L Fownes, L. E.

MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES

/L Hamm, D. J. T.

S /L Bower, G. M.

/L Hatch, J. A.

AC1 Carbull, J. O.

/O Hermanson, E. E.

F /S Dickinson, D. G. S. (RAF)

V/O Kirkwood, W. G.

F /S Irwin, R. J.

/O Martin, W. S.

F /L Peacock, J. W. F.

/O Matheson, C. N.

Cpl Reansbury, G.

/O Smith, P. J., (RAF)

Cpl Townsley, A. G.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS

W/C Reid, J. W.

TOP SCORING NIGHT FIGHTER SQUADRON SINCE "D" DAY
FIRST NIGHT FIGHTER SQUADRON BASED IN NORMANDY
FIRST NIGHT FIGHTER SQUADRON BASED IN BELGIUM
FIRST NIGHT FIGHTER SQUADRON BASED IN GERMANY

[illegible]

8

Following the decisive defeat of the Luftwaffe in the Battle of Britain, the German High Command were forced to revise their tactics. Day raids were superseded by large scale night raids. The need for specially trained fighters to cope with this new menace was early appreciated and Squadrons were quickly formed and trained to deal with this latest threat to the Mother Country.

In the Battle of Britain days, Canadians had already proven their courage and ability as day fighters - here was an opportunity to prove their versatility and on the 17th June, 1941, the Squadron was officially formed as a Canadian Nightfighter Unit.

Early in July the Squadron began to equip with Defiants and within a month were declared fully operational by Group Headquarters. The days of the Defiant were numbered however. Advances in technology had already outmoded it. Nightlighting had stepped out of the "catseye" stage and had become a specialized field in which technical equipment designed to locate raiders at distances far beyond the range of the human eye was used. Late in August the Squadron began to re-equip with Beaufighters equipped with radar.

At the outset all Navigator-Operators were R.A.F. personnel but gradually as they became tour-expired they were replaced by Canadians until the Squadron became almost 100 % Canadianized.

The Squadron's first "kill" was obtained on 1st November, 1941 when a Do. 217 was shot down in flames over the sea by W/C. P. Y. Davoud (Pilot) and Sgt. T. Carpenter (Navigator).

From there on until shortly before "D" Day the Squadron's activities were limited to important but relatively inactive sectors and, although patrolling the skies of Great Britain nightly, few combats with the Hun were experienced. During this time the Squadron not only kept their sector free from enemy activity but assisted materially in the saving of hundreds of lives. Bombers lost over the North Sea were "homed" Fortresses and Liberators, who flying from North American bases sometimes "overshot" Great Britain during inclement weather, were intercepted. Crashed aircraft in the North Sea were located and launches directed to survivors.

Despite the importance of their work, the crews used

to chase at times at the long uneventful patrols, especially when activity could be seen outside their sector and sister Squadrons were destroying Huns. To offset this, detachments were sent to sectors where the Hun was reported active. Immediately the Night-hawks moved in, it became axiomatic that enemy activity would practically cease. So often did this occur that the Squadron began to believe it was more than co-incidence and plans were made to hunt the foe in his lair. "Ranger" trips were organized over France during which a number of locations and trucks were either destroyed or damaged. Other flights were sent out a week or days later to intercept heavily armed German reconnaissance aircraft flying out from the French Coast to take meteorological observations near the Sicily Islands. On many a morning the Hun was deprived of weather lore.

This experience stood the Squadron in good stead and shortly before "D" Day it re-equipped with Mosquitos and moved to the South of England preparatory to being called upon to play a prominent part in the forthcoming invasion of the Continent. Honoured by being chosen as the first Nightfighter Unit to land on the Continent, the Squadron was operating from Carpiquet aerodrome in August. As the Allied Armies rolled relentlessly forward the Squadron followed closely behind until the winter months set in, when it moved back to winter quarters in Lille Vendeville.

With the crossing of the Rhine by the Allied Armies in the Spring of 1945, the Squadron was called upon to make the most momentous move in its history. Orders were received to proceed to Rheine aerodrome in Germany, a base located 60 miles North North East of the Rhur. Within 4 hours the first convoy was under way; within 3 days the whole Squadron had completed the 300 mile journey to the new base, flying being carried on uninterruptedly throughout the move. On the nights of 23/24th and 24/25th April, the climax of the Squadron's activities was reached when 9 German aircraft were shot down and destroyed.

With the cessation of hostilities on VE-Day the Squadron emerged as the Top Scoring Nightfighter Unit since "D" Day, an honour well merited by the Squadron selected in pre-invasion plans as the first Nightfighter Unit to land on the Continent.

FIELDS OF HONOUR

COLEBY GRANGE	ENGLAND	1941
ACKLINGTON	ENGLAND	1943
DREM	SCOTLAND	1943
PETERHEAD	SCOTLAND	1943
COLTISHALL	ENGLAND	1943
COLEBY GRANGE	ENGLAND	1943
ACKLINGTON	ENGLAND	1944
WEST MALLING	ENGLAND	1944
HUNSDON	ENGLAND	1944
CARPIQUET	FRANCE	1944
ST. ANDRE	FRANCE	1944
AMIENS GLISY	FRANCE	1944
LE CULOT	BELGIUM	1944
LILLE VENDVILLE	FRANCE	1944
RHEINE	GERMANY	1945
GILZE-RUEN	HOLLAND	1945
TWENTE	HOLLAND	1945



THE 'PLANES





W/C N. B. PETERSEN

An outstanding pilot, W/C. Petersen was one of the first to ferry a Hudson aircraft from Canada to Great Britain. Shortly after his arrival in England he was called upon to form a Nightfighter Unit to be known as 409 (R.C.A.F.) Squadron. Within a month after he had received the first aircraft, W/C Petersen had the Squadron fully operational on Defiants, a tribute to his organizing ability. Shortly after, the Squadron began to re-equip with Beaufighters. While checking out one of the latter, W/C Petersen was killed in a flying accident on the 2nd Sept. 1941.



G/C. P. Y. DAVOUD D.S.O., D.F.C., M.I.D.

Of the many well-known figures who have commanded Canadian Squadrons, none possesses better qualities of leadership and flying ability than G/C. Davoud. There is a solid background for his present high position in the R.C.A.F., dating back to 1931 when he graduated from Royal Military College, Kingston with the Sword of Honour.

On completion of his R.M.C. course he entered Queen's University and starred on its strong football team. When college days ended, Paul Davoud became a member of No. 17, an auxiliary squadron in Canada. Prior to the war he had served as a pilot both with the R.A.F. and Canadian Airways. In May, 1941 he ferried a bomber across the Atlantic and shortly after joined the Squadron as a Flight Commander. Upon the death of W/C. Petersen, a close friend of many years standing, Paul Davoud succeeded him as C.O. which post he held until the completion of his first tour.



W/C J. W. REID, AMERICAN D.F.C., M.I.D.

A member of the R.C.A.F. prior to the war, W/C Reid assumed command of the Squadron in January 1943. One of the youngest Wing Commanders in the service "Wendy" Reid brought to the Nighthawks a sound background of experience. As a transport pilot he had logged over 1,000 hrs. with the R.A.F. Transport command, flying Liberators over the Atlantic. In August 1942 he flew General Wavell to the Moscow Conference.

It was under his guidance that the Squadron converted to Mosquitos in March 1944 and that it was chosen as the first Nightfighter Unit to land on the Continent, the date planned being "D" day plus 16. Before he could see his plans brought to fruition W.C. Reid became tour-expired. However in the short interval between "D" day and the completion of his tour he accounted for 2 enemy aircraft destroyed and one damaged.



W/C M. W. BEVERIDGE D.F.C.

W/C Beveridge had already completed two tours with a Canadian Intruder Squadron before assuming charge of the Nighthawks, during which his leadership ability, skill and devotion to duty, had earned him the D.F.C.

A graduate of McGill University with the Degree of Bachelor of Commerce, W/C Beveridge enlisted in 1940. He trained under the Joint Air Training Plan and was the first graduate of the J.A.T.P. to assume charge of the Squadron.

It was under his leadership that the Squadron moved to France and became the first Nightfighter Unit based in Normandy. On September 20th, while searching for a crew who had baled out the previous night, W/C Beveridge was killed in a flying accident.



W/C J. D. SOMERVILLE D.S.O., D.F.C.

A pre war flyer, W/C Somerville brought to the Air Force a sound knowledge of flying conditions throughout the Dominion. His ability was quickly appreciated and early in 1943 he was appointed C.F.I. at Yorkton, Sask. From this post he proceeded overseas joining 410 Squadron as a Flight Commander.

Appointed C.O. of the Nighthawks in Oct. 1944, Red, as he is popularly known, quickly earned the respect of all the Squadron, possessing the happy faculty of knowing each man by his first name yet commanding efficiency.

His skill, courage and determination in pressing home attacks on enemy aircraft together with his sound administration during his tour of duty earned for him the coveted awards of D.S.O. and D.F.C.



W/C R. F. HATTON

A Canadian, W/C Hatton joined the R.A.F. in 1937. Commissioned as a pilot he served the early years of his service career as a staff pilot. In 1941 he joined 85 Squadron one of the top scoring night fighter Squadron's in the United Kingdom. His outstanding qualifications quickly earned him recognition and he was made a Flight Commander, a post he held until the completion of his first tour.

Joining 409 Squadron as a Flight Commander in July 1944 he was soon called upon to assume temporary command of the Squadron when the late W/C Beveridge went missing. During this time he moved the Squadron into Belgium on the heels of the Allied armies.

His leadership and flying ability made him the logical successor to W/C Somerville when the latter became tour expired, and in March 1945 he was appointed C.O. of the Squadron. It was under his command that the Squadron crossed the Rhine and became the first Nightfighter Unit to operate from an airfield in Germany.

THE SQUADRON MAKES ITS FIRST "KILL"

Only the boys who have felt the tenseness of a briefing room, the nerve strain of patrols and the disappointment of empty skies really know what first "Joy" means to a Squadron. We were off then but perhaps the intelligence report of the first score will give you a picture of the reports that were daily gen from the intelligence room.

Pilot: W/C Davoud (Canadian)

Operator: Sgt. Carpenter (English)

We took off from Coleby in a Beaufighter at 20.55 hours on 1.11.41 and after several vectors by Orby G.C.I. between 80°-100°, contact with Bandit was obtained on A.I. at a maximum range at 11,000 feet, the latter being well to port and 500 feet, below. I increased speed and turned to port and obtained a visual at 6,000 feet, (silhouette against the clouds in bright moonlight). I throttled back and lost

height until slightly above and 400 yards to rear of enemy aircraft, which dived for cloud cover.

Closing to approximately 200 yards, I identified bandit as a Dornier 217 and fired a short burst observing hits on starboard main plane. The Dornier returned fire and having closed to about 100 yards, I fired two long bursts, seeing the second burst hitting his starboard engine.

Just before the Dornier entered cloud, a big explosion blew his right engine and wing off. I pulled up to avoid a collision and the Dornier fell, burning, straight into the sea. I then returned to base, landing at 22.55 hours.

I claim - One Dornier 217 destroyed.

Weather - 7/8 tenth cloud, base 5,000 feet - top 7,500 feet - bright moonlight.

(Signed) Wing Commander P. Y. Davoud.

O.C. 409 (R.C.A.F.) Squadron.



RANGER ACTIVITIES

The Nighthawks received their baptism in offensive fighting early in 1943 with the "Rangers". It was lonely nerve wracking work as they struck deep into enemy territory in search of enemy targets of all types. Much could be written on the "Ranger" boys but for our brief history excerpts from the intelligence report of 16th April, 1943 are recorded.

"P/O D. D. S. Grant (Pilot) and P/O E. Domone (RAF) (Navigator) were airborne from Great Britain and after searching for some time over the Brest Peninsula observed and successfully attacked a train near Ariel. During the attack the aircraft was the object of intense return fire from the enemy and it was hit in the mid fuselage by bofor's flak. The Navigator was seriously wounded, suffering intense pain and heavy loss of blood. Despite his serious condition, he heroically carried on with his navigation duties and assisted his pilot back to base. Upon their arrival in England P/O Domone was rushed to the hospital where in view of the seriousness of his wounds it was found necessary to amputate his right leg."

(Despite the seriousness of his wounds we are happy to record that P/O Domone recovered and is home in England.) As a fitting tribute to the bravery displayed he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross.



THE FIRST COMBAT AFTER "D" DAY

The invasion of the Continent changed the role of the Nighthawks. Prior to "D" Day our night patrols had been defensive. Now we were on the offensive and sorties were flown nightly over the Beachhead. Crews ranged deep into hostile territory attacking and breaking up enemy formations of bombers and ground strafing aircraft and "kills" became a common occurrence.

F/O Red Pearce, one of the most colourful characters on a colourful Squadron had the distinction of attacking the first enemy aircraft engaged by the Squadron after "D" Day. Around one o'clock on the night of 5/6th June, 1944, Red and his navigator, F/O Don Moores (R.A.F.) were "scrambled" from West Malling to investigate a "bogey" flying at 23,000 feet over the English Channel. Don picked up a contact and held it throughout gentle evasive action, bringing Red within 3,000 feet where he obtained a visual. The target must have seen

them at the same time for it did a violent peel off. Don held the contact and Red was able to reduce the distance to 2,000 feet where he recognized the target as a Ju. 188. The enemy bomber opened fire shortly after but Red held his fire until within 400 yards. At this range he fired a short burst but didn't observe any strikes. The enemy aircraft immediately peeled off but Red turned inside it and when within 250 yards opened fire again. This time numerous strikes were observed in the cockpit and on the fuselage immediately back of the cockpit. The latter immediately went into so steep a dive that Red was unable to follow it although he was almost in a vertical dive himself. As the enemy aircraft disappeared into 10/10ths cloud some 2,000 feet below, Red straightened out. Although the enemy aircraft was almost certainly destroyed, as Red had not seen it crash he received credit for a "Probable" only.

A good show, Red and Don.



THE SQUADRON GOES "INTRUDER"

Operating against the enemy over the latter's 'drome has a special appeal of its own and is the expressed ambition of every nightfighter crew.

The Nighthawks, in common with other nightfighter Squadrons, had always yearned to do some "intruding". From time to time special exercises were carried out to keep crews up to "scratch" in navigation but it was not until shortly after "D" Day that the Squadron began to participate in the "Intruder" programme.

These lone wolves who patrolled enemy airfields had a schedule which must be adhered to with clock like rigidity. The programme was drawn up to provide the maximum amount of "intrusion" against those enemy aerodromes known or believed to be active. Crews might be required to fly an hour and a half before reaching the 'dromes to be patrolled, yet they were expected to reach their objective on time.

A high degree of navigational ability was required; crews had to cross the enemy coast at those spots where radar coverage was least effective; navigational aids were not available and crews had to map read their way to the enemy aerodromes; exacting work-yes, but exciting too!

S/L Johnny Hatch, D.F.C. and F/L Jack Eames D.F.C., were in on the ground floor of the Squadron's "intruding". Their sortie of the night of 12/13th July, 1944, is typical of the resourcefulness and daring of the crews who carried out this work.

Detailed to patrol the French 'dromes of Laon Courvon, Laon Athies and Juvincourt, John successfully attacked an Me 110, in all probability destroying it. Yet because he lacked

confirmatory evidence John very modestly claimed a damaged.



The Intelligence Report of the attack is recorded in part.

"The crew crossed the French Coast near Nieuport at estimated time of arrival, where they were coned briefly by searchlights and engaged by inaccurate light ack ack. After evading the searchlights and flak they proceeded on course to patrol the scheduled aerodrome.

After half an hour's patrolling, six red flares were observed fired from the air and almost simultaneously Juvincourt aerodrome was lit up. The crew investigated and F/L Eames obtained a contact on an aircraft orbiting the 'drome at a height of 1500 feet. S/L Hatch closed fairly quickly and obtained a visual of a Me 110. He opened fire from 250 yards dead astern, strikes being observed on the port wing and engine followed by a large explosion. S/L Hatch was forced to pull up the nose of his aircraft, and turn hard port to avoid large pieces of flying debris, causing both him and his navigator to lose sight of the enemy aircraft. He immediately turned starboard to locate the enemy aircraft but no fire was observed on the ground. The crew searched the air for several minutes but were unable to find an aircraft airborne. It is believed therefore that the enemy aircraft must have crash-landed at base."

THEN CAME THE FLYING BOMB

A Squadron, like an airman, is often called on to perform duties it had never imagined. The flying bomb attack on Southern England was really a page out of Buck Rogers. The Night-hawks were in on the ground floor for this job. We were stationed S.E. of London when the attack started. The first bomb over England crossed the 'drome and we watched it as it flew towards London amidst intense ack ack fire. We were "shaken" at times, by near explosions or as bombs crossed the drome at nought feet. We saw the damage wrought when bombs exploded in a crowded city and welcomed the opportunity to attack them. For over two weeks we were taken off nightfighting and sent against the robots. Curious tales were told in dispersal after patrols; many bombs were seen to fall short and crash in the Channel; some were seen to reverse their direction after being launched; others were seen to "prang" in France.

F/O Chuck Preece (Pilot) and F/O Bill Beaumont (R.A.F.-Nav.) scored our first "kill" against the robots. They were just taking off to

carry out a patrol over France when Chuck noticed a bomb approaching at a height of 1,000 ft. travelling at about 220 m.p.h. Chuck was able to position himself and get in a two second burst from 150 yds. astern as the bomb passed. Banking sharply to avoid the balloon barrage Chuck and Bill were unable to see the results but Balloon Command and R.O.C. confirmed the "kill".



CONTINENT BOUND



FRONT ROW- LEFT TO RIGHT

W/O Boorman, F/O Castellán, F/O Lee, F/O Ayton, S/L Fulton, F/L Eames D.F.C., F/L Marr A.F.C., S/L Hatch D.F.C., W/C Beveridge D.F.C., S/L Hatten, F/L Sanford, F/L Rivers, W/O Joss, F/S Emmerson, W/O Henke, F/O Villeneuve Sgt West, F/L Findlay.

CENTRE

F/O Rowley, W/O Cole D.F.C., W/O King, F/S Thurgood, F/S Bryant, F/S Leslie, F/O McPhail, F/O Collins, W/O MacDonald, F/O Ellis, F/O Britten D.F.C., P/O Fairweather D.F.M., F/L Glass, F/O Wilkinson D.F.M., P/O Haley, F/O Wilkes, F/O Webster, F/O Finlayson, F/O Gagnon, W/O Fitchett, F/S Hardy, W/O Simpson, W/O MacDonald.

BACK ROW

F/O Whipp, W/O MacNaughton; F/O Martin D.F.C., F/O Fullerton, F/O Carpenter, F/L Fownes D.F.C., F/O Talevi, F/O Barber, F/O Donaghue, F/O Kent, F/O Ward, F/O West, F/L Breckon, F/L Sproule, F/O Allison, W/O Lailey, W/O Colborne.

THE FIRST "KILL" FROM A CONTINENT BASED AIRFIELD



The Squadron's arrival in France was followed immediately by the Allied break-through at Avranches and the "Falaise Gap". There was little enemy activity over the rapidly receding Battle Line and our "first kill" on the Continent was not obtained until 24th/25th September, 1944. Shortly before dawn P.Os. Len Fitchett (Pilot)

and Alex Hardy (R.A.F.-Nav.) were flying around Angels 16 when they were vectored after trade some 6,000 ft. below. Len immediately dived down to 10,000 ft. and Alex picked up a contact at a range of 2 miles. The crew closed and at 500 ft. recognized the target as a He. 111. The enemy aircraft must have seen the Mosquito at the same time for it peeled off to port attempting to gain cloud cover, the tops of which were at 7,500 ft. Len followed and opened fire at a range of 100 ft., a terrific explosion occurring with pieces flying off, the enemy aircraft going down in flames. In view of the nearness of the two aircraft it was impossible for Len to avoid flying through some of the debris and his aircraft was damaged slightly. It was the first "kill" for Len and Alex but they were going to experience more joy subsequently.



TYPICAL "DOS"

Nightfighting thousands of feet above terra firma is bound to be eventful and the Squadron's records are filled with outstanding events. The following example has been chosen not only because it illustrates the fighting spirit of the men who do their "dicing" at night but also because it indicates some of the dangers faced in a field where crews are required to identify targets visually before opening fire.



On the night of 20th September, 1944, P.Os Jim Leslie and Chuck Thurgood were vectored after a bogey flying at "angels" 10, near our front line. Chuck obtained a contact at a range of three miles and brought Jim steadily behind the target. When within 3,000 feet of it, the latter dropped a red flare which illuminated a large area. Although aware it might be a signal between two enemy nightfighters working in conjunction and that the second one might literally "creep up his tail" as he closed in on the first, Jim realized that it could also be a enemy bomber making its "run" over our troops. Closing fast to prevent the possibility of it dropping its "eggs" over the frontline, Jim had just obtained a visual when the target dropped another red flare which clearly illuminated the Mosquito. He immediately took evasive action and as he "peeled off" was attacked by another aircraft from the port side

which shot up the port engine. The Hun had been hunting in pairs but Jim's prompt action had foiled them.

Jim and Chuck immediately made for the nearest friendly aerodrome but the weather there was literally on the "deck" and although reducing height to 200 feet they were unable to see the aerodrome lighting. Hoping that the cloud base would lift enough to enable them to land they continued to circle the 'drome for some time. When the damaged aircraft became unmanageable Jim nosed it up to 1,000 feet and Chuck and he bailed out, Jim fracturing a small bone in his ankle as he landed.

Quite enough excitement for a lifetime but as soon as Jim's ankle mended they were back for more. This time the score was more than evened for shortly after they shot down a Ju. 52.

THE HAT TRICK



Operating from Rheine Aerodrome in Germany, F/O E. Hermanson, D.F.C. (Pilot) and F/L D. Hamm, D.F.C. (Navigator) helped to administer the Coup de Grâce to the fast dwindling Luftwaffe by shooting down three enemy aircraft in one night, a rare feat in a field where outstanding events frequently occurred.

Hermey and Doug were carrying out a regular patrol well over German held territory on the night of 23/24th April, when they were advised of "trade" some 10 miles distant. Scenting the possibility of a "kill" Hermey closed fairly quickly and at 1½ miles Doug had obtained a contact

on a fast moving target. Although the target was rapidly reducing height Doug held contact throughout and at 800 ft. it was recognised as one of Herr Goering's latest creations, a long nosed F.W.190. Hermey held his fire until within 400 feet when a two second burst hit the enemy aircraft just aft of the cockpit, causing it to explode and crash.

Their appetite whetted, Hermey and Doug had within three-quarters of an hour obtained contact and shot down two more of the Luftwaffe, this time Ju. 87s.

When bringing Hermey in behind the targets, Doug realized that they were slow flying aircraft and had him reduce his speed to the minimum. In each instance Hermey risked stalling his aircraft and was called upon to display all his knowledge of aeronautics as with undercarriage lowered and using 30 % of flap he closed steadily on these slow flying but highly manoeuvrable aircraft. A short burst from 400-500 feet sufficed on each occasion to send the enemy aircraft down in flames.



A GERMAN AERODROME IS STRAFED

Outfought, outwitted and outguessed at every turn, the Luftwaffe never knew from what quarter the next attack might be launched. As the former husbanded its dwindling strength the Squadron found time to add to the ever increasing crescendo of attacks mounted by the Allies by doing some strafing. The coolness daring and courage displayed by S/L Ben Plumer D.F.C. (Pilot) and P/O Bill Beynon (RAF-Navigator) in a ground attack against a German aerodrome on the night of 24/25th April, 1945, must have "shaken" the Aryan supermen as well as accounting for one German aircraft destroyed and in all probability, several others damaged.

Ben and Bill were carrying out a regular patrol when they observed the soft glow of a Jerry flarepath. After searching the circuit unsuccessfully on the A.I. for any aircraft that might be airborne they flew across the 'drome at 500 feet searching for targets on the ground. Bill flashed the navigation lights intermittently as a pseudo signal and received an answer. They then made a normal circuit at 500 feet, Bill observing several twin-engined aircraft dispersed in bays at the edge of a wood. Ben immediately made a run against them from a height of 50 feet,



strikes being observed among them. On this run they experienced light ack-ack fire from the opposite side of the 'drome, one shot exploding against the port propellor. As it didn't seem to have harmed the motor, Ben made a run over a row of single engined aircraft lined up for the morning's take-off. Strikes were observed all along the line, and one aircraft believed to be a F.W.190 exploded and burned. Ben, still not satisfied with the chaos he had already created, decided to make a run against the gun emplacements. Coming in over the hangers at an angle, he fired in the turn, his shots falling among the gun crews. The aim of the latter, who probably suffered some casualties, was definitely disrupted and their return fire extremely wild.

A good night's work, Ben and Bill.



CLIPPINGS OF A P.R.O.

Occupy House Hitler Used

WITH A CANADIAN NIGHT
FIGHTER SQUADRON IN FRANCE.

Nov. 4.—Hitler slept here once, the villagers say, but he probably would eat the rug if he could see the present occupants of this beautiful old French chateau.

They are the R.C.A.F.'s Nighthawk Mosquito Squadron, who moved into the former German officers' luxurious billets when they took over a nearby airfield, an R.C.A.F. press release said today.

Flt. Lt. Bill Marr of Langley Prairie, B.C., pilot and advance man for the squadron when it moves, showed a sense of history—and maybe humor—when he picked on the roomy chateau as billets for the Mosquito men, who have helped chop down Hitler's once-powerful night fighting force by 35 planes since D-Day.

In the dining hall a mural depicts an eagle-crowned compass which completely encircles Britain, France and Russia, the painter using a touch of artistic licence to make the government conform to his ideas of greater Germany.

TORONTONIAN HELPS DOWN TWO JUNKERS

Canuck Crew Gets Night
Fighters—Makes 200 For
Group Since D-Day

With the 2nd Tactical Air Force, Nov. 30.—A Canadian Mosquito crew destroyed two Junker 88s last night and brought to 200 the number of enemy aircraft shot down at night since D-Day by Mosquitos of a base defense group of the 2nd Tactical Air Force.

Last night's victims fell to a cannon-carrying Mosquito piloted by W.O. Edward Cole, Vancouver, and his navigator, F.O. William Martin, Toronto. One German plane crashed on the Belgian-Netherlands border and the other was shot down a half-hour later over the German

frontier. The victims, were night fighters seeking British bombers.

Cole said the actions were fought in bright moonlight and the entire port side of the first enemy plane burst into flames after one short burst from the cannon blew up the port engine. Martin said the second German plane "seemed to disintegrate" after a burst of fire blew off one wing. The double triumph marked the first "kills" for Cole and Martin.

HONOR ARMEN; RISKED LIVES TO SAVE CREW

London, Feb. 8.—Three Canadian airmen who sought to rescue the crew of a four-engined bomber after it plunged at night onto a house in northern England and then dashed into the blazing wreckage of the house in an effort also to save the occupants have been mentioned in dispatches, it was announced last night.

The airmen, members of the R.C.A.F. Night Hawk Squadron, were Flt. Sgt. James Irwin, Lahrty, Sask.; Cpl. George Reansbury, Brantford, Ont., and Cpl. Arthur Townsley, Toronto.

They were returning to their station from a dance when they saw the aircraft strike the house. Disregarding the exploding ammunition and signal flares, the three climbed into the burning aircraft and carried out the crew, but all except one, who had been thrown clear, were killed.

From the bomber they rushed into the blazing house but all they could do was remove the bodies of several children.

"Flt. Sgt. Irwin did what I think was a sinner-human feat," said Cpl. Townsley.

"We had lifted a fallen section of brick wall to reach one of the buried children. Irwin held the wall up while we climbed underneath and got a child's body out. It took the three of us to lift that section of the wall, yet Jim held it up alone while we were under it."



F/O S. CROMIE

Shortly after "D" day F/O Cromie was attached to the Squadron as Public Relations Officer to cover its activities both in England and on the Continent. During his stay with the Nighthawks Sam, as he was popularly known, did an excellent job of keeping the folks in Canada in touch with the work of their sons and husbands. His writings covered a wide range of the Squadron's activities and always were eagerly read.

NIGHT AND DAY.

Radar took the night out of nightflying. Crews became specialists working with ground interceptor stations.

In a Sector Ops. Room the progress of every aircraft airborne is plotted. In darkened cubicles overlooking the Ops. Room Controllers direct the Nightfighters on patrol. If unidentified or enemy aircraft entered the Sector, a nightfighter would be vectored after it immediately. Short staccato commands would ring out over the R.T. Gradually the nightfighter crew would be brought within range. As the fighter closed, the Navigator would take over from the Controller. It was his job to bring the pilot within visual range. A fast "patter" would flow over the "intercom", as the Navigator, watching his instruments, interpreted the target's moves. "Hard port, steady, speed up, 10' off, 20' above, range 13½ miles" might ring out in quick order and the pilot's reflexes must be good as he acts instantaneously on his partner's instructions. As the crew close within range, both pilot and navigator stare intently at the target. "Is it a Hun or is it one of ours?" It's a Hun and the pilot closes and shoots it down.

Newspaper headlines carry the story next day, "Nightfighter Destroys Hun, Squadron Shoots Down Enemy Aircraft".

The "kill" had been obtained through their own skill yet the crew consider themselves lucky; lucky that they were vectored after an enemy aircraft. They realize the many hours of monotonous patrolling that are put in by every nightfighter crew without being vectored after an aircraft. They have learned from personal experience that by far the greater majority of chases end in visuals on Allied Aircraft. They know what it is to fly in cloud for endless minutes on "instruments". They have experienced rain, hail, icing, thunderstorms, gales, while on patrol. They have been fired at by our own and enemy anti-aircraft fire when on chases. They are aware that over enemy territory an enemy aircraft may have assistance from its own ground control. It is in these instances that the painstaking efforts of the groundcrew pay dividends.

Groundcrew take a personal pride in their work. The aircraft is their "kite", the pilot and navigator "their" crew. Bright and early in the morning they go over "their" aircraft carefully, checking to ensure that it is fully operational. After the aircraft has been flown

and tested in the afternoon, any last minute adjustments are carefully made. Their "kite" is then ready for the night's operations.

Often the most painstaking efforts of the groundcrew are lost through a turn of fate as indicated by the following excerpts from a pilot's diary.

Feb. 28th — All the joy these days seems to be in the Ruhr sector. So there is a race for the pool when four or so kites take off together since generally the first ones there get sent to the best area. If you get sent to do a stooge over the Dutch Isles or somewhere, the others make rude noises at you over the R.T. I should know!

Mar. 1st — It's funny to hear pilots kidding N.R.'s about their horror boxes. Particularly the Winco. They can't help it when the damn things go unserviceable, but a pilot rarely sympathizes. Our's — — packed in last night just after we had been given a vector onto a bogey. Old Bill was nearly in tears all the way home.

Mar. 2nd — I am not alone in having a twitch doing patrols in dull weather. Most of the boys think it is the worst aspect of night flying, particularly when there is a lot of ice about. We did a 200 ft. circuit last night getting in, I'm still breathing hard....

Mar. 3rd — Everyone is keen as hell again since there was joy last night. Lots of evasive during N.F.T.'s. Cold wet weather makes good maintenance a full time job. The 'arks really work when they think their kite might get a Hun. My boys keep asking when I will get one for them. I just look fierce and say, "Have patience!"

Mar. 4th — The moon is coming up bigger and better every night again. How I love it! It's a treat to be able to see the ground on a bright night and you don't have to fly by instruments all the time. Then if you get on to a target, with luck he's a piece of cake!

Mar. 5th — After last night I take back all I said about the moon! Bill and I were having a grand time up at 10 thou. watching the Yanks on the ground knock Cologne about, when control came thru' with trade down at Angels 2. He said there were fast jobs orbiting and gave us a vector. So down we went (Bill with his head in the box and me checking to make sure the guns were on "fire"). Control encouraged me by saying "Watch out, they'll be hunting you as much as you are him". The moon seemed to get brighter! We were doing about 250 when he said, "....in amongst them now". Old Bill didn't see anything in his box so I kept on vector and nearly collided with a Stuka going the other way. I felt good about that, and did a hard orbit, throttled right back and plunked the wheels down. A Messie takes it's time slowing down to Stuka speed, and as I cursed it and all Controllers we nearly pranged head on into a second one. They had seen us first. Control said he couldn't see them any more, and suggested I lower my wheels as they were slow jobs. Groundcrew saw bomb bursts to starboard and figuring that was our targets doing some dive bombing, went down in that direction. The Yank's saw us coming and let fly with tennis balls and flares so we came out and waited for control to help. He didn't and I claim visual on two 87's."

WE KEPT 'EM FLYING



ARMAMENT

RADAR



PROPELLOR

ENGINE D I



ENGINE CHANGE



UNDERCART

CLEAN UP



DE - ICING



STARTER - ACC.



MET BRIEFING



SCRAMBLE



INT' BRIEFING



TAKE-OFF

RETURN



INTERROGATION



RADAR CHECK



REFUELING

NOMINAL ROLL OF GROUND PERSONNEL AT V.E. DAY.

S/L Loftus, W. J., Chaplain (R.C.)
S/L Wilson, J., Chaplain (P.)
F/L Coram, L. T., Radar Officer
F/L Fladell, V. L., Engineering Officer
F/L Rowley, I. H. F., Adjutant
F/L Smith, J. M., Educational Officer
F/L Whipp, H. H., Intelligence Officer
F/L Young, J. H., Medical Officer

F/S. Payne, W. D.
Cpl. Gaudry, A. G.
Cpl. Bouchard, J. M.
Cpl. Kwapis, M.
Cpl. Burgess, J. M.
Cpl. Cormier, J. A. E.
Cpl. Howard, E. P.

CLK. ADMIN.

Cpl. Mathison, L. J.
Cpl. Bradick, L. N.
Cpl. Casey, W. K. P.
Cpl. Simmon, H. B.

CLK. POSTAL

Cpl. Pike, D. G.

COOKS

ACI. Baird, J. H.
Cpl. Burrows, C. D.
Cpl. Cowan, G. E.
Cpl. Hazzard, W. S.
Cpl. Heaton, H.
Cpl. Lawrence, J. A.
Cpl. Mindlin, N.
Cpl. Demers, J. L. R.
Cpl. Denyes, C. H.
Cpl. Dick, R. O.

COMP/ADJUSTERS

Sgt. Pincombe, R. W.

ARM/G.

Cpl. Smith, C. G.
Cpl. Beaton, A. H.
Cpl. Bulger, T. W.
Cpl. Cook, L. B. E.
Cpl. French, B. A.
Cpl. Hughes, J. T.
Cpl. Makinson, E.
Cpl. Malcolm, J. A.
Cpl. Moore, J. F. I.
Cpl. O'Brien, A. G.
Cpl. Scholler, J. R.
Cpl. Phillips, J. D.
Cpl. Sibley, N. T. W.
Cpl. Silberman, T. S.
Cpl. Shavin, N. M.
Cpl. Skipper, A. C.
Cpl. Slade, H. A.
Cpl. Taylor, R. A.
Cpl. Tiffin, R. L.
Cpl. Weir, G. F.
Cpl. Westlake, S. F.

D.M.T.

Cpl. Reid, L. R.
Cpl. Cowie, F. J.
Cpl. Ditchburn, D. T.
Cpl. Duchesne, C. J.
Cpl. Hall, R. C.
Cpl. Lercotte, J. O. R.
Cpl. McClelland, N. G.
Cpl. Walker, R. A.

EQUIP/ASSTS.

Cpl. Giles, J. B.
Cpl. Gauvin, J. E.

ELECT.

F/S. Devine, H. J.
Cpl. Howell, J. W.
Cpl. Ritty, W. E.
Cpl. Trumble, O.
Cpl. Beauchamp, P. R.
Cpl. Fenton, R. V.
Cpl. Flowers, E. H.
Cpl. Hoar, A. H.
Cpl. Howard, J. L.
Cpl. Lawrence, E. L.
Cpl. Lehman, C. E.
Cpl. McPherson, J. G.
Cpl. Steven, P. O.

ARM/ASST

Cpl. Allard, R.
Cpl. Briggs, L. C. M.
Cpl. Brunke, R. H. E.
Cpl. Buleau, J. P.
Cpl. Ding, E. J.
Cpl. Dubois, J.
Cpl. Holinaty, M.
Cpl. Jaesund, T.
Cpl. Laurence, J. P.
Cpl. Messywitch, S.
Cpl. Nelson, R.
Cpl. Shaw, D. I.

ARM/G.

Cpl. Smith, C. G.
Cpl. Beaton, A. H.
Cpl. Bulger, T. W.
Cpl. Cook, L. B. E.
Cpl. French, B. A.
Cpl. Hughes, J. T.
Cpl. Makinson, E.
Cpl. Malcolm, J. A.
Cpl. Moore, J. F. I.
Cpl. O'Brien, A. G.
Cpl. Scholler, J. R.
Cpl. Phillips, J. D.
Cpl. Sibley, N. T. W.
Cpl. Silberman, T. S.
Cpl. Shavin, N. M.
Cpl. Skipper, A. C.
Cpl. Slade, H. A.
Cpl. Taylor, R. A.
Cpl. Tiffin, R. L.
Cpl. Weir, G. F.
Cpl. Westlake, S. F.

B.S. & M.W.

Cpl. Gordon, E. M.

CARP.

Cpl. Cummings, R. J.

Cpl. Tickle, A.
Cpl. Waisberg, R. A.

A.F.M.

F/S. Handfield, G. J.
Sgt. Innes, L. M.
Sgt. Sordahl, R. A.
Sgt. Vrenholm, V. L.
Cpl. Balcom, W. L.
Cpl. Dorcas, D. J.
Cpl. Dyer, C. C.
Cpl. Hedrick, L. N.
Cpl. Kinney, L. F.
Cpl. Knowles, W.
Cpl. Longue, J. R.
Cpl. McDonald, J. R.
Cpl. Mumford, G. E.
Cpl. Phillips, T. S.
Cpl. Sluparsky, F.
Cpl. Young, L. G.

Cpl. Allard, D. A.

Cpl. Beauchemin, J. E. A.
Cpl. Black, J. W.
Cpl. Bousquet, J. F.
Cpl. Carbol, I. O.
Cpl. Coggins, R. H.
Cpl. Cullison, D. T.
Cpl. Cummings, R. J.
Cpl. Demers, J. L. R.
Cpl. Denyes, C. H.
Cpl. Dick, R. O.
Cpl. Dougladay, S. L.
Cpl. Dougan, D.
Cpl. Drumm, R. J.
Cpl. Dyche, W. H.
Cpl. Foster, W. G.
Cpl. Gilbert, P. R.
Cpl. Hall, T. C.
Cpl. Hughes, J. A.
Cpl. Inch, W. G. L.
Cpl. Lallier, M. J.
Cpl. Lemay, J. R.
Cpl. Ludlow, W. W.
Cpl. McAulay, J. A.
Cpl. McColl, A. C.
Cpl. Monette, V. G. J.
Cpl. Muldoon, W. R. J.
Cpl. O'Neill, J. H.
Cpl. Orr, R. A.
Cpl. Paradi, J. L.
Cpl. Penhrowood, H. W.
Cpl. Price, E. K.
Cpl. Purse, L. K. F.
Cpl. Schuler, M. A.
Cpl. Selkirk, R.
Cpl. Smith, R. A.
Cpl. Sirkopud, J.
Cpl. Strathman, J.
Cpl. Sutherland, L. H.
Cpl. Symonuk, J.
Cpl. Topp, A. R.
Cpl. Townsend, H. L.
Cpl. Waters, A. H.

A.E.M.

F/S. Harman, C. E.
F/S. Irwin, R. J.
Sgt. Anworthy, D. H.
Sgt. Curtis, E.
Sgt. Dewey, C. D.
Sgt. Topham, H.
Cpl. Clement, J. L.
Cpl. Connelly, J. F.
Cpl. Connop, R. E.
Cpl. Coppel, N. N.
Cpl. Cole, I. A.
Cpl. Crapper, G.
Cpl. Crowder, E. V.
Cpl. Davis, R. A.
Cpl. Fowler, H. E.
Cpl. Reamberg, G.
Cpl. Stewart, A.
Cpl. Vanderpoet, F.
Cpl. Aiken, T. G.
Cpl. Arnot, J. O.
Cpl. Billard, L. G.
Cpl. Bittles, R. A.
Cpl. Boudreau, J. G. M.
Cpl. Bousquet, F. J. G.
Cpl. Branton, E. C.
Cpl. Bridges, W. D.
Cpl. Brown, J. A.
Cpl. Bremer, E. F.
Cpl. Carter, F. J.
Cpl. Carver, W. R.
Cpl. Chandler, J. W. E.
Cpl. Connelly, D. S.
Cpl. Cooper, B.
Cpl. Crust, S. K.
Cpl. Connop, J. H.
Cpl. Cumming, T. L.
Cpl. Corrie, D.
Cpl. Dennis, M. G.
Cpl. Dion, J. E.
Cpl. Farrow, K. W.
Cpl. Froh, J. N.
Cpl. Dube, J. E. J.
Cpl. Fraser, J. J.
Cpl. Fraser, W. W.
Cpl. Gibb, A. B.
Cpl. Glenison, S.
Cpl. Hallatt, W. E.
Cpl. Hansen, W. R.
Cpl. Harding, R. L.
Cpl. Hartley, J. R.
Cpl. Hawkey, W. R.
Cpl. Hogarth, H. S.
Cpl. Hoogen, M. C.
Cpl. Hudson, I. A.
Cpl. Jensen, A. B.
Cpl. Johnston, C. M.
Cpl. Johnston, L. A.
Cpl. Jones, W. H.
Cpl. Knight, R. T.
Cpl. Labonte, N.
Cpl. Lane, O. G. H.
Cpl. Label, J. S. L.
Cpl. LeBlanc, J. M. H.
Cpl. Legrand, D. I.
Cpl. McLaughlin, J. M.
Cpl. Millip, H. M.
Cpl. Montaigne, G. R.
Cpl. Morse, E. R.

Cpl. Murray, G. D.
Cpl. Nixon, A. K.
Cpl. Norris, F. A.
Cpl. Palatnick, S.
Cpl. Raven, J. W.
Cpl. Robinson, D. A.
Cpl. Spriggs, G. W.
Cpl. Stalmach, L. M.
Cpl. Stewart, A.
Cpl. Strathman, W. J.
Cpl. Talbot, W.
Cpl. Thompson, J. B.
Cpl. Thompson, J. W.
Cpl. Vaughan, H. N.
Cpl. Wilh, R.
Cpl. Wensch, M.

F/ARM.

F/S. Moody, F. A.
Cpl. Butt, J. H.

F/ARM/G.

Cpl. Peachell, J. H.
Cpl. Atkins, H. C.
Cpl. Thorell, H.
Cpl. Williams, P.

I/REP.

Cpl. Bell, H. J.
Cpl. Green, J. M.
Cpl. Christensen, J. A.
Cpl. Ross, G. E.
Cpl. Brady, J. J.
Cpl. Barry, J. R.
Cpl. Dennett, W. R.
Cpl. Doyle, E. P.
Cpl. Dukamal, R. A. R.
Cpl. Duke, P. C.
Cpl. Ennis, J. J.
Cpl. Golden, L. A.
Cpl. Mitchell, W. G.
Cpl. Sorenson, G. D.

M/ASSTS.

Cpl. Blank, F. R.
Cpl. Blumer, J.
Cpl. Lande, P. B.
Cpl. Anderson, A. W.
Cpl. Shillington, G. M.
Cpl. Settle, F.
Cpl. Straub, J. H.
Cpl. Taylor, W. A.

M/CYC.

Cpl. Smith, M. W. I.

M.T.M.

Cpl. Adshade, L. M.

PHOTO

Cpl. Townsley, A. G.
Cpl. Kilpatrick, B. L.
Cpl. Boudreau, J. L. A.
F/S. Wiper, T. A.
Sgt. Splett, W. S.
Cpl. Britain, R. S.
Cpl. Knott, J. G.
Cpl. Murphy, F.

Cpl. Rivington, E. T.
Cpl. Ryan, M. M.
Cpl. Syer, G. E.
Cpl. Salter, N. H.
Cpl. Armstrong, J. K.
Cpl. Bradley, K. F.
Cpl. Cameron, M. W.
Cpl. Collins, R. W.
Cpl. Conroy, E. J.
Cpl. Davis, J. B.
Cpl. Heaney, D. A.
Cpl. Kopelew, M.
Cpl. Massonmeyer, J. P.
Cpl. McDormand, E. A.
Cpl. Nicholas, W. S.
Cpl. Ottewill, W. C.
Cpl. Preece, D. F.
Cpl. Raby, K. A.
Cpl. Runciman, W. A.
Cpl. Shaw, W. P.
Cpl. Smith, T. W.
Cpl. Smith, W. B.
Cpl. Smith, W. E.
Cpl. Sutton, Y. E.

R.T.O.

Cpl. Harris, D. I.
Cpl. Garnett, K. W.
Cpl. Greet, J. M.
Cpl. Horsman, G. B.
Cpl. Kubay, A.
Cpl. McMillan, G. J.
Cpl. Nicol, J. A.
Cpl. Nolin, W. L.
Cpl. Siegner, W. J.
Cpl. Williams, E. K. B.

S.E.W.

Cpl. Martin, H. H.
Cpl. Rossum, W. L.
Cpl. Jeannise, G. P.

W.E.M.

Sgt. Friend, C.
Cpl. Adamchick, L. B.
Cpl. McDiarmid, N. A.
Cpl. Riste, M. G.
Cpl. Almond, A. C.
Cpl. Anderson, K. K.
Cpl. Burrell, D. F.
Cpl. Cole, A. H.
Cpl. Friend, J. M.
Cpl. Kallough, D. J.
Cpl. Klemmer, H. W.
Cpl. Sali, L.

W.Q.M.

F/S. Bradley, E.

CLK/ACCTS

Cpl. Black, T. F.

H.Q.

Sgt. Bolley, C. A.
Sgt. Wright, E. J.
Cpl. Oke, L. L.
Cpl. Boyd, B. M.



AIRCREW V. E. DAY

Left to Right — FRONT ROW

F/L. R. H. Finlayson
F/O. N. J. Nicholl
F/O. W. L. Young
F/L. L. M. Jones
F/O. P. C. Henry
F/O. G. F. Stringer
F/O. P. J. Lim
P/O. W. D. King

Left to Right — CENTRE ROW

F/L. R. D. Teller
P/O. H. G. Beynon
F/O. P. S. Lee
F/O. D. Neale
P/O. W. N. MacNaughton
F/L. J. H. Skelly
F/L. J. Ritchie
F/O. E. H. Knight
F/L. E. A. McClain

F/O. E. B. Harding
F/O. A. C. Hardy
F/L. H. W. Leitch
F/O. L. E. Fitchett
P/O. J. Leslie

Left to Right — BACK ROW

F/O. F. K. Collins
P/O. C. M. Thurgood
F/S. W. J. Clarke
F/O. D. B. Simpson
F/O. J. A. Webster
F/L. E. G. Spiller
F/L. J. D. Hore-Kennard
F/L. A. L. Sanford
S/L. W. B. Breckon
S/L. B. E. Plumer, D.F.C.
F/O. S. R. Moore
F/L. G. C. Findlay
W/O. D. H. Harris
F/O. K. A. Branch

F/O. D. J. Snowdon
F/S. F. G. Rees
F/O. S. L. McAuley

ABSENT

W/C. R. F. Hatton
F/L. R. N. Rivers
F/L. W. Ward
F/L. D. J. T. Hamm, D.F.C.
F/O. E. E. Hermanson, D.F.C.
F/O. F. G. Wilkinson, D.F.M.
F/O. M. G. Kent
F/O. J. Simpson
F/O. J. M. Bates
F/O. E. J. Miles
F/O. W. J. Bryant
F/O. L. H. Coldwell
F/O. M. J. Laidlaw
W/O. R. S. West
W/O. C. A. Farwell



"A" FLIGHT GROUNDCREW



"B" FLIGHT GROUNDCREW



"R.T."

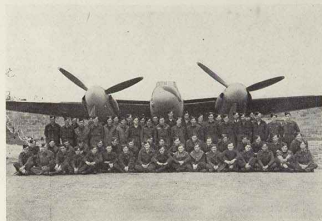


RADAR



"H.Q."

"R. AND L."



COOKS



ARMOURERS



"M.T."



"THE ADJ."



"THE M.O."

EDUCATION



"E.O." "R.O." "I.O."

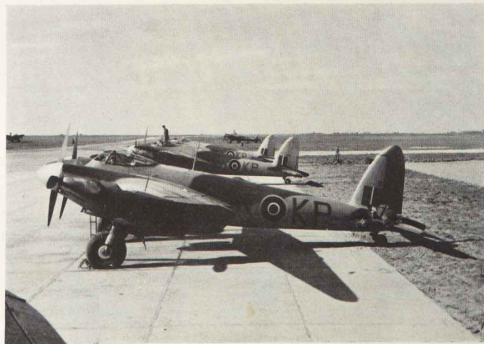


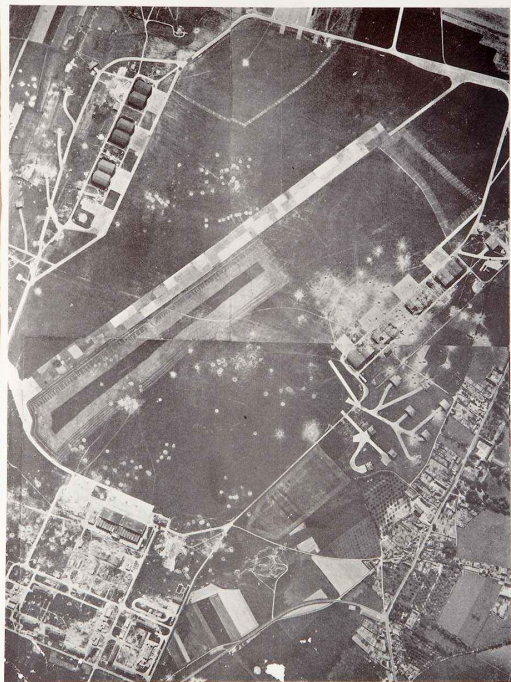
OUR CHAPLAINS

A P.O.W. CREW RETURNS ON V.E. DAY

That long looked for Victory in Europe Day finally arrived and the boys based in Germany took it all very quietly. We heard the radio reports of the celebrations at home and in Blighty but we were not in the mood to do much celebrating. There were no skyscrapers left in Germany from which to toss tickertape, no French cafes, no English pubs, no bright lights or laughing faces. The job was over and that was all. When do we go home was the question written on every face? However for the Nighthawks there was one bright spot. We received news from a former P.O.W. of F.Os Sisson and Nicholson, the only Nighthawk crew taken prisoner since "D" Day. A "rescue" party was immediately organized and within three hours two jeeps were at the gates of the ex P.O.W. camp. Scotty and Nick were located and brought back to the aerodrome. We forgot all about V.E. Day and celebrated their return to the Squadron. Scotty and Nick had been shot down over enemy occupied territory on 17th June, 1944 and had spent almost a year behind barbed wire. Many of their old friends were still on the Squadron and Royalty never received a better reception than they did from their old pals. It seemed to add the human touch that was needed. The job was really over; old friends were coming back. Good luck, Scotty and Nick.

Continental Memories

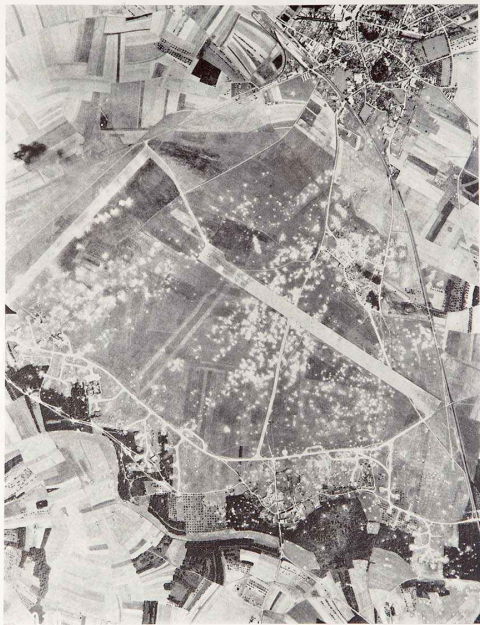




"CARPIQUET"

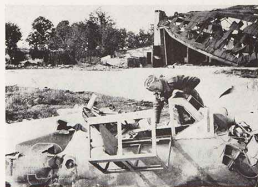


REMEMBER ?



ST. ANDRE

"BEAT UP"



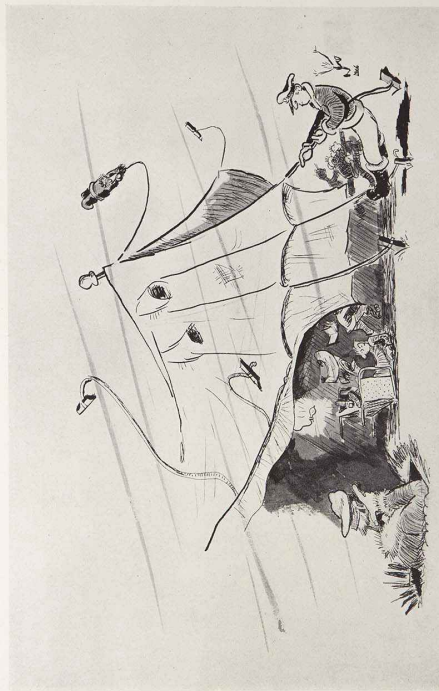
"ME 109"



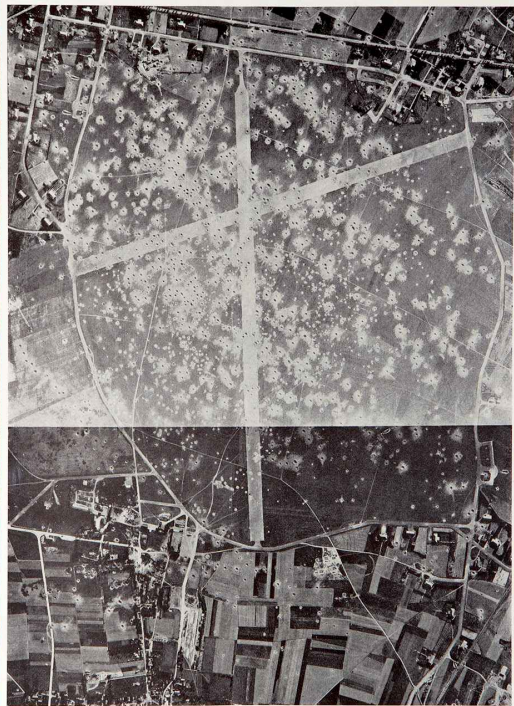
"WASH DAY"



"COULD THIS BE 'A' FOR ABLE?"



"READINESS AT AMENS"

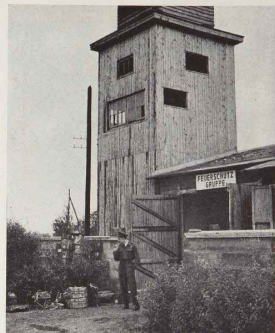


"LE CULOT"

DISPERSAL



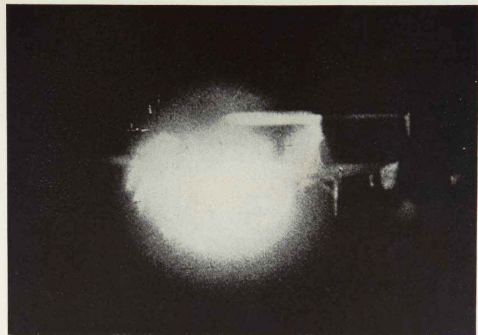
"TRÈS BIEN"



JERRY HANGAR
"CAMOUFLAGED"



"DAY OFF"



ROSS FINLAYSON & AL WEBSTER DESTROY AN ME. 110



LITTLE MUD



"PIN UPS"



FLAK



THE CHATEAU



HANGAR DAMAGE



"ADOLF'S TAIL"



"JET MARKS"

RHEINE



GERMANY



GILZE REIJEN

"CHOW LINE"



"BOLEY'S PET"



"JERRY JET JOB"

HENKE AND EMMERSON



CASTELLAN AND FULLERTON



DONOGHUE (deceased) AND SPILLER



BRITTEN AND FOWNES



STERREBERG
AND CLARKE



ELLIS (deceased) AND WARD



MARTIN AND COLE



KENT AND SIMPSON



KIRKWOOD



FAIRWEATHER AND HALEY



BRENTON (deceased) AND LONG (deceased)



SPILLER AND LEITCH



BRANCH AND YOUNG



MOORE AND SIMPSON



BRYANT AND TELFER



CLARKE AND SNOWDON



McCLAIN AND HORE-KENNARD



LAIDLAW AND COLDWELL



REES AND MILES



KING AND JONES



LEE AND COLLINS

SANFORD AND WILKINSON



FINDLAY AND WEST



WEBSTER AND FINLAYSON



KNIGHT AND HARDING



NICHOLL AND STRINGER



NEALE AND McAULEY

BRECKON AND MacNAUGHTON



THE C.O AND RIVERS



RITCHIE AND BATES



HENRY AND TALEVI



ROBINSON (deceased) AND W.C. SOMERVILLE



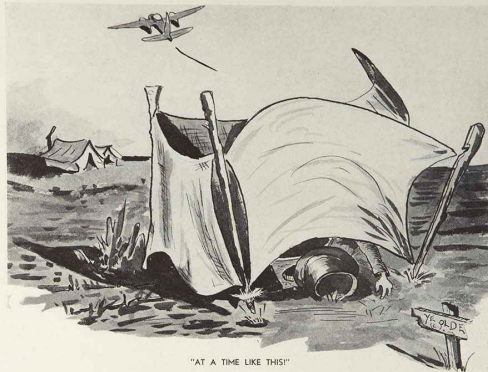
W.C. REID AND PEACOCK (deceased)



TWO OLD TIMERS



SKELLY (deceased) AND LIM (deceased)



"AT A TIME LIKE THIS!"



"ALL THIS FOR ME?"

RANDOM MEMORIES

R E M E M B E R

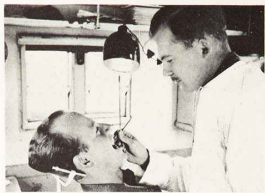
The night Jerry strafed the 'drome at Coleby Grange just as P.O. Head was coming in to land.
The night the Hun dropped a stick of ten heavy explosive bombs on the drome.
The nights that S.L. Trousdale and Sgt. Affleck got the Squadron's second and third enemy aircraft.
Our first sight of London, Piccadilly, Leicester Square, Trafalgar, Charing Cross, etc.
The inevitable "You Can't Miss it!"
The visit of His Majesty.
The day the first W.A.A.F.s arrived and became established at Coleby House.
The Saracen's Head at Lincoln.
The Trap at Acklington.
The Starfed Saint at West Malling.
Chandos — London.
Time! Time! Drink up please. Time!
The day we sighted 25 Danish fishing vessels escaping from Denmark some 240 miles due East of England and how we maintained escort over them for the next two days.
The night that Billy Breithaupt and Jimmy Kennedy were scrambled to find a Lancaster ditched in the North Sea and how they located it just before dawn and directed the rescue launch to it.
The night that Red Pearce and Jock Allen located a lost Halifax which was practically out of gas and brought it safely back to base.
The night that Joe Clarke distinguished himself by attempting a slow roll on his motorcycle and prancing as a result.
The day that "Bill" Vincent was married and George Bower the best man ran out of gas several miles from the Church — a Captain of the Merchant Marine stepped into the breach.
The hockey team captained by Mike Dean.
The night that 6 aircraft participated in a "bulseye" exercise and really shook the station I.O. by recording 60 "kills" out of 170 targets.
Our first move under canvas.
Training at Acklington. Convoy practice, map reading, exercises, bayonet drill etc., etc.
The day the first Mosquito arrived.
The night Don Steele and Bill Storrs (RAF) got within 100 feet of a ME 410 and their cannons wouldn't fire.
Capt. Blennerhassett and searchlight co-ops.
The night the first flying bomb crossed the drome and the anti "Diver" barrage.

The hectic nights between "D" day and the Allied break through at Caen when combats were almost a nightly affair. And some of the crews who scored: — Murray Taylor and Dean Sibbett; Ken Livingston and Jack Bloomer (RAF); Mac MacDonald and Carly Colborne; Vince Vincent and Gaffer Thorpe; Walt Kirkwood and Neil Matheson; Don Steele and Bill Storrs (RAF); Bill McPhail and Smithy (RAF); Stan Jepson and Murray Roberts; Norm Joss and Pete Lailey; Hank Haley and Stan Fairweather (RAF).
The night "Scotty and Nick" went missing.
The night the flying bomb hit the trees 200 yards from 'B' Flight dispersal, exploding and breaking some windows.
The Trip to the Continent.
The boys left behind — they hitch hiked to the Continent and got h—l from the Wing W. O. for being late.
The Carpiquet glide.
"Cigarette pour papa."
The "Ropey" continental moves.
Our first trip to Paris.
The French Cafes.
The welcome in Brussels.
The day the A.O.C. 85 Group presented the Squadron Crest to the Squadron.
The night the Jerry intruder flew around the drome at Lille.
The cold reception we got in crossing the Rhine, Germany.
Tent life — impromptu feeds, etc.
The Christmas dinners at which the Officers and N.C.O.s waited on the rest of the Squadron.
The crews of W.C. Somerville and F.O. Robinson; F.L. Britten and Fowmes who finished among the leading nightlighting crews in 85 Group since 'D' Day. V. E. DAY.
The gas run by "Pin Point" Smith — the story is told better in Smithy's own language. — — —
"Smithy!"
I glanced around, apprehensively perhaps, to see Fiksdal's huge but amiable bulk descending upon me.
"Hey Smithy, how about going for a little joy-ride this afternoon?"
"Well Fix" I replied "I'm easy, what's up?"
"Got to bring down some gas from Lingen. Do you want to take a convoy up there for it?"
"Sure!" says I "Where is Lingen?"
"Oh!" says the Fixer, "It's only about 30 kilometres from here. You'll be back by six".
Well I'm game. It has been my secret ambition since

I've joined the air force to be in charge of something or other. And leading a convoy — — well, nothing to it! I've seen lots of convoys — — even Padre Loftus took a convoy from Lille to Rheine! Piece of cake!
"OK Fixer! Gimme a pin-point! Where is this place?"
Half an hour later, at 1430 hours to be precise, the Herrenvolk were privileged to see a six truck convoy heading out for Lingen, the Educational officer in charge well burdened with maps, instructions, pin points and threats of what would happen if said convoy was not back by 1630 hours.
Victoriously we rumble through town. At the bridge the Hun policeman pays proper deference to the convoy and we head north. Suddenly we come to a fork, which way to go? No directions. The obvious road well paved says "Not for military traffic!". The other road is a cow-path. We end up in a farmer's what do you call it? Further entrance verboten. I descended from my Crossley, somewhat handicapped by a hazy trying to embrace me, through the lorry window.
My hard bitten Canadian airmen surround me and regard me reproachfully. They know full well that our ultimate destination is not a German farmyard. We about turn and carry on.
The tires burn on the excellent German roads. Spirits soar. After all even Napoleon made mistakes. Mile after mile hums by. We're on the right road. We may be a few hours late but — — better late than never! Then out of the blue the road ends. The river — it's a nice little river but no bridge. We were stymied. My airmen cluster around. I feel their thoughts: "Clueless Smith, wrong road again".
A young Jerry appears. "Detour" he says in perfect English. I've visions of traps, bombs, machine gun nests, mines etc on lonely side roads. My airmen eye me. We hear some frightful explosions in the distance. Cannon? Mines? Werewolves? — — Grim? Yes! But the kites must fly to-morrow. "Forward" I cry.

We reach Lingen, I think by paths hitherto untrod by man. But we reach Lingen, load up and set course for home — — Rheine.
It is nearly dark. The sun sets in a glory of splendour. And I realize that I'm lost again. Something went wrong. The Jerry sign said "Rheine — straight ahead". But it was wrong. Maybe I shouldn't say wrong. Misguided perhaps. Anyway Crossley's can't swim. And there is no bridge. Only a sullen Hun river blocking an otherwise commendable road. We turn back to Lingen, try another road. Ten miles go by. We chug effortlessly along. Soon home now. Bit late perhaps. Anyway the kites fly to-morrow night. Perhaps we saved the war — — MBE — — presentation by His Majesty — — quite modest — — men deserve all the credit — — I snore.
"Cor stone the bleedin' crows!" I jolt myself awake. Another bridge out. Oh Lord! But what's this? A horrible little road leaving the highway. Must be a detour, — — doesn't look so good — but damn! It must be the road. I lead the way. Through a couple of fields we go. I look back. Headlights pierce the gloom (thank Gawd I'm not alone). Down into the depths of a forest the road leads on. A breeze whistles menacingly through the branches. "HEHI! HEHI!" it mocks, "Machine gun nest right ahead! Bags of mines". A frenzied honking of horns. I get out. One truck in the creek! Blackie and Hawky curse and work and out comes the huge lorry. We press on. We reach a corn field — — the road leads on. And on — — in a circle. We find ourselves back in the forest the way we came. No bridge. And so back to Lingen and sleep in the trucks 'till dawn.
"Smithy!"
It's 9 A.M. the next day. Rheine! At last! Fiksdal's huge but non-amiable bulk descended upon me. "No time now for a damn honeymoon!" There's a war on. "Where in hell have you been?"





OUCH!



BATH DAY



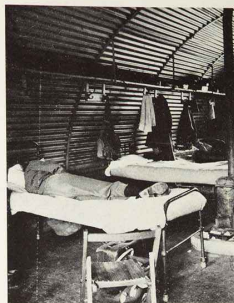
SPORTS



SPOILS



BLITZED



NISSAN-ENGLAND



CONTINENTAL BARBER



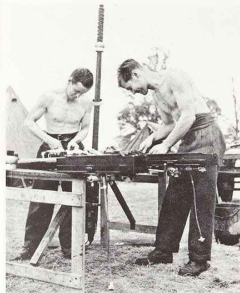
SILT TRENCH



HUNSDON



JUNIOR'S PRANG



FIRE POWER



CAMERA CHECK



READINESS?



"SHOOTING THE BREEZE"



"HEIL"



M.I.Ds



CANTEEN



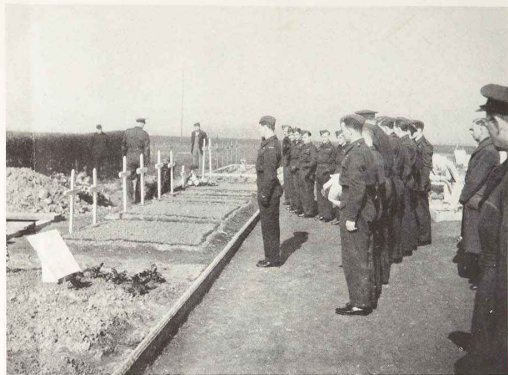
THE EMS NUDISTS



BOOM TOWN



STRIKE



*Lest
we forget*

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R.C.A.F. Historical Section

For their assistance.



IN CLOSING

To us in Germany, V.E. Day brought many mixed feelings . . . , the end of a long hard job, a finish to killing in Europe. We took a deep sigh of relief, knew a sense of achievement and looked, with a thrill, to the future. We would be going home!

We thought, too, of the past, and were proud! The Squadron had played an impressive part in achieving victory. Could not an informal record of the Squadron's life be drawn up? A suggestion to Father Loftus "Let's put it in writing" was at once seized upon by that worthy cleric who volunteered his assistance.

When this book was planned, the ideal was to have a truly representative group of pictures and articles covering both aircrew and groundcrew since the Squadron's inception. A paucity of material covering the earliest years has made it too difficult to carry out this idea in its entirety. It is hoped however that as balanced a picture as possible has been presented.

It is not easy to capture on paper the pride of performances or the team spirit of a fighting Squadron which we of 409 will always remember. That, however, has been the aim and if it has succeeded at all, that success has been made possible first by Father Loftus and F.L. Ross Finlayson who gave so much of their time and talents. And secondly by P.O. A. G. Hardy and F.L.'s G. C. Finlay, R. M. Teller and R. Rivers, and by those too numerous to mention whose criticisms, suggestions, and pictures have been proven invaluable. Thanks to these, to edit this book has been a privilege!

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